

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JULY 1965 • 75 CENTS

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"THE GIRLS OF THE RIVIERA"
ALLAN SHERMAN DISCUSSES
"SEX AND THE SINGLE SHERMAN"
JULY FOURTH FUN WITH JEAN
SHEPHERD • INTERVIEW WITH
MARCELLO MASTROIANNI
CONCLUDING INSTALLMENT OF
FINAL NOVEL BY IAN FLEMING



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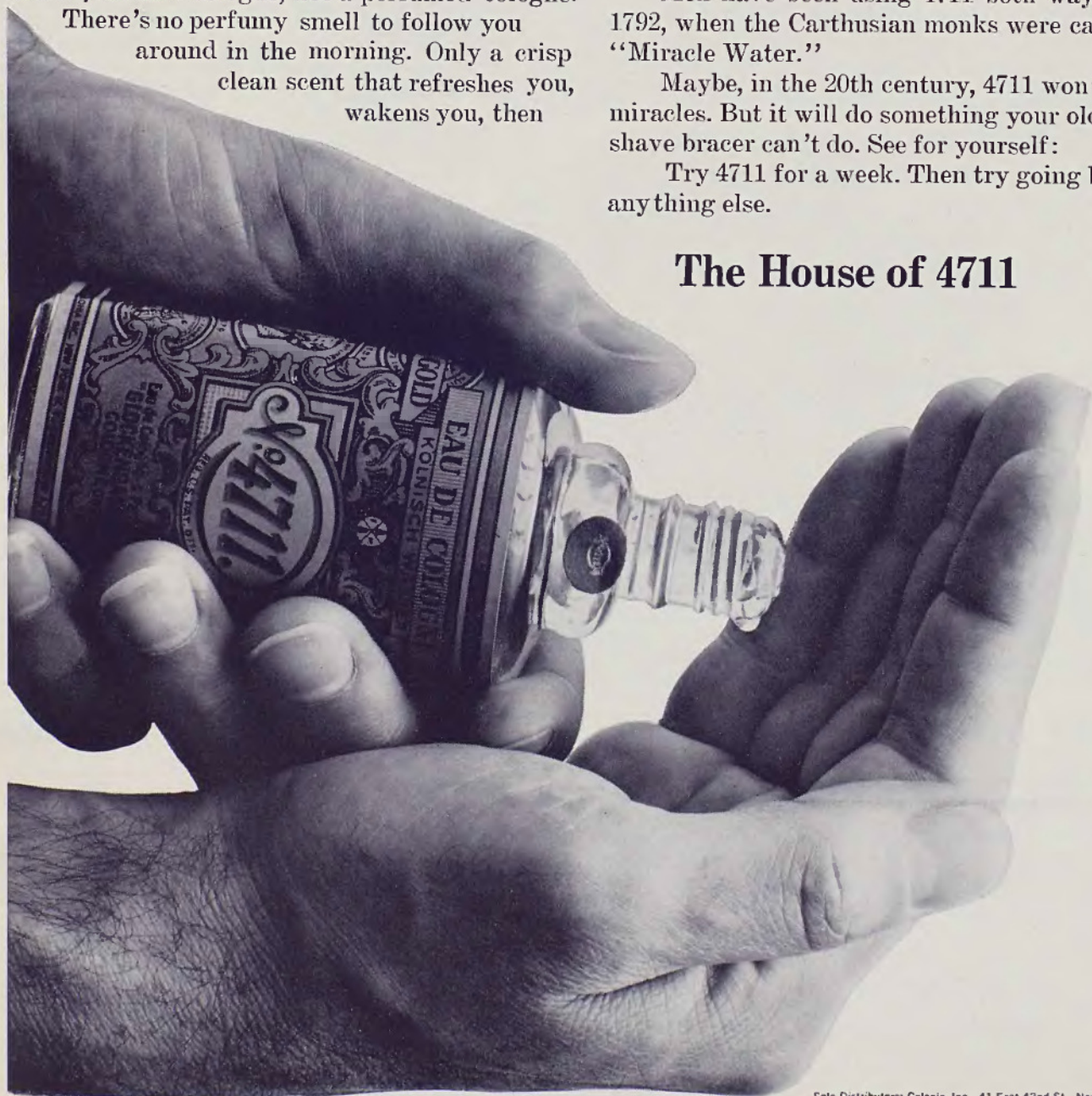
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PLAYBILL OUR SPARKLING

Fourth-of-Julyful Bunny Joey Thorpe, in her second cover appearance (her first was in September 1963), offers a light-fantastic encomium to Independence Day—and sets the celebrational tone of the issue at hand, which we think you'll find more fun than a string of Chinese firecrackers. Kicking off the fireworks within is Jean Shepherd's mirthful memoir of an unforgettably explosive Fourth back home in Indiana: *Ludlow Kissel and the Dago Bomb That Struck Back*. A butter-fingered pyrotechnician in his storied youth, Jean believes he's one of many survivors of bygone Independence Days to sport a set of false eyebrows.

This month's conclusion of Ian Fleming's final novel, *The Man with the Golden Gun*—Fleming's 13th James Bond adventure yarn, the last three of which have appeared exclusively in *PLAYBOY* prior to book publication—writes finis to a unique chapter in the history of literature. The James Bond mystique, however, gives every indication of being with us for a long, long time, what with the amazingly successful Bond flicks starring Sean Connery—whose craggy likeness has been captured perfectly by Chicago artist Howard Mueller in his compelling illustrations for all four installments of *The Man with the Golden Gun*.

Hoke Norris' *Look Away*, our lead fiction for July, blazes with the intensity of today's race-tormented headlines. Norris, a Southerner who has lived in the North for the past ten years, wrote the story after covering the murder of three civil rights workers in Mississippi for the *Chicago Sun-Times*, as part of a widely syndicated series of outspoken articles on today's South. Says Norris: "While the characters and events in *Look Away* are fictitious, they grew out of a desire to say more about the place and the people than I already had written. What I want to say I believe can be summed up in one word—violence."

Avram Davidson, who wrote this

issue's scarifying sci-fi thriller, *The Invasion*, has been the recipient of a brace of prestigious prizes—a World Science Fiction "Hugo" Award and a Mystery Writers of America "Edgar" Award. He also reports that he's enjoyed the dubious honor of having two of his stories published in Cuba, in the Communist tradition, without benefit of royalties.

July's fourth fictioneer is Herbert Gold (*The Game of Hide and Seek*), who is typewriter deep in a new novel and happily has no such royalty problem in England, France, Italy and Germany, where his novel *Salt* has just been published. In this country, *Salt* is in the process of being adapted for the movies.

Up to his horn-rimmed eyeballs in all manner of projects is author-comedian-songwriter Allan Sherman, whose *Sex and the Single Sherman* (soon to appear in book form as part of his autobiography, *A Gift of Laughter*, for Atheneum) will evoke laughs, nostalgia and perhaps a few blushing memories of one's own adolescence. Allan's latest book, *Instant Status or Up Your Image*, has gone into its third printing; he has another album in the offing: *Crazy Downtown and Other Songs for Crazy, Mixed-Up Parents and Kids*. As for his future, Sherman says: "I plan to start repainting *The Last Supper*. I am also going to redo the Sistine Chapel with a roller. For those who like pictures, I'm going to do one wall with wallpaper. I'm also working on a musical, *The History of Mankind*, but am currently stymied as I've covered practically everything in the first act."

The public-relations man's *sub-rosa* role in the making of a man of the hour in politics and business is the timely task of Murray Teigh Bloom in *The Great American Build-up*—with whose overblown beneficiaries, and their appetite for empty honors, Murray confesses "an abiding fascination, based on personal acquaintance." The knowledgeable author of two previous *PLAYBOY* pieces (*The Moneygrabbers* and *How and Whys of the Perfect Murder*)—both

on the subject of crime and criminals—Murray is halfway through a book, due early next year, on what he claims is "the most daring crime of all time": the Portuguese bank-note scandal of 1925. He may be right; this was the celebrated case in which a gang of brilliant counterfeiters pulled off a \$50,000,000 fraud that led to the collapse not only of Portugal's economy, but of her government as well. Murray's also waiting for the reviews of his first play, *The White Crow*, which he calls "an egghead melodrama about the supernatural"; it's scheduled to open on the London boards this summer.

Cosmopolitan Marcello Mastroianni, the subject of our *Playboy Interview*, has acquired a reputation among his moviemaking colleagues far removed from his on-screen image as the laconic Latin lover: He is considered one of the world's great sleepers. He has been known to sleep standing up in a phone booth; just before our interviewer talked to him on the set of *Casanova 70*, he had been found, decked out in his Casanova finery, sound asleep in a waterless bathtub. No less surprising—or contradictory—are his remarkably candid admissions of doubt and confusion, in our interview, not only about his image as a male sex symbol, but about his role as a man in modern society.

Rounding out our July formula for a festive Fourth: *Fun for the Road*, Charles Beaumont's breezy takeout on the manifold and manic delights of auto rallying; Food and Drink Editor Thomas Mario's offbeat, upbeat approach to warm-weather coolers, *Summer Punch Bowl*; *The Girls of the Riviera*, a words-and-pictures paean to its beautiful beachniks; Fashion Director Robert L. Green's survey of the hip and handsome California sartorial scene, *The West Coast Way*; another epidermal episode of *Little Annie Fanny*; Don Addis' his-and-hers sign language, *Symbolic Sex*; and July's girl for all seasons, Playmate Gay Collier. In all, a suitably pyrotechnic July salute to our readers.

PLAYBOY®



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DEAR PLAYBOY

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

GOLDEN GUN MEN

As an avid Ian Fleming reader, may I congratulate you on your latest scoop, *The Man with the Golden Gun*. Your uncanny ability to come up first with the best makes your magazine the most-read literature by clients and other visitors to this office. With your April issue, you have simply outdone every previous effort to satisfy the varied interests of your readers in this lonely outpost of PLAYBOY followers.

A. Bert Armstrong, President
Concession Insurance Services Ltd.
Hamilton, Ontario

I was very pleased to find you featuring *The Man with the Golden Gun*. The first part of the novel indicates that Fleming's last work matches the best of its predecessors. It seems to me that such quality fiction as this does as much to substantiate your cover line "Entertainment for Men" as do such standard features as *The Playboy Forum*, the interviews and the monthly centerfold.

Wayne P. Pomerleau
Washington, D. C.

Compliments on your latest James Bond serialization. The artwork is striking and the story is one of Mr. Fleming's best. However, in my reading of the PLAYBOY presentation of *The Man with the Golden Gun*, I have come upon what I consider to be a serious error which I cannot believe Mr. Fleming could have committed. You will recall that in your last Fleming story, *You Only Live Twice*, James Bond was removed from the Double-0 Section for inefficient service, and was promoted to the Diplomatic Section, with the new number 7777. This was in order to give Bond a chance to redeem himself while in pursuit of the doctor who turned out to be none other than his archenemy, Ernst Stavro Blofeld. In *Golden Gun*, however, I find no mention of Mr. Bond's promotion nor of Mr. Bond except as 007, and not as 7777. Please elucidate.

John Clarke
Rockville, Maryland

In "*You Only Live Twice*," M said to Bond, "I'm giving you acting promotion to the Diplomatic Section. Four-figure number and a thousand a year extra

pay." But Bond told his friend Bill Tanner, "As soon as I get back from this caper, I'll ask for my old number back again."

ART FOR ART'S SAKE

I want to thank you for your interviews, which, it seems to me, are excellent. The Art Buchwald one, specifically, was charged with biting satire, but I think your all-time coup to date was the one with Dr. Martin Luther King [January 1965]. The variety and depth of your interviews calls for applause.

I also want to compliment you on the variety and quality of your fiction, which is impressive. In a day when the short story is dying in England, it's very much alive in America because of outlets such as PLAYBOY which allow for the free expression of writers' interests.

Ken McCormick, Editor-in-Chief
Doubleday & Company, Inc.
New York, New York

Not a day passes without Art Buchwald's humor adding something of value. PLAYBOY and Mr. Kitman should be proud to have had a part in the finest political and social satire I have read since George Orwell's *Animal Farm*. It's rewarding to me, and many of my fellow students, to live in a country where a true genius like Mr. Buchwald can raise his witty voice in opposition to the Government's policies.

William Ahlum
Pennsylvania Military College
Chester, Pennsylvania

Art Buchwald is probably America's greatest satirist.

Michael Grishman
Holyoke, Massachusetts

I received your April issue the other day and, since it was the first time I had ever seen a copy of PLAYBOY, I was naturally shocked by some of the photographs I saw in it. But what really disturbed me was your printed interview purportedly between myself and Marvin Kitman. I don't believe I ever spoke to anyone named Marvin Kitman and I am quite sure if I did, I never would have said some of the things I was quoted as saying.

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It's quite possible that Kitman made the whole thing up. I investigated him after the article and discovered he makes his living running for President of the United States.

Since I don't know Mr. Kitman and I hadn't agreed to have my photograph in a magazine which publishes pictures of nude women, I would appreciate some sort of compensation for this embarrassment—half of Mr. Kitman's fee will do.

Art Buchwald
Washington, D. C.

I do not recall conducting the interview in the April issue. I would like to say for the record that it was completely unauthorized. If I asked any questions of Mr. Buchwald, I was probably under the influence of money. In that drugged condition, I have been known to say or do anything. I cannot be responsible for my actions.

Marvin Kitman
Leononia, New Jersey

To set the record straight, we have no intention of paying anyone anything for this unfortunate publishing faux pas. We have never heard of any such persons as Art Buchwald and Marvin Kitman, and there is some evidence to suggest that both names are phony; in any case, we did not give either one of these gentlemen an assignment to interview the other, or vice versa, for the obvious reason that we cannot imagine anything of less interest to our readers than to have one of this series of "candid conversations" conducted with a complete nonentity.

We did recently assign a highly regarded correspondent named Mervin Titman, of Leanononia, New York, to conduct a "Playboy Interview" with Art Buchwald, the convicted Communist agent and child molester, while the latter was in Washington for brief appearances before the House Un-American Activities Committee and the Senate Subcommittee on Sexual Perversion, prior to establishing his permanent residence in the maximum security wing at Leavenworth.

When the April interview arrived at the PLAYBOY offices shortly before deadline, the similarity in names (suspiciously similar, it seems to us) caused our editors to mistake the "Kitman-Buchwald" manuscript for the Titman-Buchwald material scheduled for that same issue. We had no further opportunity to discover the error, since it is our policy never to read a "Playboy Interview" prior to publication—as the surest means of maintaining the scrupulous objectivity so important to this feature. (We are so careful on this point that only occasionally do we read a "Playboy Interview" even after publication.)

No one has suffered from this unhappy error except PLAYBOY and its several million readers. As for the complaints reg-

istered above by those signing themselves as Art Buchwald and Marvin Kitman: If it should turn out that two such characters actually do exist, they should be grateful for what is surely the only time that either of their names will ever appear in a national magazine.

The enjoyment I received from your delightful interview with Art Buchwald was enhanced by the syndicated column he devoted to his appearance in *PLAYBOY*, shortly after the April issue went on sale. "I was interviewed in *PLAYBOY* this month and it's amazing how many people read it," he began. Then after some hilarious remarks about all the friends and relatives of his spouse who'd been phoning to comment on the subject, and relating the observation of one of his offspring ("It's a cool magazine," my son said"), Buchwald climaxed the column with an imaginary exchange between his wife, himself and his mother-in-law:

"There's your answer," my wife said. "How can I keep him [the son] in line when you're posing with a bunch of nude girls?"

"I wasn't posing with nude girls. I was in the front of the book. My article doesn't touch the 'Playmate of the Month' even when you fold it way out."

"You probably were there when they took that picture."

This time when the phone rang I answered it. It was my mother-in-law. When she heard my voice, she shouted, "Lecher!"

"I'm not a lecher!" I shouted back. "Sex fiend!"

"Mom, will you calm down and say what's on your mind?"

"Tell my daughter I have room for her and the children."

"That's nice," I said.

"The town's in a state of shock," she cried. "You can't get a copy of the magazine anywhere. I bought the last five copies they had."

"I'll send the family in the morning."

"What are you going to do?" she demanded.

"I'm moving in with five Bunnies. *PLAYBOY* takes care of its own."

Roger Mulligan
New York, New York

FLICK CLICK

Arthur Knight and Hollis Alpert's *The History of Sex in Cinema*, which teed off in your April issue, promises to cap anything *PLAYBOY* has done to date, if the first installment is any augury of what lies ahead.

Edward D'Angelo
Chicago, Illinois

Sex is to the history of cinema what bread is to the history of food, and I'm

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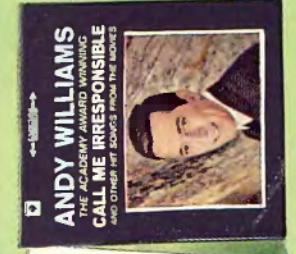
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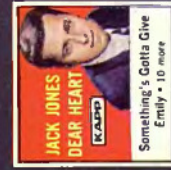
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1641. Also: The Moon Is High, Lou's Got The Flu, etc.



1714. Also: Autumn Leaves, I Walk A Little Faster, etc.



1637. Epitaphy, Four in One, I Mean You, 7 in all



1764. Also: Runnin' Wild, The Cruel Sea, Fugitive, etc.



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1672. Also: Sippin' Kisses, Sweeter Than Wine, etc.



1843. Also: Face in the Crowd, My Heart Cries for You, etc.



1500. An even bigger triumph in this magnificent performance



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1645. Delightful performance of more soaring tone poem



1713. A lively session abounding in passion and truth



1772. Also: Spanish Harlem, Wamba de Carnaval, etc.



1718. Also: The Bells, Oh, Johnny, Go Down Old Hannah, etc.



1662. Also: Jezebel, I Had A Hammer, What'd I Say, etc.

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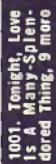
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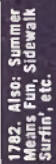
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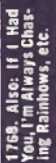
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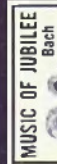
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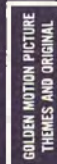
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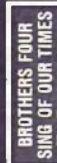
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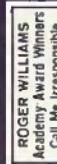
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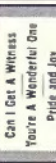
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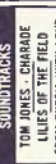
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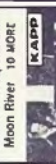
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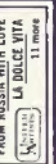
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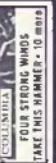
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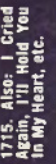
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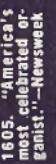
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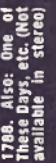
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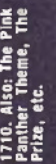
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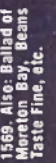
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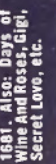
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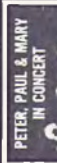
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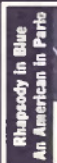
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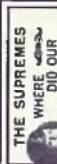
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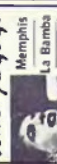
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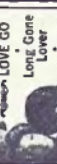
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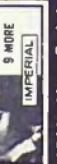
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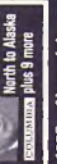
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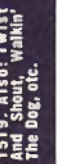
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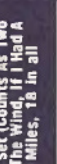
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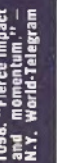
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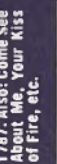
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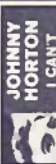
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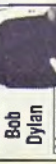
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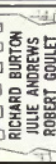
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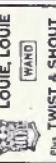
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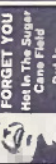
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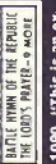
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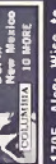
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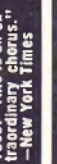
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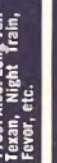
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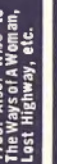
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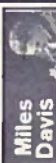
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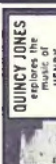
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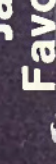
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ROGER WILLIAMS

Mrs. Paul Newman loves 'That Man'



'That Man' by Revlon

A GENTLEMAN'S COLOGNE
AND AFTER-SHAVE LOTION.
ALSO SPRAY-DEODORANT BODY TALC,
SOAP, TALC, PRE-ELECTRIC SHAVE.

glad that two such knowledgeable writers as Arthur Knight and Hollis Alpert have turned their attention to this essential subject. The first installment of their account is very informative and interesting—and specially refreshing because the authors have not let current pseudo-scientific attitudes toward sex make them stuffy or sanctimonious.

Stanley Kauffmann, Film Critic
The New Republic
New York, New York

Congratulations on your new series *The History of Sex in Cinema*. As a documentary film maker, I found the first installment instructive and delightful. Bravo and Author! Author! to Hollis Alpert and Arthur Knight.

Valentine Sherry
New York, New York

GOLD'S COAST

Herbert Gold's article in the April issue, *The New Barbary Coast*, was enough to gladden the heart of any displaced native son. Mr. Gold, under the go-go guise, has written a bit of nostalgia that reveals a deep love for the city.

William T. Butler
Denver, Colorado

I am moved to write to you, both as a San Franciscan and as a television producer, regarding the article on the Barbary Coast by Herbert Gold. I have been an avid Gold fan for quite some time, but have never been exposed to his talents as a journalist and nonfiction writer before. I want to compliment you for utilizing the brilliant talents of one of our finest fiction writers as an essayist and journalist in this instance. There are few creative young American writers who can address themselves to the problems of reportage when their primary abilities lie in the field of fiction. Herbert Gold and Norman Mailer are the only two who come to mind who are able to solve this paradox. Again, gentlemen, may I thank you for giving us Mr. Gold.

Zev Putterman, Executive Producer
American Broadcasting Company
San Francisco, California

Thanks to Herbert Gold for his graphic account of that wonderful section of Baghdad-by-the-Bay, North Beach. I'm sure this vivid description will change the plans of many a vacation-bound individual who is looking for an interesting place to go.

When I first arrived in that wonderful city for my nine-month stay, I went to North Beach with my swimming trunks and suntan lotion. I found, however, that the lotion was unnecessary, but the swim was everywhere.

John J. P. Grimes
Cambridge, Massachusetts

SILVERSTEIN OLÉS

After enjoying *Silverstein in Mexico*, in the March issue, I find myself delighted not only by Shel Silverstein's fine talents as an artist, but also by his great talent for observation. I give him a well-deserved *muy bueno!*

Alex B. Mizroch
Norfolk, Virginia

Many a moose must have been bewildered while listening to the laughter pouring forth from a little log cabin here in the Alaskan bush. Shel Silverstein has outdone himself in your March issue. He is, without a doubt, the greatest, and we hope he keeps filling your pages with his tremendous artistic wit. It's not always easy for us to obtain *PLAYBOY*, but be it by truck, boat, plane or dog team, we always manage. *PLAYBOY* is tops on our list of supplies.

Richard M. Gilliland
Mark R. Poe
Little Lake Louise, Alaska

PLAYMATE PLAY-OFF

My vote for Playmate of the Year goes to China Lee. She is the most alluring lady to grace your pages since my all-time favorite, Heidi Becker.

Michael J. Hall
Stanford, California

Although you have presented a fine threesome for consideration as Playmate of the Year, I must vote for Jo Collins. Thomas Loffman
Santa Monica, California

My vote goes to Astrid Schulz!
Donald R. Rinsley, M.D.
Topeka, Kansas

Who else but Astrid?
Junius H. Garrison, Jr.
Greenville, South Carolina

The winner of "Playmate Play-Off" will be crowned the new Playmate of the Year in the next issue.

CANDIED COMMENTS

I have long been a Jean Shepherd fan, and his piece *Old Man Pulaski and the Infamous Jawbreaker Blackmail*, in the April *PLAYBOY*, confirms why. His personal promenades into his past take on a universality that seems to rival even the acclaimed Holden Caulfield. His style is as refreshing as his hyperbole.

I have often thought that the companies making penny candies must be subsidized by the American Dental Association. *Vive la root canal.*

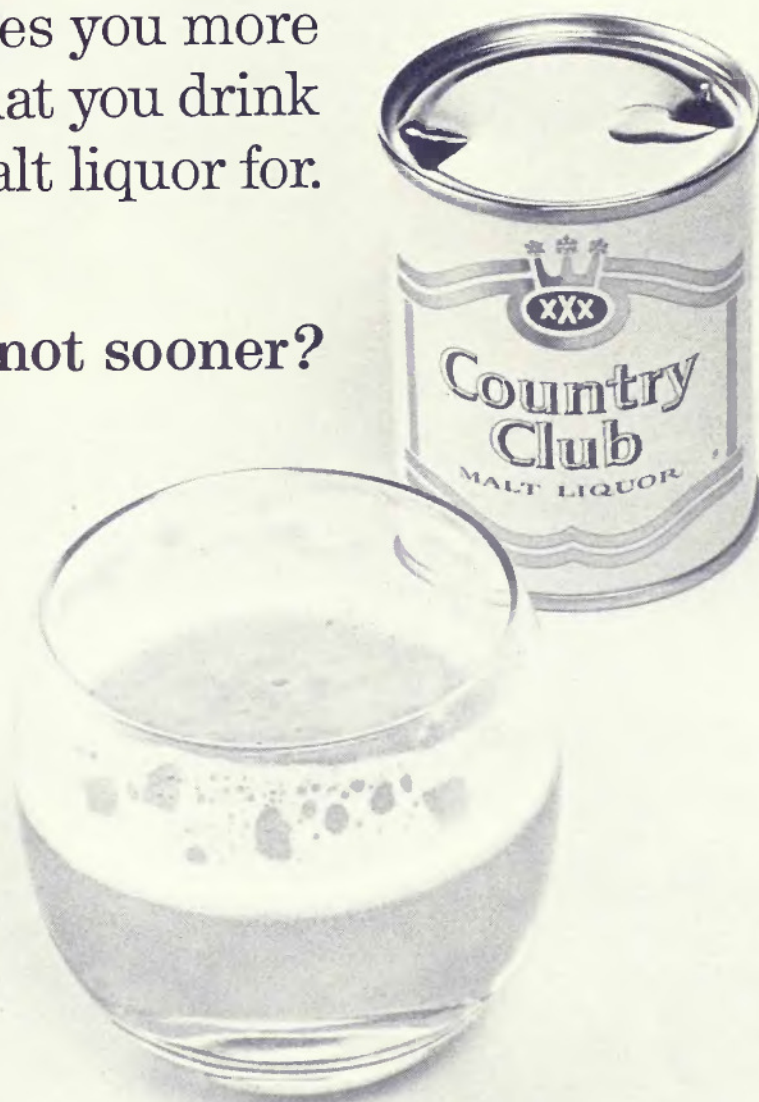
David Mark Dashev
Los Angeles, California

Too bad Jean Shepherd wasn't exposed to (1) the virtues of brushing his teeth; (2) moderation.

Gene Bennett, Editor
The Candy Marketer
New York, New York

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most people
who try malt liquor
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Minolta Hi-matic 7

Lovely Americana. Please print more of Mr. Shepherd's work. The same guiding hand of genius that helped Mark Twain may have been inherited by Mr. Shepherd. *Old Man Pulaski and the Infamous Jawbreaker Blackmail* will become a classic.

Stan Mott
Geneva, Switzerland

KICKING THE HABIT HABIT

Thoughtful readers of J. Paul Getty's April article, *The Force of Habit*, can profit by noting that the two good habits that occupied him most were promptness and thrift. To this he adds a special one of his own—that of taking a last-minute pause to rapidly review one's reasoning before making a decision.

Mr. Getty properly inserts a note of caution concerning the ordinarily helpful habit of a businessman to be optimistic and enthusiastic. He aptly points out that this can be carried to dangerous—and even disastrous—extremes of overestimation and overzealousness.

The J. Paul Getty fare is the best of the varied menu of PLAYBOY offerings.

G. M. Loeb
E. F. Hutton & Company
New York, New York

J. Paul Getty has, as usual, gotten to the heart of the managerial matter in April's *The Force of Habit*. If leaders in Government would depend more on imagination than on rote, perhaps our foreign policy would not be so dangerously mired in the past. Certainly, there should be guidelines to proper procedure. But in this day and age when events transpire with lightninglike rapidity and world conditions have a chameleon quality about them, give me a head guy who can play it by ear.

Frederick O'Brien
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

HARD-SELL RELIGION

With regard to the lead item in the March *Playboy After Hours*: It has long been evident that the hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church has very little faith in the intelligence of its followers. Now they find it necessary to print Jesus' words in red—one more visual aid; to substitute one- and two-syllable words for longer and perhaps more difficult ones; and to include lots of pretty pictures, turning the Bible into a sort of comic book for adults. And, finally, to force it down the throat of anyone stupid enough to fall for the screen-door trick.

As a Catholic, I feel I am being patronized; as the wife of a professional insurance agent, I am revolted by the low tactics advocated. I am glad I live on a remote hill in eastern Kentucky where I am not likely to be troubled by hard-sell God peddlers and their bags of tricks.

Mrs. Andrew J. Offutt
Morehead, Kentucky

SCRAMBLED EGNOSTICS

May I congratulate you on your interview with the beatles. Magazines of the type you print are not of interest to me. I sometimes examine them in order to learn what Hollywood pictures and tramps should be avoided. Many phonies can be easily exposed through such publications. For instance, the goody-goody outward act of such as Susan Strasberg. Having seen her on many television interview programs, it was apparent that her wholesome girl act did not fit with some of her opinions and statements. PLAYBOY confirmed my suspicions. No self-respecting well-bred girl would appear in such poses, much less indecent.

At any rate, we had my daughter read the Beatles interview without any comments by us as neither of us had read it. She was, of course, brimming as usual when the magic word of Beatles was even sounded. I had no idea what was in this interview. However, about an hour later my daughter came down sporting a face a mile long and remarked, I hate the Beatles. I was startled for a moment but caught my breath as she explained. She said, I sort of knew it but I just didn't want to believe it. Now I saw it for myself in black and white. They are EGNOSTICS! Imagine, egnostics! How could anyone who has been so fortunate as they even think of being an egnostic. God has been so good to them. Worse than that, one wears a St. Christopher medal! How could he? This is a mockery of God when you do not believe. Imagine using St. Christopher for a rabbit's foot! He didn't even get married in church. And they drink Scotch, too much Scotch! My child is Protestant!

The next thing I note she is on the phone calling all her friends (of all denominations) telling them of the interview. They decided to boycott the Beatles records and form an I don't like the Beatles, they're anti-God Club!

Many, many thanks to PLAYBOY. I've been trying for months to pound some sense in her head about these radicals making undeserved millions and you accomplished what I could not. In addition, she asked if we would buy her a record of Chopin's. We've been desperately trying to get her to improve her taste for music, if one calls that jungle beat music, for over a year. God sure works in mysterious ways.

Dorothy H. Long
Armonk, New York

Since you're concerned about the personal lives of the musicians your daughter listens to, Mrs. Long, we think you should know that Frédéric Chopin spent several years living out of wedlock with novelist Madame George Sand, and still found time to write love letters to assorted young men.





MUCHO MANCINI

Here's a great new album that has, as the saying goes, "everything going for it!" Academy Award winner Henry Mancini has put together a collection of twelve of the liveliest and most danceable melodies and set them to a Latin beat. Enjoy the romantic rhythms of all time favorites like "The Breeze and I," "Tico-Tico," "Perhaps, Perhaps, Perhaps (Quizás, Quizás, Quizás)," "Come to the Mardi Gras" and "Señor Peter Gunn." It's the first Mancini album of Latin standards, so if you want something really different and really exciting, this is it! Hear it soon.



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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



An ad for a Time-Life book, *The Birds*, reminded us of the odd but highly imaginative collective nouns still applied to certain avian groups—a sord of mallards, a covert of coots, a murmuration of starlings, an exaltation of larks. We then considered the unlimited number of human types crying for collective appellations heretofore denied them and hastened to set matters aright. The following is but a scrabble of words that came quickly to mind:

- a flight of fairies
- a pant of lechers
- a welt of sadists
- a clip of barbers
- a strain of weight lifters
- an ogle of voyeurs
- a fester of bigots
- a hover of waiters
- a bed of whores
- a culture of eggheads
- a horn of cuckolds
- a couch of starlets
- a fright of old maids
- a column of accountants
- a brief of lawyers
- a reel of drunkards
- a giggle of comedians
- a G-string of strippers
- a potpourri of chefs
- a round of prizefighters
- a snip of censors

The possibilities are endless; we invite our readers to deluge us with a teem of phrases.

“Ouch” Department: From Africa comes news of a revolutionary, if somewhat primitive-sounding, birth-control device described in Kenya’s *Mombasa Times* as “a contraception resembling a lawn mower without cutters, which follows behind a vehicle applying paint to the road surface.”

While lamenting its impermanence, we applaud the pop art of Italian painter Novella Parigini, who held a show in Rome featuring nude women

—painted on nude models. He also paints bracelets and necklaces on live nudes, and in a transport of modesty once painted on panties and bra.

The West German hamlet of Hamelin, reports *The Wall Street Journal*, has a rat problem again. However, never ones to disregard the lessons of the past, the city fathers have hired a professional exterminator.

Sign painted over a store front in downtown Manhattan: KEEP 14TH STREET GREEN—BRING MONEY!

On a job application form received by the Civil Service Commission, in the space reserved for a description of his present employment, reports *The Washington Daily News*, a man wrote, “I use assorted manual implements of entrenchment to provide for the timely diversion of superfluous precipitation.” He was, it turned out, a storm-sewer digger. We don’t know whether he got the Civil Service job, but he certainly has a future in the Diplomatic Corps.

A British friend of ours noticed not long ago that prim gold wedding bands had mysteriously appeared on the ring fingers of all the wax mannequins wearing negligees in the windows of a Birmingham department store. An indignant lady shopper, it seems, had inquired how long the store intended to flaunt its wares on the backs of “ladies of easy virtue.”

A new book-publishing house has bowed in New York with the obvious intention of raising the Dickens in the literary market place. Its name: Scrooge & Marley Ltd.

Refreshingly candid ad from the “Personal” column of Alberta, Canada’s, *Edmonton Journal*: “Good-natured, healthy widow would like correspondence with

companionship in view. Triflers welcome. Box 4283. *Journal*.”

Questioned at a recent news conference about the likelihood of a cataclysmic nuclear accident such as that depicted in *Dr. Strangelove*, Air Force Major General Alvan C. Gillem II scoffed and replied reassuringly, “It ain’t gonna happen that way.” He declined to say how it *would* happen.

To Whom It May Concern: Unmarried women found parachuting on Sundays in Florida are subject to arrest and imprisonment.

Every time we’re told a penny saved is a penny earned, we find ourself wishing there were some government bureau to adjust proverbs—like price supports or vital statistics—to take into account the advance of civilization. Thus we were delighted to learn that this task has actually been undertaken—in a modest compendium of modern-day maxims engagingly entitled *The Power of Positive Pessimism* (Higby and Hornsby). This collection of old saws reshaped to suit the vagaries of life in the 20th Century proves to be—as it calls itself—“a Baedeker of perverted proverbs and profane proven profundities.” Samples: “He who spurns the wanton wench is a fag.” “Never put off until tomorrow what you can avoid altogether.” “Greater love hath no man than to lay down the wife of a friend.” “Out of the mouths of babes comes spittle.” “All the world loves a four-letter word.” “Two is company, three is an orgy.” “The way to a man’s heart is under his stomach.” “He who steals my purse steals cash.” “Familiarity breeds.” “The smart man knows on which side his broad is better.” “The Devil makes work for idle glands.” “Chaste makes waste.”

Author Howard Kandel is apparently an old hand at spoofing the traditional. The dust jacket of *Positive Pessimism* claims he has also penned such other

works as: *Failure Through Prayer; How to Turn Your Spare Time into Sleep; Scheme and Grow Rich; Jersey City on \$100 a Day; Lose Ten Pounds a Week Through Voodoo; 1000 Free Items and Where to Steal Them*; and one we can wait to read—*Sex with the Simple Girl*.

Who Needs It? Department: The government tourist bureau of South Vietnam has been running ads in the Malaysian papers, we are informed, inviting readers, with masterful understatement, to "Come to Vietnam. For your next vacation—Something Different."

We commend the prescience of the Austin, Texas, furniture store that placed the following sign in its window: PREFIRE SALE.

Jim Whitaker, the first American to scale Mt. Everest, was invited to give a talk on his feat to the inmates of the McNeil Island Federal prison in Tacoma, reports the *Washington Star*; but the warden, for some reason, asked him not to bring along the ropes and climbing equipment he usually uses to illustrate his lectures.

Rara avis: Classified ad from the "Wanted" column of *Road and Track*—"African parrot, slightly used, Liverpool accent, offensive vocabulary, who does or can be taught to answer to name Charlie. John H. Bigelow, City Planning Commission, Detroit, Michigan."

Reassuringly yclept swimming instructor at Maryland's Montgomery County Junior College: Don Drown.

A novel solution to the in-law problem comes to us in the form of an item from the *Pine County Courier* of Sandstone, Minnesota, which announced that "Mrs. Albert Swanson and Mrs. Ole Koland attended the sale of a relative Saturday."

Apropos appellation: The Volkswagen distributor for the state of Pennsylvania has his headquarters in a town called King of Prussia.

We're sorry we couldn't be there to catch the show at an exhibition bout in the ballroom of a Clearwater, Florida, hotel between five-time middleweight champion Sugar Ray Robinson and Canadian boxer Sonny Moore. "The main event," wired the Associated Press in an advance story, "will follow a seven-course sinner and three preliminary bouts."

Faith and Begorra: Offered to the networks for fall viewing is a trio of

TV series—produced, directed and written by a fellow named Don McQuire—titled *This Is Maggie Mulligan, Presenting Mona McCluskey and A Man Named McGhee*.

We hail as a milestone in the annals of justice the verdict of a jury in Portales, New Mexico, on a case in which three men were charged with committing battery: "We find the defendants innocent, but recommend that they all be fined anyway."

"SHRINK PROVES A HONEY OF A PACKAGING IDEA," said the headline, conjuring for us at once a brave-new-worldly vision of a futuristic psychiatrist, prepackaging sweet, lovable people. The source of our fantasy—and of the headline—is a bulletin issued by the forward-looking Weldotron Corporation, under the masthead title of *Shrink Packaging News*. From the *News* we learned that Weldotron makes and sells modular and fully automatic shrink packaging units that permit "customized" systems in a broad range of types and sizes, and "include options of three different infeced methods, a front seal section, one for side sealing, and a shrink tunnel section." Crystal clarity and no jam-ups are promised; also a "completely conveyORIZED infeced . . ."

So we changed our vision accordingly. This time we saw *psychiatrists* being mass-produced—with clarity, sans jam-ups—with front or side sealing (sort of like blinders on a buggy-horse bridle) to keep them from shying at stray neuroses. Ordinary guys like us jump or are pushed onto a conveyor belt, are automatically fed while being systematically metamorphosed into psychiatrists, and then, presumably, stored in a special tunnel until needed.

Turns out we were a dreamer, though (and possibly in need of a shrink, packaged or plain), because—we found out—the Weldotron machines make tight, clear packages for such mundane consumer goods as honey drops, eggs and hand tools. Debriefed and reoriented by this discovery, we were able to take in stride the explanatory text under yet another arresting headline in *Shrink Packaging News*: "SHRINK ELIMINATES 'LOGISTICAL PROBLEM' FOR COMBAT RANGER." The ranger, we learned, is a kids' toy, wrapped and sealed with the help of a 620A Shrink Tunnel, ready to "come alive" at the retail level." Calm, disillusioned and wiser, we knew why there were quotes around the phrase "come alive," just as—when we were a kid ourself—we learned the hard way that ads for mail-order wallets, describing them as being made of "genuine" leather, were for shoddy imitations made of anything but, the clue being the quotes around the word "genuine." Which led us to the sad

thought that the infeced process of maturation to acceptance of adult realities entails a rather automatic shrinkage of belief that leaves one clear and unjammed, but somehow sealed—front and center, side to side.

Tenth Commandment, Violation of: A spokesman for England's Cambridge University reports that more books are stolen from its Divinity Library than from any of its other bibliographic archives.

BOOKS

"I don't want to be thought of as having a dirty mind." Perhaps the last man whom many would expect to say that is Henry Miller; yet the statement is in his very first letter in the new collection, *Letters to Anais Nin* (Putnam), edited by Gunther Stuhlmann. Anais Nin, the daughter of Spanish and Danish parents, a leading avant-garde writer for several decades, met Miller when he first went to Paris in the early Thirties, was sympathetic to him, and evoked a stream of letters from the lonely, courageous 40-year-old tyro. Those in this book run from 1931 to 1946 and have a different tone from those in Miller's previously published exchanges with Lawrence Durrell. Miller seemed sage, strong, advisory with his younger male admirer; here he talks as to an Earth Mother of Art, pouring out ambitions, exaltations, depressions, rhapsodies. Not all of the book can be unfailingly fascinating except to the most fanatic Miller fan, but most of it is worth nibbling at for those who know the *Tropics*. (In one letter he explains the zodiacal significance of those titles: "Cancer then is the apogee of death in life, as Capricorn is of life in death.") Especially interesting is the chance to trace in the letters the life that was being transmuted into his later books: the travels in Greece that became *The Colossus of Maroussi*, the return to America at the outbreak of war and the auto pilgrimages that became *The Air-Conditioned Nightmare*. Worth noting, too, are his intense interest in films and the surprising fact that when he reached Hollywood in the Forties, he scrabbled for scriptwriting jobs—on anything he could get—but got nothing. (Sometimes a writer's spotless integrity is the result of failure to sell himself.) These letters, copious and often imaginative, demonstrate once again that Miller is a man of generous gifts—in particular, the gift of gab.

If we can't have more James Bond after the final installment of *The Man with the Golden Gun* appearing in this issue of PLAYBOY, what's the next best caper?

Who knows as much about scotch as the Scots?*

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A book *about* the Bond books, of course. That, perhaps, is the theory behind *The James Bond Dossier* (New American Library), by Kingsley Amis. SMERSH wouldn't pay much for the theory as it works out, nor, it's a safe bet, will 007's fans derive many kicks from the result. Amis, witty as a novelist and creatively perceptive as a critic, is here mainly picky and pedantic. He treats Pussy Galore's conqueror with an earnestness that is both bewildering and ponderous. ("Now, having looked at some aspects of the generic secret-agent figure, I shall turn to the figure of Bond himself.") Adopting an avowedly "defiant tone," Amis defends the extraordinary cloak-and-Beretta agent against "irresponsible" critics who find him a sadist and immoral snob who pines for the old pukka-sahib days. Actually, Amis points out, 007 exterminated only 38 foes during a 13-book career. Moreover, from time to time "he even struggles with his conscience over the morality of the whole thing." Who needs such a Bow Street barrister's defense? Certainly not Ian Fleming, who once remarked, "I have a rule of never looking back. Otherwise I'd wonder, 'How could I write such piffle?'" Bond's creator added, en route to the exchequer, that he was in the business of "getting intelligent, uninhibited adolescents of all ages, in trains, airplanes and beds, to turn over the page." And what a delightful job he made of it for millions of us who have trailed Bond through hardcover, paperback and these pages, from *Casino Royale* (1953) to *Golden Gun* (1965). We have ignored the improbable, swallowed the incredible, gaped at the gunnery, wallowed in the gore, tasted the dames, dug the thugs, hissed the SMERSHETS and SPECTRES, and cried for more. Breathes there a man who has fretted over whether Bond was Albert Schweitzer, whether he should have been nicer to broads, or whether 007 would live as literature? If such a character exists, he may find this book highly provocative; we decline to be provoked.

On June 21, 1964, three civil rights workers in Mississippi—Michael Schwerner, James Chaney and Andrew Goodman—disappeared. In *Three Lives for Mississippi* (Whitney Communications), William Bradford Huie has reconstructed, through interviews and on-the-spot reporting, the social forces that led to what he terms "a lynching, with police participation." An eighth-generation resident of Alabama, Huie was able to move between the battle lines, and he makes vivid the way that summer looked to the "outsiders" and to local Negroes, on the one hand, and to various strata of white Mississippi on the other. For the civil rights workers and their allies, it was like being part of a small patrol behind enemy lines in the time of war. As for the white terrorists, Huie empha-

sizes that, for the most part, "they are not ordinary criminal types with police records, they didn't do it for money, and they think they did right." Huie makes this point, not in any way to excuse them—his disgust at the act is total—but to indicate the complexity of the problem of anti-Negro violence in an underdeveloped American state in which the kind of white man who is capable of zestful brutality "is angered by the knowledge that the world is passing him by; that he is sinking lower and lower in the social order"; and that the Negro can no longer be counted on to remain his scapegoat always a level below. Huie nails down as accomplices in the murders the Mississippi politicians who encouraged defiance of the Civil Rights Act in unabashedly racist language; the long-silent "moderate" preachers; and, more subtly, the white economic power structures that could have acted earlier and much more effectively in the state. Huie is convinced that Cecil Price, deputy to Sheriff Rainey, handed over his prisoners to the lynch mob in a prearranged plan. As subsequent events have indicated, it is doubtful that the killers will receive more than nominal punishment, if that. Yet Huie feels the three lives were not wasted. Both sides in Mississippi have long lived in separate cages of fear. Now, more and more of the state's Negroes are becoming far freer men in the knowledge of what they can do and be than are those whites who murdered Schwerner, Goodman and Chaney.

Harry Mark Petrakis is a skillful romanticist. In his collection of short stories, *Pericles on 31st Street* (Quadrangle), he is sometimes able to convince us that his Greek-American immigrant, a threadbare inhabitant of gray neighborhoods, is heir to the glories of ancient Athens. He achieves this by shamelessly linking the golden past with the seamy present. In the title story, for example, a peanut vendor named Simonakis inspires a group of timid tenants to stand up to their landlord, who has been trying to stick them with a fat rent increase. "You are a demagog," he announces to the landlord. ". . . I know your kind. In Athens they would tie you under a bull." Somehow, amid the rotund orations and the not-too-subtle allusions, Simonakis does become something of a Pericles; and the greedy landlord takes on the shape of one of those Persians whom the Athenians are always beating back. There is much that is sentimental in all this and much that is spurious, just as there is in Saroyan, who has done for the Armenians what Petrakis is trying to do for the Greeks: make them larger, and more lyric, than life. His love of lyricism leads to dialog that is both formal and declamatory. It contains neither colloquialisms nor contractions.

The characters speak English as if they have first done their thinking in Greek hexameter: "The mad are sane, and the sane are mad. Only love can harness both." Or: "I try to remember the moment such a dream was lost to me forever. I cannot." Petrakis is at his best when his tales and his prose are without pretensions. *The Journal of a Wife-Beater*, for instance, is a comic story of a husband who gets outslugged by his wife and promptly decides she has learned her lesson. In *The Miracle*, which appeared originally in *PLAYBOY*, Petrakis tells of two friends, a priest and a rake, and of how the rake, in dying, confers a new life on the priest. There is, in fact, a good deal of dying in this collection—but Petrakis is concerned not so much with death itself as with its effect upon the living. His most successful story along those lines is *The Legacy of Leontis*, in which an old man, unloved by his young wife, dies in her arms. She is shrieking, "Forgive me! Forgive me!" That is the most effective speech in the book. It is also the shortest.

W. A. Swanberg's *Dreiser* (Scribner's) is a bursting book about a giant. He was born in Terre Haute, the ninth child of a poor factoryworker and a superstitious mother, and Theodore Dreiser scratched, clambered and sweated his way toward a career in writing that was, as Swanberg says, the bridge between William Dean Howells and Ernest Hemingway. As a writer, he did everything: He was a newspaperman, ladies'-magazine editor, pulp editor and contributor, novelist, playwright, poet, philosopher, plagiarist (not to mention lyricist; his brother was a songwriter and Theodore did the lyrics for *On the Banks of the Wabash*). He was religious and an atheist; money worshiper and latter-day Communist; swoony romantic and insatiable lecher. (At 60 he was writing leering letters to a 17-year-old girl he'd never met. At 73 he married the woman he'd been living with, off and on, for 25 years.) He did hack writing all his life, yet he was the hero who nurtured the naturalism that was budding in America, after long seedtime in Europe, and brought it to flower with *Sister Carrie*, *Jennie Gerhardt*, and his massive masterwork, *An American Tragedy*. Yet, great though he was, he never managed to write genuinely well. All he had was genius; and he didn't have that all the time. His travels, his friendships, his enmities were tremendous. (He once threw a cup of coffee in his publisher's face at the Ritz, and he slapped Sinclair Lewis at a public dinner.) He was an anti-Semite, yet *Some of His Best Friends*, etc. He was highly neurotic, yet one of the early investigators of Freud. And so on. Swanberg has researched him with immense industry and has woven the results into an unfailingly fascinating nar-



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Again, there will be no advertisement this week for the Stardust Hotel* in Las Vegas. Our writer refuses to come home. (He has discovered the authentic Polynesian delights of the Aku Aku restaurant.)

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rative, fast-reading despite its Dreiserian bulk. The biographer makes no claims as critic and avoids literary judgments, sticking mainly (as they say in the movies) to the chase. The study in depth of Dreiser's work must be sought elsewhere; but as a portrait in vivid colors of a pathetic-energetic-hateful-admirable titan, this book will serve splendidly.

Well, we certainly have learned something. All this time we thought the Detroit car moguls were busy night and day, noses to the assembly-line grindstone, upping sales figures and making production quotas. No such thing; they're busy one-upping unwary husbands and making every girl within grabbing distance, according to a couple of Cadillac-thick auto-erotic novels set in Motor City. John Quirk's *The Hard Winners* (Random House) and Edwin Gilbert's *American Chrome* (Putnam) have one thing in common besides an atrocious power-to-weight ratio—the executive board room takes a back seat to the executive bedroom. The fact that Quirk's hero, David Battle, is doing battle for the top slot at National Motors, while Gilbert's boy, automotive aesthete Scott Quinley, puts up the good fight to avoid the inbred upper echelons of Bellgard Motors, is really sex of one and a half dozen of the other. The Detroit trappings may be novel for a novel, but both authors have used Grosse Pointe to prove the same gross point—drive-trains move cars, but the sex drive moves books.

An experiment in literary sleight of hand has been perpetrated by Guy Endore, a pop-historical novelist, in a book described as "a novel about the Marquis de Sade," appropriately dressed in a purple cover and romantically titled *Satan's Saint* (Crown). The jacket-flap blurb, which is as offensive to the intelligence as is the book itself, announces portentously that "If one person seemed destined to write a novel that would bring to summation and climax the modern reappraisal of the Marquis de Sade, it is Guy Endore, whose writings, from *The Werewolf of Paris* to *The King of Paris*, have been a vast preparatory training for the revelation of the Divine Marquis. *Satan's Saint* is a literary event." The publishers further inform us that "As he [Endore] lived with his subject and the infamous became familiar, he began to absorb something of the viewpoint of the Marquis de Sade, sympathizing with his abhorrence of war and delving into stories, many of them false, which have horrified succeeding generations." Whether his research turned Endore into a pacifist, a flagellant, or both, is not clear, but it is certain that he has done his bit not only to add to the satirically horrifying stories, but also to

shape them into a more soap-operatic style. The book is pasted together in what Endore describes in his notes at the back of the volume as "a novelized Ph.D. thesis." But the many "documents" that the author uses as patches for his patchy narrative—letters, diary entries, speeches, book passages—are doctored in a manner that would confound a mere Ph.D. candidate. Endore explains that in his tampering with the documents he "occasionally scissored them, squeezed them here and fattened them there, contouring them to the necessities of my unfolding story, and even, when necessary (which was not infrequently the case), inventing them (but never without abundant facts to support myself) . . ." Endore has even altered De Sade's own words, from his own published books; or, as our studious author puts it, many of the quotes from De Sade's writings "have had to suffer a sea change." This technique is comparable to writing a historical novel about Shakespeare and tampering not only with the events of his life, but with the language of his plays. Endore's narrative, spiced with an unsavory mixture of condescension and sensationalism, is shabby treatment for one of the Western world's most fascinating figures, important for both his influence on literature and his contributions to the psychology of sexual motivation.

"As things stand now," concedes philosopher Mortimer Adler, "I would not urge a young man to go into philosophy. . . . I do not think that it is an enterprise he can look forward to . . . without misgivings, without apologies, and with complete self-respect . . ." In *The Conditions of Philosophy* (Atheneum), PLAYBOY contributor Adler makes a brave effort to rescue his discipline from the academic ash heap. "The appearance philosophy gives of being bankrupt," he says hopefully, "does not mean that it is really barren, but only that it is temporarily insolvent." To get philosophy back in the black, Adler suggests a more rigorous regard for the truth and a willingness on the part of philosophers to submit their theories to the test of experience. He is, of course, aware that most of his colleagues consider such theories beyond verification, and he takes sharp issue with the positivists who hold "that philosophy does not and cannot add to our information about the world . . . that philosophy gives us no new knowledge." Adler insists that philosophy need not be science's stepchild—that it can produce knowledge as valid as scientific knowledge. Yet it is a peculiarly crude sort of empiricism that he prescribes for philosophy. Where scientific truth is commonly tested in the laboratory, philosophic truth, says Adler, can be tested by "common experience"—i.e., those experiences that are the same for all men

(feeling pain or pleasure, sleeping, growing old, etc.). Just how such experiences are to validate philosophic truths is not at all clear, and the few examples he draws on (Spinoza, Hegel and Leibnitz) are too cryptic to be much help. Indeed, the whole book is distressingly short on examples—as Adler well knows. In his preface he explains that he “had to be chary of concrete examples and illustrations” because he wished to discuss the procedures of philosophy without “getting involved in its substance.” In this he succeeded all too well. A bit of substance, common experience tells us, might have chased away some of the shadows.

Jack Kerouac has published 14 books since 1957—or is it 17, or 29, or 42? Or does it even matter, since exactly where to place the hard covers around Kerouac's tattered manuscripts often seems an entirely arbitrary decision? Well, it's all one vast book anyway, we're told, with a nod to Proust. But unlike Proust, “Duluoz' Legend” doesn't grow or build or unfold; it is simply told and retold and retold, 14 or 17 or 29 or 42 times. So that when Kerouac's latest novel, *Desolation Angels* (Coward-McCann), begins with a long, free-flowing, already familiar journal of Duluoz' two months as a mountaintop fire watcher in the summer of 1956, then continues for another hundred or so pages with an account of a weeklong bash in San Francisco, poetry readings and jazz cellars and drunken five-A.M. curbstome Taoism, the reader may be pardoned for feeling that he has been there before. Here again is the same solipsistic attitude toward experience (“Candlelight in a lonely room and write about the world”); the same adolescent emotionalism, embracing not life but the dream idea of life; and, worst of all, the same “it's Friday Night all over America” sentimentality, the uncritical acceptance of an ice-cream, softball, trains-in-the-night myth that often seems like the work of a Buddhist Norman Rockwell. In part two, however, written several years later but dealing with the same period, something happens: Kerouac seems finally to have won a perspective on the present. He has always alternated between action and meditation, a sort of Faustian yogi, seeking ecstasy in hobo pads and purity in Western woods. But by 1956 he has engorged so much experience that he must suffer the inevitable revulsion. It is on an overdose of opium, with William Burroughs in Tangier, that he finally experiences “the complete turning about.” He cuts short his European pilgrimage, withdraws from the “crazy poets” who had followed him across the Atlantic, returns to the United States, and packs up with his 62-year-old mother for a torturous but tender cross-country bus trip to find his final home. “A peaceful sorrow at

home is the best I'll ever be able to offer the world . . .” the book ends, “and so I told my Desolation Angels goodbye. A new life for me.” The Duluoz Legend seems completed. Kerouac no longer has to write it just once more, to get it right, to be sure it's all in.

RECORDINGS

My Funny Valentine / Miles Davis in Concert (Columbia), taped at Lincoln Center's Philharmonic Hall, is an artistic triumph for the trumpet titan. The five numbers that fill the LP allow Miles to stretch out comfortably and give free reign to his thoughts. *Valentine*, *Stella by Starlight*, *All of You*, *I Thought About You* and the jazz opus *All Blues*, are given the typical Davis attack—tentative on the surface but in truth forcefully determined. Although we can't get too enthusiastic about sideman George Coleman's tenor work, the rest of the quintet, and drummer Tony Williams in particular, contribute substantially throughout.

Except for the title ballad on *Sammy Davis, Jr. / If I Ruled the World* (Reprise), which we find a mite too treacly for our taste, we have nothing but huzzahs for this LP by the biggest little man in show business. Sam parlays a batch of show tunes—*Guys and Dolls*, *Sit Down, You're Rockin' the Boat*, *Who Can I Turn To*, a threesome from *Golden Boy*, and several others—into a winning waxing.

Two for the money are pianist Vince Guaraldi and guitarist Bola Sete. Their *From All Sides* (Fantasy) is a delight from beginning to end. The partners in time obviously can read each other's mind; their mutual affinity is astonishing. Guaraldi and Sete are almost always in the Latin bag—standouts in this outing are Bobby Scott's beautiful *A Taste of Honey*, the opener, *Chorro*, and *Little Fishes*, which provides a grand showcase for Sete's sensitive strumming. More of the guitarist's work can be heard on *The Incomparable Bola Sete* (Fantasy). Helping Bola are such first-rank West Coast jazzmen as percussionist Johnnie Rae, flutist Paul Horn and bassist Monte Budwig. The compositions are mostly Sete's and the Brazilian flavor of the set falls gently but pervasively on the ears.

Marc Blitzstein's *The Cradle Will Rock* (MGM) is a relic, but as a relic, the late composer's angry musical of the Thirties is fascinating. A tonal diatribe against social injustice, the two-LP album—featuring a cast headed by Jerry Orbach and directed by Howard Da Silva—is filled with grotesque caricatures of capitalistic villainy. With only musical director Ger-

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shon Kingsley's piano as instrumentation, the production has an eerie, archaic quality that is almost hypnotic in its resurrection of an era which those who did not live through can never understand.

Happiness / The Russian Jazz Quartet (Impulse!) is really a Russo-American alliance, since pianist Roger Kellaway and drummer Grady Tate have joined Boris Midney, who blows alto and clarinet, and bassist Igor Berukshtis, to form the group. Midney is obviously an acolyte of Paul Desmond (and he could do worse) as he leads the troops through four of his own compositions of a caliber that indicates that jazz has gone far beyond the antediluvian stage in the U. S. S. R. The RJQ also expertly takes on a pair of Tin-Pan Alley stalwarts—*Remember* and *Secret Love*. The Russian Jazz Quartet? *Da!*

The long-awaited and much-heralded **Callas / Carmen** (Angel) is a disappointment; more perhaps when compared to what we had been led to expect than in the result itself. Callas' support is workmanlike but by no means brilliant, although Andréa Guiot is an aurally attractive Micaela. Miss Callas' performance, however, is disquietingly uneven, ranging from moments of vocal virtuosity to others of nerve-racking uncertainty. The dramatic fire is there, certainly, but on occasion it rages out of control. For our money, we'll stick with Leontyne Price (*Playboy After Hours*, December 1964) as the embodiment of Carmen; Miss Callas, in this role, is not in the same league.

Gospel the way it is—that's **Amen! / The Staple Singers** (Epic). The Staples family group performs with a ringing fervor that is quickly imparted to the listener. Such soul stirrers as *More than a Hammer and Nail*, *Samson and Delilah* and *Mary Don't You Weep* are delivered movingly and magnificently by the Staples.

Live Session! Cannonball Adderley with the New Exciting Voice of Ernie Andrews! (Capitol) is a breathless title that Andrews does his best to live up to. Ernie is an old-school belter with a raw vitality that communicates instantly. From the opening earth shaker *Big City* to the capper, *If You Never Fall in Love with Me*, the Andrews-Adderley amalgam is a swinging affair. Speaking of which, **A Swingin', Singin' Affair / Mark Murphy** (Fontana) is yet another impressive effort by the young singer who has been poised on the brink of the big time for far too long. A dozen widely disparate ditties make up the tasty ingredients in Mr. Murphy's chowder as Mark cooks with *Hard-Hearted Hannah*, *Come Rain or Come Shine*, the Beatles' ballad *She*

Loves You, and the pulsating *Happy Days Are Here Again*.

If you liked *Ellington '65*, you'll love *Ellington '66* (Reprise). Once more the Duke succeeds in turning several musical sow's ears into silk purses. Among the recent hits included in this pop-pourri are *Red Roses for a Blue Lady*, *I Can't Stop Loving You* and *All My Loving*. The hit parade never had it so good.

THEATER

Baggy-pants comics with baggy-pants jokes, strippers in pasties, pasty-faced tenors singing off-key, almost everything off-color: *Burlesque* is back on Broadway. The show, ***This Was Burlesque***, is billed as a "musical satire" based on the recollections of Grand Old Stripper Ann Corio. There is music, such as *When You and I Were Young*, *Maggie*, *Blues*, sung in two-part harmony to the guitar strumming of top banana Steve Mills, but there is barely any satire. What is funny (and best) about *Burlesque*, which had a three-year run off-Broadway, is what was always funny (and best) about burlesque: the girls, not the gags. With a look of intense concentration, to the beat of cymbals and drums, Marilyn Marshall tosses her tassels, two fore (atop) and two aft (below), twirling them at will in every conceivable direction, and several inconceivable ones. Kitty Lynne is the "exotic" cat-girl contortionist, who halts her peel to purr, "Peeceerrrow, peeceerrrow." Miss Corio introduces the strips (including, finally, her own) and the hoary old skits as affectionately as if she were handing out high school diplomas to her favorite pupils. When she participates in a scene, such as the troupe's take-it-off on *White Cargo*, the nostalgia almost exceeds the scatology. The jokes are exactly, word and leer, as in the bawd old days. The only intentional burlesque of burlesque is Nicole Jaffee, a short, chubby, gum-chewing chorine, who mugs and yawns her dizzy way through the classic routines, dances out of step, trips, strips ineptly, and even bumbles the bumps and grinds. The rest of the show is burlesque straight, if a little less raw than some of us remember. Long may the tassels twirl! At the Hudson, 141 West 44th Street.

Catch Me if You Can is a catch-as-catch-can Catskill comedy, and one worth avoiding. It marks the return to Broadway of song-and-shuffle man Dan Dailey, a theatrical event of some uncertain distinction, since Dailey doesn't get to sing or shuffle. The play never sings either—but shuffle it does. It is billed as "A New Comedy Murder Mystery."

Wrong! It is a dead-handed farce based on a previously produced serious French play, *Piège pour un Homme Seul* (*Trap for a Lonely Man*) by Robert Thomas. Adapters Jack Weinstock and Willie Gilbert, who shared credit with Abe Burrows for the book of *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying*, spoof (and goof) it up. They have switched the scene to a Catskill resort over Labor Day weekend and drowned the script in chicken fat. There are even corned-beef jokes (the show's press agent also represents Hebrew National salami). Dailey plays a newlywed who has misplaced his bride on their honeymoon. He calls in the local constabulary, which seems to consist entirely of a pigheaded cop named Levine (Tom Bosley). Bosley bumbles, Dailey groans, doors slam, and finally the wife appears, except that Dailey insists that she is not his wife. So he writes the word "impostor" on a card and hangs it like a comic-strip balloon next to the mouth of a stuffed moose over the fireplace. Most of the jokes are not nearly so inventive. Up until the last few minutes, *Catch Me* is only dull and obvious. Then all at once, belatedly, the belabored farce catches fire as the murderer and the victim are revealed. This ending, played straight, is clever enough to make one realize that the most pitiable victim on stage is the original French play. At the Morosco, 217 West 45th Street.

DINING-DRINKING

If you're planning a theatrical evening in New York, it's a short after-dinner or post-show stroll between any of the Broadway houses and Señor A. Perez Blanco's *Liborio* (150 West 47th Street). Its decor is artfully designed to suggest the cool, high-ceilinged grace of Spanish Colonial architecture. From 4:30 p.m. to 9 p.m., full dinners, ranging in price from \$4.25 to \$7, are offered. After 9 p.m., the menu is à la carte with the top entree at \$5.50. If your culinary vocabulary hasn't quite caught up with your Spanish accent, the English translation next to each of the 145 Spanish dishes on the card will help you impress your prandial playmate. You'll rate even higher with your partner if you can order one of the 13 Brazilian specialties unassisted—they're listed only in Portuguese, but if you send up an SOS, the waiter will be glad to explain what such tongue twisters—and pleasers—as *Dobra-dinha o Rabada Mineira* mean. We'll give you an assist on this one: It's tripe or oxtail as prepared in the Brazilian state of Minas Gerais. We launched our visit with a round of oversized daiquiris and a helping of *Caldo Gallego* that did honor to that Galician soup's great tradition, then we moved on to a couple of the more exotic entrees. *Lechon Asado*

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con Moros y Cristianos is roast suckling pig (the Moors and Christians turn out to be, respectively, black beans and white rice), crackling on the outside and succulent inside, with a barely detectable touch of vinegar and sherry. Chilindron de Chivo is stewed baby goat in a marsala sauce we'd stack against anything France or Italy can offer. For dessert we selected an old Cuban favorite, guava shells with cheese, while our fair fare companion curled her taste buds around the traditional Spanish custard, Flan de Huevos. A strong Cuban demitasse topped it all off in pitch-black perfection. There is a brace of bands, spelled by Spanish guitarists in attendance after 8 P.M., and two fiery Latin shows are put on at 9:30 and 12:30. The customers supply their own terpsichore in between. Liborio is open seven days a week till the wee hours.

MOVIES

John Fowles' best seller *The Collector* comes to the screen with all of veteran director William Wyler's wiles—maybe a few too many. A bit briefer would have been a lot better. The story, adapted by Stanley Mann and John Kohn, is about a cockney clerk who wins a pile in a football pool and extends his butterfly-collecting hobby to net a snooty girl whom he has worshiped from afar. He buys a lonely country house, chloroforms the chick and stashes her in the cellar—not to attack her but to adore her. After her initial fright, she finds she's not the prisoner so much as the princess; and, sexually, she is perfectly safe with this conventional creep. It's mostly a two-character tale, and the moves and counter-moves are nicely interplayed. What fouls up Fowles' concept is the heavy underscoring (particularly the musical score) and a somewhat rickety realization of the theme. The book was not really about a kidnaper, but about a captive of his class and condition, who wants to wipe out the world that divides him from the girl; to create an isolated context where they can be together, so she can know him and fall for him. She fails to fall, and there's a gruesome finale. Terence Stamp, the aptly named collector, is quietly grim and neatly nutty. Samantha Eggar, a moderate knock-out, is moderately good as his prize specimen. If there ever was a color film that didn't need to be, this is it. Less length and clearer concept might have made *The Collector* a collector's item.

Africa was never any wilder than it is in *Mister Moses*, the latest Robert Mitchum opus; but this time it's not so much the jungles or the beasties, it's the plot. Mitchum is an American con man named Dr. Moses traveling with a medicine-show wagon through East Africa; he arrives—never mind how—in a native village that needs to be moved because

the colonial government is going to build a dam on the spot. But the chief isn't going to be moved by a damsite—not without his animals, anyway, and the government can't fly them out along with the people. The local missionary (Alexander Knox) and his daughter (Carroll Baker) scheme a deal. The chief is a very Christian convert and they persuade him to follow Moses to the Promised Land. So the whole village trails out after the medicine wagon drawn by an elephant with whom Mitchum has struck up a friendship. So far so good. But when they get to the bit about draining a reservoir so that Moses can lead his people through parted waters, the plotline begins to spring a few leaks. The odd thing is that this straight-faced farce is oddly enjoyable. Even the corn—based on a novel by Max Catto and scripted by Charles Beaumont and Monja Danischewsky—pops merrily; and the color photography by Oswald Morris makes Kenya look keen. Carroll is the best she's been in Baker's last dozen, and Robert Mitchum, casual and colossal, proves they're just not making star types like him anymore.

Masquerade is a British suspense comedy that tries to work a lot of Saxon angles but just doesn't have enough English on the ball. The gimmick is to keep the 14-year-old heir to a Middle Eastern oil kingdom safe for three weeks until he ascends the throne so that he can renew oil leases with Britain—which his uncle, the boy's protector and probable murderer, doesn't want to do. Jack Hawkins, a stiff-upper-lip ex-colonel, is asked to kidnap the young king, and he calls in a wartime Yank pal—Cliff Robertson, now a soldier of not-so-good fortune—to help. The king caper comes off, and the boy is stashed in a Spanish seaside villa until some seaside villains barge in. One adventure follows so closely on another's heels that both trip. What scriptwriters Michael Relph and William Goldman lack in invention they make up in memory: There's the old business of crawling around a ledge high over the sea (yes, bits of the masonry crumble off), the rope bridge that slowly collapses, and so on. Some of the landscape looks luscious in color, some of the dialog is brisk, as is some of Basil Dearden's direction. But the whole thing is too silly for words, except to note that the girl is a Continental cupcake named Marisa Mell, very mellow.

Circle of Love is a remake of Schnitzler's *fin-de-siècle* Viennese episodic play *Reigen*, a pastry tray of tarts and sweetmeats, the men who sample them and vice versa. Max Ophüls made a film version called *La Ronde* (1950) that turned the Wiener Schnitzler into flaky strudel. Now Roger Vadim has tackled it again

and, despite a script by Jean Anouilh, has managed to supply the unmistakable Vadim touch: leaden. The setting has been shifted to Paris in 1914 just before World War One, but the sequence of episodes is much the same: A strumpet sleeps with a soldier who sleeps with a maid who sleeps with the young master of the house who sleeps with a young married woman, and so round the circle until we reach a young aristocrat. He goes out with a German friend when they hear that war has been declared and both get loaded in a parting binge. In the morning the aristocrat finds himself in the sack with the hooker with whom we began. The original point was to portray an ironic cross section of society; here the point is simply a gallery of girls, grabs, grapples. Like most of Vadim's films, this is stripped to tease, in which he is aided by Henri Decae's exquisitely delicate color camera. Most performances are only fair. As the young wife, Jane Fonda looks good in the buff, but her talent is as good as her torso and we don't see enough of the former. At least Anna Karina (the maid) can't act, so it doesn't matter that here she's just on show. Only two of the men—Jean-Claude Brialy (the young master) and Jean Sorel (the aristocrat)—bring reality to their roles. What's worse, the whole thing is dubiously dubbed in English; even Jane had to record English lines against her own French. The film is, at best, a fleshy diversion.

"YOU LOVED THE WAR, NOW SEE THE MOVIE" should be the advertising come-on to lure you *In Harm's Way*, for it's Otto Preminger's mammoth, marathon monument to World War Two. Any resemblance to the conflict it depicts is purely coincidental, except in duration—it's three hours long; but if you're addicted to rip-roaring, flag-waving, big-budget flicks about the U. S. Navy in action (at sea and on shore leave), we advise you to steer a course for Preminger's Pacific theater. Headlining his vast cast are all the standard stereotypes: the tough old salt; his hot-blooded young son, an ensign under his command; the cuckolded husband who takes it out (so to speak) on a pneumatic nurse, then redeems himself in a suicide mission; the square-jawed, true-blue lieutenant idolized by his crew; the quizzical ex-movie-writer-turned-tar; the sour admiral; and his lemon aide. But they're all respectably (and respectively) played by John Wayne, Brandon de Wilde, Kirk Douglas, Jill Haworth, Tom Tryon, Burgess Meredith, Dana Andrews and Patrick O'Neal—the last not to be confused with Patricia Neal, who smolders sensuously as the mature nurse who wins Wayne. Henry Fonda, on temporary leave from the Presidency, steps down a notch to take over as the commander in chief of

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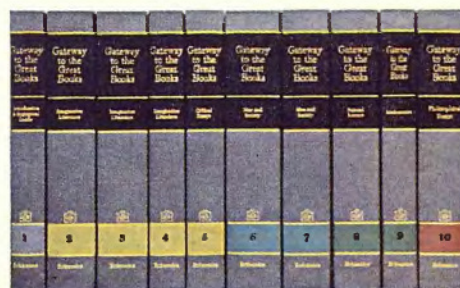


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the Pacific fleet. The man who really runs the show, though, is supreme commander Preminger; and it's quite a show to watch.

Another World War Two opus, *Operation Crossbow* takes place in the Atlantic theater of combat. It's the story of the 1944 British action to locate and louse up the German V-2 effort. There are reminders of *The Counterfeit Traitor* and *36 Hours* and a whole spawn of spy films, and the bang-up ending loudly echoes *The Guns of Navarone*; but the direction and dialog are so deft, the suspense so well sustained, that the familiarity breeds pleasure, not contempt. George Peppard is an American officer who volunteers for the undercover caper, along with Tom (Billy Liar) Courtenay. Peppard's accent in German would have got him shot the first time he says *Ja wohl*, but outside of that, he does *wohl* indeed. Perennially beautiful Sophia Loren is the Italian wife of a Dutch engineer, and it's impossible to say much more without spoiling the surprise. Lilli Palmer is a sympathetic German, Trevor Howard is an unsympathetic Briton, John Mills is a smart intelligence officer, and Anthony Quayle is an it-can't-be-told. Film editor Ernest Walter heftily helped director Michael Anderson squeeze the most out of a not particularly original script. When *Crossbow* crosses your path, stay in the line of fire.

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Frank Sinatra fans will be pleased to learn that at last he has made a good picture—*Von Ryan's Express*, based on David Westheimer's thriller about—you guessed it—World War Two. Sinatra is Colonel Ryan of the U. S. Air Force, shot down in Italy in 1943, just as the Italians are bowing out of the War and the Germans are making like their rulers, not their allies. Ryan is one of the few Americans in a POW camp mostly inhabited by a British regiment with a veddy tweedy tradition. However, Ryan outranks their commanding officer, a major (Trevor Howard again) who hates him. When Ryan miscalls some plays that play into German hands, the major labels him Von Ryan. The main stem of the story tells how the POWs commandeer a train and wangle their way through Italy toward Switzerland, with plenty of narrow escapes—some so narrow that not everyone escapes. Sinatra isn't an actor in this one, he's a behavior, but at least here he behaves himself well. Howard's major is a major actor's job. Sergio Fantoni, as a friendly Italian, is *molto simpatico*, and Edward Mulhare rates cheers as the chaplain who (because he speaks German) has to strut as a harsh German officer. Director Mark Robson highballs *Von Ryan's Express* right along.



THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Nearly all the girls we date at our Midwestern college are fine where the physical aspects of love are concerned, but they lack the brain power necessary to make stimulating partners on other levels. Although we place a high value on sensual satisfaction, we feel there should be a sound intellectual relationship as well. Any suggestions?—E. D. and J. D., Canton, Ohio.

Since you'll never make your girls intellectual (if they lack the necessary intelligence), why don't you reverse your technique—and try making intellectual girls?

In answer to a recent Advisor question you stated that a man could no longer buy a \$25 suit in Hong Kong. This is a gross canard. I know several places where you might easily purchase a suit for less than \$25.—J. M., Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Sure, you can buy a \$25 suit in Hong Kong—or virtually anywhere else in the world, for that matter. But the good-quality, custom-tailored Hong Kong suit for \$25 is indeed a myth. Like they say about the 50-cent chop suey blue plate: It's OK for the money, but you'll want another one a half hour later.

When is it proper to sign B. S. (Bachelor of Science) after your name?—R. K., New Rochelle, New York.

Only on scientific papers.

My girl and I plan to be married soon, and there is a matter about which we would like your advice. Is it proper to have sexual intercourse with your wife on the first night of married life? We have heard that the woman is usually tense and exhausted, and it is therefore unwise to have relations. What do you say?—B. R., Mount Vernon, Iowa.

We don't think "proper" is the proper word to describe the situation. It is traditional, in honeymoon folklore, to have intercourse on the wedding night, but as you point out, the bride (as well as the groom) is often tense and exhausted. Psychology casebooks are filled with examples of male impotence, female frigidity and other problems resulting from the trauma caused by one or both partners attempting to prove themselves under these trying circumstances. A good rule to follow during (as well as before and after) the first night is: Have intercourse only when and if both of you are ready, willing and able to enjoy it.

Is there any state in the union where prostitution is legal?—J. W., Geneva, Illinois.

The answer to your question is a quali-

fied no. It's explicitly forbidden in 49 states. Nevada, while not expressly prohibiting prostitution, has laws against virtually everything connected with it—procuring, running a house, soliciting males, and so on.

Aboard a sailboat recently, my date and I were confronted with a narrow companionway, and for a moment I was at a loss for the proper move. I descended first. Should I have?—R. L., St. Petersburg, Florida.

Yes. Landlubber's etiquette is doubly appropriate at sea: You should descend first, to be in a position to catch your date in case rough seas cause her to lose her footing.

Are brogues too thick-soled to be considered dress shoes for summer wear?—D. S., Ypsilanti, Michigan.

Yes.

I am a Princeton sophomore and, much to my surprise, I have a sex problem. I drive a Buick Riviera, live in an ultra-modern apartment (complete with fully equipped kitchen, television, stereo, AM-FM radio, tape recorder, bar, two double beds side by side for added terrain, air conditioning, Picassos, Klees and Kandinskys, lights that dim themselves automatically and an Oriental houseboy noted for his discretion), dress either A. Sulka or Brooks Brothers, depending on my mood, and play a better than fair game of golf, bridge and chess. I am reasonably urbane, having spent most of my short life in and around New York, Washington and Boston. I generally date about four or five nights a week, and have sexual relations with at least 75 percent of the girls I escort. In short, I feel I live as good a life as possible, but no amount of affluence seems to be able to eliminate one worry that may turn me prematurely gray. The only sure contraceptive, we are told, is abstinence. That is obviously out of the question, as are pills for the eight or nine women I date off and on. What does PLAYBOY see as the answer—the perfect answer—to this constantly recurring concern?—S. S. J., Princeton, New Jersey.

A distaff character in one of Anatole France's novels, faced with a dilemma similar to yours, directed this prayer to the Virgin Mary: "Oh, Blessed Mother, who hath conceived without sinning, please grant me the grace of sinning without conceiving." We don't remember how she fared, but unless you can count on divine intervention (a possibility not to be discounted, considering the incredible affluence you've accumulated at such

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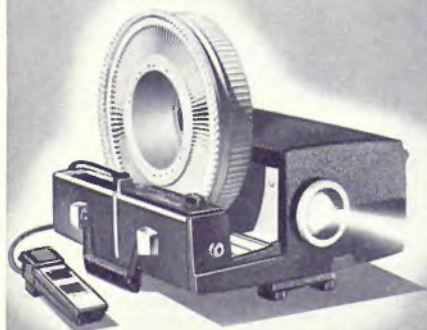
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a tender age), we think you'll have to agree, the perfect answer to your question is that there is no perfect answer to your problem.

I'm a frustrated sports-car fan stuck with a standard-shift American car. Whenever possible, I try to stop by downshifting—into second or even into first—braking only at the last moment. Friends have criticized this as being unnecessary and costly. Are they correct?—B. L., Middletown, Ohio.

Yes, but if you enjoy pretending you're John Surtees changing down through five speeds of his Ferrari, there's no reason for you to quit, provided you realize that although stopping this way may save on brakes, it's likely to cause more expensive wear on transmission and drive-train.

So much emphasis is placed on the complexities of sex today that people frequently don't learn the fundamentals. Like me, for example. I'm a girl in her early 20s who knows her way around a boudoir but has never learned to kiss properly. At least, I don't think I have. When I'm in the early stages of amour, I worry so much about osculation etiquette that I don't enjoy myself. Please: How long do you hold a kiss? Who breaks first, guy or girl? Is it OK to breathe while kissing? Is kissing a fundamental part of marriage? How many kisses should transpire before you move on to other things?—Miss A. L., Wichita, Kansas.

How long you hold a kiss is optional. If you're a farm girl, you might "Kiss till the cow comes home," as suggested by the 17th Century playwrights Beaumont and Fletcher. Break time can be initiated by either sex. Breath-holding during osculation is more common to grade-B Hollywood films of the Thirties (the kind where the hero says to the girl, "You poor little thing, you're trembling") than to real life: Unless you relish turning blue, keep your nose functioning. Marriages are made up of different fundamental parts; novelist George Meredith (whose married life, it should be noted, was singularly unsuccessful) commented: "Kissing don't last; cookery do!" No one can answer your last question but yourself.

As a budding writer who wishes to master the tools of his profession, I would appreciate your unscrambling for me the great variety of dictionaries that use the name Webster as part of their titles. Which one is the direct descendant of Noah Webster's original opus?—D. W., Baltimore, Maryland.

Noah Webster, who is remembered as America's foremost lexicographer, published in 1828 "An American Dictionary

of the English Language." Webster revised his dictionary in 1841 and managed to complete a revised appendix before his death in 1843. Shortly thereafter, the unsold copies and publishing rights of the dictionary were secured by George and Charles Merriam. In 1847 they published a revision edited by Noah Webster's son-in-law, Yale professor Chauncey Goodrich. This edition became the first Merriam-Webster unabridged dictionary and should be considered the direct descendant of Noah Webster's original tome. There have been five subsequent revisions, the latest being "Webster's Third New International Dictionary." Smaller and specialized dictionaries derived from the complete one (desk size, for example) may also legitimately use the Webster name as part of their titles, with appropriate modification: "Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary," for instance, which bears the registered Merriam-Webster colophon. However, most writers—as well as book and magazine editors—rely on the big, unabridged Webster when citing authority or establishing approved usages.

Although my fiancée and I agree that we would like to raise a family, we cannot agree on what religion our children should follow. I am Catholic and she is Lutheran, but we both feel that a common religion should be adopted in order to facilitate our future children's welfare. Our parents also insist that we decide on one faith between us, but, to tell the truth, neither of us is particularly fond of the other's faith. I respect my fiancée's right to her religious beliefs, and she respects mine; but when it comes to choosing a mutual religious denomination, each prefers his own. Can this dilemma be resolved, or does it look fairly hopeless to you, too?—M. R., New York, New York.

If you're not using your religious differences to hide the fact that you actually don't want to marry the girl (a possibility suggested by your asking us to agree that the situation is hopeless), there are several approaches open to you. Each of you could study the other's faith, to develop respect for it, and you could then mutually decide later in which one you wish to raise your future offspring. Or you could bring up the children in a religion that tries to reconcile doctrinal differences—for example, the Unitarian-Universalist Church, or the Ethical Culture movement. Or, if you don't wish to make even these compromises, there is in your own city the Community Church, 40 East 35th Street, which accepts persons of all persuasions, while respecting their religious identities. You could enroll your children there as Lutheran-Catholics, which is exactly what they would be.

Recently I attended a recital performed by the incomparable Artur Schnabel. Among other selections, the program listed "Two Etudes" by Chopin—which two were not indicated. This, of course, left the artist free to choose any two any time, right up to the actual performance. My question pertains to the applause factor. Whereas it is not usually acceptable to applaud between movements of a sonata performed as a whole, is it acceptable to applaud at the end of each étude when listed as above? Ordinarily I would say an emphatic yes, since an étude is a complete work in itself, but I am writing because the maestro seemed to be taken by surprise when half of the audience, including myself, acknowledged the first of the two pieces. Mr. Schnabel did not stand and formally receive his due praise, but rather only turned and nodded his head and then began the second almost immediately. This, of course, led me to believe that I was incorrect. What's up, or is this all a play-by-ear thing anyway?—C. S., Raleigh, North Carolina.

The rule is: Applaud only after the completion of a program listing, whether that listing be a piece with a single movement or one with any number of parts. However, since many musicians do appreciate applause for an exceptional performance of a movement or other fragment—from an audience that knows the score (both ways)—you'll just have to play it by ear.

I have reached a regrettable impasse in my relations with an attractive coed I've been dating all semester. We have slept and showered together, but she has resolutely refused to "go all the way." I have four years of medical school standing between me and any matrimonial plans I might envision with her; and even though she seems content to continue things as they are, I fear my patience will soon run out. What do you suggest?—J. S., Troy, New York.

Unless you care for this girl so much you're willing to remain celibate with her for four more years, we suggest you let your patience do just that. If you continue this relationship through medical school, you may need a doctor.

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



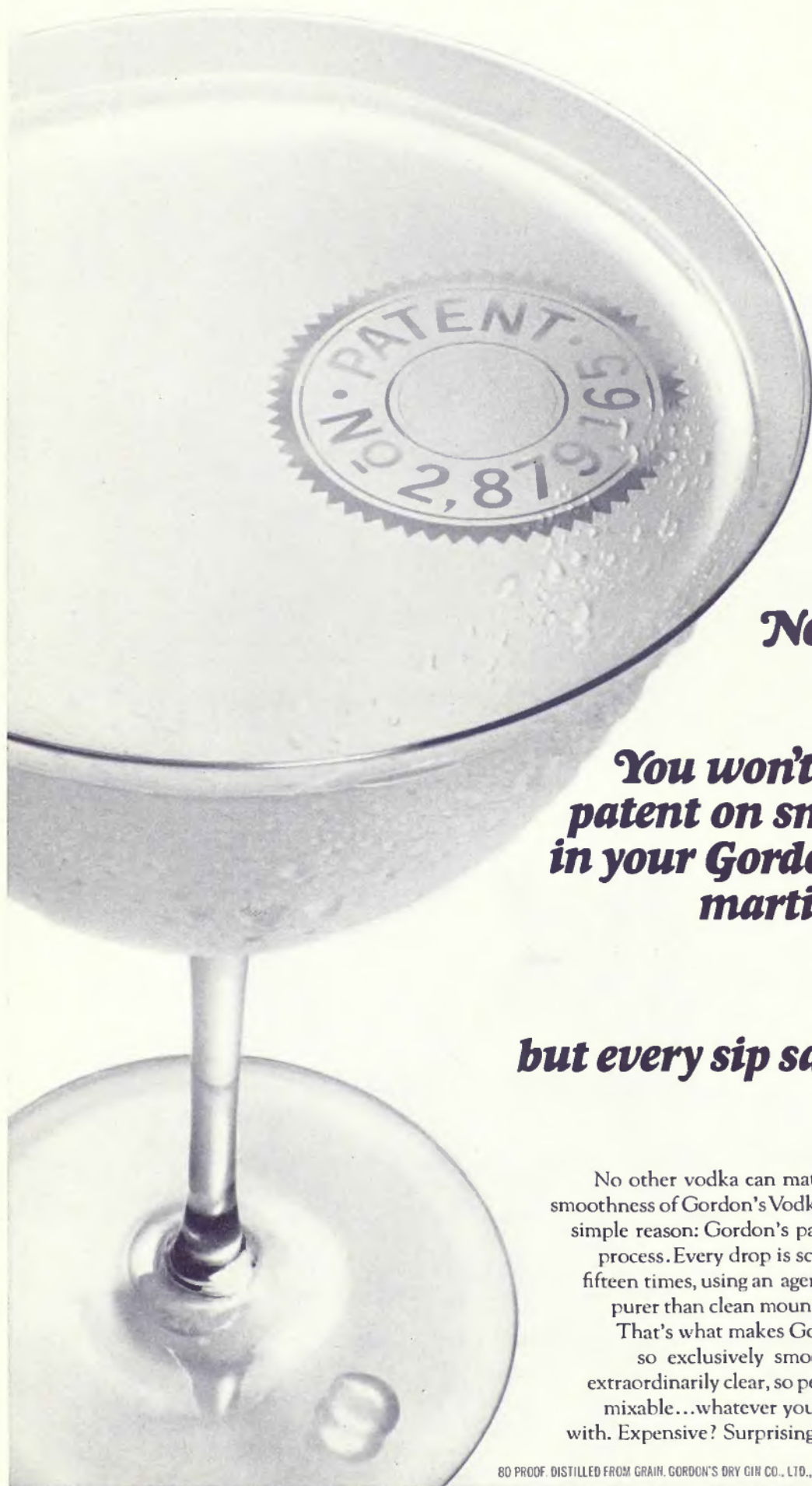
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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

IF THE LYRICS of your September vacation song include *Autumn in New York*, this month is an excellent time to visit Gotham-on-the-Hudson. Hotels will be experiencing their first relief from the peak influx of Fair visitors (Moses' Masterpiece, incidentally, will still be open for those who care to see it), and the weather is about as temperate as it ever gets in New York.

A notable September event is the Washington Square Outdoor Art Show (late August through mid-September), where you can pick up some fine decor for your pad—on vivid canvas or in hip huggers. A few blocks south, at the Festa di San Gennaro (the week of the 19th), the city's largest street fair, you can wet your whistle with some cool *gelati*, or stop at one of the local *trattorie* for inky black *poncino* with lemon peel. For gourmet Italian dining, hop a cab uptown to Barbetta's, in a richly baroque setting, or Mama Leone's, where the endless menus are complemented by a festive atmosphere complete with strolling musicians and costumed hostesses.

Any ethnic food you might dream of, of course, is yours in New York, often of better quality than in its native habitat. Try Indonesian *rijsttafel* (all 23 dishes of it) at the Holland House on a Monday evening, or cab it across the world to the Pantheon, for Greek sea fare preceded by an Aegean cocktail (that's a bloody mary with clam juice).

Although you'll run into an argument any time you try naming the "best" restaurant among New York's almost 20,000, Café Chauveron is certainly one of the greats in the French tradition of *haute cuisine*, sumptuous surroundings and deft service (specialty: *moules glacées chablis*). If you've time, however, don't overlook other big-name establishments like the Colony and Le Pavillon, as well as some of the lesser known but equally excellent places: Brussels. Le Valois, Lutece, Passy and Maud Chez Elle. Luchow's is the most famous German restaurant, but travel uptown to Yorkville for the Blaue Donau and its *Sauerbraten* or fruit-filled German pancakes. For Oriental fare, lunch at unpretentious Bobo's in Chinatown, where you'll relish a diversity of sweet and savory fried dumplings, and have a sukiyaki or tempura dinner uptown at Saito, as sumptuous a place as any in Tokyo.

These recommendations could go on endlessly, from the well-known glamor establishments, such as "21," Four Seasons, The Forum, and so on, down to Hassan's, a Somali establishment. For openers, they should keep the inner man well


nourished during your September jaunt.

The popularity of skiing in Portillo, Chile, has spread across the border into Argentina, where the magnificent open slopes of the Cerro Catedral (near Bariloche) are served by two cable cars running three miles to the 6500-foot level. The ascent takes only nine minutes and is supplemented by three smaller lifts. At the summit, there's a lively lodge with a well-stocked bar. Visitors who show up for skiing and little else generally stay at the Catedral Ski Hotel, a high-quality hostelry with good accommodations, easy access to the slopes and a pleasantly low-key *après-ski* atmosphere. A little farther away, however, is the lush Hotel Llao-Llao—in the heart of the lake district—where the tempo is considerably more *vivace*. Not only does the Llao-Llao have its own gaming rooms and casino entertainment, but it's within easy reach of Bariloche, where the night life is active indeed.

Bristling at charges that she has treated visitors discourteously in the past, France has undertaken an organized campaign of "hospitality and amiability" this summer. The campaign has just begun at this writing, but early-bird vacationers already report that waiters, concierges and other attendants are indeed smiling—even if the effort seems to hurt a little—and by September, *la belle France* may yet be the Continent's most charming and gracious lady.

Paying more than lip service to the campaign, tourist authorities have offered tangible incentives (such as expense-paid vacations) to service personnel who come in contact with visitors. In addition, border entry points have been eye-pleasingly dressed up with fresh paint and floral displays. At Orly, Le Bourget and Nice airports, customs officers have been instructed to give incoming passengers a *souvenir du pays* in place of hostile and suspicious glares: At last report, each distaff visitor had received a tiny bottle of Weil's Antilope. Moreover, every 10,000th passenger receives a sweater, every 100,000th a designer gown from Balmain, Chanel, Dior, Lanvin or Patou. Once past the ports of entry, visitors have found eager-to-help bilingual hostesses in main post offices, selected spots in the Paris *Métro*, and other key areas.

Where it will all end, no one knows. But as far as *l'esprit de bonne volonté* is concerned, the goal is for every Frenchman to have one.

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



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FROM FIRESTONE

THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

HIPPIES' HERO

Everyone knows that Hefner is having fun—we all *want* him to—and by all means available we want him to keep on *having* fun, because (Gee!) I just read in *This Week* that mental illness is going to strike one out of every four Americans sometime during his lifetime, and if all these psychoses and all are due to fear and guilt and repressions, as his *Philosophy* says they are, and mental illness happens to strike Hefner—hell, man—it will be like Christ failing to rise on Easter morning, and who will we hippies turn to *then*?

John Aalborg
Miami, Florida

TRIALOGUE

Now that the *Trialogue* series on "The American Sexual Revolution" has run its course in *PLAYBOY* [*The Playboy Philosophy*—December 1964; January, February and May, 1965], I want to express my appreciation to you for both Hefner's participation in and your publishing of these programs.

I am sure you will be gratified to learn that as a result of your presentation of this material, I have received literally dozens of letters from educational stations—and from religious organizations—around the country, requesting tape recordings of the round-table discussions for their own use.

I think that you have helped make broadcasting history, of a sort, since I doubt that ever before has a local religious radio program reached so sizable an audience as the one you gave us through the pages of *PLAYBOY*.

Bert Cowlan
Producer of *Trialogue*
Director of Community Relations
WINS Radio
New York, New York

DEVIOUS DOGMATISM

I found the discussion of sex and religion in the *Trialogue* installments of *The Playboy Philosophy* to be exceptionally valuable.

However, one important question the discussion did not answer to my satisfaction is this: To what extent is *The Playboy Philosophy* simply presenting an attractive alternative to individuals searching for guidance in dealing with their sexual needs—to what extent is this simply a crusade for one particular code of sexual behavior and a cru-

sade against all other codes of sexual behavior?

I abhor all forms of dogmatism, whether religious, political, ethical, psychiatric or sexual. In several of Hefner's remarks I find a strong flavor of dogmatism.

The past is filled with frightening examples of sexual repression, and this past does need to be challenged. *The Playboy Philosophy* is a legitimate approach to the problem of sexual self-expression. But please let us not have a new dogma in the name of freedom from the past.

To use one extreme comparison to illustrate what I mean: *PLAYBOY* may not care for chastity, but it is as legitimate an answer to sexual needs as is sexual intercourse. Freud may not agree with this, but that is psychiatry's problem, in my estimate. Speak for what you feel you want and need, but do it without condemnation of others, if you can.

I wish you every success in your entertaining and informative enterprises.

Rexford J. Styzens, Minister
Unitarian Church
Davenport, Iowa

Your admonition to avoid the pitfalls of dogma is appreciated but—we hope—unnecessary. The only thing we are intolerant of is intolerance itself. We have no quarrel with chastity, for example; though it may be argued that chastity is about as "legitimate an answer to sexual needs" as fasting is an answer to hunger, we recognize and respect individual religious and moral ends that may be served by remaining chaste.

Our opposition begins at that point where the proponents of any one view—such as the belief in the desirability of chastity—attempt to force their convictions on the rest of society, instead of trying to persuade them, in the free interchange of diverse ideas that is so essential a part of our democratic system.

In future installments of "Philosophy," Hefner does intend to include some suggestions for establishing a more rational sexual ethic, but these will be offered—not as any sort of rigid dogma—but as his own ideas, to be individually considered, and then accepted or rejected by our readers.

UP FROM TRIVIALITY

As an occasional reader of *PLAYBOY*, I have followed Mr. Hefner's *Philosophy*



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with considerable interest, and am not really surprised to see a serious discussion arising out of what began with unexamined triviality.

The round-table discussion among Hefner and three clergymen seems to me to have the virtue of seriousness, and the fault of inconclusive rambling. Its value is that it is provocative of thought, but there must be much intellectual effort to handle such a dialog in any depth. I hope your efforts lead to that. And there is some sign, on college campuses like the University of Virginia's, that your efforts are doing precisely that.

As a Unitarian Universalist minister, my concern is that the integrity of persons be reinforced; I bristle at the suggestion of dealing with anyone "impersonally," whether in sex relations or any other. For me, then, the "prosex" or "antisex" question involved in our acceptance or rejection of Puritanism is basically beside the point. I think Mr. Hefner is doing a service in shaking us loose from some of the traditional "absolutes," so that we can re-examine the real issue in sex (as in life), which is the worth of persons. But (I hope I do him no injustice; I have not read *all* the installments) I do not yet see much of a positive reconstruction of values. Nor do I (with Father O'Connor) see too much in *PLAYBOY* itself that illustrates the principles Mr. Hefner expresses in his *Philosophy*.

Walter Royal Jones, Jr.
Thomas Jefferson Memorial
Unitarian Church
Charlottesville, Virginia

We believe that future installments of "Philosophy" will satisfy you, as far as "a positive reconstruction of values" is concerned; and we suggest a more careful examination of the rest of the publication, for proof that PLAYBOY is clearly based on the principles that Editor-Publisher Hefner is expounding in his editorial series.

CHILD'S PLAY

I buy *PLAYBOY* from time to time and I have found it to be interesting. My impression is that your religious round table ducked the main issues, however. Hefner was trying to clear the air, or at least he was trying to ask the right questions, but he failed to elicit very much response from the clergymen on the panel. I will try to direct my comments to the main issue.

Western morality is built upon certain psychological assumptions. For 2000 years the attempt of Western morality has been to turn man into a pleasure-denying animal. Despite this, man remains a pleasure-seeking animal. In infancy we find life good, and despite our pleasure-denying society we do not forget this first lesson.

Hefner is quite right when he says

that religion is pleasure-denying. But there is also another facet of religion that I am not sure he is aware of. Believe it or not, there is theological justification for a life that has play as its goal. The goal of the child's life is pleasure. This pleasure is obtained through the activity of any and all organs of the body. The ultimate essence of our desires and our being lies in the delight we experience in the active life of all the human body. Jesus said, "If you are to enter the kingdom of heaven become as little children." And isn't play the mode of behavior of little children? Play is that activity which is the delight of life, uniting man with the objects of his love. For instance, the love play between men and women.

Sartre says, "As soon as man apprehends himself as free and wishes to use his freedom, then his activity is play." Many Christian mystics have come up with similar observations. Boehme claimed that man's perfection lies not in a future life, nor in the Catholic sacraments, but in the transformation of this bodily life into joyful play.

Thus Hefner is on the right track and in good theological company.

Now to the main issue, sex. Again Hefner is on the right track, God bless him. I would just like to sharpen the argument. It is interesting that all of the perversities of which men are so afraid have their origin in childhood. The child is at once homosexual, heterosexual, and every other kind of sexual. What is abnormal for adults is normal for the child. From the child's view of things, it is adult standards that are restrictive and abnormal. What seems to happen is that society forces the child to renounce all sexual pleasures except one—intercourse between men and women. In adult life all kinds of sexual behavior are permitted providing they culminate in the act of intercourse. Intercourse between men and women is that tyranny to which all sexual activity is subordinated.

This is done because society wants children and because the family is the basic institution of society. All sex is subordinated to procreation. Thus, if we accept the proposition that history is the recovery of that which has been repressed, we must accept the ethics of the child and see that what we now call sexual morality is perverted or at best unduly restrictive. I would say that anything goes providing it does not become a tyranny. Homosexuals are not morally wrong. They are simply victims of sexual tyranny. They are to be pitied, not censured.

The only sexual morality that I accept is that exploitation of people and their needs is wrong and that to any act there must be free assent. I believe, of course, that marriage and the family are important, that they are natural, and that men and women are biologically inclined to-

ward them. I have no fear whatsoever that marriage will cease to be attractive because of our more permissive views about sex. In fact, I think marriages will be more successful if we begin to slack off the pressure to marry. I think we should make it rather more difficult to marry and perhaps easier to become divorced. We should, perhaps—as a society—be a little more selective about who is and who is not going to raise the next generation.

Keep up the struggle.

A. Fowlie, Minister
Willowdale Unitarian Universalist
Fellowship
Willowdale, Ontario

UNANIMOUS DISAGREEMENT

The Wesley Foundation (Methodist Student Organization) at West Georgia College unanimously disagrees with what is called *The Playboy Philosophy* and thinks that Hugh Hefner is a hypocrite!

In the February 1965 issue of *PLAYBOY*, Hefner speaks of sex as "A way of establishing personal identification within a relationship and within society as a whole" and "at its best [is] a means of expressing the innermost, deepest felt longings, desires and emotions. And it is when sex serves these ends . . . that it is lifted above the animal level . . ."

Our members totally agree with the above statement but feel that *PLAYBOY*'s repetitious nude pictures of women are a direct contradiction of it and reduce sex to the animal level that Mr. Hefner tries to repudiate.

Our college group also unanimously agreed that the ministerial part of the WINS panel was poorly represented. We wish that Bishop Fulton Sheen had represented the Catholic Church and someone like Bishop Gerald Kennedy the Protestant view.

We also think that the so-called *Playboy Philosophy*, which is about as old a viewpoint as history itself, is totally repudiated if there is a pregnancy outside of marriage. This point seems to be totally ignored in the magazine and is one of the basic reasons why *The Playboy Philosophy* is totally unworkable.

All one has to do is sit in my office and listen to some persons who have been influenced by such writings to know that in a moral society in which the family unit is indispensable such an idea takes us back to the cave-man stage.

William M. Holt, Pastor
First Methodist Church
Director, Wesley Foundation
West Georgia College
Carrollton, Georgia

The notion that pictures of nude women "reduce sex to the animal level" is a curious one, considering that man is the only creature on earth capable of such sexual appreciation and response to a picture. Moreover, healthy personal

sexual relationships are more likely to develop in a society that openly proclaims human sexuality in the most attractive and appealing terms—in words and pictures, through whatever forms of individual and mass communications are at its disposal; and, conversely, sick and perverted personal relationships are characteristically to be found in a society where such secondary forms of sexual expression are restricted and suppressed.

The statement that nonmarital pregnancy totally repudiates a more permissive attitude toward unmarried sex is about as reasonable as saying that an occasional airplane accident totally negates the advantages of air travel; except, of course, that no amount of additional safety precautions are apt to ever make flying as safe or sure as science has already made sex. The recent discovery of a simple and effective oral contraceptive makes unplanned pregnancy (either in or out of marriage) completely unnecessary. The blame for the continuing problem of illegitimacy must be placed, therefore, where it really belongs: on the ignorance and prejudice that prevent the universal use of the solutions science has supplied—perpetuated by the sort of rigid neopuritan sexual morality that is implicit in this college clergyman's letter.

Too many of both the secular and religious heads of institutions of higher learning still seem as much concerned with the chastity of the student body as with their students' sexual education, development and welfare. What should be four years devoted to mental and emotional maturation turns out, instead, to be four years of baby-sitting; and when sexually normal young men and women are given puritan platitudes and insufficient intelligent guidance and information about this most important matter, that is when unwanted pregnancies occur.

What especially interests us about this letter from Pastor Holt, however—as evidence of rigidity in dogma—is the communal mentality, or Orwellian group-think, that he ascribes to the entire membership of The Wesley Foundation at West Georgia College; though this “unanimous” dissent is certainly not consistent with the reaction we have received to “The Playboy Philosophy” from other clergymen and members of the Methodist Student Movement at colleges across the country. The head of The Wesley Foundation at Indiana University recently wrote us, for example: “The concerns of religion and ethics discussed in the ‘Philosophy’ are becoming live issues for thousands who would have otherwise been untouched by such concerns. Also, the position you take is more authentically Christian than much that is heard from pulpits today.” For two more Wes-

ley responses to “The Playboy Philosophy,” see the letters that follow.

METHODIST FORUM

Our Methodist Student Movement organization is planning to have a discussion program on *The Playboy Philosophy* in the near future, and we wonder whether 50 copies of one of the *Tri-ologue* installments are available. We would be glad, of course, to pay the cost. Any one of the installments that offers a fair statement and summary of PLAYBOY's position would be satisfactory for our use.

William L. White, Chaplain
Illinois Wesleyan University
Bloomington, Illinois

Copies are on the way.

IMPERSONAL SEX

I think PLAYBOY is to be congratulated for encouraging a dialog between itself and the clergy. Many of us are very concerned about the sexual revolution and are seeking a constructive response to it. We share with PLAYBOY a desire to overcome the puritanical view of sex and are conscious of our failure to deal realistically and meaningfully with the unmarried young adult on the matter of sexual morality.

The concern of Hefner to which I would like to respond has to do with early marriage. I strongly approve of his appraisal of the problem, but have some serious reservations about his method of facing it. The basis of my objections is a concern which Hefner claims to share—the dehumanizing effect of depersonalization. Hefner says in the interview that “it is wrong to suggest that we favor depersonalized sex.” But then he goes on to say that “unless, by depersonalized sex we are referring to any and all sexual activity that does not include extensive involvement, commitments and obligations. . . . [PLAYBOY] focuses on that period of life in which real personal involvement is not yet desirable.” Hefner “can see no logical justification for opposing the latter [impersonal sex], unless it is irresponsible, exploitative, coercive or in some way hurts one of the individuals involved.”

In my judgment he excludes from his definition of depersonalized sex some elements that are definitely a part of it. A mature interpersonal relationship includes “real personal involvement.” It seems to me that without this involvement or commitment to one another, premarital intercourse is simply mutual masturbation, which is about as impersonal as you can get. In this case, the other person is just an object to be used.

I do not claim to have any answers to the problem myself as yet, but I do find Hefner's unsatisfactory.

I would be very interested to see an intelligent female reaction to *The Play-*

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boy Philosophy. It seems to me that the female has been reduced to the status of an accessory from your point of view.

George Duerson
Wesley Foundation
Northeast Louisiana State College
Monroe, Louisiana

You've stated our case, at least part of it, succinctly. We do not favor depersonalized sex, because it is obviously less rewarding. But on the other hand, we can't see any logical reason for opposing it, if it is responsible and not coercive or exploitative. We don't agree that sex without deep personal involvement necessarily constitutes "mutual masturbation"—but even if it did (providing both parties wanted it that way), we could see no reason for serious objection.

With two persons engaged in behavior that is mutually enjoyable—each trying to please and satisfy the other—why does it become negative, immature or impersonal simply because the relationship happens to be casual or short-lived? Does every intimate interlude demand that one or both parties be "used" as "an object," whenever it proves to be but a brief encounter? Must the female be "reduced to the status of an accessory" by any relationship that doesn't measure up to preconceived requisites of maturity and involvement? We don't think so.

Female reaction to this point in the "Philosophy" would be interesting, as you suggest, and no doubt diverse. The extremes in opinion are suggested by this statement from a woman, published in "The Playboy Forum" of December 1964, written in response to a previous "Forum" letter from a male reader who had expressed the view that a sexual relationship needs emotional involvement to be satisfying and intrinsically good:

"For Hefner's 'examination of the statements and insights supplied by others,' here is my contribution: The most satisfying sexual intercourse I have ever had was with a man I was not in love with and about as uninvolved with as one can be under the circumstances. He also did not love me. We did respect each other and enjoyed a good rapport, but no real basis for a permanent relationship existed other than the happy bedtimes. He was charming, romantic, sensitive, graceful and thoroughly competent! I spent several memorable nights with him, and do not feel that the superficial quality of our emotional involvement detracted from their intrinsic goodness."

Quite obviously, this woman did not feel "used," or "reduced to the status of an accessory" in the relationship she describes; and just as obviously, another woman, in a similar relationship, might. We would welcome other female opinions on both sides of this question; for one that is certainly related, see the next letter.

SEX AND THE SEASONED GIRL

I heartily applaud the carefully reasoned appeal of Hefner's articles on the American sexual revolution. He surely must have the support of every thinking adult.

In brief, your philosophy asks for a reappraisal of individual and collective attitudes and practices concerning sexual mores, and the formulation of a mature and realistic code. I am sure you would agree that this "revolution" is dependent upon the moral courage of each individual to stand by, and live by, his own convictions. It demands of each one of us that we personally examine and weigh clichés, habits and prejudices.

I feel one such prejudice in our society regards sex and its relationship to youth. It would seem that PLAYBOY contributes to the delusion that the only sex is young sex with its exclusive devotion to nubile girls. In the issues I've seen, I find that all of your Playmates and other glamor girls seem under the age of 25, with the possible exception of Janet Pilgrim. Playboys may have graying temples, but the chicks they eye are barely voting age—if that.

Now, I have no quarrel with the obvious charms of young beauty. There is something appealing in the young of any species—a freshness, a vigor, a bloom—that evokes a desire to cuddle and pet. However, I strenuously object to the implied equation of youth with sexuality. Surely American men should also be made aware of the rewards and satisfactions of sexual experience with a mature woman. Age and experience in a well-adjusted woman usually mean less anxiety, less unsureness, fewer demands, more ease, more appreciation, more skill in lovemaking. Women such as Patricia Neal, Simone Signoret and Melina Mercouri—no longer frankly young—can make the screen sizzle with their unabashed sexuality.

Perhaps another facet of the American male's immature fixation on youthful sex is his inability to conduct himself in an affair. He seems to prefer transitory acquaintanceship to seasoned companionship, because of his fear of being "hooked." He can't seem to realize there are women who ask nothing of an affair except honesty and no pretense. No demands, no obligations, no possessiveness, no exploitation—just the sincere and free expression of genuine affection and friendship.

My opinions, of course, reflect personal experience. I am still attractive at 36 and my measurements compare favorably with those of your Playmates. Several highly enjoyable affairs have proved, I think, that I am a warm, responsive, uninhibited and undemanding woman. Why, then, the inevitable guilt feelings and self-recriminations on his part? Why the wariness and fear of involvement, in

spite of the fact that no demands are made? Why the feeling of "safety" in one-night stands?

Where are the mature, red-blooded, discriminating playboys who can appreciate the honest sexuality of a mature woman?

(Name withheld by request)
Seattle, Washington

We personally appreciate attractive women of every age, size and shape; and we agree that a mature miss can be just as appealing as a naïve nymphet, whether on the arm—or in them. We usually pick young women as our Playmates of the Month, and for similar PLAYBOY pictorials, simply because the female face and figure are ordinarily most beautiful in the late teens and early 20s; it's a logical age, too, for the models in a men's magazine where the median age of the male readers is 29.

But PLAYBOY's predilection in photographic pulchritude doesn't blind us to the in-person virtues of the more mature miss; in this, we applaud the opinion of that respected playboy of the past, Ben Franklin, who discoursed so delightfully on the advantages of amour with an older woman in his classic "Advice on the Choice of a Mistress," which appeared in one of the first issues of this publication (PLAYBOY, April 1954).

Your observations on the immaturity of the American male deserve consideration, but as a reflection of your personal experience, they may say more about your own part in these unsatisfactory relationships than you realize. You insist that you are a woman who asks "nothing of an affair except honesty and no pretense. No demands, no obligations, no possessiveness, no exploitation . . ." But the severe appraisal of your erstwhile suitors (" . . . the inevitable guilt feelings and self-recriminations . . . the wariness and fear of involvement . . . the feeling of 'safety' in one-night stands") suggests that you may not be the undemanding woman you think you are. It is possible that, in your quest for a more meaningful, more lasting relationship, you are projecting a far more possessive image than you realize; and, thereby, are losing likely prospects before the affairs have any real opportunity to become more than casual.

In your final paragraph, you ask, "Where are the mature, red-blooded, discriminating playboys who can appreciate the honest sexuality of a mature woman?" We're quite certain that Seattle, and surrounding West Coast environs, abound with them. And if you hadn't requested that we withhold your name, at letter's end, you would almost certainly have had a house full of them a few days after this issue went on sale.

SEX AND THE SINGLE CATHOLIC

In the February installment of the *Triologue*, Father O'Connor was a disappointing factor, almost to the point of aggravation. To date, Father O'Connor has added neither his viewpoints nor the viewpoints of the Church. Rather, he has directed antagonistic questions at PLAYBOY and Hefner.

As an unmarried, 25-year-old Catholic female, educated for 16 years in Catholic schools, the question of sex and sin versus frustration and faith has been of great confusion and frustration to me.

Apparently Father O'Connor seems to think that additional statistics are needed to prove that the Judaeo-Christian concept of sexual morality is coming apart at the seams. Isn't it apparent from personal observation and numerous published reports that the emotional and sexual situation for young unmarrieds is extremely close to crisis or revolution?

It is obvious that a definite and *logical* stand should be taken by the Church on premarital sex in order to permit a healthy and purposeful life without the consuming anxieties of withheld emotion. Unless this is done, what are we as Catholic human beings to do? Cease being Catholic for this portion of our lives? Ridiculous!

Unfortunately, natural feelings are perishable. They cannot be canned or bottled until opportunity for release presents itself in the form of marriage—an opportunity which too often is not forthcoming.

Tell me, and thousands more like me, Father O'Connor, what is it you are trying not to say?

Ann DeVaney

Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania

A DOG'S LIFE

Since our social structure is somewhat more complex than that of dogs, our sexual life must be somewhat above the sniff-and-hump level of the canines. This involves some mutual restraint.

So long as we humans are as glandular as we are and as rebellious at restraint as we are, nothing will make money like the exploitation of sex. You know about that.

No responsible teacher of Christian ethics will derogate sex. It's great. Maybe we shall have to approach or experience the dog level of sex for a generation or two before we want to have our sex as responsible humans. But surely we are not bound to ease your conscience while you exploit sex for money. I hope you sweat.

L. C. Rudolph

Louisville, Kentucky

If you can read PLAYBOY and experience the sniff-and-hump reactions of a dog, the problem is a personal one and you have our sympathy.

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(Cont'd from previous page)

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Our old formula went to 216—which seemed enough in the old days. But Florida playboys asked the logical question: suppose we invite *twice* as many people?

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DOWNFALL OF CIVILIZATION

Without a doubt, the letters in the April *Forum* were the most disgusting in recent months. Those perverted minds who write advocating freer sex and sex without marriage must take all Americans for sex maniacs and debauched fiends. It also seems quite obvious that the editors of *PLAYBOY* are just as perverted as those asinine individuals. This sexual revolution, which is eagerly awaited by those debased minds, is an insult to all Americans. At a time in our history when we should be approaching the apex of our growth, we are being reduced to the low sexual level that the Romans experienced before their decline.

Steve Molewski

Fredonia, New York

Contrary to popular folklore, perpetuated by our neopuritan culture, sexual promiscuity was not the cause of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire—or the destruction of any civilization in recorded history, for that matter. If sexual excesses could cause the downfall of nations, England would never have survived the Elizabethan era, which was bawdy in the extreme; instead, the reign of Queen Elizabeth ushered in England's greatest period of vitality and growth—the era of Shakespeare and Bacon, Christopher Marlowe and Sir Isaac Newton.

There is, in fact, a remarkable correlation between the more sexually permissive periods of Western civilization and those noted for the greatest social, cultural and scientific progress—including the pre-Christian societies of Greece and Rome, the Renaissance, the Elizabethan era and the Restoration; there is a similar correlation between periods of sexual suppression and the most backward, culturally barren, superstitious, antiscientific, anti-intellectual, religiously and politically authoritarian times—including the aptly titled Dark Ages, medieval Europe, with the witchcraft trials and the Inquisition, the Counter Reformation, Puritan England and the Victorian era. The whole history of Western civilization supports a conclusion just the opposite of yours: With an American Renaissance we would expect to find exactly the sort of more permissive sex morality that is now evolving from the sexual revolution.

ORDERLY SEX LAWS

No matter what we say about the present-day rape and carnal-knowledge statutes, they are better than they once were in England. Rape was a common-law felony that was originally a capital offense, which in medieval England (as late as 1650) meant beheading and/or hanging, drawing and quartering. During one period the usual punishment

was castration, often coupled with blinding. Compared to the punishments meted out in Starr Chamber, anything that was done by the Spanish Inquisition was a light exercise in judicial restraint.

Remember that the laws that you cry out against have evolved since the Norman Conquest and before. Similar laws have been found in the early code of Justinian. *Las Siete Partidas* (circa 1256), and *Lex Romana Visigothorum* (circa 506).

No matter what you say, our laws are designed for an orderly society. They are designed to protect the greatest possible number without interfering with the freedom of the majority.

Richard L. Haeussler
Dallas, Texas

To argue that contemporary U.S. sex laws are an improvement over their medieval equivalents is surely to damn them with faint praise, for in no other area of Anglo-American jurisprudence are the prejudices and superstitions of the Middle Ages still so prevalent. As you point out, rape was a capital offense under early English common law; what you fail to mention, however, is that rape can still mean the death penalty right here in America, in 15 states and the District of Columbia, with a maximum sentence of life imprisonment in 16 more. And the contemporary penalties for "statutory rape"—where the female participates in a sexual act willingly, but she is under the state-prescribed age of consent—are similarly severe: 15 state statutes establish a maximum sentence of life, and 15 others, death.

Society needs suitable legislation covering rape and statutory rape, as a protection against unwelcome acts of sexual aggression and to supply a special safeguard for children; but the severity of the penalty ought to be related to the seriousness of the offense—and these savage statutes are obviously based on the belief that chastity is as precious as life itself.

Most other U.S. sex laws make even less sense and serve little or no purpose in our pluralistic, secular society. These laws represent nothing more than an attempt to enforce a single concept of religious sex morality upon an otherwise free people through governmental edict; and, as such, these statutes are incompatible with the Constitution and the most basic principles of American democracy.

SEXUAL TOLERANCE

I enjoy reading *The Playboy Philosophy* and agree with most of it. There is, however, one point that has lately confused me. You state in *The Playboy Advisor* of the April 1965 issue that your "broad views on sexual matters do not include the advocacy of homosexuality."

Yet you do advocate, or at least take a neutral corner concerning, other so-called sexual perversions. Could you please explain why your attitude toward homosexuality differs from, let's say, masturbation. That is, what is your basis of approving of, or disapproving of, any sexual act?

William B. Russell
Kent, Ohio

There is a great deal of difference between advocating something and "taking a neutral corner" on it. We advocate freedom of the individual, and we feel that any sex act between consenting adults is no one else's business.

RELIGIOUS LEADERSHIP

I have been a special instructor, for eight years, of a ministerial psychiatric orientation course for a graduate school of theology. I have also been medical director of a large mental hospital for the past nine years.

I think the Organization for the Advancement of Psychiatry has presented the best code available for our dilemma. In a document called *The Social Criteria*, they proposed recommendations that any sexual activity that presents no immediate harm to society should not then be the concern of society. For example: They felt rape was certainly society's responsibility, but they felt homosexuality between adults, with consent, was none of society's business. Thus, each individual decides what is normal for him, and only when this behavior adversely and directly involves society does it become wrong and only then does society establish a penalty. *The Playboy Philosophy*, in the main, appears to be based on this criterion, as is my philosophy.

PLAYBOY appears to be attracting a following of intellectuals of adequate magnitude to shake the very foundations of outdated theological moral codes. The theologians must be pressured out of their lethargy in this explosive period of history. They cannot continue to ignore the needs of the individual on the basis of their own need to dominate and control through man-made moral codes which make sinners of us all. More and more people in our affluent society are making their own moral judgments. Theology is desperately lacking in realistic moral leadership. No theologian, to my knowledge, has yet emerged from the ranks to fulfill this role of moral leadership. Perhaps an indirect effect of *The Playboy Philosophy* movement will be to inspire the rise of a theologian who will help solve this religious dilemma in our new affluent culture. Outstanding leaders are usually produced when pressure becomes great.

Since Hefner and the editors of PLAYBOY have now declared open conflict

with hallowed religious concepts, you will also be required to share an ever-increasing responsibility for your actions. More and more burdens will be shifted onto your shoulders. Direct responsibility in the moral and ethical domains will become your lot, not your indirect responsibility as in the past. Let us hope you are capable of meeting this new role of leadership with maturity.

In the most important statement of the round table, Hefner implied, but the others ignored, the importance of basic knowledge. Scientific facts of sex are known. Their application creates our conflicts. Man's only hope of enlightened salvation is in the expression of these facts within an acceptable framework of realistic moral codes. Man and society will both benefit when this philosophy becomes a reality. Then, and only then, will man and woman's sexual personality be developed, as is their vocational personality and their social personality.

I sincerely hope, as you go forward, that your goals will be constructive and you will show basic responsibility to your philosophy. If so, your personal prestige and economic gains will come in greater abundance—yes, even exceed your wildest dreams. I wish you well in your new role as a moral benefactor.

George W. Jacoby, M.D.
Wooster, Ohio

SEX AND THE CHURCH

As a clergyman, I would like to make a few predictions which I feel represent both the possible future attitude of the Church toward sexual morals, and the desirable future attitudes. Naturally, I'll ask that you not publish my name or location, as the Church's present attitude is not quite receptive to these ideas: in short, I'd be in trouble up to my clerical collar.

I feel that, as Mr. Hefner has adequately demonstrated in *The Playboy Philosophy*, the churches are laboring today under a seriously antiquated code of sexual morals; not only antiquated, in fact, but unrealistic—from a psychological and physical point of view—and untheological from a scriptural point of view.

As the Church discovers that St. Paul could conceivably bear revision with regard to his moral teaching (as opposed to his theological teaching), it will continue to drift to a more defensible position with regard to sexual morals. I think we will hear the Church beginning to admit that there are various approaches to sex, all of them proper, all of them different, and each calling for a moral interpretation of its own. Marriage will be seen, not as a legal instrumentation allowing sexual activity to begin, but as a seal upon a sexual relationship. Marriage will continue to be

regarded as inviolable because of the theological significance it bears for the Christian, as a physical sign in the flesh of Christ's union with his Church. Marriage will be regarded as necessary where children are concerned, for the child needs, and deserves, a home which is stable and is cemented by marriage. Adultery will always have the same significance for the Church that it has now: the significance of sin against the holiness of God, and the significance of sin against one's fellow man. Marriage will, in short, be regarded for what it is.

Sex will also be regarded for what it is—an activity given by God for the propagation of the human race. As such it is for marriage relationships alone. It is also, however, an expression of physical and emotional need, which can and should be engaged in where the need to demonstrate affection and emotion are clearly felt and understood.

Premarital sex was outlawed by Scripture, and by the Church until the present day, because there was always the possibility of premarital pregnancy, of children being born unwanted and rejected. The development of adequate contraceptives has made it possible for careful persons to eliminate that danger, and thus has removed the moral obligation upon unmarried persons to refrain from sexual intercourse.

Premarital sex was also outlawed by Scripture because it was too characteristic of the pagan religions which surrounded the birth and growth of Christianity, and had connotations for most people of pagan ritual worship. Obviously, that threat no longer exists. Our modern pagan religions, at least the ones that threaten Christianity, are more "Christian" than Christianity as far as sex is concerned. Mohammedanism certainly does not regard sex as free, and communism, the other main religion threatening Christianity, takes a totally amoral view of sex, as a necessary and preferably state-controlled function.

The Church can afford to take a new view of sexual morals. She can teach freely what the real significance of marriage is, releasing it from the primarily sexual significance it necessarily has in a sex-taboo system. She can likewise teach the truth about sex, and can guard and guide youth in their sexual development. With this proper understanding of sex, marriages will be entered into more seriously (since the urge to get married for the sake of sexual freedom will be eliminated), and the divorce rate will drop precipitously. Marriage will regain its sanctity and sex will regain its full significance.

It's coming. Slowly, true, but one can see even now the movement of re-evaluation in the Church. It will be a happy day when it comes! I trust that, should you publish this letter, you will grant me both nominal and geographical anonym-

ity for the time being. Perhaps some day in the future, I can write to you again and sign my name as a pastor in a Church that has grown up morally.

(Lutheran pastor's
name and address
withheld by request)

VERBAL HOMICIDE

What a bore this long-winded discussion! The only real threat to pleasurable sex is that it may well be talked to death.

R. W. Brownlie, Pastor
The First Congregational Parish
Petersham, Massachusetts

INTELLECTUAL TREASON

Theology has created the guilt, fear and shame attached to sex. To wipe out these emotions would wipe out the hold religion has on human beings. This is all that the theologians fear in Hefner. They will not accept a guilt or shame that is rightfully theirs.

Morality and ethics have been carelessly abandoned to the religious, putting morals and ethics in the most irrational hands in sight. Those who profess a belief in the unknown, the unreal, the hallucinatory, are laying down the rules for the known, the real, the things we can participate in only while conscious, awake and in complete charge of our faculties. Stupid, isn't it?

Morality and ethics belong in the hands of the intellectuals: the scientist (the known); the producer (the real); the thinker (the nonhallucinatory). Our intellectuals have performed an act of mental treason by relinquishing areas in which they are best equipped to act. As a producer and a thinker, it is most important that Hefner does not join them.

The sex drive is as natural to human beings as other physical functions. We lost our way when we divorced sex from these other natural functions. We do not eat, drink or work indiscriminately or without purpose. Those who do so pay the price in health of mind and body. Our sexuality should be used in the same direct manner, making use of discrimination and purpose. Any man who refers to sex as evil or vice deserves to consider for himself the dirty results. He propagates the impure connotations of the word to justify his own existence. Ayn Rand has said it all, and much too well to be ignored so purposefully by so many. To quote from a *Playboy Interview* with Miss Rand: "Promiscuity is wrong; not because sex is evil, but because it is too good."

Catherine Fleming
Las Vegas, Nevada

UNHOLY ALLIANCE

Sexual mores have not always been formulated by religious institutions or beliefs. More often, religion has simply

reflected the mores of the group, and has given these mores establishment and sacrament. Being aware of this, and, assuming that Hefner is also aware of it, I began to question why you seem to be trying to involve religious leaders in your "crusade." Finally I came to the conclusion that you had decided to gain the support of organized religion as the next logical step in promoting *The Playboy Philosophy*. Which prompts me to offer a word of caution. You may hamper the progress of a real sexual revolution by a too-ready alliance with religion, for, surely, this revolution should not be hampered by compromise.

If, however, you are seeking to influence and liberalize religious attitudes toward sex, I applaud you. Much of American religion needs a new viewpoint; and the liberal clergy can use your support in their efforts to relate religion more closely to life as it really is.

William P. Horton
Marlboro, Massachusetts

Hefner isn't intentionally trying to involve religious leaders, or anyone else, in any kind of crusade. He is simply calling the shots as he sees them, in "The Playboy Philosophy," in the hope that he can contribute something worth while to the social and sexual revolution now taking place in America. The revolution is having its effect on both the secular and religious sides of society and we welcome the increasing number of clergymen who are writing their opinions to "The Playboy Forum."

NETWORK CENSORSHIP

Being a devoted supporter of civil liberties, I recently dashed off a letter to the National Broadcasting Company, protesting their policy of censoring late-night network programs. As you are well aware, NBC has become quite generous in their use of the scissors on certain sound tracks. The network appears to know exactly what is and what is not proper for the multitude to absorb. They are plucking out words such as "God," "hell" or "damn" from the audio portion of the *Tonight* and *Jack Paar* shows. This is a very odd practice when you consider that even an eight-year-old child can interpolate the missing word. Consequently, this petty censorship serves only to disrupt the performance and boil the blood of the viewer.

Surprisingly, I received the following reply, a well-written exercise in how to apologize in a vague and sincere manner without budging an inch:

Dear Mr. Ziperstein:

We are well aware of the fact that "hells" and "damns" are not in themselves profane. As a matter of fact, our careful investigation in this area some years ago persuaded
(continued on page 121)



Playboy Club News



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SPECIAL EDITION

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JULY 1965

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Boston's Playboy premieres this fall at 54 Park Square just opposite historical Boston Common. San Francisco's \$1,500,000 Playboy Club debuts later this fall at 736 Montgomery Street, in the heart of the city's fun center. For details about Boston and San Francisco, see separate story on this page.

By ordering your key today, you take advantage of the \$25 Charter Rate that applies in new Club areas before the \$50 Resident Key Fee goes into effect. Once a Playboy Club opens, it has been the practice to raise the key fee to \$50 (over 10,000 residents of Chicago, Florida and Arizona have paid the \$50 fee).

In every Playboy Club beautiful Bunnies greet you and direct you through the Playboy world, a world of entertainment tailored to your liking. When you present your personal silver key to the Door Bunny (she may be a Playmate of the Month from the gatefold of PLAYBOY), your name plate will be posted

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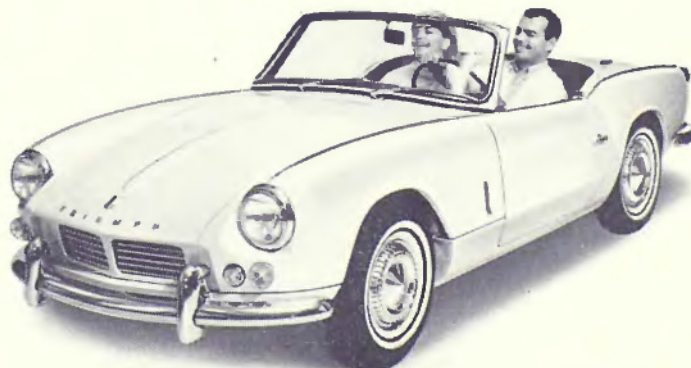
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Triumph Spitfire Mk 2

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: MARCELLO MASTROIANNI

a candid conversation with Italy's urbane star of international cinema

For 35 of his 40 years, Marcello Mastroianni was a name virtually unknown (and certainly unpronounced) outside of Italy, where he had earned something of a reputation as a promising actor on the Roman stage, and as a competent, if unsensational, second lead in third-rate Italian movies. Then, in 1960, film maker Federico Fellini decided that Mastroianni's rather dissipated good looks and worldly ways would be perfect for the part of a sensitive but weak-willed Roman journalist who ends up a member of the decadent café society he sets out to sensationalize in print. Fellini was right. The picture was *"La Dolce Vita,"* and it made Mastroianni, in his 45th film, a major matinee idol almost overnight.

Though still tongue-twistingly cleft (Mar-chello Mah-stro-yah-nee), he has since gone onward and upward, in a succession of versatile variations on the laconic-Latin-lover role, to become one of international filmdom's reigning male sex symbols, and to set a singular new style in movie stars—the nonheroic hero, a kind of modern intellectual Everyman. Consummately portraying such tortured contemporary types as a world-weary author (in *"La Notte"*), a cuckolded husband (in *"Divorce—Italian Style"*) and a cynical, soul-searching movie director (in *"8½"*), he has come to epitomize for many "the plight of modern man himself," in the words of one critic, "loveless, faithless, rudderless, spiritually

anesthetized and immobilized, whirled along in the swift and shifting crosscurrents and powerless to influence or arrest the order of events; incapable either of disciplining his desires or of satisfying his needs, let alone those of his fellow man." Despite—or perhaps because of—his ambivalent image of inward impotence and predatory potency, Mastroianni exudes a charismatic magnetism that seems to bring out the maternal, as well as the mating, instinct in a vast international following of female fans who see him as both son and lover; both as a helpless, all-too-human little boy and as a suave, self-assured man of the world.

Not surprisingly, in view of the remarkable verisimilitude with which he manages to invest his movie roles, the resemblance between the real-life Mastroianni and his reel-life counterpart is far more than skin-deep. It was in the hope of illuminating both that we called on the actor at his home in Rome with our request for an exclusive interview. Having heard that he is far from fond of being buttonholed by journalists, we were prepared for the unconcealed disinclination he displayed at first. "Why should your readers care what Mastroianni thinks?" he asked. We assured him that they would; but he was still evasive and noncommittal. After a few more days of telephonic pursuit, however, he finally consented to see us on the set of his new picture, *"Casanova 70"* (in which he plays a latter-day Lothario

afflicted with impotence which he can overcome only by staging his seductions where there's an imminent danger of discovery).

We began our conversations on the spot, speaking in Italian. After an hour, we were just getting warmed up, so our talks continued on and off for the next week—on the set; in his downtown apartment, where we met his wife of 15 years and their teenage daughter; at his lavish new home, still under construction, on the outskirts of the city, where we sat on the lawn amid a clutter of statuary and antique mosaics which he couldn't decide where to put; and on a meandering stroll down the cobbled side streets of old Rome, with periodic stop-offs for espresso, and a plate of pasta at the Cafe Rosati, a venerable artists' and writers' hangout on the Piazza del Popolo.

We found him to be a fascinating subject: urbane, ironic, articulate, introspective, insightful, outwardly serene but charged with a banked intensity, seemingly suffused with ennui yet somehow still boyishly disarming. Like the characters he so often plays, he is a complex, enigmatic and paradoxical man.

PLAYBOY: For four years you've been considered the biggest and best male star in Europe, and a major box-office attraction around the world. How do you account for your change of fortune, after more than a decade in minor roles?



"I like to have a woman hang on, but not to suffocate me. She needs some kind of occupation, and it's right for her to be on man's level. My logic admits this, but my instincts tell me to watch out."



"I am looking for myself in my roles. There is this synthesis between the roles and the real me, as if I'm trying myself out in them. Who knows which is more authentic? Each one seems so at the time."



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MASTROIANNI: I was lucky enough to get a film that had a meaning to me personally—Fellini's *La Dolce Vita*. The public also liked it, which naturally pleased me. But I was concerned first with myself. I looked in the mirror one morning and said: "You have only so many good years left. From now on out, you do only parts that involve you personally, that have meaning in your life and the lives of the people around you." Since then it's been a boom.

PLAYBOY: When you speak of personal involvement in your parts, do you mean that they're autobiographical in a sense, that you're actually like the characters you played in *La Dolce Vita* and *8½*?

MASTROIANNI: Yes. I did those two Fellini films not as an actor but as a man. I took part because I needed, as a man, to realize myself through them. They are the best mirror of my real self. It's not that I *play* myself, actually, but rather more that I am *looking* for myself in the roles. There is this synthesis between the roles and the real me—as if I'm trying myself out in them. Who knows which one is more authentic? Each one seems so at the time.

PLAYBOY: All the films you've made, in one way or another, are about weak men—psychologically, socially and often sexually impotent. Is that you?

MASTROIANNI: Yes and no. It's part of me; and I think it's part of many other men today. Modern man is not as virile as he used to be. Instead of making things happen, he waits for things to happen to him. He goes with the current. Something in our society has led him to stop fighting, to cease swimming upstream.

PLAYBOY: What is that something?

MASTROIANNI: Doubt, for one thing. Doubt about his place in society, his purpose in life. In my country, for example, I was brought up with the thought of man as the *padrone*, the pillar of the family. I wanted to be a loving, caring, protective man. But now I feel lost; the sensitive man everywhere feels lost. He is no longer *padrone*—either of his own world or of his women.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

MASTROIANNI: Because women are changing into men, and men are becoming women. At least, men are getting weaker all the time. But much of this is man's own fault. We shouted, "Women are equal to men; long live the Constitution!" But look what happened. The working woman emerged—angry, aggressive, uncertain of her femininity. And she multiplied—almost by herself. Matriarchy, in the home and in the factory and in business, has made women into sexless monsters and piled them up on psychiatric couches. Instead of finding themselves, they lost what they had. But some see this now and are trying to change

back. Women in England, for example, who were the first to raise the standard of equality, are today in retreat.

PLAYBOY: How about American women?

MASTROIANNI: They *should* retreat, but they don't. I've never seen so many unhappy, melancholy women. They have liberty—but they are desperate. Poor darlings, they're so hungry for romance that two little words in their ears are enough to crumble them before your eyes. American women are beautiful, but a little cold and too perfect—too well brought up, with the perfume and the hair always just so and the rose-colored skin. What perfection—and what a bore! Believe me, it makes you want to have a girl with a mustache, cross-eyes and runs in her stockings. I got to know a few of them when I was there, but I swear it was like knowing only one woman. Geraldine Page was the only exception—and an exciting one.

PLAYBOY: Are Italian women different?

MASTROIANNI: Thank God, yes.

PLAYBOY: In what way?

MASTROIANNI: Their smell, for one thing.

PLAYBOY: Their smell?

MASTROIANNI: Yes, their body fragrance. Now, I'm not playing my role as a lover here, but I believe I'd be able to tell an Italian woman from any other woman, even in the dark, just by her natural fragrance. It's a sort of homespun odor. I love it.

PLAYBOY: Apart from her fragrance, how is she different from American women?

MASTROIANNI: She's not afraid to be a woman—not yet, anyway. But what happened to women in America is beginning to take place in Italy, too, and I don't like it. I don't feel tenderness toward this new kind of women. I wouldn't even want to have children by them. I want women to have all the faults and weaknesses they always had. I adore them, but we must keep them in their place. It's presumptuous for a woman to show me she is a doctor of mathematics. Comptometers can do that. What's more subtle and difficult is to know how to make a man feel important.

PLAYBOY: You don't think women have the right to a career, to compete with men in the professional world?

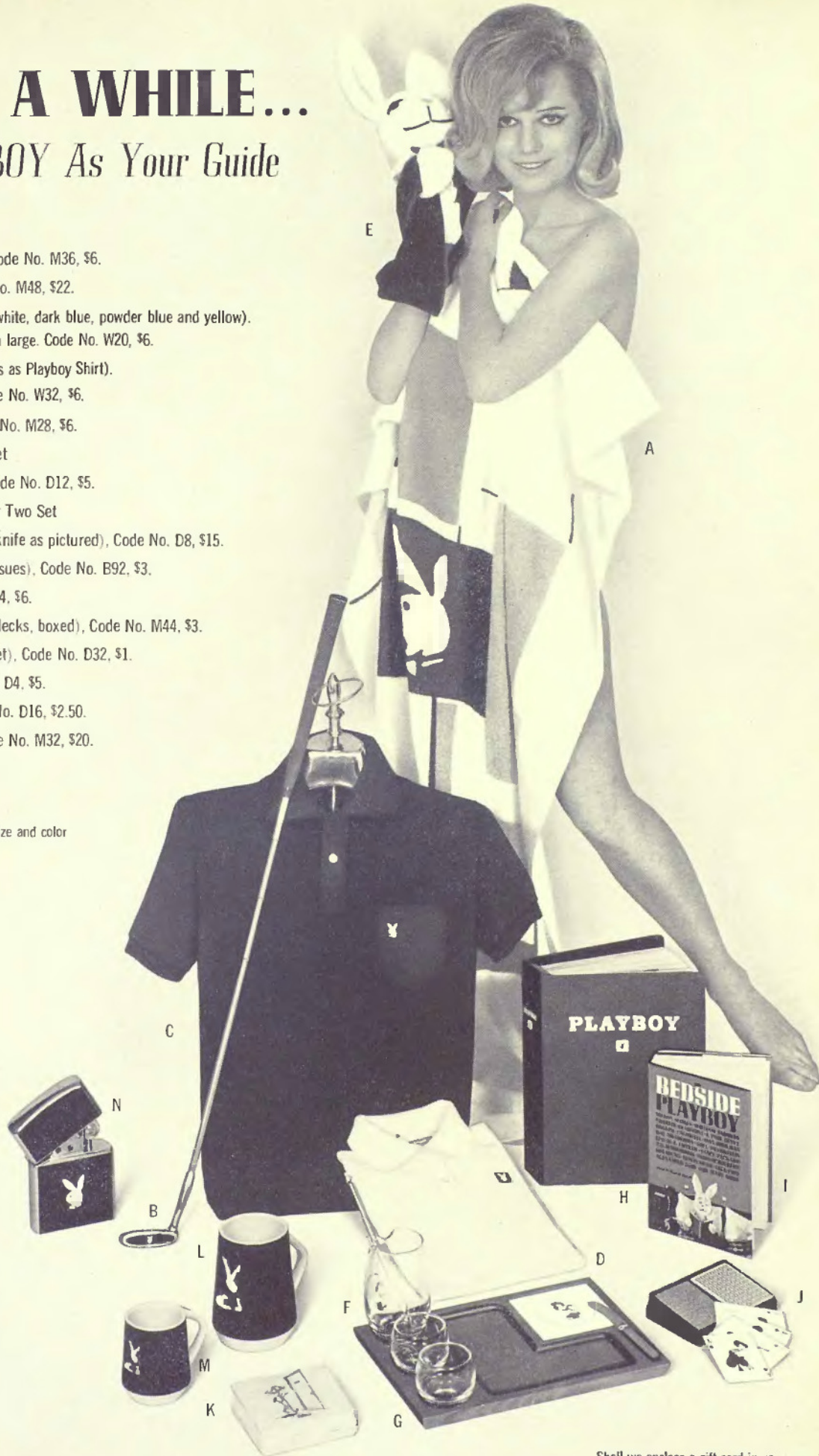
MASTROIANNI: Of course, they *must* evolve—but not away from being women. At the same time, I admit we have to do something with them besides give them babies. In Italy, women now have fewer children and do less housework than ever. This makes them bored and a terrible weight on men. Now, I like to have a woman hang on—but not to suffocate me. So today she needs some kind of occupation, and it's right for her to want to be on man's level. My logic admits this—but my instincts tell me to watch out. A man like myself fears this

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"contemporary woman." She is conquering something important, and her evolution is exciting. But man is conquering nothing; indeed, he's *losing* his power, his virility, even his intelligence.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying this is true of all men, or just Italian men—or perhaps only yourself?

MASTROIANNI: Well, so much depends on the emotional climate in which you were raised. You're American. I speak of myself and my own country—an old country. I remember my grandfather. He lived to be 90. I used to watch him and admire his authority. Where has all that gone? What's happened to that kind of man? Whatever it was that buried him, it took with it a whole era, a whole way of life. It left women doing some of the things he did; and this causes me deep anxiety. But perhaps this is an era in which we *all* feel lost—a period of transition where the only thing that keeps man going is habit. But here again, women have the advantage. They believe in love, and we men don't even believe in *that* anymore. Once men duelled over women, grand dukes fell at the feet of ballerinas and whole armies chased them. But when a man chases a woman today, we say: "What luck—he can still run." We seem to have forgotten that love can be a most extraordinary support for a man. A man in love is master of the world. Even though love costs him pain, it's a marvelous kind of suffering.

PLAYBOY: Does it have to cause suffering?

MASTROIANNI: Yes. And it almost always ends the same: with disenchantment. The exception is rare, rare.

PLAYBOY: Still, your friends say that you fall in love easily.

MASTROIANNI: That's true—but only on the level of fantasy. In my imagination, I work myself up to a fantastic and sublime passion for a woman. Then I go out with her. But since I've created such an extraordinary love in my mind—which isn't real and exists only within myself—I soon realize she isn't exceptional after all. Then I get tired and go looking for another one. You understand? I've always felt I lacked the capabilities of real, serious love. For me, it's always a game in which I *pretend* to love. And try to make it exceptional. Maybe one should love without imagining too much.

What's ironic is that the same thing works in reverse. Say a woman meets me and finds me attractive. She imagines me to be like my screen image—the great lover. But I'm not a lover type, not in the conventional sense, anyway. There's no erotic charge in me. In any case, I can't assure a woman that I'll be able to give her what she wants, because what she wants—whatever it is—isn't really me.

PLAYBOY: Has any woman ever really understood you?

MASTROIANNI: No, never. But as I was saying, just because you're a famous movie star, women think you must be a passionate and tireless lover—especially if you're Italian. The demands are terrible. Not even a superman could meet them. I wish women would like me in that context which most resembles me. I've always tried to do screen roles that weren't for studs or bulls. You've seen the films I've made: *Bell' Antonio*, *La Dolce Vita*, *8½*. None of the protagonists is a big lover who can take a woman in a room for a night and make endless love, wham-bam behind a door. I think the men in my films are much more normal, even though they possess—what?—a certain confusion. And I've always sought roles that weren't dominating over women; I'm just not that type.

PLAYBOY: Yet one critic has called you "the Clark Gable of the Sixties." Do you think the title fits?

MASTROIANNI: If anything, I'm the *anti*-Gable. He was the type of hero who was popular yesterday. Gable and others, like Gary Cooper, played strong, clean men, full of virtue and honesty. They were decisive and solid and knew where they were going. Or they lived in a world which *presumed* that a he-man always knew where he was going. But today we *don't* know where we're going. As I explained before, the system of virtues and morals used by our fathers just doesn't work anymore. It ceased working some time ago, but now we admit it openly. We admit our weakness, or at least our confusion. As Antonioni said, "Who's a hero under the atom bomb? Or who isn't one?" So in my roles I reveal that I am simply human; this confession of the human condition is the difference between myself and Gable. In this sense, I play myself. He played a myth—a myth that was credible yesterday but I think not today. If Gable were to begin again with the same image, I doubt he would become King Gable.

PLAYBOY: Alberto Moravia has compared you to Dino, the protagonist of his novel *The Empty Canvas*. He says you both epitomize "the neocapitalist hero, alienated from himself and his society." Do you feel this is true?

MASTROIANNI: In many ways, yes. But I don't think I'm any kind of hero, neocapitalist or otherwise. If anything, I am an *antihero* or at the most a *non-hero*. *Time* said I had the frightened, characteristically 20th Century look, with a spine made of plastic napkin rings. I accepted this—because modern man is that way; and being a product of my time and an artist, I can represent him. If humanity were all one piece, I would be considered a weakling.

I hate to keep bringing up my grandfather, but I can't help comparing myself to him. *He* was a hero to me in a

way. I try to be like him, but it's no use. I have a farm at Lucca, where the modern world has not yet changed the order of things. There I put on a velour jacket like they used to wear, and the servants say "Buon giorno, Padrone." I kid myself into thinking I'm the man my grandfather was. I put on the clothes and I play. I act at being a man. The illusion gives me a sense of belonging to the past—which is very much more real to me than the present.

PLAYBOY: Why?

MASTROIANNI: It gives me strength—or at least an illusion of strength. I go through certain periods in my life when I am nourished *mainly* by memories. During recent years I have felt an increasing desire to go backward, to plunge myself into my infancy. Every other day I go to see my mother, and sometimes I even sleep in her home. It's not just seeing my mother: It's a drive to return to the past, as though a man such as myself, dedicated to remembrance of dreams, could love only two things really well: his own mother and his children—the past and the future. The present is something you flee through as quickly as possible. So whatever images I cling to, I'm not a hero—on or off the screen. My type just happens to have come into fashion.

PLAYBOY: But the nonheroic hero is certainly nothing new in films, is he?

MASTROIANNI: Isn't he?

PLAYBOY: Wouldn't you call Charlie Chaplin a classic example of this type?

MASTROIANNI: No, because he wasn't a hero but a character comedian, even though he was a leading man. Charlot was the front runner of the *non*heroes, who have since become a common tribe. We follow, without any of his genius, and not always laughing. Today the public prefers the *non*comical *non*hero, just as they prefer the imperfect beauty of some of their new heroines—Jeanne Moreau, for example.

PLAYBOY: Do you find her kind of beauty attractive?

MASTROIANNI: Very much. Moreau is a fragile, desperate woman—but strong at the same time, because she's a real woman, all of her. She's stupendous also where it counts—jealous, demanding, indulgent. She lives and lets live, without confusing love and eternity. She's one of the few women I know who would be worth falling in love with. It doesn't matter if she doesn't have perfect beauty; she's beautiful all the same. Have you seen the bags under her eyes?

PLAYBOY: Like yours.

MASTROIANNI: Yes. Maybe there's an affinity between our two natures.

PLAYBOY: Do you find Sophia Loren equally attractive?

MASTROIANNI: No. She's also very much a woman, but she hasn't Jeanne's desperation. She has a femininity, a ma-

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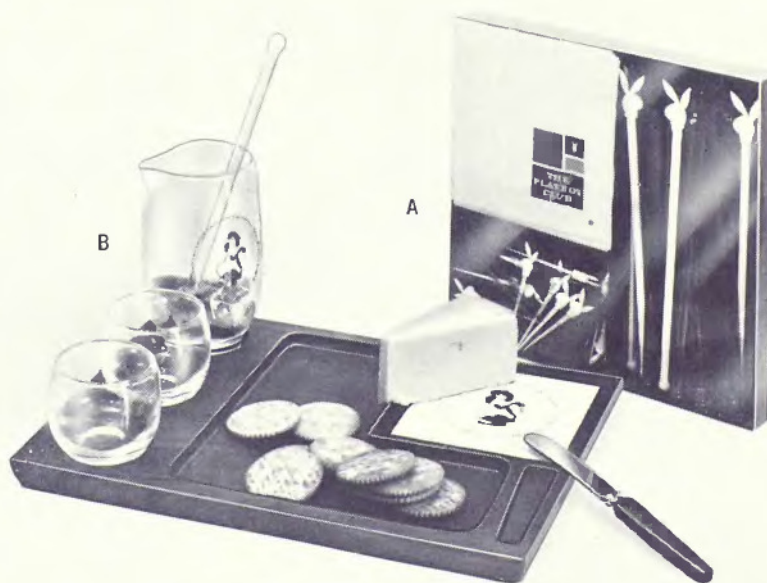


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ternal sense, that is ancient in woman but rare to find today. She has a force one can find in one's own mother, a moral strength that makes her fascinating. I'd say Sophia is a type of woman that in a short while will no longer exist, while Jeanne is of today. I feel attracted to both of them—but in different ways.

PLAYBOY: To Sophia as a mother image and to Jeanne as a lover?

MASTROIANNI: To Sophia as a friend. I've taken her to my mother's home many times. She's the only actress I've been tied to out of affection for more than ten years. In the movie world, that's quite a long time.

PLAYBOY: Are there any other actresses you admire?

MASTROIANNI: Greta Garbo. I met her on a recent trip to New York. She invited me to visit her in her apartment. I suppose she was curious about me. She is a very sympathetic and extraordinary woman. We talked through an interpreter. The only thing I understood directly was when she looked at my shoes and said: "Ah, Italian shoes—beautiful." I was very embarrassed, because they were English, not Italian. But to make her happy I said "Yes."

PLAYBOY: What else did you talk about?

MASTROIANNI: Our conversation was broken off by a harebrained American woman who said to Garbo, "I saw you in films. How beautiful you were in your epoch." This made Garbo so angry that she got up and left. She was right to do it. That woman should never have said that. If she didn't understand that much about Garbo, she was stupid. An hour later Garbo phoned me at a cocktail party to say she was sorry to have left that way, and that she liked meeting me. I understand her. She feels very alone, and all her life she's been afraid of people and crowds.

PLAYBOY: As one who's been mobbed more than once by female fans, do you feel that way yourself?

MASTROIANNI: Well, most of that is just publicity. I'm not actually assaulted by women, especially in Italy. There have been a few hysterical mobs, of course. But mobs generate their own hysteria, and it doesn't really have anything to do with the target of their frenzy.

PLAYBOY: You didn't say whether you like it or not.

MASTROIANNI: Of course I don't like it.

PLAYBOY: Isn't public recognition one of the reasons you became an actor?

MASTROIANNI: Not that kind of recognition. Not even applause, or the praise of my peers. No, I became an actor because it exalted me, even as a child. There is no joy quite so fulfilling, so exhilarating as the extraordinary emotion one feels when performing. It's equal to the thrill you get with a woman. Nothing else can compare with it. Normally—and I think most actors are

like this—I don't feel *complete* except when acting. After it's over, I'm incomplete again. Not working is terrible. But at the moment when they cry "Action!" everything you've thought about, everything you've tried to foresee, suddenly—in a flash—comes together like an electric spark. Zzzt! It's the act of creation, when all the elements are fused.

PLAYBOY: Would you call yourself an instinctive actor?

MASTROIANNI: I often say I am, because it amuses me; it's convenient to say it; otherwise people want to know what "system" you use, how you think, and your reasons. Since all that annoys the hell out of me, I say I'm "an instinctive actor." But I tell you as a friend, it's not so. It can't be so. I have to foresee, to plan everything, big and little.

PLAYBOY: Fellini has said that you have "a supercharge of animal heat" that invests your roles with life even before you speak. Wasn't he talking about your acting instinct?

MASTROIANNI: Sure. But what sort of animal does he mean? An actor isn't a trained horse that goes into its act, because a horse can't act. The personage must mature within you. But not by study. I don't study a damn thing. It's my subconscious that does the work. Once I've read the script, and once I've isolated the character—which I always seek to resemble me somewhat—it begins to grow within me during the day, no matter what I do—like a parasite. So little by little I assimilate it—or vice versa. It comes *through* the instinct, yes, because this is inevitable. But not through study. Take an example: If I have to play the part of a madman, I don't go to an insane asylum to study madmen. This doesn't accomplish anything; it will lead to a mere imitation. If your character in the script is written well and involved in real situations, the madness of the role will come out by itself. It will mature within you, animating your voice and your body of its own volition.

PLAYBOY: That sounds like the Method.

MASTROIANNI: I don't know anything about methods or systems or schools. But you must make sense of all the elements that motivate the mind of a character. You must select the best in order to better reach the public, calculating and using the effect. When I prepare for a scene, I reflect much on what I have to do. Much. I study the gestures and facial expressions, everything. This is a technical job, not instinctive, and it's something an actor must do. Similarly, a painter doesn't work by instinct alone; he calculates his colors before freeing himself into creative action. An artist, like an actor, must meditate deeply what he does—perhaps leaning more on instinct than on culture. That's the main point. I'm not a cultured actor. I'm more instinctive than cultured.

When the chucker goes "chock," I let myself go, and from there—bzzt!—I'm off. Then something unforeseen happens, some small thing that gives you the slightest shudder. Something new and unexpected occurs; it's that which gives you a sense of creation.

PLAYBOY: Do these unforeseen occurrences include taking liberties with the script?

MASTROIANNI: Well, I shouldn't say this, but I never study the lines I recite. I read the script two or three times, think about it a little, then I throw it away and can never find it again. Then, at the last minute, I say to the assistant director: "What's my line?" The exact words are not important; that's a mechanical element. I never say the exact dialog. Often I change the words. I like to abandon myself to the part; if the character has matured sufficiently within me, the words come out by themselves. So there's a kind of truth harnessed at the last moment, as it once was in the *commedia dell'arte*, when the actors improvised their lines on the stage.

PLAYBOY: You began your own career as a stage actor; but you haven't done a play in nine years. Why not?

MASTROIANNI: Lack of good plays. Where is the avant-garde theater in Italy? Osborne, Ionesco, Miller—always the same. Actually, Miller asked me to do *After the Fall*. When it didn't come off, I wasn't upset. I'd already played the role—and better, too—in *8½*.

PLAYBOY: You feel that Guido, the director in Fellini's *8½*, is the same role as Miller's *Quentin*—only better?

MASTROIANNI: Don't you think it has more humanity—that it's more universal? I do. Also, Guido says more about the loneliness of the intellectual, his incapacity to love and communicate with others, and the resultant aridity that's the terrible burden of our lives today.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel, then, that *8½* is a work superior to *After the Fall*?

MASTROIANNI: Much superior. Not only because of content, but also because it's in cinema. If you know what you're doing, if you have means and the talent, films can be invested with more humanity than theater. They can reach deeper into human beings.

PLAYBOY: But as a performer, don't you miss the applause of a live theater audience?

MASTROIANNI: No, why should I? Does a painter need immediate applause? Isn't eventual acclaim enough? Besides, after creating a role, you want to do something else—not the same thing night after night. An actor needs to renew himself. But I don't mean I'm antitheater. In fact, I am going to do a musical shortly in Rome, on the life of Rudolph Valentino.

PLAYBOY: Can you sing?

MASTROIANNI: I'm going to try—even

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though they say I'm tone deaf. What does it matter? I want to have some fun. Also, I like the prospect of finding new dimensions in the personality of Valentino. Let's see if there isn't more to him than the myth of the great lover. The success of a type like Valentino or Marilyn Monroe is inevitably dramatic, tragic, grotesque—because the private lives of these people are almost always impoverished. Imagine the effort it must have taken for Valentino to convince himself that he was really like his myth—or, even worse, *not* like his myth. I'm sure he made very little love. That makes you laugh? It makes me cry.

PLAYBOY: Will your portrayal of Valentino be as self-exploratory as the parts you've played on the screen?

MASTROIANNI: Perhaps. We'll have to wait and see.

PLAYBOY: Last year, in a dramatic change of pace after your many roles as the world-weary Latin lover, you turned in a remarkable performance as a bearded, bespectacled socialist labor leader in *The Organizer*. Did you see yourself in this part, too?

MASTROIANNI: Very much so. That film was particularly dear to me. It had a profound human message, and the role of the professor was beautiful.

PLAYBOY: Are you a socialist yourself?

MASTROIANNI: I'm the son of workers. What else could I be? I'll admit I'm a rose-water socialist—that is, I'm not active. I don't belong to the party and I avoid involvement, because it means compromise. So I stand in the window and watch. But I vote socialist, because in our affluent society it seems logical that all this largesse should be spread around a little more equitably.

PLAYBOY: Those are generous sentiments coming from someone who is said to earn \$300,000 per picture.

MASTROIANNI: *Madonna mia!* Is it that much?

PLAYBOY: Isn't it?

MASTROIANNI: If I told you, the tax collector would assume it was a lie and double it. It's terrible here. Nobody can be honest. They figure you're a liar from the start.

PLAYBOY: You're also said to have received many offers of \$500,000 a picture to work in Hollywood. Do you plan to accept any of them?

MASTROIANNI: Maybe. I can't decide.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

MASTROIANNI: The idea of working in Hollywood troubles me. Apart from the fact that I don't understand English very well, I just don't understand the people there. I don't understand why someone like Marlon Brando—who is a great actor—does films like *Mutiny on the Bounty*. And those Westerns! Why are Americans so obsessed with Westerns? Is it a problem for them? Why doesn't

Brando, who has a great talent, make films about the lives of people in New York, or Chicago, or St. Louis—and not about men on South Sea islands and those who live in the mythological world of the cowboy?

PLAYBOY: Are you against escapist entertainment?

MASTROIANNI: Of course not. People have always gone to movies for escape and relaxation. But they go especially if it also has a meaning for them, if it is rooted in their lives and touches on their own problems. Comedy can do this. Take Chaplin, for example, or *Divorce—Italian Style*. That was funny, but it dealt with a serious problem in Italy.

PLAYBOY: What are your own feelings about divorce, Italian style—the institution, not the movie?

MASTROIANNI: It doesn't exist. The Church originally prohibited divorce with the aim of making marriage important and beautiful. Yet this has had the opposite effect. Adultery is rife and no one takes the marriage contract seriously, because the element of *choice* has been precluded. Terrible things come from it. Intolerable marriages end up in second unions out of wedlock. Children born from these grow up nameless, filled with awful complexes about their illegitimacy.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about the Church's stand on birth control?

MASTROIANNI: It's ridiculous, obsolete. I cannot believe that those bishops, sitting in the Vatican Council, are not wise men. Surely they see the needs of the contemporary world. The rhythm method, which the Church accepts, simply doesn't work out. On the "right" days one may not feel like making love at all. Or if a wife tells her husband she's having a "forbidden" phase, he may take up with a tart for the night, which enrages and alienates his wife. It's the cause of countless separations.

PLAYBOY: Many movie marriages wind up on the rocks. Why has yours lasted?

MASTROIANNI: I've accepted my wife's defects and she's accepted mine. This is out of sufferance and I suppose because we're modern about it. It's useless to try and escape ourselves. Maybe we're not ideal together; but maybe we are. We're both full of defects, many defects. Maybe we weren't made to be together; but for this very reason it might be too easy *not* to stay together. So we say, "Let's stick it out all the same." It's a kind of game we want to make work.

PLAYBOY: Does your Catholicism have anything to do with why you remain married?

MASTROIANNI: No, I'm not a real Catholic, anyway—even though I *am* religious. Jesus Christ is an admirable example, but he's too remote from men of today to be a model. Or he's too much of one to be understood and followed. A man who dies for others is moving and

admirable, but how many followers can he have in a world filled with people who will hardly help you across the street, let alone die for you?

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about death? Are you afraid of it?

MASTROIANNI: The thought of it does bother me a bit.

PLAYBOY: Would you like to be immortal?

MASTROIANNI: Are you making an offer? If so, I'd like to remain eternally 35 or 36—mature, but still young and powerful, like a bull. The idea of growing old and feeble is extremely annoying. I'm also unsettled by the thought of shifting over to spirit form and floating about like that.

PLAYBOY: Spirit form? You believe in a life after death?

MASTROIANNI: Truthfully, no. If I did, life would be more noble, more interesting, because it would have an ultimate goal—that of continuing. If I were a profound Catholic and believed in the afterlife of the soul, I'd be a man of greater force and more clear-minded, because I'd have a precise purpose to prepare myself for. But since I fear everything will end with death, I say, "What do I care?" Of course, this leads to living in a negative manner, because the end, after all, is the end. Over and out.

PLAYBOY: You fear death; do you also fear life?

MASTROIANNI: I fear the decisions of life. Matters requiring solution frighten me, because I'm not able to do it. Proposals for work also frighten me. I've offers for films from everywhere—too many. I agree to them—but then I run off and hide. For example, I told you I was doing Rudolph Valentino for fun; and it's true. But there's another reason. By accepting this theatrical offer, I don't have to worry about the others. And so I have a modicum of peace for a small time. Especially from the Americans. When I get their fantastic offers, I think: "What are they saying? They're crazy. I'm not that important."

PLAYBOY: Still, if you could begin again, wouldn't it be as an actor?

MASTROIANNI: I'd be both an actor and an architect. I would do a film, then build a building, then a film—and so on. The Seagram's Building in New York took my breath away. I'd like to build one in Rome, a *palazzo* of glass and crystal that would also take people's breath away. Like a great sculpture. Not to make money, though. It would probably *lose* money. But it would be there for me to stand before it and say: "Look, there is something I did which I love and which will *last*—at least a little longer than myself."





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LOOK AWAY

*there was the southland's
magnolia and musk, mingled with his
poignant memories of flora—
and the acrid reek of hatred and death*

fiction By HOKE NORRIS

I WANT TO KNOW: Is there anywhere a land of goodness and beauty? Once I thought there was. The streets were lined with oaks. The houses were cool and shuttered. Men and women sat on porches telling stories. I picked blackberries on red ditchbanks and sold them to a Negro who made wine. I fished and hunted, in still waters, in still forests. The summers were long, the winters short. With a girl named Flora I swung in a swing with a long rope, and a quarter arc of an automobile tire for a seat. The rope ascended up and up to the oaken limb, and I giggled when her dress billowed and I saw her thighs. The flesh was sweet and warm, in warm sunlight. We stood outside the Negro church and listened to the singing. We thought we knew them. They were loving, primitive and joyful, and they cooked for our mothers, cleaned our houses and dug our ditches, and at night went away. In the moonlight their skin shone like the leaves of magnolia. They sat on their porches at night, in a dark city, dark and silent. We sat on our porches, listening to grandfathers. We heard the crickets singing, and far away in the mist at the pond the croaking of frogs. We slept, we ate, we sang, we played, we loved, and went away.

Sometimes we come back, and want to know.

Flora and I went away, to the university. She was one of those beauties with olive skin, black hair and blue eyes, and a long, square-shouldered body. When we made love she gasped and sobbed and closed her eyes and they filled with tears, and her face was raw and naked, drawn, wild, troubled and profoundly sad, and then faintly lighted with tenderness and sleep. I would never forget. But (as I learned later) there was another man, Ian Macdonald, whose father was a banker and a planter. They didn't marry just then. We all went away again.

Ian went to Harvard. I went to New York, and worked for a magazine. Flora went to New York, too. New York is a small town. You can't hide there, any





more than you could in our village. Flora and I came upon each other again in the lobby at the Algonquin, after the theater, drinking highballs. She told me she was a model. She was a long-necked New York Modigliani in a fashion ad, with her hip out of joint. They made her gaunt and sunken-eyed. For six months we slept together, in my place on 11th Avenue. We argued only about the Negroes who came to my parties. Flora would leave as soon as a Negro arrived. It wasn't important. So I thought. She vanished, without farewell, on a summer day, and in the fall she married Ian Macdonald.

Two years later I returned to the university for a few days. My Southern accent gentled the way for me, until I took out press card, pencil and note pad. Then the eye chilled and narrowed, and the mouth closed to a stony bloodless line. The mob attacked cars, photographers, the marshals and the Army of the United States of America. The state and local cops grinned, and withdrew. They would help no nigger get in that door. I went away saddened and sickened, but not persuaded: This was crisis, conflict; most unusual. My home was gentle, my people tender. The violent ones were strangers agitated, for the moment, by strange doctrines. They and the crisis would go away.

Last summer I went back again, wondering and fearful, yet excited, in a nostalgic sort of way, and hoping. I wanted assurance; I wanted to listen again to the voices of grandfathers on the evening porches. I still was very young.

At the motel, on the first evening, I ran into a reporter I had first met during the unpleasantness at the university, nearly two years before. We had dinner together. He had been in Mississippi for a week. "Obey all the laws," he told me. "These cops down here will arrest you for anything—for nothing. Don't drive a car with an out-of-state license plate. Don't even approach the speed limit. Stop at all stop signs. Don't cross the yellow line. Don't shack up with a woman. She may be part of a frame. Don't dress conspicuously. These kids coming down here are just begging for trouble. Sandals, sneakers, beards—my God! Some of 'em are going to get hurt, or killed. Don't say anything in public or on the telephone. All the telephones you'll use are tapped. Don't travel alone. Don't travel at night. Don't trust anybody. There're some splendid people down here, but they can't do a damn thing to help you. You're absolutely alone, in

one sense, in the most fundamental sense, but remember: Always have a friend with you."

I thanked him, and went for a ride, alone, in my rented Oldsmobile. I never had liked being one of the pack, picking each other's brains; I would be no headquarters reporter; surely, day and night, alone or not, I would be safe. This was my home. I drove the dark streets. I had never remembered them as dark. I moved slowly, looking for the porches. They were dark. Lonesome lighted signs welcomed me to the Baptist church, the Kiwanis Club and the hotels. In the Negro section the darkness closed down and the silence was the silence of deep space. On the porches before the dark shacks I saw a white shirt, the flare of a match, and a dark, still presence. The streets were rutted and gritty. At a corner I slowed and stopped, and looked about me. I just hadn't remembered the place as so dark. I remembered it as light, and red, blue and green. A car stopped behind me. I drove on. It followed. I saw a sign, QUIET—SICK ZONE, and laughed, but not much. The following car was patient—50 feet back, slowing and turning and speeding as I did. At the motel, when I parked, it stopped its patient, respectful 50 feet away, and two white faces gazed at me, slack-lipped and flat-eyed but without expression except, perhaps, for slow-witted speculation and assessment. If they were my shadows, they were harmless. I forgot them. In my room I turned on the television set in time to see an announcer read the news. The news was that nearly 200 college students—Negro and white—were arriving this weekend. They would make a revolution, if they could.

I was here to write a story about them. The next morning my reporter friend told me that one of them had been arrested, possibly for driving 30 miles an hour in a 40-mile zone. I went to the courthouse. It was a Georgian brick building, with the customary Greek facade—fluted columns and Doric capitals—and on the roof a Romanesque cupola, and its tiny replica perched upon it. The grass of the lawn was sparse, brittle and faded, and the red earth baked and cracked. At the edge of the square stood a sign, in the form of a coat of arms, proclaiming the American Legion's Back to God Movement. It listed a dozen or so churches, from Southern Baptist to Roman Catholic, and admonished, GO TO THE CHURCH OF YOUR CHOICE, BUT GO! Our Southern people are very religious. I was right at home.

In the dim, cool corridor of the courthouse I found the deputy who had arrested the alien student. He was a short, hard, deeply browned young man wearing a revolver on his hip, and on his head a straw hat, after the fashion of the place, with its wide brim curved sharply up over his ears, like the wings of a

plunging hawk. His name was Fon Crane. I identified myself.

He looked me over, up and down, with black eyes in a mahogany face. "A writer? By God, you'd better be."

"You want to see my press card?"

Crane took it with slow, sullen fingers, brought out a small black notebook and with labor and squinting, copied my name in it. His slow, sullen fingers straightened, barely holding out the card, forcing me to reach arm's length for it. He waited, his eyes slanted at me. I asked him about the arrest.

"How come you know about it so quick?"

"Another reporter told me about it."

"And how'd he know so quick?"

"They told him at Freedom House."

"You livin' with um, ain't you?"

"For God's sake," I took a deep breath and wrestled with my anger. "I wouldn't be here if I were living with um."

"I can't tell you a thing," Crane said, wheeling and striding away like a cowboy in an old movie.

"Who can?"

"Nobody can," he shouted, without turning. "Nobody in God's world."

I heard another voice, and turned. I was being addressed by a planter type, a man as well fed and pudgy and ruddy as a boar ready for butchering. He was tall and neat, and he wore a straw hat like the deputy's. Behind him I saw a small group of overalled men slouched in the dimness of the corridor. They seemed hazed, as if they stood in fog. I listened to the planter type, hearing but not understanding, for the moment.

"Do you live here? Did we send for you? Well, we do live here, and we didn't send for you, and we'd appreciate it if you'd get out of town."

There was a sort of Biblical rhythm in his address; it was nicely turned and balanced. And perhaps I should have appreciated also the fine irony of his phrasing: the Southern grace of "we'd appreciate it" and the primitive brutishness of "get out of town." But in that time and place—high noon in a Southern courthouse—I saw only the naked loathing of a loathsome man. Behind him his audience stirred, like fish in the stained waters of a swamp. He spread his legs and put his hands on his hips. I was incapable of speech. I walked out into the sunlight.

GO TO THE CHURCH OF YOUR CHOICE, BUT GO!

Numbed, delaying the time of accounting as long as I could, I found myself paraphrasing an old Bill Broonzy lament: Go to the church of your choice, if you're white you're all right, if you're brown stick around, if you're black get back, get back, get back . . . I hummed the old half-remembered cry, remembering the old half-remembered voice, and walked to my car. The steering wheel

was so hot it burned my fingertips, and my bare arm smarted from a touch of the door. I turned on the engine and waited for the air conditioning to cool the air about me. I trembled and sickened, in fear and rage. But I'm a Southerner, too, I whispered; this is my home, too. The men had moved from the corridor to the porch of the courthouse. They stood between two fluted columns, slack and still, squinting in my direction—a Southern frieze. The planter type stood at their center, a tall man in a white, short-sleeved shirt and khaki pants, his straw hat the peak of the pediment. His lips stirred in speech. I cursed him, and turned away. Men and women—white and black—moved slowly, with a certain tropical dignity, through the scorched air. Rexall. Piggly Wiggly. Penney's. Dixie Café. Marlon Brando in *Mutiny on the Bounty*. Confederate flags. Window stickers: SUPPORT YOUR CITIZENS' COUNCIL, in red, white and blue.

I could make no assessment, not yet.

And yet, unmistakably, as I drove around the square, I felt followed. The skin of my back crawled upon its frame, and the hairs at my neck stiffened and itched. I was exposed, naked, alone, open not only to a bullet but to the obscenity of surveillance. In my mirror I saw an old Chevrolet sedan approach close to my rear bumper. I cursed. But it turned into an alley. The street behind me was empty, for a moment; then an old black Ford sedan buzzed up like a fly landing on a mirror. I drove slowly, watching its reflection. A driver and another man. In the movies the passenger was always said to be riding shotgun. Oaks, maples and magnolias flowed forward and away in the glass, but the Ford stuck, steadfast, patient and roaring. The two faces behind me were shadowed beneath the brims of straw hats like Deputy Crane's. They were darkened and vulpine. But just as the skin and hair crawled and itched again, they turned out of my mirror and vanished.

And now came, creeping up on me, a Buick station wagon, long, elegant and new. A white woman was driving; in the seat behind her there was a Negro woman, after the local fashion: In Mississippi black and white do not integrate the seat of a car. The Buick passed me, and the driver stared, and waved. I did not recognize her, but in her face I found a sharp and arresting familiarity—an acute stirring of the past, now alien and out of context. Her mouth opened in some unheard greeting, or exhortation, or excoriation, and I cursed again. Even their women taunted and threatened the stranger. The Buick hurried on and, after a hundred yards, slowed suddenly, pulled to the side of the street and stopped with a swinging and a swaying. The driver's door was flung open and

(continued on page 130)



"They were right. What I needed was a good psychiatrist."



Above: Down beside the sea side our guy wears a Dacron and cotton zip-front surf jacket, by Silton, \$13, with navy Vycron and cotton shorts, by Doy's Sportswear, \$7. In the middle: A beaming water nymphet sports with a bright fellow in patchwork cotton modros surf trunks, by Laguna, \$7. Top right: A Californio party hoppily goes on the rocks: from left to right, the men are in ploid denim trunks, by Cotelina, \$7; stretch denim surf trunks with wax pocket, by Jontzen, \$7; and cotton twill lifeguard suit, by Bolboo Originals, \$9. Bottom right: A spelunking session begins with the explorer on the left in nylon surf jacket, by Silton, \$11. The chop up front wears hooded surf jacket of unlined nylon, \$10, with matching double nylon surf trunks, \$5, both by Pebble Beach.

THE WEST COAST WAY

refreshing as a pacific breeze,
the latest in california casuls

attire By ROBERT L. GREEN



WHEN THE PACK at Laguna shoulders its surfboards out into the Pacific, it looks like anything but a fashion leader. But the fact is that, in leading the way in casual menswear, the coves and beaches of California have beaten the Eastern seaboard at its own designing game: When 200,000 surfers go down to the sea in style, they start a sartorial tidal wave that will make news from Balboa to Baltimore. The rakish aspects of California attire are apparent not only in beachwear, but throughout the entire sports wardrobe. By glomming the trail-blazing California styles pictured here, you can get a good look at the future of sportswear.

Geared to a world of beach frolics and top-down convertibles, the imaginative designers on the West Coast have put the emphasis on light, bright colors and created an entire wardrobe of "easy" clothes—easy to look at, easy to get into, easy to wear and, when the time calls for it, easy to shuck. The young Californian hops into his car and heads for the ocean like a lemming whenever he gets the chance. He wants



PHOTOGRAPHY BY PETE TURNER

Top: For after-swimming relaxation the guy lounges in Roman-candle-striped Dacron and cotton seersucker hooded parka with zip front, \$15, over Dacron and cotton shorts, \$9, both by Martin of California. Above: For cocktails our mon sports a striped Arnel and rayon denim one-button sports jockey, \$40, with complementing blue slacks, \$15, both by Rotner, and striped silk tie, by Don Loper, \$5.

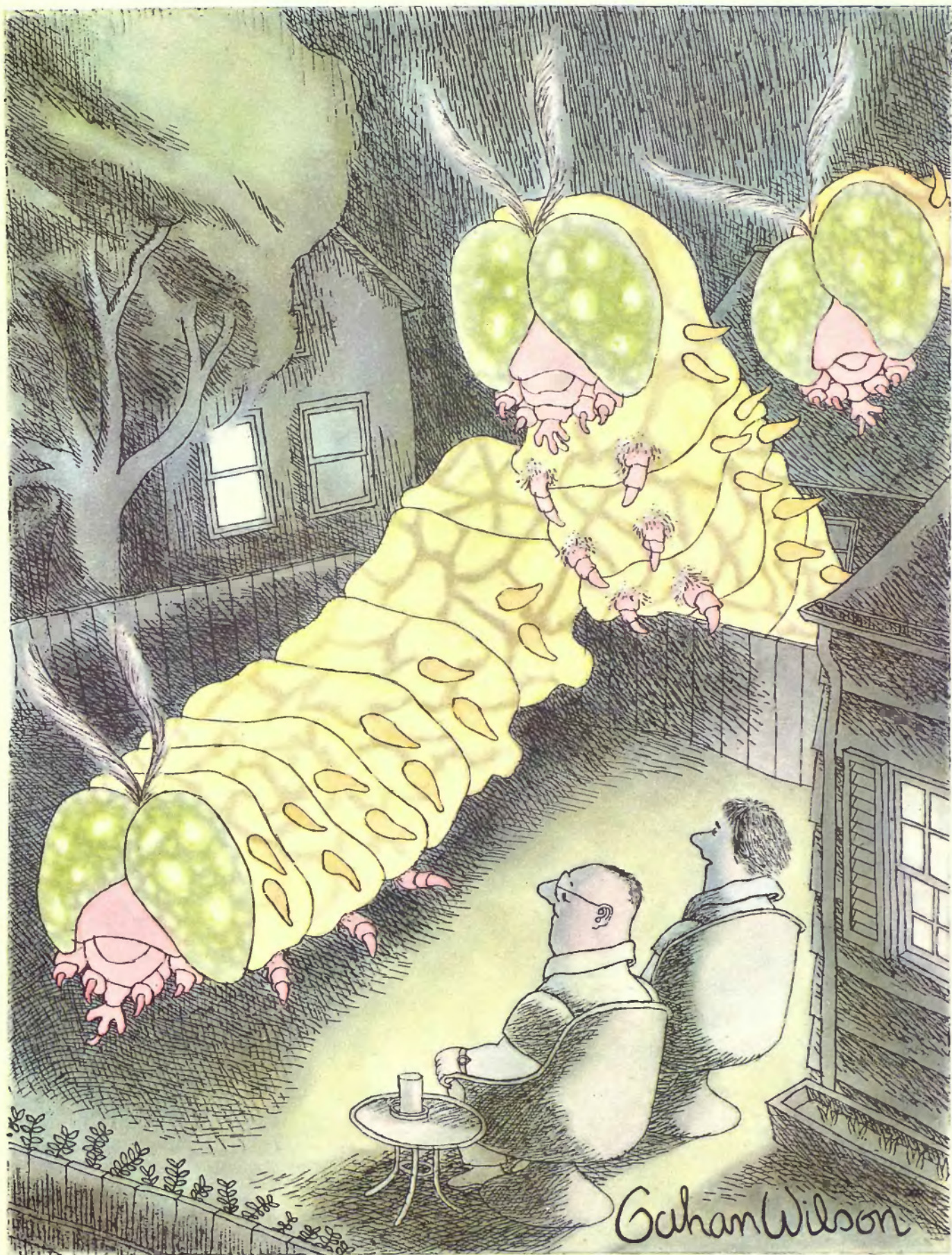
In the middle: A winsome pairing gets ready to head for the hinterland. The chap is in a wool knit jacket with suede front, by Scully Bros., \$45, Dacron and cotton oxford shirt, by Lancer, \$7, and Dacron and wool stretch slacks, by Rough Rider, \$22. At far right:

A quiet couple perfectly attired for late-afternoon relaxing, with the man in a heather-blend wool and mohair cardigan, by Kondel, \$19.



casually correct clothes he can wear over a bathing suit, drape over the back of his car while he goes swimming, and in which he can later pass inspection at the Marco Polo Lounge in the Beverly Hills Hotel.

The biggest single fashion influence from California is, naturally, seen on the beaches, where adaptations of the professional surfer's trunks are appearing in bold patchworks and bright solid colors. Slightly roomier than the swimsuits of recent years, the new models do away with the standard zippered fronts and opt for either lacing or heavy-duty fasteners. You may be sure these suits will make the beach scene in a big way this season. Another striking California innovation we foresee creating news is a knit shirt that looks like a cardigan. In the more traditional sports coats, the California image calls for a long, lean silhouette using the contoured one-button jacket offsetting closely tapered slacks. On view here, then, is an on-the-scene showing of the California styles of today that will be the national fashions of tomorrow.



"My God—they're heading for the delphiniums!"

SEX AND THE SINGLE SHERMAN

WARNING: The following is pretty sexy. It's all about puberty and adolescence and girls and nakedness. For good or bad, it's an honest chronicle of my own years of discovery of sex, and it sheds some light on why I am whatever I am, and that's why I wrote it. But a lot of people said I shouldn't write it because it would spoil my image. So if you like my image better than you like me, please don't read this. Those who are looking for something like "The Carpetbaggers" might as well skip this, too. I'm sexy, all right, but not that sexy.

WHEN I WAS a little boy and we lived in Chicago, I had a whole basement full of toys, and the one I remember most was a set of electric trains—passenger trains. Each car more than a foot long, with all the accessories, signals going up and down, stations, blinking lights, water towers and coal chutes—the works. Then the Depression came, and my father lost his business, and we had to move to California.

I remember one day going down to the basement to play with my trains, and there were no trains. No tracks, no blinking lights, no stations, no water towers. My trains were gone. So were all my other toys.

Sometimes when I am in New York even now, I go up to the second floor of the F. A. O. Schwarz toy store and wander around for two or three hours; meanwhile, people are trying to get me on the phone, and nobody knows where I am, and I'm lost as far as the world is concerned, but I'm up there on the second floor of F. A. O. Schwarz having a ball playing with the toys. I'm working the electric trains and playing all the new games and fitting the plastic pieces of model kits together. I guess what I am really doing is trying to make something in my life *continuous*, because from that day when the trains were suddenly gone, those large solid trains with lighted cars and the passengers' silhouettes painted inside the windows—from the day *they* disappeared, something else disappeared with them: my ability, or at least my desire, to distinguish between what is reality and what is fantasy.

I wonder why, when I started to write about sex, I began with the missing trains. I guess it was because I wanted you to understand, and I wanted myself to understand, that since the morning those trains disappeared in Chicago, since the night my family fell apart through divorce in Los Angeles, since the first time I was sent away to live with distant relatives, I have lived with the terror that there is nothing tangible, that there is no one who really wants me, and that anything that is any fun, anything in the world that is any fun, is not going to last; one morning I'll look for it, and it just won't be there anymore.

. . .

Nobody ever told me anything about sex. I mean, by the time I was ready for a heart-to-heart father-son talk, I no longer had a father. My mother was embarrassed to discuss it, and was also, I now realize, involved in her own sex problems. The only preparation I had, I got by osmosis; I was a nice Jewish boy, so I knew you shouldn't *do it*, whatever *it* was, to nice girls. But all my life I have been attracted to nice girls, the kind you aren't supposed to *do it* to, and they, too, have been brought up, at least in my generation, thinking that they shouldn't *do it* either. How it ever gets done between nice people is a mystery to me. *What I think happens is, nice people do it, but their heart isn't in it.*

. . .

The first girl I remember was Natalie. I was living with a distant aunt and uncle in New York in an apartment house on Audubon Avenue on the Upper West Side. I was about ten years old, and so was Natalie. She lived on the same floor, and we played an interesting game. I imagine we *had* to

invent this game to rationalize our sexual explorations of each other. Because without the game, it would have been a blunt admission that we were curious about each other's sex organs, and this, of course, was a nasty and dirty thing.

We played the game in the hallway. The idea was, we would run across the hall, and the first one to touch a certain doorknob at the other end of the hall was allowed to see and touch the other's privates. *This was a real good game. Oh boy!* I tell you, I couldn't wait to get home from school and get the game started. And the more we played this game the more it was a good game. It sure beat football and stickball and Monopoly, which was also popular at the time, and ring-a-levio and kick-the-can; and even if Scrabble had been invented then, I wouldn't have wanted to play Scrabble, because the highest triple-word score in the world would not have expressed how much I liked the game Natalie and I played every afternoon. We had no name for our game. The rules came naturally to both of us, and the rules got more relaxed as the game continued. We never argued about who won, because losing was just as much fun as winning. I knew I had a good thing going here, so I didn't tell any of the other little boys about my secret game. At the time, I thought Natalie was the only girl in the world who would play such a game, but now I realize that I might have made a fortune with Parker Brothers or Milton Bradley if they could have seen their way clear to put out something called The Natalie-and-Allan Doorknob Game. It would have been a big seller, with very simple instructions, and no plastic pieces to get lost.

It was terrible when I had to leave New York and go back to Los Angeles because my mother had a boyfriend there. My heart was broken, because I guess in a way, in a ten-year-old's way, I had fallen in love with Natalie.

Back in Los Angeles, when I was in junior high school, some boys gave me the word about masturbation. I had never heard of it, so they gave me instructions. The only problem was I had feelings of shame. I was a member of The Boy Scouts of America at the time, and on page 238, I think it was, of the official Boy Scout manual, it said you shouldn't masturbate, because it was unhealthy and un-American; I hope the Boy Scouts have gotten more progressive and changed this page, because I think kids *have* to masturbate. In those days it was referred to as "*self-abuse*," and all kinds of stories went around among nice boys that if you masturbated you would grow hair on your palms or go crazy or develop strange warts or your brains would get soft or your father would fall through an open manhole. This turned out to be mere propaganda.

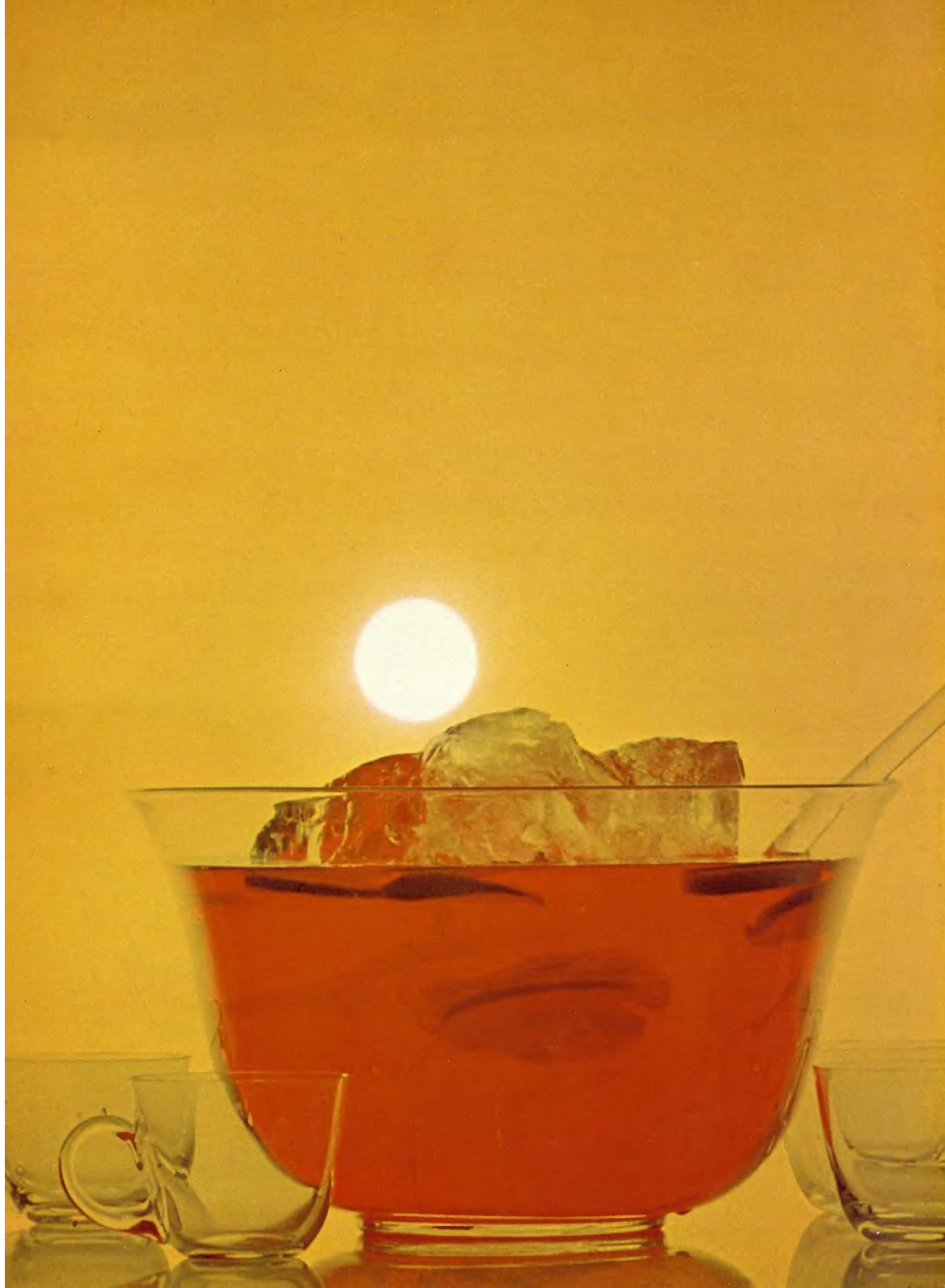
I would like to say, right now, that if they expel all The Boy Scouts of America who masturbate, then next year's Boy Scout Jamboree is going to be a mighty small and lonely affair; and let's be honest about it, so will the Campfire Girls' convention.

How is a boy of 13 going to take the pressure off without it?

. . .

There was a girl in junior high school—Geraldine.

I thought she was beautiful and (continued on page 151)





SUMMER PUNCH BOWL

*come, fill the cup with a cooling compendium of warm-weather whistle wetters
drink* **By THOMAS MARIO**

IN THE WORLD of entertaining there is no more delightfully flexible potable than a good punch in the mouth. This protean party favorite can assume any festive task to which it's put. Made with light moselle or Rhenish wines, it can beguile your guests with a light, delicate flavor that rests easily on the tongue. Switch to the heavier-duty stuff of brandies and rums and it can smoothly make for jolly high spirits and flowing conversation.

Until recently in this country, the punch bowl was trotted out only at the year-end saturnalia, when it was filled with a hot wassail or a rich whiskey eggnog, only to be put in dry storage for the next 12 months. More and more hosts today are going back to the reigns of the four Georges of England, when men like David Garrick and Sam Johnson vied with each other to invent newer and stronger punch recipes as they ladled their way through puncheries, punch clubs and punch taverns all over England. It was an era when the punch bowl was an indispensable item for the gentry. In various shapes and styles they shined as baptismal fonts in joyful solemnity, sparkled invitingly at weddings, formed the convivial center at election campaign rallies, and were even pressed into service to help celebrate military triumphs.

Too often a prospective host shies away from giving a punch party because it

sounds like too much trouble. There are a few punch recipes in which fruit has to be marinated in liquors for a day or two, but those are the exceptions. Generally, an hour or so is all you need for ripening the strong and the weak, the tart and the sweet for a really superior punch. And yet, as easy as it is, the punch bowl, with its gleaming island of ice in a sea of liquor, propels any casual affair into a gala occasion. The sight of the brimming bowl seems to draw drinkers of all persuasions, be they light, moderate or heavy.

As host, you should be willing and able to assume the role of benevolent dictator. You fill your bowl with only one liquor combination—a happy limitation that emancipates the maddening crowd from making a choice. If you're the kind of host who wants to remain sober, you may do so, although this kind of Spartan discipline isn't really necessary, since the party, once under way, is completely self-serving. Undoubtedly, the best side effect is what a punch bowl can do for your ego. When you serve a bottle of fine whiskey or wine, you're given mild credit as a thoughtful host, but the lion's share of plaudits is reserved for the distiller or vintner whose name appears on the bottle. When you serve a fine punch, the hours of glory are yours alone.

Ben Franklin once observed that some people "can in an instant understand all arts and sciences by the liberal education of a little vivifying punch." But before you can vivify, you must first know how. For instance, an ounce of Chartreuse will quickly spread its rich flavor through a whole bottle of white wine. An ounce of white wine, on the other hand, is hopelessly lost in a bottle of Chartreuse. Add a mere splash of heavy Jamaica rum to a whiskey punch and it is instantly cited for its dark flavor. If a tablespoon of whiskey in a rum punch is noticed at all, it is taken as a mistake—something dropped in accidentally. Thus, while alcohol would seem to be the staff of life in a punch bowl, it's really the diversified flavors of alcohol, subtly balanced, that bring on the special euphoria of a successful punch. Even nonalcoholic flavors must join in the balancing act with the stronger liquors. A tart taste such as cranberry juice needs the self-effacingness of vodka. The deep flavor of blueberries marries cozily with the opulence of Greek brandy.

You can always peg a really professional bartender by his icemanship. He uses ice both to chill and to mildly dilute. When he twirls whiskey and vermouth with ice in a mixing glass, he knows the exact point at which the two ounces of liquor reach their icy peak of perfection and become three ounces of a manhattan cocktail. Punch is made cold in two ways—by prechilling all ingredients from the brandy to the bitters, and by placing a floating island of ice in the

bowl itself. As the waves lap against the ice, the liquid becomes properly diluted. A few cold punches, such as the champagne varieties, should not be diluted, although they are sometimes ice-girt in a surrounding vessel of crushed ice. These days, when the iceman no longer cometh, it's sometimes difficult to buy a really good-sized chunk. However, in our age of the cube, this is no particular problem. In fact, cubes are faster in their chilling effect than a block. But to serious punch makers, they are puny craft alongside the traditional icy block-buster in the punch bowl. You can make your own by simply freezing water in a metal or plastic container, a deep saucepan or metal mixing bowl. Normally you want a chunk of ice made with two quarts of water for each gallon of punch. After freezing, dip the sides of the bowl in warm water for a few seconds and the ice will slide easily down the ways. The top may form a slight peak and reveal a crack or two, but the inverted iceberg will be smooth and should float serenely.

If you don't own a punch bowl, there is an immense variety designed for a bachelor's equipage. The biggest bowl on record was used at a party given by Admiral Edward Russell in 1694 at Alicante, to celebrate the victory of his Mediterranean fleet over the French at La Hogue: The doughty admiral served a tidal wave of punch in an enormous marble fountain to some 6000 guests. The recipe called for four hogsheads of brandy and the juice of 2500 lemons as a starter. Eventually, everybody got high, including the two boys who alternated in a small rowboat ladling out punch to the guests at the rim of the fountain. The boys didn't drink it themselves, but eventually toppled over from the fumes that rose from the lake of hard liquor. If you are celebrating something a bit smaller than a fleet victory, there are several elegant, if less grand, choices of bowl available. Old-fashioned but always charming Victorian cut-glass bowls showing the "Full Chase" and "The Kill" are still around. There are thin modern bowls in the shape of brandy snifters and huge crockery ones big enough for a goose to swim in. In an emergency, of course, you can use anything from a fish bowl to a champagne bucket. But where punch becomes a habit, as it recently has in many quarters, a handsome silver or glass bowl on a tray and a dozen squat punch cups become the easiest portable bar extant.

The food you serve at a punch party depends more on the hour than on the punch itself. If your guests are gathered together for the kind of nearly total immersion that takes place at the cocktail hour, you'll find what the French call *amuse-gueules* very useful. These are simply the small cocktail tidbits that literally beguile the palate and nothing more: salted Macadamia nuts, olives,

cheese twigs, smoked oysters or smoked cod liver on buttered rounds of melba toast. If the party extends beyond the twilight, you should be ready with an all-in-one casserole—a chicken tetrazzini, or a beef stew in red wine, either of which, like the punch bowl itself, can become the grand center of attention.

The punch recipes that follow each make approximately a gallon of potable, enough for eight bibulous guests at three rounds apiece.

ORANGE ALMOND BOWL

18 ozs. blended whiskey
12 ozs. Danish aquavit
1 quart plus 8 ozs. orange juice
8 ozs. sweet vermouth
1 teaspoon orange bitters
Peel of 2 large California oranges
6 ozs. slivered almonds
2 tablespoons melted butter
Salt

1 quart plus 1 pint quinine water
Preheat oven at 375°. Place almonds in shallow pan or pie plate. Pour butter over almonds, mixing well. Place pan in oven and bake until almonds are medium brown, stirring once during baking. Avoid scorching. Sprinkle with salt. Chill almonds and all other ingredients. Pour whiskey, aquavit, orange juice, vermouth and bitters over large block of ice in punch bowl. Let mixture ripen 1 hour. Cut orange peel into narrow strips about 2 in. long. Pour quinine water into bowl. Stir. Float orange peel and almonds on punch.

GIN CASANOVA PUNCH

1 quart gin
16 ozs. Casanova liqueur
16 ozs. dry vermouth
1 quart unsweetened grapefruit juice
1/3 cup sugar
1 quart club soda
2 lemons
2 bunches mint

Chill all ingredients. Pour gin, Casanova liqueur, vermouth and grapefruit juice over large block of ice in punch bowl. Add sugar and stir well. Let mixture ripen 1 hour. Just before serving add club soda to bowl. Stir. Cut lemons into thin slices. Float lemon slices and mint on punch. If mint stems are very long, cut off and discard bottom ends.

BARBADOS BOWL

1 fifth light rum
8 ozs. 151-proof rum
8 medium-size ripe bananas
1 quart plus 12 ozs. pineapple juice
18 ozs. (3 cans) frozen concentrated limeade
12-oz. can mango nectar
2 limes

Chill all ingredients except bananas. Cut 6 bananas into thin slices and place in electric blender with limeade.

(concluded on page 150)



*"But, Helen, it's American to want something better—
and I think we should get a divorce!"*



LINDLOW KISSEL AND THE DAGO BOMB THAT STRUCK BACK

the bedazzled eyeball, the numbed eardrum,
the scorched psyche, the pyrotechnic sport shirt—
all played an unforgettable role in celebrating
that glorious fourth in hammond, indiana

memoir

By JEAN SHEPHERD

I THREADED MY WAY through the midtown, midday side-walk traffic that eddied and surged over and around the clutter of construction paraphernalia. It was desperately hot. My wash-and-wear suit clung to me like some rancid, scratchy extension of my clammy skin. All around me New York was busily, roaringly, endlessly rebuilding itself, like some giant phoenix rising from the red-hot ashes of its dead self. New York's incurable Edifice Complex blooms mightily in midsummer.

Feverishly, I scuttled through shimmering waves of asphalt-scented heat toward the cool, dark, expensive decadence of my favorite French restaurant, Les Misérables du Frites, little realizing that in another split second I was about to savor one of the truly secret subterranean pleasures of the human soul. Elbowing my way into a hunched line of prickly-heated city dwellers plodding single file over a long-planked gangway, tightly jammed between an enormous excavation and a line of throbbing, bright-orange engines of construction, I saw ahead of me a short, stout lady wearing a damp flowered dress, clutching a Bonwit Teller shopping bag in both hands. Ducking her head low, she ran interference for me and those behind me through the wall of ringing sound and metallic heat.

I had reached perhaps the mid-point of the plank gangway, breathing shallowly the rising clouds of cement dust and carbon monoxide fumes—a subtle mixture that forms one of the more insidious anesthetics yet devised, dulling the senses and clouding the soul—and then it happened. It was more felt, at first, than heard—a long, low concussion pushing up suddenly from the gut and exploding in the brain like a giant comber on the beach of some lost, forgotten sea:

KAARRROOOMMM!

For a split second the great concussion hung in mid-air and then, unthinkingly, my long-dormant GI reflexes galvanizing into motion, I hurled myself to the clapboards, digging in as I landed. It was a direct hit! I clung to the boards, waiting for the second round of the bracket, which should come, I hastily calculated, off to my right. Suddenly I became aware of an insistent rapping on the back of my neck, as an elderly citizen behind me croaked:

"Get up, you bum! If you're going to sleep on the sidewalk, at least find a doorway!"

He stepped over me and sheepishly I regained my feet. Up and down the line I saw other ex-GIs brushing themselves off and once again moving forward in the unending



stream of 20th Century man, bound for God knows where. I peered down through the haze of the great canyon of excavation that lay just beyond the barricades. And then I smelled it—the acrid, faint, familiar, naggingly pleasant scent of dynamite!

Minutes later I sat pensively at a tiny corner table of Les Misérables, waiting for my luncheon date to arrive and vaguely conscious of an indefinable sense of nostalgic euphoria. It had started immediately after the blasting operation at the construction site. As I sipped my drink, I found myself musing about the first time I had heard that primal, soul-satisfying roar of exploding black powder. And then it hit me. I knew what had sparked those mingled tinglings of regret and exhilaration. The Fourth of July! It had crept up on tiny cats' feet—unnoticed, unsung, unbombarded. Tomorrow was the Fourth of July! In just a few hours it would be the glorious Fourth, and here I was without so much as a sparkler to my name. I ordered another drink and settled down deeper into my eider-down bed of remembrances. The northern Indiana landscape of my youth began to take form amid the bottles behind the mirrored bar. Somewhere off in the distance, the construction crew set off another dull, thumping blast that jiggled the silverware on my table, and it all began to come back.

Dynamite, heat and excitement were all intermingled in that Fourth of July ritual that has long since departed. What is there about a solid, molar-rattling explosion that sends the blood coursing and brings the roses to our cheeks? Nowhere was this indescribable pleasure more honored and indulged than in the mill towns of Indiana. I remember guys sitting on their front porches, lighting sticks of dynamite—real dynamite—and tossing them out into the street, just for kicks. They'd sit rocking back and forth in the swing, snapping dynamite sticks, which come about six inches long, like breaking off a chunk of a Baby Ruth candy bar. Scotch-taping a little fuse on the end, they'd raise it with suitable flourishes to their cigar butts—*bbzzzzzzzz*—hold it aloft for a split second, flip it back by the garage, and dive for the floor.

KKAAAABBBBOOOOOOMM!

Windows would shatter, crockery would crash for blocks around, old ladies would be hurled into the bushes, but no one seemed to care. After all, the Fourth is the Fourth.

Dynamite was the staff of life to the average hillbilly of the day. He celebrated with it, feuded with it—even fished with it. The sporting instinct runs strong in the hills. When the fishing season would open, the river would literally be aboil with TNT.

POOOOOOOOOOMMMM!

The air for miles around would be filled with catfish, hundreds of the sporting elite fielding them with bushel baskets.

The more civilized celebrants of the Fourth, however, blew their relief checks in an orgy of buying at the fireworks stand. The fireworks stand. Even setting the words down on the page causes my hand to tremble and my brow to dampen in delicious fear—the sort of fear that only a kid who has lit a five-incher under a Carnation Milk can and hurled himself prone upon the earth awaiting the end can know. Cradled in the palm of the hand, the five-incher—a hard, cool, rocklike cylinder of sinister jade green topped by a vicious red fuse—was a thing of cruel beauty. And that was only a *five*-incher. Fireworks in those days came in even more lethal and exotic varieties. None, however, was more potent, more awesome, than the *ne plus ultra* of the fireworks world—the Dago bomb. (This was never construed as an anti-Italian name, by the way, being more pro than anything else.) A thing of exquisite symmetry, it came in four sizes: the five-inch, the eight-inch, the ten-inch and the sure death. In more effete circles it was known as an "aerial bomb," but among real fireworks fans it was most often known as "the Dago heister." It actually looked like those giant nonexistent firecrackers that occasionally show up in cartoons—a red, white and blue tube with a wooden base stained dark green, and a long red fuse.

Theoretically, this infernal machine was to be lit by an expert hand. It would then explode with the first, or lesser, explosion, which propelled an aerial charge of pure white TNT into the ambient air, theoretically vertical, for several hundred feet, and then—devastation!—not once, but several times, depending on the size of the bomb. It was not cheap, the smallest going for fifty cents and the largest for around three dollars, which in the days of the Depression was truly a capital investment. The mere sight of one of the larger specimens on the shelves of a fireworks stand sent waves of awe and excitement through the sparkler buyers. It was truly the big time.

It was a Dago bomb that played a key role in the legend that was Ludlow Kissel. Kissel found his true *raison d'être* in the Depression itself. He worked in idleness the way artists work in clay or marble. He was a true child of his time. He was also a magnificent souse. The word "alcoholic" had not yet come into common usage, at least not in the steel towns of Indiana. Nor were there any pompous Freudian explanations for the insatiable thirst that Kissel nourished. He was a drunk, and that's all there was to it. He just liked the stuff, and glommed onto it whenever the occasion demanded—which was always. And if the store-bought variety of lightning was not

available, he concocted his own—using raisins, apricots, Fleischmann's yeast, molasses and dead flies.

Nominally, Kissel worked in the roundhouse at the steel mill, and for over 30 years had been on "the extra board," being called only in extreme emergencies, which occurred roughly once every other month or so. He invariably celebrated a day of work by holing up in the Bluebird Bar and Grill for perhaps a week, and then would return home, propelling himself painfully forward on one foot and one knee. It took him sometimes upwards of three hours to make it from the street to the back porch. At three A.M., lying in my bedroom, it was kind of comforting to hear Mr. Kissel struggling up the steps of his back porch, inching painfully step by step:

Thump (One).

Long pause . . .

Thump (Two).

Longer pause . . .

Thump (Three in a row!).

A split-second pause, then . . .

BUMP BUMP BUMP K-THUMP!

He's back at the bottom.

Many's the time I was lulled to sleep by this inspiring drumbeat of dauntless human endeavor braving overwhelming odds: Kissel trying to make the kitchen door. And then the voice of Mrs. Kissel, a large, flower-print-aproned lady who read *True Romance* voraciously, would call out:

"Watch the steps, Ludlow. They're tricky." She loved him.

Kissel, one Fourth of July, played a leading role in a patriotic tableau that is even today spoken of in hushed, reverential tones throughout the Midwest. It was a particularly steamy, hellishly hot July. The houseflies clung to the screen doors and the mosquitoes hummed in great swarming clouds among the poplar trees. It was in such weather that Kissel reached his apogee. There was something about the birds and the bees and the hot sun that kindled Kissel's blood and stoked an insatiable thirst for the healing grape. His stocky, overalled figure reeling through the twilight, leaving a wake of flickering fireflies, was as much a part of the summer landscape as the full golden moon. Parishioners sprinkling their lawns would nod familiarly to him as he wove through the fine spray of the brass nozzles.

The fateful Fourth in question dawned hot and junglelike, with an overhang of black, lacy storm clouds. A few warm, immense drops splattered down through the dawn haze. I know, because I was up and ready for action. Few kids slept late on the Fourth. Even as the stars were disappearing and the sun was edging over Lake Michigan, the first cherry bombs rent the stillness and the first little old ladies dialed the police.

(continued on page 154)

THE INVASION

fiction By AVRAM DAVIDSON

IT WAS AFTER HIS ESCAPE from the infamous E People that Balfour's usefulness to the Section came into question. Balfour, meanwhile, was in a bar, where he had ordered Irish on ice. Just on the corner, waiting for a bus, he had seen what he thought was an A Person. He didn't know if it was male or female, but of course it hardly mattered, not even to another A Person, they were so timid.

He intended to go on to rye or bourbon after the first drink, the milder drink. Nothing stronger than tea had been available to him in the Section's small, secluded hospital. The bar was clean and dark and quiet, and after the second sip he asked the dark-haired girl if he could order another whiskey sour for her.

"Yes, you can."

He moved down the three empty stools and sat next to her. The frothy little goblet appeared and she started to thank him, but then a shovel grated on the sidewalk outside and Balfour shuddered, gasped, spilled part of his drink.

"I know just how you feel," she said. "It always goes right through me, too—sets my teeth" *(concluded on page 78)*

*the coming of the e people
had been an adventure in horror—
now he awaited the rest*





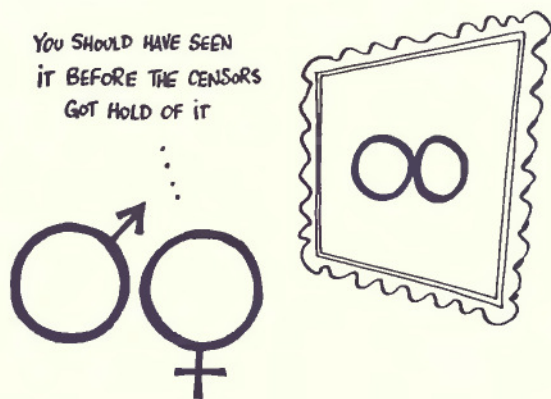
SYMBOLIC SEX

more sprightly spoofings of the signs of our times
humor By DON ADDIS

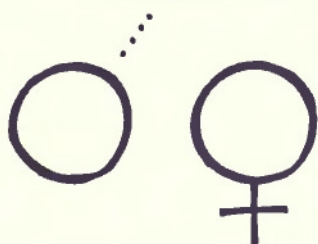
ELROY'S GOT THE
WANDERLUST AGAIN



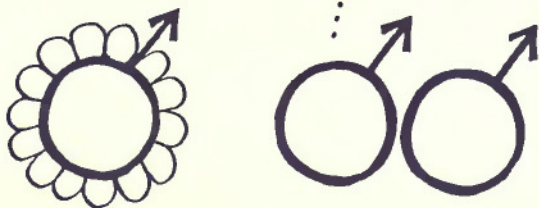
YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN
IT BEFORE THE CENSORS
GOT HOLD OF IT



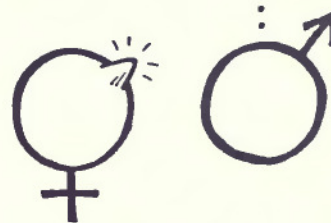
SINCE HE'S GOING OVERSEAS,
I HAD TO GIVE HIM SOMETHING
TO REMEMBER ME BY



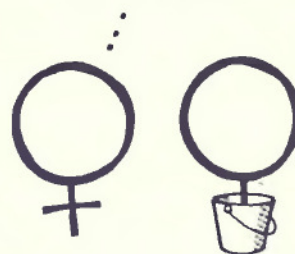
JUST DON'T LET HIM GET
YOU ALONE IN THE
LOCKER ROOM



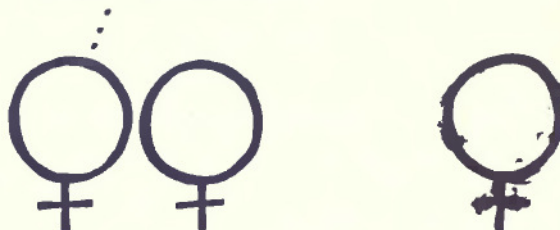
I THINK I CAN SAFELY
PREDICT IT WILL BE
A BOY



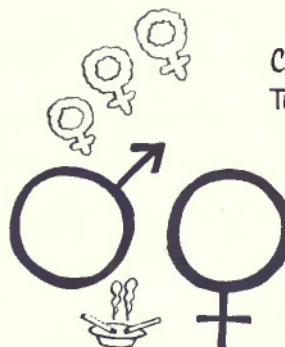
HOW WAS THE
HORSEBACK RIDE?



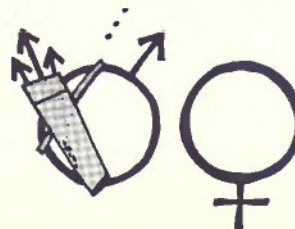
I HEAR SHE HAS A
TERRIBLE REPUTATION!



CAN'T YOU MEN
THINK OF ANYTHING
ELSE ?!



WHAT DO YOU SAY WE
MAKE A REAL NIGHT OF
IT, SHIRLEY?



INVASION (continued from page 75)

like on edge, you know."

Tasting acid, Balfour swallowed, drank from his glass. "How the E People make the sound, we don't know. They are only superficially similar to us, after all. It may indicate anger. Or pleasure. Usually they are very careful to do no more than mimic us. Perhaps there is some subconscious, hereditary remembrance of the sound. Which is why perhaps even the noise of a shovel grating can have the effect it does. By which I mean," he saw his face in the mirror behind the bar, grimaced at it, "that at some long-forgotten time in human history there was possibly a prior contact with the E People."

The dark-haired girl held the stem of the cherry and plumped it up and down in the drink and then licked it off, all while he was talking. Then she said, "You sound like a professor or something. I never heard of any E People. What are they? Oh, and I mean, you're very kind to buy me this drink. I usually never have more than one before lunch, because I'm on a budget. What are E People?"

Balfour said that he wasn't supposed to tell her. "'The world is not yet ready,' to put it mildly. If I weren't still so sick I wouldn't be talking about it at all. It can't be what I really think it is, it can't be. They think I'm cured, but I'm not." His voice was somewhat uneven.

The girl took a tiny bite of the cherry and a tiny sip of the drink. "That's a healthy sign, anyway, that you recognize it. My mother, now, she was away twice, once for almost a year and once for two months, and the doctor there, he said to us, 'She recognizes that she needs help and that's the first step toward recovery.' I'm not embarrassed to talk about it. It's just like any other sickness, that's the way I feel about it."

He shook his head. The glass before him was empty. He looked at the row of bottles for one with an American label and a green revenue stamp, and ordered a double. The girl with the dark hair frowned slightly. "I hope you had a late breakfast, or something," she said.

"No." He looked at her, feeling his way. "I suppose I should get something to eat. But restaurants are crowded and smelly."

Very promptly she said, "There's a Chinese place right near where I live, it's not a restaurant, they put up the food to take out. Do you like Chinese food?"

"All right."

• • •

"What they did to me, what they did to me, *what they did*—"

His voice was rising and she put her hand over his mouth. It was dark, though still afternoon, with the curtain drawn across the window on the air

shaft. They were both naked. It had been a relief to him when she asked for money, but although this meant one less thing to worry about, neither that nor the other relief had lasted long.

"I can't let you stay here if you're not going to be quiet, Bobby," she said.

"I can feel them," he whispered.

"More trouble with the super I don't need . . . but you're going to be quiet now, aren't you?"

"Yes . . ."

There was a lipstick-smeared cup of coffee on the crowded night table; he shook his head when she offered it before drinking from it herself, but he took the cigarette she offered next.

"You see, now, with my *mother*," the girl explained, "she had this idea that Our Lady was real mad at her because she broke this promise. She wouldn't *eat*, she wouldn't *wash*, she wouldn't go *out*— Anyway, like I say, she was in the hospital those two times, and they gave her treatments and pills and now she's just like she was before and she even goes to church and everything. So what I'm trying to say is . . . the first time you were in the hospital, maybe it *didn't* cure you completely, but don't be afraid to go back. The second time is lucky."

He rolled his head slowly from side to side.

"What's it all *about*, then?" She leaned over and kissed him. "Want to tell me?"

A long moment passed while he stared up at her and her questioning smile. Then he began to talk. "This is my own idea about it," he said, finally. He shifted his glance to the burning end of the cigarette. He shrugged, spoke more quickly. "Aeneas fled from burning Troy—yes? With his old father on his back. No—better example. Something like a barbarian invasion is taking place on the outer edges of the galaxy. The Huns are bumping the Tartars and the Tartars are shoving the Gauls and the Gauls are pushing the Goths. And the Goths invade Rome because they have no other place to go. Can you imagine what they must be up against to seek refuge *here*? We don't know too much about them. At first there were only two types and we called them the A People and the B People. Now the list has gotten as far as F . . .

"Do you know what I'm talking about?"

She nodded, half turned to get her cigarette from the tray. After a puff she said, "Like, refugees. But how come you're not supposed to tell?"

A look of pain and hatred and despair passed over his face. "Oh, my God," he said. "You don't know . . . the E People . . . their metabolisms are so entirely different from ours!" Then he said, "What? How come? Ahh . . . it's a verse

from Coleridge, I think. About a man, you see, who's walking down a lonely road at night,

'And turns no more his head;

Because he knows a frightful fiend

Doth close behind him tread.'

"That's how come. And that's how much use it all is. The wave of the future, yeah . . . I'm hot. I hurt. I'm sick."

She asked him if he'd like something cold to drink, with ice in it.

He said he would. "With whiskey, too."

There wasn't any, but she agreed, with only a little reluctance, to go and get some if he promised to be quiet and not go out in the hall with nothing on. He promised. "Oh, God, I'm sick," he mumbled. "I'm so sick."

• • •

The liquor store was a small one and had just made its afternoon bank deposit and didn't have change. The man knew her and asked, "Where'd you get a hundred-dollar bill?"

"From the flying-saucer people," she said. He laughed, and so did she. In the supermarket she looked to see what she could buy fancy enough to justify presenting the big bill, and in so doing she forgot to look at the clock. The checker wouldn't cash it when she finally got through the line, and the manager asked for identification and copied her name and address from the electric-light bill, together with the serial number of the money.

"This is a changing neighborhood and I'm new here and I have to be careful," he said.

"Look at the time!" she exclaimed.

• • •

There was a bad smell and a funny sound in the apartment. "Bobby?" she called, her heart going queer. She hurried to open the bedroom door. "*Bob-*

by?" On the bed, flaccid, torn and bleeding from a hundred holes, lay the still-recognizable outlines of what had been Robert Balfour. On the body, on the bed, on the floor, on the walls, window and ceiling were the other things, all like tiny-tiny people. They seemed to grow, even as she looked at them. And, even as she looked, two more holes appeared on the body and two more little creatures wriggled out of them. There must have been over a hundred of them. A sound arose, like the piercing nighttime sound of insects.

"Bobby?"

"Bobby?"

Powerless, stricken, she slumped forward into the room. Then, for the first time, they seemed to see her. They turned toward her with one movement, and from them now arose another sound—harsh, shrill, raucous, like the noise of a shovel grating on a sidewalk.



THE GREAT AMERICAN BUILD-UP

how business and political reputations aren't born, but made, when the drumbeaters turn fancy into fact

article **By MURRAY TEIGH BLOOM**

THERE ARE in America today probably fewer than 50 specialists in the art of the build-up. All of them are public-relations experts. Each of them has handled many cases, but they don't like to talk about their work. In fact, the subject of the build-up makes public-relations men nervously uncomfortable. They now have august professional societies with impressive codes of ethics, and they look upon the build-up as the first nonbarber surgeons must have regarded the old red-and-white poles.

Essentially, there are two types of public relations. First, there's the old school, whose practitioners see their function as comparable to a good tailor's—who can make your shoulders seem wider, your hips smaller, your stomach less protuberant; raise your height two inches, and generally make Tony Accardo seem a slightly unconventional but very friendly businessman. This type of PR is on the wane.

The current approach is practiced by Earl Newsom—old Henry Ford and his grandson are his two great monuments—who says, in effect: "You must do the right things; you can't fake them. As a good PR man, I will help you develop good policies and then I will talk about them." This new PR man won't tell you he can make you look handsome, but he will tell you he can make you *interesting*, hence newsworthy, hence promotable.

The real trouble with the old school, comments an acerbic critic, is that "just one *gaffe* will destroy the built-up image that's been worked on for years. When you've finally got the rich jerk looking like Cary Grant, he turns up in brown shoes at the April in Paris Ball. As a matter of fact, that's what killed Nixon. He turned up in brown shoes—figuratively—when he blew his stack during that famous TV interview in 1962. Good-bye Checkers, goodbye cloth coat, good-bye honest Dick."

"The Great Man racket, which consists of the inflation and labeling of enormous stuffed shirts, is always with us," Stanley Walker wrote in his 1934 classic, *City Editor*. "Some of the press agents engaged in this calling confess that it is the most soul-corroding way of making a living known to man." But it is quite lucrative, and Walker himself, fallen on rocky times after leaving the

New York Herald Tribune, became part of the racket. He did puff books on Wendell Willkie and Thomas E. Dewey when they were making their Presidential bids. Later he even did one on dictator Trujillo—which must have been among the most soul-corroding work ever undertaken.

Assured of the anonymity of selves and clients, a few build-up experts agreed to talk of their exploits. Complete silence is an unnatural state for most of them, and I think several of them felt the need to pour forth their ingenuities and devices to a sympathetic listener.

The exact psychic origins of the desire for the build-up are seldom explored by the build-up experts. Once he recognizes the visible stigmata, the PR man needs only to know his client's avidity, thickness of wallet and staying power. No build-up expert would ever think of a mere one- or two-year campaign. They know—and the wiser ones tell the client in advance—that for maximum results a minimum of five years is needed. Since the cost of the campaign will be somewhere between \$40,000 and \$125,000 a year, stick-to-itiveness here can involve formidable sums.

"The build-up starts out," an erudite fellow who is head of one of New York's largest PR firms explained, "with a heavy hump of hypocrisy. The words 'build-up' or 'personal publicity' are avoided with the deliberateness of the great *Oxford English Dictionary's* excluding four-letter obscenities.

"So we start with euphemisms. The client says: 'I want a program directly connected with the corporation. If I have to make speeches and so on, you can count on me, but *only* if it will help my corporation and its products.' When he's made that obligatory little speech for you, he's said everything: You know now he wants a personal build-up in the worst possible way and is ready to spend good corporate funds to get it. The more he underlines *only*, the more the build-up must be centered on him."

The older practitioners of the build-up art used to insist on knowing in advance what goal the client had in mind: General Big Man, Governor, Senator, or even, in time, Presidential Possibility. The modern operator seldom bothers. For one thing, a serious plan would entail admission by the client that he is en-



gaging in a long-term and expensive build-up using corporate funds. Few are that honest. One PR man insists: "You must tell the client who he is, because he really doesn't know. Once you've told him, you have to define very clearly where he wants to go and, for that matter, where he *could* go." This PR man is exceptional. Most of the current build-up operations are designed only to get the client aloft.

Once the intent is clear, the build-up expert must make a careful assessment. How presentable is the client? How well does he speak? Is he better with crowds or small groups? (Governor Averell Harriman and Frank Stanton, president of CBS, were built up successfully even though they are terrible with crowds; both are good with small groups.)

There are more basic considerations for the potential build-*up-ee*. How well does he register on TV? Does he have abnormal sex habits or social peculiarities that might queer a build-up? Several Hollywood male stars are good box office even though known in the trade as practicing homosexuals; so, for many years, was one of the most famous of all Americans operating out of Washington.

"When you start seeing a lot of pictures in the press and magazines of the build-*up-ee* surrounded by his loving wife and family," I was told, "it can often be a way of squelching a rumor that the guy's a queer. But if everything else is right with the man, he can get away with murder. After all, Thomas Jefferson was once (continued on page 112)



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI



Above: At friends' home, Goy gogs it up in host's baggy tux pants, then takes her cue like a trouper and strikes Choplinesque loser's pose.

GOING CONTRARY to the cogent advice of Horace Greeley, July Playmate Gay Collier—a pleasingly proportioned (36-23-35) Californian with keen hazel eyes for a dancing career—plans to go as far East as her talented footwork will take her. Twenty-two-year-old Gay was born in New Orleans, lived in Guam and Nagasaki while her father—currently a North Hollywood attorney—fulfilled his Service stint in the Judge Advocates Corps, then gravitated to the Golden State where she has been diligently developing her ballet and modern jazz-dancing techniques for the past eight years. As she told us: “My first objective is to land a dancing role in a Broadway musical. After all the years I’ve put in on toe shoes, I figure it’s time I started making the rounds of New York agents’ offices and tried putting some of that practice to work. Eventually, I hope to go to Europe and try out for one of the finer ballet companies, like the Ballet Russe or the Royal Ballet, and I’ve already put my Playmate-photo prize money in a special overseas ‘ballerina-or-bust’ savings account.” Our artful July miss spends her few dateless nights decorating her new Burbank bachelorette pad in a Spanish Baroque motif, reading Durrell’s *Alexandria Quartet* and knitting ski sweaters (“*Anything’s better than TV*”). Her favorite kind of evening includes Cantonese cuisine, a Peter Sellers movie, and “a guy who doesn’t try to make an impression.” We’re impressed.

CLOWN PRINCESS

.....
miss july is a pretty
californian
who plans to travel
east by stage

Below: Our classic cutup gives her pop-eyed interpretation of a one-girl Prussian marching band (left), then takes five (right) for a cup of coffee.



MISS JULY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





Top: Miss July proves that she can be just as windy as the next girl, when it comes to blowing up decorations for her best girlfriend's birthday party. "When I make my move to Manhattan," she confided, "I'm really going to miss the crowd I grew up with here in L.A." Bottom: At party, Gay paints out that "one candle means over twenty-one."

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Two successful restaurateurs were discussing business when one suddenly dropped his head and solemnly announced, "Did you know that my married daughter is having an affair?"

"Is that so," said the other. "Who's catering it?"



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *happiness* as finding the owner of a lost bikini.

Jealously eying her next-door neighbor's new mink stole, the young wife asked how she had been able to afford such an expensive item.

"You probably won't believe it," her neighbor replied, "but I saved up the money by charging my husband five dollars every time we made love."

That night, when her husband tried to fondle her, the young wife, determined to get a mink of her own, promptly stuck out her palm and demanded five dollars. Fumbling through his trousers, the husband complained that he had only \$4.50.

"For \$4.50," she rejoined stubbornly, "you can only sample my affection!"

After several minutes of extensive sampling, however, the aroused wife realized she would not be able to resist her husband's advances much longer. In a final attempt to maintain her newly acquired bargaining position, she whispered in his ear, "If it's all the same to you, dear, why don't I lend you fifty cents until tomorrow?"

Then there was the 90-year-old man who tried to seduce a 15-year-old girl and was charged with assault with a dead weapon.

A wild-eyed man dressed in a Napoleonic costume and hiding his right hand inside his coat entered the psychiatrist's office and nervously exclaimed, "Doctor, I need your help right away."

"I can see that," retorted the doctor. "Lie down on that couch and tell me your problem."

"I don't have any problem," the man snapped. "In fact, as Emperor of France I have everything I could possibly want: money, women, power—everything! But I'm afraid my wife, Josephine, is in deep mental trouble."

"I see," said the psychiatrist, humoring his distraught patient. "And what seems to be her main problem?"

"For some strange reason," answered the unhappy man, "she thinks she's Mrs. Schwartz."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *population explosion* as the result of so many overbearing women.

In the midst of one of the wildest parties he'd ever been to, the young man noticed a very prim and pretty girl sitting quietly apart from the rest of the revelers. Approaching her, he introduced himself and said, "I'm afraid you and I don't really fit in with this jaded group. Why don't I take you home?"

"Fine," said the girl, smiling up at him demurely. "Where do you live?"



The wealthy Frenchman's beautiful wife had died, and while the husband stoically controlled his grief throughout the funeral proceedings, the wife's lover sobbed loudly and made an open display of his loss. The husband observed this demonstration patiently and then, when the services were over, walked over to the younger man, put his arm around him, and said sympathetically, "Don't be so upset, *mon ami*. I plan to marry again."



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *philanderer* as a man with a perfect sense of two-timing.

A recent survey showed that the nine out of ten doctors who preferred Camels have switched back to women.

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.



"He can't go out tonight—he's being punished!"



THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN GUN

*this was it, the point of no return
for secret agent 007, the showdown in
the game that must culminate in death*

Conclusion of the final novel

By IAN FLEMING

SYNOPSIS: When James Bond arrived at the Thunderbird Hotel at Bloody Bay, Jamaica, he found there the smell of new paint and Jamaican cedar—and also the unpleasant aroma of death.

He had been assigned by M, his Chief on Her Majesty's Secret Service, to kill the notorious Scaramanga, "The Man with the Golden Gun," hired assassin for Fidel Castro and confidant of the hoodlum kings of the Western world. Bond had tracked his prey through numberless ports in the West Indies, and finally ran him down in a Jamaican brothel. There he learned that Scaramanga was planning an Apalachin Conference of "international businessmen" at Bloody Bay, and needed an assistant host in this enterprise. As "Mark Hazard," a slightly disreputable British insurance investigator, Bond got the job. Thus was set the stage for 007's final adventure.

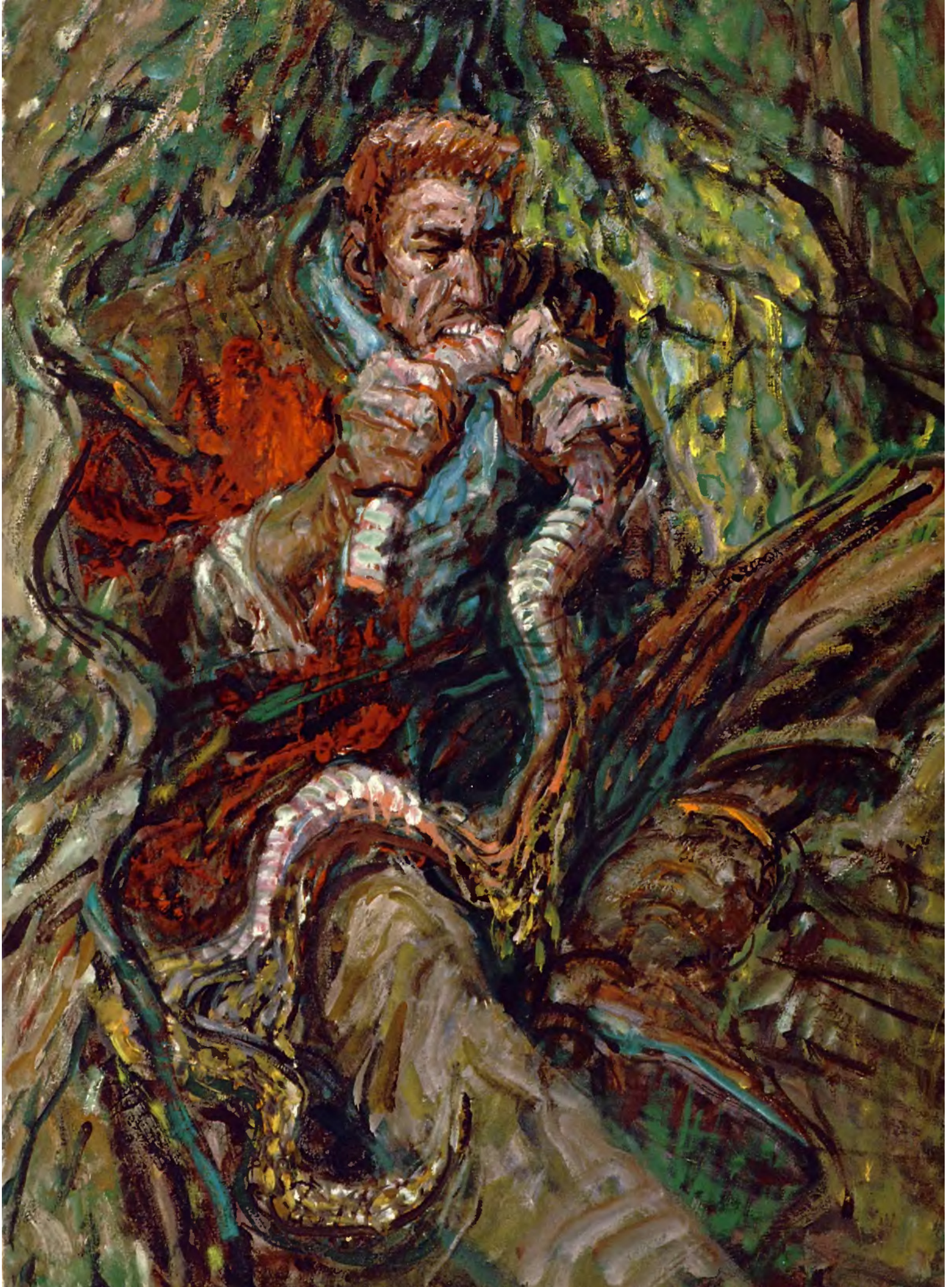
More than ever before, the odds were high against Bond, but he did have allies. Based in Kingston was Mary Goodnight, Bond's former secretary, now assistant to Commander Ross, his predecessor as M's investigator in Jamaica who had mysteriously disappeared; and two CIA men—the ubiquitous Nick Nicholson and Bond's old friend, hookhanded Felix Leiter, both posing as employees of the Thunderbird.

At the hotel, an odor of high gangsterism arose from Scaramanga's guest list. There was Sam Binion, of varied and sordid background, who dealt in "real estate"; Leroy Gengerella, of Miami, a big operator in "the entertainment world"; Ruby Rothopf from Vegas; Hal Garfinkel from Chicago; Louie Paradise, the Phoenix slot-machine king—and, finally, Mr. Hendriks, "the Dutchman," representing what their host blandly described as "European money."

Of them all, the mysterious Hendriks was by far the most sinister. It was Bond's guess that no other man in the Thunderbird could have challenged Scaramanga's dominance.

The conference itself was held in a locked room with Bond stationed on guard outside. At his post, 007 placed the bowl of an empty champagne glass against the door, put his ear to its base, and listened. He heard Scaramanga boast of the murder of Commander Ross. Then the killer described his plans to sabotage the sugar-cane market in the Caribbean and put the heat on his gathered guests for increased "dues." When

**Wounded, stunned and at the end of his strength,
James Bond staggered into the swamp—and
there was Scaramanga, blood-soaked, driven by
hunger and thirst, biting into the body of a snake.**



one of them objected, Bond heard the golden gun roar and a scream of terror and pain—and there was no further sound from the dissenter.

Bond learned, too, that "the Dutchman" was, in fact, resident director of the Soviet K.G.B. for the Caribbean, and that Gengerella was a Mafia chief. Bond learned also that Scaramanga planned to kill him—at the proper time, of course.

At 3:30 the following morning, Bond was awakened by a noise outside his window. It was Mary Goodnight, golden hair aglow in the moonlight. She had come to warn him: The hounds were on the scent—they soon would learn his true identity—and their quarry would be "Mark Hazard."

To calm her, Bond took his secretary into the sanctuary of his unbugged bathroom, and to drown his voice, turned on the shower.

"Don't worry about me. I think I can handle the situation all right. Besides, I've got help. You just tell H. Q. you've delivered the message and that I'm here and about the two CIA men."

He got to his feet. She stood up beside him and looked at him.

"But you will take care?"

"Sure, sure." He patted her shoulder. He turned off the shower and opened the bathroom door.

A silken voice from the darkness at the end of the bed said, "Step forward, both of you. Hands clasped behind the neck."

Scaramanga turned the lights on. He was naked save for his shorts and the empty holster below his left arm. The golden gun was trained on Bond.

BOND LOOKED at him incredulously, then to the carpet inside the door. The wedges were still there, undisturbed. He could not possibly have got through the window unaided. Then he saw that his clothes cupboard stood open and that light showed through into the next-door room. It was the simplest of secret doors—just the whole of the back of the cupboard, impossible to detect from Bond's side of the wall and, on the other, probably, in appearance, a locked communicating door.

Scaramanga came back into the center of the room and stood looking at them both. His mouth and eyes sneered. He said, "I didn't see this piece of tail in the line-up. Where you been keeping it, buster? And why d'you have to hide it away in the bathroom? Like doing it under the shower?"

Bond said, "We're engaged to be married. She works in the British High Commissioner's Office in Kingston. Cipher clerk. She found out where I was staying from that place you and I met. She came out to tell me that my mother's in hospital in London. Had a bad fall. Her name's Mary Goodnight. What's wrong with that and what do you mean coming

busting into my room in the middle of the night waving a gun about? And kindly keep your foul tongue to yourself." Bond was pleased with his bluster and decided to take the next step toward Mary Goodnight's freedom. He dropped his hands to his sides and turned to the girl. "Put your hands down, Mary. Mr. Scaramanga must have thought there were burglars about when he heard that window bang. Now, I'll get some clothes on and take you out to your car. You've got a long drive back to Kingston. Are you sure you wouldn't rather stay here for the rest of the night? I'm sure Mr. Scaramanga could find us a spare room." He turned back to Scaramanga. "It's all right, Mr. Scaramanga, I'll pay for it."

Mary Goodnight chipped in. She had dropped her hands. She picked up her small bag from the bed where she had thrown it, opened it and began busying herself with her hair in a fussy, feminine way. She chattered, falling in well with Bond's bland piece of very British "Now-look-here-my-mannanship." "No, honestly, darling, I really think I'd better go. I'd be in terrible trouble if I was late at the office and the Prime Minister, Sir Alexander Bustamante, you know he's just had his eightieth birthday, well, he's coming to lunch and you know His Excellency always likes me to do the flowers and arrange the place cards and, as a matter of fact," she turned charmingly toward Scaramanga, "it's quite a day for me. The party was going to make up thirteen, so His Excellency has asked me to be the fourteenth. Isn't that marvelous? But heaven knows what I'm going to look like after tonight. The roads really are terrible in parts, aren't they, Mr.—er—Scramble. But there it is. And I do apologize for causing all this disturbance and keeping you from your beauty sleep." She went toward him like the Queen Mother opening a bazaar, her hand outstretched. "Now you run along off back to bed again and my fiancé" (Thank God she hadn't said James! The girl was inspired!) "I'll see me safely off the premises. Goodbye, Mr., er . . ."

James Bond was proud of her. It was almost pure Joyce Grenfell. But Scaramanga wasn't going to be taken by any double talk, limey or otherwise. She almost had Bond covered from Scaramanga. He moved swiftly aside. He said, "Hold it, lady. And you, mister, stand where you are." Mary Goodnight let her hand drop to her side. She looked inquiringly at Scaramanga as if he had just rejected the cucumber sandwiches. Really! These Americans! The golden gun didn't go for polite conversation. It held dead steady between the two of them. Scaramanga said to Bond, "OK. I'll buy it. Put her through the window again. Then I've got something to say to you." He waved his gun at the girl. "OK, bimbo. Get going. And don't come trespass-

ing on other people's lands again. Right? And you can tell His friggin' Excellency where to shove his place cards. His writ don't run over the Thunderbird. Mine does. Got the photo? OK. Don't bust your stays getting through the window."

Mary Goodnight said icily. "Very good, Mr., er . . . I will deliver your message. I'm sure the High Commissioner will take more careful note than he has done of your presence on the island. And the Jamaican government also."

Bond reached out and took her arm. She was on the edge of overplaying her role. He said, "Come on, Mary. And please tell Mother that I'll be through here in a day or two and I'll be telephoning her from Kingston." He led her to the window and helped, or rather bundled her out. She gave a brief wave and ran off across the lawn. Bond came away from the window with considerable relief. He hadn't expected the ghastly mess to sort itself out so painlessly.

He went and sat down on his bed. He sat on the pillow. He was reassured to feel the hard shape of his gun against his thighs. He looked across at Scaramanga. The man had put his gun back in the shoulder holster. He leaned up against the clothes cupboard and ran his finger reflectively along the black line of his mustache. He said, "High Commissioner's Office. That also houses the local representative of your famous Secret Service. I suppose, Mister Hazard, that your real name wouldn't be James Bond? You showed quite a turn of speed with the gun tonight. I seem to have read somewhere that this man Bond fancies himself with the hardware. I also have information to the effect that he's somewhere in the Caribbean and that he's looking for me. Funny-coincidence department, eh?"

Bond laughed easily. "I thought the Secret Service packed up at the end of the war. Anyway, 'fraid I can't change my identity to suit your book. All you've got to do in the morning is ring up Frome and ask for Mr. Tony Hugill, the boss up there, and check on my story. And can you explain how this Bond chap could possibly have tracked you down to a brothel in Sav' La Mar? And what does he want from you anyway?"

Scaramanga contemplated him silently for a while. Then he said, "Guess he may be lookin' for a shootin' lesson. Be glad to oblige him. But you've got something about number three and a half Love Lane. That's what I figgered when I hired you. But coincidence doesn't come in that size. Mebbe I should have thought again. I said from the first I smelled cops. That girl may be your fiancée or she may not, but that ploy with the shower bath. That's an old hood's trick. It's probably a Secret Service one, too.

(continued on page 138)



"It's very romantic and all that, but don't you realize you're standing over an open grating?"



FUN FOR THE ROAD

rallying: an always exhilarating, occasionally manic autosport that combines competition with conviviality

Below: Morning muster finds enthusiastic rallyists putting heads together over instructional fine print while car is given safety check by officials.
Above: On the road after plotting out their initial course of action, confident couple in XK-E clip off mileage in determined fashion



sports By CHARLES BEAUMONT

A NOTED AUTOMOBILE authority once remarked: "The first car could never have remained alone on earth for long. Someone would have had to build a second model just so there could be a race."

If the pundit had substituted the word "rally" for "race" he would have been just as correct. The rally (which, incidentally, should not be spelled "rallye"—a form as archaic as "compleat"—except when a particular event, such as the Rallye Automobile Monte-Carlo, calls for its use), springing from a royalty-blessed beginning and maintaining an upper-class tradition, is fully as ancient and equally sporting as the more spectacular begiras of speed held on closed courses. It is a precision driving contest utilizing public roads, and can involve as many as several hundred automobiles, cover up to 12,000 miles and deliver almost any kind of thrilling experience the normal man might hanker for.

In this country, rallies, as weekend pastimes, have grown to amazing and, to some, alarming popularity. Those who find cause for alarm include highly civilized Palm Springs Indians, dirt farmers on the plains of Canada, wild and domestic animals, seclusion-seeking lovmakers, ferryboat captains, game wardens, trout fishermen—all of whom have felt the drastic effects of this particular brand of auto mania.

It takes a powerful influence to shatter the lives and/or nervous systems of such an ill-assorted clutch of kith and kine as those enumerated above, but a rally is the instrument with which the job gets done.

The dictionary defines "rally" in rather mundane fashion as "a coming together of persons for common action." But it also hints at the real nature of such an event by including these descriptive phrases: "a recovery from dispersion or disorder"; "to acquire fresh strength or vigor"; "an exchange of blows"; and "to ridicule good-humoredly." With a little imagination it can be seen that the author of these definitions was actually describing a rally wherein hundreds of automobiles and their crews "come together for common action" against a highly complicated set of driving instructions; foreseeing that a certain proportion will be forced to "recover from dispersion or disorder" after having gone astray; anticipating the need for "renewed strength and vigor" following the effort of shoving one's car out of a muddy soft shoulder; decrying the "exchange of blows" between driver and navigator when felicity begins to fray under pressure and laughing with those who "ridicule good-humoredly" the stragglers who come in hours after the victory banquet.

It may be difficult for the uninitiated to see how such a sport could sweep the country unless drastic legislation enforced participation, but like those who dig bongo drumming, skindiving and goldfish swallowing, its devotees love their hobby with a missionary fervor. We have found rallies an exhilarating form of automotive competition, a worthy joust with time, speed and distance, and, should you find yourself in a position to indulge, consider it with an open and youthful mind. On a pleasant Sunday afternoon, in the snug, leather-upholstered bucket seats of a nimble sports car, with a charming



Above: Wild cow-posture cor jam occurred when uncertain rollyists followed on outo that looked as if it knew where it was heading. The blind were obviously leading the blind. Below: One of the joys of summer rallying is olfresco lunch break.





Rally equipment, clockwise from ten: Mileage calculator, \$14, by Stevens. Attachable sports-car timer, \$45.60, by Racine. Stop-watch recorders: 1/5-second, split-action model, \$72; 1/100-minute version, \$48.50; 1/5-second model with 17-jewel precision movement, \$145, all by Heuer. (Below them: Two-button wrist chronograph, \$111, by Gollet.) No-glove clipboard, \$19.60, by Racine, with 12-hour timer, \$41.40, by Golco. Italian knit and leather driving gloves, \$8.95, from Haon. Rapid calculator, \$125, by Curto. Letters, 50¢ each, large numbers, 75¢, and small ones, 50¢, all from Hoon. Altimeter, registers up to 15,000 feet, \$9.50, by Airguide. Speedpilot timer, \$89.50, and Twinmaster distance measurer, \$89.50, both by Holdo. Above Speedpilot: Dynamometer for checking brake efficiency, \$29.95, by Bowmonk.

Below: Crew of MG Sports Sedan decides to combine logging in or check point with some leg stretching. Short-wave radio an officials' table broadcasts time signals.



companion at your side to share the challenge and be drawn closer by mutual effort, it is guaranteed to take years off your outlook. Later, with cocktails and dinner, in the good fellowship of kindred spirits and plenty of expansive conversation on the day's activities, it is obviously the Good Life, and trophies won or lost become incidental.

The mention of trophies obviously puts this sport in the amateur class, and so it is with the vast majority of the events staged in the United States. It therefore becomes not too difficult a game to play and the prerequisites are few: an automobile (not necessarily a sports car), a partner who can be (nay, *should* be, as far as any red-blooded young man is concerned) female, a few simple and inexpensive instruments and an ample quota of self-confidence. The last-named ingredient, it will soon appear, is of the utmost importance. A rally, in the best tradition of amateur competition, requires total self-reliance. It is you against the pack—and may the best man win.

Dictionary definitions aside, a rally involves point-to-point driving over an exactly specified route, maintaining given speeds to arrive at an unrevealed destination at an unspecified time. This is somewhat like solving an algebraic equation where both X and Y are unknown, but rally experts become so skilled that they arrive with less than a second of error over a 500-mile course.

Lest this seem like a dry mathematical exercise or an organized tour for little old ladies, consider that these precise events are run in the dead of winter through the Adirondacks, across Canada, or over the 11,000-foot passes of the Continental Divide at speeds difficult to maintain even in the best weather. Others take the entrants through the Everglades, up the Chisholm Trail, into Grand Canyon country and, in fact, along nearly any highway, freeway, toll road, side road, logging road and fire trail you can find on the map. The top rallies have a definite separational effect on men and boys, and even the near-casual Sunday-afternoon outings that end at beer busts or watermelon picnics can involve some pretty hair-raising episodes.

The Affair of the Palm Springs Indians might be cited in this connection, since it began in all innocence and almost ended in a 20th Century scalping festival.

This particular tribe had the commendable foresight to settle on a forsaken piece of desert real estate in California which they knew would later become extremely desirable to palefaces as a winter retreat from Eastern cold and Los Angeles smog. Their reservation, although somewhat eroded by the intrusion of palatial residences, golf courses and luxury hotels, is still a primitive, albeit well-financed, oasis. The Indians enjoy a definite amount of privacy, and the dirt-surfaced access road that meanders through their domain is not frequently used. Visitors are not molested, but are certainly not encouraged. The untraveled reservation road intrigued the rally committee of a Southern California sports-car club, always seeking the



Above left: Cobro pilot looks resigned to his fate as eternal feminine in young lady causes her to pass up map interpreting in favor of freshening her make-up. Above right: A more athletic type of repairwork occupies Porsche pair as blowout blows their chances of coming close to prescribed time for rally's final leg. Below: A toast to the winning team's loving-cup bearers of casual beer-bosh bonquet that tops off rally big show.



offbeat, scenic or unusual to include in an event.

The survey party, charting the course some weeks ahead, encountered no opposition or hostility and probably ignored the fact that the Indians existed. On the day set for the rally, the sparkling, sunny fall weather attracted an unexpectedly large turnout and, seemingly, half the sports cars in Los Angeles were at the starting line loaded with high-spirited enthusiasts.

The red men, lounging on the porches of their houses, which border the dirt lane, were at first amused by the unusual amount of traffic as car after car hurtled by; but then, as there appeared to be no end to this parade, began to be annoyed as each of the participants stirred up a cloud of dust which failed to settle before another unconcerned rallyist blasted along and added more topsoil to the atmosphere. Finally, pale under the layer of silt, and red-eyed with rage at this violation and aerial dispersion of their property, the Indians met in tribal council and declared war on the automobiles. Making use of the weapons at hand, they scattered nails, barbed-wire fragments, broken bottles and tacks across the road and sat back to await the loud popping noises that inevitably followed.

After a goodly number of cars had been halted at the booby-trapped section and the frantic crews were hurriedly jacking up their disabled vehicles, the Indians sauntered out and invited the contestants to take their rally elsewhere. This admission of culpability in causing the participants to lose the one commodity which they regarded as more precious than diamonds—time—and the impression that they were on a state highway brought the rallyists' tempers to a point hotter than the desert sun. Another Little Bighorn was almost precipitated, and only the intervention of club officials managed to bring about the lighting of a peace pipe. There are some entrants who still aver that if one more car had stormed by in its own aura of dust, firearms would have been the next resort of the Palm Springs Indians and that the U. S. Cavalry would have had trouble quelling the well-heeled revolt.

Such sensitivity to the continuous shock wave of passing cars at close intervals is not unique with our red brethren; herds of sheep and cows have been put to flight by rallyists roaring up farm roads in the dead of night or early in the morning, and irate ranchers have been known to level shotguns at passing contestants in anger and frustration.

Rallies, of course, are not continuously larded with such encounters, and the events staged in this country do not all involve the supreme tests of man and machine that characterize those held in other parts of the world, but they are legitimate descendants of the *Herkomer*

Fahrt, an automobile trial of 1904.

Its successor, the *Prinz Heinrich Fahrt*, which began in 1908, was the immediate ancestor of the present-day Alpine Rally, one of the toughest and most prestigious and the model for all other similar events.

The association of royalty in these early-day trials inaugurated a blue-blooded or upper-bracket miasma which still persists, and the sport is generally regarded as something like yachting or greyhound breeding in many places. It was necessary to have some kind of influence to get the pre-World War One events on the road, since most cities and villages had ordinances against "scorchers" that restricted a vehicle's progress to the pace of a man carrying a red flag, or something similar, and the daredevil chauffeurs of that innocent era were willing to risk their necks at speeds perilously high in the 40-mph bracket. With the assistance of Prince Henry of Prussia, brother of Wilhelm II, Kaiser of Germany, these safety regulations were waived for the trials, and the *Prinz Heinrich* was named in his honor.

The *Alpenfahrt* was born simply because members of the Austrian automobile club discovered an unclimbable mountain road and realized that it would make a superb rally obstacle—a state of mind which still persists among rallymasters. The first Alpine attracted 23 entries, of which 15 remained in the contest after they saw the *Katschberg*—the 25-percent grade which so delighted the committee. Five cars managed to make the climb without assistance from man or beast and their makers widely advertised the fact. The result was that within a couple of years the list was up to 95 widely assorted vehicles ranging from Rolls-Royce to Model-T Ford.

The Alpine, barring time out for wars, has annually maintained its reputation as a car destroyer and a wringer-out of men. It imposes conditions so difficult to meet that triumphs over its twisting length are counted as manufacturing achievements as well as testimonials to the durability of driver and navigator.

International competition is not always the eventual goal of amateur rallyists, but a certain percentage of those whom you might encounter on a modest club rally around Weehawken, New Jersey, might be planning such a foray in the future. To these people, the rally is a gripping drama in which anything not specifically forbidden is permissible. As a result, some of the contestants arrive at the start with cars having electronic computers worthy of MIT coupled to speedometers and clocks, or a back seat full of hand- or battery-operated calculators, stop watches, 24-hour clocks, short-wave radios capable of receiving official time signals from the Naval Observatory and every device known to assist in rapid

mathematical equating this side of Albert Einstein. Such an accent on time-and-distance accuracy, as opposed to the hard-driving European-type rally, has grown up because in most sections of the country at most times of the year, the roads are in excellent condition and public officials frown on turning our highways into more of a race course than they already are.

Oddly enough, the threat of a ticket seemingly adds a bit of spice, and rally veterans develop a separate sense which, sharpened by participation in a hundred brushes with the law, tells them where to tread lightly.

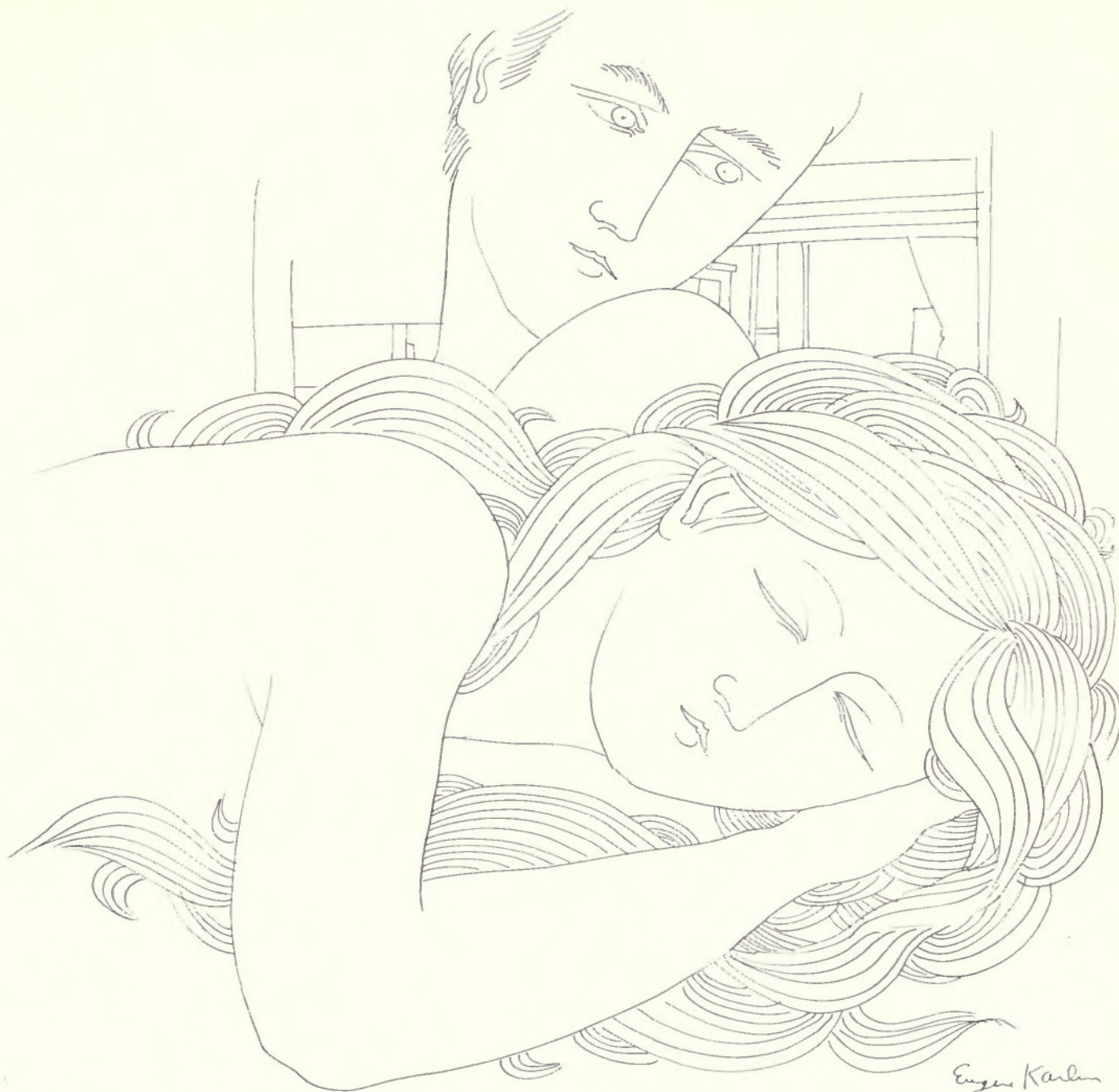
Such avid enthusiasts and the electronic-computer set, naturally, form only the hardened inner core. Ranging outward from that particle are the more-and-more-casual types until, on the outer periphery, are found the seat-of-the-pants navigators and drivers who use the radio merely to get ball scores.

Rally equipment of an intricate sort will not replace common sense, and if you have a tendency to get lost in telephone booths, perhaps you had better consider some less demanding hobby. However, if you are reasonably quick to decide which is your left hand, as opposed to your right, and are capable of working simple mathematical problems of addition, subtraction and division, you should at least give the sport a whirl. If you understand a slide rule or can learn to operate a circular version of one that is translated into miles, time and speed, you are in great shape for a tyro—assuming you want to navigate. If you fancy yourself as one who can instinctively maintain a set speed and keep a sharp eye for roadside details, it might be the driver's side for you.

Navigation seems to be the fly in the pudding for those who say they'd like to go the route but are fearful. However, a few years ago one of the best club rallyists in Southern California invariably showed up in his crisp little MG TC with a pad of paper strapped to one leg, his wrist watch tightly wound and a slide rule in his car-coat pocket. Until they barred this Lindbergh-type approach, because somebody considered it dangerous to read, write and drive at the same time, the lone wolf was taking home enough suitably engraved trophies to stock a jewelry store. So, navigation shouldn't be too much of a problem for one unoccupied person.

To assay that statement, let us examine the typical one-day rally so popular in this country. The rallymaster, or rally chairman, and his committee plot out a route, using large-scale maps, then survey it by car to determine if there are any real gut-busting hazards or impediments that would add too great an element of luck to the running. Then it is

(continued on page 122)



THE GAME OF HIDE AND SEEK

the very reason for their passionate liaison held the seeds of its bittersweet impermanence

fiction By HERBERT GOLD

NEW YORK is for lovers, it's on their side, he thought, stretched out cooling by her flank; but not for this parched lover. He suffered the thirst of the yearning man who had drunk from a cool, tempting, secretly corrupted spring. There was salt on his tongue. He thrust himself onto his back—thinking position—and thought himself into a mote of dust idly floating in the brilliant late-afternoon sunshine that suddenly poured into the room through the blinds. He left Helen, lovely Helen, fainting for only a moment into the damp trench made by her body in the bed; he became mere idle dust; he floated; he swirled. It was the best he could do. No use trying to sleep.

The mote decided that New York is for lovers who need the thrill of fleeing from public into private excitement, for those who flatter their pride in a daring, secret retreat amid the crowd, for the light and easy hand-holding very young. These lovers rise beautifully to the sea-swell challenge of the fantastic crested city.

Not Mike, wounded in his conjugal war. Not Helen, whose bitter and cautious delight in love had helped to make her an actress of rare quality. ("Ah'm the Queen of Off-Broadway," she sometimes explained. "Ah'm the Reignin' Queen of the most irrelevant plays you have ever seen. That don't scan, but it's true.")

They were drunkards of love. They had taken their fill, yet needed more. How (continued on page 118) 97

THE GIRLS OF THE RIVIERA

*a tribute to the mediterranean playground's
international panorama of sun-kissed,
barely clad, pleasure-prone beachcomelies*



Left: Golden-tressed Arlette Dobson (Miss England, 1961), o London fashon model, shores poddle boot with Swedish shipmate Uschi Bernell off Carlton Beach at Connes. Below left: Bosom-deep bother Clarence Coveux, dromo student ond daughter of o Paris restouroteur, upstages Connes' palatial Hotel Carlton. Below right: Motorbooting off Cop d Antibes, monokinied bollerino Jode Maillol tokes eye-filling odvontoge of recent French court decision allowing topless beach ottire. Bottom: Finnish film starlet Miriom Michelson reflects on latest St.-Trobez swimwear.



Below: Copenhagen coed Anne-lis Swensen adds impressive new dimensions (36-22-36) to the Riviera's bare-bosomed look in beachwear as she enjoys a top-down ride along the Cannes Croisette. Bottom left: On vacation in San Remo, winsome Rhinelander Inge Böhm, a professional translator who migrates to the sunny shores of Italy's Riviera di Ponente each winter from her home in Würzburg, is fetchingly framed by netting at fishermen's dock. Bottom right: Noontime shopper Joselyn, a 21-year-old Cannes dental assistant, doesn't need local gendarme to stop traffic.



IF YOU BELONG to that international fraternity of peripatetic young males who enjoy following the girls who follow the sun, you'll find the Riviera's sun-drenched beaches and coastal highlands the happiest possible hunting grounds for the female of the species. From the tiny seaside village of Le Lavandou, at the western tip of France's resort-studded Côte d'Azur, to the naval port at Spezia, some 200 miles away on the easternmost fringes of Italy's fashionable Riviera di Levante, you'll always be within arm's reach of an eye-filling array of bikini-clad femininity. The Riviera's contingent of female sun worshipers is almost as unlimited as it is uninhibited, and the young male with a modicum of loot can afford to be as discriminating as he chooses in selecting companions with whom to share his itinerary.

Far from being a homogeneous group, the girls of the Riviera are as diverse a collection of beachcombing beauties as you could ever have the good fortune to encounter. In fact, during the height of the resort season, which extends from early January through July, only a third of the female population on the Côte d'Azur is even French born. Instead, it's the climate-conscious northern European girl and her adventure-seeking American sister who comprise the majority of this international playground's tanned-torso set. Not until late summer do the majority of vacationing *femmes françaises* flock to this Mediterranean mecca of sunshine and seminudity in search of a new skin tone and the right male companion to admire it.

In addition to being the spice of every man's life, variety is one of the intriguing qualities that has helped make the Riviera girl a creature of universal appeal. She probably spends most of her year in London, Paris, Frankfurt, New York, San Francisco or even Minneapolis, Stockholm, Madrid, Rome or Lisbon. She may be a Balkan ex-princess whose parents fled to western Europe before the Iron Curtain was drawn tight, or the daughter of a wealthy Oriental merchant who emigrated from Indo-China when the French army was defeated in 1954. Or she may be one of the myriad aspiring actresses who roam the Croisette at Cannes, hoping to be discovered by some international movie mogul. She might be a recent graduate of Stanford or Sarah Lawrence whose unsuspecting father is convinced that an extended Mediterranean holiday is just what his little girl needs to broaden her outlook. Or perhaps she's the typically intense young art student who annually pays homage to the gallery exhibits at Antibes, Biot, St.-Paul and points east. Her background and interests are likely to be as unpredictable as womankind itself. But whether the Riviera girl of your choice hails from Seattle or Saigon, dances at the Lido or clerks for a stuffy (text continued on page 126)

Below: Aboard a friend's yacht in the harbor of Portofino, Madeleine Arentoft, a delectable Danish undergraduate from the University of Copenhagen, displays the kind of well-rigged lines (36-21-36) that have brought many a male to the Ligurian seaside. Studying to become a librarian, this bookish beauty prefers well-read to well-heeled moles.



Below, clockwise from top left: Chestnut-haired Reine Rohon, 17-year-old video starlet from Paris, returns to scene of her 1964 Cannes triumph, where she landed a TV film contract just minutes after posing *ou naturel* for film-festival photogs; Hanoi-born Thoo Phuong, daughter of ex-Emperor Bao Dai of Vietnam, lends her inscrutable charms to St.-Tropez white-sanded Epi Plage; British monnequin Terry Borella tries for ollover ton of Crois-de-Cognes; French movie minx Veronique Vendell (see *In Bed with Becket*, *PLAYBOY*, February 1964) adorns the strand of Cap-Ferrot.



Below, left to right: Hazel-eyed Christione Thiry, a Katongo-born Belgian belle currently employed as a dancing instructor in the Conroy Islands, eschews the use of customary bikini at St.-Tropez' Tothi Beach; Milan model H       Urbini showers off after a day's surfing in the Gulf of Ropollo. Bottom, left to right: Connes hairdresser Jocqueline Luccioni, a 19-year-old native of the C       Azur, finds afternoon sun over the Croisette best for browning; Tania Bosset, an opulently endowed mademoiselle from Lyon, holidays in Nice between semesters of the Sorbonne.



Left, top to bottom: Statuesque Elen Stroetinga, o 21-year-old sculptor's model from Amsterdam, is habitué of rocky coastline near St.-Raphaël; Parisian pop chanteuse Cotherine Frank, who recently made film debut in Vodim's *Circle of Love*, catches 40 winks at Cannes. Below, in three-picture sequence: Viennese vacationers, blonde and blue-eyed Renata Aldigeri ond her designing female companion, couturière Inez Beinhauer, sample the local Ligurian vintners' harvest, then bask on beach of Sonto Margherito before cooling off in the briny atop trusty water cushion.



Below: On temporary leave from her undergraduate philosophy curriculum at the Aix-en-Provence Lycée, redheaded Virginie de Solenn, a 16-year-old native of central France, takes five on the sands of Colonne d'Estérel between filming sequences of *The Longest Night*, in which she plays a bit part. Bottom, left to right: Pert Parisienne Claudio le Boil shops for botiste at one of the stylish boutiques along St.-Tropez waterfront; sun-worshipping Swiss miss, Josick de Copper, full-time lab assistant and part-time European cover girl, has a penchant for cigarillos and the seaside.



Below left: Born and raised in Algeria, where she taught French to elementary school children until two years ago, Simone Dorot represented France in the 1961 Miss Universe contest at Miami. Now a full-time drama student in Nice, she hopes to develop her talents as a comic actress. Below right: Denise Perrier, whose father is mayor of nearby Fréjus, sips on aperitif at the elegant Eden Roc Hotel in Cap d'Antibes. Bottom: Andelo Krejci, a 20-year-old British ballet student from Stratford-on-Avon, does her sunning—sans suit—on a secluded strand outside St.-Tropez.



Below left: Titian-tressed Christiane Pavesi, an *haute couture* model from the Left Bank, attracts a crowd of male admirers at the casino in Cannes. Below right, top to bottom: Corrine Bedu, a successful Paris fashion designer who recently toured the Middle East after jetting to Beirut for a special showing of her latest line, is a dimpled devotee of less-crowded coast at Miramar; Tunisian-born Simone Bovinah owns her own St.-Tropez boutique, teaches Bedouin folk dancing on the side, and shows fine form (38-23-37) even while sitting out a frug at local baite.



Below, left to right: Eva Schouloud, Polish-born émigré from behind the Iron Curtain, now makes her summer home at Portofino when she's not displaying her abundant (39-24-39) assets in the Corps de Ballet at Milon's Lo Scola Opera House; Florence Fougere, a comely Connes bikini model and avid off-hours go-carter, prefers privacy of her own sun deck. Bottom, left to right: Cloire Davidson, a 22-year-old donseuse at a Liverpool discothèque, takes her leisure at Ste.-Moxime pod; Annie Pouliquen, a nurse and amateur shutterbug from St.-Malo, weekends at Biot.



Below: Coron Gardner, a generously proportioned (38-24-36) London video vocalist and a prominent up-and-comer in British cinema, has landed speaking parts in such flicks as *A Hard Day's Night*, *Yellow Teddy Bears*, *A Shot in the Dark*, and prefers arty atmosphere of St.-Paul-de-Vence for her annual Riviera retreat. Typical of the filmic females who frequent this quiet inland spot, Coron comes to the Côte d'Azur to escape bright lights of the moviegoing milieu, spends her holiday dobbing in oils and poring over an unread backlog of mystery novels.



*"Well, you've finally
convinced me, Mr. Wyngate.
I'm ready to throw
in the towel."*



the choice of ilonka the chaste



Ribald Classic from the folklore of the Magyars

WOE CAME TO THE LAND when the ancient town of Buda was besieged by Turkish hordes and only a few scattered garrisons held firm. Food ran low; but worse, the community water supply, the most vital factor to continued resistance, was depleted to an extent that brought despair to the hearts of all.

In one of these tiny garrisons, a few pitiful survivors fought on. Finally, one brave man disguised himself as a woman and then went forth to reach the waters of the Danube that meant life to his companions. He gambled that not even the fierce Turks would kill a woman in cold blood. But he had hardly gone more than a few paces from the sheltering garrison when an arrow pierced his heart.

"The disguise—it failed," sighed an aged leader of the survivors.

"Then I shall go for water," volunteered Ilonka, fairest of all the virgins of Buda.

"Never!" The leader shook his head. "The Turks would think you but another man in disguise and kill you with their shafts."

"Then I shall go without the robes!"

Despite the protests (some of them feeble) of her companions, Ilonka stood fast. She commanded all to avert their eyes as she disrobed. Then, completely unclad and lovely as the dawn itself, she stepped forth into the sunshine to face the hated foe, carrying two empty water buckets.

As the sun glinted on her golden skin, it revealed a magnificent figure that even privation had been unable to harm. Her rich curves gleamed and sparkled in their newly

found freedom. In truth, she seemed more goddess than thirsty survivor.

Not a sound came from the enemy as she moved bravely toward her goal.


At the river, Ilonka bent forward and drank her fill. Afterward she filled the buckets. Only then was she aware of a reflection other than her own in the clear water. It was that of a handsome young Turk. Like Ilonka, he was nude. He moved swiftly, and only after his particular thirst had been slaked did he permit Ilonka to return to her companions' redoubt with her two brimming buckets of water. There the survivors gratefully gulped the clear liquid, but the leader bade them spare one full bucket:

"So that poor Ilonka will not have to walk again among the uncouth foe."

That evening, as the garrison slumbered, a figure arose from among the sleepers, stealthily moved to the precious bucket of water, carefully lifted it and then deliberately emptied it on the thirsty earth.

Looking about to make certain none had observed, the figure quickly stole back from whence it came and lay again upon the ground. As the moon suddenly filtered through the clouds, the light revealed the features of the one who had dumped the all-vital water.

It was the lovely young Ilonka herself. A faint, anticipatory smile played over her full lips as she dreamily stared at the moon overhead. For tomorrow was another day.

—Retold by William Danch 

AMERICAN BUILD-UP

publicly accused by the president of Yale of being a rapist and John Quincy Adams was publicly tagged with procuring a young American girl for a Russian nobleman."

Today we live in an even easier age, and build-up men don't worry unduly about a client's private life—as long as he conducts himself with some discretion.

"What often happens is that the search for power and fame by these men," points out a leading PR expert, "replaces the sex drive to a great degree. Oh, they fool around a little, but hell, who doesn't? As long as he stays out of the tabs and the company profits don't disappear, it's not a major problem during the build-up."

One man who has handled many build-ups employs a simple litmus test in fixing his fee. "In order to find out how tough a job it's going to be, I first suggest the man as a possible speaker to the New York branch of the Security Analysts Association. If they're enthusiastic, I know he and his company have possibilities. If they have trouble catching his name, I know I have a tough one and I raise the fee or beg off."

There are other basic items to uncover by talking to his associates: What papers and magazines does he *really* read? All of them say *The New York Times* and *Fortune*, but that's what they think is expected of them.

Another expert discussed the methods employed by most of them in making their client bigger than life-size:

"I will first arrange to have him invited as a speaker or a panel member at a meeting of the American Management Association; or, if his interest is in getting to be a big man on international or foreign trade matters, we would try for a spot at a Council on Foreign Relations or a Pan American Union meeting. Those first speeches we write for him are the key ones. They're designed to create a stir, to be eminently newsworthy. Of course, we want clips as a result of his speech, but more important, we want his comments to be remembered by other trade-association executives and heads of various national organizations. When they cast around for speakers for future meetings we want them to think of our man. Once you've got a man launched right, there's a big self-generating factor at work for you. Fortunately, there are many national organizations in the country that need speakers at their annual conventions—preferably speakers they don't have to pay for."

Occasionally the build-up men have a staffer who writes most of the speeches needed for clients, but more often they're assigned to professional ghosts—

(continued from page 79)

who get anywhere from \$750 to \$1500 a speech.

"There are a hundred headaches here," a build-up expert said. "Usually the client comes to us having heard a smattering about Washington ghosts and how Eisenhower won the election with a line written by Emmet J. Hughes ('If elected, I shall go to Korea'). Or how John Kenneth Galbraith wrote that great line for Kennedy, 'Let us never negotiate out of fear; but let us never fear to negotiate.' So he tells us: Get me somebody to give me some great lines like that. Or he decides that President Johnson's style of short, choppy sentences is for him and why can't we get someone like George Reedy or Jack Valenti to write the stuff. We nod amiably and react as if he's come up with great penetrating insights and then when we figure we've allowed him to impress us enough with his inside knowledge, we get down to business. We discuss possible subjects for his speeches and inevitably we find that he wants to talk about something that's of interest only to his branch of the industry, or he really doesn't have a thing to say. So we usually start from scratch. There's always the temptation to give business audiences the things they *want* to hear over and over again: attacks on big government and wasteful spending or rising taxes. But those things won't get space for our man. *Everyone* says those things. We have to find a new approach for him and even a new way to say it. The month we're getting up his first few speeches is when we really earn our keep."

Basically, the speeches the client makes will depend not so much on style or delivery, or even on the groups he talks to, but on *content*: What does he say that's newsworthy or quotable or worth repeating? These qualities will get him space, fame and further invitations to speak. And that's what he's paying for.

One veteran business-speech ghost who has participated in several build-ups said: "Before I do any writing, I study the client closely: What kind of voice range, inflections and speech problems does he have? Everything has to be tailored pretty much to his current equipment, because once you start talking of 'voice training,' you're in a ticklish area; it's pointing out an imperfection to a man who has a few million bucks. So to save time all around, you give him simple words that he can't mispronounce and you hope he really practices his speech so that he's just not going to read it word for word without ever looking up."

In the early stages the build-up goes through his speeches carefully, changing a word here, a line there and occasionally adding a funny story he once heard in someone else's speech. "These guys usually don't know how to handle humor or deliver a funny line, but they hear other people get yoks and want some, too," one expert said. "But then, he's no worse than some of the Washington characters a month before the Gridiron Dinner: The honored guests are expected to keep them rolling with special quips. Once even President Kennedy had the whole White House staff producing gags for a short, funny, off-the-record speech at the Gridiron Dinner. But at least Kennedy knew how to handle a funny line."

One way to overcome the obviously prepared and read speech is to make spontaneous departures from the text. This, of course, is also prepared and rehearsed in advance. No one wants a repetition of the inadvertent frankness that overtook former Secretary of Interior Douglas McKay when he was campaigning for a Senate seat in Oregon. After bumbling through a prepared and routine oration, he put his manuscript aside and spoke up with renewed timbre: "And now I'd like to say a few words of my own."

Not only the first speech, but the first *impression* the client makes on the press is of great importance. The build-up experts tell and retell the lesson of the Hubert Humphrey haunt. When Humphrey first went to Washington as a Senator in 1948, a press-association reporter interviewed him and wrote that he was a "glib and gabby freshman Senator." For the next decade those adjectives inevitably found themselves in almost every interview with Humphrey—because most newspaper writers look at the clips before writing. Some experts believe the haunting reiteration of those words helped keep Humphrey from getting the 1960 Presidential nomination.

Recently the builder-uppers have been cultivating the national advertisers (such as Blue Cross, Northeastern Insurance and Bell Telephone) who key their programs around some leading corporation president who favors their product or actually uses it. "It's like the movie cross plug," an ex-Hollywood flack pointed out. "We lend the prestige of our man and they provide the space and the copy. If you shop around you can find a lot of tie-ins for your client and they don't cost you a cent. Great stuff."

Many of the tricks are not quite as straightforward. One expert has used what he calls his "fire alarm" gimmick for several build-ups. "The trick," he smiled, "is to create trouble and then have your man solve it. How? OK, in



"Oh, splendid. Here comes Munro with the olives."

this industry we have a friendly union leader—I do favors for him and he reciprocates—and we arrange a little quickie wildcat strike in our client's industry but not at his plant. Things look very black, but our man goes in and smooths the waters magically. The wildcat strike is over—and who gets the credit? Of course. You don't even always need a solution. Just have your man create well-publicized alarms and fears and he'll make the headlines."

The build-up men usually have a Washington office or associate. A chance for a client to testify before a House or Senate committee hearing is avidly sought.

"This serves several purposes," one expert pointed out. "We can work up a pretestimony statement that's handed out in advance to the press. We try to get in a really newsworthy comment that will make news and build up our man. But even if it doesn't make the papers big, our client loves to be able to tell his pals at the country club: 'Oh, the Senate asked me to come down to Washington to testify on the widget industry.' Real casual, of course."

The Johnson administration's encour-

agement of American exports to improve our balance of trade has helped the build-up men.

"It's become quite a thing, this big E for Export which the plant can fly from its stack and the president can frame in his office," I was told. "Since a lot of smaller firms, say with \$10,000,000—\$15,000,000 or less in production, seldom have any foreign markets, it's no great trick for them to build up some foreign sales. The beauty of it is, since they start with almost nothing, any increase is apt to be a very high one percentagewise, and that's what they're making these E awards for. So, my man, following our advice, gets an E in Washington and with a little luck we'll have him to the White House for a handshake. Automatically he's a big man in his state by this time."

The build-up man knows that after he's run through his preliminary bag of tricks he has to shift gears—because his client will be interested in more than just space-grabbing. By the second year he wants more substantial confirmation that he is becoming a big man. He wants honors—plaques and awards that he can display in his big private office. If he's become too controversial in his

grab for fame, these approved executive graffiti may be difficult to come by. "The first year's gone fine," one of the build-uppers explained. "Now in the second year he wants solidier *recognition*. Since he may not be quite ready for the higher accolades such as being invited to lunch in the private dining room of Time Inc. with Henry Luce, or getting invited to the Gridiron Dinner in Washington, or being a dinner guest at the White House—and I'm not ready to have a book ghosted for him—we have to seek out a flock of lesser substitutes: awards, prizes and honorary degrees."

First come the simple preliminaries: a low license-plate number in the states that still go in for this nonsense. Several have made the low-number plates a source of extra state income by putting special assessments on them, but still they are desired as a symbol of status. The build-up man can get these without too much trouble: Over the years he has built up allies in strategic state capitals. His annual \$18,000 Christmas gift list is quite genuine.

The leading flight clubs—United's 100,000 Mile Club, American's Admirals Club, TWA's Ambassadors and Pan American's Clipper Club—are no great hurdle for a top executive. Mostly they enable you to use special waiting rooms at leading airports and to put their membership plaques on your office wall. Membership requirements for all "clubs" are quite elastic, calling for "personal interviews" or "contributions to aviation" and, of course, lots of flying.

There are some awards almost openly for sale. One for businessmen given every year, and fairly well publicized, has a telltale stigma. The top three of the ten awards are to obvious Somebody. But the remaining seven are to "Who-he?" types whose build-up men have kicked in a modest \$1000 or \$1500 for the kitty, plus an indeterminate larger sum publicizing the fact that the awardee has received the prize. By this extra promotion on the part of the seven unknowns, the value of the prize should be even higher the following year. It isn't always logical, but PR often isn't.

De Gaulle has become one of the build-up men's favorite Frenchmen. When he publicly instituted a thorough overhaul of the French Legion of Honor awards, making their distribution much more restricted, he created a ready-made excuse for the build-up men who are invariably pressed for it along about the second or third year of the client's rise to fame. Nowadays the build-up artist can say: "The way things are, I don't think it'll help you to have an award from De Gaulle when we are ready for Washington." And Washington almost always figures prominently in the client's plans. Still, a French award is valued and the build-up boys can work out an Honorary Citizen of Paris deal when the client

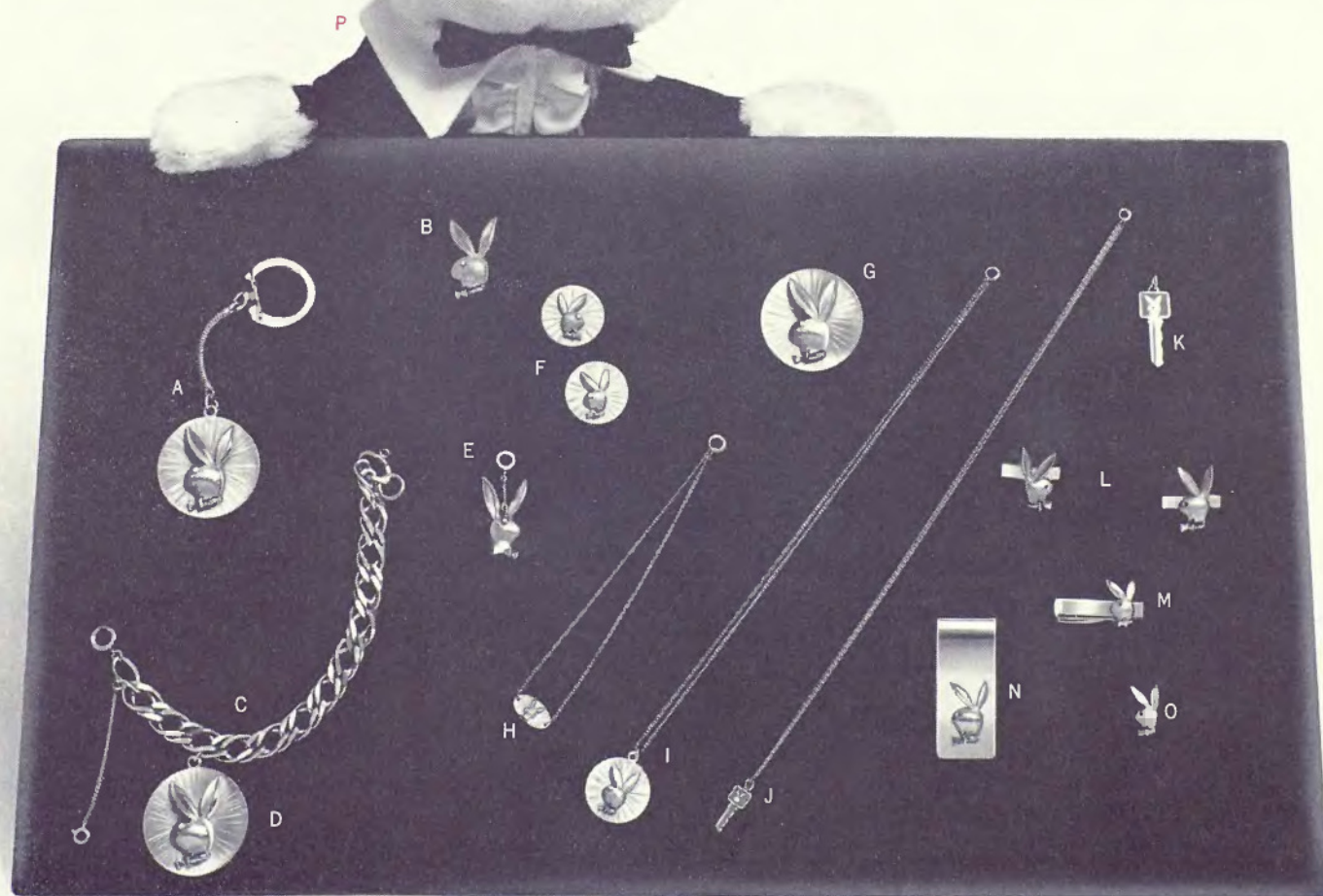


"Mr. and Mrs. Johnson?"



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goes to France. At a small but impressive ceremony he gets a beautiful medal and an engraved certificate: Parisian charities are always grateful to foreign donors.

Inevitably, the next step for the hooked addict is the honorary college degree. This calls for some finesse, considerable time and usually lots of money. One build-up man, adept at the art of what he calls "snagging the H. C. crap"—the degree is labeled *honoris causa*—detailed his most recent success:

"This client was a self-made man who built up a large business connected with a certain engineering item. When he came to me, he said that he had decided a build-up would be cheaper than psychoanalysis, and if I did my job right he'd have something to show for it. In his second year he decided he was ready for an honorary degree from an engineering college.

"I knew this couldn't be one of those cockamamie mail-order colleges. It had to be real and reputable. I looked around and got in touch with the department head in a certain Eastern engineering school. I talked vaguely of my client's benevolent tendencies toward engineering. How he's dying to do something for engineering students. We discussed the possibility of his coming down for a talk on his specialty to seniors . . . of his doing a piece for the college's engineering journal. It was quite vague, but all through it I kept stressing the great benevolence that welled up in my man. Finally, at the fourth session with the dean I decided it was time for 'T-O-T.' (He explained quickly: '*Tochus oyf tish*,' Yiddish for buttocks-on-the-table. Since the PR man was a genuine white Anglo-Saxon Protestant, I could only marvel at how certain Yiddish expressions had become a lingua franca among New York 'communicators.'")

"I did it with a throwaway line. 'You know, it would be wonderful if we could get him an honorary degree.' There was a pause. If the pause went beyond ten seconds I was in trouble. But after no more than five, the beautiful words came: 'That's worth looking into.' I was in. Later I found out how much: \$20,000. It was worth every tax-deductible dollar to my client."

Other build-up men I spoke to work through the college vice-president in charge of development, a higher-learning euphemism for fund raising. Some had worked deals for as little as \$5000, but the average seemed to be in the \$25,000-to-\$75,000 range, often spread out over a few years of giving. About half of the 3000 honorary degrees awarded each June are obtained this way. Of course, when you're a certified big man, things are much easier.

Benevolence has always been a sure route to prominence in America, but

direct gifts—unless they run into the millions—are hardly likely to rate a front-page story. However, with some imagination, even far smaller gifts are likely to be remarkably effective.

"We had this client who wanted to give away \$50,000 to charity," I was told. "But he wanted the money to bring the kind of results that a million bucks should bring. A real challenge. So we decided to use an old, useful technique: If you can't get a prize, give one.

"We worked out an annual prize award for outstanding work in his field. We give two awards of \$1000 each and the administration and presentation luncheon and judging costs run to another \$10,000 a year. But for his \$12,000, look what he gets: First, his name is on the award. The award gets reams of good publicity every year. A lot of businessmen try to get on the judging committee, so that gives my man a lot of trading leverage for any favors he may want from them. Then finally, we have a reputable college administering the awards—which means, of course, that the least they can do for my man is give him an honorary degree, because the college gets a lot of publicity each year when the award is announced. Any time we want to switch colleges we can easily pick up another honorary degree for him."

Nondeductible, but even more potent in the build-up process, can be the political donations. As everybody knows, in the old days the party fat cats could snatch an ambassadorial or ministerial post. The Kennedy Administration put more professional foreign-service officers in the posts. And for the first time in American history, three magazine writers—John Bartlow Martin, William Attwood and Edward M. Korry, who had helped write speeches in the 1960 campaign—were rewarded with embassies. Today a certain number of posts are still earmarked for the big givers who want the honor of being called Mr. Ambassador long after the ceremonial return from Timbuktu or Kabul.

A leading New York PR man, who does a lot of work for foreign governments, spelled out the requirements:

"Naturally, it takes a lot less money and work to make a man ambassador to Venezuela, Liberia or Cambodia, say, than to get him appointed to Rome. The essential requirements are that he possess a reasonably clean record, most of the social graces and a lot of money. For the lower echelon he will need at least three- to five-hundred thousand dollars to be spent on the endeavor, with about a fourth of that going to campaign contributions. For London, the Court of Saint James's—the diamond-studded brass ring on this carousel—several millions are needed. In addition, the honor will run into several hundred thousand of his own money in enter-

tainment costs once he gets it. Rome is next in line for social position and prestige, though not as demanding financially. Paris, which used to be on a par with Rome, has recently become less glamorous and more the spot for a professional."

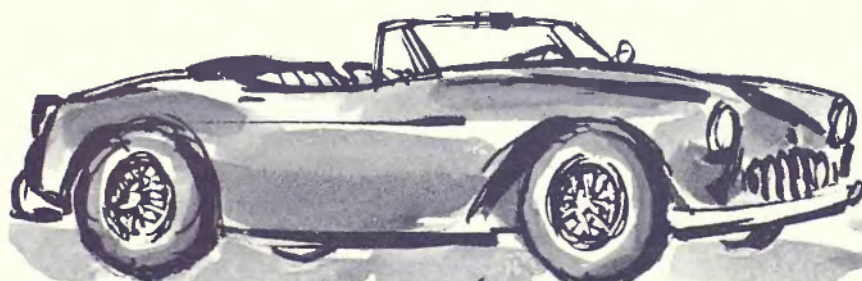
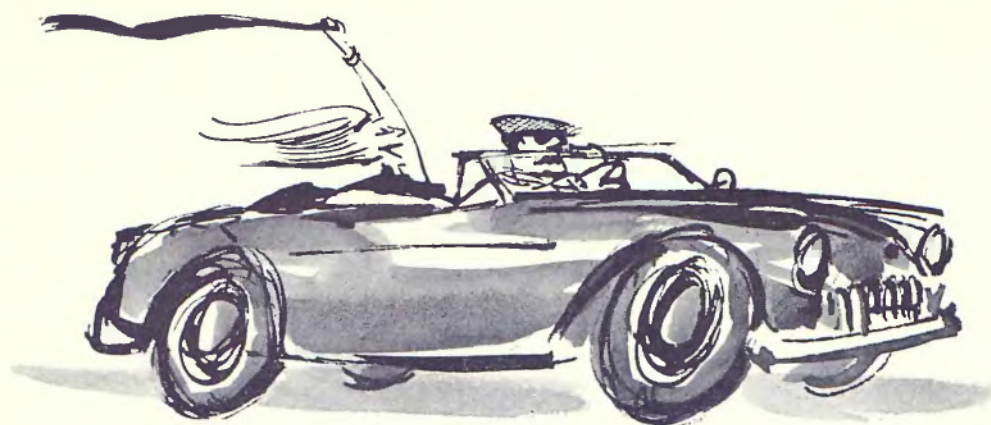
Increasingly, men whose build-ups are aided with sizable political contributions seem to be less interested in the foreign posts. "If power and prestige are what you're after," one commented, "taking a foreign post is a form of exile. The power center is here, never there. They can forget who the hell you are real fast when you're holding the fort in Dar es Salaam."

For these party contributors there are many positions of prestige and some importance right in the U. S. These posts are particularly desirable, because they do not require the full time of the appointee. There are chairmanships of various commissions, Presidential committees, posts as consultants to cabinet members and various kinds of memberships on U. S. committees working with and in the UN. Nearly all of these are served without pay, but are much sought after. Many of these entail interesting social obligations; others call for a yearly foreign trip in which the Presidential appointee is treated with great care by the embassy staff. The best Washington estimate is that there are 500-700 of these desirable part-time appointments.

There is a more important consideration even if the build-up candidate has money to spurn. "The most likely business type to go into politics is an executive who is over fifty," I was told by an officer of the Effective Citizens Organization, a nationwide bipartisan group in Washington whose purpose is to get American businessmen involved in politics. "He has certain disabilities: He is usually friendless in either party and is ignorant of issues, ill-informed and disinterested. Once he has decided that it might be nice to go into politics, he is convinced that it can be bought via public relations build-up, and that all pols are a stupid bunch anyway.

"When his build-up experts finally persuade him that elective office is another game entirely, he can start p'aying. First he has to get the support of some twenty people in the party who really count. And before he can get their support, his voting record is going to be taken apart. If he's been an independent, he's dead, plain dead. No independent has ever made it on the state level or higher.

"His minimum qualification for further consideration is likely to be a minimum of two years of hard work inside the party—plus campaign gifts *in accord with his ability to give*. He supports the party's candidates, programs and plat-



Donald Kell

forms and gets around to the hundred-dollar dinners. Once he has been eased in, *then* the PR build-up job is in order. But even here he has to coordinate it with the party and be careful not to dislodge men who have worked in the party for years and perhaps don't have the money he does. He starts low: assembly candidate, state senator maybe, or even mayor. These are natural jumping-off points for higher offices. When elected, he can put on all the build-up steam he can afford. After that, anything is possible."

• • •

Perhaps because there are so few of them, the build-up men often speak with great respect of the men in public life who do not allow themselves to be

sucked into the build-up vortex. Their attitude is akin to that of the sporting-house madam who bowed with respect when the town's last virgin passed her door.

They point to Frederic G. Donner, chairman of General Motors, the world's largest manufacturing corporation, who genuinely eschews any publicity and almost never grants press conferences. Juan T. Trippe, president of Pan American World Airways, is also known for his refusal to take part in the build-up psychodrama. Admittedly, these men don't need it: they are already big men.

The build-up is likely to remain part of subterranean and subliminal America for a long time to come. It obviously

fills a great psychic need in a land that spurns formal honors and titles. (A recent Gallup Poll showed that 70 percent of all Americans favored some kind of official honorary system.) Perhaps, though, as the mechanics of the build-up become more transparent to a more sophisticated public, fewer men will want to endure the expensive five-year ritual. Such steadfast abstainers should themselves be rewarded. Instead of adorning their office walls with dubious honors—American and foreign—they should hang there the works of some of the better French impressionists. These have had their own great build-up—and they're *still* going strong.



HIDE AND SEEK

could this man and this woman do more for each other than pleasure?

If Mike Curtiss could have lacked for women, it would have been better. He might have dreamed of love, and then found a girl (almost every man does), and then put together fact of girl and dream of love.

Or is that the wrong way, too? The mote wriggled in mid-air like a pale spirochete. Mike felt himself growing heavy, becoming his body again after the flight of love.

Again Mike told himself that the trouble was his own fault—the sins of moony adolescence visited on his moony age. Dreaming too hard first was his flaw. As the drinker scratches a dry rage for oblivion into his heart, so he had raged through women for some ideal of perfect beauty, perfect sweetness, perfect perfection. “Why do you look at me like that, Mike?” one frightened girl had asked.

“I don’t know, lady. You like to be looked at?”

Had he not earned his trouble? Yes. But now Helen, lovely Helen, who asked him: “Why do you look at me like that, Mike?”

“I don’t know why, kid. I love you.”

“Well. Well. Well, I like to be looked at like that, Mike. You’re nice.”

He did not need her to be perfect. He only needed her to be perfectly *his*.

Now she stirred in her sleep. She was waking. She did not know he had only recently been a mote of dust in the close air. She breathed quick hot kisses into his ear. She was saying something.

During the time of his marriage, he had gotten money and older and knowing, and many lovely women seemed to like men who are knowing and older and at least a little bit moneyed. So things were different after his divorce, different from college and different from marriage, and yet not entirely different. He had fled for his life from an unhappy, constricted woman who clutched because she could not dance. In New York he had found a life in which once again he was chosen by others and cunningly had to work out ways to resist, strategies for ease and freedom.

New York was full of quick, questing, constricted girls. Sex breathed humidly over the restaurants and the theaters and the expense accounts. Mingled in this breath, like the air of hallways, were hopes of love. The next hallway would be sweet, would be sweeter. The next girl would be less frightened. The everlasting cool music of nighttime Manhattan promised silence, was surrogate for silence; it covered silence and space; the music grew louder and more tangled—variation on unstated melodies, elaborations on a too natural, distracted gift of song. The prey tracked down the hunter. Then it coupled; they coupled; he

(continued from page 97)

coupled, still alone, depleted, acquainted with grief and strange to the lady by his side.

Helen promised another joining and another privacy. She had needs, but was more than an empty space to fill. She gave herself value. Just as she chose the play she might do, the movie she might consent to take a part in, so she had chosen him, not because she needed a man but because she needed *this* man. She cared for *him*—or so he believed.

“You’ll break my bones that way,” Helen whispered in the heavy dark. “I love it. Break them. You care for real, don’t you? Does your ear still hurt?” She had bit until a drop of the slow lymphic blood had stained their pillow.

The mote of dust swam away; he sucked it into his lungs. He took a deep breath of bodies and roses. The roses had seemed like a good extravagant winter idea. Now they sweated their heavy fragrance into the apartment.

He was hungry a little, but he was more tired. She turned eagerly, refreshed by her brief nap. He tried to hold her where she was, right there, stay there in his arms.

“Break them, Mike!”

“Let’s just stay here.”

“So many men,” she said thoughtfully afterward, insisting on getting up to pop a cantaloupe for both of them, “so many men don’t really care enough. We” (she meant *women*) “have to do all the caring.” There was a responsible pout on her tired, satisfied face. Scent of roses and ripe cantaloupe. It was fresh and chilled. Good, good idea; they ate, dangling their naked legs from the bed, putting the rind in an ashtray. He kissed her on the shoulder—what a good friend she was, to find a cantaloupe during this season!

“It’s been a nice seat belt, goodbye,” she said, grinning her lopsided grin. This was one of their household jokes. Once they had pushed together the twin beds in a motel to make love, and he had fallen into the crack between the beds, and as the beds slid apart and he sank slowly to the carpet, he had called up like a drowning man, “Oh goodbye, it’s been a great trip but I forgot to fasten my seat belt—” And they had laughed like crazy children, tickled each other and roared with crazy delight, and stretched and made bridges and dipped each other like nutty acrobats into the widening gap between their beds.

“May I see you tomorrow?” he asked. “It’s Sunday. May I see you all day? Let’s get out of town for the day.”

“Oh, I’m sorry, darling, I made a luncheon date. What a silly thing to do on a Sunday, and it’s a silly person—you don’t know him. But I’m having cocktails at Willy John’s, I just have to put

in an appearance—join me there. They’d love to meet you.”

Silence.

“They know all about you. They know how special you are. Somehow I didn’t even have to tell them, they just had to look at me. They say I even *look* different, Mike.”

Silence. She straightened his rind in the ashtray—a bit of pedantic housekeeping to show him she really didn’t think Sunday luncheon dates make any sense at all. And cocktails, too—no sense at all. She straightened his rind to tell him how special, how different, how she cared.

“I’d rather see you alone,” he said at last, “I’ve seen you enough in crowds. I know how you are in a crowd. You handle them fine.”

“Please.”

“I’ll wait till you’re free. Tell me when. Right now.”

“Don’t you *want* to see me tomorrow, darling?” she asked.

“I already answered that question.”

“Not at all?”

“You mean,” he said heavily, “you have another party you must go to in the evening? And if I want to see you, there’s another crowd for me to watch you in?”

More silence. Creakings through the walls; pipes, steps, all the business of the pueblo dwellers making their steady, irregularly clicking din. Radios. Elevators. The Lexington Avenue bus. Silence of fret between Helen and him.

“I go to parties,” she said, patient and indulging him, “because I like them. It’s fun. And because it’s part of my career—my business—as you well know, and because—”

“As I well know.”

“And because it’s even more fun when you’re there. I see you having a good time, you can’t fool me, you enjoy it when people laugh at your jokes. They listen to you. I like watching—you’re marvelous, Mike. Who likes to be alone all the time?”

“Not all the time,” he said stubbornly, shutting his eyes because they were richly naked and this conversation seemed to strip them of their healthy, rich, desiring flesh; it made their arms and legs spindly in the late-afternoon light; he wanted to cough. “Not all the time, just sometimes. Just tomorrow.”

“You have a *way*,” she insisted, “you’re awfully good at parties for a man who grouches so much. I’ve seen you just walk in and take over. Now just don’t grouch me, Mike!” She shook her head flirtatiously; he had said how it tossed her thick hair, cropped thickly. She liked to win loving battles against him; she would not give up. “You’re a natural with people, and against your own will. Do you think maybe that’s

why, Mike? People feel the weight, the friction of real character. Is that it? Tell me your secret, *s'il te plait*."

He would not be flattered by her when he was asking very much more. He did not smile.

"The way you laugh and look at people, Mike, they're putty in your hands. They just give up. You're the Pie-eyed Piper."

"I've had my hands in too much putty," he said. "I'd rather you looked at me, and I want to give up amusing people. Maybe you should stop being so amusing, too."

This time he caught her hard. Perhaps it was his hoarse, imperative voice, still with that special resonance after the afternoon's lovemaking. Perhaps it was this combined with his cold sarcasm. Her joke of flattery had fallen flat: *bombed*, as her friends put it. It was surely also that she was deeply susceptible to him, for her face turned waxy all at once, as if abruptly the sense of their profound trouble together had caught up with her body, and the pale and pink ease of satiety deserted her. He was aware of the bluish markings under her eyes: *Great Lakes sinus*, she had explained before he had seen anything but her flagrant beauty. She spoke almost in a whisper, averting her head, ashamed. "I don't care for anyone but you, love, but don't force

me. I don't take forcing. That's why I run my life my own way. Ohio tried to force me—that's why I burned the bridges and put up my camp in Manhattan. I make my pretend. I do my special way of reading a line. I like a good night's work, fighting it out from eight-thirty till eleven, defending some imaginary soul, cleaning it bare—defending myself—and then taking it easy. My independence. It doesn't mean I don't love you."

Stubbornly he shook his head and pressed his lips; and he felt like a woman who says *Be with me more* to a man determined to build his life on achievement and motion, an enemy to love although requiring it—as the fire needs wood in order to be hot and active, but tells its need of wood by reducing it to gray ash. She had no right to do this! When women take up masculine vices, and men grow petulant and sulky, there is a violation of history. This thought, a sudden access of prissy conservatism, might have amused him in another mood. Now he still did not smile. He remembered that increasing numbers of young women are beginning to suffer the male diseases—ulcers, cardiac failures—nothing sacred. *We* don't demand the right to Fallopian tumors and hysterectomies, he thought. Why do they need our gastritis, too?

"Why are you grinning?" she asked.

"Joke. You'd be putty if I said. But it's really a complaint and pretty nasty."

"You don't want me to be an actress?"

"I want you to be good to yourself."

She shook her head slowly. Her yearning eyes overtook his vindictive imagination and he was sorry for his angry, whimsical generalizations. She was very dear to him, a worn, distracted beauty, and her anxious eyes were filled with moist effort. Even if distracted, she cared only for him among men. She liked other things and other people and other men, but as a man he pleased her most. Yes. That should be enough. And she was not always distracted.

"Mike," she said, "you've got both the flibbers and the nasties today. Let's have some soup. Keep up the old blood sugar."

She sprang to her feet; she ran. Her long legs like a new-found girl's, the coiled spring of her strength—good stock, tough good animal nature. She opened a can; she did kitchen work; she leaned and smiled while the pot came to a boil. She used a large spoon to guide the canned clam chowder into two plates. With her forearm she touched his robe, which she had appropriated to wear over nothing but her fine extravagant flesh, to protect it from any stain of soup. She looked worn, even more beau-

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deodorant
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"Oh, we just went to the movies and had a soda."

tiful without make-up, the first lines of age gathered about the eyes and on her handsome full throat. Her eyes, gray and tender, locked themselves into his over the raised spoon before she would taste it. He blinked, grinned, and reached up her arm through the wide sleeve.

"Don't, I'll spill," she said, but made a quick grateful smile. "Let me come here someday and cook you a real meal. Remember the first time, the first time . . ." She cut the sentence adrift while she did her own work of remembering, and then joined it again. "When we bought everything and had it all ready? Steaks and succotash and frozen strawberries?"

Yes. It was the week before she did the Lorca play for that educational network. She had come busily through his door in the afternoon, all prepared for cooking, with crisp celery stalks at the top of the sack, and had even put on an apron. She had spun around to show him how much like a little cook she could seem; the apron was silly and lovely, flying. He had taken her to his bedroom in the dying light of an October afternoon, and when they awoke during the night, it had seemed better just to nibble on crackers, ease their thirst with orange juice, drowsily talk, and then return to bed. The frozen strawberries lay melting in the sink.

"I remember," he said.

"But about tomorrow you don't remember? Bad sign, very bad. I'm slipping. In the evening you even promised to go to the party. The Trouts? Put on your thinking cap. You *must* remember, you complained so."

"Yes, sure, sure. But I'm not going. I think I said why already"—and with an impatience before her teasing effort that he could not conceal—"but I'll say it again if you ask me to."

"Are you angry with me? Do I—did I do something wrong?" She blushed. "Just now? Does your ear hurt?"

"No, no, no, don't connect with that—with the other room. I want to see you, I never tire of you—please, Helen!—but I don't see you anymore in the crowds. I don't see you at all."

Her eyes were darkening with shame and worry. She wanted him to be happy with her. This was making her a little angry and she did not like to be angry. Anger was one of the things she had left back in Ohio, except for the play anger of theater. That was different—a fine instructional reminder and use of it. "Maybe it's that you don't see yourself," she said.

She meant that he was too susceptible to crowds and that it was a weakness. He should be able to hold on to what he was, what he wanted, despite the crowds.

It was a weakness, then. All right.

But still unfair of her.

"Probably you're right," he said. "Probably it's just selfish, that's what

you're thinking. I wouldn't deny it for an instant. There's nothing wrong with selfishness sometimes." He touched her bare, slender, helpless wrist in the flopping sleeve. "Selfishly I want to be alone with you, Helen."

He watched the naked struggle of worry and shame turning in her bruised eyes. Years ago he had learned that anger always wins this contest in the eyes, even if anger has been abolished. Once more he tried for love in the race with anxiety. "We're good alone. We're fine alone. We're not alone enough."

But *what about tonight?* she was thinking. She did not want to be angry with him. Nor did she want to turn it against herself. Fleet troubled pride, homeward yearning! She bent to breathe softly on her spoon and take the soup.

"I don't see why we can't risk it more often," he insisted stubbornly.

Just as stubbornly she made the decision not to understand him. Despite love, despite desire, despite hope, she could not turn from her way to his. It was a decision made for her by the deep, anxious accent at the left side of her mouth, even by the fine laughter lines in the delicate skin at the corners of her eyes. "About tomorrow," she said. "Look. I'll explain. I'm not justifying, Mike, you know we don't do that, but I'll explain. There's this man I have to meet, sort of by accident—you know. Hell, you could even be there. But they've cleared the rights to a new play by Sartre, Christopher Fry adaptation, and I'm perfect for it. I haven't read it yet, but everyone says I'm right. You know, the beautiful and smart intellectual type. Trained by Mike Curtiss—you know. Come on, kiss. Kiss-kiss."

He did.

"Ah that's better. I know it when you sulk, I feel it right here"—she felt her own stomach, she felt his and squeezed—"it feels like jealousy, you know? Awful, awful feeling. Especially when a person is trying to be so good, Mike—really trying."

She waited. She had challenged him to rise to her. Faith and toughness. They waited together.

A winter chill pierced the walls despite steam heat and drawn curtains and the scent of roses. Through the little kitchen in which they sat, he saw the ferocious white triangle of light from the gooseneck lamp pointed toward a pseudo-brick linoleum wall pasted up by the last occupant. The light burned day and night. He liked to imagine it as sunlight, squinting his eyes; he liked to imagine love as love. The body's ache, glee and spasm was a seeming of love, and differed only from the steady true thing as the ceaseless light differed from sun. It had no shades and changes; it had no rhythm of fading and blazing; it did not provide the fixed, nourishing and consuming center of life.

Helen ate her soup in silence. The next gesture should be his. The steam of carrots and clams and spices warmed him. Surely it was foolish to talk longingly of being alone when they had this absolute privacy of nakedness and food together. She had the right to feel wronged—they had spent the whole day in music and silence and the thick struggle of flesh. But they were not alone, either, and she should know that he was right, too.

His apartment faced on a court. He could feel the weight of the flats overhead resting on his shoulders; he thrust his head out to bear the burden. Surrounded by schedules and plans, stridden under by obligations, he wanted to escape to eat grass, like a sick dog.

"Let's go to the country tomorrow," he said. "Sunday. I'll rent a car. Cancel all those things. There's no reason not to."

"Fine!" Her eyes brightened; she loved projects. "Let's make a real date for it, let's put it on the schedule for next week."

"Let's not. Let's just do it tomorrow."

"Darling, I *can't*."

He shrugged.

She came around the table to sit on his lap. He felt the marvelous warmth of her body through the robe she was wearing, through his pajamas. She put her head down on his shoulder so that her burning cheeks lay against his neck. She whispered that her skin was all rough from rubbing against his beard. He thought of his electric razor. No, he thought of the gleaming black cord hanging loose from the socket in the bathroom.

"I'm sorry about tomorrow, darling," she said. "I really wish, but—"

"Me, too."

"Please meet me tomorrow night. Write it down."

"I'll remember."

"Please. I suppose I should go home now, it's so late, but—"

She began to touch him with her hands.

Before going downstairs to get her a cab, he led her once more back into the bedroom. She would think that this meant they were together and alone. They hid from the city, from the world, from each other, in each other's arms.

Then she would go. She had a busy life. Tomorrow they would meet over cocktails and he would watch her in the crowd. Lightly she would squeeze his hand to let him know she thought only of him, and then she would pass on to greet another friend, a possible contact.

But right now her hands were imperative on him. They asked over his body, they demanded, they promised. His ear hurt. Greed. Pride. Hope. Hide! Hide, hide, hide.

FOR THE ROAD

(continued from page 96)

traversed and measured as accurately as possible, sometimes using a "fifth wheel" of extreme precision to get readings in one hundredths of a mile. An average speed is computed which takes into account the terrain and traffic, then sections of the run are set up with check points at the conclusion of each segment. These interim stops break up the total distance and are hopefully located where contestants are least likely to expect them, and concealed so that rallyists cannot dawdle or speed up to correct for whatever variation in time they may feel they are in possession of at the moment. Time over or under the ideal set for arrival at a check point is irredeemable.

Instructions are mimeographed and handed out as the entrants assemble for the start, usually in the parking lot of some shopping center where an extra 50 or 100 cars imposes no great problem. Then, at one-minute intervals, the contestants are flagged off, each with a starting time stamped on his route card. At each of the check points time of arrival is noted to the split second and entered on the card. At the conclusion, the team with the smallest total variation in time is adjudged the winner.

A premium is placed on the committee's ability to devise truthful but arduous instructions and to lay out a course demanding the utmost in alertness. By their excellence in meeting these requirements, annual rallies of certain clubs become famous.

Other groups become more noted for the excellent parties that follow their outings and some radical organizations have practically dispensed with the mechanical aspect of the whole thing and merely meet to have a ball.

One such farseeing brotherhood is the Bachelors' Sports Car Club of Hollywood (so farseeing, in fact, that it has an auxiliary: the Bachelorettes) in whose contests driving ability is strictly secondary to animal cunning. A typical rally staged by this clutch of spirits ended with the winner being selected on the basis of his date wearing the most revealing bikini at the beach party afterward.

Such antics are also typical of another extremely loose-knit West Coast organization, *Los Borrachos Visitandos* Sports Car and Rat Slugging Club, whose time-and-distance contests are chiefly concerned with getting to the proper destination on the right day and in a sober state—so as to be in shape for the prolonged socializing which is rigidly plotted. The club (whose name may be translated as "The Visiting Drunkards") rallies only to the weekend festivals that are so popular with natives and tourists in the West and where a degree of gaiety

not compatible with the old home town is permissible and, in fact, is both expected and encouraged.

From these travesties on the principles of the *Alpenfahrt* it is possible to move upward in infinite degree, but, with the exception of strictly professional rallies, it must be said that the social aspect and the attractions of the opposite sex are in no small part responsible for the popularity of rally clubs.

Between events, there is a great amount of planning that calls for meetings and get-togethers which, more often than not, take place in the congenial atmosphere of restaurants or private clubs whose surroundings are conducive to an easy informality. The coeducational bias of these clubs is emphasized by the current favor with which the young professional woman and college student look upon the sports car or small imported auto. Acquiring one usually leads to contact with other owners of the same make, and should one be the adventurous, pleasure-loving type, entree into this sporting activity is the net result.

Romances are born, flower, culminate and disintegrate in various ways as drivers and navigators form teams or trade partners over the course of a season. And many a fiancée who has refused to learn math or expose herself to the elements has found herself left home on weekends or has seen her boyfriend with another woman coolly manipulating a slide rule as they roared past.

Very few experienced contestants ever run out of gas, but an amazing number suffer from an inability to consistently distinguish right from left, and thus take the wrong turn. If they forge ahead and end hopelessly lost in some bosky dell or find themselves so far off schedule as to make continuing out of the question, and stop for refreshment at a hospitable inn, who can point the finger?

One Midwestern club's Moonlight Rally, which takes place in the lush early summer, meanders through fertile-smelling farmlands and alongside wooded lakes and rivers so appealing that it suffers from an almost embarrassing number of stragglers, considering the simplicity of the route.

The subject of getting lost, aside from such romantic peccadilloes, is a touchy one among the serious minded, simply because it can happen to the best and the consequences can be thrilling as well as amusing. Whenever a car fails to show up at the finish, it is generally assumed that the pair went astray and, rather than face the gibes of fellow competitors, headed for home. However, there is no guarantee that the missing persons are indeed at home or will ever be heard

from again; they could well be in the hold of a freighter bound for Tasmania. One event in the great open spaces looked pitifully simple because of the paucity of roads on which the careless could take the wrong direction; yet, somehow, a dozen cars drove right up to the opening of a mine shaft and were apparently prepared to accept it as merely a drastic hazard, had they not been restrained by the caretaker of the abandoned property.

This press-on-regardless attitude of rallyists is legend and stems from two inherent qualities that must be present: (1) the directions of the committee are in most cases absolutely accurate and (2) each contestant must have supreme confidence that he has performed each and every instruction correctly. To waver or doubt is to fall into error and end up lost or in a different country. Even if all the other cars are going north and your navigator says "head south," you carry on—even at the price of your neck.

An overlooked instruction in a fast-moving series once sent a pair of enthusiasts onto a busy suburban freeway in the dim light of predawn, headed the wrong way—a chilling fact not discovered until they had cheerfully waved, honked and blinked their lights back at a number of friendly drivers who had saluted in similar fashion.

These mental lapses are often aided and abetted by instructions which, contestants sometimes feel, border on the misleading even in the "navigational" rallies, not to mention those designed as "trick" rallies. Even the clearest and most revealing instructions are taxing when they come thick and fast. A typical example will illustrate the point:

"Continue on State Street at 34.3 mph. Turn R. at Mobil station. At first blvd. stop, change average speed to 27.5 mph. Turn L. 1100 yds. past stop sign. Turn R. at first paved road past railroad tracks. (Note: You *must* obey RR flagman, do not cross in front of trains, this is a switch yard.) At end of paved stretch change speed to 41.7 mph and turn L. at first road designated as state route. (Note: Whenever a numbered route you are on goes neither to the right nor left at a T and the next route instruction cannot be executed at this point, turn right and follow the new route to the next action point.) . . ."

Ofttimes the rallymaster becomes so engrossed with introducing obstacles to create pressure that he throws logistics out the window. Recently, one big event piled up a fantastic traffic jam at a ferry crossing which the committee had envisioned only as a sweatbox. The ferry made a crossing every ten minutes and the picture of the poor soul who *just* missed and had to wait while ten precious minutes ticked off was undoubted-

ly hilarious. However, overlooked was the fact that the ferry had room for only five cars at a time and, if they arrived on schedule there would be a car a minute, not counting regular Sunday traffic. At the appointed hour, twice as many rally cars were arriving as were able to depart, and after a few trips the monumental chaos and loss of temper can perhaps be imagined.

"Trick" rallies in which every effort is made to confuse the entrant fall somewhere between the competitive runs and the sheer-luck, out-to-have-a-ball affairs which resemble treasure hunts. Verging on the serious are the "photo" rallies, where the route changes are revealed only by aerial photographs which bear little resemblance to the same spot when viewed from ground, or car, level. At the end of the scale nearest the jaunts of the Bachelors, or the *Borrachos*, are mirror rallies which have instructions printed upside down and backward; or poker runs (contestants pick up a playing card at each check point and the best five-card hand wins); rallies where the instructions are in the form of scrambled anagrams; rebus rallies, wherein drawings or cartoons replace words; rallies in which a check-point official cuddling a Teddy bear could be a mute cue for you to head for a nearby wild-animal farm (if there's also a spot called Big Bear Falls within driving distance, lots of luck). There are also demoniacal rallies which employ little-known symbols—distances might be indicated in leagues, links, furlongs, poles or perches (a *World Almanac* will prove as indispensable as your ignition key in such cases); there are rhymed rallies, crossword-puzzle rallies, and rallies which defy description and the participants.

Since the avowed intention of the rally is to enable the enthusiastic car owner to participate in a nonracing event that will give him the pleasure of handling his car under circumstances different from his everyday driving and return him a sense of well-being and happiness, it becomes a case of to each his own. The level of skill and devotion applied to the cause will determine whether the rally fan remains in the "rally to the beer keg" class or seeks out the type of thing the Colorado Region of the Sports Car Club of America stages in February of each year: the Seven Passes Rally—a high-speed tour through the snow-covered, ice-encrusted back roads of the Colorado Rockies.

The progression might go something like this: Young man buys car, feels sporting, joins club which contains good-looking women available as rally partners, attends functions, dances, parties, has ball. At one of these parties he meets another y. m., a real rally nut who was

once 13th in the Continental Divide and would have been higher placed had his navigator not been a complete clot. He describes the intricacies of keeping on schedule while nosing through herds of cattle that roam the unfenced pastures and the tingling sensation of passing a huge diesel truck blind on a 12,000-foot pass. Fired with drink and enthusiasm, the first young man asks for a chance to navigate for this expert on the next big one and is accepted.

He knows navigation, having helped his own lovely but somewhat inept navigator, but he now discovers that his inexpensive circular slide rule is much too basic for the big leagues and he must invest in a Curta "pepper mill" binary calculator, if he is not of a mind to go into the more esoteric electronic computers priced at several hundred clams. He will probably spring for a couple of good stop watches and has, or should have, an extremely accurate pocket or wrist watch, in case one or the other stops. In addition, he will need a clipboard equipped with a light and a supply of pencils.

The car owner will undoubtedly have equipped his vehicle with a brand of tire known among the clan as one that retains its original circumference to a high percentage regardless of speed (so that his special odometer reading in one hundredths of a mile will not be too affected by variations in tire size) and he is also likely to have installed a set of high-powered driving lights or a spotlight and even a short-wave radio, as mentioned earlier. This aggregate can tack on more than \$500 to the list price of his car, but the combination would be in pretty fair shape to compete. If the car is an open roadster, preferred by many, car coats and other motoring habiliments would run up the total another notch or two.

If the team finds itself working well together, the girlfriends will quickly be relegated to lolling beside the pool or before the fireplace at rally headquarters while the males challenge the conditions that prevail.

Thus the cycle begins, and if the enthusiast has the temperament and freedom to travel, he might wind up on a factory-sponsored team competing in the great overseas rallies such as the Monte Carlo, the Liège-Rome-Liège, the wildly improbable East African or the Round Australia, which spares no obstacles of mountain and desert for 12,000 incredibly difficult miles.

This might seem a far cry from a Bachelors' Sports Car Club's Wine Cellar Tour, but the end result is the same: press on regardless and have a good time.



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PLAYBOY FORUM (continued from page 46)

us to the view that the use of such expletives could be properly allowed where such use was honest and the dramatic development sufficient to warrant the inclusion of rough language.

Our excursions on a carefully controlled basis were generally found acceptable, but required us to answer many individuals in the audience who took exception to our liberalized policy and held us up to censure. Our response to such criticism endeavored to point out that the mere mentions of "hell" and the occasional expletive, "damn," were not in themselves profane unless they were contained in a statement of divine imprecation. Our best efforts to reason with our critics more than often proved unsuccessful.

In connection with the unscripted *Tonight* and *Jack Paar* programs, we lack the normal control available to us with a scripted dramatic presentation. All guests on these unscripted programs are cautioned to avoid rough language which proves offensive to individuals and segments of the audience; and when they fail to observe this request, we excise their intemperate utterances.

You will appreciate the fact that the editors assigned to this delicate task of assuring that what you see and hear meets some reasonable standards of taste and propriety are often in that uncomfortable position where they must choose between the sensitivities of individuals in the audience and the right of the total audience to an unobstructed performance. Often, these judgments are subjective and allow for difference of opinion. Your spirited rejection of our endeavors in this instance is not only unusual but cheering.

Thank you for letting us have the value of your healthy opinion.

Carl M. Watson
National Broadcasting Co.
New York, New York

I leave the judgments to you. As for me, well, I'm downright disturbed, but not beaten.

Donald C. Ziperstein
Leesburg, Virginia

If your opinion is recognized as being "healthy," then what can Mr. Watson deduce about the opinions of the clamorous crew of critics whose sensibilities are shattered by an occasional off-color word? We were watching Johnny Carson one evening a short time ago, when the censored gaps in sound became so disturbing that we turned off the set in disgust. The cutting of words, and some-

times even phrases, from the taped soundtrack of that particular program has become so common that recently Johnny began doing bits about it on the air.

The letter from NBC is a fascinating narrative of an elephant stampeded by a neurotic mouse. One gets the impression that the network moguls are at the mercy of any nitwit who happens to have a five-cent stamp. By their own admission, an adult and responsible policy was scrapped because efforts to reason with their prudish critics proved unsuccessful. It should come as a surprise to no one, including NBC, that pathological prudes are by definition immune to reason. But why does anyone pay attention to them—that's the mystery! There are all kinds of crackpots around, living out their lonely, pathetic lives; but only the crackpot with a compulsive need to censor whatever happens to upset him is seriously listened to by others and treated as though he were a stable member of society.

SUICIDE IN SCANDINAVIA

Over here, on the other side of the pond, we are very interested in America's re-examination of traditional concepts of morality. There are many American attitudes that seem strange to a Scandinavian. For example, the question of small children on public beaches. It's quite normal here to see young children bathing nude. And I am grateful that we can be so normal and natural without hearing a voice cry that it is wrong to look at the human body.

Rabbi Tanenbaum said in the *Trialogue* discussion that the suicide rate in Sweden is enormous because there has been a breakdown in traditional morality. I certainly hope he didn't mean sexual morality! This would mean that if a man and woman were having sexual contact outside marriage, they might then be expected to kill themselves. That would very quickly reduce the population drastically.

I think if Rabbi Tanenbaum would look into the statistics he would find that most American suicides go unreported. In the small populations of the Scandinavian countries it is much easier to keep accurate statistics. And the Scandinavian's tolerant attitude on such matters also contributes to more accurate reporting.

There are three ways of handling personal problems: You can fight them; you can disregard them; or you can just give up. The last recourse often leads to suicide. Usually when people commit suicide it is not just because of one or two problems, but because of a whole complex of things which may or may not include sexual problems. But rarely is sex the main thing.

We are delighted with PLAYBOY in Denmark. Too bad it is so expensive here.

Ib Kidde-Hansen
Frederiksberg, Denmark

BETWEEN THE LINES

While reading through the March 5, 1965, issue of *Time* magazine, I came across an article in the "Religion" section under the subheading "Morality," which describes a meeting of theologians at Harvard Divinity School. Although PLAYBOY is never mentioned, these theologians seem to be reiterating *The Playboy Philosophy*. I strongly suspect that the words "Hefner" and "PLAYBOY" were on every theologian's tongue, and that the editors of *Time* saw fit to delete what would amount to praiseful references to a rival publication. On the off-chance that you haven't seen this article, I quote it:

LOVE IN PLACE OF LAW?

The 20th Century's sexual revolution directly challenges Christianity's basic teachings against fornication and adultery. Some progressive church thinkers now advocate a "new morality" to take account of these facts of life. What they propose is an ethic based on love rather than law, in which the ultimate criterion for right and wrong is not divine command but the individual's subjective perception of what is good for himself and his neighbor in each given situation.

More than 900 clergymen and students gathered last week at Harvard Divinity School to ponder the new morality and its significance for the church. Inevitably the speakers reached no definitive conclusions, but they generally agreed that in some respects the new morality is a healthy advance, as a genuine effort to take literally St. Paul's teachings that through Christ "we are delivered from the law." "Lists of *cans* and *cannots* are meaningless," said Princeton's Paul Ramsey. Yale's Protestant chaplain, the Rev. William Sloane Coffin, similarly approved the new morality's concept of "guideposts" rather than "hitching posts," although he thought that the church would have to be restructured to accept it as a way of life.

In defense of tradition, Ramsey suggested that the new morality could not ignore the divinely given natural link between sexual relations and procreation. Harvard's Gordon Kaufman answered that the perfection of contraceptives was breaking this link . . .

Joseph Fletcher of the Episcopal



1



2



3



4

Heister

Theological School in Cambridge thought that no sexual relationship should be absolutely condemned by the church . . .

The core proposition of the new morality, argued Fletcher, is that "there is only one thing which is always good regardless of circumstances, and that is neighborly concern, social responsibility, agape—which is a divine imperative." In the situational approach of the new morality, he said, "one enters into every decision-making moment armed with all the wisdom of the

culture, but prepared in one's freedom to suspend and violate any rule except that one must as responsibly as possible seek the good of one's neighbor." Which is quite a long thought for an 18-year-old during a passionate moment in the back seat of a car.

We here at the University of Chicago immensely enjoy reading Hefner's *Philosophy* and find it to be one of the few lights of reason in an otherwise darkened society.

Manfred White
Chicago, Illinois

"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on subjects and issues raised in Hugh M. Hefner's continuing editorial series, "The Playboy Philosophy." Three booklet reprints of "The Playboy Philosophy," including installments 1-7, 8-12 and 13-18, are available at \$1 per booklet. Address all correspondence on either "Philosophy" or "Forum" to: The Playboy Forum, PLAYBOY, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611.



GIRLS OF THE RIVIERA (continued from page 101)

British barrister, gambles at Monte Carlo or spends all her waking hours on a water cushion at St-Tropez, it really doesn't matter. For once she's ensconced at her favorite strand along the Côte d'Azur or her favorite sidewalk café overlooking the Ligurian Sea, she becomes a member of that unique and eminently desirable breed of female: the Riviera girl.

If one were asked to single out the qualities that separate the Riviera girl from the rest of her gender, the first characteristic that would come to mind is her nonchalant unself-consciousness among large crowds while adorned in the absolute minimum of clothing. It's possible to trace the origins of this female cult of maximum exposure back to a bright afternoon in 1927 when actress Ina Claire crashed the gate of the swank Juan-les-Pins casino wearing only a translucent pair of beach pajamas. From that day forward, the Riviera girl has had but one all-consuming goal: the public display of her body.

With the advent of the bikini in 1946, the Riviera girl carved a permanent niche for herself in the annals of anatomical history. For the girls of the Riviera, the bikini became much more than just an accepted uniform. It became their bond, their banner, their symbol of sartorial, social and sexual emancipation. Year after year, American swimsuit designers who eschewed the bikini had tried unsuccessfully to will this brain child of the Riviera's *couturiers* into obscurity. But the Riviera girl could not be put off. With each new trip to her own particular Riviera stomping grounds, she took along a new—and briefer—bikini, displaying her increasingly revealed charms on well-attended public beaches, even ambling up to—though not quite through—the doors of the better casinos.

In accordance with the Riviera girl's endless quest for maximum exposure of her natural gifts, the St-Tropez designers began several years ago to feature a new and daring line of bikinis that sported a low-cut bra wired beneath milady's bosom, for maximum uplift and outthrust. This move undoubtedly established the precedent for the introduction of that latest boon to Riviera mankind: the monokini. A descendant of America's topless swimsuit, the even more abbreviated monokini met with intransigent opposition from local law enforcers. This time, they felt, the Riviera girl had definitely gone too far.

Or so it seemed until a pretty 21-year-old Parisian gym teacher named Claudine Durand arrived in Cannes early this year—to be arrested for wearing nothing more than a fairly modest monokini while engaged in a fast round of ping-pong outside the tent of an enterprising beach concessionaire. Her en-

suing trial and conviction on charges of being “an outrage to public decency” would normally have been enough to quell the ambitions of other girls with similar proclivities in beachwear. But this was the Riviera, and Claudine's fate became a *cause célèbre*. Appealing her case to the Aix-en-Provence appellate court, Claudine was acquitted when the judges concurred, with classic Gallic gallantry, that “the spectacle of the nudity of the human body has nothing intrinsic in it that would outrage normal, even delicate decency”—thus paving the way for a dramatic increase in bare-bosomed beauties who will make their annual pilgrimage to the Côte d'Azur this summer. The next logical step in socially acceptable Riviera beachwear—already taken on remoter beaches—will undoubtedly be nothing at all.

There is yet another common character trait peculiar to the girls of the Riviera—one which has always been of invaluable aid to the companion-seeking male traveler who frequents these female-flooded shores. For reasons best known only to herself, the Riviera girl is a remarkably sedentary creature. Wherever she makes her pad along the resort-studded Côte d'Azur, she tends to stay—a fact of Riviera life that enables the male suitor to acquaint himself with the divergent backgrounds and tastes that separate the typical girl of St-Tropez from her curvaceous counterpart in Cannes. The only migratory influences the Riviera girl adheres to are those dictated by age: As she grows older she tends to move her beach blanket eastward along the coast in search of a slightly less frenetic habitat. This progression is so gradual, however, that it may well take her 20 years to move a mere 30 miles up the coast; but it does help explain why the girls tend to be a few years older and wiser at each resort along the Côte d'Azur.

Once the resourceful male tourist has familiarized himself with the Riviera landscape and, more importantly, discovered which brand of Riviera girl habituates each of the pleasure stops along his coastal itinerary, he should be able to distinguish the subtle differences between a Nice girl and her Antibes sister with little more than an approving glance. Heading eastward by car, the venturesome newcomer begins his researches into the mystique of Riviera femininity at Le Lavandou.

A rather unprepossessing little community, Le Lavandou has the good fortune to be the port from which ferries taxi back and forth daily to the Île du Levant, Europe's famous nudist sanctuary. Habitues of the island who elect to greet incoming guests at the public dock are obliged to wear what the French aptly call *un minimum*. It consists of a tiny

triangle of cloth held in place with string. After traveling a suitable distance into the interior, however, *le minimum* is cast aside and couples are free to carry on their daily activities in the same manner in which couples have been carrying on since Adam discovered Eve.

Back on the mainland, it's only a few kilometers' drive from Le Lavandou to the town that Bardot made famous: St-Tropez. Ever since that summer when ex-hubby Roger Vadim took his young bride and a camera crew down to this previously remote fisherman's paradise to film *And God Created Woman*, “Saint-Trop” has reigned supreme among Riviera resorts as the uninhibited arbiter of feminine fashions for the entire Côte d'Azur, and the favorite jumping-off spot for thousands of would-be BBs who begin training early for their hopeful roles as future monarchs of Mediterranean womanhood.

By nature, the average St-Tropez female tends to be young, impressed with all things artistic, habitually broke, ready to swing at the drop of a bongo drumbeat, and an ardent devotee of *la vie bohème*. She usually dozes all day on the beach, draped in little more than a thin coating of Bain du Soleil, then suddenly comes alive after dark, when you'll probably find her in deep discussion at one of the beachside coffeehouses, dancing with abandon to the rhythms of a back-alley bistro's jazz combo, or heading, perhaps, toward some secluded spot on the beach for a moonlight swim—sans suit—with the lucky young man who has managed to capture her vivid adolescent imagination for the evening. Day or night, more often than not, she exudes that inimitable aura of provocative pubescence that has helped furnish St-Tropez with its reputation for being one of the swingiest spots on the Mediterranean since the last days of Pompeii.

For those who care to add an occasional touch of elegance to their beachcombing, St-Tropez also caters to a slightly more formal, but no less fetching, crowd of feminine wonders. Members of the Riviera's jet set arrive by yacht in August; meet at L'Esquinade and Mouscardins (the latter being the area's only purveyor of *haute cuisine* bearing a Michelin two-star rating); buy the latest in sports and beachwear stylings from Choses or Madame Vachon's, St-Tropez' two leading fashion emporiums; then head for the same tiny boites and bistros frequented throughout the year by the low-budgeted bohemian beauty and her guitar-playing beachmate. If you hope to cash in on the annual appearance of these better-bred darlings of the Riviera, you'll have to work fast, for their stay is generally brief, and they soon weigh anchor and retreat en masse to the same seafaring milieu from whence they came.

From St-Tropez, you may elect to make a few casual pit stops on your way

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to that wildest and wackiest of all Riviera resorts: Cannes. If so, your comprehensive study of the Riviera girl will best be served by short stopovers in such residential communities as Ste.-Maxime, St.-Raphaël and Miramar. Here the beaches are considerably smaller and more private, the local female population less transient and a trifle more reserved. The girls who live in these small municipalities are often the offspring of French aristocracy. Needless to say, any attempt to strike up a *ménage à deux* in such company must be made with the utmost tact and sophistication. Playing the Continental will be well worth the effort if you should succeed in persuading one of these well-bred provincial lasses to invite you for a weekend sojourn at the family manor and a leisurely tour of the verdant and admirably secluded countryside.

Then comes Cannes. Since its emergence as an international film center with the inception of the annual Cannes Film Festival in 1946, this thriving playground for femmes fatales has become the unofficial capital of the Riviera. The festival kicks off a summer season of similar cinematic celebrations that last until the Venice Festival in September. During those two frenetic weeks in May when Cannes is besieged by major producers, directors, stars and hordes of aspiring young actresses, you can be assured of finding more than your fill of exotic damsels from every port of call. When the city's opulent Palais du Cinema opens its Grand Salle to the screen elite and their cinemaphilic admirers, the Riviera girl is at the height of her allure and never out of sight. This hectic holiday brings out the best, as well as the beast, in most Riviera girls, and you can take your pick of Munich models, Danish ballerinas, American exchange students, and the comeliest of comrades from Moscow—many of whom will be ready and willing to partake of the pleasures of festival time with an enterprising young male who shares their taste for *la vie joyeuse*.

If your schedule includes Cannes in May, it's best to plan ahead and arrange for the most strategic accommodations. Setting up your temporary bachelor headquarters at such hotels as the Carlton, Martinez, Réserve Miramar or Gray d'Albion will put you in the enviable position of having to travel no farther than your main lobby to surround yourself with a plethora of potential female partners for the day. The "day," in this case, will consist of a quick dip in the Mediterranean followed by a midday snack at one of the myriad sidewalk eateries along the Croisette, after which you'll repair to your digs to change into something suitable for the busy and bacchanalian evening ahead. Your Riviera girl for this particular evening will probably enjoy starting off the night's

divertissements with a trip to one of the nearby cinema houses which offer continual showings of the festival's many filmic candidates for the coveted Golden Palm Award. Then it's time for a sumptuous repast at Drap d'Or or Chez Félix, both of which feature large dining terraces overlooking the sea. After dinner, you and your date can take a long drive along the beach to the outskirts of town for an all-night session of terpsichorean frenzy at the Whisky à GoGo.

Although the film festival marks the season's high point of revelry along the Riviera, the rest of the year in Cannes is far from unrewarding, especially in terms of abundant and accessible distaff vacationers. If you'd prefer to avoid the heavy crowds and sky-high prices that prevail in May, you can bide your time until the annual regattas start in summer, or take in the Mimosa Festival in February. No matter when you arrive, it always seems to be holidaytime in Cannes. The girls are always the cream of the international crop, and most have descended on the beaches with but two goals in mind: a tan and a man—but not necessarily in that order.

For the most part, the Riviera girl prefers Cannes because she can mingle there with the scions of wealth and elegance. She may not be able to afford more than a buttered brioche for breakfast, but at least she'll have the satisfaction of eating it in the shadow of the Hotel Carlton or the Grand Casino. But despite her usual lack of funds and her taste for the blandishments of the good life, the typical Cannes female is not an expensive or demanding creature. Of course, she won't object if you insist on taking her to a fine restaurant or buying her a bagatelle to remember you by, but she'll probably be amply appreciative if you offer merely to share your beach blanket and treat her to a liter of pink Provençal wine—or even, as is often her whim, a cold Coke. The Riviera girl is in Cannes strictly to have a good time, and she'd rather have it with a considerate and attentive young man of modest means than spend her evenings alone.

Leaving Cannes behind, you'll quickly bypass the tourist traffic at Juan-les-Pins and make your next stopover in Cap d'Antibes. Most of the girls who frequent this elegant spa are previous habitués of some other Riviera setting. There is no set type of female to search for here; Antibes is the closest thing to a melting pot of Riviera femininity that the Côte d'Azur has to offer. Almost every Riviera girl decides to go there sooner or later—and usually to the Eden Roc. Perched atop a rocky promontory, this lavish seaside caravansary features an Olympic-sized swimming pool, natural-rock diving platforms, scuba diving, snorkeling, and a host of other aquatic appurtenances. At this most democratic of Riviera resorts, Europe's café society traditionally

rub wet shoulders with the bronzed-skinned beauties of Cannes, the straight-haired "Zazies" of St.-Tropez, and the cool-eyed divorcees of Cap-Ferrat and Monte Carlo. And if you tire of meeting your attractive Antibes companion at Eden Roc's well-populated poolside, you can always suggest a more artistic afternoon setting in which to conduct an intimate tête-à-tête: the local Grimaldi Museum, famed for its incomparable Picasso collection, to which many couples go daily to strengthen their cultural bonds and interpersonal contacts.

Bohemianism reappears between Antibes and Nice along the Cros-de-Cagnes, but it's slightly more refined than that exhibited by the teenage temptresses of St.-Tropez. The girls at Cagnes are Beats from the better brackets, and many of them are the friends, fiancées, daughters and mistresses of better-known French and British film producers and directors who have their villas in nearby St.-Paul and La-Colle-sur-Loup, two adjoining communities that comprise a sort of Riviera-type Beverly Hills. Whenever the sun is out, which on the Riviera is practically every day between breakfast and cocktails, you'll usually find an arresting assortment of these uninhibited upper-bohemians taking the sun totally *au naturel* on the sands at Cheval sur la Plage, the nearest private beach to their palatial hideaways in the surrounding hills.

On to Nice. The girls here are very much like those you'll meet in Cannes; most of them are endowed with the same sybaritic appetites, but there are subtle shadings that help differentiate the two. The average Nice girl is slightly older—about 22 as opposed to 19 or 20. She dresses in high fashion; her hair is always impeccably coiffed; and her interests are, as a rule, on a slightly higher intellectual plane. While Cannes is basically an overgrown village whose perennial party atmosphere has rubbed off on its visiting hordes of bikinied beachcombers, Nice is a major city of France. Its cosmopolitan attitudes have had their effect on the female citizenry. The girls of Nice are more likely to be found in the great indoors—in the fashionable casinos playing *chemin de fer* and sipping Grand Marnier—than outside on the terraces where their Cannes counterparts tend to establish their evening's beachhead.

The astute male visitor to Nice can greatly enhance his opportunities for finding winsome weekend travelmates if he remembers to take along—of all things—a set of skiing duds. With the resources of a typical Riviera resort at her disposal every day of the year, the Nice girl will probably be overjoyed at the idea of being invited for a snowbound holiday at Auron or Valberg, two of the closer year-round Alpine winter playgrounds that can be reached by car within a few hours. And if you should

happen to run across one of those few French females who isn't as at home in ski pants as she is in her bikini, all the more reason for asking her to the Alps.

Monte Carlo, your last pleasure stop along the French Riviera, has managed to retain its legendary reputation as the permanent playground of the idle rich, despite the fact that its beaches have long been accessible to the general public. This is the last—but far from the least—resort along the Côte d'Azur for the majority of Riviera girls who began their Mediterranean meanderings years ago among the sun-worshippers of the Ile du Levant and the swinging cellar set at St-Tropez. Now they are no longer girls. The typical female devotee of Monte Carlo's strand has long since passed into womanhood, but she can still wear a bikini with an air of natural grace and allure that any St-Tropez ingénue would envy. After all, she was around when the fashion began. She is the grown-up child of the Riviera's exposure explosion: all that's been added is that special appeal which comes only with seasoning.

The height of the Riviera rites at "Monte" accompany the annual arrival of the jet set in January for the Monte Carlo Rally, and the steady stream of incoming Ferraris and Lotuses continues to crowd the streets of Prince Rainier's tiny domain until late May, when the Grand Prix de Monaco caps off the season's festivities. But the poolside pulchritude at the Hôtel de Paris is a year-round local attraction; and although the BBs of Saint-Trop and the Claudia Cardinales of Cannes have given way chronologically to the eternally desirable Juliette Grecos and Bella Darvis of this perennial meeting—and mating—grounds for Côte d'Azur femmes, Monte Carlo and its chic casino clientele will provide you with a host of heart-warming memories to include in your romantic researches.

Crossing the Franco-Italian border at Port-Saint-Louis, you'll pass through a rather arid stretch of Riviera frontier that takes in such tiny, sun-washed Italian resorts as Ventimiglia, Bordighera and Ospedaletti. Aside from a gentle economic renaissance recently begun at the last, where new *pensionés* and a luxurious new hotel—Le Rocce del Capo—have been built at the edge of the sea, you'll find these spots rather dated and generally unsuitable for purposes of female pursuit. Immediately to the east, however, lies the first of the Italian Riviera's major pleasure points, San Remo, followed by a 150-mile stretch of equally effervescent spas at which to continue your quest of Liguria's loveliest.

The girls of the Italian Riviera are a much less polyglot congregation than their Côte d'Azur counterparts. Most of them are pure-blooded Italian *ragazzas*, easily identifiable by their dark eyes and

sensuous mouths, their slightly less abbreviated bikinis, their provocative olive complexions—and their attractively full-blown figures. You will find this intriguing Italian version of the Riviera girl in magnificent profusion at the open-air bars of San Remo's Excelsior Hotel and Santa Margherita's Capo de Nord-Est, sipping sweet red drinks or nursing cups of hot espresso; the Riviera *signorina* is fundamentally a nondrinker. She is at her bountiful best in the evenings, when she appears elegantly attired at the many waterfront cafés and *trattorias* which form the focal point of night-life activity in such resort locales as San Remo, Diano Marina, Alassio, Savona, Portofino and Levanto. For the girl of the Italian Riviera, style is a fetish, and she spends a far greater proportion of her hard-earned lire on clothes than does her Côte d'Azur cousin. Typically, she takes great pains to ensure that her beach hat is of the latest and most expensive fashion, that her slacks are the exact shade of pastel her ensemble requires, and that her public image is best

fitted to arouse the ardor of even the most jaded male admirer.

Though the majority of Italian girls manage to preserve their innocence until they marry, the Italian Riviera draws more than its fair female share of unattached Slavs, Scandinavians, Rheinlanders, Anglo-Saxons and Americans who are less interested in being chaste than chased. But they tend to be a trifle more sedate and selective—though no less uninhibited—in their pursuit of pleasure than those who flock to France's shores. Organized night life on the Italian Riviera consists mainly of digging dubbed-in movies and listening to strolling troubadours; thus, with little else to do after dark but pair off, Italy's Riviera girl wants to make sure that she winds up with the male admirer who merits her evening's undivided attentions.

The first and foremost female population explosion along the Ligurian coastline occurs with seasonal regularity on the beaches of San Remo, Italy's bohemian equivalent of St-Tropez, in the heart of the Riviera di Ponente (Coast of the



"I'm afraid Linda Sue's been working too hard in the garden lately."

Setting Sun). With the tourist trade as its *raison d'être*, San Remo entertains an unending stream of bikiniéd beachniks who lie in multitonéd rows along its white-sandéd strand and promenade each afternoon up and down its palm-lined drives and amid the Mediterranean flora of its many public parks. At dusk, you'll find the average San Remo girl in animated conversation at the Bagni Lido Bar or the Canadian Tea Room. Later in the evening, your best bet would be to single her out from among the throngs of twisting Tyrrhenians who frequent the crowded backstreet *discothèques* of the city's quaint old quarter. But wherever you locate her, she'll probably be receptive to your offer of an anisette or a Galliano. A show of good manners should pave the way for a memorable, if fleeting, friendship.

Another must on your Ligurian itinerary is Genoa, the New York of the Riviera. Like the girl you left behind in Nice, the typical Genovese is a sophisticated native of the Riviera, and her tastes are generally more cultural—and more expensive—than those of other Ligurian females. Her favorite haunts are the myriad sidewalk cafés and emporiums that line the Via Roma, Genoa's cosmopolitan counterpart of the fashionable Promenade des Anglais in Nice. It will probably take a little more time—and a lot more loot—to impress your favorite Genovese companion, but she's likely to shower you with the same warm-hearted affection that has made the Italian girl among the most sought-after Circes on the Continent.

Farther east, along Italy's exclusive Riviera di Levante (Coast of the Rising Sun), you come to that cluster of seaside

village resorts which cater to the yachting set and to the better-heeled class of Riviera *ragazzas*: Portofino, Santa Margherita and Rapallo. Here you'll encounter the same luxury-loving brand of sensual sun followers that you dated at Eden Roc or Monte Carlo. In Portofino, they congregate at poolside and barside in the lavish Hotel Splendido to make plans—and strike up acquaintances—for the evening. Just around the Portofino promontory lie the other two playgrounds of this resort triumvirate, Santa Margherita and Rapallo, whose beaches offer the most appealing assortment of bikiniéd, monokiniéd and *no*-kiniéd Riviera girls to be found anywhere along the Italian coast.

A perfect way to end your tour of the Ligurian landscape is to charter a hydrofoil from one of the boating concessions at Portofino and, with a water-sprightly feminine companion as your first mate, follow the coast down to Riomaggiore and the eastern end of the Italian Riviera. You'll then be an hour's stroll from the internationally famed Cinqueterre vineyards; a late-afternoon sampling of some of Italy's finest vintages should put your seafaring partner in the right mood for the moonlight voyage back to port in Portofino.

In the final analysis, it won't really matter whether your Riviera travels take you nearest and dearest to the girls of St-Tropez or San Remo, Monte Carlo or Portofino; for it's only the nearness that counts. When the time comes for *au revoirs* and *arrivedercis*, you'll understand why fellow beauty lovers everywhere hail this shimmering seacoast as a land of incomparable delight.



LOOK AWAY

(continued from page 60)

the woman—in a blue shift and sandals, bare of head, arms and legs—jumped out and waved both arms. I thought she might jump up and down. I slowed, just a little, and then floorboarded the accelerator and lunged past her. The Negro woman gaped in astonishment. The white woman waved and shouted. At the last instant I thought: It was Flora. Flora. Then, instantly, no, it could not be.

In my mirror I saw her stand waving for a moment, then her arms slowly fell, and she, too, vanished. I slowed my car, remembering the warning: Don't even approach the speed limit. In a moment I turned into a single-lane dirt road, and looked back. The Buick station wagon blurred by on the highway. Unwittingly, I supposed, I had shaken my tail. I stopped in the silence and solitude of scrub pine and empty sky, and began laughing. If ever I saw Flora again I'd have to tell her: Her twin sister like a jumping jack beside a car, waving at a stranger. I'd grow a beard and don sandals, and tell her someday. My laughter died and I whispered her name. The old remembered joys gentled and finally misted the bleak unhappy land about me. I had not forgotten. But I would not see Flora, even if she called. I wanted no involvement down here, with relatives, or strangers, or old girls. But that wasn't Flora. It couldn't have been. She would never expose herself so grotesquely. Best forget, and do what I had to do.

I drove on, slowly, in the red rutted road. The church was out this way somewhere; or its ashes were. My tinted windshield clouded the sky. It was 100 degrees out there, in that hungry, angry land; inside the air-conditioned car, perhaps 80, and blowing. I drove on, past empty cotton fields and cornfields; heat waves shimmering on tin rooftops; pastures, and cows in the shade of the oaks; a dog dead in the ditch (buzzards circling above); a crow and a redbird; shacks tumbling down (Gone to Chicago); a swamp, cypress growing in dark stained water; tiger lilies and yellow daisies, and stunted pine and oak in hot bottomless forests as empty and hushed as the day before creation.

Such was my land, and the land of Flora, Ian Macdonald, Deputy Sheriff Fon Crane, the planter type, and the grandfathers—the land of my childhood. I always forgot, until I came back, and even then the memory was hard and slow in coming, like a doomed birth. I always remembered the swing and the sweet warm thighs, and the blackberries on red ditchbanks and the evening porches—these I remembered with the warmth and the longing of a man for his childhood. But the hard-borning memo-

ries were the others: They were impossible—impossible the heat, fear and hate. But in memory lay the omens of what I would find here. Without wanting or willing it, I heard the memory cry: A hot August day, and a Negro hanging from the limb of an oak. Yes. I had seen it. It would not be denied. I sought other scenes, and listened for other voices: the porches, and the slow tender voices of hospitality and hope. And saw the Negro's festering, bloating body pendulant, swinging, a clock running down. I drove on, in my sad, beloved, despised land, but still hoping that memory had erred.

The ashes of the church stained the center of a grove of singed trees. The tin panels of the roof were blackened and twisted; fused glass glistened in the sunlight; the bell lay tongueless and mute in the ruins. I was utterly alone, in the hush of deep country. I walked slowly about, resurrecting the temple from its ashes. Here to old Zion they'd come in their wagons and their buggies, and later in their old cars and trucks, little black girls in white dresses, and men and women more somberly clad. There at the pine boards of their picnic table they'd eaten their Sunday-meeting dinners. I had heard their singing: Beulah land, Lord, and the blood of the lamb. Here at the edge of the grove Just Sleeping lay the dust of Rebecca Alcorn, a slave at birth, at death a handful of dust beneath artificial poinsettias. And there Mother At Jesus Feet, here Lance Burl beneath a pattern of oystershells, born a slave, too, but now At Rest; here an infant's unmarked grave, beneath a pebbled mound a child might have erected at the seashore, forgotten, fading and dimming into the forest other unmarked graves, sunken, weeded and lost.

Such was what they burned, when they burned old Zion.

But still I could not yet assess and reject. I wanted to know.

Down the road a mile or so I found the home of Jerry Burl, the grandson of Lance Burl who lay now beneath the oystershells. Jerry Burl sat on the porch of a neat, small frame house painted white. Tremendous blue hydrangeas bloomed in the yard, beneath a tremendous oak. Behind us stood Burl's wife, just beyond the front screen, hazed and dimmed, a shadow on shadow. She listened, but never spoke. A fresh scar reddened the black skin at Burl's hairline; he held a jaw in a cupped hand.

"So you found the church, and Grandpa Burl's grave. Lance Burl had him two wives sold away from him in the slave times, and after the War got him another wife, my grandma. He founded old Zion, and he caught his death of pneumonia one day in February, Nineteen-hundred, aged seventy, sittin on the

peak of the roof, repairin the shingles. They put on a tin roof in Nineteen-twenty. We keep his grave real neat. I think the shells are right pretty. I can just barely remember him, like a faded picture in an unlighted room, at twilight. The face just won't quite come up out of the gloom, out of the past."

Jerry Burl's eyes were marbled blue with age. He wouldn't quite look at me. I sat there and remembered James Baldwin. James Baldwin said that they hated all whites; that no white man ever in all his life could really know a Negro. Perhaps, I thought, James Baldwin was wrong. I kept trying to know Jerry Burl. I listened to his voice and searched in his face. He wouldn't quite look at me.

"It was a mistake, a terrible mistake," he said. He held his hand at his jaw, his blued eyes on the glaring middle distance where the piny woods grew. "We hadn't used that church buildin for no Freedom School. Never used it so. And I never been in trouble, in all my life, with white or black. Always got along, got along. Maybe I would like to vote, yes, but you know how things are around here. They just don't want us to vote. They just won't let us vote. And I got land. I got sons and daughters.

"But they come anyway, Wednesday night a week ago, after our leaders' and deacons' meetin. We broke up about ten o'clock, and went out, and there was two cars parked there in the driveway. The men got out and one of um pulled me outen my car and said Where your guards? And I said What for we need guards? we got no guards. And he said You a goddamn liar and he hit me up here on the head with the barrel of his pistol, and I went down on my knees, not prayin, fallin, and heard my wife scream. He hit me again, here on the side of my face, with his fist, and I heard a pistol shot, a signal, and saw men comin up outen the woods with guns. They looked to be white, twenty or thirty of um. And they dragged my wife outen the car and I cried out Spare her, but one of um said to her We goin to whup you, too, we teach you to hold Freedom Schools, and they hit me again and kicked me, and held a club over my wife, and she said Let me pray. And the man said It's too late for prayin, and she said It's never too late for prayin, and she prayed. And the man said Leave her be, and let him live. The good Lord answered her prayers. But my jaw is all out of whack. The teeth don't meet. I got to see a doctor, or a dentist, or somethin."

"Did you recognize any of them?"

I heard a movement, a slight breath of speech. Looking about, I saw that his wife had left the doorway. The rectangle of shadow was empty. I turned back to him. "Did you, Mr. Burl? Did you recognize any of them?"

The ancient blued eyes flickered across mine, and away. He sat silent, holding his jaw. The lines of his face were black chiseled in black. I repeated my question again.

"Can I trust you?" he asked. "Can I trust you, white man?"

"You can trust me."

"Can I, white man? Really?" His eyes gazed straight into mine, and in my turn I wavered and looked away, remembering James Baldwin. "I don't mean nothin personal, white man. You know what I mean. You know why I ask."

"I know."

"Yes. Maybe you do know. So I say this. I don't say it myself. I say what other folks say. And they say: There was a policeman part of that crowd."

"I just met a Deputy Fon Crane at the courthouse, Mr. Burl."

"You don't say."

"Yes. Was he the officer there?"

He sat still through a long pause. "It ain't what I say," he whispered at last. "It's what they say. I say nothin." He sighed. "Except up in New York I got a boy and a girl livin. You from New York. Maybe you can call um." Once more his eyes flickered and crossed mine, and turned away. He gave me his children's names, addresses and telephone numbers, from memory, precisely, watching my pencil record them. "If you call um, tell um their father's had a little trouble, but he's mendin now."

And on my way to the motel that afternoon, outraged, enraged and sickened, I got lost. A tall, slow white man walked to my car and stood in the hot Southern sun and patiently and meticulously told me the way. "You're welcome, suh, any time." He'd have carried me there on his back, if I'd asked him. And that night in the dining room a waitress gave lessons in the graces of hospitality, and at the end said Thank you and come back, and when I paid my bill the cashier said Thank you and come back, and I knew that they meant every slow honeyed syllable that they spoke.

And I knew that if I'd met Deputy Sheriff Fon Crane at another time, under a different sky, we might have bought each other drinks and swapped lies about cards and women and guns, and the planter type would have served me bourbon neat and fed me barbecue, and Jerry Burl would have bowed and said Yes suh and held my coat for me.

"Goddamn such people," I said, in my room.

I had forgotten Flora, and the woman beside the car.

It was early twilight. Through the picture window of my room, outside in the hot misted air, I could see white kids playing in the swimming pool, and in another quarter of the landscape, Negro kids playing in the street. Above the

hum of the air conditioner I could hear their voices, without knowing which came from white lips, which from colored lips. The voices at least were desegregated. The telephone rang. I went to it, remembering. All the telephones you'll use are tapped.

"All right, you bastard, what you doin down here? You down here writin about the niggers?"

I sat down on my bed. She laughed. "I just wanted you to know right off, Fred, where you and I stand on a certain matter. Now we can forget it. Come on out. We'll eat and drink and be very merry."

"Flora," I said. "Flora."

"Not necessarily in that order. Perhaps simultaneously. Fred, don't hang up. I'm sorry if I offended you. Won't you come out, please?"

She pleaded. In numbness and anger, I refused. Tomorrow night? No. Any night? Perhaps—if I had time. I heard a faint click and scratch on the line. Tapped, I whispered, tapped. Flora shouted: What was I saying? Nothing, I said. Where was her husband? I asked. He was out somewhere. He was always out somewhere, these days. He had a career, and a cause. Didn't I know? I didn't know. I should have. Please, Fred—I couldn't be so close, and not come to see her. It wasn't right—it wasn't decent. She had to see me. She got so lonesome sometimes, so longing for the old days. Wouldn't I come? I said, "Call again," and hung up, with trembling fingers.

I thought I could see her face: blue-eyed and glowing, and faintly mocking, with just enough acid in the eyes and at the mouth to flavor the honey in her voice. Real Southern. Sultry Southern, and knowing and sardonic. So I imagined her, and slept poorly . . .

Flora in pigtails and a short white skirt swung in a long swing made of a rope and a quarter arc of old automobile tire. She was wearing no pants, but I couldn't quite reach far enough to touch. She was swinging naked by the feet of a festering bloating black body, laughing, flowing in honey and acid, far away and very close, caressing the black festering flanks and gazing out at me, daring and mocking.

. . .

Finally, again, the day glared. In the swimming pool the white kids swam and splashed, and shouted and laughed, and in the street, before their shacks, the Negro kids pushed an old grocery cart about, and shouted and laughed. The High Official, a man all bald head and hospitality, assured me that the state and local police could and would maintain law and order, that Mississippi wanted only the restoration of constitutional government, that the outside Reds were agitating and roiling up the nigras who had been happy and content all these

years, that he knew of no more loyal and devoted body of men than the state and local police, that there was one county, the County of X———, not far from where we sat, where there was no law, only bootleggers and white farmers and tenant nigras where they even headlighted deers and no stranger should venture because there was a swamp in that godforsaken place and you could sink a body in it forever and many a body would rise there among the cypress and the rattlers and moccasins on the final day of judgment when the last trump sounded, and that the state's own law-enforcement officials would maintain law and order, and that the reporters never told the truth about the South, only lies, and that he was delighted to talk to me and come back any time.

The Executive Director: Shriner's diamond pin in his lapel, on his wall a certificate of membership in the chamber of commerce, a portrait of General Lee, and a photograph of his son in boy-scout uniform, the Southern air conditioned by machine and honeyed by hospitality. "We've been invaded every summer for ten years, and we'll win this invasion, just as we've won all of um, with another triumph for constitutional government and law and order. Our local and state police are a splendid band of men. They are fully trained and capable of handling any emergency . . . Glad to talk to you, suh. Come back, any time."

Flora: We would sit in the shade of the evening and talk New York and magnolias, moonlight, starlight and catfish, Ian's cotton and her bridge. Would I come, please?

At the rally for The Candidate: The band played *Dixie* and *Darktown Strutters' Ball* but not the national anthem. Full-voiced, full-bodied, they sang *Wish I was in the land o cotton*, and jelly roll blues, though the tractor was now in the cotton, and jelly roll down in New Orleans meant men and women together, man—roaring the contradiction and the obscenity in the restless cool conditioned air, whooping and hollering among the Confederate flags couchant upon their staffs, while the Hi-Steppers from The College all legs and breasts stepped high, silencing and stilling for prayer (Give us peace, O Lord, and freedom from agitators), and hollering and whooping again for The Candidate: Return to constitutional government; they'd listen to the South again someday, they'd know someday we were the country's last hope, Lord God of hosts be with us yet, God bless Mississippi and her fine law-enforcement officers.

On the telephone: Flora's iterated invitation, and the faint scratch and click of the tapped line. I said "No," and goodbye. Flora hung up. I waited, and laughed. A man's voice, small and re-

mote, said, "You son of a bitch, get out of town."

. . .

It was 92 degrees at 9 o'clock in the morning, the air heavy and wet. Something had to happen, to surrender, somewhere. At 11 the clouds were swelling and blackening over the city, and at 11:30 lightning and thunder came down upon us, and in a few minutes a blinding, gray, lush rain. The temperature dropped 24 degrees in five minutes, but it would be hot again before night. A sorrowful man said: "I wish I could talk to you. I wish I could be your friend. There are some of us—perhaps many of us. We don't like what's goin on. But it'd ruin me—destroy me. They own the legislature, the governor, the Senators and the Congressmen, and every law officer in the state. I even had to go to that rally last night, and bellow along with the rest of um. I'm sorry, suh. I just can't take the chance." The man seemed close to tears. Really a rather lugubrious performance, altogether. Perhaps he exaggerated. Perhaps he didn't. In another land, beneath a different sky, we might have gone fishing together.

The day was already heating up again.

"Would you," the man asked, impaling me with a pair of Negro eyes, "would you trust your life to these splendid local officers?"

Here was another man I wanted to know. I knew his name: Floyd Anderson. Would James Baldwin permit me to know him as more than a name and an organism? The Negro eyes awaited my answer, amused, mocking and patient. They were the new Negro eyes. I'd never seen them in the South of my childhood. That South was now suddenly the Old South. In that Old South the questions were never asked. Everybody knew, and was silent. The Negro swung festering and pustulant at the end of his rope, and nobody cared.

I told Floyd Anderson that I didn't think I would trust my life to these splendid local officers. No. I did not feel entirely safe. Not even in a house called Freedom House. Least of all in that house. In the lintel of the front door there was a quite neat pattern of six bullet holes. At a front corner there was a black, lacerated bomb scar. It was a small dingy white frame house in the colored section, beside a gritty, rutted street. Parked before it were three old cars, bloated and small-windowed in the fashion of a few years ago. They had brought 18 volunteers, to a revolution.

Floyd Anderson left me to answer a telephone. An old amusing befuddled question asked itself: What am I doing here? This wasn't my fight. It was theirs. It wasn't my cause. It was theirs. I didn't even trust causes; I didn't trust people with causes. The falcon eye, the hard purpose in the face, the hard evangelis-

tic voice, the single obdurate adamant cure for all ills—the total preposterous paraphernalia of Cause repelled me, provoked my hard and resisting hostility and mistrust, and sent me fleeing to the reasonable, the sane, the uncommitted. But here I stood, and remembered the labor union I had covered once in the South, years ago: the dingy rooms furnished with broken furniture, lighted by a single naked bulb hanging from a wire to a flyspecked ceiling; the clutter of pamphlets and booklets; the total devotion and disarray of the people and their methods and their utterances; and finally, the sullen defeat. Just so here: a card table holding stacks of pamphlets; a sofa gutted and spilling itself upon the dingy floor; the frenetic stir and rush of bodies and voices; the same indignant telling of tales: police brutality and commercial conspiracy against the Cause, the People. But defeat? here? Perhaps not. Yet why did they try, in a hot hostile land?

They wore sandals, sneakers, Levis, shifts, shorts, sweat shirts and jerseys bearing the names and crests of distant colleges, and long straight female hair hanging doorlike about tired melancholy unpainted faces, and shaggy uncut male hair above horn-rimmed glasses. And they were young—younger by far than the CIO organizers—and dedicated and so far unscarred. And they were black and white all together. No wonder Mississippi hated them.

I turned back to Floyd Anderson, who was speaking softly into the telephone, his fingertips lightly holding the black cord. His father was a dentist in Jacksonville, Florida. He was a slight, tan Negro whom I could imagine singing *We Shall Overcome*, and swaying and lamenting, and dancing with a snapping of his fingers—a wound-up spring of a man, with a beard. A beard, and a Negro, and a Cause, in the South. He was studying for his doctor's degree at Harvard. He would write his thesis on Keats. In my Old South a Negro as anything more than a servant or a laborer had been unthinkable. You just couldn't have integrated Keats and Floyd Anderson.

"So you're afraid," he said, returning to me, amused and sardonic. "But you have a right to be here, don't you?"

"Of course I do."

"So do we. We carry no club, no gun, no bomb. They are the lashers, the bombers, the murderers. Yet many of you whites say we ought to stay at home. We ought to be prudent, to wait. What in hell are we doing here? I'll tell you what we're doing here, white man. We're teaching the Negroes child care, nutrition, sanitation, Negro history—God knows they'll never get that down here—and we're helping them get the vote. What's so bad about that?"

I was making dutiful notes.

"So a cat named Joe gets himself ar-

rested for assaulting Sam, and Joe cries out Sam hit me on my fist with his chin. You see? We are shot, bombed and murdered. We are arrested just for being here, and thrown into jail, and if we're white the jailer delivers us into the hands of the white drunks in a cell and says Boys here's a nigger-lover, you know what to do with him. And so the drunken citizens in that cell beat the blood and the brains out of us. And the Negro ones of us are beaten by the cops themselves. And the cops and every mother other one of 'em cries Foul, and Invasion, and Subversion . . . So you've talked to Jerry Burl."

I looked up at him, startled.

"Well, Jerry Burl lied to you," he said, smiling and nodding, mocking, watching. "Don't be so shocked, white man. Everybody lies, down here in this country. The history of the South is one long uninterrupted lie. White to black. Black to white. The Negro tells the white man what he thinks he wants to hear, and the white man tells the Negro what he thinks he ought to hear. But some of us have stopped lying, white man, and the whites don't like what they're hearing, and the Negroes don't like what they're hearing. They'd been using old Zion for months. I spoke there once myself. Old Burl was right there in the Amen corner, patting his foot and nodding and saying Amen."

"But I was going to write it the way he told me. He told me a lie, and would have let me believe it and write it."

"Yes. Who can you trust, now, down here? Any time, anywhere? Just yourself, white man, and sometimes not even yourself. I don't trust you."

"But why'd he lie to me?"

Anderson shrugged. "He thought you wanted to hear it that way, perhaps. Or perhaps he lost his nerve."

"Can you blame him?"

"I've been beaten, too."

He looked at me square and hard, unforgiving and scornful.

"I'll be beaten again."

"No," I began, but he went on.

"I'm on my way back out to old Zion now. I've got to talk to him about his case. We're going to file suit. You want to go along, call him a liar to his face? Say, white man, you want to drive me out? give me a lift?"

"I couldn't do that. I'd compromise my position."

Floyd Anderson smiled and nodded. I protested: I couldn't afford to get involved. I couldn't let myself become identified with either side.

"Don't sweat it," he said. "Don't sweat it, white man."

He was laughing at me, bent and taut, his lips tight and bloodless against the white beauty of his teeth. "You know somethin', white man?" he said, speaking Southern Negro now. "You know somethin'? This here's Hospitality

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"I'll come," I said to Flora, at last, when she called that evening. "I'll come, if you won't mention The Question, The Cause, and if you won't call people Red agitators and black niggers."

"Grant me just one teensy-weensy little laugh," she said. "What's black and white and red all over? Give up? The Methodist church, these days. Get it?"

"You've just lost me."

"Oh, Fred, for God's sake, don't be solemn and tiresome."

I went. Faintly in the moist evening air hung the scent of honeysuckle. A nightingale would sing, and the darkies would chant and dance in the quarters. But at the Macdonalds' the ladies would weep no more, the darkies would sing no more. Theirs was no white Southern mansion. They lived in one of those houses that look \$20,000 and cost \$100,000—a ranch house, large, long, low, straight and flat, that rambled about in a grove of oaks, maples and magnolias. The Buick station wagon stood in the driveway, and behind it a black Continental. I had seen this place in a hundred magazines and in a thousand places. Because it was everywhere, it was nowhere. At the moment it filled a need: I wanted to be nowhere.

Beyond the screen of the front door waited the figure of a woman, like the figure of Mrs. Jerry Burl beyond her screen. She was leaning against the door frame, one leg crossed behind the other, arms crossed and clasped beneath her bosom—dimmed, hazed and softened against darkness. She was a Rubens figure now—no more the Modigliani of the fashion ads—and perhaps, I thought, pausing, a New Orleans whore waiting in her crib.

Watching and waiting, smiling in faint mockery, she let me walk the breadth of the flagstone terrace. Then, with a grand slow movement, she swung the screen open. She embraced me, kissed me, wetly and largely, upon my lips, and with an arm hooked through mine led me into the house.

"You never did approve of me, did you, Fred? I'm not sure I approved of you. But the question never came up, did it? I promised I wouldn't mention you-know-what . . ." She talked under some compulsion or other, gushing and breathless. She was dressed in sandals and a white shift and, I thought, nothing else at all. ". . . but I just couldn't

take it any longer. I was living in constant fear. Not of being hurt. Oh, no. I could always take care of myself. But fear of being touched by one of them. You see? You understand, Fred?"

She had led me into a long, wide living room that was pure Scandinavian—all low, long lines, dark blond wood, and brass and stainless steel. On each side the room was walled by a vast sliding door of glass, one looking toward the road, one toward a terrace that sloped away into the gloom of the grove. The fireflies were out; they flickered and dimmed like tiny distant Christmas lights. Beyond them a forest grew, bending away and down into running water. A bar stood next to a tremendous fireplace that had never been used. The room itself seemed unused, an abandoned way station of some sort. Flora was pouring drinks. Her shift was straight, plain and full, but it might as well have been transparent. In faint curves, in the suggested movements of flesh against fabric, I could see what lay beneath, and I whispered an oath to myself, for an old lost delight. She turned, paused, her lips parted, and nodded and laughed. "But Fred," she whispered, "be careful how you look at me. Remember, I'm a married lady now. A married Southern lady."

Black hair and blue eyes, olive skin, ripe, sweet and sour as a lemon drop—Flora. We drank together. Bourbon and branch water. I had forgotten its authority. I welcomed it, just now.

"I want you to understand, Fred," she said. "I want you to understand because I'm still fond of you." She sipped her drink and looked away. "We're raised to fear the touch. You know how we're raised. Momma tells her daughter horror stories about colored men and what they do, because her momma told her, and we're to tell our daughters, and the men believe them, too. You can't blame us, Fred. Please don't blame us."

"I don't care, Flora. Goddamn it, I don't care anymore. Coming South has made me not care."

"Do you care if you don't care?"

"I feel guilty."

"You damn liberals. You're all just a big old sweet bag of guilts, you are, honey."

She walked about the room, swinging her hips, swinging her drink. She was talking Southern girl now, with that sometimes amusing, sometimes cloying and frustrating, rise of inflection at the ends of sentences, where other voices dropped. The odd chantlike rhythm of it left you eternally suspended above a height, waiting for an end that never came. Perhaps it was all part of a game they played. She sipped and pouted, and drank. We refilled our glasses, and listening to her Southern girl talk, watching the beautiful suggestion of movement beneath her shift, I remembered my

dream of her. She could; metaphorically, she could swing by the feet of a lynched Negro. Metaphorically, she and all her kind had swung by those dead black feet all their lives. Christ, I whispered to myself, and the husband entered.

Ian Macdonald was ordinary, I discovered: handsome, precise, just right. Right height, right coloring, right weight, right voice. Ordinary. In tan slacks, white shirt, blue crested blazer. He could have appeared with Flora in one of her ads. *Harper's Bazaar*, perhaps, with a gin and tonic in his hand, in the background a Continental and a white house. Everywhere, and nowhere.

"Well, Mr. Ives," he said, at the bar, "you don't seem to have lost your Southern accent. I can't say the same for Flora. She came back ending every sentence with Already yet, and speaking of Yurp and Itly."

"Oh, Ian, for God's sake . . ."

"The longer I stay around here," I said, "the deeper my good old Southern accent gets. A sort of oral protective coloration."

"I'm sure you need no protection here, Mr. Ives."

Flora laughed, but she stood in the wings now, for suddenly my talk was with the man. He was so solemn I was certain he had been offended. I was rather surprised, and pleased. Ruffle his feathers a little, I said to myself. Pull that slick blond hair down over those pale blue eyes. Perhaps I spoke with the authority of the bourbon. Perhaps because he now had Flora and I didn't. I had loved her. I loved her again.

"It's dangerous to talk Yankee around here," I said. "It'd be like talking English at the Kremlin. Do you know a deputy sheriff named Fon Crane, Mr. Macdonald? He wears a gun and a screaming-eagle hat—"

"He's a fine, dedicated officer of the law."

"Who beats up old men and burns churches."

"Oh, I see," he whispered, flushing and drinking, and then gazing into his glass. "I see. You have been getting about, haven't you?" The coat of arms on his blazer was Harvard's. *Veritas*. I remembered, with the authority and the glee of the bourbon, the Harvard man I had met two hours before. The near Ph.D. The Keats man. I had forgotten Flora.

"Ah, fair Harvard," I said. "Do you happen to know a fellow alumnus of yours named Floyd Anderson?"

"Don't believe I know an Anderson."

"Oh, Fred, cut it out. Ian's only Harvard Business."

"Flora! Come to think of it, Mr. Ives, I believe I do know a Floyd Anderson. Could it be the same man?"

"You boys are sure hitting it off, aren't you?"

"Could be," I said.

"Where'd you meet him, Mr. Ives?"
 "At Freedom House. He's a Negro."
 "Oh, God," Flora said, from the depths of disgust. "You promised."
 "You promised," I said. "Floyd Anderson was going out into the country this afternoon to investigate the burning of the church, and the beating of the old man, Mr. Macdonald."

He was mixing himself another drink. He ignored my empty glass. I went to his side and mixed my own.

"You know the cases?" I asked.
 "They were never reported to the police."

"Perhaps with good reason."
 "Our police are very efficient."
 "So I've heard, in certain endeavors."
 "Oh, goddamn it, Fred," Flora cried. "Can't we be friends?"

"How can they investigate a crime if it isn't reported to them?"

"He's going to file suit. And he'll lick you, Mr. Macdonald, he and his army. Not just in the battle, in the war."

"Fred, Ian," Flora shouted, bounding between us, "cut it out, right now. Ian, let me tell you about Fred. Fred's going to write a great novel about the South. About a white boy and a colored boy growing up together, playing together, hunting and fishing together. And then separating, and the white boy coming back and finding out that he and the colored boy are now strangers, enemies, even, and fighting over the same high-yaller wench and fighting over civil rights and all that . . ."

"It's been done," I said. "It's been

done a thousand times."

"And Fred, let me tell you about Ian. Ian's going to be the next governor, and then a Senator. It's all worked out. He has two passions, mathematics and politics. He's written a book, did you know? called *The Nature of Numbers*, and it was published by the Harvard University Press. And he publishes a magazine, the *Southern Citizen*."

"He publishes that?"

"He does indeed. Isn't that grand?"

Her husband stood as cold and still as a corpse against the bar. I was beginning to see how angry he was. His face was white, his lips bloodless and thin. "Yes," he said, coldly, with cold control, "my book sold five thousand copies. Quite a sale, they tell me, for a university press book. And my magazine has a circulation of two hundred and three thousand, and it's growing every day, all over the country. And did you know that two even numbers multiplied always produce an even number, an odd number and an even number multiplied always produce an even number, but two odd numbers, even the same odd numbers, multiplied, always produce an odd number, that there's a genetics to it, of a sort, as there is in human multiplication, and did you know that integration has never in history succeeded in strengthening a community or a nation, that even in Africa the white-controlled Republic of South Africa is more productive and prosperous than the entire remaining continent, that miscegenation has been a factor in the decline of past civilizations such as

Egypt, Greece, Rome, India and Portugal, that Brazil and Cuba have long been centers of miscegenation, that integration would result in miscegenation and a mongrelized population without pride of race, nation or religion, and would thus weaken the United States, and that when the Communists take over our country they'll turn the South over to the niggers. Please excuse me. I must make a telephone call."

He put down his glass and marched out. I whispered to myself, The man really believes, he really believes . . . Flora stood before me dimmed and hazed, her arms crossed again beneath her breasts. She nodded, slowly, with a profound sadness, touched by a trace of defiance in the tilt of her face. "Now you know," she whispered.

"He's going to be governor? Senator? and you his lady?"

"Me his lady. I can put up with some things in exchange for other things."

"Are they worth it?"

"You know they are. And perhaps I won't be *putting up* with anything at all. Let us drink, Fred. Let us drink."

"Are you afraid?"

"Of him? Oh, no. He's a gentleman. A gentle man."

"And you love him."

"Let us drink."

"Are you afraid to disagree with him? with the others down here?"

"I might be. Everybody else is. But I might also agree with him. Let us drink, Fred." We drank.

Ian Macdonald called from another



"... forget for a moment that I am J. Griswold Klechley, president of Amalgamated Titanium Industries and chairman of the board . . ."

room. She went out—with unseemly haste, it seemed to me—and above the hum of air conditioning I heard the slow low sounds of their voices. I wanted very much to hear their words. They returned to the room. He bowed in my direction, his blue eyes as sightless as glass and off in their aim by about ten degrees. "Mr. Ives, I must tender my apologies. A matter of pressing business . . . My wife must now be both host and hostess. Please come back to see us."

I wish to do the man no injustice. He is no doubt a gentleman, and a gentle man, after his fashion. But I swear (remembering the stiffened body and the tight bloodless lips) that he would not have surprised me if he had clicked his heels, shot his hand out in the Nazi salute, and yelled "*Heil Hitler!*" Perhaps I had seen too many late movies, but just so he left, without the ceremony but with the spirit.

Flora and I drank, in silence, stained by a stale, warped presence; we waited for the return of something lost. The spirit between us was dead; it revived hard. Dinner was candlelit, upon a long blond board, served by black shadows. We drank wine the red of cherries, and ate beef red and bloody as a wound and Flora's lips. A haze, a glitter and a glimmer, settled upon the night, in the room. All surfaces were heated hard and bright. Somewhere, somehow, we crossed a frontier; we gazed at each other, eating and waiting. We ate a great deal.

But in the living room she stood apart, at the broad back window, looking out upon the terrace and the forest. We were still waiting, I thought; listening and waiting. Faintly I could hear the talk and the clatter of the servants, and the air conditioning like bees in clover.

"He won't be back for a long time," she said at last. "He has a cause, and he has a girlfriend. I have neither. Southern white ladies have no causes, and no lovers."

A maudlin, boozy pity swelled up strong enough to choke me. I went to her and put my hands on her shoulders. She swept them off, trembling and retreating. No, she shouted, no, no.

She turned to the window again. "The mosquitoes out there would eat you alive right now," she said. In a moment three figures moved across the dimmed landscape, at the far edge of the terrace, like the children of Israel in *Green Pastures*, two women and a man, black. Her eyes followed them until they vanished, as if off stage. "They tore enough stuff home with them in those umbrellas to feed the whole block," she said, with a tough, short laugh.

"Perhaps they need to."

She almost lost me again, with her laugh. I declined to be lost. She waited for another moment, and turned.

"Now, Fred, now, now, and now."

Again I slept poorly. I dreamed dreams clamorous with chaos, with cries and crimson flamings and flashings. Red serpents and red mouths, raw wounds and a black noose, and a black body swinging, a scarlet woman coiled about it like a serpent, nude, brazen and unspeakable. I awoke with a cry. The taste of stale oil was in my mouth; my stomach and head were in flames. Tomato juice, red and cold, was all I could swallow. "You wa'n't hungry, were you?" said the waitress. "Well, thank you, and come back." I would go home now, and not come back. I would leave unfinished business behind me. I packed, and in weakness and nausea longed for Flora again. I would call her; go to her. Rescue her? It was an old and melodramatic and preposterous notion, in the light of day, but it held me, pensive, with growing determination. I closed my bag and my typewriter and set them beside the door, and sat upon my bed, the telephone at my right hand. It would be now, and forever, or never. I heard the children's integrated voices again, white and black. Yes, Flora. How did she feel? what did she believe? what did she believe *in*? I would find out. I reached for the telephone, just as it rang.

I hoped, of course, with a flaming of joy and anticipation. Instead I heard myself addressed by a harsh, alien voice that, omitting the amenities, rushed to its message: "I'm calling the reporters and writers to tell them that Floyd Anderson and one of the volunteers, Lewis Niles, have disappeared, are missing, and their car has been found sunk in a swamp ten miles southeast of here. They went to the church late yesterday afternoon and interviewed some people out there, and just vanished, sometime early in the night. We're asking the FBI . . ."

My arm straightened; my fingers opened, and the telephone dropped into its cradle. I walked slowly to my door, past my bag and typewriter, and out to my car, and sat sweating in it for a long time. "Flora," I whispered, finally, as if rehearsing a speech I would make, someday, "Flora, I did a terrible deed. I betrayed them. He made me angry and I betrayed them. *We* betrayed them. Now somehow we've got to make amends." I drove out through the town and the country. I spoke an absurd line, alone in the car: "Come away with me. Fly away with me. Look away." I parked before the house and crossed the lawn. On the front terrace I stopped, looking through the vast window into that vast living room. I saw a table cluttered with the scraps and the tools of breakfast. Two half-filled glasses of tomato juice, red and cold, stood beside the plates. Flora and her husband sat on a long sofa. He still wore his blue blazer. Their heads were close together. Once they looked

about, as they talked, their eyes flashing and seeking. Then they were together again, whispering. Not in affection, but close and inseparable. There was something practical and businesslike about their clinging images—the twain, bound, king and queen of nothing, nowhere.

"Oh, Christ," I said. "Oh, Christ," and left them forever.

In my room I called once more. A servant answered. I asked for Flora. Faintly on the line I heard again a whisper, a tiny scrape and scratch. In a moment Flora answered, cool and slow, with perhaps a faint caution in her voice.

"Flora," I said, "I had to call you. I had to speak to you again."

"Perhaps you shouldn't, Fred."

"Flora, my darling, I'll never forget."

"Fred, please."

"Will you forget? Will you ever forget?"

"Oh, Fred, of course I won't forget. But please, Fred, you mustn't."

"I finally agreed to go last night for one reason only, Flora. Because we used to sleep together."

"Fred, please, but yes, we did, didn't we, yes, yes."

"And then again last night, Flora. Will you ever forget?"

"No, Fred, I won't forget."

"Will you see me again?"

"Perhaps. Someday."

"Flora, my phone is tapped."

I hung up, and sat staring at it. In a moment it began ringing. I rested my hand upon it, feeling it vibrate to the sound of bells. My fingers closed about it, but my hand did not lift. I bowed my head. Perhaps I was one of them now. Perhaps they had made me from birth one of them. "It was a joke," I whispered, "a joke, Flora." A dirty joke, and nobody was laughing. I clutched the phone. Let it keep ringing. I was safe, so long as it rang. At any time I could pick it up and say to Flora, "I'm sorry, my dear." But I was lost among them, with him, in their filth. It rang, and it stopped ringing. I walked out the door.

"Thank you, and come back," said the cashier.

On the way to the airport I turned on the radio for the news. Instead I got a morning prayer meeting. Our Southern people are very religious. A Presbyterian preacher was saying, "Oh isn't it great to be alive on this beautiful morning?" I turned it off. I arrived at the airport just in time for the next plane out. The stained water of the swamps receded beneath the wings. The creeks coiled like rampant dragons on an Oriental screen. The forests spread, darkened, and closed upon the land. Perhaps I will never know what I want to know. Perhaps I will know only that I will never be young again, and that I will never be clean again.



*"Uh—Mr. Fitman, would you mind doing
your push-ups somewhere else?"*

THE GOLDEN GUN (continued from page 90)

Unless, that is, you were screwin' her." He raised one eyebrow.

"I was. Anything wrong with that? What have you been doing with the Chinese girl? Playing mah-jongg?" Bond got to his feet. He stitched impatience and outrage on his face in equal quantities. "Now look here, Mr. Scaramanga. I've had just about enough of this. Just stop leaning on me. You go around waving that damned gun of yours and acting like God Almighty and insinuating a lot of tommyrot about the Secret Service and you expect me to kneel down and lick your boots. Well, my friend, you've come to the wrong address. If you're dissatisfied with the job I'm doing, just hand over the thousand dollars and I'll be on my way. Who in hell d'you think you are, anyway?"

Scaramanga smiled his thin, cruel smile. "You may be getting wise to that sooner than you think, shamus." He shrugged. "OK, OK. But just you remember this, mister. If it turns out you're not who you say you are, I'll blow you to bits. Get me? And I'll start with the little bits and go on to the bigger ones. Just so it lasts a heck of a long time. Right? Now you'd better get some shut-eye. I've got a meeting with Mr. Hendriks at ten in the conference room. And I don't want to be disturbed. After that the whole party goes on an excursion on the railroad I was tellin' you about. It'll be your job to see that that gets properly organized. Talk to the manager first thing. Right? OK, then. Be seeing ya." Scaramanga walked into the clothes cupboard, brushed Bond's suit aside and disappeared. There came a decisive click from the next-door room. Bond got to his feet. He said "Phew!" at the top of his voice and walked off into the bathroom to wash the last two hours away in the shower.

He awoke at 6:30, by arrangement with that curious extrasensory alarm clock that some people keep in their heads and that always seems to know the exact time. He put on his bathing trunks and went out to the beach and did his long swim again. When, at 7:15, he saw Scaramanga come out of the east wing followed by a boy carrying his towel, he made for the shore. He listened for the twanging thump of the trampoline and then, keeping well out of sight of it, entered the hotel by the main entrance and moved quickly down the corridor to his room. He listened at his window to make sure the man was still exercising, then he took the master key Nick Nicholson had given him and slipped across the corridor to number 20 and was quickly inside. He left the door on the latch. Yes, there was his target, lying on the dressing table. He strode across the room, picked up the gun and slipped out the round in the cylinder that would

next come up for firing. He put the gun down exactly as he had found it, got back to the door, listened, and then was out and across the corridor and into his own room. He went back to the window and listened. Yes, Scaramanga was still at it. It was an amateurish ploy that Bond had executed, but it might gain him just that fraction of a second that, he felt it in his bones, was going to be life or death for him in the next 24 hours. In his mind, he smelled that slight whiff of smoke that indicated that his cover was smoldering at the edges. At any moment "Mark Hazard of World Consortium" might go up in flames like some clumsy effigy on Guy Fawkes Night and James Bond would stand there, revealed, with nothing between him and a possible force of six other gunmen but his own quick hand and the Walther PPK. So every shade of odds that he could shift to his side of the board would be worth while. Undismayed by the prospect, in fact rather excited by it, he ordered a large breakfast, consumed it with relish and, after pulling the connecting pin out of the ball cock in his lavatory, went along to the manager's office.

Felix Leiter was on duty. He gave a thin managerial smile and said, "Good morning, Mr. Hazard. Can I help you?" Leiter's eyes were looking beyond Bond, over his right shoulder. Mr. Hendriks materialized at the desk before Bond could answer.

Leiter said, "Good morning."

Mr. Hendriks replied with his little Germanic bow. He said, "The telephone operator is saying that there is a long-distance call from my office in Havana. Where is the most private place to take it, pliss?"

"Not in your bedroom, sir?"

"Is not sufficiently private."

Bond guessed that he, too, had bowled out the microphone.

Leiter looked helpful. He came out from behind his desk. "Just over here, sir. The lobby telephone. The box is soundproof."

Mr. Hendriks looked stonily at him. "And the machine. That also is soundproof?"

Leiter looked politely puzzled. "I'm afraid I don't understand, sir. It is connected directly with the operator."

"Is no matter. Show me, pliss." Mr. Hendriks followed Leiter to the far corner of the lobby and was shown into the booth. He carefully closed the leather-padded door and picked up the receiver and talked into it. Then he stood waiting, watching Leiter come back across the marble floor and speak deferentially to Bond. "You were saying, sir?"

"It's my lavatory. Something wrong with the ball cock. Is there anywhere else?"

"I'm so sorry, sir. I'll have the house engineer look at it at once. Yes, certainly. There's the lobby toilet. The decoration isn't completed and it's not officially in use, but it's in perfectly good working order." He lowered his voice. "And there's a connecting door with my office. Leave it for ten minutes while I run back the tape of what this bastard's saying. I heard the call was coming through. Don't like the sound of it. May be your worry." He gave a little bow and waved Bond toward the central table with magazines on it. "If you'll just take a seat for a few moments, sir, and then I'll take care of you."

Bond nodded his thanks and turned away. In the booth, Hendriks was talking. His eyes were fixed on Bond with a terrible intensity. Bond felt the skin crawl at the base of his stomach. This was it, all right! He sat down and picked up an old *Wall Street Journal*. Surreptitiously he tore a small piece out of the center of page one. It could have been a tear at the cross-fold. He held the paper up at page two and watched Hendriks through the little hole.

Hendriks watched the back of the paper and talked and listened. He suddenly put down the receiver and came out of the booth. His face gleamed with sweat. He took out a clean white handkerchief and ran it over his face and neck and walked rapidly off down the corridor.

Nick Nicholson, as neat as a pin, came across the lobby and, with a courtly smile and a bow for Bond, took up his place behind the desk. It was 8:30. Five minutes later, Felix Leiter came out from the inner office. He said something to Nicholson and came over to Bond. There was a pale, pinched look round his mouth. He said, "And now, if you'll follow me, sir." He led the way across the lobby, unlocked the men's-room door, followed Bond in and locked the door behind him. They stood among the carpentrywork by the washbasins. Leiter said tensely, "I guess you've had it, James. They were talking Russian, but your name and number kept on cropping up. Guess you'd better get out of here just as quickly as that old jalopy of yours'll carry you."

Bond smiled thinly. "Forewarned is forearmed, Felix. I knew it already. Hendriks has been told to rub me. Our old friend at K.G.B. headquarters, Semichastny, has got it in for me. I'll tell you why one of these days." He told Leiter of the Mary Goodnight episode of the early hours. Leiter listened gloomily. Bond concluded, "So there's no object in getting out now. We shall hear all the dope and probably their plans for me at this meeting at ten. Then they've got this excursion business afterward. Personally, I guess the shooting match'll take place somewhere out in the country where

there are no witnesses. Now, if you and Nick could work out something that'd upset the Away Engagement, I'd make myself responsible for the home pitch."

Leiter looked thoughtful. Some of the cloud lifted from his face. He said, "I know the plans for this afternoon. Off on this miniature train through the cane fields, picnic, then the boat out of Green Island Harbor, deep-sea fishing and all that. I've reconnoitered the route for it all." He raised the thumb of his left hand and pinged the end of his steel hook thoughtfully. "Ye-e-es. It's going to mean some quick action and a heap of luck and I'll have to get the hell up to Frome for some supplies from your friend Hugill. Will he hand over some gear on your say-so? OK, then. Come into my office and write him a note. It's only a half hour's drive and Nick can hold the front desk for that time. Come on." He opened a side door and went through into his office. He beckoned Bond to follow and shut the door behind him. At Leiter's dictation, Bond took down the note to the manager of the West Indian Sugar Company sugar estates and then went out through the washroom and along to his room. He took a strong nip of straight bourbon and sat on the edge of his bed and looked unseeingly out of the window and across the lawn to the sea's horizon. Like a dozing hound chasing a rabbit in its dreams, or like the audience at an athletics meeting that lifts a leg to help the high jumper over the bar, every now and then his right hand twitched involuntarily. In his mind's eye, in a variety of imagined circumstances, it was leaping for his gun.

James Bond gave a deep, relaxed sigh. His eyes came back into focus. He looked at his watch. It said 9:50. He got up, ran both hands down his lean face with a scrubbing motion, and went out and along the corridor to the conference room.

• • •

The setup was the same. Bond's travel literature was on the buffet table where he had left it. He went through into the conference room. It had only been cursorily tidied. Scaramanga had probably said it was not to be entered by the staff. The chairs were roughly in position, but the ashtrays had not been emptied. There were no stains on the carpet and no signs of the carpet having been washed. It had probably been a single shot through the heart. With Scaramanga's soft-nosed bullets, the internal damage would be devastating, but the fragments of the bullet would stay in the body and there would be no bleeding. Bond went round the table, ostentatiously positioning the chairs more accurately. He identified the one where Ruby Rotkopf must have sat, across the table from Scaramanga, because it had a cracked leg. He dutifully examined the windows and looked behind the curtains, doing

his job. Scaramanga came into the room followed by Mr. Hendriks. He said roughly, "OK, Mr. Hazard. Lock both doors like yesterday. No one to come in. Right?"

"Yes." As Bond passed Mr. Hendriks, he said cheerfully, "Good morning, Mr. Hendriks. Enjoy the party last night?"

Mr. Hendriks gave his usual curt bow. He said nothing. His eyes were granite marbles.

Bond went out and locked the doors and took up his position with the brochures and the champagne glass. Immediately, Hendriks began talking, quickly and urgently, fumbling for the English words. "Mr. S., I have bad troubles to report. My Zentrale in Havana spoke with me this morning. They have heard direct from Moscow. This man"—he must have made a gesture toward the door—"this man is the British secret agent, the man Bond. There is no doubt. I am given the exact descriptions. When he goes swimming this morning, I am examining his body through glasses. The wounds on his body are clearly to be seen. The scar down the right side of the face leaves no doubt. And his shooting last night! The ploddy fool is proud of his shooting. I would like to see a member of my organization behave in zees stupid fashions! I would have him shot immediately." There was a pause. The man's tone altered, became slightly menacing. His target was now Scaramanga. "But, Mr. S., how can this have come about? How can you possibly have let it arrive? My Zentrale is dumfounded at the mistake. The man might have done much damage but for the watchfulness of my superiors. Pliss explain, Mr. S. I must be making the very full report. How is it that you are meeting this man? How is it that you are then carrying him efen into the center of The Group? The details, pliss, mister. The full accounting. My superiors will be expressing sharp criticism of the lack of vigilance against the enemy."

Bond heard the rasp of a match against a box. He could imagine Scaramanga sitting back and going through the smoking routine. The voice, when it came, was decisive, uncowed. "Mr. Hendriks, I appreciate your outfit's concern about this and I congratulate them on their sources of information. But you tell your Central this: I met this man completely by accident, at least I thought so at the time, and there's no use worrying about how it happened. It hasn't been easy to set up this conference and I needed help. I had to get two managers in a hurry from New York to handle the hotel people. They're doing a good job, right? The floor staff and all the rest I had to get from Kingston. But what I really needed was a kind of personal assistant who could be around to make sure that everything went smooth-

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ly. Personally, I just couldn't be bothered with all the details. When this guy dropped out of the blue, he looked all right to me. So I picked him up. But I'm not stupid. I knew that when this show was over I'd have to get rid of him, just in case he'd learned anything he shouldn't have. Now you say he's a member of the Secret Service. I told you at the beginning of this conference that I eat these people for breakfast when I have a mind to. What you've told me changes just one thing: He'll die today instead of tomorrow. And here's how it's going to happen." Scaramanga lowered his voice. Now Bond could hear only disjointed words. The sweat ran down from his ear as he pressed it to the base of the champagne glass. "Our excursion . . . rats in the cane . . . unfortunate accident . . . before I do it . . . nasty surprise . . . details to myself . . . you will find it very funny." Scaramanga must have sat back again. Now his voice was normal. "So I think you have nothing to worry about. The man will be gone by this evening. Are you satisfied? I would do it now just by opening the door, but two blown fuses in two days might cause gossip around here. And this way there will be fun for everybody on the picnic."

Mr. Hendriks' voice was flat and uninterested. He had carried out his orders and action was about to follow, definitive action. There could be no complaint of delay in carrying out orders. He said, "Yes. What you are proposing will be satisfactory. I shall observe the proceedings with much amusement. And now to other business. Plan Orange. My superiors are wishing to know that everything is in order."

"Yes. Everything's in order at Reynolds Metal, Kaiser Bauxite and Alumina of Jamaica. But the material you supplied is highly volatile. It will have to be replaced in the demolition chambers every five years. By the way," there was a dry chuckle, "I was amused to see that instructions on the drums were in several African languages as well as English. All ready for the great black uprising, I suppose? You might give me warning of The Day. I hold some pretty vulnerable stocks on Wall Street."

"Then you will lose a lot of money," said Mr. Hendriks flatly. "I shall not be told the date. I do not mind. I hold no stocks. You would be wise to keep your money in gold or diamonds or rare postage stamps. And now the next matter. It is of interest to my superiors to be able to place their hands on a very great quantity of narcotics. You have a source for the supply of ganja, or marijuana as we call it. You are now receiving your supplies in pound weight. I am asking whether you can stimulate your sources of supply to providing the weed by the hundredweight. It is suggested that you

then run shipments to the Pedro Cays. My friends can arrange for collection from there."

There was a brief silence. Scaramanga would be smoking his thin cheroot. He said, "I think that could be arranged. But the ganja laws have just been considerably stiffened. There are big prison sentences. Consequently, the price has gone through the roof. The going price today is £16 an ounce. A hundredweight of the stuff could cost thousands of pounds. And it's darned bulky in those quantities. My fishing boat could probably only ship one hundredweight at a time. Anyway, where's it for? You'll be lucky to get those quantities ashore. A pound or two is difficult enough."

"I am not being told the destinations. I assume it is for America. They are the largest consumers. Arrangements have been made to receive this and other consignments initially off the coast of Georgia. I am being told that this area is full of small islands and swamps and is already much favored by smugglers. The money is of no importance. I have instructions to make an initial outlay of a million dollars, but at keen market prices. You will be receiving your usual ten percent commission. Is it that you are interested?"

"I'm always interested in a hundred thousand dollars. I'll have to get in touch with my growers. They have their plantations in the Maroon country. That's in the center of the island. This is going to take time. I can give you a quotation in about two weeks—a hundredweight of the stuff F.O.B. the Pedro Cays. OK?"

"And a date? The Cays are very flat. This is not stuff to be left lying about, isn't it?"

"Sure. Sure. Now, then. Any other business? OK. Well, I've got something I'd like to bring up. This casino lark. Now, this is the picture. The government is tempted. They think it'll stimulate the tourist industry. But the heavies—the boys who were kicked out of Havana, the Vegas machine, the Miami jokers, Chicago—the whole works, didn't take the measure of these people before they put the heat on. And they overplayed the slush-fund approach—put too much money in the wrong pockets. Guess they should have employed a public-relations outfit. Jamaica looks small on the map, and I guess the Syndicates thought they could hurry through a neat little operation like the Nassau job. But the Opposition party got wise, and the Church, and the old women, and there was talk of the Mafia taking over in Jamaica, the old 'Cosa Nostra' and all that crap, and the spiel flopped. Remember we were offered an 'in' coupla years back? That was when they saw it was a bust and wanted to unload their promotion expenses, coupla million bucks or so, onto The Group. You recall I ad-

vised against and gave my reasons. OK. So we said no. But things have changed. Different party in power, bit of a tourist slump last year, and a certain minister has been in touch with me. Says the climate's changed. Independence has come along and they've got out from behind the skirts of Aunty England. Want to show that Jamaica's with it. Got oomph and all that. So this friend of mine says he can get gambling off the pad here. He told me how and it makes sense. Before, I said stay out. Now I say come in. But it's going to cost money. Each of us'll have to chip in with a hundred thousand bucks to give local encouragement. Miami'll be the operators and get the franchise. The deal is that they'll put us in for five percent—but off the top. Get me? On these figures, and they're not loaded, our juice should have been earned in eighteen months. After that it's gravy. Get the photo? But your, er, friends don't seem too keen on these, er, capitalist enterprises. How do you figure it? Will they ante up? I don't want for us to go outside for the green. And, as from yesterday, we're missing a shareholder. Come to think of it, we've got to think of that, too. Who we goin' to rope in as number seven? We're short of a game for now."

James Bond wiped his ear and the bottom of the glass with his handkerchief. It was almost unbearable. He had heard his own death sentence pronounced, the involvement of the K.G.B. with Scaramanga and the Caribbean spelled out, and such minor dividends as sabotage of the bauxite industry, massive drug smuggling into the States and gambling politics thrown in. It was a majestic haul in area Intelligence. He had the ball! Could he live to touch down with it?

James Bond moved away from the door as he heard Scaramanga's passkey in the lock. He looked up and yawned.

Scaramanga and Mr. Hendriks looked down at him. Their expressions were vaguely interested and reflective. It was as if he were a bit of steak and they were wondering whether to have it done rare or medium rare.

. . .

At 12 o'clock they all assembled in the lobby. Scaramanga had added a broad-brimmed white Stetson to his immaculate tropical attire. He looked like the smartest plantation owner in the South. Mr. Hendriks wore his usual stuffy suit, now topped with a gray Homburg. Bond thought that he should have gray suede gloves and an umbrella. The four hoods were wearing calypso shirts outside their slacks. Bond was pleased. If they were carrying guns in their waistbands, the shirts would hinder the draw. Cars were drawn up outside with Scaramanga's Thunderbird in the lead. Scaramanga walked up to the desk. Nick Nicholson

was standing washing his hands in invisible soap and looking helpful. "All set? Everything loaded on the train? Green Harbor been told? OK, then. Where's that sidekick of yours, that man Travis? Haven't seen him around today."

Nick Nicholson looked serious. "He got an abscess in his tooth, sir. Real bad. Had to send him in to Sav' La Mar to have it out. He'll be OK by this afternoon."

"Too bad. Dock him half a day's pay. No room for sleepers on this outfit. We're shorthanded as it is. Should have had his snappers attended to before he took the job on. 'K?'"

"Very good, Mr. Scaramanga. I'll tell him."

Scaramanga turned to the waiting group. "OK, fellers. Now this is the spiel. We drive a mile down the road to the station. We get aboard this little train. Quite an outfit that. Feller by the name of Lucius Beebe had it copied for the Thunderbird company from the engine and rolling stock on the little old Denver, South Park and Pacific line. OK. So we steam along this old cane-field line about twenty miles to Green Island Harbor. Plenty birds, bush rats, crocs in the rivers. Mebbe we get a little hunting. Have some fun with the hardware. All you guys got your guns with you? Fine, fine. Champagne lunch at Green Island and the girls and the music'll be there to keep us happy. After lunch we get aboard the Thunder Girl, by Chris-Craft, and take a cruise along to Lucea, that's a little township down the coast, and see if we can catch our dinner. Those that don't want to fish can play stud. Right? Then back here for drinks. OK? Everyone satisfied? Any suggestions? Then let's go."

Bond was told to get in the back of the car. They set off. Once again that offered neck! Crazy not to take him now! But it was open country with no cover and there were four guns riding behind. The odds simply weren't good enough. What was the plan for his removal? During the "hunting" presumably. James Bond smiled grimly to himself. He was feeling happy. He wouldn't have been able to explain the emotion. It was a feeling of being keyed up, wound taut. It was the moment, after 20 passes, when you got a hand you could bet on—not necessarily win, but bet on. He had been after this man for over six weeks. Today, this afternoon perhaps, was to come the pay-off he had been ordered to bring about. It was win or lose. The odds? Foreknowledge was playing for him. He was more heavily fore-armed than the enemy knew. But the enemy had the big battalions on their side. There were more of them. And, taking only Scaramanga, perhaps more talent. Weapons? Again leaving out the others, Scaramanga had the advantage. The long-barreled Colt .45 would be a

fraction slower on the draw, but its length of barrel would give it more accuracy than the Walther automatic. Rate of fire? The Walther should have the edge—and the first empty chamber of Scaramanga's gun, if it hadn't been discovered, would be an additional bonus. The steady hand? The cool brain? The sharpness of the lust to kill? How did they weigh up? Probably nothing to choose on the first two. Bond might be a shade trigger-happy—of necessity. That he must watch. He must damp down the fire in his belly. Get ice cold. In the lust to kill, perhaps he was the stronger. Of course. He was fighting for his life. The other man was just amusing himself—providing sport for his friends, displaying his potency, showing off. That was good! That might be decisive! Bond said to himself that he must increase the other man's unawareness, his casual certitude, his lack of caution. He must be the P. G. Wodehouse Englishman, the

limey of the cartoons. He must play easy to take. The adrenalin coursed into James Bond's blood stream. His pulse rate began to run a fraction high. He felt it on his wrist. He breathed deeply and slowly to bring it down. He found that he was sitting forward, tensed. He sat back and tried to relax. All of his body relaxed except his right hand. This was in the control of someone else. Resting on his right thigh, it still twitched slightly from time to time like the paw of a sleeping dog chasing rabbits. He put it into his coat pocket and watched a turkey buzzard a thousand feet up, circling. He put himself into the mind of the John Crow, watching out for a squashed toad or a dead bush rat. The circling buzzard had found its offal. It came lower and lower. Bond wished it *bon appétit*. The predator in him wished the scavenger a good meal. He smiled at the comparison between them. They were both following a scent. The main difference was that the John Crow



"... I realize this is hardly the time to mention it, but ... one never wears stripes and checks together ... !"

was a protected bird. No one would shoot back at it when it made its final dive. Amused by his thoughts, Bond's right hand came out of his pocket and lit a cigarette for him, quietly and obediently. It had stopped going off chasing rabbits on its own.

The station was a brilliant mock-up from the Colorado narrow-gauge era—a low building in faded clapboard ornamented with gingerbread along its eaves. Its name "Thunderbird Halt" was in old-style ornamental type, heavily serifed. Advertisements proclaimed "Chew Roseleaf Fine Cut Warranted Finest Virginia Leaf," "Trains Stop for all Meals," "No Checks Accepted." The engine, gleaming in black and yellow varnish and polished brass, was a gem. It stood, panting quietly in the sunshine, a wisp of black smoke curling up from the tall stack behind the big brass headlight. The engine's name, "THE BELLE," was on a proud brass plate on the gleaming black barrel and its number, "No. 1," on a similar plate below the headlight. There was one carriage, an open affair with padded foam-rubber seats and a daffodil surrey roof of fringed canvas to keep off the sun, and then the brake van, also in black and yellow, with a resplendent gilt-armed chair behind the conventional wheel of the brake. It was a wonderful toy even down to the old-fashioned whistle, which now gave a sharp admonitory blast.

Scaramanga was in ebullient form. "Hear the train blow, folks! All aboard!" There was an anticlimax. To Bond's dismay, he took out his golden pistol, pointed it at the sky and pressed the trigger. He hesitated only momentarily and fired again. The deep boom echoed back from the wall of the station and the stationmaster, resplendent in old-fashioned uniform, looked nervous. He pocketed the big silver turnip watch he had been holding and stood back obsequiously, the green flag now drooping at his side. Scaramanga checked his gun. He looked thoughtfully at Bond and said, "All right, my friend. Now then, you get up front with the driver."

Bond smiled happily. "Thanks. I've always wanted to do that since I was a child. What fun!"

"You've said it," said Scaramanga. He turned to the others. "And you, Mr. Hendriks. In the first seat behind the coal tender, please. Then Sam and Leroy. Then Hal and Louie. I'll be up back in the brake van. Good place to watch out for game. 'K?'"

Everybody took his seat. The stationmaster had recovered his nerve and went through his ploy with the watch and the flag. The engine gave a triumphant hoot and, with a series of diminishing puffs, got under way, and they bowled off along the three-foot-gauge line that disap-

peared, as straight as an arrow, into a dancing shimmer of silver.

Bond read the speed gauge. It said 20. For the first time he paid attention to the driver. He was a villainous-looking Rastafari in dirty khaki overalls, with a sweat rag round his forehead. A cigarette drooped from between the thin mustache and the straggling beard. He smelled quite horrible. Bond said, "My name's Mark Hazard. What's yours?"

"Rass, man! Ah doan talk wid buckra."

The expression "rass" is Jamaican for "shove it." "Buckra" is a tough colloquialism for "white man."

Bond said equably, "I thought part of your religion was to love thy neighbor."

The Rasta gave the whistle lanyard a long pull. When the shriek had died away, he simply said "Sheeit," kicked the furnace door open and began shoveling coal.

Bond looked surreptitiously round the cabin. Yes. There it was! The long Jamaican cutlass, this one filed to an inch blade with a deadly point. It was on a rack by the man's hand. Was this the way he was supposed to go? Bond doubted it. Scaramanga would do the deed in a suitably dramatic fashion and one that would give him an alibi. Second executioner would be Hendriks. Bond looked back over the low coal tender. Hendriks' eyes, bland and indifferent, met his. Bond shouted above the iron clang of the engine, "Great fun, what?" Hendriks' eyes looked away and back again. Bond stooped so that he could see under the top of the surrey. All the other four men were sitting motionless, their eyes also fixed on Bond. Bond waved a cheerful hand. There was no response. So they had been told! Bond was a spy in their midst and this was his last ride. In mob-ese, he was "going to be hit." It was an uncomfortable feeling having those ten enemy eyes watching him like ten gun barrels. Bond straightened himself. Now the top half of his body, like the iron "man" in a pistol range, was above the roof of the surrey and he was looking straight down the flat yellow surface to where Scaramanga sat on his solitary throne, with all his body in full view. He also was looking down the little train at Bond—the last mourner in the funeral cortege behind the cadaver that was James Bond. Bond waved a cheery hand and turned back. He opened his coat and got a moment's reassurance from the cool butt of his gun. He felt in his trouser pocket. Three spare magazines. Ah well! He'd take as many of them as he could with him. He flipped down the codriver's seat and sat on it. No point in offering a target until he had to. The Rasta flicked his cigarette over the side and lit another. The engine was driving herself. He leaned

against the cabin wall and looked at nothing.

Bond had done his homework on the 1:50,000 Overseas Survey map that Mary had provided, and he knew exactly the route the little cane line took. First there would be five miles of the cane fields, between whose high green walls they were now traveling. Then came Middle River, followed by the vast expanse of swamplands, now being slowly reclaimed, but still shown on the map as "The Great Morass." Then would come Orange River leading into Orange Bay, and then more sugar and mixed forest and agricultural small holdings until they came to the little hamlet of Green Island at the head of the excellent anchorage of Green Island Harbor.

A hundred yards ahead, a turkey buzzard rose from beside the line and, after a few heavy flaps, caught the inshore breeze and soared up and away. There came the boom of Scaramanga's gun. A feather drifted down from the great right-hand wing of the big bird. The turkey buzzard swerved and soared higher. A second shot rang out. The bird gave a jerk and began to tumble untidily down out of the sky. It jerked again as a third bullet hit it before it crashed into the cane. There was applause from under the yellow surrey. Bond leaned out and called to Scaramanga, "That'll cost you five pounds unless you've squared the Rasta. That's the fine for killing a John Crow."

A shot whistled past Bond's head. Scaramanga laughed. "Sorry. Thought I saw a rat." And then, "Come on, Mr. Hazard. Let's see some gunplay from you. There's some cattle grazing by the line up there. See if you can hit a cow at ten paces."

The hoods guffawed. Bond put his head out again. Scaramanga's gun was on his lap. Out of the corner of his eye he saw that Mr. Hendriks, perhaps ten feet behind him, had his right hand in his coat pocket. Bond called, "I never shoot game that I don't eat. If you'll eat the whole cow, I'll shoot it for you."

The gun flashed and boomed as Bond jerked his head under cover of the coal tender. Scaramanga laughed harshly. "Watch your lip, limey, or you'll end up without it." The hoods haw-hawed.

Beside Bond, the Rasta gave a curse. He pulled hard on the whistle lanyard. Bond looked down the line. Far ahead, across the rails, something pink showed. Still whistling, the driver pulled on a lever. Steam belched from the train's exhaust and the engine began to slow. Two shots rang out and the bullets clanged against the iron roof over his head. Scaramanga shouted angrily, "Keep steam up, damn you to hell!"

The Rasta quickly pushed up the lever and the speed of the train gathered back to 20 mph. He shrugged. He



"Which way is what water, honey?!"



"I'll sure be glad when you get off this damned pop-art kick!"

glanced at Bond. He licked his lips wetly. "Dere's white trash across de line. Guess mebbe it's some frien' of de boss."

Bond strained his eyes. Yes! It was a naked pink body with golden blonde hair! A girl's body!

Scaramanga's voice boomed against the wind. "Folks. Jes' a little surprise for you all. Something from the good old Western movies. There's a girl on the line ahead. Tied across it. Take a look. And you know what? It's the girlfriend of a certain man we've been hearing of, called James Bond. Would you believe it? An' her name's Goodnight, Mary Goodnight. It sure is good night for her. If only that fellow Bond was aboard now, I guess we'd be hearing him holler for mercy."

James Bond leaped for the accelerator lever and tore it downward. The engine lost a head of steam, but there was only a hundred yards to go and now the only thing that could save the girl was the brakes under Scaramanga's control in the brake van. The Rasta already had

his cutlass in his hand. The flames from the furnace glinted on the blade. He stood back like a cornered animal, his eyes red with ganja and fear of the gun in Bond's hand. Nothing could save the girl now! Bond, knowing that Scaramanga would expect him from the right side of the tender, leaped to the left. Hendriks had his gun out. Before it could swivel, Bond put a bullet between the man's cold eyes. The head jerked back. For an instant, steel-capped back teeth showed in the gaping mouth. Then the gray Homburg fell off and the dead head slumped. The golden gun boomed twice. A bullet whanged round the cabin. The Rasta screamed and fell to the ground, clutching at his throat. His hand was still clenched round the whistle lanyard and the little train kept up its mournful howl of warning. Fifty yards to go! The golden hair hung forlornly forward, obscuring the face. The ropes on the wrists and ankles showed clearly. The breasts offered themselves to the screaming engine. Bond ground his

teeth and shut his mind to the dreadful impact that would come any minute now. He leaped to the left again and got off three shots. He thought two of them had hit, but then something slammed a great blow into the muscle of his left shoulder and he spun across the cab and crashed to the iron floor, his face over the edge of the footplate. And it was from there, only inches away, that he saw the front wheels scrunch through the body on the line, saw the blonde head severed from the body, saw the china-blue eyes give him a last blank stare, saw the fragments of the showroom dummy disintegrate with a sharp crackling of plastic and the pink splinters shower down the embankment.

James Bond choked back the sickness that rose from his stomach into the back of his throat. He staggered to his feet, keeping low. He reached up for the accelerator lever and pushed it upward. A pitched battle with the train at a standstill would put the odds even more against him. He hardly felt the pain in his shoulder. He edged round the right-hand side of the tender. Four guns boomed. He flung his head back under cover. Now the hoods were shooting, but wildly, because of the interference of the surrey top. But Bond had had time to see one glorious sight. In the brake van, Scaramanga had slid from his throne and was down on his knees, his head moving to and fro like a wounded animal. Where in hell had Bond hit him? And now what? How was he going to deal with the four hoods, just as badly obscured from him as he was from them?

Then a voice from the back of the train, it could only be from the brake van, Felix Leiter's voice, called out above the shriek of the engine's whistle, "OK, you four guys. Toss your guns over the side. Now! Quick!" There came the crack of a shot. "I said quick. There's Mr. Gengerella gone to meet his maker OK, then. And now hands behind your heads. That's better. Right. OK, James. The battle's over. Are you OK? If so, show yourself. There's still the final curtain and we've got to move quick."

Bond rose carefully. He could hardly believe it! Leiter must have been riding on the buffer behind the brake van. He wouldn't have been able to show himself earlier for fear of Bond's gunfire. Yes! There he was! His fair hair tousled by the wind, a long-barreled pistol using his upraised steel hook as a rest, standing astride the now supine body of Scaramanga beside the brake wheel. Bond's shoulder had begun to hurt like hell. He shouted, with the anger of tremendous relief, "Goddamn you, Leiter. Why in hell didn't you show up before? I might have got hurt."

Leiter laughed. "That'll be the day! Now listen, shamus. Get ready to jump. The longer you wait, the farther you've

got to walk home. I'm going to stay with these guys for a while and hand them over to the law in Green Harbor." He shook his head to show this was a lie. "Now get goin'. It's The Morass. The landing'll be soft. Stinks a bit, but we'll give you an eau-de-cologne spray when you get home. Right?"

The train ran over a small culvert and the song of the wheels changed to a deep boom. Bond looked ahead. In the distance was the spidery ironwork of the Orange River bridge. The still shrieking train was losing steam. The gauge said 19 mph. Bond looked down at the dead Rasta. In death, his face was as horrible as it had been in life. The bad teeth, sharpened from eating sugar cane from childhood, were bared in a frozen snarl. Bond took a quick glance under the surrey. Hendriks' slumped body lolled with the movement of the train. The sweat of the day still shone on the doughy cheeks. Even as a corpse he didn't ask for sympathy. In the seat behind him, Leiter's bullet had torn through the back of Gengerella's head and removed most of his face. Next to him, and behind him, the three gangsters gazed up at James Bond with whipped eyes. They hadn't expected all this. This was to have been a holiday. The calypso shirts said so. Mr. Scaramanga, the undefeated, the undefeated, had said so. Until minutes before, his golden gun had backed up his word. Now, suddenly, everything was different. As the Arabs say when a great sheik has gone, has removed his protection, "Now there is no more shade!" They were covered with guns from the front and the rear. The train stretched out its iron stride toward nowhere they had ever heard of before. The whistle moaned. The sun beat down. The dreadful stink of The Great Morass assailed their nostrils. This was abroad. This was bad news, really bad. The tour director had left them to fend for themselves. Two of them had been killed. Even their guns were gone. The tough faces, as white moons, gazed in supplication up at Bond. Louie Paradise's voice was cracked and dry with terror. "A million bucks, mister, if you get us out of this. Swear on my mother. A million."

The faces of Sam Binion and Hal Garfinkel lit up. Here was hope! "And a million."

"And another! On my baby son's head!"

The voice of Felix Leiter bellowed angrily. There was a note of panic in it. "Jump, damn you, James! Jump!"

James Bond stood up in the cabin, not listening to the voices supplicating from under the yellow surrey. These men had wanted to watch him being murdered. They had been prepared to murder him themselves. How many dead men had each one of them got on his tally sheet? Bond got down on the step of the cabin, chose his moment and

threw himself clear of the clinker track and into the soft embraces of a stinking mangrove pool.

His explosion into the mud released the stench of hell. Great bubbles of marsh gas wobbled up to the surface and burst glutinously. A bird screeched and clattered off through the foliage. James Bond waded out onto the edge of the embankment. Now his shoulder was really hurting. He knelt down and was as sick as a cat.

When he raised his head, it was to see Leiter hurl himself off the brake van, now a good 200 yards away. He seemed to land clumsily. He didn't get up. And now, within yards of the long iron bridge over the sluggish river, another figure leaped from the train into a clump of mangrove. It was a tall, chocolate-clad figure. There was no doubt about it! It was Scaramanga! Bond cursed feebly. Why in hell hadn't Leiter put a finishing bullet through the man's head? Now there was unfinished business. The cards had only been reshuffled. The end game had still to be played!

The screaming progress of the driverless train changed to a roar as the track took to the trestles of the long bridge. Bond watched it vaguely, wondering when it would run out of steam. What would the three gangsters do now? Take to the hills? Get the train under control and go on to Green Harbor and try to take the Thunder Girl across to Cuba? Immediately the answer came! Halfway across the bridge, the engine suddenly reared up like a bucking stallion. At the same time there came a crash of thunder and a vast sheet of flame and the bridge buckled downward in the center like a bent leg. Chunks of torn iron sprayed upward and sideways and there was a splintering crash as the main stanchions gave and slowly bowed down toward the water. Through the jagged gap, the beautiful Belle, a smashed toy, folded upon itself and, with a giant splintering of iron and woodwork and a volcano of spray and steam, thundered into the river.

A deafening silence fell. Somewhere behind Bond, a wakened tree frog tinkled uncertainly. Four white egrets flew down and over the wreck, their necks outstretched inquisitively. In the distance, black dots materialized high up in the sky and circled lazily closer. The sixth sense of the turkey buzzards had told them that the distant explosion was disaster—something that might yield a meal. The sun hammered down on the silver rails and, a few yards away from where Bond lay, a group of yellow butterflies danced in the shimmer. Bond got slowly to his feet and, parting the butterflies, began walking slowly but purposefully up the line toward the bridge. First Felix Leiter, and then after the big one that had got away.

Leiter lay in the stinking mud. His left leg was at a hideous angle. Bond went to him, his finger to his lips. He knelt beside him and said softly, "Nothing much I can do for now, pal. I'll give you a bullet to bite on and get you into some shade. There'll be people coming before long. Got to get on after that bastard. He's somewhere up there by the bridge. What made you think he was dead?"

Leiter groaned, more in anger with himself than from the pain. "There was blood all over the place." The voice was a halting whisper between clenched teeth. "His shirt was soaked in it. Eyes closed. Thought if he wasn't cold he'd go with the others on the bridge." He smiled faintly. "How did you dig the River Kwai stunt? Go off all right?"

Bond raised a thumb. "Fourth of July. The crows'll be sitting down to table right now. But that damned dummy! Gave me a nasty turn. Did you put her there?"

"Sure. Sorry, boy. Mr. S. told me to. Made an excuse to spike the bridge this morning. No idea your girlfriend was a blonde or that you'd fall for the spiel."

"Bloody silly of me, I suppose. Thought he'd got hold of her last night. Anyway, come on. Here's your bullet. Bite the lead. The storybooks say it helps. This is going to hurt, but I must haul you under cover and out of the sun." Bond got his hands under Leiter's armpits and, as gently as he could, dragged him to a dry patch under a big mangrove bush above swamp level. The sweat of pain poured down Leiter's face. Bond propped him up against the roots. Leiter gave a groan and his head fell back. Bond looked thoughtfully down at him. A faint was probably the best thing that could have happened. He took Leiter's gun out of his waistband and put it beside his left, and only, hand. Bond still might get into much trouble. If he did, Scaramanga would come after Felix.

Bond crept off along the line of mangroves toward the bridge. For the time being he would have to keep more or less in the open. He prayed that, nearer the river, the swamp would yield to drier land so that he could work down toward the sea and then cut back toward the river and hope to pick up the man's tracks.

It was 1:30 and the sun was high. James Bond was hungry and very thirsty and his shoulder wound throbbed with his pulse. There were perhaps a hundred yards to go to the bridge. On Bond's left, the mangroves were sparser and the black mud was dry and cracked. But there were still soft patches. Bond put up the collar of his coat to hide the white shirt. He covered another 20 yards beside the rail and then struck off left into the mangroves. He found that if he kept close to the roots of the mangroves the going wasn't too bad. At least there

were no dry twigs or leaves to crack and rustle. He tried to keep as nearly as possible parallel with the river, but thick patches of bushes made him make small detours and he had to estimate his direction by the dryness of the mud and the slight rise of the land toward the riverbank. His ears were pricked like an animal's for the smallest sound. His eyes strained into the greenery ahead. Now the mud was pitted with the burrows of land crabs and there were occasional remnants of their shells, victims of big birds or mongooses. For the first time, mosquitoes and sand flies began to attack him. He could not slap them off but only dab at them softly with his handkerchief that was soon soaked with the blood they had sucked from him and wringing with the white man's sweat that attracted them.

Bond estimated that he had penetrated 200 yards into the swamp when he heard the single, controlled cough.

. . .

The cough sounded about 20 yards away, toward the river. Bond dropped to one knee, his senses questing like the antennae of an insect. He waited five minutes. When the cough was not repeated, he crept forward on hands and knees, his gun gripped between his teeth.

In a small clearing of dried black mud, he saw the man. He stopped in his tracks, trying to calm his breathing.

Scaramanga was lying stretched out, his back supported by a clump of sprawling mangrove roots. His hat and his high stock had gone and the whole of the right-hand side of his suit was black with blood upon which insects crawled and feasted. But the eyes in the controlled face were still very much alive. They swept the clearing at regular intervals, questing. Scaramanga's hands rested on the roots beside him. There was no sign of a gun.

Scaramanga's face suddenly pointed, like a retriever's, and the roving scrutiny held steady. Bond could not see what had caught his attention, but then a patch of the dappled shadow at the edge of the clearing moved and a large snake, beautifully diamonded in dark and pale brown, zigzagged purposefully across the black mud toward the man.

Bond watched, fascinated. He guessed it was a boa of the *Epicrates* family, attracted by the smell of blood. It was perhaps five feet long and quite harmless to man. Bond wondered if Scaramanga would know this. He was immediately put out of his doubt. Scaramanga's expression had not changed, but his right hand crept softly down his trouser leg, gently pulled up the cuff and removed a thin, stiletto-style knife from the side of his short Texan boot. Then he waited, the knife held ready across his stomach, not clenched in his fist, but

pointed in the flick-knife fashion. The snake paused for a moment a few yards from the man and raised its head high to give him a final inspection. The forked tongue licked out inquisitively, again and again, then, still with its head held above the ground, it moved slowly forward.

Not a muscle moved in Scaramanga's face. The eyes were dead steady, watchful slits. The snake came into the shadow of his trouser leg and moved slowly up toward the glistening shirt. Suddenly the tongue of steel that lay across Scaramanga's stomach came to life and leaped. It transixed the head of the snake exactly in the center of the brain and pierced through it, pinning it to the ground and holding it there while the powerful body thrashed wildly, seeking a grip on the mangrove roots, on Scaramanga's arm. But immediately, when it had a grip, its convulsions released its coils, which flailed off in another direction.

The death struggles diminished and finally ceased altogether. The snake lay motionless. Scaramanga was careful. He ran his hand down the full length of the snake. Only the tip of the tail lashed briefly. Scaramanga extracted the knife from the head of the snake, cut off its head with a single hard stroke and threw it, after reflection, accurately toward a crab hole. He waited, watching, to see if a crab would come out and take it. None did. The thud of the arrival of the snake's head would have kept any crab underground for many minutes, however enticing the scent of what had made the thud.

James Bond, kneeling in the bush, watched all this, every nuance of it, with the most careful attention. Each one of Scaramanga's actions, every fleeting expression on his face, had been an index of the man's awareness of his aliveness. The whole episode of the snake was as revealing as a temperature chart or a lie detector. In Bond's judgment, Mr. Scaramanga, for all his bloodletting and internal injuries, was still very much alive. He was still a most formidable and dangerous man.

Scaramanga, his task satisfactorily completed, minutely shifted his position and, once again, foot by foot, made his penetrating examination of the surrounding bush.

As Scaramanga's gaze swept by him without a flicker, Bond blessed the darkness of his suit—a black patch of shadow among so many others. In the sharp blacks and whites from the midday sun, Bond was well camouflaged.

Satisfied, Scaramanga picked up the limp body of the snake, laid it across his stomach and carefully slit it down its underside as far as the anal vent. Then he scoured it and carefully etched the skin away from the red-veined flesh with the

precise flicks and cuts of a surgeon. Every scrap of unwanted reptile he threw toward crab holes and, with each throw, a flicker of annoyance crossed the granite face that no one would come and pick up the crumbs from the rich man's table. When the meal was ready, he once again scanned the bush and then, very carefully, coughed and spat into his hand. He examined the result and flung his hand sideways. On the black ground, the sputum made a bright pink scrawl. The cough didn't seem to hurt him or cause him much effort. Bond guessed that his bullet had hit Scaramanga in the right chest and had missed a lung by a fraction. There was hemorrhage and Scaramanga was a hospital case, but the blood-soaked shirt was not telling the whole truth.

Satisfied with his inspection of his surroundings, Scaramanga bit into the body of the snake and was at once, like a dog with its meal, absorbed by his hunger and thirst for the blood and juices of the snake.

Bond had the impression that, if he now came forward from his hiding place, Scaramanga, like a dog, would bare his teeth in a furious snarl. He got quietly up from his knees, took out his gun and, his eyes watching Scaramanga's hands, strolled out into the center of the little clearing.

Bond was mistaken. Scaramanga did not snarl. He barely looked up from the cut-off length of snake in his two hands and, his mouth full of meat, said, "You've been a long while coming. Care to share my meal?"

"No thanks. I prefer my snake grilled with hot butter sauce. Just keep on eating. I like to see both hands occupied."

Scaramanga sneered. He gestured at his bloodstained shirt. "Frightened of a dying man? You limeys come pretty soft."

"The dying man handled that snake quite efficiently. Got any more weapons on you?" As Scaramanga moved to undo his coat, "Steady! No quick movements. Just show your belt, armpits, pat the thighs inside and out. I'd do it myself, only I don't want what the snake got. And while you're about it, just toss the knife into the trees. Toss. No throwing, if you don't mind. My trigger finger's been getting a bit edgy today. Seems to want to go about its business on its own. Wouldn't like it to take over. Yet, that is."

Scaramanga, with a flick of his wrist, tossed the knife into the air. The sliver of steel spun like a wheel in the sunshine. Bond had to step aside. The knife pierced the mud where Bond had been standing and stood upright. Scaramanga gave a harsh laugh. The laugh turned into a cough. The gaunt face contorted painfully. Too painfully? Scaramanga spat red, but not all that red. There could be only slight hemorrhage. Per-

haps a broken rib or two. Scaramanga could be out of hospital in a couple of weeks. Scaramanga put down his piece of snake and did exactly as Bond had told him, all the while watching Bond's face with his usual cold, arrogant stare. He finished and picked up the piece of snake and began gnawing it. He looked up. "Satisfied?"

"Sufficiently." Bond squatted down on his heels. He held his gun loosely, aiming somewhere halfway between the two of them. "Now then, let's talk. 'Fraid you haven't got too much time, Scaramanga. This is the end of the road. You've killed too many of my friends. I have the license to kill you and I am going to kill you. But I'll make it quick. Not like Margesson. Remember him? You put a shot through both of his knees and both of his elbows. Then you made him crawl and kiss your boots. You were foolish enough to boast about it to your friends in Cuba. It got back to us. As a matter of interest, how many men have you killed in your life?"

"With you, it'll make the round fifty." Scaramanga had gnawed the last segment of backbone clean. He tossed it toward Bond. "Eat that, scum, and get on with your business. You won't get any secrets out of me, if that's your spiel. An' don't forget. I've been shot at by experts an' I'm still alive. Mebbe not precisely kicking, but I've never heard of a limey who'd shoot a defenseless man who's badly wounded. They ain't got the guts. We'll just sit here, chewing the fat, until the rescue team comes. Then I'll be glad to go for trial. What'll they get me for, eh?"

"Well, just for a start, there's that nice Mr. Rotkopf with one of your famous silver bullets in his head in the river back of the hotel."

"That'll match with the nice Mr. Hendriks with one of your bullets somewhere behind his face. Mebbe we'll serve a bit of time together. That'd be nice, wouldn't it? They say the jail at Spanish Town has all the comforts. How about it, limey? That's where you'll be found with a shiv in your back in the sack-sewing department. An' by the same token, how d'you know about Rotkopf?"

"Your bug was bugged. Seems you're a bit accident-prone these days, Scaramanga. You hired the wrong security men. Both your managers were from the CIA. The tape'll be on the way to Washington by now. That's got the murder of Ross on it, too. See what I mean? You've got it coming from every which way."

"Tape isn't evidence in an American court. But I see what you mean, shamus. Mistakes seem to have got made. So OK," Scaramanga made an expansive gesture of the right hand. "Take a million bucks and call it quits?"

"I was offered three million on the train."

"I'll double that."

"No. Sorry." Bond got to his feet. The left hand behind his back was clenched with the horror of what he was about to do. He forced himself to think of what the broken body of Margesson must have looked like, of the others that this man had killed, of the ones he would kill afresh if Bond weakened. This man was probably the most efficient one-man death dealer in the world. James Bond had him. He had been instructed to take him. He must take him—lying down wounded, or in any other position. Bond assumed casualness, tried to make himself the enemy's cold equal. "Any messages for anyone, Scaramanga? Any instructions? Anyone you want looking after? I'll take care of it if it's personal. I'll keep it to myself."

Scaramanga laughed his harsh laugh, but carefully. This time the laugh didn't turn into the red cough. "Quite the little English gentleman! Just like I spelled it out. S'pose you wouldn't like to hand me your gun and leave me to myself for five minutes like in the books? Well, you're right, boyo! I'd crawl after you and blast the back of your head off." The eyes still bored into Bond's with the arrogant superiority, the cold superman quality that had made him the greatest pro gunman in the world—no drinks, no drugs—the impersonal triggerman who killed for money and, by the way he sometimes did it, for the kicks.

Bond examined him carefully. How could Scaramanga fail to break when he was going to die in minutes? Was there some last trick the man was going to spring? Some hidden weapon? But the man just lay there, apparently relaxed, propped up against the mangrove roots, his chest heaving rhythmically, the granite of his face not crumbling even minutely in defeat. On his forehead, there was not as much sweat as there was on Bond's. Scaramanga lay in dappled black shadow. For ten minutes, James Bond had stood in the middle of the clearing in blazing sunshine. Suddenly he felt the vitality oozing out through his feet into the black mud. And his resolve was going with it. He said, and he heard his voice ring out harshly, "All right, Scaramanga, this is it." He lifted his gun and held it in the two-handed grip of the target man. "I'm going to make it as quick as I can."

Scaramanga held up a hand. For the first time his face showed emotion. "OK, feller." The voice, amazingly, supplicated. "I'm a Catholic, see? Jes' let me say my last prayer. OK? Won't take long, then you can blaze away. Every man's got to die sometime. You're a fine guy as guys go. It's the luck of the game. If my bullet had been an inch, mebbe two inches, to the right, it'd be you that's

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dead in place of me. Right? Can I say my prayer, mister?"

James Bond lowered his gun. He would give the man a few minutes. He knew he couldn't give him more. Pain and heat and hunger and thirst. It wouldn't be long before he lay down himself, right there on the hard cracked mud, just to rest. If someone wanted to kill him, they could. He said, and the words came out slowly, tiredly, "Go ahead, Scaramanga. One minute only."

"Thanks, pal." Scaramanga's hands went up to his face and covered his eyes. There came a drone of Latin which went on and on. Bond stood there in the sunshine, his gun lowered, watching Scaramanga, but at the same time not watching him, the edge of his focus dulled by the pain and the heat and the hypnotic litany that came from behind the shuttered face and the horror of what Bond was going to have to do—in one minute, perhaps two.

The fingers of Scaramanga's right hand crawled imperceptibly sideways across his face, inch by inch, centimeter by centimeter. They got to his ear and stopped. The drone of the Latin prayer never altered its slow, lulling tempo.

And then the hand leaped behind the head and the tiny golden Derringer roared and James Bond spun round as if he had taken a right to the jaw and crashed to the ground.

At once Scaramanga was on his feet and moving forward like a swift cat. He snatched up the discarded knife and held it forward like a tongue of silver flame.

But James Bond twisted like a dying animal on the ground and the iron in his hand cracked viciously again and again—five times, and then fell out of his hand onto the black earth as his gun hand went to the right side of his belly and stayed there, clutching at the terrible pain.

The big man stood for a moment and looked up at the deep blue sky. His fingers opened in a spasm and let go the knife. His pierced heart stuttered and limped and stopped. He crashed flat back and lay, his arms flung wide, as if someone had thrown him away.

After a while, the land crabs came out of their holes and began nosing at the scraps of the snake. The bigger offal could wait until the night.

The extremely smart policeman from the wrecking squad on the railway came down the riverbank at the normal, dignified gait of a Jamaican constable on his beat. No Jamaican policeman ever breaks into a run. He has been taught that this lacks authority. Felix Leiter, now put under with morphine by the doctor, had said that a good man was

after a bad man in the swamp and that there might be shooting. Felix Leiter wasn't more explicit than that, but when he said he was from the FBI—a legitimate euphemism—in Washington, the policeman tried to get some of the wrecking squad to come with him and, when he failed, sauntered cautiously off on his own, his baton swinging with assumed jauntiness.

The boom of the guns and the explosion of screeching marsh birds gave him an approximate fix. He had been born not far away, at Negril, and, as a boy, he had often used his gins and his slingshot in these marshes. They held no fears for him. When he came to the approximate point on the riverbank, he turned left into the mangrove and, conscious that his black-and-blue uniform was desperately conspicuous, stalked cautiously from clump to clump into The Morass. He was protected by nothing but his night stick and the knowledge that to kill a policeman was a capital offense without the option. He only hoped that the good man and the bad man knew this, too.

With all the birds gone, there was dead silence. The constable noticed that the tracks of bush rats and other small animals were running past him on a course that converged with his target area. Then he heard the rattling scuttle of the crabs and, in a moment, from behind a thick mangrove clump, he saw the glint of Scaramanga's shirt. He watched and listened. There was no movement and no sound. He strolled, with dignity, into the middle of the clearing, looked at the two bodies and the guns and took out his nickel police whistle and blew three long blasts. Then he sat down in the shade of a bush, took out his report pad, licked his pencil and began writing in a laborious hand.

. . .

A week later, James Bond regained consciousness. He was in a green-shaded room. He was under water. The slowly revolving fan on the ceiling was the screw of a ship that was about to run him down. He swam for his life. But it was no good. He was tied down, anchored to the bottom of the sea. He screamed at the top of his lungs. To the nurse at the end of the bed it was the whisper of a moan. At once she was beside him. She put a cool hand on his forehead. While she took his pulse, James Bond looked up at her with unfocused eyes. So this was what a mermaid looked like! He muttered "You're pretty," and gratefully swam back down into her arms.

. . .

Two weeks later, James Bond was sitting up in a chair, a towel round his waist, reading Allen Dulles on *The Craft of Intelligence* and cursing his fate. The

hospital had worked miracles on him, the nurses were sweet, particularly the one he called "the mermaid," but he wanted to be off and away. He glanced at his watch. Four o'clock. Visiting time. Mary Goodnight would soon be there and he would be able to let off his pent-up steam on her. Unjust perhaps, but he had already tongue-lashed everyone in range in the hospital and, if she got into the field of fire, that was just too bad!

Mary Goodnight came through the door. Despite the Jamaican heat, she was looking fresh as a rose. She was carrying what looked like a typewriter. Bond recognized it as the Triple-X deciphering machine. Now what?

Bond grunted surlily answers to her inquiries after his health. He said, "What in hell's that for?"

"It's an 'Eyes Only.' Personal from M," she said excitedly.

"Doesn't the old bastard know I've only got one arm that's working? Come on, Mary. You get cracking. If it sounds really hot, I'll take over."

Mary Goodnight looked shocked. "Eyes Only" was a top-secret prefix. But Bond's jaw was jutting out dangerously. Today was not a day for argument. She sat on the edge of the bed, opened the machine and took a cable form out of her bag. She laid her shorthand book beside the machine, scratched the back of her head with her pencil to help work out the setting for the day—a complicated sum involving the date and the hour of dispatch of the cable—adjusted the setting on the central cylinder and began cranking the handle. After each completed word had appeared in the little oblong window at the base of the machine, she recorded it in her book.

James Bond watched her expression. She was pleased. After a few minutes she read out: "M PERSONAL FOR 007 EYES ONLY STOP YOUR REPORT AND DITTO FROM TOP FRIENDS [a euphemism for the CIA] RECEIVED STOP YOU HAVE DONE WELL AND EXECUTED AYE DIFFICULT AND HAZARDOUS OPERATION TO MY ENTIRE REPEAT ENTIRE SATISFACTION STOP TRUST YOUR HEALTH UNIMPAIRED [Bond gave an angry snort] STOP WHEN WILL YOU BE REPORTING FOR FURTHER DUTY QUERY. IN VIEW OF THE OUTSTANDING NATURE OF THE SERVICES REFERRED TO ABOVE AND THEIR ASSISTANCE TO THE ALLIED CAUSE COMMA WHICH IS PERHAPS MORE SIGNIFICANT THAN YOU IMAGINE COMMA THE PRIME MINISTER PROPOSES TO RECOMMEND TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH THE IMMEDIATE GRANT OF A KNIGHTHOOD STOP THIS TO TAKE THE FORM OF THE ADDITION OF A KATIE AS PREFIX TO YOUR CHARLIE MICHAEL GEORGE STOP [James Bond uttered a defensive, embarrassed laugh. "Good old cipherines. They wouldn't think of just putting K C M G—much too easy! Go ahead, Mary. This is good!"] IT IS COMMON PRACTICE

TO INQUIRE OF PROPOSED RECIPIENT WHETHER HE ACCEPTS THIS HIGH HONOR BEFORE HER MAJESTY PUTS HER SEAL UPON IT STOP WRITTEN LETTER SHOULD FOLLOW YOUR CABLED CONFIRMATION OF ACCEPTANCE PARAGRAPH THIS AWARD NATURALLY HAS MY SUPPORT AND ENTIRE APPROVAL AND EYE SEND YOU MY PERSONAL CONGRATULATIONS ENDIT MAILEDIST.

James Bond again hid himself behind the throwaway line. "Why in hell does he always have to sign himself 'Mailedist' for 'M'? There's a perfectly good English word 'Em.' It's a measure used by printers. But of course it's not dashing enough for the Chief. He's a romantic at heart like all us silly bastards who get mixed up with the Service."

He said to Mary Goodnight, avoiding her eyes, "Mary, this is an order. Take down what follows and send it tonight. Right? Begins, quote MAILEDIST EYES ONLY STOP ACKNOWLEDGED AND GREATLY APPRECIATED STOP AM INFORMED BY HOSPITAL AUTHORITIES THAT EYE SHALL BE RETURNED LONDONWARD DUTABLE IN ONE MONTH STOP REFERRING YOUR REFERENCE TO AYE HIGH HONOR EYE BEG YOU PRESENT MY HUMBLE DUTY TO HER MAJESTY AND REQUEST THAT EYE MAY BE PERMITTED COMMA IN ALL HUMILITY COMMA TO DECLINE THE SIGNAL FAVOR HER MAJESTY IS GRACIOUS ENOUGH TO PROPOSE TO CONFER UPON HER HUMBLE AND OBEDIENT SERVANT BRACKET TO MAILEDIST PLEASE PUT THIS IN THE APPROPRIATE WORDS TO THE PRIME MINISTER BRACKET EYE AM AYE SCOTTISH PEASANT AND EYE WILL ALWAYS FEEL AT HOME BEING A SCOTTISH PEASANT AND EYE KNOW COMMA SIR COMMA THAT YOU WILL UNDERSTAND MY PREFERENCE AND THAT EYE CAN COUNT ON YOUR INDULGENCE BRACKET LETTER CONFIRMING FOLLOWS IMMEDIATELY BRACKET ENDIT OHOHSEVEN."

Mary Goodnight closed her book with a snap. Bond smiled. "I'd like all those things. The romantic streak of the SIS—and of the Scot, for the matter of that. I just refuse to call myself Sir James Bond. I'd laugh at myself every time I looked in the mirror to shave. It's just not my line, Mary. The thought makes me positively shudder. I know M'll understand. He thinks much the same way about these things as I do. Trouble was, he had to more or less inherit his K with the job. Anyway, there it is and I shan't change my mind, so you can buzz that off and I'll write M a letter of confirmation this evening. Any other business?"

"Well, there is one thing, James." Mary Goodnight looked down her pretty nose. "Matron says you can leave at the end of the week, but that there's got to be another three weeks' convalescence. Had you got any plans where to go? You have to be in reach of the hospital."

"No ideas. What do you suggest?"

"Well, er, I've got this little villa up by Mona dam, James." Her voice hurried. "It's got quite a nice spare room looking out over Kingston harbor, and it's cool up there. And if you don't mind sharing a bathroom." She blushed. "I'm afraid there's no chaperone, but you know, in Jamaica, people don't mind that sort of thing."

"What sort of thing?" said Bond, teasing her.

"Don't be silly, James. You know, unmarried couples sharing the same house and so on."

"Oh, that sort of thing! Sounds pretty dashing to me. By the way, is your bedroom decorated in pink, with white jealousies, and do you sleep under a mosquito net?"

She looked surprised. "Yes. How did you know?" When he didn't answer, she hurried on. "And James, it's not far from the Liguanea Club and you can go there and play bridge, and golf when

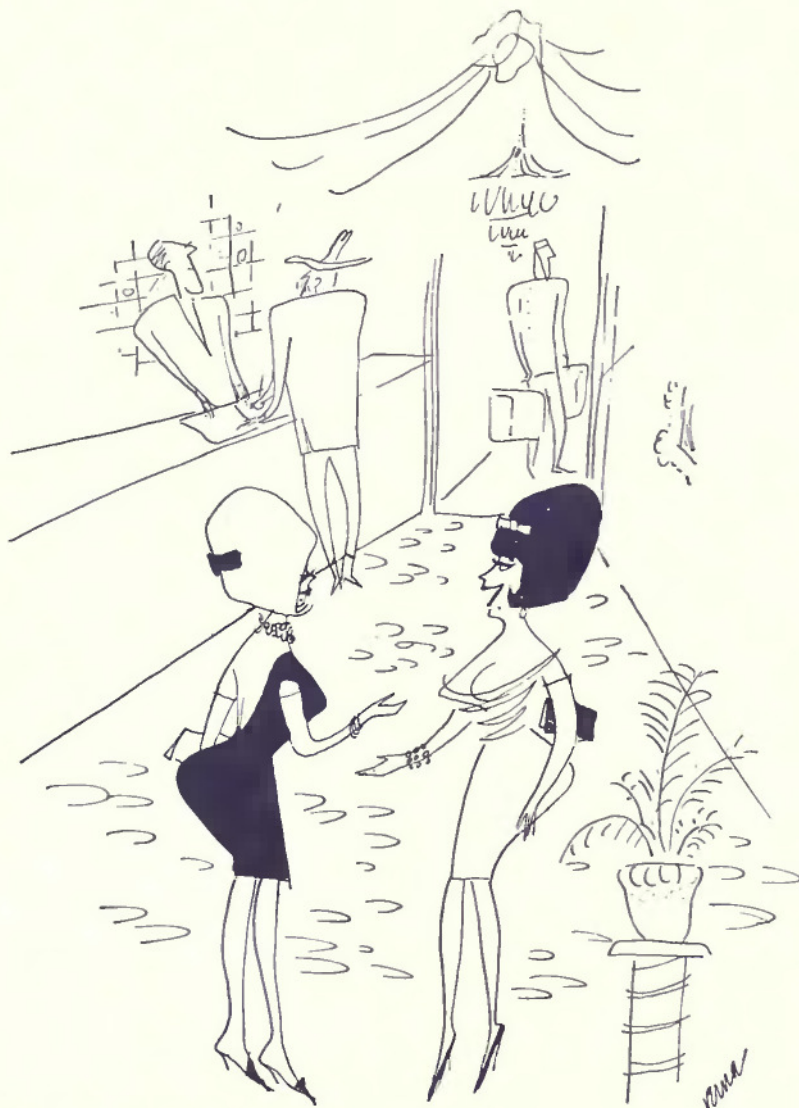
you get better. There'll be plenty of people for you to talk to. And then of course I can cook and sew buttons on for you and so on."

Of all the doom-fraught graffiti a woman can write on the wall, those are the most insidious, the most deadly.

James Bond, in the full possession of his senses, with his eyes wide open, his feet flat on the linoleum floor, stuck his head blithely between the mink-lined jaws of the trap. He said, and meant it, "Goodnight. You're an angel."

At the same time, he knew, deep down, that love from Mary Goodnight, or from any other woman, was not enough for him. It would be like taking "a room with a view." For James Bond, the same view would always pall.

This concludes the four-part serialization of Ian Fleming's final James Bond novel, "The Man with the Golden Gun."



"I call it lobbying, too."

PUNCH BOWL (continued from page 70)

Blend until smooth. Pour over block of ice in punch bowl. Add both kinds of rum, pineapple juice and mango nectar. Stir well. Let mixture ripen 1 hour before serving. Cut remaining 2 bananas into slices about $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick. Cut limes into thin slices. Float banana and lime slices on punch.

PHI BETA BLUEBERRY

1 fifth vodka, 100 proof
16 ozs. Metaxa
16 ozs. bottled blueberry syrup
12 ozs. lemon juice
2 quarts club soda
2 lemons
1 pint cultivated blueberries
Chill all ingredients. Pour vodka, Metaxa, blueberry syrup and lemon juice over large block of ice in punch bowl. Let mixture ripen 1 hour before serving. Pour club soda into bowl and stir. Cut lemons into thin slices. Float lemon slices and blueberries on punch.

APPLE GINGER PUNCH

24 ozs. apple brandy, either calvados or applejack
2 ozs. maraschino liqueur
2 ozs. kirsch
1 quart pineapple-grapefruit juice
24 ozs. green ginger wine
1 quart plus 1 pint ginger beer
2 red apples
2 yellow apples

Chill all ingredients. Pour all liquids except ginger beer over large block of ice in punch bowl. Stir well. Let mixture ripen 1 hour. Cut apples, with skin, into wedgelike slices, discarding core. Just before serving, pour ginger beer into bowl. Float apple slices on top.

MOSELLE BOWL

1 very ripe pineapple, medium size
12 ozs. sugar
12 ozs. Grand Marnier
16 ozs. brandy
4 24-oz. bottles moselle wine

1 quart large ripe strawberries
Cut ends off pineapple; remove shell and all "eyes" and cut lengthwise into 4 pieces. Cut away hard core from each piece, then cut crosswise into thin slices. Place pineapple, sugar, Grand Marnier and brandy in salad bowl or mixing bowl. Marinate, covered, in refrigerator at least 24 hours—48 hours if possible. Wine must be well chilled. Pour wine into punch bowl with large block of ice. Add pineapple mixture and stir well. Let mixture ripen in bowl $\frac{1}{2}$ hour before serving. Cut stems off strawberries. Cut lengthwise in half and float on punch.

CAPE COD CRANBERRY PUNCH

2 quarts plus 6 ozs. cranberry juice
1 quart 100-proof vodka
6 ozs. cherry liqueur
1 tablespoon orange-flower water
24 ozs. orange juice
1 teaspoon ground cinnamon
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ground allspice
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon ground nutmeg
2 limes

Chill all liquid ingredients. Mix cinnamon, allspice and nutmeg with a small amount of vodka until a smooth paste, free of lumps, is formed. Pour the paste and all other liquids over large block of ice in punch bowl. Stir well. Let mixture ripen 1 hour before serving. Cut limes into thin slices and float on punch.

FLORENTINE PUNCH

2 21-oz. bottles coffee-cream marsala wine
2 24-oz. bottles Italian rosé wine
1 fifth plus 8 ozs. brandy
4 ozs. lemon juice
2 oranges

Chill all ingredients. Pour both kinds of wine, brandy and lemon juice over large block of ice in punch bowl. Stir well. Let mixture ripen 1 hour. Cut oranges into thin slices. Cut slices in half and float on punch.

CHAMPAGNE BLUES

4 fifths dry champagne
1 fifth blue curaçao
8 ozs. lemon juice
Peel of 2 lemons
Chill all ingredients. Cut lemon peel into strips $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 ins. long and $\frac{1}{4}$ in. wide. Pour curaçao and lemon juice into glass punch bowl. Stir well. Add champagne and stir slightly. Float lemon peel, yellow side up, in bowl. Do not use ice in punch bowl. It may be surrounded by cracked ice, if desired, by placing glass bowl in bowl of larger diameter.

The high-spirited anthology above would do honor to the best efforts of a Garrick or a Johnson, and might even slake the thirst of Admiral Russell. Come, gentlemen, fill the cup . . .



"Any society that must kill lions to prove its manhood is not ready for self-government."

I was in love with her. I followed her from a distance. I thought about her all day, and I dreamed about her at night. Finally, I got up enough nerve to ask her to go with me to a school dance. She laughed in my face and said I didn't appeal to her because I had a hooknose.

I looked in the mirror. I knew I wasn't a handsome devil. I knew I had a tendency to plumpness. A *Clock Gable* (that's what Grandma called him) I knew I wasn't. What I saw in the mirror was a fat, ugly gargoyle with a hooknose like the beak of a vulture. Well, from that day until June 6, 1944, for ten years, I felt such a shame about my ugly nose that I would not sit in profile to anybody. If I was with someone, I always sat directly in front of him—or especially her. If I was traveling in a bus or streetcar full of strangers, I would sit with my hand over my nose and pretend to be rubbing it thoughtfully. I had this sense of shame that I had something awful on me, something I couldn't cover up, and people could see it wherever I went.

When I got out of the Army I took my \$200 mustering-out pay and I went to a certain Dr. Oscar Becker in Chicago. On June 6, 1944, it was D day, at the Michael Reese hospital, he performed a submucous resection on my nose, what they call a plastic job. He supposedly gave me a beautiful Greek nose. Also, I am supposed to breathe better, although this hasn't happened yet, and my nose was 21 years old in June.

Dr. Becker was a famous man in those days among self-conscious Jewish girls and boys. His fee was \$200, and it included hospital, surgery and pre- and postoperative treatment. I suppose now it is probably around \$2000.

I was terrified of the operation. Dr. Becker gave me a local anesthetic, so I was conscious while he was chipping away with a little mallet and chisel on my formerly ugly nose. To forget my fears during the operation, I started singing a current hit song and Dr. Becker sang the alternate lines.

I sang: "Won't you tell me when . . ."

Dr. Becker: "We will meet again?"

Together: "Sunday, Monday or always?"

After I came out with my new nose, nobody noticed that I looked any different. But I felt better, and this shame about my nose went away, and was soon replaced by different shames, of course.

Among my counterparts at the University of Illinois, Northwestern University and the University of Chicago, Dr. Becker's noses blossomed everywhere. You could recognize a Becker nose. It had a special and distinct design, like the

post-War Buicks with the three holes. I hasten to add that Dr. Becker's noses had only the standard two holes.

. . .

But the Buicks did have three holes, and I must digress to tell you that I am very proud to be one of the few people in the world who know the authentic name of these holes in the Buicks. When that model came out in 1949, my friend Howard Merrill and I were writing comedy together, and we were curious about the three holes in the new Buick.

The American public loved those three holes. One season the Buick people eliminated the three holes, and the public was outraged, and not one single Buick was sold that year, so the next year they restored the holes, and everything was all better. Well, neither Howard nor I could afford a Buick of our own, but we liked those holes, too, and we went around asking Buick owners why they loved their holes, and they couldn't or wouldn't answer. We'd ask them what the holes were called, and they would shrug their shoulders and say, "Who knows?"

Or, "Holes. Holes are holes."

Or, "Don't bother me with foolish questions."

Some of them blushed when asked this question, and we concluded that these holes are some sort of sex symbol, and that people who drive Buicks are getting some kind of jollies that Pontiac and Mercury owners can never really know or feel.

To this day, Buicks still have the three holes, and the bigger, more expensive models have four holes. The Buick people have driven their designers crazy redesigning these holes for 16 years, and they have presented the American public with round holes, square holes, teardrop-shaped holes, oblong holes, rectangular holes, rhomboid holes, parallelogram holes—every kind of hole that engineering science has yet created, but, American know-how and ingenuity being what it is, I'm sure we can look forward to new and more thrilling holes from the Buick people in the years to come. It is all a part of what President Johnson has called The Great Society.

The other car manufacturers have tried to compete with Buick in many ways. They have put protuberances on their cars—little things that stick out; they have folded and sculpted the sheet metal; but the simple faith of the Buick people in their three holes comes shining through, year after year, and we Americans know a good thing when we see it.

I live in Hollywood, where you see people driving Rolls-Royces and Mark X Jaguars and Dual-Ghias; but when they get out of their \$25,000 cars in

front of the Beverly Hills Hotel, their faces lack the serenity, the basic animal satisfaction, of the Buick owners, who drive up, get out of the car, pat it softly on the trunk, sigh and light a cigarette as they leave their beloved three-holed machine and enter the pink hotel.

And so, many years ago, when Howard Merrill and I first saw the true meaning and importance of these three holes in the Buick, we wanted to know what the name of these holes was. And we asked Buick owners and Buick dealers, too, but they didn't know; so finally we wrote to General Motors, and after many weeks there came a reply. The holes are called:

Cruiserline Ventiports.

Honest to God, that is their name. I wouldn't make up such a thing.

. . .

Between Geraldine's disparaging remark and the Dr. Becker nose, ten years elapsed. Ten years in which I was unable to make overtures—let alone first acts—to lovely nice girls for whom I yearned. But I did not starve for feminine companionship, thank God.

There was Shmoozie.

It was during one of my periodical migrations to Chicago. I was attending Tuley High School and living with Grandma and Grandpa across the street from Humboldt Park. Shmoozie was a girl on the block.

I believe that on every block in America there exists a Shmoozie. Of course, nowadays blocks aren't what they used to be, because they now have these garden housing developments with subdivisions and play areas, and the streets are curved and don't begin and end the way a real street should, and people don't live on square blocks anymore, and nowadays they wouldn't write a song like *Love Is Just Around the Corner*, because there is no corner.

But in those days there was a corner on every block, and there was at least one Shmoozie on every block. She was a girl who was anybody's girl. Shmoozie was all we ever called her, and nobody ever knew her by any other name, first or last. Shmoozie was a girl that when it came time for sex education you went to Shmoozie. Usually another boy fixed you up with her, and you went out in Humboldt Park after twilight in the summer evenings, toward ten o'clock, and you crept into the bushes there, and Shmoozie let you fool with her privates or, in her case, her publics.

There was a whole summer in Chicago when I was hiding in the bushes with her every night practically and it got me real hot and crazy.

Shmoozie, wherever you are today, and whatever high position you may hold in the councils of American wom-

anhood, I shall be forever grateful to you.

I do not know what has become of the Shmoozies of America today, but from what I hear, I think what has happened is that *every* girl has opened up a little Shmoozie department of her own. But in the days of my youth, before World War II, there was still a difference between the so-called *respectable* girls and the Shmoozies: The former wouldn't, and the latter would. Maybe the Shmoozies had neurotic problems that made them *shmooze* quickly; I don't know. Because when any guy on the block had a date with Shmoozie, it was with the express purpose of going behind a bush in Humboldt Park and doing stuff with her. You didn't have to take her to the movies. You didn't have to buy her a soda. You didn't have to give her a build-up or use a line or give her a snow job. She just *put out*. It was her way of making friends—and of me she made a lifelong friend.

Sad to say, I can't for the life of me recall what she looked like, or the color of her hair or her eyes, because I never saw her except in the dark.

But I must tell you that even after that long hot crazy summer with Shmoozie, when I left Chicago to go back to Los Angeles, I was still, technically, a virgin.

When next we find me, yo-yo that I am, I am bouncing in Los Angeles again. This was during my all-day movie period. I was about 14 or 15, and my sex life consisted of wild, passionate dreams which costarred Alice Faye and/or Betty Grable and/or Ginger Rogers. (Much as I loved the Marx Brothers pictures, I was never able to get up any sex fantasies featuring Margaret Dumont.) But now, looking back on these torrid dreams—now, when I see Miss Faye or Miss Grable or Miss Rogers on the *Late Late Show*, they seem as virginal and innocent as I was then. Compared to Romy Schneider and Marilyn Monroe and Elizabeth Taylor, the sexpots of my puberty could have banded together and opened a nunnery.

Next came Conchita.

My stepfather had begun wheeling and dealing, and for a while there he was in the chips and my parents now had a sleep-in maid. This luscious Mexican creature, Conchita, got my libido all fired up, and she knew it. She was about 17 years old, and unreasonably well developed, with long black hair and hips that operated on a 24-jewel movement as she slithered around the house. Conchita could singlebreastedly have laid waste the entire Boy Scout movement.

I followed her around like a hypnotized bird following a snake. I had the constant hots. All day long. And all

night long, I violated the Official Boy Scout regulations.

After a few weeks, Conchita had me doing the housework, pushing the carpet sweeper, or washing the dishes, while she stood in the corner with her motor running, eating my mother's candy and singing *Perfidia* or *La Cucaracha* in Spanish.

That was when I got the mumps, and the doctor came to the house and warned me that I must not get out of bed until I was cured, because the mumps can be very serious to a young boy (in fact, one's testicles can atrophy). But how could I stay in bed when all through the day I could hear the suggestive rustlings of Conchita's dress and the sensuous strains of her off-key *Perfidia*, and every few minutes she would insinuate her bosom into my room just to see if I was all right? I crawled out of bed. Just to see her smile. Just to be in the same room with her. I followed her around the house, oblivious to the pain in my groin, thinking it was passion, when actually it was the swan song of one of my testicles. I am pointing this out not for sensationalism, but because I am trying to give this article all of the suspense and cliff-hanger aspects that it had in real life. I only want you to know, dear reader, that when Conchita ran away to get married a month later, there I was, a mere youth of 15, with only one ball left, and *still a virgin*.

• • •

Now we come to Miss Giggie.

I guess it was my junior year in high school, a bunch of my friends decided that I had been a virgin long enough, and they took me to San Berdoo.

San Berdoo is the nickname of a town called San Bernardino, about 60 miles from Los Angeles. If you are old enough to have listened to the old Bob Hope radio show, you will remember he used to make a lot of jokes about San Berdoo, and you probably didn't understand why the studio audience laughed their heads off. It was a Southern California "inside" joke. Everybody in Los Angeles knew that San Berdoo had a street, D Street, on which *every* house was a whorehouse, ranging from what they called the *bull pen*, where you walked into a little courtyard and all around you in tiny stucco houses there were girls hanging out of windows, asking if you wanted "to have a little party?" where the price was one dollar, on up to the first-class houses, where the price was *two* dollars.

The whole idea sounded very racy to me. A horny group of five of us was organized by my friend Morton, and one Friday night we drove out to San Berdoo. I was pretty nervous and shaky, but Morton was a model of self-confidence. He parked the car and we trooped up the stairs of a large frame house and

Morton rang the bell. A middle-aged, white-haired woman opened the door.

"Why, good evening, Morton," she said, "and how are you?"

I don't think I will ever again be quite as impressed as I was at that moment when the madam called Morton by his first name. And this was one of the fancy *two-dollar* places.

We went into the house, and there was a parlor and five girls came out, one for each of us, and we all had the hots in two seconds. The one with me was not the one I really wanted. She was a plump bleached blonde with a weird giggle. The one I liked was fooling with one of my friends; she looked a little like Conchita, but I didn't have the heart to reject the prostitute sitting on my lap. I have never been able to say to any human being—man, woman, or child, prostitute or President—"I don't want you. I want the one over there."

So I went upstairs with Miss Giggie, into a little bedroom which was her working quarters.

"Take off your clothes," she said.

"What for?" I asked.

"What for? What do you mean, what for?"

I had never been naked in front of any female except my mother in my life. "Just a minute here!" I said.

Miss Giggie unbuttoned or unsnapped something in back of her, and all of a sudden she was naked. She was the first all-naked girl I had ever seen.

"See," she said, "easy. Now I'll help you."

She did, and she was the soul of efficiency.

Then she went and got a pan and filled it with warm water and soap.

"What are you doing?" I asked, standing there naked, trying to cover myself with my hands like *September Morn*.

"First I wash you," she said.

Cleanliness, I thought, is next to godliness.

But it had nothing to do with cleanliness. The fact is that Miss Giggie and her associates had a lot of clientele like me, 15-16 years old and very horny and standing there naked with a naked lady for the first time in your life, and by the time she had finished soaping you, forget it, Charlie, *it was all over*.

When I went down the stairs, I gave the other guys the signal as if to say it had been real great. Because, goddamnit, I was not going to admit that I had now been to a whorehouse and *still* hadn't gotten laid.

• • •

At this point, dear reader, you might be thinking to yourself: "Good Lord, this man is 39 years old, is he going to tell us that he's still a virgin?"

Read on and be assured that your suspense is almost at an end. For in the



*"But, Mr. Hefner,
I specifically asked for
a transfer to a Playboy Club
city with a low pollen count."*

DON LEWIS

next paragraphs I get deflowered by a girl for whom, to this day, I have mixed emotions which run from gratitude to rage, and back.

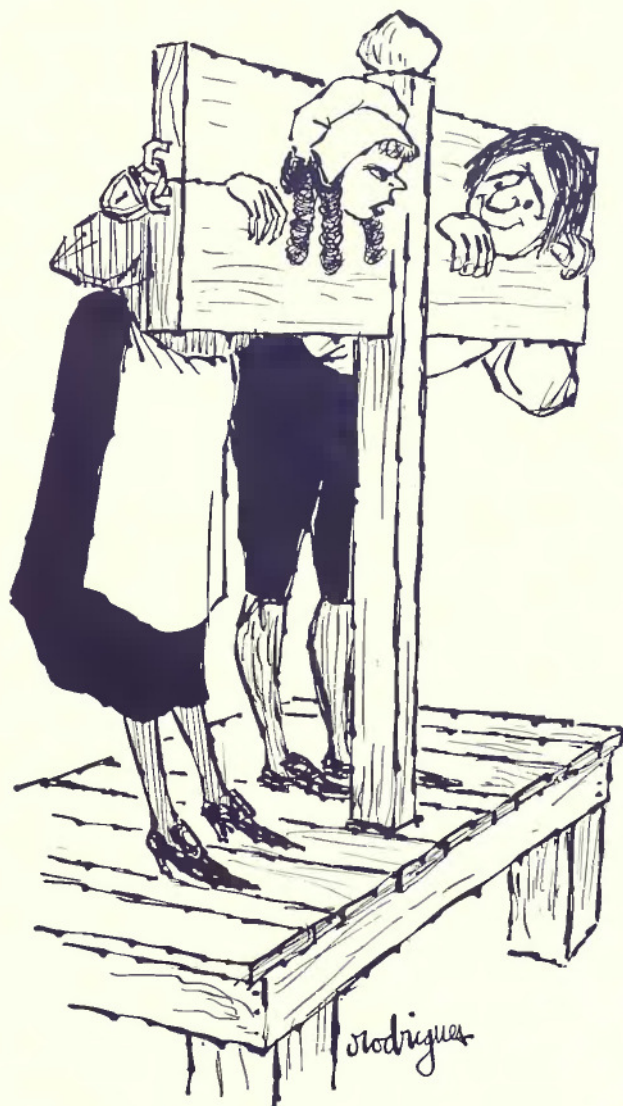
Her name was Eleanor.

I had a reputation even in high school for being funny, and Eleanor kind of liked me, and a bunch of us went on a wienie bake to the beach at Santa Monica. It was night and we roasted hot dogs and toasted marshmallows and drank Cokes on the sand, and later when the fire became glowing embers, we went in swimming, and afterward we huddled together on the blankets we had brought to keep warm. Not only did one thing lead to another, but I made every effort to speed up the whole process, and Eleanor made very little effort to slow it down, and the next thing I knew we were doing it. We were doing it pretty good as far as I was concerned, and I remember thinking, *This is even better*

than it's cracked up to be, and then I remember losing track of what I was thinking, and then, just at the very moment when she should have said almost anything else, Eleanor whispered to me the most crushing words I had ever heard:

"Say something . . . funny," Eleanor said.

Well, there you have it. There you have my years of puberty, and as I look back over them, and as I realize that I now have two children, both going through these awful years, I wonder, Oh God I wonder, why it has to be like that. Why does it have to be that every human being I've ever met is hung up and mixed up and tortured all his life by the mistakes and fumbblings and shames and guilts of those years? Why can't there be a simple way, a beautiful way for a child to encounter this loveliest experience on earth for the first time?



"Don't get any ideas—I'm just here for scolding."

LUDLOW KISSEL

(continued from page 74)

Carbide cannons that had gathered dust in basements for a year roared out, greeting the dawn. By seven A.M. the first dozen pairs of eyebrows were blackened and singed, and already the wounded were being buttered with Unquentine and sent back into the fray. The sun rose higher and higher; the asphalt began to simmer quietly and stick to the tires and tennis shoes of the passing throngs. Lilac bushes drooped fragrantly and the cicadas buzzed in the cottonwoods. And through it all the steady, rolling salvos of exploding ten-inchers, in counterpoint to the machine-gun fusillade of Chinese firecrackers, paid homage to our War of Independence.

As the day wore on, the barrage grew steadily louder; but Kissel had not yet made his appearance. He was undoubtedly stoking his private furnace in preparation for his own pyrotechnical *pièce de résistance*—which, when it came, was well worth waiting for. Little did we realize that we were shortly to be the observers of a scene that would be recounted around warm hearths through the long winter months of years to come.

Up in Chicago, the White Sox and the St. Louis Browns had worked their way painfully into the top of the third of the first game, a scoreless tie, when Kissel appeared on the shimmering horizon, weaving spectacularly and carrying a large paper bag with the painstaking care of which only a totally committed drunk is capable. At first no one paid much attention to the struggling figure as it inched its way from lamppost to fireplug. Little girls burned sparklers on porches, and I was carefully depleting a string of Chinese ladyfingers. These are tiny firecrackers with pleated fuses, all woven together, and designed for the rich and profligate to fire off simultaneously by simply lighting the main fuse. No kid in his right mind ever did *that*, of course; instead, we carefully disengaged them and fired them off one by one—under garbage cans, on porches and behind dogs. My mother, at regular intervals, called from the kitchen window the Fourth of July litany of all mothers:

"You're going to lose an eye if you're not careful!" This was, of course, purely ritualistic, and was only a minor annoyance. Bruner had already suffered a flesh wound of a routine nature: His right hand was swathed in grease-soaked gauze, heroic proof that he could hold a three-incher in his hand when it went off and still survive. He was now back on the scene, working as a lefty.

In short, it was a Fourth like any other, up to the moment Kissel lurched to a halt in the middle of the street, reached into his paper bag—and pulled out the most sinister, the most awe-inspiring Dago bomb ever seen in northern Indi-

ana. It was a thing of truly prodigious stature, being fully a foot and a half high and a good three inches in diameter, and it was the first all-black Dago bomb anyone had ever seen. Startled faces appeared at windows; sparklers flickered out for blocks around; kids started converging from woodsheds, tree houses and vacant lots, gathering around Kissel in a growing circle—at a respectful distance. With the maddening deliberation of the perpetually fogbound, Kissel laboriously positioned the black beauty dead in the center of the asphalt roadway and stood back to survey the scene, weaving slightly. The crowd drew back and watched silently, excitement hanging over the multitude in a thin blue haze. The ebony monster stood bolt upright and aloof. Waves of heat from the pavement caused the scene to take on a strange, shimmering unreality. Only the dull grunts of distant cannonading broke the stillness. The skies overhead were gray and threatening.

Kissel, at stage center, struggled to find a match—the way drunks invariably do, going through pocket after pocket after pocket fumblingly, finding only pencil stubs and brass keys. It seemed to go on forever, until finally a tense onlooker stepped forward with a book of matches. Kissel took it gravely, paused for a moment, and then belched—a deep, round, satisfying, shuddering burp of the sort that can come only from a vast internal lake of green beer. The crowd applauded and shifted impatiently, all eyes riveted on the dull black menace that stood with such dignity in the center of the road.

Finally he struck a match; instantly, it went out. He struck another. It, too, flickered and died. And another, and another. The audience grew restive, but no one dared to leave. In fact, more viewers of this historic event were arriving by the minute. Kissel, as is so often the case with the serious drunk, seemed totally unaware of the drama he was creating, and with furrowed concentration continued to struggle with the matchbook, lighting match after match. Suddenly, out of the crowd, a kid darted, an experienced detonator of high explosives; shoving into Kissel's palsied hand a stick of briskly smoldering punk, he turned and scurried back into the throng—and into the pages of local folk history. Thinking at first that he had been given a cigar, Kissel gazed at it numbly for a moment and then dimly perceived that here was the means of lighting the fuse of the colossal Dago bomb.

Shuffling forward, punk in hand, he made several futile passes at the fuse. With each lunge the crowd retreated, and then, with the inevitability of Greek drama, in the taut silence, the telltale hiss sounded forth clear and unmistakable. The assemblage rolled back in a mighty wave, then turned and waited,

cringing—while Kissel, unaware that the fuse was lit, continued to fumble at it with his punk. Someone called out:

"Hey, Kissel, for God sake, it's lit!"

Kissel raised his head questioningly and said:

"What's lit?"

Time was growing short. Kissel didn't budge. The fuse was disappearing. Then, suddenly and without warning, the ominous hissing stopped. Fuses had been known to lie dormant like this for hours, seemingly extinguished—and then . . .

Oblivious, Kissel continued his labors with the punk. A moment later the treacherous fuse, in its unpredictable way, began to hiss frantically. Seeing at last that the monster *was* lit, Kissel began his getaway. Reeling in a half circle, befuddled, trailing punk smoke, he staggered forward—and *knocked the black monster over on its side*, still hissing fiercely, and only seconds remaining!

The crowd, seeing disaster unreeling before its eyes, hit the dirt en masse. Those on the fringes dove into the bushes; others simply moaned piteously and dug in. It was good training, as events turned out, for later years. The Dago bomb lay on its side, its ugly snout aimed at the houses that stood 200 feet or so away. Cooler members of the mob shouted to those in the houses:

"Look out, it's coming! Close your windows!"

The fuse sputtered on. Kissel himself, now aware of the nature of the rapidly approaching catastrophe, made a courageous but futile attempt to right the bomb. Someone yelled: "Get down, Kissel, you'll get killed!" He fell over backward and lay flattened on the asphalt, waiting for the call of his Maker.

And then it happened. With a stinging, shuddering report, the black monster propelled its deadly cartridge of dynamite out along the earth in a skipping, sizzling, screaming horizontal trajectory that struck terror into the very marrow of the bones of those fortunate enough to be on the scene. Parting spectators like the Red Sea, it skimmed over the sidewalk, across the lawn and, with a whistling sizzle, zoomed under Kissel's front porch. For a long, pregnant moment the universe stood still. Fingernails clawed the earth; heads burrowed into hedges. Then . . .

KAA-ROOOM!

The thunderous explosion rocked the neighborhood. The slats of Kissel's porch bellowed outward; its floor boards plunged instantly to the ground. A great yellow, swirling cloud of dust rose over the lilac bushes. Another eternity passed—perhaps three seconds—and then another, and louder, detonation thundered over the landscape:

KA-KAA-BAA-ROOOM!—this time caving in the rose trellis of the house next door. The crowd heaved and dug

deeper as two more giant explosions—KAA-RAAA-BOOM! BOOM!—sounded almost as one, these two under Mr. Strickland's Pontiac. A heavy cloud of dust swirled for a moment and all was still, except for the pattering of the quiet raindrops—and oil from Mr. Strickland's crankcase.

Kissel slowly pulled himself to his knees and made his statement, which has become part of the legend:

"My God, what a doozy!"

He had said it for all of us. As the crowd got slowly to its feet amid the quiet tinkling of glass and the heavy, sensual smell of oxidized dynamite, they were hushed with awe; they knew they had been eyewitnesses to history.

. . .

I idly stirred my third bloody mary as off in the middle distance another muffled blast from the construction gang bloomed and jiggled the bottles behind the bar. A passing cab sent a reflected shaft of light across the mirror behind the bar. It broke into a thousand colors amid the bottles, and subtly I was reminded of yet another historic moment in the annals of Fourth of July celebrations—my father's showdown with a Roman candle.

The Roman candle, a truly noble and inspired piece of the pyrotechnician's art, is a long, slender wand that spews forth colored, flaming balls that arch high into the midnight sky, one after the other, with magnificent effect. Held in the hand, it is one of the few pieces of fireworks that call for real talent and skill on the part of the operator. The Roman candle is graded according to the number of fireballs it can discharge, ranging from eight to, in some cases, as high as two dozen, but these are very rare and expensive. There are few experiences that rival for sheer unadulterated ecstasy the feel of a Roman candle in full bloom, launching its fireballs into the heavens with that distinctive PLOCK . . . sssssss . . . PLOCK . . . sssssss . . . PLOCK . . . sound, and the slight recoil as each missile arches heavenward.

My father was unquestionably one of the great Roman-candle men of his time. That is, until that awful night when he met a Roman candle that was fully his match, if not more. He was so irresistibly drawn to fireworks that he actually became the proprietor of a fireworks stand—a unique commercial establishment that has, like the May fly, a short but very merry life. For those who have never seen a fireworks stand, a brief description would not be amiss. They were usually wooden stands, ex-roadside fruit dispensaries, festooned with red, white and blue bunting, over which was a large red-on-white sign reading simply FIREWORKS. And the shelves were lined with the greatest assortment of potent pleasure this side of the Biltmore bar.

Space does not allow a full enumera- 155

tion of all these magnificent creations: the Mount Vesuvius, for example—a silver cone that when lit and placed on the ground spewed forth a glorious shower of gold, blue and white sparks high into the air, emulating the eruption of its namesake; the racks of slender, sinuous Roman candles of several calibers; and arsenals of Dago bombs, of course. And there were the cherry bombs—ah, what pristine, geometric, tensile beauty; perfect orbs of brilliant carmine red, packed chockablock with imminent destruction; and the torpedoes—malevolent weapons designed for hand-to-hand celebration.

Many a grown man today carries in his shins a peppering of tiny round pebbles sustained from too-close familiarity with this tiny terror. For the uninitiated I should explain that the torpedo was perhaps an inch high and a half inch in diameter, made to be hurled against a brick wall or a passing Hupmobile—a contact weapon of singular violence that showered its shrapnel—tiny rock fragments—over an area of 50 yards or more. But the lordly monarch of them all was the skyrocket. Skyrockets were available in a tantalizing variety of pay loads—from the tiny 25-cent variety, hardly larger than a five-incher, which was wired to a yellow pine stick topped with a red nose cone and made to be launched from an upright, empty quart milk bottle; up to the mammoth five-dollar rocket that stood a full four feet and was launched from a special angle iron and handled with extreme care—it being possible to bring down a DC-3 with the proper hand on the sights.

There were pinwheels, too, which came in many sizes and colors and could, if misused, be no less spectacularly disastrous. I personally saw one pinwheel climb right up the side of a garage, over the roof, and spin a block and a half down the alley before it finally fizzled out—after burning down 300 feet of fence and two chicken coops. There were many other fireworks of a lesser nature, such as red devils, which were a particularly unpleasant piece of business: red, paper-covered tablets designed to be scratched on the pavement or ground under your heel to a sputtering, hissing nastiness. They didn't explode, merely hissed and burned and gave stupendous hotfoots to anyone who happened to step on them. There were also prosaic firecrackers of all sizes and degrees of destructiveness, and sissified odds and ends for grandmothers, girls and smaller kids—sparklers, caps and those strange little aspirin-size tablets that when lit produced a long, sinuously climbing ash and were called "snakes." All of these and more my father dispensed over the counter at his fireworks stand on the state highway, where the heat waves rose and fell and the big-time spenders bought the stuff by the bagfuls for their blondes and their egos.

As the Fourth drew close, his stock of fireworks slowly dwindled until the day itself arrived. The outfit from which my father ordered the stuff wouldn't take any material back that wasn't sold, which meant that as the Fourth drew to a close, what was still left on the shelves was *ours* to detonate and revel in. It was the Depression, of course, and few families had more than a couple of dollars or so to spend on gunpowder, so our entire neighborhood would wait for our return from the closed stand on the last moments of the Fourth. About 11:30 p.m.—the sky above filled with bursting aerial bombs and skyrockets, the rattle of cherry bombs and musketry thrumming darkly in the distance—my father would say, "OK, let's close up," and immediately begin to load what was left of his stock into the Oldsmobile. Usually we had left a few of the greatest, heaviest and most expensive pieces, as well as several pounds of torpedoes and sons-o-guns, a few huge rockets and a couple dozen big pinwheels and a rack or two of heavy-caliber Roman candles.

When we arrived home on this particular Fourth, the neighbors were already standing on the porches and in driveways and lining the curbs and watching from windows. My father unpacked his weaponry in the vacant lot on the corner. Surrounded by his boxes of ammunition, he was a magnificent figure of a man—ten feet tall, at least—as he prepared to bombard the heavens on behalf of freedom and the Stars and Stripes.

An artist of pyrotechniques, he programmed his displays like a true showman, starting off with a few nondescript pinwheels and Mount Vesuviuses, gradually working up through the lesser skyrockets and aerial bombs to his final statement, a brace of great Roman candles fully five feet in length and two inches in diameter. He rose to his absolute fullness of artistic power when clutching one of these 24-ball beauties, his body swaying sinuously with the innate rhythm of the born Roman-candle shooter as he sent ball after ball arcing higher and higher into the midnight skies.

The applause had grown from stage to stage, through the skyrockets, and now he stood in the center of the arena, the flickering lights of distant aerial displays silhouetting him against the night sky as he took out the two magnificent Roman candles that he had saved for last—the largest and most powerful of his arsenal. He was one of the few Roman-candle men who ever dared to fire two candles at once, using both hands simultaneously; timing each to alternate launching with the other, thereby achieving an almost continuous display of spectacular Roman-candle artistry.

It was now no more than a minute or two before midnight, and another Fourth of July would be history. Milking the moment theatrically for all it

was worth, he lit both candles. The crowd surged forward. Then the first ball—PLOCK—arched green and sparkling from his left hand, high up over the telephone wires toward a distant cloud. PLOCK—his right hand spit a golden comet, even higher than the first. His timing was magnificent! PLOCK—the left hand shot a scarlet streak upward even higher. PLOCK—again the right hand. PLOCK PLOCK—now they were coming faster and faster as my old man picked up the beat, and the crowd sensed a performance in progress that was to become classical in its execution.

On the horizon flickered the lightning of a gathering summer storm. PLOCK—my father sent another ball blazing white into the northern skies. PLOCK—a blue one, this time toward the Big Dipper. PLOCK—a green arrow darted toward the moon. The audience swayed in unison as my father, both arms weaving magically, paid homage with his synchronized Roman candles to General Washington and the Continental Congress, to the Boston Tea Party and the Minutemen. It was almost midnight now and my father, displaying the bravura of a Roman-candle Beethoven, knew that he was down to the last three balls.

PLOCK—the right hand sent a yellow star blazing into the firmament. PLOCK—the left; but something was wrong. A few tiny sparks sizzled briefly from the mouth of the left-hand candle. He flicked the tube out and upward again; then, suddenly, without warning: K-TUNK! From the left-hand candle a flaming red ball emerged—but from the wrong end! The old man dodged aside, but it was too late. The ball skittered along his forearm, striking his elbow sharply, and disappeared into the short sleeve of his pongee sport shirt!

The crowd gasped, women screamed, children wailed, as my father imperturbably launched the final ball from his right hand toward the North Star. At that moment, the red ball reappeared between his shoulder blades, and his pongee shirt burst into spectacular flames. With a bellow he raced up the sidewalk, over the lawn and—trailing smoke and fire—disappeared into the house with a resounding slam of the screen door. After a brief second of silence, the sound of the shower could be heard going full blast from within the darkened house. Stunned for an instant, the crowd remained silent, then loosed a great roar of cheering and applause. They knew they had witnessed the finest performance of a great artist.

• • •

Outside Les Misérables in the clanging street, the blasting continued; the bottles rattled behind the bar. Raising what remained of my bloody mary, I said quietly to no one in particular:

"Well, here's to the Fourth."



Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER
WITH JACK DAVIS & FRANK FRAZETTA

SURFING CAPTURES THE HEART OF OUR HEROINE AS IT WILL CAPTURE YOURS ... THIS GOOD, CLEAN, HEALTHY SPORT WHERE ONE SEES LITHE, TANNED, WELL-KNIT BODIES DISPORTING THEMSELVES AMIDST THE CRASHING SURF IN A STARTLING ARRAY OF BRIEFS AND BIKINIS. THE SURFING PART IS VERY TIRING, HOWEVER, AND YOU MIGHT NOT GO FOR THAT.

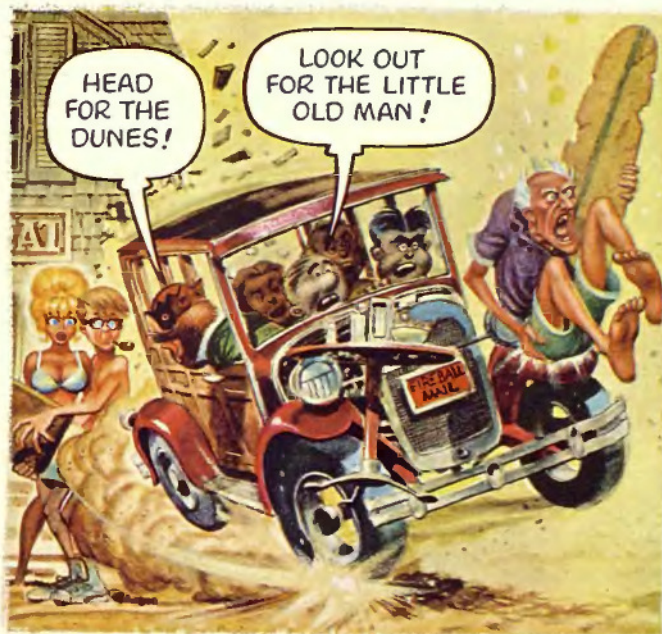


WAIT'LL YOU MEET THE SURF GANG, RALPHIE. THEY'RE SO DEDICATED. A TRUE SURFER DOESN'T THINK ABOUT ANYTHING BUT SURFING.



(NOT GULP) ANY-THING?

-LIKE WHEN YOU'RE HANGING TEN, LOCKED IN AND SQUEAKING THROUGH A RED-HOT TUBE ... A WHIP-TURN WILL WIPE YOU OUT!



HEAD FOR THE DUNES!

LOOK OUT FOR THE LITTLE OLD MAN!



STOP IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!

THEY'VE GOT THE STAR OF INDIA!

BANG!

BANG!

POW!



EARTH-QUAKE!

RRUMMMBLE!



LANDLUBBER! YOU WHO SPEAK OF LEADING MY GREMMIES ... I AM LEADER HERE! I AM THE SUPREME HOT DOGGER ON THE BEACH ... THE HIGH HO-DAD ... THE BIG KAHUNA! WHO ARE YOU, SURF-NERF? KNOW YE A SURFER FROM A SKATE BOARD? ... A BAGGIE FROM A BIKINI?



COME LEAVE THIS OUTSIDER, ANNIE. HIS PRESENCE DESECRATES THIS GREMMIE-GROUND. COME ... YOU WILL BE MY BEACH BUNNY. TOGETHER WE WILL WAIT FOR A WAVE.

DON'T MIND THE BIG KAHUNA, RALPHIE. HE DOESN'T MEAN WHAT HE SAYS. COME LIE DOWN IN THE SUN BY ME.

MAYBE I'D BETTER GO, ANNIE. NOT KNOWING ANYTHING ABOUT SURFING, I KIND OF FEEL LEFT OUT! ... DISCRIMINATED AGAINST!



THERE YOU GO ... BRINGING IN RELIGION! JUST BECAUSE SURFERS HAVE SPECIAL WAYS, IT'S NO REASON TO FEEL DISCRIMINATED AGAINST -

DISCRIMINATION WORKS IN SUBTLE WAYS. YOU CAN FEEL IT IN A GLANCE ... IN A CURLED LIP -



- A QUIET KICK! ... TROMPING! (OUCH!) SOMEHOW IT SETS YOU APART! (OOE!) ... MAKES YOU FEEL UNWANTED! (UGH!) ... THAT'S WHY I THINK I'D BETTER GO -



WAIT A MINUTE! LOOK!

- COMING OUT OF THE SEA!

IT MUST BE THIRTY FEET!

THE TREMOR MADE A TIDAL WAVE!

RUN!

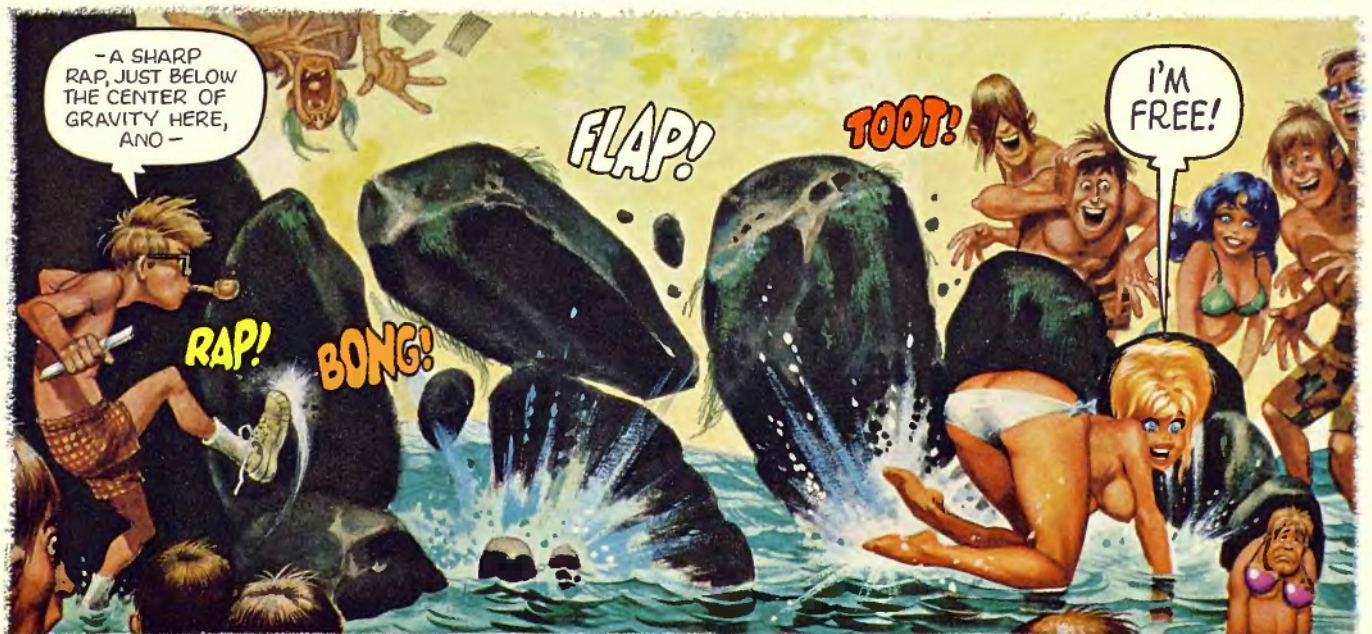


NOW WAIT! DON'T GET HYSTERICAL! RUN FOR THE HIGH GROUND! DON'T LOSE YOUR HEADS! YOU'RE RUNNING THE WRONG WAY!

WHO'S LOSING OUR HEADS! THAT'S A WAVE!







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Whitey: And some prefer the light.

Blackie: Two different tastes.

Whitey: So how could any one Scotch satisfy both?

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Whitey: And Extra Light "BLACK & WHITE."

Blackie: Both have the character of Scotland in every drop.

Whitey: Equal in quality...

Blackie: Identical in price.

Whitey: Yes, one good Scotch deserves another.

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