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**h.i.s**  
16 EAST 34 STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y.

**PLAYBILL** There may be several people within the continental limits of the United States who don't recognize the artfully disguised sheik on our April cover as Britain's cinematic clown prince, Peter Sellers, but happily they don't read this magazine. Peter's variation on the Valentino theme (with appropriate subtitle) provides only a small inkling of what brightens our pages within. His comedic contribution, *Sellers Mimes the Movie Lovers*, is a wildly mad and wonderfully unclad (courtesy of a dishabilled cast of leading ladies) take-off on an all-star entourage that includes the title role in his forthcoming flick, *The World of Henry Orient*.

Starting in this issue: *You Only Live Twice*, another Ian Fleming adventure novel on the very public world of Secret Agent 007—the inimitable and apparently indestructible Britisher, James Bond. The novel will be available this August in a hard-cover edition under the imprint of New American Library (\$4.50). While *PLAYBOY* readers are delectating his latest Bond brain child, Fleming is busy in his Jamaica retreat conjuring up even stickier wickets for his death-defying alter ego. Daniel Schwartz, illustrator of *You Only Live Twice*, joins a long list of eminent artists whose works have been featured on the pages of *PLAYBOY*. An amateur photographer and jazz pianist, and aspiring pilot, Schwartz has exhibited in most of the major museums and his works are included in a who's who of private collections.

A consummate practitioner in the art of language, Jean Genet, the controversial subject of this month's interview (the only one he's ever given to a publication), is a self-proclaimed homosexual, thief and traitor. Genet, author of the obtusely outspoken plays *The Blacks* and *The Balcony*, and last year's literary sensation, *Our Lady of the Flowers*, does not have to proclaim his own literary merits; he is recognized as one of France's truly great writers.

Frederik Pohl, creator of this issue's taut fictive space probe, *The Fiend*, editor of *Galaxy* magazine and author of close to 40 sci-fi books, became involved both literally and figuratively with the body politic this past year when he ran for County Coroner of his New Jersey home base. Pohl polled less than his opponent, however, and so continues to concern himself solely with lively science fiction. An acerbic survey of today's fiction scene, John W. Aldridge's *High-brow Authors and Middlebrow Books* is



FLEMING



KEATS



SCHWARTZ



POHL

about to be published by David McKay as part of a work on the contemporary American novel. Onetime Fulbright lecturer at the University of Copenhagen, Aldridge is now a Yank at Oxford where he is about to practice what he preaches, embarking upon his own contemporary American novel. A fictional departure for *PLAYBOY* is John Keats' shocker of a vignette, *You Could Always Hope*. Neither entertainment in its usual context, nor a story in the strict plot-structure sense—two requisites for *PLAYBOY* fiction—Keats' war fragment, nevertheless, was so compelling a portrait of a particular kind of contemporary horror, to have passed it up would have been a disservice to our readers. Keats' most recent book, *They Fought Alone*, was a much-praised nonfiction effort on guerrilla warfare in the Philippines.

*PLAYBOY* Fashion Director Robert L. Green, whose imprint is on our *Spring & Summer Fashion Forecast*, is a well-dressed man for all seasons. Scheduled to be a commentator this month at the London convention of the International Association of Clothing Designers, he has this year put in duty as a men's-fashion authority at conventions, conferences, and press previews in Grand Bahama, Los Angeles, Philadelphia and the New York World's Fair.

Since making an easy dollar is always in fashion, *PLAYBOY* readers would be pound wise to pay more than passing heed to Howard Margolis' *Sucker Bets*—an eye-opening primer on how to turn man's irresistible urge to wager on a "sure thing" to one's advantage. Going from money-makers to monster-makers, this issue finds *PLAYBOY*'s own misanthropologist Gahan Wilson turning his attention from ghouls to pools for a mordantly mirthful collection of cartoons on the genus *Carcharias*, *The Sharks*.

Add to this, Thomas Mario's mouth-watering guide to the very special attraction of *Continental Comestibles*, another galaxy of former gatefold girls in *Playmates Revisited—1956*, Artist LeRoy Neiman's *Man at His Leisure* limning of England's famed Epsom Derby, Shel Silverstein's *La Dolce Tee-vee Jeebies*, Don Addis' *Symbolic Sex*, Playmate Ashlyn Martin and, after a month's hiatus, another installment of Editor-Publisher Hefner's *Playboy Philosophy*.

As our pantomimic Peter Sellers pre-sages on the cover, our April issue is a first-run, four-star production. Step right in, the show's about to start.

# PLAYBOY



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## DEAR PLAYBOY

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

### TENTH ANNIVERSARY

First of all, I would like to wish you the very best on your tenth birthday and thank you for the ten years of pleasure PLAYBOY has given me. Secondly, your Tenth Anniversary Issue (January) was something quite remarkable—even for PLAYBOY. Lord Bertrand Russell, Ernest Hemingway, James Baldwin, Ian Fleming, Pablo Picasso, P. G. Wodehouse, Vance Packard, Philip Roth, Wolf Mankowitz, Vladimir Nabokov and Budd Schulberg all in one issue must have set some sort of magazine publishing record.

Charles Dickinson  
New York, New York

I have kept the January issue of PLAYBOY on my night stand since receiving it, and have been reading excerpts from the issue for the last week or so. In my opinion it is the best value ever given in one issue of any magazine.

Charles B. Bloch  
Globe Photos  
Hollywood, California

### MM REMEMBERED

Reading your January salute to Marilyn Monroe, and looking at it, I thought that Marilyn would have smiled happily at the publicity and then confided to one of her few intimates, "They didn't expose my secret." Marilyn's secret throughout her life was the fact that she was innocent of sex. Her relationships with men had been always emotional or social. Sensuality was as foreign to her as trigonometry. She once said to me, "Maybe I'll find out sometime what makes people so excited about sex, but so far, it doesn't seem to me any more interesting than shoe polish." This was in San Francisco a week before her marriage to Joe DiMaggio.

Ben Hecht  
Nyack, New York

Marilyn could be and often was a maddening girl during the shooting of a picture and I doubt that I am the only one who worked with her who was occasionally provoked into impatience and even bitterness by her behavior on

the set. I can't remember having unburdened myself about her in the exact words you attribute to me, but I can hardly deny that there were many times when I felt that way about her.

But please let me correct the record by bringing it nearer to date. It was something like 12 years ago that I wrote and produced two pictures in which she appeared, *We're Not Married* and *How to Marry a Millionaire*, and my irritation with her at that time is now so far in the past and so long forgotten that I was shocked when I read what I had said. It took me a little time, in fact, to remember the worry she had caused many of us on those pictures.

It had disappeared so completely that when, two years ago, I had occasion to work with her again, in connection with the screenplay of *Something's Got to Give*, neither of us, I am sure, remembered anything about it. She did at first, I must admit, express to the producer, Henry Weinstein, a doubt as to the advisability of this professional reunion, and on the grounds, too, that I didn't like her. (She put things as simply as that.) And why did she think I didn't like her, Mr. Weinstein asked. "Because I once turned down a script of his," she replied. But it didn't take long to straighten that one out. As I explained to her at our first meeting, if I nourished a dislike for everyone who had turned down a script of mine I would be on speaking terms with very few people in Hollywood. This time I found myself working with a young woman so different from the one I had known before that I won't even try to describe it, except to say that I had lived to regret anything I had ever said about her that was not admiring and affectionate.

Nunnally Johnson  
London, England

As Marilyn Monroe's biographer, I began reading your January essay and looking at the photographs of MM with a certain uneasiness—but this quickly gave way to a warm pleasure. I must compliment you on the good taste and

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...a most  
provocative perfume!



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Purse size \$3; Spray Mist \$5;  
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loveliness of the text and the pictures, among which were some of the most beautiful photographs of this most wonderfully photogenic of American women. It was, I thought, the finest tribute paid her since her untimely death, and what made it so fine was the feeling of love for MM that came through. If only she could have known how much she was loved.

Maurice Zolotow  
Hastings on Hudson, New York

#### NABOKOV

The January interview with Vladimir Nabokov was brilliant on both sides—the interviewer thrusting open the doors, Nabokov not in the room; the interviewer rushing to the fire escape, Nabokov scrambling over the roof; the interviewer finally cornering him with a question and Nabokov stating exactly what he wants to say, in response to a question which Nabokov had been agitating in his own space helmet. Please congratulate Alvin Toffler for me.

Herbert Gold  
San Francisco, California

I read the interview with Mr. Nabokov with great interest, but I will confine my comment to this: If I may use what seems to be one of his own favorite words, I find it "exhilarating" to hear the author of *Lolita* exclaim, "Let us skip sex."

Joseph Wood Krutch  
Tucson, Arizona

#### LOVE LETTERS

*The Very Acme of Romantic Love* in the January PLAYBOY was an enthralling example of the one-sidedness of the historic encounter between boy and girl. She remains the supreme aphrodisiac and egotist. He is still her favorite (and most willing) pawn; so eager to please, so oblivious to pain. Where else but in an amoeban society is the hunter so dearly beloved—by the hunted?

Edward Murrain  
New York, New York

I wish to extend unqualified congratulations to a master of allegorical prose, Wolf Mankowitz. His story, one can be certain, was vividly symbolic of the experiences of many incurably romantic men such as myself. Though for me his allegory was not a cure, it was at least a revelation of sorts in that it presented a clearer understanding of both the nature of man and the nature of woman.

Robert W. VanCleve  
KSOO Radio  
Sioux Falls, South Dakota

#### RUSSELL

Noting on the cover of your January issue that Bertrand Russell was among

your distinguished contributors, I immediately turned to the article, read it, and decided to write to you, secure in the knowledge that you receive many unfriendly letters.

I must first admit that I was disappointed that the article was uncharacteristically emotional. It was not, I am sad to say, an appeal to reason as are Lord Russell's other works. I was glad, on the other hand, to see his work presented to such a large audience.

C. F. Stephan  
Myrtle Beach, South Carolina

After years of pondering over Bertrand Russell, the meaning behind the man and the man behind the meaning, I was hit squarely in the face with it, thanks to PLAYBOY. He's right; it's just the whole world that's all wrong.

W. H. Trask  
Santa Clara, California

#### BLUES USED

After reading *The Uses of the Blues* by James Baldwin in your January issue, I was moved to write my first letter to the editor. I teach Negro children and have taught them, and other racial minorities, for nine years. I thought I understood them; but after reading Mr. Baldwin's fine article I'm sure I understand them a lot better.

William I. Smith  
Denver, Colorado

#### HIGH-POWERED PACKARD

Vance Packard, in the course of making clear his nonqualification for a position in the upper reaches of industrial management, in January's *On Being a Managerial Misfit*, renders your readers a worth-while service by revealing some of the more gratuitous idiocies of management selection as practiced by many large companies today.

Robert N. McMurry  
The McMurry Company  
Personnel Administration  
Chicago, Illinois

#### ABOUT BRUCE

After reading the third part of *How to Talk Dirty and Influence People* by Lenny Bruce, I was reminded of an observation that I made once to Lenny and that was that Word is a four-letter word. And so is Four.

Bill (Four) Dana (Four)  
Hollywood, California

The series by Lenny Bruce is truly amazing. He writes brilliantly, with a wit as biting and as sharp as a surgeon's lancet. His complete frankness in everything including his own sexual proclivities is a joy and so much of it is hilarious. This is a series that must be



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come a runaway best seller in book form.

Rudy Vallee

New York, New York

A hard-cover edition of Lenny's "How to Talk Dirty and Influence People" will be published soon by Playboy Press.

How about a belated Christmas gift for your many feminine readers—a color foldout of the wild and beautiful playboy, Lenny Bruce?

Virginia Hatfield

Fort Lauderdale, Florida

Novelist Nelson Algren once wrote, "It is the writer's task to reveal the way things are with us; be it horrors or joys." Lenny Bruce's lucid autobiography does just that, with refreshing candor, warmth and humor.

June Alden

New York, New York

## TOAST POST

Re January's *A Short History of Toasts and Toasting* by William Iversen: Be advised that the practice of shattering the glass at traditional Jewish weddings does not have anything to do with the prevention of the use of the glass for secular reasons. Rather it denotes that even at the most joyous events Jews are to remember the destruction of the Holy Temple and the subsequent exile and persecutions: so a glass is shattered by the groom as a token of the common sorrow and hope for the Messianic Era.

Fred Kosofsky

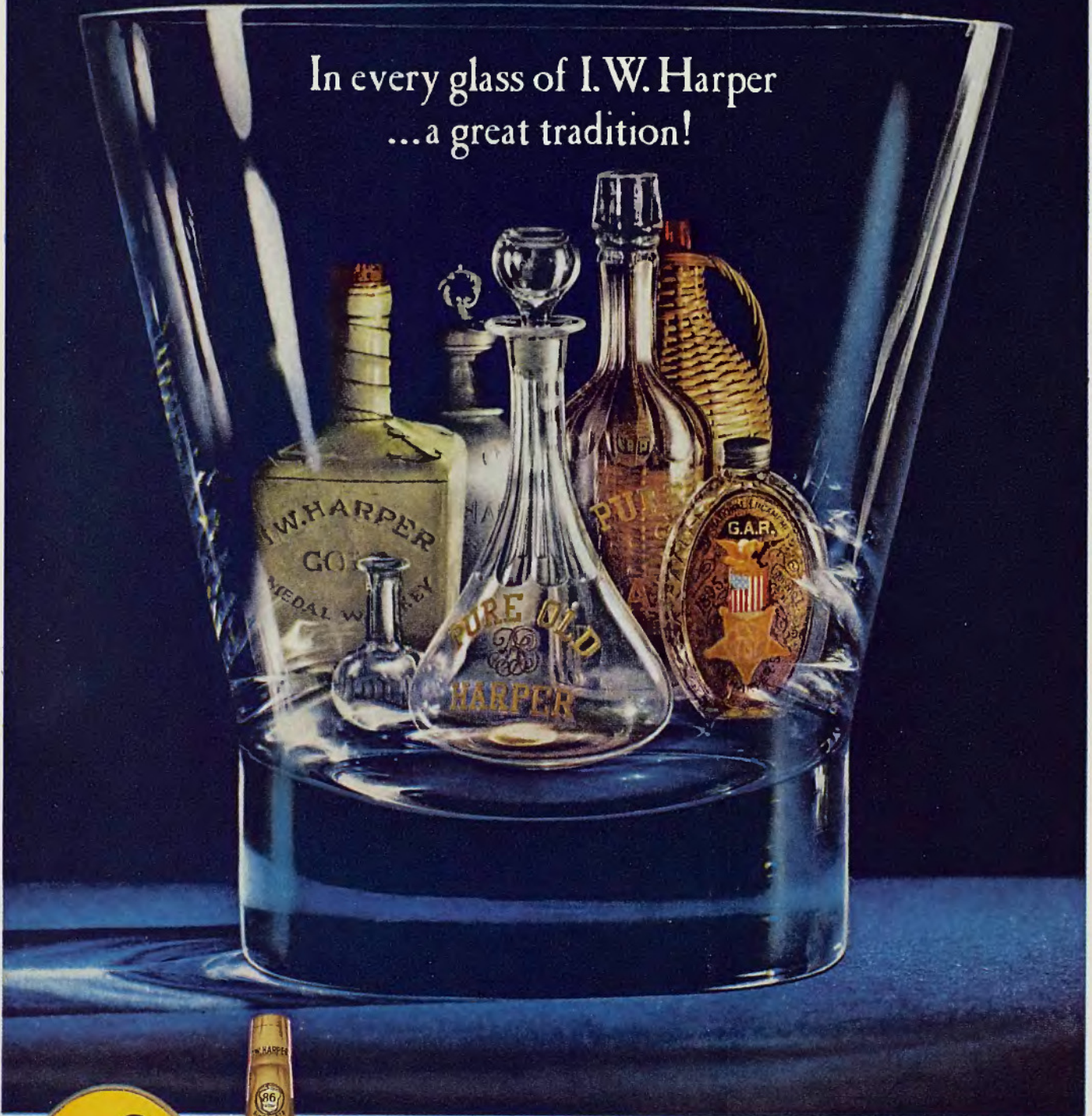
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

## GAMESMANSHIP

Was your inclusion of a Negro couple in the group demonstrating for the *Fun and Games* article (January 1964 issue) merely part of today's "let's-start-being-fair" trend in advertising, aimed mainly at getting more of the Negro market, or was there supposed to be an implicit message in it for your readers? If the latter is the case, then I believe that someone having a worthy comment to make should speak up and not whisper. On the surface, one might get an implication to wit: "Invite Negro friends to your parties." However, upon reading your article, one discovers that the type of party you suggest involves kissing, bodily contact, and other such pleasurable merrymaking. Can we then assume that you have put your stamp of approval on this type of interracial amorousness, which is very synonymous with dating, and quite a good beginning for the much-frowned-upon institution of intermarriage?

If this matter came about coincidentally, then forgive me for diving into a shallow puddle. But, if there was some message to be derived from your action,

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then please enlighten those of us who are interested in, and often in agreement with, your views. And alas, if there is no message, then you must be trying to compete with the several struggling Negro publications, and in that case my suggestion to you is — live and let live.

S. Olenicoff

Los Angeles, California

*That's all we ever have in mind, Mr. Olenicoff — live and let live.*

### STRANGELOVE'S PLAYBOY

I thought you might get a kick out of knowing that one of the scenes in Stanley Kubrick's brilliant film satire, *Dr. Strangelove: or How I Learned to Stop*



*Worrying and Love the Bomb*, shows the pilot of a SAC bomber perusing a copy of *PLAYBOY*.

Jonathan Thompson

Los Angeles, California

### VOICE CHOICE

The January issue was a fittingly fine way to kick off your Tenth Anniversary Year. May I offer an anniversary present to *PLAYBOY* with this quote from John Wilcock's column in *The Village Voice*. Says he: "As *Esquire* has become more entangled in the roots of its past, *PLAYBOY* has been getting better and better. *PLAYBOY*'s writing, these days, is the most interesting of any of the slicks, and its uninhibited discussions of such topics as sex, drugs, religious hypocrisy are the furthest out. Hefner obviously possesses the courage to stick his neck out for some of his convictions."

Fred Klein

New York, New York

### BENNY DIGS BEN

I read Ben Hecht's "Noble" *Experiment* [*PLAYBOY*, December 1963] with great interest, because, as you know, I was a youngster playing in some of the cafés at that time and remembered quite vividly the mobs and people he was talking about. In retrospect, I had the same feeling that he did about the gangsters during that period. They did have their private wars and as far as I can remember, his point of view is quite correct.

Benny Goodman

New York, New York

### PAN PAN

Perhaps in Mr. Broyard's December story, *Conversation Over Moo Goo Gai*

*Pan*, Milton gains 20 pounds to shield himself from the wounds of bigoted anti-Semites such as the author proved to be.

Maxwell Cohen

Roger Storey

New York, New York

*Maybe you read a different story than we did, fellas. How could you confuse anticonformity with anti-Semitism?*

### BEWITCHED DOCTOR?

I am on my way back to Columbia (working on a master's in finance) and was compelled to write to compliment you on the December issue and especially the Albert Schweitzer interview.

Although I disagree with much of Schweitzer's philosophy, what amazed me was your getting him to consent to the interview.

John Jennings

Ithaca, New York

### PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

Since, in the January issue of *PLAYBOY*, you've asked all men of good will to nominate their favorite Playmate of the Year, may I express my thoughts on the subject. It is impossible to choose between Donna Michelle and Toni Ann Thomas. The tie can be played off only on the pages of your magazine. A fair, firm and final decision can be arrived at only when you present further photographic documentation of the respective qualifications of two superb candidates — as you did so well with the three finalists last year.

Rodolfo Rossi

New York, New York

*Sorry, Rodolfo, but the editors have already reached their decision and an 11-page tribute to the new Playmate of the Year will appear in the next issue.*

### READERS' CHOICE

Trying to pick ten favorites from among all of the beautiful Playmates you have featured over the past ten years is a quite pleasant, but nearly impossible task. However, I'll cast my ten votes for Jayne Mansfield (February 1955), Joyce Nizzari (December 1958), Elaine Reynolds (October 1959), Stella Stevens (January 1960), Barbara Ann Lawford (February 1961), Heidi Becker (June 1961), Christa Speck (September 1961), Laura Young (October 1962), Toni Ann Thomas (February 1963) and Donna Michelle (December 1963).

Harold Kennedy

Miami, Florida

*Readers are invited to send us the names of their ten favorite Playmates from *PLAYBOY*'s first decade and we will publish a portfolio of the most popular in the December issue. Send your own list to: Readers' Choice, *PLAYBOY*, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago, Illinois 60611.*





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## PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



For the interest of those amused by the suggestive subtleties of that age-old semantic gambit known as the *double-entendre*, we herewith open a brand-new avenue of dual meanings that may add an unexplored dimension to Shakespeare's hoary rhetorical question, "What's in a name?" We wonder if anyone has thought of Norman Mailer as the name of a medieval French armorer; or that Shepherd Mead should be a kind of pastoral libation? Spiritually speaking, Bud Abbott sounds to us like the name of a novitiate prior; Jim Bishop like a prelate in charge of intramural sports; Sydney Chaplin like an Australian missionary; and Ivy Baker Priest like the chaplain at an Eastern cooking college.

In a more secular vein, Cole Porter might refer to a fuel totter, Billy Rose to a night-stick adornment, Bill Stern to a loan company's nasty reminder, Peggy Wood to antiqued lumber, Augustus John to an imperial Roman bathroom, Christian Herter to a sadistic gladiator, and Celeste Holm to a haven for chimes. Or consider the sinister connotations of Ransom Sherman as a scheme to redeem a kidnaped general, Ward Bond as a strap to immobilize hospital patients, Lilli Palmer as a flower thief and June Havoc as a springtime catastrophe. More cheerfully, you may wish to explore the gastronomic aspects of Patti Page as a cookbook's burger section, Graham Greene as a moldy cracker and Jo Van Fleet as an armada of coffee trucks.

Miscellaneously, we suggest Tab Hunter as an absent-minded waiter, Claude Rains as the consequence of an equestrian's encounter with a tiger, Noel Coward as a man who couldn't face the

Christmas rush, Bob Hope as the devout wish of a hook-nosed plastic-surgery patient, Red Barber as a Soviet tonsorial artist, Victor Mature as a well-adjusted winner, Stirling Moss as a top-grade lichen, Gabriel Heatter as a heavenly furnace and, for a socko punch line, Mickey Mantle as a shelf for storing knockout drops.

It would seem, according to Dorothy Kilgallen in her "Best of Broadway" column in *The Bangor (Maine) Daily News*, that the Russians' latest feat of space-race one-upmanship is to outstrip America in the field of missile miniaturization. "Russia's newest nuclear base," reveals Miss Kilgallen, "is located in a vase in Cuba's Punta Coguane, Las Villas."

Engagingly candid classified ad from the *Brown (University) Daily Herald*: "'59 Ford Country Sedan. Extremely clean, new rubber, also snow tires, deluxe radio. A veritable traveling brothel. Contact Richter, SU 4-5398."

On our last cruising pilgrimage to that sailboat-racing classic, the annual Out Island Regatta, held on the pellucid waters off George Town, Exuma, Bahamas, we picked up a copy of the printed bulletin of events scheduled for the five days of racing, rendezvousing, sunning, gaming, boat-hopping, dining, drinking, and allied activities ashore and afloat that attract yachts and yachtsmen from all over the salt-water Southern Racing Circuit and beyond. We were particularly pleased to note the delicacy with which the program's authors made indirect comment on yachtsmen's overt acts of piety—or lack thereof. For the

Regatta's last day, a Sunday, the bulletin reads: "10:30 A.M. Divine Service on the Parade Grounds. All Captains and their crews are invited to attend. It is hoped that all yachtsmen will, too."

Our man in Memphis reports the recent and, we thought, poetically just acquittal of one Banger Wright on a charge of assault with intent to ravish.

*Bah Humbug Department, Up Your Chimney Division*: While leafing through an old copy of *Life* the other day—last year's December 13 issue—we found ourself glancing idly at a full-page ad showing an army of street-corner Santas (375 of them, according to the copy, each wearing a different model of Bulova watch) standing with fists held aloft in a mass display of timepieces. Unimpressed, we were about to turn the page—when what to our wondering eyes should appear, deep in the massed ranks of woolly-chinned redcoats, but an up-raised fist with the middle finger unmistakably extended upward in the age-old gesture of insolent ill will. We can't help wondering if the touching sentiments expressed reflect those of the sponsor.

Unsettling sign of the times posted in the shop of a Florida paint dealer: NO CUSTOM COLORS MIXED FOR A HUSBAND WITHOUT A NOTE FROM HIS WIFE.

Questions we doubt ever got asked were the following, which appeared as a blurb on the cover of a book called *For the Love of Kate*, by Henri Rochard—"How many times have you awakened in the middle of the night and said to yourself, 'I wonder what ever happened to Henri Rochard—the male war bride? Did

check the **ARNOLD PALMER** styling. we've checked everything else.

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Henri settle down in suburbia and join the local War Bride's Club?"

As our contribution toward restoring public confidence in the undertaking business — subjected in recent months to widespread criticism for the exorbitant rates and lugubrious solicitude of its practitioners — we offer, without charge, the following medley of popular song hits which we suggest they provide as a soothing musical background for the bereaved in the "meditoriums" of their mortuaries: *Look for the Silken Lining*, *Till the Shrouds Roll By*, *Oh, What a Beautiful Mourning*, *You're the Cream in My Coffin*, *A Tisket, a Casket*, *Bier Barrel Polka*, *Pall or Nothing at All*, *You Go to My Headstone*, *The Girl That I Bury, I Bereave*; and for your friendly neighborhood crematory, such old favorites as *Put the Flame on Mame*, *Scarlet Riddance*, *I See Your Vase Before Me* and the ever-popular *Heat Me in St. Louis*.

Desperate times call for desperate measures. Manhattan's Hilton Hotel has inaugurated a "jet bar" on one of its high-speed elevators, which it keeps at Red Alert for supersonic service to the room of any guest who dispatches an urgent alcoholic summons.

Shades of Madison Avenue: Attempting to "conjure up evocative new names for shirt colors" — a praiseworthy project in itself — Eagle Shirtmakers of Quakertown, Pennsylvania, conducted a contest and announced the front-running entries in its latest ad. Of the many tongue-in-check tinctures listed, we herewith reproduce a few of the funniest — with our congratulations to the winners: Parlor Pink, Better-Dead-Than Red, Cost-of-Living Rose, Whizzer White, Cyd Cerise, God's Little Ocher, Robert Shaw Coral, Noblesso Beige, Willie Maize, Tip Taupe, Claire Booth Puce, Navel Orange, Unshrinking Violet, De Sapio Carmine, Too-Too-Solid Flesh, Well Red, Dorian Gray, Unforeseeable Fuchsia, Gang Green, Holy Mackerel Sapphire, Come-and-Get-Me Copper, and Statutory Grape — followed, of course, by Freudian Gilt.

The knotty but nice panel of judges at a recent Miss Forest Products competition in Phoenix, Arizona, included David Woodman, Ed Forester, Bob Trimmer, Bill Cutter, Clarence Carpenter and Jerry Sawyer.

A bachelor of our acquaintance tells us that he has come to grips with the facts of life among small fry. During a candy-store junket with his niece and nephew, aged six and five, respectively, the little girl stated her preference in sweets: "a boy chocolate baby." Asked if

a girl chocolate baby wouldn't do just as well, she replied cannily, "No. With a boy chocolate baby there's just that much more chocolate."

A restaurant we haven't gotten up enough courage to visit is the Caveat Emptor, opened in the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Club of Chicago's Merchandise Mart.

We learned recently that the California General Assembly has decided to classify indigenous olives by size, with no less than a dozen designations. The smallest varieties are prosaically called Small, Medium and Large; but these are followed by progressively more prodigious specimens dubbed Family, Extra Large, Mammoth, Giant, King, Jumbo, Royal, Colossal and Supercolossal. To which we can only add Brobdingnagian and Preposterous.

*Hollywood Comes of Age Department:* A luncheon held to publicize American International's teenage twist opus, *Muscle Beach Party*, was marked by the following: a 15-minute film starring Vincent Price, during which the luncheon's master of ceremonies, Morey Amsterdam, popped out of a coffin borne by six Gaslight girls and engaged the on-screen Price in conversation. Fred Astaire instructors then introduced the "Mau Mau," a new dance step devised especially for debut in *Muscle Beach Party*. Door prizes were candy skyscrapers, and every guest received a personal *Muscle Beach Party* hat, "Monster Midgee Card" — whatever that might be — and miniature toy telescope.

We'd be the last one to discourage progressive-minded penology, but we question the severity, if not the nature, of the sentence meted out to one Wellington Windley, who escaped from the Virginia state workhouse where he had been committed, said the Arlington, Virginia, *Gazette*, "for 210 lays."

## THEATER

In *The Girl Who Came to Supper* there's a showstopper that really stops the show. Halfway through the first act of this Noel Coward-Harry Kurnitz musicalization of Terence Rattigan's romantic war horse, *The Sleeping Prince*, Tessie O'Shea, a fat, squat satchelful of good cheer, wheels out a fish-and-chips cart, and as far as the audience is concerned, the treats are on the house. Tessie plays Ada Cockle, and as all of London passes before her, she belts four bits of authentic cockles-warming Londonese, including



"Him? He made an Old Fashioned and forgot the Angostura!"

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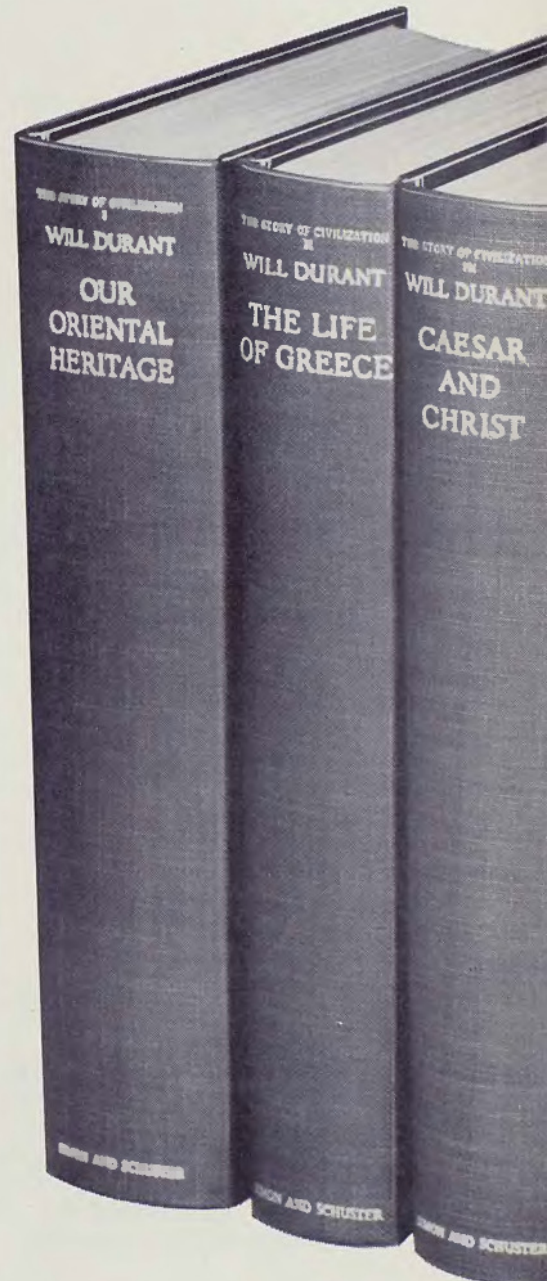
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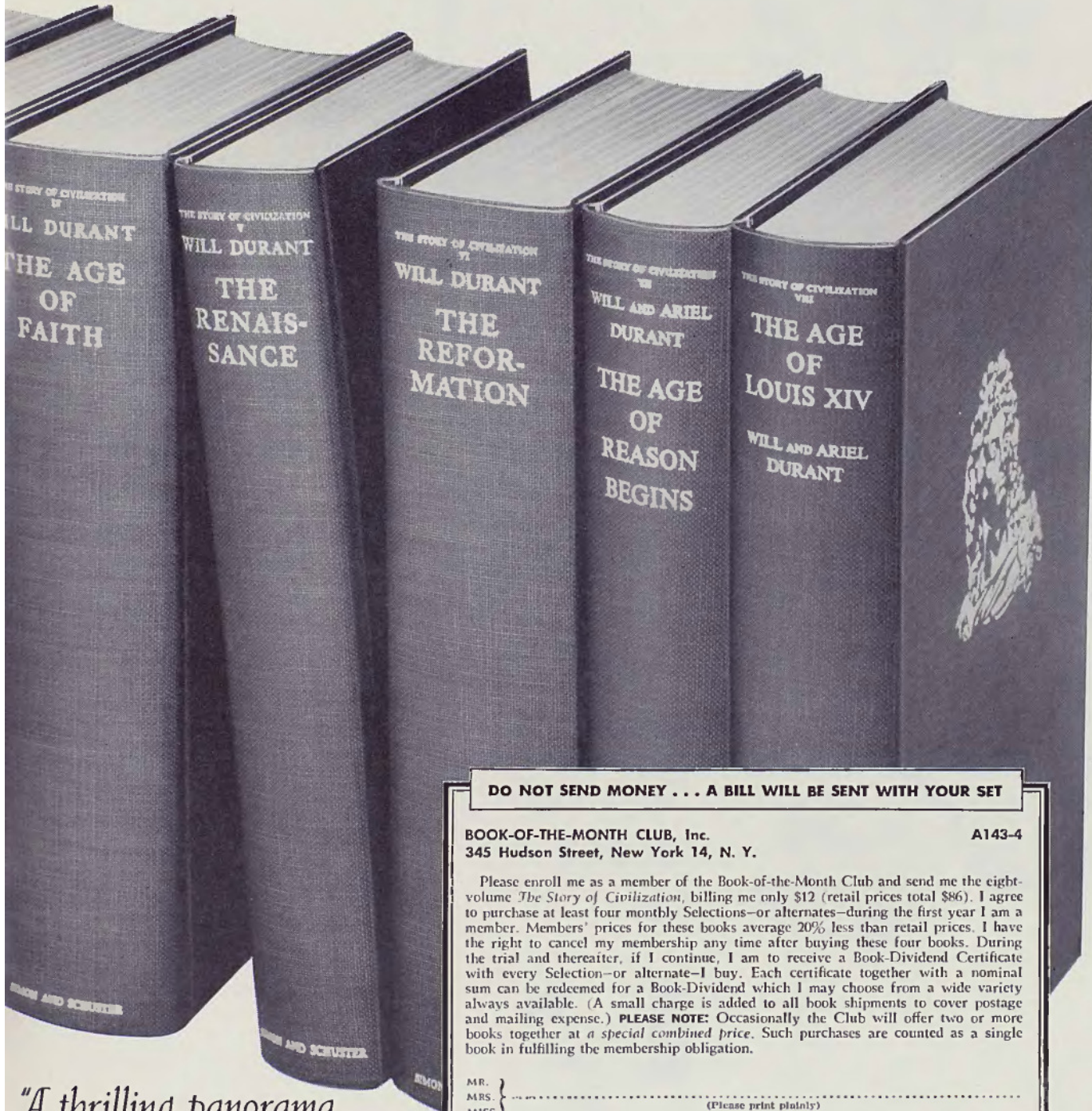
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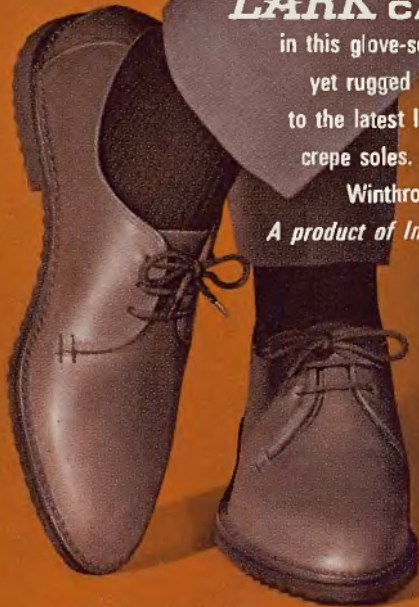
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What Ho, Mrs. Brisket and Don't Take Our Charlie for the Army. She lifts her skirt, dainty legs shoot out from under her Franklin stove of a body, and she skips and cavorts with the chorus. The lady is onstage only ten minutes, and what she does has nothing whatever to do with anything before or after: but it is so much better and more animated than all the rest that the whole affair should have been called *The Tessie O'Shea Show*. But, alas, there's a plot—something to do with a stuffy prince regent of Carpathia who is in London in 1911 for the coronation of George V, and lets his braid down long enough to dally with an American showgirl from Milwaukee. The showgirl falls for the prince, and most of the evening is a matter of when will he. José Ferrer plays the pompous prince, and he has an annoying habit of adding syllables: "In your stunted and limited vocabulary, is there no other word than love-va?" Florence Henderson is the showgirl, and she is cute, has a well-pitched voice and an antic humor, but her part gives her no opportunity to show much more than a phony Midwest accent. The sets are splashy, the production slick, but except for Tessie's turn, this musical merits only the award the prince pins on the showgirl, the Royal Carpathian Order of Perseverance—Second Class. At the Broadway, Broadway at 53rd Street.

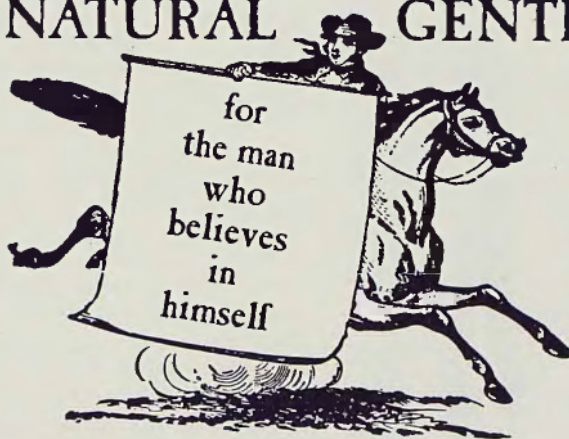
"It's dishonest to make friends with the next generation," says Margaret Leighton in *The Chinese Prime Minister*. Miss Leighton is playing a 70-year-old actress during the first year of her retirement; she is the creation of 74-year-old playwright Enid Bagnold, who, thankfully, is apparently nowhere near her retirement. For the most part, her play is a wry high comedy about the wonders and woes of growing old, but probably she should have left youth alone. Miss Bagnold's heroine, identified only as "She," is an imperious lady, who is impervious to time. She insists that "the birthday of a woman old and famous is sad and important." Her dream is to be revered for her age and wisdom, like the legendary Chinese prime ministers. The life-long butler, Bent (Alan Webb, looking like a wizened Art Carney), snorts at the thought. He is 30 years her senior, and doesn't care what they say about him. He even drops dead when he pleases, which is twice, and both times dodders back to life. The lady's long-lost husband, Sir Gregory (John Williams), returns to reclaim her. To him She is as young as he feels, and he feels young indeed. This trio of oldsters is delightful company, but, sadly, also on the premises (a London drawing room) are two sons—one pompous, the other sissified—and their two wives, one pushy, the other promiscuous. The latter is given to

windy slogans like "I'm only the breath that makes the flute play and I only play for strangers." This quartet is cranky, creaky, and badly in need of rejuvenation. "What a monstrous thing, age," says Sir Gregory in a moment of self-pity. What a monstrous thing, youth, at least in the hands of talented old playwrights. At the Royale, 242 West 45th Street.

Everybody loves himself in *Nobody Loves an Albatross*. Ronald Alexander's subversive comedy about television cuckoo country is a paean to self-interest, enlightened and otherwise. As wisely directed by Gene Saks, it is also a welcome, wacky antidote to the usual domestic pap on Broadway and on television. Chief ego is Nat Bentley (Robert Preston), a Hollywood television producer-writer, who is incapable of writing even a letter home for money. He produces his scripts out of the closet, where he confines helpless young hopefuls with the remote promise that sometime, somewhere, he will let them write under their own names (whatever they are). Preston is a compleat heel who is completely charming, "a man of five-minute loyalties . . . a man of great decision who can go either way." "Get your grubby hands off me," he snaps at his preteen daughter, some time before giving her a script to read and analyze (she writes down a long list of criticisms; he submits them as his own). Smiling warmly at his lovely new secretary (Carol Rossen), he announces the prerequisites for the job: "Absolute loyalty and occasional sex." Backstabber Preston finally gets knifed. His slaves are unable to come up with a decent script for a new series about a girl whose best pal is a gorilla, and he is forced to sit down at his typewriter and write his own, which he does by cribbing from an old Shirley Temple movie. Too low is not low enough for Preston, or his cageful of co-workers, the whipcracking lady boss of the studio, her weaselly aide, the double-dealing agent, the sadistic husband-and-wife gag team (He: "The trouble with our children is they have two fathers"). The only oasis of honesty in this uproariously amoral desert is a laugh machine which only laughs at good jokes. The machine would laugh itself silly at *Albatross*. At the Lyceum, 149 West 45th Street.

Carol Channing is a bigger-than-life squeeze-me doll. She has a mountain of orange hair, shiny cheeks, big roly eyes, a big watermelon smile, a big little-girl voice, and a guileless stage personality that can demolish the toniest or stoniest audience into making goo-goo back at her. At one point in her new hit musical, *Hello, Dolly!*, there is a riot in a restaurant and the scene dissolves into a courtroom where the combatants are being tried.

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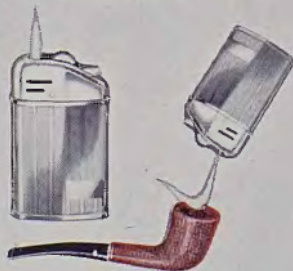
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Off to one side, Miss Channing, as the money-mad matchmaker, Dolly Levi, is still in the restaurant, still eating, happily stuffing her face with gobs of giblets and dumplings, enough to choke any six other leading ladies (and the prop horse that figures prominently in this show). There is action in the court, but no one cares. Chewing, Channing has stopped the show. What she really has done is swallow the show whole. *Hello, Dolly!* was "suggested" by Thornton Wilder's prankish farce *The Matchmaker*, and in Michael Stewart's book, as in the original, Dolly Levi tries to find a mate for the rich, greedy feed merchant of Yonkers (David Burns), knowing that in the end she'll be the match for that prize catch. The action spins between Yonkers and Manhattan and through several romantic subplots. Oliver Smith has designed crisp sets and backdrops straight from the "rotogravure." Director Gower Champion has whipped together a quick, slick, frothy production, choreographing even the walkers and speeding an army of waiters into a madcap gallop around the orchestra (the stage goes around the orchestra, too). Most of the Wilder lines have been replaced by duller Jerry Herman rhymes, but his title song and maybe one or two others are eminently hummable. It doesn't matter, really. If you're tone deaf or stone deaf, you'll still fall for great big Dolly. At the St. James, 246 West 44th Street.

## RECORDINGS

If country-and-western music is here to stay, we'll take it in helpings such as *Gormé Country Style/Eydie Gormé* (Columbia). Backed by Joe Guercio's Orchestra playing Don Costa arrangements, Eydie is down home and delightful on such pastoral tone poems as *I Can't Help It, I'm Sorry, I Walk the Line* and *I Can't Stop Loving You*.

*Sonny Meets Hawk!* (Victor) — the new with the old — is a decided triumph for the old. Coleman Hawkins, seemingly ageless, makes Rollins on this session appear to be uncertain of himself. The Hawk is admirably inventive and technically impeccable, and what he does to *Lover Man* should happen to tenor men half his age.

Not quite in Hawkins' elder-statesman category, veteran Georgie Auld still has many things to say that are worth listening to. *The Georgie Auld Quintet Plays the Winners* (Philips) is an exciting etching. Auld's partners in time — trombonist Frank Rosolino, pianist Lou Levy, bassist Leroy Vinnegar and drummer Mel Lewis — help make it so. *Taking a Chance on*

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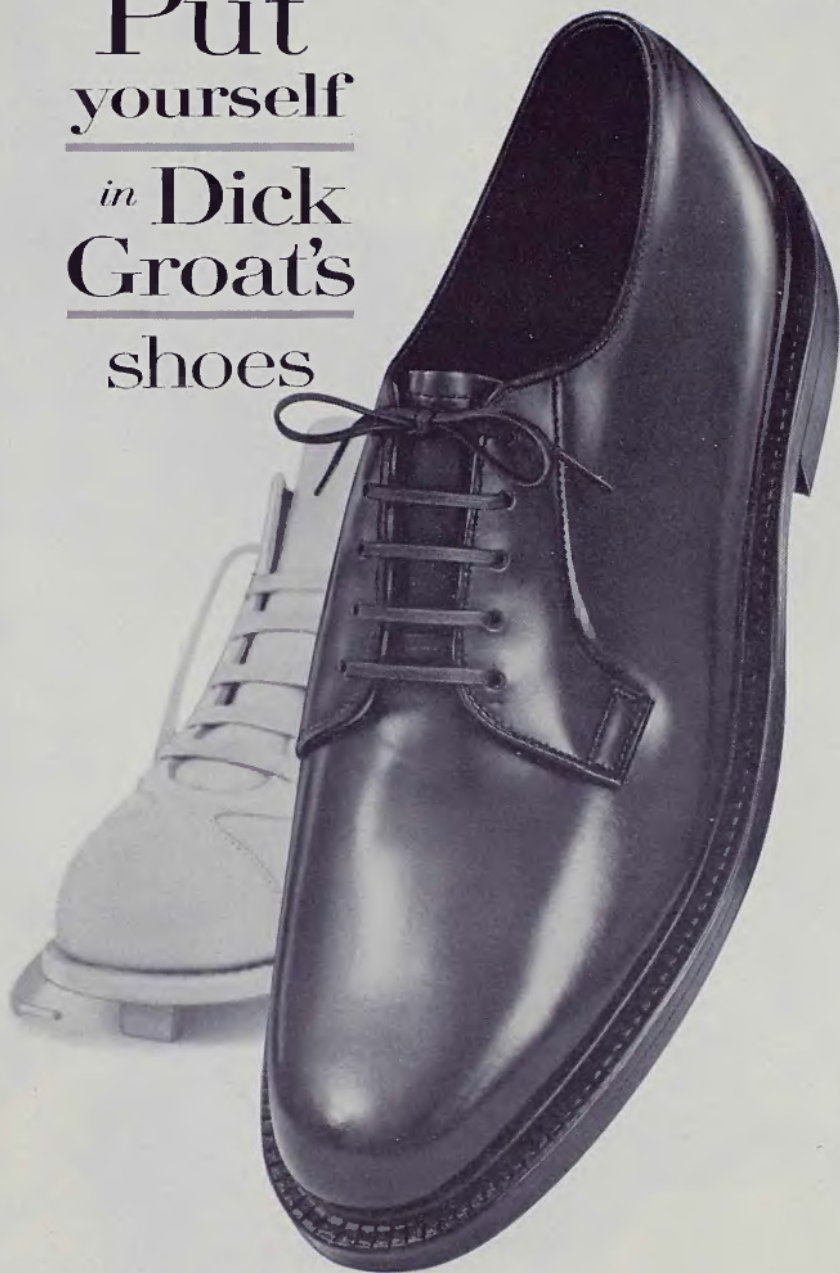
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*Love, What's New* and the rousing opener, *It's a Good Day*, are just three exemplary examples out of the ten tunes included here, any of which bears repeated playing.

Although Duke Ellington is many things, he is not the world's greatest jazz pianist. But the Duke plays strictly out of his own bag, which makes *Duke Ellington/Piano in the Foreground* (Columbia) an absorbing LP. Accompanied by bassist Aaron Bell and drummer Sam Woodyard, Ellington takes on a trio of standards (*I Can't Get Started, Body and Soul* and *Summertime*) and eight originals, and treats them with a catholic range of styles that encompasses everything from ragtime to Ravel.

*Nancy Wilson/Yesterday's Love Songs . . . Today's Blues* (Capitol) reiterates the fact that Miss Wilson has stepped over the threshold of vocal stardom — she has arrived. Here, aided by a big band led and charted by Gerald Wilson (no relation but a decidedly kindred spirit), Nancy turns her attentions to melodies which are mostly of an indigo hue. Transformed by the magic Wilson touch: *The Very Thought of You, Someone to Watch Over Me*, the Cy Coleman-Carolyn Leigh classic *The Best Is Yet to Come*, and many others.

*More/Clark Terry Sextet* (Cameo) finds the eminent trumpet-Flügelhorn practitioner in the good company of tenor titan Ben Webster, a combination that has in the past demonstrated its ability to produce topflight jazz. This outing is no exception. From the title tune out of *Mondo Cane* through the jumping *Gravy Waltz* through the delicately etched bossa nova, *Meditation*, Terry, Webster & Co. have the situation well in hand.

*The Best of Woody Herman* (Everest) is, in the light of what we know to be a hard-driving, electric aggregation, strangely flaccid. Its reprising of past Herman favorites — *Woodchopper's Ball, Caldonia, Bijou, Northwest Passage* — has a metallic, mechanical quality which belies the current Herd's renowned vitality.

For an all-star collection of also-rans, dig *Academy Award Losers / Steve Lawrence* (Columbia). Steve, with the Billy May Orchestra, deftly delivers an Oscarless array that includes such illustrious company as *I've Got You Under My Skin, I'll Remember April, Check to Check* and *That Old Feeling* — all superb second bests. Another exceptional cinematic songfest is *Billy Eckstine Now Singing in 12 Great Movies* (Mercury). Mr. B's Cinemascope baritone unreels a four-star compendium of flick themes. On the bill are *Moon River, Manha de Carnaval* from *Black Orpheus, Days of Wine and Roses,*

On *Green Dolphin Street* and *The Good Life*. Eckstine's highly charged handling of them rates rave notices.

Crisp, clean and clarion is *The Urbie Green 6-Tet* (Command). The trombonist (augmented by Doc Severinsen's formidable trumpet, the alto of Walt Levinsky and rhythm) offers ample aural vindication of the esteem in which he is held by fellow musicians. Items on hand include *Body and Soul*, *Four Brothers*, *Royal Garden Blues* and the haunting title tune from *The Bad and the Beautiful*.

Why the superlative talents of pianist Bill Evans were thrown away on *Bill Evans/The V.I.P.s Theme and Others* (MGM) is difficult to fathom. Accompanied by an oversized orchestra, Evans performs a session of movie and TV themes (with the exceptions of *Hollywood* and *Sweet September*). We know it's Evans because his name is on the LP; nothing else about the recording would make us believe it. The sound could have been produced by any cocktail-lounge pianist.


*Music of the Renaissance/Vocal Arts Ensemble* (Counterpoint/Esoteric) is a delight. The eight voices, directed by Richard Levitt, weave a pure sound perfectly in keeping with the geometric constructions of Orlando di Lasso, Josquin des Pres, Monteverdi, and other composers of secular and liturgical works of the Middle Ages-baroque transitional period.

*Drummin' Man/Gene Krupa* (Columbia) is recommended almost solely to devotees of Krupa's estimable stickwork. The two-LP album is handsomely packaged with an extensive bio by George T. Simon. The recordings themselves cover the years 1938 to 1949 and bear far from mute testimony to the fact that, except for occasional solo work by Roy Eldridge, Charlie Ventura, Frank Rosolino and Don Fagerquist, vocals by Anita O'Day, and Krupa's own efforts, the band left little to posterity.

A brace of bravura guitarists ply their wares in admirable fashion on *Barney Kessel's Swingin' Party at Contemporary* (Contemporary) and *Catch Me!/Joe Pass* (Pacific Jazz). Pass, a relative newcomer on the jazz scene, is a thinking man's guitarist. With confrere Clare Fischer adding tasteful piano and organ, and a pair of alternating rhythm sections, Pass displays an almost infinite variety of original ideas on such as *Summertime*, *Mood Indigo* and *You Stepped Out of a Dream*. Kessel, a less introspective musician than Pass, is straightforward and mellifluous in his rendering of a group of melodies by such jazz stalwarts as Milt Jackson, Clifford Brown, Charlie Parker and Ahmad Jamal, with the classic *Lover Man* as a standard bonus. Marvin Jen-

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kins augments Barney on piano and flute; bassist Gary Peacock and drummer Ron Lundberg round out the quartet.

Erroll Garner with Full Orchestra Playing Music from the Paramount Motion Picture "A New Kind of Love" (Mercury), our new winner in the elongated-title sweepstakes, is also a winner in content. Garner, playing his movie score which is imaginative, sensitive and lilting by turns, and highly original, is in top form. The orchestra behind him is unobtrusive. Also included as part of the score are such evergreens as *You Brought a New Kind of Love to Me*, *Louise* and *Mimi*.

A rich rapport is ever apparent between violinist and pianist on *Brahms: Sonatas 1 and 3 for Violin and Piano/Isaac Stern and Alexander Zakin* (Columbia). The aura of bittersweet melancholy that threads its way through both sonatas is always tempered by Brahms' lyrical romanticism. Stern performing in his own métier is, of course, superb.

After you've heard *Carmen McRae Live at Sugar Hill, San Francisco* (Time), you'll be spoiled. Most of the other chirpers around will begin to sound bland, colorless and all too ordinary. Carmen is a distaff dynamo, showering sparks in all directions. Benefiting from the McRae incandescence are *What Kind of Fool Am I?*, *I Didn't Know What Time It Was*, *It Never Entered My Mind*, *Make Someone Happy*, and similarly attractive goodies. Abetted by a trio (and what a trio; listen to what bassist Victor Sproles does for Carmen), Miss McRae's latest LP leaves the efforts of rank-and-file warblers light-years behind.

Vince Guaraldi, *Bola Sete and Friends* (Fantasy) is a singular set by the pianist and guitarist. Aided by drums and bass, the twosome is crystalline on Henry Mancini's now-classic *Days of Wine and Roses*, two Guaraldi tunes — *Star Song* and *Casaba* — a Sete composition, *Mambossa*, and Horace Silver's *Moon Rays*. It is fresh, uncluttered jazz.

## MOVIES

*To Bed . . . or Not to Bed* bases its comedy on a legend and a fact. *Legend*: Swedish ladies, single or not, never waste those long arctic nights. *Fact*: Alberto Sordi is a top Italian man-in-the-street comic. Put the two together by sending Sordi to Sweden and much fun must follow. A married fur merchant, he heads north for a little wolfing, stoked up by stories of those scandalous Scandinavians. The parade of pretties begins on



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the train and on the ferry from Denmark, and by the time Sordi hits Stockholm, he is fit to be untied. When a friendly bit of blonde smorgasbord accompanies him to his hotel room, he thinks the northern lights are really going to blaze; but she proves amiably distant, and half aloof (he finds) is not better than none. Later, a weekend hostess who seems really hospitable only furthers his frustrations. And when still another nifty takes him to a coed sauna, the steam really builds. The last lap of his rabbit chase is with a cutie in a car race on the ice, and there's a helicopter finish that ends the film with a lift. Screenwriter Rodolfo Sonego sometimes seems to be figuring out what to do next, but what he comes up with is generally jolly. Sweets to Swedes Barbro Wastenson and Gunilla Elm-Tornquist, and bravos to Sordi, who pants skittishly after the skirts.

*The Easy Life* is an Italian sleeper that doesn't quite wake up; still, it has a lot going for it. Vittorio Gassman does a re-run of his smooth-talking con man—dynamic, deft, delightful—which would be all the more impressive if you'd never seen him do it before. Director Dino Risi, who has dealt this hand with Gassman in the past, still misses few tricks; and this stock-company *Dolce Vita* puts a pretty good show on the road. On an August holiday in Rome, Gassman, just because he's bored, persuades a serious young male student to go for a drive with him. One thing leads to an hour and 45 minutes of events that include girl chasing, fights, a visit to Gassman's estranged wife and daughter, yoks on a rich man's yacht—all with a nice decor of formidably built babes. Scene after scene is well done; trouble is, it is scene after scene. The script lacks structure, goes on too long, and ends so predictably that it even makes its previous candor seem corny. The sober young man is seduced from seriousness and pays for it dearly. Gassman walks away from it all, saddened but—we know—only for a while. Jean Louis Trintignant is interesting as the intellectual; Luciana Angiolillo and Catherine Spaak are paired prettily as mother and daughter. But all the surface reality never digs much deeper; what the film has to say about Modern Moral Madness is transparently apparent from reel one.

Nowadays, McCarthy means a lady novelist who scalped the Vassar class of '33. *Point of Order!* reminds us that ten years ago McCarthy meant a Senator who came chillingly close to stilettoing the Constitution of the United States. The cap of his corrupt but clever career was a series of Senate subcommittee hearings to investigate charges and countercharges

between him and the Department of the Army. Those hearings made it climactically clear that: (a) his anti-Communist crusade was really a pro-Joe McCarthy crusade; (b) his charges against the Army were a lot less legitimate than vice versa. Every moment of those momentous hearings, which went on for weeks, was televised; and the kinescopes have now been excellently edited by Daniel Talbot and Emile de Antonio into a knockout 97-minute documentary. See (as the circus posters say): the phony cropped photo, the phony J. Edgar Hoover letter; see Joseph Welch, the Army's attorney, answer a phony smear with one of the most moving extemporaneous utterances ever recorded. A cast of dozens (including young Robert Kennedy, occasionally visible as one of McCarthy's committee counsel). Don't miss *Point of Order!* Its point is still very much in order.

For six years now, English playwright Harold Pinter has been a name to reckon with, but films have ignored his considerable talent. Now his best-known play, *The Caretaker*—an international critical sensation—reaches the screen as *The Guest*, and proves Pinter to be just what theatergoers have been saying he was all along. Out of a story that is next to nothing comes a drama that is really something. Three characters and, mostly, one cluttered room—that's all; but Pinter makes it plenty. Aston, a recluse who lives in the attic of a shabby and otherwise empty house in London, gives shelter to a derelict. Aston's badgering brother, Mick, baits the old man when Aston plans to keep him on as caretaker. Eventually Aston himself tires of the stubborn old coot and boots him. But out of this slim story, by means of wonderfully interwoven vernacular language, insistent detail, silences and hints, there flows not only a steady stream of laughs, but mutters and murmurs of the deepest crises in contemporary life. Pinter's own screenplay is skillful, and new director Clive Donner has feeling and finesse. Robert Shaw is the quiet, moody Aston, Alan Bates is Mick, and (in one of the great performances of our time) Donald Pleasence is the old man. If the film did no more than preserve their acting—they were the original trio—that would be plenty; but it does a good deal more.

Pinter again. This time he has done the screenplay (from Robin Maugham's novel) of *The Servant*, directed by Joseph Losey, whose style is slick to the point of slipperiness; but he gets the most out of this story of a manservant, hired by a rich young Englishman, who designs and executes the moral deterioration of his master, splits him off from his fiancée, and gradually creeps into com-

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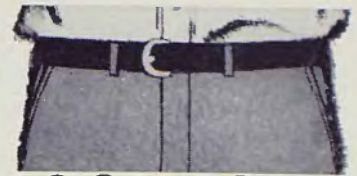
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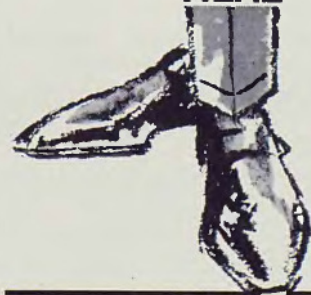
plete control. Wiliest of the servant's weapons is his sister, who is good at doing what comes naturally and unnaturally. The picture winds on past its point — perhaps there's a bit too much madness in Losey's method — but it helps to document in drama the scandal scuttlebutt of the international set: that London is fast taking the fig leaf from Port Said as the sin center of the world. Dirk Bogarde is smart and smarmy as the servant, James Fox achieves the right noble plateau from which to slide, and Sarah Miles is minxish as the monkey wench her brother throws in the works. The dialog throughout is distinguished, and two scenes — some deadpan duos in a restaurant and a superbly satiric country-house episode — are pithy, pungent Pinter.

*Dead Ringer* is what happened to Bette Davis after *What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?* The success of that juicy melodrama about two sisters (with Joan Crawford) obviously led to this over-ripe successor; and Miss Davis, having cleaned up by sharing the billing, decided to double the stakes this time as twins. One sister, Edith, an L. A. cocktail-lounge owner, has been mulcted out of the man she wanted to marry by her twin, Margaret, who claimed she was expecting an unblessed event. Years later, after the husband's funeral, Edith, who had severed relations with her sibling, learns that Margaret had only faked the pregnancy. A bit miffed at thus being stiffed, Edith writes a suicide note, then kills her richer twin and assumes her identity. Complications, to put it mildly, set in following her discovery that Margaret had a lover. When the lover suspects murder and tricks Edith into confessing, he then has a handy handle for blackmail. Twisting away madly, the story keeps curlicuing with surprises; but the chief surprise is that, for all the hot plotting, the film raises so little heat. The dialog is bland, and the direction — by ex-actor Paul Henreid — slightly duller. Miss Davis changes clothes and coiffure but little else for her double characterization. Karl Malden swashes around as a detective swain and Peter Lawford is lightweight as the lawless lover.

Ingmar Bergman's latest film, *The Silence*, has been greeted with everything but. Ever since its Swedish premiere it has been a hot story because its story is the hottest in years. Two sisters, Anna (married, with a young son) and Ester (single), are traveling through an unnamed European country evidently under military rule. The three stay overnight in one of its cities because Ester, who suffers from some violent illness, has an attack. Anna, animated and animal, leaves her



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son in their suite and goes out to find a sweetie. The boy wanders through the large deluxe hotel and encounters a vaudeville troupe of dwarfs who befriend him. An elderly bellboy tends the sick Ester who is the emotionally cool opposite of her sister. Yet she has a Lesbian lech for Anna, loves to hear details about her dalliance. When Ester learns that Anna is now in another room with a man, she goes there and is invited in. Ester's presence while Anna goes about her business forces their love-hate to flare. At the end Anna and her son continue their journey, leaving the sick sister in the hotel. All the hoopla has been about three heated scenes—a pair of sexual pairings and one of Ester's onanism—which have been clipped by the Swedes prior to export; the film, however, is still caloric. Much of Anna is abundantly in evidence as she moves around her room. But the film is principally a series of metaphors on the subject of estrangement: three travelers in a place where they understand not a word; the two sisters separated from each other by temperament and taboo; the dwarfs separated from the "normal" world; Anna and her pickup making lurid love but unable to converse; the old bellboy trying to tell his life story to the boy on whom it is lost. Bergman has directed with his customary colossal skill, creating a suggestive, somber texture you can almost touch; but for the first time with him, we can ask whether the excellent execution of symbols is enough. Ingrid Thulin (Ester) and Gunnel Lindblom (Anna) are so good that their acting "disappears," and every scene is superbly done; but the picture may leave you less with a feeling of being moved than with a sense of having done a good job of decoding.

## BOOKS

The techniques of the modern secret agent are the subject of *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold* (Coward-McCann, \$4.50). According to John le Carré (the nom de plume of a British civil servant), the spy of the Sixties is all business. Indeed, in his unswerving concern for his job and his disdain for ordinary pleasures, Leamas, the British agent-hero, lacks only a gray-flannel cloak to be a full-scale organization man. Leamas' immediate superior is Control, his organization Circus, his life job-oriented. Armed with only a carefully written dossier and a few well-chosen words, he sets out to destroy a rival spy organization. The atmosphere of high-level intrigue, set mainly in divided Berlin, is authentically conspiratorial and details of the spying art are

neatly limned. The author even weaves a moral into his exciting tale. Western agents, he suggests, are handicapped by humanistic scruples in dealing with their Communist counterparts. In the old argument of end versus means, the totalitarian agents or bad guys have a distinct advantage. The hero's ethical struggles as double cross follows double cross raise the book from a superior spy story to a real novel.

Alfred Sloan, Jr.'s *My Years with General Motors* (Doubleday, \$7.95) is something like the old LaSalle motorcar—big, uninspired and easily forgotten. Sloan, who was GM president and/or chairman of the board for more than three decades, traces the firm's history from its early days as a middle-sized and somewhat bumbling business to its present position as the world's largest industrial corporation. GM is strong, says Sloan, because "it was designed to be an objective organization, as distinguished from the type that gets lost in the subjectivity of personalities." But what's good for General Motors is not always good for literature; the reader wants personalities, subjective or not. What of Louis Chevrolet, Walter P. Chrysler and Charles W. Nash, all of whom Sloan knew personally? His dry-as-dust prose turns them into corporate mannequins. And what, for that matter, of the bloody UAW sit-down strike in 1937? We are told only that President Roosevelt "exerted steady pressure on the corporation, and upon me personally, to negotiate with the strikers who had seized our property . . ." What did F.D.R. do? Were there letters, memos, White House conferences? Sloan never tells us. On the other hand, when discussing such crucial matters as the "copper-cooled" engine, the elongated chassis and the balloon tire, Sloan drowns us in a tepid sea of documentation—badly written inter-office memos, wordy conference transcripts and the like. The gist of the book is neatly, though inadvertently, summed up when Sloan, with engaging ingenuousness, observes, "General Motors is obviously a successful corporation."

A porcine, lecherous, anti-Semitic British publisher visits an American grove of academe, does some adulterous plucking, occasionally finds himself out on a limb, and ends up with purely conventional knowledge of all things American. And that, pretty much, is all there is to Kingsley Amis' *One Fat Englishman* (Harcourt, Brace & World, \$3.95), a torpid exercise that is far below Englishman Amis' best, *Lucky Jim*. Publisher Roger Micheldene, who thrives on four of the big sins—gluttony, sloth, anger and lust—gets involved with some predict-



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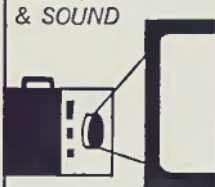
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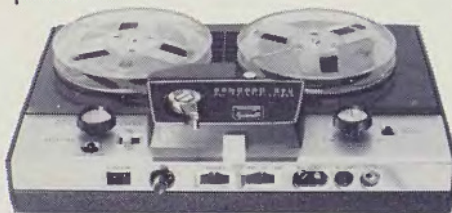


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able types: the nymphomaniac wife of a literary agent, the near-nympho wife of a professor, the saturnine Jewish novelist, the Peter De Vries-type clergyman, the monster child and other stock figures that American writers have satirized to death over the last decade. Amis, who spent a year at Princeton lecturing and observing American mores, apparently didn't learn much. He adds no new dimensions to the old portraits except for a funny line or two and an attempt at a serious message, summed up in his fat man's sexual aim — "to demonstrate to an animal which is pretending not to be an animal that it is an animal." But why limit it to the American condition? Something is amiss in Kingsleyland.

Ray Bradbury's latest collection, *The Machineries of Joy* (Simon & Schuster, \$4.50), is a virtuoso performance that ranges from Martian fantasy to Mexican folk tales. Among the 21 offerings, many of which (including the title story) appeared in *PLAYBOY*, are: a sea story that takes place 1000 miles inland; a love story about a whale-sized wife who has the skin her husband loves to tattoo; a Civil War tale that's as on target as anything Stephen Crane ever wrote; a dank and chilling fantasy concerning the triumph of mushrooms over men; and a subtle, intricate elegy on death in Mexico. The title tale is perhaps the best and certainly the most unnerving. What begins as a petty and somewhat tedious squabble among a few priests ends, with awful suddenness, as a religio-rocket-age testament to the Universe. Less sanguine is his *To the Chicago Abyss*, in which an old man, a survivor of World War III, risks police arrest by reminding the other survivors what the world was like before the cataclysm. "Coffee!" he says. "Twist the key! Bright-red, yellow-letter can! Compressed air. Hiss! Vacuum pack. Ssst! Like a snake!" The other stories are just as worshipful in their loving recitation of all the foolish details that we call living. Bradbury obviously is very fond of a world he'd hate to lose.

In *The Relations Explosion* (Macmillan, \$4.95), William L. Safire tries to show that the public-relations boom is moving ahead with vigor and any minute now may win the recognition it so richly deserves. Being a PR man himself, Safire uses every verbal trick of the trade to support his ho-hum hypothesis. For example: Textbook jargon — "Promotional leverage is the determination and activation of hidden sources of strength." Neologisms — "Publicombines," "Board of Other-Directors." Pious philosophy — "Man is indeed a rational being, but he is also emotional." Even Abner Dean's

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drawings can't make up for that kind of writing. Occasionally Safire drops his brainier-than-thou pretensions in favor of anecdotes about the perils of press agency, such as his account of the famous Nixon-Khrushchev "kitchen debate" at the U. S. exhibition in Moscow. Safire, who was representing the builders of the "typical American model home" at the exhibition, takes full credit for maneuvering the two titans into the kitchen where, trapped by a gaping crowd, they engaged in historic repartee. Another triumph for American diplomacy. This book makes us yearn for the days when the hidden persuaders had the grace to stay hidden.

Samson Shillitoe, the antic antihero of Elliot Baker's first novel, *A Fine Madness* (Putnam, \$4.95), has the soul of a poet and the instincts of a wounded rhino. He shampoos rugs to feed his stomach, creates poetry to feed his ego, and does some overtime servicing of distaff carpet-cleaning customers to feed his loins. Shillitoe's attempts at being his own man, guided by his own conscience and his own muse, has tragicomic consequences when he gets trapped by head-hunters in New York's psychiatric Jungle. Baker's modern-day Samson never does manage to destroy the Freudycats' temple, but he is able to cause a few cracks in some of its pillars. Neophyte novelist Baker displays a bitingly original sense of humor and an acute awareness of the desperate circumstances from which most humor is born.

The hiss in Romain Gary's short-story collection, *Hissing Tales* (Harper & Row, \$4.95), is the hiss of outrage at life burning on a fast fuse. But in the best of the 15 stories, the explosion is muffled in irony. Thus, in *The Fake*, the masterpiece in an art lover's priceless collection — his wife — turns out to have had her nose bobbed years before. Life is treacherous, life is a fake; this is the theme of all of craftsman Gary's tales (one of which, *Birds of Peru*, appeared in the March *PLAYBOY* as *A Bit of a Dreamer*, *a Bit of a Fool*). The search for authenticity goes on constantly but is never found. Nearly all the leading characters are "Kurliks," described by Gary as those who allow themselves to be hoaxed. But he goes further. Gary's Kurliks nearly always crave authenticity in others, yet cannot deliver it themselves. Gary never lets you forget his position — "The human condition: a rather unsavory story in which all of us are involved." Yet it is precisely his involvement as a storyteller — and a brilliant storyteller he is — that helps us absorb his pessimism. Romain Gary's self-therapy is plain: A hiss is good for the bile.



**AT A RECENT LUNCHEON** with his accountant, Morris Dees, 26, got the final figures on his 1963 taxes. And that's when he spilled the vichyssoise on his Cricketeer suit. Morris, a triple-threat attorney, publisher and sales executive from Montgomery, Ala. finds that Cricketeer's natural cut goes well no matter which hat he's wearing. (Lucky he had six more Cricketeers to choose from while this one was being cleaned.) **CRICKETEER®**

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## THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

**S**everal years ago you indicated that you thought men who married under age 30 were ill-advised. I'm 22, and have been dating a girl (19) who seems perfect in every respect. I am able to support her comfortably, and see no reason to risk losing this gem by postponing our wedding. Would you please expand on your earlier statement? — K. N., New York, New York.

*We never said that marriage under 30 is ill-advised, though now that you've asked us, in general for males we feel that it is. What we did say was that the ideal age difference in a marriage is about 10 years, with men marrying in their 30s and women in their 20s. We're opposed to early marriages for either sex, because we believe that each person should have the opportunity to live on his own, away from parents, for a number of years before considering marriage. Living first as an independent, single adult is the best way to develop the maturity needed to make a marriage work. This is especially essential for males, since a man of 20 may be a completely different person — different emotions, different tastes, different interests — than the same man at 30. It's likely that the mate he chooses in his early 20s would also be completely different from the girl he would pick 10 or 12 years later. The maturing male courts disaster when he attempts to select a lifetime mate before he himself has become a complete man.*

**I**'ve noticed that your rainwear fashion takeouts never show men wearing rubbers. Please tell me, what do PLAYBOY fashion plates do to keep their feet dry? — J. M., Battle Creek, Michigan.

*We try to keep out of the rain. When we must make the plunge, we don't slosh around in deep puddles. And if you can't curtail your pluvial pedestrianism, wear the low-cut, molded, narrow-istep models that seem to blend with the shoe.*

**H**ow does round-the-corner gin differ from regular gin rummy? — M. J., Butte, Montana.

*The basic difference is that aces can be used as high or low, with round-the-corner sequences (such as king-ace-deuce) permitted. And, if your opponent catches you with an unmatched ace, it counts fifteen points against you instead of the usual one point. Layoffs on gin are allowed, and one version of round-the-corner permits tying gin by laying off, in which case the hand is scored as a draw.*

**I**s my friend putting me on when he says that one of my favorite drinks, akvavit, is made from potatoes? I can't believe that such a delightful potable has such a dreary source. — M. N., Cleveland, Ohio.

*Don't denigrate the tuber. After it's been crushed, converted, fermented and distilled, it yields a flavorless spirit which serves as the base for akvavit as well as vodka.*

**A** relationship with a former girlfriend deteriorated from physical to fiscal, ending shortly after she borrowed \$350 from me and signed a promissory note to repay the face amount with interest at four percent. That was three years ago, and since then she has married and moved to another city. After some difficulty, I located her and requested that she or her husband make good on the debt. She replied that her husband did not know that the note (or our past relationship) existed, and that any attempt to collect on it would be outright blackmail on my part. She claimed I received fair value for my money, and perhaps I did. Would you advise that I try to collect on the debt? — J. P., Allston, Massachusetts.

*Yes. Your past relationship has nothing whatever to do with the transaction, and should be of no concern to her husband, though her desire that you write off \$350 against a few tumbles should be a word to the wise, bespeaking a commercial affection you can be thankful you tuned out. If you lent her the money in good faith, she should be prepared to repay you in kind; see your lawyer about collecting.*

**I**'m planning a trip to London shortly, and while there wish to have a suit made by a tailor highly recommended by a friend. I want something I can wear inconspicuously in London, but which I can also wear home without looking like an unreconstructed Tory. Can you give me suggestions? — J. C., Charleston, South Carolina.

*We assume you want a predominantly British look, or you wouldn't be going to a London tailor in the first place. British tailors are geniuses at suiting the individual individually, and to benefit fully from their skills you should follow closely their recommendations as to style, fabric and cut. If you acquiesce in the traditional long lapels and double vents, you can still preserve your Yankee integrity by watching waist suppression and lapel width, two areas where British conservatism tends to evaporate.*

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## EMERAUDE

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I've been divorced for some years, and in recent months have been dating a delightful young woman whom I met while skiing last winter. She and I have become quite close, and therein lies the problem. For some reason, in our initial dates I never got around to telling her I'd been married previously, and now I gather from the tone of some of our conversations that she has a vague objection to divorce as an institution. (She's never said as much, but has strongly implied it on several occasions.) We're getting more and more serious, and I've been toying with the idea of asking her to marry me. At this late date, should I risk ending our relationship by revealing my earlier marriage? — W. D., St. Louis, Missouri.

*Tell her, by all means — you should have done so long ago. Only by getting the matter out in the open will you discover her real feelings — of which you should certainly be apprised before you even consider marriage. If her objections still persist after you've thoroughly discussed your divorce with her, you should forget those marriage thoughts, because such a psychological (or religious) barrier would make any permanent union perilous.*

I have a fine trench coat, replete with straps and buttons. Lately I've seen less and less of this model — except on the late show. Are trench coats going out of style? Are any sort of belted outercoats still in? — G. G., San Francisco, California.

*Trench coats are not out, but over-decoration is; have your tailor remove the most obtrusive of the coat's accouterments. Belted outercoats, especially vicuña, are very popular among the polo set.*

An ex-girlfriend recently showed up at my pad — unexpected and a little high. She entered the apartment (by means of the key I had let her keep as a souvenir of happier days) and surprised me *flagrante delicto* with my latest flame, who is now furious. I'm convinced this whole sorry incident was no fault of mine, and would like to learn how I can convince her of same. — L. W., Knoxville, Tennessee.

*But it was your fault — for giving her the key in the first place and for not demanding that she turn it in when she checked out of the club. Your move now is to explain to your latest that the key to the problem was nothing more than a memento. You should underscore your words by changing your pad lock. Chances are she'll eventually come round, because it's difficult for girls to resist the guy who has other chicks beating on his door — provided the latter can't get in.*

For more than a year I have been dating a young man steadily and want to give him a blazer for his birthday. My parents think it's in poor taste for a girl to give clothing to a man, unless the two are married. Since I live with my parents, I feel I should accede to their wishes, but I would still like to hear your views. — S. P., Brockton, Massachusetts.

*The box of candy for sweetheart went out with spats. Today it's entirely appropriate for a girl to gift sartorially.*

While touring Italy I enjoyed a wine called Aleatico. Can you tell me something about it? — G. C., Phoenix, Arizona.

*Aleatico is a sweet red wine made from semidried grapes on the Mediterranean isle of Elba (where Napoleon was once exiled) and around Bari and Taranto in southern Italy. The Elban wine, Aleatico di Portoferraio, is slightly sweeter than its Continental counterpart, Aleatico di Puglia. Both resemble sweet rosé.*

Which is more fashionable, a tie tack or a clasp? — R. G., Washington, D. C.

*Both are acceptable, but we personally prefer the less obtrusive tack.*

During the past two years I've been going with a lovely girl who has provided me with many delightful evenings. Now I'm about to leave for Australia, perhaps permanently, on a business venture, so it's splitsville for the two of us. She's a working girl, tied to aging parents here, and not too well off. I'm the straightforward sort, and want very much to leave her with a substantial cash gift as a token of my sincere affection. We delicately skirted the subject not too long ago, and I got the distinct impression (though she never put it in words) that this would not be appreciated. Suggestions? — L. B., Boston, Massachusetts.

*Straightforwardness is fine in its place, but it's often better tempered with tact. No matter how needy the girl may be, the gift of legal tender invariably suggests value received and services rendered. The tactful tack is to select a gift with a high trade-in value. You might give common stock, with the tongue-in-cheek explanation that it's taxfully advantageous for you to get rid of the stuff. Even more face-saving would be a gift of jewelry, selected primarily for the value of the stones rather than for the setting. In both cases, the chick has the option of not redeeming her trifle, as well as the security of a nest egg until she does.*

I'm planning a Mediterranean cruise early this summer, and would like to get in some skin diving in the Aegean. Can you name a few of the better spots, and tell me if I'll have any trouble getting equipment? — R. M., Detroit, Michigan.

*The Cyclades islands are probably your best bet, since they offer clear Aegean waters and a desirable proximity to Athens. You'll find the best accommodations on Mykonos or Santorin. Crete is becoming more and more a skindivers' mecca, with most activity centered at Canea. You can purchase some of the world's finest skin diving equipment in France, and more than just adequate accouterments in Italy or Spain. Better still, most top-flight oceanside resorts offer skin diving equipment for rent, eliminating costly and cumbersome transport on your part.*

Currently, I am a graduate student at a large Midwestern college and, frankly, more interested in chasing grades than skirts. I've always justified grade-grubbing on the grounds that a little sacrifice now could pave the way for the good life in later years. However, a coed I've been seeing (weekly) has suggested that I'm endangering my health as well as my psyche by hitting the books overzealously. I'd like to hear your thoughts. — J. L., Chicago, Illinois.

*Only a doctor can tell you if your health is in danger. While we feel that the future benefits of self-improvement usually accrue through present sacrifice, and that such sacrifice — within limits — is justified, we also think that each individual must establish his own balance of work and play. Lest your scales shift too far in one direction, we offer this observation from Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy":*

*Hard students are commonly troubled with gowts, catarrhs, rheums, cachexia, bradypepsia, bad eyes, stone; and collick, crudities, oppilations, vertigo, winds, consumptions and all such diseases as come by overmuch sitting; they are most part lean, dry, ill-colored . . . and all through immoderate pains and extraordinary studies.*

*If pain persists, consult your girlfriend.*

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





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## PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

THIS JUNE, a visitor to Gaul will discern a poetic turn of events. The ancient castles of France, where hapless prisoners once languished in chains, are now themselves in chains. Eighty châteaux, along with a number of manors throughout the Provençal countryside, are thriving links in a pair of hotel circuits. One's lodging includes a room, three meals—and a ghost, or at least a credible rumor of one, at no extra charge. Travelers of an extroverted bent are advised to spend at least one night at the Château de la Caze in the Châteaux-Hotels chain, where the spirits of eight—count 'em—eight beautiful maidens are said to roam the moonlit hours seeking lost lovers in the haunted darkness.


Stateside, a stock Western vacation for many years has been the pack trip on horseback. However, for those who don't want to sever all connections with civilization, something new has been added. Six leading dude ranches in the Rocky Mountain areas of northern Colorado and southern Wyoming have organized a circular pack trip with stops at each of the ranches for dining and an evening's socializing. The guests have the option of joining the pack trip at any ranch they choose and dropping out at any other. Throughout the summer, this unique pack train ranges from the Two Bars Seven on the Colorado-Wyoming border, through Sky Corral, Sylvan Dale, McGraw, Rawah and the U. T. Bar Seven, thence back to the starting point via the Medicine Bow and Snowy ranges. But if you're among the more hairy-chested outdoorsmen, you will never appreciate the grandeur of the Rockies until you've traveled on your own through Colorado and can climb from a tent or sleeping bag at dawn to a vista of pink-tinged mountaintops reflected in a cold clear lake. The state's Visitors Bureau on request will supply a listing of mountain campsites and 12 mapped itineraries from which to choose.

For those who prefer vacation sites farther afield, late May and early June provide the Scandinavian Festival, the best chance to see the Royal Danish Ballet in Copenhagen, to hear the music of Grieg at Bergen, and to attend Stockholm's Royal Opera and the Sibelius concerts at Helsinki. An amusing travel sidelight is a new Norwegian road that is built *inside* a mountain; the spiral tunnel corkscrews up within the rocky slopes of Bragernes Hill at Drammen, 26 miles southwest of Oslo, looping six

complete turns before emerging atop the peak at a restaurant from which diners have a panoramic view of the countryside. Festival dates—starting in Copenhagen in May, ending in Helsinki in June—are staggered, allowing ample time for touring between one festival city and the next. An exciting plan for the adventurous traveler in these regions is the run from Norway's Tromsø into the arctic pack ice. Seven times during the summer months, the ship *Fortuna* transports a party of five to a polar-bear hunt, for \$1390 per person. Hunters are virtually guaranteed a bear, and there is also a good chance of latching onto a seal or two. Other tours offer opportunities to fish for arctic charr and grayling, 70-pound Atlantic salmon, and trout which often weigh in over 20 pounds.

A refreshingly offbeat spot to head for in June is Iceland. A uniquely charming country, it is nonetheless relatively free of tourist hordes. You can stop over for 24 hours en route between Europe and the United States, just to get the feel of the place, or make plans to spend a week or more; a package deal on the short sojourn includes overnight accommodations in a room with private bath, three meals at The Saga in Reykjavik, a three-hour tour of the capital, and admission to one of the country's famous outdoor swimming pools heated by natural hot springs. A longer stay may include a run to the island's second city, Akureyri, a 12-hour, 160-mile trip to the volcanic crater of Kerid, the rainbow-hued waterfall of Gullfoss and the waterspout of Geysir; you might want to sample an Icelandic specialty: pony-trek vacations, which range from three- or four-day outings to a full week.

Just a hop, skip and one helluva jump from Blighty's bustling Liverpool is the Isle of Man, a self-governing speck of land midway between England and Ireland in the Irish Sea. This vacation spot, long popular with the Europeans and easily accessible by boat or plane, has been strangely overlooked by all but a handful of Americans. Travelers there can find accommodations matching their personal penchants, too, in lively, brassy resorts like Ramsey or quietly charming spots like little Port Erin, and this year the isle has a sure-fire appeal to the more intrepid, adventure-seeking tourist: a gambling casino.

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



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# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JEAN GENET

*a candid conversation with the brazen, brilliant author of "the balcony" and "the blacks," self-proclaimed homosexual, coward, thief and traitor*

In any competition for the one least likely to succeed as a man of letters, Jean Genet would almost certainly be the runaway favorite. A balding, 53-year-old homosexual, onetime male prostitute and unregenerate ex-convict with a lengthy record of convictions for burglary, counterfeiting, bootlegging, dope smuggling and desertion, he is the author of prose no less emphatically antisocial. His works have been reviled as "acts of vengeance"; he himself has been called "the most depraved author now writing for the stage." His highly publicized private life notwithstanding, he has been hailed as "the most important writer to have appeared in France since the end of World War II," and proclaimed as "probably the greatest living playwright."

Genet's theatrical credentials are impressive: "The Balcony," which suggests, as one reviewer put it, that "the world is a brothel patronized by fetishists with illusions of grandeur," was named the best off-Broadway production of 1960, and has since been made into a movie. Another Genet award winner, "The Blacks," features an all-Negro cast savagely enacting the ritual rape of a white woman. Both plays have racked up record-breaking runs from London to Los Angeles. His first novel, "Our Lady of the Flowers," recently published without

expurgation in the U.S., is an explicit and exhaustive depiction of depravity and despair among society's untouchables. It has been acclaimed as "a work of prismatic brilliance."

Genet's documents of social disintegration have been a-borning through a life that reads like an embroidery on Gorky's "The Lower Depths." Abandoned at birth by his unwed mother, Genet spent his childhood years in the stern charge of peasant foster parents who tolerated his presence only for the fee paid them by the government. Unloved and unschooled, he began to steal trinkets from neighbors, perhaps in an unconscious bid for parental attention. He got it: They caught him in the act and cast him out of their home—at the age of ten. The twice-abandoned bastard—now branded publicly as a thief, and faced with the necessity of fending entirely for himself—found that he could survive only by continuing to steal. Since he could not escape the stigma of the outlaw, he devoted all his energies to a life "beyond the social pale." Trafficking in stolen goods, narcotics and homosexuality, he spent the next twenty-eight years—seven of them in prison—as a defiant exile from society.

It was while serving time in 1942 that Genet began to chronicle the autoerotic

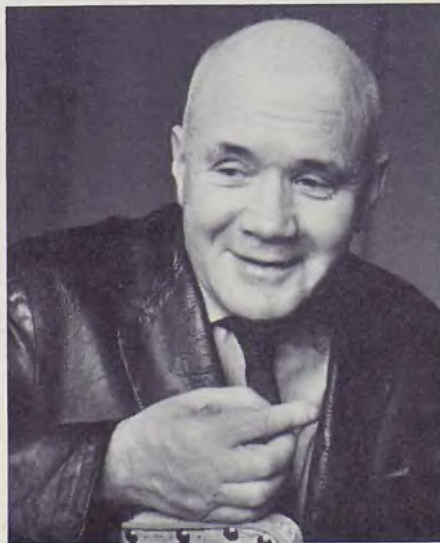
fantasies which eventually became "Our Lady of the Flowers." He was stirred by the sense of power he discovered he was able to inject into and derive from the written word. Forthwith he vowed to forsake the religion of vice for the art of prose.

The five plays he's written since then have been electrifying Grand Guignols on man's inhumanity to man. Two of the plays were written behind bars: "The Maids," in which a pair of female servants express and finally act out their hostilities against the lady of the house; and "Deathwatch," in which three imprisoned criminals wallow in wish-fulfillment fantasies of atrocity which suddenly become real. The remaining three—"The Balcony," "The Blacks" and his latest play, "The Screens" (on the relationship between the Algerian Arabs and the French colons), have been written since his release from prison in 1948, brought about by a presidential pardon at the behest of such eminent fellow literati as Cocteau, Gide and Sartre.

Despite freedom, fame and fortune, Genet remains a spiritual castaway, a man outside the mainstream: officially cut off from his criminal past, yet still violently anti-establishment. He has few possessions and no permanent address,



"As for being homosexual, I can't tell you why I am. Does anyone know why one is a homosexual? Homosexuality was, so to speak, thrust upon me, like the color of my eyes, the number of my feet."



"The act of stealing obliges you to hide. When you hide what you do, you always do it ineptly. In my case, there was a great urge to make my thefts known, to publicize them, out of vanity or pride."



"I have a feeling of fellowship with Oswald. Not that I was hostile to President Kennedy. I simply wasn't interested in him. But I'm with the lone individual who opposes any society that damns evil."



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
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rarely sees friends or circulates socially, and — we were warned — refuses to be interviewed by anyone. But we decided to try anyway, and were delighted to learn that he had been prevailed upon by a persuasive confrere to grant his first interview to PLAYBOY.

A ruddy, round-faced man with a balding pate and a deceptively cherubic smile, he received our interviewer in the small, sparsely furnished hotel room which he currently occupies in one of Paris' least fashionable neighborhoods. In five sessions, he spoke to us with disarming candor about his life of crime, his reconciliation with society, his creative works, censorship — and oblivion.

**PLAYBOY:** After years of anonymity and alienation from society as a criminal, how does it feel to be both a success and a celebrity?

**GENET:** If I am either, then I'm certainly an odd one.

**PLAYBOY:** Odd or not, your success has been remarkable — particularly in the United States, where *The Balcony* and *The Blacks* have become the biggest commercial hits in off-Broadway history. How do you feel about this reception?

**GENET:** I can't get over it. I'm quite amazed. Perhaps the United States isn't what I imagined it to be. Anything can happen in America. Even a little humanity can appear there.

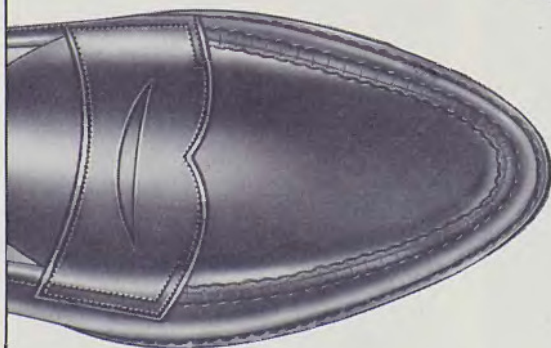
**PLAYBOY:** Has this happy discovery inspired you to consider a visit?

**GENET:** I have a visa to enter the United States, a visa that's good for four years, but I think the consul gave it to me by accident. I was refused the right to use it when it became known who — and what — I am.

**PLAYBOY:** If you're referring to your self-advertised identity as a homosexual, traitor, thief and coward, it can hardly be said that you've made a secret of your character. As a matter of fact, you've been accused of turning this admission into a public boast for purposes of self-promotion. Do you think there may be some truth in the accusation?

**GENET:** It's true that in my autobiographical writings — bear in mind that they were written twenty years ago — I've emphasized the qualities you've just mentioned, and I did so for reasons that were not always very pure; I mean that they were not always of a poetic nature. So there was, I suppose, an element of publicity. Without being consciously aware of the fact, I was building myself up, but nevertheless I chose dangerous ways of practicing this publicity; I mean ways that put me in danger. The act of revealing myself to be a homosexual, thief, traitor and coward put me in a situation that wasn't exactly safe, a situation that made it impossible for me to write works that society could easily digest. In short,

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by seeming to show off, I put myself at the very beginning in a situation of such a kind that I was immediately out of reach; I put myself beyond the pale.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you set out deliberately to become a homosexual, traitor, thief and coward—in the same way that you decided to publicize yourself as such?

**GENET:** I didn't "set out to." I made no decision. If I began to steal, it was because I was hungry. Then I had to justify my act, I had to accept it. As for being homosexual, I can't tell you why I am. I know nothing about it. Does anyone know why one is a homosexual? Does anyone know how a man chooses a certain position in bed for making love? Homosexuality was, so to speak, thrust upon me, like the color of my eyes, the number of my feet. As a child, I was aware that I was attracted by boys. It's only after experiencing that attraction that I "decided," that I freely chose my homosexuality, in the Sartrean sense of the word "choose." To put it more simply: I had to put up with it, to come to terms with it, even though I knew that it was damned by society.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you ever been interested in women?

**GENET:** Yes, four women have interested me: the Holy Virgin, Joan of Arc, Marie Antoinette and Madame Curie.

**PLAYBOY:** We mean sexually.

**GENET:** No, never.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you mind discussing this?

**GENET:** No, I'm perfectly willing. I like the subject. I'm aware that homosexuality is looked upon favorably at the present time in pseudoartistic circles. But it's still reprov'd by the *bourgeoisie*. I personally owe a great deal to it. If you want to regard it as a curse, that's your affair, but I regard it as a blessing.

**PLAYBOY:** In what way?

**GENET:** It made a writer of me and enabled me to understand human beings. I don't mean to say it was entirely that, but perhaps if I hadn't gone to bed with Algerians I might not have been in favor of the F. L. N. That's not so; I probably would have sided with them anyway. But perhaps it was homosexuality that made me realize Algerians are no different from other men.

**PLAYBOY:** What role does homosexuality play in your life at the present time?

**GENET:** I'd like to say something about its pedagogic aspect. I need hardly say I've been to bed with all the boys I've looked after for any length of time. But I haven't been concerned only with sex. I've tried to relive with them the adventure I lived alone—of which the symbols are bastardy, betrayal, the rejection of society, and lastly writing; that is, the return to society, but by other means. Homosexuality puts the homosexual beyond the pale, and for that reason obliges him to challenge social values. If he decides to look after a young boy, he won't

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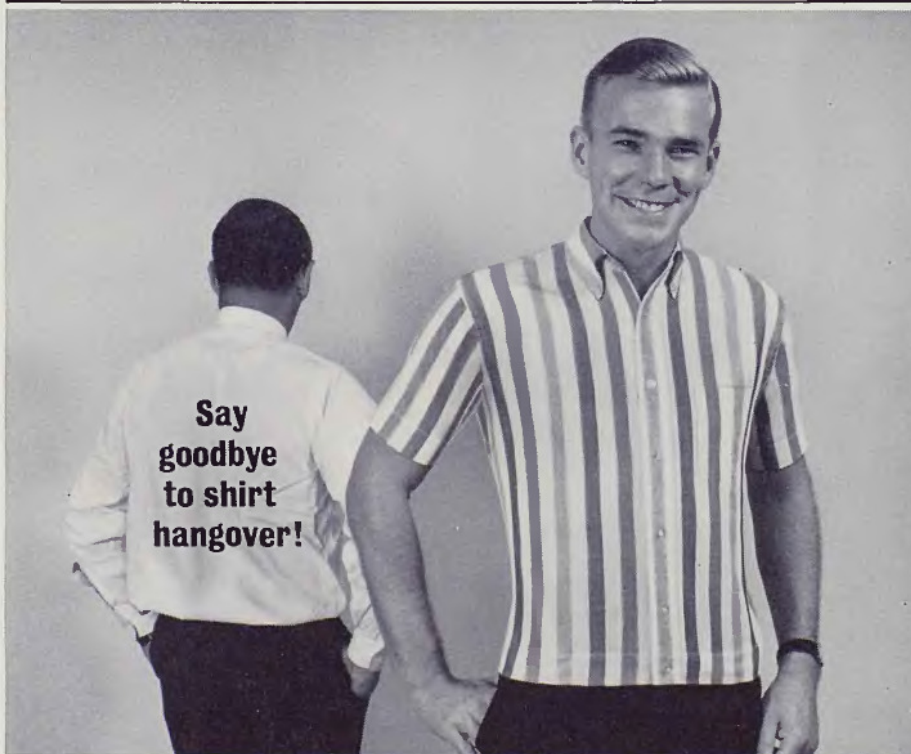
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do it in a trivial way. He'll make him aware of the incoherence of both the reason and the emotion that are inherent in normal society. The femininity contained in homosexuality envelops the boy and perhaps makes for greater kindness. When the Ecumenical Council was meeting in Rome, I watched a television program from the Vatican. A few cardinals were presented. Two or three were sexless and insignificant. Those who liked women were dull and avid. Only one of them, who looked like a homosexual, seemed kind and intelligent.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you feel that homosexuality is contributing to the well-publicized drift toward an asexual society?

**GENET:** Even if virility were in a state of crisis, that wouldn't disturb me very much. Manliness is always a game. American actors play at being manly. I also think of Camus, who adopted manly poses. As I see it, manliness is a quality for protecting the female and not for deflowering her. But I'm obviously in a bad position to judge. In rejecting the usual pose, the man breaks his shell and can reveal a delicacy which otherwise would not be apparent. It may be that the emancipation of the modern woman obliges the man to give up old attitudes and find a new one more in keeping with the less submissive woman.

**PLAYBOY:** In the sixteen years since you were pardoned from a life sentence for repeated burglaries and released from prison for the last time, have you gone straight — or are you still a thief?

**GENET:** Are you?

**PLAYBOY:** We'd prefer to ask the questions, if we may.

**GENET:** All right. I don't steal the same way the average person does. In any case, I don't steal the way I used to. I receive big royalties from my books and plays — at least they seem big to me — and the royalties are the result of my early thefts. I continue to steal, in the sense that I continue to be dishonest with regard to society, which pretends that I'm not.

**PLAYBOY:** For your actual crimes you spent seven years behind bars. Did you consider yourself skillful at your trade?

**GENET:** I wasn't unskillful. There's an element of hypocrisy in the operation of stealing. . . . But I'm bothered by your microphone. It interferes with my thinking. I see the reels moving, and I feel I ought to be courteous toward the tape that's unrolling silently, all by itself. But I was saying — the act of stealing obliges you to hide. If you hide, you conceal part of your act, you can't avow it. It's even more dangerous to avow it to judges. You have to deny it to judges. You have to deny it by hiding it. When you hide what you do, you always do it ineptly. I mean that all one's abilities aren't used. There are necessarily some of them that are directed toward negating the act one undertakes.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you have any feeling of kinship with fellow criminals?

**GENET:** No, none at all, for the very simple reason that if I did I'd be heading for morality, hence toward good. If, for example, there was loyalty between two or three criminals, it would mean the beginning of a moral convention, hence the beginning of good.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you feel about crimes such as that of which Lee Harvey Oswald has been accused? Did you find him boring — or subtle and sensitive?

**GENET:** I have a feeling of fellowship with Oswald. Not that I was hostile to President Kennedy. I simply wasn't interested in him. But I feel that I'm with the lone individual who opposes such a highly organized society as American society or Western society or any society in the world that damns evil. I sympathize with him — just as I do with a great artist who takes a stand against a whole society: neither more nor less. I'm with any lone man. But even though I'm — how shall I put it? — morally with a man who is alone, men who are alone remain alone. Even though I may be with Oswald when he commits his crime — if he did commit it — he was alone. Even though I'm with Rembrandt when he paints his pictures, he, too, is alone.

**PLAYBOY:** Didn't you find, when you began to write in prison, that the solitude of creativity was preferable to the loneliness of your previous alienation from society as a thief?

**GENET:** No, because what I was writing made me even lonelier.

**PLAYBOY:** What was it, then, that made you begin to write?

**GENET:** I don't know. I don't know what the deeper reasons were. The first time I became aware of the power of writing was when I sent a postcard to a German friend who was in America at the time. The side of the card on which I was to write was white and crinkly, somewhat like snow, and it was that surface which made me evoke snow and Christmas. Instead of writing some commonplace sentiment, I wrote about the quality of the paper. That was what got me started. This doesn't explain my motive, but it did give me my first taste of freedom.

**PLAYBOY:** It was in prison that you wrote *Our Lady of the Flowers*, your first novel. How did the authorities feel about literary efforts by inmates? Did they supply you with writing materials?

**GENET:** Certainly not. We were given paper with which to make paper bags. It was on that brown paper that I wrote the beginning of the book. I never thought it would be read. I thought I'd never get out of prison. I wrote sincerely, with fire and rage, and all the more freely because I was certain the book would never be read. One day we went from the Santé Prison to the Paris Law Court. When I got back to my cell, the

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manuscript was gone. I was called down to the warden's office and was punished: three days in solitary confinement, and bread and water for having used paper "that wasn't intended for literary masterpieces." I felt belittled by the warden's robbery. I ordered some notebooks at the canteen, got into bed, pulled the covers over my head and tried to remember, word for word, the fifty pages I had written. I think I succeeded.

**PLAYBOY:** Although a few have hailed it as an erotic masterpiece, many critics have refused to concede that *Our Lady of the Flowers* is a literary achievement. Were you gratified that its publication was greeted by such a storm of praise and protest?

**GENET:** Yes, but I'd have liked the publisher to bring the book out with a very innocent-looking cover and in a very small edition, about three or four hundred copies, and to have made sure that it fell into the hands of Catholic bankers and people like that.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you as indifferent to acceptance by the literati as you seem to be to critical and public approval?

**GENET:** I never tried to be part of French literature. To say nothing of the fact that French literature would hardly have welcomed me.

**PLAYBOY:** Now that you've achieved international eminence as an author, however, haven't you become, at least, a sought-after guest at literary teas?

**GENET:** Not at all! Society knows what it's doing. People don't invite me, because they sense very quickly that I'm not one of them. But the truth of the matter is that I don't like to go out.

**PLAYBOY:** You say you're "not one of them." Do you mingle socially, then, with ex-cellmates and criminal associates?

**GENET:** Certainly not. Consider the situation. I receive royalties from all over the world. You come to interview me for *PLAYBOY*. Whereas they're still in prison. How do you expect us to maintain relations? For them I'm simply a man who has betrayed. I had to betray theft, which is an individual action, in the interest of a more universal operation, namely poetry. I had to betray the thief that I was in order to become the poet that I hope I've become. But this "legality" hasn't made me more cheerful.

**PLAYBOY:** You seem to feel that you are regarded as a pariah both by society and by the underworld. How do you feel about living in this state of general reprobation?

**GENET:** I don't mind, but it's a matter of temperament. I like being an outcast just as, with all due respect, Lucifer liked being cast out by God. But it's out of pride, and that's not my good side. It's a bit stupid. It's a naïve romantic attitude. I oughtn't to stop there.

**PLAYBOY:** There are those who say you don't stop there. Sartre, in fact, has

quoted you as saying that you intend to "live evil to the very end." What did you mean by that?

**GENET:** I meant living evil in such a way that you're not salvaged by the social forces that symbolize good. I don't mean to live evil until my own death, but to live it in such a way that I'll be led to take refuge, if ever I have to, only in evil—never in good.

**PLAYBOY:** Some critics have branded Sartre a blasphemer for dubbing you "Saint Genet" in his six-hundred-page appraisal of you and your work. How do you feel about this literary canonization?

**GENET:** My detractors wouldn't protest against a Saint Camus. Why do they object to a Saint Genet? When I was a child, it was hard for me in my reveries—unless there was an element of will, of determination—to see myself as president of the republic or as general or anything else of that kind. I was an illegitimate child. I was outside the social order. What could I wish for, if not for a special destiny? If I wanted to make the fullest use of my freedom, my possibilities, my gifts—I was not yet aware of my literary talent—the only thing left for me was to want to be a saint, just that; in other words, a negation of man.

**PLAYBOY:** You have written of "the eternal couple of the criminal and the saint." What is the connection?

**GENET:** They both live in solitude. Don't you have the impression, if you examine the matter closely, that the greatest saints resemble criminals? There's no visible link between society and the saint. Saintliness is frightening.

**PLAYBOY:** Several critics have taken you to task for not only viewing saintliness as you do, but for presuming even to use the word. How would you reply?

**GENET:** My detractors shudder at my using *any* word, even a comma. François Mauriac once wrote an article about me in which he asked that I stop writing. Good Christians, and particularly my detractors, are proprietors of the word "saintliness" and won't allow me to use it.

**PLAYBOY:** You once wrote that poetry is "the art of using excrement and making the reader eat it." Did you mean this definition to justify your celebrated penchant for socially unacceptable language in your books and plays?

**GENET:** As for the so-called obscene words, the fact is that these words exist. If they exist, they have to be used. Otherwise, they shouldn't have been invented. If I didn't use them, these words would exist in a state of apathy. The role of an artist is to impart value to words. You referred to the definition I once gave of poetry. I would no longer define it in that way. If one wants to gain even a slight understanding of the world, one has to get rid of resentment. I still feel some resentment toward society, but less and less, and I hope that before long it'll

all be gone. At bottom, I don't give a damn. But when I wrote those words I was in a state of resentment, and poetry consisted in transforming, by means of language, reputedly base matter into what was regarded as noble matter. The problem is now quite different. You — that is, society — no longer interest me as an enemy. Ten or fifteen years ago I was against you. At the present time I'm neither for nor against you. We both exist at the same time, and my problem is no longer to oppose you, but to do something in which we're involved together, you and I alike. I now think that if my books arouse readers sexually, they're badly written, because the poetic emotion should be so strong that no reader is moved sexually. In so far as my books are pornographic, I don't reject them. I simply say that I lacked grace.

**PLAYBOY:** Erotically speaking, what do you think of the works of D. H. Lawrence and Vladimir Nabokov?

**GENET:** I've never read either of them.

**PLAYBOY:** How about Henry Miller?

**GENET:** I don't know much about Miller's work, but what I do know doesn't interest me. It's chatter. He's a man who never stops talking.

**PLAYBOY:** How would you appraise Sartre?

**GENET:** Sartre repeats himself. He has a few major ideas and has exploited them in various forms. When I read him, I go faster than he. But I was surprised by his recent autobiography, in which he shows his will to free himself from the bourgeois world. In a world where everyone is trying to be a respectful prostitute, it's nice to meet someone who knows he's a bit whorish but doesn't want to be respectful. I like Sartre personally because he's amusing to be with and because he understands everything laughingly and without passing judgment. He doesn't accept everything about me, but he enjoys it when we don't agree. He's an extremely sensitive man.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you pleased with his unique literary psychoanalysis of you?

**GENET:** It filled me with a kind of disgust, because I saw myself stripped naked — by someone other than myself. I strip myself in all my books, but at the same time I disguise myself with words, with attitudes, with certain choices, by means of a certain magic. I manage not to get too damaged. But I was stripped by Sartre unceremoniously. My first impulse was to burn the book; Sartre had given me the manuscript to read. I let him publish it because my chief concern has always been to be responsible for my acts. It took me some time to get over my reading of his book. I was almost unable to continue writing. I could have continued turning out a certain type of novel mechanically. I could have tried to write pornographic books mechanically. Sartre's book created a void which made for a kind of psycho-



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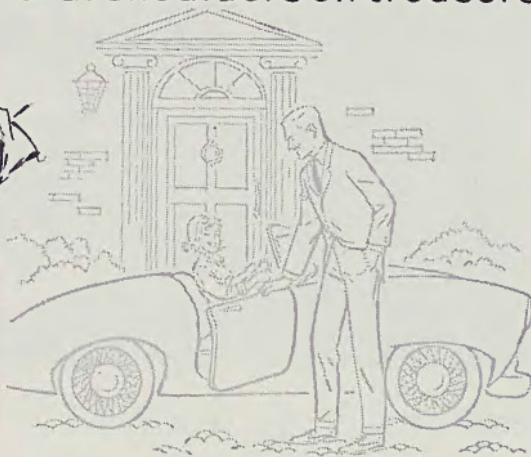
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logical deterioration.

**PLAYBOY:** How long did you remain in this void?

**GENET:** I remained in that awful state for six years, six years of the imbecility that's the basic stuff of life: opening a door, lighting a cigarette. There are only a few gleams in a man's life. All the rest is grayness. But this period of deterioration made for a meditation that led me finally to the theater.

**PLAYBOY:** But weren't *Deathwatch* and *The Maids* written and produced before Sartre's book was published?

**GENET:** That's right. But Sartre's book made for the exploitation of something that was already familiar.

**PLAYBOY:** That familiar something, in the opinion of some reviewers, is the plight of those minority groups about whom your plays are written, and with whose alienation from society you identify personally as a homosexual and onetime thief. Are they right?

**GENET:** I write plays in order to crystallize a theatrical, a dramatic emotion. I'm not concerned about whether, for example, *The Blacks* serves the Negroes. Besides, I don't think it does. I think that direct action, the fight against colonialism, does more for the Negroes than any play. I tried in these plays to give voice to something deeply buried, something that Negroes and other alienated people were unable to express. Speaking of *The Maids*, a critic once said that maids "don't talk like that." Well, they do—but only to me, alone, at midnight. If anyone said to me that Negroes don't talk like that, I'd answer that if he put his ear against their heart, that's pretty much what he'd hear. You've got to be able to hear what's unformulated.

**PLAYBOY:** Then your sympathy is with the downtrodden and underprivileged classes in your plays?

**GENET:** It may be that I've written these plays against *myself*. It may be that I'm the Whites, the Employer, the Clergy, —and that I'm trying to isolate the idiotic elements in those qualities.

**PLAYBOY:** Your critics have accused you of attempting not merely to isolate but to exterminate these "idiotic elements," as you call them; they assert that you advocate the violent overthrow of society's ruling classes and conventions. Are they exaggerating your intention?

**GENET:** I certainly would like to free *myself* from conventional morality, the kind that has crystallized, that prevents development, that prevents life. But an artist is never completely destructive. The very concern with shaping a fine phrase, a harmonious sentence, presupposes an ethic—that is, a relationship between the author and a possible reader. Every aesthetic contains an ethic. But I have the impression that your notion of me is based on work written

twenty years ago. These days I'm not trying to give a disgusting or fascinating or acceptable image of myself. I'm simply hard at work.

**PLAYBOY:** Writing?

**GENET:** From time to time I work on my plays—not every day, but in spurts. Soon, for example, I may do an opera with the great musician Pierre Boulez, who directed Alban Berg's admirable *Wozzeck* at the Paris Opera this winter. The rest of the time I live in a state of semi-imbecility, like anyone else.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you continue writing because you want to, or has it become simply a way to make a living?

**GENET:** I feel responsible for the time accorded me. I want to do something with it, and the best thing I can do with it is to write. It's not that I'm responsible to others. I'm not even responsible to myself. Perhaps I'm responsible to God, about Whom I can't speak, since I don't know much about Him.

**PLAYBOY:** Then despite the fact that you've consecrated your life to "evil," you believe in God?

**GENET:** I believe that I believe in Him. I don't much believe in the mythology of the catechism. But why do I feel I must account for the time I live by affirming what appears to me most precious? Nothing obliges me to do it; nothing visible forces me. Then why do I feel so strongly that I have to? In the past, the question was resolved by the act of writing. My childhood rebellion, my adolescent rebellion, was a revolt against my state of humiliation, an attack against my deepest faith—but my faith in *what*?

**PLAYBOY:** Some of your friends feel that you're still rebelling—but now against the blandishments of your late success rather than the humiliation of your early deprivation. You tell us you have substantial royalties coming in from all over the world; yet you appear to be, and are said to be, nearly penniless. What do you do with all your income?

**GENET:** That's none of your business.

**PLAYBOY:** Well, here in this sparse room, apart from a few pieces of secondhand furniture, we see only seven books, an alarm clock, a valise, a suit and three shirts—in addition to the clothes on your back. Is this all you own?

**GENET:** Yes. Why should I have more? Mine is the poverty of the angels. I just don't give a damn about possessions and the like. When I go to London, my agent sometimes reserves a room for me at the Ritz. But what need have I for objects and luxury? I write, and that's enough.

**PLAYBOY:** Toward what end, if any, are you directing your life?

**GENET:** Toward oblivion. Most of our activities have the vagueness and vacantness of a tramp's existence. We very rarely make a conscious effort to transcend that state. I transcend it by writing.



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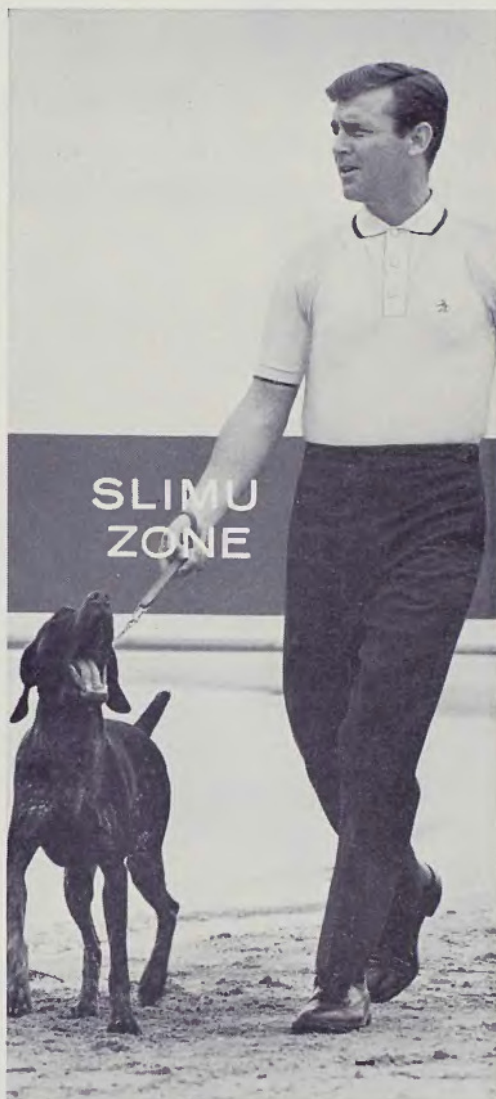
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# THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

## A RATIONAL SOCIETY

The December installment of *The Playboy Philosophy* expresses the very causes for which our beloved 35th President, John Fitzgerald Kennedy, gave his life. As he had written in a speech never delivered: "In a world of complex and continuing problems, in a world full of frustrations and irritations, America's leadership must be guided by the lights of learning and reason. . . . Peace on earth, good will toward men. . . must always be our goal—and the righteousness of our cause must always underlie our strength."

The only worthy and fitting tribute to the memory of this great "uncommon man" is to transform these ideals into reality—that he will not have died in vain. PLAYBOY is to be commended for its part in helping to accomplish this goal.

I feel that a philosophy so based on reason, and therefore so compatible to the human nature of man, will surely prevail.

Richard A. Calabro  
Tacoma, Washington

## CONFORMITY AND LOVE

Originally, my plaudit to your *Philosophy* was going to be limited to the act of ordering three new subscriptions for friends. However, after the events in Dallas, I feel compelled to take advantage of *The Playboy Forum* and express my views.

Certainly, I love America—my adopted country—but, I cannot refrain much longer from criticizing what I find flawed in it. The America I see is composed of powerful machines and tired people. People who are losing their identity at a fast pace, and are running the risk of becoming depersonalized automatons. My stomach turns at the thought that—as you wrote—my "social-security number is more important" than my name. I feel sick to know that (to my friends outside the Bay Area) I am known as—"complete with area code"—415-454-4718, though I, too, be damned if I "feel like" 415-454-4718. There is something inherently wrong with a culture in which sex is of passing interest while automobiles arouse great community concern. We have made the horrendous error of implanting in the minds of our people the notion that conformity is the

ultimate virtue, and nonconformity a sin. Moreover, the margin of freedom allowed the individual, within the confines of these two *Brave New World*-type concepts, is so limited that it puts any person who is different at the mercy of a tyrannical society; a society which has no qualms about ostracizing J. Robert Oppenheimer one day, and heralding him with a Fermi Award the next.

My headlong plunge into the American way of life, upon my arrival here ten years ago, has convinced me that the relation between the sexes here is a farce. The illusion of being able to "fall in love" with someone whom you have just met is so strongly inculcated in the minds of our people that it has debased the meaning of the word "love." Unfortunately, the pellucid English language has only this word to express a spectrum of varied emotions and feelings. You "love" the girl whose beautiful breasts leave you breathless; you "love" your mother, your brother, your wife; and you "love" the Flag, God, Freedom, Liberty.

Have you tackled this problem in your *Philosophy*? Perhaps PLAYBOY will utilize its brains and talent and make a real, substantial, and enduring contribution to the American sexual scene, by coining new words expressing these varied and diverse feelings.

Abraham Virdeh  
Fairfax, California

*We welcome your accord with Hefner's protest against creeping numeralism, and share your feeling that the English language is sometimes inadequate to the tasks imposed upon it. The word "love," as you point out, is called on to do yeoman duty and often falls short of the mark. In its original Greek, the New Testament used three different words for love: "eros," meaning desire, and not necessarily sexual desire; "philia," meaning friendship; and "agape," the love of God for His creatures, flowing spontaneously forth, unprovoked by any of the objects of His affection. In modern English the single word "love" has so many meanings it sometimes seems to have almost no meaning at all. If you missed it, we urge on you an article we published in March 1962: "The Love Cult," by Alfred Kazin, in which its abuse is brilliantly documented.*

*We're sure you'll concur that, with all*



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**CORDAY**  
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its faults, America has astonishing strengths—including the ability to take criticism, the freedom to publish “The Playboy Philosophy” and such “Forum” comments as your own; the capacity to right wrongs, as in the case of Robert Oppenheimer; and the ability of its people to submerge differences, and mourn as one, when a great President is assassinated.

#### WORLD GOVERNMENT

I must take issue with statements made in the December installment of *The Playboy Philosophy*. Mr. Hefner says that the only solution to the problem of the specter of war is the establishment of a universal government. Perhaps this is a view held by many in our country today, but is it fair to expect the rest of the world to share our feelings?

Not too many paragraphs later, Hefner emphasizes the inherent individuality of man along with the idea that society should serve man, not vice versa. These views are not compatible. If such an all-powerful international government were set up, it would stifle individual initiative. In short, man would still be a slave to society, only on a larger scale than he is now.

Joseph A. Snyder  
Selinsgrove, Pennsylvania

Shame on you, Mr. Hefner. You, of all people, a one-worlder. I'll bet you don't mean it. Very few of PLAYBOY's readers will buy page 214 in your December issue, but Adlai Stevenson will surely love you, and it will be interesting to see your readers' reactions to the incongruity of the subheading “A United World” following as it does others like “A Rational Society,” “A Free Society,” “Enlightened Self-Interest,” “The Individual vs. the Group,” and finally, “Free Enterprise in a Free Society.”

Walt Trask  
Santa Clara, California

Editor-Publisher Hefner considers the concept of a single world government, democratically conceived and administered, entirely consistent with the other major principles of “*The Playboy Philosophy*.” Whether or not the major governments of our world are ready to take this step yet, we suspect the majority of thinking people everywhere would welcome such a sane solution to the everlasting threat of atomic annihilation.

To answer your second point, Mr. Snyder, the individual's freedom in society is not inversely proportionate to the size of the state in which he lives, as you've suggested; just the opposite is quite often the case. Did our own forefathers lose, or further secure, their liberty when the separate independent colonies joined together to become the United States of America? Why must the results be any different with a United World?

What bothers a number of Americans about the concept of world government is the vague but disquieting feeling that they might be somehow selling out their own country in the process. This is nonsense—unless you think you are selling out your city or state when you vote in a national election or obey a Federal law.

As Americans, we would be giving up virtually nothing, but we would be gaining a great deal. A Congress of Nations is simply the next logical step in the ever-increasing international association of all the countries of the earth. The United Nations is a significant beginning in the right direction, but the veto power of the major countries makes the UN impotent when it is needed most. A government of nations should be able to pass international laws, democratically, and then see that they are enforced—otherwise it would be reduced, as the UN too often is, to little more than a debating society. Debate can be worthwhile, too, but more positive action is required if international disputes are to ever be resolved by reason rather than warfare. If this makes us a “one-worlder,” Mr. Trask, then make the most of it; for in truth—in 1964—we live in one world. And a mighty small one at that.

Many of the most important problems of today are world-wide in their implications; they should logically be considered and resolved on a world-wide basis. The Common Market is a single economic example of what international cooperation in trade can mean to the prosperity of all involved. And, as Hefner pointed out, if international government could put an end to the arms race—and it could, and would, if its own deterrent force was formidable enough—then the money wasted on weaponry we dare not use could be spent on improving man's life on this earth instead of threatening it with extinction.

Of this much we are certain: The present possibility of global atomic holocaust is not the figment of someone's overactive imagination; the present overkill capacity of both the United States and Russia staggers the imagination. The threat of mutual annihilation is real and it does not diminish when we decline to think about it; indeed, the passage of time only increases the danger of—among other things—additional nations producing their own stockpiles of atomic weaponry and joining the present two-handed game of brinkmanship.

The alternatives in an atomic world are few: Either the people on this planet learn to live together, or most assuredly they will die together. In our freest, most individualistic, enlightened and self-interested manner, Mr. Trask, we choose the former.

At the very heart of our philosophy, gentlemen, is the belief that life is for

living and that it can—and should—be a great adventure. In order to assure the good life that PLAYBOY is always editorializing about in its pages—for ourselves and for the dear ones who come after—we've got to make reasonably certain that both we and old mother earth stick around awhile. And that's about as rational a conclusion as a rational society is ever going to reach.

#### RATIONAL MAN, PAST AND FUTURE

Even the most harebrained (no pun intended) of readers should be expected to question a treatise which fails to reconcile the very contradiction it indicts: that man, a rational being, has created for himself a society predicated largely on the irrational. The contradiction, of course, is real. We have only to contemplate our pathetic nuclear predicament to be impressed with its actuality.

But the question of why man has developed along lines contrary to what we believe his true nature to be must first be answered if we are to formulate an accurate picture of the ideal society. For, as it stands now, one or the other of two conclusions is inescapable. Either man is not a rational being, or his reasoning abilities are dedicated to a cause other than what he perceives to be the welfare of mankind.

Richard Allen Repp  
Norfolk, Virginia

We agree with your observation that “the question of why man has developed along lines contrary to what we believe his true nature to be must first be answered if we are to formulate an accurate picture of the ideal society.” That's precisely what we have attempted to do in the early installments of “*The Playboy Philosophy*.” In future installments, we hope to “formulate an accurate picture of the ideal society” which, as we have repeatedly stated, is one based on the assumption that man is, indeed, capable of creating and living in a rational society.

#### ARGUMENTUM PRO PHILOSOPHY

The most prevalent error I have detected in letters critical of *The Playboy Philosophy* is called, among logicians, the informal fallacy of *argumentum ad hominem*. The opening letter of the January Forum is a good example: a reader accuses you of hypocrisy because, he says, some of the other material in your pages conflicts with the thoughts expressed in your *Philosophy*. Logicians since Aristotle have recognized that a logical structure which has integrity stands inviolate, whatever the nature of its originator. In an extended argument, *The Playboy Philosophy* is free of Hefner and/or his researchers, free of changing individual values, and free of the context in which it is presented. Inviolable it stands, and to my eye, breath-



# Playboy Club News



VOL. II, NO. 45

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DISTINGUISHED CLUBS IN MAJOR CITIES

SPECIAL EDITION

YOUR ONE PLAYBOY CLUB KEY  
ADMITS YOU TO ALL PLAYBOY CLUBS

APRIL 1964

## THREE NEW PLAYBOY CLUBS TO DEBUT

**ATLANTA, CINCINNATI, KANSAS CITY  
SLATED FOR OPENINGS SOON; APPLY  
FOR YOUR KEY NOW AND SAVE \$25**

CHICAGO (Special)—Officials of Playboy Clubs International have released details on three new Playboy Clubs that will



The Bunnies are on their way to Atlanta, Cincinnati & K. C.

shortly join the rapidly growing key chain: Cincinnati and Kansas City are scheduled for Club premieres this spring; Atlanta opens shortly after summer. (For addresses of all Playboy Clubs, see box.)

The new Clubs will make the pleasures of the internationally acclaimed Playboy Club — the beautiful Bunnies, gourmet foods, choice liquors and exciting entertainment—more accessible to keyholders in the East, South and Midwest than ever.

By ordering your key today, you can take advantage of the \$25 charter rate that applies in new Club areas (the regular Resident Key Fee of \$50 is now

in effect in Chicago and Florida).

The Cincinnati Playboy Club, on the seventh floor of the Executive Building, 35 E. 7th St., will be bustling with 35 Bunnies waiting to serve you. The Club will be a \$500,000 showcase opposite the Shubert Theater.

The Kansas City Playboy Club will become the second Club in Missouri. (St. Louis has had a Club since October 1962.) Thirty-six Bunnies will be on hand to complement the lavish decor of the Club, located atop the Continental Hotel in downtown Kansas City.

The Atlanta Playboy Club will be located in a brand-new addition to the Dinkler Hotel. A unique attraction will be a glass port in the Penthouse area giving keyholders an underwater view of swimmers in the new hotel pool.

All three Clubs will have four Clubrooms: Playmate Bar, Living Room, Banquet Room and Penthouse showroom. Every

### PLAYBOY CLUB LOCATIONS

**Clubs Open**—New York at 5 E. 59th St.; Chicago at 116 E. Walton St.; Detroit at 1014 E. Jefferson Ave.; St. Louis at 3914 Lindell Blvd.; New Orleans at 727 Rue Iberville; Phoenix at 3033 N. Central; Miami at 7701 Biscayne Blvd.; Manila atop the Katigbak Bldg.

**Locations Set**—Los Angeles at 8580 Sunset Blvd.; San Francisco at 736 Montgomery St.; Baltimore at 28 Light St.; Kansas City atop the Hotel Continental; Atlanta at the Dinkler Hotel; Cincinnati at 35 E. 7th St.

**Next in Line**—Washington, Boston, Dallas, Camden-Philadelphia.



Keyholders and Playmates enjoy a lively evening at The Playboy Club.

three weeks a new roster of Playboy's bright talent will appear in the Penthouse, where the earliest dinner show in town begins at 7 P.M. (Such stars as Henny Youngman, Jerry Van Dyke, Dick Gregory and The Kirby Stone Four have appeared on Playboy stages.)

From the lively variety shows in the Penthouse to the bounteous Living Room Buffet, to the convivial cheer in the Playmate Bar, keyholders in these three Clubs will move through a world designed with their personal pleasure in mind.

You will be able to choose from the delicious Playboy menu that keyholders know and enjoy: Charcoal broiled *filet mignon* in the Penthouse; the Living Room's Buffet with a luncheon variety of ten different dishes every week and a dinner consisting of steak-kabobs, fried chicken and barbecued back ribs. All food is the same price as a drink.

Your Playboy Club key will admit you not only to the new Clubs in Atlanta, Cincinnati and Kansas City, but to every Playboy Club now open or to be opened. Apply for your key now to save \$25. Mail the coupon today.

## PLAYBOY EXTRAS FOR KEYHOLDERS

Your one Playboy Club key not only admits you to every Club in the world, but offers a long list of extras, such as VIP, the colorful Playboy Club magazine mailed monthly to keyholders. Another extra is the Playmate Key-Card for wives of keyholders, entitling them to charge privileges in the Club during luncheon and the cocktail hour. Guest forms are also available, permitting your friends to visit the Club when you personally cannot take them.

## PLAYBOY CLUB DAZZLES DETROIT

DETROIT (Special) — The Playboy Club of Detroit, at 1014 E. Jefferson Ave., had its black-tie premiere for the benefit of muscular dystrophy on December 27th. Leading citizens of the Motor City participated in this gala opening of the third Playboy Club in the Midwest.

Enlivening the Bunny haven during the month-long opening festivities were some of the brightest shows from The Playboy Club circuit. In the

Penthouse keyholders and guests applauded America's hottest new comedy talent, Jackie Gayle, and the versatile singing styles of Roy Petty and Pegge Kaye. The Playroom showcased the masterful wit of Ray Hastings and Simmy Bow, and the pleasing melodies of Penny Pryor.

PLAYBOY readers in the Detroit area can still obtain a key at the charter rate of \$25 by filling out the coupon.

JOIN THE PLAYBOY CLUB TODAY/CLIP AND MAIL THIS APPLICATION

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Gentlemen:  
Here is my application for Key Privileges to The Playboy Club.

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OCCUPATION

ADDRESS

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\$25 FEE:  ENCLOSED;  BILL ME. (Initial Key Fee is \$50 within a 75-mile radius of Chicago and in the state of Florida. Keys are \$25 outside these areas.) Initial Key Fee includes one-year subscription to Playboy Club's VIP magazine at \$1. Subscription optional.

Check here if you wish only information about joining The Playboy Club.

takingly beautiful in this age of confusion.

Robert H. Woods  
Atlanta, Georgia

#### SOCRATES AND THE SCHOLAR-LECHER

Because the sexual data of your otherwise admirable presentation of *The Playboy Philosophy* are incomplete, its conclusions are not compelling. You have neglected to consider the plight of a noteworthy figure: the scholar-lecher.

One undergraduate afternoon, he came upon John Stuart Mill's apology for the scholarly life: it is better to be a Socrates dissatisfied than a pig satisfied. For ensuing years, this motto sustained him as he observed others wallowing in a gross sexual satisfaction into which he could not even dip his fingers. Socrates is better than these pigs, he assured himself, and went on Socratizing to the B.A., the M.A., the Ph.D., a fellowship at one university, an assistant professorship at another, an associate professorship at still another.

When he asked "Why?" to Mill's axiom, the thing disintegrated. In the classroom, while out of his mouth issued the usual pious platitudes about the grandeur of the Periclean Age, he wondered in his mind about the skirt-hidden mysteries of his girl students. He found himself growing more interested in Sappho's antics than in Socrates' dialectics, more in Byron's romantic sport with his Italian countess than in Byron's romantic support of Greek independence, and finally more in the lingerie advertisements of the *Sunday Times* than in its book reviews. In brief, he echoed Keats' cry for a life of sensation rather than a life of thought, and as his students diligently took notes, so did he.

He has now reached the point where he misreads words like "cant," "bullock," and "beast," and he discovers off-color puns in Ezra Taft Benson. The farm surpluses and the vast wasteland, birth control and the arms race, Belsen and Birmingham, these serve only to intensify his private horror; and he gazes longingly at his coeds while they stare carnivorously at their boyfriends.

The real world is not the Abbey of Thélème — nor its modern counterpart the Playboy Penthouse — writ large. In this world, particularly in that part of it which sprouts ivy and term papers, women do not open themselves to Sammy to see how he runs. For some, the great ideals of mankind dwindle into insignificance as the phallic urge pollutes the channels of the cerebral cortex. There is no room to breathe, only to dream, and the more pleasant the dream, the more nightmarish; for the rational mind — still, surprisingly, functioning — reminds: Thou shalt not.

I applaud your hedonistic commitment. For you that is not only a

philosophy, but a practice. But what of him? What of the scholar-lecher who walks the groves of the academy with cheeks and throat tightened at the apparition of beauty? He has tried antidotes: liquor; scholarship; a hobby; *Eros*; marriage; the ACLU; Burton's recommendation to look deep until by seeing the twisting viscera of his unobtainable ideal, he is cured of satyriasis. But these cannot withstand the impress of Jayne Mansfield's flesh.

He has not concluded yet that it is better to be a pig satisfied than a Socrates dissatisfied, but rather that success in life results from the up-and-down mobility between the sensual and the intellectual; each by itself is insufficient and offensive. Yet the knowledge of this truth is more a provocation than a sedation.

This, I suggest, you have neglected in your presentation of *The Playboy Philosophy*. C. P. Snow addressed himself to the problem, and we may well conclude with a quotation from the cultivated prose of *The New Men*: "As I observed what others had observed before, I could not recall of those who had known more than their share of the erotic life, one who, when the end came, did not think that his time had been tolerably well spent."

(Name withheld on request)  
Crawfordsville, Indiana

*We applaud the wisdom that leads you to conclude that "success in life results from the up-and-down mobility between the sensual and the intellectual; each by itself is insufficient and offensive." And we agree with Sir Charles that the erotic life is "tolerably well spent." Our only practical suggestion for your scholar-lecher's conflict is that he make sure the next coed is both sexy and intelligent, then proceed to spend at least some of his time with her tolerably well.*

#### CALVIN'S ERRING DAUGHTER

In a recent installment of *The Playboy Philosophy*, which was largely concerned with a history of the status of women, you made this reference to John Calvin: "His sister-in-law gave herself in adultery in 1557 and his daughter did the same five years later."

I would like very much to use this bit of information in an article I am writing, pleading for a more sensible attitude toward sex. It would make an excellent anecdote to prove my point. Could you give me your source of information?

J. J. Biegenwald  
Monroe, Louisiana

*Our reference source was G. Rattray Taylor's "Sex in History." You can also find substantiation of the immorality of Calvin's daughter in George Catlin's "The Story of the Political Philosophers."*

#### THE MORMON VIEW

I have been struck with the similarities between your *Philosophy* and the philos-

ophy of the Mormon prophet Joseph Smith. With a few minor exceptions the basic premises are the same. His ideas came at a time (1830-1844) when persecution, bigotry, narrowness and hate were even more pronounced than they are today. He finally paid for his advanced ideas with his martyrdom.

Joseph believed that the human personality is the most precious thing in the universe. He taught that "the glory of God is intelligence" and "no one can be saved in ignorance." He instructed that both spirit and body be developed to their highest capabilities.

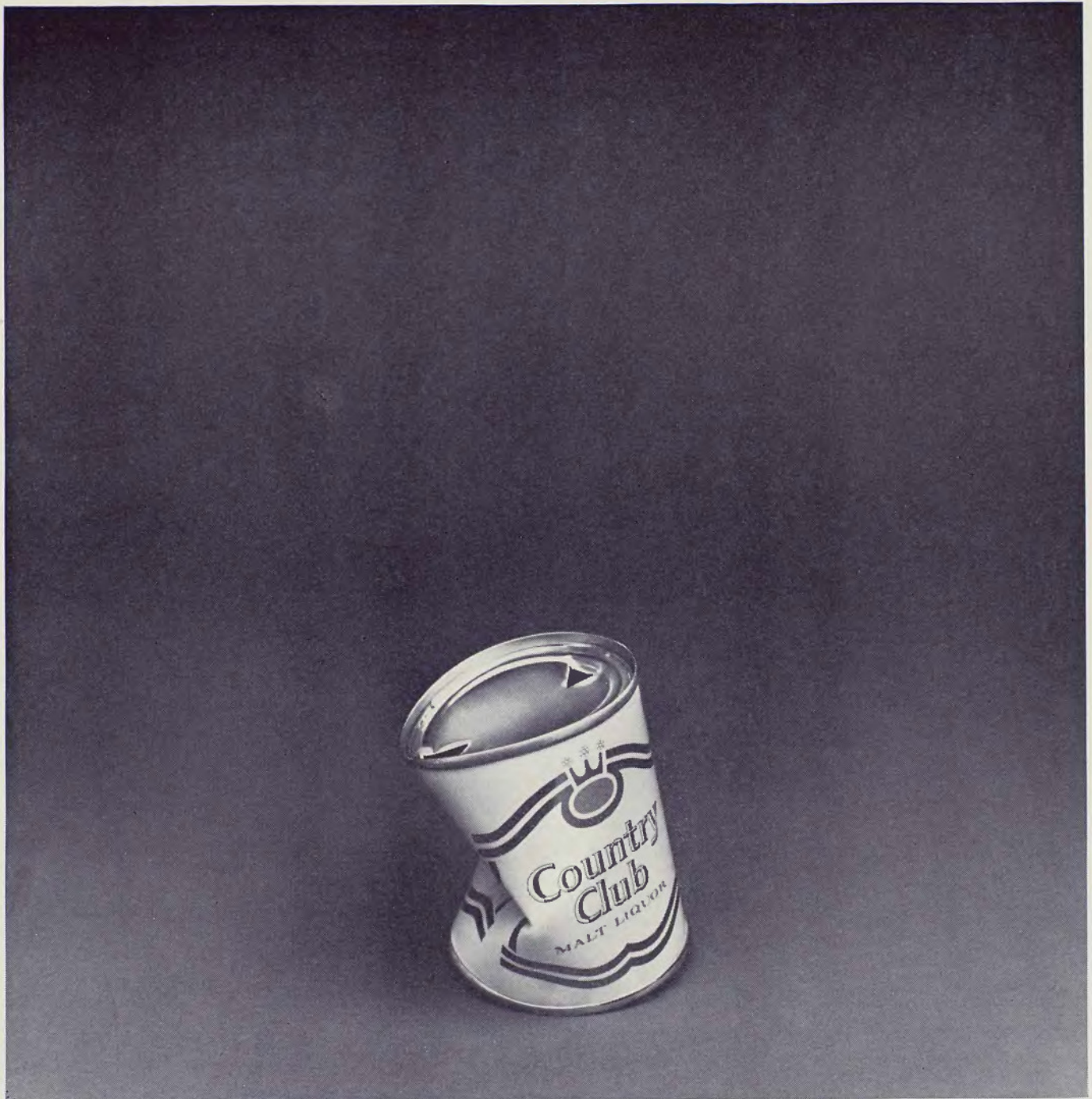
I am sure that were Joseph Smith alive today he would be a regular subscriber to *PLAYBOY* and possibly a contributor, since yours is "as a voice crying out of the wilderness" of bigotry and ignorance. Your magazine epitomizes one of his major tenets, "eternal progression." For you have grown not only in the more mundane areas of size, subscription and advertising, but also, and most notably, in quality. I believe that he would approve of this growth because it gives you the means to express your intellectual and moral feelings and also provides you and your employees a greater opportunity to enjoy the good things of this life.

"Man is that he might have joy." This, combined with a belief in man's basic individual freedom and free agency, comprises the backbone of Mormon theology. Joseph regarded sex in much the same way as you do, except that he even went a little further. The act of procreation is probably the most spiritual of all man's activities. At this time man comes closest to being a "creator" of human life.

There is an interesting story about the do-gooders and moral uplifters who went to Utah for the purpose of "emancipating" the plural wives of those "heathen" Mormons. They built a large building, which is still standing, to provide a refuge for the poor women released from the "bondage" of polygamy. They waited several months for it to fill up with these poor wretches of society, but no one applied. In fact, that Y.W.C.A. for misguided women had only one occupant, a whore, who was unable to make a living in enlightened Salt Lake City.

I am not saying that some narrowness does not exist in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. It does, but in every case it is the work of pinched-minded men and not the church itself. I do believe that it is the one organized religion in the U. S. today that professes and practices the basic freedoms of man spiritually, temporally and sexually.

Larry L. Bowen  
Merced, California



## Strong men have decided preferences

Let's get one thing straight. Country Club is not a beer or an ale. It's malt liquor—a masculine cousin of the other brews. In an age when so much about us is bland and blah, it figured that decisive men would prefer this new kind of brew. It has character. Country Club's special fermenting agent gives it a lively quality that, frankly, appeals mostly to men. You'll find it smooth and mellow, though, because it's aged a good long time. You'll also like its light carbonation—notice what a short head it has—so it sits light throughout an

evening's pleasure. Makes a welcome change of pace from its cousins on the one side and the hard stuff on the other—a drink you can enjoy any time the spirit moves you. There are only eight ounces in this little can, but eight ounces of Country Club make enough for a mighty good drink. Just one reminder: not all malt liquor is Country Club. Only the best. So specify Country Club Malt Liquor. You'll get the message.

**Country Club**  
**MALT LIQUOR**

*It is interesting to note that our sex-suppressed (and hence sex-obsessed) society knows virtually nothing of Mormonism except that it condones polygamy. It is typical of those who accuse others of being preoccupied with sex that they themselves seem unable to think about anything else.*

#### CONVICTION IN CLEVELAND

After reading the last few installments of *The Playboy Philosophy*, I have suddenly become conscious of insidious forces at work in my own community. Last week it was the banning of a Jayne Mansfield motion picture by a small group of self-righteous city police officials, ostensibly because they didn't consider the picture "art." Now a mother has been convicted for advising her 16-year-old daughter of birth-control methods—the daughter has had three illegitimate children!

It is regrettable that some of our own fellow citizens actually think they have the right to force the rest of us to adopt their own beliefs, at the cost of our constitutional liberties.

David Roberts

Case Institute of Technology  
Cleveland, Ohio

*The Cleveland birth-control incident referred to involved a 33-year-old mother, Mrs. Virginia McLaughlin, who was found guilty of contributing to the delinquency of her 16-year-old daughter by advising her of birth-control methods. Mrs. McLaughlin, who received a suspended \$200 fine and workhouse sentence, testified she had told her daughter to use contraceptives if she was going to continue to have sexual relations with men. The daughter had given birth to three illegitimate children in as many years.*

#### TRUTH AND MORALITY

I admire your frankness in setting forth a new philosophy, but I am afraid I cannot agree with it. You call your philosophy one of reason. You attempt to reason out many of the outstanding problems of our society, both political and moral. You are trying to eliminate hypocrisy from our society, but you are doing it in a manner with which I cannot agree. Instead of attempting to elevate man to a level where he is able to follow existing moral codes, you are trying to establish new codes which he can follow. In itself, this does not sound altogether evil; however, it eludes the central question of truth.

There are two types of truth: objective and subjective. In my opinion, you do not stress objective truth with enough emphasis (if at all). Your philosophy seems to be based on the subjective idea of truth, i.e., "This is true because I believe it is true." Objective truth, on

the other hand, does not depend on the consent of the mind. It is true whether one believes it or not. For those who believe in God this objective truth is God's law. For those who do not believe, it can be classified under the heading of natural law.

To become more specific, the natural law states that the primary purpose of sex is for the procreation of the species. Whether or not we subscribe to, or even like this idea, does not make a particle of difference. Man, of course, will try to modify nature and his environment to suit his own ideas. This is something that he has been doing since history began, and although on the surface he has been successful, I wonder if it has made man a nobler and happier species.

Roy R. Stoecker

Bayside, New York

*Why should we attempt to "elevate" man to a "level where he is able to follow existing moral codes" if, in fact, these codes are false or unrealistic? To us this is debasing man, not elevating him.*

*As we stated in the December installment of "The Playboy Philosophy": "We believe in the existence of absolute truth — not in a mystical or religious sense, but in the certainty that the true nature of man and the universe is knowable, and the conviction that the acquisition of such truth should be one of the major goals of mankind."*

*We certainly do think that man's attempt "to modify nature and his environment to suit his own ideas" can make him "a nobler and happier species," but whether it has or hasn't so far does not affect — in our opinion — the validity of the acquisition of truth as a goal in itself.*

#### PHILOSOPHY PLAUDITS

Hugh Hefner is the founder of the "Humanistic Rebellion," the emancipator of the night people, and the man who has been instrumental in throwing off the shackles that had tied millions of human beings to a pillar of ludicrous and stifling anonymity. For all of us, he has reclaimed a vast oasis of human vegetation, and replanted it in an ocean of sunshine, where it may indeed blossom and grow.

Tommy Dolan

St. Marys, Ontario

Congratulations on your fine series, *The Playboy Philosophy*. It is one of the most courageous collections of thought I have ever read. Despite negative criticism, you are giving young America a direction and an honest approach to morality.

Youth has been imbued with the idea that sex equals sin, and has at the same time been subjected to the world's strongest barrage of sex. Rather than

leave youth divided as the supposedly adult guides have done, you are providing an honest and sensible set of ideas. You have brought religious ideas into the open to be judged for what they are. In the past, religion has been seen only through the cloudy haze of the zealot's love or the heretic's hate. It can now be seen objectively.

Keep up this wonderful series. It is one of the things our society most needs.

Randolph E. Schmid  
Auburn, New York

#### GET THE MESSAGE?

I think you're mistaken in the belief that television and movies of today mirror a more liberal attitude toward sex. It may be true that a bit more thigh is exposed on the screen or a couple more "Damns" and "Hells" are muttered, but the message is still the same: the guy who tries to score without the formality of the band of gold is always foiled, or, the young female wanton runs into the dark night and gets done in by a speeding truck. You guys know darn well the current rash of adult movies features Rock Hudsons of various types who, on failing to make it with a chick, link arms with the girl, wink out at the audience, and exclaim while walking out to the sound of the title song, "You know, this marriage bit might be nice after all." Just once I'd like to see 90 minutes of Doris Day shacking with a guy, loving every second of it, and exclaiming at the end, "Boy, what I've been missing all these pictures!"

Stuart Schwartzberg

Paterson, New Jersey

*If you confine your viewing to Doris Day flicks we agree that you may never see conventional morality flouted. However, domestic movies such as "Two for the Seesaw," "Tea and Sympathy," "Irma la Douce" and "Bonjour Tristesse" did show characters breaking conventional moral codes and not suffering the cliché consequences. And among foreign productions the examples are legion. A few: "Never on Sunday," "The Five-Day Lover," "The Cousins," "L'Avventura" and "Doctor No."*

#### SEX VS. GLUTTONY

Your philosophy on sex is taken from a subjective standpoint. You advocate sexual freedom and you base your advocacy on the fact that the sex act fulfills a desire and accomplishes pleasure. This is analogous to advocating gluttony, since gluttony fulfills a desire and gives pleasure.

Looking at the matter objectively, sex is the means of keeping the human race from dying out, just as eating is the means of keeping the individual from dying.

If you will advocate complete sexual freedom (with the use of contracep-

tives), I will advocate complete gluttony (with the use of a feather).

Ralph Gemig  
Parks College  
East Saint Louis, Illinois

*You do that. But with analogies like yours, who needs a feather? Meanwhile, there will be people who enjoy a healthy appetite and take pleasure in satisfying it with delicious foods. They are called gourmets, to distinguish them from those who couldn't care less what they eat, and from the insatiable gluttons who cram themselves hoggishly with any edible they can lay a tooth to.*

#### SERIOUSNESS VS. FUN

You guys at *PLAYBOY* are full of it. In the December issue you explained to a reader that your rabbit symbol is meant to suggest that "the magazine is editorially playful, frisky, and . . . sexy." You suggest that your "hare apparent" is a fun-loving beast — a "bunny *vivant*."

Then a few pages later the big bunny upstairs (that playful, frisky critter) spells out the 13th part of his editorial credo. You kids really take your fun seriously — part 13 runs 25 columns!

Could it be that the editorial credo is no longer guiding the magazine, and that the "dirty" pictures have become just the sugar coating for a correspondence course in Phughlosophy?

Robert E. Perrin  
Monterey Park, California

*PLAYBOY's editorial credo continues to guide the magazine, in much the same way now as it did ten years ago. We have said earlier and will say again that we construe our role as the leading men's entertainment magazine as a mandate to provide "entertainment" in the broadest sense of the word. By attempting to balance ephemera with food for hard thought we try to be the integrated magazine for the integrated man. We have never expected all our features to appeal equally to all readers, and would be sorely distressed if ever they did. We trust that persons like yourself who don't wish to consider the "Philosophy" seriously will find ample other entertainment in our pages. In the December issue to which you refer, for example, there is a total of 648 editorial columns, of which — as you observe — just 25 are devoted to "Philosophy."*

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



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# THE PLAYBOY PHILOSOPHY

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

IN OUR CONTINUING consideration of the rights of the individual in a free society, we discussed in the last installment of this editorial series (February) the extent to which a person's private sexual behavior is the subject of governmental control in America.

This nation was founded on the premise that each one of us is entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; our democratic government was established to protect these rights and our Constitution guarantees them. Yet every state has statutes specifically designed to control the most personal, intimate acts of its citizens.

America is presumably the land of the free and the home of the brave. But our legislators, our judges and our officers of law enforcement are allowed to enter our most private inner sanctuaries—our bedrooms—and dictate the activity that takes place there.

We are free in a voting booth, in a stockholders' meeting, a union hall, or a house of worship, but we are not free in bed. Our democracy, which prides itself on its permissiveness in almost every area of individual endeavor, has proven intolerably restrictive in matters of sex.

Our society's repressive and suppressive antisexualism is derived from twisted theological concepts that became firmly imbedded in Christianity during the Dark Ages, several hundred years after the crucifixion of Christ, and spread and became more severe with Calvinist Puritanism after the Reformation. In the Old World, the people suffered under totalitarian church-state controls of both Catholic and Protestant origin and many of the early colonists in America came here in search of the religious freedom denied them in Europe. Our own founding fathers, well aware of the history of religious tyranny in other countries, established with the Constitution of the United States the concept of a separate church and state as the best means of assuring that both our religion and government would remain free, thus guaranteeing the freedom of the people.

Unfortunately, the seeds of religious antisexualism were already planted in the people themselves, however; in addition, through the centuries, a certain amount of ecclesiastical law had found

## editorial By Hugh M. Hefner

its way into the common law of Europe, and then into American law as well. As a result, not even the guarantees of the Constitution itself were enough to keep our religion and government apart.

### 19TH CENTURY ANTISEXUALISM

Puritan antisexualism increasingly infected both England and America and reached its climax in the 19th Century. We are not suggesting that the period was noted for its purity or sexual abstinence—quite the contrary; as always occurs, the repression merely produced an uncommon amount of perversion and sexual aberration.

We have commented previously on the extent to which Victorian England was obsessed with sex, with an excessive modesty in speech, manners and dress that only accented matters sexual (*The Playboy Philosophy*—Part X, September 1963). The pre-Christian Celts and Saxons were a virile, vigorous, outgoing people; Britain has paid a heavy price for its religious heritage, for the traditional reserve and lack of spontaneity of the Englishman are as much a result of his Puritan past as is his taste for the sado-masochistic pleasures of the whip (flagellation is such a common accommodation of the English prostitute that revelations on the price paid for such services—one pound per stroke—during the Dr. Stephen Ward—Christine Keeler—Mandy Rice-Davies trial raised hardly an eyebrow among blasé Britishers).

In America the antisexual bent of the 1800s was mixed with excessive sentimentality and romanticism; women were placed upon pedestals, virginity and chastity were prized most highly, and the notion that a "nice girl" might experience anything akin to sexual yearning, or take pleasure in the sex act, was unthinkable. Morton M. Hunt, author of *The Natural History of Love*, comments in his chapter for Julian Huxley's *The Humanist Frame*: "...The 19th Century—that high-water mark of romantic and sentimental feeling—was a time when many men were made impotent or masochistic by the prevailing love mores and many women were warped by frigidity and frustration."

It was also early in the last century that the censor first raised his ugly blue snout in America. Our founding fathers had spoken out most forcefully on the subject: In 1814 Thomas Jefferson stated that he was "mortified" to learn that the sale of a book should ever become a subject of inquiry in these United States. "Are we to have a censor whose imprimatur shall say what books may be sold and what we may buy?" Jefferson demanded. "Whose foot is to be the measure to which ours are all to be cut or stretched?"

"For the first hundred years," reports Morris L. Ernst in *The Best Is Yet*, "the United States was unafraid of sex. It was free of literary taboos, except for a remnant of blasphemy.... These men who drafted our Federal Constitution and signed our Declaration of Independence bulged their cheeks with naughty giggles when reading the works of Fielding and Smollett. The plays of Congreve were presented without expurgation. And there was no substantial demand in this land for the importation of a Master of Revels who, since the days of Fielding's attack on Walpole, had been using his shears on the drama of Great Britain..."

But in the beginning of the 19th Century we have what is generally accepted as the first recorded suppression of a literary work in the U. S. on the grounds of obscenity. The book was John Cleland's *Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure*, better known by the name of its heroine, Fanny Hill. Cleland's delightful classic of ribaldry had been around for more than half a century and no one had thought to censor it; Ben Franklin is reputed to have had a copy in his library. But the book was suppressed in the early 1800s, and it did not appear again in legal publication in this country for a century and a half until, in 1963, G. P. Putnam's Sons—emboldened by the recent victories over censorship in the courts—brought forth a new edition. Fanny's reappearance resulted in several obscenity suits which the publisher successfully defended; in the most significant, late in the year, a New York court first held the book to be obscene, then—in as refreshing a bit of jurisprudence as we have

witnessed in the Empire State in a very long while — reversed itself, without the need for appeal to a higher court.

After the unhappy fate of Fanny at the start of the previous century, the censors went back — for a time — to whatever censors do when they're not censoring; in a memorable debate in the U. S. Senate in 1835, Clay, Calhoun and Webster declared that the Federal Government should never have anything to do with censorship; and in that same year a visitor from France, Alexis de Tocqueville, reported: "Attempts have been made by some governments to protect the morality of nations by prohibiting licentious books. In the United States no one is punished for this sort of work."

Yet in 1842 Congress passed a Tariff Act that forbade the importation of "obscene books or pictures into the United States"; and in 1865 another law was passed prohibiting the transmission of objectionable materials through the mail. "But there was one saving grace in these laws," wrote Ernest Sutherland Bates. "It never occurred to anyone apparently that they should be enforced."

"And then around 1870 the lid was clamped down. Censorship spread over the land like a prairie fire." It was imported, like the Puritans themselves, from England. As Andrew Lang expressed it: "English literature had been at least as free-spoken as any other to the death of Smollett. Then in 20 years, at most, English literature became . . . the most respectful of the young person's blush that the world had ever known."

The growing sexual repression of a century erupted in an orgy of censorship — led by the infamous Anthony Comstock and others of his ilk — continuing to the end of the 1800s and into the beginning of the new century.

Comstock toiled for a number of years as an unpaid postal inspector, ferreting out the indecent, the lewd, the lascivious and the obscene in the U. S. mails in what was clearly a labor of love, before graduating to the post of secretary of, and primary spokesman for, the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice. He was responsible for the passage of the Comstock Act, upon which H. L. Mencken reported bitterly: "The story of the passage of the Act of Congress of March 3, 1873, is a classical tale of Puritan impudence and chicanery. Ostensibly . . . the new laws were designed to put down traffic [in obscenity] which, of course, found no defenders — but Comstock had so drawn them that their actual sweep was vastly wider, and once he was firmly in the saddle, his enterprises scarcely knew limits. Having disposed of *The Confessions of Maria Monk* and *Night Life in Paris*, he turned to Rabelais and the *Decameron*, and having driven these agents under the book counters, he pounced upon Zola,

Balzac and Daudet, and having disposed of these, too, he began a pogrom which, in other hands, eventually brought down such astounding victims as Thomas Hardy's *Jude the Obscure*.

"In carrying on this war of extermination upon all ideas that violated their private notions of virtue and decorum, Comstock and his followers were very greatly aided by the vagueness of the law. It prohibited the use of the mails for transporting all matter of 'obscene, lewd, lascivious . . . or filthy' character, but conveniently failed to define these adjectives. As a result . . . it was possible to bring an accusation against practically any publication that aroused the Comstockian blood-lust."

Heywood Broun remarked, "Anthony Comstock may have been entirely correct in his assumption that the division of living creatures into male and female was a vulgar mistake, but a conspiracy of silence about the matter will hardly alter the facts."

Not until the 1920s was there any noticeable tendency toward a thaw in this chilling climate of censorship, and it was not until the most recent years that American maturity and the U. S. courts reached the point where we can once again contemplate the possibility of the free press assured us by our founding fathers.

#### CONTEMPORARY ANTISEXUALISM

Our fear of sex has been sufficient, as we have illustrated in considerable detail in early installments of the *Philosophy*, to rationalize the abridgment of our Constitutionally guaranteed freedoms of both speech and press. Sex has also served as a justification for curtailing academic freedom — and the mere expression of an unpopular opinion on the subject can still cause the dismissal of a college professor (as it did at the University of Illinois in 1960); or a too-realistic, though award-laden, drama by Eugene O'Neill may bring down the wrath of a university president and prompt the resignation of the head and staff of an entire drama department (as occurred at Baylor in 1963).

Discussing, describing or graphically depicting sex too explicitly, or with an improper moral point of view, is still prohibited throughout much of these supposedly free United States. Why? Because it may lead to like behavior. And that is the greatest fear of all: that sex may be indulged in freely, without the burden of guilt and shame placed upon it by our ignorant, superstitious, fear-ridden ancestors in the Middle Ages.

Never mind that the contemporary psychiatrist knows, and will gladly tell any who care to listen, that books, and pictures, and pamphlets and papers that deal openly and honestly with sex have little or no effect upon human behavior and whatever effect they do have is

healthful, rather than injurious, to society; never mind that the science of psychiatry has revealed that it is the repression of the natural sex instinct, and the association of sex with guilt and shame, that cause the hurt to humankind — producing frigidity, impotence, masochism, sadism, homosexuality and all manner of other sexual perversions, social and psychological ills, neuroses and psychoses; never mind that all of history documents the utter impossibility of curbing the normal sex drive, of keeping the male and female free from this sin of the flesh; never mind that modern research into sex behavior has revealed that America's own Puritan attempts at sexual suppression have failed to halt or seriously hinder the "immoral" sex conduct of the majority of our adult population and resulted in nought but frustration, aberration, agony and heart-ache; never mind that any effort to regulate or control the private sexual morality of the adult citizens of the United States is contrary to the principle of individual freedom that is the very foundation of our democracy, and is in conflict with the most basic guarantees of our Constitution and Bill of Rights.

*Never mind* — for such arguments are based upon reason. And there is nothing reasoned or rational about our society's attitude toward sex. It is based, instead, upon an irrational conglomeration of prejudice, superstition, fear, faith, mysticism and malarkey.

#### SEX, RELIGION AND THE STATE

The contemporary Judaeo-Christian concept of sexual morality stems — as we have indicated in some detail in previous issues (*The Playboy Philosophy*, August and September, 1963) — less from original Judaic law or the teachings of Christ than from the extreme antisexualism of the medieval Church, which viewed all sex, both in and out of marriage, and even marriage itself, with extreme distaste; and Calvinist Puritanism, which extended the antagonism toward sexual pleasure to include all pleasure in general.

Both the medieval Church and Calvin's Puritanism ruled their respective European societies with an iron hand, through the ecclesiastical courts and control over the secular governments as well; both demanded obedience of church law — both tortured, imprisoned and executed heretics.

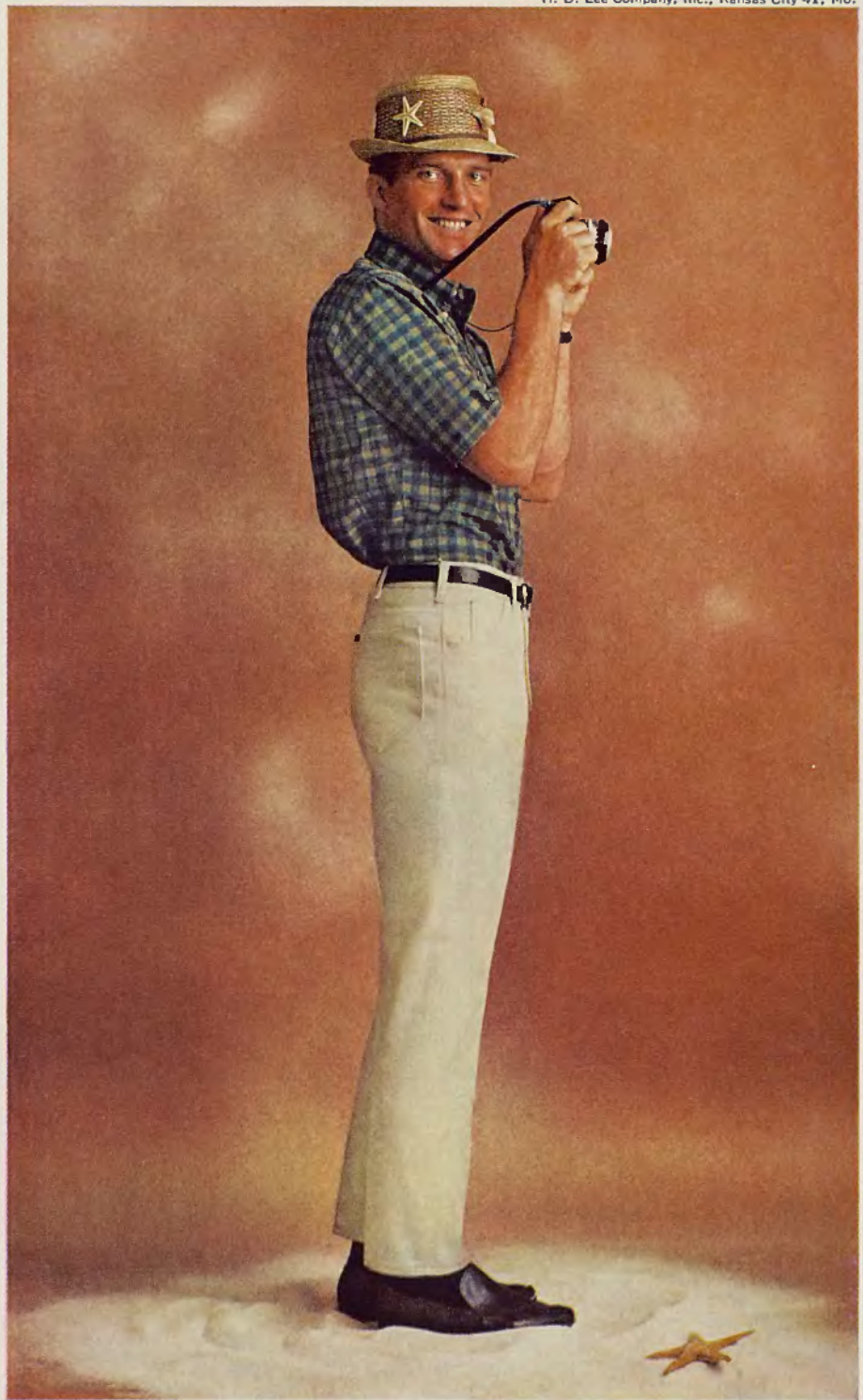
The Church of the Middle Ages established penitential laws regulating every aspect of sexual life, including not only fornication and adultery, but masturbation and even involuntary nocturnal emissions; the Church also decreed the days of the week and the weeks of the year in which it was permissible for the married to indulge in coitus, as well as delineating the sexual techniques to

be used between man and wife in order to remain free from sin; the sexual act was permissible within marriage only and for the single purpose of begetting children — the pleasures of sex were supposed to be kept to a minimum by the pious and it was the pleasure attendant with the act, even more than the act itself, that was thought to be sinful; women were held in extremely low esteem and a number of religious leaders of the period denounced them as the principal source of sin and the cause of man's fall from the grace of God (it was in this time that the Biblical story of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden was given its sexual interpretation, with Eve cast in the role of the temptress — although Christian authorities of every denomination agree that the "Original Sin" was *pride*, and there is no evidence in either the Bible or in any respected theological interpretation of the Scriptures to justify the idea, still held by many, that the sin was sexual).

John Calvin and his Puritan followers accepted sex *within marriage* as essentially good and opposed the celibacy of the priesthood, but Calvin warned against any "indelicacy" in sexual relations and exhorted the married to "restrain themselves from all immodest lasciviousness and impropriety."

He considered it an "inexcusable effrontery" for a wife to touch that part of her husband's body "from the sight and touch of which all chaste women naturally recoil." Puritanism was an essentially joyless religion — in sex and all other aspects of daily life. And sex outside the bonds of marriage was damned as the worst of all possible sins. William Graham Cole, Ph.D. and noted member of the ministry of the Presbyterian Church, previously assistant professor of religion of Smith College and presently President of Lake Forest (Illinois) College, states in his book, *Sex in Christianity and Psychoanalysis*, "Calvin . . . could not believe that God would under any circumstances fail to vent His anger against fornication, and he extended the sense of the Seventh Commandment to cover that as well as all other forms of sexual vice . . ."

"Sodomy Calvin regarded as a particularly heinous crime, since not even the beasts, he said [quite incorrectly], are guilty of such a perversion of nature. Calvin had clearly no experience with the sexual behavior of animals. Bestiality, sexual relations with a member of another species, is another sin repugnant to the modesty of nature itself, and the law very properly [in Calvin's view] prescribes the death penalty . . ." Dr. Cole states that Calvin also "spoke with approval of the severe punishment meted out by Hebrew Law [for] sexual intercourse during menstruation. . . . The . . . sin was punished by exile, and Calvin felt the punishment fit the crime,



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for he regarded any guilty of this as downright degenerate . . ." In Geneva, Calvin attempted, unsuccessfully, to impose the death penalty for adultery, but later, in England, under Puritan rule, adultery was made a capital offense punishable by hanging, and some citizens actually were hung for the crime.

It is not our intention to dwell upon the irrational aspects of such religious doctrine: in a free society, each religion should be free to teach whatever it pleases, rational or not, and each individual free to either accept or reject the belief. What concerns us here is the extent to which this antisexualism has been projected into secular society and has even found its way into the very laws that govern our land.

In the last installment of this editorial series we examined the extent to which religious beliefs on sex are reflected in our laws governing marriage and divorce. Marriage, in our society, is a church-state license to engage in sex and almost all sexual activity outside of marriage is prohibited by statutes on fornication, adultery and cohabitation in most of the 50 states.

We oppose these laws — not as an endorsement of either premarital or extramarital sex — but in the firm belief that such personal conduct should be left to the private determination of the individual and is not rightly the business of government in our democracy. This belief is shared by a great many legal and religious leaders in America, who have been among the most outspoken in the current criticism of our archaic sex statutes.

The legal view was expressed by the American Law Institute, when it authorized a Model Penal Code for sex in 1955 recommending that all consensual relations between adults in private should be excluded from the criminal law, since "no harm to the secular interests of the community is involved in atypical sex practice in private between consenting adult partners and there is the fundamental question of the protection to which every individual is entitled against state interference in his personal affairs when he is not hurting others."

The religious view is expressed by Father James Jones of the Episcopal Church, who has observed that when personal sexual behavior is governed by the state, it is less likely to effectively change the behavior than to make it hidden or secretive, thereby making more difficult the task of religion in dealing with the moral issues involved.

This religious view is confirmed by the facts: Although 37 of the 50 states have laws against fornication and 45 have statutes prohibiting adultery, Dr. Alfred Kinsey and associates, in their monumental study of U. S. sex behavior, published in *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male* and *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female*, found that the

majority of adult men and women in America admitted to having sexual intercourse outside of marriage. Kinsey's studies established that the sexual experience of adult Americans varies widely — depending upon social and educational background, with 67 percent of the males with some college education, 84 percent of those who attended high school but did not go on to college, and 98 percent of the men with only a grade-school education, having engaged in premarital sexual intercourse; approximately 50 percent of all females have coitus prior to marriage and, unlike the statistics for males, this figure increases for women of higher education, with some 60 percent of the females with a college education having had intercourse before marriage.

Although both the social taboos and the statutes are far stricter regarding adultery, Kinsey estimates — taking into account the high degree of cover-up he found among married men in this portion of his study — approximately 50 percent of all married males have sexual intercourse with women other than their wives at some time during their marriage. In Kinsey's study of U. S. females, 26 percent of all married women admitted having engaged in extramarital intercourse; the females with a higher educational background showed a slightly higher incidence, with 29 percent of the wives with some college education admitting to extramarital sex. Here again, as with the married males, Kinsey found a considerable hesitancy on the part of wives to divulge the facts related to marital infidelity — a problem not experienced by the researchers in those portions of the survey dealing with premarital sex, suggesting that the true percentages for extramarital sex among women are somewhat higher.

Using only the minimal estimates supplied by Kinsey and his staff, however, it is safe to say that one out of every two U. S. husbands, and something more than one out of every four wives, will engage in extramarital intercourse at some time during their marriages; in addition, nearly all of the males and one half of the females have premarital intercourse. Quite obviously the U. S. laws prohibiting fornication and adultery are having little effect upon the behavior of a sizable portion of our society.

#### CRIMES AGAINST NATURE

It is in our laws against sodomy, or what some state statutes refer to as "the abominable and detestable crime against nature," that our religiously generated aversion to sex proves most pronounced. Sodomy historically and medically refers to anal intercourse, or buggery, but the statutes on sodomy include all manner of sexual activity conceived by someone, somewhere, at one time or another, to be

"unnatural"; and this means, of course, in this sexually repressed society, almost every variety of sexual activity other than "natural" coitus. Sodomy laws thus cover, in one state or another, not only buggery, but fellatio (oral-genital contact with the male), cunnilingus (oral-genital contact with the female), homosexual behavior, bestiality (sex contact with animals), necrophilia (sexual contact with the dead), and in two states, even mutual masturbation. The very concept of "natural" and "unnatural" sex is, of course, a religious-moral one. Among all these "crimes against nature," only necrophilia is relatively rare and a certain symptom of a serious psychosexual disorder. We will offer no personal moral judgments on the rest of this behavior now — reserving the expression of our own concept of a rational sexual morality for a later installment of this editorial series — but the psychiatrist, without making any moral determination on the subject, would consider almost all of this activity normal (and, therefore, "natural"); and Kinsey found a far greater frequency for most of it than was previously assumed.

Forty-nine of the fifty states and the District of Columbia have sodomy statutes and they include some of the most emotion-tinged language to be found anywhere in the law. The Michigan statute, which states, "Any person who shall commit the abominable and detestable crime against nature, either with mankind or with any animal, shall be guilty of a felony," is typical; the phrase "abominable and detestable crime against nature" appears with such regularity in the sodomy statutes that it has the effect of being an alternate title for the offense, and Rhode Island actually lists the crime under that heading; in Utah, Arizona and Nevada, it is also referred to as the "infamous crime against nature."

The "abominable and detestable" phrase also becomes, in some instances, the sole description of the offenses prohibited under the law. Some of the legislators responsible for initiating and passing the statutes were apparently so embarrassed by the whole business that they offered no further clue to the nature of the crime, except to state that it was illegal if perpetrated "with mankind or animal."

The noted 18th Century jurist Sir William Blackstone, author of the famous *Commentaries*, which are still fundamental in any study of English or U. S. law, reflects the irrational emotionalism associated with these statutes when he writes: "I will not act so disagreeable a part, to my readers as well as myself, as to dwell any longer upon a subject, the very mention of which is a disgrace to human nature. It will be more eligible to imitate in this respect the delicacy of our English law,



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which treats it, in its very indictments, as a crime not fit to be named. . . . Which leads us to add a word concerning its punishment. This the voice of nature and of reason, and the express law of God determined to be capital, of which we have a signal instance, long before the Jewish dispensation, by the destruction of two cities by fire from Heaven; so that this is a universal, not merely a provincial precept; and our ancient law in some degree imitated this punishment, by commanding such miscreants to be burned to death; though Fleta says they should be buried alive; either of which punishments was indifferently used for this crime among the ancient Goths. But now the general punishment of all felonies is the same, namely, by hanging; and this offense (being in time of popery only subject to ecclesiastical censures) was made a felony without benefit of clergy . . ."

The U. S. courts have displayed a similar distaste in dealing with the subject. Thus the judge, in *State vs. Whitmarsh*, commented, "We regret that the importance of this question [whether or not oral-genital contact could be considered a crime against nature] renders it necessary to soil the pages of our reports with a discussion of a subject so loathsome and disgusting as the one confronting us."

Former Judge Morris Ploscowe, of the New York Magistrate's Court, now Adjunct Associate Professor of Law at New York University, states in *Sex and the Law*: "Ever since Lord Coke's time, the attitude of judges has been that sodomy is 'a detestable and abominable sin among Christians not to be named.' The result of this attitude is a sharp departure from the usual rules of criminal pleading. It is one of the basic canons of criminal procedure that a defendant is entitled to know the particulars of the crime charged against him, so that he can adequately prepare his defense. If the indictment is not sufficiently specific, the defendant has a right to demand a bill of particulars. But when a man is charged with sodomy or a crime against nature, an indictment in the language of the statute is enough. It is enough that the indictment alleges that at a particular time and place the defendant committed a 'crime against nature' with a specific person. The defendant need not be informed of the particular sexual perversion which is charged against him. As the Court put it in the case of *Honselman vs. People*:

"It was never the practice to describe the particular manner or the details of the commission of the crime, but the offense was treated in the indictment as the abominable crime not fit to be named among Christians. The existence of such an offense is a disgrace to human nature. The legislature has not seen fit to define it further than by the general

term, and the records of the courts need not be defiled with the details of different acts which may go to constitute it. A statement of the offense in the language of the statute is all that is required."

#### HETEROSEXUAL SODOMY

Although English common law, from which our own statutes on the subject are derived, defined and prohibited only buggery with mankind or beast as "the crime against nature," carrying the penalty of death, a majority of the present-day U. S. statutes include both oral and anal intercourse under sodomy.

Moreover, none of the statutes in any of the 49 states make any distinction between heterosexual and homosexual sodomy — both are prohibited under the law; and what is even less clearly recognized is that *none* of the U. S. statutes make any distinction between the married and the unmarried. Our Government thus specifies, quite literally, *where* a husband and wife may, and may not, kiss one another; and the manner in which the sex act may be initiated and carried out in the marriage bed without becoming illegal.

Modern insights into human behavior have radically changed society's views on the subject of perversion, of course, and what was once considered "unnatural" in sex is now recognized as perfectly normal, and in many instances, desirable. A majority of our contemporary marriage manuals, courses in sex education, and counselors on the problems of sex and family, stress a natural freedom in the love play that accompanies marital coitus; both husband and wife are informed that the intimate preliminaries of sex can be important in achieving the full satisfaction of both partners; every part of the loved one should be dear, and free from shame, and the sexual foreplay may quite properly include kisses and caresses wherever desired; no act of intimacy that brings pleasure to both members of the mating should be considered improper or taboo.

This quote from *Sexual Harmony in Marriage* by Oliver M. Butterfield, Ph.D., a book reportedly given by some members of the Presbyterian clergy to young couples about to be married, is typical: "Any position is proper which permits full satisfaction for both parties. All parts of the body are proper for use if they can be made to contribute to the general goal without giving offense to the taste or feelings of either partner, and if neither partner is harmed thereby."

Dr. Albert Ellis states, in an article published in *Marriage and Family Living*: "The only true sexual 'perversion' is a fetish or rigidity which convinces an individual that he or she can only have satisfactory sex relations in one method or position. The great majority of sexual 'perverts' in this country are not sadists,

homosexuals, exhibitionists, or similar deviates, but 'normal' married individuals who only enjoy one method of coitus . . . because they are afraid or ashamed to try the dozens of other sexual variations that are easily available to them."

In offering such psychologically sound advice, the marriage manuals, educators and counselors of America are actually inviting husbands and wives to commit criminal acts in their bedrooms — acts that are prohibited by law almost everywhere in the United States, with lengthy prison sentences prescribed for the guilty.

Since the relations between a man and his wife are most often kept private, relatively few instances of such behavior come to public attention. Kinsey reports, in *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male*, however, "While the laws are more commonly enforced in regard to such relations outside of marriage, there are instances of spouses whose oral activities became known to their children, and through them to the neighborhood, and ultimately led to prosecution and penal sentences for both husband and wife . . ."

More often this behavior comes to light as the result of a divorce action, although Ploscowe comments that it has been customary for the courts to view such charges with skepticism when they are a part of a suit for divorce, since they are inherently unprovable and rest solely upon the assertion of the party seeking to end the marriage. Sometimes the behavior comes to light through charges lodged by an unwilling partner in oral or anal sex, because the act was allegedly performed under duress.

Kinsey states in his second volume, *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female*, "We have cases of persons who were convicted because one of the spouses objected, or because some other person became aware that oral or anal play had been included in the marital activities." Kinsey observes that there have been relatively few actual convictions of husbands or wives under U. S. sodomy laws, but adds, "As long as they remain on the books, they are subject to capricious enforcement and become tools for blackmailers. In those states where the definition of cruelty as one of the grounds for divorce includes 'personal indignities' or 'mental cruelty,' divorce cases involving either the husband's or the wife's desires or demands for the use of oral techniques are not infrequent."

For the unmarried, the chances of discovery and possible prosecution are obviously greater. Completion of the act to orgasm, with either the male or female, is not required to be guilty of the offense — the act itself is sufficient; in some states, a conviction may be based upon circumstantial evidence, or simply upon an *attempt* to commit the act: Alabama's statute on the "crime against

(continued on page 176)



## WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

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# YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE

*at this point, it looked like  
curtains for james bond;  
he was skimping on his work,  
gambling, wenching,  
and on the edge of becoming  
a security risk*

## Part I of a new novel By IAN FLEMING

THE GEISHA CALLED Trembling Leaf, on her knees beside James Bond, leaned forward from the waist and kissed him chastely on the right cheek. "That's a cheat," said Bond severely. "You agreed that if I won it would be a real kiss on the mouth. At the very least," he added.

Gray Pearl, the madam, who had black lacquered teeth, a bizarre affectation, and was so thickly made up that she looked like a character out of a no play, translated. There was much giggling and cries of encouragement. Trembling Leaf covered her face with her pretty hands as if she were being required to perform some ultimate obscenity. But then the fingers divided and the pert brown eyes examined Bond's mouth, as if taking aim, and her body lanced forward. This time the kiss was full on the lips and it lingered fractionally. In invitation? In promise? Bond remembered that he had been promised a "pillow geisha." Technically, this would be a geisha of low caste. She would not be proficient in the traditional arts of her calling—she would not be able to tell humorous stories, sing, paint or compose verses about her patron. But, unlike her cultured sisters, she might agree to perform more robust services—discreetly, of course, in conditions of the utmost privacy and at a high price. But, to the boorish, brutalized tastes of a *gaijin*, a foreigner, this made more sense than having a tanka of 31 syllables, which in any case he couldn't understand, equate, in exquisite ideograms, his charms with budding chrysanthemums on the slopes of Mount Fuji.

The applause which greeted this unbridled exhibition of lasciviousness

To Bond, there was really  
no point in playing a game . . .



D. Schwartz







Chitose

died quickly and respectfully. The powerful, chunky man in the black *yukata*, sitting directly across the low red-lacquer table from Bond, had taken the Dunhill filter holder from between his golden teeth and had laid it beside his ashtray. "Bondo-san," said Tiger Tanaka, head of the Japanese Secret Service, "I will now challenge you to this ridiculous game, and I promise you in advance that you will not win." The big, creased brown face that Bond had come to know so well in the past month split expansively. The wide smile closed the almond eyes to slits—slits that glittered. Bond knew that smile. It wasn't a smile. It was a mask with a golden hole in it.

Bond laughed. "All right, Tiger. But first, more sake! And not in these ridiculous thimbles. I've drunk five flasks of the stuff and its effect is about the same as one double martini. I shall need another double martini if I am to go on demonstrating the superiority of Western instinct over the wiles of the Orient. Is there such a thing as a lowly glass tumbler discarded in some corner behind the cabinets of Ming?"

"Bondo-san. Ming is Chinese. Your knowledge of porcelain is as meager as your drinking habits are gross. Moreover, it is unwise to underestimate sake. We have a saying, 'It is the man who drinks the first flask of sake; then the second flask drinks the first; then it is the sake that drinks the man.'" Tiger Tanaka turned to Gray Pearl and there followed a laughing conversation which Bond interpreted as jokes at the expense of this uncouth Westerner and his monstrous appetites. At a word from the madam, Trembling Leaf bowed low and scurried out of the room. Tiger turned to Bond. "You have gained much face, Bondo-san. It is only the *sumo* wrestlers who drink sake in these quantities without showing it. She says you are undoubtedly an eight-flask man." Tiger's face became sly. "But she also suggests that you will not make much of a companion for Trembling Leaf at the end of the evening."

"Tell her that I am more interested in her own more mature charms. She will certainly possess talents in the art of lovemaking which will overcome any temporary lassitude on my part."

This leaden gallantry got what it deserved. There came a spirited crackle of Japanese from Gray Pearl. Tiger translated. "Bondo-san, this is a woman of some wit. She has made a joke. She says she is already respectably married

to one *bonsan* and there is no room on her *futon* for another. *Bonsan* means a priest, a graybeard. *Futon*, as you know, is a bed. She has made a joke on your name."

The geisha party had been going on for two hours, and Bond's jaws were aching with the unending smiles and polite repartee. Far from being entertained by the geisha, or bewitched by the inscrutable discords issuing from the catskin-covered box of the three-stringed *samisen*, Bond had found himself having to try desperately to make the party go. He also knew that Tiger Tanaka had been observing his efforts with a sadistic pleasure. Dikko Henderson had warned him that geisha parties were more or less the equivalent, for a foreigner, of trying to entertain a lot of unknown children in a nursery with a strict governess, the madam, looking on. But Dikko had also warned him that he was being done a great honor by Tiger Tanaka, that the party would cost Tiger a small fortune, whether from secret funds or from his own pocket, and that Bond had better put a good face on the whole thing, since this looked like being a breakthrough in Bond's mission. But it could equally well be disaster.

So now Bond smiled and clapped his hands in admiration. He said to Tiger, "Tell the old bitch she's a clever old bitch," accepted the brimming tumbler of hot sake from the apparently adoring hands of Trembling Leaf, and downed it in two tremendous gulps. He repeated the performance so that more sake had to be fetched from the kitchen, then he placed his fist decisively on the red-lacquer table and said with mock belligerence, "All right, Tiger! Go to it!"

It was the old game of scissors cut paper, paper wraps stone, stone blunts scissors, that is played by children all over the world. The fist is the stone, two outstretched fingers are the scissors, and a flat hand is the paper. The closed fist is hammered twice in the air simultaneously by the two opponents and, at the third downward stroke, the chosen emblem is revealed. The game consists of guessing which emblem the opponent will choose, and of you yourself choosing one that will defeat him. Best of three goes or more. It is a game of bluff.

Tiger Tanaka rested his fist on the table opposite Bond. The two men looked carefully into each other's eyes. There was dead silence in the boxlike

lath-and-paper room, and the soft gurgling of the tiny brook in the ornamental square of garden outside the opened partition could be heard clearly for the first time that evening. Perhaps it was this silence, after all the talk and giggling, or perhaps it was the deep seriousness and purpose that was suddenly evident in Tiger Tanaka's formidable, cruel, samurai face, but Bond's skin momentarily crawled. For some reason this had become more than a children's game. Tiger had promised he would beat Bond. To fail would be to lose much face. How much? Enough to breach a friendship that had become oddly real between the two of them over the past weeks? This was one of the most powerful men in Japan. To be defeated by a miserable *gaijin* in front of the women might be a matter of great moment to this man. The defeat might leak out through the women. In the West, such a trifle would be farcically insignificant, like a cabinet minister losing a game of backgammon at Blades. But in the East? In a very short while, Dikko Henderson had taught Bond total respect for Oriental conventions, however old-fashioned or seemingly trivial, but Bond was still at sea in their gradations. This was a case in point. Should Bond try and win at this baby game of bluff and double bluff, or should he try to lose? But to try and lose involved the same cleverness at correctly guessing the other man's symbols in advance. It was just as difficult to lose on purpose as to win. And anyway, did it really matter? Unfortunately, on the curious assignment in which James Bond was involved, he had a nasty feeling that even this idiotic little gambit had significance toward success or failure.

As if with second sight, Tiger Tanaka spelled the problem out. He gave a harsh, taut laugh that was more of a shout than an expression of humor or pleasure. "Bondo-san, with us, and certainly at a party at which I am the host and you are the honored guest, it would be good manners for me to let you win this game that we are to play together. It would be more. It would be required behavior. So I must ask your forgiveness in advance for defeating you."

Bond smiled cheerfully. "My dear Tiger, there is no point in playing a game unless you try to win. It would be a very great insult to me if you endeavored to play to lose. But if I may say so, your remarks are highly provocative. They are like the taunts of the

... unless you played to win.

sumo wrestlers before the bout. If I was not myself so certain of winning, I would point out that you spoke in English. Please tell our dainty and distinguished audience that I propose to rub your honorable nose in the dirt at this despicable game and thus display not only the superiority of Great Britain, and particularly Scotland, over Japan, but also the superiority of our Queen over your Emperor." Bond, encouraged perhaps by the crafty ambush of the sake, had committed himself. This kind of joking about their different cultures had become a habit between himself and Tiger, who, with a first in P.P.E. at Trinity before the war, prided himself in the *demokorasu* of his outlook and the liberality and breadth of his understanding of the West. But Bond, having spoken, caught the sudden glitter in the dark eyes, and he thought of Dikko Henderson's cautionary "Now listen, you stupid limey bastard. You're doing all right. But don't press your luck. T.T.'s a civilized kind of a chap — as Japs go, that is. But don't overdo it. Take a look at that mug. There's Manchu there, and Tartar. And don't forget the so-and-so was a Black Belt at judo before he ever went up to your bloody Oxford. And don't forget he was spying for Japan when he called himself assistant naval attaché in their London embassy before the war and you stupid bastards thought he was OK because he'd got a degree at Oxford. And don't forget his war record. Don't forget he ended up as personal aide to Admiral Ohnishi and was training as a kamikaze when the Americans made loud noises over Hiroshima and Nagasaki and the Rising Sun suddenly took a backward somersault into the sea. And, if you forget all that, just ask yourself why it's T.T. rather than any other of the ninety million Japanese who happens to hold down the job as head of the *Koan-Chōsa-Kyōku*. OK, James? Got the photo?"

Since Bond had arrived in Japan he had assiduously practiced sitting in the lotus position. Dikko Henderson had advised it. "If you make the grade with these people," he had said, "or even if you don't, you'll be spending a lot of time sitting on your ass on the ground. There's only one way to do it without cracking your joints; that's in the Indian position, squatting with your legs crossed and the sides of your feet hurting like hell on the floor. It takes a bit of practice, but it won't kill you and you'll end up gaining plenty of face." Bond had more or less mastered the art, but now, after two hours, his knee joints were on fire and he felt that if he didn't alter his posture he would end up bandy-legged for life. He said to Tiger, "Playing against a master such as yourself, I must first adopt a relaxed position so that my brain may be totally

concentrated." He got painfully to his feet, stretched and sat down again — this time with one leg extended under the low table and with his left elbow resting on the bent knee of the other. It was a blessed relief. He lifted his tumbler and, obediently, Trembling Leaf filled it from a fresh flagon. Bond downed the sake, handed the tumbler to the girl and suddenly crashed his right fist down on the lacquer table so that the little boxes of sweetmeats rattled and the porcelain tinkled. He looked belligerently across at Tiger Tanaka. "Right!"

Tiger bowed. Bond bowed back. The girls leaned forward expectantly.

Tiger's eyes bored into Bond's, trying to read his plan. Bond had decided to have no plan, display no pattern. He would play completely at random, showing the symbol that his fist decided to make at the psychological moment after the two hammer blows.

Tiger said, "Three games of three?" "Right."

The two fists rose slowly from the table top, quickly hammered twice in unison and shot forward. Tiger had kept his fist balled in the stone. Bond's palm was open in the paper that wrapped the stone. One up to Bond. Again the ritual and the moment of truth. Tiger had kept to the stone. Bond's first and second fingers were open in the scissors, blunted by Tiger's stone. One all.

Tiger paused and placed his fist against his forehead. He closed his eyes in thought. He said, "Yes. I've got you, Bondo-san. You can't escape."

"Good show," said Bond, trying to clear his mind of the suspicion that Tiger would keep to the stone, or alternatively, that Tiger would expect him to play it that way, expect Bond to play the paper and himself riposte with the scissors to cut the paper. And so on and so forth. The three emblems whirled round in Bond's mind like the symbols on a fruit machine.

The two fists were raised — one, two, forward!

Tiger had kept to his stone. Bond had wrapped it up with the paper. First game to Bond.

The second game lasted longer. They both kept on showing the same symbol, which meant a replay. It was as if the two players were getting the measure of each other's psychology. But that could not be so, since Bond had no psychological intent. He continued to play at random. It was just luck. Tiger won the game. One all.

Last game! The two contestants looked at each other. Bond's smile was bland, rather mocking. A glint of red shone in the depths of Tiger's dark eyes. Bond saw it and said to himself, "I would be wise to lose. Or would I?" He won the game in two straight goes.

blunting Tiger's scissors with his stone, wrapping Tiger's stone with his paper.

Tiger bowed low. Bond bowed even lower. He sought for a throwaway remark. He said, "I must get this game adopted in time for your Olympics. I would certainly be chosen to play for my country."

Tiger Tanaka laughed with controlled politeness. "You play with much insight. What was the secret of your method?"

Bond had had no method. He quickly invented the one that would be most polite to Tiger. "You are a man of rock and steel, Tiger. I guessed that the paper symbol would be the one you would use the least. I played accordingly."

This bit of mumbo jumbo got by. Tiger bowed. Bond bowed and drank more sake, toasting Tiger. Released from the tension, the geisha applauded and the madam instructed Trembling Leaf to give Bond another kiss. She did so. How soft the skins of Japanese women were! And their touch was almost weightless! James Bond was plotting the rest of his night when Tiger said, "Bondo-san, I have matters to discuss with you. Will you do me the honor of coming to my house for a nightcap?"

Bond immediately put away his lascivious thoughts. According to Dikko, to be invited to a Japanese private house was a most unusual sign of favor. So, for some reason, he had done right to win this childish game. This might mean great things. Bond bowed. "Nothing would give me more pleasure, Tiger."

An hour later they were sitting in blessed chairs with a drink tray between them. The lights of Yokohama glowed a deep orange along the horizon, and a slight smell of the harbor and the sea came in through the wide-open partition leading onto the garden. Tiger's house was designed, enchantingly, as is even the meanest Japanese salaried man's house, to establish the thinnest possible dividing line between the inhabitant and nature. The three other partitions in the square room were also fully slid back, revealing a bedroom, a small study and a passage.

Tiger had opened the partitions when they entered the room. He had commented, "In the West, when you have secrets to discuss, you shut all the doors and windows. In Japan, we throw everything open to make sure that no one can listen at the thin walls. And what I have now to discuss with you is a matter of the very highest secrecy. The sake is warm enough? You have the cigarettes you prefer? Then listen to what I have to say to you and swear on your honor to divulge it to no one." Tiger Tanaka gave his great golden

(continued overleaf)



*"For God's sake, Harry, not here!"*

shout of mirthless laughter. "If you were to break your promise, I would have no alternative but to remove you from the earth."

Exactly one month before, it had been the eve of the annual closing of Blades. On the next day, September first, those members who were still unfashionably in London would have to pig it for a month at White's or Boodle's. White's they considered noisy and "smart," Boodle's too full of superannuated country squires who would be talking of nothing but the opening of the partridge season. For Blades, it was one month in the wilderness. But there it was. The staff, one supposed, had to have their holiday. More important, there was some painting to be done and there was dry rot in the roof.

M, sitting in the bow window looking out over St. James's Street, couldn't care less. He had two weeks' trout fishing on the Test to look forward to and, for the other two weeks, he would have sandwiches and coffee at his desk. He rarely used Blades, and then only to entertain important guests. He was not a "clubbable" man and if he had had the choice he would have stuck to The Senior, that greatest of all Service clubs in the world. But too many people knew him there, and there was too much "shop" talked. And there were too many former shipmates who *would* come up and ask him what he had been doing with himself since he retired. And the lie, "Got a job with some people called Universal Export," bored him, and, though verifiable, had its risks.

Porterfield hovered with the cigars. He bent and offered the wide case to M's guest. Sir James Molony raised a quizzical eyebrow. "I see the Havanas are still coming in." His hand hesitated. He picked out a Romeo y Julieta, pinched it gently and ran it under his nose. He turned to M. "What's Universal Export sending Castro in return? Blue Streak?"

M was not amused. Porterfield observed that he wasn't. As Chief Petty Officer, he had served under M in one of his last commands. He said quickly, but not too quickly, "As a matter of fact, Sir James, the best of the Jamaicans are quite up to the Havanas these days. They've got the outer leaf just right at last." He closed the glass lid of the case and moved away.

Sir James Molony picked up the piercer the headwaiter had left on the table and punctured the tip of his cigar with precision. He lit a Swan Vesta and waved its flame to and fro across the tip and sucked gently until he had got the cigar going to his satisfaction. Then he took a sip, first at his brandy and then at his coffee, and sat back. He observed the corrugated brow of his

host with affection and irony. He said, "All right, my friend. Now tell me. What's the problem?"

M's mind was elsewhere. He seemed to be having difficulty getting his pipe going. He said vaguely, between puffs, "What problem?"

Sir James Molony was the greatest neurologist in England. The year before, he had been awarded a Nobel Prize for his now famous *Some Psychosomatic Side Effects of Organic Inferiority*. He was also nerve specialist by appointment to the Secret Service and, though he was rarely called in, and then only *in extremis*, the problems he was required to solve intrigued him greatly because they were both human and vital to the state. And, since the war, the second qualification was a rare one.

M turned sideways to his guest and watched the traffic up St. James's.

Sir James Molony said, "My friend, like everybody else, you have certain patterns of behavior. One of them consists of occasionally asking me to lunch at Blades, stuffing me like a Strasbourg goose, and then letting me in on some ghastly secret and asking me to help you with it. The last time, as I recall, you wanted to find out if I could extract certain information from a foreign diplomat by getting him under deep hypnosis without his knowledge. You said it was a last resort. I said I couldn't help you. Two weeks later, I read in the paper that this same diplomat had come to a fatal end by experimenting with the force of gravity from a tenth-floor window. The coroner gave an open verdict of the 'Fell Or Was Pushed' variety. What song am I to sing for my supper this time?" Sir James Molony relented. He said with sympathy, "Come on M! Get it off your chest!"

M looked him coldly in the eye. "It's 007. I'm getting more and more worried about him."

"You've read my two reports on his condition. Anything new?"

"No. Just the same. He's going slowly to pieces. Late at the office. Skimps his work. Makes mistakes. He's drinking too much and losing a lot of money at one of these new gambling clubs. It all adds up to the fact that one of my best men is on the edge of becoming a security risk. Absolutely incredible considering his record."

Sir James Molony shook his head with conviction. "It's not in the least incredible. You either don't read my reports or you don't pay enough attention to them. I have said all along that the man is suffering from shock." Sir James Molony leaned forward and pointed his cigar at M's chest. "You're a hard man, M. In your job you have to be. But there are some problems, the human ones for instance, that you can't always solve with a rope's end. This is a case

in point. Here's this agent of yours, just as tough and brave as I expect you were at his age. He's a bachelor and a confirmed womanizer. Then he suddenly falls in love, partly, I suspect, because this woman was a bird with a wing down and needed his help. It's surprising what soft centers these so-called tough men always have. So he marries her and within a few hours she's shot dead by this supergangster chap. What was his name?"

"Blofeld," said M. "Ernst Stavro Blofeld."

"All right. And your man got away with nothing worse than a crack on the head. But then he started going to pieces and your M.O. thought he might have suffered some brain injury and sent him along to me. Nothing wrong with him at all. Nothing physical, that is—just shock. He admitted to me that all his zest had gone. That he wasn't interested in his job anymore, or even in his life. I hear this sort of talk from patients every day. It's a form of psychoneurosis, and it can grow slowly or suddenly. In your man's case, it was brought on out of the blue by an intolerable life situation—or one that he found intolerable because he had never encountered it before—the loss of a loved one, aggravated in his case by the fact that he blamed himself for her death. Now, my friend, neither you nor I have had to carry such a burden, so we don't know how we would react under it. But I can tell you that it's a hell of a burden to lug around. And your man's caving in under it. I thought, and I said so in my report, that his job, its dangers and emergencies and so forth, would shake him out of it. I've found that one must try and teach people that there's no top limit to disaster—that, so long as breath remains in your body, you've got to accept the miseries of life. They will often seem infinite, insupportable. They are part of the human condition. Have you tried him on any tough assignments in the last few months?"

"Two," said M drearily. "He bungled them both. On one he nearly got himself killed, and on the other he made a mistake that was dangerous for others. That's another thing that worries me. He didn't make mist: before. Now suddenly he's become accident-prone."

"Another symptom of his neurosis. So what are you going to do about it?"

"Fire him," said M brutally. "Just as if he'd been shot to pieces or got some incurable disease. I've got no room in his Section for a lame-brain, whatever his past record or whatever excuses you psychologists can find for him. Pension, of course. Honorable discharge and all that. Try and find him a job. One of these new security organizations for the banks might take him." M looked

(continued on page 128)



**PLAYBOY'S SPRING & SUMMER FASHION FORECAST**  
**ATTIRE BY ROBERT L. GREEN THE DEFINITIVE STATEMENT**  
**ON THE COMING TRENDS IN MENSWEAR AND ACCESSORIES**



WOMEN'S APPAREL BY JAX

*Preceding page: Date reclines drowsily on dune as sandman scans horizon in eight-button alpaca cardigan with crew neck, short sleeves, by Brentwood, \$21; Dacron-cotton swim shorts with front buckle, side cinch tabs, by Corbin, \$14. Above: Girl cuddles close to guy's acrylic-knit beach warmer with zip front, stand-up collar, by Robert Lewis, \$20; Lastex swimsuit, by Catalina, \$7.*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY J. BARRY O'ROURKE AND LARRY GORDON

**T**HE FASHION MESSAGE this season is as clear and bright as the noonday sun: Light makes right. This spring, as the days grow longer and summertime beckons you toward the easier living ahead, count on breezier and more cheerful colors, fabrics and designs to add ease and luster to your work-and-play wardrobe.

The big move to the light and the bright will take its cue from the warm side of the spectrum. Don't be surprised if you hear your own voice among the chorus of hosannas for hues ranging from stark white and off-whites to pale blues and olives.

Prepare, too, for a resurgence of the tan shades in the family of earth colors, with taupe, putty and clay leading the way. Even the dark shades will be less somber — what was considered a medium tone in the days of charcoal's reign will fall into this season's deepest color range. There, the big favorite will be traditional gray, with a slight touch of blue to give it a fresh look.

For years, Newport-inspired cream-colored flannel slacks were warm-weather staples. This summer, however, white will sail out of Newport and extend its domain over every fabric from lush doeskin to practical duck. Its most important uses will be as







*Above: Horseplayfully inviting naiads for splash in sea, surfers are admirably accoutered for occasion in, l to r, madras trunks with zip fly, string-tie front, by McGregor, \$9; Vycron-cotton trunks with button fly, string-tie front, by Robert Lewis, \$8.*



*Far left: Distaff member of mutual admiration society is sold on his style—and his stylishness—in cotton madras shirt jacket, by Eagle, \$9; Dacron-cotton belt-loop trousers, by YMM, \$13. Left top: Returning sandy souvenir from whence it came, gentleman gets assist from miss who gives him a hand for support and for his choice of sportswear: cotton denim shirt jacket, by Eagle, \$6.50; Arnel-cotton twist cord slacks, by H.I.S., \$6. Left bottom: Well-dressed man above town spurns traditional pilot's garb, has pretty passenger in a tail-spin over his Italian alpaca V-neck pullover, by Damon, \$22.50; short-sleeved rayon-cotton-linen shirt jacket with tapered body, by Robert Bruce, \$6; cotton-flax walk shorts with extension waistband, by Cracker Barrel, \$11. Right: Two on the isle, a modern Crusoe and girl Friday survey seascape; he sports Zantrel-cotton pullover with attached hood, side zipper, by William Barry, \$8; beltless cotton duck slacks with top pockets, by H.I.S., \$5.*

a ground color for sports coats and in off shades for suitings.

When shopping for lightweight spring and summer suits, you can expect to encounter a far greater emphasis on texture than on pattern as a decorative foundation. (The one major exception is the perennial glen plaid.)

This summer, the natural-shoulder coat will remain a three-button, center-vent affair. Many conventional and high-style suits, however, will have side vents and two buttons and will be marked by an eased trim-and-tapered look. Fabrics for suits will be traditional: worsteds, sharkskins, gabardines and whipcords as well as hardy seer-suckers.

Now, let's crystal-ball the warm-weather furnishings scene. Since your wardrobe this season will generally understate patterning, furnishings will take up the slack with dress shirts decked out in bright stripes, checks and plaids against backgrounds of blue,





*Left: Beauty in background yields limelight to our man's Dacron-wool jacket with flap pockets, center vent, by Michaels Stern, \$45; batiste oxford buttondown, by Sero, \$6.50; cotton knit tie, by Taylor, \$2.50. Above: Airborne house guests drop in for weekend—at doorstep of bear-hugging host and friend, who are brightly attired for cocktails on terrace in, l to r, three-button Arnel-cotton jacket, \$30, coordinated belted slacks, \$15, both by Cricketeer; Dacron-cotton seersucker jacket, \$35, coordinated Dacron-rayon-cotton beltless slacks with side pockets, \$16, both by Palm Beach. Right: Down-to-earth airman wears spring-weight wool topcoat with raglan sleeves, silk lining, by Barry Walt, \$110; hand-woven raw-silk hat with stitched brim, self-band, side feather, by Better Made, \$12.50.*



bamboo, light gray, maize and pink. The gripper tab, traditional buttondown and moderate spread tell the collar story.

Warm-weather neckwear will show a strong accent on color in neater, planned designs for two-and-one-half- to three-inch widths. Held over for another season are the very narrow one-inch to one-and-one-half-inch slims. Striking reps—with authentic regimental and contemporary patterns—will be popular. Colors will not be as light as is customary for spring, because this season's predominantly lighter tones call for four-in-hands in medium to dark shades.

Let your cuff-link collection reflect the fresh seasonal spirit with semiprecious gems in cool colors—particularly onyx, jade, blue jasper and topaz. Silver and gold, always in good taste, will glisten no less sumptuously this year. Handsome wrap-around links with ornate Florentine finishes now join the more conventional styling in cuff closures. Avoid coronation-size jewelry—it tends to be vulgar and nearly always is a glaring beacon rather than a highlight. (text continued on page 86)



*Above: Guest expresses regrets to charming dinner companion for unavoidable eat-and-run tactics, prepares to leave on business trip in Dacron-wool-mohair suit with one-button front, slanted flap pockets, side vents, by Phoenix, \$65; cotton batiste madras shirt, by Sero, \$7. Anything but displeased at prospect of being shared by pair of pretties, host is the most in Dacron-worsted suit with welt seams, hook vent, by H. Daroff, \$65; cotton buttondown, by Van Heusen, \$4; silk pocket square, by Handcraft, \$2.50.*

*Left: Poolside foursome has decided to forgo a cool dip for some dry martinis. Landlubbing lads sport, l to r, two-button wool jacket with hacking pockets, belted slacks, by PBM, \$75, and cotton madras buttondown, by Hathaway, \$9; Arnel-rayon jacket, by Haspel, \$35, and muslin oxford buttondown, by Van Heusen, \$5.*

*Right: Dusk's glow evokes soft sentiments—and rich tones of his Dacron-Orlon Sayelle suit, by Haspel, \$50; broadcloth shirt, by Excello, \$9.*



This applies particularly to tie tacks and pinch-clip tie bars. If you must use them, be sure they are small.

Ivy League waistlines will be enhanced this spring by burnished harness-leather belts with solid-brass buckles. If your waistline preferences run more to the traditional, however, you can tastefully gird your middle with a rich choice of soft leathers. Belts of cowhide, calf and deerskin in black and the natural leather tones will keep your waist in the most fashionable circles. If you're more vernal-minded, try cinching yourself in the attractive burgundy and bottle green that will shoot up come spring. And you'll be in the sunniest circle of all if you augment the season's penchant for lights and brights with fresh and colorful fabric belts in madras, seersuckers, denims and gingham.

Since summer is icumen in, play it cool from the ground up with lighter-weight over-the-calf dress hose. Though black is basic in dress hose, dark brown can be your choice if your lighter-toned suit or slacks are of properly complementary hue. Solid textures deserve consideration, but steer clear of gimmicky decorations such as clocks and arrows. For casual- and sportswear, be sure to look into the multicolor heather tones, which have been lightened for spring.

(This season you'll be slipping those smartly stockinged feet into imaginatively crafted, feather-light shoes as well. The scope of this summer's fitting footwear is too broad to examine here. For a complete set of footnotes, we commend you to our upcoming May feature *New Moves Afoot*.)

The stretch fabrics, with the comfort that comes from their built-in elasticity, have finally arrived. Only a few years ago, outside of ski pants and socks, these fabrics were unheard of in men's apparel. Now, though they're a long way from reaching their potential, they make sense in swimwear, outdoor jackets and slacks. New improvements will make more and more of them available — perhaps within a year or so — for use in business suits, sports jackets and even formalwear. The freedom of movement offered by the give-and-take of a few inches of fabric cannot be ignored by men who would have their clothes conform to their bodies rather than vice versa.

In sports coats, slacks and walk shorts, the use of coarse and crisp fabrics — such as linen, sailcloth, denim, madras and seersucker — will be widespread.

Seersucker, incidentally, has come a long way from the crumpled blue-and-white pajama look of the past. This season you'll find it in multicolored stripings, giant plaids and madras de-

signs. The seersucker summer sports coat is the coolest for wearing — with lightened madras, denim and oxford-cloth jackets not far behind.

In keeping with the philosophy that light makes right, sportswear this spring and summer will be seen in a sunny variety of white and off-white shades, sun-filled reds, pinks, greens and blues. Sports coats, especially, will be brighter and more audacious: a new spectrum of reds — from burgundy to pink — will be much in evidence. The news in coat patterns is their size — jumbo glen plaids, giant houndstooth checks and wide strong stripes in contrasting color combinations, with emphasis on the dramatic use of black and white.

The blazer will blaze with visual fireworks far more than last year. The cut and details will remain traditional — three buttons, natural shoulders, patch and flap pockets, with brass or pearl buttons — but colors will span the spectrum. Navy, of course, will still be the basis of your blazer wardrobe, but from there you can go on to cool greens and bright blues, rich browns, muted reds and camel. You needn't be confined to solid colors, however; patterned blazers will be on display in a forceful array of twist denims, hopsacks, linen blends and textured homespuns.

Textured slacks in nonpatterned fabrics (particularly linen-type weaves) and lighter colors will be in the fore as well. In predominant shades of gray, brown, blue and olive, they will present an admirable contrast to the stronger patterns and brighter colors in sports coats. Slack tones have been lightened, so that last year's olive shade is now a pewter with light-green tones — a great teammate, by the way, for a bottle-green blazer. Faded reds and greens will also brighten the spring and summer season. Keep an eye out for slacks in visually weight-trimming shirting stripes. They offer a perfect contrast to the burgeoning numbers of solid-color blazers.

Slim slacks, of course, will still be popular, but many of them will add belt loops this season. For casualwear, the big influence will be Western, with three-quarter-inch loops to accommodate a wider belt and buckle.

Four years ago, we strongly recommended that designers and manufacturers do the job of coordinating sports coats and slacks. This was not because we felt that men were unable to choose complementary colors and patterns, but because we were aware that the problem of availability frequently made the right match difficult. Now we're happy to report that the designers and manufacturers have finally done the coordinating themselves and, in doing so, have made

one of the strongest fashion breakthroughs of the year. At the mills — where the complementary colors are picked up in both slacks and jackets — coats of big madras plaids, stripes and denim grounds, for example, are keyed perfectly with appropriately shaded slacks. The results are tangible and welcome: rich selections of such coordinates are already available and many more, happily, are on the way.

Both the pocket square and the ascot take on greater importance this season with the lessening of pattern in other sartorial areas. Experiment with them, and don't be squeamish in your color choices. Today's ascots and pocket squares come in a multitude of colors and patterns, and are fine for adding a refreshing, offbeat counterpoint to your basic wardrobe. You may use them to coordinate on one day, to match on another. If the third day still finds you intrepid, make a sharp contrast with a wild color.

In sport shirts, the shorter buttondown and the conventional medium-spread collars will lead this spring's styles. They will have a light and airy look, with patterns leaning strongly toward big gingham checks and not-too-active plaids. This year stripes will give the sport shirt a lean, tapered effect that is flattering and appropriate for casualwear. Shades of pink and red will continue to be popular.

In addition to the usual oxford shirts to assist you in getting into the sportive summer spirit, there are cool, comfortable seersuckers, denims, and muslinlike cottons. Prepare to make greater use of the comfortable shirt jacket (worn outside your slacks) with wider-spread Continental and mandarin or military collars.

If you are interested in active sports, knitted sport shirts in over a half-dozen styles are on tap. This simple glossary will help you get a clear picture of these trim and jaunty built-for-action shirts:

Rugby: A boldly cross-striped pullover with white drill collar. You can find it in all fabrics and in many variations, including the fly-front cardigan and turtle neck.

Henley: A three-button with a slit crew neck.

Boating: A cotton pullover with V neck, boat neck or even classic crew neck. Look for it this season in knit seersucker.

Football: Jerseys of lightweight sweat-shirt cotton. A lighter, more attractive version of the utilitarian but unglamorous sweat shirt.

Tennis: The styling of the classic tennis sweater forms the basis of the new tennis shirt. The V neck with red, white and blue trim now appears in terry, double knits, cottons and blends.

(concluded overleaf)



THE MORNING was all right. Watching the light come slowly, you could always imagine that today you were finally over it. It was quiet in the morning, and still cool, and it was fine to watch the sun come sliding up over the edge of the world, past the coral reef. There was even a faint breeze. You never had fever in the morning.

Of course, there was the smell of the Navy pilot. He was almost completely burned, and they brought him in naked except for a thick yellow grease, and most of him, and all of his head, was simply raw meat under the grease. There was no skin at all on his face and his eyes looked like the eyes of a trout you have roasted on a stick over coals. You lay there, smelling him and his grease, waiting for the next hour after dawn.

The next hour was always bad. The sun would melt on the tin roof and the bare canvas of the cot would grow sticky with sweat, with white rings of salt forming at the edges of the spreading dark wet. The lagoon became a shifting sheet of white light, and you could no longer look at the lagoon, nor at the white coral. You closed your eyes and felt the heat gathering around you and inside you, and the room would start to sway and then tilt so that you had to clutch the sides of your cot to keep from falling off.

You hung onto the cot as well as you could while you rose and fell and tumbled through an insanity of heat until you heard the orderlies talking to you.

Four of them would be holding you down, and your throat was scraped raw and hot from the shouting. They had you wrapped in blankets. It would be 120 degrees in the ward, which was nothing but an open shed with a hard dirt floor and a tin roof, but they had you buried in blankets, and you could not stop your teeth from chattering with the cold, and they had to hold you down to keep you from shaking off the blankets.

The fever and the chills left you weak as sand, lying on your soaked-through, salt-rimmed cot, waiting for the next round. But before the next fever came, and before you had much of a chance to hope—and every morning you did hope—that perhaps that had been the last attack, that now, perhaps, you could begin to recover, the orderlies would jerk straight as if pulled up by wires, and shout "Attention!"

You were supposed to lie at attention when the chief medical officer came through the ward making his morning inspection. That is, the badly wounded were supposed to lie at attention. If you were lightly wounded, or if you were merely sick with jaundice, malaria, syphilis, dengue fever, anoebic dysentery, or any combination of these and other endemic diseases, you had to get out of



## YOU COULD ALWAYS HOPE

*she came to you after the fever and chills and she was big and blonde and brassy, and you loved her*

fiction By JOHN KEATS

your cot and stand at attention if you did not happen at the moment to be thrashing in delirium.

You remained waving weakly at attention until the medical officer, who was a full colonel, left the ward. He never gave the command "Rest," because he took the view that all who were not dying were shirking, and he conveyed the impression that he thought those who were dying were trying to cheat him. One of the orderlies said the colonel wanted it understood that there was a war on, and that the hospital, by God, was going to be just as rough as combat for goldbrickers who, if discovered goldbricking, would be returned to combat forthwith, but stripped of whatever grade they had when they

came in. All right, what the colonel said does not make sense, but there is reason to believe that the orderly was quoting the colonel accurately. At any event, it was certainly clear what the colonel thought of the sick and wounded, and when you were convalescent, you pulled KP every day until they sent you back to combat.

Standing or lying at attention was part of your punishment. The colonel took the view that if you were wounded, it had no doubt largely been your own damned fault, and he—and the Army—maintained that if you had read the field manuals and had followed your orders, you could not possibly have contracted malaria, or syphilis, and those who so unfortunately did contract these diseases lost their pay for that time they were in the hospital and were returned to their units stripped of any rank they might have held. Stripped was the colonel's word for it, and he used this word whenever he could.

After the colonel had marched out, and you collapsed again on your cot, the chaplains came mincing through the ward. They were a Catholic, a Protestant and a Jew, and you did not stand for them. They were the three blind mice. Chaplains were a sort of unfunny joke in the Army, and you never trusted them, because they were officers. The chaplain always was supposed to be on your side, but he never was, and you knew damned well that he never was.

The Red Cross man was a fairy. He was forever putting his hand on your shoulder, asking what he could do for you, and no matter what you asked for, he was always sorry that he didn't happen to have it. Like the colonel, he was always reminding you there was a war on, and this was why the thing you wanted was unobtainable at the moment. You did not believe in the Red Cross, any more than you believed in chaplains. You believed in the Salvation Army, but you never saw those people in the hospital, because the hospital was too far behind the lines, and the Salvation Army was always at the front. You also believed in the Army nurse. More than that, you were in love with her.

She would come in after the second round of fever and chills, and when you came out of it, there she was, big and blonde and sort of blowzy, with a wide-mouthed smile and an odor of perfume and her fingers cool on your wrist, wiping all the rest of it away and bringing you the morning back again. You knew she was making ten pounds a night, Australian, and that she would sell only to officers, but she was frank about it, and it was good to see an honest whore. It was not that you really wanted her; it was just that it was good to be reminded that there were women, and you loved this one in a (continued on page 163)

## FASHION FORECAST (continued from page 86)

**Golf:** These knits have fewer details, with greater emphasis on simple good taste.

**Ski:** A ski-sweater adaptation now appearing in summer knits. Some have turtle necks, with their collars split by a zipper up the front. Crew-neck cardigans come in both zip and button fronts.

Our sport-shirt tale has a sock ending. This season's selection of sport hose will be almost as wide-ranging as the shirt on your back. In addition to the still-popular plain crew and striped crew, there are three dozen vivid new shades—ranging from bright white to deep purple—now available.

Among the many sweater possibilities for spring and summer, try pulling the popular short-sleeve wool models over your eyes. You'll like their feel and appearance in brushed wool and blazer stripes, classic and high-button crew-neck cardigans and updated tennis models with V necks. Long-sleeve cardigans, link-stitch alpacas and double-knit sports models will keep you as impeccably at ease this year as last. And if you're a seagoing or mountain-climbing type, remember that the beefy mohair blends will put up a firm stand against brisk ocean and mountain breezes. If you happen to live in a warmer clime, you'll appreciate the touch of lightness found in the rich-looking, less-bulky mohair blends which can be had in *bouclé*, rack and open knits.

Although there's a big boom in boating, you needn't leave the dock to be nautically natty this year. Try piping yourself into shirts, jackets and parkas that will serve you comfortably, practically and fashionably on land or at sea. You will find maritime-accented gear in nylon spinnaker cloth and lightweight poplin, with such details as stand-up collars, contrasting stitched trims (orange or fireman red against the traditional salty blue, for example) and zipped pockets. Parka and jacket fabrics are often seaworthy in their resistance to rain.

In more formal foul-weather gear, the traditional trend has caught on, and the raglan-shoulder raincoat (which is the only way to top off a traditional suit) is being revived. New and more effective waterproofing methods as well as a simulated "wool and worsted" look in rainwear fabrics make it easy to be dry—and well dressed—in the most torrential summer thundershower. Regular length for raincoats is now 42 inches, whereas formerly 45 inches was the norm. The short 40-inch coat, so popular in France, is now being introduced here. Though it's smart looking, when belted it can ride up and appear a bit undernourished.

The newest fabric in rainwear is

stretch poplin which, following the trend in clothing, will be seen this season in lightened classic plaids and checks. Fabric weights are lighter as well, and there will be a greater selection of fancy linings. An interesting idea from Italy is the use of classic tartans—both in the lining and in the collar and sleeve-cuff trim.

For weather that's fair but cool, prime consideration should be given to the light new linen topcoat. You'll see it, in big checks and plaids, sporting a classic bal collar. For those occasions when a bit more elegance is *de rigueur*, try the sleek-looking button-through topcoat with set-in sleeves, semipeaked collar, straight flap pockets and tapered sleeves. These coats will run 41 to 42½ inches in length, but the shorter version will be more correct this season.

Noel Coward's mad dogs and Englishmen notwithstanding, all those who find the midday sun more inviting than intimidating will welcome the latest news in headwear. It bears masculine tidings in the form of the "Shakari," which gets its dashing sense of style from the famed hat worn by African white hunters. This versatile and practical hat can be worn to good effect with the brim down all around or in the conventional manner. Casual straws for at-ease spring and summer weekends will be in evidence wherever boating, horse racing and most other outdoor sports are to be found. Undoubtedly, among all the hats being thrown into the political ring this summer will be ventilated straws that are soft, cool and light in appearance and weight, and circled by flag-bright bands. Tweed and plaid hats, which in past seasons have tended to be dark, will have lighter grounds this year.

In beachwear, the ostentatious, over-designed matching cabana set has been dealt, we hope, the final blow. Today, functionalism is the keynote; you can let your own taste and imagination create an individual beach image by teaming up swim trunks with anything from football jerseys to ski parkas.

Speaking of functionalism, the progress in stretch swimwear has been great. This year you can expect to see, and wear, stretch suits that are trim, but give when and where you need it—that pinched, tight look has departed for more distant shores.

The Jamaica-length swim walker, equally at home in the water or out in the sun, deserves more than honorable mention. It has the advantage of handy side pockets, with either metal waist closure or extension side tabs.

If you're in shipshape shape, consider the lower-rise, fly-front brief which comes

in exact waist sizes. Also, bear knit swimwear in mind. Much of it has the same detailing as woven trunks, including mock fly fronts and tabs.

Brief nylon-tricot tank trunks literally don't offer enough material to form a natatorial new wave, but nevertheless you'll see plenty of them at the beaches. Built for speed and a good physique, they have become a uniform for those who take their swimming seriously.

Surfing trunks have ridden the breakers from Hawaii to California and will be at the crest of their popularity this summer at beaches, lakes, pools and ponds throughout the land. Whether you ride the surf or not, however, these patterned trunks, trimmed in bleeding madras or contrasting solids, will give you the new look in swimming gear. The longer length of these higher-fitting, lace-tied trunks was originally intended to protect the wearer who ventured to ride the boards. Today the length and laces are largely decorative, though the back pocket—designed to hold wax—now doubles as a convenient hideaway for change and small beach accessories.

Today, a man's wardrobe is rich and varied, no longer stratified and limited by items that have minimal use for special occasions. A complete, multifaceted wardrobe will lend itself to the many different lives you lead—in college, at business, home, at play, dating, partying, at sports activities, for weekending, vacations, travel—in short, for each different phase of your daily activities.

Details of design are important, of course, in determining the effect of a specific article of apparel, but it is essential to remember that such details only make sense in so far as they reflect, in their total look, the urbane multiplicity of your life.

Bear in mind that rules in men's fashions are nothing more than general guidelines, and may be suspended when your personality and appearance allow for exceptional treatment. Your summer tan, for example, will permit you to take advantage of colors that would seem far too vivid for the normally pale winter complexion.

Your attire should create an impression that you are perfectly dressed for the particular occasion. It should always blend in with *you*, however, so that it expresses and complements rather than overshadows and alters your personality.

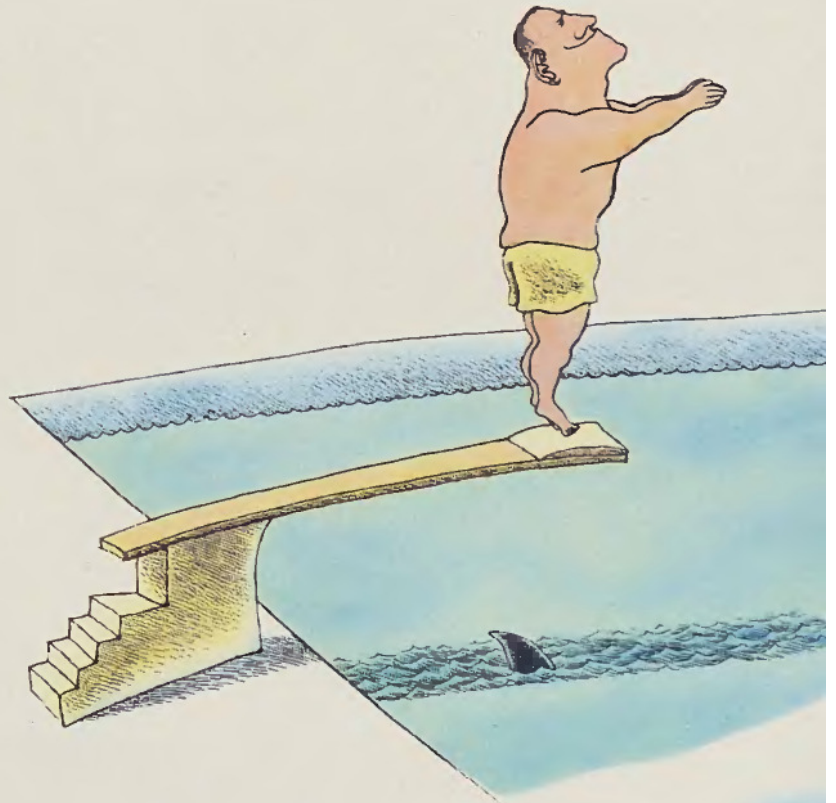
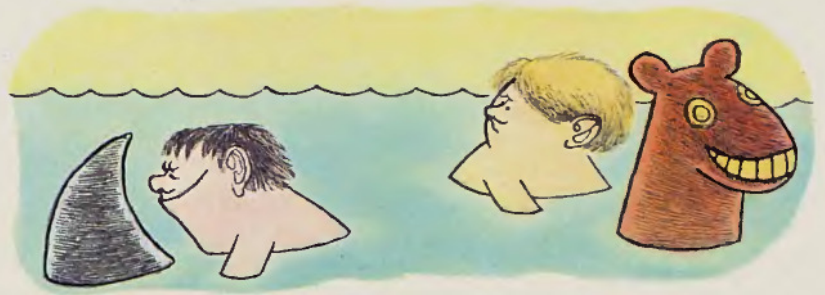
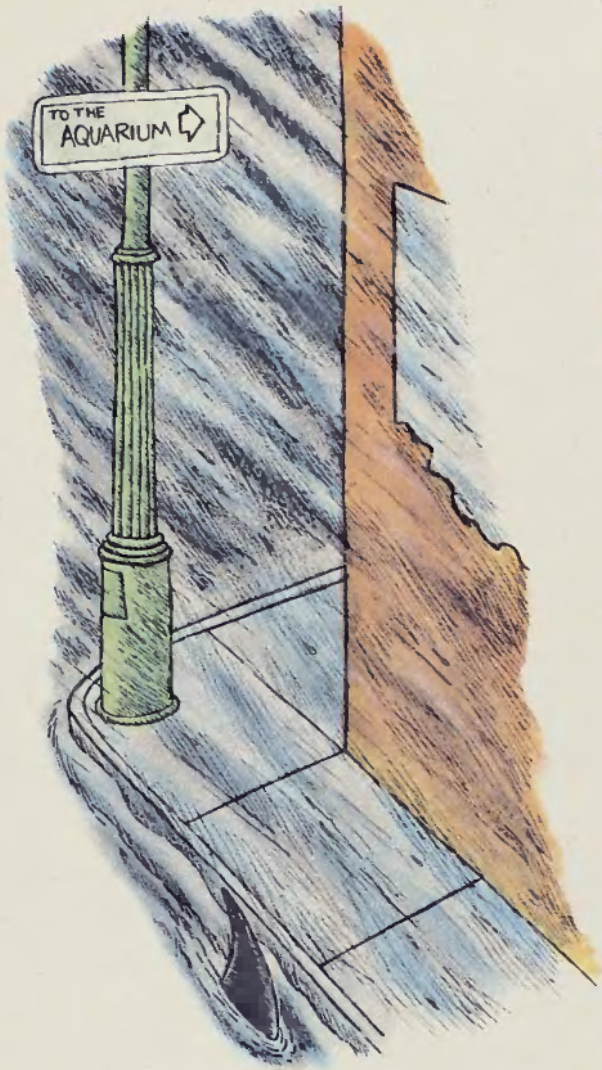
From business suits to swimsuits, we've extolled the trend toward the lightweight, light hued and lighthearted. It's up to you now to add new zip to your spring and summer wardrobe by latching onto some of the freshest fashion ideas to come along in six months of sun days.



# THE SHARKS

*cartoonist gahan wilson nets a fin-filled school of macabre sea denizens*







Graham Wilson

**NEW  
GIRL  
IN  
TOWN**

*april playmate ashlyn martin is right at home in the city of angels*





Above, I to r: Early-rising Ashlyn greets o sunny Saturday. She says: "I have little time to myself week-days, so I hate to pass my weekends sleeping." After toothsome self-reflection, our April Playmate cuts fresh scallions for a hefty Spanish omelet breakfast.

**A**RCHRIVALS FLORIDA AND CALIFORNIA now have a dazzling topic they can get together on: our April Playmate, Ashlyn Martin. A sun-ripened product of Delray Beach, Florida, auburn-haired Ashlyn recently succumbed to the Golden State's blandishments, migrated to California for a change in scenery and a taste of West Coast living. "I'm attracted to bright lights and sports cars," our outgoing 18-year-old explains candidly. "Things were pleasant in Delray Beach, but too quiet for me. I visited Los Angeles briefly after finishing high school—and right away I knew it was California, here I come!" This 5'5" bachelor girl now lives alone in a newly rented L.A. apartment, decorated in Danish modern; her first job, appropriately enough, is as a receptionist in a Los Angeles sports-car rental agency. Ashlyn bears a striking resemblance to film star Ann-Margret, though her own taste in singers runs to the masculine Mr. Sinatra, Tony Bennett and the rhythms of Ray Charles. Ashlyn is also quite a cook. She says: "Though I can live for weeks on bologna sandwiches and chocolate milk, I love to prepare a real gourmet spread when I'm entertaining. French cuisine is my favorite, and *coq au vin* is my special dish. In fact, I think my idea of a perfect evening would center around a six-course meal at Maxim's, complete from soup to cognac. I'm easy to please, and with the right man I'm happy in almost any situation. Please don't ask me about the future—the way many of my friends do—because I'm really uncertain about that part of my life. Right now I'm quite happy with the present." For a view of the *status quo* with which our Playmate is so properly content, see the gatefold.



COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR  
BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI

Center left: After Miss April showers she covers herself with a pair of towels and heads for the patio of her pastel-tinted pad. Center right: Our pensive Playmate samples a morsel of fruit and (right) relaxes in a rare moment of smog-free Los Angeles sunshine.

MISS APRIL PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH







Above left: Citrus fancier Ashlyn tries local orange juice as a light dessert, finds it equal to her own Florida standards. Center and right: Words from a friend, proposing luncheon date at downtown club, fall on receptive ears; during discussion, our Playmate doffs duds. Below: Leopard-skin-clad Ashlyn shows sports-car form emerging from friend's Mercedes for her date. Though not a car owner now, Miss April hopes someday to travel in style in her own white Sting Ray.



# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Your fare, young lady," said the handsome train conductor.

She smiled at him sweetly, "You're not so bad yourself."



On the occasion of Nero's 25th birthday, he arrived at the Colosseum to find that the Praetorian Guard had prepared a treat for him in the arena. There stood 25 naked virgins, like candles on a cake, tied to poles, burning alive. "Wonderful!" exclaimed the deranged emperor, "but one of them isn't dead yet. I can see her lips moving. Go quickly and find out what she is saying."

The centurion saluted, and hurried out to the virgin, getting as near the flames as he dared, and listened intently. Then he turned and hurried back to the imperial box. "She is not talking," he reported to Nero, "she is singing."

"Singing?" said the astounded emperor. "Singing what?"

"Happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you . . ."

Limbo dancing was invented by a Scotsman trying to enter a pay toilet.

The director was patiently explaining the scene to the famous Method actor. "You've been on this desert island for twelve years. One morning, you awaken, crawl out of your lean-to, and start strolling along the beach. Suddenly you see this beautiful blonde girl lying on the sand beside her discarded life jacket. You rush forward, grab her in your arms, and start kissing her."

The actor nodded thoughtfully, then asked, "And what's my motivation?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *cocktails* as sips that passion the night.

The grade-school principal dropped into the new third-grade teacher's room to see how she was adjusting to her first day of school. "There is one problem," she said. "That little boy in the first row belongs in second grade, but insists on remaining here, and he's so smart I hate to send him back."

"He can't be *that* smart," said the principal. "Ask him something."

The teacher called the boy forward and inquired, "What does a dog do on three legs that a man does on two legs that I do sitting down?"

"Shakes hands," said the boy.

"What has a cow got four of that I have only two of?" she went on.

"Legs," the boy replied.

"What is a four-letter word meaning inter-

course?" she continued.

"Talk," he answered.

The teacher turned to the principal. "Well, what should I do?"

He drew her aside and whispered, "Better promote him to the *fourth* grade. I missed all *three* questions."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *marriage* as wall-to-wall carping.



A stunningly stacked blonde walked into a dress shop, and asked the manager, "I wonder if I might try on that blue dress in the window?"

"Go right ahead," he said. "It might help business."

Then there was the little old lady with varicose veins who won first prize at a costume ball. She went nude, as a road map.



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *bigamist* as fog over Italy.

His first day in the Army, the recruit was issued a comb, and then the company barber shaved off all his hair. The second day he was issued a toothbrush, and then the dentist pulled all his teeth. The third day he was issued an athletic supporter, and he went A.W.O.L.

Heard a good one lately? Send it on a post card 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.



*"Wow! A perfect 36-24-185!"*



## CONTINENTAL COMESTIBLES

*a treasury of transoceanic gourmandise for the cosmopolitan american table*

**FOOD BY THOMAS MARIO** ALTHOUGH A FRENCH PROVERB sagely states that appetite is the best sauce, few things pique the appetite so provocatively and prestigiously as the eggs of a sturgeon, the liver of an overfed goose and the wild tuber growing near the roots of old oak trees in Italy and France. Fresh caviar, *pâté de foie gras* and brushed truffles ride high in the Rolls-Royce class not just because they come from afar, but because their magnificent yet casual flavors satisfy, like nothing else can, the sophisticated appetites of the male animal. For men whose digs are sanctuaries of gourmandise, and whose principal icons are the martini pitcher and the champagne bucket, these three foods are almost indispensable.

Domestic imitators of these seductive imports turn out thousands of palatable and, it must be granted, very useful facsimiles. But the prototypes still stand in a class all by themselves. Even when the native producers of Strasbourg *pâté de foie gras* try to imitate their own works with mousse of *foie* and *purée de foie d'Oie* and many other kinds of *foie* or *pâté*, the original still stands skyward as the food of which the old *bon vivant* Sydney Smith said, "My idea of



heaven is eating *pâté de foie gras* to the sound of trumpets." A trumpet may be all right as a garnish for eating *pâté de foie gras*, but the best modern orchestration for such luxury items is the hum of activity around a bachelor's buffet table.

The effort that goes into getting them to market is almost incredible. The truffle, for instance, is an underground tuber, a cousin of the wild mushroom. Visually, it's decidedly unprepossessing. Hard and wrinkled, it looks like a ravaged jet-black or brown turnip; but truffles, during a holiday scarcity at one point last year, reached an asking price of \$160 a pound. They currently sell for a mere three dollars an ounce. There's a good reason for the high price tag; you don't just pick a truffle off a tree. You must hunt for it underground, and the job of exploration can't possibly be accomplished with unaided human ingenuity. To detect a hidden trove—and there are only a few spots in the world where edible truffles can be found—you need a four-legged Geiger counter. In France they use trained pigs. Not just any old pig will do. The female is preferred to the male, since the distaff's olfactory sense seems much more sensitive than the male's in ferreting out this kind of buried treasure. Each fall in France, porcine candidates are put through their trial runs. Tiny truffle peelings are used for bait. Pigs who display an affinity for truffles and who finally master the theory and practice of truffle hunting are selected for the winter line-up, since truffles can only be hunted in cold weather. The pig on a leash is trained to lead its master who carries a handful of corn and a (continued on page 159)



*"I learned to cook the same way you learned to make love. Out of a book."*

*an operator's manual of some not-so-sporting propositions*

# SUCKER BETS

article By HOWARD MARGOLIS

THERE IS A SPOT in *Guys and Dolls*, distilled from vintage Damon Runyon, in which Sky Masterson tells Nathan Detroit the secret of his success:

"When I was a young man about to go out into the world, my father says to me a very valuable thing. He says to me like this: 'One of these days in your travels a guy is going to come up to you and show you a nice brand-new deck of cards on which the seal is not yet broken, and this guy is going to offer to bet you that he can make the jack of spades jump out of the deck and squirt cider in your ear. But Son, do not bet this man, for as sure as you stand there you are going to wind up with an earful of cider.'"

Now, the subject of this article is not cider-squirting jacks but sucker bets—wagers which seem to offer an infallible win but which, once accepted, result in an almost infallible loss. Or, looking at them from the unscrupulous point of view of the sharpie or operator, they are bets that are as close to sure things as you can come.

If you'll just step a little closer and put your money on the counter, we'll give you a demonstration of just what we mean.

*Phone-Book Hook.* The victim is asked to open a telephone book to any page and mark off 20 consecutive listings. The operator (and we're not talking about the lady who works for the phone company) now offers to bet him that within those 20 listings there are two phone numbers in which the last two digits are the same (such as 3764 and 9364).

The prospective sucker cogitates a moment. He feels the keen clicking of his coldly efficient brain—a pleasant if infrequent sensation. He accepts the proposition with confidence, for he has figured that there are 100 possible com-

binations of those last two digits and, hence, the odds are 5-1 against the operator. The sucker is right on the first count, lamentably wrong on the second. Actually, the odds are 7-1 in favor of the operator. To understand why, you must forget that the odds of matching any particular two-digit number with another are an unpromising 99/100 against and remember that the operator is allowed to match any two-digit number with any other of the 19 on the list. The odds of his failing to do so are figured by multiplying all of his chances of missing. (Since there are 100 possible combinations of two-digit numbers, the odds of failing to match the first number with the second are, as we've said, 99/100 or .99, and the odds of failing to match the third number with either of the first two are .98. Thus, the odds of failing to match any of the 20 numbers are calculated by multiplying .99 x .98 x .97 etc., all the way down to x .80.) Even if there were only 12 numbers on the list, the odds would multiply out to about .5 or 50-50. But that wouldn't be fair to the operator, would it? So he extends the list to 20 numbers to make the odds 1-7 against missing or, more positively, 7-1 in his favor.

*Reverse Phone-Book Hook.* After the sucker has lost several times running on the Phone-Book Hook, he is ripe for a reverse twist. "All right," says the operator, "just to prove I'm a sport, I'll give you a chance to win your money back. Open the phone book anywhere and circle the last two digits of any number. Now, count down 50 numbers and I will bet you that the same combination does not appear in the last two digits of any of those 50 numbers."

When the sucker, stung several times on the 20-number bet, hesitates, the

operator says grandly, "Why man, that's a wonderful bet. I'm giving you more than twice as many numbers to work with than you gave me." And so he is. But the game has changed.

Before, the operator could match any two sets of numbers, but the sucker now must match a particular number. The odds (.99 to the 50th power) are 3-2 that he won't.

*Unhappy Birthday.* This bet makes use of the same principle as the Phone-Book Hook and is always sure to attract a willing victim. At any gathering of 30 persons or more (but not too many more) the operator remarks casually, "I'll bet there are two people here with the same birthday."

Up jumps the pigeon, ready for the challenge. After all, he reasons, there are 365 possible birthdays—not counting leap year. Yet, by the same process of multiplying the chances of missing ( $364/365 \times 363/365 \times 362/365$ , etc.) the odds are seven out of ten that a pair of birthdays will be found among the first 30 persons. In a group of 50 the probability is a gratifying 40-1 in favor of the operator. So, in this large a group, the operator magnanimously offers 2-1 odds!

Those who doubt that the birthday bet works are invited to examine the natal and expiration dates of the United States' 35 Presidents—a typical random sample. Not only were two (Polk and Harding) born on November 2nd, but, of the 31 who have died, Taft and Fillmore passed away on March 8th, while three others (John Adams, Jefferson and Monroe) all died on July 4th. Similar verification can be made by picking 50 names from *Who's Who* or any other source that lists birth dates.

*Two-Deck Dodge.* The smart operator

knows that it is wise, occasionally, to let the sucker think that *he* is setting the terms of the bet. For instance, the operator places two shuffled decks of cards face down in front of a doubting dupe. "I bet you \$10, even money, that if you go through both decks simultaneously, you won't turn up the same card in both decks on the same turn," says the operator.

"You must take me for an awful sucker," says the sucker, stepping into the trap.

"Not at all," says the operator, "I'm just trying to liven up the evening. Tell you what — I'll bet you *do* turn up the same card at the same time."

Having refused the first bet, the sucker cannot very well refuse the second. Poor fellow. The odds are about 2-1 that he will hit the same card in both decks. True, the odds of matching cards on any single turn are  $1/52$ , but if you multiply the total chances of missing ( $51/52 \times 51/52$ , 52 times) you come up with a fraction of about  $1/3$ , which means you will miss a hit only once in three trips through the decks.

*License-Tag Tag.* On the pretext of relieving the monotony of a long auto journey, the ever-ready operator can also relieve a fellow-traveling sucker of his bank roll.

"I bet you," he says, "that one of the next ten cars that pass will have a double digit (33, 77, etc.) as the last two numbers of its license plate."

It sounds reasonable at even money, but actually the chance of making good is about 2-1 in favor of the operator. After all, one car in every ten has a double digit at the end of its license plate (as a fast count from 101 through 200 will prove) and the operator is getting a full 10 chances — not the five chances that *would* make it a 50-50 bet. To explain this another way, if you toss a coin your chance is one in two of getting a head. Would you, at even money, give someone two chances to toss a head? If you would, please get in touch with us and we will while away the hours flipping coins — at high stakes.

*Con-Man's Delight.* Back to the old, reliable card deck we go for one of the sweetest of all sucker bets. The operator instructs his mark to shuffle the deck and deal out three piles of three cards each, followed by a pile of four cards.

"My friend," he says, "I will make four separate wagers on these four piles of cards. I will bet that the first two piles of three cards each contain at least two cards in the same suit; that the third three-card pile contains a picture card; and, to top it off, I will give you odds of no less than five to one that the four-card pile also contains at least two cards of the same suit."

For some strange reason, the sucker is apt to feel that his odds of winning one

of these four bets is better than the others. In a sense he is right. Yet his odds of winning any of the bets are bad.

The odds are about 3-2 that three cards dealt at random will contain two of the same suit; noticeably better than even money that they will contain a picture card; and 9-1 in favor of the operator that two cards of the same suit will show up in the four-card pile.

The exquisite beauty of this four-part bet is that it contains the basic element of the old shell game — enticement. After losing a few times on one part of the deal, the sucker will insist on trying the others, searching for that one sure thing which he feels is hidden in some part of the bet. Only after he tries all four bets at once — and loses all four — will he give up.

*Mixed Shuffle.* Here the operator adds sleight of hand to sleight of conscience. He divides a deck of cards exactly in half and asks his victim to turn one of the piles face up and shuffle the two halves together, creating a horrible mess of cards, half facing one way, half the other. Next, the operator asks him to count off 26 cards and leave the remaining 26 flat on the table.

"I will bet you even money," says the operator, "that you cannot, without looking, rearrange the remaining half-deck so that it contains the same number of up cards as the first half of the deck."

When the prospective pigeon asserts that it doesn't sound like a very good deal, the operator graciously offers to take the bet himself. Thereupon, he places the remaining half-deck under the table and, with a great show of concentration, pretends to be rearranging the pile. Actually, all he does is turn the pile over.

It seems mysterious, but his half-deck will now be found to contain exactly the same number of up cards as the other half.

Here's why: If the first half-deck contains ten up cards, the other half-deck must contain the remaining 16 up cards since the whole deck contains a total of 26 up cards. Naturally, the other ten cards in the second half-deck must be down cards. With one turn those ten down cards become up cards and both half-decks contain an equal number of up cards.

*Heads You Lose.* Producing eight coins, the operator asks his victim how many heads are likely to turn up if he flips each coin. The sucker, aware that the odds of getting a head on each toss are 50-50, will undoubtedly say four. "Fine," says the operator, "I will give you two-to-one odds that you don't get four heads."

If the sucker agrees to make this bet a few times, the operator is reasonably sure of a nice profit. True, four heads will turn up much more often than any

other number of heads. But the *total* of other combinations will occur more often. The odds are 8-3 in favor of the operator.

*The Impossible.* A true sucker throws caution to the winds when offered a large enough return on his "investment." But the odds must never be too high or he will become suspicious. Thus, the smart operator offers only 6-1 odds on the little puzzle illustrated below.



"All you have to do," says the operator, "is draw one continuous line that will cross each line in the diagram once and only once." Then, just to make the sucker feel he has a chance, the operator adds, "But you must do this within a three-minute time limit."

They said it couldn't be done. And it can't.

*Last Match.* Two years ago, after acquiring star stature in the movie *Last Year at Marienbad*, a nimble match game called Nim suddenly became saloondom's second most popular sport. But to the operator, there is nothing sporting about Nim; he will always win if he has memorized the game's secret combinations.

After constructing a four-row pyramid of 16 matches (7-5-3-1), the thirsty operator explains the "game" to his mark, offering to wager a drink on its outcome: "We simply take turns removing matches and the man who must take the last match loses. You can take as many matches on each turn as you want — from one to a whole row — as long as you pick from one row only."

It makes no difference which player goes first, as long as the operator picks up enough matches to leave his opponent with one of the following combinations: In four rows — 7-5-3-1 (which is the starting setup), 7-4-2-1, 6-5-2-1, 6-4-3-1, 5-5-1-1, 4-4-1-1, 3-3-1-1, 2-2-1-1; in three rows — 6-5-3, 6-4-2, 5-4-1, 3-2-1, 1-1-1; in two rows — 5-5, 4-4, 3-3, 2-2; and, of course, in one row — 1.

If memorizing all 18 combinations seems to be too much trouble for a free drink supply, a lazier operator contents himself with a simpler, if less certain, system: he will usually win if he reduces the pyramid either to an even number of rows containing an equal number of matches (as 4-4 or 4-4-1-1) or an odd number of rows containing an unequal number of matches (as 6-5-3 or 5-4-1).

*The Missing Year.* The passage and marking of time is always good material for sucker bets because every sucker is

(concluded on page 162)



# THE FIEND

*her body was alive and in a few moments she would be conscious; but what could he do with her then?*

HOW BEAUTIFUL she was, Dandish thought, and how helpless. The plastic identification ribbon around her neck stood out straight, and as she was just out of the transport capsule, she wore nothing else. "Are you awake?" he asked, but she did not stir.

Dandish felt excitement building up inside him, she was so passive and without defense. A man could come to her now and do anything at all to her, and she would not resist. Or, of course, respond. Without touching her he knew that her body would be warm and dry. It was fully alive, and in a few minutes she would be conscious.

Dandish—who was the captain and sole crew member of the interstellar ship without a name carrying congealed colonists across the long, slow, empty space from the Earth to a planet that circled a star that had never had a name in astronomical charts, only a number, and was now called Eleanor—passed those minutes without looking again at the girl, whose name he knew to be Silvie but whom he had never met. When he looked again she was awake, jack-knifed against the safety straps of the crib, her hair standing out around her head and her face wearing an expression of anger. "All right. Where are you? I know what the score is," she said. "Do you know what they can do to you for this?"

Dandish was startled. He did not like being startled, for it frightened him. For nine years the ship had been whispering across space; he had had enough loneliness to satisfy him and he had been frightened. There were 700 cans of colonists on the ship, but they lay brittle and changeless in their bath of liquid helium and were not very good company. Outside the ship the nearest human being was perhaps two light-years away, barring some chance-met ship heading in the other direction that was actually far more remote than either star, since the forces involved in stopping and matching course with a vessel bound home were twice as great as, and would take twice as much time as, those involved in the voyage itself. Everything about the trip *(continued on page 108)*

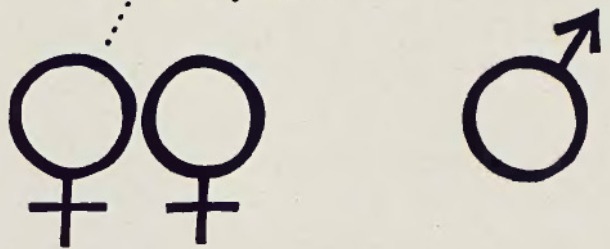
fiction By FREDERIK POHL



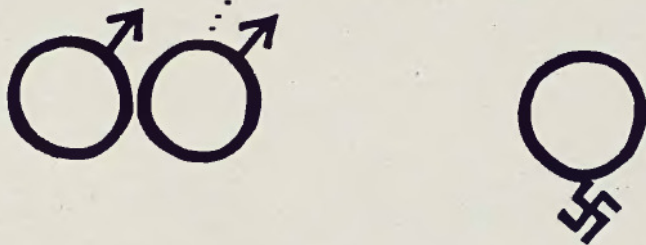
# SYMBOLIC SEX

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

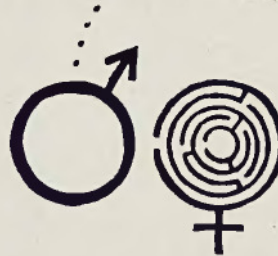
YES, BUT OTHER THAN THAT  
HE'S A BIG ZERO



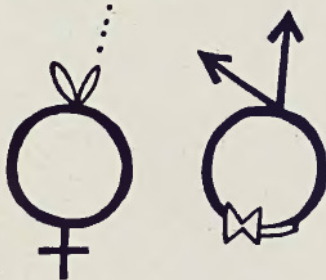
FORGET IT, HANS...SHE'LL JUST TALK  
- YOUR EAR OFF ABOUT POLITICS



I GUESS IT'S YOUR AIR OF MYSTERY THAT FASCINATES ME



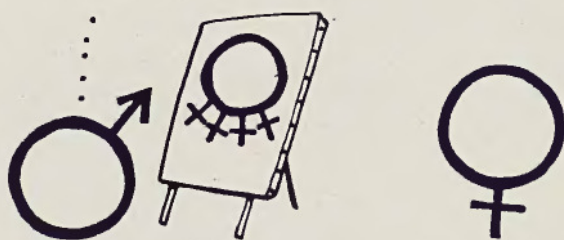
I'M SORRY, SIR...NO ONE IS  
ADMITTED WITHOUT A KEY



YOU MEAN...THERE'S SOMEONE ELSE, TARZAN?



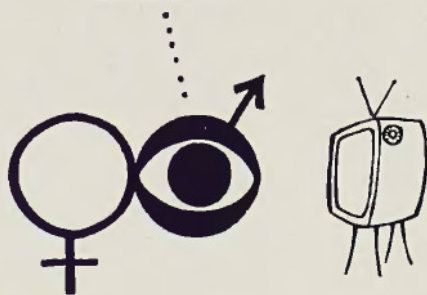
PLEASE TRY TO KEEP STILL, MISS PHILLIPS



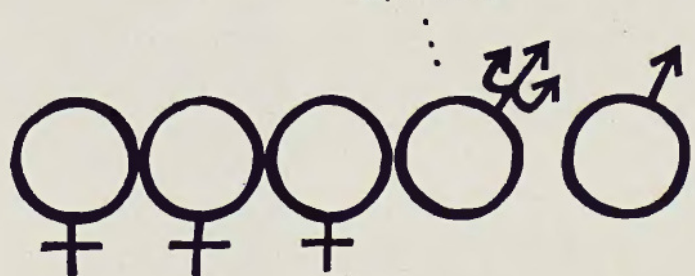
HOW'S THE YOGA COMING, BERNICE?



NOT NOW, EDITH



OH, I MANAGE





*"Jolly crowd you have here, my dear."*

FIEND *(continued from page 105)*

was frightening. The loneliness was a terror. To stare down through an inch of crystal and see nothing but far stars led to panic. Dandish had decided to stop looking out five years before, but had not been able to keep to his decision, and so now and again peeped through the crystal and contemplated his horrifying visions of the seal breaking, the crystal popping out on a breath of air, himself in his metal prison tumbling, tumbling forever down to the heart of one of the 10,000,000 stars that lay below. In this ship a noise was an alarm. Since no one but himself was awake, to hear a scratch of metal or a thud of a moving object striking something else, however tiny, however remote, was a threat, and more than once Dandish had suffered through an itch of fear for hours or days until he tracked down the exploded light tube or unsecured door that had startled him. He dreamed uneasily of fire. This was preposterously unlikely, in the steel and crystal ship, but what he was dreaming of was not the fire of a house but the monstrous fires in the stars beneath.

"Come out where I can see you," commanded the girl.

Dandish noted that she had not troubled to try to cover her nakedness. Bare she woke and bare she stayed. She had unhitched the restraining webbing and left the crib, and now she was prowling the room in which she had awakened, looking for him. "They warned us," she called. "'Watch the hook!' 'Look out for the space nuts!' 'You'll be sorry!' That's all we heard at the Reception Center, and now here you are, all right. Wherever you are. Where are you? For God's sake, come out so I can see you." She half stood and half floated at an angle to the floor, nibbling at imperceptible bits of dead skin on her lips and staring warily from side to side. She said, "What was the story you were going to tell me? A subspace meteorite destroyed the ship, all but you and me, and we were doomed to fly endlessly toward nowhere, so there was nothing for us to do but try to make a life for ourselves?"

Dandish watched her through the view eyes in the reviving room, but did not answer. He was a connoisseur of victims, Dandish was. He had spent a great deal of time planning this. Physically she was perfect, very young, slim, slight. He had picked her out on that basis from among the 352 female canned colonists, leafing through the microfile photographs that accompanied each colonist's dossier like a hi-fi hobbyist shopping through a catalog. She had been the best of the lot. Dandish was not skilled enough to be able to read a person-

ality profile, and in any event considered psychologists to be phonies and their profiles trash, so he had had to go by the indices he knew. He had wanted his victim to be innocent and trusting. Silvie, 16 years old and a little below average in intelligence, had seemed very promising. It was disappointing that she did not react with more fear. "They'll give you fifty years for this!" she shouted, looking around to see where he could be hiding. "You know that, don't you?"

The revival crib, sensing that she was out of it, was quietly stowing and re-arming itself, ready to be taken out and used again. Its plastic sheets slipped free of the corners, rolled up in a tight spiral and slid into a disposal chute, revealing aseptic new sheets below. Its radio-warming generators tested themselves with a surge of high-voltage current, found no flaws and shut themselves off. The crib sides folded down meekly. The instrument table hooded itself over. The girl paused to watch it, then shook her head and laughed. "Scared of me?" she called. "Come on, let's get this over with! Or else," she added, "admit you've made a boo-boo, get me some clothes and let's talk this over sensibly."

Sorrowfully Dandish turned his gaze away. A timing device reminded him that it was time to make his routine half-hour check of the ship's systems and, as he had done more than 150,000 times already and would do 100,000 times again, he swiftly scanned the temperature readings in the can hold, metered the loss of liquid helium and balanced it against the withdrawals from the reserve, compared the ship's course with the flight plan, measured the fuel consumption and rate of flow, found all systems functioning smoothly and returned to the girl. It had taken only a minute or so, but already she had found the comb and mirror he had put out for her and was working angrily at her hair. One fault in the techniques of freezing and revivification lay in what happened to such elaborated structures as fingernails and hair. At the temperature of liquid helium all organic matter was brittle as Prince Rupert's drops, and although the handling techniques were planned with that fact in mind, the body wrapped gently in elastic cocooning, every care exercised to keep it from contact with anything hard or sharp, nails and hair had a way of being snapped off. The Reception Center endlessly drummed into the colonists the importance of short nails and butch haircuts, but the colonists were not always convinced. Silvie now looked like a dummy on which a student wigmaker had failed a test. She solved her problem

at last by winding what remained of her hair in a tiny bun and put down the comb, snapped-off strands of hair floating in the air all about her like a stretched-out sandstorm.

She patted the bun mournfully and said, "I guess you think this is pretty funny."

Dandish considered the question. He was not impelled to laugh. Twenty years before, when Dandish was a teenager with the long permanented hair and the lacquered fingernails that were the fashion for kids that year, he had dreamed almost every night of just such a situation as this. To own a girl of his own — not to love her or to rape her or to marry her, but to possess her as a slave, with no one anywhere to stop him from whatever he chose to impose on her — had elaborated itself in a hundred variations nightly. He didn't tell anyone about his dream, not directly, but in the school period devoted to practical psychology he had mentioned it as something he had read in a book and the instructor, staring right through him into his dreams, told him it was a repressed wish to play with dolls. "This fellow is role playing," he said, "acting out a wish to be a woman. These clear-cut cases of repressed homosexuality can take many forms . . ."; and on and on, and although the dreams were as physically satisfying as ever, the young Dandish awoke from them both reproved and resentful.

But Silvie was neither a dream nor a doll. "I'm not a doll!" said Silvie, so sharply and patly that it was a shock. "Come on out and get it over with!"

She straightened up, holding to a free-fall grip, and although she looked angry and annoyed she still did not seem afraid. "Unless you are really crazy," she said clearly, "which I doubt, although I have to admit it's a possibility, you aren't going to do anything I don't want you to do, you know. Because you can't get away with it, right? You can't kill me, you could never explain it, and besides they don't let murderers run ships in the first place, and so when we land all I have to do is yell cop and you're running a subway shuttle for the next ninety years." She giggled. "I know about that. My uncle got busted on income-tax evasion and now he's a self-propelled dredge in the Amazon delta, and you should see the letters he writes. So come on out and let's see what I'm willing to let you get away with."

She grew impatient. "Kee-rist," she said, shaking her head. "I sure get the great ones. And, oh, by the way, as long as I'm up, I have to go to the little girls' room, and then I want breakfast."

Dandish took some small satisfaction in that these requirements, at least, he

*(concluded on page 165)*

# SELLERS mimes THE movie L♥vers

---

*peter the great creates antic take-offs  
on famous lovers of the silver screen*

A worthy successor to the silent films' "Man with a Thousand Faces," Lon Chanéy, the incredibly facile Peter Sellers has just completed a film, *The World of Henry Orient*, in which he plays the title role, a concert pianist who has Liberace's technique onstage and Lothario's off. In the midst of working out the complexities of his part, Sellers found time to discuss with one of our editors the contrast between the great love scenes of pictures past and the frankly sexual approach taken in movies today. Which led us to wonder what those magic screen moments would be like if they were to be remade today, what with Hollywood's burgeoning emphasis on female nudity. No sooner conjectured than done, for Peter promptly agreed to restage these scenes especially for the PLAYBOY camera. On the following pages you'll find the remarkable and riotous results of Sellers' near-miraculous metamorphoses to the celluloid amorists of yesteryear. (Sharp-eyed PLAYBOY readers, incidentally, will recognize Henry Orient's expressive aide-de-camp on the last page of this pictorial parody as Lynn Karrol, our lissome December 1961 Playmate.) The choice of screen lovers is very much Sellers' own, ranging from Valentino's *Sheik* to such offbeat playboys as Lugosi's *Dracula*. But the enjoyment of Peter's antic updating of famous love scenes from film classics, as you will soon discover for yourself, is quite universal and devastatingly comedic. And, now, if someone will dim the houselights, we'll start the projector. Enter Peter the great, next page.

PHOTOGRAPHEO EXCLUSIVELY FOR PLAYBOY BY HORN/GRINER



as **JOSÉ FERRER** in MOULIN ROUGE



as *Rudolph Valentino* in THE SHEIK



as FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN in BEN-HUR





as **BELA LUGOSI** in DRACULA

as **JAMES STEWART** in DESTRY RIDES AGAIN



as **CARY GRANT** in NOTORIOUS

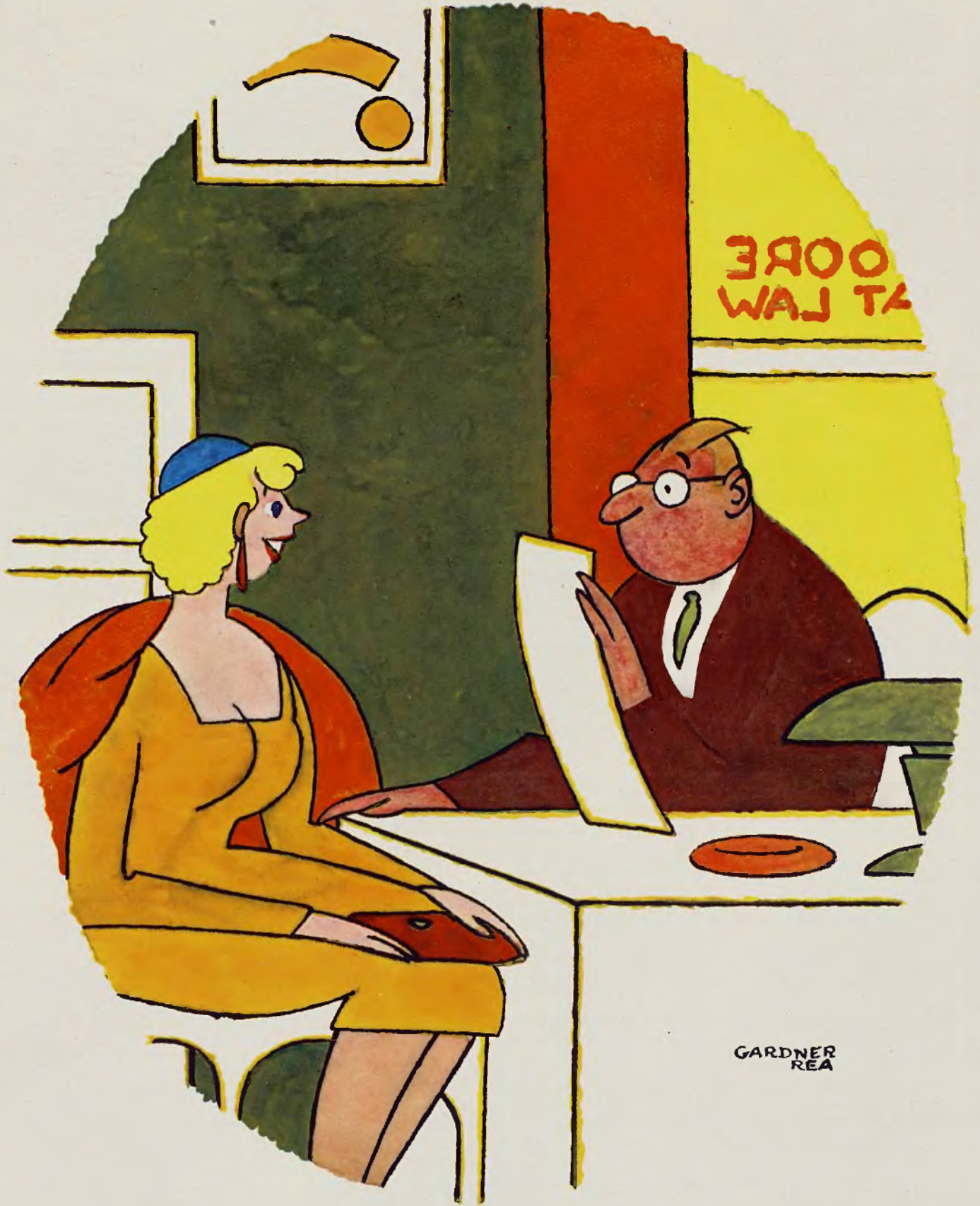


as **GROUCHO MARX** in A NIGHT AT THE OPERA





as **PETER SELLERS** in THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT



GARDNER  
REA

*"It's a list of the fathers of my unborn child — and I want you to see to it that every single one of them does the right thing by me!"*

# HIGHBROW AUTHORS AND MIDDLEBROW BOOKS

Opinion by John W. Aldridge

*the plight of today's readers and writers of "literature"—  
a no-holds-barred appraisal*

U ntil fairly recently, speculations on the health of the novel were a morbid and monotonous feature of our literary life. In fact, ever since Ortega y Gasset pronounced the novel dead back in the Twenties, and T. S. Eliot discovered that Flaubert and James had killed it, critics have generally shown more interest in the novel dead than alive, and have devoted more energy to conducting post-mortems than to providing resuscitation. For a number of years in the Sunday book-supplement world, the novel was dying as regularly as tycoons and athletes, and of a much more interesting variety of ailments. In the main, it was the critics of that world, the middlebrow, trend-tracking kind, who carried on the discussion over the last two decades, the concern for the novel's health apparently having passed from Eliot to Trilling to Frank O'Connor to J. Donald Adams with steadily dwindling intensity and authority.

For a while there it looked as though, if the novel were not actually dying under its own power, it was certain very soon to be talked to death. It now appears, however, that the situation has rather dramatically reversed itself, and that it is not so much the novel as the talk about its death that is dying. In fact, among highbrows we are suddenly hearing a great deal of talk about the novel's *aliveness*, while the middlebrow post-mortems have diminished in number to the point where we can sometimes go for whole months or even years without hearing any more baleful middlebrow news of the novel than the tired old news that it continues to be obsessed with sexual perversion and other "sordid and depressing" aspects of life, and that nobody writing today is anywhere near as good as John P. Marquand. A kind of forlorn pettishness about issues which everybody else long ago ceased to think of seems to have overcome the old-style middlebrow crepe hangers. And not only have they stopped talking about the death of the novel; they have apparently stopped being aware of the novel altogether, except as a form which somehow failed to oblige them by dying at the right time and has instead taken on a new life they are unable to comprehend.

The truth of course is that the novel as the middlebrows used to know it did in effect die. The death which they made a habit of announcing so solemnly was actually quite real, in the sense that the kind of novel they once felt close to did pass away as a dominating literary force and has since been replaced by another kind, a largely intellectual kind. *(continued on page 166)*

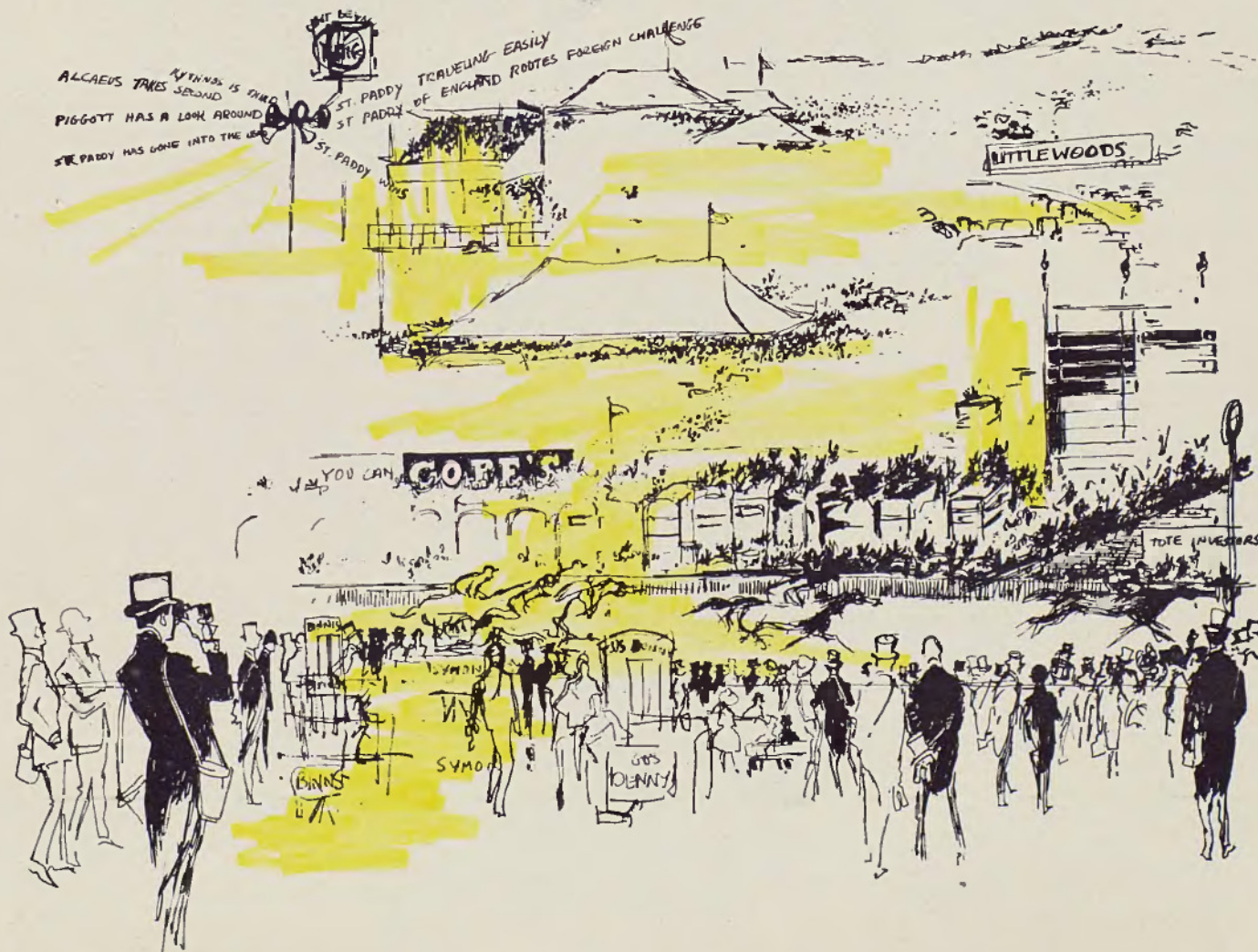
# man at his leisure

artist neiman depicts derby day at england's historic epsom downs



**THE EPSOM DERBY**, a contest of such moment that a horse worth a few thousand pounds at the outset of the race may increase in value a hundred-fold by the finish, lays claim to the title of world's greatest sporting event. Dating back to 1780, this one-and-a-half-mile competition is not so much a race as it is a national institution: it ranks in an Englishman's esteem with afternoon tea and Buckingham Palace. With the betting ranging from a few bob to thousands of pounds, there is hardly an onlooker in the cheering crowd who doesn't have something at stake as the horses make that last straining effort down the straightaway from famous Tattenham Corner.

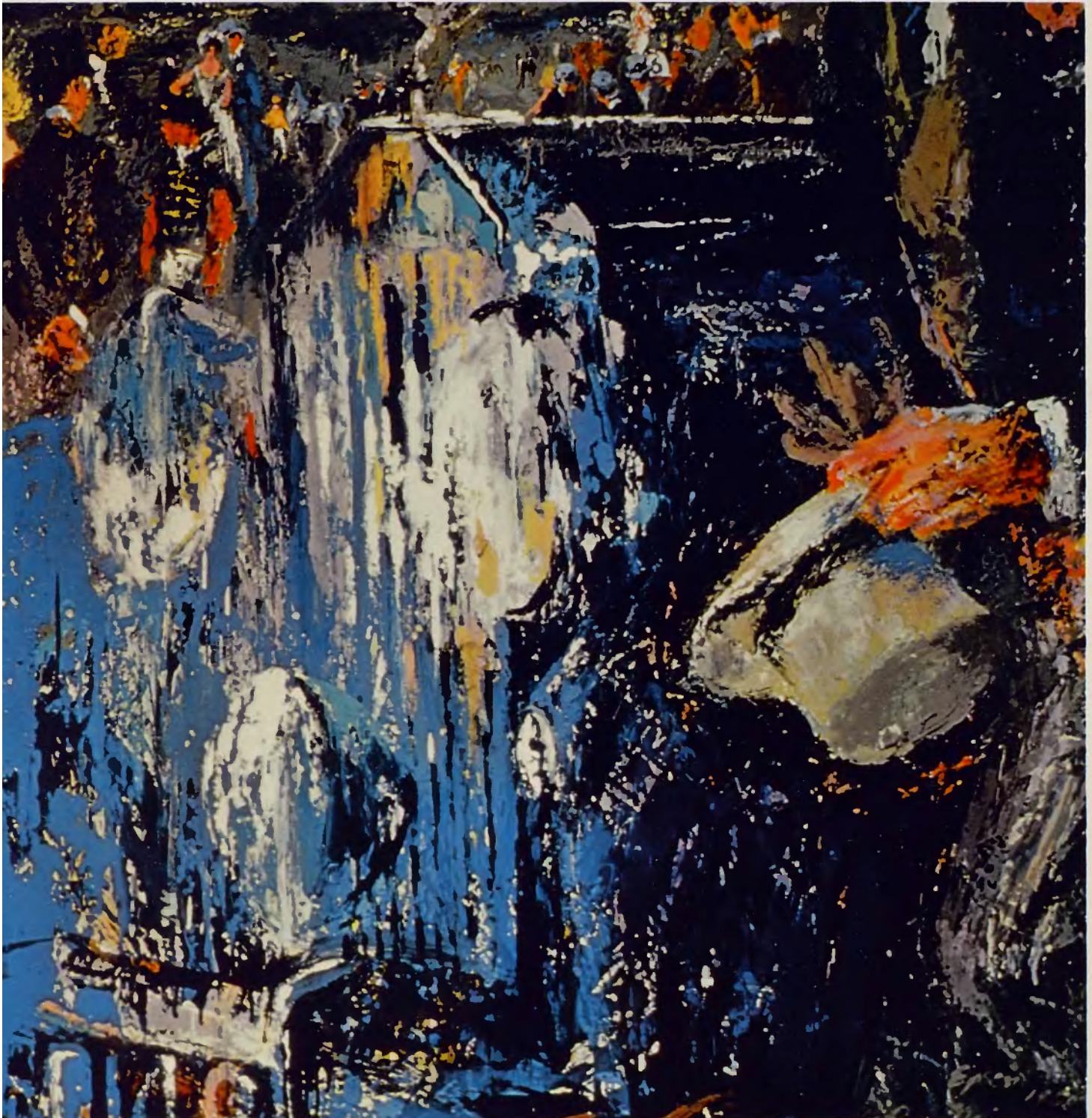
Left: Racing enthusiasts, impeccably garbed and suitably field-glassed, come to Epsom not only to see the Derby, but to be seen. Below: A view from the Royal Enclosure toward the crowded infield, as the surging thoroughbreds thunder toward the winning post.





Artist-observer LeRoy Neiman notes that "suit-rental emporiums in London and vicinity are besieged long before Derby Day by all who can't afford the traditional morning coats, top hats, waistcoats and other sartorial appurtenances called for by this socially prestigious occasion. From the reigning monarch to the lowliest commoner, everyone who can manage to be there is there. Throngs jam the trains to Epsom, 15 miles from the heart of London: as early as six in the morning the vast parking areas begin to fill with endless streams of cars and motor coaches." The milieu is an olio of the elegant and the plebeian, as entire families come upon the scene with picnic baskets to make a day of it. Tents and booths blossom all over the grounds, purveying anything from chilled champagne to hot sausages, while the nobility pays its respects to the Queen in the Royal Box, where, as England's most illustrious improver of the breed, she oversees one of her country's oldest and proudest events.

A well-turned-out gentleman beside a sleeky regal Rolls-Royce sets the mood of the Derby, where even the splendor of the jockeys' multicolored silks seems to poll beside the gorb of club members assembled near the paddock on horse racing's doy of doys.





*“Do you think this  
cigar makes me look  
too masculine, darling?”*

Vargas



# The Crafty Counsel of Colonel Biondi

## Ribald Classic

AFTER A SUCCESSFUL campaign in Reggio di Calabria, the battle-weary troops of Colonel Biondi were dispatched to Provincia Cosenza for a period of rest and recuperation. A bivouac was set up on the beaches and supplies were brought south from Naples, including wines, meats and fine cheeses. The sage Biondi realized, however, that despite the many comforts offered the men, there still was a decided lack of the ultimate in accommodations: the presence of women. Accordingly, desirous of securing for them the maximum in recreation, Biondi determined the location of certain procurers from whom courtesans might be persuaded. He then visited these fellows, sampled their wares and bargained for group rates to be applied to all who might be members of the military unit.

Now, having done these things, the colonel repaired to his command tent, where he contemplated the problem of advising his troops of the locations of the procurers whose business ethics met with his approval. He realized that if he were to condone openly the patronization of the procurers, he would arouse the ire of those who concerned themselves with the morals of others, and consequently bring governmental disfavor upon the men of his unit. Therefore, to circumvent the problem, he published an order as follows:

The men of this unit are hereby advised that this command will not look kindly upon familiarities between the men of this unit and the women of the province of Cosenza. It is further commanded that no member of this unit may go to the town of Rogliano with the intent of

obtaining a woman from the house of one Giacomo Ciellano, a known procurer, and bringing that woman to his tent. It is further decreed that those who do entertain women in their tents will be dealt with most harshly.

Biondi's order continued to describe the route to the house of Giacomo Ciellano, which the troops were forbidden to take; the procurer's price, which they were forbidden to pay, and the manner by which they could return to the bivouac area, with their women, unobserved by police—which manner they were commanded not to employ.

Now there was in the battalion at that time a lieutenant by the name of Lorenzo, a dedicated man, assuredly, but perhaps not a wise one, who accepted the colonel's order at face value. Consequently, when he heard the men openly discussing their experiences with the courtesans, he complained directly to Biondi who immediately published another order, warning that the lieutenant had overheard this conversation about the courtesans, and threatening punishment for whomever the lieutenant discovered indulging in these "wrongful acts."

The men conducted their affairs in secrecy thereafter; but one afternoon a fine wench in one of the tents, having imbibed an abundance of Neapolitan wine, staggered to the center of the battalion quadrangle and began a most exacting dance during which she removed the few garments she had been wearing. As chance would have it, Lieutenant Lorenzo happened by; but when he noticed her, he kept his distance and waited until one of the soldiers took hold of

## a 16th Century Calabrian tale

her and brought her back to his tent. Then Lorenzo followed the couple, and observed through the flap of the tent as the two indulged in a performance that astounded him, in that he had never seen it performed before.

In rage and dismay, he proceeded to the colonel and hurled accusations at the soldier and the girl. But the wise Biondi examined the regulation he had published, and pointed out that there was no proof that the soldier had obtained her from one of the "forbidden" procurers, nor that he had followed any of the "forbidden" routes, nor was he necessarily "entertaining" the woman in his tent, which was also forbidden.

The colonel then ordered Lorenzo to seize the woman and bring her to the command tent, whereupon he instructed Lorenzo to demonstrate the performance by which the woman had been "entertained." Although Lorenzo found the positions of this demonstration uncomfortable, never before having been in them, he followed his colonel's mandate.

When the act had been completed, Biondi asked the woman if she had found it "entertaining." She replied that Lorenzo was anything but entertaining; indeed, he was boring. Biondi consequently dismissed the case on the ground that a private most certainly could not have entertained the woman if an officer had failed to do so. And, Lorenzo, who found *himself* entertained by the experience, ceased to harass the troops, for now he, too, was occupied in the pursuit of further entertainment, in accordance with the spirit if not the letter of the crafty colonel's regulation.

—Retold by Paul J. Gillette



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# *Playmates Revisited • 1956*

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*playboy encores its third year's gatefold girls*

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PLAYBOY's Tenth Anniversary reprise of past Playmates proceeds apace with a refreshing backward glance at 1956. The succeeding years of the PLAYBOY decade will be recapped an issue at a time until December, when a *Readers' Choice* pictorial, presenting the ten all-time favorites, will appear. Our third year of publication was highlighted by a countdown of figurative feats. Our beautiful Subscription Manager, Janet Pilgrim, became a Playmate for the third time in October (a record that still stands); Phi Beta Kappa Alice Denham was doubly exposed in July, both as Playmate and author of *The Deal*, that month's lead fiction; in September, Danish-born Playmate Elsa Sorensen married singer Guy Mitchell (they're still receiving a joint subscription to PLAYBOY); and for a dazzling year-end capper, appreciative readers zeroed in on the demure warmth of Floridian Playmate, Lisa Winters. Readers with long memories need not wait for our centerfold retrospective to unfold — their selections are welcome at any time. Any Playmate, from December 1953 through December 1963, is eligible to appear in the special ten-page portfolio scheduled for the end of this year.

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LYNN TURNER, *January 1956*



RUSTY FISHER, *April 1956*

LISA WINTERS, *December 1956*



BETTY BLUE, *November 1956*



ELSA SORENSEN, *September 1956*

GLORIA WALKER, *June 1956*



MARIAN STAFFORD, *March 1956*

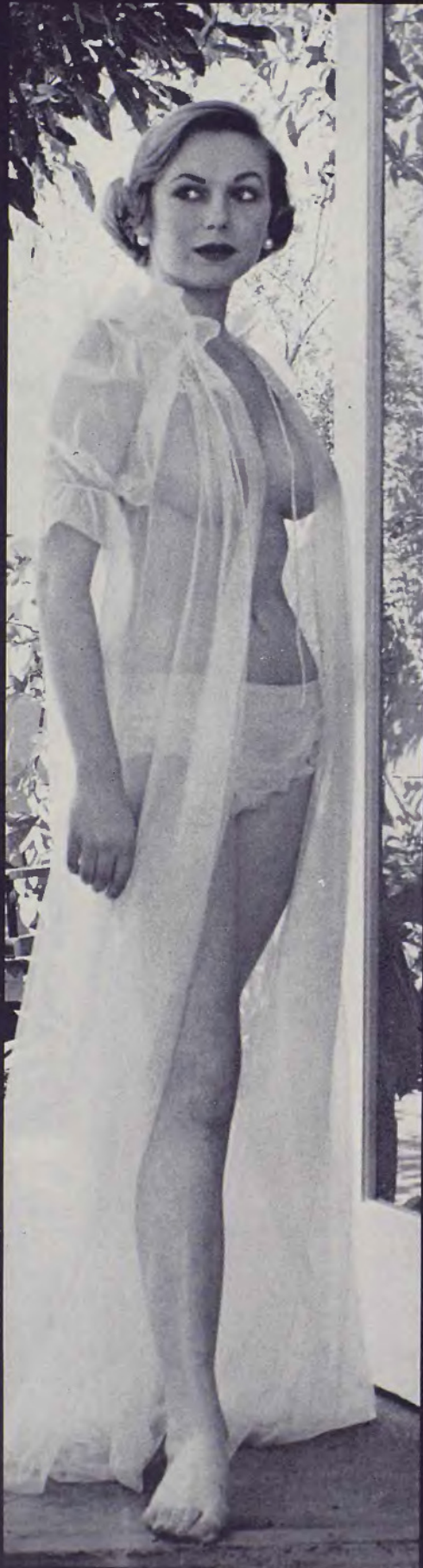


MARGUERITE EMPEY, *February 1956*



MARION SCOTT, *May 1956*

ALICE DENHAM, *July 1956*



JONNIE NICELY, *August 1956*



JANET PILGRIM, *October 1956*

## YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE

defensively into the clear blue, comprehending eyes of the famous neurologist. He said, seeking support for his decision, "You do see my point, Sir James? I'm tightly staffed at Headquarters, and in the field, for that matter. There's just no place where I can tuck away 007 so that he won't cause harm."

"You'll be losing one of your best men."

"Used to be. Isn't any longer."

Sir James Molony sat back. He looked out of the window and puffed thoughtfully at his cigar. He liked this man Bond. He had had him as his patient perhaps a dozen times before. He had seen how the spirit, the reserves in the man, could pull him out of badly damaged conditions that would have broken the normal human being. He knew how a desperate situation would bring out those reserves again, how the will to live would spring up again in a real emergency. He remembered how countless neurotic patients had disappeared forever from his consulting rooms when the last war had broken out. The big worry had driven out the smaller ones, the greater fear the lesser. He made up his mind. He turned back to M. "Give him one more chance, M. If it'll help, I'll take the responsibility."

"What sort of chance are you thinking of?"

"Well now, I don't know much about your line of business, M. And I don't want to. Got enough secrets in my own job to look after. But haven't you got something really sticky, some apparently hopeless assignment you can give this man? I don't mean necessarily dangerous, like assassination or stealing Russian ciphers or whatever. But something that's desperately important but apparently impossible. By all means give him a kick in the pants at the same time if you want to, but what he needs most of all is a supreme call on his talents, something that'll really make him sweat so that he's simply forced to forget his personal troubles. He's a patriotic sort of a chap. Give him something that really matters to his country. It would be easy enough if a war broke out. Nothing like death or glory to take a man out of himself. But can't you dream up something that simply stinks of urgency? If you can, give him the job. It might get him right back on the rails. Anyway, give him the chance. Yes?"

• • •

M, his shoulders hunched inside the square-cut blue suit, was standing by the big window looking out across the park. Without looking round he said, "Sit down." No name, no number!

Bond took his usual place across the desk from M's tall-armed chair. He

(continued from page 76)

noticed that there was no file on the expanse of red leather in front of the chair. And the in and out baskets were both empty. Suddenly he felt really bad about everything — about letting M down, letting the Service down, letting himself down. This empty desk, the empty chair, were the final accusation. We have nothing for you, they seemed to say. You're no use to us anymore. Sorry. It's been nice knowing you, but there it is.

M came over and sat heavily down in the chair and looked across at Bond. There was nothing to read in the lined sailor's face. It was as impassive as the polished blue leather of the empty chair back had been.

M said, "You know why I've sent for you?"

"I can guess, sir. You can have my resignation."

M said angrily, "What in hell are you talking about? It's not your fault that the Double-O Section's been idle for so long. It's the way things go. You've had flat periods before now — months with nothing in your line."

"But I made a mess of the last two jobs. And I know my medical's been pretty poor these last few months."

"Nonsense. There's nothing the matter with you. You've been through a bad time. You've had good reason to be a bit under the weather. As for the last two assignments, anyone can make mistakes. But I can't have idle hands around the place, so I'm taking you out of the Double-O Section."

Bond's heart had temporarily risen. Now it plummeted again. The old man was being kind, trying to let him down lightly. He said, "Then, if it's all the same to you, sir, I'd still like to put in my resignation. I've held the Double-O number for too long. I'm not interested in staff work, I'm afraid, sir. And no good at it either."

M did something Bond had never seen him do before. He lifted his right fist and brought it crashing down on the desk. "Who the devil do you think you're talking to? Who the devil d'you think's running this show? God in heaven! I send for you to give you promotion and the most important job of your career and you talk to me about resignation! Pighheaded young fool!"

Bond was dumfounded. A great surge of excitement ran through him. What in hell was all this about? He said, "I'm terribly sorry, sir. I thought I'd been letting the side down lately."

"I'll soon tell you when you're letting the side down." M thumped the desk for a second time, but less hard. "Now listen to me, I'm giving you acting promotion to the Diplomatic Section. Four-

figure number and a thousand a year extra pay. You won't know much about the Section, but I can tell you there are only two other men in it. You can keep your present office and your secretary, if you like. In fact, I would prefer it. I don't want your change of duty to get about. Understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"In any case, you'll be leaving for Japan inside a week. The Chief of Staff is handling the arrangements personally. Not even my secretary knows about it. As you can see," M waved his hand, "there's not even a file on the case. That's how important it is."

"But why have you chosen me, sir?" Bond's heart was thumping. This was the most extraordinary change in his fortunes that had ever come about! Ten minutes before he had been on the rubbish heap, his career, his life in ruins, and now here he was being set up on a pinnacle! What the hell was it all about?

"For the simple reason that the job's impossible. No, I won't go as far as that. Let's say totally improbable of success. You've shown in the past that you have an aptitude for difficult assignments. The only difference here is that there won't be any strong-arm stuff," M gave a frosty smile, "none of the gunplay you pride yourself on so much. It'll just be a question of your wits and nothing else. But if you bring it off, which I very much doubt, you will just about double our intelligence about the Soviet Union."

"Can you tell me some more about it, sir?"

"Have to, as there's nothing written down. Lower-echelon stuff, about the Japanese Secret Service and so forth, you can get from Section J. The Chief of Staff will tell Colonel Hamilton to answer your questions freely, though you will tell him nothing about the purpose of your mission. Understood?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well now. You know a bit about cryptography?"

"The bare bones, sir. I've preferred to keep clear of the subject. Better that way in case the opposition ever got hold of me."

"Quite right. Well now, the Japanese are past masters at it. They've got the right mentality for finicky problems in letters and numbers. Since the war, under CIA guidance, they've built incredible cracking machines. And for the last year they've been reading the cream of the Soviet traffic from Vladivostok and Oriental Russia — diplomatic, naval, air force, the lot."

"That's terrific, sir."

"Terrific for the CIA."

"Aren't they passing it on to us, sir? I thought we were hand in glove with

(continued on page 131)





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Join the big swing to Winston...the largest-selling filter cigarette!

**WINSTON TASTES GOOD...LIKE A CIGARETTE SHOULD!**

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*Bill Murphy*

*"There, Sheila — all fixed. Now remember, next time you get angry don't go around slamming doors . . ."*

the CIA all along the line."

"Not in the Pacific. They regard that as their private preserve. When Allen Dulles was in charge, we used at least to get digests of any stuff that concerned us, but this new man McCone has cracked down on all that. He's a good man, all right, and we get along well personally, but he's told me candidly that he's acting under orders — National Defense Council. They're worried about our security. Can't blame them. I'm equally worried about theirs. Two of their top cryptographers defected a couple of years ago and they must have blown a lot of the stuff we gave the Americans. Trouble with this so-called democracy of ours is that the press gets hold of these cases and writes them up too big. *Pravda* doesn't burst into tears when one of their men comes over to us. *Izvestia* doesn't ask for a public inquiry. Somebody in K.G.B. gets hell, I suppose. But at least they're allowed to get on with their job instead of having retired members of the Supreme Soviet pawing through their files and telling them how to run a secret service."

To get M back on the track, Bond said, "About this stuff the Japanese are getting. Where do I come in, sir?"

M put both hands flat on the table. It was the old gesture when he came to the 64-dollar question, and Bond's heart lifted even further at the sight of it. "There's a man in Tokyo called Tiger Tanaka. Head of their Secret Service. Can't remember what they call it. Some unpronounceable Japanese rubbish. He's quite a man. First at Oxford. Came back here and spied for them before the war. Joined the Kempeitai, their wartime Gestapo, trained as a kamikaze and would be dead by now but for the surrender. Well, he's the chap who has control of the stuff we want. I want, the Chiefs of Staff want. You're to go out there and get it off him. How, I don't know. That's up to you. But you can see why I say you're unlikely to succeed. He's in fief" — Bond was amused by the old Scottish expression — "to the CIA. He probably doesn't think much of us." M's mouth bent down at the corners. "People don't these days. They may be right or wrong. I'm not a politician. He doesn't know much about the Service except what he's penetrated or heard from the CIA. And that won't be greatly to our advantage, I'd say. We haven't had a station in Japan since 1950. No traffic. It all went to the Americans. You'll be working under the Australians. They tell me their man's good. Section J says so, too. Anyway, that's the way it is. If anyone can bring it off, you can. Care to have a try, James?"

M's face was suddenly friendly. It wasn't friendly often. James Bond felt a quick warmth of affection for this man who had ordered his destiny for so long,

but about whom he knew so little. His instinct told him that there were things hidden behind this assignment, motives which he didn't understand. Was this a rescue job on him? Was M giving him his last chance? But it sounded solid enough. The reasons for it stood up. Hopeless? Impossible? Perhaps. Why hadn't M chosen a Jap speaker? Bond had never been east of Hong Kong. But then Orientalists had their own particular drawbacks — too much tied up with tea ceremonies and flower arrangements and Zen and so forth. No. It sounded a true bill. He said, "Yes, sir. I'd like to have a try."

M gave an abrupt nod. "Good." He leaned forward and pressed a button on the intercom. "Chief of Staff? What number have you allotted to 007? Right. He's coming to see you straightaway."

M leaned back. He gave one of his rare smiles. "You're stuck with your old digit. All right, four sevens. Go along and get briefed."

Bond said, "Right, sir. And, er, thank you." He got up and walked over to the door and let himself out.

Bill Tanner, late Colonel Tanner of the Sappers and Bond's best friend in the Service, looked up from his heavily laden desk. He grinned with pleasure at what he saw. He said, "Take a pew, James. So you've bought it? Thought you might. But it's a stinker all right. Think you can bring it off?"

"Not an earthly, I'd guess," said Bond cheerfully. "This man Tanaka sounds a tough nut, and I'm no great hand at diplomacy. But why did M pick on me, Bill? I thought I was in the doghouse because of messing up those last two jobs. I was all set to go into chicken farming. Now, be a good chap and tell me what's the real score."

Bill Tanner had been ready for that one. He said easily, "Balls, James. You've been running through a bad patch. We all hit 'em sometimes. M just thought you'd be the best man for the job. You know he's got an entirely misplaced opinion of your abilities. Anyway, it'll be a change from your usual roughhousing. Time you moved up out of that damned Double-O Section of yours. Don't you ever think about promotion?"

"Absolutely not," said Bond with fervor. "As soon as I get back from this caper, I'll ask for my old number back again. But tell me, how am I supposed to set about this business? What's this Australian cover consist of? Have I got anything to offer this wily Oriental in exchange for his jewels? How's the stuff to be transmitted back here if I do get my hands on it? Must be the hell of a lot of traffic."

"He can have the entire product of Station H. He can send one of his own staffers down to Hong Kong to sit in

with us if he likes. He'll probably be pretty well off on China already, but he won't have anything as high grade as our Macao link, the "Blue Route." Hamilton will tell you all about that. In Tokyo, the man you'll be working with is an Aussie called Henderson — Richard Lovelace Henderson. Fancy name, but Section J and all the old Jap hands say he's a good man. You'll have an Australian passport and we'll fix for you to go out as his number two. That'll give you diplomatic status and a certain amount of face, which counts for damn near everything out there according to Hamilton. If you get the stuff, Henderson will push it back to us through Melbourne. We'll give him a communications staff to handle it. Next question."

"What is the CIA going to say about all this? After all, it's barefaced poaching."

"They don't own Japan. Anyway, they're not to know. That's up to this fellow Tanaka. He'll have to fix the machinery for getting it into the Australian Embassy. That's his worry. But the whole thing's on pretty thin ice. The main problem is to make sure he doesn't go straight along to the CIA and tell 'em of your approach. If you get blown, we'll just have to get the Australians to hold the baby. They've done it before when we've been bowled out edging our way into the Pacific. We're good friends with their Service. First-rate bunch of chaps. And, anyway, the CIA's hands aren't as clean as all that. We've got a whole file of cases where they've crossed wires with us round the world. Often dangerously. We can throw that book at McCone if this business blows up in our faces. But part of your job is to see that it doesn't."

"Seems to me I'm getting all balled up in high politics. Not my line of country at all. But is this stuff really as vital as M says?"

"Absolutely. If you get hold of it, your grateful country will probably buy you that chicken farm you're always talking about."

"So be it. Now, if you'll give Hamilton a buzz, I'll go and start learning all about the mysterious East."

"*Kangei!* Welcome aboard," said the pretty kimonoed and obied stewardess of Japan Air Lines as, a week later, James Bond settled into the comfortable window seat of the four-jet Douglas DC-8 at London Airport and listened to the torrent of soft Japanese coming from the tannoy that would be saying all those things about life jackets and the flying time to Orly. The sick bags "in case of motion disturbance" were embellished with pretty bamboo emblems and, according to the exquisitely bound travel folder, the random scrib-

# LA DOLCE TEEVEE JEEBIES

satire By SHEL SILVERSTEIN



*"You won't forget, Frank . . . you'll have the toupee back by 7:30 . . .!"*



*"Shake him again and maybe some more change will fall out!"*



*"I'm sorry I bucked, sir, but I've never played horsey before . . .!"*



*"And you — you're supposed to be his psychiatrist!!"*



*"Ride into Laramie, ask around and see if anybody there has a match, then get back here as fast as you can!"*



*"And now to Miss Susan Dirkson for — oops, sorry — meritorious and distinguished — oops, sorry — service while flying — oops . . ."*

*tongue-in-cheek dialog for television's late-night movies*



*"OK, we'll cut for it. Low card goes upstairs and reads a book or something..."*



*"Hell, Marsha, if you won't help push, at least don't drag your feet!"*



*"Phallic symbol, shmallic symbol — I still think it's beautiful!"*



*"Here at Arthur Murray's, Miss Sommerfeld, we expect our instructors to remain on their feet."*



*"You take off his skis and I'll go for the hot coffee!"*



*"You ever have a day when nothing seems to go right?"*

## YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE

bles on the luggage rack above his head were "the traditional and auspicious tortoise-shell motif." The stewardess bowed and handed him a dainty fan, a small hot towel in a wicker basket and a sumptuous menu that included a note to the effect that an assortment of cigarettes, perfumes and pearls was available for sale. Then they were off with 50,000 pounds of thrust on the first leg of the four that would take the good aircraft Yoshino over the North Pole to Tokyo.

Bond gazed at the picture of three oranges (No! After an hour he decided they were persimmons) in a blue bowl that faced him and, when the aircraft flattened out at 30,000 feet, ordered the first of the chain of brandies and ginger ales that was to sustain him over the Channel, a leg of the North Sea, the Kattegat, the Arctic Ocean, the Beaufort Sea, the Bering Sea and the North Pacific Ocean and decided that, whatever happened on this impossible assignment, he would put up no resistance to his old skin being sloughed off him on the other side of the world. By the time he was admiring the huge stuffed polar bear at Anchorage, in Alaska, the embrace of JAL's soft wings had persuaded him that he didn't even mind if the color of the new skin was to be yellow.

The huge right fist crashed into the left palm with the noise of a .45 pistol shot. The great square face of the Aus-

(continued from page 131)

tralian turned almost purple and the veins stood out on the grizzled temples. With controlled violence, but almost under his breath, he intoned savagely:

"I bludge,  
Thou bludgest,  
He bludges,  
We bludge,  
You bludge,  
They all bludge."

He reached under the low table and then seemed to think better of it and moved his hand to the glass of sake, picked it up and poured it down his throat without a swallow.

Bond said mildly, "Take it easy, Dikko. What's bitten you? And what does this vulgar-sounding colonial expression mean?"

Richard Lovelace Henderson, of Her Majesty's Australian Diplomatic Corps, looked belligerently round the small crowded bar in a bystreet off the Ginza and said out of the corner of his large and usually cheerful mouth that was now turned down in bitterness and anger, "You stupid pommy bastard, we've been miked! That bludger Tanaka's miked us! Here, under the table! See the little wire down the leg? And see that wingy over at the bar? Chap with one arm looking bloody respectable in his blue suit and black tie? That's one of Tiger's men. I can smell 'em by now. They've been tailing me

off and on for ten years. Tiger dresses 'em all like little CIA gentlemen. You watch out for any Jap who's drinking Western and wearing that rig. All Tiger's men." He grumbled, "Damn good mind to go over and call the bastard."

Bond said, "Well, if we're being miked, all this'll make sweet reading for Mr. Tanaka tomorrow morning."

"What the hell," said Dikko Henderson resignedly, "The old bastard knows what I think of him. Now he'll just have it in writing. Teach him to stop leaning on me. And my friends," he added, with a blistering glance at Bond. "It's really you he wants to size up. And I don't mind if he hears me saying so. Bludger? Well, hear me now. Tiger! This is the great Australian insult. You can use it anyway." He raised his voice. "But in general it means a worthless pervert, ponce, scoundrel, liar, traitor and rogue—with no redeeming feature. And I hope your stewed seaweed sticks in your gullet at breakfast tomorrow when you know what I think of you."

Bond laughed. The torrent of powerful swearwords had started its ceaseless flow the day before at the airport—Haneda, "the field of wings." It had taken Bond nearly an hour to extract his single suitcase from the customs area, and he had emerged fuming into the central hall only to be jostled and pushed aside by an excited crowd of young Japanese bearing paper banners that said INTERNATIONAL LAUNDRY CONVENTION. Bond was exhausted from his flight. He let out one single four-letter expletive.

Behind him a big voice repeated the same word and added some more. "That's my boy! That's the right way to greet the East! You'll be needing all those words and more before you're through with the area."

Bond had turned. The huge man in the rumpled gray suit thrust out a hand as big as a small ham. "Glad to meet you. I'm Henderson. As you were the only pommy on the plane, I guess you're Bond. Here. Give me that bag. Got a car outside and the sooner we get away from this blankety-blank madhouse the better."

Henderson looked like a middle-aged prize fighter who has retired and taken to the bottle. His thin suit bulged with muscle round the arms and shoulders and with fat round the waist. He had a craggy, sympathetic face, rather stony blue eyes, and a badly broken nose. He was sweating freely (Bond was to find that he was always sweating), and as he barged his way through the crowd, using Bond's suitcase as a battering-ram, he extracted a rumpled square of terry cloth from his trouser pocket and wiped it round his neck and face. The crowd parted unresentfully to let the giant through, and Bond followed in his wake



to a smart Toyopet saloon waiting in a no-parking area. The chauffeur got out and bowed. Henderson fired a torrent of instructions at him in fluent Japanese and followed Bond into the back seat, settling himself with a grunt. "Taking you to your hotel first — the Okura, latest of the Western ones. American tourist got murdered at the Royal Oriental the other day and we don't want to lose you all that soon. Then we'll do a bit of serious drinking. Had some dinner?"

"About six of them, as far as I can remember. JAL certainly takes good care of your stomach."

"Why did you choose the willow-pattern route? How was the old ruptured duck?"

"They told me the bird was a crane. Very dainty. But efficient. Thought I might as well practice being inscrutable before plunging into all this." Bond waved at the cluttered shambles of the Tokyo suburbs through which they were tearing at what seemed to Bond a suicidal speed. "Doesn't look the most attractive city in the world. And why are we driving on the left?"

"God knows," said Henderson moodily. "The bloody Japs do everything the wrong way round. Read the old instruction books wrong, I dare say. Light switches go up instead of down. Taps

turn to the left. Door handles likewise. Why, they even race their horses clockwise instead of anticlockwise like civilized people. As for Tokyo, it's bloody awful. It's either too hot or too cold or pouring with rain. And there's an earthquake about every day. But don't worry about them. They just make you feel slightly drunk. The typhoons are worse. If one starts to blow, go into the stoutest bar you can see and get drunk. But the first ten years are the worst. It's got its points when you know your way around. Bloody expensive if you live Western, but I stick to the back alleys and do all right. Really quite exhilarating. Got to know the lingo though, and when to bow and take off your shoes and so on. You'll have to get the basic routines straight pretty quickly if you're going to make any headway with the people you've come to see. Underneath the stiff collars and striped pants in the government departments, there's still plenty of the old samurai tucked away. I laugh at them for it, and they laugh back because they've got to know my line of patter. But that doesn't mean I don't bow from the waist when I know it's expected of me and when I want something. You'll get the hang of it all right." Henderson fired some Japanese at the driver who had been glancing frequently in his driving mirror. The driver laughed

and replied cheerfully. "Thought so," said Henderson. "We've got ourselves a tail. Typical of old Tiger. I told him you were staying at the Okura, but he wants to make sure for himself. Don't worry. It's just part of his crafty ways. If you find one of his men breathing down your neck in bed tonight, or a girl if you're lucky, just talk to them politely and they'll bow and hiss themselves out."

But a solitary sleep had followed the serious drinking in the Bamboo Bar of the Okura, and the next day had been spent doing the sights and getting some cards printed that described Bond as Second Secretary in the Cultural Department of the Australian Embassy. "They know that's our intelligence side," said Henderson, "and they know I'm the head of it and you're my temporary assistant, so why not spell it out for them?" And that evening they had gone for more serious drinking to Henderson's favorite bar, Melody's, off the Ginza, where everybody called Henderson "Dikko" or "Dikko-san," and where they were ushered respectfully to the quiet corner table that appeared to be his *Stammtisch*.

And now Henderson reached under the table and, with a powerful wrench, pulled out the wires and left them

(continued on page 138)

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# ON THE SCENE



LARRY GORDON

## SEAN CONNERY *scotland's gilt-edged bond*

IN THE OPINION of Ian Fleming fans, no fictional hero has ever been more impeccably personified on the screen than that incarnation of twofold undercover expertise—the incomparable, indestructible James Bond, Britain's celebrated Secret Service agent *provoicateur* (whose latest exploits unfold in *You Only Live Twice*, a new Fleming novel debuting in this issue). In *Doctor No*, a flashy filmization of the Fleming best seller, sinewy Sean Connery brought Bond to life with an arrogant authority which has earned him a truckload of fan mail—and a fat contract for four more Fleming spy larks. The off-screen antithesis of the urbane Bond, 33-year-old Connery is an earthy Scotsman who prefers beer to *brut blanc de blanc*, stud poker to *chemin de fer*, was born to the family of an Edinburgh millworker, quit school at 13 to earn his keep and seek his fortune: as a dray-horse driver, seaman, lifeguard, printer's apprentice and finally bit player in the cast of a London production of *South Pacific*. He stayed on to study acting, soon found himself in demand for leading parts in telly plays. Making the movie grade at 26, he signed with 20th Century-Fox, only to languish inconspicuously in a series of films which culminated with a walk-on in *The Longest Day*. Then came *Doctor No*—and proverbial overnight stardom. Back currently as Bond in *From Russia with Love*, Connery has contrived shrewdly to elude the Bondage of typecasting by alternating Fleming flicks (next: *Goldfinger*) with outside starring roles (upcoming: *Woman of Straw* and Hitchcock's *Marnie*). His post-*No* price per picture: \$200,000—which proves that it takes a canny Scotsman to make a fortune in Bonds.





## OMAR SHARIF *egypt's fiery effendi*

THE BIGGEST NAME in Egyptian movies belongs to a 32-year-old former lumber salesman with a mouthful of ivory that gleams like the midday sun over the Qattara Depression. The teeth, from bicuspid to incisor (like Barrymore's profile and Gable's ears), are the trademark of Omar Sharif, born Maechel Shalhoub, proud product of a wealthy Alexandria lumberman. He discarded his real name when his interest in lumbering flagged and he was lured into films by his wife, the former cinemoppet Fatten Hamama, once famed as "the Shirley Temple of the Nile." Omar, a fiery-looking scamp, set filmdom aflame last year with his first exposure to non-Egyptian audiences in *Lawrence of Arabia*, where he played the native ally of Peter O'Toole during the latter's ubiquitous wanderings through Jordanian sands. At the conclusion of this four-hour epic, critics staggered back to their desks to write paens of praise about the skilled performances of O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Anthony Quinn and Jack Hawkins while women hurried home to burble over Omar. A bridge, sports-car and Kelly pool buff, Sharif has a pad in Cairo and another in London and insists that he disapproves of the current campaign among Hollywood flacks to compare him to Rudolph Valentino. "I would naturally like to be a demigod," he has admitted, "but I don't want to spend the rest of my life on a camel." To avert this fate he will play a Catholic priest in *Behold a Pale Horse*—which is fine with fast-rising Omar. No bur-noose is good bur-noose, as far as he is concerned.



## MAX VON SYDOW *sweden's midnight son*

IN RECENT YEARS, foreign-film fanciers who haunt the art theaters in search of cinematic verities have watched a steady procession of brooding, hauntingly dreamlike filmic masterpieces created by Sweden's cineMerlin, Ingmar Bergman. To them, the casting of Max von Sydow—a leading light in what has been called the Bergman Repertory Company—as Christ in George Stevens' *The Greatest Story Ever Told*, on the negative grounds that it would be difficult to accept a well-known actor as the Lord, was an incredible underestimation of the Bergman legions' scope. The tall, gaunt, viking-blond von Sydow has played a succession of somber, Strindbergian roles—the doomed medieval knight in *The Seventh Seal*, a 19th Century Svensk Svengali in *The Magician*, the avenging father in another dark-cornered medieval opus, *The Virgin Spring*, and important roles in the contemporary *Winter Light* and *Through a Glass Darkly*. Von Sydow boasts the classic Swedish stage background—years of study at the Royal Dramatic Theater School, which stood him in good stead through the seemingly endless filming of what one waggish iconoclast has dubbed "The Newest Testament." Although director Stevens forbade von Sydow to give any interviews while portraying Christ, the actor's words still managed to filter back through the Celluloid Curtain from the movie's Utah location: He had no intention of personifying Christ as a pastel-tinted Savior out of a Sunday-school primer. Von Sydow has etched Christ as a strong man whose love was based on justice, not sentiment—a thinking man's Messiah.

## YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE

hanging. "I'll give that black bastard Melody hell for this when I get around to it," he said belligerently. "And to think of all I've done for the dingo bastard! Used to be a favorite pub of the English colony and the Press Club layabouts. Had a good restaurant attached to it. That's gone now. The Eyete cook trod on the cat and spilled the soup and he picked up the cat and threw it into the cooking stove. Of course that got around pretty quick, and all the animal lovers and sanctimonious bastards got together and tried to have Melody's license taken away. I managed to put in squeeze in the right quarter and saved him, but everyone quit his restaurant and he had to close it. I'm the only regular who's stuck to him. And now he goes and does this to me! Oh well, he'll have had the squeeze put on *him*, I suppose. Anyway, that's the end of the tape so far as T.T.'s concerned. I'll give him hell, too. He ought to have learned by now that me and my friends don't want to assassinate the Emperor or blow up the Diet or something." Dikko glared around him as if he proposed to do both those things. "Now then, James, to business. I've fixed up for you to meet Tiger tomorrow morning at eleven. I'll pick you up and take you there. 'The Bureau of All-Asian Folkways.' I won't describe it to you. It'd spoil it. Now, I don't really know what you're here for. Spate of top-

(continued from page 135)

secret cables from Melbourne. To be deciphered by yours truly in person. Thanks very much! And my Ambassador, Jim Saunderson, good bloke, says he doesn't want to know anything about it. Thinks it'd be even better if he didn't meet you at all. OK with you? No offense, but he's a wise guy and likes to keep his hands clean. And I don't want to know anything about your job either. That way, you're the only one who gets the powdered bamboo in his coffee. But I gather you want to get some high-powered gen out of Tiger without the CIA knowing anything about it. Right? Well that's going to be a dicey business. Tiger's a career man with a career mind. Although, on the surface, he's a hundred-percent *demokorasu*, he's a deep one—very deep indeed. The American occupation and the American influence here look like a very solid basis for a total American-Japanese alliance. But once a Jap, always a Jap. It's the same with all the other great nations—Chinese, Russian, German, English. It's their bones that matter, not their lying faces. And all those races have got tremendous bones. Compared with the bones, the smiles or scowls don't mean a thing. And time means nothing for them either. Ten years is the blink of a star for the big ones. Get me? So Tiger, and his superiors, who, I suppose, are the Diet and, in the end, the Emperor, will look at your proposition principally

from two angles. Is it immediately desirable, today? Or is it a long-term investment? Something that may pay off for the country in ten, twenty years. And, if I were you, I'd stick to that spiel—the long-term talk. These people, people like Tiger, who's an absolutely top man in Japan, don't think in terms of days or months or years. They think in terms of centuries. Quite right, when you come to think of it."

Dikko Henderson made a wide gesture with his left hand. Bond decided that Dikko was getting cheerfully tight. He had found a Palomar pony to run with. They must be rare enough in Tokyo. They were both past the eighth flask of sake, but Dikko had also laid a foundation of Suntory whiskey in the Okura while he'd been waiting for Bond to write out an innocuous cable to Melbourne with the prefix "Information-wise," which meant that it was for Mary Goodnight, to announce his arrival and give his current address. But it was all right with Bond that Dikko should be getting plastered. He would talk better and looser and, in the end, wiser that way. And Bond wanted to pick his brains.

Bond said, "But what sort of a chap is this Tanaka? Is he your enemy or your friend?"

"Both. More of a friend probably. At least I'd guess so. I amuse him. His CIA pals don't. He loosens up with me. We've got things in common. We share a pleasure in the delights of *samsara*—wine and women. He's a great cocksman. I also have ambitions in that direction. I've managed to keep him out of two marriages. Trouble with Tiger is he always wants to marry 'em. He's paying cock tax, that's alimony in the Australian vernacular, to three already. So he's acquired an *on* with regard to me. That's an obligation—almost as important in the Japanese way of life as 'face.' When you have an *on*, you're not very happy until you've discharged it honorably, if you'll pardon the bad pun. And if a man makes you a present of a salmon, you mustn't repay him with a shrimp. It's got to be with an equally large salmon—larger if possible, so that then you've jumped the man, and now he has an *on* with regard to you, and you're quids in morally, socially and spiritually—and the last one's the most important. Well now, Tiger's *on* toward me is a very powerful one, very difficult to discharge. He's paid little slices of it off with various intelligence dope. He's paid off another big slice by accepting your presence here and giving you an interview so soon after your arrival. If you'd been an ordinary supplicant, it might have taken you weeks. He'd have given you a fat dose of *shikiri-naoshi*—that's making you wait, giving you the great stone face. The *sumo* wrestlers use



"OK, let's say they destroy our civilization and we destroy theirs. Now, here's my plan . . ."



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it in the ring to make an opponent look and feel small in front of the audience. Got it? So you start with that in your favor. He would be predisposed to do what you want because that would remove all his *on* toward me and, by his accounting, stick a whole packet of *on* on my back toward him. But it's not so simple as that. All Japanese have permanent *on* toward their superiors, the Emperor, their ancestors and the Japanese gods. This they can only discharge by doing 'the right thing.' Not easy, you'll say. Because how can you know what the higher echelon thinks is the right thing? Well, you get out of that by doing what the bottom of the ladder thinks right — i.e., your immediate superiors. That passes the buck, psychologically, on to the Emperor, and he's got to make his peace with ancestors and gods. But that's all right with him, because he embodies all the echelons above him, so he can get on with dissecting fish, which is his hobby, with a clear conscience. Got it? It's not really as mysterious as it sounds. Much the same routine as operates in big corporations, like I.C.I. or Shell, or in the Services, except with them the ladder stops at the board of directors or the chiefs of staff. It's easier that way. You don't have to involve the Almighty and your great-grandfather in a decision to cut the price of aspirin by a penny a bottle."

"It doesn't sound very *demokorasu* to me."

"Of course it isn't, you dumb bastard. For God's sake, get it into your head that the Japanese are a separate human species. They've only been operating as a civilized people, in the debased sense we talk about it in the West, for fifty, at the most a hundred years. Scratch a Russian and you'll find a Tartar. Scratch a Japanese and you'll find a samurai — or what he thinks is a samurai. Most of this samurai stuff is a myth, like the Wild West bunk the Americans are brought up on, or your knights in shining armor at King Arthur's court. Just because people play baseball and wear bowler hats doesn't mean they're quote civilized unquote. Just to show you I'm getting rather tight — not drunk, mark you — I'd add that the UN is going to reap the father and mother of a whirlwind by quote liberating unquote the colonial peoples. Give 'em a thousand years, yes. But give 'em ten, no. You're only taking away their blowpipes and giving them machine guns. Just you wait for the first one to start crying to high heaven for nuclear fission. Because they must have quote parity unquote with the lousy colonial powers. I'll give you ten years for that to happen, my friend. And when it does, I'll dig myself a deep hole in the ground and sit in it."

Bond laughed. "That also doesn't sound very *demokorasu*."

"I fornicate upon thy *demokorasu*" as brother Hemingway would have said. I stand for government by an elite." Dikko Henderson downed his ninth pint of sake. "And voting graded by each individual's rating in that elite. And one tenth of a vote for my government if you don't agree with me!"

"For God's sake, Dikko! How in hell did we get onto politics? Let's go and get some food. I'll agree there's a certain aboriginal common sense in what you say . . ."

"Don't talk to me about the aborigines! What in hell do you think you know about the aborigines? Do you know that in my country there's a move afoot, not afoot, at full gallop, to give the aborigines the vote? You pommy poofter. You give me any more of that liberal crap and I'll have your balls for a bow tie."

Bond said mildly. "What's a poofter?"

"What you'd call a pansy. No," Dikko Henderson got to his feet and fired a string of what sounded like lucid Japanese at the man behind the bar, "before I condemn you utterly, we'll go and eat eels — place where you can get a serious bottle of plonk to match. Then we'll go to 'The House of Total Delight.' After that, I will give you my honest verdict, honestly come by."

Bond said, "You're a no-good kangaroo bum, Dikko. But I like eels. As long as they're not jellied. I'll pay for them and for the later relaxation. You pay for the rice wine and the plonk, whatever that is. Take it easy. The wingy at the bar has an appraising look."

"I come to appraise Mr. Richard Lovelace Henderson, not to bury him." Dikko Henderson produced a wad of thousand-yen notes and began counting them out for the waiter. "Not yet, that is." He walked, with careful majesty, up to the bar and addressed himself to the large Negro in a plum-colored coat behind it. "Melody, be ashamed of yourself!" Then he led the way, with massive dignity, out of the bar.

Dikko Henderson came to fetch Bond at ten o'clock next morning. He was considerably overhung. The hard blue eyes were veined with blood and he made straight for the Bamboo Bar and ordered himself a double brandy and ginger ale. Bond said mildly, "You shouldn't have poured all that sake on top of the Suntory. I can't believe Japanese whiskey makes a good foundation for anything."

"You've got something there, sport. I've got myself a proper *futsukayoi* — honorable hangover. Mouth like a vulture's crutch. Soon as we got home from that lousy cat house, I had to go for the big spit. But you're wrong about Suntory. It's a good enough brew. Stick to the cheapest, the White Label, at around

fifteen bob a bottle. There are two smarter brands, but the cheap one's the best. Went up to the distillery some while ago and met one of the family. Told me an interesting thing about whiskey. He said you can only make good whiskey where you can take good photographs. Ever heard that one? Said it was something to do with the effect of clear light on the alcohol. But did I talk a lot of crap last night? Or did you? Seem to recollect that one of us did."

"You only gave me hell about the state of the world and called me a poofster. But you were quite friendly about it. No offense given or taken."

"Oh, Christ!" Dikko Henderson gloomily pushed a hand through his tough, grizzled hair. "But I didn't hit anyone?"

"Only that girl you slapped so hard on the bottom that she fell down."

"Oh that!" said Dikko Henderson with relief. "That was just a love pat. What's a girl's bottom for, anyway? And so far as I recall they all screamed with laughter. Including her. Right? How did you make out with yours, by the way? She looked pretty enthusiastic."

"She was."

"Good show." He swallowed the remains of his drink and got to his feet. "Come on, bud. Let's go. Wouldn't do to keep Tiger waiting. I once did and he wouldn't speak to me for a week."

It was a typical Tokyo day in late summer — hot, sticky and gray — the air full of fine dust from the endless demolition and reconstruction work. They drove for half an hour toward Yokohama and pulled up outside a dull gray building which announced itself in large letters to be "The Bureau of All-Asian Folkways." There was a busy traffic of Japanese scurrying in and out through the bogusly important-looking entrance, but no one glanced at Dikko and Bond, and they were not asked their business as Dikko led the way through an entrance hall where there were books and postcards on sale as if the place were some kind of museum. Dikko made for a doorway marked COORDINATION DEPARTMENT and there was a long corridor with open rooms on both sides. The rooms were full of studious-looking young men at desks. There were large wall maps with colored pins dotted across them, and endless shelves of books. A door marked INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS gave on to another corridor, this time lined with closed doors which had people's names on them in English and Japanese. A sharp right turn took them through the VISUAL PRESENTATION BUREAU with more closed doors, and on to DOCUMENTATION, a large hall-shaped library with more people bent over desks. Here, for the first time, they were scrutinized by a man at a desk near the entrance. He rose to his feet and bowed wordlessly. As they walked on Dikko

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*"A real gentleman. I've yet to hear him raise his voice in anger."*

said quietly, "This is where the cover tapers off. Up till now, all those people really were researching Asian Folkways. But these here are part of Tiger's outside staff, doing more or less classified work. Sort of archivists. This is where we'd be politely turned back if we'd lost our way." Behind a final wall of bookshelves that stretched out into the room a small door was concealed. It was marked PROPOSED EXTENSION TO DOCUMENTATION DEPARTMENT. DANGER! CONSTRUCTION WORK IN PROGRESS. From behind it came the sound of drills, a circular saw cutting through wood and other building noises. Dikko walked through the door into a totally empty room with a highly polished wood floor. There was no sign of construction work. Dikko laughed at Bond's surprise. He gestured toward a large metal box fitted to the back of the door through which they had come. "Tape recorder," he said. "Clever gimmick. Sounds just like the real thing. And this"—he pointed to the stretch of bare floor ahead—"is what the Japanese call a 'nightingale floor.' Relic of the old days when people wanted to be warned of intruders. Serves the same purpose here. Imagine trying to get across here without being heard." They set off, and immediately the cunningly sprung boards gave out penetrating squeaks and groans. In a small facing door, a spy hole slid open and one large eye surveyed them. The door opened to reveal a stocky man in plain

clothes who had been sitting at a small deal table reading a book. It was a tiny boxlike room that seemed to have no other exit. The man bowed. Dikko said some phrases containing the words "Tanaka-san." The man bowed again. Dikko turned to Bond. "You're on your own now. Be in it, champ! Tiger'll send you back to your hotel. See you."

Bond said, "Tell mother I died game," and walked into the little box and the door was closed behind him. There was a row of buttons by the desk and the guard pressed one of them. There came a barely perceptible whine and Bond got the impression of descent. So the room was a lift. What a box of tricks the formidable Tiger had erected as a screen for himself! The authentic Eastern nest of boxes. What next?

The descent continued for some time. When it stopped, the guard opened the door and Bond stepped out and stood stock still. He was standing on the platform of an underground station! There it all was: the red and green signals over the two yawning tunnels, the conventional white tiles on the walls and the curved roof—even an empty cigarette kiosk let into the wall beside him! A man had come out of this. He now said in good English, "Please to follow me, Commander," and led the way through an arch marked EXIT. But here all the floor space of the hall that would one day lead to the moving stairways was occupied by trim prefabricated offices

on both sides of a wide corridor. Bond was led into the first of these which revealed itself as a waiting room and outer office. A male secretary rose from his typewriter, bowed and went through a communicating door. He immediately reappeared, bowed again and held the door open. "Please to come this way, Commander."

Bond went through and the door was softly closed behind him. The big square figure that Dikko had described to him came forward across the handsome red carpet and held out a hand that was hard and dry. "My dear Commander. Good morning. It is a great pleasure to meet you." The wide, gold-toothed smile signaled welcome. The eyes glittered between long dark lashes that were almost feminine. "Come and sit down. How do you like my offices? Rather different from your own Chief's, no doubt. But the new underground will take another ten years to complete and there is little office space in Tokyo. It crossed my mind to make use of this disused station. It is quiet. It is private. It is also cool. I shall be sorry when the trains are required to run and we shall have to move out."

Bond took the proffered chair across the empty desk from Tanaka. "It's a brilliant idea. And I enjoyed the Folkways above our heads. Are there really so many people in the world interested in Folkways?"

Tiger Tanaka shrugged. "What does it matter? The literature is given away free. I have never asked the Director who reads it. Americans, I expect, and Germans. Perhaps some Swiss. The serious-minded can always be found for such stuff. It is an expensive conceit, of course. But fortunately the expense is not carried by the Ministry of Internal Affairs with whom I am concerned. Down here, we have to count our pennies. I suppose it is the same with your own budget."

Bond assumed that this man would know the published facts of the Secret Service Vote. He said, "Under ten million pounds a year doesn't go far when there is the whole world to cover."

The teeth glistened under the neon strip lighting. "At least for the last ten years you have saved money by closing down your activities in this part of the world."

"Yes. We rely on the CIA to do our work here for us. They are most efficient and helpful."

"As much so under McCone as under Dulles?"

The old fox! "Nearly so. Nowadays they are even more inclined to regard the Pacific as their own back garden."

"From which you wish to borrow the mowing machine. Without them knowing." Tiger's smile was even more tigerish than usual.

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Bond had to laugh. The wily devil had certainly been putting two and two together. When Bond laughed, Tiger also laughed, but carefully. Bond said, "We had a man called Captain Cook and various others who discovered much of this garden. Australia and New Zealand are two very great countries. You must admit that our interest in this half of the world is perfectly legitimate."

"My dear Commander. You were lucky that we struck at Pearl Harbor rather than at Australia. Can you doubt that we would have occupied that country and New Zealand if we had done otherwise? These are big and important land spaces, insufficiently developed. You could not have defended them. The Americans would not have. If our policy had been different, we would now own half the British Commonwealth. Personally, I have never understood the strategy behind Pearl Harbor. Did we wish to conquer America? The supply lines were too long. But Australia and New Zealand were ripe for the plucking." He pushed forward a large box of cigarettes. "Do you smoke? These are Shinsei. It is an acceptable brand."

James Bond was running out of his

Morland specials. He would soon have to start on the local stuff. He also had to collect his thoughts. This was rather like being involved in a summit meeting between the United Kingdom and Japan. He felt way out of his depth. He took a cigarette and lit it. It burned rapidly with something of the effect of a slow-burning firework. It had a vague taste of American blends, but it was good and sharp on the palate and lungs like 90-proof spirits. He let the smoke out in a quiet hiss and smiled. "Mr. Tanaka, these are matters for political historians. I am concerned with much lower matters. And matters concerning the future rather than the past."

"I quite understand, Commander." Tiger Tanaka was obviously displeased that his game of generalities had been dodged by Bond. "But we have a saying, 'Speak of next year and the Devil laughs.' The future is inscrutable. But tell me, what are your impressions of Japan? You have been enjoying yourself?"

"I imagine that one always enjoys oneself with Dikko Henderson."

"Yes, he is a man who lives as if he were going to die tomorrow. This is a

correct way to live. He is a good friend of mine. I greatly enjoy his company. We have certain tastes in common."

Bond said ironically, "Folkways?" "Exactly."

"He has a great affection for you. I do not know him well, but I suspect that he is a lonely man. It is an unfortunate combination to be both lonely and intelligent. Wouldn't it be a good thing for him to marry a Japanese girl and settle down? Couldn't you find him one?" Bond was pleased that the conversation had descended to personalities. He sensed that he was on the right track. At least on a better track than this talk about power politics. But there would come a bad moment when he would have to get down to business. He didn't care for the prospect.

As if he had sensed this, Tiger Tanaka said, "I have arranged for our friend to meet many Japanese girls. The result in every case has been negative, or, at the best, fleeting. But tell me, Commander. We have not met here to discuss Mr. Henderson's private life. In what respect can I be of service to you? Is it the lawn mower?"

Bond smiled. "It is. The manufacturer's trademark for this particular implement is MAGIC 44."

"Ah yes. A most valuable implement of many uses. I can understand that your country would wish to have the services of this implement. A case in point is an example of its capabilities which came into my hands only this morning." Tiger Tanaka opened a drawer in his desk and extracted a file. It was a pale-green file stamped in a square box with the word GOKUHI in black Japanese and Roman characters. Bond assumed this to be the equivalent of Top Secret. He put this to Mr. Tanaka who confirmed it. Mr. Tanaka opened the file and extracted two sheets of yellow paper. Bond could see that one was covered with Japanese ideograms and that the other had perhaps 50 lines of typewriting. Mr. Tanaka slipped the typewritten one across the desk. He said, "May I beg you on oath not to reveal to anyone what you are about to read?"

"If you insist, Mr. Tanaka."

"I am afraid I must, Commander."

"So be it." Bond drew the sheet of paper toward him. The text was in English. This is what it said:

TO ALL STATIONS OF GRADE TWO AND ABOVE STOP TO BE DECIPHERED BY ADDRESSEE PERSONALLY AND THEN DESTROYED STOP WHEN DESTRUCTION HAS BEEN EFFECTED CONFIRM BY THE CODE WORD QUOTE SATURN UNQUOTE STOP TEXT BEGINS COLON IN AMPLIFICATION OF NUMBER ONES PUBLISHED SPEECH TO THE SUPREME SOVIET ON SEPTEMBER FIRST THIS CONFIRMS THAT WE ARE IN POSSESSION OF THE TWO HUNDRED MEGATON WEAPON AND THAT A TEST FIRING



Richard Decker

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WILL TAKE PLACE ON SEPTEMBER TWENTIETH AT HIGH ALTITUDE IN THE NOVAYA ZEMLYA AREA STOP CONSIDERABLE FALLOUT CAN BE EXPECTED AND PUBLIC OUTCRY CAN BE ANTICIPATED IN THE ARCTIC COMMA NORTH PACIFIC AND ALASKAN AREAS STOP THIS SHOULD BE COUNTERED AND WILL BE COUNTERED FROM MOSCOW BY REFERENCE TO THE MORE RECENT TESTS BY AMERICA AND TO NUMBER ONES REPEATED DEMANDS FOR AN END TO TESTS OF NUCLEAR FISSION WEAPONS OF OFFENSE WHICH HAVE SUCCESSIVELY BEEN REBUFFED STOP FOR INFORMATION THE DELIVERY OF ONE SUCH WEAPON BY ICBM ON LONDON WOULD DESTROY ALL LIFE AND PROPERTY SOUTH OF A LINE DRAWN BETWEEN NEWCASTLE AND CARLISLE STOP IT FOLLOWS THAT A SECOND MISSILE DROPPED IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF ABERDEEN WOULD INEVITABLY RESULT IN THE TOTAL DESTRUCTION OF BRITAIN AND ALL IRELAND STOP THIS FACT WILL SHORTLY BE EMPLOYED BY NUMBER ONE AS THE TEETH IN A DIPLOMATIC DEMARCHE DESIGNED TO ACHIEVE THE REMOVAL OF ALL AMERICAN BASES AND OFFENSIVE WEAPONS FROM BRITAIN AND THE NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT OF BRITAIN ITSELF STOP THIS WILL TEST TO THE UTMOST AND PROBABLY DESTROY THE ANGLIO HYPHEN AMERICAN ALLIANCE SINCE IT CAN BE ASSUMED THAT AMERICA WILL NOT RISK A NUCLEAR WAR INVOLVING HER TERRITORY FOR THE SAKE OF RESCUING A NOW MORE OR LESS VALUELESS ALLY DASH AN ALLY NOW OPENLY REGARDED IN WASHINGTON AS OF LITTLE MORE ACCOUNT THAN BELGIUM OR ITALY STOP IF THIS DIPLOMATIC DEMARCHE COMMA WHICH MUST OF COURSE BE CATEGORIZED AS CARRYING SOME DEGREE OF RISK COMMA IS SUCCESSFUL IT FOLLOWS THAT SIMILAR DEMARCHES WILL BE UNDERTAKEN IN EUROPE AND LATER IN THE PACIFIC AREA COMMA INDIVIDUAL COUNTRIES BEING SINGLED OUT ONE BY ONE FOR TERRORIZATION AND DEMORALIZATION STOP THE FINAL FRUITS OF THIS GRAND STRATAGEM IF SUCCESSFUL WILL GUARANTEE THE SECURITY OF THE USSR FOR THE FORESEEABLE FUTURE AND ULTIMATELY RESULT IN PEACEFUL COENISTENCE WITH AMERICA STOP PEACEFUL INTENT OF THE USSR WILL THEREFORE BE EMPHASIZED THROUGHOUT BY NUMBER ONE AND BY ALL GOVERNMENT AGENCIES STOP THIS LINE OF REASONING YOU WILL ALSO FOLLOW SHOULD YOUR STATION BE AT ANY TIME INVOLVED OR AFFECTED STOP INFORMATIVELY ALL SOVIET CITIZENS WORKING IN BRITAIN WILL BE WITHDRAWN FROM THAT COUNTRY ONE WEEK BEFORE THE INITIAL DEMARCHE STOP NO EXPLANATION WILL BE GIVEN BUT A CONSIDERABLE AND DESIRABLE HEIGHT-

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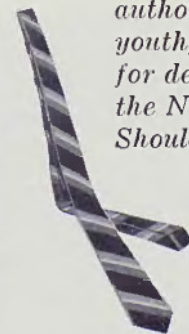


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Conversation



OH,  
GOD.  
|

OH,  
GOD!  
OH,  
GOD!  
|

IT'S  
WONDERFUL!  
OH, GOD,  
IT'S  
WONDERFUL!  
|

DEAR  
GOD!  
DEAR,  
DEAR  
GOD!  
|

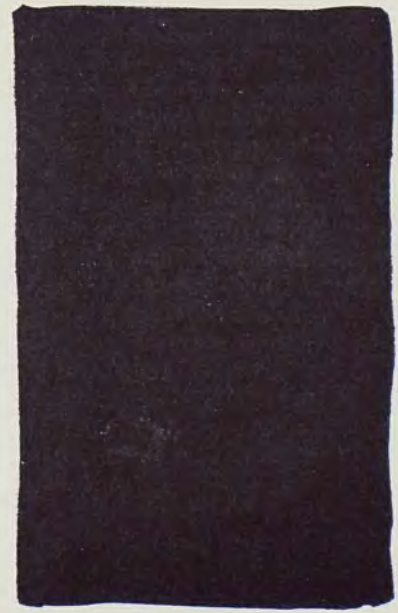
GOD!  
GOD!  
GOD!  
GOD!  
|

OH  
GOD.  
|

GOD.  
GOD.  
|

GOD.  
|

GOD.  
|



JOYCE?  
|

JOYCE?  
YOU  
ALLRIGHT?  
|

WONDER-  
FUL.  
|

ME TOO.  
WONDER-  
FUL.  
|

JUST  
WONDERFUL.  
|

|

JOYCE.  
|

YES,  
DARLING?  
|

JOYCE -  
I LOVE  
YOU.  
|

JOYCE?  
|

ARE YOU  
CRYING,  
JOYCE?  
|

YES.  
I'M  
CRYING.  
|

OH, BERNARD,  
WHY DID  
YOU HAVE  
TO SPOIL  
IT?  
|

JAMES FEENEY

ENING OF TENSION WILL THUS BE ACHIEVED STOP THE SAME PROCEDURE WHICH CAN BE CATEGORIZED AS A SOFTENING UP OF THE TARGET COUNTRY WILL BE FOLLOWED IN THE SECONDARY DEMARCHE REFERRED TO ABOVE STOP FOR THE TIME BEING YOU SHOULD TAKE NO PRECAUTIONARY STEPS ON YOUR STATION EXCEPT TO PREPARE YOUR MIND IN TOTAL SECRECY FOR THE EVENTUALITY THAT YOUR STATION MAY BECOME INVOLVED AT SOME LATER DATE AND THAT EVACUATION OF YOUR STAFF AND THE BURNING OF ARCHIVES WILL BECOME MANDATORY ON RECEIPT OF THE CODE WORD QUOTE LIGHTNING UNQUOTE ADDRESSED TO YOU PERSONALLY OVER CIRCUIT FORTY HYPHEN FOUR STOP END OF TEXT SIGNED CENTRAL.

James Bond pushed the document away from him as if he feared contamination from it. He let out his breath in a quiet hiss. He reached for the box of Shinsei and lit one, drawing the harsh smoke deep down into his lungs. He raised his eyes to Mr. Tanaka's, which were regarding him with polite interest. "I suppose Number One is Khrushchev?"

"That is correct, and the meaning of stations grade two and above is consulates general and embassies. It is interesting material, is it not?"

"It is a mistake that you are keeping this material from us. We have a treaty of friendship and a trade treaty with you. Do you not regard the withholding of this vital information as a dishonorable act?"

"Honor is a very serious word in Japan, Commander. Would it not be even more dishonorable to break our word to our good American friends? They have several times assured me and my government that any information of

vital importance to our other friends and allies will be passed on to them in such a way as not to divulge the source. I have no evidence that they are not pursuing this routine."

"You know as well as I do, Mr. Tanaka, that rewriting and doctoring to conceal the source reduces this type of material to a grade no higher than secret reports from countless other 'delicate and reliable' sources. The nature of this particular source, the fact that one is reading the very words of the enemy, is at least fifty percent of the value of the information this message contains. No doubt Washington will pass on a garbled version of this message to London. I hope they already have. But you realize that it might be in their interests to keep quiet about this terrible threat that hangs over England? At the same time, it is in England's interest to use every hour in devising some counter to this plan. One small step, which at once comes to mind, is preparations for the internment of all Soviet citizens in Britain at the first sign of the evacuation measures mentioned in the message."

"I appreciate your point of view, Commander. There is of course, in this instance, an alternative route for this information to reach your government." Mr. Tanaka's face crinkled wickedly.

Bond leaned urgently over the desk. "But I gave my word of honor!"

Mr. Tanaka's face underwent a curious change. All the upward lines turned downward. The dark eyes lost their glitter and assumed an inward look. In a curious way, the whole face slumped into melancholy. He said, "Commander, I was very happy in England. Your people were very good to me. I repaid them in an unworthy fashion." (Ah! thought

Bond. The *on.*) "I plead youth and the heat of a war that I thought would bring much glory to my country. I was mistaken. We were defeated. The expiation of that dishonor is a large matter, a matter for the youth of this country. I am not a politician and I do not know what course that expiation will take. At present we are going through the usual transition period of the vanquished. But I, Tanaka, have my own private accounting to balance. I am in great debt to your country. This morning I have betrayed a state secret to you. I was encouraged in my action by my friendship for Dikko. I was also encouraged by the sincerity of your bearing and the honesty of your approach to the duty that has been laid upon you. I fully realize the importance of this piece of paper to Britain. You remember its contents?"

"Exactly, I think."

"And you are on your honor not to communicate it elsewhere."

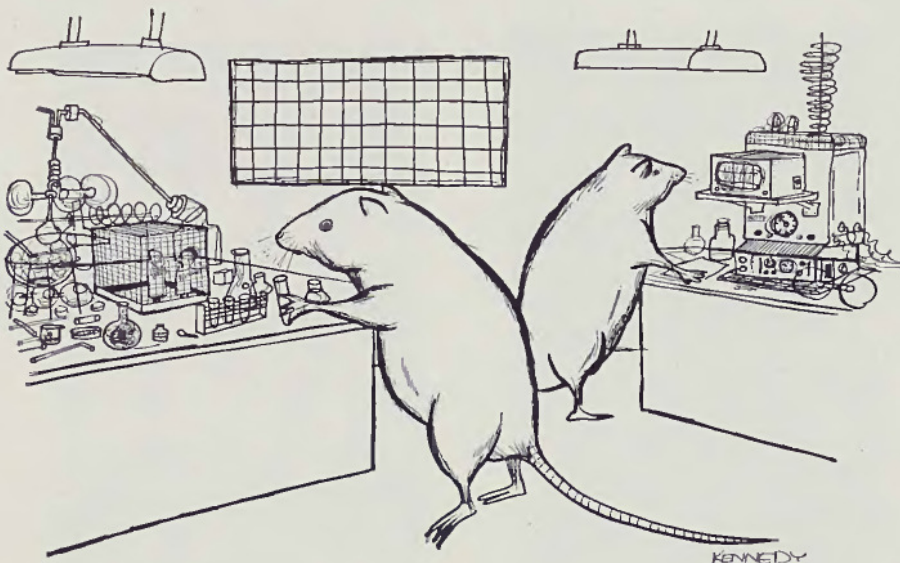
"Yes."

Tiger Tanaka got to his feet and held out his hand. "Goodbye for the time being, Commander. I hope that we shall be seeing more of each other." The powerful face lit up again. Now there was no pretense in the great golden smile. "Honor is a pattern of behavior, Commander. The bamboo must bend to the breeze. But equally the cedar must bend to the typhoon. The meaning of this is that sometimes duty is more compelling than any words. A car is waiting to take you back to your hotel. Please give my deep respects to Dikko and tell him he owes me one thousand yen for repairs to electronic equipment that is the property of the state."

James Bond took the hard dry paw. He said from his heart, "Thank you, Mr. Tanaka." He walked out of the little secret room with one thought uppermost in his mind. How fast were Dikko's communications to Melbourne? How fast from Melbourne to London?

And now it was a month later and Mr. Tanaka had become "Tiger" and Commander Bond had become "Bondosan."

The weeks had passed without any significant progress in Bond's mission except in the direction of what seemed to be a genuine friendship among Bond, Tiger and Dikko. Outside working hours the three men became well-nigh inseparable, but Bond sensed that on their excursions into the countryside and during their roistering in the evenings he was being constantly, but with great discretion, sized up. Dikko had confirmed Bond's impression. "I think you're making progress, champ. Tiger would regard it as dishonorable to lead you up the garden path and then pull the rug out from under you with a flat refusal. Something's definitely cook-



"This experiment certainly has gotten out of hand!"

ing in the background, but what it is I haven't the faintest idea. I guess the ball's with Tiger's superiors, but with Tiger on your side. And, in the vernacular, Tiger's got what's called 'a broad face.' That means he has great powers as a fixer. And this *on* he's got in respect of Britain is a huge factor in your favor. What he gave you on your first meeting was an unheard-of *presento*, as we call it here. But watch out! You're piling up a great heap of *on* in respect of Tiger. And if it comes to striking a bargain, I hope you've got a pretty massive *presento* up your sleeve so that the *on* on both sides is more or less evenly balanced. None of this salmon and shrimp business! Have got? Can do?"

"I'm not so sure," said Bond doubtfully. The Macao "Blue Route" material had already dwindled in his mind to the size of a minnow in comparison with the salmon that was Tiger's to give or withhold. The impact of the single slice he had handed Bond had already been formidable. The test of the 200-megaton bomb had duly taken place and had been greeted by the public uproar anticipated by Moscow. But counteraction by the West had been swift. On the excuse of protecting Soviet personnel in England from demonstrations of public animosity, they had been confined within a radius of 20 miles of their homes, and "for their protection" police were thick round the Soviet embassy, the consulates and their various trading offices. There had, of course, been reprisals on British diplomats and journalists in Russia, but these were to have been expected. The President of the United States had come out with the strongest speech of his career, and had committed total reprisals from the United States in the event of a single nuclear device being exploded by the Soviet Union in any country in the world outside Soviet territory. This thundering pronouncement, which had produced a growl of dismay from the American man in the street, was greeted in Moscow with the feeble riposte that they would take similar action in answer to any Western nuclear device exploded on the territory of the U. S. S. R. or her allies.

A few days later Bond had been summoned again to Tiger's underground hideout. "You will not of course repeat this," Tiger had said with his wicked smile. "But action in respect of the matter of which you are privately aware has been indefinitely postponed by the Central Authority."

"Thank you for this private information," Bond had said. "But you do realize how your kindness of three weeks ago has greatly alleviated the international tension, particularly in relation to my country. My country would be immensely grateful if they knew of your personal generosity to me. Have I

grounds for hoping for your further indulgence?" Bond had got used to the formalities of Oriental circumlocution, although he had not yet attained the refinements of Dikko's speech with Tiger, which included at least one four-letter word in each flowery sentence and which caused Tiger much amusement.

"Bondo-san, this implement which you wish to rent from us, in the most improbable event that it is made available, will command a very high price. As a fair trader, what has your country to offer in exchange for the full use of MAGIC 44?"

"We have a most important intelligence network in China known as the Macao 'Blue Route.' The fruits of this source would be placed entirely at your disposal."

Melancholy settled over Tiger's massive face, but deep down in the Tartar eyes there was a wicked gleam. "I am very much afraid that I have bad news for you, Bondo-san. 'Blue Route' has been penetrated by my organization almost since its inception. We already receive the entire fruits of that source. I could show you the files if you wish. We have simply renamed it 'Route Orange,' and I admit that the material is very acceptable. But we already have it. What other goods had you in mind for exchange?"

Bond had to laugh. The pride of Section J—and of M, for that matter! The work, the expense, the danger of running the 'Blue Route.' And at least 50 percent in aid of Japan! By God, his eyes were being opened on this trip. This news would put a fine cat among the pigeons at H.Q. He said blandly, "We have many other commodities. Now that you have demonstrated the undoubted value of your implement, may I suggest that you name your price?"

"You believe that you have something on your shelves that is of comparable value? Perhaps material from a similar, though no doubt inferior, source that would be of equal importance in the defense of our country?"

"Undoubtedly," said Bond staunchly. "But, my dear Tiger, would it not be a good idea, once your mind is made up, for you to pay a visit to London and inspect the shelves for yourself? I am sure my Chief would be honored to receive you."

"You do not possess full powers of negotiation?"

"That would be impossible, my dear Tiger. Our security is such that even I have not full knowledge of all our merchandise. So far as I personally am concerned, I am only in a position to pass on to my Chief the substance of what you say or to render you any other personal services you might ask of me."

For a moment, Tiger Tanaka looked thoughtful. He seemed to be turning

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Bond's last words over in his mind. Then he closed the interview with the invitation to the geisha restaurant, and Bond went off with mixed feelings to report to Melbourne and London what he had gleaned.

In the room where he now sat after the geisha party, and where Tiger had just cheerfully threatened him with death, tigers' heads snarled at him from the walls and gnashed at him from the floor. His ashtray was enclosed in a stuffed tiger's paw and the chair in which he was sitting was upholstered in tiger's skin. Mr. Tanaka had been born in the Year of the Tiger, whereas Bond, as Tiger had taken much pleasure in telling him, had been born in the Year of the Rat.

Bond took a deep drink of sake and said, "My dear Tiger, I would hate to put you to the inconvenience of having to remove me from the face of the earth. You mean that this time the cedar may not bow before the typhoon? So be it. This time you have my very topmost word of honor."

Tiger pulled up a chair and faced Bond across the low drink table. He poured himself a liberal tot of Suntory and splashed in the soda. The sound of night traffic from the main Tokyo-Yokohama road came in from some way beyond the surrounding houses, only a few of which now showed dollhouse squares of yellow light. It was the end of September, but warm. It was ten minutes to midnight. Tiger began talking in a soft voice. "In that case, my dear Bondo-san, and since I know you to be a man of honor, except, of course, in matters affecting your country, which this does not, I will tell you quite an interesting story. This is how it is." He got out of his chair and sat down on the *tatami* and arranged himself in the lotus position. He was obviously more comfortable in this posture. He said, in an expository tone of voice, "Ever since the beginning of the era of Meiji, who you will know was the emperor who fathered the modernization and Westernization of Japan from the beginning of his reign nearly a hundred years ago, there have from time to time been foreigners who have come to this country and settled here. They have for the most part been cranks and scholars, and the European-born American Lafcadio Hearn, who became a Japanese citizen, is a very typical example. In general, they have been tolerated, usually with some amusement. So, perhaps, would be a Japanese who bought a castle in the Highlands of Scotland, and who learned and spoke Gaelic with his neighbors and expressed unusual and often impertinent interest in Scottish folkways. If he went about his researches politely and peaceably, he

would be dubbed an amiable eccentric. And so it has been with the Westerners who have settled and spent their lives in Japan, though occasionally, in time of war, as would no doubt be the case with our mythical Japanese in Scotland, they have been regarded as spies and suffered internment and hardship. Now, since the occupation, there have been many such settlers, the great majority of whom, as you can imagine, have been American. The Oriental way of life is particularly attractive to the American who wishes to escape from a culture which, I am sure you will agree, has become, to say the least of it, more and more unattractive except to the lower grades of the human species to whom bad but plentiful food, shiny toys such as the automobile and the television, and the 'quick buck,' often dishonestly earned, or earned in exchange for minimal labor or skills, are the *summum bonum*, if you will allow the sentimental echo from my Oxford education."

"I will," said Bond. "But is this not a picture of the life that is being officially encouraged in your own country?"

Tiger Tanaka's face darkened perceptibly. "For the time being," he said with distaste, "we are being subjected to what I can best describe as the '*Scuola di Coca-Cola*.' Baseball, amusement arcades, hot dogs, hideously large bosoms, neon lighting—these are part of our payment for defeat in battle. They are the tepid tea of the way of life we know under the name of *demokorasu*. They are a frenzied denial of the official scapegoats for our defeat—a denial of the spirit of the samurai as expressed in the kamikaze, a denial of our ancestors, a denial of our gods. They are a despicable way of life"—Tiger almost spat the words—"but fortunately they are also expendable and temporary. They have as much importance in the history of Japan as the life of a dragonfly." He paused. "But to return to my story. Our American residents are of a sympathetic type—on a low level, of course. They enjoy the subservience, which I may say is only superficial, of our women. They enjoy the remaining strict patterns of our life—the symmetry, compared with the chaos that reigns in America. They enjoy our simplicity, with its underlying hint of deep meaning, as expressed for instance in the tea ceremony, flower arrangements, no plays—none of which of course they understand. They also enjoy, because they have no ancestors and probably no family life worth speaking of, our veneration of the old and our worship of the past. For, in their impermanent world, they recognize these as permanent things just as, in their ignorant and childish way, they admire the fictions of the Wild West and other American myths that have become

known to them, not through their education, of which they have none, but through television."

"This is tough stuff, Tiger. I've got a lot of American friends who don't equate with what you're saying. Presumably you're talking of the lower-level GIs—second-generation Americans who are basically Irish or Germans or Czechs or Poles who probably ought to be working in the fields or coal mines of their countries of origin instead of swaggering around a conquered country under the blessed coverlet of the Stars and Stripes with too much money to spend. I dare say they occasionally marry a Japanese girl and settle down here. But surely they pull up stumps pretty quickly. Our Tommies have done the same thing in Germany. But that's quite a different thing from the Lafcadio Hearns of the world."

Tiger Tanaka bowed almost to the ground. "Forgive me, Bondo-san. Of course you are right, and I have been diverted from my story down most unworthy paths. I did not ask you here to pour out my innermost repugnance at the occupation of my country. This of course is repugnance against the fact of defeat. I apologize. And of course you are correct. There are many cultured Americans who have taken up residence in this country and who are most valued citizens. You are right to correct me, for I have friends of this nature, in the arts, the sciences, in literature, and they are indeed valued members of the community. I was, let us say, letting off steam. You understand?"

"Of course, Tiger. My country has not been occupied for many centuries. The imposition of a new culture on an old one is something we have not suffered. I cannot imagine my reactions in the same circumstances. Much the same as yours, I expect. Please go on with your story." Bond reached for the sake flask. It stood in a jar of warm water being heated over a slow flame from a charcoal burner. He filled his glass and drank. Tiger Tanaka rocked two or three times on his buttocks and the sides of his feet. He resumed.

"As I have said, there are a number of foreigners who have taken up residence in Japan and, for the most part, they are inoffensive eccentrics. But there is one such person who entered the country in January of this year who has revealed himself to be an eccentric of the most devilish nature. This man is a monster. You may laugh, Bondo-san, but this man is no less than a fiend in human form."

"I have met many bad men in my time, Tiger, and generally they have been slightly mad. Is that the case in this instance?"

"Very much the reverse. The calculated ingenuity of this man, his understanding of the psychology of my people,

show him to be a man of quite outstanding genius. In the opinion of our highest scholars and savants he is a scientific research worker and collector probably unique in the history of the world."

"What does he collect?"

"He collects death."

James Bond smiled at this dramatic utterance. "A collector of death? You mean he kills people?"

"No, Bondo-san. It is not as simple as that. He persuades, or rather entices people to kill themselves." Tiger paused, the wide expanse of his brow furrowed. "No, that also is not being just. Let us just say that he provides an easy and attractive opportunity—a resort—for people to do away with themselves. His present tally, in just under six months, is something over five hundred Japanese."

"Why don't you arrest him, hang him?"

"Bondo-san, it is not as easy as that. I had better begin at the beginning. In January of this year, there entered the country, quite legally, a gentleman by the name of Doctor Guntram Shatterhand. He was accompanied by Frau Emmy Shatterhand, born De Bedon. They had Swiss passports and the doctor described himself as a horticulturist and botanist specializing in subtropical species. He carried high references from the *Jardin des Plantes* in Paris, Kew Gardens, and other authorities, but these were couched in rather nebulous terms. He quickly got in touch with the equivalent authorities in Japan and with experts in the Ministry of Agriculture, and these gentlemen were astonished and delighted to learn that Doctor Shatterhand was prepared to spend no less than one million pounds on establishing an exotic garden or park in this country which he would stock with a priceless collection of rare plants and shrubs from all over the world. These he would import at his own expense in a sufficient state of maturity to allow his park to be planted with the minimum of delay—an extremely expensive procedure if you know anything about horticulture."

"I know nothing about it. Like the Texan millionaires who import fully grown palms and tropical shrubs from Florida?"

"Exactly. Well, the park was not to be open to the public, but would be freely available for study and research work by authorized Japanese experts. All right. A wonderful offer that was enthusiastically accepted by the government, who, in return, granted the good doctor a ten-year residence permit—a very rare privilege. Meanwhile, as a matter of routine, the immigration authorities made inquiries about the doctor through my department. Since I have



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no representatives in Switzerland, I referred the matter to our friends of the CIA, and in due course he was given complete clearance. It appeared that he was of Swedish origin and was not widely known in Switzerland, where he only possessed the minimum requirement for residential status in the shape of two rooms in an apartment block in Lausanne. But his financial standing with the Union des Banques Suisses was grade one, which I understand requires you to be a millionaire many times over. Since money is almost the unique status symbol in Switzerland, his clearance by the Swiss was impeccable, though no information could be obtained about his standing as a botanist. Kew and the *Jardin des Plantes*, on inquiry, referred to him as an enthusiastic amateur who had made valuable contributions to these institutions in the form of tropical and subtropical species collected for him by expeditions which he had financed. So! An interesting and financially sound citizen whose harmless pursuits would be of some benefit to Japan. Yes?"

"Sounds like it."

"After traveling round the country in great style, the doctor took a fancy to a semiruin castle in Kyushu, our southern island. The castle was in an extremely remote corner of the coast not far from Fukuoka, the principal prefecture of the island, and in ancient times it had been one of a line of castles facing the Tsushima Strait, the scene of the famous defeat of the Russian navy. These castles were originally designed to repel attacks from the Korean mainland. Most of them had fallen into disrepair, but the one chosen by the doctor was a giant edifice that had been occupied until the last war by an eccentric family of textile millionaires, and its monumental surrounding wall was just what the doctor required for the privacy of his undertaking. An army of builders and decorators moved in. Meanwhile, the plants ordered by the doctor began arriving from all over the world and, with a blanket customs clearance from the Ministry of Agriculture, they were planted in appropriate soils and settings. Here I should mention that an additional reason for the doctor's choice of site was that the property, which extends for some five hundred acres, is highly volcanic and furnished with many geysers and fumaroles, which are common in Japan. These would provide, all the year round, the temperature needed for the successful propagation of these tropical shrubs, trees and plants from the equatorial zones. The doctor and his wife, who is by the way extremely ugly, moved into the castle with all speed and set about recruiting staff in the neighborhood who would look after the establishment and its grounds." Here

Tiger assumed his sorrowful face. "And it was at this time that I should not have dismissed as fanciful certain reports that reached me from the Chief of Police at Fukuoka. These were to the effect that the doctor was recruiting his staff uniquely from former members of the Black Dragon Society."

"And what might that be?"

"Have been," Tiger corrected him. "The Society was officially disbanded before the war. But in its heyday it was the most feared and powerful secret society in Japan. It consisted originally of the dregs of the *sōshi* — the unemployed samurai who were left high and dry after the Meiji Restoration of about a hundred years ago — but it later recruited terrorists, gangsters, fascist politicians, cashiered officers from the navy and army, secret agents, soldiers of fortune and other riffraff, but also big men in industry and finance, and even the occasional cabinet minister who found Black Dragon support of much practical value when dirty work had to be done. And the odd thing is, though it does not seem so odd to me today, that the doctor should have chosen his site, leaving out its practical amenities, in just that corner of Japan that used to be the headquarters of the Black Dragons and has always been a hotbed of extremists. Toyama Mitsuru, the former head of the Black Dragons, came from Fukuoka; so did the anarchist Hirota, and Nakano, leader of the former Tohokai, or fascist group, in the Diet. It has always been a nest of scoundrels, this district, and it remains so today. These extreme sects never die out completely, as you have recently, my dear Bondo-san, found in the resurgence of the Black Shirts in England, and this Doctor Shatterhand found no difficulty in collecting some twenty extremely tough and dangerous characters around him, all most correctly clothed as servants and gardeners and, no doubt, perfectly good at their ostensible jobs. On one occasion the Prefect of Police thought it his duty to make a courtesy call and give his distinguished inhabitant a word of caution. But the doctor dismissed the matter on the grounds that competent guards would be necessary to maintain his privacy and keep trespassers away from his valuable collection of plants. This seemed reasonable enough, and anyway the doctor appeared to be under high patronage in Tokyo. The Prefect bowed himself out, much impressed with the lavish display of wealth in evidence in the heart of his poor province."

"Well, under this doctor from Switzerland, have they done any harm yet?"

"Oh no. They are nothing more than he says — personal staff, at the worst, if you like, a bodyguard. No. The trouble is quite different, much more complex.



You see, this man Shatterhand has created what I can only describe as a garden of death." Tiger exploded his golden smile. "Bondo-san, I can see from your face that you think I am either drunk or mad. Now listen. This Doctor Shatterhand has filled this famous park of his uniquely with poisonous vegetation, the lakes and streams with poisonous fish, and he has infested the place with snakes, scorpions and poisonous spiders. He and this hideous wife of his are not harmed by these things, because whenever they leave the castle he wears a full suit of armor of the 17th Century, and she wears some other kind of protective clothing. His workers are not harmed because they wear rubber boots up to the knee, and *maskos*, that is, antiseptic gauze masks such as many people in Japan wear over the mouth and nose to avoid infection or the spreading of infection."

"What a daft setup. Doctor Shatterhand's garden is indeed a lovable thing, God wot."

"And you have of course heard of the South American piranha fish? They can strip a whole horse to the bones in less than an hour. The scientific name is *Serrasalmo*. The subspecies *Nattereri* is the most voracious. Our good doctor has preferred these fish to our native goldfish for his lakes. You see what I mean?"

"No," said Bond, "frankly I don't. What's the object of the good doctor's exercise?"

• • •

It was three o'clock in the morning. The noise of the traffic to Yokohama had died. James Bond didn't feel tired. He was now totally absorbed in this extraordinary story of the Swiss doctor, who, as Tiger had originally said, "collected death." Tiger wasn't telling him this bizarre case history for his entertainment. There was going to come a moment of climax. What would that climax be?

Tiger wiped his hand over his face. He said, "Did you read a story in the evening edition of the *Asahi* today? It concerned a suicide."

"No."

"This was a young student aged eighteen who had failed his examination for the university for the second time. He lived in the suburbs of Tokyo. There was construction work on a new *departemento*, a department store, going on near where he lived. He went out of his room onto the site. A pile driver was at work, sinking the foundations. Suddenly this youth broke through the surrounding workmen and, as the pile came crashing down, laid his head on the block beneath it."

"What a ghastly business! Why?"

"He had brought dishonor on his parents, his ancestors. This was his way of



"I feel, Mr. Peabody, that you might adopt a less cumbersome defense mechanism."

expiation. Suicide is a most unfortunate aspect of the Japanese way of life." Tiger paused. "Or perhaps a most noble one. It depends how you look at it. That boy, and his family, will have gained great face in his neighborhood."

"You can't gain face from strawberry jam."

"Think again, Bondo-san. Your post-humorous V.C.s, for instance?"

"They're not awarded for committing suicide after failing in an examination."

"We are not so *demokorasu* as you are," there was irony in Tiger's voice. "Dishonor must be expunged — according to those of us who remain what you would describe as old-fashioned. There is no apology more sincere than the offering up of your own life. It is literally all you have to give."

"But even if this boy failed for the university, he could have gone for a lower standard of examination, for a lower grade of college. As you know, we say 'Blast!' or perhaps a stronger word if we fail an examination in Britain. But we readjust our sights, or our parents do it for us, and have another bash. We don't kill ourselves. It wouldn't occur to us. It would be dishonorable rather than honorable. It would be cowardly — a refusal to stand up to reverses, to life. And it would give great pain to our parents, and certainly no satisfaction to our ancestors."

"With us it is different. And despite *demokorasu*, the parents of this youth will be rejoicing this evening and their neighbors will be rejoicing with them. Honor is more important to us than life — more proud, more beautiful."

Bond shrugged. "Well, I just think that if the boy had the guts to do this thing, it was the waste of a perfectly good Japanese life. In fact, of course, this suicide business in Japan is nothing more than a form of hysteria — an expression of the streak of violence that seems to run all through the history of Japan. If you hold your own life so cheaply, it follows that you will hold others' lives even more cheaply. The other day, I saw a traffic accident at one of the main crossings. I don't know the name of it. It was a multiple affair, and there were bodies all over the place. The police came, but instead of concentrating on getting the wounded to hospital, insisted that they should lie where they were so that they could draw chalk lines round them and photograph them — presumably for use when the case came to court."

"That is common practice," said Tiger indifferently. "We are much overpopulated. Abortion is legal. It is helping to solve one of our problems if a few extra people die in an automobile accident. But there is something in what you said earlier. Our word for suicide is *jisatsu*, literally 'self-murder,' and although it is a violent solution to a personal problem, it carries no stigma as it would in your country. In fact, one of our most famous folk tales, known to all children, is of the forty-seven *ronin*, or bodyguards. Through their negligence, their lord, Asano, was assassinated. They swore to avenge him and they did so. But then they came together at a place called Aki and all committed *seppuku* to expiate their negligence. This is what

you know as hara-kiri, which is a vulgar term meaning "belly cutting." Today, at the time of the festival at the Aki shrine, special trains have to be laid on to accommodate the respectful pilgrims."

"Well, if you bring your children up on that sort of stuff, you can't expect them not to venerate the act of suicide."

"Just so," said Tiger proudly. "Twenty-five thousand Japanese commit suicide every year. Only the bureaucrats regard that as a shameful statistic. And the more spectacular the suicide, the more warmly it is approved. Not long ago, a young student achieved great renown by trying to saw his own head off. Lovers link hands and throw themselves over the very high Kegon Falls at Nikko. The Mihara volcano on the island of O Shima is another favorite locale. People run down the roasting slope of the crater and hurl themselves, their shoes on fire, into the bubbling caldron in its center. To combat this popular pastime, the interfering authorities have now opened, at great expense, a "Suicide Prevention Office" on the peak. But always the wheels of the good old-fashioned railway train provide the most convenient guillotine. They have the merit of being self-operating. All you need to do is make a four-foot jump."

"You're a bloodthirsty old bastard, Tiger. But what's all this lecture about, anyway? What's it got to do with friend Shatterhand and his pretty garden?"

"Everything, Bondo-san. Everything. You see, much against the good doctor's wishes, of course, his poison garden has become the most desirable site for suicides in the whole of Japan. It has everything—a ride on our famous "Romance" express to Kyoto; a boat trip across our beautiful Inland Sea that is so full of Japanese history; a local train from the terminal harbor at Beppu to Fukuoka

and a walk or taxi drive along a beautiful coast to the awe-inspiring ramparts of this mysterious Castle of Death. Climb these, or smuggle yourself in on a provision cart, and then a last delicious, ruminative walk, perhaps hand in hand with your lover, through the beautiful groves. And finally the great gamble, the game of *pachinko* the Japanese love so much. Which ball will have your number on it? Will your death be easy or painful? Will a Russell's viper strike at your legs as you walk the silent, well-raked paths? Will some kindly, deadly dew fall upon you during the night as you rest under this or that gorgeous tree? Or will hunger or curiosity lead you to munch a handful of those red berries or pick one of those orange fruit? Of course, if you want to make it quick, there is always a bubbling, sulphurous fumarole at hand. In any one of those, the thousand degrees centigrade will allow you just enough time for one scream. The place is nothing more than a *departemento* of death, its shelves laden with delicious packages of self-destruction, all given away for nothing. Can you not imagine that old and young flock there as if to a shrine? The police have erected a barricade across the road. Genuine visitors, botanists and so on, have to show a pass. But the suicides fight their way to the shrine across the fields and marshes, scabble at the great walls, break their nails to gain entrance. The good doctor is of course much dismayed. He has erected stern notices of warning, with skulls and crossbones upon them. They act only as advertisements! He has even gone to the expense of flying one of those high helium balloons from the roof of his castle. The hanging streamers threaten trespassers with prosecution. But, alas for the doctor's precautions, the high balloon serves only to beckon. Here is death! it pro-

claims. Come and get it!"

"You're daft, Tiger. Why don't you arrest him? Burn the place down?"

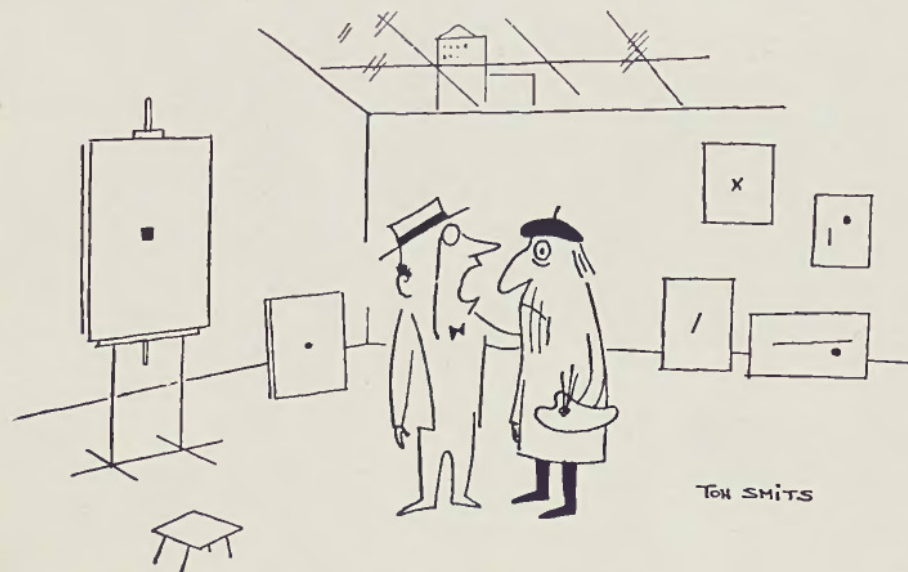
"Arrest him for what? For presenting Japan with this unique collection of rare plants? Burn down a million-pound establishment belonging to a respected *gaijin* resident? The man has done nothing wrong. If anyone is to blame, it is the Japanese people. It is true that he could exercise more careful surveillance, have his grounds more regularly patrolled. And it is certainly odd that when he has the ambulance called, the victims are always totally dead and are usually in the form of a bag of calcined bones fished out of one of the fumaroles. One would have expected some to be only crippled, or blinded. The *Herr Doktor* expresses himself as much puzzled. He suggests that, in the cases of blindness or amnesia, the victims presumably fall into one of the fumaroles by mistake. Maybe. But, as I have said, his tally so far is over five hundred and, with the stream of publicity, more and more people will be attracted to the Castle of Death. We have got to put a stop to it."

"What steps have been taken so far?"

"Commissions of investigation have visited the doctor. They have been most courteously treated. The doctor has begged that something shall be done to protect him from these trespassers. He complains that they interfere with his work, break off precious boughs and pick valuable plants. He shows himself as entirely cooperative with any measures that can be suggested short of abandoning this project, which is so dear to his heart and so much appreciated by the Japanese specialists in botany and so forth. He has made a further most generous offer. He is constructing a research department—to be manned by workers of his own choice, mark you—to extract the poisons from his shrubs and plants and give the essences free to an appropriate medical research center. Many of these poisons are valuable medicines in a diluted form."

"But how has all this come on your plate?" Bond was now getting drowsy. It was four o'clock and the horizon of jagged gray, porcelain-shingled rooftops was lightening. He poured down the last of the sake. It had the flat taste of too much. It was time he was in bed. But Tiger was obviously obsessed with this lunatic business, and subtle, authentic glimpses of Japan were coming through the ridiculous, nightmare story with its undertones of Poe, Le Fanu, Bram Stoker, Ambrose Bierce.

Tiger seemed unaffected by the lateness of the hour. The samurai face was perhaps etched in more sinister, more brutal lines. The hint of Tartar, tamed and civilized, lurked with less conceal-



"Frankly, Syborski, I think you've hit a dead end."

ment, like a caged animal, in the dark pools of his eyes. But the occasional rocking motion on the buttocks and sides of the feet was the only sign that he was interested, even excited. He said, "One month ago, Bondo-san, I sent one of my best men into this place to try and discover what it was all about. I was so instructed by my Minister, the Minister of the Interior. He in turn was under orders from the Prime Minister. The matter was becoming one of public debate. I chose a good man. He was instructed to get into the place, observe, and report. One week later, Bondo-san, he was recovered from the sea on a beach near this Castle of Death. He was blinded and in delirium. All the lower half of his body was terribly burned. He could only babble a *haiku* about dragonflies. I later discovered that, as a youth, he had indulged in the pastime of our youngsters. He had tied a female dragonfly on a thread and let it go. This acts as a lure for the male dragonfly and you can quickly catch many males in this way. They attach themselves to the female and will not let go. The *haiku*—that is a verse of seventeen syllables— he kept on reciting until his death,

which came soon, was 'Desolation! Pink dragonflies flitting above the graves.'

James Bond felt he was living inside a dream: the little room, partitioned in imitation rice paper and cedar plywood, the open vista of a small, inscrutable garden in which water tinkled, the distant redness of an imminent dawn, the long background of sake and cigarettes, the quiet voice of the storyteller telling a fairy tale, as it might be told in a tent under the stars. And yet this was something that had happened the other day, close by—was happening now, something that Tiger had brought him here to tell. Why? Because he was lonely? Because there was no one else he could trust? Bond pulled himself out of his somnolent slouch. He said, "I'm sorry, Tiger. What did you do next?"

Tiger Tanaka seemed to sit slightly more upright on his black-edged rectangle of golden *tatami*. He looked very directly at James Bond and said, "What was there to do? I did nothing except apologize to my superiors. I waited for an honorable solution to present itself. I waited for you to come."

"Me!"

"You were sent. Of course, it might

just as easily have been someone else."

James Bond yawned. He couldn't help it. He could see no end to the evening. Tiger had got some Japanese bee in his Japanese bonnet. How in hell could Bond stop it buzzing? He said, "Tiger. It's time for bed. Let's talk about the rest of this tomorrow. Of course I'll give you any advice I can. I can see it's a difficult problem. But those are just the ones to sleep on." He made to rise from his chair.

Tiger said, and it was an order, "Sit down, Bondo-san. If you have any regard for your country, you leave tomorrow." He consulted his watch. "By the twelve-twenty from Tokyo main station. Your ultimate destination is Fukuoka on the southern island of Kyushu. You will not be going back to your hotel. You will not be seeing Dikko. From now on you are under my personal orders." The voice went very quiet and velvety. "Is that understood?"

Bond sat up as if he had been stung. "What in God's name are you talking about, Tiger?"

Tiger Tanaka said, "In my office the other day you made a significant statement. You said words to the effect that



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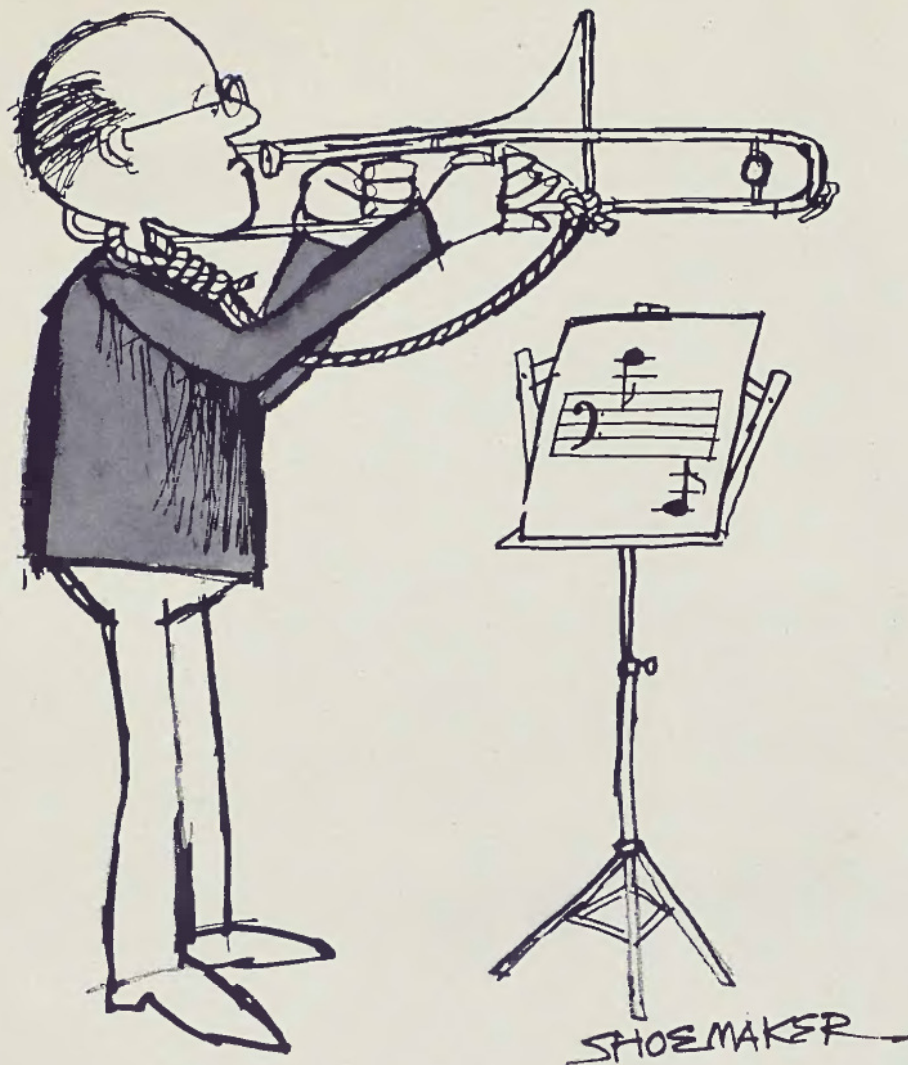
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in exchange for MAGIC 44 you were empowered to carry out any personal services that I might require of you."

"I didn't say that I was empowered. I meant that I would do anything for you on my personal responsibility."

"That is quite good enough. I took you at your word and I requested an audience of the Prime Minister. He instructed me to proceed, but to regard the matter as a state secret known only to him and to me—and of course to you."

"Come on, Tiger," said Bond impatiently. "Cut the cackle. What is it you want me to do?"

But Tiger was not to be hurried. He said, "Bondo-san, I will now be blunt with you, and you will not be offended, because we are friends. Yes? Now it is a sad fact that I, and many of us in positions of authority in Japan, have formed an unsatisfactory opinion about the British people since the war. You have not only lost a great empire, you have seemed almost anxious to throw it away with both hands. All right," he held up a hand, "we will not go deeply into the reasons for this policy, but when you

apparently sought to arrest this slide into impotence at Suez, you succeeded only in stage-managing one of the most pitiful bumbles in the history of the world, if not the worst. Further, your governments have shown themselves successively incapable of ruling and have handed over effective control of the country to the trade unions, who appear to be dedicated to the principle of doing less and less work for more money. This featherbedding, this shirking of an honest day's work, is sapping at ever-increasing speed the moral fiber of the British, a quality the world once so much admired. In its place we now see a vacuous, aimless horde of seekers after pleasure—gambling at the pools and bingo, whining at the weather and the declining fortunes of the country, and wallowing nostalgically in gossip about the doings of the Royal Family and of your so-called aristocracy in the pages of the most debased newspapers in the world."

James Bond roared with laughter. "You've got a bloody cheek, Tiger! You ought to write that out and sign it 'Ocotogenarian' and send it in to *The Times*.

You just come over and take a look at the place. It's not doing all that badly."

"Bondo-san, you have pleaded guilty out of your own mouth. 'Not doing too badly, indeed!' That is the crybaby excuse of a boy who gets a thoroughly bad end-of-term report. In fact, you are doing very badly indeed in the opinion of your few remaining friends. And now you come to me and ask for some very important intelligence material to bolster up the pitiful ruins of a once great power. Why should we give it to you? What good will it do us? What good will it do you, Bondo-san? It is like giving smelling salts to a punch-drunk heavyweight just before the inevitable knockout."

Bond said angrily, "Balls to you, Tiger! And balls again! Just because you're a pack of militant potential murderers here, longing to get rid of your American masters and play at being samurai again, snarling behind your subservient smiles, you only judge people by your own jungle standards. Let me tell you this, my fine friend. England may have been bled pretty thin by a couple of World Wars, our welfare-state politics may have made us expect too much for free, and the liberation of our colonies may have gone too fast, but we still climb Everest and beat plenty of the world at plenty of sports and win Nobel Prizes. Our politicians may be a feather-pated bunch, but I expect yours are too. All politicians are. But there's nothing wrong with the British people—although there are only fifty million of them."

Tiger Tanaka smiled happily. "Well spoken, Bondo-san. I thought your famous English stoicism might break down if I hit hard enough. I just wanted to see. And, for your information, those are very similar to the words I addressed to my Prime Minister. And do you know what he said? He said, all right, Mr. Tanaka. Put this Commander Bond to the test. If he succeeds, I will agree that there is still an elite in Britain and that this valuable material would be safe in their hands. If he fails, you will politely turn down the request."

Bond shrugged impatiently. He was still smarting under Tiger's onslaught, and the half-truths which he knew lay behind his words. "All right, Tiger. What is this ridiculous test? Some typical bit of samurai nonsense, I suppose."

"More or less," agreed Tiger Tanaka, with equanimity. "You are to enter this Castle of Death and slay the dragon within."

*This is the first of three installments of Ian Fleming's latest James Bond novel, "You Only Live Twice." Part II will appear next month.*





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## CONTINENTAL COMESTIBLES

long sturdy stick. When the pig finally hits the ground with its nose, it's rewarded with a few grains of corn. The stick is kept in hand to swat the porker lest, in its eagerness to complete the pass, the animal swallow the treasure itself. In Alba, Italy, a school matriculates hounds for the same kind of hunting. French truffles are black. The Italian are called white, although the so-called "white" truffles are really brown, and boast an even richer aroma than their French counterparts.

The flavor of truffles has been compared with everything from cheese to licorice to nuts. Professional trufflemen who dig for the black gems of the kitchen know better than to compare the truffle's subtly imperious flavor with anything. The aroma of the fresh truffle is much more pungent than that of the canned. But fresh truffles deteriorate quickly, and in both France and Italy they're rushed to the cannery as fast as possible. In France, truffles are roasted under hot cinders, blended with sauces, folded into omelets, slid under the skin of fowl and buried in *pâtés*. In this country, their most frequent appearance is as slices atop the hollandaise sauce on eggs benedict. But in almost any sauce or casserole, truffles are a wonderful obbligate. For the average recipe of four servings, a 7/8-ounce tin is an ample benediction.

*Foie gras* means fat liver. *Pâté de foie gras* is the seasoned liver of a force-fed goose. The labor of stuffing grain or noodles down a goose's gullet every three hours, day and night, is rewarded with livers that sometimes weigh over two pounds apiece. The best quality from Strasbourg is creamy rose in color. Although *foie gras* is available fresh in France and is sometimes air-mailed to the States, we usually buy it here in tins or terrines. Each *pâté de foie gras* is overlaid with a rich stratum of goose or pork fat to keep the *pâté* moist and fresh tasting. For hors d'oeuvres, *pâté de foie gras* should be biting cold. A sharp knife dipped in hot water helps to liberate thin, uniform slices.

Caviar can be neatly divided into two classes—the roe of the sturgeon and the roe of all other fish. Actually, the top of the sturgeon hierarchy is the beluga (Russian for the white color of the fish). It's called black caviar, but at its best is actually gray. There's hardly a trace of saltiness in it, and although each tiny egg is intact, its texture is almost semiliquid in the mouth. There are excellent caviars of other sturgeons, such as the sevruga, in fresh forms and in sealed jars. So-called pressed caviar, made from the roes of several sturgeons, is always useful for emergency entertaining. Connoisseurs quite justly resent the

(continued from page 101)

fact that the word caviar can be used to describe the roes of the salmon, the whitefish and the lumpfish—salty spreads beneath their contempt. The present price of fresh beluga caviar, about \$32 a pound, is hardly extortionate when you consider that a beluga sturgeon doesn't produce eggs until it's about 20 years old, that only the most sensitive fingers can force the eggs through the sieve that separates the large eggs from the small, that caviar must be aged three months at 30°, and that it must be kept refrigerated like fresh crab lump or any other fresh food until the moment it's devoured. For entirely too many generations caviar was the symbol of conspicuous gourmandizing, enjoyed only by the top carriage trade. Now food shops like the Caviarteria in New York and gourmet stalls everywhere have taken it out of the dowager's class and turned it over to men who simply dig good eating. At the cocktail table its jar should rest atop crushed ice held in a commodious bowl. To keep eggs intact, an ivory or glass spoon is used. Garnishes for caviar should be kept to simple chopped egg, chopped onion or sour cream.

Not all imported foods are rare or require limitless resources. A few, like French or Danish snails, simply do not flourish on this side of the Atlantic. It should be pointed out that the French *escargots* are land mollusks, and if they lived in the sea, they'd be properly regarded as just another fine shellfish. That you must buy them canned here turns out to be a special boon for bachelors. The job of preparing snails from scratch first involves about five days of starving them before cooking, then about nine hours of scraping, washing, boiling, blanching, simmering and baking. With canned *escargots*, you simply prepare a flavored butter and go through the last baking step, about 5 to 8 minutes in a hot oven. The receptiveness of snails to garlic is a famous one, and the butter in which they're baked in the shells is prized almost as much as the filling itself. Confirmed snail men usually equip themselves with snail plates, designed to cradle each snail separately, as well as snail holders to grasp the hot shells conveniently, and slender forks to dig out the delicious insides.

Over the centuries, gourmet philosophers have not stopped expounding on the amatory effects of these voluptuous foods. In ancient times the truffle was dedicated to Venus because it stimulated love. Even the comparatively recent Brillat-Savarin was personally convinced that truffles made women more tender and men more affectionate. Caviar at various times and places has been credited alternately as an

aphrodisiac and as a tranquilizer—an extraordinary feat. Snails, which are hermaphroditic and bestow their affections indiscriminately, are considered by some to be an even keener stimulus to amour than oysters. *Foie gras* fanciers naturally keep quoting Plato, who explained why the liver was the soul's habitation. Sociological implications notwithstanding, the following recipes are planned to make their greatest stir where all food should—against the taste buds.

### BLINI FOR CAVIAR (Makes 25-30)

3 tablespoons salad oil  
3 eggs  
1/2 cup milk  
3/4 cup water  
3/4 cup whole-wheat flour  
1/2 cup white flour  
2 teaspoons baking powder  
1/2 teaspoon salt

Blini are tiny pancakes, each about the size of a silver dollar, used as canapé bases. Originally made by a slow yeast process, this modernized version is easier and actually more toothsome.

Pour oil, eggs, milk and water into well of blender. Add whole-wheat flour, white flour (sifted before measuring), baking powder and salt. Blend until batter is smooth. Stop blender and scrape sides when necessary to blend dry ingredients. Preheat electric skillet to 390°. Grease lightly with salad oil. Wipe off excess oil with paper toweling. Drop batter by tablespoons to make small cakes. When edges of blini are dry looking and when bubbles appear in center, turn and brown on other side. Grease skillet lightly again before cooking second batch. Serve on white napkin. At cocktail table spoon sour cream on each blini. Add a dollop of caviar.

### TOURNEDOS ROSSINI (Serves six)

6 tenderloin steaks cut from the *filet*  
Salt, pepper  
2 shallots, minced  
2 medium-size onions, minced  
2 tablespoons salad oil  
1 tablespoon flour  
2 cups beef broth, fresh or canned  
7/8-oz. can truffles, minced  
2 ozs. madeira wine  
6 slices toast  
5-oz. block *pâté de foie gras* with truffles  
1 tablespoon butter

One could write an entire cookbook of dishes in which truffles and *pâté de foie gras* are mated. The best known of these duos was the culinary idol of the Italian operatic composer in honor of whom the recipe is named.

In a sautépan sauté shallots and onions in oil until onions are deep brown. Stir in flour. Sauté until flour

turns brown. Slowly add beef broth, stirring constantly. Simmer slowly about 30 minutes. Strain sauce. Add truffles and wine, return to pan and bring to a boil. Set aside. Sprinkle steaks with salt and pepper. Place in a preheated heavy ungreased frying pan or electric skillet. Panbroil until medium brown on both sides. Place steaks on toast on platter or serving dishes. Cut *pâté de foie gras* into six slices and place a slice on top of each steak. Pour sauce into frying pan in which steaks were pan-broiled. Mix well to loosen drippings. Bring to a boil and simmer 2 or 3 minutes. Remove from flame. Skim any excess fat from sauce and stir in butter. Add brown gravy coloring if desired. Pour sauce over steaks.

PÂTÉ DE FOIE GRAS IN PORT ASPIC  
(Six appetizer portions)

2 medium-size onions, minced  
1 tablespoon salad oil  
1 tablespoon butter  
3 cups chicken broth, fresh or canned  
1 tablespoon unflavored gelatin  
¼ cup cold water  
3 ozs. tawny port  
1 oz. cognac  
3 or 4 drops red coloring  
5-oz. block *pâté de foie gras* with truffles  
Boston lettuce

Sauté onions in oil and butter until onions are deep yellow, but not browned. Add broth and bring to a boil. Reduce flame and simmer slowly about 30 minutes or until the three cups of broth have been reduced to two. Strain and measure broth. If quantity exceeds two cups, continue to simmer until it is reduced to proper amount. If it is less than two cups, add water. Soften gelatin

in cold water and stir into hot broth until dissolved. Add port, cognac and red coloring. Pour 2 or 3 tablespoons broth into narrow custard cups or any molds of similar size. Chill in refrigerator until just jelled. Cut *pâté de foie gras* into six slices. Place a slice on gelatin, pressing firmly. Pour balance of gelatin into the cups. Place in refrigerator until jelled. To unmold, dip cups for a few seconds in hot water. Run a knife around edges to loosen sides of gelatin. Unmold each portion onto a leaf of Boston lettuce. Serve as a first course for dinner.

SUPREME OF CHICKEN WITH CEPES  
(Serves four)

6 single breasts of chicken, skinless and boned  
2½-oz. terrine *pâté de foie gras*  
2 tablespoons butter  
8 tablespoons salad oil  
10-oz. tin ceps, drained, sliced  
1 medium-size onion, minced  
2 shallots, minced  
3 ozs. dry white wine  
1 oz. cognac  
1 tablespoon flour  
2 cups chicken broth, fresh or canned  
Salt, pepper  
1-oz. tin Italian white truffles, drained, minced  
6 diagonal slices French bread

For some strapping gourmands a single breast of chicken might not be enough. For other appetites, two are too much. The six-to-four ratio above is just about the golden mean.

Divide *foie gras* into six parts. Partially separate the fillet of the chicken — the small piece running along underside — from top piece. Place a piece of *foie gras* between sections of each breast. Press sections back into place. Heat but-

ter and 2 tablespoons oil in a large skillet. Sauté chicken until light brown on both sides. Add ceps to pan and sauté about a minute more. Remove pan from flame, and set aside. In a saucepan sauté onion and shallots in 1 tablespoon oil until onions are deep yellow. Add wine and cognac. Flame liquor. Simmer until wine has almost disappeared from pan. Turn flame low and stir in flour. Slowly add chicken broth, stirring well. Simmer over low flame about 15 minutes. Add salt and pepper to taste. Strain sauce into pan with chicken. Add truffles. Simmer 15 to 20 minutes over low flame. Stir occasionally to keep chicken from sticking to pan bottom. Add salt and pepper to taste. Sauté bread in balance of oil until light brown on both sides. Place fried bread on platter. Place a breast of chicken on each piece of bread. Spoon ceps and sauce on top.

SNAILS, ALMOND BUTTER  
(Serves two)

24 canned snails with shells  
¼ cup shelled almonds  
¼ lb. sweet butter  
3 tablespoons bread crumbs  
1 teaspoon finely minced garlic  
½ teaspoon lemon juice  
Salt, pepper, cayenne pepper

The conventional recipe for snails Bourguignon will usually be found on the outside of the can or container. This more-or-less-standard procedure takes a mixture of butter, garlic and parsley, which, together with the snails, is placed in the shells and baked. This recipe follows a tradition in the department of Aude, home of the eminent French chef Prosper Montagné.

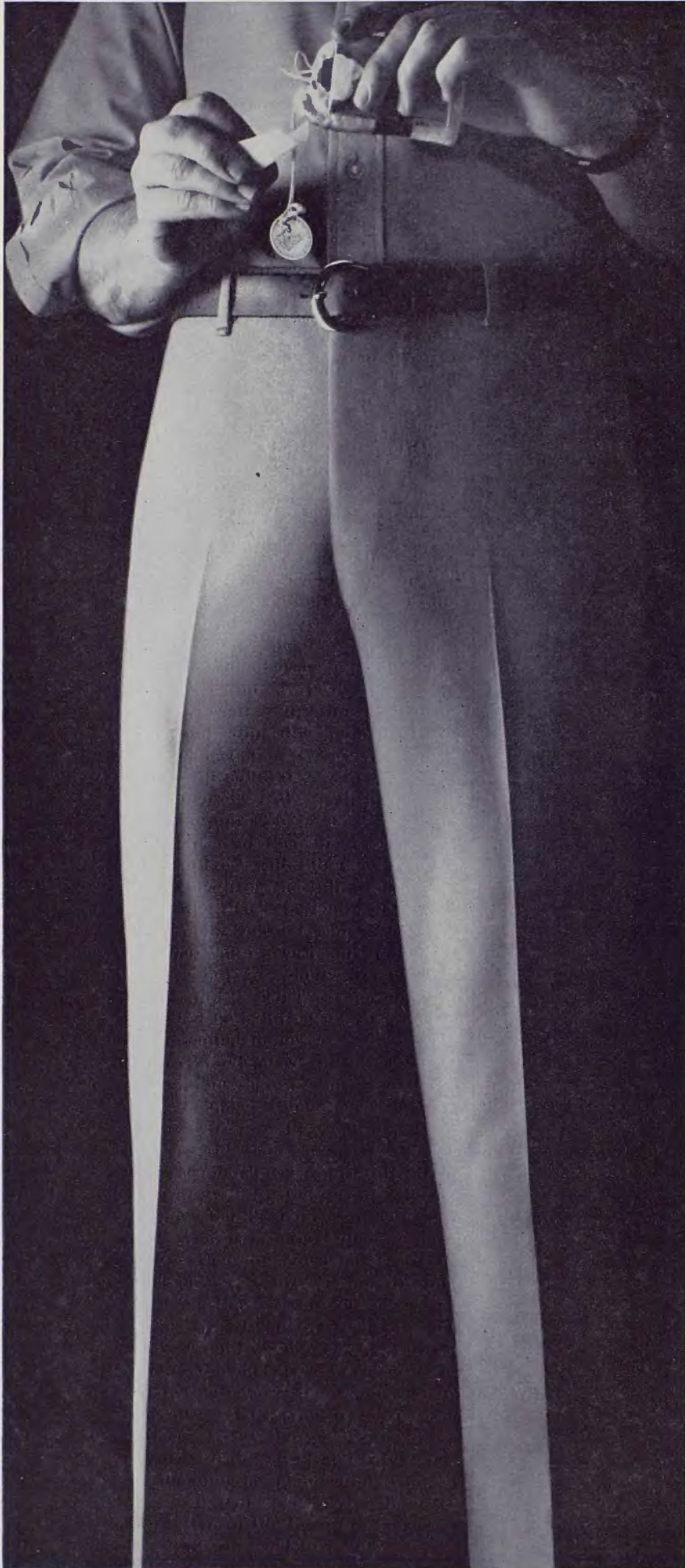
Let butter stand at room temperature until it is soft enough to spread easily. Drain snails. Rinse shells in hot water and drain them well. Put almonds in well of blender and spin until almonds are finely chopped. In a mixing bowl combine almonds, butter, bread crumbs, garlic and lemon juice. Add salt and pepper to taste and a dash of cayenne. Stuff snails into shells. Spoon butter mixture into shells, allowing about a teaspoon and a half of the butter mixture for each shell. Preheat oven at 425°. Bake snails, open ends up, in snail plates about 5 to 8 minutes. Serve at once while very hot. Provide ample French bread for mopping operations.

Although one may take exception to that grand curmudgeon George Bernard Shaw's observation "There is no love sincerer than the love of food," the preceding recipes might easily bring about at least a strong infatuation with Continental comestibles.



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## SUCKERBETS

(continued from page 104)

quite certain he can count just as well as the next fellow. Count he can, but can he reckon?

"How many years are there between January 1, 1850 and January 1, 1950?" asks the operator.

The sucker, after much thought and possibly a bit of finger arithmetic, finally answers quite correctly, "100 years."

"And how many years are there between 50 B.C. and 50 A.D.?"

"Why, 100, of course," says the sucker.

"Wrong," replies the operator.

Actually the sucker should have said 99 years because of the absence of the year 0. This can be proved to a doubting mark by having him count on his fingers the years from 1895 to 1905 and then the years from 5 B.C. to 5 A.D.

*Time Will Tell.* "How many times a day does the minute hand of a clock come even with the hour hand?" asks the operator.

The sucker will probably say 24 times, reasoning that the minute hand crosses the hour hand once every hour. But he should have said 22 because the hands only cross once every  $65\frac{5}{11}$  minutes. (The hour hand is slow, but it keeps plodding along.)

*Dire States.* Many sucker bets find their takers among those who think they know something when, in fact, they don't. For instance, the operator bets his mark that he can't list all 50 states in five minutes—abbreviations will do. Unless the sucker has a photographic memory, he'll lose.

*Ineligible Receiver.* Would-be sports experts are among the best of all potential marks for not-so-sporting wagers. The operator asks how many players are eligible pass receivers when a college football team lines up in a T-formation offense. The sucker is sure to say six—two ends and four backs. After making a bet that the sucker is wrong, the operator cites NCAA Rule 7, Section 3, Article 3 (b), which makes any player in position to take a direct handoff from the center ineligible as a pass receiver. This rules out the T-formation quarterback.

*Foul Ball.* At a baseball game the count is three-and-two. "Bet he fouls on the next pitch," mutters the operator.

"Even money?" says a nearby sucker, knowing full well that the batter might just as easily strike, walk, hit fair, or even get hit by a pitched ball.

"Even money," says the operator,

knowing even better (having read this article on sucker bets) that the correct odds are 6-5 that a batter will foul on a three-two count.

There are many more sucker bets, of course. Probably as many as there are suckers. But let there be no misunderstanding about our motives which, as always, are high-minded ones indeed. Knowing that none of our readers would ever be so unsporting as to bet on a sure thing, we have offered this collection of sucker bets not as sure-fire tips for enhancing one's income, but as a warning against taking such deceitful wagers.

If, however, you happen to meet the kind of sucker who will take these bets and you find yourself wrestling with your gentlemanly conscience, remember this: Any man who will accept a sucker bet does so because he thinks he is taking advantage of *you*. He thinks—greedy fellow that he is—that he is betting on a sure thing.

Now, we ask you, in all fairness, are you expected to waste any sympathy on the sort of lowlife that would bet on a sure thing? You are not!

In fact, it is your duty, your *obligation* to give him the punishment he deserves—empty pockets and an earful of cider!



## Now, socks that stay



## YOU COULD ALWAYS HOPE

(continued from page 87)

general way until the morning they brought in the Navy pilot who stank.

Medical science was trying to save his life, perhaps to prove a point. So there he was in his coat of grease. He was supposed to receive God knows how many millions of units of penicillin every half hour, and they had stuck pipes into him here and there, and they brought in the nurse you loved and told her what to do.

She took the hypodermic and looked at that raw ooze wrapped in yellow grease, and bent toward it.

She recoiled so fast she smashed into the rack with the plasma bottles, and you could see the fluid in the needle spurt up in a little golden stream like a puppy wetting as her hand clenched. The orderlies came running in when they heard that first scream, and it took two of them to grab her and wrestle her out of there, and you could hear her still screaming as they took her across the white-hot coral compound, yelling, "Oh, Christ, he stinks! Christ, he stinks!"

All right, he stank. That was all he could do. Maybe he never heard her; maybe he was already dead when they brought him in. Medical science isn't

everything; he was certainly dead when they carried him out that same afternoon. He stank all day, and in the afternoon they took him out, cot and all, but you could still smell him the next day, and the smell never left.

You never spoke to that nurse again. The orderlies would not speak to her, either. Every day she would come into the ward, just as you were coming out of the second round of fever and chills, but now she did nothing to wipe out the memory of the morning inspection, the three blind mice, the fairy, or the general hopelessness. She was no longer big, blowzy and good. She was just a sack that the officers had used for purposes of masturbation, and the word was that she couldn't give it away now, even to the colonel. You would turn your head when she took your pulse, but you did not have to do this, because she would be looking away from you herself. Sometimes she would be crying as she came in, and she would wipe her eyes with a khaki handkerchief, and you did not care. She would get through the ward in dead silence, reading the charts, taking temperatures and writing on the charts, moving in light footfalls that

sounded like a barrage in the silence of that ward. The only point she ever had was that she was a woman, and now that she had failed at that simple thing, she was dead.

The fever and the chills would return exactly one hour and thirteen minutes after she had checked the chart of Zimmerman, Rudolph A., and when you came out of the fever to find yourself jumping under the hard hands of the four orderlies who were trying to hold you and the blankets to the cot, you knew that you and they shared a kind of love that you could never share with any woman, nor, of course, with the likes of the Red Cross pansy. Perhaps love is just another word for understanding. If so, that was what you realized that only men could share with one another; that when a man is really badly sick or badly hurt, the only one who can help him in any way is another man.

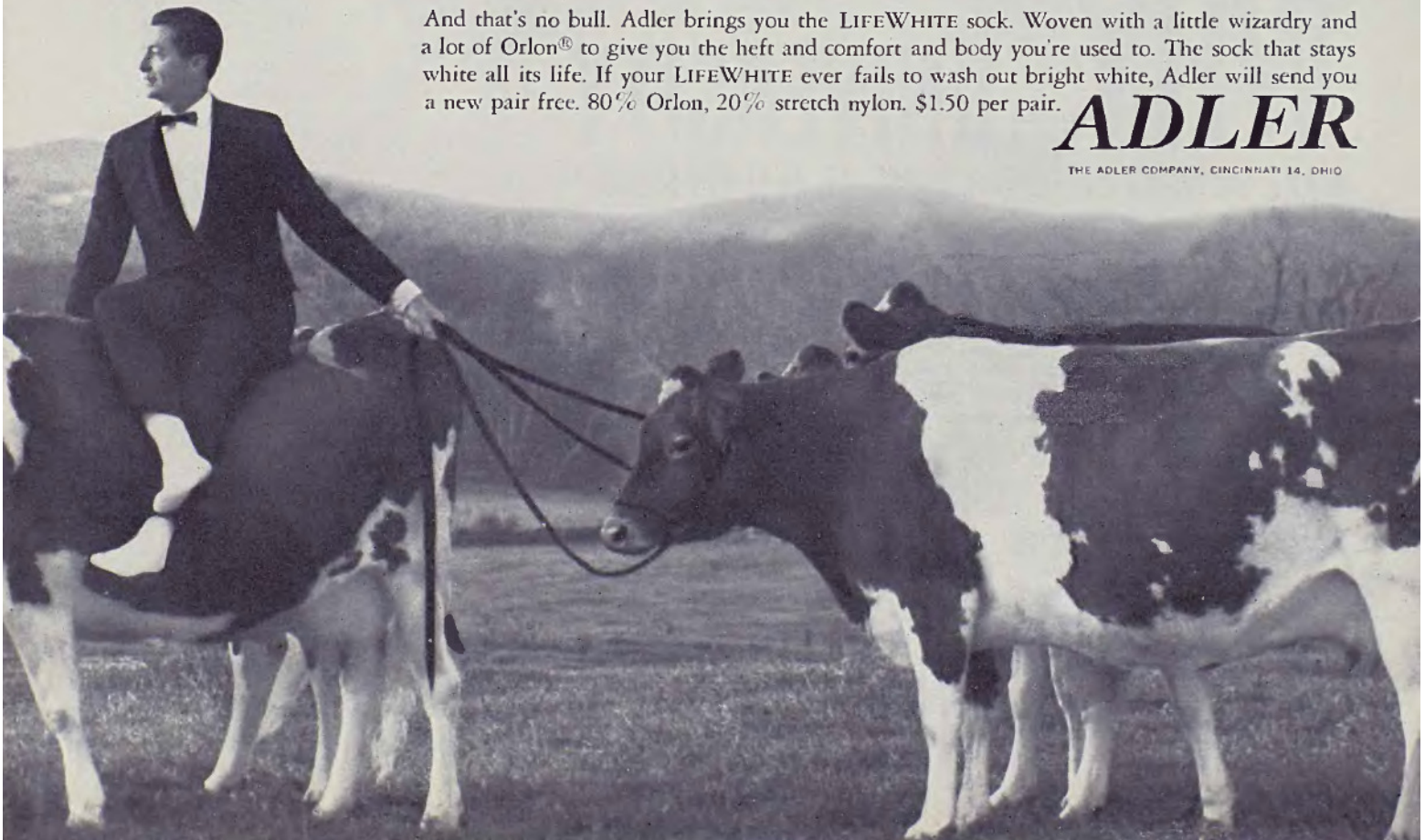
Maybe it was the nurse who made you see that. After they led her away screaming, someone said, "Why the Christ do they bring those goddamn sluts out here?" And since you understood exactly what he meant, and understood that there was no good reason, there was no reason to answer him. You knew he was not really asking a question, but

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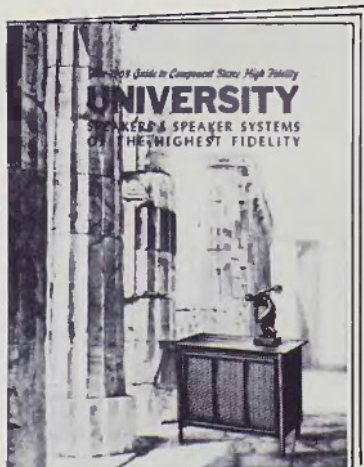
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was making a statement.

It is safe to say that no one in that ward ever took a woman seriously again. You could see the contempt in their eyes when the new nurses were assigned to the wards. To be sure, you would talk with the new nurses, but in a cold, cynical way. It was shortly after the new nurses came to the island that one of them was raped—the only case of rape we'd had up until then—and sure enough, it had been one of the men from the ward. When they tried him, he said she'd asked for it, and the court-martial believed him. Perhaps they would not have believed him if he had not been an officer, but maybe they would have believed her if it had not been for what had happened in the ward.

The days were all alike. An hour after dawn you were delirious, and then you tottered to attention for the inspection, and then the chaplains and the pansy would set you up for round two, and after it was over, the new nurse would come in to remind you that women had no place in any reality that you knew, and so you passed into round three, and whenever you were conscious, you could still smell that long-buried Navy pilot. Day after day it was the same thing, and your strength emptied into salt-rimmed pools on the canvas beneath you.

But you always had the morning. In the morning it was cool, and you had no fever. You could watch the sun edge up out of the sea and hear the fighters warming up on the airstrip, and you could always hope that this time, today, the fever would break. It was odd how you looked forward to getting out of there, because what was waiting for you when you got back to the squadron was not precisely an improvement.

There were some people in the squadron who hoped the war would end, but that was silly. In the squadron, the only thing you could really hope for was that you would still be alive when the sun went down, and at the end of each day you hoped the sun would not come up tomorrow, because you would be flying if it did. Of course, you flew whether the sun came up or not, but at night you could always hope the weather would really be too bad for flying in the morning.

Perhaps the real reason why you wanted to get back to the squadron was that you knew there would be no women there, and no one to tell you to stand or lie at attention, or to remind you there was a war. At any rate, it was always cool in the hospital in the first light of early morning, and you could always hope that you would soon return to the squadron and to your private appointment with whatever was waiting for you 25,000 feet above the impersonal, turning-underneath-you world.



## FIEND *(continued from page 108)*

had foreseen. He opened the door to the washroom and turned on the warmer oven where emergency rations were waiting. By the time Silvie came back biscuits, bacon and hot coffee were set out for her.

"I don't suppose you have a cigarette?" she said. "Well, I'll live. How about some clothes? And how about coming out so I can get a look at you?" She stretched and yawned and then began to eat. Apparently she had showered, as was generally desirable on awakening from freeze-sleep to get rid of the exfoliated skin, and she had wrapped her ruined hair in a small towel. Dandish had left the one small towel in the washroom, reluctantly, but it had not occurred to him that his victim would wrap it around her head. Silvie sat thoughtfully staring at the remains of her breakfast and then after a while said, like a lecturer:

"As I understand it, starship sailors are always some kind of a nut, because who else would go off for twenty years at a time, even for money, even for any kind of money? All right, you're a nut. So if you wake me up and won't come out, won't talk to me, there's nothing I can do about it.

"Now, I can see that even if you weren't a little loopy to start with, this kind of life would tip you. Maybe you just want a little company? I can understand that. I might even cooperate and say no more about it.

"On the other hand, maybe you're trying to get your nerve up for something rough. Don't know if you can, because they naturally screened you down fine before they gave you the job. But supposing. What happens then?

"If you kill me, they catch you.

"If you don't kill me, then I tell them when we land, and they catch you.

"I told you about my uncle. Right now his body is in the deepfreeze somewhere on the dark side of Mercury and they've got his brain keeping the navigation channels clear off Belém. Maybe you think that's not so bad. Uncle Henry doesn't like it a bit. He doesn't have any company, bad as you that way, I guess, and he says his suction hoses are always sore. Of course he could always louse up on the job, but then they'd just put him some other place that wouldn't be quite as nice—so what he does is grit his teeth, or I guess you should say his grinders, and get along the best he can. Ninety years! He's only done six so far. I mean six when I left Earth, whatever that is now. You wouldn't like that. So why not come out and talk?"

Five or ten minutes later, after making faces and buttering another roll and flinging it furiously at the wall,

where the disposal units sluiced it away, she said, "Damn you, then give me a book to read, anyway."

Dandish retreated from her and listened to the whisper of the ship for a few minutes, then activated the mechanisms of the revival crib. He had been a loser long enough to learn when to cut his losses. The girl sprang to her feet as the sides of the crib unfolded. Gentle tentacles reached out for her and deposited her in it, locking the webbing belt around her waist. "You damned fool!" she shouted, but Dandish did not answer. The anesthesia cone descended toward her struggling face, and she screamed, "Wait a minute! I never said I wouldn't —": but what she never said she wouldn't, she couldn't say, because the cone cut her off. In a moment she was asleep. A plastic sack stretched itself around her, molding to her face, her body, her legs, even to the strayed towel around her hair, and the revival crib rolled silently to the freezing room. Dandish did not watch further. He knew what would happen, and besides, the timer reminded him to make his check. Temperatures, normal; fuel consump-

tion, normal; course, normal; freezer room showed one new capsule en route to storage, otherwise normal. Goodbye, Silvie, said Dandish to himself, you were a pretty bad mistake.

Conceivably later on, with another girl . . .

But it had taken nine years for Dandish to wake Silvie, and he did not think he could do it again. He thought of her Uncle Henry running a dredge along the South Atlantic littoral. It could have been him. He had leaped at the opportunity to spend his sentence piloting a starship instead.

He stared out at the 10,000,000 stars below with the optical receptors that were his eyes. He clawed helplessly at space with the radars that gave him touch. He wept a 5,000,000-mile stream of ions behind him from his jets. He thought of the tons of helpless flesh in his hold, the bodies in which he could have delighted, if his own body had not been with Uncle Henry's on coldside Mercury, the fears on which he could have fed, if he had been able to inspire fear. He would have sobbed, if he had had a voice to sob with.



*"He has the quickest hands in show business."*

## HIGHBROW AUTHORS (continued from page 119)

toward which the middlebrows quite naturally feel alien and about which they seem able to do nothing except carp in the outmoded rhetoric of yesterday's moral indignation. That is, in fact, one of the most interesting and important developments in the literary life at the present time. Middlebrow literary opinion has grown increasingly ineffectual, irrelevant, or merely silly, increasingly dissociated from its former concern with the novel, living or dead, while in the highbrow world there has never before been such an abundance and variety of concern. In the established literary quarterlies and the less widely circulated critical journals, modern novelists are being subjected to a scrutiny almost terrifying in its tone of triumphant possessiveness, and even such serious younger writers as Salinger, Saul Bellow, Bernard Malamud and Philip Roth, whose careers, for all their prominence, may still be considered in the developmental stage, have already had special issues of some of the smaller of these magazines devoted entirely to their work (in fact, Salinger has had several entire critical volumes devoted to him alone). Newer writers like William Burroughs (*Naked Lunch*) and Joseph Heller (*Catch-22*) have not yet had time to be examined on quite this scale, but they have already received an enormous amount of attention, and there can be

no doubt that they too will very shortly be swept up by the full force of the new wave of critical interest and borne at high speed into the prominence of minor classic status.

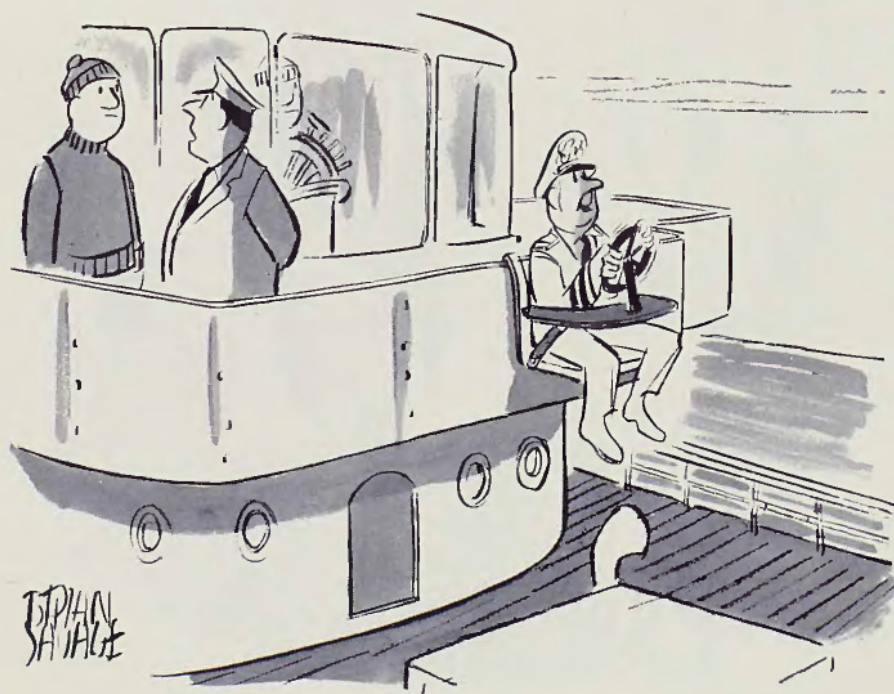
This interest, furthermore, has by no means been confined to the small world of professional and academic criticism. It may have begun there, but it has quickly spread throughout the large-circulation quality-magazine world as well. The increasingly serious literary emphasis of *Esquire*, *PLAYBOY*, and the various women's fashion magazines — to say nothing of the recent appearance of such important new publications as *The New York Review of Books* — serves to indicate just how vital it has become not only for highbrows but for everyone who values highbrow tastes to be in the know about new writers and writing.

The principal reason for this changed state of affairs is not simply that highbrow interest in the novel has increased, while middlebrow interest has declined. That decline is only an effect of the more important circumstance that the serious novel is no longer the vehicle of middlebrow ideas and middlebrow experience, as it pretty largely was back in the days of Dreiser and Anderson, Lewis, Fitzgerald and Hemingway. These writers have now nearly all been converted, by a process of academic appropriation following after deep analysis,

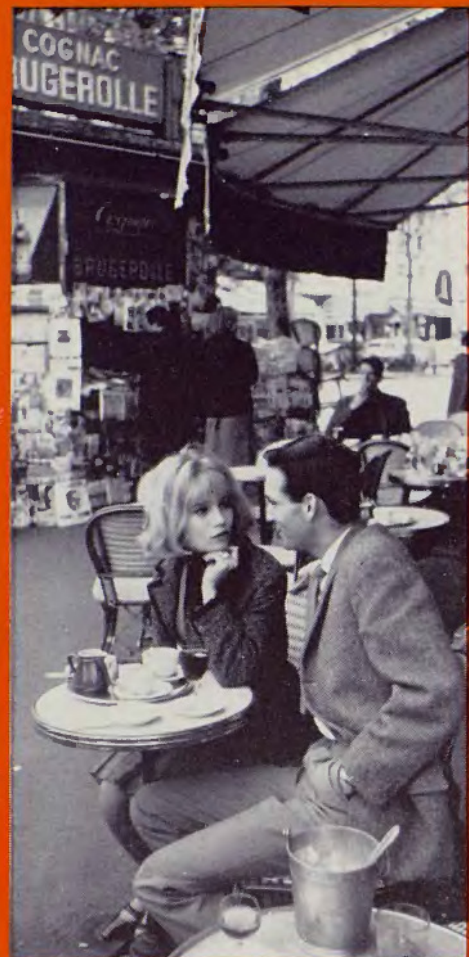
into highbrow property, while currently active writers like Bellow and some of the others have never belonged to or written for the middlebrow world, but have from the beginning worked from assumptions about the nature of modern experience and modern fiction at least paralleling those of the highbrow world. The result is that, in sharp contrast to their predecessors and in a manner seemingly unique in literature, these writers have been absorbed directly into the highbrow critical canon without ever having had to fight the battle for general readership and acceptance in the middlebrow world. With the exception of Faulkner, they are the first novelists in our recent history to have become critically established in their lifetimes without first having been more or less widely read, and one can only suppose that this has occurred not only because of highbrow interest in their work but because there is no longer a ground on which the battle for middlebrow acceptance can be fought.

But whatever the reason, the process by which so many of the better younger writers have been transported from obscurity to prominence, while at the same time bypassing the traditional apprenticeship period in the middlebrow world, is now part of the accepted routine of our literary life. The middlebrows have, consequently, been left with no established novelist of genuine high quality, and except possibly for James Gould Cozzens, John O'Hara and John Steinbeck, no established novelist who even approaches high quality. They furthermore have scarcely anyone at all in the younger group who is articulating emotions and experiences that are familiar and attractive to them.

This was emphatically not the case during the great period of middlebrow ownership of the novel. The established novelists of that time, although they may themselves have been lowbrows or even, in one or two instances, highbrows, were not only working in the middlebrow literary world but giving voice to concerns that had a clear and concrete basis in middlebrow and middle-class life. They were able to do so because they as well as the bulk of their readership were primarily middle class and provincial in background and were, therefore, united by a bond of common assumption and shared experience. This made possible for a relatively short time in America what we now enviously associate with Victorian England and the France of Balzac: a novel centered in the value system of the dominant social class and able, as a consequence, to dramatize materials and themes of particular relevance to that class. Among the most important of these themes, indeed the most important if considered in terms of its



"The passengers are all below, I trust."





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"Now we owe them a fix."

meaning in the whole range of American experience, was the theme of first confrontation of the modern world and first initiation into the new circumstances of modern life. In the many works that now form the classic body of modern American fiction this theme appears as a very specific and recurrent preoccupation. Although differing greatly from one another in nearly every other respect, such books as *Winesburg, Ohio*, *Sister Carrie*, *Babbitt*, *Manhattan Transfer*, *Of Time and the River*, *Studs Lonigan*, *The Sun Also Rises*, *This Side of Paradise* and *The Great Gatsby* are alike in the one respect that in each of them either the characters or the contemporary reader, or in most cases both, came into relationship with experience of a kind unknown to them before and markedly different from the provincial experience of their origins.

These books are all in this sense attempts to answer, either directly or indirectly, the familiar and obsessive provincial question which the European novel had begun to answer a hundred years before: what is *real* life like; what is the nature of experience in the world outside the neighborhood, town or region? And the fact cannot fail to seem remarkable to us today that this was a question to which virtually a whole American middle-class provincial culture was seeking an answer, and that the in-

terest of that culture in the novel was largely sustained by the promise the novel held out of supplying it.

It is no accident that Scott Fitzgerald was able to refer, however jokingly, to *The Sun Also Rises* as "a Romance and a Guide Book" and to his own *This Side of Paradise* as "a Romance and a Reading List." Beneath the lightness of tone there is a perfectly serious point. Although it is hard to conceive today of any really literate person turning to a novel for either romance or information, whether about books or the better bars of Paris and Pamplona, these are exactly the elements which the general reader of their time found initially fascinating in these two novels. They provided him with a portrait of life at its most interesting and adventurous remove from provincial existence, yet plausible enough to be accepted by the provincial imagination; and a set of facts supposedly essential to anyone desiring entry into that life. What was important was that the reader did desire entry into that life. It was symbolic to him of all that his own life was not, and he wished to be informed about how he should behave if he should ever succeed in gaining entry.

Hence, Hemingway's preoccupation with the rules of social form, with the etiquette of correct conduct in situations of physical and psychic test, and Fitzgerald's passion to learn the rules, to

become an acceptable member of the club, made a powerful appeal to his imagination as well as to his native interest in process and know-how. It was very like the appeal made by the archetypal older brother or favorite uncle who returns to his home town after long absence to charm his relatives with tales of curious customs in far-off, exotic lands. Hemingway's role was always that of the older brother or uncle, the man to whom everything imaginable had happened; Fitzgerald's was always that of the wide-eyed younger brother or nephew, the boy to whom nothing worth imagining had ever happened; and the reader could identify equally well with both. He could identify not only because he could sense that both were themselves as enchanted and as fundamentally innocent as he, but because they were telling him something he did not know and wished to know, and telling it in the context of moral assumptions and emotional responses which were very much like his own. The novel in their hands was, therefore, an educative form, an extension and extender of his grasp of reality, a rule book for the conduct of the desirable life that lay beyond the limits of the undesirable life in which he felt enclosed. And it is this educative element which the novel has lost in our time, and in so doing, has lost the middle class, or what has become, by a shift from class to cultural status, from sociology to phrenology, the middlebrow.

We are all familiar with the standard reasons given for the change that has taken place in American society and, by extension, in the American novel, since Hemingway and Fitzgerald began to write. Our present population is no longer typified by a common provincial heritage or a regional and small-town mentality, but has become increasingly heterogeneous and diffuse, increasingly suburban and exurban in character and cosmopolitan in outlook. Middle-class culture has given way not merely to middlebrow but to mass culture, and while the former had some of the cohesiveness of a differentiated social institution, the latter is, as its name suggests, merely a social abstraction characterized by undifferentiated numbers. There is also some significance in the fact that it is no longer middle-class culture but minority culture that is providing the primary subject matter of the contemporary serious novel. Middle-class culture appears to have receded as a potential source of novelistic material in time with its recession as the characterizing culture of our society, while the experience of the Jew and the Negro has steadily gained in prominence and relevance, not simply as social fact but as an experience symbolic of the universal modern sense of isolation and estrangement. The extraordinarily rapid



rise to fame of James Baldwin as both social critic and novelist, in time with the explosion of the Negro problem, is a particularly dramatic illustration of this development.

This change is, of course, in large part the result of a change in the racial and ethnic character of our writers themselves. The older writers of predominantly gentile extraction have been succeeded by a new generation composed of a large number of Jewish and Negro writers such as Baldwin, Mailer, Bellow, Malamud and Roth. It would appear, in fact, that throughout our literature at the present time the authority that once belonged to the Midwestern and Anglo-Saxon imagination has passed to the urban and minority intelligence, the intelligence, that is, which is just coming into the kind of critical relationship with American society which the Anglo-Saxon imagination has exhausted and left behind. But however invigorating this development may be for our literature as a whole—and everything indicates that it has been immensely invigorating—it may also have served to increase still further the distance now separating the novel from the general reading public. For where Hemingway and Fitzgerald were writing out of, at the same time that they were addressing, a culture racially and ethnically similar to themselves, the new minority writers are making use of a cultural experience which, while intensely real to them, is still strange and unreal to most of the people who might read their books. And regardless of how skillful these writers may be in dramatizing the full symbolic implications of that experience, there is always a point beyond which the most sympathetic non-Jewish and non-Negro reader cannot go, where the necessary suspension of disbelief can no longer be willed, and he is forced to say, "That is not and cannot be myself."

But over and above these sociological considerations there is the essential fact that we no longer seem to need the novel to initiate us into the realities of the modern world. It is not merely that we have grown much too sophisticated to be willing to settle for the sort of information which the older novel provided, although there is no doubt that we have. It is also that the novel has ceased to be the primary source of our information about the varieties of experience that lie beyond the limits of our personal lives, and we simply cannot bring to it quite the old expectations, quite the old naïve willingness to give ourselves up to the image of experience which it sets before us. It may be that we have lost faith in both the novel and experience, that something has gone wrong with our ability to respond not only to the imagined portrait of life but to the real possibilities of the lived life. But if it has,

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the fault lies as much with experience and our present relation to it as it does with the novel.

The provincial expects always to be transformed by contact with the world beyond the provinces. He may even expect to be saved by it, as though something terribly religious were bound to happen to him if only he could get out of town and on the road to his personal Damascus. Most of the characters in the older American novels believed this implicitly: Anderson's George Willard, Hemingway's Nick Adams, Fitzgerald's Amory Blaine and Nick Carraway, Wolfe's Eugene Gant, Dos Passos' Martin Howe, Farrell's Studs Lonigan were all seekers after the cosmic "it" to be found in the experience of the modern world. They were all disciples of what has come to be called the cult or *mystique* of experience, that innocent faith in the spiritual conversion principle of merely additive living, which has provided the American novel with so much of its basic as well as extraneous material. But we have come to know better — even if our knowledge is not shared by writers like Jack Kerouac who continue to practice an extinct provincialism and to exult depressingly in experience which literature and the rest of us have long since had. We are all of us very much in the modern world at the present time, and we can scarcely remember a time when we were not very much, even too much, in it. It is, in fact, the usual thing

with us to be educated by all the secondary sources of experience to which we now have such abundant access, long before we have a chance to be educated by primary experience. We are vicariously informed about experience almost to the point where we do not need to *have* experience, and if we do have it, we very often feel it to be less compelling than the second-hand version of it which we already possess. This is undoubtedly the reason why the more popular entertainment media such as television and the motion pictures — media which for years have very nearly succeeded in doing our living for us — are finding it necessary to make use of steadily more bizarre and sensational materials in their effort to maintain their hold on the public attention. Since the public knows so very much as it is, and is so heavily surfeited with what it knows, it requires exposure to stronger and stronger doses of reality in order to be able to respond at all. And although lacking the cynicism of the more frankly commercial media, the novel has been propelled in the same direction. Because it is no longer able to discharge its older educative and initiatory function, it has been forced to concern itself with the more marginal and unusual realities — sometimes with precisely those depicted on the movie and television screens — or with kinds of experience which may have great personal meaning and importance to the author but little or none to the

reader, particularly the general or middlebrow reader who is not equipped to find his satisfaction solely in the artistry with which the experience is portrayed.

Actually, the middlebrow reader's estrangement from the contemporary serious novel involves a paradox of rather bewildering complexity. If we take it for granted that the serious novel does not interest him — and publishers' sales figures seem to indicate that it emphatically does not — the first explanation that comes to mind is that he does not find it relevant to his life. Yet in saying this one cannot allay the suspicion that his life is itself irrelevant to life, at least to most of those forms and manifestations of it which the novelist can get at and put to creative use. The middlebrow seems to have very little sense of a distinctive experience or a distinctive past, and such sense as he does have seems to be intermittent, fragmentary and elusive. As I have said, he lacks the advantage which, 30 or 40 years ago, he might have enjoyed, the advantage of involvement in some of the large cultural movements and historical changes which gave the members of the older middle class their feelings of having shared in a collective cultural past. He has had no part, for example, in the great psychological as well as physical migration from the provinces to the city; he was not on hand at the opening of the last frontier of the modern consciousness and the modern world. Hence, he cannot know the powerful response of instantaneous recognition and identification felt by those readers who discovered in some of the novels of their time an imaginative rendering of things they remembered having lived or wished they might live. He is not, to be sure, very likely to be exposed to novels having to do with such things, or with things of equivalent importance to his own time and his own experience. The novelists of his time also lack the advantage of sharing in a collective cultural experience, and so tend to devote themselves to expressing experience about which they can say only that it has meaning and relevance to their own lives. It is therefore not surprising that the middlebrow reader, having little or no sense of personal experience, should be able to make little or no sense of the experience of novelists who have a sense only of their personal experience.

A novel may, on the other hand, be about something the reader knows or is supposed to know. It may be about suburbia, exurbia, mass culture or the advertising business, although, interestingly enough, our current serious novels are almost never about such things. It may depict a life that is virtually an exact copy of the life he leads every day. But by confronting him with that life, the novel is bound to appear to him hateful and depressing, or again simply unreal



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and foreign, not only because he has probably never before seen his life except in hurried glimpses through the haze of his semiconsciousness, but because the novelist's determination to get at the truth would almost inevitably force him to portray realities which the reader could not accept without finding his life intolerable. Certainly, he does not want to be reminded that he is living a life that is not worth living, and the fact that in order to live it he has had to close his mind to it does not increase his ability or desire to identify with it when he sees it reflected in a novel. Hence, it would seem that unless the novel were in other respects sufficiently unique, surprising or salacious to amuse or titillate him, he would have little reason to read it and much reason not to read it.

Yet this is by no means to suggest that what the middlebrow actually wants from fiction is irrelevance of the kind that the ordinary run of escape fiction could be counted on to give him. The thing that makes him a middlebrow requires him to pretend to himself that he is observing the pieties of middlebrow status, that he is continuously and consciously exercising his taste in ways that have been approved by the cultural establishment to which he feels affiliated. What he therefore wants from fiction is a portrait of experience that seems real and familiar to him, but that is not so real and familiar as to make him uncomfortable or force him to examine his life. He also wants a style of presentation that *looks* serious and "literary" at the same time that it too is familiar and conventional enough not to violate his preconceptions about the way good literature should sound or assault his sensibilities with the ugliness of the really new.

Then, of course, along with all this, and in spite of his high moral pretensions, he wants the various extraliterary dividends which he could get from trash if he dared to read it. He wants sex and sensation and violence and outrage, and he wants them on the only terms on which he can be sure of a clear and powerful response, in the form of massive copulations, giant orgasms, hideous rapes and Cinemascope murders and pillages — the bloodcurdling extremity of which is in perfect proportion to the emotional impoverishment of his life. He wants them on these terms, that is, if he can persuade himself, at whatever cost to the truth, that they are the terms of serious literature.

At the moment there are not many good writers around who would be able to assist the middlebrow in this kind of self-deception. There are, to be sure, a number who could provide him with the titillation he craves, but too often the titillation would carry with it some



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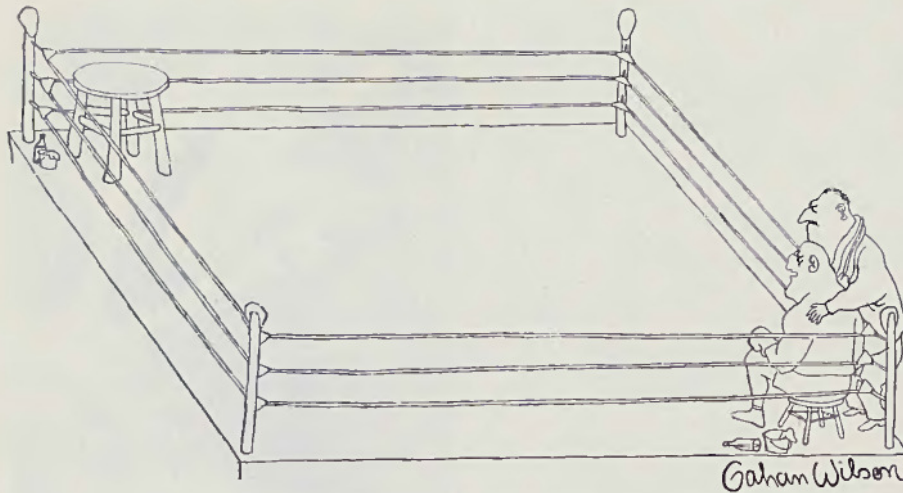
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reminder of the real world which he would find distasteful. Because of his rather gingerly orientation toward himself and toward reality, the middlebrow requires a fiction combining some of the pretensions of serious literature with some of the escapist and sensational qualities of trash, a fiction, in other words, that will feed his intellectual vanity, coddle his complacency, and enable him at the same time to drain off his more virulent frustrations—all in a context of lifelike and literaturelike unreality. Certainly, there is no one writer who satisfies all these requirements. But it is possible to think of two who in very different ways and to very different degrees satisfy at least some of them. John O'Hara, of course, comes immediately to mind because the large sales of his books—to say nothing of the kind of critics who praise them—are convincing proof of his overwhelming middlebrow appeal. William Styron seems at first glance to be a much less obvious possibility because he has some reputation for seriousness and is so much better a writer than O'Hara that he threatens at every moment to be mistaken for highbrow and to disappear into the relatively readerless obscurity of highbrow status. Yet whatever their differences of talent and artistic intent, O'Hara and Styron are alike in the one respect that both combine serious literary pretensions with an essentially middlebrow view of life. Each in his way embodies the middlebrow notion of the important novelist.

To put the matter in the simplest possible terms, the middlebrows like O'Hara because his books remind them of the life they imagine themselves to be leading. Hence, he is the perfect antidote to those other writers who keep reminding them either of the life they actually are leading or of a life they can imagine nobody leading. The middlebrows like Styron because his books remind them not of life but of the classic modern

literature they think they are supposed to admire. Hence, he is one younger writer from whom it is possible to get the comforting impression that nothing has really changed in the novel since the golden age of middlebrow proprietorship over it.

But the matter is, of course, nowhere near that simple. O'Hara creates a familiar, seemingly respectable world—or let us say that he creates an initial illusion or facsimile of one—that is both totally unlike the world the middlebrows live in and exactly like the world they want to see themselves as living in. The unlikeness puts a safe distance between themselves and his world, freeing them of all moral responsibility for it, at the same time that the likeness enables them to identify vicariously with it, in a state of guiltless, voyeuristic fantasy. On the surface O'Hara's favorite locale, Gibberville, Pennsylvania, is an American Dream community straight out of Nostalgia by way of *The Saturday Evening Post*. It is everybody's *Our Town* raised to a higher income bracket and gone sophisticated, a good, solid, red-blooded, churchgoing sort of place where the people seem both prosperous and nice, and the best families have been best friends of the best families for generations. There appear to be no Jews, Negroes or homosexuals in Gibberville, but if there are any, they would certainly be tolerated, although just as certainly not admitted to the clubs or invited to the parties. Gibberville is, in fact, just about the only fictional community in current American literature where the middlebrow reader can escape the prevailing obsession with minority groups and perverts, and be sure that, if deviations from right conduct do occur, they will at least occur among the right sort of people. That, at any rate, is the assurance that O'Hara seems to provide. That is the sop he tosses to middlebrow snobbery and moral hypocrisy, and, as

it turns out, it is absolutely vital to the success of his appeal to the middlebrow mind.

For in almost every O'Hara novel there comes a moment when the reader's conscience has to be palliated if his confidence is to be held, a moment when life in Gibberville is revealed to be a good deal more than it appears to be on the surface. Beneath the veneer of respectability and niceness, behind the closed bedroom doors of the mansions, in the expensive convertibles parked out in back of the country club, all sorts of interesting and incredible things suddenly seem to be going on—among the right people, of course—and all of them, not very surprisingly, have to do with sex. To put the matter with typical O'Haraish directness, whatever else his characters may piously appear to be doing with their time, what they are actually doing is sleeping or trying to sleep with everybody else's wife or daughter or sister or mistress or mother. The pursuit of the Good Life, when reduced, as O'Hara persistently reduces it, to its symbiotic essence, becomes the pursuit of the Good Lay. *Our Town* is magically transformed—one might almost say, overnight—into the Kinsey report; the *Saturday Evening Post* image fades into something with green covers out of Olympia Press; and bed emerges at last as the natural social habitat of the solid citizens of Gibberville, a kind of fornicatory home-away-from-home where everybody sooner or later gets acquainted and settles down to the enjoyment of real togetherness.

There are even occasions when John O'Hara seems to dissolve into a pornographic Kraft-Ebing, and his fiction into a clinical recital of all the possible ways of having sex for those who feel—as even the staunchest Gibbervilleans ultimately must—that, sexually speaking, they have already had everything. On such occasions we leave behind the world of mere work-a-lay adultery and become spectators at a sort of novelistic stag-party film in which the full range of deviational activity is explored by performers as aloof and businesslike as the people who pose for French *feolthy* postcards. Lesbians make passes at little girls and soul-kiss married women. Little girls seduce older men, and older men seduce little girls. Exhibitionistic town boys seduce older girls in the backs of trucks, and older girls seduce each other in college dorms.

It all turns out to be as twisted and corrupt as the gamiest of the serious novels which the middlebrows find too ugly and distasteful to read. But there is one very important difference. Where in many of these novels the corruption exists in a context of seemingly equal distortion, in a world which the middlebrows find both forbidding and strange,

in O'Hara's novels the corruption has had its sting removed through being presented within the familiar and sanctifying context of middle-class moral appearances. It is made acceptable not only because the right people indulge in it but because the moral machinery which conventionally condemns it is built into the setting in which it occurs. That setting is Gibbville, and what is Gibbville if not an idealization of our collective imaginary memory of what appears on the surface to be the perfect American town, the kind of town we like to think we have all lived in or at the very least come from? But as an idealization Gibbville is inevitably unreal, although it is, of course, deeply familiar as an imaginary construct. It is removed from the reader in time, and it exists out of time in a dimension of myth and nostalgia — the same dimension in which we sentimentally place *Our Town* and *The Saturday Evening Post*.

By a very human incongruity the dirty book with the green covers also occupies that dimension in our minds: sentimentality and pornography are, in psychological terms, bedfellows. Hence, O'Hara's treatment of sex, which is nothing more than bad pornography smuggled in under the thin plain wrapper of social documentation, is finally just as unreal as his Gibbville. It is unreal first because it is sex cold-bloodedly enacted without love or passion by people who seem just as wooden and lifeless as the characters in straight pornography, and second because it is literary sex, book sex, having virtually nothing to do with, and therefore casting no revelatory light upon, the actual practice of sex in the living society about which O'Hara is ostensibly writing. It is merely such stuff as wet dreams are made on, sex used ritualistically and mechanically as a substitute in life for an earned emotional relationship, and in literature for an earned dramatic significance, the kind of significance which the serious novelist takes pains to find outside as well as between the sweaty sheets of his created world.

But literature's loss is, in O'Hara's case, the middlebrow reader's gain. Because of the lifelike unreality of O'Hara's setting and the impersonal nature of his pornography, the reader senses that none of it finally relates to him or engages him on the moral level. Yet he also senses that it is familiar enough and close enough to his erotic and sentimental dream of life to enable him to derive vicarious satisfaction from it. He is therefore absolved of all responsibility to judge or condemn it, and freed to lie back and enjoy the show with a clean conscience and a dirty mind. He has, in fact, been allowed to have it both ways, which is the prime requirement the middlebrows make of

a novel: he has had his cheesecake and not eaten it, too. The *Saturday Evening Post* image — the pretensions to respectability which he initially saw in Gibbville and which lulled him into an it-can't-happen-here state of mind — has canceled out the distaste he might otherwise have felt obliged to have for the pornography. The pornography has at the same time provided him with the titillation he craved; while O'Hara's seeming earnestness and detachment, above all his apparently serious commitment to the old-fashioned belief that whatever is sexy or obscene must be art ("Don't say 'urinate,'" cried the lusty old slicer-of-life. "Say 'piss!'") have given the reader the excuse he needs for succumbing to the capital middlebrow self-delusion, the delusion that he is reading literature while enjoying all the kicks of trash.

The case with Styron is both very similar and very different. Styron is, first of all, obviously no O'Hara. For one thing, he is an infinitely better, infinitely more intelligent writer, and for another, his place on the sliding scale of literary charlatanism is nowhere near so secure. Styron apparently writes the way he does because he honestly believes that is the way serious literature sounds — and he is right: it *does* or, at any rate, it did. His charlatanism — if it can be called that — is of the unconscious and, therefore, wholeheartedly sincere kind. O'Hara, on the other hand, passed off as serious literature what he should know to be trash, presumably because, first, he can no longer write anything else and, second, because he has found out by now that his particular audience is incapable of telling the difference anyway. O'Hara is an example of the once-talented novelist who has abnegated his original power to write well for middlebrow success. Styron is an example — and a very rare one indeed in the present younger generation — of the still-talented novelist who has achieved a certain measure of middlebrow success without having to compromise at all. He is what the middlebrows want just as he is — or to be exact, he *was* until the appearance of his book *Set This House on Fire* raised new questions concerning his status in the middlebrow club.

But that again is a simplification. Styron is better than this, and deserves better than this. Let us say that he is a victim of his age in that he happened to form himself on standards of literary seriousness which have unfortunately become too widely known and accepted to be considered very serious anymore. He formed himself, that is, on the standards set by his eminent predecessors, and now he is condemned to writing like them, to achieving his effects in the way they achieved theirs, while today seriousness can ultimately be measured only in the

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degree to which a writer refines upon his predecessors or goes them one better, with another kind of power and a different degree and quality of emphasis.

Yet it is precisely this lack of primary seriousness in Styron that accounts most for such popularity as he has so far enjoyed with the middlebrow reading public. His work sounds not only to him but to them like the serious literature which they have been taught to admire — and that is, of course, the now classic and institutionalized literature of the Twenties and Thirties. For a long time this kind of assurance of continuity with the honored past has been the one element the middlebrows have sorely missed in the novels of the current younger writers. They have been confused by the fact that so many of these writers are supposed to be good, while at the same time they are obviously not good in the old familiar ways. Styron's considerable virtue is that he puts their minds at ease by satisfying the expectations which they chronically bring to new writing and vindicating their prejudices about the nature of good writing in general. He is, in short, a "literary" writer in the sense that his work resembles what is generally taken to be, or has been indemnified by previous usage as being, "literary." He therefore never commits the unpardonable sin of the truly original writer: he never confronts the reader with what, disturbingly, the reader has never seen before; he never educates the consciousness by demanding that it go to work here and now, as if for the very first time, on him and his unique vision of reality. Instead, he comforts the reader, however unintentionally, with a vision of the familiar and the previously envisioned, skillfully projected through a literary manner with which the reader feels thoroughly at home. Yet Styron is a sufficiently good writer never to seem merely imitative. In everything he has done up to now he has managed to strike a fine balance between sounding familiar enough to be acceptable and not sounding so familiar as to seem entirely unoriginal.

His writing style, which has been justly praised for its evocative power and great verbal ingenuity, is an excellent example of this kind of equilibrium. It belongs to a category of literary expression which the middlebrows — and, for that matter, many highbrows — have come to identify as the "major" modern American style, the traditional language of our native form of modern literary genius. It is rich, reckless, bombastic, melodramatic, poetical, rhetorical, metaphorical and sentimental, and in Styron's hands it clearly shows the marks of the hard usage already given it by most of our native modern literary gen-

uses. In fact, one can easily imagine his books as big sprawling houses of language, crammed with antiques passed down to him by beneficent forebears named Wolfe, Faulkner, Fitzgerald and Hemingway. Yet Styron's skill at interior decoration is such that one cannot help but see at once how interesting and new the familiar old pieces look in the quite individual arrangement he has made of them. For there can be no doubt about it: the arrangement is individual. It at least is his own, even if the materials are not. He has not, therefore, been altogether imitative, and neither has he been disturbingly original. He has simply exercised ingenuity in turning to his own advantage the stylistic innovations of his predecessors. But he has also inevitably done something else, something vastly more important from the point of view of his middlebrow admirers. He has managed to convey the impression that by sounding *like* his predecessors, he has earned the right to take a place in the ranks of greatness beside them. The style in his case may not be the man, but it would seem to make him. For if he writes in the certified style of geniuses, must he not be a genius, too?

In very much the same way, Styron's stock situations and emotional stances are also those of serious modern literature. The anguished, possessed, drunken, demented and tormented, the boorish, slobbish, phonily tender and sentimental — these are all the conventional materials through which modern writers have defined their sense of the forms and terms of life in the modern world. But the point is that they *are* the conventional materials. Now at this late time of our history they seem to belong to a canon of more or less habitual arrangements of reality, and they seem valid and real no longer because of their relation to actual life and observed experience, but because of their relation to past literature, which has conditioned us to the assumption that they are valid and real, at the same time that it has conditioned our responses to them. Hence, in meeting them again in Styron's work, one has the feeling of having met them before, not necessarily in any specific book, but in the whole of modern literature, the feeling of being on familiar ground without the feeling of having detected a plagiarism. The intellectually ambitious reader might therefore be forgiven if he should assume that Styron must be as serious, even as original, in his handling of these materials as his predecessors were in their handling of them.

This seems to me to be Styron's principal weakness as a novelist, and it happens also to be a middlebrow weakness. In spite of his great talent and

sensitivity he has still not found it possible to operate outside the system of ideological and dramatic conventions which have become the clichés of the highbrow world even as they remain the intellectual status symbols of the middlebrow world. The result is that although his books are written wonderfully well, at least by middlebrow standards, they continue to exist in a dimension of irrelevance and unreality which is the dimension neither of life nor of literature but of something in between. They have many of the qualities of literature, just as they bear considerable resemblance to life, but they are essentially skilled adaptations of the already formulated modes of seeing and judging life and of portraying it in literature.

Styron's talent seems at the present time to be imprisoned within the circle of these modes and condemned to moving round and round in a monotonous and unending routine of coming at experience over and over again from exactly the same direction and reacting to it in exactly the same way. The explanations it finds for human conduct inside the circle are always fashionable and always predictable: the motives of women are finally reducible, as they are in *Lie Down in Darkness*, to Oedipus complexes and the "sickness of the age"; the troubles of men can finally be traced, as they are in that book and *Set This House on Fire*, to an inordinate fondness for the bottle, a suppressed fondness for other men, or some topical problem involving the controversial issues of race, creed or color.

John O'Hara's talent is also imprisoned inside the circle, and that is the main reason the middlebrows like him so much. But where O'Hara continues to pander not only to middlebrow tastes in pornography but to middlebrow needs to escape from literature and life, Styron, at least in *Set This House on Fire*, seems to have come close to losing the middlebrows by reminding them too uncomfortably of both literature and life. But he has not yet come close enough or reminded them uncomfortably enough. To do that he will have to submit himself to a tougher discipline even than the one which his high ambition has already imposed on him. He will have to submit himself to the ultimate discipline of learning to see again with his own eyes and to think again with his own mind, and no longer with those of his predecessors and contemporaries. For that is the work that most urgently needs to be done by the ambitious writer today if the dead formulations of the past are ever to be put aside and the novel is ever to be freed to function again as the educator of the consciousness of its time.





*"No kidding, Miss Moore, you should wear red more often."*

nature" states, "An offense may be proven under this section . . . by circumstantial evidence, when positive proof is wanting. . . . A conviction may be had for an attempt to commit an offense denounced by this section." In some states the mere suggestion or solicitation to engage in such behavior is a crime. Kinsey reports, "One case even goes so far as to uphold the conviction of a man for soliciting his wife to commit sodomy."

Considering the obvious abhorrence with which both the legislative and the judicial branches of our government have dealt with the subject, and the prohibitive penalties prescribed for the assorted nonprocreative acts collected together under the sodomy and "crime-against-nature" statutes (the most severe of any of our laws dealing with sexual activity between consenting adults), it is especially interesting — and significant — to consider how prevalent at least some of this behavior is in our society.

Dr. Kinsey and his researchers found relatively little evidence of heterosexual anal intercourse, either within or outside of marriage, and neither of their first books include any statistics on this behavior. Kinsey did find marked differences in the anal eroticism reported by his subjects, however, and some of the females described sexual responses to anal intercourse that were closely akin to those achieved through vaginal coitus. More current research prompts the Sex Institute to estimate that approximately four percent of the adult male population has attempted, and three percent successfully accomplished, anal heterosexual intercourse; these statistics are from a preliminary study, however, and no educational breakdown is presently available; consistent with Kinsey's previous findings, it is to be assumed that the percentage among upper-level, college-educated males will be somewhat higher than this over-all average. A number of experts in sexual behavior, including Dr. Lawrence Z. Freedman, of the Department of Psychiatry at the University of Chicago, consider these percentages to be low; Dr. Freedman states, "My impression is that both female homosexual experience and male anality are probably underestimated in these [Kinsey's and his Sex Institute's] figures."

In contrast to anal intercourse, however, Kinsey found oral-genital sex — also considered a "crime against nature" in most states — quite common among males and females, married and unmarried.

Kinsey reports, "Mouth-genital contacts of some sort, with the subject as either the active or the passive member in the relationship, occur at some time in the histories of nearly 60 percent of all males"; in an Accumulative Inci-

dence table for Oral Contacts in *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male*, by which is meant the sexual experience of the subject up to the time of the interview, Kinsey found that 18.4 percent of the males had premarital heterosexual oral-genital relations of an "active" nature (cunnilingus, performed by the male on the female) and 38.6 percent had "passive" mouth-genital relations prior to marriage (fellatio, performed on the male by a female); however, the American husband apparently believes it is better to give than to receive, or is less sexually repressed than his spouse, as approximately 45.3 percent of the married males engage in cunnilingus with their wives, while 42.7 percent experience fellatio.

As with most sexual activity, educational background plays an important role in determining the extent of oral-genital activity that accompanies the sex act, with cunnilingus and fellatio far more common among upper-educated males than among their less-educated brothers. Among those males who have never gone beyond eighth grade in school, the accumulative incidence for mouth-genital contacts of any kind is only 40 percent; for those males with an education limited to high school, the incidence is 65 percent; and for those with some college, the percentage rises to 72.

Fifteen percent of all U. S. females have some mouth-genital contact prior to marriage and, as might be expected, Kinsey found a high correlation between such activity prior to marriage and the extent of premarital intercourse engaged in by his female subjects: among the younger women in the study who had not engaged in premarital coitus, "only three percent had allowed the male to touch their genitalia orally. . . . But among those females who had had some, even though not extensive coital experience, some 20 percent in the younger generations had accepted such oral stimulation; and among those who had had more extensive coital experience, 46 percent had accepted such contacts . . ."

Oral stimulation of the male by the female follows the same general pattern, though the incidence is slightly lower. On this Kinsey comments, "Often the female makes such contacts only because she is urged to do so by the male, but there are a few females who initiate such activity and some who may be much aroused by it. A few may even reach orgasm as they stimulate the male orally. This greater inclination of the human male toward oral activity is duplicated among other species of mammals. Contrary to our earlier thinking, we now understand that there are basic psychologic differences between the sexes; and although cultural traditions

may also be involved, the differences in oral behavior may depend primarily on the greater capacity of the male to be stimulated psychologically."

Among married women, approximately 50 percent have some mouth-genital contact, either active or passive, with their husbands; Kinsey's report on the *Female* does not include any classification by educational background, but it is to be assumed that the pattern already established would hold true and that females with a higher education would also display a markedly higher incidence of both premarital and marital activity of an oral-genital nature.

One of Kinsey's most interesting findings related to oral eroticism has to do with the date of birth of his subjects — a comparison of the incidence of this activity among both the males and females of the present and previous generations. Quite clearly the public attitude toward such behavior has changed radically during the past 50 years and what was once considered "perversion" is now recognized and accepted throughout much of our society as both natural and good; such a lessening of the taboos connected with this sexual activity might be expected to produce a noticeable increase in the activity itself.

In addition, the antisexual might argue that the prevalence of such "sophisticated" nonreproductive variations on the sexual theme offers evidence of a sexually jaded society that requires such "abnormal" psychosexual stimulation, because the unnatural contemporary obsession with the subject has dulled our capacity to appreciate sex and be aroused by it in its simpler forms.

It is significant to note, therefore, that in the accumulative-incidence tables in both the *Male* and the *Female* studies, the oral-genital activity is relatively the same for past and present generations. Society's publicly proclaimed attitude on the subject has undergone a dramatic change, but the actual private behavior of the individual has remained almost constant. There were, as we have pointed out, significant variations based upon educational background, but for both males and females of similar education in this and the previous generations, born in each decade back to 1900, Kinsey comments, "there were surprisingly few differences . . ."

This fact is important, we feel, both in establishing the essential naturalness of the behavior itself and in pointing out how relatively ineffective social and legal taboos are in suppressing natural sexuality.

#### HOMOSEXUAL SODOMY

The same oral and anal techniques that may be used to introduce variety and additional pleasure into a heterosexual relationship are the primary



means of sexual gratification in homosexual associations.

As we have already stated, none of the U.S. statutes dealing with sodomy and/or "the abominable and detestable crime against nature" make any distinction between the heterosexual or homosexual practice of such activities. In the enforcement of the laws, however, a disproportionately high percentage of sodomy arrests and convictions involve homosexual contacts—presumably because a heterosexual cop and a heterosexual judge find a homosexual crime against nature a good deal more "abominable and detestable" than a heterosexual one.

We confess to a strong personal prejudice in favor of the boy-girl variety of sex, but our belief in a free, rational and humane society demands a tolerance of those whose sexual inclinations are different from our own—so long as their activity is limited to consenting adults in private and does not involve either minors or the use of any kind of coercion. Lenny Bruce expressed our viewpoint with typical satiric bite and insight when he said: "I'm not prejudiced against homosexuals, but I wouldn't want my brother to marry one."

Actually, we Americans are—as a nation—more intolerant of homosexuality than almost any other country in the world; Dr. Alfred Kinsey states, in *Sex-*

*ual Behavior in the Human Female*: "There appears to be no other major culture in the world in which public opinion and the statute law so severely penalize homosexual relationships as they do in the United States today." You can call an American male a scoundrel and a thief with less chance of eliciting an emotional response than if you simply question his manhood.

The American male's concern over his masculinity amounts to an obsession. And as we have observed in our consideration of the history of antisex in our culture, such an obsession usually represents a repressed fear. We will explore a bit later, in some detail, the degree to which this fear for our manhood is justified in contemporary U.S. society; we will attempt to trace the trends in our society that are responsible for this drift toward the asexual; and we will point out the extent to which the censor and the prude concentrate their most vigorous attacks on the heterosexual aspects of our culture, leaving the asexual, homosexual, sado-masochistic and fetishistic to flourish.

Quite obviously, however, any attempts society may make to legislate homosexuality out of existence are doomed to certain failure and are actually more inclined to perpetuate and encourage sexual deviation than diminish it.

To whatever extent homosexuality —

an erotic attraction to members of the same rather than the opposite sex—represents an emotional disorder, it must be dealt with psychiatrically; you do not successfully treat a neurosis by passing a law against its symptoms. In addition, homosexual behavior is not necessarily symptomatic of any emotional aberration; far too great a percentage of our adult population have engaged in some form of homosexual activity at some time in their lives to permit it to be scientifically defined as abnormal.

Kinsey points out that homosexual contacts occur frequently in all other species of animal life and except for the strong cultural taboos affixed to such behavior, the incidence would presumably be equally high among human beings. Kinsey states that a perfectly normal man or woman may be erotically attracted to, or aroused by, a member of the same sex; and prolonged separation from the opposite sex (as in prison or some assignments in the armed services) may significantly increase these homosexual responses. Judge Morris Ploscowe states, in *Sex and the Law*: "Whenever men are isolated from women, or women from men, for any length of time, homosexual relationships and activity inevitably develop."

The individual whose homosexual activity becomes known is apt to find himself an outcast in much of our hetero-

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sexual society and he is forced into a nether world inhabited almost exclusively by homosexuals; it thus becomes increasingly unlikely that he will ever find his way back to a predominantly heterosexual life. In this way, we unwittingly support a system calculated to maximize the spread of homosexuality rather than reduce its incidence, at the same time linking the behavior with feelings of guilt and shame conducive to emotional conflict, anxiety and perhaps serious psychological disorientation.

Kinsey makes this further appeal to reason regarding our attitude on the subject: "Condemnations of homosexual as well as some other types of sexual activity are based on the argument that they do not serve the prime function of sex, which is interpreted to be procreation, and in that sense represent a perversion of what is taken to be 'normal' sexual behavior. It is contended that the general spread of homosexuality would threaten the existence of the human species, and that the integrity of the home and of the social organization could not be maintained if homosexual activity were not condemned by moral

codes and public opinion and made punishable under the statute law. The argument ignores the fact that the existent mammalian species have managed to survive in spite of their widespread homosexual activity, and that sexual relations between males seem to be widespread in certain cultures (for instance, Moslem and Buddhist cultures) which are more seriously concerned with problems of overpopulation than they are with any threat of underpopulation. Interestingly enough, these are also cultures in which the institution of the family is very strong."

The general condemnation of homosexual relationships originated in Jewish history in about the Seventh Century B.C., as a part of the extensive anti-sexualism that permeated Judaism after the Babylonian exile. Kinsey comments, "Both mouth-genital contacts and homosexual activities had previously been associated with the Jewish religious service, as they had been with the religious services of most of the other peoples of that part of Asia, and just as they have been in many other cultures elsewhere in the world. In the wave of nationalism

which was then developing among the Jewish people, there was an attempt to disidentify themselves with their neighbors by breaking with many of the customs which they had previously shared with them. Many of the Talmudic condemnations were based on the fact that such activities represented the way of the Canaanite, the way of the Chaldean, the way of the pagan, and they were originally condemned as a form of idolatry rather than a sexual crime. Throughout the Middle Ages homosexuality was associated with heresy. The reform in the custom (the mores) soon, however, became a matter of morals, and finally a question for action under criminal law.

"Jewish sex codes were brought over into Christian codes by the early adherents of the Church, including St. Paul, who had been raised in the Jewish tradition on matters of sex. The Catholic sex code is an almost precise continuation of the more ancient Jewish code. For centuries in medieval Europe, the ecclesiastic law dominated on all questions of morals and subsequently became the basis for the English common law, the statute laws of England, and the laws of the various states of the United States. This accounts for the considerable conformity between the Talmudic and Catholic codes and the present-day statute law on sex, including the laws on homosexual activity."

We share a common Judaeo-Christian heritage with Europe, but American Puritanism has carried this country well beyond the antisexualism still to be found in the Old World. In much of the U. S., the legal penalties for sodomy are surpassed only by those for kidnaping, murder, and rape.

And yet, despite the severest sort of social and statutory prohibitions, Dr. Kinsey and his research associates of Indiana University found a remarkably high percentage of both American men and women who admitted to having had some homosexual contacts. On the opening page of the chapter entitled "Homosexual Outlet," in *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male*, Kinsey states: "A considerable portion of the population, perhaps the major portion of the male population, has at least some homosexual experience between adolescence and old age. In addition, about 60 percent of the preadolescent boys engage in homosexual activities, and there is an additional group of adult males who avoid overt contacts but who are quite aware of their potentialities for reacting to other males."

The data in this study indicate that a minimum of 37 percent of the total male population have had overt homosexual experience to the point of orgasm after puberty and prior to the age of 45. Among all males, approximately 30 percent have been brought to climax at least once through mouth-genital contact



with other males; and 14 percent have brought other males to climax in the same manner.

When the sampling is limited to those men who remain single until the age of 35, half (50 percent) have had overt homosexual contact resulting in orgasm since puberty; when educational level is taken into consideration for this same group of single males, 58 percent of those who went to high school but not beyond, 50 percent of the grade-school level, and 47 percent of the college level have had homosexual experience to the point of orgasm after the onset of adolescence.

Specific statistics on anal intercourse in homosexual experiences are not available, although Kinsey does indicate that anal intercourse is reported by 17 percent of the preadolescent boys who had engaged in homosexual activity of any sort. In general Kinsey tends to minimize anal eroticism in homosexual relationships, just as he has in heterosexual ones, and it does appear that oral-genital techniques are far more common in both.

Among females, 20 percent of the total population have had some overt homosexual experience prior to the age of 45; and 13 percent have had homosexual experience resulting in orgasm. When the sampling is limited to those females who are still unmarried at the age of 45, the incidence of overt homosexual experience rises to 26 percent.

The erotic techniques initially utilized by females in homosexual relations may often include little more than "simple lip kissing and generalized body contacts." Ultimately, however, with females of increased homosexual experience, a more intimate fondling of the partner, with manual manipulation of the breasts and genitalia, becomes almost universal (95 to 98 percent); and more specific oral stimulation of the breasts (in 85 percent) and genitalia (in 78 percent) becomes a common technique.

The male and female differ markedly in the number of homosexual partners with whom they are typically involved: In Kinsey's sample of single women, a high proportion (51 percent) of those with any homosexual experience had had their relations with but a single partner, up to the time at which they contributed their histories to the study; another 20 percent had had relations with two partners; only 29 percent had had homosexual relations with three or more partners; and only 3 percent had had between ten and twenty. In contrast, a high proportion of the males with homosexual experience had had relations with several different partners: 22 percent had had more than ten partners, including 8 percent with over one hundred. Kinsey originally believed that these differences in promiscuity were due primarily to environmental considerations, but by

the time he was ready to publish his second volume his research had led him to the conclusion that the differences in male and female promiscuity—whether homosexual or heterosexual—are primarily the product of varying degrees of psychosexual responsiveness in the two sexes.

For any oldsters who may find these statistics shocking evidence of the immorality of the modern generation, it must be reported that—as with the data on similar heterosexual nonreproductive techniques—males and females born prior to 1900 (and in each decade since) evidence almost identical percentages for homosexual activity. Grandma and grandpa would have been shocked beyond words by any open discussion of the subject, but their actual sexual behavior was little different from our own today.

Quite obviously, Kinsey's statistics do not represent the number of "homosexuals" in society, as we usually understand and use the term, but the amount of "homosexual experience." The great majority of the men and women who have had such experiences are primarily heterosexual in their behavior and the most significant point to be understood from this data is that almost all of us have, within ourselves, the capacity to respond to both heterosexual and homosexual stimuli.

On this point, Kinsey states, "It would encourage clearer thinking on these matters if persons were not characterized as heterosexual or homosexual, but as individuals who have had certain amounts of heterosexual experience and certain amounts of homosexual experience. Instead of using these terms as substantives which stand for persons, or even as adjectives to describe persons, they may better be used to describe the nature of the overt sexual relations, or of the stimuli to which an individual erotically responds."

This point is best illustrated by the following facts: While 37 percent of the total male population—or nearly two males out of every five—have at least some overt homosexual experience to the point of orgasm between adolescence and old age, only 25 percent of the male population have more than incidental homosexual experience or reactions over at least a three-year period between the ages of 16 and 55; only 18 percent have at least as much homosexual as heterosexual experience in their histories for at least a three-year period between the same ages: 10 percent are more or less exclusively homosexual for at least a three-year period; 8 percent are exclusively homosexual for at least three years; and only 4 percent are *exclusively homosexual throughout their lives*.

But related to the subject presently under discussion, we must remember

that it is not *being* "homosexual" that is illegal in almost all of the 50 states, it is the single "homosexual experience"—of the sort engaged in, at one time or another, by nearly two out of every five adult males in society—that is a crime. In most states, it is a crime punishable by a lengthy prison sentence.

Our moral and legal condemnations of homosexual activity do not apply equally to both men and women, being uncommonly severe in dealing with male homosexuality and generally ignoring like behavior in the female. This is consistent with our religious tradition, which has historically placed much emphasis on male homosexual activity and had little to say about female homosexuality. The ancient Hittite code condemned men for homosexual behavior, but only under certain specified circumstances, and made no mention of women; similarly, the references to homosexuality in the Bible and Talmud apply primarily to the male.

This seeming inconsistency is probably partially explained by the fact that women were considered socially less important in earlier cultures and their private activities were more or less ignored when not involving men; in addition, the special prohibition against male homosexual behavior is consistent with the Catholic emphasis on the wasting of the male seed as a sin. In medieval European history there are abundant records of death penalties imposed upon males for sexual contact with other males, but very few recorded cases of similar action against females.

In modern English and other European law, the statutes have continued to apply only to men (there are specific statutes against female homosexuality only in Austria, Greece, Finland and Switzerland); but in American law, the phrasing of most of the statutes would make them applicable to both female and male homosexual activity: the prohibitions usually refer to "all persons," "any persons," or "any human being," without distinction as to sex. The enforcement of these laws is, however, quite another matter: a study of U.S. court records reveals that almost no women have ever been prosecuted or convicted for homosexuality, while the prosecution and conviction of men for homosexual activity has been extensive.

Only one state (Michigan) specifically prohibits Lesbian activity. In five states (Connecticut, Georgia, Kentucky, South Carolina and Wisconsin) the sodomy statutes are so written as to not include female homosexuality. The Georgia statute, titled *Sodomy and Bestiality*, defines sodomy as "the carnal knowledge and connection against the order of nature, by man with man, or in the same unnatural manner with woman." The law reads, in part: "Crime of sodomy as

defined in this section cannot be accomplished between two women; hence person convicted on indictment charging her with sodomy, both participants in act being alleged to be females, will be discharged on habeas corpus on ground that she is being illegally restrained of her liberty, in that indictment on which she was convicted was null and void."

This statute thus offers an interesting example of the irrational nature of all the laws dealing with sodomy: Cunnilingus (oral contact with the female genitalia) is not a crime in Georgia if performed by another female, but it is a crime if it is performed by a male; heterosexual fellatio (oral contact with the male genitalia) is similarly prohibited. The statute states, in a further paragraph concerned with oral-genital activity: "Where man and woman voluntarily have carnal knowledge and connection against the order of nature with each other, they are both guilty of sodomy, whether offense be committed by the mouth of the man or by the mouth of the woman." The law makes no exception for a husband and wife.

The courts have held that heterosexual cunnilingus is not "the crime against nature" in Mississippi and Ohio, and the decisions would presumably apply to homosexual cunnilingus as well; in Arkansas, Colorado, Iowa and Nebraska the vagueness of the statutes also leaves some doubt as to the status of female homosexuality. Neither male nor female homosexuality is illegal in Illinois, for it is the one state in all the 50 that has no sodomy statute.

#### ANIMAL CONTACTS

U. S. sodomy statutes universally prohibit sexual contact between humans and infrahuman species of animal life: the "abominable and detestable crime against nature" is most often defined in the statutes as being "either with mankind or beast." Kinsey reports that animal contacts represent the smallest source of common sexual outlet, but they are by no means rare and the relatively higher percentages of such experience in rural communities, on farms, and where larger animals are more readily available, suggest that accessibility may have more to do with the incidence of such behavior than moral and legal prohibitions.

Kinsey states, "To many persons it will seem almost axiomatic that two mating animals should be individuals of the same species. This is so often true, from one end of the animal kingdom to the other, that exceptions to the rule seem especially worthy of note. To those who believe, as children do, that conformance should be universal, any departure from the rule becomes an immorality. The immorality seems par-

ticularly gross to an individual who is unaware of the frequency with which exceptions to the supposed rule actually occur . . .

"Even the scientists have been considerably biased in their investigations in this field, for they too have accepted the traditions. Even they have believed that matings between individuals of different species occur only rarely. Within the last few decades, however, students of taxonomy, genetics, and evolution have had the existence of interspecific hybrids increasingly drawn to their attention. These, of course, predicate the existence of interspecific matings. Some biologists are clearly uncomfortable in the face of these data, and are inclined to argue them away as they would argue

away blots on their philosophy or theology. Even among the higher animals, interspecific crosses, or crosses between distinct varieties, have increasingly become known. The birdbanding work has shown that birds respect the limits of their own species much less often than the old-time naturalists would have insisted. And, finally, the students of sexual behavior among the higher mammals are beginning to report an increasing number of instances of animals mating, or trying to mate, with individuals of totally distinct and sometimes quite remote species . . .

"When one examines the observed cases of such crosses, and especially the rather considerable number of instances in which primates, including man, have

## PENALTIES FOR SEX

Maximum fine and/or imprisonment for first offense unless otherwise noted.

STATE	FORNICATION	ADULTERY	COHABITATION	SODOMY*
ALABAMA	\$100 to ? or 6 mos.**	\$100 to ? or 6 mos.**		2-10 yrs.
ALASKA	\$500 or 2 yrs. or both	\$200 or 3 mos.		1-10 yrs.
ARIZONA		3 yrs.	3 yrs.	5-20 yrs.
ARKANSAS			\$20-\$100***	1-21 yrs.
CALIFORNIA			\$1000 or 1 yr. or both	1 yr. to ?
COLORADO	\$200 or 6 mos.****	\$200 or 6 mos.****		1-14 yrs.
CONNECTICUT	\$100 or 6 mos. or both	5 yrs.		30 yrs.
DELAWARE		\$500 or 1 yr. or both		\$1000 and 3 yrs.
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA	\$300 or 6 mos. or both	\$500 or 1 yr. or both		\$1000 or 10 yrs.
FLORIDA	\$30 or 3 mos.	\$500 or 2 yrs.	\$300 or 2 yrs.	20 yrs.
GEORGIA	\$1000 or 12 mos. or both	\$1000 or 12 mos. or both		1-10 yrs. 2nd conviction, 10-30 yrs.
HAWAII	\$15-\$50 or 1-3 mos.	\$30-\$100 or 3-12 mos. or both*****		\$1000 and 20 yrs.
IDAHO	\$300 or 6 mos. or both	\$100-\$1000 or 3 mos.-3 yrs.	\$300 or 6 mos. or both	5 yrs. to ?
ILLINOIS	\$200 or 6 mos. or both	\$500 or 1 yr. or both		
INDIANA	\$500 or 6 mos. or both	\$500 or 6 mos. or both		\$100-\$1000 or 2-14 yrs. or both
IOWA		\$300 and 1 yr. or 1-3 yrs.		10 yrs.
KANSAS	\$500 or 6 mos. or both	\$500 or 6 mos. or both		10 yrs.
KENTUCKY	\$20-\$50	\$20-\$50		2-5 yrs.
LOUISIANA			\$1000 or 1 yr. or both	\$2000 or 5 yrs. or both
MAINE	\$100 and 2 mos.	\$1000 or 5 yrs.	\$300 or 5 yrs.	1-10 yrs.
MARYLAND		\$10		1-10 yrs.
MASSACHUSETTS	\$30 or 3 mos.	\$500 or 3 yrs.	\$300 or 3 yrs.	20 yrs.
MICHIGAN	\$500 or 1 yr.	\$2000 or 4 yrs. or both		15 yrs.
MINNESOTA	\$100 or 3 mos.	\$300 or 2 yrs.		20 yrs.
MISSISSIPPI	\$500 and 6 mos.	\$500 and 6 mos.		10 yrs.
MISSOURI	\$1000 or 1 yr. or both	\$1000 or 1 yr. or both		2 yrs. to ?
MONTANA	\$500 or 6 mos. or both	\$500 or 6 mos. or both		5 yrs. to ?
NEBRASKA	\$100 and 6 mos.	1 yr.		20 yrs.
NEVADA	\$500-\$1000 or 6 mos.-1 yr. or both	\$500-\$1000 or 6 mos.-1 yr. or both		1 yr.-life

been involved, one begins to suspect that the rules about intraspecific matings are not so universal as tradition would have it. Indeed, one is struck anew with the necessity for better reasons than biologists and psychologists have yet found, for expecting that animal matings should invariably be limited to individuals of the same species.

"In light of the above, it is particularly interesting to note the degree of abhorrence with which intercourse between the human and animals of other species is viewed by most persons who have not had such experience. The biologist and the psychologist, and the anthropologist and the student of history, will have made a significant contribution when they can expound the develop-

ment of our taboos on such contacts."

These taboos were already well-established in the time of the Old Testament and the Talmud. It is worth noting that in the older Hittite code, which influenced later Hebrew law, the taboos on animal intercourse were not so clearly the moral issues that they subsequently came to be. Specifically, in the Hittite code it is decreed that "If a man lie with a cow the punishment is death. . . . If a man lies with a hog or dog, he shall die. . . . If a bull rear upon a man, the bull shall die, but the man shall not die. . . . If a boar rear upon a man, there is no penalty. . . . If a man lies with a horse or mule, there is no penalty, but he shall not come near the king, and he shall not become a priest."

Kinsey comments, "These are proscriptions against contacts with certain animals, while contacts with certain other animals are more or less accepted. Such distinctions are strikingly paralleled by the taboos which made certain foods clean and other foods unclean. [As we have previously noted, early Christians then adapted and substantially reinforced these traditions; and it became, for a time, an act of bestiality for a Christian to have sexual relations with a Jew.] The student of human folkways is inclined to see a considerable body of superstition in the origins of all such taboos, even though they may ultimately become religious and moral issues for whole nations and whole races of people."

In any case, it is certain that human contacts with animals of other species have been known since the dawn of history: they appear in the folk tales of every ancient culture, and references to such contacts abound in the writings and art of the oldest civilizations; they are also known to every race and culture today, including our own.

Kinsey concludes, "Far from being a matter for surprise, the record simply substantiates our present understanding that the forces which bring individuals of the same species together in sexual relations, may sometimes serve to bring individuals of different species together in the same types of sexual relations."

About 8 percent of the total male population have some sexual contact with animals. Most such experiences occur in the early postadolescent years—between adolescence and the age of 20—with the incidence dropping markedly in the older age groups. Frequency of animal contacts is similarly low in the male population, taken as a whole; for most individuals, they do not occur more than once or twice, or a few times in a lifetime.

The significance of such experiences becomes more pronounced, however, when our consideration is limited to the records of males raised in rural or farm communities, with a ready access to animals. For this group, approximately 17 percent experience orgasm as the result of animal contacts which occur sometime after the onset of adolescence; as many more rural males have sexual contacts with animals that do not result in orgasm; and there are an additional number who have preadolescent experiences, which are not included in the above calculations. In total, Kinsey reports, "Something between 40 and 50 percent of all farm boys have some sort of animal contact, either with or without orgasm, in their preadolescent, adolescent, and/or later histories. These must be minimum data, for there has undoubtedly been some cover-up in the reports of these activities."

Kinsey found that in certain western 181

## OFFENSES IN THE U.S.

When two numbers are given, they represent minimum and maximum penalties.

STATE	FORNICATION	ADULTERY	COHABITATION	SODOMY*
NEW HAMPSHIRE	\$50 or 6 mos.	\$500 & 1 yr. or 2-3 yrs.		\$1000 or 5 yrs. or both
NEW JERSEY	\$50 or 6 mos. or both	\$1000 or 3 yrs. or both		\$5000 or 20 yrs. or both
NEW MEXICO			\$100 or 6 mos. or both	\$5000 or 2-10 yrs. or both
NEW YORK		\$250 or 6 mos. or both		\$500 or 1 yr. or both
NORTH CAROLINA	Fine or jail or both as court may direct	Fine or jail or both as court may direct		5-60 yrs.
NORTH DAKOTA	\$100 or 1 mo. or both	\$500 or 3 yrs. or both	\$100-\$500 or 1 mo.-3 mos.	10 yrs.
OHIO	\$200 or 3 mos.	\$200 or 3 mos.		1-20 yrs.
OKLAHOMA		\$500 or 5 yrs. or both		10 yrs.
OREGON	\$50-\$300 or 1-6 mos.	\$200-\$1000 or 3 mos.-2 yrs.		15 yrs.
PENNSYLVANIA	\$100	\$500 or 1 yr.		\$5000 or 10 yrs. or both
RHODE ISLAND	\$10	\$500 or 1 yr.		7-20 yrs.
SOUTH CAROLINA	\$100-\$500 or 6 mos.-1 yr. or both	\$100-\$500 or 6 mos.-1 yr. or both		\$5000 to ? or 5 yrs. or both
SOUTH DAKOTA		\$500 or 5 yrs. or both		10 yrs.
TENNESSEE				5-15 yrs.
TEXAS	\$50-\$500	\$100-\$1000		2-15 yrs.
UTAH	\$100 or 6 mos.	3 yrs.	5 yrs.	3-20 yrs.
VERMONT		\$1000 or 5 yrs. or both		1-5 yrs.
VIRGINIA	\$20-\$100	\$20-\$100	\$50-\$500	1-3 yrs.
WASHINGTON		\$1000 or 2 yrs.	\$1000 or 1 yr. or both	10 yrs.
WEST VIRGINIA	\$20 to ?	\$20 to ?	\$50 to ? or 6 mos. or both	1-10 yrs.
WISCONSIN	\$200 or 6 mos. or both	\$1000 or 3 yrs. or both	\$500 or 1 yr. or both	\$500 or 5 yrs. or both
WYOMING	\$100 and 3 mos.	\$100 and 3 mos.		10 yrs.

\*Sodomy, often referred to as "the crime against nature," includes a wide variety of "unnatural" sexual activity, with animals or with another person of either sex, both within and outside of marriage.

\*\*\$300 to ? or 1 year for second conviction; 2 years for third conviction.

\*\*\*\$100 to ? or 1 year for second conviction; 1 to 3 years for third conviction.

\*\*\*\*Double first sentence imposed for second conviction and so on for subsequent convictions.

\*\*\*\*\*Penalty for male only; for female, penalty is less: \$10 to \$30 or 1 to 3 months' imprisonment.

areas of the United States, where animals are most readily available and social restraints related to such behavior are less severe, incidence figures for some communities rose as high as 65 percent. The marked difference in percentages of experience between rural and urban males, plus the number of experiences for urban boys that occur during visits to farms, suggests that the opportunity for such contacts is a major consideration in determining the accumulative incidence; if city-bred boys had similar opportunity, Kinsey and his associates believe that the percentages of experience for the total male population would approximate those established for rural males.

As with most other aspects of human sexual behavior, there is a high correlation between educational level and the extent of infrahuman sexual experience: 14 to 16 percent of the rural males of grade-school level, 20 percent of the rural males of high-school level, and 26 to 28 percent of the rural males of college level have some contact with animals to the point of orgasm. Well over half of these upper-level males have some sort of sexual contact with animals and nearly one in every three achieves orgasm through such contacts.

Experiences with animals usually represent a form of sexual experimentation for the adolescent male, which disappears in the mid-teens; but in some rural areas, especially in the West, there is a considerable amount of regular activity in the later teens and even through the early twenties. In most cases, such contacts are a substitute for heterosexual relations with human females; this is particularly true in rural areas where the opportunity for both social and sexual relations with girls may be limited. In most parts of the country animal intercourse is extremely rare among married males.

The animals involved in such contacts include practically all of the species that are commonly domesticated on the farm or kept as pets in the household. Because of the relatively low incidence and frequency of such activity in the population as a whole, animal contacts are significant primarily because of the extreme social and legal taboos attached to such behavior.

Kinsey comments, "In rural communities where animal contacts are not infrequent, and where there is some general knowledge that they do commonly occur, there seem to be few personal conflicts growing out of such activity, and very few social difficulties. It is only when the farm-bred male migrates to a city community and comes in contact with city-bred reactions to these activities, that he becomes upset over the contemplation of what he has done . . .

"Anglo-American legal codes rate sexual relations between the human and

animals of other species as sodomy, punishable under the same laws which penalize homosexual and mouth-genital contacts. The city-bred judge who hears such a case is likely to be unusually severe in his condemnation, and is likely to give the maximum sentence that is possible. Males who are sent to penal institutions on such charges are likely to receive unusually severe treatment both from the administrations and from the inmates of the institutions. All in all, there is probably no type of human sexual behavior which has been more severely condemned by that segment of the population which happens not to have had such experience, and which accepts the age-old judgment that animal intercourse must evidence a mental abnormality, as well as an immorality."

Sexual contacts with animals are even less common among females and Kinsey found only 3.6 percent of the adult female population with any evidence of such activity in their histories after the beginning of adolescence. The sample was considered too small to permit any valid urban-rural or educational breakdown, although a majority of the females who reported having had such experiences were from the better-educated segments of the population.

The extensive sexual involvement of human females with a wide variety of animals in ancient folklore, Classic Greek and Roman mythology, and major literary and artistic efforts of more recent centuries (including some of the world's great art; e.g., *Leda and the Swan* has been a recurring, ever-popular theme with artists down through the ages, from Classic sculpture, to the paintings by Michelangelo and Rubens, to contemporary Picasso) is understood in its relation to actual sexual behavior when viewed not as a reflection of common female activity, but as a projection of erotic male fantasies about the female. The human male's greater capacity to be aroused by psychosexual stimuli not only leads him into a far greater number of sexual experiences, and experiences of greater variety, but also produces an extensive masculine interest in unusual, rare, and sometimes fantastically impossible types of sexual activity. In consequence, as Kinsey points out, there is a great deal more discussion and a more extensive body of literature and art on such sexual themes as incest, transvestitism, necrophilia, and the more extreme forms of fetishism, sado-masochism and animal contacts, than the actual occurrence of any of these phenomena justifies.

It is clear, nevertheless that there is considerable diversity in human sexual behavior; it is also clear that most of this variety on our favorite theme is forbidden by the sterner traditions of our Judaeo-Christian heritage and by the statutory laws that it has begotten.

Kinsey points out that for most individuals the various types of sexual activity may seem to fall into categories that are as far apart as right and wrong, licit and illicit, normal and abnormal, acceptable and unacceptable in our society. To each of us, the significance of any particular activity depends largely upon our own previous experience. Ultimately, certain activities may seem to be the only ones that have value, that are right, that are proper, that are socially acceptable; and all departures from our own particular pattern may appear the extremes in what is abnormal and immoral. But scientific data now available support the conclusion that, under the proper set of environmental circumstances, most individuals could have been sexually conditioned in any of a number of different directions, even into activities which they now consider quite unacceptable.

In the search for a more reasonable, objective and psychologically sound approach to sex, upon which to base better social and legal codes, it would help if we more clearly recognized and differentiated between the sexual behavior that is common to a large part of society and that which is relatively uncommon. Kinsey observes, "Considerable confusion has been introduced into our thinking by this failure to distinguish between sexual activities that are frequent and a fundamental part of the pattern of behavior, and sexual activities which are rare and of significance only to a limited number of persons. Psychologic and psychiatric texts are as likely to give as much space to overt sado-masochistic or necrophilic activity as they give to homosexual and mouth-genital activities, but the last two are widespread and significant parts of the lives of many females and males, while many of the other types of behavior are in actuality rare."

#### ILLEGAL PETTING

Current U. S. laws give governmental sanction to a specific set of religious ideals regarding sex. Our present quarrel is not with the ideals themselves — though we do believe that a rational society should be able to produce a better, more humane, more workable sexual morality than the present one, and we intend a fuller discussion of that aspect of the problem in a later installment; but what we here object to — and it is a concern that should be shared by every individual who believes in the fundamental principles of our democracy, regardless of his personal religious and moral persuasion — is the unconstitutional church-state alliance that makes any one religious dogma the law of the land in this supposedly free society.

All sexual intercourse outside the church-state-sanctioned bonds of matri-



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mony is prohibited under the statutes on fornication and adultery; all non-procreative sexual activity, between the same and opposite sexes, both inside and outside of marriage, and including any undue familiarity with household pets, is prohibited under the statutes on sodomy.

Our state laws on sodomy are derived directly from the religious doctrine that the only natural purpose of sex is procreation; it follows, therefore, that non-procreative sex is a "crime against nature."

These sodomy statutes are so all-inclusive in their joyless suppression of any variety in our sexual behavior that we might be prompted to conclude that the only form of love play left legal is petting. Such a conclusion would be overly optimistic. In two states (Indiana and Wyoming) the sodomy statutes actually include a prohibition against heavy petting (the masturbation of another person of either sex who is under the age of 21). The laws in both states read: "Whoever entices, allures, instigates or aids any person under the age of twenty-one (21) years to commit masturbation or self-pollution shall be deemed guilty of sodomy." This means, quite literally, that if a Wyoming or Indiana male masturbates his 20-year-old girlfriend, he is guilty of sodomy.

The medieval Church taboos on even solitary masturbation continue to influence contemporary society's attitude toward a sexual activity that is near universal in the male and common to a majority of females as well. Ultimately 92 percent of the total male population is involved in masturbation which leads to orgasm; and among college-educated males, the incidence is higher, reaching 96 percent. In the total female population, 62 percent ultimately engage in masturbation, and 58 percent achieve orgasm in this manner; educational level predictably exists as a factor, with only 34 percent of the grade-school-level females ever achieving orgasm through masturbation, 57 to 59 percent of the high-school and college level, and 63 percent of the graduate-level females masturbating to the point of orgasm.

Heavy petting, frequently including masturbation of either, or both, sexes is also extremely common in the years prior to marriage; indeed, for upper-educated males and females, such premarital sex play often serves as a substitute for coitus. Almost all males engage in fairly extensive heavy petting prior to marriage and 88 percent have some petting experience that leads to orgasm; 96 percent of all females have some premarital petting experience and 39 percent have achieved orgasm through such petting. The extent of direct manual stimulation of the genitalia of, or by, a partner, as a petting technique, is related to the amount of

previous coital experience. Among females who have not had sexual intercourse, 36 percent have some petting in which they receive such manual stimulation, and 24 percent give such manual stimulation to the male; among females who have had only a limited amount of coitus, 87 percent have relationships in which they receive, and 72 percent where they give, manual stimulation; among females with more extensive coital experience, 95 percent receive, and 86 percent give, manual-genital stimulation.

It is reasonable to assume that the male and female populations of Wyoming and Indiana are little different in such behavior than the total population of the U. S.; that being so, this unique wrinkle in the sodomy statutes of these two states attempts to suppress some of the most common sex activity in existence—activity in which almost all of its citizens have, at one time or another, been involved.

The severity of the penalties against sodomy, or "crimes against nature," is dramatized by the Wyoming and Indiana statutes. These two states could punish the completed act of sexual intercourse between a man and a girl who happened to be between the ages of 18 and 21 as fornication, with maximum possible sentences of three and six months respectively. (If the girl were under the age of 18, the act would be considered statutory rape and permit a considerably heavier penalty.) But if the same male and female refrained from sexual intercourse, confining their lovemaking to petting—including masturbation of the female—they would be guilty of an act of sodomy and liable to imprisonment of up to ten years in Wyoming and fourteen years in Indiana.

#### PENALTIES FOR SODOMY

The irrational nature of U. S. sodomy statutes emphasizes the lack of logic that pervades almost all of our sex laws; the severity of the penalties for what our lawmakers have deemed to be "crimes against nature" emphasizes the extreme, religiously inspired superstition and emotionalism that still persist in our attitudes toward sex in this supposedly modern, rational, scientifically enlightened, just, humane and free society.

Forty-nine of the fifty states have sodomy statutes. Almost all of them make illegal the variety of noncoital sex activity discussed in this issue—at least some of which is engaged in, at one time or another, by a majority of our adult population. Almost none of these statutes make any distinction between a prohibited act when it is performed by members of the same or the opposite sex (the single exception permits certain activity between two females, as noted, that is prohibited between a female and

a male). None of these statutes makes any distinction between a prohibited act when it is performed by a married couple and one that is unmarried. The penalties for behavior covered under our sodomy statutes are among the most severe of any in U. S. law.

Sixteen states and the District of Columbia specify imprisonment of up to 10 years at hard labor for "crimes against nature"; the maximum sentence in another six is 14 or 15 years and eleven states specify 20. In Idaho and Montana the *minimum* penalty for sodomy is 5 years, with no maximum indicated; in North Carolina the minimum is 5 years and the maximum 60; in Nevada the possible maximum penalty is imprisonment for life.

The American Law Institute expressed its concern over U. S. sex statutes in 1955 when it drafted its Model Penal Code to replace our present irrational laws. This model code was predicated on the premise that in a free society all sex relations entered into freely by adults in private should be excluded from our criminal law. In the nine years since the Law Institute handed down this opinion, the legislature of only one state—Illinois—has made any serious attempt to correct its statutes on sex. Some two years ago Illinois' legislators replaced their sodomy statute with a new law patterned after the one suggested by the Institute. Illinois is, therefore, the only state in the Union with no statute for "the abominable and detestable crimes against nature."

This example of modern legislative acumen is not without its irony, however. The Illinois lawmakers *did* remove the state's sodomy statute, but they left standing the statutes against fornication and adultery. Illinois is thus in the unique position of permitting all so-called "perversion," both heterosexual and homosexual, while prohibiting normal sexual intercourse.

It is obvious that we are still a very long way from establishing sane sex laws *anywhere* in these United States.

*In the next installment of "The Playboy Philosophy," Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner will offer his own suggestions for a more reasoned and reasonable set of statutes on sex; he will also discuss the problems of juvenile sex crime, prostitution, abortion and birth control.*

*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"—the first including installments one through seven and the second, installments eight through twelve—are available at \$1 per booklet. Send check or money order to PLAYBOY, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611.*





# Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER

ON THE OBSCURE ISLAND OF NUKANUKA IN THE VAST SAMOAN CHAIN, WE FIND ANNIE STEPPING FROM A NEWLY DECORATED NUKANU LONG-BOAT, AND WE MIGHT WELL ASK WHAT BRINGS ANNIE TO NUKANUKA IN A NUKANU CANOE ... A NEW CANOE, THAT IS, A NEW NUKANU CANOE? THE ANSWER: ANNIE IS IN THE PEACE CORPS! NO CRACKS, PLEASE.

I HEARD THAT THIS WAS A BACKWARD COUNTRY ... AND IF I'M THE ONLY ONE DRESSED, THAT CERTAINLY IS BACKWARD!

ANNIE!

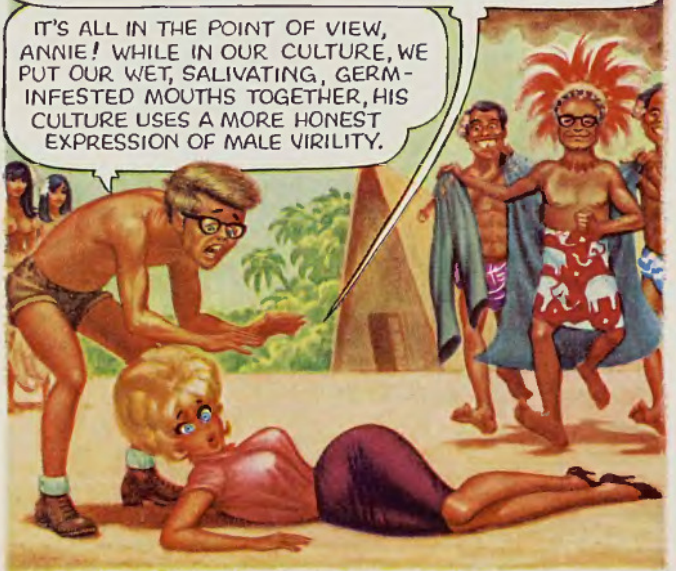


RALPHIE! ANOTHER CIVILIZED PERSON! COME KISS ME!

NIX, ANNIE! YOU'RE IN ANOTHER CULTURE! THEY REGARD KISSING AS DISGUSTING. SEE ... THE CHIEF IS COMING TO AFFECTIONATELY GREET YOU IN THE PECULIAR NUKANUAN FASHION ... QUICK! ... LAY DOWN, BABY!

NOW, RALPHIE ... I WAS WILLING TO COME OUT HERE AND SACRIFICE ... BUT DD'NT YOU THINK THIS IS TOO MUCH?

IT'S ALL IN THE POINT OF VIEW, ANNIE! WHILE IN OUR CULTURE, WE PUT OUR WET, SALIVATING, GERM-INFESTED MOUTHS TOGETHER, HIS CULTURE USES A MORE HONEST EXPRESSION OF MALE VIRILITY.





HE PUTS HIS FOOT ON YOUR HEAD.

OH, CHIEF ... THIS IS THE YELLOW-HAIRED SCHOOL TEACHER I HAVE SUMMONED ACROSS THE WATERS FROM THE GREAT WHITE FATHER. IN WASHINGTON, *KIMO SABE!*

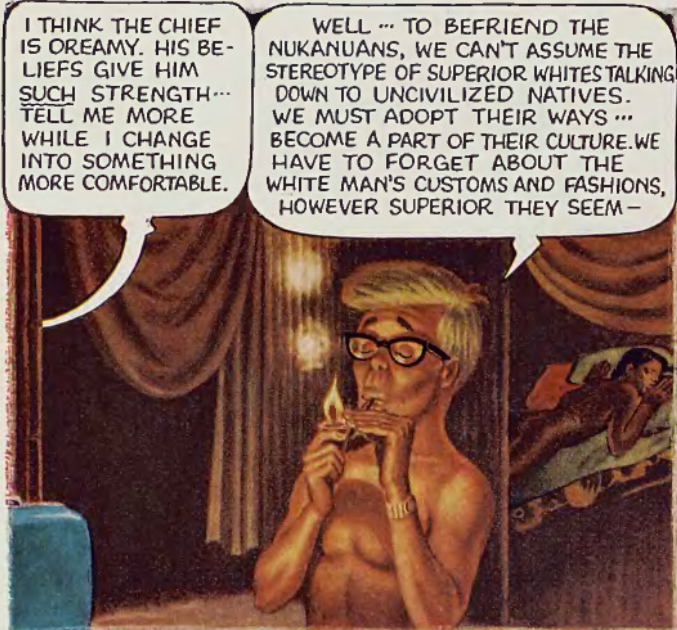
*HOLAKAU!* ... THIS THE NEW SCHOOL MARM?



CHIEF BOOLA GOLDLUAU IS VERY TRADITIONAL. HE FIERCELY DEFENDS THE STRANGE, OLD TRIBAL WAYS ... WHICH GIVE HIM GREAT STRENGTH ... AND AFTER ALL, "STRANGE OLD TRIBAL WAYS" ARE MERELY A POINT OF VIEW.

WIFE! BRING REFRESHMENTS FOR YELLOW-HAIRED SCHOOL MARM!

HOO-THAT POINT OF VIEW SMARTS!



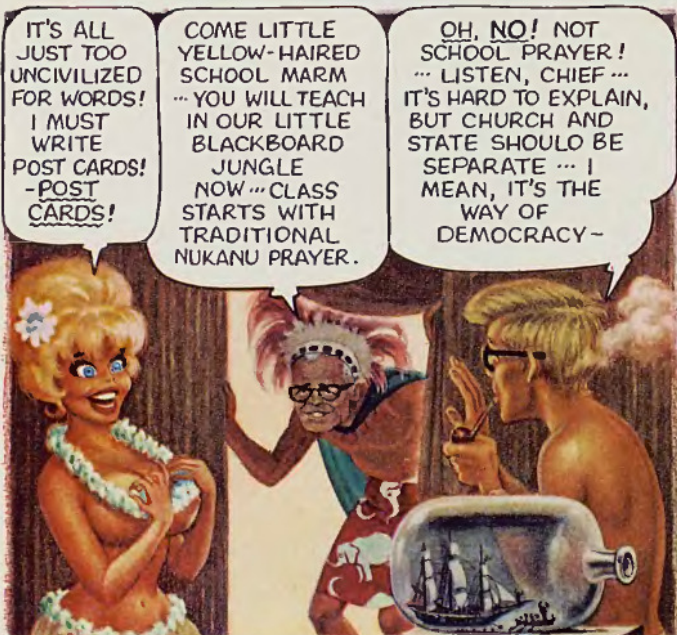
I THINK THE CHIEF IS DREAMY. HIS BELIEFS GIVE HIM SUCH STRENGTH ... TELL ME MORE WHILE I CHANGE INTO SOMETHING MORE COMFORTABLE.

WELL ... TO BEFRIEND THE NUKANUANS, WE CAN'T ASSUME THE STEREOTYPE OF SUPERIOR WHITES TALKING DOWN TO UNCIVILIZED NATIVES. WE MUST ADOPT THEIR WAYS ... BECOME A PART OF THEIR CULTURE. WE HAVE TO FORGET ABOUT THE WHITE MAN'S CUSTOMS AND FASHIONS, HOWEVER SUPERIOR THEY SEEM -



YOU MEAN LIKE THIS?

**ANNIE! SHAME ON YOU! COVER YOURSELF, QUICK! - CRYING OUT LOUD!**



IT'S ALL JUST TOO UNCIVILIZED FOR WORDS! I MUST WRITE POST CARDS! - POST CARDS!

COME LITTLE YELLOW-HAIRED SCHOOL MARM ... YOU WILL TEACH IN OUR LITTLE BLACKBOARD JUNGLE NOW ... CLASS STARTS WITH TRADITIONAL NUKANU PRAYER.

**OH, NO! NOT SCHOOL PRAYER!** ... LISTEN, CHIEF ... IT'S HARD TO EXPLAIN, BUT CHURCH AND STATE SHOULD BE SEPARATE ... I MEAN, IT'S THE WAY OF DEMOCRACY -



OH, RALPHIE ... YOU MAKE THINGS SO DIFFICULT WITH YOUR IDEAS! ... LEAPIN' LIZARDS, IF SOMEBODY DOESN'T WANT TO PRAY, THEY CAN JUST SIT THERE BY THEMSELVES AND IGNORE IT ALL -

IGNORE THREE TOM-TOMS A WITCH DOCTOR AND A FIERY MONKEY IDOL?!



-AND WHAT ABOUT THE HUMAN SACRIFICE THEY HAVE TO THROW INTO THE VOLCANO DURING THE PRAYER TO "CALM THE VOLCANO GODS"?

OH, DEAR-- DON'T THEY KNOW THAT VOLCANOES ARE CAUSED BY... LIKE, GEOLOGY AND PRESSURES AND SHIFTING EARTH?

WHAT THE HAOL! SHE TALKING ABOUT?

SILLY LITTLE IGNORANT YELLOW-HAIR ... AS EVERY NUKANUAN KNOWS, VOLCANO CAUSED BY ANGRY GODS DISPLEASED BY EVIL SPIRITS AMONGST NUKANUANS ... WHICH GOTTA BE PURGED BY KILLING AND TORTURE.

-HOT LUAAU! -THAT PLAIN TALK! -HOO BOY!



HIS BELIEFS GIVE HIM SUCH STRENGTH!

WAIT, EVERYBODY! EVERYONE KNOW NUKANUKA ISLAND IS NEXT TO KANUKANAL ISLAND WHICH IS ACROSS CANOE CANAL! ... THE NEW CANOE CANAL! ... THE NEW NUKANU-KANUKANAL CANOE-CANAL.



IN KANUKANAL WHERE I WAS BORN, WE TAUGHT ENTIRELY DIFFERENT BELIEFS! WE USE FOUR TOM-TOMS, A REFORM WITCH-DOCTOR, AND A FISH IDOL.

EXACTLY MY POINT, CHIEF! YOU CAN'T FORCE STUDENTS TO FOLLOW A SINGLE BELIEF! THIS BOY MAY THINK HIS BELIEF IS AS GOOD AS YOUR BELIEF ... MAYBE BETTER!



GOODNESS GRACIOUS, YES! ... WE NEVER DO ANYTHING SO HORRIBLE LIKE THROWING NUKANUANS INTO VOLCANO, IN MY RELIGION!

RALPHIE, YOU WERE RIGHT!



WE CONSIDER THROWING NATIVES INTO VOLCANO INHUMAN, MEDIEVAL AND CRAZY!

RALPHIE, YOU'RE SO DEEP.



... TO APPEASE GODS, WE ONLY THROW WHITE FOREIGNERS INTO VOLCANO.

I THINK HIS BELIEFS ARE CUTE!



CAPITAL IDEA!

GOOD THINKING!

WE'RE GAME!

- WHITE HERO AND HEROINE ESCAPING FROM THE WILD SAVAGES ... THE VERY HACKNEYED "UNCLE TOM" IMAGE OF WHITE SUPREMACY WE SHOULD BE TRYING TO ERASE.

ALL THAT'S LACKING IS THE ERUPTING VOLCANO THAT KILLS THE NATIVES AND SAVES US!

OH, RALPHIE! SHUT UP AND KEEP RUNNING!



THE SAME PHONY STEREO-TYPE THEY PUSH IN MOVIES AND TV ... HERO CARRYING BEAUTIFUL GIRL TO SAFETY-

OH, RALPHIE... SHUT UP AND KEEP RUNNING!



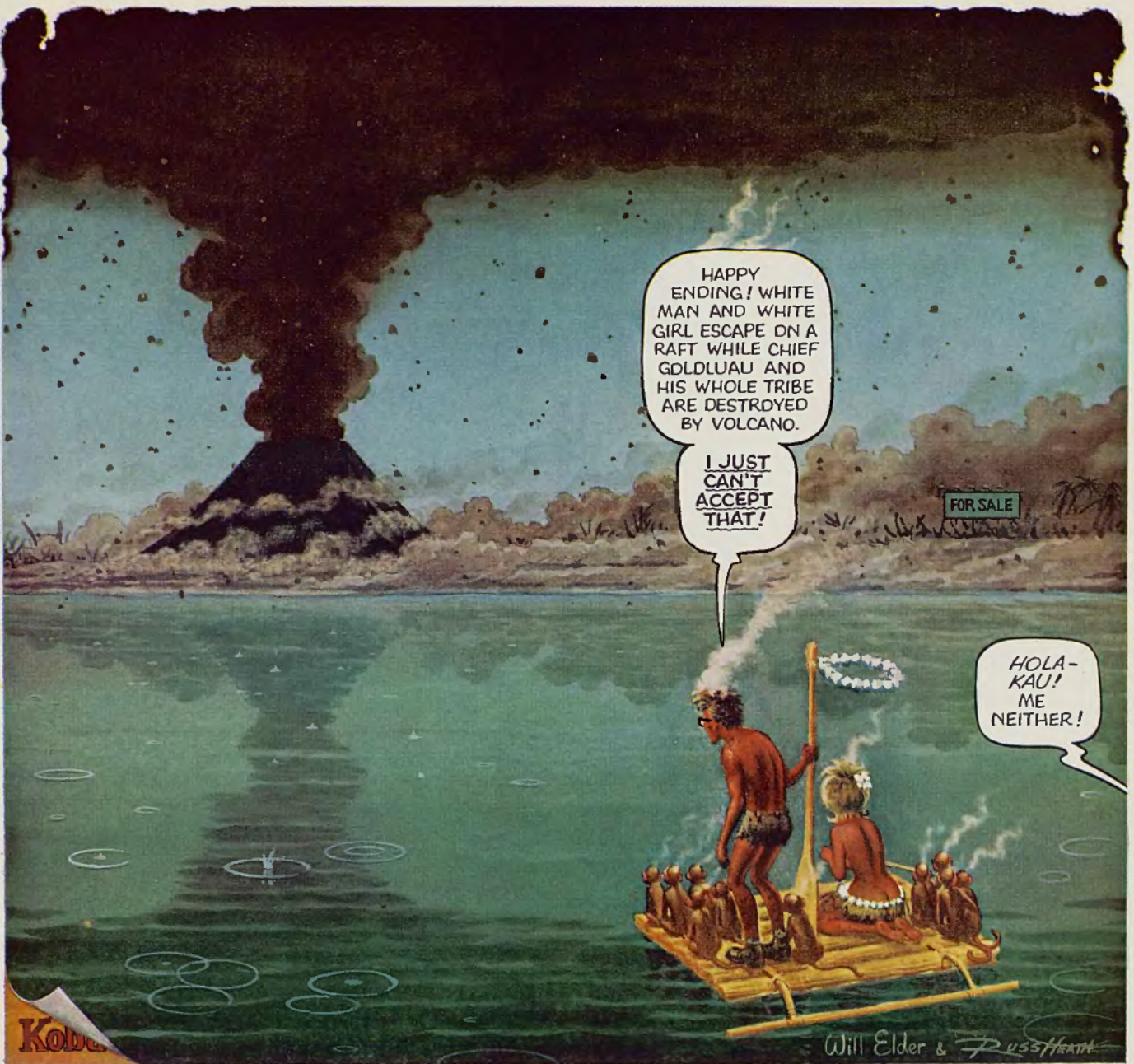
I CAN'T ACCEPT THIS!

OH, RALPHIE! ... SHUT UP AND KEEP RUNNING!



BEAUTIFUL GIRL CARRYING HERO TO SAFETY ... THAT'S A SWITCH ON THE STEREO-TYPE! I'LL ACCEPT THAT!

OH, RALPHIE! SHUT UP AND AT LEAST LET ME KEEP RUNNING!



HAPPY ENDING! WHITE MAN AND WHITE GIRL ESCAPE ON A RAFT WHILE CHIEF GOLDLUAU AND HIS WHOLE TRIBE ARE DESTROYED BY VOLCANO.

I JUST CAN'T ACCEPT THAT!

HOLA-KAU! ME NEITHER!

FOR SALE

Will Elder & Russ Heath

NUKANUKA ONCE ISLAND PARADISE UNTIL GODS MADE ANGRY BY EVIL SPIRITS AMONGST MY PEOPLE, SO I FOLLOW TRADITIONAL NUKANUAN BELIEFS ... FIRST I THROW TEN MEN IN VOLCANO, BUT GODS NOT APPEASED! SO THEN I THROW TEN WOMEN IN ... GODS NOT APPEASED! THEN I THROW ALL MEN IN! THEN ALL WOMEN! THEN ALL CHILDREN! ... NOW GODS ARE APPEASED! ONLY ... IS NO ONE LEFT TO ENJOY ISLAND PARADISE!

I HOPE YOU SEE HOW SILLY YOU WERE.

YES ... I SEE ... I SHOULD A THROWN CHILDREN IN FIRST!

HIS BELIEFS GIVE HIM SUCH STRENGTH!

OH, ANNIE. SHUT UP AND KEEP ROWING.

END

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