ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

DECEMBER 1964 • $1.25

PLAYBOY

Season's Greetings! This gala Christmas Issue is abrim with bounty for this merriest of months — yuletide fact and fiction by Irwin Shaw, James Baldwin, Bertrand Russell, Ian Fleming, Frederic Morton, Lawrence Durrell, Gerald Kersh, Ray Russell, Joseph Wechsberg, Jules Feiffer, Jean Shepherd, William Iversen and Joseph Wood Krutch — Hugh Hefner exchanges views on the sexual revolution with a priest, minister and rabbi in "The [illegible] Philosophy" — Carroll Baker at her barest [illegible] in an exclusive Playboy pictorial — a [illegible] Playboy's ten most popular Playmates — a sketch[illegible] showgirls by LeRoy Neiman — a nine-page g[illegible]tmas gift suggestion[illegible] as Mario with tips [illegible] our own holiday p[illegible] a photographic repo[illegible] inging yuletide vacati[illegible] in [illegible] — [illegible] by H[illegible]

[illegible] Dempsey [illegible] Vargas Girl by Alberto Vargas — all this [illegible] a good deal more in a festive package of which even Santa could be justly proud. with our best wishes — may your yule be cool!

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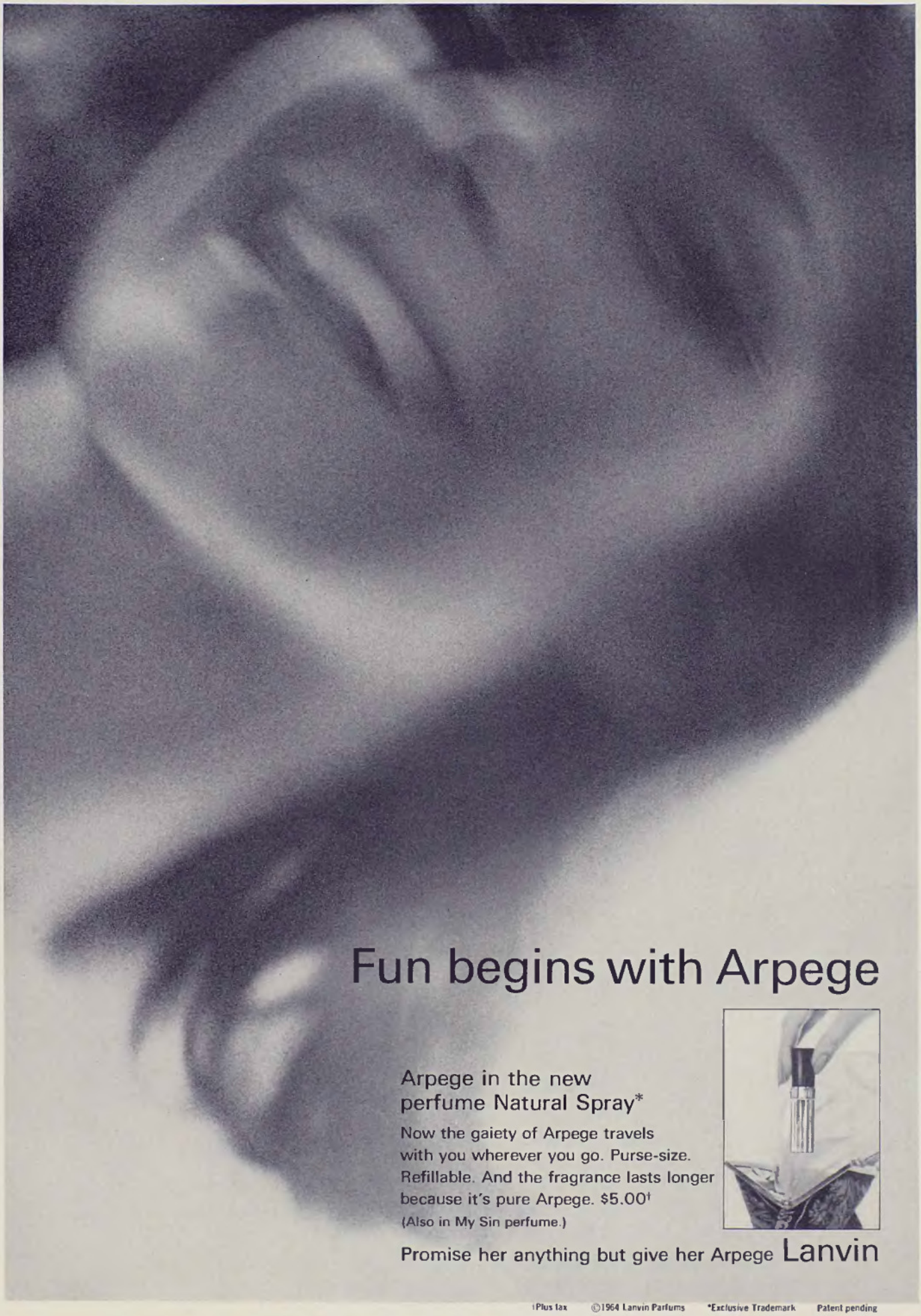

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Viceroy is scientifically made to taste the way you'd like a filter cigarette to taste.
Not too strong... not too light...
Viceroy's got the taste that's right.

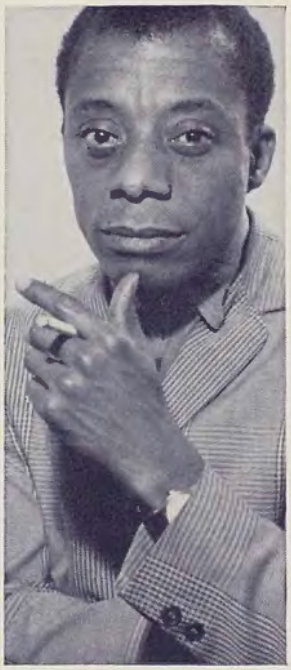
SMOKE ALL 7

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

PLAYBILL LEROY NEIMAN'S LISSOME GALATEA, the Playboy Femlin, proves a perky holiday pen pal in bidding the reader welcome to our gala Christmas Gift Issue. We think it's a splendid Santa's sack burgeoning with festive goodies, starting right off with our lead fiction, *Once, in Aleppo*, by estimable American expatriate Irwin Shaw, who has lived in Europe since 1951. Shaw, currently in the States researching a novel to be titled *The Uncaged Man*, tells us that the exotic background for *Aleppo* is still fresh in his mind although it is 20 years since he was there, during a World War II stint in the Middle East, where he originally conceived the idea for this rollicking, amoral and outrageously witty yarn—as a relief from the conflict around him. He's finished a new novel, *Voices of a Summer's Day*, whose publication will be followed by *Love on a Dark Street*, a collection of short stories which will include *Once, in Aleppo* and two other tales originally published in PLAYBOY—*Tune Every Heart and Every Voice* and *Noises in the City*.

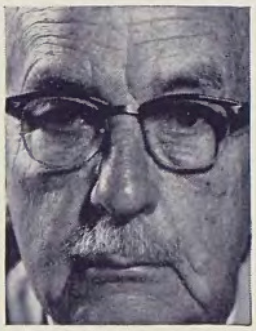
Frederic Morton attributes the inspiration for his moving tale *Velvet and Apollo* to "a fat Hollywood-shirted gent who stood on the Queen Elizabeth's sun deck one hot August afternoon. The ship had left the dock an hour before. The gent, explaining the wonders of New York Bay to an Englishman, pointed to the Coney Island parachute jump and said, 'That's the amusement park over there. There you've got the beach.' And then, with a satisfied glance at the lofty breeze-swept solitude of the liner's sun deck: 'Must be a million slobs out there today.' This sentence, of course, really meant 'How fine that we, the elect, are *here*.' Being awfully subject to human nature sometimes, I did not protest against the sentiment. Only minutes later did it come to me that I had spent some of the finest summers of my life being a young 'slob out there'; that I was debasing a very valuable memory fund by submitting it so passively to a contemptuous cliché; and that if ever I became an ex-slob I would also have become an ex-writer. And so, as a kind of moral therapy, I sat down and wrote a story about Coney Island."

BALDWIN



WECHSBERG

KRUTCH



DURRELL

SHEPHERD

December's sci-fi scarer *The Mission* debuts Hugh Nissenson in our magazine. Nissenson, who covered the Eichmann trial for *Commentary*, was a recent Wallace Stegner Fellow at Stanford University, will have a collection of stories, *A Pile of Stones*, published by Scribner's early next year. Of *The Mission* Nissenson says: "Just about the first story I ever wrote, in the summer of 1946, was about a group of savages in a world devastated by atomic war. *The Mission* is the first science-fiction story I've written since then. I like to believe my technique has improved, but my inspiration to write it, a profound horror at the prospect of such devastation, remains the same."

PLAYBOY regular Bernard Wolfe's movietown milieu serves once more as the stage for a comedic collection of Hollywood characters in *The Dot and Dash Bird*. Bernie has in his hot little typewriter at present the final stages of a new book, *An Exaltation of Grubs*—"exaltation" being his group term for Flick City hacks, of which the hero of this issue's story is one.

Another fictive nugget in our December bonanza is Gerald Kersh's taut spine tingler, *The Hunters*. Kersh, whose novel *A Long Cool Day in Hell* is being published in England next month, is hard at work on what he calls a "major novel—that is to say, a great big thick novel—but I'm afraid it won't be boring enough or amorphous enough or disillusioned enough or snide enough to be hailed as the greatest." In the offing is a trip to Great Britain, his native land which he has not seen in ten years, to do a book on *England Revisited*. Quoth Kersh: "I shall approach the white cliffs with something of the trepidation of a man who has a date with his first love after a long separation."

Englishman Lawrence Durrell, whose *Alexandria Quartet* won him world-wide literary acclaim, re-introduces herein his bumblingly antic antihero, Antrobus, whom PLAYBOY readers first encountered last December in *A Corking Evening*. This time around, in *Sauve Qui Peut*, his British Foreign Service fouler-upper is enmeshed in—among other harrowing misadventures—a Kurdish circumcision ceremony.

It is with pride and pleasure—tinged with a very real sadness—that we present in this issue the last interview granted by Ian Fleming. The association between Fleming and PLAYBOY was a close and felicitous one. We were the only magazine to print before book publication the adventures of his fictional alter ego: His last two best-selling novels—*On Her Majesty's Secret Service* and *You Only Live Twice*—were serialized by us; his short stories *The Hildebrand Rarity* and *The Property of a Lady* also appeared first in PLAYBOY. It seems fitting, therefore, that Fleming's final James Bond adventure novel, *The Man with the Golden Gun*, completed only a short while before his death, should also be slated for initial publication in PLAYBOY. It will appear early in 1965. The late creator of the irrepressible Bond was engagingly candid with our interviewer who, deeply moved by the author's death, writes from England that the always thoughtful Fleming graciously informed him, after reading a copy of the interview, that it was the best that had ever been done with him.

Among our far-flung Christmas contributors is the Negro's most eloquent literary spokesman, James Baldwin, whose soliloquy, *Words of a Native Son*, presents a psyche-deep revelation of his own creative processes. Baldwin has taken up residence in Istanbul to work on a new novel and prepare the screen treatment of his play, *Blues for Mister Charlie*.

All proceeds from the sale of Sir Bertrand Russell's writings, such as the contentious British philosopher's indictment of the East-West ideological battle of words, *Semantics and the Cold War*, in this issue, and his recently published book *Unarmed Vic-*

tory, go to the Bertrand Russell Peace Foundation, a cause to which Lord Russell has devoted virtually all of his time in his later years. More of Sir Bertrand's writings have been published in PLAYBOY than in any other American magazine.

Joseph Wood Krutch, author of this issue's *Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Unhappiness*, has achieved fame in a number of fields—as an editor (Marcel Proust's *Remembrance of Things Past*), drama critic (for *The Nation*), writer (he authored the National Book Award–winning *The Measure of Man*) and naturalist (*The Voice of the Desert* and *The World of Animals*). An Arizonan since 1952, Krutch will be doing an NBC-TV color special on the Grand Canyon this winter, has just had published *If You Don't Mind My Saying So*, a book of his candid and sometimes crusty essays, offers as a qualification for his PLAYBOY piece on the current downbeat trend of the arts the information that he was once numbered among "The Sad Young Men"—and has been getting more cheerful ever since.

Joseph Wechsberg, author of the Gallic wormwood *The French Myth*, tells us: "I've lived in France on and off since the gay Twenties when I studied at the Sorbonne and also played the fiddle in doubtful Montmartre clip joints and later on the ships of the French Line. I think I learned more in Montmartre and on the ships than at the Sorbonne. I was very much in love with France, but it's not quite the same France anymore." Now living in Vienna, Wechsberg has recently been published by Little, Brown—*The Best Things in Life*, and a trenchant chronicle of an East German odyssey, *Through the Land of Eloquent Silence*. The arresting illustration for *The French Myth* was executed by young New York artist Paul Davis, whose last work for PLAYBOY (*The "Noble" Experiment*, December 1963) won a Society of Illustrators Award. One phase of France that has shown no signs of deterioration is handsomely illustrated by PLAYBOY's LeRoy Neiman, as he takes his *Man at His Leisure* sketchbook into the dazzling precincts of Paris' lushly femaled Lido night club.

By now, our regular readers have come to know and appreciate Jean Shepherd's traumatically uproarious trips into his childhood, and this month's long voyage home, *Waldo Grebb and His Electric Baton*, should further enhance Shepherd's reputation as the Gibbon of the Midwest. Jean is about to begin work on a film documentary for Louis DeRochemont dealing with teenage social problems, and has completed a new LP, *Jean Shepherd at the Limelight*, which will soon be released. He's also hard but happily at work on more risible reminiscences for PLAYBOY.

KERSH IVERSEN SHAW

MORTON RUSSELL

Humor in another vein—*Macbeth the Knife*—comes to us from PLAYBOY's own Ray Russell. When his avant-Bard "musical," *Come to Me, My Melancholy Dane*, appeared in an earlier issue, eminent Savoyard Martyn Green applauded it and suggested, "Let us have some more—say, *Macbeth*." Herein, Russell's concurring offering. These Shakespearean spoofs seem to be the fruit of two distinct periods of Ray's checkered past: his acting days in summer stock and at Chicago's Goodman Memorial Theater, and his musician days (Ray studied composition at the Chicago Conservatory, where he wrote both the libretto and music for an unfinished opera, called *Scrooge*, based on Dickens' *A Christmas Carol*).

A tongue-in-cheek take-off on Dickens' classic is William Iversen's *The Christmas Carol Caper*. Bill, who had his share of magazine rejection slips in his early free-lance days, has turned them to profitable advantage in this yuletide Tiny-Tim-foolery. Iversen reveals that he has yet to receive an editorial rebuff with the succinct comment "Bah, humbug!"

Jules Feiffer, PLAYBOY's cartoonic social commentator *extraordinaire*, whose *Hostileman* begins in this issue, has recently returned to the States after participating in the West Berlin Cultural Festival, writes that his current offering is the development of a longtime idea that he'd previously been unable to express—a resentment against the one-dimensionality of the "victim" in cartoons. Says Feiffer: "I feel that the typical 'victim' is presented as inept and innocuous and that this picture is incomplete, since it omits how the character pictures himself." When asked if there was a parallel to be drawn between Walter Mitty and his creation, Feiffer replied: "While Mitty has dreams of grandeur, Hostileman has dreams of revenge."

Several months ago, Editor-Publisher Hugh Hefner was invited by a major New York radio station, WINS, to participate in a round-table discussion on American morality and the sexual revolution with Father Norman O'Connor, Rabbi Marc Tanenbaum and Reverend Richard Gary. This month's *Playboy Philosophy* contains the first half of their revelatory exchange.

Capping our Christmas Gift Issue in properly festive style is *Baker in the Boudoir*, a bedroom-based peektorial on cinema sex-pot Carroll Baker; *Readers' Choice*, the ravishing results of our poll for the top Playmates of the Decade; *Five Yuletide Vacations*, a quintessential quintet of swingingly offbeat avenues for year-end escape from kiddies, red-nosed bell ringers, slushy streets and commercialized compulsive Christmas spirit; *Playboy's Christmas Cards*, a half-dozen impertinent missives to a variety of unsuspecting addressees; still another videopus, *Around the World with Teevee Jeebies*; Food and Drink Editor Thomas Mario's holiday guide to not doing it yourself, *The Catered Christmas Affair*; *Merry Christmas!*, a nine-page gallery of unusual and attractive largess for giving and getting; PLAYBOY Fashion Director Robert L. Green's knowledgeably nifty suggestions for *Gifting the Girls*; Harvey Kurtzman and Will Elder's *Little Annie Fanny* in a far-out brief encounter as a bare-astronette; a fetching double-page Vargas girl; *Word Play*, from Robert Carola's live-letter office; and a mirthful multiplicity of cartoons.

All in all, a splendiferous eye-grabbing bag of Christmas enticements to make this yule a rewarding one. As our Femlin on the cover says, "Season's Greetings!"

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Revlon's guide to girl-giving..

Look! Revlon has her number...and hers...and hers...and his!

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'Intimate' Perfume Spray in an extravagantly beautiful new bottle...at a price to make you believe in Santa Claus!

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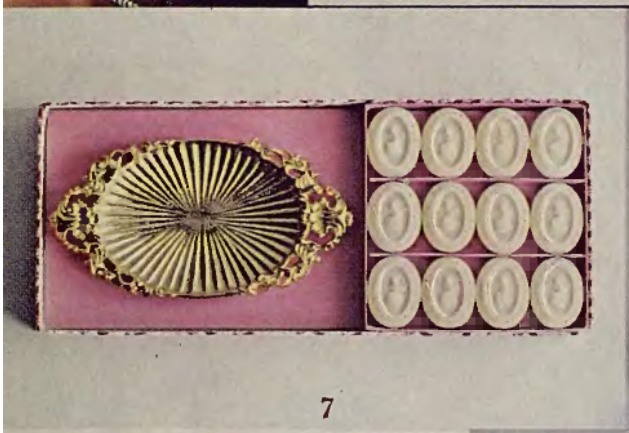

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1 She may own sables with Paris labels; swimming pools and Van Cleef jewels. But no girl has everything—until she has everything Revlon!

2 New! 'Intimate' Perfume—in a metered spray crystal-cut bottle. A half ounce of 'Intimate' Perfume, cherished as one of the world's seven great fragrances. You'd expect the perfume alone to cost much, much more (it usually does). But for this Christmas only . . . it's just 6.00

3 Brocade Evening Caché (three gifts in one!) Sumptuous imported brocade case holds a tiny Demi-Tasse 'Love-Pat' Compact and Lipstick, both with the look of woven gold. Refillable. 6.00

4 Watch-Face Demi-Tasse 'Love-Pat' Compact on a necklace of gold-tone metal—so chic, she'll wear it like a treasured antique. Refillable. 5.00

5 Demi-Tasse Compacts with the look of turquoise, tortoise and jade (filled with 'Love-Pat' makeup). Each tiny 2-inch compact is rimmed with textured gold-tone metal. Refillable. Each 3.85

6 Imported Brocade Case—filled with two favorites: 'Love-Pat' compact and Lustrous lipstick. In a shimmery blue, pink, green or gold case. 3.50

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8 'Intimate' Sprays in fabulous filigree flacons with the look of gold—designed by Van Cleef & Arpels. Spray Mist for her dressing table, 3.50. Perfume Spray for her purse (spill-proof), 5.00

9 'Intimate' Bath Powder. Extravagant gesture! In a velvety red and white box, with a 'bubble

COMPACTS AND LIPSTICKS DESIGNED BY VAN CLEEF & ARPELS.

..Christmas edition 1964.

Everything from fun to fabulous–for the girls (and even the boys!)

4

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Best man-euver a girl can make: give him a gentleman's gift by Revlon. What he likes about you is ...you know what he likes!

18

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top' to show off the lush lamb's wool puff. 3.75

10 'Intimate' Spray Mist—a lavish supply of her favorite fragrance in a slim white fluted bottle. Won't break. Won't spill. Travels light. 4.75

11 'Intimate' Bath Set—to make her bath a really 'Intimate' affair. Three bottles of luxurious bath oil and three cakes of scented soap, 3.75. And like all Revlon Christmas gifts for her—it's already wrapped in rich, velvety textured paper!

12 'Honey-Buns'—the BIG BIG compact news. A full 4 inches across, so the mirror is huge! In red, white or blue, filled with 'Love-Pat'. 3.00

13 Millionairess Manicure Tray—looks like real tortoise and gold, really has everything. The newest fashion colors in Revlon nail enamels, plus all the manicure tools a girl needs. 10.50

14 'Aquamarine' Carolers—disarming little charmers with silky hair, each topping a bottle of 'Aquamarine' Eau de Toilette. Each 2.00

15 'Intimate' Fragrance Candle—in a gold-tone filigree holder. Light the candle and fill the air with that cherished fragrance. M-m-m-m! 5.00

16 Executive 'Travel Plan'—to bring him back well-groomed! Rich imported leather case, fitted with Revlon's precision-crafted implements. 8.95

17 'That Man' After Shave and Cologne—the gift that crackles with masculinity. Bold black and gold box, pinch-bottle decanters, lemon-and-sandalwood scent that's all man. 6.50

18 'That Man' in Tails—After Shave and Talc in plastic travel flasks, dressed up for the holidays as a handsome, dashing man-about-town. 4.50

19 Girls who get what they want... get Revlon!

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PLAYBOY

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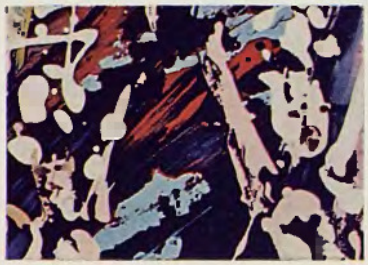

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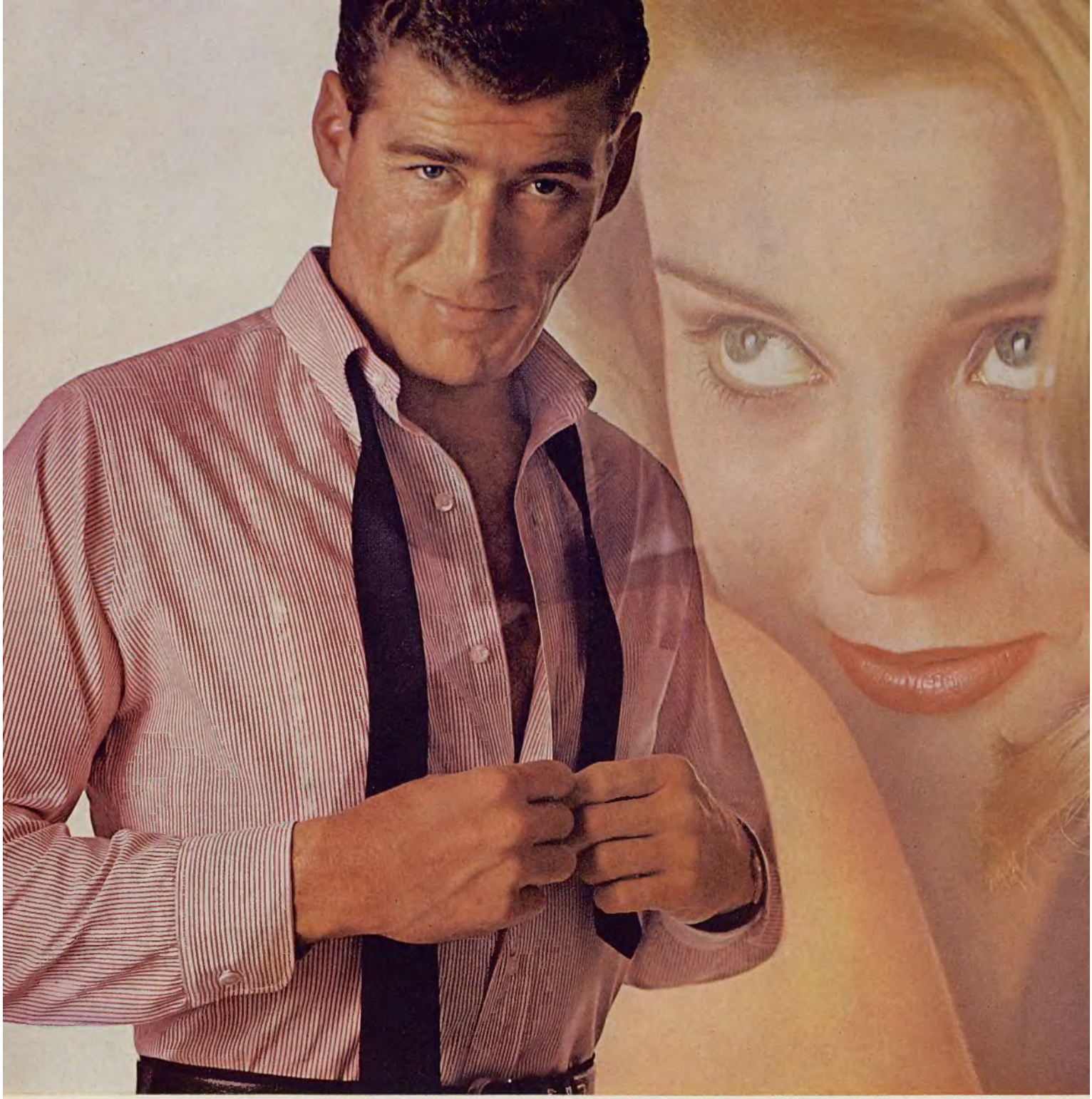

I love watching him
get dressed
in the morning...

The cold shower. The leer. The shirt that's ready to take on the world. Every thing he does is exciting.

Other men are so dull. So invisible. But Jack swings into a shirt like that as though it were a battle flag.

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Jack's their man. Absolutely. An ivy-covered stubborness about the roll of that collar. A sneaky vanity about that tapered fit. Sass. Spirit. Red blood.

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DEAR PLAYBOY

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LADIES' DAY

William Iversen's *The Pious Pornographers Revisited* in the September PLAYBOY expressed my own sentiments completely, and I must admit only a man could describe the women's magazines so hilariously.

Mrs. B. Burna
Manhattan Beach, California

Anyone who thinks that the national women's magazines are pornographic has really jumped the trolley tracks. A woman has a right to the biological facts of life dealing with sex, childbirth or physical disorder. It doesn't make any difference whether she gets these facts from a dry medical treatise or from an article written in the form of a conversation between doctor and patient. Many women are too shy to discuss such problems with their family doctors. Women's magazines perform a valuable function if they encourage women to discuss their intimate problems. Mr. Iversen is guilty of the puritanical attitude Mr. Hefner has fought against with such courage. Normally, I have a great deal of respect for Mr. Iversen's opinions, but this time —ugh.

Sol Buchman
Bronx, New York

Re Mr. Iversen's *The Pious Pornographers Revisited*: I wish to say it was superlative. Never have I read a funnier description of the articles on sex that abound in the ladies' periodicals. Iversen had me laughing most of the time.

Andrew Romanowski
Fort Gordon, Georgia

Re *The Pious Pornographers Revisited*—a finer spoof of modern-day coquettishness I have yet to read. I laughed myself silly.

Mrs. Ellen Rhudy
Baltimore, Maryland

DEVIL WORSHIP

PLAYBOY readers and students of the human comedy, rejoice! *Grover Dill and the Tasmanian Devil* is but another fine example of the Jean Shepherd genius. He is as discerning and amusing in the pages of PLAYBOY as he is on his nightly WOR Radio session. Is it being too greedy to ask for more?

Brian Barker
Brockville, Ontario

Not at all, Brian. See "Waldo Grebb and His Electric Baton" elsewhere in this issue.

IVY BELEAGUERED

Paul Goodman should certainly be commended for his fine article *The Deadly Halls of Ivy* which appeared in your September issue. Even though his thoughts and writings may possibly be hopelessly "utopian" to the mass, the context itself can serve to motivate the individual.

Jim Cummings
Plymouth, North Carolina

Congratulations to Mr. Paul Goodman on his outstanding article *The Deadly Halls of Ivy*. Unless colleges and universities allow students to associate themselves with society and the world "outside," they have cheated them. Schooling—and higher education in particular—should give a student a chance to *use* his initiative, not only scholastically, but emotionally and socially as well.

Pedantic education alone can be dangerous, and it is not sufficient to prepare a student for the future. A student must learn to take his place in society *during* his school years. There must be a place for individual initiative and intellect. There is no such thing as a "typical student," and there never will be. When there is a coalescence of a good academic education *and* an education that provides for individuality, identity and creativity, then you will have men and women better prepared for whatever the future holds.

As Emerson said: "The things taught in colleges and schools are not an education, but the means of education."

Robert H. Johnson
Western Kentucky State College
Bowling Green, Kentucky

Paul Goodman's *The Deadly Halls of Ivy* aired some musty tweed. His succinct remark, "They would thus avoid the present absurdity of teaching a curriculum abstracted from the work in the

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field and then licensing the graduates to return to the field to learn the actual work . . ." is a just and provoking indictment.

Certainly—and regrettably—some of his ideas are "utopian." But if the academician grits his teeth and takes heed, some of that becalmed gulf between student and teacher may be narrowed. Lively discussion lies close to the heart of what both teacher and taught earnestly seek and too seldom get.

Wayne Scott
Houston, Texas

I should like to congratulate you and Paul Goodman for his article *The Deadly Halls of Ivy*. I agreed with everything he said, both from observation and experience. This first rebel voice could be the start of a more sensible school system for North America.

A. J. Hollis
Toronto, Ontario

Paul Goodman's *The Deadly Halls of Ivy* deserves high praise, if for no other reason than that it offers a needed voice of dissent from the current viewpoint that "college is for everyone" and from the academic by-products of such a viewpoint: namely, vicarious teaching via closed-circuit TV, large class sections "taught" by graduate students, and boards of regents that hire a college president in order to have a high-salary public-relations huckster (which position, of course, usually elicits little complaint from its holder).

However, the "reformation" of our colleges will not come easily—at least, so long as higher education is treated and managed as just another form of big business (perhaps the day is not too far distant when, for example, Harvard, Chicago, UCLA and Rice will be listed on the New York Stock Exchange, and scholarly journals and learned papers will be replaced by the financial page and the stock ticker).

The difficulty of reformation is increased by certain facets of the colleges themselves: Try to find any academic justification for big-time athletics (in spite of pious protestations by certain university presidents); try to break the hammer lock held on prospective public school teachers by various departments of "education"—better yet, talk to a high-priced football coach about the "spiritual values" of his sport, or attempt a logical discussion with a professor of "education" on the intellectual necessity for his department's very existence on the campus.

As Goodman correctly points out, the student arriving for the first time in a college classroom does not enter a new stage of his life—at least not insofar as academic environment is concerned. After enduring the infinite rigors of "freshman orientation week," he finds himself beset by just another series of rooms fully equipped with armrest chairs, lecterns, maps and blackboards; nor does he find any radical difference in the person of his teacher, for the very same man (or his near twin) cajoled, browbeat and gave him assignments in high school. Hence, the disillusionment begins to take hold of him.

What Mr. Goodman proposes is tantalizingly hopeful. But in order to remove, or even avoid, the dangers of "deadly ivy," our entire educational organization would need some radical vivisection, if not outright demolition. Unfortunately, this does not seem to be the case for the near future, unless a few more Goodmans in influential stations speak out—or unless a few institutions have the courage to hire a Goodman as president and a Goodman as dean, with perhaps a few more "good men" to work in the classrooms.

Warren K. A. Thompson, Instructor
Department of Philosophy
and Religion
Texas Lutheran College
Seguin, Texas

Once again Paul Goodman demonstrates that he is one of the very few commentators around today who has a comprehensive grasp of the educational situation and is able, with scholarly sobriety, to advance sound, radical proposals for its amelioration.

Trevor J. Phillips, Instructor
Foundations of Education
Bowling Green State University
Bowling Green, Ohio

I was very impressed with Paul Goodman's *The Deadly Halls of Ivy* in the September issue. It is enlightening to find, in this day of the college boom, someone with the perception to point out the fallacies of our education system.

Neal Roth
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

BOHEMIA REVISITED

I must tell you at once how moving and beautiful was Ben Hecht's memorial to Maxwell Bodenheim [*Letters from Bohemia*]—something I'd always hoped Ben Hecht would do, since he was in a better position to do it than the rest of us. By an extraordinary coincidence, I obtained a copy of the September PLAYBOY on the very morning when I had myself just sent off six of Bogie's letters (to me) to Jack B. Moore, who is doing a biography of Bodenheim. Max was an unforgettable character, and I was always extremely fond of him, although I regret to say that when I moved to England in 1922 I somewhat lost touch with him. Hecht's portrait is invaluable in restoring, for a generation who never heard of him, a unique figure in American letters.

Conrad Aiken
Brewster, Massachusetts

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HONDA

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I've just read *Letters from Bohemia* by Ben Hecht in your September issue and it stirred dark memories of my own encounters with Max Bodenheim. He was a gaunt, pale specter of my youth. A man so deliberately hateful that he evoked pity rather than anger. I always suspected that his savagery was only his chosen defense against a world that made a daily game of finding new ways to reject him.

It was 1947 and I had just run away to Greenwich Village—17 years old and awed by the world of poets into which I had descended. Max was still the shining light of the Raven Poetry Circle, a group of aging bohemians who met in a strange loft on Minetta Lane surrounded by the trappings of secret Druid rituals which I never understood. Among them he was often soft and gentle and warm. And the highlight of those meetings was always when he took the center of the floor to recite his verse in a voice that was deep and thrilling . . . "Night is a big black man with little silver birds in his hair . . ." Yet each of those meetings seemed to have the same ending. Someone Max hated—and he hated many—would enter and he would begin a venomous tirade, gradually drawing everyone in the room into the quarrel. If his victim were small, like little Joe Gould, Max would become physical. Eventually Frank McCrudden, the head of the Ravens and one of Bodenheim's dearest friends, would enlist help and send the poet hurtling out the door, trailing a stream of invectives. I never saw Max leave anyplace—party or barroom—voluntarily. He was always being thrown out.

I was thousands of miles from the Village when Max was murdered. When I returned, most of the Ravens were dead or gone. But Ben Hecht had written a little play about Bogie and financed it into a small off-Broadway theater. It was a chilling experience to sit in the half-empty theater and see him come to life again. Hecht obviously knew and understood him better than all the others. Hecht was a big man to be able to maintain a lifelong interest and friendship with such a difficult character.

The strange climate of Greenwich Village is perhaps best explained by the fact that a spiteful, tormented failure can become famous there solely on the strength of his total inability to find acceptance as either an artist or a human being. Bodenheim produced a legend to be envied by all other misfits. He set out to fail completely and in a life of stylized contempt he triumphed. I wish that I could also have known Ben Hecht.

John A. Keel
New York, New York

Praise be to the September issue of PLAYBOY for containing Ben Hecht's remarkable portrait of Maxwell Boden-

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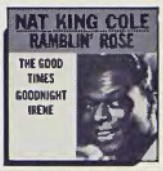

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heim, a little masterpiece. Both men were my friends and Hecht was for years my colleague. I am delighted to have this definitive record of their association, one of Ben's most poignant reminiscences. You do the memories of both men a fine service in publishing it.

I liked both men, Hecht and Bodenheim, very much. Bogie, who loved sympathy, used to show up at parties, and in the old Covici-McGee bookshop, with his arm in a sling, claiming to have a broken collarbone; but it was an old gag and only strangers fell for it. I remember him best, indeed, with a bandaged arm, smoking a corncob pipe, and wearing an old overcoat with the collar turned up, waiting for somebody to arrive—somebody who never came.

He was a slim, blond genius, as I recall him, with blue eyes, pale yellow eyelashes, and hair like a mop of wet hemp. His smile was at once mocking and ingratiating. I admired his poems, many of which he showed me in manuscript, and thought of him as the François Villon of our group. At all times he gave a better impersonation of a tavern poet of genius than any other poet I have ever known.

But there is little I can add to what Hecht has written about Bogie. Thank you for giving me an opportunity to recall our association. I did not know him as Hecht did, and for this I am sometimes a little sorry and sometimes glad. Hecht has caught him to the life and, I think, understood him. His portrait is a brilliant piece of writing and a notable contribution to the history of a strange figure in our literature who may well become an American legend.

Vincent Starrett
Chicago, Illinois

Critic, editor, author Starrett has over one hundred books to his credit, on such diverse subjects as Ambrose Bierce and Sherlock Holmes.

MILLER MAIL

Re the September Henry Miller interview: I have never before read a line by this gentleman, and so my comments will rest entirely on what he has chosen to tell me about himself. I learn that he is a very able writer and knows exactly what he thinks about himself, his writings and his world. These are good qualities. I gather that he has made a great deal of money, and is having a very good time, and is not in the least concerned as to the effect of his writings upon the people who read them.

This, of course, is not considered a criminal attitude. There are countless millions who seek their fortunes and give no heed to their consciences—if they have any. We are living in a world with thousands of millionaires and millions of paupers. Miller lives in that same world and, being a highly intelligent man, he must know all about it. I write as a man who has devoted his life to denouncing

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that social crime and seeking ways of ending it. My dear mother told me that when I was six years old I asked: "Momma, why do some people have to be so poor while other people are so rich?" I have been asking that question of the world now for 80 years—and no answer from Mr. Miller.

He is famed for his sex books, and he preaches promiscuity. As a man who has known true love all his life, I tell him that he has missed the best thing that life can offer, and I pity him sincerely. I pity still more the young people who read his books.

Upton Sinclair
Monrovia, California

I agree with everything Henry Miller says concerning us unfortunate writers—of course. (I suppose every other writer will agree with him, too.) I read his books in the European editions, long before they were published in America. His writing is truly marvelous, sharp and shining. But he makes such a hell of a lot of brouhaha about sex!

Mr. Miller is quite wrong in blaming prissyism concerning sex on Anglo-Saxon mores. It all goes back to those robust old boys in the Old Testament, who knew a fine girl when they saw one and knew when it was right to lay a hot little hand on her and when it was not. *All* religions, ancient as well as modern, had their sex taboos—so do bush tribes in the world of today. There was never a Fine Free Time concerning sex in any culture, whether in Chaldea, Judah, Philistia, Arabia, Greece, Etruria, Rome, or you name it.

If Mr. Miller—that truly splendid writer—wishes to observe real puritanism in all its dark, stern, repressiveness, especially with regard to sex, he ought to visit Russia. I understand they have all the penalties and all the taboos of all the religions, ancient as well as current. They make the Puritans look like gentle old souls full of sweetness and light.

Taylor Caldwell
Buffalo, New York

EXTRA POINTS

As one of Ole Miss' most enthusiastic and loyal fans, let me thank and congratulate you on your choice of John Vaught as Coach of the Year [*Pigskin Preview*, PLAYBOY, September 1964]. While I will admit our schedule in some instances has not been as strong as we would like, John Vaught has done an exceptional job. For 17 years, from a male student body of about 3500, and almost exclusively Mississippi boys, Vaught has consistently fielded superior teams. No coach in the country is more deserving of the honor of Coach of the Year than John Vaught.

Lauch Magruder, Jr.
Jackson, Mississippi

In *Playboy's Pigskin Preview*, you have a picture of All-America end Al

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Brown (Number 80) assisting Bill Clay (Number 32) on one of the plays. If you would look a little closer at the picture you will find Al Brown standing on the sidelines rooting for the team.

Steven Gordon
Brooklyn, New York

The "assist" being given Mississippi wingback Clay in your September issue by PLAYBOY All-America end Allen Brown must be a moral assist only. For unless my eyes deceive me, Brown is standing on the sidelines.

Edward D. Muhlfeld, Publisher
Flying Magazine
New York, New York

Your eyes deceive you, gentlemen. That's Number 90 on the sidelines.

May I express the appreciation of the overseas audience of Armed Forces Radio and Television Service for the fine programs produced in cooperation with Mr. Anson Mount. These sports programs, related to *Playboy's Pigskin Preview* of 1964, were a signal addition to the AFRTS pre-season football programs.

Commander Frank E. Kimberling, USN
Armed Forces Radio & TV Service
New York, New York

PLAYBOY IN PAKISTAN

While on a short tour of duty in Rawalpindi, Pakistan, I was a guest of two American officers, a lieutenant colonel and a captain, in their bachelor digs. After a wild-boar supper I noticed the latest PLAYBOY on a coffee table. And with the burka-clad Pakistani women in mind, I cautiously asked what they did with old PLAYBOY magazines. This brought an outrage-tinged, astonished reply: "My God, man! You don't throw PLAYBOY away in Pakistan. You include them in your will!"

Harry W. Hunt
APO, New York, New York

YIDDISHE MOMMAS

I found September's *How to Be a Jewish Mother* the funniest article I have ever read. It was so good that I made my mother read it. After reading it she sat back and said, "Maybe it is possible about some mothers, but not me." But you have planted the seed of doubt in her mind. Does she or doesn't she?

Paul Kreisman
Bronx, New York

Dan Greenburg's September essay on Jewish mothers and mothers in general struck startlingly close to home—my home, that is. Yarmulkes (skullcaps) off to Dan on this frank and amusing and amazingly accurate exposé for which my own mother must have surely written the dialog, story line and case histories.

Ike Stein
Chicago, Illinois

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CHANEL

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

Well, gentle readers, we've made it through another harrowing year of celebrations, fetes and galas—some of daylong duration, others of Sunday-through-Saturday length and still others which lasted the month round—all of them validated, verified and authenticated, so help us. And don't think it's been easy. Our innards were put through a trial by fire, having to survive International Kraut & Round Dog Week, Poultry Day, Spanish Green Olive Week, Asparagus Week, National Macaroni Week, Have a Bacon "Ball" Month, National Pickle Week, National Peanut Week, Honey for Breakfast Week and National Pimiento Week. We were a prime candidate for National Indigestion Week or, worse, National Hospital Week, and wished devoutly that we had avoided them all in favor of National Poison Prevention Week or Self-Denial Week, during which we could have prepared ourself for Silent Record Week. We felt the icy fingers of winter as we shivered our way through the Fur Rendezvous, National Fur Care Week, National Fireplace Week, Frozen Potato Month, Break-a-Cold Month and the Ice Worm Festival. We were torn between Humane Sunday and National Insect Electrocutor Week. Our indecision made us an unwilling celebrant of National Procrastination Week. We were further warned about our indecisiveness when Return the Borrowed Book Week rolled around, and lest we were tempted not to take that week too seriously, there was Police Week to remind us of the consequences of unreturned tomes. We would really have sunk to the depths of despair if it hadn't been for Save the Pun Week, American Comedy Week, National Smile Week, National Laugh Week and the pick-me-ups of National Tavern Month, South Pacific Beachcombers Week, and what we took to be a 24-hour period filled with Indian ecdysiasts—Cherokee Strip Day. After throwing ourself overenthusiastically into Let's All Play Ball Week, we could barely wait for Chiropractic Day. We were so busy celebrating, our work fell off and we found ourself taking more than a passing interest in National Want Ad Week. But we have since discovered a seven-day span to which we will devote our undivided attention next year; we intend to combine business and pleasure during National Rabbit Week.

•

Titillating blurb from an ad in *The New York Times* for an "unexpurgated" LP dramatization of *Fanny Hill*: "Thrilling performances by Four Great Stars on Four Sides!"

•

Social Progress Department: The Wall Street Journal reports that under an old Texas law that permits a bankrupt person to retain a few tools of his trade, his wagon, his carriage and two horses, a recently bankrupt Texas insurance man was allowed to keep a desk, a swivel chair, an electric typewriter, a '64 Cadillac Coupe de Ville, a horse trailer and two registered quarter horses.

•

Sign of the times seen outside an Indian village on Florida's Tamiami Trail: GENUINE SEMINOLE INDIAN BLANKETS—A. C. OR D. C.

•

Love and Knishes, a Yiddish variety revue marqueed on New York's Lower East Side, boasts "an all-star cast of American-Jewish performers" that includes, we noticed, a *landsman* by the name of Barry O'Hara.

•

We deplore the editorial bias of a recent news story from *The Press* of Riverside, California, which stated that "A conservative estimate is that the names of a million children are on the mailing lust of the pornographers."

•

In our morning mail the other day we spied one of those squarish, hand-addressed envelopes that customarily contain the tissue-lined wedding announcement of some distant and dimly remembered relative in rural New England. Instead, we found the following message impressively engraved on the enclosed card:

"The Telephone Company announces that in accordance with our new convenient All Number Dialing System, your new number is 58395218352274061, Area Code 8153900627, and that due to increased business prosperity making possible more investments for more profit, we are able to announce a rate increase."

This is the best we've received so far from a new line of gag announcement cards currently making the rounds. A firm believer in missive retaliation, we quickly deduced the identity of the sender, armed ourself with another card in the series, and shot it off posthaste to the culprit's home address. It read:

"The Park Commission wishes to announce that your back yard has been selected as a game preserve and that the first shipment of 500 buffaloes will arrive at your home Tuesday at 3:45 A.M."

•

We have a feeling the linotypist was trying to tell us something in the following notice, which appeared in *The Washington* (D.C.) *Daily News*: "Girls who would like to attend dances, suppers, swimming parties, etc., scheduled at various military installations here this week may call CO 5-$735 for particulars."

•

To judge from a sign spotted in the window of a hardware store in Spearfish, South Dakota, noteworthy social trends are afoot in rural America: BUY YOUR WIFE A RAKE.

•

Refreshingly candid want ad from the classified page of the *Miami Herald*: "ATTRACTIVE young waitress to serve missile men. Fish, ball, make money. Cove Restaurant, 744-9505."

•

Bargain hunters are hereby referred to a Montgomery Ward ad from the *Albuquerque Journal* offering fireplace

screens, "regularly $18.98," at the give-away sale price of $24.

MOVIES

Ian Fleming is gone and lamented, but the movie adventures of James Bond fortunately continue with no sign of letup. For ***Goldfinger,*** Guy Hamilton has taken over the direction from Terence Young, who did a so-so job on *Doctor No* and a superb one on *From Russia with Love,* and, if anything, moves Sean Connery through his outrageously improbable but tautly suspenseful seriocomic ordeals at an even more frenzied pace. This is tingly stuff all the way, as we pick up Bond in the Caribbean, follow him to Miami Beach (a number of The Playboy Club's own Miami Bunnies are decoratively scattered about), where he first encounters that nefarious 14-carat heel, Auric Goldfinger; next to England for weaponry outfitting, then to Switzerland and finally, for a pulsating showdown, to Fort Knox, where the biggest caper in all history is almost pulled off. There was nothing niggardly about the imagination of Fleming, and here the script and direction have matched it step by step. More, the yarn has been updated in line with advances in science and technology. The laser beam had not yet been invented when Fleming wrote *Goldfinger* in 1959, but we think he would have approved Bond's nearly being sliced in two by the use of the deadly beam, and his sense of luxury might well have been pleased by the Aston Martin provided Bond for tracking the murderous gold machinator and his sinister North Korean henchman, Oddjob, who uses his razor-edged bowler to cut down adversaries. The car is bulletproof, radar equipped, has hubcaps that sprout tire-slashing knives, lays down a smoke screen or an oil slick, and has concealed machine guns fore and aft. Its cornering ability is, of course, impeccable. But despite his lethal land yacht, Bond is taken captive before he can fully appreciate the charms of Shirley Eaton and Tania Mallett, both done in horribly and much too soon. However, he is eventually consoled by Honor Blackman as Pussy Galore, Goldfinger's Lesbian lieutenant who decides she'd rather switch than fight when she comes to grips with Bond. Gert Frobe is hissingly villainous as Goldfinger, Harold Sakata is stoically terrifying as Oddjob, and Sean Connery remains supremely self-assured, even when warned that he might be replaced by 008, a threat which, in light of the wildly successful series, has about as much chance of being carried out as his enemies' plots.

•

BB's latest film offers Bardolators yet another opportunity to view the spectacle of their heroine cavorting in the altogether in wide-screen color. ***Contempt,***

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however, counterpoints fleshly considerations with artistic pretension—which, unlike Bardot's clothing, doesn't quite come off. In the pantheon of Bardot flicks, *Contempt* will be enshrined on several counts, chief among them that it marks Brigitte's coming of age as an actress. Almost as important is that *Contempt* marks a significant attempt (on the part of New Wave director Jean-Luc Godard, of *Breathless*) to exploit the wide screen as a distinct cinematic genre, rather than treating it simply as a regular-sized screen that has been stretched. (In one memorable scene, the camera pans slowly back and forth across a table lamp from Bardot to Michel Piccoli as the two engage in an extended conversation.) Based on a novel by Alberto Moravia, *Contempt* shows how one tragic action on the part of a struggling screenwriter (Piccoli) drives his wife (*Bébé*) to infidelity with an American film producer (Jack Palance) and ultimately to death. The film had censor problems before it was licensed for showing in America, a reflection not of the naughtiness of its nude scenes (confined almost entirely to Bardot's backside), but on their inordinate length. The film opens as the camera pans protractedly over BB's prostrate form; subsequently, it lapses into what producer Joseph E. Levine boasts is "the longest bedroom scene ever filmed"—a tedious 35 minutes, in which the characters do a great deal of walking around but very little bedding down. Viewers looking for Bardot will get a lovely eyeful; but those seeking anything much deeper will be perplexed or disappointed.

•

The Pawnbroker, based on the first-rate Edward Lewis Wallant novel, is a corrosive film about a former Polish professor, a bitter survivor of the Nazi death camps, who now owns a Harlem pawnshop, through which drift an assortment of junkies, pimps, whores and other less-than-savory specimens of big-city humanity. Sidney Lumet's direction is his best yet, although a mite hokey at times, as he mingles sweaty Harlem realism with flashback scenes from the tortured past of the pawnbroker, who lost his whole family in the camps, who was forced to watch while his wife was violated by Nazi officers, who witnessed his best friend's death agonies on the barbed wire of a concentration camp. All this, thrust from his mind by force of will, is returned by the daily violence on the Harlem streets. His sense of isolation begins to give way, and when his young Puerto Rican assistant dies in the shop attempting to protect him from hoodlums, his former feelings, both painful and human, mark a symbolic return to life. Rod Steiger should certainly be in the running, come Oscar time, for his passionate pawnbroker performance. Jaime Sanchez has fine moments as the

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Hold On
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Woke Up This Morning
Below the Gallows Tree
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Puerto Rican lad, and young Thelma Oliver exudes feline sexuality as a teenage Negro prostitute. One of the most original American efforts of the year.

•

Anne Bancroft can do no wrong, but she might have done better in ***The Pumpkin Eater*** if director Jack Clayton had not tried for so many subtleties and had allowed her to bite deep into her role of an often-married woman who, fearing the world of adult responsibility, shields herself from it with an overtly reasonable facsimile: continual childbearing and rearing. Clayton and screenwriter Harold Pinter have obscured the clarities of Penelope Mortimer's fine novel, on which the film is based. We get far too many moody glimpses of Miss Bancroft's face, long Antonionilike fixes on furniture and bric-a-brac, and precious little story—which has to do, as far as can be figured out, with Anne's marrying for the third or fourth time and adding to the population explosion when she discovers her husband has ingrained inclinations toward infidelity. Peter Finch plays this chap, a successful writer but a weak sister otherwise. When Anne is made sterile by an operation, she must face the fact of an existence outside the maternity ward, of making do with the marriage she has, flawed though it is. Now and then the fog clears for a splendid scene or two, and in these moments Miss Bancroft stands revealed as a superb actress. James Mason is brilliant in the small role of a conscienceless seducer; when he and Miss Bancroft have tea together, as she considers a bit of infidelity herself, the atmosphere crackles with sexual innuendo. There are lots of kiddies around, most of them the progeny of Anne's former husbands, and we can't help sympathizing with Finch's urge to get away from it all.

•

The main joy of ***Joy House,*** an offbeat thriller made for MGM by René Clement, is Lola Albright, who emerges as a screen beauty of rare appeal. She's just right for this Neo-Gothic tale of a young seducer (Alain Delon), who has taken a job as chauffeur in Lola's musty Riviera villa to elude a gang bent on dispatching him. His interest in his mistress increases when he learns that she has inherited the villa and the Rolls from a murdered husband—and that the murderer is hiding out in the house. And if this doesn't complicate things enough, there's Jane Fonda, Lola's poor cousin, cooking and cleaning on the premises, making eyes at the available males and watching for her own chance to inherit the property. Believability this film does not have. What it does have is trickily interesting direction by Clement, underkeyed but seductive performances by the Misses Albright and Fonda, and surprisingly high-spirited playing by Monsieur Delon. He makes no attempt to hide the

dots with dash

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The Do and Don't Shopper's Guide

(Chapter II)

wherein we consider the gentlemen, and the enthusiastic way they'll say "thank you!"

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fact that his French accent adds up to atrocious English, but he gets away with it completely. And be sure to note such technical details as photographer Henri Decae's lighting of Lola Albright.

•

In Hollywood they say: "He who remakes a classic makes a mess of it." The rule has not held true for Martin Ritt, who, in re-creating ***The Outrage*** from Akira Kurosawa's masterwork, *Rashomon*, has come up with a strong, bold film. With the aid of adapter Michael Kanin, he has transformed the legendary Japanese story by Akutagawa into a tale of our Wild West. (Any similarity to *The Magnificent Seven*, Yul Brynner's Western-dress rehash of another Occident-prone Kurosawa classic, *The Seven Samurai*, is purely coincidental.) The setting in this latest sword-into-six-gun opus is the Southwest in the 1870s, where a Southern colonel (Laurence Harvey) is taking his bride (Claire Bloom) overland to a new homestead. Their trip is interrupted by the bloodiest bandit of the territory (Paul Newman), who ties up Harvey, rapes Bloom, and then, so he says when captured, kills Harvey. The bandit claims at the trial that his sexual prowess so enraptured the lady that she wanted him for keeps. The lady stands up for her basic loyalty and modesty. The husband, speaking conveniently through the lips of an old medicine man, sees himself as a noble fellow who has been mocked and betrayed. And a prospector who happened to be nearby (Howard Da Silva) says he witnessed a charade of cowardice, fear and bombast. Paul Newman has an actor's field day as the growling bandit; Claire Bloom subtly manages to suggest four different feminine moods; and Laurence Harvey is better than usual, possibly because he's tied to a post and gagged for most of the picture.

•

Paddy Chayefsky has gone in for some deep-type thinking in ***The Americanization of Emily*** (based on the William Bradford Huie novel) and, while his screenplay has sharp lines and solid stretches of humor, it is muddied up with an attempt to prove that if we had enough cowards in the world we wouldn't have war. Carrying the burden of the argument is James Garner, as a commander and confessed coward in the U. S. Navy with the World War II mission of "liberating" for his admiral. Garner manages to procure nylons, Hershey bars, 100-proof bourbon, dresses from Saks and girls galore for upper-echelon bridge-playing sessions and other duties. He also manages to garner Julie Andrews, in and out of uniform, as his WAAF driver, who likes the idea (at first) of having a cowardly boyfriend, since she has been widowed once already by a hero husband. Commander Garner is thus a setup for a suicidal mission, and one comes along when

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the admiral he serves (Melvyn Douglas) cracks up and assigns him to produce a Navy public-relations film showing that the first dead man on Omaha Beach is a sailor. Naturally, Garner himself becomes the first man on the beach. What all this proves is hard to pinpoint, mainly because Chayefsky's mind has a tendency to curve under the strain of an idea. On the other hand, the movie displays some admirable curves thrown by a series of lively girls who hop in and out of various beds, all doing their bit for the War effort. Julie Andrews is nice, Garner is OK, Melvyn Douglas is first-rate as the nutty admiral, and Keenan Wynn contributes a rare bit as Navy cook turned combat photographer.

•

All These Women is hardly worthy of Ingmar Bergman, who, turning to color for the first time, has made a pettish comedy about an elderly genius cellist, the women in his life and a predatory critic. The stylized farce has the critic visiting the old fellow's magnificent estate, attempting to blackmail him into playing his own dreadful composition, and making a fool of himself chasing after the oddball females who dwell in the establishment. The girls are played by veteran Bergman actresses Eva Dahlbeck, Bibi Andersson, Harriet Andersson and Gertrud Fridh. No use mentioning who plays the cello, because he's never seen full face. What puts the film beneath Bergman's dignity is his obvious attempt to pillory the critical fraternity—which, come to think of it, is sort of ungrateful, considering how loudly they have beat the drum for him. The critic (Jarl Kulle) is a foppish fellow whose eyes bug out every time he sees Bibi, Harriet or Eva. He peeks through keyholes to spy on the private life of the genius; he even dresses up as a girl himself hoping the old man will take him on his knee and confide some tidbit of autobiography. If the goings on sound like nonsense, that's mainly accurate. Bergman's bleat about the sad life of a genius has it that the poor guy must suffer from the many women who want to get close to the creative fire, the managers who exploit it and the critics who cheapen it. Beneath all the folderol, the master director is taking himself totally seriously, and what could be more deadly to comedy?

THEATER

The put-upon dairyman, Tevye, is blessed with five unmarried daughters, a nagging wife ("I have something to say to you," she announces. "Why should today be different?" he replies.), a niggling patch of land in the dirt-poor Russian village of Anatevka, and a lame horse. So he pulls his own wagon, and complains directly to God: "It's no shame to be poor, but it's no great honor either." What keeps Tevye going is Jew-

The others are not J&B RARE scotch whisky

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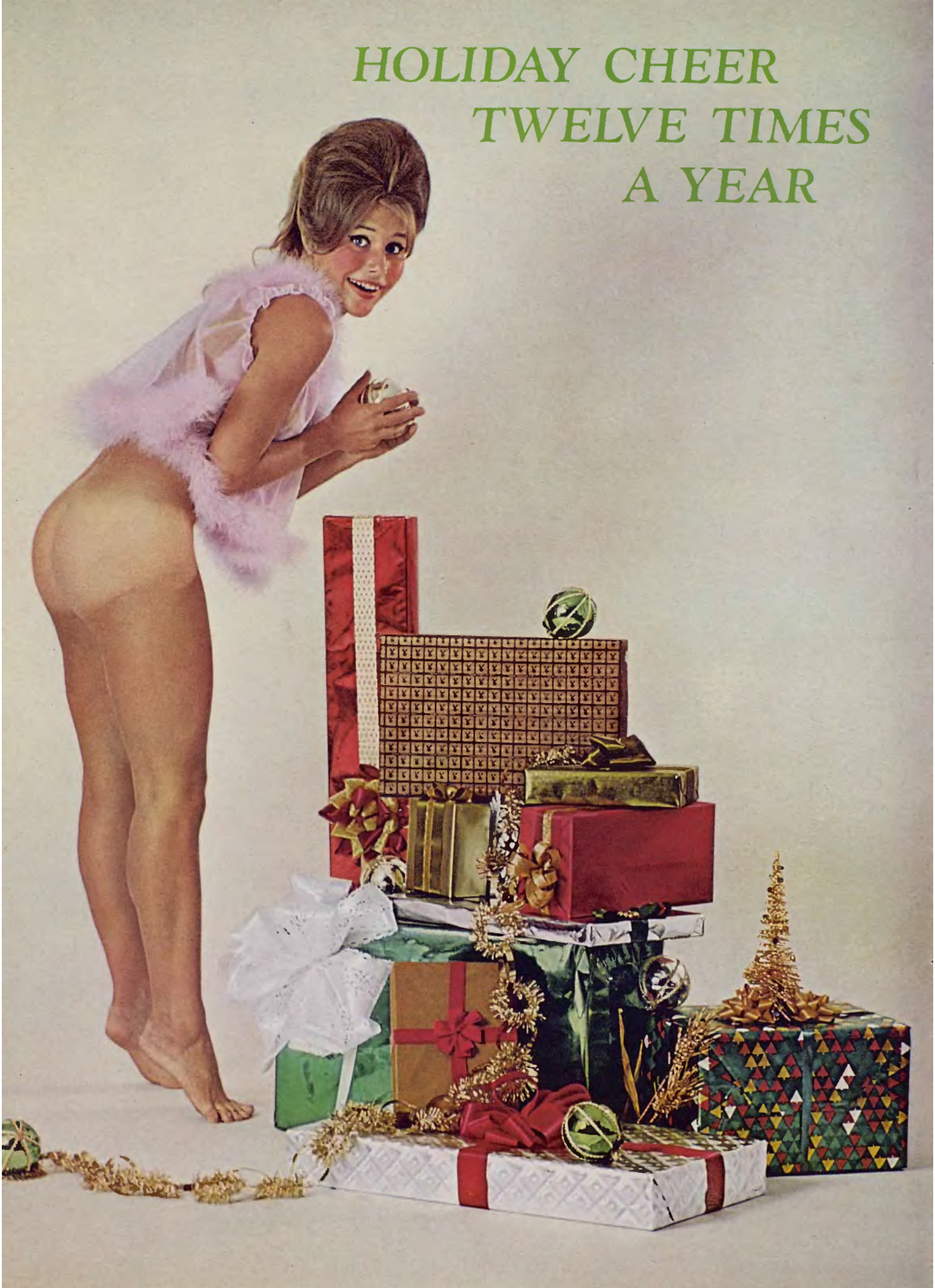
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ish tradition, for, as he says, "Without tradition, life would be as shaky as a fiddler on a roof." ***Fiddler on the Roof,*** the Sheldon Harnick–Jerry Bock musical, is not that shaky, even though the book by Joseph Stein, out of Sholom Aleichem, is predictable (one daughter gets married, then another, then another), the second act sags, and some of the music jars. But Jerome Robbins' thumping choreography is authentically ethnic, and, above all, the heart of the show is Zero Mostel—and there's no sounder heart on Broadway. In choppy beard, black cap and patchy clothes, he looks . . . well, like Tevye. Mostel is a fat, funny man; but unlike most fat, funny men, he is blessed with an economy of gesture and emotion. He can—and does—stop the show with his little finger. He never lets Tevye become sentimental, yet he is powerfully affecting. He never lets him become a buffoon, yet he is hysterically funny, whether listening silently as Motel the timid tailor summons up the chutzpah to ask him for his eldest daughter (behind his back, Mostel's hands secretly pirouette, longing to reach out and throttle Motel); or dancing gracefully—he is one of the most graceful men on the stage—with his wife, for the first time; or crooning like a synagogue full of old men; or just standing still trying to make up his mind: "On the one hand!" he declares firmly, then pauses and adds hesitantly, ". . . on the other hand." When it comes to measuring Mostel, there is no "on the other hand." At the Imperial, 249 West 45th Street.

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In Jean Anouilh's ***Traveler Without Luggage,*** an amnesiac war veteran, played by Ben Gazzara, is confronted with his past, a terrible assortment of misdeeds: He threw his best friend down a stair well because the fellow made a pass at Gazzara's mistress, the upstairs maid, and he cuckolded his older brother when *he* was off at the front. Given the option to accept or reject himself, Gazzara opts out and chooses instead the past belonging to a rich, noble and unblemished Englishman, with no relatives except one small boy, and therefore no one to fling a nasty past in his face. All of which goes to show that author Anouilh also has a blot in his past. Twenty-seven years ago, long before *Becket, Waltz of the Toreadors* and his other international successes, he wrote a bad play, now produced for the first time in the U.S. When it came to digging up this part of his past, Anouilh should have exercised Gazzara's choice and nixed the exhumation. *Traveler* is of interest mainly to scholars of the theater. Anouilh's later tantalizing themes, such as the search for identity, appear here for simply melodramatic purposes. What holds attention is not the playwright's wit, but his machina-

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tions. This is a mystery play: Who is the unknown soldier? Who will he become? But even on that simple-minded (for Anouilh) plane, the plot creaks. The solution turns on a scar, a tiny one just out of sight behind Gazzara's left shoulder, which forces him to climb on a chair and peer sideways into a mirror in order to see it. The actors try. Gazzara manages to be effective even standing on a chair peering sideways into a mirror. But the lines are against them. Nancy Wickwire, posy and shrill as the brother's wife, is called on at one point to eye Gazzara across the stage and exclaim loudly and seriously: "Oh! You're curling your lip!" The line, the delivery and, sadly, the play merit a collective lip-curl from the audience. At the ANTA, 245 West 52nd Street.

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Absence of a Cello by Ira Wallach is a comedy about how an egghead scientist is forced to farce corporate life. The scientist is Andrew Pilgrim, world expert on ultrasonics, and an ultraboob when it comes to business. He has just squandered two years and $200,000 he didn't have on what turned out to be a worthless experiment. In order to save his skin, he decides to sell his soul to a large manufacturer of consumer appliances, who he hopes will pay $60,000 a year for it. To pass the job interview, Pilgrim finds he has to remake his image. So he hides his cello and his wife's erudition (she is the world expert on King Arthur) and tries to curb his irascible temper, his irrepressible individualism and his immoderate imbibition. As played by bald, bushy-bearded and bony Fred Clark, Pilgrim is an original and funny creation. The other actors are equally comic: Ruth White, as his outspoken wife; Ruth McDevitt, as the wild old klepto next door who poses as Pilgrim's sweet old mother; Charles Grodin, as her real son, a shy square who is hip to Madison Avenue ways; and Murray Hamilton as the nosy, glib interviewer who singsongs his motto: "Hire fast, job won't last. Hire slow, fire, no." Some of the jokes are as funny as most of the actors make them. They come fast and faster, until by the third act, the play gags itself to death. In the end, it is not so much wise as simply wisecracky. Which is no surprise in view of two square premises on which the plot depends: that big business demands conformist Babbittry from the scientists it hires, and that—with today's bull market for scientists—an ultrasonics expert would have to act the role to get a job. At the Ambassador, 215 West 49th Street.

BOOKS

Observers of the beatniks, as they boastfully barged into nonrespectability with petty larceny, pot and sex, have

IN MEMORY OF ALL THE MEN WHO FELL FOR SHALIMAR.

SHALIMAR BY GUERLAIN

long suspected that their noisy literary confessions bore the brand of an innocence and giggly irreverence that might be called inverted all-American. This impression is confirmed on comparing them with the real thing—Jean Genet, an authentic Dante of the inferno of our modern moral underworld. Genet is not a tourist in the realm of poverty, prison and perversion; he lives there, and sends out hotly eloquent messages from its depths, as he did in his recent *Playboy Interview* (April 1964). In ***The Thief's Journal*** Grove Press), he explains forthrightly that "betrayal, theft and homosexuality are the basic themes of this book. There is a relationship among them which, though not always apparent, at least recognizes a kind of vascular exchange between my taste for betrayal and theft and my loves." His loves are thieves and prisoners, beggars and pimps, and the working of his lust involves not only the flesh of other men but their behavior outside the bedroom: "If he was the splendid beast gleaming in the darkness of his ferocity, let him devote himself to sport worthy of it. I incited him to theft." No detail needed to convey the animal functions of his outlaw life is omitted, and, indeed, where the situation itself does not satisfy his desires, Genet's imagination does the rest. Yet never is there a sense that the author is shocking for the sake of schoolboy shock, or piling up outlawed language for the sake of seeing how much can be crowded onto a printed page; Genet is, rather, making myth and art of degradation and disease and lust, searching for his own morality through the very process of sinking as deeply as possible into all that society regards as morality's opposite. "This journal," he insists, "is not a mere literary diversion. The further I progress, reducing to order what my past life suggests, and the more I persist in the rigor of composition—of the chapters, of the sentences, of a book itself—the more do I feel myself hardening in my will to utilize, for virtuous ends, my former hardships. I feel their power." So does the reader, whether he likes it or not.

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One of the more transparent book-advertising disguises these days is the "literary award" given by a publishing house to one of its own authors, usually the winner of a contest sponsored by that same publisher. The Great New Talent is announced with full-page ads, which sell enough copies of the book for the publisher to recoup his investment of prize money, and perhaps even convince him that there's been a dividend in prestige. Latest of such harmless indulgences is the Delta Prize, awarded to a novel called ***Drive, He Said*** (Delacorte) by Jeremy Larner. Ostensibly the tale of one Hector

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Bloom, all-American basketball player, Mr. Larner's book bounces around like a loose dribble, in a gimcrack Joycean stream-of-consciousness mélange of undergraduate profundity, alcohol, vomit, dope, gratuitous social commentary and obscenity—sans plot, sans character, sans everything except a jargony hysteria. Hector, whose name is doubtless symbolic—remember that beaten Trojan warrior chap?—is evidently supposed to represent that weary cliché of current letters, the hugely talented but correspondingly disaffected soul. Too frequently, however, the clichés are in the writing. In a single half paragraph describing sexual failure, one poor soul "withers on the vine" and "folds up like an accordion," while the lady in question, initially "limp as a dishrag," looks on at last "with an enigmatic smile." Larner's aim, it seems, is to explain the reasons for Hector's departed Team Spirit. There's that arms race, those satellites, them Russians. (One visualizes Bob Cousy chatting with Wilt the Stilt. "Say, how come only six points tonight?" "Well, man, that Cuban crisis, you know!") Humor is now and then a saving grace, but too often falls to an adolescent level: a dance band called "Megaton Maniac and His Hydroheroin Heptet," or a film named *I Was a Teenage Pederast*. The book's theme? Why, it's Love. "Love's what dings God's dong and douches the cosmical chimney stack." The Delta Prize was to be announced a year ago, at $5000, then was withheld with the ante doubled when nothing worth while was submitted. At a cool ten grand this isn't an award, it's a donation.

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No doubt William (*Naked Lunch*) Burroughs had to write ***Nova Express*** (Grove Press) the same way some of us, from time to time, have to belch. The small, offensive explosion affords considerable relief. But whereas your run-of-the-mill belcher turns aside and decorously covers his mouth, Burroughs gives forth for all he's worth and expects his ejected wind to be sniffed, bottled and registered at the Library of Congress. To discuss his work is to inhale his madness. It is a pastiche of erred Eliot ("Put on a clean shirt and duck through narrow streets") and spilt Spillane. Burroughs is mime of all styles and master of none; he affects Kafka's surrealism, Joyce's word-murk, Hemingway's cablese and Ionesco's scorn of bourgeois trivia. This last is genuine. If the book can be said to be "about" something, it is about the squares who have inherited the earth and are now idly bearing witness to its destruction. Hiroshima and Nagasaki are frequently invoked. The "Nova Mob" apparently represents this planet's power structure. One of Burroughs' fa-

vorite phrases is "wounded galaxies," and he seems to be saying—or rather screeching—that our planet is on a collision course, with a bunch of cutthroats at the controls and the squares, or "marks," going along for the ride. None of this is original, but it is declaimed at a dizzying speed in a head-splitting key. Burroughs writes the way a baby cries—to get attention.

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The reason for the failure of ***Conversations with Nelson Algren*** (Hill & Wang) is unwittingly revealed in the introduction by H. E. F. Donohue, who tape-recorded most of these question-and-answer sessions between Algren and himself. Says Donohue: "He [Algren] checked the finished manuscript. But it is my choice . . . when awkward questions are permitted to stand next to foolish answers. These blemishes . . . have been retained because an attempt has been made here to present the thoughts and feelings of one of America's best writers in the form and style of his own speech." After reading this book, we'll stick with Algren's thoughts and feelings in writing, thanks. His responses to Donohue's questions come as either short, unrevealing phrases or long, unrevealing monologs. Here is Algren at his most communicative under Donohue's typically astute questioning. "Q: You couldn't get out on bail? ALGREN: Well, I had nobody to bail me out. Q: What was the bail? Remember? ALGREN: No. I didn't have a lawyer, no bail was set . . . Q: And there was no public defender? ALGREN: Yeah, they gave me a defender. Q: But you couldn't get bail? Did they offer you bail? ALGREN: Well, I didn't have a defender until I was tried. Nothing was said at the time. Q: They said you would sit here and wait for the judge? ALGREN: Yeah. The time was very difficult to pass. There was nothing to read. Q: You were twenty-two? Twenty-three? ALGREN: Yeah, there was nothing to read. We argued a lot. Q: What about? ALGREN: Oh, just about everything, everything there was to argue about." Donohue's interrogation produces a rambling biographical sketch that is intended to cover the writer's youth, service in World War II, his euchredom at the hands of Hollywood, travels in the Far East and his thoughts on American politics, society and writers. If Algren appears half-witted, perhaps it is due to the fact that Donohue's bumptious questioning technique turned him inarticulate with amusement. Typical questions: How old were you when you stopped being a virgin? Do you want a million dollars? What would you do with it? Do you think life is hard? Why are we in-

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volved in the Congo? And so on and on, in this talk on the mild side.

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In France, it is illegal to live off the earnings of a prostitute, according to a law of April 13, 1936. In World War I, Hermann Göring shot down 22 Allied planes, and won the Iron Cross, Second and First Class, the Zaehring Lion with Swords, the Karl Friedrich Order, the Hohenzollern Medal, also with Swords, and other honors. *Gefuellte Kalbsbrust* should be accompanied by a *Labastide-de-Levis*, from the Gallic hillsides of Tarn, of recent vintage. Fifty thousand tons of gasoline were available in France in 1941, as opposed to three million tons two years earlier. If all this sounds as though it belongs in some sort of almanac, it does—but it is also to be found in the new novel by Richard Condon, ***An Infinity of Mirrors*** (Random House). Condon, author of that remarkable tour de force of the sexual-political imagination, *The Manchurian Candidate*, has switched his sights to the reality of modern European history, circa 1932–1944, detailing the story of a beautiful French Jewess married to a Nazi officer, and the fabulous imagination is shoveled under by all that research. It is a classroom cliché that a single scene, in the hands of the right author, can illuminate an era in ways that no mass of facts, dates or references to real people ever can. Condon's Nazis are stereotype perverts and boors, and his key figures are scarcely fleshier. At the end, the German husband is made to repudiate the Nazi ethic, not out of any moral perception, but only because his own half-Jewish son has been killed, and thereafter the plot deteriorates into melodramatic revenge over this and an attempted rape of the wife. In a front-cover blurb, Condon's publisher calls the book "truly important"; maybe he was impressed by the revelation that Heinrich Himmler was once a fertilizer salesman.

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"It is tempting," observes Eric Bentley in ***The Life of the Drama*** (Atheneum), "to see the history of drama since the 17th Century as a steady decline." He does not wholly resist the temptation. The gist of his argument in this provocative book is that today's naturalism, which claims to give us a faithful reflection of ourselves—banal though we may be—is actually less "realistic" than yesterday's high tragedy or low comedy. In our dreams, Bentley points out, we tend to be a good deal more violent, more melodramatic and even more heroic than in our waking hours. Hence: "Once we realize that we dream most of the time, we have to reverse the conventional view and declare our lives are dramatic after all." Thus the soaring rhetoric of a Sophocles or a Shakespeare, which raises all the ultimate questions with unashamed candor and invokes all the flam-

ing emotions, seems to Bentley more appropriate to the theater than the "natural" but grubby dialog of an Odets. Bentley is for honest, tough-minded drama. He attributes the decline in the Fifties of Chaplin, the Marx Brothers and W. C. Fields to "the age of phony seriousness. There was too much aggression in [them] for the age of Rodgers and Hammerstein, Norman Vincent Peale and Dwight D. Eisenhower." True farce is aggressive; true tragedy is violent. "The opposite of tragedy," says Bentley, "is not comedy but Christian Science"—that is, an evasion of death. But if Bentley scolds most modern playwrights because they dodge the crucial issues, he praises the few, like Ionesco and Beckett, who do not. Beckett's despair, his sense of life's meaninglessness, is the real thing, Bentley tells us; we all share it. "You need only walk into a theater where *Godot* is playing, and the ghastly despondency will cut into you like an icy wind." And in Beckett's power Bentley finds cause for hope. The theater has not reached the end of the line; for deep despair has obviously not defeated a man who can still write about it. "A work of art," says Bentley, "is organized and rational, a victory of the human spirit in the highest sense . . . a sign that despair is not at the wheel but that a man is."

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The Act of Creation (Macmillan) is Arthur Koestler's sweeping explanation of the creative process as it pertains to humor, science and the arts. The book is, by and large, solidly constructed, carefully presented and exasperatingly dull. The exegesis is clear enough. Koestler argues that the creative act is first, last and always the product of "bisociation" —a word he has coined especially for the occasion. Bisociation is thinking in two different frames of reference at once—that is, combining them so as to come up with a surprise. A joke, says Koestler, is an instance of conflicting bisociation, when two systems or rules meet head on. Example: "A convict was playing cards with his jailers. On discovering that he cheated, they kicked him out of jail." Convicts are punished by being locked up, you see, but cheats are punished by being let out. The two rules conflict, so we laugh (perhaps). Newton's apple and Archimedes' bathtub are more complicated examples of the same process: making a discovery by combining two seemingly unrelated subjects. And essentially the same thing, says Koestler, "applies to the discoveries of the artist who makes us see familiar objects and events in a new, strange, revealing light. . . . Newton's apple and Cézanne's apple are discoveries more closely related than they seem." (The title of Koestler's famous novel, *Darkness at Noon*, is evidently a short, sweet example of bisociation.)

Having set forth his theory early in the game, Koestler proceeds to spin out endless elaborations on the theme. He finds instances of bisociation practically everywhere—in Copernicus, in Picasso, in the collective unconscious and (citing Köhler's Gestalt experiments) in chimpanzees. He seems under a compulsion to tell us all he knows, which is considerable but not always relevant. Discussing the scientific method, Koestler alludes to the process of elaboration and verification as "the long donkey-work following the brief flash of insight." Koestler's flash of insight is his concept of bisociation; the rest of the book is donkey-work.

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Take the costume off an actor and nine times out of ten little is left but large clay feet. The tenth man is John Barrymore. What's left, 22 years after his death, is the Barrymore legend, 100-proof and almost entirely true. Hollis Alpert has now poured that heady libation into ***The Barrymores*** (Dial Press). It's a big, handsome volume, enriched with 77 well-chosen photographs, evocative of an extravagant era. John Barrymore was an alcoholic Peter Pan—he never grew up. He was born into a weird world of wardrobe-trunk adults and died 60 years later in a rolling fog of childishness. Between the first and last curtains he acted brilliantly for 30 years and as well as he could for 10 more. The Great Profile went on his first drunk at 5, was caught in a brothel at 14, was seduced by his stepmother at 15, seduced a woman twice his age at 17, and was an accomplished barfly from age 25 onward. He was embroiled with his second wife, poet-poseur Michael Strange, at 38, had a breakdown at 39, thought of leaping into the Seine at 40 but climbed Mont Blanc instead, and had what a doctor called an "alcoholic wetbrain" at 51. The following year was busy—he drank perfume and cooling-system alcohol, hired a Madras brothel for a week, broke his nurse's nose, and pawed one of daughter Diana's schoolmates. Cruising to the finish with three divorces in hand, he seduced and married teenage Elaine Barrie, made Bulldog Drummond movies, kept on guzzling, and died—appropriately enough—in Hollywood. But whereas John was raw moonshine, brother Lionel, sister Ethel and the clutch of Barrymore grandparents, cousins and aunts which Alpert has added to his concoction were pleasant and, by contrast, dull, more like a pousse-café. And as John would have pointed out sternly, even the best pousse-cafés cloy after a while.

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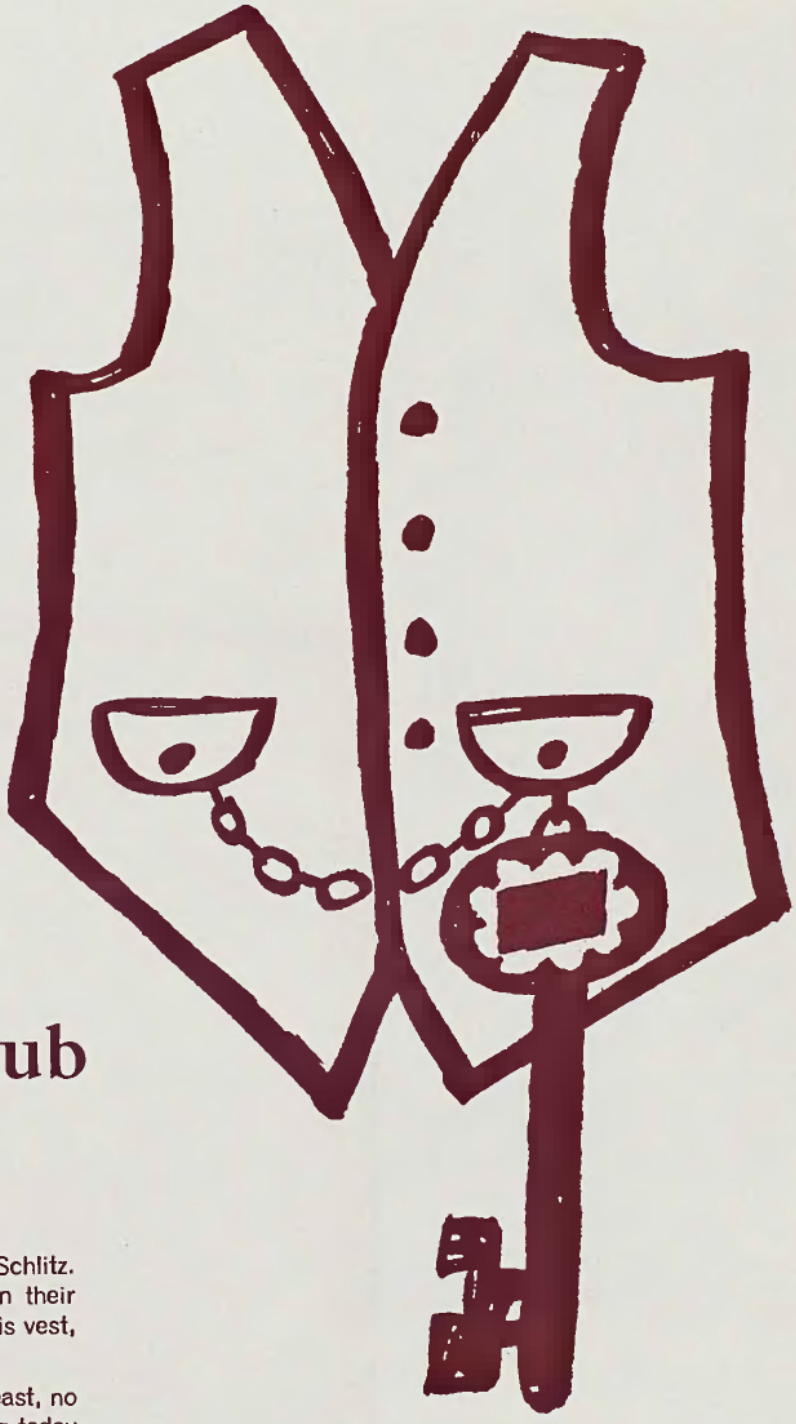
Thomas Berger's ***Little Big Man*** (Dial Press) is an outsized, loose-gaited, tongue-in-cheek narrative purporting to represent the autobiography of one Jack



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Crabb. Dictated in the 1950s when Crabb is 111 years old, it touches upon virtually every critical episode in the history of the frontier—in every one of which, it develops, Crabb played no mean role. He practices the art of gun fighting with Wild Bill Hickok; he hunts buffalo and is infected by the Pikes Peak gold bug; he resides in a Cheyenne tribal suburbia, along with squaw and three sisters-in-law, owing husbandly obligations to all four; he exchanges shooting words with Wyatt Earp ("You just spoke my name." "I don't know your name. All I done was belch."); he perpetrates bunco schemes and poker cons, and is the sole white survivor of the Battle of Little Bighorn. Berger has merrily interlaced this richly improbable plot with outrageous path crossings and coincidences of the classic picaresque novel as well. "Sue Ann?" cries the prostitute. "But that's my mother's name . . . Then you are my Uncle Jack!" "You better get your dress back on," says Crabb. What Berger has contrived, of course, is a frontier-style tall story to out-tall the lot of them. Yet in shooting holes through the whole passel of saddle-weary clichés, he has also managed to transcend them magnificently. More often than not, we find Crabb among the Indians, and it is their story Berger really cares about. He gallops clear of the usual romantic distortions—Berger's redskins stink, for example, yet are proud human beings, often absurd, always dignified. And for all the comedy, Berger's hoked-up portraits of Hickok and Custer seem uncannily real. The book's conclusion, re-creating Custer's Last Stand, reeks of gunsmoke—or maybe it's Indian. The only thing we crabb about is that death interrupts our hero's shameless lying when he is recounting his exploits of 1876. His report on the 1881 gun fight at the O.K. Corral, say, would probably have been a lulu.

•

Psychiatrist Eric Berne has committed a hanging offense. In ***Games People Play*** (Grove Press), he has suggested that grownups grow up. To Dr. Berne, all the world's a stadium and most of its men and women youthful games players who were taught the rules while making their first mud pies. Quickly they grasped the object—to avoid real participation in life. Therapist Berne hopes that even a champion neurotic may discard his games if he can be brought to realize he is playing them. This cleansing action transports him into a state of psychic grace, free of rationalizing self-destruction. Borrowing his literary form from Stephen Potter, our Hoyle of the psyche explains the mechanisms of such tragicomic ploys as "Wooden Leg" (I do those terrible things because of my problem); "Now I've Got You, You Son of a Bitch" (pouter waits gleefully for victim to slip, then strikes with self-righteous fury); and "See What You Made Me Do" (husband and wife argue at bedtime as a way of avoiding sex without having to admit they want to avoid it). These games can be rained out when, for example, a Schlemiel can't get a Schlimazl to make a twosome. Schlemiel, who thrives on fervent forgiveness, spills his drink on the rug, smears anchovy paste on the sofa, then knees the host's wife in the groin as he rises to apologize. The host's game-canceling line is: "Tonight you can embarrass my wife, ruin the furniture and wreck the rug, but please don't say 'I'm sorry.'" If games could really be washed out so simply, the Wooden Legs would eventually stop crying in their beer and face themselves. But Dr. Berne himself notes sadly that few humans can resist an invitation to sit in on a game. For every Schlemiel in the world, somewhere a Schlimazl is waiting.

DINING-DRINKING

Time was, and not too long ago, when a hamburger, soggy pizza or some Senator's favorite recipe for succotash was standard fare atop Washington's Capitol Hill. Now, at last, the Hill has a restaurant making a supreme effort to achieve elegance and superb cuisine. It is ***The Rotunda*** (30 Ivy Street, S. E.), claimed to be a million-dollar investment, and well it may be. Once an old warehouse, it is now the refuge for weary legislators and knowledgeable Washingtonians who seek relaxed dining away from the omnipresent camera-toting tourists. Once past the heavy, inlaid door, one can either descend a winding staircase to the main dining room and taproom or step up to the lushly furnished, low-ceilinged La Scala Room. Seating only 80, La Scala is paneled in Philippine mahogany with rich tapestries and colorful crested shields adding tone to the dark wood. Downstairs, one enters a Renaissance world. There are alcoves along the walls, stained-glass windows and richly carved banisters and railings. The furnishings are heavy and ornate but comfortable. Walled off from the dining area, the taproom is dark and its decor, as in the other rooms, is rich but not overpowering. The brothers Ermanno and Henry Prati, also proprietors of the popular Aldo's and Channel House elsewhere in Washington, are involved in this venture with Robert J. D. Johnson. Ermanno explains the brief Continental menu quite logically: "A few dishes, well prepared, is our aim." Some of the French cuisine understandably shows a fine Italian hand, but the Roman specialties are choice. For our visit, the appetizers were Shrimp Provençal and Escargots Bourguignonne. The Long Island Duckling à

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When you have this handy "barmate" as a helpmate, it's easy to mix a good drink... or even invent one of your own. It shows you how to mix the best-known drinks made with all the popular basic liquors: Bourbon, Scotch, gin, vodka, rum and Southern Comfort. Recipes are especially easy to read, easy to follow. Just be sure to read these first two pages carefully. They reveal the mixing secrets of top barmen in the business.

how to improve your favorite drink

You don't have to be an expert to know *when* a drink tastes good. But if you understand *what makes* it taste good, you're well on your way to becoming a master mixer. Just remember these two simple rules: (1.) Most drinks depend on *one basic liquor* to "control" the flavor of the drink; other ingredients are added to enhance that base. (2.) Regardless of what ingredients you add, *the flavor of the basic liquor still comes through!* That's why it's so easy to improve the taste of drinks you've been making for years. The trick is simply this: switch the base! A perfect example is the smoother Manhattan made with Southern Comfort (and *dry* vermouth) instead of conventional whiskey. One drink will convince you. The secret, of course, is the flavor of Southern Comfort. Here's a basic liquor that's completely different, one that actually *tastes delicious* straight. Switching to Southern Comfort also improves your Old-Fashioneds, Sours, Collinses, etc. No wonder so many professional barmen use it as a base when creating special "house drinks" for their famous establishments. Make the simple taste test on the opposite page, and you'll understand why they do. Then start "inventing" your own!

Make this simple test for improving drinks

Your choice of a basic liquor greatly influences the taste of any drink you mix. Prove it yourself this easy way. First, pour a jigger of Bourbon or Scotch over cracked ice in a short glass. Sip it. Now do the same with Southern Comfort. Sip *it*, and you've found a completely different kind of basic liquor. This one actually tastes good right out of the bottle—with *nothing* added. No wonder a switch to this smoother liquor makes so many mixed drinks taste much better.

WHEN TO SHAKE, WHEN TO STIR

As a general rule ***STIR*** drinks made only with clear liquors. ***SHAKE*** drinks made with hard-to-blend ingredients like fruit juice, eggs, or cream . . . and shake hard.

WHAT SUGAR IS BEST

Use finely granulated sugar. Confectioners' sugar (often called "powdered") is not for drinks. Dissolve sugar before adding liquor.

FOR SUCCESS: ALWAYS MEASURE

Never mix by the "eyeball" method–not even a highball. The best drinks are the result of exact measurements of the finest ingredients.

Basic measurements:
pony = 1 oz; 1 jigger = 1½ oz.
dash = 4 to 6 drops.

CHILL YOUR GLASSES

For better drinks, chill cocktail glasses by filling with cracked or shaved ice. Mix drink, dump ice, dry glasses, pour in drink.

WHAT IS SOUTHERN COMFORT?

It's a special kind of liquor. In the days of the Old South, a talented New Orleans gentleman was disturbed by the taste of even the finest whiskeys. So he "smoothed his spirits" with rare and delicious ingredients . . . and Southern Comfort was born. The formula for this 100-proof liquor is still a family secret, but millions have discovered its pleasure. Try a bottle. We think you'll like what it adds to your drinks . . . old ones or new.

Southern Comfort®

It's easy to improve even the simple drinks

First mixing rule: Don't skimp on ice. Drinks should be *cold*. And ice should be fresh. Old ice absorbs refrigerator odors and tastes. Especially for the drinks listed below, use the best liquor you can afford. Remember these are for people who appreciate a fine liquor's true flavor. Surveys show, for instance, that over half the users of Southern Comfort enjoy it in these drinks . . . because its naturally rich flavor is so good by itself.

ON-THE-ROCKS & MISTS:

On-the-rocks: Pour a jigger of liquor over two ice cubes in an Old-Fashioned glass. To improve it? Use three smaller cubes; the drink chills faster, tastes better. A twist of lemon peel adds piquancy. For a mist, fill your glass with finely cracked ice. Many say this slight dilution frees even more of the flavor.

HIGHBALLS: easy to make, easy to ruin . . .

Easy to make: A jigger of liquor, ice, soda or water. Easy to ruin? Yes! Soda, dry or sweet, should be top quality, and *cold* (it holds carbonation better). Instead of faucet water, often full of chemicals, try bottled spring water. Now, try this . . .

COMFORT* HIGHBALL: 1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
Twist of lemon peel or juice of ¼ lime (optional) • sparkling water
Pour S. C. over ice cubes; add lime or lemon; fill with water, stir.

Just as easy to improve famous cocktails

first make
this cocktail
the ordinary way:

MANHATTAN

⅓ jigger (½ oz.)
Italian (sweet) vermouth

1 jigger (1½ oz.)
Bourbon, blend, or rye

Dash of Angostura bitters
(optional)

Stir ingredients thoroughly with cracked ice. Strain into cocktail glass. Garnish drink with a cherry.

then make one
this
smoother way

COMFORT* MANHATTAN

made the way
they mix it at the
PLAYBOY CLUB,
Chicago

You'll be amazed at how a simple switch of basic liquors improves the taste of this famous drink.

1 jigger (1½ oz.)
Southern Comfort

⅓ jigger (½ oz.)
French (dry) vermouth

Dash of Angostura bitters
(optional)

Stir with cracked ice until thoroughly chilled. Strain into glass. Serve with a cherry . . . and taste the smoothest Manhattan ever!

*Southern Comfort®

Easily mixed cocktails give you time to mix with guests!

ROB ROY

½ jigger (¾ oz.) Italian (sweet) vermouth
1 jigger (1½ oz.) Scotch
Dash Angostura bitters

Stir with finely cracked ice; strain into cocktail glass. Serve with a twist of lemon peel.

DRY MARTINI

1 part French (dry) vermouth
4 parts gin or vodka

Stir with cracked ice until chilled. Strain into pre-chilled cocktail glass. Serve with green olive, pearl onion, or a twist of lemon peel.

BLOODY MARY

2 jiggers tomato juice
⅓ jigger lemon juice
Dash Worcestershire sauce
1 jigger (1½ oz.) vodka

Salt, pepper to taste. Shake with cracked ice; strain into 6-oz. glass.

GIMLET

4 parts gin or vodka
1 part Rose's sweetened lime juice

Shake well with cracked ice. Strain into pre-chilled glass.

COLD TODDY

¼ tspn. sugar • 1 oz. water
2 oz. Scotch or Bourbon

Stir sugar with water in Old-Fashioned glass. Add ice cubes, liquor, twist of lemon peel.

Super toddy, anybody? Mix one with Southern Comfort.

RUM SWIZZLE

Juice ½ lime • 4 dashes bitters
2½ oz. light rum • 1 tspn. sugar

Mix in glass pitcher with plenty of finely cracked ice. Stir vigorously until mixture foams. Serve in double Old-Fashioned glass.

DAIQUIRI

Juice ½ lime or ¼ lemon • 1 tspn. sugar
1 jigger (1½ oz.) light rum

Shake with cracked ice until shaker frosts. Strain into cocktail glass.

MARGARITA

1½ oz. white Cuervo tequila
½ oz. Triple Sec
1 oz. lime or lemon juice

Moisten cocktail glass rim with fruit rind; spin moist rim in salt. Shake ingredients with cracked ice. Strain into glass and sip over salted edge.

A champion drink served at Jack Dempsey's, New York

½ jigger (¾ oz.) Southern Comfort
½ jigger Bourbon • ½ jigger water

Pour liquors over cracked ice in short glass. Add water; stir. Top with twist of lemon peel.

Sun-lovers' choice at the Luau Restaurant, Miami Beach

Juice ½ lime or ¼ lemon • ½ tspn. sugar
1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort

Shake thoroughly with cracked ice until shaker frosts. Strain into cocktail glass.

COMFORT* OLD-FASHIONED

Swingin' fashion at the PLAYBOY CLUB, St. Louis

Dash Angostura bitters • ½ oz. water
½ tspn. sugar (optional)
1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort

Stir bitters, sugar, water in glass; add ice cubes, S.C. Top with twist of lemon peel, orange slice, and cherry. Simple? It's superb!

Regular Old-Fashioned: stir 1 tspn. sugar with water and bitters, and replace S.C. with Bourbon or rye.

COMFORT* SOUR

Smooth attraction at the PLAYBOY CLUB, Phoanix

⅓ jigger lemon juice
½ tspn. sugar
1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort

Shake well with cracked ice and strain. Add orange slice on rim of glass and cherry . . . and serve a sour sure to bring out a smile.

Whiskey Sour: ½ jigger lemon juice, 1 tspn. sugar, 1 jigger (1½ oz.) Bourbon or rye.

*Southern Comfort®

Mix great long drinks with these short steps!

TOM COLLINS

1 tspn. sugar • ½ jigger lemon juice
1 jigger (1½ oz.) gin, vodka, or tequila
Sparkling water

Dissolve sugar in juice. Add ice cubes, liquor. Fill with sparkling water; stir.

HONOLULU COOLER

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
Juice ½ lime • Hawaiian pineapple juice

Pack tall glass with cracked ice. Add lime juice, S.C. Fill with pineapple juice; stir.

COMFORT* COLA

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
Juice and rind of ½ lime • cola

Squeeze lime over ice cubes in tall glass. Add rind, Southern Comfort; fill with cola. Stir.

For a Cuba Libre, use light rum instead of S.C.

GIN RICKEY

Juice and rind ½ lime
1 jigger (1½ oz.) gin
Sparkling water

Squeeze lime over ice cubes in 8-oz. glass. Add gin, lime rind; fill with sparkling water. Stir.

Mix brandy, rum, Scotch, Bourbon rickeys the same way. Or, ring in a new rickey flavor with Southern Comfort.

MINT JULEP

4 sprigs fresh mint • 1 tspn. sugar
Dash of water • 2 oz. Bourbon

Chill tall glass. Crush mint, sugar in water; pack with cracked ice. Pour whiskey almost to top. Stir until glass is frosted.

For a julep worth a mint in flavor, use S.C., no sugar.

SCREWDRIVER

1 jigger (1½ oz.) vodka
Orange juice

Pour vodka over ice cubes in 6-oz. glass. Fill with juice. Stir.

Southern Comfort instead of vodka gives a screwdriver a bright new turn.

GIN 'N TONIC

Juice, rind ¼ lime • 1 jigger (1½ oz.) gin
Quinine water (tonic)

Squeeze lime over ice cubes in 8-oz. glass. Add rind, gin; fill with tonic. Stir.
Vodka 'n tonic: use vodka instead of gin.

THE ALAMO

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
Unsweetened Texas grapefruit juice

Pack 12-oz. glass with cracked ice. Add Southern Comfort; fill with juice. Stir. A drink you'll remember!

Mixed at Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn & Stardust Hotels, Las Vegas

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
Juice, rind ½ lime (optional) • quinine water (tonic)

Squeeze lime over ice cubes in 8-oz. glass. Add rind and S.C. Fill with tonic, stir.

Scores with sportsmen at the El Mirador Hotel, Palm Springs

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
Schweppe's Bitter Lemon

Pour Southern Comfort over ice cubes in highball glass. Fill with Bitter Lemon, stir.

COMFORT* COLLINS

Beach-watchers' favorite at tha PLAYBOY CLUB, Miami

Tall, smooth, and terrific! This drink is eyed with pleasure from Collins Avenue to Main Street.

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort

Juice ¼ lime • 7-UP

Blend Southern Comfort and lime juice in a tall glass. Add ice cubes and fill with 7-UP. Stir. You'll stir up new interest in Collinses!

SCARLETT O'HARA

Toast of the French Quarter, at the PLAYBOY CLUB, New Orleans

Intriguing as the famous belle who inspired it! This drink's popular in the most cosmopolitan crowd.

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort

Juice ½ fresh lime

½ jigger (¾ oz.) Ocean Spray cranberry juice cocktail

Shake ingredients well with cracked ice. Strain into a pre-chilled cocktail glass. Next time friends gather, make a shakerful. Please 'em all with one easy drink!

**Southern Comfort®*

Serve these famous drinks to finish dinner with a flourish!

ALEXANDER

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

GRASSHOPPER

¾ oz. fresh cream • 1 oz. white creme de cacao
1 oz. green creme de menthe
Shake well with cracked ice or mix in an electric blender. Strain into cocktail glass.

STINGER

1 jigger (1½ oz.) brandy
½ jigger (¾ oz.) white creme de menthe
Shake with cracked ice; strain into glass.
To mix a stinger that's a humdinger, use Southern Comfort instead of brandy.

BLUE BLAZER

½ white creme de menthe • ½ Southern Comfort
Pour creme de menthe in cordial glass. Float Southern Comfort, filling glass to top, and ignite. When flame dies, let cool and serve.

COMFORT* ROYALE

Hot black coffee • Southern Comfort
Balance tablespoon of S.C. over coffee cup. Ignite fumes rising from liquor. As flame fades, pour into hot coffee.

ST. LOUIS COCKTAIL

½ peach or apricot
Chilled Southern Comfort
Put fruit in sherbet or champagne glass. Add cracked ice; fill with Southern Comfort. Serve with small spoon and cocktail straw.

*Southern Comfort®

Bowlfuls of party-tima cheer
. . . for special occasions

PARTY PUNCH

Bottle (fifth) Southern Comfort
4 oz. Jamaica rum
1 cup (8 oz.) pineapple juice
1 cup grapefruit juice • 4 oz. lemon juice
2 qts. champagne or sparkling water

Pre-cool ingredients and mix in punch bowl, adding champagne last. Add ice, and garnish with orange slices. Serves 25 . . . and puts punch into any party!

ANNIVERSARY PUNCH

Bottle (fifth) Southern Comfort
1 cup (8 oz.) cranberry juice
¾ cup lemon or lime juice
dash Angostura bitters • 1 qt. sparkling water
2 qts. champagne

Pre-cool ingredients; pour into punch bowl over large piece of ice. Add champagne last; garnish with decoratively-cut fruit slices. Serves 20.

COMFORT* EGGNOG

1 qt. dairy eggnog mix
1 cup (8 oz.) Southern Comfort
Nutmeg

Pre-chill eggnog mix, Southern Comfort. Blend in punch bowl by beating; dust with nutmeg. Serves 10. Traditional holiday eggnog will reach new heights of flavor.

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(See picture on following page)

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BARMATE

HOME BARTENDERS' GUIDE TO EXPERT DRINK MIXING

These striking contemporary glasses can be yours at only $3.50 per set! See special offer on previous page.

(Advertisement)

l'Orange offered its sauce in a carved peel boat alongside, not over, the fowl. Before serving, the duckling was seared over flaming Cointreau. Our companion chose butter-tender Tournedos Rossini whose flavor was immensely enhanced by the sauce and mushrooms. Coffee and flaming desserts—Cherries Jubilee and Brandied Peach Flambé—capped the repast. The Rotunda's wine list is extensive. There is dancing from 9:30 to 1:30 weekdays, 8 to 12 on Saturdays. Open six days a week from 11:30 A.M. until 2 A.M. (until midnight on Saturdays), the Rotunda is closed on Sundays.

RECORDINGS

A highly pleasurable aural experience awaits on ***Nancy Wilson / How Glad I Am*** (Capitol). The girl with the golden voice tees off the LP with her hit title ballad and goes on to cover such delights as a brace from *Funny Girl—People* and *Don't Rain on My Parade*; a pair of Antonio Carlos Jobim melodies, *The Boy from Ipanema* and *Quiet Nights* (*Corcovado*) and a half-dozen other goodies. Nancy is ultrafancy throughout.

•

Peggy Lee / In the Name of Love (Capitol) rates as one of her best in a long time. For one thing, her accompaniment is provided by a crew of first-line jazzmen; a number of the arrangements are by either Billy May, Dave Grusin or Lalo Schifrin, three of the best of the chart-makers; and there are a near-dozen tunes of an almost uniformly high caliber, among them: *The Boy from Ipanema, Shangri-La, When in Rome* and *Theme from "Joy House."*

•

Milt Jackson: Vibrations (Atlantic) proves again that the longtime Playboy Jazz Poll–winning vibist performs admirably outside the context of the Modern Jazz Quartet. Here, leading a large group on six of the offerings, and backed by a rhythm section on the title tune and *Melancholy Blues*, Jackson is a stonewall of technique and inventiveness whether the mood be indigo or sunny. Tommy Flanagan's piano and MJQ drummer Connie Kay add much to the proceedings.

•

Ben Webster, that indefatigable titan of the tenor sax, continues his blithe course through jazz history with ***See You at the Fair*** (Impulse!). Fronting a quartet (Hank Jones and Roger Kellaway share the piano chores, Richard Davis is on bass, Osie Johnson on drums), the ageless Webster breathes new life into *Over the Rainbow, Our Love Is Here to Stay, Stardust* and *Someone to Watch over Me*, as he proves once again that he is perhaps the most melodic jazz practitioner extant.

•

Everybody Knows / Steve Lawrence (Columbia) and everybody knows his vocal capabilities, which are very much in evidence on this LP. From Toots Thielemans' lilting *Bluesette* through the soulful *Don't Let the Sun Catch You Crying* on to the Lawrence-Gormé-penned *Can't Get Over the Bossa Nova*, Steve is in full command—except for *Yet . . . I Know*, a hysterical French import that should prove as popular as hoof-and-mouth disease.

•

A fine "live" Miles session at Juan-Les-Pins has found its way to vinyl on ***Miles Davis in Europe*** (Columbia). Heading a quintet made up of George Coleman on tenor, Ron Carter, bass, Herbie Hancock, piano, and young Tony Williams on drums, Miles is in splendid form on a pair of standards—*Autumn Leaves* (which can be banal as hell in the wrong hands) and Cole Porter's *All of You*—and three jazz originals.

•

A refreshing change of pace, ***This Is Ragtime Now! / Hank Jones*** (ABC-Paramount) has the stellar jazz pianist disinterring a slew of antique rags, polishing them to a gleaming luster and offering them with surprisingly little "modernizing." His *laissez-faire* policy is a wise one. The rags have an appeal far beyond their value as jazz museum pieces. There is a vitality, a basic straightforwardness that holds the listener. Drummer Osie Johnson and bassist Milt Hinton ebulliently enter into the spirit of the occasion.

•

Color us disenchanted. ***Barbra Streisand / People*** (Columbia), the latest LP from the hottest female property in show business, goes over with a whimper, not a bang. The material is not to be faulted. It includes the title song, *Supper Time* from Irving Berlin's *As Thousands Cheer* and *Don't Like Goodbyes* from the Arlen-Capote *House of Flowers*. But, with the exception of the deliberately paced, *Happy Days*–styled *Fine and Dandy*, that tendency toward nerve-jangling freneticism which we have mentioned in the past is still very much a part of Miss Streisand's bag of tricks.

•

Even if you already have a complete recording of the opera, a wise investment would be ***Carmen*** (RCA Victor), with Leontyne Price, Franco Corelli, Robert Merrill and Mirella Freni as the principals. Miss Price gives an overpowering performance as the cigarette girl that Corelli and Merrill are hard put to match; what would be considered superlative interpretations of their roles under ordinary circumstances suffer by comparison with the grandeur of Price.

Herbert Von Karajan is the conductor of the Vienna Philharmonic with the Vienna State Opera Chorus and the Vienna Boys Choir in attendance.

•

The Happy Horns of Clark Terry (Impulse!) points up the impeccable taste Terry brings to both the trumpet and the Flügelhorn. Felicitously surrounded by such exemplary sidemen as Ben Webster and Phil Woods, Clark, in an outing dominated by Ellingtonia, is splendid throughout.

•

Reissues of more than passing interest: ***Django Reinhardt and the Quintet of the Hot Club of France*** (Capitol) features the incomparable French guitarist in material pressed during World War II, after violinist Stephane Grappelly had left for England. This group lacks some of the original quintet's unique flavor, but the luster of Reinhardt's guitarwork is not to be denied. ¶ ***Gerry Mulligan Meets Johnny Hodges*** (Verve), part of a Mulligan Meets . . . series, is one of the best; both Johnny and Gerry are the supreme lyricists of their instruments. The half-dozen tunes that make up the session are originals presented in the relaxed, clarion style that is the hallmark of these stalwarts. ¶ ***In the Beginning / Milt Jackson / Sonny Stitt*** (Galaxy), cut in the late Forties, represents the fledgling musical flights of the MJQ's superlative vibist and the Charlie Parker alto disciple. Stitt at the time was very much under the Bird's wing, while Jackson's vibes technique was still in transition. Even so, there is much of merit on this LP, including some beautiful balladic work on *Body and Soul* and *Stardust*. ¶ ***The Best of George Shearing*** (Capitol) is a pleasant reminder that, if Shearing is not the world's most inventive jazz pianist, he does rate as a consistent performer with a high polish and an enthusiasm that is transmitted to the auditor. Gleaned from sides made with the quintet, strings and Latin rhythm, the LP is smooth, unpretentious and thoroughly digable. ¶ ***Jazz Impressions / Vince Guaraldi*** (Fantasy) is the early Guaraldi Trio, which really doesn't go back very many years. Vince's quick rise to fame via *Cast Your Fate to the Winds* predicated this reissue so as to give his first recordings a wider audience. The set, which includes *Yesterdays, Willow Weep for Me*, John Lewis' *Django* and a rare Billy Strayhorn item, *A Flower Is a Lovesome Thing*, proves the regrooving of Guaraldi a wise move, indeed. ¶ Followers of Johnny Mathis should appreciate the two-LP ***Johnny Mathis / The Great Years*** (Columbia) which contains past performances of such as *A Certain Smile, Misty, Love Look Away* and *Tonight*. ¶ Further reprised vocalists: ***The Hits of Jo Stafford*** (Capitol), which contains the moving *Yesterdays, Georgia on My Mind* and *Come Rain or Come*

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Shine; ***Julia Lee and Her Boy Friends*** (Capitol) wherein Julia, a distaff Louis Jordan, belts the likes of *King Size Papa, Gotta Gimme Whatcha' Got* and *You Ain't Got It No More.* ¶ ***Chet Baker Sings*** (World-Pacific) echoes the Baker pipes of 1954 when he put together a string of splendidly delineated standards. In addition to the regular quartet on the original etching, the guitar of Joe Pass has been dubbed in to give greater body to the backgrounds.

•

It's Monk's Time / Thelonious Monk (Columbia) proves a tantalizing tour de force. The Monk is a jazz school unto himself; his solo tracks of *Memories of You* and *Nice Work if You Can Get It* have their roots in ragtime, while the group efforts, *Shuffle Boil* in particular, are avant-garde delights. An unexpected bonus is tenor man Charlie Rouse, whose work up till now we have neglected; he can be mellifluous or driving with equal alacrity.

•

A happy discovery is ***A Rare Live Recording of Billie Holiday*** (RIC) made up of Lady Day's appearances at George Wein's Boston night club, Storyville, in the 1950s. Billie had just the hollow husk of a voice left, but she had lost none of her emotional involvement with her material. Such well-known Holiday ballads as *Lover Man, Them There Eyes, Strange Fruit* and *Miss Brown to You* are welcome additions to Billie's vinyl memorial.

•

For those who think of the 12-string guitar as a country-and-western instrument, ***12-String Guitar! Great Motion Picture Themes / Joe Pass and the Folkswingers*** (World-Pacific) will come as a pleasant surprise. Pass, a rapidly rising force on the guitar scene, has John Pisano's rhythm guitar behind him as well as the drums of Larry Bunker and the bass of Charlie Haden. Included among the themes: *Charade, Carnaval* from *Black Orpheus, Wives and Lovers* and *Call Me Irresponsible. In toto,* an unusual and successful recording.

•

Nat King Cole / My Fair Lady (Capitol) finds the ubiquitous balladeer enmeshed in a Lerner and Loewe score that is decidedly not his cup of tea. The veddy British flavor of the lyrics becomes ludicrous when voiced by Cole (the effect is the same as Rex Harrison singing gospel). Only on the moving *I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face* do Cole and *My Fair Lady* have a common meeting ground.

•

We ordinarily don't dig sampler LPs, but ***The Definitive Jazz Scene / Volume 1*** (Impulse!) is an exception. All the tracks are of previously unreleased items and some of them are pure gold: Cole-

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THE TWO MISSING ONES ARE—ALMA JOHNSON #22, WHO RETIRED ALONG WITH HER NUMBER, AND #13 (WE LEAVE NOTHING TO CHANCE).

man Hawkins' work on the Shelly Manne–led *Avalon* and with Duke Ellington and a small group on *Solitude*; Clark Terry's *Hammer-head Waltz*; and a lyrically beautiful performance of a seldom-heard Ellington composition, *Single Petal of a Rose*, by Ben Webster. Count Basie, John Coltrane, Charlie Mingus and Terry Gibbs are also on hand.

•

Mozart / The Complete Flute Sonatas / Jean-Pierre Rampal / Robert Veyron-Lacroix, Harpsichord (Epic) falls lightly and delightfully on the ear. The French virtuosi have an estimable rapport with each other and with the composer who, it should be noted, was all of eight when he wrote the sonatas.

•

Command Performance! / Les & Larry Elgart Play the Great Dance Hits (Columbia) is a nostalgic offering. The Great Dance Hits have nothing to do with the bird, the frug or the watusi. Rather, they encompass the likes of *Sentimental Journey*, *Tuxedo Junction*, *Jersey Bounce*, ad infinitum, all of which the Elgarts deliver with a high gloss and an empathy for their material which communicates itself to the listener.

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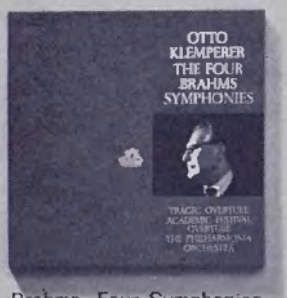

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

My girlfriend, who is a prude, thinks it's scandalous that I don't wear any underwear. I say it's my business. Who's right?—K. L., Juneau, Alaska.

It's your business all right, but how do you keep warm during those six-month winters they've got up there? And if your girl's a prude, how'd she find out?

A former college classmate and fraternity brother of mine is a dentist, just setting up a practice. He is a well-trained, competent practitioner, and occasionally I've referred friends to him. This is the problem: A divorcee ex-girlfriend of mine, on my advice, saw my friend for an extended series of special work, and then disappeared—without paying a $1200 bill. Since then my friend has been anything but friendly, and when I saw him last he suggested that I pay him—at least at cost—for the bill this broad ran up. Should I?—T. M., Denver, Colorado.

No. You're not a collection agency, and you're certainly not responsible for the unpaid bills of your deadbeat ex-girlfriend. Your recommendations to your dentist friend were simply a friendly gesture—which you might reconsider before repeating.

I have been going out with a psychiatrist for two months. I went to bed with him for the first time a week ago—and since then, not one word from him. (All right, I don't expect Lawrence Welk serenading me beneath my window the morning after or any little mementos from Tiffany's, but don't you think I'm justified in expecting at least one call?) Is there any way I could call him without making a complete fool of myself, or do all you men of the world think I should just accept the fact that he found the whole experience unsatisfactory and decided to cross me out of his little black book? I must admit, I'm not the world's most exciting creature, but no one has complained before.—C. B., New Orleans, Louisiana.

Since no one has complained before, relax. Your erstwhile headshrinker may be the kind who enjoys the chase more than the trophy. If so, that's his hang-up, not yours. Don't bug him with phone calls, but you might drop him a note recommending he see a good psychiatrist.

When may I wear a boutonniere with a business suit and what kind should it be?—A. B., Chicago, Illinois.

It's appropriate any time before six. If you're slimly built with a narrow face, a small boutonniere (preferably a bachelor's-button) is best. For a fuller face on a fuller frame, the carnation (deep red only) is appropriate. Bear in mind, however, that unless you have the boutonniere bearing, you run the danger of looking like a road-company Clifton Webb or a displaced floorwalker.

One of my friends fancies himself an art connoisseur. A few years ago he began—in a small way—acquiring paintings. Since I know something about art, he solicits my opinion on each new purchase. And since the paintings are already paid for by the time I see them, my usual response has been polite approval—though my real feelings are that they range from bad to heinous, and that my friend is slowly erecting an unparalleled artistic monument to bad taste. Recently he stepped up his buying, and I'm getting increasingly uncomfortable. Am I justified in telling him I think his collection stinks?—T. J., Stamford, Connecticut.

There's no sense in fracturing the guy's feelings by pointing out his bad taste at this late stage. Your best reply would be one couched in judiciously hedging language, such as, "Well, it's not particularly my kind of art, but if you like it, that's fine." In our opinion, you should have leveled with him from the start; when someone respects your judgment enough to solicit an honest opinion, give it to him.

I am co-owner with another American girl of a small but lucrative café and bar in Italy. I have been having a serious affair with one of our patrons, a man who is all I've ever wanted, and who wants to marry me—but on the condition that I buy out my partner, since he thinks three's a crowd even in business. My girlfriend enjoys the life and our work here as much as I do, and I haven't had the heart to tell her of my guy's demands. What do you think I should do?—B. N., Turin, Italy.

Explain the situation to your girlfriend and give her a choice: She can either buy you out or be bought out. If you're as serious about the guy as you say you are, you should be willing to face the prospect of giving up your café, since we assume you want the man more than the business.

I find that a disappointing number of American girls expect men to keep on dating them, solely for the pleasure of their company and an occasional kiss or two. I have neither the time, the money nor the inclination for such platonic ar-

rangements. Yet, too often my attempts to progress past the platonic stage are met with the old stand-by parry: "You men are only interested in one thing." My question is: What is a reasonable number of times to date a girl before one can expect to receive his just reward?—J. W., Washington, D.C.

We suspect that the reason you've encountered so much difficulty in finding willing bedmates lies in your single-minded approach. Girls are bound to react defensively when you start telegraphing that "OK, baby, let's make it" feeling every time you take them out. If you project the idea that she "owes" you some loving just because you've been dating for a while, you'll continue to strike out more often than not. Instead, why not try to convince her that you're interested in her personally—not just horizontally. It's certain to improve your current batting average.

I'm thinking of having a few friends over for a bit of yuletide wassail, and I'd like to save myself the trouble of taking individual drink orders by serving some kind of community punch. Any suggestions?—B. A., Flushing, New York.

Our favorite holiday cheer is Swedish glogg, a spicy Scandinavian potation served piping hot. For a dozen thirsty revelers, mix two fifths of burgundy or claret, a cup of sugar, 32 whole cloves and 16 sticks of cinnamon in a commodious saucepan, and bring to the boiling point. Reduce the flame, simmer five to eight minutes, then stir in two cups of good brandy. Ladle into mugs garnished with a few raisins and almonds—and God rest ye merry, gentlemen!

A few weeks ago, on a business trip in Cincinnati, I was having an early-evening cocktail in my hotel room with an old girlfriend. Our conversation was interrupted by the house detective, who knocked loudly and insisted on being admitted. I let him in, and, as soon as he saw that we were enjoying just drinks and conversation, he apologized for the inconvenience and departed. Now I'm wondering, first, if I should have let him in, and second, if this invasion of a guest's privacy was legal or justified. Needless to say, it cost the hotel a customer.—J. S., San Francisco, California.

You were right in letting the detective in, since refusing him entry would only have resulted in a scene that could have embarrassed both your friend and yourself. Though the hotel management is legally entitled to right of access provided there's good cause to suspect lawbreaking, the hotel guest is just as entitled to be protected from an invasion of his privacy. We don't think this is worth taking to court, but we would certainly let the hotel manager know why you won't be staying there again.

Is it ever proper to wear a chesterfield coat with a sports jacket?—A. T., Detroit, Michigan.

Since a chesterfield is a dress coat, it should not be worn with casual clothes.

I'm a girl who works in a huge downtown building, and the nature of my job requires that I ride in the elevator a great deal. Thus my question: Is it rude for a man to leave an elevator first when there are women behind him? (Many times I have to fight my way out through men who apparently feel it would be poor manners for them to exit in front of me.)—U. B., New York, New York.

It's foolish for men to block an elevator doorway while waiting for members of the fair sex to snake their way around them. In a crowded elevator, those in front, no matter what their sex, should step out first.

This may seem like an idiot question—and you probably won't be able to answer it—but it's a matter that's been bugging me for weeks. I was at a party with my girl and two other college couples. We were sitting around the fireplace and I said to my date something inane like, "Be a doll and kiss me now, honey." The other two guys looked at each other, smiling broadly, and then one of them said, "Oh, be a fine girl, kiss me right now, sweetheart!" And then they both burst into gales of laughter. I was sort of miffed and said I didn't see what was so funny. One of them repeated this sentence and then said, "Well, you have to be a science major to understand the joke." The other guy agreed, and neither of them would explain. I was embarrassed and I dropped it, but it still puzzles me and makes me, an arts major, feel square. What has science got to do with it, if anything?—P. D., Ann Arbor, Michigan.

The phrase that was supposed to be so hilarious is a memorizing device called a mnemonic: The initial letters of the words are the alphabetical designations of the relative temperatures of stars. Scientist and sci-fi writer George Gamow invented this mnemonic, and science writer Willy Ley pointed out its major weakness: In normal speech, the sentence would probably be spoken in ascending order of heat, whereas the progression O, B, A, F, G, K, M, R, N, S is in descending order of stellar temperatures. We hope this sets your mind at rest—and that you got your kiss.

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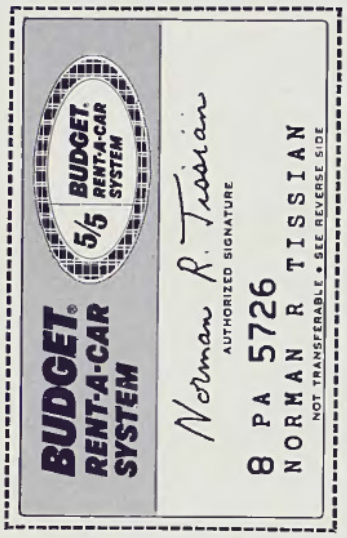

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cludes a daughter with whom I fell in love immediately. My problem is that she thinks of me as a "brother," and I find this situation unbearable. How can I get my message across?—B. L., Saint Louis Park, Minnesota.

She'll probably continue to think of you as a brother as long as you're living under the same roof with her. Moving to another place would be a smart move; then start dating her as you would any other eligible young lady.

I recently found myself in a minor argument over the meaning of the phrase "bottled in bond." My friend claimed it's an index of whiskey quality, while I said it merely involves storage of hooch and has nothing to do with quality. Who was right?—T. K., Fresno, California.

You were. "Bottled in bond" on a whiskey label simply means that the distiller has agreed to store his booze in bonded warehouses—thus avoiding hefty Federal excise taxes until he's ready to sell. The law requires that to be eligible for such preferential tax treatment, whiskey must be at least four years old and 100 proof, but these factors alone don't guarantee quality.

I'm engaged to marry a girl who is all I want in a wife. Her parents, while not wealthy, are well off. When each of her three older sisters married, her father, who is a warm and generous man, gave the newlyweds a fat cash gift, followed up periodically with additional presents. I assume he plans the same for us, and, quite frankly, I would rather not accept the money. Not that it wouldn't come in handy: It's just that in the long run I'd rather have self-respect than dough. What are your feelings?—J. G., New York, New York.

A cash gift, if it's forthcoming, will be simply a wedding present. We have nothing against wedding gifts, and in this instance feel that you would be insulting your future father-in-law by refusing what he offered. Of course, after you're married, you would be justified in refusing additional largess, if that is your preference, but we fail to see how your self-respect is jeopardized if there are no strings attached to the moola.

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

Playboy Club News

VOL. II, NO. 53 | ©1964, PLAYBOY CLUBS INTERNATIONAL DISTINGUISHED CLUBS IN MAJOR CITIES | SPECIAL EDITION | YOUR ONE PLAYBOY CLUB KEY ADMITS YOU TO ALL PLAYBOY CLUBS | DECEMBER 1964

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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

ANY SELF-RESPECTING sybarite learns early to seek out the spectator pleasures of nonparticipant sports, thus acquiring outdoor enjoyment without undue exertion. While others labor on ski slopes, the truly sincere sloth will be relaxing back at the lodge or attending the February Deep Freeze Little Le Mans which pits sports cars at speeds that hit 125 around the two-and-one-half-mile ice course on frozen Stillwater Lake in Pennsylvania's Pocono Mountains.

The social life of the horsy set is open to the practicing idler in the balmy sand-hills country of North Carolina without resorting to post-equitation liniment. You can watch point-to-point races at Southern Pines in mid-January, sponsored by the Moore County Hounds; or use a jeep to follow fox and drag hunting thrice weekly here and at Tryon in the Blue Ridge foothills. You can watch the hunting dogs work out in January at the Pinehurst Field Trials and Southeastern Brittany Field Trials, over the famous Pinehurst courses which also form part of the big hunting preserve for quail shooting. Relax with good food and drink at rustic Pine Crest Inn in Tryon and at Maison Henri or, for dancing, the Pine Room of the big Carolina, both at Pinehurst. For a change of pace, winter-warm Pinehurst and Southern Pines, between them, boast ten great 18-hole golf courses, many designed by the Scottish specialist Donald Ross.

Made to order for inactivists is the *hoomanawanui*, or take-it-easy spirit, of Hawaii. All the savvy man of leisure need do is saunter over to Makapuu Point, where an ancient lava fan slopes gently into the sea. Here, at the base of a cliff where King Kamehameha I beached his war canoes, a coral lagoon displays the underwater life of offshore Hawaii—visible from the surface and from glass ports underground.

Back in Waikiki, you can relax in the Tapa Room of the Hilton Hawaiian Village Hotel or the Monarch Room of the Royal Hawaiian Hotel. Both of these rooms put on excellent shows and serve gourmet dinners. The entertainment is standard Hawaiian, but the performers are all authentic islanders rather than mainland entertainers making like Hawaiians.

Farther across the Pacific, inactivists are carefully coddled in Hong Kong (see *Five Yuletide Vacations*, page 169)—thanks to rickshas for gadding about town, and ferries scurrying among the 237 islands of Hong Kong's bays. Too many visitors restrict their touring to Hong Kong island and to Kowloon on the mainland—without ever enjoying the other islands. Yet a ten-mile ferry run will take you to Lantao island—whose well-equipped Silver Mine Bay is a favorite swimming spot for hip locals. Peng Chau, on the ferry route to Lantao, is noted for its bustling market and, particularly, for hand-painted porcelain. Still another large island is Lamma, whose Picnic Bay is much favored by yachtsmen.

The Portuguese island of Macao, where widespread gambling at two casinos is all that's left of its lurid reputation as a vice center, can now be reached by hydrofoil from Hong Kong. Macao's casinos feature roulette, *chemin de fer*, *trente et quarante* and baccarat, but for the time being, fan-tan and ku sek (high-low) are the popular games in addition to mah-jongg—which is far too fast, as played by the Oriental gamblers, for any Western participation. The idea in fan-tan is to watch the croupier count off white buttons four at a time from a pile on the table: You bet on whether he'll have one, two, three or no buttons left at the end. Minimum bet is one Hong Kong dollar (about 17 cents U. S.). Ku-sek is a form of three-dice craps.

Hong Kong is still essentially a Chinese city. It is notably colorful in February when the Chinese New Year is celebrated for four solid days—96 uninterrupted hours of revelry. (But be warned that all the stores are closed then.) One novelty: Chinese cha-cha, the specialty at the Highball night club. Along with the dancing here, enjoy *shao hsing*, a sort of Chinese rice wine served hot. An additional selection of lively night spots worth putting on your itinerary includes The Den, which is designed to look like a posh opium hideaway, and The Eagle's Nest, a swank, penthouse supper club, both at the Hong Kong Hilton. For a Far Eastern interpretation of rhythm and blues, try the new President Hotel's Firecracker Room, and for good western jazz, the same hotel's Lotus Grille. Traditional dance music is featured at the new Mandarin Hotel's The Button, a rooftop supper club. Finally, for plain unabashed girl watching—a mesmeric sport in Hong Kong, where the ladies all wear slit-skirt *cheongsams*—try the Paramount or the Majestic, both of which feature after-dark entertainment that is lively and nonstop.

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

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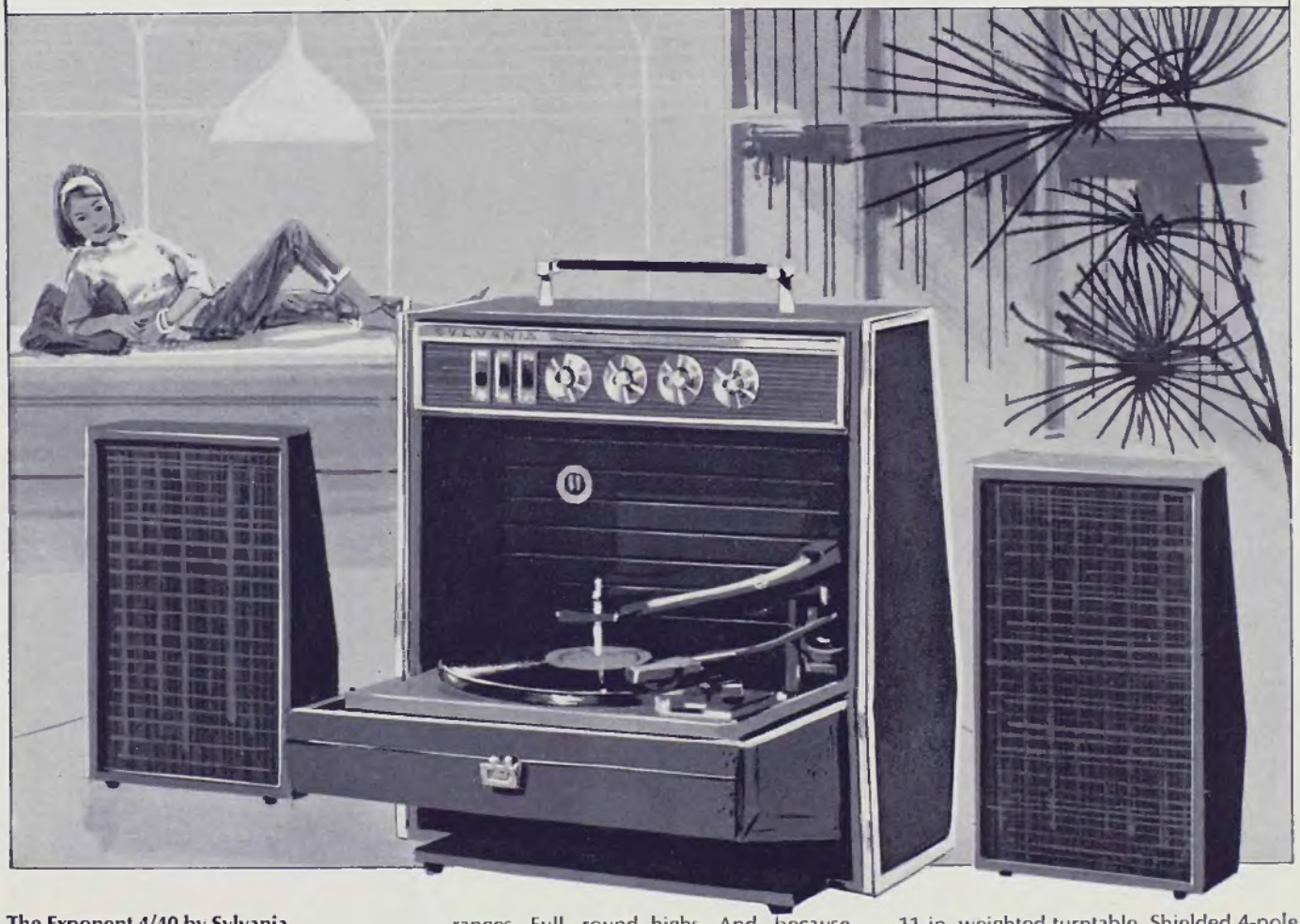

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

FOR THE BIRDS

We have just finished reading your *Playboy Philosophy* in the September 1964 issue. On page 73 of this issue Hefner quotes Minnesota's sex statute as reading: "Any person who shall carnally know any animal, bird, man or woman, by anus or mouth, or voluntarily submits to such knowledge . . . is guilty of sodomy . . ."

Not being very imaginative, we ask you how in hell can a person be guilty of sodomy with a *bird*?

Marshall Abbate
Bernie Davis
St. Michael's College
Santa Fe, New Mexico

With a bird, it's difficult to be guilty of much else. The size of the bird is vital, of course. The story is told of a British soldier during the Boer War who was court-martialed for having had carnal relations with an ostrich. When the military tribunal, after rendering its verdict, asked the prisoner if he had anything to say before being sentenced, the unfortunate fellow cried: "If I'd known you'd make such a fuss, I would have married the bloody bird."

AND THE BEES

In the latest installment of *The Playboy Philosophy*, Mr. Hefner mentions and quotes from the Minnesota statute against sodomy. The statute includes human beings, animals and birds in its list of forbidden objects of lust. I would like to point out that they have forgotten fish, snakes and plants, and suggest they do something about so glaring an oversight, before this thing gets out of control.

Whitley Strieber
Austin, Texas

And what about the bees and flowers? How many innocent children have been given their first taste of the erotic in the wanton tale of this illicit duo, that passes everywhere as early sex education? Busy as a bee, indeed!

ANUS ONUS

In following your series of editorials, *The Playboy Philosophy*, I have been impressed that you have taken the long-awaited initiative in attacking America's abnormal preoccupation with so-called sexual deviations.

During my internship, I was asked by a patient to give the medical contraindications to rectal intercourse with her husband. [Contraindications are physiological symptoms that might make the act inadvisable.] I had no formal information on the subject and referred the patient to the hospital's resident physician. He sent the woman to Psychiatry for an immediate mental evaluation. The psychiatrist was not impressed, commented that the referring physician should have his sexual insecurity evaluated. The patient had undergone a total hysterectomy at age 34 which left the vagina severely shortened. Consequently, both husband and wife experienced severe pain with normal intercourse.

Following this incident, I made several inquiries to other physicians who likewise had no answers. Two days later, I was called to the medical director's office, having been reported three times for having ". . . abnormal interest in unusual sex practices." His suggestion was that I do an intensive study of the medical literature and other available information.

Review of reputable material revealed virtually nothing. The scarcity of literature was striking. Only a few paperback books contained even the amount of information that the child at puberty receives from his peers.

The American physician has been reluctant to study and treat sexual deviations because of the stigma which would be attached to him, severely compromising his practice. Moreover, many physicians are so involved in psychosexual uncertainty themselves that they are extremely threatened by the patient whose sexual history involves other than procreative coitus.

John S. Doe, M. D.
San Francisco, California

P. S. Not unlike other physicians, I don't mind expressing controversial opinions so long as nobody knows they are mine.

SEX WITHOUT LOVE

I was recently given a few back numbers of PLAYBOY, and so I have had the opportunity to read Hefner's *Playboy Philosophy*, and I would like to comment upon it. But first let me express my congratulations: Your magazine is excellent, containing everything that might be of interest to the urban male. I was really surprised to find the articles on so high an intellectual level, because whenever PLAYBOY is mentioned in the Hungarian

press, it is referred to as pornographic. Such a statement is ridiculous.

Hefner's *Philosophy* is highly interesting, and I endorse it with but one exception: Sexual intercourse without love cannot ever be as satisfying and fulfilling as a sexual relationship based on a firm emotional foundation. Sex without love is in most cases degrading. As a gynecologist I must regard Hefner's *Philosophy* as very selfish. He treats everything from the viewpoint of the male. He says surprisingly little about the question of contraception, which is one of the most important factors in marital and extramarital life, and he seems to have completely forgotten the interests of the female and what an unwanted pregnancy means for her. Here in Hungary one can very easily get rid of an unwanted pregnancy because abortion is legal; but I know how different things are in the U.S.

L. Zelenka, M.D.
Assistant Professor of Obstetrics and Gynecology
Szeged, Hungary

Thank you for the compliments on the magazine; it is gratifying to find the tastes and interests of the "urban male" so similar the whole world over. We're not surprised that the Hungarian press is hostile, however; for PLAYBOY *is, after all, an elegant, full-color promotion on the benefits of a capitalist economy. We hope the back copies you were given included the issue of March 1964, which featured a pictorial tribute to the girls of Hungary and the other Iron Curtain countries; feminine pulchritude certainly knows no political boundaries.*

On the subject of sex without love, Dr. Zelenka, we both agree and disagree. Hefner has previously stated his belief that sex is more satisfying and rewarding when it includes emotional involvement and commitment; but we do not concur on the idea that when love is absent, sex "is in most cases degrading." Casual sex may not be the best sex, but it is better than no sex at all.

The references to unwanted pregnancy and the selfishness of the male imply sexual irresponsibility, but one of the primary principles of "The Playboy Philosophy" is that man is responsible for his actions—which include sex, of course. There is no disagreement on the extreme importance of contraception; questions on birth control and abortion have already been discussed in "Forum," and Hefner intends to devote an entire installment of "Philosophy" to each in the future.

It is natural for PLAYBOY *to treat everything "from the viewpoint of the male," because the magazine is edited for men, but that doesn't mean, as you state, that Hefner has "forgotten the interests of the female." For one female's opinion on the subject of sex without love, see the following letter.*

In the August 1964 *Forum* Mike Burrill asked Hefner to say something about the need for emotional involvement in a sexual relationship. For Hefner's "examination of the statements and insights supplied by others," here is my contribution: The most satisfying sexual intercourse I have ever had was with a man I was not in love with and about as uninvolved with as one can be under the circumstances. He also did not love me. We did respect each other and enjoyed a good rapport, but no real basis for a permanent relationship existed other than the happy bedtimes. He was charming, romantic, sensitive, graceful and thoroughly competent! I spent several memorable nights with him, and do not feel that the superficial quality of our emotional involvement detracted from their intrinsic goodness.

(Name withheld by request)
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

THE PURPOSE OF SEX

I always find *The Playboy Philosophy* enlightening and thought-provoking, but the September installment was especially good. In a section titled "Sex and Marriage," Hugh Hefner correctly states, "The marriage license . . . becomes a church-state sanction to engage in sex." Perhaps it could be called a Passport to Pleasure.

However, with or without the formality of the marriage license, Hefner has grossly misinterpreted the modern Christian viewpoint of the sexual act. Only a narrow-minded 19th Century Christian would say that *the sole purpose of the sex act is procreation.*

We believe the sexual experience to be the physical representation of the total commitment of one personality to another. The pleasure of the sexual act then supplements and, to a larger extent, represents the pleasure obtained when a man and woman dedicate themselves to each other. Without this dedication, the sexual act becomes an act of passion, with one or both partners acting as a pleasure machine.

Mr. Hefner mentions, in another section, that existing sex laws infringe on our freedom, but he neglects to mention that moral freedom cannot exist without moral responsibility.

Hank Winkler
Allegheny College
Meadville, Pennsylvania

Hefner's reference to procreation as the sole purpose of sex was part of an explanation of the historical origins of our sexual mores and not an expression of any contemporary religious view.

But now it's our turn to be confused. At the end of your description of the sexual experience, as you believe it ought to be, you state: "Without this dedication, the sexual act becomes an act of passion, with one or both partners acting as a pleasure machine." But we find ourself wondering: What is wrong with passion? Sexual passion, that is. And what is wrong with one or both partners acting as a pleasure machine? Preferably both, we would think.

The closing suggestion—that Hefner has failed to mention that moral freedom necessitates moral responsibility—is, of course, untrue. The interdependence of freedom and responsibility has received paramount attention in the "Philosophy." Sometimes, however, when a person says moral responsibilities, what he really means is moral restrictions.

No Catholic theologian has ever written, as Hefner claims, that the "sole purpose of sex is procreation." That would be animalism. Canon law is quite explicit about matrimony: "The *primary end* of matrimony is procreation . . . the *secondary end* is relief of concupiscence." No double talk, no *sole* purpose here, but two.

Reverend Malo A. Topmiller
Chaplain, USN (Ret.)
Indianapolis, Indiana

"Ever" is a long time, Father. Contemporary canon law is, as you say, quite explicit on the subject. But this is not the canon law of the medieval Church. In that period of extreme antisexuality, sex and sin were almost inseparable—even within marriage; and it was the pleasure of sex that was considered most sinful. All noncoital sex was forbidden, and so was any variation in sexual position, since variety could add spice to the wooing. The sole justification and purpose for the sexual act was procreation.

The current Catholic concept of primary and secondary ends actually evolved directly from this earlier, more severe Church dogma of the Middle Ages; and the codes have more in common than their ancestry. For, while the Church now recognizes a secondary end, or purpose, in sexual gratification, this end is not permitted to exist except in conjunction with the first. Noncoital sex play is now allowed, between married couples, for example, but not by itself; it is only considered moral if the intimacy is culminated by the primary end of coitus, with the opportunity for conception. This insistence that the one end always be accompanied by the other—that the individual cannot partake of the pleasures of sex without offering the possibility of procreation—is also responsible, of course, for the Roman Catholic position on birth control.

Similar questions of sex and religion are discussed in the installment of "The Playboy Philosophy" in this issue, in which Hugh M. Hefner exchanges views with a priest, a minister and a rabbi.

ISOLATION OR PARTICIPATION?

Rather than denounce Hefner's *Playboy Philosophy* for criticizing certain aspects of the Catholic faith, I would commend the man for his attempt at awareness. While fellow Georgetown students Parry and May [*The Playboy Forum*, May 1964] do have the right to oppose views put down in the *Philosophy*, they went out of bounds in advising its cessation. Such an attitude displays both a narrowness of outlook and a failure to comprehend their own Church's present emphasis on re-examination and dialog.

There are numerous books and magazine articles written by Catholics attacking such theses of exclusive orthodoxy. I should like to quote from one article by Professor Leslie Dewart which appeared in the April 3, 1964, issue of *Commonweal* magazine: "It is the very ecclesiastical character of the faith [Catholicism] which justifies dissent and makes it valuable. For the collectivity of the faith does not imply immutability and fixity. On the contrary, we have recently—especially since Newman—begun to realize that the Christian doctrine precisely because of its sociohistorical dimension, truly and fittingly develops in time. A sketchy acquaintance with the history of Christian thought and doctrine is enough to suggest the riskiness of assuming that the common current opinion at any given time is the only orthodox one."

The real danger, then, which Parry and May should have mentioned, is a tendency to ignore or a refusal to reflect—to isolate oneself from society and, by so doing, avoid an interaction of ideas. As shallow and superficial as they might consider *The Playboy Philosophy*, the fact that it produces response and reaction certainly indicates such an effort should be continued. I doubt anyone would consider alienation and ignorance (illusion) more desirable than participation and perception. As Irwin Edman wrote in his *Philosopher's Holiday*: ". . . Out of a conversation new insights emerge and . . . old ones become clarified." Is this to be so dreaded?

Thomas V. Merle
Georgetown-at-Fribourg
Fribourg, Switzerland

BILLY GRAHAM'S CESSPOOLS

I'm taking this opportunity to add my voice to the thousands of others in praise of PLAYBOY. I am especially enthused with the editorials Hefner is writing. Although I am a rancher and not a professional letter-to-the-editor writer, I wish to bring up a point in regard to censorship.

I quote the *Omaha World-Herald*, dated September 13, 1964: "Before a record throng of 26,000, Evangelist Billy Graham said Saturday night that the courts of law 'are contributing to the moral decadence of the nation.' Their decisions, he said, are allowing 'our newsstands to be filled with books and magazines more filthy, dirtier and more depraved than anything Sodom or Rome ever knew.'

" 'Our courts are going to have a lot to answer for at the judgment of God,' he shouted. The Reverend Mr. Graham hammered hard on 'immoral' literature, which he called 'a moral cesspool flowing down the streets of our cities.' 'We have laws to protect citizens against open sewers, but we have no laws now to protect our young people against moral sewers.' To an audience dominated by young people, the evangelist gave advice on courtship and marriage. He said God has a husband or wife picked out for everyone 'if you will wait patiently on Him.' He said that under such circumstances, there would be no separation or divorce."

Being a church lay speaker myself, I for one can't agree at all with Mr. Graham. I appreciate God having helped me pick out my wife, but I do feel that I had the final vote. And, should my wife and I decide that we no longer desire to live with each other, our divorce will have no bearing whatsoever on our faith in God.

I pity such smug rabble-rousers as the Reverend Mr. Billy Graham, who think that the courts should rid our society of these "moral cesspools." Why, shucks, most any ol' "cesspool" editor should know, as you do, that censorship is imposed by the mayor and the police chief —not the courts!

J. Tipps Hamilton
Kirley, South Dakota

THE WABASH BANNING BALL

On July 15, 1964, I climbed (with varicose veins and acrophobia protesting) to the third floor of the City Hall in Muncie, Indiana, in order to view a film concerning "obscene" magazines shown by the mayor to approximately 50 people. The whole bit was sadly amusing; grown people fiddling with "perversion" while Rome burns, as it were. At any rate, a committee was formed at that time. Several of the service organizations have shown the film and a few letters about the subject have since appeared in the local papers. In a letter I wrote, published by the *Muncie Evening Press*, I made several points that should be of special interest to fellow PLAYBOY readers who live in areas where pressure is brought to bear to try to keep the magazine off the stands. I stated: "The people of Muncie and surrounding communities have been asked . . . to come forward with a standard of moral conduct, for the purpose of guiding magazine salesmen in making a selection for the citizens of this area.

"[Some people] would very likely disagree with a standard I might set; that is, if I would care to involve myself in fantasy of this sort. Any other individual would find his suggestions subjected to much controversy in this circumstance. Standards set by organizations, then? The Delaware Country Club? D. A. R.? The Elks? My church? Your church?

"During the four decades that I have purchased magazines from drugstore racks, a wide selection has always been of more interest to me than a sparse supply of hand-picked issues.

"The 'sick minds that indulge in sexual deviations' are immature minds. Immature minds are found in many individuals who have not been allowed a free choice. A free choice allows us the opportunity to find, for example, that *Mad* magazine, which is published as a comic, has more literary and news value than a 'newsmagazine,' which is pathetically comic. It is needless to worry about 'perversion' adversely affecting the hypothetical ten-year-old who normally finds such activity at least rather strange in participating adults, and mostly funny and sick."

Mrs. G. F. Polsley
Muncie, Indiana

The film you viewed was "Perversion for Profit," distributed by the Citizens for Decent Literature, that band of dedicated zealots who attempt to stamp out smut by looking at it. Unreconstructed libertarians like yourself are invaluable to every Hoosier who would prefer to see daylight rather than the searchlight of censorship gleaming through the sycamores.

JUDGE DENOUNCES SERMON

The following article, which appeared in *The New York Times*, displays a particularly refreshing state of mind for a police magistrate, and perhaps Justice Capeci deserves the *Philosophy* leather bound not only for his legal interpretation but for the courage to defend himself publicly against the intolerance of representatives of his own Church.

> A Roman Catholic priest was castigated here [Port Chester, N. Y.] today by the village police justice for a sermon that criticized the justice's acquittal of a "girlie" magazine vendor on a pornography charge.
>
> Police Justice Dominic J. Capeci, himself a Catholic, said that the Right Rev. Msgr. John J. Corrigan of Our Lady of Mercy Church had been ignorant and irresponsible in last Sunday's sermon. He demanded an apology. No comment was available from Monsignor Corrigan, who was reported to be out of town.
>
> Displaying stacks of letters from irate parishioners of Monsignor Corrigan, Justice Capeci said it was "most unfortunate that Monsignor Corrigan has urged his parishioners

(concluded on page 211)

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THE PLAYBOY PHILOSOPHY

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

editorial By Hugh M. Hefner

IN ANY SERIOUS ANALYSIS of the sexual ills of society, it is necessary to consider the historical link between sex and religion. For, as the late Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey observed, "There is nothing in the English-American social structure which has had more influence upon present-day patterns of sexual behavior than the religious backgrounds of that culture."

Some of the comments and conclusions in previous installments of this editorial series have prompted an occasional casual reader to protest that *The Playboy Philosophy* is opposed to the basic Judaeo-Christian heritage of America, although a considered evaluation of our views would confirm that we have consistently directed our criticism, not at organized religion per se, but at the antisexual element within it.

It would be a mistake to think of *The Playboy Philosophy*—or the American Sexual Revolution, to which we have devoted so much attention—as reflections of a conflict between the secular and religious interests in society; for an increasing number of the clergy of various denominations are expressing concern over that part of our religious heritage that has, for centuries, emphasized sex primarily as sin and, in the most extreme form of Puritanism that has so influenced our Anglo-American culture, has opposed almost every kind of pleasure as immoral and against the will of God.

A great deal has been written about the moral transition taking place in America; what has been mentioned less often is the related social and sexual revolution that is occurring within organized religion itself. Instead of simply damning this trend toward a more permissive society—in the absolutist "thou shalt not" tradition of the past—many contemporary churchmen are beginning to analyze the realities of human sexual behavior and religion's role related to them, in the light of new knowledge supplied by recent philosophical and psychoanalytical insights.

As a result, while some reject *The Playboy Philosophy* as "immoral," "irreligious" and "unGodly," our lay evaluations of the modern moral milieu are welcomed in many ecclesiastical circles; and some of the most positive, perceptive, and certainly most welcome responses to our writings have come from clergymen.

As indication of such interest, we have been invited to lecture at several religious institutions, seminars and meetings; *The Playboy Philosophy* has also been the subject and source material for a number of religious debates, study groups and even sermons—some critical, but many of them favorably inclined toward much of what we have had to say.

A few months ago, we accepted an invitation to participate in a religious round table that was broadcast over radio station WINS in New York. The program is a weekly, Sunday-evening series entitled *Trialogue*, in which a Roman Catholic priest, a Protestant minister and a Jewish rabbi discuss and debate various subjects of significance and interest to society. The panel proposed to devote four separate, hourlong sessions to *"The Playboy Philosophy"* and "The American Sexual Revolution"—subjects with which we are certainly well acquainted and about which we were pleased to express opinions.

We found this opportunity to exchange points of view with distinguished representatives of America's three major religious faiths a unique and unusually stimulating experience, and the response to the programs prompted WINS to rebroadcast the entire four-week series again this fall. Because of the religious implications in so much of what we have been writing in the *Philosophy*, we believe our readers will be interested in the various viewpoints expressed; so much so that we are devoting the December and January installments, in these special Holiday Issues, to an edited transcript of the interchange.

Our fellow panelists were Father Norman J. O'Connor, Roman Catholic priest, well known for his interest in and association with jazz, for many years the chaplain to Boston University, currently Director of Radio and TV Communications and Films for the Paulist Fathers in New York City; Reverend Richard E. Gary, Episcopal minister, graduate of Yale Divinity School, since 1956 the minister to St. Mary's Church in Manhattanville, highly regarded for his social work as a member of the Department of Christian Social Relations of the Episcopal Diocese of New York; Rabbi Marc H. Tanenbaum, widely published and influential Jewish leader, with a master's degree in Hebrew Literature from the Jewish Theological Seminary of America, formerly Executive Director of the Synagogue Council of America, currently Director of The American Jewish Committee's Interreligious Affairs Department; and Murray Burnett, moderator of these round-table discussions and our host.

THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION

BURNETT: Good evening. The program is *Trialogue* and I am Murray Burnett, your host. *Trialogue* attempts to bring to bear upon the leading issues of our times the thinking and wisdom of men trained to deal with our deepest needs. They will talk about these things that are truly important to all of us. The program is presented by the Public Affairs Department of WINS, in cooperation with the Archdiocese of New York, The American Jewish Committee and The Protestant Council of the City of New York. I would like you to meet tonight's panel. They are: Father Norman J. O'Connor, Rabbi Marc Tanenbaum, Reverend Richard Gary and Mr. Hugh M. Hefner—and, of course, it is hardly necessary to say that Mr. Hefner is the Editor-Publisher of PLAYBOY magazine and president of the Playboy Clubs and the whole Playboy empire.

All right. This evening we are going to talk about an apparent revolution that is taking place in America. A revolution in the area of sexual mores and attitudes. The mores are changing—for better or worse, depending on one's point of view—toward sexual behavior, knowledge of sex and dissemination of information about sex. And in PLAYBOY magazine, Hugh Hefner has been writing *The Playboy Philosophy*, which deals very strongly with this sexual revolution. Now, let me start things off tonight with a question about the statement I have just made: In your opinion, gentlemen, are we involved in a sexual revolution?

O'CONNOR: Let me take the first crack

O'CONNOR: *But where is this taking us? What significance does this so-called sexual revolution have? Will it be lasting, or is it just a cultural fad that will change in the next ten or twelve years?*

TANENBAUM: *I think everything that relates to the sexual life in America is going through this transitional stage. All of our traditional perceptions are undergoing a radical re-examination.*

GARY: *I feel we've been caricaturing* PLAYBOY *a little. But I also felt, in doing my homework for this discussion—reading your "Philosophy"—that you were caricaturing religion a little.*

HEFNER: *What I have written in "The Playboy Philosophy" is an expression of my own quite deeply felt beliefs; and I held most of them several years before I ever thought of starting* PLAYBOY.

at that. I think, first of all, there has been an immense amount of discussion about it. I notice the Rabbi is scanning a piece in a recent issue of *Time* magazine called "The Second Sexual Revolution." I think there are a tremendous number of publications which we now see on the newsstands that are addressing themselves in some fashion or another to the problems of, or some aspect of, the sexual world. There has been a great deal written about the college girl and sex . . . I've forgotten the title of the book . . .

BURNETT: It is called *Sex and the Single Girl* . . . or maybe you're thinking of *Sex and the College Girl* . . .

O'CONNOR: It is *Sex and the College Girl*, I believe . . .

BURNETT: Albert Ellis has now written a book called *Sex and the Single Man* and I'm thinking of writing one entitled *Sex and the Mass Media.*

O'CONNOR: Well, I wonder if what we're facing isn't so much a revolution as a kind of re-examination. A revolution, to me, means a complete change, an overthrow, an entirely new way of doing things. I think we ought to keep in mind that down through the long years of history, the sexual standards of the Western world have swung from one extreme to the other—from a very puritanistic view to a very lax and lackadaisical view, if you want to use those expressions. And in our own present moment, what we are probably doing is re-examining something which the Western world has not really spent too much time on in the past. As a consequence, what we have is not a revolution, but a good reconsideration or review of it.

TANENBAUM: There is, without question, a much greater openness now, on a subject that has previously been taboo or prohibited. But we are presently undergoing a number of very profound self-examinations—on many aspects of our total life and our total situation—brought on by the new conditions in which we live. We are re-examining the sources of our religious community, of our political life, of our economic life—the whole world in which we live is being subjected to radical re-examination—so it comes as no surprise, to me at least, that we are re-examining, in a very basic way, this most profound feature of man's survival and his happiness.

BURNETT: But, Rabbi, you . . .

TANENBAUM: What I'm getting at is that there have been almost polarized ways of looking at the sexual life of Western mankind in the past. There was the pagan outlook, which prevailed up until the Third and Fourth Centuries, in which man felt very close to his natural impulses and indulged himself according to his appetite; and then, I think in reaction to that, there was the whole Pauline-Augustinian view of denial and retreat from sexual life. Much of what we have inherited in the Western world represents a constant tension between these two views.

In our own time, I think it has been primarily a puritanical view—particularly in America. And now we have a reaction against the basic assumptions of the whole Puritan experience—as reflected in the Protestant mores, by and large, of this country. These mores are now being subjected to profound examination.

BURNETT: Reverend Gary came alive when you mentioned Protestant mores; and Hugh Hefner is waiting to express an opinion . . .

GARY: Well, I would like to get our guest into this at a fairly early point. And my question has to do with the connection between our presently affluent society and the emergence of new freedom in sexual relations. I wonder if there isn't a connection between our interest in what we call the finer things of life—new acquisitions, new luxuries, new leisure time, all this sort of thing—and our interest in sexual freedom. Does that make any sense?

HEFNER: Yes, I think it does. It seems to me there's a definite connection, and that they are all associated, in one way or another, with an increasing concern over—and searching for—personal identity. I'd like to say, incidentally, that I agree with what has just been expressed; and with something additional that is implied, I think, but has not been so clearly stated: Whatever we call it—sexual revolution or re-examination of our sexual mores—society is in a state of significant sexual transition; but it is less a change in behavior—though there may be a little of that, too—than a change in attitudes toward the behavior. It is, it seems to me, a rejection of our Puritan past, as was suggested by Rabbi Tanenbaum; a transition from guilt, shame and hypocrisy to a new honesty, a new permissiveness, a new willingness to talk about sex in a frank and open way—a freedom to examine, to express, to enjoy . . .

O'CONNOR: Let me ask you a question. You mention a new honesty and openness in talking about sex, but I wonder if this is the actual situation, if this is really true. I am a part of a generation that grew up in what you call [in *The Playboy Philosophy*] "The Age of the Common Man," with which I thoroughly disagree—but, in any case, this was the late 1930s and everybody was advocating proper sex education in the home. What was supposed to happen was that parents were going to tell their children all about sex within an atmosphere of the family—the facts about sex, and the proper purpose of sex, and the real philosophy of sex was to come out of all this. Well, now we have reached a stage in society where sex is a very prominent factor in American life; but I find

that, in general, few parents ever got around to this sex education in the home—even though the home may have, prominently displayed on the cocktail table, "The Second Sexual Revolution," under "Modern Living," in *Time* magazine; may have copies of PLAYBOY; may have copies of *McCall's*, and other magazines with articles about sexual problems in them. With all of the attention sex is receiving in publications today, I wonder—in your experience, and in the experience of the rest of you, as well—whether it isn't still a subject that fails to receive proper attention in the home. I wonder whether this continuing dialog about sex that is going on in the mass media isn't way beyond what exists within the average American family.

HEFNER: Quite possibly. But to whatever extent this is true today, it is a reflection of the sexual sham and shame of a generation ago. I would certainly disagree with any suggestion that the late 1930s was a period of sexual enlightenment in America; there may have been some interest expressed in sex education, but it was minimal, for the Thirties was a time of extreme antisexuality. A 1937 issue of *Life* magazine was banned in a number of communities across the country, because it included an innocuous article about childbirth; the debate over sex education in the Thirties concerned the propriety of telling children they weren't delivered by the stork.

The roots of this sexual revolution we've been talking about may go back several decades, but the period of real transition has just begun. For that reason, there is a remarkable difference in the sexual outlook of two generations born little more than 20 years apart. If there is a lack of communication on the subject of sex within the home, as you suggest, I think we would agree that it is the fault of the parents, not the children; the problem persists to the extent that these parents, being of that older generation, still suffer from the sexual suppression of their own childhood. For the results you're looking for—any real improvement in the interpersonal relationships between parents and children—we'll have to wait another generation, until the children of today have become the parents.

BURNETT: Hugh, how are the attitudes of today so very different from a generation ago? A little earlier Father O'Connor mentioned the book *Sex and the College Girl*. I've read it, and I didn't find much difference between what was said in that book and what I remember about my days in college. And they go back a little.

HEFNER: If I understand you correctly, you're saying you didn't find much difference in terms of the behavior that was reported?

BURNETT: Or the talk that goes on.

HEFNER: Well, the talk and the behavior are two very different things. The human nature of man—and, consequently, his actual sex behavior—changes much less than society's attitudes toward the behavior, not only generation by generation, but century by century. And talk—or communication of any kind—is less a reflection of what men do than what they think about what they do.

This confusion between activity and attitude sometimes prompts the suggestion that there really is no sexual revolution taking place in America today, because people have always known about sex; and they are doing pretty much the same things today as they did yesterday. Yes, they probably are; what is changing is society's attitude toward what they are doing, accompanied by a new willingness to accept sex in conversation, humor, books, films—in all the areas of personal and general communication.

The new morality is especially obvious in some of society's most popular forms of mass communication: in the books that we banned as obscene a decade ago, that are today best sellers; in the unprecedented sexual frankness of our current cinema; in the subjects regularly discussed and dramatized on television that would never have been permitted on pre-TV radio.

BURNETT: You're absolutely right.

SEX AND ANTISEX

O'CONNOR: But where is this taking us? What significance does this so-called sexual revolution have? Will it be lasting or is it just a cultural fad that will change within the next ten or twelve years?

HEFNER: I think it will last. I think . . .

TANENBAUM: Before we ask Mr. Hefner to explore that question, though, I wonder whether we shouldn't clarify what I think is a contradiction in our discussion. We're saying that human nature persists; that is, that practices remain the same. So what we're doing is simply talking about them more, and presumably finding greater freedom of expression. But I wonder if this is really true. One of the reasons for the greater awareness about such things is, I think, that we're troubled by them; we have problems; and the problems are, in some ways, quite different from what they've been in the past.

BURNETT: What problems?!

TANENBAUM: Well, for example, sex is not unrelated to the problem of family life; nor is it unrelated to the emergence of a teenage culture, which is very self-conscious sexually. Now aren't there changes in patterns, for example, in the lives of our teenage children: the insistence with which some parents push their children prematurely into adulthood; the often erotic, quite compulsory patterns that are imposed upon adolescents, with early dating, champagne parties, dressing little girls in adult clothes and make-up, so they seem more sexually attractive? Then there is the greater rate of divorce in this country, which is very often related to problems of adultery and extramarital sexual relations. Now, things are either different from what they were in the past, and we are concerned about that difference, and are trying to define that difference in order to understand it and come to grips with it; or else we are simply saying that the only thing happening is a focusing of greater attention on such matters, because we have more mass media covering these subjects than ever before and more leisure time available to consider them. I don't think the latter is the case.

BURNETT: Mr. Hefner didn't say that.

TANENBAUM: I didn't say that *he* did, but there is an area of possible confusion here, I think, and some clarification might be helpful before going further.

BURNETT: I thought he made a very good point. In response to my request for some evidence of a change in society's attitude toward sex, he mentioned our mass media: A discussion like the one we are having here this evening, for example, would probably not have been allowed on the air 20 years ago; a magazine similar to PLAYBOY would not have been permitted on the newsstands; *Ulysses* was banned. He made this point and, I think, he made it clearly and correctly.

HEFNER: I think, however, the Rabbi has introduced some interesting new questions that deserve attention.

O'CONNOR: But before we get to that, may I ask a question, Marc? I'm wondering, is sex a reflection of the problem, or is sex the problem? So that, for instance, when the parent is worried about the significance of the Beatles in his teenage child's life—and I find that the "teenager" in this particular instance is eight or nine years old . . . (*Laughter*)

And isn't PLAYBOY occupying somewhat the same relationship? The concern is that sex has become an outlet for a tremendous amount of inner frustration, and irritation, and annoyance, and tiredness, and feelings of inadequacy in society; and, therefore, we are now talking about this more and more . . .

BURNETT: And enjoying it less and less?

O'CONNOR: Which is another part of the problem, too. But there's the talk about sex, without the facing of the problem inside.

TANENBAUM: Well, let's let Mr. Hefner answer this, because I've been impressed by the number of things that he's written about this, in what I consider to be a very serious examination. What's your reaction, Mr. Hefner?

HEFNER: I would agree with what I think Father O'Connor is suggesting here—that whatever problems we face in society today, and they are certainly multiple—sex, and this new examination

of, and emphasis upon, sex, is not a cause, but an effect; I would also agree that sex is often misused by emotionally disturbed members of society, who are unwilling, or unable, to come to grips with other inner stresses and frustrations.

I do not believe, however, that a more sexually permissive society—and PLAYBOY, to whatever extent it assists in the trend toward greater sexual freedom—adds to these problems. Just the opposite; for it is not sexuality, but antisexuality, that causes greater frustration and suffering. If sex, and the more positive attitude expressed in PLAYBOY regarding sex, can—as Father O'Connor says—create an outlet for a tremendous amount of inner frustration, irritation and feelings of inadequacy, then this is just one step in the right direction. I can only see it as a help, rather than a hindrance.

I'd like to take a moment to clarify, if I may, the apparent cause of confusion referred to a minute ago by Rabbi Tanenbaum. When I said that nature persists, while custom changes, and contrasted behavior and attitude, I assumed it was understood that I was referring, simply and solely, to sex behavior—not the secondary patterns of social behavior that may be associated with courtship, and differ from culture to culture, but the relatively constant activity itself, that Dr. Kinsey and his associates have turned into statistics for their reports.

As both Rabbi Tanenbaum and Father O'Connor pointed out at the beginning of this discussion, Western society's attitude toward sex has varied widely through the centuries; my point was simply that man's actual sex behavior has not had the same tendency to fluctuate, because it is linked to an innate physical drive. This is not to suggest that social traditions and taboos cannot significantly affect personal sex behavior; we all recognize that they can and do. But it is precisely because what is involved here is an attempt to control a natural instinct, that excessive sex suppression wreaks such havoc. If you suppress one form of sexual release, because custom considers it socially undesirable, man's innate sexuality will express itself in another, frequently far less desirable, form. The notion that the raw sex drive can be sublimated through an aesthetic interest in the arts, literature or some similar form of creativity is as absurd as a suggestion that we might do away with hunger or thirst in a similar way. The problem will not disappear; it must be dealt with. And hopefully, in the future, it will be dealt with rationally, with compassion and insight.

The point I was making earlier, relative to all of this, is that the present situation is the same as in centuries past: The sexual revolution represents less of a change in behavior than a change in society's attitude about the behavior. And there is, incidentally, actual scientific evidence to support such a conclusion.

One of the more interesting results of the Kinsey studies was a comparison of the sexual behavior of men and women born in each of the decades since the turn of the century. The statistics were consistently similar and in many instances almost identical, for members of the same sex, and the same social and educational level, whether they were born before 1900, between 1900 and 1910, 1910 and 1920, and so on. In contrast to this relatively constant *personal* moral behavior, we would all agree, I'm sure, that in the last half century the United States has undergone a remarkable change in *public* morality.

I agree with the concern Rabbi Tanenbaum expresses over false teenage values, the marital unhappiness that has led to a significant increase in divorce, and the numerous similar problems of identity and adjustment that are so much a part of our society of the Sixties. Once again, however, I do not believe that we tend to increase such social ills through our quest for a new morality based upon honesty, understanding and reason rather than hypocrisy, superstition and ignorance.

As society becomes continually more complex, more automated, more impersonal, more conformist, there is increasing reason for concern over the loss of personal identity that people have inevitably suffered. If this trend is to be offset in the future—and it must be, if we are to survive as a free society—it will require a tremendous emphasis on the importance of the individual and on those things that give a person a sense of identity and individuality. Sex is one of the important ways in which such personal identity is established.

PLAYBOY AND THE NEW LEISURE

O'CONNOR: I would like to ask you, Hugh, in terms of this, what do you feel is your contribution with PLAYBOY magazine?

HEFNER: This may take me back a bit to the question Reverend Gary originally asked—about the association between sexual freedom and the affluent society—that I didn't have the opportunity to answer fully.

PLAYBOY was originally conceived as a magazine of entertainment for the urban man. Part of that entertainment exists within the pages of the publication itself—the fiction, articles, cartoons, humor and pictorial features that are simply there to be enjoyed; and not infrequently, with our nonfiction, to edify and provoke thought, too. The other part of our emphasis on entertainment is to be found in the service articles, features and columns devoted to the pleasures of leisure-time activity and the accouterments, the accessories that are a part of good and gracious living.

PLAYBOY was not planned as a publication for the idle rich, so much as in recognition that with the prosperity of post-War America, almost everyone could have a piece of what we described as *the playboy life*—if he were willing to expend the necessary effort. In this sense, from the very beginning, we were giving the word "playboy" a new and broader meaning than it had had in the past.

We explained what we meant by a *playboy* in one of our earliest issues: He isn't a wastrel or a ne'er-do-well; he might be a successful business executive, a man in the arts, a college professor, an architect or an engineer. What sets him apart is his *point of view*. He must see life not as a vale of tears, but as a happy time; he must find pleasure in his work, without regarding it as the end and all of living; he should be an alert man, an aware man, a man of taste, a man sensitive to pleasure, who—without acquiring the stigma of the voluptuary or the dilettante—can live life to the hilt. That, we said, is the sort of man we mean when we use the word *playboy*.

I consider this an extremely positive statement—positive for the individual and for society, as well.

For the individual, it is all very much tied into the problem of identity that was mentioned before. Man has traditionally found an important part of his ego gratification and identification in his work; but in our increasingly mechanized civilization, many jobs have become so repetitious and impersonal that they no longer serve this end. Increasingly, establishing the individual's image in society, and his sense of self, will become the function of our avocations, as well as our vocations, I think, because more and more people's work will cease to serve as a satisfactory source of identity, and the ways in which we earn our livings will require far less time in the coming era of almost total automation.

We all recognize, I'm sure, how all-important a satisfactory sense of identity is to the psychological well-being of the individual; and so the ways in which a man spends the leisure, or nonworking, part of his life are going to have an importance in the future that they have never had before. They may well mean the difference between our continuing to enjoy life as individuals in a free society or turning into a nation of automatons, as unthinking, impassive, imitative and mechanical as the machines we have built to serve us.

PLAYBOY's editorial emphasis on the pleasures of leisure living can thus be seen as serving a decidedly worth-while end, I think. And society benefits additionally by our emphasis on the advantages of free enterprise, the coverage given to the creature comforts and good life that are available to a majority in

(continued on page 212)

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: IAN FLEMING

in this final colloquy, the late creator of james bond discusses his life and loves—and his legendary hero, 007

Since Edgar Allan Poe invented the modern detective story with "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," expert practitioners of the form have known huge audiences and heavy material rewards. In this procession, the late Ian Fleming, creator of James Bond, secret agent nonpareil, will long hold a prominent place. His publishers have sold 30,000,000 copies of his 12 books in 12 years—give or take a couple of million. There are few literate communities in the world, from Hong Kong to Helsinki, in which he is not being read today. Even those who read only Yiddish or Siamese need not be deprived of the pleasure of his literary company—though Fleming himself, at the age of 56, died of a heart attack late last summer, not the first he had had. He had known for some time that he had little prospect of a long life. Yet even in the four hours between the onset of the attack and his death in a Canterbury hospital, he managed to maintain the image of urbanity that distinguished him: En route to the emergency ward, he told the ambulance attendants that he was sorry to have had to trouble them. It was something that most Englishmen of his class would have said, almost pro forma, but it was also very James Bond. There is no doubt that his own character, and the one he had created, were intricately interleaved in Fleming's mind.

Despite, or perhaps in part because of, his enormous popularity, the literary establishment took little notice of Fleming during his lifetime, and not much more at his death. In general, their judgment of his worth may prove to have been deficient, for he may still be read when novelists presently of some stature have been forgotten. He had an original view; he was an innovator. His central device, the wildly improbable story set against a meticulously detailed and somehow believable background, was vastly entertaining; and his redoubtable, implacable, indestructible protagonist, though some thought him strangely flat in character, may well be not so much the child of this century as of the next.

Several months before his death, Fleming consented to our request for an extended and exclusive interview. Our interviewer says of their meeting:

"He invited me to pick him up for lunch at his London office in Mitre Court, a byway between Fleet Street and the Inns of Court, which is to say, between the worlds of British law and journalism. The reception room was presided over by a pleasant and serene woman whose manner was not unlike M's Miss Moneypenny in the Bond books. She showed me into his inner office, a sedately elegant study draped and carpeted in wine red, neatly stacked with galley proofs and immaculately furnished with a gilt-framed mirror, brass penholder, ashtray, cigarette lighter and crimson letter boxes. A black Homburg, a tightly furled umbrella and a dark-blue Burberry raincoat hung from hooks on the back of the door.

"As I entered, Fleming rose from behind a massive leather-topped desk to usher me to a chair—a tall man, lean, tending to be florid, wearing a navy-blue suit of typical British cut marked by one eccentricity: cuffs on the sleeves; light-blue shirt and black-and-white polka-dot bow tie, knotted with offhanded Churchillian looseness. We exchanged pleasantries. He was suave, amused, sardonic —but one sensed that he was kind. More than others, the Englishman reflects his station in life with his air, attitude and speech, and one versed in these matters could place Fleming instantly—and accurately—as Eton and Sandhurst, inherited money, government service, world travel, social assurance. He hadn't married until he was 43. Mrs. Fleming was Anne Geraldine Charteris, former wife of Lord O'Neill and of Lord Rothermere, owner of London's Daily Mail.

"After a few minutes of amenities, we

"The reason I pay so much attention to minutiae in my books is that these things excite and interest me. It amuses me to tell people what my favorite foods are, and liquors and scents, and so on."

"My job with Naval Intelligence got me right into the inside of everything, including all the most secret affairs. I couldn't possibly have had a more exciting or interesting War."

"I didn't intend for Bond to be a particularly likable person. He's a blunt instrument in the hands of government. He's got his vices and few perceptible virtues except patriotism and courage."

left his office and repaired next door to El Vino's, a venerable Fleet Street grog shop where one may drink from the wood instead of the bottle. I felt like having a whiskey and water, but in deference to my companion's standing as a gourmet, decided instead on an amontillado. His own choice rather shook me: brandy and ginger ale. Afterward we went for lunch to the White Tower, a deservedly reputable London restaurant where we shared a superb meal with excellent wine, and talked of what came into our heads, for rapport; we were the last to leave the place, at around three o'clock. We declared our mutual ease and made another date for ten days hence in Mitre Court, where we concluded the interview."

PLAYBOY: It is the belief of some psychologists that neurosis is a necessary concomitant of the creative drive. As a creative writer, do you agree?

FLEMING: I think that's perfectly true. I think that to be a creative writer or a creative anything else, you've *got* to be neurotic. *I* certainly am in many respects. I'm not really quite certain how, but I am. I'm rather melancholic and probably slightly maniacal as well. It's rather an involved subject, and I'm afraid my interest in it does not go deeper than the realization that the premise does apply to myself. Possibly it all began with an overprivileged childhood.

PLAYBOY: According to published biographies, your well-to-do family had high hopes of launching you on a distinguished career in the military. After putting you through Britain's exclusive Sandhurst Academy they learned of your last-minute decision, upon receiving your commission, to "pack it in." What made you change your mind?

FLEMING: I didn't take up my commission after Sandhurst simply because they had suddenly decided to mechanize the army, and a lot of my pals and I decided that we didn't want to be glorified garage hands, and that the great days of the cavalry regiments were passing, or shortly would be ended forever—no more polo, no more pigsticking and all that jazz. So a lot of us, having taken our commissions, just gave them up. I was born in 1908; this would have been around 1925, and disillusionment of that kind—and kinds more severe—was common then, as you know. My mother was infuriated. My father had been killed in the First War, and my mother felt responsible for imposing discipline on me and on my three brothers, who were all doing splendidly. She insisted that I must *do* something, something respectable, and so I opted for the Foreign Office. I went abroad to learn languages. I went to the University of Geneva and the University of Munich. I don't think of myself as a linguist, but I know French and German very well, because one must if one has any serious inclination toward the Foreign Office. You have to have French and German first-class and one other language partially, which in my case was Russian. My languages are all that remain to me of my original education.

PLAYBOY: Apart from enabling you to sprinkle your James Bond books with foreign terms and bits of conversation, have they proved valuable to you?

FLEMING: They are a tremendous extension of one's life generally, whereas all the other stuff I've learned—algebra and trigonometry and all that—I've completely forgotten, and as far as I know, none of it was ever of any use to me at all, in any case. But having languages is a tremendous help. You've got to live abroad for two years at least to learn a language. When I came home, I took the Foreign Office examination, but I passed seventh and there were only five vacancies, and that was that.

So I started looking around for work that would fit in with what talents and abilities I possessed. All I had done up to that time, aside from a great deal of studying, had been to begin collecting. I had decided, after concerning myself with first editions for a time, that I would collect books that signalized a right-angle turn in the world's thought on any particular subject, a book of permanent value in the history of the world. I began to think through every human activity, from art to sports and physics and whatnot, and with the help of a great friend of mine who is still my bookseller, we got out a tremendous list of the great books of the world since 1800, which we arbitrarily decided to make the starting date. They go from Karl Marx' *Das Kapital* to Ely Culbertson's first book on contract bridge, which changed the bridge-playing world—books on everything, the invention of mechanical devices of every kind, of the miner's lamp, radar, billiards, every kind of subject. This collection gradually got up to about two thousand volumes, all first editions, all in the best possible state, and today it is one of the most valuable private collections in the world. It was considered of such importance that the Bodleian Library at Oxford cared for it during the War. It's now in storage waiting for us to get into the house we're building near Oxford, where I can have a proper library, which I've never had before. Incidentally, mixed up with that, I later bought a small magazine, *The Book Collector*, which is now probably the leading bibliographical magazine in the world.

PLAYBOY: You were saying you were looking for a job.

FLEMING: Yes—and finally I found one. Because a man called Sir Roderick Jones, who was chairman of Reuter's, was a friend of my mother's, I went into Reuter's, the great international news agency. I stayed with them for three years and had the most exciting time of my life, because in those days news-agency work was like a gigantic football match, and Reuter's and the Associated Press, of America, were a part of the Allied Agency group, and there were freebooters such as United Press and International News who were trying to break into our territories all around the world. We had some superb battles in Germany and Russia, and so on, and it was all highly enjoyable. It was in Reuter's that I learned to write fast and, above all, to be accurate, because in Reuter's if you weren't accurate you were fired, and that was the end of that.

PLAYBOY: Would you do all this again?

FLEMING: Well, the world being as it was in the 1930s, I *would* do the same as I did then. But today, with the world as it is now, I must say, I really don't know *what* I'd do. I'd travel enormously, find some sort of job that would take me round the world, and round and round and round it, and I should think I would probably go back to newspaper work—as a TV newsman, I should think; rather a different article from his counterpart of a few decades ago, although the effort is the same. Nowadays, of course, one's so hamstrung by trade unions and that sort of thing that some of the fun's gone out of the game. In those days the paper came first, the story came first, you were out to beat hell out of the opposition, and the pay and the hours of work meant nothing. Of course, for that one must be young and strong and, I suppose, romantic; it's a different matter if one's fifty-six and has a wife and child.

PLAYBOY: What took you from journalism into Naval Intelligence?

FLEMING: Well, when I left Reuter's, I did a period in The City [London's business and financial district] as a partner in the firm of Rowe and Pitman's, one of the great English stockbroking firms, extremely nice fellows. It was a very pleasant sort of City club—they're still great friends of mine today—but I got rather fed up, and *The Times* gave me a special correspondent's job to go to Moscow on a trade mission. When I came back from that in about March or April of 1939, suddenly I began to hear funny little questions being asked about me;

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friends would tell me that so-and-so had been asking about where had I been, what did I know, and so on. This turned out to be a quiet casing for a job in Naval Intelligence; and the reason was that because, of all people, the governor of the Bank of England and the head of Baring Brothers, a very big merchant-banking firm in The City, had been asked to find a man of about my age with good languages and some knowledge of The City, which in fact I hadn't got at all. In any case, it ended with a luncheon at the Carlton Hotel, with the Director of Naval Intelligence, Admiral J. H. Godfrey, still my warm friend, and a couple of other very quiet characters in plain clothes, and I suddenly found myself in the Admiralty with an honorary rank of lieutenant in the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, and put down as Personal Assistant to the Director of Naval Intelligence. I stayed in that job throughout the War.

PLAYBOY: What were your duties?

FLEMING: My job got me right into the inside of everything, including all the most secret affairs. I couldn't possibly have had a more exciting or interesting War. Of course, it's my experience in Naval Intelligence, and what I learned about secret operations of one sort or another, that finally led me to write about them—in a highly bowdlerized way—with James Bond as the central figure.

PLAYBOY: Did you really settle on the name James Bond, as reported, because you'd been reading a book by a man of that name, and you thought it sounded "suitably flat and colorless"?

FLEMING: Yes, that's absolutely so. It was James Bond's *Birds of the West Indies*, a famous ornithological work, and I wanted my hero to be entirely an anonymous instrument and to let the action of the book carry him along. I didn't believe in the heroic Bulldog Drummond types. I mean, rather, I didn't believe they could any longer exist in literature. I wanted this man more or less to follow the pattern of Raymond Chandler's or Dashiell Hammett's heroes—believable people, believable heroes.

PLAYBOY: One reviewer has written of Bond, "He is the bad guy who smoulders in every good citizen." Do you agree?

FLEMING: I don't think that he is necessarily a good guy or a bad guy. Who is? He's got his vices and very few perceptible virtues except patriotism and courage, which are probably not virtues anyway. He's certainly got little in the way of politics, but I should think what politics he has are just a little bit left of center. And he's got little culture. He's a man of action, and he reads books on golf, and so on—when he reads anything. I quite agree that he's not a person of much social attractiveness. But then, I didn't *intend* for him to be a particularly likable person. He's a cipher, a blunt instrument in the hands of government.

PLAYBOY: You've been quoted as saying that you don't like Bond personally. Is that true?

FLEMING: Well, I've lived with him for about twelve years now, and we've been getting into deeper and deeper trouble together. So I've come to have a certain sympathy with what is going to happen to him, whatever that may be.

PLAYBOY: Do you sometimes feel that you are Bond, and Bond is Fleming?

FLEMING: No, Bond is a highly romanticized version of *anybody*, but certainly not I, and I certainly couldn't keep up with him; I couldn't have even at his age, which is, and has always been, in the middle thirties. He's a sort of amalgam of romantic tough guys, dressed up in 20th Century clothes, using 20th Century language. I think he's slightly more true to the type of modern hero, to the commandos of the last War, and so on, and to some of the secret-service men I've met, than to any of the rather cardboardy heroes of the ancient thrillers.

PLAYBOY: Do you consider his sexual prowess, and his ruthless way with women, to be true to life—even among commandos and secret-service men?

FLEMING: Naturally not; but we live in a violent age. Seduction has, to a marked extent, replaced courtship. The direct, flat approach is not the exception; it is the standard. James Bond is a healthy, violent, noncerebral man in his middle thirties, and a creature of his era. I wouldn't say he's particularly typical of our times, but he is certainly *of* the times. Bond's detached; he's disengaged. But he's a believable man—around whom I try to weave a great web of excitement and fantasy. In that, at least, we have very little in common. Of course, there *are* similarities, since one writes only of what one knows, and some of the quirks and characteristics that I give Bond are ones that I know about. When I make him smoke certain cigarettes, for example, it's because I do so myself, and I know what these things taste like, and I have no shame in giving them free advertising.

PLAYBOY: Including the gold-ringed cigarettes of Balkan and Turkish tobacco mixed for Bond by Morland's of Grosvenor Street?

FLEMING: Certainly. Why not?

PLAYBOY: Isn't that a rather injudiciously conspicuous brand for a secret agent to be smoking?

FLEMING: Of course it is. No self-respecting agent would use such things. He'd smoke Players or Chesterfields. But the readers enjoy such idiosyncrasies, and they accept them—because they don't stop to think about it. The secrecy of my secret agent is pretty transparent, if you think about it even briefly. But the pace, the pace of the narrative gets one by these nasty little corners. It's a sleight-of-hand operation. It's overpowering the reader. You take him along at such a rate, you interest him so deeply in the narrative that he isn't jolted by these incongruities. I suppose I do it to demonstrate that I *can* do it.

PLAYBOY: Why do you pay so much attention to minutiae in your books?

FLEMING: The main reason is that these things excite and interest me. I'm observant, I think, and when I walk down the street or when I go into a room, I observe things and remember them very accurately. It amuses me to use my powers of observation in my books and at the same time to tell people what my favorite objects are, and my favorite foods and liquors and scents, and so on. Exact details of individual private lives and private tastes are extremely interesting to me. I think that even the way in which a man shaves in the morning is well worth recording. The more we have of this kind of detailed stuff laid down around a character, the more interested we are in him.

I make notes of such details constantly; I write down my thoughts and comments and I note menus, and so forth. I've just written down something I picked up in Istanbul the other day: "Now there is no more shade." This is a Turkish expression, used when a great sultan, like Mustafa Kemal, dies. The general cry of the people was "Now there is no more shade," which is rather an expressive way of saying now there is nothing to protect us, now that the great man has gone. I write things like that down and often use them later on in my books.

PLAYBOY: Of course, you have research done for you as well.

FLEMING: Yes, but generally only after I've written the book. After I've finished a book I realize that I've been rather vague or thin on some topic or other, and then I go to the right man and try to get the true gen out of him and then rewrite that particular area.

PLAYBOY: Are you interested in the skills of individual specialists? Would you, for example, go out of your way to meet Chic Gaylord of New York, who makes custom-tailored revolver and pistol holsters for the New York City police and the FBI?

FLEMING: Quite honestly, the whole question of expertise in these matters bores me. Obviously, I want to know the facts. If a Gaylord holster is better than

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a Berns-Martin, I want to know about it, but there my interest rather ends. However, I'm not a bad shot; in fact, I shot for Sandhurst against West Point at one time. And just to see that my hand isn't trembling too much, I like to have a shot at a tin can or something now and again.

PLAYBOY: How about hunting game?

FLEMING: No, I'm not keen on killing things, except to eat them. We have big bush rats in Jamaica, and one time when I'd lent the place for a bit to Anthony Eden, he couldn't sleep, they made such a racket scurrying about, and a number of them had to be shot by his private detective, which I didn't like. But to go back to the matter of expertise, I've been pestiferated ever since *Sports Illustrated* ran that article about Bond's weapons; you saw it, I'm sure—the one which told how I'd been persuaded to take Bond's .25 Beretta away from him and make him use a 7.65mm Walther instead. That idea had originated with Geoffrey Boothroyd, a genuine expert, and since the article appeared I've had hundreds of letters from weapon maniacs—and they *are* maniacs; they're terrifying—and Boothroyd gets all those letters sent on to him. I never look at them; he deals with them himself or he doesn't. I wouldn't dream of attempting it. I'm just not sufficiently expert.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of firearms, does it amuse you that your imaginative device of Bond's permissive double-0 prefix—licensing him to kill—should be taken so seriously by your readers when, in fact, *any* intelligence agent may find it necessary to kill in the line of duty, and to that extent might be considered to have the right to do so?

FLEMING: Well, though this was purely a fictional device to make Bond's particular job more interesting, the double-0 prefix is not so entirely invented as all that. I pinched the idea from the fact that, in the Admiralty, at the beginning of the War, all top-secret signals had the double-0 prefix. This was changed subsequently for the usual security reasons, but it stuck in my mind and I borrowed it for Bond and he got stuck with it.

PLAYBOY: Is there, in your opinion, any such thing as the proverbial perfect murder?

FLEMING: Well, no technique, I should think, is more deadly and efficient than that employed by the gunmen of what its proprietors so amusingly call the Cosa Nostra in America, where a man may be sent all the way from Detroit to kill another man sitting in a bar in New York and walk away with no demonstrable connection with him. That is a near-perfect type of killing—the sort of killing that the secret services do, particularly the Russians, who've been pretty keen on it in West Germany. Their latest gimmick, the cyanide gas pistol, which is more or less a water pistol filled with liquid cyanide, is a particularly good stunt, because a man can be killed while, say, climbing stairs, and when he's found, the cyanide has dissipated and leaves no trace. It's natural to assume that he has had a heart failure climbing the stairs. But you've got to have a lot of nerve for that sort of thing, and whatever it is that enables a good killer to function also seems to defeat him in the end. The killer's spirit begins to fail, he gets the seed of death within himself. As I wrote in one of my books, *From Russia with Love*, the trouble with a lot of hired assassins such as the Russians use is that they feel rather badly when they've killed five or six people, and ultimately get soft or give themselves up, or they take to drugs or drink. It would be interesting to conduct an inquiry to determine who was the greatest assassin in history—who was, or who is. I have no particular candidate. But they all do grow a sort of bug inside them after a bit.

PLAYBOY: You've been criticized for being "obsessed" with violence in your books. Do you feel the charge is justified?

FLEMING: The simple fact is that, like all fictional heroes who find a tremendous popular acceptance, Bond must reflect his own time. We live in a violent era, perhaps the most violent man has known. In our last War, thirty million people were killed. Of these, some six million were simply slaughtered, and most brutally. I hear it said that I invent fiendish cruelties and tortures to which Bond is subjected. But no one who knows, as I know, the things that were done to captured secret agents in the last War says this. No one says it who knows what went on in Algeria.

PLAYBOY: You said a moment ago that professional assassins "grow a sort of bug inside them after a bit." Does that include Bond?

FLEMING: Yes, it does disturb Bond to kill people, even though he continues to get away with it—just as he continues to get away with driving conspicuous motorcars.

PLAYBOY: In recent books you've had him driving a supercharged Bentley. Why did you pick this particular car for him?

FLEMING: I probably chose the supercharged Bentley because Amherst Villiers was and is a great friend of mine, and I knew something about it from my friendship with him. I put Bond into a Bentley simply because I like him to use dashing, interesting things.

PLAYBOY: Do you share his taste for exotic cars?

FLEMING: Yes. I'd like to have a super-

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charged Bentley myself, but nowadays—I'm fifty-six, after all—I like a car I can leave out in the street all night and which will start at once in the morning and still go a hundred miles an hour when you want it to and yet give a fairly comfortable ride. I can't be bothered with a car that needs tuning, or one that will give me a lot of trouble and expenditure. So I've had a Thunderbird for six years, and it's done me very well. In fact, I have two of them, the good two-seater and the less-good four-seater. I leave them both in the street, and when I get in and press the starter, off they go, which doesn't happen to a lot of motorcars. Now, the Studebaker supercharged Avanti is the same thing. It will start as soon as you get out in the morning; it has a very nice, sexy exhaust note and will do well over a hundred and has got really tremendous acceleration and much better, tighter road holding and steering than the Thunderbird. Excellent disk brakes, too. I've cut a good deal of time off the run between London and Sandwich in the Avanti, on braking power alone. So I'm very pleased with it for the time being.

PLAYBOY: Unlike Bond, you say you are bored by guns, and you don't drive an exotic vintage car. Do you share, at least, his passion for casino gambling?

FLEMING: I do like to gamble. I play bridge for what might be called serious stakes. I like *chemin de fer*. I play at clubs here in London, private clubs. And I may go to Le Touquet, places like that on the Continent. I like to think that I am reasonably competent at the gaming tables—we all think so, I suppose—but still, I win as much as I lose, or a bit more. I like that, which I suppose demonstrates that I am not a true compulsive gambler, because the compulsive gambler doesn't care much whether he wins or loses. He is interested primarily in the "action." I remember one occasion on which I very much wanted to win. I was on my way to America with the Director of Naval Intelligence, Admiral Godfrey. We were in Estoril in Portugal, and while we were waiting for transport, we killed some time in the casino. While there, I recognized some German agents, and I thought it would be a brilliant coup to play with them, break them, take their money. Instead, of course, they took mine. Most embarrassing. This incident appears in *Casino Royale*, my first book—but, of course, Bond does *not* lose. In fact, he totally and coldly vanquishes his opponent.

PLAYBOY: *Casino Royale*, and all of the other Bond books, have been written at your home in Jamaica. How did you happen to pick the West Indies as a creative hideaway?

FLEMING: I first went to Jamaica on a Naval Intelligence assignment around 1942 to meet with my American opposite numbers from the Office of Naval Intelligence to see if we could do something about the U-boat sinkings in the Caribbean. I stayed in the good old Myrtle Bank Hotel, and it poured every day—and I loved every minute of it. I'd never been in the tropics before and I thought they were wonderful, as I suppose any Scotsman would. I was determined that at the end of the War I'd come back and find a plot and build a house and live in it whenever I could. It's worked out like that. When I went back in 1946, I borrowed a car from a man called Sir William Stevenson, who was chief of our intelligence service in the States during the War; he had a house in Jamaica and I went round and finally I found this disused donkeys' racecourse by the sea. I bought the racecourse and I built on it a square of a house which I had designed while I was working in the Admiralty during the last two or three years of the War, looking forward to something more pleasant than the V-1s and V-2s. And I go there every year during January and February and a bit of March, and the whole thing's been a great success. It's by a little banana port called Oracabessa, and the house is called Goldeneye, a name I chose.

PLAYBOY: Why?

FLEMING: I had happened to be reading *Reflections in a Golden Eye* by Carson McCullers, and I'd been involved in an operation called Goldeneye during the War: the defense of Gibraltar, supposing that the Spaniards had decided to attack it; and I was deeply involved in the planning of countermeasures which would have been taken in that event. Anyway, I called my place Goldeneye. The alternative choice was Shamelady, which is the Jamaican name for the sensitive plant, the one which curls up when the leaves are touched. When I and a friend inspected the plot, we looked over the edge of the cliff, and there was the most beautiful naked Negress bathing in the waves, so I thought that Shamelady would be a good name for it—the whole thirty acres were covered with the plant—but it would have been a little bit too fancy. In any event, the house has been a great success. As you said, I have written all my books there.

PLAYBOY: Do you spend most of your time there at the typewriter?

FLEMING: By no means. I get up with the birds, which is about half past seven, because they wake one up, and then I go and bathe in the ocean before breakfast. We don't have to wear a swimsuit there, because it's so private; my wife and I bathe and swim a hundred yards or so and come back and have a marvelous proper breakfast with some splendid scrambled eggs made by my housekeeper, who's particularly good at them, and then I sit out in the garden to get a sunburn until about ten. Only then do I set to work. I sit in my bedroom and type about fifteen hundred words straightaway, without looking back on what I wrote the day before. I have more or less thought out what I'm going to write, and, in any case, even if I make a lot of mistakes, I think, well, hell, when the book's finished I can change it all. I think the main thing is to write fast and cursively in order to get narrative speed.

Then, about quarter past twelve, I chuck that and go down, with a snorkle and a spear, around the reefs looking for lobsters or whatever there may be, sometimes find them, sometimes don't, and then I come back. I have a couple of pink gins, and we have a very good lunch, ordinary Jamaican food, and I have a siesta from about half past two until four. Then I sit again in the garden for about an hour or so, have another swim, and then I spend from six to seven—the dusk comes very suddenly in Jamaica; at six o'clock it suddenly gets very dark—doing another five hundred words. I then number the pages, of which by that time there are about seven, put them away in a folder, and have a couple of powerful drinks, then dinner, occasionally a game of Scrabble with my wife—at which she thinks she is very much better than I am, but I know I'm the best—and straight off to bed and into a dead sleep.

PLAYBOY: And you return to England in March with a completed manuscript?

FLEMING: Except for minor revisions, yes.

PLAYBOY: How do you spend the rest of the year?

FLEMING: Commuting between London—where we have a very nice little house—and the country, where I keep a small but comfortable flat on Pegwell Bay in Sandwich; that's in Kent. I work the "Fleming Two-Day Week," which means that I try to spend at least four days and five nights in the country and only two nights up in London, because I don't like big towns. Generally I come up on Monday night and I go down again to Sandwich on Thursday morning, with any luck.

PLAYBOY: What do you do with your time in the country?

FLEMING: Well, I get up late, about half past eight or nine, have breakfast, coffee and a boiled egg—three and a half minutes, not three and two thirds, like James Bond. I read newspapers and deal with a certain amount of mail and then I go off to the golf course; the one I play on is in

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Sandwich—the Royal St. George—a course known to a great many Americans, and one that Bobby Jones and all the great men have played; Jack Nicklaus won the Gold Vase on that course three or four years ago. And I meet some friends there and we have a drink or two and lunch and then I go out and play a tough game of golf for fairly high stakes, foursomes generally, not American fourball, but each pair hitting the ball in turn. And we laugh a lot and it's great fun. Then I go back home in the evening and sit down and have a couple of very powerful bourbons and waters with ice and read awhile, and then I have whatever my wife has decided to cook for me and I go straight off to bed.

PLAYBOY: And when you're in London?

FLEMING: In London we have, as I said, a very nice little house—but it hasn't got any trees around it, which I would like, and I would prefer to live higher up, somewhere like Hampstead, on the heights above London, with birds and trees and a bit of garden. But my wife, who likes to entertain, feels that this would be too far from the House of Commons for our friends to come, and altogether too suburban. In any case, I get up in the morning about the same time as in the country, have the same breakfast, and at about half past ten I drive to my office, where my secretary has the mail ready for me, which I cope with and then dictate a few letters. Then I correct some proofs or go over whatever I happen to be working on at the moment and have lunch with a friend—always a male friend; I don't like having lunch with women—and perhaps I go to my club, Boodles, or the Turf, where I sit by myself and read in that highly civilized privacy which is the great thing about some English clubs. In the afternoon I have more or less the same routine correcting proofs. I go home and have three large drinks and then we either stay in for dinner or have people in, or go out; but more often we have dinner together and go to bed.

PLAYBOY: Your books were often among those at the bedside of President Kennedy, who publicly declared himself an enthusiastic Bond fan. He was even said to have considered Bond his favorite fictional character. Did he ever tell you why?

FLEMING: No, he didn't. In any case, I don't think Bond *was* President Kennedy's favorite fictional character; I think he was his favorite *adventure* character. But I think perhaps that Bond's sort of patriotic derring-do was in keeping with the President's own concept of endurance and courage and grace under pressure, and so on. Strangely enough, *many* politicians seem to like my books. I think perhaps because politicians like solutions, with everything properly tied up at the end. Politicians always hope for neat solutions, you know, but so rarely can they find them.

PLAYBOY: Do you have other admirers among world figures of major stature?

FLEMING: I don't know, really. For one, I don't believe Mr. Khrushchev is one of my readers, and we haven't met. I do have among my memorabilia a short typewritten note from Joseph Stalin, signed in his hand and, I think, typed by him as well, saying that he is sorry, but he must decline to be interviewed.

PLAYBOY: It was Stalin who organized SMERSH, the Soviet counterpart of the Gestapo, which served as Bond's adversary in several of your earlier books. What made you decide to abandon it in *Thunderball* for the ideologically unaligned gang of international conspirators which you call SPECTRE?

FLEMING: I closed down SMERSH, although I was devoted to the good old *apparat*, because, first of all, Khrushchev did in fact disband SMERSH himself, although its operations are still carried out by a subsection of the K. G. B., the Russian secret service. But in that book—I think it was *Thunderball* that I was writing at the time of the proposed summit meeting—I thought well, it's no good going on if we're going to make friends with the Russians. I know them, I like them personally, as anyone would, as anyone would like the Chinese if he knew them. I thought, I don't want to go on ragging them like this. So I invented SPECTRE as an international crime organization which contained elements of SMERSH and the Gestapo and the Mafia—the cozy old Cosa Nostra—which, of course, is a much more elastic fictional device than SMERSH, which was no fictional device, but the real thing. But that was really the reason I did it, so as not to rag the Russians too much. But if they go on squeezing off cyanide pistols in people's faces, I may have to make them *cosa mia* again.

PLAYBOY: Mystery writer Raymond Chandler has said of you, "He writes more correctly, neatly, concisely and vividly than most of our 'serious' novelists." On the other hand, *New York Times* critic Anthony Boucher has said that in his view you write "monumentally badly." Do you have any comment on these contrasting appraisals?

FLEMING: I dare say Ray Chandler said that because he was a friend of mine. As for Anthony Boucher, he's never liked my books, and it shows what a good reviewer he is that he says so. Others, happily—such as Cyril Connolly—think otherwise. There is no doubt, however, that I—and even Anthony Boucher—should write better. There is no top limit to writing well. I try to write neatly and concisely and vividly because I think that's the way to write, but I think a large amount of that comes, as I said earlier, from my training as a fast-writing journalist, under circumstances in which you damned well *had* to be neat and correct and concise and vivid. I'm afraid I think Reuter's training was much more valuable to me than all the reading in English literature I did at Eton or in Geneva or wherever.

PLAYBOY: You have said that you write unashamedly for money. Is that true?

FLEMING: Yes, it is. I *do* write for money—but also for pleasure. I'm very glad that people say kind things about my books—because, naturally, if they didn't say so, I shouldn't make any money, and consequently I shouldn't enjoy the writing so much. I think that communicating enjoyment is certainly a very good achievement, even in the fairly modest seam of literature that comprises thriller writing. But it's true that I write below my ultimate capacity—or at least I *think* I probably do. If I really settled down and decided to write a *War and Peace* among thrillers, if I shut myself up and decided to do this and nothing else, I dare say I might bring it off, if such a thing is possible. There's a great deal of violence and sex in all great novels, so I dare say if I tried to do it in the modern vein I might conceivably succeed.

But I'm more interested in action than in cerebration, and I should think that the great *War and Peace* thriller would be more likely to be written by a man like Graham Greene or Georges Simenon, because either of them would do it more truthfully and accurately than I ever could. I enjoy exaggeration and things larger than life. It amuses me to have a villain with a great bulbous head, whereas, as you know, they're generally little people with nothing at all extraordinary-looking about them. Then, too, I'm afraid I shouldn't be able to write in sufficient depth to make this hypothetical thriller stand up as a classic.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

FLEMING: I'm too interested in surface things, and I'm too interested in maintaining a fast pace, in writing at speed. I'm afraid I shouldn't have the patience to delve into the necessary psychological introspection and historical background. But in the end, I must say, I'm very happy writing as I do. And I greatly enjoy knowing that other people, quite intelligent people, find my books amusing and entertaining. But I'm not really surprised, because they entertain and amuse me, too.

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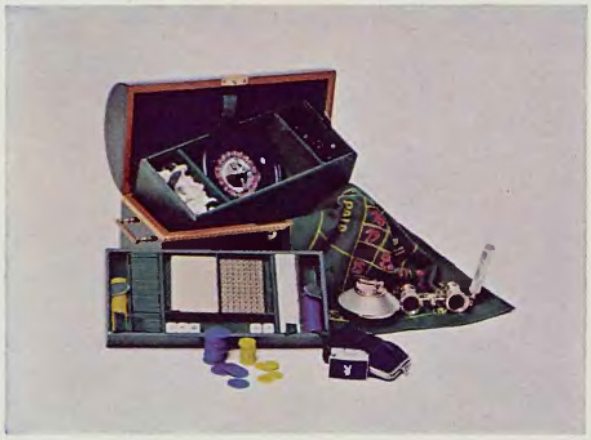


Above left, clockwise from noon: Gootskin-covered gome chest, with roulette set, chess pieces, from Rigoud, $250. Mother-of-peorl opero glosses, by Dunhill, $40. Toble lighter in brushed-sotin-silver finish, by Colibri, $20. Cigorette cose in soft leother lined with pure silk, includes Ployboy Lighter, by Ployboy Products, $6. Above right, clockwise from nine: Old-fashioned French telephone, by Continentol Telephone, $62.50. Hand-woven wig of 100-percent humon hair, with vinyl cose, by Foshion Tress, $199.95. Hand-painted Mexicon spoon mirror, from Dunhill, $15. Clock rodio, by Elgin, $42.95. Below left: Reproduction of Mozart music box, by Rigaud, $350. AM/FM, FM stereo rodio-phonogroph, by Phonolo, $199.95. Below right, clockwise from noon: Nylon umbrello, by Polon, Kotz, $10. Brazilion joguor bog, $152.90, ond jockey-style hat, $86.50, from Abercrombie & Fitch. Mirandette portoble tape recorder, by Allied Impex, $169.95. Belgian linen tronsport cose, from Dunhill, $32.50.

for a golden yule: a guide for guys on pleasing their playmates By ROBERT L. GREEN

BEFORE MAKING his presents known, the gift-wise guy seeking to earn laurels as a Santa *extraordinaire* will observe the golden yule of giving: Know thy lady fair. For every Christmas belle worth ringing is cast of a different precious mettle and has her own striking timbre of individuality: She'll be ecstatic over any trifle that could only be *hers*. But she'll think more of the gift than of the giver, no matter how extravagant it is, if it doesn't combine imagination, creativity and understanding.

You'll remain a sane Santa, and stay afloat during the annual Christmastidal wave, if you introduce method to the year-end madness. First, this is the time of year to update your yule log, weeding out the losers and shuffling the rest by category. From the general—the chic, feminine type; the competent business girl; the lithe-limbed healthy outdoor girl; the aesthetic-intellectual type; or the tantalizing child-woman—move on to the particular: How well do you know each entry, and how well do you *want* to know her? If you just met her at a cocktail party, an inexpensive token associated with the subject of your conversation might be appropriate. If she's been a longtime, but casual, acquaintance—and you want to keep it that way—choose from a wide array of impersonal gifts, such as luggage, handkerchiefs, clocks, candies, food, cigarette accessories, books, prints, records, umbrellas, costume jewelry, wines, liquors and liqueurs. If you'll be spending the holiday with her, then you'll want to buy something that balances luxury with intimacy: special made-to-order items (a tailored suit, a hat or a robe), something in sterling silver, a piece of original art, or a lush selection of lingerie or negligees (normally, however, you don't provide cover for the terrain unless you've already reconnoitered it).

If she has a taste for the deluxe—and what girl hasn't?—you'll score high with jewels, furs or perfume—for example, a *flacon* of Jean Patou's Joy, or an exquisitely packaged scent by Prince Matchabelli or Lanvin. If your romance is serious and you're willing to spend seriously, consider fur: Think mink, chinchilla or sable—if you're able. If not, furs

that are less expensive, but impressive nonetheless, include casual jackets in wildcat, South American lamb, pony, sheared muskrat and black or red fox. Other gifts of garb that combine fur with fabrics may be even less costly, but just as glamorous: A pair of good examples are a gabardine trench coat lined in mink or lynx, or a fitted wool coat lined in leopard. Then there are the miniature furs, such as a black fox or sable muff, or a leopard ascot and hat. If she already has a fur to keep her warm, you may want to give her an accessory such as a red fox bedspread, leopard car rug, or a tiger skin to be used as a wall or floor covering.

To engrave your image into her personal picture, send something that clearly indicates an intention of sharing: an imported espresso machine, with a pair of demitasse cups and saucers; an excellent champagne, with two choice glasses; two carved fruit knives, with a note promising that you'll bring the peaches; a pair of ducats to the theater.

If you have already left an impression on her consciousness, and want to evoke images of retroactive sharing, favor her with a gift reminiscent of your past activities together. Have you gone to the ballet *ensemble*? Then give her an elegant set of pearl opera glasses. If you were recently caught in the rain together—and made the best of it—commemorate the occasion with an umbrella. Do you and she play word games? Then give her a giant game treasure chest. If you share music wherever you go, buy her a transistorized FM/AM portable, or a radio/phonograph console for her apartment. If she squeals with joy when you take her photo, buy her a camera—and for an added kick, shoot something that has special meaning for her and leave it in the camera as a surprise development.

If she believes that the way to your heart is through your stomach, then help smooth her way with a complete spice collection; or an out-of-print cookbook; or a copper coffee mill; or any of an endless variety of serving utensils: chafing dishes, hot plates, vegetable warmers, sauceboats, butter melters, pepper mills, salt shakers, serving tongs, grinders. Or surprise her with some professional kitchen tools, such as a porcelain double boiler, an asparagus steamer, a duck press or a Georgian porcelain mold. If she often entertains formally, then choose from among the fine china and silver shops in town for a set of Baccarat stemware, Georgian silver serving spoons, Crown Derby dinner plates, or Spode dessert plates.

If her tastes tend more toward the cultural than the culi-

Above left, clockwise from noon: Capricci perfume in cut crystal decanter (11 ozs.), by Nina Ricci, $175. Chanel No. 5 perfume (4 ozs.), by Chanel, $70. Intimate spray mist (2 ozs.), by Revlon, $3. Mother-of-pearl compact and lipstick case, by Max Factor, $10. Bain d'Or bath soap in swan dish, by Lenthéric, $2. Possession perfume, from France (2 ozs.), by Parfums Cordoy, $35. L'Aimant perfume, from France (2 ozs.), by Coty, $35. Above right: Red fox opera coat, by Max Bogen, $1000. Below left: Yorkshire puppy, from Studded Collar, $200. Oval shaped peridot ring with 5 diamonds, by Star Ring Co., $49.50. Below center, clockwise from noon: Royal Crown musical jewel box, from Thorens, $80. Simulated-pearl necklace with oval moonstone clasp, by Richelieu, $12. Calendar pocket watch, 14k, by Jules Jergensen, $175. Octagonal bracelet watch and matching ring, 14k, by Eric E. Siebert, $654. Cigarette lighter, 14k, by Dunhill, $165. Wrist watch, 18k, by Elgin, $495. Below right, clockwise from noon: Shooting jacket, $35; slacks, $19; kit fox reversible coat, $500, all from Abercrombie & Fitch. Speedfit laceless ski boots, by Henke, $69.50. Motorcycle, 55cc, four-speed transmission, 200 miles per gallon, weighs about 140 pounds, by Yamaha, $285.

nary, then please her musical ear with a classical guitar, a complete collection of Beethoven's piano sonatas by Schnabel, some archive waxings of Bessie Smith, Bix Beiderbecke, Billie Holiday; or flatter her artistic eye with a Degas pastel, a good oil by a local painter, a membership in an art museum; or gratify her literary taste buds with an antique-bound set of essays, a series of subscriptions to "little" magazines, poetry recordings from the Library of Congress, Richard Burton's recently recorded rendition of *Hamlet*.

Is she dedicated to fashion? Then give her a set of subscriptions to the world's leading magazines of *haute couture*. Is she devoted to skiing? Then get her a new ski outfit, from parka to Bogners, and an invitation to spend a long weekend with you at some favorite ski haunt. Is she a hellion on wheels? Then buy her a Honda, Vespa or Yamaha motor scooter in her favorite color.

Does she come on as a femme fatale? Then send her a small crystal chandelier for her bathroom, panels of Sadie Thompson beads to hang in a window or doorway, an Oriental incense burner, a Balenciaga theater coat covered with jewels, a Chinese brocade coat, cut glass decanters for her dressing table, a mobile champagne cooler, a monogrammed velvet comforter, a tufted hassock or a quilted bedspread.

If she's addicted to the archaic, you'll find a bonanza of boons in secondhand bookshops, auction galleries, resale stores and other repositories of the antique. Try to locate a perfume bottle with a royal crest on it, a wine decanter with an early date, a jewel box with a secret compartment, the 11th edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*.

Extremism in pursuit of the perfect present is no vice. If she's a way-out girl, get her a way-out gift, such as a gallon of her favorite toilet water, a tissue-thin watch, an enormous standing salad bowl, a complete selection of Hermès gloves in every shade of brown from off-white to off-black, a tiny portable typewriter, an indoor herb garden, an oversize brandy snifter filled with a complete selection of textured and patterned stockings from Dior.

If you want to impress but are under duress, you can bank on the happy fact that most women are very label conscious. A chiffon scarf from Neiman-Marcus, a deck of cards from Cartier or a silver bookmark from Tiffany may have more meaning than a costlier gift from a popular department store.

Moreover, a relatively inexpensive gewgaw that reflects your understanding of her interests and drives will be worth more than an oil-well deed. If she's a career girl who just moved up to her own private office, give her a leather correspondence portfolio with her name and title engraved on it. If she's the recent owner of a new car, give her a gold ignition key. If she's studying voice or drama, a tape recorder will make you sound just right to her.

Sometimes a man's offering to his yuletide belle can ring falsely, thereby eliciting not peals of joy but reverberations of reproach. Good intentions alone will not prevent this, but planning and common sense will. For example, a little anticipatory thought will caution you not to buy billowy wardrobe items for a gal who lives in a miniature efficiency apartment. Or not to give clothing that requires extraordinary care to a girl with a limited budget. Similarly, plain tact would prevent you from giving her something that implies criticism of her appearance or habits—e.g., electric razors, soaps, deodorants, glamor courses, exercise equipment or diet guides.

A few other sensible don'ts to keep in mind: Don't select decorative gifts that will clash with her present furnishings—a folksy Pennsylvania Dutch settee will hardly be appreciated if she surrounds herself with pieces *style* Marie Antoinette. If you're giving jewelry, don't get carried away and buy her a diamond ring—unless you're prepared for the permanence it implies; a jeweled lipstick case, pin, brooch, compact or bracelet will tell her how much you care, without indicating that you're ready to throw in the sponge. Don't try to impress her with your own intellectual accomplishments by throwing cultural curves at her—in other words, if she doesn't care to read anything deeper than women's magazines, don't give her the complete, untranslated works of Marcel Proust.

Don't cop out on the selection of a gift by sending her a gift certificate—that's almost as crass as giving cash. If you're boxed in by circumstances, however, and must do it, then do it with a flair: Rather than presenting her with a certificate for a hat, ask a top-notch milliner to deliver an empty hatbox with a note from you saying that you'd like her to have a chapeau designed especially for her. Or have her favorite flower delivered in a corsage from a leading tailor, with a note indicating that it is to be worn on a suit he has been commissioned to create for her.

A final don't: Don't hamstring yourself with don'ts. Your own instinct should tell you what's right and what's not. *Do* observe several simple shopping rules—these will make the difference between enjoying or exhausting yourself.

You're no doubt tired of hearing advice to shop early and stay far from the madding crowds. Old as this counsel may be, it's perfectly sound, and we suggest that you heed it. Add to it the following tips: Friday is the best shopping day; rainy or snowy days are excellent; the early hours (before 11:30 A.M.) can't be beat; do your shopping alone, for mobility and easy decision making. It's especially important to shop early for custom-made or monogrammed gifts. Be sure to have, on the other hand, a bountiful supply of baubles, such as glass paperweights, Florentine leather boxes, silk squares, handkerchiefs and the like, as a turnabout reserve against those last-minute presents you never expected.

You'll save time, no matter when you shop, if you carry your own personal cards to go along with your gift packages. Also take a couple of pens. Unless you charge everything, carry plenty of small bills and change: Paying the exact amount at each counter saves time.

Many men avail themselves of the organized personal shopping services offered by top department stores and specialty shops throughout the country. Charming, knowledgeable consultants will go over your gift list and then accompany you through the store while you make your selections. Other stores cater to male shoppers by setting aside separate areas for them. Surrounded by gifts for women, the man is invited to relax while a skilled salesperson helps make the right choices for each girl on his list. Often, models are on hand to represent the different types, both as to personality and physical proportions.

If you require assistance, but prefer to shop in stores that do not offer these services, look in the classified pages of your phone book for a professional shopping service. For a fee, they will do everything from selecting items to having them wrapped and delivered.

Almost as important as the gift itself is the wrapping. A beautiful job, whether done by yourself or a service, can't fail to enhance the beauty of the gift. For routine presents, of course, you can utilize the routine ribbon-round-the-package service at the sales counter, but your special gifts require special wrapping service, which can be found elsewhere in the store. The charge is nominal, and you can choose between telling the wrapper what you want—to impart a personal touch—or relying on her (usually good) judgment.

If you don't trust other hands with this important job, you'll find ample materials in department stores, paper-supply houses, fabric stores, stationers (for gold, red or blue notary seals) and florists (for unusual ribbons). If you do the chore yourself, it is wise to wrap each gift on the day you buy it; it's no fun facing a mountain of unwrapped presents on Christmas Eve.

Having found and bound just the perfect presents for your ladies fair, it is best to deliver all but that one most special gift on Christmas Eve or earlier. Then you can relax for a warm winter's toast with your chosen one, content in the knowledge, as you face a new year, that, having freely given, you shall freely receive.

WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

A young man groomed for success whether he's in the fray of business day or in cool command of an evening encounter. The man who reads PLAYBOY puts his cash on the lines—the men's toiletries lines, for example. Noted for his good scents, he realizes that being well turned out can mean the difference between a nod and a nay in business deal or social maneuver. Facts: 76% of PLAYBOY's male readers use after-shave lotion, a percentage twice as high as the national average; 55% of PLAYBOY's male readers use cologne. (Source: PLAYBOY Male Reader Survey by Benn Management Corporation.)

THIS IS A STORY OF THE OLD DAYS, the days between Prohibition and Alcoholics Anonymous, the days when it still took weeks to get *anyplace*, the days before jets reached everywhere in time for dinner, the days when you were rather surprised to hear that a friend had been in Arles or Siberia or Djibouti, the days when Colonialism was the White Man's Burden and not a dirty word, when we thought it was our duty to bring the Word to the Heathen and before the Heathen started pushing the Word back down our throats.

• • •

The main avenue of Aleppo was shining in the sun. The afternoon siesta was just over and in the cafés men in fezzes were sipping tiny cups of syrupy coffee. A fat Turk with a mustache, half awake, sat and sleepily pulled at a hookah from time to time. When three or more flies congregated around his mouth, he would raise a sleepy hand and whisk them away unmaliciously with a fly whisk.

Stanford Lovejoy, in his pressed white suit and sun helmet, strolled slowly down the shady side of the street, smiling gently at the flickering life of the desert city. He was a small, quiet man, and every time he walked through the town, among the swift, dirty children, the tiny dancer-hoofed donkeys under their burdens of alfalfa and watermelons, the tall, slender Arabs with their shining white burnooses, striped with black braid, a pleasant little tingle of adventure rang through his blood. How far, the song sounded subconsciously in the back of his brain, how far I have come from Vermont.

He had just finished a year of teaching English to Arab children at the Mission School and he couldn't help feeling a decent thrill of accomplishment each time he opened a class and looked at the polite and eager faces, heard the low Eastern voices say "How do you do, Mr. Lovejoy?" with the ineradicable granite twang of his own Vermont caught forever in them. He never had any trouble in class, such as you might expect in young boys' classes back home. He was small, but he had a deep, impressive voice, and a high-domed and impressive forehead, full of authority. He looked as Samuel Johnson might have looked as a young man, but secretly hoped that one day he would look like Sir Walter Raleigh.

ONCE, IN ALEPPO

fiction

By IRWIN SHAW

How different from Vermont, the chant went at the back of Lovejoy's head. When he had finished taking his M.A., a relative in California had offered Lovejoy a job in his cement plant, with a good salary to begin with, and large chances of swift advancement. Lovejoy had nearly accepted, but the opportunity to come to Aleppo had presented itself, and he had written his cousin a graceful note, declining the kind offer.

"Any man who prefers Syria to California and Bedouins to Californians," his cousin had written, "has forfeited all claims on my sympathies. I will not repeat the offer. Yours truly . . ."

The letter had shaken Lovejoy a little, but since coming to Aleppo, he had never regretted his decision. He was learning Arabic, and the mysterious and complex ways of the Middle East. Around him stretched the old fields of history, cultivated by men dead thousands of years; in timeless circles spread the desert, the Persian mountains, the miraculous valley of the Nile. To the east lay India . . . Great events were brewing and there would be a great place for a man who knew the language, the silent and inscrutable people of the Arabic-speaking world. Lawrence had started with no more.

Lovejoy turned into a little bookshop. On sale were old copies of *Life*, *Look* and *The Saturday Evening Post*, two raveled sets of Dickens, a great many books by H. G. Wells. Victor Hugo, Colette and Michelet were available in large quantities in French, beside piles of secondhand novels in 12 languages.

On the wall hung seven rugs which could be bought for a reasonable price.

Irina was there, too.

She was in a corner, her pale blonde head bent over an account book. Each time he looked at her, Irina's frailty, her demure and troubled beauty, struck at Lovejoy's heart all over again. He walked softly up behind her, engrossed in her accounts, took her hand and pressed it to his lips.

Irina jumped back hurriedly. "Stanford," she said, her voice small and musical and Russian among the dusty literature of six languages. "It is not to be done!"

"There's nobody here," Lovejoy said, smiling softly at her.

"Somebody might make an entrance." Irina looked fearfully at the door.

"What if they did?"

"I knew it would happen," she wailed musically, turning away, hiding her face. "You do not respect me anymore."

into the dusty syrian city wheeled those simple, high-spirited american boys—and lightning struck everyone in sight

"Irina, I re——"

"I don't blame you," Irina said. "A man is not to be blamed."

"But I——" Lovejoy said.

"Words," Irina said. "Words. I knew it would happen. I blame only myself. But we must part."

"Irina," Lovejoy said, patting her hand. She drew away. She suffered from these attacks of delicacy and regret several times a week and went to church to confess regularly. Her doubts and maidenly accesses of sensitivity made her all the more desirable in Lovejoy's eyes, as he was not the man to approve of wanton conduct. He had known Irina for more than eight months before he had as much as kissed her good night, and she had wept for three solid hours after he had made love to her the first time. "Irina," he said, "I respect you as though you were my mother."

Irina turned and gave him a tremulous, clouded smile. "It is so difficult," she said, "to be a woman."

Lovejoy smiled back at her and she permitted him to touch her hand lightly. He took out his wallet and gave her the money he had brought with him.

"It tears my heart to shreds," Irina said, tucking the money into her small, exquisite bosom, "to take your money, Stanford. But my poor father . . ."

"Delighted," Lovejoy mumbled. Irina's father was a White Russian who had remained in Russia when Irina and her mother had fled the Revolution. He was too upright and determined a man to work for the Reds and it was necessary for Irina to send him money every month to keep him from proudly starving. "Delighted," Lovejoy repeated, although he was scraping the bottom of his savings account by now. "Will you call on me at nine o'clock, darling?"

"It tears my heart to shreds," Irina whispered. "If anyone sees, suspects . . ."

"No one will see."

"Nine-thirty, dear Stanford," Irina said, giving him a sad, Slavic, surrendering smile, delicate, but with the promise of unbearable voluptuousness. "It is darker then."

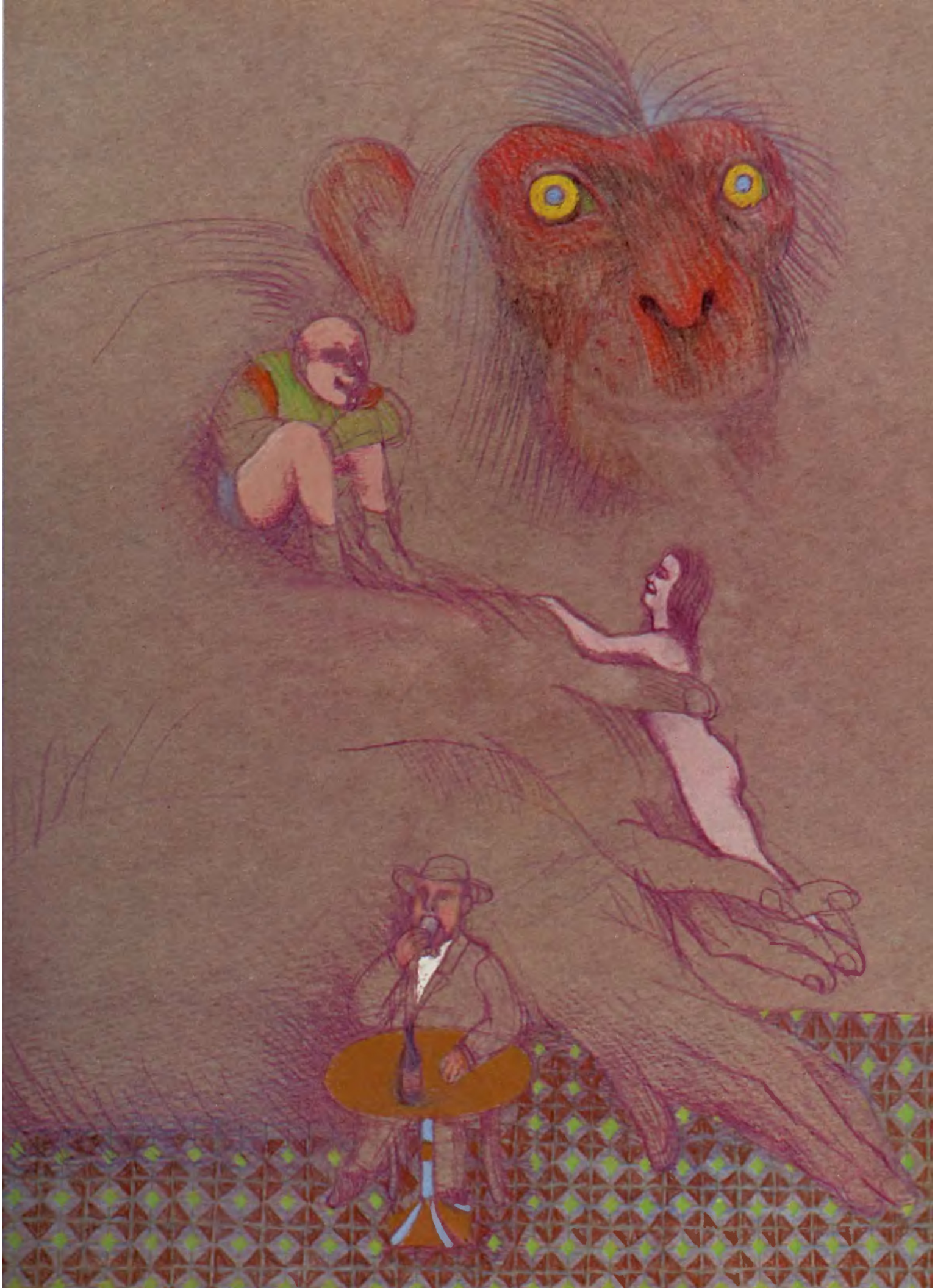
Lovejoy looked hurriedly around him and ducked his head and brushed her cheek with his lips.

"God forgive me," Irina said mournfully, "you are a wild boy . . ."

"Nine-thirty." Lovejoy waved and went out of the den of literature to the brilliant street beyond. He thought of 9:30 that night and whistled merrily to himself as he walked more quickly among the beggars and mangosellers, the drovers and date merchants. At the end of the street, where it bloomed into a little square lined with cafés, Lovejoy noticed a crowd gathered in a wide semicircle opposite the most impressive café. Curiously, he quickened his step. Perhaps an accident, an American, or one of his students . . .

perhaps the whole
boozy bacchanal
should have been blamed
on mrs. buchanan,
the monkey

Chwast



He stopped when he reached the crowd and smiled. It was a street entertainment. But it was like no street entertainment he had ever seen. Two immense, burly men with bare knees, dressed in shorts and football jerseys, were doing intricate tricks on shining bicycles. A third man, rather small, but also in a football jersey, with a small, mangy monkey perched on his shoulder, stood to one side holding a third glittering bicycle. On the backs of all the jerseys, which were deep green, was written, in gold letters, "CAFÉ ANATOLE FRANCE, 9 PLACE PIGALLE." On the front of the jerseys of one of the giants was a large number 95, such as football players wear. On the other large man's jersey was the number 96. The man with the monkey wore a simple zero on his chest. And the heads of all three men were shaved absolutely clean, their heads shining like light globes in the brilliant sun.

The two performers circled tightly around in front of the café, their front wheels revolving double-jointedly in their sockets, the spectators sighing politely and admiringly. The sweat poured down the cyclists' faces and stood out like Seckel pears on their bald white heads as they pumped away widely and good-humoredly.

Number 95 leaped off his bicycle, whipping it debonairly at the third little man with the monkey. It crashed with a light scraping sound against the little man's shin and he winced in pain, but held on and smiled mechanically at the audience. The monkey gripped his ear for better purchase.

Number 96 kept circling easily over the flagstones, his bare knees and the chromium of the bicycle flashing dizzily in the sun.

"*Allez!*" called Number 95, in a strong, booming voice. He stood with arms outstretched, wide, rippling and powerful in his green jersey against the background of slender Arabs.

Lovejoy took it all in with puzzlement and delight. The East, he felt, full of rich surprise.

"Ready, Roland?" shouted Number 95, as though his partner was hard of hearing and a quarter of a mile off.

"Ready, Saint Clair!" hoarsely bellowed Number 96, putting on a burst of speed.

"*Allez!*" called 95.

"*Allez!*" replied 96, racing wildly past the shrinking Arabs, dazed by the speed and sound of the Occident.

95 tensed himself and suddenly was hurtling through the air. He landed on 96's shoulders, his arms spread, swanlike and triumphant.

"For Christ's sake, Saint Clair," said 96 loudly, pedaling fiercely to keep the curvetting bicycle from tilting over. "My ear!"

The audience broke into applause and three little seminaked children danced dangerously close to the rushing bicycle before they were pulled back by their elders.

"*Allez!*" called 95 in the fog-piercing, prairie-covering voice.

"*Allez!*" replied 96, and almost quicker than the eye could follow, 95 had made a desperate and amazing reversal and was standing on his head on 96's head, his huge, meaty legs arched and rigid, pointing beautifully toward the brazen blue desert sky.

"Bravo!" called Number Zero coolly. "Bravo!"

The crowd rustled with approval and Lovejoy applauded. 95, still rigid and head down, with his feet describing a dashing arc against the Syrian sky, looked at Lovejoy, grinned, winked, and on the next trip around the square, called to him. "Hi, Bud. See you right after the show at the Franco-Syrian Bar."

Lovejoy smiled shyly, pleased and embarrassed to be noticed by one of the artists. A moment later, with an amazing leap, 95 hurtled to the ground, arriving there upright, resilient, smiling. 96 vaulted off his bicycle and they both stood there, bowing. Then, with wide, friendly grins, they went through the crowd passing out postcard-size photographs of themselves.

95 gave one to Lovejoy, patting him heavily on the shoulder as he did so. Lovejoy looked at the photograph. It was one which had caught the two daredevils at the very apex of their performance, 95 standing on his head on 96's head, with a background of large cumulus clouds. "Roland and Saint Clair Calonius," the legend read. "Around The World On Two Wheels. Ambassadors of Good Will. Daring!!! Extraordinary!!!"

While he was looking at the photograph, the Calonius brothers mounted their bicycles, took the third bicycle between them, with the monkey riding on the empty saddle, and sped dashingly down the street.

"Four piasters, pleassse," Lovejoy heard a voice say. He looked around. Number Zero was standing there, a worried look on his face, hand outstretched. "Four piasters, pleassse," Number Zero repeated.

"For what?" Lovejoy asked.

"For the photograph of the daring Calonius brothers, pleassse." Number Zero had a liquid Balkan accent and a harrowed Balkan face, full of the sorrows of a land that had known only wars, famines and disloyal kings for 1500 years.

"I don't want a photograph of the Calonius brothers," Lovejoy said, trying to hand the postcard back.

"Impossible, pleassse." A further shade of sorrow flitted across Number Zero's face, like the flicker of a bat's wing, and he put his hands behind his back so that by no accident could Lovejoy place the photograph in his hand. "Once accepted —finished. Four piasters, pleassse . . ." His face was stubborn, despairing, dark, under the shining bald scalp.

Lovejoy took out four piasters and paid him and put the photograph neatly in his wallet, as Number Zero went on to the next customer. There was a slight argument, Lovejoy noticed, but Number Zero got his four piasters there, too. But across the square, at the café tables, a sulky and violent look was coming over certain powerfully built possessors of photographs of the Calonius brothers and Lovejoy moved on down the street, not wishing to become embroiled in what he recognized as an inevitable clash between East and West, with the West heavily outgunned.

The three bicycles were leaning against a table and the two Calonius brothers were seated, still sweating, drinking beer.

"Saint Clair," Roland was booming, "you step on my ear once more, I break your ankle."

"Hazards of the trade," Saint Clair shouted angrily.

"Don't give me hazards of the trade!" Roland leaned across and stared bitterly into his brother's eyes. "Watch where you put your goddamn feet!" The monkey pulled at his leg and Roland tilted his glass over and drenched it with beer. The monkey scrambled miserably back to the bicycle saddle, and both brothers roared good-humoredly and ordered more beer.

"Pardon me, gentlemen . . ." Lovejoy began.

"If you're an American," 95 said, "sit down."

"I'm an American."

"Sit down!" 95 waved for more beer. "That's what I thought when I saw you. Though it's a little hard to tell, upside down." He laughed heartily and nudged Lovejoy as though he had told a dirty joke.

"What do you think of our act?" demanded 96.

"Extremely . . ."

"Never was a wheel act like it," 96 said. "We absolutely defy the laws of . . . Where's that beer?" he bawled in French at the small, dark waiter, who ran off hurriedly.

"Nice little town you got here," 95 said. "What's the name of it again?"

"Aleppo," Lovejoy said.

"Aleppo," 96 said. "Is that much out of our way?"

"Where're you going?" Lovejoy asked.

"China," both Calonius brothers answered. "Where's that beer?" Their voices clanged along the tables and through the café and all the waiters moved faster than they had moved in 15 years.

"Well . . ." Lovejoy began.

"My name's Saint Clair," 95 said. "Saint Clair Calonius. This is Roland."

(continued on page 174)

"I understand you've been a bad little girl . . . !"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY J. BARRY O'ROURKE AND LARRY GORDON

While his catered dinner is in full swing—as the meat, fowl and seafood buffets are eagerly sampled—the host relaxes with guests.

food & drink By THOMAS MARIO

THE CATERED CHRISTMAS AFFAIR

a don't-do-it-yourself guide to being a guest at your own holiday fete

SHEER NUMBERS aren't in themselves a guarantee that a party will be a howling hit. But for mounting a year-end saturnalia, a crowd of upwards of a dozen or more well-matched pairs is just about big enough to be unbridled in a civilized way. However, it should be kept in mind by the host who wants to have as good a time as his guests that there's a certain point beyond which party planning should be turned over to the pros. The caveat is a very simple one: If the party's guest list goes above a score of people, call a caterer.

Caterers are masters of movable feasts. An experienced caterer is always happy to listen to the most inquisitorial host, confer with him, guide him and even on rare occasions yield to him, provided the host accepts the caterer's guiding philosophy which, stated briefly, is: Don't do it yourself.

Holiday catering has gone through a predictable evolution. The formal dinner is now as extinct as the velvet tablecloth covered with ostrich feathers. One of the nicest things you can say about any holiday party is that it turned out to be a ball. But the planned ball in which nymphs' skirts always got caught in pashas' swords is, for all practical purposes, also extinct. There are still overpoweringly opulent parties, although they're increasingly rare, like the Phipps Long Island debut last year which featured 12,000 flowers stuck into chicken wire that was run in gracious curves all over the place, and buffet tents whose silk lining alone cost a neat $5000 for the single fete. At the opposite pole in styling was the Reitman party in Cleveland which followed the Chagrin Valley Kennel Show. Here guests were served from sleek robot vending machines which supplied, at the mere touch of a button, dry martinis, cold brook trout with pink mayonnaise, Chablis Grand Cru '61 and *(continued on page 136)*

On hand: Goose with fruit garnish . . .

brandy warmed for a flambé . . .

red and white wine for any buffet . . .

asparagus vinaigrette . . .

standing rib roast . . .

seafood platter of lobster and crab . . .

caviar surrounded by black olives . . .

cheese and fruit for dessert.

I'M INVOLVED IN something rather dangerous; I think it's always dangerous for a writer to talk about his work. I don't mean to be coy or modest; I simply mean that there is so much about his work that he doesn't really understand and can't understand—because it comes out of certain depths concerning which, no matter what we think we know these days, we know very, very little. It comes out of the same depths that love comes or murder or disaster. It comes out of things which are almost impossible to articulate. That's the writer's effort. Every writer knows that he may work 24 hours a day, and for several years; without that he wouldn't be a writer; but without something that happens out of that effort, some freedom which arrives from way down in the depths, something which touches the page and brings the scene alive, he wouldn't be a writer.

It's dangerous in another way to talk about my work, because I'm a novelist and as I'm writing this I'm publicly involved in a Broadway play, and the record of novelists who have managed to write plays is so extremely discouraging that I won't even go into it. But for some reason I know I had to do the play. I have written one play before. I have had to re-examine that experience lately because it turned out to be important in a way that I didn't realize at the time. I wrote the play after I finished my first novel, when I knew I had to write something, but I knew I couldn't write another novel right away. I thought I would try a play. It took about three years to do and we produced it at Howard University. I was very casual about it. I went down to Howard about a week before we were supposed to open, saw the play, and almost died. It was the first time I realized that speeches don't necessarily work in the theater. I was suddenly bombarded with my own literature, an unbearable experience. I had to begin cutting because I realized that the actors could do many things in silence or could make one word, one gesture, count more than two or three pages of talk. I began to suspect, and this is what I'm struggling with now, that the two disciplines—the discipline of writing a novel and the discipline of writing a play—are so extremely different that it would have been luckier for me, in terms of the play, if I had been a violinist or a guitar player or a rock-'n'-roll singer or a plumber. My chances of writing a play would have been better if I had been in any of those professions.

Here's what I'm trying to get at when I refer to the two disciplines. Every artist is involved with one single effort, really, which is somehow to dig down to where reality is. We live, especially in this age and in this country and at this time, in a civilization which supposes that reality is something you can touch, that reality is tangible. The aspirations of the American people, as far as one can read the current evidence, depend very heavily on this concrete, tangible, pragmatic point of view. But every artist and, in fact, every person knows, deeper than conscious knowledge or speech can go, that beyond every reality there is another one which controls it. Behind my writing table, which is a tangible thing, there is a passion which created the table. Behind the electric light you might be reading by now, there was the passion of a man who once stole the fire in order to bring us this light. The things that people really do and really mean and really feel are almost impossible for them to describe, but these are the very things which are most important about them: These things control them and *(continued on page 168)*

WORDS OF A NATIVE SON

soliloquy By JAMES BALDWIN

the eminent author discourses on his writing, his youth and the universality of the race problem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Mr. Charles Dickens
48 Doughty Street
London, England

Dear Mr. Dickens:

Sometime last winter I happened to catch a performance of the Broadway musical *Oliver!*, which I have just this week learned was initially based on a property of yours called *Oliver Twist*. First off, I would like to say how immensely I enjoyed the show from start to finish. The music was catchy and tuneful, and the production was at all times first class, though I couldn't help feeling that the producers might have gotten a lot more mileage promotionwise if they had capitalized on recent American dance trends and called the show by the second half of your original title, which, as you may recall, was *Twist*!

But second-guessing a winner is of no profit to either of us. The point is to make sure that your future representation in the United States will be of such a caliber that these things will be thought of to begin with. Which brings me to my main reason for writing to you at this time.

A few nights ago I came across another property of yours called *A Christmas Carol*. Having nothing to do for an hour or so, I started to read it and got so carried away by the story that when I came to the Tiny Tim bit I honestly cried. Ordinarily, I wouldn't admit such a thing to anybody, but I feel I must make an exception in this case so you will appreciate how deeply this property has affected me. It is exactly the type of warm human story that I would welcome the opportunity to handle. In this regard, I would be interested in knowing if you have ever considered making it into a musical along the lines of *Oliver!*? I should think it would not be too difficult for you to do so, if we could arrange to have Dave Merrick or somebody take an option and supply a couple of good top-drawer music and lyric writers to fly over there and develop it with you. I have even thought of a working title which I hope you will like: *Tim!*

Without wishing to presume anything at this point, I should also tell you that I have made a few inquiries, and was surprised to learn that you are not being currently represented by anybody here in the States. With the idea of furthering your career to the best possible advantage, I am therefore privileged to offer my personal services, as well as those of my office and associates. In fact, I have already discussed *A Christmas Carol* with the young lady who handles our literary material to see if the story couldn't be booked as a Christmas special in one of our large American magazines. She seems to be under the impression that the theme is too well known to arouse much interest, but my feeling is that there is nothing like a familiar theme when it comes to winning audience acceptance. I am therefore having fresh copies of your story typed up at my own expense, so I can personally submit this property to some of our leading magazines and see if we can get any nibbles on which to proceed further.

In closing let me say that I hope these plans will meet with your approval, and that I will be hearing from you affirmatively in the very near future. In case you are wondering where I got your address, I should explain that my secretary found it in the British encyclopedia. They really must love you over there. Most writers I know are having a hard time keeping their names in the phone book!

Cordially yours,
Stanley B. Manley, President
Stanley B. Manley Associates, Inc.

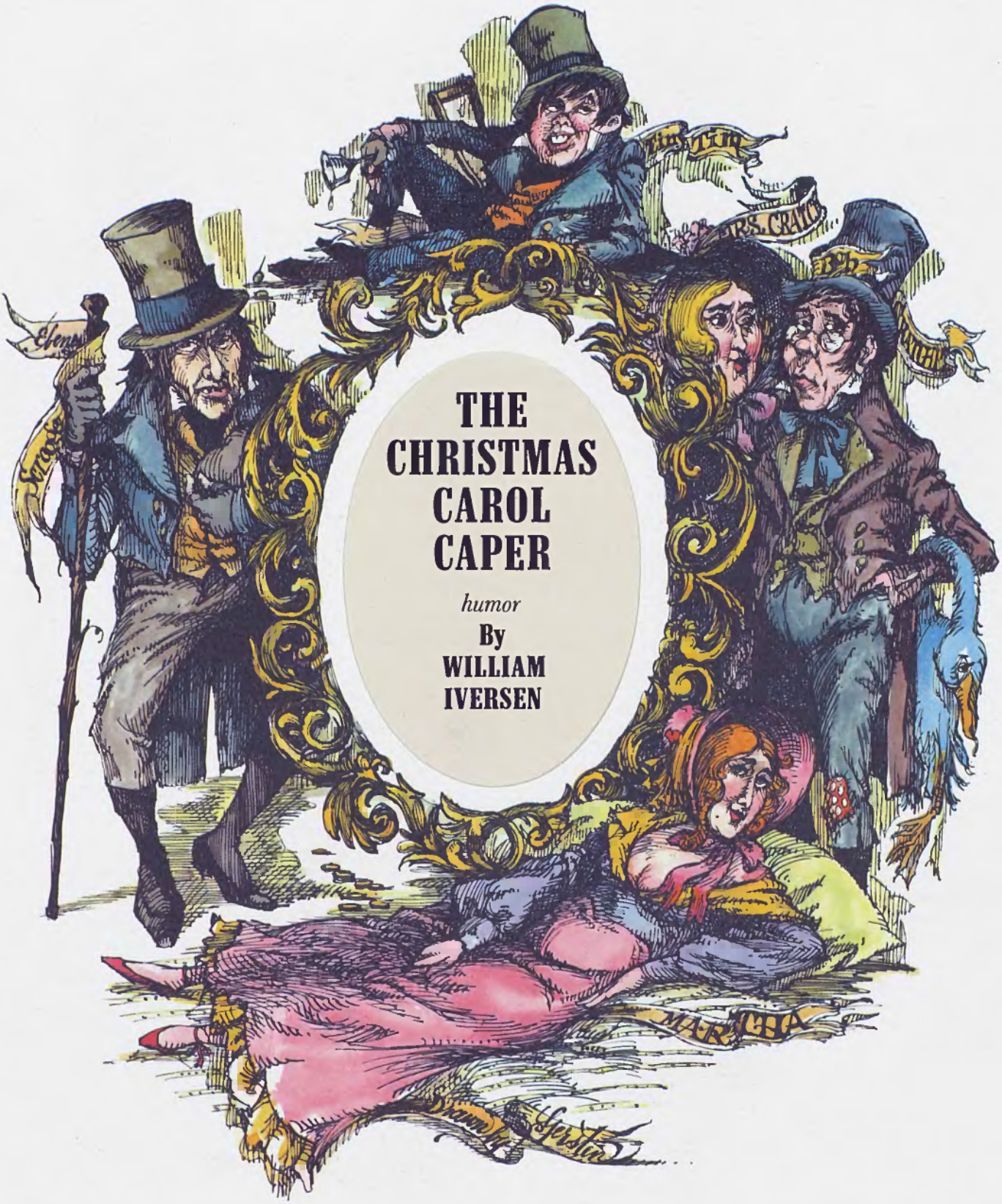
P. S. Thinking ahead to a possible musical production, I will first of all send it to *The New Yorker*, which originally published the Gene Kelly stories about *Pal Joey*, and carries tremendous weight prestigewise with New York theatergoers.

THE NEW YORKER
25 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036

Mr. Stanley B. Manley
Stanley B. Manley Associates, Inc.
Midtown Towers Bldg.
New York, N.Y. 10019

Dear Mr. Manley:

Thank you for letting us see the enclosed story, *A Christmas Carol*, by Dickens Charles. It may interest



THE CHRISTMAS CAROL CAPER

humor

By
WILLIAM IVERSEN

what would happen if scrooge, bob cratchit, tiny tim & co. were peddled in today's magazine market place?


Chuck
Jacob Marley
RUIN
Scrooge
HALLO! Whoop! Hallo!
Reader's Digest
Good Housekeeping
A Goose for All the Family
"I sinned by Mrs. Cratchit"
Yours Respectfully
DON'T
ugersten

THE CHRISTMAS CAROL CAPER

humor

By WILLIAM IVERSEN

the author to know that we were not totally unappreciative of its many revealing insights into the career dilemmas of the lower-management man, Bob Cratchit, and found much to admire in his deft delineation of Ebenezer Scrooge, the enlightened Goldwater conservative. Regrettably, however, many of us felt that Marley's Ghost never did quite materialize as a three-dimensional character, and the story failed to generate the sort of enthusiasm which would justify our devoting an entire issue to its publication.

It is true that we do, on occasion, allow a story to begin immediately after "The Talk of the Town," and wend its way to the back of the book, where it will trickle out, quietly and ambiguously, among the one-inch restaurant ads. Our willingness to suspend ordinary space limitations has been admirably evidenced, we think, in the case of such distinguished fiction pieces as *Raise High the Roof Beam, Seymour*, and the never-to-be-forgotten *Carpenters—an Introduction*. But, unfortunately, we must recognize that Dickens Charles is no J. D. Salinger. Nor can he seriously claim to be John O'Hara, John Cheever, John Updike, Peter De Vries, Shirley Ann Grau, Santha Rama Rau or Maeve Brennan.

The fault, we suspect, lies in Mr. Charles' self-imposed commitment to the most obvious theatricalism, combined with an almost embarrassing eagerness to entertain and inform his readers. In time, perhaps, he will develop the kind of feeling for life's elusive little nonhappenings, and the sure but quiet grasp of muted detail, that will gain him acceptance with our editors. It is my personal feeling that he would do well to begin by avoiding the use of such absurdly overdrawn names as Scrooge, Fezziwig and Cratchit.

Condescendingly yours,
Meriwether Proudfoot
Editor's Editor

STANLEY B. MANLEY ASSOCIATES, INC.
Representing All the Arts—Since 1961!
Midtown Towers Bldg. New York, N.Y. 10019

Mr. Charles Dickens
48 Doughty Street
London, England

Dear Mr. Dickens:

The attached is a Fotofax copy of a letter from *The New Yorker* concerning your story *A Christmas Carol*. If it isn't exactly a rave, they at least recognize that you have a great theatrical potential, which I sincerely hope to exploit in every possible way.

Don't worry that they got your first and last names reversed. This was the fault of my secretary who copied them off the card in my alphabetical client file which lists the last names first. The error has been corrected, and I am sending the script to *Good Housekeeping*. This is an extremely fine magazine which caters to the kind of warm homebody type who can perhaps appreciate a human story of this kind.

Still hoping to hear from you regarding your continued representation by this office, I remain,

Your friend,
Stanley B. Manley, President
Stanley B. Manley Associates, Inc.

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING
57th Street & Eighth Avenue
New York, N. Y. 10019

Mr. Stanley B. Manley
Stanley B. Manley Associates, Inc.
Midtown Towers Bldg.
New York, N. Y. 10019

Dear Mr. Manley:

We are sorry to be returning the enclosed manuscript of *A Christmas Carol*, by Charles Dickens. Though the story is, at times, quite moving, and points a meaningful Christmas message, it is, we fear, a bit too male-oriented for our feminine audience. It is not that we object to male-oriented stories as such, any more than we object to ghost stories or Christmas stories. But the combination of a male-oriented Christmas ghost story would be likely to alienate more readers than it could ever hope to please.

It has been our experience that women prefer stories with which they can identify personally—but never in such a way as to frighten or depress. If we were to publish a ghost story, the ghost would have to be of the harmless pixy sort, whose mischievous pranks would serve to bring about some change in the story's characters, and help them to lead happier, more secure lives. In our view, however, it would be impossible for any woman or ghost to cope with the appalling immaturity of Mr. Dickens' male characters. Scrooge, the typically selfish old bachelor, suffers a change of heart toward Christmas that renders him all the more incapable of accepting the mature responsibilities of marriage. "I don't know how long I've been among the Spirits," he boasts. "I don't know anything. I'm quite a baby. Never mind. I don't care. I'd rather be a baby. Hallo! Whoop! Hallo here!" Reading this, even the least perceptive of women must realize that Ebenezer Scrooge does not want a wife. He wants a mother!

Even more exasperating is the frighteningly juvenile

behavior of Bob Cratchit. Surely you must agree that any responsible husband and father in the 15-shilling-a-week bracket might find something better to do than go sliding on the ice "at the end of a lane of boys, 20 times, in honor of its being Christmas Eve," and then go racing "home to Camden Town as hard as he could pelt, to play at blindman's buff"!

On the plus side, we might say that Mr. Dickens' idea of serving goose, instead of the usual Christmas turkey, strikes us as truly inspired. "There never was such a goose . . ." he writes, in the sort of mouth-watering prose that calls for a two-page color spread. "Its tenderness and flavor, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration." For us, the whole story came alive at this point, and we could only regret that Mr. Dickens had not seen fit to expand this theme into an article for us: "A Christmas Goose for All the Family!"

Of the younger Cratchits, we liked Tiny Tim best, and were quite moved by his earnest piping of "God bless us every one!" Until, that is, one of our editorial readers pointed out that Tiny Tim's blessing is given in the form of an after-dinner toast, when the family is seated about the fireplace drinking some species of "hot stuff from the jug." Checking back a few pages, we then noted that Bob Cratchit had compounded this mixture "in a jug with gin and lemons, and stirred it round and round and put it on the hob to simmer." This, of course, put Tiny Tim's blessing in a new and rather unwholesome light. Quite obviously the child had been drinking, and the story's basic message was completely negated by the fact that it had been prompted not by the Christmas spirit alone, but by one or more tumblerfuls of Bob Cratchit's boiled martinis!

Regretfully,
Gladys Guernsey
Associate Assistant to
Fern O'Hare Coombs

STANLEY B. MANLEY
ASSOCIATES, INC.
Representing All the Arts—Since 1961!
Midtown Towers Bldg.
New York, N. Y. 10019

Mr. Charles Dickens
48 Doughty Street
London, England

Dear Charles:

Like the fellow said, "You can't win them all." And the attached letter from *Good Housekeeping* just goes to prove it.

Never once did it ever occur to me that this was a story about cooking. Perhaps the "goose" line might be good for a laugh in the stage version, but I wouldn't overdo it. This bit has been done many times in the past, and your story is strong enough to get by without having to rely on blue material.

Since the story seems to be male-oriented, I am going to try it on *True* and PLAYBOY. In the meantime, don't be discouraged. I still have tremendous faith in this property!

Sincerely,
Stanley
Stanley B. Manley, President
Stanley B. Manley Associates, Inc.

TRUE
67 West 44th Street
New York, N.Y. 10036

Mr. Stanley B. Manley
Stanley B. Manley Associates, Inc.
Midtown Towers Bldg.
New York, N. Y. 10019

Dear Manley:

Christmas or no Christmas, the Dickens piece just doesn't have the husky all-male clout that this man's magazine is looking for.

As all you agents should know by now, *True* has built its rep on good gutsy action pieces and hard-hitting exposés with a strong male slant and strong male characters. Everything in *True* is true, because *True* is published for true male guys who have no time for hokum and malarkey. *True* readers like straight true talk and clear true writing. Dickens writes with a forked quill. His prose is pantywaist, and his story wouldn't stand up under the questioning of a rookie cop.

Where are his *facts* on this alleged ghost business?

Who *saw* these apparitions besides old man Scrooge?

Let's have some specific dates. Names. Addresses.

Who killed Jake Marley, anyway? Isn't it possible that old man Scrooge slipped a shiv into Marley in order to get sole control of the company?

Another thing. Who is the ordinary active male guy supposed to identify with in this thing? A half-baked old murder suspect who's ready for Medicare? A little lame kid who has never heard the thunder of an ice pack breaking up under him, or squinted down a blue-steel gun barrel at a rogue elephant in rut?

Dickens doesn't expect the average true male guy to feel buddy-buddy with Bob Cratchit, does he? If so, he's got some mighty great expectations which he'd better shed, *pronto*. For our dough, Cratchit is a henpecked choke-up who's afraid to even ask the boss for a raise. The sort of chump who sits home feeding the guppies when the marlin are running and the tuna are hitting the hooks in sixes. Color him yellow, and let's call this thing by its true name: *The Pipsqueak Papers*.

If Dickens would like to make it into this man's magazine, he might try giving us the real true story behind a scene he now kisses off in passing: "Built upon a dismal reef of sunken rocks, some league or so from shore, on which the waters chafed and dashed, the wild year through, there stood a solitary lighthouse . . .

"But even here, two men who watched the light had made a fire, that through the loophole in the thick stone wall shed out a ray of brightness on the awful sea. Joining their horny hands over the rough table at which they sat, they wished each other Merry Christmas in their can of grog; and one of them—the elder, too, with his face all damaged and scarred with hard weather, as the figurehead of an old ship might be—struck up a sturdy song that was like a gale in itself."

This is one of the few spots where Chuck doesn't sound as though he's composing thank-you notes with a large pink plume. For a change, he's writing man-style, with a real ball pen. Though we can't offer him an assignment on this, he might come up with a real solid *True* article by simply tracking down the answers to a few questions: Where exactly is this lighthouse? (Give latitude and longitude in degrees and minutes.) Has there been a wreck on those rocks lately? Who are these hornyhanded men? How did they come to fall in the can of grog? Are they swimming, or just treading rum? How did they dispose of the lighthousekeeper's body? Why did they kill him, in the first place?

In answering these questions, Chuck shouldn't feel that he has to pull a ligament working out the Christmas angle, since *True* is edited for true active male guys—some of whom are pretty slow readers. In some cases, our December issue might not get read until the following fall, when we true active male guys go out in the bush for bear. The smell of grizzly is in the air, and nobody talks or thinks about Christmas. Nobody talks or thinks much about anything. We just sit out there in the bush with our bear guns loaded . . . smelling grizzly . . . reading *True*.

Yours *Truely*,
I. Hardy Strong
National Open Champion Editor
All-Media Winner: Sixty-Word Dash
Golden Truss Award, '59, '60, '63

PLAYBOY
232 east ohio, chicago, illinois 60611

Mr. Stanley B. Manley
Stanley B. Manley Associates, Inc.
Midtown Towers Bldg.
New York, N. Y. 10019

Dear Stan:

We have read Charles Dickens' *A Christmas Carol* with considerable savvy,

(continued on page 134)

BAKER IN THE BOUDOIR

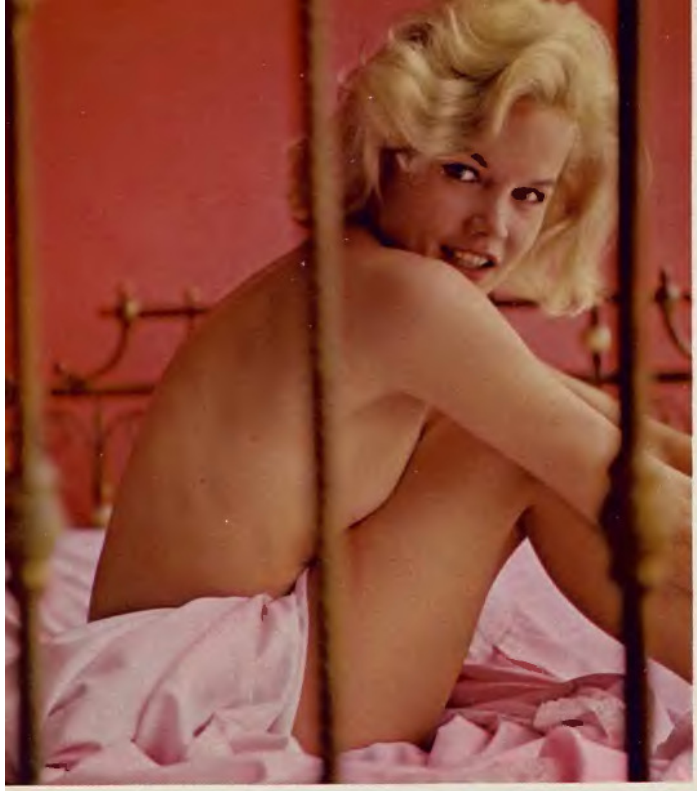
hollywood's hottest sexpot poses at her intimate ease for an exclusive playboy pictorial

Carroll Baker on nudity: "I see nothing extraordinary about removing my clothes for the cameras."

Flamboyant film impresario Joe Levine is said to have known at their initial meeting that blonde, headline-grabbing Carroll Baker was perfect for the part of the Harlowesque Rina in his movie version of Harold Robbins' passionate potboiler *The Carpetbaggers*. Its staggering box-office receipts are a tribute to Levine's acumen and the somewhat more elusive qualities that have made Miss Baker first in the running for the title of U. S. sexpot queen. Neither the most amply endowed physically nor the most gifted dramatically of the current crop of distaff film stars, Carroll is nevertheless being touted by moviedom's drumbeaters as the American girl most likely to succeed Marilyn Monroe as flicksville's sex symbol supreme. It is a role in which she has been inextricably entwined since she played the pre-*Lolita* nymphet in Elia Kazan's lensing of Tennessee Williams' *Baby Doll*. It won her an Oscar nomination and a sudden, unexpected reputation as a living synonym for sensuality. At first, Carroll tried to fight her projected image; she bought back her Warner Brothers contract when the studio kept coming up with facsimile Baby Doll roles. It wasn't till four years

Practicing what she preaches, Carroll poses fetchingly unfettered for this special PLAYBOY *pictorial.*

after playing the thumb-sucking seductress that she accepted the facts of filmic life, did an abrupt about-face and became a studio publicityman's dream. Her dress, or lack of it—on and off screen—has turned the onetime Actors Studio hopeful into a "hot property." In her recently released *Station Six—Sahara*, Carroll is once more the sensuous child of nature bringing out the animal in her male co-stars. Upcoming is *Sylvia*, in which she plays a well-to-do authoress who has made her way in the world as a prostitute. When showman Levine staged a gala wingding at the Beverly Hills Hotel to reveal his plans with Paramount for the filming of Irving Shulman's *Confidential*-styled biography, *Harlow*, he coupled it with an announcement that Carroll Baker had been cast in the title role. Miss Baker, true to her current fashion, was chauffeured on stage at the luncheon in a block-long 1932 Isotta Fraschini limousine and emerged from its luxurious depths clad in a skintight, plunged-to-the-navel satin gown modeled after one of Harlow's, her eyebrows penciled à la Harlow's, and wearing under her gown exactly what had been under Harlow's—a sunny disposition.



PHOTOGRAPHED EXCLUSIVELY FOR PLAYBOY BY FRANK BEZ

Barely bedded down, Carroll cavorts for the camera, happily aware of her billing as a movie star sextraordinaire. With "The Carpetbaggers" breaking box-office records, and sexy screen roles in "Sylvia" and "Harlow" upcoming, Carroll's cinematic aura of sensuality is burning bright.

Baker on society: "All our barriers are breaking down . . . the world is preoccupied with sex, and I guess I'm a part of my time . . . I don't understand people who object to screen realism."

CHRISTMAS CAPER *(continued from page 126)*

not to say *savoir-faire*. To set the scene for a leisurely and insightful appraisal which would give Dickens his due, we decked our posh editorial pad with holly and Myrtle, hung Myrtle's nylons by the chimney with care, and flicked the stereo switch for Cannonball Adderley's dulcet discing of Handel's *Christmas Cantata*. With a golden puddle of Courvoisier sloshing around in a crystal brandy snifter, our cuffless trousers breaking cleanly at our shoe tops, and our jacket sleeves tailored to show precisely one half inch of shirt cuff, we settled down in the urbane anticipation of digging a new master of the merry macabre who might rank with such hip PLAYBOY practitioners of *haut* horrification as Gerald Kersh, Charles Beaumont, and those ofttimes sinister Rays—Bradbury and Russell.

Truth to tell, though, Stan, Charles D. and his performing spooks just didn't swing for us. Marley's Ghost, with its clanking chain of cashboxes, came across like the Spirit of Friendly Finance, and the sparkle-eyed, cheery-voiced Ghost of Christmas Present whose "capacious breast was bare, as if disdaining to be warded or concealed," reminded us of nothing so much as a photo session with shy Jayne Mansfield. In a word, Charlie's specious specters were about as frightening as a bedsheet on a broom, and we wound up ouija-bored.

Disregarding the spook-opera format, which could be traded off for two blue immies and half a box of Good & Plenty, we must still fault Dickens for failing to provide a leading male character with whom a knowledgeable, upbeat chap like us could feel any real rapport. Bob Cratchit, alas, is a dreary Dagwood type who is so hopelessly uninformed that he serves gin toddy in custard cups and old jelly glasses. Though Tiny Tim is, admittedly, an alert urban male, he is a trifle young, and the much-touted crutch bit soon becomes a large dismal drag. If Tim had to be given a handicap, we can't see why the dickens Charlie couldn't have spared us the sympathy sticks, and fixed it so the lad could buzz around in a little Austin-Healey. Or—more in keeping with Tim's low-income milieu, perhaps—two Lambrettas.

If Charlie would like to take a crack at pulling this one out of the pool, he might go wildroot all the way and lose a lot of the greasy kid stuff by making Scrooge a younger man. Personally, we rather liked the old boy, and couldn't help feeling that, with a little help from *The Playboy Advisor*, Ebenezer could really swing.

Should Dickens decide to try for a straight flush, with Scrooge as his top card, we would be pleased to consider the result, but would strongly urge that he discard or clarify several passages which American readers are apt to misconstrue. Such as, for example, when old Mr. Fezziwig is described as having "laughed all over himself, from his shoes to his organ of benevolence," and when Dickens goes on and on about Scrooge's seeing Marley's face in the "knocker." We know he's referring to a door knocker, Stan, but a confusion of multiple meanings needlessly beclouds the paragraph where Ebenezer looks behind the door and sees nothing "except the screws and nuts that held the knocker on, so he said, 'Pooh, pooh!' and closed it with a bang."

We were also given pause by the revelation that the reformed Scrooge "had no further intercourse with Spirits" (a possibility which had hitherto never even occurred to us), and were further nonplused when Ebenezer made the party scene at his nephew's pad and found "His niece looked just the same. So did Topper when *he* came. So did the plump sister when *she* came. So did everyone when *they* came. Wonderful party, wonderful games, wonderful unanimity, won-der-ful happiness!"

If Dickens really means that it was that kind of a *dolce* wingding, we'll defend his right to say so. But if he means to convey the idea that these people merely *arrived* at the party, he ought to *undouble* his *entendres*!

Impeccably yours,
Innes Canby
Best-Dressed Editor of the Month

MEMO—
From the desk of Stanley B. Manley!

Dear Charles: Pardon the informal note, but I'm temporarily between secretaries. I was out three days with a heart murmur and when your script came back from PLAYBOY she took it upon herself to send it to *True Story* because her mother reads it.

Don't be downhearted because of these negative reactions. It's always darkest before a storm! As always,

Stanley

P. S. The first three letters I wrote you were returned marked UNKNOWN, so you better check and see that your name is on the mailbox.

TRUE STORY
205 East 42nd Street
New York, N. Y. 10017

Mr. Stanley B. Marley
Stanley B. Marley Associates, Inc.
Midtown Towers Bldg.
New York, N. Y. 10019

Dear Mr. Marley:

I have just read Charles Dickerson's beautiful and touching story, *A Christmas Carol*, and hope you will tell the author how enthusiastic I am about his work. He certainly can write!

As far as this particular story is concerned, however, I feel that a few minor changes would be advisable before I recommend it to our Senior Associate Chief Editor, Dolores Weed.

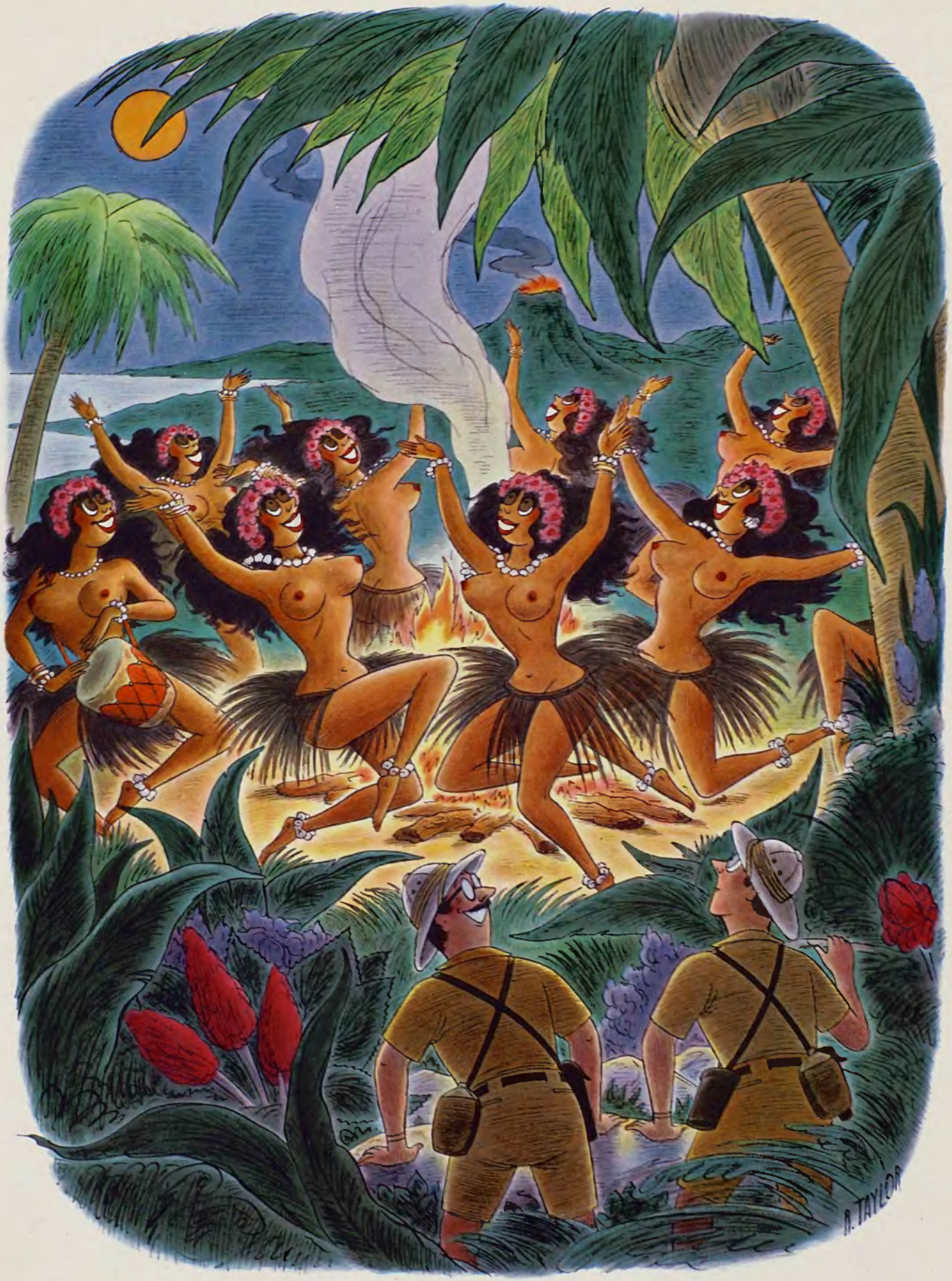
To begin with, all *True Story* stories must be written in the first person, and preferably from the woman's point of view. But I shouldn't think that a writer of Mr. Dickerson's talent would find it very difficult to simply start at page one and rewrite the story as it might be told in Mrs. Cratchit's own words. The only drawback here is that Mrs. Cratchit seems so pathetically unaware of her many problems and the agonizing tragedy of her life. This would have to be corrected, of course, and Mr. Dickerson might begin by stating the main problem in his title. For example, if he decides to play up Tiny Tim's disability, he might very well begin with a good forceful eye-grabber, such as "My Child Was Born 'DIFFERENT'!" or "How Can I Tell My Son?—HE IS INCAPABLE OF MARRIAGE!" If the latter title is used, I think it would be wise to make Tim a hopeless paralytic, since he now seems to get around pretty well on his "active little crutch," and could probably adjust to the physical side of marriage without much difficulty.

My own feeling is that Mr. Dickerson would do better to stick to the more usual love-child theme. This could be worked out quite easily by making Tiny Tim the result of Mrs. Cratchit's one big extramarital "mistake"—a source of endless remorse and guilt for which she has been amply repaid by the tragic fact that her love child, Tim, was born crippled during a most painful breech delivery. In order to justify her infidelity to Bob, it would be only natural, I think, to make her the unwilling sex target of her husband's lecherous employer, old Mr. Scrooge. ("I SINNED—to Save My Husband's Career!" or, perhaps, "How Can I Tell My Husband?—I AM THE MOTHER OF HIS BOSS' SON!")

This, of course, would provide a much stronger motivation for Mrs. Cratchit's refusal to drink the Christmas toast which Bob proposes to the health of his sex-crazed employer. ("I LOVE MY HUSBAND BUT—I Hate His Boss!") Since Mrs. Cratchit and all the children *do* eventually drink the toast, and continue to drink all during the family festivities, I cannot help hoping, moreover, that Mr. Dickerson will see the wonderful opportunity he has to give us a truly different kind of Christmas story based on the problem of group alcoholism. ("Even Santa Won't Come to Our House—MY WHOLE FAMILY DRINKS!")

Whichever approach Mr. Dickerson chooses, I'm sure he will not overlook

(continued on page 252)



"Kind of shakes you up, doesn't it?!"

CATERED CHRISTMAS *(continued from page 119)*

strawberry *pots de crème*.

In the recent history of holiday parties there was an era in which everybody stood up. To sit down and eat or drink pegged you as antediluvian. After a while the inevitable counterrevolution set in. Practically all at-home parties today are a combination of the stand-up and sit-down techniques. Guests help themselves and are helped at bountifully stocked buffet tables. Bar waiters circulate among both sit-downers and standees. The informal wall table and the light movable chair are indispensable for easy conversational islets and for keeping hot food and coffee on an even keel.

Menus, too, have matured along with the more relaxed party mood. The whole capon can still be seen resting on its pedestal, glazed with *chaud-froid* and honored with truffles, but alongside it are countless slices of the same family of tender capons on slices of crisp French bread. Cold roast suckling pig is the same crackling brown it was in the Gay Nineties, but it is now carved so that portions of it can be picked up and eaten with the fingers. Miniature chicken drumsticks are maneuvered with the aid of paper chop holders. Open and closed sandwiches, formerly the ensigns of afternoon tea parties, have been completely rehabilitated with sliced rare beef tenderloin, baked Smithfield ham and smoked turkey that are less pretentious but infinitely more satisfying than their soft forebears.

Hosts in search of caterers are usually guided by the oldest and most dependable of media—word of mouth. Some caterers are justly renowned for their *pasta* dishes. Others are *luau* specialists. There are hors d'oeuvres monarchs and canapé czars. Don't hesitate to ask a caterer which dish he considers his finest opus. Ask him, if possible, for samples. Many caterers have stashed away in their refrigerators or freezers specialties like beef Stroganoff. Caterers are usually more than pleased to display their china, silverware, linen, chafing dishes and other components of their *mise en scène*. Naturally, no caterer will be able to snap his fingers and produce an instant 12-pound cold stuffed lobster in aspic while you're waiting in his reception room. But many of them keep on file a gallery of colored photos and slides of their decorative culinary art.

Prices for a catered affair will, of course, depend on your locale and your caterer; but one can figure on a minimum charge of about $8 per person for a simple dinner (including drinks and hors d'oeuvres) on up to $16 per person for the caviar route. In terms of time, temper and money saved by not having to make all of the arrangements yourself, it is a sound investment.

If it's your first adventure in large-scale regalement, you'll want the caterer's counsel on how many celebrants your apartment or town house can comfortably hold for party purposes. To estimate how large the party roster should be, caterers will often send an advance scouting party to survey your pleasure palace. Generally a room that can accommodate 50 people comfortably at a predinner cocktail party will have a capacity of about 25 for dining, drinking and dancing. In estimating the possible number of merrymakers for a sit-down affair, allow two linear feet of table space per person. In warm climates, terraces are often put to use. An adjoining study can sometimes be opened as an extension of the main party room, but the best parties are those that are not fragmented too noticeably. Caterers will always advise you, whenever there's Lucullan feasting or dancing, to plan on rolling up the rugs, moving *objets d'art* out of the main line of fire and putting the great Dane temporarily in exile and on leash. Folding banquet tables for the buffet as well as dining tables and chairs are part of the caterer's equipment. When the party's over, he'll restore every last heirloom to its original spot.

There are, of course, all kinds of food shops with mountains of factory-frozen canapés, meats cooked and carved by automation and stereotyped salads that you can order by phone for immediate delivery. But the fine master caterers are a different breed and a limited oligarchy. During the holidays their calendars are particularly crowded. You should therefore shop early or resign yourself to doing more of the work than you'd like. In most big cities there are agencies ready to supply bartenders and waiters for private blowouts. If your party happens to be comparatively small, and you're limiting your menu to cocktails and one superb hot dish—a curry of crab meat, for instance, which comes from your club or from a certain small bistro—it's an easy matter to order the curry, transport it via cab and then, by means of a hired butler, dispense the drinks from your own bar and the food from your own chafing dish.

Before a caterer talks about food, he'll want to know what type of party you're giving, since the menu, drinks and table arrangement will depend upon the type of wassailing you've planned. Cocktail parties need a certain food and drink *ambiance*, cocktails with dinner another, holiday suppers still another. A good caterer will know that the clear turtle soup which was perfect at midnight should yield to a bubbling hot onion soup when the first cold rays of the sun appear at daybreak. Though a caterer is basically a restaurateur without a restaurant, his chefs, barmen and waiters are more resourceful and imaginative than their counterparts in restaurants, because their experience in dealing with a variety of hosts and hostesses in every possible stamping ground has made them so.

Outstanding caterers not only are specialists in dealing with contingencies, but seem to welcome the challenge. In the early part of the century, the catering firm of Louis Sherry on Fifth Avenue didn't blink an eye when the elder J. P. Morgan asked for a catered party to be served in a special mansion rented for a conference in San Francisco. Sherry's chefs, bartenders and waiters in a solid phalanx, together with their accouterments of chef's knives, copper pans, casseroles, linen, silver and glassware, entrained for the West Coast precisely one month before the festivities occurred. Today, if you're celebrating in a ski chalet, there are caterers who will transport, if need be, an electric generator and a portable water tank. If the room you've set aside for guests' coats is apt to be filled with ermine and mink, they're prepared as a routine matter to provide a private detective for custodial service. If you happen to have inherited from a dowager aunt an enormous silver candelabra, antebellum style, they'll take it to a silversmith who will remove the tarnish from every last whirlycue and return it glistening like new. Caterers have delivered fresh caviar to parties on other continents. They've air-expressed blue point oysters from the Atlantic to the Pacific and Olympia oysters from the Pacific to the Atlantic.

The only assignment some caterers turn over to the host is the buying of liquor. Local beverage laws sometimes don't allow the caterer to furnish the liquid life force of the party. If this is the case, it means turning up trumps for your bank balance, since the bottle or case price of liquors bought at package stores is a modest fraction of the standard bar charges. And if your package store's manager is any sort of a reasonable chap, he will give you credit for any unopened bottles you return after the ball is over. As part of the caterer's *entente cordiale*, he'll advise you how much liquor to buy and his enlightenment is infinitely more valuable than that of your friendly neighborhood bartender. In estimating quantities of hard liquor, you should always count on two ounces per drink; a fifth of liquor will furnish 13 drinks, a quart, 16. For the usual drinking carnival, you should be prepared to serve three to five drinks per reveler.

The caterer, of course, will supply the barman and bar waiters. Barmen who work the big-party circuit are themselves invariably teetotalers on the job. Seldom, if ever, will it be necessary to post a guard on your liquor stores, or to tally the drinks on paper and measure the balance of liquor left in each bottle

(concluded on page 264)

THE FRENCH MYTH

opinion By JOSEPH WECHSBERG

a disenchanted francophile finds the famed gallic effervescence gone decidedly flat

THE FRENCH MYTH

THE FRENCH MYTH is as old as France's great civilization, as indestructible as the beautiful French landscape, as enticing as the lovely women of Paris. The myth has been cherished by generations of tough, strong Americans who become soft and sentimental at the mere mention of France.

Briefly, the myth goes like this: France is the country that invented the meaning of charm and chic, elegance and sophistication, the brilliance of Gallic logic and the virtuosity of *savoir-vivre*, a land of noble châteaux and history-steeped battlefields, of poets and painters, wines and perfumes, *grande cuisine* and *haute couture*, where lovemaking and enjoyment have become abstract sciences: a paradise where everybody would like to live if he didn't live elsewhere.

Like most myths, the French myth is part truth and part fancy. Age has mellowed it like a great claret and made it part of an international folklore of the good things in life. Jefferson called France everybody's "second choice." Even the Germans, traditionally not the best friends of the French (who still remember *les Boches*), have a proverb that to live well is to live *"wie Gott in Frankreich"*—like God in France.

The good Lord must have been in a particularly happy mood when he created *la belle France*, a rich, beautiful, blessed country. It has conquered all who went there, peaceful travelers and armed warriors, friends and foes, Orientals and Occidentals, Puritan Anglo-Saxons and melancholy Slavs. When I studied in Paris 38 years ago, the Latin Quarter was truly international—there were students from Indochina and Japan, Eastern Europe and America, from Africa and Tahiti. Some came to the Sorbonne for education and others went to the Folies-Bergère for a different sort of enlightenment. In the gay Nineties Maxim's was the rendezvous of the cancan crowd, and in the *really* good old (pre–World War I) days when people paid their bills with gold coins and taxes were a favorite joke, France was the hub of the civilized world. Where did Russian grand dukes, English lords, American millionaires go when they were bored and had money to burn? To Paris, Cannes, Biarritz, Deauville, *bien sûr*. And when they talked of the arts, they thought less of Renoir and more of the posters of Toulouse-Lautrec.

PAUL DAVIS

The posters may be slightly passé now, but the wistful image hasn't changed. Paris is still the great dream and number-one sight-seeing spot for American schoolteachers, German *Sozialtouristen*, and British bus passengers—the new traveling classes. People in the far corners of the world dream of an afternoon at a French sidewalk café, a meal at that small bistro. If Toulouse-Lautrec were still with us he would probably be painting in St.-Tropez and Megève, but his theme would be the same, because it is French and eternal.

But behind the France everybody knows—either from personal experience or from the posters of Air France—the beaches and bikinis, Bardot and boudoirs, Louvre and Notre Dame, the cellars of the Champagne and the sun-drenched villages of the Beaujolais, Auteuil and Cannes, Maurice Chevalier and Yves Montand—behind this France there is another France which is less known but just as real. The France of grimy coal-mining towns in Lorraine, of gray industrial towns in the north, of silent villages with empty streets and dark houses whose shutters are down all day long, of suspicious petty bureaucrats and dissatisfied people, of people complaining about the high cost of living and farmers revolting against their government. The little people of France who say *"un petit vin," "un petit café," "une petite amie."* It's always *un petit* this and *un petit* that. Many Frenchmen who travel and know the world are getting annoyed by this *petit-bourgeois* tendency toward *petit*-ness.

A nation's mentality doesn't change overnight or even over a century. For every Frenchman who is the embodiment of elegance and poise there are ten people who are narrow-minded and suspicious. As to the famous Gallic charm, I know it mostly *(continued on page 142)*

SAUVE QUI PEUT *no man alive can claim that antrobus ever shirked his duty, although in this case he would rather have been eaten by wolves*

EDWARD GOREY

fiction By LAWRENCE DURRELL

WE DIPS (said Antrobus, employing the sobriquet of the diplomatic lower echelons) are brought up to be resourceful, to play almost any part in life, to be equal to any emergency almost—how else could one face all those foreigners? But the only thing for which we are not prepared, old man, is blood.

Blood?

Blood!

Mind you, I am thinking of exceptional cases, out-of-the-way incidents; but they are not as rare as one might imagine. Old Gulliver, for example, was invited to an execution in Saigon to which he felt it was his duty to go. It affected him permanently, it damaged his concentration. His head is quite over on one side, he twitches, his ears move about. Unlucky man! I cannot claim an experience as radical as his, but I can speak of one which was almost as bad. Imagine, one fine day we are delivered a perfectly straightforward invitation card on which we read (with ever-widening eyes) the following text, or something like it:

> His Excellency Hacsmit Bey and Madame Hacsmit Hacsmit Bey joyfully invite you to the Joyful Circumcision of their son Hacsmit Hacsmit Abdul Hacsmit Bey. Morning dress and decorations. Refreshments will be served.

You can imagine the long slow wail that went up in chancery when first this intelligence was brought home to us. Circumcision! Joyfully! Refreshments! "By God, here is a strange lozenge-shaped affair!" cried De Mandeville, and he was right.

Of course, the embassy in question was a young one, the country it represented still in the grip of mere folklore. But still I mean . . . The obvious thing was to plead *(concluded on page 196)*

"Well, you know what
they say, Mr. Dinkler:
If we don't go to bed,
Santa will never arrive."

FRENCH MYTH *(continued from page 138)*

from books, paintings and the performances of French artists, but it is relatively rare among the populace, and I say this after spending some good years between the two World Wars in France. Nowadays visitors will find the famous charm a very thin veneer that scratches off easily, even in expensive hotels, restaurants, stores where you might expect to see smiling faces. Don't.

The other France is the France of Flaubert's novels and Fernandel's movies, of gossipy old women dressed in forbidding black, of distrustful villagers. It is a land of strict morals and ironclad conventions. Foreigners rarely see this France though they may drive through it. The automobile acts as a powerful isolating agent. In the other France there is more gold per capita than in any other country on earth. Frenchmen don't trust their governments or their bankers. They haven't forgotten the Stavisky scandal. In a village in Alsace I once talked to an old woman whose citizenship was changed five times since 1871 though she had never gone farther away than ten miles. She'd been, in turn, French and German and French and German, and when I saw her, she was 85 and French, and she hoped she would die a Frenchwoman. She had confidence only in two things—the good French earth and the good gold coins which she kept buried in the earth behind her house. I'm sure even Finance Minister Valéry Giscard d'Estaing couldn't tell the exact amount of France's "hidden" gold reserves.

Unlike the United States and Great Britain, masculine countries represented by Uncle Sam and John Bull, *la belle France* is an extremely feminine country whose symbol is Marianne, who has a woman's privilege of being capricious and unpredictable, exciting and annoying, and always a little sphinxlike. Marianne is a very complex woman, and her special representative before God and the world is a very complex man. Charles de Gaulle represents both the Elysée, the elegant residence of French presidents, and the tiny village of Colombey-les-deux-Églises, where he lives in feudal isolation, revered and remote, an anachronism that could exist only in France, where the future is always mingled with the past.

Colombey-les-deux-Églises consists of two principal streets crossing each other at the typical, acacia-shaded French village square. In front of the village church stands a small obelisk with the names of the dead of two wars. That, too, is typical. In Colombey one out of every fifteen inhabitants lost his life in *la Grande Guerre* which is, naturally, the First World War. To the logical French there was nothing *grande* about the last war which brought them defeat, demoralization and humiliation. They have only in the past few years emerged from its aftermath—thanks to Colombey's first citizen.

The windows of the cheerless, gray stone houses are closed, but from behind the dark curtains people peer at you. The *ancien combattants*—in every village the old veterans are a powerful pressure group—call De Gaulle *"mon général"* when they see him Sunday at Mass. Colombey had some 60 automobiles two years ago when I was there, but no sewers, lots of cattle but few street lights, a tiny bistro with bad food, and a branch of a savings bank that opened only Sundays from 9 to 11. After Mass people go to the bank to deposit their savings. Everybody is very secretive about his savings but knows exactly how much the neighbors have. There are the *curé* and the postman and the *notaire* and the baker and the *épicier* who is proud because *Madame la Générale* sometimes comes to order some stuff. The General never descends into the village. Even in the dark years when he was the forgotten man of France he would stay in his big house at the outskirts of Colombey, brooding and dreaming about *la gloire* and *la patrie*, while the governments in Paris toppled and France's prestige declined.

De Gaulle has singlehandedly changed this picture. France is a great power again. He gave his countrymen prosperity, self-respect, an atomic *force-de-frappe*, and he may even give them a sense of self-identification. In France one always heard that the Algerians were not French, the Corsicans were not French ("Corsica . . . forms an integral part of France," claims *The World Almanac*), and certainly the members of the French community were not French. The *Marseillais* are above all *Marseillais*, the Lyonese are Lyonese, and do the Parisians consider themselves French? Certainly not, they are Parisians. Even the people in the small villages are first of all citizens of their village, and the fellow from the next village doesn't belong; he certainly isn't "a Frenchman."

In Switzerland I once heard the story of the people of Ernen, an old village in the Valée de Conches, who refused to permit their gallows to be used for the execution of an outsider because "the gallows are for us and our children." Not surprisingly, I heard a similar story in a small village in the Auvergne.

• • •

The French myth is backed by solid facts. Western civilization owes an enormous debt to French culture. Gastronomy, elegance, *haute couture* and diplomacy are French arts. Brillat-Savarin calls cooking "the most indispensable art." France is the only country on earth that has institutes devoted to the serious study of food and wine, with no commercial strings attached, such as the Académie des Gastronomes and the Académie du Vin de France. France produces a different cheese for every day of the year, and at least ten different wines to go with each cheese, and both the cheese and the wines are better than in any other country on earth. Frenchmen, civilized people, have always considered their great chefs more important than their politicians and millionaires, and of course they are right. Today French cooking has become synonymous all over the world with good cooking.

The French are coolheaded realists: Instead of trying to make friends among other nations, they influence them. English may be the language of world commerce, but French is still the language of diplomacy. Today the blessings of French culture have a more far-reaching effect than the efforts of British traders and American do-gooders. In terms of gross national product, the French now spend twice as much on foreign aid as the Americans. The influence of French schools and institutes is strong in the Near and Middle East. "The Americans send us Cadillacs," a man in Beirut told me a while ago, "the French send us culture." The French have lost military and political control over their former possessions in North Africa and elsewhere on the continent, but they keep intellectual and cultural control there. They have good relations with Ben Bella's "socialist" Algeria, and Sékou Touré's "socialist" Guinea. When the national interest is concerned, the French don't bother much about sentiments or ideologies. De Gaulle's goal is the creation of the "third force" in the world and he has gone systematically after his goal since he came to power.

On the European Continent the French now play first fiddle and skillfully keep the powerful, prosperous West Germans at the second stand. It's interesting to see the Americans and the French operating in a neutral country. In Vienna (where I write this) the Americans have a large *"Amerika Haus"* which is popular with students from the Middle East. "It's warm and pleasant and, besides, you always meet someone there who shares your dislike of the U. S.," one of these young cynics told me not long ago. The French operate differently. Their *lycée* is the best school in town, spreading the tenets of French education.

A law was passed in Paris two years after the Revolution that made public instruction "common and free for all citizens." The 1946 Constitution made "free, secular public education on all levels" a state responsibility. The smart French spend ten percent of their national budget on education. At the Sorbonne I learned that the mere acquisition

(continued on page 238)

THE HUNTERS

in the singularly arranged mind of each of them, there was no room for doubt—his enemy was as good as dead

fiction **By GERALD KERSH**

IN THAT BITTER COLD, water turns to dry dust for the lightest breath of air to play with. There is no landscape and there are no landmarks. A hillock of powdered snow ripples and flattens; the ripples coil and convolute, and all in half an hour you have a head of hair, a brain, the helix of a freakish ear, a diagram of unearthly trajectories, and at last a pure valley virginally ridged.

Here, 29 of the 32 winds blow from the south toward the Pole, and they make chaos. Hence, when day broke, the man called Josef who had been stalking his enemy around the base of a high hill discovered that he was lying opposite him at the rim of a bowl of ice 500 yards in diameter, scooped even and delicately stippled and burnished by some whim of the night wind.

Josef, though one of those born marksmen who point a gun as an ordinary man might point a finger, was somewhat nearsighted. He aimed by a certain combination of intuitions rather than by vision, as all great shots must do at long range: They must perceive rather than see; they must sense where the target is likely to be by the time a plated pellet no bigger than a cigarette butt has traveled its ordained distance. Josef knew that the eye is fallible. He depended upon a sort of diagnostic guesswork. Although he wore thick *(continued on page 156)*

satire **By ROBERT CAROLA**

WORD PLAY

more fun and games with the king's english in which words become delightfully self-descriptive

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¶ARAGRAPH

uuwaves

FIVE

CENS■RED

ELEVATE

ANGLE

MIS ING

VARSITY

SEGREGATION

INTEGRATION


Nero's
REPENT!

our gifted december playmate is a hearth-warming bundle of beauty

and talent ***happiness is just a thing called jo***

Jo's radiant appeal has earmarked her far several video modeling assignments. "I used to feel guilty about relying on my looks for a living," she admits, "but I've learned that the best thing to do when oppartunity knocks is open the door."

IT WOULD BE EASY to mistake December Playmate Jo Collins for an aspiring film starlet, since she has all the attributes needed to play the role: classic features, a disarming smile, talent, ambition—and a recently acquired Hollywood address less than a block from one of the major studios. But there the similarity ends, for our 19-year-old Miss December refuses to be typecast as just another Hollywood hopeful. Instead, she's determined to earn credits on the legitimate stage, and hopes to be Broadway bound before long. "Hollywood is just the first step—a sort of temporary stopover—in a long-range career plan of mine," raven-haired Jo reports. "Since I graduated from high school in Seattle last year, things have been progressing much more smoothly than I had anticipated. I managed to get in a full season of summer stock up North, including two leading roles at Portland's Civic Theatre; then worked my way through modeling school in Los Angeles as a part-time secretary, and landed a terrific TV contract for a series of new car commercials—which I nearly lost when I let it slip that I used to be a drag racer." With a few more video spots, Jo figures she'll have enough in residuals to finance a trip East, with a little left over for drama lessons. As she told us: "I belong to a small acting group here in Hollywood, and we try to get together at least three times a week—but I've really got my heart set on studying with a more professional unit, such as Lee Strasberg's Actors Studio in New York." In her off-hours, when she's not decorating her new studio apartment or spinning her stockpile of Dinah Washington records, this 36-24-36 package of holiday cheer prefers an aquatic setting. "Sailboats—and the fellows who own them—are my weakness," Jo confesses. "But I'll settle for something less fancy, like surfing at Malibu; just as long as I'm near the water." For a more revealing study of Jo's aquabatic accomplishments, this month's centerfold takes you poolside.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI

Riding the Ferris wheel at Pacific Ocean Park, Jo's wide-eyed exuberance proves that she's "still just a kid at heart. On days when I model chic fashions, I can't wait to get home and jump into a pair of jeans."

With a friend, Jo takes the first downhill plunge on the park's roller coaster with relative aplomb. "That first drop is always the most thrilling and the most frightening," our wind-blown Playmate said after her ride. "It's sort of like making your opening stage entrance; you hear your cue, for a second you're paralyzed, then you deliver your lines and everything's fine again."


MISS DECEMBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

As part of the preparatian far her Playmate phato, Jo gets into the swim of things and supplies her awn preliminary dunking for the shot—a chare this charming aquanette found delightful. "Nobody has ta tell me to jump in when I see a pool," says Jo. "This is the easiest assignment I've ever had."

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Motto seen on the wall of a women's executive club: FAINT HEART NEVER WON FUR, LADY.

The best gift for the girl who has everything is a topless bathing suit to show it off.

The prosecuting attorney's voice reached fever pitch as he cross-examined the young male defendant: "You mean to sit there and tell this jury that you had a completely assembled still on your premises, and were not engaged in the illegal production of alcoholic spirits?"

"That's the truth," answered the defendant. "I acquired it as a conversation piece, just like any other antique."

"You'll have to do better than that," sneered the prosecutor. "As far as this court is concerned, the very possession of such equipment is proof of your guilt."

"In that case, you'd better charge me with rape, too," the defendant said.

"Are you confessing to the crime of rape, young man?" interrupted the judge.

"No, your Honor," answered the defendant, "but I sure as hell have the equipment."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *masochist* as one who would rather be switched than fight.

The newly ordained young priest asked his monsignor a favor: Would the older and more experienced man audition the young man's handling of confessions, and give him a candid critique? The monsignor agreed, and at the end of the day called the priest to give his verdict.

"Quite good, on the whole," he said. "But I do have a suggestion. I'd have preferred to hear a few more 'Tsk! Tsk! Tsks!' and fewer 'Oh, wows!' "

Lots of girls can be had for a song. Unfortunately, it often turns out to be the wedding march.

We overheard an Indian matron explaining the facts of life to her daughter. She pointed out: "Stork not bring papoose, it come by beau and error."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *score pad* as a bachelor apartment.

An irate *carabinière* was in the process of arresting an inebriated young Roman who decided to take a nap in the middle of the Via Veneto. "It's my duty to warn you," he said sternly, "that anything you say will be held against you."

"Sophia Loren," whispered the drunk, and passed out.

The manufacturer of a well-known tonic for people with "tired" blood received this testimonial from a little old lady who lived on a farm in Tennessee: "Before taking your tonic," the woman wrote, "I was too tired to hoe the fields or pick the cotton. But after only two bottles of your delicious mixture, I've become the best cotton-picking hoer in the county."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *strip poker* as a card game that begins according to Hoyle and ends according to Kinsey.

Then there was the fellow who got badly scratched up fighting for his girl's honor. She wanted to keep it.

In the presence of a client he wished to impress, a high-powered executive flipped on his intercom switch and barked to his secretary: "Miss Jones, get my broker!"

The visitor was duly impressed, until the secretary's voice floated back into the room, loud and clear: "Yes, sir, stock or pawn?"

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

"This looks like a good place!"

HUNTERS *(continued from page 143)*

spectacles, tinted blue against the snow blink, and used a rifle with nothing but a common aperture sight, he was almost inevitably deadly even at twice the distance that separated him from the other man. If that man kept still for only three seconds, Josef knew that he could drop his bullet somewhere between the man's shoulders as he lay prone on the ice.

Even in clear weather a man half a thousand yards away and standing upright is scarcely a quarter of an inch tall, looked at down a rifle barrel over open sights. At a thousand yards that same man is a conjecture. Josef, a theoretician of the long shot, could pinpoint this conjecture; pick it out and cool it off. He knew, as he laid his aim, that in a few moments the speck that was a man in the distance would jerk, sprout limbs, and go kicking down the ice, looking remarkably like a little startled spider as it seems to climb down the air at the end of its invisible filament. But even as he squeezed off his shot, something cracked like a dog whip close to his right ear, and a bullet, cutting into the ice less than a foot from his head, spattered him with tiny ice splinters. Seconds later he heard, like the beating of stupendous wings, the flapping reverberation of his enemy's shot.

Josef knew that he must have fired high and wide and that in this still cold air the smoke of his own shot must hang blue against the snow. So he let himself slide downward a little way and then became still. Familiar with this terrain and, after ten days of this hunting, knowing something of the man he had to kill, he guessed that this man would stay where he was for a few seconds. The fact that Josef had only four cartridges left perturbed him little, if at all. In his singularly arranged mind there was no room for doubt. His man was as good as dead.

Visualizing a certain point a hairbreadth below and to the left of where the faint smoke of his enemy's last shot clung to the air, he fired again, and then lay flat. But he had miscalculated. His fire was returned. A bullet cut ice and rock a bare six inches from his thigh. The other marksman had not kept still; he had climbed upward and was shooting down. Now Josef held his fire. The morning was growing lighter and the sun was at his back. Furthermore, with the dawn a mist was rising out of the ice bowl and he knew that he could, by his peculiar sense of orientation, *feel* his objective at the other side of this mist, let it offer him ever so slight a sign. His white clothes froze to the ice; he became still as a man of ice, watching. Four hundred yards away, perhaps a yard to the vertical he saw a tiny dot of orange light and felt a bullet striking two feet above his head. The claque of the echoes gave the shot a tremendous round of applause. Now Josef reasoned, *He argues that, having slid down, I will slide farther down yet, after I have returned his fire.* So he invested rather than gambled another bullet in another exquisitely calculated shot and then scrambled, not down, but upward, for a distance of about 50 feet.

The next shot, when it came, puzzled Josef. It came not from the diameter of the bowl, but from a nearer curve. This meant that his enemy was climbing to come level with him. Two more bullets struck close by—perilously close. One screeched off ice, one whined off rock, and the bowl howled and whistled and gibbered before it was quiet again. Not far away some piled body of ice and shale shifted with a tremendous mutter and went rolling down. The great gray surfaces flung back the noise of its fall again and again, and there came up from below such a billowing of frosty vapor that Josef felt for the moment like some beetle packed in white wool and frozen for dissection. But his ears were too clever to be deceived by even this overwhelming noise. He knew that the shots had come from his right, somewhat above him. Very swiftly, being a lean and agile man trained to the mountains, he clambered in that direction. Now, apart from a faint, fitful whispering of wind in the crags and a certain hissing of dry snow, there was quiet. Very quietly, very deviously, he climbed eastward. But it seemed that the other man had got between him and the sun, for another shot, which seemed to come right out of the eye of the dawn, came so close that it tugged at his sleeve. He fired at the flash and lay still, assuming that the other man would guess that he had slid to his left. His assumption was right. A bullet splashed where his shoulder would have been if he had moved.

It was evident that if he had been maneuvering himself to within dead-certain killing distance of his enemy, his enemy had been playing the same game with him. But the mist, Josef reckoned, was his ally. As he watched, waiting, a brumous swirl of air sent down a tumble of loose frost which covered him like a blanket. He remained motionless. Ten minutes passed, twenty minutes. And now, at last, his enemy came into full view, less than two hundred yards away—a man in a white parka, big as a bear; a perfect target, something impossible to miss. Josef almost sighed with pleasure under his covering of frost. His sights were on the big man's solar plexus. Josef could have hit him in the eye, if he had so chosen; but since this was his last bullet, he decided to deny himself this little private indulgence in sharpshooting. And then, even as he involuntarily dug his toes into the snow and squeezed his trigger, the ground fell away from under him. He cursed himself as he saw the big man's hood snap back as the bullet flicked the tip of it—caught a glimpse of a great red face stubbled with blond beard—and then he was falling feet first over the ice. He let his empty rifle slip away, and fell as it seemed for a hundred years over the rim of the ice bowl and down and around in an awful vortex, helpless as a fly flushed away in a lavatory basin. Stone and ice fell with him. By some chance an enormous boulder skated away and, falling more directly, went down ahead of him. Otherwise he would have been crushed like an egg. As it was, he found himself, dizzy but unhurt, at the bottom of the newly formed crevasse. Glancing around, he saw that this short crevasse was shaped somewhat like a brandy snifter. The mouth was only half as wide as the bottom, and the sides were smoothly curved as if by a glass blower's pipe. Josef said to himself, without emotion, *There is always the incalculable. I have failed. So I must die.* But then, a hundred feet above, he saw the big man's head, and heard him say, in broken Russian, "Can you hear me? I don't want to shout. Vibration can start rockfall—avalanche—*nyet*?"

"I can hear you," said Josef, in good but stilted English. "You had better speak your own language—your accent in mine is execrable." *Execrabable . . . execrabable . . . execrabable . . .* grumbled the echoes. He went on, "You have won. I will keep perfectly still if you will have the kindness to shoot me through the head."

"Be glad to oblige, but have used my last bullet. Anyway, things aren't done that way. If you want to shoot yourself, of course, that's your affair."

"I have no pistol."

"Have you a rope?"

"Yes. But I think my wrist is broken."

"Well, keep still and I'll haul you out."

"Why? We have been trying to kill each other for ten days."

"That's a different matter from leaving you to die in the ice."

"I see." Now the big man warily explored the lip of the bowl, until he found a kind of rocky excrescence split by the cold as if by a wedge. He had picked up Josef's rifle and noted that it was empty. It was a beautiful weapon, a Männlicher, which must have cost some sportsman every penny of $1500. He observed that the butt bore a baronial coronet inlaid in silver, and the monogram *B von B*. He wondered, in passing, who the Baron *B von B* had been, and (being a sentimental man at bottom) hoped that he had died easy. Then, with a sigh, he began to ram the Männlicher's barrel into the crack, using his own heavier rifle for a hammer. He thus improvised a smooth, strong peg to which he attached

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WALDO GREBB AND HIS ELECTRIC BATON

eyes front, back arched, knees snapping, the ted williams of the twirling corps began his countdown toward the launching of his spinning silver bird

memoir By JEAN SHEPHERD

WHEN THE BITTER WINDS of winter howl out of the frozen north, making the ice-coated telephone wires creak and sigh like suffering live things, many an ex–B-flat-sousaphone player feels that old familiar dull ache in his muscle-bound left shoulder—a pain never quite lost as the years spin on. Ancient numbnesses of the lips permanently implanted by frozen German silver mouthpieces of the past. There is an instinctive hunching forward into the wind, tacking obliquely to keep that giant burnished Conn bell heading always into the waves. A singular man carrying unsharable wounds and memories to his grave, the butt of low, ribald humor, of gaucheries beyond description, unapplauded by music lovers, the sousaphone player is among the loneliest of men. His dedication is almost monklike in its fanaticism and solitude.

He is never asked to perform at parties. His fame is minute, even among other band members, being limited almost exclusively to fellow carriers of The Great Horn. Hence, his devotion is pure. When pressed for an explanation as to why he took up the difficult study and discipline of sousaphone playing, few can give a rational answer, usually mumbling something very much like the famed retort of climbers of Mount Everest.

There is no sousaphone category in the renowned jazz polls, and it would be inconceivable to imagine an LP entitled: *Harry Schwartz and His Golden Sousaphone Blow Cole Porter.* Yet every sousaphone player, in his heart, knows that no instrument is better suited to Cole Porter than his beloved four-valver. Its rich, verdant mellowness, its loving, somber blues and grays of tonality are among the most sensual and thrilling of sounds to be heard in a man's time.

But forever and by definition, those brave marchers under the flashing bells are irrevocably assigned to the rear rank. Few men know the facts of life more truly than a player of this noble instrument. Twenty minutes in a good marching band teaches a kid more about how things really are than five years at mother's granite knee.

There are many misconceptions which at the outset must be cleared up before we proceed further. Great confusion prevails among the unwashed as to just what a sousaphone is. First of all, few things are more continually irritating to a genuine sousaphone man than to have his instrument called a tuba. A tuba is a weak, puny thing fit only for mewling, puking babes and Guy Lombardo—the better to harass balding, middle-aged ballroom dancers. An upright instrument of startling ugliness and mooing, flatulent tone, the tuba has none of the grandeur, the scope or sweep of its massive, gentle distant relation.

The sousaphone is worn proudly curled about the body, over the left shoulder, and mounting above the head is that brilliant golden, gleaming cornucopia—rivaling the sun in its glory. Its graceful curves clasp the body in a warm and crushing embrace, the right hand in position over its four massive mother-of-pearl-capped valves. It is an instrument a man can literally get his teeth into, and often does. A sudden collision with another bell has, in many instances, produced catastrophic dental malformations which have provided oral surgeons with some of their happier moments.

A sousaphone is a worthy adversary which must be watched like a hawk and truly mastered lest it master you. Dangerous, unpredictable, difficult to play, it yet offers rich rewards. Each sousaphone, since it is such a massive creation, assumes a character of its own. There are bad-tempered sousaphones and there are friendly sousaphones; sousaphones that literally lead their players back and forth through beautiful countermarches on countless football fields. Then there are the treacherous sousaphones that buck and fight and must be held in tight rein lest disaster strike. Like horses or women, no two sousaphones are alike. Nor, like horses or women, will man ever fully understand them.

Among other imponderables, a player must have as profound a knowledge of winds and weather as the skipper of a racing yawl. A cleanly aligned sousaphone section marching into the teeth of a spanking crosswind with mounting gusts, booming out the second chorus of *Semper Fidelis*, is a study of courage and control under difficult conditions. Sometimes in a high wind, a sousaphone will start playing *you*. It literally blows back, developing enough back pressure to produce a thin chorus of *Dixie* out of both ears of the unwary sousaphonist. I myself once, in my rookie days, got caught in a counterclockwise wind with a clockwise instrument and spun violently for five minutes before I regained control, all the while playing one of the finest obbligatos ever blown on *The National Emblem March*.

The high school marching band that I performed in was *(continued on page 164)*


IL EST FORMELLEMENT INTERDIT
AUX ARTISTES ET AU PERSONNEL
DE LA SCÈNE DE FRANCHIR, EN
D'AUTRE CETTE PORTE PENDANT
OU ENTRE LES SPECTACLES
"Le Directeur"

man at his leisure

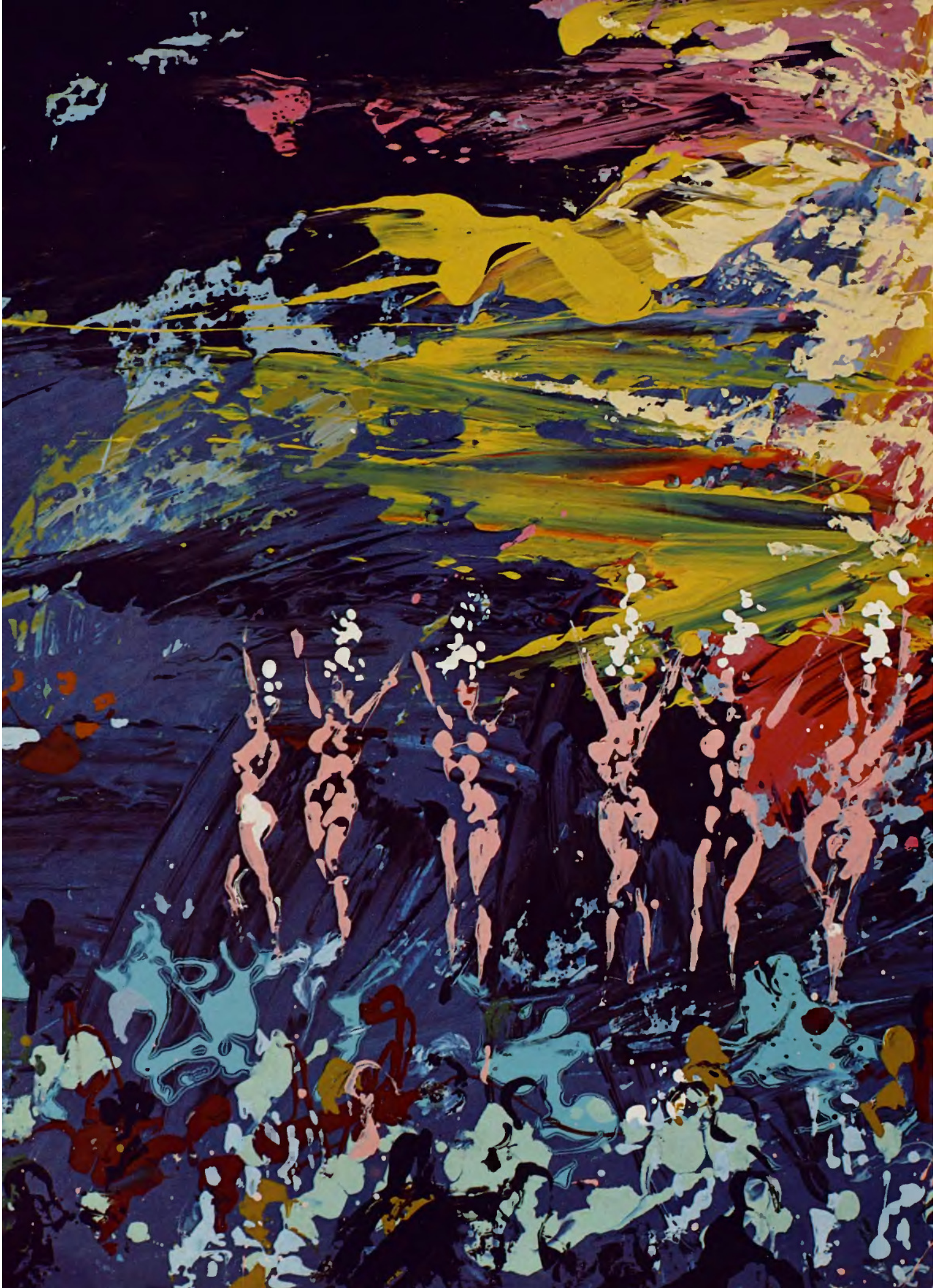
a backstage-and-onstage limning of the lovelies of the paris lido by leroy neiman

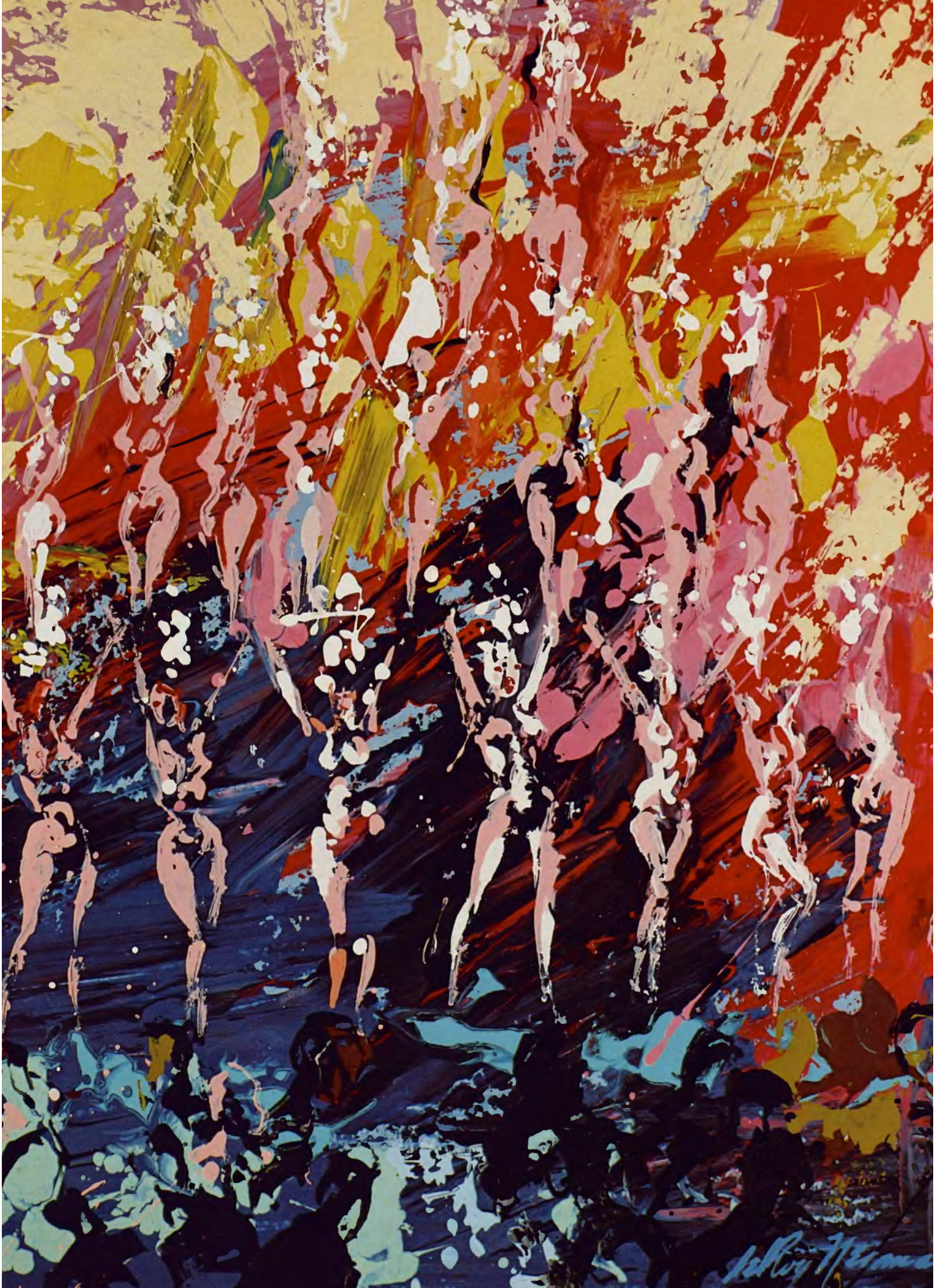
THE LIDO, famed for its spectacularly extravagant performances featuring spectacularly undressed performers, has long been a mecca for pleasure seekers in Paris. In a city whose music-hall and cabaret fare is unrivaled anywhere in the world, the Lido—like the statuesque mannequins who add breath-taking background to *les spectacles*—is head and shoulders above the competition. Artist LeRoy Neiman, PLAYBOY's roving ambassador with portfolio (and himself something of a Parisian—since his career as itinerant impressionist has led him to complement his New York and London studios with another in Paris) had long regarded the Lido an eminently paletteable subject. Recently he gathered pad and charcoals to spend a Parisian week (seven nights and one day) in the Lido's huge Champs Élysées quarters, sketching a behind-the-scenes kaleidoscope of plumes, sequins, bosoms and

Left top: Backstage minions look on in varying degrees of detachment while colorfully bedecked performer checks her underpinnings. Sign above cigar-smoking stage manager warns door is not to be used during show. Left below: Neiman carefully examines subject before committing her to charcoal. Above: Mid a cascade of plumage and oblivious to distractions, well-dressed man-about-backstage skims *Figaro* during entr'act. Below: Elfin *Parisienne*, wearing only mascara and a smile, primps prior to donning scant costume for her onstage appearance.

bottoms. He reports: "Backstage at the Lido is pure mayhem—but, somehow, perfectly coordinated mayhem. All is business. The show—which runs nightly from 11:15 to 2:30, with only a half-hour break—is a genuinely tony production, whose split-second timing leaves no room for sloppiness. The management believes in its performers' artistry—and rightfully so. The mannequins are tall, leggy, personable and proud of their figures; their nudity is enhanced by creative costumes which are treated lovingly by the girls and their wardrobe mistresses. English is almost the universal language backstage, since many of the girls—such as the Bluebells—are British, and many others American. The Bluebells, incidentally, are fully clad—in costumes ranging from Indian headdresses to Gainsborough hats. Only the mannequins, who don't dance, are nude. The Lido is one of those rare places frequented by crowned heads and workingmen alike—all seeking, and finding, the very best in music-hall entertainment and, of course, the most beautiful girls in Paris. For the artist, backstage is even more interesting than out front. It's more active and more colorful than the audience area—and the girls are closer as well."

Above: While stagehands casually sweep the boards, bare-chested lovely gets helpful assist. Below left: Approving admirer watches, and our imperturbable impressionist sketches on. Below right: Last-minute fitting enlists emergency aid of male performers plus lavishly skirted (albeit bodiceless) mannequin, whose headdress crowns scene in a burst of red and violet. Right: Lovely Sherell Powell, a native Chicagoan and one of many Negro dancers popular in Paris, dazzles crowd with her Ebony Bar act. Overleaf: *Le spectacle*, in all its splendor.





WALDO GREBB *(continued from page 157)*

led by a maniacal zealot who had whipped us into a state rivaling a crack unit of the Prussian guards. We won prizes, cups, ribbons and huzzahs wherever we performed; wheeling, countermarching, spinning, knees high, all the while thunderously playing. *On the Mall, Under the Double Eagle, El Capitan, The NC Four March, Semper Fidelis*—we had mastered all the classics.

Our 160-beat-to-the-minute cadence snapped and cracked and rolled on like the steady beating of the surf. Resplendent in itchy uniforms and high-peaked caps, we learned the bitter facts of life while fingering our spit valves and bringing pageantry and pomp into the world of the blast furnace and the open hearth, under the leaden wintry skies of the Indiana prairieland.

The central figure of the scene was our drum major. Ours was a Spartan organization. We had no majorettes, pompon girls or other such decadent signposts on the roadway of a declining civilization. It was an all-male band that had no room for such grotesqueries as flat-chested, broad-bottomed female trombone players and billowy-bosomed clarinetists. It was a compact 66-man company of hard-stomached, lean-jawed Ovaltine drinkers—led by a solitary, heroic, high-kneed, insufferably arrogant baton twirler named Waldo Grebb.

Drum majors are a peculiarly American institution, and Waldo was cast in the classic mold. Imperious, egotistical beyond belief, he was hated and feared by all of us down to the last lowly cymbal banger. Most drum majors of my acquaintance are not all-American boys in the Jack Armstrong tradition. In fact, they lean more in the general direction of Captain Queeg, somehow tainted by the vanity of a Broadway musical dancer plus the additional factor of being a high school hero.

In spite of legend, many drum majors are notably unsuccessful with women. Waldo Grebb was no exception, and his lonely frustration in this most essential of human pursuits had led him to incredible heights in baton twirling. He concentrated and practiced hour upon hour until he became a Ted Williams among the wearers of the shako. His arched back, swinging shoulders—at least four and a half feet wide—his 19-inch waist, his lightninglike chrome wands, the sharp, imperious bite of his whistled commands were legendary wherever bandsmen gathered to swap tales over a Nehi orange. At a full, rolling 160-beat-per-minute tempo, Waldo's knees snapped as high as most men's shoulders. He would spin, marching backward, baton held at ready port, eyes gleaming beadily straight ahead in our direction. Two short blasts of his silver whistle, then a longer one, a quick snap up-and-down movement of the wand, and we would crash into *The Thunderer*, which opened with a spectacular trombone, trumpet and sousaphone flourish of vast medieval grandeur. Precisely as the last notes of the flourish ended and *The Thunderer* boomed out, Waldo spun his baton, accelerating to a blur, and began his act. Over the shoulder, like a rigid silver snake with a life of its own, under both legs, that live metal whip never faltered or lost a beat. Catching the sun, it spun a blur high into the Indiana skies and down again, Waldo never deigning so much as to watch its trajectory. He knew where it was; it knew where he was. They were one, a spinning silver bird and its falconer. Even as we roared into the coda, attacking the 16th notes crisply, with bite, we were always conscious of the steady swish of that baton, slicing the air like a blade, a hissing obbligato to John Philip Sousa.

Like all champion drum majors—and Waldo had more medals at 17 than General Patton garnered in a lifetime of combat—he had carefully programed his act. In the same way that an Olympic skater performs the classical figures, Waldo had mastered years before all the basic baton maneuvers, all the traditional flips and spins, and performed them with razor-sharp, glittering precision. And he had gone on from there to the absolute heights. He would begin with a quick over-the-back roll, a comparatively simple basic move, and then, moment by moment, his work would grow increasingly complex as variation upon variation of spinning steel wove itself in the winter air. And then finally, just as his audience, nervously awaiting disaster, believed there was nothing more that could be done with a baton, Waldo, pausing slightly to fake them out, making them believe his repertoire was over, would give them The Capper.

Every great baton twirler has one trick that he alone can perform, that he has created and honed to glittering perfection: his final statement. At this crucial moment, Waldo would whip a second baton from a sheath held by a great brass clip to his wide white uniform belt. Then, using the dual batons, he worked upward and upward until the final eerie moment. As the last notes of *The Thunderer* died out, a drummer, on cue, beat out the rhythm of our march, using a single stick on the rim of his snare: "tic tic tic tic tic tic . . ." as we marched silently forward. Waldo then, with infinite deliberation, holding both batons out before him, began to spin them in opposite directions.

Synchronized like the propellers of a DC-3, twin blades interleaved before him, gaining speed. Faster and faster and faster, until the batons had all but disappeared into a faint silver film, the only sound, the "tic tic tic" of Ray Janowski's snare, and the steady, in-step beat of feet hitting the pavement.

His back arched taut as a bow, knees snapping waist-high, at the agonizingly right instant, with two imperceptible flips of the wrist, Waldo would launch his twin rapiers straight up into the icy air, still in synchronization. Like some strange whistling science-fiction vampire bat, surrealist glittering metal bird, gaining momentum as they rose, the batons, as one, would soar 30 or 40 feet above the band. Then, gracefully, at the apogee of the arc, spinning slower and slower, they would come floating down; Waldo never even for an instant glancing upward, the band eyes-front. Down would come the batons, dropping faster and faster, and still Waldo marched on. Incredibly, at the very last instant, just as they were about to crash onto the street, in perfect rhythm both hands would dart out and the batons, together, would leap into life and become silver blurs. It was Grebb's legendary Capper! The instant Waldo's batons picked up momentum and spun back to life, Janowski "tic'd" twice and the drum section rolled out our basic cadence, as the crowd roared. Unconcerned, unseeing, we marched on.

Waldo rarely used The Capper more than once or twice in any given parade or performance. Like all great artists, he gave sparingly of his best. None of us realized that he had not yet shown us his greatest capper of all.

The high point of our marching year traditionally came with the Thanksgiving Day parade. And one year, that fateful Thursday dawned dark and gloomy, full of evil portent. The last bleak week in November had been polar in its savagery. For weeks a bitter Canadian wind had whistled steadily off Lake Michigan, blowing the blast furnace dust into long rivers and eddies of red grime on the gray ice that bordered the curbs and coated the bus stops and rutted the streets. These were days that tried sousaphone men's souls. That giant chunk of inert brass gathers cold into it like a thermic vacuum cleaner. Valves freeze at half-mast, mouthpieces stick to the tongue and lips in the way iron railings trap children, and the blown note emerges thin and weak and lost in the arctic air.

The assembly point for the parade was well out of the main section of town, back of Harrison Park. Any veteran parade marcher knows the scene, a sort of shambling, weaving confusion. The Croatian-American float, the Friends of Italy, the Moose, the Ladies of the Moose, the Children of the Moose, the Queen of the Moose, the Odd Fellows' Whistling Brigade, the Red Men of America (in full headdress and buckskin), the Owls, the Eagles, the Elks, the Wolves, the Guppies, the Imperial

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"Either of you gentlemen care for something to nibble on?"

"There, Miss Tucker. See what I mean about your resistance being low?"

Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Unhappiness.—

a passionate put-down of those portrayers of a world without hope

opinion

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

IN MY HEYDAY (which was the Twenties), most of my contemporaries took the Declaration of Independence seriously—especially that phrase in it which declares that the pursuit of happiness is an inalienable right. Among all too many of today's intellectuals this is no longer a respectable opinion. According to them every thinking man must be, and every decent man should be, thoroughly miserable—the decent man because the world is unjust, the thinking man because the whole universe is, and must remain, "absurd."

Until recently no one ever accused me of being a Pollyanna. In fact, my early book *The Modern Temper* (1929) was widely denounced as perversely pessimistic. Yet I have lived to hear it described on a TV panel as "quaint" and "almost sweet" by college freshmen who boasted that Sartre and Beckett had plunged them into a far deeper pit whose horrors (so it seemed from their voices) they were proud to revel in with masochistic determination.

Meanwhile I have grown progressively cheerful. Perhaps that is only what my younger contemporaries prefer to think it, namely, the result of a hardening of the cerebral arteries; but I prefer to call it a healthy reaction against the perversely extravagant lucubrations of the existentialists and the beatniks. Like Dr. Johnson's old school friend, I find that no matter how hard I try to be a philosopher, cheerfulness keeps breaking through.

• • •

Perhaps there is more concrete misery than usual in the world today and I'll go along with the "decent man" far enough to agree that it should concern us. But I fail to understand what good it does anybody to say, like the character in one of Koestler's novels, "In an age of transition no one has the right to be happy." And I am even less persuaded by the existentialists who try to convince me by dubious abstract arguments and bold dogmatic assertions that I must think myself into some sort of abstract despair.

In the currently most admired novels and plays there is a terrible monotony. Beckett, Ionesco, Sartre and Genet repeat with little variety of method and no novelty of doctrine the same things: The universe is meaningless, without rhyme or reason; or as their endlessly repeated shibboleth has it, "absurd." Good and evil are empty words. One thing is as valuable as another. Though man is, in some inexplicable way, free and thus exempt from the necessity that governs everything else, he can demonstrate this freedom by being either a saint or a monster. Most people chose the latter alternative and it is logically no less admirable than the other. Hence the truest picture of life consists almost exclusively of unhappy, but usually cruel and debauched people, behaving irrationally in an irrational universe.

When I first met some of these specimens of the most serious and characteristic works of our time and first learned how greatly they were admired, I supposed that I must be misunderstanding what they were really intending to convey. Since I have read the explications furnished by their many sympathetic critics, I realize that I understood only too well. By one analyst I am assured that even Camus, "the most traditional, the gentlest and the wisest" of the lot, really did wish us to understand that a motiveless atrocity serves admirably to demonstrate human freedom and that Genet, "the wildest and loveliest," invents a new morality in which "dishonesty is better than honesty; cowardice is better than bravery; betrayal is better than loyalty; homosexuality is better than heterosexuality, and so on." Simone de Beauvoir declared that the Marquis de Sade was "the freest man who ever lived" and presumably she must find intriguing such of his reasonings as that which exalts incest on the ground that it promotes family affection! Since De Sade spent a considerable portion of his life in jail and Genet would be serving a life sentence as a habitual criminal had it not been for *(concluded on page 250)*

NATIVE SON *(continued from page 120)*

that is where reality is. What one tries to do in a novel is to show this reality.

Such effort would not be important if life were not important. But life *is* important, vastly more so than art; but without the passion of art, that portion of life we call civilization is in great danger when it begins, as we have, to neglect or to despise its artists. Artists are the only people in a society who can tell that society the truth about itself. When I was working on *Another Country*, which was the hardest thing I had done until that time, I had several problems in trying to get across, in trying to convey, what I felt was happening to us in this country. Not that this is unusual: In a sense, every work of art, if I may use that phrase, is a kind of metaphor for what the artist takes to be our condition. My principal problem, at least by hindsight, was how to handle my heroine, Ida, who in effect dictated a great deal of the book to me. And the first thing that I had to realize was that she, operating in New York as she did, as Negro girls do, was an object of wonder and even some despair—and some distrust—to all the people around her, including people who were very fond of her—Vivaldo, her lover, and their friends. I had somehow to make the reader see what was happening to this girl. I knew that a girl like Ida would not be able to say it for herself, but I also knew that no reader will believe you if you simply tell him what you want him to know. You must make him see it for himself. He must somehow be trapped into the reality you want him to submit to and you must achieve a kind of rigorous discipline in order to walk the reader to the guillotine without his knowing it.

Now, in order to get what I wanted I had to invent Rufus, Ida's brother, who had not been present at the original conception. Rufus was the only way that I could make the reader see what had happened to Ida and what was controlling her in all her relationships, why she was so difficult, why she was so uncertain, why she suffered so; and of course the reason she was suffering was because of what had happened to her brother, because her brother was dead. She was not about to forgive anybody for it. And this rage was about to destroy her. In order to get this across, I had to put great lights around Ida and keep the reader at a certain distance from her. I had to let him see what Vivaldo thought, what Cass thought, what Eric thought, but what Ida thought had to remain for all of them the mystery which it is in life, and had to be, therefore, a kind of mystery for the reader, too, who had to be fascinated by her and wonder about her and care about her and try to figure out what was driving her to where she was so clearly going. And I think that in some ways, Ida, finally, when she does talk to her lover, says things which she would not have been able to say in any other way or under any other pressure, and I had somehow to get her to that pressure. In a novel you can suggest a great deal. You *must* suggest a great deal. There is something in a novel which we'll have to refer to here as the setting. The setting is the climate. For example, it is unimportant in a novel to describe the room. It is unimportant in a novel to describe the characters. It doesn't really matter whether they have blue eyes or brown hair or whatever. You have to make the reader see them with just enough detail not to blot the picture out. Try to sketch the character in, let the reader do the rest. That's not as lazy or irresponsible as it may sound. I mean that the character's reality has to come from something deeper than his physical attributes and therefore the setting in which he operates has to come from something deeper than that, too. The New York of *Another Country* never really existed except in *Another Country*. The bar in which Cass and Vivaldo have their crucial scene when Cass tells him about her husband is one of a million cocktail bars; all that is described in that scene, I think, is some peanuts on the table. And you can do that in a novel because the reader has been in a bar like that and the reader has been in New York streets; there are some nerves you must press which will operate to make him see what you want him to see, and this, in a way, is the setting.

But you cannot do that in a play. Everything in a play has to be terribly concrete, terribly visible. The church in which I was born operates in one way in *Go Tell It on the Mountain*, mainly as a presence, I think, as a weight, as a kind of affliction for all those people who are in it, who are in fact trapped in it and don't know how to get out. But in my play there is another church. And I suddenly saw it. I don't know if I can make this clear to you. On a back road in Mississippi or Louisiana or some place in the deep South, we were wandering around talking to various people, and there was a small church sitting by itself. I was very oppressed that day by things we'd seen and I was very aware that I was in the deep South and had been very close to my father's birthplace. It suddenly struck me that this church must have been very much like the church in which my father preached before he came North. I looked into the window and suddenly saw my set. It was a country church. I saw that if I could select the details which would be most meaningful for what I was trying to do, then in a sense, that part of my problem was solved. And I saw something else. I always have some idea of where I want to go. I even sometimes have my last chapter or my last line, a kind of very rough and untrustworthy map. But I don't know quite how I'm going to get there. In the working out of a novel, you work it out in terms of dialog and conflicts, and again, this is power of suggestion, this is hitting on the readers' nerves—nerves which we all have in common. In a play, you're doing the same thing. But you're doing it in such a different way that, for example, a white woman in my play, who is a somewhat older woman, married to a murderer, which is part of what the play is about, has to be revealed in very different ways. And I began to see her by watching certain people, by watching for her, watching for my character, which is what you start doing, really, once this character has captured your attention. You look at everybody around you in another way. You suddenly are looking for some revelatory and liberating detail. And if you're working on a play—I don't know if I'm making this clear—you suddenly watch people in a very physical way. You watch the way they light their cigarettes, you watch the way they cross a room, you observe, for the first time, whether or not this person is bowlegged and you begin to think that you can tell by the way a person combs his or her hair, by the beat of a pause, by the things they do or do not say, what is going on inside them. You're watching for the ways in which people reveal themselves in their day-to-day life. What Freud called—I think I'm right about this—the psychopathology of everyday life. So that as I began watching for my woman in the South, I began to see her, too. I have a very good actress friend. I began to watch her, as if she were going to play the part. How would she walk into the door with groceries, and how would she look at their child; how would she look at her husband whom she loves, whom she understands, whom she knows to be a murderer? How would she do it? And I began to see that there would be very small things she would do and very peculiar things that she would say to reveal her torment. I began to see that this is what we all do, all of the time, all of us, including you and me. That whatever is really driving us is what can never, never, never be hidden and is there to see if one wants to see it. The trouble is, of course, that most of us are afraid of that level of reality. It seems to threaten us, because we think we can be safe. And this brings me to something much deeper; for when you've gotten this far, you see something which every writer is really seeing over and over and over again, at pressures of varying intensity. And he is *really* telling the same story over and over and over again, trying different ways to tell it and trying to get more and more and more of it out. As I write this, I am trying to tell it in a play set in the deep South.

But one afternoon in Harlem I under-

(concluded on page 241)

five **yuletide** *vacations*

upbeat and offbeat places for get-away-from-it-all year-end fun

Puerto Vallarta: Recently brought to public attention by the Burtons, but long known to jet-setters as a hip Mexican hideaway, this lush spa offers one of the Pacific Coast's best beaches and an unbeatably dry and temperate year-round climate. Above: After a full day of water-sporting and lolling in the sand, a congenial group relishes a holiday repast highlighted by barbecued tuna, while a *mariachi* band adds new twists to the venerable *huapango*. Following dinner, all will move to the Posada Vallarta for Kahlua cordials, thence to Los Muertos night club for drinks and dancing till dawn.

Cortina d'Ampezzo: Sometimes called the "Jewel of the Dolomites," sometimes "Queen of the Mountains," but, like an elegant lady, never by her first name, this posh resort in northern Italy welcomes celebrants with an impeccable combination of native flamboyance, *Mittel*-European *Gemütlichkeit* and international chic, from the 12 days of Christmas through the 12 weeks after. Top: Skier schusses down one of the incomparable slopes that lead into town, where he and his companions count their yuletide blessings (above) in one of Club Verokay's *intime* dining chambers.

Tangier: Most Western of the Eastern cities, where expatriate American intellectuals settle, and where the senses are simultaneously assailed by a feeling of *dolce vita*, by the sight of sultry-eyed veiled women, by the smell of burning kief (akin to hashish), this Moroccan metropolis is for the itinerant seeking to eschew all vestiges of traditional yulery in favor of languid days in the sun and swinging Arabian nights. Above: "Take me to the Casbah," she said; and he did, renting one of the ornate sleeping rooms of a sheik's palace, where the coming year is welcomed over mint-flavored tea.

The Aegean Sea: What better way to get away from it all than to sail among the islands of Greece during the holiday season? The awe-inspiring Acropolis provides a felicitous beginning for a band of six, who then drive to Piraeus to charter the yacht Juanita and head eastward among Hydra, Crete, Mykonos and other historically rich islands. Above: The group enjoys one last sunny hour at sea in the harbor of Poros, before returning to Athens for a New Year's evening on the town.

Hong Kong: One of the world's most cosmopolitan meccas for males, this Oriental free port offers round-the-clock revelry amid lavish hotels, memorable restaurants, peerless shops, and girls who act as if they were born only to please men. Right: Travel-wise guy (he moves alone) brings his Crown Colony date aboard the floating restaurant Sea Palace for Christmas dinner. Having just made a selection of live seafood from a stocked pool, they savor rum sours and the view of sampans scurrying about Aberdeen Harbor (on the southern side of the island), while the exotic dishes are being prepared to their order.

For additional information about any of these vacation areas, contact Playboy Reader Service, 232 East Ohio St., Chicago, Ill. 60611.

ALEPPO *(continued from page 116)*

The handshakes were numbing. "My name is Stanford Lovejoy."

"What the hell're you doing here?" Saint Clair asked.

"I'm at the Mission."

"A lot of bint in this town?" Roland looked hungrily around.

"Uh?"

"Bint. *Bint.*"

"Oh," Lovejoy said. "There are some young ladies. But the mothers're rather strict. French style."

"We never should've left Cairo," Roland said.

"That Greek dame's husband was coming back, anyway," Saint Clair said. "I like this town. What'd you say the name was?"

"Lovejoy."

"The town, Stanford."

"Oh, excuse me." Lovejoy felt himself getting a little rattled in the high fire of roaring conversation. "Aleppo."

"Anything ever happen here?"

"Well, during the Crusades, there was . . ."

"I mean at night."

"Well," said Lovejoy, "I lead a rather quiet . . ."

"Put the beer here," Roland said to the waiter, in approximate French, "and get three more."

They raised their glasses. "To good will," Saint Clair said, as though it was a ritual, and both brothers laughed loudly and drank half their glasses off.

"Syrian beer," Saint Clair said. "Drinkable. But everyone connected with Egyptian beer should be executed."

"Where is that sonofabitch Ladszlo?" Roland peered down the street. "I told you the first time I looked at him I didn't trust him."

"He's slow," Saint Clair said. "He's honest, but he's slow."

Lovejoy thought of the dark frail man trying to get four piasters by force from the descendants of unconquered tribesmen at the café tables and nearly said something, but thought better of it and drank some more beer.

"Listen, Stanford," Roland said, "you don't know how good it is to see an honest American face again."

"Thanks," Lovejoy said, "glad to be of . . ."

"The hotels in this part of the world," Saint Clair said, bewilderingly, " 're full of bugs. You wouldn't believe it."

"You probably have a villa, haven't you, Stanford?" Roland said. "Land is cheap in these parts. The rate of exchange is wonderful, too."

"Yes," Lovejoy said, not knowing quite what he was saying yes to.

"It'll be wonderful staying in an American house again," Saint Clair said. "Even for one night."

"You're perfectly . . ." Lovejoy said.

"Ah, there you are, you sonofabitch," Roland said.

Lovejoy looked up. Ladszlo was standing there, bleeding. One eye was already swelling, the green jersey was torn; on the spindly calf of the right leg there were two ragged blunt wounds. The dark face was a little darker, a little more sorrowful. There was a sour little zoolike smell, Lovejoy noticed, hanging over the small, torn figure. Without a word Ladszlo extended his hand. Roland and Saint Clair leaped up and seized the money in it, counted it hurriedly.

"Forty-four piasters!" Roland roared.

Saint Clair reached over and cuffed Ladszlo lightly across the face. Ladszlo fell back into a chair, stunned.

"Goodness," Lovejoy said.

"We could get five hundred dollars a week for the Calonius brothers in Radio City," Saint Clair yelled.

"Thiss iss not Radio City, gentlemen," Ladszlo mumbled humbly. "Thiss iss Aleppo, a small Oriental city, full of savage, poverty-stricken Arabs."

"We gave out fifty pictures of the Calonius brothers," Roland leaned over and grabbed Ladszlo's chin and held his head up stiffly. "That means two hundred piasters."

"Pardon me, gentlemen," Ladszlo said. "It doesss not mean two hundred piasters."

"How many times," Saint Clair roared, "have I told you not to take back any pictures?"

"I do not take back any pictures, gentlemen."

"Insist!" Roland shouted. "How many times do I have to tell you? Insist!"

A small sour smile played for a fraction of a second over the corner of the bruised lips. "Gentlemen," the humble dark voice murmured, "I inssisst. Two dogs bit me and a large young Arab hit me wiss a large copper vessel. Gentlemen, let uss face it, it iss impractical sysstem, inssissting."

"Are you trying to tell us our business?" Saint Clair lifted his hand threateningly.

"Gentlemen," said Ladszlo, wiping a little blood off his chin, "I am merely saying I will be dead by Baghdad if the sysstem iss not improved somewhat."

Saint Clair started to hit him again, but the waiter arrived with fresh beers. Saint Clair put one into Lovejoy's hand, and the brothers raised their glasses. They smiled good-humoredly at each other. "To good will," they said. They drained their glasses and laughed heartily.

"Stan," Roland said, "can you ride a bicycle?"

"Yes, but . . ."

"Get on Ladszlo's wheel and lead the way." He left some money for the beer. "Ladszlo, you carry Mrs. Buchanan and follow us."

"Yess, gentlemen," Ladszlo said, picking up the monkey.

"This is damned hospitable of you, Stan," Saint Clair roared, as they pedaled, three abreast.

"Think nothing of . . ."

"That's the great thing about traveling," Roland roared. "Americans stick together."

"Well," Lovejoy said, "we're all far from home and the least . . ."

"One thing I miss," Saint Clair said, "is good American steak."

"We should've stayed in Cairo," Roland said.

"Will you for the love of God stop saying we should've stayed in Cairo?" Saint Clair bellowed.

"This is where I live," Lovejoy said, hurriedly, as they wheeled into the Mission grounds.

"Like a king!" Saint Clair said enthusiastically, looking around him at the draggled little Mission buildings. "Roland, maybe we ought to stay a couple of days in Aleppo."

"Maybe," Roland said. He flung himself gracefully off his bicycle as Lovejoy stopped in front of his house. "Maybe."

Ladszlo came trotting up, his face slightly green from the exercise in the blazing sun.

"Ladszlo," Roland said, "bring the wheels in."

"Yess, gentlemen," Ladszlo panted, shifting the monkey away from the bare sweating skin of his neck.

Lovejoy led the way up the steps.

"This is really like home," Roland said happily, sinking into the one easy chair and looking at the photograph of Herbert Hoover on the wall.

"The one thing that would make life complete," Saint Clair murmured from the floor, where he was lying comfortably, "is a drink."

"Stanford, you old dog," Roland waved his hand jovially, "I'll bet you've got some stashed away."

"Well," said Lovejoy worriedly, "this is a Mission School, and they rather frown on . . ."

"You old dog," Saint Clair boomed, as Ladszlo, sweating more than ever, brought the first bicycle through the door, "bring it out."

"We'll have to drink it in coffee cups, in case the president happens to . . ."

"Bring it out, you old dog." Roland got up and clapped Lovejoy good-naturedly on the back. "Ladszlo, you are the worst-smelling Hungarian I've ever met."

"It's Mrs. Buchanan," Ladszlo said humbly. "She pisses all over me." He went out to get the second bicycle.

Lovejoy went over to the huge Italian wardrobe in which he kept all his meager belongings. Saint Clair stood behind

(continued on page 271)

SEMANTICS AND THE COLD WAR

Talleyrand said, "Speech was given to man to disguise his thoughts." This was the remark of a clever man. For men of less intelligence, it would be truer to say, "Speech was given to man to prevent thought." Language has been performing this disastrous function throughout all the controversies of the Cold War. How well it has done this is my theme in the present article. Bertrand Russell

The general practice in Cold War controversies has been to choose pairs of words, one thought good and one bad in each pair, to attribute the "good" word to our side and the "bad" word to the other, and to avoid definitions which would show that the "good" word is not wholly applicable to either side and the "bad" word is not wholly inapplicable to either side.

I will begin with the words "defensive" and "offensive." It is the firm belief of both sides that their own weapons are defensive, while the weapons of the other side are offensive. The argument is as follows: Modern weapons can serve two functions. On the one hand, they can be used for a surprise attack, while, on the other hand, they can be used to deter a surprise attack if they survive in sufficient force to be still formidable in the hands of the side that has been attacked. The former use is offensive, the latter defensive. Our side (whichever that may be) would never engage in a surprise attack, whereas the other side might do so at any moment. It follows that all our side's modern weapons are defensive, and all those of the other side are offensive. The attitude on both sides has been made quite explicit on various occasions. A recent British Government pamphlet called *The Key to Disarmament*, in speaking of this matter, says: "It is irrelevant to say that the Soviet Union has no need to fear Western aggression—of course there is no such danger—or to argue that the Soviet Union would not launch an aggression against the West." I wrote in November 1957 an open letter to President Eisenhower and Premier Khrushchev (*The Vital Letters of Russell, Khrushchev, Dulles*, London, MacGibbon & Kee, 1958). Mr. Khrushchev, and John Foster Dulles on behalf of Mr. Eisenhower, replied using almost exactly the above arguments. In the Cuban crisis, the matter passed beyond argument. The Soviet Government asserted that the installations it was making in Cuba were purely defensive and were solely designed to protect Cuba from an attack by the United States. Those who took the Communist side pointed out that American installations in Turkey quite near the Russian frontier were claimed by America to be purely defensive. The Americans retorted that this was in no degree parallel to Russian weapons in Cuba, since the Americans would never initiate an offensive. If Khrushchev had not agreed to remove Russian weapons from Cuba, this semantic game might have continued until we were all dead.

The fundamental assumption which gives rise to such semantic disagreements is the assumption that our side is virtuous and the other side is wicked. John Foster Dulles' reply to the above-mentioned open letter (which was made on February 8, 1958, but doubtless would be made by many Americans today) was very explicit on this subject. He said: "The creed of the United States is based on the tenets of moral law. That creed, as well as the universal conviction of the United States, rejects war except in self-defense. This abhorrence of war, this determination to substitute peaceful negotiation for force in the settlement of international disputes is solidly founded on the religious conviction that guided our forefathers in writing the documents that marked the birth of America's independence." Khrushchev, as might have been expected, retorted by asking whether the Mexican War of 1846 and the Spanish-American War of 1898 were purely defensive. He went on *(continued on page 206)*

VELVET AND APOLLO fiction By FREDERIC MORTON

they frolicked in the water—not yet quite ready for love, but fully prepared to play all its games

THERE I LAY, wet and quick-breathing from the swim, and she sat next to me, moist and glistening. The world was 19 because I was 19, and the world was 18 because she had said she was 18 though I suspected she was less. Brooklyn's Brighton Beach boiled with teeming proletarian Sunday. About us moved a forest of red-burned legs. Ball-catching children whirred. The whine of mothers sounded, admonishing not to drink while overheated. The air was crowded even with smells: the smells of egg-salad sandwiches, suntan oil, sweat seasoned with salt water, the mustard tang from hot-dog stands. The hurried traffic of bathers kicked up pieces of orange peel along with sand; requests chorused from all sides to please watch people's stuff while they went in for a dip for just a minute.

There we were in the midst of all this and, for the simple reason that I was 19 and she dubiously 18, as inviolable and removed from it all as the sun itself that blazed down from above.

On the blanket we sprawled. I headlong, she leaning against my raised knee. The drops running down her back mingled with those sliding from my calf. When we moved, our wet skins slapped together. She took off her bathing cap and slowly, one by one, removed the bobby pins from her hair till the black shining tower on top of her head leaned, fell, flowed out into the curtain that brushed against her pink shoulders. Each bobby pin, as it was

freed, she stuck gravely into the brown wool on my chest. And though the idea was unexpected, hilarious, I pressed back my laughter because she wouldn't laugh, and just nodded soberly in acknowledgment. The mutual forbearance was like a secret code, danced back and forth between our eyes.

Everything danced. The hair on my chest was as brand-new as the breasts straining against the halter of her black bathing suit. We were both *nouveaux riches* of the flesh, new enough to the joys of our wealth to ignore its stringencies. We weren't in love. But we rejoiced in each other because each dramatized the other's power of attraction; each was the show window of the other's eligibility. I noticed her being appraised by passing men and took in their sidelong envy. And when she saw a girl grow self-conscious under my studied lazy-male glance, she jabbed a bobby pin down proudly, possessively, into my chest-hair coiffure.

No, we weren't "serious." Passion would have been too inconveniently adult, too rigorous, too desperate. But playing at passion was wonderful. It was making the most of immaturity. There were so few people you could do that with. And that's why my discovery of her at the fraternity dance had been so important.

There had been a bright puddle of girls in the gymnasium corner (I couldn't really distinguish faces from afar without my glasses)—she in the midst of it. Her figure and hair were gorgeous by the strictest collegiate standards. I went straight at her. Her face was a bit aquiline. Something struck me about her dress, and a brave phrase jumped from nowhere onto my tongue: "Pardon me, Velvet, may I have this dance?" She was transformed in the instant from a disguised wallflower to a chosen goddess. The skirt of her velvet ensemble fell into sculptured folds, her hand waved a sublime "Toodle-oo . . ." to her friends. Wordless and enigmatic, she preceded me to the dance

floor, and not until we had touched each other did she, eyes raised, ask:

"Now, how in the world did you ever guess my name?"

"By my sense of touch," I replied, inspired.

"You don't say. What do they call you?"

"Oh . . ." I temporized—till the lightning hit me: "Apollo."

"Hi, Apollo," without batting an eyelash.

"You can call me Ap."

The band struck up *Sleepy Lagoon* and I who had rehearsed the slant of my pipe and she who had probably brooded over what shade of lipstick to wear, we both forgot the awkwardness of adolescence in the playful glory of it. We were Velvet and Apollo floating down a brook of trumpets and sweet violins.

We realized it before the number was over: We were a team. With others you had to work hard to make the boy-girl fun click. With her it came naturally. She could inhabit effortlessly any world of make-believe I conjured up. Somehow we were the same speed.

And so came Sunday, our date.

We had met early when the beach was almost bare. She had come with her bathing suit already on under the cotton print. From her arm hung a lunch basket smelling of pastrami.

We slipped our street clothes off. The sight of my chest made her scream with delight.

"Hairy Apollo! Hairy Ap!"

"Hurry up yourself!"

"Hairy Ap!"

I chased her into the surf. But she was very nimble. A junior lifeguard, she took advantage of the rollers. The explosive, sun-dazzled brine blinded me. I couldn't catch her.

"Look, I'm drowning," I cried craftily, and stuck my arms up. "I demand to be saved."

She saved me. She was up and at me from behind, dragging me roughly by the neck. But not for long.

"Hey!"

I was mute, dead.

"Hey, Apollo! Watch your hands!"

I floated limply.

"Leave off, d'you hear?"

"I am unconscious, dear Velvet. I don't know what I am doing."

"You don't say!"

I was dunked unceremoniously.

Once more I pursued, drowned, and once more was saved and reprimanded. And once more . . . By the time we came out panting, holding wet hands, it was past 11. Umbrellas and people had mushroomed around our blanket. We wolfed the pastrami sandwiches, the pickles and the apples in her basket. And we plunged right back into the water, my medical wisdom as a biology major notwithstanding. We couldn't stop. Nor could we stop talking, wisecracking, because it came so easy. It had never come so easy before. We tossed the wet-bright words at each other, like little children who have just learned to throw multicolored balls.

Only once in the effervescent tumbling a mistake tripped us. I caught, kissed her. And all was still. The sea's surge was suspended and a thousand outcries froze. Her mouth lay quiet, appalled next to mine. The somber gluttony of lust overcame us. Burst, our nicknames' fly-by-night beauty. We could no longer play at living; we were caught up in its desperate and ravenous actuality. It reduced us to what we were. Her façade of teenage glamor vanished. Beside me writhed a queasy adolescent with badly shaved armpits. In the thinness of her lips I felt the pressures, the pitifulness of her humanity. Of a sudden I surmised that all her romances had to contend with her mother's wrinkled suspicions, that she had fretted for many minutes over blackheads in her blurred hand mirror.

"No . . ." she gurgled.

A wave washed us apart. The sea resumed its tossing, the golden beach simmered in front of me, shoals of voices swam about. Splendid, spangled, our toyland closed round again.

"You're a masher!" she cried.

And crawled away from me. I followed. We reached a buoy. I wanted to sit on it. She wouldn't let me. She tilted it when I got on top.

"Wait, I'll do the same to you!"

"*I* don't want to get on it," she said haughtily and swam out farther, I in her wake.

"Shall I teach you the back crawl?" she called after a while.

"Yes, do."

"But you don't deserve it. You're a masher."

"Come on, please, Velvet. 'The quality of mercy is not strain'd . . .'"

"A highbrow! An educated masher! Shut up!"

She was treading at my side, taking my wrist.

"Stretch your hand out like this . . ."

Afterward we drifted on our backs. I closed my eyes. The sea was a vast cool rocking cradle. On my lids, as on a canvas, the sun painted vibrant darkness. We were so far from the shore, no other swimmers disturbed the ear. Only the oars of passing boats clucked. The beach purred in the distance.

"Say, Apollo, wake up! Are you as hungry as I am?"

I was—terribly and instantly as soon as she had said it. I was so hungry that I won our race back to shore.

"Sneak!" She splashed me from behind. "You started earlier!"

The surf licked warm round our ankles as we ran out. When we reached our blanket we were nearly dry, for the day was in its prime and slammed down its incandescence. I dug into my pockets for change; my stomach clamored. Then we threaded our way through a maze of bodies, sand and Sunday papers. On the boardwalk she discovered that she had forgotten her sandals.

"That wood is hot! Give me your shoes like a gentleman?"

I refused like a gentleman, in very gallant and regretful terms. She began to whine and to bob up and down. Her bosom shook in rhythm with the long black tresses.

"Saint Vitus' dance," I explained casually to passers-by, and she made showmanship out of her indignation, for she had noticed the mild stir she made.

But she forgot her feet when we were in line before the hamburger stand. The slower the line moved, the hungrier we got. And the sounds and the scents! I have never smelled anything like it since: the sharp fine tang of mustard ladled out of porcelain jars; the pungency of catsup soaking into rolls; the toothsome crackle of chopped meat on the hot plate; the cool hiss of sodas being opened. We were starvelings in the desert, we would die if we didn't get ours soon . . .

And then we had ours; it sizzled in the hand. I plumped down on the one vacant corner of a nearby bench.

She was beside herself.

"Sadist! Let me sit. You know I can't stand it on my feet anymore!"

Munching, I offered my lap. She was in no position to argue. Legs dangling, she sat across my thighs and fell to. My wet hair tousled down my forehead and moistened her neck. She wiped herself off with the towel that was draped picturesquely round my neck. Occasionally her small snowy teeth raided my hamburger, abducted large portions.

"Hey!"

"That's for being such a sadist!"

I snapped, vainly, at her bun. We laughed, spattered relish on each other, guzzled Coke. She perched, fluttered, twittered on my lap, a red-breasted robin. An old man with a cane paused to look at us. Together, we were a daydream. Since puberty we had been tantalized by the myth of carelessly desirous youth; its icons had glittered down on us in the form of movie stills and deodorant posters. For years we had reached out for it—only to founder in sweaty park-bench maneuvers. Now, at last, it seemed attained.

"Mmmm," she said.

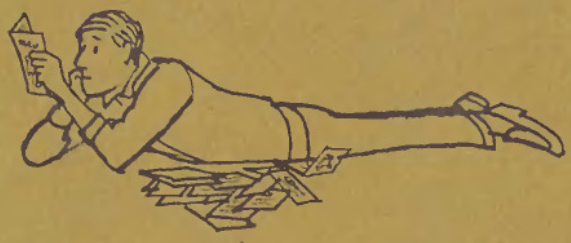
Down we went into the sand again, licking the catsup off our fingers, down through the helter-skelter of bellies and toes to our blanket. For the first time we felt the need for a little rest. She stretched herself out, her ankles locked, the white undersides of her tanned arms opening over her head like the petals of a flower. I cushioned my head on her

(concluded on page 226)

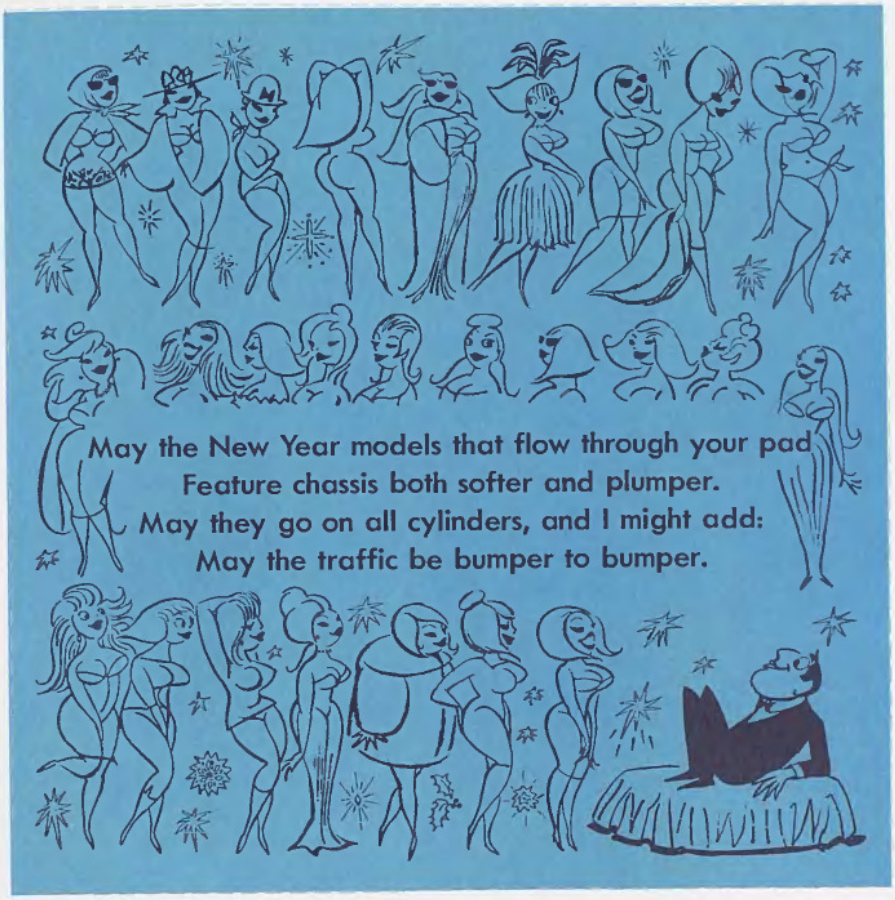
Playboy's Christmas Cards

missives and missiles for the jolly season

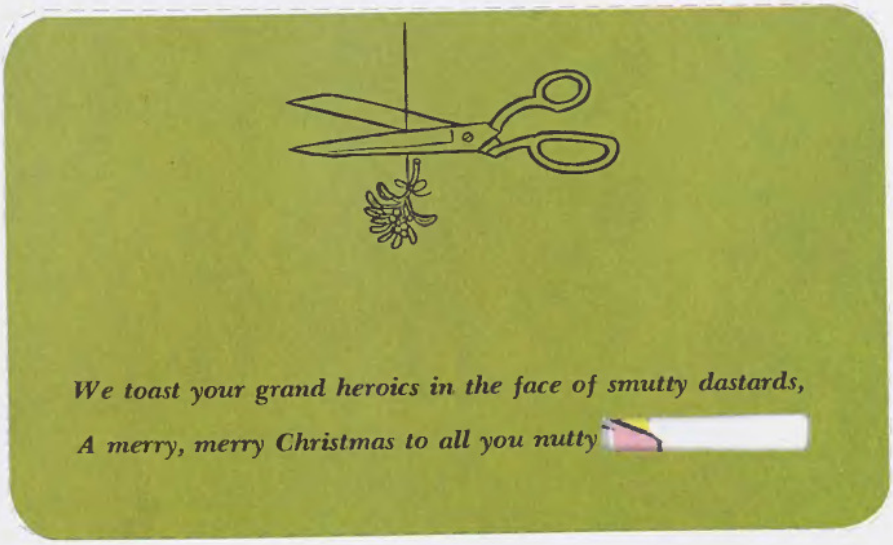
verse By JUDITH WAX AND LARRY SIEGEL



If you get my card first, and then I get yours
(A red one, a green one, or blue one),
How will I know if you're thinking of me,
Or you sent it because I sent <u>you</u> one?
But if yours arrives first, and then you get mine
(A beaut, if I ever did see one),
Can you tell if it's true that I'm thinking of you?
Or was mine sent because you sent <u>me</u> one?


May the New Year models that flow through your pad
Feature chassis both softer and plumper.
May they go on all cylinders, and I might add:
May the traffic be bumper to bumper.


Don Madden
TO THE GUY WHO STOLE MY GIRL

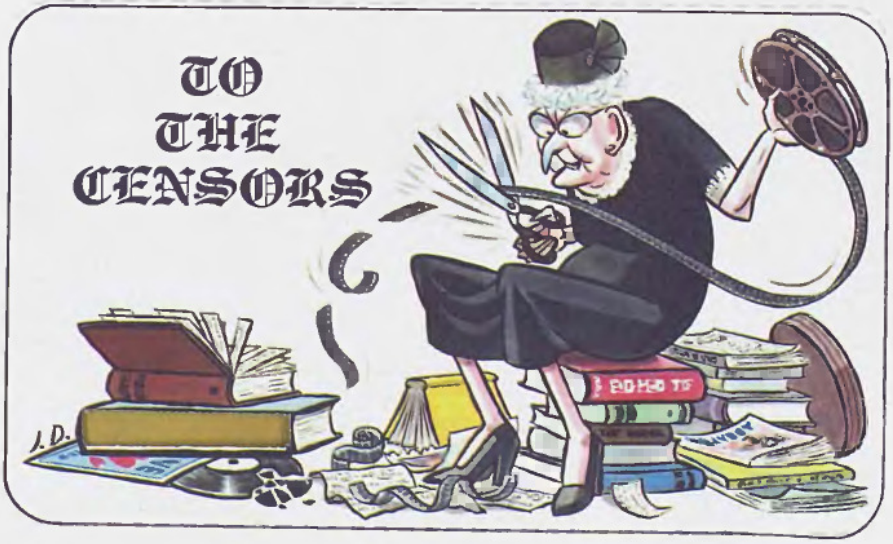

We toast your grand heroics in the face of smutty dastards,
A merry, merry Christmas to all you nutty

TO A PLAYBOY

(a special holiday traffic greeting)

Though you shopped around quite early
And picked an expensive prize,
When the Christmas rush is over
Don't return the merchandise.

TO THE CENSORS



Playboy's Christmas Cards

missives and missiles for the jolly season

verse By JUDITH WAX AND LARRY SIEGEL

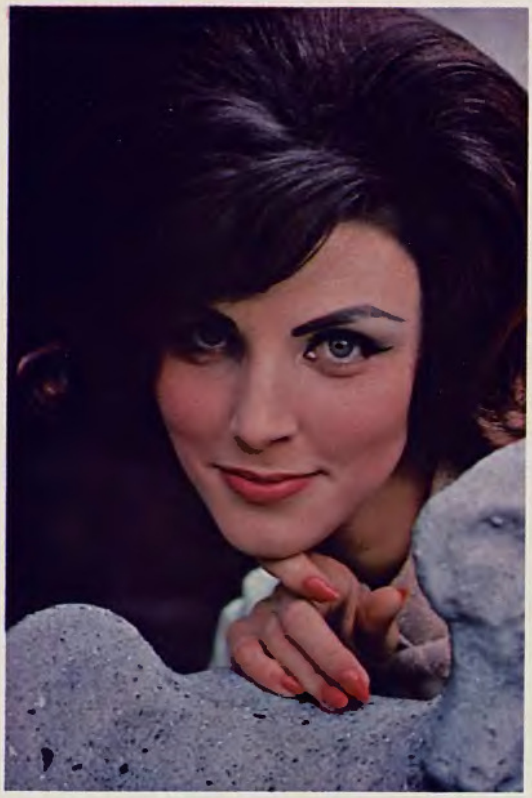
TO A PUZZLED PEN PAL

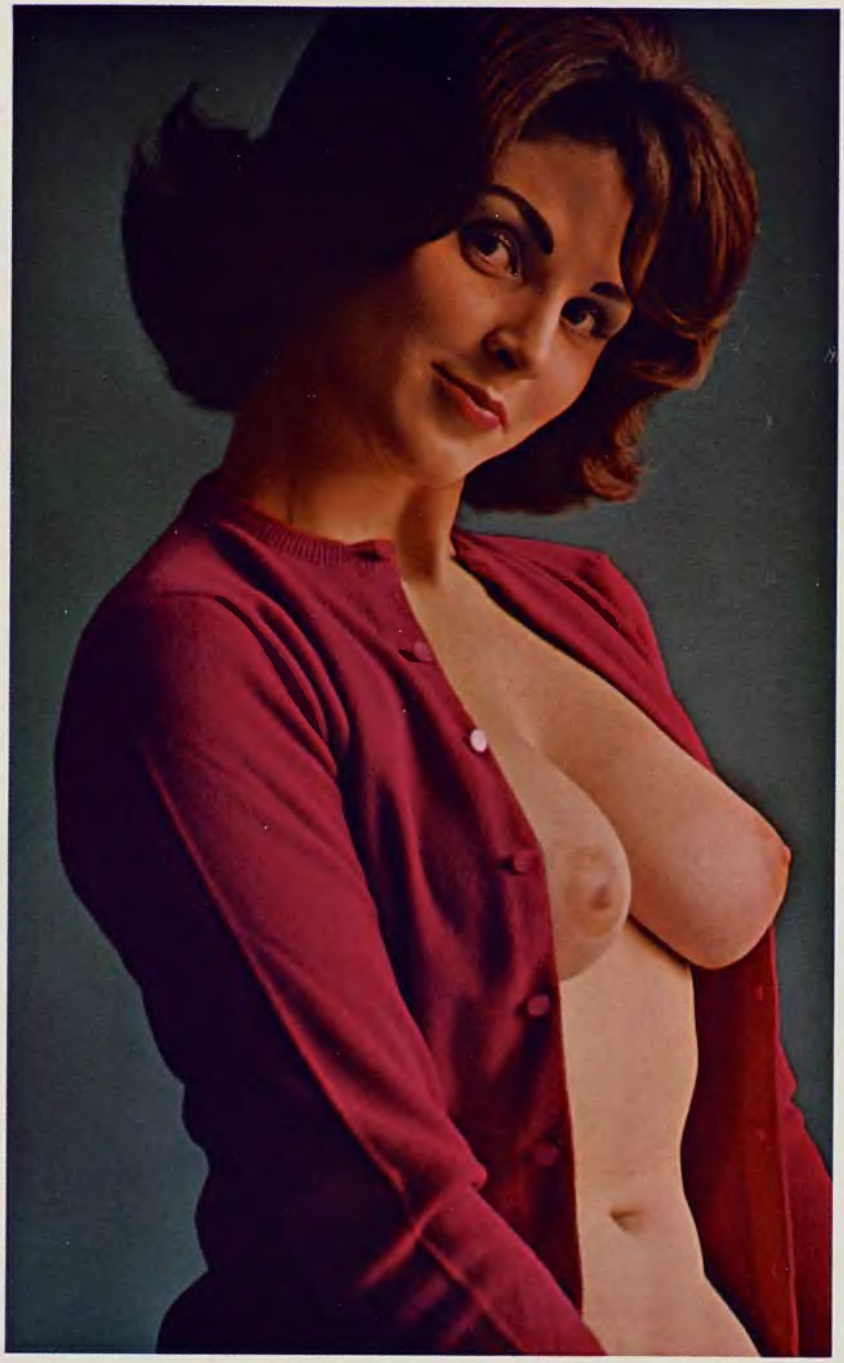
(from a puzzled pen pal)

READERS' CHOICE

ten favorite playmates from playboy's first ten years

LAST DECEMBER, we chose ten favorite Playmates from among the more than one hundred who have adorned our centerfold during PLAYBOY's first decade of publication, and graphically announced our selections in a feature called *Editors' Choice*. We invited PLAYBOY readers similarly to select their all-time top ten, and gave them a chance to review their favorites, from December 1953 through December 1963, in the monthly feature *Playmates Revisited*. Proving that tastes in beauty are more universal than most connoisseurs might want to admit, PLAYBOY readers and editors, batting a spectacular .700, agreed on seven out of ten girls—Connie Mason, Janet Pilgrim, Christa Speck, Joyce Nizzari, Lisa Winters, Heidi Becker and Donna Michelle—with three new faces, Laura Young, June Cochran and Toni Ann Thomas, filling out the figure ten. Here they are, the choicest Playmates of the Decade, as chosen by you, our readers.





LAURA YOUNG is a swinging lady driver whom we first met on the rolling green of a golf course. We were sufficiently impressed with her classic form (36-25-36) to ask her to be our October 1962 Playmate. At that time we learned that lovely Laura, in addition to pursuing her carefree country-club sport of letting the chip shots fall where they may, is also skilled at painting ceramics, and secretly addicted to confession magazines. We also discovered that because she was brought up in a Navy family, she led a peripatetic childhood, moving from Miami to Panama to Key West to Red Bank—and finally to Chicago, where she hoped to become a model. Since teeing off with her gatefold appearance, Laura's fashion career has been driving in high.

CONNIE MASON was a successful *haute couture* mannequin (she worked for the famous Oleg Cassini) and a Bunny in both the Miami and Chicago Playboy Clubs before becoming Playmate of the Month in June 1963. As eye-catching and well assembled as the gowns she wears, Connie is graphic proof that not all fashion models are spindle-shanked, slab-chested and hollow-cheeked. Since her gatefold appearance, she has elicited a number of movie offers, not the least of them from producer Howard Hawks. Whether in films (her current preference) or modeling (her former one), Connie gets our nod for any best-dressed—or undressed—list.

JANET PILGRIM, who appeared a record three times as Playmate of the Month—July 1955, December 1955 and October 1956—was the inspiration for PLAYBOY's "girl-next-door" Playmate concept. This is more than a figure of speech, for Janet literally was discovered next door—to Editor-Publisher Hugh Hefner's office—where she headed the magazine's fledgling Subscriptian Department. Because of the tremendous reader response to her fresh, wholesome qualities, a genre was born and has continued with noteworthy papularity. Beautiful Janet, in the meantime, has been the titular director of PLAYBOY's Reader Service Department.

CHRISTA SPECK is a spectacular import from Germany who is partial to jazz, modern dance and experimental drama. She was not only unanimously voted Playmate of the Year by PLAYBOY's editars—after her twin appearances as Miss September 1961 and as a house guest in the *Ploymate Holiday House Porty* (December 1961)—but has proved equally popular among PLAYBOY readers: Christa's foldout feature has garnered more fan mail than any ather in the magazine's history.

JOYCE NIZZARI first posed before PLAYBOY cameras for the July 1958 cover, wearing a pair of green sunglasses and a bikini of Robbit emblems. Our readers, recognizing Playmate potential when they saw it, wrote in demanding that Joyce be given gatefold treatment sans bikini, and sunglasses, too. Only 18 when she appeared as our December 1958 Playmate, Joyce, as these photographs attest, gets prettier every year. Since 1958, she's acted in a number of films, including *A Hole in the Head* (with Frank Sinatra) and *The Great Race* (with Tony Curtis), as well as such TV shows as *Burke's Law*, *The Beverly Hillbillies* and *The Man from U.N.C.L.E.* When told that she had been chosen for *Readers' Choice*, Joyce said how pleased she was "that readers still remember" her. It isn't difficult, we think, with a beauty like Joyce.

LISA WINTERS is a sun-ripened Miami product, who was discovered by photographer Bunny Yeager waiting for a bus. Her subsequent Playmate appearance in December 1956 has been an all-time favorite. A year later, we published a feature about Lisa, describing how her shyness (she has never posed for a male photographer) had prevented her from accepting acting offers. While we regret the entertainment world's loss, we can't help being grateful for women photographers—and Miami buses.

HEIDI BECKER, a Milwaukee miss who hailed from Austria (when she was strudel-sweet 16), established our June 1961 issue as a memorable one. Originally a hair stylist in the city that made beer famous, she was discovered by PLAYBOY photographer Mario Casilli in Los Angeles (together with her close friend, Christa Speck). Heidi, back in Europe and thrilled at being selected far *Readers' Choice*, wrote us that she still digs dancing, savors summertime swimming and continues her year-round taste for awesome quantities of pizza, a proclivity which has had no adverse effect on her remarkable figure.

DONNA MICHELLE nurtured lifelong theotrical ombitions when she appeared as our December 1963 Playmate. Her gatefald prompted acting offers from stage, screen and TV producers, all as impressed with Donna as PLAYBOY's editors are. We not only unanimously selected her the current Playmate of the Year, but have used her likeness to brighten our Christmas subscriptian ads and have shown Donna adding a beautifying personal touch to the Jamaica Playboy Club in our September 1964 issue.

JUNE COCHRAN, who combines little-girl charm with big-girl proportions, was raised in Indianapolis. Although she's adept at twisting and miniature golf, partial to Corvettes and shish kabob, June talks most readily about her phenomenal luck in contests: In 1961, she was selected Miss Indiana in the Miss Universe Pageant; in 1962, she won the same title in the Miss World Cantest. After being chosen December 1962 Playmate, June was one of the principals in a three-way tie for 1963's Playmate of the Year. A readers' runoff placed the crown on June's lovely blande tresses. At present, she's a winsome and photogenic Phota Bunny in the Chicago Playboy Club.

TONI ANN THOMAS, an instructress for Vic Tanny's before becoming our February 1963 Playmate, obviously knows what there is to know about keeping in shape (38-22-36). California born and bred, Toni earns her bread working in public relations, occupies her spare time reading upbeat fiction and indulging a penchant for comedies and whodunits at the flicks. Also an ardent shutterbug, Toni is one of those rare creatures who makes a pretty picture regardless of which side of the lens she's on. Although her main ambition is "to marry a nice guy," Toni is still unattached.

"At one point I was down to practically nothing!"

the virgin's cup

Ribald Classic
from the Hungarian folklore of Petófi

A HANDSOME young doctor was called into the palace of an elderly Magyar duke to care for the aging ruler. The duke lived in the huge place with only his servants and his lovely young daughter.

Even though the girl was less than 19, she was magnificently endowed and was sought after by all the young males in the region. However, she was terribly shy in public, and the young doctor found his blandishments of little aid in his own courtship of the charmer.

To help the duke rest better, the doctor served him an opiate each night that threw him into a sound sleep for eight full hours. During those hours, the patient resisted all attempts to be aroused, yet was responsive to all other physical impulses.

This gave the young doctor an idea. One evening, when the warm spring night set his pulses pounding with desire, the doctor decided to give the girl a bit of the same medicine he served her father.

He reasoned that after she had retired for the night, he would steal to her room, gently lift her from the bed and carry her to his own pallet where he would savor her delights without letting the girl realize what was taking place.

His *coup de grâce* was even more masterful. In the morning when she would awaken, he would turn the tables on her by demanding to know whatever had possessed her to steal into his room late at night to seduce him.

He set the trap nicely. He asked the lass to share a pot of tea with him. The girl was hesitant, but succumbed to his pleas and the tea was served. When she wasn't looking, he quickly slipped the drug into her cup.

He accomplished all this by busying himself to such an extent that he "accidentally" knocked over a platter of teacakes. In the resulting confusion, he was able to slip the drug into her cup without notice. After he produced a cloth and tidied up, they sat down finally to drink their brew.

The maiden retired. An hour later, the young doctor tiptoed into her chamber and gently lifted the limp but luscious form of the young beauty into his throbbing arms. He swiftly carried her to his room and lowered her onto the bed. He eagerly crawled in beside her and was soon launched into a wonderful night of frolic.

Morning rolled around too quickly and he realized he had to get her back to her chamber. Gently, he shook the girl awake. Her eyes widened as she saw where she was. He clapped his hand over her lips to prevent an outcry and explained how she had "surprised" him in his sleep. The girl listened aghast, then rushed from the room hiding her face.

The doctor calmly dressed and then headed downstairs, smiling softly to himself as he prepared to start his day's rounds. As he moved past the kitchen, he heard muttering. He paused to overhear the scullery maid complaining to the cook:

"That girl is a disgrace! She ruined our nice potted violet!"

"How?" the cook wondered.

"Last night! The nice young doctor gave her a cup of tea and when he wasn't looking she dumped it all onto the violet! Why didn't she just tell him she hates tea?"

—Retold by William Danch

SAUVE QUI PEUT *(continued from page 139)*

indisposition, and this we did as one man. But before we could post off our polite, almost joyful refusals to these amiable Kurds, Polk-Mowbray called a general meeting in chancery. He was pensive, he was pale and grave, quite the Hamlet. "I suppose you have all received this," he said, holding up a pasteboard square on which the dullest eye could descry the sickle and minarets of the Kurdish arms with the sort of crossed cruets underneath.

"Yes," we chorused.

"I suppose you have all refused," went on our chief, "and in a way I am glad. I don't want my mission to develop a taste for blood—these things grow on one. But it does raise rather a problem, for the Kurds are a young, buoyant, up-and-coming little country with a rapidly declining economy and they are fearfully touchy. It is inconceivable that Her Majesty's Government should not be represented at this affair by *one* of us. Besides, who knows, it might be informal, touching, colorful, even instructive . . . what the devil? But *someone* should be there; we just can't ignore two-legged Kurds in the modern world. The next thing is, they will vote against us in the UN. You take my point?

"Well, I have sat up all night worrying about the affair and (having no taste for blood myself) have arrived at a perfectly democratic solution which I know you will approve and I hope you will respect." From behind his back came his left hand holding a packet of straws. "Whoever draws the shortest straw will represent us!" he cried shrilly. We all paled to the gums, but what could we do? It was a command. Closing our eyes, lips moving in prayer, we drew. Well and . . . yes, of course I did. I drew the shortest straw.

I let out—I could not help it—a rueful exclamation, almost a shout. "But surely, sir," I cried. But Polk-Mowbray, his face full of compassion, smote me on the shoulder. "Antrobus," he said, "I could not have wished for anyone more reliable, more circumspect, more jolly unflinching. Anyone less likely to faint. I am glad—yes, glad with all my heart—that fate should have chosen you. *Courage, mon vieux!*"

This was all very well. I wasn't a bit cockered up by all this praise. My lip trembled, voice faltered. "Is there no other way?" I cried out in my anguish, gazing from face to stony face. There wasn't, it would seem. Polk-Mowbray shook his head with a kind of sweet sadness, like a mother superior demobbing a novice. "It is kismet, Antrobus," he said, and I felt a sort of coffin lid close on me. I squared my shoulders and let my chin fall with a thump onto my chest. I was a beaten man. I thought of my old widowed mother in St. Abdomen in the Wold—what would she say if she knew? I thought of many things. "Well," I said at last, "so be it." I must say, everyone brightened up, looked awfully relieved. Moreover, for the next few days I received every mark of consideration from my colleagues. They spoke to me in hushed voices, hushed commiserating voices, as if I were an invalid. They tiptoed about for fear of disturbing my reveries. I thought of a hundred ways out of the affair, but none of them seemed practicable. I went so far as to sit in a draft, hoping I would catch pneumonia; I hinted broadly that I would surrender my two stalls for the Bolshoi to anyone kind enough to replace me . . . in vain.

At last the day dawned; there was nothing for it but to climb into sponge-bag (the old morning coat and the black and whites) and hoist gongs (tack on the decorations). At last I was ready. The whole chancery was lined up to shake my hand and see me off. Polk-Mowbray had put the Rolls at my disposal, pennant and all. "I've told the driver to take a first-aid kit with him," he said hoarsely. "One never knows in these matters." You would have thought that I was to be the sacrificial lamb from the way he went on. De Mandeville pressed his smelling salts into my hand and said, "Do give little Abdul all our sympathy!" As for Dovebasket, he pressed his Leica upon me, saying, "Try and get a close-up. The *Sunday Times* color supplement is crying out for something new, and they pay like fiends; I'll split with you—it's one chance in a million to scoop Tony!" The little blackhead! But I was too broken to speak. I handed the thing back without a word and stepping into the car I cried faintly, "To the Kurdish Embassy, Tobias!"

The Kurds had everything arranged most tastefully, I must say; lots of jolly decent-looking refreshments laid out under a huge marquee on the back lawn. Here we Dips congregated. I noticed that most missions had sent acting vice-consuls smelling for the most part of brandy and looking pale and strained. Now the Kurds may be a young nation, but they look as crafty as some of the older. The mission was dressed in spanking *tenue*, but in one corner, presiding over a side table covered in grisly-looking Stone Age instruments, stood a small group of sinister men clad in horse blankets of various colors. They had shaven skulls and purple gums and they conversed in a series of dry clicks like Bushmen. Faces which suggested nothing so much as opencast coal mining. This, I took it, was the medical wing of the Kurdish Embassy—the executioners. But where was the little beardless youth in whose honor all this joyful frolic had been arranged? I went so far as to ask. "Ah!" cried the ambassador. "He will be here in a minute. He is on his way from the airport." I was a bit puzzled by this, but . . . Kurds have their own way of doing things. "And think of it," went on the head of mission, clasping his hands, "Abdul knows nothing of all this! It is a surprise for him, a little surprise. He will be very joyful when he sees . . ." He waved at the group of executioners. Well, I thought to myself, let joy be unconfined, and tried to draw strength from some rather good *rahat-loukoum*—Turkish delight—which I found in a corner. After all, one could close one's eyes, or turn the head; one needn't actually *look*, I told myself.

Luckily my fears were groundless. Imagine our collective surprise when Abdul bounded into the tent to embrace his mother and father; instead of some puling adolescent we beheld a tough-looking youth of some 20 summers with a handsome mustache and a frank, open countenance. This was to be the victim! I must say, his frank, open countenance clouded as he took in the import of the business. He showed every sort of unwillingness to enter into the full joyfulness of the occasion. Wouldn't you? Moreover, he was just down from Oxford where he had not only taken a good degree, but had got his boxing blue. His mother and father looked troubled and began to urge, to plead, in Kurdish. But he respectfully declined, giving every mark of disapprobation.

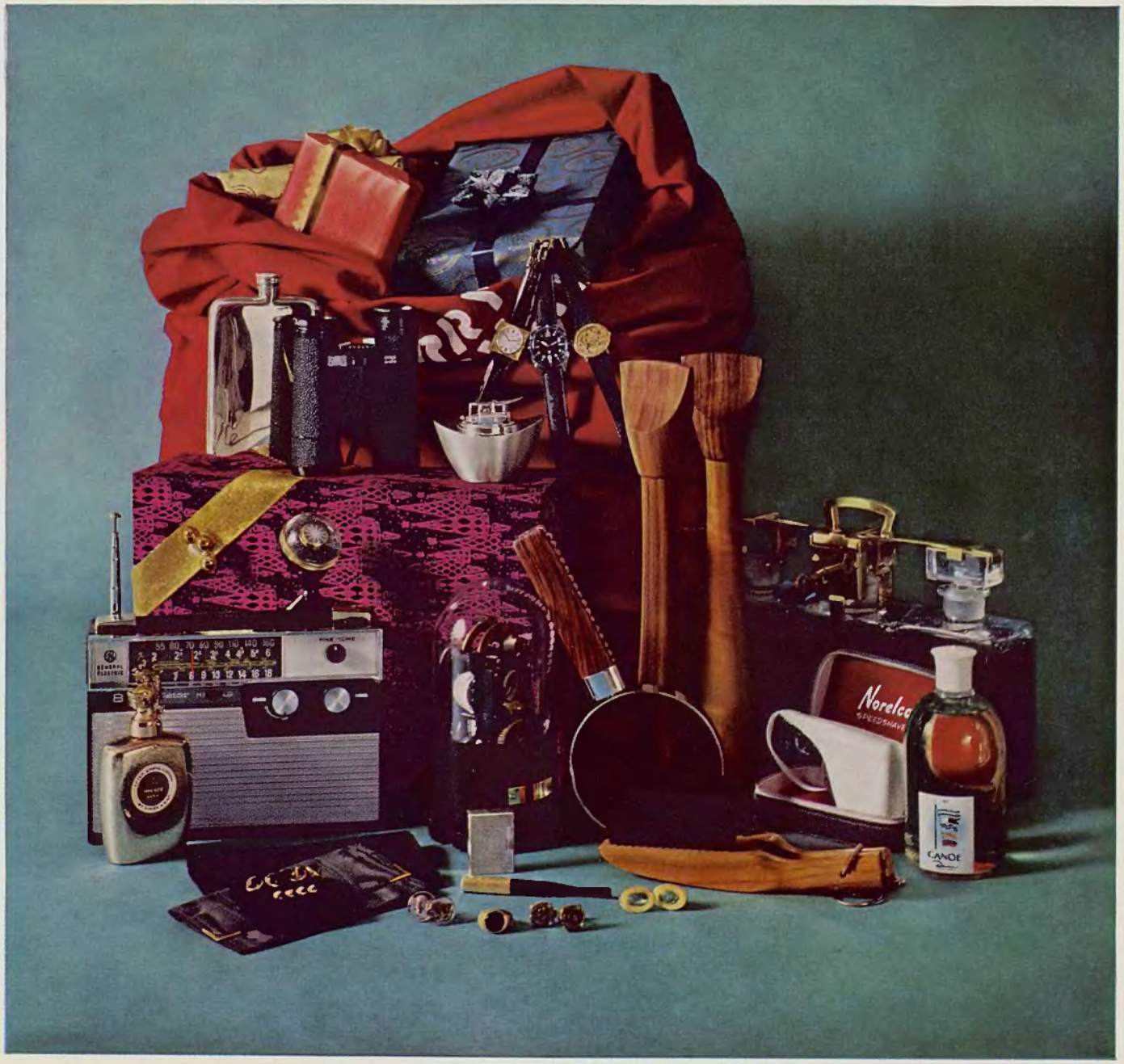
He shook his head violently, and his eye flashed. At last his father lost patience and motioned to the thugs in the corner. But the young man had learned something at Oxford. With a right and left he sent two sprawling; the others climbed on his back. A terrible fracas broke out. Cartwheeling round like a top with the Kurds on his back, Abdul mowed half the corps down and upset the trestle tables; then, reversing, he knocked the tent pole out and the whole thing collapsed on us in a billowing cloud of colored stuff. Shouts, yells . . . I lost my topper, but managed to crawl out from under. I tottered to the gate, yelling for Tobias. All I got out of the affair was a box of Turkish delight, which I shared round the chancery. It met with approval and I was the hero of the hour. Compliments? They fairly forked them up to me! Polk-Mowbray was in two minds about the sort of figure I had cut, but after giving it thought, he summed the matter up jolly sagely. "In diplomacy," he said, "it is so often a case of *sauve qui peut*."

playboy presents handsome holiday swag from santa's sack

Clockwise from one: Italion shoehorn, 2½ feet long, with pigskin hondle topped by o bross jockey cap, from Rigoud, $25. Eight-doy pendulum clock in oiled wolnut with gold numbers, by Howord Miller, $80. Portoble tonning ond heolth lomp, eosy to corry and set up, gives complete ultroviolet spectrum from its fused quortz orc tube, by Seo & Ski, $42.50. Wolnut and oak desk organizer, 21 inches long, by Raymor, $25. Diplomat pen with lorge plotinum decorated point, by Montblonc, $33. Troveling bor set with cocktoil mixer, Thermos, meosuring cup, drinking cups, bor tool, spoon, knife, by Esswoy, $175. Tonbork ofter shave (5 ozs.) ond soap, by Lenthéric, $4.50. Signoture sproy cologne (3 ozs.), by Mox Foctor, $2.50. Breuer-designed lounge chair, with mirror-polished chrome-tube frome, leother strops, by Stendig, Inc., $400. 244-mognum bolt-oction rifle with handmade, finely engraved Monte Corlo stock of choice wolnut, by Hollond ond Hollond, $1375. Quorter-keg home droft beer dispenser, perforoted cover over king-size droin pon holds 12 16-oz. glosses; olso feotures o mognetic door with sofety lock, one-piece formed styrene cobinet liner under rust-resistont steel body, by Marvel Industries, $359.95. Super-Novigator portoble rodio, tunes to stondord broadcast bond, FAA weother-novigotion stotions os well as morine weother-novigation and CAP stotions, by Zenith, $109.95. Swiss wool-chollis muffler with block ground, poisley pottern, by Hondcraft, $11. Vogue floor lamp, body finished in nickel motte with bose of block-locquered metol, sphere is mounted on o mognet and rotates in ony direction; olso feotures foot-operoted master switch, low-voltage bulb equivolent to opproximotely 100 wotts; 62 inches high, by Stiffel, $100. Bor cobinet of Americon wolnut with block-leother doors, white lominoted plastic serving oreo, vinyl-covered shelf, by Jens Risom, $840. Set of 6 clossic thin-stem wineglosses, by Boccorot, $37.50. Tope recorder with two seporote speoker systems ond keyboord control; olso feotures tilt-out control ponel, computer-type reels ond outomoticolly oligned record, ploy-back and erose units, by Webcor, $500. Gourmet center with ice-crusher ond con-opener ottochments; feotures twin push-button releases on top ponel for eosy removol of ottochment ot either end, push-button on/off switch, by Homilton Beoch, $41.85. Woven silk muffler, cross striped with fringed edge, from Itoly, by Handcroft, $18. Double cigorette box of wolnut ond ook, by Roymor, $13. Chor-cool-brown Orlon knit cordigon sweater, six buttons, brown ond gold suede front, welt pockets, by Leonordo Strassi, $27.50.


ERRY
TM S!

Left, clockwise from noon: Electric shaver, by Schick, $19. Refracting telescope, 6.5 x 30, by Swift, $9.95. Java snake belt, reverses to French calf, by Sulka, $15. Brushed-brass clock, from Abercrombie & Fitch, $77. Walnut pipe caddy, from Abercrombie & Fitch, $25. Matched-grain 7-piece pipe set, by Kaywoodie, $150. AM/FM clock radio, by Elgin, $65. Old-fashioned shaving mirror, from Hammacher Schlemmer, $19.50. Razor, cuts diagonally for closer shave, by Dunhill, $5.95. English shaving brush, from Bullock & Jones, $18.50. Fidget stone for busy executives, by Von Hagen & Co., $10. Dominoes with polished inlaid wood cribbage board and pegs, by Bullock & Jones, $17.50. Gold toothpick, 14k, by Sulka, $19.80. Onyx cuff links, by Donte, $15. Message center, allows you to leave tape-recorded notes for your secretary, roommate, etc., by Westinghouse, $39.95. French milled soap, by Mennen, $1.50. Long-distance Swiss watch, one movement shows back-home time, other movement, local time, from Bullock & Jones, $104.50. Jockey Club shave lotion (3 ozs.), by Caswell-Massey, $4. York Town shave lotion (6¾ ozs.), by Shulton, $3.50. Range finder, all purposes, from All Hands, $29.95. Classic blender, by Oster, $63. Statesman attaché case, by Samsonite, $24.95. Wool vest in lightweight double-knit, by Sulka, $23.50. Button lighter, 14k solid gold, by Bentley, $495. 4711 cologne (3.72 ozs.), from Cologne, $3. **Below,** clockwise from noon: Thinline watch, 14k, 17 jewels, by Hamilton, $175. Skindiver's watch, 17 jewels, pressure resistant, by Vantage, $29.95. Transparent watch, 18k gold case, 17 jewels, by Lucien Piccard, $300. Salt shaker and pepper mill of stained teak, by Dansk, $22. Three liquor decanters in brass case, from Rigaud, $66. Speedshaver, by Norelco, $19.95. Canoe cologne (16 ozs.), by Dana, $14. Combination coat hanger and brush, by Kent, $7.50. Cuff links, gold-filled with jade, by Dunhill, $19.25. Authentic bronze coins, struck in Imperial Alexandrian mint, 14k mounting, by Merrin, $45. Onyx ring, by Botell Ring Co., $75. De-nicotea cigarette holder in 14k, by Dunhill, $62.50. Button lighter, from Bullock & Jones, $33. Buffalo nickel cuff links, from Bennie's Coin Shop, $7.95. Cat's-eye formal cuff links and studs, 14k settings, by Sulka, $93.50. Black moire evening wallet with 24k corners, by Rigaud, $50. Alligator pocket secretary, by Rumpp, $60. Imperial Gold shave lotion (5 ozs.), by Kings Men, $1.25. Portable radio, AM, short wave, marine and weather, by General Electric, $39.95. Thermometer-paperweight, by Honeywell Inc., $3.95. Britannia metal flask, from A. & F., $17. Binoculars, 8 x 30, by Zeiss, $149. Varaflame button lighter, by Ronson, $20. Cellophane tape—dispensing replica of ticker tape, from Hammacher Schlemmer, $10. Magnifying glass, from Dunhill, $27.50.



Above, clockwise from noon: Glass boot cocktail mixer set, from Shreve's, $16.50. Brass Turkish coffee pot, from Bullock's-Wilshire, $33. Brush and shoehorn in pebble-grain case, from Hammacher Schlemmer, $10. Portable automatic marine direction finder, by Esse Radio Co., $397.50. Hand-sewn leather gloves, by Fownes, $14. Pewter humidor, from Abercrombie & Fitch, $45. Executive 5-pound dumbbells, by Diversified Products, $6. By George! talc (3½ ozs.), by Caryl Richards, $1.50. Canon 35mm camera with f/1.8 lens, built-in exposure meter, by Bell & Howell, $250. Portable 3-speed radio/phonograph, from Gabriel-Bell, Inc., $59.95. Money clip of 14k gold, by Sulka, $38.50. Fraternity cuff-link set, by R & K Jewelers, $7. Knight-head blazer buttons, by Dunhill Tailors, $15. After-shave lotion and Eau de Cologne in book setting, both 4 ozs., by Houparco, $5. Ski goggles, convert from gray to amber lenses, by Sea & Ski, $7.50. Aztec shower soap, by Beau Brummell, $1.50. Wool challis muffler, from Switzerland, by Handcraft, $11. Five-peso cigarette lighter, from A. & F., $11. Circular calculator with leather case, by Scientific Educational Products, $15. Hand-carved wood yacht "pratest and strategy" kit, from A. & F., $15. Portable television set, transistorized, 9-inch screen, VHF and UHF, by General Electric, $159.95. Chamois-horn cigarette lighter, from Neiman-Marcus, $130. Trivet of walnut slates, from Hammacher Schlemmer, $6. Right, clockwise from noon: Three cotton-print ties with squared ends, by Taylor, $2.50 each. Cologne (16 ozs.), by the House of Chanel, $13.50. The Playboy Valet, by Playboy Products, $50. Suede leather coat, with mouton shawl collar, full alpaca pile lining, by Zero King, $150. Nylon umbrella with removable telescope handle, by Polan, Katz, $8. Lime soap & lime after shave (4 ozs.), in hand-woven hamper, by West Indies Bay Co., $5.50. Italian silk muffler, by Handcraft, $18. Canvas one-suiter suitcase, from Mark Cross, $69.50. Body powder, by Yardley, $1. After shave (2 ozs.), by Dunhill, $1.50. FM stereo receiver, combines tuner/amplifier/preamplifier, 50 watts power, with enclosure, by Scott, $450.45. Jet Traveler cologne and after shave (2 ozs.), by Parfums Corday, $5. Anchor-chain paperweight, by Rigaud, $9.50. French barometer in leather case, by Rigaud, $40. Six crab crackers in walnut stand, from Hammacher Schlemmer, $25. Laminated maple individual trencher, from A. & F., $5. Lamp-speaker features dual-purpose electrostatic shade, distortionless performance over 360-degree circular pattern, 6-inch woofer mounted in walnut base, by Acoustica, $229.50. Nikonos 35mm camera, waterproof to a depth of 150 feet, by Nikon, $169.50. Classical guitar, with fine-grained spruce top, rosewood bridge, by Kay Instrument, $90. Automatic espresso machine, by Paradisa, $40.


CHANEL


Locatelli

Clockwise from center: Kamado earthenware cooking vessel, combines the principles of an oven, stove, pit barbecue, hibachi and Chinese smoker; very high heat generated by small amount of charcoal, by Richard B. Johnsan & Assoc., $75. Magul tote bag in champagne shade, by Seeger, $105. Ratomatic slide projectar, with Auto Timer that allaws yau to relax while slides came into view at 5-, 10-, 15- or 30-secand intervals; complete remate contral alsa provides focus, slide change and reverse, by Sawyer's, $130. Leather-covered game chest tooled with gald, contains balls, chips, cards for all popular indoor games, by Dunhill, $1250. Terry robe with full shawl collar, soft belt, made af Danish navy-and-white-stripe heavy cottan, by Dunhill Tailors, $35. Palisander rosewaad salad bawl and servers, by Dansk, $40. Racing helmet in high-glass, white epoxy finish, by Bell, $37.95. Manual exerciser, mounted on heavy-duty welded-steel frame, features handlebars with malded rubber grips, ball-bearing pedals with adjustable foot straps, four nonslip, nonmar rubber feet, by Physiotron, $295. Stagharn carving set, by Rigaud, $25. Butcher's block made af thick wood with chrame bar and hooks far sausages and meats, fram France, by Rigaud, $95. Hand-sewn reindeer glaves fram Sweden, by Daniel Hays, $17. Acrylic-pile warming blanket with inside zip packet, stylized skua-bird center motif, by Robert Lewis, $45. English wicker basket, with picnic utensils and equipment for faur, by Rigaud, $115. Brushed-cotton twill shirt, with buttondown collar, barrel cuffs, by Sero, $9. British Viyella shirt in ancient Mac Iver plaid with buttondawn collar, barrel cuffs, by Manhattan, $19. Herring-bane twill tapered shirt in multicolor muted stripes with buttandown collar, by Van Heusen, $5. Self-cantained stereo unit in palisander rosewood cabinet mounted on aluminum undercarriage with casters; cantains transistarized 90-watt stereo amplifier, AM/FM-stereo tuner, record changer and twin spun-aluminum sound globes that rotate freely outside cansole in 340-degree adjustable arcs, by Clairtane, $1600. Recording barameter responds to pressure change with practically na lag, range 29″ ta 31″ af mercury; altitude sea level ta 10,000 ft., chart drum has 110v, 60-cycle clack drive; with removable clear plastic caver, 12 color-banded charts, by Edmund Scientific, $60. Galf set, with scuffproaf, durable, vat-dyed, fade-resistant leather bag ($125), woods ($27.50 each), irons ($19.50 each), 4 leather covers ($13.25), by First Flight Co. Candleholder in matte chrome holds faur candles, by Maison Gaurmet, $20.

SEMANTICS *(continued from page 175)*

to point out that at the time of the Russian Revolution a large number of countries, including the United States, had endeavored to suppress the Russian Revolution by armed force. He omitted to mention that the Soviet Government had used force to suppress revolutions in Hungary and Eastern Germany. Each side, by a careful choice of facts, represented itself as completely virtuous and its opponent as completely wicked. So long as this belief persists on both sides, the semantic controversy about the words offensive and defensive is bound to remain insoluble.

There is another set of words which had, originally, no good or evil connotation. The most notable of these is "red." In old days, when people talked of a "Red Indian" there was no implication as to his politics. Nowadays, if you belong to that small minority that is not willing to call a man a Communist unless he is one, you salve your conscience by calling him a "Red." The effect is equally explosive, and may do him almost as much harm. This shows what a useful word "red" is.

The West is in the habit of describing itself as the "Free World," while the East describes it as "colonialist." Neither of these words is in any degree accurate if intended to mark a difference between the two sides. The "Free World" is used to describe all the parts of the world which have governments supporting or allied with the United States. Portugal is deemed to belong to the free world although it is engaged in a bloody and brutal war against its African subjects. Spain is hailed as a defender of freedom although Franco's regime is at least as dictatorial as that of Khrushchev. And how about freedom in the United States itself? In America, it is illegal to be a Communist, and even slightly leftish views expose people to various forms of harassing persecution. The violence of popular prejudice (largely caused by semantic malpractices) makes juries ready to convict on quite inadequate evidence, as happened in the cases of the Rosenbergs and Sobell, and makes people accept the prolonged imprisonment of Sobell even when the evidence has been acknowledged to be inadequate. And how about Negroes in the United States? If you tell them that they inhabit a part of the free world, you will, if you are willing to listen, be met by a volley of devastating facts.

Internationally, also, it cannot be maintained that the United States stands for freedom. It does not admit the right of Cuba to have the sort of government which Cubans apparently want. In Southeast Asia, it supports unpopular dictatorships with hardly paralleled ferocity. Throughout Latin America, it pursues a similar policy, though so far with less savagery. It indulges in power politics with little practical respect for its professed slogans. Britain, in similar respects, has been at least equally blameworthy. The most blatant examples were Cyprus and the Suez expedition.

And how about the East and its slogans? The East accuses the West of being colonialist, but professes that the Soviet Government is out to liberate those large parts of the world which were formerly colonies of the West. The accusation against the West was, until recently, well founded. But what about Russia's record since the Revolution? All the non-Russian states of Eastern Europe, with the sole exception of Yugoslavia, were compelled to bend the knee to Moscow. I cannot see any difference between Russia in Hungary and France in Algeria, except that Russia was successful and France was not. When any country passes from subservience to one side to subservience to the other, the process is called "liberation" by the one side and "subjection" by the other without any regard whatever for the feelings of the inhabitants. It is very largely by the use of slogans that the truth of such changes of allegiance is concealed. Liberation is proclaimed on both sides, liberation "from Communist tyranny" on the one side and liberation from "the domination of Wall Street" on the other.

One of the most controversial and distorted words in the Cold War is the word "democracy." It used to be understood that democracy meant government by a majority of the population concerned, but this meaning was discarded by Communists at an early stage of the Russian Revolution when the Russian Constituent Assembly was dissolved by the Bolsheviks. Communists still speak officially of the "German *Democratic* Republic," although it was established by Russian armed force against the vehement resistance of the majority of the population. But in this matter the West is only slightly less culpable. Powerful forces—the government, the armed forces, the armament industry, the great preponderance of newspapers and television—are united in an endeavor to conceal from the public facts unfavorable to the interests of these organizations and to do what they can to spread beliefs which are contrary to fact, as, for example, about the possible efficacy of shelters against a nuclear war. Publicity is expensive, and, therefore, where there is freedom for the rich and powerful, publicity supports their interests as against those of the less wealthy part of the population. In the early days of socialism and communism, both stood for the interests of the poorer classes in their own countries. Nowadays, the Communists profess to stand for the poorer countries rather than poor individuals. The Western nations also profess to take this stand, though rightly or wrongly, with somewhat less success. The difference between East and West in regard to political freedom has come to be mainly a difference of method. Eastern governments are more prone to use force, while Western governments rely more upon deceit.

The word "peace" is used on both sides in a manner to promote their own propaganda. The Russians call their bloc "the peace-loving nations." The American Strategic Air Command has a large notice over its gate saying "Our Profession is Peace." As I see it, there is one very simple way of securing peace, and that is not to fight; but this is not the way that is suggested by either side. It is obvious to everybody that the most essential step toward peace is mutual disarmament. Each side has its own disarmament scheme, but hitherto each side has been careful to insert in its scheme something to which the other side is known to be unalterably opposed. It follows that each side only loves peace if associated with vital concessions by the other side. On such terms, everybody, always, has been in favor of peace. Even Hitler would have been if he could have secured all that he wanted without a war. The professed desire for peace, by both sides, one must conclude, has not been sincere. There is reason to hope that there has lately been improvement in this respect, but as yet this hope must remain somewhat uncertain.

The phrase "Iron Curtain," which is a favorite of the West, is resented by the East. The facts scarcely justify either the Western use of the phrase or the Eastern objection to it. The Russian Government on certain conditions welcomes parties of tourists from the West. There is no corresponding welcome for parties of Russian tourists in NATO countries. In fact, when emissaries from Communist countries, or anybody whose politics are disliked by the American Government, visit New York on official business of the United Nations, they are often confined to one part of New York City and forbidden to travel elsewhere in America. When Communist professional diplomats in England have occasion to go anywhere outside London, they have to notify the British police of their exact route and British policemen follow them to make sure that the information given is accurate. The Iron Curtain, like most curtains, has two sides, though from neither side is it quite impermeable. It is most nearly impermeable in the Berlin Wall. Nowhere in the West is the West's Iron Curtain called by this name—not even the curtain that it has hung about the Chinese mainland.

Behind the veil of propaganda and

(concluded on page 251)

THE MISSION

fiction By HUGH NISSENSON *their task was to preserve the human race by finding one normal female in a world of mutants and canines gone wild*

Sixth day

INTELLIGENCE WAS RIGHT. DeWitt is to be congratulated. They have a woman here, there's no doubt of it. For almost a week now, I've been afraid that we were making the long march for nothing, but now that we are here, late this afternoon, during a break in the preliminary negotiations with the little brutes, I was permitted to look at her through the cracks in the clapboard walls of the hut where she is kept, the only normal-sized structure of any kind in the whole settlement; just a glimpse as she was being bathed, but reassuring just the same. As I watched, two of their females washed her in a rusty tub of galvanized metal probably scavenged from the ruins of the fair-sized town we passed the day before yesterday, about 30 miles due south of here—leveled by an airburst, from the looks of it, but definitely "cold" according to my counter, and now marked accordingly on my map . . . But the woman; how can I put it? Magnificent is the only word to describe her. What luck for Wilson, damn him! Without so much as a word, a faint smile on her lips, hardly deigning to even glance at the little horrors, she permitted them to dry her off and comb out her long blonde hair which almost reaches the small of her back. She's young, too, about 16 would be my guess, certainly nubile, with ample breasts and rounded hips, perfectly, absolutely

CREASMAN

perfectly formed, as far as I could see, and good-looking to boot, with beautiful white teeth and very fair skin, flushed cheeks from the steaming water which they heat up with hot stones. Of course, I must make a much more detailed examination before I can definitely commit myself, but on the evidence so far, I've begun to bargain with the "mayor" here, as he calls himself, who is adamant in his demands for at least eight of our M-1s, plus a hundred rounds of ammunition apiece.

"Impossible," I tell him.

"Ah then, Captain, I am sorry, too, more than I can say," he shrugs, clapping his hands for one of his females who brings us an earthenware plate heaped with fresh fruit—his daughter, I think, or maybe one of his wives; who can tell for sure? In any case, certainly as hideous as he, and about the same height, not more than 30 inches at the most, with the same kind of head of reddish hair, and almost identical wizened, hairless face, and enormous head and torso in proportion to her stunted limbs. "Yes, it's too bad," he repeats in his surprisingly deep voice, biting into a crab apple. Perched on his head and looking so absurd that I have to control myself from laughing in his face, is an ancient battered, black-silk top hat, found who knows where. It is apparently the badge of his "office" which is hereditary, he has confided in me, and passed on through matrilineal descent for three generations now. "Yes, yes, a real shame . . ." He scratches his neck, then his hairless chest covered by a ragged flap of the stinking hide of a wild dog which is slung over one shoulder and tied about the waist with a rawhide strip. The stench is unbelievable. Sergeant Thurmond tells me it's because the only way they have discovered to tan hides is with a solution of their own feces—huge pots of which he has come across in one of their mud and wattle huts, or rather mounds, I suppose, would be the best way to describe them. There must be over a hundred in the walled compound where we squat, none higher than a human's chest, and all overgrown with grass and peculiar pale blue flowers with huge fleshy petals and jointed stalks—mutations, too, of some kind or another, unless I miss my guess. They have no odor, but grow everywhere, springing up in the heaps of rubbish that litter the ground, the piles of broken pottery, rags and gnawed bones—I hold one in my hand, the bleached femur of a large dog—all sorts of decaying filth covered with buzzing clouds of flies that rise in the air and settle again as he raises his arm to take another bite of the apple with his yellow teeth.

"Yes, a terrible shame. What a waste to think that you've come all this way for nothing. Still . . . that is to say, at least you ought to have a closer look at her. She's a virgin, of course, as you can see for yourself any time you want . . ."

"When?"

"Soon. I know how impatient you must be. Very soon, I promise."

"All right, then, first let me get it all straight. You say her parents are dead, is that right?"

"Yes. Years ago."

"How did it happen?"

"Sad. Very sad indeed. They had no luck. The mother got sick right after the child was born, some kind of a fever, and died within a few days, a week at the very most."

"And the father?"

"Killed."

"How?"

"On a hunt right after that. The wild dogs."

"But they were both human."

"Yes, of course."

"Both perfectly formed."

"Perfectly. You have my word on it."

"Where are they buried, do you know?"

"Ah, now that's sad, too. Their bodies were burned and the ashes scattered."

"Why?"

"We had no choice, Captain. It's the same with all of our dead, if you'll forgive the comparison. No matter how deep we dig the graves, the dogs always dig them up."

"In other words, there are no skeletons I can examine."

"Not so much as a bone, no, I'm sorry to say."

"I see."

"But you have my word on it, Captain. Both were absolutely perfectly formed. I swear to it."

He kisses the tips of his fingers and rolls his eyes to the sky—which in the past few minutes has become much darker, a deep, purplish blue, streaked with green, red and yellow in the west, over the hills, where the sun has begun to set. Standing guard a few paces away, his gun in his hand, Thurmond nervously sniffs the air, drawing his cloak closer over his shoulders, his face strangely luminous in the fading light, confounded, in spite of himself, I know, by the prospect of another night on the surface, under the open sky.

"Where did you find them?" I continue.

"Who?"

"Her parents, of course."

"We didn't. They found us. It was during a very bad winter, the worst in years, if you remember it, the time of the really big snow from the mountains that came just after the leaves fell and lasted until they were back on the trees. A terrible time. One morning they were here, just like that, outside the wall, a man holding the woman in his arms, and begging to be let in to at least warm themselves by the fire. We hardly had enough food for ourselves, you understand, but what could we do? My mother was alive then. 'We can't just let them die,' she tells me. 'Hermann, let them in.' The dogs were after them. We could hear them howling in the woods."

"So you saved them out of the kindness of your hearts."

"It's nice of the captain to put it that way."

"The man wasn't armed?"

"No."

"That's a lie. He had a rifle or a revolver and you know it."

"No, I swear it."

"I want to know the truth."

". . . Yes," he says, after a pause.

"Which was it?"

"He had a rifle."

"That's better. Where is it now?"

"Ah, broken, I'm sad to say. Broken a long time ago."

"Go on . . ."

"There's nothing more to tell. The woman gave birth and died, and then the man was killed, as I've already told you, torn to pieces by the wild dogs."

"You just said he had a rifle."

"So he did, but there were too many of them."

"I see." Thurmond coughs impatiently, and is right; we ought to be getting back to camp. "One thing more . . ."

"Anything, Captain."

"What made you decide to keep the child?"

"Captain, I know my duty. She's human, after all, perfectly formed, as you've seen for yourself, only fitting for an officer's wife."

"Then you also know your duty is to surrender her to me immediately."

"And so I will. You can count on it."

"For eight of our M-1s."

"And a hundred rounds of ammunition apiece," he nods, grinning from ear to ear, as I stand up at last and stretch my stiff legs. A cold autumn wind has sprung up, and with the sun gone, the sky is much darker than before, but completely clouded over, without a star. The odor of burning fat hangs in the air. Here and there in the compound about us, a fire has been lit for the evening meal, tended by the females, some of whom hold a naked brat to their bare dugs, even more hideous than the adult of the species, all huge head and wizened face—the likes of with which she, too, must have been suckled, if any of the "mayor's" story is true. How horrible . . . The man, of course, was murdered for his gun, that's perfectly obvious, but the chances are that the rest of the tale may be more or less accurate. In the last ten or twelve years, I've known something like it to have happened at least two or three times; a human family, driven by despair to take refuge among mutants who murder them but save the child to be traded to the garrison of the silo. Major James' second wife is a case

(continued on page 242)

Flavor that goes with fun...

Modern filter here ▸ ◂ Filter-Blend up front

...that's why Winston is the filter cigarette with flavor...the best flavor in filter smoking. Change to Winston...America's largest-selling filter cigarette, by far!

Winston tastes good...like a cigarette should!

"What's all this nonsense I've been hearing about a love potion?"

to protest to the court."

"It is un-Catholic, un-American and a flagrant abuse of the use of the pulpit to undermine the court," he added. "Monsignor Corrigan fails to realize that the law is the law and not what his private opinion is."

Eugene M. Schloss, Jr.
Huntingdon Valley, Pennsylvania

CAMPUS POLITICS

Impressed by *The Playboy Philosophy* in the July issue, except that part expressing Hefner's bewilderment that Professor Revilo P. Oliver was not dismissed from the University of Illinois after his anti-Kennedy statement, while on the other hand Professor Leo F. Koch was shown the door for his antimorals statement. Hefner implied that a reverse decision would have been in order. I think that Hefner will agree that freedom of speech should be a universal right; in his Oliver implication, Hefner seems to be employing the same tactics his enemies use.

Richard N. Anderson
Randolph, Massachusetts

Hefner never implied that justice would have been served had Professor Oliver been dismissed and Professor Koch retained. His objection to the course of action taken by the University of Illinois was that while the university disapproved the statements of both men, Professor Oliver was granted his right to speak freely, while Professor Koch was punished by dismissal for exercising that same right. Hefner believes deeply that freedom of speech is a universal right: It was the denial of this right in Professor Koch's case with which Hefner took issue.

INDIVIDUALISM: EUROPEAN VIEW

For several years I have been an occasional reader of PLAYBOY, and if I have not bought the magazine each month it has been because in order to keep informed about events in divers fields I must read regularly a number of daily, weekly and monthly journals emanating from different countries. When I first saw PLAYBOY, I thought of it as a cheesecake magazine, and although I appreciated its attention to feminine beauty, and some of its Playmates (not all of them, since European taste in women is often different from American), it seemed something to leaf through casually. Then I was pleasantly surprised to discover PLAYBOY's good taste in cuisine, men's fashions, furnishings, sports, the arts and entertainment. Obviously, the PLAYBOY concept of good living is not inferior to the European. In addition, I found the fiction of true literary merit, and began to read PLAYBOY with respect and enjoyment.

Then Hefner began publishing *The Playboy Philosophy*, for which I must express my enthusiasm. PLAYBOY is no longer merely an entertainment magazine: It is becoming a medium for promulgating an art of living and a conception of existence that intelligent people in all countries will acknowledge and applaud. When we calmly admit the fact that much of human life is dominated by sex and ambition, we will have established a sound foundation for providing everyone with a maximum share of happiness on this planet. We may never perfect society, but we'll achieve more toward this end by logic and good will than by superstition, taboo, intolerance and a few dozen conflicting religious moralities. Now more than ever humanity needs liberalism, tolerance, freedom, diversity and individualism. If a person wants to be Catholic, Puritan, Hebrew, Zen Buddhist or fetishist, that's his business, but he should never attempt to force his way of living on someone else. He has a right to live, think, act and love in his own way, as long as he hurts no one else. Above all, the separation of state and church must be insisted upon.

Europeans are generally liberal and tolerant because the many differences in race, nationality, language and religion on the Continent would make life impossible if it were otherwise; humanity's two most disastrous wars, caused by intolerance, were severe lessons to Europeans. Examples of tolerance in Europe can be demonstrated by attitudes toward sex: The Latin populations are relatively uninhibited, and in France and Belgium fornication and adultery are not thought of as major crimes—which does not mean that free love is advocated, but only that scandals are rare; Germanic and Scandinavian populations are not as sex-minded, but even so, their religions do not interfere with a citizen's private affairs, and their laws reflect the proper separation of state and religion. In short, diversity is Europe's best guarantee of freedom and individuality.

As seen from Europe, the United States is very restive. When we read about Little Rock, or about an American woman obliged to fly to Sweden (under public reprobation) for a necessary abortion, or about the intentions of Senator Goldwater, we Europeans think: Americans live more and more like robots. In their lives there's little place left for individualism and freedom—they don't even work for their living: They live to work. But those of us who have read Hefner's *Philosophy* know that in the States, too, there are sensible people who strive for freedom and individualism; for a world in which the state serves its citizens; for a world in which religion serves those who want it, but does not force itself on those who do not; and for a world in which the individual can enjoy his favorite drink, meal or girl without having to fight the jealousy or zealotry of persons or organizations minding other people's business.

The problems of sex, which should be solved naturally and simply, are a proper subject of philosophy, because sex is the human activity most distorted by moralists, and it is philosophy's job to put things in their proper perspective. PLAYBOY has a big job to do in the future. I've met many Americans in Europe who were individually broad-minded and tolerant, but when in the company of other Americans stopped being themselves and exhibited a sterile, mass-minded mentality. Despite its dynamism, America could become a nation of sheep. Nor is Europe free of the dangerous symptoms of uniformity and mass-mindedness. *The Playboy Philosophy* offers a valuable rallying point for all people concerned with freedom and individuality. Many Europeans support Hefner's ideas, and are happy to know that such clear thinking is being expressed in the American press.

Charles M. G. Van den Eynde,
Journalist
Brussels, Belgium

The foregoing was sent to us partially in French, with a challenge—in English—to our staff to find among its members "the clever guy who will ensure the translation." À Chicago, nous avons le fin mot aussi.

EXISTENTIALISM AND COMMON SENSE

Of the following, which philosophy does PLAYBOY follow or admire the most: existentialism, Bertrand Russell, common sense? Also, what do you think of social nudism?

Marvin Pritchard
Edmonton, Alberta

We believe in existentialism to the extent that we believe in the individual's responsibility for making himself what he is; we admire Lord Russell as a courageous, astonishingly lucid man; and we're rather suspicious of so-called common sense, since it can mean just about anything a person cares to have it mean—with the emphasis too often on the former word, rather than the latter. As for social nudism, we certainly prefer it to the unsocial kind.

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

PLAYBOY PHILOSOPHY *(continued from page 94)*

our middle-class economy, if they are willing to expend the effort to attain them.

BURNETT: How does PLAYBOY do that?

HEFNER: All of the magazine's service features—on subjects such as male fashion, food and drink, sports cars, hi-fi, travel, and the rest—in fact, PLAYBOY's entire editorial personality and point of view, stress the positive aspects of affluence and serve as a motivation to try and achieve these things.

PLAYBOY AND SEX

TANENBAUM: Hugh, what kind of criticism do you get of PLAYBOY?

HEFNER: Well, it's changed a bit over the years. It began as a rather simply stated criticism of *content*, directed primarily at our photographs of women; more recently, it has become a more complex criticism of *concept*—the very thing that I've just been talking about. At the heart of it, though, it all comes from the same source, I think. The opposition to PLAYBOY is prompted by the significant element of puritanism that still exists in the United States. PLAYBOY offends some people, and makes others uneasy, because they still think of sex as something either so sacred or so profane that it has to be hidden away in a dark room; they object to sex being frankly depicted or described in public.

Actually, though I didn't fully realize it in the beginning, PLAYBOY is editorially interested in precisely those aspects of life that the Puritan was most against: sex, first and foremost, of course. But also our more general emphasis on pleasure and play; as well as the notion that the accumulation of material possessions can be a positive addition to the other interests in life.

In most of the criticism of PLAYBOY's concept, these elements are twisted about and misstated; the critic winds up creating a paper tiger and then slaying it. It was because of this that I originally became involved in writing *The Playboy Philosophy*, in which I attempt to spell out the principles the publication is based upon and editorially expresses; and how, in a broader sense, this is related to the whole social and sexual environment in which we exist. I was tired of reading other people's explanations of what PLAYBOY is all about. I decided that if I was going to be damned, I preferred to be damned for what I really believe than what someone else misinterprets as my beliefs.

GARY: Has it made any difference?

HEFNER: Not a great deal. The critic still tends to do battle with an imaginary adversary of his own creation. I think sometimes that it is almost a matter of picking up any stone that seems handy and tossing it in our direction, because I find that we are simultaneously criticized these days for being too sexual and also too antisexual. The idea that PLAYBOY is actually antisexual has been leveled at the magazine and at the Clubs, too . . .

TANENBAUM: What's your reaction to that? Because I've wondered about my own response, when I attended The Playboy Club at your invitation. I had a rather ambiguous reaction to what I suppose is the conception of the Club; the whole notion of the Bunnies represents, almost, a kind of sexual taboo. They are made most alluring, to incite sexual interest, and at the same time they are off limits to everybody.

HEFNER: Yes, *Time* magazine made a passing reference to the Playboy Clubs recently as "brothels without a second floor." It was in their cover story, "The Second Sexual Revolution," as a matter of fact. And in an article about us in *The Saturday Evening Post* a couple of years ago, we were specifically criticized for this policy of look-but-don't-touch; the same comment has appeared in several other places since. We are quite literally criticized for the fact that The Playboy Club appears to have a sexual orientation, but we don't deliver; the implication being, presumably, that the critics would prefer it if we *did* deliver. But we know full well the sort of criticism we would get from these same sources if our rules were any different.

TANENBAUM: What if you were not sexually oriented?

HEFNER: If we were not sexually oriented, there would be no criticism. It is our positive approach to sex that distresses some people; but our society has become *too* sophisticated to be sympathetic with a direct attack on sexuality, so instead of attacking what really disturbs him (our sexual orientation), the critic challenges the magazine and the Clubs for being voyeuristic—for offering *unreal* sex, or a replacement for sex—when, of course, it is *real* sex and our glorification of real sex that frightens him.

This is what I meant when I said that the critic tends to toss any stone that seems available. It would be easy to condemn us if The Playboy Clubs were dens of iniquity; but since they are operated on the up-and-up, and very much in

keeping with current community standards, the critic has to throw whatever sort of missile is left to him—even if there isn't any logic behind it. All this person knows is—for reasons he, in many cases, only dimly understands—he *must* throw stones; the need is rooted in the uneasiness he feels about sex itself and any such open and favorable expression of sex.

In a very real sense—and I don't mean this facetiously—I feel that most of the criticism we receive reveals more about the critics than it does about PLAYBOY.

TANENBAUM: But that doesn't answer the question.

HEFNER: No, and I will try to answer it.

TANENBAUM: And, in a sense, you're reacting with the same sort of *ad hominem* argument that's made toward you.

HEFNER: I didn't mean to carry the conversation away from a specific answer to your question. I simply felt that an explication of this attitude about PLAYBOY and about sex might be helpful in our further discussion of the sexual problems we face in contemporary society.

When you suggest that it might be better to not be sexually oriented . . .

TANENBAUM: I'm not saying that. I'm asking, what is your view—what has led you to conceive the Club in these terms?

HEFNER: The Playboy Club is an extension of the personality and point of view of the magazine. To whatever extent it is sexually oriented, it is meant to be a *tribute* to sex—an expression of sex that is attractive and appealing. There is, of course, a good deal more to the magazine than this; and we attempt to introduce as much of the total concept into the Clubs as possible. There's the comfortable contemporary decor—more like an urban apartment than a night club. There's the good food and drink: fine wines and liquors, steak dinners and an elaborate buffet—all available for the price of a single drink. In New York and Chicago, and in the Hollywood Club which will be open at the end of the year, we also have the V.I.P. Room—which stands, of course, for "Very Important Playboy" . . . (*Laughter*) Here we offer the very finest cuisine. There's the entertainment: vocalists, comedians, folk acts, instrumental jazz combos—The Playboy Club is now the biggest user of night-club talent in the country and the major training ground for fresh, young talent; and we were the first well-known club to use Negro comics, which opened the door for all of the colored comedians who have gained national recognition over the last few years. There is also a relaxed friendliness and an uncommercial atmosphere in the Clubs—a welcome change from the "Hello, suckers" attitude of many of the night clubs of the past—with no hustling of the customers, honest drinks and an honest check. And, of course, there's the feeling of status and exclusivity, because it's a key club—for members only. Though there's nothing very exclusive about a club that currently has over 300,000 keyholders. *Fraternity* is really a better word—the pleasure of mingling with others of similar tastes and attitudes about life.

O'CONNOR: Well, Hugh, I was going to ask you, in terms of some of the things we were talking about earlier in the course of the program, whether you don't think that part of the criticism of antisexuality that you have received—from *Motive* and some of the other little magazines of religious and literary opinion—isn't based on the feeling that Playboy, in both the magazine and the Clubs, represents a rather depersonalized sort of sex? An uninvolved and untouchable sort of sex for people who can't really communicate with it, or really can't enjoy it, because there's something nasty about it, or dirty about it, or it has that overtone. And if this is true, then our sexual revolution really hasn't occurred; and what we're really doing is pandering to a bad sexual concept which has been hanging on in the Western world for some years.

HEFNER: Since one of the things PLAYBOY is especially concerned about is the depersonalizing influence of our entire society, and considerable editorial attention is given to the problem of establishing individual identity, through sex and as many other avenues of expression as may be available in a more permissive society, it is wrong to suggest that we favor depersonalized sex. Not unless, by depersonalized sex, we are referring to any and all sexual activity that does not include extensive involvement, commitments and obligations. In this sense, it is true, to the extent that the magazine emphasizes the pleasures rather than the problems of sex, and focuses on that period of life in which real personal involvement is not yet desirable—a time of transition into maturity, prior to accepting the responsibilities of marriage and family.

I certainly think that personal sex is preferable to impersonal sex, because it includes the greatest emotional rewards; but I can see no logical justification for opposing the latter, unless it is irresponsible, exploitive, coercive or in some way hurts one of the individuals involved. I

stated before that PLAYBOY doesn't purport to present more than a part of life in its pages; but I would also add that there are certainly a plenitude of publications, and numerous other sources of opinion in our society, that are forever stressing togetherness, and the trials and tribulations of total commitment.

As for The Playboy Club, I think there is every justification for keeping its sex depersonalized, uninvolved and untouchable; nor is there anything inconsistent in this. Far from being antisexual, it is simply a policy that separates business from pleasure.

The suggestion, stated or implied, that because The Playboy Club projects a sexual image, we are obliged to engage in some form of commercialized vice, or, turning *Time*'s comment around, offer the facilities of a bordello's "second floor," is, to me, irrational nonsense. This idea is predicated on the false assumption that any source of sexual stimulation should also offer sexual gratification. On that premise, Flo Ziegfeld—whose extravagant Broadway productions in the Twenties were famous for their beautiful, nearly nude showgirls—was remiss in not making his lovely ladies available with the orange drinks during intermission. And every producer of a sexually oriented movie, every publisher of a sexually explicit book, the manufacturers of exotic perfumes, low-cut evening gowns, bikinis, and those responsible for every other source of sexual stimulation under the sun would be obliged, by this logic, to engage in white slavery on the side.

The fact that there is still extensive sexual sickness in society—and I would be the first to agree that there is—doesn't mean that we're not involved in a sexual revolution; it only indicates the extent to which a radical readjustment of our sexual values is needed. And far from pandering to the negative sexual concepts of the past, we are among the most outspoken advocates of a more healthy, open and positive outlook on sex. We treat it with humor, which helps to take the onus off it; we place our emphasis on approval rather than negation; and we attempt to treat sex in as attractive and appealing a light as possible.

O'CONNOR: But there has always been blue material, there have always been sexual jokes, there have always been clubs with a sexual atmosphere. I think you find yourself with a problem, when you start explaining your philosophy, because then we start examining you in terms of what you say you are. And some of the self-justification that you have for the role that you play becomes the subject for a lot of scrutiny; and the scrutiny, I think, at times seems to indicate that this is a very shrewd, mechanistic, materialistic viewpoint about how to handle sex and make money out of it. Now I'm not criticizing you for the economic or profit motive, because you spoke about our society's attitudes on this before, but I'm wondering about the shrewdness with which you manipulate things.

HEFNER: Are you speaking now in terms of PLAYBOY, or in terms of its Editor-Publisher?

O'CONNOR: Of just yourself . . . related to what you have been saying here, and what you have expressed in your *Philosophy*, as compared with what exists outside of that . . .

HEFNER: Well, I would have to take the conversation rather far afield to answer that completely, which I don't want to do. But I will say that what I have written in *The Playboy Philosophy*, as well as what I have said here this evening, is a sincere expression of my own quite deeply felt beliefs; and I held most of them several years before I ever thought of starting PLAYBOY—though they weren't nearly as thoroughly thought out or formulated then.

As for the profit motive, it's there, of course. And I *do* hope that it isn't necessary to apologize for that. But I'll add—and only because I've been asked—that I'm also the least business oriented, monetarily motivated self-made millionaire of my own particular acquaintance. What I do, I do because I believe in it, and enjoy it; and I never cease to be amazed by the success of it. After almost eleven years, PLAYBOY is still just as much of a kick for me as it was in the very beginning; maybe even more so.

O'CONNOR: Speaking of millionaires in general—and I haven't met too many of them—they all seem to be enjoying what they're doing, which is making money.

"Better show me something a bit more powerful—I'm a Peeping Tom."

HEFNER: I'm as pleased as I possibly could be about my success. But what pleases me most about it is that it permits me to continue doing what I'm doing; I get the greatest satisfaction out of the work itself and out of the response to it. If that weren't so, I wouldn't continue to be so involved in editing the magazine, and work so long and hard on special projects—like the *Philosophy*—on a schedule that too often can only be described as grueling; I'd go on to other business ventures, or just sit back and enjoy my success.

GARY: I feel we've been caricaturing PLAYBOY a little. But I also felt, in doing a little of my homework for this discussion—reading your *Philosophy*—that you were caricaturing religion a little. And so, while we sort of mutually do this to one another, I'd like to hear some of your comments about where you think religion stands. You've written a good deal about this with regard to the sexual revolution. Let's see if we can, you know, let you be aggressive for a while and we'll have to defend ourselves.

HEFNER: Well, judging from what has already been expressed here this evening, I think we would be in general agreement that our Judaeo-Christian heritage includes an element of antisex that has gotten out of hand over the centuries, and has given us more problems than benefits. Too much of the emphasis has been on "Thou shalt not"; too much on guilt, fear and suppression.

This is old stuff to you, I'm sure, gentlemen, but when I first became involved in researching the origins of our religions' antagonism to sex, for some of the early installments of the *Philosophy*, what I discovered came as something of a revelation. I learned that prior to the Exile, the Jews were a remarkably permissive people regarding sex; I also found that Christian antisex began less with Christ than with St. Paul. It was strongly re-emphasized by the Church of the Middle Ages, but reached its zenith after the Reformation, of course, with Puritanism and the period thereafter, particularly in the latter part of the last century. Western religion, especially the Puritan and post-Puritan aspects of it in America and England, has a far more antisexual history than most of the members of contemporary society realize; and yet this is precisely where our own irrational sex attitudes come from.

Now, what I find especially encouraging—and, very honestly, it was one of the reasons I looked forward to coming on to this show so much—is the amount of, for want of a better phrase, "soul-searching" that currently seems to be taking place within many of our major religions; a re-examination of old dogma and ideas, with sincere interest being expressed, in previously conservative quarters, in the development of a new, more liberal point of view on the subject.

"Tonight? Same time, same place? Providing we're here, of course."

This is very important, it seems to me, because it eliminates any tendency to categorize the situation as secular *vs.* religious; the sexual revolution that is taking place in society, at large, seems to have awakened many members of the clergy to the need for reappraisal and, hopefully, readjustment of some of the long-established attitudes within organized religion itself.

GARY: Would you be prepared to admit that religion is a mixed bag? That is, you've got a lot of people on your side—when it comes to an assertion of a certain amount of freedom—as well as a number of opponents, in the religious community. So that, when you talk about puritanism or moralism, a blanket indictment may blur as much as it reveals . . .

HEFNER: I certainly agree. As a matter of fact, I have made a special point of quoting, in the *Philosophy*, a number of liberal statements regarding sex by various religious leaders. And in the last January issue, I attempted to break down and to categorize, as much as I could, the principal positions on this subject—both historical and contemporary—of the three major religions of Western society. I closed each section with references to the progressive views that are being expressed today within Protestantism, Catholicism and Judaism.

TANENBAUM: It is quite clear that you are, in some ways, closer to the Jewish perception of the normalcy in sex—in terms of the total conception of life in the Jewish and rabbinic traditions—than might be generally realized. I think you have indicated this in your editorials, but perhaps it deserves reaffirmation—that from the very assertion of the first principles regarding the place of sex in man's total scheme of things, it is viewed as a gift of God, but that it must be seen as part of the total design of man's goal in life, which is, essentially, to achieve holiness as his eternal motivation.

Part of our problem and, I think, part of my reaction to The Playboy Club is—while also a reflection of the puritanism of my view as an American—the shocked sense that this represented a distortion out of context. Now it may very well be that the only way to achieve some kind of *via media*, some kind of middle ground, in this is through a constant op-

"Oh it's you, darling . . . for a moment there you gave me quite a start . . . !"

position of contraries—that we move from a polarity of puritanism, on the one side, to an opposite side. . . . Well, I think something like this does operate in man's nature.

HEFNER: Any time you are involved in a period of serious social transition, I think you are apt to find excesses . . .

TANENBAUM: You go through a period of flux and transition where you get all kinds of opposites coming into play.

HEFNER: Incidentally, you don't mean to suggest, I hope, that you consider The Playboy Club one of those excesses . . .

TANENBAUM: The thing I'm trying to get at here is that I think everything that relates to the sexual life in America is going through this transitional stage. All of our traditional perceptions of marriage, as a covenant, and all of the rest of it is undergoing a radical re-examination. And part of the difficulty we experience, I think, as religious people—at least, I speak for myself—is that in the past, until very recently, we had really been following the trends rather than giving serious examination to each new situation and providing some kind of clarification of the problem, within a theological, as well as social context.

Typically, we sort of stand back and we watch the kinds of social developments that take place—of which The Playboy Club is one—and then we're taken aback by this and we say, what does this mean to us? And I think that, for us, The Playboy Club represents something much more than a manipulation or exploitation of sex, although that may be intended. For us, I think the significant fact is its great success; and the fact that, as I saw, very substantial men in the community, businessmen, corporation executives, come to this place regularly to have their meals, and derive, apparently, something out of this experience. It means that something is happening to the sexual mores of America which we are not really coming to grips with in a significant way.

GARY: I also was your guest, with my wife, one night at the New York Playboy Club. And I must say my interpretation of this experience differs somewhat from yours, Marc, in that I viewed it as a kind of—as Mr. Hefner characterized his magazine at one point—as a service and entertainment package. For me this was, you know, a different kind of evening.

And I have a feeling—I don't know if it's true—but I have a feeling that you're, well, not exactly making fun of sex, but you're taking it fairly casually . . .

HEFNER: Yes.

GARY: There is an entertainment aspect to this which I'm reluctant to probe too deeply. Partly because The Playboy Club is a raving success—and success has always threatened me a little—but more than that, I have the feeling that there is a certain tongue-in-cheek character to all of this . . .

HEFNER: There is meant to be.

GARY: And to a certain extent, this is true of the magazine as well, although you do get your hooks in there occasionally.

HEFNER: One of the best ways of decontaminating anything is to poke fun at it; levity lets the fresh air and sunshine in, where before all was dank and dark. And so, as a reaction to the deadly serious and, I thought, stifling attitude that our society had about sex—in which it was viewed as either sinful or a sacred cow—we spoofed it, from the very first issue. And this same lighthearted approach also exists in the Clubs, and most everything else we do.

BURNETT: It's interesting that all you gentlemen talk about sex in connection with The Playboy Club, yet in my infrequent visits there—I haven't seen any sex at all.

HEFNER: That *is* interesting, because it illustrates how extremely personal each individual's reaction to The Playboy Club really is.

The Club's popularity is directly linked to the magazine, of course. And this unique relationship creates an image for the Club that is far more persuasive than anything we could ever introduce within the four walls of our Bunny domain. Almost everyone who comes to The Playboy Club brings his own particular preconceived image with him; and what he finds there—or, more accurately, how he views what he finds there—is very much dependent on what he expected to find.

TANENBAUM: What impressed me was the fact that the majority of the people I saw there were middle-class and upper-middle-class businessmen, many with their wives and families, enjoying dinner. The only irreconcilability I found was the fact that these men were being served by Bunnies, who were seminude, practically; and the men with their wives seemed to have averted their eyes, to avoid looking at the Bunnies in their wives' presence; while the men who were there alone, or in the company of other men, engaged in a great deal of suppressed joking about this. And I felt something unreal and fantasylike about this encounter.

HEFNER: I can only suggest—and you'll have to analyze your own reactions to see if you feel there is any validity in

this—that what caught your attention, and the significance that you gave it, may have been very much related to your own previous frame of reference. Perhaps, because this was The Playboy Club, you were specifically looking to see the reactions of the other people around you; whereas, if you happened to be in another club in which pretty girls, in similarly brief attire, were working, you might not have noticed the same sort of incident, because you wouldn't have been thinking about it.

And when we talk about the brevity of the Bunny costume, it must be mentioned that our Bunnies make frequent guest appearances—in their Bunny bunting—on network television, so they must be more respectably attired than has been suggested here. The Bunny costume is actually far less revealing than a great many swimsuits you would find on the public beach on any summer afternoon.

But because it is The Playboy Club, everything seems, as you have suggested, a little unreal and fantasylike; everything becomes a bit bigger than life—or, in the case of the Bunny costume, a bit smaller. The difference is supplied by the observer, however, not by Playboy; and it's a mighty good thing, too, because it is this personal view of The Playboy Club that is largely responsible for its success.

Beauty, as jazzman Paul Desmond once observed, is in the eye of the keyholder.

TANENBAUM: This is very true. This may be entirely subjective.

But aren't you, for example, trading on a kind of popular conception of *bunny*—that has a sort of sexual or scatological significance for people? Because I found that the word was bandied back and forth, for example, by a group of businessmen who were there alone, without their wives; the joking that went on—up and down the four or five floors of the Club—was like a college boy's fraternity night. And it was all done in this kind of sniggering way.

It may be inevitable that you have this kind of confrontation, when you bring these elements in relation to one another, but what did you intend by this? And how do you react to it?

HEFNER: First of all, I selected a rabbit as the symbol for the magazine almost eleven years ago, at a time when I could not have conceived, in my wildest dreams, that there would be anything one day called *The Playboy Club* and that it would be filled with beautiful females called *Bunnies*.

However, I *did* select a rabbit as the symbol for the magazine because of the humorous sexual connotation, and because he offered an image that was frisky and playful; I put him in a tuxedo to add the idea of sophistication. There was another editorial consideration, too. Since both *The New Yorker* and *Esquire* use men as their symbols, I felt the rabbit would be distinctive; and the notion of a rabbit dressed up in formal evening attire struck me as charming, amusing and *right*.

When we conceived the idea for The Playboy Club, we simply adapted the rabbit symbol as the most logical one for the girls who were to work there—and that's how the Playboy Bunnies, and the Bunny costume, were born.

Now, it's quite possible for someone to respond to this, or to anything else having to do with sex, in a sniggering way; but I do believe—as I've already said—that this reveals more about the person than about PLAYBOY or The Playboy Club.

PLAYBOY *VS.* MOMISM

TANENBAUM: You know, it occurs to me, it is quite possible to see in this a response to the role of woman in our religious tradition, especially as it has evolved here in the United States. A great deal has been written, by Philip Wylie and others, about what has been called Momism. It has been suggested, with considerable evidence to substantiate it, that America has become a matriarchy . . . that women dominate American society . . .

O'CONNOR: They do economically . . .

TANENBAUM: Then what PLAYBOY is trying to do, perhaps, is restore the balance. That is, in the PLAYBOY context, man begins to reassert his masculinity. Even if it has to be contrived out of Chicago by Hugh Hefner, it needs help from someplace.

HEFNER: You've just touched upon the very heart of the matter, I think. This is the real key to an understanding of PLAYBOY, and its success, in contemporary society.

TANENBAUM: The Playboy Club offers a world in which the man reassumes his dominant position; and the woman becomes a "bunny" who wears a sexy costume and plays the passive role of a waitress.

BURNETT: Yes, but on the other hand, Rabbi, you yourself said that you were amazed, when you were at The Playboy Club, to see the number of men who were there with their wives and families . . .

HEFNER: PLAYBOY's over-all point of view on the male-female relationship in society certainly doesn't limit women to

"Don't be alarmed, folks, but I think we just entered the Twilight Zone!"

the role of Bunnies in The Playboy Club. Essentially, what we are saying, editorially in the magazine, is that men and women should each have *separate* identities—that they are both happiest when their roles complement rather than compete with each other.

Since the turn of the century, there has been a considerable breakdown in the cultural patterns that distinguish the sexes—especially here in America—causing us to drift toward an asexual society, in which it becomes increasingly difficult for either sex to find true satisfaction or fulfillment in its interpersonal relationships with the other. This is one of the two primary causes, I believe—the other being the increasing complexity and automation of our civilization—for the erosion of individual identity that was mentioned earlier.

Since PLAYBOY is a magazine for men, it is natural for us to place most of our emphasis on the problem of male identity. PLAYBOY stresses a strongly heterosexual concept of society—in which the separate roles of men and women are clearly defined and compatible. Though we are sometimes accused of having a dehumanized view of women, our concept actually offers the female a far more human identity than she has had historically in the Western world.

It is our religious tradition that has tended to look upon woman as a depersonalized object, or possession, by continually associating her with its antagonism toward sex. Sometimes the emphasis has been placed upon the temptation to sin in womankind, and sometimes the emphasis has been placed upon feminine purity and chastity; but whether they were considered creatures of the Devil, or placed upon a pedestal, their status in our antisexual society has always been that of an *object*, rather than a *human being*.

SEX AS SIN

BURNETT: That brings us back to something that was said before the coffee came—I think you brought it up, Rabbi—and that's the idea of sex as sin. Which is what Hugh Hefner is hitting on here; and I think we might devote our attention to that.

HEFNER: We've talked around it, but we haven't really gotten into it yet.

BURNETT: Our religious tradition teaches that sex is a sin outside of the marriage sacrament; and sometimes inside the marriage sacrament as well.

HEFNER: This is the real point behind much of what we've been discussing here today, and I don't think we're going to get any general agreement on it.

O'CONNOR: No, you've got a new theology, kid. You're going to have to defend it.

HEFNER: That's why I'm here.

But I believe it is behind the thought that you expressed earlier, Father, that the Church has not fully spelled out a positive attitude toward sex; and, Rabbi, your comment that the sex-sin relationship has been one of the significant shortcomings in our religion, down through history—with the religious approach to sex traditionally negative, expressed as a concern over sex as a temptation, rather than a more positive view of sex as, indeed, an extremely important, worth-while . . .

BURNETT: . . . And pretty wonderful . . .

HEFNER: . . . Yes . . . aspect of life.

TANENBAUM: I think, perhaps, that it has been true, Mr. Hefner, that we've seen sex in a context of the opposition of vice and virtue. And in the greater part of our traditions, and much of our theological writing—certainly in the Christian theological literature—there is this enormous preoccupation with sex as vice.

HEFNER: With virtue, when it has been mentioned, usually taking the form of antisex—if chastity can be called antisex. The general tendency has been to associate chastity and virginity with virtue; and, conversely—sex with sin.

TANENBAUM: May I ask, what do you see as the implications in this? Let's grant the assumptions that are implicit in what you are saying—that this is the way that sex has been looked upon in Western religious tradition. What are the implications of this tradition, which we have inherited, for American sexual behavior and morality, as you see it?

HEFNER: The major implication from a religious point of view, it seems to me, is the need for the clergy of all faiths to take an altogether new and considered look at this question, because it is very, very obvious that the traditional Judaeo-Christian teaching on sex is not being accepted—is being openly flouted by an otherwise, by and large, religious community. One of the Ten Commandments states, "Thou shalt not commit adultery"; but adultery is commonplace. This taboo against extramarital sex was extended, during the Dark Ages, to include all forms of premarital sex, as well; and the majority of our society pays lip service to the prohibitions, without making any serious attempt to live by them.

O'CONNOR: But, Hugh, you're basing these conclusions on the rather dubious statistics of Mr. Kinsey, which you fall back on quite continuously in your *Philosophy*. I think we run into the obvious difficulty that we don't have a valid statistical analysis of a sampling. I suppose, then, we will always have to argue about the fairness of the sampling.

HEFNER: Surely you're not . . .

O'CONNOR: But, if there is a sexual revolution, then statistically we should be able to support ourselves. If there is a sexual re-examination, then what is the basis for the sexual re-examination? Is it because of the failure of our sexual mores, or because we're suddenly aware that sex has some ramifications that we didn't realize before?

HEFNER: If we refuse to accept the evidence now available regarding sexual behavior and are unwilling to concede that a sexual revolution really does exist, then we are only unnecessarily delaying coming to grips with the problem, it seems to me, by presumably wishing it weren't there.

O'CONNOR: Are you indicting religion, then, not just for the current sexual situation, but because it's not coming to terms with modern life? Is this what you're saying?

HEFNER: No, I'm *not* indicting it, because I feel there is more progress being shown within many areas of organized religion today, with a forthright and favorable consideration being given to the very questions we are talking about here, than ever before in history.

I'm quite optimistic, incidentally, not only about the eventual outcome of the sexual revolution, as far as secular society is concerned, but also about the part that organized religion can play in the establishment of a new, more rational morality for society.

Now, I'm not suggesting that simply because there is a disparity between code and conduct, it is necessarily the code that is at fault. I think both the beliefs and the behavior deserve a dispassionate reappraisal. It ought to be kept in mind, however, that the sexual taboos in our religious tradition were conceived many centuries ago, long before the understanding and insights regarding the psychosexual nature of man were supplied by psychiatry and socioanthropological studies.

Most of organized religion had no difficulty in adjusting its doctrine to the discoveries of Darwin; it seems reasonable to hope that the same progressive attitude may now be displayed toward the discoveries of Freud.

In the next installment of "The Playboy Philosophy," Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner continues this religious round table with a discussion of the primary principles underlying the "Philosophy" and an exchange of views on the subject of premarital and extramarital sex.

See "The Playboy Forum" in this issue for readers' comments—pro and con—on subjects raised in previous installments of this editorial series. Two booklet reprints of "The Playboy Philosophy," including installments one through seven and eight through twelve, are available at $1 per booklet. Send check or money order to PLAYBOY, *232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611.*

MACBETH THE KNIFE

impudent lyrics for a tragimusicomedy based on a play by william shakespeare

satire

By RAY RUSSELL

HEREWITH, to celebrate the close of the Bard's 400th anniversary year, another PLAYBOY service to the Broadway theater, which has so far contented itself with converting only Shakespeare's lighter efforts to major musicals such as *Kiss Me, Kate* and *The Boys from Syracuse*. Our first such effort (PLAYBOY, November 1962) was a musical-comedy version of *Hamlet*, which we called *Come to Me, My Melancholy Dane*. This time, it's that benighted and bedeviled thane, Macbeth, who gets the portentous-drama-to-happy-musical treatment. Although there have been countless stage productions of *Macbeth*, plus a couple of film versions starring Orson Welles and Toshiro Mifune, to say nothing of Hallmark's stately TV airing and Verdi's all-too-Italian opera, there has never been a Broadway hit on the subject—until now. As before, we supply the words and you supply the music, bellowing the appropriate tune that fits the meter; you're trusted to recognize the right melody from your own extensive repertory. Clear your throat now . . . sing a few scales to warm up . . . the overture has started and the curtain is about to rise.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARNOLD ROTH

THREE LITTLE WITCHES

(WITCH TRIO AND DANCE)

Three little witches wild are we,
Skilled in the art of prophecy,
Filled with a view of what will be,
Three little witches wild.

FIRST WITCH

Hail to Macbeth, you will soon be a king!

SECOND WITCH

Banquo won't be much of anything.

THIRD WITCH

Now we'll go into our buck and wing.

ALL THREE AGAIN

Three little witches wild . . .
Three little witches, very scary,
Straight from a nearby cemetery,
Of our predictions, do be wary—
Careful you're not beguiled!
Three little WI-I-I-I-I-I-I-ITCHes wild!

WHAT KIND OF GHOUL AM I?

(SOLO: MACBETH)

What kind of ghoul am I?
Why do I hesitate?
Why don't I do this thing,
Rub out the king,
And fulfill my fate?
Oh, what a beastly bore
It is to be
Some kind of nut hung up by sweet morality.
What trembling hands are these?
What widely popping eyes?
Why must I be the boy
For paranoi-
a's booby prize?
Why won't some deity
Bless poor nice honest me
And make me just the kind of ghoul I want to be?

MURDER, ANYONE?

(DUET: MURDERERS)

Does your life seem dull and dour?
Has your wife lost her allure?
Friend, we know the perfect cure:
Murder, anyone?
Are you getting ample pay?
Is that new man in your way?
Use our service, don't delay:
Murder, anyone?
Sad girl,
Bad man,
To you
We cater.
Try our
New plan—
Slay now,
Pay later!
Mum's the word, we never squeal,
Never welsh on any deal,
Simply meet our price and we'll
Murder anyone!

B-A-N-Q-U-O

(SOLO : BANQUO'S GHOST)

B is for the Bludgeon that you swungeth,
A is for this Ax here in my head,
N is for the Noose you should be hung with,
Q is for your Queen, she should drop dead.
U is for your Underhanded methods,
O means only Oh you make me sick.
Put them all together, they spell BANQUO—
And party crashing is my shtick!

NO REST FOR THE WICKED

(SOLO : MACBETH)

Verse

Little Malcolm's fled to England, Donalbain to Ireland's gone,
And Banquo is conveniently dead.
But even though I'm weary and my sighs are deeply drawn,
I've no place I can lay my guilty head . . .

Refrain

There is no one I can turn to in Hibernia,
There's no hiding place for me in London Town.
If I merely had an ulcer or a hernia
They would pity me, but now they put me down.
No rest for the wicked!
No rest for the wicked!
Whether by the land or sea or air.
To the desert or the thicket
I in vain would buy a ticket,
And on shipboard I'd succumb to mal de mer.
There's a shortage of surcease in cold Siberia,
And in China I would choke on my chow mein.
There would surely be no peace in old Iberia,
For the rain in Spain falls mainly on the thane.
No rest for the wicked!
No rest for the wicked!
No rest for the shoulder bent by care!
They boycott me and picket,
Why, it simply isn't cricket
That there's no rest for the wicked anywhere!

THE BIRNAM WALK

(SOLDIERS' CHORUS AND DANCE)

Swing those hatchets wild and free,
Woodsman, don't you spare that tree,
It's our open sesame,
Doin' The Birnam Walk!
Thwack and whack and hack away,
Let those chips fall where they may,
On bonny bank and bonny brae,
Doin' The Birnam Walk!
Stick those twigs
In your wigs,
Wrap 'em round and round your craniums,
Glue those leaves
To your sleeves,
Till you look like wild geraniums.
Forward march, and hold your breath,
Ev'ryone as still as death,
Scare the pants off old Macbeth,
Doin' The Birnam Walk!

OUT, DAMNED SPOT

(SLEEPWALKING SONG: LADY MACBETH)

Out, damned spot.
Out, damned spot.
See how it stays.
See how it stays.
I've washed with water both cold and hot,
With juice of lemon and apricot,
My skin dissolves but the spot does not,
Out, damned spot.

Out, damned spot.
Out, damned spot.
Please go away.
Please go away.
The doctor says that it's tommyrot,
It's something more than a spot I've got,
He seems reluctant to tell me what,
Out, damned spot.

LAY ON, MACDUFF!

(GRAND FINALE OF THE DEFEATED)

Lay on, Macduff! Lay on, Macduff!
Lay on the haggis and the soup and stuff!
Although 'tis said
You were our foe,
What side our bread
Is buttered on you bet we know!
Lay on the wine, lay on the meat,
And watch how graciously we take defeat.
Don't gang agley on
Us. We beg you prey on
Us. Please treat us rough!
Yes, stay on,
Play on,
Pay on,
Lay on, Macduff!

ON THE SCENE

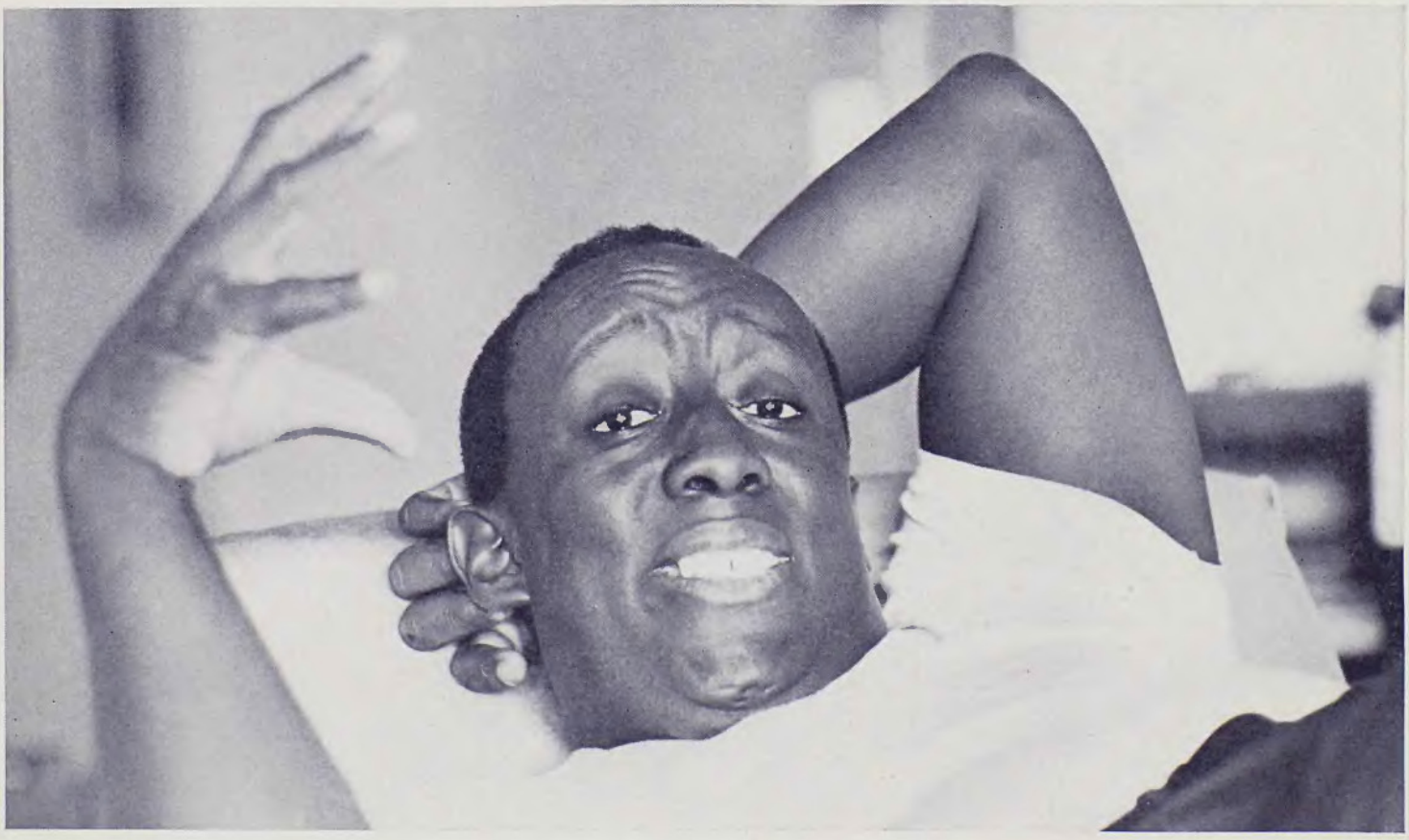
JACK JONES *allan's kid*

AT ONE POINT in his night-club act, baritone Jack Jones says that he's going to do a bedtime lullaby his famous father, Allan, used to sing to him, and then belts out an uptempo version of *The Donkey Serenade*. It is his only concession to cashing in on his filial ties with the pearly-toothed, wavy-haired tenor who starred in movie musicals of the Thirties. The Jones boy has come a long way on his own since he broke into show business as the teenaged half of a short-lived son-and-dad nightery act. A diffident Ivy League–cut 26-year-old, he has won a Grammy (the Oscar of the record biz) twice in the last three years: first for *Lollipops and Roses* (the hit that moved his career into high gear) and this past year for *Wives and Lovers*. During the 1963–1964 TV season he made an unprecedented number of guest appearances (26) on such prestigious shows as those presided over by Judy Garland, Ed Sullivan, Joey Bishop, Bob Hope and Jack Paar, is scheduled to star in the plush precincts of the Plaza Hotel's Persian Room this month. Joe Levine, for whom he did the title song behind *Where Love Has Gone*, has high expectations for his proposed launching of Jack in films. The repertoire of tall, dark, refreshingly quiet-mannered Jones leans heavily on the romantic ballad and the standard; his delivery is ungimmicked; he eschews both on-stage hip twitching and recording-studio echo chambers. He has proved that the shortest distance to success can be a straight melodic line, and an authority no less estimable than Frank Sinatra has predicted that Jack Jones will be "the next major singing star in show business."

GODFREY CAMBRIDGE *comic victorious*

A 30-YEAR-OLD EX-ACTOR with the playful look of an overgrown teddy bear and a shy demeanor that belies his acerbic wit, Godfrey Cambridge has bypassed the ranks of stand-up comicdom to reach the profession's upper echelons in record time. Since his first nationwide appearance on the Jack Paar show earlier this year, the versatile thespian-turned-comic has cut a best-selling LP, played a series of S.R.O. night-club engagements (New York's Blue Angel and Village Vanguard, San Francisco's hungry i, Los Angeles' Crescendo) and signed to do a cross-country tour of college one-nighters. His material is racially oriented, but pleasantly devoid of homilies: "The main thing I'm after is laughs," says Cambridge. "If I can leave them something to think about, so much the better." As an accomplished actor, Cambridge, who received *The Village Voice*'s 1961 Obie Award for his first major role in Genet's *The Blacks* and later was nominated for a Tony Award for his home-folks portrayal of Gitlow in *Purlie Victorious*, uses his theatrical training to maximum advantage in his new role as a full-time jester. His delivery is forceful, his timing sharp, as he waxes comedic on such topics as black nationalism ("My wife stopped pressing her hair, and now she looks just like Jomo Kenyatta") and integrated parties ("Eastern liberals are wild about my Rent-a-Negro Plan"). Unaffected by overnight success, he admonishes his fans not to call Cary Grant "the white Godfrey Cambridge."

MARVIN KONER



SHERMAN WEISBURD

BILL MAULDIN *brush fighter*

WITH THE NOTABLE EXCEPTION of his 1963 award-winning Kennedy memorial drawing, a sensitive full-page portrayal of a sobbing Lincoln, Bill Mauldin has spent his entire cartooning career skewering every major politico in sight. A liberal by instinct, and a gut-fighter by disposition, the 43-year-old *Chicago Sun-Times* cartoonist refuses to be hampered by personal allegiances—"I have lots of acquaintances and few friends"—as his critical eye searches for feet of clay on political idols. Unlike most of his colleagues "Muldoon"—as he is nicknamed by his journalistic cronies—always attacks, never defends: "It's a cartoonist's job to buck power. In South America, I would be a leftist; in Yugoslavia, a right-winger." Cartoon stereotypes like Lady Luck and Uncle Sam are editorial anathema to Mauldin, who relies on caricature to make his satirical point. Always wary of things too cerebral, he aims his humor at the funny bone as well as the brain. "The difference between a cartoon and an editorial," says Mauldin, "is the difference between a sergeant's whistle and a Brahms symphony." Twice awarded the Pulitzer Prize, Mauldin's icon-smashing career includes early fame as the GI cartoon creator of "Willie and Joe," several books, an unsuccessful campaign for Congress, a stint as a film actor, and his emergence as a top-paid caricature assassin for the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* (1958–1962) before landing his current assignment at the *Sun-Times*. "My life has been backwards," he says. "Big success, retirement, and now I'm making an honest living.

VELVET AND APOLLO

(continued from page 178)

midriff. We blinked lazily at the sun-seething sky.

"I could eat that stuff day and night," she said.

"I wouldn't advise that. It would do things to your duodenum."

"My what?—stop it!"

"I wanted to point out your duodenum."

"I'd rather you wouldn't, thank you."

"Trouble with you is, you have a lot of curves but no scientific bent."

"Ha-ha. Wait, when I'm a junior like you I'll make with the fancy phrases, too. Then I'll challenge you to a duel."

"The weapon I choose is wrestling."

"You biology majors got a one-track mind."

We basked, dozing, humming.

"What are you going to do with your biology, anyway?" she asked.

"Medicine."

"So's my cousin. But he's having trouble getting into med school."

Without warning, her words had converted the lamblike cloud above into an august ream of application blanks. I stiffened. Reality had butted in. Resolute, I kicked it out of the afternoon's golden-blue utopia.

"Who hasn't got trouble?" I said.

That ended our siesta. We were up and about. What to do? About us droned, drummed, news-commentatored, vocalized a pandemonium of portables. And there was a clearing, just vacated by a family of four, as small and precious as a night-club table. We danced on it, ostensibly to *Green Eyes* which was grinding out nearby, actually to a musical desire to do something together.

"Hey!" cawed a matron with dyed hair. "What are you trying to do, raise a sandstorm?"

"Drop dead," Velvet whispered at her ardently, though into my ear.

We quit. What to do? Amateur acrobats began to practice their art on the other side of the boardwalk stairs and we hurried over. Limbs disported themselves independently in the air. Cathedrals of tanned skin were built. But we weren't content to watch.

"Wait . . . no . . ." She trembled on my shoulders. "No! I give up!"

"Straighten up!" I panted.

"Help!"

Tingling and throbbing, we toppled together. What to do? We were burning with an impatient passion. The horizon was shrinking toward the sun. In the east the sky was riddled with lavender vanguards of evening. We wanted to shout, laugh, to imprison each slipping second. What to do?

We ran into the high-tide water. I played the game with her, the lovely game of me the drowner and her the rescuer; the water-lapped, wave-confused game of my drifting hands, her chaste protests and wantonly inadequate evasions.

Abruptly the day was gone. The sun had tangled fatally with the roofs of Gravesend. Around us people scampered off the littered sand. The sky grew darker than the amusement park's neon. A breeze sprang up. We had to admit our shivers. We had gone into the water too late. There was no place where we could change our bathing suits, the public lockers being filled up. The wool clung and bit as I pulled my dry pants over it.

We had become silent and tired. We shook the sand out of the blanket, folded it. And as we turned to go, there he stood, the little man.

No telling how long he had waited behind us. He was old, and bent a tired smile toward us. In his brown gabardine suit he looked like a gnarled root that had shot up from the ground—a root yearning for a tree to which it could attach itself and give sap to.

We seemed to be his tree. For when we tried to pass him, he stretched out his arm.

"Would you like to change clothes? Come into my house. I have a shower . . ."

His arm sank with his voice, as though he were embarrassed by his own eagerness.

"Well——" I said dubiously.

"But it is only seventy cents. For both of you. What is seventy cents? You can change your clothes. And wash yourself. You see?"

Once more his gray face urged its battered smile on us. Improbably, he did make us see.

"All right," I said, and immediately he swung around and led us past the already lamplit boardwalk, round a corner to his house.

But it wasn't a house. Once it might have been a bungalow. Now it was hardly better than a decaying heap of shingles. We—Velvet and I—looked at the cracked tar roof, at the exposed beams. And looked at each other. And laughed, hilariously. It was the perfect ending for our crazy day. Both the askew house and its askew owner were—how shall I say?—weirdly wonderful. Their very unsightliness was to be enjoyed for a secret, youthful reason peculiar to us.

So we did enjoy it. We could barely restrain our giggles as the old fellow beckoned us with his keen little flourishes through two dank rooms; as he presented us breathlessly with large towels that were, strange to say, quite clean; as he ushered us into a tiny dooryard where an even tinier shack trembled in the breeze.

"The showers . . ." gasped our host, as though staggered by the vista. "Hot and cold . . . good drainage . . . you can use them."

I entered on one side of the partition that separated the shack into halves, Velvet on the other. I peeled off the loathsome trunks, let the cold jet wash the sweat and the sand off my skin. I stretched luxuriously, I soaped, I sang, and Velvet sang back.

"Say!" I cried through the partition. "Apollo the god of music says let's murder a song together!"

"Sure!" she bubbled back.

Together we droned out "Bongo, bongo, bongo, I don't want to leave the Congo," and for a drum I beat out the rhythm against the wall between us.

Then it happened.

A few loose nails dropped on my side. The paper-thin wood gave in to my fist. Not all the way. Just enough to show the upper part of Velvet's back, the spine bones showing because she was bending over, the flesh almost unreal in its white halterless frankness, and displaying on the left side the ripe ruby-red beauty of a birthmark a strap had hitherto concealed. And still the wood gave further.

I don't know what haunted impulse made me hold it up. A tiny desire nudged me, yet I was flooded with fear. She bongo'd on innocently, but I felt the nails loosening all over and I was afraid the partition would crash down no matter how I strained my fingers against the starkness. And then in panic, faucet left on, the soap not even washed off entirely, I grabbed the towel and ran out.

I shivered in the room next door. Outside the window the beach was a paper-soiled waste. My clothes seemed damp as I put them on. I was overwhelmed by the inescapable nakedness of life. The time was coming when all the curtains would tear, and all the gay frauds fall, and I'd have to go through with the business of living and loving down to the ultimate crevasse of mortality, down to the last lusting vulnerability. And I was shocked by my own fear of that, by the rebellion of an unsuspected puritanism. The world, like the sand outside, had turned rank and incomprehensible and wearisome.

"Apollo," she cried that moment, "hey, wherefore art thou?"

"I'm finished, slowpoke," I cried back automatically—for the spell was broken. My hand reached into the pocket and encountered enough quarters to secure the night.

"I happen not to be afraid of showers, the way some people are." She swayed into the room, towel-wrapped tightly from shoulder to thigh, head thrown over her shoulder, an amateur burlesque queen.

"Shake a leg, Gypsy Rose," I said. "We're doing Coney Island."

I gave her my most leering look as she paraded by. And I had already forgotten that a moment before I had felt, for the first time in my life, old.

THE DOT AND DASH BIRD

fiction By BERNARD WOLFE walter had to get his hero out of trouble, but according to the coded message, he himself was in a far worse plight

THE MYNA, in black pomposity of feathers, with chief justice's leveling eyes, worked at its chuffy song, gurrah, gurree, gruh-greeg. Walter Jack Commice ticked out the beat on the surface of his free-shape pale-lemon Formica desk, bop, bop, bop-bop.

When he became aware of what his fingers were doing, he looked up quickly from the puce-colored IBM typewriter to study the dark presiding figure in its curlicued brass cage.

"I spit on your trivialized smut guts, too, scum eyes."

He was not pleased with himself for hating a small incarcerated animal. But facts were facts. Small black magisterial clump of nothing with a sheen of no sympathy in the eye and answering to the name of Jonnikins.

"Jonnikins, your Jerkiness. You and your witch friend Daisy-Dear. Long-term mononucleosis to you both."

Neither did he enjoy malicious thoughts about his mother-in-law. He never laughed at mother-in-law jokes, because he sensed in them a displeasure with women which he believed more suited to fairies, whom he truly hated. Yet how deny he had a mother-in-law who doted on the name Daisy-Dear and insisted on keeping a filthy rotten myna bird she insisted on calling Jonnikins? Keeping the miserable squawker in his study, at his elbow? Not bad enough *she* had to live here. She had to buddy up to rotten filthy birds that eyed you and made nasty Huntley-Brinkley commentaries you couldn't understand about you and yours. Birds that sat on a stack of statute books handing down sentences and making mucoid rock 'n' roll in their throats. In *his* study. At *his* elbow.

"Jonnikins, if you want to know what I think, I think you're a fairy, a feather-bearing damn fairy. I would dance in the streets to see you stretched out conclusively dead with your ugly claws sticking straight up. As for your side-kick and bird of a feather, Daisy-Dear . . ."

Drawing back from the darkening thought, he shifted his eyes to the picture window to consider the sunny spread of West Hollywood and Beverly Hills below. From his rose-carpeted and rose-draped study here high over Coldwater Canyon he could make out all the landmarks of the sprawled enterprise called Walter Jack Commice, the California Bank Building, where agents sat collecting his moneys, the Sunset Tower, where business managers were busy disbursing his moneys, the Beverly Hilton, in whose penthouse Escoffier Room he met regularly with television producers and story editors to firm up new assignments, the Park La Brea Towers, where his secretary was at this moment typing up his last script for the *Yucca Yancy* series, the Bekins warehouse, where he was obliged to store his many bound volumes of old television scripts now that Daisy-Dear

insisted on using the closet of his study for Jonnikin's feeds and vitamins and assorted goodies. About him this network of institutions operating on the premise that his hands would continue to fly plottingly and dialogingly over the puce IBM, but when he looked down at a wide city dependent on his ten fingers, the fingers went truant and jogged the myna's growling rhythms.

Bop, bop, they went. Bop, bop-bop.

Daisy-Dear came in slapping her too-large fluffy mules and crossed to her darling's cage.

"Don't mind me," she said, as usual. He was again struck by how much she sounded like her feathered friend, a rasper, a growler. He kept expecting her to grow a beak; she already had the beadiness of eye. "Just want to see how Boy-Boy is."

Sometimes it wasn't Jonnikins. When that love welled up it could be Boy-Boy.

"It would be easier to not mind you," he said, not loudly, "if you didn't start yapping the minute you came in." He added with no loudness at all, "Easier still if you took a slow train to Anchorage."

But by this time she was crooking her finger through the brass bars at Jon-Boy-Boy and saying in a coo, "Are you maybe under the weather, little man? You look peak-ed, definitely."

He felt peak-ed, definitely. He imagined his head was peak-ed and pointy and begging for dunce caps. He stared with disenchantment at the page in his typewriter and forced his eyes to follow the words again:

QUARLES (*lazily*): What makes you think I'm your man, sheriff?

SHERIFF SLATE (*readying hands at holsters*): Scar over right eye. Third finger of left hand missing down to second knuckle. You're the one gunned down Farrow, all right. I'd know you anywheres.

QUARLES (*placidly downing drink in shot glass*): You can get in a whole mess of trouble going round making big accusations like that.

SHERIFF SLATE (*fingers stiffening near holsters*): You're the one's in trouble now, Quarles. Either you come along quiet . . .

QUARLES (*putting shot glass down deliberately*): Now, you couldn't rightly expect me to do that, sheriff. I don't do things quiet. I'm a loud man. I do everything real loud . . .

Daisy-Dear reading today's immortal prose over his shoulder. Projecting the editorial lower lip, beaklike. Inanely reporting, "He was saying he's a loud man this morning at eleven. It's three in the afternoon now."

"I've asked you roughly a hundred times not to come in here when I'm working, Daisy. I've asked you maybe two hundred times not to read over my shoulder when you do come in, Daisy."

Eyes slotting now. Two Daisies bereft of their honeying and kissy Dears. She knew when she'd been slapped in the face twice in two sentences.

"Walter. Really. You know I can't go all day without peeking in to see how Jonnikins is."

"And how my script isn't?"

"Now, Walter. You know you're just grumpy because it isn't going well. Two pages in five hours . . ."

A double accusation behind that. It was her theory that his study was the best place for Jonnikins because the sound of typing gave him something to think about and generally soothed him. When there *was* this sound: It was her further theory that her son-in-law was a no-good lazy bum who sat all day counting his fingers and thinking about strip-teasers, and that the lack of busy noises was what made Jonnikins feel neglected and got him under the weather and peak-ed, definitely.

"Five hours is right," he said. "Five full hours of Feathers over there concertizing in my ear. He's in fine, phlegmy voice today."

The thing was that the longer Walter sat, trying to get Killer Quarles to put that shot glass all the way down and draw on Sheriff Slate to force the shoot-out, the more the goddamn prosecuting attorney of a black bird kept throwing the book at him. This sheeny black mess of a black hoppy animal was conviction-happy D. A., rigged jury, hanging judge, and firing and blackballing story editor in one dirty, black ball.

Walter was terrified of getting fired from *Yucca Yancy* and blackballed from the industry as a deadline misser. He was already three days overdue on this assignment and Quarles was still so disinclined to draw that Sheriff Slate's fingers were going stiff with neuralgia there by his holsters.

"Write, Walter," Daisy-Dear said. "It'll be good for your nerves and for Boy-Boy's, too. Get them six-shooters a-shootin' like sixty!"

She padded out on her sloshing mules.

Gurree, gruh-greeg, admonished the scummy bum of a blackhearted bird.

Bop, bop-bop, went his fingers.

Bump, bump-bump?

What?

Duh, duh-duh?

That little fairy with the celluloid letter opener for a nose? Mm?

• • •

Soon as he heard the station wagon hit the gravel he headed down to the carport. Immediately he was leading her over to a safe conference spot near the hibachi patio grill, close by the vermiform aquamarine swimming pool, saying too fast, "She's your mother and my nemesis. She was in every hour on the hour today, making time with that undernourished vulture and cracks about my work. Get Daisy-Dour for a mother-in-law and you don't need any Romanians. Chris, I swear, if she's going to keep busting into my room with blue pencils going counterclockwise in her eyes . . ."

Chris put her shopping bags on the barbecuing machine and said, "Wally.

Honey. She's been giving you a workout, I know." She raised up to kiss him on the cheek. "I'll have one last talk with her. If it doesn't do any good, she doesn't live here anymore, that's it. She carried me for nine months, but that doesn't give her any call to needle you for nine years. You forget about it, hon. If I've got to choose between her and you, it's no contest. I know what side of my bread the jam's on."

She kissed him on the neck, over to the left, near the scar where the carbuncle had been cauterized off. Daisy-Dear had insisted on the carbuncle going, because she saw potentialities for cancer in all unusual blooms except her own bloating tongue.

Chris was his one ally. He knew he could count on her against all the editor-eye vultures. Immediately he felt better.

"You're a girl and a half," he said, and meant it.

"I'd better make tracks and a half. Six-fifteen. Oo, oo. Mix the onion dip and get martoonis in the fridge. How're you doing with the *Yancy?*"

"Nnnh. Quarles's an old chimney. Not drawing properly."

"Ho, ho. Never you mind, hon. You're the A-one chimney sweep in these parts."

His eyes followed with approval as she gathered up the groceries and went off toward the all-electric kitchen, haunch-high, ample, still a curvy and superior bundle. If at times he felt he was a prisoner in the enemy camp, she at least was there with him, tapping out messages of solidarity on the cell wall.

• • •

He thought of Henny Juris. While Chris and her mums were off doing last-minute things in the kitchen, Walter Jack Commice adjusted his legs on the leather hassock, sipped at his panatela, and thought about Henny Juris, wondering why. He had not seen or considered Henny for 16 years, since the Navy. His fingers were making rhythms on the martini glass. He let his eyes go to the glass patio doors, to the well-lit landscaping beyond. In this town you paid high for your red and blue banana trees. But, he told himself, he did not mind. Nothing comes free of charge. Even when you jump for joy you're using up your legs some. All of which did not tell him why his mind was suddenly going back to Henny Juris. Or his fingers jumping on the martini glass, not for joy. He was now on his third martini, not for joy.

The ladies came out to announce that dinner was ready and in a minute they were seated and the maid was serving.

"Chris," Walter said over the jellied madrilene, "you majored in psych. Stimulus-response, reflexes, things of that order. Tell me, do you think animals, the higher animals below humans, are capable of hate?"

"There's the danger of anthropomorphism," Chris said. "Attributing to them specifically human qualities, like being vain about your figure and liking to see your name in the papers and wanting to be at the head of the class. But, yes, I'd give them hate. When the hippopotamus is dismembering the white hunter I don't think his head's full of rosy Christian thoughts."

"You speak of the hippopotamus. What about, specifically, birds?" He kept his eyes carefully away from Daisy-Dear, but he saw the alerted look Chris gave him across the table. "You suppose birds, domesticated birds, can hate other creatures—people?"

"Well, we don't know too much about birds." Chris tasted her Chablis and grimaced approval. "Birds are descended from the reptiles. We don't know a damned thing about what goes on in a snake's head. They're too cold-blooded. Where do your hostilities and resentments trend when your blood stream's down to seventy degrees Fahrenheit?"

"I don't know about snakes, but I can tell you when birds hate you," Daisy-Dear said. Now Chris was giving *her*

(continued on page 232)

AROUND THE WORLD WITH TEEVEE JEEBIES

"Just make yourselves at home, folks— I'm going to show Sandra the bedroom . . ."

"The point is this, Señora—the horses, they are gone, and someone has to pull the coach . . . !"

"That's very good, girls—except that I said, 'Everybody stand on your right foot . . . !'"

"And after we broke up, Jane got possession of Boy, Cheetah, the tree house and my loincloth . . ."

"All right, all right, Charlie—don't get so excited! There are six more cans of Gro-Pup in the cabinet over there . . . !"

"No, I don't know who he was—but he was swimming around down there in scuba equipment . . . with an air tank, and goggles, and flippers and all . . . and he had one hell of a smooth line . . ."

tongue-in-cheek dialog for television's late-night movies

"But, Mario, if you'll just admit that you have a dandruff problem . . ."

"Well, you're not getting married in this state, my friend . . . !"

"I'm not saying it wouldn't be fun, Mr. Parkerhouse, but wouldn't the intercom, telephone, pen and pencils, papers and everything get in the way?"

"It sounds crazy to me, but if you're sure it's customary in formal ceremonies of this sort, I guess it's OK. Best man first, then the ushers . . ."

"Wha'd'ya say we shave off that silly mustache?"

"Well, men, I guess this breaks the treaty . . ."

DOT AND DASH BIRD *(continued from page 229)*

warning looks, but she paid no attention. "It's when *you* hate *them*. You can't blame them. They're sensitive little fellows and they feel things."

"Listen, Daisy." Walter was not inclined to dapple his talk with falsifying Dearies. He knew he should not have had that third martini, but there was no stopping now. "I'll tell you something about that sensitive little chum-buddy of yours. He hates me and everything about me. He even makes fun of my writing, if anybody took the trouble to decipher his stenchy warbles. Exactly like his feeder and fancier. *You* don't need deciphering. Come clean, now. Don't *you* make fun of my writing?"

"I think it would be better not to go into literary matters," Chris said cautioningly. Her words were meant for her mother, but Daisy-Dear was too interested in rising to the occasion, the beam of battle was in her eye.

"Since you ask me, Walter," she said happily, full of anticipation, "since you seem to want my opinion, I'm no critic, but I can tell you this, I think it's a shame and a disgrace for a grown man to be spending his life trying to get strutty little outlaws and sheriffs to shoot bullets into each other. There are other things in life besides guns and gore and men with two-year-olds' itches talking tough and with barks at each other. Besides, you can't even get your itchy men to reach for their guns. You get them talking tougher and tougher and longer and longer and——"

No telling how far she would have gone if the maid had not just then come in with the steaming roast beef on a platter. They sat with petrified eyes until the maid was gone again. Then Chris looked directly at her mother and said, "Mother, let's understand one thing. Walter is my husband. I love him and love and approve of everything he does, and if anybody feels differently about it, there's no room for such a person in this house. Is that clear?"

Before the old lady could open her mouth Walter said, "I'm glad you said what you did, Daisy, very glad. It's good to get these things out in the open. Let me just inform you, for your information, that by writing about people who talk tough and itchily reach for their guns, as you so choicely put it, I make over thirty thousand dollars each year after taxes. Some people may have very highly developed critical minds and see what's less than perfect in everything, but if you look at their tax returns——"

"Thank you very much, Walter," Daisy-Dear said. "Thank you for reminding me that I'm a helpless old woman who can't earn her keep anymore and has to depend on the charity of people who don't want her around. I'm well aware of the fact that I'm a pauper and have to live where I'm not wanted. For *your* information, your toughies with all their itches aren't reaching so much for their guns lately. You're days late with this *Yancy* and you still can't get Mr. Quarles to stop talking long enough to take a gun to Mr. Slate."

"All right, Mother," Chris said with the firmness of ultimatum. "I think that does it. I think that's just about it. You've been making life miserable for Walter long enough, and my first loyalty is to my husband. You won't be a pauper, Daisy-Dear. We'll see to it that you never want for anything, but you can't stay here. I suggest you go to your room and start packing. We'll make the necessary arrangements in the morning."

"I'll be happy to leave this house," Daisy-Dear said. She stood up with dignity. "I don't care to be in a place where a soul can't speak her mind." She left the room without a look back.

Walter called exultantly after her, "And Daisy-Dear, take iddums Jonnikins with you! Tell him about Dostoievsky!"

He was feeling taken care of and vindicated. The feeling increased when Chris came over and kissed him on the

head, saying, "It'll be all right now, darling. This was coming for a long time. I just had to handle it my own way and in my own time."

He patted her hand with all affection. "Thanks, honey. I really mean it. These are the moments that count, when you're tapping strong on the cell wall."

Chris went back to her seat as he said with all heartiness, "Mothers-in-law should be hurried and not seen. You know." But Chris didn't laugh, and Walter couldn't bring himself to laugh either. He knew damned well he was no fairy, but here he was making one of those misogynistic mother-in-law jokes that had fairy overtones. He said as he bent to carve the rib, holding the tools before him like lances, suddenly gloomy, "Damn it. I swear, by midnight Quarles's going to be letting loose at Slate with both barrels." Then his fingers were throbbing obscure semaphors and he was exclaiming, "Henny Juris! Of course! Hon, what we were saying about animals and hate, listen, I just came in mind of a proof! Rumpy! The scratcher, the chuckler, Rumpy!"

"Translate, please," Chris said.

It was all back in Walter's mind: "My God, yes. The squirrel." Around the edges of the memory he was aware of his fingers going faster against the tabletop. "This was a little beast one of the lieutenant jg.s in Newport News had. Lieutenant Quarles, come to think of it, that was his name. I guess I never told you. This Rumpy was, generally speaking, an affectionate little bugger, he really liked people, all kinds, he was forever nuzzling and making up to everybody. The only one he wouldn't kiss and mush up to was Henny Juris. Oh, how that little so-and-so hated Henny's insides. He made Henny's life miserable, I'm telling you. Henny's got scars from where that animal bit his fingers to the bone. Once they had to tear Rumpy off Henny because he was trying to scratch Henny's eyes out. He saw red whenever Henny was in the neighborhood. Spitting and clawing was his one hello. What Rumpy felt for that man wasn't anything as soft as hate. It was homicide, pure and simple."

His fingers were on the speed-up. He was sitting straight, aware of how his breathing had speeded up, too.

"Right!" he said. "Absolutely! Not a word of exaggeration in that! How that squirrel went out of his mind and screamed like a banshee every time Henny came near! You know what his favorite trick was, Chris? He used to go to the bathroom on Henny's desk, on his bedclothes, his shoes, his head, even. He would scamper about, and go to the bathroom all over poor Hen!" Walter moved his hands from the table to his knees, but the fingers went on working. "Henny had a theory about that squirrel. It had to do with the little bugger's owner, Lieutenant Quarles. Quarles loathed and abominated the sight of Henny. It was Henny's thought that he represented everything that went against Quarles' grain and tastes. Henny outdid this guy in officers' training, talked louder and faster, was bigger and stronger, his parents had the standing Quarles' didn't, there were a whole lot of things. What Quarles felt for Henny was one headful of murder!"

"Do I understand you?" Chris said slowly. "You're saying when a human feels something very strongly it can get communicated to an animal?"

"Can and does!" Walter said excitedly. "And it's for the precise same reason that Jonnikins has that baleful look when I'm around that he'd like to do me in! That kind of concentrated venom and bad feeling has to come from somewhere! We know its source!"

"Well," Chris said, "be that as it may. I don't think we know enough about animals to get that detailed about what they feel or don't feel. Anyhow, you won't be bothered by Jonnikins anymore. Or Daisy-Dear. Whatever the ESP between them. We're going to have a life of our own around here, a little peace and quiet once more, thank the

"The instrument is played from this side, Mr. Hendler."

Lord. I've been meaning to ask you, hon, why do you keep drumming with your fingers that way?" Walter's hands were back on the table.

"Oh, I guess it just comes from working at the typewriter all day," Walter said neutrally. "Writer's tic, or something. Writer's tock. Let me ask you something, Chris. They gave you Morse-code training in the WAVES. You make anything of this?" He repeated the beat with his fingers, dup, dup, dup-dup.

"Search me," she said. "I don't remember my dots and dashes. It's been a long time."

"Eighteen years," Walter said, drumming. "A lot goes. Sounds to me like there's a pattern there, but I can't get it. I'll have to look it up."

"Where's it from?" Chris said. "The way Daisy-Dear slaps around in her slippers or clears her throat? In that case, maybe you better not do any looking up. What you don't know can't go to the bathroom on you. You know." She said "Ha, ha" at him hopefully, but he ignored the call to lightness.

"It's from an animal," Walter said. "A cold-blooded reptilian bird of my acquaintance. I think he's trying to say something to me, but I'm not sure."

When Chris went to the bedroom to undress, Walter followed her here and there.

"Tell me the truth, hon," he said after a time. "Do you agree with any of the things Daisy was saying about me, I mean, really? Don't you ever get any secret sour thoughts about me because I've given up my ideas of writing novels and just bat out these *Yancy*s and drivel like that? I wouldn't blame you if you had some reservations, sweets, but I'd like to know. We've never really talked about it."

"Oh, dear, darling, dotable Walt, of course I don't have any reservations. Whatever you do is what I want you to do. Walt, I'll tell you this one last time. I think you're a marvelous writer, a beautiful writer, and I think everything you write is perfect. And I'm glad we finally had the blowup with Daisy-Dear. You'll see. Once she's gone the atmosphere around this house is going to get very clear and friendly. Very, very friendly."

It was true. She kept tapping on the prison wall, spelling out messages of comfort and chin up. He kissed her lingeringly and with full conviction.

"Going to get another hour of work in, sweets. If Juridical Jonny hasn't gone to the bathroom on my IBM. Sleep tight. Love you fulsomely."

Two hours later Killer Quarles was still proclaiming what a loud man he was and Sheriff Slate's hands were still hovering like trapped mynas over his holsters. As Walter's hands hovered like trapped and irreverently screeching mynas over his typewriter. He had placed the night covering over the cage and Jonnikins was tomb still, but Walter was excruciatingly aware of the bird, heard its roaringly silent comments on the state of letters in the nation and the accumulation of clanking deadlines for the grubs. Below, deep down from these Santa Monica hills, in the valley of collectors and disbursers who had come to a standstill waiting for Walter's new script, the valley which, like an impervious mouth breathed with chesty beggings for more *Yancy* shoot-downs, all the lights were blinking in a rhythm Walter took to be one, two, one-two. Over the typewriter keys Walter's fingers twitched, one, two, one-two. There was nothing for it. He got up with a growl, crossed the room, whipped the covering from the cage.

Immediately the bright pellet eyes were on him and the festering black throat was going strong, one, two, one-two. Then other throaty pulses. Highs, lows, chirpy middle-range tones.

Walter reached for a pad and pencil and began to make notations, dots for the short and hyphenated sounds, dashes for the sustained ones.

The bird sang, the pencil flew.

When the sheet was half covered with these markings, Walter went to the bookcase and ran his finger along the shelf with the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. He took down the "M" volume. He sat at the desk and opened this volume to the entry for "Morse Code." There it was, from A to Z.

He wrote for a bit, put shaking hand to wet forehead, said, "My God, my God," and wrote some more.

The bird sang, gruh-greeg, gurree.

In a husky, strangulated voice, Walter began to read the words on his pad:

"Call yourself a writer? You haven't got one drop of talent. You're an uninspired hack. You couldn't write your way out of a paper bag. Your badmen and sheriffs are all finger-crooking fairies pretending to talk tough. Fairies who can't stop talking garbage and for once reach for their guns . . ."

The bird stared bold and sang, gurree, gurrah.

"Oh, my living, forgiving God," Walter whispered. "It is high time that woman left this house. The malice, the malice she bears me."

Then he was filled with a fury. He was remembering what Henny Juris had done to the squirrel that night he came back to quarters and once again found his sheets, his shirts, the letters from his fiancée and his money indiscriminately gone to the bathroom on. Henny had taken Rumpy up by the neck and thrown it from the barracks and far into the night.

At this moment Walter felt that he had been gone to the bathroom on from head to foot.

He went to the cage, opened it and reached in for the sooty concertizer. He got his hand firmly on the black, rotten throat, but he could not squeeze, he couldn't. He took his enormous compact

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burden to the picture window and cranked open the mobile pane to one side and pushed the outside screen open. He held the struggling, fluttering bird out through the window, toward the blue and red banana trees.

"Back where you came from," Walter whispered. "Even if you have to change trains."

He loosened his fingers. Jonnikins flew off in a whir of foul feathers, singing festeringly, gurrah, gurree.

Walter stared after him, breathing heavy. He felt full of felony but there was relief in it, release. At last he took up his pencil and pad from the desk, along with the volume of the *Britannica*, and started down the hall to the bedroom, down past Daisy-Dear's room from which came the sounds of histrionic humming and drawers being slammed.

Walter had the strong feeling that here now was something tangible that Christine should know. Her horizons were not wide enough, praise be, to allow for the full working out of truly poisonous processes. She had to know how far Daisy-Dear had overstayed her human welcome, how close to absolute crisis they'd all come.

He stood over her bed and said softly, "Chris? Hon? Hear me? Something you should see."

He listened to her weighty, troubled breathing. She was not snoring, really, but there was this low rasping and catching in her throat. Irregular. Sometimes slow, sometimes hurried. Vague, dissipating smile on her face.

He stiffened.

Listened more carefully to the smothered sounds.

What?

One, two . . . ?

He listened some more.

He sat down on the edge of the bed and began to make notations, dashes for the long rasps, dots for the short, run-together ones. His hand was shaking so much that at one point the pencil slipped from his fingers.

He flipped open the reference volume and tried to focus his eyes on the chart. Forced his rebellious hand to write, letter by letter, word by word.

When he had enough lines transcribed, Walter Jack Commice held the pad up and began to read with disheveled lips, feeling that he had been gone to the bathroom on by the world's population of squirrels, birds and wives:

"Who ever said you're a writer? There's not a drop of talent in your veins. You're the hack of hacks. You couldn't write home for money. All your tough guys are absurd little fairies and that's why . . ."

My God . . .

Chris breathed suckingly, snugly, privately, smilingly, one, two, one-two . . .

FRENCH MYTH

(continued from page 142)

of facts is less important than healthy intellectual curiosity. The French treat civilization like a valuable commodity. When Mme. Vaudable of Maxim's set up L'Académie, a school for extremely well-heeled foreign young ladies, the Foreign Ministry's *Directeur Général des Affaires Culturelles et Techniques* arranged for the girls to attend the Sorbonne's famous course in French civilization.

• • •

America's stormy love affair with France will soon be 200 years old. It probably began in 1778 when France was the first great power to recognize the independence of the 13 Colonies. The names of French heroes involved in the early stages of the affair have been immortalized in the names of some unforgotten French Line ships—Lafayette, De Grasse, Rochambeau. (If the French Line should ever run out of popular heroes, it can always fall back on captivating words such as *Champagne* or *Liberté*.)

The love affair was always one-sided, unrequited, even after the First World War when the Americans had high hopes in the wake of the common victory. Even then Marianne remained cool and detached and very desirable, graciously accepting the admirer's gifts, never returning favors. "*Gloire* gives herself only to those who always dreamed of her," wrote De Gaulle, and to him *gloire* has always been synonymous with France. During and after the last War the French accepted the American gifts of liberation and post-War aid as a girl accepts gifts from an old friend whom she doesn't take too seriously. "*On revient toujours à ses premiers amours.*" "In spite of occasional disenchantments, the Americans will never stop being in love with us," a French girl told me not long ago, and laughed. Her name was not Marianne, but she certainly acted like her.

Marianne herself never forgets a slight. Charles de Gaulle, who was often snubbed during his painful years as an exile in wartime London, has never forgiven the English and Americans. He wrote that he would make life "unendurable" to those who slighted France, and he's done it and is still doing it. Yet the French realists were supremely unconcerned by the outcry that went up after De Gaulle refused Britain admission to the Common Market. They knew that their partners in the Common Market who didn't agree would never give up such a profitable partnership. The French may be great friends of the West Germans, but they have recognized the Oder-Neisse Line because "*c'est une réalité.*" The French know that international politics is a science, not a popularity

contest. "We don't sell good will like the Americans," a French diplomat says. "We offer mutual interests. You gave away billions of dollars and now you complain because nobody loves you. We never expected to be loved. We want to be respected."

The French don't care whether they hurt the feelings of old admirers. De Gaulle recognized Red China because he sensed the time had come for France to step into a political vacuum in Asia that neither the Americans nor the Russians could fill. It is a logical step toward his aim of building "the third force," and if some of the old admirers are angry, *tant pis!*: after all, they made *him* angry when they interfered in Algeria, Morocco, Syria, Lebanon and Cambodia, which De Gaulle with some justification considers his own back yard. "De Gaulle cares more about France's interests than about political ideology," wrote Raymond Aron, the well-known French publicist, and he wondered about all the fuss; after all, Britain had recognized the Mao regime as early as 1950.

During the past two years, Americans living in France were shocked by government-run French television programs that seemed clearly directed against the U. S. During the worst months of the Algerian crisis, French TV and radio programs played down violence in Algeria and at the same time played up race riots in the United States. In popular programs Americans are often depicted as uncivilized, loudmouthed boors. Anti-American propaganda is especially active among workers and intellectuals, two groups particularly responsive to Communist propaganda, and lately also among the middle-class people who are made envious of American wealth.

"There is a deep-rooted belief that Americans are culturally inferior and don't deserve their leading position in the modern world," a European-born American tells me. He lives in the Bordeaux region and speaks French like a Frenchman. "This belief is skillfully exploited by the Communist propaganda that 'Americans always take advantage of the French.'"

At the end of the war I heard widespread rumors in Morocco that the Americans had come there "to steal the oil." Everybody knew about it except the new American commander, who didn't even know there *was* any oil. The oil myth has proved as durable as the myth of "Wall Street, the root of all evil," in other parts of the world. French businessmen who should know better tell you that the Americans tried to interfere in North Africa because they wanted the oil. But after all, certain American businessmen who should know better once claimed that President Eisenhower was a "Communist."

• • •

A little myth is a dangerous thing.

"Last year when you went home to mend fences — did you break any new ones?"

The time has come for a reappraisal. Americans should stop seeing the French through rose-colored glasses and accept them for what they are—an immensely gifted, totally unsentimental people, intelligent and proud. Tough American businessmen who took a condescending attitude toward French business in the early post-War years have learned that French businessmen can be much tougher than Americans. Americans should stop thinking of the French as a nation of maîtres d'hotel, chefs and complaisant ladies, who do nothing all day long and work mostly at night. Most French are hard-working, modest, thrifty.

Above all, Americans should try to get beneath the surface in France. It's not easy, because the French are reticent, suspicious and xenophobic. Unlike Americans, who take an optimistic point of view, the French have gone through so much hell that they have become a nation of skeptics. They don't open their doors to foreigners. They make a sharp distinction between family life, with its anniversaries, weddings, burials, that takes place at home; and life with their friends, that takes place at the neighborhood bistro. I have good friends in France who have never invited me into their homes. Frenchmen who come to America are always amazed at people's hospitality. "I talked to a man on the plane and he asked me to come to his home for dinner," a Frenchman told me. "And he *meant* it." He shook his head in pleased wonderment. He said 30 years ago his sister married an Italian who lives in France and became a Frenchman but is still called *"l'Italien"* by the family.

France is a nation of individualists and contrasts. No one in France speaks for France except De Gaulle, and he speaks mostly of himself. In France, old-fashioned farming methods contrast dramatically with the latest technical advances in factories. The country has an archaic food-distribution system—all foodstuffs are sent from the producing region to the Halles in Paris and sometimes sent right back to the very place they came from, after lots of people earned their commissions—but no other country is so well organized in getting fine foodstuffs to the hungry customer. France is a great eating country not because of its three-star restaurants, but because every girl has learned to make a good omelet—which is difficult. *"Toute Française sait faire un peu de cuisine,"* wrote Voltaire, who criticized the French mercilessly.

Americans must learn that the French are no longer overwhelmed by the American image of wealth and power. The Americanization of France is superficial, despite the twist and Coca-Cola, and hasn't penetrated the French soul. During a recent bull session with French and American students, I noticed that the French students used a great many American slang expressions, but inside they remained completely French—more mature and at the same time more naïve than their American colleagues, more independent, more skeptical, more interested in the arts, music, politics. And much less afraid of life than the Americans.

• • •

Marianne, in turn, will have to give up the silly idea that there was an American conspiracy at the bottom of every disaster that befell France in past years; that France has exclusive rights to civilization and that Americans have no culture. Frenchmen will have to admit the efforts of the great American foundations, the enormous interest of Americans in the arts, the development of symphony orchestras, the evolution of that great art form, the American musical. A Paris art expert complained to me that "Americans bought up our Impressionists at low prices." He was certainly right, but I made him admit that American collectors appreciated the French Impressionists long before French collectors did.

Frenchmen should unlearn their own "American myth," which is as widespread in France as the French myth is in America. The American myth pretends that America is populated by moneygrabbing millionaires living in skyscrapers on a diet of popcorn, and by underprivileged people living in slums. French book readers (and France is a nation of book readers) are amused by the often silly treatment of what goes for "sex" in popular American novels. The fact is that the French may not be the supreme arbiters in such matters, as they like to pretend, but their attitude toward sex is relaxed and natural; to them it is an important part in the eternal cycle of life and death.

Free love is tolerated but not encouraged, and the percentage of once-complaisant ladies who settled down and are now happily and respectably married is high. Two attractive ladies who were gainfully employed in two establishments I used to work as a night-club fiddler in the carefree Twenties, are now happy matrons and grandmothers in the French provinces. In one instance the husband bought a painting of his wife in a state of complete undress. Years ago I met her, and she told me proudly that the painting hangs in the connubial bedroom. The French, as I indicated before, are a civilized people.

It's useless to debate whether the Americans need the French more than the French need the Americans. They need each other, and they know it. They may disagree about some minor things, but they are in complete agreement about the truly important ones. The time has come to stop spreading the myths.

NATIVE SON *(continued from page 168)*

stood something more about my story and about myself. My brother and some other people and my nephew were on the block where I grew up. It hasn't changed much in these last 38 years of progress. And we also visited a funeral parlor nearby. A boy had died, a boy of 27 who had been on the needle and who was a friend of my nephew's. I don't know why this struck me so much today, but it did. Perhaps because my nephew was there—I don't know. We walked to the block where we grew up. There's a railing on that block, an iron railing with spikes. It's green now, but when I was a child, it was black. And at one point in my childhood—I must have been very, very young—I watched a drunken man falling down, being teased by children, falling next to that railing. I remember the way his blood looked against the black, and for some reason I've never forgotten that man. Today I began to see why. There's a dead boy in my play, it really pivots on a dead boy. The whole action of the play is involved with an effort to discover how this death came about and who really, apart from the man who physically did the deed, was responsible for it. The action of the play involves the terrible discovery that no one was innocent of it, neither black nor white: All had a hand in it, as we all do. But this boy is all the ruined children that I have watched all my life being destroyed on streets up and down this nation, being destroyed as we sit here, and being destroyed in silence. This boy is, somehow, my subject, my torment, too. And I think he must also be yours. I've begun to be obsessed more and more by a line that comes from William Blake. It says, "A dog starved at his master's gate/Predicts the ruin of the State."

The story that I hope to live long enough to tell, to get it out somehow whole and entire, has to do with the terrible, terrible damage we are doing to all our children. Because what is happening on the streets of Harlem to black boys and girls is also happening on all American streets to everybody. It's a terrible delusion to think that any part of this republic can be safe as long as 20,000,000 members of it are as menaced as they are. The reality I am trying to get at is that the humanity of this submerged population is equal to the humanity of anyone else, equal to yours, equal to that of your child. I know when I walk into a Harlem funeral parlor and see a dead boy lying there, *I know*, no matter what the social scientists say, or the liberals say, that it is extremely unlikely that he would be in his grave so soon if he were not black. That is a terrible thing to have to say. But, if it is so, then the people who are responsible for this are in a terrible condition. Please take note, I'm not interested in anybody's guilt. Guilt is a luxury that we can no longer afford. I know you didn't do it, and I didn't do it either, but I am responsible for it because I am a man and a citizen of this country and you are responsible for it, too, for the very same reason: As long as my children face the future that they face, and come to the ruin that they come to, your children are very greatly in danger, too. They are endangered above all by the moral apathy which pretends it isn't happening. This does something terrible to us. Anyone who is trying to be conscious must begin to be conscious of that apathy and must begin to dismiss the vocabulary which we've used so long to cover it up, to lie about the way things *are*. We must make the great effort to realize that there is no such thing as a Negro problem—but simply a menaced boy. If we could do this, we could save this country, we could save the world. Anyway, that dead boy is my subject and my responsibility. And yours.

THE MISSION

(continued from page 208)

in point, and Miller's, if I remember correctly, both of whom were discovered in circumstances very much like these. No, come to think of it, I'm wrong. It was Major James' and Major *Preston's* wives. Miller's was also found among mutants, but hanged, for race pollution. As a matter of fact, she was discovered to be pregnant just in time, a week or so before the wedding, and confessed that she had consorted carnally with at least two of the males from the tribe that had brought her up, the clam-diggers, as I remember, who are congenitally blind from cataracts, and who live along the coast about 80 miles north of here. Yes, it all comes back to me now, even her name, Amelia, "Emmy," also about 16 or so, maybe even younger, with dark hair and long, curling eyelashes, not bad-looking at all. My God, what a mess—a reminder that I must be doubly careful when I do get around to examining this one, which will probably not be before the day after tomorrow, if today's session is any indication of how long this whole business is going to take.

"Yes, well, good enough," I finally tell him with a yawn, which Thurmond takes as a signal for our departure for camp, undisguised relief on his face. "We'll talk about it again tomorrow."

"Of course, Captain. You've come a long way, and you must be very tired. Forgive me." He claps his hands again—for a male, this time, with an enormous tumor at the nape of his neck, who accompanies us out of the compound, carrying a spear twice his height, tipped with what looks to me like the blade of a butcher knife, which flashes in the light of the blazing torch he holds in his other hand.

Later

. . . As usual, Thurmond has done a good job. We are encamped on a hill that commands the settlement from the southeast, steep and easily defensible, just in case they have any ideas about rushing us in the dark, and with a stream close by, in a copse of pine trees, a hundred yards or so away.

"Tennison and Witcomb are on first watch with the BAR," he reports, throwing a blanket over my shoulders.

"Good. Tell them to keep the fire going, and their eyes peeled. Any sign of funny business, anything at all, and they're to shoot to kill, and ask questions afterward, do you understand?"

"Yes, sir." He salutes. "Good night, sir."

"Good night, Sergeant," I tell him, wrapping myself up in the bedroll he has laid out for me near the fire, around which the eight other men of the squad have bedded down for the night. The ground is damp. Witcomb throws an armful of brush and a log or two on the

flames which leap up and crackle, exploding in a shower of sparks. Above me now, in the depths of a rift in the clouds, a few stars shine, first one, then another, and still a third, so disquieting in their intimation of infinitude that I actually shudder, my heart beating like a hammer against my ribs, and my throat constricted and dry. Despite myself, I must look away, and fix my eyes on the branches of a pine tree growing nearby. They say nothing, but the other men feel it, too, I know it, like Thurmond, when it is growing dark, the same nameless anxiety. I can hear them restlessly turning this way and that on the pine needles, speaking together in hushed tones, born and bred underground like myself and suffering accordingly, under the reaches of the open sky. What's the word again? Acrophobia? I forget. DeWitt says that in another generation or two, this fear of open space, particularly the sky at night, will render us unfit for anything but life in the silo, concrete ceilings over our heads, unless we begin at once to condition our young to the rigors of a surface existence. He has a point, I'm afraid, if you can go by any of us here, right now. What an irony it would be if we succeed in our mission to preserve the purity of the race, only to fail in its corollary of regaining our rightful domination of the earth because we can't bear the sight of a few stars at night. An awful thought. DeWitt is right; something must be done about it, and soon, and it's up to the officers to take the initiative. Literally gritting my teeth, grinding them together, I force myself to tear my eyes away from the branch of the pine tree and look up again, for a full minute, counting slowly to 60, while my heart goes at it again like a hammer, and the roof of my mouth dries up, a peculiar, cloying taste on my tongue . . .

Still later

. . . Cloudy again. The stars have all gone. Perhaps it will rain. Unable to sleep, I scribble a few more words in the log . . . Whispering to my left. Silhouetted against the fire, I recognize Pfc. Roscower's unmistakable profile—his hooked nose, gold ring glinting in his ear, as he bends over to whisper something more in the ear of the man to his right, Pfc. Feeney.

Seventh day

. . . More palaver with the little beast over lunch—a dog stew, served with crab apples dipped in wild honey, and delicious, I have to admit, after a week now of C rations; but no progress whatsoever with the bargaining.

"Eight, plus ammunition."

"No."

And so it goes, on and on, while we eat and sip a raw liquor they distill from the apples, a pale gold color, with quite a kick. The "mayor" is slightly tipsy, a little thick-tongued and bleary-eyed,

looking more ridiculous than ever with the top hat cocked over one eye. He's crawling with lice, and quite unconcernedly picks them out of his head, crushing them between a thumb and forefinger with a grin—an inescapable, calculated insult, no matter how you cut it, and about which I can do nothing until the woman has been secured.

"Eight plus a hundred rounds apiece," he repeats for the umpteenth time, wiping his greasy lips on the back of his hand.

"Four."

"Ah, now, Captain . . ." He wags a finger under my nose.

What's most infuriating of all is the thought that, say, 40 years ago, or even less, when I was a boy, it would have been unthinkable for any perfectly formed human to have entered into any social relationship with the animals, much less even consider putting firearms into their hands. Has our general situation deteriorated to such an extent? Fortunately, most of the mutant species we encounter in this area, anyway, are so deformed as to pose no real threat to the human population; the blind clam-diggers, for example; but still, at the rate at which these reproduce—they are sexually mature at eight or nine, by the way, and live till 40 or so—it will be a real struggle to extirpate them when the time comes, a fight to the death, no two ways about it, and for which we must be fully prepared. Yes, there must be two or three hundred of them in this settlement alone, all breeding true to type, as far as I can see, but suffering, I notice, from a proliferation of tumors, particularly the males, who must be the ones who scavenge for workable metal in ruins which are probably considerably more radioactive than the one we passed. (A smart move, incidentally, and for which I must thank Thurmond again, who suggested at the outset that we conceal our Geiger-Müller counters from them. On their own, they apparently have no way of detecting radiation.)

Later

. . . Good news, if it's true. The "mayor" informs me that in all probability the woman will have her period in another day or so, assurance that she hasn't been polluted recently, anyhow. Accordingly, I've had a conference with Thurmond who agrees that if worst comes to worst, we could spare five of our M-1s, and perhaps 60 rounds of ammunition apiece, which would still leave us amply armed for the march home, with the BAR, the Thompson, in addition to my sidearm, the .45, and the five remaining M-1s. What worries me, though, is that whatever we give them is irreplaceable. Through this kind of trading and normal wear and tear, and general deterioration, particularly of the cartridges, the stockpile at the silo is getting dangerously low. What will happen in the next generation? DeWitt again, who is supervising the preparation of a new manual of arms, seriously suggests that we ought to begin the manufacture of bows and arrows, and instruct the enlisted men in their use; also spears. The thought makes me ill, actually sick to my stomach; all I can think of is the brute who accompanied us back to camp last night. Spears! . . . A ruckus just before sundown. "Kill 'em. Stamp 'em out," shouts Roscower at the top of his lungs. He's gotten his hands on some of the booze and staggers about the compound waving his arms, trailed by a horde of the females who, hardly reaching up to his waist, jump up and down, clutch at him and make obscene gestures with their hands. "Kill 'em all, I tell you," he screams, as Thurmond and Feeney drag him back to camp. Abruptly sobered up by all the racket, the "mayor" puts aside his cup and scrutinizes me with narrowed, glittering eyes, all black pupils, an incomprehensible expression on his face that's as wrinkled and hairless as a dried plum . . . Oh, Roscower, how right you are; how I only wish we could . . .

Eighth day

. . . Another restless night, filled with half-remembered dreams, nightmares as I haven't had them since I was a boy and, in the waking interludes, countless stars, shining in a perfectly cloudless sky . . . It's a mournful lack of self-discipline, I know, but the thought of Wilson's impending good fortune torments me more than I dare admit. Seniority demands that the next woman brought back to the silo is for him—heaven knows, he has waited long enough—what is it now? Eight years? But then, so have I, and I'm younger than he, 36 to his 47, in the prime of my life. I keep daydreaming that we will return with her to find that he has since died of a heart attack, and she'll be mine . . . How strange; now I can remember one of the dreams. I must have been thinking about the death of Miller's wife, hanging, or whatnot, because it concerned the execution of an officer by the name of Grenfield, a captain, too, as I remember, who was convicted of consorting with a mutant more than a dozen years ago, a female with four nipples, and hanged for race pollution. I could see it as vividly as if it had happened yesterday: the gallows erected on the grassy knoll near the silo's egress number three, his pale face shining with sweat as the wire noose was slipped around his neck, and the chair kicked from under his bare feet. He takes God only knows how long to strangle, forever, or so it seems, with his still-pink tongue protruding between his lips, and his pale blue eyes not yet glazed, but fully cognizant. As is required by the order of the day, the entire garrison files by,

"And what's wrong with us little elves having a Christmas party?!"

Advt. for Falstaff Brewing Corp. of San Jose, Calif., dedicated to lovers of winter sports, to lovers of splendid beer and to lovers....

"And now — last, but not least . . ."

officers and men. A stiff wind is blowing, billowing out his unbuttoned tunic stripped of all insignia, which turns his body slowly on its axis, from right to left. Face to face with him for a moment, just an instant, he gazes at me, and with a smile, baring his teeth, winks his left eye . . .

Night

. . . "Yes, yes, Captain, tomorrow morning, for sure," my "mayor" has promised me, at last. "Tomorrow morning, first thing, you can examine her to your heart's content." He is worried about something, preoccupied, and along about an hour before sundown, I can hear why—the savage baying of a pack of wild dogs in the scrub forest less than a quarter of a mile away to the east, which has apparently run down a hunting party sent out from here early this morning to secure some fresh meat. Too terrified to do anything to help, the little brutes crowd the catwalk that runs along the top of their nine-foot wall of sharpened stakes, brandishing their knives and spears, while the females lacerate their bare chests and forearms with their long fingernails, and wail. By an hour after dark, it's all over; silence, not a sound in the night, but the occasional hoot of an owl, or the squeak of a bat. It's an omen, I can't help feeling, a good sign; the man—whoever he was, the father who will not be forgotten, has been paid back, and in the same coin . . . The men feel it, too; Thurmond, who is busy shining my boots for the morning, whistles under his breath as he works.

Ninth day; dawn

. . . With everything else I have to worry about this morning, Feeney and Roscower have had a lovers' spat, the latter accusing the former of being unfaithful to him with Sergeant Thurmond, of all people, who says nothing, but chews on a blade of grass, one of the strange blue wild flowers stuck behind one ear, evidently enjoying himself hugely, a wicked gleam in his eye. If it's true, then he's broken the unwritten rule that prohibits an N. C. O. from forming a relationship with an enlisted man, but under the circumstances, Thurmond being as fine a soldier as he is, I have decided not to interfere. He's a handsome man, I must admit, with a curly blond beard and dark eyes, a perfect build, powerful shoulders and chest, no hips. Roscower sulks around, his lower lip stuck out a mile, glowering petulantly, while an unattached Pfc. by the name of Harris makes calf's eyes at him, and sighs . . . all very complicated . . . Who was it, again? The ancient Germans? What I need is a refresher course in my military history. No, the Spartans. Yes, I remember, the 300 at the bridge, or wherever it was, and damn fine soldiers, too, who based their army on the same principle that has spontaneously risen among our garrison in the silo because of the lack of enough perfectly formed women to go around. In combat, or in general, for that matter, the system works admirably, lovers willing to make any sacrifice for each other; but I sometimes wonder what the final result will be of providing wives for the hereditary officer class first. The population of our enlisted personnel has already begun to decline almost three percent a year, if I recall the latest figures, and is falling all the time. What I simply can't understand is why the top brass didn't station women in the silo in the first place, before the war. DeWitt maintains that it's because the silo's primary function was not the preservation of racial purity, but simply an invulnerable launching pad for the ICBMs, the rockets with which the four-hour war was apparently fought, and which none of us has ever seen. No, I can't believe he's right. It's just too much to swallow that the top brass, with all of its intelligence and resources, was unable to anticipate the extent of racial pollution that the war was to bring. I refuse to accept it as doctrine, and yet, the historical fact remains that from the very beginning, right after the war more than 80 years ago, the garrison had to provide women for itself from the surface, and at very great risk to the personnel. What child doesn't remember the story of Lieutenant Devlin's self-sacrifice, or Pfc. Gold, who brought back the Gary sisters? To be perfectly honest, the whole business is beyond me, a complete mystery . . . But enough for now. The sun is up—another good omen? It's a warm, particularly beautiful day, with a sparkling blue sky, not a cloud to be seen, the warmest it's been for almost a week now, as if the summer has returned . . . I must get a move on with Thurmond and Feeney, the two others who must witness the formal examination as required by the law . . .

Later

. . . Crowned by a wreath of the blue flowers, a rope around her neck, she is stripped naked and led through a curiously silent, jostling crowd of the females by the "mayor" in his top hat, who brings her into the hut where we have been compelled to wait for almost an hour until the ceremony—whatever it was, and which we were forbidden to attend—is through. A yank on the rope, and she stands perfectly still, her hands by her sides . . . She has not—I repeat, not—begun menstruating, as was anticipated; but as far as Thurmond and I can determine, the membrane is intact. Lovely she is, there's no doubt of it, with even more beautiful hair than I remembered, honey-colored, dazzling in the sunlight, thick with dust, that streams through the cracks in the wall; her body, all of her perfectly formed, absolutely without a blemish, except for a large

mole on her left breast, near the armpit, and another on the back of her right hand. Thurmond reads off the check list and Feeney and I turn her this way and that, while she giggles and squirms under our hands, her nostrils dilated, greenish-gray eyes opened wide.

"Ten fingers . . ."

"Ten, yes, check . . ."

"Ten toes."

"Right. Check."

And so on, everything perfect, as she giggles uncontrollably, a strand of that beautiful hair in her eyes.

"Well?" the "mayor" wants to know.

"One thing at a time . . . What's your name, girl?"

"My name?"

"Yes. What do they call you?"

She makes an abrupt movement to brush the hair out of her eyes, and the blanket falls to the ground.

"Take your time. Take your finger out of your mouth and answer me. You needn't be afraid."

"Her name is Lila," says the "mayor" in his deep voice.

"Is that what they call you?"

"Lila," she repeats, after a pause, blinking her eyes.

"Take your time. Do you know what I am, Lila?" I ask.

"Lila."

"Yes, yes. You told me. But what about me? Do you know why I'm here? I've come to take you away. You're to be the bride of an officer, Lila, do you know what that means?"

"Lila . . ."

"Yes, that's right. Your name is Lila. Very good. But do you know what an officer is? He's a man, a perfectly formed human being, just like yourself. You will be his wife, and bear his children, as befits you, as is your duty. Can you understand that?"

She turns away. "Well, Captain?" asks the "mayor" again, when we are outside.

"We'll see . . ." He waddles by my side in silence, with the peculiar rolling gait characteristic of the species. A peal of high-pitched laughter comes from the interior of the hut, reverberating in the stifling, dusty air that shimmers from the heat of the sun. We squat in the shadow of the wall. Once again, even louder than before, she laughs . . .

Later

. . . We leave tomorrow, first thing. The men are preparing a litter in which to carry her, a hammock made out of a blanket to be slung between two poles cut from the pines. They curse from the effort of packing up all the gear, irritable from the unseasonable heat and, although they say nothing, of course, the prospect of making the long march back home inadequately armed—responsibility for which I take entirely upon myself. Thurmond and Feeney are witnesses. Under the circumstances, after arguing for more than four hours in the

broiling sun, there was nothing I could do but yield to his insistence and make the trade on his terms, or not at all, for eight of the M-1s and a hundred rounds of ammunition apiece. "Take it or leave it, Captain, that's it . . ."

"I wouldn't worry too much about it, sir," Thurmond assures me. "With the BAR and the Thompsons we'll be all right. The only thing we have to watch out for is the wild dogs, and what's a few dogs . . ."

This in a voice loud enough for all the men to hear. He may be right, at that; still, what haunts us all is the possibility of betrayal, that somewhere between here and the mountains, they'll ambush us with our own weapons to get the lot—which Thurmond admits in confidence is a possibility, particularly at night, although he seriously doubts it—they as well as we having to contend with the roving packs of dogs in more or less unfamiliar terrain.

"No, I don't think they'd dare," he chews on the ragged ends of his beard, poring over the maps I have spread out on the ground. So far, anyway, the lookouts I have posted report that there's no unusual activity in the compound, although Thurmond and I agree that if they did intend to send out an ambush party to steal a march on us, they'd do it after dark.

"A chance we'll just have to take," says Thurmond with a smile that crinkles up his eyelids, glancing at the girl who has curled up on the pine needles, covered by a blanket, with one hand under her cheek and the thumb of the other in her mouth. Is she sleeping? Her eyes are closed. The lids quiver. Thurmond holds on to the rope which is still looped about her neck. Now, apparently bothered by the buzzing flies, she opens her eyes and sits up, her long, tangled hair flowing over her naked shoulders, covering one breast. Her nipples are an orange brown.

"Lila Lila Lila Lila," she laughs, drawing up her legs.

Wilson Wilson Wilson Wilson is all I can think of. I can picture DeWitt at the wedding in the officers' mess in section five, peering at her over the tops of his rimless glasses, as he makes the usual speech in his soft voice that is just barely audible over the whir of the ventilator fans.

". . . Perfectly formed . . . pure and undefiled . . . a fitting vessel for the perpetuation of the race which will one day soon regain its rightful domination . . ." etc. etc. while Wilson fidgets impatiently in front of him, pulling at the collar of his dress uniform which is too tight for his fat neck, licking his dry lips as he reaches for her hand, the son of a bitch.

How lucky can you get?

Life, Liberty

(continued from page 167)

the intercession of literary admirers, to call De Sade the freest man who ever lived must be to take very literally the doctrine that "stone walls do not a prison make."

Whatever else may be said of either the novel or play "of the absurd," it is evident that both its creators and their characters are devoted to the pursuit of unhappiness—which may be an inalienable right but is certainly not the one the rest of us are compelled to exercise.

The *poète maudit* has, of course, often been with us. Oddly enough, we had at least one—Edgar Allan Poe—who appeared most improbably in mid–19th Century America. France has had the most of them and they run the gamut from Baudelaire to Rimbaud and Apollinaire on to the nadir of De Sade. But have they ever before been taken seriously as exponents of the only truth which a generation of intellectuals found it possible to recognize?

That the works of the current crop have a certain shock value is obvious both as propounders of paradox and (especially in the case of Genet) as purveyors of effective if perverse eroticism. Some of their admirers tacitly minimize the latter. The men they most admire are described as great writers who just happen to be often exercising their gifts in the treatment of gaudily erotic themes. But at the risk of being dismissed as hopelessly Philistine, I am bound to register my opinion that they would have a much smaller audience if they were not pornographic.

Even their shock effect soon loses its effectiveness because they repeat the same shock over and over again and are condemned by their very dogmas to monotony. An endless variety of meanings can be, and has been, read into the universe and human life. But meaninglessness is always the same. Once you have said that life is absurd, it is absurd in a simpler sense to say it again and again. You have reached the end of the line. There is nowhere to go from there—except perhaps to a further exposition of that unhappiness to which a belief that nothing is better than anything else inevitably leads.

The beatnik and the existentialist may seem far apart, but the professed convictions of each lead easily to the same messy, unrewarding conduct. Their lives are likely to be as much a failure from the standpoint of the hedonist as from that of the most conventional morality. They don't even "have fun." And that, by a prevalent system of values, is the ultimate failure.

• • •

All this, so they tell me, is inevitable. Nihilism is the only possible modern philosophy. For the first time in history we know the facts and have the courage to face them. The literature of the absurd is the only literature the future will tolerate and despair the only mood intelligent men can ever know. The race of human beings has wandered for many thousands of years from delusion to delusion, but it has come to rest at last. There is no God and we are His prophets.

I doubt it. Existentialism is merely a creed no more solidly founded than Calvinism—which it resembles in the gratuitous assumption that human nature is vile and the majority of men damned before they were born to torture either in this world or the next. The premise that the universe is meaningless is merely a premise, not a demonstrated fact. The contention that man is capable of freedom and value judgments although he is the product of natural forces which know nothing of either is singularly improbable. Either of the alternate assumptions makes more sense. If he is indeed unique in nature, then something transcendental made him so. If he is something which nature herself has produced, then nature must be in some way responsible for capacities he inherits from the universe itself.

Neither literature nor any of the other arts merely reflect the times. They create as well as record convictions and moods. If a sizable audience now believes that life is absurd, existence a continual misery, and human beings almost without exception vile, it believes it in large part, not because of its own experience, but because poets of talent have convinced it of the alleged fact. I risk the bold prediction that sooner or later—and rather soon, I think—it will awake from its nightmare, and the "theater of the absurd" will be as outmoded as the proletarian "art-is-a-weapon" drama of the Thirties which many critics of the time described as the only drama of the future. One of the advantages—perhaps there are not many—of having lived a long time is the fact that it inevitably makes one something of a square. We know by experience what those who know the past only through history can never believe, namely, that those "eternal truths" which have been newly discovered turn out to be mere fashions after all.

Perhaps it is a sign of the times that the only "drama of the absurd" to achieve a great success on other than off-Broadway, Edward Albee's hideous masterpiece *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* is one in which surrealism is abandoned in favor of what comes pretty close to old-fashioned naturalism. It is understandable, even bitterly funny, no matter what your intellectual convictions may be. Unlike most of Beckett, Ionesco and Genet, it makes sense whether you are an existentialist or not. And you don't even have to believe that it is typical. Only that some human beings, not all, are like the doomed quartet which constitutes its dramatis personae. That is at least a step back toward sanity.

"Oh, you'll love Margo — nearly everybody has!"

 (continued from page 206)

the controversy between misleading slogans, the bare bones of the conflict are much simpler and much more traditional than they have been made to appear. We are told in the West that we must fight communism because it is "godless." But in the days of czardom, when Russia was as earnestly Christian as any other country, the British had almost the same hostility to Russia as they have now. This hostility lasted from the Crimean War until 1907, when British fear of Germany outweighed the previous fear of Russia. Propaganda in those days was more honest than it is now. British opposition to Russia was based upon the fear that Russia would drive the British out of India. British policy was unashamedly nationalistic and imperialistic. Nationalism and imperialism still inspire the policies of the most powerful countries, but both now have to wear a cloak of hypocrisy. It is considered more respectable to hate communism because it is atheistical than to hate it because it is depriving us of empire. But, in fact, nationalism is still the dominant force in politics. Creeds and ideologies are found to be a useful support of H-bombs, but they are not, in naked fact, causes of international hostilities. The root cause of hostilities is still the love of power. There is a certain difference of method between East and West. The West, being richer than the East, is better able to employ economic arguments in the shape of gifts, but the East is better able to respond by stimulating envy. There is, in fact, much less difference between Russia and America than is popularly supposed in both countries. In both countries, there is an oligarchy which, as a rule, is able to dominate policy. The Western oligarchy is more skillfully concealed, but very nearly as difficult to combat. The Western oligarchy is primarily economic. The Eastern oligarchy is political. It might be said with a considerable measure of truth that there is only one difference between America and Russia: In America the businessmen appoint the politicians, whereas in Russia the politicians appoint the businessmen.

How small a part is played by ideologies as opposed to love of power was shown by the course of the Second World War. At its beginning, Russia and Germany were united by the Hitler-Stalin Pact. When Hitler attacked Russia, Russia and the West became allies and remained so until the end of the War. At no stage did ideologies play a dominant part. It is not difficult to imagine circumstances in which similar changes might take place: For example, if the Chinese became so powerful as to threaten both Russia and the West, both would cease to hate each other, as they did during the Second World War.

The conclusion that is forced upon the impartial observer is that people enjoy quarreling. Governments and other powerful organizations have discovered this fact. Being determined to increase their own power, they must induce the public to believe what will support their policies. The constant use of words, meaningless in their context except as they have been repeatedly used with certain emotional overtones, is one of the most effective means of doing this. The public is emotionally satisfied and lulled, and the spread of what is called information increases the amount of what people think they know and at the same time diminishes the amount of what they *do* know. The process is largely unconscious and, for this reason, is difficult to combat. But the new facility for mass slaughter which science has unfortunately discovered has made misinformation and preconceived attitudes more disastrous than in any former age. The time has come for people to seek facts and to assess them afresh. Only so can the pleasure in quarreling be thwarted and kept in hand as it must be wherever it approaches the point of armed conflict. The only alternative is death.

CHRISTMAS CAPER

(continued from page 134)

the chance to make this Christmas a most memorable one for our readers by letting Tiny Tim die. ("I FOUND SORROW —in My Christmas Stocking!" or, even more poignant and dramatic, "'DON'T OPEN THAT BOX, CHILDREN!' I Screamed —'YOUR LITTLE BROTHER'S IN THERE!'")

Cheers,
Cynthia Moody
Assistant Ideas Editor

STANLEY B. MANLEY
ASSOCIATES, INC.
Representing All the Arts—Since 1961!
Midtown Towers Bldg.
New York, N. Y. 10019

Mr. Charles Dickens
48 Doughty Street
London, England

Dear Charles:

It's been some time since I have had a chance to catch up on my correspondence, so I never did get to send you the report from *True Story*, which I have attached.

In the past weeks it also occurred to me that a little cutting might eliminate some of the many problems connected with the story as it now stands, so I sent it to the *Reader's Digest*. I can't seem to find their letter in this pile on my desk, but I assure you that they would have bought it in a minute if they weren't already solidly booked with Christmas articles by Norman Smiley Hope and Dr. Peter Schweitzer Dooley, the jungle chiropractor who wrote the big best seller, *Shoot First, and Live!*

Since all the other magazines seem to have done their Christmas shopping early, I am now sending it to *The Saturday Evening Post*. But don't get your hopes up too high. When you have been in this business as long as I have, you eventually learn that caution is the best policy, and if by some odd freak you should happen to pull a winner, so much the better.

Sincerest regards,
Stanley
Stanley B. Manley, President
Stanley B. Manley Associates, Inc.

P. S. Still no reply from my previous letters. Is it possible you are out of town? If so, drop us a card.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
666 Fifth Avenue
New York, N. Y.

Mr. Stanley B. Manley
Stanley B. Manley Associates, Inc.
Midtown Towers Bldg.
New York, N. Y. 10019

Dear Stanley B. Manley:

Sorry we've been so long in getting a report on the Dickens Christmas piece. As you are probably aware, most Curtis publications have been undergoing a thorough reorganization during the past two years or so, and the *Post* is no exception. When I took over from Darcy Turvey two days ago, Stuart Boodle had tentatively approved the Dickens story. But then Stu was replaced by Hank Newport when Leroy Pling was brought in from *Jack and Jill* to beef up our quality. This was the job formerly held by Joanne Finkley, who is now working for *Show* magazine on a special assignment to infiltrate the A & P supermarket chain and get the lowdown on the morals, wages, working conditions and dating habits of Huntington Hartford's handpicked harem of checkout cuties. So you can see how things are.

Since I came back from lunch today, Fleur Biggers has been turned loose to graze, Jim Tornquist has been called into Pling's office for a closed-door conference that's been going on for more than an hour, and nobody in the shop is willing to think Christmas, except me. Personally, I rather like the Dickens story, but I'm sure neither Hank Newport nor Leroy Pling will buy anything that Stu Boodle approved during his week in office. It's unfair to Dickens, I admit, but that's how the hounds are running. After reading the story and glancing over the list of recent *Post* articles that have excited the greatest reader response in terms of libel actions, I have a hunch that Dickens would do better to scratch this entry and send in a fox with the kind of high bushy tail that Pling has been yelping for.

While office scuttlebutt has it that the *Post* still continues to hit the newsstands with accustomed regularity, the last issue to reach this desk is an old summer number that may serve, nevertheless, to indicate something of our present policy and tone. Scanning the cover, which features a healthy young blonde flexing her glands to illustrate "THE DARING NEW LOOK IN SWIMSUITS," you begin to realize how far we've come since the old Tugboat Annie days. Reading the bold black type that streaks across this blonde's crotch, we find teasers for three big feature stories. Bumped off her left hip: "Phony Boom in Culture." Bumped off her right: "The Profumo Scandal." And in an area where no Norman Rockwell cover girl would have permitted the touch of a husband's hand, we read: "How William Faulkner Died."

Since Dickens apparently knows London inside out, let's concentrate on the right-hip angle for a moment: "The Profumo Scandal," which was really a come-on for "The Crisis over Christine," a seven-page spread on the "beautiful party girl," backed up by 11 large photos and some real keyhole-sizzling squibs. Granted, the Profumo thing is now an-

THE PLAYBOY ART GALLERY

PINKIE *By Jim Beaman*

cient history. But Christmas, after all, is a time for remembering, and the thought occurs that a yuletide nostalgia piece on London callgirls might be just the thing to make Pling sit up and salivate to the tune of *Hark, the Bells.*

If Dickens has ever voted the Tory ticket, or taken a walk in the vicinity of Wimpole Mews, I should think he could stir Pling rather deeply with something like "My 12 Days of Christmas with Mandy and Christine." A through-the-looking-glass peep at yuletide orgies of yesteryear might also be welcome, and I'm sure Pling wouldn't mind if Dickens were to allege that the mysterious "naked man" who waited on tables in a Santa Claus mask was either Harold Macmillan or the Archbishop of Canterbury. Needless to say, the story would not have to be confined to Christmas in London. For a fresh approach, Dickens might run up to Liverpool and give us a penetrating comparison report on "The Tail of Two Cities."

Fictionally, Dickens already has a good central character for a Christmas sin story in Bob Cratchit's eldest daughter, Martha, "a poor apprentice at a milliner's" who "told them what kind of work she had to do, and how many hours she worked at a stretch . . . Also how she had seen a countess and a lord some days before, and how the lord 'was much about as tall as Peter'. . ."

Give this chatty little apprentice an opportunity to actually *meet* that lord at a frisky weekend party, and you've got the makings of "A Christmas Crisis." I can't guarantee that Pling will buy it, but let's rub a little on the reindeer and see if its nose lights up.

Insecurely yours,
Nigel Flush
Edi-@#!?

P.S. The meeting in Pling's office just broke up, and I've been informed that Jim Tornquist is taking over my chair in 20 minutes. If I were you, I'd send Dickens' story to *The New Yorker*!

STANLEY B. MANLEY
ASSOCIATES, INC.
Representing All the Arts—Since 1961!
Midtown Towers Bldg.
New York, N.Y. 10019

Mr. Charles Dickens
48 Doughty Street
London, England

Dear Charles:

The enclosed letter from *The Saturday Evening Post* is self-explanatory, so I won't expand upon it except to say that in some cases there are limits to what an agent can do.

Since the story obviously needs a lot more work, and the season for selling Christmas scripts is over for this year, I would suggest that you spend the upcoming months in adapting this property directly for the musical stage, a field in which you are more at home and have already made a hit reputation.

Theatrically speaking, it might be a cute idea to pick up on the *Saturday Evening Post* suggestion and make Martha into a kind of English "Irma la Douce" who could carry the love interest which your story now lacks. In this connection, there are several other possibilities, including the one from PLAYBOY that you make Scrooge your young romantic lead. In fact, I can already picture him as a Marlon Brando type who could be the singing ambassador to some faraway South Sea island: *The Ugly Englishman.*

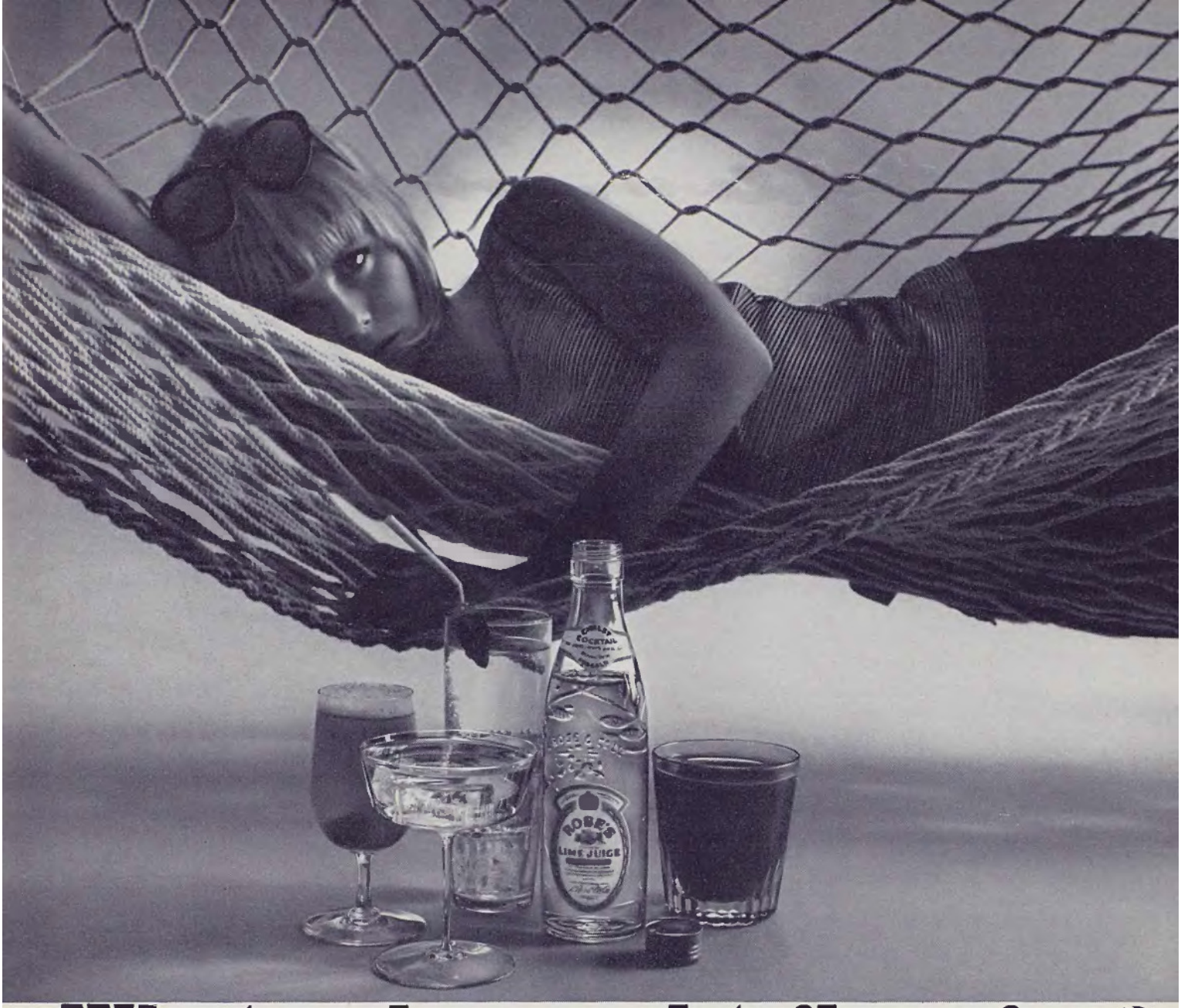
Actually, of course, he isn't really ugly. He's just rich and moody, and has gone to this island to forget Martha, who has refused to marry him because of her profession, which she practices only to raise the money for the operation Tiny Tim needs so he can throw away his crutches and fulfill his teenage dream of becoming a famous dancer. When, on the night of his big debut as "Rubberlegs" Cratchit, Tim learns the truth about Martha's sacrifice, and how she's not a milliner's apprentice but a high-class London hooker, he abandons his career in order to search for his sister's former lover, Scrooge, and arrives on the island just as the natives are preparing to cut the ambassador's heart out. It is Christmas Eve, and as Scrooge sings a song to the effect that he has no heart because the girl he loves has stolen it away, into the jungle clearing comes Big Tim Cratchit—on crutches. Scrooge naturally assumes Tim must be a ghost, and the natives are thrown into a panic of fear. But as the drums start up with a wild voodoo beat, Tim throws away his sticks and goes into his big novelty dance, *The No-Crutch Conga.* The natives naturally join in the fun, and when Scrooge drops his stiff British reserve and swings out at the head of the line, a pretty native girl puts a wreath on his head making him an honorary chief of her people. Just then, however, Scrooge spots Martha on the edge of the crowd, where she has been standing all the time, smiling and clapping in native dress, with a flower behind whichever ear is supposed to mean that a girl is single. Instantly the frenzied dancing stops, and the crowd melts away leaving Scrooge and Martha to renew their love on the moonlit beach, where the pretty native girl is now seen hanging a *lei* on Tim. The lovers smile fondly at each other, and as Scrooge switches the flower to Martha's married ear, they all go into a smash finale which reprises the title song of the show: *Never on Christmas!*

This, of course, is just a rough outline. I am sure that many other angles will occur to you when you do the rewriting that will bring this property up into the big-hit class with *Oliver!* If and when the time ever comes when you feel you have such a sure-fire winner, please feel free to send it to me at once.

In the meantime, best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Or, to quote Tiny Tim in this regard, "God help us every one!"

As always,
Stan
Stanley B. Manley, President
Stanley B. Manley Associates, Inc.

"I understand you people have been looking for me . . ."



What makes cocktails swing?

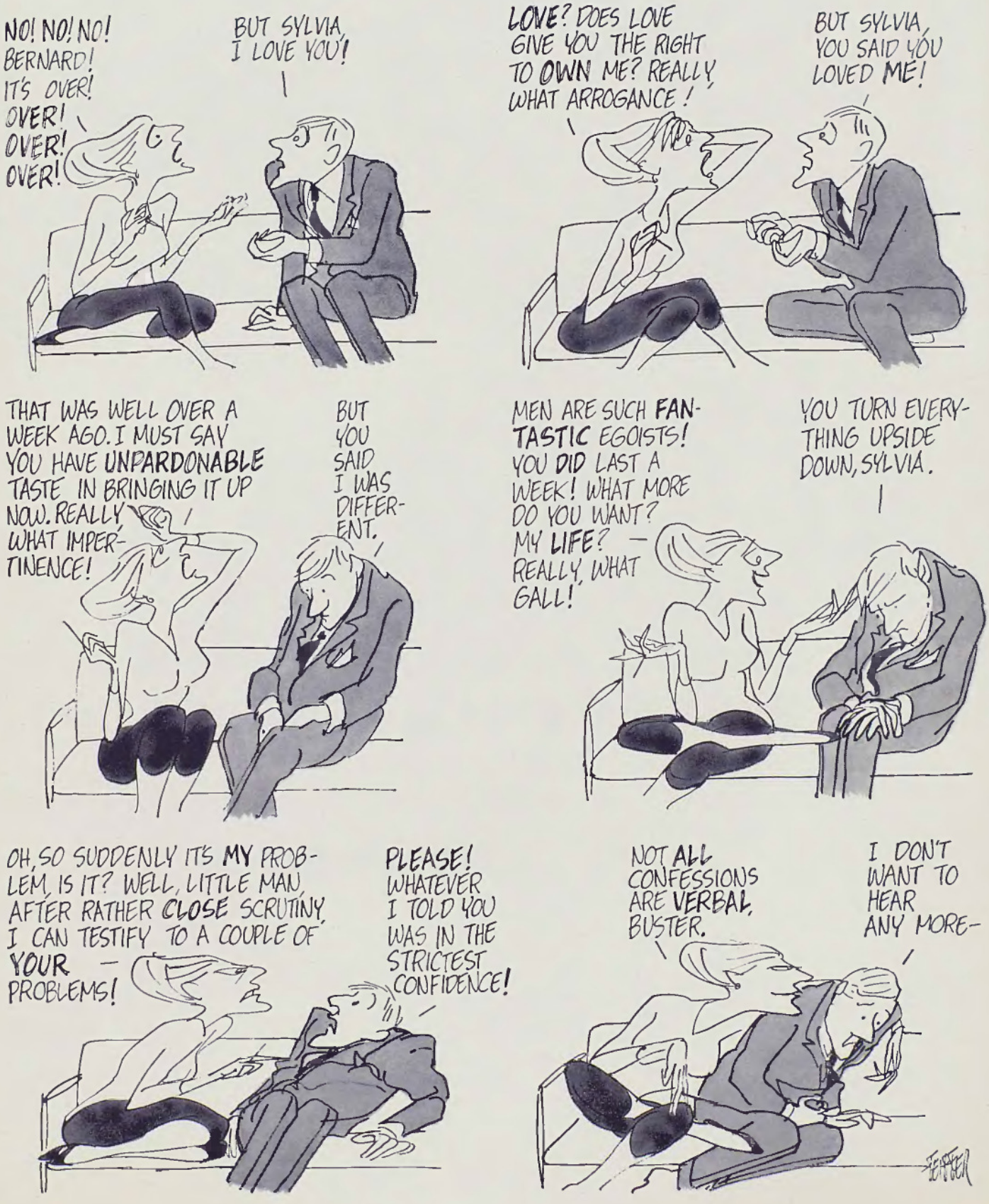
Calypso limes.

Calypso limes. The juicy yellow limes Rose's Lime Juice is made from. Limes grown in the sultry West Indies. Ripened slowly in the deep heat. Mon, limes grown elsewhere aren't in this race. That's why cocktails made from Rose's are rather special. Like the Gimlet: one part Rose's to 4 or 5 parts gin or vodka. Serve it in a cocktail glass or on the rocks. Or the Rose's Collins: 3 parts gin, vodka or rum to one part Rose's. Pour over ice, fill with soda, stir. Or the Bloody Mary: One jigger vodka, ½ jigger Rose's, tomato juice, salt, pepper, Worcestershire. Shake with ice, serve in a tall glass. Or the Rose's Sour: 4 parts whiskey to 1 part Rose's. Shake, with ice, strain into a sour glass. Or Rose's Tonic: Add a dash of Rose's to a jigger of gin topped with Schweppes Tonic.

Plenty more, too. Get yourself plenty of Rose's Lime Juice. And swing.

Introduction: What you are about to read may seem like an ordinary incident in an ordinary life. It is not. It is history!

Hostileman



HELLO, FREDDY! OF COURSE I'M FREE. WHY SHOULDN'T I BE FREE? COME OVER ANYTIME, DARLING. BRING ME A PRESENT.

I JUST COULDN'T GET MYSELF ACROSS TO HER- **THAT** WAS THE PROBLEM!

SHE ACTUALLY THOUGHT I WAS ARROGANT. I'M THE LEAST ARROGANT PERSON IN THE **WORLD**- THAT'S WHAT I SHOULD HAVE POINTED OUT-

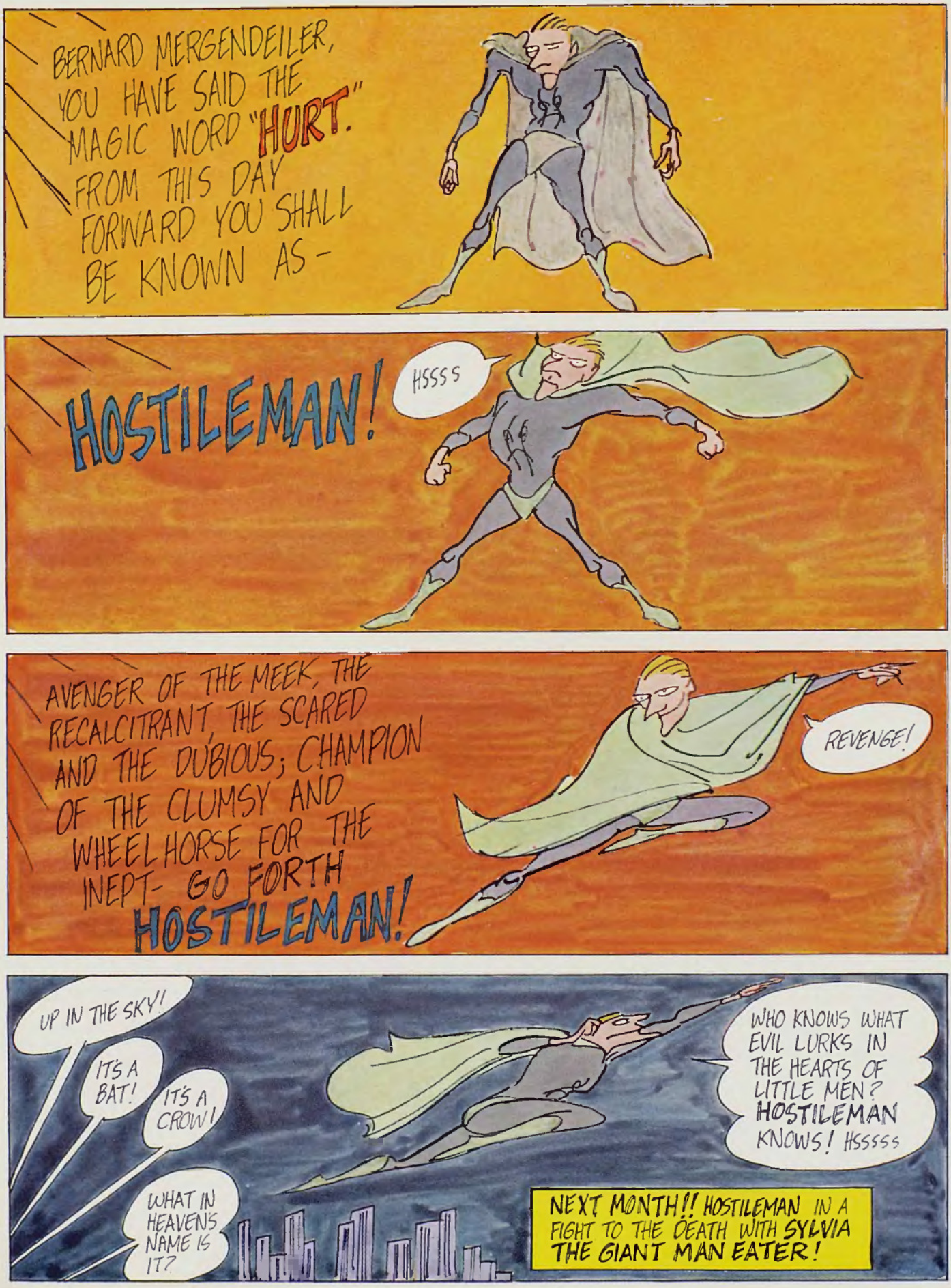
I'M THE LEAST ARROGANT AND QUITE POSSIBLY ONE OF THE HUNDRED NICEST PEOPLE IN THE WORLD! THAT'S WHAT I SHOULD HAVE TOLD HER-

THEN I SHOULD HAVE HIT HER!

WHAT KIND OF TALK IS THAT?

THAT'S NOT ME TALKING! I DON'T BELIEVE THINGS LIKE THAT! I DON'T WANT TO HURT ANYBODY!


HURT!
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME? I DON'T HAVE FEELINGS LIKE THAT! I DON'T WANT TO HURT ANYBODY!
HURT! HURT!
STOP IT! THAT'S WRONG! I DON'T UNDERSTAND ALL THIS! I'VE NEVER WANTED TO HURT HURT HURT ANYBODY HURT HURT HURT HURT
HURT! HURT! HURT! HURT! HURT! HURT! HURT! HURT!
BIFF!


BERNARD MERGENDEILER, YOU HAVE SAID THE MAGIC WORD "HURT." FROM THIS DAY FORWARD YOU SHALL BE KNOWN AS-
HOSTILEMAN!
HSSSS
AVENGER OF THE MEEK, THE RECALCITRANT, THE SCARED AND THE DUBIOUS; CHAMPION OF THE CLUMSY AND WHEELHORSE FOR THE INEPT- GO FORTH HOSTILEMAN!
REVENGE!
UP IN THE SKY!
IT'S A BAT!
IT'S A CROW!
WHAT IN HEAVEN'S NAME IS IT?
WHO KNOWS WHAT EVIL LURKS IN THE HEARTS OF LITTLE MEN? HOSTILEMAN KNOWS! HSSSSS
NEXT MONTH!! HOSTILEMAN IN A FIGHT TO THE DEATH WITH SYLVIA THE GIANT MAN EATER!

WALDO GREBB

(continued from page 164)

Katfish Klan, the Shriners (complete with pasha and red fezzes), the A.F. of L., the CIO, Steelworkers Local 1010, all gathered to snake their way through the ambient Indiana Sinclair Refinery air, for glory and to thank God that there is an America. Or maybe just to parade, which seems to be an elemental human urge.

This gathering point is always known as a "rendezvous" in the language of Paradese. On the bulletin board the week before was the usual notice: "The band will rendezvous at 0080 on Hohman Avenue opposite Harrison Park. Each unit will be numbered. Look for our number painted on the curb—12. We will step off promptly and smartly at 0915."

By 12:30, of course, we are still milling around, noses running, always far off in the distance the sound of some band playing something, and still we stand. The thin trickle of glockenspiel music wafted back to us through the frozen trees and bushes as the Musicians Local Marching Band tuned up. Megaphones bellowing, cars racing back and forth over the disorganized line of march, until finally, slowly and painfully, we lumbered into motion. Waldo shot us aggressively into our assigned march position, and we were under way.

Rumors had gone from band to band, from drummer to drummer, that the mayor up ahead on the reviewing stand was stoned out of his mind, that we were delayed while they sobered him up, that he had chased a lady high school principal around the lectern. But these are just parade rumors.

It's hard to tell from a marcher's standpoint just what parade watchers think, if anything. As we got closer to the center of town, the crowd grew thicker, muffled, hooded, mittened, earmuffed—the gray staring faces of sheet-metal workers and iron puddlers—just standing there in the dead-zero air. This is where you begin to learn about humanity. Their eyes look like old oysters. They just look. Once in a while you see a guy smoking a cigar; he spits. And from time to time a kid throws a penny or a Mary Jane or a cherry bomb into the bell of your sousaphone.

All the bands, of course, are marching to their own cadence. Up ahead the Ladies Auxiliary of the Whales shuffles on. In the cold autumn of the Midwest you can hear their girdles squeaking three blocks away. We march past the assembled multitude, Waldo glancing neither to right nor left, eyes front, brow high. Up ahead the flags and banners of all kinds are fluttering in the icy breeze: LITHUANIAN-AMERICAN CLUB, HOORAY FOR AMERICA, GOD BLESS ALL OF US. And the steelworkers just stand there, looking. From somewhere far behind, a glockenspiel in the German-American Band tinkles briefly and stops, and all around the steady drumbeats roll. We were on the march.

Strung overhead from lamppost to lamppost across the main street were strings of red and green Christmas lights. Green plastic holly wreaths with imitation red berries hung from every other lamppost. We marched past department stores with windows filled with mechanically moving Seven Dwarfs—Grumpy painting a sled, Sneezy hammering on a ship model, and a big electrical Santa Claus maniacally laughing. Christmas was coming.

We have reached the middle of town. This is the big moment. It's the Times Square of Hammond, Indiana. A streetcar line ran right down the middle of the main street, and I am straddling a rail, trying to keep up the 160-beat-per-minute cadence; blowing our own special version of *Jingle Bells* on my frozen sousaphone. Sliding along the tracks with the ice packed in hard. I have lost all feeling. My ears, my nose, my horn is frozen; my hands are putty.

Haltingly, we moved ahead. Slowly, slowly. We'd bump into the Italian ladies ahead, and the German plumbers behind would bump into us. Somewhere the Moose would swear and the Eagles would yell. And then we were right at ground zero, the reviewing stand to our right, the assembled multitude cheering the national champions on to greater heights.

Waldo spun and faced us with his old familiar stare, and suddenly the cold was forgotten. We were *on*! Two sharp rips of the whistle, a sustained, long, rising note, baton at port, two quick flips of the wrist, and our great fanfare boomed out. The parade had come alive. The champs were on the scene! The American Legion Junior Fife and Drum Corps faded into oblivion. Waldo Grebb was in command!

Ray Janowski's beat was never sharper, leading his drum section to heights that rivaled our best performances. Grebb about-faced and went into action, his great jet-black shako reaching up like a giant shaving brush into the sullen gray sky. A magnificent figure, his gold epaulets glinting as we wove at half tempo over the hard caked ice, little realizing we were about to participate in a historic moment that has since become part of the folk songs and fireside legends of northern Indiana.

The Thunderer echoed down that narrow street like a cannon volley being fired in a mammoth cave. Blowing a sousaphone at such a moment gives one a sense of power that is only rivaled perhaps by the feel of a Ferrari cockpit at Le Mans.

Spitzer, our bass drummer, six feet, nine inches tall, caught fire. His sticks

"Go find your own corner!"

spinning into the air, his drum quivering, the worn gold and purple lettering on its head: NATIONAL PRECISION MARCHING CHAMPIONS—CLASS A, subduing the crowd into a kind of tense silence. They were viewing greatness, the panoply of pomp and tradition, and they knew it. Those who toil in the 14-inch merchant mill and the cold-strip pickling department at the steel mill rarely see such glory. Children stopped crying; noses ceased to run, eyes sparkled and blue plumes of exhaled breath hung like smoke wreaths in the air as we slammed into the coda.

Already I was beginning to wonder whether Grebb would dare try his capper on such a dangerously cold day as this, with those sneaky November crosswinds and numbed fingers. His ramrod back gave no hint. One thing was sure, and everybody in the band knew it: He had never been sharper, cleaner, more dynamic. By now he was three quarters through his act. His figure eight and double eagle had been spectacular. The trombones just ahead of me, usually a lethargic section, were blowing clean and hard. Waldo's twin scepters were alive. His timing was spectacular.

We arrived at dead center of the intersection precisely as the last note of *The Thunderer* echoed from the plate-glass windows of the big department store and against the dirty gray façade of the drugstore on the opposite corner. For a moment the air rang with the kind of explosive silence that follows a train wreck. And then it began. Janowski "tic'd" his solitary beat. We marched forward almost marking time in place. The crowd sensed that something was about to happen.

Waldo towered ahead of us, weaving slightly left, right, left, right, as his twin batons in uncanny synchronization began to spin faster and faster and faster.

The sound carried in the cuttingly cold air, and even the mayor up on the reviewing stand could hear the "zzzssssst zzzzsssssssss zzzzzzzssssss" of those spinning chromium slivers.

He held it longer than any of us had ever seen him do before, stretching the dramatic tension to the breaking point and beyond. Beside me, Dunker muttered:

"What the hell's he doing?"

Waldo spun on. Janowski tic'd off the rhythm: "tic tic tic tic tic tic tic." We marched imperceptibly, advancing like some great glacier, across the intersection. And then, like two interlocked birds of prey, Waldo's batons rose majestically in the hard November gloom.

Higher and higher they spun, faster and higher than even on the day that Waldo had won the national championship. It was unquestionably his supreme effort. He was a senior, and knew that this was his last full-scale public appearance before the home-town rabble. His last majestic capper.

Every eye save his followed the arcs of those two beautiful interleaved disks as they climbed smartly higher and higher above the street. True to his style, Waldo stared coldly ahead, knees snapping upward like pistons. He knew his trade and was at the peak of his powers.

And then it happened. Instinctively every member of the brass section scrunched lower in his sousaphone at the awesome sight.

Running parallel with our path and directly above Waldo's shako, high over the street, hung a thin, curving copper band of the streetcar high-tension power line. Slightly below it and to the left was another thin wire of some nondescript origin. The two disks magically, in a single synchronous action, passed cleanly between the wires and rose 20, 25 feet above the high-tension wires, reached their apex and, in a style more spectacular than any of us ever had suspected was in Waldo, slowed and began their downward swoop. We watched, the crowd gaped. Waldo marched on, eyes straight ahead. My God, what a moment!

The mayor leaned, or perhaps lurched, forward slightly on the reviewing stand. Even the children sensed that history was about to be made.

There are times when words are totally inadequate to the events visited upon men. For a fleeting instant it appeared as though the two batons would repeat their remarkable interleaving passage between the lethal wires on their way down. In fact, the one on the right did, and Waldo caught it flawlessly. But the left baton, spinning slower and slower above the copper band, with a metallic "ting" just ticked, barely kissed and caught on the current carrier with its chrome-silver ball. The blunt end fell gently across the other, nondescript wire —and the baton hung there, unbelievably, suspended between them.

For a split second nothing happened. Janowski "tic tic tic'd" steadily, doggedly on. The cadence never varied as our feet sounded as one on the spiteful, filthy granite ice. And then an eerie, transparent, cerulean-blue nimbus, a kind of expanding halo rippled outward from the suspended baton and from some far-off distant place, beyond the freight yards, past the Grasselli Chemical plant, an inhuman, quickening shudder grew closer and closer, as though a tidal wave were about to break over all of us. And then:

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Hanging over the intersection was a gigantic, unimaginably immense Fourth-of-July sparkler that threw a Vesuvius, a hissing shower of flame in a giant pin wheel down to the street and into the sky, over the crowd and onto the band. The air was alive with ozone. It seemed to flash with great thunderbolts, on and on. It just hung up there and burned and burned, ionizing before our eyes.

Janowski tic'd on. A few muffled screams came from the crowd. Fuses were blowing out over the entire county, as far away as Gary. High-tension poles were toppling somewhere miles away. The steel mills stopped; boats sank out on the river. Three streetcars burst into flames. It was as though some ancient, thunderbolt-hurling God had laid one right down on the middle of Hammond on Thanksgiving Day. The ground shuddered. Generators as far south as Indianapolis screamed and stilled. Waldo Grebb had hit the main fuse, the

"This is the nuttiest inventory I've ever been through!"

ultimate jackpot. It was the greatest capper of all time!

But without so much as an upward glance, he had caught the first baton neatly and spun on. The drum section picked up the cadence and we marched smartly through the intersection, leaving behind a scene of devastation that forms the core of several epic poems relating the incident.

Waldo immediately signaled for *El Capitan*, and as we attacked the intro, the crowd burst into a great roar of applause and surging emotion. The heady aroma of burnt rubber, scorched copper, ionized chrome and frozen ozone trailed us up the street. Santa Claus in the window sat with mouth agape. Sneezy's hammer was held stiffly at half-mast. The Christmas trees had flickered out. The MERRY XMAS neon signs were dark.

We knew that the baton that had gone up in smoke had been one of Waldo's prized awards—from his presentation set of matched wands, won at the state championships. The other, the survivor, he held lightly in his right hand, his arm shooting it high over his head and down diagonally across his body, up and down, up and down. He spun as we finished *El Capitan*, and gave three quick blasts on the whistle, his signal for *Under the Double Eagle*, his eyes as steely as ever, his jaw grim and square.

From all sides we could hear the sound of sirens approaching the scene we were leaving behind, over the swelling strains of the *Double Eagle*, with its massive crescendos, its unmatched sousaphone obbligato. As we played this great classic and Waldo led us on into the twilight, every sousaphone player, every baritone man, the trombones, the clarinets, the piccolos and flutes, the snare drummers, Dunker and Janowski, all of us thought one thing: "Did he plan it?"

You can never tell about drum majors. This was not the sort of mistake Waldo Grebb would make. Had he calculated this? Practiced, worked for this moment for four long years? Was this gigantic, this unparalleled capper his final statement to Hammond, Indiana, to the steel mills, the refineries and the Sheet & Tube Works, to those gray oyster eyes, and to the Croatian Ladies Aid Society?

Up ahead his arched back, taut as spring steel, gave no sign. His shako reached for the sky, his great plume waved on. He blew a long, shrill echoing blast, holding his remaining baton high above his head. Two shorts followed and he smartly commanded a column right. The drums thundered as we marched into a side street out of the line of march and headed back toward school in perfect formation. The wind was rising and it seemed to be getting colder. A touch of snow was in the air, and Christmas was on its way.

CATERED CHRISTMAS *(continued from page 136)*

with a graduated beaker—the kind of shenanigans that go on at big hotel banquets. No virtuoso barman uses a jigger for measuring. His hand is generous but steady, and for a private jubilee, a free-hand technique is the only hospitable way to pour.

When the caterer's truck pulls up to your digs, one of the first pieces of equipment he delivers is a portable bar. In apartments where space is at a premium, however, it's sometimes best to eliminate the portable bar in favor of additional dance-floor or dining space. A working bar can then be set up in an adjoining room. Drinks are prepared out of sight and passed by waiters to the merrymakers. For comfort's sake, the portable bar is best located near the buffet table and as close to the kitchen as possible.

For the glassware department, caterers will bring from three to five rounds of each type of glass needed, as well as coasters, cocktail napkins, etc. The large amount of glassware speeds up bar service and makes allowances for breakage.

In choosing your drinks, the simplest of all bar services is naturally the holiday punch bowl. Where drinking is the main focus of attention, the punch bowl is perfect. But for rejoicing around a buffet table where the stacked platters and bubbling chafing dishes are the center of interest, the punch bowl is usually bypassed in favor of the regular bar repertory. For your own peace of mind, you may check with the caterer on ice, carbonated waters, fruits, etc., but as S. O. P. these are abundantly supplied.

Fine food begets fine wine. It's only natural that the excitement of the year-end should be accompanied by the heady glow engendered by vintage grape. Either the red and white still wines or champagne are, of course, very much in order; but for a change of pace you might try sparkling French red burgundy and sparkling Rhine wine. Both can be served at a buffet and are less dry, somewhat softer than champagne, but rich, unforgettable sensations to the taste. The very fact that champagne is so omnipresent at holiday parties makes the other sparkling wines unexpected and original pleasures.

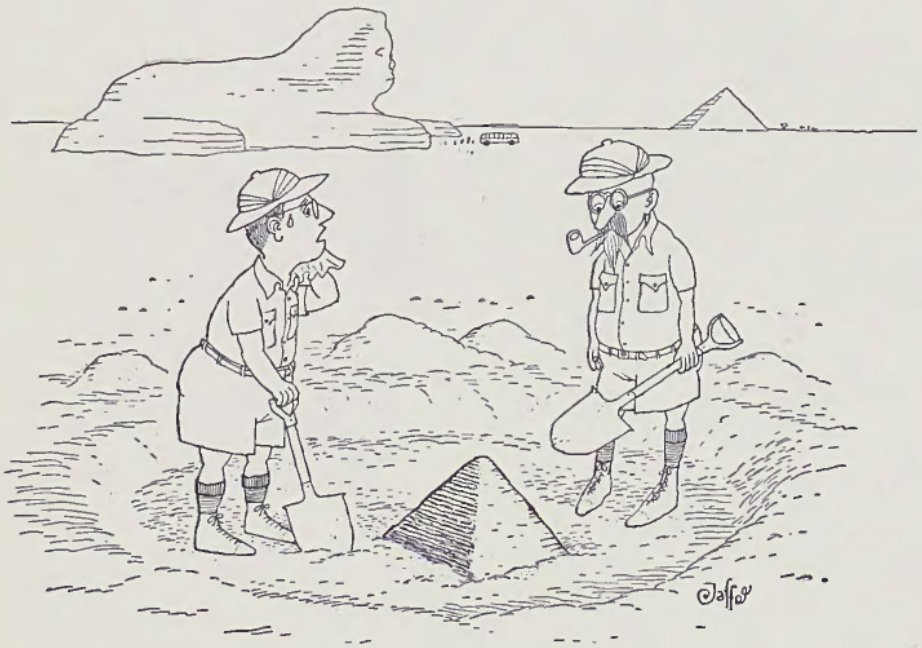
The caterer will submit sample menus to you, and this may cause some soul-searching. There are empire builders and business geniuses who are reduced to vacillation when required to decide whether the Dublin Bay prawns shall appear with Russian dressing or cocktail sauce. Our own advice is to choose the foods as you please, guided only by the ego of your own taste. If you've latched onto a good caterer, your arbitrariness will be transformed through his alchemy into gustatory wisdom.

Properly, buffet dinners have a beginning, a middle and an end. Today, the beginning often shares the spotlight with the middle. Many of the modern-day hors d'oeuvres, such as water chestnuts with bacon, aren't appetite prodders, but simply luscious eating, providing playful contrasts in textures. Cold hors d'oeuvres, such as Nova Scotia salmon wrapped around asparagus vinaigrette or celery stuffed with a purée of gorgonzola cheese, are offered well chilled, and are delights in their own right. If you want your guests to share the heavenly experience of fresh Beluga caviar *or pâté de foie gras* (not *pâté maison* or *pâté de foie* or *purée de foie*), you must spell out these requests to the caterer.

The huge cold buffet centerpieces, particular favorites of the chefs on luxury ocean liners, are seen at private parties nowadays only if they can be eaten with ease. There's an old-fashioned aspic of lobsters and shrimps in which a huge circle of lobsters placed upright like slaves with upstretched arms supporting a monarch holds up an enormous mound of shrimps decorated with truffles, pimiento crescents and the gold of hard-boiled eggs. The whole ensemble is eye-catching, but if a single supporting slice of hard-boiled egg is removed, the superstructure comes tumbling down. Needless to say, the same lobsters and the same shrimps can be served in a less unstable arrangement, so that when the crowd starts eating, the platter doesn't turn into a provender Pompeii within a matter of minutes. Cold salmon, cold saddle of venison, cold Virginia ham, cold tenderloin of beef and cold roast goose all lend themselves to this kind of easy grandstand play.

Of the hot foods served at catered parties, beef is in ascendancy almost everywhere. Curried lamb, sherried chicken hash and lobster newburg are still drawing cards, but at the present stage of our gastronomical life, they're completely eclipsed by beef Stroganoff, fragrant with mushrooms, beef bourguignonne swimming in red-wine gravy, and tenderloin of beef à la *Deutsch* scented with sherry. Roast shell of beef, sometimes listed as roast sirloin of beef, broiled thick shell steaks and roast beef tenderloin—all rare, sliced thin and custom carved to fit on half slices of bread—continue to gratify beefeaters everywhere.

Renowned catering houses such as Charles Wilson of New York have modernized their desserts with luscious fresh-fruit compotes and fruit *tartelettes* which, like so many catered foods, are hastening the day when both knives and forks are no longer a burden on civilized dining. For late, late parties Wilson brings on a doughnut machine. The very thought of it shocks the old-line *pâtissiers*, but when in the early-morning hours the hot plump doughnuts are tossed into a bowl of cinnamon sugar, and the fresh, steaming coffee flows from the urns, the party's final phase takes on a new warmth, a glow which will have been more than matched by the one you got when, in the midst of your happily limited duties as the catered-wingding host, you realized that you were unruffled, unharried and enjoying yourself immensely.



"I'm afraid we've got a hell of a lot of digging ahead of us, professor."

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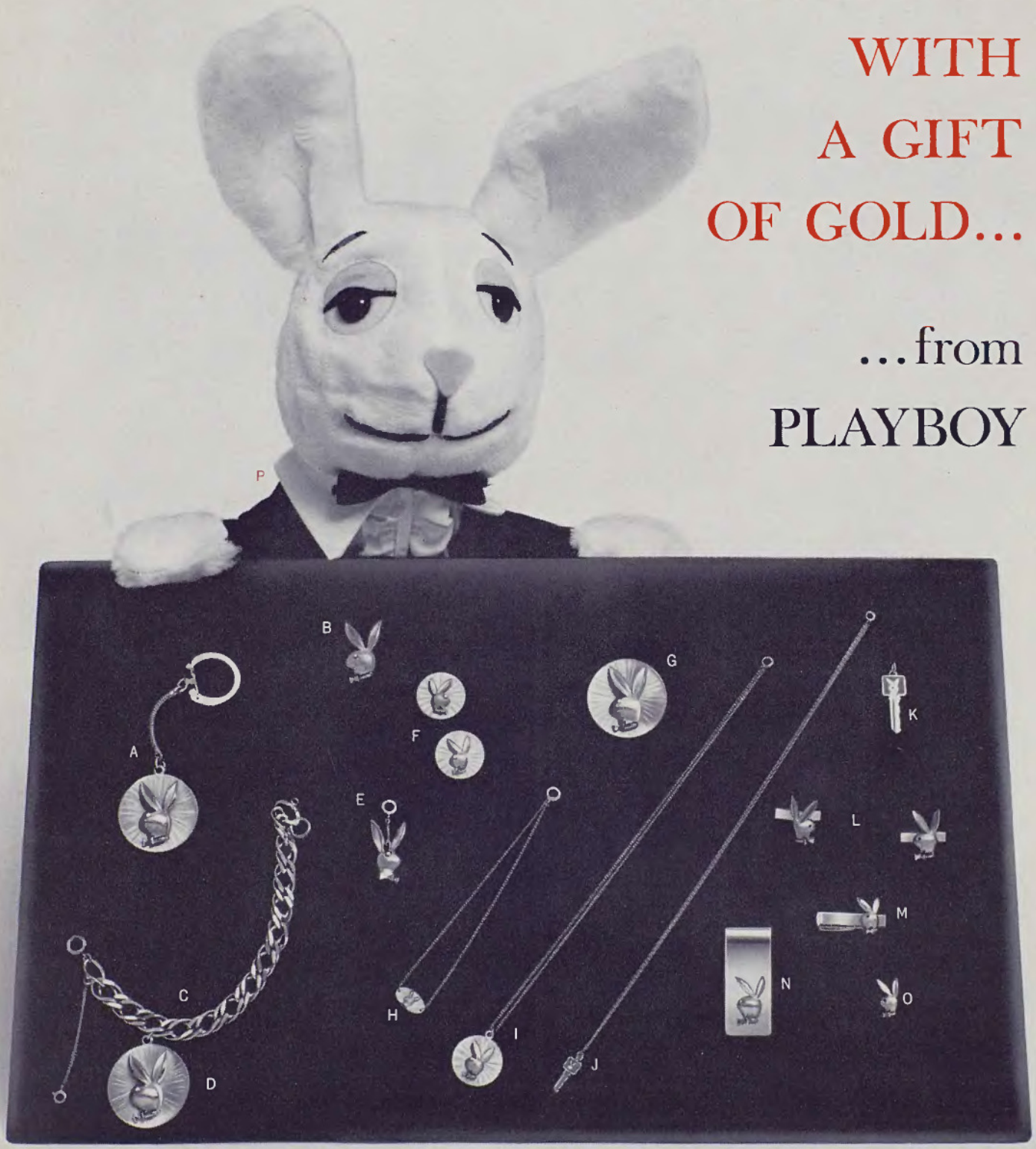

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HUNTERS

(continued from page 156)

one end of the 50-foot rope which he carried coiled between hip and shoulder. He called down into the bowl, "Get your rope ready. How long is it?"

"About twenty yards."

"That ought to do it."

The big man tied the other end of the rope about his waist and then, paying out the slack, lowered himself into the bowl. The sides had more curvature than he had calculated. For half a minute he hung, spinning dizzily until, noticing a ragged crack in the ice, he swung inward and gripped it with one hand. He carried with him an alpine ice ax. With this he began swiftly and dexterously to cut hand- and footholds.

Josef, from the bottom, watched him with blank curiosity. When the big man was 40 feet down he said, "Mind your head, down there—I'm going to let myself slip." Then, supporting himself on the rope with one hand, he unhitched the loop which held him and came sliding down. Josef's face relaxed in a half smile of amusement. "If you want my rope, you will please take it for yourself. My right hand is quite useless. What are you going to do?"

"Well, first I'll catch my breath." He fumbled in an inside pocket and found cigarettes and a lighter. "Do you want a cigarette?"

"Thank you, no, I am a nonsmoker."

The big man lit a cigarette and unslung a canteen. "I've got some whiskey here if you'd like a drink."

"Normally I do not drink alcohol, but I will take a little for quick energy." Josef swallowed a mouthful with a grimace, handed back the canteen and said, "I can assure you that if it is your intention to try to extract information from me by means of torture, it will be a wasted effort. I know nothing of value to your people——"

"—It is my intention," the other man said, imitating Josef's clipped accent, "to take this rope, cut a few footholds up to my rope's end and join the two by making a knot called a sheet bend. Then it is my intention to tie this end around you under the arms, climb back up to the top and haul you up. Your wrist is broken, you say? Well, you've got your feet, I guess, and one good hand to help yourself with."

"And then?" the little man asked.

"I don't know about 'then.' Do as you're told now." So saying, the big man went to work with his ice ax. The bowl sang like crystal. An hour passed before the ropes were joined and Josef made fast. "Let's hope that gun barrel holds," the big man said, "or things might get a bit difficult . . . As a matter of curiosity, shrimp, don't you ever say thank you?"

"If it pleases you to hear the sound of the words—thank you. I have told you that there is nothing for you to gain by what you are doing. Either you are very stupid, or you act with some motive too deep for me to fathom. I have said thank you. Are you satisfied?"

The big man shrugged and began to climb hand over hand. Watching, Josef thought that the thin rope must inevitably snap under that vast bulk. But for all his size, the big man seemed to have something of the spider about him. Four times he swung to catch invisible fissures and promontories. At last, at the top, he hung, clinging to the rope with feet and knees alone while he cut a place for his fingers in the ice at the brim. Then he was over and gone.

At the top he paused for another breathing spell and smoked another cigarette. Then, calling out, "Take it easy and grab the notches in the ice," he braced his feet against the split rock and began to haul, grunting. The little man came up with surprising ease. In ten minutes the two were sitting side by side on the rock, the big man smoking and Josef nursing his right hand in his left armpit.

The big man was the first to speak. He said, "Goddamn you, do you know the meaning of the American expression 'in a jam'?"

"It is, I believe, a slang word meaning 'predicament.' Are you in a predicament? If so you have nobody to blame but yourself. I am at a loss, however, to know the nature of this predicament."

"You talk like a goddamn schoolteacher."

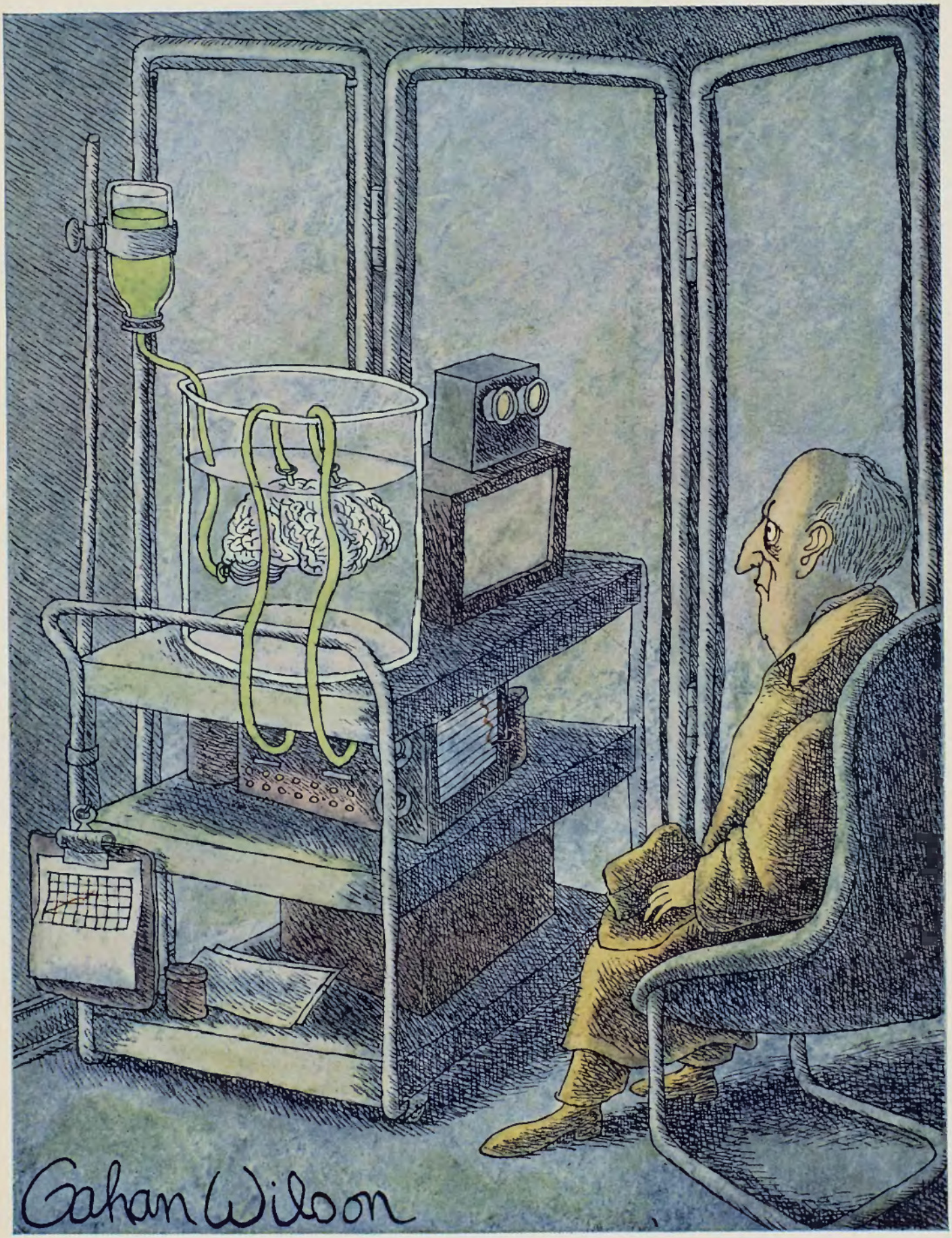
"Not at all. I am literate, you are not. That is all."

"You are a saboteur, a spy and a killer," said the other, looking at him with mixed wonder and dislike. Then he said, slowly, "There's something about your kind of people I'll never understand. I understand how a point of view can change. I understand how you can be educated to look at things in such and such a way. But there are certain fundamentals, surely?"

"Such as?"

"Well, say common gratitude. I could have left you to die down there on that ice."

"But you did not. Why did you not? I will tell you why. You decided to 'save my life,' as you would put it. To gratify an outmoded and decadent taste for the romantic. I have no such taste. My conceptions and my outlook are materialistic. In the past ten days we have been hunting each other. We must have exchanged fifty shots apiece. Ten times you have come within an inch of killing me. In passing let me compliment you on



"The doctors . . . say . . . they've never . . . seen . . . another case quite . . . like . . . it."

"And Jim . . . if things don't work out . . . well . . . I just want you to know that I'm not doing anything special tonight . . ."

your marksmanship. It was your duty to shoot me just as it was my duty to shoot you if I could."

"I know. I've killed men. But we balk at leaving a man alone to die in the ice. Incidentally, I am not illiterate. For your information, I am a master of arts . . . So, as I said, I find myself in a jam or predicament."

Josef said, with a thin smile, "Now you see just why your system is bound to fall, and upon what false moralities your way of thinking is based. There is no reality in you, no sense of proportion. You live in a fairy tale. I see you over my rifle sights at five hundred yards, you are a speck; I see you at five feet and you are a huge lump of protoplasm. Either way you are execrable to me. I spit upon the pathos of nearness! What if, under the microscope, the germ of a disease is magnified to the size of a dog; am I to caress it and let it lick my face? I walk through the streets of one of your decadent cities, and rub shoulders with a million of your kind—talk with them, eat with them, if the impulse moves me sleep with them. They are no less obnoxious in that I can see the whites of their eyes. But you—I know your kind. In you, propinquity breeds sentiment, and your sentiment stinks. Seen from the air a city looks like a bit of animal tissue, with the arterial roads like nerve cells, et cetera, and the bursting of a stick of bombs strikes your poetic imagination as looking like the blossoming of little flowers. Eh? Hypocrite, where is your predicament?"

The big man said, "I concede that there is a certain something in what you say. And still it seems to me that in certain circumstances when you magnify your awareness that a man is a man you sharpen your perception of the difference between good and evil. I detest you, and everything you stand for. But I can*not* leave you to die alone in the ice. And here's the predicament—civilized people sometimes find themselves in such predicaments. It will be hard for you to understand. If I had put a bullet through your head—and I wish to God I had—I should have said, 'Mission accomplished,' and thought no more of the matter. But now that I've saved your life, in some mysterious way I feel morally indebted to you; in a way grateful to you. And my predicament is that I don't know what to do with you."

Josef said, "As you say, this is something I would not understand, and I should hope that I would have no desire to understand it. Let me help you out of your predicament. You are rendered impotent to hurt me because you have saved my life. But I, whose life you saved, find in my heart no trace of mercy toward you on that account."

"No. You'd be consistent in that, I'd guess. 'The end justifies the means'—that's what you'd say."

"And what would *you* say?" Josef asked.

"I'd say that every means is an end in itself. Like, say, a span in a bridge. Your bridge won't stand up."

"And your imagery is as banal as your reasoning is puerile. You bore me. Let us return to your 'predicament,' and have done with this tomfoolery. Have you a pistol?"

"No."

"Ah, but I have——" Josef's right hand came out from under his armpit holding a small black revolver. He fired straight into the big man's face. Quick as he was, the big man had been quicker, his great hand moving fast and automatically as an eyelid blinks, and it closed over the other man's little fist, pistol and all. The bullet grazed his ear. Bone snapped. The revolver fell into the snow.

Then, with something like tenderness, the big man said, "I thank you kindly. This puts matters back on the old footing. It simplifies everything."

He picked Josef up by the neck and one leg, raised him above his head and, handling him like a dry branch, broke his back on the edge of the rock. "You talk too much," he said. "You should have shot me before. Vanity is the downfall of your kind; you materialists have no sense of reality——"

Then he stopped, for he was addressing a dead man.

He kicked the body into the ice bowl. An avalanche of shale chased it down. The big man stood for a minute, thinking. Then he re-coiled his rope, slung his empty rifle over his shoulder, and went back down the hard trail southward and westward.

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ffolkes

(continued from page 174)

him and watched with interest as Lovejoy threw the doors open, and dug down under the heavy winter woolen underwear.

"Johnnie Walker!" Saint Clair said merrily.

"Three bottles! You old dog!"

"In case of sickness," Lovejoy said. "Or special occasions. I am not much of a drinking . . ."

"I'll open it." Roland took the bottle and ripped away the paper. Lovejoy carefully placed the winter underwear over the other two bottles and closed the wardrobe. By this time Roland had poured three tremendous drinks into coffee cups.

"To good will," chanted the Calonius brothers, holding the cups high. Lovejoy looked at them, strange, exciting visitors from another world. Only in the East would your life hold such surprises. "To good will," he said strongly, and drank a long draught of Johnnie Walker.

"Ladszlo," called Saint Clair to the puffing Hungarian, "be careful for the paint on that bicycle! That's a very expensive bicycle."

"Yess, gentlemen," Ladszlo said, finally putting the third bicycle away and leaning palely against a wall to recover his strength.

"Perhaps," Lovejoy whispered, "Mr. Ladszlo would like a . . ."

"Ladszlo never drinks," Saint Clair said, pouring himself another large cupful of Johnnie Walker. "He's a Greek Catholic."

"If you'll excuse me," Lovejoy said, "I'll go into the kitchen and tell the servant to prepare dinner for tonight."

"Go right ahead, Stan," Roland waved a large, gracious hand. "We're fine here. You've really made us feel as though this was our home."

"Thank you very much," Lovejoy said, feeling a slight warm flush of gratitude. He ordinarily lived a quiet, secluded life, and he had few friends.

"There should be more like you," Roland said.

"Thank you again."

"For dessert," Saint Clair said, "I like raisins and walnuts. They contain valuable minerals."

"I'll see what I can do," Lovejoy said. When he got back after a bitter half hour in the kitchen, in which Ahmed, the cook, a eunuch who had been castrated by the Turks in 1903, had burst into tears twice in a frenzy of misunderstanding, the living room was roaring with argument.

"I did not rape any waitress in Tel Aviv!" Saint Clair was screaming. A second bottle of Johnnie Walker, Lovejoy noticed, was standing on the table.

"Gentlemen," said Lovejoy, his head rather vague with the beer and Scotch and sudden company, "it is impossible to get walnuts."

"That's all right," Saint Clair smiled at him cheerfully. "Tomorrow's soon enough. Have a drink."

"Thank you," Lovejoy said.

While waiting for dinner, they worked on the second bottle and the Calonius brothers talked about themselves.

"Bakersfield, California," Saint Clair said, "is all right for cowboys."

"That's where we were born," Roland said.

"It lacks romance. Same thing, day in, day out. Beef and grapefruit. Have a drink." Saint Clair poured all around. "A man's got to see the world . . ."

"That's exactly what I . . ." said Lovejoy.

"George Buchanan would've killed you if you'd stayed in Bakersfield another twenty-four hours," Roland said. "The only trouble was it was Sunday and he had to wait till the stores opened on Monday to buy a shotgun." Roland laughed merrily, remembering. "We named the monkey after Madame Buchanan. Amazing resemblance."

"George Buchanan," Saint Clair shouted, "was absolutely mistaken about that oil lease. Any court of law . . ."

"Anyway," Roland said comfortably, "the money got us to Paris."

"What a city, Paris!" Saint Clair said dreamily.

"Paris . . ." murmured Lovejoy. "How did you happen to leave?"

"You can only stay so long in any one place," Saint Clair said. "Then it's the call of the open . . ."

" 'Messieurs,' the Captain of the *Sûreté* said," Roland chuckled in retrospect, " 'you have exactly thirty-six hours.' He spoke excellent English."

"The trouble with Americans," Saint Clair said, "is that the rest of the world mistrusts them. The wrong type of people represent America throughout the world. Diplomats, schoolteachers on vacation, retired merchants."

"Now, if ever," Roland said sonorously, "America has to be represented by its best types. Young, virile, friendly, *plain* people. Good will. Understand?"

"Yes," said Lovejoy, vaguely and happily, sipping on his third triple Scotch.

"And on a bicycle," Saint Clair said, "you really get to see a country. The plain people. You entertain them. You amuse them. You impress them with the fact that Americans are not decadent."

"Americans," Roland said proudly, "are a race who can stand on their heads on a moving bicycle."

"Berlin, Munich, Vienna," Saint Clair said. "We were sensational. Don't believe what you hear about the Germans. They have absolutely no desire to fight

anyone. You can have my guarantee."

"That's very reassuring," Lovejoy said.

"That's the thing about traveling by bicycle," Roland said. "You feel the pulse."

"Hungary was at our feet," Saint Clair said. "We picked up Ladszlo in Budapest."

Lovejoy glanced dreamily at Ladszlo, who was sitting in a corner on the floor, combing Mrs. Buchanan's back for fleas.

"He seems like a very nice . . ." Lovejoy said.

"For a Hungarian," Roland said, "he's not bad."

"You've got to watch Hungarians," said Saint Clair. "That's another thing about traveling the way we do. You become a student of national character."

"I can readily understand . . ."

"Istanbul, Alexandria, Cairo," chanted Roland.

"They did everything but throw roses at us in Cairo. Although their taste in entertainment is low."

"Belly dancers," Roland complained darkly. "If it isn't a belly dancer throw it out. A man on a bicycle might just as well lay down and die."

"Jerusalem is an improvement," Saint Clair said. "Jews like bicycles."

"How can you bear just to sit in one little place all your life?" Roland asked suddenly.

"It never occurred to me before," said Lovejoy reflectively. "Though I can see now that perhaps I . . ."

"Where do we sleep?" Saint Clair interrupted. He stood up and yawned, stretching widely.

Lovejoy stood up, too, and led the way into the other room. "I'm sorry," he said, "there are only two beds. Mr. Ladszlo . . ."

"Perfectly all right, old man," Roland said. "He'll sleep on the floor in your room. Hungarians love floors."

"This'll do." Saint Clair stretched enormously on one of the beds.

"Dinner, thank you." The eunuch slipped into the room and out.

Lovejoy led the way into the dining room. Somehow, the third bottle of Johnnie Walker was on the table. As they sat down, Ladszlo slid in and sat down at the foot of the table.

"Good American cooking," Roland said happily, pouring some whisky. "Can't be beat."

Ladszlo sat in front of the steak with his knife and fork poised. For the first time there was life and excitement in his eyes. His mouth worked a little, expectantly, as he cut into the rare red meat.

"Ladszlo," Saint Clair sniffed strongly, wrinkling his nose in distaste.

"Yess, gentlemen?" The fork was poised delicately over the first slice.

"My God, Ladszlo, you stink!"

Ladszlo put his fork down quietly. "Yess, gentlemen," he said. "Mrs. Buchanan pisses all . . ."

"Go take a bath," Saint Clair said.

"Yess, gentlemen. Ass soon ass I have taken a little nourish . . ."

"Now!"

Ladszlo swallowed dryly, sighed a small Balkan sigh, stood up. "Yess, gentlemen." He left the room.

"Hungarians," Roland said. "They're living in the Seventeenth Century." He took an immense bite of steak.

By now the unaccustomed liquor had taken full effect and Lovejoy remembered nothing more of the meal except that the Calonius brothers talked rather disjointedly of various cities throughout the world they had visited, in all of which certain misunderstanding had arisen, usually with husbands or the police, although of no very grave dimensions. Ladszlo, Lovejoy also noticed, did not return.

Just as they were finishing their coffee, there was a light knock on the door.

"Permit me," Saint Clair said, as Lovejoy struggled slowly to his feet. Saint Clair sprang across the room and threw the door open.

"Oh!" Irina stood there, her head wrapped in a black silk shawl.

Lovejoy shook his head a trifle dazedly and stood up. In the excitement he had forgotten all about her.

"Excellent!" Saint Clair was saying loudly, looking at Irina. "Excellent!"

"Stanford . . ." Irina lifted a shy, slightly accusing small hand toward Lovejoy.

"Forgive me," Lovejoy said, walking carefully toward her. "Unexpected . . ."

"Excellent," Saint Clair said. "Excellent."

"I'm afraid I'd better leave." Irina turned, doelike, to go.

"I'll walk you to the gate," Lovejoy said hurriedly, taking her arm.

"A vision," Roland boomed from the table. He stood up and bowed in Irina's direction. "A beautiful Russian vision."

"Perhaps," Lovejoy said, "I'd better take you to your . . ."

"How did you know I was Russian?" Irina turned back and her voice was sidelong and musical, although still shy and ladylike, as she spoke to Roland.

"Only in the cold snows," Roland boomed, advancing. "Only in the immense pine forests . . ."

"Wouldn't you like to come in and have a drink?" Saint Clair asked.

"A certain pure, cold, blonde beauty . . ." Roland smiled widely down at the small, demure figure in the black scarf.

"We're drinking Scotch tonight," Saint Clair said.

"Irina doesn't drink," Lovejoy said, worriedly, fearing that Irina would be

angry with him because of his blunt American friends.

"Perhaps," said Irina, taking a small, hesitant, White Russian step into the room, "perhaps just a little at the bottom of the glass."

Lovejoy closed the door behind her.

At the third drink, Saint Clair was making pertinent comments on the Russians. "No other race," he said oratorically, "would have the vision, the courage . . . The Revolution. My God, the greatest step forward since . . ."

"They liquidated fourteen members of my family," Irina said, "and burnt down three country houses." She began to cry.

"No one will deny, of course," said Saint Clair, tenderly giving her a handkerchief, "that the old regime was better. The Church. Icons. Candles burning. The ballet . . ." He waved his arms magniloquently.

"It's getting late," Lovejoy said vaguely, his ears roaring with Johnnie Walker and conversation. "Perhaps I'd better see you home . . ."

"Just to the gate, Stanford, you wild boy." Irina stood up, swept the scarf around her, gave her hands to the Calonius brothers who kissed them, each muttering something that Lovejoy couldn't hear. Irina hesitated a moment, pulled her hands away, slipped out, graceful, doelike.

"Don't come home late, Wild Boy," Roland said.

Lovejoy followed Irina into the darkness. He walked beside her in the still, clear desert night.

"Irina, darling," he said troubledly to the silent shade at his side. "It was unavoidable. Certain Americans have a tendency to be boisterous. They mean no harm. They'll be gone tomorrow. Do you forgive me, darling?"

There was a silence. Irina reached the gate and turned toward him, her face undecipherable in the starlit night. "I forgive you, Stanford," she said softly, and allowed him to kiss her good night, although they were only a hundred yards from the president's home, and there was a dreadful chance of being observed.

Lovejoy watched her disappear lightfootedly into the darkness, and turned and went back to his house.

From the bedroom came loud snores. The Calonius brothers were sleeping off the strains and stresses of a normal day.

There was the strange small jungle sound of the monkey scratching herself sleepily.

• • •

Lovejoy did not sleep well. Through the wall of slumber, sometime in the late, dark hours, half-awake, half-dreaming, he seemed to hear a woman's soft giggle nearby, sensual and abandoned, and he twisted uneasily on his hard bed, almost opened his eyes, was claimed once more by oblivion.

The moon came up and shone through the open window into his eyes, and he woke sharply, certain that someone was in his room, something was happening . . .

The moon shone on a narrow figure crouched in the corner, bent over, its arms moving fiercely and jerkily, as though it were tying up a bundle. The

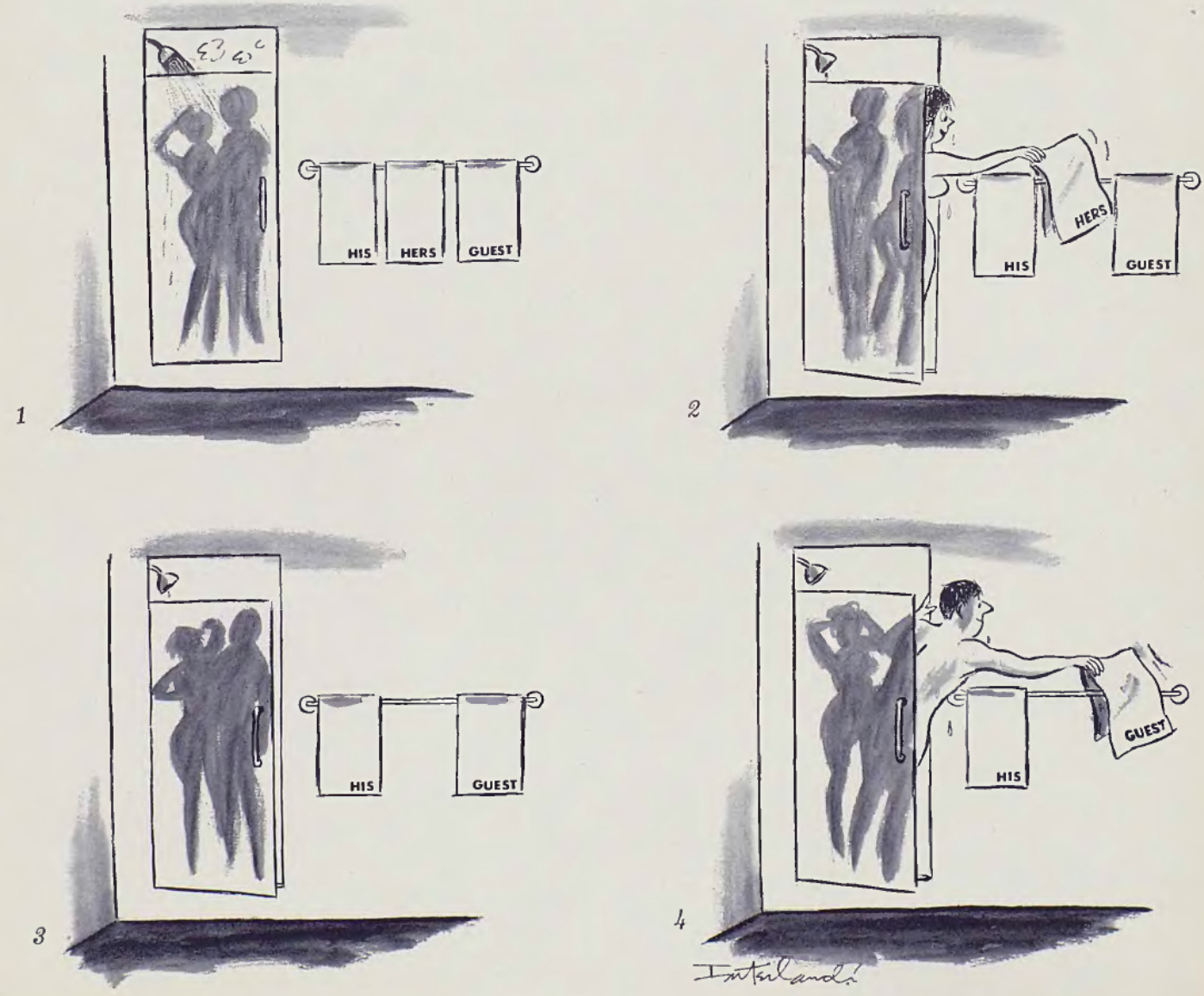

figure stood up and Lovejoy saw that it was Ladszlo.

"Mr. Ladszlo," he said, in relief. "Where have you been?" Ladszlo wheeled around. His eyes flashed wildly in the glint of the moon. He strode over to the bed.

"You!" he said harshly. "Keep quiet, pleassse!"

"Mr. Lad . . ." Lovejoy stopped. A long cold blade shone in Ladszlo's fist.

"Do you think, gentlemen," Ladszlo's voice scraped against his eardrums, "I will hessitate to usse it?"

Lovejoy sat up, quiet.

Ladszlo turned back to his work in the corner, and for the first time, Lovejoy saw what the Hungarian had been doing. Mrs. Buchanan was lying there, a maniac look on her cranky, brute face, her mouth gagged with strips of towel, her hands and ankles securely bound with twine. Ladszlo stood over her, menacing, triumphant.

"What . . . ?" Lovejoy began.

"Quiet!" Ladszlo snarled. He got out some more twine and, by the bright light of the moon at the window, he made an intricate and perfect hangman's knot. Lovejoy felt the sweat start out all over his body and his throat go wooden and salty. He blinked disbelievingly when Ladszlo put the noose around the monkey's thin neck and threw the other end of the rope over a tall bridge lamp.

"You're not really . . ." he said under his breath.

Ladszlo ignored him and pulled on the rope. Lovejoy closed his eyes. This was the first time he had ever seen a monkey hanged and he didn't feel he was up to the strain of watching. He kept his eyes closed until he heard Ladszlo's voice, thin and trumpetlike. "Well," Ladszlo was saying, "that's the last time you'll piss on me."

Lovejoy felt it was safe to look. Mrs. Buchanan hung limp, like a dead monkey. Ladszlo stood before her, revenge incarnate.

"Mr. Ladszlo," Lovejoy whispered. "How could you do it?"

Ladszlo whirled on him, strode over to his bed.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I warn you. Leave while there iss still time."

"What're you talking about?"

"Inside there . . ." Ladszlo's finger shot out, stiff with warning. "Inside there you have two devilss."

"Why, Mr. Ladszlo," Lovejoy even managed to laugh a little. "They're just two simple high-spirited American boys."

"In that case," Ladszlo said, "spare me America. Devilss! I hate them, all three of them, the Calonius brothers most of all, and then Mrs. Buchanan. Unfortunately, it is not possible to hang

the Calonius brothers." With somber gratification he looked at the monkey's corpse, swinging gently in the night wind. "I tell you. If you know what's good for you, you will get away from them, if you have to walk."

"It's true," Lovejoy said, "they don't treat you very well."

Ladszlo laughed a horrible laugh, like broken glass, at the understatement. "I had a good job," he said, "in Budapest. I sold lace. I was preparing to marry. Then I met the Calonius brothers. In two days they had sold me the bicycle . . . forty pounds. Later I found out, a man they had picked up in Strasbourg had deserted them. He could not stand it anymore. They told me we were going to America. They painted a bright picture. Five hundred dollars a week in Radio City. I would be an American citizen. I could forget Hungary. I could forget the lace business. I brought wiss me one hundred pounds, in cash. Farewell. And every town we visited. Riots, husbands with guns, police. Customs officials. Pregnant women. It is like going through Europe with a shipload of pirates. Now I have no more money, I have no job, I am in the middle of the desert, but when they told me to leave my dinner and go take a bath, I knew it wass the end . . ."

There was a rustling in the next room and Ladszlo jumped back into the shadows fearfully. "I warn you," he whispered bleakly, and vanished.

Lovejoy looked at Mrs. Buchanan, stiffening noticeably at the bridge lamp. He put his face to the wall, but he did not sleep.

When Lovejoy rose in the morning and had his coffee and started off to school, the snores, regular and peaceful, were still coming out of the bedroom in which the Calonius brothers slept undisturbed.

Lovejoy was not feeling very well. His head occasionally expanded and contracted spasmodically; two or three times during the morning he saw double, and the shrill voices of the young Arab children for the first time made a nerve-racking clangor in his ears.

And when President Swenker came into his classroom in the middle of a lesson in advanced English composition and asked Lovejoy to have lunch with him, an uneasy tremor of anticipation ran down Lovejoy's spine.

But over the bean salad and canned pineapple of President Swenker's severe lunch (the president was a vegetarian), with Mrs. Swenker and young Carlton Swenker sitting in decorous, lettuce-crunching silence, the president merely outlined a plan for a new Bible class. This was to be an evening class for adults and in his relief that the interview was not about liquor, Lovejoy was effusively enthusiastic.

"Well," the president said, patting Lovejoy bonily on the wrist, "this may make educational history in Aleppo. Have some more bean salad."

It was nearly six o'clock when Lovejoy got back to his house. All was quiet, except for a strange thudding noise that occasionally came through the windows, and a slight shaking of the thick mud walls. Lovejoy swallowed and climbed the steps slowly and opened the door.

Roland and Saint Clair Calonius were on the floor, half-naked, locked in gigantic combat. Saint Clair was on top and was beating his brother's head against the floor, which accounted for the dull thuds.

The entire place smelled like a steam-heated gymnasium after a closely contested basketball game. The eunuch Ahmed stood at the door, his eyes gleaming with excitement.

"Gentlemen . . ." Lovejoy said.

Suddenly, with a violent, twisting motion, Roland heaved himself up and a second later Saint Clair was hurling through the air, only to crash, with a house-shaking noise, against the wall. Ahmed fled, Saint Clair dropped dazedly to his knees for a moment, then stood up and smiled.

"That was very clever, Roland," he said.

"Gentlemen," Lovejoy said.

Both Calonius brothers looked at him strangely for a moment, as though they couldn't quite place him. Then a smile lit Saint Clair's face. "He lives here," he explained to Roland.

Roland smiled then, too. "You old dog," he said.

"Just keeping in condition," Saint Clair said. "Roland and me. Wrestling exercises every muscle of the body. Also good for the appetite. Have a drink. We're going to take a shower." They disappeared, sweating, their muscles rippling under steaming skin.

Lovejoy sat down and looked around him. The appearance of the room had changed noticeably. The two beds from the other room had been dragged in. His own couch, he could see through the doorway, was in the other room. Also the bicycles. Mrs. Buchanan, fortunately, had disappeared. Four bottles of rum stood on the table and three dozen lemons. A handsome Persian jug, ancient and valuable, which he suddenly realized he had seen before in the home of the Danish professor of mathematics, stood next to the lemons. He went over and smelled it. It had been recently used for mixing cocktails.

He heard a step behind him and wheeled nervously. It was the eunuch, with a bowl full of ice cubes. With sink-

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"When I think of all we've done for that dog!"

ing heart, Lovejoy remembered that the only electric refrigerator in town capable of making ice cubes was in the home of President Swenker.

"Ahmed . . ." he began, but the eunuch merely put the bowl down and shuffled out.

Lovejoy sank into a chair. His eyes roamed the disordered room. Something else had changed, something was missing, a small nagging voice told him . . . He couldn't remember. He closed his eyes, ran his hands over them, opened them again. Then he saw. The *Encyclopaedia Britannica.* All the volumes from AA to PRU.

There must be, he told himself, some perfectly natural explanation.

Roland entered, huge and naked, drying himself with a towel. "Ah," he said. "More ice."

"Pardon me, Mr. Calonius," Lovejoy said. "I wonder if you could tell me how the ice . . ."

"You may have noticed, old man," Roland slapped himself vigorously on his bare pink chest, "that we've made certain small rearrangements."

"Yes," Lovejoy said. "Later we can . . ."

"Saint Clair has weak kidneys," Roland said. "And he didn't want to disturb you going through your room to the bathroom all night. Daiquiri?"

Saint Clair came in, also naked, slapping himself with one of Lovejoy's Turkish towels. "I suppose you know," he said, "Mrs. Buchanan was hanged here last night."

"Yes, I . . ."

"We're having her stuffed," Roland said, measuring the rum. "As a memento for you."

"Thank you very much. You're very kind, but . . ."

"Only a Hungarian," Saint Clair said, "would think of hanging a monkey."

"I wonder if you gentlemen know anything about several copies of the *Encyclo* . . ."

"Not too much sugar, Roland," Saint Clair warned.

"Mind your own goddamn business," Roland said calmly. He put his hand over the top of the ancient and valuable Persian jug, the property of the Danish professor of mathematics, and began to shake vigorously, the ice clanking brightly against the precious glazed sides.

"The copies from AA to PRU," Lovejoy said stubbornly. "They seem to be missing. Perhaps you know something about . . ."

"Not a thing, old man," Saint Clair said carelessly. "They'll probably turn up. You know how people are about books."

The door was flung lightly open and Irina danced in.

"Irina!" Lovejoy said, shocked. It was the first time she had visited his house before dark. "They're not quite dressed."

"Hello, boys," Irina said gaily.

"Just in time," Saint Clair said, negligently wrapping the towel about the ridged muscles of his abdomen. "Have a drink."

Roland poured the frothy, freezing daiquiris into coffee cups.

Irina lifted her drink. "To good will," she said charmingly and the Calonius brothers laughed loudly and Roland slapped her playfully on the behind.

Lovejoy watched incredulously, the demure figure now in a blazing yellow dress, tight and shiny, and the two immense, almost naked men, drinking swiftly.

He lifted his cup and drained it. "I think I'd like another," he said firmly.

"That's it, Wild Boy," Roland said, and poured him a big one.

The rest of the night was something of a blur for Lovejoy. There was a heavy dinner, steak again, and burgundy, and Irina's hair coming undone and hanging loose and wild over one shoulder and Irina's teeth flashing in mirth and all of them singing Russian songs and Irina dancing, with flashing eyes and twitching hips, while the Calonius brothers sang and kept tremendous time with their hands. Vaguely, Lovejoy remembered, there was some talk about money, and he was sure he saw Irina take many bills out of her exquisite bosom and give them with both hands, in a bold, generous, Mother-of-Earth kind of gesture to Roland and Saint Clair Calonius. There was talk, too, of a *real* party the next night, and Roland saying, "Wild Boy, you're a good fellow. Wild Boy, we're glad we came to Aleppo. Wild Boy, you're an American . . ."

Lovejoy had never had a better time in his whole life, although at the back of his mind throughout the entire evening, a voice kept calling, "All this is costing you a great deal of money." But he was sorry when the ninth daiquiri brought long periods of whirling blackness, and Saint Clair had to pick him up in his arms and carry him to his bed.

"Saint Clair," he kept mumbling, "friends for life . . . Nothing like this would ever happen in Vermont. Friends for life . . ."

During the night he awoke to a stabbing sharp clarity, at about three A.M. In the next room, he heard a woman's sighs, then a moment later, low laughter, sensual and intimate in the quiet house. His mind puzzled over the sounds for a moment. Then he fell asleep again.

The next morning he stumbled dazedly out of the house, all shadowy and hushed, with the blinds pulled against

the glare of the morning sun. The classes had a tendency to whiten and disappear from time to time, and when President Swenker came in about 11 o'clock his face seemed to rise and fall in a white froth, like waves against rocks.

"Lovejoy," he said coldly, "I would like to see you at the noon hour."

"Yes, sir," said Lovejoy.

• • •

"I'm a broad-minded man," President Swenker said at noon, "and I know the debilitating effects of this climate on white men, but I have heard certain rumors about some guests of yours . . ."

"Yes, sir," said Lovejoy faintly.

"I think it would be wise," said President Swenker, "if they left immediately."

"Yes, sir," Lovejoy said more faintly.

President Swenker patted Lovejoy more tolerantly on the shoulder. "Of course," he said, "I do not believe the rumors about the monkey and the Russian lady."

"Yes, sir," Lovejoy whispered, and hurried back to his house.

He walked decisively up the steps and threw the door open.

Irina was lying relaxedly on the couch, with Saint Clair calmly and rather impersonally stroking her thigh. And in the center of the room stood President Swenker's son, Carlton, in earnest conversation with Roland.

"He's liable to kill me," Carlton was saying. Even as his blood froze at the boy's words, something in Lovejoy noticed that the rest of the *Encyclopaedia* was gone, from PRU to ZZ. Also the bridge lamp from which at another time Mrs. Buchanan had hung, and a large silver samovar and eight silver cups that had come with the house.

"Nobody will kill you," Roland said impatiently. "Just follow instructions. God almighty, Carlton, how old are you?"

"Eleven."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Carlton," Lovejoy said in a loud, clear voice, "I think you'd better go home."

Carlton stopped at the door. "I'll be seeing you," he said, waving at the Calonius brothers. On the couch, Saint Clair raised his hand lazily from Irina's slender, exquisite thigh and waved to Carlton. "Give my regards to your old man," he said. Then he went back to stroking the thigh, this time under the skirt. Irina comfortably lighted a cigarette and leaned over and picked up a daiquiri that was resting on the table beside her.

Lovejoy closed the door firmly. "Gentlemen," he said loudly, "I have some bad news for you."

"Have a drink, Wild Boy," Saint Clair said.

"Gentlemen," Lovejoy said, "I'm afraid I must tell you to leave."

There was a long silence. Saint Clair took his hand out from under Irina's skirt.

"I am under orders, gentlemen," Lovejoy said, because he could no longer tolerate the hush.

"It's an awful thing," Roland said quietly, "when Americans twelve thousand miles from home can't . . ." He didn't finish.

"Do you want us to go now?" Saint Clair asked. Lovejoy considered. They were being surprisingly reasonable. He remembered the vague glorious evening the night before. "I can't see that it'll do any harm if you stay till morning," he said.

"Have a drink, Stanford," Roland boomed, turning toward him and clapping him heavily on the base of the neck.

"Sorry, old man," Saint Clair said, disentangling himself entirely from Irina and standing up to help with the liquor, "if we've caused you any inconvenience . . ."

"I think," Irina sat up and pushed her hair back angrily, "I think you are behaving like mud, Stanford."

"Now, now," Roland said. "Let's forget it and have our last evening together as though nothing had happened." And he poured the drinks, frothy and tropic-fragrant, and beaded with the cold of President Swenker's ice cubes.

There were four drinks before dinner, and somehow, during dinner, Saint Clair was saying, "Wild Boy, I like you. Wild Boy, you're a great American. Wild Boy, you're just the sort of man we need on a trip like this. The Plain American With Brains."

"The Chinese," Roland said, "will be crazy about him."

"Also," said Saint Clair, "you're a master of tongues. College graduate. You can introduce us to consuls, speak the language. You will be a sensation in Jodhpur."

"He's wiry," Roland said. "He's as wiry as they come. He'll make a great trick rider."

"He's not so wiry," Irina said.

"For fifty pounds you can have Ladszlo's bicycle," Saint Clair said. "The Calonius brothers and Wild Boy. Daring!!! Extra . . ."

"Don't call me Wild Boy," said Lovejoy looking his eighth drink straight in the eye.

"How can a young man like you, with your talents, stand this town?" Roland marveled. "Year in, year out . . ."

"He's damned wiry," Roland said, feeling Lovejoy's arm.

Lovejoy sat and stared silently into the depths of an empty burgundy bottle.

"All right," he said suddenly.

They clapped him on the back and offered him a drink and Irina threw off her blouse and skirt and danced charmingly on the table in black-lace panties and brassiere. From the brassiere, Lovejoy noticed vaguely, the corners of five-pound notes peeped out.

Lovejoy opened his shirt and from a money belt he wore next to his skin he took out his last 50 pounds. Saint Clair put the money away gravely. Roland left the room, and reappeared a moment later with a towel, a bowl of hot water, some soap, and a straightedge razor. While Lovejoy was pouring himself an-

"Oh, I don't make suggestions. I'm one of the gifts."

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other drink, Roland came up behind him and tied the towel around his neck.

"Say," asked Lovejoy mildly, "what are you doing?"

Roland started to lather the top of Lovejoy's head. "In our act, everyone but Irina gets their head shaved." He got up a good thick lather. "It gives a better impression."

"You'll look more wiry, Stan," said Saint Clair.

For one moment, Lovejoy hesitated. "*Allez!*" he said.

Swiftly and expertly, as Lovejoy worked slowly on his tenth daiquiri, Roland began to shave his head. One half the job was done, the left side of the scalp lying clean and pink as a baby's bottom, when the door was thrown open. Lovejoy looked up.

President Swenker stood there, his face slowly clouding over, like a Dakota winter. His eyes left the shining semiegg of Lovejoy's scalp and took in the slender and exquisite, black-laced figure of Irina studiously practicing *entrechats* on the dining table, among the bottles.

Lovejoy sighed.

"Goodness," said President Swenker.

"Hi, Buster," Roland said cheerfully.

"Mr. Lovejoy," President Swenker said, "I shall speak to you in the morning, under more . . . more formal circumstances."

He closed the door carefully behind him. Lovejoy sighed again and Roland started to work on the right side of his head.

When he awoke the next morning, Lovejoy's head was very large.

He got out of bed, holding onto the wall for support. He had never realized he could learn to like liquor so well. He looked at his watch. Heavens, he thought, I'll be late for class.

He walked as quickly as he was able toward the bathroom. In the main room, the two beds were pulled together and Irina was lying rather athwart the two Calonius brothers. All three were asleep. Irina, Lovejoy noticed, was no longer wearing lace panties.

He made his way painfully into the bathroom and began to brush his teeth. Suddenly, his hand poised in mid-air, he caught sight of a strange gleam in the mirror. He looked hard at the glass. "My God," he said, the toothbrush still halfway up, the mouth still frothing with dental cream. He was as bald as a stone egg. He looked, disbelieving. Then slowly it all came back. He put the toothbrush down and sat down slowly on the edge of the tub.

Then he remembered President Swenker's face as the president had stood at the doorway and looked at Irina dancing in black-lace underwear on the dinner table. "Oh, my," he said weakly and stumbled back toward his room.

In the main room the three sleepers slept calmly on, with Irina favoring Saint Clair slightly, one exquisite leg thrown carelessly over his knee. Lovejoy stopped and looked down dazedly.

At one time he had toyed with the idea of marrying Irina. At least he had been spared *that*.

He put a sheet over the entwined figures and felt his way into the guest room. He lay down and stared at the ceiling, the white froth of the tooth paste still on his lips. It began to sting and he licked it off. In a moment he had a severe case of heartburn.

There was no doubt about it now. Only one thing remained to be done. For good or ill, his lot was thrown with the Calonius brothers. When they awoke, he would pack quietly, a few things in a small bag, start on a new, nomadic life. As he thought about it, even in the clear light of morning, there still were certain advantages.

Suddenly he fell asleep.

He was awakened by the pad of footsteps in his room. He opened his eyes slowly. His landlady, for some unaccountable reason, was in his room, her back to him, with a pencil and a pad of paper in her hand, on which she frequently made notations. She was a small, fat old lady, with a face designed for lamentation. At the moment, Lovejoy saw as she turned around, her mouth was working with some indescribable emotion.

"Madame," he said, sitting up, having trouble with his French, "what are you doing in my room?"

"Aha!" the landlady said.

Lovejoy shook his head to clear it.

"Madame, I'll thank you to . . ."

"The rug!" The landlady jabbed at her notebook. "Aha!" She scuttled out suddenly.

From the next room he heard a high, excited, man's voice in Arab-French, "Come out or we shoot!"

Lovejoy swallowed uncomfortably. He wondered if the Calonius brothers were going to be shot in his house.

"I will give you five," the excited voice called. "*Un . . . deux . . . trois . . .* Monsieur Lovejoy, I repeat, I will give you *cinq . . .*"

Like lightning, Lovejoy realized . . . Whoever it was, was addressing him. By *quatre* he was out in the main room.

Two policemen were standing there, facing the door. One of them had a gun in his hand and the landlady was standing excitedly behind him. Irina and the two Calonius brothers still slept on.

"What . . . ?" began Lovejoy.

"Don't ask any questions," said the policeman with the gun. "Come on."

The two policemen had dangerous expressions on their faces, especially for so early in the morning. "If you'll per-

"Santa is on the fourth floor, Miss, but then again, he has a number of secret helpers scattered out in the field."

mit me," Lovejoy said, "I'd like to put on a pair of trousers."

They came in and watched him put on trousers and shoes, the policeman still covering him with the pistol.

"I wish," said Lovejoy, "you'd tell me what I've done . . ."

"*Move!*" said the policeman with the gun.

Lovejoy went out between them. His landlady followed at a safe distance. Irina and the Calonius brothers slept on. As he left the building, Carlton Swenker ran past him, up the steps.

The police did not take him far, merely to the office of President Swenker. As they drew near, Lovejoy heard a mumbling and buzzing inside. He hesitated at the door.

"In!" said the policeman with the gun, kicking open the door.

Lovejoy stepped in, only to be met with such a blast of shouts and murmurs and oaths, that if it weren't for the policemen at his back, he would have turned and run. A third of the population of Aleppo seemed to be crammed into the office, with President Swenker in a corner, behind his desk, standing, spreading his hands, trying to maintain order. The Danish professor of mathematics was there, the small Englishman who taught history was there, the owner of the bookshop, Irina's boss, was there, the local taxidermist, a liquor merchant, two rug merchants, a butcher, and two maiden ladies who taught knitting and sewing and cooking were all there. And Lovejoy's landlady crowded in and looked over the room proudly and malevolently.

"Ladies and gentlemen," the president kept saying, "ladies and gentlemen."

The excited tide of Levantine conversation welled higher than ever.

"Mr. Lovejoy," the president said loudly and bitterly, "what in the name of God have you been doing?"

Suddenly the room fell quiet. All eyes stared with equal wrath at Lovejoy, bald, liquor-eyed and seedy, between the policemen at the door.

"I . . . I . . . I really don't know what you mean," Lovejoy said.

"Don't think for a moment you're going to make good your escape, young man," the president said.

"No, sir," said Lovejoy.

"If it weren't for me, you would even now be at the mercy of Syrian justice."

Lovejoy shuddered a little. "Please," he whispered, "may I sit down?"

"What the hell has happened to your hair?" the president asked irritably.

Involuntarily, Lovejoy's hand went up to his head. Then he remembered.

"I . . . I . . . uh . . . shaved it," he said.

"God almighty, Lovejoy," the president shouted, "I'm going to have a thing or two to say to the University of Vermont!"

Suddenly the door was thrust open and Lovejoy's cook, the eunuch Ahmed, was flung into the room, followed by another policeman. The eunuch took one look around him, then lay down on the floor and wept. Sweat started on Lovejoy's forehead.

"Tell the truth, young man," the landlady barked at him, "weren't you intending to leave Aleppo today?"

Lovejoy took a deep breath. "Yes," he said.

A fierce murmur ran through the room.

"We would have shot you down on the road," the policeman with the gun said. "From behind."

"Please," Lovejoy begged. "Please explain . . ."

Then, bit by bit, with many interruptions by various impassioned townspeople, it came out. It all started when the landlady saw her bridge lamp in a furniture shop. Then she saw her silver samovar being melted in the rear of a jewelry shop. Then, in four different shops, she had seen six rugs from various houses which she had rented to members of the school faculty. She wailed, in time with Ahmed, weeping on the floor, as she described seeing various bedcovers, cushions, small tables, silver vases, with which she had furnished her houses, in cotton-goods stores, junk shops, butcher shops. She had run to the police, who had traced everything to Ahmed.

"He said Mr. Lovejoy wanted to borrow some blankets for unexpected guests," one of the sewing-and-cooking ladies said shrilly, "and naturally, it never occurred to me . . ."

Ahmed, shattered and damp on the floor, was too broken to say a coherent word. "They are pleasant gentlemen," he kept murmuring incomprehensibly, "very pleasant gentlemen. They like to eat and drink. They sing to me in the kitchen. They give me five piasters extra

"Funny, he didn't look Jewish."

a day. They sing to me in the kitchen."

Lovejoy looked down horrified at the faithless servant, bribed by a song in the scullery, and 20 cents every 24 hours. He passed his hand wearily over his eyes as the taxidermist demanded payment for stuffing a monkey.

"A particularly horrible case," the taxidermist was saying. "The monkey was hanged, I assure you. Hanged by the neck."

With his eyes closed, Lovejoy felt the shudder of revulsion sweep the room.

"For God's sake, Lovejoy!" He heard President Swenker's high, biblical voice. "This is monstrous!"

Lovejoy opened his eyes just in time to see Mrs. Swenker come streaming in, tears roaring down her cheeks.

"Walter," she sobbed, "Walter!" and heaved herself onto her husband's bosom.

"What's the matter with you?" President Swenker asked.

"Carlton . . ."

Lovejoy felt his stomach contract sharply over the name.

"What's wrong with *him*?" President Swenker shouted.

"Your son Carlton," Mrs. Swenker's voice rang out dramatically, "has stolen fifty pounds from your wall safe."

President Swenker sank into a chair, put his head in his hands. "Oh Lord, how much more," he roared, this time out of the Old Testament, "do I have to endure?"

"I think, sir," Lovejoy said timidly, "I know where I can get your money back."

"God almighty, Lovejoy!" President Swenker looked up. "Are you mixed up in this, too?"

"Perhaps if you'll come with me, we can clear up a lot of things at once," Lovejoy said with dignity.

"One move," said the policeman with the gun, "and I shoot. To kill."

"Where do you want to take us?" President Swenker asked. "Oh, for God's sake, Corinne, stop bawling!"

Mrs. Swenker fled the room, stifling sobs.

"To my house, sir," Lovejoy said. "There are two gentlemen there who might throw some light on several subjects."

"They like to eat and drink," Ahmed sobbed on the floor, "and sing to me in the kitchen."

"All right," President Swenker said shortly. "Come on."

The policeman pressed the muzzle of the gun into Lovejoy's ribs, and the procession wound its way to the house which late had seen so much revelry. On the way across the yard, President Swenker said, snarling, "This is going to cost you a pretty penny, Lovejoy."

Lovejoy swallowed dryly. "I don't have any money, sir."

"You'll work it out," President Swen-

ker said, "if it takes twenty years."

Lovejoy swallowed once more.

"Also," President Swenker said, "you've got to get a wig."

"A *what*, sir?"

"A wig! A wig!"

"Yes, sir," said Lovejoy.

Just as they got to the foot of the stairs leading to Lovejoy's house, Carlton Swenker came sailing around the corner on a bright, shiny bicycle, much too large for him.

"Carlton!" thundered the president. Carlton stopped. The entire procession stopped.

"Carlton," shouted President Swenker, "where did you get that bicycle?"

"I bought it, Daddy," said Carlton.

President Swenker swung. Carlton dropped senseless to the ground. Then the president started up the steps, followed by the procession, all careful to avoid treading on the slight young figure lying in the dust.

The president threw open the door and strode in. Everyone marched in after him. Lovejoy looked at the two beds. They were empty. The room was torn as though several cavalry charges had been conducted in it, and there were bottles strewn around like a brewers' picnic, and the landlady was whimpering as she jotted down new damage on her pad of paper, but the room was empty.

"Well," President Swenker turned on Lovejoy. "Where are the two gentlemen?"

"Watch him, André!" the landlady cried to the policeman. "It's a trick."

"Perhaps in the next room," Lovejoy said without hope.

Silently the entire party went into the next room. The same dismal and complete desolation, but no Calonius brothers. The party went back into the main room. Lovejoy walked over to the large Italian wardrobe. "They took all the woolen underwear," he said aimlessly.

"All right," President Swenker said, "now we can get down to cases. You have two alternatives. You can stand trial before Syrian justice or you can guarantee to stay in this town and work out all damages, down to the last penny, no matter how long it takes. How long," the president addressed the policeman with the gun, "do you think they'd be likely to give him in jail?"

"Thirty years," the policeman said promptly.

"I'll pay," Lovejoy said.

It took until 3:30 that afternoon before all the claims were in and added up. All in all, it came to 374 pounds, 27. At his present rate of pay, eating only twice a day, Lovejoy figured that he might be able to pay off his debt and be released to go home to America in seven more years.

He signed an agreement all round, for which a lawyer was called in, making it 377,27. The policeman with the gun gave him a cigar and suddenly he was left alone, in the wreckage of his home.

Lovejoy sat down and sighed. He lit the cigar the policeman had given him and stared at the empty bottles.

• • •

Month followed month after that, and the horrible episode of the Calonius brothers began to seem to Lovejoy like an aimless and sudden visitation, a senseless plague, a purge by evil, outside the control of man. His hair grew back and except for a little fright with Irina, who imagined for several days that she was pregnant with twins, Lovejoy went along as before, although every hour was tempered by bitter poverty and the knowledge that his deliverance might take as long as Jacob's.

By the time he could part his hair again, he had almost completely forgotten the Californians on the bicycles.

Then one day . . .

He was reading *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, with Lawrence in the hands of the Turks, when, in the distance, he heard his name shouted faintly. He put the book down. "Stanford . . ." the voice quavered. "Stan . . ."

No, it couldn't be . . . He stood up, feeling his upper lip curl back into an atavistic snarl.

"Stanford . . ." came the voice.

He hurried down the steps, his legs almost buckling under him. There, in the main road, was a strange caravan. Astride a donkey, wavering from heat, starvation, thirst, exhaustion, supported on both sides by strong men, was Saint Clair Calonius, his eyes sunken, his lips pale and bloodless. And behind him, on another donkey, in exactly the same state, was Roland Calonius.

"Found him in the desert," the driver nearest Lovejoy said. "Just lying there. Nearly dead. Found *him* . . ." with a jerk of the thumb for Roland, "down at the bottom of a well, nearly dead."

Saint Clair smiled horribly at Lovejoy. "Stanford, old boy . . ." he whispered hoarsely through cracked lips. "Delighted. See you soon as we get out of the hospital. Old boy . . ."

Lovejoy's heart sank and the tears came to his eyes. He walked unsteadily back to Roland.

"Stanford, old boy . . ." Roland put out a frail hand, held Lovejoy's shoulder. "Glad to see you. Soon as we get out of the hospital." He leaned over drunkenly, whispered into Lovejoy's ear. "Gotta do me a favor . . ."

"Not in a million . . ."

"Gotta. That sonofabitch threw me into a well. Can't get away with it. Brother or no brother. Stanford, old man, go into town and buy me the biggest, sharpest spring knife you can find, five-inch blade. Leave it in that wardrobe in your house. Top drawer. When we get out of hospital. First move he makes . . . The throat . . ." Roland made a horrible, murderous noise. "Show sonofabitch can't throw me into any well. Stanford, old boy, don't shake your head . . ."

Suddenly Lovejoy stopped shaking his head. A slow, ecstatic look came into his eye, then died. "I can't buy you anything," he said. "I haven't got a penny."

Roland pushed drunkenly into a pocket, brought out a handful of notes, stuffed them into Lovejoy's hand. "Money no object . . ." He swooned and the two strong men held him up. Lovejoy put the money carefully into his wallet and walked up to Saint Clair.

"Anything I can do for you?" he asked in a clear, vibrant voice.

Saint Clair looked around him with lunatic caution. "One thing, old boy," he said. "That sonofabitch Roland thinks I threw him into well. Wants to kill me. Nobody can do that to me." He fished wearily in a pocket, brought out a fistful of bills, peered around him warily. "Go down, old boy, and buy me one .45 revolver with seven bullets. Leave it in that wardrobe where you kept the Johnnie Walker. Top drawer. Then when we get back from hospital . . . First move sonofabitch makes. Seven slugs."

Stanford gravely put the money in his wallet.

"Listen, Stanford," Saint Clair leaned anxiously and crazily off the donkey, "you'll do this little thing for me, won't you . . . ?"

"Gladly," Lovejoy said in an even, firm voice.

"Good old Stan . . ." Saint Clair collapsed and the two drovers had to hold him up, as the caravan wound its way toward the hospital.

Lovejoy watched the donkeys disappear down the street, then walked swiftly into town and bought the best spring knife he could find and an excellent, brand-new .45 revolver with seven cartridges.

There was considerable money left over and he bought three bottles of Johnnie Walker.

He went back to his home and emptied the top drawer of the wardrobe and placed the gun and knife neatly side by side. Then he soaped the drawer, so that no one would have any difficulty in opening it, even in a great hurry.

Then he sat down and waited for the Calonius brothers to come out of the hospital. He poured himself a large drink. He took a good swig of the whisky and smiled a little.

Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER
WITH RUSS HEATH

AT THIS SEASON OF THE YEAR, TRADITION GATHERS KITH AND KIN AROUND THE HEARTH TO EXCHANGE GIFTS, BURN THE YULE LOG, HANG THE MISTLETOE AND GET BLOTTO ON HOT TODDIES. BUT THIS ADVENTURE FINDS HEARTH AND HOME ABOUT AS FAR AS YOU CAN GET ··· IN A CAPSULE, SEEMINGLY STRANDED BEYOND THE STRATOSPHERE. AND HOW DID OUR HEROINE COME, WITH FELLOW ASTRONAUT ARTY O'KAYE, TO OUTER SPACE? JUST COME WITH US, DEAR READER, AND FIND OUT. IT'S THAT EASY···

MERRY CHRISTMAS! MERRY CHRISTMAS, WORLD-

-SWITCH OFF AND BACK TO OUR EXPERIMENTS, ASTRONAUT FANNY! ···THEY'VE TRIED WEIGHTLESS EATING, WEIGHTLESS DRINKING, AND WEIGHTLESS SLEEPING! ··· BUT NOW, AS THE FIRST MAN AND WOMAN TOGETHER IN SPACE, LET US TRY THE GREATEST WEIGHTLESS EXPERIMENT OF ALL-!

-YES, ASTRONAUT O'KAYE ··· WEIGHTLESS HOMEMAKING! ···SUPPOSE I PREPARE LUNCH-

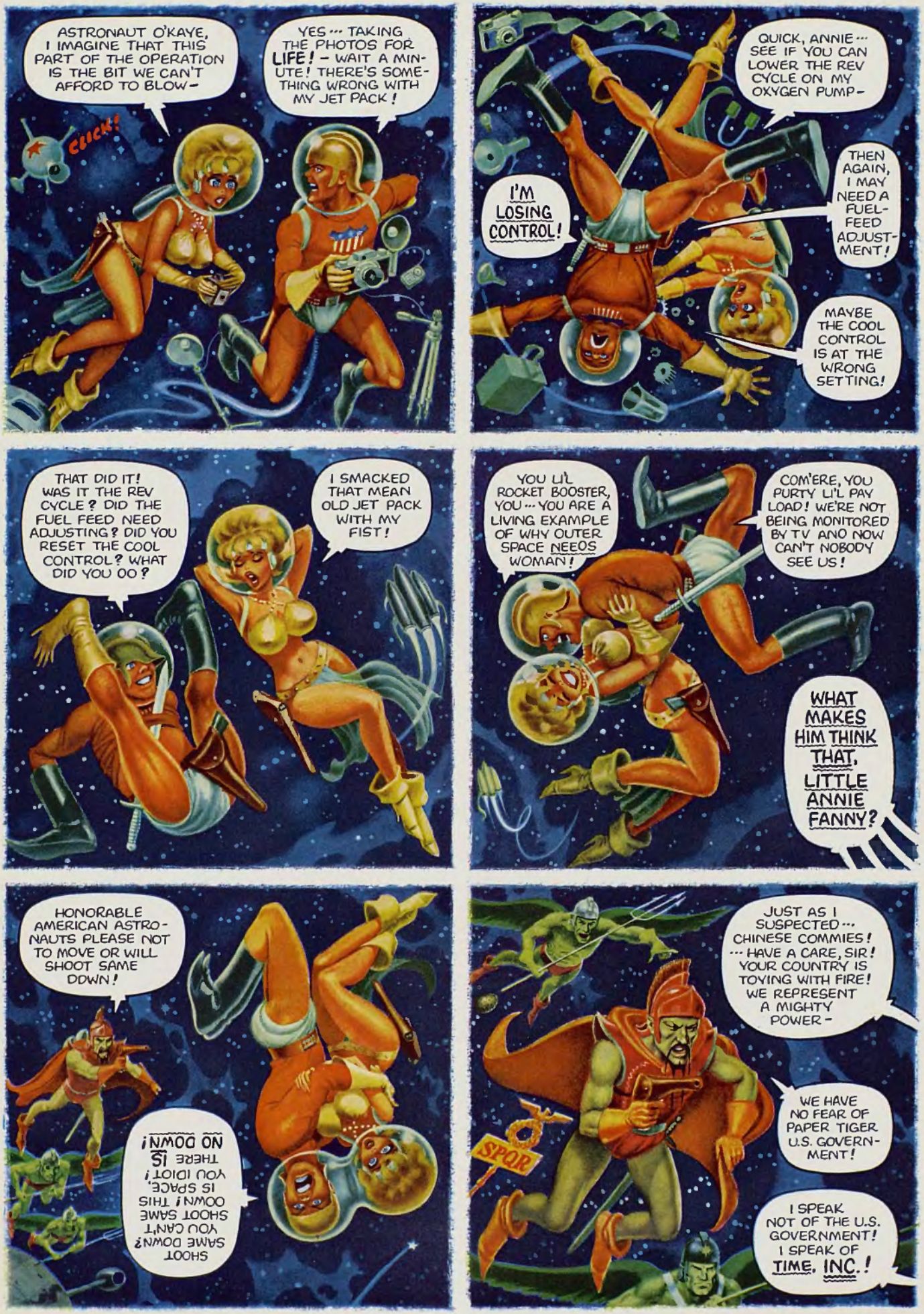
Merry Xmas

I'M NOT TALKING ABOUT LUNCH, YOU STREAMLINED LI'L SPACE STATION ··· I'M TALKING ABOUT WEIGHTLESS LOVING!

LAYER CAKE

CHEESECAKE


I'M TALKING ABOUT HOLDING YOU CLOSE TO ME, LIKE THIS! ··· I'M TALKING ABOUT PRESSING YOU TO ME WHERE I CAN FEEL YOU ··· WARM AND YIELDING –
– I'M TALKING ABOUT FLINGING OPEN YOUR LAUNCH SUIT FACEPLATE, WHERE I CAN KISS THE SOFT, TREMBLING LIPS WITHIN –
DRY
THAT'S NICE. – ONLY THERE ISN'T ANY WARM, TREMBLING ANYTHING WITHIN THAT LAUNCH SUIT. I TOOK IT OFF TO CHANGE INTO MY OUTER-SPACE SUIT. WE'RE DUE TO REACH OUR RENDEZVOUS SATELLITE –
NOW HONEST, ASTRONAUT O'KAYE ··· STOP! I'M BUSY! THERE ARE THINGS I HAVE TO DO··· (GIGGLE)!
THE WHOLE FAIR-OINKUM TOWN LIT UP, AND THEY AIN'T EVEN GOT THE DIGGERY-DO TO NOTICE –
ARTY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING? SOMEONE'S LIABLE TO SEE US!
PERTH
SYDNEY
CANBERRA
COME ON, YOU LI'L GRAVITY FIELD··· WE'RE IN OUTER SPACE! WHO CAN SEE US WITH THE TV COMMUNICATIONS SWITCH OFF?
THOSE ARE THE THINGS I HAVE TO DO– SWITCHING OFF THE TV COMMUNICATIONS AND LIKE THAT!
– WALTER CRONKITE REPORTING! A HUGE JAM OF FASCINATED SPECTATORS ARE FROZEN TO THE GIANT SCREEN IN GRAND CENTRAL! THIS WILL UNDOUBTEDLY RATE THE BIGGEST NIELSEN IN HISTORY!
AHEM! FIRE RETRO-ROCKETS! RENDEZVOUS CAPSULE AHEAD! AHEM! ··· WELL, ASTRONAUT FANNY ··· WE ARE ABOUT TO BE THE FIRST HUMAN BEINGS TO STEP OUT INTO OUTER SPACE!
– THIS EXPERIMENT IS THE CULMINATION OF THE YEARS OF WORK BY COUNTLESS MEN – FROM NEWTON (ISAAC) TO GORDON –
– (FLASH)!


ASTRONAUT O'KAYE, I IMAGINE THAT THIS PART OF THE OPERATION IS THE BIT WE CAN'T AFFORD TO BLOW-
CLICK!
YES ··· TAKING THE PHOTOS FOR LIFE! - WAIT A MINUTE! THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH MY JET PACK!
QUICK, ANNIE ··· SEE IF YOU CAN LOWER THE REV CYCLE ON MY OXYGEN PUMP-
I'M LOSING CONTROL!
THEN AGAIN, I MAY NEED A FUEL-FEED ADJUSTMENT!
MAYBE THE COOL CONTROL IS AT THE WRONG SETTING!
THAT DID IT! WAS IT THE REV CYCLE? DID THE FUEL FEED NEED ADJUSTING? DID YOU RESET THE COOL CONTROL? WHAT DID YOU DO?
I SMACKED THAT MEAN OLD JET PACK WITH MY FIST!
YOU LI'L ROCKET BOOSTER, YOU ··· YOU ARE A LIVING EXAMPLE OF WHY OUTER SPACE NEEDS WOMAN!
COM'ERE, YOU PURTY LI'L PAY LOAD! WE'RE NOT BEING MONITORED BY TV AND NOW CAN'T NOBODY SEE US!
WHAT MAKES HIM THINK THAT, LITTLE ANNIE FANNY?
HONORABLE AMERICAN ASTRONAUTS PLEASE NOT TO MOVE OR WILL SHOOT SAME DOWN!
SHOOT SAME DOWN? YOU CAN'T SHOOT SAME DOWN! THIS IS SPACE, YOU IDIOT! THERE IS NO DOWN!
JUST AS I SUSPECTED ··· CHINESE COMMIES! ··· HAVE A CARE, SIR! YOUR COUNTRY IS TOYING WITH FIRE! WE REPRESENT A MIGHTY POWER -
SPQR
WE HAVE NO FEAR OF PAPER TIGER U.S. GOVERNMENT!
I SPEAK NOT OF THE U.S. GOVERNMENT! I SPEAK OF TIME, INC.!


RASH AMERICAN - MY HAWK MEN WILL TEACH YOU ··· TO SPEAK THUSLY TO MING OF MONGO -
LOOK OUT FOR HIS DISINTE-GRATOR!
HOLD IT! HOLD IT!
SEIZE WHITE GIRL! SHE WILL BE MY QUEEN!
LIGHTS! PUT ON THE LIGHTS!
HERE COME THE LION MEN!
CALLING DR. ZARKOV! WE NEED HELP!
STOP THE FILM! WHAT KIND OF A PRESENTATION IS THIS, BIGBUCKS? DO YOU EXPECT TO GET A SPACE-CAPSULE CONTRACT FROM THE U.S. GOVERN-MENT WITH THIS?
GENTLEMEN! I'LL ADMIT WE HOKED UP THE ENDING, BUT IT'S ONLY A PRESEN-TATION ··· A SUGGESTION FOR A NEW, JET-SET APPROACH TO THE SPACE RACE! WHAT WE AC-COMPLISH IN SPACE IS ONE THING. WHAT IS MORE IMPORTANT IS HOW WE KINDLE THE EMOTIONS OF THE TEEMING MASSES OF THE WORLD!
MR. BIGBUCKS MAKES A TELLING POINT, GENTLEMEN - HOLLYWOOD HAS ABUNDANTLY DEMONSTRATED THAT THE WORLD LIKES TO SEE A PRETTY FACE! - SEXY COSTUMES! - LA DOLCE VITA! - ACTION!
BUT HOW IN THE WORLD DO YOU PROPOSE TO DELIVER SEXY SPACE SUITS THAT WORK, NOT TO MENTION A SUCCESSFUL CHRISTMAS-EVE SHOT?
THERE WILL BE "BUGS," BUT NOTHING MY ENGINEERS CAN'T IRON OUT.
I LIKE IT, BOB. WE COULD ALSO DROP A STRING OF COBALT BOMBS FROM THE CAPSULE, ALONG THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA - FOR ADDITIONAL PROMOTIONAL IMPACT.
BESIDES, OON'T FORGET MY ULTIMATE ARGUMENT, B.M. ··· ON ALL CONTRACTS I LAND ··· AN ACROSS-THE-BOARD 20-PERCENT KICKBACK.
-AND STAY OUT!
WELL ··· BACK TO THE OLD DRAWING BOARD, EH?


STOP THE CAMERAS! THE PENTAGON DIDN'T BUY! THERE'S NO SENSE IN FILMING THE SECOND PRESENTATION –
TOO BAD.
TSK TSK!
TOUGH LUCK!
THANK GOODNESS!
SCRIPT
CAN I COME DOWN, DADDY? I'M SICK TO DEATH OF BEING WEIGHTLESS.
STAY UP THERE, ANNIE-HONEY. WE'RE NOT LICKED YET. ... HOW FAR ARE WE INTO THE MOON LANDING, FEDERICO?
WE NOW SHOOT THE SCENE WHERE MING, IN A BURST OF ANGER, HE RIP OFF ASTRONAUT FANNY'S SPACE SUIT.
YOU MEAN COSMONAUT FANNY. LET'S KEEP SHOOTING THE FOREIGN-LANGUAGE VERSION OF THE SCENE. WE'LL JUST CHANGE THE TITLES AND SELL THE CONCEPT TO KHRUSHCHEV–
THE PENTAGON MAY NOT BE INTERESTED IN AN APPROACH TO SPACE THAT KINDLES THE PASSIONS OF THE MASSES, BUT THE RUSSIANS ARE! - PARTICULARLY WITH MY MING OF MONGO ANGLE –
PROPS BOX
С НОВЫМ ГОДОМ
END

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