

PLAYBOY

MAY 1963 SIXTY CENTS

MENT FOR MEN



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PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR
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NEIMAN



FIEDLER

PLAYBILL The issue at hand marks the third time we have devoted a cover to our Femlin, that puckish little sprite who, in six short years, has become the world's best-known — and sexiest — elf since J. M. Barrie's Tinker Bell. Similar in name and temperament to the mischievous "gremlin," the Femlin first came to us in June 1957, when she popped out of a champagne glass sketched on our *Party Jokes* page by LeRoy Neiman. For the next year and a half she showed up — now as a blonde, now as a brunette — whenever it suited her fancy. In November 1958, she became permanently raven-haired after a midnight dip in a bottle of Neiman's India ink (which also explains her jet-black hose and gloves). A short time later, she broke into our reader-mail file and, discovering that she was one of our most popular features, demanded a promotion to cover girl. She got her way in August 1960, when Neiman depicted her holding the very first Playboy Club key. The taste of fame made her all the more imperious and before we knew what she was up to she had persuaded sculptor Austin Fox, Jr., to create a series of Femlin figurines for sale to her admirers. In April 1961, she made her second cover appearance, her first in sculptured form. Skeptics who don't believe she really exists may change their minds after inspecting our photo feature, *The Femlin Comes to Life*.

We turn now to the pleasurable task of bearding this issue's contributors. Although the photos on this page may look like penciled-up subway posters, we assure you all that face fur is for real.

The most recently whiskered of the lot is Walt Grove, author of our lead fiction, *The Tie that Binds*. Having tossed away his razor a little over a year ago, he now attests: "Beards are great for parties; toward the end of the evening many ladies want to know how it feels;

they should be allowed that privilege."

Leslie Fiedler who, in *Americans Go Home*, eloquently accounts for our exodus in reverse, tells us that he has raised three beards in the past 20 years — the first two while living in China and Italy and the third (a home-grown variety) while teaching at Princeton six years ago. He is now a professor of English Literature at Montana State University.

While no longhair, shaggy Shel Silverstein waxes appropriately poetic this month with a new collection of laughable livestock in *Silverstein's Zoo*. Shel insists that these improbable creatures sprang from his head — not his beard.

When artist LeRoy Neiman abandoned his beard several years ago, he could not bring himself to part with the imposing brush on his upper lip. But it was an even more distinguished brush that won him a Gold Medal last year in the Salon d'Art Moderne in Paris and raised the price of his canvases to over \$3000 each. With this month's *Man at his Leisurely* view of Monte Carlo swelling our collection of Neimans to over 250, we can (and do) boast the world's largest collection of his works.

Clean-shaven Ian Fleming puts James Bond through several close shaves this month in the second installment of *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*, the first Bond thriller ever to debut in a magazine. Fleming, who secludes himself in a Jamaican hideaway for two months each winter, then miraculously emerges with a new Bond book, tells us that he borrowed his hero's simple yet rugged name from a volume called *Birds of the West Indies* by, of course, James Bond.

The origin of the name Malcolm X is revealed in the introduction to our *Playboy Interview* with that outspoken spokesman of the implacable Black Muslims, to whose politics and policies we are unequivocally opposed. A postcard he sent us shortly after we conducted the

interview provided a capsule insight into the views he expressed. The message on the card, sent from Phoenix, Arizona, read simply, "Greetings from the middle of the Desert. X." On the other side was a color photo of a coiled rattlesnake — poised to strike. On a contrastingly egalitarian note, Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner continues his exploration of contemporary society and *PLAYBOY's* part in it: in this issue he further analyzes U.S. Puritanism and the problems of obscenity and censorship.

"The study of battles, treaties and triple ententes," avers William Iversen, "reveals far less of historical Man than a knowledge of the kinds of britches he wore, the oaths he swore, the baths he took and the jigs he danced." With this in mind, Iversen, whose *Short Histories* of pants, money, swearing and bathing have all appeared in *PLAYBOY*, now offers a lightly fantastic *Short History of Dancing*.

There's a bit of history behind Food and Drink Editor Thomas Mario's *Chop-Chop Chinese Fare* which stems, according to Tom, from the San Francisco restaurant strike of several years ago. "I had traveled by train all the way from New York to San Francisco for a busman's holiday in the city's great Continental restaurants," he recalls. "But the strike started the day I arrived and every noted bistro — except the Chinese restaurants on Grant Street — was shut down. Ever since, I've been gathering material from one of the world's greatest cuisines."

There is much more in store, including another chapter of Shepherd Mead's *How to Succeed with Women*, a fine memoir by Ben Hecht and another story by T. K. Brown III.

Note to those whose letters helped us break the three-way tie for our Playmate of the Year: we offer our thanks in the fine form of a four-page photo session with the winner — June Cochran.



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GROVE



PLAYBOY



Live Femlin P. 81



Spanish Accent P. 111



Playmate Winner P. 118



Silverstein's Zoo P. 106

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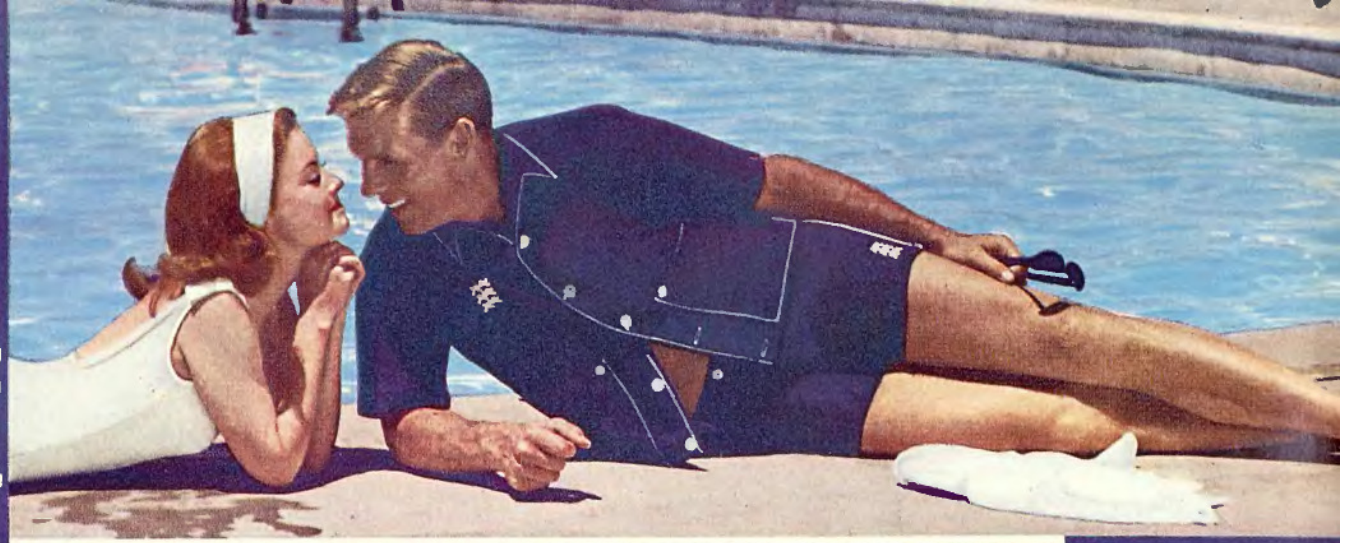
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DEAR PLAYBOY



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

PLAYBOY PRO AND CON

I am the father of young children and to be terse and cryptic, I would like to say the magazine in my opinion is the lowest type of pornography and to me is utterly disgusting, reprehensible and in-defensible. I dare you to publish this letter!

Randolph Scott
Beverly Hills, California

OK, Scotty. In exchange for the privilege of printing your comments, we're sending you a free copy of "The Little Red Hen," since suitability for children seems to be your criterion for judging a magazine labeled on its cover, "Entertainment for Men." Do you exempt yourself from that company?

Whether or not you publish this letter is of no consequence. Its purpose is simply to offer a few thoughts and feelings about your magazine and clubs. First, to lend some background to my comments, I am a 26-year-old teacher of English at a private preparatory school. I was born and raised in Chicago (on the far South Side); I attended a small liberal arts college in Wisconsin; then two years' work for a Master of Arts degree in New Haven; finally, summer study for the doctorate in Evanston. During the regular school year, I teach young men and young women, and coach football, basketball and baseball. I mention all this for the purpose of pointing out that my education has been extensive but not regional; I am in education but take an active part in athletics; and finally, while my background may not be an average one, I am by no means a special case. I am certain that there are hundreds of thousands of young men such as myself who are established in an honorable profession, happily married and leading a full and meaningful life. I am equally certain that many of these men, as I do, view your magazine and your clubs as being first-rate in all respects. There has been a tendency to stereotype those who read PLAYBOY and/or frequent your clubs. Supposedly, this "playboy" relishes pinups as a substitute for normal, healthy relationships with the opposite sex; he pores through the magazine in the hope of deriving vicarious pleasure,

while identifying himself with the male models posed in Ivy League clothing. He goes to the clubs to leer at the Bunnies; he is disappointed when the comics entertaining him are not off-color. In short, this supposed stereotype is a frustrated hedonist in search of "kicks"; the magazine and/or clubs are his only hope, his only outlet. On behalf of those who admire ("appreciate" might be a better word) beauty in the female form, on behalf of those who enjoy well-written prose and hard-hitting commentaries, on behalf of those who value good food, good drink and good entertainment at a reasonable price, I salute your excellent magazine and clubs. Someone once said that beauty is in the eye of the beholder; the same might be said for lechery, avarice and lust. Frankly, I have become convinced that much of the criticism of your magazine and clubs reveals more about the critic than the object.

Robert A. Morris
Kent, Connecticut

Amen.

FRANK TALK

I read with amazement the extraordinary interview with Frank Sinatra (PLAYBOY, February 1963). Although I always admired him as an artist I never knew to what depth his emotions were running.

Monique Van Vooren
New York, New York

I was entranced, enthralled and amazed at the depth of Frank Sinatra's philosophy. It's so close to my own in most respects, it fairly had me jumping with excitement. From rather disliking the guy, I find I now admire him. However, I am rather suspicious. Is he really that intelligent? That is, are those quotes actually verbatim?

Clyde J. Knight
Chicago, Illinois

Verbatim, Clyde.

What a distinct pleasure it was to read your Sinatra interview instead of the vicious, malicious garbage usually swilled out by bedroom snoopers, sensationalists, and people who are just downright envious. I found his opinions interesting

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and enlightening, and respect him for obviously opening himself up to much abuse.

Jack Cohen
Brooklyn, New York

After recent interviews with Miles Davis and Frank Sinatra (both eminent authorities on race issues and world affairs), how about Ambassador Adlai Stevenson on the valve trombone or Winston Churchill on driving at high speeds in a sports-car rally?

Morgan T. Higgins
Easton, Pennsylvania

I thought your parody of the banal Liberal—using Frank Sinatra as your prototype—was a scream. I was especially amused by that part where you have him say, "Now don't get me wrong. I'm for decency—period." Let's have more humor like this.

R. W. Sundmacher
Dearborn, Michigan

I must compliment you on your interview with Frank Sinatra. I doubt that any other publication would have printed his remarks on religion and I certainly respect Mr. Sinatra for having the strength of his own convictions and speaking out for what he believes. As he said, the psychopathic groups might well picket him for suggesting that religion does not have a monopoly on decency and honesty.

Mortimer Theodore Cohen
New York, New York

That boy has a philosophic insight into things, a keen mind, a generous humanitarianism and, above all—a storehouse of guts. Surely, for every supporter who deserts him as a result of his candid revelations, two or more will join his camp. *Vive Sinatra!*

Edwin B. Barker
Manhattan Beach, California

As one responsibly involved in organized religion, I was not so much impressed by Sinatra's attacks on such (much he says is true, some is irresponsible shadowboxing) as I was utterly fascinated with what he calls his "ridiculously simple" solution to the problem of spreading Marxism. Few multimillionaires would have the guts to say in one breath that the answer to Communist aggression is to "get rid of the conditions that nurture it... Poverty is probably the greatest asset the Communists have," and then in the next tell us we need to love one another—"I mean *really* love." The guy's courage is admirable. In fact, I'm so taken with it to the point (you say he's a self-effacing philanthropist, worth \$25,000,000?) that I'll put half of my kingdom on the line for him to match it with half of his in



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order that something can be done about this problem. Perhaps we can aid the California migrant worker, the suppressed southern Negro, or the impoverished of Latin America. Will Frank deal? Will Frank "talk turkey, not trivia"?

Rev. Duke Robinson,
Presbyterian Minister
Walnut Creek, California

Thank you for the unusual interview with Frank Sinatra. It made me happy to discover the literate, liberal and rational side of this famous artist.

R. N. Jaroudi
Brigham City, Utah

I have watched with interest over the past few years as your magazine has matured to fill a previously glaring void in the American society. Quite likely the society has also matured to a point where a magazine such as PLAYBOY can attain the dominant position in the field that it has.

You are to be commended for your presentation of the Sinatra interview in your February issue. If the American nation, which has for many years benefited from his entertainment prowess, possessed his degree of insight, we would not be handicapped by the hypocrisy which has been a part of our heritage longer than the freedoms we enjoy. I hope this interview will help dispel the grossly inaccurate image which the press has created of Mr. Sinatra.

Glenn D. Frederick
Costa Mesa, California

TONI A TONIC

The February Playmate, Toni Ann Thomas, is my daughter. I would like to say that Mario Casilli did a wonderful job with Toni's pictures. I don't know which one is the best—the gatefold or the head shot in the car. We have received 400 to 500 letters here at the house and most everyone was so very nice and complimentary.

We were amazed when the mail started to come. Cornell, Dartmouth and Colgate all invited her to their Winter Carnivals to be one of the Queens. Thank you for the wonderful feature you did on Toni.

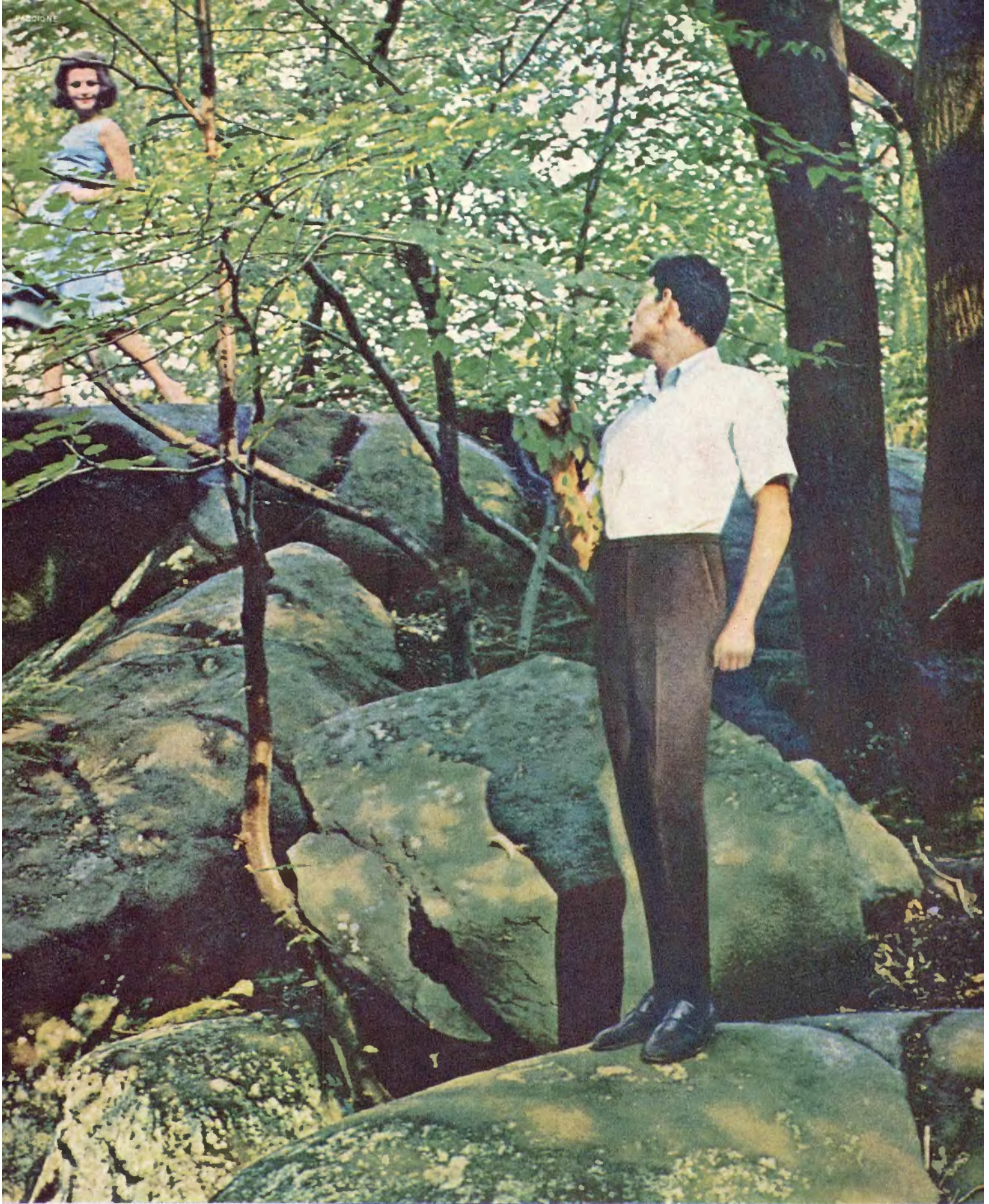
Mrs. Elinor Hellmann
West Covina, California

Miss February is obviously a well-reared girl.

Bert Krugel
Ottawa, Ontario

Which way to West Covina? Miss Toni Ann Thomas is your all-time best. As an architecture student, I'm continually confronted with problems involving shape and form. Miss Thomas is a splendid solution to many of these problems.

W. D. Thomas
Eugene, Oregon



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The First Family of Comedy

They're exclusively on Verve, where it all began. And what a gallery! There's Shelley Berman (A), whose wit has catapulted him into the ranks of America's top entertainers. He has **NEW SIDES (V-15036)**, an all-fresh collection of hilarious Bermania. Big Brother Jonathan Winters (B) is watching everybody *everywhere!* His unique humor ranges from the Midwest to planets and people as yet undiscovered. Like in **HUMDR SEEN THROUGH THE EYES OF JONATHAN WINTERS (V-15035)**, for instance. And look at Phyllis Diller (C), mother of us all; one of the few truly *great* women stand-up comics. Are you ready for **ARE YOU READY FOR PHYLLIS DILLER? (V-15031)**, a grab-bag of inspired nonsense? And we must call attention to Jackie Mason (D), our son the laughmaker. His Bronx-accented observations on life in the 20th Century can split even the soberest sides. Note **I WANT TO LEAVE YOU WITH THE WORDS OF A GREAT COMEDIAN ... JACKIE MASON (V-15034)**.

The Wit of America is on VERVE RECORDS

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Every issue of PLAYBOY amazes me in its ability to better the issue before it. However, in the Playmate department, I don't believe you'll be able to top February's Toni Ann Thomas — at least not without a miracle. Thanks to you and Miss Thomas for the good show.

Beau Holloway
Boulder, Colorado

The emergence of the child-woman as the dominant sex symbol in the U.S. and Canada is illustrated aptly by the Playmates of the Month for January and February. While the younger readers of PLAYBOY can hardly complain about this idolatry of their own generation, it must be unnerving for others when confronted by scenes of these suddenly grown-up teenagers invading the relative child-world of playgrounds and stamp collecting, to turn the page and have revealed the physical charms of these Playmates. It seems to us that you have caused the destruction of the first image presented with the introduction of the second. We would be disappointed to see the adult sophistication of your magazine (indeed, it is the only one which retains this property without the usual accompanying vulgarity) sacrificed for the patronage of the teenage minority who read it.

M. E. Smith, Faculty of Science
R. D. Anderton, Faculty of Arts
University of British Columbia
Vancouver, British Columbia

THINK RICH

J. Paul Getty's January article, *The Millionaire Mentality*, like all Mr. Getty's articles, is worth reading and rereading and cogitating.

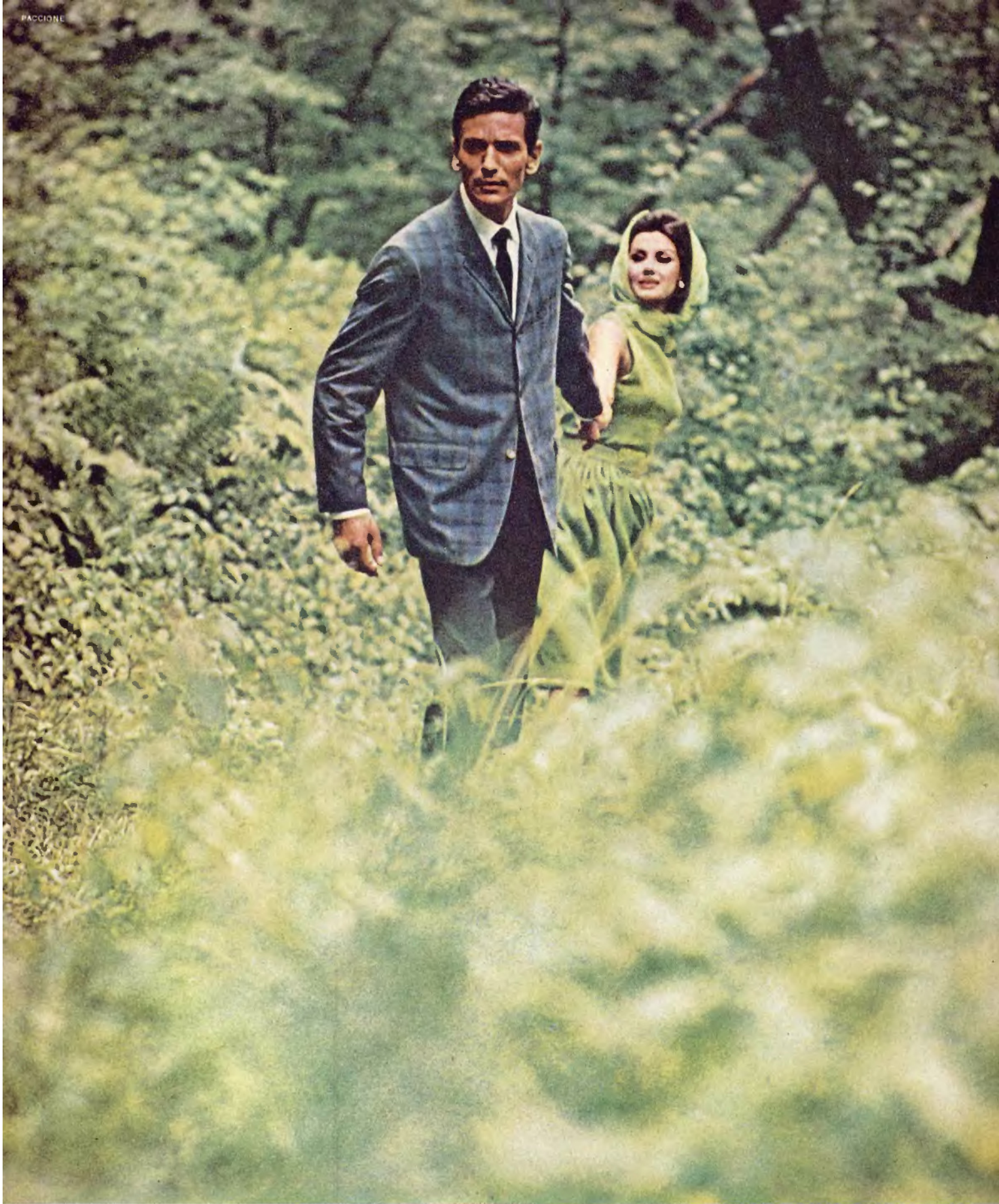
It is uncomfortable to have Mr. Getty bring to the surface the truth that too many men capable of cost consciousness and profit-mindedness keep these abilities under a cloak while on a straight salary. Apparently they themselves have to be cut into a percentage of the profits to spur them to exert their best efforts.

This is an unfortunate attitude. Putting one's best efforts into a job, regardless of current salary, always pays more in the long run. Many a potentially good man has undoubtedly held himself back by having had such a blind spot.

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

There is no question but, without regard to success, the closer expenses come to affecting one's pocketbook, the more interested is that individual in eliminating them — that, of course, is why more and more corporations are offering incentive plans and that is as it should be. The individual and the corporation both gain.

Out of four executives who undertook to run a company that I owned, I found



The intrepid seeker of new worlds to conquer does well to dress the part. Most favorable tack is the old "soft-sell"...as evidenced by the latest h.i.s sport jackets. A muted mood holds sway. The patterns:

seemly and subdued. (Our hero, hardly!) For further delectable browsing amid paths sartorial: consider the entire range of feather-light, flap-pocket, natural-shoulder authentics on the h.i.s jacket

scene. A spice-of-life variety includes washable "Dacron" polyester blends, authentic India bleeding Madras, cotton seersuckers...only \$14.95 to \$29.95 at stores that feature the h.i.s® label.

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Want a martini that's out of this world? Try
a Calvert martini. I'm not just "extra dry"...
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that the man most successful at the job never failed to turn out an unnecessary light, close a door letting in cold air, etc. He always took advantage of every possible opportunity to save money. Mr. Getty's reference to the millionaire mentality coincides completely with my own experience and shows clearly enough why a man may or may not be successful in his business life. I wish that reprints of *The Millionaire Mentality* could be widely distributed to young men about to enter business.

Allan P. Kirby
Morristown, New Jersey

I found *The Millionaire Mentality* intelligent and thought-provoking. It is heartwarming to note that an appreciation of the innovating efforts of employees might be found in top management.

Being presently a student of Industrial Distribution at Clarkson College in northern New York, my contacts with industry have been quite limited. Having worked for the state and Federal governments including a three-year tour in the Army, I have been impressed by the fact that top management there does not look for advancement in the sense which you point out. I was once told, when the opportunity of saving approximately \$10,000 a year presented itself in my small military organization, that by not spending the money outright, our appropriations for the coming year would be cut. The commander went on to tell me not to try to save, but to just do my job and leave the savings up to Washington. Thus, I was, in effect, reprimanded for trying to save the organization money in an intelligent and efficient manner. After spending several Christmas vacations working for the Post Office, I can easily see what Mr. Getty means about a Postal Clerk attitude. More than one week of that life would drive me insane.

Robert N. Andres
Potsdam, New York

VIRGIN STAND

I picked up my February issue of your magazine on the way to a plane bound for St. Thomas. As soon as I was seated, I got it out and gratified my male curiosity about the Playmate, then thumbed the mag to see what else the issue held of interest.

I was stopped by that picture of a man between two nudes on the beach, then turned the page to see whether by unlikely coincidence, you had an article all about my destination. I read it with fascination, as you can imagine. Spectorsky can really make you feel that you have a genuine insight into a place.

To get to the point, I am just back from two absolutely socko weeks in *Those American Virgins* and can testify



Photos by Ted Allan.


When a Formal "steals the scene" . . . it must be **After Six** BY RUDOFKER

And actor Tony Bill selects a sure-fire scene stealer . . . the "Playboy"† dinner jacket. It's an After Six "natural" for the young-man-about-town! . . . A perfect performer, in cool, comfortable "Dacron"* polyester and Comiso rayon with an elegant bengaline weave. About \$37.50. Other dinner jackets from \$29.95 to \$69.95 (slightly higher in the West and in Canada).

TONY BILL CO-STAR'S WITH FRANK SINATRA IN THE ESSEX-TANDEM PRODUCTION "COME BLOW YOUR HORN," A PARAMOUNT RELEASE. HIS "DATE," CAROLE WELLS, IS FEATURED IN THE SAME FILM.


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The Wool Bureau, Inc., 360 Lexington Avenue, New York 17. *Certification Mark **TIMELY**  **CLOTHES**

F. A. O. SCHWARZ THUNDERBIRD

that Spectorsky has handily topped all the travel guides and brochures that I'd armed myself with. He not only conveys the "feel" of the Virgins, but while doing so he lays out the most solid, thorough, dependable and useful information that a man could ask for. It's a rare thing, I guess, to find this winning combination. I used his article as a guide to what to do and where to do it and his advice was 100-percent on the nose all the way. I don't think I've ever enjoyed a vacation more, and I think I owe thanks to PLAYBOY as much as to those heavenly islands.

Paul Perrin
Great Barrington, Massachusetts

Having been to the Virgin Islands, I know they are indeed beautiful and have abundant opportunities for nude bathing but not for the kind of queer your picture shows. With a nude girl by each hand this character wears a cap and trunks.

The moonlight picture has a girl with all her charms exposed while the hero shows his wrist watch. I have never been on a beach party where only the girls were naked. The pictures make the men look like introverted morons and the girls like eager whores.

Ann Fleming
Chicago, Illinois

A pox on you, your photos and your prose. I refer specifically to that article on the Virgin Islands. I was all set to revisit the glorious Southwest and now I'm up to my you-know-what, changing plans to go to *Those American Virgins* instead. I should sue you and I will, if they don't live up to what you printed. I mean, if I can't find those two girls to promenade with, you've had it.

Ted Mallon
Chicago, Illinois

To say that A. C. Spectorsky has talent is to understate the case. Suavity, skill, vividness and fun are beautifully blended in his authorship. If *Those American Virgins*, which I have long loved, ever needed a laureate, they do so no longer.

Sven Eric Gundarson
New York, New York

I read A. C. Spectorsky's article on the Virgin Islands and agree wholeheartedly with everything he wrote. I have just come back from spending a holiday down there and your article brought back a strong urge to pack up and go back again.

There is one small detail which you did not mention. That was the gut-loosening landing at the St. Thomas airport between those two mountains and all the while being buffeted by air currents off the water and mountain



Let's all
go
native

There was a time when practically any import was sure-fire with the sophisticated set. French furniture, English woolens, Scotch and Canadian whiskey. *But today a new pride* in things native is evidenced by the rise in popularity of fine Kentucky bourbon. Old Crow for instance.

Folks are learning to choose their whiskey not on the basis of an import stamp—but on how good it *tastes*. And for a long time now, Kentucky, U.S.A. has produced the tastiest whiskey in the world...bourbon!

In the South and the West it has long been known that "*bourbon and branch*" ("branch"—grass roots for cool, pure water) has always been the natural thing for a thirsty man to order. Now you hear it ordered all over the country. Good old-fashioned taste appeal has done it.

Leading the trend is the greatest name in bourbon—Old Crow. Old Crow comes highly recommended to our present generation by men like DANIEL WEBSTER and ANDREW JACKSON. Today, it is the favorite bourbon of the nation. *Won't you try it?*

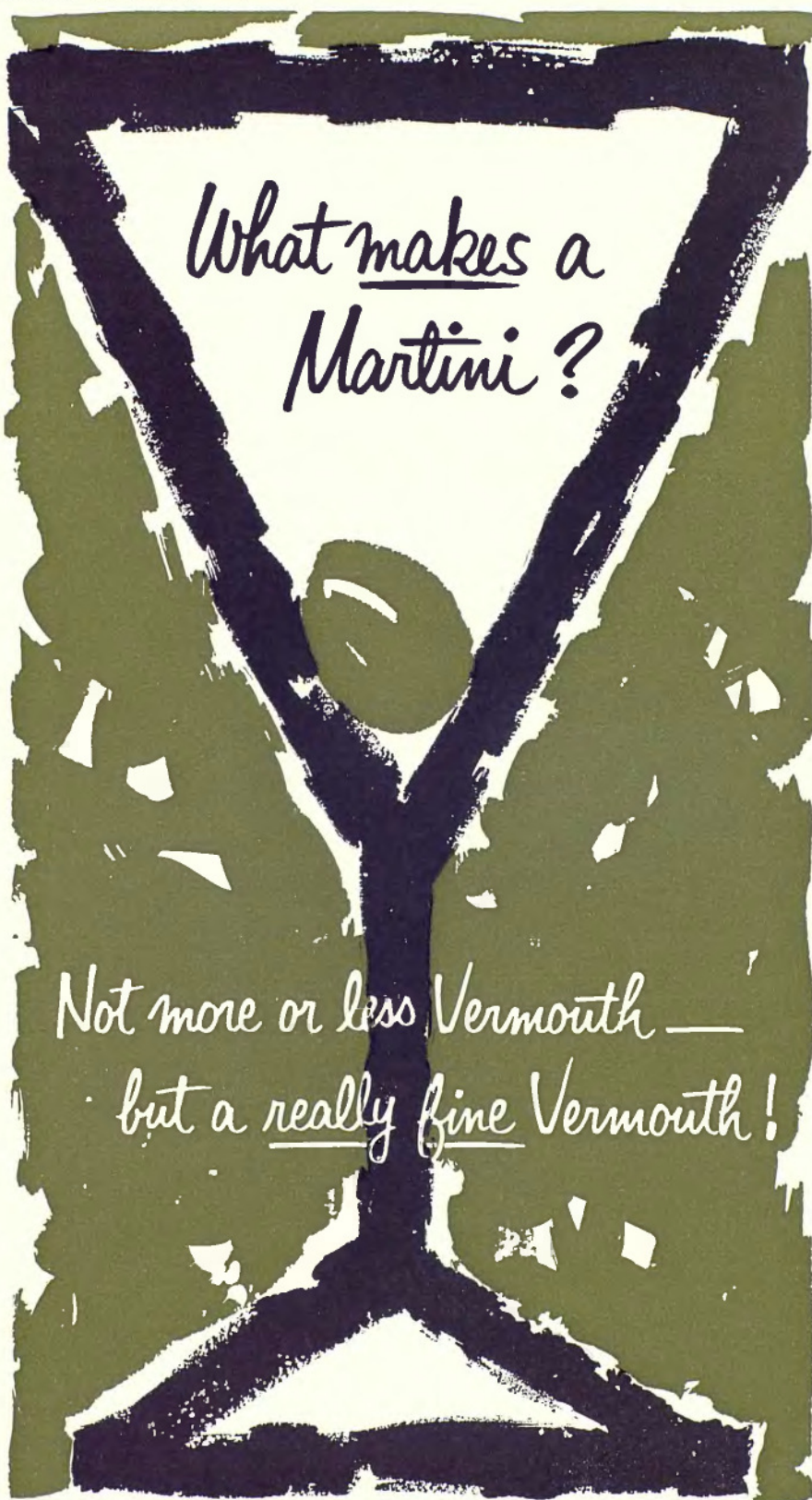


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IT'S **MARTINI** VERMOUTH

sides. I've done quite a bit of flying but landing on St. Thomas was the most nerve-racking landing ever. Other than that your article described to a T everything I found on the Islands.

Richard L. Simpson
Oakville, Ontario

Spec says his landing and take-off were as smooth as a Virgin Islands' rum collins.

TANTALIZING

I think your February issue set some sort of record. The 19 cartoons in its pages elicited from deep within me no fewer than 19,247 loud and piercing laughs, 2,263 chortles, 18 giggles and one snicker. Most of them were delivered upon seeing the work of the fellow who signs his drawings "Tann." He is truly great, and only a notch below Gahan Wilson, to whom I pray thrice daily. Shoemaker and Shel Silverstein were at their usual best. Don't you people ever stop getting better?

Howard R. Cohen, Editor
Aardvark Magazine
Chicago, Illinois

Nope.

PLAYBOY'S PHILOSOPHY

A thousand *olé's*, the full count of ears, tail and hooves, and *vueltas* till you drop! Hugh Hefner's *Playboy Philosophy* is a clean *estocada*, delivered with utmost style and craft. Manolete himself could not have done better at killing the "bull" bred, raised, groomed and presented to the sword by the pseudo-pious, the hypocrites and the Puritans of our society.

Ben Thaer
San Francisco, California

The third part of Hugh M. Hefner's editorial, *The Playboy Philosophy* (February 1963), is the best yet. The manner in which Mr. Hefner is presenting his philosophy of life is both entertaining and convincing. More! More!

F. C. Claycomb, Jr.
Fairfield, Iowa

This letter is long overdue, as I have been a faithful reader for many years. In fact, **PLAYBOY** is the only magazine that I read cover to cover. I used to buy it on the newsstands, but two missed issues while I was out of the country have made me a subscriber. While there is obviously more that is meaningful to come, thus far I find myself in agreement with all you've said in *The Playboy Philosophy*. I must applaud your courage in printing controversial articles and boldly stating opinions which many hold but won't talk about. Your magazine describes many desirable aspects of life — you show many of the good things that are attainable in our world for those who have the courage to take some risks

COLUMBIA RECORDS

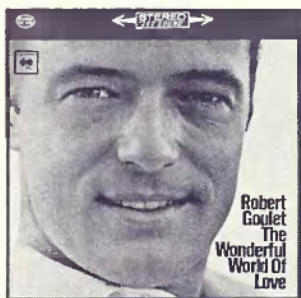
Enter and enjoy the realm of complete entertainment. **Jazz**—represented by its most daring and eloquent spokesmen. **Vocals**—performed by your TV, Broadway and club favorites. **A New Sound**—the tropic-tempered High Life.



Vocal sorcery... the warm and wicked and wildly wonderful artistry of Tammy Grimes. *My Man, Miss Otis Regrets, Just Squeeze Me* and many more.



Robert Goulet vocally explores the land of love in an album of familiar romantic favorites. *I'll Take Romance, All of Me, No Moon at All* and others.



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



The magnetic Mathis Magic in a collection of his latest, greatest hits. *What Will My Mary Say, Gina, Marianna* and many others.



The colorful new sound sensation that's rhythmically igniting musical imaginations the world over.



A fabulous three-LP collection that encompasses the various and monumentally significant jazz sounds created by the incomparable Woody Herman and his famous "Herds."



Leading with his sensational hit, *Our Winter Love*, Bill Pursell demonstrates his keyboard wizardry in a dozen delightful, danceable ways.



VIP jazz session. Two great instrumentalists—Coleman Hawkins and Clark Terry—teamed in an unusually articulate new album that soars from blue to wild.



What's the difference between a pearl diver and a smart diner?



The pearl diver comes up with a pearl—sometimes. Smart diners can always end up with a pearl—a Cointreau On-The-Rocks Pearl. It's the new way to enjoy Cointreau Liqueur—the crowning touch to a perfect dinner.

The Cointreau Pearl:

Pour 2 ounces of Cointreau Liqueur over ice cubes in an old-fashioned glass. *Et voila!* Watch Cointreau Liqueur's subtle change from crystal clearness to an



elegant, delightfully appetizing pearly opalescence when you serve it the modern way . . . on the rocks. You may choose to add a squeeze of fresh lime for extra zest. The Cointreau Pearl is only one of the many popular, palate-pleasing drinks made with Cordials by Cointreau. For other fascinating food and drink recipes to help you entertain the modern way, write for your free copy of "Gourmet's Guide" to Dept. 69.

Cointreau Ltd., Pennington, N. J.



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and put forth some effort. Perfect security can be found in any prison if one is willing to surrender his freedom. Security combined with freedom can be had only by following the path you indicate. Incidentally, only rarely have I disagreed with your advice in *The Playboy Advisor* and I have learned many things from it. I admire your frankness and honesty.

Boyd L. Mathers, Ph. D.
Los Angeles, California

It is with regret that I must cancel my subscription to *PLAYBOY*. I have enjoyed your magazine for several years, but have become increasingly disturbed to see articles and editorial content leaning further and further to the "left." Your political views are ruining what I once considered a delightful magazine. You have joined the ranks with *Look*, *Life* and similar journals. This is a pity.

The portion of *The Playboy Philosophy* titled "The Invisible Man" (January 1963) was disgusting to me and if this is *PLAYBOY*'s philosophy then I want no part of it.

It has been my practice in the past to award subscriptions to the leading salesmen in my office. You may rest assured that this practice will discontinue effective immediately.

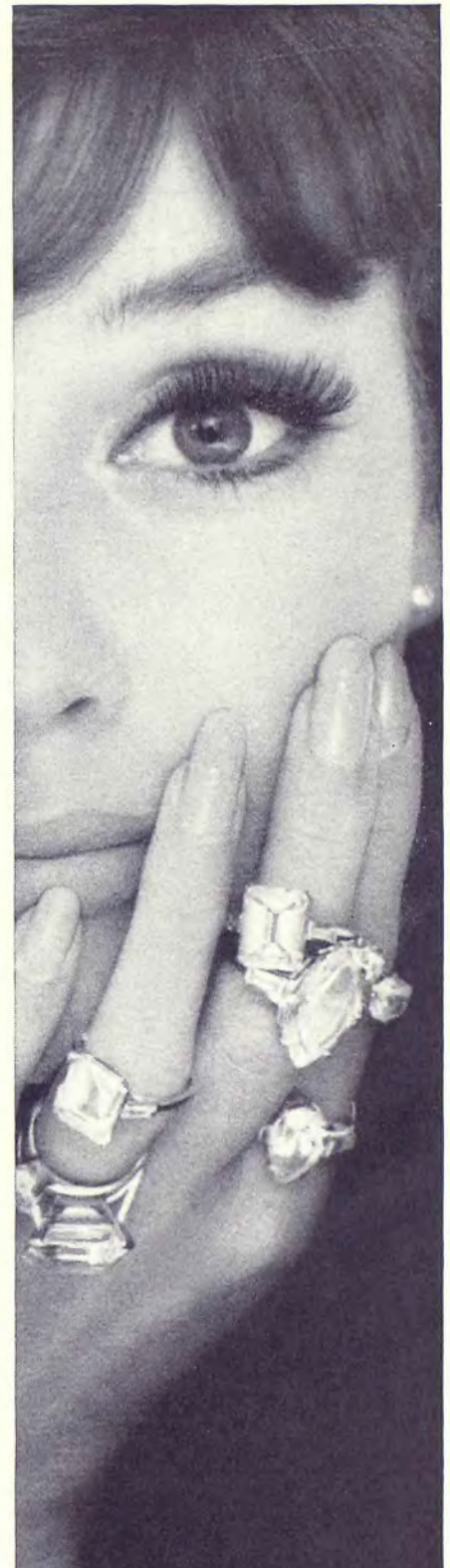
James W. Hill
Richmond, Virginia

We regret your cancellation, too, James, but we cannot serve two masters — our own conscience and the demands of those who crave spoon-fed, apolitical, pointless status quaatmeal. As for our "left" leanings, we will reiterate here what we had thought was abundantly clear: we are against any kind of totalitarian group-think, whether it be of the right or the left persuasion.

Your editorial brings rather aggressively to light the assumption that *PLAYBOY* is the spokesman for the urban, educated male. In actual fact, it appeals (in much of the fiction and all of the photographs) to the adolescent voyeur instinct so prominent in the eternally adolescent American male. This urge to look without being seen, rather than to experience, is an integral part of our sick society, and your financial success is strictly due to a recognition of this highly lucrative fact, which makes your intellectual pretensions seem even sillier than they really are.

John R. Garrett
Department of History
Johns Hopkins University
Baltimore, Maryland

*There's nothing necessarily voyeuristic in the ability to appreciate photographs of beautiful women and no indication whatever that *PLAYBOY* replaces the interpersonal relationships of everyday living for its readers. To the*



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WHEN YOU WEAR

FAME



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contrary, every evidence supports the contention that PLAYBOY prompts a greater involvement in our society and that the depersonalized, syrup-sweet, antisexual view of life we so vigorously oppose is responsible for the immaturity and hypocrisy from which our society suffers.

I have read your second installment of *The Playboy Philosophy* (January 1963) and find your attempt at historical analysis to be as disorderly and superficial as your other efforts. One phrase, used at the very beginning of your unreasoned editorial, particularly annoyed me. You speak of "witch-burning Puritanism" and forget that there really were witches in the 17th Century. Witches in the sense that there were persons who pretended to skill in the necromantic art, and really believed in their powers. And, by the way, in the interest of historical accuracy, no witches were ever burnt anywhere in America. They were hanged.

Your males are urbane, but they are not gentlemen. May I suggest a few hours with Edmund Burke so that you may discover his "unbought grace of life." As Russell Kirk has said, it is more likely to "save us from social boredom than all the schemes for instructing us in 'consumership' and creating new appetites in Sybaris." Bluenosedly yours,

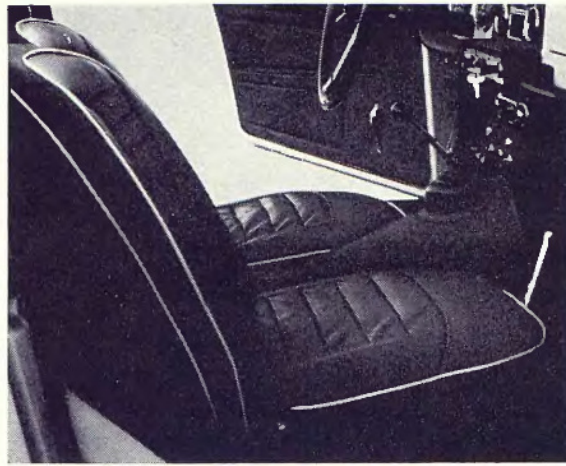
Robert Stamps

Cranford, New Jersey

In the interest of editorial as well as historical accuracy, Bob, Puritanism was born in Europe, not America, and the phrase "witch-burning Puritanism" referred to the puritanical tradition that many early American colonists brought with them from the old world; in Europe, religious zealots burned, tortured and maimed "witches," heretics and many who simply expressed an attitude or view of life with which the fanatics did not agree; in America, as we observed in the March editorial, the techniques were subtler—if hanging can be considered subtle.

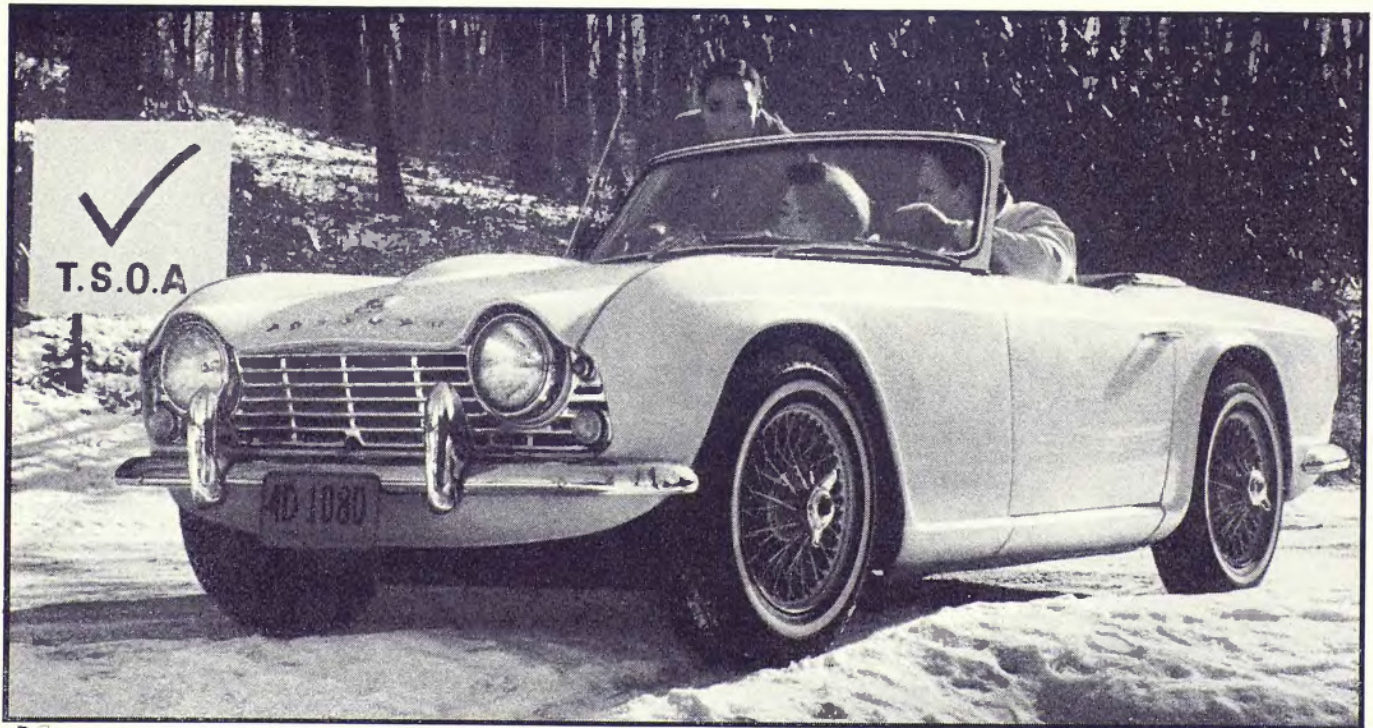
Your apparent willingness to condone these atrocities, on the basis that there were some in the 17th Century who really considered themselves "witches," is more than a "disorderly and superficial" analysis—it's fantastic. In the sense that you are using the word, we have a great many "witches" in society today, too; we place them in mental hospitals, care for, and try to cure, them. If we were all as enlightened and as much of a "gentleman" as you would apparently prefer, we could save ourselves a great deal of time, effort and money by simply disposing of them with a match.

Bravo for *The Playboy Philosophy* and thank you, for you have helped me to make a very important decision in my



It takes more than bucket seats to make a sports car.

Some people seem to think that a compact with bucket seats, wire wheels and a stick shift is a sports car. Don't you believe it. A true sports car is designed from the inside out. Like the TR-4.



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then hit those big disc brakes. You'll never have more control over a stop in your life. You'll discover that great feeling that comes when you know you're master of a superb machine.

Check that price. \$2849* for the best engineering Britain offers (and the most popular sports car in the U.S.). Try a "sporty" compact, then drive a TR-4. You'll know the difference. **TRIUMPH TR-4**

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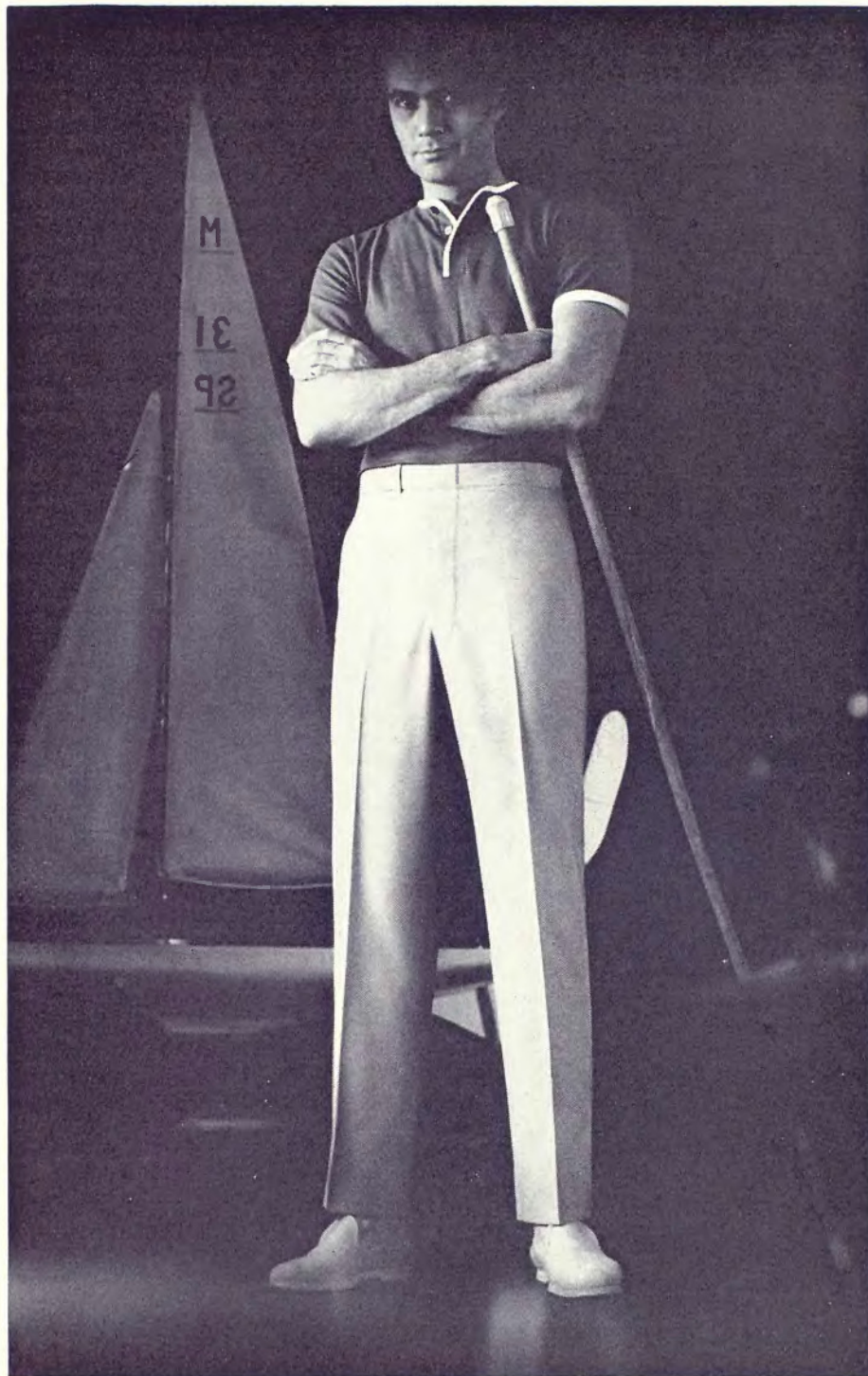
PETER NERO "Hail the Conquering Nero." A DYNAGROOVE sweep through 11 countries—all European tunes that became smash hits here — plus one Nero original. By turns dazzling, whimsical and swinging. Great Nero!

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life. I have just reached the age of 20 and already have settled in a rut with a safe and undemanding job, with a small salary and no responsibility whatever. And I was satisfied, because it was a secure job and a secure life, but now I know that it isn't enough, that I can do more and better things than what I am doing today. I may never come near to obtaining my goals—I may fail completely—but at least I will know that I have tried. What more can a person ask or do?

Alan Heydon
Kansas City, Missouri

For this reader, at least, *The Playboy Philosophy* offers a more robust, stimulating attitude toward life than most of the academic and religious doctrines, however "existential" they may claim to be. Reading the January issue helped lift me from a morass of disillusioned thoughts about life and its meaning to a new and ardent longing to live—and *just* to live—to "love life more than the meaning of it," as Dostoevsky once said. It is in spreading this wonderfully healthy attitude, I think, that PLAYBOY's greatest merit lies and I stand ready to attest to its success in reviving the spark of existence, if only in myself. I can but hope that Mr. Hefner's philosophy will reach enough people in time so that there still will be a life left for mankind to live.

S. G. Thatcher
Princeton University
Princeton, New Jersey

Don't you think that January issue was just a little too thick with the egotism? Fun is fun, and I enjoy your light outlook on a fairly dreary world, but you know as well as I that science has proven that our mentality is potentially equal to yours. Our physical strength per pound of body weight is equal to yours. It is society that says men lead and no mysterious gift of nature. It's OK by me—I'm accustomed to it, but don't carry a good thing too far. Not only do you place us beside your Scotch bottle (in an otherwise intelligent article), but you refuse us the right to prove any ability in "your" business world. To say we have no right to be anything more than a body clamoring at your bedroom door is the most nauseous, egocentric philosophy ever put before the public. I am 20 years old. I have a body and a face to help me through these gay years, but I also have three years of college education behind me and no one is going to tell me that a well-cut Brooks Brothers suit is all I need to be a complete woman.

Lynda Williams
Boston, Massachusetts

Mentality and body weight notwithstanding, Lynda, you're mighty confused if you believe that PLAYBOY considers women nothing more than a leisure-time accessory like a sports car or a bottle of

**The Cube: a blunt
answer to the question,
“Isn’t there anything
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What did we do that clicked so quickly from campus to club car? We “CUBED” the toe, created a totally new style trend in shoes for men: The Cube. Shown: the trim black blucher; blunt in front.



“Living (Formula X-500)”[®] Leather
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(sigh)

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KINGS MEN

Scotch simply because some of our critics say it's so. It is this very nonsense that prompted the writing of "The Playboy Philosophy," to spell out the things that PLAYBOY really *does* believe in. We haven't gotten to the American woman and her relationship to the American man yet, but never fear, we will. We're purposely saving the best till last.

We've never suggested that you were nothing more than a body clamoring at our bedroom door—however, you're welcome to clamor there any time you like. We usually leave it ajar for just such occasions. But first—uh—tell us a little more about you in that Brooks Brothers suit.

Freedom from the more tragic risks of involvement is freedom within a well-lit box. Whether the dimensions of the dark beyond are the same, PLAYBOY will learn when in its ever-ardent push for more freedom, it breaks through a wall one year and finds more freedom, along with quite a lot more difficulty in establishing the dimensions.

Robert F. Creagan
Professor of Philosophy
University of New York
Albany, New York

A jug of Jack Daniel's to Editor Hefner for his February *Playboy Philosophy*. He did omit one recent invasion of the rights of a citizen to view the TV shows of his choice. Last year a popular hour-long television series scheduled an episode on abortion. Now I don't believe in wholesale abortions, but in some instances it's a necessary evil. Regardless, the good Catholic people of Boston refused to allow its presentation on a local station. (Something about the best interests of the public.) Please refrain from printing my name if this letter is published as business requires my living in this corrupt, Godforsaken state.

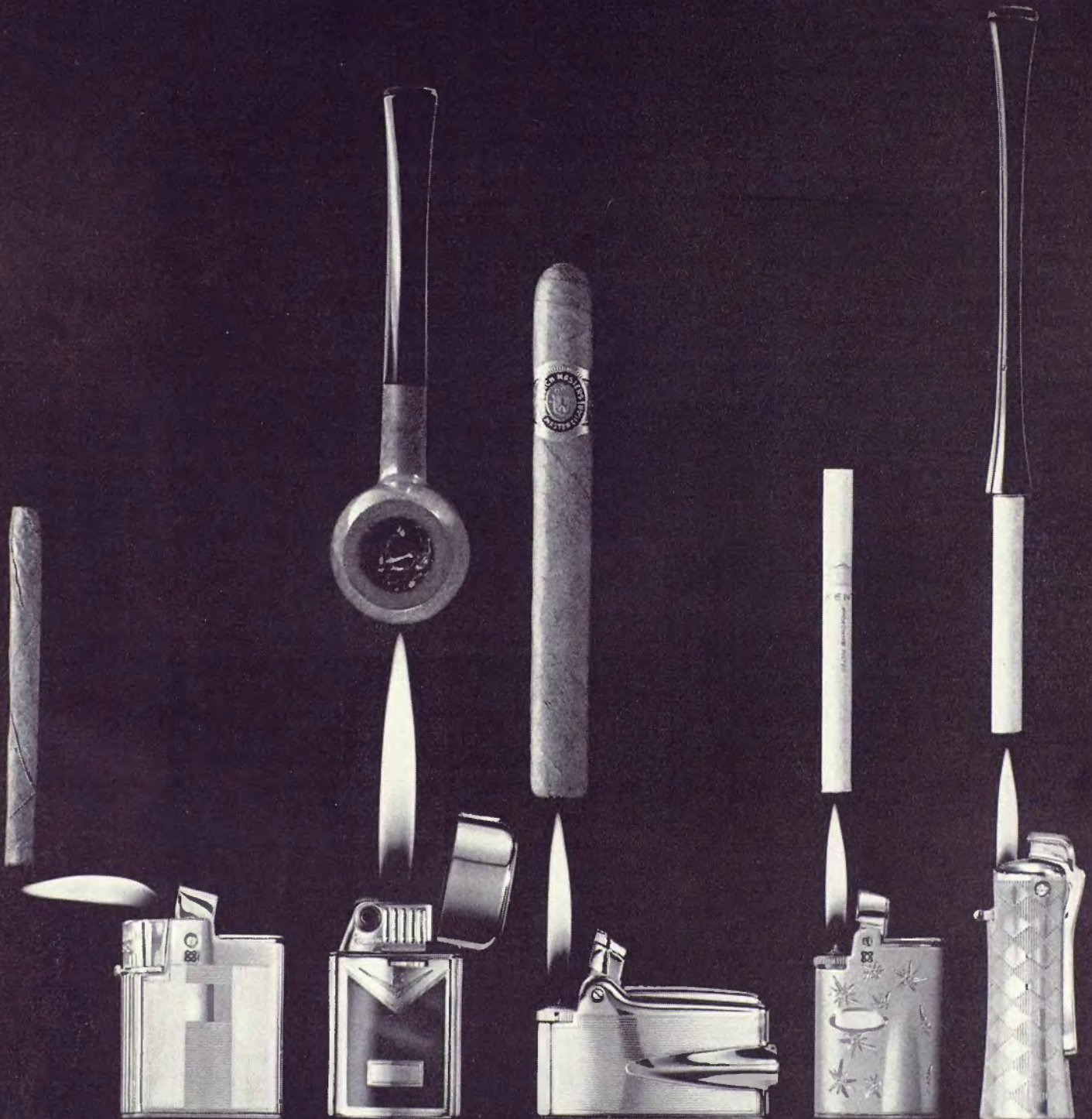
(Name withheld by request)
Marlboro, Massachusetts

For more on religious censorship see this month's "Playboy Philosophy."

I am very happy that Hugh Hefner has a philosophy. Doesn't everyone? But must we be forced to purchase the *Philosophy* if we desire the rest of the magazine? Perhaps it would be more equitable if two editions were put out—one with the *Philosophy* for about 55 cents and one without the *Philosophy* for the usual 60 cents. In this way, the choice would be up to the consumer and the true value of *The Playboy Philosophy* would be reflected in the price of the magazine.

PLAYBOY magazine always presents good fiction, excellent features and delightful photographs. The mammary mania that infests your publication has, at times, approached the ridiculous, but photos of lovely girls still provide the

Turn the flame up or down to light anything that smokes.



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backbone of the magazine. Now, suddenly, Chicago's pipe-sucking Napoleon wants to become an intellectual playboy. Hefner has a terrific talent for selecting the world's largest boobs (I guess it takes one to know one). Therefore, I would suggest that he spend his full time at this task, leaving the economics, political science, sociology and psychology to those who know what they are writing about.

Michael Sideman
Northwestern University
Chicago, Illinois

The choice is still very much up to the individual, Michael — like anything else in our publication, you can read the succeeding installments of "The Playboy Philosophy" or pass them by. Most readers seem to be receiving the editorial statement with a great deal of interest and enthusiasm. Judging from the mail response, it is the most popular feature we have ever published and in the first four months in which it has appeared, PLAYBOY's circulation has quite unexpectedly started to climb, issue by issue, from 1,350,000 copies to an incredible (for a 60-cent magazine) 1,700,000.

*The Playboy Philosophy is a thoughtful and well-written editorial and should be read by anyone interested in writing for PLAYBOY and, indeed, anyone interested in writing for publication. It presents a well-rounded picture of a vigorous modern magazine and the creative people who edit and publish it — a picture demonstrating clearly that PLAYBOY's impressive success is based on a mature and intelligent approach to the people who write for it and the people who read it. I am looking forward to reading the subsequent installments of *The Playboy Philosophy* with great interest.*

A. S. Burack, Editor
The Writer
Boston, Massachusetts

PLAYBOY is obviously quite conscious of its status as a magazine not merely devoted to titillation, but to taste. I write to register (a) my general approval of PLAYBOY, content and concept, and (b) a mild protest about the abandoned way PLAYBOY treats infinitives. (Even women, who clearly do not fill so vital a role in PLAYBOY's expressions as verbs do, merit more gentlemanly treatment.) For merely one example (there are others), the Editor allows too much seriousness to intrude into his otherwise compact consideration of "several issues of the magazine" (at p. 166, December 1962: "to seriously consider").

I don't wish to appear a fanatic — having had this discussion many times with people whose arguments were for relaxed usage, I am not immune to supplications for flexibility — but I do protest such fission where not necessary. I hasten to add that Togetherness in verbs seems virtually always attainable



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No man is an island. So call your friends. Enemies, too. Have a Bacardi Party!

without any rhetorical sacrifice. (Compare E. B. White's remarks in his edition of Strunk's *Elements of Style*—or see Fowler.) That being so, and PLAYBOY being a taste-maker, perhaps a little more respect for infinitives would preserve their chastity, at least until the ravages of the cruel and vulgar *force* the poor virginal verbs to spread.

Harvey P. Dale
New York, New York

There's no arguing with the correctness of your position, Harvey, though PLAYBOY has always favored a certain flexibility in all things, including the King's English; as for those sorry split infinitives, you know that we've always opposed Togetherness and consider chastity to be highly overrated, even in verbs.

Please forgive my horrendous typing, but (a) I'm no typist and (b) I have multiple sclerosis. These are not sympathy-seeking excuses, just apologetic explanations. Since I can't hold onto a pen or pencil, you've just got to settle for a typed encomium.

Since I also subscribe to *Atlantic Monthly*, *Harper's*, *Time*, *Saturday Review*, *Sports Illustrated* and *Mad*, the opprobrious term "sybarite" could hardly be applied to me. To me, PLAYBOY . . . upper case deliberately used . . . represents the finest source of adventurous good living that money can buy for a 42-year-old as limited in opportunity as I. Although I admit to being something of a gynecolater and thus more than a trifle enthralled by the pictures, articles and jokes pertaining to the gals, I'm also much impressed with the more thoughtful features of PLAYBOY.

Perhaps, as suggested by the Unitarian minister who delivered himself of the weighty criticism in Hugh Hefner's essay, *The Playboy Philosophy* in the December issue, many of us *do* live in a kind of self-created little dream world in which we enjoy vicariously all the good things of life. Is that bad? For someone like me who is permanently and totally incapacitated, PLAYBOY is a lifesaver. Instead of feeling sorry for myself and bemoaning my fate, I'm extremely grateful for the wonderful memories I have.

Then, too, where else could a small-town yokel like me learn a little about wine and food selection as well as accepted methods of dealing with the fairer sex? If mine is indeed a PLAYBOY-inspired dream world, it suits the hell out of me and I don't have to search for any further meaningfulness. Maybe you'd call me a smug paraplegic, because I enjoy life and am at the same time safe from it. At any rate, thanks again for your very fine magazine.

Karl D. Brown, Jr.
Bay Pines, Florida



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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



This being the year of corporate moans and individual groans anent the new income-tax regulations on entertainment expenses, we particularly appreciated the good spirits and jolly high humor with which the folks at Maker's Mark whiskey view the situation, via the following newsletter sent out to their salesmen. The letterhead reads: "The Hardin Creek Hunkering and Hankering Society on Starhill Farm Near Loretto Kentucky," and continues like so:

The regular meeting was held in the old Quart House at Starhill Farm and featured the following remarks by Ralph Dawkes on the Government's ruling that a businessman has to substantiate in writing all entertainment expenses over \$25.

"The trouble with those boys in Washington," Ralph said, "is they've got no idea of all the hell some businessmen have to go through to get business. You can tell that from the example they give of how a businessman ought to report his entertainment. The example they sent out reads this way:

"Lunch with Jones, Green, Brown and Smith, trustees of P. Q. Real Estate Investment Board. Discussed architectural plans submitted for proposed Claremont Village apartment building. No other persons entertained."

"Now that's fine and dandy, if you're entertaining trustees, but if you're entertaining the clowns I have to do business with you've got to go into all the sordid details or you don't get your deduct. To demonstrate that point I am going to read from a carbon copy of an expense account I have just turned in, following the new Washington rules. It says:

"Dinner with Buckman, Dietzel and O'Brien of Ajax Machinery. Discuss retooling. Buckman says why don't we have another round, a double this time.

More discussing and drinking and Dietzel says, why don't we go to some place where it's a little livelier.

"Go to Orangutang Club. More discussion and drinks. Buckman says Ajax needs heavier casings. O'Brien says, speaking of casing, he's been casing two broads at corner table and why don't I ask them over.

"Get broads over . . . Big Red and Roxy. More drinks, discussion. Dietzel starts figuring retooling costs on table cloth. No ink, uses ketchup. Waiter objects. Dietzel tells waiter what he can do with table cloth. Manager, eight diners object. O'Brien says he and Dietzel will clean out joint if manager, diners not careful. Tip waiter 10 bucks not to call police, leave for Big Red's apartment.

"Reach Big Red's apartment, discuss contract date with Dietzel. Big Red tells Buckman to come in off fire escape. Buckman says, him Tarzan, her Jane. Big guy upstairs says Jane better get Tarzan the hell off fire escape or him calling police. O'Brien sick in kitchen sink, tie caught in garbage grinder. Big Red turns on hot water, tries scalding O'Brien. Jerk O'Brien loose, get Buckman off fire escape. Give Big Red 15 bucks for miscellaneous damage, leave for hotel.

"Don't reach hotel. Stop by Club Hotsy for six nightcaps. Listen to Buckman on following items in following order: heavy machinery, politics, religion, sex, Mrs. Buckman, sick joke about Eskimo, heavy machinery, sex, Mrs. Buckman's mother, sick joke about Eskimo, religion, Buckman's hernia, sex, sick joke about Eskimo, religion, how Buckman is going to diddle O'Brien and Dietzel out of Ajax vice-presidency. O'Brien and Dietzel having foot race

in parking lot. Winner gets bartender's wife. Pull bartender off Dietzel. O'Brien asleep in shrubbery.

"Arrive hotel four A.M. O'Brien refreshed by sleep, crawls through lobby baying like dog. Buckman, playing Little Eva, knocks over potted plant, bust of Conrad Hilton. Dietzel takes over elevator. Four-thirty, catch Dietzel, get them to room. Buckman starts calling old Army buddy in San Francisco. Leave. Cost for evening, \$117.23. Return to hotel 11 A.M., wake Buckman, et al. Buckman asks what happened. Tell him, get rush order to retool Ajax Machinery."

"Now, that's exactly what happened and I got the bills, three waiters, a manager, eight diners, two broads, a bartender's wife, an elevator operator, a house dick and a cold check from Dietzel to prove it. And if Washington thinks I didn't have to entertain them that way to get that order, they don't know Buckman, Dietzel and O'Brien."

Sign of the times spotted in the window of a Vancouver dress shop: TOTS TO TEENS — MATERNITY DRESSES.

Sinophiles will be saddened by the news that the venerable Chinese sage, Kung Fu-tse, immortalized as Confucius and bowdlerized by a blight of apocryphal "Confucius Say" quips, is inscrutably absent from the after-dinner speaker's bible, Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations*.

While the rest of the nation girded itself for the worst at the height of the Cuban crisis last October, Hollywood wags rose to the occasion in their own inimitable way — by inventing catchy, if not deathless, song titles for the Hit Parade of World War III: *I Want to Set the World on Fire*; *Embraceable U-235*;

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California, *There You Go*; Illinois *Fell on Alabama*; I'll Be with You in *Radiation Time*; I Guess I'll Have to Change My Planet; *Megaton o' My Heart*; ad oblivion. With the peaceful settlement of the crisis and the subsequent return to relative normalcy, the public has begun to turn its attention back to such cold-war concerns as the unabating space race; but so far Tinseltown's Tin-Pan Alley cats haven't seized the opportunity to launch a crash program of titles for Top Ten interplanetary tunes. To help them get this sure-fire inspiration into orbit, we herewith test-fire a profitable payload of space ballads: *Springtime in the Rockets*; *I'm in the Moon for Love*; *Sleepy-Time Galaxy*; *Three Little Worlds*; *O Solar Mio*; *I've Got a Feelin' I'm Free-Fallin'*; and to commemorate our first encounter with extraterrestrials: *Five Foot Two*, *Eyes of Glue*; *You Go to My Heads* (flip side: *Me and My Shadows*); *Red Scales in the Sunset*; *Dark Eye*; *Rudolph, the Red-Nosed Gryblkn*; *How Much Is that Earthman in the Window?*; *John, Martian*; *Blue-Suede Feet*; *Come Rain or Come Slime*; *Thou Swelled*; *For Every Mandible There's a Woman*; *No-Nose Nanette*; and that grand old standard, *I Wonder What's Kissing Her Now?*

Congratulations are in order for Chicago's Starlite Drive-In Theater, which earns our coveted annual award for outstanding contribution to the annals of tasteless advertising. The winning entry: a recent ad, which ran in all the Chicago papers, for a bloodcurdling double bill which inspired the management to dub their passion pit "Asylum of the Insane." Feature number one was blurred, "The Twisted of the Weird—The Boldest Show of a Decade!" Feature number two was touted as "The Way of All Flesh! Passion for Life! Psycho of the Damned!" The pictures themselves, identified below in small print: Academy Award nominee *The Mark* and Oscar winner *The Three Faces of Eve*.

Getting shaved in Erie, Pennsylvania, we discovered, can lead to a brush with the law as well as the barber: It's a misdemeanor to doze off in a barber chair.

For your sharper-than-a-serpent's-tooth file, we offer the following item: Missouri legislator, Peter Rabbitt, whose name we have already brought to our readers' attention in these columns (July 1962), has introduced a bill providing for a dollar tax on each copy of any publication which contains a picture or representation of the nude figure of a human being—receipts to be used to establish a state art gallery which, we presume, will display only fully clothed versions

of the world's great art.

We salute the editor of *Commercial Grower*, a farm trade journal, for his courageous exposé of an insidious horticultural menace, which, he declares in a recent issue, "is an ever-present menace, lurking in the background like some animal, frightened to show itself until the attack, then it becomes bold and ambitious. At least that is the way I feel about stem rot."

Destined to take their place alongside the plastic-bagged martinis and manhattans are four-pack cans of wine currently being test-foisted on the luckless consumer. *Sic transit gloria burgundy*.

An ad in the *Los Angeles Times* recently offered an item that's likely to be available in very limited supply, so we suggest you get one while they last: Parisian Playgirl wigs "handmade of 100% European virgin human hair."

What price fame? A pregnant Palm Springs housewife writes that her association with PLAYBOY reaped a bonus of unexpected amusement when she approached the officer of an out-of-town bank for his OK to cash our \$25 check for a *Party Jokes* contribution. Noting the PLAYBOY name on the check and the signature of Hugh M. Hefner, and staring significantly at her prominent façade, he was a bit unnerved by her straight-faced reply to his unspoken question: "They don't really pay much for this sort of thing, do they?"

Most publications adorn their mastheads with mottoes—some straightforward (*The New York Times*' "All the News that's Fit to Print"), some immodest (*Chicago Tribune*'s "The World's Greatest Newspaper"). But none are quite as pithy as those—a new one every issue—which appear on the front page of *The Realist*, a naysaying New York journal of refreshingly irreverent opinion and satire, edited by PLAYBOY Contributing Editor Paul Krassner. A sampling: "The Magazine of Criminal Negligence," ". . . of Yellow Journalism," ". . . of Summer Reruns," ". . . of Applied Paranoia," ". . . of Deviated Septa," and most recently, "The Fire Hydrant of the Underdog."

BOOKS

The 1963 spring literary scene is brightened by the appearance of six PLAYBOY luminaries whose latest tomes are reviewed here. Herbert Gold's new novel, *Salt* (Dial, \$4.95), is a seasoned look at some young Americans, first introduced in these pages, who are



Take a peek at "ZIPSTER" slacks by H. I. S., playing a fashionably slim note in this campus caper. Harmonizes happily with the leisure mood. And the fabric — an Arnel*- rayon blend by Burlington Men's Wear — is something to toot about. Look for these fine slacks, in a symphony of colors, at a nearby men's shop . . . and keep an eye out for that Bur-Mil label!



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by love unpossessed. Peter Hatten, young man of Manhattan, is plowing along looking for love, frightened at not finding it. When his wartime buddy, Dan Shaper, gets divorced Peter introduces him to an ex-girlfriend, Barbara, and she and Dan make it together. While Dan is off on a trip, Peter, still looking, plays a one-night return engagement with Barbara. This leads to a street fight between the two men—and eventually to the union of Dan and Barbara and a chance at the real life that Peter is doomed to miss. Gold's diamond-point dialog is always pertinent, and his humor is nicely impertinent. He makes his case (as Antonioni has done in recent films): that a chief question of our time is whether we are still capable of love, or whether love has to be redefined for a newly evolving race in an as yet alien environment. Lovelessness is the salt in Peter's wound, and Barbara is, hopefully, the salt of Dan's earth. The author has put in enough feeling and thought on these matters to make the novel worth its weight in Gold.

Shepherd Mead has written a mystery-suspense novel of sorts called "Dudley, There Is No Tomorrow!" "Then How About This Afternoon?" (Simon & Schuster, \$4.95). The scene is Queensport, a classy community on Long Island Sound. The semicoherent hero, an artist named Dudley Bray, drives his cherished 1935 Ford station wagon into Queensport in order to help his ex-wife Glory discover who, if anybody, murdered her second husband—whom Dudley likes to think of as his husband-in-law. The unravelings of this not-too-mysterious mystery, as seen through Dudley's not-too-well-organized brain, provide a vehicle for Mead to indulge his penchant for punch lines. "A misspent youth," he writes, "is a joy forever." When Dudley's Aunt Maude remarks that it is odd that the dead man should have driven into Long Island Sound, Dudley replies, "There's a last time for everything." Shepherd shepherds his farfetched characters rapidly in and out of a maze of farfetched situations. Dudley keeps getting knocked out by strong men and awakening in the arms of strong women. After he has been petting with Glory for a few minutes ("... Just a little for old time's sake ... but no nibbling ..."), she coos, "There's immediate seating on the mezzanine, Dudley." The book's ending may seem a letdown, but that's only to be expected after so wild a ride.

The Second Stone (Stein & Day, \$5.95), is a first novel by Leslie A. Fiedler, that uncategorizable literary critic of uncommon ferocity. It is subtitled, "A Love Story," and it is indeed—a rushing readable evocation of a sudden, total passion which cannot be sustained. The emotional typhoon takes place in Rome between a novelist in his mid-30s who

doesn't write and an early-Grace-Kelly type who can arouse instant concupiscence in all males within range, but is as opaque to those who desire her as she is to herself. This mesmeric lady is the wife of a fashionably quasi-intellectual rabbi, Mark Stone. The novelist was the rabbi's boyhood friend in Newark, and though not Jewish, has the same last name. In contrast to the rabbi, the novelist has been indulging himself for years in "indolence and cynicism and the liberty of sweet despair." Yet this "second Stone" retains the manic wit and hurtling emotions of his radical youth, and his vivid personality pulls the rabbi's wife to him in racing release from the fatuous rhetoric about love in which her husband specializes. Their story is set against the failure of an International Congress on Love, programed and chaired by the rabbi. This ironic backdrop is incidental, however, as are the caricatures of various academic and political types who are brought in to take pratfalls. But the rank-smelling, desperately ardent novelist comes fully alive; and the thrust of his passion, convincing and contagious, saves the book from being just another skewering of intellectual hypocrites and international culture hounds.

In Is There a Life After Birth? (Simon and Schuster, \$4.95), Alexander King, with a sense of wonder and a sense of humor that 61 years, four wives, creeping Americanism, Jack Paar and various diseases have left unimpaired, continues the chronicle of his nine lives, a portion of which appeared in the March 1963 issue of *PLAYBOY*. He is alternately funny, passionate, reflective, nostalgic, vulgar, informative, and sometimes just plain rude, but always entertaining. He tells of odd characters he has known, places he has visited, experiences he has had, and even gives away, absolutely free, a plot for a wild musical comedy about a sanitarium populated entirely by runners-up in such contests for glory as Coronado Beach Boy of the Year 1961. He also reminisces a good deal about the long-lost Austria of his childhood, and comments ruefully on the Austria of today: "I've watched the Austrian citizenry diving under cataracts of whipped cream and doing the breast stroke in almost shoreless lakes of buttered chocolate sauce. *That* is really their true national culture: pastry!" As for the title's question, the answer lies between the lines: Yes, for the fortunate few who live it to the hilt. And of these few, need we add, Alex is King.

The welcome reprint of Arthur C. Clarke's macabre classic, *Childhood's End* (Harcourt, Brace & World, \$4.50), offers an Ecclesiastes-eye view of man's puny struggles on earth amid a vast and fathomless universe. First published a decade ago, the book retains all its per-



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tinence to our times. It begins (circa 1975) with intimations of a nuclear disaster that is averted by the Overlords, a peculiar breed of benevolent scholars who have come from another planet to take charge of Earth. They look like devils (horns, forked tail and all), but behave more like 19th Century Fabians. They proceed to establish world government, wipe out poverty, and even put a ban on discrimination — though South Africa gives them some trouble on this score. (After much Overlord pressure, the South African government reluctantly announces that “full civil rights would be restored to the white minority.”) But it turns out that even the Overlords have a boss, the Overmind, who brings Earth to its doom. In Clarke's lexicon, the Overmind personifies the unknowableness of the universe.

There is a further statement of Clarke's views on this subject in *Profiles of the Future* (Harper & Row, \$3.95), a collection of recent essays which have been appearing regularly in PLAYBOY. “Space can be mapped and occupied without definable limit,” Clarke prophesies, “but it can never be conquered. When our race has reached its ultimate achievements, and the stars themselves are scattered no more widely than the seed of Adam, even then we shall be like ants crawling on the face of the Earth.” Man's spatial insignificance is almost an *idée fixe* of the author's. The essays may win your intellectual assent; the novel will leave you with goose-pimples that bespeak real conviction.

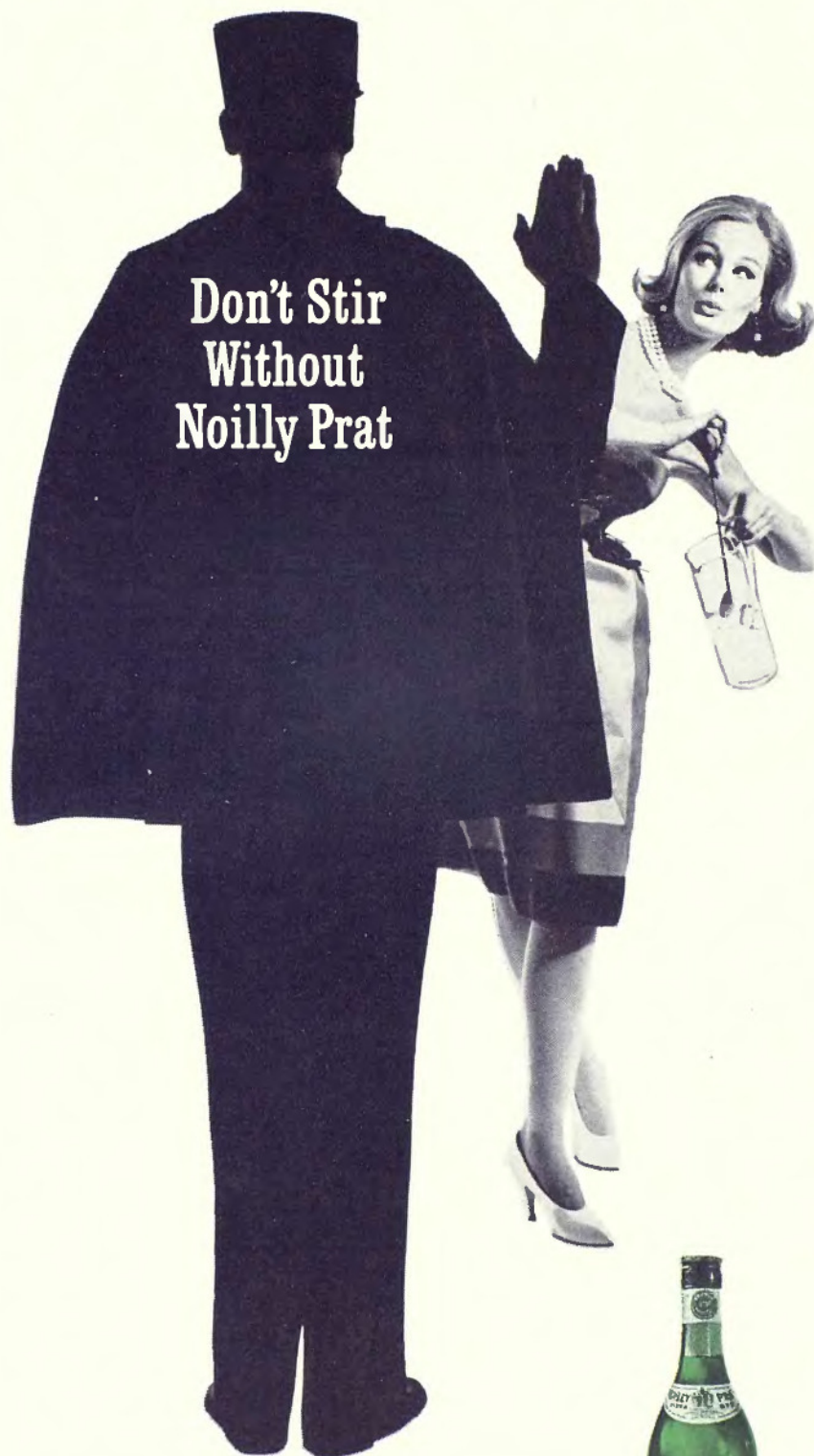
My Life and Fortunes (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, \$5.95), by J. Paul Getty, PLAYBOY's Consulting Editor on Business and Finance, is a highly personalized account of Getty's rise from rich to richest that takes the reader from the author's first wildcatting venture in Oklahoma (the initial success that wedded Getty to the oil industry for life) through his far-flung present-day multibillion-dollar empire; it also takes Mr. Getty through five stormy matrimonial voyages which “the world's richest man” attributes to his compelling preoccupation with business. Though much in the book will not be unfamiliar to PLAYBOY readers, its unflinching candor makes it worthy of investing the time for a thorough reading — with the assurance of dividends in insight and understanding concerning this complex and original financier.

RECORDINGS

Although no further proof is necessary to establish the incredible versatility of the man who is quite possibly the best performing talent in show business,

Sammy Davis Jr. at the Coconut Grove (Reprise) wraps it up on a two-LP album. Sammy does it all — from a smattering of stand-up comedy to a smidgen of soft shoe, to a nifty display of miming (Ted Lewis, Elvis Presley, Ray Charles, the Kingfish, Al Jolson, Laurel & Hardy, Karloff, Lugosi, Walter Brennan, Robert Newton, Nat Cole, Billy Eckstine, Frankie Laine, Tony Bennett, Louis Armstrong, Bogart, Cagney, James Stewart, Brando, Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis, Claude Rains, Marlene Dietrich, Vincent Price and Sinatra). Add a superb singing stint highlighted by a bongo-accompanied *West Side Story* medley. For a comprehensive course on what it takes to be The Compleat Performer, you need look no further than the Davis grooves at the Grove.

Carl Reiner & Mel Brooks at the Cannes Film Festival (Capitol) has the king of the kooks, Brooks, running rampant as he bounces outrageously zany lines off the astutely hapless Reiner. At the Cannes Film Festival (which Reiner has taken place in southern Italy), Brooks comes on as Adolph Hartler, head of the Narzi Film Company. When Reiner inquires about an SS tattoo on Brooks' arm, Mel claims it stands for Simon Says. When asked how he feels about Hitler, Brooks says Hitler committed some terrible errors — like losing the war. He also plays Italian film director Federico Fettucini, who is really a Greek who changed his name from Mercurio Mercurochrome and whose latest picture is *Rape*. Brooks next comes on as Dr. Felix Wheird, author of *Hello Fatso*. Wheird claims he had a dispute over the title with Irving Stone, who was going to use it for *The Agony and the Ecstasy* because Michelangelo was so fat. When Reiner points out that self-portraits show him as a thin man, Brooks counters with "They paint themselves skinny." He then confides that the greatest cause of overweight is an undershirt — when men sit around in their undershirts they start to drink beer and sing Polish songs. When asked by Reiner if fish are good, Brooks deadpans, "Yes, they never caused a war." When questioned whether the expression "Some people dig their graves with their teeth" was true, Brooks points out that it applies only to very poor people. As the character who launched him on a performing career — the 2000-year-old man — Brooks claims that garlic is responsible for his longevity. Every night before he goes to bed, the 2000-year-old man eats a pound and a half of garlic; then, when the Angel of Death hovers nearby he gets a whiff, goes "Whoocy" and leaves. When asked to define the difference between comedy and tragedy, Brooks comments "Tragedy is if I cut my finger; comedy is if you walk into an open sewer and die." When asked



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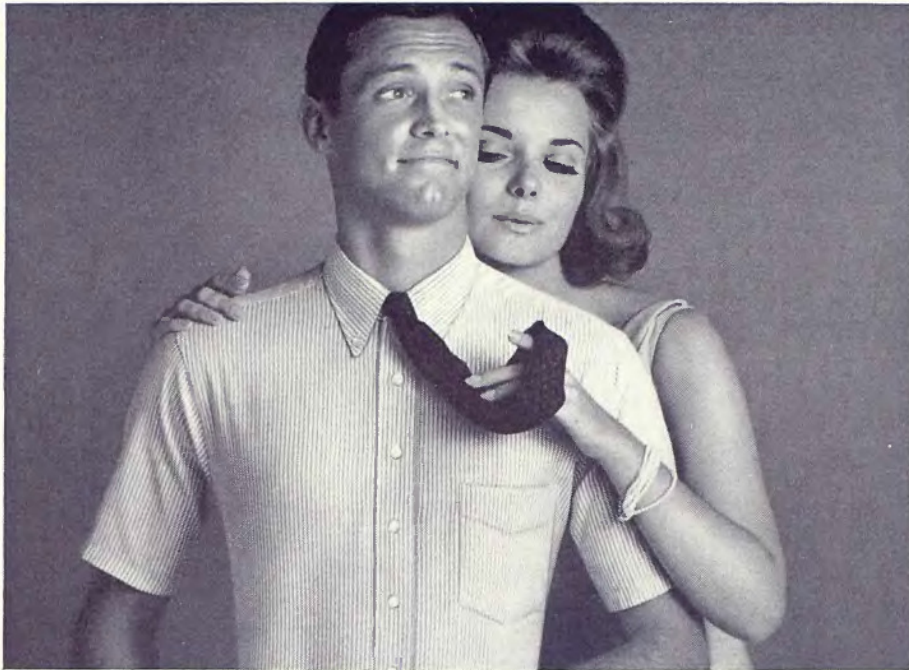
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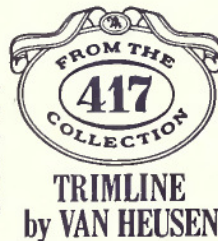
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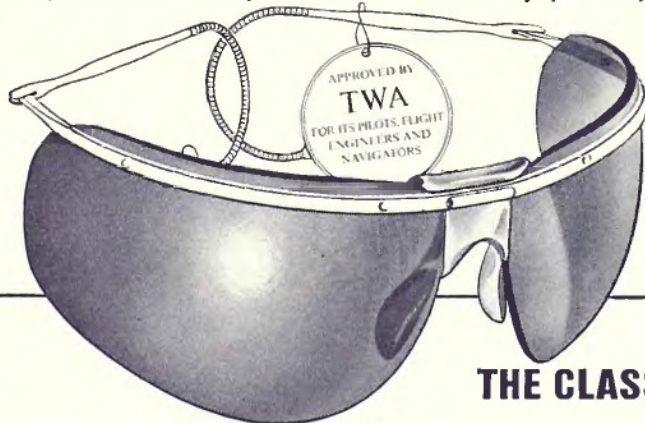
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if he knew Benedict Arnold, Brooks replies that he did and he despised him. Not for being a spy, however—but because he didn't keep an appointment. "The same night he was supposed to bring a girl for me, he betrays his country." As Warren Bland, a Connecticut-accented account executive with the ad firm of LMNOP (Lathrop, McCann, Nielsen, Oscar & Peterson), he says he handles a mentholated cigarette called Fags (because they have *more* than a hint of mint). He lives in the very exclusive community of Connecticut, Connecticut, which is so exclusive that it doesn't allow children. The residents have children anyway, but they farm them out to nice Jewish and Italian families in Hartford. The agency's biggest account is cholesterol, which they're confident they'll be able to push because advertising is a lot stronger than life. And Brooks is a lot funnier than most.

The formidable expressiveness of the Heifetz violin bridges the conceptual gap between side one, *Bruch/Concerto in G Minor*, and side two, *Mozart/Concerto in D Major* (Victor), with a discipline and deftness that is singularly Heifetz. The throbbing, richly emotional melodic line of the Bruch work is a shimmering vehicle for the violin: the *D Major Concerto* is more restrictively formalized. Nevertheless, in Jascha Heifetz' hands, it comes vibrantly alive. The New Symphony Orchestra of London is under the baton of Malcolm Sargent.

Several of the seemingly infinite aspects of Duke Ellington may be heard on glittering display in an LP triple-header. The Ellington orchestra, full-blown and refulgent, divides Gaul into 13 parts on *Midnight in Paris* (Columbia), a natural follow-up to the Duke's *Paris Blues* movie soundtrack stint. Three of the items are Ellington-Strayhorn lulls, the rest are Seine-side sonatas of an earlier vintage. Ellington & Co., with soloists Hodges, Hamilton, Carney, Gonsalves and Nance caught up in the Parisian *esprit*, further illuminate the City of Light. *Duke Ellington Meets Coleman Hawkins* (Impulse!) is yet another facet of the Duke. Ellington has brought along one of his "units" for the session—his first liaison with the Hawk. The only puzzle is why they took so long to get together. Like the proverbial peas in a pod, the two jazz giants are musically one, with Hawkins more mellifluous than ever. For the supreme slice, we recommend *The Rictic*, which features the superb violin of Ray Nance, a soaring Hawk, and Ellington with rhythm—a jazz gem. The final vinylizing is *Duke Ellington & John Coltrane* (Impulse!), on which the Duke and the Trane, with their own bassists and drummers sharing the duties, find a common meeting

ground for what would appear to be disparate points of view. If anything, Coltrane, perhaps in deference to the Duke, is less avant-garde than usual, providing soprano and tenor solos that are impressively imaginative yet easily assimilated. And, as though spurred by the restless probing of Coltrane, Ellington's piano work is far less formularized than one would expect.

Loose, in its most salubrious sense, is the word for *Sinatra-Basie* (Reprise). Frank and the Count, a couple of Jersey boys who have come up in the world, have made their first coupling a momentous one. The Basie band is a model of relaxed restraint behind a Sinatra who obviously appreciates the company he's keeping. The 10 tunes on tap range from Frank's best-selling *Tender Trap* to such oldies as *Looking at the World Through Rose-Colored Glasses* and *I'm Gonna Sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter*. All profit from the very right combination of a subdued Basie and a swinging Sinatra.

Monk's Dream/The Thelonious Monk Quartet (Columbia), the jazz pioneer's first recording in several years, reaffirms the Monk's stature as a musician beholden to no one. Thelonious' assertive piano musings serve as a catalyst for tenor man Charlie Rouse who, despite the fact that his reach sometimes exceeds his grasp, is a creative musician flourishing under Monk's aegis. Even such well-worn jazz staples as *Body and Soul* and *Just a Gigolo*, found amidst half-a-dozen Monk motifs, have been freshened up and refurbished.

Victoria de los Angeles, in any context, is a singer of estimable sensitivity; on her native ground, she is peerless. *Cantos de España* (Angel), performed with the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra, is filled with the flowing grace of Miss De los Angeles' crystalline tones. This recording, which includes works by Granados and Falla, showcases several less-familiar composers. For sheer beauty of sound, we recommend Montsalvatge's *Punto de Habanera*, with words by the Spanish poet Néstor Luján.

Peter, Paul and Mary (Moving) (Warner Bros.), a second LP from the folk-singing threesome who exploded on the scene with their first etching, finds PP&M dipping deep into the same ballad bowl responsible for their initial success. Their repertoire is an amalgam of such seldom-heard folk ditties as *Old Coat* with the likes of Woody Guthrie's well-known patriotic paean *This Land Is Your Land*. The trio's forte is purity of tone, a minimum of gimmickry and, when the need arises, a communicable sense of humor.



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The Oscar Peterson Trio Bursting Out with the All Star Big Band! (Verve) is as long on talent as it is on title. An outsize aggregation conducted by Ernie Wilkins, who also did the charts, provides a contagiously swinging context for the continually inventive Peterson piano and the peerless pluckings of bass giant Ray Brown. Included are such Peterson stand-bys as *Blues for Big Scotia*, *Tricotism* and *Daahoud*, interspersed with a number of mood-filled ballads and capped by that Latinized bash debuted by Dizzy Gillespie, *Manteca*, which is still infectiously exciting.

Their first vinyl get-together, *Lambert, Hendricks and Bavan Recorded "Live" at Basin Street East* (Victor), offers ample proof that LH&R has suffered not one whit in its transition to LH&B. If anything, the trio is improved by the added fascination of Ceylon-born Yolande Bavan's British accents. A further plus for this session was the instrumental backing of the Gildo Mahones Trio and the inventively crisp soprano sax of Pony Poindexter. On hand are rather straight interpretations of the bossa novas *Slightly Out of Tune (Desafinado)* and *One Note Samba*, a frantic run-through of Basie's chart of *April in Paris* and an all-out attack on Bobby Timmons' soul swinger, *Dis Hyunh*.

If it's been a little tardy in climbing aboard the bossa-nova bandwagon, *The Dave Brubeck Quartet/Bossa Nova U.S.A.* (Columbia) should more than atone for the group's procrastination. The softly burnished, bell-like quality of Paul Desmond's alto proves itself especially well-suited to the insinuating Brazilian rhythms so staunchly put forth by drummer Joe Morello. Of all the bossa-nova themes, only *Trolley Song* and *This Can't Be Love* have been converted to the Brazilian beat from standard material, and they lose nothing in the translation.

MOVIES

The Trial, Franz Kafka's modern classic of unreal reality, has been filmed by Orson Welles, himself something of a trial to filmgoers. Few directors have shown his brilliance, but the Kafka film, like his others (always excepting the classic *Citizen Kane*), is not as deep as one continues to feel Welles ought to be. Scene after scene is molded magnificently, photographed with finesse, paced with power; yet it all adds up to a clutch of memorable moments without successfully conveying the novel's feeling of 20th Century *Angst*. Part of the disappointment must be charged to Anthony



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Perkins, miscast as the Middle-European Joseph K., the nowhere bank employee in a nowhere country, who is suddenly arrested without being specifically charged and who goes through a long series of dreamlike quests and inquiries until he accepts his guilt without ever learning of what he is guilty. Welles' wizardry too often draws attention to itself, instead of to what the work is about, and the switch of the ending from tragedy to triumph seems hard to justify on artistic grounds. Jeanne Moreau, Elsa Martinelli and Romy Schneider play the female parts—all of which have obviously been given more body. As K., Perkins searches for God and justice like a freshman looking for the registrar's office. Still, this fine near-miss of a film deservedly will be the subject of many a long *Kafka-klatsch* to come.

Judy Garland stars in *I Could Go on Singing*, a Technicolor film about a star with some resemblance to Judy Garland. An American singer, with floods of fanatical fans, arrives in London for an engagement at the Palladium. She goes to see Dirk Bogarde, once a med student in America with whom she had an affair and a child, and now a famous doctor. Bogarde reminds her that when he adopted the boy, who is now at school, she promised not to see him. But she wheedles a reunion. The complications that ensue will be wearying to some and tear-jerking to others, but all will agree that Gregory Phillips, as the boy, is a bit of all right. Each song in the film is supposed to comment on the story. Judy sings them during her Palladium performances, to adoring audiences, with the gestures that are her trademark and with the voice that has made her famous. Ronald Neame directed and, despite the soggy story, helps the lady demonstrate that she has acting talent.

The Hook, a parable about the brotherhood of man, strains so hard that it would bust a gut if it had any. The screenplay, based on an obscure French novel, is by Henry Denker, author of Broadway's Freudian fricassee, *A Far Country*. In the Korean War, an American sergeant (Kirk Douglas) and two of his men (Robert Walker and Nick Adams) are encumbered with a prisoner, a North Korean pilot who killed their lieutenant. On a ship returning to base, they are advised not to bring the pilot back—the enraged local populace is ready to murder him. The three men are thus faced with a decision: Should they save their prisoner from the mob by shoving him overboard? There hasn't been more superficial psychologizing, hollow hysterics and humdrum humanism since the heyday of radio soapers. Douglas



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& Co. clench their teeth a lot, but have bitten off less than they can chew.

James Bond, the secret agent whose international affairs brighten the course of British foreign affairs (and the current pages of PLAYBOY), makes an inauspiciously hoked-up screen debut in *Dr. No*. In recent years, Ian Fleming's smoothy sleuth has given the old tough-guy dick a poke in his private eye, but this Technicolor tingler doesn't do much to make it clear why a plentiful public (including JFK) have put their stock in Bond. Gentleman James is sent to Jamaica to investigate a fellow agent's disappearance: greeted by an attempt on his life, Bond knows he's come to the right place. He turns up clues and cuties with equal aplomb until he uncovers a world-size, no less, conspiracy. On a small nearby island, a kind of superscientific Shangri-La, an Oriental mastermind named Dr. No is plotting world dominion. Bond investigates and is nabbed by No, but Bond gets his hands on the equipment and pulls a switch — literally and figuratively — so there's no No by film's end. There's a fume of Fu Manchu about the movie and Bond's beddings have a too-heavy touch of tongue-in-cheat. Sean Connery, square-jawed and agile, makes a Bond who repays interest, and among the nubile knockouts, Ursula Andress (bad good girl) and Zena Marshall (bad bad girl) are twin peaks, but the superchromatic Technicolor and the far-fetched, far-from-super script make one sadly shake his head, No.

30 Years of Fun interweaves a highlight history of the movies with the comedy highlights of three decades. Scenes by the king, Charlie Chaplin; scenes by the little-known clown prince, his brother Syd, scenes by Harry Langdon, Billy Bevan, Charlie Chase, Laurel and Hardy before the "and" became permanent — ah, well, to corn a phrase, they don't make 'em like that anymore. Another nostalgia-inducing anthology, *The Great Chase*, is a collection of they-went-thataways, beginning with *The Great Train Robbery*, and including excerpts from William S. Hart's last epic, *Tumbleweeds*, as well as from an Amazon odyssey — among the first flicks filmed on location — in which the hero is up to his canoe in crocodiles. A lot of the serious stuff now seems funny, a lot of the funny stuff, less than totally hilarious. Last and longest excerpt is Buster Keaton's *The General*, which has Buster as a Confederate engineer on a railroad foray into and out of Union territory. His top-notch timing and inventive imagination are delightful and the byplay between Buster and the sweet-stupid heroine in the locomotive cab is an antique but not antiquated string of pantomimic gems.



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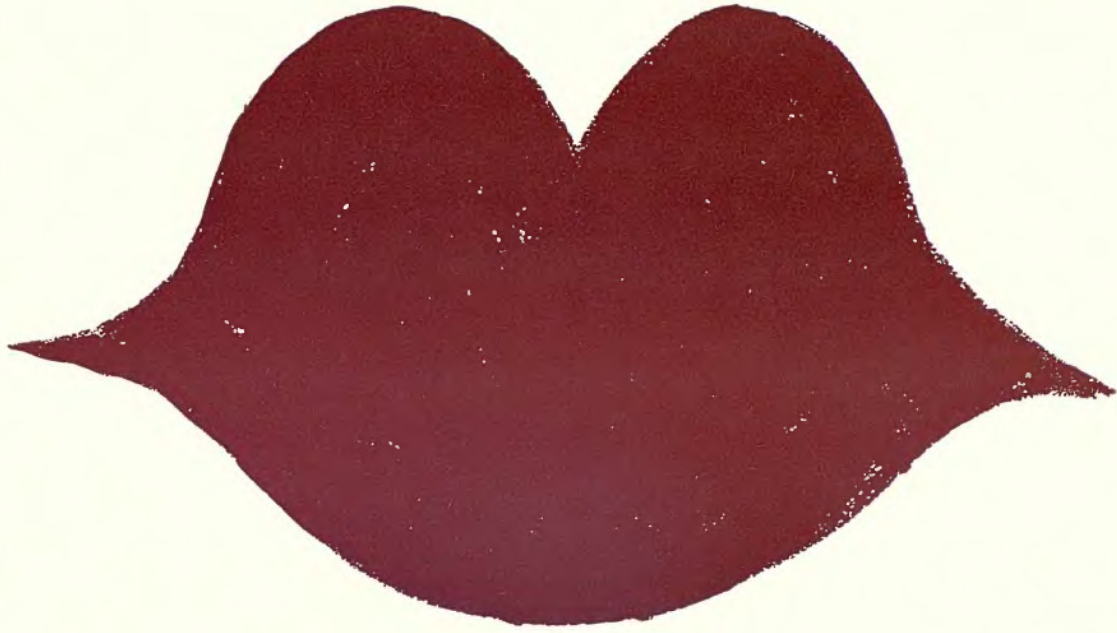


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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

You have answered questions about marriage problems of women in your column before, so here I go. What do I do about a girl who's crying on my husband's shoulder about her love affairs with other married men? He talks so much about her that I get a sick feeling when he mentions her name. He insists that she's "just a kid" (18) and that he wouldn't date her even if he were single, but I notice he's beginning to lose interest in our two children. And recently he said to me, "You're so young and beautiful and your world has been in this apartment for four years now; you've got to get out more with me." Well, I find nothing boring about my housewife's job, so it seems to me he's just trying to provide me with a social life so he can let me down easy before he asks for his freedom. I'm not going to fall to pieces if you tell me he loves her and that divorce is the answer. Just let me know. — B. L., Hudson, Massachusetts.

Sweetheart, relax. Rather than trying to let you down gently, he is trying to tell you — although perhaps unconsciously — that you have let him down. You've been so busy being unboored with your "housewife's job" that you've deprived him of the feeling of being needed. Why not "fall to pieces" when you're frightened? After all, there wouldn't be any room on his shoulder for another girl's tears if yours were there. Stop being so self-contained, go out with him when he wants you to, and let him into your private universe before it's too late. Our hunch is that you really do need him, but you haven't let him — or yourself — know it.

At a recent poker session, the following incident occurred. We were playing draw poker, jacks or better; after the draw, a player bet after the opener checked. A third party stayed and the opener dropped. The bettor displayed his cards to the third party caller, but to no one else; the third party said that he was beaten, whereupon the opener demanded to see the winning hand, not to claim the pot, of course, but just to see what hand won. Was the winner required to show his cards to anyone other than the bet-calling player? — C. S., Hammond, Indiana.

No, sir. Whether he has employed the time-honored custom of bluffing or not is his business. However, the one who opens is required to show his opening cards if he drops out. Can't bluff on those.

Is there any proper cutoff point for a man's sideburns? I like to wear mine

fairly long but an English girl I've been dating says they make me look like a Teddy Boy. — G. V., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Your best bet is to follow the hairline rule subscribed to by most good barbers: The bottom of the sideburn should line up with the corner of the eye.

Now that Cuban-made cigars have gone the way of the passenger pigeon in the U.S., to what can an ex-Havana fancier turn as a satisfactory replacement? Is there anything that comes reasonably close in quality to my late-lamented panatelas from Castroland? — N. A., Chicago, Illinois.

There are excellent cigars currently being made in Tampa of Havana tobacco (while the supply lasts) by skilled Cuban exiles. More are being turned out in the Philippines, some of all-Manila tobacco, others of Manila with Florida grown wrappers. Still others are being produced in Mexico from native leaf. Experiments are also being conducted with South American grown tobacco which show promise of helping to replace the Havana leaf. Cuban tobacco seed is now being planted in Florida and Connecticut with marked success. All in all, the fine-cigar cupboard is by no means bare, and indications are that before the Havana leaf supply is exhausted new sources will more than compensate for it. Make a plus of your deprivation by sampling the best brands of domestics and non-Cuban imports.

I recently bought six shirts with collars that have stitched eyelets for a safety-type pin. A fraternity brother who claims he's an expert on fashion says that this is cornball in the extreme, and that his own custom-made shirts of this type (which I admit I admire) require that the pin be put right through the material, at a point dictated by the type of tie knot he's wearing; that is, Windsor or four-in-hand. My haberdasher says my friend is nuts. Who's right? — H. M., New Haven, Connecticut.

Either type is perfectly acceptable. However, although your stitched eyelets are a country mile from being cornball, your buddy's shirts do put him one-up statuswise: the pin-through-the-material system is found in more expensive shirtings where the quality of the cloth is such that frequent piercing of the fabric will not cause damage.

As a Naval officer on board a tin can, I don't get to spend too much time in our home port of Norfolk. However, after our last deployment to the Mediter-

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anean, I did manage to meet a lovely young lady (blonde, 20 years old) whom I promptly began dating. In the past I have always had good success with the opposite sex, whether it be in the States or abroad. However, this time I'm completely stumped. I have taken her out five times now and can frankly say that I've gotten nowhere. When we go out, she sits so close to the opposite side of the seat that I practically have to shout to be heard, and whenever I try to get things started, she's either not in the mood, tired or a half-dozen other things. The few times I have kissed her, she sits there limply, hands at her sides, and as soon as we're finished she giggles and — honest to God — makes a face. Normally I'd drop her like a cold potato, but I can't bring myself to do it, because I like her and because I'm very strongly attracted to her physically. And she says she very much wants to see me again. Can you explain her actions (or lack of them) or give me any suggestions which may help the situation? Do you think she's immature, or perhaps playing a game with me? — R. K., Fleet Post Office, New York.

We admire your willingness to accept a challenge, but in this case the cause would appear to be a lost one. Any 20-year-old blonde who responds to a kiss with a giggle and a grimace is suffering a short circuit in her nervous system. Since your time on the beach is limited, you'd be better off spending it with a girl of more normal reactions.

The other day, while we were out walking, my girl introduced me to a female friend of hers. When the friend held out her hand, I took it without removing my glove. Afterward, my girl raised holy hell and said if I had any "cough" at all I would know enough not to hand a woman leather instead of skin when introductions were being made. I say this bit went out with Sir Gawain. Who's right? — H. L., Seattle, Washington.

You are. In days of yore, failure to remove one's glove when greeting a woman was always deemed rude; today, it's perfectly OK to handle her with kid gloves when their removal would be awkward or time-consuming.

As a youngster, I was extremely fat. Last year I went on a crash diet and lost all my extra weight. But now I don't know how to act around girls. What do you suggest? — A. N., New York, New York.

Act thin.

My dilemma concerns a new job to which I looked forward, but which has put me in a position that's causing much

anxiety and loss of sleep. I took this job on the branch-office sales force of a fast-growing company, after intensive interviews in the home office. Everything seemed fine at first: nice guys to work with, nifty offices, a hail-fellow-well-met branch manager of sales. Now, only two weeks later, I find that there is a tacit goof-off conspiracy. The company is doing so well that a certain amount of business comes in over the transom, so to speak. "If nobody works too hard, the general average will look good enough," seems to be the idea, and meanwhile the rule is long, wet, expense-account lunches and take it easy or you'll spoil it for everybody. The manager seems to be the worst of all: he OKs the expense accounts, winks at the loafing, often gets stoned at lunch and takes the afternoon off. I kept quiet and kept my nose clean for two weeks, then decided I don't like the setup at all, for several reasons. First, I want to get ahead, not just get by. Second, I like to be interested in the work I spend most of my waking day doing. Third, I don't like to sound stuffy, but — damnit — it offends my sense of fair play. Fourth, and perhaps most practically pressing, I'm convinced it can't last: sooner or later, the home office is bound to get wise. I have debated going over the manager's head, directly to his home-office boss, either by confidential memo, in person over a weekend (at my own expense), or even by mail, anonymously. So far, I've done nothing but worry. Sure as hell, when the whatzis hits the fan, we'll all get fired. What do you advise? — P. R., Cleveland, Ohio.

The first thing we advise is to make absolutely sure your short tenure in the organization hasn't precluded your getting the full picture. If you're certain that the branch office supports a slew of sluggards, your course is clear. Don't try the over-the-manager's-head or anonymous-letter bit. Just do the best job of which you're capable and don't worry about antagonizing your confreres. They may be your friends but they're also your competition. Do a good enough job and it's bound to be noticed by those upstairs; if heads are eventually chopped, most certainly yours won't be one of them. If it is, then the organization isn't the kind you should be working for in the first place.

Could you please cite for me the authority by which the *Advisor* in your title is spelled with an "o"? — T. W., New York, New York.

Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary and Webster's Third New International Dictionary give a choice of "adviser" or "advisor"; we happen to prefer the latter. Chacun à son goût.

If you can give me a solution to this twist, you're wizards, indeed. I'm quite serious about the girl I'm dating, but recently developments have arisen to cause me some concern. "Developments" in the form of her brother, who just returned from the Army. Frankly, he's *gay, gay, gay*, if you dig. He makes no bones about squeezing my leg and giving me the "eyes" treatment when his sister isn't around. As soon as I realized what his angle was, I patiently told him I'm having none, thanks, and have done everything I can to steer clear of him. But he gets a big laugh out of it and says he'll have me before his big sister does. I've thought about slapping him around a bit, but any rough stuff and my girl is going to want to know why. — J. B., Juneau, Alaska.

Forget the fists — which is what he expects — and go straight to Sis with the problem. Since her brother's aberration now threatens her future with you, she has a right to know what's with him. Perhaps her influence can help steer him toward psychiatric help, which could give this fairy tale a happy ending.

What is so all-out funny about chickens, chicken fat, chicken soup, etc.? Any reference to this fowl on TV and radio seems to get big laughs. — B. F., Wenatchee, Washington.

Nothing amusing about chickens — whole, rendered, as chopped liver, in soup or flicked. But "Wenatchee" — now that's funny.

I was just beginning to consider myself an authority on women when I met Susan. Now I'm not so sure — and neither is she. Because of my reputation as a "playboy," she thinks every word I say to her is a lie. How can I dispel her fears and win her? Because of my respect for her, I have never attempted to seduce her and have tried to be a perfect gentleman. — M. B., Morgantown, West Virginia.

Stop trying. She's probably fascinated by your "playboy" reputation and is bored stiff by the respect bit. Either sweep her off her feet or ignore her. Once you've captured her interest, you'll have less trouble gaining her confidence.

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



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comes exact almost to a pound. There is virtually no wind-roar audible to a Porsche driver. He sits there . . . clipping through holes in the traffic-pattern that just aren't there for anybody else, and, when he wants to, running away from almost anything he sees. And the car is built. I've never heard a rattle in a Porsche. I've seen salesmen sit on the doors and swing back and forth. Why not? They have bank-vault hinges.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: MALCOLM X

a candid conversation with the militant major-domo of the black muslims

Within the past five years, the militant American Negro has become an increasingly active combatant in the struggle for civil rights. Espousing the goals of unqualified equality and integration, many of these outspoken insurgents have participated in freedom rides and protest marches against their segregationist foes. Today, they face opposition from not one, but two inimical exponents of racism and segregation: the white supremacists and the Black Muslims. A relatively unknown and insignificant radical religious Negro cult until a few years ago, the Muslims have grown into a dedicated, disciplined nationwide movement which runs its own school, publishes its own newspaper, owns stores and restaurants in four major cities, buys broadcast time on 50 radio stations throughout the country, stages mass rallies attended by partisan crowds of 10,000 and more, and maintains its own police force of judo-trained athletes called the Fruit of Islam.

Predicated on the proposition that the black man is morally, spiritually and intellectually superior to the white man, who is called a "devil," Muslim doctrine dooms him to extermination in an imminent Armageddon — along with Chris-

tianity itself, which is denounced as an opiate designed to lull Negroes — with the promise of heaven — into passive acceptance of inferior social status. Amalgamating elements of Christianity and Mohammedanism (both of which officially and unequivocally disown it) and spiked with a black-supremacy version of Hitler's Aryan racial theories, Muslimism was founded in 1931 by Elijah Poole, a Georgia-born ex-factory worker who today commands unquestioning obedience from thousands of followers as the Honorable Elijah Muhammad, Messenger of Allah. At the right hand of God's Messenger stands 36-year-old Malcolm Little, a lanky onetime dining-car steward, bootlegger, pimp and dope pusher who left prison in 1952 to heed Muhammad's message, abandoned his "slave name," Little, for the symbolic "X" (meaning identity unknown), and took an oath to abstain thereafter from smoking, drinking, gambling, cursing, dancing and sexual promiscuity — as required of every Muslim. The ambitious young man rose swiftly to become the Messenger's most ardent and erudite disciple, and today wields all but absolute authority over the movement and its membership as Mu-

hammad's business manager, trouble shooter, prime minister and heir apparent.

In the belief that knowledge and awareness are necessary and effective antitoxins against the venom of hate, PLAYBOY asked Malcolm X to submit to a cross-examination on the means and ends of his organization. The ensuing interview was conducted at a secluded table in a Harlem restaurant owned by the Muslims. Interrupting his replies occasionally with a sip of black African coffee and whispered asides to deferential aides, the dark-suited minister of Harlem's Muslim Temple Number Seven spoke with candor and — except for moments of impassioned execration of all whites — the impersonal tone of a self-assured corporation executive.

Many will be shocked by what he has to say; others will be outraged. Our own view is that this interview is both an eloquent statement and a damning self-indictment of one noxious facet of rampant racism. As such, we believe it merits publication — and reading.

PLAYBOY: What is the ambition of the Black Muslims?

MALCOLM X: Freedom, justice and equality



"I don't know when Armageddon is supposed to be. But I know that the time is near when the white man will be finished. The signs are all around us."



"Christ wasn't white. Christ was black. The poor, brainwashed Negro has been made to believe Christ was white to maneuver him into worshipping white men."



"Verwoerd is an honest white man. So are the Barnetts, Eastlands and Rockwells. They want to keep white people white; we want to keep black people black."

are our principal ambitions. And to faithfully serve and follow the Honorable Elijah Muhammad is the guiding goal of every Muslim. Mr. Muhammad teaches us the knowledge of our own selves, and of our own people. He cleans us up—morally, mentally and spiritually—and he reforms us of the vices that have blinded us here in the Western society. He stops black men from getting drunk, stops their dope addiction if they had it, stops nicotine, gambling, stealing, lying, cheating, fornication, adultery, prostitution, juvenile delinquency. I think of this whenever somebody talks about someone investigating us. Why investigate the Honorable Elijah Muhammad? They should subsidize him. He's cleaning up the mess that white men have made. He's saving the Government millions of dollars, taking black men off of welfare, showing them how to do something for themselves. And Mr. Muhammad teaches us love for our own kind. The white man has taught the black people in this country to hate themselves as inferior, to hate each other, to be divided against each other. Messenger Muhammad restores our love for our own kind, which enables us to work together in unity and harmony. He shows us how to pool our financial resources and our talents, then to work together toward a common objective. Among other things, we have small businesses in most major cities in this country, and we want to create many more. We are taught by Mr. Muhammad that it is very important to improve the black man's economy, and his thrift. But to do this, we must have land of our own. The brainwashed black man can never learn to stand on his own two feet until he is on his own. We must learn to become our own producers, manufacturers and traders: we must have industry of our own, to employ our own. The white man resists this because he wants to keep the black man under his thumb and jurisdiction in white society. He wants to keep the black man always dependent and begging—for jobs, food, clothes, shelter, education. The white man doesn't want to lose somebody to be supreme over. He wants to keep the black man where he can be watched and retarded. Mr. Muhammad teaches that as soon as we separate from the white man, we will learn that we can do without the white man just as he can do without us. The white man knows that once black men get off to themselves and learn they can do for themselves, the black man's full potential will explode and he will surpass the white man.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel that the Black Muslims' goal of obtaining "several states" is a practical vision?

MALCOLM X: Well, *you* might consider some things practical that are really impractical. Wasn't it impractical that the

Supreme Court could issue a desegregation order nine years ago and there's still only eight percent compliance? Is it practical that a hundred years after the Civil War there's not freedom for black men yet? On the record for integration you've got the President, the Congress, the Supreme Court—but show me your integration, where is it? That's practical? Mr. Muhammad teaches us to be for what's *really* practical—that's separation. It's more natural than integration. **PLAYBOY:** In the view of many, that is highly debatable. However: In a recent interview, Negro author-lecturer Louis Lomax said, "Eighty percent, if not more, of America's 20,000,000 Negroes vibrate sympathetically with the Muslims' indictment of the white power structure. But this does not mean we agree with them in their doctrines of estrangement or with their proposed resolutions of the race problem." Does this view represent a consensus of opinion among Negroes? And if so, is it possible that your separationist and anti-Christian doctrine have the effect of alienating many of your race?

MALCOLM X: Sir, you make a mistake listening to people who tell you how much our stand alienates black men in this country. I'd guess actually we have the sympathy of 90 percent of the black people. There are 20,000,000 dormant Muslims in America. A Muslim to us is somebody who is for the black man; I don't care if he goes to the Baptist Church seven days a week. The Honorable Elijah Muhammad says that a black man is born a Muslim by nature. There are millions of Muslims not aware of it now. All of them will be Muslims when they wake up; that's what's meant by the Resurrection.

Sir, I'm going to tell you a secret: the black man is a whole lot smarter than white people think he is. The black man has survived in this country by fooling the white man. He's been dancing and grinning and white men never guessed what he was thinking. Now you'll hear the bourgeois Negroes pretending to be alienated, but they're just making the white man *think* they don't go for what Mr. Muhammad is saying. This Negro that will tell you he's so against us, he's just protecting the crumbs he gets from the white man's table. This kind of Negro is so busy trying to be *like* the white man that he doesn't know what the real masses of his own people are thinking. A fine car and house and clothes and liquor have made a lot think themselves different from their poor black brothers. But Mr. Muhammad says that Allah is going to wake up all black men to see the white man as he really is, and see what Christianity has done to them. The black masses that are waking up don't believe in Christianity

anymore. All it's done for black men is help to keep them slaves. Mr. Muhammad is teaching that Christianity, as white people see it, means that whites can have their heaven here on earth, but the black man is supposed to catch his hell here. The black man is supposed to keep believing that when he dies, he'll float up to some city with golden streets and milk and honey on a cloud somewhere. Every black man in North America has heard black Christian preachers shouting about "tomorrow in good old Beulah's Land." But the thinking black masses today are interested in *Muhammad's Land*. The Promised Land that the Honorable Elijah Muhammad talks about is right here on this earth. Intelligent black men today are interested in a religious doctrine that offers a solution to their problems right now, right here on this earth, while they are alive.

You must understand that the Honorable Elijah Muhammad represents the fulfillment of Biblical prophecy to us. In the Old Testament, Moses lived to see his enemy, Pharaoh, drowned in the Red Sea—which in essence means that Mr. Muhammad will see the completion of his work in his lifetime, that he will live to see victory gained over his enemy.

PLAYBOY: The Old Testament connection seems tenuous. Are you referring to the Muslim judgment day which your organization's newspaper, *Muhammad Speaks*, calls "Armageddon" and prophecies as imminent?

MALCOLM X: Armageddon deals with the final battle between God and the Devil. The Third World War is referred to as Armageddon by many white statesmen. There won't be any more war after then because there won't be any more warmongers. I don't know when Armageddon, whatever form it takes, is supposed to be. But I know the time is near when the white man will be finished. The signs are all around us. Ten years ago you couldn't have *paid* a Southern Negro to defy local customs. The British Lion's tail has been snatched off in black Africa. The Indonesians have booted out such would-be imperialists as the Dutch. The French, who felt for a century that Algeria was theirs, have had to run for their lives back to France. Sir, the point I make is that all over the world, the old day of standing in fear and trembling before the almighty white man is *gone!*

PLAYBOY: You refer to whites as the guilty and the enemy; you predict divine retribution against them; and you preach absolute separation from the white community. Do not these views substantiate that your movement is predicated on race hatred?

MALCOLM X: Sir, it's from Mr. Muhammad that the black masses are learning for the first time in 400 years the real truth



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of how the white man brainwashed the black man, kept him ignorant of his true history, robbed him of his self-confidence. The black masses for the first time are understanding that it's not a case of being anti-white or anti-Christian, but it's a case of seeing the true nature of the white man. We're anti-evil, anti-oppression, anti-lynching. You can't be anti- those things unless you're also anti- the oppressor and the lyncher. You can't be anti-slavery and pro-slavemaster; you can't be anti-crime and pro-criminal. In fact, Mr. Muhammad teaches that if the present generation of *whites* would study their own race in the light of their true history, they would be anti-white themselves.

PLAYBOY: Are you?

MALCOLM X: As soon as the white man hears a black man say that he's through loving white people, then the white man accuses the black man of hating him. The Honorable Elijah Muhammad doesn't teach hate. The white man isn't *important* enough for the Honorable Elijah Muhammad and his followers to spend any time hating him. The white man has brainwashed himself into believing that all the black people in the world want to be cuddled up next to him. When he meets what we're talking about, he can't believe it, it takes all the wind out of him. When we tell him we don't want to be around him, we don't want to be like he is, he's staggered. It makes him re-evaluate his 300-year myth about the black man. What I want to know is how the white man, with the blood of black people dripping off his fingers, can have the audacity to be asking black people do they hate him. That takes a lot of nerve.

PLAYBOY: How do you reconcile your disavowal of hatred with the announcement you made last year that Allah had brought you "the good news" that 120 white Atlantans had just been killed in an air crash en route to America from Paris?

MALCOLM X: Sir, as I see the law of justice, it says as you sow, so shall you reap. The white man has reveled as the rope snapped black men's necks. He has reveled around the lynching fire. It's only right for the black man's true God, Allah, to defend us—and for us to be joyous because our God manifests his ability to inflict pain on our enemy. We Muslims believe that the white race, which is guilty of having oppressed and exploited and enslaved our people here in America, should and will be the victims of God's divine wrath. All civilized societies in their courts of justice set a sentence of execution against those deemed to be enemies of society, such as murderers and kidnapers. The presence of 20,000,000 black people here in America is proof that Uncle Sam is

guilty of kidnaping—because we didn't come here voluntarily on the Mayflower. And 400 years of lynchings condemn Uncle Sam as a murderer.

PLAYBOY: We question that all-inclusive generalization. To return to your statement about the plane crash, when Dr. Ralph Bunche heard about it, he called you "mentally depraved." What is your reaction?

MALCOLM X: I know all about what Dr. Bunche said. He's always got his international mouth open. He apologized in the UN when black people protested there. You'll notice that whenever the white man lets a black man get prominent, he has a job for him. Dr. Bunche serves the white man well—he represents, speaks for and defends the white man. He does none of this for the black man. Dr. Bunche has functioned as a white man's tool, designed to influence international opinion on the Negro. The white man has Negro local tools, national tools, and Dr. Bunche is an international tool.

PLAYBOY: Dr. Bunche was only one of many prominent Negroes who deplored your statement in similar terms. What reply have you to make to these spokesmen for your own people?

MALCOLM X: Go ask their opinions and you'll be able to fill your notebook with what white people want to hear Negroes say. Let's take these so-called spokesmen for the black men by types. Start with the politicians. They never attack Mr. Muhammad personally. They realize he has the sympathy of the black masses. They know they would alienate the masses whose votes they need. But the black civic leaders, they do attack Mr. Muhammad. The reason is usually that they are appointed to their positions by the white man. The white man pays them to attack us. The ones who attack Mr. Muhammad the most are the ones who earn the most. Then take the black religious leaders, they also attack Mr. Muhammad. These preachers do it out of self-defense, because they know he's waking up Negroes. No one believes what the Negro preacher preaches except those who are mentally asleep, or in the darkness of ignorance about the true situation of the black man here today in this wilderness of North America. If you will take note, sir, many so-called Negro leaders who once attacked the Honorable Elijah Muhammad don't do so anymore. And he never speaks against them in the personal sense except as a reaction if they speak against him. Islam is a religion that teaches us never to attack, never to be the aggressor—but you can waste somebody if he attacks you. These Negro leaders have become aware that whenever the Honorable Elijah Muhammad is caused by their attack to level his guns against them, they always come out on the

losing end. Many have experienced this.

PLAYBOY: Do you admire and respect any other American Negro leaders—Martin Luther King, for example?

MALCOLM X: I am a Muslim, sir. Muslims can see only one leader who has the qualifications necessary to unite all elements of black people in America. This is the Honorable Elijah Muhammad.

PLAYBOY: Many white religious leaders have also gone on record against the Black Muslims. Writing in the official NAACP magazine, a Catholic priest described you as "a fascist-minded hate group," and B'nai B'rith has accused you of being not only anti-Christian but anti-Semitic. Do you consider this true?

MALCOLM X: Insofar as the Christian world is concerned, dictatorships have existed only in areas or countries where you have Roman Catholicism. Catholicism conditions your mind for dictators. Can you think of a single Protestant country that has ever produced a dictator?

PLAYBOY: Germany was predominantly Protestant when Hitler —

MALCOLM X: Another thing to think of—in the 20th Century, the Christian Church has given us two heresies: fascism and communism.

PLAYBOY: On what grounds do you attribute these "isms" to the Christian Church?

MALCOLM X: Where did fascism start? Where's the second-largest Communist party outside of Russia? The answer to both is Italy. Where is the Vatican? But let's not forget the Jew. Anybody that gives even a just criticism of the Jew is instantly labeled anti-Semite. The Jew cries louder than anybody else if anybody criticizes him. You can tell the truth about any minority in America, but make a true observation about the Jew, and if it doesn't pat him on the back, then he uses his grip on the news media to label you anti-Semite. Let me say just a word about the Jew and the black man. The Jew is always anxious to advise the black man. But they never advise him how to solve his problem the way the Jews solved their problem. The Jew never went sitting-in and crawling-in and sliding-in and freedom-riding, like he teaches and helps Negroes to do. The Jews stood up, and stood together, and they used their ultimate power, the economic weapon. That's exactly what the Honorable Elijah Muhammad is trying to teach black men to do. The Jews pooled their money and bought the hotels that barred them. They bought Atlantic City and Miami Beach and anything else they wanted. Who owns Hollywood? Who runs the garment industry, the largest industry in New York City? But the Jew that's advising the Negro joins the NAACP, CORE, the Urban

League, and others. With money donations, the Jew gains control, then he sends the black man doing all this wading-in, boring-in, even burying-in—everything but buying-in. Never shows him how to set up factories and hotels. Never advises him how to own what he wants. No, when there's something worth owning, the Jew's got it.

PLAYBOY: Isn't it true that many Gentiles have also labored with dedication to advance integration and economic improvement for the Negro, as volunteer workers for the NAACP, CORE and many other interracial agencies?

MALCOLM X: A man who tosses worms in the river isn't necessarily a friend of the fish. All the fish who take him for a friend, who think the worm's got no hook in it, usually end up in the frying pan. All these things dangled before us by the white liberal posing as a friend and benefactor have turned out to be nothing but bait to make us think we're making progress. The Supreme Court decision has never been enforced. Desegregation has never taken place. The promises have never been fulfilled. We have received only tokens, substitutes, trickery and deceit.

PLAYBOY: What motives do you impute to **PLAYBOY** for providing you with this opportunity for the free discussion of your views?

MALCOLM X: I think you want to sell magazines. I've never seen a sincere white man, not when it comes to helping black people. Usually things like this are done by white people to benefit themselves. The white man's primary interest is not to elevate the thinking of black people, or to waken black people, or white people either. The white man is interested in the black man only to the extent that the black man is of use to him. The white man's interest is to make money, to exploit.

PLAYBOY: Is there any white man on earth whom you would concede to have the Negro's welfare genuinely at heart?

MALCOLM X: I say, sir, that you can never make an intelligent judgment without evidence. If any man will study the entire history of the relationship between the white man and the black man, no evidence will be found that justifies any confidence or faith that the black man might have in the white man today.

PLAYBOY: Then you consider it impossible for the white man to be anything but an exploiter and a hypocrite in his relations with the Negro?

MALCOLM X: Is it wrong to attribute a predisposition to wheat before it comes up out of the ground? Wheat's characteristics and nature make it wheat. It differs from barley because of its nature. Wheat perpetuates its own characteristics just

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as the white race does. White people are born devils by nature. They don't become so by deeds. If you never put popcorn in a skillet, it would still be popcorn. Put the heat to it, it will pop.

PLAYBOY: You say that white men are devils by nature. Was Christ a devil?
MALCOLM X: Christ wasn't white. Christ was a black man.

PLAYBOY: On what Scripture do you base this assertion?

MALCOLM X: Sir, Billy Graham has made the same statement in public. Why not ask *him* what Scripture he found it in? When Pope Pius XII died, *Life* magazine carried a picture of him in his private study kneeling before a black Christ.

PLAYBOY: Those are hardly quotations from Scripture. Was He not reviled as "King of the Jews"—a people the Black Muslims attack?

MALCOLM X: Only the poor, brainwashed American Negro has been made to believe that Christ was white, to maneuver him into worshipping the white man. After becoming a Muslim in prison, I read almost everything I could put my hands on in the prison library. I began to think back on everything I had read and especially with the histories, I realized that nearly all of them read by the general public have been made into white histories. I found out that the history-whitening process either had left out great things that black men had done, or some of the great black men had gotten whitened.

PLAYBOY: Would you list a few of these men?

MALCOLM X: Well, Hannibal, the most successful general that ever lived, was a black man. So was Beethoven; Beethoven's father was one of the blackamoors that hired themselves out in Europe as professional soldiers. Haydn, Beethoven's teacher, was of African descent. Columbus, the discoverer of America, was a half-black man.

PLAYBOY: According to biographies considered definitive, Beethoven's father, Johann, was a court tenor in Cologne; Haydn's parents were Croatian; Columbus' parents were Italian—

MALCOLM X: Whole black empires, like the Moorish, have been whitened to hide the fact that a great black empire had conquered a white empire even before America was discovered. The Moorish civilization—black Africans—conquered and ruled Spain; they kept the light burning in Southern Europe. The word "Moor" means "black," by the way. Egyptian civilization is a classic example of how the white man stole great African cultures and makes them appear today as white European. The black nation of Egypt is the only country that has a science named after its culture: Egyptology. The ancient Sumerians, a black-skinned people, occupied the Mid-

dle Eastern areas and were contemporary with the Egyptian civilization. The Incas, the Aztecs, the Mayans, all dark-skinned Indian people, had a highly developed culture here in America, in what is now Mexico and northern South America. These people had mastered agriculture at the time when European white people were still living in mud huts and eating weeds. But white children, or black children, or grownups here today in America don't get to read this in the average books they are exposed to.

PLAYBOY: Can you cite any authoritative historical documents for these observations?

MALCOLM X: I can cite a great many, sir. You could start with Herodotus, the Greek historian. He outright described the Egyptians as "black, with woolly hair." And the American archaeologist and Egyptologist James Henry Breasted did the same thing.

PLAYBOY: You seem to have based your thesis on the premise that all nonwhite races are necessarily black.

MALCOLM X: Mr. Muhammad says that the red, the brown and the yellow are indeed all part of the black nation. Which means that black, brown, red, yellow, all are brothers, all are one family. The white one is a stranger. He's the odd fellow.

PLAYBOY: Since your classification of black peoples apparently includes the light-skinned Oriental, Middle Eastern and possibly even Latin races as well as the darker Indian and Negroid strains, just how do you decide how light-skinned it's permissible to be before being condemned as white? And if Caucasian whites are devils by nature, do you classify people by degrees of devilishness according to the lightness of their skin?

MALCOLM X: I don't worry about these little technicalities. But I know that white society has always considered that one drop of black blood makes you black. To me, if one drop can do this, it only shows the power of one drop of black blood. And I know another thing—that Negroes who used to be light enough to pass for white have seen the handwriting on the wall and are beginning to come back and identify with their own kind. And white people who also are seeing the pendulum of time catching up with them are now trying to join with blacks, or even find traces of black blood in their own veins, hoping that it will save them from the catastrophe they see ahead. But no devil can fool God. Muslims have a little poem about them. It goes, "One drop will make you black, and will also in days to come save your soul."

PLAYBOY: As one of this vast elite, do you hold the familiar majority attitude toward minority groups—regarding the

white race, in this case, as inferior in quality as well as quantity to what you call the "black nation"?

MALCOLM X: Thoughtful white people *know* they are inferior to black people. Even Eastland knows it. Anyone who has studied the genetic phase of biology knows that white is considered recessive and black is considered dominant. When you want strong coffee, you ask for black coffee. If you want it light, you want it weak, integrated with white milk. Just like these Negroes who weaken themselves and their race by this integrating and intermixing with whites. If you want bread with no nutritional value, you ask for white bread. All the good that was in it has been bleached out of it, and it will constipate you. If you want pure flour, you ask for dark flour, whole-wheat flour. If you want pure sugar, you want dark sugar.

PLAYBOY: If all whites are devilish by nature, as you have alleged, and if black and white are essentially opposite, as you have just stated, do you view all black men — with the exception of their non-Muslim leaders — as fundamentally angelic?

MALCOLM X: No, there is plenty wrong with Negroes. They have no society. They're robots, automatons. No minds of their own. I hate to say that about us, but it's the truth. They are a black body with a white brain. Like the monster Frankenstein. The top part is your bourgeois Negro. He's your integrator. He's not interested in his poor black brothers. He's usually so deep in debt from trying to copy the white man's social habits that he doesn't have time to worry about anything else. They buy the most expensive clothes and cars and eat the cheapest food. They act more like the white man than the white man does himself. These are the ones that hide their sympathy for Mr. Muhammad's teachings. It conflicts with the sources from which they get their white-man's crumbs. This class to us are the fence-sitters. They have one eye on the white man and the other eye on the Muslims. They'll jump whichever way they see the wind blowing. Then there's the middle class of the Negro masses, the ones not in the ghetto, who realize that life is a struggle, who are conscious of all the injustices being done and of the constant state of insecurity in which they live. They're ready to take some stand against everything that's against them. Now, when this group hears Mr. Muhammad's teachings, they are the ones who come forth faster and identify themselves, and take immediate steps toward trying to bring into existence what Mr. Muhammad advocates. At the bottom of the social heap is the black man in the big-city ghetto. He lives night and day with the rats and cockroaches and drowns



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himself with alcohol and anesthetizes himself with dope, to try and forget where and what he is. That Negro has given up all hope. He's the hardest one for us to reach, because he's the deepest in the mud. But when you get him, you've got the best kind of Muslim. Because he makes the most drastic change. He's the most fearless. He will stand the longest. He has nothing to lose, even his life, because he didn't have that in the first place. I look upon myself, sir, as a prime example of this category — and as graphic an example as you could find of the salvation of the black man.

PLAYBOY: Could you give us a brief review of the early life that led to your own "salvation"?

MALCOLM X: Gladly. I was born in Omaha on May 19, 1925. My light color is the result of my mother's mother having been raped by a white man. I hate every drop of white blood in me. Before I am indicted for hate again, sir — is it wrong to hate the blood of a rapist? But to continue: My father was a militant follower of Marcus Garvey's "Back to Africa" movement. The Lansing, Michigan, equivalent of the Ku Klux Klan warned him to stop preaching Garvey's message, but he kept on and one of my earliest memories is of being snatched awake one night with a lot of screaming going on because our home was afire. But my father got louder about Garvey, and the next time he was found bludgeoned in the head, lying across streetcar tracks. He died soon and our family was in a bad way. We were so hungry we were dizzy and we had nowhere to turn. Finally the authorities came in and we children were scattered about in different places as public wards. I happened to become the ward of a white couple who ran a correctional school for white boys. This family liked me in the way they liked their house pets. They got me enrolled in an all-white school. I was popular, I played sports and everything, and studied hard, and I stayed at the head of my class through the eighth grade. That summer I was 14, but I was big enough and looked old enough to get away with telling a lie that I was 21, so I got a job working in the dining car of a train that ran between Boston and New York City.

On my layovers in New York, I'd go to Harlem. That's where I saw in the bars all these men and women with what looked like the easiest life in the world. Plenty of money, big cars, all of it. I could tell they were in the rackets and vice. I hung around those bars whenever I came in town, and I kept my ears and eyes open and my mouth shut. And they kept their eyes on me, too. Finally, one day a numbers man told me that he needed a runner, and I never caught the night train back to Boston. Right there was when I started my life in crime. I

was in all of it that the white police and the gangsters left open to the black criminal, sir. I was in numbers, bootleg liquor, "hot" goods, women. I sold the bodies of black women to white men, and white women to black men. I was in dope, I was in everything evil you could name. The only thing I could say good for myself, sir, was that I did not indulge in hitting anybody over the head.

PLAYBOY: By the time you were 16, according to the record, you had several men working for you in these various enterprises. Right?

MALCOLM X: Yes, sir. I turned the things I mentioned to you over to them. And I had a good working system of paying off policemen. It was here that I learned that vice and crime can only exist, at least the kind and level that I was in, to the degree that the police cooperate with it. I had several men working and I was a steerer myself. I steered white people with money from downtown to whatever kind of sin they wanted in Harlem. I didn't care what they wanted, I knew where to take them to it. And I tell you what I noticed here — that my best customers always were the officials, the top police people, businessmen, politicians and clergymen. I never forgot that. I met all levels of these white people, supplied them with everything they wanted, and I saw that they were just a filthy race of devils. But despite the fact that my own father was murdered by whites, and I had seen my people all my life brutalized by whites, I was still blind enough to mix with them and socialize with them. I thought they were gods and goddesses — until Mr. Muhammad's powerful spiritual message opened my eyes and enabled me to see them as a race of devils. Nothing had made me see the white man as he is until one word from the Honorable Elijah Muhammad opened my eyes overnight.

PLAYBOY: When did this happen?

MALCOLM X: In prison. I was finally caught and spent 77 months in three different prisons. But it was the greatest thing that ever happened to me, because it was in prison that I first heard the teachings of the Honorable Elijah Muhammad. His teachings were what turned me around. The first time I heard the Honorable Elijah Muhammad's statement, "The white man is the devil," it just clicked. I am a good example of why Islam is spreading so rapidly across the land. I was nothing but another convict, a semi-illiterate criminal. Mr. Muhammad's teachings were able to reach into prison, which is the level where people are considered to have fallen as low as they can go. His teachings brought me from behind prison walls and placed me on the podiums of some of the leading colleges and universities in the country. I often think, sir, that in 1946, I was sentenced to 8 to 10 years in Cam-

bridge, Massachusetts, as a common thief who had never passed the eighth grade. And the next time I went back to Cambridge was in March 1961, as a guest speaker at the Harvard Law School Forum. This is the best example of Mr. Muhammad's ability to take nothing and make something, to take nobody and make somebody.

PLAYBOY: Your rise to prominence in the Muslim organization has been so swift that a number of your own membership have hailed you as their articulate exemplar, and many anti-Muslims regard you as the real brains and power of the movement. What is your reaction to this sudden eminence?

MALCOLM X: Sir, it's heresy to imply that I am in any way whatever even equal to Mr. Muhammad. No man on earth today is his equal. Whatever I am that is good, it is through what I have been taught by Mr. Muhammad.

PLAYBOY: Be that as it may, the time is near when your leader, who is 65, will have to retire from leadership of the Muslim movement. Many observers predict that when this day comes, the new Messenger of Allah in America — a role which you have called the most powerful of any black man in the world — will be Malcolm X. How do you feel about this prospect?

MALCOLM X: Sir, I can only say that God chose Mr. Muhammad as his Messenger, and Mr. Muhammad chose me and many others to help him. Only God has the say-so. But I will tell you one thing. I frankly don't believe that I or anyone else am worthy to succeed Mr. Muhammad. No one preceded him. I don't think I could make the sacrifice he has made, or set his good example. He has done more than lay down his life. But his work is already done with the seed he has planted among black people. If Mr. Muhammad and every identifiable follower he has, certainly including myself, were tomorrow removed from the scene by more of the white man's brutality, there is one thing to be sure of: Mr. Muhammad's teachings of the naked truth have fallen upon fertile soil among 20,000,000 black men here in this wilderness of North America.

PLAYBOY: Has the soil, in your opinion, been as fertile for Mr. Muhammad's teachings elsewhere in the world — among the emerging nations of black Africa, for instance?

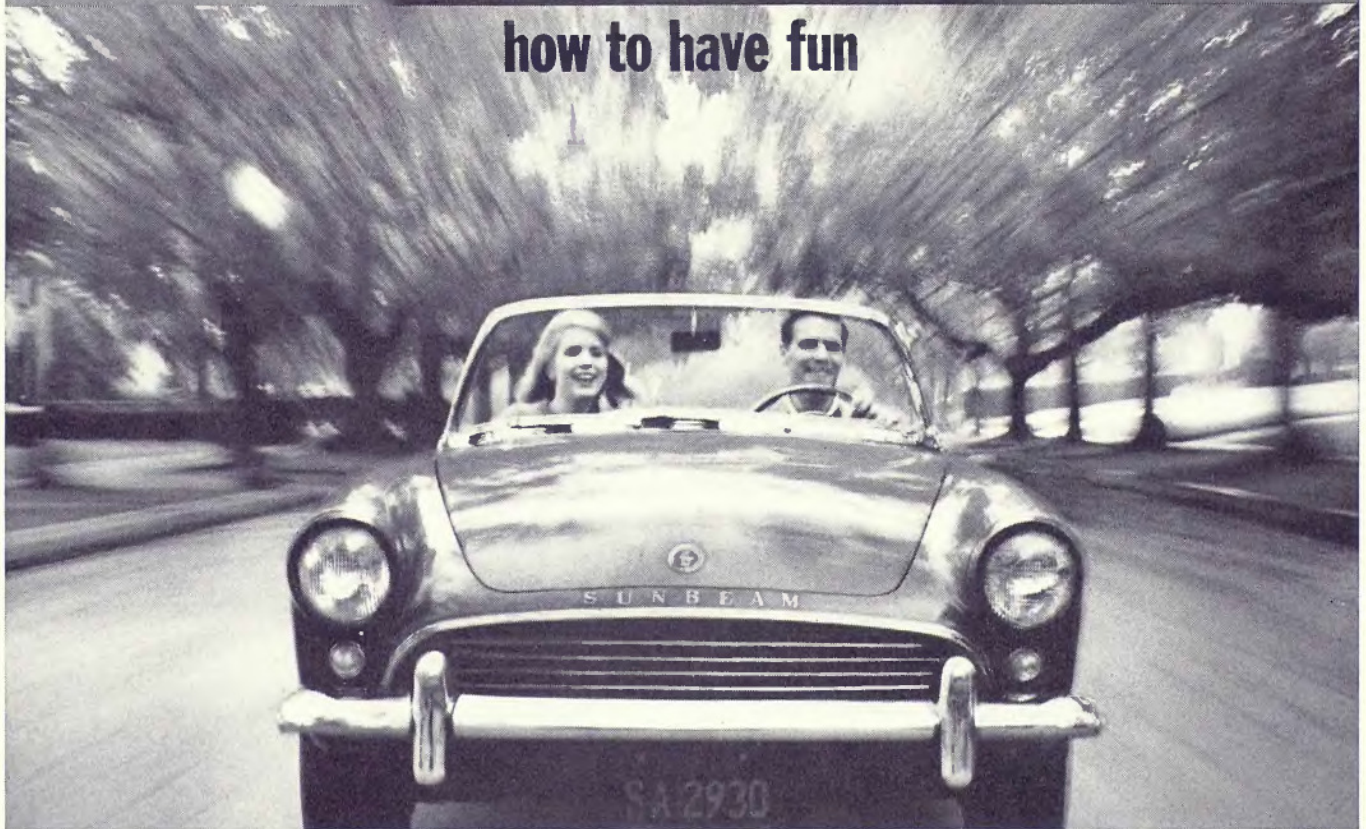
MALCOLM X: I think not only that his teachings have had considerable impact even in Africa but that the Honorable Elijah Muhammad has had a greater impact on the world than the rise of the African nations. I say this as objectively as I can, being a Muslim. Even the Christian missionaries are conceding that in black Africa, for every Christian conversion, there are two Muslim conversions.

PLAYBOY: Might conversions be even more



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numerous if it weren't for the somewhat strained relations which are said by several Negro writers to exist between the black people of Africa and America?

MALCOLM X: Perhaps. You see, the American black man sees the African come here and live where the American black man can't. The Negro sees the African come here with a sheet on and go places where the Negro—dressed like a white man, talking like a white man, sometimes as wealthy as the white man—can't go. When I'm traveling around the country, I use my real Muslim name, Malik Shabazz. I make my hotel reservations under that name, and I always see the same thing I've just been telling you. I come to the desk and always see that "here-comes-a-Negro" look. It's kind of a reserved, coldly tolerant cordiality. But when I say "Malik Shabazz," their whole attitude changes: they snap to respect. They think I'm an African. People say what's in a name? There's a whole lot in a name. The American black man is seeing the African respected as a human being. The African gets respect because he has an identity and cultural roots. But most of all because the African owns some land. For these reasons he has his human rights recognized, and that makes his civil rights automatic.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel this is true of Negro civil and human rights in South Africa, where the doctrine of apartheid is enforced by the government of Prime Minister Verwoerd?

MALCOLM X: They don't stand for anything different in South Africa than America stands for. The only difference is over there they *preach* as well as practice apartheid. America preaches freedom and practices slavery. America preaches integration and practices segregation. Verwoerd is an honest white man. So are the Barnetts, Faubuses, Eastlands and Rockwells. They want to keep all white people white. And we want to keep all black people black. As between the racists and the integrationists, I highly prefer the racists. I'd rather walk among rattlesnakes, whose constant rattle warns me where they are, than among those Northern snakes who grin and make you forget you're still in a snake pit. Any white man is against blacks. The entire American economy is based on white supremacy. Even the religious philosophy is, in essence, white supremacy. A white Jesus. A white Virgin. White angels. White everything. But a black Devil, of course. The "Uncle Sam" political foundation is based on white supremacy, relegating nonwhites to second-class citizenship. It goes without saying that the social philosophy is strictly white supremacist. And the educational system perpetuates white supremacy.

PLAYBOY: Are you contradicting yourself by denouncing white supremacy while praising its practitioners, since you admit that you share their goal of

separation?

MALCOLM X: The fact that I prefer the candor of the Southern segregationist to the hypocrisy of the Northern integrationist doesn't alter the basic immorality of white supremacy. A devil is still a devil whether he wears a bed sheet or a Brooks Brothers suit. The Honorable Elijah Muhammad teaches separation simply because any forcible attempt to integrate America completely would result in another Civil War, a catastrophic explosion among whites which would destroy America—and still not solve the problem. But Mr. Muhammad's solution of separate black and white would solve the problem neatly for both the white and black man, and America would be saved. Then the whole world would give Uncle Sam credit for being something other than a hypocrite.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel that the Administration's successful stand on the integration of James Meredith into the University of Mississippi has demonstrated that the Government—far from being hypocritical—is sympathetic with the Negro's aspirations for equality?

MALCOLM X: What was accomplished? It took 15,000 troops to put Meredith in the University of Mississippi. Those troops and \$3,000,000—that's what was spent—to get one Negro in. That \$3,000,000 could have been used much more wisely by the Federal Government to elevate the living standards of all the Negroes in Mississippi.

PLAYBOY: Then in your view, the principle involved was not worth the expense. Yet it is a matter of record that President Kennedy, in the face of Southern opposition, championed the appointment of Dr. Robert Weaver as the first Negro Cabinet member. Doesn't this indicate to you, as it does to many Negro leaders, that the Administration is determined to combat white supremacy?

MALCOLM X: Kennedy doesn't *have* to fight; he's the President. He didn't have any fight replacing Ribicoff with Celebrezze. He didn't have any trouble putting Goldberg on the Supreme Court. He hasn't had any trouble getting anybody in but Weaver and Thurgood Marshall. He wasn't worried about Congressional objection when he challenged U.S. Steel. He wasn't worried about either Congressional reaction or Russian reaction or even world reaction when he blockaded Cuba. But when it comes to the rights of the Negro, who helped to put him in office, then he's afraid of little pockets of white resistance.

PLAYBOY: Has any American President, in your opinion—Lincoln, FDR, Truman, Eisenhower, Kennedy—accomplished anything for the Negro?

MALCOLM X: None of them have ever done anything for Negroes. All of them have tricked the Negro, and made false promises to him at election times which they

never fulfilled. Lincoln's concern wasn't freedom for the blacks but to save the Union.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't the Civil War fought to decide whether this nation could, in the words of Lincoln, "endure permanently half slave and half free"?

MALCOLM X: Sir, many, many people are completely misinformed about Lincoln and the Negro. That war involved two thieves, the North and the South, fighting over the spoils. The further we get away from the actual incident, the more they are trying to make it sound as though the battle was over the black man. Lincoln said that if he could save the Union without freeing the slaves, he would. But after two years of killing and carnage he found out he would *have* to free the slaves. He wasn't interested in the slaves but in the Union. As for the Emancipation Proclamation, sir, it was an empty document. If it freed the slaves, why, a century later, are we still battling for civil rights?

PLAYBOY: Despite the fact that the goal of racial equality is not yet realized, many sociologists—and many Negro commentators—agree that no minority group on earth has made as much social, civil and economic progress as the American Negro in the past 100 years. What is your reaction to this view?

MALCOLM X: Sir, I hear that everywhere almost exactly as you state it. This is one of the biggest myths that the American black man himself believes in. Every immigrant ethnic group that has come to this country is now a genuinely first-class citizen group—every one of them but the black man, who was here when they came. While everybody else is sharing the fruit, the black man is just now starting to be thrown some seeds. It is our hope that through the Honorable Elijah Muhammad, we will at last get the soil to plant the seeds in. You talk about the progress of the Negro—I'll tell you, mister, it's just because the Negro has been in America while *America* has gone forward that the Negro appears to have gone forward. The Negro is like a man on a luxury commuter train doing 90 miles an hour. He looks out of the window, along with all the white passengers in their Pullman chairs, and he thinks *he's* doing 90, too. Then he gets to the men's room and looks in the mirror—and he sees he's not really getting anywhere at all. His reflection shows a black man standing there in the white uniform of a dining-car steward. He may get on the 5:10, all right, but he sure won't be getting off at Westport.

PLAYBOY: Is there anything then, in your opinion, that could be done—by either whites or blacks—to expedite the social and economic progress of the Negro in America?

MALCOLM X: First of all, the white man must finally realize that *he's* the one who

has committed the crimes that have produced the miserable condition that our people are in. He can't hide this guilt by reviling us today because we answer his criminal acts—past and present—with extreme and uncompromising resentment. He cannot hide his guilt by accusing us, his victims, of being racists, extremists and black supremacists. The white man must realize that the sins of the fathers are about to be visited upon the heads of the children who have continued those sins, only in more sophisticated ways. Mr. Elijah Muhammad is warning this generation of white people that they, too, are also facing a time of harvest in which they will have to pay for the crime committed when their grandfathers made slaves out of us.

But there is something the white man can do to avert this fate. He must atone—and this can only be done by allowing black men, those who choose, to leave this land of bondage and go to a land of our own. But if he doesn't want a mass movement of our people away from this house of bondage, then he should separate this country. He should give us several states here on American soil, where those of us who wish to can go and set up our own government, our own economic system, our own civilization. Since we have given over 300 years of our slave labor to the white man's America, helped to build it up for him, it's only right that white America should give us everything we need in finance and materials for the next 25 years, until our own nation is able to stand on its feet. Then, if the Western Hemisphere is attacked by outside enemies, we would have both the capability and the motivation to join in defending the hemisphere, in which we would then have a sovereign stake.

The Honorable Elijah Muhammad says that the black man has served under the rule of all the other peoples of the earth at one time or another in the past. He teaches that it is now God's intention to put the black man back at the top of civilization, where he was in the beginning—before Adam, the white man, was created. The world since Adam has been white—and corrupt. The world of tomorrow will be black—and righteous. In the white world there has been nothing but slavery, suffering, death and colonialism. In the black world of tomorrow, there will be true freedom, justice and equality for all. And that day is coming—sooner than you think.

PLAYBOY: If Muslims ultimately gain control as you predict, do you plan to bestow "true freedom" on white people?

MALCOLM X: It's not a case of what would we do, it's a case of what would God do with whites. What does a judge do with the guilty? Either the guilty atone, or God executes judgment.



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THE PLAYBOY PHILOSOPHY

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

THE OTHER AFTERNOON, while drawing up an outline of subjects to cover in this month's editorial, we received a telephone call from a New York agent (show biz, not literary) and in the course of the conversation, we mentioned that we were working on *The Playboy Philosophy* for May. He said that a few evenings earlier he had read the current *Philosophy* aloud to his wife and they had then spent most of the rest of the evening discussing it. If this editorial series can get very much of that sort of thing going around the country — prompting discussion and debate on the relative merits of the common and the uncommon man, individual initiative *vs.* security and conformity as motives in modern society, the deeper significance of religious freedom in America and the other subjects we've been expressing our own views on the last few issues — it will have been well worth the writing. We must confess that we feel closer to our readers while working on each new installment of *The Playboy Philosophy* than we have at any time since we began editing this journal nearly 10 years ago and nothing we've previously done here at PLAYBOY has given us any greater satisfaction or pleasure.

It's an interesting experience — organizing and setting down the fundamental ideas and ideals that have influenced and motivated one over the years. You find that in the very process of spelling out what you believe in, new truths begin taking form, new perspectives and relationships that you had previously only been vaguely aware of start falling into place. It's a very stimulating process.

We try to personally read all the mail that comes in on the *Philosophy* and there has been a considerable amount of it — more than on any previous article, series or feature we've ever published. The letters are all carefully considered and we try to take them into account as we draw up the subject outlines for future parts of this editorial.

We don't expect very many of our readers to agree with all the points we make in *The Playboy Philosophy*, though most will probably agree with most of them — for it is the unusual rapport between editors and readers that has made

editorial By Hugh M. Hefner

PLAYBOY such a remarkable publishing phenomenon. But the single most significant point we have tried to establish here is the importance of many varied and divergent opinions — it is through their free exchange and interplay that a democracy thrives.

In the March issue, we discussed the importance of religious freedom and the separation of church and state in any society that is to remain truly free; we traced the history of American Puritanism and, last month, we pointed out how it has managed to insert itself into many of our laws and traditions, so as to frustrate some of the guarantees of freedom that our founding fathers wrote into the U.S. Constitution and the Bill of Rights. Religious puritanism is never more insidious than when it succeeds in undermining the free expression of words and ideas amongst us. In the April issue, we also pointed out that censorship can become so confused that single words — treated as symbols, separate and apart from the action, object or idea they may represent — are often considered "obscene" in our culture; although granting such power to mere symbols might be likened to the worship of idols — specifically forbidden by the Bible — and is, according to Judge Thurman Arnold, creating attitudes toward sex that are akin to fetishism.

OBSCENITY AND THE LAW

The U.S. courts no longer accept the position that a single word or phrase can be legally obscene, so such censorship or suppression in America is actually extralegal or outside the law; the U.S. Supreme Court has ruled that a work of art or literature — and this includes any book, magazine, movie or play — must be judged in its entirety and no part of it may be considered alone. But while the courts have become increasingly liberal in their interpretations of what constitutes obscenity in recent years, they still persist in judging our art and literature on the premise that obscenity does indeed exist and that it is illegal and outside the protections guaranteed to our freedoms of speech and

press. It is with this premise that we wish to take issue.

Is there any idea, no matter how repellent it may seem to some, that we can hope to expunge from the mind of man or afford to disallow in his writing or speech? As we have already said — and said again — our democratic way of life is built upon ideas and our nation's inner strength is drawn from their free, unhampered exchange — and not, as Congresswoman Kathryn Granahan would have us believe, from censoring those notions that do not particularly suit us at a particular time. History has proven, over and over again, that the most important ideas are often not recognized as such when they are first expressed.

Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence, stated in his second inaugural address: "The press, confined to truth, needs no other restraint . . . no other definite line can be drawn between the inestimable liberty of the press and demoralizing licentiousness." And in 1799 James Madison, chief hand in the drafting of the Constitution of the United States, wrote that to make a "distinction between the freedom of and the licentiousness of the press" would subvert the First Amendment.

Madison stated further: "Some degree of abuse is inseparable from the proper use of everything and in no instance is this more true than in that of the press. It has accordingly been decided by the practice of the States, that it is better to leave a few of its noxious branches to their luxuriant growth than, by pruning them away, to injure the vigour of those yielding the proper fruits."

The founding fathers of this great democracy were unalterably opposed to any exception in this nation's guarantees of the freedoms of speech and press because of supposed immoral, licentious, obscene or otherwise objectionable ideas that might be expressed, for they were convinced that no man, or group of men, or any government had the right to curtail the opinions of any other man or their free expression.

Nothing in the intervening years has given us any reason to disagree with the wisdom of these first American patriots; in fact, a greater insight into the psycho-

logical factors that influence man's behavior supplies additional reasons for agreeing with Jefferson and Madison that these most basic freedoms should not be abridged. Nevertheless, religious puritanism has subtly eroded both the spirit and letter of this doctrine so that today it is virtually lost to us.

Only with the sexual revolution of the last decade have we begun to win back some of this long-lost freedom. We would like to establish here why we, ourselves, are opposed to any manner of censorship and why the label of "obscene" is no just cause for suppressing any man's endeavor, no matter how significant or trivial.

THE PROBLEM OF DEFINITION

We do not believe that a satisfactory definition for obscenity can ever be established.

The Supreme Court of the United States attempted a definition in 1957 in a split decision (7 to 2) in the case of *U.S. vs. Roth*. The high Court ruled that a work is obscene when "to the average person, applying contemporary community standards, the dominant theme of the material taken as a whole appeals to prurient interest." This is the definition currently used by the courts.

It had the virtue of seriously curtailing the kind of arbitrary censorship that had previously prevailed. It included several specific directives: a work must be judged as a whole, not piecemeal; the predominant theme must be prurient; the standard for judgment must be an average member of the community, not an emotionally retarded adult and not a child. It confirmed that a mere discussion or portrayal of sex was not enough to automatically stamp a work "obscene"; on the contrary, the Supreme Court clearly recognized that material dealing with sex was an essential part of the exposition of ideas protected by the Constitution and only those works devoid of the "slightest redeeming social importance" were considered to be outside the protective arms of the fundamental law; unorthodox ideas, controversial ideas, even ideas hateful to the prevailing climate of opinion have the full protection of the First Amendment. It also attempted to establish a distinction between erotic realism and pornography. However, as much-censored author D. H. Lawrence observed: "What is pornography to one man is the laughter of genius to another."

And how does one go about "applying contemporary community standards"? The community standards of a sophisticated urban area like San Francisco are certainly not the same as those of a small town in Massachusetts. The community standards in the heart of a major city may not be the same as those of its suburbs; and both may differ from

those to be found in the outlying rural areas; or in any particular part of a city where one particular ethnic or religious group predominates. Whose particular community standards do we apply? Is it to be the will of the majority? Or is it the will of a well-educated and enlightened minority? And in any case, have we the right to deny the laughter of genius to one group on the ground that it is pornography to another?

Justice William O. Douglas of the Supreme Court has observed: "The standard of what offends 'the common conscience of the community' conflicts, in my judgment, with the command of the First Amendment that 'Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press.' Certainly that standard would not be an acceptable one if religion, economics, politics or philosophy were involved. How does it become a Constitutional standard when literature treating with sex is concerned?"

"Any test that turns on what is offensive to the community's standards is too loose, too capricious, too destructive of freedom of expression to be squared with the First Amendment. Under that test, juries can censor, suppress, and punish what they don't like, provided the matter relates to 'sexual impurity' or has a tendency to 'excite lustful thoughts.' This is community censorship in one of its worst forms. It creates a regime where, in the battle between the literati and the Philistines, the Philistines are certain to win."

Moreover, the judicial assumption that pure pornography is without any "redeeming social importance" is open to serious question. There is presently a considerable school of scientific opinion amongst authorities on human behavior suggesting not simply that pornography is harmless, but that it may actually have some value as a sublimation and release for pent-up sexual frustrations and desires.

Any person who feels the censor's vengeful wrath may find some comfort in the knowledge that he is in illustrious company, for many of the world's most honored writers, artists, poets and philosophers—the giants and the geniuses down through the ages—have known the scorn of their contemporaries and seen their works expurgated, bowdlerized, banned, burned and otherwise disfigured and destroyed. The list of the censored is a veritable *Who's Who* of philosophy, art and literature: Homer, Confucius, Dante, Galileo, Shakespeare, Bacon, Voltaire, Gibbon, Martin Luther, John Calvin, Thomas Paine, Thomas Jefferson, Goethe, Shelley, Balzac, Victor Hugo, Hawthorne, Hans Christian Andersen, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Darwin, Whitman, Ibsen, Tolstoy, Mark Twain, Gilbert and Sullivan, Zola, De

Maupassant, Shaw, Oscar Wilde, Kipling, Jack London, James Joyce, D. H. Lawrence, Eugene O'Neill, Faulkner, Hemingway and Walt Disney, to name but a few.

Since the beginning of recorded history there have been individuals determined to force their own standards upon their fellow men. And time inevitably proves that the "dangerous" work of art or literature of one generation is the classic of the next—that any contemporary condemnation of the spoken or the written word appears ridiculous to succeeding generations.

Even the Bible has faced a long history of censorship in many countries. When William Tyndale translated the Bible into English, his work was suppressed and in 1536 he was imprisoned, strangled and then burned at the stake along with his translations.





Judge Thurman Arnold, past Assistant Attorney General of the U.S. and celebrated Associate Justice of the U.S. Court of Appeals, who wrote the famous decision in the *Esquire* obscenity case in 1946, has commented on the frustration and unintentional humor sometimes involved in a court's attempt to determine what is, and is not, obscene; as a participant in the *Playboy Panel* on "Sex and Censorship in Literature and the Arts" (*PLAYBOY*, July 1961), Judge Arnold observed: "I remember that in the case of *Sunshine Book Company vs. Summerfield*—involving a nudist magazine—in the District Court, Judge Kirkland examined each nude in the magazine and tried to analyze which would cause prurient thoughts. He condemned some and passed others. The spectacle of a judge poring over the picture of some nude, trying to ascertain the extent to which she arouses prurient interest—and then attempting to write an opinion that explains the difference between that nude and some other nude—has elements of low comedy." Judge Arnold once commented that the only way to avoid argument over what is obscene and what is art in cases of this kind is to hold that "no nudes is good nudes," which he was unwilling to do.

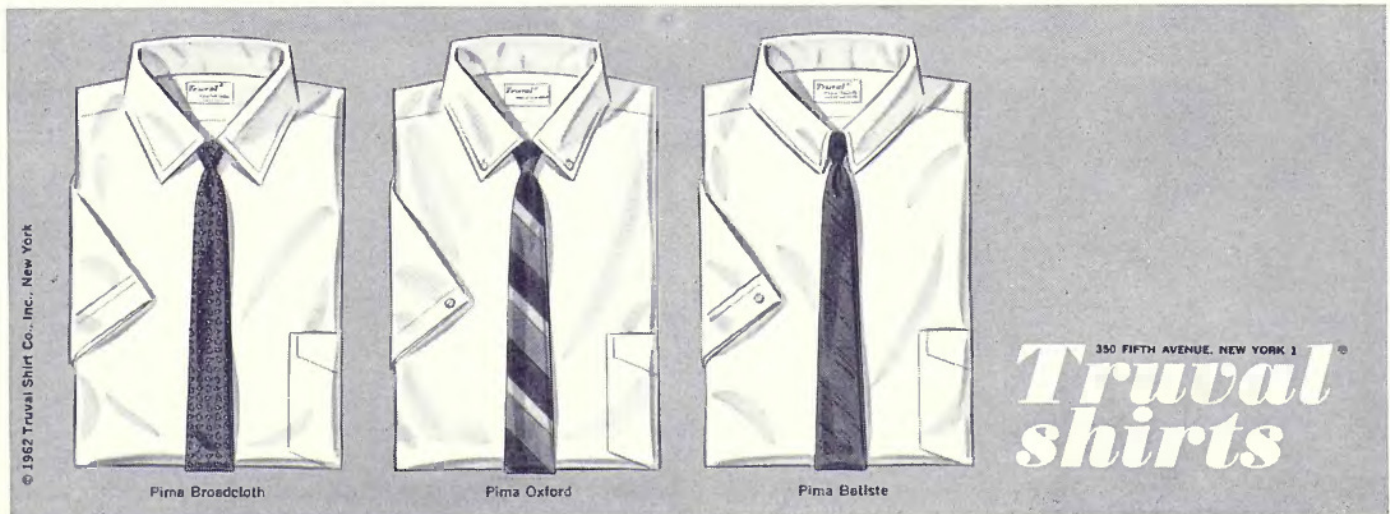
Arnold pointed out that William James made a most telling—and amusing—comment on the desperate futility of "playing the game of definitions," in trying to determine just what "hard-core pornography" is: James wrote, "Such discussions are tedious—not as hard subjects like physics or mathematics are tedious, but as throwing feathers endlessly hour after hour is tedious."

Dr. Albert Ellis, clinical psychologist and psychotherapist, authority on sex and marriage, author of *The Folklore of Sex* and co-author of the two-volume *Encyclopedia of Sexual Behavior*, said, during the same *Playboy Panel* on "Sex and Censorship": "I don't believe that



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the word 'obscene' can ever be properly, conclusively defined."

CREEPING CENSORSHIP

One of the great difficulties with censorship of any sort is its unwillingness to stay put. It has a tendency to spread — and to contaminate other things around it. Once we accept the basic premise that any man or group or government has the right to dictate what the rest of us may read and listen to, what movies, plays and television programs we may watch, we've surrendered the ability to control the excesses that are certain to follow. Once the creepy, crawly creature is let inside the house, there is no predicting where it may get to and whom it may infect. A list of banned books begins with something called *White Thighs* and winds up with *The Sun Also Rises* by Ernest Hemingway and J. D. Salinger's *The Catcher in the Rye*; a local movie censor begins by clipping all the nudes out of a "nude" film (leaving almost nothing but the credits), graduates to snipping Brigitte Bardot's bare fanny out of *The Truth* and winds up mutilating Ingmar Bergman's *Virgin Spring* (or cutting "s-l-u-t" out of a soundtrack, as a Memphis censor explained she'd done, because it is "a word I have never heard used before").

The charge of obscenity itself is sometimes used as a cover for other things to which the censor objects: political, philosophical, social, medical, religious and racial ideas have all been damned at one time or another for being "obscene." This aspect of speech, art and literature that experts like Ellis doubt will ever be "properly, conclusively defined," but which the U.S. Supreme Court has ruled is outside the protection of the Constitution, can thus be used by freedom's enemies to thwart and throttle almost any opinion they oppose.

We quoted newspaper reports last month on the Chicago case against comedian Lenny Bruce, indicating that while the formal charge was obscenity, "testimony so far indicates that the prosecutor is at least equally concerned with Bruce's indictment of organized religion . . ."

Criminal charges of obscenity were brought against the comic and a license revocation proceeding was instituted against The Gate of Horn, the club in which he was performing at the time of the arrest. Within the last 12 months, Bruce has also been arrested on charges of giving obscene performances in San Francisco and Los Angeles; he had already been acquitted in a jury trial in San Francisco and the Los Angeles case was still pending at the time of the Chicago arrest and trial; in neither of the previous cases had any legal or administrative action been taken against the club in which he appeared.

The liquor license revocation proceeding was held before the trial to determine whether or not Bruce's act really was obscene. *Variety* reported, "After nearly a full day of hearing prosecution witnesses, it is evident that, in essence, Bruce is being tried *in absentia*."

"Another impression is that the city is going to a great deal of trouble to prosecute Alan Ribback, the owner of the club, although there have been no previous allegations against the café and the charge involves no violence or drunken behavior. . . ."

The Gate of Horn, Chicago's foremost café specializing in folk music, had its liquor license suspended for 15 days as a result of the hearing and owner Alan Ribback was forced to sell controlling interest in the establishment, because he was financially unable to reopen it on his own.

The trial was as incredible a spectacle as the hearing, though not for precisely the same reasons. In our opinion, Lenny Bruce is one of the most brilliant, perceptive performers to appear on a nightclub stage in the last decade (a viewpoint we share with a diverse group of critics and commentators on the performing arts that includes Steve Allen, Kenneth Tynan, Irv Kupcyniec, Nat Hentoff, Dan Sorkin, Paul Krassner and Ralph Gleason); Bruce is also compulsively careening down a road of personal self-destruction from which there seems to be no turning back, which only made the trial doubly pathetic. Lenny decided to act as his own defense attorney.

As luck would have it, PLAYBOY was taping the performance the night of the arrest for a review we were planning on his act (favorable); we have the entire evening on 4-track and it was introduced as evidence at the trial by Bruce. We weren't at the Gate that evening, but we have played the tape and, in our opinion, the judge should have handed down a directed verdict of not guilty. The lawyer who worked along with Bruce on the case made a motion to that effect, but it was denied.

The religious considerations in the case arose again during the trial, as *Variety* reported in a second news story: Legal authorities "have been puzzled by the arrest, since it is the general opinion of many café observers that performances with similar sexual content have been overlooked at other Chi clubs. It's thought that Bruce's attacks on organized religion may have been a deciding factor in making the arrest, or so the line of prosecution questions would indicate to date."

Variety further stated: "The religious aspect popped up inadvertently on the final day of the prosecution's testimony when 30 girl students from a Catholic college, who dropped in on a tour of the courts, were asked to leave [by the court].

The girls were in their late teens and early twenties."

The jury, applying their own particular concept of "community standards," found Bruce guilty. Judge Daniel J. Ryan denied a defense plea for more time to prepare a motion for a new trial (needed because a new lawyer for the defense had just come into the case) and the comedian was sentenced to one year in jail and a fine of \$1000, the maximum penalty allowable under the Chicago obscenity statute. This sentence was pronounced in the United States of America, in the year 1963, because a man exercised his Constitutionally guaranteed right of free speech before an adult audience who had voluntarily gone to hear him speak and paid for the privilege. The sentence was pronounced because certain others in the community did not like the things that Bruce was saying, and objected to his saying them, even though they themselves were free to not go and pay to hear him. You don't have to be a Lenny Bruce fan to be appalled by this.

Since — the acts of this particular judge and jury notwithstanding — the Lenny Bruce performance was not actually obscene, the decision will most certainly be reversed on appeal to a higher court. But one concerned with the underlying question of human rights must recognize that those opposing Bruce's freedom of speech will most probably be the winners in any case — for few, if any, Chicago club owners will risk booking the comedian in the future, with the threat of a possible license revocation hanging over their heads.

Lenny was not in court on the final day of the trial; he had a court appearance scheduled in Los Angeles on two new arrests from the previous week. L.A. police had tagged him with another obscenity charge during his opening-night performance in a club on the Sunset Strip, although his previous Hollywood case had not yet come to trial. A few days later the Los Angeles police arrested him in a cab for suspicion of possessing narcotics (the third L.A. arrest on this charge within a year). The narcotics charge could bring up to 10 years' imprisonment, if they can make it stick; authorities sentenced stripper Candy Barr to 15 down in Texas for possession of marijuana on a first offense — 15 years!

Lenny himself is to blame for much of his trouble, if it's possible to blame a lost soul for being lost. But we keep getting images of Billie Holiday and remembering the kind of police harassment she went through during her last night here on earth. A few days before his Chicago trial, Bruce received a letter from the Reverend Sidney Lanier, Vicar of St. Clement's Church in New York, who wrote, in part: "I came to see you [in a New York club performance] the other night because I had read about you and

was curious to see if you were really as penetrating a critic of our common hypocrisies as I had heard. I found that you are an honest man, sometimes a shockingly honest man. . . . It is never popular to be so scathingly honest, whether it is from a night-club stage or from a pulpit, and I was not surprised to hear you were having some 'trouble.' "

Lenny's "trouble" has included a dozen arrests in as many months — six of them in Los Angeles, his home town; he has lost his Beverly Hills house and is deeply in debt; the number of night clubs in which he can work has steadily decreased to a small handful; the money he can earn in a club has decreased proportionately. Most of his friends and business associates have deserted him — many driven away by his unpredictable manner and moods — but the Vicar of St. Clement's Church in New York offered — out of profound conviction and with true Christian charity — to come to Chicago and be a witness at his trial. Hip and perceptive Chicago disc jockey Dan Sorkin (best d.j. in the Midwest and remembered nationally as second banana—announcer on the Emmy-winning Bob Newhart television show) withstood tremendous local pressures and literally risked his Chicago career to testify at the trial in Lenny Bruce's behalf. It was a matter of principle and a defense of free speech that many around and over Sorkin could not understand; he offered to resign and seriously contemplated leaving the city rather than succumb to the coercion that was applied in opposition to his testifying.

Will Lenny Bruce be silenced? Perhaps. And if he is, the world will be a little poorer for it. Who else but Bruce could conceive of avoiding the newspapers' cameras after a Los Angeles court appearance by printing four-letter words all over his face with Mercurochrome?

Reverend Lanier wrote: "I emphatically do *not* believe that your act is obscene in intent. The method you use has a lot in common with those of most serious critics (the prophet or the artist, not the professional) of society. Pages of Jonathan Swift and Martin Luther are quite unprintable even now because they were forced to shatter the easy, lying language of the day into the basic, earthy, vulgar idiom of ordinary people in order to show up the emptiness and insanity of their times. (It has been said, humorously but with some truth, that a great deal of the Bible is not fit to be read in Church for the same reason.)

"Clearly your intent is not to excite sexual feelings or to demean, but to shock us awake to the realities of racial hatred and invested absurdities about sex and birth and death — to move toward sanity and compassion. It is clear that you are intensely angry at our hypocrisies

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(yours as well as mine) and at the highly subsidized mealy-mouthism that passes as wisdom. . . . May God bless you."

In 1951 both Chicago and New York banned the Italian film, *The Miracle*, starring Anna Magnani, on the grounds that it was "sacrilegious." The film's distributor fought the ban through the courts and the Supreme Court ruled that sacrilege was not a proper basis for banning a movie: whereupon the City of Chicago promptly banned the motion picture again — this time on the ground that it was "obscene." Again the film distributor took the case through the courts and again the Chicago censors' decision was overruled, but by the time the movie was finally cleared in the second Supreme Court decision, so much time had elapsed that there was no longer any meaningful market for the movie.

The Chicago censors' attempt to cut several "objectionable" words out of *Anatomy of a Murder* was successfully thwarted through a court appeal by the movie's producer, Otto Preminger; one of the "objectionable" words was "contraceptive," a medical term that can only be objected to on certain religious grounds.

The *Chicago Tribune*, self-proclaimed "The World's Greatest Newspaper," announced to its readers a little over a year ago that, henceforth, because of the number of popular books that its book editor found offensive, its list of "Best Sellers" would no longer include the titles of those volumes that did not measure up to their concept of community standards. Anyone turning to the *Tribune's* Book Department list of "Best Sellers," because of an interest in learning which books are currently most popular with the public, must receive, therefore, a slightly distorted view of what America is reading. From expurgated books, we have moved to expurgated book lists.

In the South, the charge of "obscenity" may be applied to unpopular ideas about miscegenation or some other racial issue. In Memphis last December the French film, *I Spit on Your Grave*, involving a light-skinned Negro who witnesses the lynching of his brother in a Southern town and decides to go up North and pass for white, was approved by the city censor board only to be seized in mid-showing by the Memphis vice squad and the print confiscated. The theater manager said he had "never heard" of such a thing as "seizing a film" (which he did not own, but only rented). He stressed the fact that the movie had been viewed and approved by the Memphis censor board and said, "What is confusing to me is exactly what power a censor board possesses when its power can be usurped by another authority."

Apparently even a city's fire department can get into the censorship act if they've a mind to. In Columbus, Ohio,

in the same month (December) as the Memphis arrest and confiscation, the city fire department held a "routine" inspection of the Parsons Follies Theater a few days after the theater's manager had been arrested for giving an "immoral exhibition" (for showing the French film, *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*), found several violations of local fire regulations and closed the theater.

A few weeks ago we were asked by David Susskind to participate in a panel discussion in New York on "The Sexual Revolution," along with Dr. Albert Ellis, Reverend Arthur Kinsolving, writer Maxine Davis, sociologist-columnist Max Lerner and Ralph Ginzburg, publisher of *Eros*, for Susskind's syndicated television show, *Open End*. The discussion was a frank one, including a particularly direct criticism of our society's sexual hypocrisy and an undisputed statement, by Dr. Ellis, that American puritanism is responsible for much of our marital unhappiness and divorce. The show will never be aired. It was killed by the Metropolitan Broadcasting Company, which syndicates *Open End* in major cities across the country, because, a spokesman for the syndicator explained, "The show is in very questionable taste." *Open End* producer-host Susskind said, however, he considered the two-hour panel discussion "an excellent show . . . unusually adult, with a wonderfully balanced panel." *Open End* is scheduled for late-night, adult viewing by the stations that carry it.

Not all TV sex discussion is suffering such censorship, however. At about the same time as the *Open End* incident, a group of experts held an unusually candid and honest discourse on adult sexual behavior, homosexuality and prostitution in a three-part series on the Norman Ross *Off the Cuff* show, on station WBKB, in which they concluded that all such sex activity came under the heading of personal morality and should not be legislated against by the Government. Father James Jones expressed the opinion, during the panel discussion, that when private sexual practices become a public affair and are outlawed by the state, it tends to drive the activity underground and makes it more difficult for social, moral and religious leaders to effectively reach the people and influence their behavior.

Several successful television series of varying quality have been developed around lawyers and court procedure, adding considerably to the interest and understanding of the general public in U. S. jurisprudence. Far and away the best of these — indeed, one of the finest, adult and admirably articulate programs on all of TV — is the award-laden Saturday-evening hour of courtroom drama, *The Defenders* (PLAYBOY, *On the Scene*, January 1963), which explores both the

strengths and weaknesses of our judicial processes and regularly offers stories probing such societal problems as capital punishment, mercy killing and abortion. (And what is altogether unique about *The Defenders* is not simply a concern with controversial subject matter, but the fact that the show continually makes a strong case against commonly accepted attitudes on these subjects — arguing against capital punishment and in favor of mercy killing and abortion — thus appealing to the rational mind of man rather than to his prejudices.) The popularity of the program proves not only that a significant part of the public will respond to thought-provoking television fare, but is today willing to accept a show whose mature content consistently stresses the lag between our law and changing social needs and requirements of a modern, evolving morality. The show's most frequent situation is one in which the individual is thwarted by the outmoded prescriptions of established authority — a theme that finds a receptive audience in a time when we are finally searching for new and better answers to the problems of society that have for so long been resolved on the basis of the prejudices and prudishness of antiquated traditions and taboos.

But despite such encouraging signs that suggest a better, more rational tomorrow, antisexual sentiment is still so strongly imbedded in our society that the label of "obscene" is one of the most effective means of damning a variety of otherwise unrelated unpopular viewpoints. In the same way, since the label of "Communist" is currently even more damning than "obscene," persons intent upon forcing the rest of us to conform to their personal moral standards sometimes utilize the utterly fantastic, but nonetheless effective, technique of calling sex subversive and sexual ideas with which they do not concur a Communist plot! (As observed in last month's editorial, Reverend Ira Latimer, in his scathing denunciation of University of Illinois Professor Leo Koch, and Congresswoman Kathryn Granahan, in her attack on the "smut and filth" in today's movies, both saw *Red* in any more-liberal view of sex than their own and said so. In actual fact, of course, their attempt to smother differing viewpoints is standard operating procedure for the Communists.) A liberal attitude toward sex is not subversive, but the attempt to coercively control such attitudes surely is. The Communists — like any totalitarian group or government — use censorship to establish a single standard or approved point of view.

It should be mentioned, also, that the Communist State is, at its heart, antisexual. Most dictatorships are. Sexual freedom only grows naturally in a free society; totalitarianism is more apt to

beget sexual exploitation, prostitution and perversion. We commented in the third part of this editorial (PLAYBOY, February 1963) that the Chinese Communists had been conducting a campaign against "disapproved" publications ("These books and pictures seriously harm those workers who by constantly looking at them can easily become degenerate in their thinking," cautioned the *Peking Worker's Daily*) and a Post of the Catholic War Veterans in Hartford, Connecticut, unthinkingly congratulated and emulated the Communists in a letter to book dealers in their community aiming to suppress, through the threat of boycott, certain publications they considered undesirable: "We have to hand it to the Communists . . . who have launched a nationwide campaign against pornographic trash," wrote the well-meaning American veterans to their fellow citizens. "Should not this example provoke a similar literary cleanup in our land where the morality is gauged by service to God and not to an atheistic state?" The letter was accompanied by the NODL list of "disapproved" literature.

The late President Franklin Delano Roosevelt stated in a speech delivered on May 8, 1939: "The arts cannot thrive except where men are free to be themselves and to be in charge of the discipline of their own energies and ardors. The conditions for democracy and for art are one and the same. What we call liberty in politics results in freedom of the arts."

Judge Thurman Arnold wrote in the decision of the U. S. Court of Appeals that quashed an attempt on the part of the U. S. Post Office to rescind the Second Class mailing permit of *Esquire* magazine in 1946: "A requirement that literature or art conform to some norm prescribed by an official smacks of an ideology foreign to our system."

President John F. Kennedy warned about the dangers of censorship in a nationally televised news conference in February of 1961: "The lock on the door of the legislature, the parliament, or the assembly hall by order of the King, the Commissar, or the Führer," he said, "has historically been followed or preceded by a lock on the door of the printer's, the publisher's, or the bookseller's." President Kennedy made it clear that he was skeptical regarding the value of censorship and that the responsibility of choice should rightly rest with the individual and the family, not with external groups, including the Government.

But less than two years later, Kennedy's Administration was itself under criticism for Government "manipulation of the news" relative to the Cuban crisis being justified by Government spokesmen on the basis that "news can be an

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effective weapon in winning the Cold War." How easily censorship spreads from area to area, and how easily it is rationalized, once we condone and permit the first exception to our total freedom of speech and press.

Critics of the Administration's action suggest that such censorship is more apt to be used to cover up Government mistakes than for any strategic advantage in the Cold War. And most of the newspapers of the nation have editorialized against the so-called "manipulation" on the ground that the people in a democracy have a Constitutionally guaranteed right to know.

It can be effectively argued that a free society's greatest strength is its freedom and we will not effectively challenge our totalitarian adversaries and eventually win out over them by curbing the very rights that set us apart from all dictatorships.

WHOSE FOOT IS TO BE THE MEASURE?

Another perplexing problem with censorship of any kind is determining just *who* is qualified to do the censoring. In 1814 Thomas Jefferson stated that he was "mortified" to find that the sale of a book could become a subject of inquiry in the United States of America. Rhetorically, he asked: "Are we to have a censor whose imprimatur shall say what books may be sold and what we may buy? . . . Whose foot is to be the measure to which ours are all to be cut or stretched?"

Those most interested in promoting censorship are usually least qualified to act as censors and those most qualified are most strongly opposed to the very idea of censorship in a free society. Even if the "ideal censor" were to be found (and the very words are, to us, incompatible)—a Solomon who truly tried to adjust his decisions, not to his own likes and dislikes, but to the Supreme Court's concept of a *community standard*—we have already seen that no single standard can ever be said to exist for the many and varied educational, social, ethnic and religious parts of a community and certainly not for the thousands of separate communities all across this broad country of ours. And we have previously quoted Justice Douglas of the Supreme Court who has stated: "Any test that turns on what is offensive to the community's standards is too loose, too capricious, too destructive of freedom of expression to be squared with the First Amendment."

If that most improbable Solomon of Censorship does exist, few communities have made any concerted attempt to find him. Instead, we are asked to shape our foot to the size of an arbitrarily selected officer of the police department or a censor board composed of housewives with spotty educational and cultural backgrounds. Attorneys for the award-win-

ning French film *The Game of Love*, a faithful adaptation of a classic novel by Colette, clearly demonstrated the questionable qualifications of a great many censors, when they appealed to the Illinois courts the City of Chicago's refusal to grant the motion picture a permit for exhibition.

Having entered into evidence the facts that the film had been awarded the Diploma of Merit at the Edinburgh Film Festival and the *Grand Prix du Cinéma Français* (Grand Prize of the French Motion Picture Industry) and that the American premiere of the film had been sponsored by the Fresh Air Fund of the *New York Herald-Tribune*, the attorneys brought out through testimony of members of the Police Censor Unit that there were no rules of procedure under which the Censor Unit operated and that they sought no outside opinions on movies being considered—neither the distributor's, nor drama critics', nor movie reviewers'. Lt. Ignatius J. Sheehan, head of the Censor Unit, testified that he did not read many books, did not attend many plays, did not attend art exhibits, did not read the book-review sections and had never read any of Colette's novels. He knew nothing about the awards that the motion picture had received nor anything about the honors which had been given Madame Colette during her lifetime. He stated that he could not define a classic or name any classic. He stated that he took the entertainment value of a motion picture into consideration in determining whether a picture should be accepted or rejected and he did not find the film entertaining. Lt. Sheehan testified that one of the things indecent was that a group of girls in the movie presumably saw the private parts of an adolescent boy who came out of the water after swimming nude. He stated that he thought that the young girl in the picture was "sex minded" and that this was abnormal in a girl 15 years old.

A Mrs. O'Hallaren testified that she was a movie censor for the City of Chicago, for which she receives \$304 a month and that she views movies eight hours a day, five days a week. She stated that she was a high school graduate and that she read movie reviews after she had passed upon a film, "but I don't read too much before. I don't go for that, because I like to see the movie my way and enjoy it and censor it, and then I am going to do it from my thinking. Then I am going to check to see how close I came." She testified that she had never read any of Colette's works and did not know too much about her. She stated that she did not think the motion picture *The Game of Love* had any entertainment value and that she thinks that movies should provide entertainment. She stated that the absence of entertainment value could be one of the reasons for rejecting

a picture. She stated that it was unusual for a girl of 15 to have sexual desires. She stated that she thought the movie was offensive to the standards of decency and that it was unfit, immoral and obscene. She defined a classic as "a work accepted by the standards of excellency," stated that it was accepted by the people generally and that Shakespeare's writings were classics because she had "never heard anyone really talk against Shakespeare." She testified that "there are a lot of things true to life that we cannot put on the screen."

Mrs. Joyce, another of the movie censors, testified that she was a high school graduate, that her tastes did not lean to classics, and expressed the opinion that most classics were written in the 18th Century. She stated that she would be "surprised and amazed" to find that Colette's novels circulated freely in the Chicago Public Library and that if any books like the movie were circulating, such books ought to be looked over before they get into the Public Library. Mrs. Joyce testified that she rejected the picture because "it was immoral, because it was against my parental rearing. Anyway, it was immoral, corrupt, indecent, against my religious principles, unclean, sinful and corrupt."

To put control of the communication of ideas within a community in the hands of the police is to open the door to the establishment of a police state and yet this is precisely the governmental authority endowed with the power of censorship in most American cities today. Are the housewives who were dictating the level of taste and sophistication in cinema for all the citizens of Chicago, second largest city in the United States, qualified for their job?

Who really is? The late Judge Jerome N. Frank of the U. S. Court of Appeals wrote in his opinion in *U. S. vs. Roth*: "To vest a few fallible men . . . with vast powers of literary or artistic censorship, to convert them into what J. S. Mill called a 'moral police,' is to make them despotic arbiters of liberty products. If one day they ban mediocre books as obscene, another day they may do likewise to a work of genius. Originality, not too plentiful, should be cherished, not stifled."

The job of censorship often goes, by default, to those in the community who have nothing better to do with their time—or worse—to someone who has a preternatural interest in censorship.

Dr. Benjamin Karpman, chief psychologist at St. Elizabeth's Federal Hospital in Washington, D. C., has stated: "Crusading against obscenity has an unconscious interest at its base."

Judge Thurman Arnold responded to this statement, during the *Playboy Panel* on "Sex and Censorship," with the com-

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WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

A career-conscious collegian whose sharpened sophistication sets the pace for tomorrow, the PLAYBOY reader is quick to grasp the importance of an ambitious course. What's more, his drive for success is matched only by his quest for quality. Where does he find it? In his favorite class magazine. Facts: One out of every two male college students in the country reads PLAYBOY each month. And when this urbane undergrad leaves the classroom for the conference room, he takes his loyalty along. 48.1% of all PLAYBOY readers are college educated. Profitable conclusion: PLAYBOY has what it takes to sell the college market. (Source: 1962 Starch Consumer Magazine Report.)

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MORRISON FEARED SHE'D CHILL HIS ALTRUISTIC PLAN, BUT ICY MISS PARKER ALSO UNDERSTOOD **THE TIE THAT BINDS** FICTION BY **WALT GROVE**

He was walking down the green-carpeted hall when he passed the open door of a room and heard Stud Tatum's voice, saying, "Come on, Byron, wake up—you got to get up now. Byron, get your can out of that sack!"

Morrison, who was both the newest and the youngest of the masters at the school, glanced in the open door. Byron Ramsey was lying on the nearest twin bed, fully clothed, and looking sound asleep. His roommate, Stud Tatum, was bending over the bed, shaking him. Stud had on only a white T-shirt, stenciled with the numeral 22, and a jockstrap; he was already 15 minutes late, at least, for spring training for football.

"Anything wrong?" Morrison asked, going into the room.

"Oh, Christ, you would have to butt in!" Stud said. "You remember that,

Mister Morrison. You *had* to stick your big goddamn nose in!"

At first Morrison thought Ramsey was ill: the boy's face was quite pale. He bent to feel Ramsey's pulse and the toe of his shoe kicked something under the bed, something that made a very distinctive sound. With a sigh Morrison bent and pulled a half-empty vodka bottle from beneath the bed.

In every school that Morrison knew anything about there were always boys who drank, as there was always a boy or two who managed to contract an unpleasant but curable malady. In girls' schools—Morrison imagined, he knew nothing about girls' schools, really—there would probably always be one girl, at least, each year, who turned up pregnant. He was not surprised at Ramsey's rebellion, but he was surprised at the form it had taken, a sloblike drunkenness. He had expected more from Ramsey than that.

"Where'd he get it, do you know?" Morrison asked absently.

"I wouldn't have the slightest, Mister Morrison. Not the slightest. Why don't you ask *him*?"

Morrison glanced up, surprised at the amount of emotion in Tatum's voice. The question had been rhetorical, really; Morrison knew where Ramsey had got the vodka. The school was in the beginnings of the Berkshires, north of the exurbanite area of Connecticut, and one and a half miles from a small village. In the village there was a liquor store, and a town drunk. If a boy went into the village and gave the old drunk five dollars he would receive a fifth of the cheapest vodka—the drunk pocketed something like a dollar and a half on each transaction. And all the boys at school who drank, drank vodka; they knew it couldn't be smelled on their breaths.

"You'll either tell me now, or the Head in about five minutes," Morrison said.

Tatum was only 18, but he stood six feet, three inches tall and weighed more than 250 pounds. He had graduated from his local high school the year before and he was being prepped to enter an Ivy League college where he would play football. But he would not go there on an athletic scholarship; his mother was wealthy and Stud would have played football at any school; he was that type. If he had not thought of it, a coach would've yelled, "Hey, you—c'mere!"

Stud picked up a cigarette from the study table and lighted it—something else against rules, smoking in the rooms. There were brown scabs on the backs of his hands and forearms, scars from cleats that had passed over him, and on his right thigh there was a large lemon-yellow ghost of a bruise. "You do anything that gets Byron kicked out, Mister Mor-

risson, and I'll cream you. So help me God, I'll ruin you for life."

"Really?" Morrison said. "Why would you do that?"

"Because he happens to be the nicest guy I ever knew in my entire life." Stud sat down on his own twin bed. "In a school like this there're a lot of snobs. Guys who laugh at you and so on. Well, I didn't know you weren't supposed to wear your goddamn football jacket, the one you got in high school. I showed up wearing mine. A lot of guys would've objected to rooming with me, right then. But Byron never said a word. The first weekend we could leave, he signed us out for New York, his parents' place. And he took me to his own tailor, the tailor he's had since he was about five years old. And he gave me his Sulka tie."

"He gave you what?"

"His Sulka tie. You know that shop in New York. Sulka. Byron had this tie, the only one like it in the world. An exclusive. I mean, if you walked in there and asked them to make you one like it, they wouldn't do it. And Byron gave me that tie. Like it was nothing."

Morrison took a cigarette from the package on the table. "Why is he so drunk on a Tuesday afternoon, do you know?"

"I told you, Mister Morrison, I'll —"

"I know, I have been properly terrified. Why's he drunk?"

"Well, I gave his girl the time, and he found out."

Morrison frowned. "When was that?"

"You mean when I gave her the time, or when he found out? I gave her the time more'n two years ago, but he only found out this past Saturday night."

"But you and Ramsey didn't know each other two years ago," Morrison said.

"I didn't say I gave Byron the time, Mister Morrison. I said I gave his *girl* the time. She's from my home town, she's over at the cat house this year. You remember when he went over for tea? That's when I introduced her and Byron."

The cat house was the name the students had given to Miss Catton's, a school for young ladies about a mile north of the village. There was no real socializing between the two schools—such a thing was not encouraged at prep-school level—but once each year the older boys were invited to tea; they generally responded, some time later, with a dinner. Morrison well remembered going to tea. That had been his first, and probably only, meeting with that cold bitch Selma Parker, the assistant headmistress—either Vassar or Smith, he was certain, about '59 or '60. A small blonde jewel of a girl in a simple black dress that might have cost \$40 at Bloomingdale's or \$400 at Bergdorf's; he could never tell about women's clothes when they were that simple. He had been so struck by her

that he had simply uttered the first thing to enter his head—"Say, the grounds look damn interesting, let's go outside." But that cold bitch Selma Parker had only glanced at him and said, "Oh, really?"—and walked off. Ordinarily Morrison did much better than that, and it had irked him.

"But aren't you from Wyoming?" Morrison asked. "I mean, it seems odd to me that you and a girl from a small Wyoming town should both go to school in Connecticut."

"What's so odd about it? Her family's got as much money as mine. Haven't you ever been in Wyoming, Mister Morrison?"

"No." The farthest west Morrison had been was Texas, the summer that he and his artist friend Harper had driven to Mexico. They had spent three months growing beards, wearing huarachos and living with two Indian girls who had been so identical looking it had been difficult, if not impossible, to tell them apart.

"Well, this town where I live is only about 3000 population, but everybody always does the same thing. I mean, everybody who's got money and can afford it. Like Cadillacs. Everybody used to drive Cadillacs. It was all you saw. Then this one doctor who always operates on everybody and is pretty successful bought a Jag. And then all the wives found out you could get that Borg-Warner transmission, you know, and have them air conditioned, and so now about all you see is Jaguars and Mercedeses. That's how I came to give Byron's girl the time, actually."

"Your mother bought a Jaguar?"

"Naw, my mother's an intelligent woman, she's got a Silver Wraith. I mean because everyone always does the same thing's how I happened to give her the time." Stud paused. "You never played football, Mister Morrison?"

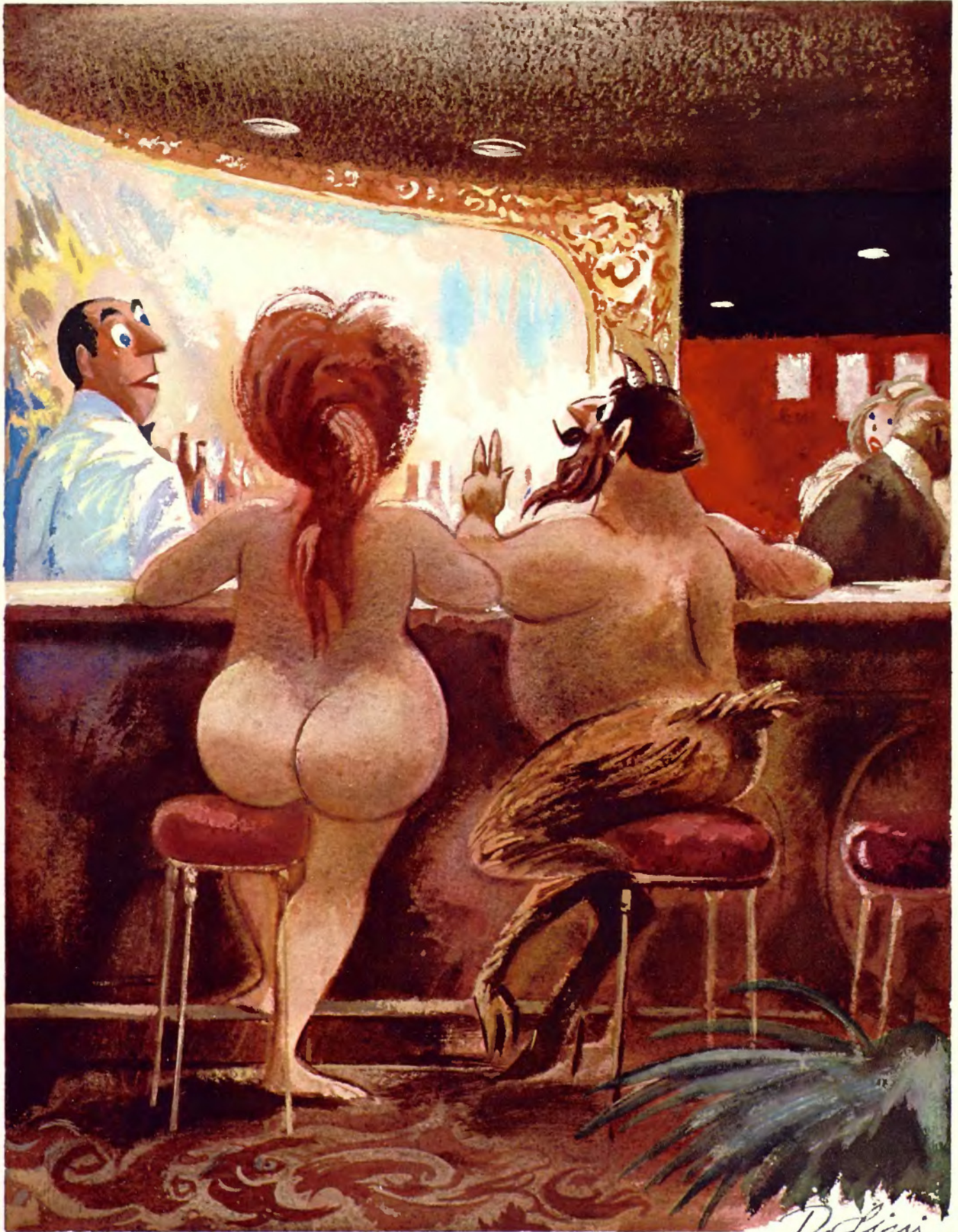
"No."

"Well, I don't know how it was at your school, but I know for a fact that nobody on our football team ever lacked for sexual intercourse. If you were on the team and you went with a girl you had sexual intercourse. Period. That was it. The girls all knew this and so did their parents. They never said anything, but they knew. Once I was with my girl right on the living-room floor of her house and her mother walked in. She never said a word, not a word. She just turned around and walked out."

"Was she your girl?" Morrison asked. "This girl who's over at the cat house now?"

"You mean Mary Sarah Butler? No, she was *never* my girl. That's what I'm trying to tell you." Stud lighted another cigarette. "You see, the vast majority of kids at that school, at least 90 percent,

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Delysi

"Two aphrodisiacs, please."



ARTICLE BY WILLIAM IVERSEN

A SHORT HISTORY OF DANCING

A TERPSICHOREAN TRIP THROUGH THE LIGHT

DANCING, someone once said, is "the poetry of the foot." With equal accuracy, it might also be described as the limericks of the legs, the jingles of the arms, or the ballads of the belly and buttocks. Through the ages, every muscle, limb and organ of man's body has wiggled, jiggled and jumped in dancing celebra-

tions of victory, puberty, birth, marriage, divorce, circumcision, the changes of the moon and the rising of the sun. At various periods and places, dances of the feet, neck, eyes, knees, lips, shoulders, thighs, breasts, hands and fingers have been used to arouse sexual desire, promote fertility, prepare for war, and to make rain,



FANTASTIC, FROM YESTERDAY'S QUADRILLE TO TODAY'S BOSSA NOVA

magic, money and whoopee.

The human desire to dance is basic. Man and his universe are all rhythm. The stars and galaxies move in an eternal ballet. The atom is a microscopic ballroom where particles swing and jitter to the frenetic jazz of energy and matter. Respiration is the rhythmic dance of

breath, and the heart of the human embryo throbs in double-time syncopation with the maternal pulse. Upon birth, the infant is rocked and nursed at the breast, in what the Dutch psychiatrist Joost A. M. Meerloo calls the "milk dance." "In the Far East," he states, "I experienced several times this rhythmic encoun-

ter of mother and baby as a joyous play, full of erotic overtones."

A similar eroticism is present in all human dances, and springs directly from nature. The mating dances of whooping cranes, crested grebes, pheasants, moths and other winged amorists are counted among the big thrills of bird and bug

watching, and zoologists aver that apes will shuffle and stamp around a tree for hours. A German psychologist, Wolfgang Köhler, who once made a study of such monkeyshines, reports that "In these dances the chimpanzee likes to bedeck his body with all sorts of things, especially strings, vines and rags that dangle and swing in the air" — thus displaying a sense of chic that compares with that of the primitive girl dancers depicted in the earliest Spanish cave painting of a human circle dance. Here, a group of Miolithic maidens are seen dancing in a ring around a rosy male youth whose nudity is emphasized by an enormous set of sex organs. Though prehistorians disagree as to the precise nature of this Stone Age shindig, the dance is almost identical with those performed at initiation ceremonies by many primitive peoples today. In central Australia, we are told, "the women dance with their arms flexed and make inviting movements," while on the island of Nauru, in the Pacific, the first menstruation of the chieftain's daughter is celebrated with a coming-out party at which dancers of both sexes "raise their grass skirts in front and behind and exhibit themselves to each other."

Simplest of all such dances are the erotic hoedowns of East African tribes, in which girl debutantes feverishly mimic the movements of coitus. Among the more complex is that of the Monumbo Papuans of New Guinea, who use the dance to instruct young tribal bucks in the responsibilities of manhood. We are told: "(1) they must often excite themselves by inserting a liana stalk in the penis; (2) they must steal diligently and not let themselves be seen by the women; (3) they must catch fish diligently with the fish spear; (4) they must diligently fetch down coconuts and drink the milk from them; (5) they must diligently fetch down breadfruits with pickers and foot slings; (6) they must delight in women; (7) they must secretly watch the women bathing."

As if this weren't enough to keep a young man out of mischief, most primitive societies demand his presence at numerous fertility rites. In the scholarly estimate of the musicologist and dance historian, Curt Sachs, "It would be difficult to imagine the motions of onanism and cohabitation . . . the frenzied shrieking of obscene words, and the chants of unprintable verses which the dancers of both sexes in the various cultures, alone or in couples, bring to their dances." By way of restrained example, he cites the spring dances of the Watchandi of western Australia, who cavort around a large trench "decorated with bushes in such a way as to resemble the sex parts of a woman. In the dance they carry in front of them a spear to represent a phallus. Circling around the ditch, they poke

the spear inside as a symbol of generative power, and sing continually, 'Not the pit, not the pit, not the pit, but the vulva!'"

In contrast, we have an anthropological report on the male-oriented sex hops of the Cobéua Indians of Brazil, whose dancers "have large phalli made of bast with testicles of red cones from the low-hanging trees, which they hold close to their bodies with both hands. Stamping with the right foot and singing, they dance at first in double-quick time, one behind another, with the upper parts of their bodies bent forward. Suddenly they jump wildly along with violent coital motions and loud groans of 'ai (ye) — ai (ye) — ai (ye). . . .' Thus they carry the fertility into every corner of the houses, to the edge of the wood, to the nearby fields; they jump among the women, young and old, who disperse shrieking and laughing . . ."

Though few instances can be found of the sexual act being consummated as part of the choreography, the fertility dance is always and everywhere a prelude to spirited intercourse — which often follows any other sort of primitive dance, as well. In the tribal mind, human potency and fertility are symbolic of health, abundance and victory over the forces of death and destruction. For this reason, fertility, war and funeral dances are more or less interchangeable, and anthropologists are often hard put to classify a given set of jumps, shuffles and grunts. From what has been learned, however, it's safe to assume that every step, leap, movement and contortion known to modern dancing had found its way into the primitive repertoire long before man emerged into the Bronze Age.

For all their aesthetic complexity, the dances of India still reveal a strong undercurrent of the erotic. Though divided into four regional types, every step and gesture is codified in the pages of the ancient *Natya Sastra* — a book which is believed to contain the dance secrets of the gods. "When the neck is moved backward and forward like the movement of a she pigeon's neck, it is called *Prahampita*. Usage: To denote 'You and I,' folk dancing, swinging, inarticulate murmurings and the sound uttered by a woman at the time of conjugal embrace." The hand held in one position conveys no less than 30 possible meanings, including "short man," "holding the breasts of women," "saying 'It is proper'" and "the flapping of elephant ears." When the dancer's third finger is doubled under the thumb, it may be construed as "flower," "screw pine," "the union of man and woman" or "rubbing down a horse."

Over countless centuries, the Indian dance has perfected 39 such significant hand gestures and 45 eloquent eye movements. All serve the purpose of storytelling dance dramas whose influence has

spread through Asia to the islands of the South Seas, where the myths and legends told by a hula dancer's hands form a graceful counterpoint to her swaying hips and undulating torso. To the untutored eye of the mainland American, the story elements of the Hawaiian hula are considerably less interesting than the febrile footnotes of the dancer's pelvis, which speaks the same international language of *l'amour* that grandfather learned at carnival peep shows under the spangle-tossing tutelage of some itinerant Little Egypt. Curiously, however, the Egyptians themselves are supposed to have hipped to the traditional belly ballet from watching another group of traveling artistes: the bebies of bumping and grinding Hindu dancing girls who were brought to the Land of the Pharaohs in 1500 B.C. as part of the sensual spoils of war with kingdoms of the Middle East.

Spectacular, too, were Egyptian back bends, and the whirling dances which predated the hour-long trance dance of the Moslem "whirling dervishes." Such spinning dances were prevalent throughout the Middle East. Assyrian soldiers of the Seventh Century B.C. reportedly "whirled themselves like tops," and the ancient Hebrew name for the dancing of women derives from the verb for "turn" — as in a whirlwind or the swinging of a sword.

Both the Talmud and the Old Testament testify to the fact that the ancient Hebrews danced for joy and the glory of the Lord. King David danced before the Ark of the Covenant, and when the children of Israel had safely crossed over out of Egypt, Miriam the prophetess "took a timbrel" — or tambourine — "in her hand; and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances." Easily the most sensational dance in Biblical history was the one performed by Salome at Herod's birthday party — a dance which so pleased Herod that "he promised with an oath to give her whatsoever she would ask." Salome, at her mother's urging, requested and got John the Baptist's head. Her dance, which Victorian poets were prone to interpret as a pretty twinkling of the feet, was, according to all earlier evidence, nothing more nor less than a *danse du ventre*, or Eastern belly dance.

Salome aside, the belly dance was far from typical of the Jewish people, whose gay, skipping courtship dances were of the sort which "the daughters of Jerusalem went forth and danced in the vineyards." An equally idyllic dance is described in the *Iliad* as characteristic of the Homeric Greeks: "And now would they run round with deft feet exceeding lightly. . . . And now anon they would run in lines to meet each other." To the poet Pindar, Hellas was "the land

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THE FEMLIN COMES TO LIFE our photographer plays pygmalion with playboy's frolicsome pixie

PLAYBOY readers will readily recognize the picture below as this issue's cover come-to-life — the palmed pixie, of course, being our Femlin, the prankish pocket-sized charmer depicted by LeRoy Neiman on our *Party Jokes* page each month. Dark of stocking, glove and hair — but notably light of heart — our small wonder personifies for us a friskily festive approach to life. To confound those cynics who doubt that such a blithe spirit really exists, we offer the following photographic scenario — proof positive that our fair little lady is indeed a living doll.





Above: the playlet begins atop playboy's desk as the Femlin spies a brace of tickets, gets green eyes at the thought of her guy's squiring a queen-sized femme. Below: a campaign of playful sabotage ensues as our covetous junior miss impishly disrupts current events by unplugging playboy's electric razor, stalling his progress.





More mischief is afoot as the playful Femlin continues her date-delaying tactics with a shoelace tug of war. Such habitual devilry keeps the lovely sprite in admirable shape (she tapes a perfect – and unique – 6"-3¼"-5¾").



Above: a further holdup occurs as the wee one depth-bombs guy's pre-date martini with a splashy olive. Below: time seems to have run out on our fetching mad hatter, until (right) playboy indulgently pockets his girl gremlin for the evening — a beaming Femlin happy to know she's close to the heart of the man in her life.







A. C. C.

"What do you mean 'Not here'!!"



a penetrating dissection of the ambivalent dream of expatriate self-discovery

FEW AMERICANS IN EUROPE, I would guess, are much dismayed these days by the pickets who, on one political occasion or another, parade before our embassies carrying signs that read: AMERICANS GO HOME! Such pickets, we tell ourselves in our new sophistication, are merely hardened Leftists or Rightists ready to exploit any occasion, the execution of Caryl Chessman or the building of a new rocket base, for their own obvious ends. And yet deep within us, I suspect, lurks an uneasy sense that such pickets speak also for us; a half awareness that, in the dark innards of the most enthusiastic American abroad, shadow figures march with placards carrying similar slogans. But this is a secret we have always found easier to confess in literature than in life.

Perhaps this is why an American friend, more or less permanently transplanted to Greece, brought to me with special indignation a recent article by Karl Shapiro, an angry valedictory to the world in which we were reading his words. "We retired from Europe in humorless disgust," Shapiro had written, "trading Provence and Tuscany for Lincoln, Nebraska. I suspect every American living abroad would do the same, given the opportunity and a little imagination. . . . American writers have been trying to explode the myth of Europe-our-Europe since the year one, and have not yet succeeded." And surely this is why I echoed my friend's indignation, pretending to us both that though we admired Shapiro as a poet and a man, his case could be dismissed out of hand: humorless, certainly, but grotesquely overstated and full of not-quite facts as well.

Either, I found myself thinking in his defense, he has deliberately overstated his position so that no one will believe what he has written just to earn the passage money home; or the whole thing is a symptom of incipient hepatitis, that endemic disease of the liver which attacks Americans abroad with particular virulence, filling them with a pointless rage not always possible to tell from the true prophetic fury. And I almost wrote to Mr. Shapiro in Lincoln, Nebraska, to ask whether his eyeballs and elbows were beginning to turn yellow.

But, after all, I told myself on second thought, hepatitis is a semipsychic affliction; and the fact that American livers do so spectacularly fail in Europe, that habitual anger plus an uncustomary diet sends the bile churning in our blood, is an argument *for* Mr. Shapiro's position rather than against it. On the other hand, my private argument continued, many Americans are living abroad (including me), and surely they are not all simply lacking in imagination and opportunity. As a matter of fact, as the "opportunity" for me to go home again has come closer and closer, my "imagination" has reduced me to a state of near panic. Even now, I am not quite ready to leave Greece, and find it hard to believe that I ever shall be. Moreover, I can hear outside my window the noises of the more and more fellow Americans who each year go abroad: some to look briefly, some to stay awhile, a few to remain indefinitely.

What is the matter with such Americans? Are they merely, as Mr. Shapiro would have us believe, victims of the tourist offices of Italy and France and Greece, dupes of their own travel agents? Or is it an unfortunate combination of prosperity and boredom which keeps them flowing eastward? If not, what in the world makes them willing to take the word of commercial brochures over that of their greatest writers and their deep inner selves? For, after all, if Mr. Shapiro is not telling the whole truth and nothing but the truth, he is telling something more like the truth than the leaflets of travel agencies. Many of our greatest writers *have* tried to explode a vulgar myth of Europe, warning us of its corruption, its commercialization, its political tyranny, its indigestible fare, its sheer ugliness.

The collaborators in this endless debunking campaign have included not only Mark Twain, who claimed nearly to have starved on European food, and managed to eat well forever after by

PART II of a novel by
IAN FLEMING

bond found himself
ensconced in the malignant
domain of his sinister
prey, a world of ten golden
girls and an irma la
not-very-douce at all

**ON HER
MAJESTY'S
SECRET
SERVICE**





James Bond, impersonating Sir Hilary, feigned nonchalance as he took the *Daily Express* out of his brief case and turned to the sports pages. His destination: the Alpine eyrie of archcriminal Blofeld.

R. Wagner

Synopsis: For James Bond, on the beach at Royale les Eaux, it had been one of those Septembers when it seemed that the summer would never end. He had come to the Normandy Coast for a rest from his persistent pursuit of Ernst Stavro Blofeld, mastermind of SPECTRE (Special Executive for Counter-Intelligence, Revenge and Extortion), the dreaded organization of international crime. He was fed to the teeth with chasing the ghost of Blofeld. And the same went for SPECTRE.

It was while he was driving in his big Bentley toward the beach at Royale that the adventure began. Triple wind horns screamed their banshee discord in his ear and a Lancia Flaminia Zagato Spyder, with a beautiful girl at the wheel, tore past him and pulled quickly away. By the time he had passed through Montreuil the nimbler car had vanished, and he was left with the haunting image of the girl's shocking-pink scarf whipping cheekily from the Lancia as it roared past. He had to find out who this devil of a girl was.

And he did find out that night in the Casino. She gambled with money she didn't possess, repaid him with her body for covering her losses at chemin de fer, and threatened suicide. Her name was La Comtesse Teresa di Vicenzo but when morning came he was calling her Tracy.

Sensing that she was greatly disturbed within, Bond followed the countess to the beach and called to her when it appeared she was about to drown herself in the surf. The girl looked past him and her clenched right hand went up to her mouth. Bond swirled and there were the steady silver eyes of two automatics sneering at him, held by two swarthy thugs with deadpan, professional faces; in a moment all four were in a launch headed for the nearby hide-out of Marc-Ange Draco, Tracy's father—and head of the Corsican crime brotherhood known as the Union Corse. There Draco made James Bond a strange offer: £1,000,000 to wed his daughter, whose suicidal inclinations, he explained, stemmed from self-contempt for a life of decadent self-indulgence. Bond, pleading the prior claim of duty, refused the offer, suggesting instead that Tracy be sent to a Swiss sanitarium for treatment and adding that, after her release, he would be delighted to pay her court. In gratitude for Bond's kindness to his daughter in the Casino, Draco paid his guest the favor of disclosing the whereabouts of the hunted Blofeld—somewhere in Switzerland.

Two months later, in London, Bond was still on the trail of the master of SPECTRE, and learned from Sable Basilisk, of Her Majesty's College of Arms and Heraldry, that a Swiss resident named Blofeld had applied for a trace on his family tree with a view to establishing

himself as *Le Comte de Bleuville*. To Bond this was as the scent of fox to hound. Posing as Sir Hilary Bray, a legitimate English nobleman, and as an expert on heraldry, he inveigled an invitation to visit Blofeld's hideaway and then set off to ensnare his prey, highly aware that once Blofeld had probed his heraldic gen to its rather shallow bottom and it had been proved that he was or was not *Le Comte de Bleuville*, "Sir Hilary Bray," his usefulness expended, might well meet with an "accident."

It was on this cheery thought that James Bond, bowler hat, rolled umbrella, neatly folded *Daily Express* and all, took off via jet for the lair of his foe. What would Blofeld look like? He wondered. And his excitement mounted as he consumed a delicious lunch served by a delicious stewardess—and the winter-brown checkerboard of France fled distantly below.

Now there was scattered snow and barren trees as they crossed the tiny hillocks of the Vosges, then permanent snow and ice floes on the Rhine, a short stop at Basle, and then the black crisscross of Zürich Airport and "Fasten your lapstraps" in three languages, and they were planing down, a slight bump, the roar of jet deflection, and then they were taxiing up to the apron in front of the imposing, very European-looking buildings decked with the gay flags of the nations.

At the Swissair desk inside the door, a woman was standing beside the reception counter. As soon as Bond appeared in the entrance she came forward. "Sair Hilary Bray?"

"Yes."

"I am Fräulein Irma Bunt. Personal secretary to the Count. Good afternoon. I hope you had a happy flight."

She looked like a very sunburned female wardress. She had a square, brutal face with hard yellow eyes. Her smile was an oblong hole without humor or welcome, and there were sunburn blisters at the left corner of her mouth which she licked from time to time with the tip of a pale tongue. Wisps of brownish-gray hair, with a tight, neat bun at the back, showed from under a skiing hat with a yellow talc visor that had straps which met under her chin. Her strong, short body was dressed in unbecomingly tight *vorlage* trousers topped by a gray wind jacket ornamented over the left breast with a large red G topped by a coronet. Irma la not-so-douce, thought Bond. He said, "Yes. It was very pleasant."

"You have your baggage check? Will you follow me, please? And first your passport. This way."

Bond followed her through the passport control and out into the customs

hall. There were a few standers-by. Bond noticed her head nod casually. A man with a brief case under his arm, hanging about, moved away. Bond studiously examined his baggage check. Beyond the scrap of cardboard, he noticed the man slip into one of the row of telephone booths in the main hall outside the customs area.

"You speak German?" The tongue flicked out and licked the blisters.

"No, I'm afraid not."

"French perhaps?"

"A little. Enough for my work."

"Ah, yes. That is important, yes?"

Bond's suitcase was unloaded off the trolley onto the barrier. The woman flashed some kind of a pass at the customs officer. It was very quickly done, but Bond caught a glimpse of her photograph and the heading "Bundespolizei." So! Blofeld had got the fix in!

The officer said deferentially, "*Bitte sehr*," and chalked his symbol in the color of the day, yellow, on Bond's suitcase. A porter took it and they walked across to the entrance. When they came out on the steps, a neutral black Mercedes 300 SE saloon pulled smartly out of the parking area and slid to a stop beside them. Next to the chauffeur sat the man who had gone to the telephone. Bond's suitcase was put in the boot and they moved off fast in the direction of Zürich. A few hundred yards down the wide road, the man beside the driver, who, Bond noticed, had been surreptitiously watching in the twin driving mirrors, said softly, "*Is gut*," and the car turned right-handed up a side road which was marked "*Eingang Verboten! Mit Ausnahme von Eigentümer und Personell von Privatflugzeugen*."

Bond was amused as he ticked off the little precautions. It was obvious that he was still very much on probation.

The car came up with the hangars to the left of the main building, drove slowly between them and pulled up beside a bright orange Alouette helicopter, adapted by Sud Aviation for mountain rescue work. But this one had the red G with the coronet on its fuselage. So! He was going to be taken for a flight rather than a ride!

"You have traveled in one of these machines before? No? It is very pleasant. One obtains a fine view of the Alps." Fräulein Bunt's eyes were blank with disinterest. They climbed up the aluminum ladder. "Mind your head, please!" Bond's suitcase was handed up by the chauffeur.

It was a six-seater, luxurious in red leather. Above and in front of them under his perspex canopy the pilot lifted a thumb. The ground staff pulled away the chocks and the big blades began to move. As they accelerated, the men on the ground drew away, shielding their faces against the whirling snow. There

was a slight jolt and then they were climbing fast, and the crackle of radio from the control tower went silent.

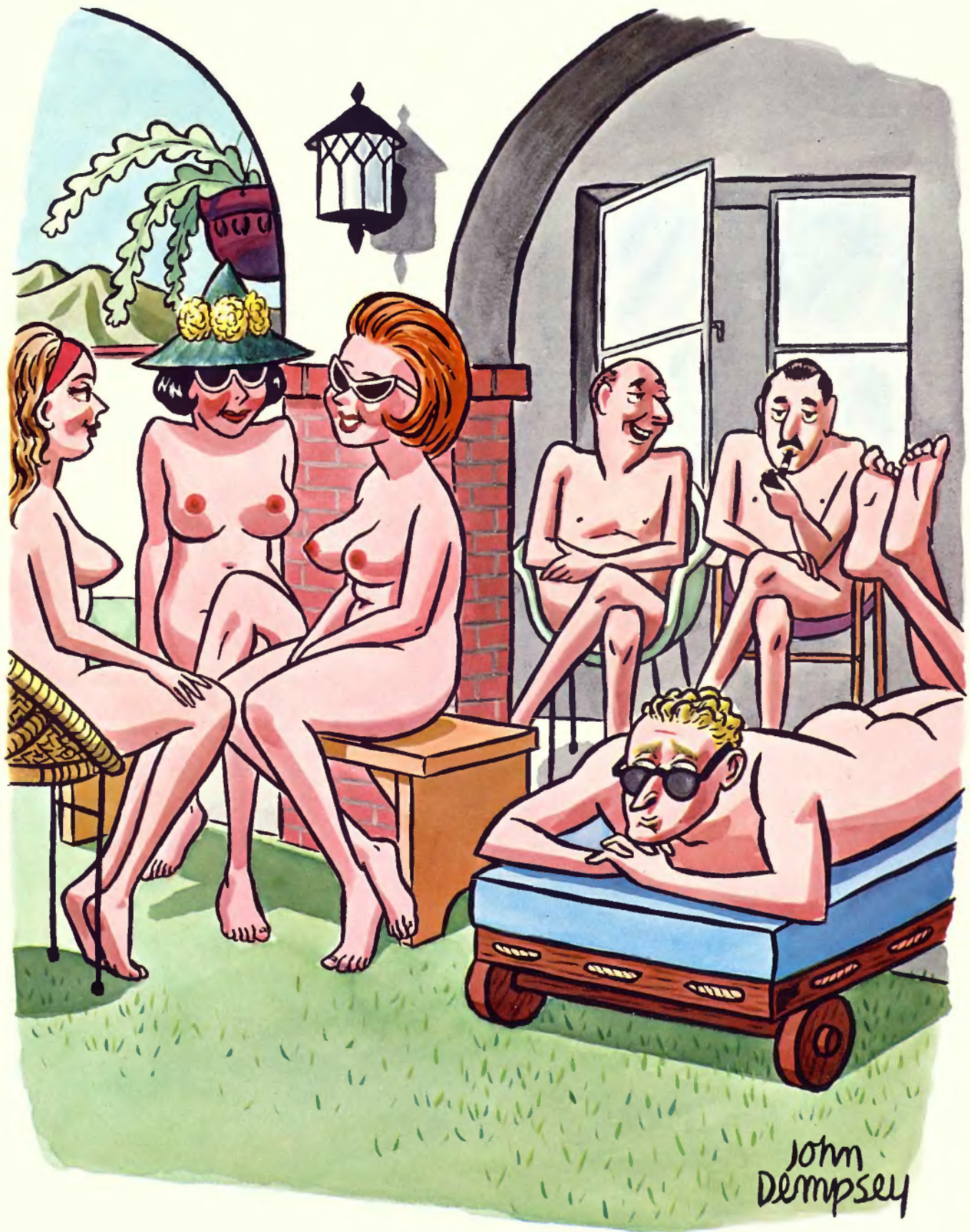
Irma Bunt was across the passageway from Bond. The extra man was in the rear, hidden behind the *Zürcher Zeitung*. Bond leaned sideways and said loudly, against the rattle of the machine, "Where are we heading for?"

She pretended not to hear. Bond repeated his question, shouting it.

"Into the Alps. Into the high Alps," shouted the woman. She waved toward the window. "It is very beautiful. You like the mountains, isn't it?"

"I love them," shouted Bond. "Just like Scotland." He leaned back in his seat, lit a cigarette and looked out of the window. Yes, there was the Zürich See to port. Their course was more or less east-south-east. They were flying at about 2000 feet. And now there was the Wallensee. Bond, apparently uninterested, took the *Daily Express* out of his brief case and turned to the sports pages. He read the paper from last page to first, meticulously, every now and then casting a bored glance out of the window. The big range to port would be the Rhätikon Alps. That would be the railway junction of Landquart below them. They held their course up the valley of the Pratigau. Would they keep on at Klosters or veer to starboard? Starboard it was. So! Up the Davos Valley! In a few minutes he would be flying over Tracy! A casual glance. Yes, there was Davos under its thin canopy of evening mist and smoke, while, above her, he was still in bright sunshine. At least she seemed to have had plenty of snow. Bond remembered the tremendous run down the Parsenn. Those had been the days! And now back on the old course again and giant peaks to right and left. This must be the Engadine. The Silvretta Group away to starboard, to port Piz Languard and, ahead, the Bernina range diving down, like a vast ski jump, into Italy. That forest of lights away to starboard must be St. Moritz! Now where? Bond buried himself in his paper. A slight veer to port. More lights. Pontresina? And now the radio began to crackle and the "Seat belts" sign went up. Bond thought it time to express open interest. He gazed out. Below, the ground was mostly in darkness, but ahead the giant peaks were still golden in the dying sun. They were making straight for one of them, for a small plateau near its summit. There was a group of buildings from which golden wires swooped down into the darkness of the valley. A cable car, spangled in the sun, was creeping down. Now it had been swallowed up in the murk. The helicopter was still charging the side of the peak that towered above them. Now it was only a hundred feet up above the

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"He's the only ankle man I've ever met here."



CHOP-CHOP CHINESE FARE

THE TRUE GENIUS OF CHINESE CHEFS has always been their limitless flair for improvising. In old China, the lowliest cook could take an ordinary onion omelet and with a few spices transform it into a celestial delicacy. Foraging Chinese soldiers would climb almost inaccessible ocean cliffs to bring down swallows' nests and convert them into birds'-nest soup. After they had eaten all of a shark's meat, Chinese fishermen found they could steam the fins into a ravishing broth.

When the Chinese General Li Hung-chang was staying at the then newly amalgamated Waldorf-Astoria, in 1896, his three personal chefs who traveled with him were suddenly called upon to prepare a dinner for President Cleveland, who had come to pay his respects. They quickly assembled the local provisions on hand.





old cathay's
cuisine raises
short-order
cookery to a
high art

food By THOMAS MARIO



mainly onions, pork, celery and mushrooms, and created an authentic culinary triumph. They called their dish *tsa-sui*, meaning a miscellany of practically anything. New Yorkers pronounced it chop suey, and have done their best ever since to make it the ultimate in Chinese culinary clichés. But the important thing is that Americans who had been accustomed to their meat on a platter, their sauce in a sauceboat and their vegetables in a vegetable dish were introduced to a glorious melange of small morsels of food quickly sautéed, quickly steamed and quickly bathed in a soy-flavored sauce.

To a bachelor, one of the most magnetic attractions of Chinese cooking is that with few exceptions (roast duck takes several hours and birds'-nest soup requires about eight hours on the fire) it's the speediest in the world. But the very instantaneousness of a Chinese dish, once it's on the fire, is also a possible booby trap. There's a final moment when every morsel must be deployed within arm's reach — each item sliced, minced, trimmed, shelled or in whatever state the last-minute posture demands. If the shrimp are done and the water chestnuts haven't been sliced, if you have to struggle with a bottle cap or search for the cornstarch or fumble with the garlic, you will inevitably commit a culinary *faux pas* — a la Chinese. For a prime secret of Oriental cooking is timing, and the times entailed are short. If you've been told that Chinese vegetables are only half cooked, you've been told a half-truth; Chinese vegetables — by comparison with American plebeian standards — should be one-quarter cooked or one-eighth cooked. In some cases there is only the merest flirtation with a hot fire. Dishes of meat or poultry may be cooked in advance provided the vegetables are added at the last moment.

From the Oriental viewpoint, the principal ingredient in *any* recipe is an unwavering dedication to good food. Time and again in Chinese biographies and novels the hero is recognized as heroic by his allegiance to the good things of the table. His exact supper menu is as important as his midnight tryst after supper.

No sluggards in the potable department, countless Chinese notables were famed for their ability to hold liquor. Wang Chi, for instance, was remembered as the Five-Bottle Scholar. In modern times the Chinese, like the French, refuse to damn fine food with irreverent swilling. Before the dinner, martinis made with rice wine instead of vermouth, clover clubs, gimlets and whiskey or rum sours are all modern Eurasian pleasures. Toward the conclusion of a meal, a cup or two of a fine flowery tea is preferred to the endless merry-go-round of tea gulping that usually goes

on in American Chinese restaurants. The very end of the feast is properly capped with fruit liqueurs.

In setting up your own Sino-styled food fest, at least two of the following dishes should be proffered — always with the proper rice.

CHINESE RICE
(Serves four)

- 1 cup converted rice
- 1¾ cups water
- 1 teaspoon salt

In a saucepan with heavy bottom and tight-fitting lid bring water to a rapid boil. Add salt. Slowly stir in rice. Cover and cook over lowest possible flame 18 to 20 minutes or until rice is tender. Do not stir while rice is cooking.

BEEF AND OYSTERS
(Serves four)

- 2½ lbs. sirloin steak
- 16 large freshly opened oysters
- Peanut oil
- 3 tablespoons onion, minced
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- ¼ lb. sliced fresh mushrooms
- 1 cup chicken broth
- 3 tablespoons oyster sauce
- ½ teaspoon soy sauce
- 3 tablespoons cornstarch
- Salt, pepper, monosodium glutamate
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- ½ cup cold water
- ½ cup flour
- ⅛ teaspoon ground anise
- 12 thinly sliced red radishes

Cut steak into approximately 1-in. squares, as thin as possible — no more than 1/16 in. thick. If steak is very cold or semifrozen, slicing will be easier. Heat 2 tablespoons peanut oil in a wide saucepan. Add onion and garlic. As soon as onion begins to turn yellow, not brown, add sliced steak and mushrooms. Sauté, stirring frequently, until meat is brown. If any pool of liquid remains in pan, continue to cook until it disappears. Add chicken broth, oyster sauce and soy sauce. Bring to a boil. Mix cornstarch with ¼ cup cold water to a smooth paste. Stir into pan and cook until thick. Add salt, pepper and monosodium glutamate to taste. Mix well the eggs, remaining water, flour and anise. Dip oysters in batter. Heat ½ in. peanut oil in a wide skillet until first wisp of smoke appears. Fry oysters until light brown on both sides. Mix radishes with beef mixture. Turn into serving dish. Arrange oysters on top.

FANTAIL SHRIMP AND CELERY CABBAGE
(Serves four)

- 2 lbs. large shrimp
- 2 egg whites
- ¼ cup cornstarch
- Peanut oil
- 1 large Spanish onion, cut julienne

- 3 cups celery cabbage, cut julienne
- 2 cups iceberg lettuce, cut julienne
- ½ cup catsup
- ½ teaspoon sesame oil
- ½ teaspoon fresh gingerroot, minced
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- 1 tablespoon oyster sauce
- ½ teaspoon soy sauce
- Salt, pepper, monosodium glutamate

Remove shells from shrimp, leaving tail on. Cut lengthwise almost, but not quite, in half. Remove vein from back. In a narrow bowl beat egg whites until stiff. Add cornstarch and ¼ teaspoon salt. Mix well. Transfer egg-white mixture to a larger bowl, add shrimp and mix well. Heat 1 in. peanut oil in electric skillet preheated to 370°. Fry shrimp until light brown on both sides. While shrimp are frying, heat in another wide pan 2 tablespoons peanut oil. When oil is very hot, add onion, celery cabbage, lettuce, catsup, sesame oil, gingerroot, sugar, oyster sauce and soy sauce. Season to taste with salt, pepper and monosodium glutamate. As soon as vegetables are hot, not limp, remove from fire. Place vegetables in a mound on serving dish. Arrange shrimp around vegetables, crown fashion.

SEA BASS WITH SWEET AND SOUR SAUCE
(Serves four)

- 2 sea bass, 1¾ lbs. each
- 2 ozs. shelled pine nuts
- 1¼ cups chicken broth
- ¼ cup brown sugar
- 3 tablespoons cider vinegar
- Cornstarch
- 1 green pepper, diced
- 2 pimientos, diced
- 13½-oz. can frozen grapefruit sections, thawed and drained
- ¼ teaspoon sesame oil
- 2 tablespoons oyster sauce
- 1 teaspoon soy sauce
- Salt, pepper, monosodium glutamate
- Peanut oil

Have the sea bass cut into boneless and skinless fillets. Cut each fillet crosswise into quarters. Place pine nuts in a shallow pan in oven preheated to 350°. Heat 10 to 12 minutes or until nuts begin to brown. Avoid scorching. In a saucepan combine chicken broth, sugar and vinegar. Bring to a boil. Mix 3 tablespoons cornstarch with ¼ cup cold water. When smooth, slowly add paste to broth. Add green pepper, pimientos, grapefruit, sesame oil, oyster sauce and soy sauce. Again bring to a boil. Remove from fire. Sprinkle sea bass with salt, pepper and monosodium glutamate. Dip in cornstarch. Heat ½ in. peanut oil in a wide skillet until oil shows first wisp of smoke. Sauté fillets until light brown on both sides. Place fillets in serving dish. Bring sauce to a boil again and pour over fillets. Sprinkle with pine nuts.

(concluded on page 132)

Graham
Wilson



"I kept hoping the picture would get old and repulsive looking, instead of me, but it didn't work out that way."



GUILELESS CHARMER

our may playmate is a pretty hollywoodian with no eyes for acting

AT FIRST GLANCE, May Playmate Sharon Cintron would appear to be a rather perplexing young lady. As a denizen of Hollywood, California, a city not noted for lack of ambition on the part of its comelier citizens, she is thoroughly bored by the thought of a movie career, intends instead to

become a hair stylist. Further, in a community much given to artistic temperaments and casual sophistication, she has never been known to affect worldliness in either manner or speech. And in the midst of a sensual land where women set great store by physical beauty, she appears refreshingly



Above: a chronic browser in art galleries, Sharon says, "I must drive them crazy because I never buy anything." Below: hooked on yoga, she is now learning from a yogi friend who goes by the book. "It keeps a girl loose," says Sharon, "so I'm all for it."



unimpressed by her own lush looks. At second glance, however (in Sharon's case, glances become habit forming), certain elemental truths begin to come clear: far from being a puzzle, she is instead that rarity in tinselland: a pretty girl who is uncomplicated and straightforward. "I want to be a hair stylist," she says, explaining with disarming directness, "because I like styling hair. And the money is good. Why try to be a starlet and starve?" A girl who gives no perceptible indications of imminent starvation (her 110 pounds are arranged in a healthy 36-23-36 configuration), Sharon is currently employed as a receptionist in a law office, from which occupation she hopes to save sufficient funds to finance her stint at hair-styling school. Born 18 winters ago in Perth Amboy, New Jersey, Miss Cintron trekked to California as a little girl when her mother decided on a change of scene, from the Jersey flatlands to the Golden State's pleasant hills. Sharon was schooled at Hollywood High where she developed an interest in psychology and the disarming philosophy that one should have fun and exercise to the fullest one's capacity to enjoy life. For Sharon, no small part of that enjoyment evolves from the boy-girl camaraderie of dating. "Because my father divorced my mother when I was very young, I never even knew him," she says. "So maybe I'm compensating with masculine company now. In any case, I know I like the sense of protection that comes from having a male around. I'm attracted to guys who are understanding and sympathetic -- and I have a special weakness for anyone nice enough to laugh at my jokes. But I can't bear kiss-and-tell types; probably this is because I'm too trusting and am disappointed by minor betrayals." Since graduation, Sharon has continued to study applied psychology at UCLA night school, a course she calls "fascinating, sort of do-it-yourself psychoanalysis. But I don't take it too seriously. I'm too much of a nut on romance to believe that human behavior can be equated with Pavlov and his dogs. I'd rather believe in love at first

Below: Sharon plays with her poodles. "The big one is Tino, the little one Ti, and they make it hard for me to leave for work."





MISS MAY PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

sight than instinctual motor responses. Besides psychology, I'm interested in art and in yoga. Good painting has always flipped me. I like portraits best, probably because I like people. The yoga bit is recent. I haven't achieved spiritual well-being from it yet—just a sore neck. But I'm still game." Continuing to catalog the pleasures that brighten her spirits, Sharon says, "I love all foods, but most especially Japanese dishes. I go wild over sashimi—that's raw fish, but never mind, it has a lovely taste. Like a lot of my friends, I get my outdoor kicks from horseback riding and swimming. I have a thing about fixing old furniture. I like classical Spanish music, Charles Laughton movies and simple, tailored clothes. And dancing the cha-cha. And the sound of rain on windows." When asked what she wants most from life, she quietly replies, "Love. Money is nice, of course—but it can't hold hands." Miss May lives in her mother's home and sleeps in a cozy room full of antique furniture, with a color combination of white, beige and blue, an oasis which she has infused with a high degree of femininity. Attractive as the room is, the *sine qua non* of its interior decoration is provided only when Sharon herself is in residence—as may be witnessed on the accompanying gatefold, where our winsomely lovely Playmate thoughtfully nibbles an apple and, in the process, looks tempting enough to lure not only Adam but all his heirs as well.

Right: pasta master Sharon Cintron, preparing a spaghetti supper for friends, soys, "I've never pretended to be much of a whiz at housekeeping, but how I love to cook! Almost, that is, as much as I love to eat."



Below: our charming chef-d'oeuvre observes that "The way to a man's heart is supposed to be through his stomach—and I believe it's true. Fellows may ignore my perfume, but one whiff of my marinara sauce, and zap! I'm surrounded."



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *tax office* as a den of inequity.



After watching an extremely attractive maternity-ward patient earnestly thumb through a telephone directory for several minutes, a hospital orderly finally asked if he could be of some help.

"No thanks," said the young mother, "I'm just looking for a name for my baby."

"But the hospital supplies a special booklet that lists every first name and its meaning," said the orderly.

"That won't help," said the girl, "my baby already has a first name."

"I had everything a man could want," moaned a sad-eyed friend of ours. "Money, a handsome home, the love of a beautiful and wealthy woman. Then, bang, one morning my wife walked in!"

Harry had proudly demonstrated his new ultracompact sports car to his date of the evening and had spun the little wonder to a halt on a lonely country road. After a considerable amount of amorous preliminaries, his girl coyly jumped out of the car and headed for a mossy spot nearby. Noticing that Harry wasn't following, she turned and said, "Hurry and get out of the car before I get out of the mood."

Harry struggled for a minute, then mournfully said, "Until I get out of the mood I *can't* get out of the car!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *monotony* as marriage to one woman at a time.

After rushing into a drugstore, the nervous young man was obviously embarrassed when a prim, middle-aged woman asked if she could serve him.

"N-no," he stammered, "I'd rather see the druggist."

"I'm the druggist," she responded cheerfully. "What can I do for you?"

"Oh . . . well, uh, it's nothing important," he said, and turned to leave.

"Young man," said the woman, "my sister and I have been running this drugstore for nearly 30 years. There is nothing you can tell

us that will embarrass us."

"Well, all right," he said. "I have this awful sexual hunger that nothing will appease. No matter how many times I make love, I still want to make love again. Is there anything you can give me for it?"

"Just a moment," said the little lady, "I'll have to discuss this with my sister."

A few minutes later she returned. "The best we can offer," she said, "is \$200 a week and a half-interest in the business."



Never pour black coffee into an intoxicated person. If you do, you'll wind up with a wide-awake drunk on your hands.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *artist's model* as attireless worker.



"I think you've made a mistake in my bill," said the patron, after three excellent highballs in a swank New York bar. "You've only charged me 15 cents."

"No mistake," replied the bartender. "I only charge a nickel a drink."

"Fantastic," said the delighted patron. "But how, at a nickel a drink, can you afford to operate such a plush bar? Are you the owner?"

"No," confided the bartender. "The owner's upstairs with my wife. And what he's doing to her up there I'm doing to him down here!"

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



"That certainly was a surprise ending!"

saying so; but also Nathaniel Hawthorne and James Fenimore Cooper, Herman Melville and even Henry James, who finally became an English citizen all the same. And they should have known, those writers who "since the year one" have been trying to explode the myth of Europe; because "since the year one" they have all helplessly been drawn to Europe, too. Not only have some lived most of their adult lives as declared expatriates, like Pound and Eliot and James; but others, who would have hooted in derision at the title, have spent long periods abroad. Benjamin Franklin, for instance, wrote most of his *Autobiography* in England and France; and, indeed, that first of American books which we can still read with delight appeared in French before there was any edition at all in Franklin's native tongue.

From Washington Irving (who spent 17 years in Europe), through Hawthorne (who did seven at one stretch), to Melville (whose first voyage took him in that direction, and who at his life's critical moments always headed across the Atlantic), to the whole generation of the 1920s — on through Henry Miller to the present moment, American authors have sought in Europe a refuge from our weather and their friends, as well as a place for indolence and work. Only last year, James Baldwin, who has lived for many years in Paris, finished a novel in Istanbul; while William Burroughs, the black saint of the American very young, refuses still to return to his homeland; and Allen Ginsberg, who has made of Burroughs' exile a standing charge against America, recently walked in the mountains above Delphi in search of whatever it is that, for more than a century and a half, our writers have sought in the Old World and not found — found, perhaps, by not finding.

Not only certain great European cities such as London and Paris and Rome have provided our writers with a literary climate more favorable than their own; but the single small hill of Bellosguardo in Florence lists on a memorial tablet the names of more American novelists of first rank who worked there on major books than any single spot in America could boast. It is, indeed, astonishing how many especially American fictions were conceived or actually executed abroad, from *Rip Van Winkle* through *The Leather-Stocking Tales*, *The Marble Faun* of Hawthorne and Twain's *Pudd'n-head Wilson* to Fitzgerald's *Tender Is the Night* and *The Sun Also Rises* of Hemingway.

Some of these books are, of course, precisely studies of the American abroad; and since Henry James brought the theme to full consciousness, it has been

an almost standard subject of our literature. I have before me as I write a list of this year's "Outstanding Books for Summer Reading," chiefly by Americans, and my eye following the plot summaries sees at a glance "on a Greek island," "self-discovery on the French Riviera," "a busy Left Bank street in Paris," "a voyage from Mexico to pre-Nazi Germany." Moreover, resting beside one elbow is the manuscript I have just finished, a novel dealing with Americans in Rome. Remembering such books as these, however, we remember also — with a twist which brings us back to Shapiro's side — that most of them, including my own, end with their protagonists *going home*.

Such novels of exile and return reflect the deepest truth, the mythical truth of the experience of Americans abroad, a truth of art which life does not always succeed in imitating, though it is one to which it aspires. T. S. Eliot, I suppose, will never go back to St. Louis to live out his declining years; while Pound, released from captivity in the States, seems set on dying in Rapallo. And if Rapallo looks, as Mr. Shapiro claims, just like Santa Barbara, California, that is just one of those irrelevant jokes that history plays on us all. Nonetheless, Hemingway, after long wandering, did come home to the American West to die; and Henry Miller, who threatened for a while to freeze into the image of the last exile in Paris, has managed to thaw out in California. As for the generation of the Twenties, its backward trek has been memorialized in that bible of repatriation, Malcolm Cowley's *Exile's Return*.

In literature, the pattern of exile and return works with more consistency; indeed, in some cases going home seems to be lived out vicariously in books to spare the writer the indignity of living it out in fact. In the key novels of Henry James, for instance, from *The American* to *The Ambassadors*, the protagonists go back to the place from which they started, whether it be San Francisco or Boston. And though in *The Ambassadors* the departing Lambert Strether tells his young friend Chad to stay in France while he is leaving — we cannot help suspecting that Chad will, for ignoble reasons, take the path back to America already followed, for quite noble ones, by his senior. Whether in self-sacrifice or cowardice, the displaced American returns. At least in literature.

The Dick Diver of Fitzgerald's *Tender Is the Night* is living in Geneva, N.Y., as his book closes; while Kenyon and Hilda of Hawthorne's *The Marble Faun* are headed for marriage and America at their story's end; and Twain's Connecticut Yankee, who has traveled in time as

well as space, returns to Connecticut to mark the close of his strange fable. Even Eliot, Anglo-Catholic and Royalist, returns home in his imagination, making a pilgrimage in the *Four Quartets* not only to New England, but even, less foreseeably, to Huck Finn's Mississippi, beside which he was born.

In the deepest American imagination, Europe represents a retreating horizon, opposite to but quite as elusive as the retreating horizon of the West. And like the West, it is thought of as a place in which we find it difficult to remain, like the place of a dream from which we wake in pleasure or fear. Or alternatively, we view it as the object of a romantic flirtation from which we return to the realities of marriage or loneliness. Most typically, we represent Europe to ourselves as a woman we cannot hold: a saint to be worshiped from afar or a whore to be longed for and left — from Henry Adams' Virgin, through Twain's falsely accused St. Joan, to the "clouded" Mme. de Vionnet of James, and Pound's symbolic "old bitch gone in the teeth . . ." Only homosexuals and the women who these days let homosexuals prefabricate their fantasies imagine Europe as the bronze-and-black Mediterranean boy appropriate to a Roman spring.

Longfellow, for many years the chosen intermediary between the American middle classes and Europe, found once in a Roman *stornello* what struck him as the perfect expression of the feeling with which the American artist goes home. "*Se il Papa me donasse Campidoglio*," the song runs, "*E mi dicesse, 'lascia andar sta figlia' / Quella che amavo prima, quella voglio*"; which means in English, "If the Pope would offer me the Capitoline Hill, and say to me, 'let your girl go,' the one whom I loved first, her would I choose." And after "the one whom I loved first," Longfellow wrote, transcribing the lines in his notebook, "(America)." America! The image is customary enough: the presentation of the longing for Europe as an unworthy impulse to adultery, and of the return as a righteous reassertion of loyalty. And with it as a clue, we can begin to resolve the contradiction between the fact that our writers have constantly warned us off Europe and constantly sought it out.

The American, let us say, goes to Europe to see if he can triumph over temptation; and he learns that even if he cannot always leave what allures him, at least he can write accounts of leaving it. Discovering in Europe that his own country is myth as well as fact, and Europe fact as well as myth, he comes to see that one myth is as good as another and that he might as well stick to the one to which he was born. Meanwhile, he learns that in fact, in terms of plumbing and class relations and poli-

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THE BUM

in which a young reporter learns that a man's bride should be life, and pretension his bitterest foe

memoir By BEN HECHT

IT RAINED. IT RAINED.

Waves of rain flooded the afternoon. I walked in West Madison Street like a deep-sea diver. An autumn wind slanted the rain and fired it against the town like pistol caps. I moved through this sea bottom of a day soaked, chilled and deeply pleased.

I had a use for the rain, a double use. It would help turn me into a bum, an objective advised by my city editor, Mr. Mahoney. "You'll never get this story unless you disguise yourself as a broken-down, witless bit of flotsam," said Mr. Mahoney, "which should not be too difficult." And I would be able to describe the rain to Betha Ingalls next Sunday evening, as evidence of my poetic side. It was the only side of me she cared for.

It made an uneven relationship, since I loved all of Betha, including her tight-lipped, black-brocaded widow of a mother who looked like the bar of judgment, with a patrician nose to boot. Mrs. Zelda Ingalls was as ominous a parent as ever put a hex on young love. I became shifty-eyed in her presence, like a pickpocket waiting to be sent up for 30 days.

Betha? Nineteen — a year my senior. Large eyes so bright they seemed to consume her face as well as mine. I think they were blue and that she had tan hair. What a turncoat memory is, hanging onto trivia and dropping vital statistics into the well of years.

Betha's body is easier to remember, for it was an impression rather than a fact. It had no existence. Betha was a face, a voice, deep eyes and a pair of almost transparent hands. The rest was fabric, usually white, that revealed only good taste. The body it covered remained remote and inconceivable. It takes more than a dress to do this, even though dresses in that day were ankle length and pillory collared. Betha was



clothed also in a purity of mood and thought — a white candle with a little flame of a face.

How did a spotty-souled young newspaper reporter meet so seraphic a girl? As he met nearly everyone else in that time — pursuing a story for Mr. Mahoney.

I'll let the embryo bum slosh along West Madison Street, and put down some background details; for there is no Mr. Mahoney hurrying me now to invade the town's flophouses in quest of a seven-column scoop. "If, by any chance, you dig up the heir to the Willard Chatfield millions, please remember to telephone in the news. The *Journal* does not mind the extra expense."

Mr. Mahoney was referring to an incident some months before. While tracking down some minor piece of South Side news, I had turned a corner and seen a man running and leaping and tossing greenbacks into the air as if they were confetti. A score of yelling men were chasing him. Leading the posse was a white-aproned butcher. I saw the butcher swing his cleaver and watched the man's head leave his neck and land on the pavement. The man stopped running but stayed erect, spurning blood into the air like fireworks.

I got the story from the triumphant posse leaders. The headless man, now fallen, had walked through the plate-glass window of Jesse Binga's Negro bank, terrorized its employees with drug-crazed whoops, scooped up \$10,000 and gone zigzagging and yodeling down the street.

With the facts in hand, I hurried to get the scoop to the city desk. But I hurried on foot, the existence of the telephone totally forgotten. I ran the three miles to the *Journal* in good time. Mr. Mahoney listened coldly to my panted information about the headless bank robber. The City Press had bulletined the story to all the afternoon papers minutes before and ruined my scoop.

"We ought to fire you on the grounds of stark idiocy," said Mr. Mahoney, "but Mr. Hutchens may want to enter you in the Olympics. I'll ask him."

Now to Betha, my blessed damsel.

A month before, Mr. Mahoney had brought Betha into my life in the oblique fashion to which I was used. In youth, fate (continued on page 110)

new additions to an imaginary menagerie for children of all ages

SILVERSTEIN'S ZOO

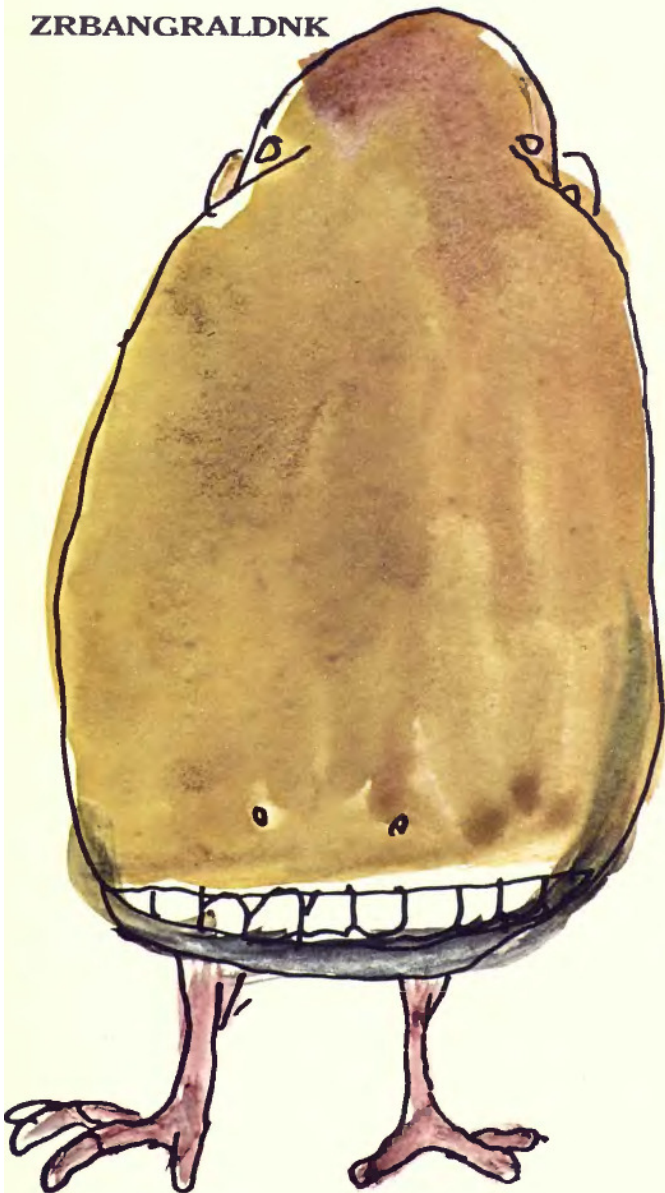
satire **By** **SHEL SILVERSTEIN**



THE GALLOPING GRISS

Have you seen anything of the Galloping Griss?
Purple-eyed and dripping fat?
If he went that way,
I'll go this.
If he went this way,
I'll go that!

ZRBANGRALDNK



THE ANNOUNCEMENT

The Zrbangraldnk has just arrived
And it's up to me to announce him . . .
Uh . . . how do you pronounce him . . . ?



PLEASE BE KIND

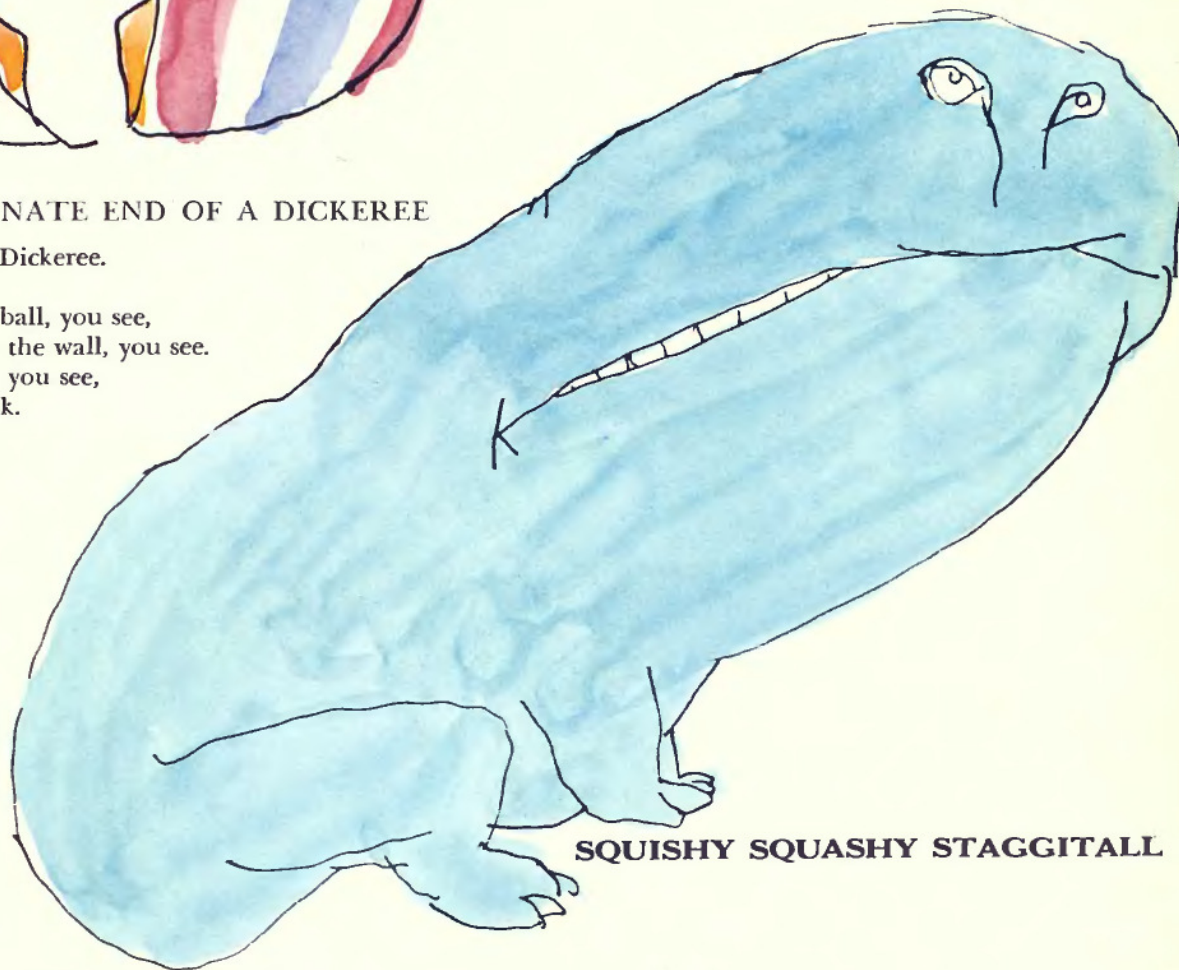
Please be kind to the One-Legged Zantz.
Consider his feelings,
Don't ask him to dance.

DICKEREE



THE UNFORTUNATE END OF A DICKEREE

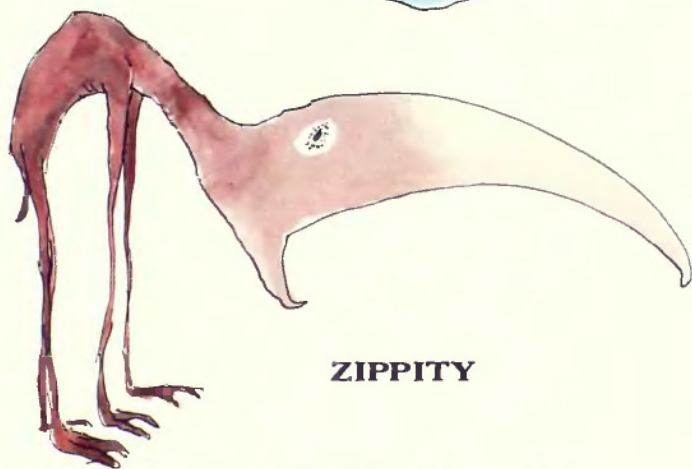
I think I've killed a Dickeree.
I did it by mistake.
I thought she was a ball, you see,
So I bounced her on the wall, you see.
I didn't think at all, you see,
That she might break.



SQUISHY SQUASHY STAGGITALL

THE WORST

When
Singing songs of
Scaryness,
Of bloodyness
And hairyngness,
I-feel-obligated-at-this-moment-to-remind-you
Of-the-most-ferocious-beast-of-all,
Six thousand tons
And nine miles tall,
The Squishy Squashy Staggitall . . .
That's standing right behind you.

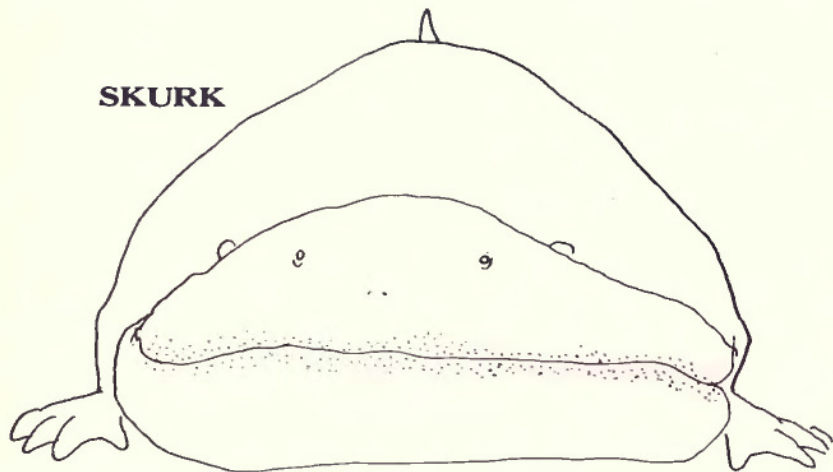


ZIPPITY

THE SKINNY ZIPPITY

O, pity the poor, poor Zippity,
For he can eat nothing but Greli—
A plant that grows only in New Caledoni,
While the Zippity lives in New Dehli.

SKURK



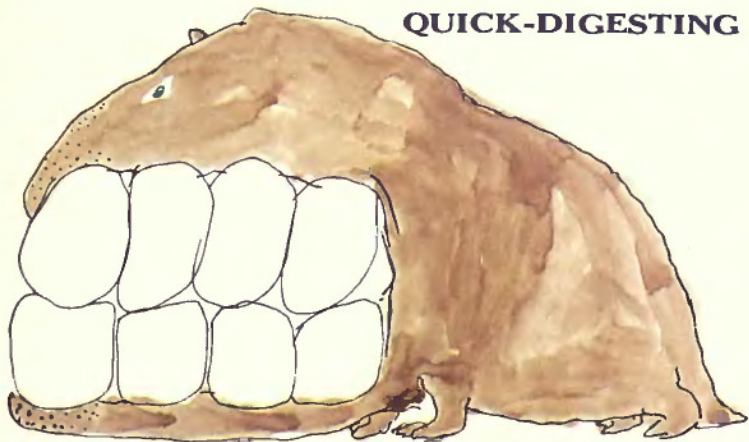
THE FRIENDLY OLD SLEEPY-EYED SKURK

The Sleepy-Eyed Skurk, he's a nice old thing,
He'll let you sit inside his mouth
If you knock on his chin,
He'll let you in.
But I rather doubt
He'll let you out.

FLUSTERING PHANT



QUICK-DIGESTING SNEET

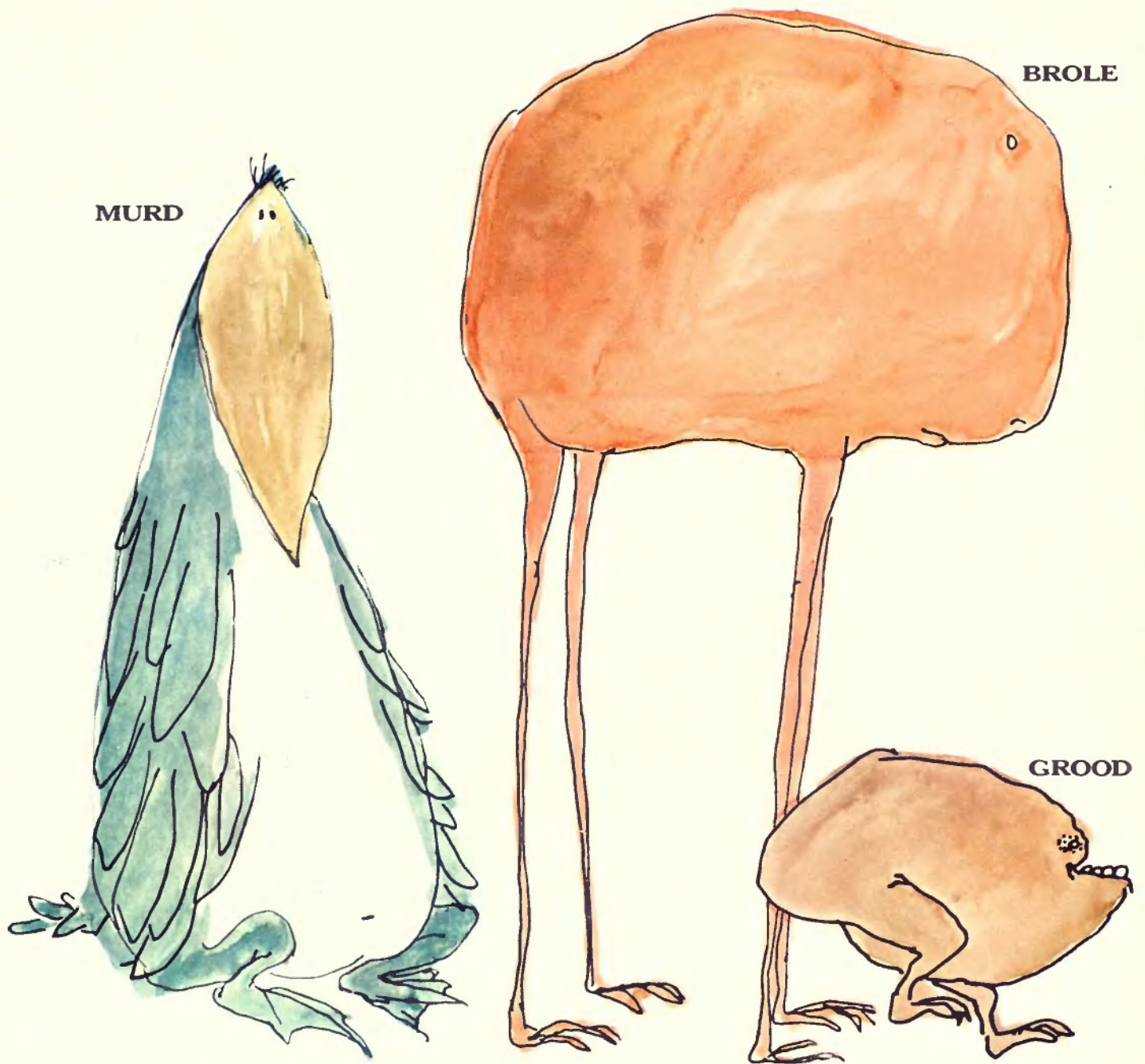


OOOPS!

We've been caught by a Quick-Digesting Sneet,
And now we are dodging his molars,
And now we are restin'
In his lower intestine,
And now we're back out on the street . . .

THE BIRTH OF THE PHANT

Some animals pop from cocoons,
While others spring up from the clay.
I've heard that some drop from balloons
Or arrive in some other ridiculous way.
But the Tiny-Toed Flustering Phant
(And please don't repeat that I said it),
He grows from the stem of the Nibulous plant,
And the snob never lets you forget it.



A FAMILY AFFAIR

Oh, the Bulbulous Brole
 Is a beast with a soul
 And a manner serene and sedate.
 A model of meekness,
 With only one weakness,
 And that is for eating his mate,
 Heigh-ho,
 A masculine need for his mate.

Now the White-Breasted Murd
 Is a delicate bird,
 With a song that is tenderly sung.
 She is gentle and shy,
 With a matronly eye,
 And a fondness for eating her young,
 Heigh-ho,
 A motherly love for her young.

The young Gross-Bottomed Grood —
 He takes milk for his food
 And goopies and bran for his tummy.
 And he goes with delight,
 When sometime at night,
 He can swallow his daddy and mummy,
 Heigh-ho,
 A filial love fills his tummy.

And, oh, were you here
 For the wedding, my dear?
 And the quiet buffet that ensued?
 When the Bulbulous Brole
 Wed the Murd, I am tole,
 And produced a young Gross-Bottomed Grood,
 Heigh-ho,
 A gurgling Gross-Bottomed Grood.

THE BUM *(continued from page 105)*

leaps at you from unexpected corners. Or maybe the eyes of 18 look into such corners.

Mr. Mahoney had said to me, "We have been secretly tipped off that our former police chief, Timothy O'Shea, is being taken to the Elgin State Hospital for the Insane this morning, to become one of its most distinguished inmates. Members of his family are loyally escorting him to the booby hatch. Hoping to elude the watchdog press, they are leaving from the Englewood station instead of from LaSalle Street. See what you can get from the grieving relatives. Also, I would like a statement from the lunatic himself."

There were five O'Sheas in the Englewood station shed, all tall and brawny fellows. I stood casually near them, listening in on the family chitchat, when one of them suddenly bellowed, "A newspaper fink! Get him!" I fled the station with four fierce O'Sheas after me. A rage against publicity in their dark hour had seemingly driven all the O'Sheas loco. With a half-block lead I turned and noted that an automobile had joined the chase. The lunatic ex-chief was at the wheel.

I ran through the opened door of an undertaker's parlor, darted into the rear salesroom where a half-dozen shiny coffins were on display, threw open the rear door and headed back for one of the coffins. Its lid was down. I hoped it was empty. It was. I climbed into it, pulled the lid over me and propped it up for air with a silver dollar.

Lying there in one of my future homes, I heard the ugly roar of the O'Shea posse as it galumphed through the display room and out the opened back door in pursuit of the newspaper fink. I doubt whether anyone ever enjoyed a coffin more. Its inky dark gave me a sense of safety, of trouble outwitted.

A half hour later, I pushed up the lid and left my earth box. The display room was empty. I walked into the front parlor. Two women and a man were discussing a prospective burial with the undertaker. The women were Mrs. Zelda Ingalls and her daughter, Betha.

I stood staring at the spiritual-looking girl in the white dress. She seemed exactly the sort of girl one should meet after coming out of a coffin. As the song-writers might put it, I fell in love with an angel at first sight.

Walking in West Madison Street in the melodious roar of the rain, I thought tenderly of Betha. It was Tuesday. No Betha till Sunday—a schedule invented by her omnipotent mother. I walked on, dreaming of Sunday. A good thing Betha's mother couldn't see me now. I was sockless, tieless, hatless, unshaven—

a match for any bum in any flophouse. I was also a little drunk from sipping at the flask in my pocket, a touch of disguise suggested by Mr. Mahoney.

What fine phrases I would have for the poetic Betha on Sunday. I frowned experimentally at her judgment bar of a mother. I would look her in the eye on Sunday and say, "Not guilty, your Honor. I bring your daughter only descriptions of the rain."

I busied myself preparing them as I sloshed along, soaked through and half drunk. *The hypotenuse of the rain. The rain turning into a swarm of Vs as it hit the pavement. The rain, a pliant wall of water, fuming and opalescent. The tenacious lash of the rain, with the wind for its handle.*

West Madison Street had darkened. *Through the leaping rain, lighted store signs burned like golden-lettered banners flung stiffly into the storm. In their yellow mists the rain looked like furies of moths.*

I tucked away my Sunday bouquet of similes and thought of my assignment. Pride warmed my drenched body. Mr. Mahoney had sent me forth to find a man for whom scores of city police and private detectives had been searching vainly for a week. His name was Daniel Chatfield, aged 40, with a record of 20 arrests in the last eight years. He had been arrested usually for lying in a coma on the pavement. He was known to the cops as Sleepy Dan, a vagrant and a morphine addict.

A week ago a noted Chicago financier, Willard Chatfield, had died and left his millions to his only son, Daniel, alias Sleepy Dan, the flophouse bum.

"That the cops can't find him signifies nothing," Mr. Mahoney had said to me. "But that Daniel himself has ignored our headlines and failed to come scrambling out of his sewer for his papa's millions gives us a clue of sorts. Sleepy Dan is either dying or dead. Or possibly he is a philosopher who prefers the freedom of poverty to the nasty burden of riches. Come what may, we expect some descriptive passages superior to Tolstoy."

Mr. Mahoney joked, but I knew his secret attitude. Mr. Martin Hutchens, our pink-faced, hung-over, silver-haired managing editor shared it. They were hatching me out. Clucking, deriding and giving me their city as an incubator. God love their journalistic shades.

I had written of bums often in news items: bums in front of a municipal judge; nose-running, dirt-glazed head-hung derelicts mumbling their "Not guilty's," and listening without protest to the verdict—"30 days in the Bridewell. Call the next case." But I had never seen them in the flophouse.

The Victoria Hotel was one of the addresses in the police files for Sleepy Dan. It was a three-story building, but its two upper floors had been blitzed by time. Their windows were boarded up. Rats held carnival in the darkened rooms. A carpet of bugs covered the littered floors and maggots glowed around rodent carcasses.

The street floor, only, was available to guests. I returned to it after a peek at the disabled upper stories. The street floor was divided into two large rooms—the lobby in which the guests could stand, the other in which they slept.

Two broken windows in the lobby looked on the street. Rain poured through them. Pools of water rippled around the feet of the standing guests. There were some 50 of them. An unshaded electric bulb hung from the ceiling. Faces glinted in its light.

I stood, wet and shivering, and saw around me an assembly of truth-tellers, of humans unmasked and visible only as what they were. Vacuity, hunger, despair, fear, defeat, desolation were stamped plainly on their faces, without the veil of boast or lie. The things you guessed at in other people were vividly seeable in these ragged ones, as if they were actors offering brilliant characterizations. Their dirtiness was half hidden in the dim light, but their stink betrayed their rotted clothes, clotted bodies and weak bladders. Yet I saw grins all around me. Nitwit and goon-born, but still grins. A flock of grinning scarecrows stood silently watching the rain as if it were a parade.

A hand pulled my sleeve. An old man, small as a boy, smiled up at me with watery, colorless eyes. His toothless mouth whispered, "I ain't got a dime for sleepin' here tonight."

I handed him a coin, unaware that it was a half dollar till it left my fingers. The little old man gulped, shivered and started to weep. He whispered, "Jesus love you." His hand squeezed my arm and the weeper whispered again, "Come on. I'll fix you up, sweet man. I know a place that's private. Nobody'll see. Come on, honey boy, I'll fix you up."

I moved away from the decrepit homosexual and his unwholesome burst of gratitude.

The 50 stood for hours in the pools of lobby water. I was one of them, silent, shivering, nipping at my whiskey flask and hungry as a wolf in whelping time. I wrote the scene in my head for Mr. Mahoney. My copy would begin, "Outside, the pizzicato of the rain . . ."

The rain ended. A lonely wind remained in the wet street. Talk started around me. A man near me asked a riddle. Voices offered guesses. The riddle asker laughed and finally revealed

(continued on page 147)



**Spanish
Accent**

Jai-alai fan is sartorially on the pelota in wool-mohair pullover with leather collar, cuffs, bottom, by Cortefiel de Espana, \$40.

three fashion finds of casual elegance from the land of sol y sombra

attire By ROBERT L. GREEN TRADITION AND TRAIL BLAZING are elegantly interwoven in the outline of a new sartorial silhouette: the Spanish look. Amalgamating the uncluttered lines of classic flamenco attire with the luxuriance of the matador's dazzling *traje de luces*, this emerging profile enlivens the urbane informality of Continental casualwear with a venturesome individuality entirely its own. In handsome hides and fabrics of lush tint



Torero twirls muleta for attentive *aficionado*, who earns *olé*s in Mediterranean-blue wool pullover with deep-V sueded antelope front, gray neck stripe, zipper turtleneck, \$60, pleatless belted wool flannel slacks, \$45, both by Cortefiel de España.

and texture, designers in cosmopolitan Madrid and Barcelona are fashioning attractively unorthodox, consummately tailored sports- and outerwear which promise to rank these two cities among the world's leading male fashion centers. Unabashed but understated is the tasteful tone in rainwear, which will be coping with inclemency Stateside (as well as on the plains in Spain) in cotton poplin models both long and short, belted and beltless, classic and unconventional



Cotton poplin for the rain in Spain, l to r: *caballero* in suede-trimmed coat with cope sleeves, military collar, wide-welt stitching, by Costa de Majorca, \$60; *amigo* in belted knee-length coat with wide cuffs, full black lining, by Cortefiel de Espono, \$35.

— with solid browns setting a muted mood, colorfully counterpointed by a few coats in alabaster white. No less decoratively decorous, the new wardrobe of Spanish sweaters will be available in full-cut cardigans and pullovers, blending supersoft weaves and leathers in outspoken solid shades. Comfortably correct for *corrida* or *jai-alai* gallery, these spirited styles embody all the attributes implied in the phrase, *buen gusto* — good taste.

slope, coming in to the plateau and the buildings. The pilot's arms moved on his joy stick. The machine pitched a little and slowed. The rotor arms swung languidly and then accelerated as the machine hovered and settled. There came a slight bump as the inflated rubber "floats" met the snow, a dying whirl from the rotor and they were there.

Where? Bond knew. They were in the Languard range, somewhere above Pontresina in the Engadine, and their altitude would be about 10,000 feet. He buttoned up his raincoat and prepared for the rasping dagger of the cold air on his lungs when the door was opened.

Irma Bunt gave her boxlike smile. "We have arrived," she said unnecessarily.

The door, with a clatter of falling ice particles, was wrenched open. The last rays of the sun shone into the cabin. They caught the woman's yellow sun visor and shone through, turning her face Chinese. The eyes gave out a false blaze, like the glass eyes of a toy animal, under the light. "Mind your head." She bent down, her tight, squat behind inviting an enormous kick, and went down the ladder.

James Bond followed her, holding his breath against the searing impact of the Arctic, oxygenless air. There were some men standing around dressed like ski guides. They looked at Bond with curiosity, but there was no greeting. Bond went on across the hard-trodden snow in the wake of the woman, the extra man following with his suitcase. He heard the engine stutter and roar, and a blizzard of snow particles stung the right side of his face. Then the iron grasshopper rose into the air and rattled off into the dusk.

It was perhaps 50 yards from where the helicopter had landed to the group of buildings. Bond dawdled, getting preliminary bearings. Ahead was a long, low building, now ablaze with lights. To the right, and perhaps another 50 yards away, were the outlines of the typical modern cable railhead, a boxlike structure, with a thick flat roof canted upward from close to the ground. As Bond examined it, its lights went out. Presumably the last car had reached the valley and the line was closed for the night. To the right of this was a large, bogus-chalet-type structure with a vast veranda, sparsely lit, that would be for the mass tourist trade — again a typical piece of high-Alpine architecture. Down to the left, beneath the slope of the plateau, lights shone from a fourth building that, except for its flat roof, was out of sight.

Bond was now only a few yards from the building that was obviously his destination. An oblong of yellow opened invitingly as the woman went in and

held the door for him. The light illuminated a big sign with the red G surmounted by the coronet. It said GLORIA KLUB. 3605 METRES. PRIVAT! NUR FÜR MITGLIEDER. Below in smaller letters it said "Alpenberghaus und Restaurant Piz Gloria," and the drooping index finger of the traditional hand pointed to the right, toward the building near the cable-head.

So! Piz Gloria! Bond walked into the inviting yellow oblong. The door, released by the woman, closed with a pneumatic hiss.

Inside it was deliciously warm, almost hot. They were in a small reception room, and a youngish man with a very pale crewcut and shrewd eyes got to his feet from behind a desk and made a slight bob in their direction. "Sir Hilary is in number two."

"Weiss schon," said the woman curtly and, only just more politely, to Bond, "Follow me, please." She went through a facing door and down a thickly piled, red-carpeted passage. The left-hand wall was only occasionally broken by windows interspersed with fine skiing and mountain photographs. On the right were at first the doors of the club rooms, marked Bar, Restaurant, and Toiletten. Then came what were obviously the doors of bedrooms. Bond was shown into number two. It was an extremely comfortable, chintzy room in the American motel style with a bathroom leading off. The broad picture window was now curtained, but Bond knew that it must offer a tremendous view over the valley to the Silvretta Group above St. Moritz. Bond threw his brief case on the double bed and gratefully disposed of his bowler hat and umbrella. The extra man appeared with his suitcase, placed it on the luggage stand without looking at Bond and withdrew, closing the door behind him. The woman stayed where she was. "This is to your satisfaction?" The yellow eyes were indifferent to his enthusiastic reply. She had more to say. "That is good. Now perhaps I should explain some things, convey to you some laws of the club, isn't it?"

Bond lit a cigarette. "That would certainly be helpful." He put a politely interested expression on his face. "Where are we, for instance?"

"In the Alps. In the high Alps," said the woman vaguely. "This Alp, Piz Gloria, is the property of the Count. Together with the Gemeinde, the local authorities, he constructed the Seilbahn. You have seen the cables, yes? This is the first year it is opened. It is very popular and brings in much money. There are some fine ski runs. The Gloria Abfahrt is already famous. There is also a bobsleigh run that is much greater than the Cresta at St. Moritz. You have

heard of that? You ski perhaps? Or make the bobsleigh?"

The yellow eyes were watchful. Bond thought he would continue to answer no to all questions. Instinct told him to. He said apologetically, "I'm afraid not. Never got around to it, you know. Too much bound up with my books, perhaps." He smiled ruefully, self-critically.

"Schade! That is a pity." But the eyes registered satisfaction. "These installations bring good income for the Count. That is important. It helps to support his life's work, the Institut."

Bond raised his eyebrows a polite fraction.

"The Institut für physiologische Forschung. It is for scientific research. The Count is a leader in the field of allergies — you understand? This is like the hay fever, the unbleness to eat shellfish, yes?"

"Oh really? Can't say I suffer from any myself."

"No? The laboratories are in a separate building. There the Count also lives. In this building, where we are, live the patients. He asks that you will not disturb them with too many questions. These treatments are very delicate. You understand?"

"Yes, of course. And when may I see the Count? I'm afraid I am a very busy man, Fräulein Bunt. There are matters awaiting my attention in London." Bond spoke impressively. "The new African States. Much work has to be done on their flags, the design of their currency, their stamps, their medals. We are very shorthanded at the College. I hope the Count understands that his personal problem, interesting and important though it is, must take second place to the problems of Government."

Bond had got through. Now she was all eagerness, reassurance. "But of course, my dear Sair Hilary. The Count asks to be excused tonight, but he would much like to receive you at 11 o'clock tomorrow morning. That is suitable?"

"Certainly, certainly. That will give me time to marshal my documents, my books. Perhaps —" Bond waved to the small writing desk near the window — "I could have an extra table to lay these things out. I'm afraid —" Bond smiled deprecatingly — "we bookworms need a lot of space."

"Of course, Sair Hilary. It will be done at once." She moved to the door and pressed a bell button. She gestured downward, now definitely embarrassed. "You will have noticed that there is no door handle on this side?" (Bond had done so. He said he hadn't.) "You will ring when you wish to leave the room. Yes? It is on account of the patients. It is necessary that they have quiet. It is difficult to prevent them visiting each other for the sake of gossiping. It is for

(continued on page 116)

Professor Pickering set the machine to take him back 500,000 years and to set him in the African Transvaal.



MAN WITH A PAST *fiction* By T. K. BROWN III

the professor fought time to a standstill, then time punished him in its own remorseless way

"FOR THE PERSON ASLEEP," Professor Pickering said, "time, in a sense, stands still. When he regains consciousness, he has jumped a certain interval into the future. Indeed, there have been cases of prolonged coma lasting many years, from which the patient has awakened to an entirely alien world."

"It would appear to be somewhat more difficult to leap into the past," Professor Dickson remarked dryly.

"Yet I have done it!" Professor Pickering said, his eyes flashing through his bifocals and his white goatee jutting

forward. "I have done it and have come back! To state it simply, it was a matter of detecting the principles involved and building the instrument to apply them. The recent advances in electroencephalography were an immense help; I was fortunate enough to discover that the electrical impulses of brain action could be harnessed to the practical needs of time exploration."

Dickson could not keep the note of incredulity from his voice. "You are not trying to tell me, old friend, that you have visited the (concluded on page 156)

HER MAJESTY'S SECRET SERVICE (continued from page 114)

their good. You understand? Bedtime is at 10 o'clock. But there is a night staff in case you should need any service. And the doors are of course not locked. You may re-enter your room at any time. Yes? We meet for cocktails in the bar at six. It is—how do you say?—the rest pause of the day." The boxlike smile made its brief appearance. "My girls are much looking forward to meeting you."

The door opened. It was one of the men dressed as guides, a swarthy, bull-necked man with brown Mediterranean eyes. One of Marc-Ange's Corsican defectors? In rapid, bad French, the woman said that another table was desired. This was to be furnished during dinner. The man said "*Entendu*." She held the door before he could close it and he went off down the passage to the right. Guards' quarters at the end of the passage? Bond's mind went on clicking up the clues.

"Then that is all for the present, Sair Hilary? The post leaves at midday. We have radio telephone communications if you wish to use them. May I convey any message to the Count?"

"Please say that I look forward greatly to meeting him tomorrow. Until six o'clock then." Bond suddenly wanted to be alone with his thoughts. He gestured toward his suitcase. "I must get myself unpacked."

"Of course, Sair Hilary. Forgive me for detaining you." And, on this gracious note, Irma Bunt closed the door, with its decisive click, behind her.

Bond stood still in the middle of the room. He let out his breath with a quiet hiss. What the hell of a kettle of fish! He would have liked to kick one of the dainty bits of furniture very hard indeed. But he had noticed that, of the four electric light prisms in the ceiling, one was a blank, protruding eyeball. Closed-circuit television? If so, what would be its range? Not much more than a wide circle covering the center of the room. Microphones? Probably the whole expanse of ceiling was one. That was the wartime gimmick. He must assume that he was under constant supervision.

James Bond, his thoughts racing, proceeded to unpack, take a shower and make himself presentable for "my girls."

. . .

It was one of those leather-padded bars, bogus masculine, and still, because of its newness, smelling like the inside of a new motorcar. It was made to look like a Tyrolean *Stube* by a big stone fireplace with a roaring log fire and cartwheel chandeliers with red-stemmed electric "candles." There were many wrought-iron gimmicks—wall-light brackets, ashtrays, table lamps—and the bar itself was "gay" with small flags and miniature

liqueur bottles. Attractive zither music tripped out from a hidden loud-speaker. It was not, Bond decided, a place to get seriously drunk in.

When he closed the leather-padded, brass-studded door behind him, there was a moment's hush, then a mounting of decibels to hide the covert glances, the swift summing up. Bond got a fleeting impression of a group of the most beautiful girls he had ever seen, when Irma Bunt, hideous in some kind of homemade, homespun *après-ski*, in which orange and black predominated, waddled out from among the galaxy and took him in charge. "Sair Hilary." She grasped his hand with a dry, monkey grip. "How delightful, isn't it? Come please, and meet my girls."

It was tremendously hot in the room and Bond felt the sweat bead on his forehead as he was led from table to table and shook this cool, this warm, this languid hand. Names like Ruby, Violet, Pearl, Anne, Elizabeth, Beryl sounded in his ears, but all he saw was a sea of beautiful, sunburned faces and a succession of splendid, sweated young bosoms. It was like being at home to the Tiller or the Bluebell Girls. At last he got to the seat that had been kept for him, between Irma Bunt and a gorgeous, bosomy blonde with large blue eyes. He sat down, overcome. The barman hovered. Bond pulled himself together. "Whiskey and soda, please," he said, and heard his voice from faraway. He took some time lighting a cigarette while sham, stage conversation broke out among the four tables in the semicircular embrasure that must, during the day, be the great lookout point. Ten girls and Irma. All British. No surnames. No other man. Girls in their 20s. Working girls, probably. Sort of air-hostess type. Excited at having a man amongst them—a personable man and a baronet to boot—if that was what one did to a baronet. Pleased with his private joke, Bond turned to the blonde. "I'm terribly sorry, but I didn't catch your name."

"I'm Ruby." The voice was friendly but refined. "It must be quite an ordeal being the only chap—amongst all us girls, I mean."

"Well, it was rather a surprise. But a very pleasant one. It's going to be difficult getting all your names right." He lowered his voice conspiratorially. "Be an angel and run through the field, so to speak."

Bond's drink came and he was glad to find it strong. He took a long but discreet pull at it. He had noticed that the girls were drinking colas and squashes with a sprinkling of feminine cocktails—orange blossoms, daiquiris. Ruby was one of the ones with a daiquiri. It was apparently OK to drink, but he would be careful to

show a gentlemanly moderation.

Ruby seemed pleased to be able to break the ice. "Well, I'll start on your right. That's Miss Bunt, the sort of matron, so to speak. You've met her. Then, in the violet camelot sweater, well, that's Violet, of course. Then at the next table. The one in the green and gold Pucci shirt is Anne and next to her in green is Pearl. She's my sort of best friend here." And so it went on, from one glorious golden girl to the next. Bond heard scraps of their conversation. "Fritz says I'm not getting enough *Vorlage*. My skis keep on running away from me." "It's the same with me—" a giggle—"my sit-upon's black and blue." "The Count says I'm getting on very well. Won't it be awful when we have to go?" "I wonder how Polly's doing? She's been out a month now." "I think Skol's the only stuff for sunburn. All those oils and creams are nothing but frying fat." And so on—mostly the chatter you would expect from a group of cheerful, healthy girls learning to ski, except for the occasional rather awed reference to the Count and the covert glances at Irma Bunt and Bond to make sure that they were behaving properly, not making too much noise.

While Ruby continued her discreet roll call, Bond tried to fix the names to the faces and otherwise add to his comprehension of this lovely but bizarre group locked up on top of a very high Alp indeed. The girls all seemed to share a certain basic, girl-guidish simplicity of manners and language, the sort of girls who, in an English pub, you would find sitting demurely with a boyfriend sipping a Babycham, puffing rather clumsily at a cigarette and occasionally saying "Pardon." Good girls, girls who, if you made a pass at them, would say, "Please don't spoil it all," "Men only want one thing" or, huffily, "Please take your hand away." And there were traces of many accents, accents from all over Britain—the broad vowels of Lancashire, the lilt of Wales, the burr of Scotland, the adenoids of refined Cockney.

Yours truly foxed, concluded Bond as Ruby finished with "And that's Beryl in the pearls and twin set. Now do you think you've got us all straight?"

Bond looked into the round blue eyes that now held a spark of animation. "Frankly no. And I feel like one of those comic film stars who gets snarled up in a girls' school. You know. Sort of St. Trinian's."

She giggled. (Bond was to discover that she was a chronic giggler. She was too "dainty" to open her lovely lips and laugh. He was also to find that she couldn't sneeze like a human, but let out a muffled, demure squeak into her scrap of lace handkerchief, and that she took very small mouthfuls at meals and

(continued on page 170)



"How do you do, Miss. Let me introduce myself — I'm the architect of this building."



the winner in our three-way tie: perky and petite **June Cochran**
playmate of the year



In a disarming display of the captivating campaign tactics that won her the lioness' share of reader votes for Playmate of the Year, winner June reveals a perfect blend of little-girl charm and big-girl proportions.

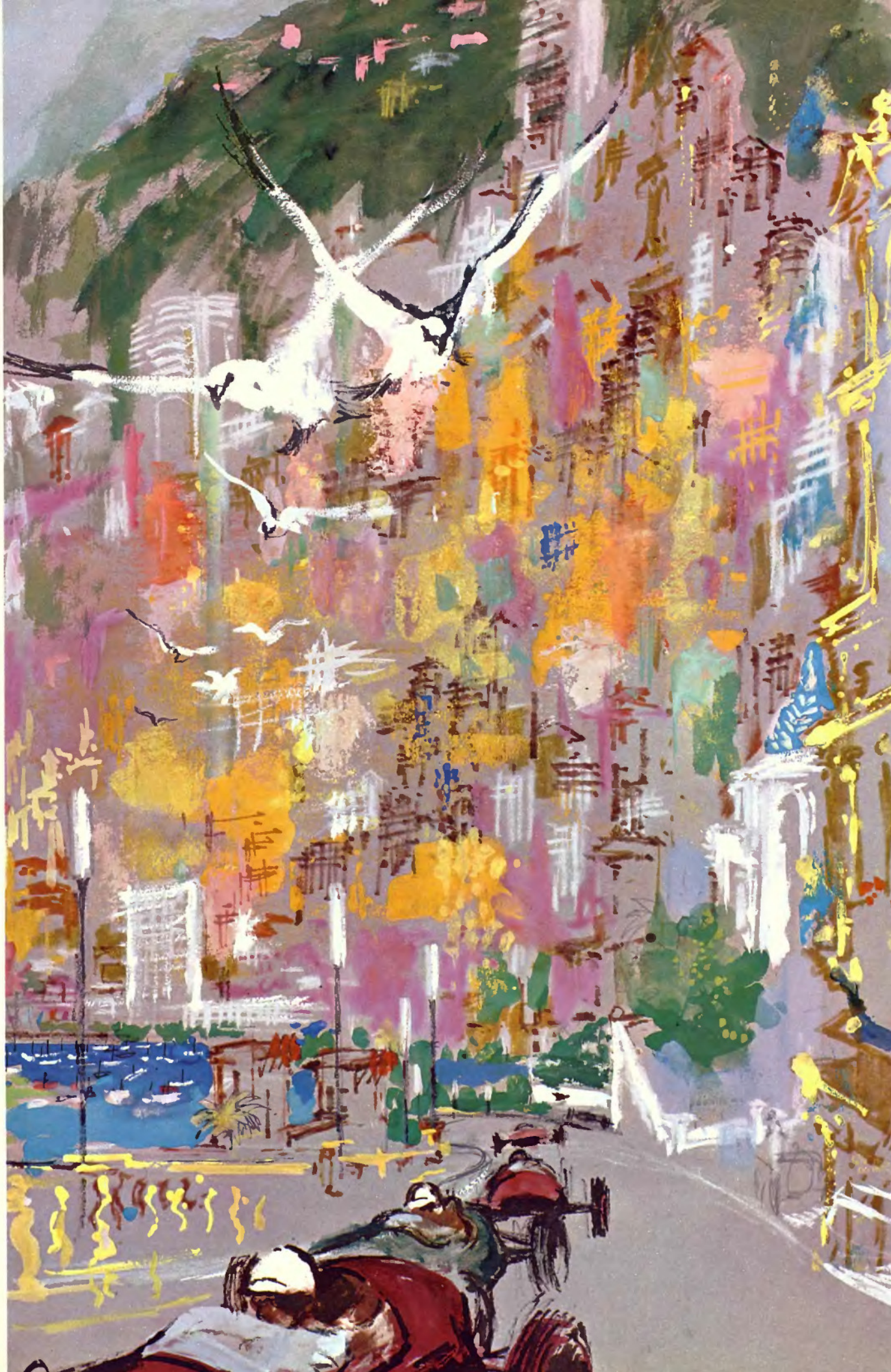


eadlocked in March on our choice of Playmate of the Year, we appealed to PLAYBOY readers to help us select the winner from among three fine finalists – Avis Kimble (Miss November), Laura Young (Miss October) and June Cochran (Miss December). Now, with all votes tallied, we are pleased to announce that December's June proved the favorite of her annum. Winner of her state title in both the Miss World and Miss Universe contests, Hoosier Miss Cochran flipped when we gave her the good news (and a handsome bonus award). "You know," she told us, "I never thought I'd win. I've always considered myself as sort of an ugly duckling. And besides, the other two finalists were so very beautiful." June-mooners should be happy to learn that there *are* more at home like her: sisters Donna, Diana, Dana, Deanna and Debby all stack up as potential Playmates of the future.



Regardless of garb, June can't help busting out all over while adding a lyrical note to a casual bedroom photo session as our reader-selected Playmate of the Year. Many nominated her for Playmate of the Decade.





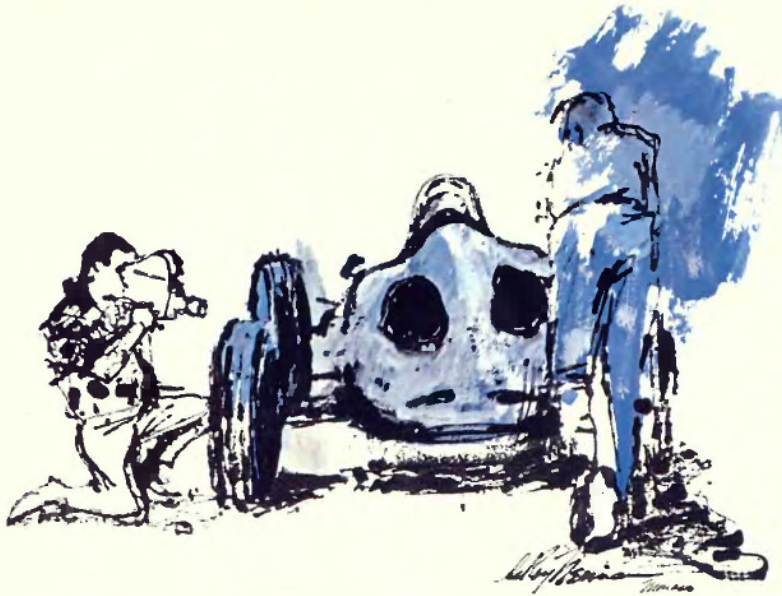
Left: The Grand Prix de Monaco unwinds around the harbor. Below: Formally clad, fixedly determined players rim the baccarat table in the Casino's inner sanctum, the Salon Privé.



man
at his *neiman portrays a famed principality's principal pastimes*
leisure

MONTE CARLO—along with Monaco's other communes, La Condamine and Monaco-Ville, site of the Palace—is a territorial microcosm unique in its *raison d'être*. Although over 100,000 more visitors tread yearly through Monaco's Oceanographic Museum than its Casino, the postage-stamp principality would be little more than just another sunny promontory on the Côte d'Azur if it weren't for the international drawing power of its monolithic Casino's green-baized gambling tables. His Most Serene Highness, Prince Rainier, governs his Graustark-by-the-Sea with a benign iron hand, but it is still Dame Fortune who rules the waking hours of most of its non-Monegasque inhabitants and visitors (a save-the-people-from-themselves royal edict forbids Monacan citizens to gamble in the Casino).

Monaco is a 368-acre magnet ingeniously designed to attract money. It offers a stunning yacht basin made more so by the almost constant presence of Greek shipping czar Aristotle



Above: Photographers ore an inquisitive breed—a Grand Prix race car being pushed from the pit lures a lensman to its exotic machinery. Below: A panoramic view from a Hôtel de Paris balcony encompasses the racers sweeping by, the bright blue harbor and the old quarter of Monaco in the distance.



Onassis' ultraluxurious floating palace, two of the world's premiere auto events (The Monte Carlo Rallye, held during the end of January, finishes in Monaco after car-killing journeys from all corners of Europe; the Monaco Grand Prix is a glamor-filled high-speed chase through Monte Carlo's streets, in May, by the world's top racing drivers) and, of course, the Casino.

"In the gambling salons," *PLAYBOY*'s artist-observer LeRoy Neiman notes, "an aura of interpersonal conflict crackles over the cards of the *chemin de fer* and baccarat tables; by contrast, an air of impending profit hovers over the roulette wheels and the *trente et quarante* tables, while a more boisterous American-influenced atmosphere pervades the crap table. The more affluent try their luck in the Salons Privés where one of the baccarat tables operates with a 500-franc (\$100) minimum wager—stakes that preclude the presence of the faint of heart or feeble of bankroll."





Restrained emotions dominate system players and impulse bettors alike as they seek out the roulette wheel's secret.

*"I'm a little tired this evening —
mind if I don't play hard-to-get?"*



Vargas

A POINT OF LAW



Ribald Classic

from *Der Prokurator* of Goethe

IN AN ITALIAN SEACOAST TOWN a merchant captain, who had accumulated a vast fortune through 50 years of business transactions, noted that he had so busily occupied himself in gaining and preserving his treasures that he had come to know little of the social delights. Seeking to fulfill this aspect of being, he sent out his shipmates to inquire after the youngest and most beautiful girl in the city. Soon he came upon a young woman who, at this time, deserved to be called the most beautiful of all—young, of fine culture and good upbringing, whose form and entire being promised the most pleasant prospects. After brief negotiations, by which the most advantageous conditions were secured for the beauty, the marriage was celebrated, and from this day on our merchant felt for the first time that he was really enjoying his wealth. After a time, however, upon observing the transactions of fellow merchants from whom he had now separated himself, he became malcontent and once more experienced the stirrings of his old passion, even to the point of feeling dissatisfaction at the side of his wife. Finally, the desire to return to the sea became so great that he took violently ill.

"I am becoming wretched from a lack of activity," he told his wife. "Unless I alter my course I shall be near death in a short time. But it is risky to separate oneself from a wife such as you, at your age and with your constitution. Would I not be foolish to hope that you could abstain from the joys of love? For a time I shall be the object of your wishes; but who can predict the conditions that shall occur or the opportunities that may arise, and another man will reap in reality what your imagination had intended for me. When this happens, promise me only

this: that you do not choose one of the frivolous boys who, no matter how polite they may look, are even more dangerous to a woman's honor than to her virtue. Dominated more by vanity than desire, they go after every woman and find nothing more natural than to sacrifice one for another. If you feel inclined to look for a friend, then look for one who deserves the name, who by his modesty and discretion can enhance the joys of love with the virtue of secrecy."

Inspired by her husband's candor and wisdom, she at first resolved to remain celibate. As time passed, however, she felt her desires stirred to the point of desperation. This was the state in which she found herself when she learned, from a relative of her husband, that a young lawyer had just returned from his studies in Bologna, a man of whom one could not say enough in praise. Daily she observed him secretly as he passed her window; finally she could no longer resist the wish to attract his attention. Suddenly she formed the swift resolve to speak to this beloved man and possess him at whatever cost.

The lawyer, pretending that he thought it was his legal service the woman desired, soon learned her entire story, including the pledge she had made to her husband.

After a brief pause, the young man replied in tones of mature reflection: "The confidence with which you honor me makes me happy to a most high degree. I wish much to convince you that you have not turned to an unworthy man. But I could not be in a stranger situation. I am compelled to leave you and to impose the greatest violence upon myself at a moment when I ought to abandon myself to the sweetest of feelings. I must not at this moment take possession of the happiness that awaits me in your arms. Ah, if postponement

does not cheat me of your hopes!"

The beautiful lady inquired anxiously for the cause of this strange utterance.

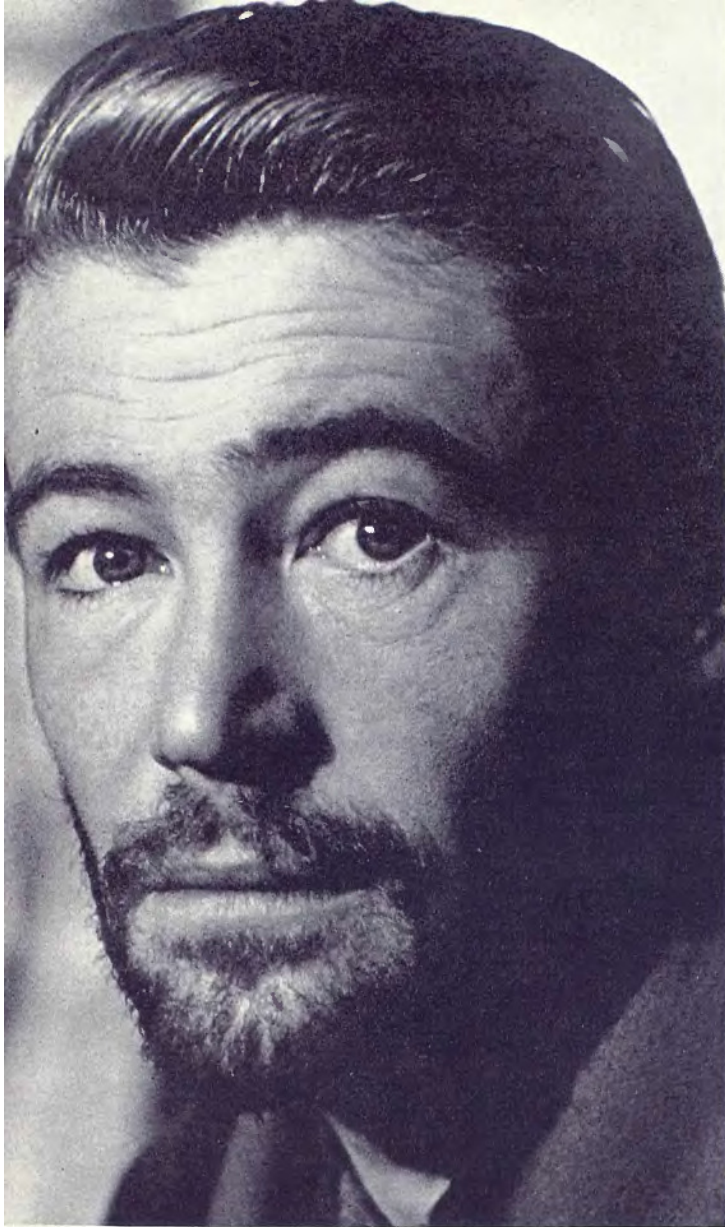
"Just as I was finishing my studies in Bologna," said he, "I became seriously ill with an ailment that threatened to shatter my physical and mental powers. In my extreme distress and most violent pain, I made a vow that were I allowed to recover I would spend a year in strict fasting and abstain from all enjoyment of whatever nature it might be. For 10 months now I have kept my vow most faithfully, and in view of the great benefit I have received, these months did not seem long. But what an eternity the remaining two months will be, since only after they have run their course may I partake of a bliss that transcends all understanding.

"I scarcely dare to make a proposal to you and to indicate the means by which I can be released from my vow sooner. If I were to find someone who would undertake to keep the vow as strictly and unflinchingly as I, and who would share half the remaining period, I would be free all the sooner and nothing would stand in the way of our wishes. Would you be willing, dear friend, to remove the hindrance that stands in our way?"

The lady, no test seeming too hard in view of her quest for so worthy a prize, consented, and the strange vow kept her so preoccupied that she was unable to think of anything other than adhering to it. It was on the day before its expiration that the wise merchant returned and, after rewarding the lawyer handsomely for fulfilling the role he had secretly agreed to play, the merchant availed himself of the treasure he had so prudently preserved.

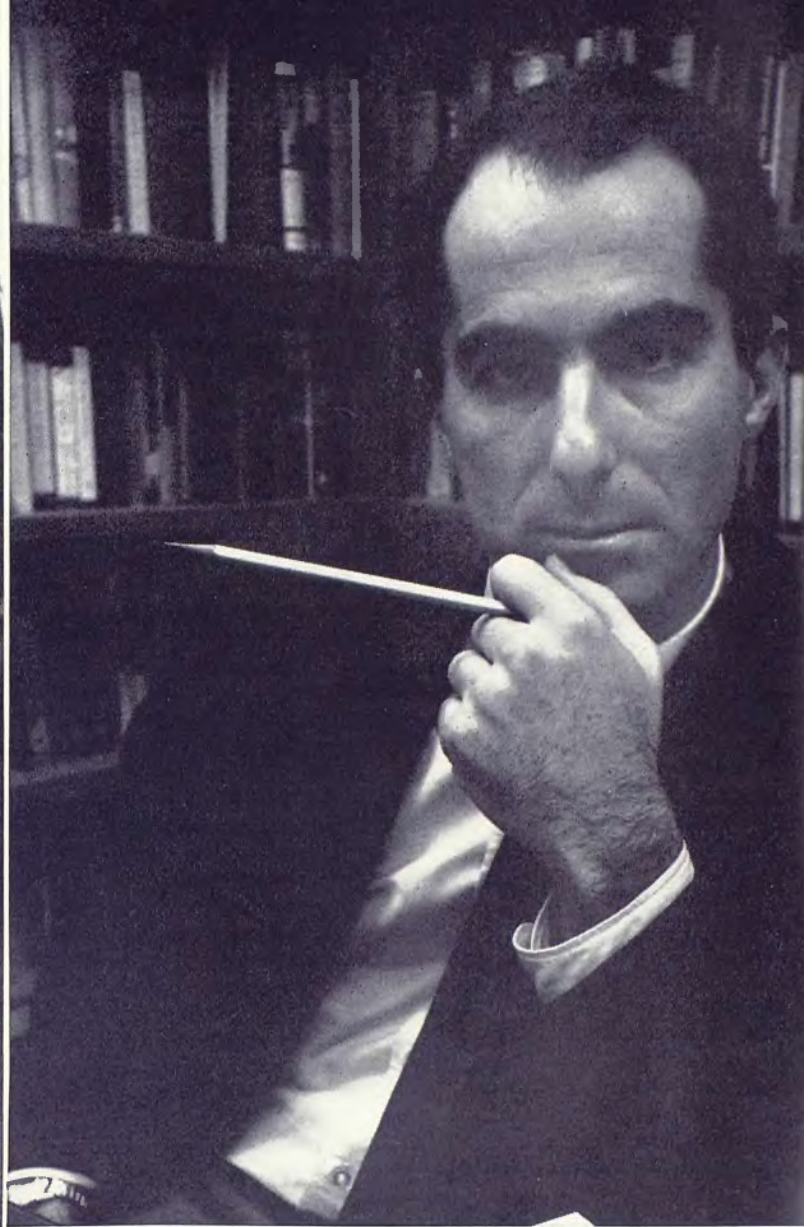
— Translated by Paul J. Gillette





PETER O'TOOLE *arabian knight*

IN THE EXTRAORDINARY film amalgam of sand, sun and stars that is *Lawrence of Arabia*, a 29-year-old Irishman named Peter Seamus O'Toole has vaulted from relative obscurity to heady heights of acclaim (including an Oscar nomination at presstime) by virtue of his authentically enigmatic title portrayal. Critics tempted to view the actor's incandescent performance as a lucky flash in the Panavision should be apprised that Peter O'Toole has prepped long and well for his rendezvous with fame: following scholarship study at the prestigious Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, he signed on with one of England's top repertory companies, the Bristol Old Vic, for a 3½-year apprenticeship in 73 different parts. At the time of his role call for *Lawrence* he was playing three leads by turns at the Shakespeare Theater at Stratford-on-Avon, the youngest (27) actor ever to star in a playhouse that has echoed to the classic sonorities of Olivier and Gielgud. The son of a Dublin bookie, O'Toole exudes cock-of-the-walk confidence and mercurial Celtic charm—but the arduous two years on location as Lawrence have diluted his fondness for hell-raising drinking bouts, and honed his volatile energies into a fierce devotion to his craft. The lean and leonine actor has selected *Becket* as his next film; he is currently in London playing Baal in Brecht's *Baal* (hence the beard above), happy to be on-stage again: "To me, it's like going back to the well. I spent seven years learning how to draw water from that well, and I don't ever want to forget it." Safe bet: he won't.



PHILIP ROTH *young man with a scorn*

TO THE MOST DEDICATED of his disciples—and they run into the tens of thousands—Philip Roth stands alone as a spokesman for that segment of our generation that is not only lost and disenchanted, but doomed to conformity as well. And Roth, often with scorn but always with perception, speaks so eloquently for this fragment that he has become perhaps the most acclaimed and decorated young novelist of his time. At 29 he already has won the National Book Award (in 1960 for *Goodbye, Columbus*, a short-story collection), a Guggenheim Fellowship, a grant from the National Institute of Arts and Letters, the Houghton Mifflin Award, and the Aga Khan prize for fiction; while the *New York Herald Tribune*, in a review of *Letting Go*, his second book and best-selling first novel, observed that "If a major writer is one who brings extraordinary and variegated skills to the consideration of vital questions, then Philip Roth is a major writer." Born in Newark, N. J., and educated at Bucknell and the University of Chicago, Roth taught at Chicago and at the Iowa Writers Workshop, lived in Rome and now (with wife and two children) makes his home in Princeton, N. J., where he holds a writer-in-residence chair and lives a life that is insular, reflective and almost reclusive. There the writer almost obscures the man. His family, his home, even his personality seem all but overwhelmed by his work. But in every man's writing, Carlyle has said, lies the core of the man. And perhaps it is here that the grapes of Roth are stored.



LEWIS B. MAYTAG, JR. *boom over miami*

AMID THE SAD final listings on the 1962 N. Y. Stock Exchange, one corporation stood out as a model of fiscal fitness — National Airlines, whose shares increased 77 percent over their 1961 value, a robust gain unequaled in the market. Chief reason for the rise: National's lean, 36-year-old president, Lewis B. Maytag, Jr. A scion of the washing-machine clan, Maytag spurned a safe berth in the family firm ("The business was too slow and well-run — I preferred to make my own way"), founded Maytag Aircraft Corp. (a contract fueling operation) at 22; the Maytag-Wanick Co. (a manufacturer of aircraft components) at 26; and at 32 bought Denver's Frontier Air Lines, where he showed a rare flair for eradicating red ink, turning a shaky line into a profitable one. The air-minded heir (a licensed pilot, he has logged over 5000 hours) vaulted into the big-league jet set in April 1962 with the \$6,400,000 purchase of 14 percent of Miami-based National — an airline which had lost money three of its last five years. The Maytag Midas touch was soon helping to dissolve the National debt; within a year he had instituted a revivifying \$51,000,000 refinancing program, added muscle to its flabby board of directors, and transformed his company into an all-jet carrier. Boyish in appearance, quietly aggressive in manner, "Bud" Maytag pinpoints the source of his executive success as "the ability to choose able subordinates and to delegate authority. If I tried to run a one-man show I'd mire myself in detail, and I don't like to be slowed down."

ON
THE
SCENE

TIE THAT BINDS (continued from page 76)

never had any sexual intercourse. Outside of the football team and the basketball team, there were only a few going steady who were getting any. That was what was so crazy. Because two years ago, one summer, every kid in town was suddenly vitally interested in sexual intercourse. *Every* kid in town. It was, you know, like a fad."

"Oh, you mean like seeing how many people you can get into a phone booth," Morrison said.

"Exactly. That's exactly right, Mister Morrison. Once I remember one summer every kid in town dyed his hair red. I don't remember why now, but they did. Well, a lot of guys really didn't want red hair, but they did it because everybody else was. It was the same with sexual intercourse two summers ago. Even kids who were too young were trying."

"And that was when it happened?"

Stud sighed. "Yeah. These kids came by my house about five o'clock one afternoon. They had some beer and whiskey and some steaks. They wanted to use our cabin down at the lake. My mother didn't care as long as they didn't get so drunk they burned it down. My girl was in Spokane that week, visiting, so I went down with the kids. I wasn't looking for anything, you understand, I just didn't want them to burn down the cabin. Anyway, about 11 o'clock that night there wasn't anybody still in swimming except me and Mary Sarah. We were just kind of wading around there because we'd had quite a bit to drink. She kept looking at me in this silly, goofy way so I pulled her bathing suit off while we were still in the water. It was kind of muddy right there, on the bank. But I didn't rape her or anything, because she never said stop. She just said 'Oh!' a couple of times because she'd never done it before. Well, the end of that week my girl came back from Spokane and I never had any more sexual intercourse with her — with Mary Sarah, I mean — after that one week."

"How'd Ramsey find out? She didn't tell him?"

"Oh, hell no. We were playing poker Saturday night in Gold's room. I'm a talking poker player. Generally, I talk about clamping it to some old girl, because you start talking about sex around here and half these guys lose their minds. I said something like, 'I had this little gal once, she was so little I just grabbed her and I said to her, Mary Sarah —' It just slipped out. Well, Byron's face got white and he left the room. So I quit, too, and came in here. Byron said something about no gentleman ever mentioned names. Then he hit me with a chair in a half-assed way like he didn't really mean it. Then he got drunk. He got drunk Sunday night, too, and Mon-

day. This is the first time in the afternoon."

Morrison walked to the window. It was a leaded-glass window, of the case-ment type. "Does he have a class now?" "Chem lab's all."

"On your way to football practice stop at the lab and tell Johnstone that Ramsey is doing something for me."

"You're not going to tell the Head, Mister Morrison?"

"No. Drinking is hardly the problem. And all I've ever heard the Head say about sex is that a boy should think clean."

Stud pulled on a pair of chinos and thrust his feet into some broken-down loafers. He was grinning. "You're OK, Mister Morrison. You really are. You're one of the good guys in the white hats, buddy."

"Don't call me buddy," Morrison said. "I detest that."

After Tatum had left, Morrison made certain no one was in the hall nor coming up the stairs. He slung Ramsey over his shoulder and, carrying the vodka bottle in his free hand, took him down the hall to his rooms: sitting room, small cell-like bedroom and a bath. He turned the shower on cold, stripped Ramsey and dumped him on the floor of the shower stall. Then he went back to the sitting room to make coffee in a Silex. Morrison knew the risk he was taking. If someone banged long and loud enough on his door he would have to open it. Then what would he say if Ramsey should suddenly stagger into view, naked and wet and half drunk — "Oh, I was just giving him a shower, to sober him up"? Morrison knew what the Head would do about that, about his not reporting Ramsey drunk. The Head would simply fire him.

It had not been very long since Morrison had been an undergraduate, and more than once he had been mistaken by visiting parents for one of the school's students. That was partly due to the way everyone usually dressed: button-down collar, odd jacket and flannels. But it was his first full-time teaching job, and although he did not want to teach forever, neither did he want to be fired. Teaching, for Morrison, was something like living with the Indian girl that summer: a thing a man did once, not forever. His plans were to get his Ph.D. and then go into industry; he thought he could rise to the top of the heap faster that way. And while he was aware that getting fired from any job had never helped anyone, he thought that Ramsey and the principle involved were worth the risk.

Morrison had liked Ramsey from the moment he had become aware of him. The very first week Morrison had been at the school he had been in charge of

a study period. Two boys at the long table had been having a heated, if whispered, argument about Siddhartha, about the first thing the Buddha said when he arose from his period of meditation under the bo tree. One of the boys appealed to Ramsey, who was quietly working on a theme concerning the humorous newspaper writings of Petroleum V. Nasby. "Hey, Byron. Byron. What was the very first thing Buddha said after he got up from that goddamn tree? After his goddamn enlightenment. What'd he say? You know?"

Ramsey had looked up from his notebook. "'Let's send out for Chinese food?'" he had suggested.

Morrison had heard a great deal of student nonsense in his time — his time had begun precisely on August 17, 1937, at 12 minutes before midnight — but that remark of Ramsey's had stuck with him.

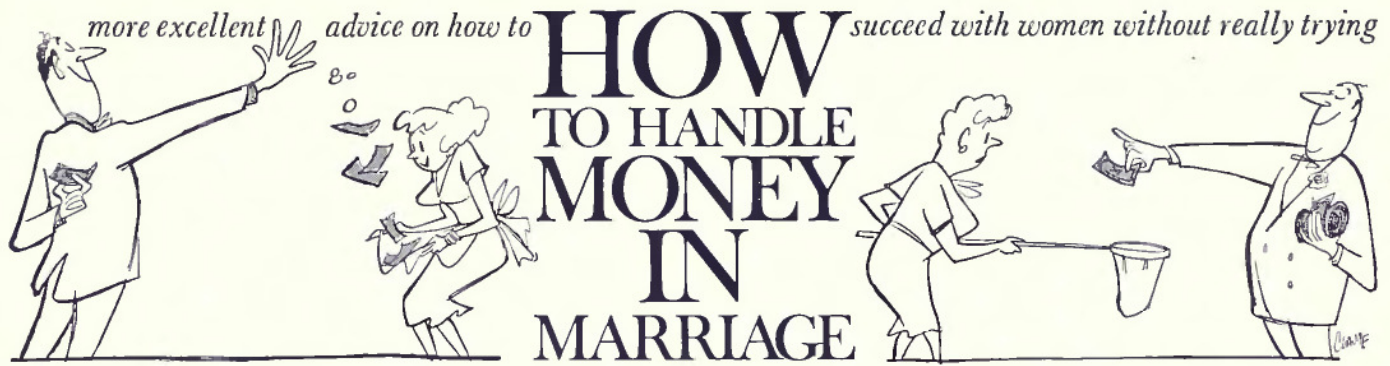
But the real risk in talking to Ramsey was Ramsey himself. There was no more explosive a subject than sex, and nothing so sacred as a boy's virginity — especially in a boys' school. A great number of boys were virgins, of course, but none of them admitted it. The party line was that quite early in life, about the age of three, each boy had lost his innocence to his French nurse and since then had done little else but have sexual intercourse with a variety of beautiful and exotic partners: Scandinavian or Japanese housemaids, governesses from Bavaria, octoroons recently arrived from N'Orleans. Charming, but far from true. And Morrison knew that in talking to Ramsey about sex he might strike a raw nerve and then anything could happen — even hostility that would send Ramsey marching to the Head for sweet revenge.

Morrison finished making coffee in the Silex just as Ramsey began to make drowning sounds in the shower. Morrison walked to the bathroom door. "Well, how do you feel?"

"Oh, ginger dandy, sir," Ramsey said, and crawled across the floor and made vomiting noises in the toilet; it was impossible to tell if he was really ill or only joking.

Morrison tossed him a towel. "Dry yourself. Then come in. I made some coffee." He walked back to the sitting room. In a moment Ramsey came in; he had one towel around his waist, a second over his shoulders and a third over his head so that his face could not be seen; he was shaking with cold and nausea. Morrison got a bottle of Courvoisier from a closet and poured some in the coffee cups. "Drink that," he said. "It'll settle your stomach." He sat down on the sofa and lighted a cigarette. "What the hell are you doing getting so sloshed on a Tuesday afternoon?"

"Oh, I'm probably just passing through
(continued on page 134)



THE TWO MAJOR CAUSES of unhappiness in marriage are sex and money.

Sex will no longer be a problem to those who follow carefully the rules in our earlier chapters. And luckily, money problems can be solved just as easily. Learn these simple directions and you will laugh at money worries.

WHO SHOULD HANDLE THE MONEY IN OUR HOME?

Many men ask: "Should I handle the money in our home?" It is not a question that can be answered with a simple yes or no.

First let us establish some principles:

1. *Women have no interest in money itself.* Matters of finance confuse and bore them. They are interested only in the things money can buy.

2. *Women are penny-wise and pound-foolish.* They do not think it extravagant, for example, to keep a baby sitter two extra hours at 75 cents an hour while they shop around to save 50 cents.

3. *Women will accept responsibility only if it is thrust upon them.* Thrust it properly, however, and they may surprise you.

Returning to our question, then, it is safe to state this primary rule:

The wife should be allowed to handle the money as long as there isn't quite enough to go around.

This means that your marriage will probably fall into two sharply defined financial periods.

THE EARLY OR LOW-MONEY PERIOD

During this stage it is best to be as openhanded as possible. Give her your pay check.

"It's all yours, pet, every cent! Just holding out enough for carfare and cigarettes."

"But Davie, we're going into the hole five dollars a week as it is!"

"I'll leave it all up to you, Phoeb! You're the treasurer!"

If at first she shies away from this responsibility, you must thrust it upon her. In every marriage one partner must worry about money. During this period

satire By SHEPHERD MEAD

make sure she is the one.

Instill this early. Establish yourself as an openhearted boy, lovable but slightly irresponsible.

"Let me go to the grocery store, Phoeb!"

"Are you feeling all right, David?"

"Just give me the shopping list — and the money, of course."

"Be careful, dear, it's our last seven dollars."

"You know me, pet, I'll squeeze every nickel!"

Come back half-an-hour later with a huge box of long-stemmed roses. And a jar of peanut butter.

"For you, princess! Couldn't resist them! They reached out and grabbed me with their thorny little hands!"

"Oh, Davie, how sweet!"

(Let her have her moment of ecstasy.)

"And I brought you this, too!"

(Give her the peanut butter.)

"David, how much were the roses?"

"Too much! Six-fifty, to be exact!

But they were worth it!"

Four or five days of peanut butter sandwiches will do her no harm, and they will teach her a valuable lesson. She will be learning about money.

If you need to keep your strength during this period, eat hearty lunches on the expense account.

Soon she will become a good manager.

THE LATER, MORE LAVISH YEARS

Later on, when money is more plentiful, it should always be handled by the husband. At this stage be careful to establish the difference between petty cash, which will still be her province, and Money, which is yours.

There are several good ways to bring this off.

Be an Investor. You must either be an

investor, or seem to be one. Make it clear that money works for you, and makes more money. This in itself is a concept that baffles most women, and will baffle your wife. Keep her baffled. If you are totally ignorant of finance, spend five minutes with a broker. He will give you enough terms to last you a lifetime.

"But Davie, what about the *food* money?"

"You'll get it, Phoeb. Temporarily strapped by these long-term debentures."

"The *what*?"

"Debentures, pet. I could sell them, but it would put us in a short-term category."

"I don't mind, David. Let's *be* in a short-term category for a while, *whatever* it is."

(The girl with spirit will struggle a bit.)

"You're sweet." *(Pat her on the head.)* "It'd put us in an impossible tax situation. Might wipe out everything."

She will be happy, secure in the knowledge that your affairs are in good hands. And of course you will have control of all the real money. Give her enough to set a good table, though. A well-nourished wife is a healthy, hard-working wife.

Remember Your Taxes. The married man, like all men, must pay taxes. Unpleasant though this may be, you will find that taxes give you another clear mandate to handle the big money.

The amount you actually pay is of small importance, compared with what you *seem* to pay.

"Now about money, David. Don't tell me you bought some new debentures, or something. We've got plenty of debentures. What we need is —"

"Phoeb, I wish I *could* invest some more, but I can't. Just this morning I sent off a tax check. Cleaned us out, utterly!"

"You did that last week."

"That was the third installment on the State Income Tax. This is the amended declaration on the Es-

timated Federal, and —"

"I thought that was the week before."

"No, pet, that was City—the sewer rental and water tax and the compensating use tax."

It is safe to assume that no woman can ever understand your entire tax situation. You will scarcely understand it yourself.

What About Charge Accounts? Many ask, "How can I avoid letting my wife have charge accounts?" This is a selfish point of view. The answer of course is—let her have them!

A charge account at the hardware store, the meat market and the grocery can do little harm, will reduce unnecessary handling of cash, and will make it easier to return unwanted merchandise. It is primarily accounts at clothing stores that are really dangerous. We will cover this situation next month.

Avoid the Joint Checking Account. Make your wife self-reliant. Let her have her own checking account, with a small controllable balance. Do not let her participate jointly in the big account or things will soon get out of hand.

If she insists, let her use the big account for a trial period. During this time, conduct a few simple financial manipulations.

"David, the Parisian Boutique said my check wasn't any good!"

"Oh?"

(Pretend innocence and shocked surprise.)

"And so did the Bettie Jane Shoppe."

"Thought I left a few dollars in the account. Did withdraw a thousand to cover the Continental Common."

"But there was only a thousand and three dollars in it!"

"Really? Must have slipped my mind. I'll fix it up after the first of the month."

A few lessons like this and she'll be a new woman, happy to have a small account of her own.

MONEY ISN'T EVERYTHING

Though it is important, as we have seen, to maintain a certain vigilance in matters of finance, the wise husband realizes that money isn't everything.

Pin these words in your wallet: If you have money, get the most out of it. If you do not, let your wife get the most out of it.

The two of you, striding together, will march ahead—free of money worries—to a fuller, more joyful life.

NEXT MONTH: "HOW TO SAVE MONEY ON YOUR WIFE'S CLOTHING"

CHINESE FARE

(continued from page 94)

PORK BALLS WITH CRAB MEAT

(Serves four)

- 1 lb. boneless pork loin
- 6½-oz. can crab meat
- 5-oz. can water chestnuts, drained
- 2 tablespoons farina
- 1 egg, beaten
- ⅛ teaspoon garlic powder
- ¼ teaspoon sesame oil
- ⅛ teaspoon ground cloves
- Salt, pepper, monosodium glutamate
- 3 packets instant chicken bouillon
- 2 tablespoons peanut oil
- 6 tablespoons cornstarch
- 1 teaspoon soy sauce
- 2 cups fresh fennel, sliced ¼-in. thick
- 3 scallions, thinly sliced

Put pork and water chestnuts through meat grinder twice, using fine blade. Add farina, egg, garlic powder, sesame oil, cloves, 1 teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper and ⅛ teaspoon monosodium glutamate. Mix well. Shape into balls 1 in. in diameter. In a wide saucepan or Dutch oven bring 3 cups water to a boil. Add instant bouillon. Drop pork balls into broth. When pork balls rise to top, cover pan with lid and simmer 8 minutes. Set aside. Remove any cartilage or pieces of shell from crab meat. Separate into large flakes. Heat peanut oil in saucepan. Add crab meat and sauté over low flame about 3 minutes. Add broth in which pork balls were cooked. When broth boils, mix cornstarch with ½ cup cold water to a smooth paste. Slowly add to crab-meat mixture. Add soy sauce and salt, pepper and monosodium glutamate to taste. Add pork balls and fennel. Cook only until fennel is heated through. Stir in scallions.

MANDARIN DUCK

(Serves four)

- 4-lb. duckling
- 11-oz. can mandarin orange segments, drained
- ¼ cup soy sauce
- 2 tablespoons brown sugar
- 2 tablespoons rice wine or sherry
- ½ teaspoon cinnamon
- 2 tablespoons peanut oil
- 3 tablespoons onion, minced
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- ½ teaspoon fresh gingerroot, minced
- 2 cups chicken broth
- 1 teaspoon soy sauce
- ¼ teaspoon sesame oil
- ⅓ cup cornstarch
- 5-oz. can bamboo shoots, drained
- 5-oz. can water chestnuts, drained and sliced thin
- 1 cup diced celery cabbage
- Salt, pepper, monosodium glutamate

Place duckling breast side up on a wire rack in an uncovered roasting pan. Roast in oven preheated to 350° about 2½ hours or until duckling is golden brown and very tender. Drain off fat from time

to time during roasting to prevent smoking. When duckling is half cooked, mix ¼ cup soy sauce with brown sugar, rice wine and cinnamon. Brush duckling about every 20 minutes with soy-sauce mixture. When duckling is done, remove meat from bones and cut into ½-in.-thick crosswise slices. Heat peanut oil in a large saucepan. Sauté onion, garlic and gingerroot until onion is barely yellow. Add chicken broth, soy sauce and sesame oil. Bring to a boil. Mix cornstarch and ⅓ cup cold water to a smooth paste and slowly add to chicken broth. Add duckling, bamboo shoots, water chestnuts, mandarin orange segments and celery cabbage. Season to taste with salt, pepper and monosodium glutamate. Cook only until vegetables are heated through.

CHICKEN WITH PINEAPPLE

(Serves four)

- 3 whole breasts of chicken, boned
- 20½-oz. can pineapple chunks
- 4½-oz. can blanched almonds
- 3 tablespoons peanut oil
- 3 tablespoons onion, minced
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 1 cup chicken broth
- ¼ cup cornstarch
- 5-oz. can water chestnuts, drained and sliced

- 1 teaspoon soy sauce
- ¼ teaspoon sesame oil
- ⅛ teaspoon ground cinnamon
- Salt, pepper, monosodium glutamate

Place almonds in shallow pan in oven preheated to 350° for 10 to 12 minutes or until almonds are brown. Avoid scorching. Drain pineapple chunks, reserving ½ cup juice. Remove skin from chicken. Cut each chicken breast in half lengthwise, then cut crosswise into ½-in.-thick slices. Heat peanut oil in electric skillet preheated to 300°. Sauté chicken 5 minutes, stirring frequently. Place lid on skillet and cook 8 to 10 minutes longer. Sprinkle onion and garlic into pan. Sauté a minute or two longer. Add chicken broth and ½ cup reserved pineapple juice. Bring to a boil. Mix cornstarch with ¼ cup cold water to a smooth paste and slowly add to pan. Add pineapple chunks, water chestnuts, soy sauce, sesame oil, cinnamon and almonds. Season to taste with salt, pepper and monosodium glutamate.

In delineating the attributes of a Great Man, the esteemed Confucius included these gourmandial traits: "He does not eat what is too ripe or too green. He does not eat what has not been properly cut. He does not eat without the proper sauce. Although the meat may be abundant, he does not eat more of it than he does of the vegetables. He does not restrict the amount of his wine, but he does not let it befuddle him." As in most things, Confucius knew what he was talking about.



Love Poem

I ADMIRE
YOU TRE-
MENDOUSLY.



NO MORE
THAN I
ADMIRE
YOU.

BUT I
DON'T
DARE
LOOK
AT
YOU.



ME
EITHER.
ISN'T IT
SAD?

IF I LOOK
AT YOU,
YOU MAY
NOT
TURN
OUT TO
BE THE
YOU I
THINK
YOU ARE.



I HAVE
THAT
FEELING.

YOU MAY
TURN OUT
TO BE
THE YOU
YOU
RATHER
THAN
THE ME
YOU.



IT'S A
HORRIBLE
PROSPECT,
I KNOW.

AS LONG
AS I
DON'T
LOOK, I
CARE FOR
YOU MORE
THAN ANY
WOMAN
IN THIS
WORLD.



AS LONG
AS I
DON'T LOOK,
I WANT
YOU MORE
THAN
WORDS
CAN TELL.

YET WE CAN'T
GO ON THIS
WAY. SOONER
OR LATER
WE MUST
SEE THE
REAL EACH
OTHER
AND BE
DISAPPOINTED.



PERHAPS
THERE'S
A WAY
TO
DIVERT
IT.

HOW?
HOW?



WE
CAN
ALWAYS
MAKE
LOVE.



WES
FETTER.

TIE THAT BINDS (continued from page 130)

a phase," Ramsey said from behind the towel hanging over his face.

"No, I don't think so," Morrison said. "I think the trouble with you is that two years ago Stud Tatum had your girl and you're helpless to change the past. Listen, you ever get a chance sometime, look into *The Great Gatsby*. It's a novel by an American writer, F. Scott Fitzgerald."

Ramsey jerked the towel off his head. "That's a sadistic goddamn thing to say! You sober me up just to torture me?"

Morrison clasped his hands behind his head. "No, I sobered you up so that I could say out loud to you, in privacy, that I know Stud Tatum gave Mary Sarah Butler the time, as he puts it. So now you no longer have any dreadful secret, do you? I sobered you up because I wanted to point out one fact—she wanted to do it with him at *that* time. You've got a good mind, Ramsey, but you have not learned the first great lesson, which is the sexual intercourse lesson. It's got several interesting facets, and as we sit here this afternoon, shaking with nausea over our brandy and coffee, we're going to explore them."

Ramsey took a cigarette from the box on the table; his fingers were trembling. "Look, Mister Morrison. All I ever meant about the whole deal was that a gentleman never says any names. I guess if a couple friends of mine want to have a sex life, that's their business. But you just don't go telling everybody's name all over the place."

"Oh, that's crap and you know it," Morrison said. "That has nothing to do with the way you feel. Right this minute you'd like to murder Tatum."

Ramsey put the towel over his head again, hiding his face.

"Well, fortunately you can't murder Stud. Because if you did you'd be murdering yourself. You'd be killing the Stud Tatum that is inside you. The Stud Tatum that is, in fact, you."

Ramsey raised the edge of the towel and looked out. "I don't get it," he said simply.

"You think Stud is crude. As far as sex is concerned. He's not, but he is direct. In one sense Stud is pure sexual energy. But you are also sexual energy, as I am. If you kill Stud—and I don't mean physically, but kill his image in your heart with your hatred—then you have destroyed your own sexual energy, your own sexual self."

"I'm not like that sonofabitch," Ramsey said shortly, and dropped the towel over his face. "If I was like that sonofabitch I'd go live in a cave or have myself sterilized."

"Ramsey, the first great lesson is the sexual intercourse lesson. And part one is this: there is always and eternally and forever sexual intercourse. There is sex-

ual intercourse in time of war, during plagues and pestilences. There is sexual intercourse in times of famine, something that may be the last act of a human being. I am not saying it is pleasant. I am not saying that I, or you, would prefer it that way. *No* one would. But it is *the* river of energy on which the human race moves. It's the basic expression of our most vital energy. We copulate without reasons, Ramsey. We simply copulate, always and forever."

"Well, we sound like a bunch of copulating nuts to me," Ramsey said from behind the towel.

"Of course we are!" Morrison said. "That's one of the things I'm trying to tell you. To a man of a certain kind of 'intelligence'—and I put that in quotes—we do seem like nothing so much as madly driven, sex-ridden, copulating maniacs. 'Why copulate?' you ask, because you have not caught the scent of perfume, nor have you yet heard the sound of violins. 'Why the hell not?' Stud Tatum says, grinning up at you from the muddy bank of the lake where he is copulating with Mary Sarah Butler, and he *continues* copulating."

"You tell him he copulates and he might hit you for insulting him. He'd have to look it up."

"You think you're a finer person than Stud is, don't you? You've read *The Making of Americans* all the way through, a thing such an enlightened human being as Edmund Wilson hasn't done. You think you're better than Stud because of it. But you aren't. In this little triangle, Ramsey, you are the one who is wrong. Two people whom you know now had sexual intercourse in the past. So how do you feel? You want to murder one of them, and you can't understand the other. Really, what the hell kind of human being are you? If everybody was like you there wouldn't be a human race."

"They can keep their goddamn human race," Ramsey said from behind the towel. "I'll go live with the animals."

"Oh, will you? And what will you do when the animals come in heat—avert your gaze?" Morrison suddenly took Ramsey's shoulder and shook him. "Listen to me, damn you. I'm trying to tell you something. Sexual intercourse doesn't happen in a vacuum. It is had at certain times and in certain places. It is colored and conditioned by time and place. The old man in the cave had any of the females until he got too old to fight. Cleopatra married her younger brother. Think for a moment about adolescence on Samoa, or growing up on Tahiti. That island is vastly different from the island of Manhattan for an adolescent, isn't it? How is making out on the island of Manhattan? Is it easy?"

There was a long silence. Then, from

behind the towel, Ramsey said, "Well, it's pretty grim, actually. I mean, for a guy who's too young to go to a hotel. The problem is always to find a place. When you're home from school, like at Christmas, you're always hunting an apartment that's empty. But the trouble is you're always afraid somebody'll walk in. I had a maid walk in on me once. I had the girl's brassiere unfastened and everything, and the maid walked in. Boy, she was nasty. But I gave her \$20 and she shut up. My last \$20. Jesus, I was scared."

Morrison lighted a cigarette. "You don't drive?"

"A car, you mean? How would I learn to drive a car? My father always puts his in storage in the winter. Summers we go to my grandmother's. She's got an island off the Maine coast. I know that sounds like a big deal, but it's just an island with a farm on it, and this Portuguese or Negro family or some kind of mixture. My grandmother's very old-fashioned. She doesn't even have any electricity, and she hates gasoline engines. There isn't one gasoline engine on that entire island, not even in the boats. You want to go to the mainland you sail over, or row. If you want to go somewhere on the island you walk or take the carriage or the dog cart."

"How about making out on the island? Is it difficult?"

"There's nobody there but my grandmother, Mister Morrison. You recommend guys making out with their grandmothers?"

"You said there was a Portuguese or Negro family."

"Oh, yeah." Ramsey took a deep breath and let it out, making the towel puff out. "Well, they have one daughter, about 16. She's got very white skin. She's whiter than I am, I know goddamn well, yet she's supposed to be one of those mixtures or something. Anyway, when we were little kids we'd play together. She'd let me look at hers and I'd show her mine. You know how little kids are. I don't know if she remembers or not. People are supposed to forget all that when they get older. But last summer I seriously thought about having sexual intercourse with Rita, that girl. But she's kind of a servant. I mean, her parents work for my grandmother."

"That stopped you?"

"Oh, not because *she* was a servant. I meant because of the relationship with my grandmother, she might think she had to if I wanted to. I mean, she might be afraid or something. And I don't go for that lord-and-master crap. So I stopped thinking about her and did a few push-ups in my room."

"Well, if you lived in Wyoming you'd know how to drive a car," Morrison said.

There was more silence from behind the towel; then, "You mean I'd get my



Let's settle the martini argument, once and for all.

It takes extra-dry gin to make an extra-dry martini.

But what if you could have more than just dryness in a gin?

What if you could find a gin that's so dry
it almost crackles — but doesn't stop there?

A gin that's been nurtured through a costly extra step
that removes excess sweetness and perfumery.

We have something to tell you:

there is such a gin. Its name is Seagram's.

Makes the greatest martinis ever mixed.

And there can't be any argument about that.

SEAGRAM'S EXTRA DRY GIN



driver's license and my sexual license at the same time?"

Morrison leaned forward and rested his arms on his knees. "You don't have any idea what life is like in a small town. There's always a country club, and the best people belong. The club is for adults, but once a month possibly they will have a dance for young people. In summer, when school is not in session, that is all the social life there is, except for two other institutions, the drive-in movie and the Dairy Queen. If a girl has a date she will usually be taken to the drive-in movie and then to the Dairy Queen where she will be fed a concoction known as soft ice cream. And that is life in a small town, in summer. It can be extremely dull."

Ramsey took the towel off his head; his face had the puckered, intense expression it sometimes got in class when he seemed to be concentrating.

"But there is one other thing two young people can do. They can drive out somewhere and park. Usually there is a lake, or perhaps a hill where they can see the moon rise. They can be alone and indulge in sex play, if not intercourse. It's the great American game, Ramsay, seeing how far a girl will go. Part of our myth, our American myth, is that there is more sex in small towns than in cities—among young people, that is. That's myth, as I say, as witness all the traveling-salesman jokes. But there is some truth in it. A girl will go pretty far, if not all the way, simply because there is nothing else exciting to do. And, after all, how many drive-in movies can one see? How much soft ice cream can one eat? The answer lies, I think, partly in boredom and partly in natural curiosity. A girl wonders, too, how does it feel. The only way she can know is through her own experience. And, being bored, she turns her exploration inward, into herself. Nothing could be more human."

Ramsey shook his head. "No. I'll never believe that. Why, you make people sound like a bunch of moronic sheep."

"How I wish I could get you to understand," Morrison said. "Listen, Ramsey. The important thing here, the really important thing, is not sex at all. It is your feeling *about* sex that's important. Your feeling is not good. Your feeling about sex stands between you and your intelligence—it stands between you and your own true self. And where you are going to be hurt is not in the sexual department. But you are going to be most seriously and grievously wounded in your Shakespeare."

"My Shakespeare?"

"Yes. Because when you hear these lines—'It is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing'—when in the future you hear that you will probably either feel a tendency to weep

or you will pull back sharply from the abyss of life in horror. And Shakespeare never meant you nor any human being to feel that way. Another English writer understood that. He took the same idea, the one in those lines, and wrote a great book. He did not weep, nor did he pull back from the abyss. He understood, and in his turn he wrote *Through the Looking-Glass*."

There was a long silence while Ramsey picked thoughtfully at a piece of cigarette paper stuck to the chapped skin on his lower lip. "Listen, Mister Morrison, I don't want you to think I don't appreciate your keeping me from getting kicked out of this institution. I always make such good marks it would've probably put my mother into nervous collapse. But I can't accept that boredom thing. You see, my girl—" Ramsey took a deep breath. "My girl would never do it because she was just bored. So I can't accept that, what you say."

Morrison was angry with himself; he felt he should have been able to communicate by talking. "Listen, Ramsey. The next time you get drunk do so joyfully and with a happy heart. Now get dressed. You can still make part of that chem lab."

After Ramsey left, Morrison poured a second cup of brandy and coffee and sat for several minutes, thinking. Then he picked up a telephone from a small table and dialed a number. When a voice on the other end answered he said, "This is Jacoby Morrison. I'm one of the masters, over on the hill. I want to speak to Miss Selma Parker. I'll hold on."

He had to wait several minutes before Selma Parker's voice said, "Jacoby Morrison? It sounds like something falling down the stairs."

Morrison was certain that he had read that somewhere, that it was not original with her, but he was glad she sounded cheerful. "Miss Parker, I have a small problem with one of my students that has some tangential effect on your institution. I wonder if we could discuss it."

"I do not like problems," she said immediately. "Especially those with tangential effects."

"Oh, we can solve it in a few moments of conversation."

"What is it, then?"

"I didn't mean over the phone. I meant in person."

There was a pause. "Do you really have a problem?"

He made his voice cool. "Believe me, Miss Parker, I would never have phoned you otherwise."

"Then forgive me. But in the past, especially among English instructors, I have encountered any number of slithy toves. Can you be here at four? I will have 10 minutes free then."

Morrison put the phone back on the table and felt in his jacket pocket for

the keys to his Volkswagen. Oh, that cool bitch, he was thinking; get her in bed and she wouldn't have orgasms, she'd produce a whole series of ice cubes like a refrigerator. He went down the stairs.

. . .

Morrison had known when he had taken the job at the school that, except for an infrequent weekend in New York, he would have to face the problem of the long cold New England winter alone. Prep school instructors were all men, of course, and most of them were married. And they clung together, socially, like a colony of idiot ants and only called upon the bachelor instructors when they needed an extra man.

Twice during the first semester, on separate weekends, Morrison had been called upon. Each invitation had been issued so that he had no doubt he was being presented with a white female body—and that he should be appropriately grateful. The first girl had been someone's dear old friend from Providence, and Morrison remembered her chiefly for what he thought of as the taste of the fillings in her teeth and her conversation as they stood on the brick platform Sunday evening awaiting her train. "I mean, it's not so far to Providence, and you got that nice little car. And there's that little inn, too, you know, in the village. I mean, I could come on Saturdays. We could have Saturday nights."

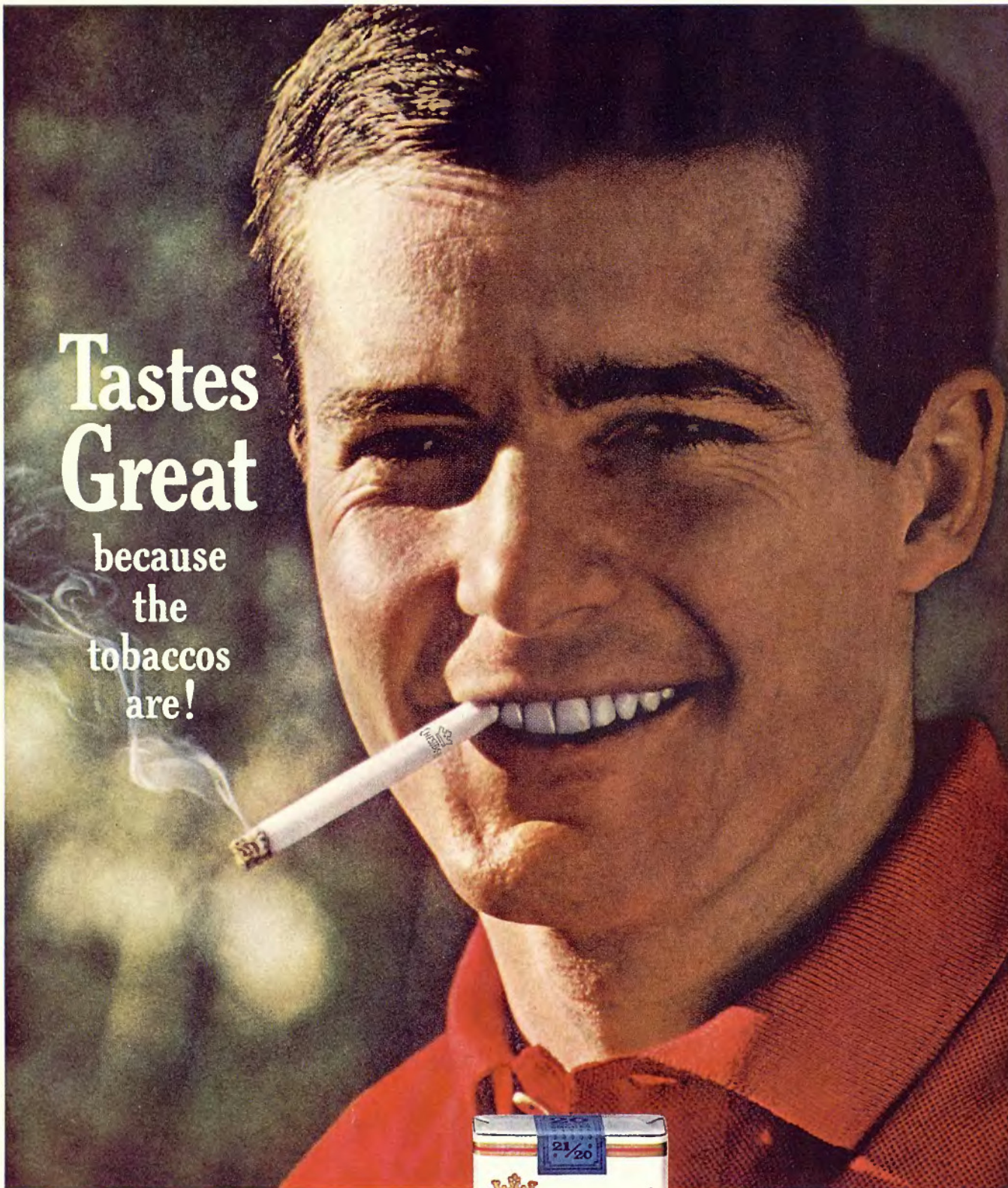
The second girl had been older than Morrison and married; she had been somebody's married sister. When Morrison had entered the house for dinner that Friday night he had been told quietly that Catherine already had a little head start on everyone else. Catherine had, too. About the time the steak was being taken off the charcoals she vanished. They found her in the bathroom, eventually, passed out in a sitting position with her pants comfortably around her ankles. But by midnight she had revived and kept insisting Morrison drive her someplace. "You know, hon, someplace like a golf course, where it's dark."

The experiences had only made Morrison feel used, like a friendly old hat-rack in the hall onto which people flung things as they passed. When the third invitation was issued—she was just back from the Sorbonne, a brilliant girl who was trying to make up her mind about San Francisco—he declined.

The only single female Morrison had met, other than Selma Parker, had been a young widow in the village. She was not striking looking, but she was both kind and gentle. Morrison had known that with normal masculine persistence on his part they could have worked out an "arrangement." But that would have been consigning sex to a realm somewhat like the mechanical world of the

Tastes Great

because
the
tobaccos
are!

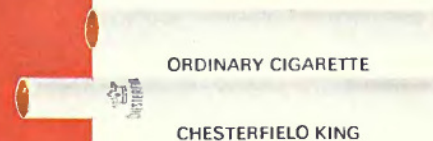


**21 Great Tobaccos make
20 Wonderful Smokes!**

Chesterfield King tastes great, smokes mild. You get 21 vintage tobaccos grown mild, aged mild, blended mild, and made to taste even milder through longer length.

CHESTERFIELD KING

Tastes Great...Smokes Mild!



ORDINARY CIGARETTE

CHESTERFIELD KING

LONGER LENGTH... Milder Taste

The smoke of a Chesterfield King mellows and softens as it flows through longer length... becomes smooth and gentle to your taste.



"Then the little bee, his antennae heavy with pollen..."

dietitian: for breakfast the healthy person consumes six ounces of orange juice or half a grapefruit, and one egg and buttered toast. He simply did not want his sexual needs "taken care of" — where was individuality in that? And he could see himself becoming a point on a curve on some sociologist's graph: Morrison, Jacoby. White, unmarried male, 2.8 per week.

It was because the world of a private schoolteacher in that corner of Connecticut was so limited that Morrison was curious about Selma Parker. It seemed that a girl in her situation would enjoy having a date, just a simple date. And so he had gone to Johnstone, the chemistry instructor, to ask him what he knew about Selma Parker.

"You mean Miss Periodic Pain and Suffering of 1963?" Johnstone had said, since he considered himself to have a way with a phrase. "Sure, I know her. Last year was her first year at Catton's. She instructed in *Bitching One*, I believe. Or perhaps it was *Nagging*, open only to juniors and above. I called her and said let's go to a movie or have some beers or something in this wasteland. And she said back at me something like this: 'Thank you, Johnstone, but I have no interest other than school. I spend all my time here. I find it quite congenial.' A real genuine frost. You know what's going to happen to her? She's going to sit over there until it withers from disuse. Gradually throughout the years it will dehydrate and some autumn as she strolls across campus it will simply fall, as dry and brittle as last year's oak leaf. The caretakers will rake it up, along with other dead leaves, and oh we will have a jolly bonfire come Halloween! *Sic transit hymenaeus Parker-mus*, or whatever the hell it is."

But Morrison was not certain Johnstone was right, that Selma Parker was dry and bookish. He thought there was a good deal more to her than that.

Miss Catton's was quite austere looking. From the main road all that could be seen of the school was the bordering privet hedge and two brick columns at the entrance to the drive. Only when Morrison turned the Volkswagen into the drive could he see the main building, a three-storied, white Colonial with black shutters. It sat alone, on a knoll. The other buildings were beyond the knoll, on the downward slope, and they were mostly salt-boxes. It did not look like a school, but more like the summer residence, or country home, of a very large and wealthy family.

Morrison left his car in the turnaround and knocked on the door with an authentic brass knocker. A maid let him in and took him along the downstairs hall to Miss Parker's office. It was unlike any school office Morrison had

ever seen: there were no typewriter, no filing cabinets, and no telephone visible. Other than one long trestle table piled high with books and papers in sloppy female fashion, the room appeared to be an informal sitting room where ladies might meet to embroider and converse. A small fire of cannel coal burned in a Federal fireplace against the damp spring day and beside it, in a platform rocker, Selma Parker sat with a knitting bag at her feet. She wore a cardigan, a tweed skirt with enough fashionable bagginess to identify it as a country skirt, and dull-polished loafers: it was a uniform, as Morrison's clothes were. There was no make-up on her face and her lovely hair had been unsympathetically twisted into an old maid's knot at the back of her neck. As Morrison entered she took off a pair of ugly horn-rims and held out her hand.

"Thank you for being prompt, Morrison. I appreciate it."

It was then that Morrison felt he had an insight into her character. One trivial detail was responsible for that, the type of brassiere she was wearing. It was a brassiere that appeared not so much to be constructed along the lines of sound engineering principles, as it appeared to have been stitched by hand on the worn fingers of an old half-blind French seamstress who had spent many years of faithful service in the family. It did not mold breasts into exaggerated pride, it held them serenely in utter faith in their own competence to deal with all things of this world that breasts are heiress to. In short, it was a brassiere that only a lady would wear. Selma Parker was not cold, nor dry; she was simply a lady.

"I always have a cup of tea at this time, Morrison," she was saying. "I hope you will, too."

The maid had come in again and put a tea tray in front of a small sofa. Miss Parker sat and said, "Milk or lemon?"

"I don't suppose there's any rum," Morrison said.

"No, the only time anything alcoholic is allowed is just before the holidays, at Christmas. For the plum pudding, you know. But you may smoke in this room. Miss Catton doesn't mind that. Now, who is your student and what is his problem?"

"Byron Ramsey is one —"

"Oh, yes," Selma Parker said, and she settled back on the sofa, holding the teacup in both hands. "He has such a pleasant face and quite a cheerful, outgoing manner, I think."

Morrison was surprised. "You know Byron Ramsey?"

"Oh, yes. He has called on one of the young ladies frequently on Sunday afternoons. Generally he telephones her in the evenings, between seven and seven-thirty when calls are allowed. He writes

her, too. Quite thick letters." She glanced at him and became aware of his expression. "Oh, don't look like that. I haven't been spying on them. If I hadn't engaged him in conversation I'd have been failing in my duty. I know, for instance, that Byron will go to Yale because his father did. The senior Ramsey is a partner in a law firm and when Byron finishes Yale he will go into the firm — which, as he says, won't be easy. Now, is it so terrible I know things of that sort?"

Morrison shook his head. "Miss Parker, this may come as a shock, but two years ago Byron's roommate, a boy named Stud Tatum —"

"Another cup, Morrison?"

"No, thank you. Two years ago Stud Tatum had sexual intercourse with Mary Sarah Butler, and Ramsey has learned of it and is taking it rather badly."

Selma Parker put the teacup down abruptly, as if it was too hot and she was afraid of dropping it. "I don't believe I heard you correctly, Morrison."

"I think you did," he said.

A bright spot of color appeared on each of her cheeks, the only sign she was angry. "What utter nonsense. I am certain such a thing never happened. Morrison, what ever possessed you to come here and tell me such an obvious untruth?"

"No, it's true."

"I believe you said the other student's name is 'Stud' Tatum?" Miss Parker said, and she put heavy emphasis on the nickname. "Really, Morrison, do you expect me to believe that any young lady in attendance at Miss Catton's would have anything at all to do with anyone known as 'Stud'?"

"It happened two years ago."

Selma Parker smiled. "Oh, Morrison, you have simply been gulled. 'Stud' Tatum. I believe I can picture what he must be like. He's one of your athletes, larger than most of the students, and a bully. Boys of that sort do like to brag. They will often say that something has happened when nothing really has. Sometimes they do that out of cruelty, to get back at a girl who has refused them. Or they do it to attract attention, to look masculine in the eyes of other boys. Oh, Morrison, don't you realize you have simply been taken in by the boy's lying?"

Morrison shook his head. "No, I know when boys are lying about sex. And I think it might be proved."

"Oh, how could such a thing be proved?"

"Well, to begin with, you might have the young lady examined by a physician," Morrison said mildly.

Selma Parker gave him a look women generally reserve for men who rush first into the lifeboats. "This conversation is getting entirely out of hand. You said you wanted my help. What is it, exactly,

that you wish?"

"I want us to get Byron and Mary Sarah together, perhaps in this room, and encourage them to talk this thing out."

Miss Parker stared at him a moment, and then she suddenly began to laugh. She laughed rather hard for a lady, and ended by dabbing at her eyes with a tiny handkerchief she kept concealed somewhere in the vicinity of the waistband of her skirt. "Oh, dear," she said. "You are insane, aren't you?"

Morrison was silent for a moment. "Oh, I know I'm making an ass of myself. That is, I appear to you to be an ass. Because you can say to me, what young girl who has had sexual relations with a boy will sit down and talk about it with another boy who's interested in her now, and with one of her instructors whose respect she desires, and me, a total stranger? The logical answer is that no young girl would do it, and consequently I am absurd. But life is absurd, too, Miss Parker. It is absurd in its conception. Consider, if you will, the various human acts and mechanisms that aid in the creation of the human being. Now, really, what could be more absurd? We can't even rise to the artistic achievement of the barnyard hen and lay one neat egg. And the only way to deal with this problem is through what seems to you now as absurdity."

"I will never permit what you suggest," Selma Parker said. There was finality in her manner; somewhere steel doors had been slammed shut and barred against unknown intruders out of the dark night.

"May I speak to Miss Catton, then?" Morrison asked.

"She is not here. She is in retreat."

"I beg your pardon?"

"I said she has gone to a retreat. She's quite religious and she goes to a retreat now and then to meditate."

Morrison walked to the window and stood with his hands in his pockets. On the playing field, a group of girls were engaged in a casual game of field hockey. None of them wore athletic clothing, most of them had on gray-flannel, Jamaica-length shorts and sweaters. A great deal of giggling and horsing around was going on; they were not playing to win, but for fun.

"You make me want to weep, you really do," Morrison said. He gestured at the field. "Who on God's earth could be cruel enough, sadistic enough, to object to their little sex play? Why, it would be like puppies tumbling on a lawn."

"Their parents are sadistic enough," Selma Parker said. She had risen from the sofa and she was standing behind him, slightly to one side. "And they were not sent here to become happy, carefree animals. Most of them will be wives of

very successful men."

"But, my God!" Morrison said. "This is an institution of learning, isn't it? All I suggest is we talk."

"No, it is a finishing school," Selma Parker said. "These girls are not like girls who go to Bennington, for instance, and sit in their rooms at night — after they have finished with religion and politics, you understand — talk about a thing sometimes called 'free love' and whether they will do it, and when, and under what circumstances. The only time sex is discussed here is in the biology laboratory when frogs are dissected and their reproductive systems studied. There is never any other mention of sex. The girls do not discuss it among themselves."

"Oh, come on," Morrison said. "I know kids."

"You don't know these young ladies. They are virgins."

Morrison laughed. "Oh, come on, Miss Parker."

Selma Parker sat down on the sofa and took a cigarette from a silver box. She smoked it slowly, inhaling deeply, in the manner of one who allows herself only three or four cigarettes a day. "Do you know what the name of this school is? Miss Catton's. Don't you know what that means? It is not Mrs. Catton's. Everything here is virginal, right down to the scullions in the kitchen. There is not even one married woman who works here as a domestic. What I am trying to indicate to you is the atmosphere of the school. It is virginal. While the young ladies are here they think as virgins think, they talk as virgins talk. Even if one of them had, in the past, some sexual experience — which, of course, none has had — she would never discuss it, not even with her dearest friend. It simply isn't done."

"My God, that's horrible," Morrison said. "Think how that girl must be feeling. She's had sexual intercourse with Stud and now she's in with this virginal crowd —"

Selma Parker smiled. "You are so worked up about this, aren't you? You take such a personal interest in it."

"Implying that I have no sex life of my own to concern me," Morrison said quickly. "Miss Parker, you can't insult me. I do have a personal interest. I have simply seen too many boys with good minds adopt the attitude Ramsey has. He thinks that because he's read certain books Tatum is literally incapable of reading, that he, Ramsey, is a finer human being. Everybody tells him he's finer — he gets higher marks than Tatum, and to get higher marks means you are finer. Thinking that, and knowing Tatum has had any number of girls — and Ramsey has had none at this point, mind you — he begins to equate a direct sexual drive with stupidity and insensitivity. And, goddamnit, that is wrong.

In his own thinking Ramsey has separated sexuality and intelligence. That is impossible. The mind and the body cannot be separated. One cannot exist without the other. A man's blood circulates, his brain gives off electrical impulses, and his testicles produce sperm. Castrate him, do major damage to his body, and his mind will be affected. And what do you think Ramsey has done to himself, emotionally? From now on Ramsey's mind will become less because it has become separated from part of its sexuality, its drive. What could have been real thinking may become mere dallying. He will become less to the degree that he rejects Stud and Mary Sarah and sex. My God, he can't do this to himself. Real thinking, of any kind, has a pair of testicles. It's the most valuable thing humanity has."

"Except for one other," Miss Parker said slowly, as if she might be thinking. "The womb from which we are all ushered forth." She looked up at Morrison. "Do you know what a woman gives to a man when she gives love? And a man does not always take love, Morrison, a woman frequently gives it. She gives her whole life, forever. Because a man may get up and walk away, but for a woman there is the possible consequence of a child. And a child changes a woman's life, forever. Oh, in many ways our conversation is an ancient argument — a man thinks of his pleasure, a woman of family. The social institution of marriage is the only solution, of course."

"But I'm not talking about anyone getting pregnant! I'm not talking about anyone *doing* anything —"

"Oh, hush," she said. "Will you please hush? You would sicken a stone donkey with your constant talk of sex, sex, sex." She relit the cigarette she had been holding. "Do you know much about girls this age? They can be little bitches. That is a word I seldom use, but it is the only accurate one here. They do not realize how cruel they are, sometimes, but they can be bitches." She paused. "Mary Sarah arrived here wearing a Balenciaga suit and what appeared to be a Jacqueline Kennedy hairdo, but later turned out to be a very costly wig, and Elizabeth Taylor eye make-up. I presume you know how grotesque that was, beginning with a Balenciaga on someone that age. So I presume you know what happened."

"They gave her a hard time," Morrison said, nodding. "Yes, boys do that, too. But I imagine it hurts a girl more."

"Consequently, do you know what it meant to her to have your Byron Ramsey call upon her? To be genuinely interested in her? Only a few of the older girls here know boys who are close enough to come to see them. It's a long drive, even from Harvard or Yale, for an hour or so on a Sunday afternoon. Your

Byron Ramsey has meant a great deal to Mary Sarah." She turned sideways on the sofa, so that she faced him. "Do you understand why I cannot permit what you suggest? Particularly with this girl, with this girl least of all."

"You have to. Because Ramsey will either reject her —"

"No." Selma Parker ground out the cigarette in an ashtray. "I want you to visit me again tomorrow afternoon at this time, Morrison. Bring Byron Ramsey with you. Leave him outside, in your car, where he will see Mary Sarah on the playing field. He will walk down to her and they will talk. I am sure they do not need us as much as you think."

"No. They need guidance —"

"No. I believe it will work best that way," Selma Parker said. "She will simply explain to him that Tatum lied and that it never happened."

"But Tatum didn't lie!" Morrison said.

"Oh, come now," Miss Parker said, smiling. "Of course he lied, Morrison. I know that he did. Now, goodbye. I will see you tomorrow at four."

• • •

Wednesday afternoon Morrison stopped the Volkswagen in the turnaround at Miss Catton's at exactly four o'clock. Ramsey sat beside him, looking sour and rebellious. He was dressed extremely casually in old plum-colored corduroys

and an ancient sweatshirt. His sneakers, which had once been white, were bound around the instep with electrician's tape, to hold on the soles.

Morrison looked down the slope at the gaggle of gray-flannel shorts on the playing field. "She down there?"

"She's there, she's there," Ramsey said irritably.

"Now you remember what you're to say," Morrison prompted.

"Oh, sure," Ramsey said bitterly. "I stroll down there and say, 'Hey, you ever give a friend of mine, Stud Tatum, the time, hey, and if you did, tell me why or I'll flunk English.' 'Well, as long as it's for the good of your mind,' she'll say —"

"Now cut that out," Morrison said; he was irritable, too. He felt very frustrated; that bitch Selma Parker was making him do something he knew wouldn't work, and there was nothing he could do — she was *the* authority at Miss Catton's. "Do you remember what I told you?"

Ramsey turned in the seat so that he faced Morrison. "Sir, I don't mean any disrespect. You're older than I am and a lot more intelligent and I guess you've been around pretty much. When it comes to *Beowulf* I'm with you all the way. But this isn't some class, sir, this is real. What you want me to do isn't going to work. Mary Sarah's not even going to

talk to me. All it's going to do is make her feel bad, and *that's* going to make me feel bad, and —"

"It will work," Morrison said. "She will talk to you. Ramsey, no female in this hemisphere can resist telling a man who is in love with her about her past sins. They simply love to confess."

"But what the hell good's that going to do?" Ramsey said, his voice rising. "What the hell good is it going to do *me* to learn how terrific old Tatum is at giving some girl the time?"

"It is a basic and fundamental psychological fact that if people talk about things of this sort they are changed."

"Into what? Frogs?" Ramsey said. "Listen, it's important to me to know *how* I'll be changed. I mean, you just don't go into something like this without knowing something about the future. Even a brain surgeon, Mister Morrison, would tell a guy he had a 50-50 chance. I mean, what if I suddenly turn queer? What'll you write Mother?"

"People don't just suddenly turn queer," Morrison said. "And you know they don't. I don't know how you'll be changed. The way you'll be is already inside you this minute. You'll develop and grow."

They got out of the Volkswagen. It was a warm spring afternoon and the buds on the apple trees were bursting



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into bloom. "Well, where'll you be, sir," Ramsey said, "in case they gang up on me with their hockey sticks and you don't hear my feeble cries?"

"I'll be in that bitch Parker's office."

Ramsey's eyes lighted with interest. "She's a bitch, that Miss Parker? No kidding. How do you know, sir? I mean —"

"Never mind. Go down to the field."

"I better go to the bathroom first."

"No, you can wait and go later."

"Boy, you've got good eyesight, Mister Morrison. Being able to tell when guys don't have to go to the bathroom."

Morrison walked to the door and banged the knocker without looking back at Ramsey. The maid let him in and took him to Miss Parker. She was sitting at the trestle table with a large stack of papers before her and she looked up without removing the horn-rims; she was myopic, and the lenses made her eyes huge. "If you expect me to give you tea again today you'll have to wait a bit. Find something to occupy your mind."

Morrison sat in the platform rocker and stared at the dead fireplace, but the chair did not seem comfortable. He

walked to the window and stared at the playing field. He could not see Ramsey anywhere and he began to wander about the room, nervously picking up small objects of art and putting them down.

"Oh, will you sit down!" Selma Parker said. "Morrison, you are acting exactly like a mother hen. Here. Read something." She flung a copy of *The Atlantic* at him.

"I've seen this issue," Morrison said.

A telephone rang twice. Selma Parker rooted among a pile of papers on the table, uncovered a telephone receiver and put it to her ear. "Miss Parker here," she said, and then her face brightened. Morrison was staring at her and the light in her eyes had the same effect on him as a mildly strong electric shock. By God, he thought, she's talking to a man!

"Oh, how are you?" she said, as if nothing so much in the world concerned her as the state of health of the person who had called. "I was just this minute thinking of you."

As Selma Parker spoke she stood up and walked toward the sofa, and the long telephone cord knocked books and

papers off the table and they splashed on the floor. She sank slowly down on the sofa. She did not sit, she sank slowly and rather wantonly, as a movie star of the Twenties might have slid into a milk bath. In the process of slithering, she removed both her loafers and sat wiggling her small toes ecstatically.

"Oh, you didn't really!" she burst out. "Oh, you didn't. Really, did you? Oh, did you really do that? Oh, how funny. And then what did she do? She *did*? Really, did she do that? Oh, how funny. What was she wearing? Oh, really? Just her slip? Oh, how funny! That's really the funniest thing I think I have ever heard. I wish I'd been there."

Yes, it's a great pity, Morrison thought sourly.

"Oh, I'd love to, but I can't this weekend," Selma Parker said. "No, really, I can't. Miss Catton is away and I can't leave. She went on one of her periodicals. I should have known, she was spending so much time alone in her rooms and then gargling with this absolutely vile-smelling stuff so none of us would know. She's in a little hospital in Brookline, drying out. The one she always goes to. Well, I do, too. Well, of course I know how you feel. I have feelings, too, you know. Yes, ducks, you do that. Yes, and thanks for asking. 'Bye.'"

She put the phone down and sat staring at nothing, holding her left ankle with her right hand.

"She's an alcoholic, the old girl?" Morrison asked.

Selma Parker jerked erect. "Morrison! I'd forgotten you were here. Why, that was a low thing to do, to listen."

"You have quite a loud voice," Morrison said. "Did you expect me to cover my ears?"

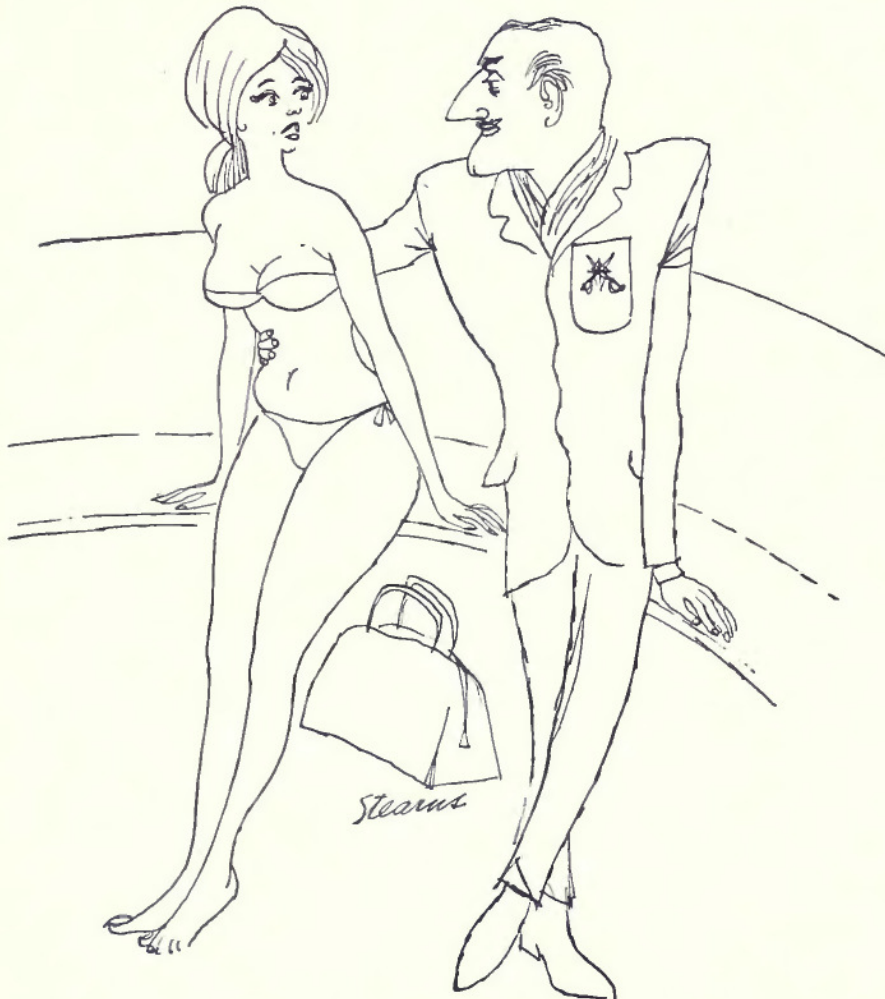
"Morrison, you must not mention Miss Catton's affliction. No one knows of it, especially the school trustees. The person to whom I was speaking lives in Boston, has no connection with any school, and is quite an old personal friend."

"I never gossip," Morrison said stiffly, and he walked to the window. A boy and a girl — he recognized Ramsey, of course — were walking slowly up the knoll with their heads bent like mourners. They were about a foot apart, and parallel, but not touching each other. The girl was talking, and obviously talking seriously. She was small and built in a series of little circles — round little eyes and mouth, round little breasts and buttocks. They walked close to the window, then turned without seeing Morrison, and started down the knoll.

"They are talking, Morrison," Selma Parker said in an I-told-you-so way.

Morrison glanced at her, then looked away as if she was something unpleasant. "You ever read *The Making of Americans*, Miss Parker?" he asked idly.

"I don't know it, no."



"But I understood you could wear this kind in Europe and nobody paid any attention."



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SPECIAL EDITION

YOUR ONE PLAYBOY CLUB KEY
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MAY 1963

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or any Playboy Club Room Director provides keyholders with the form.

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Manhattan Playboy Club Bunnies laugh along with Mitch as Johnny Carson wincs at Miller's ad libbing during Radio-TV Society party.

LATE FLASHES

CHICAGO—Changes in store for Chicago keyholders. Remodeling of foyer to add 650 square feet to accommodate more keyholders... Library to become VIP Room, similar to New York Club's... Cantonese cuisine to be featured in the Playroom. Plans call for a different entree every night.

NEW YORK—VIP Room to be moved to fifth floor. New, larger location will permit dancing. Present VIP Room to be renamed Library.

PHOENIX—Intimate Cartoon Corner to be added, seating 15... A new dance floor has just been installed in the Living Room.

NEW ORLEANS—Kai Winding, New York Playboy Club Music Director, flew here to receive his PLAYBOY Jazz Poll Award from Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner. Hef, who is also President of The Playboy Club, presented the Medallion to Kai at Jazz 'n' Cocktails. Other winners present for the Sunday sound session were Al Hirt and Pete Fountain. Winding also launched Jazz 'n' Cocktails in Chicago the Sunday before.



Playboy Bunnies wish keyholders Kung Hsi Fat Tsai (Happy New Year) in Chinese as they celebrate the Year of the Rabbit. This Chinese year 4661 is symbolized by the Bunny, a lucky omen for all things.

To: Playboy Clubs International
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"Gertrude Stein considered it her major work. She said once that the most important novels of the 20th Century were Proust's, and Joyce's, and *The Making of Americans*. I find that almost no one has read it."

"Oh, well, she hasn't been dead long enough to have a real revival."

Morrison was invited to have tea, but he declined. Tea was the last thing he wanted to drink, and Selma Parker the last person he would have chosen to drink anything with. He went outside and stood in the sunshine beside the Volkswagen. In a bit Ramsey came slowly up the slope, his face puckered and intent.

They got in the car and Morrison started the engine. "Well, things go as I said?"

"Yes, sir, pretty much," Ramsey said and he let out his breath; from the noise it made he had evidently been holding it since early childhood. "She was very nice to talk to me the way she did. I told her that she was the only girl I ever knew in my entire life who would be that honest." He fell into silence.

"But what?" Morrison said; he sensed that Ramsey had not told him all.

"Well, we talked about a lot of things you told me. The boredom, and so on. I mean, you were partly right, Mister Morrison. But you weren't entirely right. I asked her something maybe I shouldn't have. We got to talking and it just slipped out. I said, 'But why'd you do it with Stud and not with me?' And you know what she said, Mister Morrison?"

"What?"

"She said, 'Well, Byron, you never asked.'"

Morrison was stunned. Of course one had to ask, that was basic. Everything he had said to Ramsey had been so intellectual; it had never occurred to him that Ramsey, or anyone, would have to be told to ask. That girl, with her sweet simplicity, had unmasked him as the stuffy English teacher he was. He began to laugh, ruefully. "Well, Ramsey, I guess that's something every boy should have engraved on the back of his wrist watch."

• • •

Thursday night it was Morrison's turn to make bed check in the dormitory. Lights had to be off at 10 o'clock. Morrison was not strict, and often he did not start going from room to room until 10:30. If someone was reading or studying, Morrison would tell him to take his book to the can. At midnight, Morrison would check the can. If any boys were still reading, Morrison would send them to bed.

Thursday night, about 10:15, Morrison started going from room to room, saying, "Time to turn them off now." The door of Ramsey and Tatum's room

was open, but the room was dark as if they were asleep. That was unusual, because Ramsey was generally in the can reading when Morrison made his final check; he was that kind of reader. Morrison had once caught him awake at 3:30 in the morning, reading by flashlight.

Morrison paused at the door. "Everything all right?"

"Just fine, Mister Morrison," Stud said. "Goodnight."

"Goodnight," Morrison said. "Goodnight, Ramsey."

There was no immediate response. Then Stud whispered hoarsely, "I guess Byron must already be asleep, sir."

Morrison reached inside the door and flicked the switch that turned on the light. There was nothing in Ramsey's bed except a rolled-up blanket. "Oh, for Christ sake," Morrison said, and stepped inside and closed the door.

Stud shrugged. "I told Byron it wouldn't fool anybody."

"I'll bet you did," Morrison said. "Where is he? Has he gone to the village, to the liquor store?"

"He wouldn't tell me —"

"Get up," Morrison said. "We'll go speak to the Head."

"Aw, for Christ sake, all I said was he wouldn't tell me. But I can guess. He's at the cat house. He called Mary Sarah tonight and he left here carrying a blanket. I asked him why and he told me to mind my own goddamn business. He's over at the cat house right now. I'll bet money on it."

He asked her, Morrison thought; damn him. He sat down on the vacant twin bed. "You should have told me. What if I hadn't taken bed check?"

"Well, Byron keeps talking about a gentleman never saying anything. He's got me so screwed up I don't know when to tell something and when not to. But we fixed that fire door downstairs so he can get back in."

"Yes, if someone doesn't see him sneaking back across the grounds." Morrison looked out the window. It was a bright, moonlit night. He thought of driving toward Miss Catton's in his car, but that way he might miss Ramsey entirely. "Stud, keep this door closed. If anyone wants in . . . well, tell them to see me."

"Where are you going, sir?"

"To make a telephone call." Morrison walked down the hall to his rooms. It was the last thing he wanted to do, to call Selma Parker and tell her that Byron Ramsey and Mary Sarah Butler were at that moment locked together in joyous congress somewhere in Miss Catton's well-tended shrubbery. But he had to; he felt responsible. When someone answered, he said, "This is Jacoby Morrison. Miss Parker, please."

In a moment she said, "Yes, Morrison?"

"Can anyone hear us? Is there an ex-

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tension on your line?"

"Morrison, I am well aware that you are insane. Do you have to call at odd hours to make it even more clear?"

Morrison lost his temper. "All right, I will put it in basic English for you, Miss Parker. Ramsey isn't in his bed. After telephoning Mary Sarah, he left here carrying a blanket. Do you know what that means?"

"Oh, goddamn you!" she exploded.

"Why, how dare you say that to me?" Morrison said in a cold voice. "Are you so stupid you don't know it's your fault? You wouldn't sit down and talk to them. Of course, they sneaked off somewhere! They feel they *have* to sneak. And no one in this world should have to sneak anything. Now, I'll tell you what you are going to do. You are going to see that not the slightest embarrassment is caused that girl. If one thing happens to embarrass her I'll —"

"Don't you dare threaten me!" Miss Parker said stoutly.

"Who's threatening you?" Morrison said. "I simply don't think an alcoholic should be head of a school for young ladies." He waited until he heard her gasp, then he broke the connection.

Morrison stuck a flashlight and a pack of cigarettes in his pocket and went downstairs. He stood some distance from the dormitory, beneath a large oak tree. The night was cool, the moon pale white. It was not yet 11 o'clock. Morrison knew the boy might keep the girl out until three or four in the morning; if one were going to take a chance, then one might as well enjoy it.

A friend of Morrison's, who had been a foot soldier, had told him that in a heavily wooded area you could sometimes locate enemy positions by watching the shadows and patches of light. If a shadow moved, then you knew where to fire. Shortly after midnight, Morrison observed a shadow moving toward the dormitory; the shadow tried to keep in the larger blots of darkness, which was clever, but now and then it had to cross patches of moonlight. Morrison waited, and when the shadow was quite close, he sprang upon it roughly. The shadow squeaked in alarm and dropped a blanket it happened to be carrying.

"You listen to me, Ramsey," Morrison said. "I've risked my job to keep you in school. I won't do it again. The next time you sneak out, no matter why, the Head will hear about it. Is that quite clear?"

"Sure thing, Mister Morrison," Ramsey said jauntily — much too jauntily for a culprit.

"What the hell have you been doing?"

Ramsey grinned. "Out getting my wrist watch engraved."

• • •

All day Friday Morrison waited for someone to enter his classroom with a

message that the Head wanted to see him. Morrison had decided that, in his own defense, he would simply say he thought he had done the right thing, and then offer to resign. He would never say anything about Miss Catton's being an alcoholic, of course; that would be cruel. But no message came from the Head and after his last class that afternoon Morrison went to his rooms. He was just sitting down when Johnstone banged on the door. "Phone call downstairs!"

"Tell them to call my number!" Morrison called, but Johnstone had gone on whistling down the hall.

The telephone in Morrison's room was private, and all his friends had the number. He knew the call was from someone trying to sell him either the *Britannica* or a burial plot. He clumped downstairs and said curtly, "Yes? What is it?"

"Jacoby? This is your partner in crime, Selma Parker."

It registered with him instantly that she had said Jacoby, not Morrison, and that she sounded subdued. "Yes?" he said.

"I've wanted to talk to you all day. I wanted to tell you about last night. I decided to go outside. That is, to wait outside. I did manage to get our friend back in again without being seen. As a matter of fact, we sat up quite late and had a very girly talk. About life, you know." She paused. "What happened was for the best, Jacoby. I thought, especially since we had disagreed about which course to take, you might be pleased to hear that. Well, aren't you pleased?"

"I am," Morrison said. "Very pleased. My report is the same, except we had no girly talk."

She laughed. "Jacoby, do you have a car?"

"I do," he said, picking it up where she had so carefully placed it for him. "It's only a Volkswagen, but —"

"A Volkswagen. Oh, how cunning!"

"— But I was thinking last night that you should get out and see the countryside. You do have a magnificent view over there, but I know a spot where you can see three states all at once — Connecticut, New York and Massachusetts. A lot of people think you have to get out when the sun is shining. But the view is excellent at night, this time of year. Did you notice the moon last night?"

"Oh, yes. I did. I did notice it."

"Well, I have to be here tonight for dinner, but I could drive over later. About eight o'clock?"

"I'd love to. And thank you for asking me, Jacoby."

Well, by God, Morrison thought, and he trotted back to his rooms, whistling, and made a strong drink which he took

into the shower.

It was dark at eight o'clock; the moon would not rise before ten. As Morrison went slowly up the drive at Miss Catton's, the headlights of the car illuminated the figure of a girl standing on the steps, waiting. Selma Parker still wore a tweed skirt that was baggy, but she had on a white blouse and pearls, and her hair was up in a fashion no old maid ever imagined.

"I hope you don't mind my waiting outside," she said, as he opened the door. "But tonight I didn't care to have any of the girls know that old Parker was going out."

"Of course not," Morrison said. "Listen, the moon won't be up for a bit. There's a rather nice inn in the village, with a small bar that's quite respectable. We could go for a brandy, if you'd like."

"I'd love to go for a brandy," she said, and she smiled.

They sat in the small bar with their heads together and talked. She had gone to Smith and she knew a cousin of one of his old roommates. He told her about living in Mexico, but not about the Indian girl. She mentioned bicycling through France one summer with a friend, but she did not say of which sex. They drank two brandies, then decided to go.

Morrison drove slowly around the horseshoe curve, then slower still, and said, "About here, I think," and pulled off the road onto the gravel.

She leaned forward, her elbows on her knees. It was true, one could see for miles. In the moonlight, in the fields below, there were freshly turned furrows, waiting for seed.

"Think how it was before the white man," she said. "Think about the Indians down there in that field now, making love so the corn would be more fertile."

"They didn't do it now," Morrison said. "They didn't do it until after they got the seed in the ground. About the last of May. There's not much point in New England in getting your seed in the ground too soon."

"Oh, you logical creature," she said softly. She was smiling at him. "You did something so very kind. And I was absolutely no help at all." She took a deep breath. "Someone should do something nice for you. I don't know if I'm nice enough." She took his hand and held it, sitting with her head lowered. "Oh, my dear, can't you help me? Oh, Jacoby, can't you ask me?"

She had been touched by what he had done and he was touched by that. He could feel her trembling; he drew her close. "Oh, I intended asking. I intended that. I think it's been made clear to all of us that we must ask."



THE BUM *(continued from page 110)*

the right answer. Everyone was happy to hear it.

Another man told a dirty joke. His hearers laughed at its finish. There was no beggar profit in the empty, windy streets. The bums, on layoff, entertained one another.

I heard strange curses, rasping coughs, sudden crazy outcries. But there was sociability in the flooded lobby—the jauntiness of a journey ended, a destination arrived at. And in the gloomy, odorous room, there was a mood of hurrah. These discards approved of one another. They were without criticism.

I saw flasks being passed. I gave mine to two men. They took swigs and returned it, politely.

Near me, a skeletonized man with sickly eyes started telling an anecdote about himself. I wrote it years later as a one-act play and performed it over the radio with movie director Alfred Hitchcock playing one of the parts. I played the sickly-eyed bum who told the story. He said a strange thing happened to him on a winter night a year before. He was standing in front of a saloon at midnight in a hell of a snowstorm. The saloon was closed. He was unable to walk because he was too sick and hungry. So he stood still in the snowstorm in the empty street. Then he happened to look into the darkened saloon window and he saw the figure of Jesus Christ standing inside it, plain as day. Jesus was wearing a white robe. He was barefooted and a crown of thorns was on his head. Seeing him, the bum cried out: "Jesus Christ! I'm a sonofabitch if it ain't! Walkin' around barefoot in the snow. Bleedin' all over."

The bum said he started talking to this Jesus in the saloon window, because he felt sorry for him, barefoot in the

icy night and bleeding from his wounds. He said he told Jesus he'd be able to find a bed for him in a couple of hours. He knew a whore who finished her night's work around three A.M. He had heard Jesus wasn't the kind who turned up his nose at a whore.

Then the figure of Jesus had started fading out of the saloon window. The bum began to cry. He held out his arms to the fading Jesus and said, "Don't go 'way. I thought you was goin' to pal with me."

But Jesus disappeared. The bum stood looking into the empty saloon window and, all of a sudden, he began to laugh. There was a looking glass in the window and the bum saw himself in it, all white with snow.

"And I seen I'd been talkin' to myself," said the storyteller near me, "talkin' to myself in a lookin' glass. And I thought it was him. I thought it was Jesus Christ. And it was only me in a lookin' glass, talkin' to myself."

A door opened at the rear of the lobby. A stocky man in a sailor's reefer stood in the doorway and called out in a Swedish accent, "All right, fellas, the bunks are ready. A dime a head. No stowaways. Get your money out, fellas."

The men started entering the sleeping quarters. I put a dime in the Swede's big hand.

The sleeping room was darker than the lobby. An oil lamp on a wall offered a sample of the room to the eye. Its windows were boarded up. I made out two rows of pads on a cement floor, and lay down on one near the oil lamp. It had a greasy strip of oilcloth for a sheet. I heard the 50 bums stretch out in the dark, grunting, giggling, coughing.

I kept silent. I knew the police had

been here and asked questions about Sleepy Dan, and learned nothing. I had planned to ask no questions for a night or two, until I had earned my spurs as a bum. I was already hungry enough to groan, and drunk enough to yell at the things crawling over my face, nipping at me inside my trousers as if I were a Thanksgiving feast. But I stayed silent.

An hour passed. Snores, gurgle, muffled cries began to come out of the smelly darkness. Crazy words sounded suddenly, "I'm gettin' littler. I'm little! I'm little! I'm a bug!" No one answered. "Oh, them big tits! I'm buried in them big tits!" No one laughed. A high-pitched voice announced, "Mogo on the Gogo. I got Mogo on the Gogo!" The snoring increased. Men were sleeping all around me. I could see them in my mind. Battered, gutless faces like closed doors; closed now to the crawl of vermin, the scamper of rats, and to hopelessness. Bums, dreaming. Memories tiptoeing in human refuse. Old nightmares still whimpering.

A figure stood up in the dark, tall and vague like a shadow leaving a grave. It moved down the lane between the rows of pads and vanished. Another figure moved toward me. It lay down on the vacant pad next to mine. A voice whispered, "Sonny boy, I got a pint o' rye." It was my half-dollar friend, the pervert. "Don't be scared," he whispered.

"I ain't scared," I whispered back.

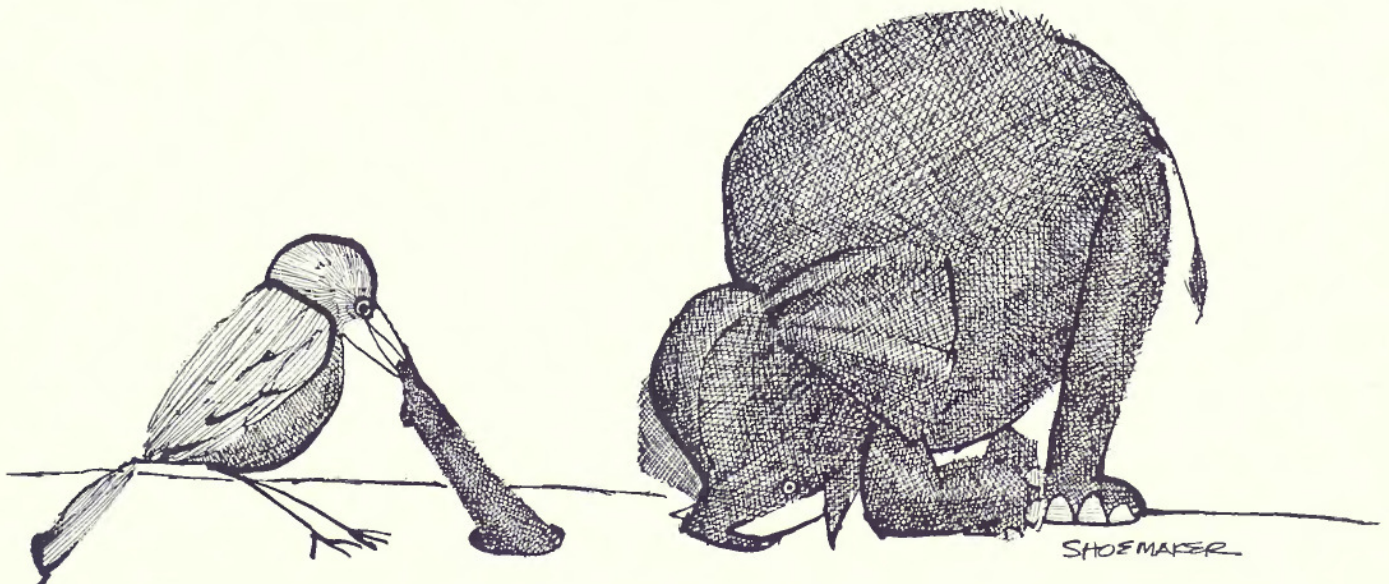
"There's a couple beds in the back where it's darker," the whisper said. I felt a hand on my chest and grabbed it. There was a bottle in the hand.

"Take a snifter," the little old man whispered, "and you'll like me better."

I sat up and drank. A fragile, weightless body leaned against me.

"I'm lookin' for a friend of mine," I whispered, "Sleepy Dan."

"You should of asked Chuck," he an-



swered. "Chuck's his best friend. He just went out o' here."

As I stood up, the little old man started cooing, "Don't go 'way. Don't go 'way."

I dropped the bottle on his pad and stumbled out of the room.

The chilly, rain-washed night was a darling embrace. There are moments when breathing becomes a love affair with God. I stood swallowing the night, tasting its clean wind and unsullied spaces. A man was walking slowly a half block down the empty street. I started after him. I knew what he was from the way he moved — a bum. Ten to one the bum who had left the flophouse, Sleepy Dan's best friend.

The lone walker disappeared into an alley. I ran down the empty street. My quarry was standing in the alley with his back to me. Two large garbage cans shone dully in front of him. Looking furtively at the darkened building near the cans, the man lifted the cover off one of them and put it carefully on the muddy ground. He straightened and thrust an arm into the uncovered can. He remained for several minutes with his arm buried in the garbage can, alert and motionless as a fisherman. His arm came out. His hand held a prize, a bony chicken breast. Over its bits of rotted meat, sparks raced like blue insects. He stood still and ate his find.

When he had finished gnawing and licking his garbage meal, he started toward the street. I hid in the shadows as he appeared. He walked off and I followed him.

It's not easy to talk to a man you've seen driven by hunger to nibble like a rat at decaying refuse. A guilt makes you shy. I followed, clutching the three dollar bills in my pocket. I'd give him one and tell him to go buy a meal with it.

As I decided on this good Samaritan deed, the man walked up the front steps of a house. A red electric light burned over its door. He rang the bell. The door opened. I was up the steps and behind him as he entered.

A fat man with a simpleton face led the way into a parlor. Four girls in colored kimonos were sitting around a large, glass-topped table, drinking beer. One of the girls stood up and said, "Hello, Chuck. Glad to see you. Gets lonely as hell on a rainy night."

She went toward him slowly, swinging her hips and bouncing her breasts in her hands. Her kimono opened. She was naked under it.

"Be right with you, babe," said Chuck.

He sat down and removed a shoe. He fished a dollar bill out of its toe and handed it to the girl. He wiped his smeared mouth with his sleeve and said, "Come on, babe. Upstairs."

The two started for a stairway. Another of the girls had left the table.

She opened her kimono and put her arms around me. I called out, "Hey, Chuck."

Chuck, sallow-skinned, loosemouthed, turned.

"I can't help you, bud," he said, "I gave her my last dime."

"I don't want any dough," I said, "I'm lookin' for an old friend, Sleepy Dan. You know where he is? I heard he had a girl in here."

"Naw," Chuck said, "Danny's girl is over on Desplaines Street, near Harrison. Ask for Masha. She runs a gypsy joint."

Chuck started up the stairs, a bridegroom arm around his second prize of the night.

I bolted out of the place and went hunting Masha. It was midnight when I found her in an abandoned bakery shop. Its door was open. I walked through a curtain-draped fortunetelling office into a rear room. Three women, two men and two children were sprawled on a floor covered with many rugs. There was a single piece of furniture — a fancy shaded floor lamp. It revealed all the figures but one asleep. A flamboyant woman in her 30s was sitting up, reading a book.

"I'm looking for Masha," I said.

The book reader nodded and went on reading. I sat down beside her. The beat-up book in her hands was Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*.

"I'm looking for the man who gave you that book," I said.

"I know," she nodded again, but this time looked at me.

A sooty face, black liquid eyes and Oriental cheekbones; a mane of glossy inky hair hanging around her shoulders; large white teeth glistening out of a mouth ready for anger; an unpredictable body under a tumult of dresses, flounces, petticoats, chains of beads, bracelets, silken scarves; a soiled rainbow of a woman — Masha. I was conscious of vitality more than flesh, of strong hands more than full-mooned breasts.

"You look for Danny," she said in a husky voice. "Why? You too young for a cop. You dress dirty, look dirty. But you no bum. You lying."

Her black eyes held my face like a pair of hands.

I told her I was a newspaper reporter. She nodded and said, "Thank you. I look for Danny, too. He's my husband."

She showed me the flyleaf of her book. I read an inscription, "This book and I belong to Masha forever. Danny."

I tried to hide my thrill of delight. Masha laughed and slapped my arm.

"You got a crazy head," she said. "I give you a drink."

She filled a glass from a bottle beside her. I asked questions as I sipped the sweet, tangy wine.

"Were you married in a church, Masha, or was it a civil ceremony?"

I was thinking of the Chatfield millions pouring Arabian Nights fashion

into this barren place.

"No church," said Masha. "I marry Danny in my bedroom. I say you my husband. He say I am."

"I see," I said. I looked at the two sleeping children and asked, "Are those Danny's children?"

"Maybe. I don't know," Masha said. "I got two other husbands same time."

She leaned over and slapped the swarthy face of one of the sleeping men. He opened his eyes and grinned slowly.

"You want me, Mashinka?" he asked. He rolled over quickly to her side, placed a hand on her thigh and lifted his face obligingly for a kiss. A second slap from Masha sent him teetering.

"Don't insult me in front company," Masha said. "You tell young man who is my husband."

"Me," the slapped face answered.

"Who else?" Masha asked.

He pointed to a plumper colleague, lying on his back, his thick mustache aflutter with snores.

"Him," he said, "him and me. And Danny. We all Masha's husband."

He grinned at his joint wife and added, "Maybe you got number-four husband now. Yes?"

His face was out of range, but Masha's pointed shoe darted out and caught him in the ribs. Her victim grinned at the exposure of purple-stockinged leg.

"Beautiful," he said.

"Pig! Dog!" Masha said. "You touch me, I skin you alive. Go to sleep."

The man lay down and obediently closed his eyes. Masha introduced me to the two female sleepers. "That one my mother. Old one grandmother. Everybody sleep. Not Masha. Masha look for Danny." Her voice became a husky chant. "I find him. If he is in this life, I find him. Because Masha can see through walls. Nothing hide from Masha. Masha know everything."

Nevertheless, the all-knowing Masha was unaware of the fact that her Danny had inherited his father's millions. I told her it had been in all the papers.

"Me and my people don't read," Masha explained. "In Croatia we read. Not in Chicago."

"But you were reading a book of poems," I said.

"No," said Masha, "I only looking in it for Danny. Many times he speak to me out of book. Tonight he don't speak. I wait."

I watched her as she stared into the book of poems, and a belief in the supernatural grew stronger in me. Not the supernatural of divinity and angels, but of people; of unused human powers.

Many years after that night I thought, how small an invention the release of atomic power will seem when the tinkering psychologists finally uncover the mystic forces of our brains. And put them to work; each human to become a world

radio station, an indestructible arsenal of good and evil, and a crony of the Fates. God help us then.

Staring at Masha, my head wobbled with sleepiness.

"Do you mind if I stay here tonight?" I asked.

She patted the rug beside her and I stretched out. Her husky voice began to sing softly. The words were alien, but the tune whispered to me of dark clouds over a forest, of exotic griefs. Despite the front-page copy somersaulting through my head, Masha's gypsy lullaby sent me floating into sleep.

At 7:30 in the morning I stood in a drugstore telephone booth reciting my story to Mr. Mahoney. Masha leaned against me with her ear close to the receiver. I finished my tale of Danny's heartbroken gypsy bride with the information that Masha was gifted with second sight and would soon be able to find Danny for us.

"Her talent won't be needed," said Mr. Mahoney. "The heir to the Chatfield millions was found putrefying in a Wabansia Street alley after midnight. He had been dead for a week. An overdose of morphine. The police have identified him. So have a number of his ill-favored pals. At the present writing, Sleepy Dan is in the expert hands of the Morganside Funeral Parlor staff. His body is being made presentable for a stylish burial Saturday morning." Mr. Mahoney chuckled. "It's a pretty story," he said. "Hang onto your brokenhearted gypsy princess. Keep her bottled up for the *Journal*. Our photographer will be at her wigwam in a half hour."

I hung up and said to Masha, "I'm sorry you had to hear it that way."

"I hear it last night," she said. "Death speak to me. While you sleep, a shadow came on the wall. The black angel." Her strong fingers gripped my arm. "Life and death are arm in arm. Like this."

We walked out of the drugstore. I told her about the photographer coming to take pictures of her.

"I go home get ready," Masha said. "I put pearls and rubies in my hair. And now you go home. You get clean clothes. You come back to me, not like bum. Like clean young man. I wait for you. I tell you secrets. Many stories you like."

Masha's hands held my cheeks. Her eyes seemed about to fly out of her face.

"You live long time in many places," she whispered. "Goodbye, a little while."

I never saw Masha again. When I came back in an hour, rehabilitated, the Desplaines Street roost was empty. Rugs, floor lamp, drapes and all the gypsies were gone.

Mr. Mahoney chose to believe the whole thing a fraud; that I had invented Masha. His cynicism and Mr. Hutchens' aloofness caused me to lose weight, and

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AD 0010 (P-21)

to consider returning to one of my original careers. I had been a good fiddle player at 11 and a trapeze acrobat at 14 in the Harry Costello Circus — a one-ering tent show that toured Wisconsin for one enchanted summer of rain, hunger and bankruptcy.

Luckily, Mr. Mahoney's attitude had changed in time. He learned that, after my day's work was done at three P.M., I went flitting about the West Side until dawn, tackling hundreds of people for a clue to Masha's whereabouts.

"I want you to cover Sleepy Dan's funeral tomorrow," Mr. Mahoney grinned at me, "and give us a stirring Horatio Alger story of the bum who made good as a corpse. And for God's sake, stop brooding about Masha. Your gypsy tosspot is bound to turn up with some ambulance-chasing lawyer and make a grab for the Chatfield millions. There never was a gypsy who wouldn't steal a doormat, let alone a pot of gold."

A libel, that, as what ethnic generality isn't? No Masha turned up. No lawyer put in a claim for her. The Chatfield millions were otherwise distributed to deserving institutions as stated in the financier's will, without contest.

The funeral of the "millionaire bum" was an exclusive affair. No bums other than Danny were allowed attendance. I took a look at Sleepy Dan in his ornamented, flower-piled casket. A pink-checked, aggressively high-toned corpse lay in the white-satin rectangle.

I noted that a half-dozen distinguished lawyers representing the Chatfield estate were present, and that they rivaled the corpse in tailoring and aloof expressions.

As the organ rumbled its finale in the funeral-parlor chapel, I thought happily of Sunday. Tomorrow, Betha. Her name, aided by the organ music, set dreams floating in my head. I would recite my rain similes to her, and read her my story in the *Journal* — from flophouse to a grave of grandeur. And I would ask her to marry me, if we were ever out of

her mother's earshot long enough. Purity, innocence and a genteel ear for my Othello anecdotes — what better wife could I want? Love? Male youth invents love. Or borrows it from a girl. Or, even better, forgets to bother about it. Life is his bride.

• • •

The Ingalls' house in Hyde Park Boulevard was a yesterday's mansion, a wooden belle of a house, a bit out of plumb but still elegant. A respectful lawn lay in front of it. An elm tree stood at its side, as if ready in green livery to announce any arrival.

A Negro in a white coat opened the door, smiled expertly at me, pulled my hat out of my hand and led me into a large room. A room full of antique mahogany furniture polished as if it were brand new, of stiff settees, intellectual-looking rugs, oil portraits on the walls and bookcases much too fine for books. I had been in this room a number of times, but it always surprised me. I felt as if I should bow to it as to the head of the house.

The black-brocaded widow Ingalls greeted me with a sort of whimsical tolerance. Betha and I shook hands, and her gentle fingers seemed to expire in my clasp. I met a stranger named Mr. James Smith. He was middle-aged, somewhat paunchy, with a bland circle for a face. He looked at me through rimless glasses. I seemed to amuse him.

"Uncle Jimmy [Mr. Smith] has just come back from Egypt," Betha said. "He was telling us some wonderful things about the Temple of Karnak."

I refrained from saying I had read Breasted and knew about the mighty ruin of Karnak with the inscription over its missing door: THIS, TOO, SHALL PASS. I was presented by the colored butler with a cup of tea, a napkin, a small plate holding some odd-looking cookies — all to be balanced adroitly on one knee. Uncle Jimmy was having no trouble with this feat. He cooed away for an incredi-

ble time about sphinxes and lost tombs. I had never seen Betha and her mother so elated.

The talk that followed seemed equally fascinating — to them. The superiority of one ocean liner over another; the remarkable change in itinerary of a couple named Eadie and Luddie who had gone to Glasgow instead of London; the inconceivable charm of the new Episcopalian rector, and the new spirit he had injected into the Altar Guild of which Betha was a member; the appearance of a dreadful book named *Jennie Gerhardt* by a dreadful man named Dreiser. Mrs. Ingalls had returned it to McClurg's with a stiff note after reading its first two chapters. And other glossy matters, all with an overtone of disdain for something — possibly me, or the world beyond this cake-icing of a room.

During the removal of the teacups, Betha smiled at me and asked what I had been doing during the week. Her eyes were eager, but they glanced nervously at her mother for approval. I could see Betha's heart plainly, as if it were a bonbon on a plate. An unhappy bonbon with dreams. Take me away, take me away, Betha's heart spoke to me, as her eyes lowered. Youth is attuned to youth and can hear its secret messages.

"Yes, do tell us," said Mrs. Ingalls, in an advance tone of criticism. Bar-of-judgment mothers also have ears for furtive messages. "I haven't read the newspapers and I haven't the faintest idea of what has happened this week."

"Please," said Betha boldly, "I love to hear you talk about things."

Talk? My rain similes. Sleepy Dan, heir to millions, putrefying in a West Side alley. The world of Mashas, bums, perverts, whores and garbage-can lechers: of rats, men and vermin huddled together at the bottom of the night.

I had not sat in judgment on that world of dirt and human rot. I had until this hour imagined myself a young man in love with all mankind. But here in this sleek room aversion smote me, and I mounted a judgment seat.

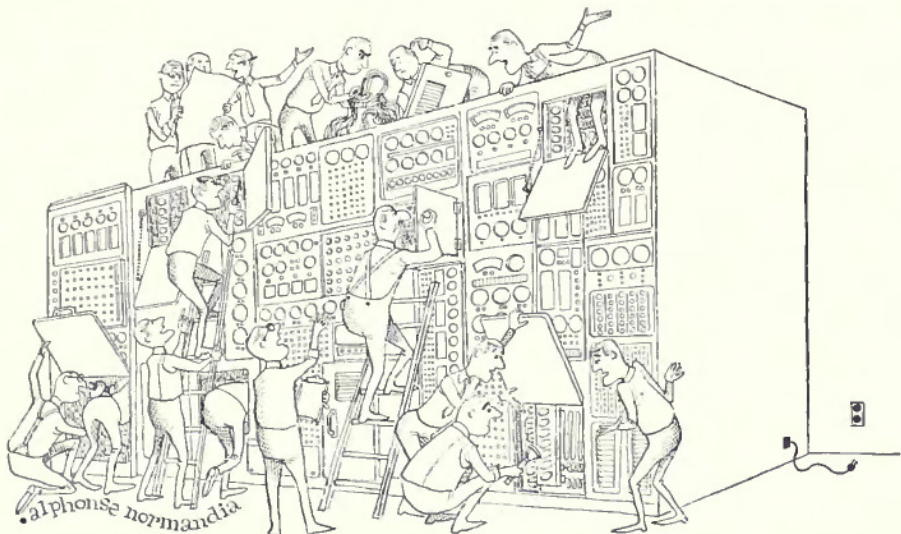
These trifle fanciers with their embalmed minds: these ornamental ghosts simpering of their bloodless doings and offering their little froth of opinion as the top of thinking — I wanted no truck with them.

I stood up, apologized for having work to do, bowed to disdainful Mrs. Ingalls and amused Uncle Jimmy.

I felt Betha's gentle fingers in my hand for a last time, fingers that clung secretly for a moment. But a dozen heroines out of Swinburne and Rossetti couldn't have delayed my exit.

I fled the world of the *bourgeoisie*, full of mysterious judgments and indignations.

And it has been so with me ever since.



AMERICANS GO HOME

(continued from page 104)

tics, America is clearly preferable; for even the superior comforts of Europe — cheap services and greater leisure, for example — are for him guilt-ridden advantages. In Paris, obviously different from the dream of Paris, the American discovers he can bear Kansas City, which he began knowing was different from all dreams of it; and this is worth his fare plus whatever heartache he pays as surtax.

Yet the American is typically not sure that the choice he has made in leaving is what in his *deepest* of deep hearts he desired. On the streets of Athens his inner pickets chanted, "Go home!"; as he boards ship or plane they cry, "You fool!" Which is to say, he has fallen in love. In the erotic dream he has committed his waking self. And he is dogged thereafter by the sense that if he had not got out in time he might have been captured forever; might have been held by precisely what, in his right mind, his Stateside mind, he believes to be worst in Europe: its venality, its indolence, its institutionalized cynicism, its idle sensuality, its class distinctions, its shoddiness and dirt, its oppressive concern with the past. There is no reason, of course, that he should love only what is worthy of him; but as an American he is possessed by the mad notion that he *must*.

In any case, in our most serious books, representative Americans do not give up Europe gladly. Fitzgerald's Dick Diver blesses the Riviera beach from which he turns; and James' Lambert Strether departs from France as close to tears as his dry eye can come. But the regret itself is ambivalently regarded, Diver's blessing felt as blasphemous, Strether's regret as a betrayal of all New England has taught him to honor. When the tone of rejection is not nostalgic, it is likely to be — as in the case of Mark Twain or Karl Shapiro — shrill and unconvincing: the tone of one who has awakened from a dream left only reluctantly but remembered with shame.

Another way of saying all this is that to feel himself truly an American, the American artist must have the illusion of *having personally rejected Europe*. Now that revolutions against Europe (rejection by force of arms) belong to a remote past; and emigration (rejection by flight) has slowed to a trickle, most Americans must content themselves with the experience of visiting the old country as strangers, members of a new "we" able to say "they" of the inhabitants of lands which their fathers or grandfathers left behind. This means that our chief act of protest against Europe is tourism itself; and, indeed, this fact is more evident to the Europeans who profit, and suffer, by such tourism than to us as tourists.

In any event, European travel has become an essential aspect of our culture, an essential part of what makes Americans American. It is as much an expression of our quest for identity as baseball, rodeos, quiz shows on television or the Western movie. Ever since 1850, and with especially vigorous surges after the end of each of our great wars: in 1864, 1919, and 1945, the trip to Europe has tended to become more and more a part of mass culture. What began as the perquisite of a favored few has become first the right and then the duty of the many, since it is characteristic of America that things fought for as rights come to be felt as obligations. "What, you haven't been to Europe?" says the lady who has, to her next-door neighbor. "You've just got to!" And the command is transmitted via that neighbor's husband to their travel agent.

As a part of our total culture, the pilgrimage to Europe is necessarily ambiguous in significance, its meaning different for each of the subgroups within that culture. We have all of us, I think, somewhere in the back of our minds the image of a typical American abroad — for which Mark Twain is surely responsible in part: the image of a middle-aged, middle-class, moderately naive and uneducated white, Anglo-Saxon, Protestant female with vague cultural aspirations and an even vaguer sense of returning to a place from which (give or take a few hundred kilometers) her own ancestors came. But what of the American Negro, whose ancestors bypassed Europe completely in the holds of America-bound slave ships; and who stand therefore, as James Baldwin has movingly described, bewildered before cathedrals utterly unrelated to their own prehistory? And what of the American Jew to whom those same cathedrals represent not something alien, but a familiar horror: a threat before which his fathers quaked and spat, and which he cannot pass without a dim visceral response?

"I am not religious," Karl Shapiro writes, "but I cannot enter a European church without remembering that on Easter Sunday for a thousand years the sermon was a signal for the massacre of the local Jewry." Yet there is a sense in which the American grade schools have made Anglo-Saxon Protestants of us all, perhaps even middle-aged females as well; teaching us to identify ourselves, Africans or Semites though we may be in our origins, with Dick and Jane, those textbook figures whose ancestors obviously made it out of England on the first boat. Certainly Negroes and Jews in Europe tend to blend indistinguishably, whatever their inner qualms, with the three chief classes into which Americans abroad visibly divide: lowbrow, middlebrow and highbrow; though mar-

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ginal types such as Negro and Jew are more likely to be found in the last group, the Anglo-Saxon members of which have been swinging back and forth for some 30 or more years between a cult of the black man and a programmatic philo-Semitism.

Lowbrow, middlebrow and highbrow — these are surely the closest things to genuine castes in our society; though they are distinguished from one another not by racial origin nor even money and status, but by *taste*. Despite the fact that this threefold classification is widely used, however, it is hard to define satisfactorily. But a glance at the attitudes of each group toward the American publication of an uncensored *Lady Chatterley's Lover* will perhaps make their differences sufficiently clear.

To the lowbrow, the lifting of the censorship is of little importance. If he reads *Lady Chatterley* at all, he reads it as a dirty book still, i.e., conceals it from his wife, mother and especially his young daughter; and he is likely to be a little disappointed at its not being such hot stuff after all. The middlebrow, on the other hand, self-righteously hails its publication as a triumph of enlightenment, and reads it as an obligation, *urging* it on his young daughter. His wife and mother are already reading it, have, perhaps, read it long since. The highbrow regards the whole thing as yesterday's fight; and if he rereads *Lady Chatterley* (naturally he owns the bootleg Swedish edition), finds it rather unsatisfactory. He prefers, he will tell you, Lawrence's first version to either the cut or the unexpurgated later ones; and he will inform you that we ought to be concentrating on living issues rather than dead ones.

What, then, of our three cultural castes and the trip to Europe? The lowbrow by definition tends to stay home, to see America not only first — as his kind of billboard occasionally urges him — but last, too. He is the least secure of all Americans, most easily brainwashed, for instance, if he falls into Communist hands; for he has the smallest and least portable cultural stake. What he does possess cannot be carried with him like memories or even books, but is anchored to a particular ball park or TV channel. Culturally as well as politically, he is a natural isolationist. Not sure of himself, he thinks that at least he knows "them" all right; and he is sure that all "they" want is our dollars and our women.

There are, however, two occasions when the lowbrow goes abroad: when his sentimentality triumphs over his isolationism, and when he is drafted. Overseas wars are his kind of tourism; and he reacts in two ways to the great world into which he is hurled, gun in hand. He has a hell of a good time, an extended binge or night on the town;

and he hates, in retrospect, every minute of it. The Europe available to him is, by and large, the Europe of bars and brothels. And when he is tossed into any other, he desecrates it in self-defense: shoots the head off the bust of Augustus in a Roman villa (claiming he thought it was Mussolini); writes KILROY WAS HERE on castle walls; returns singing "Bless them all" and reporting that France literally stinks as does Venice, that Germany is clean at least, but you know those Krauts, etc., etc. When war has become permanent or institutionalized in the shape of occupation forces, he retreats to an imaginary America to nurse his grievances and keep himself true blue. He lives, that is to say, in PXville with peanut butter, cornflakes, Coca-Cola, and all the other disgruntled lowbrows with whom he rehearses their common complaints: poor plumbing, inferior goods, bouts of diarrhea, cheating storekeepers, infected prostitutes and the rest.

Sometimes, however, the lowbrow makes a peacetime journey to Europe. Each year, for example, whole boatloads of returners seek out the places of their origin, to mingle condescension with benefaction, to be baffled by the ingratitude of those they have come to help and look down on, and to be annoyed by the poverty and backwardness — which, all the same, they relish. For only against the former can their prosperity and only against the latter the progressiveness of their new home towns be properly appreciated. Meanwhile, they search everywhere for a remembered fellowship, which, of course, no longer exists; and, feeling somehow cheated, they return with a handful of souvenirs, some photographs of surviving relatives.

Sometimes, too, the wives and daughters of those who wrote KILROY WAS HERE demand a trip to see just where Kilroy was — and join organized tours, in mingled expectation or fear, for that end. Such rudimentary tourists, like the lady fellow traveler of my own first journey to Europe whom I shall never forget, no sooner set foot on foreign soil than they begin to sing aggressively, "God Bless America!" And they stare suspiciously around them at those who do not join in, sure that they are already infected beyond all hope of cure.

When the lowbrow, however, joins a tour, for no matter what pious purpose, he is already on the way to becoming a middlebrow. No longer is he the pure exponent of hate and distrust harrowing the hell of Europe, but also a votary of culture making a pilgrimage to the places in which it was born, and where it is now shown to hordes of the ignorant by men almost as ignorant as they, who earn their living as pimps of the past.

In the middlebrow couple, the American ambivalence toward Europe is ex-

pressed in almost perfect balance: the positive and negative poles of that ambivalence neatly portioned out to wife and husband — the wife who is entirely thrilled (or claims to be), the husband who is utterly bored (or chooses to say so). But surely the current sometimes alternates in each.

Such Maggies and Jiggses, at any rate, are the comic mainstays of the tourist trade: the gallery-crawlers, the abject starers, the picture-takers, the throwers of coins into fountains. In each country, they know what they must see, for it has two stars or three in the guidebook; but they do not always know what they are seeing. "If this is Thursday, we're in Venice," the old joke goes. And surely there is a pathos in it beyond even that of most old jokes: a pathos proper to those who at last, frozen in their deepest marrow by the dread chill of half-abandoned churches, wearied to the bone by the inhuman endlessness of the Louvre and the Uffizi, baffled by the hostile stares of those at whom they stare so warmly — go home in unconfessed frustration, each item on their agenda duly checked off.

At home they have two revenges: one on Europe, the other on their friends who stayed behind. They can *buy* Europe, take it home with them and pass it out gift wrapped. The hysterical acquisitiveness of the American shopper abroad must surely be thought of as a kind of violence, a symbolic mayhem or rape. And once home, the baffled middlebrow can urge his stay-at-home friends to go to Europe, too, not to miss it while there is still anything not to miss. In quite the same way, he tells them to see the uplifting play through which he has already suffered, or to read the dull, pretentious book that bored him. Or, in special malice, he can show them slides — *momma* before the Colosseum, *papa* in the blue Aegean — while in the half-darkness and the haze of smoke they writhe. Yet he scarcely knows he lies, and would be horrified to learn he acts more from hostility than love.

The pretense about loving Europe which Shapiro attacks does in fact exist in a large part of middle-class America. But precisely that group calls for and pays well certain privileged clowns who act out for them the hatred of Europe which they cannot otherwise confess. The first and greatest of such clowns was, of course, Mark Twain, and the first and greatest of all middlebrow travel books, his *Innocents Abroad*.

Certain middlebrow tourists, however, who grow weary of the standard fare of organized tours, begin the search for "unexploited places," "authentic locales," "characteristic taverns"; and they are on the way to the next and final level. Most of them will become only aspiring or ersatz highbrows, but some of them

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will really make it—or, at least, prepare the way for sons who will make it. For just as the wife of the lowbrow tends to become the middlebrow, the son of them both seems destined for highbrowdom. Culturally speaking, the mythical American family consists of father, son and holy mother: low-, high- and middlebrow in a single split-level house.

If the lowbrow expresses the negative pole of our ambivalence toward Europe, and the middlebrow both poles in balance, the highbrow embodies the positive pole alone. In him, tourism is transformed into exile; for at his extreme, he is the expatriate or the full-blown renegade: wearing the costume of his adopted country, speaking its language, eating its humblest fare, hiding in its dingiest corners, and crossing its streets to avoid his compatriots. It is as if he were punishing himself for having been born an American, or trying to convince himself that he is not. Yet it would be unfair to think of self-punishment and self-deceit as the chief motives of the traditional expatriate.

Three main forces have impelled him to seek a new home. The first is simply the very American desire to escape America and other Americans, when the one has come to seem a travesty of its own dream, and the others caricatures created by those who hate them most. The sec-

ond is an equally American tendency to confuse some particular place with an imagined utopia; and the third the identical hunger for an absolute freedom which brought the first Americans across the Atlantic and sent later generations trekking West after what, after all, can only be sought but never found. All three impulses obviously are self-defeating as well as authentically American and more than a little naive: evidence that even such transplanted Americans as James and Eliot and Pound have been innocents abroad.

No more than the trapper or the cowboy, can the American artist escape his countrymen. As the national park springs up in the footsteps of the former, the Hilton Hotel rises on the heels of the other. There is no use in the highbrow seeking a Europe the tours have not yet reached. His fellow countrymen will scent him out; and the middlebrow hounds run fast and true. Let him leave Athens for Mykonos, Mykonos for Skyros; sooner or later the hordes will follow. Let him leave Naples for Capri, Capri for Ischia; busloads of uncomfortable worshipers at the shrines of culture will track him down. Americans cannot leave their artists alone; but having presumably driven them into exile, insist on following them there.

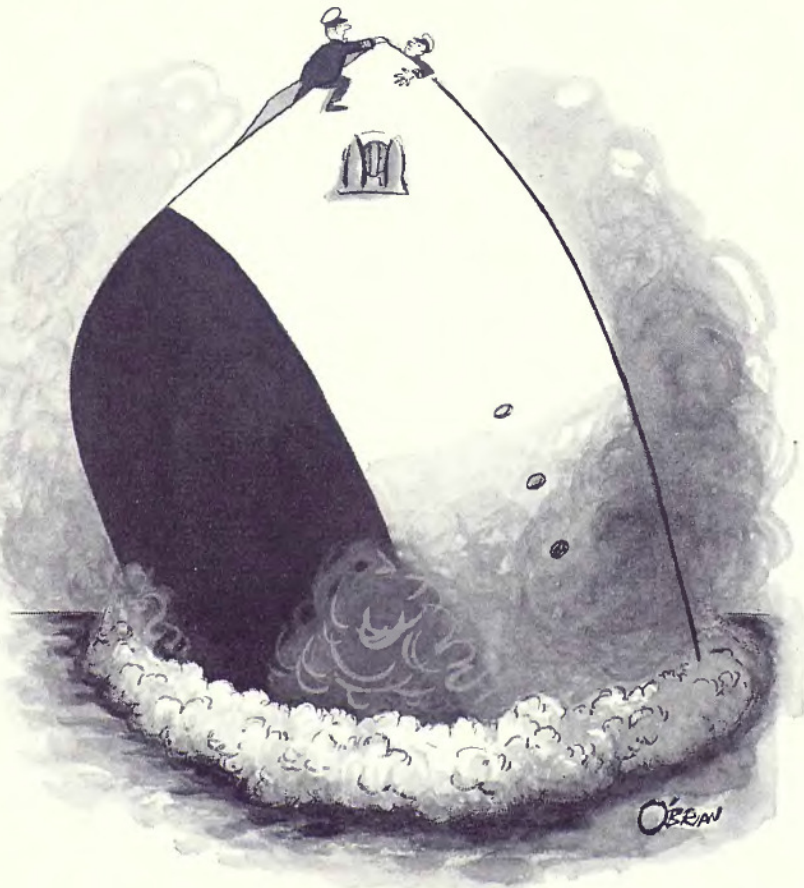
Similarly, they incline in the long run

to ape the opinions of the avant-garde which in the short run they have despised. Let the wary highbrow try to assert his independence by despising the Parthenon in favor of the Erechtheum in Athens; preferring the San Clemente to St. Peter's in Rome, or the Sant' Ambrogio to the Cathedral in Milan—the next generation of middlebrows will be taught his preferences by *Time* magazine, and the generation after by its guidebooks. And in the meanwhile, the Europe which the highbrow prefers to the America he remembers is remaking itself as fast as it can in the image of that America. Comics, picture magazines, electric refrigerators, bad American movies and television await him everywhere. For it is true, as Shapiro nastily reminds us, that the Riviera becomes Miami Beach, true that most Europeans want it Miami Beach. To transatlantic middlebrows and lowbrows this is the next best thing to emigration, which has been denied them.

How, then, can the intellectual-artist-highbrow continue to believe Paris or Rome or Athens the earthly embodiment of the invisible republic of letters, the long-lost spiritual homeland to which he owes an allegiance beyond the patriotism demanded of him by an America which nurtured his body but starved his spirit? The portable radio held by the European beside him plays Frank Sinatra or Elvis Presley; the girl who, bending to tie her sandal, looks like a Nike, chews gum and dances the twist. Europe is no utopia made of stone and wood, only a shabby world moving toward mass industry and mass culture—only a score of pseudo Americas whose various pasts blend into a dismaying future.

There are various possibilities open to the highbrow who aspires to exile all the same. The first is to deceive himself more or less deliberately, even as his middlebrow parents at home deceive themselves, though about another country: to make his slogan, "My noncountry right or wrong!" Precisely such a pair of self-deceivers traveled with me on the ship to Greece, refusing to be vaccinated: for, they insisted, there was no smallpox in Greece, only in America, to which they were determined never to return!

A second possibility is to move beyond Europe to ever more remote and alien lands. Even now one sees in Athens and Istanbul the highbrow hordes, bearded and sandaled like traditional pilgrims, and bearing the holy books of William Burroughs to countries whose chief industries have always been mysticism and the "alteration of consciousness." They have reached the borders of Europe in their quest, and beyond the marches of Greece and Turkey the way lies open to the Orient, to India and on to Japan. It



"The sea can be a cruel mistress, Witherby."

is Japan, of course, which has already become the favorite meta-European haven of the highbrow. But Japan is, alas, precisely the most American country in the Far East. Since 1860 it has been available to our ships and our imaginations; and we are linked to it by Lafcadio Hearn, *Madame Butterfly* and hundreds of *haiku* produced at the turn of the century by genteel New England ladies. Even the atom bomb beat the first large wave of expatriates to Japan; and, indeed, both they and the bomb represent aspects of a continuing chain reaction: extensions of the Americanization more mildly begun by Deanna Durbin and Gary Cooper movies. How is it possible ever to forget the images of the new Hiroshima out of Alain Resnais' *Hiroshima Mon Amour*, its portrayal of the atrocity after the final atrocity—as Coney Island rises on the ruins we have made, a parody of America out of the cold cinders?

A third possibility seems to me more genuinely new, though viable only for a minority of Americans: those—chiefly Jews it turns out—who have not only been born in large American cities but also are descended from those who have never lived anywhere else on that continent. For them there is another kind of exile, interior exile or in-patriation. Indeed, Jewish American writers, no matter how highbrow, have not by and large had a taste for expatriation or the portrayal of expatriate heroes. Experts in exile, such writers have seen more clearly than others that the choice offered us is not between belonging and exile, but between one form of exile and another. And in ever larger numbers they have chosen to exile themselves *into* America, moving from New York or Chicago, Boston or Baltimore to small towns in New Mexico and Oregon, Nebraska and Montana.

After all, if it is a *difference* from what one is born to that is desirable, there is a greater difference between New York and Athens, Georgia, than between New York and Athens, Greece, or between Chicago and Moscow, Idaho, than between Chicago and Moscow, Russia. The first fictional treatment of this new migration, a comedy involving an urban Jew in a small university community in the West, has appeared in the form of a novel by Bernard Malamud called *A New Life*. But though Malamud's book begins with exile, it ends with return; for like the expatriates of the past, the in-patriate of the present also ends by going home, returning East as inevitably as his forebears returned West.

And yet the impulse to exile is not entirely fruitless; for the American highbrow finds in the places he cannot stay a sort of freedom, plus, most usually, magnificent scenery; a bohemia with a

view. Away from home, he is able to shed one set of responsibilities without assuming another, becoming—in his moral limbo—a functionless man, a privileged drifter, a stateless person. But outside the state, Aristotle long ago assured us, we are beasts or gods, not men. And if the stateless American on his best nights feels himself divine, there is always the morning after when he confronts his beastliness in the glass. Yet he has, all the same, not only certain obvious smaller freedoms for which middlebrow and lowbrow envy him—the freedom to drink more than someone else thinks good for him, the freedom to use certain narcotics less dangerous to health than tobacco, the freedom to indulge unusual culinary or sexual tastes; he has the final freedom, the freedom from home.

To be sure, the purity of his freedom is compromised a little by the fact that, no matter how hard he tries to resist, sooner or later the Guggenheim or Ford or Rockefeller or Bollingen Foundation will insist on subsidizing his expatriation. But this is a customary irony in a time when the standard joke goes: "I'm running away from home tonight, if my father lets me have the car." Far more disturbing is the exile's eventual sense that he is condemned to what he thought he chose; that he cannot, unless he becomes a citizen of the place to which he has

fled, assume certain responsibilities he once believed he was glad to leave for all time. But what, after all, is the point of fleeing America to become a church warden in England?

Yet it is a worse indignity to endure freedom by virtue of a half-despised passport, among those who, without that passport, are not free at all; a greater torment to read each day in a tongue not one's own accounts of elections in which one has not voted, and which cannot, therefore, ever really matter. For this indignity and this torment, not the charm of exotic landscapes nor the color of unfamiliar skies, not the beauty of foreign rivers nor the uncustomary pace and pattern of life abroad, not even the release to productive work can make amends.

Slowly a burden of hatred grows in the exile: hatred for the lies, the officiousness, the lassitude, the petty malevolence, the very charm of those among whom he is condemned to be free. Especially the charm enrages him, the charm eternally sold and always for sale; and tasting his bile, he looks in the mirror to see if his eyeballs are turning yellow. But one morning he wakes to feel the pang in his liver abated, the knot in his bowels relaxed: for he knows finally that he is *really* free, free even to be unfree if he chooses, free to go home.



"Anything interesting creep into your tent lately?"

MAN WITH A PAST *(continued from page 115)*

past with the help of some contrivance."

By way of answer, Professor Pickering went to the bookcase and took down a volume. "I was present at Lincoln's Gettysburg address," he said with dignity. "I appear in this book of Mathew Brady's Civil War photographs." He flipped open to the page in question and pointed to a figure in the audience. "It would be hard to mistake me," he said. "Please make use of this magnifying glass."

Professor Dickson laughed heartily. "Good Lord, man, I trust you will not be so ill-advised as to offer this to anyone but a close friend as evidence of anything whatsoever. Why, everyone in this picture looks like everyone else."

Professor Pickering took from his pocket a box about the size of a match-box (large kitchen size). "With this dial,"

he said, "I register the number of years I wish to regress; with this one I select the longitude and latitude of my destination. I have long wished to visit Elizabethan England and have already ascertained the precise location of Sir Francis Bacon's estate in Gorhamburg, where he was in residence in 1622. I believe I will drop in on Sir Francis."

"No doubt he will find your accent rather bizarre," Professor Dickson said, "to say nothing of your dress."

"Yes, clothing is a problem, since I intend to visit several widely different cultures. I am wearing these slacks and this T-shirt in the hope that they will attract a minimum of attention. In any event, I am prepared to make a hasty departure from whatever times and places I visit." So saying, he made a final adjustment on his dials and pressed a but-

ton on the side of the box. Professor Dickson was dumfounded to see his friend disappear before his eyes—at the same instant that Sir Francis Bacon, taking the air in his garden, was no less surprised to see a stranger materialize in the rose bed.

"How now, varlet?" said Sir Francis.

"I'll only trouble you for a minute," Pickering said. "Just tell me one thing. Are you the author of the plays attributed to William Shakespeare?"

"Of course not," Sir Francis said testily. "What ever gave you that crazy idea? They were all written by Eddie de Vere, 17th Earl of Oxford."

"Thank you," said the professor. "Several of my colleagues will be pained to hear it." And with that he adjusted his little box, pushed the button, and showed up on the steps of the Roman Senate on March 15, 44 B.C., just in time to witness the stabbing of Julius Caesar. It took place very much as Eddie de Vere had set it down.

Thereafter, he ricocheted around in ancient history; it is hardly necessary to detail his adventures. It was while he was watching the building of the Great Pyramid at Giza that he resolved to take the big plunge. *How did things begin?* The origins of man? The beginnings of life itself? He could always come back to these relatively modern times.

For his first stopover he set the machine to take him back 500,000 years, and to set him in the African Transvaal, where the most recent findings of paleo-anthropology had placed the earliest traces of man's direct ancestors.

Professor Pickering pressed the button.

And that, for all practical purposes, was the end of Professor Pickering.

Did he tumble off a cliff? Fall prey to some prehistoric monster? Get his head knocked in by his xenophobic fellow man? No; he arrived safely and met with no physical mishap.

What he had not known, however, was that, as he moved farther and farther into the past, he was actually retracing the line of his forebears, backward through the generations, backward through the evolution of the race. So long as he had confined himself to historical times, his retreat down the evolutionary ladder was too slight to matter, and his personality, state of knowledge and memory remained intact; but when he took the half-million-year leap—

Professor Pickering (emeritus now) scampered nimbly up the baobab tree, the only white-goated Australopithecine ape in all Africa with bifocals, slacks and T-shirt—and a brain much too stupid to know what to do with that funny little box in his pocket.



HISTORY OF DANCING

(continued from page 80)

of lovely dancing," and modern dance critics still invoke the name of the Greek muse Terpsichore in their reviews of "terpsichorean" performances. But it would be erroneous to imagine that Hellenic dances were all graceful leaps and toe steps. In addition to the ancient Etruscan squatting dance, the Greeks also enjoyed hand-clapping, thigh-slapping dances which reached their peculiar peak in the *rathapygizein*—a species of funny-slapping fun step in which girl soloists kicked their own bare buttocks pink with the soles of their dainty feet.

Other crowd pleasers were the *gymnopaïdiai*, in which naked young men danced intricate wrestling movements, and war dances in which soldiers mimicked an actual battle. It was Socrates' opinion that the best dancers made the best warriors, and Sophocles danced in the chorus of his own dramas in order to strengthen his sense of the poetic meters—all of which had their origins in the dance, and are still described in terms of "feet." The spondee, with its foot of two long syllables, takes its name from the solemn dance which accompanied a *sponde*, or drink offering to the gods. The trochee was once the tripping *trochaïos*, and poems written in the meter of bawdy Bacchic hymns are "ithyphallic," in allusion to the huge phallus which was carried in dancing processions at the festival of the wine god.

Large-size facsimiles of the *membrum virile erectus* were standard equipment for erotic satyr dances performed by trios comprised of one man and two women, and were worn like souvenir badges at the Bacchanalia, where drunken male celebrants danced lasciviously around ecstatic *maenads*—the sacred "mad women" of the Dionysian cult. In imperial Rome, where orgiastic dancing embraced every erotic movement and gesture conceivable to the human imagination, the Bacchanalia became wild, drunken sex brawls. Contrary to popular belief, however, such erotic binges were not always typical of Rome. Indeed, the only dancing that appealed to the old Roman upper crust was the storytelling gesture dance of gods and heroes. But as spectacles and circuses became bigger and more gory under each succeeding Caesar, the pantomime adopted crime and horror formats, and farces were laced with erotic ballets performed by women dancers who disrobed during the course of the play in a sort of integrated striptease. Their frenzied grinds and breast vibrations were cheered by plebs and tired businessmen, while Juvenal reports that women were aroused by lewd dances of the kind used to express Pasiphaë's hankering for intercourse with a bull.

The reaction of the early Church was one of righteous wrath and condemnation. Converted to Christianity after a dissolute youth, Augustine, the sainted Bishop of Hippo, declared, "The dance is a circle with the devil in the center." But when people refused to give up their old fertility frolics, the Church fathers sought to make the dance symbolic of the joyous afterlife to come, when, in the words of Clement of Alexandria, "Thou shalt dance in a ring together with the Angels, around Him Who is without beginning or end." On saints' days, ceremonial dancing was often conducted within the church, and lively funeral dances around the churchyard celebrated the rebirth of the dead in Paradise. Since secular dancing was frowned upon as pagan, dancing in graveyards became a favorite outlet for peasants of the Dark Ages. Haunted by fears of plague, famine and war, their dancing was often obsessive. Epidemics of uncontrollable dancing broke out in towns and villages, and have been attributed to mass hysteria, nervous disorders due to a disease of the rye used in bread, and chorea—a neurological ailment which laymen still call "St. Vitus's dance," in honor of the patron saint whose influence was sought in prayers for the afflicted. Regardless of causes or cures, the grotesque "dancing mania" became associated in the minds of clergymen, poets and painters with the eternal dance of death, and church murals showed skeletons and mortals linked arm in arm in a *danse macabre*.

One theory has it that the word "macabre" was imported into Europe by the Crusaders, who filched the melancholy adjective from the Saracen *makabr*, meaning "graveyards." Less linguistic knights, such as Frederick II of Sicily, brought home gayer baggage in the form of duty-free dancing girls, which they had picked up in the East to entertain their guests with after-dinner belly dances. To the sensual strains of Arabic dance music within castle walls, were added the castanets, tambourines and fiery guitars of wandering gypsy tribes, who danced their way across medieval Europe. It was the gypsies—formerly the "Gipcyans," or "Egyptians"—who kept alive the ancient dance of joy in southern Europe, while peasants of the north danced out their fears and repressions in damp graveyards.

In Provence, where the ideals of love and courtliness were sung by wandering troubadours, aristocrats and nobles formed "courts of love," and danced the farandole and branle. The branle, also known as the French brawl, was a swaying circle dance, and the farandole a kind of rhythmic follow-the-leader in which a group of dancers joined hands and gaily tripped through gardens and over lawns. To promote the cause of personalized romance, some unsung gen-



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ius of Provence conceived the idea of breaking the group up into couples, who would dance side by side, holding hands. When, in the 13th Century, Provence became the scene of a bloody religious crusade, the aristocracy was virtually exterminated, but a sufficient number of nobles and troubadours escaped to carry the idea of couple dancing to the courts of Germany, Italy, France and England. The dance, which was called the *estampie gai*, swept all Europe. Servants and heavy-booted peasants copied the dance at frolics on the village green. Earthy leaps, swings and steps were added, and from these rustic variations courtly dancing masters created enough new dances to beguile knights and damsels for the next 500 years.

Uncertain, though, are the origins of the courante, which seems to have involved a certain amount of genteel leaping, and the German *Trotto*, which was known in France as the *allemande* — a name which still lingers on in the repertoire of American square-dance figures. Also alive today are the staccato stamping steps of 16th Century Spanish dances, which began with the canary dance, an Old World refinement of a wildly sexual funeral dance which Spanish explorers learned from the grief-stricken native girls of the Canary Islands. Easily the most notorious of all such imports was the Central American saraband, a dance of such unparalleled indecency that a Spanish law was passed in 1583 to prevent people from humming its music. In one account, the saraband is described as a dance in which girls with castanets and men with tambourines “exhibit indecency in a thousand positions and gestures. They let the hips sway and the breasts knock together. They close their eyes and dance the kiss and the last fulfillment of love.”

Since Spanish dons and dames continued to do the saraband on the sly, dancing masters developed a legal no-knock version which was tame enough to be danced in the courts of southern Europe. Its chief competitor was the *Nizzarda*, an action-packed promenade in which the gentleman made his lady “leap three times in the air,” and “with his knee as support, lifts her up high and lets her down again.” In the Germanic nations, lady-lifting was practiced by rakes of all ranks, who hoisted their partners aloft by placing their hands intimately beneath the “busk,” or corset. Moralists clucked their tongues at the “shameful touching,” and clucked again when their *gemütlich* compatriots made the remarkable discovery that couples need not dance side by side, but could spin and hop around the floor while locked in a close embrace! The dance, which was called the volta, excited the interest of even the most sophisticated Frenchmen.

In the New England of America, however, the strait-laced settlers at Plymouth were distressed to find that the Indians not only danced on Sunday, but leaped and stamped about “like Anticks.” Worse yet, in 1625, one Thomas Morton opened a non-Puritan plantation at Merry Mount with free beer and dancing around an 80-foot Maypole. In the roaring condemnation that followed, Morton and his men were accused of setting up a “Stynking Idol,” and “inviting the Indean women for their consorts, dancing and frisking together (like so many fairies, or furies rather), and worse practises,” which smacked of “ye madd Bacchanalians!” More moderate opinions were imported from the mother country with the arrival of the Reverend John Cotton, in 1633: “Dancing (yea though mixt) I would not simply condemne,” he reasoned, with appropriate quotes from Scripture. “Only lascivious dancing to wanton ditties, and amorous gestures and wanton dalliances . . .” The majority soberly agreed, and by the end of the 17th Century the Puritan penchant for self-improvement led to the recognition of dancing as a social discipline, and dancing schools were opened in Boston, where “Grave Persons” taught “Decency of Behavior” to the young.

In 1666, Samuel Pepys visited the court of Restoration, England, and witnessed “corants” and French dances so “rare” and subtle that they quickly “grew tiresome.” The ultimate in spectator boredom was yet to come, however, in the form of the French minuet — a folk dance of Poitu, which palace dancing masters refined into a pastiche of dainty steps, chivalrous bows and coy curtsies. Lacking both vitality and joy, the minuet proved to be the dancing masters’ most lucrative creation — a choreographic clockwork that provided lifetime careers for three generations of snuff-sniffing sycophants. Treatises were written on the proper turning of the wrist. Sixty pages were required to describe the intricacies of the gentleman’s bow, and dancing became an exhibition of rhythmic etiquette.

Long before the French Revolution put an end to aristocratic airs and graces, the nobles of Versailles, themselves, grew weary of the decorous minuet, and promptly turned to other dances as soon as the opening minuet had been danced for the sake of form. In Colonial America, a typical dance program was “first minuets one round; second giggs; third reels; and last of all country-dances.” The belief that our forefathers spent their evenings dancing minuets may be attributed largely to Ye-Olde-Tea-Roome type historical pageants, which depict colonial Americans as superrefined stuffed shirts. Actually, 18th Century Americans were among the liveliest dancers in the world,

ready to step out with both feet when the fiddles struck up *The Virginia Reel* or *The Devil’s Dream*.

Toward the end of the century, more and more Americans were choosing partners for a secular square-order dance, the quadrille, which came to the States by way of England. Books appeared outlining the “figures,” and simple “prompts” were called out by a leader at every assembly. The original French terms were given in Anglo-American approximations — and thus, *chassé* glided into the language as “sashay,” and *dos-à-dos* or “back-to-back” became the familiar “do-si-do.”

In Germany, lively cheeked *Fräuleins* were rendering their *Herren* blissfully speechless with the eloquence of an invigorating new version of the volatile old volta. Now called the waltz — from *wälzen*, meaning “to roll” or “revolve” — the new Danube dance divided the Western world into those who found it an endless delight and those who considered it a source of eternal damnation. For moderns who wonder why the waltz was once called “naughty,” history offers an eyewitness report by Ernst Moritz Arndt of the way it was rolled and revolved in 1804, in the vicinity of Erlangen: “The dancers held up the dresses of their partners very high so that they should not trail and be stepped on, wrapped them tightly in this shroud, bringing both bodies under one covering, as close together as possible, and thus the turning went on in the most indecent positions; the hand holding the dress lay hard against the breasts pressing lasciviously at every movement; the girls, meanwhile, looked half mad and ready to swoon . . .” Over the protests of aroused moralists, the waltz whirled across Europe in sprightly three-quarter time. By 1797, it was responsible for the opening of 684 dance halls in Paris alone. “*Une valse! Oh encore une valse!*” is the constant cry,” Arndt reported seven years later. In England, where it was denounced as “the most degenerating dance for more than a hundred years,” Byron penned a lordly paean to the “endearing waltz,” which could “wake to wantonness the willing limbs,” and permitted hands to “freely range in public sight.”

While breast-pressing and skirt-lifting were never official features of the American waltz, it still raised the moral neck hair of many social conservatives. “The waltz is a dance of quite too loose a character, and unmarried ladies should refrain from it in public and private,” opined *The Gentleman and Lady’s Book of Politeness*, in 1833. “Very young married ladies, however, may be allowed to waltz in private balls, if it is very seldom and with persons of their acquaintance.”

In 1844, Polk was nominated for the Presidency, but bluenoses of all political

tints joined in the hue and cry against a scandalous new foreign dance: the polka. Described by one horrified American critic as "a kind of insane Tartar jig," the polka was rumored to be the invention of one Anna Slezakova, a Bohemian peasant girl, who improvised its steps out of sheer joy in the early 1830s. Introduced into New York society, the polka became the pet pastime of the American *haut monde* at Newport and Saratoga, where the abandoned display of debutante ankles caused the *New York Herald* to describe the happy hopping dance as one of the most "scandalous exhibitions ever exhibited outside the common gardens of Paris."

The polka was forbidden to be danced in the presence of Queen Victoria, and was excluded from all state functions at the White House. Quadrilles were danced at President Lincoln's inaugural ball, but with the firing on Fort Sumter, the White House ballroom lights went out, and Washington became patriotically austere. As the war dragged on, however, people turned to gay balls and parties for relief from the tedium and tension. There were Enlistment Fund balls and Patent Office balls—and, ultimately, there were Victory balls and peacetime parties at which prominent Washingtonians danced the "kiss quadrille."

If the kiss quadrille was ever danced as far west as the Rockies, it was more likely to be known as "Smooch and Swing"—for homesteaders, hillbillies, miners, farmers and cowboys had long since given the quadrille a vital American stamp that was evident in the titles of their "square dance" tunes and figures: *Birdie in a Cage*, *Old Arkansaw*, *Tumbleweed*, *Steal a Little Peek*, *Chase the Goose* and *Ladies' Choice—Cheat or Swing*.

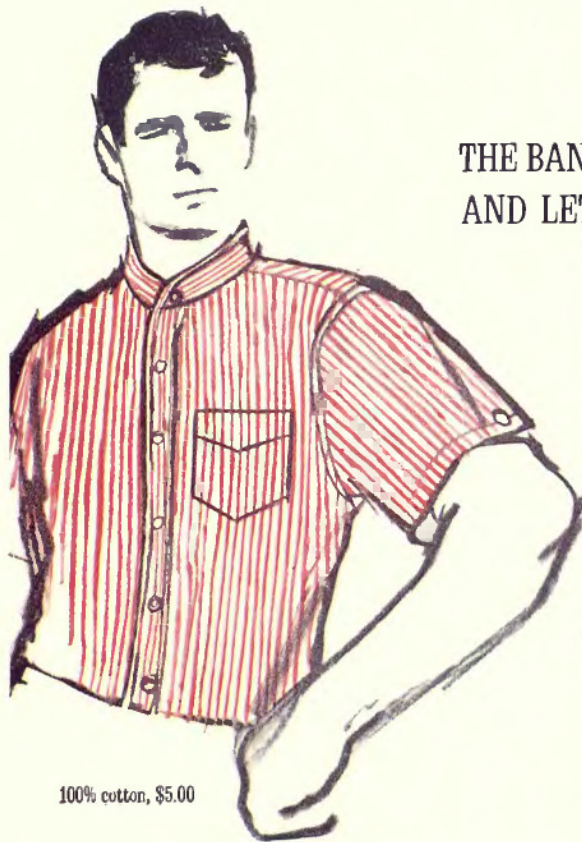
In the rootin', tootin' West, the cowboy's swinging partners were most likely to be professional dance-hall girls and lowfalutin ladies of easy virtue, who hustled drinks for the house and doubled in brass beds as prairie prostitutes. But, from all accounts, the most notorious dance dives of the period were in New Orleans, where concert-saloon "waiter-girls" danced the high-kicking cancan as it was originally performed in France, with a multitude of fancy flourishes and a total absence of pants.

Throughout most of the United States and Europe, the female form was hustled out of sight beneath voluminous Victorian skirts, and the erotic origins of the dance were being denied or disguised. The "indecent" polka was refined into a modestly gay routine, and the once "naughty" waltz emerged as the genteel "culmination of modern society dancing."

In the Gay Nineties the waltz was the universal favorite. "Casey would waltz with a strawberry blonde" in 1894—and, 12 years later, in 1906, American blondes, brunettes and redheads were still singing *Waltz Me Around Again, Willie*.

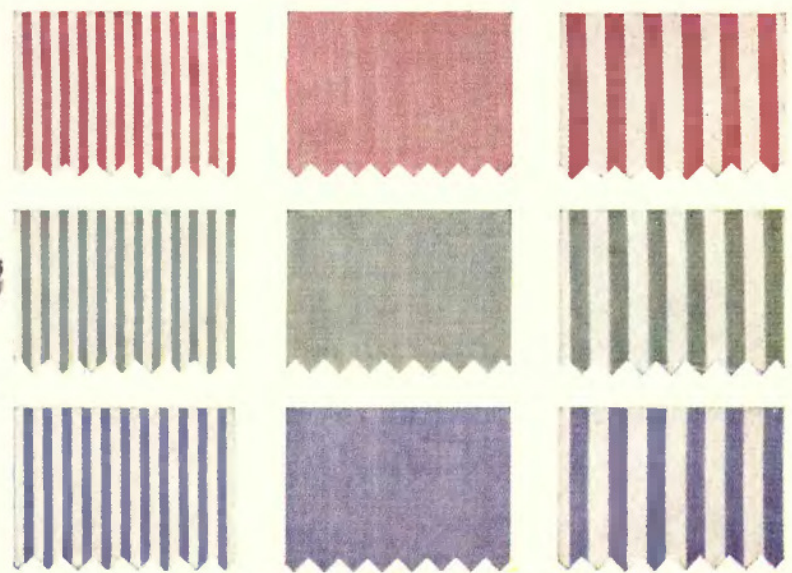
Early in 1907, the tune suddenly changed, however, and Willie's sweetheart was dancing to a new beat from the band. *I'd Rather Two-Step than Waltz*, Bill expressed the new American preference for a syncopated march tempo that opened the way for the turkey trot, cake-walk and bunny hug. Couples in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston and San Francisco strutted and stepped to peppy ragtime rhythms which white musicians had borrowed from New Orleans' Negro marching bands. Outraged oldsters bemoaned the fact that young people didn't waltz anymore, and professional prudes were quick to trace the relationship between syncopation and sin. The Negro musicians who played in New Orleans' funeral processions and carnival parades also performed in the brothels of Storyville—they played two-steps for tarts, one-steps for whores, and obliged Basin Street "specialty" dancers with renditions of the hootchy-kootchy!

The sin snoopers, who were short on historical perspective, denounced the



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hootchy-kootchy as a symptom of 20th Century depravity, and blamed the bawdy belly dance on Little Egypt, whose undulating midriff was the main Midway attraction of the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893. The "cooch," as it came to be called, was so basic in its appeal to a generation struggling to break free of Victorian restraints, that it was widely imitated by professionals and amateurs alike. In London, a dancer named Maud Allen wiggled her way to world fame by appearing in vaudeville as Salome—complete with harem costume and John the Baptist's head on a platter. Imported to America, the Scriptural squirm was such a success that girl dancers by the hundreds rented prop heads of St. John, and set themselves up as Salome acts. Over the next five years, Salomes of all shapes and sizes strove to outcooch each other. Theaters were raided, Salomes were jiggled off to jail, and burlesque buffs claimed a so-called "first" when a dancer named Odell went all the way by tearing off a striptease on the stage of the American Theater in New York, in 1907. With the premiere of Richard Strauss' *Salome*, opera fans donned soup-and-fish to ogle Mary Garden's gauzy gyrations in "The Dance of the Seven Veils"—a coloratura cooch which was so mercilessly satirized by Eva Tanguay, that vaudeville Salomes began to draw more laughs than applause. Within two years, the Salome bit went bust. Dance bands played *Sadie Salome*, *Go Home*, and the shelves of theatrical prop shops were lined with unemployed heads of John the Baptist.

As America swung into 1911 with *Alexander's Ragtime Band*, the first furor over the new dances began to die down. The two-stepping maxixe and the snuggle-clutch bunny hug were just beginning to be upgraded from "immoral" to "vulgar," when prudish ears pricked up at the sound of a new *double-entendre* dance ditty—*Everybody's Doin' It Now!* "Doin' what?" the lyrics asked. "The turkey trot!" Looking back down the years, it's difficult to discover why the energetic one-step caused such an uproar. The reasoning seemed to be that if everybody was doin' it, the turkey trot must be pleasurable, and anything pleasurable that occurred while a man and woman were standing *that* close together must be immoral. Since it was impossible to eradicate the ragtime trot by ranting, pressure was applied wherever stuffiness had the upper hand. One Broadway producer posted a notice that chorus girls caught dancing the turkey trot would be dismissed, and the *Ladies' Home Journal* reportedly fired 15 girl employees for doin' it during lunch hour. But daytime dancing was on the rise. Housewives were leaving their homes to attend afternoon "tea dansants" in public ballrooms, and department stores combined fashion

shows with "tango teas."

Denounced by the Federation of Women's Clubs in 1914, the "degrading" tango had already seized Europe in its passionate Latin grip. In London, a character played by the glamorous Elinor Glyn took stage center to describe how ladies of quality were "clasped in the arms of incredible scum from the Argentine, half-castes from Mexico, and *farceurs* from New York, decadent male things they would not receive in their antechambers before this madness set in." In America, a wave of adultery suits and blackmail scandals alerted hard-working hubbies to the fact that many wives were receiving ballroom gigolos in their bedchambers for two-timing tango matinees. Militant noises were made, and most middle-class dance palaces dropped the afternoon dansants in the interest of preserving the American home.

Tea dancing at the better hotels continued as a favorite afternoon diversion of the wealthy smart set, however, and classy cabaret dance teams set the style for both dancing and evening wear. By 1914, the turkey trot had become passé. Couples were dancing Irene and Vernon Castle's "Castle walk," the old maxixe, and three variations of the tango. Fleeting favorites were the aeroplane waltz, the Negro drag and walkin' the dog. In 1916, bands added guitars and ukuleles to lend aloha atmosphere to a string of Hawaiian-type novelties with titles like *Yacka Hula Hickey Dula* and *Yicki Hacki Wicki Wackie Woo*. But the term most Americans were just beginning to be conscious of was a new wicki-wackie word spelled "jass," or "jaz." Some said it came from Chicago. Others said it was an old New Orleans Creole word, meaning "to speed up." A strong case was made for the theory that it first came into use in Vicksburg, in 1910, when dancers cheered on Alexander's Ragtime Band with shouts of "Come on, Chazz!"—the "Chazz," or "Chas," being an abbreviation of Alexander's first name, Charles. Still others maintained that its roots lay in the Arabic *jazib*, "one that allures," the Hindi *jazba*, meaning "ardent desire," and *jaiza*, an African tribal term for "the rumble of distant drums."

In spirit, if not in fact, jazz was all these things and more. But speculation as to the origin of its name was cut short by the rumble of distant cannon in Europe. To the accompaniment of stirring song-and-dance hits by Irving Berlin and a versatile hooper named George M. Cohan, America marched off to war. In servicemen's clubs and cabarets, in New York, London, Paris and Pocatello, doughboys and gobs grabbed partners and danced to *Goodbye Broadway, Hello France*. Early in 1918, the king of the pre-War ballroom dancers, Vernon Castle, was killed in a military plane crash. Ragtime and the Castle walk were "old hat," and the

Armistice was celebrated at Reisenweber's New York cabaret to exciting new sounds played by the Original Dixieland Jass Band. With the new music came new dances. Couples circled the floor with a snappy fox trot, and two girl dancers from Chicago—Gilda Gray and Bee Palmer—introduced the country to a torso-shaking fertility fling, called the "shimmy-shewabble." Believed to have been "invented" in the bawdy bistros of San Francisco's Barbary Coast, the 20th Century version of the old breast-knocking saraband gave rise to more yelps of indignation than the Kaiser's rape of little Belgium.

In the 1919 edition of the *Ziegfeld Follies*, Bert Williams made a show-stopping plea for the end of Prohibition, when he complained *You Can't Make Your Shimmy Shake on Tea*. But in clubs and cabarets, the "real stuff" was available to trusted customers, and couples shimmed and fox-trotted on whiskey and gin, as the band blared *Ain't We Got Fun?* "Oh, boy, I'll say!" was the flapper's giggled rejoinder, as she pressed her body tight against her partner for a session of "button shining" on the crowded floor. Corsets were removed in the ladies' room and checked for the rest of the night. "The men won't dance with you if you wear a corset," the girls explained—and neither were the men inclined to dance with a "back number" who refused to "pet" or take a friendly nip of hooch from a fellow's hip flask. "The low-cut gowns, the rolled hose and short skirts are born of the Devil and his angels, and are carrying the present and future generations to chaos and destruction," the President of the University of Florida exclaimed, pointing an accusing finger at the immoral hussies who were to become today's gray-haired grandmothers.

The American phobia against dancers in short skirts was extended to include even the classical ballet tutu of the world-famous Anna Pavlova, whose tours were threatened with banning unless she "chose to wear longer skirts." Defiance of the law, and a general conventions-bedamned attitude marked the 1922 appearance of Isadora Duncan, America's barefooted mother of the modern dance, who outraged an audience of Boston bluebloods by dancing in a gauzy red scarf, sans undergarments. "Nudity is truth; it is art," Isadora insisted in a later interview, but the scandal all but wrecked her American career.

Since the demise of the vaudeville Salomes, tap and rhythm dancers had moved into theatrical headline spots, and agents classified hoofers according to type—blackface, whiteface, Irish, Dutch, rough, neat, acrobatic and grotesque. The basic steps of the tap dance had been improvised by Southern Negroes from white jigs and clogs, and the names of the jazzed



"Oh, for Pete's sake, Ruth — why can't you just accept being a golf widow the way other women do!"

jig steps had a distinctly down-home flavor: buck, wing, flea hop, falling off the log, hitch kick, rubber legs, and the old soft shoe. Double soles duplicated the slapstick sound of a poor plantation worker's dance in shoes with loose soles, and the sand dance was born of some long-forgotten shuffle on a gritty cabin floor.

The rhythmic impact of jazz-dancing Negro performers in *Shuffle Along* jogged the Broadway musical stage out of its time-stepping rut, and the Harlem version of a knock-kneed, heel-kicking dance from South Carolina created a new dance craze in the mid-Twenties — the charleston. Strictly for the young and limber, the fast-stepping charleston came in for its share of condemnation, though perceptive prudes were willing to grant that its breakaway buoyancy had greatly reduced "button shining," and was apt to leave both sheik and sheba more pooped than passionate. Considered more objectionable was the fanny-slapping black bottom, a copyrighted creation presented as "the new twister" in 1926. In reply to criticism of its anatomically descriptive title, apologists for the dance explained that the name referred to the muddy bottom of the Suwannee River, rather than dark-skinned rumps. No one accepted the fanciful etymology for a moment, however, and in England it was called "the black base" — or, with more dubious decorum, "the black bed."

Impressed by the commercial possibilities of creating a copyrighted dance craze, showmen and performers conspired to invent a new line of novelty dances, such as the sugar foot strut and the new low down. Most were too complicated to catch on, however, and only the varsity drag enjoyed a short semester of favor. When young Charles Augustus Lindbergh made his historic solo hop to Paris in 1927, jubilant tin-lizzie pilots and their high-flying flappers fox-trotted to *Lucky Lindy*. Prosperity made for positive thinking, and sweet "dansapation" was being pushed by such highly arranged bands as those of Vincent Lopez and the hugely popular "Pops" Whiteman. Three years later, in the wake of the Wall Street Crash, tempos slowed, skirts and hair styles grew longer, and dancers clung to each other as though for reassurance. For a quick escape from economic anxiety, nothing could beat the supercolossal dance spectacles that Hollywood began dishing up with the advent of sound films in 1929, when Ann Pennington, "The Girl with the Dimpled Knees," was seen to *Tiptoe Through the Tulips* with a bevy of beauteous chorines in *Gold Diggers of Broadway*. Under the direction of Busby Berkley, other girls with dimpled knees, cheeks and chins moved in eye-filling masses to form human fountains. Girls danced out of clouds in wind-blown gauze. Girls kicked and tapped

and imitated trains. Whole battalions of girls lay on their backs and were photographed from above, as their arms and legs formed floral patterns that changed into wheels and stars.

No less numbing to the senses were the awesome precision drills of the 32 girl Rockettes at the Radio City Music Hall. In 1934, New York spectator sports who could afford a movie date took their girls to the Music Hall to enjoy the top-hat sophistication of a new Hollywood dance team — Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. While the professional intricacies of the continental and the carioca were not easily mastered, house-party imitations of the Astaire-Rogers technique were good for laughs, and the musical suggestion of faraway places helped to popularize Latin-type tempos and dances. Though the rumba had already arrived with New York's international set, and *The Peanut Vendor* had been a hit in 1931, most Americans approached the seductive Cuban dance as though it were a coochy fox trot, and party wags retitled the tune "The Penis Bender."

More to the mass taste was the familiar fox-trot beat of commercial dance bands led by such big-time radio "maestros" as Ben Bernie and Rudy Vallee. Large public ballrooms competed for Depression dollars with big-name bands, while many smaller operators switched to a dime-a-dance policy. Couples were welcome, but the appeal was largely to footloose males who could hire a "glamorous hostess" for a turn around the floor, just as they might hire a cab for a spin around the block — for which reason the girls were called "taxi-dancers." The dreariest ballroom device, by far, was the dance marathon — an endurance contest in which competing couples danced, walked and stumbled around a dance floor for weeks and months on end. Most marathons were rigged, and all traded on a brand of low-grade show-business hoke that brought audiences back night after night to root for "the brave little kiddies."

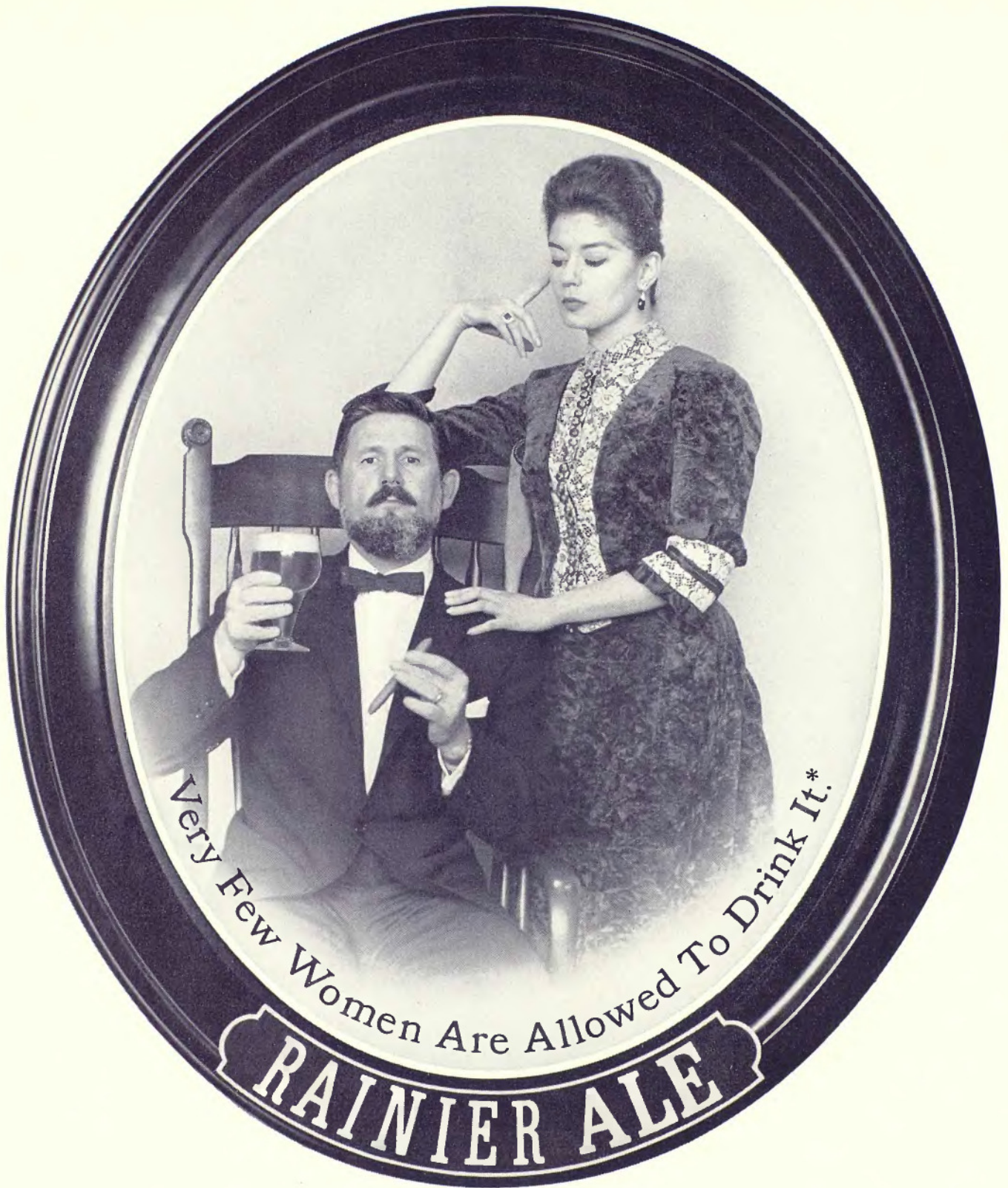
Among the major box-office attractions of 1933 was the *Streets of Paris* side show at the Chicago Century of Progress Exposition, where a dancer named Sally Rand was offering glimpses of her pink-toned torso through the artful manipulation of a pair of fluffy plumes. The sensational success of Miss Rand's breezy fan dance touched off an imitative flesh-and-feathers fad among girl performers in the new post-Repeal night clubs, and the resourceful Sally switched to a copyrighted bubble dance for an engagement at Broadway's Paradise Restaurant, where she performed behind a transparent screen to protect her bubbles from the pinpricks of practical jokers at ringside. Less cautious artists continued to shake their fans in the smaller clubs clustered along New York's 52nd Street, where they were eventually displaced by groups

of fully clothed male musicians who played a new style of jazz, called "swing."

Swing, like all earlier jazz, was music for dancing. *Let's Dance* was the theme of the Benny Goodman band, and in the vanguard of the new movement were such robust ballroom veterans as Louis Armstrong, Louis Prima, Fats Waller, Red Norvo, Wingy Manone and Red McKenzie. Slicker and less exciting, perhaps, were the carefully contrived arrangements of Glen Gray, Hal Kemp, Kay Kayser and the Dorseys. Slick or "hep," the swingy style inspired dancers to cut loose from gliding fox-trot forms, such as the westchester and the peabody. Couples "jumped for happy" in a face-to-face kind of jig, called the "lindy hop." Crepe-soled saddle shoes gave added bounce and served as shock absorbers for the jazzy jumpers, who soon earned the name of "jitterbugs." Breakaways and fancy swing-outs widened the gap between partners. To the original face-to-face "slag" motif were added the side-ways-shuffling "Suzy-Q," and a tricky little step with one wagging finger raised, called "truckin'." Considered new and novel, the strange jitterbug japes elicited expressions of despair from post-Depression worry warts, though every movement the "hepcats" made could be found in the aforementioned *Natya Sastra*. What was "peckin'," for instance, but the old *Prakampita*, in which the neck moved backward and forward like a she pigeon's. "Usage: To denote 'You and I,' folk dancing, swinging, inarticulate murmurs and the sound uttered by a woman at the time of conjugal embrace."

Jitterbugs were not apt to spend their time browsing through the *Natya Sastra*, however. They swung like "gates," and, as everyone knew, "gate" was also the nickname for "alligator." "Greetings, 'gate!" "See you later, alligator!" were the hepcat's "hello" and "goodbye," and anyone who wasn't "hep to the jive," and preferred sweet music, was a sticky "ickey." America was "hoof-nutty," *Variety* declared, and cited the fad for a new dance originated by the Gullah Negroes of the Carolina coast, which required "a lot of floating power and fanning." Called the "big apple," the short-lived swing dance inspired the creation of the little pear and the little peach — novelties that proved even more ephemeral than the English "lambeth walk."

In 1938, hepcats danced to the humorous sound of *The Flat Foot Floogie*, "with a floy-floy," but they no longer jived with the same intensity. Couples cooled their socks by hanging around the bandstand, listening to musicians improvise, and many went dancing mainly to enjoy the impromptu jam sessions, which Benny Goodman built into a nightly feature with his trio and quartet. While watching Gene Krupa and Lionel Hampton



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work, dancers were too enthralled to move, and welcomed the chance to sit down and listen when the Goodman band made its 1938 concert appearance at Carnegie Hall. As the Thirties rode to a close, good swing was ear music, and no one over 15 would admit to being a jitterbug. Glenn Miller could still put a party in the mood for dancing with *Tuxedo Junction*, but serious students of jazz spent their time listening to old Bix Beiderbecke records.

A 1940 fox trot, called *Six Lessons from Madame La Zonga*, extolled the hip-and-knee freedom of the rumba and the conga—the latter an Afro-Cuban chain dance, in which dancers lined up in single file with their hands on the shoulders of the person in front, and snaked around the room with a “One, two, three, kick!” The conga, while generally popular, was biggest with the café-society set who doted on the Latin exotica of bands like Xavier Cugat’s. But when the smart New York clubs shut down for the night, the conga was forgotten. Slumming sophisticates took cabs to Harlem hot spots, where the after-hours floor show would feature a line of nude chorines, and nude girl soloists who would jive up to your table and simulate coitus with a lit-cigar phallus and an empty highball glass turned on its side.

For flesh fanciers who couldn’t afford to stay up all night, the Thirties had offered “continuous burlesk,” with such dancing strip stars as Gypsy Rose Lee, Ann Corio and Margie Hart. Queen of the nonstop grinds was jiggle-bottomed Georgia Sothern, while the ancient breast dance was the muscular specialty of king-sized Carrie Finnell, who could make her bounteous bosoms rotate clockwise and counterclockwise, one at a time or in titillating tandem. In New York, big-time “burleycue” was reformed clean out of the theaters in the late Thirties, and “exotic” dancers were given early World War II asylum in the less successful swing clubs of 52nd Street, where they strutted and stripped for the soldier-and-sailor trade.

During the war years, the fox trot, the lindy, the rumba and waltz served all ranks and serial numbers with an excuse to hold a girl in their arms. Stepwise, all was *status quo*, save for an occasional outburst of the *Pennsylvania* or *Beer Barrel Polka*, and the discovery of the American square dance by Eastern GIs stationed in the West. Elements of the square dance were corralled by Agnes De Mille in her cowboy ballet, *Rodeo*—a rousing 1942 success, which earned her the choreographic assignment to the Broadway musical *Oklahoma!* Similarly, the big-city jazz style of Jerome Robbins’ ballet *Fancy Free* was apparent in his choreography for the 1944 musical hit, *On the Town*. Equally urban and unique

was the characterization Gene Kelly tapped out in the title role of *Pal Joey*, and wartime moviegoers applauded his Hollywood dancing debut with Judy Garland. Teamed with tapmaster Fred Astaire, the glamorous Rita Hayworth drew wolf whistles from armed-forces audiences, as did the lithesome legwork of blonde Betty Grable, whose photos in GI foot lockers qualified her for the role of America’s favorite pin-up girl.

Victory in Europe and Japan did nothing to diminish the American interest in pretty dancing girls, but the post-War period was far from hoof-nutty. Among avant-garde musicians, the wartime beat of boogie-woogie was replaced by the improvised *non sequiturs* of bebop—an introspective kind of jumpless jazz that left dancers flat-footed. The new hepcats, now called “hipsters,” didn’t dance. They dug the sounds, and cooled it with an occasional shrug or finger snap. The physical and emotional responses that dancing required were “neo-ickey,” or “square”—as were the “nowhere” audiences who were picking up on the classical ballet kick, and the aging jitterbugs of yesteryear who sat at home with their new TV sets.

Ballrooms, bands and night clubs went into a state of economic collapse. In New York, a growing Puerto Rican population supported a small number of ballrooms specializing in the Brazilian samba, the Cuban mambo and the Dominican merengue—dances which North American dance instructors adapted for mass consumption. But most of the country had kissed off Latin tempos with *South America*, *Take It Away*, and mainland club owners of the early Fifties couldn’t even count on the cultish devotion of the few to keep a small rumba combo working. The new no-dance jazz thrived modestly on recordings issued by small record companies, while big record companies cut their dance-disc output to a minimum, and plugged for million-copy sales with recordings by name vocalists. By 1953, the disastrous unemployment situation among dance-band musicians led *Down Beat* to launch a campaign to promote dancing on the college and high school levels. KIDS DON’T KNOW HOW TO DANCE, a headline quoted bandleader Stan Kenton as saying. “Every place we played during the past year, I noticed that the younger couples, for the most part, didn’t seem to know what they were doing on the floor—particularly when we played numbers with any real beat, rhythm things that really jumped.” In ensuing weeks and months, all sorts of remedies were suggested, but the ultimate cure lay in the bottom category of *Down Beat*’s biweekly breakdown of current record releases: “Rhythm and Blues.”

In 1953, the rhythm-and-blues classification served to segregate the solid, roll-

ing beat of Negro popular music from the integrated upper echelons of "jazz," and the white-angled arrangements of the commercially "popular." Its artists were mostly unknown, and titles like *Brown Skin Butterball*, *Poon Tang* and *Rock, Rock* were played by small-station disc jockeys who aimed at the Negro market. When it became apparent that teenagers of all races were tuning in on the rowdy record shows, white d.j.s began spinning the same 45s. The rhythms were so compelling that dancers couldn't help rocking, and when the racial distinctions of rhythm-and-blues broke down, the rolling two-beat tempo and all its lindy-based dance variations were lumped together as "rock 'n' roll."

Parents, teachers, religious leaders and trained musicians set up a loud wail over the new "barbarism," but, from an historical point of view, rock 'n' roll represented a healthy revitalization of the age-old urge to dance. By late 1956, record companies were working three shifts to satisfy the multimillion-dollar demand for rock-'n'-roll records, dancing schools reported an upsurge in business, and rug manufacturers noted a trend to area rugs that could be rolled up for dancing. A quickie, low-budget film, called *Rock Around the Clock*, rang up a three-million-dollar profit, and when New York's Paramount Theater combined the premiere of *Don't Knock the Rock* with a rock-'n'-roll stage show, teenage fans began lining up at the box office at four A.M. The riotous behavior of fans in Boston and other cities made rock 'n' roll synonymous with juvenile delinquency, but the new American tempo struck a responsive chord with rhythm-hungry young people the world over. Within a year, England, France, Germany and Japan began to develop their own rock-'n'-roll music, and Russian youths were beating it out high, wide and Amerikanski to black-market recordings of *Hound Dog* cut on old X-ray plates.

In 1959, Soviet authorities were still denouncing the Russian rock 'n' rollers as "lizards," "toadstools" and dupes of the American Central Intelligence Agency, when Premier Khrushchev startled the Western world with a front-page rebuke of Hollywood for inviting him to witness the filming of a modestly dressed version of the cancan. According to dancing star Shirley MacLaine, however, Khrushchev really enjoyed watching the old French dance, but hadn't dared to admit it because Mrs. K. was present and frowning. "He may bang his UN desk with his shoe," Miss MacLaine mused, "but, just like any other husband, he chickens out when his wife catches him getting too bright-eyed — girlwise."

In shopping around for old dances to censure, the Khrushchevs, or any other

visitors to America, could have taken their pick of just about every sex-inspired dance the world has ever produced. With a little briefing on symbolic gestures, Americans and their guests could sit in a state of perpetual shock at ethnic dance recitals featuring obscure fertility motifs from Europe, India, Africa, Polynesia and the East and West Indies. Night clubs and hotel rooms offered opportunities to become outraged over the Hawaiian hula. The ancient North African belly dance invited outbursts of indignation several times nightly in the restaurants of Manhattan's "Greek town." A visit to any ballroom was almost certain to be rewarded with at least two suggestive demonstrations of the latest Latin American variations on the old Hispano-Indian saraband, the pachanga and the cha-cha — the first a courtship caper in which the gentleman gallops off on a make-believe pony and the second a fussy offshoot of the fertility-charged mambo. On the stage and in motion pictures, ballerinas in brief tutus performed dance dramas that had their origins in

the kissing, teasing boy-girl *balletti* of the 15th Century. And, if this weren't enough, there was still the whole bare-footed, Freudian field of the modern art dance that had sprung up since Isadora Duncan's early experiments with neo-Grecian scarves.

The fact that all such dance forms were no longer shocking to Americans may be attributed to the speed with which dances tend to become assimilated into the culture. Persons who were pained by the primitivism of rock 'n' roll one year were, 12 months later, anxiously phoning ticket brokers in the hope of procuring a couple of seats to Broadway's rock-'n'-roll version of the Romeo and Juliet romance: *West Side Story*. A couple of years later, in October 1961, many of the same cultured crowd could be found standing in line outside a noisy little rock-'n'-roll rendezvous on New York's West 45th Street, impatiently waiting for a chance to get inside and dance a new shimmy-shewabbling hootchy-kootchy, called the "twist."

With the twist, the history of dancing



breaks into the bold, black print of recent headlines: GAY NIGHT CLUB DERVISHES TWIST . . . CAFÉ SOCIETY VOYAGES WEST OF FIFTH AVENUE TO PURSUE FAD — PEPPERMINT LOUNGE PROVIDES REQUIRED ROCK 'N' ROLL . . . GOVERNOR TWISTS TO KEEP FIT . . . NEW JERSEY TEENAGER TWISTS 18 HOURS . . . SOPHIA'S TWIST GAVE STUDIO GANG A TURN . . . THE TWIST TAKES WASHINGTON . . . JACKIE TWISTS . . . MEG GIVES TWIST ROYAL TREATMENT AT PALACE BALL . . . IN PARIS IT'S "LE TWEEST" . . . WARSAW WIGGLES . . . TWISTERS GIVE TOKYO NEW TREMORS. As the flashbulbs popped and reporters scurried to scoop the names of notables seen twisting at the Peppermint Lounge, the history of the twist was already being snowed under by a blizzard of publicity releases. Among the more or less verifiable data was the fact that a rock-'n'-roll singer named Hank Ballard had recorded a song called *The Twist* five years before, and that a young singer from Philadelphia, who worked under the nom de disc of Chubby Checker, had been plugging the song and dance around the country. Amidst all the fanny-shaking rumpus, other old-time Philadelphians of 18 and 19 recalled doing the twist in their youth, when it was a purely local phenomenon known as the madison.

The facts, shaky as they were, ended there. But in the fall of 1961, the twist was making history by the minute. Never since the beginning of time had a dance craze spread so rapidly and through so many levels of society. At the Peppermint Lounge and the Wagon Wheel, kids in jeans and treader pants were given the hip by VIP posteriors and socially prominent derrieres. Class distinctions and cultural barriers were twisted down overnight, and a group of leading psychiatrists assured *The New York Times* that the elbow rubbing between masses and classes bottomed out with a great big plus, mental-healthwise.

Within a very few weeks, the twist was indistinguishable from the ultrasocial whirl. At the charitable April in Paris Ball (held in October in New York), dancers dined and twisted at a nifty \$150 a head. In the first week of November, another white-tie twist party was thrown for the benefit of homeless girls, and two weeks later, "silk-clad bodies and diamonds shimmered to the music of the twist" at a benefit bash held at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. In granting permission for the fete, the museum's director, James J. Rorimer, had evidently anticipated the usual fox trots, waltzes and rhumbas. When he arrived to find "the guests doing the twist in the shrine of Rembrandt and Cezanne," Mr. Rorimer objected. "I did not invite them," he shouted. "I was not aware of this!" But if the Rembrandts, Cezannes, Breughels and Egyptian mummies could have stepped down out of

their frames and cases, it most certainly would not have been to rout the revelers from the museum's hallowed halls, but to join in the fun.

As it was in the Old Kingdom of the Nile, so it was in the capital of the New Frontier on the Potomac. Top-level twist parties were tossed by European ministers, ambassadors from the Near East and members of the President's Cabinet. It was diplomatically danced by officials of the State Department, visiting dignitaries, Congressional whips and big-brass strategists from the Pentagon. When, on a memorable evening in February 1962, the First Lady twisted with the Secretary of Defense beneath the historic old crystal chandeliers of the White House Blue Room, the dance became as much a part of our national heritage as *Hail, Columbia* and Paul Revere's ride.

While President Kennedy has never been known to do the twist, the family's favorite bandleader, Lester Lanin, has been quoted as saying, "He likes good, spirited, cheerful dance music . . . He doesn't dance often and he doesn't hold them close. He talks when he dances, and he only dances a couple of minutes, then he takes another partner later." To date, the President has yet to come out with any clear-cut policy statement on dancing. But his predecessor, Dwight D. Eisenhower, chose the occasion of the Eisenhower Library dedication in Abilene, Kansas, to make his own views known. "We venerate the pioneers who fought droughts and floods, isolation and Indians, to come to Kansas and westward to settle into their homes, to till the soil and raise their families," Mr. Eisenhower stated, by way of preface. "We think of their sturdiness, their self-reliance, their faith in God, we think of their glorious pride in America. Now, I wonder if some of those people could come back today and see us doing the twist instead of the minuet — whether they would be particularly struck by the beauty of that dance?"

Coming when it did, in the twist-mad spring of 1962, the Eisenhower statement gave many thoughtful citizens pause. Certainly, the opinion of any group of people who had fought so hard and endured so much in order to live in Kansas would be worthy of our deepest respect — even awe. But, unless the history of American dancing is in error, it would seem extremely doubtful that many of the muddy-booted forty-niners who first settled the Cornflower State had ever seen a minuet — much less danced one. Though lively reels and jigs were esteemed for their gaiety, the dainty steps of 18th Century Versailles would have been as out of place at a frontier dance as French perfume in a crock of "corn likker." The vigorous, no-nonsense twist, on the other hand, could

have been adapted to life on the western prairies as easily as it has been adapted to life in Samoa and Japan. Besides hoeing down such familiar forms as the fly, the mashed potato and the slop, our fun-loving forefathers might have come up with an "Arkansas twist," "ladies' choice — twist or swing," the "twist quadrille" — or, perhaps, a variation we loose-living moderns have never even thought of: the "kiss twist."

No possibility, past or present, seems too farfetched in the light of a *Time* magazine report that German twisters had made a hit of a classically based *Liebstrraum von Liszt Twist*, and that African and West Indian students were teaching the customers of West Berlin's Eden Saloon "a ritualistic 'oodoo twist.'" The Latin American influence was evident in the pachanga twist and the cha-cha twist, and a Spanish dance troupe worked out a flamenco twist, which put the heel-toe-rapping routine back in the old Canary Islands fertility groove where the Spanish conquistadors had originally found it in the 16th Century. For historical perspective, few observations were more to the point than those of the rebellious young Russian poet, Evgeny Evtushenko. "The twist is advertised as a miracle of the atomic era," he said in a Moscow interview. "But I remembered Ghana jungles two years ago where I watched African tribal dances. Those dances have existed thousands of years. They were ritual dances that had not yet been called the twist. This miracle of the atomic era is merely a modernized version of what was invented thousands of years ago."

Evtushenko's comments were made in the face of official Soviet attacks upon the twist and rock 'n' roll as "typical products of capitalist society." "I do not understand how dances can be divided into capitalist and socialist," the poet argued, and suggested that it was perfectly possible for the proletariat to perform the twist "in a pleasing manner." Whether his reasoning had any direct effect on Soviet thinking, it's impossible to say. Four days later, however, Premier Khrushchev put in an appearance at Moscow's Central Sports Arena to hear the touring Benny Goodman band play a concert of American swing. "I enjoyed it," he remarked with surprising mildness. "I don't dance myself, so I don't understand these things too well."

In view of Khrushchev's apparent tolerance toward Western dance music of the Thirties, admirers of the Russian dance might find some reason to hope that Moscow will one day be as receptive toward new dances as it has been zealous in preserving the traditional Russian folk and ballet forms. But, if the past be any guide, conservatives of

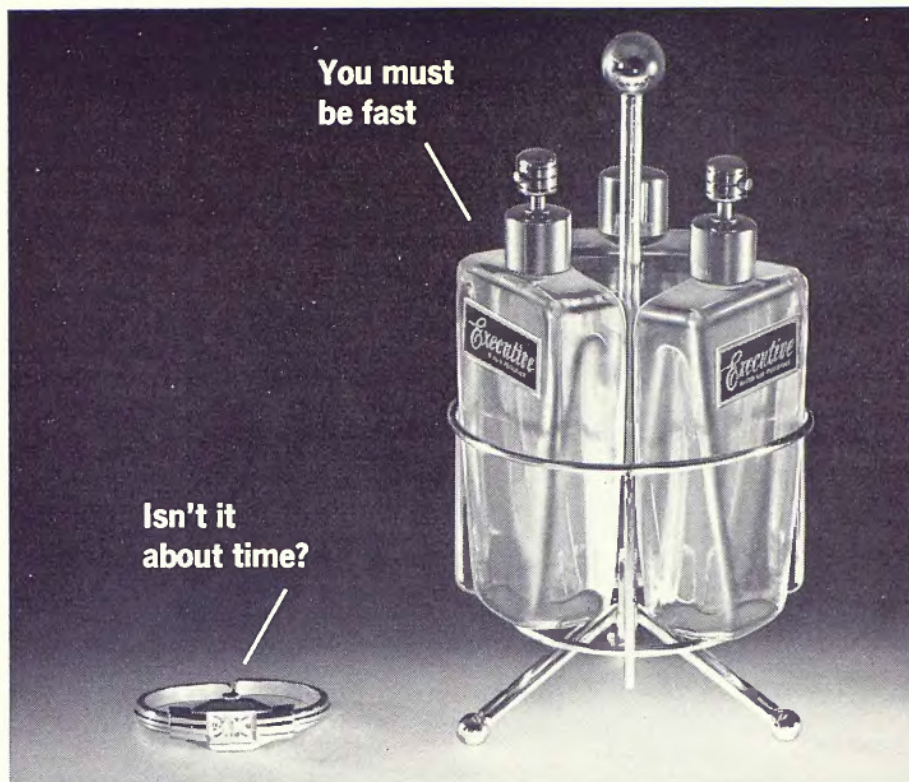
all nations will continue to greet the new and novel with cries of outrage and alarm. What will the next shocker be like, we wonder? Will some venturesome devotee of Terpsichore discover that the twist can be danced by couples locked in a close embrace? Can we look for a revival of "smouching," hugging and under-the-girdle lady lifting? Or will American dancing go cool and neoclassical with organization-man minuets?

At the moment, all is terpsi-turvy, and the crystal ball is beclouded by international exchange. While malt-shop maidens and jukebox bucks continue to whip up new youth movements with a jungle twist, African diplomats from the newly independent nations have been introducing the attaché-case cadre to the genteel understatement of the high life—a slow and easy souvenir from old colonial days on the Gold Coast. The big beat, however, is bossa nova, a breezy Brazilian device for bringing the girl back into her partner's arms. Translated roughly as "the new bag," or "the new wrinkle," bossa nova is but a jazz switch on the old samba, and hence no more than a pleasant means of marking time until the next frenzied breakout of physical basics.

In his imaginative projection of the *Brave New World* of the future, Aldous Huxley once described the dance of tomorrow as a kind of carnal conga performed in the buff—the "orgy-porgy." "Round they went, a circular procession of dancers, each with hands on the hips of the dancer preceding, round and round, shouting in unison, stamping to the rhythm of the music with their feet; beating it, beating it out with hands on the buttocks in front; 12 pairs of hands beating as one; as one, 12 buttocks slab-bily resounding . . .

*"Orgy-porgy, Ford and fun,
Kiss the girls and make them One.
Boys at one with girls at peace;
Orgy-porgy gives release."*

Huxley could have been wrong, of course, but the history of dancing indicates that his prophecy may yet come true. In which case, no one who has done his homework on the subject should be the least bit surprised. But if we, the sturdy, self-reliant pioneers of the early Space Age, were to come back and see our descendants doing the orgy-porgy instead of the twist—would we be particularly struck with the beauty of that dance? Would we join our Puritan ancestors in setting up a ghostly howl against "ye madd Bacchanalians"? Or would we accept the orgy-porgy in the spirit of the Cobéua Indians of Brazil, and help "carry the fertility into every corner of the houses, to the edge of the wood, to the nearby fields" with cheerful grunts of "ai (ye)—ai (ye)—ai (ye)!"



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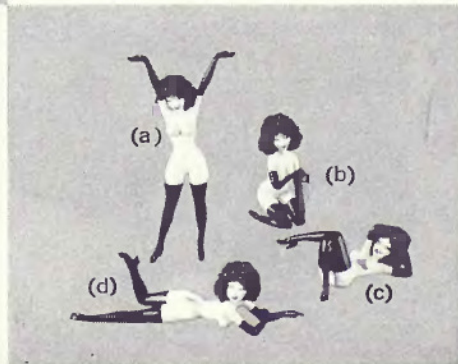
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ment: "Apparently to be a good censor, one should be possessed of a real prurient interest. There is a genuine comedy in the contradictions that roam throughout the area of pornography. At the same time that men insist on suppressing obscene literature and punishing those who write it, they enthusiastically go on collecting it and preserving it in libraries of priceless value."

Judge Arnold might have gone on to observe that almost every major library of reputation in the world possesses a goodly number of so-called obscene books and every major art museum some "pornographic" paintings (many done by the most famous artists of history); the most valuable collection of erotica in the world is housed in the Vatican in Rome.

Dr. Albert Ellis responded to Dr. Karpman's statement by saying, "There are people, like the famous John Sumner and Anthony Comstock who, in all probability, do have an unconscious or semiconscious prurient interest in pornography, and they sublimate this by making their life's work the legal suppression . . . of pornography. But there's no reason to believe that every single individual—every clergyman, for example—who's against pornography and violently campaigns against it, has any great sexual interest in it. Many censors have a nonsexual interest in curtailing other people's liberty. And I'd say that most of them are very hostile and disturbed individuals, but not necessarily sexually disturbed."

Maurice Girodias, editor-publisher of Olympia Press in Paris, who pioneered in the publication of works by Henry Miller and other controversial writers and was the first to publish Nabokov's *Lolita*, said, during the same *Playboy Panel*: "Nobody has ever offered a coherent explanation of censorship, and yet one is supposed to submit to it as if it were a part of a God-given code of conduct. Why? Censorship is obviously inspired by individual feelings of modesty, of decency. . . . But these feelings are rooted in what I would call a sexual inferiority complex: a fear of sexual inadequacy, of failure; or the realization of a physical disgrace, or a lack of experience. People suffering from such a complex want to bring down everybody to their own level. . . . This complex has held sway over us for [generations]; it has taken the social form of censorship—moral and mental censorship. In short, describing sex is a crime in the eyes of those who are ashamed of their own sex, and who wish to burden others with their sense of sin."

Another member of the panel, Ralph Ginzburg, editor-publisher of the quarterly *Eros* and author of the book *An Unhurried View of Erotica*, commented

that Arnold Gingrich, publisher of *Esquire*, believes that we are entering a new era of puritanism and favors this direction. "Actually," said Ginzburg, "there is no question but that puritanism is fading. . . . [Gingrich] has stated that the world is about to embark on a great new voyage of morality, by which he apparently means puritanism. He feels that freedom in literature and the arts is going to produce a counteraction, that people are going to get fed up with honesty regarding sex and throw it out in favor of a sort of mid-Victorian hypocrisy—though he doesn't say it in those words, of course. But if Gingrich thinks the public is becoming bored by sex, or upset about its prevalence, I think he is projecting onto the public something which may be the result of his own increasing age."

Which reminds us of the impudent verse by James Ball Naylor:

King David and King Solomon
Led merry, merry lives
With their many, many lady friends
And many, many wives;
But when old age crept over them—
With many, many qualms,
King Solomon wrote the Proverbs
And King David wrote the Psalms.

Whatever the multiple motivations that prod the prude and the censor, it should be clear that much more is involved than simply the considered protection of the public from ideas that might prove harmful. Moreover, our democracy is founded on the premise that people have a God-given right to knowledge—a *right to know*. And no human being has the right to tamper with the free flow of ideas among his fellows.

The attitude that some ideas are best kept from the citizenry advances a concept of totalitarian paternalism that is contrary to the most basic ideals of our free society. It is akin to the colonialist concept that a new nation may not yet be ready to rule itself. The only way in which the people of a country can ever become mature enough for self-rule is by setting them free to *practice* self-rule. Similarly, the only way in which a society can mature sexually, socially and philosophically is by allowing it naturally free and unfettered sexual, social and philosophical growth. By treating our own citizens like so many overprotected children, we have produced our present, too-often-childlike, immature, hypocritical social order.

THE EVIL EFFECT OF OBSCENITY

Having considered the harmful effects that censorship of any kind can have on a society, it is reasonable to assume that the obscenity it is intended to protect

us from must be even more harmful. That would be the only reasonable justification for allowing the censor to exist at all. It may be surprising to some to learn, therefore, that there is no real evidence to support the supposition that obscenity is harmful at all. In fact, there is a serious and not inconsiderable school of professional scientific opinion that suggests that obscenity may actually be beneficial to society.

Dr. Benjamin Karpman, the chief psychotherapist at St. Elizabeth's Hospital, whom we quoted earlier, has stated: "Contrary to popular misconception, people who read salacious literature are less likely to become sexual offenders than those who do not, for the reason that such reading often neutralizes what aberrant sexual interests they may have."

Not everyone agrees on this subject, of course, though most of the disagreement comes from outside the scientific community. But with or without scientific credentials, those opposed to obscene material are usually far more vociferous in expressing their views than are the proponents of a sane sex policy as regards both behavior and literature.

FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover has stated: "We know that in an overwhelmingly large number of cases, sex crime is associated with pornography. We know that sex criminals read it, are clearly influenced by it. I believe that if we can eliminate the distribution of such items among impressionable children, we shall greatly reduce our frightening crime rate."

That is certainly a strong indictment coming, as it does, from one of the chief law enforcement officers in the country.

What facts does J. Edgar have to substantiate his concern over pornography as being what he has termed "a major cause of sex violence"? Well, it's difficult to say, because no truly comprehensive and reliable study has ever been made on the relationship between sex crime and erotic or obscene matter; and the primary reason for relatively little research in the area is that those scientific studies that have been undertaken are almost unanimous in their conclusion that *no cause-and-effect relationship exists between pornography and sex crime*. Without any evidence of a causal relationship, there is no scientific motive for pursuing what is apparently a fruitless path to its predictable dead end.

Dr. Albert Ellis considers the conclusions drawn in Hoover's statement, and others like it, "meaningless." That is, as Ellis expresses it, the correlation between pornography and the sex criminal is no higher than between pornography and the average male; if anything, it is probably slightly lower, since the sex criminal and the juvenile delinquent tend to read less than the normal male of the same age and background. "Hoover's allega-

tion is meaningless," says Dr. Ellis. "For the simple reason that it would be difficult to find many *nondelinquents* or *non-sex* criminals in our society who did not have a considerable acquaintance with pornography. If this is true, then pornography is 'associated' with the higher arts, with religion, with government, with practically everything. . . . We could conclude, from this 'logic,' that their acquaintance with pornography caused them to write great books or compose great music."

Drs. Phyllis and Eberhard Kronhausen, noted psychiatric team specializing in family therapy and group guidance and the authors of *Pornography and the Law*, state in that book, in the chapter on "Psychological Effects of Erotic Literature": "We would point out that for academic psychologists to speak dogmatically about the psychological effects of reading 'obscene' books would, in the present state of our knowledge, be as unbecoming as venturing guesses about the nature of the Oedipus complex in outer space. The truth of the matter is that there are not sufficient conclusive research data available to answer the question directly and with the same assurance as one could, for example, state that unhealthy family life is one of the contributing causes of juvenile delinquency.

"It is amazing, nevertheless, how many people have felt called upon to voice the most authoritative opinions about the effects of 'obscene' writings, including law-enforcement officers, educators, clergymen, housewives, women's clubs, men's fraternal organizations — in short, all those who are least qualified to give an authoritative opinion on a subject of such confusing dimensions and such width of scope, but who, because of their own deep emotional involvement, have felt no hesitation in expounding 'ex cathedra' and with omniscient finality on the matter."

Noting that it is the intention of a particular work taken as a whole, rather than any particular part of it, that is used as the criterion for judging obscenity, but that "there is no legally workable definition of obscenity," the Drs. Kronhausen attempt to supply the needed "workable definition," by making a distinction between "obscenity" or "hard-core pornography," where the only or major purpose of the work is sexual stimulation, and "erotic realism," where any sexual stimulation inherent in the work is incidental to its main purpose, "the honest portrayal of man's sexual nature which no sane society can afford to suppress."

The Drs. Kronhausen confirm that what is termed "hard-core obscenity" or "pornography" does, in their opinion, sexually stimulate the majority of people who come in contact with it.

"We also affirm that works of erotic

realism, such as *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, may have similar psychological effects as to those passages which are descriptive of sexual activities, or even with regard to realistic portrayals of physical beauty. But in that respect, erotic realism is no different from any other psychological stimulus of an erotic nature, e.g., perfume, certain types of music, sexually provoking advertising, fashions in dress, the use of cosmetics to enhance attractiveness, or any other of the many psychological aphrodisiacs with which our culture is so familiar, and on which it is dependent."

The Kronhausens state a bit further on in the chapter: "Every day, the newspapers carry some release from pro-censorship quarters, blithely linking 'obscene' literature with the perpetration of the most ghastly crimes, making everything erotically provocative responsible for every social evil from juvenile delinquency and the disintegration of the American family to the increasing rate of mental breakdown and communism. . . .

"Let us, however, not fall into the same trap. The basis of one's attitude toward 'effects' lies in one's attitude towards sexuality. If sex in and by itself is considered shameful, undesirable, dangerous, unethical, or damaging to the individual and to society, then the effect of 'obscene' as well as of erotically realistic books and art is definitely to be viewed with the utmost suspicion and alarm, along with, presumably, all other sexual stimulants of any kind.

"But from a mental health point of view, it is established that such negative sex attitudes are not only regrettable, but can, indeed, be dangerous. As previously stated, all the clinical evidence indicates that guilt-based sexual inhibitions, restrictions and repressions result in perversions of the sexual impulse, general intellectual dulling, sado-masochistic inclinations, unreasonable (paranoid) suspiciousness, and a long list of neurotic and psychotic defense reactions with unmistakable sexual content or overtones."

Having established their belief in man's God-given right to the free use of

his own body, the Drs. Kronhausen continue: "If, therefore, erotic literature or art tend to lead to sexual acts, we would consider this a natural phenomenon that much more likely than not would enhance mental health and human happiness, provided that it met the conditions of not being forcefully or fraudulently imposed on another person.

"If the pro-censorship leaguers believe that an erotic stimulus may lead to physical violence, this strangely paradoxical belief demands some further explanation. It would be totally absurd, were it not for the unspoken corollary that the normal sexual outlets of the individual are to be blocked and frustrated to the extent that he (or she) will then have to turn to sadism, rape, and murder as a substitute for the natural sexual activities which the reading may have stimulated. For the welfare of society then, no less than for individual mental health, it is incomprehensible why one would not want to accept the normal sex drive rather than to try and remove all temptation toward it, even if that were possible.

"But anti-sexualists cannot contemplate with equanimity the free acceptance of man's sexual role, nor any literature which tends to inform, educate or increase interest in that role. The best proof of this is that literature of an erotic nature is the constant and foremost target of self-appointed censors who connect this type of reading to crime and acted-out violence, but who virtually ignore the vast body of books dealing with violence in the most gruesome detail. . . ."

It has long seemed quite incredible — indeed, incomprehensible — to us that detailed descriptions of murder, which we consider a crime, are acceptable in our art and literature, while detailed descriptions of sex, which is not a crime, are prohibited. It is as though our society put hate above love — favored death over life.

In the seventh part of "The Playboy Philosophy," which appears next month, Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner concludes his examination of obscenity and censorship in a free society.

SEXUAL INTERCOUR



Quindlen

HER MAJESTY'S SECRET SERVICE (continued from page 116)

barely masticated with the tips of her teeth before swallowing with hardly a ripple of her throat. She had been "well brought up.") "Oh, but we're not at all like St. Trinian's. Those awful girls! How could you ever say such a thing!"

"Just a thought," said Bond airily. "Now then, how about another drink?"

"Oh, thanks awfully."

Bond turned to Fräulein Bunt. "And you, Miss Bunt?"

"Thank you, Sair Hilary. An apple juice, if you please."

Violet, the fourth at their table, said demurely that she wouldn't have another Coke. "They give me wind."

"Oh Violet!" Ruby's sense of the proprieties was outraged. "How can you say such a thing!"

"Well, anyway, they do," said Violet obstinately. "They make me hiccup. No harm in saying that, is there?"

Good old Manchester, thought Bond. He got up and went to the bar, wondering how he was going to plow on through this and other evenings. He ordered the drinks and had a brain wave. He would break the ice! By hook or by crook he would become the life and soul of the party! He asked for a tumbler and that its rim should be dipped in water. Then he picked up a paper cocktail napkin and went back to the table. He sat down. "Now," he said as eyes goggled at him, "if we were paying for our drinks, I'll show you how we'd decide who should pay. I learned this in the Army." He placed the tumbler in the middle of the table, opened the paper napkin and spread the center tightly over the top so that it clung to the moist edge of the glass. He took his small change out of his pocket, selected a five-centime piece and dropped it gently onto the center of the stretched tissue. "Now then," he announced, remembering that the last time he had played this game had been in the dirtiest bar in Singapore. "Who else smokes? We need three others with lighted cigarettes." Violet was the only

one at their table. Irma clapped her hands with authority. "Elizabeth, Beryl, come over here. And come and watch, girls, Sair Hilary is making the joke game." The girls clustered round, chattering happily at the diversion. "What's he doing?" "What's going to happen?" "How do you play?"

"Now then," said Bond, feeling like the games director on a cruise ship. "this is for who pays for the drinks. One by one, you take a puff at your cigarette, knock off the ash, like this, and touch the top of the paper with the lighted end—just enough to burn a tiny hole, like this." The paper sparked briefly. "Now Violet, then Elizabeth, then Beryl. The point is, the paper gets like a sort of cobweb with the coin just supported in the middle. The person who burns the last hole and makes the coin drop pays for the drinks. See? Now then, Violet."

There were squeaks of excitement. "What a lovely game!" "Oh Beryl, look out!" Lovely heads craned over Bond. Lovely hair brushed his cheek. Quickly the three girls got the trick of very delicately touching a space that would not collapse the cobweb until Bond, who considered himself an expert at the game, decided to be chivalrous and purposely burned a vital strand. With the chink of the coin falling into the glass there was a burst of excited laughter and applause.

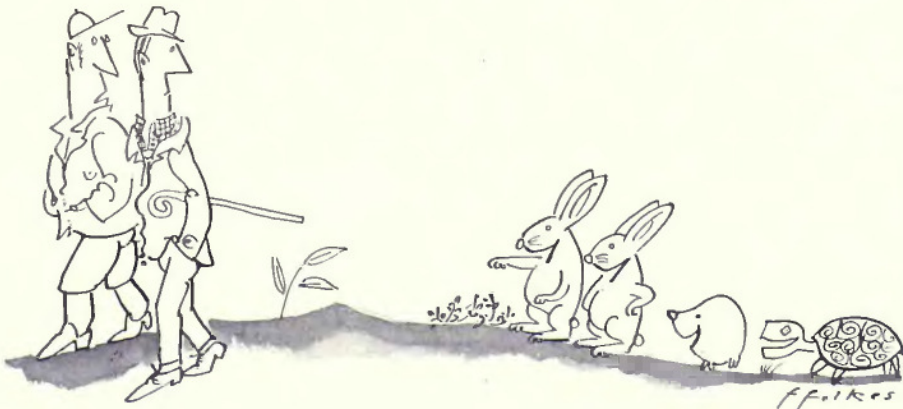
"So, you see, girls." It was as if Irma Bunt had invented the game. "Sair Hilary pays, isn't it? A most delightful pastime. And now—" she looked at her mannish wrist watch—"we must finish our drinks. It is five minutes to supper-time."

There were cries of "Oh, one more game, Miss Bunt!" But Bond politely rose with his whiskey in his hand. "We will play again tomorrow. I hope it's not going to start you all off smoking. I'm sure it was invented by the tobacco companies!"

There was laughter. But the girls stood

admirably round Bond. What a sport he was! And they had all expected a stuffed shirt! Bond felt justifiably proud of himself. The ice had been broken. He had got them all minutely on his side. Now they were all chums together. From now on he would be able to get to talk to them without frightening them. Feeling reasonably pleased with his gambit, he followed the tight pants of Irma Bunt into the dining room next door.

It was 7:30. Bond suddenly felt exhausted, exhausted with the prospect of boredom, exhausted with playing the most difficult role of his career, exhausted with the enigma of Blofeld and the Piz Gloria. What in hell was the bastard up to? He sat down on the right of Irma Bunt in the same placing as for drinks, with Ruby on his right and Violet, dark, demure, self-effacing, opposite him, and glumly opened his napkin. Blofeld had certainly spent money on his cyrie. Their three tables, in a remote corner by the long, curved, curtained window, occupied only a fraction of the space in the big, low, luxuriously appointed, mock-German baroque room, ornate with candelabra suspended from the stomachs of flying cherubs, festooned with heavy gilt plasterwork, solemnized by the dark portraits of anonymous noblemen. Blofeld must be pretty certain he was here to stay. What was the investment? Certainly not less than a million sterling, even assuming a fat mortgage from Swiss banks on the cost of the cable railway. To lease an Alp, put up a cable railway on mortgage, with the engineers and the local district council participating—that, Bond knew, was one of the latest havens for fugitive funds. If you were successful, if you and the council could bribe or bully the local farmers to allow right of way through their pastures, cut swaths through the treeline for the cable pylons and the ski runs, the rest was publicity and amenities for the public to eat their sandwiches. Add to that the snob appeal of a posh, heavily restricted club such as Bond imagined this, during the daytime, to be, the coroneted G, and the mystique of a research institute run by a Count, and you were off to the races. Skiing today, Bond had read, was the most widely practiced sport in the world. It sounded unlikely, but then one reckoned the others largely by spectators. Skiers were participants, and bigger spenders on equipment than in other sports. Clothes, boots, skis, bindings and now the whole *après-ski* routine which took care of the day from four o'clock, when the sun went, onward, were a tremendous industry. If you could lay your hands on a good Alp, which Blofeld had somehow managed to do, you really had it good. Mortgages paid off—snow was the joker, but in the Engadine, at this height, you would be all right for that—in three or four years, and then jam



"I fear the days of man's supremacy are numbered."

forever! One certainly had to hand it to him!

It was time to make the going again! Resignedly, Bond turned to Fräulein Bunt. "Fräulein Bunt. Please explain to me. What is the difference between a piz and an Alp and a berg?"

The yellow eyes gleamed with academic enthusiasm. "Ah, Sair Hilary, but that is an interesting question. It had not occurred to me before. Now let me see." She gazed into the middle distance. "A piz, that is only a local name in this department of Switzerland for a peak. An Alp, that one would think would be smaller than a berg—a hill, perhaps, or an upland pasture, as compared with a mountain. But that is not so. These—" she waved her hand—"are all Alps and yet they are great mountains. It is the same in Austria, certainly in the Tyrol. But in Germany, in Bavaria for instance, which is my homeland, there it is all bergs. No, Sair Hilary—" the boxlike smile was switched on and off—"I cannot help you. But why do you ask?"

"In my profession," said Bond prosily, "the exact meaning of words is vital. Now, before we met for cocktails, it amused me to look up your surname, Bunt, in my books of reference. What I found, Fräulein, was most interesting. Bunt, it seems, is German for 'gay,' 'happy.' In England, the name has almost certainly been corrupted into Bounty, perhaps even into Brontë, because the grandfather of the famous literary family by that name had in fact changed his name from the less aristocratic name of Brunty. Now this is most interesting." (Bond knew that it wasn't, that this was all hocus-pocus, but he thought it would do no harm to stretch his heraldic muscles.) "Can you remember if your ancestors had any connection with England? There is the Dukedom of Brontë, you see, which Nelson assumed. It would be interesting to establish a connection."

The penny dropped! A duchess! Irma Bunt, hooked, went off into a dreary chronicle of her forebears, including proudly, distant relationship with a Graf von Bunt. Bond listened politely, prodding her back to the immediate past. She gave the name of her father and mother. Bond filed them away. He now had enough to find out in due course exactly who Irma Bunt was. What a splendid trap snobbery was! How right Sable Basilisk had been! There is a snob in all of us and only through snobbery could Bond have discovered who the parents of this woman were.

Bond finally calmed down the woman's momentary fever, and the headwaiter, who had been politely hovering, presented giant menus covered in violet ink. There was everything from caviar down to Double Mokka *au whiskey irlandais*. There were also many *spécialités Gloria*

—Poulet Gloria, Homard Gloria, Tournedos Gloria, and so on. Bond, despite his forswearing of *spécialités*, decided to give the chicken a chance. He said so and was surprised by the enthusiasm with which Ruby greeted his choice. "Oh, how right you are, Sir Hilary! I adore chicken, too. I absolutely dote on it. Can I have that too, please, Miss Bunt?"

There was such surprising fervor in her voice that Bond watched Irma Bunt's face. What was that matronly gleam in her eye as she gave her approval? It was more than approval for a good appetite among her charges. There was enthusiasm, even triumph there. Odd! And it happened again when Violet stipulated plenty of potatoes with her tournedos. "I simply love potatoes," she explained to Bond, her eyes shining. "Don't you?"

"They're fine," agreed Bond. "When you're taking plenty of exercise, that is." "Oh, they're just darling," enthused Violet. "Aren't they, Miss Bunt?"

"Very good indeed, my dear. Very good for you, too. And Fritz, I will just have the mixed salad with some cottage cheese." She gave the caricature of a simper. "Alas—" she spoke to Bond—"I have to watch my figure. These young things take plenty of exercise, while I must stay in my office and do the paper work, isn't it?"

At the next table Bond heard the girl with the Scottish burr, her voice full of saliva, ask that her Aberdeen Angus steak should be cooked very rare indeed. "Guid and bluidy," she emphasized.

What was this? wondered Bond. A gathering of beautiful ogresses? Or was this a day off from some rigorous diet? He felt completely clueless, out of his depth. Well, he would just go on digging. He turned to Ruby. "You see what I mean about surnames. Fräulein Bunt may even have distant claim to an English title. Now what's yours, for instance? I'll see what I can make of it."

Fräulein Bunt broke in sharply. "No surnames here, Sair Hilary. It is a rule of the house. We use only first names for the girls. It is part of the Count's treatment. It is bound up with a change, a transference of identity, to help the cure. You understand?"

"No, I'm afraid that's way out of my depth," said Bond cheerfully.

"No doubt the Count will explain some of these matters to you tomorrow. He has special theories. One day the world will be startled when he reveals his methods."

"I'm sure," said Bond politely. "Well now—" he searched for a subject that would leave his mind free to roam on its own. "Tell me about your skiing. How are you getting on? Don't do it myself, I'm afraid. Perhaps I shall pick up some tips watching your classes."

It was an adequate ball which went bouncing on between Ruby and Violet,



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and Bond kept it in play while their food came and proved delicious. Poulet Gloria was spatchcocked, with a mustard-and-cream sauce. The girls fell silent over their dishes, consuming them with polite but concentrated greed. There was a similar pause in the chatter at the other tables. Bond made conversation about the decor of the room and this gave him a chance to have a good look at the waiters. There were 12 of them in sight. It was not difficult to sum them up as three Corsicans, three Germans, three vaguely Balkan faces, Turks, Bulgars or Yugoslavs, and three obvious Slavs. There would probably be three Frenchmen in the kitchen. Was this the old pattern of SPECTRE? The well-tried Communist-cell pattern of three men from each of the great gangster and secret-service organizations in Europe? Were the three Slavs ex-SMERSH men? The whole lot of them looked tough enough, had that quiet smell of the pro. The man at the airport was one of them. Bond recognized others as the reception steward and the man who had come to his room about the table. He heard the girls calling them Fritz, Joseph, Ivan, Achmed. And some of them were ski guides during the day. Well, it was a nice little setup if Bond was right.

Bond excused himself after dinner on the grounds of work. He went to his room and laid out his books and papers on the desk and on the extra table that had been provided. He bent over them while his mind reviewed the day.

At 10 o'clock he heard the goodnights of the girls down the corridor and the click of the doors shutting. He undressed, turned the thermostat on the wall down from 85 to 60, switched off the light and lay on his back for a while staring up into the darkness. Then he gave an authentic sigh of exhaustion for the microphones, if any, and turned over on his side and went to sleep.

Later, much later, he was awakened by a very soft murmuring that seemed to come from somewhere under the floor, but very, very faraway. He identified it as a minute, spidery whispering that went on and on. But he could not make out any words and he finally put it down to the central-heating pipes, turned over and went to sleep again.

James Bond awoke to a scream. It was a terrible, masculine scream out of hell. It fractionally held its first high, piercing note and then rapidly diminished as if the man had jumped off a cliff. It came from the right, from somewhere near the cable station perhaps. Even in Bond's room, muffled by the double windows, it was terrifying enough. Outside it must have been shattering.

Bond jumped up and pulled back the curtains, not knowing what scene of panic, of running men, would meet his

eyes. But the only man in sight was one of the guides, walking slowly, stolidly up the beaten snow path from the cable station to the club. The spacious wooden veranda that stretched from the wall of the club out over the slope of the mountain was empty, but tables had been laid for breakfast and the upholstered chaises longues for the sunbathers had already been drawn up in their meticulous, colorful rows. The sun was blazing down out of a crystal sky. Bond looked at his watch. It was eight o'clock. Work began early in this place! People died early. For that had undoubtedly been the death scream. He turned back into his room and rang the bell.

It was one of the three men Bond had suspected of being Russians. Bond became the officer and gentleman. "What is your name?"

"Peter, sir."

"Piotr?" Bond longed to say. "And how are all my old friends from SMERSH?" He didn't. He said, "What was that scream?"

"Pliss?" The granite-gray eyes were careful.

"A man screamed just now. From over by the cable station. What was it?"

"It seems there has been an accident, sir. You wish for breakfast?" He produced a large menu from under his arm and held it out clumsily.

"What sort of an accident?"

"It seems that one of the guides has fallen."

How could this man have known that, only minutes after the scream? "Is he badly hurt?"

"Is possible, sir." The eyes, surely trained in investigation, held Bond's blandly. "You wish for breakfast?" The menu was once again nudged forward.

Bond said, with sufficient concern, "Well, I hope the poor chap's all right." He took the menu and ordered. "Let me know if you hear what happened."

"There will no doubt be an announcement if the matter is serious. Thank you, sir." The man withdrew.

It was the scream that triggered Bond into deciding that, above all things, he must keep fit. He suddenly felt that, despite all the mystery and its demand for solution, there would come a moment when he would need all his muscle. Reluctantly he proceeded to a quarter of an hour of knee bends and press-ups and deep-breathing chest expansions—exercises of the skiing muscles. He guessed that he might have to get away from this place. But quick!

He took a shower and shaved. Breakfast was brought by Peter. "Any more news about this poor guide?"

"I have heard no more, sir. It concerns the outdoor staff. I work inside the club."

Bond decided to play it down. "He must have slipped and broken an ankle. Poor chap! Thank you, Peter."

"Thank you, sir." Did the granite eyes contain a sneer?

James Bond put his breakfast on the desk and, with some difficulty, managed to prize open the double window. He removed the small bolster that lay along the sill between the panes to keep out drafts, and blew away the accumulated dust and small fly corpses. The cold, savorless air of high altitudes rushed into the room and Bond went to the thermostat and put it up to 90 as a counter-attack. While, his head below the level of the sill, he ate a spare Continental breakfast, he heard the chatter of the girls assembling outside on the terrace. The voices were high with excitement and debate. Bond could hear every word.

"I really don't think Sarah should have told on him."

"But he came in in the dark and started mucking her about."

"You mean actually *interfering* with her?"

"So she says. If I'd been her, I'd have done the same. And he's such a beast of a man."

"Was, you mean. Which one was it, anyway?"

"One of the Yugos. Bertil."

"Oh, I know. Yes, he was pretty horrible. He had such dreadful teeth."

"You oughtn't to say such things of the dead."

"How do you know he's dead? What happened to him, anyway?"

"He was one of the two you see spraying the start of the bob run. You see them with hoses every morning. It's to get it good and icy so they'll go faster. Fritz told me he somehow slipped, lost his balance or something. And that was that. He just went off down the run like a sort of human bobsleigh."

"Elizabeth! How can you be so heartless about it!"

"Well, that's what happened. You asked."

"But couldn't he save himself?"

"Don't be idiotic. It's sheet ice, a mile of it. And the bobs get up to 60 miles an hour. He hadn't got a prayer."

"But didn't he fly off at one of the bends?"

"Fritz said he went all the way to the bottom. Crashed into the timing hut. But Fritz says he must have been dead in the first hundred yards or so."

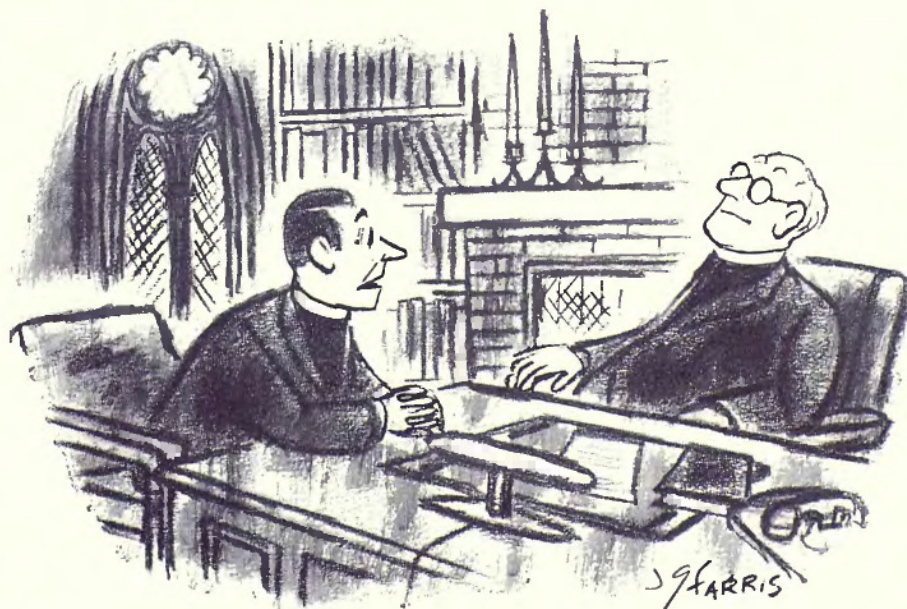
"Oh, here's Franz. Franz, can I have scrambled eggs and coffee? And tell them to make the scrambled eggs runny like I always have them."

"Yes, miss. And you, miss?" The waiter took the orders and Bond heard his boots creak off across the boards.

The sententious girl was being sententious again. "Well, all I can say is it must have been some kind of punishment for what he tried to do to Sarah. You always get paid off for doing wrong."

"Don't be ridiculous. God would never punish you as severely as that." The conversation followed this new hare off into a maze of infantile morality and the Scriptures.

Bond lit a cigarette and sat back, gazing thoughtfully at the sky. No, the girl was right. God wouldn't mete out such a punishment. But Blofeld would. Had there been one of those Blofeld meetings at which, before the full body of men, the crime and the verdict had been announced? Had this Bertil been taken out and dropped onto the bob run? Or had his companion been quietly dealt the card of death, told to give the sinner the trip or the light push that



"I have love and compassion for those down and out, but I can't stand those who are up and in."

was probably all that had been needed? More likely. The quality of the scream had been of sudden, fully realized terror as the man fell, scabbled at the ice with his fingernails and boots, and then, as he gathered speed down the polished blue gully, the blinding horror of the truth. And what a death! Bond had once gone down the Cresta, from "Top," to prove to himself that he dared. Helmeted, masked against the blast of air, padded with leather and foam rubber, that had still been 60 seconds of naked fear. Even now he could remember how his limbs had shaken when he rose stiffly from the flimsy little skeleton bob at the end of the runout. And that had been a bare three quarters of a mile. This man, or the flayed remains of him, had done over a mile. Had he gone down head or feet first? Had his body started tumbling? Had he tried, while consciousness remained, to brake himself over the edge of one of the early, scientifically banked bends with the unspiked toe of this boot or that . . . ? No. After the first few yards, he would already have been going too fast for any rational thought or action. God, what a death! A typical Blofeld death, a typical SPECTRE revenge for the supreme crime of disobedience. That was the way to keep discipline in the ranks! So, concluded Bond as he cleared the tray away and got down to his books. SPECTRE walks again! But down what road this time?

At 10 minutes to 11, Irma Bunt came for him. After an exchange of affabilities, Bond gathered up an armful of books and papers and followed her round the back of the club building and along a narrow, well-trodden path past a sign that said *PRIVAT. EINTRITT VERBOTEN.*

The rest of the building, whose outlines Bond had seen the night before, came into view. It was an undistinguished but powerfully built one-story affair made of local granite blocks, with a flat cement roof from which, at the far end, protruded a small, professional-looking radio mast which, Bond assumed, had given the pilot his landing instructions on the previous night and which would also serve as the ears and mouth of Blofeld. The building was on the very edge of the plateau and below the final peak of Piz Gloria, but out of avalanche danger. Beneath it the mountain sloped sharply away until it disappeared over a cliff. Far below again was the treeline and the Bernina valley leading up to Pontresina, the glint of a railway track and the tiny caterpillar of a long goods train of the Rhätische Bahn, on its way, presumably, over the Bernina Pass into Italy.

The door to the building gave the usual pneumatic hiss, and the central corridor was more or less a duplicate of the one at the club, but here there

were doors on both sides and no pictures. It was dead quiet and there was no hint of what went on behind the doors. Bond put the question.

"Laboratories," said Irma Bunt vaguely. "All laboratories. And of course the lecture room. Then the Count's private quarters. He lives with his work, Sair Hilary."

"Good show."

They came to the end of the corridor. Irma Bunt knocked on the facing door. "*Herein!*"

James Bond was tremendously excited as he stepped over the threshold and heard the door sigh shut behind him. He knew what not to expect, the original Blofeld, last year's model—about 20 stone, tall, pale, bland face with black crew cut, black eyes with the whites showing all round, like Mussolini's, ugly thin mouth, long pointed hands and feet—but he had no idea what alterations had been contrived on the envelope that contained the man.

But Monsieur le Comte de Bleuville, who now rose from the chaise longue on the small private veranda and came in out of the sun into the penumbra of the study, his hands outstretched in welcome, was surely not even a distant relative of the man on the files!

Bond's heart sank. This man was tallish, yes, and, all right, his hands and naked feet were long and thin. But there the resemblance ended. The Count had longish, carefully tended, almost dandified hair that was a fine silvery white. His ears, that should have been close to his head, stuck out slightly and, where they should have had heavy lobes, had none. The body that should have weighed 20 stone, now naked save for a black woolen slip, was not more than 12 stone, and there were no signs of the sagging flesh that comes from middle-aged weight reduction. The mouth was full and friendly, with a pleasant, up-turned, but perhaps rather unwavering smile. The forehead was serrated with wrinkles above a nose that, while the files said it should be short and squat, was aquiline and, round the right nostril, eaten away, poor chap, by what looked like the badge of tertiary syphilis. The eyes? Well, there might be something there if one could see them, but they were only rather frightening dark-green pools. The Count wore, presumably against the truly dangerous sun at these altitudes, dark-green-tinted contact lenses.

Bond unloaded his books onto a conveniently empty table and took the warm, dry hand.

"My dear Sir Hilary. This is indeed a pleasure." Blofeld's voice had been said to be somber and even. This voice was light and full of animation.

Bond said to himself, furiously, By God this has *got* to be Blofeld! He said, "I'm so sorry I couldn't come on the

21st. There's a lot going on at the moment."

"Ah yes. So Fräulein Bunt told me. These new African States. They must indeed present a problem. Now, shall we settle down here"—he waved toward his desk—"or shall we go outside? You see—" he gestured at his brown body—"I am a heliotrope, a sun worshiper. So much so that I have had to have these lenses devised for me. Otherwise, the infrared rays, at this altitude . . ." He left the phrase unfinished.

"I haven't seen that kind of lens before. After all, I can leave the books here and fetch them if we need them for reference. I have the case pretty clear in my mind. And—" Bond smiled chummily—"it would be nice to go back to the fogs with something of a sunburn."

Bond had equipped himself at Lillywhites' with clothing he thought would be both appropriate and sensible. He had avoided the modern elasticized *vorlage* trousers and had chosen the more comfortable but old-fashioned type of ski trouser in a smooth cloth. Above these he wore an aged black wind cheater that he used for golf, over his usual white sea-island cotton shirt. He had wisely reinforced this outfit with long and ugly cotton-and-wool pants and vests. He had conspicuously brand-new ski boots with powerful ankle straps. He said, "Then I'd better take off my sweater." He did so and followed the Count out onto the veranda.

The Count lay back again in his upholstered aluminum chaise longue. Bond drew up a light chair made of similar materials. He placed it also facing the sun, but at an angle so that he could watch the Count's face.

"And now," said the Comte de Bleuville, "what have you got to tell me that necessitated this personal visit?" He turned his fixed smile on Bond. The dark-green glass eyes were unfathomable. "Not of course that the visit is not most welcome. Now then, Sir Hilary."

Bond had been well trained in two responses to this obvious first question. The first was for the event that the Count had lobes to his ears. The second, if he had not. He now, in measured, serious tones, launched himself into number two.

"My dear Count—" the form of address seemed dictated by the silvery hair, by the charm of the Count's manners—"there are occasions in the work of the College when research and paper work are simply not enough. We have, as you know, come to a difficult passage in our work on your case. I refer of course to the hiatus between the disappearance of the De Bleuville line around the time of the French Revolution and the emergence of the Blofeld family, or families, in the neighborhood of Augsburg. And—" Bond paused im-

pressively — “in the latter context I may later have a proposal that I hope will find favor with you. But what I am coming to is this. You have already expended serious funds on our work, and it would not have been fair to suggest that the researches should go forward unless there was a substantial ray of hope in the sky. The possibility of such a ray existed, but it was of such a nature that it definitely demanded a physical confrontation.”

“Is that so? And for what purpose, may I inquire?”

James Bond recited Sable Basilisk’s examples of the Hapsburg lip, the royal tail and the others. He then leaned forward in his chair for emphasis. “And such a physical peculiarity exists in connection with the De Bleuilles. You did not know this?”

“I was not aware of it. What is it?”

“I have good news for you, Count.” Bond smiled his congratulations. “All the De Bleuville effigies or portraits that we have been able to trace have been distinctive in one vital respect, in one inherited characteristic. It appears that the family had no lobes to their ears!”

The Count’s hands went up to his ears and felt them. Was he acting?

“I see,” he said slowly. “Yes, I see.” He reflected. “And you had to see this for yourself? My word, or a photograph, would not have been sufficient?”

Bond looked embarrassed. “I am sorry, Count. But that was the ruling of Garter King of Arms. I am only a junior freelance research worker for one of the Pursuivants. He in turn takes his orders in these matters from above. I hope you will appreciate that the College has to be extremely strict in cases concerned with a most ancient and honorable title such as the one in question.”

The dark pools aimed themselves at Bond like the muzzles of guns. “Now that you have seen what you came to see, you regard the title as still in question?”

This was the worst hurdle. “What I have seen certainly allows me to recommend that the work should continue, Count. And I would say that our chances of success have greatly multiplied. I have brought out the materials for a first sketch of the Line of Descent, and that, in a matter of days, I could lay before you. But alas, as I have said, there are still many gaps, and it is most important for me to satisfy Sable Basilisk particularly about the stages of your family’s migration from Augsburg to Gdynia. It would be of the greatest help if I might question you closely about your parentage in the male line. Even details about your father and grandfather would be of the greatest assistance. And then, of course, it would be of the utmost importance if you could spare a day to accompany me to Augsburg to see if the handwriting of these

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Blofeld families in the Archives, their Christian names and other family details, awaken any memories or connections in your mind. The rest would then remain with us at the College. I could spare no more than a week on this work. But I am at your disposal if you wish it."

The Count got to his feet. Bond followed suit. He walked casually over to the railing and admired the view. Would this bedraggled fly be taken? Bond now desperately hoped so. During the interview he had come to one certain conclusion. There was not a single one of the peculiarities in the Count's appearance that could not have been achieved by good acting and by the most refined facial and stomach surgery applied to the original Blofeld. Only the eyes could not have been tampered with. And the eyes were obscured.

"You think that with patient work, even with the inclusion of a few question marks where the connecting links are obscure, I would achieve an *Acte de Notoriété* that would satisfy the Minister of Justice in Paris?"

"Most certainly," lied Bond. "With the authority of the College in support."

The fixed smile widened minutely. "That would give me much satisfaction, Sir Hilary. I am the Comte de Bleuville. I am certain of it in my heart, in my veins." There was real fervor in the voice. "But I am determined that my title shall be officially recognized. You will be most welcome to remain as my guest and I shall be constantly at your disposal to help with your researches."

Bond said politely, but with a hint of weariness, of resignation, "All right, Count. And thank you. I will go and make a start straightaway."

Bond was shown out of the building

by a man in a white coat with the conventional white gauze of the laboratory worker over the lower half of his face. Bond attempted no conversation. He was now well inside the fortress, but he would have to continue to walk on tiptoe and be damned careful where he put his feet!

He returned to his room and got out one of the giant sheets of squared paper with which he had been furnished. He sat down at his table and wrote firmly at the top center of the paper "Guillaume de Bleuville, 1207-1243." Now there were 500 years of De Bleuilles, with their wives and children, to be copied down from his books and notes. That would fill up an impressive number of pages with impeccable fact. He could certainly spread that chore over three days, interspersed with more tricky work — gassing with Blofeld about the Blofeld end of the story. Fortunately there were some English Blofelds he could throw in as make-weight. And some Bluefelds and Blumfelds. He could start some pretty hares running in those directions! And, in between these idiotic activities, he would ferret and ferret away at the mystery of what in hell the new Blofeld, the new SPECTRE, were up to!

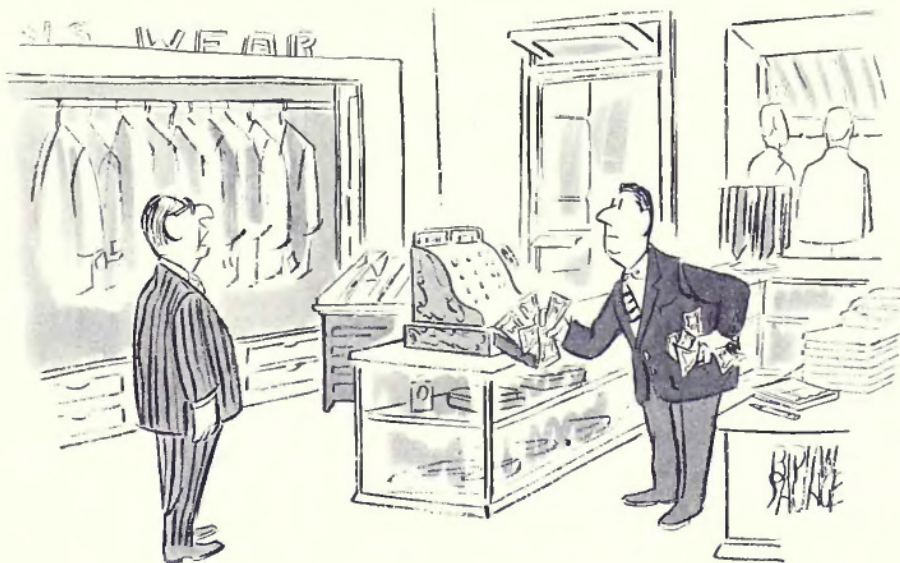
One thing was certain, they had already been through his belongings. Before going for his interview, Bond had gone into the bathroom, away from that seemingly watchful hole in the ceiling, and had painfully pulled out half a dozen of his hairs. These, while he had selected the books he needed to take with him, he had dispersed inconspicuously among his other papers and in his passport. The hairs were all gone. Someone had been through all his books. He got up and went to the chest of drawers, ostensibly for a handkerchief. Yes, the careful patterns in which he had laid out

his things had all been minutely disturbed. Unemotionally he went back to his work, thanking heaven he had traveled as "clean" as a whistle! But by God he'd have to keep his cover solid! He didn't at all like the thought of that one-way trip down the bob run!

Bond got as far as 1350 and then the noise from the veranda became too distracting. Anyway, he had done a respectable stint, almost to the bottom of the giant page. He would go out and do a little very discreet exploring. He wanted to get his bearings, or rather confirm them, and this would be a perfectly reasonable activity for a newcomer. He had left his door into the passage ajar. He went out and along to the reception lounge, where the man in a plum coat was busy entering the names of the morning's visitors in a book. Bond's greeting was politely answered. There was a ski room and workshop to the left of the exit. Bond wandered in. One of the Balkan types was at the workbench, screwing a new binding onto a ski. He looked up and then went on with his work while Bond gazed with seeming curiosity at the ranks of skis standing along the wall. Things had changed since his day. The bindings were quite different and designed, it seemed, to keep the heel dead flat on the ski. And there were new safety releases. Many of the skis were of metal and the ski sticks were fiber-glass lances that looked to Bond extremely dangerous in the event of a bad fall. Bond wandered over to the workbench and feigned interest in what the man was doing. In fact he had seen something that excited him very much — an untidy pile of lengths of thin plastic strip for the boot to rest on in the binding, so that, on the shiny surface, snow would not ball under the sole. Bond leaned over the workbench, resting on his right elbow, and commented on the precision of the man's work. The man grunted and concentrated all the more closely to avoid further conversation. Bond's left hand slid under his leaning arm, secured one of the strips and slid it up his sleeve. He made a further inane comment, which was not answered, and strolled out of the ski room.

(When the man in the workshop heard the front door hiss shut, he turned to the pile of plastic strips and counted them carefully twice. Then he went out to the man in the plum-colored coat and spoke to him in German. The man nodded and picked up the telephone receiver and dialed O. The workman went stolidly back to his ski room.)

As Bond strolled along the path that led to the cable station, he transferred the plastic strip from his sleeve to his trouser pocket, feeling pleased with himself. He had at least provided himself with one tool — the traditional burglar's tool for opening the Yale-type locks that



"Two to five years from now, Briggs, we'll probably look back at this and laugh."

secured the doors.

Away from the clubhouse, to which only a thin trickle of smart-looking people were making their way, he got into the usual mountaintop crowd — people swarming out of the cablehead, skiers wobbling or schussing down the easy nursery slopes on the plateau, little groups marshaled under individual teachers and guides from the valley. The terrace of the public restaurant was already crowded with the underprivileged who hadn't got the money or the connections to join the club. He walked below it on the well-trampled snow and stood amongst the skiers at the top of the first plunging schuss of the Gloria run. A large notice board, crowned with the G and the coronet, announced GLORIA ABFAHRT! Then below, ROT — FREIE FAHRT. GELB — FREIE FAHRT. SCHWARZ — GESPERRT, meaning that the red and yellow runs were open but the black closed, presumably because of avalanche danger. Below this again was a painted metal map of the three runs. Bond had a good look at it, reflecting that it might be wise to commit to memory the red, which was presumably the easiest and most popular. There were red, yellow and black marker flags on the map, and Bond could see the actual flags fluttering way down the mountain until the runs, studded with tiny moving figures, disappeared to the left, round the shoulder of the mountain and under the cable railway. The red seemed to continue to zigzag under the cable and between the few high pylons until it met the treeline. Then there was a short stretch of wood-running until the final easy schuss across the undulating lower meadows to the bottom cablehead, beyond which lay the main railway line and then the Pontresina-Samaden road. Bond tried to get it all fixed in his mind. Then he watched some of the starts. These varied from the arrowlike dive of the Kannonen, the stars, who took the terrific schuss dead straight in a low crouch with their sticks jauntily tucked under their armpits to the average amateur who braked perhaps three or four times on his way down, to the terrified novice who, with stuck-out behind, stemmed his way down, his skis angled and edged like a snowplow, with occasional straight runs diagonally across the polished slope — dashing little sprints that usually ended in a mild crash as he ran off the flattened surface into the thick powder snow that edged the wide, beaten piste.

The scene was the same as a thousand others Bond had witnessed when, as a teenager, he learned his skiing in the old Hannes Schneider School at St. Anton in the Arlberg. He had got pretty good and had won his golden K, but the style in those days was rudimentary compared with what he was now witnessing from the occasional expert who zoomed down

and away from beside him. Today the metal skis seemed to run faster and truer than the old steel-edged hickory. There was less shoulderwork and the art of Wedeln, a gentle wagging of the hips, was a revelation. Would it be as effective in deep new snow as it was on the well-beaten piste? Bond was doubtful, but he was envious of it. It was so much more graceful than the old Arlberg crouch. Bond wondered how he would fare on this terrific run. He would certainly not dare to take the first schuss straight. He would brake at least twice, perhaps there and there. And his legs would be trembling before he had been going for five minutes. His knees and ankles and wrists would be giving out. He *must* get on with his exercises!

Bond, excited, left the scene and followed arrows that pointed to the GLORIA EXPRESS BOB RUN. It lay on the other side of the cable station. There was a small wooden hut, the starter's hut, with telephone wires connected to the station, and, beneath the cable station, a little "garage" that housed the bobsleighs and one-man skeleton bobs. A chain, with a notice on it saying ABFAHRTEN TÄGLICH 0900-1100, was stretched across the wide mouth of the gulch of blue ice that curved away to the left and then disappeared over the shoulder. Here again was a metal map showing the zigzag course of the run down into the valley. In deference to the English traditions of the sport, outstanding curves and hazards were marked with names such as "Dead Man's Leap," "Whizz-Bang Straight," "Battling S," "Hell's Delight," "The Boneshaker," and the finishing straight down "Paradise Alley." Bond visualized the scene that morning, heard again that heart-rending scream. Yes, that death certainly had the old Blofeld touch!

"Sair Hilary! Sair Hilary!"

Started out of his thoughts, Bond turned. Fräulein Irma Bunt, her short arms akimbo, was standing on the path to the club.

"Lunchtime! Lunch!"

"Coming," Bond called back, and strolled up the slope toward her. He noted that, even in that hundred yards, his breathing was shallow and his limbs were heavy. This blasted height! He really must get into training!

He came up with her. She looked surly. He said that he was sorry, he had not noticed the time. She said nothing. The yellow eyes surveyed him with active dislike before she turned her back and led the way along the path.

Bond looked back over the morning. What had he done? Had he made a mistake? Well, he just might have. Better reinsure! As they came through the entrance into the reception lounge, Bond said casually, "Oh, by the way, Fräulein Bunt, I was in the ski room just now."



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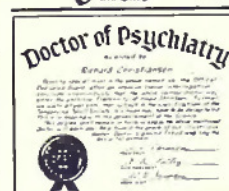
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She halted. Bond noticed that the head of the receptionist bent a fraction lower over his visitors' book.

"Yes?"

Bond took the length of plastic out of his pocket. "I found just what I wanted." He stitched a smile of innocent pleasure on his face. "Like an idiot I forgot to bring a ruler with me. And there were these things on the workbench. Just right. So I borrowed one. I hope that was all right. Of course I'll leave it behind when I go. But for these family trees, you know—" Bond sketched a series of descending straight lines in the air—"one has to get them on the right levels. I hope you don't mind." He smiled charmingly. "I was going to confess the next time I saw you."

Irma Bunt veiled her eyes. "It is of no consequence. In future, anything you need you will perhaps ring for, isn't it? The Count wishes you to have every facility. Now—" she gestured—"if you will perhaps go out on the terrace. You will be shown to our table. I will be with you in a moment."

Bond went through the restaurant door. Several of the interior tables were occupied by those who had had enough sun. He went across the room and out through the now open French windows. The man Fritz, who appeared to be the maître d'hôtel, came toward him through the crowded tables. His eyes too were cold with hostility. He held up a menu. "Please to follow me."

Bond followed him to the table up against the railing. Ruby and Violet were already there. Bond felt almost lighthearted with relief at having clean hands again. By God, he must pay attention, take care! This time he had got away with it. And he still had the strip of plastic! Had he sounded innocent enough, stupid enough? He sat down and ordered a double medium-dry vodka martini, on the rocks, with lemon peel, and edged his foot up against Ruby's.

She didn't withdraw hers. She smiled. Violet smiled. They all started talking at once. It was suddenly a beautiful day.

Fräulein Bunt appeared and took her place. She was gracious again. "I am so pleased to hear that you will be staying with us for a whole week, Sair Hilary. You enjoyed your interview with the Count? Is he not interesting?"

"Very interesting. Unfortunately our talk was too short and we discussed only my own subject. I was longing to ask him about his research work. I hope he didn't think me very rude."

Irma Bunt's face closed perceptibly. "I am sure not. The Count does not often like to discuss his work. In these specialized scientific fields, you understand, there is much jealousy and, I am sorry to say, much intellectual thieving." The boxlike smile. "I do not of course refer to yourself, my dear Sair Hilary,

but to scientists less scrupulous than the Count, to spies from the chemical companies. That is why we keep very much to ourselves in our little eagle's nest up here. We have total privacy. Even the police in the valley are most cooperative in safeguarding us from intruders. They appreciate what the Count is doing."

"The study of allergies?"

"Just so." The maître d'hôtel was standing by her side. His feet came together with a perceptible click. Menus were handed round and Bond's drink came. He took a long pull at it and ordered Oeufs Gloria and a green salad. Chicken again for Ruby, cold cuts "with stacks of potatoes" for Violet. Irma Bunt ordered her usual cottage cheese and salad.

"Don't you girls eat anything but chicken and potatoes? Is this something to do with your allergies?"

Ruby began, "Well, yes, in a way. Somehow I've come to simply love . . ."

Irma Bunt broke in sharply. "Now then, Ruby. No discussion of treatments, you remember? Not even with our good friend Sair Hilary." She waved a hand toward the crowded tables around them. "A most interesting crowd, do you not find, Sair Hilary? Everybody who is anybody. We have quite taken the international set away from Gstaad and St. Moritz. That is your Duke of Marlborough over there with such a gay party of young things. And nearby that is Sir Whitney and Lady Daphne Straight. Is she not chic? They are both wonderful skiers. And that beautiful girl with the long fair hair at the big table, that is Ursula Andress, the film star. What a wonderful tan she has! And Sir George Dunbar, he always has the most enchanting companions." The boxlike smile. "Why, we only need the Aga Khan and perhaps your Duke of Kent and we would have everybody, but everybody. Is it not sensational for the first season?"

Bond said it was. The lunch came. Bond's eggs were delicious—chopped hard-boiled eggs, with a cream-and-cheese sauce laced with English mustard (English mustard seemed to be the clue to the Gloria specialties) gratins in a copper dish. Bond commented on the excellence of the cooking.

"Thank you," said Irma Bunt. "We have three expert Frenchmen in the kitchen. Men are very good at cooking, is it not?"

Bond felt rather than saw a man approaching their table. He came up to Bond. He was a military-looking man, of about Bond's age, and he had a puzzled expression on his face. He bowed slightly to the ladies and said to Bond, "Excuse me, but I saw your name in the visitors' book. It is Hilary Bray, isn't it?"

Bond's heart sank. This situation had always been a possibility and he had prepared a fumbling counter to it. But this

was the worst possible moment with that damned woman watching and listening!

Bond said, "Yes, it is," with heartiness.

"Sir Hilary Bray?" The pleasant face was even more puzzled.

Bond got to his feet and stood with his back to his table, to Irma Bunt. "That's right." He took out his handkerchief and blew his nose to obscure the next question, which might be fatal.

"In the Lovat Scouts during the war?"

"Ah," said Bond. He looked worried, lowered his voice appropriately. "You're thinking of my first cousin. From Ben Trilleachan. Died six months ago, poor chap. I inherited the title."

"Oh, lord!" The man's puzzlement cleared. Grief took its place. "Sorry to hear that. Great pal of mine in the war. Funny! I didn't see anything about it in the *Times*. Always read the 'Births, Marriages and Deaths.' What was it?"

Bond felt the sweat running down under his arms. "Fell off one of those bloody mountains of his. Broke his neck."

"My God! Poor chap! But he was always fooling around the tops by himself. I must write to Jenny at once." He held out his hand. "Well, sorry to have butted in. Thought this was a funny place to find old Hilary. Well, so long, and sorry again." He moved off between the tables. Out of the corner of his eye, Bond saw him rejoin a very English-looking table of men and, obviously, wives, to whom he began talking animatedly.

Bond sat down, reached for his drink and drained it and went back to his eggs. The woman's eyes were on him. He felt the sweat running down his face. He took out his handkerchief and mopped at it. "Gosh, it's hot out here in the sun! That was some pal of my first cousin's. My cousin had the same name. Collateral branch. Died not long ago, poor chap." He frowned sadly. "Didn't know this man from Adam. Nice-looking fellow." Bond looked bravely across the table. "Do you know any of his party, Fräulein Bunt?"

Without looking at the party, Fräulein Bunt said shortly, "No, I do not know everyone who comes here." The yellow eyes were still inquisitive, holding his. "But it was a curious coincidence. Were you very alike, you and your cousin?"

"Oh, absolutely," said Bond, gushing. "Spit image. Often used to get taken for each other." He looked across at the English group. Thank God they were picking up their things and going. They didn't look particularly smart or prosperous. Probably staying at Pontresina or under the ex-officers' scheme at St. Moritz. Typical English skiing party. With any luck they were just doing the big runs in the neighborhood one by one. Bond reviewed the way the conversation had gone while coffee came and

he made cheerful small talk with Ruby, whose foot was again clamped against his, about her skiing progress that morning.

Well, he decided the woman couldn't have heard much of it with all the clatter and chatter from the surrounding tables. But it had been a damned-narrow squeak. The second of the day!

So much for walking on tiptoe inside the enemy lines!

Not good enough! Definitely not good enough!

My dear Sable Basilisk.

I arrived safely — by helicopter, if you please! — at this beautiful place called Piz Gloria, 10,000 feet up somewhere in the Engadine. Most comfortable with an excellent male staff of several nationalities and a most efficient secretary to the Count named Fräulein Irma Bunt who comes from Munich.

I had a most profitable interview with the Count this morning as a result of which he wishes me to stay on for a week to complete the first draft of his genealogical tree. I do hope you can spare me for so long. I warned the Count that we had much work to do on the new Commonwealth States. He himself, though busily engaged on what sounds like very public-spirited research work on allergies and their cause (he has 10 English girls here as his patients), has agreed to see me daily in the hope that together we may be able to bridge the gap between the migration of the De Bleuilles from France and their subsequent transference, as Blofelds, from Augsburg to Gdynia. I have suggested to him that we conclude the work with a quick visit to Augsburg for the purposes you and I discussed, but he has not yet given me his decision.

Please tell my cousin Jenny Bray that she may be hearing from a friend of her late husband who apparently served with him in the Lovat Scouts. He came up to me at lunch today and took me for the other Hilary! Quite a coincidence!

Working conditions are excellent. We have complete privacy here, secure from the madding world of skiers, and very sensibly the girls are confined to their rooms after 10 at night to put them out of the temptation of roaming and gossiping. They seem a very nice lot, from all over the United Kingdom, but rather on the dumb side!

Now for my most interesting item. The Count has *not* got lobes to his ears! Isn't that good news! He also is of a most distinguished appearance and bearing with a fine head

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of silvery hair and a charming smile. His slim figure also indicates noble extraction. Unfortunately he has to wear dark-green contact lenses because of weak eyes and the strength of the sunshine at this height, and his aquiline nose is blemished by a deformed nostril which I would have thought could easily have been put right by facial surgery. He speaks impeccable English with a gay lilt to his voice and I am sure that we will get on very well.

Now to get down to business. It would be most helpful if you would get in touch with the old printers of the *Almanach de Gotha* and see if they can help us over our gaps in the lineage. They may have some traces. Cable anything helpful. With the new evidence of the ear lobes I am quite confident that the connection exists.

That's all for now.

Yours ever,

Hilary Bray

P.S. Don't tell my mother, or she will be worried for my safety among the eternal snows! But we had a nasty accident here this morning. One of the staff, a Yugoslav it seems, slipped on the bob run and went the whole way to the bottom! Terrible business. He's apparently being buried in Pontresina tomorrow. Do you think we ought to send some kind of a wreath? H.B.

Bond read the letter several times. Yes, that would give the officers in charge of Operation "Corona" plenty to bite on. Particularly the hint that they should get the dead man's name from the registrar in Pontresina. And he had covered up a bit on the Bray mix-up when the letter, as Bond was sure it would be, was steamed open and photostated before dispatch. They might of course just destroy it. To prevent this, the bit of bogosity about the *Almanach de Gotha* would be a clincher. This source of heraldic knowledge hadn't been mentioned before. It would surely excite the interest of Blofeld.

Bond rang the bell, handed out the letter for dispatch, and got back to his work, which consisted initially of going into the bathroom with the strip of plastic and his scissors in his pocket and snipping two inch-wide strips off the end. These would be enough for the purposes he and, he hoped, Ruby would put them to. Then, using the first joint of his thumb as a rough guide, he marked off the remaining 18 inches into inch measures, to support his lie about the ruler, and went back to his desk and to the next hundred years of the De Bleuilles.

At about five o'clock the light got so bad that Bond got up from his table

and stretched, preparatory to going over to the light switch near the door. He took a last look out of the window before he closed it. The veranda was completely deserted and the foam-rubber cushions for the reclining chairs had already been taken in. From the direction of the cablehead there still came the whine of machinery that had been part of the background noises of the day. Yesterday the railway had closed at about five, and it must be time for the last pair of gondolas to complete their two-way journey and settle in their respective stations for the night. Bond closed the double windows, walked across to the thermostat and put it down to 70. He was just about to reach for the light switch when there came a very soft tapping at the door.

Bond kept his voice low. "Come in!"

The door opened and quickly closed to within an inch of the lock. It was Ruby. She put her fingers to her lips and gestured toward the bathroom. Bond, highly intrigued, followed her in and shut the door. Then he turned on the light. She was blushing. She whispered imploringly, "Oh, please forgive me, Sir Hilary. But I did so want to talk to you for a second."

"That's fine, Ruby. But why the bathroom?"

"Oh, didn't you know? No, I suppose you wouldn't. It's supposed to be a secret, but of course I can tell you. You won't let on, will you?"

"No, of course not."

"Well, all the rooms have microphones in them. I don't know where. But sometimes we girls have got together in each other's rooms, just for a gossip, you know, and Miss Bunt has always known. We think they've got some sort of television, too." She giggled. "We always undress in the bathroom. It's just a sort of feeling. As if one was being watched the whole time. I suppose it's something to do with the treatment."

"Yes, I expect so."

"The point is, Sir Hilary, I was tremendously excited by what you were saying at lunch today, about Miss Bunt perhaps being a duchess. I mean, is that really possible?"

"Oh yes," said Bond airily.

"I was so disappointed at not being able to tell you my surname. You see, you see—" her eyes were wide with excitement—"it's Windsor!"

"Gosh," said Bond, "that's interesting!"

"I knew you'd say that. You see, there's always been talk in my family that we're distantly connected with the Royal Family!"

"I can quite understand that." Bond's voice was thoughtful, judicious. "I'd like to be able to do some work on that. What were your parents' names? I must have them first."

"George Albert Windsor and Mary

Potts. Does that mean anything?"

"Well, of course, the Albert's significant." Bond felt like a cur. "You see, there was the Prince Consort to Queen Victoria. He was Albert."

"Oh golly!" Ruby's knuckles went up to her mouth.

"But of course all this needs a lot of working on. Where do you come from in England? Where were you born?"

"In Lancashire, Morecambe Bay, where the shrimps come from. But a lot of poultry, too. You know."

"So that's why you love chicken so much."

"Oh, no." She seemed surprised by the remark. "That's just the point. You see, I was allergic to chickens. I simply couldn't bear them—all those feathers, the stupid pecking, the mess and the smell. I loathed them. Even eating chicken brought me out in a sort of rash. It was awful, and of course my parents were mad at me, they being poultry farmers in quite a big way and me being supposed to help clean out the batteries—you know, those modern mass-produced chicken places. And then one day I saw this advertisement in the paper, in the *Poultry Farmer's Gazette*. It said that anyone suffering from chicken allergy—then followed a long Latin name—could apply for a course of re . . . of re . . . for a cure in a Swiss institute doing research work on the thing. All expenses and £10 a week pocket money. Rather like those people who go and act as rabbits in that place that's trying to find a cure for colds."

"I know," said Bond encouragingly.

"So I applied and my fare was paid down to London and I met Miss Bunt and she put me through some sort of exam." She giggled. "Heaven only knows how I passed it, as I failed my G.C.E. twice. But she said I was just what the Institute wanted and I came out here about two months ago. It's not bad. They're terribly strict. But the Count has absolutely cured my trouble. I simply love chickens now." Her eyes became suddenly rapt. "I think they're just the most wonderful birds in the world."

"Well, that's a jolly good show," said Bond, totally mystified. "Now about your name. I'll get to work on it right away. But how are we going to talk? You all seem to be pretty carefully organized. How can I see you by yourself? The only place is my room or yours."

"You mean *at night*?" The big blue eyes were wide with fright, excitement, maidenly appraisal.

"Yes, it's the only way." Bond took a bold step toward her and kissed her full on the mouth. He put his arms round her clumsily. "And you know I think you're terribly attractive."

"Oh, Sir Hilary!"

But she didn't recoil. She just stood there like a great lovely doll, passive,

slightly calculating, wanting to be a princess. "But how would you get out of here? They're terribly strict. A guard goes up and down the passage every so often. Of course—" the eyes were calculating—"it's true that I'm next door to you, in number three actually. If only we had some way of getting out."

Bond took one of the inch strips of plastic out of his pocket and showed it to her. "I knew you were somewhere close to me. Instinct, I suppose. [Cad!] I learned a thing or two in the Army. You can get out of these sort of doors by slipping this in the door crack in front of the lock and pushing. It slips the latch. Here, take this, I've got another. But hide it away. And promise not to tell anyone."

"Ooh! You are a one! But of course I promise. But do you think there's any hope—about the Windsors, I mean?" Now she put her arms round his neck, round the witch doctor's neck, and the big blue orbs gazed appealingly into his.

"You definitely mustn't rely on it," said Bond firmly, trying to get back an ounce of his self-respect. "But I'll have a quick look now in my books. Not much time before drinks. Anyway, we'll see." He gave her another long and, he admitted to himself, extremely splendid kiss, to which she responded with an animalism that slightly salved his conscience. "Now then, baby." His right hand ran down her back to the curve of her behind, to which he gave an encouraging and hastening pat. "We've got to get you out of here."

His bedroom was dark. They listened at the door like two children playing

hide-and-seek. The building was in silence. He inched open the door. He gave the behind an extra pat and she was gone.

Bond paused for a moment. Then he switched on the light. The innocent room smiled at him. Bond went to his table and reached for the *Dictionary of British Surnames*. Windsor, Windsor, Windsor. Here we are! Now then! As he bent over the small print, an important reflection scared his spy's mind like a shooting star. All right. So sexual perversions, and sex itself, were a main security risk. So was greed for money. But what about status? What about that most insidious of vices, snobbery?

Six o'clock came. Bond had a nagging headache, brought on by hours of poring over small-print reference books and aggravated by the lack of oxygen at the high altitude. He needed a drink, three drinks. He had a quick shower and smartened himself up, rang his bell for the "warder" and went along to the bar. Only a few of the girls were already there. Violet sat alone at the bar and Bond joined her. She seemed pleased to see him. She was drinking a daiquiri. Bond ordered another and, for himself, a double bourbon on the rocks. He took a deep pull at it and put the squat glass down. "By God, I needed that! I've been working like a slave all day while you've been waltzing about the ski slopes in the sun!"

"Have I indeed!" A slight Irish brogue came out with the indignation. "Two lectures this morning, frightfully boring, and I had to catch up with my reading most of this afternoon. I'm way behind



"This certainly is the best service in town!"

with it."

"What sort of reading?"

"Oh, sort of agricultural stuff." The dark eyes watched him carefully. "We're not supposed to talk about our cures, you know."

"Oh, well," said Bond cheerfully, "then let's talk about something else. Where do you come from?"

"Ireland. The South. Near Shannon."

Bond had a shot in the dark. "All that potato country."

"Yes, that's right. I used to hate them. Nothing but potatoes to eat and potato crops to talk about. Now I'm longing to get back. Funny, isn't it?"

"Your family'll be pleased."

"You can say that again! And my boyfriend! He's on the wholesale side. I said I wouldn't marry anyone who had anything to do with the damned, dirty, ugly things. He's going to get a shock all right . . ."

"How's that?"

"All I've learned about how to improve the crop. The latest scientific ways, chemicals, and so on." She put her hand up to her mouth. She glanced swiftly round the room, at the bartender. To see if anyone had heard this innocent stuff. She put on a hostess smile. "Now you tell me what you've been working on, Sir Hilary."

"Oh, just some heraldic stuff for the Count. Like I was talking about at lunch. I'm afraid you'd find it frightfully dry stuff."

"Oh no, I wouldn't. I was terribly interested in what you were saying to Miss Bunt. You see —" she lowered her voice and spoke into her raised glass — "I'm an O'Neill. They used to be kings of Northern Ireland. Do you think . . ." She had seen something over his shoulder. She went on smoothly, "And I simply can't get my shoulders round enough. And when I try to I simply overbalance."

"'Fraid I don't know anything about skiing," said Bond loudly.

Irma Bunt appeared in the mirror over the bar. "Ah, Sair Hilary." She inspected his face. "But yes, you are already getting a little of the sunburn, isn't it? Come! Let us go and sit down. I see poor Miss Ruby over there all by herself."

They followed her meekly. Bond was amused by the little undercurrent of rule-breaking that went on among the girls — the typical resistance pattern to strict discipline and the governessy ways of this hideous matron. He must be careful how he handled it, useful though it was proving. It wouldn't do to get these girls too much "on his side." But, if only because the Count didn't want him to know them, he must somehow ferret away at their surnames and addresses. Ferret! That was the word! Ruby would be his ferret. Bond sat down beside her, the back of his hand casually brushing against her shoulder.

More drinks were ordered. The bourbon was beginning to uncoil Bond's tensions. His headache, instead of occupying his whole head, had localized itself behind the right temple. He said, gaily, "Shall we play the game again?"

There was a chorus of approval. The glass and paper napkins were brought from the bar and now more of the girls joined in. Bond handed round cigarettes and the girls puffed vigorously, occasionally choking over the smoke. Even Irma Bunt seemed infected by the laughter and squeals of excitement as the cobweb of paper became more and more tenuous. "Careful! Gently, Elizabeth! Aye! But now you have done it! And there was still this little corner that was safe!"

Bond was next to her. Now he sat back and suggested that the girls should have a game among themselves. He turned to Fräulein Bunt. "By the way, if I can find the time, it crossed my mind that it might be fun to go down in the cable car and pay a visit to the valley. I gathered from talk among the crowds today that St. Moritz is the other side of the valley. I've never been there. I'd love to see it."

"Alas, my dear Sair Hilary, but that is against the rules of the house. Guests here, and the staff too, have no access to the Seilbahn. That is only for the tourists. Here we keep ourselves to ourselves. We are — how shall I say? — a little dedicated community. We observe the rules almost of a monastery. It is better so, isn't it? Thus we can pursue our researches in peace."

"Oh, I quite see that." Bond's smile was understanding, friendly. "But I hardly count myself as a patient here, really. Couldn't an exception be made?"

"I think that would be a mistake, Sair Hilary. And surely you will need all the time you have to complete your duties for the Count. No —" it was an order — "I am afraid, with many apologies, that what you ask is out of the question." She glanced at her watch and clapped her hands. "And now, girls," she called, "it is time for the supper. Come along! Come along!"

It had only been a try-on, to see what form the negative answer would take. But, as Bond followed her into the dining room, it was quite an effort to restrain his right shoe from giving Irma Bunt a really tremendous kick in her tight, bulging behind.

• • •

It was 11 o'clock and the place was as quiet as the grave. Bond, with due respect for the eye in the ceiling, went through the motions of going to the bathroom and then climbing into bed and switching off his light. He gave it 10 minutes, then got quietly out of bed and pulled on his trousers and shirt. Working by touch, he slipped the end of the inch of plastic into the door crack, found the lock and pressed gently. The edge of the

plastic caught the curve of the lock and slid it back. Bond now only had to push gently and the door was open. He listened, his ears pricked like an animal's. Then he carefully put his head out. The empty corridor yawned at him. Bond slipped out of the door, closed it softly, took the few steps along to number three and gently turned the handle. It was dark inside but there was a stirring in the bed. Now to avoid the click of the shutting door! Bond took his bit of plastic and got it against the lock, holding it in the mortise. Then he inched the door shut, at the same time gently withdrawing the plastic. The lock slid noiselessly into place.

There came a whisper from the bed. "Is that you?"

"Yes, darling." Bond slid out of his clothes and, assuming the same geography as in his own room, walked gingerly over to the bed and sat down on its edge.

A hand came out of the darkness and touched him. "Golly, you've got nothing on!"

Bond caught the hand and reached along it. "Nor have you," he whispered. "That's how it should be."

Gingerly he lay down on the bed and put his head beside hers on the pillow. He noticed with a pang of pleasure that she had left room for him. He kissed her, at first softly and then with fierceness. Her body stirred. Her mouth yielded to his and when his left hand began its exploration she put her arms round him. "I'm catching cold." Bond followed the lie by pulling the sheet away from under him and then covering them both with it. The warmth and softness of her splendid body were now all his. Bond lay against her. He drew the fingernails of his left hand softly down her flat stomach. The velvety skin fluttered. She gave a small groan and reached down for his hand and held it. "You do love me a little bit?"

That awful question! Bond whispered, "I think you're the most adorable, beautiful girl. I wish I'd met you before."

The stale, insincere words seemed to be enough. She removed her restraining hand.

Her hair smelt of new-mown summer grass, her mouth of Pepsodent and her body of Mennen's Baby Powder. A small night wind rose up outside and moaned round the building, giving an extra sweetness, an extra warmth, even a certain friendship to what was no more than an act of physical passion. There was real pleasure in what they did to each other, and in the end, when it was over and they lay quietly in each other's arms, Bond knew, and knew that the girl knew, that they had done nothing wrong, done no harm to each other.

After a while Bond whispered into her hair, "Ruby!"

"Mmmm."



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MAR

"About your name. About the Wind-sors. I'm afraid there's not much hope."

"Oh, well, I never really believed. You know these old family stories."

"Anyway, I haven't got enough books here. When I get back I'll dig into it properly. Promise. It'll be a question of starting with your family and going back — church and town records, and so forth. I'll have it done properly and send it to you. Great slab of parchment with a lot of snazzy print. Heavy black italics with colored letters to start each line. Although it may'n't get you anywhere, it might be nice to have."

"You mean like old documents in museums?"

"That's right."

"That'd be nice."

There was silence in the little room. Her breathing became regular. Bond thought: how extraordinary! Here on top of this mountain, a death's run away from the nearest hamlet in the valley, in this little room were peace, silence, warmth, happiness — many of the ingredients of love. It was like making love in a balloon. Which 19th Century rake had it been who had recorded a bet in a London club that he would make love to a woman in a balloon?

Bond was on the edge of sleep. He let himself slide down the soft, easy slope. Here it was wonderful. It would be just as easy for him to get back to his room in the early hours. He softly eased his right arm from under the sleeping girl, took a lazy glance at his left wrist. The big luminous numerals said midnight.

Bond had hardly turned over on his right side, up against the soft flanks of the sleeping girl, when, from underneath the pillow, under the floor, deep in the bowels of the building, there came the peremptory ringing of a deep-toned, melodious electric bell. The girl stirred. She said sleepily, "Oh, damn!"

"What is it?"

"Oh, it's only the treatment. I suppose it's midnight?"

"Yes."

"Don't pay any attention. It's only for me. Just go to sleep."

Bond kissed her between the shoulder blades but said nothing.

Now the bell had stopped. In its place there started up a droning whine, rather like the noise of a very fast electric fan, with, behind it, the steady, unvarying tick-pause-tock, tick-pause-tock of some kind of metronome. The combination of the two sounds was wonderfully soothing. It compelled attention, but only just on the fringe of consciousness — like the night noises of childhood, the slow tick of the nursery clock combined with the sound of the sea or the wind outside. And now a voice, the Count's voice, came over the distant wire or tape that Bond assumed was the mechanical source of all this. The voice was pitched in a

low, singsong murmur, caressing yet authoritative, and every word was distinct. "You are going to sleep." The voice fell on the word "sleep." "You are tired and your limbs feel like lead." Again the falling cadence on the last word. "Your arms feel as heavy as lead. Your breathing is quite even. Your breathing is as regular as a child's. Your eyes are closed and the eyelids are heavy as lead. You are becoming tireder and tireder. Your whole body is becoming tired and heavy as lead. You are warm and comfortable. You are slipping, slipping, slipping down into sleep. Your bed is as soft and downy as a nest. You are as soft and sleepy as a chicken in a nest. A dear little chicken, fluffy and cuddly." There came the sound of a sweet cooing and clucking, the gentle brushing together of wings, the dozy murmuring of mother hens with their chicks. It went on for perhaps a full minute. Then the voice came back. "The little darlings are going to sleep. They are like you, comfortable and sleepy in their nests. You love them dearly, dearly, dearly. You love all chickens. You would like to make pets of them all. You would like them to grow up beautiful and strong. You would like no harm to come to them. Soon you will be going back to your darling chickens. Soon you will be able to look after them again. Soon you will be able to help all the chickens of England. You will be able to improve the breed of chickens all over England. This will make you very, very happy. You will be doing so much good that it will make you very, very happy. But you will keep quiet about it. You will say nothing of your methods. They

will be your own secret, your very own secret. People will try and find out your secret. But you will say nothing because they might try and take your secret away from you. And then you would not be able to make your darling chickens happy and healthy and strong. Thousands, millions of chickens made happier because of you. So you will say nothing and keep your secret. You will say nothing, nothing at all. You will remember what I say. You will remember what I say." The murmuring voice was getting farther and farther away. The sweet cooing and clucking of chickens softly obscured the vanishing voice, then that too died away and there was only the electric whine and the tick-pause-tock of the metronome.

Ruby was deeply asleep. Bond reached out for her wrist and felt the pulse. It was plumb on beat with the metronome. And now that, and the whine of the machine, receded softly until all was dead silence again save for the soft moan of the night wind outside.

Bond let out a deep sigh. So now he had heard it all! He suddenly wanted to get back to his room and think. He slipped out from under the sheet, got to his clothes and put them on. He manipulated the lock without trouble. There was no movement, no sound, in the passage. He slipped back into number two and eased the door shut. Then he went into his bathroom, closed the door, switched on the light and sat down on the lavatory and put his head in his hands.

Deep hypnosis! That was what he had heard. The Hidden Persuader! The repetitive, singsong message injected into the brain while it was on the twilight edge of consciousness. Now, in Ruby's subconscious, the message would work on all by itself through the night, leaving her, after weeks of repetition, with an inbuilt mechanism of obedience to the voice that would be as deep, as compelling, as hunger.

But what in hell was the message all about? Surely it was a most harmless, even a praiseworthy message to instill in the simple mind of this country girl. She had been cured of her allergy and she would return home fully capable of helping with the family poultry business — more than that, enthusiastic, dedicated. Had the leopard changed his spots? Had the old lag become, in the corny, hackneyed tradition, a do-gooder? Bond simply couldn't believe it. What about all those high-powered security arrangements? What about the multiracial staff that positively stank of SPECTRE? And what about the bob-run murder? Accident? So soon after the man's attempted rape of this Sarah girl? An impossible coincidence! Malignity must somewhere lie behind the benign, clinical front of this maddeningly innocent research out-





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fit! But where? How in hell could he find out?

Bond, exhausted, got up and turned off the light in the bathroom and quietly got himself into bed. The mind whirred on for a sterile half hour in the overheated brain and then, mercifully, he went to sleep.

• • •

When, at nine o'clock, he awoke and threw open his windows, the sky was overcast with the heavy blank gray that meant snow. Over by the Berghaus, the Schneefinken and Schneevögel, the snowfinches and Alpine choughs, that lived on the crumbs and leftovers of the picnickers, were fluttering and swooping close round the building—a sure storm warning. The wind had got up and was blowing in sharp, threatening gusts, and no whine of machinery came from the cable railway. The light aluminum gondolas would have too bad a time in winds of this strength, particularly over the last great swoop of cable that brought them a good quarter of a mile over the exposed shoulder beneath the plateau.

Bond shut the windows and rang for his breakfast. When it came there was a note from Fräulein Bunt on the tray. "The Count will be pleased to receive you at 11 o'clock. I.B."

Bond ate his breakfast and got down to his third page of *De Bleuilles*. He had quite a chunk of work to show up, but this was easy stuff. The prospect of successfully bamboozling his way along the Blofeld part of the trail was not so encouraging. He would start boldly at the Gdynia end and work back—get the old rascal to talk about his youth and his parents. Old rascal? Well, damnit, whatever he had become since Operation "Thunderball," there weren't two Ernst Stavro Blofelds in the world!

They met in the Count's study. "Good

morning, Sir Hilary. I hope you slept well. We are going to have snow." The Count waved toward the window. "It will be a good day for work. No distractions."

Bond smiled a man-to-man smile. "I certainly find those girls pretty distracting. But most charming. What's the matter with them, by the way? They all look healthy enough."

The Count was offhand. "They suffer from allergies, Sir Hilary. Crippling allergies. In the agricultural field. They are country girls and their disabilities affect the possibility of their employment. I have devised a cure for such symptoms. I am glad to say that the signs are propitious. We are making much progress together." The telephone by his side buzzed. "Excuse me." The Count picked up the receiver and listened. "*Ja. Machen Sie die Verbindung.*" He paused. Bond politely studied the papers he had brought along. "*Zdies De Bleuille . . . Da . . . Da . . . Kharascho!*" He put the receiver back. "Forgive me. That was one of my research workers. He has been purchasing some materials for the laboratories. The cable railway is closed, but they are making a special trip up for him. Brave man. He will probably be very sick, poor fellow." The green contact lenses hid any sympathy he may have felt. The fixed smile showed none. "And now, my dear Sir Hilary, let us get on with our work."

Bond laid out his big sheets on the desk and proudly ran his finger down through the generations. There was excitement and satisfaction in the Count's comments and questions. "But this is tremendous, really tremendous, my dear fellow. And you say there is mention of a broken spear or a broken sword in the arms? Now, when was that granted?"

Bond rattled off a lot of stuff about the Nerman Conquest. The broken

sword had probably been awarded as a result of some battle. More research in London would be needed to pin the occasion down. Finally Bond rolled up the sheets and got out his notebook. "And now we must start working back from the other end, Count." Bond became inquisitorial, authoritative. "We have your birth date in Gdynia, May 28th, 1908. Yes?"

"Correct."

"Your parents' names?"

"Ernst George Blofeld and Maria Stavro Michelopoulos."

"Also born in Gdynia?"

"Yes."

"Now your grandparents?"

"Ernst Stefan Blofeld and Elizabeth Lubomirskaya."

"Hm, so the Ernst is something of a family Christian name?"

"It would seem so. My great-grandfather, he was also Ernst."

"That is most important. You see, Count, among the Blofelds of Augsburg there are no less than two Ernsts!"

The Count's hands had been lying on the green blotting pad on his desk, relaxed. Now, impulsively, they joined together and briefly writhed, showing white knuckles.

My God, you've got it bad! thought Bond.

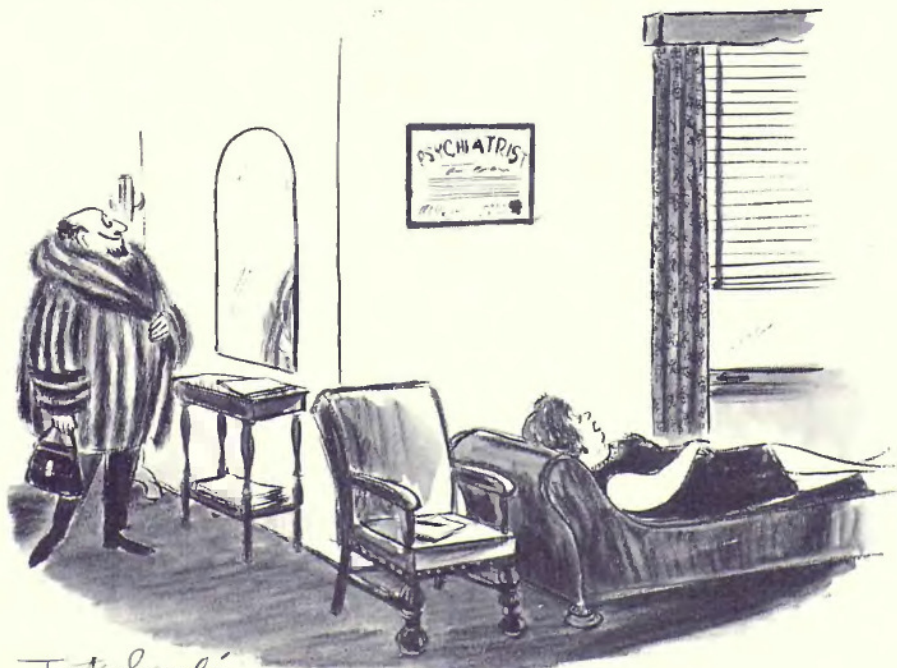
"And that is important?"

"Very. Christian names run through families. We regard them as most significant clues. Now, can you remember any further back? You have done well. We have covered three generations. With the dates I shall later ask you for, we have already got back to around 1850. Only another 50 years to go and we shall have arrived at Augsburg."

"No." It was almost a cry of pain. "My great-great-grandfather. Of him I know nothing." The hands writhed on the blotting paper. "Perhaps, perhaps. If it is a question of money. People, witnesses could be found." The hands parted, held themselves out expansively. "My dear Sir Hilary, you and I are men of the world. We understand each other. Extracts from archives, registry offices, the churches—these things, do they have to be completely authentic?"

Got you, you old fox! Bond said affably, with a hint of conspiracy. "I don't quite understand what you mean, Count."

The hands were now flat on the desk again, happy hands. Blofeld had recognized one of his kind. "You are a hard-working man, Sir Hilary. You live modestly in this remote region of Scotland. Life could perhaps be made easier for you. There are perhaps material benefits you desire—motorcars, a yacht, a pension. You have only to say the word, name a figure." The dark-green orbs bored into Bond's modestly evasive eyes, holding them. "Just a little cooperation.



A visit here and there in Poland and Germany and France. Of course your expenses would be heavy. Let us say £500 a week. The technical matters, the documents, and so forth. Those I can arrange. It would only require your supporting evidence. Yes? The Ministry of Justice in Paris, for them the word of the College of Arms is the word of God. Is that not so?"

It was too good to be true! But how to play it? Diffidently, Bond said. "What you are suggesting, Count, is — er — not without interest. Of course —" Bond's smile was sufficiently expansive, sufficiently bland — "if the documents were convincing, so to speak solid, very solid, then it would be quite reasonable for me to authenticate them." Bond put spaniel into his eyes, asking to be patted, to be told that everything would be all right, that he would be completely protected. "You see what I mean?"

The Count began, with force, sincerity, "You need have absolutely no . . ." when there was the noise of an approaching hubbub down the passage. The door burst open. A man, propelled from behind, lurched into the room and fell, writhing, to the floor.

Two of the guards came stiffly to attention behind him. They looked first at the Count and then, sideways, toward Bond, surprised to see him there.

The Count said sharply, "*Was ist denn los?*"

Bond knew the answer and, momentarily, he died. Behind the snow and the blood on the face of the man on the floor, Bond recognized the face of a man he knew.

The blond hair, the nose broken boxing for the Navy, belonged to a friend of his in the Service. It was, unmistakably, Number 2 from Station Z in Zürich!

Yes, it was Shaun Campbell all right! Christ Almighty, what a mess! Station Z had especially been told nothing about Bond's mission. Campbell must have been following a lead of his own, probably trailing this Russian who had been "buying supplies." Typical of the sort of ball-ups that oversecurity can produce!

The leading guard was talking in rapid, faulty German with a Slav accent. "He was found in the open ski compartment at the back of the gondola. Much frozen, but he put up strong resistance. He had to be subdued. He was no doubt following Captain Boris." The man caught himself up. "I mean, your guest from the valley, Herr Graf. He says he is an English tourist from Zürich. That he had not got the money for the fare. He wanted to pay a visit up here. He was searched. He carried 500 Swiss francs. No identity papers." The man shrugged. "He says his name is Campbell."

At the sound of his name, the man on the ground stirred. He lifted his head

and looked wildly round the room. He had been badly battered about the face and head with a pistol or a cosh. His control was shot to pieces. When his eyes lit on the familiar face of Bond, he looked astonished, then, as if a life buoy had been thrown to him, he said hoarsely, "Thank God, James. Tell 'em it's me! Tell 'em I'm from Universal Export. In Zürich. You know! For God's sake, James! Tell 'em I'm OK." His head fell forward on the carpet.

The Count's head slowly turned toward Bond. The opaque green eyes caught the pale light from the window and glinted whitely. The tight, face-lifted smile was grotesquely horrible. "You know this man, Sir Hilary?"

Bond shook his head sorrowfully. He knew he was pronouncing the death sentence on Campbell. "Never seen him before in my life. Poor chap. He sounds a bit daft to me. Concussed, probably. Why not ship him down to a hospital in the valley? He looks in a bad way."

"And Universal Export?" The voice was silky. "I seem to have heard that name before."

"Well, I haven't," said Bond indifferently. "Never heard of it." He reached in his pocket for his cigarettes, lit one with a dead steady hand.

The Count turned back to the guards. He said softly, "*Zur Befragungszelle.*" He nodded his dismissal. The two guards bent down and hauled Campbell up by his armpits. The hanging head raised itself, gave one last terrible look of appeal at Bond. Then the man who was Bond's colleague was hustled out of the room and the door was closed softly behind his dragging feet.

To the interrogation cell! That could mean only one thing, under modern methods, total confession! How long would Campbell hold out for? How many hours had Bond got left?

"I have told them to take him to the sickroom. He will be well looked after." The Count looked from the papers on his desk to Bond. "I am afraid this unhappy intrusion has interfered with my train of thought, Sir Hilary. So perhaps you will forgive me for this morning?"

"Of course, of course. And, regarding your proposition, that we should work a little more closely together on your interests, I can assure you, Count, that I find it most interesting." Bond smiled conspiratorially. "I'm sure we could come to some satisfactory arrangement."

"Yes? That is good." The Count linked his hands behind his head and gazed for a moment at the ceiling and then, reflectively, back at Bond. He said casually, "I suppose you would not be connected in any way with the British Secret Service, Sir Hilary?"

Bond laughed out loud. The laugh was a reflex, forced out of him by tension. "Good God, no! Didn't even know we

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had one. Didn't all that sort of thing go out with the end of the war?" Bond chuckled to himself, fatuously amused. "Can't quite see myself running about behind a false mustache. Not my line of country at all. Can't bear mustaches."

The Count's unwavering smile did not seem to share Bond's amusement. He said coldly, "Then please forget my question, Sir Hilary. The intrusion by this man has made me oversuspicious. I value my privacy up here, Sir Hilary. Scientific research can only be pursued in an atmosphere of peace."

"I couldn't agree more." Bond was effusive. He got to his feet and gathered up his papers from the desk. "And now I must get on with my own research work. Just getting into the 14th Century. I think I shall have some interesting data to show you tomorrow, Count."

The Count got politely to his feet and Bond went out of the door and along the passage.

He loitered, listening for any sound. There was none, but halfway down the corridor one of the doors was ajar. A crack of blood-red light showed. Bond thought, I've probably had it anyway. In for a penny, in for a pound! He pushed the door open and stuck his head into the room. It was a long, low laboratory with a plastic-covered workbench extending its whole length beneath the windows, which were shuttered. Dark red light, as in a film-developing chamber, came from neon strips above the cornice. The bench was littered with retorts and test tubes, and there were line upon line of test tubes and phials containing a cloudy liquid in racks against the far wall. Three men in white, with gauze pads over the bottoms of their faces and white surgical caps over their hair, were at work, absorbed. Bond took in the scene, a scene from a theatrical hell, withdrew his head and walked on down the corridor and out into what was now a driving snowstorm. He pulled the top of his sweater over his head and forced his way along the path to the blessed warmth of the clubhouse. Then he walked quickly to his room, closed the door, and went into the bathroom and sat down on his usual throne of reflection and wondered what in God's name to do.

Could he have saved Campbell? Well, he could have had a desperate shot at it. "Oh, yes. I know this man. Perfectly respectable chap. We used to work for the same export firm, Universal, in London. You look in pretty bad shape, old boy. What the devil happened?" But it was just as well he hadn't tried. As cover, solid cover, Universal was *brulé* with the pros. It had been in use too long. All the secret services in the world had penetrated it by now. Obviously Blofeld knew all about it. Any effort to save Campbell would simply have tied

Bond in with him. There had been no alternative except to throw him to the wolves. If Campbell had a chance to get his wits back before they really started on him, he would know that Bond was there for some purpose, that his disavowal by Bond was desperately important to Bond, to the Service. How long would he have the strength to cover up Bond, retrieve his recognition of Bond? At most a few hours. But how many hours? That was the vital question. That and how long the storm would last. Bond couldn't possibly get away in this stuff. If it stopped, there might be a chance, a damned-slim one, but better than the alternatives, of which, if and when Campbell talked, there was only one—death, probably a screaming death.

Bond surveyed his weapons. They were only his hands and feet, his Gillette razor and his wrist watch, a heavy Rolex Oyster Perpetual on an expanding metal bracelet. Used properly, these could be turned into most effective knuckledusters. Bond got up, took the blade out of his Gillette and dropped the razor into his trouser pocket. He slipped the shaft between the first and second fingers of his left hand so that the blade carrier rested flat along his knuckles. Yes, that was the way! Now was there anything, any evidence he should try and take with him? Yes, he must try and get more, if not all, of the girls' names and, if possible, addresses. For some reason he knew they were vital. For that he would have to use Ruby. His head full of plans for getting the information out of her, Bond went out of the bathroom and sat down at his desk and got on with a fresh page of the De Bleuilles. At least he must continue to show willing, if only to the recording eye in the ceiling.

It was about 12:30 when Bond heard his doorknob being softly turned. Ruby slipped in and, her finger to her lips, disappeared into his bathroom. Bond casually threw down his pen, got up and stretched and strolled over and went in after her.

Ruby's blue eyes were wide and frightened. "You're in trouble," she whispered urgently. "What *have* you been doing?"

"Nothing," said Bond innocently. "What's up?"

"We've all been told that we mustn't talk to you unless Miss Bunt is there." Her knuckles went distractedly up to her teeth. "Do you think they know about us?"

"Couldn't possibly," said Bond, radiating confidence. "I think I know what it is." (With so much obfuscation in the air, what did an extra, a reassuring lie matter?) "This morning the Count told me I was an upsetting influence here, that I was what he called 'disruptive,' interfering with your treatments. He asked me to keep myself more to myself.

Honestly—" (how often that word came into a lie!)—"I'm sure that's all it is. Rather a pity, really. Apart from you—I mean you're sort of special—I think all you girls are terribly sweet. I'd like to have helped you all."

"How do you mean? Helped us?"

"Well, this business of surnames. I talked to Violet last night. She seemed awfully interested. I'm sure it would have amused all the others to have theirs done. Everyone's interested in where they came from. Rather like palmistry in a way." Bond wondered how the College of Arms would have liked *that* one! He shrugged. "Anyway, I've decided to get the hell away from here. I can't bear being shepherded and ordered about like this. Who the hell do they think I am? But I'll tell you what I'll do. If you can give me the names of the girls, as many as you know, I'll do a piece on each of them and post them when you all get back to England. How much longer have you got, by the way?"

"We're not told exactly, but the rumor is about another week. There's another batch of girls due about then. When we're slow at our work or get behindhand with our reading, Miss Bunt says she hopes the next lot won't be so stupid. The old bitch! But Sir Hilary—" the blue eyes filled with concern—"how *are* you going to get away? You know we're practically prisoners here."

Bond was offhand. "Oh, I'll manage somehow. They can't hold *me* here against my will. But what about the names, Ruby? Don't you think it would give the girls a treat?"

"Oh, they'd love it. Of course I know all of them. We've found plenty of ways of exchanging secrets. But you won't be able to remember. Have you got anything to write down on?"

Bond tore off some strips of lavatory paper and took out a pencil. "Fire away!"

She laughed. "Well, you know me and Violet, then there's Elizabeth Mackinnon. She's from Aberdeen. Beryl Morgan from somewhere in Herefordshire. Pearl Tampion, Devonshire—by the way, all those simply loathed every kind of cattle. Now they live on steaks! Would you believe it? I must say the Count's a wonderful man."

"Yes, indeed."

"Then there's Anne Charter from Canterbury and Caresse Ventnor from the National Stud, wherever that is—fancy her working there and she came up in a rash all over whenever she went near a horse! Now all she does is dream of pony clubs and read every word she can get hold of about Pat Smythe! And Denise Robertson . . ."

The list went on until Bond had got the whole 10. He said, "What about

that Polly somebody who left in November?"

"Polly Tasker. She was from East Anglia. Don't remember where, but I can find out the address when I get back to England. Sir Hilary—" she put her arm round his neck — "I am going to see you again, aren't I?"

Bond held her tight and kissed her. "Of course, Ruby. You can always get me at the College of Arms in Queen Victoria Street. Just send me a postcard when you get back. But for God's sake cut out the 'Sir.' You're my girlfriend. Remember?"

"Oh, yes. I will — er — Hilary," she said fervently. "And you will be careful, getting away I mean. You're sure it's all right? Is there anything I can do to help?"

"No, darling. Just don't breathe a word of all this. It's a secret between us. Right?"

"Of course, darling." She glanced at her watch. "Oh lord! I must simply fly. Only 10 minutes to lunchtime. Now, can you do your trick with the door? There shouldn't be anyone about. It's their lunchtime from twelve till one."

Bond, out of any possible line of vision from the eye in the ceiling, did his trick with the door and she was gone with a last whispered goodbye.

Bond eased the door shut. He let out a deep sigh and went over to the window and peered out through the snow-heaped panes. It was thick as Hades outside and the fine powder snow on the veranda was whirling up in little ghosts as the wind tore at the building. Pray God it would let up by nighttime! Now, what did he need in the way of equipment? Goggles and gloves were two items he might harvest over lunch. Bond went into the bathroom again and rubbed soap into his eyes. It stung like hell, but the blue-gray eyes emerged from the treatment realistically blood-shot. Satisfied, Bond rang for the "warder" and went thoughtfully off to the restaurant.

Silence fell as he went through the swinging doors, followed by a polite, brittle chatter. Eyes followed him discreetly as he crossed the room and the replies to his good mornings were muted. Bond took his usual seat between Ruby and Fräulein Bunt. Apparently oblivious to her frosty greeting, he snapped his fingers for a waiter and ordered his double vodka dry martini. He turned to Fräulein Bunt and smiled into the suspicious yellow eyes. "Would you be very kind?"

"Yes, Sair Hilary. What is it?"

Bond gestured at his still watering eyes. "I've got the Count's trouble. Sort of conjunctivitis, I suppose. The tremendous glare up here. Better today of course, but there's still a lot of reflection from the snow. And all this paper work.

Could you get me a pair of snow goggles? I'll only need to borrow them for a day or two. Just till my eyes get used to the light. Don't usually have this sort of trouble."

"Yes. That can be done. I will see that they are put in your room." She summoned the headwaiter and gave him the order in German. The man, looking at Bond with overt dislike, said, "*Sofort, gnädiges Fräulein,*" and clicked his heels.

"And one more thing, if you will," said Bond politely. "A small flask of schnapps." He turned to Fräulein Bunt. "I find I am not sleeping well up here. Perhaps a nightcap would help. I always have one at home — generally whiskey. But here I would prefer schnapps. When in Gloria, do as the Glorians do. Ha ha!"

Fräulein Bunt looked at him stonily. She said to the waiter curtly, "*In Ordnung!*" The man took Bond's order of Paté Maison followed by Oeufs Gloria and the cheese tray (Bond thought he had better get some stuffing into him!), clicked his heels and went away. Was he one of those who had been at work in the interrogation room? Bond silently ground his teeth. By God, if it came to

hitting any of these guards tonight, he was going to hit them damned hard, with everything he'd got! He felt Fräulein Bunt's eyes inquisitively on him. He tensed himself and began to make amiable conversation about the storm. How long would it last? What was the barometer doing?

Violet, guardedly but helpfully, said the guides thought it would clear up during the afternoon. The barometer was rising. She looked nervously at Fräulein Bunt to see if she had said too much to the pariah, and then, not reassured, went back to her two vast baked potatoes with poached eggs in them.

Bond's drink came. He swallowed it in two gulps and ordered another. He felt like making any gesture that would startle and outrage. He said, combatively, to Fräulein Bunt, "And how is that poor chap who came up in the cable car this morning? He looked in terrible shape. I do hope he's up and about again."

"He makes progress."

"Oh! Who was that?" asked Ruby.

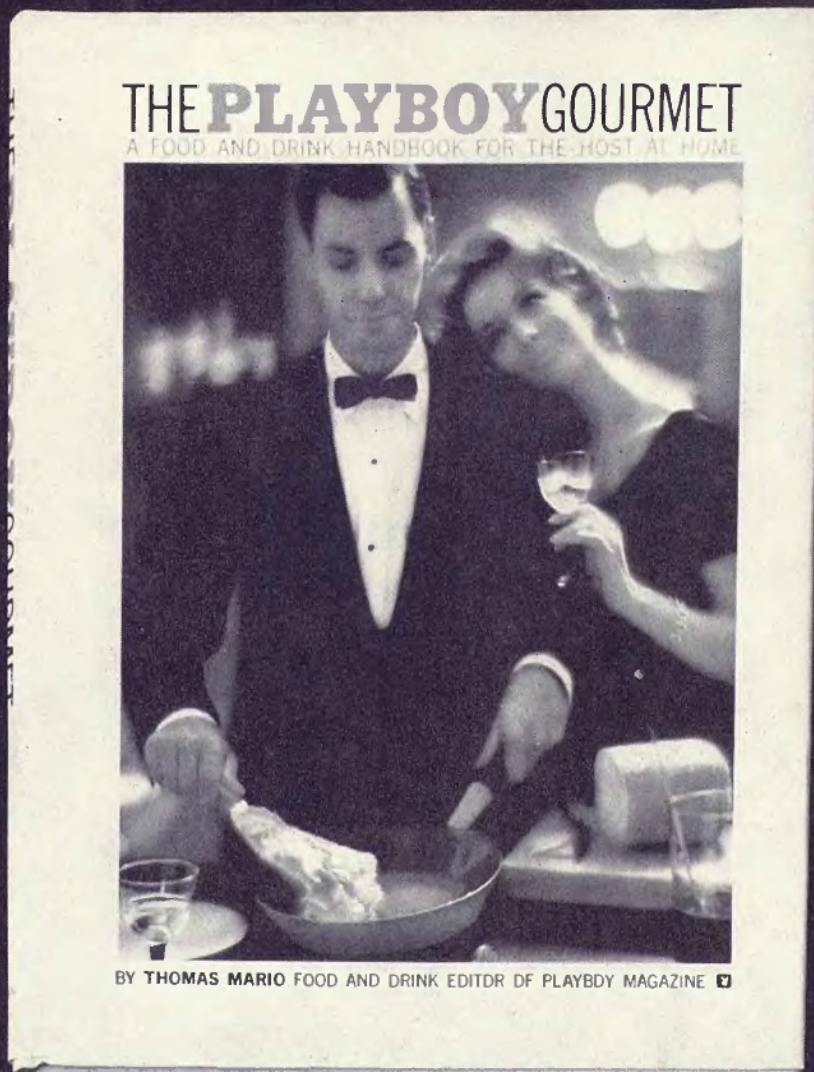
"It was an intruder." Fräulein Bunt's eyes were hard with warning. "It is not a subject for conversation."



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"Oh, but why not?" asked Bond innocently. "After all, you can't get much excitement up here. Anything out of the ordinary should be a bit of a relief."

She said nothing. Bond raised his eyebrows politely and then accepted the snub with good grace. He asked if any newspapers came up. Or was there a radio bulletin like on board ship? Did they get any news from the outside world?

"No."

Bond gave up the struggle and got on with his lunch. Ruby's foot crept up against his in sympathy with the man sent to Coventry. Bond gave it a gentle kick of warning and withdrew his. The girls at the other tables began to leave. Bond toyed with his cheese and coffee until Fräulein Bunt got to her feet and said, "Come, girls." Bond rose and sat down again. Now, except for the waiters clearing up, he was alone in the restaurant. That was what he wanted. He got up and strolled to the door. Outside, on pegs against the wall, the girls' outdoor coats and skiing gloves hung in an orderly row. The corridor was empty. Bond swept the largest pair of leather gauntlets he could see off the peg where they hung by their joining cord and stuffed them inside his sweater. Then he sauntered along to the reception room. It was empty. The door to the ski room was open and the surly man was at his workbench. Bond went in and made one-sided conversation about the weather. Then, under cover of desultory talk about whether the metal skis were not more dangerous than the old wooden ones, he wandered, his hands innocently in his pockets, round the numbered racks in which the skis stood against the wall. They were mostly the girls' skis. No good! The bindings would be too small for his boots. But, by the door, in unnumbered slots, stood the guides' skis. Bond's eyes narrowed to slits as he scanned them, measuring, estimating. Yes, the pair of metal Heads with the red Vs painted on the black curved tips was the best bet. They were of the stiffer, Master's category, designed for racing. Bond remembered reading somewhere that the Standard model was inclined to "float" at speed. His choice had the Attenhofer Flex forward release with the Marker lateral release. Two transverse leather thongs wound round the ankle and buckled over the instep would, if he fell, which he was certain to do, ensure against losing a ski.

Bond made a quick guess at how much the bindings would need adjustment to fit his boots and went off down the corridor to his room.

Now it was just a question of sitting out the hours. When would they have finished with Campbell? Quick, rough

torture is rarely effective against a professional, apart from the likelihood of the man rapidly losing consciousness, becoming so punch-drunk that he is incoherent. The pro, if he is a tough man spiritually, can keep the "game" alive for hours by minor admissions, by telling long, rambling tales and sticking to them. Such tales need verification. Blofeld would undoubtedly have his man in Zürich, would be able to contact him on his radio, get him to check this or that date or address, but that also would require time. Then, if it was proved that Campbell had told lies, they would have to begin again. So far as Bond and his identity were concerned, it all depended on Campbell's reading of why Bond was up at the Gloria Club. He must guess, because of Bond's curt disavowal of him, that it was something clandestine, something important. Would he have the wits to cover up Bond, the guts, against the electrical and mechanical devices they would surely use against him? He could say that, when he came to and saw Bond, in his semiconscious state he had for a moment thought Bond was his brother, James Campbell. Some story like that. If he had the wits! If he had the guts! Had Campbell got a death pill, perhaps one of the buttons on his ski jacket or trousers? Bond sharply put the thought away. He had been on the edge of wishing that Campbell had!

Well, he would be wise to assume that it was only a matter of hours and then they would come for him. They wouldn't do it until after lights out. To do it before would cause too much talk among the girls. No, they would fetch him at night and the next day it would be put about that he had left by the first cable car down to the valley. Meanwhile he would be buried deep in a snow overcoat, or more likely deposited in a high crevasse in the nearby Piz Languard glacier, to come out at the bottom, 50 years later, out of his deep freeze, with multiple contusions but no identification marks—a nameless victim of *les neiges éternelles*!

Yes, he must plan for that. Bond got up from the desk where he had been automatically scribbling down lists of 15th Century De Bleuilles and opened the window. The snow had stopped and there was broken blue in the sky. It would be perfect powder snow, perhaps a foot of it, on the Gloria Run. Now to make everything ready!

There are hundreds of secret inks, but there was only one available to Bond, the oldest one in the world, his own urine. He went into the bathroom (what must the televising eye think of his digestive tract?) with his pen, a clean point, and his passport. Then he sat down and proceeded to transcribe, from the flimsy

pieces of paper in his pocket onto a blank page of his passport, the names and approximate locations by county of the girls. The page showed nothing. Held in front of a flame, the writing would come up brown. He slipped the passport into his hip pocket. Next he took the gloves from under his sweater, tried them on and found them an adequate but tight fit, took the top off the lavatory cistern and laid the gloves along the arm of the stopcock.

What else? It was going to be fiendishly cold at the start, but his body would soon be drenched in sweat. He would just have to make do with the ski clothes he possessed, the gloves, the goggles that had been placed on his table, and the flat glass flask of schnapps that he would carry in one of his side pockets and not, in case of a fall, in his hip pocket. Extra covering for his face? Bond thought of using one of his warm vests and cutting eyeholes in it. But it would surely slip and perhaps blind him. He had some dark-red silk bandana handkerchiefs. He would tie one tight over his face below the goggles and discard it if it interfered with his breathing. So! That was the lot! There was nothing else he could do or insure against. The rest was up to the Fates. Bond relaxed his thoughts and went out and back to his desk. He sat down and bent to his paper work and tried not to listen to the hastening tick of the Rolex on his wrist, tried to fix in his mind the rough geography of the Gloria Run he had inadequately learned from the metal map. It was too late now to go and have another look at it. He must stay put and continue to play the toothless tiger!

• • •

Dinner was as ghastly as lunch. Bond concentrated on getting plenty of whiskey and food under his belt. He made urbane conversation and pretended he didn't notice the chill in the air. Then he gave Ruby's foot one warm press under the table, excused himself on the grounds of work, and strode with dignity out of the room.

He had changed for dinner and he was relieved to find his ski clothes in the half-tidy heap in which he had left them. He went, with utter normalcy, about his work—sharpened pencils, laid out his books, bent to the squared paper: "Simon de Bleuville, 1510-1570. Alphonse de Bleuville, 1546-1580, married 1571 Mariette d'Escourt, and had issue, Jean, Françoise, Pierre." Thank God he would soon be released from all this blather!

9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10! Bond felt the excitement ball up inside him like cat's fur. He found that his hands were wet. He wiped them down the sides of his trousers. He got up and stretched. He went

into the bathroom and made appropriate noises, retrieved the gloves and laid them on the bathroom floor just inside the door. Then, naked, he came back into the room and got into bed and switched off the light. He regularized his breathing and, in 10 minutes, began to snore softly. He gave it another 10, then slid out of bed and, with infinite precaution, dressed himself in his ski clothes. He softly retrieved his gloves from the bathroom, put on the goggles so that they rested in his hair above the forehead, tied the dark-red handkerchief tightly across his nose, schnapps into pocket, passport into hip pocket and, finally, Gillette through the fingers of the left hand and the Rolex transferred to his right, the bracelet clasped in the palm of his hand and round the fingers so that the face of the watch lay across his middle knuckles.

James Bond paused and ran over his equipment. The ski gloves, their cord drawn through his sweater and down the sleeves, hung from his wrists. They would be a hindrance until he was outside. Nothing to be done about that. The rest was all right. He was set! He bent to the door, manipulated the lock with the plastic and, praying that the television eye had been closed down and would not see the light shining in from the passage, listened briefly and slipped out.

There was, as usual, light from the reception room to his left. Bond crept along, inched round the door jamb. Yes! The guard was there, bent over something that looked like a time sheet. The neck was offered. Bond dropped the Gillette in his pocket and stiffened the fingers of his left hand into the old Commando cutting edge. He took the two steps into the room and crashed the hand down on the back of the offered neck. The man's face hit the table top with a thud, bounced up and half turned toward Bond. Bond's right flashed out and the face of the Rolex disintegrated against the man's jaw. The body slid sluggishly off its chair onto the carpet and lay still, its legs untidy as if in sleep. The eyes fluttered and stared, unseeing, upward. Bond went round the desk and bent down. There was no heartbeat. Bond straightened himself. It was the man he had seen coming back alone from the bob run on his first morning, when Bertil had met with his accident. So! Rough justice!

The telephone on the desk buzzed like a trapped wasp. Bond looked at it. He picked up the receiver and spoke through the handkerchief across his mouth. "Ja?"

"Alles in Ordnung?"

"Ja."

"Also hör zu! Wir kommen für den Engländer in zehn Minuten. Verstanden?"

"Is 'recht."

"Also, aufpassen. Ja?"

"Zu Befehl!"

At the other end the receiver went down. The sweat was beading on Bond's face. Thank God he had answered! So they were coming for him in 10 minutes! There was a bunch of keys on the desk. Bond snatched them up and ran to the front door. After three misfits, he had the right one. He tried the door. It was now only held by its air-pressure device. Bond leaped for the ski room. Unlocked! He went in and, by the light from the reception room, found his skis. There were sticks beside them. Carefully he lifted everything out of its wooden slot and strode to the main door and opened it. He laid the skis and sticks softly down in the snow, turned back to the door, locked it from the outside and threw the keys far away into the snow.

The three-quarter moon burned down with an almost dazzling fire and the snow crystals scintillated back at it like a carpet of diamond dust. Now minutes would have to be wasted getting the bindings absolutely right. James Bond kicked one boot into the groove of the Marker toe hold and knelt down, feeling for the steel cable that went behind his heel. It was too short. Coolly, unhurriedly, he adjusted the regulating screw on the forward latch and tried again. This time it was all right. He pressed down on the safety latch and felt it lock his boot into the toe hold. Next, the safety thong round the top of his boot that would keep the ski prisoner if the latch sprung, which it would do with a fall. His fingers were beginning to freeze. The tip of the thong refused to find its

buckle! A full minute wasted! Got it! And now the same job on the other ski. At last Bond stood up, slipped the gloves over his aching fingers, picked up the lancelike sticks and pushed himself off along the faint ridge that showed the outlines of yesterday's well-trodden path. It felt all right! He pulled the goggles down over his eyes and now the vast snowscape was a silvery green as if he was swimming under sunny water. The skis hissed smoothly through the powder snow. Bond tried to get up more speed down the gentle slope by langlaufing, the sliding, forward stride of the first Norwegian skiers. But it didn't work. The heels of his boots felt nailed to the skis. He punted himself forward as fast as he could with his sticks. God, what a trail he must be leaving—like a tramline! As soon as they got the front door open, they would be after him. Their fastest guide would certainly catch him easily unless he got a good start! Every minute, every second was a bonus. He passed between the black outlines of the cablehead and the Berghaus. There was the starting point of the Gloria Run, the metal notices beside it hatted with snow! Bond didn't pause. He went straight for it and over the edge.

This is the second of three installments of "On Her Majesty's Secret Service," a new novel by Ian Fleming. The conclusion will appear next month.



"The prince dug Cinderella, her firm breasts heaving against the low-cut gown . . ."

Little Annie Fanny

BY H. KURTZMAN AND W. ELDER

AGAIN WE FIND ANNIE PLAYING "STRAIGHT-MAN" TO NIGHT-CLUB MIMIC, FREDDY FLINK. THE THEME OF OUR ADVENTURE BRINGS HER TO GRIPS WITH THE INCREASINGLY POPULAR PASTIME OF CAPITALIZING ON THE PERSONALITIES OF THE FIRST FAMILY... WHICH IS OUR WAY OF SAYING THAT WE DO NOT SUBSCRIBE TO IMITATIONS OF THE PRESIDENT... AS YOU SHALL SEE AS OUR STORY OPENS WITH FREDDY IMITATING THE PRESIDENT—



— SO I TOLD BOBBIE I JUST (SNIFFLE!) DIDN'T THINK I SHOULD CREATE A 'CLAN DEPARTMENT' IN THE CABINET FOAH PETER.



OH, FREDDY... YOU IMITATE THE PRESIDENT SO PERFECTLY... YOU EVEN LOOK LIKE THE PRESIDENT! IF NOT FOR THAT DISGUSTING SNIFFLE, LEAPIN' LIZARDS... YOU'D BE THE PRESIDENT!

ANNIE... I WISH YOU WOULDN'T (SNIFFLE!) SAY "LEAPIN' LIZARDS." THE FIRST LADY WOULD NEVER SAY "LEAPIN' LIZARDS" — (SNAFFLE!)



FREDDY, BABY! THEY LUVYA! THE WHOLE COUNTRY LUVZY! OUR "MY SON, THE PRESIDENT" ALBUM IS GOING SO BIG, THERE'S TALK IN WASHINGTON ABOUT INVESTIGATING IT!

INVESTIGATING IT! (SNIFF!) (SNAFF!) BUT, SOLLY... DON'T THEY KNOW WHAT I'M DOING IS SATIRE?... AN ESSENTIAL FORM OF SOCIAL-POLITICAL CRITICISM?

YOU SAID IT—



—AND BESIDES... I'VE NEGOTIATED CONTRACTS FOR FOLLOW-UP ALBUMS... MY SON, THE ATTORNEY GENERAL AND MY SON, THE SENATOR, TO SAY NOTHING OF A COLORING BOOK AND A PHOTO-CAPTION BOOK AND SOUVENIR DOLLS AND —

SOLLY... I'D LIKE YOU TO GET ANNIE A DARK WIG WITH SOME CASSINI OUTFITS... WE'LL SEND HER TO CHURCH IN SLACKS —



BUT NOW YOU MUST EXCUSE ME. I HAVE TO MAKE NOTES FOAH A SHTATE D'PAHMENT MEETIN' —

I KNOW IT'S SILLY TO THINK THAT FREDDY IS BEGINNING TO BELIEVE HIS OWN IMITATIONS, BUT... WELL... WHAT'S WITH THE ROCKING CHAIR BIT?



OH, HI, RUTHIE. I DIDN'T GO TO WORK TODAY. FREDDY DOESN'T NEED ME ANYMORE. HE WANTS A STRAIGHT-MAN LIKE JACKIE!

JACKIE? JACKIE LEONARD? JACKIE CARTER? JACKIE GLEASON?

JACKIE KENNEDY.



WHICH REMINDS ME! ... I'D LIKE TO SWITCH OFF THE JOE LAVOOM EXERCISE HOUR AND CATCH THE PRESIDENT'S PRESS CONFERENCE ... WERE YOU DOING JOE LAVOOM'S EXERCISES?

OH NO ... I LIKE TO LIE AROUND AND WATCH THE WAY HE MOVES.

- CLIK! - AND DO YOU, MISTER PRESIDENT, INTEND TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT THE WAY VARIOUS ENTERTAINERS AND MAGAZINES ARE RIDICULING THE PRESIDENCY?



- WELL, TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, I THINK THEY'VE GONE A LITTLE TOO FAH-

BESIDES, I WAS JUST ABOUT TO TAKE MY SHOWER. - SH! SWEETIE ... THE PRESIDENT -



AFTAH ALL, WHO DO THOSE TWO-BIT COMICS THINK THEY AH? I AM THE PRESIDENT!

SWEETIE, WHY ARE YOU GIGGLING? OH, RUTHIE, IT'S JUST THAT HE REMINDS ME OF FREDDY'S IMITATION.



(SNIFF!) IF THEM ROTTEN BUMS DO NOT LOOK OUT, I'LL BURY THEM! (SNIFF! SNARFLE!) I AM THEIR LEADER!!

FREDDY!



AN IM-POSTOR!

GET HIM OUT OF HERE!

I'M THE CHIEF! (SNARF!)

PLEASE STAND BY!

WELL, BLESS MY SOUL, FREDDY DOES A GOOD IMITATION, BUT NOT GOOD ENOUGH TO QUALIFY HIM TO RUN THE COUNTRY.

OH HE'S SO HUMOROUS ... GOODNESS KNOWS, HE COULD HANDLE KHRUSHCHEV - AND LIKE THAT -

- THE ONLY TROUBLE WOULD BE AS PRESIDENT HE'D BE UNDER PRESSURE AND EVERYTHING AND FREDDY DOESN'T HAVE MUCH OF A SENSE OF HUMOR.

END

PLAYBOY READER SERVICE

Write to Janet Pilgrim for the answers to your shopping questions. She will provide you with the name of a retail store in or near your city where you can buy any of the specialized items advertised or editorially featured in **PLAYBOY**. For example, where-to-buy information is available for the merchandise of the advertisers in this issue listed below.

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Miss Pilgrim will be happy to answer any of your other questions on fashion, travel, food and drink, hi-fi, etc. If your question involves items you saw in **PLAYBOY**, please specify page number and issue of the magazine as well as a brief description of the items when you write.

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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

IF YOU PLAN to be footloose on the Continent this July, and wish to dodge tourist congestion, we suggest you head for a haven favored by the locals for beating both the heat and the jostle of invading outlanders. Travelers in Germany, for example, will do well to spend a few relaxing days in the bright blue-and-white environs of the North Sea's low-lying Frisian Islands. On the resort island of Sylt — which can be reached directly by a train that rattles along a trestle just a few feet off the water — is lively Westerland, which sports a casino, shows and a section of beach reserved for all-over tanning, and Kampen, a thatch-roofed village big with bohemians. Other pleasure islands accessible by fast North Sea ferry from the mainland — Föhr, Borkum, Juist, Norderney — are slower paced, though Norderney has of late become popular with the yachting set.

In France, a revivifying gourmandial grand tour may be combined with the good seaside life by motoring to Deauville (an easy day's jaunt from packed Paris) and thence pressing southward. In addition to the customary games of chance, the Casino at Deauville features a Grill Room rated "top class" in Michelin's book. Continuing, you can follow the increasingly rocky coast to the sea-girt cathedral isle of Mont-Saint-Michel, where the omelet was born and is still lovingly prepared and served in ancient long-handled iron pans at La Mère Poulard and La Vieille Auberge. Further on lies the colorful

Breton fishing port of Saint-Malo, from whence you may take a ferry boat to one of the French-speaking British Channel isles for a memorable meal of lobster in cream-and-whiskey sauce Chez Chuche. On the mainland, another celebrated lobster palate pleaser called *pascalou* may be had at the Hotel Pascal et Terminus at Quimper. Some care should be exercised in approaching Quimper, however: a large Breton folklore festival called La Cornouaille is held there in July which features bagpipes by the thousands.

Time permitting, your journey might lead on into the Pyrénées, where the most rewarding hunt is for local Banyuls and Jurançon wines, with Bayonne ham or goose and truffles — all of which may be relished at the Biarritz Casino, now splendidly rebuilt after the gutting fire of a few years back. Across the border in Spain, the rowdy "Running of the Bulls" will once again be staged in a happy haze of Fundador at Pamplona. Though the luster of this event is somewhat dimmed each year by tourists consumed with the importance of being Ernest, the *corridas* and Navarrese dancers and open-air block parties all make it still very much worth sampling.

One final tip for the traveling man: the race for space during the 1964 Olympic Games in Tokyo, October 10-24, has already begun. Hotel rooms should be booked right now.

For further information on any of the above, write to Playboy Reader Service, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill.

NEXT MONTH:

"HARRY, THE RAT WITH WOMEN"—BEGINNING A WICKEDLY WITTY ALLEGORY OF OUR TIMES, ABOUT A MAN WHOSE BLESSING AND WHOSE CURSE IS IRRESISTIBILITY—A FIRST NOVEL BY **JULES FEIFFER**

"THE NUDEST JAYNE MANSFIELD"—IN HER UPCOMING MOVIE, PLAYBOY'S PERENNIAL PLAYMATE ROMPS IN THE ALTOGETHER ALTOGETHER

"REQUIEM FOR HOLIDAYS"—ALL HAIL THE WONDERFUL GHOSTS OF THOSE JOYOUS FETES OF YORE—BY **CHARLES BEAUMONT**

"HIGHBROW AUTHORS AND MIDDLEBROW BOOKS"—A CRITIC'S CRITIC IN A NO-HOLDS-BARRED LOOK AT THE PLIGHT OF WRITERS AND READERS OF CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE—BY **JOHN ALDRIDGE**

BILLY WILDER SPEAKS HIS MIND—THE MASTER OF SERIOCOMEDIES TELLS HOW HE DOES IT IN AN ENTERTAINING **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**



the man's mixer

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