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JUNE 1964 • 75 CENTS

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"INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY"

— PROLONGING THE HUMAN
LIFE SPAN BY FREDERIK POHL

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JAMES BOND NOVEL

BY IAN FLEMING PLUS

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GOLD

PLAYBILL If you detect a remarkable resemblance between this issue's cover and that of last June, whereon we heralded the appearance of *The Nudest Jayne Mansfield*, the similarity is not unintentional. Last June's much-appreciated and much-publicized issue turned out to be a runaway best seller, so when Tommy Noonan, Miss Mansfield's vis-à-vis in *Promises, Promises!* apprised us that he was teaming up with one of our favorite screen beauties, Mamie Van Doren (February 1964), for a similar epidermal celluloid epic, we made certain our photographers were on hand during the proceedings. The visual results—no less enticing and unfettered than those of the Mansfield movie—are displayed in *The Nudest Mamie Van Doren*.

The invitingly emancipated capital of Denmark is renowned as a swinging vacation town, as *Playboy on the Town in Copenhagen*—a nine-page words-and-pictures portrait of that happy hamlet of unmelancholy Danes—amply demonstrates. Our lensman in Copenhagen, staff photographer Jerry Yulsman, has covered much of the globe for PLAYBOY. Acapulco, Paris, Tokyo, London and the Virgin Islands are among the places that have been pictorially explored by Jerry's consummate camerawork. Across *The Sound in Stockholm*, the creative side of the Scandinavian temperament is examined and explicated at length in a *Playboy Interview* with Sweden's masterful creator of brooding filmic dramas, Ingmar Bergman, who expounds upon the sensuality and symbolism that have marked his world-famous works.

Our June fictive offering is abrim with tales adventurous, satiric and melancholy. In *Jackpot*, Herbert Gold dusts off Dostoevsky's *Crime and Punishment* and gives it an antic American fillip. *Jackpot* came into being through what Herb calls his "curiosity as to what would have happened if Raskolnikov

had been raised in California, and had had a girlfriend with a swimming pool." This summer, Gold is forsaking his San Francisco pad to combine a stint at playwriting with a teaching assignment at Harvard. Another Californian, Prentiss Combs, whose poignantly gripping *The Wind Devil* graces these pages, spends his off-typewriter time as a social worker for the Kern County Welfare Department. The duties of the bilingual Combs take him among the migratory Spanish-speaking families who live in the area where his story is set. In this issue, too, is the climactic conclusion of Ian Fleming's latest James Bond adventure novel, *You Only Live Twice* (available in bookstores this August in a New American Library hard-cover edition for \$4.50).

The title of Fleming's trigger-taut novel is a natural segue into Frederik Pohl's engrossing *Intimations of Immortality* wherein the author probes the current breakthroughs and barriers in man's battle to prolong life and preserve youth, and makes some fact-based predictions on future developments. Since informing our readers in April's *Playbill* of Pohl's unsuccessful attempt to become coroner of New Jersey's Monmouth County, we have been told that he will try again in 1965 (knowing the stiff competition, we hope he doesn't come in dead last). Not one to sit on his hands until election time, Fred edits a sci-fi magazine triumvirate (*Galaxy*, *If* and *Worlds of Tomorrow*), is working on a science-fiction novel, *The Age of the Pussyfoot*, has two histories in the works, one on the K.K.K., the other on the Great Depression, is a volunteer fireman (River Plaza Hose Company No. 1), sings in the Unitarian choir, and is raising a family of four Pohl-watchers.

Humorist Jack Sharkey has his sights set on problems somewhat less universal than immortality in *What to Do Till the Sandman Comes*. Sharkey says he gets some of his best ideas in bed, but the insoluble and insufferable puzzlers put

forth in *Sandman*, he avers, are not among them. It's Jack's sly way of recruiting new members for his as-yet-unincorporated Insomniacs Anonymous.

PLAYBOY's leonine Shel Silverstein once more offers wise counsel to the young in *Uncle Shelby's Scout Handbook*. Shel figures this gives him one more shot at the tots who survived *Uncle Shelby's ABZ Book* (August 1961). No tenderfoot, Shel is expertly conversant with scout lore, boasts that he can carve a plain piece of wood out of an Indian head.

In *Hairy Gertz and the 47 Crappies*, Jean Shepherd, the oracle of the night people, reconstructs in hilarious detail a simmering Indiana summer fishing expedition that helped turn a boy into a man. Shepherd, one of America's most engaging monologists (shown above in an apropos multiple exposure), is currently combining acting and writing assignments for a new film, *The Unholy 13*, while continuing to hold nightly radio seances for night people. He's also on the air with a live S.R.O. night-club act from Greenwich Village's The Lime-light, and in his very spare spare time works on a book, *The Walking Butterfly*.

In *Oh, Susannah!* PLAYBOY offers delightful British film actress Susannah York in a dishabilled romp from her latest movie, *The Seventh Dawn*. Those who recall how Susannah's beauty shone through her 18th Century costuming for the bawdy box-office smash, *Tom Jones*, will doubly appreciate our unobstructed pictorial on Miss York.

Rounding out our jumbo-sized June package: another flock of former gatefold girls in *Playmates Revisited—1958*; Fashion Director Robert L. Green's sartorial note on a wardrobe of washable summer wearables; pretty Playmate Lori Winston; and *Playboy's Gifts for Dads and Grads*—a pictorial plenitude of June largess. All in all, a pleasant and profitable way to issue in the summer solstice.

PLAYBOY



Copenhagen

P. 81



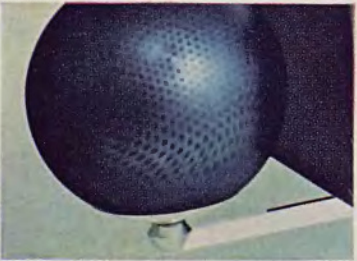
Jackpot

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Mamie

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Gifts

P. 118

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DEAR PLAYBOY

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

COVERING LETTERS

Just a note to tell you how magnificent your March cover is. Such photographic talent is indeed rare in this day and age, the era of the mediocre. Congratulations to your photographers for such a masterpiece, and congratulations to you for such good taste.

Robert K. Tamaki
Culver City, California

The creases in the sheet on which your lovely model is posing on your March cover take the form of a rabbit, or, more apropos, the Playboy Rabbit. Subliminal suggestion or fantastic accident?

Richard B. Conrad
Nanuet, New York

The latest wrinkle in PLAYBOY covers was put there by design, Dick.

AYN RAND

Applause is in order for your March interview with Ayn Rand. I differed with her on some points, was surprised by her views on others, but found the whole quite challenging and of particular value for comparison with, and examination of, my own values. More such stimulating features, please!

H. R. Bresnik
Pacific Palisades, California

Miss Ayn Rand is a cool breath of oxygen in a steaming jungle of confusion. I do contend with her on one point in particular, however, but this does not lessen my regard for her. She does not like to be negative, but she looks negatively at God, in Whom she states she does not believe. As Miss Rand said, each of us needs a purpose to avoid chaos and to integrate all other concerns of an individual life. For Miss Rand, the purpose is Objectivism, for which she would die. To many, God Himself, otherwise stated as the Creator, the Divine, the Supreme Being, etc., is supremely worthy of dying for.

Miss Rand's writing is certainly controversial. But life and spirit is in reasoned, disciplined controversy. Without it we have conformity, then slavery to whatever totalitarian power reigns at the moment. Without a visible quaver, Miss Rand steps forth and says what she

thinks. That takes an abundance of courage and confidence, two qualities we can use more of in the nation.

Mrs. Sanford F. Nicol
Devon, Pennsylvania

I just finished your provocative interview with Miss Rand and I couldn't help feeling relieved that everyone does not share her views concerning the family and friendship. Miss Rand says that friendship, family life and human relations are second to a man's creative work. It is my belief that one would be meaningless without the other. Since the beginning of time, man has lived in a group, in a family, trying to do his best at a vocation so that he might provide enough for his family and create a desirable situation for making friends. Am I correct in believing that Miss Rand would have a man struggle and work in life merely for the sake of himself? I hope I am not alone in my beliefs concerning a society based on the happiness of the family.

Geoffry White
Canoga Park, California

The interview with Ayn Rand was the high point of a very good issue. Having been an admirer of Miss Rand and your magazine for several years, I was extremely happy to see the two together. I hope that all of your readers will take the time to read the interview.

John S. Graham III
Lexington, Virginia

Miss Rand was about 20, I gather, when she managed to escape from the Soviet Union. She had been born and schooled in Russia, attending the University of Leningrad. It appears, however, that only her body eluded the commissars' paradise. Her mind remains a prisoner of the Marxists, a captive of materialism and rationalism. One must admit that her Leninist teachers did a thorough job of brainwashing her. Consider the many deep and underlying convictions that Miss Rand shares with the Soviet pundits. Among them, some of which are mere heedless assumptions: *Vorsatz über Alles* (purpose above everything); reason enthroned (like the

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MONSIEUR LANVIN

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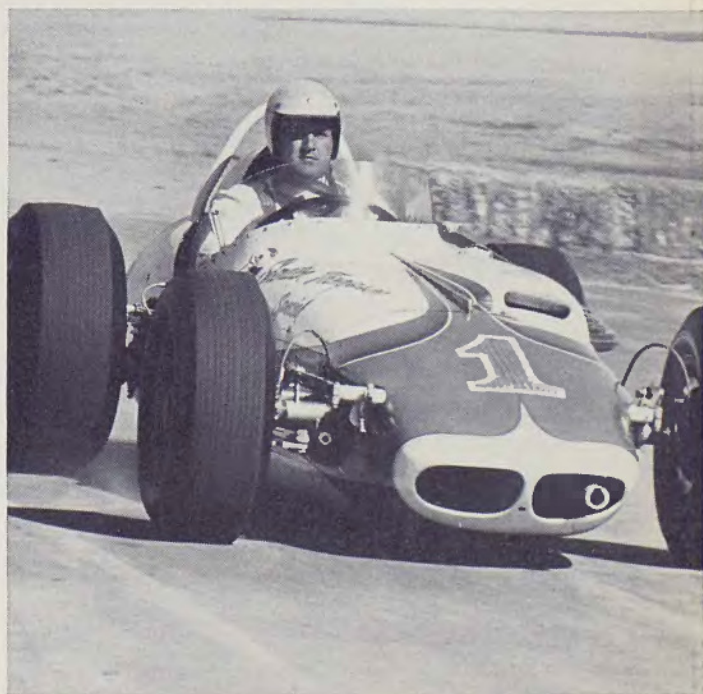
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A. J. Foyt wins American Challenge Cup on Goodyear racing tires.



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A. J. Foyt wins '64 Phoenix 100 on Goodyear Special High Speed Tires.

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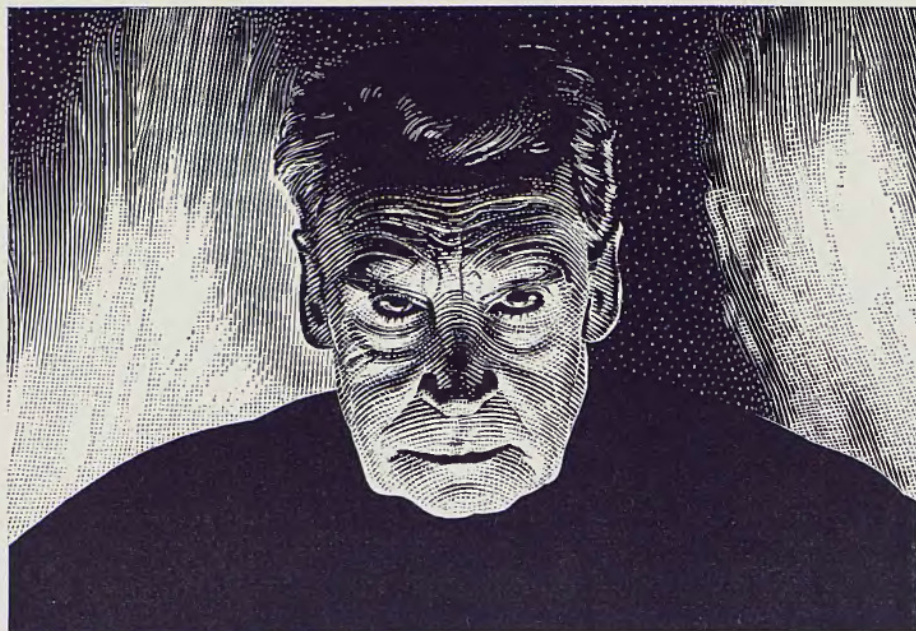
The Smaller the Angle the Harsher the Ride. There's the rub. In general, as cord angle decreases, the tire becomes a much stiffer structural unit. It goes faster but rides harder. That's why cord angles must be "balanced" to give a fast, safe ride without bouncing the car off the road.

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French revolutionaries, would she convert Notre Dame again into a Temple of Reason?); the idolatry of labor; the cult of toil; the subjugation of friendship, family life, romantic love—indeed, all human relationships—to the ideal of work.

Miss Rand's philosophy reads like those naïve Soviet movies of the Stalin era: Love me, love my tractor. She says, "The only man capable of experiencing a profound romantic love is the man driven by passion for his work. . . . One falls in love with the person who shares these values." These words would have earned Joseph Stalin's imprimatur 20 years ago, just as Comrades Khrushchev and Castro and Mao would approve of them today. Miss Rand may call her assumptions Objectivism if she likes. But they are in truth no more than the warmed-over hash of that ingenuous rationalism and materialism that typified so much of 18th Century thinking, with a touch of Calvinism. Into this insipid ragout she has stirred a "black-and-white view of the world," the concept of absolute good versus absolute evil, and atheism. All of this sounds like an editorial in *Pravda*.

William Richards
Manhattan Beach, California

Bravo to Ayn Rand and PLAYBOY magazine for providing your March readers with the most profound interview ever to appear in a nationally distributed magazine. Miss Rand is certainly the undisputed champion of individual rights, as she is the only original thinker on today's intellectual and philosophical front. If we are to avert an intellectual bankruptcy, it will be the direct result of her ideas. For she has filled today's moral and intellectual vacuum with ideas that have substance and meaning for every thinking individual dedicated to reason. Miss Rand has given the new intellectuals of today the courage to stand upright and to fight for a world that can and ought to be.

Ruby Newman
Chicago, Illinois

The March interview with Miss Ayn Rand was very interesting, but it was not so much Objectivism as Objectionablism.

Robert C. Coale
Ithaca, New York

Your interview with Ayn Rand is a brilliant idea, a real intellectual achievement. I know of no other magazine that would have the courage to defy the establishment's apostles of superstition and self-sacrifice and to report Ayn Rand's ideas and the growth of Objectivism without distortion. You are to be congratulated. Between PLAYBOY magazine and *Atlas Shrugged*, America may yet become a land where men have a

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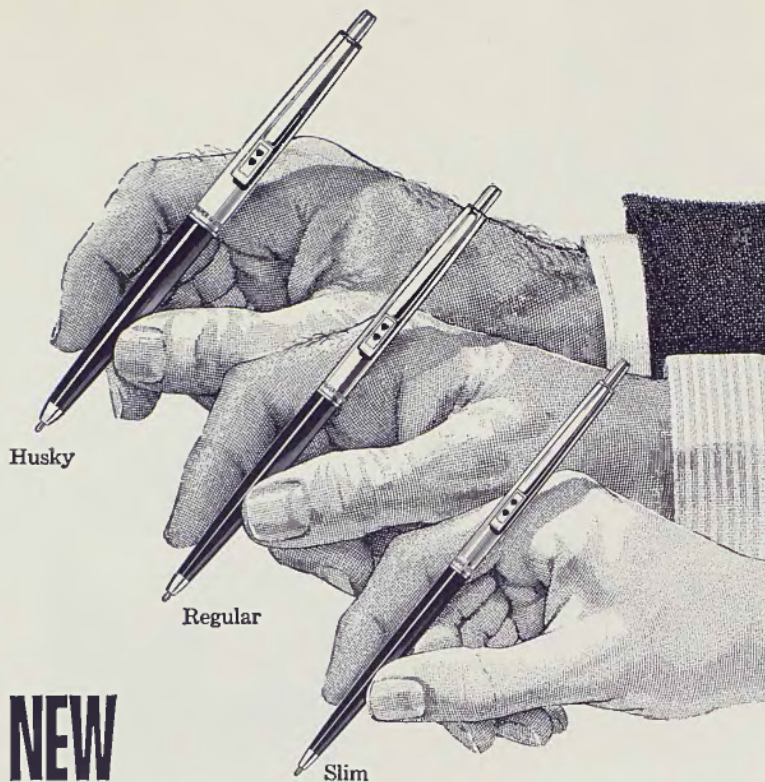
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Edward L. Nash
Chicago, Illinois

I would like to know why the Objectivists do not practice what they preach. Having been employed by the Nathaniel Branden Institute (Ayn Rand's baby), I found the theory of Objectivism to be something entirely different in practice. The mailing list of the Nathaniel Branden Institute is a nonselective one, based on quantity rather than quality. It consists of anyone who writes in, many of whom cannot even spell the word "Objectivism." Obviously, these potential "customers" are of financial value to them, but somehow this does not seem to be consistent with Miss Rand's conception of the ideal, heroic man. Furthermore, anyone who writes in questioning the philosophy of Objectivism, and does not appear to be in agreement with it, is labeled an "undesirable," no matter how profound or sincere his inquiry may be. Also, these courses are likewise arbitrated with the same "iron hand." Those who ask conflicting or controversial questions are known as "antagonists," and some have been known to be shown out by an usher. Are these the conditions of freedom that Miss Rand expounds? Is this really an intellectual establishment? Are these really educators? What is the true concern of this institution—philosophy, or profit and posterity?

Joy Parker
Auburn, Alabama

Since my discovery of Ayn Rand and Objectivism a few years ago, I have sincerely believed that Objectivists were a select few. My belief has been confirmed by the interview with Ayn Rand. Miss Rand and Objectivism have been, and will remain, denounced by the people who fear them most: the collectivist parasites, the nonthinkers who can only survive by clinging to the altruists, and the social dictators who, not being satisfied with their own lives, must direct the social lives of others. These are the people who fear Ayn Rand and Objectivism, and these are the people who will be destroyed by Miss Rand and her philosophy.

Let it be remembered that without the individual, this country would not be what it is today. The individual made it, and the collectivists will destroy it, if they are not destroyed first. I, for one, would rather be a recluse than a social host for pseudointellectual parasites.

Richard A. Dallaire
Bristol, Connecticut

You are to be congratulated for having the guts to print an interview with Ayn Rand in this day and age when anyone who deviates from the opinion of the in-

How to name a tavern



Along most any English road you could compile a list such as this:

'The Red Lion', 'The Bald Faced Stag', 'The Plough', 'The Elbow and Froth', 'The Cow Roast', 'The Bird and Bell', et cetera.

In this country, the preference runs much more to the name, or nickname of a tavern's proprietor: 'Hank's Place', 'Flo and Ed's', 'Barr's Bar', 'Pat O'Toole's', 'Tiny's Tavern', 'Big Nose George's'.

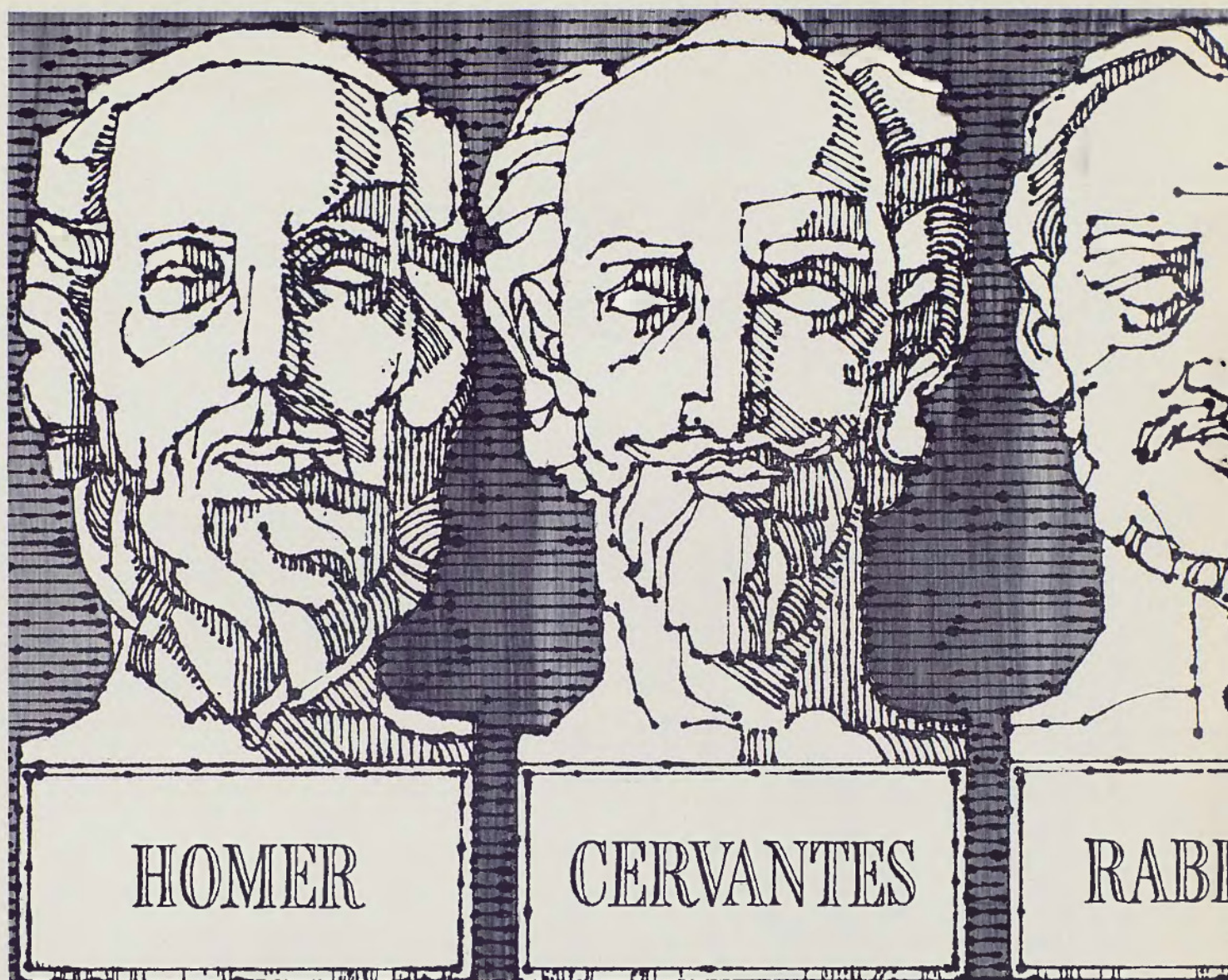
One thing's sure: the other name outside a tavern—the name of the beer it features—can be nearly as important as what the tavern is called.

Any stranger in any town can go to a tavern with a Schlitz sign and get exactly the same beer he enjoys in his favorite tavern back home. Always and everywhere, it's the great light beer with gusto.

Schlitz, the Beer that made Milwaukee Famous
...simply because it tastes so good.



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Milwaukee, Wis., Brooklyn, N.Y., Los Angeles,
and San Francisco, Cal., Kansas City, Mo., Tampa, Fla.



What did they know about

Maybe you don't care about the subject. But the fact is that Homer, Cervantes, Rabelais, Shakespeare and Freud were men with lusty imaginations, unshackled opinions and highly original points of view about romance, love, sin, sex—or for that matter topics such as life, death, war, peace, immortality, being and truth.

For the man like yourself who isn't ashamed of having brains, reading these five—and the 69 other geniuses in Great Books—is pure enlightenment.

They provoke you, tease you, stimulate you, shake you up, wake

you up, unnerve you or comfort you, depending on the subject you dive into, and the man you decide to read.

And in Great Books your choice, among others, may include Swift, Sterne, Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, Plato, Gibbon, Lucretius, Marx and Melville.

All of which makes your Great Books the greatest basic private library ever assembled. A superb showpiece for any man's place.

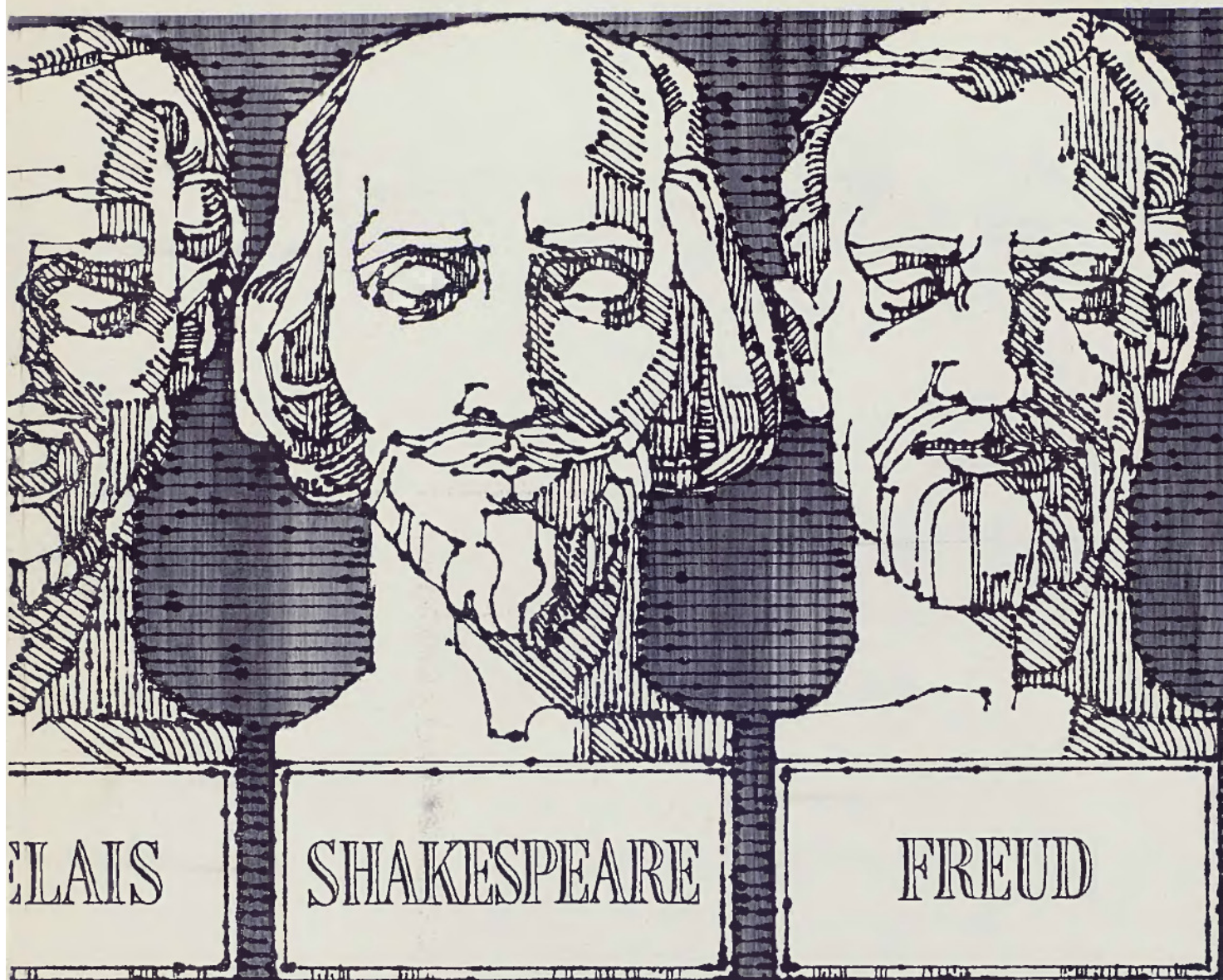
The project was published in collaboration with the University of Chicago by Encyclopaedia Britannica. The result is 54

remarkably handsome volumes containing 443 works.

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romance that you ought to know?

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GREAT BOOKS

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the man
with a future
arrives
in...

fashion-crafted handsewns

BY DEXTER For he's a man who knows his way around, as well as his way up. He wants quality, knows value and feels best in fashion that plays it cool and quiet with casual elegance... as in a deluxe shell cordovan slip-on, or a handsome three-eyelet dress tie.

If there's a mate in your future, the Lady Dexter makes it a perfect couple. Modestly priced at better stores everywhere.

DEXTER SHOE COMPANY BOSTON, MASS.

Intellectual "ins" leaves himself wide open to subversive smears. This may be a reason for the conspicuous silence surrounding this woman and her philosophy. However, I think the main reason for this silence is that she hits home so irrefutably that it is more than the people whose basic premises she challenges can bear.

Anne Anda
New York, New York

The March interview with Ayn Rand was superb. Your lead-in summary was excellent, your interviewer's questions were, as always, astute and provocative, and Ayn Rand's replies were incisive, terse and mostly unpopular in my view. But my gray matter has been vigorously massaged, for which I thank you.

R. S. Babin
Gardena, California

Thank you for the *Playboy Interview* with Ayn Rand—an interview that appears to have been printed verbatim—and for an unusually objective introduction to it. Both were a pleasure to read. The range—and, in general, the quality—of the questions was uncommonly good. Rational men everywhere receive the just and lucid amplification and dissemination of Miss Rand's ideas with gratitude and appreciation. To contemplate the character and thought of human beings such as Ayn Rand is a rare and stimulating pleasure. Men have an insatiable hunger for such pleasures. My gratitude to you, therefore, is not for having "satisfied" that hunger, but for having taken part in helping to keep it alive.

Sylvia Bokor
New York, New York

What on earth possessed you to give space and your implicit imprimatur to the absurd, flutulent and laughable "ideas" of Ayn Rand? Have you no self-respect? Are you putting us on? "Professors debate her ideas in their classrooms." They do? Not in the classrooms I have known, or heard about. You have vulgarized beyond repair your image of intellectual respectability by referring to the pretentious, puerile and perverted prattle of this *petit bourgeois* hack writer seized by megalomania as "philosophy." Philosophy, indeed. "Intransigently individual" is Miss Rand, according to you, though there is not one single original idea in the noxious stew of dangerous nonsense she peddles to the feeble in mind and weak in spirit. Let her and her fellow charlatans milk that part of the public they can get their claws on, but why in the name of all you claim to stand for abet these noisome folks in their pursuits? You are giving this execrable piffle millions of dollars' worth of free publicity. Please stick to what you are good at and keep away from things



You've got the edge... with Edgeworth

Men who have the edge on life, the born winners, are apt to go for Edgeworth. Its winning blend of cool-smoking Burleys smokes even cooler with the exclusive texture of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed. Never a bite from first light to last fragrant puff. Get the edge on pleasure. Get Edgeworth.

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Free from Command 70 Ford Mustangs!



Here's the Sweepstakes to end all sweepstakes. Command Hair Dressing gives you 70 chances to win the hottest sportscar in years!

Whatever you do, don't miss this one! 70 chances to win. 70 winners! Each of these Command Mustangs is equipped for real performance!

How hot is the car? Hot!! The 289 high performance V-8 develops 271 horsepower at 6000 rpm. Each of Command's 70 prize Mustangs is also equipped with a 4-speed fully synchronized transmission plus a Rally-Pac with matched tach and electric clock. Grand Prix driver, Dan Gurney, says: "Mustang is best handling of any car in its class."

Win a new Mustang and you've got a new problem—when the top goes down, your hair goes up! Answer? Command! Formula modern as the Mustang. No alcohol. No water. Non-greasy. Grooms your hair as if it grew that way. Remember—no Command man ever finished last.

ENTER NOW. FOLLOW SIMPLE RULES.

1. Simply print your name, address, city and state on the back of the yellow end flap of any Command Hair Dressing package or if you don't have one, write the word COMMAND in block letters on a plain sheet of paper 4"x5" along with your complete name and address and mail to Command Sportscar Sweepstakes, Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation, P.O. Box 700, Hinsdale, Illinois.
2. Enter as often as you wish but each entry must be mailed in a separate envelope.
3. All entries must be postmarked no later than July 1, 1964 and received no later than July 7, 1964. Winners will be notified by mail approximately 30 days after the completion of the drawing. A winners' list can be obtained by mailing a self-addressed stamped envelope to Winners' List, Reuben H. Donnelley, P.O. Box 725, Hinsdale, Illinois. Do not include self-addressed stamped envelope with entry.
4. This sweepstakes is subject to all federal, state and local regulations and is open to anyone except employees and their families of Alberto-Culver Company, its advertising agencies, the judging organization and residents of the state of Wisconsin.

Authentic Traditional Shirts



Puckered white, oxford-look stripe. Red, green, black, blue.

AT THE SIGN OF

GOLDEN AWARD®

SEERSUCKER STRIPE: Obviously authentic, from its softly-flared button-down collar to its generous box pleat and hanger loop. Tapered for a trim appearance. Short sleeves. Golden Award: \$4 to \$6.95.

Golden Award, A Div'n of Wings Shirt Co., Inc.
4 West 33 Street, New York

New—the all day after shave

CITATION

by Mennen

works
for a man
all day
long!



Citation's aroma? Masculine to the core. Lasting, yet subtle. The Secret? Rare, imported essences, selected for their discreet long life. Citation's soothing ingredients keep working hour after hour, too. New Citation, by Mennen, truly the all day after shave (also great for those evening assignments).



you obviously are not equipped to evaluate. Give us pretty naked girls and good short stories, but spare us such lessons in "philosophy." My sole remaining hope for you is that you were kidding, but your interviewer actually seemed to have read the "works" of this monstrous crone.

Dan Morgenstern
New York, New York

Your interview with Ayn Rand seemed awfully incongruous in the context of your March issue. The glowing picture you painted of the Iron Curtain society in the same issue will no doubt win you consideration for the Lenin Peace Prize and a kiss from the head butcher himself. Your book and movie reviewers took the usual extraordinary pains to flavor every other review with a dash of pacifism, and your *On the Scene* editor devoted the entire *Scene* to three bathetic individuals dedicated to the abolition of taste in art. It is certainly a compliment to Ayn Rand to expect an interview with her to provide intellectual balance against such unanimity of opinion to the contrary.

Steve Smith
San Diego, California

Congratulations and warmest thanks for the excellent interview with Ayn Rand in your March issue. Few other publications have ever been able to present this dynamic woman and her revolutionary ideas with such fairness and objectivity. Your editorial policy is truly unique in this respect.

It is gratifying to see in print Miss Rand's own answers to the most common criticisms and challenges hurled at her philosophy—and to see them in a magazine with the circulation and prestige of PLAYBOY.

Just two questions. How does PLAYBOY reconcile its endorsement of American free enterprise (which it shares with Miss Rand) with the March cover and inside pages devoted to *The Girls of Russia* and *the Iron Curtain Countries*? Even though there are beautiful girls in Communist countries, do you really want to glamorize life there as you have done?

Trudy Gillett
New York, New York

Objectivity—like beauty—knows no national or political boundaries, and reportage does not necessarily constitute endorsement. Among previous PLAYBOY interviewees whose conflicting and controversial ideas seemed worth presenting because of their impact on the contemporary world were Malcolm X, Albert Schweitzer, Jimmy Hoffa, Bertrand Russell, Jean Genet—to name a few. We see no inconsistency in this; rather, we think it demonstrates a consistent policy of probing—via the interview format—people and points of view that compel



A GUIDE TO FAMOUS
ENGLISH PUBS



The Wig and Pen

Built on Roman remains, it's so named because judges and barristers from London's courts gather here. Many ask for Martinis... 8 out of 10 specify Gordon's by name.

The Angel

Located by the Henley Bridge, this pub is steeped in the atmosphere of a bygone age. Gordon's Gin is the most called-for brand here, often as part of a Gordon's Sour.

The Bottle & Glass

In Oxfordshire, hard by the site of an old Roman road, stands this 14th Century pub. Today's customers choose Gordon's Gin by 6-to-1 with the Gordon's White Rose a frequent order.

The Bell Inn

This Wallingsford inn was only four years old when Alexander Gordon first made Gordon's Gin in 1769. Today, the Queens Cocktail is one of the many Gordon's drinks served here.

The Beehive Inn

This 700-year-old inn at Russells Water was built on the site of a famous gypsy camp. Gordon's, by far the most popular gin here, is sometimes served in a Gin & Tonic.

The Stonor Arms

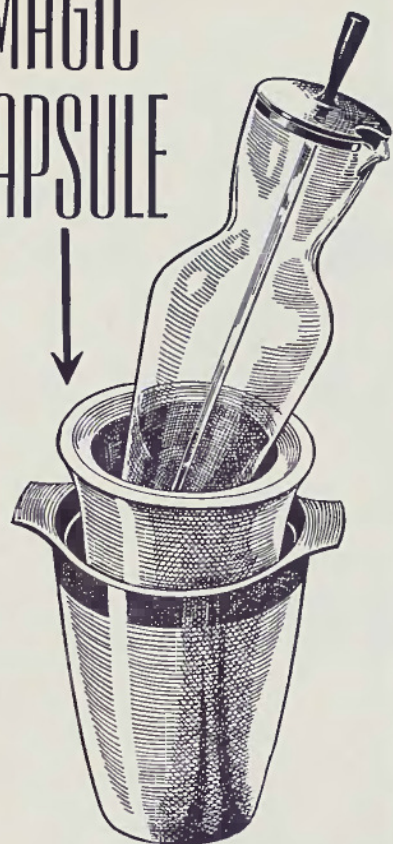
The building that houses this Oxfordshire inn was once a girls' school. Today, Gordon's is a 10-to-1 favourite. A favourite drink with many customers is a Gordon's Tom Collins



GORDON'S GIN

SPECIAL TRAY OFFER. Deluxe plastic serving tray, colorfully decorated with 12 English drink recipes... yours for only \$1.50. Make check payable to "Tray Offer." Send to: Trays, P. O. Box 140A, Old Chelsea Sta., New York, N. Y. 10011. Please, no stamps.

PRODUCT OF U. S. A. DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN, 100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. 90 PROOF. GORDON'S DRY GIN CO., LTD., LINDEN, NEW JERSEY

MAGIC
CAPSULE... KEEPS YOUR
FAVORITE COCKTAILS
FROSTY-COLD FOR HOURS

No more lukewarm, watery drinks! New and unique cooling concept keeps cocktails at a chill 25°—for hours! Mix cocktails in pitcher, add proper amount of ice, place pitcher in capsule. Drinks stay so cold even the ice won't melt! Unusual gift for special friends, clients, yourself—and, of course, for Father's Day! Quart pitcher, magic capsule, cap and stirrer in handsome, brushed stainless-steel container. \$25

GLACIER WARE
PITCHER COOLER

at leading stores, including:

Abercrombie & Fitch (all stores)
J. E. Caldwell Co., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
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Gokey Co., St. Paul, Minnesota
Gun & Tackle Shop, Cleveland, Ohio
Kerr's, Los Angeles, California
Littler's, Seattle, Washington
Mark Cross, New York, New York
Trooping the Colour, Winnetka, Illinois

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intelligent interest, whether one agrees with them or not. For further comment on "The Girls of Russia and the Iron Curtain Countries," see below.

IRON CURTAIN CALLS

I wish to commend you on your March display of *The Girls of Russia*. This should do more to end the Cold War than any single effort of man or nation. To show Western man that the Russky gals have the same number of moving parts and are equal to the best of our own is a stroke of genius.

Bob Donley
Sechelt, British Columbia

I consider the March issue a threat to National Security, and think PLAYBOY should be investigated by the FBI. Presenting those Iron Curtain beauties is an obvious attempt to get American men to defect. Eastern Europe, anyone?

John W. Hunt
Lexington, Virginia

The Girls of Russia and the Iron Curtain Countries, without doubt, left most of your male readers goggle-eyed. In your own words, "beauty knows no political boundaries," and you ought to be congratulated for your graceful contribution to the thawing of the Cold War.

George S. Coombs
Victoria, British Columbia

LAURELS FROM LABOR

May I congratulate you for publishing the down-to-earth article on labor-management relations by J. Paul Getty in your March issue. It is refreshing and, indeed, heartening to see so many propaganda myths about labor unions exploded by a businessman who can and does command the respect of his colleagues. And it is even more refreshing to see a magazine of your national prominence provide a factual article on a subject much abused and distorted by many national and local commercial publications.

Don Harris, Public Relations
Los Angeles County Federation
of Labor, AFL-CIO
Los Angeles, California

Would like to use J. Paul Getty's initials to say Just Plain Great. Being a man who rings a timecard every day, and a union officer for five years of my twenty-five-year membership, I have never read or heard a better approach to *Living with Labor* than J. Paul Getty wrote for the March issue of PLAYBOY.

Kenneth E. Schoville
Beloit, Wisconsin

I have just read J. Paul Getty's article, *Living with Labor*, in the March issue of PLAYBOY. It was highly refreshing to me, as a labor representative, to read such progressive, intelligent and wholesome

Bottoms Up!

With . . .

PLAYBOY MUGS



PLAYBOY's frolicking Femlin kicks up her heels on these custom ceramic mugs. Coffee Mug holds up to 10 oz. of your favorite hot beverage. Beer Mug fills the cup with 22 oz. of ale or beer.

Playboy Coffee Mug, \$2.50, ppd.
Playboy Beer Mug, \$5, ppd.

Shall we enclose a gift card in your name?
Send check or money order to: **PLAYBOY PRODUCTS**
232 East Ohio Street • Chicago, Illinois 60611
Playboy Club keyholders may charge by enclosing keyno.

YOU'RE



Fine fastening for any man—The Playboy Key Chain. It's a cinch to hold your keys securely. Handsomely finished in ebony black enamel on rhodium; brightened with PLAYBOY's famed Rabbit.

\$3.50 ppd.

Shall we enclose a gift card in your name?

Send check or money order to:
PLAYBOY PRODUCTS
232 East Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill.

Playboy Club keyholders may charge by enclosing key number with order.

views about labor-management relations by someone of Mr. Getty's stature in the American economy. I only wish that men of his caliber were seated opposite us in our bargaining sessions.

R. E. Davidson, Grand Chief Engineer
Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers
Cleveland, Ohio

There is common sense in the *Living with Labor* article by J. Paul Getty; it is the only approach that will bear fruit and make it possible for labor and management to live together if we are to continue this way of life.

William L. McFetridge, President
Chicago Flat Janitors Union
Chicago, Illinois

VIDE VARGAS

We must be on the same frequency—no sooner had I dropped a note to you regarding the new organization that I am forming, "Image and Identification," than I thumbed through my just-arrived March edition of *PLAYBOY* and lo and behold!—staring at me on page 118 was this scintillating, luscious damsel of hue elegantly sketched by Vargas. Your foresight has given my campaign for pictorial integration a booster shot, and this "cutie" will be given the deserved publicity at our founding meeting.

Kermit T. Mehlinger, M.D.
Chicago, Illinois

I have a collection of about 30 Vargas reproductions gleaned from past issues. To keep my apartment decor conservative, I picked only three favorites, which have been hanging in a row, gracing my wall for a year now. Your March 1964 Vargas girl is now proudly standing at the top and center of this display. I have noticed, without approval or disapproval, the introduction and gradual increase in appearances of the American Negro in movies, television and magazines. I do not know if this is due to the efforts of integration groups or just due to the American people finally growing up. In any event, from now on, I approve. In closing, I find her to be one of the most stunning creations ever to come from Vargas' palette.

John S. Miller
Henderson, Nevada

I have read your magazine sporadically for the past nine years, and just last month decided to become a subscriber. Mailing of my check preceded receipt of the March issue by one day. Had your subscription department been a little more efficient, I would have destroyed said check. Reason: Vargas' Negro pin-up. I am willing to accept equal accommodations and equal liberties, but am not willing to accept invasion of privacy in my own home. Had I desired Negro pinups, my subscription would have been mailed to *Ebony* instead of *PLAYBOY*.

Now
test drive
the world's first
road car sunglasses

THE MUSTANG
the new
Renauld Spectaculars
inspired by Ford's
fiery new road car!



Like its namesake, Renault's newest Spectaculars model is racy, rugged and visually perfect! In one long sweep of optical aluminum frame, the Mustang gives you glare and wind protection from temple to temple. Its deep-curve front lenses—and side wings, too—are made from Renault's optically perfect lens material, Orama IV. (The same distortion-free lenses used in the Spectaculars officially approved by 14 major airlines for their flight crews.) At finer men's shops and department stores—\$22.50 including continental case.

Make sure you get Spectaculars, not an inferior copy—
look for Renault's name on the frame.

Spectaculars — sunglasses by Renault



The Mustang by Ford

8 reasons why this particular Scotch is dry.

(The taste no two people describe alike
and yet everybody agrees is great)

- 1) We're talking about White Horse Scotch and even experts are intrigued when asked to define its crackling dryness. To some, it's a subtle flavor—light on the palate, yet pleasing to the taste. To others, "DRY" smacks of authenticity, smoothness, quenchability, bouquet.
- 2) Dryness is built into White Horse from the very beginning. In the selection of grains. The way the barley grains are dried over peat fires, touched with just the slightest whisper of its magic.
- 3) As many as 30 different Scotch whiskies are used to make White Horse dry (after slow mellowing in sherry casks). And White Horse always draws on the same prize whiskies from its own stocks. Hence, you get uniform flavor. Identical quality.
- 4) Unlike Scotches which are shipped to this country in bulk, every drop of White Horse is bottled in Scotland. The difference is subtle and it concerns water—a highly important factor in determining quality and flavor.
- 5) The water used to help make White Horse comes only from soft, rippling streams that flow from the Highlands through ancient moors and glens. These same waters nourish the fields of Scottish grain which give White Horse its being and personality.
- 6) Dry White Horse is the offspring of 200 years of Scottish tradition and experience. Dates back to the original White Horse Cellar in Edinburgh, Scotland. To live up to uncompromising standards of dryness, every bottle of White Horse is numbered and registered right at the distillery.
- 7) Since White Horse dryness is there from the start—not added—you taste it most when you taste it straight. But you still can't miss it, however you like it . . . with water or soda, on the rocks or even in a sour. That clean, crisp dry taste never fades or "waters out."
- 8) Not one quality but a happy combination makes White Horse dry. Tradition. Care. Pride. When you taste White Horse, sip it thoughtfully because you are drinking Scotland's finest. A truly great Scotch whisky. Delightfully dry. And delightfully Scotch.

100% Scotch Whiskies. Bottled in Scotland. Blended 86.8 Proof. Sole distributors:
Browne-Vintners Company, New York City.

Unique White Horse Glasses. Set of 4 in sparkling crystal. Emblazoned with colorful, old-world Tavern signs. Send \$3.00 to White Horse Cellar, Dept. PL-5, P.O. Box 170, Boston 1, Mass.

White Horse/the dry Scotch





BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY
THE QUEEN

SCOTCH
WHISKY
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WHITE HORSE DISTILLERS LTD. GLASGOW

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White Horse Cellar



ESTAB 1742

WHITE HORSE
Blended
Scotch Whisky



ALL that are desirous to pass from
EDINBURGH to LONDON, or any
other place on their road, let them

PRINTED IN SCOTLAND

JAMES BOND IS BACK 007

on the ORIGINAL MOTION PICTURE
SOUND TRACK of Ian Fleming's

From Russia with Love



If you know the score—you'll get it. Swing-
ing, spicy, surprisingly witty—the scene-
stealing sound track from the James Bond
movie hit of the year. Get it today...tonight
could be your night for adventure.



alfred dunhill
OF LONDON



AT FINE STORES EVERYWHERE

Any further attempts at this type of
subtle indoctrination will result in im-
mediate subscription cancellation.

E. A. Kucharski
Sarasota, Florida

So long, Mr. Kucharski.

BRUCE POSTSCRIPT

Having investigated numerous aspects
of, and the peculiarities surrounding,
Lenny Bruce's Los Angeles arrest for
the alleged "possession of narcotics" and
the subsequent trials, I am conversant
with numerous facts and other valid
data concerning the case.

You might be interested to know, for
instance, that John L. White, the officer
who arrested Lenny Bruce for "Posses-
sion of Narcotics," has himself since
been arraigned in Federal Court. White
is now serving a five-year sentence in
Federal Prison after being found guilty
of "Illegal Importation of Narcotics."

John E. Dolan, President
Dolan-Whitney Detective Service
Hartford, Connecticut

BULLY FOR BIFFEN

I don't think it mere national pride
(or prejudice) that leads me to write a
word of special praise for *Biffen's Mil-
lions*, P. G. Wodehouse's latest excursion
into that zany world of wonderful mad-
men and women he's created. Or is it
discovered? I'm not certain which. I only
know that no other writer can match its
wit and its flavor, its intricately woven
plots and counterplots, its breeze-fresh
air of great good fun. Biffen, I think,
ranks high among its denizens. But in
the real world, wherein Wodehouse lives
and works, he must rank among the very
highest in the community of comic writ-
ers, for one of the pleasures of picking
up his work is the suffusing glow of con-
viction that one is in the hands of a
master craftsman who will guide one on
a predictably pleasurable journey. Up
Wodehouse! Up Biffen! Up PLAYBOY
for giving us both.

Cuthbert Eggleston
Leeds, England

SCRAMBLED EGGS

What gives? Howcum? For what
ghoulish purpose? We refer, of course, to
the March Gahan Wilson cartoon (if
such it can be called) featuring the
hanging man with an egg chained to his
arm above a nest built in what was ap-
parently his living room. To what does
it refer, if anything?

The Seaciff Trojans
San Francisco State College
San Francisco, California

The rather gory Gahan Wilson car-
toon in your March issue [page 167], de-
picting a hanging man chained to his
nest egg, was greeted here with much
approval. Thanks for the free advertis-
ing. The stumpy little figure probably
wouldn't weigh enough by himself to

provide a good tug on the noose. It's
that nest egg manacled to his wrist that
lends real weight to the suicide. Of
course, his motivation is clear. He should
have eschewed the hemp and entrusted
his hoard to a good bank. Then he
could have devoted himself to high liv-
ing, not high swinging.

Bo Jansen
Chase Manhattan Bank
New York, New York

*Gahan Wilson's take-off on the Chase
Manhattan Bank's advertising theme*



Unfetter yourself. You have a friend at Chase
Manhattan to help you care for your nest egg,
and to provide you with carefully considered
investment advice. Try us and see.

THE CHASE MANHATTAN BANK



*was not PLAYBOY's first; Phil Interlandi's
cartoon, shown above with one of the
original Chase Manhattan ads, ran in
August 1963.*

LYRICAL PRAISE

While I can't give you the "pro," I
can give you the "Cahn" on February's
Lady Luck and the Lyricist by Jack
Sharkey. I found it terribly inventive (as
did my collaborator James Van Heusen)
and most entertaining!

Sammy Cahn
Los Angeles, California



VERY
VERY
PALE



So pale that new Noilly Prat French Vermouth is virtually invisible in your gin or vodka. Extra pale and extra dry for today's correct Martinis.

DON'T STIR WITHOUT NOILLY PRAT

BROWNE-VINTNERS COMPANY, NEW YORK, NEW YORK • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U. S. A.

Viceroy's got the Deep-Weave Filter and the taste that's right!



Viceroy is scientifically made
to taste the way you'd like a
filter cigarette to taste.
Not too strong...not too light...
Viceroy's got the taste that's right.



SMOKE ALL 7

Smoke all seven filter brands
and you'll agree: some taste
too strong . . . while others
taste too light. But Viceroy—
with the Deep-Weave Filter—
tastes the way you'd like a filter
cigarette to taste. That's right!

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



We hadn't realized just how insidiously the cards were stacked against the single man on the socioeconomic and judicial-governmental levels until the other day when we were apprised via the mails of one more high-handed example of governmental discrimination against the bachelor. The letter from United States Air Force Captain Leonard Wine (a singularly appropriate moniker, as we shall see) was a study in irate frustration. It seems the captain had been given books on how to make wine and a wine-making kit for his birthday. Before putting them to use, he faithfully followed the prescribed procedure and applied to the Treasury Department for permission to produce 200 gallons of tax-free wine per year at home. Expecting nothing but the Government's blessing for having followed the letter of the law before he pressed a single grape, the captain received Internal Revenue Service Form 1541 in its stead. Plowing through the bureaucratic fine print, he was brought up short by Section 240.541(b) which states that "wine produced by a single person unless he is the head of a family" is *not* tax-exempt. End of Captain Wine's abortive foray as an amateur vintner. Already bruised and bled by promarital income-tax laws (see our review of Frederic Nelson's new book, *Bachelors Are People, Too*, on page 38 of this issue), the bachelor is not even permitted the solace of a little home-fermented *vino* in which to drown his singular sorrows. Why, we wondered, does the Government thus penalize the bachelor and reward the family man? Surely it can't be to assure that the kiddies get their daily quota of sauce without having to rely on mother's market allowance. The only reason we

could think of—and we don't think much of it, because it's so very logical—is that some bachelor legislator assessed the multiple sorrows of the hard-pressed family provider, and figured he needed a cheering, tax-free 200 gallons of do-it-yourself wine per year in which to drown his woes. Meanwhile, there is that sterling character Captain Wine, serving his country—an officer and, according to the same Government, a gentleman—who can't be trusted to use the fermented fruits of his own labor for home consumption, even though he's willing to swear to it. The situation is obviously intolerable. We suggest that bachelors rise up in a body and write to Washington, where the grapes of wrath are stored, demanding that every man, regardless of marital status, be given an equal opportunity to be his own little old wine maker.

Human-interest story of the month, in *The San Diego Union*, begins: "Mrs. Hugh Lantz said it all when she said, 'Sometimes when I'm spread-eagled on a rock 10,000 feet up, I wonder how he talked me into this . . .'"

The attention of those anxious to enlarge the scope of their social activities is invited to the following bona fide organizations, all of which actively solicit membership: The Divorced Men's Club of Los Angeles, whose \$50 membership fee is refundable to anyone who subsequently returns to his wife; The Educational, Cultural, Social and Artist Club of Paris, dedicated to the "initiation of decadent man into the elementary practices of gymnastics, massage, dancing, dressing and hair styling"; The National Society for the Elevation and Propagation of the Leek, which, for whom it

may concern, sponsors the Leek News Bureau in New York City; The Physicians' Wine Appreciation Society, for doctors with a "medicinal interest in wines and spirits"; The Cigar Smokers of America, which vows "to preserve and promulgate stag dinners"; The National Indignation Society, which held a mammoth gripe session not long ago for 250 outraged members in Arlington, Virginia; and across the Potomac in the nation's capital, The What Good Are We Club, ostensibly for those of a more fatalistic persuasion.

It seemed we'd become privy to the success story of the year when our eye was grabbed by a publicity release from the Colgate-Palmolive Company headlined: "COLGATE PROMOTES WATCHMAN TO GROUP PRODUCT MANAGER." Further reading, however, burst the Horatio Alger bubble. The lucky man turned out to be William S. Watchman, former senior product manager.

Sign of *The Times*, scrawled in pencil beneath a London subway-station ad reading "Seventy-five Percent of All Top Clergy Take *The Times*"—"The Other Twenty-five Percent Buy It."

Silly Question Department: Why not call: a platonic sibling relationship *cestuous*? . . . skill *epititude*? . . . accepted members of society *incasts*? . . . Broadway bit players *footliners*? . . . an irresolute explorer *trepid*? . . . long johns *underalls*? . . . a hale fellow well met *standonish*? . . . a plutocrat *uptrodden*, *poverished* and *underdrawn* at the bank? . . . someone who's contented *gruntled*? . . . a cheerful soul *upheart-*



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Our congratulations to the Laramie, Wyoming, police department for its impressive success with the city's new radar speed trap, which has netted three violators, at last count, since its recent installation: a municipal court judge, a policewoman and a clerk in the Motor Vehicles Bureau who issues and renews drivers' licenses.

We can only agree with the "Noted English Rider" who describes at length, in an equestrian column from the Vancouver, British Columbia, Province, "how everything is done to keep the public unaware of the ability of a horse."

Age of Specialization Department: Sick comics will be pleased to learn that the following sign was spotted recently on a bulletin board in Manhattan's James Ewing Memorial Hospital: HIP DOCTOR WILL BE IN ON THURSDAY.

Our recommended list for sexy summer reading includes the following titles, a small segment of the papers that were read by their authors at the last annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science: *An Analysis of Forces Developed at the Feet of Turtles During Walking*; *Precocious Spermatogenesis in Intratesticular Homotransplants of Fetal Mouse Testes*; *Endocrinological and Ontogenetic Problems Posed by Hermaphroditic Fishes*; *Growth of Juvenile Big Brown Bats*; *A Comparison of Pulmonary and Cutaneous Gas Exchange in Salamanders*; *Comparison of the Male Reproductive Cycles in Dwarf Crawfishes*; *Reproductive Behavior of the Croaking Gourami*; *Role of Size in Courtship of the Orange Chromide*; *Do Melanocytes in Hair Follicles Divide?*; *Quantitative Studies on the Radiosensitivity of Sea Urchin Spermatozoa*; *Sexual Dimorphism in the Snapping Turtle*; *Circadian Rhythms and the Photoperiodic Control of Diapause in the Pink Bollworm*; *Coexistence and Competition in Populations of Similar Species of Whirligig Beetles*; *Cessation of Population Growth and the Sex Organs of Male Prairie Deer Mice*; and lastly, one we can't wait to read: *Is a Universal Nocturnal Expansion Falsifiable or Physically Vacuous?*

Surplus steel fallout shelters, we learn from *The Wall Street Journal*, are being

marketed by upbeat entrepreneurs as swimming-pool cabanas.

The world of letters (latrine division) has lost one of its most commodiously dedicated academicians with the passing of Dr. Pelham H. Box, British collector of cloacal graffiti, who in his lifetime transcribed some 5000 primitivist panoramas from men's-room walls around the globe.

THEATER

What Makes Sammy Run? Steve Lawrence. He is Sammy Glick, who claws his way from copy boy to movie mogul, and Lawrence makes the clawing and the climbing seem real. Furthermore, he is a good pop singer—talented enough to be playing undiluted Glick (or better yet, *Pal Joey*), but the Schulberg book, cut past the bone by Budd and his brother Stuart, has lost its marrow. A few of the nasty old cracks are there ("If you want me to, I'll miss him," says Sammy about his supposed best friend, Al Manheim), but most of the action is one long song setup. Two tunes are already inescapable on the jukebox (*A Room Without Windows* and *The Friendliest Thing*), but the rest of Ervin Drake's score is easily forgettable. Sadly, except for Lawrence, so is the cast. Robert Alda plays, or rather, poses as, Manheim, and love interest Sally Ann Howes is merely decorative. But *What Makes Sammy Run?* doesn't need decoration. It needs a cold heart and some warm bodies. At the 54th Street, 152 West 54th Street.

The first time the curtain went up on *The Deputy*, in West Berlin last year, it ceased being merely a play and became a controversy. Since then, a great many people who haven't seen or read it have condemned it. Contrary to the pickets, this is not a hate play, and contrary to some critics, it is not a bad play. It is loaded drama that wobbles between sermon and sensation, certainly more plea than play, but it has many heart-wringing moments, several live characters, and a cumulative effect that leaves one both overwhelmed and agonized. For its author, 32-year-old German Protestant Rolf Hochhuth, it is an act more of conscience than of imagination. As one who was too young to participate in the War but old enough to have traumas, he asks not who is to blame for Hitler, but who could have stopped him. The answer is everybody, but especially the supreme moral force, the Deputy of Christ, the Pope himself. Pope Pius XII is the author's symbol of the guilt borne by all men who—for whatever reason—found a *modus vivendi* with Hitler, but Hochhuth does not let

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anyone off the hook. His personification of evil is a Nazi overseer at Auschwitz, who can boast, "Just two weeks ago I piped Freud's sister up the chimney," and his gallery of the guilty includes churchmen, Germans, Italians, and Jews themselves. In Hochhuth's original five-act version (Grove Press, \$5.95), that ran for six hours, the Nazis, including Eichmann, and their horrors are cataloged with a sometimes melodramatic malevolence. In supplementary notes, the author explains, with painful irony, how many of the most vile have continued to succeed after the War. For Broadway, producer-director Herman Shumlin and adapter Jerome Rothenberg have sliced the play in half; cleared the stage of nearly half the cast, almost all the scenery, and the worst clichés; and cut to the crux of Hochhuth's argument—the inaction of the Pope and the awakening of a young priest, Father Riccardo. The priest, played with great feeling and force by Jeremy Brett, learns details of Hitler's genocide and embarks on a crusade to move the Pope to move. He encounters opposition from a cardinal with more pressing temporal concern (We must watch out for those Russians), an elderly priest who can bargain for one man's life but is disturbed at the thought of bothering the Pope with mass murder, and finally from the Pope himself. In Hochhuth's savage portrait (and as played by Emlyn Williams), Pius is small-minded, overly diplomatic and, ultimately, cowardly. Dismissed as a hothead, Riccardo pins a Star of David to his breast, volunteers for the gas chamber, and becomes a martyr and a true Deputy of Christ. Without the overdrawn Pope onstage at all, *The Deputy* would probably have been even more meaningful, but as it stands, it is still a document of extreme urgency, an eternal indictment. At the Brooks Atkinson, 256 West 47th Street.

From lesser Arthur Miller, the Lincoln Center Repertory Theater went to lesser Eugene O'Neill, and on to least S. N. Behrman. The O'Neill, *Marco Millions*, is the only one of the first season's three to profit from the new theater's wide-open stage. Director José Quintero has Marco's minions scooting up and down aisles and across a mobile stage, which becomes by turns the canals of Venice, a ship at sea and the Grand Throne Room of the grand emperor Kublai Khan. But all the splash and panoply cannot obscure the fact that in his ambitious attempt to write a satire and an epic, O'Neill was short of the Marco. Goshing and guffawing as the clown of his father's traveling band of money hunters, Marco (Hal Holbrook) bounds off to Persia, where he beards the great Khan himself (David Wayne) and tries to convert him to the American way of life. This Marco is about as Italian as Everett Dirksen. Khan shouldn't

khare less. Their encounter, a clear-cut case of East not meeting West, has its moments, as does a later set-to between Marco and the Khan's daughter, Zohra Lampert (she loves him, he loves himself), but too much of the time the talk is bloated, the satire blunted. For two reasons, *Marco* should be seen anyway. From now on, this rarely produced 36-year-old play will be even more rarely produced, and you may not get another chance to catch it; and as Khan, David Wayne, after long years of whimsy, proves himself to be an actor of surprising humor, force and dignity. Wayne has a minor role in S. N. Behrman's *But for Whom Charlie*, and is the only note of fun in an otherwise tiresome evening. He plays a foxy old one-shot novelist, who lives by his chits, cadging fellowships from the nonprofit, fund-giving Seymour Rosenthal Foundation. Behrman has indulgently saved his few funny lines for his alter ego and left his heroes with nothing to do but plod. Seymour Rosenthal (Jason Robards, Jr.) is a meek millionaire trying to atone for the sins of his money-grabbing father. Seymour's archbuddy, Charlie Taney (Ralph Meeker), is the power in front of the throne; he runs the foundation, feeding cash to artisans of his choice while Seymour cowers in the back room. The play is not about who gets the cash (which could have been interesting). It is about who gets the girls: Salome Jens, a man-eating widow of a famous playwright, and Faye Dunaway, her stepdaughter, who is mostly after a fellowship for her alcoholic baby brother, who is busy having an affair with Stepmother. Director Elia Kazan has unwisely exposed this contrived drawing-room comedy all over the arena stage—characters here, furniture there—so that it looks like a close-out at Macy's. That may be Kazan's ultimate comment on this bargain-basement Behrman. At the ANTA Washington Square, 40 West 4th Street.

RECORDINGS

Soft and Swinging / The Music of Jimmy McHugh (Columbia), etched by the ubiquitous André Previn leading his trio and orchestra, proves long-time composer McHugh to be a man of taste and discernment, and Previn to be an apt interpreter. Included in the session are *I'm in the Mood for Love*, *Don't Blame Me*, *I Can't Believe that You're in Love with Me* and *Exactly Like You*—any one of which would rate McHugh his pop-music laurels.

Roy Charles / Sweet and Sour Tears (ABC-Paramount) is gimmicked around a collection of tunes with some form of weeping in their titles—*Cry*, *Willow*,

Weep for Me, Guess I'll Hang My Tears Out to Dry—and is right up the eminent blues shouter's Tin-Pan Alley. One side was recorded in New York with a vocal choir, and the other on the West Coast. No matter the point of origin, the Charles offerings are filled with the highly charged emotions that characterize all of Ray's work.

The Jeremy Steig Quartet / Flute Fever (Columbia) is a wild outing with flutist Steig wielding his ax with a fury that belies its genteel antecedents. With *simpatico* sidemen, pianist Denny Zeitlin, bassist Ben Tucker and drummer Ben Riley, Steig explodes across an impressive array of jazz classics—Rollins' *Oleo*, Monk's *Well You Needn't*, Miles' *So What*—in near-frenzied flurries of notes that give the impression the flute is not quite up to what Steig wants it to perform.

For those whose primary acquaintance with Gary McFarland is as a chart man and conductor for outsize jazz aggregations, **Point of Departure / The Gary McFarland Sextet** (Impulse!) should be a revelation. Gary's vibes lead the way as trombonist Willie Dennis, tenor man Richie Kamuca (doubling on oboe), and a rhythm section composed of guitarist Jimmy Raney, bassist Steve Swallow and drummer Mel Lewis follow in hot pursuit. The sextet confects a cerebrally swinging set of goodies earmarked by McFarland's very particular brand of introspective orchestrating.

A flock of pleasantly executed tracks covers both sides of **Georgie Auld Sextet / Here's to the Losers** (Philips). The veteran tenor man breaks no new ground on the nine numbers included here, but in his own milieu, the romantic ballad, Auld has few peers. Exemplary assistance is given him by vibist Larry Bunker and a rhythm section marked by the standout bass work of Leroy Vinnegar.

Sweet September / The Pete Jolly Trio and Friends (Ava) has pianist Jolly's usual helpers—bassist Chuck Berghofer and drummer Larry Bunker—spelled on the title tune and on *Kiss Me Baby* by guitarist Howard Roberts and drummer Nick Martinis. Jolly's technique is one of glistening precision, with a right hand that dispenses single notes with a lucid economy. Whatever the company he keeps, Jolly is jolly good.

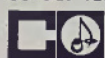
It seems a pity that the now-disbanded Lambert, Hendricks and Bavan vocal group should have had as its swan song *Lambert, Hendricks and Bavan at Newport '63* (Victor). It is an uninspired affair at best. If it were not for the presence of trumpeter Clark Terry and tenor man Coleman Hawkins, who weave some



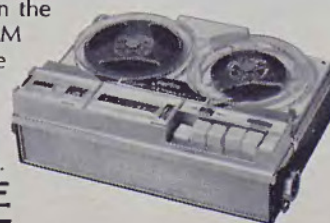
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silver instrumental threads among the vocal dross, this recording would have woefully little to recommend it.

The Billy Mitchell Quintet / A Little Juicy (Smash) features the vigorously tasteful trumpet and Flügelhorn of Thad Jones, Mitchell's own tenor and Kenny Burrell's guitar through a session of originals (mostly by Jones) plus the standard *Stella by Starlight*. It is funk at its most refulgent with Jones playing it, as they say, the way it is.

The irrepressible Dan Sorkin is professor meritorious on *Dan Sorkin / Folk Singing One* (Mercury), a hilarious classroom-styled put-down of those who take their folk music a mite too seriously. The music and monologs are by Ernie Sheldon and Dick Powell, the director of the proceedings, and Chad Mitchell (on the theory, we imagine, that it takes one to know one); the musical segments are performed by a foursome masquerading as The Plucker Family. Sorkin, as the hootenanny's answer to Kay Kayser, delivers vocally illustrated lectures on the art of singing unintelligibly, how-tos on the interminable folk ballad introduction and the folkniks' tools of their trade. Lest it be thought that Sorkin is a folkphobe, we offer his definition of the "art": "Folk singing is a religion—it has all the qualifications of a religion, except that it hasn't started any wars."

Julian Bream / Popular Classics for Spanish Guitar (Victor) reiterates Bream's pre-eminent position as one of the few virtuosos of his instrument extant. Here, offering the works of Villa-Lobos, Albéniz, Falla and several others, Mr. Bream proves himself once more to be an artist of infinite sensitivity.

Bill Henderson with the Oscar Peterson Trio (MGM) is an amalgam that should have found its way to vinyl a long time ago. Bill and the Trio are Damon and Pythias from the opening bars of *You Are My Sunshine*. The tune is an impressive harbinger of things to come; Henderson and the boys take it at an extraordinarily deliberate tempo, which has the effect of erasing every trace of country-and-western influence. Other items on the agenda: Trio bassist Ray Brown's infectious *Gravy Waltz*, *I See Your Face Before Me*, *The Folks Who Live on the Hill*, and eight more gems deftly put in Bill's vocal bag.

Put down *Coltrane Live at Birdland* (Impulse!) as one of Trane's most impressive outings to date—particularly the tracks *Afro-Blue*, *The Promise* and *Your Lady*—on which John abandons his tenor in favor of the soprano sax, an instru-

ment to which he has added a new dimension. Pianist McCoy Tyner, bassist Jimmy Garrison and formidable drummer Elvin Jones (his work behind Trane on *Your Lady* borders on the incredible) are as one with their leader. Although only three out of the five numbers were recorded at Birdland, why quibble over minutiae? It's a superlative LP.

Going on the assumption that you can't win 'em all, we'll have to chalk up *Ella Fitzgerald / These Are the Blues* (Verve) to the law of averages. The blues per se are not Miss Fitz' forte. Perhaps it is because her voice is just too true, too absolutely self-assured, too lacking in the essential base of suffering. Whatever the reason, Ella misses the blues boat on this LP despite a repertoire that includes such evergreens as *See See Rider*, *Trouble in Mind*, *Cherry Red* and *St. Louis Blues*. The only saving grace of the recording is that, in revealing a chink in Ella's vocal armor, it makes her a little more human.

Well, one artist's poison is another's meat, as witness *Me and the Blues / Joe Williams* (Victor). Joe is unequivocally at the peak of his vocal prowess as he takes off on such indigo attractions as *Rocks in My Bed*, *Kansas City*, *Hobo Flats* and *Early in the Morning*. His backing is no less prestigious with Thad Jones, Clark Terry and Ben Webster leading the instrumental troops.

Kirk in Copenhagen (Mercury) is another indication of just how felicitous the Danish climate is to the nurturing of fine jazz. Using a number of the local talents plus several American visitors, Roland is in rare form as he performs on tenor, manzello, stritch, flute, nose flute and siren (and if anyone can perform on siren, it's Kirk), singly and in groups. The outing is comprised of four Kirk originals, Ellington's *Mood Indigo* and Vernon Duke's *Cabin in the Sky*. The electricity generated by Roland obviously needs no Continental converter.

Thanks for Nothing / Rosemary Clooney (Reprise) reminds us that Rosie is still a singer of considerable stature. Her rich, throaty delivery is displayed to excellent advantage on *Black Coffee*, *The Man That Got Away*, *Careless Love* and a long-time favorite of ours, *Miss Otis Regrets*. Although we prefer Miss Clooney when she's vocalizing in a melancholy vein, her ebullient approach to *A Good Man Is Hard to Find* is hard to fault.

Mingus Mingus Mingus Mingus Mingus (Impulse!) may be redundant, but it is the only thing about this recording that is. Herein the listener will find bassist Mingus (putting in a piano stint on oc-

casian) leading a large orchestra through seven of his compositions; his efforts are fired with a fierce inventiveness that hits the auditor with the force of a battering-ram. Even on the funk-based *Better Get Hit in Yo' Soul*, Mingus serves up no simple slice of musical salvation. It is filled, as is the rest of the LP, with insightful nuances that raise the session far above the ordinary big-band bash. Mingus cooks, all right, but the ingredients are tartly sophisticated.

Moody's Mood . . . Pat Thomas (MGM) is the young lady's second LP. Her first, *Desafinado*, was a great success, but might have given the impression that Pat had only one string to her bow. This should delightfully dispel that notion. *Baltimore Oriole*, *A Cottage for Sale*, *Try a Little Tenderness* and *The Nearness of You* are among the items (arranged and conducted by Claus Ogerman and Lalo Schiffrin, Bill Ver Planck and Sammy Lowe) upon which Pat lavishes a warm, rich voice and an innate jazz sense.

Herewith a flock of folk LPs: *The Weavers / Reunion at Carnegie Hall—1963* (Vanguard) is a fine keepsake of the group that has since called it a day. Their farewell concert has on hand Weavers undergrads and alumni, all of whom join in making the sign-off an illustrious one. Nostalgia reigns as the group reprises *Wimoweh*, *Irene* and *'Round the World*. Another Carnegie Hall concert: *We Shall Overcome / Pete Seeger* (Columbia) has the Weavers' most famous alum mixing a bag of socially topical ballads—the title song and the pop hit *Little Boxes*, among others—with what has become over the years standard Seeger fare. The Carnegie Hall audience obviously ate it up; we dig it, too. A more recent graduate from the Weavers can be heard in a well-rounded, almost eclectic folk session—*Train Time / Erik Darling* (Vanguard). Erik has a fine tenor, his 6- and 12-string guitar and banjo work is a plus factor in the total picture, and his choice of material ranging from the spiritual *Hail John* to Cole Porter's *Miss Otis Regrets* (don't laugh: Porter also wrote the folksy *Don't Fence Me In*) is absorbing. The folk *aficionados'* new messiah continues his sermons on the mike on *The Times They Are A-Changin' / Bob Dylan* (Columbia). Dylan applies his barefoot vocalise to ten of his own musical commandments. Included, too, as liner notes, are what Dylan calls "11 Outlined Epitaphs" which at best are pretentiously primitive. At the other end of the folk spectrum is *Perspective on Bud & Travis* (Liberty). A pair of ethnic smoothies, B & T specialize in the Spanish-accented idiom. Nearly half of the LP is in that vein. The boys also hoe a lighthearted row—Tom Lehrer's riotous *Fiesta in Guadalajara*, for example—but are not

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averse to a little social commentary à la Bob Dylan's *Tomorrow Is a Long Time*. Joan Baez in *Concert / Part 2* (Vanguard) reaffirms Miss Baez as queen of the female folk singers. Her voice is a pure instrument and her repertoire is pristinely uncléché. One of the aural delights of this recording is Miss Baez' perceptive treatment of the *Black Orpheus* classic *Manha de Carnaval*. In refreshing contrast to the delicate Baez vocal mechanism is the gutsy style of Judy Henske. On *Judy Henske / High Flying Bird* (Elektra), her husky, gully-low pipes produce an uninhibited sound of raw-edged beauty. Miss Henske's treatments of the likes of *Oh, You Engineer*, *Columbus Stockade* and *Good Old Wagon* are definitely not for the lifted-pinkie set. As an added attraction we recommend our own Shel Silverstein's very funny liner notes. More in the Baez image is *Judy Collins #3* (Elektra). Judy applies her warm, precisely pitched voice to contemporary folk works in the main, rendering in handsome fashion the songs of Pete Seeger, Shel Silverstein, Bob Dylan, Ewan MacColl, Bob Gibson and Woody Guthrie. Odetta, who has had some bad vinyl experiences in the past, is happily very much on the *qui vive* in *Odetta / One Grain of Sand* (Vanguard). She is all emotion on *Midnight Special*, the title tune, *Rambler-Gambler* and *Cool Water*, and her intense feelings are, for a change, transmitted to her audience with a burning intensity.

MOVIES

Gore Vidal had a witty hit on Broadway with *The Best Man*, and the film is at least as funny and a lot faster. This comedy of political conventiontime, U. S. A., tells of behind-the-scenes power plays between two candidates for an unnamed party's Presidential nomination. One of them is what anti-intellectuals derisively refer to as an egghead (not Stevenson, you understand) and the other is an opportunist Senator who has made his name as an investigator (not Nixon, of course). The latter gets hold of a blackmail item with which he hopes to scramble the egghead, and the egghead's friends get a juicy jotting with which to stave it off. Considerable fencing is done, but in the end both are foiled, to some degree. Whether or not the blackmail business is believable, the real razzmatazz is in the convention hoopla, which is hustled and bustled by director Franklin Schaffner. Vidal's updated dialog lets a little lightning loose on topical topics (Southern segregationist to candidate: "You talk like a liberal, but I know at heart you're really an American"). Henry Fonda as the brainy one and Cliff Robertson as the bulldozer, Margaret Leighton and Edie Adams as the respec-

tive wives, are rightly cast and competent. But—as on Broadway—the show is stolen by Lee Tracy as the "hick" ex-President (not Harry Truman, naturally).

Zulu is a lulu—a Technicolor, Technirama torrent of action that really is, like they say in the movies, colossal! Set in South Africa in 1879, it's the old Lost Patrol yarn, with Britishers and Zulus instead of U. S. Cavalry and Sioux. Sioux what? Well, it's carried off here with more imagination, sweep and excitement than any similar saga. It's based on an actual incident—the Battle of Rorke's Drift, when the Zulus, after massacring a troop of 1200 British soldiers, moved on—4000 strong—to attack a post held by eight officers and 97 men. The action lasted two days in history, lasts two hours and 18 minutes on film. Eleven Victoria Crosses were handed out for action at Rorke's Drift, and some kind of decoration should go to Cy Endfield who directed in the magnificent South African mountains, for the way he caught the subtle shades of sunlight and skin, the manner in which he formed the long battalions that flow over the hills and through the grass, and his expert interweaving of close action and powerful panoramas. Stanley Baker, Endfield's co-producer, is also the star, stolid and staunch. The only tedium is from Jack Hawkins (the part, not the player) as a preacher of surrender, and his daughter Ulla Jacobsson. But let's not quibble. *Zulu* is a treat for eye, ear and scalp.

One of the best plays of the past ten years is Enid Bagnold's internationally successful comedy-drama *The Chalk Garden*. The picture version is only about half as good, which makes it twice as good as most movies. It deals with a new governess who arrives at an old house in southern England, engaged by an ancient aristocratic lady-type dragon to handle her 16-year-old handful of a granddaughter. Also on the premises is a quiet, competent houseman. The interplay among them, done with dialog rich in perception and frequently quite funny, generates internal drama even in this somewhat watered-down, corners-cut production. Matters come to an unforeseen head when an old judge—an ex-flame of the dragon's—arrives for lunch, and in his rambling reminiscence drops a bomb about the mysterious governess. The film has something pointed and poignant to say about the differences between love and selfishness, and says it without mawkishness or mush. Deborah Kerr can be our governess any time; Hayley Mills as the flippant filly has spirit and spunk; Edith Evans, a *grande dame*, is a grand actress; and John Mills is a stout fella as the servant. Felix Aylmer, a face everyone knows but a name few remember, gives his usual jewel-

like performance as the judge. Ronald Neame directed neatly, and the English gardens in color look veddy, veddy like English gardens in color.

Robin and the 7 Hoods has a lot of goodies going for it: a clever basic gag and several basic stars—Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin, Sammy Davis Jr. and Bing Crosby. The Merry England merri-ment has been transposed to Chicago in the 1920s, and these particular hoods have traded gamboling for gambling. Robbo (Sinatra) is a gang chief; Martin and Davis are side-kicksters. Robbo gets a name for good deeds by accident—\$50,000 worth of accident that puts him in touch with the staid head of an orphan asylum (der Bingle). Considerable capers are cut, including a few cement kimonos and a police raid on Robbo's casino which, at the flick of a switch, converts into a revival hall. The cracks crackle in David R. Schwartz' script, and director Gordon Douglas has a nicely needling hand. Crosby sings (natch) a ballad with the orphan babes, and he, Frank and Dean have a treat of a trio about "class." Sammy Junior does a nifty job of dancing out the shoot-up of a joint. What keeps the film from front-running is that the gangster-as-good-guy gimmick has seen its best days; but even if the tale is an ancient one, there's a bunch of talent telling it.

Ensign Pulver is a latter-day sequel to *Mister Roberts*, beginning after Mister Roberts is dead. And we do mean dead. The irony and humor that gave life to Thomas Heggen's novel and play about the wartime Navy have been milked mercilessly by scriptwriters Joshua Logan and Peter S. Feibleman. Result: incredibility and boredom. Three of the principal characters have been retained: Pulver, the welterweight womanizer; the far-from-dry Doc; the capitious Captain. A gaggle of rheumatic incidents has been hatched, including an item about a radioman whose baby has died that is supposed to tug the heart, but only burns it; and a sequence in which Pulver and the Captain, cast adrift in a rubber raft, wash up on an island full of marooned Army nurses, with Pulver having to operate on the Captain via radioed instructions. In every way the cast measures down to the script. Robert Walker, as Pulver, resembles his late father in everything but talent. Burl Ives (the Captain) is a fat bad actor—or, if you prefer, a bad fat actor. Walter Matthau (Doc) is a good actor waiting for a decent part. Logan, who directed, had a considerable hand in the original *Mister Roberts*, but puts a considerable foot in the sequel.

Night Must Fall. OK, but why must it flop? Emlyn Williams' 29-year-old thriller about a maniacal murderer could



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easily have chilled us again. But in this English remake, Karel Reisz and Albert Finney, who co-produced, have emphasized psych instead of scare; and since the play was built for fright, not for Freud, the weight is on the weakest link. We know from the start (in this version) that Danny, the winning young waiter at an English country hotel, is a kook with at least one notch on his knife. With the suspense unsprung, all we have left to watch is the way he works on Mrs. Bramson and her daughter, wheedling the wealthy old lady in her wheelchair, bantering the young babe into bed; while the maid—who has an enlarging souvenir of Danny's former favors—looks on bitterly to the bitter end. Reisz, as he proved in *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*, is a master of directing techniques. Finney, as he keeps proving, has power and personality aplenty. But Reisz' refinements and Finney's finesse are loaded here on a rickety vehicle that collapses under them.

BOOKS

You can't say William Golding isn't a game one. In previous novels he has gotten into the skins of a pack of English schoolboys after the Bomb; a group of Neanderthal survivors, faced with Homo sapiens; and a drowning man in the last, oversaturated two minutes of his life. In his new book, *The Spire* (Harcourt, Brace & World, \$3.95), his subject is the dean of an unfinished medieval English cathedral who attempts to build a spire on it. The tower's foundations are almost nonexistent; the cathedral, says the master builder, floats on mud. The dean's fervor drives the master builder on, and the spire goes up until the stones of the frail tower below sing from the strain. At one moment the mud beneath the cathedral starts to crawl. At which point the master builder begs off; work stops, and only begins again because the master builder is held to the cathedral by an affair with the verger's wife. The dean spurs the workmen on with all his substitutes for faith. He neglects the running of the cathedral, is broken physically and ecclesiastically, but is at the summit when the barely completed spire shakes and shudders through its first great autumn gale. At moments the book takes a fierce hold, but for the most part Golding drives his novel as savagely as the dean drives the workmen. Rhetoric, said Yeats, is the will trying to do the work of the imagination. That the rhetoric of this novel is by no means empty is a measure of the height at which Mr. Golding has gallantly aimed. *The Spire* is worth a hundred

less aspiring, more successful books.

It damns the man with faint praise to call the late Raymond Chandler the finest of American mystery writers; he is much more. For the unconvinced there is ample evidence in *The Raymond Chandler Omnibus* (Knopf, \$5.95), a collection of four of his best-known novels: *The Big Sleep*; *Farewell, My Lovely*; *The High Window*; *The Lady in the Lake*. Chandler was a writer first, a writer of mysteries only coincidentally, and in the sprints—in the glittering single line that tells all—he still beats most of our so-called serious novelists going away. "She gave me a smile I could feel in my hip pocket." The dollar bill disappeared into the bellhop's coat "with a sound like caterpillars fighting." She had a voice "that dragged itself out of her throat like a sick man getting out of bed." Her hat "had been taken from its mother too young." There is a hardness of tone here, but it is perfectly suited to a certain way of seeing the world—specifically to the way of a private detective named Philip Marlowe, honest and proud of it, but wise enough to be ironical about it, too, and never disgusted by anything so much as by phoniness. We need only compare Marlowe with such simpleton successors as Mike Hammer to see how consistently and humanly drawn a character he is. ("I don't care much about his private life," Chandler once commented. "I think he might seduce a duchess, and I am quite sure he would not spoil a virgin.") But if this makes publication of the *Omnibus* an event to be cherished, there is also a flaw in it of precisely the sort that would bring Marlowe himself to a boil. Missing from the collection are *The Little Sister* and *The Long Goodbye*, very possibly Chandler's two best books. Yet the preface, by one Lawrence Clark Powell, ventures that Chandler's talent "fell fast and sputtered out" before he wrote either of these. Can tastes differ that radically, or is a little sleuthing called for on our part? Just a little. A different publisher holds the copyrights on the two missing titles.

If your stockbroker's jargon sometimes gets away from you, pick up a copy of *The Investor's Dictionary* (Simon & Schuster, \$4.95) by Janet Low, the gal responsible for those Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith question-and-answer ads you may have seen around. In unpretentious prose, the Noah Webster of Wall Street gives impeccable definitions of bulls and bears, puts and calls, rights and warrants, gross and net, matched and lost, consolidation and merger, discount and premium, common and preferred and more than 400 other terms, from account to zero basis. This book won't guarantee a killing on your next plunge, but there's

comfort in being able to talk knowledgeably about your losses. (See page 195, *take a bath*.)

Candy (Putnam, \$5), a savagely comic bonbon *extraordinaire*, has finally been allowed to visit her sexually liberated charms upon the home shores of her creators, novelist Terry Southern (author of *Flash and Filigree* and *The Magic Christian*) and co-scenarist of *Dr. Strangelove* and poet-satirist Mason Hoffmanberg. Since 1958, when *Candy* was first published pseudonymously in France by Olympia Press under the title *Lollipop*, it has languished in anonymity: Its comedic greatness was recognized only by the few hip literati who spotted Terry Southern as possibly the most advanced satirist of his generation. Broadly speaking, *Candy's* deliciously spoofy tale is that of a sweet, beauteous blonde coed who, despite the oddest circumstances, always manages to find a spiritual basis for saying yes. Such an affirmative spiritual attitude illumines, for *Candy*, the sacred outlines of her life mission and propels her simultaneously into the vortex of the masculine arms race. She joyously seizes the sensual scepter and throws her back into a series of erotic adventures with such idols as: Professor Mephesto (on the great scholar's consultation-room floor); her lobotomized father's brother (in a fond act of avuncular tribute under her father's hospital bed); and the transcendently erectile "Cracker" Grindle, mystic and guru (in a Minnesota mine shaft). It would be telling tales after school to reveal more intimate details of *Candy's* adventurous, unorthodox quests to help the various men of her life attain sexual *satori*. If that comment makes your imagination run wild, you'll find that the authors' imaginations have run far wilder, once you read the book. And since that imagination is bound to elicit cries of "pornography" from our ever-alert guardians of public morality, it might be well to point out, as does the respected English literary critic of *Queen*, Francis Wyndham, that "As a satire on pornography, it might be mistaken for pornography; but to discuss *Candy* as a pornographic book would be as crass and unfounded as to catalog *Gulliver's Travels* as a 'travel book.' The inspiration of *Candy*, implicit in its title, is Voltaire's *Candide*—a book that also outraged people in its day, but I don't think any sane person today would maintain that it should not have been published. *Candy* is a wonderful novel, a subtle and hilarious satire on all kinds of things, but particularly on various attitudes toward sex—perhaps one could say it is a satire on sex." When Nelson Algren (himself no satirical slouch) first read proofs of the book, he remarked, "*Candy* makes Henry Miller seem like Pearl Buck." And so it does. If you have a sweet tooth for

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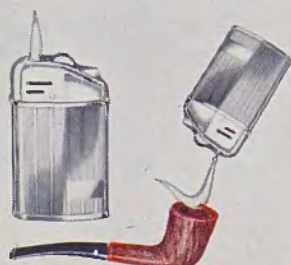
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sex-linked laughs, don't fail to take a big bite of *Candy*.

Lisbon, 1942. Two strangers, war refugees, meet one night while staring longingly at a ship bound next day for America. One approaches the other and mysteriously gives him two tickets for the sailing, asking in exchange only that the man stay with him through the night and listen to the story he has to tell. This is the story unfolded during *That Night in Lisbon* (Harcourt, Brace & World, \$4.95), the latest novel of Erich Maria Remarque. It is the story of one so-called "Mr. Schwarz" and his flight from Nazi Germany; his secret return after five years to see his wife; their reacquaintance; a second flight together; a dangerous odyssey across Europe in search of safety; their precarious love and their journey's terrible end, which leaves him with neither the need nor the desire for the two coveted tickets to America. The novel is so full of strange overtones, unanswered questions and pseudo profundities that one feels that Remarque has not quite been able to get across all that he wanted to say. And yet the tale has genuine suspense, color and power, and it tends, despite its embarrassing moments, to linger after its odd and disturbing ending.

"'Why did you never marry?' . . . People who would not think of asking a man why he was a Presbyterian, or why he wore sleeve garters, think nothing of putting to a bachelor [this] question which I should think would be about as intimate and personal as one could imagine." Frederic Nelson's annoyance, in *Bachelors Are People, Too* (Public Affairs Press, \$4.50), is a reasonable one, reasonably amplified in this always entertaining work. Nelson finds wry amusement in the many social injustices and fiscal inequities perpetrated upon a man simply because he chooses to remain single. (They range from being burdened with an inordinate tax bite to having to ward off aspersions of homosexuality.) While trying to show that there are good and bad bachelors and benedicts, Mr. Nelson strays a bit afield at times, as in his chapter on his personal friend H. L. Mencken (who wed at 50), in which we learn far more about Mencken the man than Mencken the bachelor. However, whether dallying over the love life of Adolf Hitler, certain British kings (notably Edward VIII, who left the throne for love), financier Ivar Krueger or mankind in general, the author is always on target, supplying along the way a superabundance of trenchant commentary on woman, and how terribly little she knows about attracting the interest of man. Lest the author be thought merely embittered by a life of bad luck with broads, it

should be noted that he is most contentedly married: his memory, however, is more than good enough to depict the ways in which the single male—and all males are single at some time—is badgered, slandered, tormented and completely misunderstood. Be that as it may, there is still a considerable portion of the male populace that would rather be harried than married.

Why is it that a professional like Al Morgan gets sucked into writing a second "Hollywood novel"? There have been a few bell ringers: *The Day of the Locust*, *The Last Tycoon*, *What Makes Sammy Run?*, *The Carpetbaggers*. As for the others: May they rest in peace. Morgan's *To Sit on a Horse* (Morrow, \$3.95) should rest likewise. The book's central figure is an Ed Wynn type, a great vaudeville clown gone to seed and senility. Only, he would like one last hurrah—a part in his producer-director son's first A movie. He wants to play Robert E. Lee handing over his sword at Appomattox. But the son would much rather see the old man in a rest home, and so would his Sarah Lawrence-bred wife. So poppa works it his own way. He'll go out doing a television commercial—which, as they say in Hollywood, is a helluva way to die. The final scenes are a mad rush into bathos. Too bad, because Morgan, as PLAYBOY readers can testify, is capable of better.

The narrator-hero of Len Deighton's brash, British, gimmick-laden thriller, *The Ipcress File* (Simon & Schuster, \$3.95), is, in the recent Ambler style, on the bespectacled, pudgy side. He moves from an intelligence department of the British War Office under a man called Ross to a civilian unit, directly responsible to the Cabinet, run by a man called Dalby. Their job you eventually surmise, is to buttonhole a mysterious international operator called Jay: "He had small piggy eyes, a large mustache and handmade shoes which I knew were size ten. He walked with a slight limp and habitually stroked his eyebrows with his index finger. I knew him as well as anyone, for I had seen film of him in a small, very private cinema in Charlotte Street, every day for a month." Mr. Deighton's style is perky, and he is knowledgeable—though often a bit cute about his knowledgeability, as when he drops a weighty footnote about the meaning of "hot line," or sends the reader to an appendix for an extract from a manual on the handling of Smith & Wesson revolvers or the recipe for making a cocktail called, coyly, a manhattan project. His tale is convincingly up to date. The seedy corridors and offices of power are neatly rendered. The hush-hush unit relies to a great extent on its I.B.M. computer, and the enemy depends

on a form of brainwashing to further their plot against The Free World. In fact, with the indication that there is such a plot, the book comes to have one, too. In its last half things pick up speed, and the pace is made all the more dizzying by the surrounding fog. The hero doesn't know what's going on, who is on which side, or whether he is in the South Pacific, Hungary or a London suburb; since the book is written in the first person, the reader is similarly bemused. The effect is, all told, pretty successful. Len may not be quite up to Ian or Eric or Graham when it comes to Credibility, Suspense, Imagination, Something to Say, Humor, Sex, Style and Unputdownableness—but he is easily the equal of Mickey.

Murray Shumach's *The Face on the Cutting Room Floor* (Morrow, \$6.95) is a shrewd, anecdotal look at Hollywood's 40-year bout with the censors—an epic struggle between bosoms and boycotts. An old Hollywood hand for *The New York Times*, Shumach offers a lot of inside stuff about filmdom's bizarre efforts to censor itself (through the Motion Picture Production Code), its troubles with the Legion of Decency and other symbols of watchdoggedness and, above all, its unflinching cowardice. "The price of mass appeal," Shumach observes, "is conformity to mass morality—and Hollywood has more than met the price." He is particularly bitter about political black-listing, which, he says, "was not fashioned out of patriotism, but out of fear of boycotts and other forms of economic reprisal. And when the black list is finally abandoned it will be for profit." Shumach is concerned less with Hollywood art than with Hollywood hypocrisy—its artistic and social pretensions. Juvenile delinquency films, for example, are called "sociological studies" when they are really exercises in sadism; and Bible spectaculars pretend piety while selling pap. ("We decided," said a producer about the *Book of Ruth*, "that the Bible version was weak . . .") He also takes aim at local bluenoses: the Chicago censor who ordered that a sequence showing the birth of a buffalo be deleted from Walt Disney's *Vanishing Prairie*; the Providence, Rhode Island, censor who admitted in court that he had seen but one movie—*Baby Doll*—in 13 years. Shumach also scores the public's readiness to jump to conclusions about the connection between movies and crime. He cites a newspaper story—a clipping of which is kept on file in the Hollywood censors' office—that tells of a youth who murdered his teenage date while necking in a car shortly after seeing a movie. The movie? *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*.



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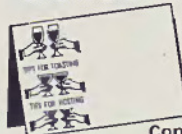
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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

The girl I'm engaged to is a good deal brighter than I am, and I wonder if our marriage will fade in the stretch because of this marked difference. Please understand: I'm no dummy, having successfully negotiated college and landed a rewarding technical job. It's just that my fiancée bats in another league—she graduated Phi Beta from a top women's college and plans to go on for a master's and a Ph.D. We have a successful relationship and, despite our differences, find a lot to talk about. However, I'm a little skeptical about the long run.—B. B., Woburn, Massachusetts.

Since you have a successful relationship and do find a lot to talk about, the vast differences you cite may be just so much academic applesauce. You obviously have a lot in common, or you never would have become engaged; and, we assume, your attraction to each other is more than just physical (or isn't it?). Possibly you're underestimating your own abilities and overestimating your girl's. If you do have grave doubts even after prolonged soul-searching on the durability of your relationship, we would advise you to break your engagement and seek a less intellectually well-endowed chick with whom you will feel more at ease in the traditional male role.

May you wear an odd vest with a suit?—H. D., Seattle, Washington.

Yes. The most compatible odd vest is solid-gray doeskin, which can be worn successfully with almost any dark suit except blue. If you wish to set off your blue serge with a vest, wear white doeskin.

In the South Seas I had a fantastic wine called kava. Can you tell me more about it?—M. H., Syracuse, New York.

This potent Polynesian potable is not strictly a wine, since it's not fermented. It's made of the roots of a South Sea pepper plant, which are pounded, soaked in water and strained. (At one time the roots were chewed by virgins and then spat into coconut shells—a technique no longer followed, perhaps because of a lack of qualified personnel.) Not generally available in the U. S., kava tastes like peppery soapsuds, tends to numb the mouth and throat, and if taken liberally will affect the legs but leave the mind clear. Apparently, it produces no unpleasant aftereffects.

My firm recently began sending me regularly on business trips, and though I'm pretty worldly wise, I must confess that hotel tipping protocol leaves me baffled. I'm alternately afraid I'm appearing niggardly by giving too little, or foolish by giving too much. Can you tell me what's the proper gratuity for bellboys, chambermaids, room-service waiters, etc.?—S. F., San Jose, California.

The most important tipping tip is to remember that you're paying for services rendered. For actions above and beyond the call of duty, you should be prepared—and happy—to reward generously. And for surly, slow or sloppy service, feel free to tighten up. Assuming normal conditions, the following tips are more than adequate: The chap who opens the door of your cab and sets your luggage on the sidewalk usually does no more than call the bellhop, and if so, no tip is required. But if he unloads heavy and extensive baggage, or performs any other service, a commensurate tip is expected—at least a quarter. The bellhop who carries your luggage from cab to counter should also receive at least a quarter, more for extra trips or heavy bags. The standard tip for the bellhop who carries your luggage to your room is 50 cents for one suitcase, 25 cents for each additional one. For room service, no less than a quarter is a requisite for the smallest favor, and 15 percent is standard for a meal in your room, or other similar service. No need to tip the chambermaid if you're staying only a day or two, but for longer visits leave her a couple of dollars or more, depending on the length of your stay.

I've read a great deal about a new rotating combustion engine and wonder if you can tell me when it will be available to the buying public in stock autos.—L. G., Omaha, Nebraska.

The revolutionary Wankel rotating combustion engine—in which gasoline combustion drives a rotor, rather than a reciprocating piston—is already available, in the German-made NSU Spider, recently unveiled in Frankfurt. The water-cooled, rear-mounted engine displaces only 500 cc, yet is rated at 64 hp at 5000 rpm. (Comparable rating with this displacement for a piston engine would be about 20 hp.) The car isn't yet available in the U. S., but its importers expect it to arrive on these shores sometime in July. It's currently selling in Great Britain for \$3365.



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I'm currently going with a girl whose company I enjoy considerably. We have a good relationship going on all levels, except for one thing: I can't get this girl to share a bed with me. She's perfectly compliant—even aggressive—on my living-room couch, or in a parked auto, or other places you'd hardly call romantic. But whenever I mention the word "bed" she freezes. I'd like you to tell me how to get her bedded down, as I'm about ready for the chiropractor.—F. A., Louisville, Kentucky.

Your girl needs a rationalization for every sexual contact ("We were talking on the couch and just got carried away"). You might try to solve the problem by discussing the matter with her in a good-natured way, pointing out that while her idiosyncrasy has little effect on her sex life, it may be seriously endangering her posture; or you can try to crash the barrier, by getting a convertible couch or calling on the persuasive powers of passion to lead her to your bower. In either case, after your initial feather-bedding, subsequent sojourns to the Simmons should be no problem.

I've been planning to enroll this fall at an all-male college, but now I'm not so sure. I've heard that isolation at a noncoed institution might adversely affect my hitherto robust sex life. Is this true?—L. B., Brownsville, Tennessee.

Hardly. With great biological foresight, the founders saw to it that virtually every men's college is near a similar institution for women. Even the most isolated college is close enough to civilization for weekend dates. However, if you feel you thrive under constant female attention, you'd better consider going coed.

Please help this auto-racing neophyte by expanding the following abbreviations for me: NASCAR, AHRA, USAC and ACCUS.—H. H., Houston, Texas.

NASCAR is the National Association for Stock Car Auto Racing—the organization that sanctions most American stock-car races. AHRA is the American Hot Rod Association—no explanation needed. USAC is the United States Automobile Club—the organization that sanctions many professional races, Indy among them. ACCUS is the Automobile Competition Committee for the United States, our representative with the FIA (Fédération Internationale de l'Automobile), the international governing body for motor sports.

Is there any way to "recondition" pipe tobacco that has become dried out?

Someone told me the best thing was to put it in a humidior with a slice of apple, somebody else said half a lemon; I tried both and all I got was tinder-dry tobacco with fruit flavoring. The most recent advice was to put it in a fine sieve over a pot of boiling water and steam it. I did. It seemed to work, but the next morning the tobacco was bone dry again. Maybe I should explain: I'm not a cheap skate who won't go out and buy some fresh tobacco; it's just that I loaded up on a dozen two-ounce tins of assorted expensive tobaccos when I decided to switch to pipes and then didn't switch after all. Now I want to try again, and I just don't dig tossing out all that expensive smoking mixture.—S. A., Chicago, Illinois.

Tobacco loses moisture easily, even in a virtually airtight can, a loss best countered while it's taking place, by keeping in the can a piece of clay, plaster of Paris, soapstone, or another porous, odorless substance. This humidifier should be moistened at regular intervals, and fastened to the lid so that it doesn't touch the tobacco. When, as in your case, the tobacco has actually dried out, moisture can often be restored by light spraying of water with an atomizer. To keep the tobacco from becoming overmoist, spread it on a table and spray evenly, then mix and test for proper moisture content by grasping a fistful and compressing it for a few seconds. If the tobacco falls in flakes from your open palm, it's too dry. If it stays pressed in a tight, hard ball, it's too moist. When it remains as a loosely packed ball, it contains the ideal quantity of moisture. And as soon as you settle on a mixture, stop buying those two-ounce tins. They hold less moisture than their big brothers, lose it more quickly, and often don't provide room enough for the humidifier.

In a warm climate, is a tropical-weight black or midnight-blue dinner jacket an acceptable substitute for white?—M. K., Miami Beach, Florida.

Yes.

Please explain how monaural hi-fi recordings are electrically rechanneled for stereo.—C. N., Lexington, Kentucky.

Rechanneling separates sound by means of an electronic filter network analogous to the cross-over apparatus in your speaker system; the lows are shunted into one channel, and the highs into another. Because this is a frequency-separating process, rather than a physical separation of sound sources, rechanneled monaural records usually don't convey the realism of true stereo.

Assuming that one who is wholly or partly of Scottish descent is entitled to wear a tartan, would you consider it in poor taste to wear a Highland dress kilt here in the U. S.? In Europe, where conformity worship is less ingrained, I can wear my tartan without even drawing a stare. And for evening wear, I can testify that Highland dress is infinitely more comfortable than a dinner jacket and formal trousers.—R. H., Los Angeles, California.

The only person who should wear a Scottish kilt is a Scottish national, a distinction for which we gather you don't qualify. This being the case, we would consider it a zenith of bad taste for you to sport a kilt anywhere but to a family reunion or a costume ball. Dressed in this outfit, whether in the U. S. or in Europe, you're posing as something you are not.

For the past four months I've been dating a young man of whom I'm extremely fond. Our only disagreement is over his insistence that we not use contraceptives in our intimacies. This is not for religious reasons, but because he thinks the use of contraceptives takes something away from the sexual act. I live with my parents, who are strictly religious; I do not wish to use female contraceptive devices, because my parents would be unnecessarily discomforted if they discovered them. I'm sure I can convince my lover to do things my way, but now I'm beginning to think that perhaps he's right. May I have your opinion?—C. L., Brooklyn, New York.

Though we appreciate your boyfriend's aesthetic sensibilities, his desire to throw caution to the winds is as foolhardy as it is thoughtless. He is morally obliged by the nature of your relationship to take every safeguard to avoid the possibility of fathering an illegitimate child. You, in turn, are obliged to see that he does so. Regardless of the physical predilections of either party, your premarital relationship is justified only when both parties have assured themselves that their actions will bring no harm to others—and "others" in this case includes unwanted children as yet unconceived.

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



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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

A GOOD REASON why ever-increasing numbers of travelers will be seeing the Continent by car this summer is the freedom this freewheeling transportation gives them to do their own discovering, to follow the less-frequented side roads, and to tailor their vacations to individual tastes.

From Paris, for example, a 50-mile run in virtually any direction leads through the rich countryside of the Ile-de-France to a memorable village like Ville-d'Avray, where Corot lived and painted, and where Parisians now come to fish and stroll and eat at the little waterside restaurants around the ponds the artist loved. Balzac lived at Sèvres nearby; Sisley painted at Moret-sur-Loing; Manet at Meudon and Vlaminck at Chatou.


Still rich from these associations, life goes on in these small towns virtually unchanged—with weekly street markets and business meetings of two or three at cafés on the main square which often offer food worthy of larger renown. Part of the fun of such casual drives is discovering the great food of France—which is not always the exclusive province of restaurants of international fame. Actually, when weighing the importance of atmosphere and friendly hosting in the total work of art that is a meal, many a gourmet will argue for the superior values of a small country place where the owner is his own chef, in whose company you will enjoy a happy half hour over preliminary aperitifs, settling upon just the right meal and the perfect wine to go with it. If you drive to Rouen, park on the square where Joan of Arc achieved immortality and walk across to the Hôtel de la Couronne, which claims to be the oldest inn in France. And don't depart Rouen without at least one meal at the Auberge St.-Maclou, deep in the artists' quarter on an old brick street. Under timbered ceilings, beside ancient stone walls, you'll dine off flowered Norman pottery, drink from apple-green goblets in this tiny inn that's one of the finds of France. Or try the local muscadet wine at the Auberge Vieux Puits at Pont-Audemer, and with it savor Normandy duck smothered in fresh-picked cherries, followed by a butter tart unlike anything you've ever tasted—all this surrounded by one of France's most colorful collections of pewter and brass.

Still little known to most American travelers, although widely patronized by Europeans, thermal resorts offer substantially more than "the waters." Places such as Bath in England, Baden-Baden

in Germany and Belgium's Spa (which lent its name as the generic term for such resorts) still have the turn-of-the-century flavor reflecting the era of their greatest popularity. They now offer—besides scenic charms and delightful atmosphere—the modern concomitants to relaxation and enjoyment. Typical of these is Vichy, in France, with its 12 three-star hotels, opera, ballet, concerts, casino and, of course, the local specialty of expert massages and an endless flow of the native's pride and joy—Vichy water. Besides Vichy, France boasts other spas such as Enghien-les-Bains near Paris, Evian-les-Bains, Luchon, Vittel and Aix-les-Bains, where truly luxurious accommodations and everything from casino gambling to dancing and opera, plus horse racing, swimming and golf are available.

One tip on driving in Europe is to allow yourself substantially more time than the mileage on your map would indicate. This is no slur upon the road conditions, but merely an indication of the many attractive little places just off the main routes, like the special little inns with special little dishes some friend has told you you *must* try. In Spain, for instance—notably at San Sebastián during *Semana Grande* at the height of the August season—dining is accompanied by the major Spanish spectator sport: girl watching from café terraces. And, while watching, you're absorbing salted, pickled or fresh sardines by the score, as well as *percebes*, a sort of edible barnacle, and *callos*, which are small squares of tripe fried in oil, tomato, garlic and red pepper. This, of course, is between repasts of *caldera Asturiana*, a fish stew you'll alternate with sips of tart white Ribeiro wine. One place we recommend for this worthy activity is the Monte Iguelo, just out of San Sebastián across the bay, which can be reached by funicular.

If London is included in your European itinerary, you'll undoubtedly want to visit some of the town's flourishing private gambling, hostess and cabaret-show clubs. Membership in these requires a 48-hour waiting period if application is made on arrival, but *Datebook* readers can avoid this delay by sending five dollars (a special 50-percent reduction) to Department P. I. D., London Visitors Club, 35 Albemarle St., London W. 1. (Be sure to mention **PLAYBOY**.) A membership card will be held for your arrival.

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

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

PSYCHOANALYTIC PRAISE

We have truly been admiring your series of editorials and want to congratulate you on your forthrightness and courage. That such a discussion is possible at all in one of the major American mass-circulation magazines is really amazing, and that it seems to be supported by the feelings of such a large segment of the public is apt to give one hope in a sometimes almost hopeless-seeming situation.

We really cannot overemphasize how much we have been enjoying these articles and how much hope and courage they have given us for the future. Frankly, and without exaggeration, we sincerely feel that your magazine is today probably the greatest single liberalizing influence in American public life, and not just with regard to sexual reform, but in a much more general way, including politics and economics as well.

Drs. Eberhard and Phyllis Kronhausen
Marbella, Spain

Such praise is certainly most welcome from the psychoanalytic team that has personally done so much for greater mental health and a saner attitude on sex, and whose book "Pornography and the Law" offers the clearest definition to date of the distinctions between erotic realism and pornography, making it a source book of such significance in the fight against censorship that it has been frequently quoted as a major authority not only by counsel, but by the courts themselves in some of the most important decisions in recent censorship history.

ENCYCLOPEDIA SUPPORT

I wish to commend *The Playboy Philosophy* for having dared to air some of the more liberal views on the so-called "forbidden topics." The articles on censorship and contemporary sexual morality were particularly well handled. The views expressed were not just "wild opinions of a biased individual," as some of the recent letters to the editor implied. Instead, they impressed me as being very carefully thought out, well supported, and written with a definite sense of responsibility. They reflect, to a large extent, the views of many of our leading psychologists, doctors of medicine, and some of our more progressive theologians. For example, I quote from the chapter "Sex Reform

Movement" in *The Encyclopedia of Sexual Behavior*:

The Judaeo-Christian system, with its prohibitions and sex-negations, is both artificial and eccentric. What is called "sexual morality" is in direct conflict with reason and healthy life.

Or, some spot quotes from another chapter, "Chastity and Virginity: The Case Against":

It is no more meritorious to remain chaste than go for a week without eating . . . to have remained chaste for a lifetime is to have been a self-deluded victim living a wasted life . . . the chaste individual is not a valuable or desirable member of society.

Larry L. Norris
Caldwell, Idaho

BESTIALITY?

You failed to rebut an accusation made by two "moralists" in the January *Forum* who said that human sexuality exists primarily for reproductive purposes. It is a biological fact that only men and monkeys have sexual desire at times when it is impossible for them to reproduce; all lower animals correlate sexual desire with ovulation. One must therefore conclude that *having* sexual relations for reproduction alone is bestial, not vice versa.

N. Papania, Ph.D.
Clinical Psychologist
Casper, Wyoming

ONE WOMAN'S VIEW

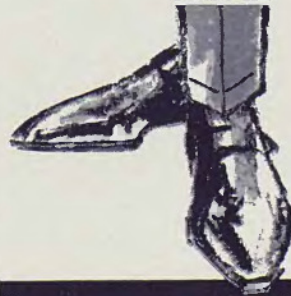
One of the most frequent criticisms of *PLAYBOY* is that you do not treat women with respect. As a woman, may I present another point of view? You do not commit the blasphemy of neatly categorizing my sex, and I for one wish that your critics would follow your example.

I would strongly resent a man wanting to marry me solely out of physical desire. I would wish him to have had intercourse with others, and with me, before marriage. On the other hand, I would strongly resent a man who was only conscious of my intellectual existence. A full relationship involves *all* of a human being, and all areas of consciousness.

Sex is a profound act, a sharing of a moment of existence; but it is not necessarily a sharing of souls. Sex should be



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thought of in terms of pleasure and of giving pleasure to someone else. Sexual tension may actually *prevent* one person from realizing another's personality sufficiently to fall in love. With a truly healthy attitude, one would want to give pleasure not just to one, but to many.

(Name withheld by request)
Berkeley, California

MARRIAGE AND ADULTERY

So far I have been able to give the *Philosophy* a warmhearted acceptance, but Hefner's comments on adultery in the February issue left me cold. He said that marriage should not be simply a contract to have sex, since it entails serious responsibilities, such as raising children.

I did not marry for sex alone, nor did I marry only to share serious responsibilities. I married for *love*, which seems to be a word you've forgotten about in this section. If my husband were to share the most intimate part of our love with someone else, I would be deeply hurt. Adultery breaks up marriages because it hurts people, and, when society permits this, nations fall. I don't see how Hefner can say adultery can *ever* be good.

Mrs. Chris Wiedler
Portland, Oregon

You seem to have misunderstood what Hefner had to say on sex, marriage and adultery in the February installment of "The Playboy Philosophy." He definitely believes that marriage should be predicated upon love and upon mutual respect; he also believes that when two people enter willingly into marriage, they accept certain responsibilities for each other and for the children they bring into the world. If Hefner did not have more to say on the subject of love in the February issue, it was only because it has little to do with the question he was discussing—our irrational and suppressive sex laws.

As for adultery, Hefner has never endorsed marital infidelity. He considers it, however, a result rather than a cause of unhappy marriage. He also believes that in a mature marriage relationship, where real love, compassion, understanding and respect exist, sexual fidelity is relegated to the position of secondary importance that it deserves.

Simone de Beauvoir, an authoress of probity and courage, has made two telling statements concerning adultery (in her book "The Second Sex"); we commend them to you and reproduce them herewith:

"A man can make an excellent husband and yet be inconstant: his sexual episodes do not in fact prevent him from carrying on the enterprise of a joint life in amity with his wife; this amity will even be the purer, the less ambivalent, if she does not represent a chain."

"What makes adultery degrading is the compromise of character made nec-

essary by hypocrisy and caution; an agreement based on liberty and sincerity would do away with one of the defects of marriage."

The real point at issue, in the February and April installments of Hefner's editorial series, is whether such personal moral questions should be under the jurisdiction and legislative control of the government in a free society. We definitely feel that they should not.

SEX STATUTES

The April *Philosophy* was the most enlightening discourse in the series. It produced a true insight into the ridiculous condition of our criminal codes governing sexual relations.

The entire editorial series has been a tremendous achievement. It is inspiring to realize that there is at least one publication in our society that is not afraid to appeal to the intellectual, and refuses to cater to the whims of prudish simpletons who wish to do away with whatever does not personally suit them.

Joseph P. Dion
San Diego State College
San Diego, California

There are so many foolish and obsolete laws operative today that one can't avoid breaking them. It has been estimated that the average urban citizen violates enough of these laws every day to warrant imprisonment for five years and fines of nearly \$3000. A Michigan State statute makes it illegal for anyone under 21 to smoke or use tobacco in public places. In Montgomery, Alabama, it's against the law to sit on garbage cans. Getting closer to the subject of the April installment of *The Playboy Philosophy*, a kiss lasting more than five minutes is against the law in Iowa.

I completely support your crusade for the rights of the individual. It is unfortunate indeed that a person's sexual behavior is the subject of governmental control in what is supposed to be a free society. Let us hope that your editorial series will influence lawmakers into revamping the codes governing not just sexual activity, but social conduct as a whole.

Jon W. Hoag III
Georgetown College
Georgetown, Kentucky

The rank welter of foolish and obsolete laws has provided many columns of delighted amusement in newspapers, supplements and magazines for years. Merely listing some of them without comment is good for a laugh. But the laughter dies suddenly when the ludicrous laws are invoked to punish private, personal acts. And our amusement must be tempered by the knowledge that every law that is foolish, reprehensible or obsolete—and is seldom invoked and frequently violated—generates contempt for and violation of all laws.

WHAT TO DO NOW

After reading the April *Philosophy* I decided to write this letter. I imagine that I am an average young housewife. Being neither highly sophisticated nor especially naïve, I have learned a good deal from Hefner's series, but I have one question. What does he hope to accomplish? He speaks so often of people being inhibited or guilt-ridden in their attitudes toward sex. But what is he doing to help the situation? I know how my religion stands on these issues. But until now I never suspected that I was a criminal and subject to severe punishment in my state for what I always thought was my own personal business.

So now that Hefner has made me realize that I am a fugitive from justice, what is he or what is anyone going to do about it? Feel guilty, perhaps?

Carole Miller
Trenton, New Jersey

Change the laws, perhaps?

SEX AND FREE ENTERPRISE

Since there have been so many efforts to create the opposite impression, it is very gratifying to find in *The Playboy Philosophy* a clear recognition of the compatibility of the free-enterprise economic system with a prosexual outlook.

Generally speaking, those who are genuinely interested in individual freedom are willing to extend that freedom into every area—so that responsible sexual freedom goes hand in hand with economic and political freedom. Similarly, those who wish to impose rigid controls in one area—such as the economic—are very likely, whatever they may say to the contrary, to favor imposition of rigid controls in *all* areas.

I am acquainted with a fair number of the leading contemporary advocates of responsible sexual freedom based upon rational, scientific knowledge and principles, and it has been no surprise to me to find that most of these men are firm believers in the free-enterprise system and in the general freedom of the individual, as opposed to the regimentation of the individual that is the necessary consequence (eventually, if not immediately) of collectivism, bureaucracy, and the too-powerful state.

R. E. L. Masters, Director
The Julian Press Library
of Sex Research
New York, New York

ENLIGHTENED SELF-INTEREST

In reference to Hefner's discussion of sex and the sexual ethics of our society, I would like to submit a quote from Ayn Rand's *Atlas Shrugged*: "A man's sexual choice is the result and the sum of his fundamental convictions. Tell me what a man finds sexually attractive and I will tell you his entire philosophy of life. Show me the woman he sleeps with and I will tell you his valuation of himself."

... He will always be attracted to the woman who reflects his deepest vision of himself, the woman whose surrender permits him to experience—or to fake—a sense of self-esteem. ... There is no conflict between the standards of his mind and the desires of his body. ... Observe the ugly mess which most men make of their sex lives—and observe the mess of contradictions which they hold as their moral philosophy. One proceeds from the other. Love is our response to our highest values—and can be nothing else. Let a man corrupt his values and his view of existence, let him profess that love is not self-enjoyment but self-denial, that virtue consists, not of pride, but of pity or pain or weakness or sacrifice, that the noblest love is born, not of admiration, but of charity, not in response to values, but in response to flaws—and he will have cut himself in two. ... Then he will scream that his body has vicious desires of its own which his mind cannot conquer, that sex is sin, that true love is a pure emotion of the spirit. And then he will wonder why love brings him nothing but boredom, and sex—nothing but shame. ... Only the man who extols the purity of a love devoid of desire, is capable of the depravity of a desire devoid of love."

Miss Rand analyzes our puritan moral concepts, and formulates a morality based on the realistic appraisal of human nature. *PLAYBOY*'s concern with sexual morality points to one important issue—the need to approach sexual morality from the broader base of morality in general. To continue to hold moral convictions reflecting traditional altruism, summed up in the motto that one is "his brother's keeper," while at the same time attempting to approach sexual ethics from the point of view of rational self-interest, sets up a conflict.

Upon close investigation you will find that our laws, our politics and our diplomacy all reflect a continuing trend toward altruism—as opposed to rational self-interest. Through this altruism the "do-gooders" are suppressing those who are determined to retain their rights—among which are the rights to refuse to help, to refuse to love, or to refuse to be altruistic.

Mr. Hefner's philosophy has many undeveloped implications which might ultimately find him opposing more than just hypocritical sexual morality. If he follows his premises to a rational conclusion, I think he will also oppose anti-trust laws, subsidies, tariffs, the Federal Communications Commission, Federal aid to education, and even our public school system—for, after all, why should those who have no children pay for the education of others?

What does Mr. Hefner have to say about these issues?

Tibor R. Machan
Claremont, California

Hefner's concept of sexual morality does indeed have its basis in a broader moral concept—a rational code for living which emphasizes the individual, motivated primarily by enlightened self-interest. This self-interest does not eliminate a concern for one's fellow men, however; quite the contrary, it demands such responsibility. In recognizing that all men are by nature self-serving—that the would-be altruist is as basely motivated as the unreconstructed reactionary—it becomes necessary to establish controls, to assure individual freedom.

By guaranteeing the rights of the individual, the government assures us that the nation is not run by the majority alone. By protecting the rights and privileges of every minority, the smallest minority—the individual himself—is protected. Thus, in protecting the rights of others, we protect our own.

In the December 1963 "Philosophy" Hefner made it clear that he considers competitive capitalism superior to any form of government-controlled economy—since competitive capitalism places the most emphasis on the individual. A competitive economy, emphasizing private enterprise and private property, is also more efficient than an economy controlled by the state, for competition and the profit motive both work to assure maximum efficiency.

But without some measure of regulation, a modern industrial economy would not long remain free, competitive, or efficient. Controls are required, not to limit freedom of opportunity, but to assure its survival. Such controls might well include (to deal only with the subjects you mention) antitrust legislation, measures to prevent indiscriminate use of the public air waves, a tariff structure to foster industry, and a farm-support program to ease the transition to industrialized agriculture. Whether, in actual practice, such legislation has always been effectively used to promote freedom of opportunity is, of course, another matter.

In our view, freedom of opportunity is one of the fundamental rights of an individual in a free democracy. In a complex industrial society the chance to compete is predicated on adequate education. For this reason, we feel that there is a very real justification not only for free public schools, but, in cases where local support is inadequate to meet modern needs, for Federal support of them. Government intervention is justified whenever it can be clearly shown that the end to be served is greater individual freedom, and only then.

FREE LOVE AND VD

There is no denying that our sexual mores are based largely on pathological urges. To advocate an undisciplined form of free love in a national magazine,

however, is not only naïve but irresponsible, especially in a magazine read largely by impressionable, callow young men. (I know *PLAYBOY* cultivates the illusion that it is printed for the "sophisticated urban male," but I'm sure your market-research division knows otherwise.)

In the best of all possible worlds, where there is a foolproof form of birth control, and no venereal disease, the *PLAYBOY* sexual code might be a practical guide. Until that time, however, I suggest you drop in at the local pesthouse and ask to see a case of tertiary syphilis.

Paul A. Eggers

Lincoln, Nebraska

Hefner has never advocated "an undisciplined form of free love," and he doesn't intend to. Though "the PLAYBOY sexual code," which you criticize, has yet to be fully articulated, Hefner has made clear his belief that man is a rational being and responsible for his acts; the individual's personal sexual morality should reflect the knowledge of that responsibility.

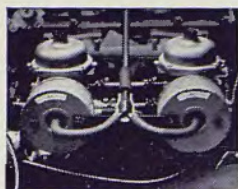
Regardless of one's sexual code, however, syphilis—primary, secondary or tertiary—is a disease, not a moral issue. It is transmitted by a microorganism, not a philosophy. And it is treated with antibiotics, not with suppressive sex laws. The best way of combating venereal disease is through the wide dissemination of information on the subject—and the major obstacle to be overcome in any such health program is the guilt and shame our society associates with sex, the very attitudes against which Hefner has been editorializing in "The Playboy Philosophy."

If information on sex were made more widely available, for example, you would be aware that "the best of all possible worlds" you mention in your letter is already a reality: a foolproof form of birth control does exist and so does a foolproof cure for syphilis.

*And may we add that your cynicism about this magazine's readership is equally baseless. While any publication with a primary circulation of over two million must reach a widely diverse audience—and we consider the sane attitudes on sex and other subjects, spelled out in "The Playboy Philosophy," at least as valuable to the young as to the old—independent surveys confirm our description of the average *PLAYBOY* reader as urban, 30 years of age, college-educated, upper-income, in a professional or executive position.*

TEENAGED SEX


*The Playboy Philosophy has turned out to be a stimulating series. Crusty old dogmas and taboos that curtail a healthy, rational attitude toward the intimacy of sexual relations require continuous examination and periodic overhaul. But *PLAYBOY* hesitates to grapple with a*



It takes more than dual carbs to make a sports car.

Some people think a compact with dual carburetors, bucket seats and a stick shift is a sports car. Not true. A real sports car is unique from engine to exhaust. Like the TR-4.



 For the kick of a real sports car, take the wheel of a TR-4. Then, move out in style.

Triumph's tremendous torque snaps you to 60 mph in 10½ seconds. Takes you up to 110.

Head into a curve. The rack-and-pinion steering responds instantly...accurately. Goes right where you aim it.

The wide-track suspension and low center of gravity let you corner faster, flatter, safer than you ever thought possible.

Downshift. All four forward gears are synchromesh. Smooth as silk.

Now hit those big disc brakes. No fade...no pull. You can't stop faster or straighter.

You'll discover the great feeling that comes when you know you're master of a superb machine. (TR-4 was National Class E Winner of '62—National Class D Winner of '63.)

Check the price. \$2849* for the finest engineering Britain has to offer (and the most popular sports car in the U.S.).

Try any of those so-called "sporty" compacts... then drive the TR-4. You'll feel the difference.

TRIUMPH TR-4

problem that is inseparably linked to any discussion of sexual attitudes and activities. Specifically, I am referring to the problem of teenage sexuality.

All thinking persons agree with your contention that sexual relations involving consenting adults are solely a personal matter. But when does one become an adult? Mischievous nature saw to it that sexual maturity precedes mental and social maturity by as much as eight years. The "natural" sex urges that you argue shouldn't be inhibited in adults are most compelling in the 13-to-19-year-old age group.

Eight girls in the current graduating class of my high school are pregnant. They are only a minuscule part of a problem that is neither minor nor transient. The sex attitudes of American adolescents are undergoing a very painful transition. The old-fashioned standard is crumbling, but replacing it is a loose philosophy with little rational basis.

Unfortunately for the American adolescent, he can't call on an adult frame of reference to resolve his sexual quandary. Parental direction is woefully inadequate, and Ann Landers' syndicated scoldings lack the compassion needed to fill the void.

PLAYBOY has an excellent opportunity to broaden the focus of its series and enhance the contributions it has already made, by considering the thorny problem of adolescent sexual behavior. It is, after all, a part of the sexual revolution that PLAYBOY is both recording and encouraging.

Alexander Sander
Sacramento State College
Sacramento, California

The nation's teenagers will be the chief beneficiaries of the more positive, reasoned and reasonable sexual morality advocated in "The Playboy Philosophy." Editor-Publisher Hefner intends to discuss the subject of teenage sex in detail in a future installment of his editorial series.

CONTRACEPTIVE AD

I read with interest Hefner's statement that "modern birth-control devices and drugs are nowhere publicly advertised. . . ." I am enclosing an ad clipped from Redbook magazine for December 1963, advertising a vaginal foam manufactured by The EMKO Company. It will be interesting to see if this type of advertising creates any problems for the publication, although I imagine they thought of that before they printed it.

Both my wife and I are avid readers of your magazine and disagree with enough of it to make the reading even more enjoyable.

Charles Drew
San Jose, California

This EMKO ad represents a bold departure from the older technique of

merchandising contraceptive devices "for female hygiene" without even hinting that they are almost exclusively used for purposes of birth control. The advertisement occupies two thirds of a page, headed with a call for "the right number of children." The copy mentions that many "planning associations" recommend EMKO "for mothers who plan the number and spacing of their children." The fact that such an advertisement was accepted for publication by a magazine as respected and as widely circulated as Redbook underscores the need for revision of our state laws dealing with birth control, since, according to the Planned Parenthood Federation, at least 32 states prohibit "giving information on, advertising or displaying" contraceptive materials. According to a Redbook spokesman, the publishing of this advertisement has so far sparked none of these states to enforce their laws. Quite likely these laws are unenforceable, since they seem clear-cut violations of the Constitutional guarantees of a free press. Nevertheless, they should be repealed. As long as archaic, religiously inspired anticontraception laws remain on the books, publishers, manufacturers, advertisers, distributors and (in Connecticut) even consumers are subject to arbitrary harassment at the hands of petty officialdom.

HOMOSEXUALITY

Hefner, by implication, brands all people who disapprove of homosexuality as mid-Victorians. He has been most descriptive in explaining the subject of sodomy and has attempted to remove from this act the sense of guilt or shame which should accompany it. How glorious not to be bothered with a conscience!

Homosexuality is something to be pitied, because the person who is that way, as a rule, cannot help it. But to condone and encourage it is another matter.

Armand Reid
Shreveport, Louisiana

You seem to have missed the point in Hefner's discussion of sodomy—which was to show that its legal definitions are so vague and so various that they encompass sexual acts ranging from petting to necrophilia, and prohibit without distinction nonprocreative sexual acts, whether performed by homosexuals or a husband and wife. In addition, he pointed out that our severe social and legal prohibitions tend to perpetuate rather than diminish the homosexual element that exists in every society, by establishing the homosexual as an outcast and thus making more difficult his adjustment in a heterosexual world.

In the April installment of *The Playboy Philosophy*, Hefner placed homosexuality in a chart of what he called "sexual perversions." As a homosexual, I resent this. Sure, there are perverted ho-

mosexuals, just as there are perverted heterosexuals; but to characterize homosexuality in itself as a perversion shows that he knows little of the subject. Does his eloquent and forceful plea for freedom of sexual expression, with which I heartily agree, apply only to heterosexuals? If so, then I am completely disillusioned with what I heretofore considered an excellent editorial series.

(Name withheld by request)
New York, New York

Hefner never said that the chart presented penalties for "sex perversions": he said "sex offenses" and, from the standpoint of the laws he was discussing, that's exactly what they are. The chart was compiled from state statutes, which manifestly do not reflect Hefner's opinion of what constitutes sexual perversion. Hefner himself expressed a preference for "the boy-girl variety of sex," but was careful to add that he's tolerant of those "whose sexual inclinations are different from our own—so long as their activity is limited to consenting adults in private and does not involve either minors or the use of any kind of coercion."

As a homosexual, I have learned not to expect a great deal of tolerance from members of the heterosexual world toward myself and fellow homosexuals. For this reason and simply because of PLAYBOY's basic theme, I was very surprised but also very pleased to read your statements about homosexuality in the April installment of *The Playboy Philosophy*. Your attitude is intelligent and open-minded and I only wish it was more common in this country today.

Perhaps through the insight supplied by PLAYBOY and other publications of your caliber, along with our own struggles to show society the truth about homosexuality, we will someday be accepted as individuals rather than stereotypes. Until then, if we wish to be treated with the respect due all men, we will have to conceal our true sexual inclinations and present ourselves as "normal." Otherwise we have little or no hope of leading lives unfettered by prejudice, contempt and discrimination.

(Name withheld by request)
New Orleans, Louisiana

WE VS. I

I am extremely interested in the controversy that is growing up around all of us who still claim the right to our own selfish pleasure.

As a resident of Birmingham, I have observed with alarm the invisible, ever-present "we" slowly strangling the "I" in our society.

I feel that censorship, as well as pleas for civil rights, is being used as a vehicle to realize the "we" goal.

Perhaps this sounds a little simple, but the individual's right to set his own

course in every aspect of life cannot be denied by complications.

Phil Hornbeak
Birmingham, Alabama

Having clearly established our own concern over any tendency to disassociate collective interests from individual ones in society, we must point out that the "individual's right to set his own course" extends to all individuals and, therefore, that "complications" such as Jim Crow laws, racial discrimination and segregation cannot be countenanced in our democracy.

ACADEMIC ACCOLADE

I've been following *The Playboy Philosophy* with great interest and want you to know that I sincerely appreciate the effort that has gone into its preparation. Keep up the good work; the point of view which you are carefully spelling out is a valuable and much-needed contribution.

Paul J. Woods, Ph.D.
Associate Professor of Psychology
Hollins College
Hollins College, Virginia

PHILOSOPHICAL BORE

As a long-time reader and five-year subscriber to PLAYBOY, I am sending you this letter about one year late.

I originally found in PLAYBOY everything I missed when the old *Esquire* turned into a "Gentlemen's Home Journal." I like your magazine, and almost everything you are trying to do with it. When Hefner introduced *The Playboy Philosophy*, I thought it would make interesting reading for an issue or two, and indeed it did. But 16 installments—with the end nowhere in sight? All this, with its corollary *Forum*, is taking up space which could much better be devoted to the top-notch writing and artistic talent for which your magazine is justly famous.

No one has thoughts so disorganized, or has so much to say, that it takes the better part of two years to get his views down on paper. After the fifth or sixth installment it became obvious that Hefner was merely protesting too much. The pearls he casts no longer shock, upset or interest—they just bore, bore, bore. At this late juncture one can only assume he's trying to fool someone, and since he's no longer fooling his readers, he must be fooling himself—with apparent success, judging from his verbosity.

I wonder as I write this letter if you will have the nerve to publish it, to get an idea of how many other readers are sick of the whole silly charade. Then maybe it will be dumped and replaced with real talent.

G. William Fleming
Westport, Connecticut

The ever-increasing reader reaction to both "The Playboy Philosophy" and "The Playboy Forum" indicate that your negative vote is a minority one:

whether in agreement or disagreement with the various ideas expressed therein, most of our readers have been enthusiastic in their reaction to this unprecedented opportunity to read, and respond to, a fresh point of view on a variety of subjects of interest to contemporary society—a point of view that is closely aligned with the underlying doctrine of American democracy, but that, nevertheless, previously has received too little attention in the pages of our popular press. No other article published by PLAYBOY has produced as much mail as an average installment of Editor-Publisher Hefner's editorial series; nor has any previous article in PLAYBOY ever produced so much reaction outside the magazine—in other publications, in conversations, debates and discussion groups. Moreover, since the introduction of "Philosophy" in December 1962, PLAYBOY's monthly circulation has increased by almost one million copies; as a result, we have been able significantly to increase both the quantity and quality of our editorial content, giving the reader who prefers to pass over both "Philosophy" and "Forum" a better buy with the rest of the magazine than he ever previously enjoyed.

Hefner apologizes to regular readers of "The Playboy Philosophy" for the repetition to be found within parts of the series: it is necessary, he feels, because the editorials are written in monthly installments that, to some extent, must be self-contained—supporting conclusions with pertinent ideas and evidence within the same issue. In addition, while following a general, pre-established outline, Hefner has permitted the editorials a certain organic life of their own—with new, inter-related installments growing naturally out of the continuing research that goes into the series, out of the current statements of other publications, out of the day-by-day occurrences in contemporary society that seem relevant to the subjects under discussion, and out of the responses from readers themselves to previous parts of the "Philosophy."

Hefner plans to include, in forthcoming installments: (1) a summing up of the church-state implications in the legislating of sexual morality, with some conclusions on the proper relationship of government to the sex behavior of the individual citizen in a free society; (2) an analysis of the moral and legal implications of birth control; (3) a similar analysis of abortion; (4) suggestions for a saner, healthier, more humane sexual morality for modern man; (5) a discussion of teenage sex and the effects of a more rational moral code upon the young; (6) a brief consideration of contemporary society's irrational attitudes on prostitution, sex in prison, capital punishment, drug addiction and legalized gambling; (7) an analysis of the relationship between a totalitarian so-

ciety and sexual suppression and perversion; (8) the PLAYBOY obscenity trial—a narrative detailing of our day in court and a discussion of the implications of this abortive attempt at censorship in Chicago; (9) "The Womanization of America"—a consideration of the changing role of the female in society; (10) "The Asexual Society"—a discussion of the effect that the female's changing role is having upon both sexes; (11) a personal evaluation of PLAYBOY's part in the establishment of a new heterosexual society; (12) an answer to the critics of PLAYBOY and "The Playboy Philosophy"—in which the major critical comment will be quoted at length and, we trust, successfully rebutted; and, finally, (13) a look to the future—an optimistic projection of the results of the Sexual Revolution, in which contemporary society is presently involved.

CINCINNATI CARBON COPIES

The idea of skipping the March installment of Hefner's *Philosophy* in favor of yielding the space to a full-dress installment of *Forum* was excellent. It shocked me to see those Cincinnati letters. I had heard of "inspired" write-in campaigns, of course, but to see the raw, conspiratorial work in cold type was an eye opener. How people who consider themselves citizens of a democracy to which they pay lip service can simultaneously act like authoritarian robots confounds my understanding. Your exposure of them was brilliant, since it democratically gave them the space to air their so-called thoughts, and at the same time revealed their undemocratic plotting. This object lesson alone was worth the cost of the issue, since it gave concrete evidence of what Hefner's been saying.

Karyl Klebsch
Chicago, Illinois

For further reactions—pro and con—to the flood of virtually identical letters we received from Cincinnati concerning Hefner's commentary on *Citizens for Decent Literature*, see below.

CINCINNATI SCENE

The "Cincinnati Carbon Copies" in the March *Forum* were delightful! One can easily imagine the scene: a living room, in midafternoon, with a good turnout of faithful *Citizens for Decent Literature* crusaders. The hostess busily sets out the candies, while the chairman boldly thrusts a copy of PLAYBOY out at the group, then turns it face down on the table. "You should read what this filthy magazine says about our organization!" No one attempts to pick up the magazine, or to read it.

"We must defend ourselves—we'll write letters to the editor-publisher and make him know that we won't stand idly by and allow the CDL to be libeled. Here's paper—do you all have pens? First, tell him that his 20-page article was filled with false accusations, that the

CDL is not affiliated with the Catholic Church, but has the support of Protestant and Jewish leaders as well, and that he is opening himself up for charges of libel."

The next 20 minutes are filled with scribbling pens, clinking coffee cups and the inevitable buzzing. I don't recognize the names, but their faces are very familiar.

Donald Skiff
Cincinnati, Ohio

CONCENTRATION CAMP?

I'm certainly glad I don't live in Cincinnati. What a concentration camp that must be.

Nelson Thomas
Toronto, Ontario

Don't blame an entire city for the actions of an atypical few. See the letter that follows—typical of many received from Cincinnati citizens, since publication of the original "Cincinnati Carbon Copies" mail.

CINCINNATI SUPPORT

Sorry, no threats of libel or mass intimidation from Cincinnati this time. Your exposure of CDL was excellent. We're not all square here in Cincinnati, and some of us are even able to compose our own letters. Keep up your good work, for "philosophy" originally meant (and still does, I hope) the love of knowledge—not the suppression of it.

John A. Goldman
Cincinnati, Ohio

DAMNING EVIDENCE

It is evident from their own ill-reasoned abuse that you are fully justified in all your criticisms of the Citizens for Decent Literature. What more damning evidence could there be than their own words!

Their not-so-subtle references to the possibility of your being sued for libel (coupled with the startling similarity of all the letters in both form and content) show that this letter writing is obviously an effort by the CDL to exert pressure upon you and your excellent magazine. A comparison of this blatant attempt at pressure with the words of one of the "Cincinnati Carbon Copies" ("... since CDL is not a law-enforcement agency, and since it has no authority, obviously it cannot be a censor . . .") reveals the depth of the hypocrisy of these self-appointed censors.

I sincerely hope that Hefner continues to expose such groups in the future, and that he will continue to find in himself the courage to withstand the flood of abuse which will surely be directed at him by those he uncovers.

Geoffrey G. Dellenbaugh
Princeton University
Princeton, New Jersey

The courage is there—fortified by the belief that most Americans favor a free society.

FREE CHOICE

In the interests of justice I want to bring to your attention an error you committed in your March *Forum* reply to the "Cincinnati Carbon Copies." When J. Lang wrote that the CDL "obviously . . . cannot be a censor," he spoke the truth. Your attempt to prove him wrong was illogical: If CDL activities influence stores that sell your magazine, this does not constitute censorship (official suppression of literature, backed by force). Since we grant our citizens the right of choice, only force can keep them from buying *PLAYBOY*.

Daniel H. Pell
Oakland, California

But what the news dealer is coerced into not selling, the citizen is not free to buy. When the CDL, or any similar censor group, pressures the vendor into not handling a particular book or magazine they happen to consider "objectionable"—through threat of economic boycott or other intimidation—it constitutes de facto censorship. It is one thing for any person or group to attempt to influence the reading habits of their neighbors through persuasion; it is quite another to usurp their neighbors' free choice by making specific books and magazines unavailable, or more difficult to obtain. This is censorship of the worst sort: it is extralegal prior restraint, depriving both the publisher and reader of the protection of their rights guaranteed by due process of law.

WHO'S BEING LIBELED?

It seems that, according to the plethora of letters from "readers" of your magazine in Cincinnati, you could "be sued for libel" for implying that the CDL is connected, in some manner, with the Catholic Church. Could you set me straight as to which organization is thought to have been libeled in this connection: the Church, or the CDL?

Lorin Wayne Browning
East Lansing, Michigan

It's difficult to say. It has been suggested that the Catholic-dominated CDL prefers to effect an interdenominational appearance, so that their censorship activities will not reflect negatively upon the Church, as the censorial actions associated with the openly Catholic NODL have done in the past. It is usually members of the CDL who insist that their organization is not associated with the Church; to our way of thinking, it is the Church that should be voicing the disclaimers, as the role of censor does not benefit any religious organization in a free America and unfairly reflects upon the many liberal Catholics who sincerely believe in our democratic way of life.

WHERE'S THE OPPOSITION?

I support you in making asses of the Cincinnati parrots, but I noticed that you did not print any intelligent letters

that disagreed with you, from Cincinnati or elsewhere. Can you honestly state that you did not receive any letters, from CDL leaders or others who had read the November *PLAYBOY*, presenting sound arguments in disagreement with your stand?

Raymond L. Kobey
Burbank, California

Yes. The letters printed in "The Playboy Forum" accurately reflect the total mail received on each subject.

CATHOLIC POLICY

The March *Forum* diatribe on Catholicism seemed intent, not only from your responses, but also from the general tone of the letters you selected for publication, on convincing *PLAYBOY* readers that the pronouncements of outfits like the CDL in some way represent statements of Catholic Church policy. Some of the devices you use are quite forceful. Your reference to the establishment of the NODL [National Office for Decent Literature] by the Catholic Bishops of the United States is particularly effective.

Let me point out that all the material you have presented does not include a single ex-cathedra pronouncement of the Roman Catholic Church. Only such a pronouncement could be a statement of official Catholic Church policy, and so we must mourn its absence in your argument.

Richard F. Getz
Brighton, Massachusetts

*We did not say that the CDL's activities represent official Church policy, and never intended to imply it. Unfortunately, the Church is usually silent on the subject of censorship and seemingly does not care to notice the militant censorship activity carried on by Catholic clergy and lay leaders in numerous communities throughout the U.S. The Church still maintains its "Index of Prohibited Books," despite the efforts of many liberal Catholics to have it abolished. (And lest *PLAYBOY* be mistakenly considered anti-Catholic, it should be mentioned that Hefner has quoted extensively, in the "Philosophy," the views of liberal Catholics, who strongly oppose censorship.) Officially, the NODL book list is used exclusively by Catholics to determine their own reading habits; in actual practice the NODL list is still the favorite tool of the book burner and is used extensively by censorship organizations like Citizens for Decent Literature. To the non-Catholic observer, Church "policy" on censorship is not only what the Church says, but what it does, and what it permits the members of its clergy to say, and to do.*

We are no more opposed to Catholic censorship than to the censorship imposed by any other religious or secular group. It is not the religion that offends us, but the person, of whatever faith,

who fails to recognize that those with differing views of heaven and earth should be allowed the same freedom that he demands for himself. In recent years, a disproportionately large percentage of Catholics have placed themselves in the forefront of U. S. censorship activity. This has established, in the minds of many non-Catholics, an association between censorship and the Church. It is an identity about which a number of Catholic writers have expressed concern. We share their wish that the Church would officially reject the association, since too long a silence on the matter may seem to imply the opposite. In the meantime, most American Catholics, we feel certain, are just as devoted to the principles of democracy as the rest of our fellow citizens. See below.

CATHOLIC PRAISE

I'm a devout Catholic and I'm also a regular PLAYBOY reader. I want you to know how much I enjoy the magazine and especially *The Playboy Philosophy*. I particularly appreciate Hugh Hefner's editorial comment on censorship and the CDL. Being Catholic only makes me more concerned about such misguided religious zealots who cannot see that they hurt themselves and our religion, as well as democracy, when they attempt to dictate what their fellow Americans can and cannot read.

Charles Murphy
New York, New York

MONTESQUIEU ON MORALITY

My heartiest commendations go to Mr. Hefner for his series *The Playboy Philosophy*. His fanatical critics from the Cincinnati CDL should hearken to the words of Montesquieu: "We should never create by law what can be accomplished by morality."

Marshall E. Schwartz
Laurelton, New York

DOOMED TO FAILURE

There seems to be organized resistance to individual freedom in the city of Cincinnati. I see threats being made by some people of this city who seem to say: "We know best what is good for others."

People who are so sure of themselves should be willing to let others be sure of themselves, too. Censor groups show no such attitude. Their fear gives evidence that they understand only too well that their views will not stand up under honest examination, so they resort to the methods of tyrants.

I feel sorry, in my more reflective moments, for such people, clinging desperately to an idea that is bound to fail.

Charles R. Gill
Nashville, Tennessee

UNNECESSARY CONTROVERSY?

The *Forum* in your March issue has really sickened me. Have we, in

this enlightened age, come to such petty squabbling over such petty issues? Did PLAYBOY really have to start all this ruckus? And even if you did, why do you have to print all those ugly, hate-filled letters—from both your attackers and your defenders—to fan the fire? Wasn't the eruption of hate in Dallas last November sufficient, or before that, the bombing in Birmingham? Can't PLAYBOY and the CDL kiss and make up?

I am 26, male, unmarried, and a convert to Catholicism. I honestly don't care who Hefner sleeps with, or what the good people of Cincinnati ban in Cincinnati. Who I sleep with is my business, and one magazine is pretty much the same as all the rest, except that PLAYBOY has become a dragging bore since Hefner began devoting all his time to his so-called *Philosophy*. I did enjoy the bit a month or so ago about U. S. sex laws—after all, they are pretty funny, no matter from what angle you look at them.

What I started out to say is that I'm sorry you started this whole stinking mess, because it was all so very unnecessary. People are going to believe what they want to, despite Hefner or the CDL. That's my personal opinion, and I add: To hell with you both. PLAYBOY costs too much these days anyway, and I wouldn't be reading it at all (though the jokes were great in the March issue), except that I can pick it up free at work.

Dave King
New York, New York

Freedom of speech and press are not, to our way of thinking, "petty issues." And PLAYBOY didn't start "this whole stinking mess," as you put it—it was started by the officious would-be censors of CDL, who attempted to suppress our magazine. Moreover, outbursts of violent hatred—such as the assassination of President Kennedy or the bombing of a church—do not grow from free discussion and uncensored opinion. Unreasonable hatred is much more at home beneath the cloak of bigotry that would also suppress free expression.

CINCINNATI POSTSCRIPT

About five years ago I attended St. Xavier's, a very good parochial school in Cincinnati. One dull afternoon our class schedule was interrupted by a visit from two top officials from the CDL—both Catholics, of course. One, a small, robust, balding man, did all the talking. The topic was obscene literature, and PLAYBOY was the publication most frequently mentioned. He told us how he had personally been in PLAYBOY's offices, which he described as two rooms in a run-down tenement building where the models were photographed, nude. He announced that PLAYBOY would not last out the year, and that its circulation was almost nothing. He described Hefner as a homosexual, trying to grow fat at the

expense of depraved individuals who bought the magazine simply to view photographs of nude women. He went on to relate how the CDL would soon close up a newsstand in downtown Cincy by getting an injunction from the Supreme Court! (Incidentally, the threatened newsstand has since moved to a much better location, reflecting obvious profits; and it still displays PLAYBOY prominently.)

D. C. Carter
Camp Lejeune, North Carolina

MISPLACED CLUB?

The *Playboy Forum* in your March issue was very interesting, particularly the letters from Cincinnati attacking your comments about the CDL. These letters provide a good example of the provincial thinking of a large number of Cincinnatians, and makes me wonder why you ever decided to locate a Playboy Club here.

But not all Cincinnatians, at least not this one, share the views of these censor-happy letter writers. I read your article on the CDL, and I was neither disgusted nor inclined to sue you for libel; in fact, I enjoyed it immensely and thought it was quite consistent with your high editorial standards and your laudable desire to bring before the public eye the present evils of censorship.

I hope you print this letter so that the rest of your readers can see that not all Cincinnatians are carbon copies.

John W. Gettys
Cincinnati, Ohio

We decided to open a Playboy Club in Cincinnati because we were convinced, even before your letter arrived, that "not all Cincinnatians are carbon copies." That there are, in fact, a good many sophisticated, PLAYBOY-oriented urbanites living there. The Club is scheduled to open late this summer.

REACTION FORMATION

Although I do not agree with all Hefner has written, his *Philosophy* has motivated me to explore the basis of my beliefs for the first time. This self-analysis has changed some of my opinions, strengthened others and in some cases left me as confused as ever. I am grateful to Hefner for prompting me to exercise my intelligence and reason more fully.

On the subject of censorship and sexual repression, you may be interested in the following lines on "reaction formation," taken from a psychology textbook, by Dr. J. W. Kling:

An analyst might conclude . . . that an individual who has exerted much energy in an attempt to force a certain code of morality upon booksellers and libraries is really doing so to protect himself from the disastrous realization that he has strong desires to read the very materials against which he crusades. The attitude of strait-laced morality



Playboy Club News



VOL. II, NO. 47

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SPECIAL EDITION

YOUR ONE PLAYBOY CLUB KEY
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JUNE 1964

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CHICAGO (Special)—Hugh M. Hefner, President of Playboy Clubs International, has announced plans for the opening of six new Playboy Clubs, making a total of thirteen Clubs in operation by the year's end.

A Los Angeles Playboy Club is nearing completion in the new Playboy Office Building at 8560 Sunset Boulevard. This Playboy Club "Annex" will give California keyholders the opportunity to enjoy the pleasures of



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their own Playboy Club before Christmas while they await completion of the \$10,000,000 Playboy Club-Hotel one block north.

There will be a second California Club opening this year when the \$750,000 San Francisco Playboy Club premieres at 736 Montgomery Street. Preceding these debuts will be the opening of three Playboy Clubs this summer: Kansas City in mid-June, and Baltimore and Cincinnati shortly thereafter. Later in the year, the multilevel Washington Playboy Club will be opened in the capital.

You still have time to take advantage of the \$25 charter rate that applies in these new Club areas before the Resident Key Fee goes into effect. Once a Playboy Club opens, it has been the practice to raise the key fee to \$50, as it is now in Chicago and Florida.

Among the many extra benefits you receive with your Playboy Club key are a Key-Card permitting you to charge services in the Club and a subscription to VIP, The Playboy Club magazine.

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TALENT BONUS FOR KEYHOLDERS

CHICAGO (Special) — Beginning June 1, every Playboy Club (except New York) will offer keyholders and guests 50 percent more entertainment as new shows open every two weeks instead of three. Keyholders will now see 26 shows a year featuring the most versatile roster of comedians, vocalists and variety acts in show business today.

In the past year the Clubs have featured such celebrated personalities as Henny Youngman, Don Adams, Don Cherry and Jackie Gayle.

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nessed the meteoric rise to fame of Jerry Van Dyke and Dick Gregory, just two of the many entertainers who have gotten their big break as a result of their Playboy Club appearances.



The Kirby Stone Four swings in the St. Louis Playboy Club's Penthouse.

MAY'S PLAYMATE IN CHICAGO CLUB



Terri Kimball, PLAYBOY's May Playmate of the Month, is well-known to Chicago keyholders as their Bunny Terri. Here she serves a keyholder in the colorful Playmate Bar, with illuminated transparencies of her predecessors in the background. Many Playmates of the Month are currently Bunnies in the seven Playboy Clubs throughout the United States. Just another reason every visit to The Playboy Club is a memorable event.

FAIR BOUND? MEET AT THE N. Y. CLUB

NEW YORK (Special) — The New York Playboy Club's Bunnies have rolled out the red carpet for keyholders attending the World's Fair.

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DEPT. 247EW

in this case would be termed "a reaction formation," and the ego would be said to be rather permanently protected against the unacceptable id impulses because the reaction formation causes a pervasive change in personality structure. Reaction formation is akin to, or possibly a form of, repression, for the reaction formation could not be formed were the initial thoughts and feelings not repressed.

James B. Hayes

San Francisco, California

The zeal and energy of the censorious reformer—typified by the painstaking perusal of reams of dreary and ill-written pornography and the tortuous tracking down of obscenity—undoubtedly stem from a displaced sexuality; the self-delusion that the motive is entirely non-sexual, provides an excuse for the vicarious gratification thus obtained. Long before it was given a psychoanalytical label, the reaction formation was understood and portrayed by authors and playwrights—as, for example, in Somerset Maugham's powerful story "Miss Thompson," which became the famous play "Rain."

GODLESS RELIGION

In the February installment of his *Philosophy*, Hefner unwittingly supports unreasonable religion by employing the traditional language of "secular" versus "sacred." His equation of "theology" with "faith" reveals that he supports false presuppositions about religion; specifically: the idea that religion involves a belief in God. Even a cursory study of the world's great religions reveals that many are avowedly atheistic (Jainism, Theravada Buddhism) and that others show only incidental interest in God. Religion consists in man's quest for the goal in life, and he may pursue this quest rationally. Humanism is also a religion. Hefner's attack on "religious faith" is misdirected, for by opposing reason to religious faith he re-enforces popular false notions about religious faith— notions which need to be cleared away.

Archie J. Bahm, Ph.D.

Professor of Philosophy

University of New Mexico

Albuquerque, New Mexico

While "Webster's Unabridged" defines religion almost exclusively in terms of the service and worship of "God or a god," and apparently isn't much impressed with the notion of Humanism as a religion ("A contemporary cult or belief calling itself religious but substituting faith in man for faith in God"), the entire matter is really a semantic quibble. For accepting your broader definition of the word in no way changes any of the points made thus far in "The Playboy Philosophy." Hefner has clearly established that what he means when he refers to religion is the Judaeo-Christian reli-

gion, or some aspect thereof. He obviously recognizes that other religions exist the world over, but it is this particular religious heritage—and its influence upon our contemporary society—with which he is concerned.

CENSORSHIP CORRECTION

In the March *Playboy Forum* you published erroneous information about the Long Beach Public Library, in a letter from Richard L. Tevis which says: "The Last Temptation of Christ is banned from the public library in my home port of Long Beach, California."

The facts are that *The Last Temptation of Christ* is not banned from this library and has been available since its publication several years ago. Eighteen copies of the book are available at our main library and branches. Since the freedom to read is basic in our democracy, and since this library has protected this right and recognizes the deep dangers inherent in book banning, I am concerned over this misstatement.

Over a year ago, Long Beach was "pressured" to remove this book by a very vocal minority group which attempted the same thing in practically every Southern California city. To my knowledge, in no instance was this group successful. My profession has acknowledged the responsibility of the public library by taking a strong stand against book banning, recognizing that the freedom to read what one chooses is one of the fundamental bases of all our freedom. For this reason an error such as the one which has appeared in your magazine is serious.

Blanche Collins

City Librarian

Long Beach, California

We are happy to publish this correction and happier still to learn of the rebuff the public libraries of Southern California gave to the would-be censors in their communities.

RIGHT TO SIN

Because of its obvious parallel with many of the points you have been making in *The Playboy Philosophy*, I thought you might be interested in this UPI news story, datelined Boulder, Colorado, that appeared in the *Tulsa Daily World* under the headline "COLORADO U CLUB FAVORS RIGHT TO SIN":

The University of Colorado Conservation Club Thursday approved a resolution condemning laws restricting voluntary sexual relationships, prostitution, alcohol, gambling and narcotics.

"We just don't believe in force, period," said Craig S. Weber, 19, an English major from Aurora, Colorado, club president.

"We care a great deal about morality," he said. "We just feel there are better ways to do it. We don't think this is the proper func-

tion of politically elected persons."

Weber said that moral codes should be determined by parents, or on the campus by students.

"We're not advocating sexual relationships, voluntary or otherwise," he said. "It's just that it ought to be left to their [students'] discretion."

The resolution also said that the club "expresses its disapproval of the following, in so far as they are prime examples of moral legislation:

"1. The prosecution and persecution of Hugh Hefner, Editor-Publisher of *PLAYBOY* magazine, for ostensible publication of pornography.

"2. The town of LaFayette, Colorado, for their recent and arbitrary imposition of a curfew.

"3. Daniel Hoffman's [Denver manager of safety] endorsement of a B-girl control law.

"4. The cabaret entertainer's licensing system of New York City, which gives the police power to prevent an entertainer from working by denying a license.

"5. Sunday blue laws and enforcement of the Sabbath."

Weber accused CU officials of "maintaining a 1900 standard of morality."

Jean Thompson
Tulsa, Oklahoma

THE WORST OBSCENITY

When I first read your *Philosophy*, I was shocked. It was like reading my own mind. I am thankful that someone in our society has the guts and the opportunity to put these ideas before the public.

In *The Playboy Forum* for December 1963 appears a letter from R. U. McMahon, New Hartford, New York, which I think sums up your philosophy in a nutshell. It is so wonderfully written I think it should be used as the preface in pamphlet reprints of *The Playboy Philosophy*. It follows.

As a condition of this life, I know that someday I must die a personal death. No other man may do this for me. Therefore, let no man presume to think for me, or tell me what I may read, or interfere in any area of my personal freedom. The worst obscenity of all is censorship itself.

John H. Dornstaeder
Long Beach, California


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



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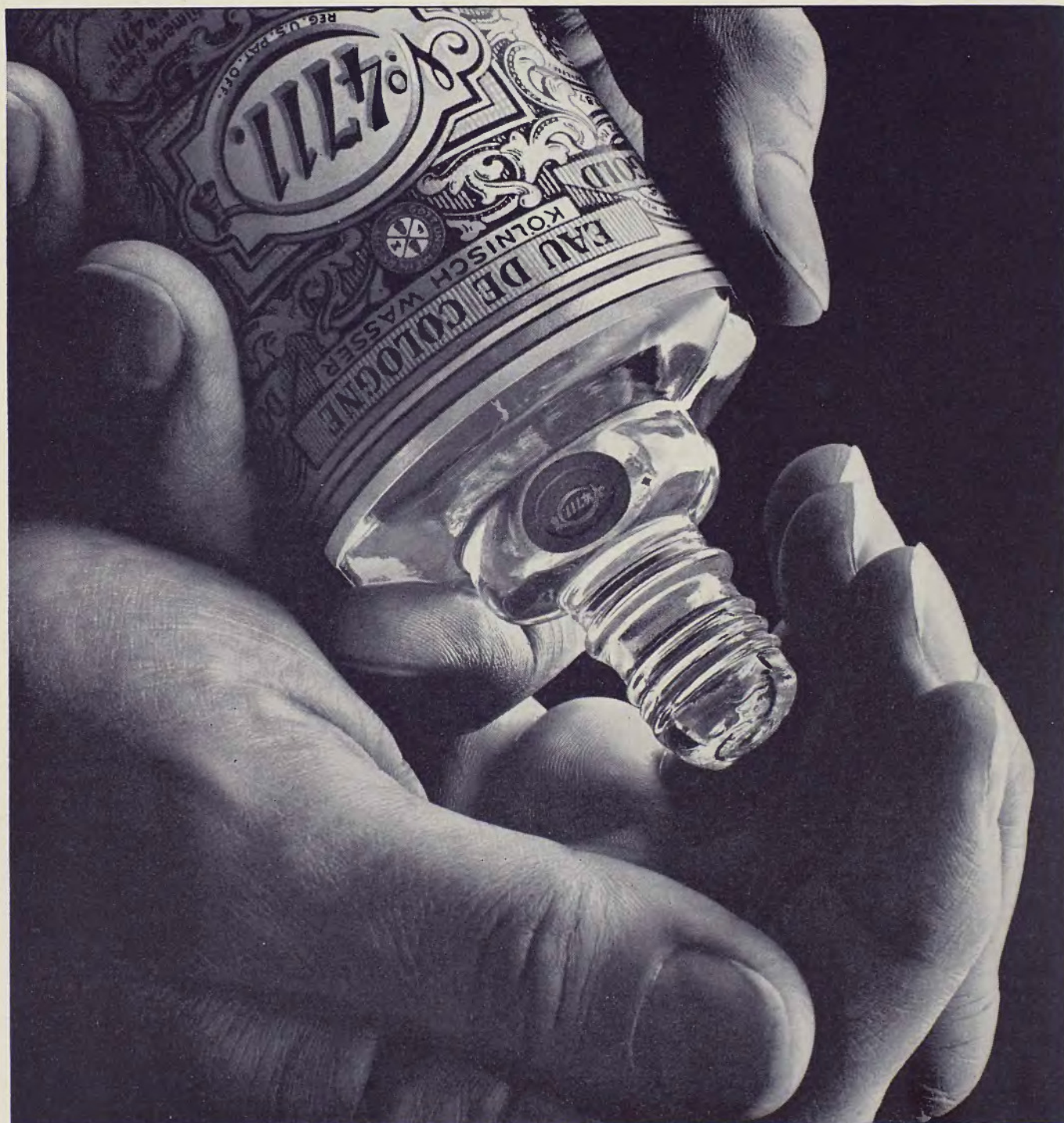


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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: INGMAR BERGMAN

a candid conversation with sweden's one-man new wave of cinematic sorcery

In the months since Ingmar Bergman's "The Silence" world-premiered in Stockholm, moviegoers in a dozen countries have been lining up around the block: some to see the final third of the Swedish film maker's celebrated trilogy (following "Through a Glass Darkly" and "Winter Light") on the quest for love as a salvation from emotional death; others to verify the judgment of some critics that this anatomy of lust is the masterwork of Bergman's 20-year career. But most, quite unabashedly, have come to ogle the most explicitly erotic movie scenes on view this side of a stag smoker—even after the snipping of more than a minute's film for the toned-down U.S. version. The film has precipitated a rain of abuse on its 45-year-old creator—as a pornographer (by members of the Swedish parliament), purveyor of obscenity (from Lutheran pulpits all over Sweden) and corrupter of youth and decency (via anonymous calls and letters). Outraged at the outcry, Bergman was most offended by the accusation that he filmed the sex scenes merely to shock and titillate his audiences. "I'm an artist," he told a reporter. "Once I had the idea for 'The Silence' in my mind, I had to make it—that's all." The son of an Evangelical Lutheran parson who became the chaplain to Sweden's royal family, Bergman remembers his years at home "with bitterness," as a period of emotional sterility and rigid moral rectitude from which he withdrew into the private world of fantasy. It was

on his ninth birthday that he traded a set of tin soldiers for a toy that was to become the catalyst of his creativity: a battered magic lantern. A year later he was building scenery, fashioning marionettes, working all the strings and speaking all the parts in his own puppet theater productions of Strindberg—foreshadowing his directorship of a youth-club theater during his years at Stockholm University, where he produced in 1940 an anti-Nazi version of "Macbeth" which became a minor cause célèbre—and scandalized his family.

Fired with the zeal of social protest, Bergman quit school the next year, moved into the city's bohemian quarter, began to dress and act accordingly—and to germinate plot lines for satiric and irreverent plays which he never got around to writing. He finally found steady employment as an assistant stage manager, rose swiftly to become a director, and began to earn the reputation for dramatic genius, arrogance and irresistibility to women (he's been married four times) that has become part and parcel of the Bergman legend. Trying his hand at writing a screenplay in 1944, he submitted the manuscript to Svensk Filmindustri, Sweden's largest movie company, which decided to film it. Appropriately entitled "Torment," it set the tone and theme for a new career, and for the 25 films that followed. In the eight years since his "discovery" abroad with the international release of "The Seventh Seal," "Smiles of a Summer

Night," "Wild Strawberries," "The Magician," "Brink of Life" and "The Virgin Spring," he has become the acknowledged guru of the art-film avant-garde, and many critics have joined fellow professionals in hailing him as the world's first-ranking film maker.

An exacting taskmaster, he does not brook the slightest deviation from the script in the course of shooting, nor countenance the presence of outsiders anywhere in the studio—especially journalists, of whom he has never been fond, on or off the set.

It was with some trepidation, therefore, that we approached the mercurial moviemaker with our request for an exclusive interview. But he replied with a cordial invitation to visit him in Stockholm—which we accepted, arriving late last February, in the middle of the somber Nordic winter, for a week-long stay.

Our conversations took place in his small, sparsely furnished office backstage at the Royal Dramatic Theater in downtown Stockholm, where, as the newly appointed manager of the national theater, he was devoting his directorial energies full time, on an extended sabbatical from film making, to staging the works of such theatrical iconoclasts as Brecht, Albee and Ionesco. Meeting with us for an hour or so each morning ("when I'm most alive," he told us), he would arrive promptly at nine, dressed always, indoors and out, in heavy flannel slacks,



"What matters most of all in life is being able to make contact with another human. If you can take that first step toward communication, toward understanding, toward love, then you are saved."



"Once you become successful, you feel freed from the imperatives of success. You stop worrying about striving and devote yourself to your work. Life becomes easier. You like yourself better."



"I don't feel a director should make easy films. He should try to lead his audience a little further in each film. But I think that making a film comprehensible is the most important duty of a moviemaker."



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polo shirt, wool cap and a tan wind-breaker with a dry cleaner's tag still stapled to a cuff. Our interview began with a wry smile from our subject—and a disarming greeting in which he reversed roles by asking the first question.

BERGMAN: Well, are you depressed yet?
PLAYBOY: Should we be?

BERGMAN: Perhaps you haven't been here long enough. But the depression will come. I don't know why anybody lives in Stockholm, so far away from everything. When you fly up here from the south, it's very odd. First there are houses and towns and villages; but farther on there are just woods and forests and more woods and a lake, perhaps, and then still more woods with, just once in a while, a long way off, a house. And then, suddenly, Stockholm. It's perverse to have a city way up here. And so here we sit, feeling lonely. We're such a huge country; yet we are so few, so thinly scattered across it. The people here spend their lives isolated on their farms—and isolated from one another in their homes. It's terribly difficult for them, even when they come to the cities and live close to other people; it's no help, really. They don't know how to get in touch, to communicate. They stay shut off. And our winters don't help.

PLAYBOY: How do you mean?

BERGMAN: Well, we have light in the winter only from maybe eight-thirty in the morning till two-thirty in the afternoon. Up north, just a few hours from here, they have darkness all day long. No daylight at all. I hate the winter. I hate Stockholm in the winter. When I wake up during the winter—I always get up at six, ever since I was a child—I look at the wall opposite my window. November, December, there is no light at all. Then, in January, comes a tiny thread of light. Every morning I watch that line of light getting a little bigger. This is what sustains me through the black and terrible winter: seeing that line of light growing as we get closer to spring.

PLAYBOY: If that's how you feel, why not leave Stockholm during the winter and work in the warmer climates of such film capitals as Rome or Hollywood?

BERGMAN: New cities arouse too many sensations in me. They give me too many impressions to experience at the same time; they all crowd in on me. Being in a new city overwhelms me, unsettles me.

PLAYBOY: There've been reports that you feel what you've called "the great fear" whenever you leave Sweden. Is that why you've never made a film outside the country?

BERGMAN: Not really; all that has very little to do with making movies. After all, actors and studios are basically the same all over the world. What worries me about making a film in another country is the loss of artistic control I might run into. When I make a film, I

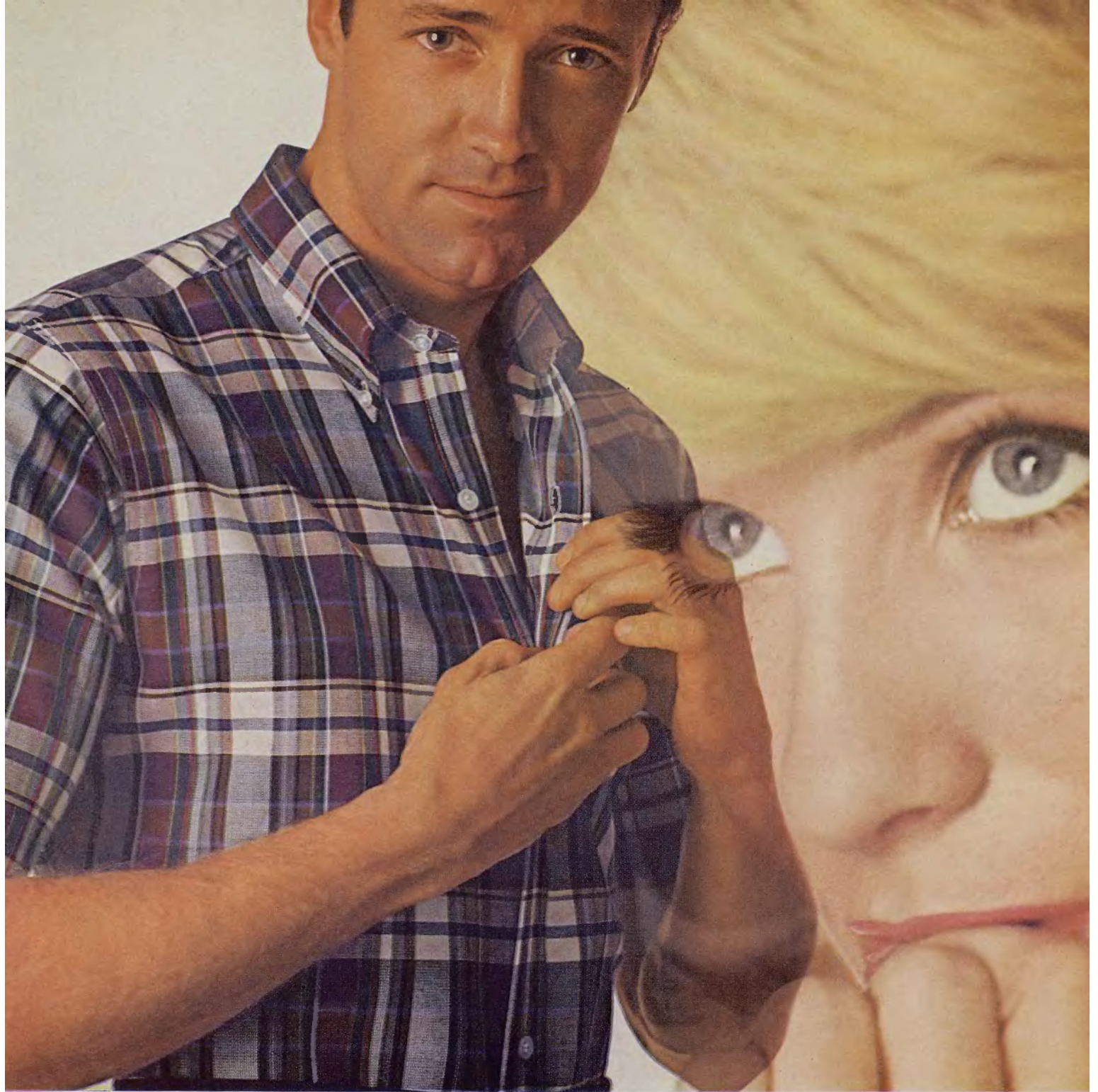
must control it from the beginning until it opens in the movie houses. I grew up in Sweden, I have my roots here, and I'm never frustrated professionally here—at least not by producers. I've been working with virtually the same people for nearly twenty years; they've watched me grow up. The technical demands of moviemaking are enslaving; but here, everything runs smoothly in human terms: the cameraman, the operator, the head electrician. We all know and understand one another; I hardly need tell them what to do. This is ideal and it makes the creative task—always a difficult one—easier. The idea of making a film for an American company is very tempting, for obvious reasons. But it's not one's first Hollywood film that's so difficult—it's the second. Work in another country, with more modern equipment but with my same crew, with the same relationship to my producers, with the same control over the film as I have here? I don't think that's very likely.

PLAYBOY: You're said to be no less indisposed to come into contact with outsiders even on your own sets in Stockholm. from which all visitors are barred. Why?

BERGMAN: Do you know what movie-making is? Eight hours of hard work each day to get three minutes of film. And during those eight hours there are maybe only ten or twelve minutes, if you're lucky, of real creation. And maybe they don't come. Then you have to gear yourself for another eight hours and pray you're going to get your good ten minutes this time. Everything and everyone on a movie set must be attuned to finding those minutes of real creativity. You've got to keep the actors and yourself in a kind of enchanted circle. An outside presence, even a completely friendly one, is basically alien to the intimate process going on in front of him. Any time there's an outsider on the set, we run the risk that part of the actors' absorption, or the technicians', or mine, is going to be impinged upon. It takes very little to destroy the delicate mood of total immersion in our work. We can't risk losing those vital minutes of real creation. The few times I've made exceptions I've always regretted it.

PLAYBOY: You've been criticized not only for barring and even ejecting intruders from your sets, but for outbursts of rage in which, reportedly, you've ripped phones off walls and thrown chairs through glass control booths. Is there any truth to these accounts?

BERGMAN: Yes, there is—or rather, *was*. When I was younger, much younger, like so many young men I was unsure of myself. But I was very ambitious. And when you're unsure, when you're insecure and need to assert yourself, or think you do, you become aggressive in trying to get your own way. Well, that's what happened to me—in a provincial theater where I was a new director. I couldn't



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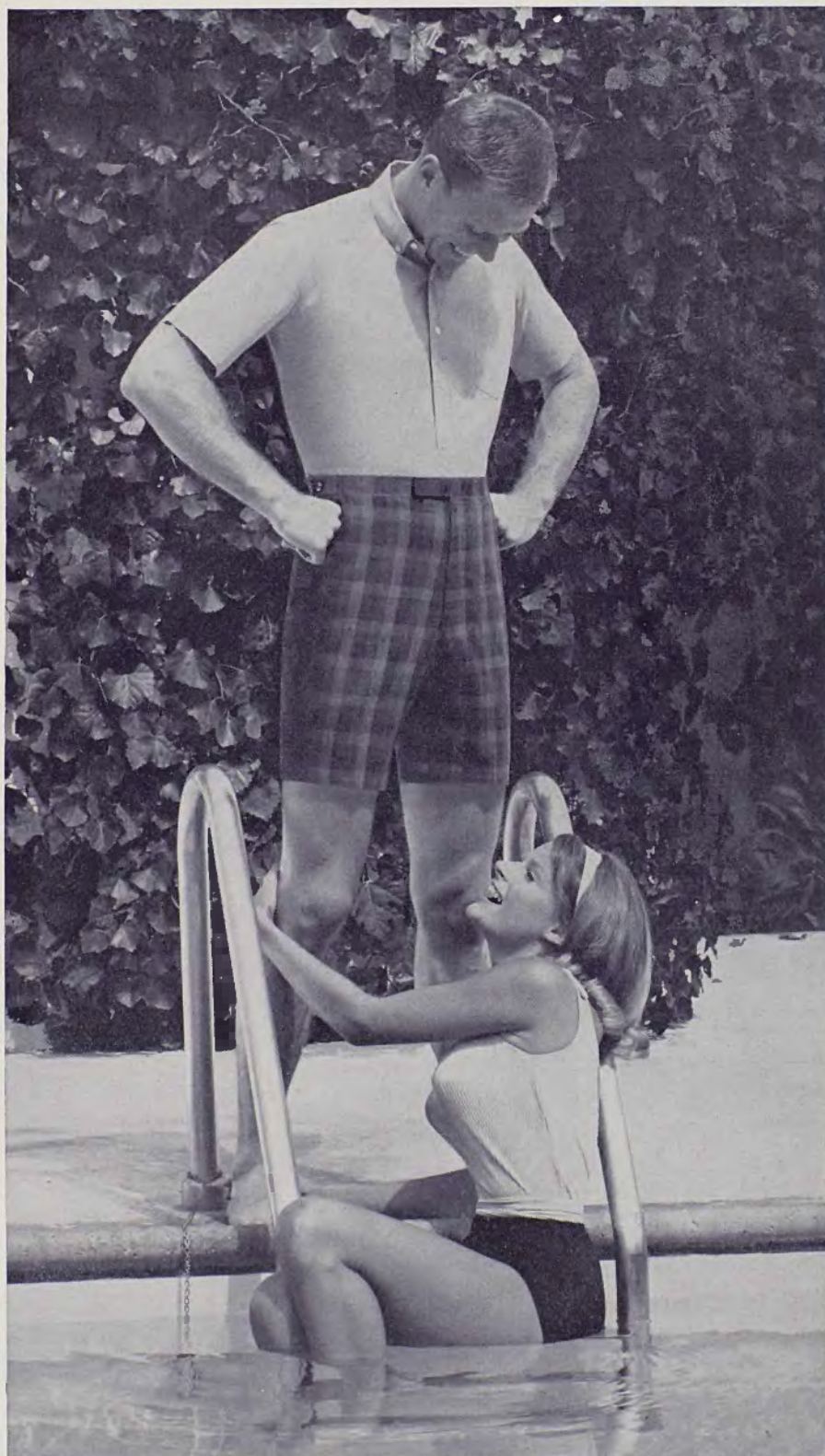
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behave that way now and hope to keep the respect of my actors and my technicians. When I know the importance of every minute in a working day, when I realize the supreme necessity of establishing a mood of calm and security on the set, do you think I could, or would have any right to, indulge myself that way? A director on a movie set is a little like the captain of a ship; he must be respected in order to be obeyed. I haven't behaved that way at work since I was maybe twenty-five or twenty-six.

PLAYBOY: Yet these stories of temper tantrums continue to circulate in print.

BERGMAN: Of course they do. Such stunts as ripping out telephones and hurling chairs around make the sort of copy that journalists love to give their editors and their readers. It's more colorful to read about a violent temper than about someone instilling confidence in his actors by talking quietly to them. It's to be expected that people will go on writing—and reading—this sort of nonsense about a man year after year. Do you begin to understand why I don't like to talk to the press? You know, people also say I don't like to see journalists, that I refuse to talk to them anymore. For once they are right. When I am nice to reporters, when I give them my time and I talk to them sincerely, they go off and print a lot of old gossip, or their editors throw it in, because they think those old stories are more entertaining than the truth. Take that cover story done on me a few years ago by one of those American magazines of yours.

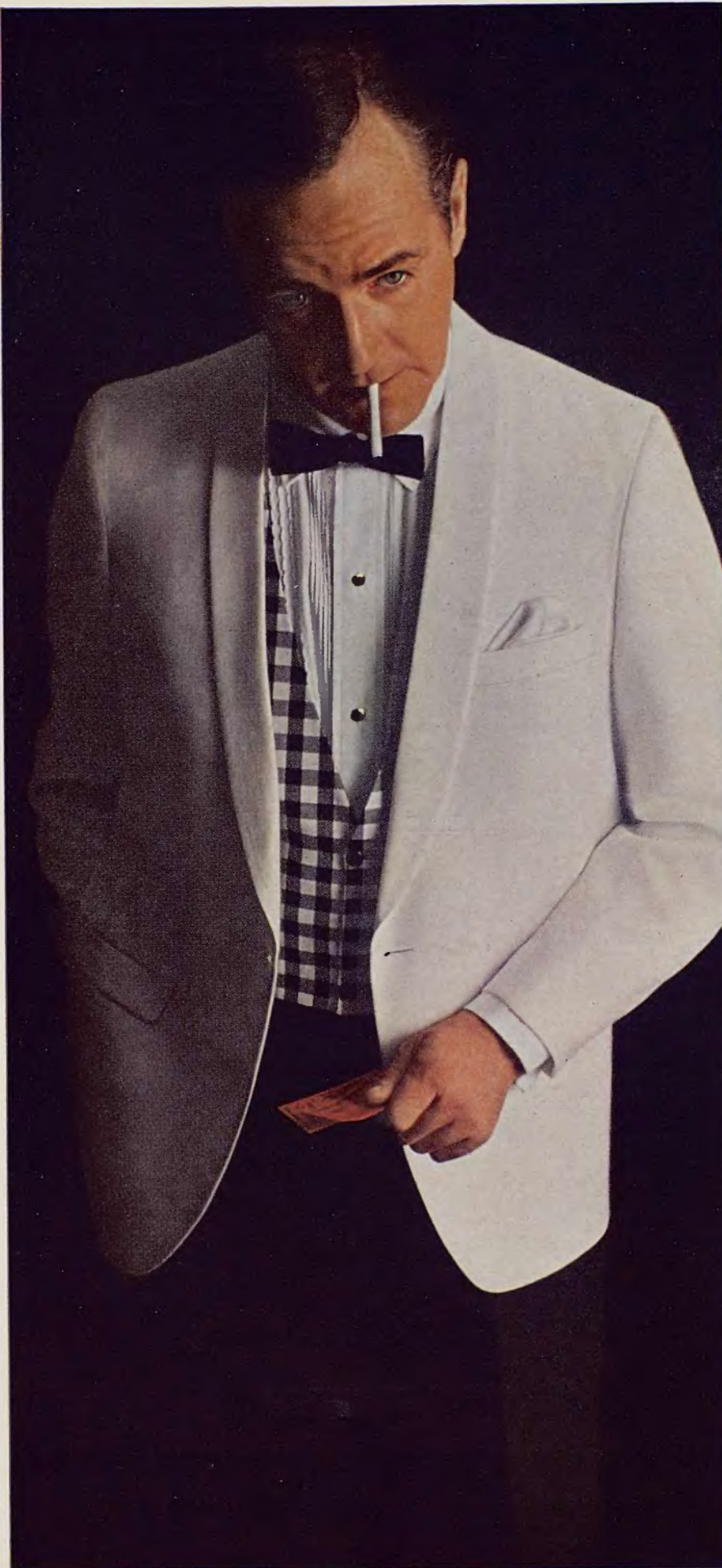
PLAYBOY: *Time* magazine?

BERGMAN: Yes, that's it. My wife read it to me when it came out here. The man they described sounds like someone I'd like to meet—perhaps a little difficult, not such a nice person, yet still an interesting fellow. But I didn't find myself in it. He was nobody I know.

PLAYBOY: It's been reported that you've had no less difficulty recognizing some of your own films when you read what the critics have to say about their merit and meaning. Is this true?

BERGMAN: I've given up reading what's written either about me or about my films. It's pointless to get annoyed. Most film critics know very little about how a film is made, have very little general film knowledge or culture. But we are beginning to get a new generation of film critics who are sincere and knowledgeable about the cinema. Like some of the young French critics—they I read. I don't always agree with what they have to say about my films, but at least they're sincere. Sincerity I like, even when it's unfavorable to me.

PLAYBOY: Well, your films have been unfavorably reviewed for, among other reasons, the private meanings and obscurity of many of their episodes and much of their symbolism. Do you think



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these accusations may have some validity?

BERGMAN: Possibly, but I hope not—because I think that making a film comprehensible to the audience is the most important duty of any moviemaker. It's also the most difficult. Private films are relatively easy to make; but I don't feel a director should make easy films. He should try to lead his audience a little further in each succeeding film. It's good for the public to work a little. But the director should never forget who it is he's making his film for. In any case, it's not as important that a person who sees one of my films understands it here, in the head, as it is that he understands it here, in the heart. This is what matters.

PLAYBOY: Whatever the nature of their understanding, a great many international critics concur in ranking you foremost among the world's film makers. How do you feel about this approbation?

BERGMAN: Success abroad has made my work much easier in Sweden. I don't have to fight so much on matters really external to actual creative work. Thanks to success, I've earned the right to be left to my work. But, of course, success is so transitory: it's such a flimsy thing to be à la mode. Take Paris—a few years ago I was their favorite director. Then came Antonioni. Who's the new one? Who knows? But you know, when these young men of the *nouvelle vague* first started making films, I was envious of them, envious of their having seen all the films at the *ciné-mathèque* [film library], of their knowing all the techniques of moviemaking. Not anymore. On the technical side, I have become very sound. I have acquired confidence in myself. Now I can see other directors' work and no longer feel jealous or afraid. I know I don't have to.

PLAYBOY: Have their films influenced or instructed you in the development of your own moviemaking style and skills?

BERGMAN: I've had to learn everything about movies by myself. For the theater I studied with a wonderful old man in Göteborg, where I spent four years. He was a hard, difficult man, but he knew the theater, and I learned from him. For the movies, however, there was no one. Before the War I was a schoolboy, then during the War we got to see no foreign films at all, and by the time it was over I was working hard to support a wife and three children. But fortunately I am by nature an autodidact, one who can teach himself—though it's an uncomfortable thing to be at times. Self-taught people sometimes cling too much to the technical side, the sure side, and place technical perfection too high. I think what is important, most important, is having something to say.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel that America's New Wave directors have something to say?

BERGMAN: Yes, I do. I have seen just a few examples of their work—only *The Connection*, *Shadows* and *Pull My Daisy*; I should like very much to see more.

But from what I've seen, I like the American New Wave much more than the French. They are so much more enthusiastic, idealistic, in a way—cruder, technically less perfect and less knowing than the French film makers, but I think they have something to say, and that is good. That is important. I like them.

PLAYBOY: Have you enjoyed the Russian films you've seen?

BERGMAN: Very much. I think something very good will be coming from them soon. I don't know why, but I feel it. Did you see *Childhood of Ivan*? There are extraordinary things in it. Some of it's very bad, of course, but there is real talent and power.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about the Italian directors?

BERGMAN: Fellini is wonderful. He is everything I'm not. I should like to be him. He is so baroque. His work is so generous, so warm, so easy, so unneurotic. I liked *La Dolce Vita* very much, particularly the scene with the father. That was good. And the end, with the giant fish. Visconti—I liked his first film, *La Terra Trema*; his best, I think. I liked Antonioni's *La Notte* a great deal, too.

PLAYBOY: Would you classify these among the best films you've ever seen?

BERGMAN: No, right now I think I have three favorite contemporary films: *The Lady with the Dog*, *Rashomon* and *Umberto D.* Oh, yes, and a fourth: *Mr. Hulot's Holiday*. I love that one.

PLAYBOY: Let's return to the subject of your own work, if we may. Where did you get the idea for your latest and most controversial film, *The Silence*?

BERGMAN: From a very big, fat old man. That's right. Four years ago, when I was visiting a friend in a hospital here, I noticed from his window a very old man, enormously fat and paralyzed, sitting in a chair under a tree in the park. As I watched, four jolly, good-natured nurses came marching out, lifted him up, chair and all, and carried him back into the hospital. The image of him being carried away like a dummy stayed in my mind, although I didn't really know exactly why. It all grew from that seed, like most of my films have grown—from some small incident, a feeling I've had about something, an anecdote someone's told me, perhaps from a gesture or an expression on an actor's face. It sets off a very special sort of tension in me, immediately recognizable as such to me. On the deepest level, of course, the ideas for my films come out of the pressures of the spirit; and these pressures vary. But most of my films begin with a specific image or feeling around which my imagination begins slowly to build an elaborate detail. I file each one away in my mind. Often I even write them down in note form. This way I have a whole series of handy files in my head. Of course, several years may go by before

I get around to transforming these sensations into anything as concrete as a scenario. But when a project begins to take shape, then I dig into one of my mental files for a scene, into another for a character. Sometimes the character I pull out doesn't get on at all with the other ones in my script, so I have to send him back to his file and look elsewhere. My films grow like a snowball, very gradually from a single flake of snow. In the end, I often can't see the original flake that started it all.

PLAYBOY: In the case of *The Silence*, the "original flake"—that paralyzed old man—is certainly hard to discern in the explicit scenes of intercourse and masturbation that aroused such heated reactions, pro and con. What made you decide to depict sex so graphically on the screen?

BERGMAN: For many years I was timid and conventional in the expression of sex in my films. But the manifestation of sex is very important, and particularly to me, for above all, I don't want to make merely intellectual films. I want audiences to feel, to sense my films. This to me is much more important than their understanding them. There is much in common between a beautiful summer morning and the sexual act; but I feel I've found the cinematic means of expressing only the first, and not the other, as yet. What interests me more, however, is the interior anatomy of love. This strikes me as far more meaningful than the depiction of sexual gratification.

PLAYBOY: Do you agree with those who say that the American version of *The Silence* has been emasculated by the excision of almost two minutes of film from the erotic scenes?

BERGMAN: I'd rather not comment on that.

PLAYBOY: All right. But is it possible that this encounter with American censorship regulations will induce you to exercise a certain degree of self-censorship in future films?

BERGMAN: No. Never.

PLAYBOY: How did you persuade actresses Thulin and Lindblom to perform the actual acts depicted in the picture's controversial scenes?

BERGMAN: The exact same way I have gotten them, with all my other actors, to perform in any scene in any of my other films. We simply discuss quietly and easily what they must do. Some people claim I hypnotize my actors—that I use magic to bring the performances out of them that I get. What nonsense! All I do is try to give them the one thing everyone wants, the one thing an actor *must* have: confidence in himself. That's all any actor wants, you know. To feel sure enough of himself that he'll be able to give everything he's capable of when the director asks for it. So I surround my actors with an aura of confidence and trust. I talk with them, often not about the scene we're working on at all, but

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just to make them feel secure and at ease. If that's magic, then I am a sorcerer. Then, too, working with the same people—technicians and actors—in our own private world for so many years together has facilitated my task of creating the necessary mood of trust.

PLAYBOY: How do you reconcile this statement with the following declaration, which you made five or six years ago in discussing your film-making methods: "I'd prostitute my talents if it would further my cause, steal if there was no other way out, kill my friends or anyone else if it would help my art"?

BERGMAN: Let's say I was pretty defensive when I said that. When one is unsure of himself, when he's worried about his position, worried about being a creative artist, he feels the need, as I said before, to express himself very strongly, very assertively, in order to withstand any potential criticism. But once you've finally become successful, you feel freed from the imperatives of success. You stop worrying about striving, and can devote yourself to your work. Life becomes so much easier. You like yourself better. I find that I'm beginning to enjoy much that I never did before, to learn that there is much I haven't seen. I feel a little older—not much, but a little—and I like it.

You know, I used to think that compromise in life, as in art, was unthinkable, that the worst thing a man could do was make compromises. But of course I did make compromises. We all do. We have to. We couldn't live otherwise. But for a long time I wouldn't admit to myself—although, of course, at the same time I knew it—that I, too, was a man who compromised. I thought I could be above it all. I have learned that I can't. I have learned that what matters, really, is being alive. You're alive; you can't stand dead or half-dead people, can you? To me, what counts is being able to feel. That's what *Winter Light*—the film of mine that people seem to understand least—is trying to say. Now that you've been in Stockholm in midwinter for a few days, I think you can begin to understand, a little, what this film is about. What do you make of it?

PLAYBOY: We're more interested in learning what you make of it.

BERGMAN: Well, it was a difficult film, one of the hardest I've made so far. The audience has to work. It's a progression from *Through a Glass Darkly*, and it in turn is carried forward to *The Silence*. The three stand together. My basic concern in making them was to dramatize the all-importance of communication, of the capacity for feeling. They are not concerned—as many critics have theorized—with God or His absence, but with the saving force of love. Most of the people in these three films are dead, completely dead. They don't know how to love or to feel any emotions. They are

lost because they can't reach anyone outside of themselves.

The man in *Winter Light*, the pastor, is nothing. He's nearly dead, you understand. He's almost completely cut off from everyone. The central character is the woman. She doesn't believe in God, but she has strength; it's the women who are strong. She can love. She can save with her love. Her problem is that she doesn't know how to express this love. She's ugly, clumsy. She smothers him, and he hates her for it and for her ugliness. But she finally learns how to love. Only at the end, when they're in the empty church for the three o'clock service that has become perfectly meaningless for him, her prayer in a sense is answered: he responds to her love by going on with the service in that empty country church. It's his own first step toward feeling, toward learning how to love. We're saved not by God, but by love. That's the most we can hope for.

PLAYBOY: How is this theme carried out in the other two films of the trilogy?

BERGMAN: Each film, you see, has its moment of contact, of human communication: the line "Father spoke to me," at the end of *Through a Glass Darkly*; the pastor conducting the service in the empty church for Marta at the end of *Winter Light*; the little boy reading Esther's letter on the train at the end of *The Silence*. A tiny moment in each film—but the crucial one. What matters most of all in life is being able to make that contact with another human. Otherwise you are dead, like so many people today are dead. But if you can take that first step toward communication, toward understanding, toward love, then no matter how difficult the future may be—and have no illusions, even with all the love in the world, living can be hellishly difficult—then you are saved. This is all that really matters, isn't it?

PLAYBOY: Many reviewers felt that this same message—that of salvation from solitude through love—was also the theme of your best-known and most commercially successful film, *Wild Strawberries*—in which the old physician, as one critic wrote, "after a life of emotional detachment, learns the lesson of compassion, and is redeemed by this change of heart." Are they right?

BERGMAN: But he doesn't change. He can't. That's just it. I don't believe that people can change, not really, not fundamentally. Do you? They may have a moment of illumination, they may see themselves, have awareness of what they are, but that is the most they can hope for. In *Winter Light*, the woman, the strong one—she can see. She has her moment of awareness, but it won't change their lives. They will have a terrible life. I wouldn't make a film about what happens to them next for anything in the world. They'll have to get along without me.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of the character of Marta in *Winter Light*, you've been widely praised for your sympathetic depiction of, and insight into, the feminine protagonists in your films. How is it—

BERGMAN: You're going to ask how it is I understand women so well. Women used to interest me as subjects because they were so ridiculously treated and shown in movies. I simply showed them as they actually are—or at least closer to what they are than the silly representations of them in the movies of the Thirties and Forties. Any reasonably realistic treatment looked great by comparison with what was being done. In the past few years, however, I have begun to realize that women are essentially the same as men, that they both have the same problems. I don't think of there being women's problems or women's stories any more than I do of there being men's problems or men's stories. They are all human problems. It's people who interest me now.

PLAYBOY: Will your next film be in any way a continuation of the theme elaborated in your recent trilogy?

BERGMAN: No, my new film, and my last for a while, is a comedy, an erotic comedy, a ghost story—and my first film in color.

PLAYBOY: What's it called?

BERGMAN: *All the Women*. They may like it in America; the theme song is *Yes, We Have No Bananas*. It amuses me, anyway. I've already told one Swedish writer that I'm hoping it will start the Bergman Ballyhoo Era. It's not long since I finished the final cutting. You know, I don't at all mind editing or cutting my films. I don't have any of this love-hate feeling that some directors have toward cutting their own work. David Lean told me once that he can't bear the task of cutting, that it literally makes him sick. I don't feel that way at all. I'm completely unneurotic in that respect.

PLAYBOY: You said a moment ago that this will be your last film "for a while." How long is a while?

BERGMAN: Two years, probably. I want to immerse myself in my work as director at the Royal Dramatic Theater here. Theater fascinates me for several reasons; for one thing, it's so much less demanding on you than making films. You're less at the mercy of equipment and the demand for so many minutes of footage every day. You aren't nearly so alone. It's between you and the actors, and later on, the audience. It's wonderful—the sudden meeting of the actor's expression and the audience's response. It's all so direct and alive. A film, once completed, is inalterable; in the theater you can get a different response from every performance. There's constant change, always the chance to improve. I don't think I could live without it.



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He took to hanging around in pool halls, sleazy night clubs and the dime arcades that featured sex films.

Renard

AL DOOLEY, graduate student in sociology at the University of California, and bored, sick of being bored, bored with being bored, had thought that his service in the Army would provide a nice, unpleasant break in the easy slide of his life. Well, it didn't. He beat it without meaning to.

Dejected, he informed his parents, who ran a travel agency in Santa Barbara, specializing in five-day tours to Acapulco. They were happy. They preferred their son in his Ivy ease and sloth. They preferred not to worry about the future, except for the slackening boom in Acapulco.

Rejected, he then drove over to his girl Peggy's apartment on Dwight Way in Berkeley—his girl Peggy with her cable-knit sweaters, her long smooth legs and thighs, her pert and perky healthy little face with no make-up at all if you don't count the eye shadow, mascara, and the job of curling on her eyelashes. She was a trifle vain about her blue-green eyes. She picked her clothes to match—nighties, sweaters, and such. She had a powder-blue TR-4, too. Rejected and dejected, Al came drooping padward. "You beat it?" cooed Peggy through buttery lips. "You beat it? Ooh, goody. Let's celebrate. Let's make out."

"First, don't you want to hear?" he asked.

"Ooh yes." She folded her hands in her lap to indicate desire to hear. Legs in ski pants folded under rump on couch to indicate desire to hear. Desire to hear all over, and she fluttered her lashes. They caught the mild Berkeley sunlight through the slats.

He had reported for the preinduction physical. It turned out that he had suffered a skull fracture as a boy, and for a whole year, at age eight, he had been mighty depressed about life. Missed school (third-grade arithmetic was a bore, anyway), trouble using right leg, double vision. Then it passed. He attended school, used his right leg, saw single. He was blithe again by age nine. But the Army doctors had pried, prodded, knocked, tapped, squeezed, mumbled, listened, and shined lights at him. No decision. They mumbled some more. Then a psychiatrist had brought him cannily into a private office and offered him a cigarette and extended a whole bunch of shrewd questions: "Wanna be some kinda artist, hey? Wanna live alone? Wanna grow a beard? Ever sleep with a man? Ever wanna?"

Al had answered no to all these questions. The doctor, sucking furiously on his pipe, shook his head in the grip of metaphysical agony. His cheeks grew white, then red, then white again. Finally, through clenched teeth, his breath broke; the strain was relieved; the tobacco drew. There was a wet sizzle in the stem of the pipe. The doctor reared back, popeyed; reared forward. He speared a pencil, using index finger and opposable thumb. Like Cro-Magnon man, he had made a discovery. He wrote something on a yellow form and nodded to a corporal standing at the door. The corporal took Al's papers and, with a somewhat swaying tread, led him to the door.

"Well, am I in?" Al asked.

The corporal held his papers by two fingers and merely winced at the question.

"It's important to me, Corporal. Am I in the Army now?"

The corporal handed him a folder and said with fine contempt, "We don't want you."

"May I ask why?"

"Becauth we jutht don't want you."

"But why?" Al insisted.

The corporal breathed lispingly. "Thinuth, you crumb. Clogged thinuth. Me with my adenoidth, they took me in, but you with your thinuth . . ."

"Ah, oh, ooh," said Peggy, plucking at her sweater, "there was a shadow on the bone when they

JACKPOT

fiction By HERBERT GOLD

it looked like a perfect heist to al — there was a nice little branch bank down on market street, and there was a nice little sexy crowd to melt into

shined the light up your nose, I guess it was."

Peggy was undressing while she talked. She respected him. He was intelligent. His breath smelled pretty. Therefore she didn't shove any one of her various perfumed, cared-for parts at him until he had finished discussing. This took some forbearance on Peggy's side, because Al was a talkative, coffee-drinking, theorizing graduate student. And for her health's sake, Peggy needed lots of loving. She furnished her apartment near the Berkeley campus with a Buffet print, Montoya playing the guitar in stereo, and lots of athletic loving to supplement her skiing and tennis. She had been used to loving since the first summer after high school. Addicted to both mildly mentholated cigarettes and the prance and squeak of love, she preferred to get the cigarettes by the carton from the drugstore on the corner and the loving by the fireside from her honey bunch, Al. He was nice. Though he was long-winded, he was also long-winded, if you get what she meant by that. She liked him medically. "Mmm, honey, let's make out," she whispered when she could forbear no more. She touched his knee and blushed. But she kept her hand there. Still blushing, she stroked the inside of his thigh, but only a little. A girl mustn't be too forward with a really manly man like Al.

Afterward, walking down Telegraph Avenue, with the late strollers of the perpetual mild April of Berkeley clogging the street, Al tried counting the cable-knit sweaters on boys and girls, tried counting the pretty girls, tried finding a short-legged one, tried to find some variation in the succession of espresso coffeehouse and bookshop and sports cars and sweet California pleasures. No! Not enough! he thought. To slip downhill into my Ph.D. and teach sociology in some good Western school and marry a Peggy and look slim and elegant until I'm 50, skiing and art movies and fathering long-legged California children and . . . Oh, no! he cried out, with exhausted, pleased, Peggy-pleasured loins empty.

He insisted that he go home that night; he wanted to think about things. The future lay before him. Peggy, her treadmill health insured once more, sleepily assented. She was cooperative. He cooperated with her and she would cooperate with him. Fair is fair. She only added, dropping down to sleep with her cashmere littering the floor and her undies piled neatly on a chair: "Kizmee."

He kissed her.

And now, back in the sweet eternal April of the Bay area, he was trying to figure out what to do next. If he had been a Jew, he could have gone to fight in Israel, if there were a war in Israel. If he had been a Negro, he could have gone to register at some Southern uni-

versity, if there were need of him. If he were an artist or a writer, he could go art or write. But what could a clever-to-very-clever-grade sociology student find to do that might make an exception of his ordinary life? Join the Peace Corps? Get rich? Commit a crime?

Well, the Peace Corps seemed a bit political to Al, who suffered from that tendency to cynicism which is one of the diseases of the bored. Another of the diseases is melancholia. These led him to ask such questions as: "In a time of general disaster, why catch infectious hepatitis in foreign climes? Why teach one Asian to read when a thousand illiterate ones are being conceived every minute? Why not get my jaundice at home?" Which only meant that the Peace Corps did not engage him. That settled the Peace Corps.

Falling in love had been listed among the possibilities. But Al sensed that, once sex is taken care of, taken care of in Peggy's or some other Peggy's sincere California fashion, love is not an option to be chosen by an act of will. It may happen along with the magic of a life that is exciting in other ways. No love in sight. OK.

That left getting rich. Or committing a crime. Why not combine the two, crime and riches?

He would take off the summer to become a rich criminal in San Francisco or Berkeley. It was more personal than being a draftee, anyway. The phrase "heist job" came fizzing through to his bemused spirit. He liked the sound of it. Heist, con, strong-arm—an energetic young maestro of psychopathic behavior! He would have money for specialties in sex, travel, cars, fun. Large doings! Aberrations! He could break out of the mold for a major splurge in exceptional life. For Al Dooley, depressed and cynical, this was the moral equivalent of the Peace Corps. He needed something to make the pot boil beneath him.

The student criminal Al Dooley, formerly melancholic, took a hot shower before bed. He left the glass door of the stall ajar, so that it went drip drip drip on the tile, but before he could get up to close it, he had fallen asleep. He was 23 years old. He had not suffered very much in his span on earth. But he had a taste for meaning: he wanted life to have meaning; he wanted to be different. This rude ambition breaks molds.

. . .

How does a young man from a good school, with a father in travel in Santa Barbara, enter the life of crime? It's not easy. Perhaps because of long association with students bucking for a Monsanto Chemical or Civil Service, Al thought of becoming a Mafia trainee or an apprentice gangster in some small racket. But where were the advertisements to answer, the references to offer, the curricu-

lum vitae or résumés to prepare? Where was the trade journal called *Safecracking Today*? Where was the Prentice-Hall text on how you, too, can learn to pass counterfeit money in your spare time? It almost seemed as if they were deliberately trying to make things hard for a young fellow seeking to make his way in the world. They favored their own. You had to have pull—like for appointments to West Point or the Naval Academy. No smiling and crewcut recruiters from The Black Hand visited the campus to talk with seniors and graduate students in the social sciences.

The Bible says to do whatever you do with a full heart. With a full heart Al Dooley had been doing nothing.

He moped, trying to find a dishonest way in life. He needed something special. He sought to leave the ruck of the easy and ordinary.

Inevitably it occurred to Al to visit Milly Peck in her upstairs pad on Grant Street in San Francisco's North Beach, but he hated to involve Milly in his problems. Still, she was as close to the criminal world as anyone he knew. She had been his girl during his freshman and sophomore years, and then had dropped out when she met a smalltime operator named Poopie Cola in a coffeehouse. But to go to Milly would not be to make a clean break with his past, Al decided. It was a compromise. First, he would look around all by himself.

He took to hanging out in pool halls, but all he found there were admirers of Jackie Gleason and Paul Newman. No nice hustlers, no heist men, just a few creepy geezers, killing time, calling each other Oakland Fats and Slim-from-Richmond.

Next he tried sleazy night clubs in the Tenderloin area of San Francisco—whores of both sexes, trying to take him for a ride, suggesting a hotel room or a Turkish bath. But without going through the unnerving sex round, Al saw no way toward satisfying illicit enterprise through the people he met in the Winner's, Gimpy's or the Whazzat-Bar. Anyway, they were mostly office boys, waitresses or relief clients in their daytime lives, and about the worst thing they ever did was to make off with a box of paper clips or a tablecloth stamped NATIONAL LINEN SUPPLY. He saw a promising type in a dime arcade on Market Street, looking at the sex films—three minutes of a girl all by herself for a dime, for a quarter in color—and he said: "Psst, I'm looking for a job—"

An answer came back rapidly, requesting that he do to himself what the man watching the filmstrip was obviously doing all by his lonesome in this popcorn-scented corner of the lonely arcade.

"Hey, Louie! Here's a beauty!" shout-
(continued overleaf)



*"You know, I think I'm actually learning quite
a lot at my Mother's Knee, Mom."*

ed a sailor with his eyes pasted to the machine.

The man to whom Al had applied for a job repeated his invitation to the sailor. He sought beauty, not fortune. The promising type was gloomily satisfied by his three minutes in color of a Mexican lady wriggling out of a black girdle, still wearing her pumps.

Wriggling up from the bottom of Market Street was not the way for a man of Al's ambitious intensity to enter a life of crime. Just as in so many other businesses, he would have to use pull. He would go to see Milly Peck in her North Beach pad. He was tired of brooding over cheap whiskey and waiting to be spoken to by a weary second-story man in need of a side-kick to give him a boost. Even the water in these bars where he bided his time tasted of whiskey, bad whiskey, and the whiskey tasted of bad water, and finally people did talk to him, but only about the ball game, about Fidel Castro, or about the fine climate of the Bay area. Extreme measures were called for. Milly Peck.

Milly, a small, intense girl with a fine miniature figure and long reddish hair and a bad complexion, had left school in her junior year to join forces with Peter A. (Poopie) Cola. Milly was the daughter of a Hillsboro stockbroker. She had gone to a finishing school and to the most expensive dermatologist in San Francisco. Dermatology and French by the conversational method did not do for her. Even accompanying herself on the guitar as she sang *The Blue-Tailed Fly* did not put her hormones in lasting order. But under the constant care of Poopie, her hickies went away all by themselves. Her complexion was clearing up nicely. This made Al a little jealous, since she had suffered from skin trouble continuously during the two years of their going steady, but of course Al was young and inexperienced and Poopie had never been young, and never been inexperienced. "He's so considerate, Al," she said. "It's a little folkway he learned."

Maybe Milly just outgrew skin troubles. She was growing into her type—a small, graceful, slow-moving, long-haired girlfriend of a Grant Street pander and marijuana peddler. He liked her to wear ski pants and her hair in a single braid. It did something for him. In return, he wore elastic pants he bought at the Sword & Whip, Men's Sportwear, on Polk Street. He had once bought a leather bikini at the S & W, but when it shrank and locked on him at the beach and he had to go screaming to be cut out, Poopie retreated to more conservative garb. He only wore his flaring black-leather cape on chilly evenings.

Poopie had given up pimping for love of Milly. He had given up a wife and three children for love of Milly. He truly loved Milly. He just liked to stay around their apartment above a pizzeria,

occasionally beating her up to keep his hand in, cashing the stock from her small inheritance, getting to know each other. All this he did for love of Milly. For love of Poopie—but only when all the stock was sold—Milly would hit the street under Poopie's guidance. Until then, Poopie was a sort of kept man, loafing in loafers, loving on the love seat, wearing the cape, entertaining Milly in a way she had never been entertained as an undergraduate at Mills College. Later he could be a man and really earn his keep, selling Milly's pelt in the clubs of Broadway.

Poopie yawned in Al's face when Milly said, "Al Dooley, you remember, I told you all about him the night you broke my front tooth, darling."

"Yeah. Hiya, sport."

"Come on in, Al. I'll put the tea on."

"Why thanks, Milly, I'd love it. Brr, that fog."

But it was Poopie who made the tea. He rolled it in a little piece of paper, licked the cylinder, and passed it around. The fog had billowed through the Golden Gate, across Twin Peaks, across Russian and Nob Hills, and now even this cozy little apartment above the V-Day Pizzeria & Zen Coffeebar was enclosed in a dense warm muff. They sat cross-legged on the rugs Milly had brought down from the family house in Hillsboro and enjoyed the traditional Grant Street Tea Ceremony together. Al decided that Poopie wasn't so bad for a criminal type. He was a sadist and a parasite and a cheap crook, but he was friendly. And that's what counts in this world of difficult contacts, where every man is an island entire of himself. Poopie passed the tea from hand to hand. He was nice. He was sociable. He made conversation. "There's a funny thing about me," he said, "I never did like a toothache. Funny. And a foot injection—I never did like a foot injection. And a guy who makes trouble neither. I'm a funny guy that way." He was thoughtful. He meditated his goals in life—no toothaches, foot injections or troublemakers. Al reminded himself not to have cavities and to dry carefully between his toes.

To get to know Poopie was to get to like him. He was the greatest little complexion-clearer-upper of all the petty thugs on Grant. He was sweet, though he did have that death's-head grin. He was nice, despite his habit of wearing a sweater without a shirt underneath and his way of laughing in your face without telling why. He was a great guy, really swell, one of the best. Easy to see why Milly picked him when she wanted to let her father in Hillsboro know that he had somehow failed to communicate with her, really communicate, and dermatology and guitars and stock in her own time were mere materialism compared to the love of a fine, upstanding, greasy little man.

Al inhaled deeply, held it, gasped, and passed on the tea. He smiled at Poopie. Poopie frowned back. He had a slight head cold, infecting both Milly and Al, but that wasn't his fault. Anyway, as the Army docs had said, Al's sinus was susceptible.

Later, while a quiet little bossa nova long play filled the thoughtful silences, Al finally asked Poopie's help in his quest for an introduction into the life of crime.

"Hah?" said kindly, friendly, postnasal Poopie.

"A heist team. Safecracking. Burglaring, you know," said Al.

"Oh Al!" Milly cried, slapping his wrist. "What would your parents say? Listen, you should know the trouble I get in with my daddy over just living with Poopie, much less if I went to work for him. Parents are so square, honest. Daddy thinks I'm going to peddle my ass—oops, sorry, Poopie doesn't like me to use that language—sell it to the johns. Poopie wouldn't ask me to do a thing like that, would you, Poopie? Remember, you promised, Poopie. Poopie? Poopie?"

"Yah, I promised," he said.

Milly smiled gratefully. "You see, I told you. But of course if bubble comes to squeak and it's a question of taking good care of my honey bunch, well, there's nothing I wouldn't do for my very own Poopie."

"Count on you," said Poopie, showing his gums.

"Daddy says I'm just going through the stage of parental rebellion, but I know better. It's purely true love and economic. I'd do anything for Poopie. I'm twenty-one and it's time to live my own life. I wish Dad understood, he'd like him if he saw him the way I do, in his cape and all. Poopie's so nice, I mean."

Al interrupted this scene of connubial bliss. "Help me out?" he asked nice Poopie.

"Naw," said Poopie with that frankness for which Milly loved him.

"Just give me some advice, maybe?" Al asked.

"Yes and no," said Poopie with that tactful deviousness for which Milly loved him. "What's in it for me, sport?"

An appeal to responsibility for his fellow man would be inappropriate, Al believed. And yet hatred of his fellow man also failed to ring the proper bell. Al sighed and shook his head doggedly. It was so hard to communicate. He got up to leave with a sense of having spent just one more pleasant evening in a life of pleasant evenings. It was Sunday, the sky was fogged in all over the Bay area, the kids back in Berkeley were having their last espresso of the weekend and getting ready to do a bit of studying after the day's hard fun. But somehow

(continued on page 138)

Oh, Susannah!

pictorial

british beauty susannah york turns unfettered water sprite in her latest film



Overnight, British film actress Susannah York (snuggled above with William Holden on the set of their new film, *The Seventh Dawn*) has risen from novice to box-office draw. Until recently a student at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, she made the most of her first professional opportunities—important parts in three TV shows—and parlayed them into stellar roles in *Tunes of Glory*, as Alec Guinness' daughter; *Freud*, in which she played a pretty but hysterically paralyzed patient opposite Montgomery Clift; and in *Tom Jones*, as the virtuous heroine who led Albert Finney a merry chase throughout the story—and shared with him the abundant praise bestowed upon the film. Still in her early 20s, seductive Susannah seems assured of a bright future.



Beautiful Susannah York, bonny heroine of the recent



William Holden) in her newest film, "The Seventh Dawn,"

When *The Seventh Dawn* is released by United Artists in July, Susannah's press reviews may rave as much about her physical charms as her acting skills. She shares top billing with William Holden and Capucine in this on-location movie of civil strife in Malaya. The sequence shown here occurs early in the script, when Susannah sheds her clothing for a brief dip. Holden fortuitously meets her and, from then on, the young girl and the older man struggle through a trouble-fraught romance. (Above, Holden records the scene for his personal photo scrapbook.) The swimming tableau may never reach the screen in the United States, since the producers of *The Seventh Dawn*, in conformity with present Hollywood practice, may have filmed it primarily for the foreign market and domestic publicity, and will excise it if censorship threatens the box office. However, the mere shooting of the scene, with an established star, exemplifies the current phenomenon of film nudity in this country, from low-budget nudies, to adult bed-and-bath farces (see page 110 of this issue, *The Nudest Mamie Van Doren*, for the most recent example of this genre) to major productions like *The Seventh Dawn*.



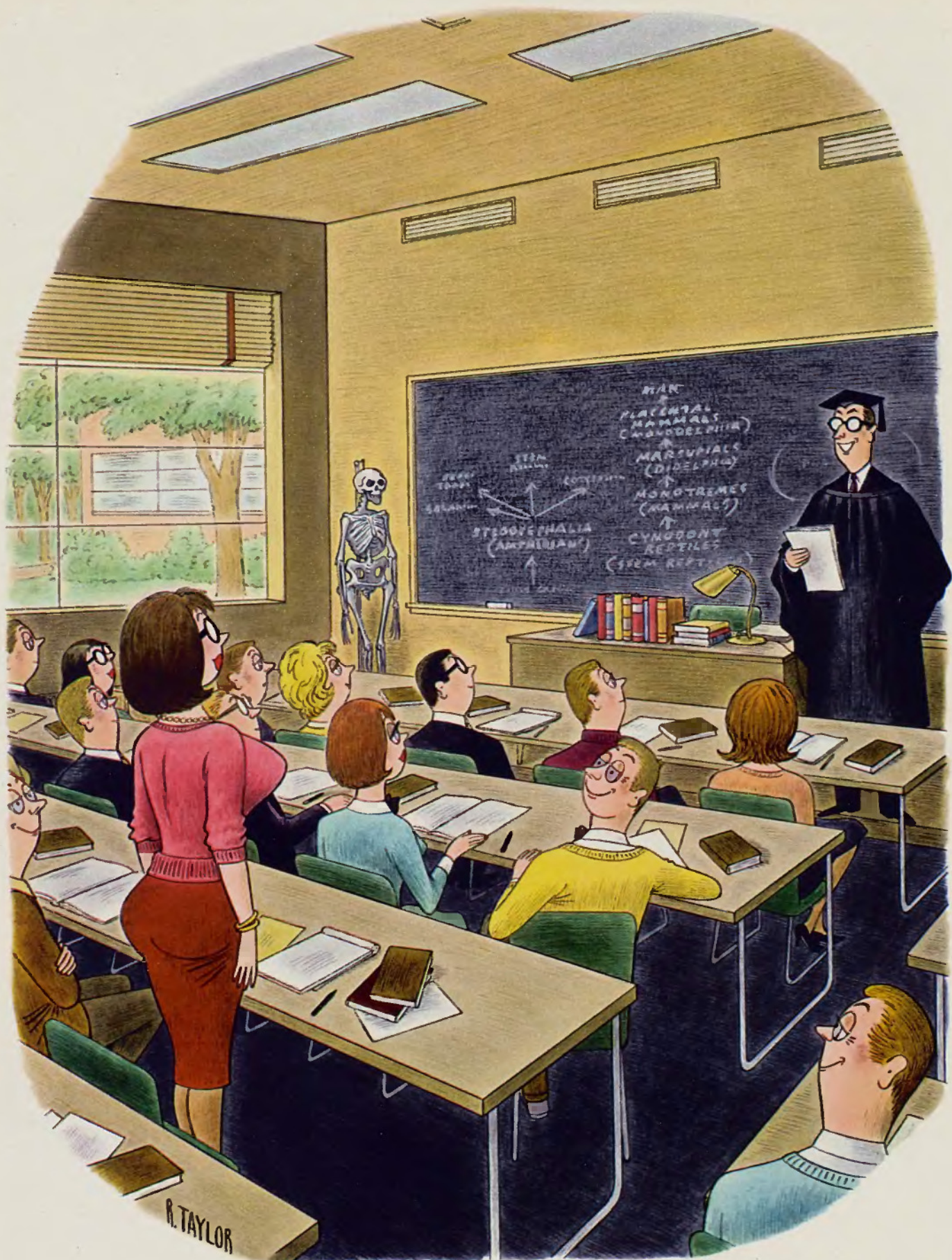


cinematic success "Tom Jones," takes an in-the-altogether swim (under the off-camera scrutiny of leading man



a dramatization of the Communist-loyalist struggles that occurred in Malaya during the early 1950s.





"Miss Tutkin, I wish to compliment you on your quite-excellent, perceptive and well-documented paper concerning the physiological characteristics of the Mammalia."



A. PAUL

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

scientific progress toward prolonging human life and predictions concerning its indefinite extension
 article **BY FREDERIK POHL**

EACH OF US WANTS what Ponce de León wanted, and unless the road maps are all wrong, we are well on the way to finding it. Consider yourself in the year 1984—20 years older, 20 years more worn in your parts. Yet most of you is still likely to be in pretty good shape. We do not wear out all at once, like the wonderful one-hoss shay, but seriatim, like a hard-driven sports car. Well, replace the worn-out parts. You would not discard an XK-E because of a worn clutch; you would replace the clutch. By 1984, or some date in that approximate area, you will not put up with the wheeze of emphysema in your lungs, for all you need is a new set of lungs, or a graft of tissue in the old lungs, and magically the emphysema is gone. Hairline receding? Graft in new follicles—or stimulate the old, perhaps, with hormones, chemicals or some latter-day derivative of DNA. Wrinkles? Flabby muscles? These are chemical matters. We treat them with surgery now, if we treat them at all, but in a couple of decades chemistry should provide a way of rejuvenating the collagen and flushing out the calcium compounds that bring age. Want to get rid of fat? You would not put up with a burning mixture that left carbon deposits in your car's engine; you will not have to put up with a metabolic rate that deposits a spare tire of blubber around your waist. Your look can be young, your step can be sprightly. And your sexual powers? They need not stop at 45—or 65—or 105, for that matter; tissue transplants will rejuvenate old organs of every sort. This may not even be necessary; for the basis of most failing ardor is not physical but psychic, and the therapies that make you feel young and *be* young will remove the psychic obstacles to love.

You have, in fact, reason to hope that you will retain or regain a very great part of your optimum years of strength and vigor till the day you die—and, as a matter of fact, very possibly after. For the mere process of dying may in 1984 be no longer very important.

(continued overleaf)

Is this a fantastic science-fiction story?

Science fiction has, of course, recurrently dreamed on subjects like these. There is no cataloging the number of stories that have dealt with reviving the dead, restoring youth, providing spare parts to replace worn-out organs. Edgar Rice Burroughs worked over the theme endlessly—Ras Thavas, his master Martian surgeon, who implanted old men's brains in young skulls and so gave them all but eternal life and vigor; his Barsoomian supermen, the kaldanes, who were themselves mere crawling heads but had bred headless bodies to bear them about. Whenever a kaldane wanted to climb a mountain, fight a duel or make love, he attached his head to one of the brute bodies—they were called rykors—and got at it. Robert Heinlein gave us Lazarus Long, to whom centuries were merely an incident. In *Down Among the Dead Men*, William Tenn told us of men who were cobbled together out of spare parts, identityless "blobs" who were useful for routine work and as cannon fodder—and the same writer, in *Child's Play*, envisioned "Bild-a-Man" sets sold as children's toys for the future. It has, in fact, been a recurring theme in a dozen of my own stories—for example, *The Reefs of Space*, in which Jack Williamson and I described a "Body Bank" to which criminals and social undesirables were committed to serve as walking storehouses of spare organs, subject to a resection of whatever limb or light some worthier citizen might need to keep him going.

This is all science fiction, but it is not fantasy. (According to the rules of the game, the difference is that a science-fiction story *might* come true, but a fantasy obviously can't.)

If you think that even science fiction is all too fantastic, think of what is going on in medicine right now. There is no fiction in the organ transplants that are being performed almost daily—or in the artificial organs that replace or supplement natural ones, or in the vaccines and antibiotics that take the fear out of ancient murderers like pneumonia and smallpox, or in the surgery that can build a new face on what is almost a bare skull, burned to the bone.

Not even the miracle of bringing the dead back to life is fiction anymore. Lev Landau, the Russian physicist, died in a mangling auto crash several years ago—died three more times in the hospital—and yet he now walks the streets of Leningrad, alive and well.

We set 1984 as a date when you yourself might have your life lengthened and strengthened out of all recognition, but that date might turn out to be a very bad guess. It may be much closer than that, as we shall see.

• • •

At this moment there are three billion people alive in the world. Ac-

cording to mortality tables, about a billion of these individuals will still be around in the year 2000 A.D. Five hundred million will survive a couple of decades beyond that; a few million will make the centenarian mark, living to the year 2064 A.D.; and a tiny handful, perhaps 50 or so of those breathing today, have a statistical probability of viewing the dawn of the 22nd Century.

That is what the tables say. But if there is one thing sure about actuarial tables, it is that they have been uniformly wrong in every projection made since the beginning of this century, and every error has been in the same direction. We *always* live longer than statistics allow.

It is, in fact, a good betting probability that some of us, and perhaps a great many of us, may never have to die at all. Indeed, there are those who would say that some of the two million-odd persons who at this moment are holding this issue of PLAYBOY in their hands will be around to greet the spring a thousand years from now—as healthy and happy as they are today, and maybe more so.

There are three ways in which we can make liars of the mortality tables. The first of them is the prolongation of life by removing some of the causes of death; and, of course, that battle is a lot more than half won right now. By the standards of any age but our own, we are all presented at birth with half a century more of life expectancy than our ancestors of a thousand years back. Barring war or accident, we're going to live a lot longer than we ever planned—longer than we had any reason to hope, and one hell of a lot longer than the world has any present way of making use of us.

This isn't something that *may* happen. It has happened already. The great bacterial killers of all previous ages have one by one been brought under control. For some, like syphilis and strep infections, we have cures; for others, like smallpox, we have preventive vaccines; most of the remainder we have legislated out of existence by removing the conditions that permitted them to occur, as we have controlled malaria by killing off mosquitoes. The viral infections are more stubborn, but they are also in retreat; at least one virus has already succumbed to a new antibiotic, and that is a major breakthrough. What is left is mopping up. It is, indeed, rather rare to find a death from "natural causes" these days unless the cause of death is either something involving cancer or something to do with the heart. And although the struggle against these two classes of killers is filled with blighted hopes, it is also marked with partial successes, and there are very few doctors who don't feel optimistic that both will yet succumb to control. Barring vio-

lence, in short, the things we die of are the things our ancestors would have been delighted to live long enough to die of.

Even when we can do nothing about the ailment itself, we can often enough keep it from being fatal. We don't cure diabetes, but diabetics rarely die of their disease; insulin and other therapies make the disease irrelevant. Quite a few "dead" Americans are walking around right now, whose hearts had stopped, whose condition even a couple of years ago would have been the signal for the attending physician to put on his condoling face and reach for a fountain pen and a death certificate, but who now get around pretty well because a little transistorized gadget inside their chest wall keeps an "irreparable" heart beating. Nobody fixed the heart—we don't know how. All we know how to do is put a pacemaker in and keep it going. Less convenient, but still a "lifesaver," is the artificial kidney. The heart-lung machine can keep some patients breathing and technically "alive" about as long as their next of kin want to go on paying the electric bill. Uncounted thousands of polio victims have had their breathing done for them while their own lungs were unable to perform the task. Many of them will never be able to breathe in any other way, but they still live, read, talk, think, work and procreate.

Nor are we limited to mechanical appliances. In Ecuador early this year, a man blew his hand off with a grenade. A new hand was grafted from a corpse. Kidneys have been transplanted from one body to another almost beyond counting—244 of them to mid-1963, in England, France and the United States alone. Replacing damaged corneas with transplants from the dead is now almost as routine as an appendectomy.

If a transplant donor is not available, sometimes the plastic surgeon can build a new organ out of spare tissues from the victim's own body. In Belgium a war casualty was given a new penis—and this was not mere cosmetic surgery, for the Belgian married in 1950 and became a father, although not only the entire penis but much of the rest of the genitalia had been destroyed.

Technical problems make many of these hopeful procedures difficult or happenstance. Nerve tissue needs to be coaxed to regenerate; sometimes it doesn't, and the transplant may lack sensory connection to the host. Sometimes a newly transplanted organ fails because it is attacked and destroyed by the same disease that damaged its predecessor. The body itself is the worst enemy of the transplants. It resists them and tries to destroy them with its immune response, just as it destroys invading microorgan-

(continued on page 160)

playboy ON THE TOWN IN COPENHAGEN

a cosmopolite's guide to the beauties and blandishments of denmark's dazzling capital



PHOTOGRAPHY BY JERRY YULSMAN

OF ALL THE PLEASURE cities of the world vying for the attention of the knowledgeable traveler, none has gained fame more swiftly as a metropolitan Lorelei luring the jet set than Copenhagen, a lusty 12th Century merchant port, which in less than 20 years has attained a unique reputation among Europe-bound voyagers for its high spirits, its gracious way of life, its remarkably tolerant attitudes, its omnipresent welcoming smile—and, not least by any means, its extraordinary breed of statuesque Nordic women.

Copenhagen is a captivating admixture of baroque castles and ultramodern steel-and-glass office buildings, of ancient fishing vessels and streamlined hydrofoils, of VW engine clatter and the clacking of hoofs on cobblestone pavements, of closely knit family life and there's-no-tomorrow night life that lasts until tomorrow. It's a city where the Royal Ballet coexists with a gaudily fluorescent night-club strip and the horns of the Tivoli guard blend with the clanking of beer steins and the blaring of jukeboxes.

Copenhagen's ebullience has earned for the city the sobriquet "Paris of the North," and for its citizens the tag (by British writer Evelyn Waugh) of the "most exhilarating people in Europe." American visitors return home aglow with descriptions of its multitudinous lures and its insouciant propensity for pleasure. Yet, for all its allure, it remains a peculiarly unspoiled metropolis; the quest for the dollar is non-existent, surly service is absent, indifference to visitors is unknown. Copenhagen genuinely enjoys foreigners; it refuses to take itself seriously and has an unusual knack for laughing at itself. Small wonder that it is a happy hunting ground for males in pursuit of pleasure.

Situated on the coast of Sjaelland, just a 35-minute hydrofoil ride across The Sound from Sweden, the ancient capital was founded by



At a shop where wooden dolls come in all sizes, live Danish doll digs carved cave man for gag pic.



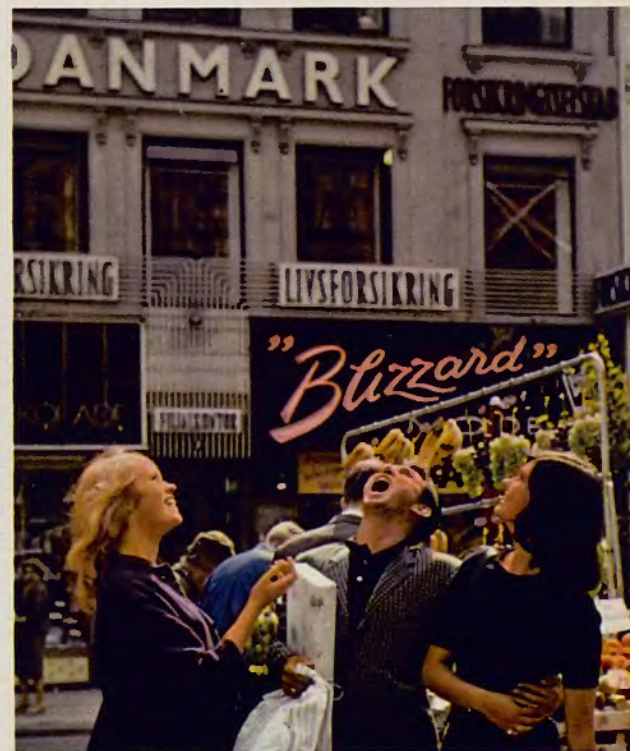
For some 30-odd miles, adjacent to the highway leading north from Copenhagen didly secluded invitation to some zesty natatorial high jinks. The straits here are



to Elsinore, an unbroken stretch of deserted snow-white beach provides a splen-
almost narrow enough to tempt one to swim over to Sweden, three miles away.



With more Danes pushing pedals than accelera-
tors, Copenhagen's streets invite coed cycling.



During the day, pedestrians hold sway on the
Strøget, Copenhagen's famous "walking street."



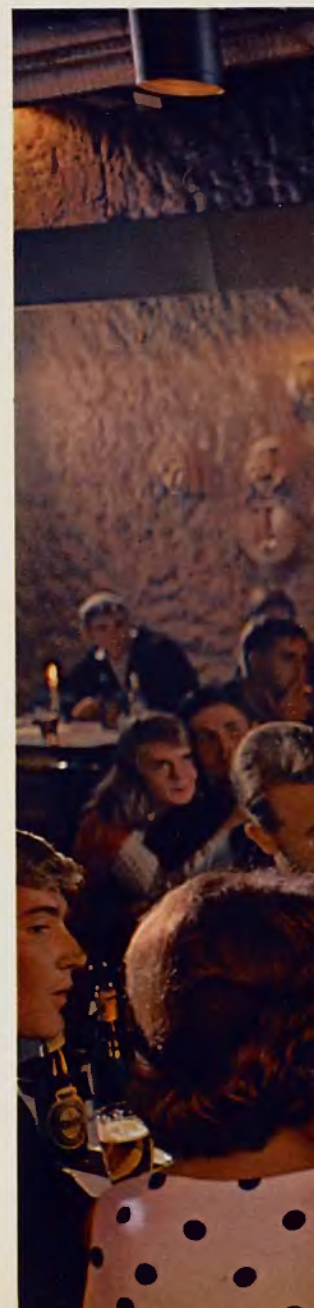
Left top: An eating place for Danish moderns is Tokanten restaurant, where far-
 minded Dansk distaffers abound. Left
 center: Smørrebrød-surrounded twosome
 sample some of Oskar Davidsen's 712
 open-faced sandwiches. Left bottom: The
 Vingarden, an ebullient jazzery, jumps
 with swinging Scands. Below: A stroll
 turns into a picnic at alfresco smørrebrød
 dispensary.



warrior-bishop Absalon and quickly be-
 came a Nordic commercial and fishing cen-
 ter. Its greatest benefactor was King
 Christian IV (1588-1648), the architect of
 its crenelated skyline and its reputation
 as a city of castles. Today Copenhagen,
 with a population of 1,300,000, is a thriving
 center of world-girdling exports of
 industrial goods, contemporary arts and
 crafts—furniture, silver and stainless-steel
 tableware, china, toys, and an abundance
 of food, including the Danes' justly famous
 hams, cheeses and herring.

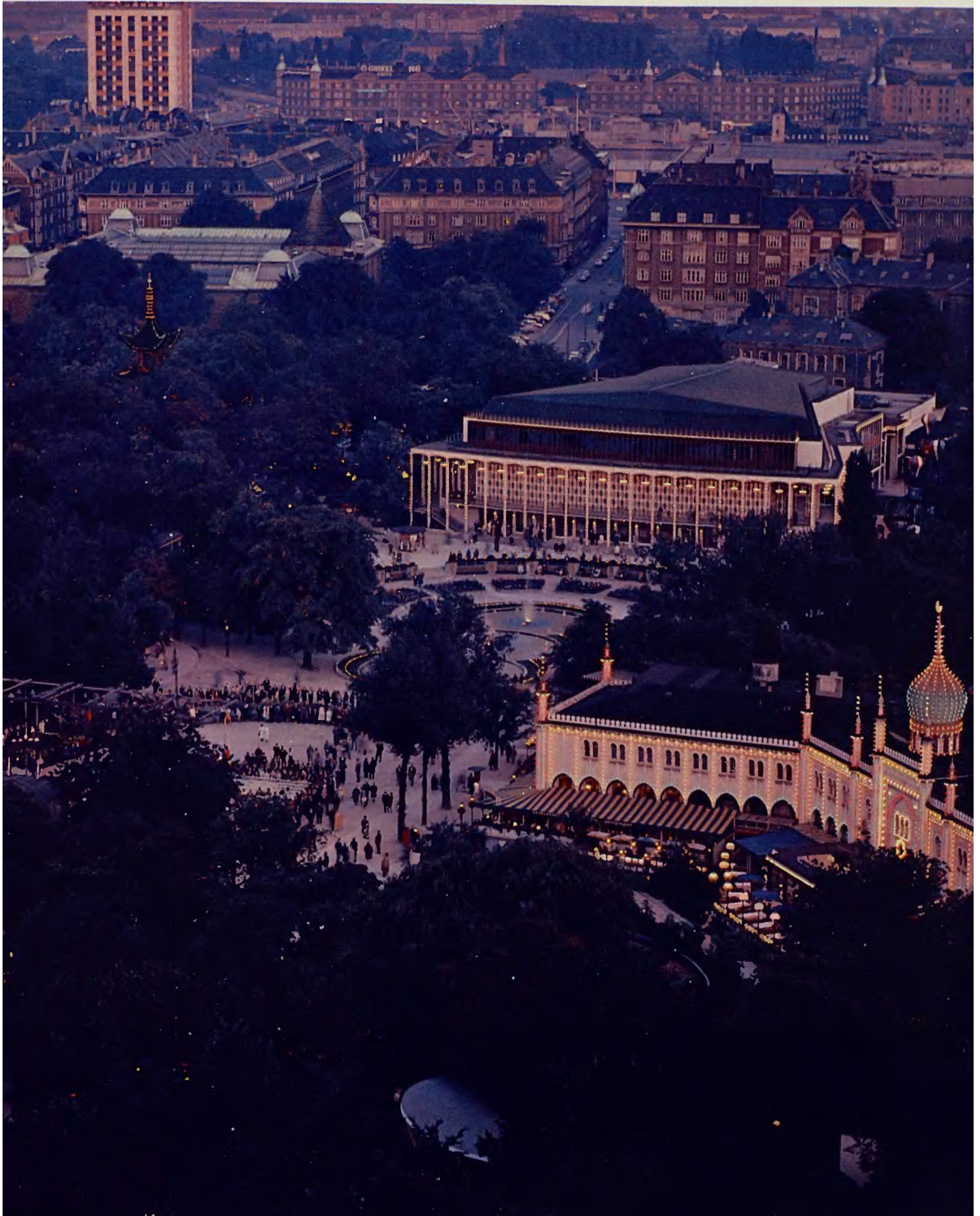
The capital is an easygoing, exuberant
 city whose denizens refuse to get overly
 exercised about much of anything—save
 perhaps for a spirited defense of their
 sensibly enlightened approach to sex or
 of the Danes' social-welfare setup which
 is one of the most advanced in western
 Europe; from nursery schools to old-people's
 homes, it's all state-run. Life is pleasantly
hyggelig (that peculiar Danish concept
 that can be translated only as a kind of
 world-is-your-oyster well-being). It also
 has its dominant steady rhythm pulsating
 (text continued on page 88)

Facing page, top left: Stars and Stripes
 flies over dessert in Greenland Room of
 Seven Nations restaurant, where each of
 seven elegant rooms boasts a national
 cuisine that ranks among Europe's finest.
 Top right: Marienlyst, a plush resort hotel
 an hour away from Copenhagen, features
 the only gambling casino in Denmark.
 Bottom: Montmartre is the hip jazz club
 in Copenhagen. Expatriate tenor man
 Dexter Gordon is the main attraction.





Below: The 121-year-old Tivoli, with its fanciful Byzantine structures such as the Concert Hall (rear) and Nimb restaurant (right foreground), is perhaps the world's most exciting amusement park. Its 20 walled acres in the center of Copenhagen boast dare-devil rides, buoyant cabarets, a cornucopian number of restaurants, plus glittering showcases for plays, opera, concerts and ballet.



Tivoli's rollicking rides include, below left: A galvanically paced Ferris wheel. Below right: A fine howdah-you-do as rainbow-hued pachyderm gives girls the run-around. Right center: Bright lights and balloons add to the festive Tivoli scene. Bottom left: Tivoli Dodge-em finds Sunday driver carrying cargo of delectable Danish pastry. Bottom right: A fun-filled lane off the main midway.



with round-the-clock activity—"Have fun in Copenhagen and sleep in the next country," the tourist association advises, and they speak the truth.

The red tape preparatory to debarking in Denmark is minute. No visa is required, merely a valid passport. Pack the togs you'd take along to any country of moderate climate (average Danish summer temperature: 70 to 90 degrees).

Scandinavian Airlines System jets you over directly from Los Angeles, Chicago or New York (in seven-and-a-half hours from the latter jump-off point) and is the only direct-line service to Copenhagen. It offers you en route an agreeable foretaste of things to come: warm smiles from Danish-modern stewardesses (who are good bets to be blondes, but are just as tempting-looking as redheads or brunettes), ample samplings of the epicurean pleasures ahead, and superb service.

You'll hardly have time to savor your *smørrebrød*, quaff a Larsen cognac and say Hans Christian Andersen before you're winging over the verdant fields of Denmark, over green-coppered roofs and setting down at the end of the airport terminal finger. It would be a long hike into the terminal building, but the airline has thoughtfully provided scooters for transportation.

The customs people are the epitome of pleasantness, and soon you're heading for the city aboard your cab—a short, uneventful ride save for the helter-skelter blend of autos, scooters, motor bikes and bicycles that fuse into the crazy-quilt traffic pattern. The pace is breakneck and the traffic individualistic. The thronging cyclists weave wildly in and out, seemingly doing their utmost to test the motorist's mettle.

The inner core of Copenhagen—of which City Hall Square is the nucleus—is a labyrinthine patchwork of meandering, narrow streets. Fanning out from this core are wide, tree-lined boulevards cutting deep swaths through alternating neighborhoods of attractive modern homes with well-manicured gardens, and clusters of ancient dwellings.

Because of the fairly seasonal tourist flow to Copenhagen, there's generally a shortage of rooms during the peak period from (text continued overleaf)

Silhouetted by the fountain-diffused lights of Tivoli, our man in Copenhagen pays scant attention to the myriad entertainment attractions about him, concentrates on improving international relations with a flaxen-haired Danish ambassadress.





May to October, so the digs you've headed for should have been reserved well in advance. (If your sojourn to Copenhagen has been a spur-of-the-moment inspiration and you find no room at the inns, don't despair: call the National Travel Association and by some logistic sleight of hand, it will come up with lodgings for you.)

The most magnificent hostelry in town is the d'Angleterre, a 209-year-old institution which matches in quiet elegance such estimable hotels as the George V in Paris and Claridge's in London, but whose asking price, by U. S. standards, is surprisingly low.

A fine double room runs from \$16 to \$26 a day, a single for as little as \$12, while the royal suite is a steal (if you're a prince) for \$50. Another prestigious rendezvous is the Palace, which, in addition to first-class accommodations—single rooms from \$5.50 to \$12, and doubles with his and her bathrooms—boasts the city's most lavish cabaret, a superb restaurant and an *intime* after-theater gathering place for dancing.

A short walk from the Palace (and a shorter ride) stands the Royal, the glittering new 22-story steel-and-glass creation of famed Scandinavian architect Arne Jacobsen. Though the exterior suggests austerity, the service is gracious and impeccable, the view of the city is panoramic and the rooms are comfortable nests of contemporary Danish design, down to the ubiquitous Jacobsen "egg chair." Among the many other features of Denmark's only "skyscraper" is a dry-air sauna where you can be pummeled and pampered for trifling change. Single rooms run from \$5.50 to \$12, doubles from \$9.50 to \$23.

Within a ten-minute run from the center of town is another trio of modern hotels rightly favored by discriminating travelers: the newest, Danhotel, which offers, needlessly, a TV in each comfortable room (singles: \$7.50); the Østerport (single rooms: \$5.50), a discus throw from Hans Christian Andersen's prim Little Mermaid atop the rock by the Long Pier; and the Tre Falke, which stands inside a shopping-and-entertainment center, and, with its Old World elegance, attracts such notables as ex-king Ibn Saud (usually with a five-woman traveling harem), Duke Ellington, Dizzy Gillespie and Jayne Mansfield.

Tipping is hardly a problem. Hotels add a 10-percent service charge to keep your pad in shape and your shoes polished. Service beyond the call of duty should be richly rewarded with a one- or two-krone piece (14 and 28 cents, respectively). Most restaurants automatically include a 12.5-percent gratuity in the price of the fare, although the better epicurean temples will have the service charge listed separately. Your cabby will expect a 10-percent tip. Otherwise you need know no more about the krone

system than that 1 kr. equals 100 øre, that you get about 7 kr. on the dollar and that 100 kr. is roughly \$14. (The language barrier, incidentally, is practically nonexistent. Of all countries on the Continent, Denmark comes closest to using English as a second language.)

After you've paused in your hotel room long enough to refresh the outer and inner man with a shower and a chilled bottle of invigorating Danish beer, you'll be ready to set out on the town. There is no better place to start your ambulatory reconnaissance than in storied Tivoli Gardens, a kaleidoscopic 20-acre pleasure park which uniquely blends the sights and sounds of rattling roller coasters, alfresco concerts, *commedia dell'arte* Pantomime Theater, raucous dance halls and clanking beer steins—amid a Disneylandish mixture of Danish and Oriental architecture. Tivoli—open from May to September—is a colorful conglomeration of slot machines and excellent restaurants, of multihued flower gardens and whirling carousels, of open-air ballet programs and rock-'n'-roll jam sessions. In short, it's the home of *hygge*.

You might choose to visit Tivoli on another day, and promenade instead along the ancient streets of the inner city, steeping yourself in the local color, while seeking to establish liaison with the distaff natives. For this dual purpose, Strøget, a narrow thoroughfare that snakes through the oldest section of town, is eminently well suited. Take a leisurely stroll past wineshops and sidewalk cafés, restaurants and dance halls, and browse in some of the smart shops—and observe many of the best-looking females on the Continent. Tastefully garbed, with a proclivity for suede jackets, tight, short skirts and loose-fitting sweaters and blouses, with their blonde locks, high cheekbones, fair complexions and well-turned figures, the girls stroll along the Strøget. Chances are that smiling at a Danish girl will earn you a smile in return, but it's unwise to assume that this promising response is, *ipso facto*, an invitation to the dance. It often is, but more likely she is smiling because friendliness is second nature to the Danes. However, nothing ventured—in Copenhagen, especially—nothing gained.

Continuing your stroll, you reach Kongens Nytorv, a huge octagonal square, faced by the friezed façade of the Danish Royal Theater, a couple of quaint cafés, and an array of neon-emblazoned basement grogshops.

The best of these is Hviids Vinstue, commonly known as "Smoky Joe's," a 230-year-old cavernous cellar pub in which you'd do well to stop off for liquid refreshment. This subterranean grotto is peopled by writers, artists and assorted disciples who share a taste for strong drink and in-group camaraderie.

Uncompromising martini drinkers—and fanciers of most other mixed drinks—will be better advised to seek out such Stateside-type lounges as those at the Palace, Royal and d'Angleterre hotels.

Among the next likely stop-offs on your itinerary might be such atmospheric downstairs dispensaries as The Bear Cellar, The Little Apothecary, The Golden Lamb, The Umbrella and the Leather Breeches, all of which cater generously to a clientele that often includes a freewheeling contingent of unattached Danish womanhood, especially on Friday and Saturday nights.

Further foraging in the area will disclose such agreeably bohemian watering places as Galathea, where liquid assets are purveyed amid a clutter of Eskimo and East African *objets d'art*; Tokanten, a junk-filled den of collegiate revelry wherein you're likely to find a Spanish *flamenguista* strumming *Soleares*, or a French *boulevardier* crooning about lost love; and the Drop In, which features dim illumination and taped jazz.

Dinner, for the Danes, is a national institution, a feast worthy of ample time and appropriate decorum. Hundreds of restaurants abound in Copenhagen, from the humblest eatery to Lucullan temples.

Of native fare, perhaps the most toothsome to foreign visitors is the Danish *smørrebrød*—open-faced sandwiches, usually of a pumpernickel or rye-bread base, heaped to mountainous heights with quantities of Scandinavian fish, *pâtés*, cold cuts, meats and cheeses, singly or in appetizing combinations—and all washed down with chilled aquavit or frothy Danish beer. There is no place that the *smørrebrød* reaches greater heights of perfection than at the famous Oskar Davidsen restaurant, which offers no less than 712 different kinds of sandwiches.

On a comparable culinary level is Fiskehusets, an unsurpassed temple of indigenous seafood delicacies with the immodest, but nearly truthful claim: "If it swims—we've got it." Among its specialties are chilled crayfish, and a succulent stewed cod laved in hollandaise sauce and inundated with sherry.

Other than *smørrebrød* and seafood, there are relatively few native Danish delicacies, and many of the better restaurants lean heavily—and handily—toward French cuisine, which has no worthier exponent than Frascati. The carte is fairly small, but each dish is memorable and, by U. S. standards, remarkably inexpensive. The specialty of the house—breast of capon baked with *pâté de foie gras* and served with asparagus au gratin, *petits pois* and truffle sauce—costs \$2.25.

No less lavish fare is served in the Palace Hotel's Viking restaurant across the square, where the menu is headed by boned minced quail with goose liver in

(continued on page 156)



"Oh, oh . . . you'd better hide. I'd know my husband's knock anywhere . . . !"



insurance secretary lori winston is a delightful june dividend

PREMIUM PLAYMATE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY EDMUND LEJA



"I've always been a daydreamer. At work, when I'm not typing letters or filing, I might be daydreaming about one of my current projects, like redecorating my apartment. Then, at home, while my girlfriend and I take turns trying new hair styles on each other, we get to talking about places like Long Beach, where I'd spend every weekend if I could, sailing, water skiing, snorkeling or just plain swimming—I'm always the first one in the water and the last one out. I've lived in Los Angeles all my life, and by now the Pacific is part of my blood."



BECAUSE INSURANCE COMPANIES evoke images of monolithic statistical tables and multipage rate charts and contracts, we were especially pleased when we recently discovered one that offered a surprise dividend far more to our taste. Her name is Lori Winston, and she cuts a fine actuarial figure as girl Friday for a lucky Los Angeles insurance exec. Daughter of a captain in the L.A.

fire department, 19-year-old Miss June attributes her healthy good looks to the beneficent rays of the golden California sun, in which she spends as much time as she can, preferably in sufficient seclusion to permit indolent, allover tanning. But she's also an active sportswoman, with a strong preference for the water-borne life. As she puts it, "I love everything outdoorsy, especially sailing."

MISS JUNE PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





"On Sundays, if I'm not out water skiing or sailing, I may phone the girls in the apartment above mine and ask them down for a late brunch. Sometimes we'll have our current dates over, and stuff them with Mexican goodies or complicated triple-decker sandwiches. Every once in a while, I throw a slumber party—it gives us girls the chance to talk about Topic A: the men we're dating, and the ones we'd like to date. And when I'm alone, and just relaxing, I try to solve an impossible problem: how to do all the things I want to do, like sailing around the world, and still not miss all the fun that goes on right here. I fall asleep trying to figure it out—but when I wake up there's too much happening to give it any further thought."



In fact, I'm saving up to buy a Tahiti ketch—and spend the rest of my life cruising to the world's most exotic ports of call." But that's only one ambition of this girl. She also wants to be an artist, plans to take lessons which will discipline her freewheeling artistic ebullience. These and other dreams she discusses with her more thoughtful dates—the kind of males she most admires. In

lighter moods she likes to go night-clubbing with a date—preferably to hear the sounds of Maynard Ferguson. At home, Lori might treat a boyfriend to her Mexican specialties ("I'm quite a *cocinera* when it comes to chili and tortillas"), or, on dateless nights, curl up with an adventure novel or make silk-screen prints of urban scenes. Needless to say, she can make our urban scene any time.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

In former times, people who committed adultery were stoned; today, it's often the other way around.



Annoyed by the professor of anatomy who told racy stories during class, a group of coeds decided that the next time he started to tell one they would all rise and leave the room in protest. The professor, however, got wind of their scheme just before class the following day, so he bided his time; then, halfway through the lecture, he began, "They say there is quite a shortage of prostitutes in France —"

The girls looked at one another, arose, and started for the door. "Young ladies," said the professor, "the next plane doesn't leave until tomorrow afternoon."

The room was small, misty and dim with pungent incense as the wrinkled gypsy woman looked up from her crystal at the gentleman seated before her. "I will answer any two questions you ask me," said the gypsy, "for fifty dollars."

"Isn't that price rather high?" asked the man.

"Yes, it is," said the gypsy. "Now what is your second question?"

She was only the telegrapher's daughter, but she did it, did it, did it . . .

It had promised to be a sensational divorce case, with the wife accused of incredible escapades, but thus far it had all proved rather disappointing, with nothing more than a few insinuations and vague generalities tossed back and forth. But this was the day when the wife was to take the witness stand for the first time, and the courtroom was filled to capacity. Testifying before her own lawyer, she projected an image of sweet innocence, as she told a tale of wifely fidelity and sacrifice. At long last the wife's direct testimony came to an end, and the husband's attorney was given the opportunity to cross-examine.

He first re-established her name, relationship to the plaintiff, and other details of identification. Then he picked up a paper from the table, studied it a moment, turned to her and asked, "Is it not true, Madam, that on the night of June twelfth, in a driving rainstorm, you had sexual intercourse with a certain circus midget on the handle bars of a careening

motorcycle that passed through the center of Libertyville at speeds in excess of sixty miles per hour?!"

The wife turned pale, but retained her remarkable self-control, and her voice was almost serene in its innocence as she asked, "What was that date again?"

There are more important things in life than money, but they won't go out with you if you don't have any.



"I've heard you're very shy," the young swain murmured reassuringly to his date, as they strolled through the moonlit park. "But you needn't worry about making conversation. I've devised a simple code that eliminates the need for talk: If you nod your head, it means you want me to hold your hand, and if you smile, it means you'd like me to kiss you. Isn't that easy? What do you think of my plan?"

She laughed in his face.



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *Hollywood* as a place where you can lie on the sand and look at the stars. Or vice versa.

The house detective, hearing odd noises from the room of a female guest, knocked on the door and inquired sternly, "Are you entertaining in there?"

"Just a minute," came the reply, "and I'll ask him."

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



YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE

*at last the moment had come — and now
it was death either for James Bond or for Blofeld*

Conclusion of a new novel **By IAN FLEMING**

SYNOPSIS: To the inscrutable M, chief of Her Majesty's Secret Service, it seemed obvious that Secret Agent 007, James Bond, had been going downhill fast—ever since the murder of his wife by Ernst Stavro Blofeld, mastermind of the international crime syndicate SPECTRE, and by Blofeld's mistress, the repugnant Irma Bunt. Yet, M reasoned, Bond deserved a final chance. And thus he was given an assignment in which his opportunities of success were rated as no better than ten thousand to one: He was to obtain for Britain the secrets of MAGIC 44, a Japanese calculator with the gift of decoding U. S. S. R. dispatches. Sent to Tokyo, Bond was told by Tiger Tanaka, chief of the Japanese Secret Service, that, indeed, he might share the locked secrets of MAGIC 44 in return for one favor performed for Japan: He must destroy the malignant Doctor Guntram Shatterhand, mysterious owner of an exotic park on the island of Kyushu, a garden of death where suicide-bent Japanese destroyed themselves with poisoned vegetation, snakes and spiders—or by heaving themselves into a lake stocked by Shatterhand with killer piranhas.

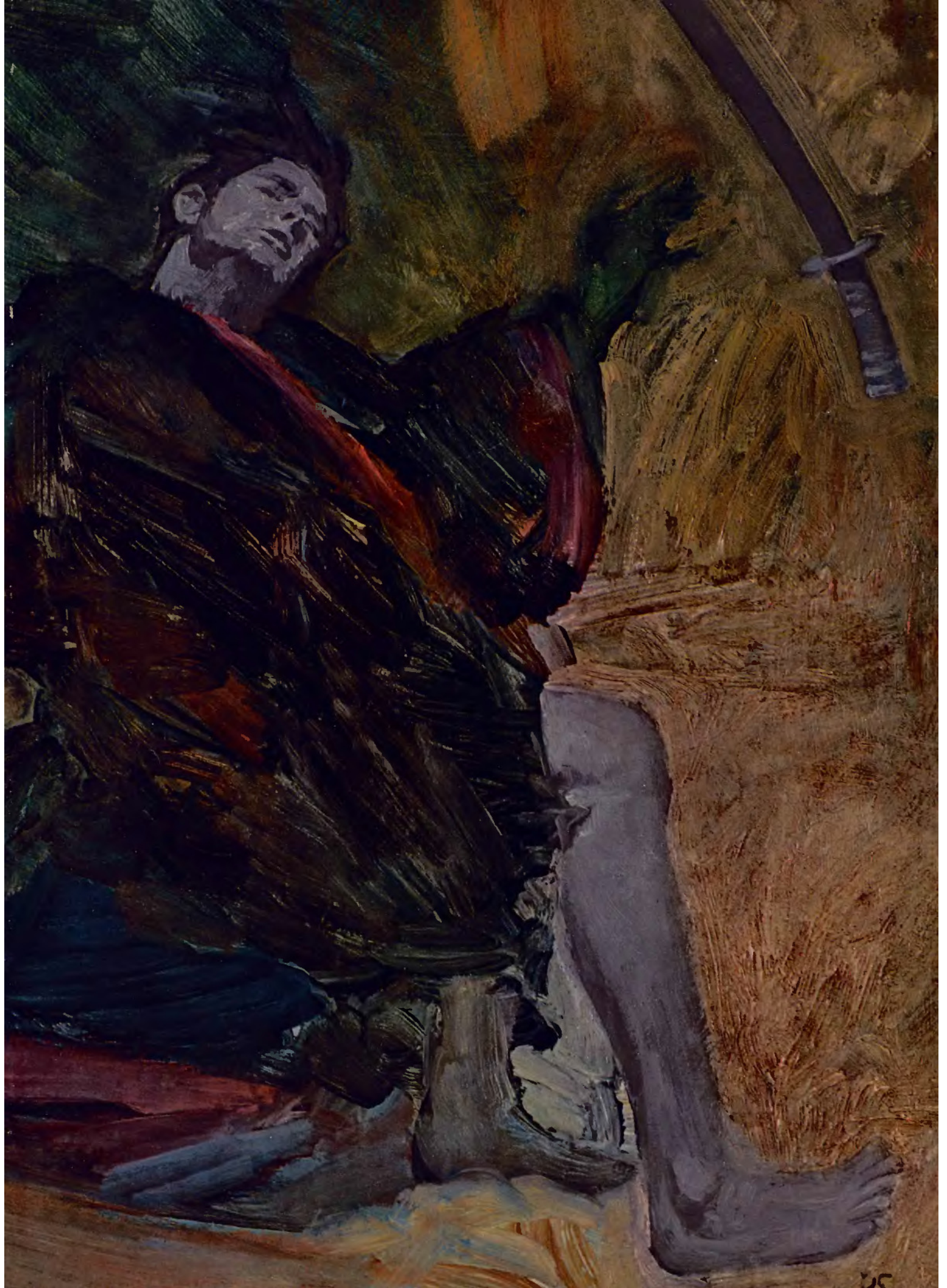
Reluctantly Bond agreed to this mission—and submitted to a complete transformation of appearance at the instruction of Tanaka. Gradually the facade of James Bond became, to the naked eye at least, that of Taro Todoroki, a deaf-and-dumb coal miner from Fukuoka. His skin was dyed a light brown, his hair oiled and cut into Japanese bangs, his eyebrows shaved to slant upward, and he was trained to behave as a mute peasant. At a final briefing, he was shown pictures of Shatterhand and his wife, whom he recognized immediately as Blofeld and Irma Bunt. Now a final motive for Bond had been established: revenge.

The launching pad for Bond's invasion of Blofeld's Castle of Death had been established on Kuro island, where he joined the family of Kissy Suzuki, a fisherman's exotic daughter who dived for awabi shells in the straits. At length, finding Bond not only enigmatic, but also highly irresistible, Kissy agreed to swim with him to Blofeld's island and then to wait for him on Kuro until his bloody mission had been accomplished.

Together they reached the grim redoubt of the master criminal and, as Kissy swam homeward, Bond hauled him-

**Bond let go and plummeted down toward peace,
toward dreams and escape from pain.**





self ashore, hid in a gardener's hut and later observed the suicides of several Japanese. Then, turning his back on these horrors, he pulled a few sacks over his chilled frame for cover and fell into a shallow sleep, full of ghosts and demons and screams.

THE DREAMED SCREAMS had merged into real ones when, four hours later, Bond awoke. There was silence in the hut. Bond got cautiously to his knees and put his eye to a wide crack in the rickety planking. A screaming man, from his ragged blue cotton uniform a Japanese peasant, was running across his line of vision along the edge of the lake. Four guards were after him, laughing and calling as if it were a game of hide-and-seek. They were carrying long staves, and now one of them paused and hurled his staff accurately after the man so that it caught in his legs and brought him crashing to the ground. He scrambled to his knees and held supplicating hands out toward his pursuers. Still laughing, they gathered round him, stocky men in high rubber boots, their faces made terrifying by black *maskos* over their mouths, black-leather nosepieces and the same ugly black-leather soup-plate hats as the agent on the train had worn. They poked at the man with the ends of their staves, at the same time shouting harshly at him in voices that jeered. Then, as if at an order, they bent down and, each man seizing a leg or an arm, picked him off the ground, swung him once or twice and tossed him out into the lake. The ghastly ripple surged forward and the man, now screaming again, beat at his face with his hands and floundered as if trying to make for the shore, but the screams rapidly became weaker and finally ceased as the head went down and the red stain spread wider and wider.

Doubled up with laughter, the guards on the bank watched the show. Now, satisfied that the fun was over, they turned away and walked toward the hut, and Bond could see the tears of their pleasure glistening on their cheeks.

He got back under cover and heard their boisterous voices and laughter only yards away as they came into the hut and pulled out their rakes and barrows and dispersed to their jobs, and for some time Bond could hear them calling to one another across the park. Then, from the direction of the castle, came the deep tolling of a bell, and the men fell silent. Bond glanced at the cheap Japanese wrist watch Tiger had provided. It was nine o'clock. Was this the beginning of the official working day? Probably. The Japanese usually get to their work half an hour early and leave half an hour late in order to gain face with their employer and show keenness and gratitude for their jobs. Later, Bond guessed, there would be an hour's luncheon break. Work would probably cease at

six. So it would only be from six-thirty on that he would have the grounds to himself. Meanwhile, he must listen and watch and find out more about the guards' routines, of which he had presumably witnessed the first—the smelling out and final dispatch of suicides who had changed their minds or turned faint-hearted during the night. Bond softly unzipped his container and took a bite at one of his three slabs of pemmican and a short draught from his water bottle. God, for a cigarette!

An hour later, Bond heard a brief shuffling of feet on the gravel path on the other side of the lake. He looked through the slit. The four guards had lined up and were standing rigidly at attention. Bond's heart beat a little faster. This would be for some form of inspection. Might Blofeld be doing his rounds, getting his reports of the night's bag?

Bond strained his eyes to the right, toward the castle, but his view was obstructed by an expanse of white oleanders, that innocent shrub with its attractive clusters of blossoms used as a deadly fish poison in many parts of the tropics. Dear, pretty bush! Bond thought. I must remember to keep clear of you tonight.

And then, following the path on the other side of the lake, two strolling figures came into his line of vision and Bond clenched his fists with the thrill of seeing his prey.

Blofeld, in his gleaming chain armor and grotesquely spiked and winged helmet of steel, its visor closed, was something out of Wagner, or, because of the Oriental style of his armor, a Japanese kabuki play. His armored right hand rested easily on a long naked samurai sword while his left was hooked into the arm of his companion, a stumpy woman with the body and stride of a wardress. Her face was totally obscured by a hideous beekeeper's hat of dark-green straw with a heavy pendent black veil reaching down over her shoulders. But there could be no doubt! Bond had seen that dumpy silhouette, now clothed in a plastic rainproof above tall rubber boots, too often in his dreams. That was she! That was Irma Bunt!

Bond held his breath. If they came round the lake to his side, one tremendous shove and the armored man would be floundering in the water! But could the piranhas get at him through chinks in the armor? Unlikely! And how would he, Bond, get away? No, that wouldn't be the answer.

The two figures had almost reached the line of four men, and at this moment the guards dropped to their knees in unison and bowed their foreheads down to the ground. Then they quickly jumped up and stood again at attention.

Blofeld raised his visor and addressed one of the men, who answered with deference. Bond noticed for the first time that this particular guard wore a belt round his waist with a holstered auto-

matic. Bond couldn't hear the language they were speaking. It was impossible that Blofeld had learned Japanese. English or German? Probably the latter as a result of some wartime liaison job. The man laughed and pointed toward the lake, where a collapsed balloon of blue clothing was jiggling softly with the activities of the horde of feasting piranhas within it. Blofeld nodded his approval and the men again went down on their knees. Blofeld raised a hand in brief acknowledgment, lowered his visor and the couple moved regally on.

Bond watched carefully to see if the file of guards, when they got to their feet, registered any private expressions of scorn or hilarity once the master's back was turned. But there was no hint of disrespect. The men broke rank and hurried off about their tasks with disciplined seriousness.

And now the two strolling figures were coming back into Bond's line of vision, but this time from the left. They had rounded the end of the lake and were on their way back, perhaps to visit other groups of guards and get their reports. Tiger had said there were at least 20 guards and that the property covered 500 acres. Five working parties of four guards each? Blofeld's visor was up and he was talking to the woman. They were now only 20 yards away. They stopped at the edge of the lake and contemplated, with relaxed curiosity, the still turbulent mass of fish round the floating doll of blue cloth. They were talking German. Bond strained his ears.

Blofeld said, "The piranhas and the volcanic mud are useful housekeepers. They keep the place tidy."

"The sea and the sharks are also useful."

"But often the sharks do not complete the job. That spy we put through the Question Room. He was almost intact when his body was found down the coast. The lake would have been a better place for him. We don't want that policeman from Fukuoka coming here too often. He may have means of learning from the peasants how many people are crossing the wall. That will be many more, nearly double the number the ambulance comes for. If our figures go on increasing at this rate, there is going to be trouble. I see from the cuttings Kono translates for me that there are already mutterings in the papers about a public inquiry."

"And what shall we do then, *lieber Ernst*?"

"We shall obtain massive compensation and move on. The same pattern can be repeated in other countries. Everywhere there are people who want to kill themselves. We may have to vary the attractions of the opportunities we offer them. Other people have not the profound love of horror and violence of the Japanese. A really beautiful waterfall. A handy bridge. A vertiginous drop. These

(continued on page 108)

making the sartorial splash: the washable wardrobe



attire By ROBERT L. GREEN When humidity hangs hot and heavy, play it comfortably cool in this washable, eminently fashionable Fortrel-and-Zantrel poplin suit traditionally styled by Northcool, \$45. Light, launderable ensemble also includes short-sleeve cotton shirt, by Wren, \$7; Wemlon polyester rep tie, by Wembley, \$2.50; and imported hand-rolled silk pocket square, by Handcraft, \$2.50.



By SHEL SILVERSTEIN

Merit Badges



MERIT BADGES ARE THE PRIZE POSSESSIONS OF THE UNCLE SHELBY SCOUT. EACH MERIT BADGE IS THE RESULT OF EXTENSIVE RESEARCH, HOURS OF STUDY AND YEARS OF HARD WORK.
(OR ELSE SEND 75¢ FOR EACH MERIT BADGE TO U. SHELBY, 423 HUDSON ST., N.Y.)

Uniform



AND HERE IS YOUR ^{OFFICIAL} UNIFORM, DISGUISED TO LOOK LIKE AN OLD ARMY BLANKET. UNIFORMS MAY BE PURCHASED FOR ONLY \$23.95 AT ALL UNCLE SHELBY SCOUT SUPPLY STORES. THE "U.S." STANDS FOR UNCLE SHELBY!

★1 Good Deeds



REMEMBER—★
"A GOOD DEED
A DAY
KEEPS THE
JUVENILE
OFFICER AWAY"

HERE ARE SOME POSSIBLE GOOD DEEDS.

- ① HELP A RICH OLD LADY CROSS THE STREET.
- ② HELP SOMEONE FIND HIS CONTACT LENS.
- ③ BEAT UP A MASOCHIST.
- ④ TELL YOUR MOTHER SHE WAS RIGHT!
- ⑤ SQUASH A RED ANT...OR A BLACK ANT...I FORGET WHICH.
- ⑥ WHISTLE AT AN UGLY WOMAN.
- ⑦ HELP TWO BIG NICE GUYS DEFEND THEMSELVES AGAINST A SMALL BULLY.
- ⑧ FIND A BAG CONTAINING \$50,000 AND DONATE IT TO CHARITY!
- ⑨ FIND A BAG CONTAINING \$50,000 AND DONATE MOST OF IT TO CHARITY.
- ⑩ CATCH PNEUMONIA AND GO INTO A COMA SO THAT A FOOTBALL TEAM CAN WIN ONE FOR YOU.
- ⑪ FORGIVE A MAN WHO HAS JUST KILLED YOUR FATHER IN A RIGGED DUEL.
- ⑫ STEP ON THE GLASSES OF A NEARSIGHTED JUDGE WHO IS JUST ABOUT TO SIGN THE PAPERS CONDEMNING AN INNOCENT MAN TO HIS DEATH!

Scout Knife



AND HERE WE HAVE OUR
UNCLE SHELBY SCOUT KNIFE!

IT HAS NO SCREWDRIVER OR NAIL FILE OR CAN OPENER BUT IT DOES HAVE A BLADE THAT SHOOTS OUT OF THE HANDLE WHEN YOU PRESS THE LITTLE BUTTON.
ISN'T THAT KEEN!

First Aid

HOW TO SET A BROKEN LEG

FIG I



FIG II

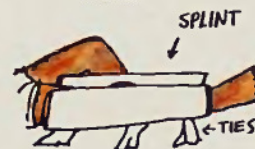
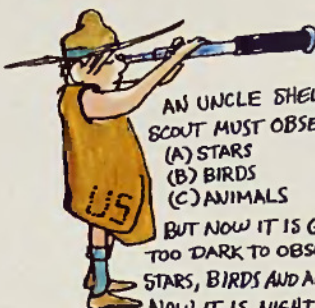


FIG III



(IF PAIN PERSISTS OR IS UNUSUALLY SEVERE, SEE YOUR DOCTOR.)

Telescope



AN UNCLE SHELBY SCOUT MUST OBSERVE:
(A) STARS
(B) BIRDS
(C) ANIMALS

BUT NOW IT IS GETTING TOO DARK TO OBSERVE STARS, BIRDS AND ANIMALS. NOW IT IS NIGHTTIME AND EVERYBODY IS GETTING UNDRESSED FOR BED.

Knapsack

HERE IS YOUR KNAPSACK. YOU CAN USE IT AS A PILLOW WHEN YOU TAKE YOUR KNAP.. HA.. HA.. YOUR KNAPSACK WILL HOLD TWO COMPLETE UNIFORMS OR NINE CANS OF FOOD OR FORTY-THREE COMIC BOOKS...



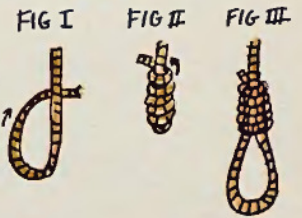
Handshake

THIS IS THE SECRET HANDSHAKE. IT WILL IDENTIFY YOU TO OTHER UNCLE SHELBY SCOUTS. THEY



WILL BE GLAD TO HELP YOU.

Knots



UNCLE SHELBY SCOUTS LEARN TO TIE KNOTS. WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH SOMEONE WHO DOES NOT WANT TO JOIN THE UNCLE SHELBY SCOUTS...?

Hygiene

THIS IS ATHLETE'S FOOT



YOU GET ATHLETE'S FOOT FROM NOT WASHING YOUR FEET OR CHANGING YOUR SOCKS. IF YOU HAVE ATHLETE'S FOOT EVERYONE WILL KNOW THAT YOU ARE A GOOD ATHLETE!

(UNCLE SHELBY SCOUTS ARE GOOD ATHLETES!)

Tourniquet

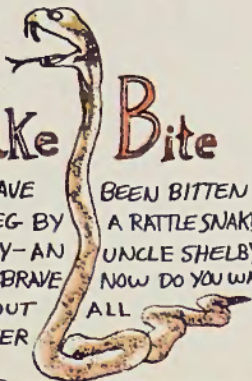


LET US AID THE MAN WITH THE WOUNDED ARM. THE TOURNIQUET IS ALWAYS APPLIED ABOVE THE WOUND, SO THAT THE BLEEDING WILL STOP. NOW LET US AID THE MAN WITH THE WOUNDED COLLARBONE!



Snake Bite

SO, YOU HAVE BEEN BITTEN ON THE LEG BY A RATTLE SNAKE! DO NOT CRY- AN UNCLE SHELBY SCOUT IS BRAVE TO SUCK OUT THAT BITTER POISON? YOU DONT? OK, PUT A BAND-AID ON AND GO TO THE MOVIES.



Trapping



SEE THE TRAP. WHEN MR. RABBIT COMES AND NIBBLES ON THE CARROT, THE CAGE WILL FALL ON HIM AND HE WILL BE TRAPPED. BUT WHAT SHALL WE USE TO TRAP THE MAN-EATING LION? LIONS DO NOT LIKE CARROTS. MAYBE THE LITTLE BOY NEXT DOOR CAN HELP YOU.....



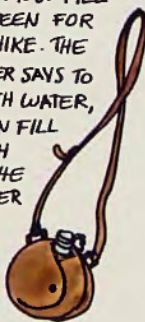
Code



AN UNCLE SHELBY SCOUT CAN SEND MESSAGES WITH FLAGS! SEE THE BUILDING ON FIRE DOWN THE BLOCK? RUN DOWNSTAIRS WITH YOUR FLAGS AND SEND A MESSAGE FOR HELP AND YOU WILL BE A HERO!

Canteen

NOW WE MUST FILL OUR CANTEEN FOR THE BIG HIKE. THE SCOUTMASTER SAYS TO FILL IT WITH WATER, BUT YOU CAN FILL YOURS WITH SAND AND HE WILL NEVER KNOW!



Finding Water



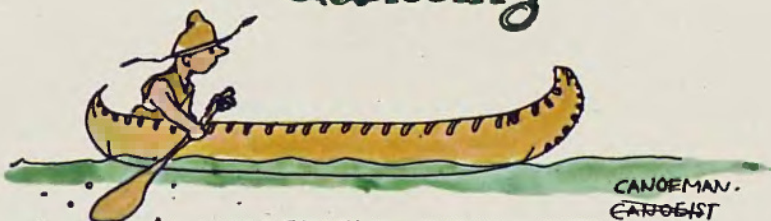
DO YOU SEE THE SIGN? THE SIGN MEANS THAT THIS WATER IS CLEAN AND PURE AND REFRESHING. TAKE A NICE BIG DRINK - ISN'T THAT GOOD. NOW FILL UP YOUR CANTEEN FOR LATER!

Forestry



DO YOU SEE THESE LEAVES? DO YOU KNOW WHAT KIND OF LEAVES THEY ARE? YOU DON'T? WELL, THESE ARE SPECIAL ANTISUNBURN LEAVES. JUST RUB THEM ON YOUR HANDS AND FACE AND BACK AND YOU WILL FORGET ALL ABOUT YOUR SUNBURN.

Canoeing



AN UNCLE SHELBY SCOUT IS AN EXPERT ~~CANOEIST~~ ^{CANOE MAN}. HE CAN MAKE A CANOE BY HOLLOWING OUT A BIRCH TREE. IF THERE ARE NO BIRCH TREES HE CAN MAKE A CANOE BY HOLLOWING OUT THE PIANO IN THE LIVING ROOM. LET US PADDLE OUR OWN CANOE. NOW LET US STAND UP AND SEE IF WE CAN SEE THE SHORE.

Bird Life



THESE ARE ROBINS' EGGS. THE MOTHER ROBIN WILL KEEP THEM WARM AND IN A FEW WEEKS THE LITTLE ROBINS WILL PEEP THEIR HEADS OUT. NOW WE MUST CLIMB DOWN AND EAT BREAKFAST. TOO BAD THERE IS NOTHING TO EAT BUT BACON...

Bird Identification

CAN YOU IDENTIFY THAT BIRD? YOU CAN'T? THAT IS BECAUSE HE IS UP TOO HIGH. I'LL BET IF HE WERE LYING ON THE GROUND RIGHT HERE, YOU COULD IDENTIFY HIM. (AN UNCLE SHELBY SCOUT ALWAYS FINDS A WAY!)

Hiking



A GOOD SCOUT STAYS FIT BY HIKING - HIKE DOWN TO THE STORE AND GET YOUR UNCLE SHELBY A SIX-PACK AND A POUND OF SALAMI.

Trail Marking

LET US MARK THE TRAIL,
SO THAT WE CAN FIND OUR WAY BACK
WE WILL TURN LEFT AT THE OLD
ELM TREE, SO LET US CUT A NOTCH IN
THE OLD ELM TREE. NOW WE WILL
GO NORTHEAST AT THE OAK STUMP,
SO WE WILL CUT A NOTCH IN THE STUMP.
NOW WE WILL TURN RIGHT AT THAT LITTLE
OLD MAN, SO...

Fire

TWO
STICKS



NOW YOU CAN WIN
YOUR MERIT BADGE
BY MAKING A FIRE WITH
TWO STICKS BUT DO NOT CHEAT-
DO NOT USE A CIGARETTE LIGHTER.
THAT IS NOT WHAT A CIGARETTE LIGHTER IS FOR!

Cooking



AND NOW UNCLE SHELBY
WILL TEACH YOU HOW TO
COOK ON AN OPEN CAMP
FIRE. FIRST, YOU CLEAR
A PLACE ON THE LIVING-
ROOM FLOOR. NOW...

Storms

SEE THE ELECTRICAL STORM?
STORMS MEAN THAT THE RAIN
GODS ARE ANGRY. WHAT IS THE
FIRST THING TO DO IN A STORM?
RUN TO UNCLE SHELBY'S HOUSE
AND CLOSE ALL THE WINDOWS.
THAT IS A GOOD SCOUT!
NOW RUN AND TAKE SHELTER
UNDER THE FRIENDLY OAK TREE.

Artificial Respiration



THIS GIRL HAS JUST BEEN PULLED FROM THE RAGING RIVER.
SHE HAS SWALLOWED MUCH WATER. SHE NEEDS ARTIFICIAL
RESPIRATION IMMEDIATELY - YOU MUST APPLY PRESSURE
TO THE SMALL OF HER BACK - TOO BAD YOU HAVE NEVER BEEN
INTRODUCED TO HER. AN UNCLE SHELBY SCOUT NEVER
TOUCHES THE BACK OF A WOMAN HE HAS NEVER BEEN
PROPERLY INTRODUCED TO. SO YOU MUST SUMMON THE
ONLY MAN WHO IS QUALIFIED TO FACE THIS EMERGENCY -
YOU MUST CALL UNCLE SHELBY HIMSELF!!

Swimming

AN UNCLE SHELBY SCOUT
IS AN EXPERT SWIMMER.
HE CAN DO THE CRAWL, THE BACKSTROKE,
THE BREASTSTROKE AND THE SIDESTROKE.
NEVER MIND THE UNDERTOW - LET US JUMP
INTO THE WATER AND SWIM, SWIM, SWIM!
BUT FIRST LET US EAT A... NICE... BIG... LUNCH!



Life

Saving



SEE THE DROWNING MAN?

UNCLE SHELBY SCOUTS TO THE RESCUE!

BUT FIRST - WE MUST TAKE OFF OUR SHIRT AND FOLD IT PROPERLY -
AN UNCLE SHELBY SCOUT IS ALWAYS NEAT. NOW WE MUST TAKE OFF OUR
TROUSERS AND HANG THEM FROM OUR UNCLE SHELBY OUTDOOR PANTS HANGER
TO MAKE THE OUTDOOR PANTS HANGER, MERELY CUT TWO (2) FOUR FOOT ELM
BRANCHES AND STRIP OFF THE BARK. PLACE THESE IN THE GROUND
THREE (3) FEET APART - NOW HURRY - PLACE A THREE (3) FOOT PINE BRANCH
ACROSS THE TWO ELM BRANCHES AND FASTEN THEM TOGETHER WITH VINES - NOW...

YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE

might be alternatives. Brazil, or somewhere else in South America, might provide such a site."

"But the figures would be much smaller."

"It is the concept that matters, *liebe Irma*. It is very difficult to invent something that is entirely new in the history of the world. I have done that. If my bridge, my waterfall, yields a crop of only perhaps ten people a year, it is simply a matter of statistics. The basic idea will be kept alive."

"That is so. You are indeed a genius, *lieber Ernst*. You have already established this place as a shrine to death forevermore. People read about such fantasies in the works of Poe, Lautréamont, De Sade, but no one has ever created such a fantasy in real life. It is as if one of the great fairy tales has come to life. A sort of Disneyland of Death. But of course," she hastened to add, "on an altogether grander, more poetic scale."

"In due course I shall write the whole story down. Then perhaps the world will acknowledge the type of man who has been living among them. A man not only unhonored and unsung, but a man"—Blofeld's voice rose almost to a scream—"whom they hunt down and wish to shoot like a mad dog. A man who has to use all his wiles just to stay alive! Why, if I had not covered my tracks so well, there would be spies on their way even now to kill us both or to hand us over for official murder under their stupid laws! Ah well, *liebe Irma*," the voice was more rational, quieter, "we live in a world of fools in which true greatness is a sin. Come! It is time to review the other detachments."

They turned away and were about to continue along the lake when Blofeld suddenly stopped and pointed like a dog directly at Bond. "That hut among the bushes. The door is open! I have told the men a thousand times to keep such places locked. It is a perfect refuge for a spy or a fugitive. I will make sure."

Bond shivered. He huddled down, dragging sacks from the top of his barrier to give extra protection. The clanking steps approached, entered the hut. Bond could feel the man, only yards away, could feel his questing eyes and nostrils. There came a clang of metal and the wall of sacks shook at great thrusts from Blofeld's sword. Then the sword slashed down again and again and Bond winced and bit his lip as a hammer blow crashed across the center of his back. But then Blofeld seemed to be satisfied and the iron steps clanged away. Bond let out his breath in a quiet hiss. He heard Blofeld's voice say, "There is nothing, but remind me to reprimand Kono on our rounds tomorrow. The place must be cleared out and a proper lock fitted." Then the sound of the steps vanished in the direction of the oleander

(continued from page 102)

clump, and Bond gave a groan and felt his back. But, though many of the sacks above him had been sliced through, his protection had been just deep enough and the skin across his spine wasn't broken.

Bond got to his knees and rearranged the hide-out, massaging his aching back as he did so. Then he spat the dust from the sacking out of his mouth, took a swallow from the water bottle, assured himself through his slit that there was no movement outside and lay down and let his mind wander back over every word that Blofeld had uttered.

Of course the man was mad. A year earlier, the usual quiet tones that Bond remembered so well would never have cracked into that lunatic, Hitler scream. And the coolness, the supreme confidence that had always lain behind his planning? Much of that seemed to have seeped away, perhaps, Bond hoped, partly because of the two great failures he, Bond, had done much to bring about in two of Blofeld's most grandiose conspiracies. But one thing was clear—the hide-out was blown. Tonight would have to be the night. Ah, well! Once again Bond ran over the hazy outline of his plan. If he could gain access to the castle, he felt pretty confident of finding a means to kill Blofeld. But he was also fairly certain that he, himself, would die in the process. *Dulce et decorum est . . .* and all that jazz! But then he thought of Kissy, and he wasn't so sure about not fearing for himself. She had brought a sweetness back into his life that he thought had gone forever.

Bond dropped off into an uneasy, watchful sleep that was once again peopled by things and creatures out of nightmareland.

. . .

At six o'clock in the evening, the deep bell tolled briefly from the castle and dusk came like the slow drawing of a violet blind over the day. Crickets began to zing in a loud chorus and Gekkos chuckled in the shrubbery. The pink dragonflies disappeared and large horned toads appeared in quantities from their mudholes on the edge of the lake and, so far as Bond could see through his spy hole, seemed to be catching gnats attracted by the shining pools of their eyes. Then the four guards reappeared, and there came the fragrant smell of a bonfire they had presumably lit to consume the refuse they had collected during the day. They went to the edge of the lake and raked in the tattered scraps of blue clothing and, amidst delighted laughter, emptied long bones out of the fragments into the water. One of them ran off with the rags, presumably to add them to the bonfire, and Bond got under cover as the others pushed their wheelbarrows up the slope and stowed them away in the hut. They

stood chattering happily in the dusk until the fourth arrived and then, without noticing the slashed and disarrayed sacks in the shadows, they filed off in the direction of the castle.

After an interval, Bond got up and stretched and shook the dust out of his hair and clothes. His back still ached, but his overwhelming sensation was the desperate urge for a cigarette. All right. It might be his last. He sat down and drank a little water and munched a large wedge of the highly flavored pemmican, then took another swig at the water bottle. He took out his single packet of Shinsei and lit up, holding the cigarette between cupped hands and quickly blowing out the match. He dragged the smoke deep down into his lungs. It was bliss! Another drag and the prospect of the night seemed less daunting. It was surely going to be all right! He thought briefly of Kissy who would now be eating her bean curd and fish and preparing the night's swim in her mind. A few hours more and she would be near him. But what would have happened in those few hours? Bond smoked the cigarette until it burned his fingers, then crushed out the stub and pushed the dead fragments down through a crack in the floor. It was seven-thirty and already some of the insect noises of sundown had ceased. Bond went meticulously about his preparations.

At nine o'clock he left the hide-out. Again the moon blazed down and there was total silence except for the distant burping and bubbling of the fumaroles and the occasional sinister chuckle of a Gekko from the shrubbery. He took the same route as the night before, came through the same belt of trees and stood looking up at the great bat-winged donjon that towered up to the sky. He noticed for the first time that the warning balloon with its advertisement of danger was tethered to a pole on the corner of the balustrade surrounding what appeared to be the main floor—the third, or center, one of the five. Here, from several windows, yellow light shone faintly, and Bond guessed that this would be his target area. He let out a deep sigh and strode quietly off across the gravel and came without incident to the tiny entrance under the wooden bridge.

The black *ninja* suit was as full of concealed pockets as a conjuror's tail coat. Bond took out a pencil flashlight and a small steel file and set to work on a link of the chain. Occasionally he paused to spit into the deepening groove to lessen the rasp of metal on metal, but then there came the final crack of parting steel and, using the file as a lever, he bent the link open and quietly removed the padlock and chain from their shackles. He pressed lightly and the door gave inward. He took out his flashlight and pushed farther, probing the dark-

(continued on page 173)



R.E. DOYLE 64

WHEN I WAS A KID on my father's ranch in California we used to chase wind devils. After the land had been plowed and harrowed, but before the cotton was up, the wind would raise towering whirlwinds and I used to chase them. It was half terror, half wild joy to be inside a wind devil. There was no breathing in there, no hearing, the noise so overwhelming it was a kind of drowning. You could only stand, deaf, grit-blinded and battered while some part of you was sucked up into the wind, whirled out of you. When the wind devil passed, you could only stand dazed and silly, waiting for the whirled-away part of you to return from where it had been and you could become you again.

After that winter when I was 12 years old I never chased wind devils again. What happened to me that winter was like being inside the biggest wind devil in the world and I just lost my taste for them.

My father had only Mexican workers on his ranch, families up from Chihuahua. They couldn't begin to pick until the morning dew had burned off the cotton, because they would have been getting paid for picking dew. My father wasn't a man to pay anybody for picking dew.

So, waiting for my father to yell that they could pick, they would build twig fires on the field borders and huddle against the cold, the men squatting at their fires, the women at others. Always separate fires. When the dew had burned off, my father would yell and the pickers would get up, wrap their cotton sacks around their shoulders and move out into the fields to pick cotton, 80 cents a hundred pounds, dry cotton, no rocks in the sack, and the straw boss, Gonzalo, saying a quiet word now and then to somebody who was careless about too many leaves in the sack.

I was 12 years old, the boss' kid, and so bilingual I really didn't know which language (continued on page 150)

THE WIND DEVIL

it would be the biggest thing that ever happened—the champion was going to fight the bull again

fiction **By PRENTISS COMBS**

in her new
film, she
makes like
mansfield

THE NUDEST MAMIE VAN DOREN



Above: During an undress rehearsal of Mamie Van Doren's nudest film, *Three Nuts in Search of a Bolt*, producer-director-actor Tommy Noonan cues her for the upcoming bath scene.

IF THE AGE of chivalry were still alive, producer-director-actor Tommy Noonan would have to be dubbed a Knight of the Bath. His production of *Promises, Promises!*, in which Jayne Mansfield bared all in a bubbly bath scene, literally cleaned up. Thanks to the sensation created by *PLAYBOY*'s celebrated pictorial uncoverage a year ago this month, the film garnered more publicity than any other save *Cleopatra* and ranked high enough in box-office listings to encourage Noonan to take off in the same direction. This time he is pin-upping his hopes on lovely Mamie Van Doren, who takes off, in his new film, even more than she did in her February *PLAYBOY* photo feature. The result is called *Three Nuts in Search of a Bolt* (Noonan-McGlashan Productions—to be released this month), a zany comedy that mixes generous helpings of Freudian tomfoolery with ample proportions of Van Doren tub-nudery—an unbeatably psychobathic combination.

The titular nuts are a trio of hard-shell neurotics, two male and the third an attractive blonde (called Saxie Symbol), who share a Hollywood mansion for reasons of economy. The role of Saxie is somewhat

Because the film will be of the low-budget variety, Mamie keeps costs down not only by appearing without costumes, but by eschewing the usual tubful of champagne in favor of beer. At right: A flesh coat of make-up is applied prior to her bath.









Above: Mamie jumps up as she discovers that the shaving cream, which was added to form suds, is mentholated. Above right: Noonan keeps agitating lather with a porous spoon. Center: The stars share a little brew-ha-ha. Bottom: What appears to be a bathtub duet is actually a relaxing pause between takes.

thin dramatically—she's a misanthropic striptease who exhibits her hatred for men by exhibiting herself to them—but Mamie fleshes the part out skillfully. Deciding to cut costs on their psychoanalysis bills, the trio calls in a patsy (Tommy Noonan), indoctrinates him with their respective neuroses, and sends him off to a high-priced lady psychiatrist (Ziva Rodann). With predictable confusion, the shrink misunderstands that Noonan is telling the tales of three friends and concludes that he has an unprecedented triple personality. Immediately, she arranges a closed-circuit televising of this rare specimen for her colleagues, but the scene is accidentally transferred to a national hookup by a technician blissfully absorbed in a *PLAYBOY* centerfold. A couchful of complications ensue until *nebbish* Noonan suddenly acquires backbone and gives each of his alter egos, in the end, a good, swift, curative kick.

The bath tableau, photographed behind the scenes exclusively for *PLAYBOY*, occurs earlier. It is not entirely essential to the development of the plot, but nonetheless gives Mamie excellent dramatic exposure: While Noonan sits in her bathroom, with his back turned, she attends to her ablutions with laving care and chattily unravels the complexities of her muddled psyche. Mamie's bath, incidentally, is a combination of shaving cream (intended to form lather) and beer (intended to draw laughs).

The film's farcicality was exceeded only by the buffoon-



Far left: Feigning modesty for the still camera, Mamie hastily tosses on a little something—and misses. Noonan called this a "peek-a-boob gown." Left: Mamie is about to leave her dressing room for sound stage, where prop men are putting a head on her bath.



Above left: Before the cameras roll, Noonan jauntily hops into the hops with Mamie. Above right: "Whatever you do," he whispers to Mamie, "don't writhe about seductively!"

ery off camera. Very much aware of the publicity garnered by Jayne Mansfield through her *PLAYBOY* feature, Mamie told Noonan, "You made Jayne infamous by sitting on her bed. Think what you can do for me in a tub!" Noonan promptly hopped into the hops with his leading lady. References to Jayne were frequent in the banter during the shooting of the bath scene. After her last take, for example, Mamie jokingly inquired, "Did we get any shots that will get Hugh Hefner arrested?"

Although we witnessed most of the beer-bath cinematography, we never did indulge a temptation to ask Mamie if, like Jayne, she would claim she posed in her first nudie movie for the sake of art, because it was obvious from what we'd seen that *Three Nuts in Search of a Bolt* is both ale and arty.



Above: After the scene is completed, Mamie banters with cameramen, offers gag toasts. Right: A final dip in the tub and then Mamie dashes off to a cool, refreshing shower.





"You'd better be careful—I'm not eighteen yet."



HAIRY GERTZ AND THE 47 CRAPPIES *one of life's yeastier experiences is to fish in that rich mulligatawny stew of dead toads, garter snakes and number-ten oil known as cedar lake*

memoir By JEAN SHEPHERD

LIFE, WHEN YOU'RE a male kid, is what the grownups are doing. The adult world seems to be some kind of secret society that has its own passwords, hand-clasps and countersigns. The thing is to get in. But there's this invisible, impenetrable wall between you and all the great, unimaginably swinging things that they seem to be involved in. Occasionally, mutterings of exotic secrets and incredible pleasures filter through. And so you bang against it, throw rocks at it, try to climb over it, burrow under it; but there it is. Impenetrable. Enigmatic.

Girls, somehow, seem to be already *with* it, as though from birth they've got the word; Lolita has no male counterpart. But the rest of us have to claw our way into life as best we can, never knowing when we'll be admitted. It

happens to each of us in different ways—and once it does, there's no turning back.

It happened to me at the age of 12 in northern Indiana—a remarkably barren terrain resembling in some ways the surface of the moon, encrusted with steel mills, oil refineries and honky-tonk bars. I was hung up on fishing at the time. Some kids got hung up on kite flying, others on pool playing. *I* became the greatest vicarious angler in the history of the Western world.

There just wasn't any actual fishing to be done around where I lived. So I would stand for hours in front of the goldfish tank at Woolworth's, landing fantastical fish in my mind, after incredible struggles. And I would read *Field and Stream*, *Outdoor Life* and *Sports Afield* the way other kids read *G-8* and *His*

Battle Aces. I would break out in a cold sweat reading about these guys portaging to Alaska and landing rare salmon; and about guys climbing the High Sierras to do mortal battle with golden trout; and about craggy, sinewy sportsmen who discover untouched bass lakes where they have to beat off the pickerel with an oar, and the saber-toothed, raging 25-pound smallmouths chase them ashore and right up into the woods.

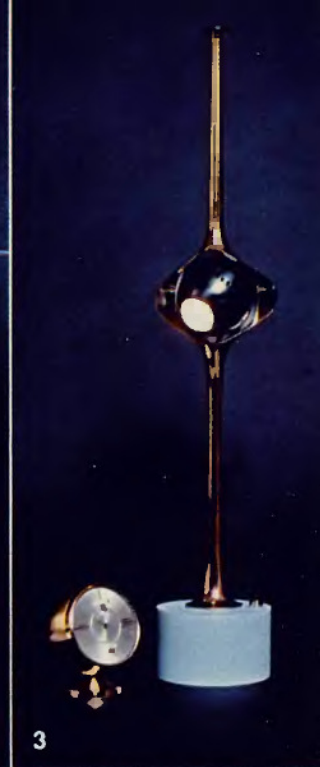
After reading one of these fantasies, I would walk around in a daze for hours, feeling the cork pistol grip of my imaginary trusty six-foot split-bamboo bait-casting rod in my right hand and hearing the high-pitched scream of my Pflueger Supreme reel straining to hold a 17-pound great northern in check.

I became known around town as "the kid-who-is-
(continued on page 168)



PLAYBOY'S GIFTS FOR DADS AND GRADS

Posh presents for paters and post-collegians. **1** (left to right): B-16 thin dress watch, with one-piece waterproof case and 21-jewel movement, by Vontage, \$29.95. Varoflome Whirlwind lighter, with protective windshield, gold finish, by Ronson, \$17.50. North American jode cuff links, by Dante, \$15. Micronic Ruby Eight transistor radio, 4.2 ounces, with chain and fob, by Standard, \$39.95. **2** (left to right): Britannia 2-compartment metal flask (holds a fifth in each side), in suede case, by Abercrombie & Fitch, \$50. Walnut-and-brass letter scales, from Alfred Dunhill, \$12. World-wide 3-band AM/short-wave 9-transistor portable radio with 4" x 8" speaker, telescoping ontenno for short-wave/AM reception, by Toshiba, \$69.95. **3** (left): Derby-vox battery-operated one-year brass-finish alarm clock, from Mark Cross, \$52.25. Right: Adjustable 24½"-high spotlight lamp, brass with nickel-burnished illuminating sphere mounted on magnet, by Stiffel, \$129. **4**: 12-string guitar with 2-piece spruce top, Honduras mahogany back and rim, by Gibson, \$190. 1980 2- and 4-track dual-speed stereo-phonetic tape recorder with speaker and amplifier outputs, 2 microphones, stereo and mono record/playback, sound with sound, tape playback with live voice, speed selection, volume and tone controls on each channel, digital tape counter, built-in reel locks, automatic head demagnetization and tape lifters, two VU recording meters, automatic shutoff, by Wollensok, \$379. **5**: Book ends of the world and celestial spheres rotate on walnut boses, from Alfred Dunhill, \$25. Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary, thumb-indexed, G. & C. Merriam Co., \$6.75. The Bedside Playboy, 500 pages of the best from PLAYBOY, Playboy Press, \$6. **6**: Blank-firing chrome-plated bronze naval deck cannon, 16" borrel, from Abercrombie & Fitch, \$150. **7**: Danish oak-and-leather saddle chair, by Borge Mogensen, \$290. **8**: Model F 35mm camera with speeds up to 1/1000, f/1.9 lens, by Miranda, \$189.95. Striped silk beech set, by Bronzini, \$40. Imported wool cordigan, by Oleg Cossini, \$40.





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1: Leather-trimmed hourglass, by Rigaud, \$43.50. Inlaid wood chess-board with brass divisions, 16 bronze and 16 German-silver chess pieces, with walnut storage box, from America House, \$600. 2: Roman coin paperweight, from Rigaud, \$19.50. Library scissors and letter opener in brushed aluminum and walnut, from Alfred Dunhill, \$20. Gold-filled pen and pencil, by Mark Cross, \$19.25. 3: Citation 8 professional solid-state 80-watt stereo basic amplifier, frequency response 1 to 100,000 cps, by Harman-Kardon, \$425, wired. It rests atop Empire Grenadier full-dispersion speaker, with dome tweeter, full-presence ceramic magnet woofer, by Empire, \$180. LP: Mel Tormé Sings "Sunday in New York" and Other Songs About New York, Atlantic, \$4.98 (stereo). 4: Mustang convertible with optional white-wall tires, rocker panels, windshield washers, simulated knockoff hubs, 260-cu.-in. V-8 engine, by Ford, \$2780.54 (F.O.B. Detroit). 5: Paisley silk robe, with black-faile shawl collar and fully lined, by J. M. Wise, \$60. Leather toilet case with brushes and comb, from Mark Cross, \$200. Round-trip first-class ticket between New York and London, by BOAC, \$816.60. 6: Transistorized 15-watt stereo phono-graph with 2 dual speakers, Garrard changer, magnetic cartridge, AM/FM stereo tuner, all in airplane-luggage case, by Pilot Radio, \$328. LPs: Handel's Ode for the Birthday of Queen Anne and Three Coronation Anthems, performed by Oriona Choir and Orchestra, Alfred Deller conducting, The Bach Guild, \$5.95 (stereo), and Kenny Burrell's All Day Long, Prestige, \$4.98 (stereo). 7: Fully automatic 16mm projector, regular and slow-motion speeds, \$160; remote-control unit, \$14.95; 5 1/4" x 6 3/4" Private Eye tabletop viewer, \$24.95, all by Keystone. 8: Yellow 2-ply Scottish cashmere sleeveless V-neck puller, by Knize, \$30. Playboy Putter with steel shaft, rubber-molded grip, Rabbit embossed on solid bronze head and black-leather cover, by Playboy Products, \$22. English shooting stick, by Rigaud, \$37.50.

1: Self-contained stereo unit in palisander rosewood cabinet mounted on aluminum undercarriage with casters, containing transistorized 90-watt stereo amplifier, AM-FM-stereo tuner and record changer with twin spun-aluminum sound globes that rotate freely outside the console in 340-degree adjustable arcs, by Clairtone, \$1600. **2:** Coptoin Christensen's rosewood chest, 18" x 11" x 10", with 6 decanters stopped by coin-topped corks, from Abercrombie & Fitch, \$135. **3:** Shoe Shine Center with electrically powered rollers, comes in a carrying case with shoe rest on top and compartments within for doublers and polish, by Schick, \$24.95. **4:** Sun Gun Cordless Movie Light with variable beam, is self-contained, battery-powered, rechargeable, weighs 3⁷/₈ pounds including batteries and recharger, by Sylvonio, \$80. Pistol-grip 8mm zoom movie camera with f/1.8 lens, by Corena, \$279.50. Canonet 35mm camera with f/1.9 lens, has carrying case and flash gun (not shown), by Bell & Howell, \$140. **5:** Elliptipool has 56" x 54" elliptical table, comes with folding legs, all accessories and rules, by Gotham, \$99.95. **6:** Smuggler 5-piece spin rod in partitioned bag, \$34.95; Monogram fresh- and salt-water reel, \$24.95; split-willow 15" creel with shoulder harness, \$28.25; telescopic 3-foot aluminum goff from Scotland with stainless-steel hook, \$23.50; white ash fresh-water landing net with linen bag, \$11.50; No-Alibi accessory kit, \$12.95, all by Abercrombie & Fitch. Lantern with 500-foot, 360-degree beam, nonslip pistol-grip handle, suction-cup anchors, by Mollory, \$19.95. **7** (left to right): Portable 19" television with automatic timer that turns set on and off, by Sylvonio, \$159.90. Antique English binnacle box for cigars, by Rigoud, \$37.50. Transistorized 12-pound, 9" portable television, operates on rechargeable battery, 12-volt auto/boot system or AC, with built-in telescoping antenna, by Sony, \$229.95. **8:** Giant wrist-watch wall decoration with block-colf strap, 3 feet long, by Rigaud, \$250. Leather vest faced with calfskin fur, by Bronzini, \$75.

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1: Siamese teakwood water ski, custom-built to weight and height specifications, with owner's name on ski, by Rail Ski, \$52.50. Seefloat unsinkable fiberglass underwater viewing board, with rubber-padded viewing turret, from Abercrambie & Fitch, \$89.95. 2: Supermatic Trophy 10-shot, .22 long target pistol with 7 1/4" fluted barrel with high-luster finish, adjustable trigger pull, backlash arrester, magazine stabilizer, checkered-walnut grip, by Hi Standard, \$105. Tool Shop, has 18 items of Solingen steel, including hammer, pliers, saw, knife, screwdrivers, awl and punch, in hide case, by Mark Cross, \$52.50. 3: Set of 6 stainless-steel steak knives in case, from Banners, \$26.50. 4: World Wide shockproof battery-operated electric clock, tells time all over world, by Elgin, \$95. Pig-skin passport case with 9 pockets for tickets, checks, currency, from Mark Cross, \$21. Gilded-brass cigarette lighter with black-calf cushioning and trigger-action release, from Mark Cross, \$37.50. 5: Sweet-16 fiberglass speedboat with deep-V, gull-wing hull, has Starlite 90-S outboard, aircraft cable with ball-bearing pulleys, speedometer, tempered safety-glass windshield, vinyl bucket seats with lift-out life-preserver cushions, bow and stern lights, front floor mat, ski and fishing-rod stow racks; trailer has I-beam construction, tilt bed, winch with brakes, by Evinrude, \$3430. 6: Transistorized 70-watt stereo amplifier, 35 watts per channel, with tape monitor, high-frequency filter, speaker controls, as well as inputs for phono, tuner, tape, and outputs for speakers, record and headphones, by KLH, \$219.95; oiled-walnut cabinet, \$19.95. 7: Marine barometer with solid-brass case, brass rings and spokes, finished in statuary bronze, has mahogany base, by Abercrambie & Fitch, \$155. Ship-to-shore short-wave 70-watt radio, by Heath, \$269.95, wired. 8: Enameled marine charcoal grill, stays level at all times, with detachable legs, from Abercrambie & Fitch, \$34.95. Silver-lined brass barbecue pon, walnut handle, by Rigaud, \$35.

*"Mirror, mirror, in my hand,
This coat was priced at fourteen grand.
What I paid could be shown clearer,
If I but had a full-length mirror."*





THE THIEVES OF LOVE

IN BAGHDAD there once lived Ali, a man so fond of beautiful women that he all but lost his wits when one was mentioned and he could not have her. Being poor and fully cognizant that only wealth would enable him to meet the needs of his vigorous body and passionate spirit, he resolved to become wealthy so as to provide himself with that solace and panacea for which his flesh craved and his soul yearned. Before he was 30, therefore, by hard work and sacrifice, he had become a man of means, had built a fine house and had filled it with some of earth's fairest daughters. Men who knew how to judge such possessions swore that Ali's small harem of 60 damsels surpassed, in quality, if not in quantity, the 600 found in the palace of the caliph.

Thus Ali lived in bliss and extreme felicity until a band of robbers appeared in Baghdad. These fiends were not content to rob men of their gold and jewels, their Persian carpets and rare spices, their Arabian steeds and Abyssinian camels. They sought—may Allah wither them—a fairer commodity: the occupants of men's beds, their favorite concubines and even their wives.

Ali strengthened his household guard of Nubian eunuchs and cautioned his damsels to cry out if strange men appeared.

Then one night as he lay in the arms of his latest acquisition, a damsel from Circassia, and as he waited until time and nature decreed a second encounter on the battlefield of love, he heard on the roof of his house the unmistakable sound of slippared feet. Looking up, he beheld the silhouettes of the robber band stark against the full moon. Ali trembled with anger—and with fear. There were so many! Therefore, he spoke into the damsel's ear, saying: "Speak softly, but so that your words can reach the robbers on the roof. Ask me how I gained my wealth, and when I refuse to tell you, press me and insist."

The Circassian, who was as wise as

she was fair, raised her voice in an audible whisper: "Ali, my lord and my love, whence came all this opulence? What business is so profitable?"

"Why ask?" quoth Ali. "You have the best of food and drink, you have garments of the best fabrics, jewels, slaves—whatever the human heart desires. Let well enough alone and let us discuss the more pleasant matters we have before us tonight, your first in this house."


But the damsel continued to press for knowledge, and at length Ali said: "I gain my wealth as a robber."

"But," said the damsel, "how can that be, since all men proclaim you honest?"

"It is all due to a magic I learned in India," said Ali. "I rob only on moonlight nights, walking across the roofs of the city with my helpers. When I find a rich house, I go to the skylight, say the magic words '*Saulan, saulan*,' seven times, embrace the shaft of moonlight that falls from roof to floor, and slide down upon it. Once I have robbed the house I return to the shaft of moonlight, repeat the charm and rise to the roof."

The robbers on the roof heard it all, rubbed their hands and waited for sleep to overcome the lovers. Ali clasped the damsel in his arms and guided her skillfully down the scented paths of paradise. Then, pretending to snore, he waited. The robber chief, a powerful man, loosened his scimitar, said "*Saulan, saulan*" the seven times required, embraced the shaft of moonlight and stepped over the rim of the skylight. Loud was the crash of his fall and loud the cry of Ali who leaped upon him and held his sword's blade threateningly against the robber's throat. The damsel ran to fetch the eunuch guardsmen, and the robber was dispatched with efficiency.

Thereafter the house of Ali remained inviolate to the robbers, who feared further displays of his magic, and, hence, he returned to the bliss he had once known.

—Retold by J. A. Gato 

Playmates Revisited • 1958

playboy encores its fifth year's gatefold girls

CONTINUING OUR TENTH ANNIVERSARY YEAR program of reprising candidates for the December 1964 *Readers' Choice* pictorial, PLAYBOY presents the lucky 13 Playmates who gazed from our fold-outs in 1958. (PLAYBOY's fifth year was marked by our first and only twin gatefold featuring the blonde beauty of Pat Sheehan plus the titian-topped attractions of redhead Mara Corday.) January's Elizabeth Ann Roberts' underage appearance—she was still on the sunny side of 18—created a minor problem, but not in reader enthusiasm for the pert college freshman, whose modeling fee turned into tuition toward her M.D. Judy Tomerlin was a PLAYBOY receptionist and just six months removed from the foothills of Tennessee when she became our June Playmate and the prime focus of *Photographing Your Own Playmate*, a pictorial in that same issue. From sunny Miami came Joyce Nizzari, adding a decided glow to frosty December; September's Teri Hope was an undergrad at Carnegie Tech when a fellow student submitted her picture as a prospective Playmate; we found chess enthusiast Linné Ahlstrand in California and today she is a Bunny in the New York Playboy Club. Readers are invited to send us the names of their own ten favorites from the first ten years—and every girl who graced our gatefold during the first decade, from Marilyn Monroe (Miss December 1953) to Donna Michelle (Miss December 1963) is eligible. The ten most popular Playmates will appear in a special December 1964 pictorial.



ZAHRA NORBO, March 1958



FELICIA ATKINS, April 1958

MYRNA WEBER, *August 1958*



LARI LAINE, *May 1958*



JOYCE NIZZARI, *December 1958*

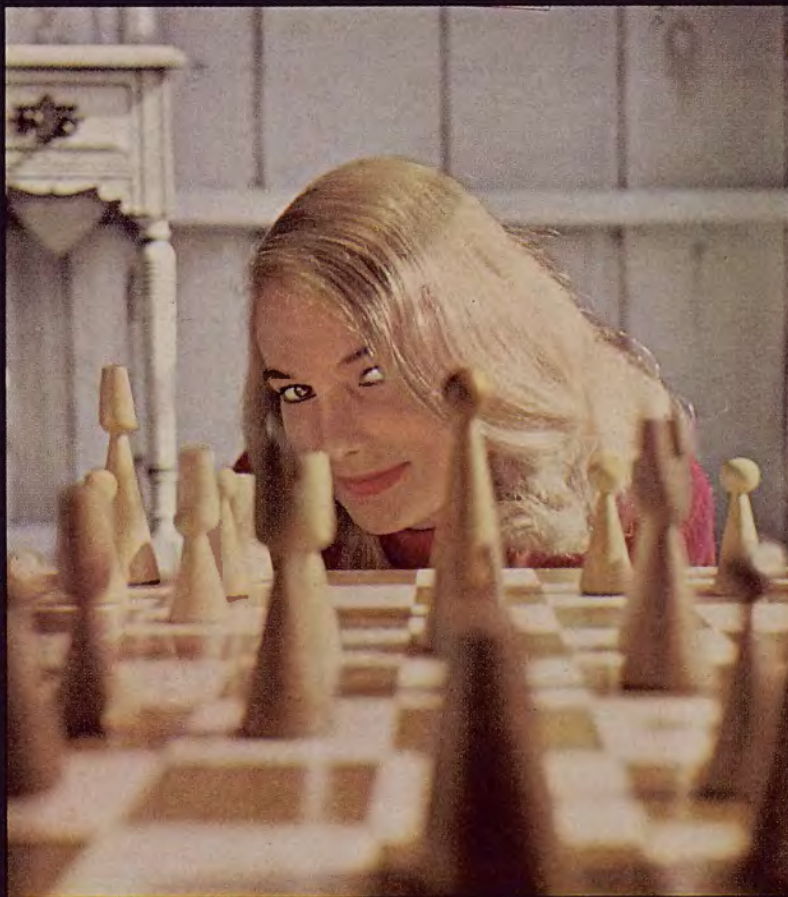
MARA CORDAY, *October 1958*



PAT SHEEHAN, *October 1958*



CHERYL KUBERT, *February 1958*

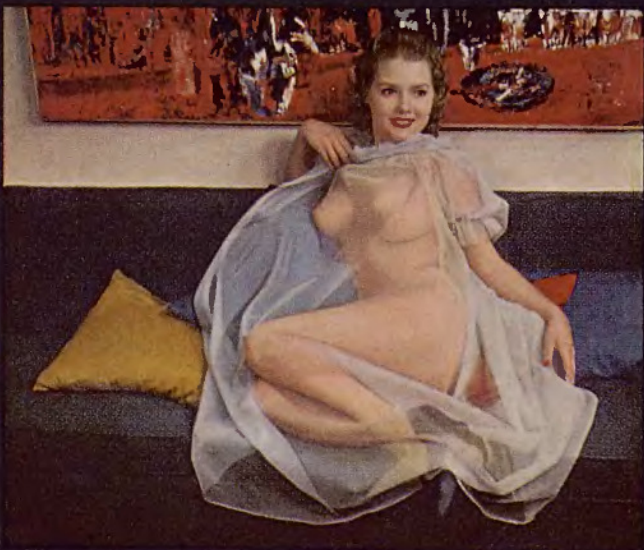


LINNÉ AHLSTRAND, *July 1958*

ELIZABETH ANN ROBERTS, *January 1958*



JOAN STALEY, *November 1958*



JUDY LEE TOMERLIN, *June 1958*



TERI HOPE, *September 1958*

WHAT TO DO TILL THE SANDMAN COMES

humor By JACK SHARKEY *eye-opening enigmas designed to induce incurable insomnia*



LATELY, AT BEDTIME, I have started using my brain for thinking, and I wish I hadn't. As soon as you decide to think, you have to select some subject to think upon, and once a subject is on your mind, you find yourself asking questions about it, and when you run up short against unanswerable ones, your idyl with Morpheus has had it.

I find, on searching textbooks, encyclopedias and other esoterica-laden tomes, that none of my questions have answers, or, at least, no answers that will satisfy me. There is nothing to be done about it. I will never sleep again, and that's that. But I feel the least I can do is tell the world what is bugging me. That way, I'll know I have lots of company on these long sleepless nights.

Here, then, are the posers that are bothering me. If you can answer them, you are a better man than I am, which isn't difficult, since you are so much more rested. Let us, therefore, assume that you are just on the verge of slumber . . . your heavy eyelids droop warmly across your vision . . . your breathing grows shallow and regular and then you think—

(1) When you see your doctor about a rotten cold you can't seem to throw off, he suggests that you go to a hot, dry climate, such as Arizona's, where the cold will "dry up." You tell him you cannot afford such a major step. He then countersuggests that you sit at home, head draped in a towel, and inhale warm, wet steam. Why? Will the steam dry up the cold?

(2) If there is one secret unknown even to the FBI, it is the handclasps of various college fraternities. No one but a brother Pi Delta Whatsis can learn the secret shake. If you join the fraternity, you are sworn to eternal secrecy about the shake. Great care has been used to produce shakes so elaborate, so unlikely to occur by accident, that they will be a certified signal to any fellow frater that you are one of the bunch. Now, please tell me: With all this secrecy, how do the fraternities know that *their* handclasps are different from those of the *other* fraternities?

(3) When people possess oversize diamonds, and wish them split neatly into smaller stones, they will let no one attempt it except an expert diamond splitter. What does a man *practice* on to become an expert diamond splitter? I mean, who's nutty enough to hand over the one a beginner uses in his initial attempt?

(4) The wings of planes are constructed with flat bottoms and gently curving tops, so that the air flowing over the wing will have to go faster than air flowing under it, thus increasing the air velocity over the wing and producing a lessening of pressure upon it, or what they call "lift," and the plane can fly. So how does a plane fly upside down?

(5) A court witness is sworn to tell "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," under pain of perjury. So how come when the witness *tries* to add the mitigating details of a statement, the lawyer can say, "Just answer 'Yes' or 'No,'" and get away with it?

(6) A girl puts on a tight knitted cashmere dress, dabs her ear lobes and popliteals with a seductive perfume, arranges her hair in the latest fashion, carmines her lips to make them kissable, then goes for a walk around the block and a man whistles at her. How come she acts offended?

(7) The man who ate the first oyster is, of course, not too mysterious; as ugly as it looked, once he'd tried it, he knew he was onto a good thing. The (concluded on page 150)



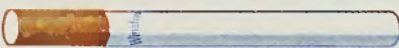
Smilby

"Hell — you know Harry's Bar. Look, we're here, and here's West 58th Street . . ."



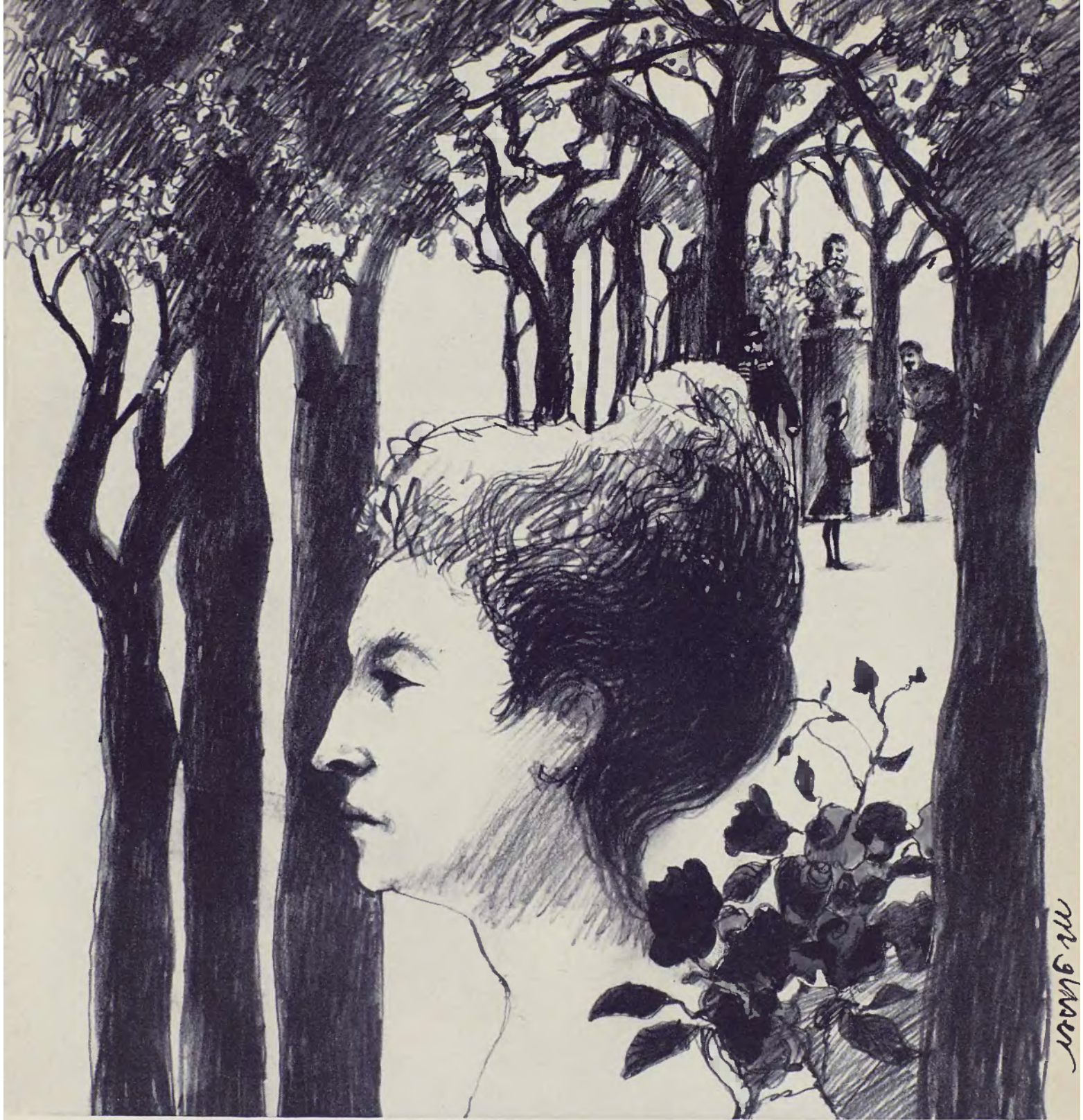
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fiction By GERALD KERSH **THE PERSON IN SOLFERINO PARK**
how does one shatter an image without destroying the romantic dream of its devotee?

LADIES, OR GENTLEMEN, ARE BORN. They cannot be made. To be what is called a lady, you must have a certain refinement of sensibility which compels you to do unto others rather better than you hope they may do to you. Gentility is a quality of soul. It involves compassion for your fellow men; an inborn goodness.

Now to my mind, although she is the greatest comic actress of our time, Bella Barlay is intrinsically a lady. It is not in her character to turn up an hour late for an appointment with a hypocritically nonchalant *Oh dear, have you been waiting?* That stuff you read about the "artistic temperament" is nothing but a record of bad manners.

So, gasping for breath, she said, "My friend, I am truly sorry. I am fifty-five minutes late. Time is life. Unpunctuality is a kind of murder. But, believe me, I have been practically done to death. It happened at the Hotel

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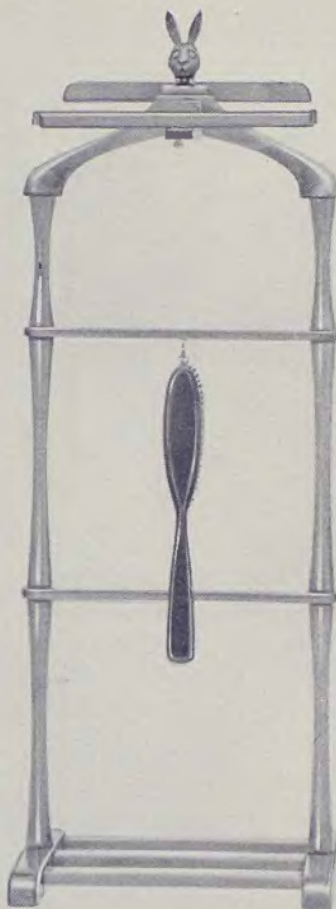
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Mirage. I was trampled and beaten."

"By your admirers?" I asked.

"By nothing of the sort. It would appear that a fellow who goes by the name of Hip-Hip Thomas was having a banana split in the coffee shop—a sort of plethoric, overgrown, downy peach of a boy, much handled and deceptively unripe, who manages even to sing like spoiled succulent fruit made half-articulate. Well, for the sake of this object I was jostled, hemmed in and—believe me or not—actually addressed as 'Little Mummy-o' by scarcely nubile girls in coarse canvas trousers. So I owe you humble apologies."

I said, "Not a bit. Girls will be girls. A crush knows no law. I dare say you have had your crushes on your girlhood heroes."

"The word 'crush' was not in use when I was young. We did, however, whisper among ourselves of G.P.s. That was short for *Grande Passion*, when I was a school-girl. We managed our passions better then. My grandmother, for example, fell insanely in love with that great musician Liszt; she carried one of his cigar butts in a locket to the end of her days, but she would never have dreamed of addressing him unless they had been formally introduced, let alone in canvas trousers. Again, I had an aunt who swore that if she could not marry the Czar of Russia, she would not have anybody. She kept her word, too; but you didn't catch her tearing buttons off his coat."

I asked, "And yourself?"

She replied, "My ardors were always of a refined and intellectual kind. At the age of thirteen I fell in love with that great French author Guy de Maupassant. Not that this would interest you. You only come to see me to get stories out of my past; and the kind of person who reads the sort of stuff you write is not likely ever to have heard of Guy de Maupassant—although I am told high school girls are compelled to read *The Necklace*. I ask you! To be forced to read the great Guy de Maupassant as an exercise! In my day, some mothers of adolescent girls had to lock his books up in a cupboard for fear that we might get at them."

Disregarding the insult, I said, "Dear lady, even if you had been interested in that bore Racine, your personal interest would bring him to life for the whole world. I don't say people would read him; but they would say, 'If Bella Barlay likes him, he must have something.'"

"Lie on, lie on! You soothe my nerves with your falsehoods," said she. "Let us have a glass of sherry."

"But excuse me; surely Guy de Maupassant died when you were no more than a baby," I said.

"What has that to do with it?" she asked. "My love for him was a thing of the soul."

"Well, if it comes to that," I said, "mightn't a teenager's love for a rock 'n' roller be much the same kind of thing?"

She said, stiffly, "I do not see the connection."

"A pinup boy, or girl, belongs to the imagination," I replied. "Spiritually speaking, is there any real difference between pinning up a photograph of Hip-Hip Thomas and hanging one of Liszt's cigar butts around your neck?"

"Yes, there is. But we were talking of one of the greatest storytellers of all time, Guy de Maupassant. I was taken to see his statue in Solferino Park, in Rouen, early in 1908."

"You were only about fifteen years old, then, I imagine."

"Yes. In England and America, the tales of that great man were regarded as unfit for girls to read, for he wrote of love in a keen, cold, brutal way; but he appeared in all the best ladies' magazines in Europe. I must have read all his works before I was thirteen, and I cannot remember that I was any the worse for that. Only I developed what they call a 'crush' on the man himself. I had to find out everything about him, good, bad and indifferent. Most of what I learned was either bad or indifferent. But, gazing in private at a little cabinet photograph of him which I had purchased, I sometimes said to it, 'Ah, my poor Guy! If you had known me you would have lived a less dissolute life; and through my faith in you, you would have learned the meaning of true love!' By this I meant something vernal, flowerlike, romantic, delicate—something rather like the affection that existed between my dear parents—which, as I now realize, wouldn't have suited Guy de Maupassant at all.

"Indeed, over this matter I had one of my very few disagreements with that great theatrical impresario, my secret confidant and the friend of all the world, Jean de Luxe. He laughed at me, and said, 'I knew Guy de Maupassant. He was built like a little ox—thick-necked, thick-chested and with crispy brown hair. We used to call him The Melancholy Bull. He wouldn't have liked your type. Spiritual little girls bored him stiff. Remember his stories as masterpieces, but put Guy out of your mind as a human being. He wasn't.'

"Furious, I replied, 'I will love him until I die!'

"Jean de Luxe said, 'Oh, just you wait and see. Anyway, poor Guy has been dead and buried these several years.'

"'Not in my heart!' I cried. 'I hate you!'

"'Oh no you don't,' he answered.

"'And I knew that I did not.'"

Bella Barlay smiled sadly and, delicately sipping her wine, went on:

Well, that spring my father took momma and me for one of those educational holidays through Austria, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, France, and so forth. Our staring red guidebooks were carefully bound in blue silk to take away what they called *that touristishness*, which was supposed to look so vulgar in art galleries and cathedrals, and to be a terrible temptation to dishonest guides. I need scarcely tell you that the general format of a guidebook is better known

than its contents by such characters, so that a silk binding merely titillates their appetite for plunder. May you never acquire the cameos and other junk we brought back! Venetian glass goblets, alabaster busts, Borgia chairs, stained-glass windows, buhl clocks—the works, as they say in America.

However, my parents could not persuade me to take a proper interest in the cultural life, as represented by the Leaning Tower of Pisa, and all that. All I wanted was to get to the ancient Norman city of Rouen. Why? Because there was a statue of my hero, Guy de Maupassant, there, and I had to put a little bunch of flowers at its foot. I need scarcely tell you that I was not such a fool as to divulge my secret mo-



tive: I simply insisted that I *must* go to Rouen.

My mother whispered to my father, "Joan of Arc was martyred at Rouen. Can it be that Bella wants to make a pilgrimage?"

My father, pulling at the lobe of his ear as he always did when nonplused—which, bless him, was about half the time—said, "My love, I don't know." Then, to me, as it were in joke, "Oh, Bella—concerning Rouen. This insistence. Rouen, Rouen, Rouen! Do you by any chance contemplate making some sort of pilgrimage?"

We Barlays may bend the truth, but we never lie. I looked him in the eye and replied, "Yes. A sort of pilgrimage."

That floored him. He could only ask, "You haven't, by any chance, been hearing voices, have you?"

I answered, "Yes, I have." I did not feel it necessary to explain that I had been hearing his voice, and momma's.

"Just so, just so," said he; then, with a double take, "*—eh?*"

My old nurse Ilonka said that the best thing for noises in the head was a poultice of boiled onions in the ears;

with which, duly applied, I was sent to bed, with a dose of hepatic salts for good measure. And that night poor father sent a long, explanatory telegram to good old Jean de Luxe, who was going to Paris on theatrical business, begging him to break his journey for a day at Rouen.

We had a double suite at the Hotel William the Conqueror in that historic city, and there Jean de Luxe came, with the air of a producer and director, his beard perfumed with lilac, and his hat on one side of his head. There was a whispered conversation, the gist of which I could easily guess. Then Ilonka came to me and said in her sourest voice, "You are going out to tea with M. Jean de Luxe. Dress, child!"

"Are momma and poppa coming, too?" I asked.

"Your momma has a migraine, worrying about you, and your poppa has a knot in his stomach. Get dressed."

I replied, loftily, "I am already dressed."

Ilonka said, "A young lady should at least scrape the boiled onions out of her ears." Bless her heart, she always kept some damp rag to smother pride with!

So, curiously smelling like a lamb stew with lavender water—an evil combination—I went to tea with Jean de Luxe. He was ominously silent, swinging a great snakewood walking stick. At last he said, "You're off your feed, I hear."

"I have not much appetite, Uncle Jean," I answered.

"Could I perhaps tempt you with a little pastry?"

I said, "I'm not hungry, really."

"Pity," said he. "Arminio is one of the four great pastry cooks of Europe. He has the Italian technique, but learned his finer doughs in Vienna and his sponges in Paris. An artist. He is the man who made a chocolate éclair so light that the dancer La Goulue could keep it in the air by waving a fan at it."

My mouth was watering painfully, but I still had strength of will enough to say, "A cup of weak tea, Uncle Jean. No more."

"So be it," he said. "Arminio was pastry cook to Napoleon the Third. But Arminio was a rank revolutionary. He was found guilty of conspiring against the Emperor. But the Empress Eugénie said to her husband, 'Louis, let us be sane. There is nothing more exquisite in the world than Arminio's *Carbonari* Tart. Arminio is international good will. You must pardon him!' The unhappy French Emperor, twirling his absurd mustaches—irresolute, as usual—said, 'Madame, Arminio may conspire against us Monday and Tuesday, on condition that he bake the *Carbonari* Tart for the rest of the week.' . . . It is a confection of apples, honey and cream, with—but what am I talking about? You are on a pilgrimage, you have no appetite."

I said, faintly, "Perhaps just *one* of those éclairs the lady kept in the air with a fan?"

Then Jean de Luxe turned on me, and said, "You little nuisance, by rights I should put you across my knee and wallop you red, white and black as the German flag! You are by nature a great artist, yes; but remember this—in the course of nature no one can achieve artistry, which signifies the triumph of man versus beast. You have behaved selfishly. I am going to make an artist of you. 'Selfish artist' is a contradiction in terms, because you must belong to everyone *except* yourself. You little beast, you shall not have tea at Arminio's!"

I had never seen Jean de Luxe so exercised. "Where, then?" I asked.

He said, "We are going to a florist's shop."

And so we did. He said, "The young lady wants a bunch of verbenas."

"Why verbenas?" I asked.

"It was Guy de Maupassant's favorite



"I'd like to see your income tax returns for the last five years."

flower. I have diagnosed what ails *you*. For the past twelve months you have been mooning over his picture. Come!"

But they had no verberna, and Jean de Luxe settled for red roses—which I had to pay for—and then, carrying my nose-gay, I went arm in arm with him to Solferino Park. He said to me, "About two years ago, 1906 or thereabouts, they put up a statue of poor Guy. It was observed, then, that the park keeper looked exactly like him. Some correspondent of a Paris paper wrote a piece about it. The man's name who keeps the park is Cavalier. The resemblance between him and your hero is something extraordinary."

I said, with heat, "Uncle Jean, this means nothing. In a way, everybody looks a little like everybody else. A superficial resemblance between a nobody and a somebody is enough to bring out an imitation. Hence, I have seen Theodore Roosevelt sweeping the floor of a café; I have seen the King of England selling fish; I have seen the Emperor Franz-Joseph—whiskers and all—hawking gardenias. Who wouldn't look like the Kaiser of Germany, given a sea-gull-shaped mustache? People do not create appearances; appearances create people!"

When I paused for breath, Jean de Luxe said, "Enough! It so happens that Cavalier, the caretaker of Solferino Park, was Guy de Maupassant's milk-brother. I mean, Cavalier's mother suckled Guy de Maupassant."

I cried, "If this makes a resemblance, half the world ought to have udders, and moo!"

"Less brilliance, young lady!" said he.

"—Or my kitten should have horns,"

I persisted, "having been brought up on cow's milk."

"You are too clever by half," said Jean de Luxe. "Bring your flowers and make your pilgrimage."

All the same, I felt that I had scored a point over Jean de Luxe, that kindest of friends; this is no way to feel, young sir! Pinching my silly face into a mean kind of composure, I walked with him to Solferino Park, looking—as I must now regretfully admit—not unlike one of those naughty young French girls who at the present time make fame writing nasty psychological novels.

He said to me, "Wipe that silly smirk off your face, you! I've seen it in and I'll see it out. Behold the memorial!"

I drew a deep breath. There was the memorial to my idol, Guy de Maupassant. My bunch of roses quivered in my hand as I stepped forward.

But then, standing by this bit of statuary in Solferino Park, upon whom did these eyes fall? As the sky above is my witness, there stood Guy de Maupas-

sant himself—short-cut, burly, crispy-haired, military of stature, with a huge chestnut mustache shaded by a pinch of reddish hair on the lower lip, and the supercilious air of a born aristocrat! He was dressed in a species of uniform, buttoned up to the throat. His elegant hands toyed with a bit of paper and some black tobacco, of which he made a sort of sausage—a cigarette—what time he scratched about with a sulphur match, hemming and hawing while he waited for the stick to catch, and fussing with his smoke.

Jean de Luxe said, dry as an old leaf, "Meet Cavalier, the caretaker."

"Enchanted!" cried the caretaker Cavalier, looking me up and down in such a manner that I felt as if I had been skinned alive.

His brown eyes were shiny and dead as chestnuts, quite soulless, and every now and again he caressed his mustache with a cautious knuckle and smiled pinkly at me. He was perhaps the most repulsive man I ever saw, and I have seen my share. It was his utterly ersatz manner that did it. He was what they call snide.

Now I saw a fresh aspect of kind Jean de Luxe—cool and weary, listening with the frenzied patience of a man who knows all the answers but is bound to let you talk yourself dry. Cavalier's cigarette disintegrated. Offering him a cigar as if he proposed to stab him with it, Uncle Jean growled, "Smoke this, man, smoke this! . . . No, for God's sake don't light it with a sulphur match, you fool! Here's a wax vesta . . . Your mother, I believe, was wet nurse to the great Guy de Maupassant?"

"She was," said the caretaker Cavalier. "Oh yes, indeed!"

"My little girl here is a great admirer of Guy de Maupassant."

Grinning, the caretaker leaned backward, so that now his glance penetrated only to my bodice and took in part of my chemise. Jean de Luxe added, "You may address her as Miss Bella."

Cavalier, the caretaker, said, "Yes, yes; all the girls loved us." His eyes were wise to my stockings.

"Us?" asked Jean de Luxe.

"We De Maupassants," said the caretaker, with a chuckle.

Jean de Luxe said, "Come off it,



"Ah, spring!"

Cavalier! People do not create appearances; appearances create people."

I said, "This I have heard before." I giggled, I think.

Jean de Luxe growled, "Shut up!" He was in no mood for joking. Then Cavalier said, "I am sorry. I offended you with my tobacco, my soldier's tobacco. But I can afford no better, because I am a working man. You are gentlefolk. Yet if I had my rights, perhaps I might smell sweet even to the nostrils of the likes of you!"

"What rights?" asked Jean de Luxe.

The caretaker said, with a theatrical sigh, "I am paid to look after Solferino Park, not to talk."

Jean de Luxe took out a bright gold napoleon, and balanced it on a fingertip. "Tell us about your rights, and your wrongs."

"What wrongs?" asked Cavalier, squinting at the coin.

"Where there are rights there are wrongs," said Jean de Luxe.

I piped up: "Guy de Maupassant. Tell us about Guy de Maupassant."

"As for *him*," said Cavalier, with a smile, "I can tell you everything. Everything!"

Spinning the gold piece with a melodious, tingling sound, Jean de Luxe said, "Tell."

Then this person said, "Well, as you may have heard, Guy's mother Laura was a Le Poittevin. Now the Le Poittevins were a good solid Norman family—merchants, you know, and millionaires—but seeded out."

"Bless my heart, here's promotion!" cried Jean de Luxe. "Here's a lucky day, when a park keeper talks in such a manner!"

"Isn't it, though?" asked Cavalier, making affectionate gestures to his mustache as if it were a pet spaniel. "I will proceed." He was, as you might say, soothing that mustache of his—as if it might get jealous of the way he was ogling the gold coin. He went on, "The De Maupassants were gentlefolk. Had a coronet on their note paper, et cetera. But they were penniless, of course."

"And why 'of course'?" I demanded.

"Because it is in the nature of things that your gentry should be wastrels—hunting, shooting, fishing, and all that—a dozen at table, and the wine running like water. Then, if you use a good horse to catch a fox, or a greyhound just to bag a rabbit, how can you have money? Well, Laura le Poittevin brought her husband a very decent fortune, indeed; and as soon as she was Madame de Maupassant, he settled down to enjoy it. She did not have a very gay time of it, I think, what with one thing and another. But when little Guy was born,

she was deliriously happy. You'd think he was the first child ever to come into the world! Ah, mother love, mother love—what an interesting institution you are!"

Jean de Luxe growled, "Get on with it, man!"

"Yes sir, so I do," said this person, with a smirk. "Now my momma, the wife of the farmer Cavalier, had been Laura le Poittevin's maid and companion, so that when they were married old Monsieur le Poittevin gave her a substantial dowry in the shape of a good farm. As luck would have it, Guy de Maupassant and I were born on the same day. But whereas Madame Cavalier was a veritable Percheron horse of a girl, Madame de Maupassant was very sickly.

"And yet—so much for Darwin!—little Guy was firm and rosy as an apple, while Cavalier's brat was somewhat peaked, sickly, as the saying goes. And this pleased the good Norman farmer not at all. He would say, 'Where's the rhyme and reason of it? We've got a fine bit of land, and in twenty years' time, if we're careful, we'll get hold of Madame Pichegrue's acres, too. And who's to work the land? You can't fool me. Our kid will never make a farmer.'

"Momma would shout, 'What does the man want? Our little sweetheart will fill out. Leave him be.'

"'Oh, ah: he'll fill out forms in a post office. He'll be a tailor, a cobbler.'

"'Is the man out of his mind?' Momma would cry. 'What, are children fish—Throw that one back, it's too small!'

"Father would grumble, 'It can't be what they're eating, since you're nursing them both.'

"'Cavalier, shut up; you make me tired!'

"But Poppa, having got some complicated, cunning idea into his hard Norman head, could not get it out. So one day, when Madame de Maupassant was in bed with a sore throat which she was afraid her precious little Guy might catch—for otherwise she hardly let her baby out of her sight—Poppa said, 'Look here. Just for a joke. The De Maupassant pup is decked out in a small fortune's worth of silk bibs, petticoats, tuckers, satin bows, and all that truck. Our little 'un wears a woolen shirt and knitted boots. Now just for fun, mind you—dress little De Maupassant in our kid's stuff, and put ours into the other one's finery.'

"Momma said, 'You're drunk.' But he insisted, and he had his way. He always did, the old mule! Momma dressed Guy in my clean but simple clothes, and got me up in Guy's highly fanciful wrappings. And just as she was admiring the

effect, Laura de Maupassant came tiptoe into the nursery, and snatched *me* up, covered me with kisses, burst into tears, and wailed, 'Oh my little Guy, my little Guy! Has it been pining for its mummy, then? How pale he is——' et cetera, et cetera.

"This put Momma Cavalier in a predicament, for she was like an elder sister to Laura de Maupassant, and this unlucky, nearsighted, hysterical lady was in a very delicate state of nerves. So, seized with a terrible indecision, she did nothing at all.

"Thus, saying no more about it, she took me home. Cavalier slapped her on the back and said, 'That's the girl! Don't cry. Your brat isn't fit for the hard world; they'll bring him up soft. But this 'un will make a farmer!' And that's the way it turned out. Only the De Maupassants lost all their money, and the boy they thought was Guy took to penpushing. No stamina. Died young. And how do you like that for a story, sir?"

Jean de Luxe looked at him in blank amazement, and gave him the gold napoleon. "Where the devil did you read that story?" he asked.

The park keeper said, "What with the farm, the army, and so forth, I never had time to learn to read or write."

"And Cavalier?" asked Jean de Luxe.

"Oh, he went wild over the Suez Canal, and lost his shirt."

"Have another cigar," said Jean de Luxe, laughing. "You tell a good story."

The park keeper looked surprised. He said, "And why should I *not* tell a good story, sir? After all, I *am* Guy de Maupassant!" And he twirled his silly mustache.

As we were leaving Solferino Park, Uncle Jean said, "Well, have you made your pilgrimage?"

"Yes."

"By the way, if it is not an indiscretion—whose photograph was that which you just dropped down the drain?"

I answered honestly, "To be perfectly frank, Uncle Jean, I do not know."

"Do you care?"

"No."

"The man is nothing, then; his art is the thing?"

"Yes, Uncle Jean."

"Congratulations. You have become a woman."

Then we all went to the circus, and had the time of our lives.

• • •

Bella Barlay smiled. "It is all so much like a dream, is it not?" she said. "Perhaps I was too harsh with those silly young people. It is pleasant to be young and silly . . . Only they should not have called me 'Mummy-o.'"





*"Well, just take this little plane off automatic control
and put your hands back on the wheel!"*

JACKPOT (continued from page 74)

fulfillment had not yet come to Al Dooley. He stood up shyly to say good night.

"You leaving so soon, sport? Aw, gee."

"Well, gee, Poopie—"

But Poopie was just grinning, showing his gold teeth. Apparently he had planned to beat up Milly in front of Al as an educational method of showing her that he didn't approve of her collegiate associations, she should have outgrown all that; but Al's abrupt decision to depart took him by surprise. "So soon?" he repeated. He clucked his tongue. "Nice talkin' to you, sport."

Milly also stood up to say goodbye. "Goodbye, Al," she said. "Come again soon."

Naturally Poopie flew into a rage. "You stand up when he leaves, but me? Nothing! And what you mean asking him to come again? 'Come again soon,' she said"—he mimicked her shrilly, appealing to justice at the tangle of wires on the ceiling where there had once been a chandelier. "Come again soon! Come again soon! You putting me down to this college spook? Why you little—"

And he slammed her across the room. Her head hit a bookshelf filled with her old textbooks from Mills College. Cushioned by soggy, worn-out educational material, she dropped to a group of floor

pillows and cried out, "Poopie, please, honey, we have a visitor."

Before Al could move, Poopie was at her again, slapping her face with his open hand. "Ooh, Poopie," she said in a wee voice, looking surprised.

In an instant Al came fully alert. He would not put up with this, even though it meant interference in the family life of the underworld. Although Al had a lot of respect for folkways, he leapt at Poopie and pulled him off. He was surprised at how easy this was: Poopie was a very small and slender man, with a figure like a preadolescent girl's. In Al's imagination he had been a thick criminal with a menacing heft. Instead, when Al yanked him to his feet by his leather sleeves, he found himself gasping into the limp face of a blinking, unhappy little pimp. Al started to say something when the cyclone struck. It was Milly protecting her guy. Shrilling and screaming, she leapt at Al; she scratched and kicked; she was all over him, like a crazed she-panther in her den.

Al dropped Poopie. He also slipped free of Milly's claws. He escaped down the stairway and into the foggy street with her shrieks pursuing him: "Leave Poopie alone, you brute! You college boy! You monster! You—"

Al shut his ears to a continuing series

of pejorative remarks that culminated in an allegation about his intimate relationship to his mother. The accusation was plainly false. His mother lived far away in Santa Barbara and was devoted to her husband, Al's father, even sometimes working late with him in the agency, helping arrange tours to Acapulco.

Al limped down Grant. He was happy to escape with his life. He was not worried about his reputation. Unfortunately, he had lost a shoe in the battle with Poopie, or rather, in the assault by Milly, and this preoccupied him. The street was damp and cold. One shoe is worse than none, it seemed. His quest of certainty was hard on his bruised and wet feet. Walking through the fog with one shoe on, one shoe lost, leads to bitter thoughts.

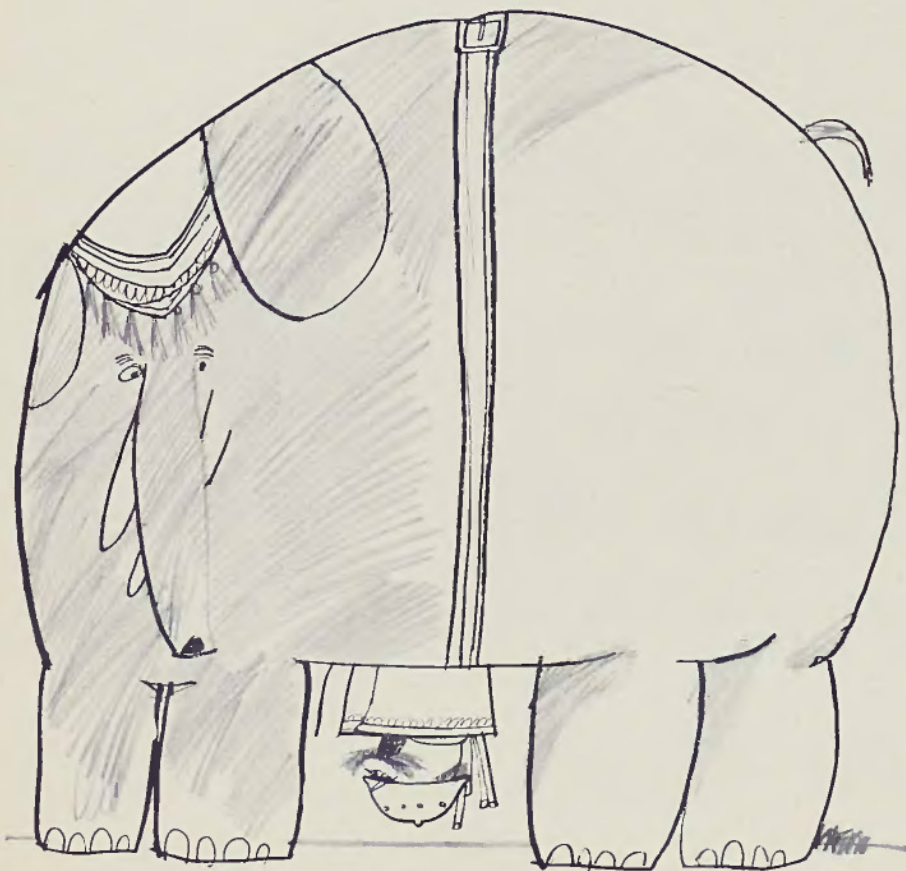
Fortunately, an Army and Navy surplus store—known locally as the Beatnik's Brooks Brothers—remained open late on Sundays and Al could buy a pair of Japanese war surplus tennis shoes. His luck was good. The glue started to come unstuck from the soles before he had gotten a block farther on, but they would last until he reached home again. He felt like unstuck surplus merchandise himself. His luck was good, but not superb. He had also bought a package of Navy surplus mints to take to bed with him. It was time for some serious thinking. A man cannot expect others to solve his problems. He can raise the sugar level of his blood and do his own problem solving. Al and the melted-together mints would work together now. He pried them apart with his fingernails. To hell with Poopie and Milly. To hell with Peggy.

Oh-oh. He finished the mints and still couldn't sleep. School and the Army and his mother and his father and finding a decent job and finding work he liked and Milly and Poopie and Peggy and West Berlin and Cuba and why Johnny can't read and suburban sprawl (which is destroying our great cities) and the plight of oppressed peoples everywhere (including the human race) all got on his nerves. He tossed and turned. Expecting to go into the Army, he had left some papers unwritten. This would be one of those nights.

He sat up, blinked in the dark, and lit a cigarette. He telephoned Peggy. She flew over directly in her powder-blue Triumph. "I, too," she proclaimed, "was thinking about you this evening, Al."

Thinking of each other helped them both to find sweet repose. Afterward he moved to the far side of the bed in order to symbolize the fact that he was alone in a world he never made. He had been made by it; by everything, including Peggy; by circumstances. He slept with a minty taste of Peggy clinging to his tongue.

During an early-morning hour, when



"Gesundheit!!"

Peggy sprang up to make breakfast, he awoke briefly to the buzz of the machine grinding the hearts out of oranges, to the smell of decimated oranges, to the click of the fridge in which a glass of orange juice was being placed to chill—nice Peggy; then he stretched out, sighed, and fell asleep again. He dreamt of mint-flavored money, chocolate dollars and the lonely responsibility of outlaw freedom. Crocker-Anglo is the name of a bank in San Francisco. There are many neighborhood branches of the Crocker-Anglo National Bank.

Al opened his eyes. Peggy had brought him a tray. She was wearing the top of his pajamas. She had dimpled knees.

"Scrambled eggs," she said. "Toast and marmalade courtesy of your marmalady. The juice is in the fridge. I know you like it after, not before, the coffee. When you've got something in your tummy. I know everything about you, Al."

"Crocker-Anglo," said Al.

"Wha?"

"You see, you don't know all about Al. Crocker-Anglo, I said."

He was thinking: With a note. With a toy pistol. I could do that all by myself and not have to complicate things. Just dollars to fly free with.

"You thinking of starting a Christmas Savings Account?" Peggy asked. "Because if it's for me, just any old present

will do, Al. It is the thought that counts, I always say. Where'd you get those scratches on your face? Answer yes or no. Hey, I can tell you're not listening, bad boy. You're dreaming, Al."

"Thinking," he burst out savagely, "thinking."

"If you can think on an empty stomach, why can't you drink orange juice, Al? Al!"

• • •

Al spent the day alone, thinking it over. There was a nice little branch bank down on Market Street. It would be busy during lunch hour, and there would be a sexy little crowd on the street to melt into. Al made a few purchases: GI suntans in the Army-Navy store, dark glasses, a pair of rubber gloves in the Safeway, a toy pistol in the Woolworth's. The clothes were to be thrown away later; the rubber gloves would beat the fingerprint problem. He had to dump one glove, since they were having a three-for-two offer on rubber gloves (for housewives with an extra hand?). He rented a coin typewriter in the public library for a half hour to write a very brief message to whom it might concern:

FILL THIS BAG WITH BILLS OF MEDIUM DENOMINATION. NO FUSS. THE PISTOL IS LOADED. I AM NERVOUS.

That was a morning's work. It's not so

hard to be a lonely bank robber, but you have to lay in your supplies. He then drove back across the Bay Bridge to Berkeley, like a sick dog heading home. He hadn't lied when he wrote that he was nervous. The part about the gun was a fib, but the part about his nervousness was all true. He lay on the floor of his apartment to quiet his pounding heart. He flung himself down and just rested there in the cool dark, staring at the ceiling, with the shopping bag containing his recent purchases flung to the floor beside him. He thought of getting some tranquilizers, but decided it would be cheating, and this moral decision made him smile. It tranquilized him. He would take another day to get ready. The next morning he would spend hanging around the neighborhood of the bank, learning the patterns of streets and crowds. He would not try to make a big scientific thing of it. He would just be an intelligent, hunchy, old-fashioned entrepreneur. He knew from the movies and mystery novels that the clever, scientific criminals always made one fatal mistake. He would avoid that pitfall. He would make a lot of mistakes, perhaps, but enjoy good luck and happy inspiration. He would improvise, like a jazz musician. He would swing.

There was a good chance of being caught. There was a good chance to get away. He would try his best chance.

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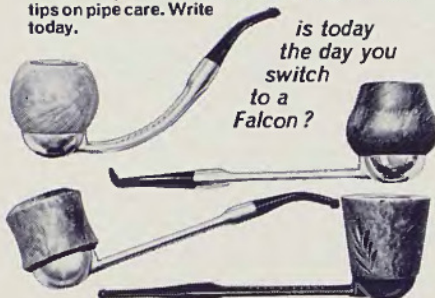
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Before he left the next morning, the telephone rang and it was Milly Peck. Her low sweet voice was whispering little apologies to Al for what she called "the unpleasanties" of the other evening. She didn't know what got into her. She realized that Al just wanted to protect her from that awful Poopie. She had behaved foolishly—ungratefully. She was coming back to herself, she promised him. This was a phase of rebellion. But Poopie had gone too far now. She would not put up with it. There were teeth marks on her cheek. The shoulder isn't so bad, but the cheeks! Poopie was cruel.

Al murmured that he certainly wished her well in all things, and that she get bit less where it showed.

He had been ready to rob a bank before Milly called to apologize. But afterward, he was absolutely determined to rob a bank. Anything—gunshot, police sirens, torture by sadistic insurance investigators—anything to get that racket out of his ears. They had a nice conversation and said goodbye. Al decided: Poor Milly, actually she's a bright girl. She's just looking for an exceptional way in life, her way. And I'm doing it in mine. Poopie happens to be her Peace Corps.

He drove back across the Bay Bridge and took another look at the Crocker-Anglo Bank on Market near Grant. Just up Grant in North Beach was Milly's apartment, but he put her out of his mind after he thought: We're both finding our exceptions on Grant Street. Then he poked unobtrusively around the bank, noting sleepy guards—retired and slow policemen—boy tellers with Continental pants and girl tellers with beehive hairdos and spinster tellers with lusterless nylon faces. On the bank's Muzak there was Muzak, "I love Parr-ris in the springtime," played by the massed Lobotavani strings. It looked easy, so easy.

Why wait?

He had put his equipment in the trunk of his car. He drove out by the Bay, under the Embarcadero Freeway, and in the cool beneath the elevated highway, he parked, dove into the trunk, and came up with rubber gloves, GI clothes, toy pistol and note. He crunched down in the back seat to change his clothes. Fortunately, a long life as a teenager, necking in automobiles, had trained him for this back-tormenting exercise. Al be nimble, Al be quick, he thought. Al will now get in his lick.

He dove up from the floor of his Chevy with a new soul. No, it was the old soul, but now equipped with GI surplus clothes, dime-store sunglasses, toy pistol, rubber gloves, cloth sack and typewritten note, and that meant a new soul. He had new intentions and there



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was action ahead. He drove with brisk authority. He parked the car in a no-parking zone near the bank. A new soul in action. If he received a ticket, he would pay it. They would not connect the ticket with the bank—not if he was getting away—and if he didn't get away, well, the parking ticket wouldn't be much to add to what would be on his back already. He sat in the car in that pregnant moment just before noon, when the counters and diners and restaurants of the neighborhood were beginning to fill up with those in a hurry for their lunch. He waited for the noon whistle. The first jet of early escapees from offices was emerging from the mouths of buildings. They were running about and lining up for lunch. They would not have to wait. Later eaters would have to wait. If you don't have much money, you often have to stand behind the stool in a diner and wait. You feed like an animal. You're caught like an animal. Al wished to get out of this line. He sat slumped, his hands sweating in the rubber gloves, thinking. Then abruptly he peeled the gloves off and let them drop to the floor of the car. He would just not touch anything. The gloves were unnecessary.

Al grinned. This was not one of those perfect heist jobs. This was an improvisation.

And it began neatly, like a perfect improvisation.

Just after the screech of the noon whistle, he sauntered into the bank, past a sleepy guard cleaning his ear with one finger, past a host of women shoppers and bill payers, up to a window. There was a lank little lady on a stool there, watching life through the bars. He handed her the note. Her eyes turned black; the spreading iris took over. He hissed at her: "Don't press that button. I'll shoot."

"I know," she said softly, with a sexy hoarseness. "I know, I know, oh I know." And the hands below that frantic face were deftly filling a bag with wrapped currency. It was as if the hands belonged to an efficient machine. The face was perishing.

"Enough," he said after a few seconds.

"Don't shoot me." The hands went on packing stacks of money into the bag.

"I said hand it over quick."

"I know, I know, oh I know," she said.

He took the bag under his arm and ambled toward the door, waiting for the scream. There was steel pounding in neutral gear in his knees. He planned to break into the crowd at the first sound. Not a murmur. But just as he passed the door and into the pushing crowd of Market Street, the scream finally came, piercing the air. He leapt like a dancer into the crowd. One shriek, and then probably she fainted. He glanced over his shoulder and saw no stir in the crowd be-



hind him. He held his pace to a medium-rapid walk. His Chevy was still there. Not even a ticket.

Into the car.

It started nicely. He drove leisurely up Grant Street. A pink glint of rubber glove shone up from the floor mat at him in the reflected sunlight. A few blocks away, he finally heard the police sirens on Market Street. He dropped his sunglasses out the window and heard the crunch under tires.

How sweet to improvise, he thought.

How nice to break loose.

And then his body just fell apart and he had to pull over to the curb and fight to keep from soiling himself. He struggled, groaning; he left the bag of money on the seat of the unlocked car; he ran into a Chinese restaurant and used the men's room. He came out gasping, but lightened and joyous. It was an airy sensation of being freed. He had vomited, defecated, urinated, and now felt light as air, light as spirit. He was liberated at last. He felt as if he would never need to soil himself with food again. He could live on air. He could live on adrenaline, self-created. He floated in an adrenaline high toward his car, perfectly confident that the money would still be there, and it was. His luck, the luck of a happy improviser, held firm.

He had not yet even peeked into the bag. But there was enough money inside—50-dollar bills, 100-dollar bills, stacked and wrapped—to buy him a long space of power and freedom.

He drove straight up Telegraph Hill and parked beneath Coit Tower, the smooth gray phallus said by San Francisco legend to honor Lucy Coit's passion for firemen. And there, in a parked car at the top of the city, with the cool yellow-gray sky above him, and the town with its lesser hills below, and the Bay spread out around him, he at last looked into the cloth sack. Very light and calm, he counted. He had expected a few

thousand dollars. But there must have been some kind of delivery from the treasury. Someone had forgotten the routine. Someone had neglected to put away the fresh cash. That teller must have been intimidated by his expression of determined improvisation. There was over \$16,000 in crisp new bills of high denomination, every one of them newly minted and smelling like metal, wrapped in crisp paper, crackling and eager to speed their way into the universe.

Al took this news rather calmly.

Then he looked again. The bills were new and untouched and the serial numbers were perfectly consecutive. At the bank they would have an exact record of the serial numbers. These bills shone as if they could burn their way into the brains of anyone who looked at them. They were almost as identifiable as if they had been painted with fluorescent mustaches on the Presidential heroes memorialized by fiscal engravers.

Al took this news less calmly.

The money suddenly seemed useless to him. He felt that his luck at improvisation had run out. He stuffed the bills back in the sack and stared out across his steering wheel, like any visitor enjoying the view of San Francisco on a fine day. It was not yet one P.M. A few people with bag lunches were sitting on the parapets. When he heard the sirens, and saw motorcycles swinging like moths in a mote of light up Lombard Street, he was sure that the bad luck had begun to radiate toward him as if he were the hub of a wheel. But it was only a fire. Al was OK. Up on his hill beneath Lucy Coit's tower, he waved abstractedly at the policemen following the trucks below. He hoped they got the fire in time.

A girl with a motor scooter came up to him and said: "I love a fire—anything—excitement, pops! Say, what's that, your lunch in that sack? You like to look at the city while you eat your lunch?"



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Al supposed that she would like to share his sandwich while they enjoyed the view together, but this was not one of his sociable times. She shrugged and jogged her Vespa over toward the telescopes that looked out at the bleak rock of Alcatraz on its island in the Bay. She put a dime in the slot and the telescope unlocked. Now she looked at Alcatraz.

Al put his hands on the sack of money. The little bundles protruded sharply. It was like carrying a body around with him. They were as useless as a corpse in that bag, and as dangerous. With this sack on his hands, he didn't need a telescope to see Alcatraz sharp and clear in the midday sun.

• • •

The sun, the air and the view also sharpened Al's thoughts. The sociable girl on the Vespa shared a container of cottage cheese with a young man in a Citroën 2CV (two plastic spoons and some welded sculpture on the back seat), and Al had another little improvisation. Milly. He would chat with her about the unusable, overclean, consecutively numbered dollars of high denomination. She could help him find a remedy for the disease called Consecutive Numbering, Marked Bills. He took the precaution of telephoning. Her voice was unguarded. Poopie was not home. He had gone to Las Vegas for two days. "On business," she said. "Do."

By the word *do*, she meant do come up. He did.

It had been two hours since he robbed a bank. Now he was not the same man. It was one of the finest banks in California. He was a bigger person than Poopie in every way. He wondered if the change in him was visible. He wondered if Milly would see that he was a different man, a cool, desperate and accomplished man.

And she did see something.

She saw that he had the shakes and she put some brandy in his coffee. "Mmm, hot, good," he said, holding his hands around the mug. "Ah, good."

She made a maternal grimace of pleasure. "You had a hard morning?" she asked. She had changed since Al had known her at school. Poopie had changed her. In addition to pinching, biting, kicking, and sometimes blackening her eyes, he had softened her. Perhaps the pounding had softened her. She was sorry for Poopie. He brought out the maternal in little Milly Peck. And the maternal which Poopie Cola had brought out in Milly Peck now appealed to Al Dooley. Though he hated to admit it, he had never felt so close to a girl before; exhausted physically and emotionally, frightened, bewildered, isolated from the ordinary by an act of wildness, rich with new dollars in exact serial order, he wanted someone to take care of him. Milly. He needed Milly. He needed Milly's help. He also wanted her to rock him and protect him.

Sensing something of this, Milly spoke soothing words and refilled his mug with coffee and brandy. "You know that shoe you lost the night you jumped Poopie?" she asked him. "And I had to protect him because you are so big and strong, Al? Al? You know? How big and strong and brutal you are? But nice? Well, I returned it to you. The shoe. I did. I knew you'd need it, so I returned it to you. Didn't you receive it? I threw it out in the street after you, but I guess you didn't notice, what with the fog and all. Gee, and I wanted to return it to you."

"I stubbed my toe later." Al successfully banished the whimper of complaint in his voice. He cleared his throat. "That was a bad scene, Milly."

"Gee, well I do know how a fellow needs his both shoes, Al. So I returned it to you."

"OK. It's the intention that counts."

"The good will in a girl's heart, 'cause I certainly didn't want you to go without shoes, even if you did pile into Poopie like a wild man or something, ooh, Al, I never knew you were such a wild man, so impulsively instinctual and all." Al hunched over the coffee mug, warming his hands. Milly gazed proudly at him and this, to Al, did more than the brandy to restore his sense of dignity and hope. She continued fondly: "So how come you didn't pick it up?" (She meant the shoe.) "I saw it in the gutter the next day. Gee, Al, it looked like a person, all sad and beat-up from the cars and the wet and all. It just made me want to cry and take care of it, Al. But I left it there because you know about Poopie, he's so jealous, he loves me so. That poor, sad, lonely shoe. I covered it with a newspaper."

Al choked a little.

"Say," Milly asked, "now that Poopie's gone for a few days, aren't they doing a revival of a Charlie Chaplin at the Surf? Oh. Oh, Al. Oh, you had something else in mind."

She was on the right track.

"Oh, but let's talk," said Milly. "Getting to know you is the important thing, not technique. A girl needs security. A girl needs the sense that a man really cares. Now take your technical types, you know, the lovers who practice all that nasty stuff, ooh, you know, the things I like, for instance—"

It was agreeable to Al to discuss matters. He had had his little problems with love, but he had a particular problem with bills of large denomination. He sought advice, comfort and contacts from Milly. He would listen for a while, let his hands stop their trembling and the heat in his forehead go down, and then he would explain everything to her. In the meantime, as she talked, she might talk herself into enlisting on his side.

The afternoon passed. Milly had



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brought her grandfather's clock, which stood on the floor, out of her parents' house in Hillsboro. It ticked away the hours. The golden pendulum swung back and forth. Milly spoke of her hopes and dreams, her need to fulfill herself, her fondness for Al. When she saw him grow listless over the cold coffee, she kept him alive with an injection of fondness. He had a place in her heart. He had a special place. She knew that he was intended for great things.

Al cleared his throat and raised his hand. He wanted to speak. The late sun was streaming through the window halfway up Telegraph Hill on Grant Street in North Beach. Business in Las Vegas had called Poopie away for a few days. Al desired Milly and also needed her help. Now seemed to be his chance, and it was: his chance to talk about Poopie. "Look at my teeth marks," she said. "Here. Here. And here."

Al looked. "I want to tell you what happened to me today," he began.

"And here, too. Ooh, it still stings

when I just touch it."

"It's not exactly what happened to me," Al said, "it's something I did."

"Ooh, Al, maybe? Maybe you would? Maybe you'd rub oil in my Poopie-bites?"

Al sighed and decided that maybe, with a loving, maternal and gentle type of girl like Milly, you should take your cues from her and not try to tell her how and whether you robbed a bank until she was ready to listen.

"Ooh, goody!" cried Milly when she saw that Al would consent to rub soothing lanolin in the bites. In an instant she had her clothes off and was lying on her belly on a fluffy cotton rug. Rays of sunlight striped her sleek, small, slightly bitten back. Al knelt by her side with the itch and grime of bank robbing still clinging to his body, but a bottle of feminine lotion in his hand. "There," she said. "Ooh, there. Around there, too. He bites me everywhere. It's got vitamin D added. Yes. Yes."

He cupped his hands and rubbed lo-

tion even where she was not bitten. She did not mention it, but her voice grew husky and she smiled and wrinkled her nose at him.

With a voice growing husky, she informed him that she was just looking for the courage to leave Poopie. He was nice, but mean. He was sweet, but nasty. He beat her and took all her money and sometimes hinted that she should go to work for him. Despite all his virtues, she was beginning to tire of him. "Yes, yes, yes, you do that so good," she said. "More."

She also told him more.

Then said, "Ooh, Al, what are you doing? Ooh, Al, but we're just friends. Ooh, Al, but how did you know I still think of you that way? Ooh, Al, ooh."

Afterward, when the sun had gone down and the bites were eased, the itches were eased, Al and Milly took a bath. "Poopie wouldn't like it if he knew we took a bath together in our tub—his," she remarked. Al helped her clean the tub. As he bent to wipe it, she swatted him on the behind with a knotted towel.

"Ouch!"

She smiled maternally. "That's a little trick I learned from Poopie," she said.

Then finally, relaxed, clean, eating Rice Krispies with honey, nuts, raisins, bananas, wheat germ and fortified skim milk—Milly knew that good health promotes healing—Al was ready to talk. Milly was right to make him wait until he was relaxed. She understood. He told her.

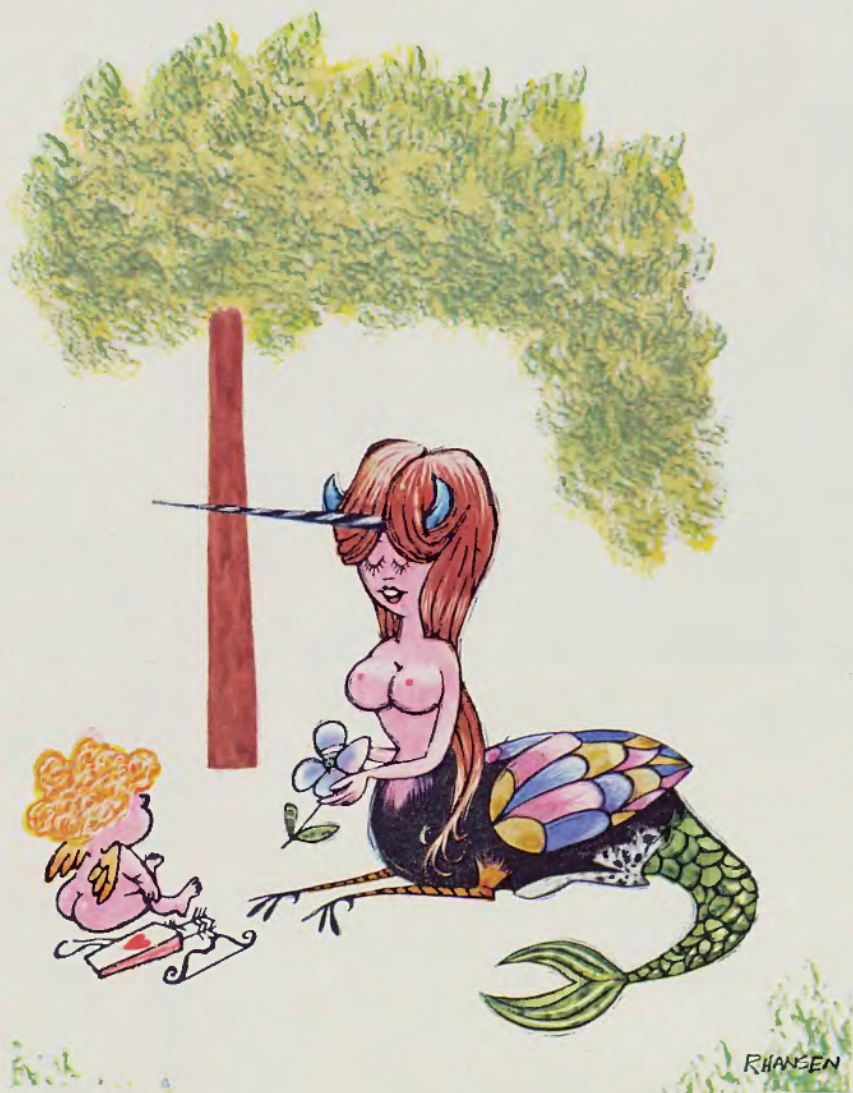
She listened in silence as he explained about his boredom with Peggy and his studies, about the Army, about his quest for meaning, about the sense of uselessness in his career, about his need for exceptional action, and about the bank. And then about the problem with the bills: new, consecutive serial numbers, and he was afraid to pass them. Could Milly, without going to Poopie—somehow Poopie did not inspire his trust—make contact with someone to whom he might sell the money at a discount and get out clean?

Milly listened to this story in silence, brooding. Apparently there were depths in Al, though he didn't bite. Al had surprised her at last. And now he needed her; the maternal in her was aroused. She could help him. He had called to her for help. Milly searched deep into his eyes, abstractedly scratching an old wound on her bare buttock.

Al watched in silence as her thoughts raced about the pretty little head with its thick undone coil of reddish hair. At last she spoke: "Any better at it than I am, Al?"

"What?"

"That Peggy of yours—she any better'n li'l ole Milly? you know? at it? 'Cause you say yes and I'll scratch your eyes out, I will."



"Mother never speaks of that particular orgy."



Advt. for Falstaff Brewing Corp. of San Jose, Calif., who cherishes the view that it takes A Heap O' Livin' (and Splendid Beer) to make a house a home.



"In bed he just lies there."

Al sighed. She had spoken like a true-blue American girl in his time of trouble. She had rallied round him all right. He stood up to go. "Just don't say anything," he said. He was suddenly bone tired. "I'll figure out something."

"Ooh, Al, 'cause I'm a girl, you know? I care for you an awful lot, that's why I get so jealous." She followed him to the door. "Listen, I'm thinking, Al. Here, listen." She forced his head to her bosom. He stumbled and she caught him. "Hear me thinking?" He sprung his neck and rubbed it to get the circulation going. She went on: "Now I'm just going to worry over your problem, Al. I'm going to consider it *our* problem, how's about that? Just 'cause you were kind to me about Poopie and his bites and all. You were good to me, Al. You were. You still like me."

He explained that he would give her one of the new crisp bills, but he was afraid of passing them and being traced.

"Ooh, that's all right, Al," she said. "I did what I did—you know, doncha? ooh, doncha?—only because you love me and you rub my bites so good and I *wanted* to. That bastard Poopie. Bye now."

But she did look longingly at the bag as he toted it out toward the car, concealed in a Macy's shopping bag which Milly had lent him. He promised to return it soon.

She stopped him halfway down the stairway by running into his arms. "Darling," she cried, "I know I'm a little ridic. I just want to tell you something—you trust me." A tear trickled from her eye and made its way down her healthy rounded cheek. "Look, I'm crying, Al. It's because you trust me. I can't tell you what that means to me, that somebody trusts me—"

But she began to sob, ran back, locked the door.

He looked up at the window from the street. There she was, all at once radiant, smiling and waving and blowing kisses. She stood waving as he walked the few steps down the hill to his car. Suddenly, in the San Francisco night, with a chill fog blowing over the town through the Golden Gate, he felt a movement of dread in his chest. But Milly was still waving at him. It was probably fatigue. After robbing a bank and making love, he had a right to rest.

He drove home to Berkeley, tumbled into bed, and slept the sleep of the fulfilled and of the exhausted.

• • •

But Milly needed to fulfill herself, too. While Milly cast about for ways to fulfill herself, Al rested. Al could rob a bank, but Milly could not. It wasn't fair.

Al slept for the better part of two days, just dead in sleep, occasionally waking for a few minutes, staggering to the refrigerator for a glass of milk and a handful of raisins, and then back to bed and down again. Once, practically sleep-

walking, he brushed his teeth. During his few minutes awake, he hoped that Milly had figured out who might buy those numbered dollars from him at a discount. Soon perhaps he would be awakened by a call from Milly. With his knuckle he cleaned a mashed raisin from between his teeth and flopped down again. Tired he was now because he had worked before. Sleep he would now, and be awake when it was again necessary.

The mild Berkeley sun turned twice over his apartment. The telephone rang; Peggy called; he mumbled inconsequently and stumbled back into the sack. It was as if he had fought a long battle and the power circuits of life and death had been shorted. He slept.

Deep in a dream of freedom and soaring in the air—he was a bird, he was an eagle with a man's head, he carried off his prey in his beak—a harsh ring filled his studio room. He struggled up from sleep to answer the telephone; it would be Milly, it would be Milly with news; he blinked open his eyes and it was not Milly. It was the door. They were buzzing and pounding at his door. Before he could blink himself enough awake to answer, a shoulder splintered the door, four cops came pounding through, with pistols drawn. Behind them, protected by them, lounged a civilian figure in wide-wale Continental corduroy pants, loafers without socks and a tan Ban-Lon shirt. This smiling, lounging person pointed his pinkie finger at Al—Al particularly remembered that he used the pinkie, not the index finger—and said, "Yeah, that's him. That's our boy."

"You willing to swear, Poopie?" one of the cops asked.

"Just look around. You won't need me to swear," said Poopie. He turned gracefully on his toes, almost like a ballet master. "There," he said, pointing to a bag which still sat on the chair before Al's desk. It was resting on a paperback edition of Wolfgang Kohler's study of apes and a book called *The Place of Value in a World of Fact*. "Them's nice pajamas, Al-boy," he said. "Stripes look good on you."

Al felt very calm. His long sleep had revived him, filled the nerves with fluid. He felt unsurprised and calm, though a little disappointed in Milly. He would really have preferred to be rich and free and powerful and successful rather than under arrest for bank robbery. Well, a young graduate student can't hope to have everything all at once. He might as well start at the bottom with a good long prison term. It teaches humility, also sewing and license-plate making.

"Don't make trouble, son," said one of the cops. "You be nice and we'll let you dress."

They even let him wash his face. They were sweet cops.

Then they drove him with the siren working through the streets of Berkeley

to the police station. He was important enough to make all the strolling students on the streets turn and watch. He was crowded in between two cops, and his shoulders felt cramped in the back seat. Another cop drove; Poopie slouched contentedly in the front seat. Still another cop followed them on his motorcycle. I'm like the prime minister of a new African nation, Al thought. They're showing me the campus. They're treating me so good. I'll give up being one of the emergent unaligned states; I'll be a gallant ally with missile bases.

Whoops, thought Al: mind wandering a bit.

The cop to Al's left considered himself a student. He tried to suck in his gut and preferred to be described as a "social worker in uniform." He took extension courses in criminology at San Francisco State. As part of a paper he was writing, he questioned Al on the way to the station. "Why did you do it? What did you hope to gain? Didn't you realize how antisocial conduct gets you no place unless you got good connections?"

While he kept the sociology in motion, he gripped the barrel of his pistol so that he could use the butt if Al tried any funny business. Since he ran a little at the mouth, he also told Al what had happened to him: "Your friend Milly made him a little jealous. Our friend Poopie there. Then she told him about your problem. She made him promise to keep the secret, but Poopie broke his promise."

"Yeah," called Poopie up front, "I broke the promise. Now can I just get at him a sec?"

"He's in the hands of the law," Al's friend, the sociologist, proclaimed. He then settled back and explained to Al: "Broke his promise. There's the reward, you know? And the jealousy."

That made it fair. After all, Al was a criminal who broke the law and there was a reward and the jealousy. Poopie just did his duty as a citizen. Al should understand.

"Oh I do," said Al.

"The code of the underworld and all that jazz," said the educated cop.

Al came partly alert. Through narrowed eyes he asked his one true friend in that sirening police car: "But the code! No squealing, isn't it?"

The cop took that under advisement. "Hmm," he said, "you got a point there." After all, he didn't have his master's yet. He wasn't a real fast thinker yet. "Well, you're a nonprofessional," he decided at last. "They don't like that. Amendment to the bylaws of the code, buster."

The local police were not accustomed to intelligent young graduate students in sociology who robbed banks. Therefore, they treated Al with special consideration. Instead of flinging him into a urine-stinking cell with no top for the toilet

and a curse for company, they flung him into a urine-stinking cell with no top for the toilet and a command not to commit suicide for company. They took away shoelaces and belt. His thoughts they left him. They left him alone.

He found that he disliked Poopie more than ever.

About Milly, he felt resentful. He should not have trusted her good nature. She had too much of it. Her cup ran over, but all he got was the runover. Poopie got the cup.

Peggy, snug in college, came to mind as a true friend. He longed for Peggy—comfortable Peggy with all her cashmere and steady affection. He bawled a moment with self-pity, and then resolved to face the future. The future would be something to occupy the idle hours. He wasn't really a psychopath—he felt sorry for himself.

Having been slept out, he sat awake, staring into the blue aisle light and listening to the drunks moaning in adjacent cells. A cop lounging under the bulb and flicking his cigarette butt against the wall. Cabbage smell from someplace. Hopelessness of men who were not hopeless just for the experience. Al understood, with grave and lonely clarity, that he was in trouble.

• • •

During the next few months Al was in a kind of nervous state, sort of jumpy. His mother pointed out to his father and his father pointed out to the court-appointed psychiatrist: It's only natural that our boy Al be a little nervous, you know, not crazy, just jumpy, just not guilty by virtue of insanity, since he had been betrayed by his close friend Milly and his other close friend Peggy small comfort to him because she was writing a term paper and those bills were so new and clean and consecutively numbered and Poopie strutted around as if he had won the London-San Francisco international tiddlywinks match. "Does like I say, that girl," Poopie bragged, proud of his lady Milly, though he did splinter her guitar and beat her up a bit after she confessed that she had been weak in the flesh with Al. Poopie was saddled with an outmoded moral code. He didn't realize that, after all, he had been away for a whole weekend.

Also.

Also there were lots of other complications. Dr. Bessie Frisch, who had his own problems, fiddled with the hearing aid attached to his horn-rimmed glasses while he listened to everybody. The hearing aid led both to his ears and to a miniature transistor tape recorder built into the Phi Beta Kappa key dangling from a chain interlocked with his vest buttons. Dr. Bessie Frisch had been teased so much about his first name as a child—he was named after his mother's favorite sister, and had worn bangs until he was 14—that he was given his

choice by fate at the age of 20: Become a psychiatrist or remain nervous, jumpy. Well, it was more profitable to take up psychiatry. He took it up.

Now, handling other people's problems, he oftentimes became nervous, jumpy. Also he suffered from swollen glands. But he was shrewd. Shrewdly he asked Al: "Do you think you developed a criminal mentality out of protest, hm? against the name Al?"

"Hm?" Al asked capily.

"It must be short for Alice, I presume, hm?" asked Dr. B. Frisch. (He was called "Bee" by his close friends, who sought to avoid embarrassment whenever they could.)

It turned out that Al was short for Alan. Dr. Bee Frisch decided to try another tack. He interviewed Peggy, Milly, Poopie, the police officers, including the talkative one who went to extension courses, and the bony little lady who had been teller in the bank. Recently she had left that job to work at the notions counter of a Woolworth's. She reported on Al's behavior when he had been robbing the bank: "He looked like a fine young man, well brought up, intelligent, kind and considerate. Only he seemed a trifle nervous, jumpy. I would say temporary insanity, Doc."

"Hm," said Bessie.

"No, try it again," said the lady. "Temporary insanity. That's what I would say."

Since he was nearsighted, Bessie failed to note that the bony little ex-teller wore a heavy tan. She had just returned from an all-expenses-paid trip to Acapulco, courtesy of Al's father.

Well, the wheels of justice ground away with their inexorable clatter. No power on earth could stop the march of American social work. Most people, with the single exception of Poopie, agreed that it would be a shame if such a fine young man, adventurous, farsighted, ambitious and nervous, should be put away among a lot of criminals, men delinquent in their alimony, bank robbers, and many such antisocial types who were sure to exert a bad influence on him.

Poopie, on the other hand, argued for the gas chamber. He believed that strong punishment was a deterrent to crime. He had friends in the John Birch Society who advised him on sociological matters. When asked if he was a member himself, he put forth an objection. "I ain't gonna tell you," he said.

Later, after the investigation, there was a short legal hearing which settled the matter for Al. The judge in his robes pounded for silence. All interested parties were questioned. Al explained that he had really meant to go on a freedom ride or join the Peace Corps, but he just hadn't thought of it in time. He had wanted to do something exceptional. No one had invited him to be an astronaut. He would have liked to explore inner

and outer space. No one had shown him how to float a new electronics stock. He would have liked to abscond to Brazil. Later on he would have returned home to face the music. That's the kind of embezzler he would have been. It kind of irritated Al. He had wanted to break out of his routine. He, too, could be an exceptional man. He had wanted to get rich quick. The judge interrupted: "That's enough out of you, Accused!"

His defending lawyer, who had an M.A. in psychology and a Ph.D. in sociology in addition to his legal training, leapt to his feet in protest: "Your Honor! In this modern world of today! The misunderstood youth of a troubled urban culture!"

"Objection sustained," said the judge.

Milly, wearing a black veil, lifted the lace with one finger in order to shoot Al an apologetic, heavily shadowed look. It shot soggily all the way across the courtroom to where Al waited in the witness chair while his lawyer engaged the judge in a duel of wits.

"Objection!" cried Al's lawyer.

"I already said sustained!" cried the judge.

At last Al's lawyer was satisfied. He could not demand an abject apology from the presiding judge. He pinched the bridge of his nose where it had been pinched by his gold pince-nez glasses. "Step down," he said kindly to Al, and offered him an arm.

Milly kept on shooting look after look at Al as he walked unaided to his chair. Al's trouble had matured Milly. She was grateful to him. Poopie had discovered the undiscovered depths in her, thanks to Al. She didn't really care so much about the guitar. When Al settled himself in his oaken courtroom chair, she lowered her veil and the looks of apology subsided. Also Poopie's ire was being stimulated. He sure did make demands on a girl.

However, Poopie was in good humor. He enjoyed getting on the side of law and order when the opportunity presented itself. He was still smiling, with just a little bit of ire, when Al's lawyer called him to the witness stand. Poopie declared: "I just asked her and she told me. Does like I say, that chick." Then he had a surprise deposition to make. "But seems to li'l ole me like Al never intended for to make a bank heist. He was driven out of his skull, you know, he flipped . . ." He caught Al's father's eye. "Er, your Honor, I would say he was nervous and jumpy because he didn't feel so good."

Poopie also had a nice tan.

Then Peggy mounted the stand as a character witness. "I was mean to him, like, for instance, I did everything he told me to, your Honor. A man needs some resistance, some challenge to his manliness in this our culture of modern

rootlessness. Did I forget anything? I feel so nervous and jumpy up here."

And Al's parents also were invited to speak at considerable length. It turned out that Al had always been foursquare behind the American Constitution and carefully selected numbers from The Top Ten Bill of Rights, in favor of a hard line in Berlin, and spent many a desperate hour with accompanying night sweats at the thought that the Communists might someday succeed in their design to take over the Sovereign State of California and use it as a base of operations against the fallout shelters in Arizona and Nevada. His worries about the future of America made him kind of—

"I know," said the severe but kindly judge. "All of us here in these chambers believe in tempering justice with a bit of largess, do we not? Don't we? But I'll make the decisions around here. So much talk makes me jumpy," he declared, looking about him nervously. It was a legal hearing, not a trial, but still a fellow can't be too careful. He toyed with a small set of copper cuff links which he had just brought back from his recent vacation in Acapulco.

Dr. Bessie Frisch tamped out his pipe and testified briefly. He summarized his report. "Good, good," he said to the judge. "As it emerged in my examination, the name 'Al,' for this particular

patient, seems to recall feminine dominance over his childish parataxic Oedipal frustrations. Now if we take the name seriously, 'Alice,' say, or 'Alberta' . . . Somewhat jumpy, even nervous," he concluded.

The verdict followed inexorably. Al was found Not Guilty by Virtue of Jumpiness. He was put on psychiatric probation, ordered to consult with a qualified physician (Dr. Frisch suggested a referral), and told to eat lots of wheat germ and celery in order to help calm his nervous feelings. A young man should watch the physical as well as the psychiatric parts of his character. Counseling the patient against violence, the kindly old judge stated, "An ounce of wheat germ is worth a pound of karate."

Peggy flew into his arms. "I'm so proud!" she cried. "Of you! You're so interesting, Al."

"Aw," he said, "all I did was rob a bank and get betrayed by my moll because she was neurasthenically bound to a crooked, double-crossing pimp, was all I did."

"I don't care," said Peggy through her soft, buttery lips. "I forgive your frustrated reversion to a girl not worthy of you. I have found a purpose in life—caring for you. You're unusual, Al."

"That's nice of you, Peggy."

"And you know what? Your nice dad-

dy says he will send us to Acapulco for our honeymoon if we promise to be good. Let's be good, Al."

Al realized, as the future washed over him, that at last he was on the right track. Married, settling down, he could quickly get off probation, write a dissertation on the criminal mind and find a job teaching in a quiet little college. A record as a bank robber would mark him off as a little different from other young instructors in sociology. In a world which admired slight distinctions, an occasionally dreamy, melancholic character, this could only work to his advantage. "We'll have adventures together," Peggy promised him. "Life will be our adventure."

And, of course, if he got bored with Peggy or the job in a small college, he now knew how to vary the routine. He might take off after Poopie in a typical underworld act of revenge. He had that insurance. He could break the monotony. The murder of a stool pigeon by a handsome young sociology professor would lead to a bigger job in a better university, still more forgiveness by wife and family, and a sense of pride that Al Dooley could bring some variety into the steady hum of American life. He had found his own little way to hit the jackpot.



Old Spice—with that crisp, clean masculine aroma! | SHULTON

SANDMAN

(continued from page 128)

part that bugs me is: How did he happen to *have* the oyster? I mean, it involved his paddling out into the deeps, diving down many shark-filled fathoms, seeing this craggy oval self-cemented to a rock, holding his breath manfully while he tore it free, taking it back to shore, then hacking, pounding and prizing until it finally gaped wide, and therein encountering an oddment of gray-white sliminess, a really hideous sight after all that work. So he thinks, "Yummy, I'll pop this into my mouth!"? And if he didn't know what was in the muscle-clamped undersea shell, why'd he go get it? And don't say it was washed ashore. Anyone who eats an oyster washed ashore wouldn't *ever* try another, because they only release their hold on the undersea rocks when they are dead, and—sorry, I can't think about this one anymore.

(8) The origin of snake charming is not hard to figure out. Reason balks at

the thought of some early Hindu going over, to the first cobra he met and attempting to lure it with flute songs; I mean, no one would be that nuts. What must have happened is that a flute player, amusing himself in the noonday sun, saw a cobra rise up from the hot dust at his feet, and saw that it was not going to strike, but instead sway rhythmically to the tune, so long as he kept playing. So what happened when he stopped? And if he *didn't* stop, how did he get away to train *others* in this esoteric occupation? And which of his friends was idiot enough to find a cobra of his own and try it?

(9) Walking under a ladder, scientists say, cannot really bring bad luck. They know because they have tried it, and have not had bad luck. How do they know they are not having bad luck with their *experiment*?

And now, it's time for dreamland. Lotsa luck.



WIND DEVIL

(continued from page 109)

was being spoken to me. At that age I accepted the wonder of the life I had in the same way I drank water or breathed air. On those mornings I would move from fire to fire, squatting easily with the men, listening to that easy Chihuahua Spanish, accepted at every fire, part of it all.

But one morning Emeterio Alvarez varied the story of how he passed the black bull three times in a real bull ring when he was young down in Chihuahua and everything began to change. We'd heard the story a hundred times, so many times it had become a ritual and I guess you shouldn't fool around with a ritual. Anyway, that foggy morning, Emeterio added something to this story and things began to shape up into a wind devil that was going to catch me.

Emeterio didn't look like a bullfighter. He was small and stringy with a thick black mustache that was too big for his sad face. He had five daughters he watched over like a small Minorca cock, convinced that each of them was waiting for a chance to slip out and disgrace his name. He was one of those people on whom all clothing seems a little big.

As a kid, Emeterio had caught the bull fever, just like all of us kids on the ranch had caught it from him. You could play at it grimly, taking turns with other kids running at each other with chair legs or dummy horns, caping dogs and goats or anything else that moved.

When Emeterio was a kid, the thing had gotten too big for him. One day, using his shirt for a cape, Emeterio had jumped down into the ring of some village and had passed a real bull three times before the local police hauled him away to jail. He never spoke of the jail or how long his sentence was. It was not part of the story.

"That animal," he would say, always in the same words, "was a perfect bull. Big, *¡Hijo!* a male locomotive of a bull, black with horns . . . *¡Ay!*" He would stretch out both arms, curved, the wrists broken in, the tense fingertips quivering menace. He would hold that, then drop his arms, shake his head and whoosh through his big mustache.

"I could have passed that bull all day with its night."

All of us would know there was still one line to come, the mustache lifting away from the teeth, the eyes moist in pride.

"The *guardia*, he said I had style. Great style."

He would squeeze his stringy biceps where the policeman had held him that long-ago wonderful day and the story would be finished. But we would wait silently for a while, paying respect with that waiting silence to a man among us who had passed a male locomotive of a black bull three times in a real bull ring.

The dew was late to burn off that morning, and the fog lay thick and down-spiriting. People moved in closer to the fires and took heat on their hands and rubbed it on their faces. Emeterio nearly always had some wine in him before he told his story, but that morning he was drinking sour wine, the sour wine of sadness that a warm-blooded human drinks through his pores when he finds himself in a foggy, cold and alien place.

But that morning, when Emeterio was through, when the respectful silence lay as heavily as fog after the last line, he did something different and everything began to change.

He got up, folded his cotton sack precisely and began to pass that black bull, standing with his stomach tucked in, his back very straight, his chin out-thrust and his eyes proud and stern. He passed that bull close, you could tell, using veronicas, a whole series of butterfly cape swirls, passing him tight like all bulls are passed when they are bulls running in the ring of the mind.

Everybody stirred and watched him. We weren't watching a ragged little man whirling a cotton sack beside a cotton field. We were all sitting on the expensive shade side of the ring watching a man in a suit of lights passing a perfect black bull, using a deep rose muleta, seeing it all as clearly as Emeterio. Somebody yelled *¡Ole!* and all of us picked it up on the next pass, exploding that concerted sound, and Emeterio answered to the *¡Ole!*s and brought the bull by so near that the hair rubbed off on his suit of lights. He passed him again and called to him, making that grunting sound, bringing the black bull around tight, skidding, dominating him completely.

And my father came walking out of the field, tall and red-faced and absolutely foreign, yelling that it was time to pick cotton.

Emeterio stood in that attitude a bullfighter assumes when the bull is at the very end of the cape, its horns just emerging from under the cloth, the purity of the pass depending on holding that pose for just precisely the correct number of instants, feet close together, torso twisting, transmuting time, motion and violence into sculpture.

In that pose Emeterio became conscious of my father yelling. He heard him, still held the pose for an instant, and then cracked the sculpture of himself to look down at his spread muleta. The crack in the statue spread in all directions. In seconds Emeterio was only a little man dressed in clothes that would always be too big for him, holding a patched cotton sack. He dropped the sack and looked around him, seeing where he was.

"Ay, Dios," he said softly. "Ay, Dios."

"Let's pick cotton!" my father hollered, murdering the Spanish in that in-

dividual way he had, all flat a's and r's, trying to sound like a boss, but a good, friendly boss.

Emeterio stooped and picked up his cotton sack, folded it around his shoulders and began to walk away from the field. My father yelled at him. When he'd hollered twice, Emeterio turned around.

"I'm sad," he said. "I'm sad today."

My father's face got redder. He never could understand that sadness could be so real and crushing that it could disable a man. He could understand a man not working because of a snake bite, pneumonia or a broken leg, but the excuse of sadness just made him mad.

"Let's pick cotton," he said again.

"I'm too sad," Emeterio repeated.

My father walked up to him and stood about two feet taller than Emeterio.

"Maybe you don't want to work here anymore," he said.

"*Patrón*, I'm too sad today."

"You are sick," my father said loudly, trying to force it. Emeterio was a good worker and our ranch was 50 miles from anywhere and Emeterio didn't have a car. "You are sick," my father said.

Emeterio risked one look at him, then we all watched his pride go down, a big bitter ball requiring two visible and audible swallows.

"I'm sick," Emeterio said when he knew the ball was down.

"All right," my father said. "You wait in the car. I'll take you back to the camp."

"I go by foot," Emeterio said and began to walk away, his feet dragging.

Casimiro Gomez grunted and walked out of the crowd, his paunch carried proudly out in front of him.

"I am too sad to work today, *patrón*," he said in that singsong way he had, and he didn't wait around for an argument. He just went out to the road and marched along behind Emeterio, his paunch showing how mad he was.

Casimiro was a fat one, but nobody ever called him Gordo. Most of us kids called him Don Casimiro in respect, and for the reason that Casimiro was the owner of 2000 goats. Those goats made it possible for him to walk away that day.

Fifteen years before, he had left his village in Chihuahua and, in the charge of a cousin, had left three female goats and a young buck. Those goats, for the first few years, hadn't bothered him. But by the time he had become a permanent worker on our ranch, the goats had possessed him entirely. One day he had calculated the increase from those goats, allowing a reasonable incidence of twins and triplets, but being businesslike and allowing losses for death, theft and barren females. But even so, in the mind of Don Casimiro, in my mind, and in the minds of everybody in the camp, those

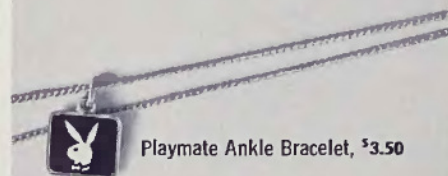
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four goats had grown into a herd of 2000. When his herd reached that number it became too big for him and Casimiro permitted his herd to remain at that fine and staggering number. Just finding graze for them was a huge problem and he walked around with the frowning importance proper to a man who owns that many goats. Manuel Icaza was a little rabbit of a man from the same village as Casimiro and there were enough goats to permit Manuel Icaza to begin to walk around with the same air of harried importance and to approach Don Casimiro with the troubled face of a man of consequence, squatting to draw maps in the dust, pointing out a particular hill which loomed green in his memory.

My father didn't say anything to Casimiro that morning when he walked away, but his face got pretty mean and he swore and then yelled at the rest of them. Gonzalo, the straw boss, went to stand by the scales while the rest of them went to pick. He tried to withdraw himself from the situation, but couldn't. He was the straw boss and profoundly embarrassed.

"Those two," he said, apologizing, "very emotionated."

I was embarrassed, too. I went out into the field and began to pick cotton, but nothing felt right and I left. I netted carp all day and didn't come back to the trailer until nearly dusk. When I came back I saw that the trailer was completely ringed by rocks and clods the pickers had hidden in their sacks to make my father pay for the weight of them. I began to gather up the clods to get them away from the trailer before my father came.

"No," Gonzalo said to me, and I got the same tingly feeling you get when you're trying to get up the nerve to run into a really big wind devil. I just kept on picking up clods and throwing them, hurrying. Gonzalo came over and put a big hand on my shoulder.

"Why?" I asked him. "Why?" But before he could answer me, my father drove up in his square-backed Essex with the trailer hitch to haul the trailer to the gin. He walked around the trailer figuring how many dollars' worth of clods he'd paid to have picked that day. He looked at Gonzalo, his big eyebrows down close over his eyes. Gonzalo looked at him, looked away and swallowed. My father just waited.

"Emotionated," Gonzalo said weakly. "A day of emotionation."

My father just backed up the Essex to the trailer and hitched it. It was dusk by then and Gonzalo and the pickers began to stream down the road toward the camp. I always rode to the gin with my father, but that day I didn't want to. I began to walk after the pickers.

"Get in here," my father said, and I got in the Essex and sat as far away from him as I could.

"What was the matter out there today?" he asked, and my toes and fingers began to itch like they always did when he talked to me.

"I don't know," I scratched my fingers. "Emotionated," I said.

"You've been hanging around the camp too much," my father said, saying I wasn't on his side or something and threatening all kinds of things if I didn't straighten out mighty quick.

"Emeterio was sad," I told him carefully, "because you called him to pick while he was passing the bull."

"Hell," my father said.

"Casimiro owns all those goats," I said.

"Hell," my father said.

He was saying Hell about some pretty basic beliefs and it scared me, but it made me mad, too.

"I suppose Hilario Sanchez didn't get shot in the arm by Pancho Villa, either," I said. "And I suppose Rosa Gutierrez didn't sing over the radio once in Los Angeles."

There were lots of other things I could have brought up. Almost every family had something. One had a map to a lost gold mine down in Sonora. Another had owned a grocery store once. Another family had a cousin who was a cook in the house of one of the biggest generals in Mexico.

But I just brought up Hilario Sanchez and Rosa Gutierrez because those were two things I was dead sure of. I knew Rosa Gutierrez had sung over the radio once in Los Angeles. She just had that look about her.

Hilario Sanchez was one of the gentlest and nicest men I've ever known and sometimes I secretly imagined he was really my father, because he was so nice to his own kids. Hilario had a withered arm and the story was that in some revolution he had been captured by Pancho Villa. Hilario had refused to divulge information that Villa wanted. They had tied Hilario to a post and, while Villa ate and drank, every once in a while he would pick up his pistol and shoot Hilario in the arm. After each shot Hilario would only shake his head. He endured four shots through the arm at the biceps without crying out, just shaking his head after each shot. After the fourth shot, Villa had gotten up and cut the ropes himself, embraced Hilario and had given him a drink from his own bottle.

"Macho," Pancho Villa had said. "Machote," saying that Hilario Sanchez was a lot of male animal, among many other respectful things.

"Hell," my father said about Rosa Gutierrez and Hilario Sanchez.

It made me feel like I ought to say something doubtful about how my father had won second place in the bronc riding at the Salinas rodeo in 1926. But

I wasn't that mad.

"You've been hanging around the camp too much," my father said.

It was true that I spent a lot of time in the camp. It consisted of 50 or so wagonhouses that were really big cook wagons left over from roundup days, tents, tenthouses and sheds, arranged with little streets among them. I liked the nights in the camp best with somebody playing a guitar and singing in that high, sad way they all sang and smelling wood smoke and corn meal and hearing a low laugh off somewhere and the pat-pat-pat sound women make when they're making *tortillas*. I spent a lot of time there, eating most of my meals at one place or another.

Our house was near the camp, but never of it, a big, rambling place with verandas around all sides, facing out onto a huge court or patio. This court was a bare field with a round concrete horse trough in the middle of it. We held baseball games in the court on Sundays, playing a fly ball into the horse trough as a home run. We always kept the horse trough stocked with carp we netted out of the ditches to take the mud taste out of them. Everybody, during the summer, hung gutted carp from clotheslines and all of us used to always be chewing on dried carp.

For three days after that morning, Emeterio Alvarez was too sad to work. I drifted by his tenthouse a few times and looked in. Each time he would just be lying on his cot, looking up at the tent roof. I coughed once, standing outside, and he made a single shooing motion with one hand. I wanted to say something to him, but nothing I could figure out made much sense.

At dusk on the fourth day he came to the house. He took off his big hat and put it across his stomach. He was very polite and went into the office with my father, and when he came out he looked different. I gave him time to get back to camp and then ran there myself.

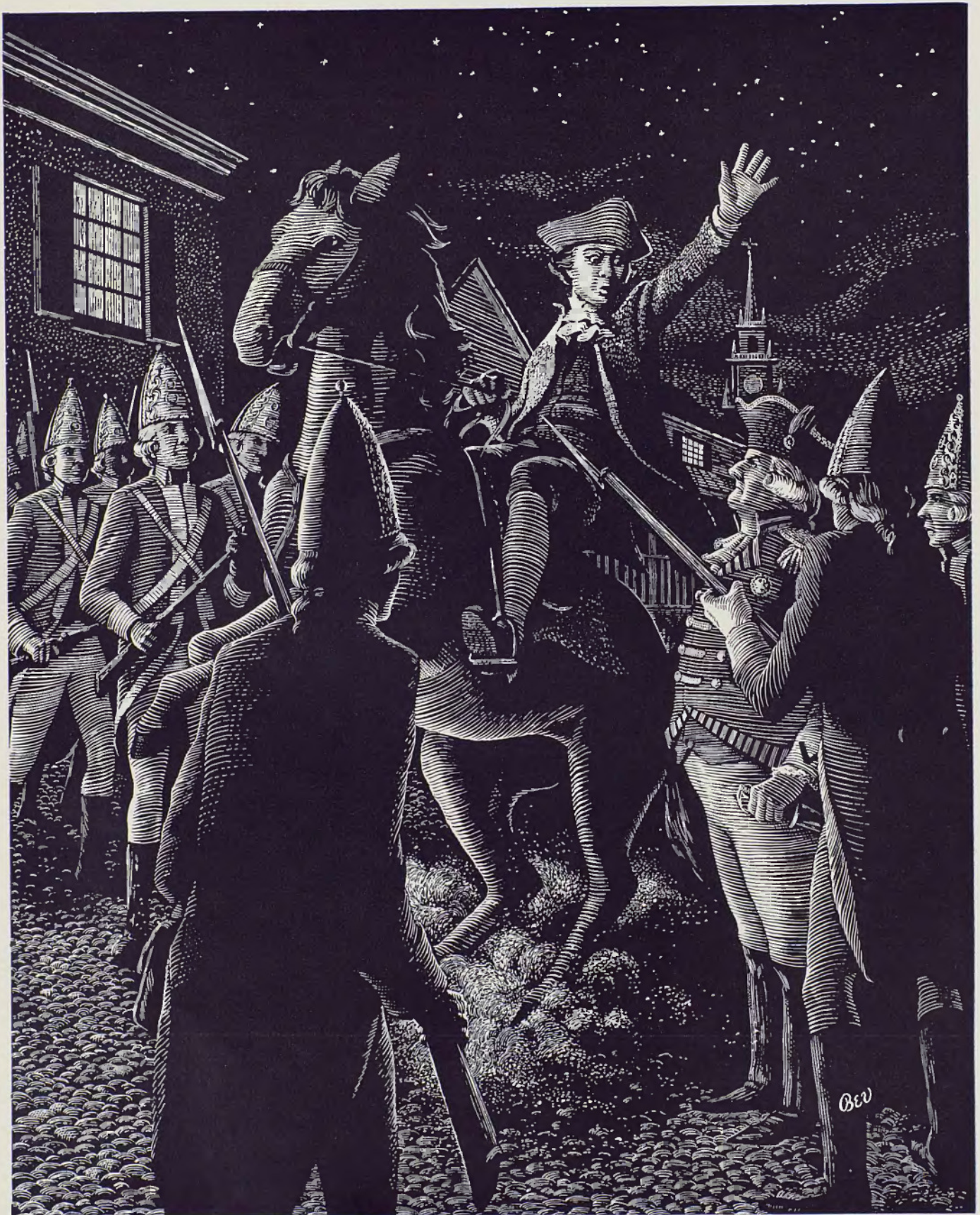
It didn't take long to find out. It was the biggest thing that had ever happened in our camp. Emeterio had bound himself, his wife and five daughters to work for my father at half pay until he had paid off a steer he had bought from my father. He was going to put on a bullfight right in the middle of the baseball field.

I ran back to the house and into the office.

"You going to let him?" I asked.

"You don't need a license to be a damn fool," he said. It was one of his favorite expressions and covered an amazing variety of situations.

Next Sunday, Emeterio got together a bunch of men and borrowed a Model-T truck and went out to Deep Wells where my father had a few steers on



*"The British are coming... the British are coming... the ...
Bri... tish ... are ..."*

range. I guess they had a terrible time cutting that steer out and cornering it in open country and getting it up onto the truck. They were tired and dirty and skinned up when they got back to camp and unloaded the steer. When it was on the ground, the steer acted like it was home, snuffling around, not acting fierce. I commented on this to Gonzalo.

"A *torero*," he told me a little coldly, "has his way of handling difficult bulls."

"This is a steer," I said.

"Necessity is the great teacher," Gonzalo said. "Get three shotgun shells from your father's office. Gunpowder will bring back his spirit."

I was relieved. Once we had fed a mixture of gunpowder and tequila to a banty rooster and it had become a complete terror. That night I took five shotgun shells from the box in the office and the next morning I took them to Emeterio, holding the shells in my hand.

"Let me be alternative," I bargained. This meant that if the steer disabled him, then I would take over. It would have been a pretty good bargain, but I knew he wouldn't do it. He shook his head and I held onto the shells.

"Sword handler?" I asked, coming down several notches, and, after a while he held out his hand for the shells.

Becoming sword handler for the bullfight made me feel kind of responsible in a way. The next morning I went out with a gunny sack and waved it in front of the steer's nose and grunted at it to infuriate it. It came closer, slobbering and snuffling, seeing if there was anything to eat in the sack. Emeterio came running out. He'd changed a lot since he'd bought that steer. He walked around with his mustache bristling and seemed to fill out his clothes more.

"Leave the bull alone," he ordered. "You'll teach him to know the cape."

"He seems pretty tame," I said, "after five shotgun shells of gunpowder."

"I haven't give him the powder yet," he said. "The morning of the spectacle is the time." I was relieved again, remembering what the gunpowder had done to that banty rooster.

. . .

It's funny, but it seems like you can go along for years and it's like someone hasn't noticed you yet, like you weren't worth bothering with. Then, one day you get noticed and things start happening.

Before Emeterio could put on his big bullfight there came a letter from Ojo Azul, Chihuahua, for Casimiro Gomez, the owner of 2000 goats. I met the mailman that day and there was this letter for Don Casimiro. I found him squatting with Manuel Icaza drawing maps in the dust.

"A letter," I told him, "from Ojo Azul. One Jesus Gomez."

He looked up at me, not believing.

Fifteen years of silence and then this letter.

"The cousin," he said. "The cousin of the goats."

He took the letter, turned it over several times, smelled the glue, lifted a corner of the stamp and frowned.

"Look," he said, "I am an alphabetic."

It was a delicate way of saying he couldn't read.

Manuel Icaza studied the map in the dust.

"Equal," he said after a while. Casimiro surrendered the letter to me. I opened it and read.

The Aunt Leovigilda had died, such a hard blow, and her son, Leonidas, able and with some facility of numbers, wanted to emigrate to the United States of California, well, would the Uncle Casimiro find him employment.

I read it all, letting my voice fall with finality after the signature. They didn't look up. After a long time Casimiro drew a deep breath. "And of the goats . . . ?"

"Zero," I told him.

"Zero of the goats," he said.

"Zero of the goats?" Manuel Icaza's voice was high and angry.

"One hundred percent zero of the goats," I said, getting it over with.

Casimiro didn't look up. After a while, Manuel Icaza leaned over and spat into the map in the dust. He got up suddenly, violently, and left, looking from side to side as if searching for a betrayer.

I didn't know what to say.

"Look, Don Casimiro," I said. "I feel it." In Spanish that's the way you say you're sorry. You say you feel it and I did. After a while I laid the letter down beside him and left.

It would have been one of the biggest things that had ever happened in the camp, a man suddenly being wiped out like that, but the fever of the bullfight watered down the scandal of it. But it changed things, anyway. From now on Don Casimiro would be Panzon or Gordo, The Fat One or Big Belly. Never again *Don* Casimiro. With charity, maybe just plain Casimiro. But goats would always be an impolite thing to speak of in his presence.

We worked all day Saturday making the bull ring. We lugged in old corral gates and bedsprings and car doors and pieces of board and anything else that could be propped up. It turned out to be a pretty small ring and really it looked like a junk pile out there in the middle of the baseball field. My father came out onto the veranda and motioned for Gonzalo to come over.

"Have them clean that mess up after," he ordered.

On Sunday I ate lunch with Emeterio and his wife and five daughters. Neither Emeterio nor I could eat much and the

women were pretty quiet. Every once in a while the wife would look scared and grab Emeterio's arm and he would look at her sternly. It was pretty emotional. After lunch Emeterio shoed his women out of the tent and began to dress.

He had borrowed Joe Flores' black wedding suit. That suit was too big for Joe Flores and Joe Flores was a lot bigger than Emeterio. It hung on him and he took some twine and tied the legs tight around the ankles. When he stood up the pants legs ballooned down over the twine and he looked like he was wearing black knickers. He had on a white shirt, the collar of it so big that his neck looked thin and corded inside the rim of it. He had on a big red tie. The cuffs of the coat came clear down over his hands and he rolled them back, showing the lining. He had on old tennis shoes and they looked out of place, but still, he looked pretty fine.

The best I could do was an old cowboy vest, and when Emeterio was dressed I picked up the sword. It was a steel finger off an old hayrake. I stuck the hayrake finger under my arm and stood behind Emeterio. He picked up his cape and draped it over his arm. It was a cotton sack painted red.

"The gunpowder?" I asked, and he told me he had given it to the steer at dawn.

"March," he said, and walked out of the tenthouse, his arm folded tight against his chest, his knees lifting high. I was right behind him, walking the same way. When we got near the bull ring the people began to clap and it was good to hear it.

Until I saw my father. He was up on the veranda of the house with one foot on the veranda rail. He was smiling. I didn't mind the smile, but what worried me was that I could see that he had put on his old cowboy boots, the ones that hurt his feet so bad. I stayed just inside the bull ring and Emeterio marched out to the middle, bowed and spread the cape.

"I dedicate this bull to the people," he said.

The men began trying to push the steer out into the ring and it didn't want to go. Emeterio waited, acting like he couldn't see what a terrible time they were having with the steer, trying to push it between the bedsprings and car doors. But finally they boosted it in. The steer trotted a couple of steps, looked around and then began snuffling at its front feet, blowing dust.

Emeterio set himself, gripped the cape and began saying Huh, huh, *toro*, *torito*, deep in his throat and to shake the cape and scrape his tennis shoes in the dust. Everybody was very quiet, watching. And in the quiet I heard my father.

"Hell," my father said.

That steer acted like it hadn't had five

shotgun shells of gunpowder at all. It didn't pay any attention to Emeterio. It just walked over slowly and began to try to eat one of the women's skirts. She screamed and yanked the skirt away and the steer backed up, a little startled. And Emeterio rushed it, hollering. He just managed to toss a corner of the cape over its head. I hollered *¡Ole!* Nobody else did. The steer groaned and began to run around and Emeterio began to chase it, his pants legs flopping and the sweat beginning to run down his face. Every time he'd get close to it, the steer would whirl and go the other way. One of Emeterio's pants legs came loose from its binding, dragging in the dust, tripping him, and he stopped to fix it.

My father came into the ring, stepping tall over a bedstead. He was smiling. Emeterio straightened up and began saying No, no, no. My father, still smiling, headed the steer, feinted it once and then grabbed it and began to bulldog it, leaning on it, twisting its head, and all the time Emeterio kept saying No, no, no. The steer toppled over.

There was absolute silence. Then my father did something I just couldn't believe. He worked himself around and held up one arm to the crowd, like he'd done something really brave and was ready to hear their applause. There wasn't a sound. He kept holding up his arm, smiling, and then he looked around for me and found me and pointed his arm at me, asking me to clap or something.

I guess that's what he wanted. Anyway, I just couldn't. It was like being caught in the middle of the biggest wind devil in the world, like the whole world was a wind devil, really, going around and around. My father kept looking at me in that *asking* way and I, well, I just couldn't. He let his arm down and he and the steer got up.

Emeterio began to make a low sustained noise in his throat. I looked at him and saw his face. He ran toward me and I was seeing a full-grown man crying. He grabbed the hayrake finger away from me and ran back to stand in front of the steer. He profiled and drove in over the steer's head. The finger of the hayrake zinged and went flying. The steer shook himself.

"You quit mistreating that steer," my father said.

"It's my bull," Emeterio said, still crying.

"You don't have to pay me for the steer," my father told him. He always said he treated his Mexicans right.

Emeterio looked up at him and opened his mouth and the veins stood out in his neck and his eyes bulged, but he didn't make any sound.

"Better clean this mess up," my father said, and walked away, tall in his cowboy boots. We were all still standing there

when the screen door slammed behind him.

Emeterio began to walk around like he'd suddenly gone blind. He blundered against a car door and then a bedspring and all of a sudden it came to me that all he wanted, that what he was trying to do, was just to get out of there. I took his arm and he swung around and threw my arm and looked at me like he hated me.

"Gringo," he said to me.

I was his sword handler and he said that to me.

• • •

That night I walked out into the camp.

I stood outside the wagon house where Rosa Gutierrez lived, the one who had sung over the radio once in Los Angeles. I stood in the dark that was so dense I could breathe it. I could see her in there, singing to one of her kids, rocking back and forth.

"Hell," I said so softly she couldn't hear me.

Over by Emeterio's tenthouse I could see his daughters around the door. I went close enough so I could say something to them, but then I didn't.

I didn't look for Hilario Sanchez, he of the withered arm where Pancho Villa had shot him. I'd looked into his wagon-house plenty of nights and I knew he'd be sitting there with a couple of his kids on his lap, playing with them, patting them, holding them. I sure didn't want to see that. Not that night.

I saw a cigarette glow and veered

through the night toward it. Casimiro Gomez, the fat one, dragged on his cigarette and I saw his face. Mexicans say *Adios* to each other when they meet each other and don't want to talk. It means Hello and Goodbye, kind of.

"Adios," I told Casimiro and he said *Adios* into the place where I'd just been.

I walked out of the sounds and smells and faint fires and stood all alone in the middle of the baseball field and looked back at the camp. Somebody hit a single sad chord on a guitar and it sounded like it came from a million miles away.

Over at the house I could see the light in the office where my father was working. I stood out there in the night between the camp and the house and felt just exactly like a wind devil had just cast me out and I was waiting for the whirled-away part of me to come back and let me be *me* again.

It still hadn't come back when I stood beside my father's desk. I leaned over and put my palm on one of the spikes that stabbed the bills. I pushed, seeing how much pain I could stand. I pulled my hand back and looked at my palm. I hadn't even drawn blood.

"I think I'll join the Navy when I get old enough," I told my father. "See the world."

He didn't even look up from his ledger.

"You don't need a license to be a damn fool," my father said.



"You'll never catch any waves with that rig, buddy."

COPENHAGEN (continued from page 90)

cognac sauce. The oddly named 7 Sma Hjem (Small Homes) is a multiroomed, elegantly *intime* restaurant which occupies a series of interconnected townhouses, each furnished and accoutered in a different style; downstairs is a timbered bar popular with young couples in search of hot libation and warm association. The menu is comparable to that of the Seven Nations, a similarly conceived spa echoing the decor of as many countries, including a Greenland Room and an Alaska Bar. The fare—different in each room—includes such exotica as pickled salmon, corned duck and Greenland reindeer.

A few doors away is the Coq d'Or, famous for *Canard à l'Orange*, and plump Bombay chicken with a curry sauce that has pleased the palates of gourmets from India to Indiana.

At least one of your evenings—and a healthy appetite—should be reserved for a feast at the Botanique, a picturesque 88-year-old establishment which excels in such varied repasts as a meal-in-itself onion soup, steak Diana and a sautéed tenderloin *flambéed* in cognac. The decor is charmingly Provençal, the service im-

peccable and the rich Danish patisserie is created by the former pastry chef at Buckingham Palace.

For culinary outdoorsmen, the roof restaurant of the Codan Hotel, next door to Amalienborg Castle, is a splendid preserve of abundant wild-game dishes ranging from woodcock to reindeer steak. Only the prices are tame: from \$2 to \$5.

During the summer, in addition to having such marvelous outdoor restaurants as Divan I in Tivoli at his disposal, the visitor will be charmed by the beautifully canopied courtyard of the old Hafnia Hotel, where the diner is invited to select his seafood for the evening from a huge central basin aswim with schools of finny fellows.

Oriental comestibles may be sampled in imperial style at the tiny Nanking restaurant, specializing in Cantonese fare fit for a mandarin—all at coolie prices: a dollar a meal.

Royally inclined tastes will be extravagantly indulged at the restaurant of the Richmond Hotel, which caters banquets for the royal court when foreign dignitaries come to sup and sip with the

king and queen. Fit for the princeliest of palates is the capon grilled with pimienta and chopped fowl liver, served in cognac and garnished with *pâté de foie gras*.

Another lordly *table prestigieuse* is Restaurant Escoffier, which thrives mightily on the reputation of its namesake and on the quality of a first-chair international menu, no item on which costs more than \$1.75.

Having indulged your gastronomical inclinations, you'll be ready to swing into the city's pulsatingly diversified night life—which will be cornucopian with opportunities to establish contact with agreeable female companions. Girls are plentiful in Copenhagen bars and night clubs, frequently unattached and nearly always approachable (provided you're not daunted by the sight of a panatela perched between the lips of more than a few).

Copenhagen has no cabaret hostesses who will share the pleasure of your company on a per-hour basis. It doesn't need them—for the likelihood of catching the eye and fancy of a Danish girl, for a reasonably well-polished American visitor, is almost too good to be true. The reason for the quantity and complaisance of this feminine embarrassment of riches is fourfold: the inbred Scandinavian taste for pleasure, unprecedented social freedom for women, their almost defiant determination to make the most of it, and the apparent indifference of many Danish women toward Danish men. Thus, the urbane American male with pleasant manners and earnest intentions stands a better-than-even chance against his less-adventurous Danish counterpart.

Love, the physical variety, is a publicly private affair in Copenhagen, unself-consciously evidenced almost everywhere, day and night—in buses, on park benches, in the candlelit seclusion of timbered taverns, on crowded North Shore beaches. For sex is looked upon with favor and frankness by the Danes. In many public schools, pupils are taught the practical aspects, if not the pleasures, of sex—which most of them learn for themselves soon enough. It is discussed with unblinking candor, accepted with equanimity, enjoyed with enthusiasm. (The visiting male may find himself momentarily disarmed when his female companion bluntly accepts—or rejects—his invitation to dalliance before it has been uttered.)

You might choose to start your peregrinations by taking in a performance at the ABC Theater, which stages leggy revues with such corny, but titillating titles as "Sextacy" and a bevy of demiclad chorines who engage en masse in the closest thing to *le strip* that you can find in Copenhagen at the moment—but it is definitely no Folies-Bergère.



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Another pair of unabashedly lowbrow but high-spirited emporiums in which to observe, and perhaps join, the nightly mating ritual are the Red Pimpernel, a cavernous beer-and-dance hall whose dime-sized dance floor is so tightly packed that terpsichore is a matter of incidental interest; and a blatantly misnamed bar called the Virgin Cage, where the female patrons are wont to welcome a visitor with open-armed hospitality.

Having sampled some of the earthier brands of Danish hospitality, you'll want to move up in class to some of the town's more stylish night spots. There are 35 with a five-a.m. closing time, euphemistically known as "night restaurants" to indicate that they feature food along with drink, dance and dalliance. This is an important feature of Danish night life; the Danes would consider it unthinkable to seek nocturnal adventure without the firm assurance of sustenance en route.

Jazz buffs, male and female, local and imported, flock for far-out sounds to the Club Montmartre, which boasts a large clientele of unattached girls, a candle-light-shirt-sleeve atmosphere, and the services of some of the finest U. S. jazzmen: The bandstand has held such as Stan Getz, Gerry Mulligan and the brothers Adderley. Those in search of blue, uncool, old-fashioned jazz may profitably explore a pair of nearby sound stages—Vingarden, whose bar is a bohemia of whimsical trinkets, cast-iron memorabilia, medieval tools and Rube Goldberg-type creations, and the Cape Horn, a harbor dive that offers neo-Dixie and New Orleans blowers. The policy of both places is predicated on the nostalgic proposition that true jazz came to a dismal end when King Oliver laid down his horn.

Round about midnight, the city's swinging wee-hour circuit plugs in for the last lap en route to daybreak. Showtime is past and revelers settle down to serious drinking and dedicated pub crawling. A pack of clubs are available for these purposes—foremost among them being the Atlantic Palace, Café de Paris and the Adlon. With lamentable modernity the Atlantic recently replaced its thriving upstairs carousel bar with a string of bowling alleys—a heavy blow to the city's late-night social life—but the downstairs remains a plushly appointed, Grecian-columned mecca for music, dancing and convivial spirits, potable and otherwise. Café de Paris is a multi-storied den with a Lilliputian dance floor on the second floor and a cozy drinking nook decorated in the style of a 19th Century mansion library one floor above. But by far the most glittering of the three is the Adlon, whose gold-and-red interior resembles nothing so much as a turn-of-the-century opera house. Ad-

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mission is 29 cents, but it may take a bit of palm greasing to get you by the imperious tyrant guarding the front gate. Table reservations are a prerequisite, for even on week nights the crowds approach rush-hour proportions. But there's one compensation: The bar is almost always awash with throngs of animated feminine fun seekers. The music is nonstop, one band spelling another, and so is the dancing. If you feel inclined to while away the hours in less hectic surroundings, the New Look bar at the Palace Hotel is the place to enjoy plush and quiet comfort while sipping.

If you still find yourself at loose ends during the few remaining hours before morning, you'll be greeted with sympathetic hospitality—along with coffee, crullers and marmalade—at a sanctuary known as the Society Bar, which opens its doors at the stroke of five.

If you are not alone, however, the question eternal of where to share a private nightcap becomes the final order of the new day. Happily, your hotel room is often—but not always—considered quite acceptable by the liberal-minded Danes, unless the night clerk can show prima-facie evidence—which few, if any, ever have—that the young lady is accompanying you there for purposes of engaging in a business transaction. (The hotel desk clerk is positively affable, however, about feminine visitors during the daylight hours.) In any event, your companion will probably have volunteered her own quarters.

Whatever your early-morning status, it is well to remember that during the Scandinavian summer the sun begins to show its face at 1:30 A.M., and the birds insolently begin chirping an hour later. This unseemly display of early-bird

frivolity may seem incongruous at first, but you'll probably have too much on your mind at that hour to find it disconcerting.

The Danes are early risers despite their dedication to late-night pleasures, so if you want to make the most of your visit, you'd be well-advised to roll out of bed early and into one of the city's many public steam baths where a suffusing steam-and-sun-lamp treatment, plus cold shower and massage will prime you for the day ahead.

You might begin by renting a bicycle and setting out on a freewheeling city tour. If this notion sounds too athletic, you may elect to sight-see in a rented car down narrow, winding alleys lined with picturesque antique shops and leaded-glass windows, past the thickest Round Tower and the bear-capped sentries guarding the first family at Amalienborg.

Ride out past Langelinie Promenade to the Glyptotek museum whose world-renowned collection of modern and ancient art is supported by the Carlsberg brewery. Or visit the Rosenborg Palace and the Christiansborg Palace, both aglow with the glittering trappings of state.

If you're interested in Danish arts and crafts—whether for browsing or buying—a visit to one of its great purveyors will prove a rewarding experience. None is more illustrious than Illums Bolighus, a starkly modern downtown showcase for cleanly designed Danish palisander and rosewood furniture (teak is no longer in), hand-blocked linens and handsome silver, enamel and glassware. The prices are reasonable by American standards, though often high for the natives. No less exclusive an emporium for the discriminating shopper is Den Per-

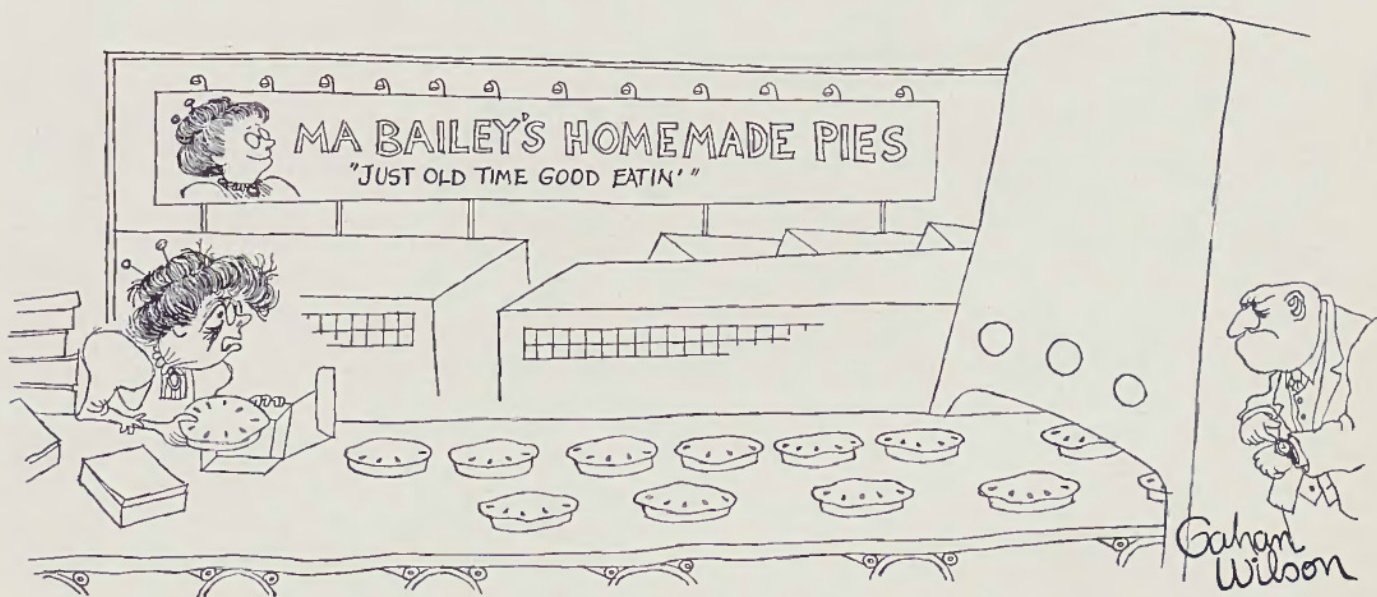
manente, a treasure house of choice home furnishings, flatware and jewelry of tastefully chaste design.

Your next shopping stop-off should be Georg Jensen's silversmith shop, whose Fifth Avenue affiliate in New York has long since outgrown the original Copenhagen hammer-and-anvil workshop, which offers a superb collection of jewelry, silverware and ornaments.

To sporting bloods, the offerings of Copenhagen may seem a bit tame except for the fast-paced soccer games at Idraetsparken, where the Danes, ordinarily an imperturbable breed, display uncharacteristic passion in rooting for their favorites, even to the hurling of bottles when the local goalkeeper is threatened by a brawny Swedish forward, or the umpire has called a foul against a home-town center half.

As a contrast to the previous evening's strenuous inaugural—after a postgame potation at the nearest pub—you might consider (having wisely made reservations beforehand) a visit to the theater or the ballet. The former, to be sure, may present a language handicap, but if you're accompanied by a fairly bilingual companion, you should be able to catch the gist of the highly stylized musical comedy, *Teenagerlove*, an acid satire on today's pop culture which is in its second year at the Royal Theater. The wide repertoire and consummate artistry of the Royal Danish Ballet, of course, requires no interpreter.

In a lighter vein you might wish to audit the jazz-and-poetry offerings at the minuscule Fiol Theater; or to sample the coffee and cake, and the multilingual folk songs strummed and sung at the Purple Door by a flock of high-spirited Scandinavian citybillies.



"Chrissake — I'm doing the best I can!"

Moviegoers may elect to screen the latest Bergman or Antonioni opus at one of the city's fashionable art-film houses—or perhaps to enjoy the experience of screening a candidly adult French or Swedish feature unexpurgated by the scissors of American censorship. You'll suffer no serious loss skipping Danish films, which seem to consist mostly of threadbare drawing-room comedies and slapstick.

On an early afternoon you and a companion might explore the hinterlands of Copenhagen. Best bet is to rent a Simca or Volkswagen and set out along the winding byways traversing the gently sloping hills into the green-carpeted countryside. Well worth a visit is the Dyrehaven, a verdant deer park, just north of the city, surrounding Eremitagen, a palatial lodge for royal hunting parties. You'll also want to explore still farther north to Kronborg Castle at Elsinore, the green-spined, moat-girdled 16th Century rococo palace of Hamlet, brooding moodily on the northeastern shore of Denmark 35 miles out of Copenhagen. A more lighthearted feature of Elsinore is the Marienlyst resort hotel which harbors the only gambling casino in Denmark.

On the way back, stop off at one of the many picturesque highway inns dotting the landscape, and savor the heartiness of true Danish country cuisine, best exemplified by such rustic delicacies as crusted pork roasts or Danish meat balls, accompanied by a foaming tankard of beer.

You may also want to enjoy the sun—and its worshipers—plus an afternoon dip, at the Klampenborg Beach, also known as Bellevue, on the North Shore, peopled by bikini-clad bathers frolicking in the pale-blue water—and by young couples locked in warm embraces on the warm sand.

There is much yet to see—Tivoli at night, asparkle with lights and fireworks; Bakken, a noisy suburban fun fair of tent barkers, clowns, rides and boisterous *Bierstuben*; and Dragør, an idyllic old fishing community south of town. Despite the tiny size of this country, it will seem as though there really aren't enough hours in the day and night to see and do everything.

But after you've winged your way back to the States, the people of København will linger longest in your thoughts. You'll appreciate their warm sincerity—and the pleasant prospects of reviving newly made acquaintances in the future—when you've been treated to that time-honored Danish farewell: "*Tak fordi De kom—kom snart igen*"—Thanks for coming by; come back soon.



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ACTUAL SIZE

IMMORTALITY (continued from page 80)

isms. It is usually possible to knock out the body's immune response with radiation and drugs, but this presents a nice problem in judgment. Too much, and the body cannot protect itself against infection and the patient dies. Too little, and the body destroys the transplant. (The Ecuadorian wore his new hand for only a week before it had to be taken off again.)

Technical problems can be solved. There are new drugs such as Imuran, effective but selective in their action. There are new environmental techniques, such as the germ-free kidney-transplant facilities at Michael Reese Hospital in Chicago. What is significant about the history of organ transplants is not that so many failed, but that so many succeeded. And because of these successes there is a large and growing list of "causes of death" for which we have found no cure—but which do not need to cause death anymore, because we can today provide substitute mechanisms, organic or inorganic.

And in a few more decades, this situation may prevail: Wear out a part? Stick in a new one. Wear out a lot of parts? Cheaper to trade in on a whole new body. Where do the extra parts come from? Grow them. On breeder bodies, if that turns out to be a good cost-accounting way: comatose creations with neither mind nor feeling, endlessly growing arms and eyes and kidneys that are harvested and marketed to

"real" people. In production-line vats: "Here's plant number seven, that's all left feet. Down the line there you can see the robot sowers planting cellular seeds for the gonad bank."

Apart from life prolongation, the control of cellular division and immune responses has side implications that themselves are enormous. Control the body's immune responses and you can control, if you like, its present mechanisms for tolerating transplants. What transplants are those? Well, the metastasis of a cancer is a sort of transplant. So is the fertilization of an ovum by a sperm.

Control cell division by invoking the genetic code and you might be able to edit and rearrange a flesh-and-blood body as easily as you could edit a computer analog.

The point is that death is not a prime cause nor a fixed biological date, like the attainment of puberty. It is a consequence. It only happens when something else has happened first. We die because we have contracted a disease, or suffered some metabolic breakdown, or got in the way of a rifle bullet, or been thrown off a cliff. This stops the whole series of complex interactions among our cells and organs and what may be several thousand varieties of chemical substances, and we call that stoppage "death."

But one by one we are whittling away at each of these causes, and if we whittle them all away, will people still die?

This brings us to the second of the

three ways in which we can outwit the mortality tables: the control of the aging process. Men do grow old. They have always done so—apparently they have always been able to grow just about as old as anyone does today; the maximum age man can reach does not seem to have been much increased, if at all, by modern science. There are pretty reliable reports of men living to age 140 or so in every age for the past 2000 years, and there are pretty reliable reports of men reaching the same age, and no more, today. A lot more of our people live to reach old age, of course. And our oldsters are undoubtedly a lot livelier, being less crippled with gout, tumors, cataracts and the sequelae of a thousand infections and deficiencies. But senescence is measured in terms of calcification of the tissues, deposits in the arteries and such *recherché* items as the accumulation of phospholipides in the nerve cells, and all these things still happen no matter how much aureomycin is swallowed.

When Gulliver went to the isle of Luggnagg he met a horrible race of ancients called Struldbrugs. They did live forever. But they got older, and went right on getting older. It isn't likely that there would be very many eager customers for the sort of immortality that lets aging go on unchecked. Nobody wants to be a Struldbrug. Indeed, many of us would feel that death at the height of one's powers is a better deal than the prolonged geriatric twilight of the senior citizen. If we want anything more than a mere doubling of the life span, we are going to have to stop, or reverse, or at least slow down, the degenerative processes we call "aging." If we can do that, we can have centenarians—or multicentenarians—with the pink cheeks and riotous glands of a man of 25.

If we want to keep from growing old, the first step is to discover just what "growing old" is. It turns out the answer is rather simple. It is as though the human body were a sort of superautomated sawmill, set to the task of ripping and planing so many thousand board feet of lumber. It does its task, it completes what it was set to do—but, being a living thing, it cannot stop, and goes on to destroy itself.

From the first moment of conception the human body is programed to go through a certain series of set phases. In embryo it changes from simple cell to free blastocyte, from implanted precursor of a fetus to a sort of primitive, helpless, half-formed reptile, grows limbs and eyes, folds nervous tissue into a brain, deposits calcium as bones and elaborates hair and nails. Even after birth the process does not stop. Deciduous teeth appear, dissolve their roots back into the blood stream, fall out and are replaced.



"Sure beats walking!"

Bones lengthen and thicken—not as a tree grows its trunk, by piling layer on layer, but as we enlarge a building. As the bone gets larger in its outside dimensions, special bone-destroying cells called osteoclasts tunnel passages into it for new blood vessels and enlarge the hollows for marrow. In the first decade or so after birth the body prepares itself for puberty—the voice box thickens and the voice changes; breasts bud on a woman and a beard on a man. Even when the body is mature—call it the 20s of a man's life—the programing is not over. There are horizons—set stages of development—remaining on the tape.

What happens when we cease to grow and begin to grow old is that the cells have run out of instructions. They have nothing left to do but begin to destroy themselves—or, at best, to allow themselves to be destroyed. But surely this can be controlled. If nature forgot to leave instructions, certainly we can find a way to fill the gap—return the osteoclasts to their mining into age-fragile old bones, bring new blood and new resilience as the brittle old calcium is replaced by new; dissolve back the roots of the second set of teeth and replace them with a third, a fourth, as many as we need—rebuild the frayed blood vessels of the heart and brain, sluice out their deposits of fat; reactivate the glands.

This is by no means a new idea, of course. In 1768 Lazzaro Spallanzani, observing that some frogs and lizards could grow back parts that had been lost, began to try to find out just how they did it in the hope that some way could be found to “obtain this advantage for ourselves.” The search has not stopped; it has, in fact, proliferated into a hundred lines of research, and some of them have produced solid achievement. At places like Johns Hopkins and Cornell, the Medical University of Budapest and the Institute of Industrial Hygiene in Prague, scientists are taking apart and putting back together some of the body's most age-susceptible substances, for example, collagen, the protein which, as it grows older, helps produce the old man's aching joint and wrinkled skin. Folke Skoog at the University of Wisconsin and F. C. Steward at Cornell have managed to persuade matter from nongrowing parts of vegetables to grow complete new plants. Other workers are now attempting to repeat the process with animals. The technique involves the application of various materials, some with names like 6-furfurylamino-purine and 2-benzthiazoloxycetic acid, some as old-shoe as coconut milk. It is a long way from the test tube and the unnaturally grown carrot to rejuvenating collagen in the body and causing a man to regrow a defective spleen—but these are way stations on the trail, all the same.



“Goodness, no, Miss Gorman, I think a little nonconformity is healthy.”

Even if we can't yet restore youth to an aged body, it is worth while just to keep a body from becoming aged in the first place, which might well be an easier task.

We already know, for sure, that aging is not a mere matter of years. We know this, first, because every doctor has seen a patient whose calendar age is 70 or more but whose every measurable physical trait is that of a man of hale middle age, indicating that in some individuals aging occurs more slowly than in others. We know it, second, because there are those uncommon unfortunates, the prematurely aged—the 12-year-olds who die of senile degenerative diseases, the babes in arms who grow beards, pipe shrilly, rheum at the eyes and expire—indicating that in some individuals aging is wildly accelerated.

If the biological clock can run fast or slow by accident, there is a way to be found to make it run fast or slow by design. A thousand ways have been or are being tried—Bogomolets' extract of connective tissue, Hans Selye's “calciphy-laxis,” procaine therapy, hormones—and under certain conditions they seem at least sometimes to work. For example, inject a laboratory animal with pituitrin. Sometimes it will have no effect, but sometimes it will produce a greatly increased life span. It turns out that it can be predicted in advance whether the injections will lengthen the animal's life, simply by taking note of its age at the time of treatment. If the animal receives the injections before puberty, puberty is delayed and the animal lives longer. Af-

ter the animal is mature the pituitrin has no effect.

Insects possess a secretion called “juvenile hormone” that somehow prevents the organism from developing into its adult form. Recently what seems to be the same hormone, or a close analog, has been found in mammalian tissue—in fact, in human beings. Does it serve the same function? If it does, can we get shots and remain virile all our lengthy lives?

There is something to be said for the view that what we call “old age” is itself a disease, subject to the same sort of controls we use for other diseases. Curiously, it seems to be a disease that very seldom is fatal of itself. Last year the National Institute of Health spent \$30,000,000 on research into aging, along some of the lines mentioned here and a great number of others. Perhaps one of these trails will lead to the means to immortality. Perhaps not. But there is every reason to expect that if not this trail, then another one; if not this year, then next—most certainly in some none-too-far future. The same processes that work on plants and lower animals can be made to work on men. The same forces that build the cell in the first place can be made to repair it later on. The only “why” to be answered is really this one: Why do the forces stop? When we know that, we will know how to keep them going.

Whatever that cause is—some enzyme reaction not yet charted, some failure of nutrition, some missing hormone or, most likely of all, a complex of many factors—when we find it we are almost home.

And if none of these promises are fulfilled, in defiance of all precedent and logic, then there is still reason for hope. We may find immortality in an unexpected place.

It may be that medicine and biology can't make us live forever. But medicine and biology are not the only sciences whose explorations are rushing faster and faster into uncharted space. It is possible that chemistry might do the job. Or some new subspecies of physics. Or—why not?—electronics.

And this brings us to the third way to beat the mortality tables, which we will define as the real thing. Previously we have talked about lengthening the life span and keeping from growing old. The kind of immortality we're talking about now is the kind in which you *stay* immortal—forever, or for as long as you yourself want—even if you happen to die *once in a while*.

Before we can discuss true immortality at all, we need to decide just what it is we are talking about. In other words, *what* do we want to keep alive? And what do we mean by "alive"?

In *The Wizard of Oz*, the Tin Woodman was not always tin. He was first a flesh-and-blood fellow named Nick Chopper, but one day his ax slipped and cut off his leg and he had to get a tin leg to replace it. Then he lost his other leg; then, careless fellow, he successively amputated both arms and his head and made mincemeat of his torso, and as each part was destroyed it was replaced until he was all tin. Question: Is the Tin Woodman still Nick Chopper?

The question isn't entirely fanciful. You may indeed lose some limbs or organs and have them replaced by prosthesis; you might even lose and replace quite a lot of them. Or you may simply eat, breathe and excrete, and change yourself that way. A few decades ago it was believed that every atom of the body was replaced every seven years. Although that isn't literally true (collagen and the calcium in an old man's bones migrate very slowly if at all), it might as well be true: you burn your fat and heal the cuts on your skin and your beard grows and is shaved and, all in all, there's not much left of the original physical "you" after a decade or so.

When we speak of immortality, then, we limit ourselves unnecessarily if we restrict ourselves to the eternal preservation of our present body, including freckles. The essential "you" isn't your body. It is what we will call your personality, your memory, or your mind. All we need to promise you in the way of a container to house this "you" is that it will be a satisfactory replacement for the body you now have, if not indeed the body itself. And considering the alternatives, perhaps the level at

which it could be called "satisfactory" need not be set too high.

There is nothing particularly difficult about preserving some sort of segment of your personality. It happens all the time. We can do it crudely through book and legend—as Caesar and Christ are far more alive today than, say, that fellow down the block who got run over last year, old what's-his-name. We can do it through motion pictures and taped voice, as when we watch a very living Marilyn Monroe strut across the late late screen, or listen to the voices of F.D.R. or J.F.K.

This may not be a very enticing sort of immortality, since its principal effect is on others and it cannot be said to do much for you.

We can do better than book, cairn, crypt or movie film, and it's worth looking to see how well we really can do it in the rather near future. Let us suppose we took a fair-sized computer—one, let us arbitrarily say, capable of a high degree of information storage, retrieval and manipulation; of decision making; of operations, in short, a thousand times more complex than today's 7094 Mark II. At the present exponential rate of progress, that would make it perhaps a 1974 model. Let us suppose further that we fill the computer's storage banks with a great deal of *you*. We read it *Moby Dick* and *Treasure Island* and we teach it the words of *Nuts to the Bastard King of England* and *Gaudeamus Igitur*. We teach it the flavor of a vodka gimlet and the scent of the back of a pretty girl's neck, the feel of the clutch in a Sting Ray and the sounds of Mozart and Monk. We teach it, in short, everything you know, and we go on to set its instructions—to program it—to associate among all these things, so that a whiff of powder smoke brings back the memory of frosted fields and a good dog pointing a bird. We order it to dim and blur parts of its memory—so that it can have a fact "on the tip of its tongue," and maybe come out with it and maybe not—and instruct it further, when no stimulus presents itself, to hunt more or less at random among its stored memories. To go into reverie, in other words.

To think.

(Do not object that no computer can do all of these things. No computer presently in being can, but we're talking about the 1974 model. The question of just what a computer *can* do in comparison with the human brain is very much up for grabs right now. The biggest computer contains about a million storage cells; the human brain, about ten billion neurons. If you accept this as a measure of the difference in complexity between them, then you must say that one brain equals 10,000 computers. However, that's only a part of the pic-

ture. The neuron operates in about a thousandth of a second, the storage cells operate in a millionth of a second—another way of putting it is to say that a given number of computer cells can do as much work as a thousand times as many neurons. This reduces the ratio to one brain equals ten computers—but this, too, is a gross oversimplification. There is reason to believe that one neuron can store more than one "bit" of information; but there is also reason to believe that it stores these "bits" rather wastefully by duplicating them in more than one place; in any event, we appear to use only a fraction of the brain's storage capacity. The kind of computer we specified is a thousand times more complex than any present model; that's as good a guess as any.)

Having done all this, we have something that's pretty durable. This stored quintessence of *you* can be made as permanent as a magnetic charge can be made to sustain its sign in a storage ring, which—with proper regenerating techniques—is a good healthy number of millennia.

So you, or something *like* you, can talk back to your descendants for the next 50 generations or so. Granting that it, whatever "it" is, is virtually immortal, you say then, all the same, what is "it"?

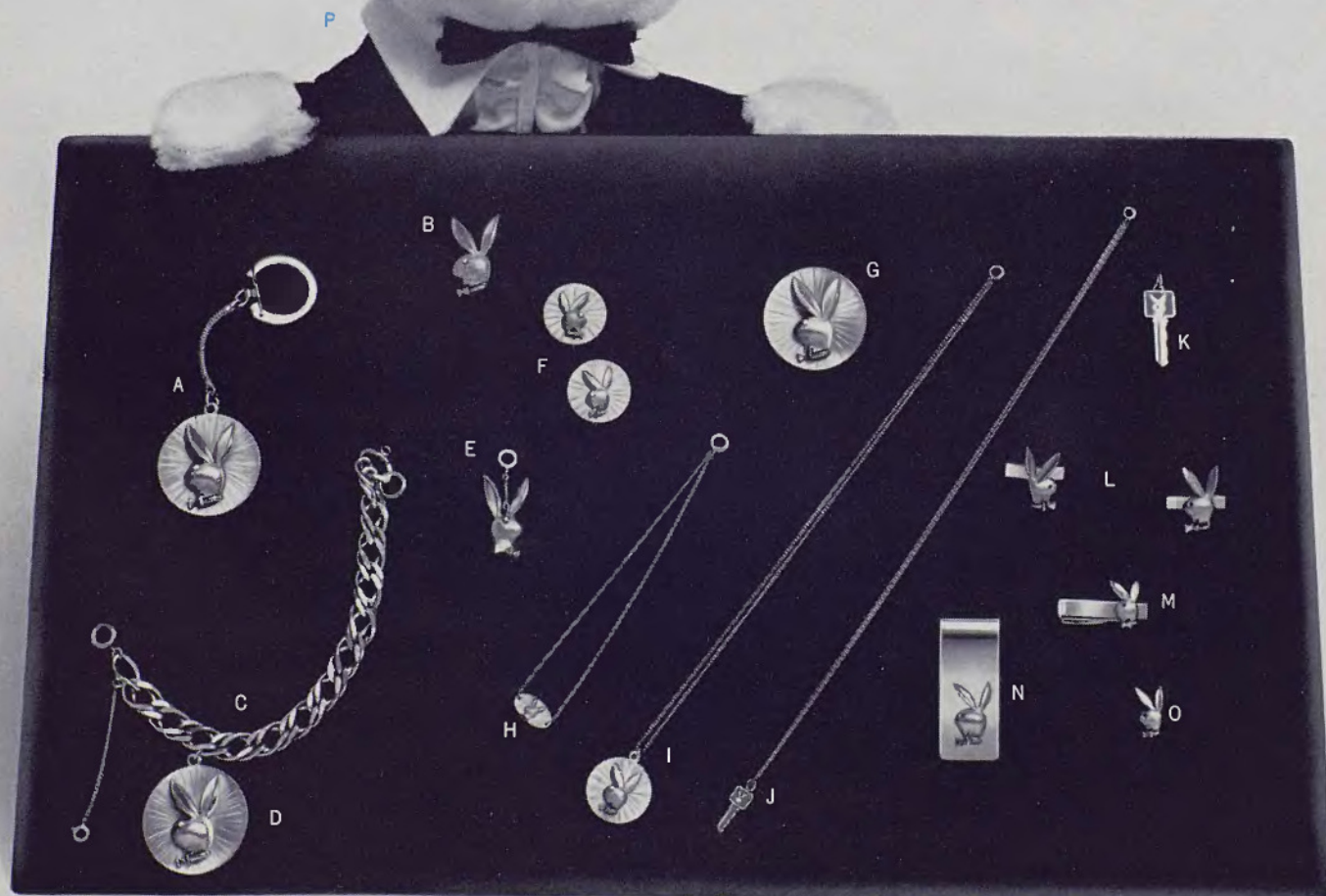
Let's answer the question pragmatically, defining "it" in terms of what "it" can do. "It" can, for example, give the same responses to a stimulus you would give. "It" can answer a question in the terms you would use, make your errors, misspell the word "rhythm" as you always misspell it or forget, as you forget, the date of your best girl's birthday. "It" can like puns, and make them. "It" can be prejudiced against redheaded men, and insult them. "It" can even finish the novel you started in your senior year (computers already have written music after being taught to "be" composers—and the music sounded like something those composers would have composed), or answer a letter from that girl in San Francisco in terms that she would find perfectly acceptable.

Hooked up to a teletype, with the computer itself concealed from view, "it" could indeed carry on the same sort of Western Union correspondence you yourself carry on with your branch office in Texas. Given a large enough library of taped recordings of your voice—either to edit and play back, or to analyze and reconstitute—"it" could carry on a telephone conversation, not only with your words but in your voice.

And the person on the far end of the telephone line *would have no way of knowing whether it was you or your stored personality in a computer that was talking*.

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Well, we have something for you, too. A man named R. C. W. Ettinger last year privately published a book called *Prospects of Immortality* (an enlarged version will soon be published by Doubleday) setting forth a plan that does not require you to wait a single minute. Ettinger not only sets forth as a possibility, but advises as a smart practical matter, that you start working on immortality right now—today. And the kind of immortality he offers is in your

own body, and it lasts forever.

Ettinger does, it is true, point out that there are certain problems not yet settled. The present techniques are quite crude; better ones are sure to be developed. Nevertheless, they have the very great advantage of existing at present. You don't have to wait for anything new to come out of the laboratories. If you happen to break your neck tomorrow (assuming you have made the necessary arrangements), you can greet the cessation of heartbeat with equanimity, aware that before you know it you'll be up and about again, as good as ever and maybe a little better. Because Ettinger's brand of Fountain of Youth doesn't have to be administered until you're already dead anyhow, so that you really haven't got a great deal to lose.

If this sounds like the wildest science fiction yet, be warned that some impressive names in biology and medicine are prepared to go along with what he says, and in fact the basic idea is so clearly

reasonable that you can make your own judgment on whether it will work.

Ettinger puts forth only two major premises—one a fact, and the other a first-rate gambling bet.

Number one, the fact: At the temperature of liquid helium, no perceptible chemical activity whatsoever takes place in "human" time. That is, any substance—it can be a human body as well as anything else—can be stored at this temperature for as long as you like without undergoing any measurable decay. By "as long as you like" Ettinger means not merely years or centuries, but periods of a million years or more. By "any measurable decay" he means that far less would happen in a thousand years under those conditions than now happens in the few seconds that may intervene between a drowned swimmer's being pulled out of the water and the application of artificial respiration that brings him back to life, as good as new.

Number two, the good gambling bet: As the chemists, biologists and doctors have spent the last century inventing cures, treatments and transplants for the majority of known diseases and losses of function, it is quite probable that they will go on doing so. So that at some time in the future, perhaps a hundred years from now, perhaps five hundred, but surely within the almost limitless time in which a body can be perfectly preserved at the liquid-helium temperature, *substantially every possible present cause of death will be reparable or treatable*. And by "every," Ettinger means death by senility, death by disease of all kinds and death by accident.

Putting these two propositions together, Ettinger's conclusion is that any prudent man, including you, should make arrangements *now* so that at the instant of his death his whole body is frozen as rapidly as possible down to the temperature of liquid helium and kept that way until science has (a) found the cure for whatever killed him and (b) worked out ways to repair any damage caused by the freezing itself.

Of course, freezing damage and even some decay damage will also ultimately turn out to be reversible. That is why Ettinger says you don't have to wait until ideal freezing equipment may be built into every hospital and police station. The better the equipment, the less damage, and therefore the surer you are of coming out of it and the shorter the time you'll have to spend at -270 degrees centigrade, waiting for medical science to be able to fix you up. On the other hand, with any luck at all, even severe damage may mean only that the waiting time will be a few decades or centuries longer—and you won't be aware of the passage of time anyway.

It is hard to gainsay Ettinger's basic



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propositions. For it is not merely a question of John Doe, cancer victim, at age 35 being tucked away in the Deepfreeze and then a century later being brought out and repaired to live the rest of his normal life. For what then happens to John Doe? Thirty years later he has a stroke. Back to the Deepfreeze. Fifty more years pass, and the repair of the small vessels of the brain becomes feasible and he is wheeled out once more. A few decades after that he "dies" again, of senile degenerative causes, and maybe this time he has a good deal longer to wait. But the favorable time factor is still working for him.

If the thing works at all, it works indefinitely. And unless John Doe consciously decides, along about the year 4000 A.D., that enough is really enough and please don't bother next time, it is hard to see any point at which he will really, permanently die.

Naturally, freezing is not the only way in which a man can go into storage until his problem is curable—whatever his problem may be. We can learn to hibernate, like the hamsters, or estivate like the fish. It is at present a theoretical possibility in advanced studies in physics that sometimes, under certain quite remote circumstances, time itself can be made to stand still or run backward; and if so, it is also a possibility that a "stasis machine" can be built into which the patient can step and remain, locked in an interminable instant of time, until he's ready for rebuilding.

There is indeed one perfectly good way of stopping time for yourself, or at least of slowing it down as much as you like. It isn't recommended, if only because it is totally impractical in terms of both money and matériel. Anybody familiar with relativistic physics can tell you *how* to do it, but nobody can provide you with what you need to do it.

One of Einstein's predictions, that has since been borne out by observation and experiment, is that a body traveling at high speed will experience the rate of change we call "time" more slowly than a body at rest. The astronauts who circled the earth at 18,000 miles an hour are a few seconds younger than those of us born at the same time.

If they had gone a great deal faster—30 or 40 thousand times as fast—they would have aged still more slowly, until at something just below the speed of 186,000 miles per second (the velocity of light) they would seem, relative to us, to age almost not at all.

Of course, we have no rocket either available or in sight that can come anywhere near that velocity, and if we did, it would cost a very large dollar—a lot more than, for example, World War II. But the phenomenon itself is a fact. It is called

time dilatation, and the theoretical understanding of it is quite clear. If you had exactly one hour to live, and could invoke the time-dilatation effect, you could stretch that one hour over a thousand earth-time years.

• • •

There remains one rather odd and at present difficult-to-understand problem of aging, to which none of the foregoing has any application at all.

Something happens to old people that operates within the mind itself. Not the brain. Test a group of 20-year-olds and a group of 70-year-olds. Condition them to certain reflexes; instruct them to do a task faster or slower than normal; measure, in short, their adaptive capacity, and you will find that the older a person is, the less readily he can change, *even when the physical mechanisms involved are unimpaired.*

But "age," in this sense, is not really a matter of chronological years. For example, you can artificially age a 20-year-old in a week in the specific environment of a test situation. Give him nonsense lists to memorize each day for a week, for instance, and you will find that the week of repetitious memorizing has "aged" his learning ability. He cannot learn Sunday's list as rapidly or as well as he learned last Tuesday's.

It is this sort of aging that many persons intuit when they feel there has got to be *some* point at which a human being will die. Even if the biophysical organism remains shiny and new, the ghost within the cadaver will somehow grow old.

Psychologists would say that under conditions of immortality or near immortality these phenomena would become far more serious. What makes a man strive? The phenomenon of loss, say the psychologists (or some of them). Everything you do that is not under the control of the autonomic nervous system is motivated by loss, in this view. And if you lose "loss" because no one dies and nothing is irreplaceable, do you lose all motivation?

Fortunately, short-term aspects of this have turned up as practical problems all through human history, and so some modes of coping with them have been devised. It is possible to supply motivation as needed, at least for most of the traditional threescore and ten. It is hard to memorize repetitious lists; but if you are motivated because your boss will fire you if you don't, you can perform vastly better and longer than you are likely to in a university test room. Every combat soldier knows how vigorously he can be motivated by an enemy on the other side of a hedge. You might be the kind of fellow who can't normally keep awake past one A.M.—but the right girl can moti-

vate you till dawn.

The essential motivations we have described are survival pressure, fear of death, and pleasure. Immortality all but eliminates the first two, although they can to some extent be replaced by surrogates. (Gladiatorial games? Even if a participant whose skull has been bashed in can be brought back to life, it would hardly be a pleasant experience or one lightly undertaken.) And to an extent death will always exist, if only as a rare chance. It is unlikely that the technology of 2064 A.D., or even of 20,000,064 A.D., could repair the damage caused by a plunge to the heart of a star.

Pleasure can be supplied readily, in a variety of attractive packages—as well as some not so attractive. A rather ghoulish package is, in fact, now available, as some work at McGill and elsewhere has shown. There exist in the anatomy of the brain certain "pleasure centers" that can be stimulated electrically, usually by surgically implanting a fine metallic probe in the septal area. Put a little current through the probe, and you have cracked the sensory code for pleasure. The subject—usually a white rat, but the same effect has been observed in humans—tenses, freezes, shudders and looks for more. The electronic jolt becomes as good a reward for effort as a carrot or candy. So equip his cage that he can manipulate the switch that yields the current, and he will do it, and do it again, and go on doing it until he falls down in collapse from hunger and fatigue—and rouse only to begin doing it again.

This is pleasure almost as destructive as booze to a human alcoholic but, remember, the joy machine exists now in only a very crude form. In its more elaborate form as it might be built a century or so from now it is, in fact, among those optional accessories we offered for you-in-the-computer: a subjectively real mechanical reproduction of *any* sensation you wish.

For most of us, synthetics do not possess immediate appeal—at least not until we try them out and find them as good as the natural product or better. We might like our motivations really "real."

Real motivations will be there. If you can spend a decade on the Great Barrier Reef and six months on the Grand Prix circuit, a year composing motets and a lifetime (our *present* lifetime) out past Mars; if you can tour the future centuries and sample the cultures of Aldebaran—and have ample time for romance and mere loafing in between—there's motivation for a long, long time.

While there is work and pleasure and novelty and creative effort, and you have the mind and body to respond, you will be motivated—to ends no one now can possibly imagine.



HAIRY GERTZ (continued from page 117)

the-nut-on-fishing." I even went to the extent of learning how to tie flies, though I'd never been fly casting in my life. No one had ever even *seen* a fly in my neighborhood. I read books on the subject. And in my bedroom, while the other kids are making balsa models of Curtiss Robins, I am busy tying silver doctors, royal coachmen and black gnats. They were terrible. I would try one out in the bathtub to see whether it made a ripple that might frighten off the wily rainbow.

"Glonk."

Down to the bottom like a rock went my floating dry fly. I never could figure out the business of dressing flies, but it didn't matter. I tied them on hardware-store catfish hooks instead of those little, thin, blue-steel barbs with the long shank they showed in the articles entitled "The Art of Dry-Fly Tying."

Fishing was part of the mysterious, unattainable adult world. And I wanted in.

My old man was what you might call an Indiana once-in-a-while-fisherman-and-beer-party-goer; they are the same thing in the shadow of the blast furnaces. I didn't know then that there are people who fish and there are people who go fishing; they're two entirely different creatures. My old man did not drive 1500 miles to the Atlantic shore carrying 3000 pounds of Abercrombie & Fitch fishing tackle, to surf cast for stripers. He was the kind who would go fishing—once a month or so during the summer, when all of the guys down at the office would get the itch. The bowling season was over, and somehow they had to bust out. Fishing was a way of doing it—a way of drinking a lot of beer and yelling and telling dirty stories—and getting away from the women. To me, it was a sacred thing; They were going fishing.

Anyway, he and these guys from the office would get together and go down to one of the few lakes near where we lived—but never to Lake Michigan, which was exactly one mile away. I don't know why; I guess it was too big and awesome. In any case, nobody ever really thought of fishing in it. At least nobody in my father's mob. They went mostly to a picturesque mudhole known as Cedar Lake.

I will have to describe to you what a lake in the summer in northern Indiana is like. To begin with, heat, in Indiana, is something else again. It descends like a 300-pound fat lady settling on a picnic bench in the middle of July. It can literally be sliced into chunks and stored away in the basement to use in winter; on cold days you just bring it out and turn it on. Indiana heat is not a meteorological phenomenon—it is a solid element, something you can grab by the

handles. Almost every day in the summer the whole town is just shimmering in front of you. You'd look across the street and skinny people would be all fat and wiggly like in the fun-house mirrors at Coney Island. The asphalt in the streets would bubble and hiss like a pot of steaming Ralston.

That kind of heat and sun produces mirages. All it takes is good flat country, a nutty sun and insane heat and, by George, you're looking at Cleveland 200 miles away. I remember many times standing out in center field on an open-hearth day in mid-August, the prairie stretching out endlessly in all directions, and way out past the swamp would be this kind of tenuous, shadowy, cloudlike thing shimmering just above the horizon. It would be the Chicago skyline, upside down, just hanging there in the sky. And after a while it would gradually disappear.

So, naturally, fishing is different in Indiana. The muddy lakes, about May, when the sun starts beating down on them, would begin to simmer and bubble quietly around the edges. These lakes are not fed by springs or streams. I don't know what feeds them. Maybe seepage. Nothing but weeds and truck axles on the bottom; flat, low, muddy banks, surrounded by cottonwood trees, cattails, smelly marshes and old dumps. Archetypal dumps. Dumps gravitate to Indiana lakes like flies to a hog killing. Way down at the end where the water is shallow and soupy are the old cars and the ashes, busted refrigerators, oil drums, old corsets and God knows what else.

At the other end of the lake is the roller rink. There's *always* a roller rink. You can hear that old electric organ going, playing *Heartaches*, and you can hear the sound of the roller skates:

"Shhhhhh . . . shhhhhhhhhhhhhhh . . . shhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh . . ."

And the fistfights breaking out. The roller-rink nut in heat. The roller-rink nut was an earlier incarnation of the drive-in-movie nut. He was the kind who was very big with stainless-steel diners, motels, horror films and frozen egg rolls. A close cousin to the motorcycle clod, he went ape for chicks with purple eyelids. You know the crowd. Crewcuts, low foreheads, rumbles, hollering, belching, drinking beer, roller skating on one foot, wearing black-satin jackets with SOUTH SIDE A. C. lettered in white on the back around a white-winged roller-skated foot. The kind that hangs the stuff in the back windows of their '53 Mercurys: a huge pair of foam-rubber dice, a skull and crossbones, hula-hula dolls, and football players—pro, of course—with heads that bob up and down. The guys with ball fringe around

the windows of their cars, with phony Venetian blinds in the back, and big white-rubber mudguards hanging down, with red reflectors. Or they'll take some old heap and line it with plastic imitation mink fur, pad the steering wheel with leopard skin and ostrich feathers until it weighs 17 pounds and is as fat as a salami. A TV set, a bar and a folding Castro bed are in the trunk, automatically operated and all lined with tasteful Sears, Roebuck ermine. You know the crew—a true American product. We turn them out like Campbell's Pork and Beans.

Well, this is the system of aesthetics that brought the roller rink to Cedar Lake, Indiana, when I was a kid.

About 150 yards from the roller rink was the Cedar Lake Evening in Paris Dance Hall. Festering and steamy and thronged with yeasty refugees from the roller rink. These are the guys who can't skate. But they can do other things. They're down there jostling back and forth in 400-percent humidity to the incomparable sounds of an Indiana dance-hall band. Twelve nonunion cretinous musicians—Mickey Schwartz' Moonlight Serenaders—blowing *Red Sails in the Sunset* on Montgomery Ward altos. The lighting is a tasteful combination of naked light bulbs, red and blue crepe paper, orange cellophane gels and, of course, an illuminated bass drum featuring an artistic rendering of a Hawaiian waterfall, the water actually moving as it tumbles into a chartreuse ocean.

In between the roller rink and the dance hall are 17 small shacks known as beer halls, which also sell night crawlers. And surrounding this tiny oasis of civilization, this bastion of bonhomie, is a gigantic sea of total darkness, absolute pitch-black Stygian darkness, around this tiny island of totally decadent, bucolic American merriment. The roller skates are hissing, the beer bottles are crashing, the chicks are squealing, Mickey's reed men are bearing down hard on *When the Swallows Come Back to Capistrano*, and life is full.

And in the middle of the lake, several feet away, are over 17,000 fishermen, in wooden rowboats rented at a buck and a half an hour. It is two A.M. The temperature is 175, with humidity to match. And the smell of decayed toads, the dumps at the far end of the lake, and an occasional soupçon of Standard Oil, whose refinery is a couple of miles away, is enough to put hair on the back of a mud turtle. Seventeen thousand guys clumped together in the middle, fishing for the known 64 crappies in that lake.

Crappies are a special kind of Midwestern fish, created by God for the express purpose of surviving in waters that would kill a bubonic plague bacillus.

They have never been known to fight, or even faintly struggle. I guess when you're a crappie, you figure it's no use anyway. One thing is as bad as another. They're just down there, in the soup. No one quite knows what they eat, if anything, but everybody's fishing for them. At two o'clock in the morning.

Each boat contains a minimum of nine guys and fourteen cases of beer. And once in a while, in the darkness, is heard the sound of a guy falling over backward into the slime: "SSGLUNK."

"Oh! Ah! Help, help!" A piteous cry in the darkness. Another voice:

"Hey, for God's sake, Charlie's fallen in again! Grab the oar!"

And then it slowly dies down. Charlie is hauled out of the goo and is lying on the bottom of the boat, urping up dead lizards and Atlas Prager. Peace reigns again.

The water in these lakes is not the water you know about. It is composed of roughly 10 percent waste glop spewed out by Shell, Sinclair, Phillips and the Grasselli Chemical Company; 12 percent used detergent; 35 percent thick gruel composed of decayed garter snakes, deceased toads, fermenting crappies and a kind of syrupy magma that holds it all together. No one is quite sure *what* it is, because everybody is afraid to admit what it really is. They don't want to look at it too closely.

So this mélange lays there under the sun, and about August it is slowly simmering like a rich mulligatawny stew. At two in the morning you can hear the water next to the boat in the darkness:

"Gluump . . . Bluuuummp." Big bubbles of some unclassified gas come up from the bottom and burst. The natives, in their superstitious way, believe that it is highly inflammable. They take no chances.

The saddest thing of all is that on these lakes there are usually about 19 summer cottages to the square foot, each equipped with a large motorboat. The sound of a 40-horsepower Evinrude going through a sea of number-ten oil has to be heard to be understood.

"RRRRRAAAAAHHHHHHWWWWWWWWRRRRRRRRRR!"

The prow is sort of parting the stuff, slowly stirring it into a sluggish, viscous wake.

Natives actually *swim* in this water. Of course, it is impossible to swim near the shore, because the shore is one great big sea of mud that goes all the way down to the core of the earth. There are stories of whole towns being swallowed up and stored in the middle of the earth. So the native rows out to the middle of the lake and hurls himself off the back seat of his rowboat.

"Glurp!"

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The fishermen with the tangled lines become frenzied. Fingernails are torn, hooks dig deeper into thumbs, and kids huddle terrified out of range in the darkness.

You have been sitting for 20 hours, and nothing. A bobber just barely visible in the dark water is one of the most beautiful sights known to man. It's not doing anything, but there's always the feeling that at any instant it might. It just lays out there in the darkness. A luminous bobber, a beautiful thing, with a long, thin quill and a tiny red-and-white float, with just the suggestion of a line reaching into the black water. These are special bobbers for *very* tiny fish.

I have been watching my bobber so hard and so long in the darkness that I am almost hypnotized. I have not had a bite—ever—but the excitement of being there is enough for me, a kind of delirious joy that has nothing to do with sex or any of the more obvious pleasures. To this day, when I hear some guy singing in that special drummer's voice, it comes over me. It's two o'clock in the morning again. I'm a kid. I'm tired. I'm excited. I'm having the time of my life.

And at the other end of the lake:

"Raahhhhd sails in the sawwwwnnn-shhhht . . ."

The roller rink drones on, and the mosquitoes are humming. The Coleman lamp sputters, and we're all sitting together in our little boat.

Not really together, since I am a kid, and they are men, but at least I'm there. Gertz is stewed to the ears. He is down at the other end. He has this fantastic collection of rotten stories, and early in the evening my old man keeps saying:

"There's a kid with us, you know."

But by two in the morning all of them have had enough so that it doesn't matter. They're telling stories, and I don't care. I'm just sitting there, clinging to my cane pole when, by God, I get a nibble!

I don't believe it. The bobber straightens up, jiggles, dips, and comes to rest in the gloom. I whisper:

"I got a bite!" The storytellers look up from their beer cans in the darkness.

"Wha . . . ? Hey, whazzat?"

"Shhhh! Be quiet!"

We sit in silence, everybody watching his bobber through the haze of insects. The drummer is singing in the distance. We hang suspended for long minutes. Then suddenly all the bobbers dip and go under. The crappies are hitting!

You never saw anything like it! We are pulling up fish as fast as we can get them off the hooks. Crappies are flying into the boat, one after the other, and hopping around on the bottom in the darkness, amid the empty beer cans. Within 20 minutes we have landed 47 fish. We are knee-deep in crappies. The jackpot!

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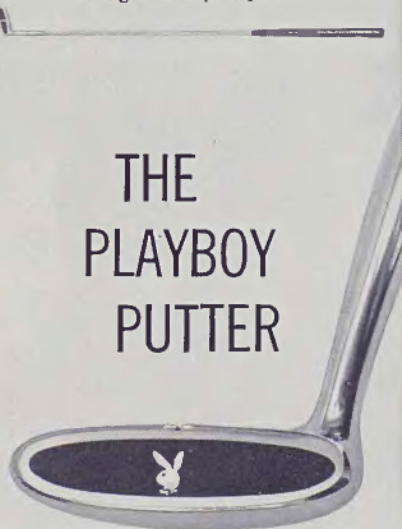
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Well, the old man just goes wild. They are all yelling and screaming and pulling the fish in—while all the other boats around us are being skunked. The fish have come out of their hole or whatever it is that they're in at the bottom of the lake, the beer cans and the old tires, and have decided to eat.

You can hear the rest of the boats pulling up anchors and rowing over, frantically. They are thumping against us. There's a big, solid phalanx of wooden boats around us. You could walk from one boat to the other for miles around. And still they are skunked. We are catching the fish!

By three A.M. they've finally stopped biting, and an hour later we are back on land. I'm falling asleep in the rear seat between Gertz and Zudock. We're driving home in the dawn, and the men are hollering, drinking, throwing beer cans out on the road and having a great time.

We are back at the house, and my father says to me as we are coming out of the garage with Gertz and the rest of them:

"And now Jean's gonna clean the fish. Let's go in the house and have something to eat. Clean 'em on the back porch, will ya, kid?"

Into the house they go. The lights go on in the kitchen; they sit down and start eating sandwiches and making coffee. And I am out on the back porch with 47 live, flopping crappies.

They are well named. Fish that are taken out of muddy, rotten, lousy, stinking lakes are muddy, rotten, lousy, stinking fish. It is as simple as that. And they are made out of some kind of hard rubber.

I get my scout knife and go to work. Fifteen minutes and 21 crappies later I am sick over the side of the porch. But I do not stop. It is part of fishing.

By now nine neighborhood cats and a raccoon have joined me on the porch, and we are all working together. The August heat, now that we are away from the lake, is even hotter. The uproar in the kitchen is getting louder and louder. There is nothing like a motley collection of Indiana officeworkers who have just successfully defeated nature and have brought home the kill. Like cave men of old they celebrate around the campfire with song and drink. And belching.

I have now finished the last crappie and am wrapping the clean fish in the editorial page of the *Chicago Tribune*. It has a very tough paper that doesn't leak. Especially the editorial page.

The old man hollers out: "How you doing? Come on in and have a Nehi."

I enter the kitchen, blinded by that big yellow light bulb, weighted down with a load of five-and-a-half-inch crappies, covered with fish scales and blood, and smelling like the far end of Cedar Lake. There are worms under my finger-

nails from baiting hooks all night, and I am feeling at least nine feet tall. I spread the fish out on the sink, and old Hairy Gertz says:

"My God! Look at those speckled beauties!"—an expression he had picked up from *Outdoor Life*.

The old man hands me a two-pound liverwurst sandwich and a bottle of Nehi orange. Gertz is now rolling strongly, as are the other eight file clerks, all smelly, and mosquito-bitten, eyes red-rimmed from the Coleman lamp, covered with worms and with the drippings of at least 15 beers apiece. Gertz hollers:

"Ya know, lookin' at those fish reminds me of a story."

He is about to uncork his cruddiest joke of the night. They all lean forward over the white-enamel kitchen table with the chipped edges, over the salami and the beer bottles, the rye bread and the mustard. And Gertz digs deep into his vast file of obscenity.

"There was this guy one time who was sellin' Fuller brushes door to door, and this dame comes to the door . . ."

At first I am holding back, since I am a kid. The old man says:

"Hold it down, Gertz. You'll wake up the wife and she'll raise hell."

He is referring to my mother.

Gertz lowers his voice and they all scrunch their chairs forward amid a great cloud of cigar smoke. There is only one thing to do. I scrunch forward, too, and stick my head into the huddle, right next to the old man, into the circle of leering, snickering, fishy-smelling faces. Of course, I do not even remotely comprehend the gist of the story. But I know that it is rotten to the core.

Gertz belts out the punch line: the crowd bellows and beats on the table. They begin uncapping more Blatz.

Secretly, suddenly, and for the first time, I realize that I am in. The Eskimo Pies and Nehi oranges are all behind me, and a whole new world is stretching out endlessly and wildly in all directions before me. I have gotten the call!

Suddenly my mother is in the doorway in her Chinese-red chenille bathrobe. Ten minutes later I am in the sack, and out in the kitchen Gertz is telling another one. The bottles are rattling, and the file clerks are hunkered around the fire celebrating their primal victory over the elements.

Somewhere off in the dark the Monon Louisville Limited wails as it snakes through the Gibson Hump on its way to the outside world. The giant Indiana moths, at least five pounds apiece, are banging against the window screens next to my bed. The cats are fighting in the back yard over crappie heads, and fish scales are itching in my hair as I joyfully, ecstatically slide off into the great world beyond.



YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE

(continued from page 108)

ness ahead with his thin beam. It was as well he did so. On the stone floor where his first step past the open door would have taken him, lay a yawning mantrap, its rusty iron jaws, perhaps a yard across, waiting for him to step on the thin covering of straw that partially concealed it. Bond winced as, in his imagination, he heard the iron clang as the saw teeth bit into his leg below the knee. There would be other such booby traps—he must keep every sense on the alert!

Bond closed the door softly behind him, stepped round the trap and swept the beam of his torch ahead and around him. Nothing but velvety blackness. He was in some vast underground cellar where no doubt the food supplies for a small army had once been stored. A shadow swept across the thin beam of light and another and another, and there was a shrill squeaking from all around him. Bond didn't mind bats or believe the Victorian myth that they got caught in your hair. Their radar was too good. He crept slowly forward, watching only the rough stone flags ahead of him. He passed one or two bulky arched pillars, and now the great cellar seemed to narrow, because he could just see walls to right and left of him, and above him an arched, cobwebby ceiling. Yes, here were the stone steps leading upward! He climbed them softly and counted 20 of them before he came to the entrance, a wide double door with no lock on his side. He pushed gently and could feel and hear the resistance of a rickety-sounding lock. He took out a heavy jimmy and probed. Its sharp jaws notched round some sort of a crossbolt, and Bond levered hard sideways until there came the tearing sound of old metal and

the tinkle of nails or screws on stone. He pushed softly on the crack and, with a hideously loud report, the rest of the lock came away and half the door swung open with a screech of old hinges. Beyond was more darkness. Bond stepped through and listened, his torch doused. But he was still deep in the bowels of the castle and there was no sound. He switched on again. More stone stairs leading up to a modern door of polished timber. He went up them and carefully turned the metal door handle. No lock this time! He softly pushed the door open and found himself in a long stone corridor that sloped on upward. At the end was yet another modern door, and beneath it showed a thin strip of light!

Bond walked noiselessly up the incline and then held his breath and put his ear to the keyhole. Dead silence! He grasped the handle and inched the door open and then, satisfied, went through and closed the door behind him, leaving it on the latch. He was in the main hall of the castle. The big entrance door was on his left, and a well-used strip of red carpet stretched away from it and across the 50 feet of hall into the shadows that were not reached by the single large oil lamp over the entrance. The hall was not embellished in any way, save for the strip of carpet, and its ceiling was a maze of longitudinal and crossbeams interspersed with latticed bamboo over the same rough plasterwork as covered the walls. There was still the same castle smell of cold stone.

Bond kept away from the carpet and hugged the shadows of the walls. He guessed that he was now on the main floor and that somewhere straight ahead was his quarry. He was well inside the

citadel. So far so good!

The next door, obviously the entrance to one of the public rooms, had a simple latch to it. Bond bent and put his eye to the keyhole. Another dimly lit interior. No sound! He eased up the latch, inched the door ajar, and then open, and went through. It was a second vast chamber, but this time one of baronial splendor—the main reception room, Bond guessed, where Blofeld would receive visitors. Between tall red curtains, edged with gold, fine set pieces of armor and weapons hung on the white plaster walls, and there was much heavy antique furniture arranged in conventional groupings on a vast central carpet of royal blue. The rest of the floor was of highly polished boards, which reflected back the lights from two great oil lanterns that hung from the high, timbered ceiling, similar to that of the entrance hall, but here with the main beams decorated in a zigzag motif of dark red. Bond, looking for places of concealment, chose the widely spaced curtains and, slipping softly from one refuge to the next, reached the small door at the end of the chamber that would, he guessed, lead to the private apartments.

He bent down to listen, but immediately leaped for cover behind the nearest curtains. Steps were approaching! Bond undid the thin chain from around his waist, wrapped it round his left fist and took the jimmy in his right hand and waited, his eyes glued to a chink in the dusty-smelling material.

The small door opened halfway to show the back of one of the guards. He wore a black belt with a holster. Would this be Kono, the man who translated for Blofeld? He had probably had some job with the Germans during the war—



"You say you love me. And yet, you never want to neck during the prime viewing hours..."

in the Kempeitai, perhaps. What was he doing? He appeared to be fiddling with some piece of apparatus behind the door. A light switch? No, there was no electric light. Apparently satisfied, the man backed out, bowed deeply to the interior and closed the door. He wore no *masko* and Bond caught a brief glimpse of a surly, slit-eyed brownish face as he passed Bond's place of concealment and walked on across the reception chamber. Bond heard the click of the far door and then there was silence. He waited a good five minutes before gently shifting the curtain so that he could see down the room. He was alone.

And now for the last lap!

Bond kept his weapons in his hands and crept back to the door. This time no sound came from behind it. But the guard had bowed. Oh well! Probably out of respect for the aura of the master. Bond quietly but firmly thrust the door open and leaped through, ready for the attacking sprint.

A totally empty, totally featureless length of passageway yawned at his dramatics. It stretched perhaps 20 feet in front of him. It was dimly lit by a central oil lamp and its floor was of the usual highly polished boards. A "nightingale floor"? No. The guard's footsteps had uttered no warning creaks. But from behind the facing door at the end came the sound of music. It was Wagner, the *Ride of the Valkyries*, being played at medium pitch. Thank you, Blofeld! thought Bond. Most helpful cover! And he crept softly forward down the center of the passage.

When it came, there was absolutely no warning. One step across the exact halfway point of the flooring and, like a seesaw, the whole 20 feet of boards swiveled noiselessly on some central axis and Bond, arms and legs flailing and hands scrabbling desperately for a grip, found himself hurtling down into a black void. The guard! The fiddling about behind the door! He had been adjusting the lever that set the trap, the traditional oubliette of ancient castles! And Bond had forgotten! As his body plunged off the end of the inclined platform into space, an alarm bell, triggered by the mechanism of the trap, brayed hysterically. Bond had a fractional impression of the platform, relieved of his weight, swinging back into position above him, then he crashed shatteringly into unconsciousness.

Bond swam reluctantly up through the dark tunnel toward the blinding pinpoint of light. Why wouldn't someone stop hitting him? What had he done to deserve it? He had got two awabis. He could feel them in his hands, sharp-edged and rough. That was as much as Kissy could expect of him. "Kissy," he mumbled, "stop it! Stop it, Kissy!"

came an expanse of straw-covered floor on which he was crouching while the open hand crashed sideways into his face. Piff! Paff! With each slap the splitting pain in his head exploded into a thousand separate pain fragments. Bond saw the edge of the boat above him and desperately raised himself to grasp at it. He held up the awabis to show that he had done his duty. He opened his hands to drop them into the tub. Consciousness flooded back and he saw the two handfuls of straw dribble to the ground. But the blows had stopped. And now he could see, indistinctly, through a mist of pain. That brown face! Those slit eyes! Kono, the guard. And someone else was holding a torch for him. Then it all came back. No awabis! No Kissy! Something dreadful had happened! Everything had gone wrong! *Shimatta!* I have made a mistake! Tiger! The clue clicked and total realization swept through Bond's mind. Careful, now. You're deaf and dumb. You're a Japanese miner from Fukuoka. Get the record straight. To hell with the pain in your head. Nothing's broken. Play it cool. Bond put his hands down to his sides. He realized for the first time that he was naked save for the brief V of the black-cotton *ninja* underpants. He bowed deeply and straightened himself. Kono, his hand at his open holster, fired furious Japanese at him. Bond licked at the blood that was trickling down his face and looked blank, stupid. Kono took out his small automatic, gestured. Bond bowed again, got to his feet and, with a brief glance round the strawstrewn oubliette into which he had fallen, followed the unseen guard with the torch out of the cell.

There were stairs and a corridor and a door. Kono stepped forward and knocked.

And then Bond was standing in the middle of a small, pleasant, library-type room and the second guard was laying out on the floor Bond's *ninja* suit and the appallingly incriminating contents of his pockets. Blofeld, dressed in a magnificent black silk kimono across which a golden dragon sprawled, stood leaning against the mantelpiece beneath which a Japanese brazier smoldered. It was he all right. The bland, high forehead, the pursed purple wound of a mouth, now shadowed by a heavy gray-black mustache that drooped at the corners, on its way, perhaps, to achieving mandarin proportions, the mane of white hair he had grown for the part of Monsieur le Comte de Bleuville, the black bullet holes of the eyes. And beside him, completing the picture of a homely couple at ease after dinner, sat Irma Bunt, in the full regalia of a high-class Japanese lady, the petit point of a single chrysanthemum lying in her lap waiting for those pudgy hands to take it up when the cause of this unseemly disturbance

had been ascertained. The puffy, square face, the tight bun of mousy hair, the thin wardress mouth, the light-brown, almost yellow eyes! By God, thought Bond dully, here they are! Within easy reach! They would both be dead by now but for his single criminal error. Might there still be some way of turning the tables? If only the pain in his head would stop throbbing!

Blofeld's tall sword stood against the wall. He picked it up and strode out into the room. He stood over the pile of Bond's possessions and picked them over with the tip of the sword. He hooked up the black suit. He said in German, "And what is this, Kono?"

The head guard replied in the same language. His voice was uneasy and his eye slits swiveled with a certain respect toward Bond and away again. "It is a *ninja* suit, *Herr Doktor*. These are people who practice the secret arts of *ninjutsu*. Their secrets are very ancient and I know little of them. They are the art of moving by stealth, of being invisible, of killing without weapons. These people used to be much feared in Japan. I was not aware that they still existed. This man has undoubtedly been sent to assassinate you, my lord. But for the magic of the passage, he might well have succeeded."

"And who is he?" Blofeld looked keenly at Bond. "He is tall for a Japanese."

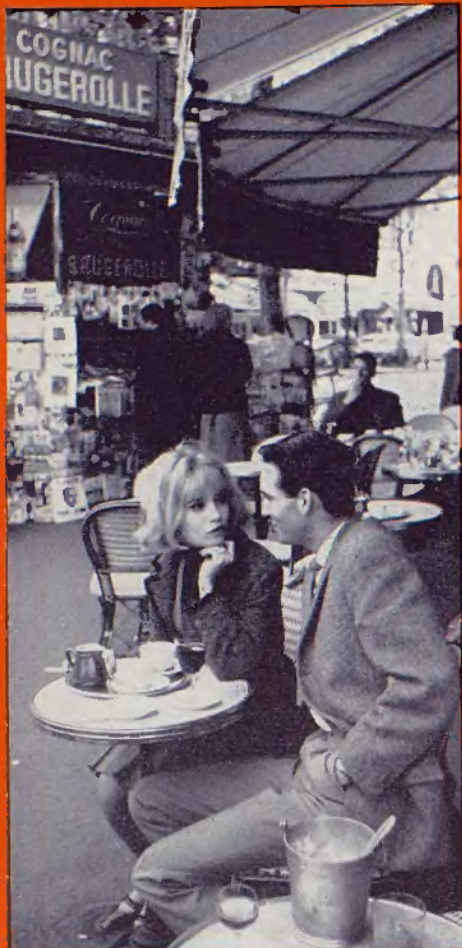
"The men from the mines are often tall men, my lord. He carries a paper saying that he is deaf and dumb. And other papers, which appear to be in order, stating that he is a miner from Fukuoka. I do not believe this. His hands have some broken nails, but they are not the hands of a miner."

"I do not believe it either. But we shall soon find out." Blofeld turned to the woman. "What do you think, my dear? You have a good nose for such problems—the instincts of a woman."

Irma Bunt rose and came and stood beside him. She looked piercingly at Bond and then walked slowly round him, keeping her distance. When she came to the left profile she said softly, with awe, "*Der liebe Gott!*" She went back to Blofeld. She said in a hoarse whisper, still staring, almost with horror, at Bond, "It cannot be! But it is! The scar down the right cheek! The profile! And the eyebrows have been shaved to give that upward tilt!" She turned to Blofeld. She said decisively, "This is the English agent. This is the man Bond, James Bond, the man whose wife you killed. The man who went under the name of Sir Hilary Bray." She added fiercely, "I swear it! You have got to believe me, *lieber Ernst!*"

Blofeld's eyes had narrowed. "I see a certain resemblance. But how has he got here? How has he found me? Who sent him?"

"The Japanese *Geheimdienst*. They










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





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will certainly have relations with the British Secret Service."

"I cannot believe it! If that was so, they would have come with warrants to arrest me. There are too many unknown factors in this business. We must proceed with great circumspection and extract the whole truth from this man. We must at once find out if he is deaf and dumb. That is the first step. The Question Room should settle that. But first of all he must be softened up." He turned to Kono. "Tell Kazama to get to work."

• • •

There were now ten guards in the room. They stood lined up against the wall behind Kono. They were all armed with their long staves. Kono fired an order at one of them. The man left his staff in an angle of the wall and came forward. He was a great, boxlike man with a totally bald, shining head like a ripe fruit and hands like hams. He took up his position in front of Bond, his legs straddled for balance and his lips drawn back in a snarling smile of broken black teeth. Then he swung his right hand sideways at Bond's head and slapped him with tremendous force exactly on the bruise of Bond's fall. Bond's head exploded with fire. Then the left hand came at him and Bond rocked sideways. Through a mist of blood he could see Blofeld and his woman. Blofeld was merely interested, as a scientist, but the woman's lips were parted and wet.

Bond took ten blows and knew that he must act while he still had the purpose and the strength. The straddled legs offered the perfect target. So long as the man had not practiced the *sumo* trick! Through a haze, Bond took aim and, as another giant blow was on its way, kicked upward with every ounce of force left to him. His foot slammed home. The man gave an animal scream and crashed to the ground, clapping himself and rolling from side to side in agony. The guards made a concerted rush forward, their staves lifted, and Kono had his gun out. Bond leaped for the protection of a tall chair, picked it up and hurled it at the snarling pack of guards. One of the legs caught a man in the teeth and there was the sound of splintering bone. The man went down clutching his face.

"Halt!" It was the Hitlerian scream Bond had heard before. The men stood stock still and lowered their staves. "Kono. Remove those men." Blofeld pointed down at the two casualties. "And punish Kazama for his incompetence. Get new teeth for the other one. And enough of this. The man will not speak with ordinary methods. If he can hear, he will not withstand the pressure of the Question Room. Take him there. The rest of the guards can wait in the audience chamber. *Also! Marsch!*"

Kono fired off orders to which the guards reacted at the double. Then Kono

gestured to Bond with his gun, opened a small doorway beside the bookcase and pointed down a narrow stone passage. Now what? Bond licked the blood from the corners of his mouth. He was near the end of his tether. Pressure? He couldn't stand much more of it. And what was this Question Room? He mentally shrugged. There might still be a chance to get at Blofeld's throat. If only he could take that one with him! He went ahead down the passage, was deaf to the order from Kono to open the rough door at the end, had it opened for him by the guard while the pistol pressed into his spine, and walked forward into a bizarre room of roughly hewn stone that was very hot and stank disgustingly of sulphur.

Blofeld and the woman entered, the door was closed and they took their places in two wooden armchairs beneath an oil lamp and a large kitchen clock whose only unusual feature was that, at each quarter, the figures were underlined in red. The hands stood at just after 11 and now, with a loud iron tick, the minute hand dropped one span. Kono gestured for Bond to advance the 12 paces to the far end of the room where there was a raised stone pedestal seat with arms. It dripped with drying gray mud and there was the same volcanic filth on the floor all round it. Above the stone seat, in the ceiling, there was a wide circular opening through which Bond could see a patch of dark sky and stars. Kono's rubber boots squelched after him and Bond was gestured to sit down on the stone throne. In the center of the seat there was a large round hole. Bond did as he was told, his skin flinching at the hot sticky surface of the mud. He rested his forearms wearily on the stone arms of the throne and waited, his belly crawling with the knowledge of what this was all about.

Blofeld spoke from the other end of the room. He spoke in English. He said, in a loud voice that boomed round the naked walls, "Commander Bond, or number 007 in the British Secret Service if you prefer it, this is the Question Room, a device of my invention that has the almost inevitable effect of making silent people talk. As you know, this property is highly volcanic. You are now sitting directly above a geyser that throws mud, at a heat of around one thousand degrees centigrade, a distance of approximately one hundred feet into the air. Your body is now at an elevation of approximately fifty feet directly above its source. I had the whimsical notion to canalize this geyser up a stone funnel above which you now sit. This is what is known as a periodic geyser. This particular example is regulated to erupt volcanically at exactly the fifteenth minute in every hour." Blofeld looked behind him and turned back. "You will there-

fore observe that you have exactly eleven minutes before the next eruption. If you cannot hear me, or the translation that will follow, if you are a deaf-and-dumb Japanese as you maintain, you will not move from that chair and, at the fifteenth minute past eleven, you will suffer a most dreadful death by the incineration of your lower body. If, on the other hand, you leave the seat before the death moment, you will have demonstrated that you can hear and understand and you will then be put to further tortures which will inevitably make you answer my questions. These questions will seek to confirm your identity, how you come to be here, who sent you and with what purpose, and how many people are involved in the conspiracy. You understand? You would not prefer to give up this play-acting? Very well. On the off chance that your papers are perhaps partially correct, my chief guard will now briefly explain the purpose of this room in the Japanese language." He turned to the guard. "*Kono, sag' ihm auf japanisch den Zweck dieses Zimmers.*"

Kono had taken up his position by the door. He now harangued Bond in sharp Japanese sentences. Bond paid no attention. He concentrated on regaining his strength. He sat relaxed and gazed nonchalantly round the room. He had remembered the final "hell" at Beppu and he was looking for something. Ah yes! There it was! A small wooden box in the corner to the right of his throne. There was no keyhole to it. Inside that box would undoubtedly be the regulating valve for the geyser. Could that bit of knowledge be put to some use? Bond tucked it away and racked his tired brain for some kind of a plan. If only the agonizing pulse in his head would stop. He rested his elbows on his knees and gently lowered his bruised face into his hands. At least that guard would now be in even worse agony than he!

Kono stopped talking. The clock uttered a deep iron tick.

It ticked nine times more. Bond looked up at the black-and-white clockwork face. It said 11:14. A deep, angry grumble sounded from deep down beneath him. It was followed by a hard buffet of very hot breath. Bond got to his feet and walked slowly away from the stinking stone vent until he reached the area of the floor that was not wet with mud. Then he turned and watched. The grumble had become a faraway roar. The roar became a deep howl that swelled up into the room like an express train coming out of a tunnel. Then there was a mighty explosion and a solid jet of gray mud shot like a gleaming gray piston out of the hole Bond had just left, and exactly penetrated the wide aperture in the ceiling. The jet continued, absolutely solid, for perhaps half a second, and searing heat filled the room

so that Bond had to wipe the sweat from his forehead. Then the gray pillar collapsed back into the hole and mud pattered onto the roof of the place and splashed down into the room in great steaming gobbets. A deep bubbling and burping came up the pipe and the room steamed. The stench of sulphur was sickening. In the total silence that followed, the tick of the clock to 11:16 was as loud as a gong stroke.

Bond turned and faced the couple under the clock. He said cheerfully, "Well, Blofeld, you mad bastard. I'll admit that your effects man down below knows his stuff. Now bring on the twelve she-devils and if they're all as beautiful as *Fräulein* Bunt, we'll get Noel Coward to put it to music and have it on Broadway by Christmas. How about it?"

Blofeld turned to Irma Bunt. "My dear girl, you were right! It is indeed the same *Britischer*. Remind me to buy you another string of the excellent Mister Mikimoto's gray pearls. And now let us be finished with this man once and for all. It is beyond our bedtime."

"Yes indeed, *lieber Ernst*. But first he must speak."

"Of course, *Irmchen*. But that can be quickly done. We have already broken his first reserves. The second line of defense will be routine. Come!"

Back up the stone passage! Back into the library! Irma Bunt back to her petit point, Blofeld back to his stance by the mantelpiece, his hand resting lightly on the boss of his great sword. It was just as if they had returned after taking part in some gracious after-dinner entertainment: a game of billiards, a look at the stamp albums, a dull quarter of an hour with the home movies. Bond decided: To hell with the Fukuoka miner! There was a writing desk next to the bookshelves. He pulled out its chair and sat down. There were cigarettes and matches. He lit up and sat back, inhaling luxuriously. Might as well make oneself comfortable before one went for *The Big Sleep*! He tapped his ash onto the carpet and crossed one knee over the other.

Blofeld pointed to the pile of Bond's possessions on the floor. "Kono, take those away. I will examine them later. And you can wait with the guards in the outer hall. Prepare the blowlamp and the electrical machine for further examination in case it should be necessary." He turned to Bond. "And now—talk and you will receive an honorable and quick death by the sword. Have no misgivings. I am expert with it and it is razor sharp. If you do not talk, you will die slowly and horribly and you will talk just the same. You know from your profession that this is so. There is a degree of prolonged suffering that no human can withstand. Well?"

Bond said easily. "Blofeld, you were never stupid. Many people in London and Tokyo know of my presence here



tonight. At this moment, you might argue your way out of a capital charge. You have a lot of money and you could engage the best lawyers. But, if you kill me, you will certainly die."

"Mister Bond, you are not telling the truth. I know the ways of officialdom as well as you do. Therefore I dismiss your story in its entirety and without hesitation. If my presence here was officially known, a small army of policemen would have been sent to arrest me. And they would have been accompanied by a senior member of the CIA on whose 'WANTED' list I certainly feature. This is an American sphere of influence. You might have been allowed to interview me subsequent to my arrest, but an Englishman would not have featured in the initial police action."

"Who said this was police action? When, in England, I heard rumors about this place, I thought the whole project smelled of you. I obtained permission to come and have a look. But my whereabouts is known and retribution will result if I do not return."

"That does not follow, Mister Bond. There will be no trace of your ever having seen me, no trace of your entry into the property. I happen to have certain information that fits in with your presence here. One of my agents recently reported that the head of the Japanese Secret Service, the *Kōan-Chōsa-Kyōku*, a certain Tanaka, came down in this direction accompanied by a foreigner dressed as a Japanese. I now see that your appearance tallies with my agent's description."

"Where is this man? I would like to question him."

"He is not available."

"Very convenient."

A red fire began to burn deep in the black pools of Blofeld's eyes. "You forget that it is not I who am being interrogated, Mister Bond. It is you. Now, I happen to know all about this Tanaka. He is a totally ruthless man, and I will hazard a guess that fits the facts and that is made almost into a certitude by your crude evasions. This man Tanaka has already lost one senior agent whom he sent down here to investigate me. You were available, on some business concerned with your profession perhaps, and, for a consideration, or in exchange for a favor, you agreed to come here and kill me, thus tidying up a situation which is causing some embarrassment to the Japanese government. I do not know or care when you learned that Doctor Guntram Shatterhand was, in fact, Ernst Stavro Blofeld. You have your private reasons for wanting to kill me, and I have absolutely no doubt that you kept your knowledge to yourself and passed it on to no one for fear that the official action I have described would take the place of your private plans for revenge." Blofeld paused. He said softly, "I have one of the greatest brains in the world, Mister Bond. Have you anything to say in reply? As the Americans say, 'It had better be good.'"

Bond took another cigarette and lit it. He said composedly, "I stick to the truth, Blofeld. If anything happens to me, you, and probably the woman as an accessory, will be dead by Christmas."

"All right, Mister Bond. But I am so sure of my facts that I am now going to kill you with my own hands and dispose

of your body without more ado. On reflection, I would rather do it myself than have it done slowly by the guards. You have been a thorn in my flesh for too long. The account I have to settle with you is a personal one. Have you ever heard the Japanese expression '*kirisute gomen*'?"

Bond groaned. "Spare me the Lafcadio Hearnia, Blofeld!"

"It dates from the time of the samurai. It means literally 'killing and going away.' If a low person hindered the samurai's passage along the road or failed to show him proper respect, the samurai was within his rights to lop off the man's head. I regard myself as a latter-day samurai. My fine sword has not yet been bloodied. Yours will be an admirable head to cut its teeth on." He turned to Irma Bunt. "You agree, *mein Liebchen*?"

The square wardress face looked up from its petit point. "But of course, *lieber Ernst*. What you decide is always correct. But be careful. This animal is dangerous."

"You forget, *mein Liebchen*. Since last January he has ceased to be an animal. By a simple stroke of surgery on the woman he loved, I reduced him to human dimensions."

The dominant, horrific figure stood away from the mantelpiece and took up his sword.

"Let me show you."

• • •

Bond dropped his lighted cigarette and left it to smolder on the carpet. His whole body tensed. He said, "I suppose you know you're both mad as hatters."

"So was Frederick the Great, so was Nietzsche, so was Van Gogh. We are in good, illustrious company, Mister Bond. On the other hand, what are you? You are a common thug, a blunt instrument wielded by dolts in high places. Having done what you are told to do, out of some mistaken idea of duty or patriotism, you satisfy your brutish instincts with alcohol, nicotine and sex while waiting to be dispatched on the next misbegotten foray. Twice before, your Chief has sent you to do battle with me, Mister Bond, and, by a combination of luck and brute force, you were successful in destroying two projects of my genius. You and your government would categorize these projects as crimes against humanity, and various authorities still seek to bring me to book for them. But try and summon such wits as you possess, Mister Bond, and see them in a realistic light and in the higher realm of my own thinking."

Blofeld was a big man, perhaps six foot three, and powerfully built. He placed the tip of the samurai sword, which has almost the blade of the scimitar, between his straddled feet, and rested his sinewy hands on its boss. Looking

up at him from across the room, Bond had to admit that there was something larger than life in the looming, imperious figure, in the hypnotically direct stare of the eyes, in the tall white brow, in the cruel downward twist of the thin lips. The square-cut, heavily draped kimono, designed to give the illusion of bulk to a race of smallish men, made something huge out of the towering figure, and the golden dragon embroidery, so easily to be derided as a childish fantasy, crawled menacingly across the black silk and seemed to spit real fire from over the left breast. Blofeld had paused in his harangue. Waiting for him to continue, Bond took the measure of his enemy. He knew what would be coming—justification. It was always so. When they thought they had got you where they wanted you, when they knew they were decisively on top, before the knockout, even to an audience on the threshold of extinction, it was pleasant, reassuring to the executioner, to deliver his apologia—purge the sin he was about to commit. Blofeld, his hands relaxed on the boss of his sword, continued. The tone of his voice was reasonable, self-assured, quietly expository.

He said, "Now, Mister Bond, take Operation Thunderball, as your government dubbed it. This project involved the holding for ransom of the Western world by the acquisition by me of two atomic weapons. Where lies the crime in this, except in the Erewhon of international politics? Rich boys are playing with rich toys. A poor boy comes along and takes them and offers them back for money. If the poor boy had been successful, what a valuable by-product might have resulted for the whole world. These were dangerous toys which, in the poor boy's hands, or let us say, to discard the allegory, in the hands of a Castro, could lead to the wanton extinction of mankind. By my action, I gave a dramatic example for all to see. If I had been successful and the money had been handed over, might not the threat of a recurrence of my attempt have led to serious disarmament talks, to an abandonment of these dangerous toys that might so easily get into the wrong hands? You follow my reasoning? Then this recent matter of the bacteriological-warfare attack on England. My dear Mister Bond, England is a sick nation by any standards. By hastening the sickness to the brink of death, might Britain not have been forced out of her lethargy into the kind of community effort we witnessed during the war? Cruel to be kind, Mister Bond. Where lies the great crime there? And now this matter of my so-called 'Castle of Death.' " Blofeld paused and his eyes took on an inward look. He said, "I will make a confession to you, Mister Bond. I have come to suffer from a certain lassitude of mind which I am

determined to combat. This comes in part from being a unique genius who is alone in the world, without honor—worse, misunderstood. No doubt much of the root cause of this accidie is physical—liver, kidneys, heart, the usual weak points of the middle-aged. But there has developed in me a certain mental lameness, a disinterest in humanity and its future, an utter boredom with the affairs of mankind. So, not unlike the gourmet, with his jaded palate, I now seek only the highly spiced, the sharp impact on the taste buds, mental as well as physical, the tickle that is truly exquisite. And so, Mister Bond, I came to devise this useful and essentially humane project—the offer of free death to those who seek release from the burden of being alive. By doing so, I have not only provided the common man with a solution to the problem of whether to be or not to be, I have also provided the Japanese government, though for the present they appear to be blind to my magnanimity, with a tidy, out-of-the-way charnel house which relieves them of a constant flow of messy occurrences involving the trains, the trams, the volcanoes and other unattractively public means of killing yourself. You must admit that, far from being a crime, this is a public service unique in the history of the world."

"I saw one man being disgustingly murdered yesterday."

"Tidying up, Mister Bond. Tidying up. The man came here wishing to die. What you saw done was only helping a weak man to his seat on the boat across the Styx. But I can see that we have no contact. I cannot reach what serves you for a mind. For your part, you cannot see further than the simple gratification of your last cigarette. So enough of this idle chatter. You have already kept us from our beds far too long. Do you want to be hacked about in a vulgar brawl, or will you offer your neck in the honorable fashion?" Blofeld took a step forward and raised his mighty sword in both hands and held it above his head. The light from the oil lamps shimmered on the blade and showed up the golden filigree engraving.

Bond knew what to do. He had known as soon as he had been led back into the room and had seen the wounded guard's stave still standing in the shadowed angle of the wall. But there was a bell push near the woman. She would have to be dealt with first! Bond hurled himself to the left, seized the stave and leaped at the woman whose hand was already reaching upward.

The stave thudded into the side of her head and she sprawled grotesquely forward off her chair and lay still. Blofeld's sword whistled down, inches from his shoulder. Bond twisted and lunged to his full extent, thrusting his stave forward in the groove of his left hand almost as if it had been a billiard cue. The

tip caught Blofeld hard on the breastbone and flung him against the wall, but he hurtled back and came inexorably forward, swishing his sword like a scythe. Bond aimed at his right arm, missed and had to retreat. He was concentrating on keeping his weapon as well as his body away from the whirling steel, or his stave would be cut like a matchstick, and its extra length was his only hope of victory. Blofeld suddenly lunged, expertly, his right knee bent forward. Bond feinted to the left, but he was inches too slow and the tip of the sword flicked his left ribs, drawing blood. But before Blofeld could withdraw, Bond had slashed two-handed, sideways, at his legs. His stave met bone. Blofeld cursed, and made an ineffectual stab at Bond's weapon. Then he advanced again and Bond could only dodge and feint in the middle of the room and make quick short lunges to keep the enemy at bay. But he was losing ground in front of the whirling steel, and now Blofeld, scenting victory, took lightning steps and thrust forward like a snake. Bond leaped sideways, saw his chance and gave a mighty sweep of his stave. It caught Blofeld on his right shoulder and drew a curse from him. His main sword arm! Bond pressed forward, lancing again and again with his weapon and scoring several hits to the body, but one of Blofeld's parries caught the stave and cut off that one vital foot of extra

length as if it had been a candle end. Blofeld saw his advantage and began attacking, making furious forward jabs that Bond could only parry by hitting at the flat of the sword to deflect it. But now the stave was slippery in the sweat of his hands and for the first time he felt the cold breath of defeat at his neck. And Blofeld seemed to smell it, for he suddenly executed one of his fast running lunges to get under Bond's guard. Bond guessed the distance of the wall behind him and leaped backward against it. Even so, he felt the sword point fan across his stomach. But, hurled back by his impact with the wall, he counterlunged, swept the sword aside with his stave and, dropping his weapon, made a dive for Blofeld's neck and got both hands to it. For a moment the two sweating faces were almost up against each other. The boss of Blofeld's sword battered into Bond's side. Bond hardly felt the crashing blows. He pressed with his thumbs, and pressed and pressed and heard the sword clang to the floor and felt Blofeld's fingers and nails tearing at his face, trying to reach his eyes. Bond whispered through his gritted teeth, "Die, Blofeld! Die!" And suddenly the tongue was out and the eyes rolled upward and the body slipped down to the ground. But Bond followed it and knelt, his hands cramped round the powerful neck, seeing nothing, hearing nothing,

in the terrible grip of blood lust.

Bond slowly came to himself. The golden dragon's head on the black silk kimono spat flame at him. He unclasped his aching hands from round the neck and, not looking again at the purple face, got to his feet. He staggered. God, how his head hurt! What remained to be done? He tried to cast his mind back. He had had a clever idea. What was it? Oh yes, of course! He picked up Blofeld's sword and sleepwalked down the stone passage to the torture room. He glanced up at the clock. Five minutes to midnight. And there was the wooden box, mud-spattered, down beside the throne on which he had sat, days, years before. He went to it and hacked it open with one stroke of the sword. Yes, there was the big wheel he had expected! He knelt down and twisted and twisted until it was finally closed. What would happen now? The end of the world? Bond ran back up the passage. Now he must get out, get away from this place! But his line of retreat was closed by the guards! He tore aside a curtain and smashed the window open with his sword. Outside there was a balustraded terrace that seemed to run round this story of the castle. Bond looked around for something to cover his nakedness. There was only Blofeld's sumptuous kimono. Coldly, Bond tore it off the corpse, put it on and tied the sash. The

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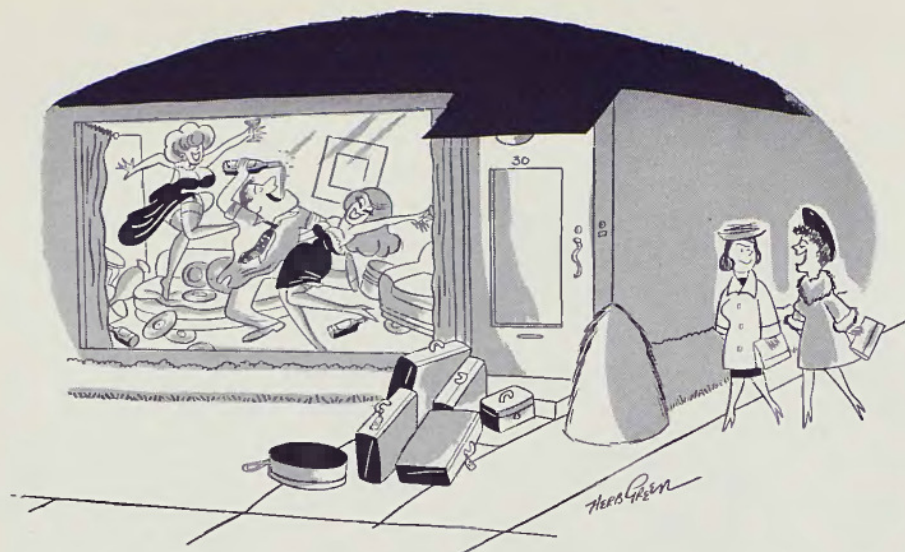
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"I really scared my husband this morning, Marge. I said, 'I think it's time we made a few changes around here!'"

interior of the kimono was cold, like a snake's skin. He looked down at Irma Bunt. She was breathing heavily with a drunken snore. Bond went to the window and climbed out, minding his bare feet among the glass splinters.

But he had been wrong! The balustrade was a brief one, closed at both ends. He stumbled from end to end of it, but there was no exit. He looked over the side. A sheer 100-foot drop to the gravel. A soft fluted whistle above him caught his ear. He looked up. Only a breath of wind in the moorings of that bloody balloon! But then a lunatic idea came to him, a flash back to one of the old Douglas Fairbanks films when the hero had swung across a wide hall by taking a flying leap at the chandelier. This helium balloon was strong enough to hold taut 50 feet of framed cotton strip bearing the warning sign! Why shouldn't it be powerful enough to bear the weight of a man?

Bond ran to the corner of the balustrade to which the mooring line was attached. He tested it. It was taut as a wire! From somewhere behind him there came a great clamor in the castle. Had the woman awakened? Holding onto the straining rope, he climbed onto the railing, cut a foothold for himself in the cotton banner and, grasping the mooring rope with his right hand, chopped downward below him with Blofeld's sword and threw himself into space.

It worked! There was a light night breeze and he felt himself wafted gently away over the moonlit park, over the glittering, steaming lake, toward the sea. But he was rising, not falling! The helium sphere was not in the least worried

by his weight! Then blue-and-yellow fire fluttered from the upper story of the castle and an occasional angry wasp zipped past him. Bond's hands and feet were beginning to ache with the strain of holding on. Something hit him on the side of the head, the same side that was already sending out its throbbing message of pain. And that finished him. He knew it had! For now the whole black silhouette of the castle swayed in the moonlight and seemed to jig upward and sideways and then slowly dissolve like an ice-cream cone in sunshine. The top story crumbled first, then the next, and the next, and then, after a moment, a huge jet of orange fire shot up from hell toward the moon and a buffet of hot wind, followed by an echoing crack of thunder, hit Bond and made his balloon sway violently.

What was it all about? Bond didn't know or care. The pain in his head was his whole universe. Punctured by a bullet, the balloon was fast losing height. Below, the softly swelling sea offered a bed. Bond let go with hands and feet and plummeted down toward peace, toward the rippling feathers of some childhood dream of softness and escape from pain.

• • •

An item from the obituary column of *The Times* of London:

M writes:

As your readers will have learned from earlier issues, a senior officer of the Ministry of Defense, Commander James Bond, C.M.G., R.N.V.R., is missing, believed killed, while on an official mission to Japan. It grieves me to have to report that hopes of his survival must now be abandoned. It therefore falls to my lot, as the head of the department he served

so well, to give some account of this officer and of his outstanding services to his country.

James Bond was born of a Scottish father, Andrew Bond of Glencoe, and a Swiss mother, Monique Delacroix, from the Canton de Vaud. His father being a foreign representative of the Vickers armaments firm, his early education, from which he inherited a first-class command of French and German, was entirely abroad. When he was 11 years of age, both his parents were killed in a climbing accident in the Aiguilles Rouges above Chamonix, and the youth came under the guardianship of an aunt, since deceased, Miss Charmian Bond, and he went to live with her at the quaintly named hamlet of Pett Bottom near Canterbury in Kent. There, in a small cottage hard by the attractive Duck Inn, his aunt, who must have been a most erudite and accomplished lady, completed his education for an English public school and, at the age of 12 or thereabouts, he passed satisfactorily into Eton, for which college he had been entered at birth by his father. It must be admitted that his career at Eton was brief and undistinguished and, after only two halves, as a result, it pains me to record, of some alleged trouble with one of the boys' maids, his aunt was requested to remove him. She managed to obtain his transfer to Fettes, his father's old school. Here the atmosphere was somewhat Calvinistic, and both academic and athletic standards were rigorous. Nevertheless, though inclined to be solitary by nature, he established some firm friendships among the traditionally famous athletic circles at the school. By the time he left, at the early age of 17, he had twice fought for the school as a lightweight and had, in addition, founded the first serious judo class at an English public school. By now it was 1941 and, by claiming an age of 19, and with the help of an old Vickers colleague of his father, he entered a branch of what was subsequently to become the Ministry of Defense. To serve the confidential nature of his duties, he was accorded the rank of lieutenant in the Special Branch of the R.N.V.R., and it is a measure of the satisfaction his services gave to his superiors that he ended the war with the rank of commander. It was about this time that the writer became associated with certain aspects of the ministry's work, and it was with much gratification that I accepted Commander Bond's post-war application to continue working for the ministry in which, at the time of his lamented disappearance, he had risen to the rank of Principal Officer in the Civil Service.

The nature of Commander Bond's duties with the ministry, which were, incidentally, recognized by the appointment of C.M.G. in 1954, must remain confidential, nay, secret, but his col-

leagues at the ministry will allow that he performed them with outstanding bravery and distinction, although occasionally, through an impetuous strain in his nature, with a streak of the foolhardy that brought him in conflict with higher authority. But he possessed what almost amounted to "The Nelson Touch" in moments of the highest emergency, and he somehow contrived to escape more or less unscathed from the many adventurous paths down which his duties led him. The inevitable publicity, particularly in the foreign press, accorded some of these adventures, made him, much against his will, something of a public figure, with the inevitable result that a series of popular books came to be written around him by a personal friend and former colleague of James Bond. If the quality of these books, or their degree of veracity, had been any higher, the author would certainly have been prosecuted under the Official Secrets Act. It is a measure of the disdain in which these fictions are held at the ministry, that action has not yet—I emphasize the qualification—been taken against the author and publisher of these high-flown and romanticized caricatures of episodes in the career of an outstanding public servant.

It only remains to conclude this brief in memoriam by assuring his friends that Commander Bond's last mission was one of supreme importance to the state. Although it now appears that, alas, he will not return from it, I have the authority of the highest quarters in the land to confirm that the mission proved 100 percent successful. It is no exaggeration to pronounce unequivocally that, through the recent valorous efforts of this one man, the safety of the realm had received mighty reassurance.

James Bond was married in 1962, to Teresa, only daughter of Marc-Ange Draco, of Marseilles. The marriage ended in tragic circumstances that were reported in the press at the time. There was no issue of the marriage and James Bond leaves, so far as I am aware, no relative living.

M.G. writes:

I was happy and proud to serve Commander Bond in a close capacity during the past three years at the Ministry of Defense. If, indeed, our fears for him are justified, may I suggest these simple words for his epitaph? Many of the junior staff here feel they represent his philosophy: "I shall not waste my days in trying to prolong them. I shall use my time."

• • •

When Kissy saw the figure, black-winged in its kimono, crash down into the sea, she sensed that it was her man, and she covered the 200 yards from the base of the wall as fast as she had ever

swum in her life. The tremendous impact with the water had at first knocked all the wind out of Bond, but the will to live, so nearly extinguished by the searing pain in his head, was revived by the new but recognizable enemy of the sea and, when Kissy got to him, he was struggling to free himself from the kimono.

At first he thought she was Blofeld and he tried to strike out at her.

"It's Kissy," she said urgently, "Kissy Suzuki! Don't you remember?"

He didn't. He had no recollection of anything in the world but the face of his enemy and of the desperate urge to smash it. But his strength was going and finally, cursing feebly, he allowed her to manhandle him out of the kimono and paid heed to the voice that pleaded with him.

"Now follow me, Taro-san. When you get tired I will pull you with me. We are all trained in such rescue work."

But, when she started off, Bond didn't follow her. Instead he swam feebly round and round like a wounded animal, in ever-increasing circles. She almost wept. What had happened to him? What had they done to him at the Castle of Death? Finally she stopped him and talked softly to him and he docilely allowed her to put her arms under his armpits and, with his head cradled between her breasts, she set off with the traditional backward leg stroke.

It was an amazing swim for a girl—half a mile with currents to contend with and only the moon and an occasional glance over her shoulder to give her a bearing, but she achieved it and finally hauled Bond out of the water in her little cove and collapsed on the flat stones beside him.

She was awakened by a groan from Bond. He had been quietly sick and now sat with his head in his hands, looking blankly out to sea with the glazed eyes of a sleepwalker. When Kissy put an arm round his shoulders, he turned vaguely toward her. "Who are you? How did I get here? What is this place?" He examined her more carefully. "You're very pretty."

Kissy looked at him keenly. She said, and a sudden plan of great glory blazed across her mind, "You cannot remember anything? You do not remember who you are and where you came from?"

Bond passed a hand across his forehead, squeezed his eyes. "Nothing," he said wearily. "Nothing except a man's face. I think he was dead. I think he was a bad man. What is your name? You must tell me everything."

"My name is Kissy Suzuki and you are my lover. Your name is Taro Todoroki. We live on this island and go fishing together. It is a very good life. But can you walk a little? I must take you to where you live and get you some food and a

doctor to see you. You have a terrible wound on the side of your head and there is a cut on your ribs. You must have fallen while you were climbing the cliffs after sea gulls' eggs." She stood up and held out her hands.

Bond took them and staggered to his feet. She held him by the hand and gently guided him along the path toward the Suzuki house. But she passed it and went on and up to the grove of dwarf maples and camellia bushes. She led him behind the Shinto shrine and into the cave. It was large and the earth floor was dry. She said, "This is where you live. I live here with you. I had put away our bed things. I will go and fetch them and some food. Now lie down, my beloved, and rest and I will look after you. You are ill, but the doctor will make you well again."

Bond did as he was told and was instantly asleep, the pain-free side of his head cradled on his arm.

Kissy ran off down the mountain, her heart singing. There was much to be done, much to be arranged, but now that she had her man back she was desperately determined to keep him.

It was almost dawn and her parents were awake. She whispered to them excitedly as she went about warming some milk and putting together a bundle of *futon*, her father's best kimono and a selection of Bond's washing things—nothing to remind him of his past. Her parents were used to her whims and her independence. Her father merely commented mildly that it would be all right if the *kannushi-san* gave his blessing, then, having washed the salt off herself and dressed in her own simple brown kimono, she scampered off up the hill to the cave.

Later, the Shinto priest received her gravely. He almost seemed to be expecting her. He held up his hand and spoke to the kneeling figure. "Kissy-chan, I know what I know. The spawn of the Devil is dead. So is his wife. The Castle of Death has been totally destroyed. These things were brought about as the Six Guardians foretold, by the man from across the sea. Where is he now?"

"In the cave behind the shrine, *kannushi-san*. He is gravely wounded. I love him. I wish to keep him and care for him. He remembers nothing of the past. I wish it to remain so, so that we may marry and he may become a son of Kuro for all time."

"That will not be possible, my daughter. In due course he will recover and go off across the world to where he came from. And there will be official inquiries for him from Fukuoka, perhaps even from Tokyo, for he is surely a man of renown in his own country."

"But *kannushi-san*, if you so instruct the elders of Kuro, they will show these people *shiran-kao*, they will say they

know nothing, that this man Todoroki left, swimming for the mainland, and has not been heard of since. Then the people will go away. All I want to do is to care for him and keep him for myself as long as I can. If the day comes when he wishes to leave, I will not hinder him. I will help him. He was happy here fishing with me and my David-bird. He told me so. When he recovers, I will see that he continues to be happy. Should not Kuro cherish and honor this hero who was brought to us by the gods? Would not the Six Guardians wish to keep him for a while? And have I not earned some small token for my humble efforts to help Todoroki-san and save his life?"

The priest sat silent for a while with his eyes closed. Then he looked down at the pleading face at his feet. He smiled. "I will do what is possible, Kissy-chan. And now bring the doctor to me and then take him up to the cave so that he can tend this man's wounds. Then I will speak to the elders. But for many weeks you must be very discreet and the *gaijin* must not show himself. When all is quiet again, he may move back into the house of your parents and allow himself to be seen."

The doctor knelt beside Bond in the cave and spread out on the ground a large map of the human head with the sections marked with figures and ideograms. His gentle fingers probed Bond's wound for signs of fracture, while Kissy knelt beside him and held one of Bond's sweating hands in both of hers. The doctor bent forward and, lifting the eyelids one by one, gazed deeply into the glazed eyes through a large reading glass. On his instructions, Kissy ran for boiling water, and the doctor proceeded to clean the cut made by the bullet across the terrible swelling of the first wound caused by Bond's crash into the oubliette. Then he tapped sulphur dust into the wound and bound up the head neatly and expertly, put surgical plaster over the cut across the ribs and stood up and took Kissy outside the cave. "He will live," he said, "but it may be months, even years before he regains his memory. It is particularly the temporal lobe of his brain, where the memory is stored, that has been damaged. For this, much education will be necessary. You will endeavor all the time to remind him about past things and places. Then isolated facts that he will recognize will turn into chains of association. He should undoubtedly be taken to Fukuoka for an X ray, but I think there is no fracture and in any case the *kannushi-san* has ordained that he is to remain under your care and his presence on the island be kept secret. I shall of course observe the instructions of the honorable *kannushi-san* and only visit him by different routes and at night. But there is much you will have to attend to, for he must

not be moved in any way for at least a week. Now listen carefully," said the doctor, and he gave her minute instructions which covered every aspect of feeding and nursing and left her to carry them out.

And so the days ran into weeks and the police came again and again from Fukuoka, and the official called Tanaka came from Tokyo and later a huge man who said he was from Australia arrived and he was the most difficult of all for Kissy to shake off. But the face of *shiran-kao* remained of stone and the island of Kuro kept its secret. James Bond's body gradually mended and Kissy took him out for walks at night. They also went for an occasional swim in the cove, where they played with David and she told him all the history of the Ama and of Kuro and expertly parried all his questions about the world outside the island.

Winter came, and the Ama had to stay ashore and turn their hands to mending nets and boats and working on the small holdings on the mountainside, and Bond came back into the house and made himself useful with carpentry and odd jobs and with learning Japanese from Kissy. The glazed look went from his eyes, but they remained remote and faraway and every night he was puzzled by dreams of a quite different world of white people and big cities and half-remembered faces. But Kissy assured him that these were just nightmares such as she had, and that they had no meaning, and gradually Bond came to accept the little stone-and-wood house and the endless horizon of sea as his finite world. Kissy was careful to keep him away from the south coast of the island, and dreaded the day when fishing would begin again at the end of May and he would see the great black wall across the straits and memory might come flooding back.

The doctor was surprised by Bond's lack of progress and resigned himself to the conclusion that Bond's amnesia was total. But soon there was no cause for further visits because Bond's physical health and his apparently complete satisfaction with his lot showed that in every other respect he was totally recovered.

But there was one thing that greatly distressed Kissy. From the first night in the cave she had shared Bond's *futon* and, when he was well and back in the house, she waited every night for him to make love to her. But, while he kissed her occasionally and often held her hand, his body seemed totally unaware of her however much she pressed herself against him and even caressed him with her hands. Had the wound made him impotent? She consulted the doctor, but he said there could be no connection, although it was just possible that he had forgotten how to perform the act of love.

So one day Kissy Suzuki announced that she was going to take the weekly mail boat to Fukuoka to do some shopping and, in the big city, she found her way to the local sex shop, called The Happy Shop, that is a feature of all self-respecting Japanese towns, and told her problem to the wicked-looking old gray-beard behind the innocent counter containing nothing more viciously alluring than tonics and contraceptives. He asked her if she possessed 5000 yen, which is a lot of money, and when she said she did, he locked the street door and invited her to the back of the shop.

The sex merchant bent down and pulled out from beneath a bench what looked like a small wire rabbit hutch. He put this on the bench and Kissy saw that it contained four large toads on a bed of moss. Next he produced a metal contraption that had the appearance of a hot plate with a small wire cage in the middle. He carefully lifted out one of the toads and placed it inside the cage so that it squatted on the metal surface. Then he hauled a large car battery onto the bench, put it alongside the "hot plate," and attached wires from one to the other. Then he spoke encouraging endearments to the toad and stood back.

The toad began to shiver slightly, and the crosses in its dark-red eyes blazed angrily at Kissy as if he knew it was all her fault. The sex merchant, his head bent over the little cage, watched anxiously and then rubbed his hands with satisfaction as heavy beads of sweat broke out all over the toad's warty skin. He reached for an iron teaspoon and a small phial, gently raised the wire cage and very carefully scraped the sweat beads off the toad's body and dripped the result into the phial. When he had finished, the phial contained about half a teaspoon of clear liquid. He corked it up and handed it to Kissy, who held it with reverence and great care as if it had been a fabulous jewel. Then the sex merchant disconnected the wires and put the toad, which seemed none the worse for its experience, back into its hutch and closed the top.

He turned to Kissy and bowed. "When this valuable product is desired by a sincere customer I always ask them to witness the process of distillation. Otherwise they might harbor the unworthy thought that the phial contained only water from the tap. But you have now seen that this preparation is the authentic sweat of a toad. It is produced by giving the toad a mild electric shock. The toad suffered only temporary discomfort and it will be rewarded this evening with an extra portion of flies or crickets. And now," he went to a cupboard and took out a small pillbox, "here is powder of dried lizard. A combination of the two, inserted in your lover's food at the evening meal, should prove infallible.

However, to excite his mind as well as his senses, for an extra thousand yen I can provide you with a most excellent pillow book."

"What is a pillow book?"

The sex merchant went back to his cupboard and produced a cheaply bound and printed paper book with a plain cover. Kissy opened it. Her hand went to her mouth and she blushed furiously. But then, being a careful girl who didn't want to be cheated, she turned some more of the pages. They all contained outrageously pornographic close-up pictures, most faithfully engraved, of the love act portrayed from every possible aspect. "Very well," she whispered. She handed back the book. "Please wrap up everything carefully." She took out her purse and began counting out the notes.

Out in the shop, the wicked-faced old man handed her the parcel and, bowing deeply, unlocked the door. Kissy gave a perfunctory bob in return and darted out of the shop down the street as if she had just made a pact with the Devil. But by the time she went to catch the mail boat back to Kuro, she was hugging herself with excitement and pleasure and making up a story to explain away her acquisition of the book.

Bond was waiting for her on the jetty. It was the first day she had been away from him and he had missed her painfully. They talked happily as they walked hand in hand along the foreshore among the nets and boats, and the people smiled to see them, but looked through them instead of greeting them, for had not the priest decreed that their *gaijin* hero did not officially exist? And the priest's edict was final.

Back at the house, Kissy went happily about preparing a highly spiced dish of sukiyaki, the national dish of beef stew. This was not only a treat, for they seldom ate meat, but Kissy didn't know if her love potions had any taste and it would be wise not to take any chances. When it was ready, with a trembling hand, she poured the brown powder and the liquid into Bond's portion and stirred it well. Then she brought the dishes in to where the family awaited, squatting on the *tatami* before the low table.

She watched surreptitiously as Bond devoured every scrap of his portion and wiped his plate clean with a pinch of rice and then, after warm compliments on her cooking, drank his tea and retired to their room. In the evenings, he usually sat mending nets or fishing lines before going to bed. As she helped her mother wash up, she wondered if he were doing so now!

Kissy spent a long time doing her hair and making herself pretty before, her heart beating like a captured bird, she joined him.



AT 27, JOHN CALVIN is an account exec with a large Chicago advertising agency. John usually puts in a 10-hour day in a vested suit. But comes the weekend, it's off with the three-button suit and the repp tie, on with the Cricketeer sportcoat and slacks, and out to Lake Michigan for a sail. John likes clothes with easy, natural lines. (He calls it the traditional look. We call it the Cricketeer look.) Now, if the young lady will kindly return John's sportcoat, we'll heave anchor.

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He looked up from the pillow book and laughed. "Kissy, where in God's name did you get this?"

She giggled. "Oh that! I forgot to tell you. Some dreadful man tried to make up to me in one of the shops. He pressed that into my hand and made an assignation for this evening. I agreed just to get rid of him. It is what we call a pillow book. Lovers use them. Aren't the pictures exciting?"

Bond threw off his kimono. He pointed to the soft *futon* on the floor. He said fiercely, "Kissy, take off your clothes and lie down there. We'll start at page one."

• • •

Winter slid into spring and fishing began again, but now Kissy dived naked like the other girls and Bond and the bird dived with her and there were good days and bad days. But the sun shone steadily and the sea was blue and wild

irises covered the mountainside and everyone made a great fuss as the sprinkling of cherry trees burst into bloom, and Kissy wondered what moment to choose to tell Bond that she was going to have a baby and whether he would then propose marriage to her.

But one day, on the way down to the cove, Bond looked preoccupied and, when he asked her to wait before they put the boat out as he had something serious to talk to her about, her heart leaped and she sat down beside him on a flat rock and put her arms round him and waited.

Bond took a crumpled piece of paper out of his pocket and held it out to her, and she shivered with fear and knew what was coming. She took her arms from round him and looked at the paper. It was one of the rough squares of newspaper from the spike in the little

lavatory. She always tore these squares herself and discarded any that contained words in English—just in case.

Bond pointed. "Kissy, what is this word 'Vladivostok'? What does it mean? It has some kind of a message for me. I connect it with a very big country. I believe the country is called Russia. Am I right?"

Kissy remembered her promise to the priest. She put her face in her hands. "Yes, Taro-san. That is so."

Bond pressed his fists to his eyes and squeezed. "I have a feeling that I have had much to do with this Russia, that a lot of my past life was concerned with it. Could that be possible? I long so terribly to know where I came from before I came to Kuro. Will you help me, Kissy?"

Kissy took her hands from her face and looked at him. She said quietly, "Yes, I will help you, my beloved."

"Then I must go to this place Vladivostok, and perhaps it will awaken more memories and I can work my way back from there."

"If you say so, my love. The mail boat goes to Fukuoka tomorrow. I will put you on a train there and give you money and full directions. It is advertised that one can go from the northern island, Hokkaido, to Sakhalin, which is on the Russian mainland. Then you can no doubt make your way to Vladivostok. It is a great port to the south of Sakhalin. But you must take care, for the Russians are not friendly people."

"Surely they would do no harm to a fisherman from Kuro?"

Kissy's heart choked her. She got up and walked slowly down to the boat. She pushed the boat down the pebbles into the water and waited, at her usual place in the stern, for him to get in and for his knees to clasp hers as they always did.

James Bond took his place and unshipped the oars, and the cormorant scrambled on board and perched imperiously in the bow. Bond measured where the rest of the fleet lay on the horizon, and began to row.

Kissy smiled into his eyes and the sun shone on his back and, so far as James Bond was concerned, it was a beautiful day just like all the other days had been—without a cloud in the sky.

But then, of course, he didn't know that his name was James Bond. And, compared with the blazing significance to him of that single Russian word on the scrap of paper, his life on Kuro, his love for Kissy Suzuki, were, in Tiger's phrase, of as little account as sparrows' tears.

This is the final installment of a three-part serialization of Ian Fleming's latest James Bond novel, "You Only Live Twice."



"Come on in, but you'll have to excuse the way the place looks—I just cleaned it."

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