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THE MAGAZINE FOR THE ADULT MALE

18+

KNIGHT



**SWEDEN'S
'EROTIC
MIRACLE'**

**Why Prostitution Is
Legal In Nevada**

**FIESTA IN
VERACRUZ**

**JANE FONDA -
RAQUEL WELCH**

Stories by
**HARLAN ELLISON -
PIETRO DI DONATO**

JANE FONDA—
on the beach at
St. Tropez



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reveals her perfect superstructure —
beginning on page 18 . . .*

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Heavenly Hitchhiker

**Irish Jill-Of-All-Trades
turns hand to many
jobs on jaunt around Auld Sod**

THE MOST exciting thing that ever happened to her, according to Brigitte Cannes, was last year when she hitchhiked all over Ireland. "I started out with only ten dollars, and ended up with two dollars left." The tiny (5'2") model worked at a variety of jobs on her odyssey. "Everything from barmaid in a pub to tending geese for farmers. I'm awfully good at geese." She's mighty good at posing, too, what with her astonishing 39, and her sweetly rounded 23 and 35. "Let's see, what else I did . . .

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Forget ghosts and witches and vampires. There are other terrors in the supernatural of today. Creatures of smog and neon and silver dollars. This is a fantasy of the jet set, more frightening than Dracula, but strictly in the same bag.

WITH AN EIGHT hole-card and a queen showing, with the dealer showing a four up, Kostner decided to let the house do the work.

So he stood, and the dealer turned up. Six.

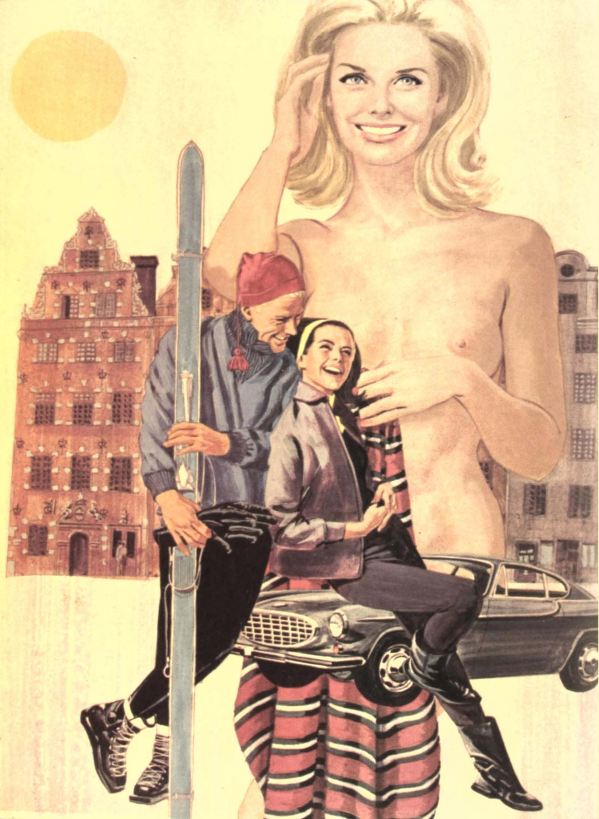
The dealer looked like something out of a 1935 George Raft film: arctic diamond-chip eyes, manicured fingers long as a brain surgeon's, straight black hair slicked flat away from the pale forehead. He did not look up as he peeled them off. A three. Another three. Bam.

A five. Bam. Twenty-one, and Kostner saw his last thirty dollars — six five-dollar chips — scraped on the edge of the cards, into the dealer's chip racks. Busted. Flat.

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PRETTY MAGGIE MONEYEYES

by HARLAN ELLISON



THE SWEDISH WAY OF SEX

by ADOBE JAMES

SNOW IS FALLING in Stockholm—swirling white flakes blowing in off the North Sea and polar ice caps. The street lamps are almost obliterated. It is eight degrees below zero outside. Unimportant. You are warm . . . in bed . . . comfortable . . . and completely happy. ■ ■ Jolene is tall, 5'10" in her bare feet. Her hair is blonde and cropped short, her face quite pretty—flawless. She has a perfectly formed 26-year-old body; her legs are long and slender, her hips seemingly created for the bikini which she must have worn all summer and under the sunlamp so far this winter. ■ ■ Jolene inhales deeply on her cigarette as she lies beside you. A sheet covers her perspiring body, but the linen cannot hide that graceful slope building up to her breasts, nor can it hide the gently rolling plains leading downward to her hidden valleys. ■ ■ It is 2 a.m. In a few minutes you must leave her apartment and trudge through snowdrifts back to your hotel. You have known Jolene exactly six hours and thirty minutes. For the last two hours, you have explored each other's body. ■ ■ Jolene is not a prostitute, not "midn hungry," not a nymphomaniac, not a pickup, and not what is called in the U.S. "a tramp." She is a zoology instructor at the University, she is active in politics, she is an accomplished musician and sculptor. But most of all, she is a product of 20 years of sexual revolution in Sweden!

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**AN EYE-OPENING
APPRAISAL OF SWEDEN ON THE
20th ANNIVERSARY OF
HER "SEXUAL REVOLUTION"**



Free plane ride becomes instant piloting,
severe tremors, and harrowing recollections

The Awful New Look In

by Richard Ashby



light Training

YEARS AGO, just after Teddy Bears and just before girls, my parents gave me two wonderful things for Christmas. One was a book by one Assen Jordanoff entitled *How to Fly*. The other was an ingenious little toy that had a small airplane mounted on a stick at one end, and a control column with rudder bar at the other. A simple rigging of string made the airplane respond exactly to the controls.

And what with Mr. Jordanoff's invaluable teachings ("Push any part of the airplane down with the stick . . . nose, wingtips, tail.") I was soon several thousand feet above my clod contemporaries, searching the skies over France for the Red Baron . . . flying my own Spad every inch of the way. This enthusiasm persisted for years, long after the toy and the book had vanished, and eventually got me in severe difficulties — at the start of our unpleasantness with Mr. Hitler, I enlisted in the Air Force.

This is not, however, a war memoir, but an even more harrowing account of a recent brush with Flight Training, New Style.

Two weeks ago, in response to an ad in The Los Angeles Times that suggested I clip it and present it to a flight school for a free ride, my wife and I found ourselves in the tarmac (spiffy W.W. I word), looking over a herd of an un-airworthy low-winged craft, each painted the peculiar green and amber colors of Pacific Air University. This is not the school's actual name, nor the plane's for-real colors, because I hesitate to identify them. After all, what happened was not their fault, and the owner of Air University is a most gracious and patient man. Besides, they're liable to sue my ass off.

Since the wind was brisk and about as bitter as the usual California sea breeze, I tore my apprehensive gaze from the planes and went inside. It was keen — right out of my childhood dreams of "Dawn Patrol" and "Lilac Time" — a propellor mounted on one wall, flight charts sprawled on a counter, uniformed bird-men typing, answering the phone, and going for coffee, and on the low divan, a gang of Mrs. Motley's finest sat discussing their latest adventures aloft. Hangar-flying, we aces call it.

A speaker on the wall crackled to life and all the types broke off their bragging to listen. "Schmark," it announced. "Jorgful miff biriff mnjhly sixteen and a half."

The types nodded at each other. A lout who couldn't have been more than 17, suffering from terminal acne, spoke up. "That's all for him, huh." Another nodded. They went back to their hangar-flying.

"Let's get up," I said to my wife, "and go look about the airport some."

"Nonsense!" she told me, understandingly, and trotted over to an elderly specimen of about 26 who took our newspaper clipping. I pretended I wasn't with her, but in vain, for we were quickly seized, led outside, and halted before one of those sinister low-winged *things*.

"This," said our jovial guide — a kid of about 22 — "is the Taylor-cessnaswift model 180. Popularly called the Digger. It seats four, two by two, is radio-equipped, fully instrumented, and is the craft in which we shall take our introductory session."

"Where's the bathroom?" I asked him.

"I shall now conduct a pre-flight check." He began thumping portions of the craft rudder, wings, elevator. To my surprise, nothing fell off. "OK . . . in we go. The lady first, into the back seat."

I followed my wife up onto the wing, and by a series of un-nimble contortions, eased my bulk into the fragile bucket on the front left. My inquisitor occupied the seat

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It already exists—
and has for many years—in the
rough and ready state of Nevada

LEGAL PROSTITUTION IN THE U.S.A.

by BARBARA CHRISTOPHER

"DON'T CALL ME madam," the middle-aged blonde dryly remarked as she ushered me into her home in exclusive Grosse Pointe, Michigan. "My hostess-with-the-mostest days are over, and the neighbors don't know a thing about them," she continued, waving a plump, manicured hand toward nearby baronial estates. "Ever since I married Jim and moved into this joint, I've been as well-bred as a pedigreed bitch and almost as snooty. That reminds me, say hello to Poo-Poo, the poodle here."

Her conversation ceased when we entered a mahogany-paneled room where a maid was busily polishing a Louis XVI table. Quickly dismissing the servant, my hostess seated me on one of the several loveseats scattered about the room and inquired, "Now, what was it you wanted to know about my 'housekeeping?'"

I had come to interview the woman about her former business in Nevada. That business was prostitution. In Nevada, where bawdy houses are run in as businesslike a manner as the corner grocery, prostitution is perfectly legal and has been for most of the state's 102 years of existence. This situation is unique in North America and continually sets off a chorus of satisfied sighs and outraged screams which resound from the Sierra Nevadas to Capitol Hill.

The woman, who suggested I call her Eve for purposes of the story, gave up her profitable establishment a few years ago when she married a wealthy widower and came to live in his impressive residence. With the marriage, she inherited several children, the oldest of whom is now studying abroad. The youngest was out for a riding lesson during my visit.

Q How and when did you get started in your business?

A After high school and a look through the classified ads, I decided it was the one I was equipped to handle. There's only one institution of higher learning in the whole state, the University of Nevada, so a lot of the natives go in for jobs that are not taught in school. You don't need a diploma for the one I took, and you get a lot of on-the-job training.

I checked into a house in an ex-mining town and stayed long enough to learn the finer points of the trade. I was getting pretty bugged with having to turn over the take to the old broad who ran the place, so I began thinking about opening a joint of my own. When my dad died and left me the family home, I was in business.

Q Aren't there any regulations about starting up places of this kind?

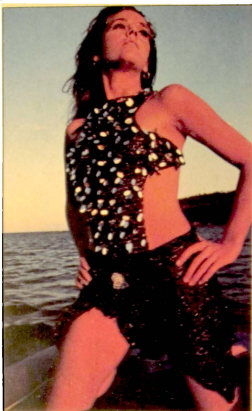
A Oh sure, lots of them. For one thing, the place can't be on a main business street. For another, it can't be within 400 yards of a church or school — not that I'd particularly care to get any closer than that under any circumstances. Also it's against the law to advertise the business in a public place, but satisfied customers are the only advertisement you need, anyway.

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VADIM VIEWS FONDA

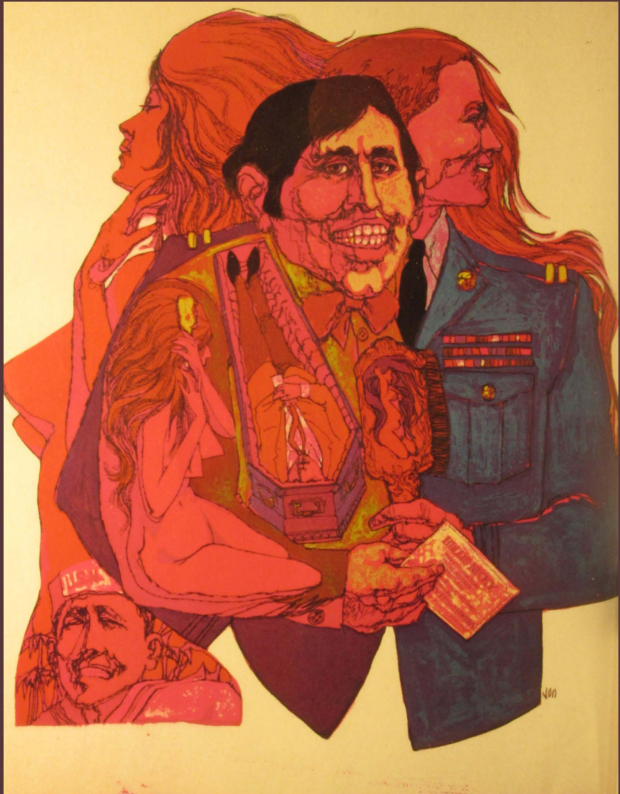
After production of her latest film, Jane Fonda poses on French beach



THE EROTIC, states European film producer-director, Roger Vadim, "is something more than a series of pictures snatched secretly when the person photographed isn't looking. To me it means something serious, elaborately planned, and carefully thought out." So with loving care and skilled precision here is the spectacularly beautiful Jane Fonda, shot on Pampelonne beach and outside the latest St. Tropez nightclub, the "Voom-Voom." KNIGHT salutes a lovely and talented second-generation star. ♡







A wild, ribald tale of the peculiar habits of Captain Clay

THIS CARD READ: "Hollis Nicky — Investigator — Real Estate — Mortician — Church Of The Second Coming — Little Rivers, Florida — Home of Mother Nature."

It was 1944. Dolly and I were on our honeymoon, planning to winter off the beaten track on Florida's lower west coast. We had seen him outside his office, and made inquiries.

"Been here all my life," he said. "They call me 'Hicky Nicky.' Little Rivers sure is God's own paradise."

Chesty Hicky Nicky had black-dyed hair, a blotchy complexion, moved like a dog walking upright and spoke with a toothy, lisping-hissing animation. He wore a seersucker suit, ventilated shoes, a loud shirt, bow tie and an imitation Panama.

"I traveled this state inside out with my pa sellin' snake oil. Little Rivers can't be beat. Best shrimpin' and fishin' in the whole world. We got citrus and pecan groves and mighty nice folks. You're in the garden spot of the United States, and I have the place you want."

Hicky Nicky drove an antique Packard hearse. We followed "Pussycat," as he affectionately called the hearse, to the four-unit house on one of the rivers. The pink and cream modern stucco building was secluded among palm and moss trees a few minutes walk from the Gulf. Dolly liked the apartment. I unpacked our car, and went with Hicky Nicky in the hearse to his office. On the way back he confided, "Last tenant was a movie star. Ole rich husband was a jealous soul. After I gave him my hellfire pitch on Babylon the whore, he hired me to keep her from the sin of adultery. One night his Cadillac wouldn't stir. He called me to taxi her. I pitched her a sermon that had her weepin' — an' then whoooeee! I dicked her here in Pussy-cat where the coffin sets."

He stopped by a shanty boathouse on the river. A sign said, "Fanny Fugs ... Fish." He introduced me to Fanny, a hearty, redheaded amazon. There were children swarming about.

As the hearse purred along he snickered. "Them's my kids. Every time Joe Fugs sails out after fish I dick Fanny. Fanny's powerful. Like dickin' a gorilla. Yes siree brother, the Good Book says a dickin' a day keeps the doctor away. That's how I do."

AND YOUR SISTER TOO!

DOLLY PUT HER hairbrush on the window sill to air. The next morning it was gone. I told her to forget about it and buy a new one. She insisted upon making a big deal out of the incident. That particular brush had the bristle that suited her best; the handle had the right feel; a woman's hair was her crowning glory — she was very upset — what would men do if women had no hair? — no man could possibly realize how much the care of her hair means to a woman — and on and on and on about hair and brushes.

I spent hours searching for the damn brush. To her the disappearance of her brush from the window sill was a great and significant mystery. She harped on that hairbrush until the mystery was cleared up — which was a month later.

by Pietro Di Donato

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a girl for all

Meet Tasha Stevens, a lovely lass who remembers everything she reads



DID YOU KNOW, asked Tasha Stevens, "that the 1922 calendar is the same as the 1967 one? I'm full of facts like that." She is also brown-haired, full of fun, and possessed of a stunning 37-23-36 figure. "And did you know that the first Zeppelin flight was in 1900? You see, I've got an eidetic memory . . . total recall. *please turn page*"

asons



***Girl architect gives out with scoops about
Italy and Ethopia and cooking***



That's why I was able to breeze through architectural school in three years. And why I learned calculus at the age of nine." The astonishing Miss Stevens also did all the interior carpentry in her posh pad, finished the furniture, and painted the angular abstract she's posing before on the preceding page. "Also, Italy invaded Ethopia on October the third, 1935. But I don't cook worth a damn." This struck us odd for a girl with total recall.

'please turn page'



Tasha knows that Los Angeles was incorporated in 1850. Just ask her



Tasha explained, "Oh, I can remember recipes, ok; it's just that I use garlic in everything. Would you care for some garlic ice cream I whipped up last night?" To stall, we asked her if she knew that the Angel waterfall was the world's highest. "Yes," said Tasha. ☺





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The incredible story of
medieval Japan's human war machines

BLOOD, ZEN AND BUSHIDO: THE RISE AND FALL OF THE SAMURAI

by HERB A. LIGHTMAN

THE PROCESSION winds its way through the streets of Edo (medieval Tokyo) in a tableau of spectacular pageantry. It is a ceremonial day in the year 1521, and the feudal warlords of Japan are converging upon the capital to pay homage to the *shogun*, military dictator of the island empire. Behind each lord marches a long line of servants and retainers.

The lords are splendid in their silken raiment, but their splendor is eclipsed by the style and flair of the fierce, arrogant warriors in full battle dress who swagger in their wake bearing lances and banners and staves topped with tufts of large bright feathers. The *samurai*!

Among the crowds watching in awe from the sidelines are youths of the lower classes, their eyes ashine with unabashed hero worship. They imitate the dress and manners of their idols as closely as the law permits and they dream their dreams, awake and asleep, of someday becoming godlike figures like these, the *samurai*.

THE WARRIOR elite that dominated

Japan for eight centuries was late in arriving. Out of the mists of Japanese pre-history, there had swirled legends of the Jomon, a Neolithic culture of settlers who inhabited the islands from 2500 B.C. to 250 B.C. Then came the Yayoi, who held sway for the next five centuries. Successive invasions from the mainland brought other tribes and cultures to the archipelago. Then, in 660 A.D. the sun goddess, according to legend, gave birth to a creature — half man, half god — named Jimmu Tenno, who became the first emperor of Japan. It was not until five centuries later, however, that there appeared on the scene the unique warrior caste of the *samurai*.

The emergence of the *samurai* warrior caste was a drama that unfolded upon a stage set for violence. 12th Century Japan rang with the clash of arms as two powerful provincial family clans, the Taira and the Minamoto, met head-on in battle. Both claiming descent from the imperial house and, therefore, the right to succession, they waged bloody wars at the capital city of Kyoto in 1156 and again in 1160.

The Taira clique emerged victorious, but while the head of that family, Taira Kiyomori, wallowed in the effete decadence of Kyoto court life, the surviving members of the Minamoto regrouped and trained secretly in the provinces. In 1185 they challenged the Taira and devastated them in a series of savage encounters that culminated in the famous sea battle of Dan-no-ura. This gory campaign, highly romanticized, is immortalized in the Japanese epic, *The Heike Story*.

Minamoto Yoritomo, head of the Minamoto clan, was suspicious of the intrigue-ridden Kyoto scene. So, instead of settling there, he set up his own family government at the little seaside town of Kamakura. He placed a new emperor on the throne and took unto himself the title of *sei-i-tai shogun* (barbarian-subduing generalissimo). His Kamakura *bakufu* (tent government) spread its tentacles. The Minamoto warriors who had won his victory were placed in key positions throughout the land, and the power of the *shogun* rapidly eclipsed that of the imperial house.

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PAINTING BY GINKO PHOTO BY ED CORNACHO



THE INTERRUPTED IDYLL



*Wing-wagging pilot buzzes
Florida honey on sunny California lake-front*



LUSCIOUS PAULA FOSTER, on a vacation loan from Miami to Southern California, was luxuriating in the sunny sand of Lake Havasu (above) when her sensuous idyll was rudely cut short by a buzzing plane.

"Here I was," she complained, "miles from nowhere, when this guy zooms down and starts making passes over me (below). Well, I figured that if he'd gone to all that trouble to take a look I might as well give up. So I did. I stood and let him have a real good gander. He hung around for a few minutes, and once he actually dipped his wheels in the water. Then before he ran out of gas, he wagged his wings and headed away. I tell you, Florida was never like this!" *turn the page*



Pretty Paula Foster yearns for her mangrove swamp where nude sunning is a private affair

What was Florida like, we wanted to know. The blonde, 37,22,36 inch beauty sighed and sank languorously into five inches of water. "I've got a little shack in a mangrove swamp that's absolutely private. Any time I want to go skinny-dipping, I just walk off the end of my pier and go. No neighbors, and no nosy planes that can spot me. The trees just about come together overhead. Boy, will I be glad to get back!" We apologized for the enterprising aerial voyeur and wished her a happy time with her crocks, gators, and water snakes. Then we returned the rented plane. ♡





*In the House on Bourbon Street, Miss
Kate's nice-but-naughty girls enacted
a bizarre masquerade*

The Strange Wake of Miss Kate





THE LARGE, PINK brick house stood on Bourbon Street, proud and magisterial, with its royal, never-used, wrought iron balcony that hung delicately and precipitously over the busy street.

The wide casement windows were covered with ivy, white satin Austrian shades, through which lights filtered, and occasionally, on a very warm night, visitors to the French Quarter in New Orleans would hear the music and the laughing voices coming from the house, or from the lush, jasmine-scented, high-walled, garden patio in the rear. The guests lived, always, in the most fashionable vehicles, but except for one day in the week, the inhabitants of the house on Bourbon Street never exited. On this special day, magnificent in

Brett Howard

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FOR SIX STRAIGHT DAYS OF SENSUAL THRILLS, TRY THE
WILD SPRING FERIA IN VERACRUZ!

RAZZLE-DAZZLE ORGY IN OLD MEXICO

Crazy... crazy. Night and day the marimbas beat out the same steady rhythm, and at first it is cacophony but in a couple of hours it gets to you, like a narcotic entering your bloodstream, and you find yourself joining the conga line weaving slowly through the mass of revelers crowding the streets, throwing confetti and streamers, wearing grotesque costumes and masks, and the music gets louder, more frenetic until the tropic night gives up to a gray dawn, and you tumble into a strange room with strange bedfellows for an hour's sleep while the same steady Latin rhythm throbs through your mind and body, and the smiling brown-skinned girl beside you runs her finger down your bare arm and asks, "What's your name...?"

THE SCENE TO MAKE is Veracruz, deep in the tropics of Mexico, the greatest thing to happen since our man Sigmund Freud invented sex.

In the spring of each year the town puts aside its staid colonial morality and lets itself go in a razzle-dazzle orgy lasting six full days and six full nights. The restlessness of the natives has become so notorious that the towns more than doubles in size, drawing its influx from the old and young hipster set of nearly every village, mart and hamlet in this country of sombreros and señoritas.

So far the carnival is little patronized by gringos from north of the border, but this is in the process of change. It's been "discovered," but those who've done the discovering aren't eager to let the word get about. It's too wild a thing to risk having a foreign tourist element descend and cool it.

The carnival, or *feria*, is to Mexico what Mardi Gras is to New Orleans, what *carnival* is to Rio, what *fastnacht* is to Cologne. It's the blow off of steam and inhibitions and libido prior to the cooling off period of Lent. But it makes these other festivals seem about as exciting as a vacation in a mineshaft.

With lifted eyebrows someone in Mexico City asks, "Ah, you are going to Veracruz for the music?"

"Yes, yes!"

Those who do come go away bleary-eyed and exhausted, still pulsing with the Latin rhythm that is to sex what gasoline is to fire. One young Canadian college student from Calgary happened on to the festivities three years ago. "I've been coming back every year since," he reports happily. "I go without beer and cigarettes to finance the trip. My parents think I'm safe in New Orleans for Mardi Gras."

Things get under way quietly enough. About Wednesday an old-fashioned country bumpkin carnival complete with

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by WILLIAM P. BROTHERS

RAQUEL WELCH, the Instant Venus

by Jack Matcha

Out of one movie and lots of publicity stills, she emerged a full-blown sex goddess

GROWING OUT OF A humming speck on the far horizon the sleek, high-powered speedboat flashed across the green Mediterranean sea headed straight for some murderous off-shore rocks.

As it bore closer to the beaches of the primitive fishing village on Spain's Costa del Sol, people watching it from the tiny quay could pick out a beautiful girl in a bikini as dazzling in its brevity as in its luscious green color. Like a proud, sensuous statue, she was perched high on the seat back.

At the last moment, with the horrified watchers gasping in helpless fascination as the craft neared the sharp rocks, the man at the wheel swung it over hard. The turn was so violent the girl was nearly catapulted into the turbulent waters.

The engine cut and on the crucial moment, the nose eased round, the boat purred through a slit in the rocks and bobbed up against the inside of the rocky inlet.

"Okay... this is where you get off," the young man sighed, indicating the white painted pedallo that had been towed in behind. From a gap in another formation of rocks close by came a delighted cry: "Cut! Just great... I'll buy that!"

Director Leslie Martinson had just bought himself the first take of Raquel Welch's new picture, *Fathom*.

Raquel threw her head back and roared with laughter. The sight of the beautiful girl laughing, her eyes full of childlike pleasure, her long hair falling across her pretty face, seemed to hypnotize the crew. Raquel Welch's laugh is a kind of miracle, like the stunning ribbon of Victoria Falls against sheer cliff or a brilliant sunset. None of the many onlookers could look away.

Suddenly Raquel yelled "Wowie!" and turned to her director, ready for the next shot. The crew seemed surprised. The sea sequence had not only been long, it had been rugged. On any other film, they would have expected a long break while the star and her many handlers freshened her, relaxed and caressed her ego. Not Raquel Welch. She seemed hardly winded and was ready to go on as soon as the

crew could catch their own breaths.

This endurance and determination to work hard, no matter how bone-tired she is, never fails to amaze her associates. If her face has become as easily identified as that of the prime minister in most countries, it is because she spends hours of her days off posing for photographers. When she was making her first big film, *Fantastic Voyage*, she spent five days a week working hard on the set and then used weekends to sit endless hours for magazine and freelance photographers. Raquel had learned from the old days

when she went from door to door in Hollywood trying to cop a small role, that the most forgettable item in the industry was a pretty girl. Hollywood is so full of beautiful girls that you are struck by an interesting ugly one. The prettier girls may land a bit part in a film, but by the next picture they've boarded the bus to Oblivion. There are just too many faces for a hard working casting director to remember. He forgets most of them in a week.

Raquel decided a long while ago that he wouldn't forget her, and unless he lives in an igloo in Spitzbergen and reads Pravda, there isn't much chance that he will. Her stunning face and figure are probably better known from Bangkok to Capetown than the musgs of most politicians. Her agents send her huge envelopes crammed with clippings and photos every day. She is already more famous than Betty Grable or Rita Hayworth were when they hung in G.I. barracks from Guadalcanal to Greenland. The only way to describe Raquel's trajectory from the Girl Next Door to Sex Goddess Number One is to call her an instant Venus. Only instead of rising full-blown out of a wine-dark sea, this goddess was born in a movie studio—out of those weekend stills and one released film.

Fantastic Voyage created as much excitement among viewers because of Raquel as it did because of its bizarre central idea. Studio chiefs predict that the same thing will happen with her other pictures.

Certainly *Fathom* should be no exception. The film adapted from a suspense novel soon to be published





In her latest flick, "Fathom," Raquel's body is just as fabulous in sky-diving togs as in a bikini

portrays Raquel in a new and exciting role. In *One Million B.C.* she played a Stone Age sexpot and in *Fantastic Voyage* she played a researcher who goes nosing around through the insides of a scientist in a rubber suit.

In *Fathom*, Raquel is a dental mechanic in London who fixes teeth for a living and hates it. Whenever she isn't poking at someone's dentures, she dreams of her pet hobby, sky diving. She leaps from a plane every chance she gets, and is ranked pretty high among the jumpers. In pursuit of her favorite sport, she goes down to Malaga on the southern coast of Spain where they're holding the world sky diving championships.

In Spain she runs into the usual gamut of unlikely characters. First she meets an Englishman in a sports car (Richard Briers) who takes her to a weird Scotchman with a wooden leg and a trailer loaded with military intelligence field equipment. It develops that the pair are looking for the trigger device to a sunken atom bomb. The bomb has been recovered but the trigger, known as Fire Dragon, is still missing. They need Raquel's help to locate it.

Raquel agrees, of course, and leaps into the garden of a couple of other spies (Tony Franciosa and Greta Chi). Unknown to these two Raquel has a secret transmitter in her helmet. The idea, of course is to bug the opposition. A grisly murder is thrown in for added impact. From this point on, the glamorous dental technician begins to operate as a full fledged spy. Her next job is to sneak aboard the yacht of an eccentric millionaire. Raquel is wearing an earring which is really a tiny hand grenade. At the opportune moment she tosses it in the ship's ventilator and the yacht is convulsed with boiler and engine room explosions.

If this begins to make Raquel sound like a female version of James Bond, rest assured that JB would be utterly out-classed in any rivalry between the two. Bond may be able to match Fathom (the picture's title is her first name) gim-

mick for gimmick and invention for invention, but when Fathom strips down to her bikini no secret weapon ever created for Bond could match her effect on the opposition.

At any rate *Fathom* has ample scenes of Raquel in a bathing suit as well as her sky diving togs and nobody will probably care too much about the plot anyway, as long as Venus is on camera. The fact is that the plot, involving as it does two sets of spies, each of whom tries to convince the beautiful heroine that they are the good guys, seems even more complicated than that of *The Maltese Falcon*.

But the script moves at a zippy pace, losing no opportunity to spoof the more pompous of the spy operas now deluging the screen. And it has some fascinating scenes.

Among these the sky diving sequences are visually the most exciting. They were made with the aid of Diane Parker, the British woman's sky diving champion. Watching the pretty 23-year-old English girl pirouette gracefully as she sails out of the plane high above the incredibly picturesque Spanish coast is an unforgettable sight.

These scenes will probably draw the greatest spectator interest, but the bullfight sequence may be close behind—and this one belongs wholly to Raquel.

At one point in the complex story Fathom escapes from the opposition spies' villa, slips through the gaunt-

let of the enemy and races toward the nearby town. In her panic, she runs into the empty bullring.

Her vivid red dress sets off a huge bull on the premises and she finds herself in a terrifying chase, her only outlets to safety sealed off by three enemy agents.

The resulting scene, in which Raquel runs from one barrier to the next, blocked at one end by an enemy agent and an enraged bull on the other, is easily one of the best in the picture, gnawingly suspenseful, yet strangely funny.

The film gave Raquel a strong dose of the rigors and aches of doing a production under primitive conditions. An





army of 130 people, including English and Spanish technicians, worked on the film, and at times it seemed as if the producer's task of getting them to work in unison would rival the monumental job of making *Lawrence of Arabia*.

Most of the exterior scenes were shot around the fishing village of Nerja, which is famous for its caves. A famous music festival is held in them every year. At night the star and the principals would usually return exhausted to the relative luxury of the Miramar Hotel on the shorefront at Malaga. But sometimes Raquel was compelled by the clock and the rigorous shooting schedule to seek local accommodations.

One night Raquel had to work so late that she had no time to return to the Miramar. The crew scouted the neighborhood, which isn't exactly on the tourist track (most of them went to the big, spankingly new hotels in Torremolinos, far down the road in the other direction). Finally they found a rather woebegone, ancient inn in the area and the bone-tired star took the available room gratefully. Shooting would start at the crack of dawn and she needed sleep.

Suddenly, something moving in the center of the bedroom arrested her drowsy eye. There on the floor of the chamber crawled the biggest cockroach she had ever seen in her life.

Raquel, who had just finished playing the role of a daredevil girl who sky dives into spy nests and jiggles explosive earrings as she walks, was absolutely terrified. She let out a shrill scream that could be heard down on the beach and brought the porter running.

The incident pointed up one thing. Contrary to most opinions, making movies in the field isn't exactly an unalloyed joy. The hours are long and hard, often from the earliest light until sundown. If it rains, as it has the habit of doing often on the Costa del Sol, everything can stop for the whole day or a couple of days and the schedule is shot to hell.

Raquel and her co-star Tony Franciosa were always amused when well-meaning friends kidded them about tak-

ing a glamorous vacation on the fashionable coast. Aside from the fact that they never got near the luxurious hotels and cafes and restaurants for which the Costa del Sol is famous, their maddening schedule left them no time for conventional sightseeing. The stars would have loved to take some trips to Gibraltar, less than a hundred miles away, or over to Tangiers on the tip of Africa, but the tight shooting schedule made it impossible.

Raquel, though, took it all in her stride. She obviously loved her role since it gave her a good chance to show her acting ability as well as her looks and shape. Despite the rigors of the location filming, she was usually cheerful and jumped into all her scenes with an infectious enthusiasm.

She gets along well with everyone and works harder than anyone else. In person, her dark good looks and that marvelous shape look even better than her pictures. Somehow I expected her to be taller than her five feet six inches, but her measurements easily make her the girl whom most lonely males would love to be marooned with on a desert isle. She weighs 118 pounds, and her dimensions are 37-22½-35½. She has beautiful long legs which make it seem incredible that she was once called "Birdlegs" because of her skinny gams.

When you meet her in person, you feel the strong sex appeal at once. Although she was born in Chicago and reared in San Diego, she could be either Italian or Spanish. She radiates the same kind of foreign allure that comes from Sophia Loren or Gina Lollobrigida. Like them, she has an amazing poise that can dissolve suddenly into a warm smile.

There is nothing aloof or Garbo-esque about her. She gets along well with fellow actors and tells you readily that she loves Rex Harrison, Stephen Boyd, Richard Burton, John Huston, James Coburn and Marcello Mastroianni. Similarly, she has high praise for Sophia Loren, Deborah Kerr, Shelley Winters, Kim Stanley, Natalie Wood, Yvette Mimieux and Ann-Margret.

The sloe-eyed brunette has a warm spot in her heart for Cary Grant. The veteran actor caught her one night on a television show and was immediately taken by her talent and beauty. In his characteristic way, Grant called the fledgling actress and complimented her on her timing and deft performance. Raquel, who loves to repeat the story, was deeply moved by the generous gesture from an artist whom she greatly admires.

She is generous in her thanks to people who have helped her. To Saul David, producer of *Fantastic Voyage* for instance, for giving her the role that brought her to worldwide attention; and of course to Patrick Curtis, her friend and personal manager, who has guided her career shrewdly since shortly after she arrived in Hollywood.

No one knows how far she can go, but her ambition is to fit the top and be known as a good actress — although the praise for her beauty doesn't faze her in the least, unlike many actresses who pout because they're touted for their looks rather than their histrionic talents.

"Beauty is a fabulous thing to possess; too many don't have it," Raquel said on the set of *Fathom*. "Maybe too many people worship it because of its rarity."

There's no doubt that Raquel Welch has it. But she is also eager to be known as more than a pin-up girl, and it is more than likely that *Fathom*, with its spy-spoofing and comedy sequences, may launch her as a deft comedienne. Something that never happened to Betty Grable or Rita Hayworth. ☺



Raquel on Beauty: "It's a fabulous thing to possess . . . Too many people worship it because of its rarity . . ."

If (as you might be inclined to do under similar circumstances in the United States) you were foolish enough to attempt a half-hearted apology at the rapidity of your conquest, she would either think you "quaint," "mad," "hypocritical" or "stupid." Most likely, with a great deal of genuine puzzlement, she would ask you, "Why should you feel guilty? You wanted me. I wanted you. Is that bad?"

Like so many other Swedish girls today, Jolene is not adverse to discussing what Sweden's sexual revolution has done for her. When she was six years old, her compulsory sexual education in school began. By the time Jolene was eight, she was aware of the difference between males and females, exactly how females became pregnant, and what to do—in the case of a female—to keep from becoming pregnant. By the time she was eleven, she could—and did—check out several books on sexual techniques from the library. She lost her virginity at the age of 13; she has never regretted it.

Jolene has known many men. She shrugs, the sheet slips from her shoulders uncovering one warm alabaster breast. "Perhaps thirty? Maybe . . . thirty-five." She smiles to herself, and memories move across her face like sunlight and shadows. She has fallen in love "three times." She hopes someday to love a man enough to get married and have his children.

This is Jolene, one of the more spectacularly successful products of Sweden's sexual revolution.

ALTHOUGH THE SWEDISH government and various interested social groups began pushing individual sexual freedom in the mid-thirties, it was not until 1946 that the first real steps toward a massive psychological and sociological revolution were taken. This was the year that sex education in the schools became mandatory for all students and all ages. Today, the results can be seen throughout all of Sweden. They are rather startling to some American travelers—completely incomprehensible to others.

In April of last year (1966) Dr. Joachim Israel, a professor at the University of Stockholm, went on national television for a short talk to Swedish teenage girls. His message: "Do not allow yourself to become unnecessarily pregnant. Do not permit yourself to become ill. Boys are often careless, so you must always carry contraceptives in your purse. They're just as important as lipstick."

Contraceptives are easier to buy than chocolate bars or cigarettes. They are sold in grocery stores, chemist shops, tobacco shops, newsstands, and through vending machines. Twenty-three contraceptive dispensing machines were counted in the restrooms—male and female—of the University here.

Contraceptive posters are prominently placed on streets, bulletin boards and buses; some are merely manufacturers' advertising, some are public service posters put out by RFSU (National Union For Sexual Information). One such poster shows a tearful girl and the tragic face of a boy with the message: "CAN SHE TRUST YOU?" At the bottom of the poster is a slogan, "Have a safe and happy holiday together with the products of RFSU." You are not quite sure whether the girl in the poster is supposed to be pregnant or has just learned she has a social disease. Or both!

Most teenage girls, and women, carry prophylactics in addition to taking a birth control pill. The reason is the same as in the United States. Use of the pill has given females more sexual freedom, and, unfortunately, this in-

crease in freedom has also resulted in a wildfire spread of venereal disease. The prophylactics—while not foolproof—do cut down on the number of VD cases.

Today, Sweden's revolution shows signs of broadening on all fronts. Originally it was intended for sexual freedom between a male and a female. One male and one female!

On the best selling list, however, in Stockholm's book stores is *Ju fler vi ar till sammans* ("The More People There Are Together"). The book, which might be called a very sexy *Games People Play*, is a manual for group erotica.

Its preface explains exactly what it is all about: "This textbook discusses some of the various ways of practicing group sex. Most of these games are already well-known, but some will probably be unfamiliar to a Swedish audience. My policy, as a general rule, has been to deal solely with heterosexual positions, since I intend to devote another book to homosexual group activities."

"It is also my hope that this textbook will be a first step toward a more active life, both socially and among already established groups of good friends. Its purpose is principally to popularize erotic group work and, by putting it within the reach of the general public, make it more democratic." The preface ends with the admonition, "Remember this: a good group workout makes you live longer."

A diagram of one of these "group activities" shows the positions and indicated job of each participant. Its climax can best be described as being similar to a riot in a Spanish fly factory. Taken as a whole, these Swedish "group activities" make, by comparison, the average American wife-swapping party look like a joint meeting of the D.A.R. and the American Bankers Association!

THERE IS, IT WOULD SEEM, something for everyone in this modern Sweden. The homosexuals complain about misunderstanding and persecution almost as much as they do in the United States; yet there is no doubt whatsoever that their lives are much easier in Sweden. Classified advertisements in various newspapers come right to the point. One newspaper has different column headings, in much the same manner as our "Help Wanted" advertisements.

One such ad read, under the heading of "Male Needed": "I am forty-three, very masculine, and considered attractive. I am lonely because a companion of twelve years recently moved away. I have two cars, a townhouse at Saltsjobaden and a summer place at Visby Island. A delightfully agreeable and youthful houseboy also handles the cooking chores. I seek to contact a cultivated, sensitive man who likes art, music and travel. Preferably, he should be a graduate of a university. Please write Box 322."

Another reads: "I am desolate. My friend was killed in a motorcycle accident. I am tall, young, and like brewing sports activities. M." The "M" at the ends designates masochistic. Still another: "Is there a man, or couple, who would care to teach me the art of massage. I am 24, muscular, and a sailor who will be confined to port until the ice lifts."

Openly sold at bookstores and newsstands are homosexual publications, the most notable of which are "P" and "Eos." Both these periodicals run candid articles and photographs on homosexual activities. Times and places of various meetings are listed. Both have voluminous classified and display advertisement sections. In "P" one ad described

/turn the page

A column of puffs, praise and phooeys from the readers of KNIGHT



LOSER LOVER

In KNIGHT, Vol. 5, No. 11, you had a yarn by Rick Rubin that is the absolute end. It was "Confessions Of A Frequent Loser". Boy! Move over, Jack Kerouac. This guy Rubin writes with power and a nutty kind of conviction that I love. Let's see more of him.

Stan Grant
Colton, Calif.

We agree. Look for more Rick Rubin in the very near future.

• • •

HOPEFUL TRAVELER

My thanks to you for printing the article by John Brunner (KNIGHT Vol. 5, No. 11) about London's Soho. My company is sending me to England this spring. What they don't know is that after reading Brunner's piece, they are also sending me to Soho.

Anticipating
New York City, N.Y.

Dear Ant,

Go with our blessings and have fun, but read the article carefully. There was a dreadful bit about American tourists getting caught in vice raids... remember?

• • •

RACE FUN

As a sometimes reader of your magazine, I was pleased to encounter an article in your Number 11 issue pertaining to the racing driver, Stirling Moss. Having followed the sport for many years I can truthfully say Moss was perhaps the best of his breed, and every word he spoke in your magazine is utterly true. I've seen them all, from Jim Clark, Graham Hill, back to Louis Mayer in 1928, and Moss was undoubtedly the best. More auto articles?

George Mannering
Greystone Hall, Leeds, G.B.

Thank you for your fine note about Moss. From what little we know, we're inclined to think he was the best too! Did you know that (in his prime) he was able to take in all the instruments on the dash... make sense of them, that is... without taking his eyes from the road? As to the future, we've got a piece upcoming on the sport that we know you'll love.

• • •

DOUBTER

In that last issue of KNIGHT (Vol. 5, No. 11) you had a thing by fiction writer Harlan Ellison that was all about how women ain't worth a damn no more, and that they got all the balls today, an all. Phooey!

Sam Gorgenshen
La Porte, Minnesota

Sam, sweetie, the word is spelled "PHOOEY".

• • •

SWEDISH WAY OF SEX, from page 19

the male's physical attributes together with a measurement in centimetres which could allude to only one thing.

Another publication — this one a two volume travel book — could very well be called the "Michelin Guide" for homosexuals. It tells them where to go for action and entertainment, where to stay, where to drink, where to eat, what to wear, and it lists various homosexual hangouts throughout the world. Europe has one volume to itself. The rest of the United Nations is contained in the second volume.

(It is interesting to note that under the chapter entitled "North America," San Francisco listings beat out New York by almost a two-to-one majority. Hollywood — in spite of all its "gay" publicity — comes in a poor seventh.)

Another best selling book in Sweden today is Dr. Lars Ullerstam's *Sexual Minorities*. Now in its fifth printing, the book calls for liberalized legislation concerning pervers. In the introduction to the third printing, Dr. Ullerstam editorializes: "The sexual liberation which has taken place in Sweden during the course of this century has done nothing for sexual deviates. We have given birth to a society in which so-called healthy people are now the sexually privileged."

A reform program offered by Dr. Ullerstam calls for public agencies where deviates may make sexual contacts, free space for classified advertisements by pervers in all major newspapers, state run brothels, traveling brothels, clubs for Peeping Toms and exhibitionists, free pornography, manuals of sexual instruction for homosexuals, and governmental sponsored erotic technicians who will administer to the needy pervers. In line with this thinking, plans are being drawn for a public theater where masturbation will be permitted.

A new magazine *Expedition '66* — slanted toward Swedish females — made its first appearance in Stockholm last summer (1966). In a no-holds-barred interview with French periodical *Trench Mortar* ("Crapouillot"), Nina Estin, the editor of this new women's magazine, is quoted as saying that her publication will "offer men the opportunity of asserting their own beauty and displaying their potential as erotic objects attractive to women." Mrs. Estin went on to comment that her magazine was going to "provide women with the aesthetic, erotic and artistic stimulation and inspiration necessary for their full development in modern society."

In other words, *Expedition '66* plans to run photographs of well-built, well-endowed males, without veil, loincloth, or jockstrap. It may herald the beginning of a new industry in Sweden — male falsies for photographs!

Someone once paraphrased an old saying of Mark Twain's, "Everyone talks about sex, but no one does anything about it." That might be true in the United States and other "backward" countries, but it certainly isn't true here in Sweden today.

The Swedes not only are talking about it, but doing it. In several different ways! Where their sexual revolution goes from here is anybody's guess.

There is only one other question to ask: "Jolene... you aren't going to make me walk through those snowdrifts back to my cold and lonely hotel room?"

Her laugh is husky, sensual. She slouches to the side of her bed. She smiles. Outside, the snow is falling, but this one little part of Sweden is warm.

Quite warm... thank you. ☺

Q How did you recruit employees?

A Well, they also have laws against advertising for help, and if you get caught shanghaiing girls you could get two to 20 years in the can. Mostly, I relied on the pimps to bring their girl friends or wives over. I started with only three girls, but they were real hustlers. I gave them as fair a shake as they could get anywhere. I let them keep 40 per cent of their take — that's less room, board and wardrobe — and left the rough stuff to their pimps. A good many of the girls get their kicks from being roughed up anyway, and a lot more either booze too much or chippy with drugs and had to be kept in line. Twelve were the most girls I ever had at any one time.

Q What were your rates?

A That depended on circumstances — how much of the girl's time a customer took up, how many drinks were on the tab at the end of the evening, how much the guy could afford, and so on. The range was from about \$20 to \$200, I'd say.

Q At those prices, did you have many regular customers?

A Always. The average income in Nevada is close to the highest in the country. You can rack that up to the big tourist trade in gambling and divorce, and to the tax break. People in Nevada don't have to pay any state income tax, sales tax or inheritance tax, and very little corporation tax. They have a lot of money to spend.

Q How many customers did your girls usually accommodate in the course of an evening?

A That varied from practically none on a bad night to, oh, I'd say up to 30 apiece — no pun intended — on good ones. A lot of the girls had their own specialties and built up regular followings. I found out early in the business that it pays to operate that way, and that it's a good idea to have a couple of oddballs in the house — you know, sadists and masochists. You're always running across customers who have to slap a girl around, or be slapped around themselves, before they can get going.

Q Did your place, and others like it, have regular police protection?

A Yes. A city patrolman usually hung around the entrance.

Q Who were your customers?

A Besides the local crowd, we got a lot of tourist trade from Vegas and places like that. Our steadiest customers were married men with families. We got the usual run of businessmen and laborers, and little boys learning how to be men. Sometimes we'd get the far-out, save-the-world type who'd either burst into tears after a turn with a girl and swear he'd never have sex again, or else try to marry her.

By the way, there's one statute on the books I'll never forget: It's number 201.370 and says, "Every male person who shall habitually resort to any house of prostitution shall be guilty of a gross misdemeanor." Did you ever hear anything as silly as that?

Q What sort of medical arrangements does the state require for its prostitutes?

A A doctor regularly checks out the girls to make sure they haven't picked up any venereal diseases they can spread around to the other customers. That's one of the reasons people in Nevada like having the houses. Men don't bring home VD from them like they might from affairs with

pickers or so-called nice girls.

Q How did people living near your establishment feel about your being there?

A I can't speak for the wives, but the husbands loved it. Actually, I think a good many of the wives were glad to have us, too. Besides not having to worry about their men bringing home some kind of disease, they'd rather have them playing around with the girls at our places than with the "respectable" type that breaks up homes. A lot of people believe that legal prostitution keeps down the number of rapes in the state, too. Another thing, having the men out from underfoot all the time gives the wives and girl friends time to go out and prowl around themselves if they want to.

Q Did irate citizens ever try to have your place closed?

A Once a tight-lipped old biddy threatened to burn the place down, but when I told her that it would be the best advertisement my girls could get, she stalked away and never bothered me again. I made damned sure the girls never stole from the customers or broke any law that could get us closed. Those girls had to learn how to get stuff from their customers without rolling them or creating a disturbance.

The only time we were closed was during World War II, about two years after I opened the place. The U.S. War Department had prostitution outlawed until the end of the war. The day the houses closed was locally called "the day of the triumphant spinsters."

Q What did you do for the duration of the war?

A Officially, I closed the house and ran a private introduction club for lonely servicemen. I didn't ask what they did after I introduced them to the girls and collected their fees. Girls from the other houses mostly worked the bars and hotel lobbies or, if they were really bad off, the streets.

Q After the war when certain local politicians had prostitution banned in their counties, was your business affected?

A It sure was. Every time the houses were closed in one county, the other counties' businesses usually doubled or tripled. I remember there was one young district attorney who bitterly opposed the houses — or maybe just sex in general — who tried his best to close up the places in the town of Searchlight. He managed to get a few of its citizens to sign a complaint against the houses, but over 70 others signed protests against closing them.

There was what you could call a real on-again, off-again red light debate about it, and the D.A. — we called him Tom Sawyer — persuaded the county commissioners to revoke the licenses of every taxi driver caught pandering. The drivers went to the commissioners and claimed they were being discriminated against. They got the ordinance reversed so that it only applied to drivers who had already been convicted of pandering. As I recall, that ended the matter.

Q How did you meet your husband?

A I met him when he came to Nevada to attend a convention. His wife had died a few months before, and he was pretty gloomy. He hadn't particularly wanted to come to my place, but some of his buddies had talked him into it. Anyway, while the girls took care of his friends, he sat at the bar and we struck up a conversation. I could see he was a nice guy, college-educated and smart, but unhappy about something. I kept myself loose and the conversation

Turn to page 47



WINTER HAD BECOME a dying old man. A hot late March sun was killing him, reducing the snow on his mountain ski trails to mush, saturating his falling snow with water. Mitch, faced with the choice of heading west to someplace like Aspen or calling it a season, was morose. But not me. Not for a minute. I'd been bouncing up and down every mountain road in the Northeast all winter, freezing my tail off because Mitch preferred to spend his money on skiing instead of a new heater for his TR.

Aside from learning that I could exist while being permanently cold, my only accomplishments all winter had been growing a ragged beard, twisting an ankle, consuming so much booze and so many cigarettes that I awoke each morning to a gray burned-out emptiness — an emptiness which I immediately refilled with more booze and cigarettes — and, lastly, trying with damned little success to get half the ski bunnies in five states into bed without making all the traditional promises of love and marriage.

All in all, I'd had a bad time and I was ready to move on. So was Mitch — reluctantly. We were cutting out in the morning, our destination as yet unknown. But first there was a night ahead, and Mitch had heard of a jazz session. Next to skiing, he dug good jazz as much as anything around. I could take or leave the sounds, but I was always willing to tag along for the booze.

The spot Mitch took me to was just like all the others — resurrected something-or-other that was now a gold mine for some small town shrewd. It was layered with the usual ski people — boys and girls — six or seven deep everywhere, still in their colorful bulky sweaters, drinking and sweating and sizing each other up. Above their din, on a postage stamp-sized platform, five guys in striped blazers and straw skimmers were playing bad Dixieland.

Mitch looked like he'd been knifed. "Dixieland?"

"Al Hirtsville," I said.

"Let's go," he said. "Let us exit." Mitch spun in the doorway, starting back toward the TR.

"As long as we're here . . ."

"I don't need . . . that," he said.

"I know, but I could use . . . you know."

Mitch looked like he'd been knifed.

"Damn drunk," he said. "Okay. Just one. You hear, Jim?"

There was one empty seat at the bar, and I let Mitch have it. I took a cheap but potent blend with my water, and he ordered Scotch. Real class, that Mitch. He's got that un-failing taste that only the rich and well brought up have, even when the music stinks. Standing behind him, I turned and made my routine check of the girls present. I was hemmed in by a couple of cardigans and a turtleneck, limiting my vision somewhat.

As it turned out, though, there was no reason to look beyond the little blonde sitting at a table no more than ten feet away. No, you wouldn't top *that* in a dozen rooms full of girls. What caught my eye was that she didn't look at all like a skier. She was a *girl*, damn it, with lots of nicely washed hair and an honest to goodness dress and stockings and heels. She was good looking in a girlish way, too, not one bit ski bunny athletic or business office mannish. Just pretty.

She had a friend, of course. They always do. And, double of course, the friend was a dog. Well, not a dog, but a plain girl who probably had been rejected by boys so often she had given up on herself. Occasionally, there were compensating factors — keen minds or witty tongues or — dream of dreams — hot little bodies. All I had to do was convince Mitch of that.

—turn the page

*She was good, fast and
easy—too easy
to be all true . . .*

A Piece Of Pie

by Wayne C. Ulsh

"I definitely want another drink," I said to him.
"Mercy," he said. "My ears are hemorrhaging."
"Forget your ears and give your eyes a workout," I said.
"Look there. Look what I found."
Following my finger, Mitch found the blonde, too. He grinned, waved at the bartender and said, "Two more."
"Now before you get all lathered up," I said. "I saw her first."

The grin disappeared. He turned, re-examining the table.
"I'll cancel the drinks," he said.
"Now wait," I said. "There must be a saying . . . a book is not known by its cover, or something like that."
"Yeah. Sure. That beast with her is, underneath all that ugliness, a delicate flower, waiting for a . . . a ray of sunshine so that she can unfold her petals and astound the world with her beauty."

"Beauty is only skin deep?" I offered.
"Cráp."
"Cráp," I agreed. "Okay. So do me a favor, Mitch. I can't go over there alone."
"Okay," he said, sighing. "Skin hound."
Weaving between bodies, we approached the table. The blonde looked up, smiling.

"May we . . . uh . . . join you?" I asked.
"There don't seem to be any chairs," she said quickly, still smiling.
"That can be taken care of," I said. I'd already spotted two empties several tables away. I went and got them.
"Okay," I said, returning.
"Well . . . as long as you have the chairs, we have the table."

I sat down beside the blonde, letting Mitch struggle to the other side of the table where her friend was. We introduced ourselves. My blonde's name was Jeanne. *Jeanne*, I thought. Very right. Very small town American. Her friend was Louise, which somehow seemed right, too. I tried an opener.

"You're not skiers. Right?"
"Right," Jeanne said. Good. She picked the talk right up. Nothing hesitant about her thus far. I pressed on.
"You just like to drink."
"And listen to good music," Mitch added, scowling.
"Don't mind him," I said. "He has no taste."
Jeanne laughed. Louise fussed with her drink.
"The answer to both of you is yes," Jeanne said. "This is our home."

"This bar?" Mitch said.
I kicked him under the table.
"No," Jeanne said, enjoying it. "This town. Mercer. We live here."

"Mercer?" I said.
"Don't say it like *that*," she said. "It may be small, but we know the score here."
Mitch seemed to accept that, and I silently congratulated myself. I ordered four drinks from a passing waitress and thought, so far, so very good.

"So what do you do here?" I asked Jeanne. "I mean during the day."
"We work."
"You've heard of that," Mitch said to me.
"My Daddy owns a factory," Jeanne went on. "So it's very convenient. I'm a secretary there. So's Louise."
Daddy's loaded, I thought. *Daddy owns a whole god-*

"What do you do?" Jeanne asked me.
"We . . . ah . . . we're between jobs right now."
"Oh?"
"Have been for a year now," Mitch said.
Jeanne looked at him, then at me.
"Sort of like Kerouac . . . on the road," she said, tapping a cigarette from a pack. She put the cigarette in her mouth, and I stretched a lighter over to her.

Kerouac, I thought. Well, she was a decade late, but in the right ballpark. She leaned toward me to light her cigarette, and I saw her breasts press against her dress. All right there, too. Yeah, Jeanne was looking better every second.

"If I may ask," she said, blowing smoke, her head tossed to one side, "what do you do for money?"
"We steal a lot," Mitch said.
"We got out of the army a while back," I said. "I saved some when I was in. And Mitch here sends a wire to his Daddy when he gets low."

"I don't know when you two are kidding and when you're being serious," Louise said. She speaks, I thought. That was something.

"That's the way we like it," Mitch said. He was studying Louise now, wondering — I hoped — what she looked like undressed.

"Well," Jeanne was saying. "It sounds like a good life, but don't you ever want to settle down somewhere?"

"You mean, like in Mercer?" Mitch asked. He said it sarcastically, as only he could. Jeanne had wandered into a sensitive area. Mitch didn't even want to think about settling down. He'd die before he'd settle down. I don't know why he felt that way. Perhaps he'd seen too much respectability, lived too much of the proper life. We'd never discussed Mitch's world prior to the army. But it must have been bad.

Anyway, his remark had silenced Jeanne. He'd neatly kicked over the stairway I'd been building to her bedroom. Screw him! Maybe three years in Mitch's pocket was enough. Soon, I'd be smelling like him. One of these days, I thought, I was going to tell him to take his goddam frigid TR and blast right down the nearest highway and out of my life. Who needed him anyway? Here was this sharp chick with lots of moxie and a rich old man in what was probably a nice enough little town where a guy with tired feet could stop running and build a home and raise three kids, two girls and a boy and . . . well, Christ, Mitch wasn't going to get a wild hair up his ass and botch this one.

But he was trying. He was on his feet. He wanted to go.
"This so-called music is giving me a headache," he said.
"Jim? Shall we?"

"We shall not."
"Suit yourself. It's a long walk back to our motel."
I looked at Jeanne, imploring her, letting her know that I didn't want it to end yet. *Not now. Not like this.*

She looked up at Mitch, using that pretty smile.
"If the noise is all that's bothering you," she said. "I happen to have a very quiet apartment. Why don't we all go there?"

She was beautiful. Beautiful.
I was on my feet. "Fine," I said. "Mitch? Come on, you bastard. Come on, come on, come on."
"The drinks are free," Jeanne said. "You'll come, Louise. Won't you?"
Louise. Louise wasn't sure. Why should she? I thought

What was in it for her? A frantic struggle to retain her respect on a darkened couch? She had to know Mitch didn't really care about her. If she went, it would be because she had decided to try one more time anyway — maybe this boy. Or she'd be doing it for Jeanne, just like Mitch had to do it for me. A couple of good sports. They could play gin rummy while Jeanne and I had intercourse.

"I suppose so," Louise said, after what seemed an endless pause.

"Good then," Jeanne said. "It's settled."

It was. Mitch gave in, begrudgingly. Outside, waiting for Jeanne to bring her car around from the parking lot, he said, "If that dog doesn't let me in her pants . . ."

"She's ready," I said. "Frustration if ever I saw it."

"Balls."

JEANNE DROVE A Le Mans. Too much. Cozied up next to her in the front seat, my hand on her thigh, outside her leg, it came to me that I was going to score. No question. This one was a piece of pie all the way. I began to think about it and I put my hand under her dress. She didn't stop and I worked my hand upward along the warm smooth lin, stopping against the heat and silkiness of her panties. I had been a long winter. I was sliding my mouth down long her shoulder to her breasts, my eyes closed, sinking to a reverie of the senses, when I heard Mitch swear. It isn't a nice word at all.

I heard Louise say no, then say it again, and I sat up, astounded and stared into the gloom of the back seat. I found Mitch's dark form, shot an arm out, caught his leg and squeezed hard.

"Ouch. You shit. What . . . ?" He pushed forward, and I raised my hand to the front his shirt, grabbed and pulled him toward me.

"Treat her decent, damn it," I said. "For once in your life do an unselfish thing."

I don't think anyone had ever said anything like that to me. The rest of the way to Jeanne's apartment, he didn't say a word or make a move.

Once we arrived at the apartment, we didn't lose much time with preliminaries. Jeanne turned on one light, that the kitchenette: drinks were mixed, records dropped onto the turntable. I pulled Jeanne down into a lounge chair, leaving the couch for Mitch and Louise. They still weren't talking, and I remember thinking, well, we're here now, so it isn't matter what they do or don't do. At one point I saw Louise looking at me, rather sadly, and it occurred to me that maybe she wanted me instead of Mitch. I was too occupied with Jeanne to give it any further thought. Within fifteen minutes, we had agreed it was time to move to her room. A piece of pie all the way.

She didn't need any instructions. She had her clothes off immediately, coming to me before I was out of mine. She stepped, and we sat down on the bed, our hands exploring that first wondrous moment of discovery. Both of us were too excited to prolong it. We rolled over, and Jeanne's sweat was hot and urgent in my ear. Our bodies joined, led, pulsed. I stiffened, biting off a moan of pleasure. I then—too soon—it was over for me.

We relaxed slowly, our cooling bodies still close. We laughed and laughed softly, giddy with pride and pleasure. I had been too long since the last time, I thought, and almost too infrequent and never, never like this. Before, I'd been guilty afterward, or indifference, or simple tired-

turn the page

Editor's Notebook

THE PHOTOGRAPHS of Jane Fonda in this issue (front and back covers and pages 13-14) were taken by photographer Jack Jaecin under the direction of famed French movie-maker Roger Vadim, who is also the star's husband (they're shown together below.)



The project was undertaken as a reaction to the publication of some photos of Miss Fonda in an American magazine last year. It seems those pictures had been snapped without Vadim's permission on the set of the couple's husband (they're shown together left). The latest film, *The Game Is Over*. This so enraged the director that he obtained a court injunction in Paris ordering all copies of the magazine to be seized in that city. He then decided to have another photo series of Miss Fonda done for publication—this time with his personal seal of approval. Since Vadim is the man who discovered (and was once married to) Brigitte Bardot, and whose movies (such as *And God Created Women* and *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*) are erotic classics, he is an expert at photographing beautiful women. We're very happy to bring you his views of Miss Fonda.

"Pretty Maggie Moneyeyes" (page 6) is Harlan Ellison's most recently written story. Over the past four years, KNIGHT has printed much of Ellison's new work, including, to name but the most recent appearances, "Punky and the Yale Men," "Delusion for a Dragonlayer," and "Ladybug." Several tales which first saw publication in KNIGHT ("Maggie" included) appear in Ellison's new short-story collection, *Love Ain't Nothing But Sex Mistitled*, which Simon and Schuster will bring out in hard cover. This issue we'd like to bring you Ellison's comments concerning "Maggie"—and who Maggie really is.

"Joe Levine had blown the cast of 'The Oscar,' which I had written for Las Vegas, for Tony Bennett's opening at The Riviera. Tony was in the film, his first straight dramatic role, and Levine had planned himself a million dollars worth of publicity. I went along for the ride. Vegas is a town I particularly loathe. It represents for me everything vulgarly ostentatious and transitory in The American Way Of Life. It's a cheap punk's dream of Heaven. It's the jaded housewife's illicit love affair. It's where the sloppy craftsmanship of his social security dole after twenty years of making sub-standard machine parts on an assembly line. It's neon horseshit. I was sitting at one of the blackjack tables in the Riviera's casino (through which you have to pass if you want to eat, go to your room, see a show or take a leak) when I felt a hand on my shoulder. It was about three a.m. I looked up from a disastrous eight and seven, and saw a chick I had known in LA. She smiled and sat down next to me. I'd dated her several times back in the city, but here she was with all that mass of golden thread piled atop her head, the fine body jabbed into an assembly line that had never come from J. C. Penney, the smile pointed onto the face with as much care as the antenna-like eyelashes. Call her Shawn, it's her name. We talked awhile, and I learned she was now dancing in the chorus at the Riviera. She had the legs for it. There was a lot of hooey and after the later, I found myself alone in my room, I couldn't sleep. I was thinking about Shawn. She was a scene, all by herself. A chick who could pluck into an assembly line, I heard one of the croupiers talking to a customer about a young chick who had had a heart attack and died, while playing the slots. The two elements clicked, like the cylinders of a one-armed bandit, revolving in my skull, and I waited patiently for the third one to start clicking so I could see if they came up three bells, a winner. The third element was Vegas itself, as it turned out. The catalyst of greed it produces in everyone's system. The number whirled, and the three bells came up, and I sat down at my typewriter, still wearing pajama bottoms. It was part of that 'later' I was talking about. I wrote for eight hours in the blast of a desert-oriented air conditioner, I wrote 'Maggie.' I caught pleurisy. I came back to Los Angeles and went right into the hospital. I haven't seen Shawn since. Maybe the ghost of Maggie got me. How about that?"

Ellison will be back in the next issue of KNIGHT with an article inquiring "Whatever Happened to the Girl of Easy Virtue?" The fiction department will spotlight an exciting adventure story by Clive Stoddard called "Blood on the Ice." And, of course, we'll have many pages on beautiful girls, including one sexy blonde with the intriguing nickname of "Sun." Don't miss KNIGHT Vol. 6, No. 1!

ness, even disgust. But not with Jeanne. That chemistry had been there, that mutual attraction, desire and compatibility.

I lighted cigarettes for both of us, and with my first intake of smoke I felt the first twinge of doubt. Jeanne had been too fast, too good, too easy. Hadn't she? But no, I thought. No, not this time with this girl and I touched her soft stomach, saying, "Better pinch me."

She did, rolling against me, laughing wickedly.

"Ouch. Not there, you dope."

"Oh," she said. And then: "Oh, oh." She gave a small shudder of . . . delight?

"Jim, it was good for me. Was it for you?"

"Wonderful."

"Good."

"I thought there for a while in the bar we'd never make it."

"Yes. Your friend Mitch, what's with him?"

"Well," I said, "I did get the best peach in the basket."

"Poor Louise."

"What's with her?"

"I don't know. She's not very pretty. Or . . . or anything else. I guess. I've tried to help, to build up her confidence. You know. I've even gotten her a job and dates. God, the dates. But it hasn't helped much. Right now I feel sorry for her, but I sure wouldn't trade places with her."

Jeanne sounded strangely distant, almost as if she was trying to resolve something within herself. I thought of Louise.

"That's enough talk," I said, putting out my cigarette. I took Jeanne in my arms again, slowly stroking and kissing her body and face until the heat rose in us, and we slid together for a second time.

"Jim," she said in the middle of it, "you mustn't think I'm bad. I'm not a bad girl."

"No."

"I want you, that's all. I want to keep you here with me. Please stay, Jim."

"Yes . . . we'll see . . . Mitch . . ."

"I can give you more than Mitch, can't I? Can Mitch do this? Or this?"

"Baby."

"I can't help it. I want you."

"Then take me," I said.

She did. This time completely, fully, draining me, leaving me exhausted. But happy. I lay quietly, my mind full of her. She had given me everything I'd been denied all winter. I thought of her wanting me, and of her Daddy's money and of Mercer, picturing quiet streets lined with ancient elms, and old rambling homes with musty unused bedrooms and creaking swings on their front porches. I saw mop top boys running on broad green lawns and small blonde girls with snow melting in their hair and their cheeks flushed with cold. How, I asked myself, how had I survived bouncing over every pot-holed highway between New York and California in Mitch's TR, eating grubby meals in greasy diners, sacking out in maggoty motels? For one, two, three years—in and out of the army—every tomorrow had been a bleak repeat of every yesterday and today, their only promise, uncertainty, their only fulfillment, emptiness.

I wanted to say yes now. I wanted to say yes to Jeanne, to love, to Mercer, to the whole goddam beautiful bit.

"Jeanne," I said, getting out of bed. "Stay right there. I'm going to get some booze and we're going to celebrate."

"Celebrate what?"

"You'll see," I said, getting into my pants, tripping to the door. But the door opened before I got to it. Mitch stood there, silhouetted, a shaft of light streaming into the bedroom around him. A good reason, I thought. *You'd better have a goddam good reason for being where you are Mitch baby.* I tried to smile and said, "What's up?"

"Better get the rest of your things on," he said. He wasn't smiling. He wasn't even looking at me. He was looking at Jeanne.

"Now what the hell, Mitch? What is this?"

"You've been had, buddy," he said. "Your girl friend here is pregnant. Three months gone."

"What?"

"You've been taken, pal. Set up, made a patsy of."

"No," I said. "I don't believe you."

"Ask Louise. It was her guy who did it. Or ask her. Ask old hot pants there."

"Get out of here!" I screamed at him.

"I'll see you downstairs," he said. Mitch turned, and I watched him walk away, out through the apartment, now blinding with light. I shoved the door shut and turned to Jeanne. She had sat up on the bed, a sheet wrapped around her. Her eyes were wide open and she looked lost and frightened and confused.

"He wouldn't make a thing like that up," I said.

She let go of the sheet, got off the bed, and came over to me, painfully beautiful.

"Oh, Jim. It's not like he said. It's not that way at all."

"Just say yes or no. Are you pregnant?"

"I am. But . . ."

"Bitch. Rotten bitch."

I spun away from her, leaning over to pick up the rest of my clothing, but she came after me, locking her arms around me from behind.

"Jim. Please listen."

"I've heard enough."

I could feel the warm tears on my back. I broke away from her, putting my shirt on."

"I didn't do this to trap you," she said. "I really want you. I was going to tell you about being pregnant. Later. I was going to explain. I didn't want to scare you off."

She was crying now, hard, standing there, her body shaking, her face twisted and wet.

"Please don't go like this," she said.

"It's no good this way," I said. "I'd never be sure. It's all ruined, all messed up."

I turned and left, carrying my shoes in one hand, going out into the living room. I sat down and put on my shoes and when I looked up Louise was there.

"Jesus Christ," I said softly. I put my head between my hands.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I thought you should know. You seemed nice, decent. Like him. I was in love with the boy who made her pregnant. She never knew that. She took him away from me. She's got everything, but she had to have him, too."

I looked up at Louise, searching for something to say, wishing for words that would wipe out all the wrong things we'd done and all the misery we'd brought to ourselves. All I could say was that I was sorry, too, and then I went down the stairs to where Mitch was standing on the sidewalk.

"How the hell are we going to get back to that place to pick up my TR?"

"I don't know," I said, noticing how cold it was again.

"I don't give a shit." ☺

light.

For the next couple weeks, he made trips to see me almost every night. He told me about himself and his family, and asked if I'd consider selling the business and marrying him. He figured I suited him in about every way there is to be suited. I had over 75 grand in investments and a fairly large hunk of cash, but I liked the idea of becoming a society broad. Besides, I liked the guy. I still do.

The upshot was that I thought the proposition over for five minutes, and took him up on it before he changed his mind. I sold the place the next day, and we shuffled off for the marriage license singing. "Yes, we have no bordellos. We have no bordellos today."

Q Do your stepchildren know about your background?

A Hell no. Jim and I decided it was best not to talk about it to them or anyone else, society's puritanical morals being what they are. Before he brought me here, Jim took me to his place in Los Angeles where we spent some time cooking up a new background for me. We still spend very little time here. It's not likely that I'd bump into anybody who would know about me here, or who would care to admit it if they did, but I don't like to take unnecessary chances.

Q Do you feel that you have a good relationship with your stepchildren?

A Definitely. They're very bright, sophisticated young people, and I've become very fond of them. I doubt they'd mind how I made my money, which was as honest a way as most people make it, and I may tell them sometime. Meanwhile, I have been able to talk to them about their romantic problems in a way that most real mothers wouldn't have known how to do. Their father and I both hope they will all marry nice, normal, well-off mates.

Q Have you ever regretted leaving your business in Nevada?

A No, I haven't. On the other hand, I have no regrets about having been in it either. I didn't have money or background as my stepchildren do, but I did have a strong stomach and good business sense. As I said before, it was the business I was best equipped to handle. Now that I don't need it anymore, I like being genteel.

Speaking of the stepchildren, one of them will be home any minute and I don't want her walking in on this type of conversation. I'll have to ask you to excuse me. My tale, spelled t-a-i-l, has been told anyway.

AS MENTIONED during the interview, one of the most widely accepted arguments in defense of Nevada's legalized prostitution is that it reduces the incidence of criminal assault against other women in the state. Nevertheless, statistics indicate a higher percentage of forcible rapes in Nevada than in most of her 49 sister states. Another alleged attribute of legal prostitution is its potential for keeping venereal diseases to a minimum. Again, however, statistics do not seem to substantiate the claim.

In an effort to clarify both of these discrepancies, I telephoned Nevada Senator Alan Bible at the Senate Office Building in Washington. It developed that he was back home attending to other matters, so I spoke with his administrative assistant, Jack Carpenter.

On a defensive note, he began: "Natives are seldom in any kind of trouble, and it is transients who come to Nevada to work for six months or a year, and who are bums

in their own states, who are probably the cause of our fairly high rate of social diseases. You could compare it with Denver's high tuberculosis rate. The reason it is high is because so many people with tuberculosis go there."

While he did not choose to say any more on the subject, he did mention that the State Legislature had passed a bill leaving the continued existence, or closure, of houses of prostitution to the discretion of local authorities in the various counties. His concluding remark was: "Anyone can issue a complaint — just one person — and the county commission or the sheriff must close these houses." He did not add that they are closed as "public nuisances" and can be reopened as soon as the cited nuisance has been brought under control.

I next spoke with Tim Seward, assistant to Congressman-at-large Walter S. Baring who was also busy with affairs back home. Mr. Seward said that his office has no official view on laws pertaining to prostitution. As to prostitution itself, he said he would decline to comment, commenting: "Prostitution is a fact. We don't doubt it or criticize it. Besides, congressmen and senators deal with other matters. Those laws are up to the executive direction of the governor."

"Prostitution is regulated medically in the state, and it (prostitution) has been practiced throughout the state for years. Places that have been closed down and later reopened are operated on a tolerated basis. It is in the small towns — towns which have little tourist trade — where the houses are still open."

Let's one infer that tourists are wilfully discriminated against and must content themselves with milder amusements afforded by the gambling casinos of Reno, Las Vegas and Lake Tahoe, he should first be assured that this is not the case. Then, he should be apprised of the small town Nevada's reliance on the houses for entertainment.

The latter was poignantly illustrated in an article which appeared in a Beatty (Nevada) newspaper, and which was read to me by Mr. Seward. Lamenting the closing of Beatty's Willow Tree and Red Rooster brothels, one male resident was quoted as saying: "This means more to us than it would to people in most places. After all, we don't have television."

Equally plaintive protests were registered by 145 Beatty citizens and residents, or approximately one-third the total population, over the closure of the houses. Among those protesting were some of the community's leading figures, including a number of women.

The touchiness of most Nevadans over discussing their idiosyncrasies with outsiders was reflected in Mr. Seward's following remarks: "The publicity we get isn't fair. It doesn't do justice to the state, which is still pioneer in spirit. Why, we produced enough silver to finance the Civil War." And so they did.

Pioneering spirit or not, a good amateur astrologer might have been able to predict a gutsy nature for the state way back in 1864. It joined the Union that year and chose October 31, Halloween, to do it. ☺

(The author states: "Sources for Nevada's prostitution laws were obtained from the legal division of the Library of Congress. These laws, taken from books called Nevada Statutes, are available to the public and cover an extensive time period. I found most of the laws referred to specifically by the woman in my article in the 1963 edition."—Editor.)

AND YOUR SISTER TOOL, from page 107

Cynthia, the leggy blonde next door, invited us for drinks. She had a toddling son, an elderly sweet Virginian mother and a schoolteacher sister, Elizabeth. There were many pictures of her husband, Clay, a captain in the Air Force. He was the model *homo Americanus*, from Frank Merriwell to dashing young Douglas McArthur at West Point.

My patriotic D.A.R. bride almost drained her kidneys admiring the eagle of the football and battlefields. We had missed meeting him by a few hours. He had been home on furlough and had left early the morning after we moved in.

Dolly studied Captain Clay's pictures. "Oh, Cynthia dear," she said, "Clay's a gorgeous hunk of man! He's Cary Grant, Clark Gable and Gary Cooper rolled into one! How lucky you are — you must be mad about him — I don't blame you!"

I couldn't stomach that crap. I would have liked to put horns on the tall, handsome bastard.

Cynthia had one of those faces with a permanent expression of surprise. She talked as though she were running. "Clay flies the hump in India. I was pregnant. We had a house on Miami Beach. He brought home monkeys, parrots, snakes and codamunda bears. My backyard was a zoo. I poked the food into their cages with a long stick. They were males. All the nasty things did was eat, fight, mount each other, and play with themselves.

"There were hurricane warnings. People boarded up their houses and left. I was worried about Clay's awful creatures and stayed on. The hurricane hit and broke open the cages. My labor pains came. I called the police. There was murder going on in the backyard. The bears were after the monkeys. I picked up a broom and swatted the bears. The police car barely made it. Two policemen delivered me while the bears ate up the monkeys — nuts, guts — and feathers!"

Cynthia wanted to know why she dreamed nightly she was in an outhouse when from the empty seat beside her would rear up the head of a snorting white stallion.

There was the greasy, sullen fellow who had the apartment above Cynthia. He came weekends with a dame. Cynthia said, "He doesn't even say hello. He's either with the mafia or the F.B.I. I hear her kick off her high heels. A minute later his shoes hit the floor . . . one . . . two . . . then the bed sounds like it has asthma. He ought to oil the springs."

"She told us of a society woman she met at a bridge party. 'I visited her. She said, 'Cynthia, take a shower with me.' I told her I just came from the shower. 'That's all right,' she answered. 'Have one with me; then we'll go to bed, darling.' I didn't want another shower. Now, what did she have in mind?"

Cynthia was scrubbing the ceiling of her car. She explained, "I was driving along the highway, and picked up a babyface sailor. He worked his hand onto my knee. I read that when rapists are crossed they kill. Didn't say a word — turned on the radio — Roosevelt was making a speech. He played with himself — enormous — then he buttoned up and said, 'Do you mind if I smoke?' I shook my head. When he got off he tipped his hat and said, 'Thank you, kindly, ma'am.' Why do men play with themselves?"

HICKY NICKY dropped by, trying to make Elizabeth. He was full of odd knowledge: the population of Rangoon, Egyptian embalming methods, signs of the zodiac. We

went shrimping with him at the end of the pier. The shrimp leaped and skimmed the water in the glare of our lights as we netted them.

He tore off their cockroach-like heads, slipped off their shells and ate them raw. He considered himself a Floridian gourmet and offered to cook us raccoon, opossum, the giant tree-climbing crab and alligator sweetbreads.

Hicky Nicky took me to The Church Of The Second Coming. It was a long drive inland to the pine woods and glades of the hidden cracker world. In the moonlight the territory reminded me of the eerie landscape of Krazy Kat cartoons with its lumped shapes and brooding spaces.

On a clearing near a turpentine mill was the church, a barn. About three dozen groups arrived in pick-up trucks, by foot and in jalopies. They were a sallow, squint-eyed, towheaded lot seeming from another planet. But there was something inbred and weirdly sexually appealing about the thin, high-hipped, high-breasted, hunched, ratty-featured girls.

Congregated on benches in the barn they began slowly and innocently enough, singing "Happy Am I With My Redeemer," clapping and stamping.

Hicky Nicky went into his shout-preaching. He plunged through the Bible back and forth, confusing the Testaments, dates, characters and events. He had the Bible's harlots plying their wares in the Garden of Eden, St. Michael at the battle of Jericho, and Moses changing the Cana wedding water into wine, while the crackers continuously cried, "Hallelujah!"

Gallon tins of moonshine appeared. I joined in the prodigious drinking. The corn liquor had the taste of anti-freeze. Everyone became his own minister, holding incomprehensible dialogues with God. They shook and shimmied, jumped, danced and rolled in the dirt. There was an uncanny buildup of contagious rhythmic hysteria producing the most aphrodisiacal sensations.

The lights went out.

Hicky Nicky shouted, "Brothers and Sisters, Gee — zuz Kee — r — eye — st wants us to love and dick each other for His glory AND OUR SALVATION!"

Then began the wildest sex free-for-all, accompanied by an orgasmic baying of pornographic words. The shadows possessed fathers, mothers, husbands, wives, sons, daughters, brothers, sisters, relatives, friends, neighbors and strangers, drunk, with neither ages nor identities.

My head was pounding from the moonshine. I was whirled in an erotic vortex. I screamed the delighting obscenities with the rest. A female form lurched against me. I grabbed her. She might have been one of the little public girls with milky corn silk, or a sour sibylline croon. I'll never know. My senses were expanding and racing through the cosmos. I passed out cold.

I came to in Hicky Nicky's hearse. He had placed me in a casket. It was dawn. I was nauseated and covered with vomit.

As he drove, Hicky Nicky was whistling, "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition."

MY WIFE was a regular Medea towards other attractive women. I suspected that her cozy patronizing of Cynthia had some subconscious connection with Captain Clay. Her honey-tongued curiosity about Cynthia's star-spangled superman bugged me. The only women I'd trust were the unborn and the dead. Why should I trust a woman when I didn't trust myself?

Cynthia's mother, Mammaw, told Dolly the kind of crap she loved to hear: Clay's boyhood on the adjoining plantation. Black Ankle, in dear old "Virginny"; how good and charitable young "Mars" Clay was to the homely "negras" who would have laid down their lives in an instant for him; Clay "ramrod straight" in his Southern military school uniform "accourtin' Cynthia; gentleman Clay the champion athlete, Beau Brummel, ham radio operator, Rhodes scholar, shining and promising light of the State Department in Washington "Dee Cee," and Clay the spit-and-polish do-or-die fearless "Air Force aviator." And my wife did think Clay would make a stunning President in the White House, and what the hell not!

Cynthia was notified that Clay's plane had not returned from a mission and was presumed lost.

Dolly wept and went to church with Cynthia to pray. She had never seen the guy, but the way she carried on one would have thought it was I who was among the dead and missing in a far land.

As fed up as I was with the Captain Clay business, I had to keep my feelings to myself and pretend sympathy as the guy had sacrificed his life for our country. That wasn't the blessed end. A week later news came that sounded like a scenario for *Gung Ho*. Clay's plane had been shot down behind enemy lines. He was the sole survivor. He killed a whole Jap patrol and made his way over mountains, through jungles and across a desert, and was being flown back to the States very much decorated.

Wasn't there anything that manly charming bastard could do wrong? Did my wife have to exult and say, "I knew God would save Clay . . . he's too fine to die!"

Was I going to have to wear horns on my honeymoon?

CLAY CAME BACK, but not to his family. He stayed in Miami Beach and made it plain that he did not want to see Cynthia.

Then to my joy I discovered that Clay wasn't perfect! Dolly, Cynthia and Elizabeth were on the patio outside my bedroom window. I had slept late, and awakened to hear Cynthia saying to Dolly, "I've only had sex once with Clay . . . on our wedding night. We were both virgins, and he was stoned. That's how I became pregnant. He never came to bed with me since."

Astonished, Dolly said, "Once in three years? What is he, a century plant?"

"Night after night I expected it. You'd think sex didn't exist. I wouldn't dare bring up the subject. Clay is so dignified. He made me feel as if my bedroom was one of his offices in the State Department. Lord, no one has more fastidious manners than Clay."

As the conversation went on, my wife, the self-appointed psychologist, hinted that perhaps there was something wrong in Clay's background, or with her, that deterred him from his sporting duty.

What crap I heard!

Did Clay have a trauma about his mother? Maybe he was trying to protect her from a venereal disease acquired from a toilet seat. Cynthia should avoid asparagus as it creates a disagreeable odor you know where. How about breast-building exercises? Season his food highly. Entice him when he has hangover lust. Maybe the lights should be on — or off? Why not try for matinees? Perhaps she's too anxious? A girl should hold something back. Use separate bedrooms and hide soiled undies to maintain the delicate romantic illusion.

Cynthia had checked herself for bad breath and B.O. She had tried suggestive French panties, Hindu lingerie, had every facial, shampoo, perfume, lipstick and powder; attempted telepathy, hypnosis, and wore sheer stockings and fancy garters to bed. Nothing worked.

"There's another woman—or women," concluded Dolly, "It's the nature of the beast."

Cynthia didn't think so, and hesitated to tell why.

Elizabeth said eagerly, "Dolly, you'd never guess in a million years what Clay did instead of going to bed with Cynthia!"

Cynthia said, "I'd buy a hairbrush, use it a few times — and never see it again. I asked myself, 'What in heaven's name happens to my hairbrushes?' One night I would have sworn Clay had a woman with him in his room. He was making all the noises. I was afraid to find out. The next morning my hairbrush was gone. I bought one of those electric scalp massaging hairbrushes. Another night I heard funny sounds again and thought he either had a woman or was in distress.

"I went to his room and snapped on the light . . . Clay was whanging away with my electric brush! Do all men play with themselves?"

My Dolly was stumped and wondered how Cynthia could ever compete with a hairbrush.

So, I take the trouble to go to Bergdorf's in the ice and snow, select and buy Dolly an expensive English hairbrush as one of her wedding gifts — drive it all the way to Florida — and that character, not even knowing us, and leaving early in the morning to go off to war, steals it from our window sill to get his disgusting rocks!

Dazzling Captain Clay wasn't perfect!

Old Mammaw kept asking, "When is Clay coming home?" Clay had no intentions of coming back to Little Rivers. Dolly was positive that Clay had a mistress in Miami Beach. Cynthia was becoming a nervous wreck, and Elizabeth along with her. Cynthia hired Hicky Nicky to tail Clay and find out what he was up to.

After a week Hicky Nicky returned triumphantly. We were having drinks on the patio.

"Tracked lover-boy down like a bloodhound. Clay has a hotel room but shacks up with a gash — Elaine Henry — divorced. Goes to her place at night — gets in the saddle and rides for ole glory — clocked him — bet he rides the range five times in a row — then goes back to his hotel lookin' like the cat that swallowed the rat. This Elaine Henry's got a beauty shop — but I can't figure it — an alligator's prettier than her. Now we'll bust in, get pictures of him in the saddle, and the case'll be in the slot."

Cynthia's eyes opened wide. She exclaimed, "Beauty parlor! Hairbrushes! He doesn't touch the woman! He goes to her apartment to have sex with the used hairbrushes that she brings him from her beauty parlor . . . that's Clay's love affair!"

Hicky Nicky didn't understand. I explained.

He peered at Cynthia and shook his head. "Ma'am, there's somethin' radically wrong here." Hicky Nicky pondered deeply, and finally arrived at the solution.

"You know what you need to straighten this mess out, ma'am?"

Cynthia asked anxiously, "What, Mister Nicky, what?"

He answered emphatically,

"You need a good dickin'."

Then he pointed to Elizabeth.

"An' your sister too!" ☺

BIRTHDAY GIRL

"I'M A TAURUS, you know," said happy birthday girl Janice Kelly as she lounged comfortably nude on her biggest present... a white chenille bedspread. "And being a Taurus I like my comforts. Luxury, even. That's why I like to sprawl around in the all-together. It ever looks cozy, doesn't it?" After experiencing severe Adam's apple trouble, our girl-interviewer asked about her birthday party that morning. "I got scads of the stuff I like. Toys, perfume, and sinful scanties. Want to see? Come along."

(please come along)

Janice celebrates her natal day with a free-swinging photo session







What could be finer than ravishing Miss Kelly dressed in birthday perfume?

Propped provocatively atop a pile of birthday loot, Janice grabbed up what looked like a futuristic rifle. "I am the vestal virgin who guards the entrance to the treasure cave." With this she pulled the trigger. We ducked, and a tennis ball whammed out overhead. Janice giggled. "I got two pistols that fire corks, a rifle that shoots smoke and ping-pong balls, two fuzzy teddy-bears to curl up with at night, and three beach balls. What more does a girl need?" We suggested that maybe she could do better than two teddy bears, but she shrugged that off ... a delightful motion, incidentally. Happy birthday, Miss Kelly. ☺



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MEXICO, from
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ferris wheel and zip rides rolls into town and sets up shop in the Parque Zamora, a large municipal plaza. By Thursday night there's a noticeable influx of out-of-towners. Hotels are filled. This town of 150,000 starts to bulge at the seams. In the Plaza de Constitucion workmen are banging together a huge stage for performers.

And Thursday the musicians come to town. It's like an arsonist berserk in a calliope parking lot. Mariachis appear from cracks in the pavement and marimba groups materialize out of thin air.

Helm Lundstrom, blond, twenty, sailor off the Swedish motorship *Noorgard*, is lucky enough to hit the port this particular week (or did his captain plan it that way?). He sits drinking beer at the *Cafe Palacio* on the plaza when the music starts. "I think," he says, "when you get two Mexicans together you have a *mariachi* group."

These troubadours consist of from three to eight men armed with assorted instruments from guitars to violins to trombones and trumpets, some of which they can play, others, questionably. But they try. They're dressed in caballero costumes of 1910 vintage, skintight trousers, short gaudy jackets, pointy-pointed boots and wide sombreros, all ornately embroidered. Their appearance varies from handsome to ludicrous, depending mainly on the size of belly they try to stuff into their tight pants. Their repertoire is a standard, sentimental love dirge corresponding roughly to our western cowboy ballads. Their music varies from good to hilarious.

Even while they serenade, a marimba group sets up on the sidewalk a few feet away. Two men on the marimba, two on drums. They wait till the mariachis have finished a number, then swing loudly into one of their own, hammers flailing the sticks. The music is loud, Latin, with that underlying steady heavy beat that starts feet tapping and bodies moving, reminiscent of primitive rites in a jungle clearing.

Long before midnight the dancing has started on the sidewalks, in the streets. Traffic cannot move. Barefoot eight-year-olds and black-shawled old women sell huge bags of confetti and streams and masks. An Indian group, brown bodies glistening beneath abbreviated, brightly feathered native costumes, acts out a ritual dance on the sidewalk to the heavy throb of their own bongo drums. The crowd throws pesos, centavos, moves on.

A dark-eyed girl laughingly pulls Helm into a conga line that is weaving through the crowds, and presently he's lost in the pounding beat of the dance, a long way from Stockholm. The music ends, but almost immediately another marimba starts up and he's dragged back into the line.

By two a.m. he manages to escape with some others from the conga line which has dissolved half a dozen times only to reform again farther down the Calle Miguel Lerdo. Someone in his group has collared a table at the Bar

Chicote beneath the staid old Hotel Colonial. Helm buys a vast basket of large, freshly boiled shrimp from a wandering vendor, and cold Mexican beer appears. Everyone dips in, laughing and talking, trying to be heard above the din of the mariachis and marimbas.

ALTHOUGH VERACRUZ DURING feria is a swinger's paradise, its history is as mean and tough as a skid row bartender's. It got started early, for when Cortez arrived in 1519 he found the Aztecs sacrificing human victims on the small offshore island now called Isla de los Sacrificios. The Spaniards weren't long getting into the swing of things, however. They soon had a fortress constructed in the bay complete with the most up-to-date dungeons and torture chambers. They set up in business for themselves, practicing liberality not only on the local Indians, but upon their own social protesters, as well.

The fort, San Juan de Ulua, now lies at the end of a long curving pier. In its dank dungeons prisoners lived in incredible filth and underwent exquisitely devised tortures. No part of the anatomy was spared. The jailers polished and refined the art of keeping alive for weeks prisoners who screamed, begged and prayed for death.

Not that they perhaps didn't richly deserve what they got. In the heyday of the Spanish Main, La Villa Rica de la Vera Cruz, as Cortez named the town, frequently got a going over by pirates and other antisocial clowns. These bearded, swashbuckling pre-vintage Hell's Angels took the Rich Town of the True Cross at face value and periodically robbed, raped and ransacked it. Being the main port for shipment of gold, silver and other wealth stolen from the Aztecs, the hauls were frequently worth the risk of San Juan de Ulua's smelly suites. One famous raid netted the pirates some four million pesos, the equivalent today of about ten million dollars.

A real early day loser, every now and then the town got it from foreign powers, too. During Mexico's war for independence, the Spanish, with a churlish meanness of spirit, leveled it with naval bombardment after being driven out. In 1832 and 1861 the French bombarded the town and landed troops. The U.S. also helped keep things lively by shelling and occupying it during the Mexican War and again in 1914. Occupying troops, being what they are, may explain the diversity of racial mixture of the descendants. The more visible scars still remain on the massive walls of old San Juan de Ulua.

If the town lives it up excessively during feria it is perhaps because it half expects some repeat of this bloody past. Nevertheless, the gaiety continues at a high pitch night and day, with a slight slackening between four and nine a.m. Where the streets once ran with blood, they now run with confetti and brightly colored streamers, which enterprising youngsters are out early bagging for resale later in the day.

On Friday and Saturday the crowds increase ever more with an influx of old and young from Mexico City who somehow couldn't get away earlier. The principal parade starts from the waterfront on Saturday, a gala affair with marching bands and floats elaborately decorated with flowers and Mexico's prettiest brown-skinned beauties. The beer companies, Corona and Superior and others, compete with the soft drink companies, Coca-Cola, Pepsi and so on, for the fanciest floats.

The parade inches along with stops and starts, trying to worm its way through the crowds massed in the plaza and

along the narrow, ancient streets. Television Mexicans are busily recording the events for any in Mexico who do not happen to be here, which from the crowds must be very few. The rubbing and wiggling, pinching and patting, is something to behold. A Frenchman in the *Paris Metro* seems somehow shy and a little quaint by comparison.

Saturday night *a gila* spectacular takes place on the huge stage erected in the plaza. It's an all out splash. It seems hardly possible, but even more people pack the plaza to watch it. Every area of Mexico sends its best dancing groups to perform their regional specialties. Movie starlets from Mexico City are in abundance. The result is a hood-down that makes a Hollywood spectacular no more than cheap vaudeville.

La Bamba, one of the most popular dances, is native to this same Veracruz. A brightly dressed *senorita* and a white-trousered, red-kerchiefed lad throw down scarfs and proceed to knot them together with their feet while dancing to a torrid rhythm. It is fast, indefinitely sexy, and the crowd goes wild.

At midnight great quantities of fireworks are set off, filling the sky with splashes of vivid color and lighting the plaza even brighter. Rockets shoot up past hotel windows crammed with spectators. But even before the last Roman candle has sputtered out and the last firecracker string has cracked silent, the sidewalk musicians begin again with their insistent, compelling rhythm. Dancing starts up once more in the streets.

The hoo-ha Saturday is only the midpoint in the carnival. The action continues to mount at a frenzied pace until Tuesday, *Mardi Gras*. There are more parades, fireworks, masked balls, gaudy costumes. On the beach front dance pavilions like *Villa del Mar* draw capacity crowds of merry-makers who whoop it up until the small hours.

Mexican morality, which is normally more than somewhat straightlaced, takes a whacking during *feria*. Censure is suspended for the occasion and everyone takes advantage of it, even the consumers, for there's nothing like a good substantial puritan with his barriers down. The costumes and masks provide the necessary anonymity, and the result is just about anything and everything goes.

The fagot contingent is well represented, but due to the costumes and masks, the situation is about as unstable as a belly dancer's navel. Sometimes the only way of being sure is to feel your partner's chin. If you detect stubble, better opt out, baby.

The moratorium extends to all ages and sexes. Hopelessly ridiculous old men of sixty and beyond go parading by in flowing flowery drag, looking somehow like seedy whorehouse madams. But the spirit of *feria* is such that the Mexican, normally fiercely proud of maleness, passes these things off with a tolerant shrug.

The influx of people into the city is so great that accommodations are swamped. The alternative is sleeping in the streets or more popular, on the miles of warm sandy Gulf beach. It is quite common for mixed groups of youths to share the same hotel room en masse. Frequently they are acquaintances of only a few hours. Nobody, including the occupants, seems to give a damn about what goes on in the crowded rooms or under the tropical palms.

Whether this carefree attitude is a throwback to Mexico's primitive Indian heritage or a subconscious reaction to its present day Spanish derived morality is a moot point, but one thing is certain: the steady pounding of the marimbas with their exotic Latin beat throughout the tropical night

contributes significantly to the delinquency which attracts young bucks from Calgary to Stockholm.

Also contributing, in varying proportions, are marijuana and booze. Pot is cheap and readily available in this country which is a prime producer of the best *mary-j* in the western hemisphere. While it is illegal, it is not very illegal, and a little discreet inquiry can turn up a supply. Or probably Helm's newly found friends will have some. But in the meantime beer, rum and tequila provide for the most pressing inhibitory needs and flows in ever increasingly torrents from the bars and cafes as the *feria* wends its way through the wild, tropical nights.

It takes a strong will to resist the conga lines and the go-go dancing that break out spontaneously in the streets and on the cafe table tops. But who comes to Veracruz to resist? The madness is contagious. Strangers are swept up in it and foreigners get the go-native compulsion with fierce abandon once the rhythm starts getting to them.

Periodically from one of the cantinas a fight will erupt and burst into the street. A circle forms but the antagonists are too drunk on pulque to do one another much harm. There is pleading and tears from their women, and the combatants allow themselves to be pulled apart. They disappear into the crowd, supported and propelled by their women, before the police can arrive. The crowd hoots and jeers with disappointment. Tomorrow the two, confronted with monumental hangovers, will have conveniently forgotten the blow to their manhood and their mangled pride.

On the cross streets between the *Avenida Independencia* and *Cinco de Mayo*, temporary eating stalls are packed together tighter than guzzlers at a bar selling ten cent beer. Eating in restaurants or hotels is for the rich or the old. A taco at this stand, some shrimp at that, an ear of fresh roasting corn at another. Tortillas are cooked on improvised tins over flaming braziers, and every female who can slap out a tortilla is in business for herself.

Helm and his group buy a kilo of delicious roasted pork and goat and a stack of fifty or so tortillas, saturate each with chopped onions and *salsa piquante*. The *salsa* is like drowning in liquid fire, bringing tears to Helm's eyes and stopping his breath. Mexicans find this outrageously funny, but someone is kind enough to shove a cold beer into the victim's hand, which douses the fire a little. The meal is topped with slices of rich fresh papaya or pineapple or some other exotic tropical fruit.

Around and through the *Parque Zamora*, adjacent to the rides and pitched tents, vendors have set up booths tightly packed on both side of the walks. Only a narrow alley is left for the thousands who promenade and gawk and sometimes even buy. Once in the teeming mass it is impossible to change direction or escape until you reach an exit at the end of the block.

And everywhere is the all pervading music. If it isn't the marimbas or the mariachis, a live group is belting out "rook y roof" on a platform with loudspeakers on poles to carry the music up and down the streets.

The *feria* whirrs on with its colored lights and costumes and music and dancing until Tuesday, when the participants are ready to drop from exhaustion. In the six days they've worked enough inhibitions out of their systems to last them the rest of the year — or hopefully, until after Lent.

Mexico's grand catharsis. A rugged six days filled with Latin shenanigans. The pulsing rhythm is never fully worked out of the system. For those tough enough to stay the course, the scars on the psyche are permanent. ♡



REMEMBER THOSE good old Army days—those glorious fifteen and twenty milers and bivouacking under the stars? Remember the tangy smell of GI bacon wafting through the morning air, and the scant wash water rationed in your helmet before mess call? Remember the nasty sergeant who insisted you be clean shaven at all times, whether in the field or not? And remember the stupid jerk who forgot to get any after shave lotion at the PX before you fell out for the march? ■ Maybe he was you — the guy with a face that looked like a dyspeptic bit of parboiled rhubarb and the temperament to match — the guy who felt like his head had just been dunked into a bowl of alum and then run over an emery wheel. Brother, was he glad to get back to the barracks, get a decent shave and then pour on the fu-fu juice. It might have stung hell out of him, but—oh, lawd, lawd—was it worth the initial smart. ■ Well, next time you get caught with that smarting, chafed, chapped, nasty feeling that a shave without

THE SAGA OF THE BRISKER WHISKER

lotion brings on, remember that bivouac and the fact that marching and sore feet had a lot to do with shaving comfort. For if it hadn't been for corns, calluses, and bunions, we might all still be parts of one gigantic facial sting. If not, we'd all be running around with foot long beards cringing in terror at the very thought of shaving them. ■ Certainly Man as a group has been shaving off and on since the beginning of time, and we know that a lot of sweet smelling stuff has been put on faces — both male and female — since the dawn of history, but most of these compounds were nothing more than cosmetics. They were made and sold and used to make the wearer smell and look good, not to stop that nasty after shaving feeling. ■ When one stops to think about it — as he should every morning as he takes razor in hand — it's surprising and embarrassing to consider just how long mankind had to wait for a bright young fellow who was destined to start up on the way to a genuine after shave lotion. He wasn't even born until the middle of the 19th century! ■ In the small town of Vegesack, Germany, on July 13, 1856, a child was born who was to revolutionize the private relationship between men and their razor blades. Carried to America by his parents, this boy grew up to become a gangling youth completely unafraid of hard work and pretty damned original in his business thinking. He began his career working in a New York market, then hired on as a surveyor for the Hoboken Swamps, where he received the blessing in disguise of a stiff case of malaria which caused him to quit. ■ After recuperating, he was lucky enough to find a more healthy, and far more interesting, means of employment as a delivery and cleanup boy in a New York drugstore. But that wasn't enough. After a hard day's work in the shop, he trotted off to night school, and in February of 1875, he received his diploma from the New York College of Pharmacy. ■ Like thousands of other smart kids, then and now, he stepped into the sunshine realizing that the world might very well be his oyster, but opening the shell was no easy

by JAMES BELLAUGH

Turn the page

A BRIEF HISTORY OF MANKIND'S STRUGGLE TO EASE THAT AFTER SHAVE STING

task. Undaunted, he took Fate by the hand and hired on to another drugstore, this time in New Jersey, as a clerk and glorified errand boy.

He worked hard, saved his money and played the Horatio Alger bit until finally, in May, three years after his graduation, he was able to buy his own drugstore right in the center of downtown Newark, New Jersey.

Gerhard Mennen, at the age of 22, was in business for himself. He was a registered pharmacist, owned his own shop and wanted to make it a success. Besides that, he had a "bug." He was fascinated by feet and determined to come up with a product that would sooth all their hurt, fatigue, sweat and irritation plus eliminate all their corns, calluses and bunions. It's a lucky thing, too, because, if Mennen hadn't been interested in feet and hadn't been the shrewd businessman he was regarding the results, we'd all still be suffering after our morning shaves.

In 1878, any druggist who wanted to could put out his own product and, as long as it was more or less pure and performed more or less as advertised, could sell it anywhere he liked. In the fall of that year, drugstores all over Newark began to sell a product called Mennen's Sure Corn Killer, and people all over town got used to seeing Gerhard and his hired hango player in a horse-drawn wagon putting on an advertising campaign the likes of which few of them had ever witnessed.

The results were that Sure Corn Killer sold to a point where, had he wanted to, Mennen could have stopped everything and waited for a comfortable retirement. But the kid was a hustler. With the corn remedy doing well on its own, he turned his thoughts to something else that might need soothing. He started wondering about the most uncomfortable thing in the world and about who suffered most from it. Diseases were out because he wasn't a doctor, and the manufacture of medicines was out too, because he didn't want to buck the big pharmaceutical houses. He had to confine his thinking to the simplest of medications.

He probably laid awake nights thinking of every itch, scratch, rash and annoyance known to Man and then, one bright morning, undoubtedly screamed, "Babies!" Obviously, the most uncomfortable people in the entire world were the babies who suffered from every kind of itching, chafing, rash and chap known to Man. Also, babies were very good advertisers. After all, what mother wanted her little darling to suffer?

It didn't take Mennen long to market a soothing powder designed to ease the pain and annoyance of prickly heat and diaper rash. It was a simple mixture of ground talc and boric acid with a dash of oil of roses added for that aromatic touch. The whole thing together was labeled Mennen's Borated Talcum Infant Powder and, even though designed and marketed exclusively for diaper rash, was destined to flip the entire shaving world. Not that infants of the 1880's actually shaved, but their daddies did, and they were quick to discover that, if the baby powder relieved the kids' rash and prickly feeling below the waist, it might also ease their own discomfort above the neck.

In going over his sales figures one day, Mennen discovered that a large quantity of his so-called infant powder was being sold to local barber shops, and that was the precise moment when Ole Debil Sex entered the business. Mennen was no dummy. He made certain minor modifications in his powder, repackaged it accordingly and started to sell it with sex in mind.

The result was Mennen's Talcum ~~Fig~~ Men which came on the market during the early days of the 20th century. Believe it or not, this was the first product marketed specifically to ease the nasties a razor can do to a face.

THAT MIGHT HAVE been the end of the thing if Gerhard hadn't had a son who also grew up, who also shaved and, who, fortunately, had enough handy cash to run off on a Caribbean cruise just before the first World War. Also, it might be added that young Bill Mennen had enough foresight and imagination to pick up a couple tubes of a unique shaving soap he found on the way.

Originally soap for shaving had just been a cake of any old thing slugged into a mug and swished into a lather by a wet brush. This had been followed by shaving sticks and soap powders which also went into the same mug. But what Mennen found was a shaving cream in a collapsible tin tube. He also knew that, even though the idea might be known and popular in the Caribbean, it was virtually unheard of in the United States.

After a little fiddling in his lab, Bill Mennen stepped forth and uttered a high pitched, "Eureka!" Subsequently he began to market a compound called Mennen's Lather Shave Cream, which sold so well that almost all previous shaving soaps were driven completely off the market.

Still, despite the storming of his brain, the only answer to the problem seemed to be the new cream that softened the beard and the old talcum powder that gave the skin an artificial and short-lived well-being afterwards. This frustrating situation lasted until some time after the Great War when one of Mennen's salesmen happened to step into the washroom of a Pullman car and noticed a very unique thing.

The place reeked of perfume! All the guys who had been in there previously had been dashing a dab or two of the sweet smelling stuff on their faces after shaving. With this knowledge that men weren't adverse to sneaking a bit of women's perfume in order to smell good, too, Mennen went to work again and came out of his lab with an aromatic product designed especially to be used after shaving. It was a creamy lotion that formed a protective film over tender skin.

Sales were fantastic, but still the product wasn't exactly what shavers needed. The sting was still there. More lab work was needed. One improvement was an addition of a dash of menthol to the old shaving cream to give it a cool feeling on the face. In 1928, Mennen's Menthol Ice Shaving Cream was introduced, and finally in 1931 a bright green liquid roared onto the market announcing that at last Man had triumphed over razor burn and eliminated the agonies of after shave sting. That liquid was called Mennen's Skin Bracer.

The rest is history. The Mennen company is a multi-million dollar firm, and shaving members of the public by its products regularly and with satisfaction. But never that Bill and Gerhard Mennen were the only guys involved in the shaving business or the only smart businessmen able to spot a very human need and satisfy the public desire accordingly.

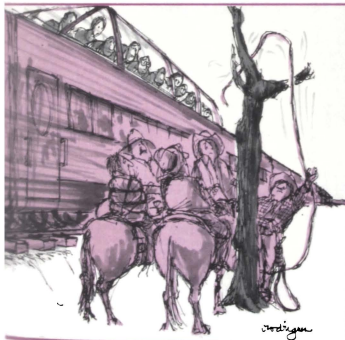
ONE FINE JUNE day in 1937, a fellow by the name of William Lightfoot Schultz packed five pieces of cardboard into his briefcase and left New York for a cross country jaunt. A few days later, he returned with a potential fifty

turn to page 62

KNIGHT'S GAMBIT



"You've got to admire American know-how."



CASH ON THE LINE

Ted was arguing with his sister Susie when she refused to loan him another twenty bucks. "I don't see why not," he complained. "You've got something steady coming in from the very thing that's keeping me broke!"

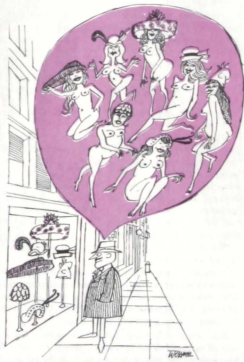
ANYTHING YOU CAN DO I CAN DO BETTER

Jimmie and Judy were standing around the dance floor at the Whisky-a-Go-Go on Hollywood's Sunset Strip. "Can you do it?" asked Jimmie, watching the gyrating bodies.

"Sure I can," replied Judy, "but not standing up!"

LITTLE PITCHERS

At the PTA meeting, a young father turned when he felt a light feminine touch on his muscular arm, and found an embarrassed, but pretty schoolteacher, stammering, "I'm sorry, I thought you were the father of two of my children."



grand and, before the end of that year, had raked in another 80,000 bucks. By the time Hitler walked into Poland, Schultz was worth over three million clams — and fragrant clams they were, indeed!

What Schultz had done with his cardboard was begin a billion dollar industry which Mennen had only hinted at and which nobody in his right mind — except, of course, Schultz himself — would have thought possible. Schultz literally Americanized shaving and gave it more virility than it had ever had before, yet all he had actually done to achieve this goal was design several packages to hold what amounted to a new line of cosmetics especially manufactured for men and men alone.

The name of the line was Old Spice. Today it is the biggest selling line of shaving accessories on the market.

Schultz had made an important breakthrough in an industry that had previously been controlled by Mennen and a few brands of French lilac water plus local Witch Hazel and an odd bottle of Bay Rum. The impact of his virile carton designs was fantastic when you consider that today the average American male uses more bracers, lotions, scents and other cosmetic products while shaving than women with all their reputations for fine aroma. The total amount spent each year on just after shave lotion alone (that does not include any cologne, deodorant or hair tonic) is larger than the total spent on perfume and 60% as large as the amount women spend for their own toilet waters and colognes!

As with any breakthrough, there are the leaders and then the followers. And if Mennen and Schultz were the leaders, their followers are legion to the point where, nowadays, the average man could drown himself a thousand times over in shaving products.

There are pre-shave concoctions for both electric razors and bladed devices. There are lathers that can be brushed on, sprayed on or rubbed on. There are creams that can be smeared on or, if you like, rolled on. Afterwards you can use any number of powders or lotions to relieve irritation caused by the actual act of shaving. There's indoor lotion, outdoor lotion, the essence of gun stocks and tweed, the aroma of salty seas and, if you really want it, you can even use products with such odiferous titles as Russian Leather or Brut.

These products are a long way from Mennen's original powder. They come with antiseptic bacteriocide and (get this) trichloromonofluoromethan. They have weather guards and water guards. They're packed in leather, brass, even in miniature cannon. There are lotions sold in wicker baskets, soaps sold in coffee mugs and hundreds of other gimmicks to make you buy. And, when you do buy, you can pick up just the product you want anywhere from a dime store to a supermarket.

But what is all this stuff? What makes it smell the way it does and do what it does do?

Naturally, none of the manufacturers will reveal the individual formula that makes his product distinct and different. The odors are anything from the very secret and tightly guarded #450 put out by Elizabeth Arden in the Arden for Men line to plain old banana oil.

But, when you plunk down your money for a bottle or can of something to spread or smear on your face after hacking off the bristle, what you actually get is one of two things: alcoholic lotion or non-alcoholic lotion. If you really

want to be fancy you can call the former the "hydro-alcoholic" type. Usually it's no more than a mixture of alcohol, glycerine, water, some color (usually green, red or brown) and a dash of plain old perfume. Some brands may contain menthol to make them "cool," others may contain boric or benzoic acids, antiseptics or healing agents to add to their sales pitch, but basically all these lotions are fundamentally the same. The only things that make any one of them unique are the particular shade of the coloring in it and the particular aroma of the perfume used.

Still — they all sell!

Last year in the United States, 2,500,000,000 dollars were spent for beauty and cosmetic products. Of this total, 80% was for strictly female cosmetics (many of them surreptitiously used by men) and 20% for obviously male cosmetics. And we're not the only people buying — in France alone, 30,000,000 francs were spent for men's cosmetics just last year. Ten million of that went exclusively for before and after shave products.

In viewing the situation as it exists now, and in analyzing its growth since Mennen's time, many business authorities believe that within a matter of a few years the male after shave and cosmetic industry will be just as or more profitable than the female market.

Certainly it can't be denied that everyone's getting into the act. One example of this bandwagon play is the case of Swank, Inc., a manufacturer of male jewelry. Swank executives openly admitted that they knew nothing of the cosmetic field, but they also were aware that money was being made there and they wanted in. They started blind, but what they came out with was a product called Jade East. Marketed at \$4.50 per bottle, it walked off with 700,000 bucks profit within a matter of six short months. Predicted sales for this year are closer to \$20,000,000.

Other manufacturers previously in the women's field exclusively have come over, too. Revlon, Avon and Helena Rubenstein all have men's lines now, as do Chanel, Lanvin and many others.

The financial implications are staggering, but so are purely social considerations, for the dollars freely spent indicate that there is absolutely no stigma attached to a sweet smelling, clean shaven male as there was at the turn of the century. Quite the contrary, the stigma is now firmly branded on the guy who *doesn't* use any of these products. Once he was considered the real man while his lilaced brother was thought to be somewhat effeminate. But the wheel has turned. The real man now smells delicious, and the outcast simply smells bad.

The whole situation was recently summed up by S. L. Mayham, Executive Vice President of the Toilet Goods Association, who had this to say: "The American man is using more of these products because he is prosperous and believes he should look good and smell good, even if he is working with a shovel in a ditch!"

All of which may sound rugged and romantic as all get out, but the fact is most American men don't work with shovels in ditches nor are they necessarily members of the Lavender Thrill Mob. Actually, they use the stuff for the simple reason it is soothing to their skin after the annoying scrape of a razor blade.

And if they get rid of the chafe, they feel good. If they feel good, they think good thoughts, and thinking good thoughts, as any Boy Scout knows, makes for top drawer action. All of which may smell a little fishy, but what could be more logical? ♥



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laces or furs (depending upon the weather), resplendent in jewels, laughing and joyously silly, the residents went shopping. They drove away in a horse-drawn carriage to *Maison Blanche*, where their entrance created quite a stir, and after shopping they went *en masse* to Arnaud's or Antoine's to enjoy the finest delicacies of the menu, while they chattered away, talking foolish bits of nothingness. They were all very young and rather beautiful, and people stared at them — men, hungrily, some women, enviously, some haughtily.

They were famous, more famous than the season's crop of debutantes, or any of the patrician, white-faced, black-haired daughters of the Creole aristocrats, for they were the girls who occupied the House on Bourbon Street.

They were demimondaines, perfectly trained by one of the most famous Madams in the world to delight and please the richest men in New Orleans — men of the world of finance, the world of art, the world of politics — men, naturally, of social register status. For Miss Kate catered only to the sons, and the friends of the sons, of the men who had frequented the House on Bourbon when it had been owned and operated by her mother, and before her mother by Miss Kate's grandmother in the days prior to the Civil War, during an era in New Orleans when the residents had anticipated Napoleon's coming and living in their midst and were prepared to offer the Emperor and his Court a life of pomp and ceremony equally as sumptuous as the one he had been obliged to leave behind him.

There were seven beauties, led by Miss Kate, something of a beauty herself: a petite red-head with a gallant air and a neat Irish wit, a young Madam of impeccable manners and exquisite taste. And, unfortunately, the possessor of an incredibly romantic heart.

She had never known any other home than the House on Bourbon Street — except for the years spent as a child boarding in France in a very exclusive convent. Like her mother before her, she had inherited the House and its responsibilities. She closed her eyes to the reality of the House's activities and accepted the scene as a fantasy in which she enacted the role of hostess to an eternal party. Hostess and Mother Confessor to the girls, who, on the day of shopping sat around her, giggling and talking very much like any other group of young ladies — except, pos-

sibly, that they might be seen better mannered, for they were never guilty of flirting, even mildly, nor of raising their voices, regardless of the number of glasses of champagne they had imbibed. In their weekly public appearance, the group indicated to all that the wages of sin were highly profitable, and the life of the sinner delightfully pleasant.

They were seven: Madeline, tall, blonde, with a throaty voice that emitted words in the most proper British accent, clipped and final, causing her to be known as Lady Madeline. Georgette, Paris-born, she of the round face, the round body, and the round, enormous brown eyes that were limpid pools of empiene. Lita, fiery, tempestuous — a Spanish beauty whose speech resounded to the click of a castanet, and whose body moved to the sway of an *ole!* Rosina, warm and fluid, whose olive skin was like good spaghetti, firm but resilient, whose breasts, choice and full, curved invitingly under her chin, and whose shoulders were dimpled and luscious. Lavinia, the exotic octoroon whose sinewy, *cafe-au-lait* body, with the long, strong legs, the erotic African breasts, the thick, full lips and gleaming white teeth, the fern-green eyes hidden mysteriously in the high cheek bones, she who had driven one man to murder and a second to suicide. Gerta, the voluptuous Nordic beauty, who stood head and shoulders above the other girls, reaching out like a Valkyrie for heroes to conduct to a Valhalla of her own creation. And Virginia.

Ah, Virginia! So sweet, and as virtuous as her name implied. Delicate, almost ethereal, with her taffy-yellow curls and her startling violet blue eyes, wondrous and wistful.

It is of Virginia and her untimely demise that we write for history to read and study, for it was this event which altered — at least temporarily — the characters of Miss Kate, her girls, and the other occupants of the House. The latter included: Cokie Joe, the pianist whose deft fingers tinkled lightly over the ivory keys of the house piano, his repertoire ranging from the classical complexities of Bach to the new, swinging madness of the Negro ragtime which permeated the Vieux Carre. His music depended upon the varying moods induced by the sniffing of cocaine, or the injecting of morphine into well-punctured veins in order to alleviate the pain of memory. Mr. Carleton Cavendish. Miss Kate's personal admirer for many years, ever since the day she had beheld his handsome figure on the stage of the Opera House and was

formally introduced to him by the most renowned author of the day, and he had deserted his theatrical career and assumed the role of Miss Kate's business manager and confidante. His suave manner and elegant dress, not to mention his cultured, sonorous voice, lent great dignity to the establishment. Beulah, the cook, whose cuisine was far superior to the finest food served in the most famous restaurants. Rondono, the butler, a man of huge torso and polite formality, who was a constant topic of conversation in many of the best men's clubs, whose male reconteurs delighted in narrating the experiences "bounders and cads" had encountered at the butler's hands. Missy-Mat, the personal maid of the girls, adept at hairstyling, massages and manicures, a Cajun-maitre, named for the stess in which she had been born — physical, Mississippi, and proudly, *Legal Matrimony*.

Yes, the death of the lovely Virginia altered for forty-eight hours even the physical aspects of the House on Bourbon Street. It was, indeed, an event in the lives of many.

FROM THE MOMENT Virginia had gently but firmly rung the doorbell of the House on Bourbon Street, she had, as everyone knew, been Miss Kate's "favorite."

In such a coterie of young ladies, this role might have been a source of discontent, but in the case of Virginia, it was not. For all, all of the girls, in addition to Miss Kate, loved her, loved her genuinely in that corner of their fickle hearts reserved for the absolute, the pure love of one human for another, the love that defies understanding even to the lover. And consequently, they envied her not, nor bore her any malice.

Each girl knew the story of Virginia. Not that they had learned it from Miss Kate — they had not. For Miss Kate observed one of the intrinsic codes of the bordello — a code exemplified by the three ivory monkeys she gave each girl upon her acceptance into the House on Bourbon Street. The three simian symbols were seated, one with paws over the eyes, another with paws over the ears, and a third with paws over the mouth. The first commandment of the House of Bourbon Street was thus dramatically emphasized: "Thou shalt hear no evil, see no evil, speak no evil."

There is a certain beauty in the fantasy with which the girls who inhabit such houses indulge themselves. The fantasy concerns the mysterious origins of the true love goddess —

origins quite dissimilar to the dull, even sordid, birth of the ordinary female child. The stories Miss Kate's girls told of their beginnings, and of their respective inductions into a "life of sin," were as varied and colorful as the minds that invented them. All together, they constituted a source of storytelling material sufficient to enchant a listener for a thousand, and perhaps even two, nights.

But in the story of Virginia, there was no subterfuge, no social group pretense. And this in a social group which could, and occasionally did, burst forth in flames of hatred and fury, when one of the girls in a moment of anger or jealousy might indiscreetly suggest that the romantic story of another's past could be an indubitable untruth.

"Countess! You lying bitch — I knew you hot with the streets of Brooklyn were hot with your footprints. Countess, my ass . . ."

"Girls, girls, young ladies!" the forceful voice of Miss Kate intervened. Silence and punishment followed one of these outbursts. Like naughty children, the offenders were sent to their private rooms and deprived of their "goodies" — the taste of sparkling wine, the joy of the dance, and the companionship of men — without which, death was preferable.

When they had apologized and mended their manners (a social society upon which Miss Kate insisted) they were returned to the group, chastised, and keenly aware that a sufficient number of such vulgar offenses would bring not only expulsion from the House on Bourbon Street, but (so strong was Miss Kate's political power) eventual banishment from the city itself.

For a girl who was something of a Vestal Virgin in the Cult of Amour to be ordered from the Crescent City — the home of Venus, where the sale of love, in many instances, brought higher bounties than the rewards of virtue — was to be banished to *Ultima Thule*.

But Miss Kate was formidable; there would be no scandals to blemish the fine reputations of the occupants of the House on Bourbon Street. Her word was final — and law!

"REMEMBERS, JEST lak it was last night or the night befo'," reminisced Missy-Mat, who was the bearer of the tale which each girl loved to hear, again and again, much as a child demands to hear a favorite fairy story.

"When dat chile come to the do' mandarin" to see Miss Kate. We was closed, but dey was sumpin' 'bout her mandarin' dere, so little an' so alone,

dat Rodondo come and get me an' I took dat chile right to Miss Kate. Well, fust thing off, Miss Kate was madder dan a wet hen, bein' woke out of a soun' sleep, but when she see her, she stopped in her tracks and said, 'When did you last eat?'

"An' dat Virginia, she smile like only she kin smile, an' slumped right to de floor.

"Get me some brandy,' Miss Kate done tote me and when we revived her and learnt what dat chile's done done . . ."

Missy-Mat paused dramatically, and then continued.

"She done travelled mo' dan a hunter miles wid her shame-chile. De po' lil thing had been a school teacher, she told Miss Kate, and she talked real polite like a School Ma'm, but she sho' don' look like one, she too young and too purty. She fell in love, she said, wid a man who already had hisself a wife, a big important man who didn' even know about de baby. She ain't fancy wid her talk an' don' explain nothin' 'cept she lef' de school befo' her time was come and she'd been hidin' until de baby was bo'n and big 'nuff to travel wid. Den she come to New Orleans, and jest befo' she come to Miss Kate's she done lef' de baby on de do' step of Colonel Anderson, de richest and mos' pow'ful man in de whole state of Louisiana. An' one man fo' sho' ain't nevah put his foot inside Miss Kate's house heah, fine as it is — even tho' his own brudder sho' has. Dat we bofe know fo' sho'."

Missy-Mat and the girl into whose hair she was pinning an enticing group of curls would grin impishly, and in subdued breath, chuckle.

"Yassuh, dat's de trut', so help me Christ Jesus and take me in yo' bosom now! Well, at fust I thought Miss Kate would drop dead, hearin' her story, but not Miss Kate. She jest looks her up and down cool like. 'What are you going to do now? Go back home and teach school?'

"No," says Virginia, takin' off her hat an' pushin' back her curls and shown' Miss Kate one of de prettiest faces God evah put on a white woman. 'No,' she says wid her polite classy voice, like the little lady she was, 'No, I'm going to work here. So I can keep an eye on my child — at least until I'm certain she's in good hands. I want to watch her grow — that is, as long as I can.'

"To dis here remark, Miss Kate took time to think, meanwhile makin' me fetch de po' I'll thing a hot bowl of chicken broth wid barley in it. An' when I returned to Miss Kate's room, she tells me to prepare de blue

/turn the page

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(Philosophically
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I'LL KISS YOU

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YOUR FRIEND

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WITH A SMILE
(and get it over with)

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USE EROGENOUS
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THE WHITE HOUSE

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MARY POPPINS
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CHASTE
MAKES
WASTE

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OF ATHEISM

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SPANISH DANCING
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DON'T DRIVE
(You might hit
a bump and spill some)

ABSTRACT
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ONLY "ISM" FOR ME

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NATIONAL SHOPPER,

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room fo' Virginia and let her stroll along as she wants 'cause she's plumb tucked out."

That Virginia's story was true was immediately confirmed when Missy-Mat's sister, Vasline (sound-named for the Arcadian heroine who wandered from the land of the "murmuring hemlock and pine" in the search of her beloved) came breathlessly to the House on Bourbon Street from the nearby Anderson mansion on Toulouse, and told of the baby. The Colonel and his childless wife were ecstatic. A child, a lovely girl baby, had been sent to them — "straight from God." A girl named, appropriately, Dorothea.

In time, little Dorothea became an almost daily visitor to the House on Bourbon Street, examined Virginia warm the coldest heart to observe the lovely Virginia, sitting in the two-seated swing opposite Vasy and the baby, laughing and singing songs to the little blonde image of herself.

"Off to London, we shall go, we shall go, my Fair Lady . . ."

Little Dorothea adored her, and she touched Virginia's pink and white Dresden doll face, much in the manner a child would touch her favorite doll, saying, "Pitty lady . . . pitty, pitty lady."

And if the child loved her, Virginia lived only for the love of the child.

For Miss Kate knew, and all of the occupants of the House on Bourbon Street knew, that Virginia had been born with a heart that was limited like an electric toy scheduled for a short course.

When Dr. Leroy, who tended the ills of the occupants of the House on Bourbon Street, examined Virginia upon her admission, he confided to Miss Kate the story of brevity that his stethoscope had recorded. Consequently, it came as no surprise when Virginia was transferred from the Blue room to the guest room in Miss Kate's own private apartment, high on the third floor of the house, away from the festivities. Eventually, her physical exertions were limited to showering her affections on Dorothea and the dear girls in the House.

Virginia's proudest moment came when she learned that Dorothea had been legally adopted by the Colonel and his wife, and was indeed the heiress to the Colonel's huge fortune. The second moment of triumph was when she first saw Dorothea in the prim, celestial blue uniform with the tiny white lace collars and cuffs, that was the official dress of the very exclusive Miss Haden's School for Young Ladies.

Watching Dorothea's chubby little

fingers picking out the melody of "Frere-Jacques" under the tutelage of Cockey Joe, Virginia's eyes glowed with pride and her ears seemed deaf to Vasy's admonitions.

"Furry soon, Miss Virginia, we ain't gonna be able to come to see you all, 'cause Dorothea gonna take dancin' lessons and 'locution, and horseback ridin' in de afternoon after de kindergarten closes. 'Sides, she's gettin' mighty smart and she might let on to the Colonel where we was at, an' I sho' would be scairt. 'Sides, we gonna go away fo' de spring vacation — to Florida, St. Petersburg."

But Virginia had heard Vasy's words, for one day when Dorothea came to kiss her good-bye, she took to her bed and drifted off into a deep sleep.

Three days before Mardi Gras, Virginia died.

The girls were out being fitted for their gala Mardi Gras costumes and then being escorted by Mr. Cavendish to all of the popular spots to be seen, admired and desired by the gentlemen who lived for the days of the Carnival when Cornus Rex, God of Festivity and Revelry, reigned supreme. And while this was transpiring, in the soft of arms of Miss Kate, Virginia, gently and happily, expired.

THE INCIDENT of her death would have been handled in a more mundane and callous manner, had it not been for the sentimentality that flowed through the veins of Miss Kate.

All during Virginia's sojourn Miss Kate had commissioned Beulah's small fry, Bouncy, to mail Virginia's weekly letters home to her mother. Miss Kate, as a good Madam should, knew the contents of these letters. They told the lie. They told of her life as a teacher in Miss Haden's School for Young Ladies; of Miss Kate, the headmistress, of Georgette, the Parisian French teacher, Lady Madeline, the titled English teacher, and of the famous guest artists, authors, lecturers, men of state and science, who taught the girls in the traditional Oxford manner of "reading for honors."

Virginia's letters were small gems of the pathos of pretense, written to appease her mother, who, Miss Kate learned, was a pure, widowed woman, good beyond belief.

But the mailing by Miss Kate of Virginia's letters and the further writing of one or two herself when Virginia lay dying, were the inevitable good deeds that were destined not to go unpunished. To Miss Kate's horror and surprise, Virginia's mother announced her coming to New Orleans

to return the body of her daughter to a proper resting place in the family plot. She would be accompanied by Virginia's younger brother, now a student at the State University.

After hours of pondering and worry, Miss Kate resolved her dilemma. She called the household together and announced her plans to hold a proper wake.

"There is nothing else to do," said Miss Kate, with finality. "After all, this was her home. We were, in a sense, 'family.' She wiped away a tear and continued. "It is the last thing we can do for the poor darling."

Then she turned to Mr. Cavendish and ordered him to take the girls back to the costumes and have them all attired exactly alike — in the navy blue serge dresses with the starched white collars and cuffs worn by the teachers at Miss Haden's School for Young Ladies. And Miss Kate herself, ah, she would wear the long, black alpaca skirt, the severe white blouse, and a grey wig and impersonate the austere Miss Haden. For forty-eight hours the house would be closed to all comers, especially to any gentlemen callers. They would present a pageant for the benefit of Virginia's grieving mother and young brother. They would not let Virginia's great lie be desecrated.

Mr. Cavendish would turn his collar backwards in an episcopal manner. Cockey Joe would learn Chopin's "Funeral March," and please refrain from the use of cocaine, so that his music would be appropriately somber.

The servants alone would remain themselves, except that Beulah's cooking was to be simple, finishing school fare.

"But Kate!" Mr. Cavendish interposed. With a wave of his hand he indicated the rich red velvet and gold-leafed Louis Quinze drawing room furniture, and the nude marble statues of Venus and Adonis.

"It ain't no different hardy at all," Missy-Mat spoke up authoritatively. "Just a few things is different like that —" Her finger indicated the gold Aphrodite with a clock in her voluptuous belly. "And that."

The bewildered eyes in the room followed her dark finger condemning the copy of "Olympia" reclining in the nude on her chaise, and "September Morn," daringly naked, twining gaily into the wind.

"Very simple," said Miss Kate. "We'll put Whistler's 'Mother' and 'The Angelus' in their place. A bust of Shakespeare, another of Homer. It's all coming back to me!"

Following a tremendous burst of activity, furniture being moved about,

SEX CRIMES AGAINST CHILDREN

a parents guide against child molesters

...not removed from the...
...the dreamers replaced by...
...the classics (hur-...
...the occasion), the scene was set.

Then Miss Kate gave a lecture to the occupants of the House on Bourbon Street.

"There will be no losing of tempers, no outbursts of profanity." Her eyes centered on Rosina. "Not in any language! No tipping of the brandy bottle, nor swigging of gin." She stared at the Lady Madeline, who blinked but stared back.

"No hashish . . . no smoking of any kind." Lavinia moved uneasily.

And no, absolutely no, mischievous hands — if you can't keep them to yourselves, knit or crochet, but no reaching into strange pocketbooks or wallets. In short, no clouthing, absolutely none!"

The eyes of the culprits who delighted on their shopping excursions to lift, casually and innocently, tempting gadgets, and to sometimes take a token greenback from a well inebriated client, were cast downward in shame. They had underestimated Miss Kate. She knew *everything*.

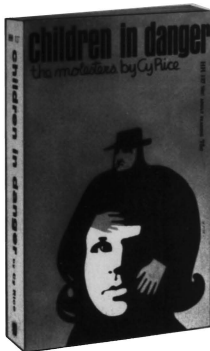
"This is your big moment to do a generous thing for another human being. To show that you are *really* ladies — my own girls."

All rouge, both lip and cheek, mascara, eye shadow and strong perfumes were banned. No rats in the hair, but plain, simple braids or a neat Psyche knot at the nape of the neck, were the instructions given to Missy-Mat.

And that night, Miss Kate awoke with her brightest idea. She aroused Rodondo and instructed him to go to Miss Haden's School and remove the brilliant brass plaque from the door and place it on the bare door of the House of Bourbon Street.

The following day, the body of Virginia, beautiful and serene in the pure white casket, lay in state in the once festive drawing room. The girls, scrubbed and plain, sat primly in a semi-circle around the beatific Mr. Cavendish, in his ministerial garb, his hands encircling the Book of Common Prayer. The doorbell rang, and Rodondo ushered Virginia's mother and handsome younger brother into the room to meet Miss Kate, transformed into Miss Haden, and the faculty members of the school where Virginia had taught.

...a beautiful scene, worthy...
...playwright. Virginia's mother...
...the simplest embodiment of...
...Her black silk frock was...
...and distraught...
...though, though, though...
...the page



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were as beautiful as those of her daughter, equally wondrous and innocent, and in her silken hair there were suggestions of Virginia's golden taffy curls. She, too, was frail, and an inner sweetness illuminated her small being.

"My baby," she said simply as she stood over the coffin and laid a white rose on her daughter's breast. "Asleep—in peace!"

There was not a dry eye in the house as Dr. Carleton Cavendish intoned a few words of praise, and the music of Cokie Joe played ever so softly, as softly as the angels pluck their heavenly harps.

There were a few interruptions. One came when the voice of big Joe Riley, the burly Irish policeman, belted through the hall. "I'll be damned, Rodondo, those damn carnival bastards have stolen..."

Miss Kate stepped outside the drawing room, closing the doors tightly to muffle the obscenities. Upon seeing her, Officer Riley tipped his hat and said, "Can you beat that, Miss Kate... Miss Haden's name plate on your door. Ha, if that ain't a good one! I'll get some tools and take it right back."

"Oh don't bother, Officer Riley," said Miss Kate, standing in the shadows so he could not clearly see her strange outfit. "I'll have Rodondo return the plaque. You know what we have to endure during Carnival. You just be on your way. I'll have the nameplate properly shined and Miss Haden will never know it happened. Trust me."

The officer left obligingly, whistling as he sauntered down the street, having been given a quick gulp of Bushmill's behind Miss Kate's back. Ah, begorra, they were fine people in that house!

Another interruption occurred when two gentlemen callers became somewhat obstreperous, irate at the cold refusal of Rodondo to allow them inside the house. Why, they were regular customers, the Carnival was beginning, they were sober and in perfect form... what the hell! Again Kate intervened and appeased them by saying she was re-decorating for a great party. They would be her special guests. Shaking their heads, but momentarily satisfied with Miss Kate's strange explanation and funny "get-up" (maybe she was really older than they thought!) they wandered off to greener fields.

"Fathers," said Miss Kate, wearily. "Fathers impatient, anxious to enroll their daughters in our school. After all, we are the finest finishing school in the South."

"I'd wager in the whole world," countered Virginia's mother, proudly.

A titter rippled through the room, but a cold glance from Miss Kate prevented it from becoming a hysterical giggle.

Miss Kate knew her girls intimately—their habits, good and bad, their individual weaknesses—and now she knew they were straining at the bit. The sounds of the Carnival reveries were just beginning, and the outside world offered the pleasures to which their lives were dedicated. By nature, they were not a morbid group, but they were high strung young ladies who could be driven to personal eruptions when depressed. The simple cloth of the school mistresses' frocks reminded them of poorer days, and their fingers longed for the touch of silks and satins. As the hours passed, and the mother and brother remained on in the House, Miss Kate was conscious of mounting tensions, and feared that the dam would break and the whole ugly truth be revealed. The sen-sen on Madeline's breath scarcely concealed the odor of gin, the glaze in Lavinia's eyes revealed that she had found the phenobarbital supply (used only during periods of feminine distress), and the hungry look in the eyes of Gerta, watching Virginia's brother move about the room with healthy animal strength, petrified Miss Kate and shattered her aching nerves. She knew only too well that nymphomaniac stare, and dared not let the two of them leave the room together, not even for a second. Yes, all of the danger signs were ablaze.

Yet somehow the hour of departure arrived, and Miss Kate and her girls managed the show. In time, the casket was removed from the room, and the little mother and her son, who, Miss Kate learned, planned to be a doctor, departed, to return again to the world of the unworldly, blissful in their ignorance.

Pleased with their performances, delighted with their great deception, Miss Kate and the girls and Mr. Cavendish all sat down to relax and drink Black Velvets, while Cokie Joe released on the piano music more to his liking, and much more stimulating to the girls, now out of uniform and lounging in their negligees. It was two hours before the influx of gentlemen callers would begin. It would be a big night, for Miss Kate promised, as a special reward for excellent behaviour, the party to end all parties; she would appease the girls and the customers of the House on Bourbon Street. This would be the night of nights!

Georgette was in the center of the room, doing a delectably erotic dance.

The pictures were being re-hung by Rodondo and Missy-Mai. Even Miss Kate had let her hair down and was leaning on the coatless arm of Mr. Cavendish, who occasionally planted a kiss on her flushed face. It was at this very instant that the doorbell rang. Who could it be? It was too early for gentlemen callers, and tradesmen never rang the front bell, knowing the side entrance to the kitchen door.

"Oh," said Miss Kate, eluding Mr. Cavendish's hold, "it's probably Joe about the brass nameplate. I'll give him some money."

She opened the door, glass in hand, while the festivities continued. Before her eyes stood the mother of Virginia, like a ghost returned to haunt the living. Miss Kate shook her head in disbelief at the sight.

Virginia's mother was smiling and her pale cheeks were now bright and rosy. The stunned Miss Kate stood aside while the woman entered, accompanied by a small, nervous dorkie, toting a large bundle of packages. Mrs. Biggs (that was Virginia's mother's name) stalked into the drawing room.

The music stopped. Rodondo hung dangerously on the ladder, teetering with his size and weight. Rosina, inclined to Italian hysteria, screamed and dropped her champagne glass, and in unison, the girls set up a frightened chorus of "reks." Mr. Carleton Cavendish, white and embarrassed in his lack of clerical attire, tried in vain to halt the pandemonium.

Mrs. Biggs spoke (in a voice more authoritative, and less sugary than before.) "Come now, darlings. I just came back to tell you all how lovely I think you are, how well you played your parts for Virginia and for me. You don't know how grateful I am. I want to show my appreciation—but in the meantime could I have a drink, too? I've worked up a bit of a thirst shopping. I've got so little time before the train."

She winked.

The girls and Miss Kate stood silently. Their faces showed their disappointment; their great masquerade had been a failure. Virginia's mother had never been deceived; now she was merely being polite.

Mrs. Biggs ordered the boy, his mouth agape, to deposit her gifts. At the sight of the beautifully wrapped presents the girls began to smile, and good humor filtered again into the stuffy room. The gifts were splendid. Fine brandy and two lace evening handkerchiefs for Madeline; French perfume and make-up for Georgette; a Moerschbaum pipe for Lavinia and a

nic supply of haphish to fill it with; a mammoth jug of Chianti for Rosina, in addition to an alluring black lace nightgown; a gold mesh bag for Gerta; long gold earrings for Lita; grey suede gloves for Mr. Cavendish, and a silver headed cane; and for Cokie Joe a surgical kit with a gleaming new, unused syringe.

"My boy's going to be a doctor, you know," and she winked mischievously again. It seemed, they were to note, to be a habit with her.

To Rodondo, Missy-Mat and Beulah, she distributed munificent funds, and to the house, in memory of Virginia, she presented a damask banquet cloth and matching napkins with inserts of Irish lace medallions — for use on special occasions, in memory, also, of this day.

Then she took the bewildered Miss Kate's hands in hers and kissed her on both cheeks, and said, as she handed her a diamond and pearl heart-shaped pin, "You didn't fail, my dear."

And then she addressed the baffled group.

"Nor did any of you, I knew. For years I had suspected, but I knew from the moment I set my foot inside the door. You see, I would only have made Virginia unhappy if I had ever told her my suspicions. So I, too, played the game."

She began pulling on her white kid gloves, and then she removed her neat white linen handkerchief from her modest black bag, and when she spoke again, she rose in stature until she looked very tall, and almost regal. Proudly, yet with humility, she spoke:

"If you wonder how I knew . . . you see, Virginia's father, Mr. Biggs, married me out of just such a house as this almost 25 years ago today."

There was a lost stillness for a second . . . and then Miss Kate began to laugh . . . and then to cry. The two women embraced each other, and the girls, with abandon, caught Virginia's mother in a dance of joy and understanding.

She departed amidst tears and laughter, and with Miss Kate's promise to write every week — just as Virginia had done.

That night was the most festive in the history of the House on Bourbon Street. The girls were never more beautiful, nor Miss Kate more radiant. At midnight the bugles blew and the sirens screeched throughout the city, and Comus, with his magnificent court, walked through the door of the House on Bourbon Street.

"Hail, Rex!"

Glasses were lifted in the toast, and another Mardi Gras was under way.

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His daughter had predicted that Daddy would die . . . How could he possibly escape his fate?

I **OWED** A LOT to Paul Shannon. It was Shannon, the eminent psychologist, who introduced me to Ardis, my wife. And it was Paul, a pioneer in the vaguely charted wilderness of Extra Sensory Perception by virtue of a seminar in the field at Duke University, who first discovered that our little Shirley was gifted with occult powers — or cursed. Ardis and I were not sure at first. The child was only two when Paul deduced she was tuned in to forces beyond normal comprehension.

Paul had been formally engaged to Ardis before I met her, and they had broken up, she told me, because of his preoccupation and dedication to his work. Despite the fact he was the prototype of every scientist the movies and TV have foisted on us — myopic, frail, retiring — I was jealous of him for a long time. He was a man, wasn't he?

That was enough to incite me. I mistrusted every man with whom Ardis came in contact, or ever had. It must have been my own insecurity and neurosis that drove me to the depths of hell whenever I envisioned Ardis in the embrace of another man. I called it love, but Ardis referred to it as my "sickness."

I tried in every conceivable way to get her to admit to intimacy with him during their courtship, but she never would. I harangued the poor girl to the brink of madness before we were married, questioning her about her relationship with Paul.

"All right, Al!" she screamed at me toward the end of my insane campaign to break her defenses down. "Do you want me to lie, and say we were lovers? I'll say it if it will make you happy. But, damn it, it'll be a lie!"

Finally convinced, I swore to refer to Paul in that vein no more, and we were married. Having come to a decision with myself to believe Ardis, I later welcomed Paul into our home. He was like one of the family; Shirley called him "Uncle Paul." I was glad, eventually, that I had ac-

/turn to page 97



BYE, NOW

by Allan Nixon

Down and out in Las Vegas, Nevada. Playground of the Western World.

He slid off the comfortable stool-chair and turned his back on the blackjack table. The action was already starting again, like waves closing over a drowned man. He had been there, was gone, and no one had noticed. No one had seen a man blow his last tie with salvation. Kostner now had his choice: he could bum his way into Los Angeles and try to find something that resembled a new life . . . or he could go blow his brains out through the back of his head.

Neither choice showed much light or sense.

He thrust his hands deep into the pockets of his worn and dirty chinos, and started away down the line of slot machines clanging and rattling on the other side of the aisle between blackjack tables.

He stopped. He felt something in his pocket. Beside him, but all-engrossed, a fiftyish matron in electric lavender capris, high heels and Ship n' Shore blouse was working two slots, loading and pulling one while waiting for the other to clock down. She was dumping quarters in a seemingly inexhaustible supply from a Dixie cup held in her left hand. There was a surrealistic presence to the woman. She was almost automated, not a flicker of expression on her face, the eyes fixed and unwavering. Only when the gong rang—someone down the line had pulled a jackpot—did she look up.

And at that moment Kostner knew what was wrong and deadly about Vegas, about legalized gambling, about setting the traps all baited and

open in front of the average human. The woman's face was grey with hatred, envy, lust and dedication to the game—in that timeless instant when she heard another drugged soul down the line winning a minuscule jackpot. A jackpot that would only lull the player with words like *luck* and *ahead of the game*. The jackpot lure, the sparkling, bobbing many-colored wiggler in a sea of poor fish.

The thing in Kostner's pocket was a silver dollar.

He brought it out and looked at it. The eagle was hysterical.

But Kostner pulled to an abrupt halt, only one half-footstep from the sign indicating the limits of Tap City.

He was still with it. What the high-rollers called the edge, the *vigerish*, the fine hole-card. One buck. One cartwheel. Pulled out of the pocket not half as deep as the pit into which Kostner had just been about to plunge.

What the hell, he thought, and turned to the row of slot machines.

He had thought they'd all been pulled out of service, the silver dollar slots. A shortage of coinage, said the United States Mint. But right there, side-by-side with the nickel and quarter bandits, was one cartwheel machine. Two thousand dollar jackpot. Kostner grinned foolishly. If you're gonna go out, go out like a champ.

He thumbed the silver dollar into the coin slot and grabbed the heavy, oiled handle. Shining cast aluminum and pressed steel. Big black plastic ball. Angled for arm-ease, pull it all day and you won't get weary.

Without a prayer in the universe, Kostner pulled the handle.

She had been born in Tucson, mother full-blooded Cherokee, father

a blindstiff on his way through. Mother had been working a trucker's stop, father had popped for spencer steak and sides. Mother had just gotten over a bad scene, indeterminate origins, unsatisfactory culminations. Mother had popped for bed. And sides. Margaret Annie Jessie had come nine months later. Black of hair, fair of face, and born into a life of poverty. Twenty-three years later, a determined product of Miss Clair and Berlitz, a dream image formed by Vogue and intimate association with the rat race, Margaret Annie Jessie had become a contraction.

Maggie.

Long legs, trim and coltish; hips a trifle large, the kind that promote that specific thought in men, about getting their hands around it; belly flat, isometrics; waist cut to the bone, a waist that works in any style from dirdnd to disco-slacks; no breasts— all nipple but no breast, like an expensive whore (the way O'Hara pinned it) and no padding . . . forget the cans, baby, there's other, more important action; smooth, Michelangelo-sculpted neck, a pillar, proud; and all that face.

Outruth chin, perhaps a lot too much belligerence, but if you'd swooped as many gorpers, you, too, sweetheart; narrow mouth, petulant lower lip, nice to chew on, a lower lip as though filled with honey, bursting, ready for things to happen; a nose that threw the right sort of shadow, flaring nostrils, the acceptable words—aquiline, patrician, classic, alathat; cheekbones as stark and promontory as a spit of land after ten years of open ocean; cheekbones holding darkness like narrow shadows, sooty beneath the taut-fleshed bone structure; amazing cheekbones, the whole face, really; simple upturned eyes, the touch of the Cherokee, eyes that looked out at you, as you looked in at them, like someone peering out of the keyhole as you peered in; actually, dirty eyes, they said you can get it.

Blonde hair, a great deal of it, wound and rolled and smoothed and flowing, in the old style, the page boy thing men always admire; no tight little cap of slicked plastic; no ratted and teased Annapurna of bizarre coiffure; no ironed-flat dyed-theque hair like Number 3 flat noodles. Hair, the way a man wants it, so he can dig his hands in at the base of the neck and pull all that face very close.

An operable woman, a working mechanism, a rigged and sudden machinery of softness and motivation.

Twenty-three, and determined as hell never to abide in that vale of poverty her mother had called pur-



vatory for her entire life; snuffed out in a grease fire in the last trailer somewhere in Arizona, thank God no more pleas for a little money from babygirl Maggie hustling drinks in a Los Angeles toplex joint. (There ought to be some remorse in there somewhere, for a Mommy gone where all good grease victims go. Look around, you'll find it.)

Maggie.

Genetic freak. Mommy's Cherokee uptitled eye shape, and Polack quickscrewing Daddy withoutaname's blue as innocence color.

Blue-eyed Maggie, dyed blonde, allathat face, allathat leg, fifty bucks a night can get it and it sounds like it's having a climax.

Irish innocent blue-eyed innocent French-legged innocent Maggie. Polack. Cherokee. Irish. All woman and going on the market for this month's rent on the stucco pad, eighty bucks worth of groceries, a couple months' worth for a Mustang, three appointments with the specialist in Beverly Hills about that shortness of breath after a night on the watusi.

Maggie, Maggie, Maggie, pretty Maggie Moneyeyes, who came from Tucson and trailers and rheumatic fever and a surge to live that was all kaleidoscopic frenzy of clawing scraggling no-nonsense. If it took laying on one's back and making sounds like a panther in the desert, then one did it, because nothing, but nothing was as bad as being dirt-poor, itchy-skinned, soiled-underwear, scuff-toed, hairy and ashamed lousy with the no-gots. Nothing!

Maggie. Hooker. Hustler. Grabber. Swinger. If there's a buck in it, there's rhythm and the onomatopoeia is Maggie Maggie Maggie.

She who puts out. For a price, whatever that might be.

Maggie was dating Nuncio. He was Sicilian. He had dark eyes and an alligator-grain wallet with slip-in pockets for credit cards. He was a spender, a sport, a high-roller. They went to Vegas.

Maggie and the Sicilian. Her blue eyes and his slip-in pockets. But mostly her blue eyes.

THE SPINNING REELS behind the three long glass windows blurred, and Kostner knew there wasn't a chance. Two thousand dollar jackpot. Round and round, whirring. Three bells or two bells and a jackpot bar, get 18, three plums or two plums and a jackpot bar, get 14; three oranges or two oranges and a jac—

Ten, five, two bucks for a single cherry cluster in first position. Something . . . I'm drowning . . . something . . .

Turn the page

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thing . . .

The whirring . . .

Round and round . . .

As something happened that was not considered in the pit-boss manual.

The reels whipped and snapped to a stop, clank, clank, clank, tight in place.

Three bars looked up at Kostner. But they did not say JACKPOT. They were three bars on which stared three blue eyes. Very blue, very immediate, very JACKPOT!!

Twenty silver dollars clattered into the payoff trough at the bottom of the machine. An orange light flickered on in the Casino Cashier's cage, bright orange on the jackpot board. And the gong began clanging overhead.

The Slot Machine Floor Manager nodded once to the Pit Boss, who pursed his lips and started toward the seedy looking man still standing with his hand on the slot's handle.

The token payment—twenty silver dollars—lay untouched in the payoff trough. The balance of the jackpot—one thousand nine hundred and eighty dollars—would be paid manually by the Casino Cashier. And Kostner stood, dumbly, as the three blue eyes stared up at him.

There was a moment of idiotic disorientation, as Kostner stared back at the three blue eyes; a moment in which the slot machine's mechanisms registered to themselves; and the gong clanged furiously.

All through the hotel's casino people turned from their games to stare. At the roulette tables the white-on-white players from K.C. and Cleveland pulled their watery eyes away from the clattering ball, and stared down the line for a second, at the ratty looking guy in front of the slot machine. From where they sat, they could not tell it was a two grand pot, and their rheumy eyes went back into billows of cigar smoke, and that little hall.

The blackjack hustlers turned momentarily, screwing around in their seats, and smiled. They were closer to the slot players in temperament, but they knew the slots were a dodge to keep old ladies busy, while the players worked toward their endless twenty-ones.

And the old dealer, who could no longer cut it at the fast-action boards, who had been put out to pasture by a grateful management, standing at the Wheel of Fortune near the entrance to the Casino, even he paused in his zombie-murmuring ("Annnnother winner onna Wheel of Forchun!") to no one at all, and looked

toward Kostner and that incredible gong-clanging. Then, in a moment, still with no players, he called another non-existent winner.

Kostner heard the gong from far away. It had to mean he had won two thousand dollars, but that was impossible. He checked the payoff chart on the face of the machine. Three bars labeled JACKPOT meant JACKPOT. Two thousand dollars.

But these three bars did not say JACKPOT. They were three grey bars, rectangular in shape, with three blue eyes, one directly in the center of each bar.

Blue eyes?

Somewhere, a connection was made, and electricity, a billion volts of electricity, were shot through Kostner. His hair stood on end, his fingertips bled raw, his eyes turned to jelly, and every fiber in his musculature became radioactive. Somewhere, out there, in a place that was not this place, Kostner had been inextricably bound to — to someone. Blue eyes?

The gong had faded out of his head, the constant noise level of the Casino, chips chattering, people mumbling, dealers calling plays, it had all gone, and he was imbedded in silence.

Tied to that someone else, out there somewhere, through those three blue eyes.

Then in an instant, it had passed, and he was alone again, as though released by a giant hand, the breath crushed out of him. He staggered up against the slot machine.

"You all right, fellah?"

A hand gripped him by the arm, steadied him. The gong was still clanging overhead somewhere, and he was breathless from a journey he had just taken. His eyes focused and he found himself looking at the stocky Pit Boss who had been on duty while he had been playing blackjack.

"Yeah . . . I'm okay, just a little dizzy is all."

"Sounds like you got yourself a big jackpot, fellah," the Pit Boss grinned. It was a leathery grin; something composed of stretched muscles and conditioned reflexes, totally mirthless.

"Yeah . . . great . . ." Kostner tried to grin back. But he was still shaking from that electrical absorption that had kidnapped him.

"Let me check it out," the Pit Boss was saying, edging around Kostner, and staring at the face of the slot machine. "Yeah, three jackpot bars, all right. You're a winner."

Then it dawned on Kostner! Two thousand dollars! He looked down at the slot machine and saw —

Three bars with the words JACKPOT on them. No blue eyes, just

words that meant money. Kostner looked around frantically, was he losing his mind? From somewhere, not in the casino room, he heard a tinkle of rhodium-plated laughter.

He scooped up the twenty silver dollars. Then the Pit Boss dropped in a cartwheel and pulled-off the jackpot; smiling cordially, he walked Kostner to the rear of the Casino, talking to him in a muted, extremely polite tone of voice. At the Cashier's window, the Pit Boss nodded to a weary looking man at a huge rolodex card-file, checking credit ratings.

"Bárney, jackpot on the cartwheel Chief; slot five oh oh one five." He grinned at Kostner, who tried to smile back. It was difficult. He felt stunned.

The Cashier checked a payoff book for the correct amount to be drawn and loaned over the counter toward Kostner. "Check or cash, sir?"

Kostner felt buoyancy coming back to him. "Is the Casino's check good?" They all laughed at that. "A check's fine," Kostner said. The check was drawn, and the Check-Riter punched out the little bumps that said two thousand. "The twenty cartwheels are a gift," the Cashier said, sliding the check through to Kostner.

He held it, looked at it, and still found it difficult to believe. Two grand, back on the golden road.

As he walked back through the Casino with the Pit Boss, the stocky man asked pleasantly, "Well, what are you going to do with it?" Kostner had to think a moment. He didn't really have any plans. But then the sudden realization came to him: "I'm going to play that slot machine again." The Pit Boss smiled: a congenial sucker. He would put all twenty of those silver dollars back into the Chief, and then turn to the other games. Blackjack, roulette, faro, bacarat . . . in a few hours he would have redeposited the two grand with the hotel casino. It always happened.

He walked Kostner back to the slot machine, and patted him on the shoulder. "Lotsa luck, fellah."

As he turned away, Kostner slipped a silver dollar into the machine, and pulled the handle.

The Pit Boss had taken only five steps when he heard the incredible sound of the reels clicking to a stop, the clash of twenty token silver dollars hitting the payoff trough, and that goddamned gong went out of its mind again.

She had known that zonofabitch Nuncio was a perverted swine. A walking flink. A dung heap between his ears. Some kind of monster in nylon undershorts. There weren't many kinds of games Maggie hadn't

played, but what that Sicilian De Sade wanted to do was outright vomit!

She nearly fainted when he suggested it. Her heart—which the Beverly Hills specialist had said she should not tax—began whumping frantically. "You pig!" she screamed. "You filthy dirty ugly pig you, Nuncio you pig!" She had bounded out of the bed and started to throw on clothes. She didn't even bother with a brassiere, pulling the poorly sweater on over her breasts, still crimson with the touches and love-bites Nuncio had showered on them.

He sat up in the bed, a pathetic looking little man, gray hair at the temples and no hair at all on top, and his eyes were moist. He was porcine, was indeed the swine she called him, but he was helpless before her. He was in love with his hooker, with the tart that he was supporting. It had been the first time for the swine Nuncio, and he was helpless. Back in Detroit, had it been a floozy, a chippy broad, he would have gotten out of the double bed and rapped her around pretty good. But this Maggie, she tied him in knots. He had suggested... that, what they should do together... because he was so consumed with her. But she was furious with him. It wasn't that bizarre an ideal!

"Gimme a chance to talk t'ya honey... Maggie..."

"You filthy pig, Nuncio! Give me some money, I'm going down to the Casino, and I don't want to see your filthy pig face for the rest of the day, remember that!"

And she had gone in his wallet and pants, and taken eight hundred and sixteen dollars, while he watched. He was helpless before her. She was something stolen from a world he knew only as "class" and she could do what she wanted with him.

Genetic freak Maggie, blue-eyed posing mannequin Maggie, pretty Maggie Moneyeyes, who was one-half Cherokee and one-half a buncha other things, had absorbed her lessons well. She was the very model of a "class broad."

"Not for the rest of the day, do you understand?" she snapped at him, and went downstairs, furious, to fret and gamble and wonder about nothing but years of herself.

Men stared after her as she walked. She carried herself like a challenge, the way a squire carried a pennant, the way a prize bitch carried herself in the judge's ring. Born to the blue. The wonders of mimicry and desire.

Maggie had no lust for gambling, none whatever. She merely wanted to taste the fury of her relationship with the swine Sicilian, her need for solid-

arity in a life built on the edge of the slide area, the senselessness of being here in Las Vegas when she could be back in Beverly Hills. She grew angrier and more ill at the thought of Nuncio upstairs in the room, taking another shower. She bathed three times a day. But it was different with him. He knew she resented his smell; he had the soft odor of wet fur sometimes, and she had told him about it. Now he bathed constantly, and hated it. He was a foreigner to the bath. His life had been marked by various kinds of filths, and baths for him now were more of an obscenity than dirt could ever have been. For her, bathing was different. It was a necessity. She had to keep the patina of the world off her, had to remain clean and smooth and white. A presentation, not an object of flesh and hair. A chromium instrument, something never pitted by rust and corrosion.

When she was touched by them, by any one of them, by the men, by all the Nuncios, they left little pit holes of bloody rust on her white, permanent flesh, cobwebs, sooty stains. She had to bathe. Often.

She strolled down between the tables and the slots, carrying eight hundred and sixteen dollars. Eight one hundred dollar bills and sixteen dollars in ones.

At the change booth she got cart-wheels for the sixteen ones. The Chief waited. It was her baby. She played it to infuriate the Sicilian. He told her to play the nickel slots, the quarter or dime slots, but she always infuriated him by blowing fifty or a hundred dollars in ten minutes, one coin after another, in the big Chief.

She faced the machine squarely, and put in the first silver dollar. She pulled the handle that swine Nuncio. Another dollar, pulled the handle how long does this go on? The reels cycled and spun and whirled and whipped in a blurringspinning metal-humming overandoverandover as Maggie blue-eyed Maggie hated and hated and thought of hate and all the days and nights of swine behind her and ahead of her and if only she had all the money in this room in this Casino in this hotel in this town right now this very instant just an instant thisinstant it would be enough to whirring and humming and spinning and overandoverandoverandover and she would be free free free and all the world would never touch her body again the swine would never touch her white flesh again and then suddenly as dollarafterdollarafterdollar went aroundaroundround hummmmm in reels of cherries and bells and bars and plums and oranges there
/turn the page

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off, and twice... well, you know, I'm sure you'll understand. If a girl was doing it with a boomerang—"

Kostner raised an eyebrow.

"—uh, yeah, a boomerang, it's another way to spoon the machine. But we just wanted to make a little check, and now everybody's satisfied, so if you'll just come back to the Casino Cashier with me —"

And they paid him off again.

So he went back to the slot machine, and stood before it for a long time, staring at it. The change girls and the dealers going off duty, the little old ladies with their canvas work gloves worn to avoid callouses when pulling the slot handles, the men's room attendant on his way up front to get more matchbooks, the floral tourists, the idle observers, the hard drinkers, the sweepers, the busboys, the gamblers with poached-egg eyes who had been up all night, the showgirls with massive breasts and diminutive sugar daddies, all of them conjectured mentally about the beat-up walker who was staring at the silver dollar Chief. He did not move, merely stared at the machine... and they wondered.

The machine was staring back at Kostner.

Three blue eyes.

The electric current had sparked through him again, as the machine had clocked down and the eyes turned up a second time, as he had won a second time. But this time he knew there was something more than luck involved, for no one else had seen those three blue eyes.

So now he stood before the machine, waiting. It spoke to him. Inside his skull, where no one had ever lived but himself, now someone else moved and spoke to him. A girl. A beautiful girl. Her name was Maggie, and she spoke to him:

I've been waiting for you. A long time. I've been waiting for you, Kostner. Why do you think you hit the jackpot? Because I've been waiting for you, and I want you. You'll win all the jackpots. Because I want you, I need you. Love me, I'm Maggie, I'm so alone, love me.

Kostner had been staring at the slot machine for a very long time, and his weary brown eyes had seemed to be locked to the blue eyes on the jackpot bars. But he knew no one else could see the blue eyes, and no one else could hear the voice, and no one else knew about Maggie.

He was the universe to her. Everything to her.

He thumbed in another silver dollar, and the Pit Boss watched, the slot machine repairman watched, the Slot Machine Floor Manager watched,

three change girls watched, and a pack of unidentified players watched, some from their seats.

The reels whirled, the handle snapped back, and in a second they flipped down to a halt, twenty silver dollars tokened themselves into the payoff trough, and a woman at one of the crap tables beached a fragment of hysterical laughter.

And the gong went insane again.

The Floor Manager came over and said, very softly, "Mr. Kostner, it'll take us about fifteen minutes to pull this machine and check it out. I'm sure you understand." As two slot repairmen came out of the back, hauled the Chief off its stand, and took it into the repair room at the rear of the Casino.

While they waited, the Floor Manager regaled Kostner with stories of spooners who had used intricate magnets inside their clothes, of boomerang men who had attached their plastic implements under their sleeves so they could be extended on spring-loaded clips, of cheaters who had come equipped with tiny electric drills in their hands and wires that slipped into the tiny drilled holes. And he kept saying he knew Kostner would understand.

But Kostner knew the Floor Manager would not understand.

When they brought the Chief back, the repairmen nodded assuredly. "Nothing wrong with it. Works perfectly. Nobody's been boomin' it."

But the blue eyes were gone on the jackpot bars.

Kostner knew they would return. They paid him off again.

He returned and played again.

And again. And again. They put a "spotter" on him. He won again and again. And again. The crowd had grown to massive proportions. Word had spread like the silent communications of the telegraph vine, up and down the Strip, all the way to downtown Vegas and the sidewalk casinos where they played night and day every day of the year, and the crowd moved toward the hotel, and the Casino, and the seedy-looking walker with his weary brown eyes.

The crowd moved to him inexorably, drawn like lemmings by the odor of the luck that rose from him like musky electrical cracklings. And he won. Again and again. Thirty-eight thousand dollars. And the three blue eyes continued to stare up at him. Her lover was winning. Maggie and her moneyeyes.

Finally, the Casino decided to speak to Kostner. They pulled the Chief for fifteen minutes, for a supplemental check by experts from the

(turn to page 82)



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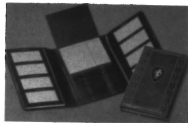
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MONEYEYES, from page 77

slot machine company in downtown Vegas, and while they were checking it they asked Kostner to come to the main office of the hotel.

The owner was there. His face seemed faintly familiar to Kostner. Had he seen it on television? The newspaper?

"Mr. Kostner, my name is Jules Hartshorn."

"I'm pleased to meet you."

"Quite a string of luck you're having out there."

"It's been a long time coming."
"You realize this sort of luck is unbelievable."

"I'm compelled to believe it, Mr. Hartshorn."

"Um. As am I. It's happening to my casino. But we're thoroughly convinced of one of two possibilities, Mr. Kostner: one, either the machine is inoperable in a way we can't detect, or two, you are the most clever spooner we've ever had in here."

"I'm not cheating."

"As you can see, Mr. Kostner, I'm smiling. The reason I'm smiling is at your naivete in believing I would take your word for it. I'm perfectly happy to nod politely and say of course you aren't cheating. But no one can win thirty-eight thousand dollars on nineteen straight jackpots off one slot machine; it doesn't even have mathematical odds against its happening. Mr. Kostner. It's on a cosmic scale of improbability with three dark planets crashing into our sun within the next twenty minutes.

It's on a par with the Pentagon, Peking and the Kremlin all three pushing the red button at the same micro-second. It's an impossibility, Mr. Kostner. An impossibility that's happening to me."

"I'm sorry."

"Not really."

"No, not really. I can use the money."

"For what, exactly, Mr. Kostner?"
"I hadn't thought about it, really."

"I see. Well, Mr. Kostner, let's look at it this way. I can't stop you from playing, and if you continue to win, I'll be required to pay off. And no stubble-chinned thugs will be waiting in an alley to jackroll you and take the money. The checks will all be honored. The best I can hope for, Mr. Kostner, is the attendant publicity. Right now, every player in Vegas is in that Casino, waiting for you to drop cartwheels into that machine. It won't make up for what I'm losing, if you continue the way you've been, but it will help. Every high-roller in town likes to rub up next to luck. All I ask is that you cooperate a little."

"The least I can do, considering your generosity."

"An attempt at humor."

"I'm sorry. What is it you'd like me to do?"

"Get about ten hours sleep."

"While you pull the slot and have it worked over thoroughly?"

"Yes."

"If I wanted to keep winning, that might be a pretty stupid move on my part. You might change the hickamajig inside so I couldn't win if I put back every dollar of that thirty-eight grand."

"We're licensed by the state of Nevada, Mr. Kostner."

"I come from a good family, too, and take a look at me. I'm a bum with thirty-eight thousand dollars in my pocket."

"Nothing will be done to that slot machine, Kostner."

"Then why pull it for ten hours?"

"To work it over thoroughly in the shop. If something as undetectable as metal fatigue or a worn escalator tooth or — we want to make sure this doesn't happen with other machines. And the extra time will get the word around town; we can use the crowd. Some of those tourists will stick to our fingers, and it'll help defray the expense of having you break the bank at this casino... on a slot machine."

"I have to take your word."

"This hotel will be in business long after you're gone, Kostner."

"Not if I keep winning."

Hartshorn's smile was a stricture.

"A good point."

"So it isn't much of an argument."

"It's the only one I have. If you want to get back out on that floor, I can't stop you."

"No Mafia hoods ventilate me later?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"I said: no Mafia —"

"You have a picturesque manner of speaking. In point of fact, I haven't the faintest idea what you're talking about."

"I'm sure you haven't."

"You've got to stop reading *The National Enquirer*. This is a legally run business. I'm merely asking a favor."

"Okay, Mr. Hartshorn. I've been three days without any sleep. Ten hours will do me a world of good."

"I'll have the desk clerk find you a quiet room on the top floor. And thank you, Mr. Kostner."

"Think nothing of it."

"I'm afraid that will be impossible."

"A lot of impossible things are happening lately."

He turned to go, as Hartshorn lit

a thin brown Sherman cigarette.

"Oh, by the way, Mr. Kostner?"

Kostner stopped and half turned. "Yes."

His eyes were getting difficult to focus. There was a ringing in his ears. Hartshorn seemed to waver at the edge of his vision like heat lightning across a prairie. Like memories of things Kostner had come across the country to forget. Like the whimpering and pleading that kept tugging at the cells of his brain. The voice of Maggie. Still back in there, saying . . . things . . .

They'll try to keep you from me.

All he could think about were the ten hours of sleep he had been promised. Suddenly it was more important than the money, than forgetting, than anything. Hartshorn was talking, was saying things but Kostner could not hear him. It was as if he had turned off the sound and saw only the silent rubbery movement of Hartshorn's lips. He shook his head trying to clear it.

There were half a dozen Hartshorns all melting into and out of one another. And the voice of Maggie.

I'm warm here, and alone. I could be good to you, if you can come to me. Please come, please hurry.

"Mr. Kostner?"

Hartshorn's voice came draining down through silt as thick as velvet flocking. Kostner tried to focus again. His extremely weary brown eyes began to track.

"Did you know about that slot machine?" Hartshorn was saying. "A peculiar thing happened with it about six weeks ago."

"What was that?"

"A girl died playing it. She had a heart attack, a seizure while she was pulling the handle, and died right out there on the floor."

Kostner was silent for a moment. He wanted desperately to ask Hartshorn what color the dead girl's eyes had been, but he was afraid the owner would say blue.

He paused with his hand on the office door. "Seems as though you've had nothing but a streak of bad luck on that machine."

Hartshorn smiled an enigmatic smile. "It might not change for a while, either."

Kostner felt his jaw muscles tighten. "Meaning I might die, too, and wouldn't that be bad luck."

Hartshorn's smile became hieroglyphic, permanent, stamped on him forever. "Sleep tight, Mr. Kostner."

In a dream, she came to him. Long, smooth thighs and soft golden down on her arms; blue eyes deep as the past, misted with a fine scintilla-

tion like lavender spiderwebs; taupe body that was the only body woman had ever had, from the very first. Maggie came to him.

Hello, I've been traveling a long time.

"Who are you?" Kostner asked, wonderingly. He was standing on a chilly plain, or was it a plateau? The wind curled around them both, or was it only around him? She was exquisite, and he saw her clearly, or was it through a mist? Her voice was deep and resonant, or was it light and warm as night-blooming jasmine?

I'm Maggie. I love you. I've waited for you.

"You have blue eyes."

Yes. With love.

"You're very beautiful."

Thank you. With female amusement.

"But why me? Why did it happen to me? Are you the girl who . . . are you the one that was sick . . . the one who —?"

I'm Maggie. And you, I picked you, because you need me. You've needed someone for a long long time.

Then it unrolled for Kostner. The past unrolled and he saw who he was. He saw himself alone. Always alone. As a child, born to kind and warm parents who hadn't the vaguest notion of who he was, what he wanted to be, where his talents lay. So he had run off, when he was in his teens, and alone always alone on the road. For years and months and days and hours, with no one. Casual friendships, based on food, or sex, or artificial similarities. But no one to whom he could cleave, and cling, and belong. It was that way till Susie, and with her he had found light. He had discovered the scents and aromas of a spring that was eternally one day away. He had laughed, really laughed, and known with her it would at last be all right. So he had poured all of himself into her, giving her everything; all his hopes, his secret thoughts, his tender dreams; and he had known for the first time what it was to have a place to live, to have a home in someone's heart. It was all the silly and gentle things he laughed at in other people, but for him it was breathing deeply of wonder.

He had stayed with her for a long time, and had supported her, supported her son from the first marriage, the marriage Susie never talked about. And then one day, he had come back, as Susie had always known he would. He was a dark creature of ruthless habits and vicious nature, but she had been his woman, all along, and Kostner realized she had used

/turn the page



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MONEYEYES, from page 83

him at a stop-gap, as a bill-payer to her wandering terror came home to nest. Then she had asked him to leave. Broke, and tapped out in all the silent inner ways a man can be drained, he had left, without even a fight, for all the fight had been steamed out of him. He left, and wandered West, and finally came to Las Vegas, where he had hit bottom. And found Maggie, in a dream, with blue eyes, he had found Maggie.

I want you to belong to me. I love you. Her truth was vibrant in Kostner's mind. She was his, at last someone who was special, was his.

"Can I trust you? I've never been able to trust anyone before. Women, never. But I need someone. I really need someone."

It's me, always. Forever. You can trust me.

And she came to him, fully. Her body was a declaration of truth and trust such as no other Kostner had ever known before. She met him on a windswept plain of thought, and he made love to her more completely than he had known any passion before. She joined with him, entered him, mingled with his blood and his thought and his frustration, and he came away clean, filled with glory.

"Yes, I can trust you, I want you, I'm yours," he whispered to her, when they lay side-by-side in a dream nowhere of mist and soundlessness. "I'm yours."

She smiled, a woman's smile of belief in her man; a smile of trust and deliverance. And Kostner woke up.

The Chief was back on its stand, and the crowd had been penned back by ropes. Several people had played the machine, but there had been no jackpots.

Now Kostner came into the Casino, and the "spotters" got themselves ready. While Kostner had slept, they had gone through his clothes, searching for wires, for gaffs, for spoons or boomerangs. Nothing.

Now he walked straight to the Chief, and stared at it.

Hartshorn was there. "You look tired," he said gently to Kostner, studying the man's weary brown eyes.

"I am, a little," Kostner tried a smile, which didn't work. "I had a funny dream."

"Oh?"

"Yeah... about a girl..." He let it die off.

Hartshorn's smile was understanding. Pitying, empathic, and understanding. "There are lots of girls in this town. You shouldn't have any trouble finding one with your win-



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nings."
Kostner nodded, and slipped his first silver dollar into the slot. He pulled the handle. The reels spun with a ferocity Kostner had not heard before and suddenly everything went whipping slantwise as he felt a wrenching of pure flame in his stomach, as his head was snapped on its spindly neck, as the lining behind his eyes was burned out. There was a terrible shriek, of tortured metal, of an express train ripping the air with its passage, of a hundred small animals being gutted and torn to shreds, of incredible pain, of night winds that tore the tops off mountains of lava. And a keening whine of a voice that wailed and wailed as it went away from there in blinding light —

Free! Free! Heaven or hell it doesn't matter! Free!

The sound of a soul released from an eternal prison, a genie freed from a dark bottle. And in that instant of damp soundless nothingness, Kostner saw the reels snap and clock down for the final time.

One, two, three. Blue eyes. But he would never cash his checks.

The crowd screamed through one voice as he fell sideways and lay on his face. The final loneliness . . .

The Chief was pulled. Bad luck. Too many gamblers resented its very presence in the Casino. So it was pulled. And returned to the company, with explicit instructions it was to be melted down to slag. And not till it was in the hands of the ladle foreman, who was ready to dump it into the slag furnace, did anyone remark on the final tally the Chief had clocked.

"Look at that, ain't that weird," said the ladle foreman to his bucket man. He pointed to the three glass windows.

"Never saw jackpot bars like that before," the bucket man agreed. "Three eyes. Must be an old machine."

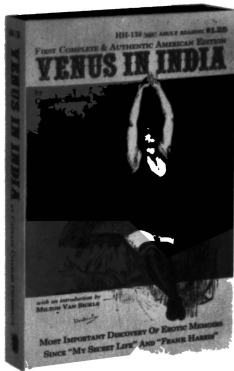
"Yeah, some of these old games go way back," the foreman said, hoisting the slot machine onto the conveyor track leading to the slag furnace.

"Three eyes, huh. How about that. Three brown eyes," and he threw the knife-switch that sent the Chief down the track, to puddle, in the roaring inferno of the furnace.

Three brown eyes. Three brown eyes that looked very very weary. That looked very very trapped. That looked very very betrayed. Some of these old games go way back. ☺

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PUNCHING UP THE NEWS

by D. G. Lloyd

THE TREND IN TV news-casting, over recent years, to news "teams" has had one interesting side effect. Following the pattern of the prototypical Huntley-Brinkley Report, more and more stations have striven for contrast in their news team, one man providing straight reportage while his partner interjects the light touch.

The hangup is, of course, that television is a branch of show business, and even TV newscasters cannot remain entirely aloof from egotism. Sooner or later, it seems to me, the straight man in one of those teams is going to grow resentful. Why should his partner grab all the yocks? Why should he never be quoted in Earl Wilson; paraphrased by Milton Berle? Why shouldn't *he* be known as "the witty member" of the team?

And then one fateful night, emboldened by a couple of pre-broadcast toddies, he'll take matters into his own hands. What does it matter if he lacks wit; is entirely devoid of that rudimentary sense of humor? He knows how to get laughs, by God. He, by God, will show 'em.

And what ensues may well prove to be the most memorable newscast in television history:

VOICE:

It's seven o'clock and time for the Cranshaw-Dinkle Report!

(CARL CRANSHAW, THE "STRAIGHT MAN," APPEARS ON THE SCREEN. HIS VISOR IS A LITTLE LOOSE, AND HIS FACE FLAUNTED, BUT OTHERWISE HE APPEARS NORMAL.)

CARL

(SPRINKLES) This is Carl Cranshaw in New York...

DAVID DINKLE, CUSTOMARILY THE HUMORIST OF THE PAIR, APPEARS SMILING A BIT SMUGLY. THEREAFTER THE CAMERA CUTS BACK AND FORTH BETWEEN THEM.)

DAVID

And this is David Dinkle in Washington... Well, the Potomac was shimmering tonight with rumors of an impending tax cut... In a way, it was like the weather; everyone was talking about it, but no one was doing anything. Carl...?

CARL

(HAND ON RIBS, SOMEWHAT LIKE JACK E. LEONARD) Say, folks: Speaking of weather, it was so cold in New York today, I saw a member of the Flaks Club outside whose tooth was chattering... How do you like them apples, David...?

(OBVIOUSLY A LITTLE DISTURBED) Et... very sardonic. Carl... Speculation in the Capital ran high that the bill might still be killed in committee... Of course, you know what they say about death and tax cuts... heh-heh-heh... Carl...?

CARL

(NOW WEARING A STRAW BOATER) (ROGUISHLI) My wife says we should pay our taxes with a smile... but the Government insists on cash! (DOES HAT TRICK, FLIPPING HAT OFF HIS HEAD, DOWN ARM, INTO HIS HAND) Ring-a-ding-a-ding... and back to you, Pussycat...

DAVID

(MORE AND MORE DISTURBED) Thank you, Carl... I know you're just being satirical... On the serious side, one of the leading manufacturers of dietetic foods came under fire today from the Federal Food and Drug Administration... For the time being, it would appear that the fat is in the fire... heh-heh... Carl...?

CARL

(NOW WEARING A MICKEY MOUSE HAT AND A TRICK BOW TIE THAT WILL SPIN ON CUE) Seriously, folks... my mother-in-law is so fat they have to butter the sides of Yankee Stadium to get her in... (MAKES BOW TIE SPIN)... Better get off the stove, David... you're too old to ride the range...

DAVID

(A LITTLE DESPERATE) Yes... I certainly do enjoy your sense of irony, Carl... The C.I.A. today... announced a plan to work closely with the F.B.I. in screening applicants for intelligence work... They may not be able to shut the window on espionage completely, but at least they're putting up screens... (LAUGH IS FORCED) heh-heh-heh... Carl...?

CARL

(NOW WEARING A BEANY WITH A PROPELLER, AND A FALSE NOSE/MUSTACHE) Last week my brother-in-law fell through a screen and strained himself... (PULLS NOISE-MAKER FROM BEHIND DECK AND SPINS IT VIOLENTLY)... Speaking of intelligence, he's so dumb he thinks a "counter-spy" is a floor-walker... (LIFTS OTHER HAND FROM BEHIND DECK TO POINT AT DAVID—IS WEARING LARGE RUBBER "HAND") Let's give David a great big hand, folks...

DAVID

(HORROR-STRIKEN — RUSHES ON TO NEXT ITEM WITHOUT COMMENT) ... Agriculture Secretary Orville Freeman announced that farm subsidies reached a new high during the three month period just ended... which proves... er... which only goes to show... (IS GLANCING NERVIOUSLY AT HIS MONITOR SET AS HE ANTICIPATING CARL'S NEXT APPEARANCE ON THE SCREEN)... ah, which... ah... (VOICE BREAKS NERVIOUSLY) (gulp) Carl...?

CARL

(NOW WEARING A BEATLE WIG AND OVSIZED FALSE EARS PLUS LARGE, DARK, BOBBY CLARK SPECIALLY PAINTED ON) I'm all ears, bubie! Did you hear about the calf who walked up to the silo, and said: "Is my *fooder* in dere?" (PULLS OUT RUBBER "BRONX CHEER" MAKER AND BLOWS IT) A farmer is just like a pirate, if you have to pay a *bu* *ca* *nceer* for corn... (PRODUCTS RED RUBBER "GEE") AND SHOTS PING-PONG BALL OFF CAMERA) Head for the round house, David... they'll never *corner* you *there*! (SIDE WHISTLE SOUND EFFECT—CUSTARD PIE HITS HIM SQUARELY IN THE FACE)

DAVID

(BARELY AUDIBLE) My God, Well... that's all the news tonight... David Dinkle in Washington... good night, Carl... (BURIES FACE IN HANDS)

CARL

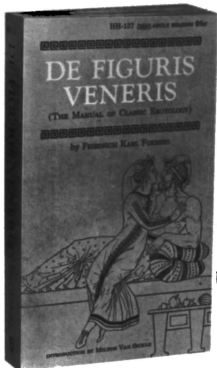
(NOW WEARING CLOWN HAT AND MAKEUP — SPOTS ON CHEEKS AND CHIN, PLUS BIG MOUTH—HUGE FAKE CIGAR—BALLOONS ON A STRING) Carl Cranshaw in New York... wait... one last bulletin here, David... (UNIDENTIFIED HAND COMES ON CAMERA FROM SIDE, HANDING HIM BULLETIN) Red China has just bombed Los Angeles... (INTO CAMERA) And say, folks, thanks for letting us come into your living rooms... if we've given you a few smiles, a few chuckles... helped you forget your heartaches and your worries for a time... it's made our job worthwhile... And that's why I say: (SINGING) Goodnight, David... goodnight, David... (BLOWING KISS) *Bless you all!* (GRABS SELTZER BOTTLE AND SPRAYS IT AT CAMERA, CONTINUING UNTIL...)

FADEOUT



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FLIGHT TRAINING, from page 11

across from me. "I now warn anyone who might be in the propeller area to get out of the way." With this he shouted, "Clear!" and slammed the hatch down over us.

It was then that I had serious doubts as to the design of The Digger, model 180, for the upper rim of the instrument panel cut off all views of the ground and, indeed, of most of the hangar before us. Our pilot pressed (pulled?) a starter button and the prop roared into life. Any one shooting craps in the forward vicinity would have been instantly minced.

As the plane rolled slowly forward the man said, "You're in control Taxi it."

My feet fumbled forward and found the rudder pedals (which also activate the steerable nose wheel), gave the left pedal a nudge, and we swung about, threatening a straggler C-47 parked nearby.

Instantly I over-controlled with the other foot and we nosed around about to chew up the tail assembly of a Piper Cub. The instructor cut the throttle.

"We're trying a bit too hard, aren't we?" he muttered.

My wife giggled.

He cracked the throttle open again and we bumped along the taxiway past rows of spectators, none of whom looked at me in my daring. Quickly we were at the end of the runway and as we pulled to a halt (the brakes are at the tipptopy of the rudder pedals), our man yanked a mike from its awkward location to the upper left of my head. "Control this is Digger 5 for takeoff."

"Scarskah," came the reply. "Barfly skrunsh miggie."

"Roger." He swung the plane about pointing down the runway. As we picked up speed, I speculated on my total inability to make sense of the tower. Idly, I noticed the instructor lean back in his seat and fold his arms. The speed indicator read 35 miles per hour (kilometers?). *Fold his arms?*

"It's your aircraft. Take it off."

I grabbed for the wheel in terror and froze to it.

45 miles per hour. Assen Jordan-off had obviously left a few things out of his book.

At sixty or so, the plane sort of lifted off on its own, and I eased back gently. I was flying! Look out, Red Baron!

"Take it out over the ocean and level off at 4,000 feet," the instructor murmured.

There ensued several minutes as I divided my attention between the

narrow crack of sky ahead of me and the bewildering array of instruments on the dash. At last I located one which seemed to do it. It was round and had a slow stunty big hand and a revolving skinny little hand. Obviously the altimeter.

Here continued my original hatred of this brand of airplane. The engine cowlings, the high instrument dash, the metal canopy above conspired to reduce forward visibility to such a tiny area that I could have flown right up someone's tailpipe before noticing them. Nor was there any looking down. The leading edge of the wings effectively prevented that. We might just as well have been inside of a cow.

Where had the FAA been when this craft was licensed? Can all low wing ships be this bad? My only previous flying had been as a passenger in the old Piper Cubs, and even with their high wings one felt he was surveying all the world — below and ahead. Maybe it's just something some get used to, for this is an enormously popular training ship.

When the big stunty hand reached 4 and the skinny hand reached 0, I decided we were at 4,000 feet. Gently, I pushed the wheel forward and the horizon returned, a tiny strip of it, at least. For the first time, I noticed I had a back muscle spasm from trying to rise up out of the seat and peer forward.

"Turn right," I was told.

Gently, gently, I tested out the wheel, and lo, the damned thing actually turned easily to the right.

"Mr. Ashby," said the instructor, "you fly an airplane very well."

I was bloating with pride when my wife leaned over from the back and said, "Well, lookie who's flying this plane!"

I took a moment out to inform her coldly that I had taken the accursed thing across the runway, up into the air, and made that last perfect turn she'd just experienced.

"Hey, fellow, you're still turning," said the instructor. "I want you to fly in over the Santa Monica mountains. And keep an eye open. We'll be crossing a flight path for incoming jets."

After a sweaty eternity, as the jagged peaks of the coastal range snailed along beneath, my man took the mike again and said, "Van Nuys tower, this is Digger 5 incoming."
"Schmurf, Garft kاذinkle."

"Roger, Van Nuys. Thank you."

"For what?" I pleaded.

"He told us to come in on runway number two."

"Oh." Far below, just over one of

the busy freeways, the roughly X-shaped pattern of the field took shape. I prepared to relinquish the controls.

"You will now lose three thousand feet of altitude while executing a 180 degree turn to the left."

So I fought the damn thing down, made a couple of 90 degree turns, and somehow ended up with the runway vaguely before us.

The landing, however, was something else.

I recall the nose refusing to go down. I recall the instructor shouting, grabbing the controls, and I shall never forget the thwacking, hanging boom as we hit and skidded horribly down Van Nuys runway number two. Just as we were about to become fresh out of pavement, the man applied brakes with savage feet and wrested the ship off the pavement onto the — tarmac.

And we still had to get back to Santa Monica.

I was puffing fervently on a cigarette, pondering how to put it to my wife that wouldn't be fun to walk from the airport and find a bus line somewhere, when I was ordered back into Digger 5. This time into the back seat.

And who do you think took the plane off? Perfectly?

My wife!



And who do you think sat straining in the back seat, biting the upholstery beneath his behind into tiny fabric washers?

But I didn't scream once.

And that, friends, is how they lure you into taking flight training these days. Once back at the field, now confronting the head of Pacific Air University, I hedged out by repeatedly muttering things about "... have to talk with my manager... see to readjusting my budget... let you know soon..."

These days there is much angry talk among the swinging, beat, pot-headed, L.S.D.ing, frugging younger generation about people over 40 being locked into a special kind of stuffy conditioning, and that they are in a frozen "bag." I take this to mean that they do not trust us — nor do they admire our adaptability.

Well to hell with them! I no longer trust 22-year-olds — especially flight instructors.

And as for adaptability. Well, just this morning I spotted a Volkswagen with a cut down body in this used car lot, and if I decide not to become a private pilot I shall soon be the proud owner of the raciest, meanest looking VW in Los Angeles.

Curses on you, Red Baron. Get off my freeway! ☹

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BUSHIDO, from page 25

Yoritomo became, in fact, the absolute monarch of all Japan. Enter, the samurai.

FROM ANCIENT Sparta to Hitler's Germany, each totalitarian war machine has had its elite guard of fanatically dedicated super-warriors blindly following a leader to constitute a nucleus of ruthless power. Yoritomo recognized well the necessity of such an iron core in order to maintain control of the populace. As a result, there evolved the code of bushido (way of the warrior) and, with it, the cult of the samurai.

The code of bushido was severe and explicit. It was based on the principle of undying loyalty to the shogun and to one's immediate overlord. The samurai was obliged to obey his lord implicitly and to avenge with his own life the death of the lord. Bushido demanded "indomitable courage, marvelous feats of arms, fervent patriotism, intense loyalty and a strong antipathy to foreigners."

The word samurai (variously interpreted as "attendant," one who serves and "warrior") took on an elite connotation as Yoritomo's retainers were encouraged to think of themselves as supermen. They identified with an image of towering warlike virility, just as have, in other civilizations, the Sacred Band of Thebes, the Nazi SS and the American Marine Corps. Such an image has proved to be the "nuclear reactor" that drives the most efficient machine of war.

With the samurai it evolved into a complex mystique encompassing the mental, the physical and the spiritual. The unquestioned god-head of the samurai was the shogun (divine by virtue of direct descent from the sun goddess), but the patron spirit was the war god, Hachiman.

A Minamoto warrior, defeated in battle, prayed all night to Hachiman, beseeching the deity. "Why did my sword lose its spirit?" Witnessing this, Yoritomo proclaimed that the samurai essence was a "cult of the sword and the war god." In order to solidify this duality he had moved to Kamakura and dedicated to Hachiman a 100-year-old temple which had originally been erected in a distant spot. Thus the samurai could pray to their war god, sword in hand, before engaging in battle.

Soon, however, the intricate ritual of the samurai began to demand a more sophisticated spiritual hub, and Zen, imported from China by way

of Korea, became the official faith.

IT MAY SEEM surprising that Zen, known as a philosophy of compassion, should have been adopted as a religion by men who were single mindedly war machines. However, a more careful study reveals why Zen was so perfectly tailored to their spiritual needs, and why, paradoxically, it served to activate their fighting spirit.

In Zen and Japanese Culture, D. T. Suzuki comments: "Although it has never actively incited them to carry on their violent profession, it has passively sustained them when they have for whatever reason once entered into it. Zen has sustained them in two ways: morally and philosophically. Morally, because Zen is a religion which teaches us not to look backward once the course is decided upon; philosophically because it treats life and death indifferently. The military mind, being—and this is one of the essential qualities of the fighter—comparatively simple and not at all addicted to philosophizing, finds a congenial spirit in Zen.

"Zen discipline is simple, direct, self-reliant; its ascetic tendency goes well with the fighting spirit. The fighter is to be always single-minded with one object in view; to fight, looking neither backward nor sideways. A good fighter is generally an ascetic or stoic, which means he has a will of iron. This, when needed, Zen can supply."

Zen appealed to the samurai because it is basically a religion of will power, a virtue indispensable to the warrior. Also, though compassionate, it makes allowance under special conditions (insupportable injustice) for bursting forth with destructive violence. This "revolutionary" facet was highly compatible with the fiercely virile spirit of the samurai.

Equally mystic and extremely personal to the samurai was his sword. It was, to him, no mere weapon. Above and beyond its obviously phallic symbolism (the importance of which is not to be underestimated in a civilization which still venerates the male generative organ) it represented an almost supernatural instrument of power. To each samurai his sword was a private Excalibur, and his intense pursuit of perfection in swordsmanship was motivated, at least in part, by his desire to be worthy of his superb weapon.

Actually, the samurai was known as a "two-sworded warrior," for he carried both a long and a short sword. These swords constituted a caste emblem, in keeping with the

motto: "The sword is the soul of the samurai." Functionally, the long sword was employed to fight the lord's battles; the short sword was used to commit suicide if the warrior failed in even the slightest degree.

A dishonored samurai could be punished by "excommunication." That is to say, his emblematic topknot would be cut off, and he would no longer be a samurai. However, this procedure was rare. A much more common way of expiating crimes, apologizing for errors and escaping disgrace was to commit *hara-kiri*, ceremonial suicide by disemboweling. The ritual was strictly formalized. The incision had to be made in a precisely prescribed fashion, and the act was required to be performed before several witnesses, usually close family members and friends.

The samurai's almost joyous preoccupation with the idea of death is very difficult for the Western mind to assimilate, but Daidoji Yusen, a warrior-writer of the Seventeenth Century, presents an enlightening *ku* in the prologue of his book called *Primer of Bushido*: "The idea most vital and essential to the samurai is that of death, which he ought to have before his mind day and night, night and day, from the dawn of the first day of the year till the last minute of the last day of it. When his notion takes firm hold of you, you are able to discharge your duties to their fullest extent; you are loyal to your master, filial to your parents and naturally can avoid all kinds of disasters. Not only is your life itself hereby prolonged, but your personal ignity is enhanced.

"Think what a frail thing life is, especially that of a samurai. This being so, you will come to consider very day of your life your last and edicate it to the fulfillment of your obligations. Never let the thought of long life seize upon you, for then you are apt to indulge in all kinds of inipation and end your days in dire disgrace."

UNDER the bushido code the samurai at Kamakura rose in prestige until they became recognized as the highest caste, far above farmers, merchants and artisans. They took great pride in class and family. The mounted knights would ride out head of their advancing forces, announce their genealogy and fling with an arrogant challenge to combat.

They were spectacular and glamorous figures, larger than life, but ill men. Their golden moment, in which they emerged almost as demi-

gods, was yet to come. It arrived on the current of an ill wind which, in a seemingly miraculous way, became "divine."

After Yoritomo died in 1199, the Kamakura shogunate came under the domination of his in-laws, the Hojo family. Meanwhile, on the mainland, the Mongols, a nomadic people from the steppes of central Asia, had conquered most of the Eastern world, sweeping like a yellow tide under the fierce leadership of Genghis Khan. Kublai Kahn, his grandson, had completed the conquest by subjugating China and Korea and now he turned his eyes toward Japan because his Venetian advisor, Marco Polo, had assured him that these islands were rich in gold.

Kahn sent emissaries to Japan demanding surrender, but the Japanese expressed their defiance by executing his emissaries. The Mongols promptly launched an armada in Korean ships and overwhelmed the defenders of the outer islands. The main force of samurai on Kyushu fought like tigers, but their individual sword-fighting tactics were no match for the longbows and mass formation strategy of the Mongols. Just as they were about to be annihilated, a violent storm arose that destroyed most of the Mongol fleet and sent the survivors scurrying back to the mainland.

The Japanese realized they could enjoy but a temporary respite, however, and they hastened to build their defenses against the return of the Mongols. The entire *bakufu* from Kamakura pitched in to maintain a constant alert and build a great stone wall around Hakata Bay.

In 1281, seven years after their first invasion, the Mongols returned in stupendous force. An armada of 150,000 men, the largest amphibious expedition the world had yet seen, approached the shores of Japan. Though better prepared than before, the samurai were vastly outnumbered. Determined to die in defense of their sacred soil, however, they slugged it out toe-to-toe with the advance landing party of the Mongol horde. As they swung their long swords, disemboweling and decapitating the invaders, the beaches ran slippery red with gore. But despite their valor it was only a matter of time until they would be slaughtered to a man by the full complement of the invaders.

Just as that moment approached, the miracle occurred. A fierce typhoon arose and virtually destroyed the Mongol fleet before the main

/turn the page

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body of their troops could be landed. This typhoon is still spoken of reverently as the *Kamikaze*, (divine wind). This almost supernatural rescue convinced the Japanese that their homeland was divinely protected by the god. As for the *samurai*, they were now regarded as demi-gods and they slipped easily into the role.

IN THE YEARS that followed they became almost divine creatures, a law unto themselves, lording it over the common classes. E. Honjo in *The Social and Economic History of Japan* describes their supremacy: "It seemed as if the farmers and *chonin* (townspeople) were allowed to exist only for their service in supplying the subsistence of the *samurai* class."

Their authority ultimately reached the point where they held the power of life or death over lesser creatures. Ieyasu Tokugawa, in his *Legacy*, decreed: "A *samurai* is not to be interfered with in cutting down a fellow who has misbehaved to him in a rude manner." A few of the more blood-thirsty members of the caste, turned into compulsive killers by their training, took advantage of this decree to hack to bits innocent peasants for some imagined insult.

Meanwhile, changes in the social order had contributed to the rapid and lofty rise of the *samurai*. The *bakufu* at Kamakura, exhausted by the demands of the Mongol invasions, had collapsed.

By the end of the 15th Century, the stronger of the military lords had grabbed land and set up feudal domains very similar to those of medieval Europe. Known as *daimyo*, these militaristic barons built their vast estates into heavily fortified enclaves complete with large forces of fierce *samurai* owing personal allegiance to them.

The *samurai* were paid stated allowances, and their rank became hereditary. As they grew more affluent, they practiced some form of primitively effective birth control to limit the size of their families so inheritances would not have to be split too many ways.

Under the patronage of a powerful baron or the *shogun* himself, a *samurai* lived with a kind of aloof pride. He did not have to concern himself with such mundane matters as income, because this was assured by his lord regardless of depressions or other outside influences. He was free to devote himself entirely to the perfection of his fighting prowess so that he could storm with savage efficiency to the aid of his patron in any emergency. A particularly skilled

samurai often became the object of spirited bidding between rival barons, just as baseball and football stars in our day are courted by rival teams.

In contrast to the majority of these elite warriors, who "belonged" very definitely to a particular lord, was a relatively small group of unattached or "masterless" *samurai* known as *ronin*, (wave men). Latourette writes of them in *The History of Japan*. "Their freedom was not normal and was due either to an unusually adventurous spirit, or to some calamity, such as poverty, disgrace, sorrow or the extinction of their liege's house."

The characteristics of the *ronin* are very accurately portrayed in several of the films of the great Japanese motion picture director Akira Kurosawa—especially in his cinematic masterpiece *Seven Samurai* which is the saga of a group of masterless *samurai*, proud but threadbare, who are recruited by farmers to protect their village against bandits. They receive no pay, merely food, a place to sleep and the fun of fighting.

The *ronin* of "unusually adventurous spirit" has been cinematically immortalized in Kurosawa's *Yojimbo* and *Sanjuro*, both of which feature the tigerish international star Toshiro Mifune playing a scruffy sword slinger who hires out to do the dirty work in disputes between rival factions. He portrays the *ronin* as a free spirit, endearing but deadly, who possesses only the clothes on his back and his beloved sword. He is a rugged fighting machine, short of stature, but when he strides alone down the main street of the village to meet the massed might of the opposition (a la *High Noon*) he seems to loom ten feet tall.

WHILE THE ASHIKAGA period (1338-1573) which followed the collapse of the Kamakura *bakufu* is considered to be the Dark Ages of Japanese history, it was the Golden Age of the *samurai*, a period during which the emperor was completely stripped of political influence and imperial prestige reached its lowest ebb. This resulted in greatly increased power for the competing warrior lords, each of whom ruled his fortress domain as an absolute sovereign. Within this exclusively feudalistic arena the *daimyo* clashed in ceaseless bloody struggle for survival, maintaining huge private armies led by elite corps of fierce *samurai* who, by virtue of their status as knights, were regarded as minor nobility.

This period has been stunningly visualized on the screen in Kurosawa's *The Throne of Blood* which, though a faithful "Japanization" of

Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, is also an extremely accurate depiction of the feudalistic structure of Japan during this era.

Because the rise of the *samurai* placed increased demands upon them while exalting their image, the code of *bushido* was elaborated upon and made more severe, very much in the nature of the ancient Spartan code. Virility of thought and deed was stressed, with emphasis on contempt of death, ruthlessness, cunning and warfare, ritualistic honor and absolute devotion to a chief.

The constant prevalence of war allowed for no laxity of military obedience and discipline, and when the able general Toyotomi Hideyoshi grabbed absolute power in 1582, the code for *samurai* became austere and spartan. One of his captains, Kato Kiyomasa, issued strict regulations which included the following:

"From 6:00 a.m. military exercises must be performed. The only recreations—hunting, ~~hunting~~, wrestling.

"None but cotton ~~linen~~ pongee garments are allowed, and for food only unspiced rice.

"Learning should be encouraged by reading military books.

"Loyalty and filial piety are the personal qualities to be developed.

"Every *samurai* must be brave and warlike and must live and die sword in hand."

The conduct of the women of the warrior class was also rigidly set forth. According to a manual of this period drawn up to regulate the behavior of *samurai* women, "a woman must be ever on the alert and keep a strict watch over her own conduct. In the morning she must rise early and at night go late to rest. Instead of sleeping in the middle of the day, she must be intent on the duties of her household, and must not worry of weaving, sewing and spinning."

As the *samurai* continued to rise in power their heroics became legend, but none so captured the Japanese imagination as did the exploits of a group known as "The Forty-seven *Ronin*."

Their story begins with an incident during the course of which the *daimyo* of Ako, lord of a domain in western Honshu, was provoked by one of the *shogun's* officials into drawing his sword in the Edo Castle. This hostile act, on whatever grounds, automatically carried the death penalty. The *daimyo*, therefore, had no choice but to commit *hara-kiri*, after which his lands were confiscated.

Forty-seven of his *samurai*, regarded masterless by this chain of events, became *ronin* and they took an oath to avenge their lord's death

by destroying the official who had provoked the catastrophe.

Realizing that the official would expect this and guard against it, they camouflaged their intentions by disbanding and going off on a binge of flagrant debauchery. Two years later, when they were sure that the incident had cooled off, they stormed the official's mansion and hacked him to bits.

They then surrendered voluntarily to the authorities and were permitted the honor of committing suicide. This chivalrous devotion to a dead master impressed the Japanese populace as exemplifying the highest virtues of the *samurai* code, and the valorous deed of the forty-seven *ronin* has been immortalized in song and poetry.

By 1615 the *samurai*, thriving on the ceaseless chaos of war, had risen to their zenith of power, but in that year an event occurred which was to spell slow but final disaster for the warrior caste. Peace was declared.

It was not a formal declaration. A powerful general, Ieyasu Tokugawa, simply crushed all opposition, seized power and established such rigid control over the *daimyo* and the general populace that for the next two and a half centuries there would be virtually undisturbed peace in Japan.

By now the ranks of the *samurai* had grown to include huge numbers. In Edo alone there were 400,000 of them, and in all of Japan there was a total of 2,000,000, a number equal to one sixteenth of the entire population.

At first the *samurai* rejoiced at unaccustomed freedom from the strictures of war and they cut loose en masse to enjoy what they had been missing. In *Kodo, The Way of The Emperor*, Mary A. Nourse writes: "Having until now been restricted to the barracks of the *daimyo*, allowed only austere ceremony and moral behavior, the *samurai* found pleasure in other quarters of the city. In these districts, hotels and inns, eating and drinking places, street markets, resorts of the gay women of the town flourished in free and merry atmosphere. The 'Floating World' it was called by Edo—the beginnings of the present Yoshiwara. It seemed like a letting loose of spirits, a flight from all the ceremonies of Kyoto and the morals of the *shogun's* castle, from the restrictions of *bushido*, Confucian ethics and tradition."

In the course of this reckless binge both the *samurai* and the *daimyo* began living far beyond their means and they had to borrow money at exorbitant rates of interest from des-

piated merchants and money changers.

"By the middle of the Tokugawa period, it is estimated that the total debts to merchants and money changers amounted to 100 times the cash in the whole country, and that 100 years later 90% of all the property of *daimyo* and *samurai* was mortgaged. Class distinction had become less important. Gone or going was the high and mighty manner of the *samurai*."

Now the once proud warriors were penniless. They roamed the countryside following many pursuits which, according to their ancient code, were beneath them. They became farmers, rice merchants and industrial workers. At the same time they began to scream for the overthrow of the Tokugawa regime, assuming that if this happened they could take over the army and the navy as their exclusive preserve.

However, when the Tokugawa shogunate was deposed following the revolution of 1867-68, the *samurai* were passed over completely. They became absorbed into the general population as all vestiges of feudalism were abolished. At first they were given pensions, then a small lump sum, then nothing. They were stripped of all caste insignia and were even forbidden to wear the two swords of their former rank. Destitute, with no way to exercise the warlike talents to which they had been so exclusively trained, most of them were reduced to performing menial labor on farms.

The cult of the *samurai*, following a glorious history, was dead.

During the early Manchurian campaigns of the Russo-Japanese war in 1905, the *bushido* code was revived for the conscript army, and the fierce fanaticism which it generated is regarded as a primary catalyst of the warlike frenzy that led up to Pearl Harbor. However, the true essence of *samurai* chivalry was lacking and it did not appear again until the final months of World War II.

Aware that their cause was hopeless, but desperate in their hysteria to avoid the loss of face attendant to unconditional surrender, the Japanese warriors, spurred on by Tojo, organized an elite corps of suicide pilots whose sole destiny was to crash their bomb-laden planes squarely onto the decks of allied ships.

The volunteers so designated to die "gloriously" for their homeland lived their last days according to a code derived from *bushido*, and when their hour arrived they bid farewell to family and friends with as stoic a fortitude as had their prototypes of centuries past.

Thus did the pure *samurai* spirit flame again, briefly, but brilliantly, before flickering out—and it was not by coincidence that these modern knights of the air were known by the appellation *kamikaze*—"The Divine Wind." ☺

GLOSSARY

Bakujo—"Camp office" or headquarters of the military government established at Kamakura by Minamoto Yoritomo in 1184. Functioning at first as a second administrative center subordinate to the Emperor's palace at Kyoto, it became, in effect, the actual seat of government after Yoritomo rose to absolute power.

Bushido—A detailed code of conduct for the warrior elite implemented at Kamakura, which became the official guiding force of the *samurai*. Spartan in character, it set rigid standards of military, religious and personal behavior.

Daimyo—A class of feudal overlords who rose from the lower ranks at the close of the 15th Century to take supreme power over vast local areas. Most of them had been retainers or estate managers. Though subordinate and loyal to the *shogun*, each had his castle, extensive land holdings and a private army of *samurai*.

Hara-kiri—Ceremonial suicide by disemboweling oneself—often a form of "execution" for otherwise noble personalities who had erred and who were permitted this last courtesy toward "saving face." In their heyday, *samurai* carried a special short sword for this purpose and would commit *hara-kiri* for the slightest infraction of their own rigid code.

Ronin—Masterless or unaffiliated *samurai*, or "wave men." Usually their unattached status was due to a calamity, such as poverty, disgrace or the extinction of their overlord's house. An extremely small percentage were hyper-adventurous souls who simply preferred the freedom of freelancing.

Samurai—A Japanese warrior elite class which began at Kamakura about 1190, after Minamoto Yoritomo had himself appointed *shogun*. The *samurai* were expert swordsmen, and their lives were dedicated entirely to fighting in behalf of their patron overlord and the *shogun*. Their rank eventually became hereditary, and they were regarded as minor nobility much on the order of European knights of the Middle Ages.

Shogun—"Generalissimo" or military dictator, outranking the Emperor in terms of actual power. Yoritomo was the first *shogun*, and the shogunate line of warlords virtually ruled Japan for the next 750 years.

Zen—A meditative sect of Buddhism which began in South China during the 10th century. It spread to Japan by way of Korea and was adopted as a quasi-official religion by the *samurai*. Though in no way a warlike philosophy, its tenets of not looking back and its casual attitude toward death meshed compatibly with the *bushido* code.

OPINION by George E. Hollister

AMERICAN GUN LAWS COULDN'T BE WORSE

FROM COAST TO COAST, in every city, an argument is being fought about controlling guns that has divided families and friends in a debate that outshines the Lindbergh kidnapping in national scope. Probably the biggest booster of anti-gun legislation, and for good reason, is the youthful New England Senator, Edward M. Kennedy.

"Every two minutes in this country, someone is killed, beaten, wounded or maimed with a firearm," he told a somber crowd recently. "It is possible," he warned, "for any child, madman, drug addict, or misguided individual to purchase a rifle or shotgun through the mail, with no questions asked, for less than the cost of a pair of shoes."

The Senator knows of what he speaks.

As recently as January 30, 1965, a fifteen-year-old Baltimore, Maryland, boy bought a .38 revolver by mail. Minutes after receiving it, he killed both his parents and his sister. And while being arrested, a second gun arrived by Railway Express from the same gun salesman! The obliging merchant was Martin Retting of Los Angeles, who also sold Lee Harvey Oswald the telescopic sight he used to zero-in on President Kennedy.

Only a month later, fate reversed the locales when a California student shot his biology teacher. The P-38 he used arrived by mail from a store close to the nation's capital, in Alexandria, Virginia.

Those who believe gun laws are all right as it can laugh at several other incidents that have occurred in recent times. Well they might; these examples of national negligence could well have come from comic books.

In November, 1963, three Jersey teenagers were apprehended for destroying farm buildings with a Finnish tank gun. Mail order firms did a landslide business during recent racial tensions in Mississippi. The FBI seized four Russian Tokarev semi-automatic rifles in one town there in late 1964. Two months later, they also found a cache of automatic firearms near Corpus Christi, Texas. They had been tipped off by an unknown citizen who had reported a plot against President Johnson.

Then there's the incident whereby the United Nations building in New York City was shelled. In that case, the boys-will-be-boys pranksters were using a German World War II mortar. They got it very easily; it just required that a money order be sent to a New Jersey firm.

For the hard-of-remembering, there was the incident in October, 1965, concerning a Brink's robbery. That time, a vault was blasted with thirty rounds of 20mm cannon fire—the weapon was purchased by mail from another arms supplier in Alexandria, Virginia. During the bombardment, neighbors tossed only lightly in their sleep, convinced the noise was distant thunder.

Those who vehemently oppose tightening Federal gun laws loudly claim that cities and states should do their own

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policing. They want the nation's government to keep hands off, but they are either ignorant of, or purposely neglect to mention, the arms traffic through the mails.

During 1963 and 1964, almost two and one half million firearms were imported into the United States from countries like Germany, France and Italy. This doesn't include the tens of thousands of ordnance-type firearms including anti-tank guns, and neither does it include the millions of additional weapons supposedly imported as parts and scrap. When this gigantic inventory of weapons is channeled to individuals through the mails in defiance of existing laws, the job of gun control becomes impossible for the local authorities. As an example, four thousand Chicagoans received weapons in a recent three year period from just two mail order firms. By something other than coincidence, one thousand of these people had criminal records!

BEHIND THESE NUMBERS is a remarkable lack of effective legal controls over the purchase and possession of guns. The Federal law only curbs some dealings such as interstate sale of machine guns and silencers, but regulation has mostly been left to the cities and states, few of which have any stringent laws. Until New Jersey recently enacted a new gun statute, no state — and only Philadelphia among cities — required police permits for buying, keeping or using guns, or even for roaming the main drag with a shotgun.

Those who still insist we don't need stronger controls might well listen to the FBI, which reports that 57% of the 9850 killings in the U.S. last year were committed with firearms, and that 52 of the 53 policemen killed on duty were gunshot victims. In Dallas, Texas, where firearms laws are almost nonexistent—as throughout Texas as a whole—72% of all homicides last year were committed with guns versus 25% in New York City, where the tough fifty-year-old Sullivan Law requires police permits for even possessing such weapons.

Phoenix, Arizona, does little better than Dallas. In 1963, 66% of its killings were done with guns, while cities with purposeful laws showed their citizens to be a lot safer. In that same year, Chicago rated 45%, Los Angeles 46% and Philadelphia had a low 36% rate.

"Those who claim that the availability of firearms is not a factor in murders in this country are not facing reality," says J. Edgar Hoover of the FBI, and the recent slaughter in Austin, Texas, backs his knowledgeable statement.

There, a university student calmly went from store to store buying guns and ammunition, "to shoot pigs," he told an inquiring salesman. After he had collected a 6mm Remington bolt-action rifle with a four power Leupold telescopic sight (with which even an amateur gunner can consistently plug a six-inch circle from 300 yards), a 35mm Remington rifle, a 9mm Luger pistol, a Galesi-Brescia pistol and a .357 Smith & Wesson Magnum revolver, he purposefully set off to send as many people to their graves as possible.

High atop the observation deck of the 307-foot tower on the University of Texas campus, he methodically started shooting everyone in sight. Not only were passers-by below subjected to his marine-trained accuracy, but casual strollers three blocks away were also felled before he was finally stopped. In all, he accounted for 44 casualties—13 dead and 31 wounded, including an unborn infant.

Incensed after President Kennedy's assassination, congressmen and senators wrote more than twenty bills and

introduced them into the 89th Congress, all intending to amend the Federal and National Firearms Acts. Most aimed at requiring police permission to purchase weapons by mail, the registration of gun serial numbers, and the prohibition of mailing guns between individuals. None however, has caused more controversy between sportsmen and politicians than the bill introduced by Connecticut's Senator Thomas Dodd.

In substance, the senator's bill would severely limit mail order handgun shipments, limit the inflow of military surplus guns from abroad, ban over-the-counter handgun sales to persons under twenty-one, and prohibit longarm sales to anyone under eighteen.

President Johnson has urged speedy congressional action to "help prevent the wrong persons from obtaining firearms," but even in the face of a mounting need for more sensible controls, it is uncertain that anything meaningful will be done. The biggest stumbling block is the National Rifle Association—and its affiliates—whose 750,000 members lobby vigorously and effectively against most gun control legislation.

In April, 1965, the Arizona Game Protective Association supported the NRA by taking a strong stand against the Dodd bill. Its reasoning: Clubs engaged in reloading ammunition for their members could fall within the definition of "manufacturer." In the Dodd bill, manufacturers would have to pay an annual fee of \$500 as a control measure.

"This would be unfair to local 'custom' reloaders who special in custom loads," howled the AGPA, but it failed to mention that hunters would still be able to buy ammunition from established outlets and that custom loaders represented a very small percentage of its members.

Obviously parroting such nonsense, Arizona's Senator Paul Fannin reportedly attacked the Dodd bill last August by issuing the myopic and politically safe statement that the Dodd bill's mail order and license fee provisions "would work undue hardship on sportsmen, ranchers and small retail store establishments that stock guns and ammunition throughout the west." His own state's high gun mortality rate was not mentioned in his statement.

Though some right wingers condemn gun controls as a Communistic plot to disarm Americans, a more common objection is that individual Americans have "a constitutional right to bear arms." Actually, no such absolute right exists. The Supreme Court has held consistently that the right is a collective one, and that State militias are quite clearly what our Founding Fathers had in mind in drafting the Second Amendment: "A well-regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free state, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed upon."

Since most Americans need licenses to marry, drive a car, or even own a dog, it is difficult to see why the National Rifle Association and its affiliates feel that a license to keep a lethal weapon would be an infringement of anyone's freedom. In spite of all objections, however, the wholesale distribution of weapons through the mails must cease, or at least be tightly controlled.

Even were the Dodd bill to become law in its strictest form, hunters could still hunt. There would still be demonstrations of sportsmen's skills. And law abiding citizens could still defend their domains against burglars.

However, teenagers could not exchange wampum for weapons. Pranksters could not pelt structures with shells. And the mentally unbalanced could not riddle Presidents with rifles. ☺

cepted him, because the more I saw of him and Ardis together the less I could imagine them in moments of passion. They just didn't fit.

Shortly after Shirley's second birthday Paul came to us excitedly. "Your child has the gift of Extra Sensory Perception!" he said, his pale eyes gleaming behind his thick spectacles.

Ardis at first sought to laugh it off, but I knew Paul. He was a dreamer — except when it came to his subject.

"How do you know?" I asked.

"Let's go backward," he said. "When the cat was run over and killed by the milk truck today . . ."

"Please, Paul, we felt bad enough about Tiger, but what do you mean . . . you can't mean Shirley has some hidden insight into things?"

"Why the child is only . . ."

"Please, Ardis," Paul said, holding up a hand to silence her. "Let me go on. I stood outside Shirley's bedroom last night, eavesdropping on her prayers. The fact that she talks so coherently at her age always fascinates me. She finished by saying, 'God bless mamma, daddy and Uncle Paul.' Then came the weird and wonderful thing. 'Bye, bye, Tiger,' she whispered, and then 'Amen.'"

I felt the short hair at the back of my neck rise and, glancing at Ardis, saw her face grow white.

"It's a coincidence," she breathed, sagging into a chair weakly.

Paul looked serious. "I'm afraid not. However, we'll check it out, by all of us listening to her prayers every night. If what I think is correct, I'll write a paper on her that will be an incalculable boon to the furtherance of the science of ESP."

The nights Paul didn't drop by, either Ardis or myself, or both of us, listened in secretly to Shirley's prayers. When nearly a year had gone by with no more evidence of anything mystic about the child's psyche, Ardis and I were ready to concede it had been a freak concurrence. The cat had just happened to get struck down the day after her infantile flight of imagination.

Then, it happened again. I was out of town, when I got a phone call from Ardis. She was hysterical, and almost incoherent, as she cried over the phone. "It's my mother, Al," she sobbed.

"What the devil . . ." I began, having almost forgotten Shirley's supposed realization of the unfathomable.

"Shirley . . . Shirley finished her prayer tonight with 'bye grandmas!'"

I managed to calm Ardis down. My own sincere belief that there was nothing to it must have transmitted itself to Ardis because finally she unwound, promised to drink some warm milk and go to bed.

The telegram that came to my hotel next afternoon shook in my hands as I recognized its import:

ARDIS UNDER SEDATION AFTER HER MOTHER'S DEATH
THIS MORNING FROM HEART ATTACK. HURRY HOME.
PAUL.

I wanted to question my daughter as to why she had made the fateful prediction in her farewell to grandmas while praying, but Paul convinced me it might do her harm, maybe induce a traumatic condition.

When both Ardis and I heard her say goodbye to my father after her evening prayers three months later, we were prepared for the shock.

A phone call the next morning from Cleveland, 1,000

miles away from our home, confirmed Shirley's deadly perception. Dad had run a red light, crashed broadside into a moving van, and was dead on arrival at the hospital.

But now Paul was ecstatic about his discovery to the point of ghoulishness. He seldom missed a night, camped outside Shirley's room at her prayer time, his ubiquitous notebook at hand.

The night my number came up, Ardis and I were standing vigil.

" . . . and God bless Daddy, Mommy and Uncle Paul . . . Goodbye, Daddy dear . . ."

Ardis fell to the floor in a dead faint.

THE NEXT DAY, I didn't try to run. There is no hiding place from the thing that was coming after me. I remembered reading in O'Hara's *Appointment In Samarra* about the servant, who, having been jostled by Death in the marketplace, borrowed a horse, and fled to Samarra. Death, explaining to someone why she jostled him and stared at him with what he took for menace, said: "It was not a threatening look I gave him. It was one of surprise that he was here. I had an appointment with him tonight in Samarra."



I had a rendezvous with Death. I didn't know how it would come to me, in what guise, but I could already feel the chill of it in my bones as I went about my work carefully in the office. I had driven down slowly. I had walked upstairs, avoiding the elevator. I ordered my lunch, afraid to go out.

Yet I knew everything I was doing to fend Death off was wasted motion.

By four in the afternoon, I wrote out a will I knew would stand up, signed it. I left my car downtown, took a cab home. Why, I don't know. I had resigned myself to the fact this was my last day on earth.

Ardis met me at the door, collapsed into my arms, shaking convulsively as tears cascaded down her cheeks.

It took me a full minute to get words out of her.

"Please, baby," I implored, "tell me. Tell daddy what's happened?" A horrid thought shot through my brain. "Shirley . . . is Shirley?"

"My God, Al! Oh, my dear, sweet Jesus . . . they just called from Paul's office . . . he's . . . Paul's dead, Al!"



Heavenly Hitchhiker

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Dublin darlin' stalks film career in Hollywood after thousand mile trek around her native Ireland

Oh yes! Once I helped a pair of van men move a piano." Brigitte got down on the shaft floor of her apartment to illustrate. "It was a spinet like this one, but monstrously large and heavy, and these two men were so tired that I just pitched in and lent a hand. They treated me to lunch that day." The immigrant Irish immigrant is, quite frankly, desirous of getting into pictures. And somehow, looking at her as she posed against a bar, and in the sun of her patio, it seemed very possible. Probable, even. ♡





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