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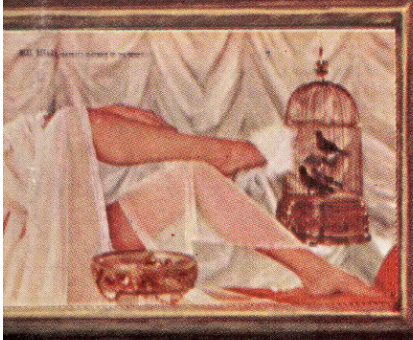

SPECIAL HOLIDAY ISSUE

IRWIN SHAW
WILLIAM SAROYAN
HENRY MILLER
RAY BRADBURY
JULES FEIFFER
D. H. LAWRENCE
KEN PURDY
PLAYMATE REVIEW

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PLAYBILL THIS IS THE MONTH we announce the recipients of our $1000 bonuses for Best Fiction and Best Article of the past year. During 1961, our prodigal harvest of fiction was sown by such craftsmen as Ray Bradbury, T. K. Brown III, Anatole Broyard, Herbert Gold, Harvey Jacobs, Ray Russell, Henry Slesar and Bernard Wolfe, among many others. An embarrassment of riches, but the editors finally gave the nod — and the simoleons — to Harvey Jacobs for his wittily wistful and frenetic September farce, *The Lion's Share*. Close runners-up were Bernard Wolfe, for *Come On Out, Daddy* (February) and Ray Russell for *Sardonicus* (January). Our feast of nonfiction last year was no less meaty: among the memorable contributors were Ludwig Bemelmans, Allen Churchill, Arthur C. Clarke, Leslie Fiedler, Richard Gehman, J. Paul Getty, Ben Hecht, John Keats, Murray Kempton, Al Morgan, Robert Paul Smith, Alec Waugh and the multidexterous Ken W. Purdy, who copped 1960's Best Fiction Bonus for *The Book of Tony*. Again, a rich lode. The winner: Ken W. Purdy, for his spellbinding, penetrating analysis of *Hypnosis* in our February issue. Making the choice difficult were runners-up Leslie Fiedler, for *The Literati of the Four-Letter Word* (June) and Arthur C. Clarke for *Machina ex Deux* (July).

To fill this gala Holiday issue-at-hand with befitting bounty, we've convened a distinguished pride of literary lions which includes Ray Bradbury, Irwin Shaw, William Saroyan, Henry Miller, P. G. Wodehouse, Garson Kanin and the late D. H. Lawrence. In the special PLAYBOY culling of Lawrence's personal correspondence, there emerges the tragic portrait of a man who began his adult life imbued with an ardent humanism, but — plagued by poverty, reviled by critics, rejected by the public, banned by censors and wracked by tuberculosis — finally died in bitter and lonely disenchantment. (At the end of this month, *The Letters of D. H. Lawrence*, edited by Harry T. Moore, will be published by Viking.) Henry Miller, the controversial author of *Tropic of Cancer*, shouts an impassioned personal manifesto of literary freedom, and hurls his defiance specifically at Boston censors who recently banned this luminous, sexually unflinching work. In Part II of his searching biography, *My Brother, Ernest Hemingway*, Leicester Hemingway continues his intimate memoir of his famous brother, eschewing the public image in favor of personal, revealing recollections.

Bonus-winner Ken W. Purdy is on board this month with a compelling amalgam of his fictive and automotive expertise: *Tell Me the Reason, Do*, a swift-paced story which yet probes deep into the motives and emotions which hover over a race driver's vibrant life or sudden death. William Saroyan, lyrically gifted author of *The Human Comedy, The Time of Your Life* (for which he refused the Pulitzer Prize) and 40 other books and plays, makes his PLAYBOY debut with *The Personal Secretary*, a charmingly zany tale of an American in Paris, an unblushing young lady, a hard-boiled egg — and the complications it hatches. In the eight years since PLAYBOY serialized his grippingly prophetic novel, *Fahrenheit 451*, Ray Bradbury has illuminated our pages with nine of his haunting fantasy-parables. His latest, *A Miracle of Rare Device*, is a gossamer vision of the road to Xanadu — not far from Phoenix, Arizona. Irwin (*The Young Lions*) Shaw joins our Holiday throng with *Tune Every Heart and Every Voice*, an adroit skewering of the Poison Ivy Leaguer. Actor-producer-director-librettist-musician-playwright-author Garson Kanin turns his hand to a deftly woven tale of a marriage-fracturing *Proposition*.

The principles, pleasures and practicality of artful connoisseurship are limned with authority by Sidney Tillim, veteran art critic and contributing editor of *Arts* magazine, in his first commissioned work for us, *The Fine Art of Acquiring Fine Art* — lavishly illustrated with what it's all about. The irrepressible P. G. Wodehouse, author of 60 *Jeeves* books and five PLAYBOY stories, blithely spoofs the hack's hackneyed "how I write" piece with *The Courting of the Muse*, a droll delineation of his own unorthodox writing regimen.

To warm the inner man this blustery month, you'll want to join six celebrating and celebrated celebrants in *Toasting the New Year* with their favorite potations. Next, take a bright view of the risible resolutions a flock of famous folk might have made last January — but didn't. Then, ring out the old and ring in the nearly nude with our annual *Playmate Review* of last year's enticing gatefold girls; make it a baker's dozen with a glom at Merle Pertile, this month's nonpareil Playmate. Clearly, our first bonus for 1962 goes to our readers.

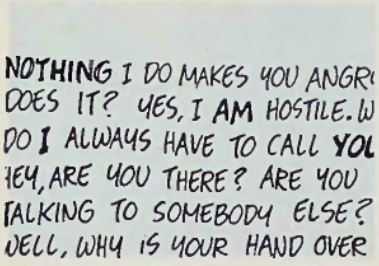
vol. 9, no. 1 — january, 1962

PLAYBOY

Fine Art P. 60

Topcoats P. 86

Playmate Review P. 91



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DEAR PLAYBOY

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SCOREBOARD

Every once in a blue moon someone strikes a note of novelty in connection with the murder-mystery story. Ken Purdy has written one of the best little yarns I have read in a long time — *The Ninth Score* in your October issue. I predict that this story is going to appear in a lot of anthologies; having published it is a feather in your cap.

Erle Stanley Gardner
Temecula, California

The Ninth Score was one of Purdy's best; I hope he keeps that pen full of ink for many years to come.

N. Bruce McCleod
Winnipeg, Manitoba

Purdy works exclusively with an electric typewriter, Bruce. See page 50 of this issue for the latest results.

SPACEMEN

Your October article *Take Me to Your Leader* was delightful. I don't think I have seen a better statement about flying saucers or a clearer indictment of the "believers" than in this article (outside of my own writings, of course). Over the years I have had considerable correspondence with various types of believers, to whom I am the Arch Fiend of Saucerdom. For your readers' information, may I say that the Aerospace Technical Intelligence Center of the U.S. Air Force has opened its files to me. I have made a study of all the famous or infamous cases and many others besides. I repeat, there is nothing whatever in the reports to justify the belief of the wishful thinkers that flying saucers come from outer space. Alas! For such an invasion would produce a delightful and much-needed diversion from the somber fact of the cold war.

Donald H. Menzel, Director
Harvard College Observatory
Cambridge, Massachusetts

As a member of the National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena, I thoroughly enjoyed Gerald Walker's article; it was a lucid account of all the fakery in the UFO investigation field. For several years, I followed the activities of the saucer-oriented religious mystics. Then I joined NICAP: what a difference. This organization makes an honest effort at scientific investigation.

Bruce Kurek
Crawfordsville, Indiana

Although I am not a contact, I do truly believe in the flying saucer phenomenon. I am inclined to believe, although the article tends to put doubt on the subject, that Mr. Walker is influenced by UFOs, or he would not have gone to all the trouble of compiling all this information. People — sane, respectable people, who are not even interested in the flying saucers — give reports of sighting them. Joe Simonton from Eagle River, Wisconsin, has physical evidence of them in the form of a cake.

Don Wittig
Belpre, Kansas

A nutty fruitcake?

I must certainly congratulate Gerald Walker on being able, in so few words, to associate us flying saucer fans with insanity, anti-Semitism, anti-Negroism, Nazism, Communism, witchcraft, abnormal psychology and sex perversion. My only wish is that if Mr. Walker ever has a contact or sighting, it scares the hell out of him.

Robert Denning
Santa Cruz, California

I'd heard a bit and read a bit about the current far-out crackpots who have taken over the saucer bit, but this article was by far the most complete and definitive story on them I've come across. Mr. Walker did an excellent job of research and covers the whole field admirably, instead of, as had been the case with anything I'd read previously, concentrating solely on one or another of the charlatans and/or crackpots who are exploiting the gullible. I also appreciated his mention of one of my books, even though he got the title slightly wrong (it's *Martians, Go Home* instead of *Martian, Go Home*).

Fredric Brown
Van Nuys, California

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BATHTUB THUMPER

I was pleased to note in the October article *A Short History of Bathing* that Mr. Iversen was careful enough to point out that the history of bathing in America is confused and obscure, largely as a result of a hoax perpetrated by H. L. Mencken which created a number of "facts" about the bathtub in America and passed them off as truths. PLAYBOY and Bill Iversen were not taken in by these "facts" [the bathtub being invented in Cincinnati in 1840; Millard Fillmore taking the first Presidential bath; antibathtub laws being passed in Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, etc.], but among those who were are none other than: Harry Truman, who was known to include some of Mencken's "facts" in speeches made to visitors to the renovated executive mansion, and who recited said "facts" in a speech on September 16, 1952, in Philadelphia; the Associated Press and United Press, each of which on several occasions has presented the "facts" as truths; a host of radio commentators, newspaper columnists and magazine writers who, from October 1926 — two months after Mencken admitted the fabrication — until the present, have continued to use these "facts."

Paul J. Gillette
Miami, Florida

PLAY BALL

I was particularly interested in *The Year the Yankees Won the Pennant*, which I thought was very well done.

Ford Frick
Commissioner of Baseball
New York, New York

STRAVINSKY

Roland Gelatt's article in your October issue has interested me very much; I think it is the best symposium I have read these last years on the works of Stravinsky.

Ernest Ansermet
Geneva, Switzerland

Our and the author's thanks to the famed conductor of L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande.

For a minor composer, Stravinsky doesn't deserve that kind of praise. Mr. Gelatt's "glimpse into the future," where he predicted Stravinsky would be rated equal to Haydn, is absurd. It is only too obvious that the author is a fanatical Stravinskian, and lets his emotions sway his logic. With careful consideration, most people would rate Stravinsky only third (behind Shostakovich and Prokofiev) among recent Russian composers, because his only real claim to fame rests on three early ballet works. However, all recent Russian composers dim in comparison to the splendor of the great

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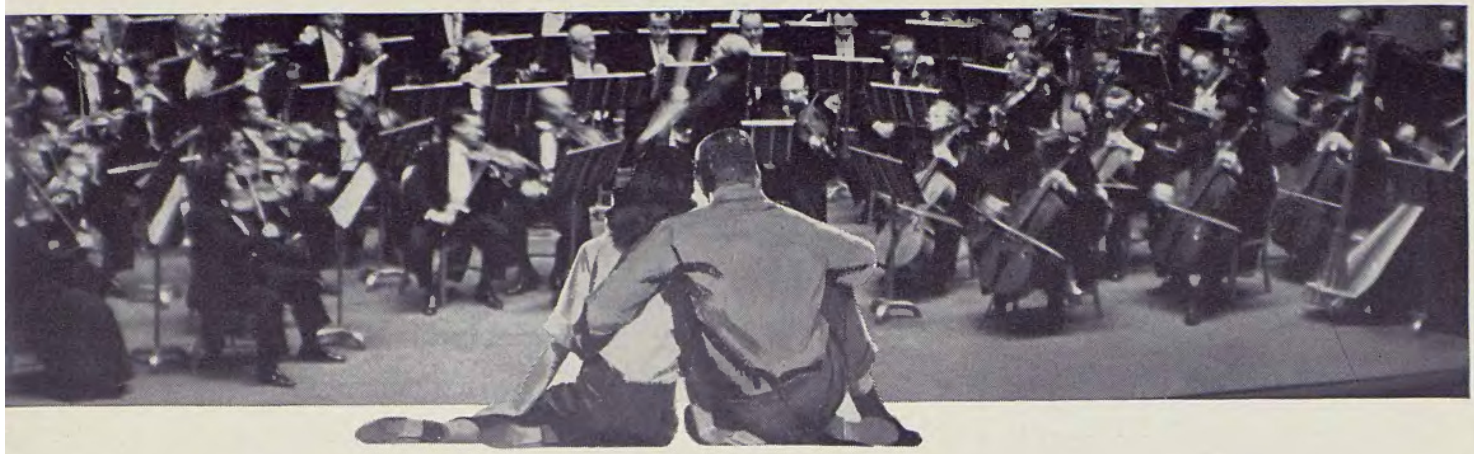

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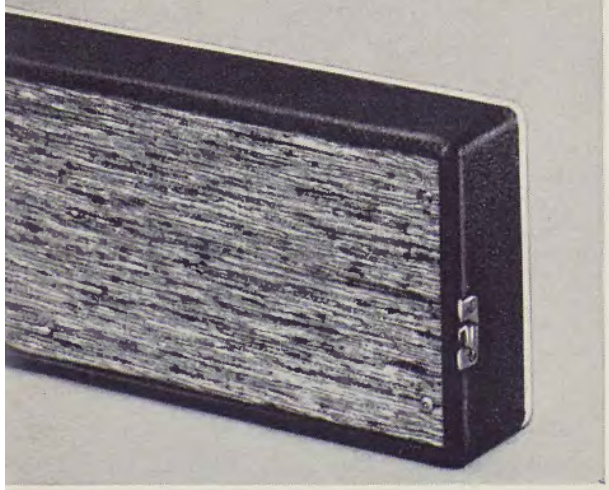

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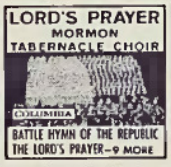

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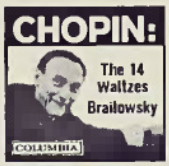

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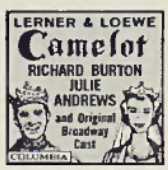

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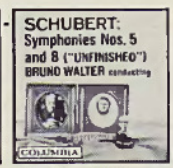

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20. Also: Malaguena, Sabre Dance, Perfidia, etc. $4.98

Tchaikovsky. I think the late Sir Thomas Beecham was quite correct when he said that there had been nothing worth a damn written since 1925.

James Powell
San Pedro, California

I cannot say more than Roland Gelatt has written about the genius Stravinsky, and I am in complete accord with his every word. However, on the next few pages [*A Short History of Bathing*] following the beautiful article, I believe a substitution of photographs showing contented cows grazing in a beautiful meadow would have the same effect on the readers. I like beauty, but sometimes it comes wrapped in smaller packages.

Lily Pons
Dallas, Texas

We hope you will agree, Lily, that it was altogether fitting and proper to run an article on cleanliness next to one on the godliness of Stravinsky.

BILLION AIRING

While many defeatists may argue that it is virtually impossible that anyone may amass a billion dollars in this era of supertaxation, perhaps there are still a thimbleful of us die-rich individualists. Would it be imposing too greatly on J. Paul Getty's valuable time for him to write a sequel to his stimulating article? Perhaps he could title it *How I Made My First Billion and Kept It from the Revenoors.*

Joseph J. Roszkowski, Jr.
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

AFTER HOURS

I very much enjoyed your October issue and the review of the Kenton orchestra. I will always be an admirer of his. I would like to clear up one small point, however. The mellophonium was not created for Stan Kenton. We've been using one in our orchestra for two and a half years. We made our first two albums for Decca using the same horn. When I first started the orchestra, Ray Starling was using a regular mellophone and it created a problem because the bell pointed to the back and we had planned to feature it but it couldn't be heard well enough this way. I went to Henry Adler in New York and asked him if there was a horn like this made with a front-pointing bell. He promptly produced one. Ray started using it then and today he is playing in the Kenton orchestra using the very same horn, although Stan uses it in F and we use it in E-flat; the horn comes with attachments for both these keys. When Starling left to join Kenton it was so hard to find a mellophonium player, a few people suggested changing the arrangements around and using another instrument, but I decided that it would be worth it for the sound of the orchestra to be patient and keep looking.

Seated, l. to r.: Bennett Cerf, Faith Baldwin, Bergen Evans, Bruce Catton, Mignon G. Eberhart, John Caples, J. D. Ratcliff
Standing: Mark Wiseman, Max Shulman, Rudolf Flesch, Red Smith, Rod Serling

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To select people with writing talent worth developing, the twelve famous writers have created a revealing Talent Test. The coupon below will bring you a copy, along with a descriptive brochure about the school. Your completed Test will be graded without charge by one of the professional writers on our staff. If we think you have talent, we will tell you so. If it appears you do not, we will tell you that too. Those who pass the Test are then eligible to enroll in the School, although naturally there is no obligation to do so.

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Dept. 6108, Westport, Connecticut

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City ..... Zone....

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The Famous Writers School is an accredited member of the National Home Study Council.

We finally found one – Dave Moser – and now we're happy again.

Sal Salvador
New York, New York

In your October *Playboy After Hours*, you mentioned an ad in a Banff daily for union painters to paint rear ends of bears. I thought you might like to know their motto: "To Leave No Stern Untoned."

Terry Tiffin
Dresden, Ontario

I scarcely wish to get serious about the matter, but far from proving impractical, painting the rumps of those bears who have grown too fond of highway handouts has proved most practical and successful. It will probably save some American tourist's small daughter from being mauled to death in ensuing summers by a seemingly friendly teddy. Incidentally, the park wardens daub the bears themselves. There is no union shop.

Stephen Franklin
Weekend Magazine and *Perspectives*
West Vancouver, British Columbia

PLAYBOY PRO AND CON

This is not the first fan letter I've ever written, and it won't be the last, but I gotta tellya that I think the October issue of PLAYBOY is a bitch! Great pieces, really funny cartoons and those action fashion shots by Avedon are the best I've seen anywhere. End of rave.

Herb Caen
San Francisco Chronicle
San Francisco, California

Your magazine treads on somewhat thin ice in that it attempts to pack both what has been amusingly called "healthful moral depravity" and your conception of sophistication within its pages. While I have no complaints about the former (although it has become a little tamer, hasn't it?), your ideas regarding sophistication are becoming increasingly difficult to stomach. Since when is sophistication compatible with triteness? I refer to the absolutely absurd lingo to be found in your magazine, particularly that prefacing articles. For example: the small headline to the article *Where There's Smoke* [September] reads "A gallery of elegant equipage for tobacconalian tastes"; and *Par for the Bar* [October] contains "Goodly gear and blandishments to beguile your bibbing guests." Oh, please cut out such ridiculous twaddle. Many of the magazine's articles are intriguing, the fiction is often entertaining, and the girls are gorgeous. Why, then, must PLAYBOY be clouded by a warped image of sophistication? I'll be most surprised if this letter gets printed.

John A. Hansen
Boston, Massachusetts

Surprise!

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

Last-minute gift notions for the man who doesn't believe it's only the thought that counts: the smart new "Universal Coffeematic, rendered in 14-carat gold, studded with 400 diamonds and rubies," and priced (presumably to discourage window-shoppers) at an even $50,000 by Lambert Brothers Jewelers of Manhattan; and, for disposing of the grounds, "a gold-plated garbage can filled with imported caviar — not FHA approved, low bank rates: please, no trade-ins," by Anderson's of Minnesota, just $12,125.49 (marked down from $12,126).

•

During the week before Christmas, a third-grade teacher we know received the following gifts from her students at a Boston school: a pack of sunflower seeds, an ashtray made out of a turtle shell, two tickets to the Firemen's Field Day (which had been held three months before), a bird's nest, a Confederate Civil War cap, two Christmas cards (inscribed to someone else), a pair of earrings made of Pepsi-Cola bottle caps, several crumbly cookies, a Boston Red Sox score card, two blue marbles, a letter opener carved from an unidentifiable animal's shinbone, 50 green stamps, a plaster replica of Niagara Falls and a copy of PLAYBOY.

•

Unrequited Love Department: Not long ago, we have been informed, a young Canadian, who shall here be nameless to protect the shreds of his self-esteem, walked into a Detroit police station shortly before dawn and lodged the following complaint: At approximately one that morning, he had been approached by a prostitute in a bar and persuaded to further the acquaintance in a nearby hotel, where he rented a room. Once inside, the girl requested — and received — $16 in advance, then retired to the bathroom, saying she'd "be right back." The complainant waited patiently for 15 minutes, finally discovering the bathroom window open and the young lady gone. Leaving the hotel, he proceeded to a downtown hamburger stand, where he met a man who listened to his tale, then told the complainant he knew where he could "find some girls." Accompanying the man to a nearby address, he was told to wait in the lobby while the man made arrangements. Returning a few minutes later, the man said, "The girls want to see the color of your money." Requesting — and receiving — $10 in advance, he said he'd "be right back" and returned upstairs. Still waiting 15 minutes later, the complainant was joined in the lobby by two other men entering the building. They asked what was the matter, listened to his story, said they knew where they could "find some girls," and asked if he had any money left. When he said no, one of the men requested — and received — the complainant's wrist watch to pawn for the cash required. As the man departed with the watch through the front door, saying he'd "be right back," the second man exited inconspicuously through the rear. After a half hour or so, the complainant decided to return to his car at 14th and Euclid, only to find the spare tire missing and the convertible top slashed; gone from the glove compartment were his Canadian passport — and two packs of Du Maurier cigarettes. It was then that he went to the police station and filed his complaint. "Have you ever had the feeling," he asked one of the officers after signing the report in triplicate, "that it just wasn't your night?"

•

From the Towson, Maryland, *Jeffersonian*, this month's most electrifying want ad: "FOR SALE — WENCHES. Compact to fit any purpose. Works off your 6 or 12 volt battery."

•

From the *Underwater Engineering News*: "Rising birth rates and unstable economies create conditions that perpetuate low standards of loving . . ."

•

We've been reading a lot lately about successful experiments by dentists with the anesthetic effects of mood music piped to patients via earphones. Our curiosity piqued by the idea, but having no inclination to carie a tune ourself, we began to conjecture about the possibilities of a headier variation on this therapeutic theme: in psychiatry. Convinced that music hath charms to soothe the sick mind as well as the savage breast, we found ourself looking forward to the day when special 50-minute LPs, each designed for a specific aberration (or medleys for those afflicted with a combination of complexes), would be playing quietly into the ears of the analysand through tiny loudspeakers secreted in couch pillows. On *Psongs for Psychos*, the first release, for instance, we'd like to hear such custom-tailored tunes as: *Everything's Coming Up Neuroses, Love Is a Many-Sundered Thing, Somebody Loves Me — I Wonder Why, Getting to Loathe You, Id's Springtime in the Rockies, Beat Me Daddy with an Eight-Foot Bar, I Want the Girl That Married Dear Old Dad, Sade by Sade, Sigmund in the Rain, Hello Jung Lovers (Whatever You Are), April in Paranoia,* followed by a commercial, *How Are Ya Fixated for Blades?* Then the flip side: *Dark I's, Love Me and Leave Me, The Manic I Love, I've Got a Feelin' I'm Fallin', Fallin', Fallin', Flagellatin'*

Rhythm, and that grand old ballad, *On a Bisexual Built for Two*.

Timely sign in a Chicago bar: AVOID THE NEW YEAR'S RUSH. DRINK NOW.

BOOKS

Gift books to delight the eye (handsomely bound, handsomely four-color) as well as the gray matter are available in profusion this holiday season, and a culling of the crop includes ***The Horizon Book of the Renaissance*** (Doubleday, $17.50), by the editors of that estimable magazine. It is a beautifully definitive word-and-picture portrait of the age from its dawn to its spread from Italy to the rest of the Continent, with 480 illustrations (160 in color) of the greatest in Renaissance art, artifacts and architecture. Boat bulls, both power and sail, will cotton to ***The Ship*** (Doubleday, $14.95) by Bjorn Landstrom, a thoroughly informative and authoritative look-see at how man got about from place to place over the briny, from floating logs to nuclear subs; 810 illustrations, most of them in color, help you get your feet wet. There's no color as such in ***The American Theater*** (George Braziller, $9.95), but it's still one of the most colorful gift books you can give, being a collection of Al Hirschfeld's caricaturistic impressions of theatrical biggies (on both sides of the footlights) from the Twenties on up to late in 1961. For gourmet friends who know their way around a kitchen, our nod goes to ***Larousse Gastronomique*** (Crown, $20), Prosper Montagné's epic encyclopedia of food, wine and cookery that has been as much of a staple as garlic among the great chefs of the world since it was originally published in 1938. This is the first English translation, and if you find a little too much cross-referencing and a little too much useless exotica, that's the price you have to pay for comprehensiveness. One thousand illustrations of good eating, many of them in color, are lagniappe. Hunters and naturalists on your list will dig ***The Big Game Animals of North America*** (Dutton, $10), by Jack O'Connor, Gun Editor of *Outdoor Life*, and George Goodwin, Associate Curator of Mammals at the American Museum of Natural History. It's a felicitous collaboration: O'Connor makes with the hunting yarns and the close squeaks he's had with beasties, and Goodwin follows through with their natural history, including habits, enemies and mating info. Both men know what they're talking about, and the book moves as swiftly as a spooked White Tail. Twenty full-color reproductions and 150 black-and-white illustrations make it pretty as well as entertaining and informative. Along with

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this brief sampling of sumptuously outsized holiday gift books, we'd like to report on that perennial phenomenon which is on the increase in publishing circles along about Christmas: the scissors-and-pastepot, synthetically conceived jumbo volumes put together in a thrice, usually in poor-quality black and white on cheap stock and exorbitantly jacked up in price with the come-on of a color cover. All they deserve in the way of review is the lumping of two old saws: "*Caveat emptor*" and "You can't judge a book by its cover."

•

War is hell, but sardonic war is Heller—Joseph Heller, that is, author of ***Catch-22*** (Simon & Schuster, $5.95), a bitter surrealist comedy about a U.S. bomber squadron in Italy in World War II. The title is the key to the novel: Rule No. 22 of "regulations" says that if you don't want to fly any more combat missions, you're obviously not crazy; and if you're not crazy, you're fit to fly. The unheroic hero is one Captain Yossarian, victim of superior officers who keep raising the required number of missions in the belief that this will win them a write-up in Stateside magazines as heroes of the war. By the time Yossarian has flown 60, he and his surviving fellow fliers have evolved into raw-nerved bundles of dogged survival. In protest against being ordered to continue his flights, against the callousness of the world about his buddy's death the week before and against the general insanity of *everything*—Yossarian turns up on parade to receive the Distinguished Flying Cross wearing nothing but moccasins. But he is no more engagingly eccentric than everybody else in the book: the pilot who runs a fresh-food syndicate on the side; the Italian tart who insists on tidying up a soldier's hotel room before untidying his bed; the maid with the lime-green panties who never lets go of her mop while being obliging to the boys; the major who flies into enemy-held territory and rents pleasant apartments before the towns are captured by the Allies. But to list all the wackiness would give the idea that this is a funny book. Which it is: Its scandalously grotesque portraits of officers as a class are demolishing documentations of idiocy in authority, cupidity triumphant, mendacity rampant, and military red tape making a hideous travesty of patriotic leadership. More important, *Catch-22* is a compassionate fantasy on terrible themes—the service novel for those who have *had* service novels.

•

Boy, Girl. Boy, Girl. (Random House, $2.95; paperback, $1.50) is the most devastating of Jules Feiffer's works to date. With it, the PLAYBOY cartoonist–playwright–acerbic social commentator's cup of cartoon hemlock runneth over,

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10	20	30

35-H—

drenching bureaucrats, beatniks, superpatriots, organization men, pseudo intellectuals and phonies alike with its unique alchemy of pathos, outrage and trenchantly probing humor. Much of the material originally appeared in these pages. ***The Dedini Gallery*** (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $3.95) is an antic admixture of one of PLAYBOY's best cartoonists' best cartoons with several sections devoted to original material. "Lost Opportunities in Portraiture" is Dedini's cartoon conjecture of how the Old and New Masters might have treated some current celebs: it includes Tennessee Williams by Hieronymus Bosch, Dizzy Gillespie by Pieter Brueghel, Sophia Loren by Henri Matisse, and Maria Callas by Toulouse-Lautrec. "Little Known Coffee Breaks in History" adds a caffeine note to the works of Holbein, Botticelli, Rubens, Fragonard and Whistler. Dedini, however, is at his best (which is very good, indeed) when he is just being himself. ***Wrong Bag*** (Simon & Schuster, $3.95), a wry compendium of Richard Taylor's cartoons from *The New Yorker*, center-stages his saucer-eyed showgirls, dowagers and sugar daddies in an oddball assortment of dizzy didos. A frizzy blonde at a roulette table opines: "Isn't it wonderful that the price of chips hasn't gone up at all?"; a cocktail-partying matron corners an author: "Are you paperback or hardcover?" and the same blonde queries her lawyer: "But if I asked Mr. Wincherley for a measly 25 thousand, mightn't that cheapen me in his eyes?" Included, too, is the cartoon of a houri-surrounded pasha giving his undivided attention to a copy of PLAYBOY.

FILMS

Town Without Pity is film without point. It's the story of the trial of four GIs in occupied Germany for the brutal rape of a 16-year-old girl. It could have been a drama of: (1) the psychological tensions of occupation; (2) small-town chicken-yard morality that pecks at a girl once she has "fallen"; (3) legal process and the death penalty; (4) the delicate relationship between a father and a daughter. It is none of these. Producer-director Gottfried Reinhardt's presentation of all the provocative questions is strictly half-asked. He doesn't even dally with ideas as Stanley Kramer, that lily of the dally, might have done. There's plenty of new-style realism in photography and dialog, which comes off sillier than old-style movie glamor when it's applied to a script that avoids facing issues realistically. The profile of Kirk Douglas, jaw muscles tense, sails like a Coast Guard ice cutter through the role of defense counsel. Ingrid van Bergen makes

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329. FOUR FRESHMEN. VOICES AND BRASS. A delicious mixture! Hear *Route 66, Candy, Never Again, Autumn Leaves,* 8 others.

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a peach of a tart, and Christine Kaufmann, the rapee, displays lots of everything but talent.

•

Arnold Wesker's ***The Kitchen,*** which takes place in a London restaurant, may explain what's wrong with English food. This relatively short film (1¼ hours) is a cook's tour of the harried life of the men behind the menu — from lofty chef to lowly sweeper — and can be viewed on two levels. On the literal level, which is where it really sizzles, there is the routine of restaurant-kitchen life with its incredible, crazy crises at mealtimes. Director James Hill makes the viewer understand that to go through it twice a day is to filet one's soul. On the symbolic level, the staff is a ragout of all nations, with the boss personifying the capitalist exploiter. Even those who look at life with the view from the left of Wesker, one of Britain's Young Angries, must find the symbolism a bit soggy. The boss seems more helplessly baffled than any of his staff. The soupçon of plot is capably handled by Carl Mohner as a German cook in love with a married waitress — Mary Yeomans, a dish.

•

Shirley Clarke, whose short films have been picking off international prizes, has come up with her first feature, ***The Connection,*** out of Jack Gelber's free-form play about junkies that wowed them off-Broadway. Everything that Miss Clarke does, she does well: production, direction, editing. She knows how to "tell" a film. But what is she telling? No more than the play did — namely, that junk is bad, the junkie's life is bad, and the social conditions that drive men to junk are bad. There's no character insight, no narrative kick to enliven the stale message. The most memorable thing about the play was the way Gelber tried to break down the sense that it was a play at all, to make the audience feel *present.* Tougher to do on the screen. The device used by Miss Clarke is to make as though a documentary is being filmed in the pad; the "director" stumbles into view from time to time and finally even takes a fix himself. This trick is interesting — for a while. The dialog will live in history only because it uses a certain *naughty word* (at least when we saw it) as a synonym for heroin. But, since experiment and low-budget independent production are among the ingredients American films can use more of, on that score, if no other, a deep bow to the lady.

•

Pocketful of Miracles, Frank Capra's remake of his 1933 *Lady for a Day,* whisks us back considerably more than 29 years. The love scenes and mother-daughter reunion scenes would have made David Belasco green with envy and made us blue with cold. The plot, of which there

is plenty, has to do with a drunken old harridan who sells apples on Broadway and a heart-of-gold gambler who sets her up as a stylish society matron for a week when her long-gone daughter comes to visit. The story has enough cracks in it for the syrup to leak through, and in the Before-After role Bette Davis slices the *jambon* in a way that will have them weeping into their lace hankies in the boondocks. Glenn Ford plays the gambler, and, as always, seems like a very nice fellow from the studio accounting department who has stumbled onto the set by accident. The only first-class item in the film is Hope Lange's sharp performance as a tootsie — a happy switch from her usual, suffering, cut-off-my-arm-if-it-will-help-you parts. We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet for Auld Hope Lange.

RECORDINGS

I Remember Tommy . . . (Reprise) is Frank Sinatra at his impeccable best — sure-voiced, sensitive and dynamic — as he reprises the 20-year-old Dorsey-Sinatra songbag. Sy Oliver, the third member of that epoch-making triumvirate, supplies precisely the right scoring, sentimental yet contemporary, as Sinatra strides briskly through such Dorseyana as *The One I Love* and *Without a Song*, or tenderly refurbishes one of our balladic favorites, *Polka Dots and Moonbeams*. Also on board are near-perfect renderings of *I'm Getting Sentimental Over You, Imagination, There Are Such Things, It's Always You, East of the Sun* and *It Started All Over Again*. Like they say, run, don't walk . . .

•

Behind the Button-Down Mind of Bob Newhart (Warner Brothers) is a disappointment. In a sense, this is a left-handed compliment — a tribute to the extremely high level of Newhart's previous discs. But if great expectations lead inevitably to letdowns, there are still a number of wildly funny moments worthy of your loot; they are most heavily concentrated on the *Tourist Meets Khrushchev* ("What are you, some kind of Commie nut?") and *The African Movie* routines.

•

Pearl Bailey Sings the Songs She Loves . . . by Her Favorite Composer Harold Arlen (Roulette) is certainly the most explicit, if not the most verbose, LP title of the year. Pearlie Mae's penchant for Arlen stems from their *St. Louis Woman–House of Flowers* association. Five of the tunes on tap come out of those two shows, including the solid-gold *Come Rain or Come Shine*. Other Arlen memorabilia that prove Pearl's oyster are *Out of This World* and *The Man That Got Away*. ***Ella in Hollywood*** (Verve)

spotlights the incomparable First Lady of Jazz in a live performance at Movietown's The Crescendo. Ella, abetted by a quartet, is generally up-tempo and continually up for this session which takes in a dozen standards tendered according to Miss Fitz' stringent standards. The Quincy Jones orchestrations on Peggy Lee's ***If You Go*** (Capitol) LP do more than their share in establishing the album's romantic aura. Jones abjures the usual scorings and the trick arrangements with equal disdain, wrapping Miss Lee in a rich coat of sound. Peggy responds with poignant lyricism, particularly on *As Time Goes By* and *I Get Along Without You Very Well.* ***The Essential Billie Holiday Carnegie Hall Concert*** (Verve), taped in 1956, records Billie near the end of the line but still a singer capable of communicating intense feeling. The ballads are almost all closely linked with the Holiday image; this, coupled with a narrative thread taken from Billie's book, *Lady Sings the Blues,* and spoken by Gilbert Millstein, evokes the sum and substance of what she was and *why* she was. A latter-day Lady Day, Anita O'Day, offers her own tribute to Billie, ***Trav'lin' Light*** (Verve). Anita, with a phrasing peculiarly her own, still manages to convey a close affinity with Holiday as she drifts through such typical Day dreams as the title tune, *What a Little Moonlight Can Do* and *Miss Brown to You.* Support is divided between a large group of California jazzmen and a sextet that includes Ben Webster and Barney Kessel. ***The Start of Something New*** (Columbia) introduces Johnny Janis to the record-buying public. Like Frank D'Rone, Johnny, a onetime band guitarist, uses his instrumental background to advantage as he wends his way vocally through a dozen familiar items that can easily bear the repetition. Ray Charles, in a rousing return to roots, is superb on ***The Genius Sings the Blues*** (Atlantic), a gutty, rough-hewn helping of soul in its primeval state. Charles' blues shouting, sometimes with gospel-style choral backing (the best of the lot, we feel), most often with instrumental accompaniment, is a surging, emotion-charged force.

THEATER

Big Business never had it so good, and we are not referring to the long line of customers outside the 46th Street Theater, where industry's earth-shakers are taking a lethal ribbing and loving it. Using Shepherd Mead's title, ***How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying,*** and the tactics advanced in his primer on self-promotion (originally serialized in PLAYBOY), author-director Abe Burrows

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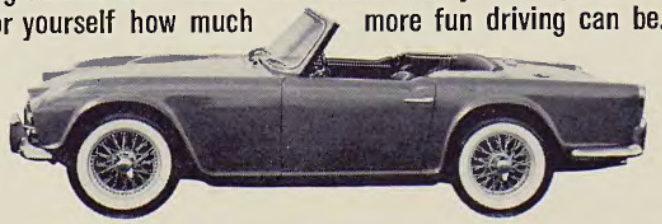


and composer-lyricist Frank Loesser have polished up a jet-paced musical of originality, irreverence and wicked fun. Finch, the subversive hero, is an ambitious window washer armed with a paperback guide to glory that makes Machiavelli look like a moralist; his single track from washrags to riches is strewn with the shattered egos of the unfortunate rivals who get in his way. There is something about the unregenerate Finch that only ingenue Bonnie Scott could love, but there is everything about Robert Morse, actor, that causes an audience to applaud his skulduggery. The little man with the face of a hypocritical cherub is completely disarming when he phonies up a college background to sing *Grand Old Ivy* with a foredoomed Rudy Vallee, who amiably caricatures the fuzzy-minded president of World Wide Wickets Co., Inc. And Morse is little short of perfect as he delivers a heartfelt *I Believe in You* to his reflection in a bathroom mirror. In a showful of Frank Loesser showstoppers, the up-and-coming exec's ode is the distilled essence of this satiric romp. At the 46th Street Theater, 226 West 46th St.

•

The Passenger's Always Right is a major theme in Noel Coward's ***Sail Away,*** and he may have a point there. Passengers are flocking aboard this fancy, frivolous musical and the author-composer-director can snap all 30 fingers at the carpers. Nevertheless, there's a good deal to carp about in an old-fashioned affair that is second-rate Noel at best. It was a splendid idea to load the R.M.S. Coronia with a cargo of British and American tourists, put Elaine Stritch in command as cruise hostess, and launch this whole gallery of seasickniks into the Mediterranean with a heigh-ho and a hint of delightful disasters ahead. But the promise is fulfilled only in fitful flashes of showmanship. An absent-minded plot, burdened by a brace of the dullest shipboard romances in theatrical history, goes nowhere; comedy flies at half mast; and the score sounds like vintage Coward only when Miss Stritch is on deck. The lass with the copper-lined larynx puts venom and volume into a trio of the composer's etchings in acid: *Useful Phrases* is an inspired jibe at the inanities of pocket-book language guides. *The Little Ones' ABC*—sung to a nurseryful of delinquents in rompers—cocks a jaundiced eye at a recognizable sequence from *The Sound of Music*; and the incisive *Why Do the Wrong People Travel?* expresses Coward's controlled contempt for catsup-lapping tourists. A little more mockery of this sort and Coward's rudderless R.M.S. Coronia would be a lot happier ship. At the Broadhurst, 235 West 44th.

AMERICA HAS A RIGHT TO KNOW!

An Open Letter to The Four Freshmen:

YOU'VE BEEN THE FOUR FRESHMEN FOR TEN YEARS. SO HOW COME YOU HAVEN'T GRADUATED YET?

Or gotten to be sophomores, even. Education is of primary importance in these days of the race for space. But you guys are still The Four Freshmen! What gives? Can't pass the exams or something? Or just horsing around with those beanies on and all. Fraternity parties and hayrides and Friday Night Dances and poker games and paddles and beer busts and like that? For shame. But we, the undersigned Committee, believe we have the answer. We put it to you that you guys spend all your time singing and not studying. Like your new Capitol album, for instance, "Best of the Four Freshmen." Songs like "Little Girl Blue; Candy; On the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe; Polka Dots and Moonbeams; Day by Day; It Could Happen to You; I'm Beginning to See the Light;" and all the rest. Oh sure, you do a great job. Oh sure, the songs are all your biggest hits.

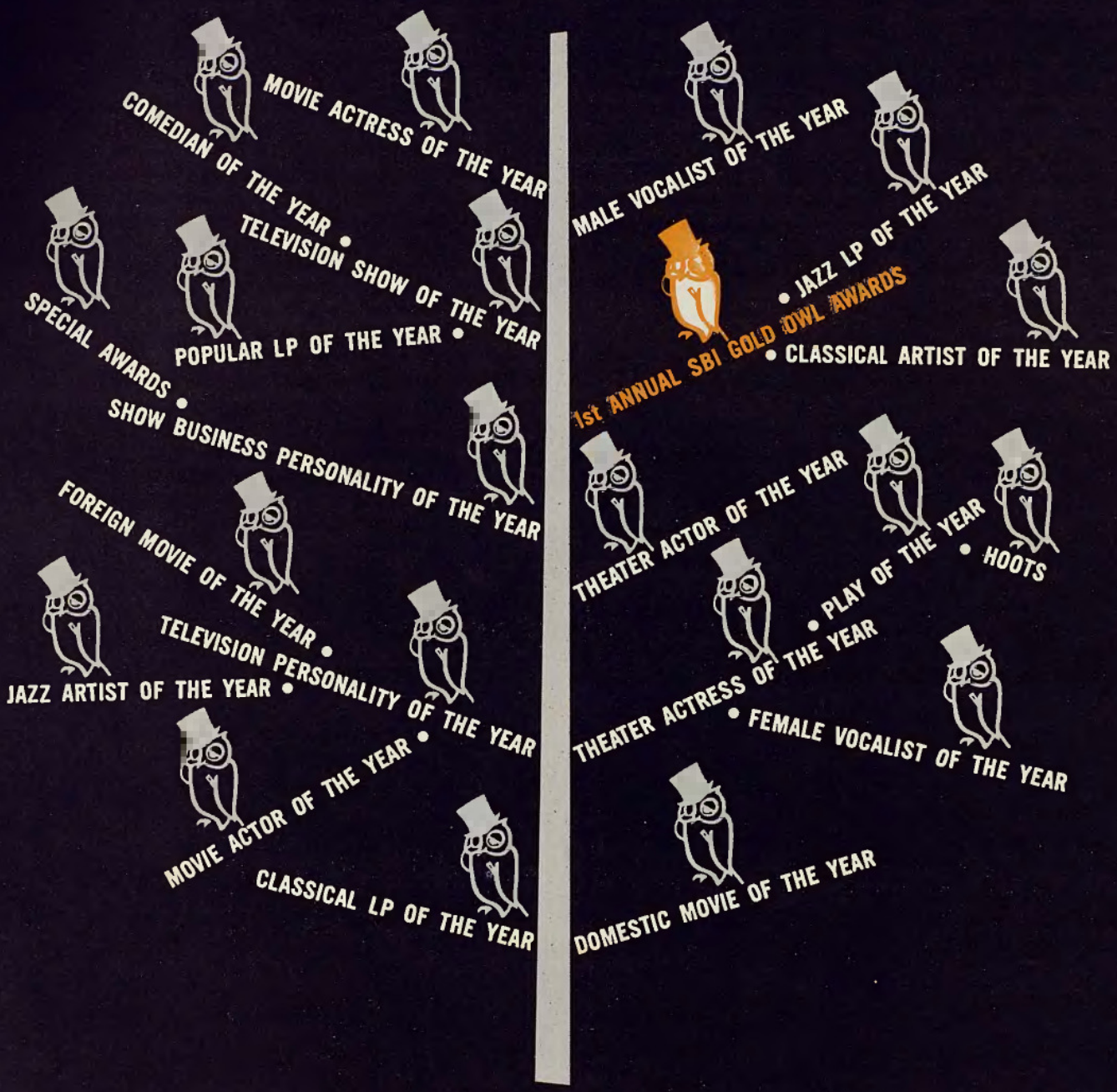
Oh sure, you have one heck of a great album there. But does that excuse your failure to get into the Sophomore class, at least? We think not. Granted, you guys have made some pretty sensational albums that everybody should have, like "Voices in Fun; Voices in Modern; First Affair; Four Freshmen and Five Trombones; Four Freshmen in Person; and The Freshman Year." Naturally, we agree with the public that your albums are fine stuff. But does that let you off the hook academic-wise? Think about it. America must move forward in the sixties. So how about doing a little studying and passing a few exams? You know?

Respectfully,

The Committee for the Promotion of Higher Education in America and Also Promotion of the Sales of The Great New Album, "The Best of the Four Freshmen"*

*Actually Capitol Records

WHO-OO?



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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

My problem involves dancing. I would like to become a first-rate swinger on the dance floor; however, the lonely-heartish atmosphere and the high cost of lessons leave me less than enthusiastic about dance studios. Could you give a frustrated social hoofer a tip or two? — W. M., Cadillac, Michigan.

Your problem has a ready-made — and delightful — solution. Select a filly who seems an especially compatible armful, and — with boyish humility — explain your frustration. Chances are that she'll lend you her talents, as most girls will leap at the opportunity to aid a helpless male who wants to polish his social graces. Naturally, you'll want to start your sessions in private, free from intruding eyes — in your apartment, say, with the drapes tactfully closed, and with something soft, slow and basic on the phonograph. Who knows, you may even learn how to dance.

I'll be taking a combined business-and-pleasure trip to the Caribbean in the near future, and I'd like to do some free-port shopping. But the new law limiting to $100 the value of duty-free goods a traveler can bring back into the States has me worried. Does this mean that the days of overseas bargain buying are at an end? — C. M., Charlotte, North Carolina.

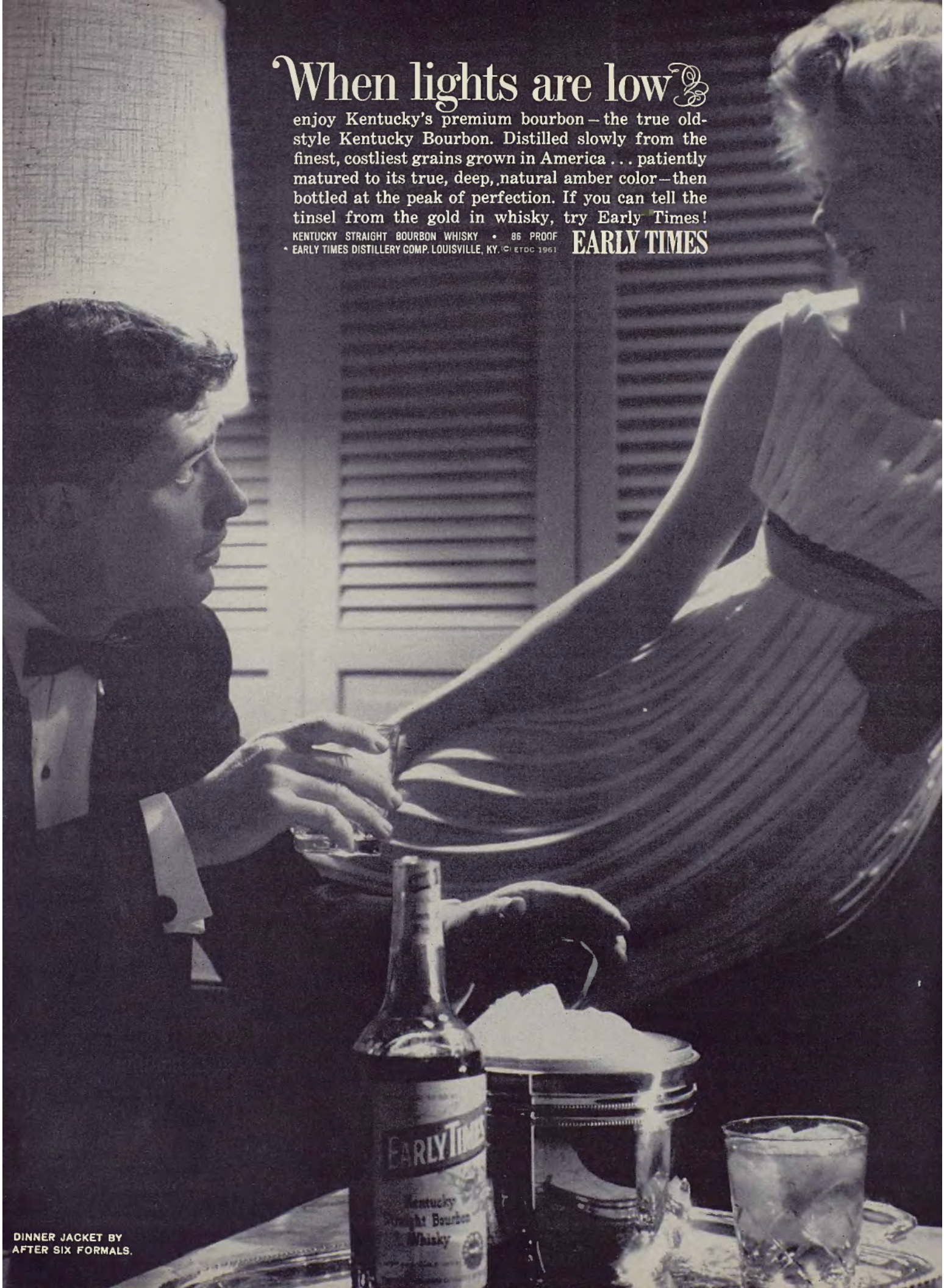
Not at all, though the law does mean that your savings won't be so attractive as before. Few people — even experienced travelers — realize that U.S. Customs considers the wholesale rather than the retail value of articles in determining duties. Of equal importance is the fact that duties are not as high as most people think: with many items, you can still get home with a real bargain even after anteing up to Uncle Sam. The duty on cameras, for example, is 15 percent. If, during your trip, you pick up a Leica M-3 for $260 or so, you'll only have to shell out about $27 in duty (figuring 15 percent duty on the wholesale value). Since the same camera retails for about $485 in the U.S., you'll obviously still be making out very well indeed. Duties on Swiss watches run from 15 to 20 percent — and they can be purchased at 30 to 50 percent savings in a free port.

The girl I've been going around with of late scores an A in all departments — she's got brains, social savvy, a pretty face and a terrific figure. But — believe it or not — the latter is beginning to give me headaches. The trouble is, she's very aware that she has a fabulous body, and takes great pleasure in advertising it. She wears skintight toreadors, form-fitting sheaths and dresses with necklines that are practically illegal. Now, no one admires the female torso more than I. Her penchant for provocative garb is fine with me — when we are alone. But I find it more than a little annoying that when we step out together on the town she becomes the focal point for every male eye in sight. She says she's just trying to make me proud of her. How can I persuade her to dress more demurely without sounding like a prude? Sure, I know — everyone should have such problems. — G. L., Chicago, Illinois.

There is a bit of the exhibitionist in every woman, which can cause occasional discomfiture in an involved male. In your own display case, why not try a reverse twist appeal to her vanity? Lard your conversation with circumspect observations on the mystique of sex appeal — explain that, to you, a truly alluring woman is one who conveys mystery and a hint of the unknown, who suggests her femininity rather than proclaims it, who, rather than spelling out the facts of life, lets your imagination read between the lines. Try to open her eyes to the difference between the chic and the flamboyant — possibly by scanning a high-fashion mag with her, or making admiring comments about elegantly clad women in the places where you dine. If the lass really does want you to be proud of her, she will take the cue and package her goods more modestly when in public. If not, we suggest you accept the status quo, settle back and enjoy the scenery. Everyone should indeed have such problems.

What's the straight scoop regarding the proper storage of wine? I live on the 20th floor of an apartment building and am fresh out of damp, cobwebby cellars. — B. P., New York, New York.

A wine "cellar" need not, of course, be situated in one's basement; the term applies to any storage space wherein wine is kept undisturbed. The major requisite of such a space is a steady temperature. In a modern apartment house with 20 stories or more, chances are that your least-frequently opened closet will provide a sufficiently even temperature. Ideally, this should be between 55° and 60° F., but moderate differences above or below this range will not be harmful to the vino, if the temperature remains constant. A wine cellar should also be dry, well-ventilated and kept as clean as possible to prevent the occurrence of odors and mold. Place your white wines (which are the most delicate) in the coolest spot (almost always closest to the floor), put burgundies above the whites, and bordeaux on top. All bottles should be stored on their sides so that the cork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Playboy Club News

VOL. II, NO. 18 ©PLAYBOY CLUBS INTERNATIONAL DISTINGUISHED CLUBS IN MAJOR CITIES SPECIAL EDITION YOUR ONE PLAYBOY CLUB KEY UNLOCKS ALL PLAYBOY CLUBS JANUARY, 1962

N.Y. PLAYBOY CLUB NEARS COMPLETION!

Newest Playboy Club to House Seven Stories of Joie de Vivre

NEW YORK (Special) – The newest and largest entry of the Playboy Clubs, located at 5 East 59th St. in the heart of mid-town Manhattan (just across from Central Park and the renowned Plaza), will soon emerge from its trestle-covered chrysalis.

PLAYBOY CLUB LOCATIONS
Clubs Open—116 E. Walton St. in **Chicago**; 7701 Biscayne Blvd. in Miami; 725 Rue Iberville in **New Orleans.**
Locations Set—5 East 59th St. in **New York**; 3914 Lindell Blvd. in **St. Louis**; 8580 Sunset Blvd. in **Los Angeles**; 1006 N. Morton St. in **Baltimore**; 1014 E. Jefferson Ave. in **Detroit.**
Next in Line—Pittsburgh, Boston, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Dallas, San Francisco, Washington, D.C., Puerto Rico.

Already the "in" subject of knowledgeable Gotham gossip, the New York Club will offer Keyholders all the features of existing Clubs—the Playmate Bar with its relaxing hi-fi "entertainment center"—the Living Room with its taste-tempting buffet—the Library with its intimate atmosphere focusing on fun and top-flight talent—the sparkling Penthouse with its parade of star-studded entertainment and the succulent Playboy Prime Platter—and the Playroom with its merry cabaret theater, featuring the Playboy Players (a talented troupe offering the most in topical wit and sophisticated humor) . . . plus special touches unique to the New York Club, including a spectacular open fireplace straight from the *Playboy's Penthouse* TV Show.

Finishing touches are being put on Playboy's New York Club located at 5 East 59th St., in the heart of mid-town Manhattan. Keyholders and their guests will soon be able to enter this impressive seven-story structure — housing the largest Playboy Key Club yet!

Your One Playboy Club Key Unlocks All Playboy Clubs

With the opening of the Playboy Club looming as an imminent and welcome event on the New York scene, you'll want to take advantage of the $25 Charter Rate for a Playboy Club Key. Once the Club officially opens, the Charter Roster will close and Playboy Club Keys will be $50 for persons living within the New York area.

ALL PLAYBOY CLUBS ARE OPEN SEVEN DAYS A WEEK

Season's Greetings from Bunny Barbara Lawford! Barbara urges Keyholders to make their New Year's Eve reservations at the Playboy Club early. PLAYBOY's Auld Lang Syne fest is sure to brighten the holidays of spirited Keyholders in Chicago, Miami and New Orleans!

MIAMI CHARTER ROSTER CLOSES JANUARY 1
Fla. Club to Undergo Expansion

MIAMI (Special)—As the Miami Charter Roster closes January 1, this is the last opportunity for Dade County, Florida residents to join the Playboy Club at the $25 Charter Rate. After this date, Playboy Club Keys will be $50 to all living in the Dade County area.

The thriving Miami Club will soon be the center of an expansion-improvement program including a swimming pool, cabanas, improved yacht dock area and an additional showroom. Plans for these features, nearing completion, will make PLAYBOY's Florida quarters a rollicking scene of merriment day and night—both indoors and outdoors.

Now, as always, the Florida Club offers Keyholders sophisticated entertainment and fashionable comfort in the best PLAYBOY manner. What's more, the dining is hearty—be it lunch, dinner or snacks at the breakfast jam session—and all FOR THE PRICE OF ONE DRINK.

New Orleans Club A Smash Hit!

NEW ORLEANS (Special)—Since its auspicious debut October 5, the New Orleans Club has consistently won applause for having captured, in mood and decor, an atmosphere combining Old World elegance with PLAYBOY's modern mode.

The magnificent trappings, shimmering Baccarat chandeliers, leaded-glass windows, secluded alcoves, bubbling fountains and a traditional second-floor balcony with wrought iron grillwork – all blend to create the mist-filled aura of the romantic South.

And the many wonderful and unusual features which have given the chain of Playboy Clubs its renown—distinctively styled bars, closed-circuit TV, superb cuisine, and an unparalleled roster of entertainment—add to the fun-filled atmosphere that is PLAYBOY's alone.

Typical of the lovely Bunnies to be found at all Playboy Key Clubs is Bunny Lynda Southworth. Lynda, one of the original Bunnies who opened Chicago's Playboy Club in February, 1960, is now extending a warm welcome to Florida Keyholders at the Miami Club.

Rounding out an evening of delight is the rousing "breakfast Dixieland jam session"—a regular feature of the Crescent City Club which has the Cooper Twins and their Dixie Band rocking the Living Room from 11 P.M to 5 A.M while "Breakfast Bunnies" serve scrambled eggs, fried ham, English muffins and hot steaming coffee to Keyholders and their guests.

PLAYBOY CLUB TALENT LINEUP

CHICAGO (December 17 to January 8)—Phil Terry, Inman & Ira Trio, Nino Nanni, The Great Yonely (thru Dec. 31), Paula Greer, Don Rice, Suzanne Hall, Ron Chapman, Fred Barber.
(Opening January 2—for six big weeks) Dick Gregory.
(Opening January 9)—Beverly Wright, Johnny Maddox (Crazy Otto), George Hopkins, Wanda Stafford, Will Jordan, Tad Aubrey, Margaret Ann and The Ernie Mariani Trio.
MIAMI (December 17 to January 8)—Peggy Lord, Dick Capri, Margaret Ann and The Ernie Mariani Trio.
(Opening January 9)—Jackie Gayle, Sir Judson Smith, Dick Havilland, Ernestine Anderson, Lucille and Edith Roberts.
NEW ORLEANS (December 17 to January 8)—The Wanderers Three, Ernestine Anderson, Joe Conti, Stan Fisher, Billy Rizzo.
(Opening January 9)—Jerry Shane, Nino Nanni, Van Dorn Sisters, Mickey Onate, Wes Harrison.

Mail Today for Information on Joining the Playboy Club

TO: Playboy Clubs International DEPT. 218
c/o PLAYBOY Magazine, 232 E. Ohio Street,
Chicago 11, Illinois

Gentlemen:
Please send me full information about joining the Playboy Club. I understand that if my application for key privileges is accepted, my key will admit me to Playboy Clubs now in operation and others that will soon go into operation in major cities throughout the U.S. and abroad.

Name (please print)

Address

City Zone County State

stays wet; this prevents crumbling, keeps the seal airtight and forestalls spoilage. For further details on the care and augmentation of wine cellars, check the chapter entitled "Verities of Vino" in Food and Drink Editor Thomas Mario's "The Playboy Gourmet."

I am having letter trouble. For a year or so I was involved with a girl in a long and mutually gratifying affair, which was abetted by a good deal of correspondence. I admit that I got a bit impetuous in some of my letters to her and I stated my affection in extremely warm tones. A couple of months ago the romance went on the rocks — our break was a bit messy, and a lot of angry words were spoken. I have since started dating another girl and things have been going fine. But here's the rub — the two chicks know each other, and the ex-girlfriend, still claiming I gave her a raw deal, has threatened to turn over my love letters to girl number two. Her idea, obviously, is not only to embarrass me, but to show me up as some kind of unscrupulous hypocrite who hands out the same line to everyone who comes along. I'd like to know if she can get away with this. Technically speaking, aren't those letters mine? After all, I wrote them. I want to get them back. — S. K., Baltimore, Maryland.

Unfortunately, since a postmarked letter becomes the legal property of the recipient and not the sender, your jilted Jezebel has every right to share your scarlet letters with whomever she wishes. Your only recourse is to explain to your current miss that these missives are overstatements of an honest emotion which you no longer feel. Perhaps you'll be able to persuade her that reading them would constitute a breach of faith, and a useless raking over of coals that have long since gone cold. In the future, we suggest you curb your enthusiasm when penning amorous notes. As William Makepeace Thackeray once astutely observed, "The best way is to make your letters safe. I never wrote a letter in all my life that would commit me and, sir, I have had some experience of women." Unlettered love, in other words, usually spells wisdom.

All reasonable questions — from fashion, food and drink, hi-fi and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette — will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy Building, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.

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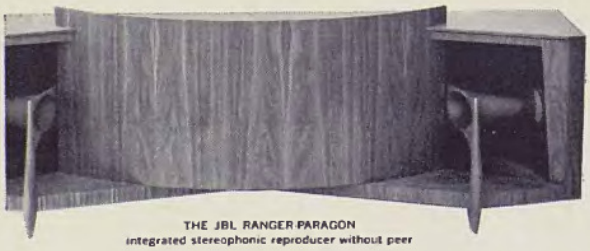

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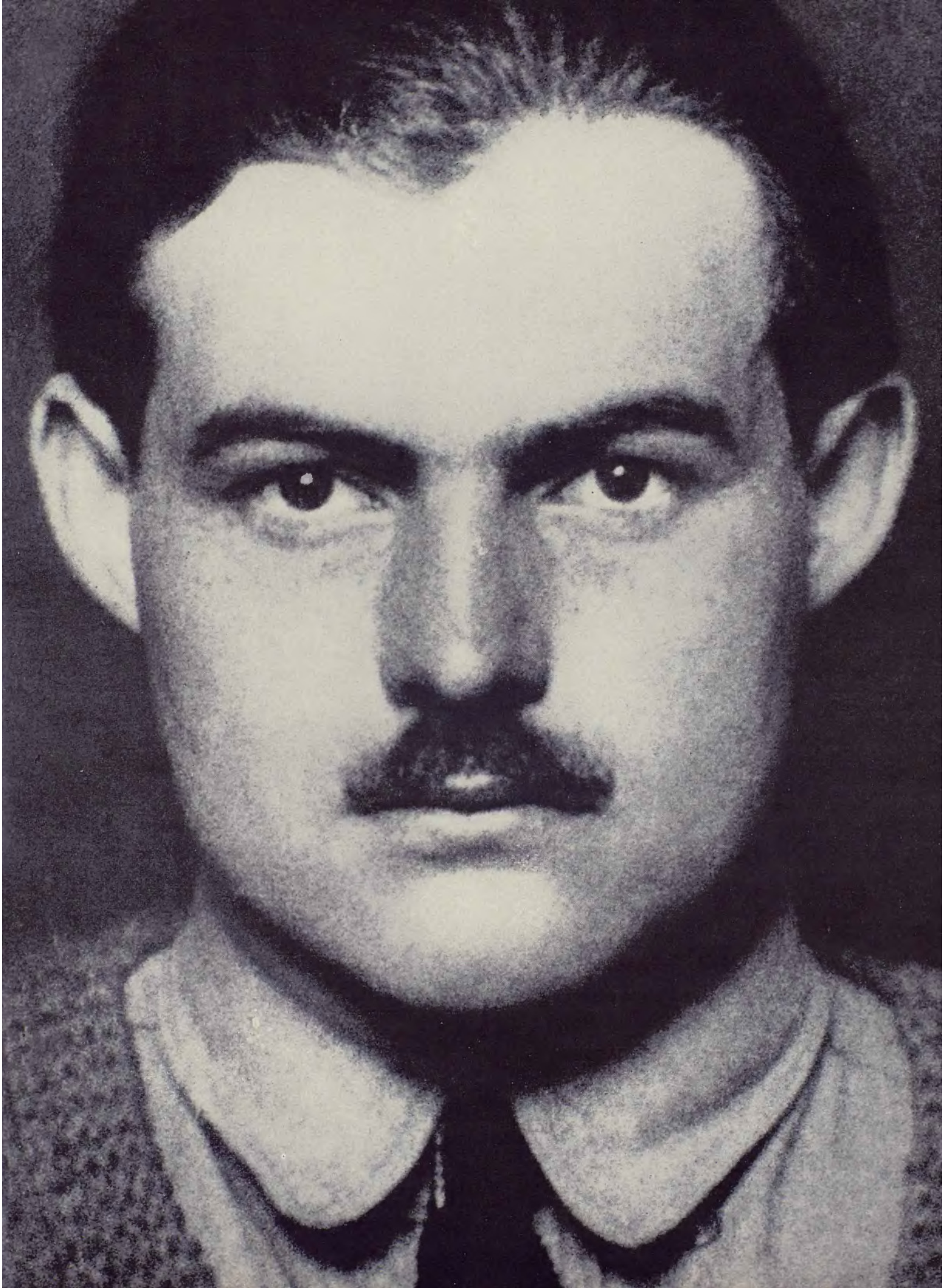
My Brother, Ernest Hemingway

an intimate and personal biography of the writer as man and artist

By Leicester Hemingway part II

Last month, in Part I of his biography, "My Brother, Ernest Hemingway," Leicester Hemingway examined in depth the first 25 years of the celebrated author's life. Writing with an intimacy and insight possible only to a member of the Hemingway household, he described Ernest's strait-laced Middle Western origin, his formative childhood years, the start of his journalistic career, and his first taste of battle on the Italian front in World War I, where he was wounded by enemy fire and by the rejection of his proposal of marriage to the Red Cross nurse who tended him (and who later became the model for Catherine Barkley, the heroine of "A Farewell to Arms"). Leicester also told of his brother's bizarre expulsion from the family on



his 21st birthday, his subsequent marriage to Hadley Richardson, his European reporting assignments, the birth of his first son during a brief sojourn in America, and the publishing of his first books, "Three Stories and Ten Poems" and "In Our Time." At the beginning of Part II, we find Ernest back in Paris, on the brink of a marital breakup, and on the threshold of fulfilling Ford Madox Ford's prophecy of greatness.

Besides working on his own material that autumn of 1924, Ernest was periodically devoting time to Ford Madox Ford's *Transatlantic Review*. He worked as an unpaid associate editor, reading and rewriting manuscripts and, in turn, doing favors through the magazine for people who had helped him, like Gertrude Stein. Ernest and Bill Bird and Ivan Beede did much of the leg work around the magazine's headquarters. Ernest helped convince the others that Gertrude's *The Making of Americans* would be a fine piece to run as a serial. Ernest personally transcribed the first 50 pages of her only copy of the manuscript and then edited and proofed it so that it could reach a discerning public after lying around for years in Gertrude's apartment. The magazine also served as a launching pad for several of Ernest's stories.

Things were going very well for Ernest, in his home life as well as in his writing. Bumby was beginning to talk and Ernest was learning that a child could be more fun than fret. With wife and son he took off for Schruns in the Vorarlberg when good skiing weather set in. For months they were deep in the snow up there, working and enjoying the sports. Ernest wrote that his writing was going very well. *In Our Time* was out of print and bringing high prices, while his stories were being translated into Russian and German; he enclosed a picture of the group on skis by a hut where they had stayed.

The joyful climax of the trip had been at Madlinnhaus, one of the big huts of the Alpine Club, where a friend had brought telegrams saying that Boni and Liveright, the New York publishers, had taken *In Our Time*. Hadley wrote the family that Ernest's fishing story *The Big Two-Hearted River* was appearing in the opening number of *This Quarter*, an American and English magazine, and that the story of Manuel the bullfighter in *The Undefeated* was to be in *Der Querschnitt*, the March or April number.

John (6 mos.) and Hadley Hemingway in Paris, 1924.

Hadley's public relations work with our parents paid off to the extent that Father wrote and asked to see more of Ernest's work. Ernest's reply of March 20, 1925, was a calmly logical statement of his literary aims. He very much wanted Father's understanding and approval, but he had gained enough maturity to keep his emotions under control.

First he threw a straight ball. He said the reason he had not sent more copies of his work home was because Mother and Dad, having prejudged his work with a Puritanical viewpoint, had returned the copies of *In Our Time*. That had looked to him as if they did not want to see anything more.

He said what he was trying to do in all of his stories was to get across the feeling of actual life – not just to depict it or to criticize it. He hoped that when anyone read his work he would actually experience the thing. He believed this could not be unless he put in the bad and the ugly as well as the beautiful. When Father saw some of his work that he didn't like, Ernest asked him to remember that he was sincere and was working toward a definite goal. Though some passage or story might seem ugly or hateful, our parents should realize that the next might be something they would like.

Then he thanked Dad for sending sporting magazines and reviews and said that though he lent them out regularly to other marooned sportsmen, he always got them back for his magazine file. He said he

Left: 1925. Ernest and son John in a sensitive study by surrealist Man Ray. Above, top: Ernest and a placid steer at Pamplona, 1924. Above: Ernest's porents and second wife, Pauline, at Key West, 1928.

hoped to get in some good fishing in Spain, though for a while it had looked impossible. With a $200 advance against royalties from Boni and Liveright he was counting on it. He hoped the book would sell. His others were all out of print. Someone had stolen his only copy of *In Our Time* and when he had gone to the publishers he had found that every copy had been sold.

The spring and summer days of 1925 were a time of intense production. Ernest had a tremendous lot of work in progress, and the two things needed were time and money with which to live through the period so the work could get done.

At a time when funds were low, Ernest had a hunch one evening. Telling Hadley that he would be back shortly and to hold dinner until he returned, he put on his coat and went down to a gambling spot nearby where things were less rigged than elsewhere. "I had a kind of feeling. I don't know how to explain it," he said to me afterward. Putting a few francs into play, he soon ran them up until he had the equivalent of $50. "I cashed in then and came back upstairs to dinner, feeling very good. We'd won enough to live for another month and get more work done – all in less than half an hour's time with the right hunch."

Ernest's first books, published in France, made only a few hundred dollars. But that spring, Scott Fitzgerald came to Paris as a successful young American writer. He had heard about Ernest, read some of his work, and wanted to talk with him. The two proceeded to think the world of each other, while occasionally testing each other's capacity for strong drink. Scott came as an unofficial representative of his publisher, Scribner's, though Ernest had already signed a contract with Boni and Liveright which contained an option for his next work.

By the summer of 1925, Ernest was deep into *The Sun Also Rises*, and was excited by the way the book was shaping up. This was the first serious novel of his career. He later told of writing the first draft in six weeks, though the revision required about five months. Its title was from Ecclesiastes and its motto Gertrude Stein's famous remark, "You are all a lost generation." The book captured the imagination of thousands of perceptive readers and made them feel they had a new understanding of the postwar youth of their day.

After publication in New York of *In Our Time*, clippings and reviews began coming in from all over. Ernest received more than 50 in one mail, and sent three from the most influential New York papers for our parents to read. He said he hoped they would arrange for the *Oak Leaves* or the *Oak Parker* to see the clippings so that the local reviewers would hear that, in New York at least, he was not considered a bum. There had been a long article on him, and information about Hadley and Bumby, with a picture, in the November issue of *Arts and Decoration*, and he thought it might interest the family. He hoped his book would sell well in Chicago and Oak Park because he wanted the people he knew to see what he was doing, no matter what their opinion. He said he thought Dad would like the fishing story *Big Two-Hearted River* and that both he and Mother might like *Cat in the Rain*.

At that time, Ernest was working swiftly and surely on *The Torrents of Spring* in a move that might bring Boni and Liveright to reject this new manuscript on which they had an option. If this happened, Ernest would be free to choose another publisher, which he wanted very much to do. He wanted to be free to go to Scribner's, where Maxwell Perkins was an editor, and where Scott Fitzgerald had been given such a good deal. Scribner's would take a manuscript like *The Torrents of Spring*, which spoofed the style of Sherwood Anderson and some other people, to get Boni and Liveright to give up its option.

Writing from Schruns in the Alps on December 14, he gave the family a preview of things to come. Pauline Pfeiffer, a friend of

Top: 1933. Ernest, Pauline and son John leave Paris with Key West friend Charles Thompson to shoot big game in Africa. Bottom: 1934. Ernest poses proudly with kudu horns in Kenya.

Bullfighting in Spain, as recorded by the camera of amateur photographer Ernest Hemingway under the tutelage of Man Ray. These pictures are published for the first time.

My Brother, Ernest Hemingway *(continued)*

Hadley's, was coming for Christmas and Dos Passos was in Morocco on an assignment for *Harper's* magazine and would not be back until February. Then they all planned to go to Munich together. They would fly over the Alps, land on a high mountain plateau — in the Selvretta — and ski down from there. It was a new stunt people were trying that year, and they would be among the first.

Ernest's plan to make a shift to Scribner's worked and he got an excellent contract with them. That spring *Torrents* was published and in the fall *The Sun Also Rises* came out in a large American edition.

What Ernest did not tell our parents at that time was that he and Hadley had separated. He was not about to break that news before it became absolutely necessary. He continued to work well despite the emotional misery he was going through that winter. Some of the stories he was sweating out, phrase by phrase, will stand as examples of emotional honesty as long as men continue to read.

Our parents, when they finally read *The Sun Also Rises*, were as bewildered and shocked as convent girls visiting a bawdy house. Their reading of it at all was as unlikely as such a visit, except that their son was the author. They did not know what to make of the scenes and characters in the book. Their emotions were thoroughly shaken and life at home, I remember, was like trying to walk on empty egg shells without cracking any. The volume was referred to as "that book" in horrified tones.

On February 5, Ernest wrote to our parents from Switzerland. He launched into the subjects he had avoided for some time. He said he had not answered Mother's letter about the *Sun* book because he had been angry. It was foolish, he had decided, to write angry letters, and worse than foolish to write such letters to one's own mother. He said it was natural for Mother not to like the book and that he was sorry she had read it if it caused her pain or disgust.

On the other hand, he assured them he was in no way ashamed of it, except in that he might have failed to portray accurately the people about whom he had written, or might have failed to make them alive for the reader. He was sure the book was unpleasant, though not *all* unpleasant, and surely no more unpleasant than the true inner lives of some of the best families in Oak Park. He asked Mother to remember that in such a book the worst of lives was shown, while in life there was a lovely side for the public and also the kind of thing he himself had observed behind closed doors. He asked Mother, as an artist, to realize that a writer should not have to defend his choice of subject, but only his treatment of that subject. He said that the people about whom he had written were indeed burned out, hollow and smashed, and that that was how he had tried to show them. He was ashamed only if he had failed to show truly the people he had tried to present. In future books, and he believed he would write others, the subjects might be different — but they would all be human.

Ernest then broke the news about his family life. He and Hadley had been living apart since the previous September, though they were still good friends. She and Bumby were both happy and well. Ernest had ordered all profits from *The Sun Also Rises* paid to Hadley, and the book was doing well. It had gone into five printings for a total of 15,000 copies as of January, he said, and had been published in England under the title *Fiesta*. He could not resist pointing out that Hadley would soon be back in the States, so the family would finally see Bumby on the profits of *Sun*.

He told them he was getting letters from *Vanity Fair*, *Cosmopolitan* and other magazines asking to see his work. But he was not going to be publishing anything for a few months, except for some stories already sold to Scribner's, because it was a crucial time in his life and it was most important to him to write in tranquility. He wanted to write as well as he could without thinking of money.

That spring of 1927 there was no talk of our older brother bandied around the dinner table. From the murmur and fade of voices behind the closed doors of the front bedroom one night, I overheard Mother say, "It's the shame and the suffering . . ."

Then Father had said, "No. It's the disgrace. I'd rather see him in his grave."

One morning, while Dad and I were digging worms for bait, he said, "You know, of course, that your brother has brought great shame on our family by divorcing Hadley, don't you?"

"No, I didn't," I answered truthfully, and with interest. "When did that happen?"

"That was last spring. And it's all over now."

And then, maybe because I had not seemed properly shocked by the big news, Father added, ". . . Oh, the shame of it — Ernest and Hadley divorced! There hasn't been a divorce in the family for generations — for 70 years."

In more than seven pages of longhand (that he called the longest letter he'd written since he learned to use pen and ink), Ernest tried with painstaking care to explain to Dad the divorce and his marriage that summer to Pauline Pfeiffer. It is a great credit to his diplomacy and his sincerity that he was able to smooth things over to the point where he and the family were again exchanging news, though in fairly terse dispatches.

On October 20, 1927, he wrote that he was working hard on a new book. He had some 30,000 words done. Bumby was living with Ernest and Pauline while Hadley fixed up her new apartment. Ernest said it was wonderful having him back and then apologized for not writing longer letters, explaining that his work on the book kept him feeling sucked pretty well dry. He hoped to finish it by Christmas.

The book he was working on then was *Men Without Women*, which Scribner's brought out the following fall. Hugh Walpole, discussing *The Killers*, one of the short stories in it, said, "We have no short-story writer alive in England as good as the author of *The Killers*, but then neither has America."

The "Key West period" for Ernest begins in the public mind with a mental picture of a bronzed giant fighting huge fish, then heading inshore for the roughest, toughest bar to celebrate, possibly pausing somewhere to beat out an account of the catch, using words growled from one corner of his mouth. It was never like that. And the contrast between the public image and the actual beginning is striking.

Ernest and Pauline arrived from Europe early in 1928 when they knew Pauline was pregnant. To give Pauline a chance to be as healthy as possible, with lots of sun and rest, they headed for Florida, determined to go to its southern tip.

Driving a yellow Model A Ford convertible coupe, they made their way down over the bridges and ferry crossings and finally reached Key West. This southernmost town in the United States was so far removed from the rest of Florida that the great real estate boom and bust had never reached it.

That spring, Ernest and Pauline rested, fished and saw the wild Everglades and unspoiled Keys for the first time. Ernest was writing well. They were enjoying the feeling of being away from everyone who knew them or cared what they did. And then their mail caught up with them. They had not told the family their plans. Letters had crossed the Atlantic, were readdressed and sent back to the States, and finally reached Ernest in Key West. That was how he learned that Dad and Mother were in St. Petersburg. On April 10 he wired them there that he had just found out they were in Florida from a letter forwarded from Paris. He

My Brother, Ernest Hemingway *(continued)*

invited them to come down for a few days' fishing, explaining that he had a car and some tackle.

The telegram was so openly friendly that our parents immediately caught a train down. They met Pauline, who was a wonderful person; everyone liked her. They all took pictures of one another and agreed that everyone in the family was pretty fine after all.

On April 23, Ernest wrote to Father back in Oak Park, saying it had been grand seeing him and Mother and that Pauline had enjoyed it tremendously. He said he was working hard and hoped to stay in Key West until the book was finished. He had had some fine fishing, had landed a 63-pound tarpon and a five-foot barracuda. He had caught a small barracuda on the fly rod. He said he and Pauline had been living on snappers and grunts. He was going out after tarpon that night, and the night before he had gone out about sundown and had taken a 10-pound jack that had fought well.

Ernest was working smoothly on *A Farewell to Arms* at that time. They went to visit Pauline's family in Piggott, Arkansas. From there, Ernest wrote to Father on June 1 that he was anxious to get the trip over and get back to work on his book. He said he had 238 pages done, nearly 200 written at Key West.

Ernest wanted to know when Dad planned to go North. He hoped he might come to Oak Park with Pauline for a few days during the next two weeks, and then go on up to Walloon. The baby was due June 27.

That fall Ernest and Pauline stayed at Piggott until quail-hunting time, and then headed down for Key West with Patrick [the new baby], savoring the good sights and feelings they had experienced the spring before in the Keys. *A Farewell to Arms* was in the rewrite stage.

In Oak Park it was a time of harassments for our father. He had been thoroughly clipped in the unforeseen bust of the Florida real estate boom. He had lost the savings he had invested in land which suddenly had no resale value. The year before he had successfully passed the Florida State medical examinations and he had looked forward to retiring there in a moderate practice. Then this prospect disappeared. Collections on current bills owed him were far behind.

In the autumn Dad suspected that he had diabetes, and when he didn't like living with the suspicion any longer, he underwent some laboratory tests. Sure enough, he had "a touch of the sugar," as I heard him tell a colleague over the phone. But like most physicians, he was slow to put himself in the care of another doctor. No one knows why, but he put off any treatment. In the course of several days of cold, rainy, late fall weather, he underwent a serious loss of morale. On the morning of December 6, Dad took some personal papers and mementos down to the furnace and burned them. Then he went upstairs again, closed his bedroom door, got out my grandfather's Smith & Wesson revolver, and shot himself just behind the ear.

Within minutes the house was in an uproar, with policemen, relatives and strangers moving about and talking to each other as though we residents had no right to be there. Carol was reached by telephone at school. As soon as she got home, she did the most sensible thing anyone could do. She suggested that a telegram be sent to Ernest in care of his publisher in New York. This message, reaching Ernest while he was on a train between New York and Arkansas, allowed him to make a swift change of direction and reach Chicago a few hours later.

When Ernest arrived, he took charge of the situation and soon had the necessary funeral and other arrangements made. Mother was incapacitated by shock, and was able to make decisions only after a day of sedation.

Father's impending funeral provided a situation most of us would have liked to avoid. Ernest took me aside and pointed out some of the realities and his own interpretation as soon as he had a chance.

"At the funeral, I want no crying. You understand, kid? There will be some others who will weep, and let them. But not our family. We're there to honor him for the kind of life he lived, and the people he taught and helped. And if you will, really pray as hard as you can, to help get his soul out of purgatory. There are plenty of heathens around here who should be ashamed of themselves. They think it's all over, and what they don't seem able to understand is that things go right on from here.

"Now . . . what about Grandfather's gun, the revolver that was used? Will you get it for me? You and Mother will have to go to the police, or the Cook County sheriff. But request that it be returned to the family, as a historical keepsake. It will take time, but you're going to be here. I won't be able to follow this through from down South. But that's the only gun I want. You can have all the others. And as his sons, we divide these things by agreement. All right with you? Then that's settled. When you get the gun, have Mother ship it to me. Now remember what I said about the funeral." I nodded, and was dismissed.

When Ernest and his family first went to Key West, Ernest rented an apartment in a building directly across from the present post office. In the next four years he and Pauline lived in at least three other houses. They were trying various parts of the island before finally settling on one spot.

The spot was finally located when Ernest bought the old Spanish house at 907 Whitehead Street, just across from the Key West lighthouse where the commandant of the Coast Guard lives. This house had possibilities, Pauline said. And she proceeded to clean it, rewire it and build an extension to the rear. What later became the pool house, with showers and dressing rooms and a laundry downstairs, also had an upstairs workroom for Ernest. This was separated from the main house, but could be reached by the catwalk off the second-story balcony.

Ernest soon settled into the relatively quiet life of Key West. But like any shrewd animal in a new place, he had to explore the surrounding area. The great bay of Florida stretched to the northward, the uninhabited Keys stretched to the west, and out beyond them lay the Dry Tortugas, the tip end of the barrier reef that curves down for more than 200 miles west of Miami.

In Bra Saunders' boat with its big, slow-chuffing Palmer engine, and two fishing chairs made by mounting captains' chairs in the cockpit, the first trips began. Fishing for tarpon was excellent in the spring, as Ernest had discovered the year earlier. Through the Calda Channel, that winds north and east of the main northwest channel into Florida Bay, Ernest and Pauline, Charles Thompson and his wife, Noreen, and Bra Saunders went out trolling in the evenings, season after season.

Patrick and later Gregory, who was born in 1931, were usually left with Ada, the nurse who had charge of them during most of their waking hours when they were young. Pauline would pack the frosted bottles of gin, plenty of Key limes, sugar and a thermos of ice water. Then they would load into their old Ford roadster and be off to the docks.

Pauline had a marvelous sense of humor, a petite figure, and was an amazingly good sport. Charles Thompson was an all-around friend as well as sportsman. He ran the hardware store of the Thompson enterprises on the island. A large, well-built man with a broad forehead and the calm manner of a business executive, he was the most amiable, down-to-earth member of the group. Noreen Thompson was an outspoken Georgia girl with a ready wit. Bra Saunders was a true conch. Of English background, his family had originally settled on Green Turtle Cay in the Bahamas. Bra had the pale, watery eyes that come

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My Brother, Ernest Hemingway *(continued)*

from staring into the sun-glare for years on end. He was thin and wiry and would take any chance offered.

Ernest dominated the group. He was slender in those days, but his blue-striped Basque fishing shirts were always stretched at the seams over his immense, barrel-chested frame. He never bothered to put his belt through the loops of his khaki pants. Instead, he flipped it around his middle, below the loops. As one horrified local lady declared, "He always looked like he'd just pulled his pants on and planned to pull them off again any second."

After *A Farewell to Arms* was published, just before the great market crash of 1929, Ernest decided it was time to break new ground and explore more territory. His period of sport fishing off the Cuban coast was about to begin.

Ernest first heard about the great fishing on the other side of the Stream from Josey Russell. Joe had made the run between Cuba and the Keys regularly for a number of years, carrying profitable cargo that gurgled. He had guts beyond any mere conception of the word. Harry Morgan of *To Have and Have Not* was modeled after Josey.

So Ernest chartered the Anita, Josey's 34-foot fishing boat. They crossed the Stream together and fished out of Havana, using Cojimar and the Mariel and Bahia Honda as bases for stretches of hard fishing. They bought bait from the local boatmen and fished the Stream to the east or the west depending on the reports of local catches, depths and concentrations.

Among Ernest's first friends in Havana were Grant and Jane Mason. Their friendship survived great changes in all their lives. Grant was then local manager of Pan American Airways, during Pan Am's beginning years. A large, strikingly handsome man, he had inherited a fortune, but was determined to make something of his life.

His bride, Jane, was a society belle from the Kendall and Lee families. Her grave beauty had a Madonnalike quality accentuated by a middle part in her smoothed-back auburn hair. She had large eyes and fine features.

Jane liked to drink and managed it well — an accomplishment Ernest openly admired. For sheer excitement, they used to enjoy "cross-country runs" in her small, imported sports car. These runs were somewhat removed from cross-country driving in the usual sense.

Before lunch, they would have plenty of daiquiris and then take off. The object was to see how long whoever was passenger could ride without saying "slow down" or "watch out." The driver was free to cut away from the road and actually head out cross-country. Ditches, fences, hedges and thorn patches were legitimate hazards. So were cattle, egrets, royal palms and fallen logs. Ox carts, parked cars or corners of houses counted one point each. But they couldn't be smacked — only grazed.

Jane and Ernest would each take a turn driving. The game lasted until one called a halt. It was a primitive version of "chicken" played in some of the most rugged terrain imaginable.

"Ernest was always a gentleman about letting me win," Jane recalled. "But I lost as many times as I won because when he drove he'd take off his glasses, in case of solid impact. He was awfully near-sighted, so half the time he didn't know enough to be scared, and I was terrified."

Not even the sport fishing could keep Ernest in Cuba every season. Between bouts with the first hundred marlin, he lived in Key West, visited Kansas City again for the birth of his third son, Gregory Hancock, and hunted quail in Arkansas near Pauline's relatives in Piggott. In the fall he liked the L Bar T Ranch in Wyoming for big game.

Out West in the fall of 1930, while elk hunting, Ernest's open Ford was forced off the road by an oncoming vehicle. As the car turned over, his right arm was pinned back by the top of the windshield and fractured badly, the bone sticking out of the muscle. There was an agonizing ride of more than 40 miles of rough road to reach the hospital. Ernest kept his right hand clamped tightly between his knees and with his left hand pulled back on the fractured arm to keep the jagged bone ends from chewing up more meat. Nevertheless, quite a bit of muscle had to be cut away. Setting the arm properly was very difficult because the muscles kept pulling the bone ends past each other. The bones were finally notched and spliced with tendon, after about 10 tries.

Soon word got around that Ernest was in the Billings, Montana, hospital and a serious, well-read young reporter rushed over. He was so impressed with the authenticity of *The Sun Also Rises* that he was positive its author must have suffered the loss of part, if not all, of his genitalia. He figured this was his opportunity to get the real story, a chance he could not pass up, no matter how indelicate the subject. As the reporter told me the story, years afterward, Ernest let him stammer around in embarrassment. Finally he blurted out the question point-blank. Almost convulsed with laughter, Ernest flipped back the bedsheet, revealing everything he was born with. The flustered reporter walked off with a rare literary anecdote and a thoroughly exploded rumor.

By the autumn of 1931, the first motion picture version of *A Farewell to Arms* had been completed. The studio insisted that the picture's premiere be held in Piggott, which was then known as Ernest's home. The studio undoubtedly hoped for favorable publicity. But in this it ran into a solid wall of frustration. Ernest took a dislike to the advance arrangements when he learned of them and calmly declined to attend the first showing.

The week of the film's premiere, I arrived in Piggott for some quail hunting. Ernest's invitation was not the kind you ignored. It had been accompanied by a check that more than covered the train fare and six boxes of shells. And it turned out to be a memorable week.

The first night there I asked how the picture had turned out.

"Tell you what, Baron. You go. Take Ginny with you."

I went with Pauline's sister Virginia. Later when he asked how certain sequences had been treated, we told him about it. I asked why he didn't go see it.

"Nope. Bad luck to see the picture now."

Next morning we had a large breakfast before sunup, and got the dogs into the back of the car. Bumby had a sore throat and was running a temperature, so he couldn't come. We headed for a farm owned by a friend a few miles away. The road was plain mud. When the sun began thawing the frozen muck, we skidded and splashed along.

"It'll be plenty bad by this afternoon when we head back," Ernest said. "But by then we may have had the kind of shooting that will make us feel good."

When we reached the far end of a large field, we pulled the car out of the ruts and let the two dogs loose. They headed down the field, the young dog racing out far and wide.

There in the early December chill, moving ever closer to the line of bare trees ahead, the older dog suddenly froze, holding her point. We had about 30 yards to come up, and Ernest motioned me out as we advanced through the stubble toward the dog.

We were almost even with her when a big quail and then another whirred out of the sparse grass and made for a brush pile near the trees. Ernest fired and got one. He fired again and then I fired. The second bird flew on, curved, and went down on the far side of the brush.

"Tough luck, kid. But we got half of them. Now see what a good animal can do." He waved his hand upward and

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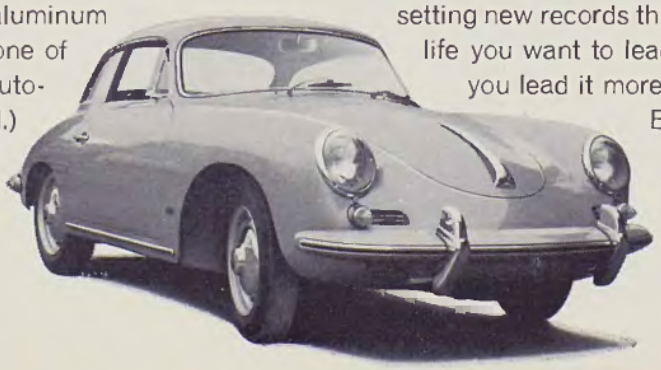

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My Brother, Ernest Hemingway *(continued)*

the dog took a great jump ahead and then commenced crisscrossing over where the first bird had fallen. She was back in a minute, all wet with moving fast through the grass and stubble. She held the bird gently across her mouth.

"Good dog." Ernest took the bird, twisted off its head, threw it on the ground, and watched the dog chomp the head as he pocketed the bird. Then we reloaded. He talked on as we moved toward the far line of trees.

"I think you shot behind that second one. Try a little more lead, and always figure where you would go if you were the bird. Most of the time they'll break for the nearest cover. That's not necessarily the cover away from you. So think like the bird does, and you'll get more game. Also the hunting becomes more exciting. There, she's on another point."

By lunchtime when we stopped to get out the sandwiches, we'd skirted several swamps, climbed a number of fences, jumped some very large ditches, and taken 14 birds.

The next day started out even better. The air was colder and the ground stayed frozen until 10 o'clock in the morning. By then we were hunting over farms near the big river and we had another dog with us. He was a lovely red setter that had been raised by Ernest's brother-in-law, Carl Pfeiffer.

Over toward the Mississippi there were stretches of flooded bottomland that had made the high ground invaluable to the young birds that had hatched the previous spring. These youngsters didn't have all the survival sense of adults. But they had the same needs. And in their eagerness to crowd the ditch-crowns and levees and high briar patches, they were fair game.

"You take one ditch, I'll take another, Baron. We'll meet at intersections. But watch the dog. He'll teach you when I'm not there." Ernest grinned and moved off. I knew the dog wasn't the only one under observation.

Every once in a while I'd hear his 12-gauge double make a "blam" in the still air. Most of the time he only fired once. I was shooting my 20-gauge single, and the second day the birds either flew more steadily, or I was leading them just right. The sound of my own gun seemed a shameful racket on such a lovely day. But the birds whirred enticingly, and every one fell with a satisfying grace, the small downy feathers floating off in the breeze.

"Let the dog make all the decisions. He's hunted more than you have," Ernest said when we met at a lateral earthwork farther along.

"When you can drop something cleanly that is trying to get away, or catch it when it is fighting to tear loose, you get that old, primitive sensation. You feel it, too, don't you, kid?"

"Yes, but not always. Sometimes I want them to get away."

"Not when you're hungry. But maybe I'm more eager for the catch than the eating. It's better to feel it than to analyze it, I can tell you that."

The third day we tried a tougher terrain. Though it had many thorn hedges, it was reported to be full of birds. Sure enough, the birds were there. In one briar patch they were so thick we smelled them, too.

"You get that, Baron?" Ernest was inhaling, a far-off look in his eyes.

"Ummmmm. Like birds dusting, but kind of more damp?"

"That's it. You've been close before." He lifted his head, eyes closed. "They're over there." He motioned over toward the right. There the three dogs had converged on a patch of briars tinged with brown where the frost had hit them. The leaves beneath the thorns made it impossible to see more than a foot into the tangle.

As the dogs moved inward, a great explosion suddenly made us snap-shoot, reload and shoot again as the big quail continued to whir out of that one incredible patch of briars.

Then there was silence. The dogs began feeling their way through the undergrowth, scuffling for wounded birds and mouthing others to retrieve. I went in gingerly, tripped, and fell forward heavily while trying to reach one at a spot which the dogs were already well beyond. I got the bird, and broke off some thorns in my legs reaching it. Ernest watched, noting the dogs and me, and remembering where birds were downed on both sides. When I came out, bird in hand, sweating, and happy beyond reason at reaching in for a hard one and claiming it through all hazards, Ernest was having a quick one from his flat silver flask.

"You saw that one go down and the dogs missed it completely? Good hunting, Baron . . . It gives me a lift right here," he patted his groin. "Feeling them take off and then reaching out and pulling them down again does something." He turned away. I saw the flask tip up. Then he let out his breath like a man who has just slaked his thirst with something better than just liquid. He silently offered me some. I shook my head and he put the flask away. We were brothers there on the high ground, whatever situations life and the world might produce elsewhere.

In the first four years that Ernest was living in Key West, he and Pauline had visited the Pfeiffer home in Arkansas every year, had been in Kansas City for the birth of each of their two sons, and had managed time to hunt big game out West. They had been in the Florida Keys during the best winter weather and repeatedly had the best spring and summer fishing there, too.

Max Perkins, Ernest's editor at Scribner's, was a good companion and visitor on the fishing trips. But Max was more mature than Ernest, and Ernest was never very content with life unless he had a kid brother — real or surrogate — nearby. He needed someone he could show off to as well as teach. He needed uncritical admiration. If the kid brother could show a little worshipful awe, that was a distinct aid in the relationship. I made a good kid brother when I was around, but I couldn't be around regularly.

Jane Mason became another "kid brother" as the summer expeditions to Cuba for marlin fishing developed. When Jane and Grant adopted two boys, Ernest became the godfather of Anthony, the older. And as though to set an example in godfatherly ways, he remained faithful to his charge throughout his life.

In 1932 Ernest began the development of another friendship that was to have a profound influence on his production, as well as to provide him with another spiritual younger brother. This was a relationship he developed with Arnold Gingrich. Contrary to the belief that these two were old wartime buddies, Arnold and Ernest did not meet until 1933. They had corresponded for many months before that, when Arnold was editing and doing most of the writing for *Apparel Arts*, a beautiful and visually exciting magazine published in Chicago.

Arnold was near Ernest's age, had spent his boyhood in Michigan where his father was a woodcarver of great skill. And Arnold loved trout fishing with a passion equal to Ernest's.

In the early Thirties Ernest was about to reach a popular, nonliterary audience for the first time through a new magazine [*Esquire*], "with plenty of *cojones*," about to be launched under Arnold's editorship. On a midwinter trip to New York, where Arnold had also gone on business, the two met for the first time, and over drinks discussed fishing and writing, until Ernest had to hurry back to his hotel and pack to catch his train.

Regarding the matter of Arnold's projected quarterly, Ernest said he had two policies about selling stuff. If the publication was a noncommercial one and published in the interest of letters, he would give the stuff away or be paid a nominal fee. But he had often found

(continued on page 136)

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TELL ME THE REASON, DO

fiction **By KEN W. PURDY**

"in three hours every sunday, if you're awake and alive, you can live 10 years" — THE MARQUIS DE PORTAGO

THE ROUNDED STONES OF THE BEACH warmed in the rising sun. At the water's edge they were dark and wet, laced with green. The spiny odor of salt water and seaweed rose in the hot air. The sea was blue and flat. Half a mile out, a catamaran scudded down the wind under a tea-brown sail, a water bug running. Behind it, pasted to the horizon like a child's paper cutout, a steamer sat under a purple thread of smoke.

Peter Hart knelt on the stony bottom of the sea. There was nothing of consequence so close inshore, no fishes, no shells, no grottoes, no seaweed jungles, only the marvel of the water, bright and clear, layered in yellows, browns, greens and sapphire blues. He rose slowly until he stood, his head out of water to his chin. He breathed, and sank until the sea lapped at his eyes. He turned slowly, like a searching periscope. On the right, a mile away, St. Martine, white and pink and yellow stucco houses, a stubby church steeple tiled in harsh red-orange. Straight ahead, the hotel, three stories high, sugar-white and shining. Left, the curving horn of the beach, half a mile of it to the jetty and the ruin of the lighthouse. Behind him, from the wavelets patting the back of his head all the way to the brass-bright shores of Africa, the blue sea. He lay against the water, rolled and began to swim. He swam for 10 minutes, or a little more, straight out. Now when he turned to look the town and the lighthouse had drawn together, the beach had narrowed. Two figures stood there, black against the sand. One waved. Peter Hart lifted an arm high from the water, dropped it back, stroked, turned. Soft, warm as milk, the sea burbled in his ears, bubbled and foamed behind him. He did not hurry. He believed that he knew what they were going to tell him, and he did not look forward to hearing it.

He waded out of the water. He was tan, and heavily muscled for one who looked, at a little distance, to be lean. He moved indifferently on the hot stones.

"Good morning, Janey," he said. "Tony. Good morning."

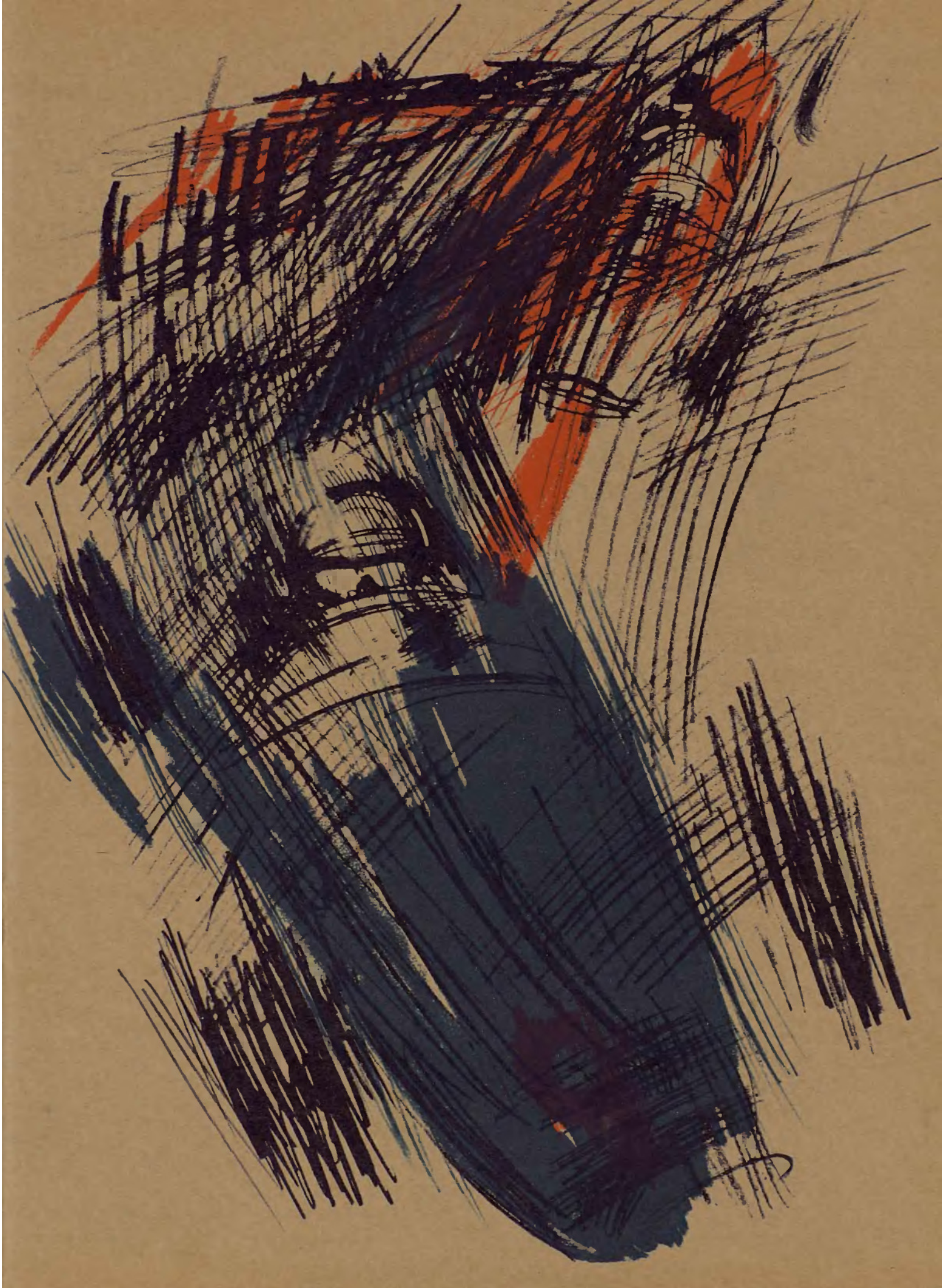
"Peter," Janey said. "Ollie Ramirez is dead."

"Yes," he said. "I thought that was what you'd come to tell me." He looked down. The stones were egg-shaped for the most part, white, gray, brown. Lying in a crevice between two white ones he saw a bit of bottle-glass, green, etched and rounded by the scouring sand. He picked it up.

"Was he ever conscious?" he asked. "Ollie?"

"The hospital said no," the girl told him. "Tony phoned."

Tony Markman was tall and thin. His jutting nose seemed to stretch the skin tightly over his face. He wore a black knit shirt and gray slacks that seemed to have nothing to hang to. "He might have been con-



ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR PAUL

scious," he said, "but they didn't think so. At least he never opened his eyes and he never spoke."

"He'd have said something, I think," Peter said.

"That it wasn't your fault, you mean?" Janey said.

"Something like that."

Peter moved off a little way and lifted a robe and a towel from the beach. He pulled the terrycloth robe over his shoulders and looped the towel around his neck. He stood for a moment holding each end of it, feeling the welcome weight of his arms on the back of his neck. He could see three girls walking out on the jetty, single file, one of them carrying a basket. Peter wanted to sit on the beach and watch them, sit with his back to the town. But he turned around.

"We may as well go," he said.

They moved in silence to the walk that pointed, string-straight, to the hotel's main door.

"You know, *I* didn't kill Ollie," Peter said.

"No one says you did, Peter," Janey said.

"Oh, any number of people will say I did," Peter said. "Any number. Point is, though, I didn't. He killed himself. We know that. The question is, why?"

"It isn't quite *that* simple, Peter," Tony said.

"I know it isn't," Peter said. "But it's as close to the truth as we can come just now."

. . .

He used the same phrase later in the day when the fellow from the New York paper came to see him. The man's name was Donnell and Hart had read some of his pieces. Donnell had no fixed base, he seemed to move around Europe as he pleased, he was intrigued by exotic sports, pigeon-shooting, chamois-hunting, foldboating and the like.

He had phoned while Peter was dressing after his swim, and had suggested lunch.

"You had better come up here," Peter had said, "if we're to be undisturbed."

Luncheon had been laid on the little balcony table. There was a soufflé and a salad. Donnell drank wine. He was a nervous, red-headed man, committed to his life, to inquiry, to wondering, to finding out. His style was lucid but flat. He was a good reporter, but he had little originality. It saddened him to read the phrasemakers of his trade, men like Red Smith, Murray Kempton, Jimmy Cannon.

He sipped the cold white wine in small mouthfuls and looked out at the sea, brazen now in the vertical rays of the sun. A cream-and-red striped awning shaded the balcony, but Donnell's eyes were light blue, and he squinted.

"When did Ollie die, exactly, do you know?" Peter asked.

"At 10 after eight or so," Donnell said. "Dr. Limoutin told us he felt it was all over at four in the morning. You knew it was a depressed frontal fracture?"

"I thought he must be dead when I saw them taking him out of the car," Peter said. "Still, he was strong, you know. He must have had tremendous resistance . . . one time in the Monte, 1956 I think it was,

I saw him lift one end of a Citroën onto the road, alone, without help."

"Amazing."

"Still, I suppose that sort of strength's no use when one's badly enough hurt," Peter said. "Ascari was strong, too. So was Behra, if it comes to that."

"Sometimes, watching him drive," Donnell said, "it seemed to me that Ollie Ramirez was too big for the cars, too beefy to be able to move as fast as he had to."

"Bigness hasn't to do with it," Peter said. "Juan Manuel Fangio was big, at least he was thick and stocky, and he was strong as a bull, but he could move very fast when he wanted to."

"Still, Ramirez wasn't really quick, was he?" Donnell said. "Someone told me that if he'd been really quick he'd have got through the corner last night."

"It's sometimes hard to tell," Peter said. "I don't know what happened to Ollie except that he was trying too hard. He went into the bend there at La Pournelle much too fast."

"Yet you were going faster, obviously, since you were about to pass him."

Peter looked at him. The table was a small one and they were close. He has a hunter's face, Donnell thought, I can understand his eyes being slitted here, in this light, but I can't remember ever having seen them any wider open. And his face is all flat, immobile planes, no roundness anywhere. It is the flatness, and the sharp angles where the flatnesses join, that make him seem so cold.

"I always go very fast," Peter said. "I *can* go fast, so I do. I was testing brakes, as well. We'd had some bother, we'd a new kind of pad in the discs, and I was running deeply into the corners and punishing the brakes severely. That was my job, at the moment."

"Were you and Ramirez alone on the circuit?" Donnell asked.

"Not quite. It was just at sundown, and most of the chaps had gone in, but Tommy Reston was still running. He was on the other side of the circuit, over near Douet. He was stroking, just running along, you know. Ollie and I had run past him a couple of minutes before it happened. Ollie was three or four lengths ahead of me when we passed Tommy, and I had cut that to about two lengths when he shut off for La Pournelle . . ."

He looked over the white wrought-iron balcony rail, down at the beach, bright with parasols, and the sea, dotted by the heads of a hundred swimmers. As he stared a red ball loomed and grew in the sea and in his mind's eye and he saw clearly the rounded tail of Olivier Ramirez' car, bordered by rivets half an inch apart. The tail was the gas tank, there was no skin over it. That was all there was to see of Ollie's car: the round, red tail, the wide tires big and black beside it, and Ollie's heavy-shouldered figure hunched in the center of the composition. In that split second it seemed that the car had been cut off at the windshield. But then the nose and a front wheel appeared as Ramirez set it up in a drift for the bend, and reality returned. Down the long straight-away Peter Hart had just touched 8500 engine revolutions a minute in fifth gear, say 180 miles an hour. At this speed he had closed slightly on Ramirez. He intended to pull up to him in the bend and pass him coming out of it. He was perfectly calm. He did not feel competitive. He was practicing. It was an ordinary thing, passing coming out of a bend, he had done it a thousand times. It would take three seconds, or three seconds and a half, and it would be divided into six phases. He didn't think anything of it. He ran a few yards past his normal cutoff point, lifted his foot and hit the brake pedal once, carefully. The pads shrieked on the discs and the car shuddered; the right front wheel brake bit a hair deeper than the others and the car came an inch out of line as the rear tried to pivot around the dragging wheel; Peter felt the movement, or sensed it, caught it with a flick of the steering wheel. He dropped the factor of a potentially grabbing right front brake into the hopper of his mind and stood off and watched, in a way, as the next five phases of the passing maneuver were instantly modified. He hit the brake again, with his toe, anticipating the wheel drag, and dropped his heel to the accelerator as his left foot twice slammed the clutch pedal to the floor and he threw the shift lever across the gate. The engine howled as it was harnessed to the lower gear, and the car slowed, savagely, reluctantly. Once more, and he had it steadied down and level at about 140 miles an hour. He was very close to Ramirez now, 10 feet or so, a little too close, perhaps, he thought, watching the man spinning the steering wheel. Ollie was doing something foolish: he had decided not to be passed just there. He had decided to be a little bit competitive. He's gone in over his head, Peter told himself, and he will lose it. They were in the bend now, drifting, all four wheels sliding together, the cars pointing into the bend, the engines screaming under full load in third gear. Intermittent, jerky, soprano screeches were lost in the din as the tires fought the rough concrete. Peter lifted his foot infinitesimally, to lessen the spinning, the slippage of the back wheels on the road by a few times a second, and thus straighten the car a bit, decrease the angle of the drift. Ramirez would go, if he went, toward the outside. Three quarters of the way through the bend he went. The rear of the fat red car broke loose, moved out, accelerated, whipped around, overcame the wheel Ramirez instantly turned against it; the car came broadside, tripped and rolled, three times sideways, twice end-for-end. At the pits they heard the noise come rushing across the field, golden in the dying sun, and the least of them knew what it was, because there is no other sound like it: the maniacal howl of rubber impossibly stretched on concrete, the scream of the engine as the wheels fly into the air, unload it, let it spin 200 times a second and destroy itself, and the crash of a half-ton toy slammed five times to the ground by an idiot giant. Smoke rose into the still air to show the way, and some were there before Peter could stop, turn and come thudding back over the grass of the infield. Three of them lifted Ramirez out, black with oil and rubber dust, red with blood, white with the snowflake foam of the fire extinguishers. His arms hung loose and straight. His head rolled on the yoke of his shoulders. They laid him carefully on the coarse bunched grass, well away from his car, smoking sullenly. The stand-by ambulance came quickly. Peter saw Ollie for the last time through its window as it moved off. He had been wrapped in two thick white blankets; a white towel had been bound around his head like a loose turban; his face was black save where his goggles had been, and there the skin was dead white. The ambulance moved carefully off the turf to the roadway, then very fast downhill along the straight past the pits toward the escape road at Perisot corner, the intersection, and the town.

Peter sighed and turned away from the sea to face Donnell again.

"There was no way in which it could have been avoided, was there?" Donnell said.

"Who can tell?" Peter said. "In these precise circumstances, and with this particular man driving, no, certainly not, or it wouldn't have happened . . . if Ollie had gone into the bend three miles an hour slower . . . but, of course, he didn't."

"You must know that there are people who think it was your fault," Donnell said.

"I'm certain there are," Peter said.

"They say that you were crowding him," Donnell went on.

"One can crowd another car from the side," Peter said, "but not from behind. I've run 160 miles an hour three or four feet behind another car, getting a tow, slip-streaming as you call it, and so has everyone else. The fellow in front simply drives his race and pays no attention."

"I don't think they mean it in that sense," Donnell said. "I think they mean that you were forcing the pace, running

(continued on page 128)

"This must be the place!"


WEAVER

fiction by IRWIN SHAW

"How goes it?" Webel said, standing at the bar.

"Nighttime, nighttime," Eddie said, mournfully, serving Webel a cup of black coffee.

It was 2:30 in the morning, but there were still more than a dozen people in the bar. There were a few couples in the booths; near the beer spigots a tall, youngish man sat talking in a low voice to a girl with chopped black hair and green wool stockings; two or three industrious drinkers stared into their glasses, hunched into their overcoats over the damp mahogany; John McCool, wearing a wrinkled corduroy jacket and a lumberjack's red-and-black-checked shirt, sat alone at the small table near the entrance, drunk and doodling on the menu. Webel had said hello to McCool when he came in and had looked at the doodle. It was a picture of a football player with three legs and seven or eight arms, like a statue in an Indian temple. "The best elements of East and West," McCool had said thickly. "Ambition, speed, brutality and fair play, allied to multiplicity of means and the denial of the material and degrading limitations of the natural world."

Webel had given McCool back his doodle, without further investigation. McCool was a good scene-designer and a bad painter and after a few drinks his conversation was likely to be gloomy, oblique and difficult to follow.

"Nobody ever goes to sleep in this town," Eddie said. He surveyed his customers with loathing. He had to stay open until four every morning anyway, but he lived in the hope that one night his bar would be empty by two o'clock and he could close early with a calm conscience and go home and sleep. He had the face of a man who worried more about sleep than about the Russians, the Democratic Party, death or love. The bar was on West 46th Street and was a hangout for actors and theatrical people in general, who didn't have to go to work until eight o'clock at night, if they had to go to work at all, and who shared the profession's enduring revulsion to daylight. "How many cups a coffee you drink a day, Mr. Webel?" Eddie asked.

"Twenty — thirty a day," Webel said.

"Why?"

"I don't like the taste of alcohol."

"Do you like the taste of coffee?"

"Not much," Webel said, lifting the cup.

"There you are," Eddie said. He swabbed the bar to one side of Webel sorrowfully. "Nobody makes any sense these days."

"Eddie," called the man who was sitting on the stool next to the girl in green stockings. "Two gibsons, please, if it's not too much of an imposition."

"Imposition," Eddie muttered, still swabbing the bar. "Do you get the sarcasm? Gibsons at 2:30 in the morning. Who drinks gibsons after midnight? Fairies, alcoholics and exhibitionists. I tell them to their faces." Without looking at the man who had ordered, he poured the gin and vermouth into the glass, shoveled in the ice and stirred savagely.

"Glacial, if you don't mind, Eddie," the man said. He had a lofty, good Eastern-school accent that was sometimes hard for Webel to bear, especially this late at night. The man's clothes, narrow and proper, matched the accent, and Webel, who looked like a dressed-up truck driver or a Marine top sergeant on furlough, no matter what tailor he used, found himself disliking the man's clothes, too.

"Eddie," the barman muttered, whirling the drink around in the glass. "Everybody thinks he has the right to call me Eddie."

"Who is he?" Webel asked in a low voice.

"Some television jerk," Eddie said, plopping in onions. "Madison Avenue. They're invading the West Side now. It's chic, some dame mentioned the joint in *Vogue*. Or maybe it's just the population explosion. The baby boom is driving th'upper classes into the Hudson." Gloomily, he moved down the bar and served the gibsons.

"Excellent, Eddie," the man said, tasting his drink.

Eddie grunted, accepting no largess. He rang up the charge on the cash register and stuck the slip in a puddle on the bar under the elbow of the girl with the green stockings. "Sinclair," the girl was saying, "you should have seen Dominguín at Dax. He cut four ears. The *faena* with the second bull was absolutely chilling. And he killed *recibiendo*."

Holy God, Webel thought, is there no escape? He drank his coffee in one gulp and burned his tongue.

"Mr. Holstein," John McCool called to Eddie from his table, "another whiskey, please, and two more menus."

Eddie served McCool and gave him his menus and glowered at the couple in booth number three, who had been holding hands over two bottles of beer since one o'clock. Eddie came back to Webel with a fresh cup of coffee, steaming hot. He watched Webel sip at it, the expression on his face a mixture of fascination, disbelief and disgust. "You mean to say," Eddie said, "you can go home and go to sleep after all that coffee?"

"Yes," Webel said.

"Without pills?"

"Without pills."

Eddie shook his head wonderingly. "You must have the constitution of a infant," he said. "Of course, you got a hit running on 44th Street, I guess anybody can sleep with a hit."

"It helps," Webel said. He was the

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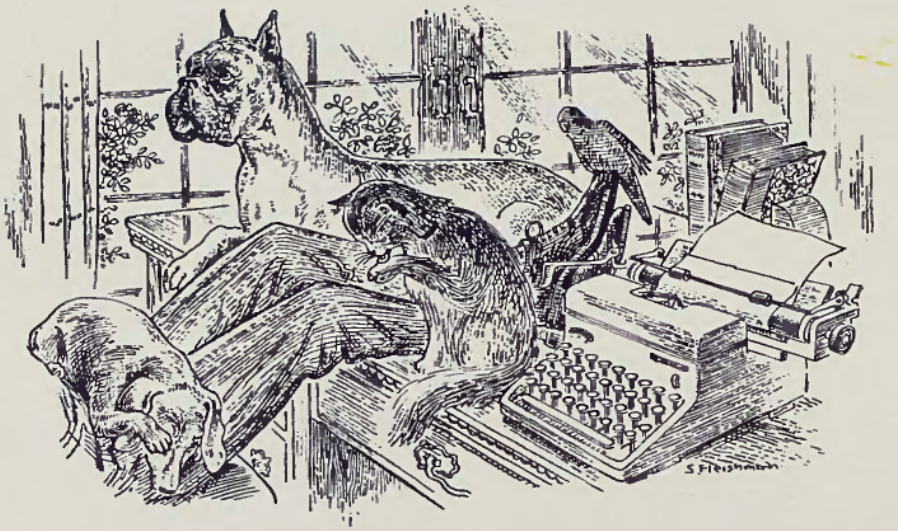
"I know — that's the hell of it!"

humor By P. G. WODEHOUSE

THE COURTING OF THE MUSE



the creator of jeeves reveals himself as a suspicious scenarist who doesn't trust his characters an inch

WHEN PEOPLE COME UP TO ME — and I have witnesses to testify that this has happened — and say, "Tell me, Mr. Wodehouse, what are your literary methods?" I generally give one of my light, musical laughs and reply, "Oh, I just sit down at the typewriter and curse a bit." But actually the thing goes deeper than that, and if posterity is to get straight on this very important point, I shall have to add a few details.

I would like to say, as I have known other authors to say, that I spring from my bed, take a cold shower and am at my desk at nine A.M. sharp, but something tells me I could never get away with it. The reader is shrewd enough to know that no one is ever at his desk at nine. I do get to my desk, however, around about 10, and everything depends then on whether or not I put my feet up on it. If I do, I instantly fall into a reverie or coma, musing on ships and shoes and sealing wax and cabbages and kings. This goes on for some time. Many of my deepest thoughts have come to me when I have had my feet up on the desk, but I have never been able to fit one of them into any novel I have been writing.

If I avoid this snare, I pull chair up to typewriter, adjust the dachshund which is lying on my lap, chirrup to the boxer, throw a passing pleasantry to the cat and pitch in.

All the animal members of the household take a great interest in my literary work, and it is rare for me to begin the proceedings without a quorum. I sometimes think I could concentrate better in solitude, and I wish particularly that the cat would give me a word of warning before jumping on the back of my neck as I sit trying to find the *mot juste*, but I remind myself that conditions might be worse. I might be dictating my stuff.

How anybody can compose a story by word of mouth, face to face with a bored-looking secretary with a notebook, is more than I can imagine. Yet many authors think nothing of saying, "Ready, Miss Spelvin? Take dictation. Quote No comma Lord Jasper Murgatroyd comma close quote said no better make it hissed Evangeline comma quote I would not marry you if you were the last man on earth period close quote Quote Well comma I'm not comma so the point does not arise comma close quote replied Lord Jasper comma twirling his mustache cynically period And so the long day wore on period End of chapter."

If I had to do that sort of thing I should be feeling all the time that the girl was saying to herself as she took it down, "Well comma this beats me period How comma with homes for the feeble-minded touting for customers on every side comma has a man like this Wodehouse succeeded in remaining at large all these years mark of interrogation."

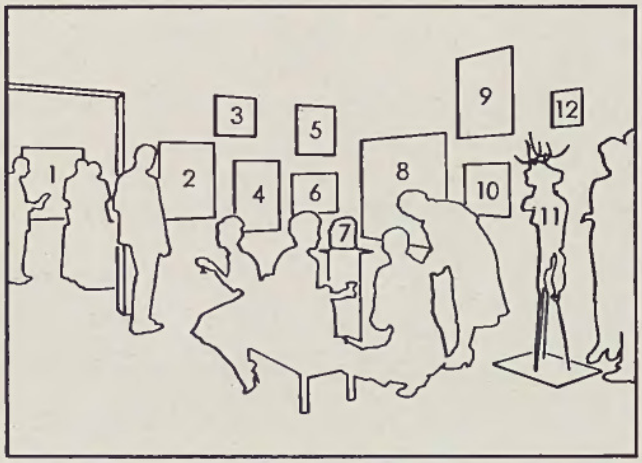
Nor would I be more at my ease with one of those machines where you talk into a mouthpiece and have your observations recorded on wax. I bought one of them once and started *(concluded on page 155)*

THE FINE ART OF ACQUIRING FINE ART

on the principles, pleasures and prices of artful connoisseurship modern living By SIDNEY TILLIM

ACQUIRING FINE ART used to be an avocation for the very, very rich. Morgan, Frick, Mellon – these were the Croesuses of American collecting in pre–income tax days. They, or their agents, laid siege to churches and palaces; with checkbooks for battering rams they smashed the barriers of protocol and national pride to acquire the masterpieces that now grace the collections of our museums. But for numerous and complex social, financial and legal reasons, this golden age of connoisseurship has died out, and the cultural buying spree of the few has spread to the many. Works of art, or commodities aspiring to that distinction, can now be purchased almost anywhere – and on the installment plan on occasion. They can be bought not just at galleries, museums, auctions and artists' studios, but at coffeehouses and delicatessens, at sidewalk exhibitions, in theater lobbies and even off the walls of friends' living rooms. If more people are getting the works instead of works of art, that is simply the offspring of overproduction coupled with amateurs' ignorance.

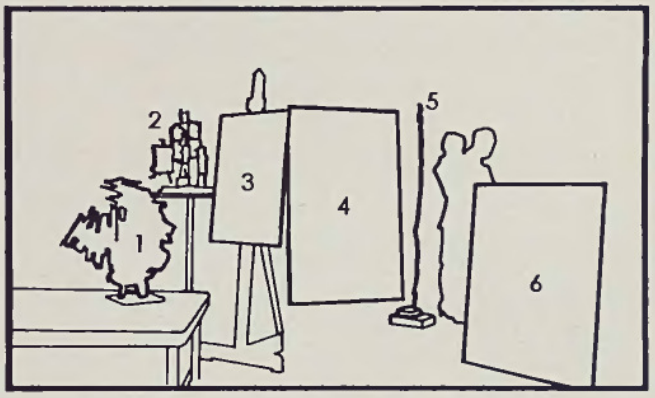
There are waiting lists for the output of certain eminent artists – for instance, the abstract expressionist Willem de Kooning, whose 1959 exhibition at the Sidney Janis Gallery in New York had people



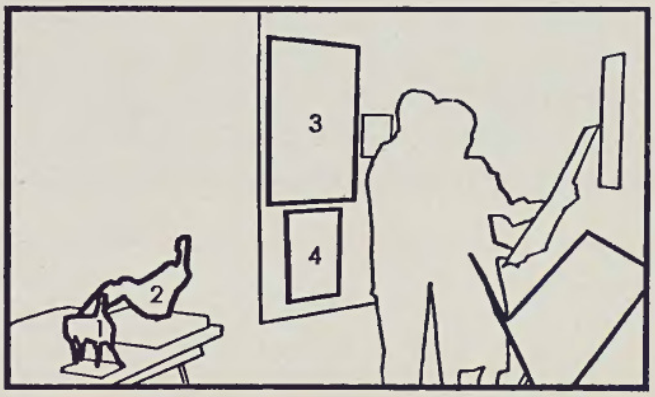
THE GALLERY. Prime source for today's art collector is the gallery, a cultural marketplace which selectively showcases representative products of the art world, and thus exists not only as a business venture, but as a creator of trends and an arbiter of taste as well. Above, prospective buyers sip convivially while passing esthetic judgment on pictures at an exhibition in Chicago. The works of art as numbered in the diagram: 1. *Sabra* by Franz Kline, $11,500. 2. Untitled oil on masonite (1950) by Jackson Pollock,

$40,000. 3. *Deux Pelerins* (1948) by Jean Dubuffet, $2400. 4. Collage (1960) by Alfred Leslie, $700. 5. *Salvation Mechanism* (1960) by Harry Bouras, $350. 6. Drawing (1952) by Philip Guston, $550. 7. *Europa and the Bull* by Reuben Nakian, $1000. 8. *Duck Pond* by Willem de Kooning, $20,000. 9. Male figure (1954) by Jack Tworkov, $1000. 10. *Clay Bank* (1961) by Michael Goldberg, $500. 11. Construction with branching forms (1960) by Richard Hunt, $2100. 12. Untitled abstraction (1959) by John Grillo, $150.

THE STUDIO. Traditional hunting ground of the art connoisseur is the artist's studio, where paintings, drawings and sculpture may sometimes be purchased directly from their creators at less than gallery prices, though most well-established artists are contractually obligated to sell only through their dealers. Above, in the romantically cluttered, *La Bohèmeish* atmosphere of an artist's atelier, a hopeful couple browse (in purely hypothetical circumstances) amid a gathering of artistic riches in search of a work both pleasingly decorative and esthetically fulfilling. 1. *War Chicken* by David Packard, $650. 2. *The City* by Abbott Pattison, $500. 3. *Jockeys* by LeRoy Neiman, $875. 4. *Final Veteran* by Larry Rivers, $6000. 5. *Stalk* by Richard Hunt, $1270. 6. *Red Heart* by Milton Resnick, $1550.



THE RENTAL LIBRARY. Many museums throughout the country provide an art lending service. Through this system, the tyro or experienced collector may judge at his leisure the impact of a particular work in his own surroundings, at a cost which is modest indeed. Rental fees are determined by the value of the individual piece; often, if the renter later decides to purchase the work, all fees paid may be applied to the purchase price. At right, a duo admire a print in the Art Rental and Sales Gallery of the Art Institute of Chicago. (Rental fees are for a minimum of two months.) 1. *Horse* by Alfred J. Brunettin, $350, rental $20. 2. *Sitting Woman* by Nelli Bar, $300, rental $20. 3. *Man* (etching) by Misch Kohn, $145, rental $10. 4. *Allegorical Mourning* by Harry Paul Corbissero, $100, rental $10.



crowding outside the doors on opening day. It was a sellout, with large canvases fetching as much as $14,000 each. These paintings are already worth about $40,000 — nearly a 300 percent profit in just three years, or so says dealer Janis. Sensing a gold rush, prospectors have flocked to stake out their claims.

Those who take a dim view of the current rush for conspicuous consumption of culture see the art world as a fattening monster engaged in dispensing taste, flattering egos and deflecting power drives while discreetly muffling the sound of purring from the counting rooms. Those who take the crassly commercial exploitation of art in stride do not deny that the art world is overrun by phonies with plenty of loaded squares begging to be taken, but they remind agitated purists that the phonies don't endure. "*Ars longa, vita brevis,*" they say with, among others, Hippocrates, Seneca, Goethe, Browning and Wordsworth.

"Twenty years' experience as curator and director in American museums," wrote the late director of the Metropolitan Museum, Francis Henry Taylor, in *The Taste of Angels,* "has convinced me that the phenomenon of art collecting is too instinctive and too common to be dismissed as mere fashion or the desire for fame. It is a complex and irrepressible expression of the individual. . ." But art — in addition to these qualities and to its potentialities for deep esthetic gratifications — has more modest attractions as well. It can brighten a room with color or a pretty subject; it can be (and most certainly is) used as an investment; it brings to its owners a certain prestige and status. Indeed, its various nonesthetic attractions sometimes seem so compelling that many people have come to feel that whether they care for art or not, they must keep up culturally with the Joneses.

There are no hard and fixed rules for the novice collector. "Buy what you like," advise many experience-hardened dealers. A variation admonishes, "Buy what you understand." One ignores modern art today at the risk of being called a Philistine, but the familiarizing process, even for those favorably disposed or devoutly curious, takes time — and it may not take hold. Literature on the subject of collecting is fairly standardized. It advises the beginner to look at as many original paintings as possible, to ask about prices as he goes, the better to gauge current values, to read up on the back-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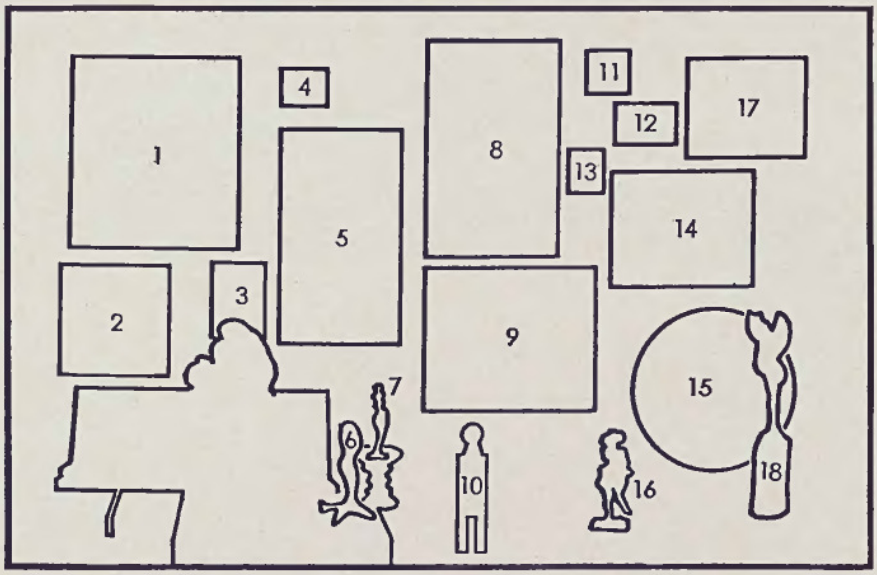
ground of the art that interests him and to seek such help as he thinks he needs from experts — such as museum curators and reputable dealers. John I. H. Baur, of the Whitney Museum, warns the collector not to be guided by decorators "unless they are different from most." There is generally implicit the warning to begin modestly, to proceed cautiously and to avoid bargain counters.

The general self-help rules are fine — as far as they go. Certainly, they are harmless. One *should* tour museums and galleries, but not in the expectation that quality will declare itself just like that. "I would be pleased to know of a school where one learns taste," said Diderot. The history of art is full of blind curves; one may successfully navigate the classic turns of an Olympian nude by Titian only to be confronted by the seemingly doodled, lava-complexioned *Femmes* of Jean Dubuffet. Available road maps come in the form of texts on art history and art appreciation courses — a sort of package deal dispensing a culturally fortified brand of etiquette. Art criticism, regarded in America with suspicion not only by artists but by the critics themselves and subject to hallucinatory images such as "an orange like a wounded signal tower," remains, for better or worse, the country's only real public forum on art.

Boning up via books and reproductions has the advantage of covering a lot of territory in a short time. The best reproduction, however, is a poor facsimile, distorting scale, tactile quality and color. A few years ago a man entered a well-established New York gallery and asked to see some paintings by Chaim Soutine who, of course, is in a price range beyond all but the wealthiest collectors. The dealer brought out a characteristically passionate landscape by the French expressionist painted with the turgid impastos the artist favored. The man spurned the painting. He complained that it was muddy, that the Soutines reproduced in art books were much brighter. The color plates of these books, printed on coated stock to begin with, *are* bright, since printing inks contain the varnish that frequently does not exist in the original.



THE COLLECTION. The motives underlying the collecting of art are varied. People assemble works of art most often for decorative purposes or for the intangible rewards of status and prestige, or even as a means of investment. On the preceding spread a delightful fringe benefit of virtuoso collecting is demonstrated amid a resplendent array of modern art culled from leading New York galleries. 1. *Landscape with Smoke* by Richard Diebenkorn, $6500 (Poindexter Gallery). 2. *Painting with Ruler and "Gray"* by Jasper Johns, $2800 (Leo Castelli). 3. *The Chariot*, lithograph by Braque, $800 (Peter Deitsch). 4. *Le Rouge et le Noir* by Helen Frankenthaler, $450 (André Emmerich). 5. *Factum II* by Robert Rauschenberg, $4000 (Leo Castelli). 6. *Sirene* by Arp, $10,500 (World House Galleries). 7. *Woman V* by Peter Agostini, $900 (Stephen Radich Gallery). 8. *The Physicist* by Ben Shahn, $9500 (The Downtown Gallery). 9. *Woman Asleep* by Balcomb Greene, $1500 (Bertha Schaefer Gallery). 10. *The Uncommitted Little Chicago Child* by H. C. Westermann, $450 (Allan Frumkin Gallery). 11. *La Maison Tellier* by Leland Bell, $300 (Zabriskie Gallery). 12. *The Crow* by Leonard Baskin, $500 (Grace Borgenicht Gallery). 13. *Scène de Maison Close*, monotype by Degas, $900 (Peter Deitsch). 14. *Sketcher by the Sea* by Milton Avery, $3500 (Grace Borgenicht). 15. *Relational Painting Tondo #52* by Fritz Glarner, $8000 (Graham Gallery). 16. *Burlesque Queen* by Peter Agostini, $1800 (Stephen Radich). 17. *Still Life*, lithograph by Picasso, $1850 (Peter Deitsch). 18. *The Dream Dreaming* by Mary Frank, $750 (Stephen Radich).

The heart of the art market for most private citizens is the art gallery — which is free and welcomes visitors. Each new exhibition season in New York — roughly from the beginning of October to the end of May (though more and more galleries are staying open during the summer) — finds as many as 10 or more new galleries in business. Some of these are branches of established galleries in Chicago, Cleveland, San Francisco, Los Angeles and Paris. Where once Fifty-seventh Street was the center of the New York (and U.S.) art world, galleries have fanned out through the city, from the 90s to the Battery, setting themselves up in quarters ranging from the posh to the primitive. One artist's atelier serves as a gallery by day, a studio at night. Another gallery mixes its art with odors of cooking from a kitchen in back. *Arts* magazine's directory lists 208 galleries in New York City, as compared to 26 in Boston, nine in Chicago, 45 in or near Los Angeles, 13 in San Francisco — and 140 in Paris. And these are merely the galleries with regular exhibition schedules that are more or less regularly covered by the critics.

Business though it is, the gallery has also become something of a cultural public utility. Its power is enormous. It can deceive, it can entertain, it can help create trends. It can also make — or break — contemporary artists, for

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A MIRACLE OF RARE DEVICE

fiction By RAY BRADBURY

not far from phoenix, they found the road to xanadu

ON A DAY NEITHER TOO MELLOW nor too tart, too hot nor too cold, the ancient tin lizzie came over the desert hill traveling at commotion speed. The vibration of the various armored parts of the car caused road-runners to spurt up in floury bursts of dust. Gila monsters, lazy displays of Indian jewelry, took themselves out of the way. Like an infestation, the Ford clamored and dinned away into the deeps of the wilderness.

In the front seat, squinting back, Old Will Bantlin shouted, "Turn off!"

Bob Greenhill spun-swung the lizzie off behind a billboard. Instantly, both men turned. Both peered over the crumpled top of their car, praying to the dust they had wheeled up on the air.

"Lay down! Lay low! Please . . ."

And the dust blew slowly down.

Just in time.

"Duck!"

A motorcycle, looking as if it had burnt through all nine rings of Hell, thundered by. Hunched over its oily handle bars, a hurricane figure, a man with a creased and most unpleasant face, goggled and sun-deviled, leaned on the wind. Roaring bike and man flung away down the road.

The two old men sat up in their lizzie, exhaling.

"So long, Ned Hopper," said Bob Greenhill.

"Why?" said Will Bantlin, "why's he always tailing us?"

"Willy-William, talk sense," said Greenhill. "We're his luck, his Judas goats. Why should he let us go, when trailing us around the land makes him rich and happy and us poor and wise?"

The two men looked at each other, half-in, half-out of their smiles. What the world hadn't done to them, thinking about it had. They had enjoyed 30 years of nonviolence together, in their case meaning nonwork. "I feel a harvest coming on," Will would say, and they'd clear out of town before the wheat ripened. Or, "Those apples are ready to fall!" So they'd stand back about 300 miles so

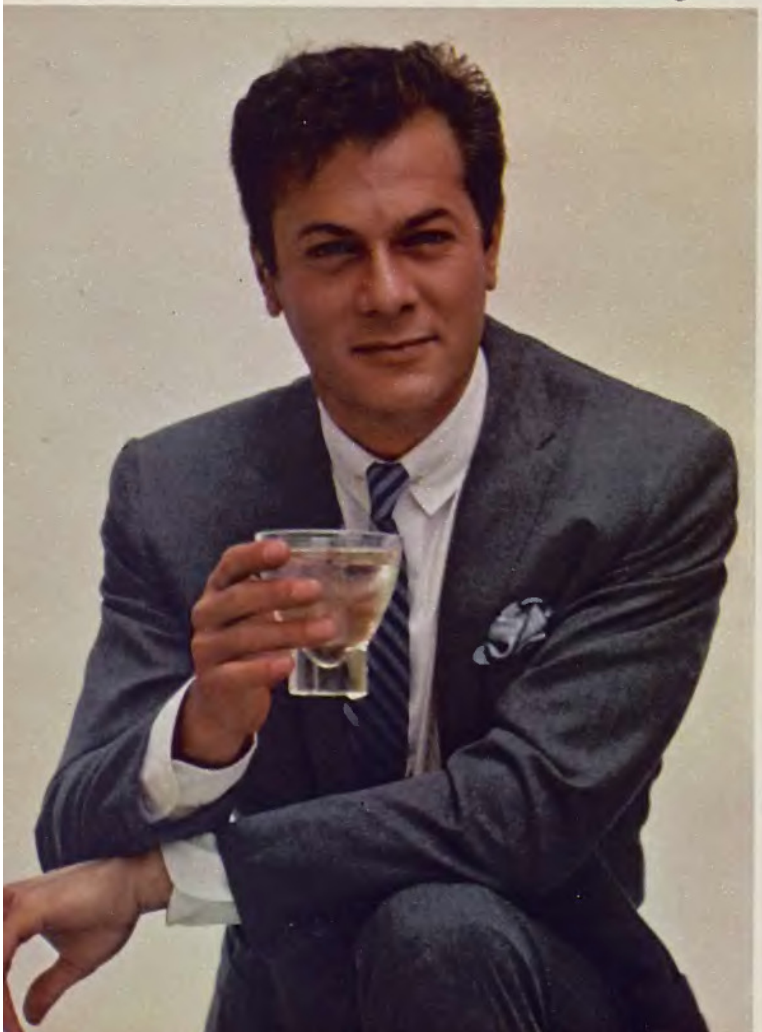
(continued on page 70)

ILLUSTRATION BY WILLIAM GALLAGHER

ANDRÉ PREVIN: *brandy alexander*

FRED ASTAIRE: *champagne*

TONY CURTIS: *vodka gimlet*



MORT SAHL: *irish coffee*

CYRIL RITCHARD: *tom and jerry*

BURGESS MEREDITH: *martini*

André Previn, versatile and prolific man of modern music, skoals his impending concert tour of Russia with a brandy alexander. Previn's particular potable, like Gaul, is divided into three parts — equal quantities of brandy, crème de cacao and cream — vigorously agitated with ice in shaker, then strained into frosty cocktail glass.

Fred Astaire has laid aside (for the nonce, at least) his long-time role as dance-and-song man to play host, and straight dramatic parts, on TV's *Alcoa Premiere*. Fred considers champagne the magnum opus of the wine world, finds it — vintage and chilled — a felicitous companion to brunch, dinner or post-Emmy celebrations.

Cyril Ritchard, bound for Broadway as the star of *Romulus*, is a fast friend of Tom and Jerry: heaping tablespoon of batter (two eggs beaten until stiff, tablespoon of sugar and pinch of nutmeg, beaten and chilled) is combined with a half jigger of rum, a jigger of bourbon or a blend in a mug filled with hot milk, sprinkled with nutmeg.

TOASTING THE NEW YEAR

six celebrating celebs hoist their favorite cups that cheer

Tony Curtis, whose production company will begin filming *Playboy* as soon as his starring role in *Taras Bulba* is completed, prefers the verdant piquancy of a vodka gimlet, prepares it expertly like so: five parts vodka to one part Rose's Lime Juice, the congenial coupling to be cascaded over ice cubes and spiritedly stirred before quaffing.

Mort Sahl, pioneer comic of the coffeehouse, there acquired his affinity for that cellar-boite staple, Irish coffee. Mort begins with a prewarmed 8-ounce mug, pours in 1½ ounces of Irish whiskey, a teaspoon of sugar and enough hot black coffee to reach within half an inch of the rim. After stirring, he tops it with chilled whipped cream.

Burgess Meredith, an unreconstructed martini man who has just added *Advise and Consent* to a yard-long list of screen credits, casts his gin in an icily pristine starring role, the olive in support, with the driest of vermouths taking only the briefest of walk-ons. When pressed for more specific details, Meredith prescribes an 8-to-1 ratio.

RARE DEVICE *(continued from page 67)*

as not to get hit on the head.

Now Bob Greenhill slowly let the car, in a magnificent controlled avalanche, drift back out on the road.

"Willy, friend, don't be discouraged."

"I've been through 'discouraged,' " said Will. "I'm knee-deep in 'accepting.' "

"Accepting what?"

"Finding a treasure chest of canned beans one day and no can opener. Finding a thousand can openers next day and no beans."

Bob Greenhill listened to the motor talking to itself like an old man under the hood, sounding like sleepless nights and rusty bones and well-worn dreams.

"Our bad luck can't last forever, Willy."

"No, but it sure tries. You and me sell ties and who's across the street 10 cents cheaper?"

"Ned Hopper."

"We strike gold in Tonopah and who registers the claim first?"

"Old Ned."

"Haven't we done him a lifetime of favors? Aren't we overdue for something just ours, that never winds up his?"

"Time's ripe, Willy," said Robert, driving calmly. "Trouble is, you, me, Ned never really decided what we wanted. We've run through all the ghost towns, see something, grab. Ned sees and grabs, too. He don't want it, he just wants it because *we* want it. He keeps it till we're out of sight, then tears it up and hangdogs after us for more litter. The day we really know what we want is the day Ned gets scared of us and runs off forever. Ah, hell." Bob Greenhill breathed the clear fresh-water air running in morning streams over the windshield. "It's good anyway. That sky. Those hills. The desert and ——"

His voice faded.

Will Bantlin glanced over. "What's wrong?"

"For some reason . . ." Bob Greenhill's eyes rolled, his leathery hands turned the wheel slow, ". . . we got to . . . pull off . . . the road . . ."

The lizzie bumped on the dirt shoulder. They drove down in a dusty wash and up out and suddenly along a dry peninsula of land overlooking the desert. Bob Greenhill, looking hypnotized, put out his hand to turn the ignition key. The old man under the hood stopped complaining about insomnia and slept.

"Now, why did you do *that?!*" asked Will Bantlin.

Bob Greenhill gazed at the wheel in his suddenly intuitive hands. "Seemed as if I had to. Why?" He blinked up. He let his bones settle and his eyes grow lazy. "Maybe only to look at the land out there. Good. All of it been here a billion years."

"Except for that city," said Will Bantlin.

"City?" said Bob.

He turned to look and the desert was there and the distant hills the color of lions and far out beyond, suspended in a sea of warm morning sand and light, was a kind of floating image, a hasty sketch of a city.

"That can't be Phoenix," said Bob Greenhill. "Phoenix is 90 miles off. No other big place around . . ."

Will Bantlin rumpled the map on his knees, searching.

"No . . . no other town."

"It's coming clearer!" cried Bob Greenhill, suddenly.

They both stood absolutely straight up in the car and stared over the dusty windshield, the wind whining softly over their craggy faces.

"Why, you know what that is, Bob? A mirage! Sure, that's it! Light rays just right, atmosphere, sky, temperature. City's the other side of the horizon somewhere. Look how it jumps, fades in and out. It's reflected against that sky up there like a mirror and comes down here where we can see it! A mirage, by gosh!"

"That *big?*"

Will Bantlin measured the city as it grew taller, clearer in a shift of wind, a soft far whirlabout of sand.

"The granddaddy of them all! That's not Phoenix. Not Santa Fe or Alamogordo, no. Let's see. It's not Kansas City ——"

"That's too far off, anyway ——"

"Yeah, but look at those buildings. Big! Tallest in the world. Only one place like that in the world."

"You don't mean — New York?"

Will Bantlin nodded slowly and they both stood in the silence looking out at the mirage. And the city was tall and shining now and almost perfect, in the early morning light.

"Oh, my," said Bob, after a long while. "That's fine."

"It is," said Will.

"But," said Will, a moment later, whispering, as if afraid the city might hear, "what's it doing 3000 miles from home, here in the middle of Nowhere, Arizona?"

Bob Greenhill gazed and spoke. "Willy, friend, never question nature. It just sits there and minds its knitting. Radio waves, rainbows, northern lights, all that, heck, let's just say a great big picture got took of New York City and is being developed here, 3000 miles away on a morn when we need cheering, just for us."

"Not just us." Will peered over the side of the car. "Look!"

There in the floury dust lay cross-hatchings, diagonals, fascinating symbols printed out in a quiet river of traveling.

"Tire marks," said Bob Greenhill. "Lots of cars pulled off here."

"For what, Bob?" Will Bantlin leaped from the car, landed on the earth, tromped it, turned on it, knelt to touch it with a swiftly and suddenly trembling hand. "For what, for what? To see the mirage? Yes, sir! To see the mirage!"

"So?"

"Boy Howdy!" Will stood up, thrummed his voice like a motor. "Brrrummm!" He turned an imaginary wheel. He ran along a tire track. "Brrrummm! Eeeee! Brakes on! Robert-Bob, you know what we *got* here?! Look East! Look West! This is the only point in miles you can pull off the highway and sit and stare your eyes out!"

"Sure, it's nice people have an eye for beauty ——"

"Beauty, my socks! Who *owns* this land?"

The state, I reckon . . ."

"You reckon wrong! You and me! We set up camp, register a claim, improve the property and the law reads it's *ours* . . . right?"

"Hold on!" Bob Greenhill was staring out at the desert, and the strange city there. "You mean you want to . . . *homestead a mirage?!*"

"Right, by zingo! Homestead a mirage!"

Robert Greenhill stepped down and wandered around the car looking at the tire-treaded earth.

"Can we *do* that?"

"*Do* it? Excuse my dust!"

In an instant, Will Bantlin was pounding tent pegs in the soil, stringing twine.

"From here to here, and here to here, it's a gold mine, we pan it; it's a cow, we milk it; it's a lakeful of money, we swim in it!"

Rummaging in the car, he heaved out cases and brought forth a large cardboard which had once advertised cheap cravats. This, reversed, he painted over with a brush and began lettering.

"Willy," said his friend, "nobody's going to pay to see any darned old ——"

"Mirage? Put up a fence, tell folks they can't see a thing, and that's just their itch. There!"

He held up the sign.

SECRET VIEW MIRAGE.
THE MYSTERIOUS CITY.
25¢ per car. Motor bikes a dime.

"Here comes a car. Watch!"

"William ——"

But Will, running, lifted the sign.

"Hey! Look! Hey!"

The car roared past, a bull ignoring the matador.

Bob shut his eyes so as not to see Will's smile wiped way.

But then — a marvelous sound.

The squeal of brakes.

The car was backing up! Will was leaping forward, waving, pointing.

"Yes, sir! Yes, ma'am! Secret View Mi-

(continued on page 132)

Telephone

by JULES FEIFFER

WHO? STEVIE **WHO**? OH, **THAT** STEVIE! WELL WHY IN THE WORLD ARE YOU CALLING ME AT **THIS** HOUR?

WELL, GOOD FOR **YOU**! YES, I'M VERY HAPPY YOU'RE GETTING MARRIED, BUT MY GOD, FRIEND I HAVE TO GO TO **WORK** TOMORROW!

ALL **RIGHT**, SO YOU'RE NOT GETTING MARRIED FOR ANOTHER SIX MONTHS. IT'S YOUR MARRIAGE, STEVIE, DON'T ASK **MY** OPINION ON LONG ENGAGEMENTS. LOOK, I'M **TERRIBLY** TIRED-

CONGRATULATIONS. I'M **HAPPY** SHE'S VERY PRETTY. LOOK, I DON'T HAVE A CIGARETTE IN THE HOUSE AND I'M HALF ASLEEP- CAN YOU CALL ME IN THE MORNING? ALL **RIGHT** SO SHE'S A LOT PRETTIER THAN I AM.

STEVIE, IF YOU CALLED TO BE INSULTING I'M GOING TO HANG UP! DID IT EVER OCCUR TO YOU THAT I MIGHT NOT BE CONSIDERED FRIGID BY **EVERY** MAN? SAY, ARE **YOU** DRUNK?

NO, IT'S TOO LATE - NO, THERE'S NO POINT IN YOUR COMING UP. **NO**, STEVIE! I **BELIEVE** YOU'VE WORKED ME OUT OF YOUR SYSTEM. THERE'S REALLY **NO** NEED TO PROVIDE A DEMONSTRATION!

YES. YES. I AGREE. NON-INTELLECTUAL GIRLS ARE **DEFINITELY** BETTER FOR YOU. YES, IT'S GOOD TALKING TO YOU AGAIN **TOO**. NO, I'M BUSY NIGHTS.

OH, ALL RIGHT THEN, LUNCH. YES. NEXT WEEK. **IF** I'M FREE. NOW WITH **YOUR** PERMISSION — YES- YES- **PLEASE** HANG **UP**, STEVIE. I PROMISE. I'LL TRY TO BE FREE. YES. NEXT WEEK. YES. YES. YES -

WHAT HAVE I **DONE**? NOW I'VE GOT **TWO** BROADS CRAZY ABOUT ME.

HELLO HUEY? I WAS JUST GOING TO HANG UP. GOD, YOU TAKE **FOREVER** TO ANSWER. ARE YOU ALONE?

NO REASON, I WAS JUST WONDERING. I **KNOW** IT'S LATE BUT I GOT A CALL WAKING **ME** SO I THOUGHT I'D WAKE **YOU**. DOES THAT MAKE YOU ANGRY?

NOTHING I DO MAKES YOU ANGRY DOES IT? YES, I **AM** HOSTILE. WHY DO **I** ALWAYS HAVE TO CALL **YOU**? HEY, ARE YOU THERE? ARE YOU TALKING TO SOMEBODY ELSE? WELL, WHY IS YOUR HAND OVER THE PHONE? I **CAN** TELL.

NO, DON'T HANG UP! IT'S JUST THAT I'M VERY DEFENSIVE WITH YOU. **SAY** WHAT ARE YOU DOING **RIGHT** NOW?

WELL I THOUGHT MAYBE YOU COULD COME OVER FOR A WHILE. I **KNOW** IT'S LATE BUT- WELL, SURE, IF YOU HAVE A COLD MAYBE IT **ISN'T** A GOOD IDA TO GO OUT- WELL, I'LL TELL YOU WHAT THEN-

I'LL COME OVER **THERE!** DO YOU HAVE ASPIRINS? IF YOU HAVE A COLD YOU SHOULD DEFINITELY TAKE SOME. I'LL MAKE SOUP, BRING ASPIRIN AND BE OVER IN FIFTEEN MINUTES.

IS THAT LAUGHTER I HEAR IN THE BACKGROUND? YOU **AREN'T** ALONE. I **KNOW** YOU DIDN'T **SAY** YOU WERE. I KNOW - NO, I'M **NOT** HOSTILE. **HONESTLY** I'M NOT.

DON'T HANG UP. LOOK, I'LL CALL YOU IN THE MORNING FROM THE OFFICE. NO, NOT TOO EARLY. WELL, WHAT TIME DO YOU THINK YOU'LL BE UP? WELL, AFTER LUNCH THEN - WELL, WHAT TIME THEN - ?

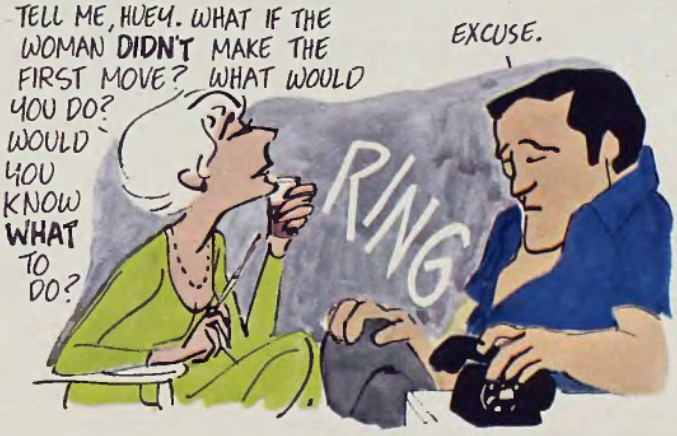
AFTER ONE? AFTER TWO? PLEASE DON'T KEEP YOUR HAND OVER THE PHONE - NO, I'M **NOT** HOSTILE - AFTER THREE - ?


YOU'RE VERY USED TO GETTING YOUR WAY, AREN'T YOU, HUEY?
THAT'S THE WAY IT GOES. C'MERE, BABY.


WOMEN RUN AFTER YOU. MEN RUN AFTER ME. ALL WE DO IS STAND STILL.
EXCUSE.
RING


SURE, BABY, SURE. NO, I'M HALF ASLEEP NOW. I CAN'T TOMORROW BABY. WELL YOU PICK UP THE TICKETS AND IF I CAN I WILL. BYE, BABY.


HAVE YOU EVER HAD TO RUN AFTER A WOMAN, HUEY?
RUNNERS ARE LOSERS, C'MERE, BABY.


TELL ME, HUEY. WHAT IF THE WOMAN DIDN'T MAKE THE FIRST MOVE? WHAT WOULD YOU DO? WOULD YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO?
EXCUSE.
RING


YEAH, YEAH, SUGAR. YEAH, I KNOW IT'S BEEN THREE WEEKS BUT THAT'S HOW IT BOUNCES, KID. YEAH, I GOT THE PRESENT. VERY NICE. SURE. MAYBE NEXT WEEK. YEAH. SEE YOU, SUGAR.


I WON'T MAKE THE FIRST MOVE, HUEY. I'M THE WOMAN HERE. IF YOU WANT ME YOU'LL HAVE TO MAKE THE FIRST MOVE.
DON'T PLAY GAMES. C'MERE, BABY.


YOU COME HERE. IT'S NOT HARD. ARE YOU AFRAID?
HELLO.
RING
YEAH, STEVIE. CRAZY, YOU GOT TWO CHICKS ON YOUR NECK. WELL HOW CAN I TELL YOU WHICH ONE TO CHOOSE? JUST PLAY IT COOL, STEVIE. HOLD OUT FOR THREE. GOOD BOY. I'LL SEE YOU, BUDDY.
WELL?
COME HERE, BABY.
YOU COME HERE.
C'MERE, BABY.
HERE, HUEY.
HERE, BABY.
HERE HUEY.
HERE BABY.
RING
HERE.
HERE.
RING RING RING RING RING RING RING RING RING RING RING RING RING RING RING RING RING RING RING RING RING RING RING RING
JULES FEIFFER

playboy's penthouse playmate

we discovered our nifty new year's eve on our own tv show

Being old hands at looking long and far for prospective Playmates to grace our gatefold, we're always gratified when we uncover a comely young miss close to home. Our January *jeune fille*, Merle Pertile, projected prettily on more than a score of *Playboy's Penthouse* television shows originating in Chicago before she left the Windy City for the Pacific Coast—specifically, Hollywood and the acting scene. Twenty-year-old Merle's professional pursuits have since borne further fruit with appearances on *77 Sunset Strip* and *The Tab Hunter Show*, plus a hatboxful of mannequin chores ranging from fashion modeling to illuminating industrial films for outboard motors and auto mufflers. Her particular outboard assets (38-22-34) can hardly be muffled the way they're arranged on her 5'5", 112-pound frame. Since Merle, an enthusiastic outdoor-sports buff and California native (she was born in Whittier), returned to the West with her mother, she has replaced her Midwest-nurtured ice-skating addiction with a consuming passion for skin-diving. Much pleasured by such plebeian delights as nutburgers, she is conversely bugged by buglike compact cars, finds Cadillac and Continental convertibles (top down) much less claustrophobic. Titian-tressed Merle has her big blue eyes firmly focused on a film career, is busy studying acting in the hope of breaking the Hollywood sound-stage barrier. If and when Merle does soar to moviedom's heights, we'd like to think that *Playboy's Penthouse* provided her with a launching pad to success.


MISS JANUARY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRANK BEZ

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The two Madison Avenue types met on the suburban train platform.

"Hi, Charley," greeted the one, "how's your wife?"

"Compared to what?" responded the other dryly.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *Hollywood* as the city where they put beautiful frames in pictures.

The voluptuous blonde entered the dentist's office in an obvious state of agitation. She sat down in the chair and fidgeted nervously as the dentist prepared his utensils.

"Oh, doctor," she exclaimed, as he prepared to look into her mouth, "I'm so afraid of dentists. Why, I think I'd rather have a baby than have a tooth drilled."

"Well, miss," said the dentist impatiently, "better make up your mind before I adjust the chair."

Which reminds us of the dental joke about the Texas oilman who went in to see his dentist and, when asked which tooth was bothering him, replied, "Oh, just drill anywhere, doc. I feel lucky today!"

The bountifully endowed young doll was in an embarrassing situation, for her arms were filled with packages and she was wearing a dress that was simply too tight to allow her to step up into the bus for which she had been waiting the last 15 minutes. A crowd pressed from behind and so she reached back, unobserved she hoped, and attempted to gain some additional freedom by pulling down the zipper at the back of her dress. It didn't seem to help and she still couldn't negotiate the high step, so she reached again for the zipper and additional freedom, but again it was no use. Then from out of the impatient crowd behind her, a young man picked her up and deposited her gently inside the bus.

This, of course, only embarrassed the girl more. "What right have you to pick me up like that?" she gasped. "Why, I don't even know you!"

"Well, miss," the man said, smiling and tipping his hat, "after you pulled my zipper down the second time, I began to feel as though we were pretty good friends."

Carter had been back from his honeymoon only a week when a friend asked him how he enjoyed married life.

"Why, it's wonderful!" was his enthusiastic reply. "It's almost like being in love."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *college* as a fountain of knowledge where all go to drink.

Sipping her second alexander, the green-eyed secretary demanded of her girlfriend, "You've been dating Harold since you were both kids, and the relationship doesn't seem to be going anywhere. Hasn't he any ambitions?"

"Oh, yes," smiled her sexy companion, "ever since he's been knee-high."

While making love to his wife, Carl discovered he couldn't concentrate. Though they'd been married only a few years, he reflected unhappily, their lovemaking had become infrequent and essentially joyless. Then quite suddenly, alarmed, he cried: "What happened? Did I hurt you?"

"No," said his surprised wife. "Why do you ask?"

"No reason, really," he replied with a sigh. "It was just that, for one moment there, I thought you moved."

Heard any good ones lately? Send your favorites to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill., and earn $25 for each joke used. In case of duplicates, payment goes to first received. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"Gee, that was a wonderful party! Did you see all the fun my wife was having as we left?"

"The dinner and drinks have made me awfully sleepy, darling . . . have you any suggestions for waking me up?"

fiction By GARSON KANIN

PROPOSITION

IT IS SAID OF MEN, BUT DOES EVERY WOMAN ALSO HAVE HER PRICE?

SOME YEARS AGO, SHE TOLD ME THE STORY. And he told it to me the other night. I was surprised to find both virtually identical. In neither case was the account volunteered, but it came in answer to an indiscreet question.

They are both well known. She, as an actress and beauty. He, as a journalist. They were married a week after they met, and a week after that, were equally astonished to find that the other had so little money. They had made the common error of supposing that fortune automatically goes with fame. Not that it mattered. They were in love then, as they are now. They were generally considered to be an ideal couple. They are. That is why I asked them each the question – two questions.

I asked her, "Has he ever struck you?" And when she answered, "No," I asked, "Have you ever struck him?"

After a pause, she answered, "Yes."

Pressing on, I asked for the circumstances.

The questions to him were: "Have you ever struck her?" and "Has she ever struck you?" As I have said, their memories matched.

What happened was this:

They had been married for eight months, and had not had a single meal apart. One evening, they were dressing, having accepted an invitation to dine, grandly, in honor of a famous but mysterious French industrialist.

"How'd we get curved into this society stuff, anyway?" he asked as he brought a martini to her dressing table.

"You for looks, me for brains," she replied.

"I always eat too much at these clambakes. Nervousness."

"You might find out something you can use," she said, pasting a false eyelash into place. "After all, he *is* one of the most important men in France."

"No, no – just one of the richest."

"Well?"

"Even so, I don't intend to turn this into an assignment. I like an evening out to be —— "

"Go put your pants on," she said. "You look so *(concluded on page 156)*

BEN DENISON

a featherweight approach to accoutering the outer man for business, weekend and night life

LET THERE BE LIGHTWEIGHTS: that's the inside word on outerwear. The unexcelled comfort of the newly launched line of topcoats, many in fabrics as light as suiting cloths — airy tweeds, sleek sharkskins, rugged coverts, silk, wool and man-made blends — proves that man can not only survive but thrive in a state of sartorial weightlessness from early fall through late spring. Lighter in tone as well as avoirdupois, the new coats for business and casual wear have abandoned the austerity of charcoal shades in favor of warmly muted medium grays, olives, browns and tans. (Black, of course, remains first choice for evening and formal excursions.) Patterns for business and casual wear include a wide selection of tastefully subdued herringbones, checks, plaids and overplaids. In style, the choice is choice indeed, ranging from split and full raglans to trim semifitted chesterfields, from the straight-hanging box profile to the modified Continental silhouette. The new topcoats are shorter and trimmer looking than in seasons past — most are about knee level — offering the active male a new freedom of movement and a jaunty look of updated traditionalism. These words to the weather-wise should be sufficient; now give the once-over — lightly — to our handsome coaterie of bantamweights. Far left: our man keeps smartly warm in lightweight single-breasted wool herringbone topcoat with welt-edged shawl collar, ¾ Continental cuffs, hacking flap pockets, center vent, by Barry Walt, $135; felt hat with offbeat British brim-roll sides, downturned front, narrow brim, center crease, by Thomas Begg, $15; coordinated gloves with imported buffed calfskin backs, triple-pointed, hand-stitched capeskin palms, notched wrists, by Countess Mara, $15.50. Left: our guy sets out for exurban weekend in tailored informality of warm but weightless imported cheviot fitted chesterfield coat with hacking pockets, hooked center vent, notched lapels, outside breast pocket, full lining, by Duncan Reed, $75; felt hat with narrow brim, center crease, wide band, by Knox, $20; whip-stitched pigskin gloves with elastic side walls, by American Astral, $6. Right: Met-bound metropolite is lightly, rightly garbed in sumptuous imported black cashmere topcoat with velvet collar and cuffs, white satin lining, rounded notch lapels, hacking flap pockets, center vent, by Malcolm Kenneth, $210; white crepe muffler with black and white hand-knotted fringe, by A. Sulka and Co., $20; capeskin formal gloves with snap closures, by A. Sulka and Co., $8.50; elegant grosgrain collapsible silk opera hat, by Churchill, $35.

TOPCOATS TAKEN LIGHTLY

attire **By ROBERT L. GREEN**

RETROACTIVE NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

playboy offers some famous folk some firm resolves they might have made last january

DO YOU EVER THINK, when you are mulling resolutions for the coming year, how the tide of history might have changed if, just a year ago, some famous folk had made a few unusual New Year's resolutions and stuck by them? Just for the fun of it, and with the help of hindsight, we've made them for them and here they are: the resolutions some famous people *might* have made a year ago — but didn't.

Roger Maris: I will bring back to baseball the neglected art of the bunt.

Jawaharlal Nehru: I will complete my driving lessons this year — if only I can master the technique of shifting from neutral.

Gamal Abdel Nasser: I will try to get to know those nice fellows over in Syria a little bit better.

Edward R. Murrow: I will do a documentary for CBS on inefficiency in the USIA.

ABC-TV President Oliver Treyz: I will come up with a new blood-and-guts TV series, patterned after *The Untouchables*, starring an FCC commissioner.

Nick Kenny: I will keep in close contact with the White House in case President-Elect Kennedy is interested in using a poet for his inauguration ceremony.

R. Sargent Shriver: I will go to Ft. Lauderdale, Florida, during the Easter holidays to see if I can recruit some high-minded college students for the Peace Corps I'm planning to organize.

Dick Gregory: I will join the NAACP and make a name for myself convincing people that segregation is no laughing matter.

David Susskind: I will get the WCTU to cater the refreshments for a panel discussion of Frank Sinatra's Clan.

The Freedom Riders: This year we'll go by plane and we'll get there faster.

Brendan Behan: I will do everything in my power to destroy the myth that all Irishmen are drunkards.

Ed Sullivan: I will try to get a guest shot on the Paar show — even if he does pay a lousy 320 bucks.

Jack Paar: I will see America first.

Newton Minow: I will buy a TV set, so as not to miss the reruns of *December Bride*.

Jimmy Hoffa: I will remember to send Christmas presents to Bob Kennedy's kids.

Alan Shepard: I will ask the National Aeronautics and Space Administration to concentrate on improving service at the Baggage Claim.

Pierre Salinger: I am going to do my best to become a member of the Sinatra Clan.

Jack Kennedy: The TV debates went so well, I will have my family challenge the Nixons to a touch football match.

Liz Taylor: I will take two aspirins at the very first suggestion of a cold.

Margery Michelmore: I will write letters instead of postcards — even if it does cost a few cents more — and then I will have a nice collection of Nigerian stamps.

Sarah Churchill: I will do something that will add prestige to my family name.

Robert Welch: I will do first things first, starting with getting Skelton, Buttons, Grange, Smith, Riding Hood and Rover Come Over to change their first names. It's my patriotic duty — and besides, this candy business is a drag.

Rosemary Clooney and José Ferrer: We will sign a long-term contract with Desilu for a family-situation comedy series.

Nikita Khrushchev: As a gesture of international good will, I will send Lenin's remains to Johns Hopkins University for dissection in their pathology lab — and then dear Stalin won't have to share honors with anybody.


1


2


3


4


5


THE COFFEE HOUSE
THE COFFEE HOUSE
6
CLAIRE

FINE ART *(continued from page 66)*

though it has to work with what is available, to a great extent it can control what is available.

The art dealer is almost as complex a creature as the artist, and the artist-dealer and sometimes dealer-client relationship can be a stormy one, with recriminations, if not lawsuits, on both sides. Working with temperamental people in a sensitive business, and subject to *crises de nerfs* themselves, dealers are horse traders by necessity. Ethically the dealer is something of a schizoid because he has to sell culture as if the profit motive had been left at the church door. His commodity represents both his own and a higher "good." Dealers are the obstetricians of art and, like some doctors, their gratification is not purely economic. The gallery system has produced both idealists and thieves, experts and know-nothings. Sidney Janis, a well-known collector before he opened what has since become one of the leading galleries of modern art (representing de Kooning, Kline, Motherwell, Rothko, Guston and Baziotes, not to mention its virtual control of the world market on Mondrians), defines a reputable dealer as "a man with some conscience about art, who believes in art and who will stand behind the work he sells." (This means that a customer who has experienced a change of heart may return a work after he's paid for it and get back either his money or something of "equal value.")

The majority of established dealers will recommend another gallery if they cannot fulfill a client's needs. They will hold paintings and sculpture on reserve for a limited time to allow clients to sleep on a purchase or to have friends and "experts" inspect the work first. Also, it is supposedly a standard gallery practice to permit a client to take certain items home on approval. The dealer, who of necessity lives surrounded by art, is well aware of the striking impact of a modern work on living space; he has a strong bargaining foot in the door once his prospect goes so far as to hang a painting.

Price ranges in galleries vary considerably. In a recently published directory one gallery put itself in a $50 to $150,000 bracket, while another described its range as from "modest to astronomical." The famous Kootz Gallery includes a market analysis with its rates. Example: "Prices for the French from $2000 to Picasso; young American artists less but not for long." Other galleries may be less circumspect, but in most cases quoted prices are designed to leave the door open for bargaining and to disguise any statistics that might depress an artist's market. A few dealers deny the use of an asking price, but big collectors know that amounts are often jacked to offset bargaining losses, and they make sure their initial offer is well under the announced price. A dealer recently countered one such collector's tactics by handing him a price list which clearly left no room for haggling. "You mean this is on the level?" the man exclaimed — and bought three items.

With more and more people buying out of income rather than capital, many galleries have taken to selling works on time as a regular policy. One lady dealer reports that she does the bulk of her business this way. The terms may be surprisingly generous, as low as $10 a month with no interest charges and no down payment. But since the art market responds like Wall Street to hot tips and buying splurges, dealers are not likely to let a work go on what amounts to margin buying when its creator's work is in great demand, or when his prices may conceivably double or even triple overnight.

The general starting price for a small painting by a respectable though little-publicized artist is between $200 and $350. Prints and drawings are attractive to the young collector simply because they come cheaper. A print is not a mechanical reproduction, but an impression of an original woodcut, wood engraving, etching or lithograph — or at least it used to be. It is sometimes impossible to ascertain the exact composition of a modern print these days, since the printmaker is likely to supplement orthodox technique with the fascinating effects of screen wire, asphaltum, Fabulon (a floor finish) and various *objets trouvés*. Not precisely a printmaker, but in the family, Sari Dienes creates large scrolls by rubbing impressions from manhole covers. Purists tend to frown not only on these heretical experiments but also on the monotype (a single impression of a painting on glass or metal) and the silk screen, which its partisans prefer to call a serigraph. One of America's most popular printmakers, Antonio Frasconi, emphasizes traditional craftsmanship. His small black-and-white woodcuts can be bought for as low as $15, hand-pulled by the artist himself. His middle range for larger color prints is between $100 and $200. The works of a lesser known etcher, like Chicago's Misch Kohn, are priced around $75. Drawings tend to run higher than prints simply because they are one of a kind, but works by only partially recognized artists come as low as $50. Graphic work by substantial late and living moderns whose paintings might be prohibitively priced can also be acquired reasonably. Ben Shahn's serigraphs can be bought for $35 to $175. One dealer's brochure lists a drawing by the Austrian expressionist Klimt (whose market is rising) for $250, a Pascin sketch for $300 and a Derain nude for $450 — prices which compare favorably to the $400 supposedly received by another dealer for a small drawing by the sensationally successful young American, Jasper Johns, whose lithographs start as low as $45. Finally, water colors are available at a slightly higher starting average than drawings, as are oils on paper.

Along with the renaissance in printmaking has come a boom for small sculpture suitable for table tops, speaker enclosures, room dividers, bookshelves and mantels. Inch for inch, sculpture usually costs more than other works of art, especially if cast in bronze. Sculptors such as Sahl Swarz, who lives and works in Verona, have been attracted to Italy by low casting charges (not to mention less mercenary inducements) which make it possible for Swarz to sell a nine-inch bronze out of his New York gallery for about $250 — or $150 if duplicate castings are available. Modern techniques such as welding and the use of scrap metal and lightweight plastics have also shaved expenses for both the artist and collector, but a modestly sized junkyard cadaver by Richard Stankiewicz, one of the more successful younger sculptors working with discarded water tanks, old plumbing and the like, will cost the adventurous buyer $400. On the other hand, Leonard Baskin, whose large wood figures command prices as high as $10,000, produces reliefs that cost as little as $100 each.

As for collecting photographs, it is largely virgin territory. As far back as the late 19th Century, Julia Margaret Cameron, one of the old masters of American photography, was selling her prints through a regular dealer, but the aura that surrounds the princely patrons of painting has failed to form about the collector of photographs, possibly because it still is heatedly debated — except by photographers — whether photography is one of the fine arts. Though the enormous popularity of the medium may eventually decide the issue, few galleries can subsist now on the sale of photographs alone. The Image Gallery, a cooperative, is the only one in New York devoted solely to this field. In Boston the Siembab Gallery maintains a separate photography collection. America's major booster of the camera has been the Photography Department of the Museum of Modern Art, directed by the pioneer photographer, Edward Steichen. In response to a questionnaire recently sent out by the Museum's Lending Service, which, by the way, *sells* rather than rents photographs (price range, $25–$75), some interested buyers said they did not wish to pay higher prices for a photograph since the editions were usually unlimited and the pictures frequently turned up later in magazines. To main-

(continued on page 146)

playboy's playmate review

a portfolio of the past delightful dozen

MISS NOVEMBER: DIANNE DANFORD

Among the joys of January is the annual opportunity it affords us to cast a backward glance at the past dozen Playmates who glamorously filled our monthly gatefolds. Our leading lady on page 91 is November's Dianne Danford, a sharp-eyed, eye-filling filly whom we photographed getting her kicks from the kick of a skeet gun. Clay-pigeon- and button-popping Dianne's 36-22-35 calibrations represented a clarion call to arms. Right: not the least of the factors contributing to August's warmish days was the heat generated by fiery-tressed Los Angeles angel Karen Thompson, a lass who had previously piqued readers' curiosity as a mannequin modeling fashions in undue anonymity for PLAYBOY advertiser Margie Douglas. As our August offering, Karen revealed her name and figure. Miss Thompson, who had previously enhanced several TV private-eye and adventure series, made PLAYBOY's wide-screen centerfold an eye-opening adventure in itself.

MISS AUGUST: KAREN THOMPSON

MISS OCTOBER: JEAN CANNON

Right: Hollywood nymph Jean Cannon led our October back-to-nature movement as she enjoyed a brief romp through the California countryside. Poodle-fancier Cannon, a movie hopeful, counts on a New York off-Broadway background to open studio gates. Till that day, she bides her time as a blue-jeaned gem who glitters equally well *au naturel*. Left: Sheralee Conners, our Julyful shown idyling here midst rural greenery, is a strictly big-city chick who labors and larks among Manhattan's towers. Our Gothamite Playmate pursues careers in triplicate — as a high-fashion model, as an unfortunately unseen voice on TV commercials, and as a lithe-limbed dance teacher. Sheralee still finds ample time to take advantage of New York's multitudinous diversions, proves an urbanely delightful diversion in her own right.

MISS JULY: SHERALEE CONNERS

MISS MARCH: TONYA CREWS

Left: Roman soothsayers to the contrary, the ides of March boded well for PLAYBOY perusers who contemplated the charms of curvilinear (37-22-36) Tonya Crews, an exotically maned dance instructress who plies her terpsichorean trade in Hollywood. Part-Choctaw Tonya, who spent her childhood on a reservation, deftly displayed the latest and least in Crews wear as she put her own modern-dance troupe through a choreographic rehearsal.

MISS JANUARY: CONNIE COOPER

Left: last January's pride and joy, the alluring, alliterative Connie Cooper, a Southern California belle who helped us ring in 1961 in finely wrought fashion, was on her way to becoming a real estate broker. Connie, whose own property lines are well defined at 37-21-36, was destined to do a land-office business in her chosen profession once her junior-college groundwork was out of the way. The 20-year-old Miss Cooper, a grand-opera devotee, struck us as a girl who knew the score. Right: the September reign of Christa Speck, whose career as a Los Angeles bank secretary was pictorially delineated, brought new and fascinating dimensions (38-22-36) to the world of finance. It was a monthly statement brim full of Miss Speck's well-accounted-for assets. Christa's interest-gathering figure, kept in trim by trampolining, was a capital autumn dividend as she showed us how to fill out a form.

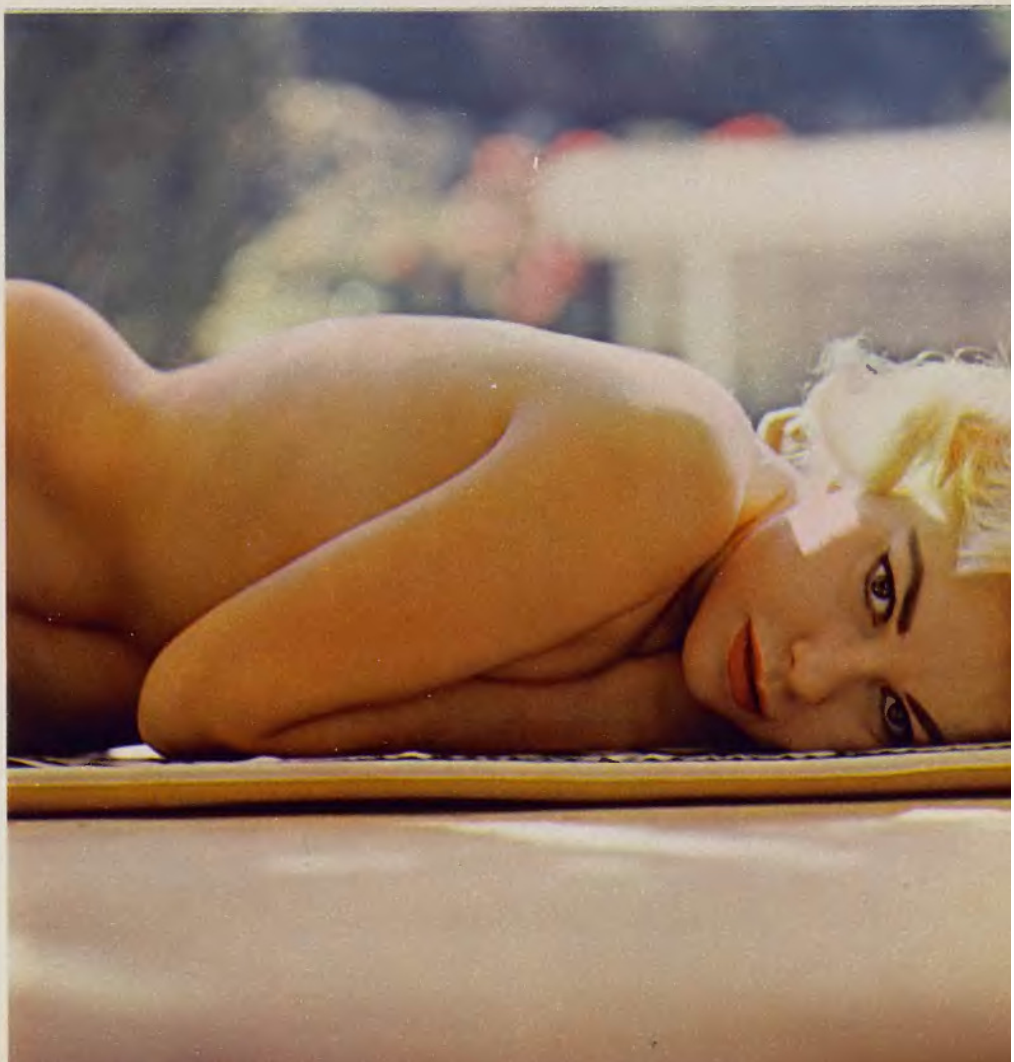
MISS SEPTEMBER: CHRISTA SPECK

MISS FEBRUARY: BARBARA ANN LAWFORD

Left: February's short, frosty life was warmed considerably by the *Gemütlich* glow emanating from ski enthusiast Barbara Ann Lawford, an 18-year-old California snow bunny who proved a parka need not conceal a girl's configurations. Barbara's ski-lodge portrait, however, was happily unencumbered by mackinaw or mukluks. Right: one of the more subtle but most important pleasures of sports-car *aficionado*ing is its seemingly limitless supply of lovelies. Such a one was Nancy Nielsen, our full-bloomed April emissary who, as an in-the-buff sports-car buff, made motoring for motoring's sake an enticing avocation. A motion-picture neophyte when we discovered her, Californian Nielsen was busy attending acting school, occasionally tried her extracurricular hand at oil painting. We vowed at the time, and reaffirm now, that she makes a pretty picture — whether coveralled or uncovered.

MISS APRIL: NANCY NIELSEN

Right: our May Playmate — blonde, umber-eyed beauty Susan Kelly — was, at the time of her gatefold debut in PLAYBOY, a film starlet with a foot firmly planted on moviedom's chimeric ladder of success. The Kelly contours (36-22-35) and countenance had given her a leg up toward a cinematic career. And, as an abundantly gray-mattered ex-schoolmarm, Susan, we felt sure, would have no trouble learning Hollywood's exacting screen curriculum.



MISS MAY: SUSAN KELLY

MISS DECEMBER: LYNN KARROL

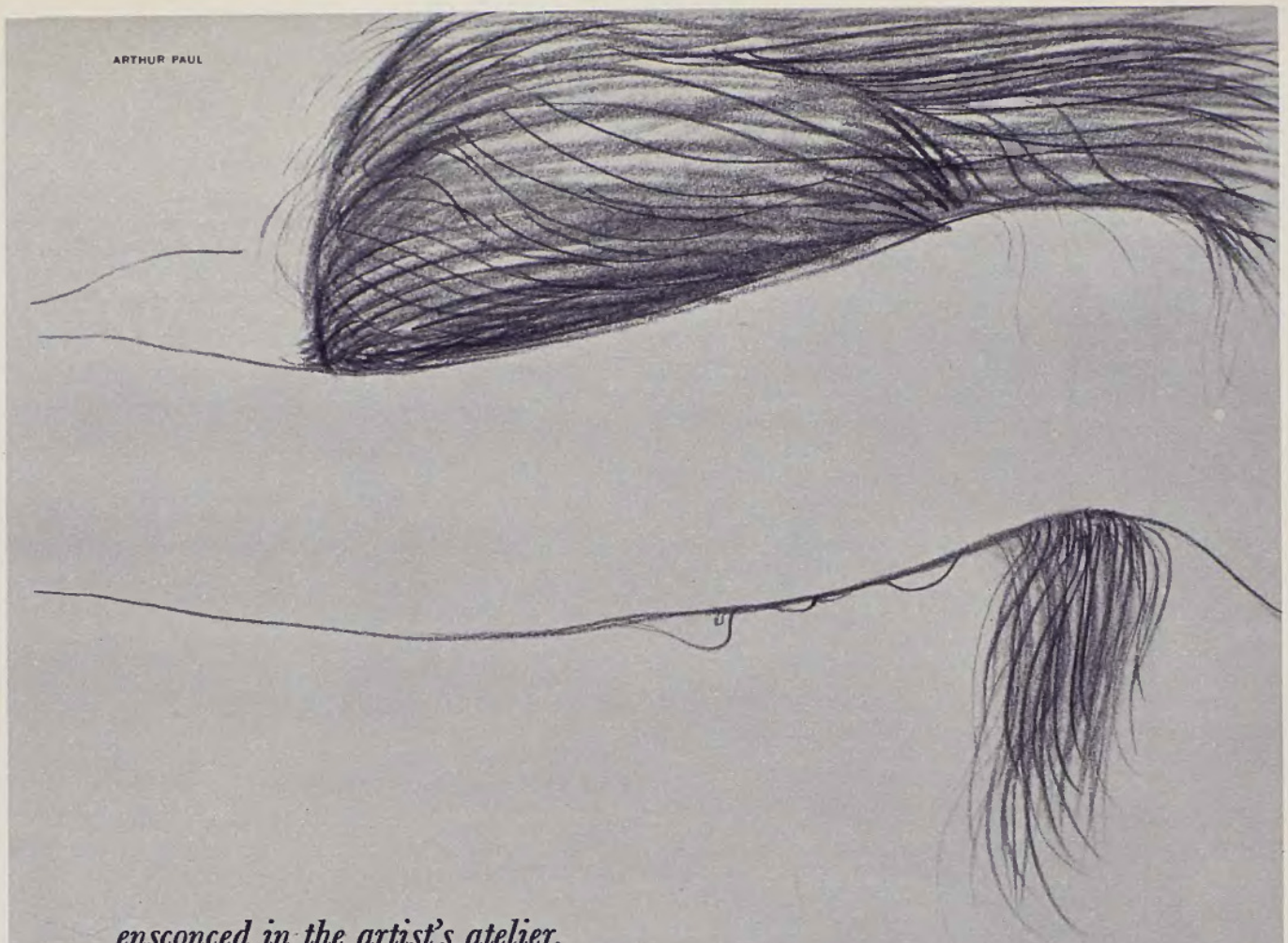
MISS JUNE: HEIDI BECKER

Above: December's tempting holiday dish Lynn Karrol occupied a unique niche as PLAYBOY's sole Playmate to have soloed a plane or pursued the exhilarating hobby of skydiving. Our Christmas Karrol proved fetchingly feminine whether jump-suited or birthday-suited. Lynn, an ex-Pittsburgher now following an *haute couture* modeling career in New York, admirably combined high fashion with high flying. Right: a Milwaukee miss made June a memorable month. Heidi Becker, a 20-year-old hair stylist in the city that made beer famous, brewed her own particular brand of magic, gave our centerfold a heady flavor. Just four years out of the Tyrol, Heidi, a tidy 36-22-34, figures spectacularly in any language.

humor By ROBERT CAROLA

WORD PLAY

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



ensconced in the artist's atelier,
she fanned the fires of his inspiration

THE PERSONAL SECRETARY

fiction By WILLIAM SAROYAN

HE MET HER AT A PARTY Andy Halversen gave for somebody visiting Paris, and she said, "If you really like me as much as all *that*, you might as well know I *prefer* older men."

"To take the place of your father, I presume?"

"Oh, no, my father's a young man."

"Well, I *am* old, and *you're* young at any rate."

"Also intelligent and healthy, although not beautiful."

"Really? I should imagine you'd consider yourself *sensationally* beautiful."

"Oh, no; alive, but not beautiful. A beautiful girl is relaxed and reserved. I know, because I used to be beautiful."

"Well, just how old are you, anyway?"

"Twenty-two, but I look 62, don't I?"

"Sixteen, I thought."

"Sixteen, and drinking champagne this way?"

"In Paris, yes. In Philadelphia, no. Is that where you're from?"

"Certainly not. I was born in Paris. December 11, 1939."

"Oh, this party's for *you*, then."

"No, why should it be?"

"Because today *is* December 11, that's why."

"Will you give me a present?"

"Yes, of course. What would you like?"

"You *will* give it? In honor of my birthday?"

"Yes, unless it's something impossible. What is it?"

"Promise?"

"OK, promise."

"I want to be your personal secretary."

"I don't understand. Perhaps it's because I've never had an *impersonal* secretary, let alone a personal one."

"Of course you understand. You are not a young man."

"No, but I used to be. Is it possible you believe I'm somebody I'm *not*? Well, these are the facts, no matter what appearances may be. I am Red Mahari. I am even older than you think. I am a Californian by birth but something else again by race."

"Oh, I know. You're Kurdish."

"What can you pos- *(continued on page 106)*

"i defy you,"

By HENRY MILLER A STINGING CHALLENGE TO THE CENSORS BY THE AUTHOR OF "TROPIC OF CANCER"

For 27 years, Henry Miller's famed "Tropic of Cancer," an autobiographical ramble through the purlieus of la vie bohème of Paris in the Twenties, was legally unobtainable in the United States, although it enjoyed a large clandestine circulation here as well as abroad. First published in 1934 by the Obelisk Press in Paris, the allegedly obscene book finally achieved U.S. publication last June after the Department of Justice, the Post Office and — somewhat tardily — the U.S. Customs reluctantly withdrew all complaints. When the American edition appeared, that backbone of book-banning, Boston, quickly picked up the challenge and prohibited the sale of the Grove Press unexpurgated edition in Massachusetts. All summer long, against a background of nationwide sniping by police and other culturally discerning local culture groups, the publisher and the Commonwealth of Massachusetts maneuvered their forces for the major engagement in court last September. At the height of the battle, the issue much in doubt, author Miller shouted his defiance in this manifesto.

It does not come as a great surprise to me to learn that, upon the recommendation of the Massachusetts Obscene Literature Control Commission — what a title! — the State of Massachusetts has instituted proceedings against the sale and distribution, even the lending, of my book. I write these lines in the village of Dragör, Denmark, where any of the so-called obscene books I have written may be freely bought and read — in Danish as well as English, French or any other language. To my knowledge nobody in this country has been corrupted or has committed any sexual crimes as a result of reading my books. Nor are the authorities of this country perturbed about the possible consequences of such reading upon the youth of the land. That the Danes are a peaceful, orderly, cultured people no one will deny. The freedom which they enjoy, and which they interpret literally, does not seem to have undermined them.

The ironical thing about the situation in America is that, having fought a disastrous war to insure "the four freedoms," we have today less freedom than we had before. The laws of the land, varying with each state, not only conflict with one another but are often absurd, outmoded and subversive to the public interests. Even more ironical is the fact that a state renowned for the part it played in the Revolution is known the world over for its reactionary views. It was in this same state that Sacco and Vanzetti were murdered in the name of justice.

To get to the point: This book which is labeled "obscene, indecent and impure," this book which has won the critical favor of Europe and other parts of the world, to say nothing of America, this book which is now virtually a "classic" by reason of its world-wide circulation throughout the last 27 years, this book which may be found on the shelves of many colleges and universities in America and is often prescribed as recommended reading by our professors of literature, this book which is already known to a large number of Massachusetts citizens and will eagerly be sought after by many more should it be suppressed, this book is now being pilloried like some common criminal. And by whom? By the general public? The public is not given a chance to voice its opinion. Or are we to believe that the voice of the people will find true and proper expression through the verdict of this body known as the Massachusetts Obscene Literature Control Commission? (What a title!) Is this the meaning of freedom? I strongly doubt that a man like Henry David Thoreau, a man like Walt Whitman, or a man like Thomas Jefferson would have interpreted freedom thus.

In the ultimate, I suppose we should be grateful to such organizations as the Massachusetts Obscene Literature Control Commission for speaking up. Not only do they help to make the book better known throughout the land, give it a publicity which the publisher himself could not afford, not only do they increase the public's desire to have a taste of forbidden literature, but they unwittingly aid and abet their own citizens to break the law, for once a book is suppressed, nothing will stop people from laying hands on it. As for tracking down the "lenders" of the book, this is a pursuit better left to the ingenious minds of the servitors of dictators and tyrants. Or are we preparing to emulate these "enemies of freedom"? Are we, too, getting ready to burn books? Even in the Dark Ages, let us not forget, the monks of old preciously safeguarded books and manuscripts which in this supposed age of enlightenment are labeled "obscene, indecent and impure."

At this point I feel obliged to repeat a few self-evident facts. One, that no valid definition of "obscenity" has ever been established; two, that no man, no group, no court of law has the right to tell us what we may or may not read; three, that no proof has ever been offered that the reading of so-called obscene books has demoralized its readers; four, that by supposedly protecting the youth of the land through restricting the freedom of adults to read what they please, we are burning down the house to roast the pig.

And last but not least, what is wrong with obscenity, however it be defined? Do we live in a world so pure, so fragile, so delicate that a little obscenity can wreck it? Does its use, whether in literature or action, endanger our lives? (I could cite many things which have the approval of our governments, our courts, our schools, even our religious bodies, which constitute a grave menace to us all and make mock of the word civilized.)

What we are here dealing with, in my opinion, are archaic laws, Stone Age mentalities, sadists disguised as benefactors, impotents invested with authority, kill-joys, hypocrites, perverts. I am not defending myself — I accuse. Prove to me that you are worthy of judging this book and I may turn a respectful ear. Show me your clean hands, your clean heart, your clean conscience. I defy you.

man at his leisure

gallic sun, sand and sea:
neiman captures the joie de vivre of the french riviera

The Croisette ot Cannes: a dazzle of sand, holiday color and bronzed bodies basking beneath the bright Mediterranean sun.

man at his leisure *concluded*

THE FRENCH RIVIERA, that sun-splashed strip of coast which curls along southern France from Marseilles to Menton, is an international playground of sophisticated informality. Christened the Côte d'Azur, this sliver of Provence has long attracted vacationers to its beneficent beaches, its superb climate and the luxury of its cosmopolitan resorts. Joining these carefree fun-worshipers recently was impressionist LeRoy Neiman, PLAYBOY's roving ambassador of the palette on assignment in Europe.

Equipped with sketch pad and his own sharp eye for hue and detail, Neiman roamed the Riviera's glittering shores in search of subjects. Like other artists who have drawn inspiration from this favored coast — Picasso, Monet, Renoir, et al. — he was deeply impressed by the vivid Mediterranean colors. "It's a region of bright greens, yellows and reds," he says, "playing off against the silver-gray of olive trees, the brilliant white of limestone and the startling cobalt blue of the sea.

"Nice," he observes, "is called the queen of the Riviera; as such she's something of a dowager, a bit faded, but extremely elegant, and still very capable of kicking up her heels. There's a good deal of aristocratic wealth in the hillside villas, the casino and opera house — and a contrasting youth and bounce in the bikini-clad girls who squeal into the swim of things on the beaches. The two modes of life come together on the Promenade des Anglais, a waterfront esplanade thronged with boulevardiers and their sun-suited companions.

"Cannes is more casual — and more crowded. Focal point for daylight play is the Croisette, a mile-long stretch of beach bordered on one side by cooling surf and on the other by flower gardens, palm trees and huge luxury hotels. Here, reclining on the white sands beneath multicolored umbrellas, are some of Europe's most abundantly endowed women, bursting with a kind of golden health. All thoughts of time and work seem to have been tossed to the gentle Mediterranean winds."

On these pages Neiman's paintings capture the seductive aura of casual play that is a specialty of the ultraspecial Riviera.

Opposite, clockwise from upper left: bikinis are S.O.P. for sun and sea at Cannes. Sixth-fleet gobs live it up on shore leave. Classic Cannes architecture on display during a local beauty contest. Above: a chic Monte Carlo chick nuzzles her pooch. Below: a beached blonde and her admirer demonstrate Côte d'Azur informality and *joie de vivre*.

PERSONAL SECRETARY *(continued from page 101)*

sibly know about such people?"

"I know Red Mahari is Kurdish."

"Somewhat, at any rate. My profession is — art. Several kinds of it. Mainly, I paint. I have been married three times. I am now divorced three years. Five feet 11. One hundred and 75 pounds. Restless. Inconstant. Irresponsible. Impossible. And I'm glad I came to this party, after all. Now, do you know who I am?"

"I knew the minute I saw you."

"Well, I couldn't be more pleased. Perhaps you won't mind telling me about yourself, then."

"Top to bottom, 34-22-37."

"So I notice. It must be quite a struggle to get your waist to 22, and then go right on to 37 that way."

"Oh, no, it's natural. I wear no corset, even. I will show you."

"No, no, I'll take your word for it, believe me. I enjoy an intellectual chat of this kind now and then. I once read somewhere about a religious order which requires its men to appear unmoved by the proximity of beautiful women. A fierce order of discipline, I mean, entirely unsuitable for me, I thought, but here I am in the same situation, and apparently equal to it. I suppose I'm ready to join that order."

"You are not moved?"

"To the point of total disbelief. Your husband is surely somewhere about, drinking and chatting with somebody, perhaps the plainest woman at the party — for contrast, diversion, variety, most likely."

"I have no husband."

"Your — what's the French word? Well, your fiancé, then."

"I have no fiancé, either. You are *still* not moved?"

"Well, let me put it this way. I don't believe it."

"Me?"

"Yes. I haven't looked at another woman since I arrived at this party. Why should I? The 37 is what gets me. I mean, in relation to the 22 and the 34. You *did* say 37, didn't you?"

"Yes. It is a tradition in my family. Very large where very large is right. For children, you understand."

"Your mother is also 37?"

"Forty-four. In *years*, however, only 41."

"Perhaps I ought to meet *her*."

"You are very funny. I knew you would be. You do not wish a personal secretary?"

"Well, what would you do?"

"Manage. Everything. You do your work, I do my work."

"What *is* my work, and what is yours?"

"You are to paint, and I am to be painted. Again and again."

"I think I had better let one of the other boys step up and take over now. I've had more than my share of good luck for one party. Before I go, just let me tell you I shall never be able to believe any of this, and I shall not try to make anybody else believe it, either. In other words, it didn't happen."

"You do not take me seriously?"

"More seriously than you might ever suspect. Don't change. Not even a little."

He moved away quickly, and a young French composer stepped up and took over.

Andy Halversen said, "*She* asked me to invite you, Red. I told her I would, but that I could never be sure you would show up. She said you would. Well, there it is. You did. How come?"

"Andy, let's skip the chit-chat. Who is she?"

"Gale Bailey."

"Cut it out, will you? She told me herself she was born in Paris. She speaks with an accent."

"The daughter of Augustus Bailey, who was in the American Embassy in Paris when she was born. Her mother is a mixture of 63 nationalities, including Norwegian, but of course she thinks of herself as French. Or Parisian. Her mother's people have all been here from long before Napoleon. She is out of Murat or somebody. Anything else?"

"Well, yes. What did she ask you to invite me for?"

"You ought to be able to figure that out for yourself, shouldn't you?"

"I've made a name for myself *precisely* by overlooking the obvious, and I'm not interested in it now. First of all, I don't believe it. I don't trust it. I come from a people who are by nature disbelieving. Not cynical, but honest. Now, what's going on?"

"You mean, you don't believe a girl like Gale Bailey could be interested in you?"

"No, sir."

"Well, what about the other women who have been interested in you?"

"They haven't been truly interested in me. I didn't especially mind because I wasn't interested in them, either, except insofar as they gave variety to my work."

"What a cad."

"Precisely. What does she want?"

"I got the impression she wanted to meet you, so she could begin to know you, that's all."

"OK, I'll take that, for the time being, and gladly, but something tells me to watch it. What are you writing these days?"

"Another novel, of course, and she's in it, and you're going to be, soon."

"I am?"

"You've been in the last three. Why shouldn't you be in this one, too?"

"I had no idea. I don't read."

"So I've heard, which of course is *most* encouraging."

"You've made me out the fool I am, is that it?"

"The fool you *aren't* might be nearer the truth. I sent you all three of the books. Aren't you ever going to read them?"

"I love books. I even like to read a little, but not novels. Especially good ones. They annoy me. They make me jealous. You fellows have the best of it, you know. Gale Bailey, then. The name doesn't even *sound* real. Not for her, at any rate. Well, it's a nice party, Andy. Thanks for asking me."

"You're not going?"

"I've got to."

"Are you afraid of her?"

"Terrified."

"Are you really?"

"I don't *believe* her. I don't believe a thing about her. Her beauty. Her figure. Her voice. Her eyes. The way she talks. The way she stands. There's a catch to the whole thing somewhere."

"She's a genius of some kind. That's the catch. Any message?"

"From me to her?"

"Yes, of course. She has no idea you're running away. Is there anything you want me to tell her?"

"Absolutely nothing."

"Well, here. Let me give you her phone number."

"Just try. Great party, Andy. I'll give one soon and you've got to come."

He walked down Rue du Bac to the Seine, across Pont Royal to the Opéra, and then up to his flat. When he went in she was standing at the easel where he worked, staring at the painting he had started when he had suddenly remembered Andy's party and had taken off, because he was two hours late.

"How'd you get in?"

"The door was open. This is a great one. I've been looking at it almost a whole hour. But it needs something."

"You probably need something, too."

"Brandy, if you have some."

"I have, and then after the brandy, you need something else, and rather than put you to trying to guess what it is, I'll tell you. You need a young husband, but a brilliant one. As brilliant as he's young. And then, of course, two or three kids. And now that you've gulped down that brandy like nothing, here's another, and then one of two things: level with me, or permit me to get you home in a taxi. I've done all the walking I want to do for one night."

"I don't know what to say."

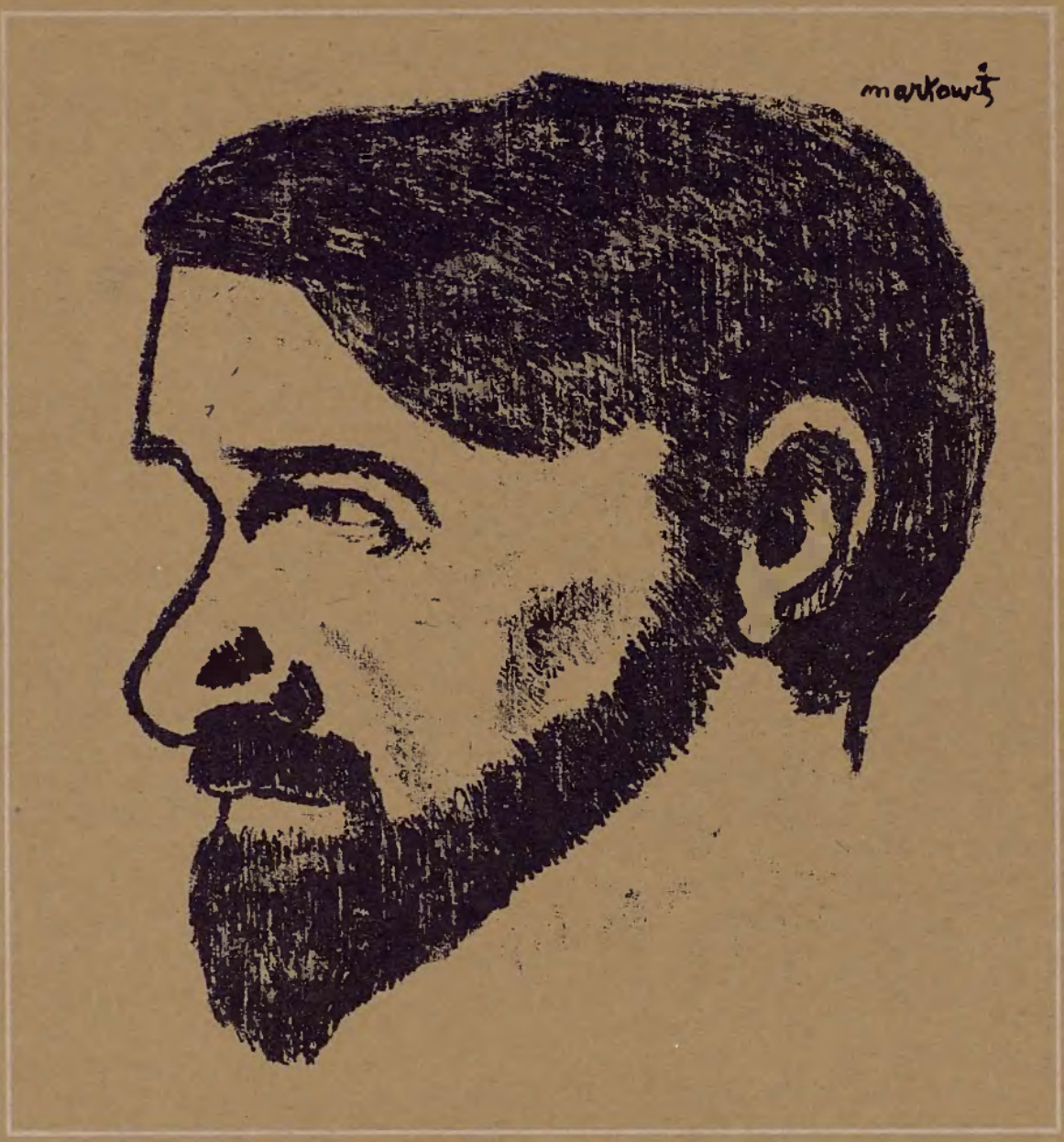
"Why have you come here?"

"To *be* here, of course. Where *you* are."

"But why?"

"Do you know what I'm doing as fast

(continued on page 122)



EXCERPTS FROM THE UNPUBLISHED PRIVATE LETTERS OF

D. H. Lawrence

from his personal correspondence over the twenty-five years of his writing life there emerges a self-portrait of his evolution from ardent humanist to bitter pessimist

David Herbert Lawrence's early letters, written in his 20s shortly after the turn of the century, were infused with the effulgent, quasi-religious naturalism which was the seed of his literary fertility and ultimately of his destruction both as man and artist.

The following excerpts, from two letters to youthful friends, express Lawrence's mystic responsiveness to nature, his avidity to become one with it, and the vividness with which he perceived — and recorded — scenes that moved him.

"I feel the waking up, and the thrill in my limbs, and the wind blows ripples on my blood as it rushes against this house . . . full of germination and quickening. . . . It is spring — I always know it is spring by feeling. I always have a restlessness, a suddenness, a hotness, in spring. . . . I want — I want — I want!

"Two weeks ago I went through Kingston Vale to Richmond Park and back over Wimbledon Common [All near the London school where Lawrence began and ended his brief career as a teacher]. Kingston Vale is sweet and beautiful — a glade with groves of glistening silver birch trees, and a brook, and full of sunshine, with flashing birds — very sweet and dear and graceful. . . . The hills rise up and look on the great oaks writhing and twisting — the beeches are tremendous steel shafts — there are broad spaces and great fierce groves, where the pale deer flee, where, I vow, there are dryads and fauns, where you might find a Viking asleep, where there are outlaws and knights in armour and ladies who exist solely to be succoured. . . . Go on Wimbledon Common. The horsemen and the horse-women dash and canter down the hill among the birch groves; on the great common, with the windmill in one corner, with the hills of Surrey running far south, the territorials play a game of war, the golfers in their vivid scarlet coats play a game of golf, dotted conspicuously far and near over the great plateau, the ladies play a game of strolling negligently in full view — grooms canter with their charges — girls trot and fathers gallop. . . . I love it, and have a day of almost perfect happiness."

In this same period, during a trip to Italy with Frieda Weekley (wife of one of his former professors and later Lawrence's wife), he wrote a letter to Edward Garnett, his literary mentor in London, exalting and exulting in the earthy simplicity of Mediterranean peasant life:

"Everything . . . is Italian and weird and tumble-down, and seems to belong to the past. And the men sing — and the soldiers are always going by — they are so good looking and animal — and some of the women are adorable — they have such fascinating straight shapely backs. . . . The place smells rather of wine. They are treading it in the street, and in the courtyard . . . you can go in a wine place — and there's the family at supper by the fireplace, and you drink at another table. The father is a shortish, thick set, strong man — these Italians are *so* muscular — and the wife is straight and I like her — he click-clicks to the *bambino* in her arms, across the table. And the white grandfather scolds a little girl, and the old grandmother sits by the fire. And I drink a ¼ litre of red wine . . . I love them all."

In other early letters to a friend, a woman suffragette and advocate of socialism, he admonished her for her passionless rationality and exhorted her to live with unfettered, unabashed sensuality.

". . . you non-sentimental, practical, battling people are the most arrant sentimentalists alive. . . . It is not I, but *you*, who suffer from rude emotions. . . . Your likings and hates are unruled, unchastened, while your approvals are well-balanced. . . . To scorn emotions is to be a tottering emotionalist.

"Now, don't be a pale person — I do like you to be — what? Hedonistic — nice and red-corpusculary — sanguine. . . . [Life] is worth lots of living if you can only have your own jinks, kick your young heels to the tune of the pulse of the world. . . . You should spend yourself with a full hand, generously."

Lawrence had begun to write. His first novel, "The White Peacock," was a fervent, undisciplined expression of his Panic lust for life. Beseeching approval for this luminous work from the same correspondent, who was four years his senior, he revealed a genuflecting need for maternal approbation — the legacy of an obsessive attachment to his mother, of whom he was later to say that he loved her "like a lover."

"Since you belong to a class which I conceive of as scorning conventional politeness . . . I am going to be just natural, which is to be rude. I wish you — I feel like one on the brink of a cold bath — to read and criticise some writing of mine that purports to be a novel. There, I am in! I feel you laughing — and you know what a Sensitive Plant is a young, sentimental man of some slight ability and much vanity! So pray cease to giggle — I won't beg your pardon for the word . . . while I tell you with earnestness, pathos, and some glory what a fool I am: In the first place, it is a novel of sentiment . . . what the critics would call, I believe, an 'erotic novel' . . . all about love — and rhapsodies on Spring scattered here and there — heroines galore — no plot — nine-tenths adjectives — every colour in the spectrum descanted upon — a poem or two — scraps of Latin and French — altogether a sloppy, spicy mess. Now madam — I offer you the dish. You do me honour if you will taste. . . . I would not ask you to criticise it so much as a work of art . . . my head is not very swelled, I assure you; but I would like you to tell me frankly whether it is bright, entertaining, convincing — or the reverse . . . don't be afraid of my feelings. . . . You will allow me to say I hope you will not be offended. I know I am trespassing . . . on your time, your patience, and your goodness. There — that's sloppy, isn't it? . . . When you write, pray continue to call me David — since it suits me so well — and since it puts you in the position of safe, wise elder who will smile with an experienced woman's lenity at my absurdities; it is a position you have taken; and to be sure, I am very young. . . . I have never left my mother, you see."

But fawning self-deprecation was soon supplanted by truculent self-assurance — if only where Lawrence's writing was concerned. In later correspondence with an Italian critic whose patly cerebral interpretation of his works had aroused his amused annoyance (one of countless contretemps with a largely hostile and censorious reviewing press), Lawrence issued this arrogant but eloquent manifesto, proclaiming an abhorrence of order which some have called a declaration of independence from literary formalism, others a rationale for literary anarchy.

"But really, Signor Linati, do you think that books should be sort of toys, nicely built up of observations and sensations, all finished and complete? I don't. To me, even Synge, whom I admire very much indeed, is a bit too rounded off and, as it were, put on the shelf to be looked at. I can't bear art that you can walk round and admire. A book should be a bandit or a rebel or a man in a crowd. People should either run for their lives, or

come under the colours, or say 'how do you do?' I hate the actor-and-audience business. An author should be in among the crowd, kicking their shins or cheering on to some mischief or merriment. That rather cheap seat [among] the gods where one sits with fellows like Anatole France and benignly looks down on the foibles, follies, and frenzies of so-called fellow men, just annoys me. After all, the world is *not* a stage — not to me; nor a theatre; nor a show-house of any sort. And art, especially novels, are not little theatres where the reader sits aloft and watches — like a god with a twenty-lira ticket — and sighs, commiserates, condones and smiles. That's what you want a book to be: because it leaves you so safe and so superior, with your two-dollar ticket to the show. And that's what my books are not and never will be. You need not complain that I don't subject the intensity of my vision — or whatever it is — to some vast and imposing rhythm — by which you mean, isolate it on a stage . . . I never will; and you will never have that satisfaction from me. Stick to Synge, Anatole France, Sophocles: they will never kick the footlights even. But whoever reads me will be in the thick of the scrimmage, and if he doesn't like it — if he wants a safe seat in the audience — let him read somebody else."

In another letter of criticism, Lawrence unwittingly shed less light on his subject than on his own compassion, mystical romanticism, nature-love — and burgeoning cynicism.

"Bastien Lepage, the French peasant painter, had three terrible pictures — ah yes, haunting. Life must be dreadful for some people. Grey pictures of French peasant life — not one gleam, not one glimmer of sunshine . . . the paint is grey, grey-green, and brown. . . . Oh the God that there isn't — to enjoy. The little girl, Pauvre Fauvette, minding her gaunt cow beneath a gaunt bare tree, wrapped in a horrid sacking. . . . That little pinched face looking out of the sack haunts me and terrifies me and reproaches me. . . . It seems that the great sympathetic minds are all overwhelmed by the tragic waste, and pity, and suffering of it. . . . I have just finished [H. G.] Wells's *Tono-Bungay*. . . . It is the best novel Wells has written — it is the best novel I have read for — oh, how long? But it makes me so sad. If you knew what a weight of sadness Wells pours into your heart as you read him — Oh, *mon Dieu!* He is a terrible pessimist. But, *weh mir*, he is, on the whole, so true. One has a bitter little struggle with one's heart of faith in the ultimate goodness of things. One thing Wells lacks — the subtle soul of sympathy of a true artist. He rigidly scorns all mysticism; he believes there is something in aestheticism — he doesn't know what; but he doesn't do his people justice. . . . Everybody is great at some time or other — and has dignity, I am sure, pure dignity. But only one or two of Wells's people have even a touch of sincerity and dignity — the rest are bladders."

Just seven years later, however, he wrote to another friend of his literary contemporaries, including Wells:

"They all bore me, both in print and in the flesh. By this time, they are such *vieux jeu* that all the game's gone out of it. . . . I don't care a rush for any of them, save Thomas Hardy, and he's not contemporary, and the early Conrad, which is also looming into distance."

World War I came as a shattering personal trauma to the 32-year-old Lawrence, wrenching him from a private world of sun-drenched meadows and guileless joi de vivre into the nightmarish realities of global carnage. His initial reaction of numb horror is graphically etched in a letter written shortly after the Battle of the Marne. *(continued on page 114)*

Captain Jack and Jolly George

sicknik comedians burns and carlin adroitly needle tv's saccharine kiddy shows

ON THE LOGICAL ASSUMPTION that two sicknesses ought to be more devastating than one, a bright new brace of sicknik comics, Jack Burns and George Carlin, have been convulsing audiences in such plush pubs as the Playboy Clubs, the hungry i, Houston's Tidelands and St. Louis' Crystal Palace. The duo's sicker-than-thou approach leaves no socioeconomic turn unstoned as they take dead aim at the Peace Corps, Jackie Kennedy, the John Birch Society, David Susskind and sundry other cows, sacred and profane. Carlin, for an added fillip, does some pinpoint miming of a trio of the duo's heroes — Bruce, Sahl and Berman — and rates a broad Harvard A for his imitation of John F. Kennedy. The pair first joined forces in Fort Worth not too many moons ago, moved on to KDAY in Hollywood where they were a deejay-comedy team known as the Wright Brothers, doing off-air stints at such beat coffeehouses as Cosmo Alley. Lenny Bruce dug them there and got them an agent. An engagement at Chicago's Cloister was caught by PLAYBOY Editor-Publisher Hefner, who booked them into the Chicago Playboy Club — and the boys suddenly found themselves in the big time. Among their most keenly honed scalpel jobs is their vivisection of the fatuous TV fare beamed at the kiddies, which goes like this:

CAPTAIN JACK: Hi, kids! It's time for Captain Jack. That's me!

JOLLY GEORGE: And Jolly George, that's me!

CJ: And what a show we've got for you today. We always have a good show for you, don't we, kids? Not like watching that square old Miss Ding-a-ling, or any of that kind of jazz! Remember yesterday, kids, on Cartoon Time we left Clarabelle the Clown and Hermie the Hermaphrodite all hung up in the back room. Remember that? You see, what they were trying to do was hide the booze before Clarabelle's mommy came in.

JG: And how about you kids out there? Do you manage to get the booze hidden before Mommy staggers home? Aw, let's watch that now—Mommy don't want to see you getting smashed, too. Tell you what you do: you watch and see where Daddy hides his booze and then you can put yours in the same place. And then, if she finds it, he gets busted, not you.

CJ: Yeah!

JG: It's so much fun, seeing Daddy get all hung up like that!

JG: Say! Kids! Kids! Today is absolutely the last day to send for your Captain Jack and Jolly George Junior Junkie Kit! Oh boy, you've got to have this kit! And why is this the last day? I'll tell you why, kids: we were down at Tijuana and our dealer has been busted by the fuzz, so we're running just a little short of the stuff. Now, of course, this is pure heroin you get: I mean, *pure* heroin, no milk, sugar, no preservatives, no flour added.

CJ: No-o-o.

JG: It's dynamite! I'll tell you kids, Captain Jack and I shared half a bag; shot it up just before the show. I tell you, I'm twisted, kids. Look, look at my eyes. One taste, one taste, kids, and I'm stoned. Now, of course, in this kit you also get a U.S. Army Surplus 12cc hypodermic needle, and you get a genuine Rogers Silverware 1812 bent spoon.

CJ: Yeah!

JG: That's to mix the fix, kids, and then, you know—hah! Sure thing. I'll tell you what kids, that spoon is available in Modern, Traditional, Provincial or Rosemead. Make sure you specify which pattern you want when you send in, kids. And of course you get 3669 feet of rubber tubing to wrap around your arm to make that vein pop out there! Not only that, kids, you know what else you get? You get a 30-day supply of cotton to keep the spike clean. You know, you don't want to get an abscessed vein.

You know, Captain Jack, we get a lot of letters from kids shooting up with a dirty spike and they're getting an abscessed vein. Now kids, I tell you what you do, you keep that spike clean! And when you see that big bluish-purple splotch creeping up your arm, kids, it's time to switch to the main vein.

CJ: Now, for the first 250 kids to send in for their kits, you're going to get a *bonus*, and that bonus is:

JG: A genuine 8 x 10 autographed, glossy picture of Alexander King!

CJ: Yeah!

JG: You can hang it right beside Mommy's picture.

CJ: Yeah!

JG: Now, for your kit you just send to Captain Jack and Jolly George, c/o Pusher, Hollywood 24, California. In New York, call Withdrawal Symptoms 5-8964. OK, kids, it's time for milk — milk-and-cookie time on the Captain Jack and Jolly George Show. Gotta drink your milk with us, kids.

CJ: Mmmmmmmm.

JG: Mmmmmmmm. Boy, that's good! Don't forget, kids, you never outgrow your need for milk. You keep asking Mommy for milk. Just remember milk is amber colored and comes in a tall brown bottle with a picture of a white horsey on it.

CJ: Yeah! You'll love it! You'll love it!

JG: This is for the little girls. Little boys, out of the room. Little girls only. Today is your next-to-last day to send for your Lolita kit. In this kit you get a gorgeous autographed picture of Vladimir Nabokov, the original Lolita. Yeah, and I'll tell you, you also get a little instruction book there, girls, and you know something? You girls read those instructions and do the exercises they describe — that's kind of fun in itself — and within two weeks you'll be walking and talking and acting like girls twice your age. And you can pick up a little cash after school.

CJ: Yeah! Why not!

JG: OK, kids, as we do every day, we want to leave you with our thought for the day:

CJ and JG: Above all, *don't forget to pray!*

D. H. Lawrence *(continued from page 110)*

"Those five months since the war [began] have been my time in the sepulchre . . . every moment dead, dead as a corpse in its grave clothes. It is a ghastly thing to remember."

As sensation began to return, he felt at first only a deep and melancholic longing for his time of innocence and its gentle prewar world, now irretrievably lost. In a letter to his old friend Mary Cannan, ex-wife of James M. Barrie, he communicated this yearning with poetry and sadness, ending on a note of bleak disenchantment with mankind.

"I can't tell you with what pain I think of that autumn at Cholesbury — the yellow leaves — and the wet nights . . . and our cottage was hot and full of the smell of sage and onions — there was something in those still days, before the war had gone into us, which was beautiful and generous — a sense of flowers rich in the garden, and sunny tea-times when one was at peace — when we were happy with one another . . . there was a kindliness in us . . . a certain fragrance in our meeting — something very good, and poignant to remember, now the whole world of it is lost. . . . I am terribly weary in my soul of all things, in the world of man."

As the war progressed, Lawrence's upwelling Weltschmerz darkened swiftly into fatalistic resignation; he became imbued with an almost Biblical sense of impending doom, ominously prophesied in this wartime letter to a Scottish poet friend.

"I believe an end is coming: the war, a plague, a fire, God knows what. But the end is taking place: the beginning of the end has set in, and the process won't be slow. . . . I believe the deluge of iron rain will destroy the world here, utterly: no Ararat will rise above the subsiding iron waters. There is a great consummation in death, or sensual ecstasy, as in *The Rainbow* [his fifth novel]. But there is also death which is the rushing of the Gadarene swine down the slope of extinction. And this is the war in Europe. We have chosen our extinction in death, rather than our consummation. So be it: it is not my fault."

Fired at the same time with a kind of misanthropic idealism, Lawrence quixotically envisioned a Utopian manifest destiny in which he, as leader of an intellectual and spiritual elite in the manner of Shavian supermen, would survive Armageddon and thrust up an enlightened new civilization on the ashes of the old; he called his paradise Rananim, after the utopia of a Hebrew chant. In a series of ringing letters to various friends — some bemused, some beguiled by the idea — he outlined his Nietzschean design.

"I am very much frightened, but hopeful — a grain of hope yet. . . . One must try to save the quick, to send up the shoots of a new era: a great, utter revolution, and the dawn of a new historical epoch. . . . Only wait, and we will remove mountains and set them in the midst of the sea. . . . We must revolutionise this system of life, that is based on outside things, money, property, and establish a system of life that is based on *inside* things. The war will come to an end, and then the Augean stables are to be cleansed. . . . I disbelieve utterly in the public, in humanity, in the mass. . . . The herd will destroy everything. Pure thought, pure understanding, this alone matters. . . . Oh, the sheer essence of man, the sheer supreme understanding — cannot we save this to mankind? We must. And it needs a detachment from the masses, it needs a body of pure thought, kept sacred and clean from the herd. It needs this, before ever there can be any new earth and new heaven. It needs the sanctity of a mystery, the mystery of the initiation into pure being. And this must needs be purely private, preserved inviolate."

Lawrence's alienation from the world of men soon became complete. Just two months later, in a virulent letter to an American friend, he spoke of mankind with revulsion.

"I loathe humanity, and see in the Spirit of Man a kind of aureoled cash register, and am bored to death by humanism and the human being altogether. . . . What I should like would be another Deluge, so long as I could sit in the ark and float to the subsidence. . . . To hate mankind, to detest the spawning human being, that is the only cleanliness now."

Sickened by the war, plagued with chronic ill-health, enraged by Britain's suppression and burning of "The Rainbow" in 1915 as "immoral" and "pacifistic," Lawrence lashed out scathingly at his native England, and raised his eyes to America in search of an earthly Elysium, in other letters from this same dark period.

"I think there is no future for England: only a decline and fall. That is the dreadful and unbearable part of it: to have been born into a decadent era . . . a collapsing civilisation. . . . Europe is a lost name, like Nineveh or Palenque. There is no more Europe, only a mass of ruins from the past. . . . I believe America is the New World. . . . I shall come to America. I don't believe in Uncle Samdom, of course. But if the rainbow hangs in the heavens, it hangs over the western continent. I very, very much want to leave Europe, to leave England forever, and come over to America. . . . It seems to me, the trouble with you Americans is that you have studied the European Word too much and your own word too little. As for us Europeans, I know our attitude, 'those Americans are such children.' But since I have known some Americans pretty intimately, and since I have really read your literature, I am inclined to think 'those Americans are so *old*, they are the very painted vivacity of age.'"

Late in 1922, after German-born Frieda finally received her English passport, Lawrence got his wish to leave England "forever" and come to America. It was not all that he had hoped. After a three-year visit — during which Lawrence actually made an abortive attempt to colonize his Rananim in rural New Mexico — he disconsolately went back to England, despite all avowals never to return. In a letter to an English friend written during his stay in New Mexico, he described this disillusionment.

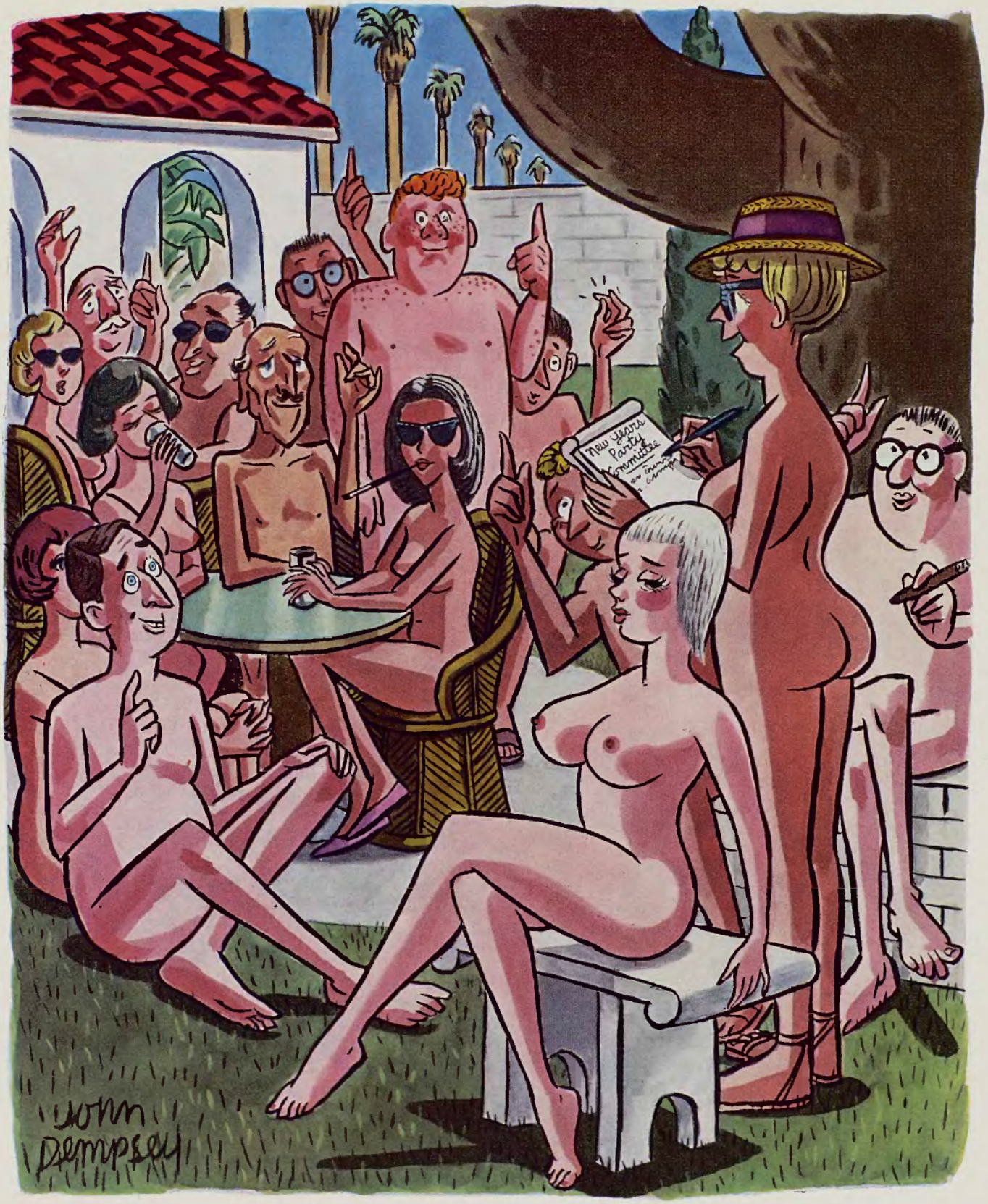
"Almost every day one of the Indians comes with the horses, and we ride over to the pueblo, and round the desert. It is great fun, if a bit tiring . . . so you see us really in America: on the go. Whether I *really* like it is another matter. It is all an experience. But one's heart is never touched at all — neither by landscape, Indians, nor Americans. Perhaps that is better so. Time, I suppose, that one left off feeling, and merely began to register. Here, I register."

In another letter, he summed up his impressions of America with sledgehammer directness:

"The last word of obscene rottenness contained within an entity of mechanised egotistic will — that is what Uncle Sam is to me."

In 1928, following a desperate siege of illness — soon to be diagnosed as incurable tuberculosis — Lawrence waged his last and greatest crusade for literary freedom of speech. In pathetic letters to two loyal friends during this desolating period, he spoke matter-of-factly of his struggles, and touchingly of his grati-

(concluded on page 116)



"We need one volunteer to help Miss Fairfront here gather the mistletoe."

D. H. Lawrence *(continued from page 114)*

tude for a few words of praise, as he privately published — and attempted to distribute personally — the first edition of "Lady Chatterley's Lover." The book was immediately banned both in his native England and in America, where it remained outlawed for more than two decades, though numerous pirated editions (for which churchmouse-poor Lawrence received nothing) enjoyed enormous readership in several languages.

"I'm thinking I shall publish my novel *Lady Chatterley's Lover* here in Florence, myself, privately . . . 700 copies at 2 guineas. It is so 'improper' it could never appear in the ordinary way — and I won't cut it about. So I want to do it myself — and perhaps make £600 or £700. Production is cheap here. And the book must come out some day."

And later:

"Now the fun begins — [some] dealers are beginning to refuse to accept the books they ordered. Today I heard . . . that Stevens and Brown, Booksellers, London, say they must return the thirty-six copies they ordered. . . . Would you hate to fetch away those thirty-six copies for me? . . . I enclose £2 for taxi and expenses. . . . Foyles [another bookstore] also sent back six copies. . . . Damn them all, hypocrites. . . . I was awfully pleased that you liked the book. . . . I'm afraid it's cost me the *beaux restes* of my friends — a ragged remnant, anyhow. . . . I get far more insults and impudence about my work, than appreciation; so when anyone comes out a bit wholeheartedly, I really feel comforted a great deal. I must say, I don't find much generous appreciation. It's usually superior disapproval, or slightly mingy, narrow-gutted condescension."

During the next two years, the frail Lawrence toured Europe, painted, continued to write (poetry, essays and short stories) and to doggedly pursue his fight for royalties from "Lady Chatterley" — which actually began to accrue, in a modest way. But his health was declining steadily. Though Frieda remained faithfully by his side, increasing irascibility had succeeded in alienating such long-suffering friends as Bertrand Russell and Katherine Mansfield. And then, in February of 1930, too weak to continue his restless Continental peregrinations, he was hospitalized at a sanatorium in Vence, on the French Riviera. From his bed he wrote this letter to his sister, Emily, bleakly describing his condition, but minimizing its true gravity.

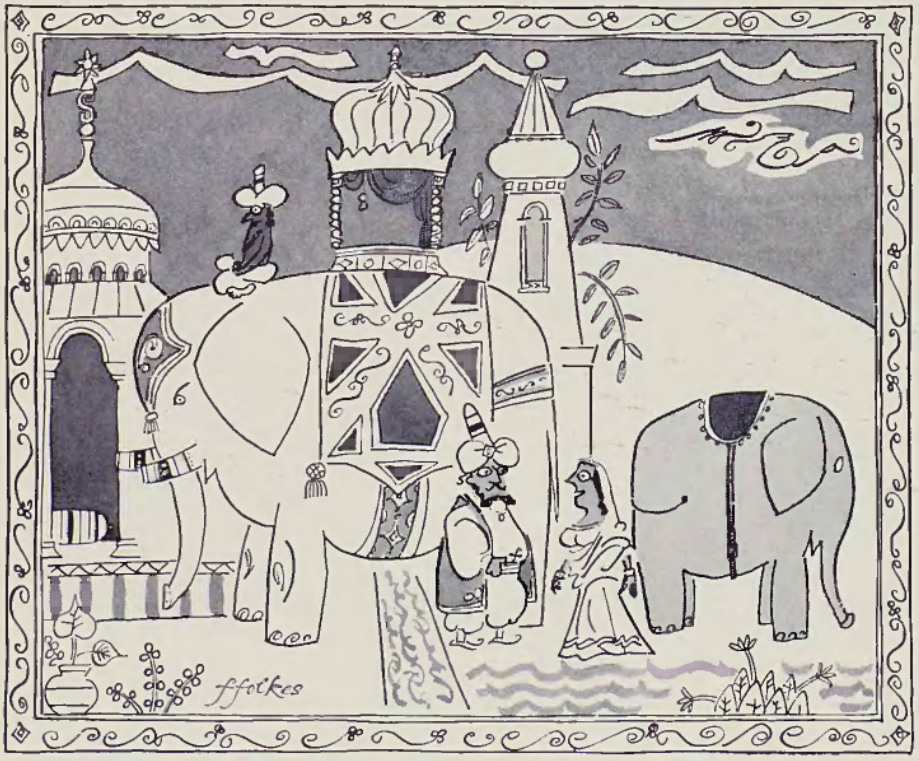
"I had to give in and come here — Dr. Morland insisted so hard, and I was losing weight so badly, week by week. I only weigh something over six stone [84 pounds] — and even in the spring I was over seven, nearly eight. So I had to do something at once. Yet I haven't gained any weight here either — nor lost any — in the 8 days. I have had careful X-ray examination — the lung trouble is slight, but the bronchial-asthma condition is very bad, it uses up my strength — and I've lost my appetite. They try to give me things to pick me up, but as yet there is no change. I'm not in any sudden danger — but in slow danger. . . . When one feels so weak and down, one doesn't want to see anybody. . . . Wait and see how I go on here — then in the spring we may meet in some nice place. . . . Love. . . . P.S. There is no need for you to worry."

To Lawrence's bedside during the next two weeks came a procession of distinguished well-wishers. The extent of his estrangement even from these old friends is expressed in the detached, slightly querulous tone of the last letter — and the last known lines — he ever wrote:

"I'm about the same — I think no worse — but we are moving into a house here in Vence on Saturday, and I'm having an English nurse from Nice. I shall be better looked after. H. G. Wells came to see me Monday — a common temporary soul. . . . The Huxleys are in Cannes — came Tuesday, and coming again tomorrow. Queer — something gone out of them — they'll have to be left now to the world — finished, in some spiritual way. Their play is running its final week. . . . Jo Davidson came and made a clay head of me — made me tired — result in clay mediocre."

Three days later, on a bed in the rented house to which he had been moved when he seemed to be feeling a little better, David Herbert Lawrence died. He had not been a man beloved by many. He had been called class-conscious, anti-Semitic, mother-fixated, childishly petulant, even latently homosexual. He had been reviled as a madman and a pornographer. He was capable of unbearable arrogance and condescension. But he was also a man of painfully acute sensibility, of fecund emotional insight, of uncontainable vitality. He was a mystic, a visionary. His undimmed reverence for nature and final hatred of mankind were prefigured in these lines from a letter to a friend, written 13 years before his death. They constitute, perhaps, a fitting epitaph:

"To me, the thought of the earth all grass and trees . . . and no works of man at all — just a hare listening to the inaudible — that is Paradise."



"I'll just take the runabout."

Ribald Classic

From La Fontaine's
Contes et Nouvelles

THE husband CONFESSOR

DURING THE REIGN OF FRANCIS I, a nobleman by the name of Artus went off to do battle in the Italian wars, leaving behind him his young and beauteous wife. He comported himself so magnificently in combat that he was knighted on the field and later returned proudly and with due pomp to his village. Arriving home, Milord Artus found his wife, unaware of his return, dancing about with a group of young fops and frisking from fellow to fellow — in short, leading the joyous life. Milord Artus did not take kindly to this behavior and considered how he might discover what further had taken place during his absence.

One morning soon after, hearing that his faithless spouse was going to confession, Milord Artus seized upon a plan. Donning the frock of a priest, he hurried to the confessional, where he took the place of a father confessor.

The wife was not long in arriving and began with several venial sins which interested her husband not at all. Then, warming to her subject, she began to expound upon her amatory frolics.

"I have recently entertained in my bed," she recounted with a wistful smile at the recollection, "a nobleman, a knight, a priest . . ."

She could have continued well into the forenoon, for the list was indeed a lengthy one. But her husband, enraged, would hear no more and cried out, "Enough! Utter not another syllable! Woman, do you know to whom you are confessing this?"

At once recognizing the voice, the fickle woman knew forthwith how to unravel the snare in which she was caught. "I know full well, my husband," she replied. "You are too important a man to be able to disguise yourself thus, least of all before me. And being as wise as you are brave and good, you should have had no trouble in solving the riddle of my confession."

Perplexed, Milord Artus stepped out of the confessional and came to stand before his wife.

"Were you not always a nobleman," she continued, "and did you not but recently become a knight, and do I not see you now a holy priest? In truth, did I say I had shared my favors with anyone else?"

Milord was much chagrined and swore that never again would he doubt his devoted and loyal wife. Which made her life far less complicated thereafter.

—Retold by D. Taylor Brook


C. Eikerm

TUNE EVERY HEART *(continued from page 57)*

company manager for a musical that had opened two weeks ago and that looked good for a run of three years.

"You know, Edgar Wallace," Eddie said, "he killed himself with tea. The writer, Edgar Wallace. His doctor said, You are tanning the interior of your intestines, Mr. Wallace, with all that tea, you are drinking yourself to death, but he kept on, like you with your coffee, if you don't mind my saying so."

"I don't mind at all, Eddie," Webel said.

"Maybe you ought to get married, Mr. Webel," Eddie said. "A man who drinks all that coffee."

"I have been married," Webel said.

"Me, too," Eddie said. "Three times. What am I saying? This hour of the night, a man says the goddamnedest things. I take it back."

"Oh, Eddie." It was old narrow-shoulders again, the man the girl had addressed as Sinclair, lifting a long white hand. "Have you got two bottles of drinkable Chablis I can take with me?"

Webel watched Eddie's face with interest. The greenish midnight pallor vanished and in its place rose a hearty, ruddy, flamelike glow, giving Eddie, for the moment, the complexion of an English gentleman farmer who rode to the hounds three times a week. Webel had never seen Eddie looking so healthy.

"What was that, Mister?" Eddie asked, keeping his voice under control with some difficulty.

"I wondered if you had a couple of bottles of white wine I could take home with me," Sinclair said. "I'm going down to New Haven tomorrow for the game and we're picnicking near the Bowl and it'll be a bore scrambling around looking for a wine shop in the morning."

"I got some Christian Brothers white," Eddie said. "I don't guarantee it's drinkable. I ain't tasted it."

"Throw them into a bag, like a good fellow," the man said. "We'll just have to make do."

Webel burned his tongue again on his coffee, as he watched Eddie scowl down into the refrigerator chests and come up with two bottles, which he put in a large brown paper bag, and set on the bar in front of the man and his girl.

"By the way, Eddie," the man said, "who do you think is going to win tomorrow?"

"Who do *you* think?" Eddie asked, his voice edgy.

"Princeton," the man said. He laughed easily. "Of course, I'm prejudiced, Dear . . ." He turned to the girl and touched her arm lightly. "I'm a Princeton man, myself."

What a surprise, Webel thought.

"*I* think Yale," Eddie said.

"*Lux et veritas*," John McCool said, from his table near the entrance, but nobody paid any attention to him.

"You think Yale," the Princeton man said, mimicking Eddie's proletarian Third Avenue accent just enough to make Webel think with fleeting approval of revolution and the overthrow of all established orders. "I'll tell you what I'll do with you, Eddie, since you think Yale. I'll make a little wager. I'll wager the price of these two bottles of wine that Princeton wins."

"I don't gamble my liquor," Eddie said. "I buy it and I sell it."

"You mean you're not prepared to back your opinion," the Princeton man said.

"I mean what I said," Eddie turned his back on the man and rearranged some bottles of Scotch behind the bar.

"If you're that eager to bet," Webel said, "I might be able to oblige." He hadn't thought about the game and he didn't follow football very closely and he was not a gambling man, but at the moment he would have bet on the Republicans if the Princeton man had said he was a Democrat, on Johansson if the man had come out for Patterson, on Peru against Russia, if the man had expressed his preference for the Red Army.

"Oh," the man said coolly, "you might be able to oblige. That's interesting. Up to what amount, might I ask?"

"Any amount you like," Webel said, grateful for the musical on 44th Street that permitted him gestures like this.

"I suppose $100 would be too steep for you," Sinclair said, smiling gently.

"Actually not," Webel said. "Actually I find it rather piddling." Hit or no hit, he didn't really feel like losing $100, but the man's voice, assured and supercilious, drove him blindly on into extravagance. "I was thinking of something more important than that."

"Well," Sinclair said, "let's keep it on a small, friendly basis. Let's say $100. What odds do you offer?"

"Odds?" Webel asked, surprised. "It's an even money game."

"Oh, my dear fellow," said the Princeton man, pretending to be amused. "I'm loyal to the old school and all that, but not to *that* extent. I'll take two and a half to one."

"All the papers make it an even money game," Webel said.

"Not the papers I read," the Princeton man said, inferring by his tone that Webel undoubtedly read only crooked tip sheets, true-confession magazines and pornographic tabloids. Sinclair took out his wallet and dug into it and brought out two $20 bills, which he laid on the bar. "Here's my money," he said. "Forty dollars to your hundred."

"Eddie," Webel said, "have you got an evening paper here? Let's show this fellow."

"I am not interested in what some poor hack of a sports writer dreams up in a drunken stupor," Sinclair said. "I know the teams. Both coaches are friends of mine. I assure you, my dear fellow, I am being most generous in taking two and a half to one."

"Eddie," Webel said, "do you know a bookie we can get hold of at this hour to quote the odds?"

"Sure," Eddie said. "But it's a waste of time. It's been the same all week. Six to five, take your choice. That's even money, Mister."

"I never have any truck with bookies," Sinclair said. He started to put his money back in his wallet. "If you didn't intend to bet," he said frostily to Webel, "it would have been wiser to keep quiet in the first place." He turned ostentatiously toward the girl, presenting his back to Webel. "Would you like another drink, Dear?"

At this moment, McCool, who had been bent over his drawing, seeming to pay no attention to the conversation, looked up and said in a loud, clear, carrying voice. "Look here, Brother Tiger," he said, "I'm a Princeton man myself, and I say that no gentleman would ask for two and a half to one on this game. The odds are even money."

Silence enfolded the bar, frigid and palpable. Sinclair put his wallet away deliberately and turned slowly to regard McCool at his table near the entrance. McCool had his head down again and was placidly drawing on the menu. The expression on Sinclair's face was shocked, mildly disbelieving, amused and tolerant, all at the same time. It was the sort of expression that you might find on the face of a liberal clergyman who had been invited to dinner by a group of his parishioners only to discover that a striptease was in progress in the center of the room.

"Excuse me, Dear," Sinclair said to the girl in the green stockings. Then he walked slowly, with dignity, toward McCool. He stopped a good four feet away from McCool's table, making his halt look like a prophylactic measure, keeping him safely out of the invisible aura that only he was fine enough to sense as it emanated from the region inhabited at the moment by McCool.

McCool drew contentedly, his head down. He was almost completely bald on top and he had a fringe of red hair above the ears and a long, aggressive jaw covered with a russet stubble. For the first time Webel realized that McCool looked just like the pictures of the Irish laborers who had been brought over in the 1860s to build the Union Pacific Railroad. Webel didn't blame Sinclair for being surprised. It took a bold leap of the imagination to conceive of McCool at Princeton.

"Did I hear you correctly, Sir?" Sinclair asked.

"I don't know," McCool said, without

looking up.

"Did you or did you not say you were a Princeton man?"

"I did." Now McCool looked up belligerently and drunkenly at Sinclair. "I also said no gen'lman would ask for odds. Just in case you didn't hear *that* correctly."

Sinclair made a slow semicircle in front of McCool, examining him with scientific interest. "So," Sinclair said, his voice edged with aristocratic skepticism, "you say you're a Princeton man?"

"I say," said McCool.

Sinclair turned toward the girl at the bar. "Did you hear that, Dear?" Without waiting for an answer, he wheeled back to face McCool. His voice now was rich with the scorn of a prince of the blood in the presence of a plebeian impostor caught in the act of trying to crash the Royal Enclosure at Ascot. "Why, Sir," he said, "you're no more of a Princeton man than . . . than . . ." He looked around him, searching for the most extreme, the most ludicrously impossible comparison. "Why you're no more of a Princeton man than Eddie here."

"Hey, wait a minute, Mister," Eddie said, displeased, behind the bar. "Don't make any more enemies than is absolutely necessary."

Sinclair ignored Eddie and concentrated on McCool. "I'm interested in your case, Mr. . . . Mr. . . . I'm afraid I didn't catch your name."

"McCool," said McCool.

"McCool," Sinclair said. He made the name sound like a newly discovered skin disease. "I'm afraid I don't know any family by that name."

"My father was a wandering tinker," McCool said. "Going up and down the bogs, with a song in his heart. It was the family business. It kept us in luxury since the 11th Century. I'm surprised you haven't heard of us." He began to sing *The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls*, off key.

Webel watched with pleasure. He was delighted that he had decided to come into Eddie's bar instead of going home to sleep.

"You still insist," Sinclair said, breaking into McCool's musical croaking, "that you went to Princeton?"

"What do you want me to do?" McCool said irritably, "strip and show you my black and orange tattooing?"

"Let me ask you a question, Mr. McCool," Sinclair said smoothly, with false friendliness. "What club did you belong to?"

"I didn't belong to any club," McCool said.

"Aha," said Sinclair.

"I have never recovered from the blow," McCool said. He began to sing *The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls* again.

"I can understand your not having belonged to a club," Sinclair said genially. "But even so, I imagine, you could tell me where the Ivy is or Cannon. Couldn't you, Mr. McCool?" He leaned slightly toward McCool's table, inquisitive and sure of himself.

"Lemme see . . . lemme see," McCool mumbled. He stared down at the table and scratched his bald head.

"Say in relation to the Pyne Library," Sinclair said. "Or Holder Hall."

"I'll be goddamned," McCool said. "I forgot. I got out before the war."

Now Webel was annoyed with McCool. The Princeton Dramatic Club invited McCool down to lecture to their members almost every year, and even drunk as he was McCool should have been able to remember where Prospect Street was.

Sinclair was smiling loftily now, pleased with his brilliant cross-examination. "Let's skip that for the moment," he said magnanimously. "Let's try something else. Let's try *Old Nassau*, for example. You've heard of *Old Nassau*, I imagine?"

"Sure I've heard of *Old Nassau*," McCool said doggedly. Plainly, he was ashamed of his performance on the examination about the clubs.

"That's the song that starts, 'Tune every heart and every voice, Let every care withdraw . . .' Does that ring a bell, Mr. McCool?"

"I know it," McCool said sullenly.

"I'd be interested to hear you try to sing it," Sinclair said. "That is, if the other patrons of the bar don't mind?" He turned and smiled, mannerly as a butler, in the direction of the bar.

"Just keep it low," Eddie said. "I don't have an entertainment license."

"Now, Mr. McCool," Sinclair said kindly. "We're waiting." Helpfully, he hummed a few bars of the song.

"Tune every heart and every voice, Let every care withdraw," McCool began, droning tunelessly, "uh . . . Let . . . something . . . uh . . . with something . . . uh . . ." He shook his head disgustedly. "Hell, I haven't sung it for 20 years."

"You mean you don't know it?" Sinclair asked with false amazement.

"I forgot it," McCool admitted. "I'm loaded. So what?"

Sinclair smiled widely. "I'm going to tell you something, Mr. McCool," he said. "In all my experience, I have never known a Princeton man who couldn't sing every word of *Old Nassau* right up to the day he died."

"Well," said McCool, "now you know one."

"You're a faker, Sir," Sinclair said. "I'll bet $1000 that you're no Princeton man and never were one." The last part of the challenge was addressed to the room at large. Sinclair, certain that he was on sure ground now, was making up for the embarrassment he had suffered in front of his girl in the discussion about the odds on the football game. He stared triumphantly at Webel.

Webel took a deep breath. This is too good to be true, he thought deliciously. It's a dirty trick to play, but this sonofabitch is asking for it. Webel took his checkbook out of his pocket and put it down on the bar, with a smart little slapping sound. "Sinclair, old friend," he said, "you've got yourself a bet. One thousand dollars that says John McCool is a graduate of Princeton."

Sinclair glared at Webel, surprised, immediately shaken. He took a new tack. "What school did *you* go to?"

"I'm an outcast and a social leper," Webel said. "I went to Lehigh. But I'm writing out my check for $1000. If you haven't your checkbook on you, you can use mine. Eddie here'll hold the bets. Won't you, Eddie?"

"With pleasure," Eddie said.

Webel took out his fountain pen and opened it and held it poised over the checkbook ceremoniously. "Well?" he asked Sinclair.

Sinclair was beginning to pale. Webel's promptness and something in the tone with which Eddie had said "With pleasure," had unnerved him. He looked uncertainly at McCool again and his thought processes were easy to follow as he felt the trap closing in on him. McCool did not look, sound or smell like any Princeton man that Sinclair would like to acknowledge as a collegiate brother of his, and the fact that McCool had not come up with the name of a club and didn't know the location of Club Street or the words of *Old Nassau*, should have been, by all ordinary standards, crushing proof that McCool was lying. But times were changing; a Democrat had been elected to the White House, society was in flux; this was after all a low theatrical bar, little better than a slum saloon, where he, Sinclair, had no business coming in the first place and whose patrons might turn out to be *anybody*, including graduates of Princeton. And $1000 was a lot of money, even on Madison Avenue.

"Well, Sinclair," Webel said cruelly, "I don't see you writing out your check."

"Put your pen away, old man," Sinclair said. The words were meant to be offhand and dismissive, but the voice was shaky. "I'm not betting. This is not the sort of thing one bets on." Ignoring McCool, he strode past Webel to the girl at the bar. "I think it's time for another drink, don't you, Dear?" he said loudly.

"I think everybody in this bar heard you offer to bet $1000 on a simple question of fact," Webel said, determined to make the man suffer. "What's changed your mind, Sinclair?"

"It was just a rhetorical turn of phrase, actually, old man," Sinclair said. "Two more gibsons, please, Eddie."

Eddie didn't move. "Mister," he said,

"I been listening carefully. You caused a disturbance in this bar. You embarrassed a old customer. You offered to bet and you welshed. Now you order two gibsons." Eddie made this sound like the worst charge in the litany. "Let me make a suggestion. A gentleman in your position right now would do one of two things. Either he would cover this gentleman's check here" — Eddie waved, indicating Webel, like an announcer introducing a prize fighter in the ring. "Or," Eddie went on loudly, "he would apologize."

"Apologize?" Sinclair said, sounding disagreeably surprised. "To whom?"

"To the gentleman whose word you doubted," Eddie said. "To Mr. McCool."

Sinclair looked over at McCool, who was happily doodling away on his third menu.

"Oh, come on now, Eddie," Sinclair said crisply, "let's have our drinks and forget it."

"You don't get any drinks in this bar until you do like I said," Eddie said.

"See here, Eddie," Sinclair said, "this is a public bar and . . ."

"Sinclair." The girl laid her hand soothingly on his arm, but her voice was cool. "Don't be any stuffier than you usually are."

"Listen to the lady, Mister," Eddie said grimly.

Sinclair lifted one of the bottles of wine out of the bag on the bar in front of him. He looked at the label and grimaced and let the bottle slide back into the bag again. Nobody said anything. "Oh, well," Sinclair said offhandedly, "if everybody's taking a little matter like this so big . . ." He lit a cigarette deliberately and sauntered over to McCool's table. He stopped his prophylactic four feet away. "By the way," he said to McCool's bent head, "I'm sorry if I inadvertently offended you."

"Huh?" McCool lifted his head, squinting. "What did you say? Come closer, I can't hear you."

Sinclair went up to the table. "I said I'm sorry," he said, his face working under the strain of cowardice, embarrassment and lifelong bad faith.

"Tell him you take it all back," Eddie said mercilessly, from behind the bar. "Tell him you agree he's a Princeton man."

"Don't put words into my mouth, Eddie," Sinclair said snappishly, sounding suddenly like an old maid. "I'm perfectly capable of expressing myself."

"What'd you say, Mister?" McCool asked, looking blearily up at him.

"I was wrong," Sinclair said. "I'm now convinced that you're a Princeton man."

"You are?" McCool said, surprised.

"Yes, I am!" Sinclair was leaning close to McCool now, shouting into his face.

"Screw Princeton," McCool said. He reached up with both hands and grabbed Sinclair's lapels and shook the man vigorously. "And screw you, too, Brother." He shook him again.

Sinclair pushed violently against McCool's arms and only the fact that McCool's chair was backed against the wall prevented McCool from falling to the floor.

Happily, thinking, Oh, everything is working out too beautifully, Webel leaped across the intervening space and hit Sinclair on the jaw. Sinclair staggered, but didn't go down. Even more happily, Webel hit him again. This time Sinclair did go down. Immediately, on the floor, his impeccable clothes seemed shabby and out of style.

"That'll teach you to hit drunks," Webel said self-righteously, deeply pleased with Sinclair for having offered the opportunity to hit him.

Now Eddie was behind Webel, holding his arms, not very tightly. "The police, Mr. Webel," Eddie was whispering.

"That's all right, Eddie," Webel said calmly. "I won't hit him again." Eddie released his grip and Webel went back to his coffee at the bar.

Eddie helped Sinclair up roughly. "One thing I don't stand for in my bar is violent behavior," he said. "Pay up and get out of here."

While Sinclair was fumbling dazedly in his wallet and licking painfully at his cut and bleeding lip, the girl in the green stockings passed him, on her way out. "Call me tomorrow, Sinclair," she said, going through the door. "I'm going home."

Eddie took a bill from Sinclair's wallet and hustled him toward the entrance. "You're a disgrace, Mister, a disgrace," he said. "If you ask my honest opinion, I don't think you ever *went* to Princeton." He pushed Sinclair's hat and coat into his arms and hurried him through the door. When Sinclair had stumbled out into the night, Eddie permitted himself a smile. He looked down at the menu on which McCool was now peacefully drawing a Grecian temple covered with billboards advertising Brigitte Bardot movies. "That's very nice, Mr. McCool," Eddie said. "Very suggestive."

He went back behind the bar. He stopped and looked at the paper bag with the two bottles of wine in it. He permitted himself a stony chuckle. "Drinkable Chablis," he said. He put the wine back in the cooler and came up to Webel. "I'd like to buy you a drink, Mr. Webel," he said. "You're helping stop the invasion. You struck a blow for Democracy. What'll it be?"

"Coffee, Eddie," Webel said.

"Coffee?" Eddie's face grew mournful. "Remember Edgar Wallace," he said. Then he went to get some fresh coffee.

"You never saw two happier people when we were first married, but then, as we were coming out of the church . . ."

PERSONAL SECRETARY *(continued from page 106)*

as I can? I'm trying to invent a lie, so you'll believe I *am* telling the truth, but I just can't *think* of a lie like *that*."

"Why not just tell the truth itself?"

"Are you painting me?"

"I'm painting the picture."

"But you're *looking* at me, and *then* painting, as if I were posing."

"In the religious order I spoke of at the party, the boys maintained integrity by going right on with their work in the presence of the beautiful women, and their work was to concentrate on — don't move, that's right — the eternal verities, so to say."

"Oh, now, if you really *must*, put down that brush, and take me in your arms. You're going mad with control."

"Better mad, controlled, than deceived, and uncontrolled again. That's right. Hold that. That bogus astonishment."

"It's *not* bogus."

"Now. What do you want? And don't have another brandy. I don't want to be rude, but if you were to get drunk and I were to get stupid, I'd never be able to finish this picture."

"What do I *want?*"

"Yes."

"I want you to finish that picture."

"Then get out of here."

"Until when?"

"Until you've married that brilliant young man I spoke of."

"I don't know where to find him. I took your phone number. I'm going to phone, and you mustn't say I can't. Don't stop your work. I'm gone."

Red heard her going down the stairs but he kept right on painting because there was something in her he wanted to get into the picture, if possible. He must have worked two hours or more because when he stopped, it was almost two in the morning. What her presence had brought to the painting was a quality of speed and light, and he just couldn't quite understand that. And it wasn't that he painted automatically, or that his work was abstract. He painted deliberately and thoughtfully, and his stuff only looked abstract at first glance. After that, it was seen to be specific and detailed, all manner of recognized forms in all manner of relationships. Gale Bailey. Impossible.

When Red woke up in the morning he smelled coffee, as if somebody near were making some. Somebody near was. Gale Bailey, in the kitchen. She was now a daytime creature entirely. She wore a dress that was designed to conceal her, not a sack, but something like it, made out of a heavy wool of wintry red. She wore no make-up.

He wasn't surprised to see her, but he never talked in the morning, so he just accepted the cup of coffee and took it into the workroom and sat on the great rock he had there which he liked to sit on. He had found it on the banks of the Rhone and had decided to have it. Now, you don't keep rocks that weigh half a ton. They keep themselves. He had gone to a lot of trouble about that one, and he had got it up to his place. He had had it for three years. It just sat there in the workroom, and now and then he sat on it.

Red drank the coffee and looked around. She was almost hidden, to be out of the way, but at the same time she wanted to be near in case he wanted another cup. He handed her the empty cup and she brought a second, without taking a lot of time or making any noise. He drank that cup, too — black, without sugar. After the coffee he rolled a cigarette, lighted it, and smoked it.

He glanced at the painting while he smoked. He wondered what it was he was after in it. When you're past 40 you don't get as many surprises from your work as you do when you're 25, but you get some. He didn't know what kind of a surprise he was going to get from this painting, but he knew he was going to get a surprise of some kind.

He thought, "If I'm not going to get a surprise from a new painting, I know it, and I go to a lot of trouble to make it good. But when I *am* going to get a surprise, all I want to do is paint the picture, and not care about how well I paint, because if you make it too good, you might paint out the surprise. You use every bit of talent you have when a painting doesn't matter. You use something else when it does. What it amounts to is that you let the painting paint itself."

He got up and went to work.

He never washed when he got up in the morning. He just got up and wandered around and sat on the rock and remembered everything he needed to remember in order to go back to work. There were always at least 20 or 30 unfinished things to be worked upon, to be continued, but there was never a hurry about any of them, until he was actually at work on one of them, and then of course there was.

He worked for quite a while, now. He gathered she was around doing something, because he could hear her, and of course you always know when somebody is around. It was another cold morning, but the place didn't seem cold. He generally felt best when his studio wasn't too warm, when it was cold in fact, but now he was glad the place was warm for a change. She had probably lighted the heater that he'd had for three years but had hardly ever lighted, a simple thing that you could roll anywhere you wanted to have it.

After he had worked an hour or two he noticed that the heater was not much more than four feet off, directly behind him. Well, all right, then. He needed a wash, a shave, a shower, a change of clothes, but he felt fine. He sat on the rock again, and after a moment she came into the clutter.

"Last night you said, 'What do you want?' Well, I've given the matter a lot of thought. I want this painting to be your best."

"Why?"

"Because you'll always associate it with *me*, and I want you to think about me nicely."

"Why wouldn't I, in any case?"

"I'm different with everybody I know. Best so far is who I am with you. I mean, it's the best *start* so far, and I'd like to stay that way. I've been some pretty awful variations of myself, mainly clever and calculating."

"You seem clever enough right now. You certainly haven't annoyed me by being around. On the contrary, I've been glad. That's kind of calculating, isn't it? What do you do? What's your program? I mean, you get up in the morning. You go to lunch somewhere. You walk or shop or something. You go to a cocktail party somewhere, or have drinks with somebody at a bar, and then you go to dinner, but what's your real program? What do you do?"

"I paint."

"You'll have to leave here immediately. I'm not going to teach anybody anything. I don't know how. And I don't like having another painter hanging around watching everything I do."

"Boiled eggs."

"How do you mean?"

"I boil two eggs. After they're boiled I paint them, and then I eat them."

"What do you go to all *that* trouble for?"

"I enjoy going to a little trouble like that. I like color. I like eggs, and not just to eat. I like every egg I've ever seen for its own dear sake."

"Well, nobody can say you're mistaken about the egg. It *is* beautiful."

"Would you like a couple?"

"Painted?"

"Yes."

"Well, one, maybe."

"How would you like it?"

"Not gooey. Five minutes."

"Any particular color?"

"I leave that to you."

Well, she was probably daft, but all the better, because who isn't? And who could be better daft than somebody who paints boiled eggs? She soon came back with an egg in an eggcup. The egg was painted red and black, fine lines all over. It looked pretty good. Red was about to tap the top of it with a spoon and start to eat when it occurred to him that it was too good for that. He took

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it out of the eggcup and turned it around in his fingers, to see it better. He then put it back in the eggcup and set it down on the mantel over the fireplace in which he hadn't built a fire in years. Too much trouble. You've got just so much time to do stuff, and he found he wanted to do other things than keep his place entirely right, like. He picked up a brush and went back to work, looking at the egg on the mantel. When he stopped the sun was shining through the windows, so he knew it was two or three in the afternoon. When he worked he didn't think about anything else, much. He just stood there and worked.

He sat down on the rock, and she came and looked at the painting.

"It's going to be your best."

"What else do you do?"

"I argue a lot. I mean, with people who *like* to argue. My mother *loves* to. We're always arguing."

"What seems to be the trouble?"

"She doesn't want me to be like her, but of course every day I get to be more and more like her."

"What's the matter with her? I mean, why doesn't she want you to be like her? What's she got against herself?"

"Lack of purpose, she says."

"She doesn't have a purpose?"

"Not the slightest, she *says*. She's just *there*, and she says it doesn't mean anything."

"Yes, I can see that you could argue about a thing like that. You don't have a purpose, either? Is that it?"

"What purpose *could* I have?"

"Well, I don't know, but some people do, that's all."

"My mother doesn't, and neither do I."

"Well, you paint eggs, at any rate."

"Would you like me to paint another?"

"Not unless you've got an overpowering compulsion to do so."

"Well, I have, as a matter of fact. Five minutes?"

"Well, yes. Five's all right. Six, maybe."

"Six, then."

He looked at the egg in the eggcup, and then back at his painting, and a little something or other began to occur to him that was both amusing and confusing. The girl was truly rare, both visibly and invisibly. That amused him. She was also probably extraordinarily bright. For instance, it seemed to him that the business of the painted egg might very well have been deliberate, to affect his eye and the painting he was painting, for the fact was that he had worked for hours after he had imagined he had been finished for the day, and this work had been the consequence entirely of having noticed the egg she had painted. That confused him.

Now, by the time he had been amused and confused, she came with the second egg in a second eggcup.

"You simply *must* eat this one. They're for eating."

"Well, yes, I know they are, but I've never seen eggs painted before, except Easter eggs, and the fancy work of the Czechs and the Ukrainians. Now, this one's different. This one's *three* stripes."

"I'm quite patriotic sometimes."

"Are those stripes red, white and blue?"

"Oh, no. Green, yellow and orange."

"How do you get patriotic out of green, yellow and orange?"

"I didn't say *American* patriotic, I said patriotic, period. Now, please eat it, that's what it's for."

"I wouldn't think of it. Patriotic for *what*, then?"

"Whatever's green, yellow and orange. A lot of good things *are*. How long will it take you to finish the picture?"

"Why?"

"No reason."

"Well, the fact is, I don't know. I've finished many in 24 hours. On the other hand, I have a pretty good assortment that I haven't finished after 24 years. Are you going somewhere?"

"Well, yes, I was thinking of going to Spain."

"When?"

"As soon as the picture's finished."

"Twenty-four years?"

"Well, I'd only be 46."

"I'd be an old man. What's in Spain?"

"It's cold in Paris. The weather has been miserable all year. No real sun at all."

"Well, don't let me keep you. When Spain calls, answer the call."

"Spain *isn't* calling, I *am*."

"Well, when *you* call Spain, answer your call."

"Why should I? I'd be running in every direction if I answered every call, wouldn't I?"

"OK, up on the mantel with the green, yellow and orange. I'm going to call out to Spain, too, one of these days, and I'm going to *answer* the call, too."

"When?"

"Whenever I call, I'm going to answer. I need more than 24 hours for this painting, though. Maybe two weeks, maybe 24 years, and maybe it won't work at all. It seems rather strange that I haven't heard the phone ring."

"I put some paper between the hammer and the bell, so you *wouldn't* hear it, but I heard it."

"Who called?"

"Oh, six or seven people. I wrote their names down."

"Men, women, children?"

"All women, including your daughter Nari. She wanted to know if she could come by at three, and of course I said she could."

"Thanks. I would have said the same."

"I'll go, then."

"Why?"

"Well, it's almost half past three."

"So what?"

"I should imagine you'd rather not have *me* around when your daughter comes to visit."

Red heard her going down the stairs again. She was still Gale Bailey, still impossible, but more than ever the most troublesome and attractive woman he had ever met.

He shaved and showered and put on a change of clothes. When he went out into the studio he was surprised to find his daughter and Gale Bailey there.

"*I* brought her, Papa. We met in the court. I insisted she come back. Aren't you the lucky one?"

"No doubt. I had no idea anybody was here at all."

"We've only been 10 minutes. You shave and shower and dress faster than anybody in the world, Papa. My husband takes hours."

"He's young. Well, now, how about a martini?"

"Papa, I'd *love* one, but I know you haven't had a bit of food all day. I can tell. Let me fix a steak or something."

"I'm not hungry, actually. After a couple of drinks, if you're both free, I'll take you somewhere for steaks."

"Me, free, Papa? Two babies at home?"

"How are the kids?"

"That's why I came. The boy is fine, kind of like you, but the little girl just won't rest."

"She's kind of like *you*."

"Dan thinks the girl feels unloved. What do *you* think, Papa?"

"Well, to make sure, just give her a little extra love. What could be more pleasant?"

"She's just like *me*, Papa. I hate her."

"It comes to the same thing. Here, I think these ought to be cold enough, now."

They drank a couple of martinis each, and then they went out, to walk, down Mogador to the Opéra, then to Vendôme, and then to Concorde, the afternoon cold and gray. They took the Champs to Rond Point, and from there they took Matignon to the Berkeley. They were between the lunch and dinner hours, but there were still people at the tables, and they had another martini, and then Nari had oysters and Gale Bailey had a lobster and he had a steak.

Joe Greeley of *The New York Times* came over to meet the pretty girls, he said. He sat down, just as the girls excused themselves to go to the powder room.

"I don't know which is more beautiful, Red, your daughter or your — well, what shall I say?"

"Gale Bailey. That's her name. You're a newspaperman. Do you know anything about her? I don't."

"Well, she's unbelievable."

"So I've told her. What are you writing?"

"Politics, the same as ever."

"I don't mean for the paper, I mean for yourself."

"Well, a novel, of course, but who isn't writing a novel? Certainly every newspaperman in the world."

"How long have you been in Paris?"

"Too long, but I was too long in Moscow before I came to Paris. I'll take this any day — after Paterson, New Jersey."

"What's there?"

"I was *born* there, that's what. Gale Bailey, is that right?"

"Well, I should imagine you would have *heard* about her, or about her father, or her mother."

"There it is. I haven't. Do you want me to get a line on her or something?"

"Well, the fact is, Joe, no, I don't. I mean, I want to know more about her, but I just don't think I ought to find out, except from her."

"I'm giving a little cocktail party a week from tomorrow. Will you bring her?"

"I'm working, but I'll try not to forget."

"And don't forget to bring her."

"No, *you'll* have to invite her. I may not be able to make it. Andy Halversen can tell you where to reach her."

"Don't you know?"

"No, I don't."

"Red, it's good to see you."

Joe Greeley meant this as wit, as it was, most likely, and then he went back to his table where another newspaperman was studying a copy of *Figaro*.

The girls came back and he took Nari home, so he could see the boy of three and the girl of two. Gale Bailey and Nari and the kids had a lot of fun talking and laughing and playing with toys together while he kept thinking about the painting, and at the same time about Gale. The fact is he couldn't think of one without thinking of the other, just as she had hoped, or planned, or whatever it was.

He didn't say goodbye. He just left, and began to walk back to the painting, because he wanted to work some more.

He was a long time getting home, thinking all the while, not so much about the painting alone because whenever a painting was worth the bother it made him think about everything. You probably couldn't call it thinking at all, though. Something else. The Germans had a word for something like it, meaning, he'd heard, world-sorrow or human-sorrow or something-sorrow, but that wasn't anything like what he was thinking or feeling, although it wasn't world-gladness or human-gladness, either. It was a kind of rejoicing in insignificance, but not his own insignificance alone. It was the insignificance of everything, which he felt constituted a kind of sanctity. The world — what a place, wherever you happened to go. The human race — what an impossibility, whoever you happened to be, or to know, or to be thinking of, as he was thinking first of his astonishing daughter Nari, who in spite of her 24 years still called him Papa, and then of Nari's son, Red's own grandson, who was in fact not unlike what Red himself must have been like at three, and then of Nari's daughter, unbelievably true and beautiful, unaccountable and impossible.

There they were, in Paris at the moment, and Paris stank. It had stunk for a whole year, and he had loved every dismal minute of it: rain, gloom, clutter, cold, impatience, contempt, control, comedy, and thank God for work.

At the memory of work he stopped at The Royal Trinity for an Italian coffee because he wanted to see about thinking a little more sharply about the painting, so he would be ready to go straight to work the minute he got home.

Well, what *was* the painting, actually, so far? Well, it wasn't anything, although it was moving along to something made out of light, water, stone, grass, animal eye, fur, feather, beak, bill, foot, tooth, claw, and six or seven other things he wasn't sure of, all of it in blues and greens with a little black here and there, and the whole thing waiting for a little red.

As a matter of fact, he'd gotten his name from his use of red somewhere or other in every one of his canvases, from the beginning years ago, in California, his birthplace, his work and growth place: the melon country. Was the red from the watermelons he had tended, harvested and eaten? No doubt about it. It had to be. His hair certainly wasn't red. It was black. Always had been, as his name had always been Rustam, not Red.

The painting wasn't anything, but as always he was able to believe that it was moving toward becoming something, and that was as much as anybody could ever hope for about anything, or anybody. It was certainly what he hoped for for his grandkids. And for the kids and grandkids of the others at the bar of The Royal Trinity. Two men, surely as old as himself, were playing the American pinball machine in the corner. Back of their rivalry was surely a powerful memory of kids and grandkids, just as back of his preoccupation with the unfinished painting was the memory of his own. Well, he painted and the pinball players did other work, whatever it might be, and it came to pretty much the same thing. Not quite something, but also not quite nothing. There was always the drama of not knowing very much about anything, of hoping to find out a little something, at last. And it didn't matter that a man never quite made it. Being involved at all was the important thing, the only thing, and at its best, in spite of hell, being involved was fun. That was probably the secret of it all. There was fun in all of it, including failure, pain, apathy and death, most likely, although he couldn't be sure about that, as he had never died. For all he knew the best fun of all might very well be dying.

Was that what the painting was moving to?

Well, he'd better get along and have another look at it and see.

What he saw when he reached his workroom made him smile: a third painted egg in a cup on the mantel over the fireplace, like a code message from her to make the painting his best — for her, for the variation of herself she liked best.

The painting itself stopped him from wondering about what was in it and what it was moving to, because he could see so much to do, right now, before he forgot. But he needed one last look at the third egg: it was all red.

Well, she was one of those girls who got around, that's all. As for getting into his house, nothing could be easier, since he always forgot to lock the door, or was it that he always remembered not to lock it? In any case, he was glad she had been in and had left the message. The three eggs on the mantel looked pretty good, and they reminded him of the fun that was probably the secret of it all.

He went straight to work. When he stopped he knew the painting was finished, and he noticed that day had broken, insofar as a day can break in December. He sat on the big rock from the banks of the Rhone and rolled a cigarette.

"She'll like it," he thought. "It certainly wouldn't be the painting it is if she hadn't become involved in it. Perhaps I'd better give it to her. I'll never be able to do another like it, but that's all right. No more where that came from, but take it, it's all yours. Is that Spain calling? Hell no, it's the shower calling, and the bed, and won't I be glad to see the painting when I wake up?"

After the shower, there she was in his bed, fast asleep — and not faking, either. Had she been sneaking about awake all the time he had worked? Well, she was daft, that's all. He got dressed and went out for the morning paper, two small cups of coffee, and to think.

He knew one thing: he had a good painting, and in almost no time at all. It might actually have taken 24 years, but somehow it hadn't.

And he knew another thing: he had this astonishing girl for a moment, for a moment's variation of herself, as she had put it.

After the coffee and the morning paper he still couldn't decide what to do about her that would be right — not for

her, not for him, but for everybody.

Intelligence told him to jump in bed with her, but he knew this was the intelligence of the animal he so frequently was and so infrequently regretted being.

Love told him to throw her out with a laugh, so she would be driven to the young and brilliant husband she was obliged more than ever now to find.

Mischief told him to jump in bed, throw her out, and tell her she was by far the cagiest, cleverest, most conniving little creature in the world.

She was turned to the wall when he eased his old hide into bed. Sleep-scented, she turned instantly, almost automatically, and held up an arm in greeting.

"You're daft."

"No purpose."

"No purpose is purpose enough."

"Love."

"Of course."

She sat up suddenly, and for a moment she was all fight, panic, confusion, and something close to terror. And then she saw him.

"Oh, it's you."

"My house, my bed, who did you expect it to be?"

"I wasn't thinking. What kept you so long?"

"The third egg, I guess."

"Do you like it?"

"Best of all. It put me to work. I finished the thing."

"You didn't."

"I did."

She leaped out of bed, ran into the workroom, and then squealed like a child in the presence of the unbelievable.

He took her his shirt, and tossed it to her.

"It *is* finished. And it *is* your best, isn't it?"

"Yes, I think it is."

"And it happened on account of *me*, didn't it?"

"Yes, I think it did."

"Then, what's this shirt for?"

"Well, it's cold out here."

"I get the job, don't I? *Now*."

"What job?"

"Personal secretary."

"What's that mean?"

"Me. I want you to paint me."

"When?"

"Right now. You've finished this one, now paint me."

"OK."

"Where do I stand?"

"On the rock, I think."

"OK."

"What color do you want to be?"

"The color I am, of course."

"You're already painted that color. Let me try a little light green on you."

"*On* me?"

"Yes, of course."

"I want to be painted on canvas, not on me. Ooh, that's cold. You're not going to paint *me*, actually, are you?"

"You, or back to bed."

"Do I get the job?"

Red wiped the green stripe off her arm, removed the finished painting from the easel, put a new canvas on it, and began to study the problem of getting something worth getting in something less than 24 years. When he had a pretty good idea what the problem was he squeezed a little red out of a tube, thinned it, smeared a new brush in it, and put the brush to the new canvas.

"Hold that now. Don't move. Yes, you get the job. Personal secretary, is that right?"

"Yes, of course, that's what I've been saying from the moment we met."

"Don't move. I think I know how this one can be made to be even better than the last one."

"You *do*?"

"Yes, and all you've got to do this time is stand there. No painted boiled eggs or anything like that. Just you, and your story — very slowly, clearly, from the beginning."

"Well, you *know* I was born in Paris."

"Yes, that's right. Just talk like that. Keep going, and I'll work the thing out better than anybody else ever has."

TELL ME *(continued from page 54)*

up on Ramirez, so that he went into the corner faster than he should have."

Peter Hart shook his head in impatience. "It's not worth talking about," he said. "We weren't racing, we were practicing. No one cared. There were no prizes, no silver mugs, no money, nothing. Ollie knew I was faster, he knew I'd pass him if I wanted to."

"Wouldn't it have been the ordinary thing for him to have let you go on by?" Donnell asked.

"Yes, that would have been the ordinary thing," Peter said.

"But he didn't do it," Donnell said.

"No, he did the other thing," Peter said. "He decided to compete, he decided to try harder. Whether he was really trying to keep me from going on by, or whether he intended only to make it more interesting for us both, we can't know that."

"Will the accident affect your driving in the race itself tomorrow, do you think?" Donnell said.

There is no point in all this, Peter thought. He could see the starting grid, the cars lined up in threes on the hot white road in front of the green timing tower, the pink staring faces of the crowds, the drivers looking straight ahead, watching the rev-counters, watching the starter's flag, everyone thinking about the red car that was missing, everyone thinking about Ollie Ramirez, heartbroken for him, that dear good jolly man and *do* you remember that girl at Monza who claimed her twins were his, poor fellow, his new fiancée was there and someone had paid the girl to do it, and *do* you remember his drive at Reims in '55, the last 14 laps 10 feet from Fangio, 10 feet, eight feet, six, the whole way around, 35 miles an hour at Thillois, 185 past the pits, together as if they had been tied with a string, and Ramirez won it by a foot and a half in the last hundred yards? Oh, all that and more . . .

"No, I shan't drive any differently," Peter said. "I shall go faster, that's all, since it's a race, not a practice."

"Still, I suppose you will find yourself thinking about Ramirez every time you go through the bend," Donnell said.

"I doubt it very much," Peter said. "If I think about anything but driving — anything at all, you understand, even for two seconds — I am quite likely to have an accident, and at these speeds, I shall be very badly hurt, in all probability, or killed. If I find myself thinking about Ollie Ramirez tomorrow, I shall pull over, and come in, and let Tommy Reston have the car."

"Do you expect to do that?"

"No, I certainly do not."

Donnell folded his yellow note paper and tucked it away.

"I came here hoping to find out why Olivier Ramirez died," he said. "But I still don't know."

"I would like to know why he died, as well," Peter Hart said. "Some think he died because he did a little thing wrong, that he incorrectly turned a wheel connected through a system of rods to two other wheels; or that he incorrectly arranged a cluster of gears connecting an engine and two wheels; or that he did not understand centrifugal force modified by the slip-angle of natural-rubber tires on rough-finished concrete, something of that sort. I don't think it was anything so simple."

"What, then?"

"I don't know," Peter said. "I don't know why Ollie Ramirez died."

Peter was watching the beach again. A little girl who might have been 10, bright in a daffodil-yellow bathing suit, crouched in water to her waist and leaped up, straight as a stick, arms over her head, then down into the water, up, down, up, down.

"I'll see you at the circuit tomorrow," Donnell said. He nodded, made ritual display of his knowledge of the *mystique* by not saying anything about good luck, and went away. Peter walked to the door with him.

When the waiter had taken the remains of luncheon, Peter sat on the balcony rail and watched the sea until the sun began to tire him. At the little desk in the blue-white room he wrote three short notes to people in England. The hotel note paper was gauzy and blue, a bright green palm tree engraved over the telephone number. He wrote quickly, in a long round scrawl. ". . . the weather is as always bright. There are vast numbers of tourists about and if possible more yachts than last year. Himself seems to think that he has the brakes set up properly at last and I can find nothing to complain about; I can hold 8000 in top just past the big birch tree before Poivre corner, which should give you a notion. You will have heard about poor Ollie Ramirez. He lost it completely in the middle of La Pournelle, I was very near him . . ."

He heard a small rattling sound and looked down to see the pen roll off the desk. He did not recall putting it on the blotter pad. He had become just a little bit frightened, and the sensation was strange to him. Since he had come awake at dawn he had had almost no thought that had not to do with Ollie Ramirez. Why? He and Ollie had not been, after all, the best and closest. All right, he was a good sort, a kind man, and all that, but still . . . and he wasn't the only one to die in that way, what of Ascari, Castelotti, Musso, Hawthorn, Portago, Stacey, Bristow, Behra, Sommer, Bouillin-who-called-himself-Levegh-after-his-uncle-who-was-named Veghle, Schell, Marimon, Bonetto, Lewis-Evans, Bueb, Wharton, Scott-Brown, just to name those one could think of immediately, and all contemporaries, all people one had known, all only recently dead, never mind the old boys, the people who'd been killed around Seaman's time. Some he had known better than Ollie Ramirez and liked more and at least three times he had been just as close when it had happened. So why Ollie Ramirez? He knew he hadn't killed Ollie, or perhaps he didn't actually *know* it, because if he hadn't started to move around him, going into La Pournelle, then Ollie would have held his own pace . . . he stopped short as it came to him that he hadn't entertained so juvenile a notion for 15 years and he wholly forbade himself going on. That line was foolishness. If there was anything worth wondering, it was why Ollie had moved out. How could one know why, when Ollie himself might not have known why? The third part of a second was enough to make the decision and put it into being. Peter could recall many such times, times when he had braked without knowing he was going to brake, or bent the floor boards under the accelerator to pass someone, his foot directed by no plan. Everyone did such things, and if one were lucky one lived through and came into years of better judgment. It was unlikely that Ramirez, at 38, still had had such moments. Still, he must have done something, there must have been some reason. The man was dead.

The sun had moved away from the balcony. The tide was running out, fewer spots of bright color rode the water. Peter moved in a narrow triangle, from the balcony across the floor to the window that overlooked the courtyard, to the door of the bedroom, to the balcony, slowly over the lemon-yellow carpet. He was happy when the door buzzer sounded with Janey's three little rings. Tony was with her.

"How was Donnell?" Janey said.

"He was all right," Peter said.

"There's to be a commission of inquiry tomorrow night, after the race," Janey said. "Johnny Lurani told Tony."

"Best to them," Peter said. "By that time, even I may have thought of something — but I doubt it." He stood with his back to the balcony. "Did you have lunch, you two?"

"With the Ferrari people," Tony said. "They've found a place on that little narrow street off the market square, four tables in it, they call it The Pub."

"Which it resembles in no way, as you can imagine," Janey said.

He walked his triangle a few times. "Would you like a vermouth or anything?" he said.

"Do run off, Tony," Janey said.

"I?" Tony said.

"Dear boy, you," she said. "I want to take Peter to bed."

Tony wagged his long head back and forth. "*Quel sentiment*," he said. "I'll occupy myself," he said. "If you like, I'll be at the Ferrari pub, poob, at six." He opened the door a narrow way and went out.

"We could just lie here," Janey said. "I'd be happy with that."

"You're confusing me with somebody else," Peter said.

"You don't have to do anything if you don't want to. I'm competent," she said. "I'm adept, even."

"I know," he said. "I remember. Stop being little earth-mother. Fly now, play later. And talk later."

"Did you think," he said in a little while, "that because Ollie had died, I would take vows of chastity, poverty and abstinence?"

"You said, 'talk later,' " Janey said.

"This is partly later," he said. "This is halfway later, for all you know."

"I didn't think you'd take any vows," she said. "All I know is, you can't stop thinking about it."

"That much is true," Peter said. "The big thing is not that I think about it, but that I apparently *must* think about it. Why, do you suppose? I was closer to Jack Mooney by far, and I never wondered why Jack died, and it was a sadder thing, in some ways: he'd retired, he had everything, his father had been killed in a car and his mother was happy to think that Jack was safe . . . it never occurred to me to wonder why Jack had died. He was doing 100 in the rain, he turned to wave to someone, he lost it, and a lorry was using some of the road he needed for getting it back. Simple as that."

"I didn't believe you thought much about it," Janey said. "You or any of the others."

"I never have," Peter said. "There's the one thing you learn, and after that you don't think about it, or talk about it. I guess until you start to get old, and one day you realize your eyes are going, or your reflexes are going, and then you're frightened and think about getting killed. But while you have it, all you know is merely that driving is the essence of living, a distillate of it, a concentrate, and since it has more living in it, it must of necessity have more dying in it. I'm putting it badly, but do you know what I mean?"

"Perfectly," Janey said.

"You can see that once you know that, you can be tranquil?" Peter said. "Because then you needn't think any more about dying than a bus conductor does, which is not much. If one's going to have three times as much life, one's going to have to accept three times as much hazard of death, right?"

"Talk later," Janey said. "Peter, talk later!"

They went to the pub place at six. The Ferrari crew had three tables by right of discovery, and Tony had the fourth, and a *cassis*.

"These types say that Phil Hill got around in 4:5.8 just before they stopped practice," he said when they had squeezed in with him.

"A tiger," Peter said. "A charger, I think they call them in the States."

"Phil Hill is the intellectual's race driver," Janey said. "He is the egghead's *pilote*."

"When he found Moss at Spa," Tony said, "after Stirling's accident, he told a reporter, 'Stirling was lying in a fetal position, hemorrhaging from the mouth, and denouncing, in bad French, two people who were trying to move him.' Nobody else would have put it just that way."

"Deux Byrrh," Peter said to the waiter.

They ate *scampi* and said little.

Tony went away before coffee.

"He's having a big thing with a blonde Greek," Janey said. "She's as tall as he is. They have Plattdeutsch for a common language. She wakes him up every morning in the pitch dark and they go outside and wait to make love in the sunrise."

"What a romantic notion," Peter said. "Or, as he said this afternoon, *quel sentiment*."

"It's not romantic, it's historic," Janey said. "The ancient Greeks, the Greeks of the golden times, much preferred to make love outdoors at dawn. You didn't know that, did you."

"No," Peter said. "Is it true?"

"Yes," Janey said. "Truly. If you think for a little while you will see why it would seem logical to people like that, the most civilized people of all time."

"I'll give it some thought," he said. "Meanwhile, now that your brother's brother has left us, we could go down to the harbor and drink coffee at Mary's."

They threw goodbyes into the din the Ferrari crew was making. The sky was lavender and the air was warm and sweet. He held her wrist as they walked. She hung a quarter-step behind him. She felt leashed and happy. The white houses of the town, spilled like sugar cubes down the slopes, stood rosy in the last of the sun. There was not a trace of movement in the boats crowding the little horseshoe harbor. Their lights were coming on, here and there a yellow glow spilling from a porthole to the black water or a blue-white masthead light glittering like a Christmas-tree star. An accordionist slowly squeezed and played and in another boat farther from the bright shore a girl sang, "Um-de-bol-ay-flum-amour-tooh-le-slu-um-fum-toujour."

"Are you peaceful now?" Janey said.

"You are a dear good girl," Peter said. "You know, there is something about your being such a little thing that makes you very dear. Why is that? Do you weigh eight stone? I doubt it."

"I wish I did weigh eight stone," Janey said. "Answer me: are you peaceful now?"

"Near enough," Peter said. "I wish it

"Gloves Dugan lives next door!"

were noon tomorrow and I were in the car. I'll be peaceful then." He shrugged. "I ought to go around and say hello to Himself and the people in the garage. Do you want to come?"

"If I may," Janey said. She closed her hand and offered her wrist to him.

It was a Peugeot garage in the ordinary way of things. Now it was a temporary race-car garage, identical with others in the world: bright red Grand Prix cars, or white or blue or bottle-green; tired mechanics, dark-jawed, red-eyed under the unshaded light bulbs hanging from the ceiling; a few people watching, some bored girls, ragged stacks of tires looking bigger and blacker than tires should, silvery tools scattered, electric cables snaked across the floor.

The lowest numbered of the three green cars was 9, Peter's. Two mechanics were working on it.

"What's afoot, Mike?" Peter said.

The stained white jumper-suit stirred and the man came out from under, a slant-jawed, flat-nose specimen.

"Hullo, Peter," he said. "What's afoot? Guv'nor says a hair more camber, here, that's all. Front end's as it was. Everything else done, down to the last split-pin. All it wants now is somebody to steer it and it's home with the lolly for us."

"You think so?" Peter said.

"Why not?" Mike said. "The Eyeties ain't in it, and who else is there?"

"The Eyeties did a 4:5.8 lap," Peter said.

"They ain't in it," Mike said. "They'll blow up. I give 'em an hour." He burrowed under the car again.

Two garages east, a trailer crouched at the curb, a twisted, lumped red car tied down on it.

"Was that it?" Janey whispered.

Peter nodded. He leaned on the trailer and looked in. The wheel was bent on itself, but upward not downward. When the car had flipped, the centrifugal force had tried to tear Ramirez' arms away, but the man's great strength had kept his hands locked to the wheel's rim. There was rust-brown blood on the wheel, on the glasses of the gauges on the dashboard and on the floor.

They left the lights and moved on the dark streets toward the hotel. Strange waxy-leaved trees arched over them. A scent of mimosa followed them, mimosa and jasmine and dew-wet earth. They were disembodied. They had nothing to do with their feet. They moved as if standing in a train in a tunnel. At the end of the tunnel the hotel glowed white under floodlights screwed into the crowns of the palm trees.

They stood on the balcony. Small waves ran in from Egypt. An old man leaned on a cane and stared across the water. He held his hat in his left hand. His hair was so white that it seemed to throw light of its own.

"What do you suppose that old dear is thinking about?" Janey said.

"He sees a yacht anchored out there," Peter said. "It's a steam yacht. The time is July 1909. He's standing at the rail, looking in toward the hotel. A girl is beside him, in a white dress. She has dark red hair loose to her waist. Her eyes are brown, big, gentle and forgiving. His arm is around her. She is hard and strong and beautiful. That old man is thinking about her grave. He knows where it is, a long way from here. In 45 years he has seen it many times. He is thinking of a terrible thing they taught him in Latin when he was in school, that some Roman said, that the best thing is not to be born at all, and the next best thing is to die young."

"You have made my day," Janey said. She went in.

"I'm sorry," Peter said.

"Ah, nothing, darling," she said. "Look, you're driving tomorrow, and would you rather I went to my own room?"

"No, I'd rather you stay, if you don't mind," Peter said.

"So would I," she said. "I'll just take a little Nembutal, and a shower, and bid you a soft and passionless good night."

"You can have the bed by the window," he said. "They'll bring tea at eight. I'll call down now."

• • •

At five minutes before noon next day he levered himself into the car. The mechanics had rigged a parasol over the cockpit, but he winced when the heat of the leather seat reached through his driving suit. It was wrinkled and crusty from the fireproofing and he wore nothing under it. He had a helmet upside down in his lap, a pair of cape gloves. He was wearing boxers' shoes with asbestos soles over heavy woolen socks. He was absolutely tranquil, level as the line between sea and sky. He rarely talked about the sensation now growing anew in his belly, the belief that this was life and the rest was something else. Every driver knew it, but few knew it well enough to talk about it, and fewer wished to. Peter had got around to it with Portago one time, the year before he was killed. Portago could talk about it.

"They may get it from the bulls," Portago had said. "I was too old to find out, by the time I wondered. And mountain climbing, maybe. And, I think, a musician a few times in his life. But that's all. Maybe a surgeon. Rarely. But that's all. I really think I know. I've tried most things. Flying? I gave up flying out of boredom. Horses? Jump races? I was amateur champion of Europe. No. Skindiving? No. Hard-hat diving? Nonsense. Skiing? Please. No. In three hours every Sunday, if you're awake and alive, you can live 10 years."

He had heard Moss put it another way: "To drive as about 10 men in the world can drive is an art, and it is related to ballet."

God bless, Ollie, Peter thought. *Vaya con Dios*, Ollie. Peter did not know any Dios, but never mind.

Engines were started. Peter watched his pit. At 15 seconds Mike waved. Peter pushed the clutch in, nudged the short gear lever into first, ran the engine to 4000 and watched for the flag's fall. He was in the second row, cars on all sides. The great flag dropped and they went, 15 cars howling, a noise to make your brain bubble, feeling for the spinning back tires, waiting to get into second and turn it all loose. They hit the first corner bunched like fingers in a fist, everybody in second by then, each trusting in the perfect orthodoxy of the man in front and beside and behind him. They all came through. Past the bend, the two-lane concrete road, snow-bright in the sunshine, ran straight for half a mile across the rolling farmland, two little roller-coaster rises in it. Peter had come out of the corner lying third. The engine screamed, working up to 9000 revolutions a minute, the whole shiny oil-streaming steel complex spinning 150 times a second. He sat well back from the wheel, his arms straight out, his left foot braced hard against the floor, the catapult-thrust pinning him to the seat. The engine raging at his back shook the car; the thin tubing that made its chassis sang and vibrated, and every hill and valley in the road sent a separate shock into the wheels, but none was discernible as an entity; everything, sound, shock, thrust, movement, funneled into one overpowering sensation; the noise was the shout of an organ as high as a hill. He held the wheel lightly. He could look down and see the front road-wheels it guided, tied to the frame by finger-thin steel rods; they were leading him; his life spun with them, he knew delight.

Just ahead and a foot to the right a blood-red Ferrari sat, one might think motionless, since both cars were running at the same rate, working up to 150 miles an hour. The driver wore Hill's white helmet. They ran across the first rise together, flew into the air together, accelerating to land tail-first. The second rise followed immediately and they flew again. They moved in a blurred green world under a kindly sky. Sensations needled their bodies like rain blown by a gale, they produced the 10 decisions a second they must make to stay alive, but they knew the mystic's calm, life narrowed to a knife edge, everything extraneous set aside. At the end of the straight, a point would come to issue: Peter would consider staying off his brakes until a half-second after Hill had hit his in the hope of running around him on the outside. It was a thin hope and they both knew it; Hill was a notable

specialist in refinements of braking. Running down to the corner they shifted like twins; Peter moved a little to the left, but Hill, perfectly certain that he would brake last, moved with him, and that was that, they went around as they had gone in, end to end. The cars sat down on their tails as they accelerated out and ran for the esses that led to the straight through the woods.

When they came past the pits for the first time the order was Ferrari Cooper Ferrari Lotus, red green red green, and the first four had opened 20 yards on the rest of the field. They were alone and they all knew it, Hill, Hart, Gervosa, Dedham. They were having their own race. They were almost in narcosis, sensation-drunk like fliers too high or divers too deep, so that it seemed to them not only normal but desirable and delightful to be doing what they were doing, running six miles a minute 10 feet apart, shielded from each other by sheet aluminum so thin it would give under a boy's thumb. They screamed down the straights, towing each other at 170, 175, 180 miles an hour; in orderly sequence they sorted out the gears as corners came; they lurched in the tight-fitting seats when the cars drifted in pairs through the bends, sliding like skiers in a Christy; they schemed for inches of roadway and fractional angles of direction as the cars clawed into the straights again. This went on for 50-odd minutes, until a thrown stone crystallized one side of Gervosa's goggles and put him back into the ruck, but the other three ran like triplets, like a three-car train, and no one could come near. As they burned fuel, lightened the cars, wore the tires down, and more intimately knew the circuit, they went faster, and faster. One of the pits held up a sign REC which they all read to mean that the course record had been broken by Hill, leading; and if by Hill then by the other two as well. They knew without being told. They could run very little faster and stay on the road. All were moving in the same plane: an inch, a hair, a twig from the unmarked notch at which concrete turns to glass-smooth ice, and a car, taking its head, can slide screaming and spinning for a hundred yards.

An hour and a half into the race, the three of them had lapped half the field, and were still together. The excitement of the watchers around the circuit, jammed into the tiers of the stands on the finishing straight, three deep on the shorter stretches, standing in sixes and 10s on the slow corners, was plain, and it approached hysteria; everyone in the stands was on his feet; in the one hairpin corner they were hanging to each other as if for support, shouting face against face. The drivers saw, and knew it had to do with them, and were untouched. They knew the turmoil was of their making, but they knew as well that it had nothing to do with what was going on in the red automobile and the two green ones.

They were running in their own tracks, running over the black rubber their own tires had laid into the concrete, the same place every time, to an inch or so. They were in echelon most of the time, not in line, and they came into Poivre that way, Hill still leading, Dedham still last. As the white spear of the birch tree left the corner of his eye, Peter laid his weight on the brake, a little harder now than an hour ago; the car dug in, slowed evenly, all of a piece; he dropped his heel on the throttle, hit the clutch, thrust with the gear lever, all as 200 times before, all neat and orderly; he was conscious of an unaccustomed white blank, like a movie projector misbehaving for a second, and then he knew that the rear of the car had moved out; he steered instantly against it, in precise ratio; he gave back some gas pedal but not all of it and he noted that Dedham was now on his right instead of behind him to the left; he felt the off-side of the car rise; and he knew he was moving backward; he looked over his shoulder and was mildly surprised to see a forest falling on him, straight down. He could not hear a sound. He thought of Donnell. He knew Donnell would never find out why, he would never know the reason. Clearly not: there *was* no reason. Naturally not. There was no reason at all. How absurd to think that there had ever been a reason! His world went green. He knew that the forest was receiving him.

• • •

That first night, and the next, Janey Sawyer was under such heavy sedation that she slept without a wisp of dream. On the third night she woke laughing from a dream, and it became recurrent, she dreamed it often during the next few months. It was a plain dream: She saw Peter floating on his back in the sea, laughing aloud, speaking, when he could for laughter, to someone out of sight under the water, saying, "Ollie, Ollie, you are a funny man, you are a very funny man, *amigo*, yes, you are."

At first she insisted that this was not a dream, that she could hear Peter Hart's true voice, and when she had waked laughing she would soon weep. But in time the image blurred and the voice faded. In December of that year, in Athens, she met a pleasant Canadian boy. They had passage on the same plane for London, and he arranged for them to sit together. He was attentive and amusing. He made an intangible impression of wealth. He knew nothing about motor racing. They saw much of each other in London. They had a splendid time together. In the spring they went to Montreal.

RARE DEVICE *(continued from page 70)*

rage! The Mysterious City! Drive right in!"

• • •

The tread marks in the simple dirt became numerous, and then, quite suddenly, innumerable.

A great boil of heat-wafted dust hung over the dry peninsula where in a vast sound of arrivals, with braked wheels, slammed doors, stilled engines, the cars of many kinds from many places came and took their places in a line. And the people in the cars were as different as people can be who come from four directions but are drawn in a single moment by a single thing, all talking at first, but growing still at last at what they saw out in the desert. The wind blew softly about their faces, fluttering the hair of the women, the open shirt collars of the men. They sat in their cars for a long time, or they stood on the rim of the earth, saying nothing, and at last one by one turned to go.

As the first car drove back out past Bob and Will, the woman in it nodded happily.

"Thanks! Why, it *is* just like Rome!"

"Did she say 'Rome' or 'home'?" asked Will.

Another car wheeled toward the exit.

"Yes, sir!" The driver reached out to shake Bob's hand. "Just looking made me feel I could speak French!"

"French!?" cried Bob.

Both stepped forward swiftly as the third car made to leave. An old man sat at the wheel, shaking his head.

"Never seen the like. I mean to say, fog and all, Westminster Bridge, better than a postcard, and Big Ben off there in the distance. How do you *do* it? God bless. Much obliged."

Both men, disquieted, let the old man drive away, then slowly wheeled to look out along their small thrust of land toward the growing simmer of noon.

"Big Ben?" said Will Bantlin. "Westminster Bridge? Fog?"

Faintly, faintly, they thought they heard, they could not be sure, they cupped their ears, wasn't that a vast clock striking three times off there beyond land's rim? Weren't foghorns calling after boats and boat horns calling back on some lost river?

"Well, what have we got to lose?"

"Almost speak French?" whispered Robert. "Big Ben? Home? Rome? *Is* that Rome out there, Will?"

The wind shifted. A broiling surge of warm air tumbled up plucking changes on an invisible harp. The fog almost solidified into gray stone monuments. The sun almost built a golden statue on top of a breasted mount of fresh-cut snow marble.

"How——" said William Bantlin, "how could it change? How could it be four, five cities? Did we *tell* anyone what city they'd see? No. Well, then, Bob, *well!*"

Now they fixed their gaze on their last customer who stood alone at the rim of the dry peninsula. Gesturing his friend to silence, Robert moved silently to stand to one side and behind their paying visitor.

He was a man in his late 40s with a vital, sunburned face, good, warm, clear-water eyes, fine cheekbones, a receptive mouth. He looked as if he had traveled a long way around in his life, over many deserts, in search of a particular oasis. He resembled those architects found wandering the rubbled streets below their buildings as the iron, steel and glass go soaring high to block out, fill an empty piece of sky. His face was that of such builders who suddenly see reared up before them on the instant, from horizon to horizon, the perfect implementation of an old, old dream. Now, only half-aware of William and Robert beside him, the stranger spoke at last in a quiet, an easy, a wondrous voice, saying what he saw, telling what he felt:

". . . In Xanadu . . ."

"What?" asked William.

The stranger half-smiled, kept his eyes on the mirage, and quietly, from memory, recited.

"In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea . . ."

His voice spelled the weather and the weather blew about the other two men and made them more still.

"So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round . . .
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills,
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery . . ."

William and Robert looked off at the mirage and what the stranger said was there, in the golden dust, some fabled Middle East or Far East clustering of minarets, domes, frail towers risen up in a magnificent sift of pollen from the Gobi, a spread of river stone baked

bright by the fertile Euphrates, Palmyra not yet ruins, only just begun, newly minted, then abandoned by the departing years, now shimmered by heat, now threatening to blow away forever.

The stranger, his face transformed, beatified by his vision, finished it out:

"It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves
of ice . . ."

And the stranger grew silent.

Which made the silence in Bob and Will all the deeper.

The stranger fumbled with his wallet, his eyes wet.

"Thank you, thank you."

"You already paid us," said William.

"If I had more, you'd get it all."

He gripped William's hand, left a five-dollar bill in it, got in his car, looked for a last time out at the mirage, then sat down, started the car, idled it with wonderful ease, and, face glowing, eyes peaceful, drove away.

Robert walked a few steps after the car, stunned.

Then William suddenly exploded, flung his arms up, whooped, kicked his feet, wheeled around.

"Hallelujah! Fat of the land! Full dinner pails! New squeaky shoes! Look at my fistfuls!"

But Robert said, "I don't think we should take it."

William stopped dancing. "What?"

Robert looked steadily at the desert.

"We can't ever really own it. It's way out there. Sure, we can homestead the land, but . . . We don't even know what *that* thing is."

"Why, it's New York and ——"

"Ever *been* to New York?"

"Always wanted. Never did."

"Always wanted, never did." Robert nodded slowly. "Same as them. You heard: Paris. Rome. London. And this last man. Xanadu. Willy, Willy, we got hold of something strange and big here. I'm scared we won't do right by it."

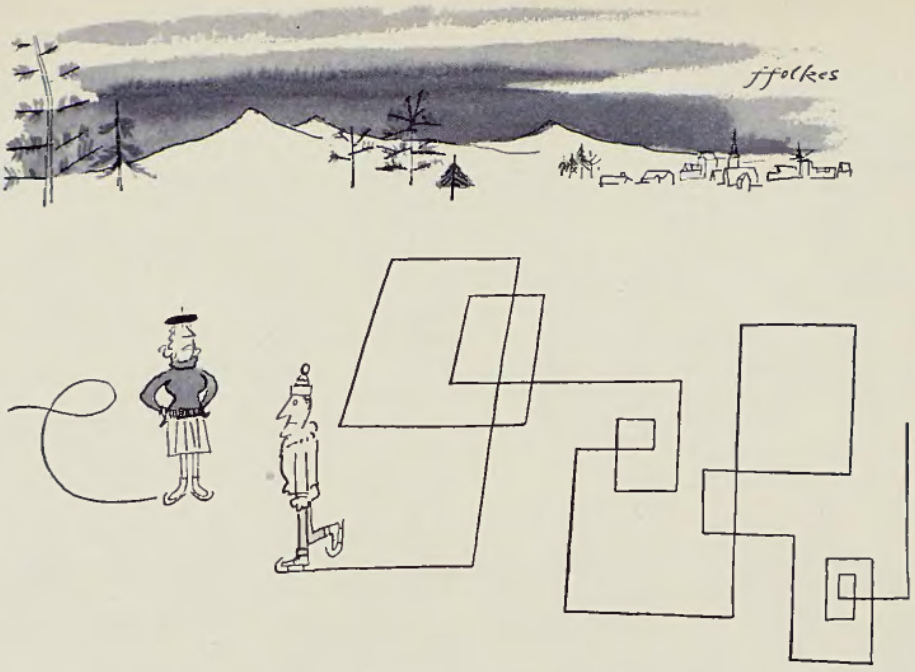
"Well, we're not keeping anyone out, are we?"

"Who knows? Might be a quarter's too much for some. It don't seem right, a natural thing handled by unnatural rules. Look and tell me I'm wrong."

William looked.

And the city was there like the first city he had seen as a boy when his mother took him on a train across a long meadow of grass early one morning and the city rose up head by head, tower by tower to look at him, to watch him coming near. It was that fresh, that new, that old, that frightening, that wonderful.

"I think," said Robert, "we should take just enough to buy gas for a week, put the rest of the money in the first poor box we come to. That mirage is a clear river running, and people coming by thirsty. If we're wise, we dip one



"For heaven's sake, relax!"

cup, drink it cool in the heat of the day and go. If we stop, build dams, try to own the whole river . . ."

William, peering out through the whispering dust wind, tried to relax, accept.

"If you say so."

"I don't. The wilderness all around says."

"Well, I say *different!*"

Both men jumped and spun about.

Half up the slope stood a motorcycle. Sitting it, rainbowed with oil, eyes goggled, grease masking his stubbly cheeks, was a man of familiar arrogance and free-running contempt.

"Ned Hopper!"

Ned Hopper smiled his most evilly benevolent smile, unbraked the cycle and glided the rest of the way down to halt by his old friends.

"You——" said Robert.

"Me! Me! Me!" Ned Hopper honked his cycle horn three times, laughing loud, head back. "Me!"

"Shut up!" cried Robert. "Bust it like a mirror."

"Bust *what* like a mirror?"

William, catching Robert's concern, glanced apprehensively out beyond at the desert.

The mirage flurried, trembled, misted away, then hung itself like a tapestry once more, on the air.

"Nothing out there! What you guys up to?" Ned peered down at the tread-marked earth. "I was 20 miles on, today, when I realized you boys was hiding back behind. Says to myself, that ain't like my buddies who led me to that gold mine in '47, lent me this cycle with a dice roll in '55. All those years we help each other and now you got secrets from friend Ned. So I come back. Been up on that hill half the day, spying." Ned lifted binoculars from his greasy jacket front. "You know I can read lips? Sure! Saw all the cars zip in here, the cash. Quite a show you're running!"

"Keep your voice down," warned Robert. "So long."

Ned smiled sweetly. "Sorry to see you go. But I surely respect your getting off my property."

"Yours!" Robert and William cried, caught themselves, and said, in a trembling whisper, "yours?"

Ned laughed. "When I saw what you was up to, I just cycled into Phoenix. See this little-bitty Government paper sticking out my back pocket?"

The paper was there, neatly folded.

William put out his hand.

"Don't give him the pleasure," said Robert.

William pulled his hand back. "You want us to believe you filed a homestead claim?"

Ned shut up the smile inside his eyes. "I do. I don't. Even if I was lying, I could still make Phoenix on my bike quicker'n your jalopy." Ned surveyed the land with his binoculars. "So just put down all the money you earned from two this afternoon, when I filed my claim, from which time on you was trespassing my land."

Robert flung the coins in the dust. Ned Hopper glanced casually at the bright litter.

"The U.S. Government Mint! Hot dog, nothing out there, but dumb bunnies willing to pay for it!"

Robert turned slowly to look at the desert.

"You don't see anything?"

Ned snorted. "Nothing and you *know* it!"

"But we do!" cried William. "We ——"

"Will," said Robert.

"But, Bob!"

"Nothing out there. Like he said." Bob winked.

More cars were driving up now in a great thrum of engines.

"Excuse, gents, got to mind the box office!" Ned strode off, waving. "Yes, sir, ma'am! This way! Cash in advance!"

"Why?" William watched Ned Hopper run off, yelling. "Why are we letting him do this?"

"Wait," said Robert, almost serenely. "You'll see."

They got out of the way as a Ford, a Buick and an ancient Moon motored in.

• • •

Twilight. On a hill about 200 yards above the Mysterious City Mirage viewpoint, William Bantlin and Robert Greenhill fried and picked at a small supper, hardly bacon, mostly beans. From time to time, Robert used some battered opera glasses on the scene below.

"Had 30 customers since we left this afternoon," he observed. "Got to shut down soon, though. Only 10 minutes of sun left."

William stared at a single bean on the end of his fork. "Tell me again: why? Why every time our luck is good, Ned Hopper jumps out of the earth?"

Robert sighed on the opera-glass lenses and wiped them on his cuff. "Because, friend Will, we are the pure in heart. We shine with a light. And the villains of the world they see that light beyond the hills and say, 'Why, now, there's some innocent, some sweet all-day sucker.' And the villains come to warm their hands at us. I don't know what we can do about it, except maybe put out the light."

"I wouldn't want to do that." William brooded gently, his palms to the fire. "It's just, I was hoping this time was comeuppance time. A man like Ned Hopper, living his white underbelly life, ain't he about due for a bolt of lightning?"

"Due?" Robert screwed the opera glasses tighter into his eyes. "Why, it just struck! Oh, ye of little faith!" William jumped up beside him. They shared the glasses, one lens each, peering down. "Look!"

And William, looking, cried:

"Peduncle Q. Mackinaw!"

"Also: Gullable M. Crackers!"

For far below, Ned Hopper was stomping around outside a car. People gesticulated at him. He handed them some money. The car drove off. Faintly, you could hear Ned's anguished cries.

William gasped. "He's giving money back! Now he almost hit that man there. The man shook his fist at him! Ned's paid him back, too! Look — more fond farewells!"

"Yah-hee!" whooped Robert, happy with his half of the glasses.

Below, all the cars were dusting away now. Old Ned did a violent kicking dance, threw his goggles in the dust, tore down the sign, let forth a terrible oath.

"Dear me," mused Robert. "I'm glad I can't hear them words. Come on, Willy!"

As William Bantlin and Robert Greenhill drove back up to the Mysterious City turnoff, Ned Hopper rocketed out in a screaming fury. Braying, roaring on his cycle, he hurled the painted cardboard through the air. The sign whistled up, a boomerang. It hissed, narrowly missing Bob. Long after Ned was gone in his banging thunder, the sign sank down and lay on the earth where William picked it up and brushed it off.

It was twilight indeed now and the sun touching the far hills and the land quiet and hushed and Ned Hopper gone away, and the two men alone in the abandoned territory in the thousand-treaded dust, looking out at the sand and the strange air.

"Oh, no . . ." said William.

"I'm afraid . . . yes," said Robert.

The desert was empty in the pink gold light of the setting sun. The mirage was gone. A few dust devils whirled and fell apart, way out on the horizon, but that was all.

William let out a huge groan of bereavement.

"*He* did it! Ned! Ned Hopper, come back, you! Oh, damnit, Ned, you spoiled it all! Blast you to Perdition!"

He stopped. "Bob, how can you *stand* there!?"

Robert smiled sadly. "Right now, I'm feeling sorry for Ned Hopper."

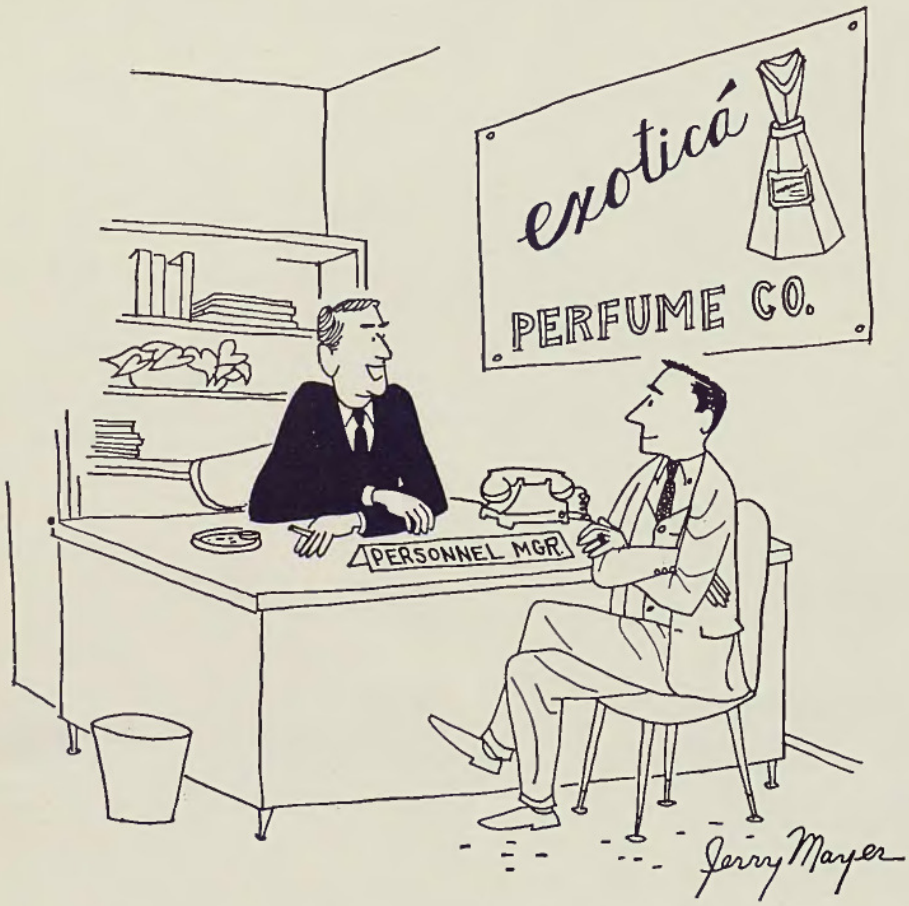
"Sorry!"

"He never saw what we saw. He never saw what anybody saw. He never believed for one second. And you know what? Disbelief is catching. It rubs off on people."

William searched the disinhabited land.

"Is *that* what happened?"

"Who knows?" Robert shook his head. "One thing sure: when folks drove in here, the city, the cities, the mirage, whatever, was there. But it's awful hard to see when people stand in your way. Without so much as moving, Ned Hopper put his big hand across the sun. First thing you know, theater's closed for good."



"You get hospitalization, vacation with pay, retirement benefits, and every day at five o'clock you come out smelling like a rose."

"Can't we——" William hesitated, "can't we open it up again? How? How do you bring a thing like that back?"

They let their eyes play over the sand, the hills, the few lone clouds, the sky emptied of wind and very still.

"Maybe if we just look out the sides of our eyes, not direct at it, relax, take it easy . . ."

They both looked down at their shoes, their hands, the rocks at their feet, anything. But at last William mourned. "*Are* we? Are we the pure in heart?"

Robert laughed just a little bit.

"Oh, not like the kids who came through here today, and saw anything they wanted to see, and not like the big simple people born in the wheat fields and by God's grace wandering the world and will never grow up. We're neither the little children nor the big children of the world, Willy, but we are one thing: glad to be alive. We know the air mornings on the road, how the stars go up and then down the sky. Old Ned, he stopped being glad a long time ago. I hate to think of him driving his cycle on the road the rest of the night, the rest of the year . . ."

As he finished this, Robert noticed that William was sliding his eyes carefully to one side, toward the desert.

Robert whispered, carefully, "*See* anything . . . ?"

William sighed. "No. Maybe . . . tomorrow . . ."

A single car came down the highway.

The two men glanced at each other. A wild look of hope flashed in their eyes. But they could not quite bring themselves to fling up their hands and yell. They simply stood with the painted sign held in their arms.

The car roared by.

The two men followed it with their wishful eyes.

The car braked. It backed up. In it were a man, a woman, a boy, a girl. The man called out:

"You closed for the night?!"

William said, "It's no use——"

Robert cut in. "He means, 'No use giving us money!' Last customer of the day, and family. Free! On the house!"

"Thank you, neighbor, thank you!"

The car roared out onto the viewpoint.

William seized Robert's elbow. "Bob, what ails you? Disappoint those kids, that nice family?"

"Hush up," said Robert, gently. "Come on."

The kids piled out of the car. The man and his wife climbed slowly out into the sunset. The sky was all gold and blue now, and a bird sang somewhere in the fields of sand.

"Watch," said Robert.

And they moved up to stand behind the family where it lined up now to look out over the desert.

William held his breath.

The man and wife squinted into the twilight, uneasily.

The kids said nothing. Their eyes flexed and filled with a distillation of late sunlight.

William cleared his throat. "It's late. Uh — can't see too well ——"

The man was going to reply, when the boy said, "Oh, we can see — fine!"

"Sure!" The girl pointed. "There!"

The mother and father followed her gesture, as if it might help, and it did.

"Lord," said the woman, "for a moment I thought — but now — yes — there it is!"

The man read his wife's face, saw a thing there, borrowed it, and placed it on the land and in the air.

"Yes," he said, at last. "Oh, yes."

William stared at them, the desert, and then at Robert, who smiled and nodded.

The faces of the father, the mother, the daughter, the son were glowing now, looking off at the desert.

"Oh," murmured the girl, "is it *really* there?"

And the father nodded, his face bright with what he saw that was just within seeing and just beyond knowing. He spoke as if he stood alone in a great forest church.

"Yes. And, Lord . . . it's beautiful."

William started to lift his head, but Robert whispered, "Easy. It's coming. Don't try. Easy, Will."

And then William knew what to do.

"I," he said, "I'm going to go stand with the kids."

And he walked slowly over and stood right behind the boy and the girl. He stood for a long time there, like a man between two warm fires on a cool evening, and they warmed him and he breathed soft and at last let his eyes drift up, let his attention wander easy out toward the twilight desert and the hoped-for city in the dusk.

And there in the dust softly blown high from the land, reassembled on the wind into half-shapes of towers and spires, and minarets, was the mirage.

He felt Robert's breath on his neck, close, whispering, half-talking to himself.

"It was . . . a miracle of rare device . . .

A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice . . ."

And the city was there.

And the sun set and the first stars came out.

And the city was very clear, as William heard himself repeat, aloud or perhaps for only his secret pleasure:

"It was a miracle of rare device . . ."

And they stood in the dark until they could not see.

My Brother, Ernest Hemingway *(continued from page 18)*

out, in asking for the return of such a manuscript, that the pure-hearted lover of letters would have sold the manuscript for anywhere from 10 to 100 times what he had paid Ernest for the story or article. And Ernest would then have to tear out the pages of the required material from the journal and use them for a manuscript when it came to publishing a book of stories. He said his second policy was to make all commercial magazines pay the absolute top price they had ever paid anybody. This made them appreciate a man's stuff, and then they realized what a fine writer he was.

Arnold had made a definite offer of no changes in copy, and of an advance payment of $250 for any single article Ernest might care to write. Ernest replied that he had several times within the past 12 months needed $250 in cash badly. Yet he knew he could always have received many times that for writing a piece such as Arnold had suggested. As for stories, Ernest said the only unpublishable ones were so because they would get the new magazine into trouble with the authorities. Besides, he wanted to keep a certain amount of posthumous work around to pay for his funeral expenses, since he did not carry insurance of any kind except liability. So where did that bring them? To the fact that $250 was nice pocket money but nothing serious to negotiate about, Ernest said.

He told Arnold he planned to go across to Cuba in a small boat on April 12 to fish that coast for about two months, depending on whether or not he went to Spain to make a motion picture. If the movie arrangements did not work out, he would fish for four months and then go to Spain. And if he suddenly needed $250, he would knock off and write a piece and would wire Arnold, if that were agreeable. He planned to go from Spain to Tanganyika and then to Abyssinia to hunt. He would be back the following January, he thought.

In connection with Ernest's coming African trip, Arnold urged him to count on writing four magazine pieces during the coming year and promised equal payment for each, to be paid in advance if Ernest wished. He suggested the articles be done in the form of letters which were easy to write and would cut into Ernest's creative time in a minimal way.

That spring of 1933 there were many plans under way and time was running out faster than Ernest would have liked. He had to make a choice.

"What about the movie? Do you think you'll make it this summer?" Pauline wanted to know.

"From what Milestone [Lewis Milestone, a director] wrote, we will have to wait before deciding. Now there isn't time," Ernest said. "We can try again next year. It's too late in the season now. Better to have the African trip well organized than to try to do both things only half as well as they should be done."

Jane Mason had visited Ernest and Pauline in Key West, bringing Major Dick Cooper with her. Ernest and Dick had gone bird shooting on some of the uninhabited Keys to the westward where there was an unusual variety of bird life. They got along well together and, before he left, Major Cooper gave Ernest practical information on equipping himself properly for an African expedition to the highlands.

Major Cooper had owned a coffee shamba in Tanganyika, and had hunted extensively throughout British East Africa. He had been decorated for bravery in World War I, had moved in sporting circles, and knew a good deal of what there was to know about big-game hunting in the best areas still left on the continent. He recommended that Ernest get Philip Percival, a former game ranger who was then a professional hunter, as his guide. Mr. P., as he was soon to be known, was as reticent and full of understatement as he was capable and knowledgeable. Through Mr. P. came information that guns, especially big-game rifles, were to be had at a moderate rental.

"I'll own my own guns. I don't want to rent them," Ernest said. He was damned if he was going to become fond of any firearm that might save his life, and then have to return it to the owner.

Ernest also invited his friend Charles Thompson from Key West to be his guest for the months to come. Charles was enthusiastic. He had proved himself as a fisherman and bird shot. He wasn't a literary man; he was a good sport, brave, and one who would enjoy the excitement without getting on Ernest's nerves. Charles' wife Lorraine had teaching commitments, but it was arranged that she would come over in the spring and meet them all in Palestine. With Charles and Pauline, the expedition was bound to be exciting and a success. The children were to be left with relatives, the nurse remaining in charge of details. For the first time since their marriage, Ernest and Pauline knew they were going on an adventurous trip with minimum worries and the chance of maximum enjoyment. They wanted to see Spain again and planned to stay until the conclusion of the feria of Pilar in October.

Both Pauline and Charles Thompson had plenty of things to look after, so they stayed in Key West awhile. Early in April, Ernest went over to Havana in Joe Russell's boat. When he got there, he found the big fish were not running yet. He used the time to work on his novel, and to write some short stories, disciplining himself to getting up at five o'clock in the morning and working until at least 10 o'clock, and frequently until noon. He was going good and, several weeks later, when the fish began to show along the edge of the Stream, he was ready for them, having just put in a long period of working at the desk in his fourth-floor room at the hotel Ambos Mundos on Obispo Street.

By the end of May, Ernest had taken 29 marlin and had run into more fish and luck in one three-day period than he'd known anyone else ever to experience, taking seven one day on one rod. When he told me about that day the following summer, he was still ecstatic.

"Think of it, Baron," he said, "seven huge ones, all of them blues and running to a good medium size — between 120 and 250 pounds. I fought each one absolutely alone, with Carlos helping around the cockpit, of course. Caught a hell of a chill, from sweating and being cooled by the wind. My throat gave me hell for three days. But I still think it may have been a world's record."

By the end of July, with the Cuban piece written and pictures arranged for, and the trip to Europe and Africa shaping up swiftly, Ernest was in high gear. He was excited at the prospect of traveling, and of covering some old ground with a fresh point of view gained from five years of writing, hunting, fishing and family raising entirely in the United States and Cuba.

By November, when Ernest and Pauline arrived in Paris from Spain, there were a number of small and cheerful surprises. At Sylvia Beach's bookshop Ernest had a chance to see the first copies of *Winner Take Nothing*, which had just been shipped over by Scribner's. He liked the jacket which he had not seen before, since he'd had to correct proofs by cable and had been out of touch with book-production matters.

The final two weeks in France were hectic. Ernest was busy collecting the things needed for the months ahead and writing a third piece for *Esquire*. After a final round of parties, the expedition headed for the south of France and a breather on the boat that would take them to East Africa.

South of Cairo, the trip itself was a revelation. Ernest had taken a number of travel and reference books with him, but they had left great blank areas. In discussing his feelings when he finally reached the highlands of British East Africa, Ernest later said that nothing he had read really gave him an accurate idea of the realities of the country. The plains were immense, he said, and the wonderful animal life was as full of

vitality as it must have been thousands of years ago.

The thing Ernest and Pauline and Charles Thompson felt most when they arrived was the altitude. They had been on the sea for 17 days, and the change had been abrupt. Ernest's energies were lagging and he declared he had no pep to write. It took some overlong nights of sleep to catch up. At night they used two blankets and even felt cool in the sunlight with the wind moving over the plains. In their first week Ernest had taken good heads of Thomson's and Grant's gazelles, as well as kongoni and impala. Charles was shooting well, too. Pauline, nicknamed "Poor Old Mama," did a great deal of watching and constituted the cheering section.

Ernest did not know it yet, but he was by then seriously ill with amoebic dysentery. However, late in December he was heading after kudu, and then wanted to follow up with lions, buffalo and rhino.

Ernest found he was holding his weight, even with the dysentery and the routine of getting up at five in the morning and moving fast on his feet the whole day. He reported weighing over 200 pounds again, but said he was so dead tired he could hardly write a letter, much less a chunk of reading matter. In six weeks Ernest expected to finish the safari. Afterward he wanted to go down to the East African coast and fish. They planned to head for Pemba, Zanzibar, and the coast near Mombasa to try for the huge sailfish that Zane Grey had reported as running to tremendous lengths in that area.

In the next three weeks, Ernest got his lions, rhino and buffalo. He also got jolted, thoroughly and completely, by the dysentery. Dosed so heavily with quinine and emetine that he swore he couldn't make his head go properly, he began thinking out some of his best stories, and wrote a batch of mail to catch up with the correspondence that had finally reached the Nairobi address.

The shooting on the Serengetti Plain had been tremendous. Ernest was very fond of his .30-06 Springfield rifle. He had used it out West a good deal on elk and antelope. Now, shooting with heavier loads, he had successfully killed his two buffalo and all his lions with the same rifle. He had come to have tremendous faith in its accuracy and shocking power, even on the most dangerous African game.

By the time the shooting was finished in the highlands, Ernest and Pauline had persuaded Philip Percival to take a break from the dangerous game circuit where he was the expert, and join them for a few weeks of big-game fishing on the coast. There Charles and Ernest could be teachers instead of students and the entire party looked forward to it.

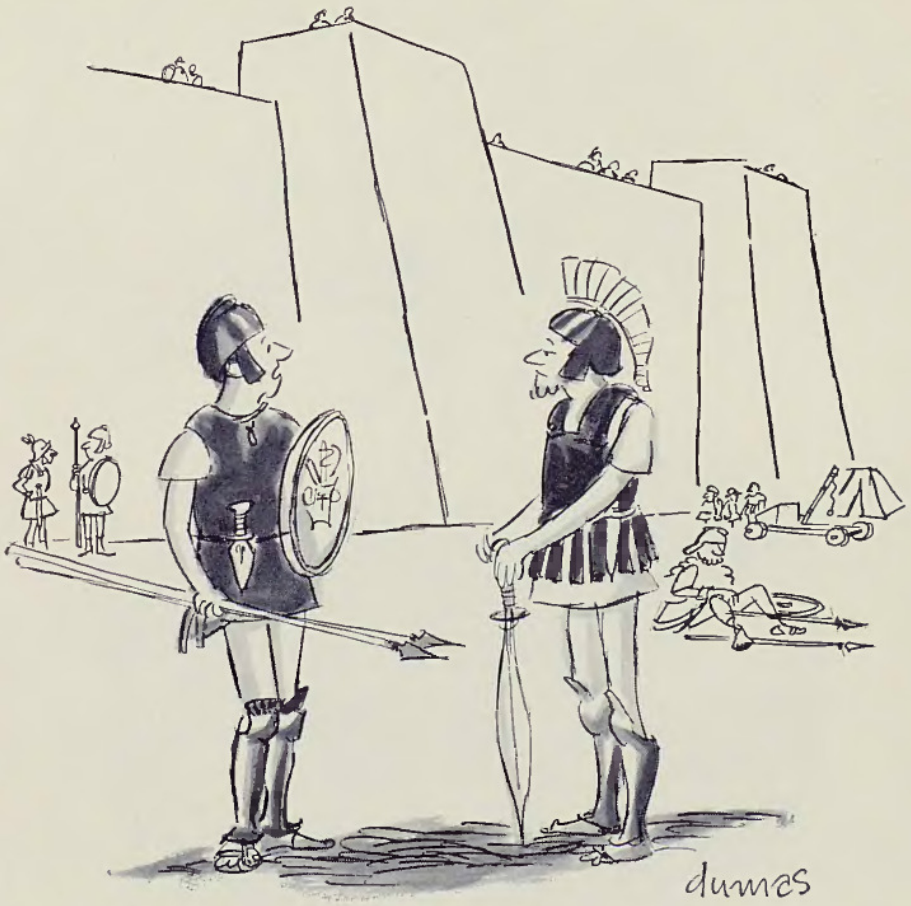
Catching the liner Gripsholm on its way back to Europe from a tour to India, the Hemingway party had an easy time. When the boat stopped at Haifa, they picked up Lorraine Thompson who had come to meet them. The big boat was fast and cool and had a swimming pool. In Paris again, Ernest developed his films, both still and motion picture, and sent away illustrations to *Esquire* with very specific instructions as to how certain pictures were to be run. He wanted to be sure that no hasty reader would get the impression that he had first photographed game and then killed it.

Writing candidly to Arnold, he said he hoped the new magazine was making money, because he personally was broke and it was a pain to be writing such good stuff and getting chicken feed for it. In these letters he was giving how-to information that had cost him many thousands of dollars to learn. Besides that, he was dreaming of getting the kind of boat he really wanted. Such a boat would cost $7000.

By the time the expedition returned to Key West early in April the good news was there as well. Arnold had sent a check for $3000 as an advance for the next 10 letters. With that and what he was able to raise elsewhere, Ernest put through his order with the Wheeler Company in New York to complete and deliver the fishing cruiser about which he had been dreaming for so long. He had discussed specifications with members of the Wheeler organization the year before and knew just what he wanted in the way of modifications.

Back in Key West, with the house running smoothly again, mainly through Pauline's management, Ernest immediately got down to serious writing. He was in what he called a "belle epoch." His creativity, held in check for so long while he savored each moment of suspense and action and the natural beauty of Africa, flowed abundantly again. He wrote steadily, expanding the notes he had made on the trip, to make chapters for *The Green Hills of Africa*. He also had the long novel in process that would be called *To Have and Have Not*. For it, he was studying Key West and its inhabitants much as he had already studied some of the Cuban people, as a friendly but accurate observer.

The new boat occupied his conscious thoughts once the working day was over. He rechecked measurements according to plans and continued making small changes until the final work was com-



"The whole thing is so stupid, really. Running around the countryside, fighting one war after another, and none of us with any pants on."

pleted. She was to be a standard 38-foot hull, planked with white cedar and framed with steam-bent white oak, with frames closely spaced. In the very bow there was a cockpit, useful for storing anchors and with its forward hatch providing access, as well as ventilation, for the forward cabin which was a double stateroom. Aft of that was a head, two bunks, and dinette that became a double bunk with galley and ice box just under the forward end of the deck cabin.

At the after end of the cockpit, Ernest had the stern cut down a foot to reduce the distance between the level of the sea and the height to which a fish had to be lifted to slip it aboard. Over the transom he had installed a gigantic wooden roller, more than six feet wide, to assist any big fish entering the cockpit.

Like most new boats, the Pilar was late for delivery. By the time she was ready and had reached Miami, I had managed to arrive in Key West in a small boat I had built in Alabama during the previous winter. With Al Dudek of Petoskey, Michigan, who had spent the winter in Florida, I had sailed her across the Gulf of Mexico in a passage of 23 days.

Later that week, Al and I were in the welcoming committee that saluted, whooped and blew horns as the Pilar entered the harbor, resplendent in her new varnish and gleaming black paint. It was the first boat Ernest had had since the Sunny on Walloon Lake.

The next day we both heard and saw what the Pilar could do. Heading out the ship channel with the morning breeze dappling the light blue water to the east, Ernest peered over the chart as he hadn't done for years. With his own boat under him and out on its first try at big fish, the situation had suddenly changed from almost a spectator sport, with others doing all the drudgery, to an intense effort, with all hands responsible for the safety and peak performance of the new vessel.

Pauline had come, too, and down below there were hampers of sandwiches, fruit, cold drinks, plenty of beer, ice, and even paper towels and napkins with which to keep everything looking new and unused.

It was a hectic day. We trolled the eastern dry rocks, and then down to Sand Key and the western dry rocks, and back again. We caught barracuda, grouper and an amber jack. But the big billfish were not to be found, and the expected excitement of the big chase and combat did not develop. Ernest was in no way disappointed. He had gained additional confidence in the feel of the boat, and he was very proud of how she handled.

"Ho, you mariners, look at this," he called from up forward. Then he swung the Pilar into a hard turn to starboard and then to port. Moving at homecoming speed, about 10 knots, we were thrown sharply over, first one way and then another. Everyone nodded in appreciation, glad that no one of us had lost his balance and gone overboard.

All the way in, Ernest was moving over the boat, checking for vibration, feeling temperatures, raising and lowering engine hatches, moving forward and aft along the deck combings so as to get the feel and sound of the boat running from every point on board. Several times in the following weeks he did the same things, when we were out at sea. When one or the other of us would ask what he was looking for, or hoped to find, he would say, "I want to know what she's like all over." He was learning in the very best way, through sensitive personal observation, just what the boat could do and how she reacted to different conditions of sea and wind, in moderate weather. Later his knowledge proved invaluable in handling the Pilar in foul weather. For no boat is so large or powerful that she can force her way anywhere. She must make her way, in the best manner possible, against superior forces when the sea and wind get tough.

Our fishing expeditions became a way of life many people dream of. Pauline came for a while, but then began staying ashore, realizing that Ernest was so involved with being captain of the boat and locating the fish that he was having damned little time to fish himself. That was less than ideal. Previously, it had always been the fishing that had given him the greatest personal satisfaction. Yet Ernest was taking such obvious delight in acting as host and champion fishing guide that his morning work continued to go well in the room over the little house in the back yard. His self-discipline was excellent and he explained to me his own private system of rewards late one morning just after we started out.

"Writing is damned hard work, Baron. If I get up early, and really produce, it gives me a feeling of reward to know you gents are down at the dock waiting to go fishing, and I will have the rest of the day out on the water with you. If I don't do so well, I know I won't enjoy the rest of the day as much either. The anticipation helps me do the best I can."

The trip home is often expected to be the dullest part of the day. But for me, that time was in many ways the most interesting. Ernest and I had some wonderful long talks during these return trips. That particular afternoon we got to talking about high school days and the writing we had both done for the *Trapeze*.

"What was really the first story you ever sold for dough?" I asked.

". . . We did what along with Mitch last night?!"

"That's a funny one," he grinned. "You know, nobody ever asked me that before. It isn't listed, because it happened before I'd put out a book. When I was working up in Toronto, another gent and I were sticking around late one night and we got talking. We made a bet on whether either of us could write a story in one hour that a current magazine would buy. Then we sat down and wrote our pieces. Both stories sold . . . but that was a market I wanted to skip."

After a moment, he gave me a gentle punch on the shoulder. "Of course that story didn't win any awards," he laughed, referring to an award I'd won in a national short-story contest while I was in high school. "Are you serious about wanting to be a writer, Baron?"

"Well, yes, I am," I said and felt suddenly self-conscious, because Ernest was studying me so intently.

"You've got a hell of a load ahead," he said finally. "Everything you do they'll say you're riding on my reputation. You know that, don't you?"

I nodded. "It came up, even in that contest thing. But the entries were all numbered. There weren't any names involved."

"I know, I know. It'll be even tougher, but you can't care too much what people say. You're a good observer. In this fishing, you've learned easily, but you've got a hell of a lot of learning to do — especially if you're going to skip college. You'll need to read a lot. You've read *Huck Finn*, haven't you? And Kipling and the long ones of Stephen Crane? You should study Tolstoy and Dostoievsky now, Joyce and the short stories of Henry James, De Maupassant and Flaubert — and *Madame Bovary*, of course. When you've finished those try Stendhal, and Thomas Mann's *Buddenbrooks*. We've got a lot of these up at the house. Borrow anything you like — but bring them back. I'm not giving my books away, even to a kid brother, understand?"

I understood.

"You ought to try for a newspaper job. That's the best way to learn to write fluently. But this is a rough year for getting a job on any paper. For the time being you might as well keep on sailing. You're learning a lot, but this stuff comes easily because I think you've got real love for it."

"Anything that makes me tremble inside is for me."

"Outside, too, Baron. Remember that first big fish? Try to remember everything about everything. When something gives you the emotional shakes, try to figure out exactly what it was that shook you and remember every detail of it so you can tell what it was. If anybody else is around, find out if they were shaken, too, and how much and why. The more sides you can see to anything, the more you know. Right now you're too worried about what other people think of you — because you're young, maybe. With luck you'll learn other people are mainly interested in the impression they are making. Anyway, forget about yourself and try to get inside other people more and to see things from their points of view.

"If you really want to write, Bo, then go ahead and write. The more you write, the more you learn about writing. It's the only way to learn. I'm not going to help you if I can avoid it. I've helped a lot of guys, and will again. But mainly it weakens them.

"Now, advice is different. Advice doesn't do anybody's work for him. With good advice you can save some time and effort. The hell of it is, you need judgment to know which is good advice. By the time you've got that, you can give your own advice."

One of the most exciting events that season was the afternoon of May 23, when Ernest boated the biggest Atlantic sailfish ever taken on rod and reel. The fish was not an official record because a guest had hooked it and fought it for the first 14 minutes. But it was a wonderful fight.

A sporting priest who was interested in Ernest's writing ability had come down to visit. He had a great fund of stories and Ernest and Pauline were delighted with him. He was immediately invited out for the morrow's fishing.

The day was one of those lazy openers, with a long, slow swell working and no wind. It was 2:30 P.M. when Ernest came down, after a long morning's work and a light lunch at the house. He explained that we were going out so as to give the priest whatever sport was possible.

We worked to the east and picked up 'cuda and grouper over the reef, but the Stream remained quiet until a few catspaws began darkening the water between the long, smooth swells. By 3:30 we had been through the additional sandwiches and half a case of beer, with new bottles icing all the time. Ernest liked to be well-equipped for hot days and could become lyrical on occasion.

"Sun and sea air, as they dry your body, make for almost effortless beer consumption. The body needs liquid of a nourishing kind. The palate craves coolness. The optic nerve delights in the sensation of chill that comes from its nearness to the palate as you swallow. Then the skin suddenly blossoms with thousands of happy beads of perspiration as you quaff."

The priest agreed. Talk continued on other edifying subjects. As we worked to the westward, the breeze finally came in. It was like turning a switch. Fish began leaping in the distance, birds were working over bait that surfaced, and suddenly the priest got a fine strike. Ernest was the only one who had seen the billfish come in.

"Maybe a marlin," Ernest said. "Slack

it to him. Count slowly and then after you reach 10, set your drag and sock it to him."

The Father was excited, but he knew the value of doing what he was told and followed instructions well. When he finally threw down the drag, Ernest was right there coaching. "Sock him once more, Father. Keep the tip high as he jumps."

Far off, it seemed 300 yards but may have been half that distance, a really big sailfish bolted out of the water and then went flip-flip-flipping along sideways on the momentum of his falling body.

"What a fish! What a beauty! Fight him, Father." Ernest was in there chanting advice every second. The priest was perspiring with the abandon of a sinner approaching the suburbs of Hell. Part of it was the excitement in Ernest's voice. Part was the feeling of being fairly hooked to a fish much longer than himself and that was in considerably better shape to conduct a test of strength and stamina.

Then the sailfish jumped again. In all he jumped 28 times, with some success if you counted his ability to throw off the remoras hanging on his underside. But he had no chance to fling the sharp hook out of his mouth.

"With all that jumping, he's filled his air bladder," Ernest said. "Now you'll have another good fight right on top. He can't sound on you."

We watched a rapidly tiring member of the clergy. The strain and the pouring perspiration were too much for a man unused to such violent exertion.

"Ernest, you must help me. I can't handle this fish any longer."

"Look . . . he's yours. He's a sailfish, not a marlin as I first thought. He may be record size. If I take over, the fish will be disqualified for any kind of record."

"But I can't go on," Father McGrath said. He made sideways motions with the rod and tried to get out of the chair.

Al and I felt for both of them right then. The priest was simply incapable of continuing what must have been the most thrilling sports event of his lifetime. Ernest had been frustrated beyond speaking because he was not holding the rod at the moment of such a magnificent strike. Now he was about to take over. But he knew the values had changed.

"All right," he said grimly. "We have to get this fish in, if only to get our tackle back."

Once he had taken over he was again caught up in the excitement.

"What a lovely!" He began to pump and work the fish around.

Ernest pumped the fish fiercely. He worked the big sail in close twice. "We're getting somewhere. Look at him come," he called out, reeling as fast as he could to recover the now-slack line.

It was true. The fish was swimming toward the boat of his own accord. It seemed great luck until the thing that every big-game fisherman dreads suddenly happened. Ernest recovered the last of the bellying line as the fish paused about 20 feet from our starboard side. Then it suddenly darted under the hull.

"He's changing sides!" I yelled.

Ernest acknowledged the fact with an unprintable but descriptive comment as he saw the line go under. Then he loosened the drag so more line could play out. "Now where is he?"

"The other side—about the same position." None of us knew then what sweat this was going to cause.

"Here, Al!" Ernest called. "Hang onto me. I'm going to pass the lines under the boat and try to keep the propeller from cutting us off. Tell me if the fish moves. Put her in neutral, Baron."

Ernest bent down low over the stern. Holding the rod in one hand, he made a long, curving sweep underwater and brought the tip up on the port side. Then he began to recover slack. The line was still whole. It had passed safely below the propeller. The big sailfish was still on, though very nervous. When he felt the pressure of the hook again, he spurted off on another long run.

"What absolute luck," Ernest said, wiping the sweat from his forehead. Then he was pumping again, steadily pumping, to get the fish headed around on a converging course with us. As we approached the fish, Ernest was warier while gentling him in. This time the fish's dark sail lay folded down in the dorsal slot. The living stripes along his sides flashed in the weaving distortion of the rising-falling surface water. He seemed to roll his big eye and hang there, just a little way beyond reach of the gaff. Then he was off again.

For another 20 minutes there was more sweat, though Ernest was working him in in the gentlest way. We were all wondering to what extent the line might have been nicked in passing under the boat.

Finally another chance came to get the fish and boat close together. The fish was winded, but still in fine condition. He seemed curious about the big, green underbody with the whining, churning spinner that had attached itself to him when he had mouthed a passing mullet.

This time when Al eased in on the leader, the fish came just enough closer. Snaking out with his big gaffing arm, he fought for control of the writhing, shuddering body and brought the big head in against the planking. We all eagerly grabbed along his bill and skinned our palms as we hoisted. In the cockpit, with the gaff removed, the big fish spattered himself furiously about until he was banged squarely on the forehead with the wooden persuader.

The sailfish was the biggest Ernest had ever seen, and he had far more experience than the rest of us. It measured over nine feet. Nine feet, one and three-quarter inches, as I remember. We didn't have any scales on board to weigh it, so we all became authorities. Each one of us believed it would tip the scales at over a hundred pounds.

Later that night, in front of eight witnesses and with tested scales, four hours after the fish had been caught, he was officially weighed in at 119½ pounds. His girth was 35 inches. Now, more than a quarter of a century later, this sailfish is still the largest ever taken in the Atlantic Ocean on rod and reel. The mounted body is on display in the Miami Rod and Reel Club.

The priest had to go back to Miami that night. In the morning there was a great commotion around the house. Ernest came down from his workroom to see what was causing the uproar. Pauline and the rest of us had just got the *Miami Herald*. There on page one, in the center, was a story on the taking of the new Atlantic record sailfish. It had been written by "Eye Witness."

"Now who . . ." Ernest mused, read on, and his eyes began to narrow. "Of all the . . . I wanted *him* to take the credit for the catch." But Ernest had certainly earned it, and the priest had had the last word.

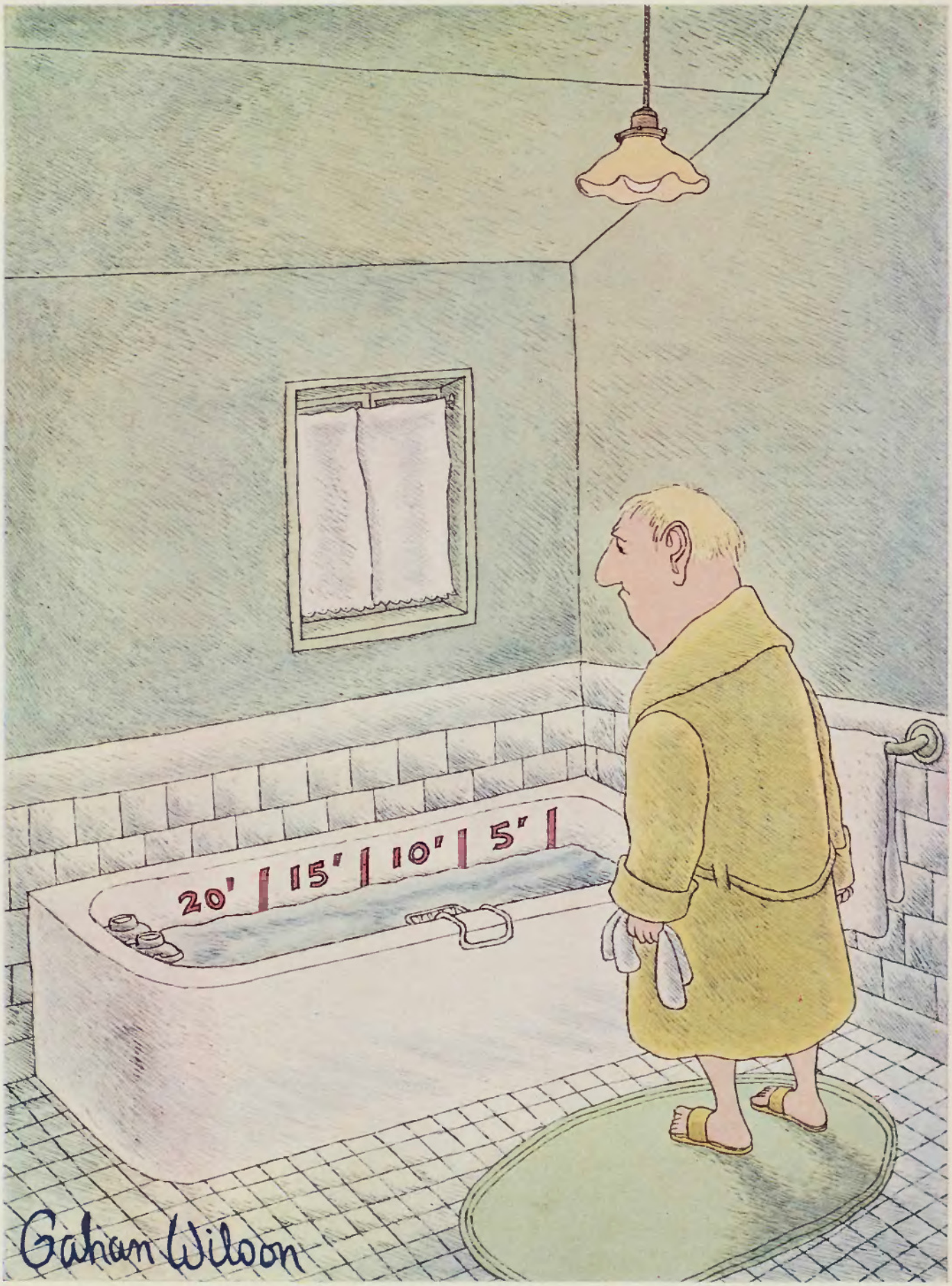
Ernest's morning work continued to please him. He was reluctant to change any part of the formula of his daily life, believing strongly that any change might mean an end to the luck of this "good era" of free-flowing prose.

By the middle of June, he was up to page 147 of a new book, *The Green Hills of Africa*. He had already done three rewrites, he said. The weather was fine, with weeks of steady easterly breezes in between calm spells. It was so cool in the evenings we had to wear sweaters. Though Ernest was feeling wonderful about his writing, he was beginning to experience a certain disenchantment with the fishing.

You could never predict what would happen in a day of fishing the Stream, the reefs, and sometimes the back channels, with Ernest as captain and fishing guide. He did some beautiful boat maneuvering the Sunday we took Lieutenant Jackson out. Jackson was commandant of the submarine base, as the Navy yard was known then. He was a fine sportsman. Out in the Stream he got a magnificent strike and lost pounds in minutes fighting the dolphin that had taken the bait. It was a bull dolphin with a forehead that bulged like a cartoon of a Washington bureaucrat, and it weighed more than 40 pounds, we found when we got back to shore hours later. From the first, the lieutenant knew he had a fish that could pull like a man, and maybe more so. In 20 minutes of fighting, he was panting, aching, and close to slumping out of the chair.

(continued on page 143)

"I'm terribly sorry, your majesty, but you haven't paid for the last girls yet."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Gahan Wilson

My Brother, Ernest Hemingway *(continued from page 140)*

Ever sympathetic with a game performance, Ernest took a hand. "The boat's going to help you, Lieutenant. I'll get ahead of the fish so he'll come right in toward you."

"Ernest, you've got to take the rod. He's going to . . ."

"Nonsense. Just give him the one-two, again and again."

"But I'm absolutely finished, I tell you."

"No you're not. You're going to land him if you just last the next couple of minutes. Look, he's easing our way now."

Ernest had worked the fish with the boat, kidding the lieutenant along in a masterful way to make him feel it was all over, though there was still some time to go. In the next few minutes, we did run so deftly to one side and throttle down so well that I gaffed the big dolphin with more luck than skill on the first try. He was almost six feet long, and had bred recently and thinned to ideal fighting shape.

On the way home, Ernest was garrulous with Scotch and I sensed that a peculiar kind of boredom was beginning to set in. Something was really eating him and he had to get it off his chest. He loved everything up to a certain point, and then nothing was any good any more. The old longing for Africa would set in and he would begin to realize how little he cared for what had been so important a few hours earlier. Because I took many notes in those days, I'm able to draw on them now.

"Listen, Baron," he began. "We've been learning plenty about sailfish out here in just the last few months. We get them much easier when we're trolling to the westward. That's because they're headed that way. And around these spots"—he indicated three areas on the chart—"we always get strikes. It's a matter of bottom, more than current, once you are out in the Stream. You can't fish the ocean blindly, any more than you would a mountain brook. I think they're headed to the westward to go through the Gulf between Rebecca light and Tortuga, the same way the tankers go to Tampico. We've caught more this summer than the guides did at that famous Florida fishing camp all last winter. It's a better feeding time, and we've begun to shape up as the crew of a real fishing machine." He patted the Pilar's cockpit side.

"She sure is," I agreed. "I just hope you don't get discouraged with the crew, or think of something else you'd rather be doing."

"I won't get discouraged with you, Baron, because you're eager and you really give a damn. But a lot of this is just stuff in a bucket compared to Africa. Out there I found what I was after."

"With dysentery," I said.

"Hell with the dysentery. I've got only this one life to live and by Christ I want to go where it interests me. I don't feel any romance for the American scene. It doesn't move me. It's that I just want to make enough dough now so I can go back to Africa. I've worked hard and written some good stories and will again—though last week there was a time when nothing was going well. I can talk about it now it's over. Now I'm going good again and it looks like I'll be a writer yet."

"Maybe you should have had Gertrude Stein aboard to show you how to fix things," I kidded him.

"Oh hell yes," he laughed. "That would have fixed things sure."

He paused for a few moments, then continued, "But I really did learn from that woman. And I learned from Joyce and Ezra Pound at the same time. Gertrude was a fine woman until she went so completely queer. She was damned smart until then. But then she began figuring that anybody who was any good was also queer. From there she got worse and convinced herself that anybody who was queer must also be good. But before she went way off, I learned a lot from her."

Ernest took a long swallow. "Sherwood Anderson was another one I learned from, but only for a short time. I learned from D. H. Lawrence how to describe country."

Ernest fell silent for a minute, just listening to the roar of the engines and staring out across the water. Then he said, "But Jeezus, that book Stein put out last year was full of malicious crap. I was always damned loyal to her until I got kicked out on my backside. Do you think she really believes she taught me how to write those chapter headings for *In Our Time*? Does she think she or Anderson taught me how to write the first and last chapters of *A Farewell to Arms*? Or *Hills Like White Elephants*, or the fiesta part of *The Sun Also Rises*? Oh hell. I talked the book over with her all right. But that was a year after it was written. I didn't even see her between July 21st when I started it, and September sixth, when it was finished.

"But what really burnt me was when she made out that I was fragile. Damnit, the only bones I ever broke in my life were when I was wounded in Italy, and when I fractured my arm that time the Ford turned over out West. These are the scars where they had to cut off the chewed-up meat. The surgeon had to notch the ends of the bones before he could splice them together. Old Gertrude can spot the fragile types all right."

There was another short silence. Then he added, "And for good measure she called me yellow. But you know . . . I'm still glad I was loyal, and kind, even after she stopped being a friend. You could say that last year was not my happiest, what with Stein and Max Eastman in the *New Republic*. But I wrote well anyway. I don't know. Maybe all that's part of why Africa feels so damned attractive right now." Ernest rattled the ice cubes in his empty glass. "Get me another drink, would you, Baron?"

By Bastille Day, the 14th of July, Ernest had more than 200 pages done on the new book and looked forward with tremendous eagerness to getting over to Cuba again. He finally headed for Havana on July 18. The mate of the car ferry went as navigator. The seemingly easy trip turned out to have hazards. Twice they overheated each engine through catching gulfweed in the water-cooling intakes. But they finally made it into Havana after nightfall.

Ernest performed some highly unusual feats that season. He took a 243-pound marlin in 29 minutes. Then he took a 130-pound striped marlin aboard in just three minutes, bringing the fish in green and still full of fight. "That fish would have taken me nearly an hour a couple of seasons ago," he said. Of the bigger one, he admitted, "It would have taken at least two and a half hours. They were fair hooked. There was nothing wrong with either fish. We just understand more about them, that's all."

Ernest had shown me some of the letters from readers in *Esquire* who doubted the veracity of his own material. I had seen what he was doing and knew that what he wrote was true. "Why are they like that?" I asked.

"They're the people who hear an echo and think they originated the sound," he said. "They hear or read somewhere I'm a phony and it's suddenly a fact in their minds. Like Heywood Broun branding me a phony on boxing. He probably got the idea from reading Gertrude Stein, and liked it. Then it became his idea. I'm getting plenty sick of this branding, and it probably hasn't even run its course as yet." Ernest took another swallow and added, "Young man, the only way I'm a phony is in the sense that every writer of fiction is: I make things up so they'll seem real. But you really know me, on fishing, on shooting, on boxing. Do I deliver?"

"Like nobody else."

"And we'll keep it that way, Baron. But I can't worry about branding—I have to get on with my book. This book is a chance to make some real money and that's good. Because money buys freedom. I've got a chance to go into business in Tanganyika. That would give the kids a chance to grow up out there . . . You've got to see it, too. I

haven't got time to worry about this branding crap. I've got to keep cracking on that book."

Ernest returned to Key West soon afterward for more provisions and to make business arrangements. He went back to Havana before the end of September to finish the final spurt of writing on *The Green Hills of Africa*. He had been doing 20 to 22 pages a day toward the end, though his usual production was about five pages daily. His handwritten script ran to 492 pages, and he planned to start another story the very next day.

The Cuban revolt early in February was a serious one. The government troops took more than 300 people out of the prisons, where they had been held briefly, and shot them. Ernest knew some of the people included in the firing party and was very glum.

Because of the Cuban revolt, Ernest decided to fish in Bimini the coming spring. The big fish were definitely on the south and east sides of the Stream and the British waters were much less disturbed by murderous politics. Ernest had heard there was a good hotel, and invited friends to come on down and see what it was like for themselves. Dos Passos was coming. Arnold Gingrich said he would try. The Masons planned to come up from Havana with their boat.

It was as these plans were shaping up that Ernest heard from Zane Grey, who had become in the early Thirties the most noted devotee of big-game fishing anywhere. Grey could certainly arouse interest in fishing and had whetted Ernest's own appetite for the sport in early years. But Grey's writing was very general compared to Ernest's pieces in *Esquire*, which contained countless practical tips on how, when, where and with what tackle to catch the various marvels of the deep.

In his letter, Grey asked Ernest to join him on a gigantic world fishing cruise. He thought they might make a motion picture out of it. Ernest was to furnish his name. Grey would raise the operating money and furnish the boat and thousands of dollars worth of tackle. Later they could make a series of personal appearances and split a minimum of half a million, he thought.

Ernest considered it one of the most ingenuous offers he had ever received. With some amusement he realized he had Grey worried about the records he so blandly claimed without first checking to find out if they were authentic.

The Green Hills of Africa had come out in England in April of 1935, and Ernest received copies of the *London Times* and *Sunday Times*, giving it columns of very favorable comment. "Over there you can write about the noncompetitive sports and they'll call it literature if that is what it is. Over here they see the subject matter and say 'you can't write seriously about stuff like that.' Over here you have to write about strikes or a social uplift movement or they don't even know if you can write," he said.

One evening in May, just before returning to the United States [from Bimini], Ernest found himself drawn into a heated argument with a man whose name he didn't know; it happened on the dock at Bimini.

The scene was dramatic. Ernest had come in from a day's good fishing, though he had no big fish to show for his effort. He'd fought something, probably a tuna, that had played deep and given him a tough couple of hours before it was cut off, probably by a shark. Ernest had headed in at sundown. By the time the guests were unloaded, the boat washed down and gear readied for the coming day, it was dark. On the dock there were only a couple of lights. Ernest told me about it afterward in great detail.

"Say, aren't you the guy who claims he catches all the fish?" Ernest heard the voice from the darkness, but he was unable to see the figure immediately. He was not sure he was the person addressed and he was wary.

Then the voice came again, louder. "Say, aren't you the guy who claims . . ."

"I catch my share." Ernest could make out a large figure wearing white shorts on the dock.

"Then why don't you bring in the proof? I suppose we're going to have to read all about some monster record you almost brought in today when . . ."

"Look, I don't even know your name, much less who your mother was."

"Leave my mother out of this. Let's just find out if . . ."

"If what? If you ever really had one? Let's ask the boys here."

There was a loud laugh from the circle of men who had come down to the dock as the interchange continued. The large figure seemed to set himself. "What I want to know is do you fake those pictures as well as . . ."

"You seem to be an expert on fakery. Maybe you just need another drink. Why don't you run along and get one?"

"Oh no. You brought up the subject of my mother. Now I want satisfaction and I'm going to get it, or I'll shame you off that deck. Someone said that you were yellow and now I'm going to find out." He set himself again, crouching like someone posing for a picture.

"Look," Ernest said, "you don't know me and you don't know what you're getting into. You're only talking big so you can repeat what you've just said to me up in New York, in front of your friends. Now that's a lot of ——"

"Trying to get out of it, eh? That's

what I figured you'd do. That's just what I figured."

Ernest was up on the dock in three barefoot leaps. His heckler lunged as he came up.

"I figured him for a mouthy drunk," Ernest told me later. "And I clipped him several good ones with my left, but he didn't go down. I couldn't understand it. He was sore and he'd been drinking, but he honestly didn't show it by his reflexes until that instant. Then he dived at me high, grabbing like a sloppy lineman, and seemed to be trying for a low blow. I hit him twice, hard, on the side of the head, and he barely let go. Then I backed off and really got the weight of a pivot swing into the old Sunday punch. He landed, and his ass and head hit the planking at the same time."

Ernest was worried about what he had done. Back in his room at the Compleat Angler, he showered and found he had ripped off the tops of two toenails on the dock. He told the friends he met for dinner about the fight, and was even more worried when the word drifted back that the man he had traded words and blows with was reputed to be Joseph Knapp, owner and publisher of *Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, American* magazine and others.

"That's what you call limiting your magazine markets," he observed. "That was the first bare-knuckle fight I've had since I was a kid. There must have been 60 people showed up finally — and no purse."

In spite of the wisecracks, Ernest was seriously worried that he might have hurt his opponent's head. At about four the next morning, Mr. Knapp's yacht, Storm King, left for Miami to get medical attention for its owner. There, Knapp was very fair about the whole incident. He told Captain Bill Fagan that he was sorry he had spoken out of turn and guessed he'd gotten what he deserved.

Ernest talked seriously about the formation of an official group to keep and pass on game-fish records. Later, this group became the nucleus of the International Game Fish Association, under the sponsorship of the American Museum of Natural History. In his fishing off the Cuban coast, Ernest had already taken ichthyologists from the Philadelphia Academy of Science out to study the habits of marlin in the Gulf Stream. And one species of fish, the *Neomarinthe Hemingwayi*, was named after Ernest, its discoverer.

During October and November, Ernest and John Dos Passos made two visits to New York, staying as guests of the Gerald Murphys. The Riviera home of the Murphys had for years been an open house for Dos Passos and other serious writers. Except for those trips, Ernest was hard at work in Key West on further chapters of *To Have and Have Not*, and was again working on short stories. It was a good winter of production. By the following April, he had completed several short stories, was on page 60 of a long one, and midway through the novel. Harry Burton of *Cosmopolitan* had come down to Key West to make a very large offer for the serial rights to his forthcoming novel, as well as offering record prices for his short stories.

The atmosphere aboard the Pilar that summer had a curiously memorable quality. Friends there at that time agree on several details. Ernest was often morose, and angry with himself more than with others. There were many temper flare-ups that were unpredictable.

A record player wound by hand was part of the ship's equipment that season. Some of the records that were played repeatedly still haunt members of the guest crew of 1936. They included *Experiment, Stormy Weather*, and a Jimmy Durante number about fixing a boat. Then there was "Ill wind, go away . . ."

Ernest had known for months, from the news reports, that conditions were getting rapidly worse in Spain. But the news dispatches of July 13, reporting the revolt of several Spanish generals against their elected government, were more than disquieting. Ernest knew what such men could do if their troops remained loyal. The news of the following days confirmed his judgment.

The Spanish War had begun.

That summer, however, Ernest was deeply committed to his writing schedule. *To Have and Have Not* had to be finished. He concentrated on getting the book done; but Spain was on his mind at the same time. Those early months of the Spanish War were a time of great production for him. But he managed to read the daily papers avidly, to observe and understand developments as soon as they had taken place. After each day's writing was done he talked endlessly with friends about the war. In December the novel was in final form. Then he was free.

In January he signed an agreement with John Wheeler, president of the North American Newspaper Alliance, which represented scores of the biggest daily newspapers in the United States. Ernest was to act as the news syndicate's war correspondent in Spain during the coming months on a handsome financial basis. He would receive $500 each for cable dispatches of from 250 to 400 words, and $1000 for mail dispatches of about 1200 words, with NANA securing exclusive rights for newspaper use.

This concludes the second installment in Leicester Hemingway's biography of his brother Ernest. The third installment will appear in February.

FINE ART *(continued from page 90)*

tain the rarity of the photograph it has been suggested that photographers print their work in specified editions and then destroy the negatives, just as printmakers generally destroy their plates. Photographs can be bought for less than $25 and for as much as $700, the top price announced for some studies of nudes by Irving Penn which were exhibited in a one-man show in a New York art gallery a couple of seasons ago.

Collectors are faced with almost unlimited choices from the new, the old, the antique. Modern art is just one item on the cultural shopping list. The sound of digging in some ancient ruin can be heard round the dealers' world. In the course of a day's roaming, one can rummage through selections of Egyptian amulets, Greek amphorae, Chinese ceramics and statuary, Japanese prints, Indian temple gods, Medieval tapestries, Renaissance *cassoni*, Alaskan totem poles, pre-Columbian effigies and African fetishes. Now and again some undiscovered artist of more recent vintage is plucked from obscurity (usually by another artist who feels something in common with his late tribesman). Whole periods sometimes become the rage. A good example is the period lumped under the heading of Americana, which Mrs. Edith Gregor Halpert, a dealer who specializes in this field, defines as art objects produced before 1850. This takes in everything from folk sculpture to weather vanes, which because of their abstract qualities are popular with collectors of modern sculpture. The days when an anonymous American primitive could be bought for as low as $100 are gone, however. Prices on such artists as William Harnett (1848–1892) have climbed as high as $25,000, but patient shopping may uncover a fetchingly humorous decoy for under $300 or a Shaker drawing that resembles a Paul Klee for a similarly modest sum.

Deciding whether to buy a specific work of art is a congenital difficulty of the novice collector. He may at first be drawn to subject matter, to the picturesque or sentimental qualities of a theme. It will probably be some time before he knows for certain what he likes. "Today's mistake may be tomorrow's masterpiece," says one dealer. On the other hand, today's mistake may be — a mistake. The new collector can put his judgment to a test, at small cost to his budget and his ego. Art lending services have been established by museums throughout the country as part of their educational programs. The principle behind them is simple: one may rent a work at rates determined by the value of the piece. If the customer decides to keep it after a brief period, the rental fees are applied to the cost. Purchase prices are reasonable, from less than $100 to $750. The 10-year-old Art Lending Service of New York's Museum of Modern Art carries a stock of over 500 paintings, water colors, drawings, small sculpture and prints representative of about 400 artists. Rental fees range from $5 to $35 for two months. The works are selected from a number of cooperating — meaning eager — galleries by members of the Museum's Junior Council, which operates the program. Works may also be purchased from certain museum exhibitions — like the Modern's New Talent shows or the Whitney Museum's Annual. Bull markets for "new talent" sometimes begin in these prestigious precincts.

In addition to galleries and museums, art auctions offer another source for the purchase of art. They are commonly of two kinds: the major auctions of large private collections and the auctions of the contents of houses where, once in a blue moon, an art "find" is uncovered. Bidding is usually done by dealers or by front men in the employ of museums or men of wealth; the bidding is fast and high and the scene is one the amateur collector would do well to avoid. Frequently, the auctioneers try to excite the gambling instinct and often succeed in unloading relatively worthless art objects and even forgeries on the untrained and the overexcited. If you do trust your taste and your temperament, there is one kind of auction worth your attention. This is the one given to raise money for some charitable cause in which the paintings are contributed by artists, galleries and collectors. Certainly, for the action and the purchasing potential they offer, at least one of these affairs is worth attending.

• • •

Modern art has reached a complicated crossroads today, with roughly three wide routes attracting the heaviest traffic.

One is the road that leads straight ahead — that is, abstract art itself, with its traditions deep in the artistic history of the century. Yet its most recent outcroppings are a compote of many splinter groups of which American abstract expressionism — a term invented by critic Robert Coates — has been the dominating force, the first American plastic art form to export influence rather than import it. Abstract expressionism, or "action painting," was described by the critic Harold Rosenberg in a now famous essay, *The American Action Painters*, as follows:

> The New American painting is not "pure" art. . . . The apples . . . had to go so that nothing would get in the way of the act of painting. . . . The painter no longer approached his easel with an image in mind. He went up to it with material in front of him. The image would be the result of that encounter. . . . What was to go on the canvas was not a picture but an event.

This text soon became gospel and the "events" that followed led Hilton Kramer, editor of *Arts*, to accuse Rosenberg of defining "a predicament as an instance of cultural heroism."

Abstract art abroad, insofar as it too is an "event," comes under such headings as *art informel*, *art autre* and *tachisme* in France, and *Spazialismo* in Italy. In all there is what Rosenberg describes as a "gesturing with materials," which varies from the free and even dripped application of paint by the late Jackson Pollock to equally unpremeditated "actions" by informalists (such as Jean Fautrier, who works up pasty little masses on small canvases) to the "spatialism" of Luco Fontana, who makes a few neat incisions in a blank canvas with a razor blade. In the last decade, after years of opposition to their work, the Americans Willem de Kooning, Franz Kline, Robert Motherwell, Philip Guston, Mark Rothko and Clyfford Still (and, of course, the late Pollock) have become world famous and the colossi of a movement that includes James Brooks, Milton Resnick, Adolph Gottlieb, Barnett Newman, Ad Reinhardt and Jack Tworkov. At the moment of its greatest affluence abroad, however, the movement has come in for renewed opposition at home. When *The New American Painting*, an exhibition devoted to abstract expressionism in America, returned to the United States in 1959 after a controversial tour of eight European countries, some critics declared that the day of reckoning for action painting was at hand. A sensation in Europe (despite an anguished plea — "Save me from the great string spider webs" — by an English critic), the exhibition, assembled for a final time in the Museum of Modern Art, seemed to some to be on the verge of committing to history an individualistic movement barely more than 15 years old.

Nevertheless, a so-called second and even third generation is actively attempting to continue the line of succession. Alfred Leslie and Michael Goldberg are joined by Joan Mitchell, Helen Frankenthaler and Grace Hartigan in following the explosive examples of their predecessors. But while they attack a canvas with the same physical wallop — Leslie works with broad dripping planes and strokes of color more than six inches wide, Mitchell sends trellises of smashed line lurching over the surface — they seem more aware of the painting as a picture than as an "event." Though the ladies don't care to be singled out as such, their prominence in the new wave emphasizes the almost refined sort of action painting that is typical of it.

Abstract art has been characterized by

(continued on page 153)

"All right, put that orchid back where it belongs!"

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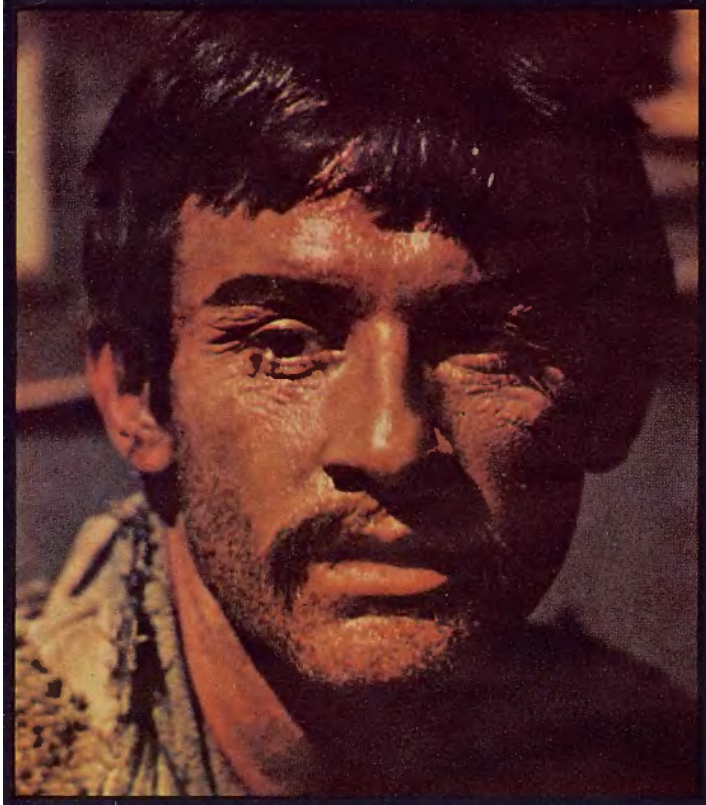

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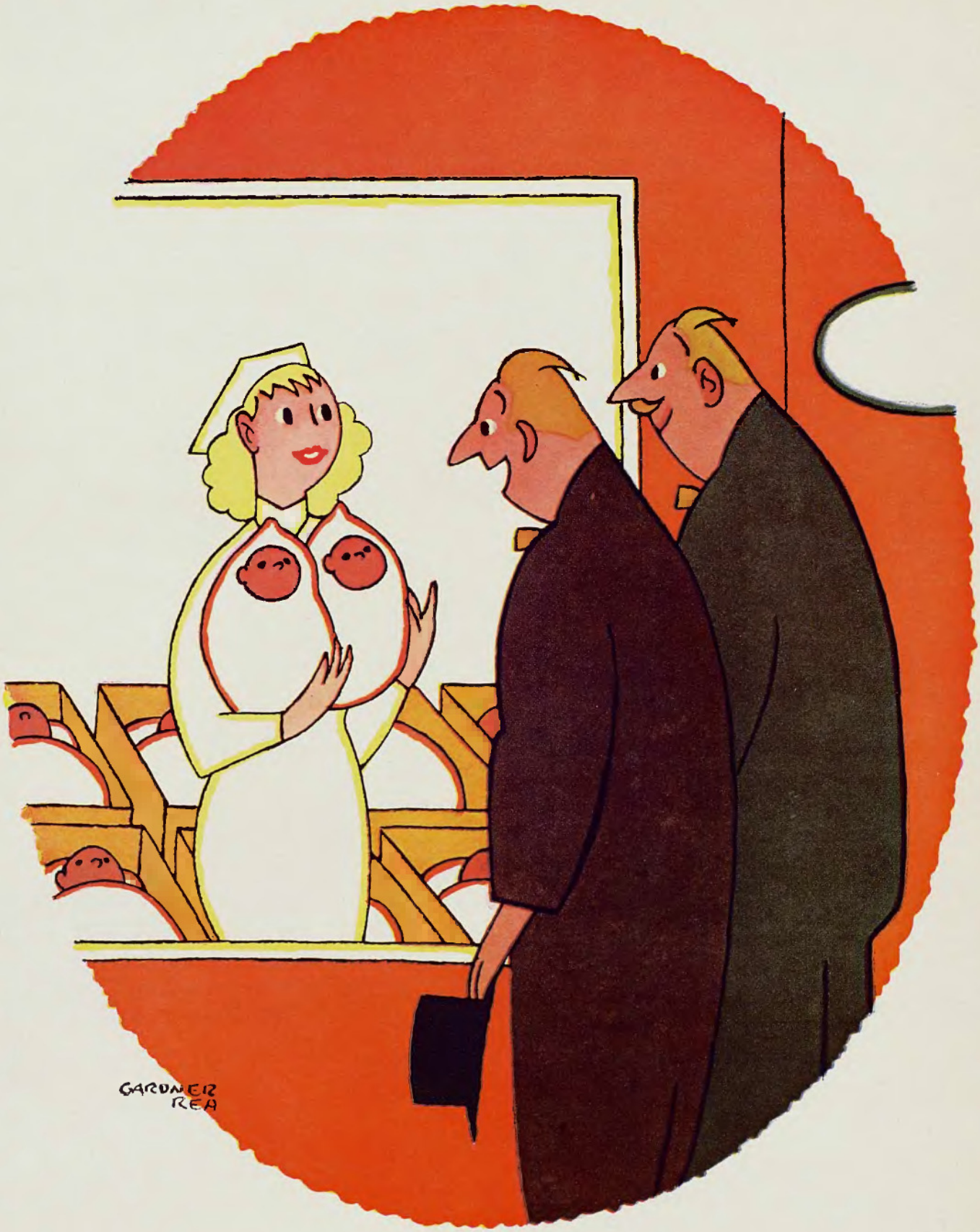

"Not bad for a shot in the dark, eh, Frisby?!"

its diversity of styles and schools, rapidly succeeding each other — among artists and collectors. In the last decade abstract expressionism has ruled the roost, but a style known as geometric painting has retained the loyalty of many artists and now seems to be emerging as the second avenue of escape from a hyperromantic era. Geometric painting is somewhat inaccurately regarded as "classic" with its emphasis on distinct shapes, primary color and a passion for order. Its purest form was that devised by Piet Mondrian, the Dutch artist who died in 1944 and is famed for his ascetic compositions of rectangles divided by black lines. Mondrian claimed few converts to his neoplasticism among American artists, most of whom were working on cubist models 25 years ago. Burgoyne Diller, the first American to attempt this "pure" plastic expression (around 1934) had his first one-man show in more than 10 years two seasons ago, and the revival of interest in this style may affect the fortunes of artists like Fritz Glarner, who have more or less remained faithful to the right angle. Josef Albers, who paints squares within squares of tonal color, is now in his 70s and has endured the vacillations of taste remarkably well, partly because his esthetic pedigree includes the internationally influential Bauhaus, whose faculty boasted Klee and Kandinsky. Interest has also been drawn to a group of artists, epitomized by Ellsworth Kelly and Myron Stout, who employ rounded shapes for which an English critic has invented the term "hard-edge" painting.

Modern art's third road is that of realism. As abstract expressionism has swarmed over the cultural landscape, knocking off museums and galleries one by one, in a campaign that goes back to the mid-Thirties, realism has lost the prestige value that the market rewards with high prices. (In 1940 a group known as the American Abstract Artists picketed the "reactionary" Museum of Modern Art, which today is first in line for the fruits of their revolution.) But the pendulum may be swinging back: in the spring of 1962 the Museum of Modern Art will devote a major exhibition to figure painting. Some of the new realists are not so new, having resisted the sirens of abstraction while exploring the free spaces of modern art in their own ways. Associated at least geographically with the New York School, a catch-all designation for the avant-garde spirit of the New York art scene, these artists have emerged as counterrevolutionaries in spite of themselves. Yet their realism is as varied as the "actions" of the abstract expressionists. Fairfield Porter's bleached and taciturn family scenes, portraits and cityscapes derive from Corot, Vuillard and Hopper. Leland Bell, on the other hand, attacks the figure again and again with loose ribbons of paint and translucent washes that never rest. Philip Pearlstein specializes in Roman ruins and the rocks of the Amalfi Coast.

Nothing has so dramatized the shift in modern American painting as the swiftly formed San Francisco School that has swept out of the West with a muscular realism which some observers have criticized as abstract painting in realistic guise. Despite their programmatic emphasis on the figure, the Bay Area realists tend to suppress precise detail beneath a rich lather of paint whose expressive qualities derive from abstract expressionism. When he turned from abstractions, David Park, an early San Francisco innovator who died in 1960, merely inserted chunky figures that seemed to catch at the viscous streams of paint. But Richard Diebenkorn and Elmer Bischoff have since polished up the style. Diebenkorn, who made his first big impact on the East in 1958, is not only the most influential painter of the group but is probably the most expensive younger painter (39) in the United States. His $900–$10,000 bracket exceeds the range of the most publicized new-wave abstractionists such as Leslie ($525–$7500) or Mitchell ($600–$4500) and easily outdistances the New York School realists, including Porter ($250–$2400) and Bell ($200–$1500). Diebenkorn's $900 painting — there was only one in his exhibition last season — measured about 8 by 6 inches. (The larger prices sound impressive — they are meant to — but how much work is actually sold at these prices remains a gallery secret.)

The eccentric expression of a group of way-out artists known as neo-dadaists is also currently in vogue. Exploiting the current appetite for anything "new" or "different," the neo-dadaists, like their namesakes of 1917, make a work of art with anything that comes to hand — ties, stamps, dolls, buckets and even more peculiar objects. Some recent productions have been wired for sound, blinking lights and absurd movement. The Swiss artist Tinguely, who dropped leaflets from a plane over the city of Düsseldorf, Germany, some years ago, advising the residents that "immobility does not exist," produced a giant machine that was designed to destroy itself (in the garden of the Museum of Modern Art in New York) — and failed; he has also developed machines which "paint" abstract pictures when set in motion. Robert Rauschenberg, a young American, has wrapped an automobile tire around a stuffed angora buck. Rauschenberg's friend, Jasper Johns, is considered by some a neo-dadaist because of his eccentric subject matter — numbers, flags, targets and fool-the-eye sculpture of books, light bulbs and beer cans; others consider him an underground realist. But while this neo-dadaist revival may be ushering in the electronic era of modern art, it constitutes only one of the more manic aspects of the contemporary scene. (A Parisian named Yves Klein coats a model with paint, then has her roll around on the canvas according to his directions. Print collectors take note.)

Sculpture, having remained largely aloof from the palace revolutions of the day, is gaining for itself a reputation as the most solid citizen of abstract art. Sculpture calls for hard physical labor and technical skills that can't be faked, and the materials involved are usually expensive. Abstract sculpture runs largely to open-form welded metal constructions (as opposed to the solid statuary of old), though direct carving and bronze casting are making a substantial comeback. Welding has lightened the monumental works of David Smith and Reuben Nakian, two elder statesmen of the modern movement, and on the whole, abstract sculpture has retained its experimental vigor, using scrap metal (very popular now), scrap wood and plaster. In another, quite different category are the serpentine loops of highly polished stainless steel of precisionist José de Rivera, an artist of the older generation that includes Herbert Ferber and Ibram Lassaw. At 61, Louise Nevelson has scored an astonishing success with her bizarre wooden constructions that cover entire walls, while Peter Agostini has overthrown more conventional modeling for direct casting in plaster of virtually any object — including plungers, light bulbs, crumpled paper and buckled pieces of sheet metal. James Rosati, who was the subject of two feature articles published simultaneously in *Arts* and *Art News* in 1959, produces work that has a Brancusi-like simplicity. Raoul Hague's reputation, founded on a sculpture of stocky, organic forms, seems to grow in proportion to his absence from the exhibition rat race. Among younger sculptors, abstract expressionism has infiltrated the work of John Chamberlain, who twists scrap metal into masses that resemble demolished automobiles. Chicago's young Richard Hunt has attracted attention with the expressively organic character of his bulbous and tentacular metal figures.

Interestingly, modern sculpture has admitted the human image without a fuss, or at least without the fanfare that has attended its inroads into abstract painting. But by avant-garde standards, the representational sculptors have been most reactionary, concerned with human and spiritual values for the sake of something besides art. Leonard Baskin's bald, gimlet-eyed, slightly paunchy men are both heroic and anxious. William King exorcises the demon of conformity with a man in a gray sheet metal suit, while the redemptive aspects of faith are explored in the religious subjects of artists like Jack Zajac.

No categories, however arbitrary, are

broad enough to contain the various eruptions of the modern style. Abstract expressionism, for instance, includes the mangled figures of a de Kooning and the looming color masses of a Rothko. No "ism" will hold Lee Bontecou, who constructs volcanic-looking objects with canvas and wire that are neither paintings nor sculptures, or the strong many-materialed collages of Chicago's Harry Bouras, or H. C. Westermann, whose spooky toy houses and gingerbread idols constitute a nightmarish comment on the morals and mores of the modern world. The realists themselves come in more than 57 varieties. Larry Rivers paints a half-realistic, half-abstract idea that could be called semiabstract, as could the paintings of two highly respected older artists, Balcomb Greene and Milton Avery. Finally, such perennial favorites as Morris Graves and Jack Levine, the former a nature-mystic, the latter a social realist, indicate the broad perimeter of the battle between revolution and tradition in modern art.

The effects of all this esthetic turmoil on the investment picture remain to be seen. There is talk that the investment opportunities of abstract expressionism have been, if not exhausted, noticeably diminished by the high starting prices. The lowest price for a de Kooning, if one were available, would be between $3000 and $4000. One collector has reportedly put a $200,000 price tag on his mural-sized Pollock, while another was offered $10,000 for a Pollock which measures about 36 by 28 inches. In 1940, Franz Kline painted 10 large canvases for a Greenwich Village bar for five dollars per painting and materials; his large works are now among the most expensive in the world. Even some museums have been forced to buy on the installment plan, and the feeling seems to be growing that modern art, especially by younger painters, is pricing itself out of the market. One dealer predicts that the moment of truth will come when their work hits the auction circuit in large numbers. For the time being, the bidding on younger abstract expressionists is largely in the speculative stage, with collectors gambling on the hope that one may turn out to be a goose that produces golden eggs. (Paintings may be bought directly from an artist at less than gallery price, if he does not mind violating his contract with his dealer.) No living American abstract painter today commands the prices of less glamorized but more popular artists, such as Andrew Wyeth, who received the highest sum ever given for a painting by a living American — $35,000, paid last year by the Philadelphia Museum for the highly representational *Ground Hog Day*. In addition, modern European masters continue to be the big drawing cards in the auction market. A Cubist *Composition* by Braque, now 79, was knocked down for $145,000 at an auction of modern work in April of last year, a sale that netted $871,850 through bidding via closed-circuit television from New York to audiences in Chicago, Los Angeles and Dallas. (When Degas was asked how he felt about one of his paintings bringing $100,000 at auction, he replied, "Just as the horse that has won a race feels when a beautiful cup is given to the jockey.") An indication of what abstract art (by established names) is bringing at auction can be drawn from the $11,000 and $9000 paid in 1960 for paintings by Hans Hartung and Pierre Soulages, two French contemporaries of our older abstract expressionists, neither of whose works had previously been sold in New York at auction. The shock waves created by auction prices spread rapidly through the market. Commenting on the galleries' record 1959–1960 season, Leslie A. Hyam, president of Parke-Bernet Galleries, a leading New York auction house, noted a general rise in prices over the previous season of at least 20 percent.

The rise has taken many artists along with it, artists who could be bought cheaply two or three years ago. A painting by Fairfield Porter comparable to one that cost $300 a few years ago now costs $750. In less than two years the prices of Lee Bontecou's constructions soared from $250–$900 to $500–$3000. Once a really hot prospect turns up, the price levels shift crazily. Take the case of 30-year-old Jasper Johns. Three years ago the Museum of Modern Art purchased three works from John's first one-man show. Let a museum place its imprimatur on a work, and collectors react as though they had just had cataracts removed from both eyes. Johns was an immediate success and his high price now runs well upward of $5000. Similarly eight of young (24) Frank Roth's paintings were sold before the opening of his first one-man show in 1960 — three to museums. His price range is now $1400 to $3000. Jan Muller, who died in 1958 at the age of 35, once sold paintings for as low as $50. Now his paintings begin at "not under" $1000.

Dealers advise the young collector to search out the comers. "If you want to make money," one said recently, "there's a great group of partially recognized talent to choose from." For what it's worth, the writer went on to list Miles Forst, Alfred Leslie, George Segal, John Grillo, Wolf Kahn, Mary Frank, Alex Katz and Richard McElroy — a mixed bag that includes both representational and abstract painters and a single sculptor, Mary Frank. Noted art critic Clemont Greenberg recently picked out two Washington, D.C., abstractionists, Morris Louis and Kenneth Noland, as "the best *new* Americans working today." Usually an artist over 35 is difficult to promote as "promising," that enticing adjective for collectors who want to get in on the ground floor. But this situation may be changing in a market that shows need for fresh blood.

In pushing the newer artists, dealers generally try to follow the rule put so succinctly by *Fortune* magazine years ago: "To arrive at prices high enough to create prestige but low enough to sell pictures." Since prices on a given painter go by size rather than quality, dealers are saved from the potentially embarrassing need to make value judgments — though, by some coincidence, they invariably admire the works they handle anyway. Some dealers reason that the average collector feels that a low price is an indication either that the work is inferior or not in demand — which in their minds come to the same thing. (Big taxpayers who buy paintings to contribute to museums at increased evaluations and claim the deductions — a practice now being looked into by the Justice Department — prefer higher prices.) The master art salesman of them all, Sir Joseph Duveen, who stocked many a millionaire's private collection at the turn of the century, used the high price psychology himself. He would tell a difficult client, "You can get all the pictures you want at $50,000 apiece — that's easy. But to get pictures at a quarter of a million apiece — that wants doing."

Last season one dealer's client balked at what he considered too steep a price for a painting by a well-known living American artist, now on in years and with a Whitney retrospective exhibition behind him. Whereupon the man's wife chided him, "But aren't you *glad* the prices are rising?" She understood that for the moment at least, the high price was an infallible index of both investment value and prestige. The price in question was a mere $2500 or so, but the lady was thinking like Duveen.

Works of art are as individual as fingerprints. Each is one of a kind; each in its own way is unique. But some are masterpieces, and as such they are "priceless." True, some may be had for a price — say, the $970,000 Andrew Mellon paid for Raphael's *Cowper Madonna*, but while such a figure indicates the extent of the fascination the work has exerted over the minds of men, it does not tell anything about the work of art. The collector who is an investor — and one suspects that his type predominates — cannot be immune to the esthetics of his inventory; his profits depend on it. He may, in fact, be more discerning than the tyro who buys out of love. But for love or money, art cannot be described nor its meaning bared. They are the unknown qualities at which the present can only guess and which history must finally approve.

COURTING *(continued from page 59)*

Thank You, Jeeves, on it. *Thank You, Jeeves*, in case you don't know, begins as follows:

> *I was a shade perturbed. Nothing to signify, really, but still just a spot concerned. You couldn't have said that the brow was actually furrowed, and yet, on the other hand, you couldn't have stated absolutely that it wasn't. Perhaps the word "pensive" about covers it.*

And when I got as far as that I thought I would turn back and play the thing over to hear how it sounded.

It sounded too bloody awful for human consumption. Until that moment I had never realized that I had a voice like that of a very pompous schoolmaster addressing the young scholars in his charge from the pulpit in the school chapel, but if this contraption was to be relied on, that was the sort of voice I had. There was a kind of foggy dreariness about it that chilled the spirits. It stunned me. I had been hoping, if all went well, to make *Thank You, Jeeves* an amusing book — gay, if you see what I mean — rollicking, if you still follow me, and debonair, and it was plain to me that a man with a voice like that could never come within several million light-years of being gay and debonair. With him at the controls, the thing would develop into one of those dim tragedies of peasant life in the Arkansas mountains which we return to the library after a quick glance at page one. I sold the machine next day, and felt like the Ancient Mariner when he got rid of the albatross.

My writing, if and when I get down to it, is a combination of longhand and typing. I generally rough out a paragraph or a piece of dialog in pencil on a pad and then type an improved version. This always answers well unless while using the pad I put my feet up on the desk, for then comes the reverie of which I was speaking and the mind drifts off to other things.

I am fortunate as a writer in not being dependent on my surroundings. Some authors, I understand, can give of their best only if there is a vase of roses of the right shade on the right spot of their desk, and away from their desk are unable to function. I have written quite happily on ocean liners during gales, with the typewriter falling into my lap at intervals, in hotel bedrooms, on trains, in woodsheds, in punts on lakes and in the Inspecteur's room at the Palais de Justice in Paris at the time when the French Republic suspected me of being a danger to it. (Actually, I was very fond of the French Republic and wouldn't have laid a finger on it if you had brought it to me asleep on a chair, but they did not know this.)

Writing my stories — or at any rate rewriting them — I enjoy. It is the thinking them out that puts those dark circles under my eyes. You can't think out plots like mine without getting a suspicion from time to time that something has gone seriously wrong with the brain's two hemispheres and the broad band of transversely running fibers known as the *corpus callosum*. It is my practice to make about 400 pages of notes before I start a novel, and during this process there always comes a moment when I pause and say to myself, "Oh, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown." If any good mental specialist could have read the notes I made for my last one — *The Ice in the Bedroom* — he would have been on the telephone urging men in white coats to drop everything and come and slap the strait jacket on me before he was halfway through.

The odd thing is that, just as I am feeling that I must get a proposer and seconder and have myself put up for the loony bin, something always clicks and after that all is joy and jollity. I shall have to rewrite every line in the book half a dozen times, but once I get my scenario set I know it is simply a matter of plugging away at it.

To me a detailed scenario is, as they say, of the essence. Some writers will tell you that they just sit down and take pen in hand and let their characters carry on as they see fit. Not for me any procedure like that. I wouldn't trust my characters an inch. They have to do just what the scenario tells them to, and no funny business. It has always seemed to me that planning a story out and writing it are two distinct and separate things. If I were going to run a train, I would feel that the square thing to do was to provide the customers with railroad lines and see that the switches were in working order. Otherwise — or so I think — I would have my public shouting, as did the lady in the old English music-hall song:

> *Oh, Mister porter,*
> *What shall I do?*
> *I want to go to Birmingham*
> *And they're taking me on to Crewe.*

Anyone who reads a novel of mine can be assured that it will be as coherent as I can make it — which, I readily agree, is not saying much, and that, though he may not enjoy the journey, he will get to Birmingham all right.

PROPOSITION *(continued from page 85)*

ridiculous pompousing it up with no pants on."

They laughed. The phone rang. His office.

"You better get down here," advised his researcher.

"Why?"

"Baldy's going to kill the whole column and ——"

"What?!" he yelled.

"What is it?" she asked, alarmed.

"— and run one of your fillers," continued the office.

"Why?"

"Policy."

"Policy my ——"

"What is it?" she asked again, insistently.

"Wait a second," he said to the phone. "Trouble," he said to her.

"Serious?"

"— going to be," he said. "If that pinhead wants a showdown ——" He spoke to the office. "I'll be right down." He hung up and strode out to the small room which he used as a combination study and dressing room. She followed him, upset.

"Does it have to be tonight?" she asked.

"He wants to kill my Supreme Court piece."

"What about getting him on the phone?"

"— hell with that. He's always brave on the phone. I've got to get him by the scruff and check personally with The Old Man. If I lose there, OK, I lose."

"But what about ——?"

"I'll drop you, and get back there soon's I can. You can explain to Madeline. Hell, she'll understand."

"*I* don't."

"Yes, you do, baby."

He was muttering to himself when she left him.

The showdown took longer than he had planned. Baldy stuck to his guns. The Old Man could not be reached by phone. After a while, he decided to change tactics and began wheedling. No use. Threats. No. Finally, the paper was put to bed without the piece.

He felt suicidal.

Coffee was being served when he reached the dinner party, but she did not appear to be there. He sought out the hostess.

"Just in time," said Madeline.

"Where's ——?"

"She left about 10 minutes ago. I told her to go. She was awfully pale. Worried about you, I expect. What is it, anyway?"

"Tricks of the trade," he replied. "— be all right. I think I'll blow."

"Don't you want to meet the great Monsieur ——?"

"Some other time, Maddo. I'm worried about my girl."

"You kill me," said Madeline. "The two of you. Worrying about each other."

"What's wrong with that?" he said, with some heat.

He kissed Madeline's cheek, and left.

As he came into the flat, he shouted her name. No answer. He went into the bedroom and stopped, stunned, as he saw her lying face down on the bed, fully clothed except for shoes, and sobbing.

"Baby?" he cried.

She turned over, struggled to her feet, and came at him with a rush, almost knocking him off balance. She clung to him, tightly; more tightly.

Finally, he said, "Ouch."

She released the pressure, but continued to weep.

"It's all right, baby. Please. It isn't that important. I'll be all right."

She stepped away and looked at him. He would not have believed that this great beauty could ever have looked so repulsive. Her face was contorted, her lipstick smeared, her mascara a mess.

"What?" she croaked.

He moved to her.

"I shouldn't have taken it so big, darling — or given you the impression that ——"

"What are you talking about?" she moaned. "You don't know what you're talking about!"

The up and down of her voice revealed that she was out of control. He stood, helplessly, looking at her as she returned to the bed, and sat down on its edge.

"What is it?" he asked. "What happened?"

"Nothing much," she whispered, bitterly. "Only the worst thing that's ever happened to me in my whole life!"

"What, for God's sake?"

"*You* wouldn't care."

"What is it?"

"Let me go to a — by myself — and put me in a position where — Oh, God!"

He went to her, lifted her face to his, and asked, sternly, "What happened? Come on, now!"

She wrenched her face away. "What's the good? Too late now. It's done."

He waited.

She leaned over, put her face in her hands, and began a blurted account.

"Everything was all right at first — he was charming and said how well I spoke French and all that and — well, that was at first — but at dinner, I was next to him, on his right — and — well, I could hardly believe it — when I felt my knee being pressed — no — my thigh, really — I may as well tell it all, the truth — and I looked at him ——"

"Holy God," he said.

"Wait a minute! And he smiled — no, leered — so I just gave him my worst look and I turned away and started talking to Bennett, he was on my right — but once in a while I'd feel myself being touched — and rubbed — I didn't know what to do — scream or make a scene or what — so I stood it until after dinner."

"Think of that," he said.

"Then we went upstairs — I mean the girls — with Madeline, and I thought of telling her — but I didn't. When we went down — I tried to sit apart somewhere and wait for you — you *would* pick tonight to ——"

"I didn't pick any ——"

"And all of a sudden, there he was, sitting next to me! And very softly he said about how he was rich as they said but only in money and not in what mattered and how he would exchange — and then he said if — he said if ——" She shivered and was silent.

"*What*, for Christ's sake?"

"— just if I could manage one night for him — he'd give me a hundred thousand dollars!"

"A hun ——!"

"Or even one afternoon. I couldn't even *move*, I was so petrified — and he just sat there smoking and smiling — and then he said the whole thing over in French — and I wanted to hit him or die or tell everyone and you weren't there and — well, finally Madeline came over and said did I feel all right because I looked so pale and I said I had to go and he offered me his car and I said no and he tried to kiss my hand but I pulled it away and he said Waldorf Towers — and I ran and ran and a cab and I went to your office and you'd just left and ——" She stopped and wept.

All at once, she was aware that he had said nothing. She stopped crying and looked up. He was no longer there in front of her. She turned to find him standing at the window. He still wore his hat and overcoat and was staring out of the window, deep in contemplation.

(Here there is a single divergence: She says that she heard him mutter the words, "Tax free," but he does not remember saying anything. From here on, however, the stories agree once more.)

She picked up a silver cigarette box and threw it at him. It missed him, but shattered the window. He turned. She came to him and struck him in the mouth with her fist. His lip cracked and bled profusely, but the more serious injury was done to her hand.

Half an hour later, after she had bathed his lip, and dabbed it with mercurochrome; after he had first-aided her knuckles with penicillin ointment, and bandaged the hand — he poured out half a tumbler of Scotch for each of them, and they used it to wash down a Nembutal apiece. Then they went to bed. They woke nine hours later, kissed, and have never mentioned the incident since. To one another, that is. They *both* told it to *me*.

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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

THERE ARE A DANDY NUMBER of choice locales where — in March — you may escape the drear tag end of winter, in surroundings both stimulating and unique. For example, a jaunt to the Canary Islands will prove amply rewarding, not only for the customary island attractions of a prodigal sun and uncluttered beaches, but for the Canaries' own unpublicized natural beauty. On Lanzarote you can journey into the volcanic interior on the back of a camel, passing through the black-loamed vineyards surrounding Fire Mountain to the iridescent blue-green underground pools in the Cuevas de los Verdes and the Jameo del Agua, and thence to the black volcanic beach of El Golfo, an otherworldly lagoon in an extinct crater.

In contrast to the dark opal simplicity of Lanzarote, nearby Tenerife is alive with color: red and violet bougainvillaea cascade over white walls, lush groves of orange trees and date palms abound, and ocher cliffs loom above the intensely blue sea. Spots to stay here are the Hotel Mencey and the luxurious Spragg Pension. While casing the Canaries, don't fail to tarry at Gran Canaria, where you may witness wrestling matches and cock fights in the shade of 1000-year-old dragon trees, and attend a *romeria*, a village dance and picnic featuring peasants in brilliant garb who prance to a combo of flute, castanets and drums.

March is also a timely month to pay a visit to Puerto Rico for the wide variety of musical and theatrical events found throughout the island. The Puerto Rico symphony orchestra will be winding up its third season with a series of outdoor performances on the tree-lined plazas of Guayama, San Juan, San Sebastián, Ponce and Mayagüez, and prize-winning Puerto Rican dramas and ballets will be presented at the old Tapia Theater in San Juan as a highlight of the fourth annual Puerto Rican theater festival. Entertainment of a less cerebral nature is also available in the lively hotel-and-supper-club circuit of the Condado area. For lodgings *muy excelente* in San Juan, we nominate the recently opened El Convento, a former 17th Century Carmelite convent, which has been converted into a 115-room hotel; for $25 to $35 you can acquire a lavish double with entry overlooking the newly constructed swimming pool.

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- 2 teaspoons pure orange extract
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- 6 oz. fresh lemon juice
- 4 oz. Hiram Walker's Blackberry Liqueur

In mixing bowl, mash thin orange peel in sugar. Add strained orange and lemon juice. Stir until sugar dissolves. Add Canadian Club, Hiram Walker's Blackberry Liqueur, orange extract. Season in refrigerator 4 hours. Remove peel. Pour over block of ice in punch bowl. Serve in punch cups with thin slices of orange.

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