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OCTOBER 60 cents

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RUARK (right) and friend

PLAYBILL WITH A MODICUM OF PRIDE, we introduce in this issue *Little Annie Fanny*, an adult satire strip devoted to the misadventures of a delightfully dizzy damsel in dishabille. The maddest spoof we've seen since the first issues of *Mad* magazine, Annie was created, appropriately enough, by *Mad*'s originator, Harvey Kurtzman, and original illustrator, Will Elder. In this first episode, li'l Annie pans in on the Freudian format of TV commercials. In future issues, she'll bust into big business, politics, and any other area of human — or inhuman — activity worthy of satire.

Satire no less sprightly but a bit more biting comes *From the Back of the Bus*, a collection of black-and-white photos on black-and-white problems pointedly posed and capriciously captioned by that standout of stand-up comedians, Dick Gregory, whose mercurial career was launched in Chicago's Playboy Club. Gregory was by no means the first hip humorist to get a PLAYBOY push: The first national magazine features on Jonathan Winters (November 1955), Mort Sahl (June 1957) and Lenny Bruce (February 1959) all appeared within these covers. We were also the first to review the Compass Players (Mike Nichols, Elaine May, Shelley Berman, et al.) and the first to feature the impromptu players of Chicago's Second City. Further, Bob Newhart made his first national television appearance on *Playboy's Penthouse* — but none of the social satirists has moved faster than Gregory, as our preview of his forthcoming book, *From the Back of the Bus*, abundantly demonstrates. Paint-

GALLICO

GREEN



ing his prose on a brilliant background of the Côte d'Azur, famed novelist Paul Gallico makes his first showing in PLAYBOY this month with a masterly portrait of *The Picture Thieves*, whose bold burglaries bear a striking resemblance to the actual art abductions which have plagued his rich Riviera neighbors in recent seasons. Although his soaring war story, *The Snow Goose*, has overshadowed his dozen-odd novels and screenplays, Gallico says he considers his best book to be *Love of Seven Dolls* from which the movie *Lili* and Broadway musical *Carnival* nimbly sprang.

With *The Gentleman's Hunting Arsenal*, we welcome back to PLAYBOY world-roving Robert Ruark, whose latest novel, *Uhuru*, returns to the scene of the bloody Mau Mau crimes witnessed in his best-selling *Something of Value*. Between books, Bob wields his own arsenal in pursuit of the game of five continents.

Returning to civilization — and you'll be well suited for it with Robert L. Green's handsomely assembled *Fall and Winter Fashion Forecast* — you find this issue of PLAYBOY as brightly hued with fact, fiction and femininity (from our cover shot of Playboy Club Bunny Bonnie Jo Halpin to an eight-page look at *The Girls of London*) as October's fiery foliage. Leaf through and see.



ELDER (top) and KURTZMAN

PLAYBOY



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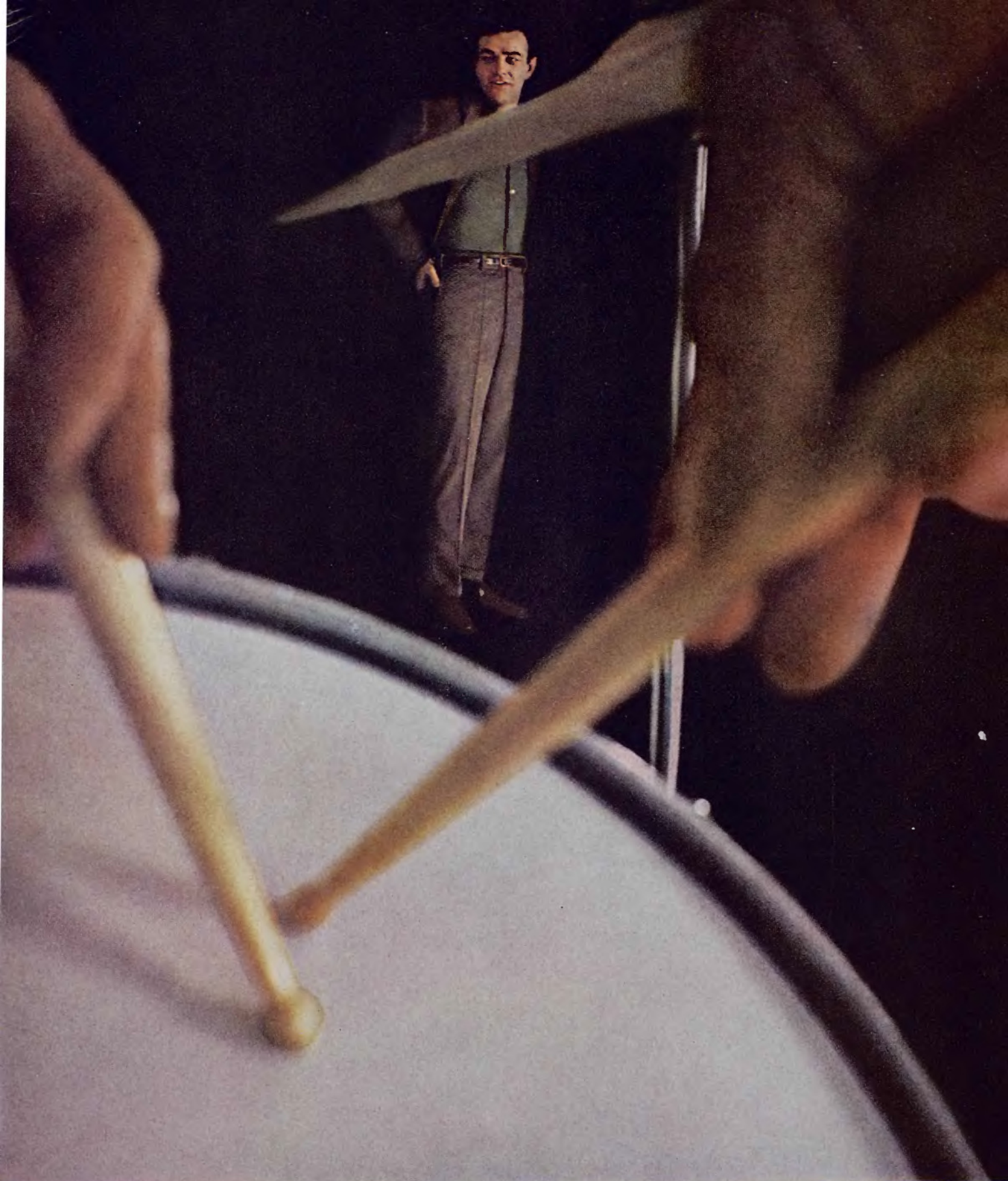
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DEAR PLAYBOY

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

A LOOK AT THE LOOKING GLASS

Re the article *Through the Racial Looking Glass* by Nat Hentoff on us poor colored folks: Certainly PLAYBOY has helped draw the curtain of bigotry in the publishing field when it looks to a white man to undertake the sociological analysis of the Negro's new militancy. Couldn't James Baldwin, Louis Lomax, Jimmy Hicks, or any one of the innumerable excellent Negro writers have written that article? All of this protest, however, is to no avail. PLAYBOY is not going to hire any Negroes on its editorial staff, nor is it going to increase its utilization of Negro writers for articles. Our present collective frustrations at this continuing display of racial prejudice which people like the Hentoffs take advantage of are only drowned in a weary disgust for your sudden discovery of the high dimensions of the race problem. You and I will all live to see a world balance of power tipped toward the colored people and, furthermore, some international knuckle-rapping of the white race. What I am going to enjoy doing then is writing to all of you and exclaiming with glee: "Like, man, you brought it all on yourself. Suffer." But you folks do put out a swinging magazine. Under the "new colored order," there will be "plenty good room" for PLAYBOY. We're just going to have some colored Playmates occasionally in that center spread.

C. Sumner Stone, Jr., Editor
Washington Afro-American
Washington, D.C.

Mr. Stone, meet James Baldwin, one of your nominees (who, incidentally, is author of an upcoming PLAYBOY article) and also see Dick Gregory in this issue.

I've heard you were criticized for asking Nat Hentoff to do this article rather than a Negro. All I can say is I've admired Nat for a very long time and he is one of the people on whom I most depend to help bring these walls of incomprehension down. If I can go downtown — then Nat certainly can go uptown. And the sooner we all become accustomed to walking on this bridge, the stronger the bridge will become.

James Baldwin
Dakar, Senegal

For the record: PLAYBOY is color-blind in hiring staffers, assigning art, photography and writing, purchasing creative work in text or pictures. Our criterion — in judging people and their work — has always been and will always be professional excellence. PLAYBOY does have Negro staffers, has published Negro writers, has championed racial equality through its television show, its key club, and by donating most of the proceeds from the Playboy Jazz Festival to the Urban League for its interracial work. We have never felt the need to make an issue of these facts, although we are proud to have recently been awarded a citation for our efforts by The Chicago Conference for Brotherhood and a Good American Award by the Chicago Committee of One Hundred.

Some of the Negro spokesmen mentioned in the article are laboring under the impression that the majority of dark-skinned peoples in the U.S. and the world back their cause. I don't believe this is true. In fact, if an honest poll were taken among the nonwhites who have been acquainted with a number of Negroes, you would find that a good percentage barely tolerates the Negro. Me? I'd rather have nothing to do with them.

J. Chico Ramos
Denver, Colorado

Congratulations on the excellent *Through the Racial Looking Glass*. I have been working in various Civil Rights organizations for the past 10 years, and the article gave me inspiration to continue working with a feeling that time is not being wasted. Needless to say, there have been many occasions when hopelessness, frustration and downright disgust have entered into my attitude toward the work to which I have devoted so many years. It was ironic to watch a recent television program dealing with the Peace Corps in Tanganyika. At one point, a white instructor was teaching white Americans how to get along with Africans. He went into some detail about the attitudes and words that are offensive to the Africans. Imagine. These young white men, after living in the "great democratic U.S.A."

ARPEGE



MY SIN

BY

LANVIN

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all of their lives, where 18,000,000 black people also live, had to go all the way to Africa to learn what is offensive to black people. I suggest that they all come home and teach some courses on this subject at some of our universities — starting with the U. of Mississippi.

Una G. Mulzac
Jamaica, New York

Through the Racial Looking Glass deserves a special word of appreciation and approval. Here at the University of Texas we are proud of the results of our militant actions, and the strides forward make us glad because we believe this situation is of immense future worldwide significance. For the middle of the road to be straight and sure there must be advocates on each side, yet what a world if either extreme wins. Any further reports will be just as welcome.

Bill Bownds, President
University Religious Council
University of Texas
Austin, Texas

I read with much interest Nat Hentoff's article *Through the Racial Looking Glass*. This is a very discerning piece, and I think he is essentially right in his analysis. I might quarrel with a few minor details and observations, but those discrepancies are less numerous and less significant than the points of agreement. Mr. Hentoff has written a good article.

James Farmer, National Director
Congress of Racial Equality
New York, New York

When the July *PLAYBOY* hit the stands, the disc jockeys here at the station passed up the pictorial goodies for the first time and literally stood in line to read Nat Hentoff's *Through the Racial Looking Glass*. And WABQ, which editorializes daily on local topics, patted *PLAYBOY* on the back officially. On my own broadcast, *Coffee Break*, I tied in music from the musical *Fly Blackbird* with some of the quotes Hentoff used from Reverend Abernathy. Oh yes, I urged all of the homemakers to buy a copy of *PLAYBOY* for their husbands — and to pass the copy along to their ministers.

Valena Minor Williams
Public Service Director
WABQ
Cleveland, Ohio

Your publishing of *Through the Racial Looking Glass* is an outstanding example of the truly mature character of your magazine and an encouraging sign. Every inch of space in a magazine of *PLAYBOY*'s stature devoted to the education of people in this most vital area is of benefit to a world in chaos.

Howard Allen Cohen
Newark, New Jersey



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My heartiest congratulations to Nat Hentoff for his excellent *Through the Racial Looking Glass*. The American Negro has a perfect right to hate, or view with suspicion, any, or all, American whites. Too few Americans have reached the intellectual maturity needed to realize that, in the final analysis, there are only two kinds of people living on this planet and directing its destiny—men and women. One aspect of the "racial question" that is a constant source of embarrassment to me as a physician is the double standard of practice employed by far too many of my professional colleagues. Not only do they treat their Negro patients (if they accept any as patients in the first place) as second-class citizens, but they also charge them 50 to 100 percent more for the same service than they charge their white socioeconomic counterparts. Unthinkable among professional men? On the contrary, this double standard of medical practice is more nearly the rule than the exception. If the leaders of a society don't lead, how can the masses ever be expected to lose their emotional prejudices?

W. T. Robinson, Jr., M.D.
 Detroit, Michigan

Congratulations to Mr. Hentoff and to you, PLAYBOY, for your fine article *Through the Racial Looking Glass*. I learned things about my race I had not been conscious of. You have shown that you are unafraid of criticism in taking such a step and it certainly has won favorable comment from many of my friends.

Cathy Heard
 Los Angeles, California

That article is one of the most informative and factual that has been presented by your magazine or any other recently. It presents the problems of the Negro people and their resulting emotions in a straightforward manner without any of the buttering-up processes or apologetic tones of so many similar articles. More articles about Negroes need to be written in the same unflinching tone as Mr. Hentoff's.

Carolyn W. Cameron
 Ames, Iowa

Whatever the rights and wrongs of the integration movement by the Negro, America must soon cease to think in terms of one particular race. I believe, as do most Southerners if they will face up to it, that desegregation is necessary and right. I say this out of no particular concern for the Negro race—neither love nor hate—but from a particular, grave concern for the human race.

Pick Conner
 Columbus, North Carolina



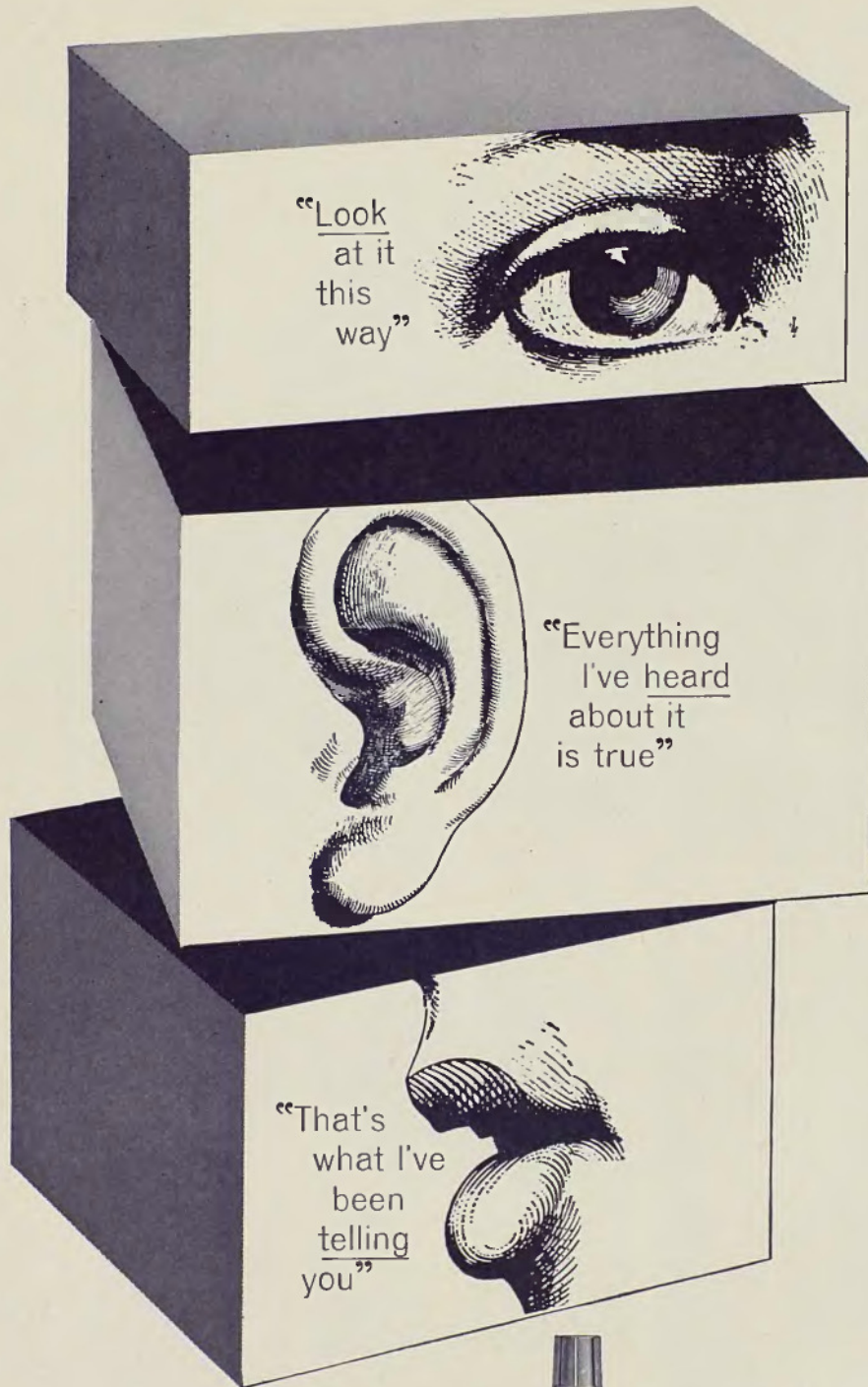
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Nat Hentoff states that former Monroe, North Carolina, N.A.A.C.P. president, Robert F. Williams, "was removed from his position by that organization for arming Negroes in his city against white marauders." Hentoff neglects to mention that shortly after this action, Williams was reinstated. Before Williams arrived in Monroe from New York, no Negro was willing to become N.A.A.C.P. president in that K.K.K. center. The militant Williams was willing, and he built up the N.A.A.C.P. in that city. The removal of such a person could not be afforded.

Jerry DeMuth
Dayton, Ohio

Congratulations on one of the best articles I've ever read. Somehow I can't help but feel somewhat of an authority on the subject: first because I am a Negro, and second because I am one sixth of the first Negro family to move into Levittown, Pennsylvania, in 1957, causing (so they say) a racial disturbance because we wanted a larger and better home in which to raise our kids.

Mrs. William E. Myers
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

In view of the fact that your recent article on the racial issue strongly favored integration, I think it only fair that you give the South's viewpoint equal space in your magazine.

Bill Castle
Lake Charles, Louisiana

PLAYBOY stands for the individual — for his rights, his freedom, his dignity and his equal opportunity — without regard for race, creed or color. We are as much opposed to the bigotry that strikes out at racial and religious groups as we are to the bigots who burn books and attempt to censor and oppose all ideas and ideals that differ from their own.

FOR THE BIRDS

Janet Pilgrim, in answering a letter I wrote, some time ago, voiced the opinion that merchant seamen, being world travelers, could properly be called "international playboys." A recent incident indicates to me that this isn't necessarily so. About two weeks ago we were on our way from Australia to Saigon and, after passing through Lombok Strait, we passed very close to the island of Bali. I noticed several of the crew studying the shore line through binoculars as we went by, and I naturally thought they were interested in the young women who were bathing there. But upon questioning them I discovered that they were taking a group corre-

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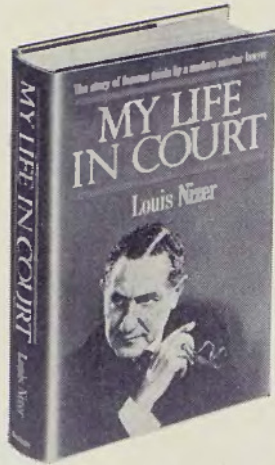
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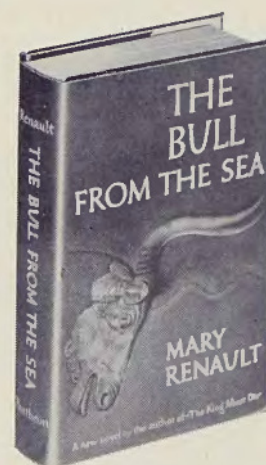
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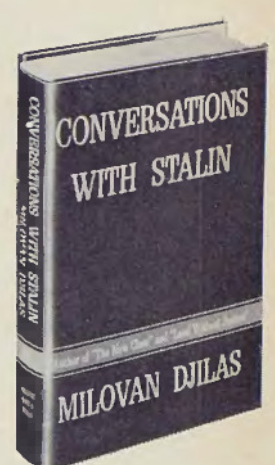
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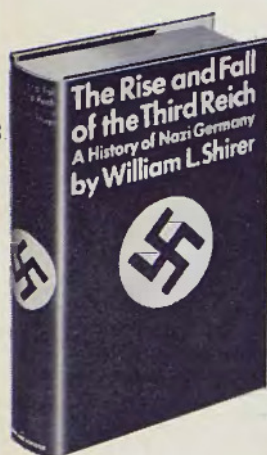
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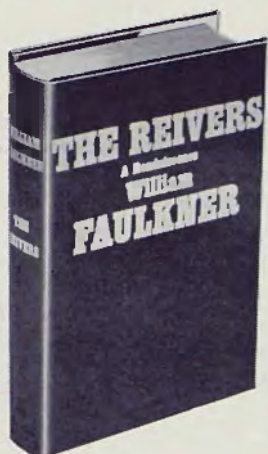
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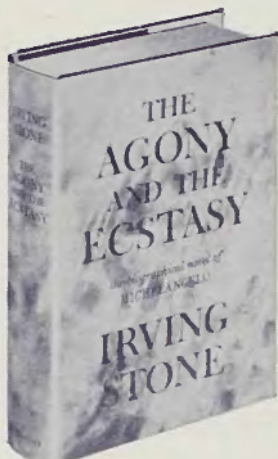
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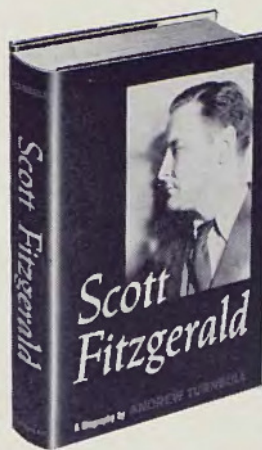
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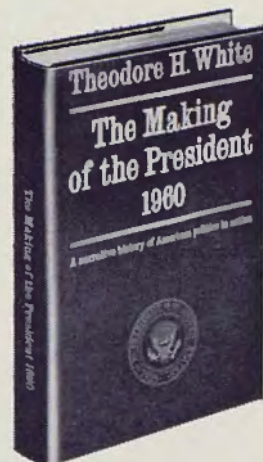
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OLD CROW

Kentucky Bourbon



spondence course from the Audubon Institute of Ornithology and, as part of their current assignment, were trying to identify a certain brown-breasted pigeon that is native to Bali. I studied the beach very carefully myself but, probably due to my lack of interest in ornithology, did not see any birds of any kind. Possibly the bathers had frightened them away. I think this proves that at least some seamen are serious students and could never be called “playboys.”

Walter J. Evans
S.S. Frederick Sykes
Kobe, Japan

Brown-breasted pigeons, eh? We think your seamen buddies were putting you on, Walter, or is that our leg we feel being tugged?

WHO SHALL DWELL

H. C. Neal's July story on atomic attack, *Who Shall Dwell*, is excellently done. It may overstress the situation, but it is realistic. I hope this helps convince people that they should have shelters.

W. F. Libby
Department of Chemistry
University of California
Los Angeles, California

The discoverer of radiocarbon dating, an invaluable aid to archaeologists, Dr. Libby contributed to the development of the first A-Bomb. He was a member of the Atomic Energy Commission from 1954 to 1959 when he received the Albert Einstein Award.

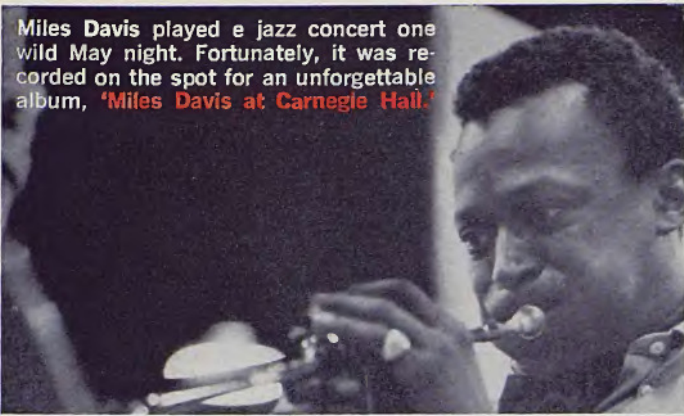
Congratulations on *Who Shall Dwell*. Its surprise ending shows that Russians, too, are human.

Stephen L. Hagendorf
Franklin Square, New York

BUS STORY

Calder Willingham's *Bus Story* in the July issue pleases me, and for once (in a most perplexing area of appreciation) I think I can say why. We live in a whole structure of paradoxes, and the closer you get to that idea the more difficult it is to know wrong from right, good from evil. All people are pretty much alike. Everyone is different from everyone else. Both these statements are true. It is good for the bird to eat the worm. It is likewise good for the cat to eat the bird and the worm to eat the cat. To my mind, it's a writer's job to throw light on these paradoxes, and the more light he throws, the better a writer he is. *Bus Story's* Harry has plenty of strength, but in using it with that kind of brutality he makes it a symbol of weakness, an almost pathetic statement of his uncertainty of what he is and what he can do, and his obsessed desire to prove it. The girl Margaret, in the same light, is shown to be more than a victim. The old Eve responds to the old Adam,

Miles Davis played a jazz concert one wild May night. Fortunately, it was recorded on the spot for an unforgettable album, **'Miles Davis at Carnegie Hall.'**



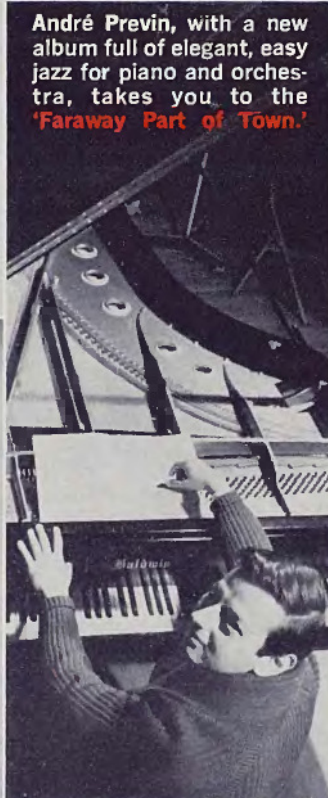
Randy Sparks directs an engaging young group of authentic folksingers in their debut recording, **'The New Christy Minstrels.'**



The Brothers Four bring a fresh vitality to folksinging. Their enthusiasm is catching in this live performance recording, **'The Brothers Four—In Person.'**



André Previn, with a new album full of elegant, easy jazz for piano and orchestra, takes you to the **'Faraway Part of Town.'**

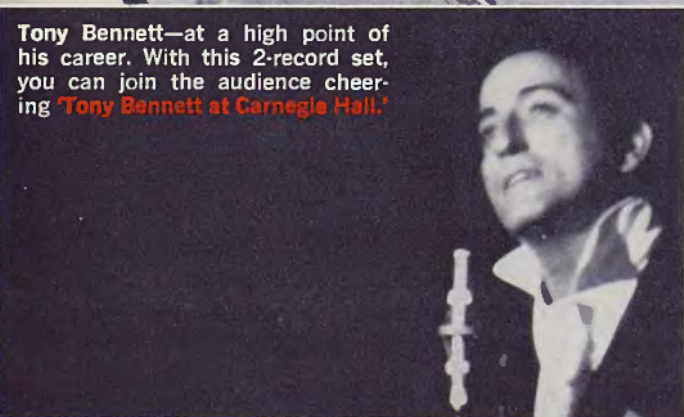


Dave Brubeck, Louis Armstrong and his band, Lambert, Hendricks and Ross and Carmen McRae all swing on one album, with a musical tale of the State Department-sponsored jazz tours of **'The Real Ambassadors.'**



George Young, in a stunning exhibit of technique, justifies his record title, **'The Greatest Saxophone in the World.'**

Tony Bennett—at a high point of his career. With this 2-record set, you can join the audience cheering **'Tony Bennett at Carnegie Hall.'**



Aretha Franklin mirrors a dozen moods when she sings. Her new album reflects them all—**'The Tender, the Moving, the Swinging Aretha Franklin.'**



This is today's world of entertainment. Enter, friend. You'll find it warm, inviting, alive. In our wonderful stereo sound, it's a world that sounds wonderful on **Columbia Records.**





Don't Stir
Without
Noilly Prat

THE EXTRA DRY FRENCH VERMOUTH

The modern dry Martini is more than just a hooker of gin or vodka. It's a *civilized cocktail* made with Noilly Prat French Vermouth. Why Noilly Prat? Because this classic vermouth is correctly pale, matchless in flavor and, above all, *extra dry*.

Never stir without it!



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and that's great. This makes her ready for sex, but it's ignorance and cowardice that make her ready for rape. The cowardice is hers and like all cowards, she has to pay for it. The ignorance is hers (like certain other afflictions, it's no crime to have it, but it is to keep it) to a degree, but far more her parents', who obviously spent half a lifetime in meticulously withholding from her the real score. So aside from the fact that this is a well-written, hard-hitting narrative, the real bonus is in the chance Willingham gives the reader to go back and back, out and up through all the things surrounding the narrative, all the things that made it happen. If you ever want a classic example of the distinction between pornography and erotic realism, you'll find it in such fiction, by the presence of such a bonus.

Theodore Sturgeon
New York, New York

Our thanks, and author Willingham's, to Ted Sturgeon, Fantasy Award Winner (for his book "More Than Human") and prolific spinner of imaginative fiction exploring the psychological boundaries of humans, extraterrestrials, telepaths and disembodied psychic forces.

With the printing of *Bus Story*, "America's most sophisticated magazine" slipped to an all-time low. Not only was the story pointless, but also in rather bad taste.

R. Bruce Crytser
Malibu, California

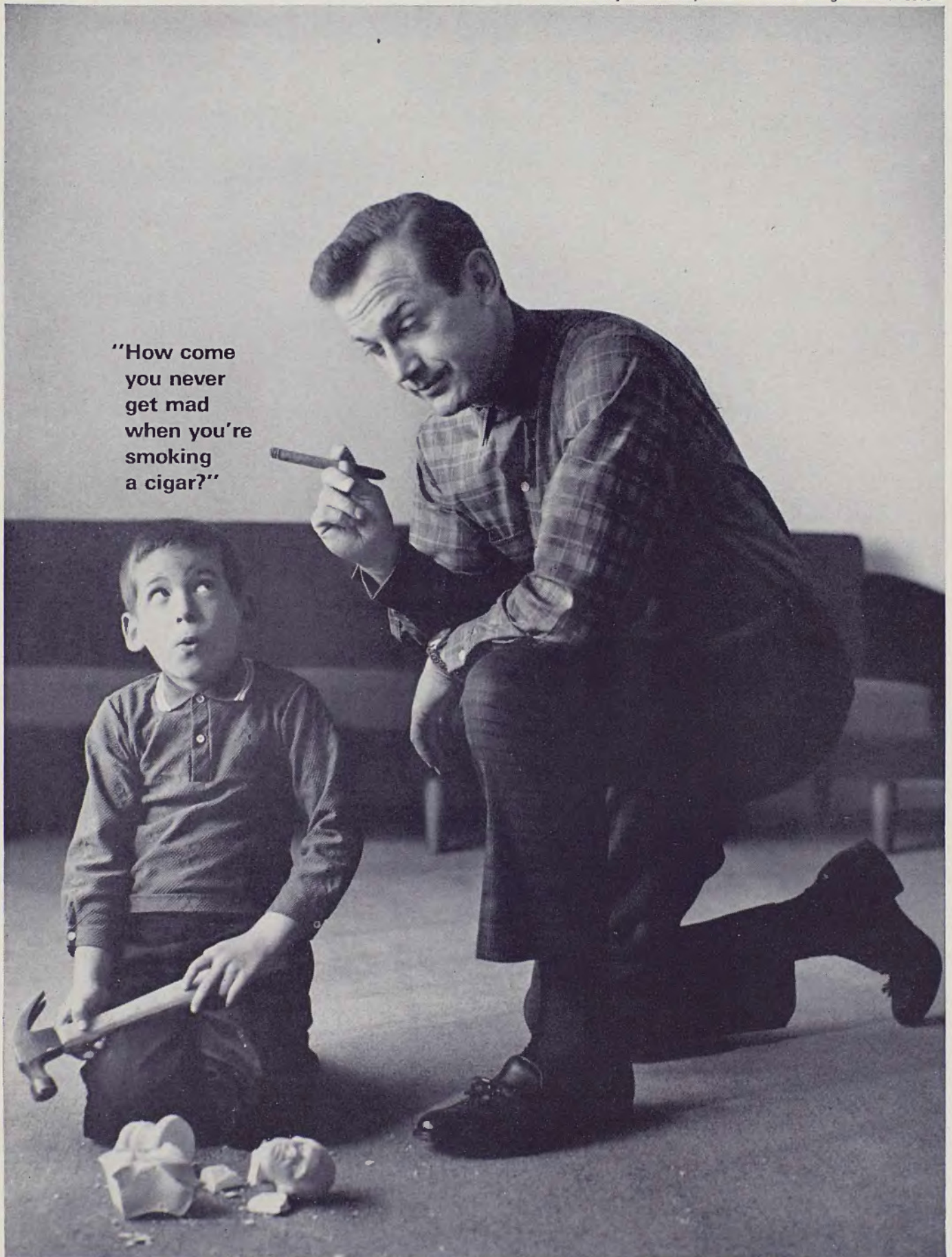
Garbage, gentlemen.

Donald A. Boates
Great Falls, Montana

Re your *Bus Story*: How does one go about commending a magazine for taking what must have been a calculated risk in publishing a work of the starkest realism and superior prose with the full knowledge that the bluenose brigade would be out in full cry? I'd been about convinced that PLAYBOY had lost its former vigor in going for the safe and the slick, but my faith is most happily restored. One story like *Bus Story* is worth dozens of tame bits of drivel. There hasn't been anything as good in a commercial magazine in years, only in the "little" magazines. Hugh Hefner should feel very great pride in his courage and devotion to literature. Please do not use my name if you print this comment. I teach in a public school here in Chicago and don't want the PTA on my neck!

(Name withheld)
Chicago, Illinois

I'm writing Greyhound to advise them to try to purchase reprints of Calder Willingham's *Bus Story* for distribution, as a public service, to all young ladies



"How come
you never
get mad
when you're
smoking
a cigar?"

No seat-warming this time. You just can't provoke a man when he's smoking a cigar. *The man who enjoys cigars enjoys life ... and he's not going to take the fun out of anybody else's.* Cigar Institute of America, Inc.

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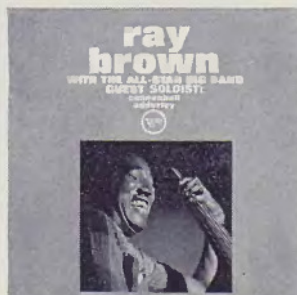
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traveling alone. The subtly sadistic "hero" of this story is an all-too-familiar character to any girl whose eyes aren't too badly crossed or who lacks a buck-toothed, harelip condition. Am happy to learn that the story, which is my choice for the annual O. Henry award, is part of a new book and am looking forward to reading *Eternal Fire* when it is published next January.

Virginia H. Siechowicz
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

I just read one of your stories in the July issue, something about a bus ride, and to say I was shocked and disgusted puts it mildly. This type of literature serves no useful purpose and would more suitably be found scrawled on a restroom wall. I feel I am no prude, but I was offended by this type of filth, and I feel most decent people would be.

J. E. McCloskey
Los Angeles, California

I have never considered myself a prude or anything near one, but Calder Willingham's *Bus Story* nearly made me vomit. I enjoy your stories when they concern themselves with the exploits and dalliances of the mature (or reasonably mature), but this chronicle of depravity is in extremely poor taste. Fun is fun. *vive la différence* and all that, but please stay out of the sewer.

Charles Hotz
Oxford, Massachusetts

As a well-entertained reader for several years, and now a subscriber, I wish to lodge a serious complaint about *Bus Story*. Pornography, in such blatant and tasteless form, shouldn't have a place in your magazine. Several of us who have steadily backed your efforts were seriously disturbed by this story's crudity.

M. J. Markey
Seattle, Washington

I suggest that Calder Willingham try writing for the movies. I quit going to them years ago.

George Freeman
Santa Barbara, California

You're a little late, George. Willingham has already written the screenplays for such award-winning films as "Paths of Glory" and "Bridge on the River Kwai."

What kind of audience do you think you're reaching with trash like *Bus Story*? I've been a PLAYBOY reader for some time and I have, in general, liked what I've read. I'm no bluenose — just an average bachelor, college educated, etc. In my opinion, *Bus Story* is the most swinish, degenerate piece of trash I have had the misfortune to read.

Ian F. Black
Westport, Connecticut

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but we must all recognize that "trash" describes the quality of the writing in a story, and not the theme or plot of it. No particular aspect of personal experience, no idea, no situation is in itself taboo or objectionable. We have reached a state of maturity in this country where our courts and our literary critics agree that any subject is permissible, and any situation can be described, if it is done with taste and care.

Bus Story by Calder Willingham in your July issue fascinated me for several reasons. I'd heard a variety of comments about it before I came to read it: they ranged from the infra sniggery to the ultradisdainful with enough wide flashes of honest admiration to indicate that the whole spectrum had been excited. Then I read it myself, found it strong and funny and enjoyable — and sat back to wonder why the hell, at this late date, Willingham's stuff upsets people so much. A highly respected magazine which reviewed his first novel, *End As a Man*, as if it portended a Dostoiévsky, unmercifully and savagely kicked in the face of his second one, *Geraldine Bradshaw*, dismissing it with a line or two — ". . . hurriedly written, careless . . . unimportant . . ." Yet *Bradshaw*, the first full-length treatment of an only-too-well-known American female type — the tease — has one of the finest and most hilarious seduction scenes in literature. No critic who praised the first book commented on its derived and imitative material; no critic who damned the second bothered to note that it was authentic and original and related, through streams of laughter, to the best of Mark Twain. It's this laughter, I suppose, that gets them. You can sweat out the moonlit aspects of sex, and you can shiver them out. You can scratch your Oedipus complexes broodingly and you can mumble symbolic mumbles about the origins of a perversion. But heaven help you if you hit sexual practice head on and, in the process, let a bit of irony or wit escape you. One could easily write an essay on how sex has been handled in American literature. You'd start off with Hawthorne's *The Scarlet Letter*, a novel that pivots about the fact of adultery, and in which everything germane to that fact occurs essentially offstage. Then come the phases of "He advanced toward her with madness in his eyes" and "She fell back, gasping with surrender" — both followed with an end-of-chapter blank or a line of asterisks. Later, of course, you hit the "He fell hungrily on her red-tipped breasts, covering them with frantic kisses" and even passages with conclusions like "Her skirt rucked up over her knees. 'Scattergood,' she murmured distractedly. 'Oh, Scattergood, don't, don't!'" Finally, you get the phony "tough" sequences, in which an

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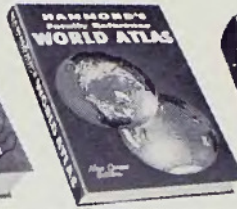
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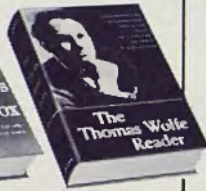
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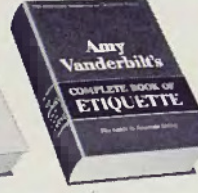
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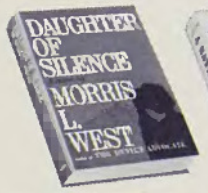
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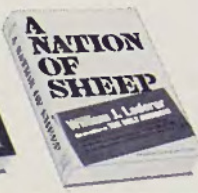
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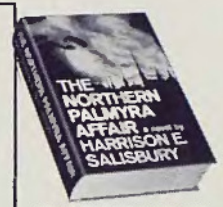
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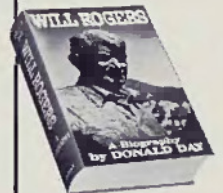
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author gets a hot scene past the censors by deftly substituting a skinned knuckle for an honest and real sexual caress. There is, in the first half of *Bus Story*, a sexual caress which is a preliminary to most acts of copulation. It is a caress used by almost all men and enjoyed by almost all women. In *Bus Story*, it is described with rightful zest, with wit and with deep affection for the pathos of the girl's innocence and the man's distortion. I deduce that the reality of that specific caress—barely mentioned anywhere else, hitherto—was frightening enough to face on the printed page; but the suggestion that it was actually a pleasure was even more upsetting to people accustomed to having their literary shocks cushioned with wads of psychological reference. Tonstant Weader turned back to the reading list approved by the local Women's Club with tears in his yittle eyes. "There is a right way to do these things," he wept, "and a *wrong* way." Of course, Willingham's hero is about as appetizing as hydrofluoric acid; and that scene in the bedroom of the rest stop is coldly corrosive. But such scenes are a fundamental part of this generation's sexual experience and constantly recur in its private dialogs. Anybody who has moved about the world at all freely knows that it is infested with such bastards, male and female: one has either met them and been forced to deal with them often or, at the very least, one has heard about them in great and fluid detail from their victims or admirers. And sometimes—*sometimes*, I say—one may have acted that way a little bit oneself. What I'm saying, then, is that while Willingham set himself to create a protagonist of especially deep-cut brutality, the actions of this character, as distinct from his motives, are no more alien to American life than are motels and movie balconies. But more than that, Willingham's treatment of such a theme is part of a burgeoning tradition in the approach to sex and related to what Cyril Connolly, in his essay *More About the Modern Novel*, calls "the vitality of America," carefully distinguishing it from "the grace of England." It is a tradition of purely male lyricism about sex, a lyricism of barroom, barracks and bull session, frequently as harsh as a boy's first taste of whiskey but straightforward and uncompromising always. I found this tradition, this new lyricism, in Willingham's *Bus Story*, and, as an American, I enjoyed it and was damn proud.

William Tenn
New York, New York

Mr. Tenn—among this country's most respected and prolific authors of cerebrally heady science fiction—is recognized as being in the forefront of those



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who have broadened the connotations of the word "science" in S-F to include the social sciences.

PLAYBOY — PRO AND CON

I often wonder how your conscience allows you to sleep at night. Do you ever stop and think of the great harm you are doing by publishing that filthy magazine of yours? No doubt some of the so-called ladies that pose for you are picked up on the street or in some beatnik joint. For no decent girl would expose herself the way these girls do.

Mrs. Robert Carlson
Lewiston, New York

For the third year in a row I have renewed my subscription. However, let me say that unless certain new and unfortunate editorial trends are corrected, it will be the last such renewal. Sirs, your magazine is rapidly becoming fat and fortyish. Too much music, too much clothes, too much garbage of all kinds and not enough girls.

Joseph P. Dayton
Sunnyside, New York

I've never in my whole life seen such a filthy magazine.

Mrs. LeRoy Wood
Deerwood, Minnesota

It is my feeling that PLAYBOY is one of the most abused magazines on the market. Too often I hear PLAYBOY lumped in one breath with its decidedly inferior imitators and even, at times, with the cheaper pulp magazines that rely for sales almost exclusively on sex and sadism. Personally, I buy your magazine for its obvious points. I am not hypocrite enough to deny that I gaze fondly on your Playmate every month, to assert that I read only the sophisticated articles and literary fiction, ignoring the animal in me. Some defenders of PLAYBOY irritate me as much as the critics, for they assert, knowing that they are lying, that they hardly notice anything but the intellectual aspects of the magazine. I can tolerate these people, though; they do read PLAYBOY and do not, like the crusading critics, base their judgments on a very fragmentary knowledge of your policies, goals and subject matter. (I suppose that many critics have done no more than skim one issue.) I have rarely seen a feature, pictorial or otherwise, in PLAYBOY that struck me as being in bad taste. Never has my intelligence been insulted by your magazine as it has been by other magazines (many of them widely esteemed), television, movies and other diversions. There have been times when I have found some disappointments in PLAYBOY, but I feel that, considering the overall high quality of every issue, an occasional feature that is not quite up to par is to be pardoned. The status of sophistication in the United States is, I

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feel, extremely poor. PLAYBOY is one of the few indications to the contrary, and it is manifestly sad that it receives small-minded criticism. I felt it only right for you to have this unsolicited testimonial, although I am sure you are well aware that you have a multitude of backers.

Robert Tyler
Austin, Texas

May I take your time to express my deep appreciation of your magazine? I have just finished my third issue, July. I wholeheartedly agree with Hugh Russell Fraser (*Playbill*, July) and I have subscribed to *Saturday Review*, *Harper's*, *Atlantic* and *The New Yorker* for many, many years. The intellectual firmament of your magazine demands the attention of all persons interested in top-notch literature. Accept my best wishes for further success as you are promoting laughter, truth and beauty, and supplying nourishment to literary minds. Should I send a year's subscription to my alma mater's (Wellesley College) library? They need it.

Mrs. Alys P. Griswold
Naples, Florida

By all means, Mrs. Griswold, and thank you.

PRESIDENTIAL PLAYMATE

I enjoyed the cartoon about the wedding of the Playboy Club Bunny sent to you by a *New Yorker* from *The New Yorker* magazine (*Dear Playboy*, July 1962), but the enclosed cartoon from a

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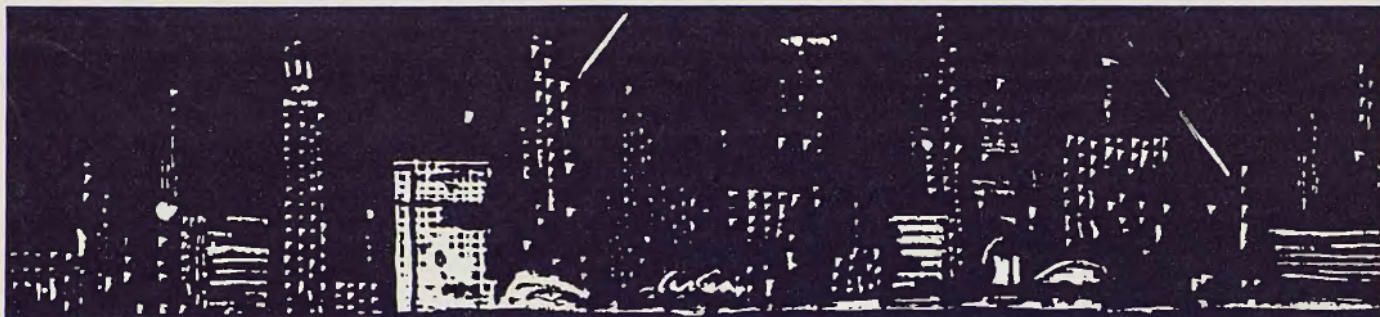


recent issue of the West Coast magazine *Los Angeles* should assure you — if assurances are necessary — that you are equally popular out here. The notion of Jackie as a Playmate of the Month is an intriguing one, incidentally.

Samuel L. Cohen
Los Angeles, California



PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



Ever alert for opportunities to feel good about being a member of the human race, we think we've found one in an anomaly of contemporary communications. The anomaly concerns professional image builders, and the image of themselves that they project. Consider the dozens of motivation research firms devoted to creating corporate or personal public images for their clients, striving — day in, day out — to earn the heavy sugar they are paid to make the Boy Scout Oath seem faint praise for those whose virtues they extol. Consider their psychologists, statisticians, pollsters and professional ponderers — busy as ants in a kicked-over anthill — seeking to soften the public psyche, by means devious and arcane, so it will be responsive to such notions as that a certain product, or person, or corporate complex is indispensable to the good life and largely actuated by loving altruism, to boot. And then consider the public image of these same motivation researchers: it inspires subliminal suspicion, cynical doubt, even active dislike. Isn't it passing strange that — occupied with manipulating the public's private thoughts — they can't generate any feeling of warmth or regard for themselves? We don't think so. We credit it directly to the basic good sense of a public that wants its mind left alone, what's left of it, and will guard itself accordingly (and rather effortlessly, at that), despite the sophisticated techniques of persuasion practiced upon it. The public may not be immune to manipulation (though we like to believe the threshold of gullibility gets ever higher), but one thing is sure: the manipulators — would-be or actual — have not been able to create for themselves the public trust or allegiance they

claim they can fabricate for others. Fine fellows these practitioners may be (some of our best friends are MR men), and endowed with keen and subtle intelligence. It is their occupation that arouses an almost superstitious unease, quite different from the open hostility occasionally directed at the more overt assaults of public relations and advertising, for example. Such is the anomaly — and the sort of public response — we find ourself pleased to applaud.

Excerpt from an Associated Press story about a feline population explosion in the basement of Philadelphia's City Hall: "Carmen D'Ulisse, superintendent of shops and storerooms, said he mounted 75 cats but could have gone much further."

Under "Rooms to Let — Furnished" in the *Toronto Globe and Mail*: "Small, bright bed-sitting room. Use of equipped kitchen, veranda, woman."

From a service column in the Dayton, Ohio, *Journal-Herald*, a drink recipe for the venturesome host: "For the driest of all martinis, just coat the rim of the galss with a vermouth-saturated cotton swab."

The apogee in overblown titles for pedestrian professions has been achieved by an upward-mobile Mad Ave shoe-repair shop with this sign in its window: SHOETRICIAN ON PREMISES AT ALL TIMES.

Our best wishes for a speedy recovery to Helen Sherry of Seattle, Washington, who, according to the social page of the local *Highline Times*, "is just recovering from a cold that affected her hearing and vice temporarily."

World Media Report, a new industrial trade journal, recently commended the following volume to its admittedly specialized readership: *Public Works and Muck Shifter*.

For its refreshing editorial honesty, we salute the Boulder City, Nevada, daily newspaper: *The Dam Informer*.

When a motorist pulled into a Copenhagen gas station a while back with a complaint about his car's heavy steering and sluggish acceleration, the mechanic instantly located the trouble: Another car was attached to the rear bumper.

In a courageous crackdown on delinquent birdlife in Bay City, Michigan, community officials have proposed a stern city ordinance that would forbid local pigeons to: "Fly during that half day when washing is hung out; fly for more than 90 minutes during the morning or evening, and then only if they do not land anywhere; fly after dark or in excessive numbers; roost on any building openings." Violators, we assume, will be grounded.

Our interest in the sport of kings was heightened by a story from the Associated Press about a mysterious Frenchwoman implicated in recent investigations of a British horse-doping gang. "Several times," reported the AP, "horses have been found bleary-eyed and weak in the legs after the Frenchwoman had called at the stables." *Formidable!*

In keeping with our policy of broadening our readers' financial and cultural horizons, we are happy to report that pornography — like charity — is now tax deductible. This information should be

90 PROOF



I make magic with martinis

Want a martini that's out of this world? Try
a Calvert martini. I'm not just "extra dry"...

I'm 100% dry.

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especially valuable to aging roués (or their embarrassed widows) who have, perhaps, been on the verge of putting a match to a lifetime collection of feeble peccates, zippy stag films and titillating tales of Tillie the Toiler. Don't burn that bawdry! Send it to Indiana University's Institute for Sex Research (318 Jordan Hall, Bloomington, Indiana), and the U.S. Government will allow you to deduct the actual appraised value of your contribution to social science. Or, if you prefer to keep your off-color curios for a while, you can earmark them for donation in your will, take your deduction and the Institute will claim them after you—or your sexual appetites—have faded away. Because these facts were little known heretofore, only \$10,000 worth of erotica has been deductibly donated to the Institute thus far. But the price of pornography runs high: one collection of fascinating films was appraised at \$3500, while another gift, a 10-inch Mexican phallic icon, fetched a \$1200 write-off. Just how the value of the pornography is determined, says the Institute's Director of Field Research, Dr. Wardell Pomeroy, "is up to the donor—and the Internal Revenue Service." But the IRS has yet to give any of the Institute's tax-minded benefactors a dirty look.

Neither Snow nor Rain nor Heat nor Gloom of Night Department: During an apartment-house fire in San Diego, California, spectators watched raptly as a neighborhood postman trudged up to the building, picked his way through the crowd, dodged several running firemen, hopped a hose, tiptoed through puddles, threaded his way through broken glass, fallen masonry and billowing smoke, deposited the mail in the hallway slots, retraced his steps—and quietly continued his appointed rounds.

Convicted of drunk driving, speeding and driving without a license, traffic policeman Shinji Yamaguchi was fired from the Nara, Japan, police force—despite his explanation that he was celebrating the end of National Safety Week.

Expectant mothers with impatient husbands may be interested in this ad from the Johnson County, Kansas, *Shopper*: "Experienced lady will substitute for you during and after hospitalization."

We've always appreciated the advantages of a college education, but a bulletin from New York's New School for Social Research has caused us to re-examine the whole ivory tower structure with a deeply jaundiced eye. Among the courses scheduled are: Sensory Awareness and Total Functioning, Graphology II, Electronic Music II,

Saddle astraddle your instep. New and dressy-casual. Note the neat no-gap Bal closure, rare in casual shoes. In two tones to blend with your favorite slacks. You'll wear these around the clock. Root Beer and Black shown. Two other color combinations. Sizes 6 to 13.

Get fleeced—and like it! Ankle-height chukka boot is lined with fleece. Comfortable indoors and out. Also available unlined. In Sage Brush (shown below) and other colors. Sizes 6 to 13.



foot feats that turn heads

Take your ease with a flair—in Hush Puppies. Correct for any occasion. Comfortable around the clock. Made of breathin' brushed pigskin that wears as well as it looks. Water repellent. Dirt and stains brush off. Get a pair at your favorite shoe department. Light on your feet—just 12 oz. Light on price—just 8.95 to 11.95.



Hush Puppies®

BREATHIN' BRUSHED PIGSKIN®
CASUAL SHOES BY WOLVERINE
Rockford, Mich.



How to go barefoot with shoes on. This moccasin-toe slip-on adds just 6 ounces of color to each foot, yet gives steel-shank support. Wear them anywhere. Dry soft if they get wet. You can clean off dirt and stains with a wire brush. Shown in Gun Smoke. Four other colors. Sizes 6 to 16. Up to five widths.



side vent vs. center vent

Decisions, decisions, decisions! Which type of vent is best? PBM wisely refrains from taking sides, pointing out with fine impartiality that there is a proper role for each, hinging on the indefinable factor of personal taste. In short, you can give full vent (*sic*) to your passion for fashion. Just one ground rule to follow. As a guarantee of irreproachable taste, look for a certain brand which shall be nameless here. However the initials are PBM (we believe in soft sell).

PBM

Advance Recorder Ensemble, The Individual in Show Business, Nonverbal Experience and Communication (which covers "intellectual silence"), Movement Workshop for Teachers, and, so help us, Europe from a Convertible.

Unsettling news on the sociological front from the Albuquerque, New Mexico, *Journal*: MORE UNSTAMPED FAGS ARE SEIZED; BIG SUPPLY SEEN.

Recently we came across a newspaper photo showing a group of young Amish baseball players working out strenuously in the heat of Intercourse—a small, staid and otherwise unremarkable hamlet in southeastern Pennsylvania that we and others have commented on before. Consider the tantalizing plight of a headline writer for the local Intercourse paper: surely he must on occasion find himself possessed with an overpowering impulse to concoct such head-turners as these for the "sporting section": INTERCOURSE CLUB STARTS SPRING TRAINING, INTERCOURSE CHAMPS ON EXHIBITION TOUR, or perhaps INTERCOURSE ATHLETE TIES OWN RECORD. Even the fields of commerce and education must stir many a temptation to conceive disconcerting banner headlines like INTERCOURSE INDUSTRY REACHES NEW HIGH, INTERCOURSE TEACHERS DEMAND PAY HIKE and PLANNED PARENTHOOD GROUP STUDIES FUTURE OF INTERCOURSE. And surely regional newsmen must often writhe in frustration at being unable to immortalize in print such pithy lines as ROAD COMPANY PLAYS AT INTERCOURSE, INTERCOURSE GAMBLING RAPPED BY CITIZEN GROUP, HERO RETURNS TO INTERCOURSE, TWIN SISTERS WED IN INTERCOURSE, LISHNESS NAMED INTERCOURSE MAN OF YEAR, POLICE CRACKDOWN ON INTERCOURSE VICE, INTERCOURSE TO PLAY MAJOR ROLE IN STATE PARK SYSTEM, FACILITIES ENLARGED AT INTERCOURSE DRIVE-IN, INTERCOURSE VIEWERS GET NEW TV CHANNEL, BEAUTIES OF INTERCOURSE PRAISED AT D.A.R. LUNCHEON—the mind boggles at the possibilities. The Amish not being known for their insouciance, we doubt these heads will ever rear their ugly sex. Of course, there's always Climax, Colorado. . .

Among the more whimsical items of reading material available in a model fallout shelter on display in Gotham's Grand Central Station not long ago was a copy of *Cue*—a where-to-go entertainment guide.

Our nomination for the most candid ad of the month goes to this blurb from the Los Angeles *Times*: "Noted Actor-Director has made many stars. Low fees for talented beginners."

A headline in the University of Texas' student newspaper, *The Daily Texan*,

Fair warning from the Cobra!



From this day on, drivers of the world's proudest sports cars are advised to stick to the right-hand side of the road. For at any moment an AC/Cobra can come storming past, belly low to the road with twin pipes ripping out a curt "good-by!"

There's not much point trying to argue with this potent new combination of super-hot Ford Fairlane V-8 and super-light AC chassis—260 solid American horsepower on tap all day long in a car that weighs 2,020 pounds curbside. The AC/Cobra roadtests zero to 100 in a breath-stopping 10.8 seconds . . . and comes smoking down to zero again in the grip of disc

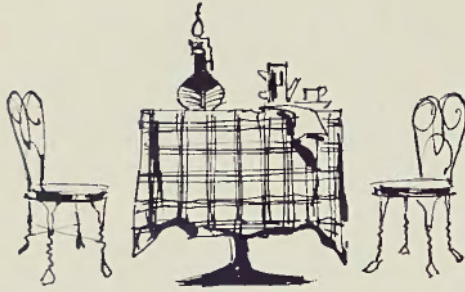
brakes big enough for a Diesel truck. The seats are deep glove-soft leather, the suspension is supple four-wheel independent, and the way it claws around corners rewrites all the laws of centrifugal force. The V-8 is a real piece of magic. Product of Ford's research in precision-molded "thin wall" cast iron, it is short, narrow, light—and ready to look at the other side of 150 mph (and 7,200 rpm) any time your foot slips. But even whispering around town it doesn't know what "temperament" means and that, coupled with the generous cockpit room, the civilized ride, the reasonable luggage space and

the sleek Italianate lines of the hand-formed aluminum body, make the AC/Cobra a *touring* sports car of the very first rank.

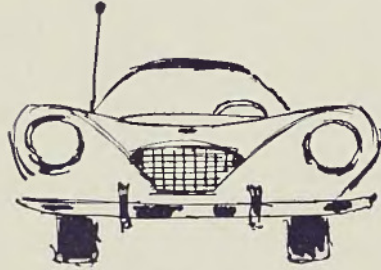
Unhappily, the production is severely limited and, since the price is only \$5,995 p.o.e., only those who drop a line right now to Carroll Shelby Enterprises, 1042 Princeton Drive, Venice, California, will be able to know what it feels like to drive the most explosively exciting car you can own.

COBRA
Buy it... or watch it go by

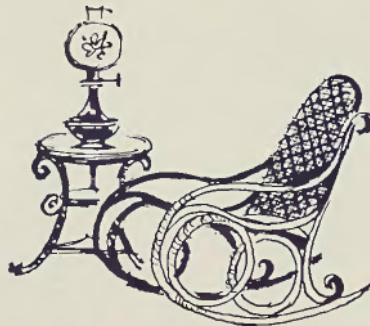
Are you a status seeker?



1. Do you like Italian restaurants?



2. Foreign cars?



3. Antique furniture?



4. Lord Calvert?

You're someone special. Be proud.
 Lord Calvert is America's whiskey of distinction.
 Something special for someone special. (If you can afford it.)

THE HOUSE OF CALVERT - N.Y.C., 86 PROOF, BLENDED WHISKEY,
 35% STRAIGHT WHISKIES 6 YEARS OR MORE OLD, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

provided arresting insight into the mores of Southwestern campus life: FROSH GIRL LOCKED IN UNION SUNDAY.

Sign of the times seen in the window of a Greenwich Village coffeehouse: AMERICAN EXPRESSO CARDS HONORED HERE.

As students of strange folkways, we were academically interested in a recent ad from the *Montreal Gazette* for a local sportswear emporium: "Ski Slacks 30% Off at the Igloo," which would leave us cold.

We extend sympathy to the city fathers of Compiègne-sur-Oise in rural France, who were forced to cancel a town-wide "Most Virtuous Girl" contest — when they failed to receive any entries. The prize went to charity.




BOOKS

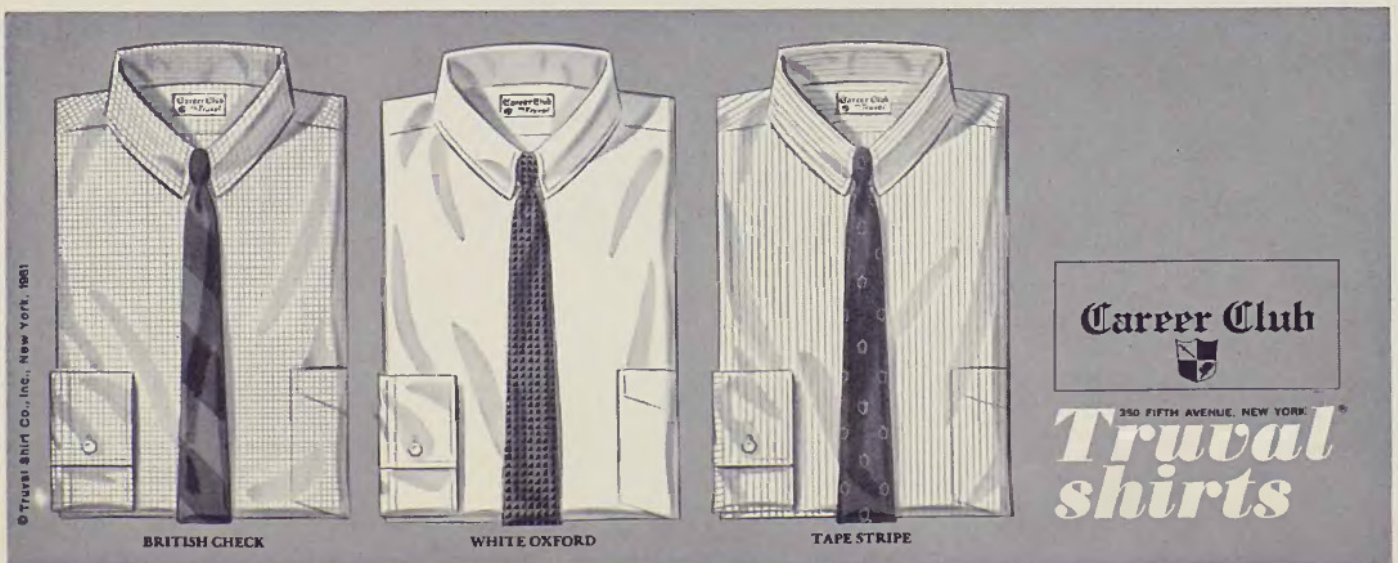
Well, just as we were managing to forget all about *Advise and Consent*, here come the same characters — plus plenty of new ones — rolling into their roles in Allen Drury's second novel, *A Shade of Difference* (Doubleday, \$6.95). This 603-page choo-choo commutes between Washington and UN headquarters in New York with its tricky tale of the leader of an emerging African nation's fight for independence. The African — all 6 feet, 7 inches of him — makes a grandstand play in a South Carolina integration incident that gives the U.S. a black eye, so to speak; a young Negro Congressman gets caught between his Americanism and his raging racialism; a resolution censuring the U.S. is introduced in the General Assembly by a Yank-hating Panamanian who is married to a sister of the governor of California; Senator Seabright Cooley (Charles Laughton — remember?) delivers an eight-hour filibuster to defeat a resolution apologizing to the African and expires from having talked himself to death; and a U.S. delegate makes an appeal for brotherly love to the General Assembly while literally dying of leukemia. This crock of crises is ornamented with soaper scenes, fortune-cookie wisdom and innumerable details about finaglings in High Places — all of which brummagem bric-a-brac is wrapped in dreary Drury prose. The author's first novel was about national government; his second is about world government. Drury is obviously on his way up. Heaven, look to your gates!

In *In-Laws and Outlaws* (Houghton Mifflin, \$4) C. Northcote Parkinson — pedant, punster, Giver of the Law — tells how to succeed in business by really

YOUNG MEN EVERYWHERE WILL
**PICK UP
THE TAB**

THE TOUCH-TAB COLLAR, THAT IS: A SNAP TO CLOSE

Ever watch a man struggling to button a tab collar? Then you will appreciate what an epoch-making invention the Truval touch-tab is. One click and the snap is closed—like that! We predict that this new, easy closure will lead to a sweeping new vogue for the tab collar. No doubt about it, this style does have a certain elegance. Definitely flattering, too—makes a man look as if he knows his way around. And quite timely, now that the British trend is very much *in*.  The Career Club collection of tab collars is notable for its far-flung variety. White and colors. Solids, striped and checked. All exceedingly smart, taper-tailored by Truval for that trim-waisted look. The convertible cuffs are worn with or without links—clever, eh?  To strike a mercenary note, we call your attention to the price tag on these shirts. Just \$4.00, friend, which is a darn sight less than practically any other fine snap tab around.  This is in keeping with the Career Club motto, as formulated by Truval: *where fashion and value meet*. If you recklessly disregard our counsel and find yourself spending dollars more for the same thing, remember: we told you so. And next time see your Truval dealer first.

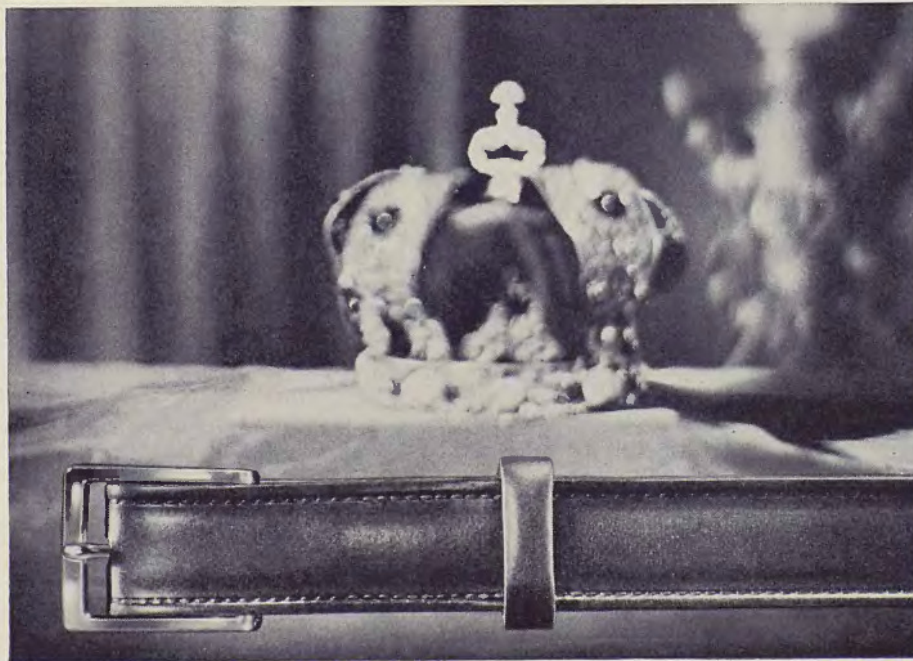


Of all the Englishmen who drink gin... how many drink Gordon's?

Most of them. And it's been that way for years. To be blunt about it, Gordon's is England's biggest selling gin—as it is America's and the world's. Why? Probably because we have always refused to tamper with a good thing. Gordon's still harks back to Alexander Gordon's original formula—conceived in London 193 years ago—so its distinctive dryness and flavour remain unchanged and unchallenged to this day. Ask for Gordon's by name at your favourite tavern and package store.



100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. 90 PROOF. GORDON'S DRY GIN CO. LTD., LINDEN, N. J. PRODUCT OF U. S. A.



Tallowed steerhide with Stretch Buckle

PRIDIÉ · MARK

belt masterpieces by Paris

Paris® has mastered the art of rubbing steerhide with tallow until it becomes soft and lustrous. And for comfort, adds a tireless stretch buckle. \$3 style 303.



trying. He starts with the assumption that you, his reader, are "below average — stupid, idle, careless, uncooperative, ill-tempered and disloyal." Having, for the sake of argument, assented to all this, you are free to push onward, through Parkinson's endlessly revolving doors, along his outrageously circuitous trails to The Top. You will be required, among other things, to cultivate the art of choosing a father-in-law and to master the Parkinsey Report, which assigns male and female characteristics to corporations (the ladies do up their offices in pastel shades) and analyzes their premergital relations. The Professor's observations on business foibles are sometimes shrewd—as when he remarks that among business consultants "all organizations are instantly judged by the looks of their female office staff" (a measurement of success which PLAYBOY happily accepts, considering our staff's measurements). But the book is marred by a funnier-than-thou prose style that insists on being read with a British accent. The Restoration Era names—Frankleigh, Tottering & Co., Bob Bedrock, Mr. Cipher—cease to amuse by the third chapter.

A little over a decade ago, Arthur C. Clarke, physicist and mathematician, became Arthur C. Clarke, full-time writer. The more than 200 books, articles (including a series currently running in PLAYBOY) and short stories he has produced since then confirm the wisdom of his professional progression. Science-fiction master Clarke's special blend of information and imagination may be savored afresh in *Tales of Ten Worlds* (Harcourt, Brace & World, \$3.95), a collection of 14 recent stories and one novelette, *The Road to the Sea*, an evocation of love and art circa 8000 A.D. Two of the stories will not be new to PLAYBOY regulars—*I Remember Babylon* (May 1960), a satire on televised pornography as a weapon of subversion, and *Let There Be Light* (February 1958), a humorously plausible account of murder by death ray. Whether set in the here and now or among the most remote stars of a remote future, Arthur Clarke's absorbing tales continue to add wonder and mystery to this, our science-fiction world.

Davis Grubb, author of *Night of the Hunter* and *A Dream of Kings*, has grubbed up a big new novel called *The Voices of Glory* (Scribner's, \$5.95). Set in 1928, it takes place in a West Virginia coal town called Glory, and each of its many sections is a monolog by a different resident. (The title is as misleadingly punny as *A Man of Malice Landing* or *The View from Pompey's Head*—Malice Landing and Pompey's Head being place names.) The monolog device is out of Edgar Lee Masters'

Spoon River Anthology, but Grubb hasn't Mastered the form. There are the predictable personae: rich men, poor men, newspaper editor, miner, doctors, tramps, loose women, et al. Quite a few et al. All of them have been involved, one way or another, with Marcy Cresap, a U.S. Public Health Service nurse whose battle against disease, ignorance and prejudice has aroused adoration and aversion in the citizenry. The book rips the oft-ripped façade off small-town respectability to reveal — yes! — venality, hate, and more kinds of lust than Howard Johnson has flavors of ice cream. Angel-of-mercy Marcy fights Evil, loves Good, is not ashamed to befriend Negroes, Jews and other "dubious" types, or to like Bach and good wine, or to think that nudity can be beautiful. Even for 1928, her bravery seems quaint. The book's monolog method is more stricture than structure. Its style is fruity-sincere: "Exile is my penitentiary cell, and silence is the lash Fate flogs me with." Or out of character, quite a way out: An ignorant Negro says, "What she woke in me is a splendor yet." Grubb's vulgar vitality and his innocence of his own corniness give the book a certain momentum — which carries it to a literary niche somewhere between *King's Row* and *Peyton Place*.

Mickey Spillane's famous hero, the semiliterate lumnox named Mike Hammer, two parts gristle and one part groin, is back in something called *The Girl Hunters* (Dutton, \$3.50) — a book that may be a religious allegory, since so much has to be taken on sheer faith. We are supposed to believe that Mike has been on a bender for seven years, but can pull out on two days' notice when it develops that the well-developed dame whose disappearance started him boozing isn't dead after all, but has been busy chasing spies across Russia. We are further supposed to believe that her name is Velda, and that an expiring FBI man comes to this bloodshot Eye with her tale instead of dropping a hint back on the Potomac. A New York landlord has even saved Mike's office out of pure sentiment, without rent, and hardly does he step inside before the usual people start clobbering him and shooting at him — perhaps out of sentiment also (since there isn't much other motivation). Being slightly underweight, Mike shrewdly boots his foes in the crotch. Meanwhile, he warns the whole Russian hierarchy that he just might "get them, every one, no matter how big or little . . . in ways that would scare the living crap out of them." Seven years, but once again he gets to feel "the scalding touch of her tongue that worked serpentlike in a passionate orgy." And he is still acute enough to hear somebody "stop soaping herself in



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Now you can take it easy in style . . . with trim, Tapered Slacks by Lee. Leesures combine carefree comfort with flawless wash and wear fabric. In Black-Olive or Black-Brown plaids. \$7.95. Other Lee patterned Tapered Slacks from \$4.95.

leisure hours. Above, Lee classic style with cuffs and belt loops. Finest quality wash and wear fabric. In Black-Olive or Black-Brown plaids. \$7.95. Other Lee patterned Tapered Slacks from \$4.95.

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her nose knows
her man wears
spray rum



Bay Rum for men...in the MODERN aerosol container...refreshing as an ocean spray for after shave or after shower. The scent lasts for hours. **3.75***

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the shower." When was the last time you heard somebody stop soaping herself?

Uhuru (McGraw-Hill, \$5.95), which means freedom in Africa, is the title of a new novel by Robert Ruark, which means a fat book of fiction in America. Ruark's best-selling *Something of Value* dealt with the tensions and terrors of the Mau Mau rebellions seven or eight years ago. His latest 555-page epic returns him to Kenya in 1960, and in somewhat overblown journalese, he deals with the conflict between natives and white colonials. There is a strong silent white hunter (and a little sex); a stubborn white settler (and a little sex); a sincere African leader (and a little sex); a self-serving African leader (and a little sex); a revival of Mau Mau oath ceremonies (and a lot of sex). Although Ruark's creative talent is here less than gargantuan and his steaminess is sometimes suffocating, more often than not his stabs at the stark hit the mark. But when the hunter's mistress has her throat cut by a native and the strong, silent white man murmurs "I'm sorry . . . I'm so dreadfully sorry. I only wish it might have been me," even Ruark's patent authenticity seems stretched to accommodate melodramatic understatement.

The Prize by Irving Wallace (Simon and Schuster, \$5.95) is a fictionalized account of the annual Nobel award ceremonies in Stockholm. Can this be the same Irving Wallace who, in *The Chapman Report*, made a novel out of Dr. Kinsey's researches into sexual behavior? Yes it is, and Mr. Wallace here provides an object lesson in how, with enough imagination of a certain kind, a writer can juice up even the driest of subjects. You begin by sketching the prizewinners as they are notified, letting a French biologist receive his telegram first. Why? So it can arrive while he is cheating on his wife, of course. Next, the kindly old expatriated German-Jewish physicist. Not much you can do with him, since the lovable soul is 62, so for the moment you settle for a few suggestive references to his beautiful but frigid niece. A medical researcher in California you come upon during a group therapy session: you can easily keep things moving with the sexual digressions of the other therapees. And then there is the American novelist. He happens to be dead drunk when the cable is received, so you simply let his wire sit for a couple of hours while the clerk in the small-town telegraph office romps with her boyfriend in the back room. Then on to Sweden itself. Our novelist won't even be through Customs before you line him up with a shiny local chick for at least three quick tumbles during the busy week. In the same few days he'll be propositioned, very explicitly, by Sweden's greatest

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you
smoke**

It's time you tried
KAYWOODIE

for full smoking pleasure
..... without inhaling

What do you want in a smoke? Mildness? Flavor? Relaxation? You get all 3 from Kaywoodie—without inhaling.

Kaywoodie is like no other smoke. Its briar is unique; rare, aged, and cured the Kaywoodie way. That's why it always smokes mild, cool and sweet. And to further insure mildness, the exclusive Drinkless Fitment screens tars and irritants.

You've never really tried a pipe—until you smoke Kaywoodie.



Super
Grain
Billiard
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Other Kaywoodie Pipes and Sets \$5.95 to \$2500.			
Standard	\$6.95	Custom Grain	\$10.00
"600" Syncro-Lok	7.95	Flame Grain	12.50
Relief Grain	8.95	Flame Grain—Meerschaum-Inlaid	15.00

Send 25¢ for 44-page catalog, also tells how to smoke a pipe. Kaywoodie Pipes, Inc., New York 22, Dept. B12.

KAYWOODIE

actress, find his neurotic sister-in-law naked in his bed, and get around to thawing the beautiful niece. But lest people get the notion you're interested exclusively in the sexual behavior of Nobel laureates, perhaps a little more substance is necessary. Local color? Toss in some pages on Scandinavian morality, illegitimacy, nudism. Background on the prizes themselves? Recall that Knut Hamsun got drunk and snapped someone's girdle. Contemporary politics? Let the novelist find time to rescue the niece from East German agents who want her uncle to defect. Historical allusions? Insert a flashback or two about Nazi sexual atrocities. It all sounds slightly hoked-up, you say? Sure—but then Irving Wallace isn't shooting for a Nobel Prize.

In *One Man's Freedom* (Atheneum, \$5.95), Edward Bennett Williams tries to stir up America's enthusiasm for the Bill of Rights—a quaint old document which he insists we read and understand. He is pained by the spectacle of Congressional committees turning the Fifth Amendment into a modern Scarlet Letter, of newspapers assuming defendants (and their lawyers) guilty until proven innocent, of cops breaking the law and of postal authorities obstructing the mails. Criminal lawyer Williams has defended all kinds, but seems to have a special affinity for notoriety—James Hoffa and Frank Costello among others; it is his notion that every citizen, even a well-heeled heel, is entitled to a fair trial. *One Man's Freedom* covers a wide range of topics—wiretapping, capital punishment, international law—all profusely anecdotal. Humorous sample: "Madame," a woman juror was asked, "do you have any conscientious objection to the infliction of the death penalty?" Her reply: "No, not if it isn't too severe." Being a good lawyer, Williams makes a good case for the Bill of Rights. His book may spur sales of the original.

Since the literary decade just past was marked by a fondly fatuous fascination with the Twenties, it is only to be expected that we shall soon be engulfed in a flood of nostalgic outpourings about the Thirties. Among the first to embark upon this backward journey is Don Congdon, who has compiled a large assortment of clippings from and about the Depression era and put them, along with his own annotations, into *The Thirties: A Time to Remember* (Simon and Schuster, \$7.95). The period's special brand of savagery is vividly documented—corporate violence at General Motors, the ordeal of the Scottsboro boys, the military's ravage of the Veterans Bonus Army camped near the White House. But before matters get too grim, we are treated to the spectacle of Norman Vincent Peale demanding from his pulpit, in 1932, that



Your Alligator goes with you everywhere



Alligator "725"—All Dacron* polyester waterproof—smart new style, rich blue color, good-looking brass trim. Handy carrying case included, \$18.75.

You'll always look your best in an Alligator coat! Available in smart styles and colors in fabrics of the finest all wool worsted gabardines, finest colorful wools, finest yarn dyed multicolor cottons in gabardines, poplins and woven patterns—also blends of natural and polyester fibers—all water repellent—and waterproofs, too.

See America's most wanted coats, from \$11.95 to \$70.75 at better stores everywhere.

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the imported
English Gin that
doubles your
martini pleasure



Beefeater—symbol
of integrity in
British tradition
and in the finest
English Gin.

*Unequaled
since 1820.*

BEEFEATER GIN

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KOBRAND CORPORATION • NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

the bankers and corporation heads get down on their knees before God and confess their sins. We can also enjoy, less perversely, an excellent appraisal of F.D.R. by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., and a very funny account of LaGuardia in action by his man Friday, Ernest Cuneo. Also present and performing—John Steinbeck, Clifford Odets, Arthur Miller, H. L. Mencken, Harry Hopkins and many more, in a big book filled with the foolishness and greatness, the brutality and the innocence of a decade that may prove kinder in the remembering than it was, for many, in the living.

The hero of *The Hands of Esau* (Harper, \$6.95) is a top-level New York executive in middle life with a home in Connecticut, a beautiful wife, lovely children. He has just one problem: he doesn't understand himself. Or rather, it is only when his wife abruptly leaves him that he understands he doesn't understand. Ergo, here beginneth soul-searching. Have we read this epic of the middle-class ethos before? We have, but author Hiram Haydn obviously believes that the tale has never been told at enough length, and he has set out to remedy this inadequacy with plenty to spare; his book (of close to 800 pages) is but the first volume of an announced trilogy. What we have here is hardly more than an extended prelude—five months in the life of Walton Herrick in 1953, padded unconscionably with flashbacks. Unfortunately, Haydn makes a most prosaic Proust; the world with which he deals is simply not dramatic enough—not "fictional" enough—to bear up under the weight of his interminable analysis. He tries earnestly to invest Herrick with those missing qualities which might give him impact (the book's other characters seem to have been created solely to brood over the hero's allegedly dynamic and enigmatic personality), but whenever the man himself appears, the image fades into one more indistinguishable shadow on the 5:23 from Grand Central. The crises in Herrick's life—a change of jobs, a brief infidelity—are too commonplace to be worth all those words. Herrick's middle-class dreariness is accented by Haydn's literary method (each flashback is dropped tidily into place) and his ladies'-magazine style. (The hero feels "vague yearnings he could not identify" and he holds people with "the hot intensity of his gaze.") When it is completed, Haydn's trilogy may well prove definitive of its genre—which is to say, it will have strung out a cliché to its uttermost.

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Playboy Club News



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like dumplings in a potato sack, with the morality of yeller hounds in a ditch, and the rest just comes natural. Shucks, even if a feller ain't got much to say, them sophisticated city folks will like as not think the book has "sociological significance" — same as when you don't happen to write too grammatical but it looks like you're doing it that way on purpose. But maybe after a while you get sort of tired — like after you've written the same story 30 or 40 times. You take Mr. Caldwell's new one, *Close to Home* (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, \$3.95). Got this central character, name of Native Honnicutt, who runs a radio repair shop in a little Southern town called Palmyra. What happens is, this Native has just got married to a rich widow, mainly on account of her sweet-potato pie, but he also keeps up his nightly "race mixing" with an octoroon named Josene — because "the shape of her body from her waist to her knees looked exactly like a life-sized valentine." This sort of chagrins the widow, and she decides to have Josene arrested as a prostitute. But the wrong cop goes to do the arresting. Since he can't find Josene he beats up on a handy Negro for sport — also happens to castrate the man, and kills him. So what happens, Josene leaves town, and Native heads back to his sweet potatoes, making jokes about the lesson he's learned — the widow won't catch him next time. Will there be a next time? Maybe not for Native, but for Mr. Caldwell, you bet — as sure as the rain will hurt the rhubarb.

RECORDINGS

No Strings, prospering on Broadway, is a clear indication that Richard Rodgers, long a team man, can go it alone if the need arises. *An After-Theater Version of Richard Rodgers' No Strings* (Atlantic), starring the voices of La Vern Baker, Chris Connor and Bobby Short, and the flute of Herbie Mann, adds new luster to the show's tunes. Baker and Short are particularly appealing in conveying the score's lighter moments.

If Ahmad Jamal's late-lamented Alhambra night club served no other function, it *did* act as a catalyst for some of Jamal's best work. *Ahmad Jamal/All of You* (Argo), recorded "live" at his club, comes over as an exceedingly good example of cocktail jazz piano. This is not a disparagement, but a frame of reference within which to judge Jamal's abilities. Together with the excellent rhythm of bassist Israel Crosby and drummer Vernell Fournier, Jamal turns out consistently easy-to-listen-to sounds, with no great depth but enjoyable, nevertheless.

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The seven standards, including the Matt Dennis delight *Angel Eyes*, have been chosen and performed with care.

Hear Ye!!!! Hear Ye!!!! Hear Ye!!!! Hear Ye!!!! (Atlantic), a title that is obviously the work of a manic depressive, uphill phase, nevertheless has a good deal to exclaim over in the work of the Red Mitchell-Harold Land Quintet. In addition to the leaders, the group offers the finely wrought trumpet work of Carmell Jones and the energetic piano efforts of Frank Strazzeri. Leon Petties on drums is its fifth member. The five eschew the well-trod path for less hackneyed surroundings, performing a collection of originals with a zest and *esprit* that portend much from Mitchell-Land & Co.

The Jan Johansson Trio (Dot) is a pleasantly low-pressure import from Sweden's swelling jazz ranks. The lines followed by Johansson's piano are uninvolved, to the point, and (unusual in a European musician) remarkably free from clichés. Most fascinating is an insinuating Scandinavian melody *De Salde Sina Hemman* which stayed with us long after the record had finished. Skoal with soul.

Although **Carnegie Hall Concert** (Verve) by the Dizzy Gillespie Big Band contains no surprises, being made up of a handful of tried and true Gillespie items, it is still an exemplary Diz-play. In addition to Gillespie's surging horn, the LP spotlights such goodies as Leo Wright's very right alto and Lalo Schiffrin's perceptive piano playing.

We're not quite sure whether the creative activities of **André Previn and J. J. Johnson** (Columbia), as they delineate the music of Kurt Weill, amount to jazz or not, but we have no doubts about the LP's merit. J. J., supplementing the Previn trio, displays a surprising proclivity for the Germanic nuances of Weill's music, an affinity that comes naturally to German-born, classics-schooled Previn. On tap are *Mack the Knife*, *Bilbao-Song* and other offerings from Weill's three pieces for the theater, *Threepenny Opera*, *Happy End* and *Mahagonny*. The J. J. Johnson Quartet, made up of J. J. and the old Cannonball Adderley rhythm section (Victor Feldman, Sam Jones and Louis Hayes), is syrup-smooth on **A Touch of Satin** (Columbia). J. J.'s authoritative bone is almost larger than life as it applies a bright burnish to oldie and original alike. **South American Cookin'** (Epic) finds one of J. J.'s near-peers, Curtis Fuller, at the helm of a quintet which headlines top-drawer tenor man Zoot Sims. The LP, a wrap-up of the group's Latin American junket, combines the full-blown Fuller sounds with Sims' refulgent tones in

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engaging fare that varies from the classic *Willow Weep for Me* to the exotic Brazil-born *One Note Samba*. At opposite poles are *George Russell Sextet in K.C.* (Decca) and *The Cannonball Adderley Sextet in New York* (Riverside). The latter was recorded live at the Village Vanguard; the former is a recap of numbers played during a Kansas City engagement. Russell is one of the prime movers behind modern jazz' new directions; the tunes, late arrivals on the jazz scene, are all handled in highly exploratory but tightly disciplined fashion. Don Ellis' trumpet work is particularly adventuresome and praiseworthy. The Adderley entourage, freewheeling and power-packed, has its roots dug deeply into the emotions. Adderley's sextet—with brother Nat on cornet and Yusef Lateef on tenor, flute and oboe—is full of sound and fury, signifying one of the most electric musical operations extant. As a case in point, case the opening *Gemini*.

First Time Out: *Clare Fischer* (Pacific Jazz), an outstanding introduction to the arranger-composer's keyboard talents, finds Fischer in the company of bassist Gary Peacock and drummer Gene Stone. Clare, whose charts have found their way into Diz' band books, shows himself to be cerebral, facile and highly communicative, whether it be as a spokesman for his own material, such as *Piece for Scotty* (a tribute to the late Scott LaFaro), or as an interpolative interpreter of others' creations, as on the refreshingly unsaccharine permutations of Cole Porter's *I Love You*.

Love Is a Necessary Evil (Columbia) features Don Elliott's Orchestra with vocalist Irma Curry running through the lyrics of Jack Segal, a name to which, we must confess, we have never attached much significance. We have since revised our thinking. Miss Curry's warbling is distinctive, the orchestrations of Al Cohn are softly compelling, and Mr. Segal's words are delightfully free from balladom's usual banalities. The total effect is unpretentiously impressive.

Generally, sessions that are tailored for the big stereo sound leave much to be desired in the way of jazz. Not so, however, with *Impressions of Duke Ellington* (Mercury), orchestrated and batoned by Billy Byers. The sound is there, but so is vitality, imagination and stellar musicianship supplied by such jazz luminaries as Clark Terry, Eric Dixon and the ubiquitous Joe Newman.

March of the Siamese Children (Jazzland) by the Frank Strozier Quartet features the leader's alto and flute (on the excellently done title tune and a Strozier original, *Will I Forget?*). The flow of ideas from Frank's instruments makes the

affair an unclimbed aural outing, one in which straightforward blowing is the watchword and devil take the introspective. The Strozier point of view is echoed expertly by pianist Harold Mabern.

Right Now (Atlantic) has Herbie Mann and cohorts dropping a number of their African predilections in favor of a more rhythmically subtle infusion of Brazilian tempi and melodic lines. There is a quartet of Brazil-based items among the nine tunes on hand and a number of the others have strong Latin leanings. Herbie's fervent fluting gets a strong assist from Hagood Hardy's *simpatico* vibes.

Swingin' Singin' (Philips) by that estimable sextet, the Double Six of Paris (re-recording accounts for the "Double" delineation), sets lyrics to a near-dozen instrumental classics. If it all is highly derivative of L, H & R, it still has a delightful Gallic charm of its own. A piquant French dressing is applied to the likes of *Scrapple from the Apple*, *A Night in Tunisia* and *Early Autumn*.

The *sotto voce* Bill Evans Trio's **Waltz for Debby** (Riverside), one of the last sessions etched by the great bassist Scott LaFaro, is a delicate admixture of subtly shaded standards—*My Foolish Heart*, *My Romance*—with such contemporary jazz statements as the title tune, *Detour Ahead* and *Milestones*. Dodo Marmarosa, one of bop's earliest advocates, may be heard to advantage on **Dodo's Back** (Argo). Although his piano work has long since lost its pioneering aspects, it is still pleasant, tasteful and intelligent—assets that are prominently displayed throughout a well-grooved grove of evergreens.

Elvin! (Riverside) is a delightful display of nepotism by drummer Elvin Jones, who has gathered to his side brothers Hank (piano) and Thad (cornet). Elvin, who never loses sight of his primarily supportive role, nevertheless provides a fine rhythmic springboard for his sibling soloists and flutist Frank Wess and tenor man Frank Foster. The Jones boys prove to be a potent three for the money.

A passel of pretty piano may be heard on **The Nearness of You** (Jazzland) by Red Garland, **A World of Piano!** (Contemporary) by Phineas Newborn, Jr., and **San Francisco Scene** (Capitol) by the George Shearing Quintet. Garland and Newborn, performing with drums and bass, represent an interesting study in contrasts. Red revels in the simple line—never use two notes when one will do the job; Newborn's technique borders on virtuosity—long, intricate runs, in-



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terlaced with classically inspired themes are all part of his brimming bag. Compare their takeouts of *Lush Life*; they are day and night but equally engrossing. Shearing is, of course, Shearing—not nearly as inventive as his confreres, but tasteful and mood-evoking. The Quintet is enhanced by the addition of Latin percussionist Armando Perazza on *My New Mambo* and *Lullaby of Birdland*.

Art Farmer—Benny Golson Jazztet: Here and Now (Mercury) points up all the happy results of the two-minds-with-but-a-single-thought tandem leadership of Golson and Farmer. With bone man Grachan Moncur III and pianist Harold Mabern plus rhythm, Messrs. F & G are off and running through an admirable admixture of originals and old-timers, delivering a clean-limned ensemble sound and evocative solo work.

Drumfusion/the Dynamic New Chico Hamilton Quintet (Columbia) is an LP title that says all. Here is Hamilton throwing off the old order and starting afresh with a hard-driving aggregation that produces an atypical Hamilton sound. Charles Lloyd's tenor and flute and Garnett Brown's trombone make up a large part of Chico's new look. If subtlety has been sacrificed for crisp attack, no one will mourn its loss in such felicitous surroundings.

Gary Burton's vinyl debut at the head of a trio is an auspicious one on *New Vibe Man in Town* (Victor). Bolstered by ace drummer Joe Morello and bassist Gene Cherico, Burton displays a brilliant technique and an astute grasp of the jazz idiom that belies his 18 years, as he adds a fresh supply of chlorophyll to such aged evergreens as *Over the Rainbow*, *Like Someone in Love* and *You Stepped Out of a Dream*.

Awakening!! Jimmy Woods (Contemporary) indicates there's an important new alto sax voice in the jazz world. The Woods approach, wildly but controllably experimental, owes its allegiance to no man. His searing alto brings new life to something as familiar as *Love for Sale*; it also serves as a driving vehicle for a half-dozen of his own compositions. A further incentive to add this to your collection is the propulsive trumpet work of nonpareil horn man Joe Gordon.

The American Jazz Ensemble in Rome (Victor) unveils pianist Johnny Eaton and clarinetist Bill Smith creating avant-garde sounds in the Eternal City. The boys are pasta masters of their art as they join forces with a pair of Roman rhythm men to turn the Tiber into a Third Stream. Among the Eaton-Smith-

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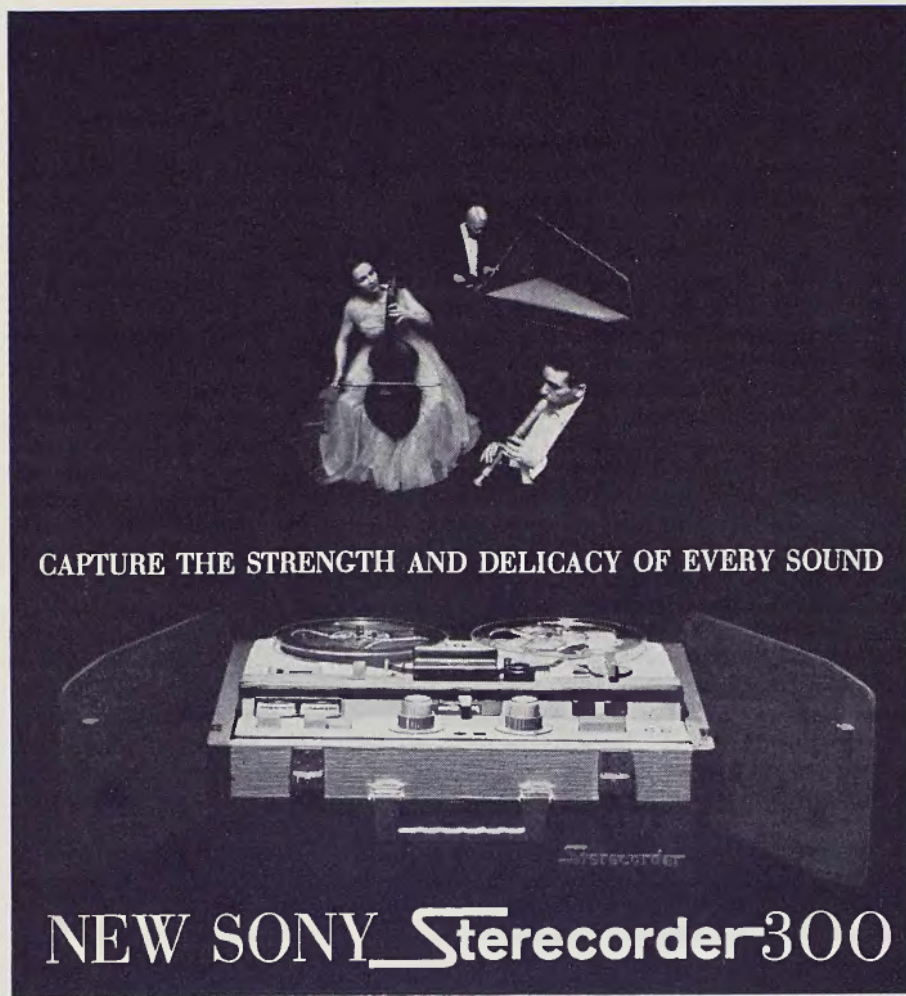


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penned items, *Roma Amor* and *Who Knows Juno* supply some of the freshest kicks yet gotten out of the Boot.

The answer to the querying title of the Don Randi Trio's new album, *Where Do We Go from Here?* (Verve), might very well be "all the way." With bassist Leroy Vinnegar and drummer Mel Lewis in close rapport, Randi is dandy displaying a piano style both spare and imaginative. The offerings include such unusual bases of jazz operations as *Autumn Leaves*, *Waltzing Matilda* and *Gypsy in My Soul*.

One of the youngest groups going, The Jazz Brothers (ages 20 to 24) indicate in *Spring Fever* (Riverside) that youth will be served. Swinging brethren Chuck (trumpet) and Gap (piano) Mangione, tenor man Sal Nistico, bassist Frank Pullara and drummer Vinnie Ruggieri temper their youthful enthusiasm with an expertise that belies their tender years. Specific cases in point: *What's New?*, *Softly*, *As in a Morning Sunrise* and *First Waltz*—the latter a Pullara original.

Johnny Williams' scoring for the TV private-eyedyll *Checkmate* (Contemporary) is frenetically put forward by Shelly Manne and His Men (Conte Candoli, Richie Kamuca, Russ Freeman, Chuck Berghofer). Their Manne-ic output has forcefully underscored Williams' jazz-based charts. We were especially taken with the ensemble choruses of Candoli, Kamuca and Freeman, which almost take the play away from the solo work.

Oliver Nelson, a crackerjack of all trades, has written, arranged, conducted, and blown tenor and alto on *Afro-American Sketches* (Prestige). The band assembled for the session produces an excitingly authentic sound; the soloists and side men are, in the main, superb—with special kudos to Joe Newman and Ray Barretto for infusing the LP with their unique talents.

Blues Sonata: Charlie Byrd (Offbeat) is a further indication of Byrd's go-it-alone approach to his instrument. One of the few exponents of the unamplified guitar, Charlie puts his classical schooling to distinctive use on his long composition, *The Blues Sonata*, a three-part amalgam of classico-jazz figures. Side two has Charlie doing uncommon things with the more commonplace amplified box, as Barry Harris' piano makes the Byrd trio a refreshing foursome. Included are such disparate items as *Alexander's Ragtime Band* and Duke Jordan's *au courant* theme, *Jordu*.

If Tony Bennett's *I Left My Heart in San Francisco* (Columbia) isn't his best etching to date, our ears have led us astray. From



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the tender title ballad which leads off the LP, through the still delightful *Smile* and the swinging *Taking a Chance on Love*, to the last bar of the Carolyn Leigh-Cy Coleman minor-keyed classic, *The Best Is Yet to Come*, Tony is at the top of his form—which is well-nigh stratospheric.

DINING-DRINKING

The Mediterrania (134 N. La Cienega, Beverly Hills) is a cleverly conceived potpourri of Spanish, French and Italian decor (with an added soupçon of points south and east). The massive stone pillars, rough, exposed beams, aged brick walls exude an aura richly reminiscent of sun-drenched Mediterranean ports. Trim, colorfully frocked waitresses also reflect the motif. How the Oriental busboys fit into the *mare nostrum* scheme must remain inscrutably unexplained. Entrees may be chosen from such *specialità della casa* as Chicken Mediterrania (\$3.50), a boned breast swamped in champagne and mushroom sauce, offered with green beans and rice València; Grenadine of Beef Rapallo (\$4.25), touted as a favorite of Catherine de Médicis, consisting of medallions of filet mignon with sauce choron, served with artichoke Florentine and potatoes Parisienne; or the Veal Genovèse (\$3.75), veal slices surrounding a layer of mozzarella cheese and Italian ham, accompanied by artichoke Florentine and parsley potatoes. Reluctantly eschewing the *plat du jour*, Lobster Xavier en Coquille (\$4.50), packed in its shell and sauced with mushrooms, chives and sherry, we began with an hors d'oeuvre sampling of Scampi Rafael (garlic-buttered shrimp) and Crabmeat Danté (au gratin deviled crabmeat stuffed in mushrooms). From the grill entrees, we chose Brochette of Filet Mignon Manolete (\$4.50), marinated in red wine, with rice València, abetted by broccoli hollandaise and sauce aux champignons. Our date dug the Entrecôte of Beef, Vesuvius (\$4.75), a broiled New York sirloin heaped with onions and butter-basted, served with green beans and potatoes Parisienne. Red or white Buena Vista draft wine may be drawn at tableside from a serenading hurdy-gurdy cart wheeled to the spot. We decided to forego both the concert and the local *vino*. We chose, instead, a vintage Pommard (\$6.50). The perfect conclusion was the suggestion of manager Frank Krycheer—Crepe Ricardo (\$1.50), served flambé, a house specialty. With a seating capacity of 185, the Mediterrania, especially on weekends, usually boasts a full house, with a generous sprinkling of Hollywood notables not unusual. The ponderous



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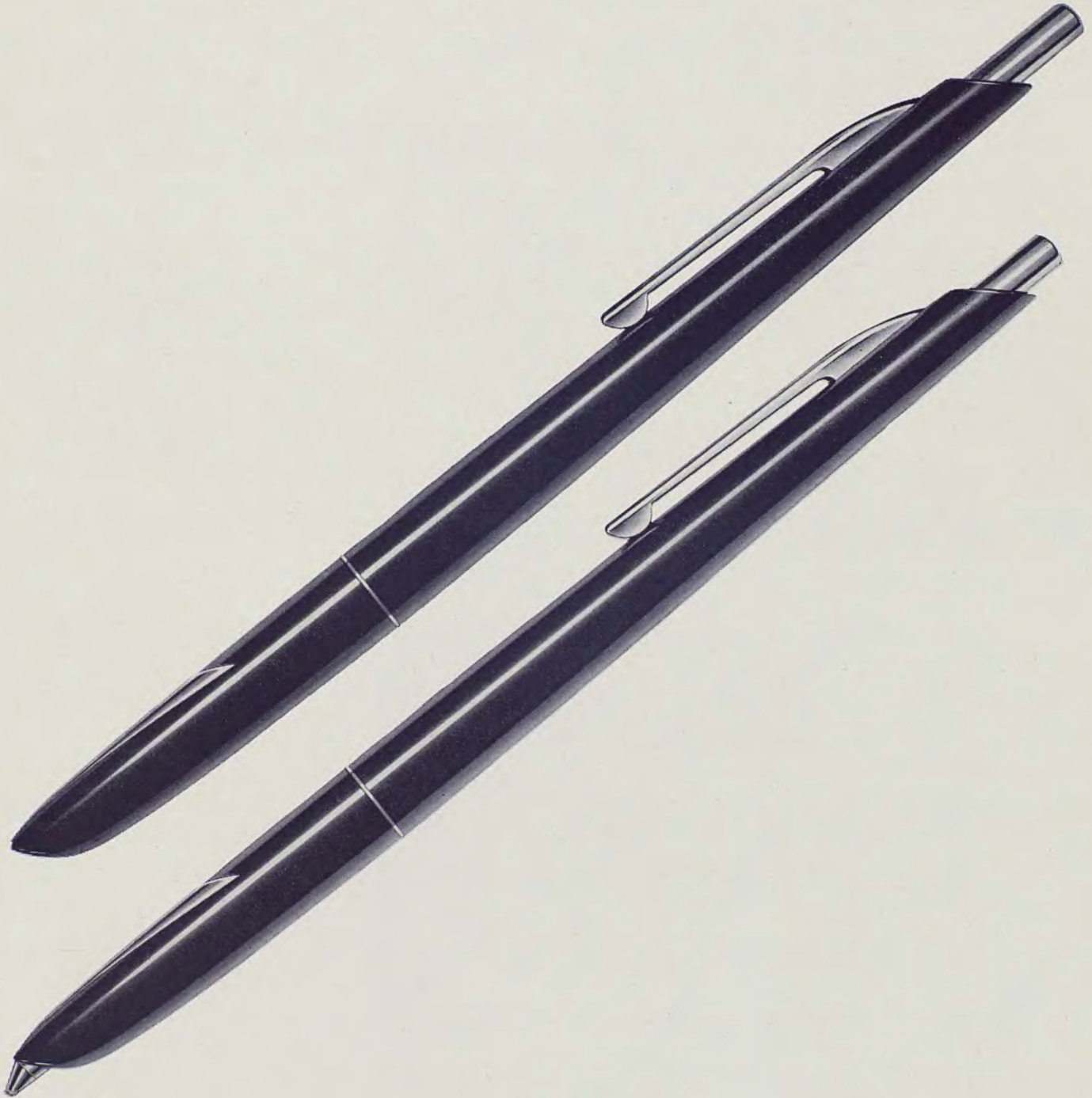
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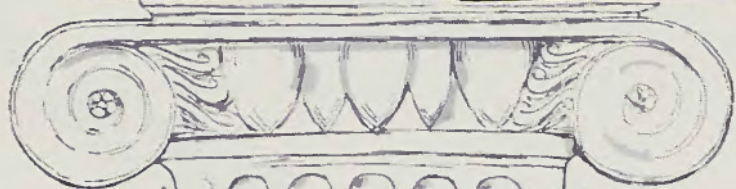
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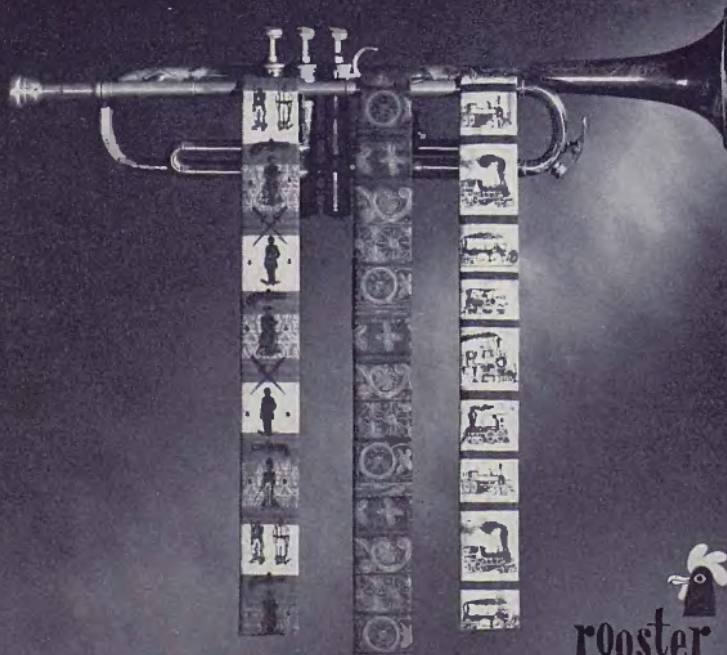
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wooden double doors are open from 5 P.M. to midnight; on Sunday, service commences at 4; Friday and Saturday it continues till 1. Lights out in the restaurant means ditto for the bar.

New York's Second City troupe, having abandoned the hallowed but hazardous precincts of Broadway for the milieu it knows best—the cabaret-theater—is happily ensconced in a converted factory loft in the Village. *Square East* (15 West Fourth Street), a barnlike bivouac houses, at this writing, *Alarums and Excursions*, a revue whose name, at least, appeared on the bill of Second City's Chicago spawning ground some months back. In its present incarnation, it is a mélange of material old and new, sometimes borrowed but never blue. The Second Cityzens (reading from A to T: Alan Arkin, Andrew Duncan, Anthony Holland, Zohra Lampert and ex-PLAYBOY editor Eugene Troobnick) are in top form; when the houselights dim and the spots go up, the vasty reaches vanish and the club becomes as intimate as the jump seat in a Porsche. The program consists of set sketches subject to change with or without notice; the evening's second show features a spate of extemporaneous mummery built on suggestions from the audience. As befits the Village's disdain of such mundane matters as food and drink, the menu and booze are rudimentary—sandwiches and the most basic of beverages. But as Will Shakespeare so wisely put it: "The play's the thing." There is no cover or minimum: admission charge is \$2.75; Friday and Saturday, \$3.50. Performances are scheduled for 8:30 and 11 P.M., with Saturday's shows kicking off at 8:30, 10:30 and 12:30. Monday is a day of rest.

MOVIES

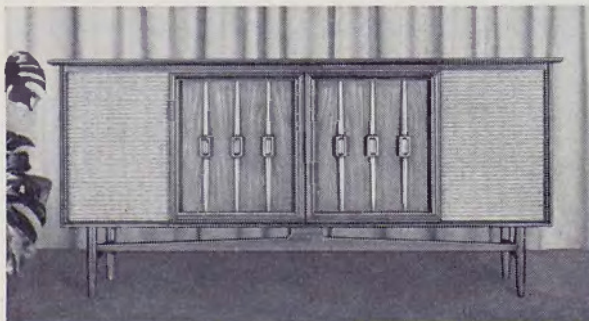
A couple of years ago Irwin Shaw wrote a fake-serious saga called *Two Weeks in Another Town*, which MGM has now made into a fittingly fake-serious film. It's the talky tale of an ex-movie star carrying a lost-love-and-neurosis load. All loads lead to Rome, and it's there that he gets a comeback chance from a director who's getting *his* comeback chance. We watch the actor hurdle toward sanity, over the obstacles of an ex-wife, an ex-bim, an ex-homo who is not quite sapiens, and the (almost) ex-director. These exes mark a lot of familiar spots, in inglorious Metro color. Eventually, by gad, we get the actor's long speech about how lonely a star really is, plus the drunken auto ride in which he tempts death and finds life. This halfbaked pizza is spiced with a diluted *Dolce Vita* sauce. (New equation: an Italian girl

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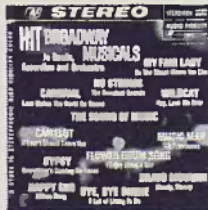
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doing the cha-cha in a slinky dress equals Depravity.) But weaving hips don't hide the fact that this is a 1925-type flick with sound, much too much of it. The words pour mostly from Kirk Douglas, as the ex-star, but Edward G. Robinson, the director, gives us plenty of the side of his lip, too.

A young man in Manchester has the same problem as a young man in Manhattan or Manitoba when troubled by a girl whom he gets into trouble. *A Kind of Loving* shows the kind of living that comes from shotgun weddings, even when the young buck levels the buckshot at himself. Having done right by the girl, he discovers that life with mother-in-law is all wrong. A miscarriage splits this miscarried marriage—but the crisis leaves the pair with the hope that they may yet recapture some of that first fine careless rapture. Adapted from Stan Barstow's novel, this English film is director John Schlesinger's first feature—done with the grime-and-grayness of such minor Midlands masterpieces as *Room at the Top* and *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*. It's not in their class as a working-class classic—the trite story lacks social size and moral meaning. However, the compassionate direction and passionate dialog together with the scarily frank photography give the film terrific textile-town texture. Alan Bates turns in an eminently winning performance as the loser. Not as feisty as Albert Finney nor as hammy as Laurence Harvey, Bates gives a touch of pavement poetry to the Lancashire lad whose rough edges are ground down by propriety and poverty so that he can be slipped into his slot in the scheme of things.

Cleo from 5 to 7 is not about what Liz Taylor does after work. It's another film from the French New (New?) Wave by one of the world's few female directors, Agnes Varda, who is reputed to have made the original splash that started the Wave. *Cleo* is the story of a beautiful girl's two-hour wait for a biopsy report that will tell her whether or not she's doomed—a sort of lifetime-in-120-minutes. She's a Parisian pop singer, and she meets with her songwriters, sees her lover, goes for a walk, sits in cafés, buys a hat, meets a sympathetic soldier, and finally learns her fate from the doctor. If you've missed every New Wave film up to now, this one will fill you in economically; it's a catchall collection of their tricks—the rapidly repeated shots of Resnais, the silent-film satire of Malle, the street strolls of Godard, the irrelevant realistic conversations of Truffaut. Anything they can do, Miss Varda can do—but not better. All the high-art hoo-ha doesn't compensate for the fact that she's telling a low-art women's-mag story, more Edna Ferber than genuine



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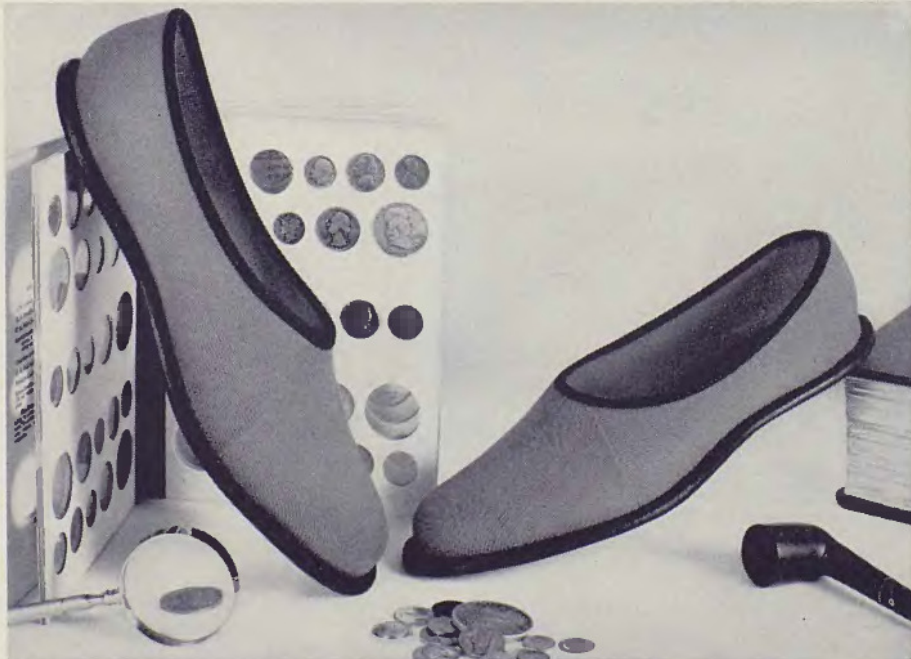
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fervor. A luscious bit of French landscape named Corinne Marchand (a well-known singer) plays Cleo, but like the film itself, she's just a very interesting surface.

Jailbirds of a special sort play key roles in *Birdman of Alcatraz*, Burt Lancaster's film of the life of Robert Stroud, who has been caged for the past half century, mostly in solitary confinement in Federal prisons. While in Leavenworth, this uneducated man began to collect and study birds, became a leading expert on bird diseases, and published a standard text. He was moved to Alcatraz, where he wrote a six-volume work on penology, which the U.S. Government confiscated and suppressed. He is now penned up in Springfield, Missouri—73 years old and still hoping for parole. His story, extraordinary though it is, seems unpromising material for a moving picture—and that unpromise is fulfilled. There is a limit to what a camera can do with a studious convict, and Director John Frankenheimer soon reaches it. Lancaster turns in a genuine performance as a self-taught man in an untaut movie.

Hatori! means "danger" in Swahili. If you fancy action shots of African animals, this is your two-and-a-half-hour safari; otherwise, *Hatori!* About half the film is big game; the other half is extremely small—mostly meanwhile-back-at-the-camp stuff about the problems of the chief hunter, his crew, an orphaned French girl, and (uh-huh) a lady photographer who overcomes the men's antifemale prejudice. The picture focuses on the tangy life of Tanganyika hunters who fill orders for zoos around the world. Watching John Wayne rope a rhino from the fender of a jolting jeep or try to capture a giraffe with a noose on a pole is exciting enough; but John as a big silent lover is strictly on the Wayne. Howard Hawks, who has given us some big ones (*Scarface*, *Twentieth Century*, *Red River*), directs rather wearily—definitely not young-blood Hawks anymore.

The Music Man, Meredith Willson's Broadway musical now cramming the wide screen with color, corn and clef-hangers, is so full of heart that it may induce a little heartburn. Repeating his stage role, Robert Preston displays *brio* and brass as the itinerant music salesman who invades the Midwest and bamboozles yokels to beat the band. His pitch is selling instruments and uniforms by promising to teach the kids how to play, although he can't read a note—then waltzing away with a wad. In River City, Iowa, however, he takes to singing serenades to the local librarian (Shirley Jones) just to pass and make

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some time, but she responds forte — which complicates his coda. Morton Da Costa, who did the show, has directed the film in Da Costliest way possible, with plush, polish and pizzazz. Every tune from 76 Trombones to *Till There Was You* sounds like something you've heard before, but for the nostalgically inclined, it's a well-varnished valentine to a vanished Ioway of life.

It's even Steven whether a new Peter Sellers film will blast off or bomb out. Unlike some top talents, Sellers (see *Playboy Interview*, this issue) is stopped cold by weak script and direction, both of which he gets plenty of in a halting film rendition of *Waltz of the Toreadors*. Jean Anouilh's guileful, stylish play about male vanity and female vindictiveness centers on a fat retired general whose glands are as active as ever. His invalid wife keeps him tightly leashed, and Fats is really in the fire when an old sweetheart turns up. She has been saving herself for 17 years, and she is now ready. The film version is set in England, and screen adapter Wolf Mankowitz has soured the original Gallic brew until it is half-acid. One minute Sellers is discoursing deeply, the next he is falling through a rotten balcony into a rain barrel — so it is not entirely his fault if his performance lacks credibility. Even so adept an actress as Margaret Leighton can't piece together the preposterous part of the wife. Cyril Cusack is dulcetly disarming as the doctor and John Fraser is virginally virile as a young aide, but Dany Robin, as the *femme futile*, is a not-quite-living doll. The result — more ennui than Anouilh.

Can a girl who has been raped in a Bronx park find happiness in a Bowery basement with an alcoholic garage mechanic whose eye she kicks out? Such is the problem treated in *Something Wild*, which features Carroll Baker as a pretty blonde thing who skips (yep) into a dark park one night, is pulled into the bushes and assaulted in the most sickening of the recent rash of reel-life rapes. Thereupon, she leaves home, wanders through the city, gets a job in Woolworth's, and almost dives off a bridge. Who pulls her back? Just exactly the right person: a lonely fellow, played by Ralph Meeker, who takes her to his basement flat, wins her confidence, then comes home drunk and gets a kick in the eye when he grabs her. All this is dished up with gobs of nutritious naturalism — crowded subways and grimy streets — but underneath the *sauce naturelle*, it's an old sentimental sweetmeat. One major trouble with the picture is that not everybody who sees it is likely to be as much in love with the modestly gifted Miss Baker as her husband, Jack Garfein. And he directed.



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(Front) Bob Cousy, of the Boston Celtics, Ken Venturi, professional golfer, Paul Hornung, great Green Bay Packer, Frank Gifford, halfback who retired and couldn't stand it; he's back with the N.Y. pro football Giants.

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

What are your views on a young man's marrying a woman a few years his senior? — B. P., Washington, D.C.

Assuming the best of circumstances — great mutual attraction, similar interests, physical compatibility, emotional maturity — we see nothing against it, provided the man is at least 30, and thus able to accurately judge the real differences in their ages, as they will exist for most of their lives. To a man of 21, a girl of 26 may seem pleasingly mature, but those same five years can become a gap of nearly a generation by the time the man reaches his late 30s or early 40s. Women age (mature, if you prefer) more rapidly than men, even though they tend to live longer, and this fact can cause problems for couples of even the same age, when they marry too young: most women in their early 20s have reached full maturity and are the person they will be for the rest of their lives; not so with most men. A man at 20 may be a completely different person — different emotions, different tastes, different interests — than the same man at 30. The mate — of whatever age — he chooses in his early 20s may be completely different from the girl he would choose 10 years later. In addition, whatever differences may exist between an average man and woman aged 20, the differences are considerably greater when both are 40. The odds against any couple's finding enough in common to last them a lifetime are stiff enough, under the best of circumstances, to suggest the real wisdom of having as much going for a marriage as possible from the start. The ideal difference in ages, it seems to us, is about 10 years (the age difference between the President and his wife is ideal), with men marrying in their 30s and women in their 20s. More men should spend their first years out of school finding themselves, before they attempt to find a mate. Too many find a wife first and don't ever really discover who they themselves are. Or might have been.

What with the tax bite and the decreased value of the dollar, it's very difficult to figure out how one's salary rates as compared with earlier generations in terms of net spendable income. I have a brother 15 years my senior who, when he was 30, was presumed to be doing very well making 20 Gs a year. I am now approaching 30 myself, and am doing a bit better than that. Yet, on straight salary (which is my only source of income) I can't live anywhere nearly as well as he did at that age. Specifically, at the age of 30 and with no dependents or unusual deductions, what would a

man have to earn in gross salary to have the net (after taxes) purchasing power to equal that which was enjoyed by a 20-G-per-year man 15 years ago? — R. S., Los Angeles, California.

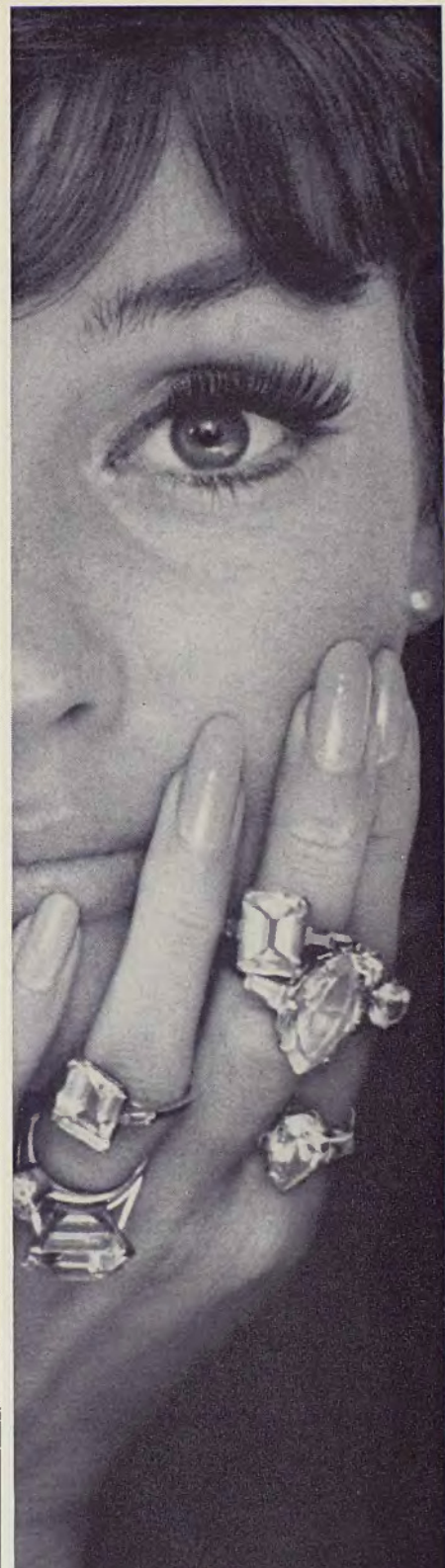
To match big brother, you'd have to have a gross salary today of \$34,235. After taxes, this would leave you a net income of \$17,762, as compared to his 1947 net income of \$13,270 on a 20-G gross salary. The equalizing factor is the declining average purchasing power of the dollar (specifically, in a ratio of 1.285 to .96 over the 15-year span). You'd best forget sibling rivalry and concentrate on getting a bigger bang out of life from your buck. Money's a fine means, but a disappointing end.

Is it ever advisable to physically chastise a woman who can't be controlled with words? I don't mean really hurting her, just an openhanded wallop across the rump, now and then. I'm not asking your estimate of the effectiveness of such action — I know from experience that it works. I'm asking, I guess, for advice on how to answer those who criticize me for it — including the current female recipient of my swinging salutes to her outbursts of childish waywardness, unreasonable tantrums and willful disobedience. (Being a gentleman, I hate to strike a woman, but she is better for it, and it may prove a long-term civilizing influence.) — J. W., New York, New York.

For an openhanded answer, we yield to other authorities: Oscar Wilde suggests that a woman should be struck regularly, like a gong; the Bible adjures her to turn the other cheek; and good ol' Charlie Brown says, "Never hit girls, shove them." Tell your critics to stick to their tatting or risk some lumps; tell your girl to bitch to Ann or Abby. (By the way, Muscles, since you say you're a gentleman, we're sure you won't mind telling us what caves are currently renting for in your area. Sorry—but we don't approve.)

A question of etiquette, please: I date two girls who have different opinions on whether or not I should climb first into those tunnellike cabs converted from small stock sedans. One girl says to hell with protocol, why should she squirm her way across the seat to make room for me, or have me try to climb over her after she takes her seat nearest the cab door? The other one says she'd rather put up with the discomfort than have me, her escort, look like a selfish jerk by getting in first. What to do? — F. W., New York, New York.

As you imply, if the cab's big enough, you should hold the door and help the



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girl in; going by the book, she should sit right down and let you climb over her to the far side of the seat. But even in big cabs this may be awkward, and current practice makes it perfectly permissible for her to slide over and make room for you. We are all for the niceties, but in the matter of small cabs—especially when it's topcoat weather or the girl's in full skirt or long evening dress—we suggest this: as you open the cab door for the girl, ask her if she'd like to get in first, and be guided by her answer. If she says no, it is an extra courtesy to help her in and then go around the cab and get in the other door.

As a city man, my taste in cars tends toward American compacts. Right now, however, I'm ready for a new car and am simultaneously planning a round-trip cross-country vacation. I want something nimble, yet roomy and solid, the kind of car that will roll along for hours on end at high speeds, with me at the wheel feeling secure, relaxed, comfortable, and delighted with the car's quiet dynamism and sheer power. In fact, I want to feel about it as foolishly poetic as these words may sound. I've snow-jobbed myself into believing I owe myself the best car I've ever had (though I don't want to spend over seven thousand). It has to be a sports car—and it has to be a convertible. Will you give me your first three choices, either domestic or foreign?—R. A., Boston, Massachusetts.

The Jaguar XK-E Roadster, the Porsche 1600 Super-90 Cabriolet, the Chevrolet Corvette. The Jaguar handles superbly and possesses a prodigious pickup, the Porsche boasts a nearly indestructible engine and unparalleled German craftsmanship, and the Corvette provides great power and straightaway speed (and, since it has a Chevy engine familiar to U.S. mechanics, will pose no service problem should trouble arise during your cross-country jaunt). Whichever of this trio you choose, you can be sure you'll be getting a first-rate run for your money.

I date a girl who lives with her parents and I get along with them well. Recently, when her dad was out of town on a business trip—which I now know to be a fairly frequent occurrence—I asked her to dinner and she asked if I didn't want to invite her mother to join us. Bluntly, I did not, but I said OK anyway. This has happened twice. How do I get out of it in the future? The mother is a nice enough woman, but I have little to say to her and her presence is inhibiting, and that's putting it mildly.—W. O., Los Angeles, California.

Skip the dinner dates when the old man's away, or try this: Tell the girl

you'd like to have a nice, intimate dinner, just you two, and does she know which night her mother might have another social engagement. Or make the next occasion a double date—implying tactfully that Mom would be a fifth wheel. However you work it, pick up a small bouquet or box of bonbons on your way to the girl's house, as an impromptu gift for her mother. This gesture will convince mother and daughter of your thoughtful attentiveness and regard, and should establish the fact that there's nothing negative or hostile in your attitude.

In shirts, my taste runs to white broadcloth buttondowns. Would wearing these shirts with the rather formal shawl collar be inappropriate? In general, are buttondown shirts correct for evening wear?—B. D., Detroit, Michigan.

Yes. No.

What determines whether or not alcoholic beverages are served on planes? I've heard it depends on length of flight—but recently I was served cocktails on a Chicago–New York run of an hour and a half, yet got no drinks on the return trip, which took longer. Who's in charge: Feds, states, airlines, CAA, and what are the criteria on which the decision is based?—F. F., Memphis, Tennessee.

Your confusion is understandable, since you're trying to find a pattern where none exists. There are—so far—no Federal regulations governing whether or not liquor is served aloft; each airline has its own policy regarding passenger potables, a policy determined by a number of factors. Among these are time of day, length of flight, class of service (whether the hop is a highly promoted or a standard run, and whether there's first-class as well as tourist space aboard), and a factor known in airline lingo as "stomach time," which determines whether a meal or a more or less substantial snack is served on the plane. (Most airlines do not serve liquor except in connection with some sort of food service.) Still another determining consideration is whether a particular airline's policy is to sell liquor or serve it gratis; obviously, the people who sell it tend to run airborne bars a little more often than those who don't.

Over the last few years, I've had a wonderful time savoring the company of a great variety of girls. I've accomplished this by establishing a strict timetable for these relationships—so much time for preliminaries, so much time for fruition, so much time for breaking it off. I have succeeded admirably in my original intention of avoiding serious entanglements, but I am now beginning to be gnawed by a continuing uneasi-

ness, a feeling that perhaps there is something vital missing in my present boy-girl scheme of things. In retrospect, I must admit, my *affaires d'amour* seem rather flat, repetitious and a trifle shabby. I still don't want to get seriously involved with any girl, but there must be a more emotionally satisfying approach to bachelorhood. Any ideas?—T. M., New York, New York.

You can't establish a timetable for human relationships and expect the real satisfaction that can only come from emotional involvement. When the pleasures of the chase become more important than the participants, then the game has lost its purpose and everyone's the loser. There's no need to give up bachelorhood, if that status suits you best, but the rest of life is far too structured and prearranged to allow a preplanned pattern to control the most personal part of your existence. Let your affairs wax and wane of their own accord. Like the proverbial pot, a meaningful relationship will never come to a boil if one's eye is continually on the clock. If you've been repressing a longing for something deeper than courting by the calendar, your chances of finding it will be greatly enhanced when you permit matters to run their natural course.

When you are checking out of one of the better resort hotels after a longish stay, which of the help do you tip and how much?—K. P., Greenwich, Connecticut.

If it's American plan and you've not been paying cash for food, and have been signing chits for drinks and other extras, your best bet is to ask the management to distribute gratuities for you and turn over to them for this purpose an amount equal to one day's tariff per week of your stay. This is increasingly customary. Some hotels, especially in tropical resort areas, automatically provide a list of those employees who have served you directly, with suggested gratuity per week for each. In our experience, these suggestions run a bit high, and spending a goodly part of your last day setting aside packets of earmarked bills is a drag, so we prefer the lump-sum-to-management procedure. The same system can be followed in European-plan places, but the total pelf and number of deserving recipients will be less.

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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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: PETER SELLERS

a candid conversation with england's prime minister of mummery

During the arduous process of completing 16 films in five years, Peter Sellers has gained an international reputation as England's most lustrous comedian. The peerless portrayer of *Lolita's* malevolent Quilty submerges himself so completely in his roles (an Indian doctor, a Graustarkian Prime Minister, an unconscionable car thief, a Welsh librarian), that the "real" Peter Sellers has had little chance to stand up. People conditioned by his chameleonlike cinematic tours de force find it something of a visual and aural surprise to meet the 36-year-old Sellers off camera. Unprepossessing and painfully shy, attired in a nondescript gray suit set off by an innocuous tie, Sellers held forth for PLAYBOY for four hours in his dressing room at Shepperton film studios in London's outskirts. During his soft-spoken answers to our queries, his eyes searched the floor through thick-rimmed glasses for some elusive wellspring of inspiration in an obviously gracious attempt to muster the verbal virtuosity associated with the acting profession. That he communicated well was more a tribute to Sellers' determination to express his thoughts than a natural loquacity. (The

news, learned as we went to press, that Sellers and his wife had separated, supplies a melancholy postscript to his voiced longings for familial stability.)

PLAYBOY: Within a short period of time you have progressed from being an English radio comedian to international star status. Do you regard yourself as a star?

SELLERS: No, I'm not a star. I'm a character actor. The character actor must tailor his talent to the parts that are offered. If I were a leading man, a tall, good-looking sort of chap, you know, a chap who has a way with him, who gets parts tailored for his personality, like Cary Grant, then I could regard myself as a star. I'm not a star, because I have no personality of my own.

PLAYBOY: Hasn't success enabled you to find your personality?

SELLERS: Success hasn't enabled me to find out anything about myself. I just know I can do certain things. If you go too deep into yourself, if you analyze yourself too closely, it's no good for the job. You can either act or you can't. If you analyze your own emotions all the time, and every doorknob you handle, you know, you're up the spout.

PLAYBOY: But supposing you were asked to play a character called Peter Sellers, how would you play him?

SELLERS: What I would do, I'd go to see all my friends, I'd go to see my acquaintances, and ask them how they see me, ask for their impressions of Peter Sellers. And then I would sift these characterizations. That's all I can do, because I am quite unaware of what I am. A politician can see himself, can see what sort of an impact he is making. I can't. I know I'm a bad conversationalist. Often I'm at parties, and people think Peter Sellers is going to do an act, and they wait, and when nothing is forthcoming, they're disappointed.

PLAYBOY: Don't you see a concrete personality when you look in the mirror?

SELLERS: It's difficult but—er—I suppose what I'd see is someone who has never grown up, a wild sentimentalist, capable of great heights and black, black depths—a person who has no real voice of his own. I'm like a mike. I have no set sound of my own. I pick it up from my surroundings. At the moment I've got a South African architect working on my new flat in Hampstead, and so I tend to speak in a South African accent all



"I don't think it's possible to have women friends. I don't believe in platonic friendship with women. Sooner or later something springs out of it."

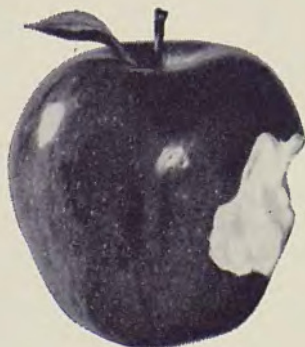


"Going to see a great actor makes me feel completely exhilarated and dejected at the same time. I ask myself, how did it happen; how did he do it?"



"I just haven't got the confidence to shrug off what is said about me. Some actors say they're above criticism . . . they don't read it. I don't believe them."

Oh lala



Oh lala
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the time. As for the face in the mirror, well — my appearance is fattish, a more refined-looking Pierre Laval, sometimes happy, but always trying to achieve a peace of mind that doesn't seem possible in this business. This business breeds a tension that is difficult to live with.

PLAYBOY: What precisely produces this tension in you?

SELLERS: The knowledge that the business is so short-lived. Success is so brief. It's not like being part of a big business that you're with for the rest of your life. That would lead to tranquillity. But then I don't really want tranquillity. I almost want the whole thing to crumble around me. That keeps me at it — making me think I've got to be good. It's a tension of thinking that unless you're number one it's no good. You do three bad pictures in a row and it's all over. The other part of the tension is the unreal life you lead. Being well-known is a problem to me. Whatever you do, somebody wants to say something about it or photograph it. But that's all part of it, part of what you want, you realize that's the life you've chosen. You're stuck with it.

PLAYBOY: You sound as if you had very little enthusiasm for your own work.

SELLERS: No enthusiasm, no confidence. I don't make quite as many mistakes as I used to. But the work hasn't progressed as I'd like it to. I can't achieve what I want to achieve. There's this constant gap between what one does and what one wants to have done. You go and see your rushes and you begin to wonder if you'll ever be able to judge your own work. And there's this other thing. The more success you have, the more people want to have a go at you in the press. And I just haven't got the confidence to shrug off what is said about me. Some actors say they're above criticism. They say they don't read it. I don't believe them.

PLAYBOY: Do you tend to veer between optimism and pessimism?

SELLERS: I get the same thing old Peter Finch gets. We call it the Blacks. They descend on me, the Blacks, usually after seeing the rough cut of my last picture in some private cinema. And it's the end, just the end. The whole thing looks terrible. Then I just want to pack it all in and look around quickly for a means of employment . . . suicide. Who can you talk to, who'd understand your problem, who can you unload your mind to? Then, after a few days you get over it. I read, drive, try to lose myself in something, anything.

PLAYBOY: Has driving a special significance for you?

SELLERS: Yes, I've got this car thing. It started when I was working in vaudeville. I'd always wanted a car. Then I bought one. Then I started to change

them at an alarming rate. Since 1948, I've had 60 different cars. This chap, this car salesman in North London, opened up a showroom entirely for my benefit. I'd go to him with this mad lust for cars inside me, and see something I'd want and get it. And next day I'd be back trading it in for another car. Now I've finally got what I want. The Bristol 407. It's perfect. I didn't know such a car existed. The Bentley Continental wasn't bad for room, for speed, for comfort and silence, but the 407 combines everything. I've had it over a month now. I'm happy with it. I'll only change it if they improve the model. I just love motoring. It's a search for perfection. Probably there is a link between this search and the other one, the one in my work. One is a search for perfection in a machine, the other stems from a great sense of depression, at being unable to supply what I know I should be able to deliver.

PLAYBOY: You also change your residence fairly frequently. Is that part of the same search?

SELLERS: I suppose so. My wife and I recently sold our home in Chipperfield and for a while we lived at the Carlton Tower hotel. That was a sort of clearinghouse while we looked around. I liked living at the Carlton Tower. I liked the atmosphere. Now we've taken a flat in Hampstead. I want to find out if flat living is OK. We've spent a lot of money on the flat. It would be nice to stay there permanently. But my idea of permanence is about five years. I have always been restless. My grandparents were the same. Always on the move. I certainly have inherited this lack of a foundation, this lack of roots. When we moved into Chipperfield, I said this is it, this is where I'm going to stay. But after a while you get this call to move on, to try something else. I think being half Jewish has a lot to do with it. That and the business. I have a feeling I'm not going to stay anywhere for very long. One tries to create roots — it's vital for the children. I want to get them settled, so that they have a feeling of belonging somewhere. But they've probably inherited my restlessness. They never seem to mind moving.

PLAYBOY: With what kind of people do you feel most at home?

SELLERS: I have a small group of friends who make me feel I belong. What have they got in common? They're all in the profession, of course. They're people who've shared three phases with me — the Air Force, vaudeville and radio. And now they're sharing the film phase with me. I know they're interested in me, not because of any achievements I may have had, or because I am, if you'll excuse the word, Peter Sellers. Yes, they're all men. I don't think it's possible to have



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women friends. I don't believe in platonic friendship with women. Sooner or later something springs out of it.

PLAYBOY: What do you need most—the admiration of men, women or professionals?

SELLERS: As an actor, what I need most is the admiration of professionals, other actors. As a not-very-attractive man, I need the admiration of women. Very tall, good-looking actors have a different problem altogether. I'm very lucky being married to a very pretty girl, but I'm very conscious of not being anything to look at. One of these very handsome stars once said to me, "Jesus," he said, "I admire your acting. Let's face it, I'm just good-looking." And I thought, *just good-looking!* And there he was staving off all these luscious birds . . .

PLAYBOY: Do you tend to spend freely on yourself?

SELLERS: Yes, very freely. I used to think: one day I can buy this and that, and now I can. Buying what I want is not really extravagance. If you bought what you don't need—that would be extravagance. But then I can always persuade myself that I need what I buy. I don't believe in being the richest man in the cemetery. As long as the family is provided for—my mum and dad, my wife, my two children—that's all right. It's fine to be rich when you're 60, but I think now (I'm 36) is the time to enjoy it. If I see some gadget or car and want it, I buy it. I have the bloody thing. Everybody's provided for, and I'm in the black with the tax people, so what I've got is my own, and I enjoy it. I certainly haven't got a guilt complex about spending. I'll go to any extreme to help other people—but I don't believe in doing charity work publicly. I don't believe in this Look-God-I've-been-good-today mentality. If I do it, I want to do it unseen, not to make my niche up in heaven a little larger.

PLAYBOY: You're known as one of the hardest working actors in the industry. Do you feel a compulsion to work?

SELLERS: Well, what else is there? I don't really *want* to do more than two pictures a year. That's the ideal. But then you get to a position where you really get mixed up. There's all this stuff to sift through and you don't know what to do. I think there is a certain pattern an actor falls into. A lot of actors try to break it. You meet them and they say they've found it, something marvelous—like Buddhism. Some Indian bloke who stands up against a wall all day. That's it. That's the secret. And they hold up walls for a while, and next time you meet them they're back in the old routine, doing the same old job. I suppose the thing is to take off to some little

place and think—that would be good. But I don't relax easily. And the moment you do stop work they all descend on you—you get all the moguls with ideas: producers, they come round and they say, this is good, Peter, this is wonderful, they say, we must do it right now, and you say all right, and most of the time there isn't even a script. These days properties are discussed and set up in a strange way. Just on an idea, not a script. I know it's exciting to have an idea, but it's more exciting to have a screenplay. Take *Peter Pan*. All I've ever done is to say I like the idea of playing Captain Cook, but I've never even seen a script, and everybody seems to think it's all set up. And it isn't.

PLAYBOY: How do you go about preparing for a role after you have accepted it?

SELLERS: Well, having got to the stage where one sees a final script and has discussed the part with all concerned, I start with the voice. I find out how the character *sounds*. It's through the way he speaks that I find out the rest about him. I suppose that approach comes from having worked in radio for so long. After the voice comes the looks of the man. I do a lot of drawings of the character I play. Then I get together with the makeup man and we sort of transfer my drawings onto my face. An involved process. After that I establish how the character walks. Very important, the walk. And then, suddenly, something strange happens. *The person takes over*. The man you play begins to exist. I sink myself completely into every character I play, because he has begun to live in me. I suddenly seem to know what sort of life that man has had and how he would react to a given situation. Other character actors go for the makeup first and start from that.

PLAYBOY: How does this complete identification with a part affect your home-life?

SELLERS: Not at all. My wife is aware of it, though, especially when it's a nasty part, as in *Never Let Go*. I was sort of edgy with her while we made that film. Then, while I was making *The Millionaire*—I played an Indian—I was very serene. But what I *do* do while making a film—I eat in my dressing room, not in the canteen, so as not to break my train of thought. That way I don't get out of my mood. Then on the way home I try and drive it off—and come home a half-demented, raving, shrieking idiot from the rush hour.

PLAYBOY: What do you find stimulates you most in your work?

SELLERS: Seeing other people's work. The finished product. I can see perfection in other people's performances. People like Trevor Howard or, when he was still alive, Bob Donat. I thought he was a

god. People like that are superb, so good that one is not aware that they are acting. Going to see a great actor makes me feel completely exhilarated and dejected at the same time. I ask myself, how did it happen, how did he do it? I find that stimulating.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever indulge in fantasies of being something other than an actor?

SELLERS: Yes, I often feel I'd like to be a free-lance photographer, going round the world and snapping things at the right moment. I'd like to be another Cartier-Bresson. That sort of a photographer. To be invisible and take great pictures. I've had a lot of my pictures published in *Queen* recently. And I'm hoping that other magazines will become interested in my work. Perhaps I'll get assignments. When I was doing *Lolita*, four national newspapers were after me to take pictures on the set. But it couldn't be done.

PLAYBOY: Your attempt to direct yourself in *I Love Money* was not an unqualified success in the opinion of many critics. Do you still want to direct?

SELLERS: No, I've abdicated from that idea, at least from directing a picture in which I also appear. I have another subject in mind I'm anxious to direct, but I won't act in it as well. Never again. I might become a producer, though. That seems a good thing. You can still be part of the business, without actually being in it, so to speak . . . although I don't suppose it's a more peaceful life.

PLAYBOY: Besides your work, what do you feel most strongly about?

SELLERS: Well, my family, of course, and that embraces my father and mother. Apart from that, nothing. I don't take sides in politics. I have a Victorian outlook. I don't like taking part. Becoming part of some large group never does any good. Maybe that's my problem with religion. I'm going through the throes at the moment. That's because I'm nothing. I wasn't baptized. I wasn't Bar Mitzvahed. I suppose my basic religion is doing unto others as they would do unto me. But I find it all very difficult. I am more inclined to believe in the Old Testament than in the New, though I believe in not doing a dirty turn to anyone. I never *tell* people to do anything, because I never do anything myself when I'm told to do it, only when I'm asked. This attitude comes from having been in the service. I believe in my own set of values—God is very close—God knows all. He likes to see you in church. Fair enough. But I'm not comfortable about organized religion. Sooner or later one has to make a decision. I know that. I haven't quite made it. That's the trouble with me.

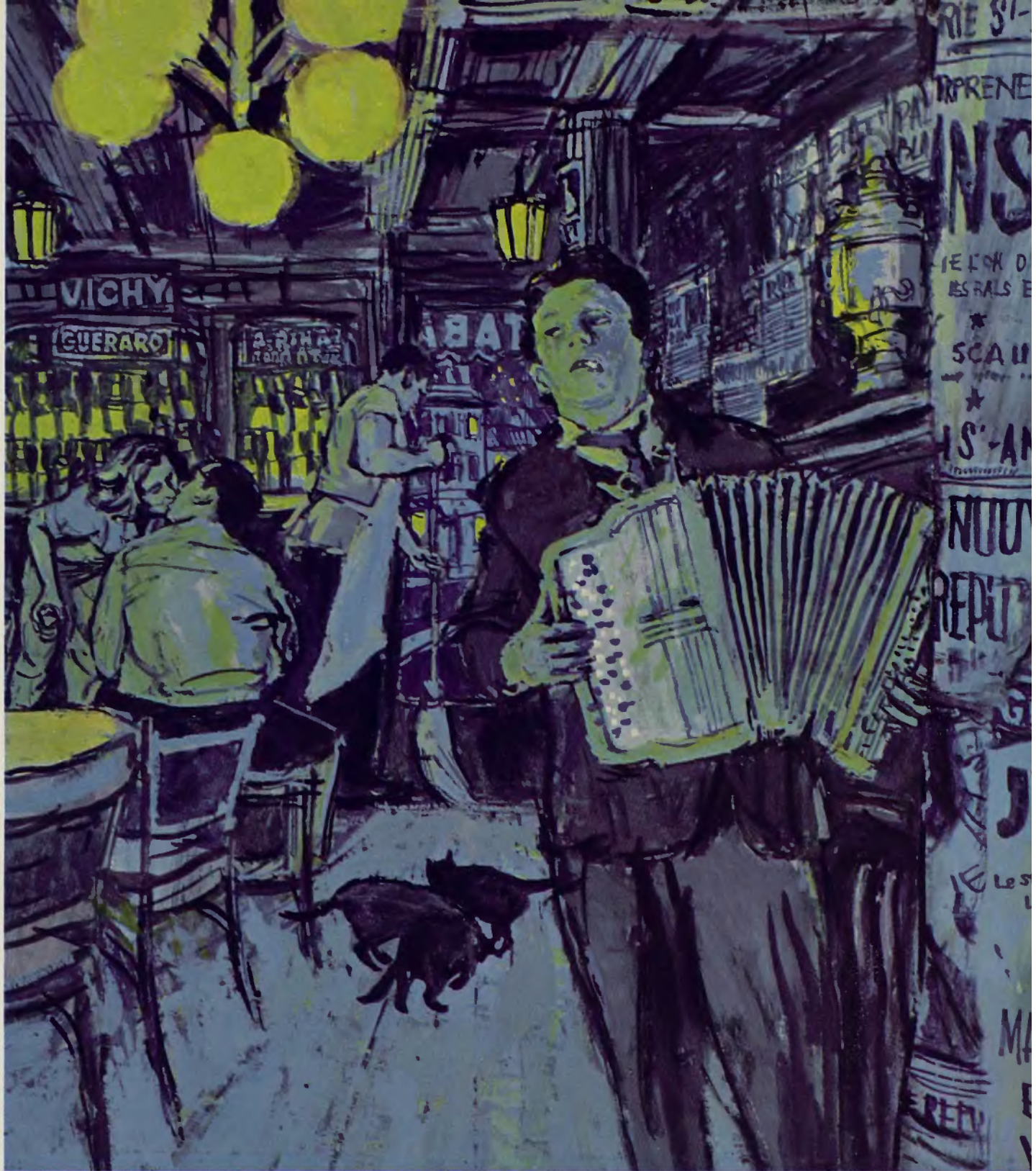




WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

A young man whose interests run full range, the PLAYBOY reader is apt to be the first to sound out an exciting new trend, style or design. Interested in qualities that will set him apart, he reflects tastes in tune with his proven ability to acquire all the components of good living. Facts: 6,893,000 men (plus a bonus of 4,319,000 women) read PLAYBOY every month, and according to the most recent *Starch Report*, 76.7% of PLAYBOY-reader households own one or more record players, the highest figure of all the men's magazines surveyed. 14.4% of PLAYBOY households own two or more record players and 11% amplified their enjoyment with purchases of new record-playing equipment during the last 12 months, again among the highest figures in the report. Sources: 1962 *Starch Consumer Magazine Report* and *Sindlinger & Co.'s Magazine Audience Action Study*.

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COLONEL PIERRE ROQUEBRUN emerged from his villa at nine o'clock on a certain bright, sunshine-filled Riviera morning, and walked down the path to his antique shop which was located one kilometer before the village of La Tourette on the road between Venice and Grasse.

His thoughts were stray, diverse and contented as he let himself into the back door of the elegant shop: a pair of Sèvres vases he hoped to coax out of a widow who lived in St. Paul; the Louis XIII saltcellar that must be sent off to London; some doubts as to the authenticity of a 13th Century carved Christ that had been offered him.

Unlocking the front door, he picked up his copy of the *Nice Matin* and thereafter his thoughts were no longer scattered. For the first page was black with headlines heralding the story of the latest picture robbery, the third apparently in a series of assaults upon world-famous canvases owned by the rich.

In the earlier burglaries an El Greco and a Van Dyke had been stolen from the villa of a Swiss industrialist

fiction By Paul Gallico THE PICTURE THIEVES the loot loomed large,



on the Cap d'Antibes, a man with a young wife who had displayed a strange reluctance to discuss the theft. From another mansion on Cap Ferrat, belonging to the widow of an Argentine cattle baron, canvases by Picasso, Matisse, Gauguin and Modigliani had vanished. This burglary was accompanied by murder. An aged caretaker who had apparently struggled to protect the property had been shot.

The theft during the previous Saturday night, confirmed in the paper before him, of 12 famous Renoirs to the value of two and a half million dollars from the Villa Fleury which occupied a commanding position in the hills behind Cannes, was by far the most sensational and the one closest to the Colonel since the American textile millionaire to whom the villa and the pictures belonged was both a client and a personal friend.

As he read on, Colonel Roquebrun's left eyebrow, which was extraordinarily mobile, commenced an ascent which continued until it was practically lost in the wrinkled brown skin of his bald skull. For among the pur-

the prey was ripe, the cons were slick and dangerous—then the fox moved in

joined paintings was the famous Blue Renoir for which the French Government had just concluded negotiations to purchase for the nation for the staggering sum of two million New Francs. The picture was to have been removed from the Villa Fleury to the Musée des Maitres Modernes in Cannes the following Monday. The thieves at one stroke had robbed both the American and the nation.

The Colonel continued to scan the story. No one had been able to fix a time when the robbery had occurred. There was a night watchman on duty at the Villa Fleury who made regular rounds. He had heard nothing. The burglar alarms and other security precautions were apparently intact but had given no signal. Joel Howard, the owner of the paintings, was absent in America, but his daughter Sarah, aged 20, was living there. She had returned from a party with some friends early in the morning but before retiring she had not entered the salon where the pictures were hung.

There were two things about the affair that puzzled the Colonel. One was that this third and most startling robbery did not match the other two in technique. The second was that although 24 hours had passed since the affair had taken place, he had heard nothing. Not so much as a mouse had squeaked. There had been no hint of any kind.

Not that a respectable antiquarian, who in addition to the usual cluster of French honors held several important foreign decorations, might be expected to be a repository of thieves' timetables and schedules, but the fact was that the Colonel had a past. Strange bits of information, gossip, rumor and fact that came bubbling up out of the Riviera underworld had a way of reaching his ears and passing into his bald, polished skull and there they remained concealed. The Colonel's thin, hard lips rarely opened to divulge information. Now in his 60s, the Colonel tended his antique shop, bought, sold and minded his own business.

A car crunched to a halt in the gravel of his driveway. Colonel Roquebrun looked from his newspaper to the window and saw the gleaming cream and chrome Jaguar of Sarah Howard, Joel Howard's daughter. She was alone.

He went to meet her and stood framed in the doorway, a stocky, indomitable figure whose still-young, bright-blue and clever eyes shone from a battered countenance that had practically been rebuilt, for he had suffered unspeakable tortures at the hands of the Gestapo.

The girl ran toward him from the car so swiftly that her auburn hair streamed out behind her for an instant, and as the Colonel looked into her small, piquant face he saw that she was deathly pale and her hazel eyes dilated.

"Oh, Colonel Roquebrun," she gasped, and then, quite suddenly, burst into tears.

"Sarah, my dear Sarah," said the Colonel, and putting his arm about her shoulder led her into the shop, for although she was barely 20 they were old friends.

When her tears had finished, she looked up and said, "Isn't it silly of me?"

"Theft is always a shock," the Colonel replied.

The shouting newsprint caught her attention for an instant and she half whispered, "They have stolen Daddy's pictures."

The Colonel nodded. "I was wondering who *they* were." He had not directed the question at her and therefore was the more surprised at her reply.

"I don't know! People! Anyone, I suppose." Then Sarah gave him a despairing look and whispered, "I'm frightened. Supposing it were all my fault?"

"My dear Sarah, your fault?" But as soon as he put the direct question to her it appeared momentarily to dissipate her panic, or whatever was causing it, and plunge her into a sea of doubts and evasions.

"It's so utterly absurd," she said. "I'm sure they're quite all right. They must be, mustn't they?" And since the Colonel did not reply, being unable to, she continued, "I mean, that's why I have come. You know everyone, don't you — I mean *about* everyone?" Sarah concluded with sudden passion, as though this would solve all her problems.

The Colonel replied cautiously, "Sometimes. Who are these friends who are troubling you so?"

Sarah replied, "I feel like such a fool. You see, Diana has been staying with me at the villa. Daddy has been in New York. I telephoned him. He's flying over tomorrow."

"Diana who?"

"Oh," said Sarah, "there's nothing wrong with Diana. She's English. Diana Finley. Her father has cotton mills. Daddy does business with him. She has a boyfriend."

The Colonel said nothing and Sarah continued, somewhat too quickly, "He's very nice and knows an awful lot about things. Diana's quite mad about Kip."

"Kip?"

"Kip Trenchley. He's really very sweet to Diana."

A faint bell tinkled in the Colonel's well-stocked attic of names and places and people. Ever since a grateful British Government had bestowed the Order of the British Empire upon him he had considered himself a kind of continuing partner of that country and therefore read the English newspapers assiduously. The name Kip Trenchley brought up an association he could not place beyond being aware that it was disagreeable.

"Yes," he said, "and the others?"

Sarah blinked at him for a moment, looking as though she wished she had not come and replied hesitantly, "Well, there are really eight of us, two more girls and the four men. We've been going places together. The girls Nicole and Elena are very nice — I think. I mean, Harry says they come from very good French families."

"Harry?" said the Colonel, as though fastening him to a board with a pin.

Doubt again crept into Sarah's voice and gave it something of a little-girl quality. "Harry's the one I'm attracted to. He's sort of fascinating."

The Colonel nodded but withheld comment.

Sarah continued, "Well, there's Marcel Dufour who runs the Blue Grotto restaurant. Everyone knows he's all right. He even looks rather like a saint I always think. He's an old friend of Kip's."

For the first time during the interview the Colonel concealed definite alarm. He did know Marcel Dufour and knew likewise that he was not at all "all right." As proprietor of the fashionable Blue Grotto restaurant just outside Theoul, patronized by the international set, he was provided with a cover of firm respectability. The snow-white hair and the thin, tanned face that gave him the look of an Indian esthete cloaked a wicked man.

"And Count Andrea," Sarah continued. "Paolo Andrea. He's Italian. He's a friend of Harry's."

"Ah yes," said the Colonel, "Harry. Harry who?"

The color that flushed Sarah's face gave away her embarrassment and her voice fell almost to a whisper again. "Isn't it just too utterly ridiculous? I don't know. Just Harry."

And then quickly the words came tumbling forth in a rush of self-reassurance. "He's an American. He's terribly handsome and has been everywhere. Everyone knows him."

The Colonel had reservations as to who "everyone" might be, but he merely asked, "Then what are you frightened of?"

This time the direct question turned Sarah from a fluttering young thing into something more like her father's daughter. She thought hard and deeply, trying to marshal her feelings into coherence. She said finally, her eyes narrowed with the intensity of her concentration, "I don't really know. I couldn't write it down on paper if I tried and I can hardly express it to you. I never really knew that I ever felt anything before, but yesterday when the house was full of police — and then those awful blank spaces on the walls where the pictures had been — and the police asking me all kinds of questions about where I had

(continued on page 78)



Renault

been that night and who my friends were—well, there it was.”

“There what was?”

Sarah’s eyes narrowed again and she blinked once more as though to keep out the light of what she was seeing. “Well, the four of them,” she said. “Marcel, Kip, Paolo and Harry. The girls don’t count—Nicole and Elena I mean—they’re too stupid. Don’t you see, when something has been stolen and the police are about, everything somehow begins to look different.”

The Colonel said, “Yes, I understand very well.”

“I mean,” said Sarah, “Count Andrea is very nice but he could be awful, too, couldn’t he?”

“Quite,” replied the Colonel, suppressing an internal shudder. The very word “Count” was suspect on the Riviera. Then he asked, “And Harry? Harry and you?”

Sarah replied quickly with a kind of breathlessness, “Oh, nothing has happened.” And then she added, “I like him terribly, even though sometimes he worries me. Nothing has happened—but don’t you see—it could.”

The Colonel now regarded the young girl gravely and asked, “And just what is it you wish me to do, Sarah?”

Sarah folded her hands with the earnestness of her plea. “Come and look, would you? We’re dining tonight at the Society Club in Cannes. Just come and sit somewhere and see. You know so much about everyone. You might be able to tell whether I am just being silly and childish, or whether”—and here she gave a quick little shudder—“I’m right to be frightened.”

“Very well,” said the Colonel, “I’ll come. You will, of course, not recognize me.”

Sarah nodded her head vigorously. She said, “Oh, thank you. It’s the kind of thing I couldn’t even tell Daddy.”

The Colonel accompanied her to the door and stood watching her as she walked across to her car. But halfway there she turned and stood uncertainly for a moment.

“You see,” she cried then, “the utterly stupid, absurd and ridiculous thing is that they couldn’t possibly have done it. We were all together that night. Harry didn’t leave me until five o’clock in the morning.” And then with a kind of wail, as though expecting to be disbelieved, she repeated, “But nothing happened, I promise you, we just danced and kissed a little. But he couldn’t have done it—it was already light. And yet—”

They stood there for a moment facing each other, the inescapable alibi between them like a living thing. The Colonel’s heart was torn by the fear and anguish that lay behind Sarah’s cry that

nothing had happened. But one day indeed it might. This was the game of the Harrys who prowled the Riviera. They were tough and predatory and young girls were weak, foolish and avid. But he said only, “I see.” He nodded toward the newspaper and asked, “Is that part true about the Blue Renoir going to the Museum?”

Sarah replied, “Yes. It was supposed to go today. There’s an exhibition beginning there. After that it is to go to the Louvre. Why?”

The Colonel merely grunted. He reflected that if nothing else the burglary was timely. The security at the Musée des Maitres Modernes was known to be extraordinarily competent, and at the Louvre, of course, unassailable. He said, “I’ll be there this evening, and after that we will see. In the meantime, not to worry.”

He watched her as she got into her car and drove off. At least a part of the weight seemed to have been lifted from her shoulders by his promise.

• • •

The noise of Sarah’s departing vehicle had hardly died away when the car of the second early caller that morning ground to a halt outside the shop. The Colonel did not know whether he was pleased or angry at the visit, but in view of the tidings in the newspaper he was certainly not surprised to see Captain Scoubide, Chief of the Detective Force of the Department of the Alpes-Maritimes.

The Colonel and Captain Scoubide exchanged “Good Mornings” and Roquebrun thought that the small, clever eyes of the detective were darting about his shop almost as though he had expected to find the stolen pictures hanging on the walls and was frankly disappointed when he failed to see them.

Captain Scoubide, dressed in slacks, sandals and short-sleeved, open-necked shirt, did not look like a policeman but more like one of the thousands of tourists swarming the south of France that summer. Nevertheless, he was a very good one since he was capable and not entirely honest; his dishonesty was on the side of the angels, an almost essential quality in a detective operating on the Riviera.

Captain Scoubide had been drawn to Colonel Roquebrun’s antique shop that morning by one of those policeman’s hunches that come from nowhere and every so often pay off most astonishingly. The question that was agitating Captain Scoubide, who was small, dapper and narrow-faced, was how to tackle the subject and still remain “correct.”

The Colonel, well aware of Captain Scoubide’s difficulty, was at first inclined to let him wriggle, but then took pity

and said, “Can I help you, Captain?”

Scoubide was instantly into the breach, his head cocked to one side, as he replied, “Well, can you?”

Such abruptness was verging upon “incorrectness” and the Colonel felt compelled to challenge him. “My dear Scoubide!” he said.

But the Captain’s roving eyes were now unmistakably halted upon the *Nice Matin* with its black headlines and strings of zeros denoting the millions’ worth of the robbery. “Have you heard anything?” he asked.

“And why, my friend, should you think that I would have heard something?”

Captain Scoubide made a deprecating gesture. “Your formidable reputation has not diminished, Colonel. Everyone knows you. Everyone trusts you. Everyone is your friend, from the highest to the lowest.”

The Colonel remained silent at this and Scoubide continued. “During your days as the leader of the Resistance this entire area was under your command. There was every kind enrolled in your secret army—perhaps someone might have talked to you.”

The Colonel thought to himself, what the devil is he driving at? “Now who do you think might have talked to me?” he asked.

Captain Scoubide shrugged and replied merely, “—one meets so many people.” He looked about the antique shop again, scratching his head, and said, “The question which puzzles me is how they will market them.”

The Colonel nodded. “That is indeed a problem.”

“How would you dispose of them?” Captain Scoubide asked. “After all, you are in the business so to speak.”

The Colonel’s face flushed red, coloring all but the white scar that ran from his ear along his jawline. He said, “Are you not somewhat wanting in tact, my dear Captain?”

Captain Scoubide threw up his hands, horrified at being misunderstood. “No, no, no!” he protested. “A thousand pardons! The question was purely hypothetical. If one had such valuable pictures to sell—”

“—one would realize if one were not a congenital lunatic that the market is extremely limited and the transaction likely to be accompanied by considerable publicity,” the Colonel concluded for him.

Captain Scoubide looked thoughtful and repeated, “Congenital lunatic! That’s a good one. I have just been sniffing about the scene of the crime and do you know what struck me? The mad slickness! The chances that were taken and gotten away with. The amateur professionalism of it.”

(continued on page 154)

from royal shikar to upland shoot, the guns you'll want for the game you'll encounter

modern living **By ROBERT RUARK** One of the first things I ever shot with a rifle (air) was a North Carolina mockingbird. It was Grandma's favorite, and Grandpa whaled hell out of me. The first time I ever fired a real rifle seriously I killed a Tanganyika lion with it, and became disastrously ill thereafter, because one does not generally break in on lions, and the reaction is apt to be violent. The lion was shot with a Winchester .375 Magnum, and it made such a frightful noise that I had been afraid to shoot it in practice. A dozen years and a few elephants later, I find I'm not conscious of the noise.

The first time I ever fired a really big weapon — an English .470 double rifle — I foolishly tripped off both triggers, loosed the backblast of 150 grains of cordite against my cheek, and knocked myself as stiff as the Cape buffalo on the other end. My first memory on regaining consciousness was of Harry Selby, then a very young professional hunter, standing over me with both hands on his hips, gesturing with his chin to where a big bull buffalo lay, winding his last sad bellow. "Well, for Christ's sake," Selby said. "One of you get up."

The best leopard I ever killed — an eight-footer, on my first safari with Selby; as a matter of fact, the first leopard I ever saw — I collected with a factory-built Remington .30-06, which is battered and scarred today, but still as deadly as ever.

I own some lovely, slim tailor-made English shotguns, but the most dependable scattergun in the arsenal is still an ancient, shiny-barreled *(text continued on page 184)*

THE GENTLEMAN'S HUNTING ARSENAL





SEE PAGE 184 FOR IDENTIFYING
CAPTION AND KEY





"Golly, I didn't think anything as exciting as this would happen to me until I was at least 16!"



satire By SHEPHERD MEAD *more pertinent pointers on succeeding with women without really trying*

DRESSING THE PART

HOW TO LOOK

Long ago women gave up trying to tell men apart by their clothes. Today they look deeper, seeking the real *you* underneath. They can do this while you are fully clothed, and time and again they succeed. Do your best to paint them a rosy picture.

TEARDROP DESIGN AND HOW TO FIGHT IT

All human males are forced day after day to keep their shoulders to the wheel. Actually, though, it is not our shoulders that we use, but our minds, which means it is an entirely different part of us that is held to the "wheel," or chair. It is the development of these powerful sitting muscles that enables us to remain chairborne for hours without tiring.

Hand in hand with sitting strength comes the expansion of the chest



Do your best
to paint
them a rosy
picture.

— downward. This is caused not, as some believe, by overindulgence, but by faulty design of the human body. Originally engineered as a four-footed creature, man was never intended to walk in his current semi-erect position. The result is chest-slide, or paunch.

Together these form a pear-shaped silhouette which is both attractive and aerodynamically sound. If it were not for the critical attitude of women it would be universally admired.

There are several ways to deal with the problem.

1. *Face It.* Don't upset the balance of nature. Live with it. You will find many ways to adapt yourself, including a skillful and attractive method of sidesaddle dancing.

"Davie, is that *you* around there, too?"

"Yes, pet. Everything all right?"

"I don't know. Seems to me we've developed a list to starboard."

"Must be this new step, pet."

2. *Don't Admit It.* Retain the same trouser size, sucking in the powerful abdominal muscles *until the belt is fastened*. This is effective, but can lead to broken seams, jammed zippers, and a strangled expression.

3. *Let Science Help.* Luckily science has come to the rescue with a number of fine commercial devices. These are not to be confused with the female girdle, which also helps to hold up the stockings. Few if any of the male devices have attachments for supporting the socks. They are designed only to help your own steel-spring muscles give you a trim, athletic appearance.

WEAR TWEEDS

A rough tweed will help the frailest fellow maintain a manly appearance. Careful, though, not to choose one so rough that twigs or bits of underbrush are woven into the fabric.

A good test of a tweed is to brush the arm gently over a bare female shoulder, if one is available to you. If there are scraping noises or ruffled feelings, select a softer weave.

SHOULD I WEAR SHORTS?

We are too close to our knees to judge them impartially. The wise gentleman regards them as though they belonged *to someone else*. Look at your own in this light and you may choose long trousers, or at least pedal pushers.

If, on the other hand, you can show a really "good leg," it is not only safe but provocative to wear shorts or tight riding breeches.

NEXT MONTH: "BE WELL-ROUNDED"

attire by robert i. green **PLAYBOY'S FALL & WINTER FASHION FORECAST**
the definitive statement on the coming trends in men's wear and accessories







THERE WAS A TIME NOT too long ago when it was considered fashionable to regard the man in the Brooks Brothers gray flannel suit as a cookie-sheet prototype of the young executive and his anonymous attire. In a sartorial sense, at least, this regimental image may have contained more than a grain of truth back in 1955, when Sloan Wilson's pet sobriquet first became a national catchphrase. With the increasing impact of British and Continental styling over the intervening years, however, this archconservative Ivy League silhouette has matured and metamorphosed into an internationally accented admixture of divergent fashions for every pastime and predilection — each distinctively individual, but each bearing the unmistakable "Made in U.S.A." stamp from head to toe.

Exemplifying the eclecticism of the new fall and winter sartorial season, suitwear will be stepping out in styles more varied and venturesome than at any time since the apogee of Elizabethan England, when the multiplicity of male modes of dress was equaled only by the number of the Queen's fashion-conscious courtiers. The classic Ivy profile, predictably, will continue to reign in the realm of traditional urban wear, but a host of insurgent outlines has arisen to challenge its perennial supremacy. Best- (text continued on page 93)



Left: Swinging in the rain with foul-weather friend, guy gallantly shares the shelter of his iridescent olive cotton double-breasted raincoat (see flip side on preceding page) with raglan sleeves, full belt, mohair-wool-nylon snap-in lining, by Cortefiel, \$75. Top: Gridiron grandstander huddles with his cheerleader, makes points in wool tweed pullover with buttontown collar, raglan sleeves, by R.F.D., \$13. Above: Driving young man leads the field in his attractively accessorized Mercedes—and in bold-striped brushed-wool turtleneck pullover with side vents, shirttail bottom, by Drummond, \$15.



Man's best friend supplies opening gambit for introduction to fellow dog lover, who digs his Dane and his duds: camel-tone covert suit, \$80, matching plaid vest, \$15, both by R.F.D.; narrow-brim shag-finish felt hat, by Dobbs, \$14.



Concerned for bareheaded beau, oversolicitous miss opens sunroof in snowstorm to plant his hat in place. Though flurried, he keeps cool warmly in buff acetate-pile suburban coat with shawl collar, drop shoulders, by Zero King, \$45.



Any portal in a storm: Stranded secretary turns approving weather eye on guy in one-button wool flannel blazer with cutaway front, buttoned pockets, by H.I.S., \$25; cotton shirt, by Sero, \$6.50; wool worsted slacks, by Esquire, \$25.



Heading hearthward to a hot toddy for two, windblown bloke holds on to his hat (an alpine-styled velour, by Champ, \$12) as beauty bundles close to his breezy plaid wool tweed jacket, by R.F.D., \$45; wool sharkskin slacks, by Anthony Gesture, \$25.

Right: Sweater girl has eyes for escort in cotton raincoat with suede buttonholes and trim, rugged stitching, buttoned pockets, by Esquire Sportswear, \$60. Below, l to r: Freewheeling road scholar makes top grades with girl and garb: racy cotton heek-suede jacket with leather buttons, print lining, buttoned pockets, by H.I.S., \$25; corduroy slacks, by Corbin, \$15. On the right sartorial track for a ski trip with gear and dear in tow, top-form slopesman steps aboard in Dynel-Verel pile suburban coat with shawl collar, suede piping, laminated lining, by Robert Lewis, \$40; wool slacks, by Asher, \$15; ornamental frame is multicolor mosaic wool cardigan with zipper front, West Point collar, by Alps, \$21. Seeking sanctuary from snowfall, host unlocks door to unhurried evening of brandy and banter by the fireside. Indoors he'll doff wool-cotton double-breasted pea coat (updated Navy style) with brass buttons, four flapped pockets, by Stanley Blacker, \$30; capeskin gloves with silk lining, by Fownes, \$10.



ing the three-button front in a demonstration of onedownmanship, the offbeat two-button suit (*Doubling Up*, March 1962) — a presidentially inspired revival of the Forties' favorite coat style — will be endowing fashionable Frontiersmen with a long-lapel look well suited for the striped shirts that promise to prevail this year. Divesting jackets of still another closure, the trimly tailored one-button suit (*PLAYBOY*, September 1962) — a singular innovation from the Continent — will be bidding for avant-garde attention. And the renaissance in dressy double-breasted suits (prophesied by *PLAYBOY* last October) will be cresting in clean-lined models updated with less overlap, narrow lapels, straight jacket bottoms and slightly tapered waist. Sumptuous wool-mohairs, worsteds, whipcords and coverts earn our endorsement for town wear in subtle chalk, pencil, pin and self stripes augmented by low-key plaids, small checks (especially black-and-white blends in one-button suits) and midget herringbones (some with superimposed striped motifs). Chromatically speaking, olives are out; blacks and blues (from deep Baltic to black-navy) emphatically and unimpeachably in; and charcoals will be returning to favor as the redoubtable man in the gray flannel suit — in a reversion to prototype — stages a major comeback in one-, two- and three-button models.

Vested interests will hold sway in suits for casual wear as the upsurgent three-piece Ivy style joins forces with the hacking-influenced English country suit in outfits teaming solid and (text continued on page 189)





Holding door of crimson car for girl in scarlet suit, gentleman enjoys seeing red, follows cardinal rule in burgundy-black tweed jacket, by Stanley Blacker, \$55; pink cotton shirt, by Wren Ltd., \$6.50; madder tie, by Reis of New Haven, \$3.50.



Accoutred for an evening on the town, urbanite sparks glow both in cigarillo and inamorata's eyes. She esteems understated taste of his blue serge suit, by Baker, \$115; cotton broadcloth shirt, by Van Heusen, \$5; rep tie, by Superba, \$1.50.



QUEEN OF CLUBS

*swinging laura young
scores as our
october playmate*

WHILE OUT SUNDAY DRIVING on a suburban golf course recently, we discovered a young charmer whose stance and style awakened our interest in tee-for-two outings: She's Laura Young, an ardent golfer and our October Playmate. Brown of hair and green of eye, country-clubbing Laura is strictly a play-for-kicks girl — while making the rounds her spirits are as high as her customary score ("I did shoot a 72 the other day," she confided to us. "Of course, that was before I reached the sixth green."). But no matter how she slices it, her classic form — a striking 36-25-36 — is sufficient to quell the critic in any man, ourself included. Lovely Laura was born in Long Branch, New Jersey, 24 years ago; during her youth she lived the nomadic life of a Navy dependent as she and her family followed the steps of her stepfather — a line lieutenant — from Miami to the Panama Canal to Key West to Red Bank, New Jersey, where she settled down long enough to win her high school diploma and then undertake breadwinning chores as a telephone operator and nurse's aide. Following the sage advice of observant friends, who felt that the artful arrangement of her 125 pounds on her 5'6" frame should make her a sure click as a model, she moved on to Chicago a few months ago in quest of a pretty-as-a-picture career. A girl



Lady driver Laura Young hopefully keeps her eye on the ball — while we happily keep our eye on her.





MISS OCTOBER PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Our pert country-club mouse escapes from a trap with a notable display of form.

who is endowed with refreshingly unpretentious tastes, Miss October confesses a secret addiction to *True Confessions* magazine ("I guess I enjoy reading about other people's problems because I don't seem to have any of my own"), flips for such Art Linkletter books as *Kids Say the Darndest Things!* ("Maybe it sounds corny, but I happen to like children") and digs Bobby Darin's brash belting, Ben Casey's surly scowl, Alfred Hitchcock's thrillers and heaping helpings of all foods Italian. She also goes in big for painting ceramics, dating a long list of admirers ("My only requirement in men is that they be fun to be with — I can't stand fellows with moody or sleepy personalities") and, of course, pursuing her carefree country-club sport of letting the chip shots fall where they may. Having lamped Playmate Laura's fair ways on the fairways, we promptly persuaded her to tee off her modeling career by becoming this month's Playmate. For an *intime* view of lithesome Miss October, a swinging golfer of proportions, unfold the foldout, whence she smiles hello to Young lovers everywhere.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

One day in school young Johnny wrote on the blackboard, "Johnny is a passionate devil." The teacher reprimanded him for this act, and made him stay after school for one hour. When he finally left the school that evening, all his friends crowded about him, eager to hear what punishment he had received. "What did she do to you?" asked one little tyke.

"I ain't sayin' nothin'," Johnny replied, "except that it pays to advertise."



Then there was the Indian chief who installed electric lights in the tribal latrine, thus becoming the first Indian ever to wire a head for a reservation.

A middle-aged friend of ours says he can't understand all the excitement over the movie version of *Lolita*. "I didn't see anything in it that could be considered even vaguely sensational," he told us, "and neither did my 12-year-old wife."



Sam and Al had been partners for many years and they shared and shared alike in almost everything, including the affection of their pliable and rather hot-blooded secretary. One morning Sam came into Al's office extremely upset.

"Al," he moaned, "something terrible has happened. Our secretary is going to have a baby. We are going to be a father."

But Al, who was the calmer of the two, sat his partner down and pointed out that a great many worse things could have happened to them: business could have fallen off, for instance. They agreed that the only thing to do

was share and share alike, as they always had. They would see that their secretary got the very best in medical care, they decided, and after the child was born, he would want for nothing. A room of his own, fine clothes and the best in schooling; they would set up a trust fund immediately after his birth to guarantee him a college education. The lucky youngster would have two fathers instead of just one.

And before they knew it, the big day had arrived. The two of them paced back and forth in the hospital waiting room, until Sam could stand it no longer.

"I'm too nervous up here," he said. "I'm going to go down and sit in the car. As soon as something happens, you come down and tell me."

Al agreed, and in less than an hour he was down on the street wearing a grave expression. It was obvious to Sam, even before his partner spoke, that something was wrong.

"What's the matter?" Sam asked, starting to choke up. "Is it bad news?"

His partner nodded.

"We had twins," Al said, "and mine died."



O'Mally hurried to church one morning to see his priest. "Father," he said excitedly, "I made love 10 times last night!"

"O'Mally, I'm surprised at you," the priest replied sternly. "Is the woman married?"

"Oh yes, Father, she's my wife."

"But you don't have to come to confession if you make love to your wife."

"I know — but I just had to tell somebody."

Joan had invited her younger sister, Nancy, to leave her country home and come to the city for a weekend to see how the urban half lived. She also arranged for a friend of hers named Bill to take Nancy out for a night on the town.

After a pleasant dinner and a show, Bill and Nancy went to Bill's apartment for a nightcap. They talked and listened to soft music for a pleasant interlude; then Bill suggested that they retire to the bedroom.

"Oh, no," Nancy protested. "I don't think my sister would like it."

"Nonsense," said Bill, as he gently took her arm. "She loves it."

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.



Int'l and

"If you're through rummaging, perhaps you'd like to make a purchase . . ."

The Idealist

I GOT MARRIED ON THE REBOUND YOU KNOW. SO MANY OF US DO.



DON'T I KNOW!

AND THOUGH CECILE WAS A GOOD WIFE I NEVER THOUGHT I'D RECOVER FROM THE WOMAN WHO REJECTED ME— WILD-EYED, UNPREDICTABLE CORINNE!



NATURALLY!

SHE WAS MY IDEAL. WHEREVER MY WIFE AND I WENT SOCIALLY I WOULD SEEK OUT THE GIRL WHO MOST CLOSELY RESEMBLED CORINNE. THERE WERE A NUMBER OF TIMES THAT I MADE AN ABSOLUTE FOOL OF MYSELF.



POOR FELLOW.

BUT CECILE WAS A KNOWLEDGEABLE AND FORGIVING WIFE. SHE KNEW I HAD TO RECOVER FROM CORINNE BEFORE I COULD BE COMPLETELY HERS. SHE OVERLOOKED MY DALLIANCES.



BEAUTIFUL STORY. JUST BEAUTIFUL.

THE YEARS WENT BY. DALLIANCE FOLLOWED ON DALLIANCE. CECILE, BLESS HER PATIENT HEART, KNEW ABOUT THEM ALL. SHE WAS AN ABSOLUTE BRICK!



YOUR LIFE IS AN EPIC POEM. AN EPIC POEM.

FOR FIFTEEN YEARS WE'VE BEEN MARRIED. AND IN ALL THOSE YEARS NOT ONE WORD FROM CECILE ABOUT MY CONTINUAL DALLIANCES. NOT ONE WORD ABOUT MY INFATUATION WITH CORINNE.



AND YOU NEVER RECOVERED FROM HER?

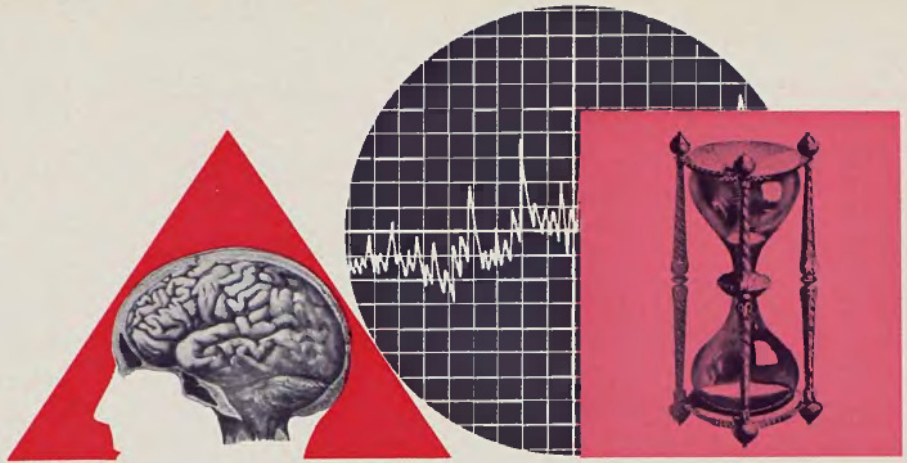
RECOVERED? OH, YEARS AGO.



BUT WHY GIVE UP A GOOD THING?



JULES FEFBER



MIND BEYOND MATTER

AN ARRESTING INQUIRY INTO THE LIMITS OF THE POSSIBLE:
THE KNOWN POWERS AND IMMEASURABLE POTENTIALITIES
OF THE HUMAN BRAIN **ARTICLE BY ARTHUR C. CLARKE**

THE HUMAN BRAIN IS THE MOST COMPLICATED structure in the known Universe, but, since practically nothing of the Universe is known, it is probably fairly low in the hierarchy of organic computers. Nevertheless, it contains powers and potentialities still largely untapped and perhaps unguessed-at. It is one of the strangest of all facts, impossible for the sensitive mind to contemplate without melancholy, that for at least 50,000 years there have been men on this planet who could have conducted a symphony orchestra, discovered theorems in pure mathematics, acted as Secretary General of the United Nations, or piloted a spaceship — had they been given the chance. Probably 99 percent of human ability has been wholly wasted; even today, those of us who consider ourselves cultured and educated operate for most of our time as automatic machines, and glimpse the profounder resources of our minds only once or twice in a lifetime.

In the speculations that follow, I shall ignore all paranormal and so-called psi phenomena. If these exist, and can be controlled, they may dominate the entire future of mental activity and change the patterns of human culture in manners unpredictable today. But at the present stage of our ignorance, such surmises are profitless and lead all too readily into the quaking quagmires of mysticism. The known powers of the mind are already so astonishing that there is no need to invoke new ones.

Let us first consider memory. No one has been able to form a reliable estimate of the number of facts or impressions the brain can store during a lifetime. There is considerable evidence that we never forget *anything*; we are just unable to put our minds on it at the moment. We seldom encounter really impressive feats of memory these days, because there is little need for them in our world of reference books and documents. Before the invention of writing, all history and literature had to be carried in the head and passed on by word of mouth. Even today, there are still men who can recite the whole of the Bible or the Koran, just as once they could recite Homer.

The work of Dr. Wilder Penfield and his associates at Montreal has shown, in a dramatic fashion, that long-lost memories can be revived by the electrical stimulation of certain areas of the brain, almost as if a movie were being played back in the mind. The subject relives, in vivid detail (color, scent, sound) some past experience — but is aware that it is a memory, and not a present occurrence. Hypnotic techniques can also produce similar effects, a fact that was used to advantage by Freud and others for the treatment of mental disorders.

When we discover how the brain manages to filter and store the blizzard of impressions pouring into it during every second of our lives, we may gain conscious or artificial control of memory. It would no longer be an inefficient, hit-and-miss process; if you wanted to reread a page of a newspaper you had seen at a certain moment 30 years ago, you could do just that, by stimulation of the proper brain cells. In a sense, this would be a kind of time travel into the past — perhaps the only kind that will ever be possible. It would be a wonderful power to possess and — unlike many great powers — would appear to be almost wholly beneficial.

It could revolutionize legal procedures. No one could ever again answer "I've forgotten" to the classic question "What were you doing on the night of the 23rd?" Witnesses could no longer confuse the issue by accounts of what they *thought* they had seen. Let us hope that memory stimulation would not be

compulsory in the law courts; but if anyone pleaded this future version of the Fifth Amendment, the obvious conclusions would be drawn.

And how wonderful it would be to go back through one's past, to revive old pleasures and, in the light of later knowledge, mitigate old sorrows and learn from ancient mistakes. It has been said, falsely, that a drowning man's life flashes before his eyes. Yet perhaps one day, in extreme old age, those who no longer have any interest in the future may be given the opportunity of reliving their past and greeting again those they knew and loved when they were young. Even this, as we shall see later, might be not a preparation for death, but the prelude to a new birth.

Perhaps even more important than the stimulation of old memories would be its inverse — the creation of new ones. It is hard to think of any invention that would be more valuable than the device that science-fiction writers have called a Mechanical Educator. As depicted by authors and artists, this remarkable gadget usually resembles the permanent-wave machine at a lady's hairdresser's, and it performs a rather similar function — though on the material *inside* the skull. It is not to be confused with the teaching machines now coming into widespread use, though one day these may be recognized as its remote ancestors.

The Mechanical Educator could impress on the brain, in a matter of a few minutes, knowledge and skills that might otherwise take a lifetime to acquire. A very good analogy is the manufacture of a phonograph record; the music may have taken an hour to perform, but the disc is stamped out in a fraction of a second, and the plastic "remembers" the performance perfectly. This would have appeared impossible, even in theory, to the most imaginative of scientists only a century ago.

Impressing information directly onto the brain, so that we can know things without ever learning them, seems equally impossible today; it must certainly remain out of the question until our understanding of mental processes has advanced immeasurably. Yet the Mechanical Educator — or some technique that performs similar functions — is such an urgent need that civilization cannot continue for many more decades without it. The knowledge in the world is doubling every 10 years — and the rate itself is increasing. Already, 20 years of schooling are insufficient; soon we will have died of old age before we have learned how to live, and our entire culture will have collapsed owing to its incomprehensible complexity.

In the past, whenever a need has arisen, it has always been filled with some promptitude. For this reason, though I have no idea how it would

really operate, and suggest that it may be a complex of techniques rather than a piece of mechanical hardware, I feel fairly convinced that the Mechanical Educator will be invented. If it is not, then the end of human culture is already in sight.

There are many other possibilities, and some certainties, involving the direct manipulation of the brain. It has already been demonstrated that the behavior of animals — and men — can be profoundly modified if minute electrical impulses are fed into certain regions of the cerebral cortex. Personality can be completely altered, so that a cat will become terrified at the mere sight of a mouse, and a vicious monkey will become friendly and cooperative.

Perhaps the most sensational results of this experimentation, which may be fraught with more social consequences than the early work of the nuclear physicists, is the discovery of the so-called pleasure or rewarding centers in the brain. Animals with electrodes implanted in these areas quickly learn to operate the switch controlling the immensely enjoyable electrical stimulus, and develop such an addiction that nothing else interests them. Monkeys have been known to press the reward button three times a second for 18 hours on end, completely undistracted by either food or sex. There are also pain or punishment areas of the brain; an animal will work with equal single-mindedness to switch off any current fed into these.

The possibilities here, for good and evil, are so obvious that there is no point in exaggerating or discounting them. Electronic possession of human robots controlled from a central broadcasting station is something that even George Orwell never thought of; but it may be technically possible long before 1984.

One of the many bizarre facts revealed by hypnosis is that false, but absolutely convincing, memories can be fed to a subject who will later be prepared to swear that these things really happened to him. We have all experienced dreams so vivid that, on awaking, we confuse them with reality; for 20 years I have been haunted by the "memory" of a spectacular Spitfire crash that I have never been able to classify as a real event or a hallucination.

Artificial memories, if they could be composed, taped and then fed into the brain by electrical or other means, would be a form of vicarious experience, far more vivid (because they affect all the senses) than anything that could be produced by the massed resources of Hollywood. They would, indeed, be the ultimate form of entertainment — a fictitious experience more real than reality. It has been questioned whether most people would want to live waking lives

at all if dream factories could fulfill every desire at the cost of a few cents' worth of electricity.

We should never forget that all our knowledge of the world around us comes through a very limited number of senses, of which sight and hearing are the most important. When these sense channels are bypassed, or their normal inputs interfered with, we experience illusions that have no external reality. One of the simplest ways of proving this is to sit for some time in a completely darkened room, and then to gently pinch your eyelids with your fingers. You will "see" the most fascinating shapes and colors, yet there is no light acting on the retina. The optic nerves have been fooled by pressure; if we knew the electrochemical coding whereby images are converted into sensations, we could give sight to men who have no eyes. For the much simpler, though still extremely complex, sense of hearing, something like this has already been done on an experimental basis. The electrical pulses from microphones have been fed, after suitable processing, directly into the auditory nerves of deaf men, who have then been able to experience sound. I use the word "experience" rather than "hear," for we still have a long way to go before we can imitate the signaling system used by the ear; and that employed by the eye is vastly more complicated.

This is a good place to mention a somewhat eerie experiment once carried out by the great physiologist Lord Adrian. Going one better than the witches in *Macbeth*, he took the eye of a toad and connected it to an amplifier and a loudspeaker. As he moved about the laboratory, the dead eye imaged him on its retina, and the changing pattern of light and shade was converted into a series of audible clicks. The scientist was, in a crude way, using his sense of hearing to see through the eye of an animal.

One can imagine almost unlimited extensions of this experiment. In principle, the sense impressions from any other living creature — animal or human — might be wired directly into the appropriate sections of the brain. And so one could look through another man's eyes and even gain some idea of what it must be like to inhabit a nonhuman body.

We assume that our familiar senses give us a complete picture of our environment, but nothing could be further from the truth. We are stone-deaf and color-blind in a universe of impressions beyond the range of our senses. The world of a dog is a world of scent; that of a dolphin, a symphony of ultrasonic pulses as meaningful as sight. To the bee, on a cloudy day, the diffuse sunlight carries a direction sign utterly beyond our powers of discrimination, for it can

(continued on page 144)



A LUCKY DAY FOR THE BOAR

colonel hyrax had peculiar methods of persuasion but, thought the duke with a shudder, they worked

WELL, WHAT THE DEVIL THEN, where's your title?" said Mr. Bozman, the proprietor of *The Baltimore General Press*. "I see a quotation: 'Ignoscito saepe alteri nunquam tibi' — which, construed, reads 'Forgive others often, but never forgive yourself.' Well?"

His Editor, a timid man, murmured, "I advanced the gentleman five dollars."

"Gentleman? What the devil kind of alpaca-and-steel-mixture hack do you call gentleman? And what do you mean by five dollars? How dared you do it, sir? Silver is dug out of the ground; it does not grow on bushes. Eh? Eh?"

"We might entitle it *A Lucky Day for the Boar*, sir."

"You make free with my dollars, sir. Read it over to me, mister, if you will."

"By your leave," said the Editor, and read:

Self-sufficient, Colonel Hyrax came and went like a cat in the Duke's palace. Nobody could deny that there was, in fact, much of the feline in his fastidiousness and in his almost inhuman composure. As Chief of the Secret Police, Colonel Hyrax was not bound by the rules of protocol. Dread followed him, and awe — awe of the Unknown — and it was

whispered that the Duke himself feared Colonel Hyrax.

Certainly, no one but he would have dared to detain the Duke when that potentate was booted and spurred for the hunt. Yet, although he was smiling with pleasurable anticipation as he listened to the baying of his boarhounds in the courtyard below, the Duke put aside his boar spear when Colonel Hyrax appeared, and, bidding him close the door, asked, "What now, Hyrax?"

"Your Grace, I have good news."

"My foresters have beaten out a black boar of 30 stone, a monster. So be brief. Good news of what?"

"Of the conspiracy, your Grace," said Colonel Hyrax.

"I suppose," said the Duke, with a harsh laugh, "I suppose you are going to tell me that my traitorous scoundrel of a nephew has named his partners in this plot against me?"

"Precisely that, your Grace," said Colonel Hyrax, with a thin smile.

"No!"

"By your Grace's leave — yes," cried Colonel Hyrax. But he looked in vain for some demonstration of relief or joy. The Duke frowned.

"It is hard," he said, "it is very hard for me to believe. Are you sure, now? My nephew Stanislaus has named his friends?"

"Your Grace, I have a list of their names. They are under close arrest."

"Damn it! Stanislaus is of my blood. He had — I thought he had — something of my character. Red-hot pincers could not drag a betrayal of my friends out of me. Milksop!"

"Yet he conspired against the life of your Grace," said Colonel Hyrax.

"I know, I know; but that was all in the family. I trapped him, and he didn't lie about it. Naturally, he refused to name his collaborators. I'd have done the same in his place. Oh yes, Hyrax — touching the matter of red-hot pincers — you never dared . . . ?"

"I know my duty, your Grace," said Colonel Hyrax. "I am well aware that your blood is inviolable, and that it is death to spill one drop of it; or to offer violence, however slight, to any member of your family; or even to threaten it. Neither may any of your Grace's blood be manacled. Oh, believe me, not only was his Excellency your nephew treated with the utmost gentleness — I saw to it, when he was placed in solitary confinement by your Grace's written order, that he could not even do violence to his own person."

"And still he betrayed his comrades? He's no blood of mine!" The Duke then uttered foul accusations against his dead brother's wife. Growing calmer, he said, "More, Hyrax; tell me more." The horns sounded clear in the courtyard, but the Duke threw open a casement and roared,

"Let the boar wait!"

"Your Grace sentenced your nephew to perpetual solitary confinement. His Excellency was to be 'left to cool his head,' to quote your own words."

"Did you starve him, Hyrax? You had no right to starve the boy."

"No, your Grace. He had everything of the best. The passage of Time did our work for us," said Colonel Hyrax.

"Time? What time? The young fool hasn't been locked up two months. What are you talking about?"

"If I may explain?" begged Colonel Hyrax; and, his master nodding, he continued: "I had prepared for his Excellency a commodious chamber, padded at walls, floor and ceiling with heavy quiltings of lamb's wool covered with gray velvet. There was a double window, out of which his Excellency might look at the wild countryside surrounding the Fortress."

"Better than he deserved."

"His viands were, as I have said, of the best. But his meat was cut for him, and all his cutlery consisted of a horn spoon. For he was so violent, at first, that I feared the young gentleman might do himself a mischief."

"Aye, aye, he always was an overbred, nervous young fool. Well?"

"Then we asked his Excellency for permission to shave his head," said Colonel Hyrax. "He gave it."

"What the devil for?"

"Your Grace will see, presently. So, by his leave, we shaved off all his hair. We provided him with some quills, ink and paper, but nothing edged or pointed. To calm him, a mild and harmless opiate was mixed with his Excellency's breakfast. He ate, and then, leaning on the casement, gazed moodily at the landscape under the morning sun. He dozed, leaning thus, for perhaps five minutes. When he opened his eyes he was looking upon a night scene with a rising moon, and the attendants were bringing his supper. His Excellency was bewildered. 'Am I bewitched?' he asked. But since, by your Grace's order, he was incommunicado, the attendants were silent."

"Bewildered?" cried the Duke, "So an I. From breakfast to supper — morning to moonrise — is a matter of hours. What was the purpose in bringing Stanislaus his supper five minutes after breakfast-time?"

"Pray let me explain, your Grace. The prospect beyond his window was *not* open country. It was a blank wall, upon which I had caused to be projected through a lens, by means of a powerful reflector, highly realistic scenes painted upon glass by one of the finest landscape artists in Europe. Thus, I could create a perfect illusion of the various stages of the day, and of the four seasons."

"But what for?"

"In order, your Grace, without violating your law, to let his Excellency confuse himself in his conception of *Time*. Soon, he fell into a deep sleep, and an adroit barber shaved him and trimmed his nails. Men incarcerated can gauge *Time*, to a certain extent, by the rate of growth of their beards, you see. It was necessary to *bewilder*; it was necessary to let his Excellency *force himself* to have recourse to Reason, and to make his reasoning invalid. Do I make myself clear?"

"Go on."

"Hence, he would awaken — let us say — at midnight, look out of the window, see high noon; doze again, rise again in 10 minutes, and — lo! and behold! — dawn. Or, awakening at dawn, he would see nothing but the rim of the setting sun, while the attendants came in with supper. Sleeping soon after, by the judicious administration of opiates, he would start up to observe another sunset. So, after a week, he asked how many months he had been there. There was no reply, of course."

"Clever, clever," said the Duke.

Colonel Hyrax bowed, and continued, "Although the month was July, his Excellency awoke one morning to a scene of naked trees under a blanket of snow. Sometimes, breakfast, dinner and supper would arrive at intervals of only a few minutes after the clearing of the table. Or sometimes hours might elapse, after which his Excellency, starting out of a fitful sleep, might notice that it was early autumn now, where it had been mid-winter when he last looked out.

"I took good care — since men in prison sometimes grow preternaturally observant — to age the guards and waiters, and to see to it that their uniforms showed increasing signs of wear. The chief warden was always accompanied by a pair of great dogs. At first, it was a couple of wolfhounds. I replaced these with older and older wolfhounds. Then there was a new young warden, and he had a pair of mastiffs — which, in their turn, I made appear to grow old, by a system of substitution.

"Naturally, I never entered the young gentleman's chamber myself. But I had my reports to rely upon. Your Grace — within a few weeks, your nephew believed that he had been incarcerated for an incomputable number of years! Your Grace has had the nightmare, no doubt?"

The Duke said, "I have, and it's horrible. A second is an eternity, or worse. I think I understand you now, Hyrax. Go on."

"By means of concealed lamps, there was always a diffused light in the chamber which, by the judicious use of hot-air pipes was maintained at a constant temperature of precisely 74 degrees

(concluded on page 197)

food & drink **By THOMAS MARIO** For one of October's most inviting recipes, take a cool Saturday afternoon, stir in approximately two hours of gridiron grandstanding, moisten whenever necessary with *eau de vie* from a hip flask, then simmer down to a leisurely evening repast in the mellow light of your own digs. Ever since Englishmen in the 11th Century engaged in the manly sport of kicking around old skulls on battlefields, "futballe" has remained one of the most uninhibited forms of ordered mayhem known to man. Happily, it has its own highly civilized safety valve — the convocation at cocktails and dinner following the game when the afternoon's formations and strategies are all relived calmly in the vicinity of home bar and ice bucket. Only a fiercely (continued on page 152)

THE POST-FOOTBALL FETE

*a gourmandial grandstand
play in which the
host scores a touchdown*





"You must be a very lonely man."



**THE
LITTLE
CREEP** AND

THE BIG BLONDE BROAD

fiction By KEN W. PURDY

they're an odd couple, all right, but there's nothing he can do about it: she owns him

THERE MUST BE 17 OR 39 DIFFERENT VARIETIES and subspecies of publicity people — if you know the actual number don't tell me, I really don't want it, all anybody needs to know are the two *main* categories: the arm-grabbers and the other kind. Bernie Hoven was an arm-grabber. That's him at the banquet table by the window, that good-looking little creep, that's Bernie Hoven. That broad he's with, that big blonde, that's Helga Carlsson, as if you didn't know. You would never guess, seeing her sitting down like that, the girl is six foot one, would you? When she stands up those jokers at the next table will duck: they'll figure she'll fall off her stilts into their brandy. Bernie? Oh, five seven, five seven and a half or so. And that's with his shoes on, I don't guarantee a thing for him barefoot.

You think they make an odd couple? *I* think maybe even Bernie figures they're an odd couple, but there isn't anything he can do about it. Helga Carlsson owns him. She owns him like you own that Audemars Piguet on your wrist, and by the way, congratulations, you must be doing good.

No, I mean she really *owns* him. She bought him and paid for him and she owns him. See the little bum staring over here? It's five to one he knows I'm talking about him. He's very bright, Bernie, and a lip-reader, too, for all I know.

Anyway, I started to say, he was an arm-grabber. But don't get me wrong, Bernie was a top-level arm-grabber. He didn't hit you at the end of every third sentence, like so many of them, he had more confidence in himself than that. When Bernie was setting you up for a story, all right, he'd grab your arm between your wrist and your elbow, or anywhere else he could get hold of it, just for a second, and when he was working up to the punch line he'd grab you again, but that was all. You can see that he was a high-level operator. Bernie *(continued on page 136)*

THE GIRLS OF LONDON



112 Above: Lovely Londoner Beth Rogan, onetime artist, sometime cinemactress and part-time TV pitchgirl, disarms guard at Buckingham Palace in her capacity as full-time female. Right: Yorkshire-born Louise Dixon came to town as pre-med coed, now nurses notion of becoming mannequin of means in Mayfair world of *haute couture*.

a tip-of-the-bowler to the delightful damsels of blighty

LONDON, SAID DISRAELI A CENTURY AGO, "is a nation, not a city, with a population greater than some kingdoms, and districts as different as if they were under different governments and spoke different languages." Today, as the second largest of the world's metropolises, the capital of England and the British Isles, and the axis of a commonwealth girdling the globe from Singapore to Saskatchewan, the sprawling city on the Thames is more of a nation than ever. Encompassing 693 square miles of Roman ruins, Norman citadels, Elizabethan alehouses, Tudor palaces, Renaissance basilicas, Edwardian mews, Regency malls, Georgian town houses, Swedish-modern office buildings and chromium luncheonettes — a capsule history of its 2000-year evolution in architectural microcosm — modern London is unique among the world's capital cities as the nucleus of nearly every major social, economic and cultural institution in its far-flung domain: art, music, letters, show business, communications, advertising, industry, high fashion, high finance, high society — and girls.

Whatever their métiers and motivations — fame, fortune, authority or adventure — girls from every corner of the kingdom stream to the city like Dick Whittington's legendary cat: pink-cheeked, full-bodied maidens from the agrarian north; fine-boned thoroughbreds from the pasturelands of southern England; black-haired, green-eyed colleens from Belfast and Limerick; brown-eyed, white-skinned Welsh rarebits from Swansea and Cardiff; auburn-tressed, azure-eyed lassies from Aberdeen and Glasgow; *(text continued on page 118)*



Above: Marie Barrie displays faultless form of champion figure skater. Below: Marjorie Brace promenades in Piccadilly.



Below: Jazzophile Marie Clarence, tyro torch singer and groovy Girl Friday for London music publisher, spends surplus do-re-mi on Third Stream stereo discs, digs them in privacy of poshly appurtenanced (37-22-37) apartment.



Below: Alison Seebohm is veteran TV thesper at 22. Center: Francesca Annis contemplates a career in films.



114 Above: Honey-haired Eve Eden—quite possibly, at 19, the possessor of Britain's most photographed physique—recently renounced modeling to become the hostess with the mostest (38-22-35) on a popular TV quizzer.

Above: The fine-boned face of Afghan fan Jean Shrimpton adorns the pages of London's *Vogueish* mags.

Below: Impulsive Yvonne Romain turned down an art scholarship to take up acting, found herself typed as toothsome bite-player in vampire flicks. Cast at last in nonhorrific roles, she stars with Sammy Davis in upcoming TV opus. At home she dabbles at graphic and culinary arts, daydreams in den, lounges on lavender sheets.



Above: A loner with a wanderlust for life, Maureen Haylock has toiled as grape-picker in France, resort receptionist in Britain. Now learning tricks of new trade as stage sorcerer's apprentice, she's fond of twilight strolls along the Thames; plans disappearing act to Latin America, latest leisure-domain of her dreams. 115

Below, l to r: A thoroughbred equestrienne equally adept at fox hunting and horse-show hurdling, patrician-profiled Eileen Noble would be an odds-on favorite in any gallop poll. Multilingual fashion buyer Kinga Kalinska, an English girl of Polish parentage, sizes up styles in window of West End women's-wear salon.



Above: Sylvia Steele, freewheeling fashion model with designs on stage and screen stardom, pauses at traffic light en route to audition for ingénue part in upcoming play. Right: A transplanted Lancashire lass, Irene Barrie trips lightly from musical comedy chorus lines to solo stints as dancer on video variety shows.



Above: Geared for boulevard and boudoir, classic car buff Gina Graham sports a sleek '62 chassis. 117

Below, l to r: Jackie Blackhurst, English Lit major at London girls' school, earns pin money as window dresser in department store. Also adorning window is Jeannetta Clarke, bilingual secretary for Cheapside shipping firm. Stenographer Tessa Rees-Roberts beams over bubbly amidst Old World opulence of *soignée* Soho spa.



bronzed, blonde sportswomen from Australia and New Zealand; clean-limbed, kinetic creatures from Canada and South Africa.

Emphatically exploding the stereotype of the British female — angular, tweedy, tea-sipping, bird-watching, sensibly shod, generally flat-chested, somewhat long in the tooth — these attractively admixed misses are as infinitely varied in psyche and physique as their multifarious bloods; and no less fashionably attired than their Stateside and Continental counterparts. Adorned with a tasteful scarcity of jewelry and makeup, accoutered in the incomparable tweeds, cashmeres and woolens of Yorkshire, Harris and the Hebrides — tailored with a dash of Roman or Parisian flair — they strive for chicness without show, understatement without anonymity. The majority succeed with style — to such an extent that the most seasoned statisticians find it difficult to distinguish between the U's and the non-U's as they mingle in Mayfair, Piccadilly or Park Lane.

Despite sartorial similarities, however, the debutantes of London's *haut monde* are set apart from their sisters — though not from upward-mobile male visitors with an inside friend to open the right doors — by a seldom-spanned social gulf. An

Above: Diana Burford, a literary Anglophile (Shakespeare, Lawrence, et al.), takes the air at Trafalgar Square.

Above: 18-year-old Vicky Kennedy earns straight Ahs as studious sophomore at London teachers' college.



Above: Voted London's loveliest starlet by city's ad photogs, 19-year-old Gabriella Licudi—seen here in the neon noon of Piccadilly Circus—has been glimpsed briefly by American audiences via cameo roles in *The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone* and episodes of TV's *One Step Beyond* and *The Adventures of Sir Francis Drake*. 119

August alliance of the ranking aristocracy, the landed gentry and the café-society set, this insular and inbred elite set a standard of tradition-bound gentility unpeered even by the upper crust of Back Bay Boston. As heiresses-apparent to the proprieties as well as the perquisites of Britain's erstwhile ruling class, they lead a town-and-country life no less regimented than that of the thoroughbred sorrels stabled behind their mansions. As 18-yearlings, they join the horse set at lavish coming-out cotillions; go to the post in April with Queen Charlotte's Ball; parade around the enclosure with bewhiskered subalterns and bevested undergraduates for three continuous months of *soignée* soirees, culminating in June with high society's steeplechase classics, the Oxford and Cambridge balls; after which they are turned out to pasture on their off-season estates in Sussex and Surrey—to be tutored, groomed and curried for the following spring and, hopefully, for eventual mating with an eligible sire of equally blue bloodline.

Bred for the turf and not for toil, they ripen quickly into gentlewomen who idle away their days with *coiffeur* and *couturier*; browsing for baubles at Harrods and Woollands, London's most elegant emporiums; dining sedately on Scotch grouse at the Ritz; organizing weddings for affianced friends; fox-trotting formally at Hunt balls (where the debs temporarily replace the foxes as a quarry for sporting young squires); and serving lemonade and tea biscuits at charity bazaars on the rolled lawns of Belgravia—a parklike purlieu adjoining Buckingham Palace—occupied almost exclusively by the ancestral homes of Britain's squirearchy.

Down one social stratum—though their families often enjoy greater wealth than some of the aristocracy—the well-bred daughters of London's more prosperous professional men and prominent literati lead an equally decorous but far less decorative life in the 18th Century town houses of Chelsea, the city's ancient artists' quarter on the Thames Embankment; and in the 20th Century pent-houses of the fashionable northwestern suburbs. Unlike the socialite set, for whom advanced education has long been considered an unnecessary adornment, these cultivated creatures customarily blossom at 15 or 16 from private school-girls into precocious coeds at local universities and business colleges, where they accumulate credits for postgraduate, premarital employment in a variety of fields befitting their aptitudes, inclinations and economic echelon. Some qualify for coveted secretarial posts in the Foreign Office or Civil Service—both prime hunting grounds for up-and-coming career men with spotless backgrounds and promising prospects. A few incorrigible romantics even run the

guntlet of government security for the privilege of toiling as typists and stenographers in Her Majesty's Secret Service, where they reconnoiter the premises—all too often in vain—for flesh-and-blood facsimiles of Ian Fleming's urbane undercover agent, the indestructible James Bond. Others adapt their aspirations of a painting career to the realities of free-lance commercial illustration or graphic design for a Bloomsbury ad agency. Still others pursue dreams of first-magnitude stardom—and occasionally fulfill them, after years of exacting tutelage—as *premières danseuses* with the Royal Ballet or operatic prima donnas at Covent Garden; as dramatic actresses on the sound stages of Britain's film industry, headquartered in non-Hollywoodian Ealing, a sedate western suburb; or in the thriving West End world of legitimate theater.

Nurturing similar ambitions, but lacking either the ability or the assiduity prerequisite to an acting career, a select few possess the aquiline features, statuesque bearing and gentle breeding which permit them to sublimate their histrionic hopes as mannequins about town in the smarter fashion magazines and Mayfair salons. Graduates in journalism and English Literature seek out slots as proof-readers and editorial researchers with old-line book publishers and such prestigious periodicals as *Punch*, *Tatler*, *Lilliput*, *Queen* and *Vogue Export*, the London version of Gotham's high-fashion bible; or vie for tryouts as cub reporters with the unimpeachable London *Times* or, failing that, the *Manchester Guardian* or, as a last resort, one of the splashier dailies on Fleet Street. Those with a wanderlust for life abroad—plus a passion for liberation both from parental constraints and from the emotional temperance of London's polite society—take to the skies as stewardesses on B.O.A.C. and B.E.A. jets between Britain and America, Europe, Africa and the Orient. But the brainiest and most beautiful girls are drawn into the vortex of mass communications, where many attractively unbend the slightly stuffy decorum of the B.B.C. as script girls, production assistants, story editors and executive secretaries.

On a middle-income level, city-dwelling daughters are encouraged by their families to begin assuming responsibility for their own expenses in their mid-teens—with the natural consequence, in many cases, of a residential as well as an economic declaration of independence. And for the rest of the city's distaff middle class—a sizable contingent of *émigrés* who hie themselves to London in search of social and vocational self-enlargement—bachelor-girl digs are a necessary and pleasant premise of their new lives. Indigenous and imported, most settle happily for less quaint and costly quarters in the verdant environs of Hyde

Park, where the mansions and town houses of once-patrician Kensington, Notting Hill and Earl's Court have been subdivided into studio apartments.

Though they lack the status, the sterling and the schooling to qualify for skilled jobs in the inner spheres of art, fashion, communications and government, London's middle-income misses can pluck their plums from an array of equally enjoyable, if somewhat less prestigious, positions in the vast and sprawling complex of London's far-flung business and professional worlds. Many work as cashiers and soft-sell salesgirls in the clamorous department stores, chic *boutiques* and oak-paneled haberdasheries of Piccadilly, Knightsbridge, Savile Row, Bond and Oxford streets. And a few rebels without causes or capital don ponchos, mukluks and ebony eye shadow, take up residence in the cold-water garrets and basements of Bohemian Soho, and proceed to plumb the mysteries of Zen, pot, Kerouac and action painting—or come to terms with society via part-time jobs as waitresses and folk singers in neighborhood espresso bars—a current craze. But most of London's middle-class girls toil as typists, stenographers, file clerks and switchboard operators for the ad agencies, public relations firms and manufacturers of northwestern London; or enlist in the vast clerical army which performs the paper work of the shipping companies, underwriters, barristers, bankers and brokers clustered on Cheapside, Lombard and Leadenhall streets, Britain's nerve center of high finance.

But for anatomically uncommon commoners—uncomplainingly injured to their modest lot, yet striving for self-betterment—the prospect of a career in modeling beckons most bewitchingly. Proffering the promise of a social-climbing shortcut to showbiz fame and fortune (a route successfully completed by such living-bra testimonials as Sabrina and June Wilkinson), modeling in London encompasses a number of novel British variations—and for some, a multitude of sins. Unencumbered by self-consciousness about the propriety of sharing their natural wonders with the world at large, many of these buxom Britons customarily debut in public—and in the altogether—on the pages of pocket-size nudist and figure photography magazines which festoon the newsstands of the worldly West End. Others, blessed with good business heads and bodies to match, own and operate fully equipped photo studios where amateur shutterbugs are invited (at a modest hourly rate) to focus their attention on prize-winning subjects: their genial hostesses with the mostest on display *en déshabillé*.

In another nude twist on the same theme, patrons of the anatomic and gastronomic arts can savor both in a plate
(continued on page 142)

THE THIN RED LINE

CONCLUSION: under the hard glint of the island sky, c company—bloodied, decimated, desperate—finally took the measure of the enemy **fiction** By **JAMES JONES**

In previous installments, the men of C Company, until then innocent of battle, had stormed the Japanese redoubt on Hill 210 in Guadalcanal. They lay there now, cowering in bloodlined craters, waiting for the enemy to move. On the field telephone, Stein, their Captain—pursuing his private war with Colonel Tall by refusing regimental orders to lead his men into further slaughter—hears with disbelief the command to attack again.

"Tall's voice was cool, and sharp as a razorblade. . . . 'Get those men up on the ridge out and moving. I'll be there in' he paused '10 or 15 minutes . . .'"

Stein listened unbelieving, mentally stunned, feeling scared. To Stein's knowledge, which he knew was not universal but nevertheless, no Battalion Commander had come forward with his fighting troops since this battle started and the division entered combat. Tall's inordinate ambition was a Regimental joke, and he certainly had every bigshot on the island here today to perform for, but Stein still had not anticipated this. What had he expected, then? He had expected, if he made his protest strong enough, to be allowed to make his patrol in force and test the right before having to face a necessity of this frontal attack—even though he knew it was a little late in the day now for that kind of an operation. And now he was really scared. It was almost funny, how even lying here terrified and half-expecting to be dead at any moment, his bureaucratic fear of reprimand, of public embarrassment was stronger than his physical fear of dying. Well, at least as strong.

Well, he had two things to do, while he waited for Tall. He must see about that man who was wounded a moment ago. And he must get the other two squads of 2d Platoon up there on the ridge to Beck and Dale.

The wounded man proved to be little Pfc. Bead from Iowa, Fife's assistant clerk, and he was dying. The mortar round had exploded five yards away from him on his left, sending a piece probably no bigger than a silver dime into his left side after tearing its way through the triceps muscle of his upper left arm. *(continued on page 162)*



A colorful symbol of the esteem in which the musicians are held at Monterey: the Duke rates his own star-adorned dressing room.



Dizzy Gillespie, replete with fez, burnoose and shades, regales a late-afternoon full house with Lalo Schifrin's *Tunisian Fantasy*.



Monterey jazzophiles take their entertainment seriously, give the music their undivided, but hiply undemonstrative, attention.



When Ellington wasn't leading his big band or small combo, he was (as he tongue-in-cheeked it) an emcee and "intermission pianist."



THE JAZZ FESTIVAL GROWS UP

spawned at newport, it has come of age at monterey

article By NAT HENTOFF

TO THE JAZZ MUSICIAN, nearly all of the summer "festivals" that purport to celebrate his "art" are just another gig. The money is somewhat better out-of-doors, but the playing conditions are usually worse and the promoters are no less rhomboid than the average night-club owner. "This," Miles Davis once said while appraising the July emigration to Newport, Rhode Island, "is a jazz supermarket." Mr. Davis has since included all the festivals he has played within that condemnation, and he expresses the consensus of a large majority of the jazz confraternity.

There is, however, an exception — the annual Monterey, California, Jazz Festival. Last summer was the fourth of the Monterey events,

Jazz and sun are gratis outside Fairgrounds.



The outside world rears its nonmusical head in the form of a nearby "Peace Mailbox" petitioning signatures from festival pilgrims.



Third Streamer Gunther Schuller leads a brace of harpists through the rehearsal of a Monterey-premiered Schifrin composition.



Spotlighted during under-the-stars evening session, one of Monterey's most lyrical ladies, Carmen McRae, gets a rapt reception.



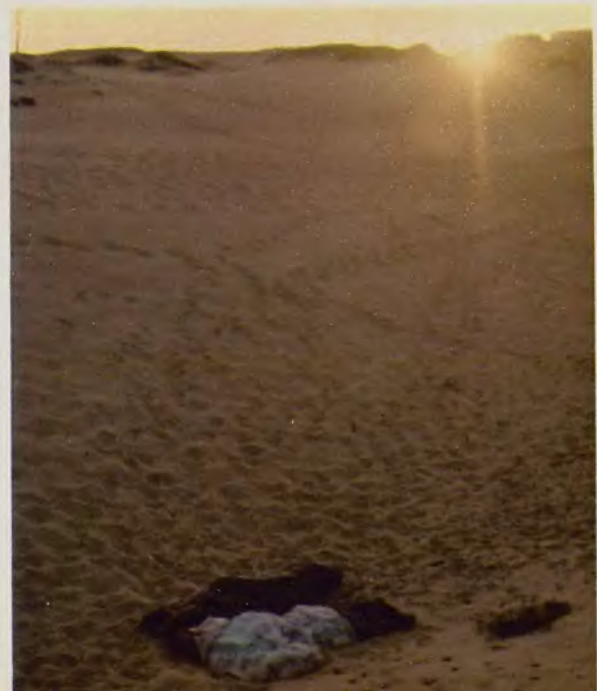


While Monterey society cavorts between sessions with wee-hour windings, sleeping-baggers greet a new jazz day on local beach.

and once again the concerts were characterized by the singular enthusiasm and conscientiousness of most of the musicians involved. Even those, moreover, who were required to participate in morning rehearsals awoke with uncommon alacrity and no little anticipation. On the second day of the festival, for example, a trumpet player who had been up until five at a particularly vigorous party was warming up on the grounds five hours later. "I don't know what it is about Monterey," he said, "but I don't feel beat. It seems natural to be up this early here."

A couple of hours later, at the sprawling, rustic Monterey Fairgrounds, a lithe young woman in slacks pushed a carriage with a dozing baby along the lawn. Pyramiding sounds of brass players warming up came from the sizable but compact outdoor arena where a horse show had taken place a month before. She passed by 10 cops, squatting in the grass, swapping beatnik stories.

A trailer was parked near the main entrance. It proclaimed itself a "Peace Mailbox," and cut into its side was a slot for postcards to be sent to the United (continued on page 146)





**THE
1963
PLAYBOY
JAZZ
POLL**

vote for your favorites for the seventh playboy all-star jazz band

WITH MONTEREY FLOURISHING on the West Coast, and a reorganized Newport Festival once more echoing the welcome sounds of live, authentic jazz in a salubrious, noncommercial atmosphere in the East, 1962 turned into a festive year for the hot and the cool. This being the case, we fully expect this year's Playboy Jazz Poll, America's biggest, most respected jazz consensus, to handsomely outpull all previous pulsetakings. The Jazz Poll ballot, as in years past, is made up of only those musicians who have been performing actively during the last twelvemonth.

You now have the opportunity to make yourself heard anent which jazz luminaries you feel should occupy the chairs in the 1963 All-Star Jazz Band and receive the prestigious sterling silver Playboy Jazz Medal.

To vote, all you have to do is read the simple instructions below, check off your favorite jazzmen where indicated, and make sure you forward the ballot on to us before the deadline date.

1. Your official Jazz Poll ballot is attached to this page. A Nominating Board composed of jazz editors, critics, representatives of the major recording companies and winners of last year's poll has selected the jazz artists it considers to be the most outstanding and/or popular of the year. These nominations should serve solely as an aid to your recollection of jazz artists and performances, not as a guide on how to vote. You may vote for *any* living artist in the jazz field.

2. The artists have been divided into categories to form the Playboy All-Star Jazz Band, and in some categories you may vote for more than one musician (e.g., four trumpets, four trombones, two alto saxes), because a big band normally has more than one of these instruments playing in it. Be sure to cast the correct number of votes, as too many votes in any category will disqualify all of your votes in that category.

3. If you wish to vote for an artist who has been nominated, simply place an X in the box before his name on the ballot; if you wish to vote for an artist who has *not* been nominated, write his name in at the bottom of the category and place an X in the box before it.

4. For leader of the 1963 Playboy All-Star Jazz Band, limit your choice to the men who have led a big band (eight or more musicians) during the last 12 months; for instrumental combo, limit your choice to groups of seven or less musicians. In all categories, vote for the artists who have pleased and impressed you the most with their music during the past year.

5. Please print your name and address in the space at the bottom of the last page of the ballot. You may cast only one complete ballot in the poll, and that must carry your correct name and address if your vote is to be counted.

6. Cut your two-page ballot along the dotted line and mail it to PLAYBOY JAZZ POLL, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois. Ballots must be postmarked before midnight, October 31, 1962, in order to be counted, so get yours in the mail today. The results of the seventh annual Playboy Jazz Poll will appear in the February 1963 issue.

NOMINATING BOARD: Cannonball Adderley, Louis Armstrong, Bob Brookmeyer, Ray Brown, Dave Brubeck, John Coltrane, Miles Davis, Buddy DeFranco, Paul Desmond, Duke Ellington, Maynard Ferguson, Ella Fitzgerald, Pete Fountain, Stan Getz, Dizzy Gillespie, Lionel Hampton, Milt Jackson, J. J. Johnson, Philly Joe Jones, Stan Kenton, Barney Kessel, Dave Lambert, Shelly Manne, Wes Montgomery, Gerry Mulligan, Oscar Peterson, Frank Sinatra, Jack Teagarden, Kai Winding; Leonard Feather, *Jazz Critic*; Nat Hentoff, *Jazz Critic*; Wilder Hobson, *Saturday Review*; Russ Wilson, *Oakland Tribune*; Nesuhi Ertegun, Atlantic Records; Erwin C. Bagley, Audio Fidelity; Peter Hess, Candid; David Cavanaugh, Capitol; Stuart Phillips, Colpix; Teo Macero, Columbia; Les Koenig, Contemporary; Milt Gabler, Decca; Max Weiss, Fantasy; Bob Thiele, Impulse; Allen LaVinger, Liberty; Jack Tracy, Mercury; Richard Bock, Pacific Jazz; Don Gold, Philips; George Avakian, RCA Victor; Morris Osten, Reprise; Billie Wallington, Riverside; Alan Douglas, United Artists; Creed Taylor, Verve.

LEADER*(Please check one.)*

- Count Basie
- Les Brown
- Ray Conniff
- Johnny Dankworth
- Les Elgart
- Duke Ellington
- Gil Evans
- Maynard Ferguson
- Jerry Fielding
- Terry Gibbs
- Dizzy Gillespie
- Benny Goodman
- Lionel Hampton
- Slide Hampton
- Ted Heath
- Woody Herman
- Harry James
- Quincy Jones
- Stan Kenton
- Henry Mancini
- Billy May
- Ray McKinley
- Gerry Mulligan
- Nelson Riddle
- Shorty Rogers
- Pete Rugolo
- Gerald Wilson
- Si Zentner

TRUMPET*(Please check four.)*

- Nat Adderley
- Red Allen
- Louis Armstrong
- Frank Assunto
- Benny Bailey
- Emmett Berry
- Ruby Braff
- Billy Butterfield
- Donald Byrd
- Conte Candoli
- Pete Candoli
- Don Cherry
- Buck Clayton
- Ted Curson
- Miles Davis
- Wild Bill Davison
- Sidney De Paris
- Kenny Dorham
- Harry Edison
- Roy Eldridge
- Don Ellis
- Art Farmer
- Maynard Ferguson
- Dizzy Gillespie
- Don Goldie
- Joe Gordon
- Bobby Hackett
- Al Hirt
- Freddie Hubbard
- Harry James
- Carmell Jones
- Jonah Jones
- Thad Jones
- Howard McGhee
- Jimmy McPartland
- Blue Mitchell
- Lee Morgan
- Ray Nance
- Joe Newman
- Red Nichols
- Shorty Rogers
- Ernie Royal
- Bob Scobey
- Doc Severinsen
- Charlie Shavers
- Jack Sheldon
- Muggsy Spanier
- Rex Stewart
- Clark Terry
- Joe Wilder

TROMBONE*(Please check four.)*

- Fred Assunto
- Dave Baker
- Milt Bernhart
- Bob Brookmeyer
- Lawrence Brown
- Georg Brunis
- Jimmy Cleveland
- Cutty Cutshall
- Wilbur De Paris
- Vic Dickenson
- Bob Enevoldsen
- Bob Fitzpatrick
- Carl Fontana
- Curtis Fuller
- Tyree Glenn
- Al Gray
- Bennie Green
- Urbie Green
- Slide Hampton
- Bill Harris
- J. C. Higginbotham
- Quentin Jackson
- J. J. Johnson
- Jimmy Knepper
- Melba Liston
- Tricky Lofton
- Murray McEachern
- Lou McGarity
- Grachan Moncur III
- Turk Murphy
- Dick Nash
- Kid Ory
- Tommy Pederson
- Aake Persson
- Benny Powell
- Julian Priestner
- Frank Rehak
- Frank Rosolino
- Jack Teagarden
- Dickie Wells
- Kai Winding
- Britt Woodman
- Trummy Young
- Si Zentner

ALTO SAX*(Please check two.)*

- Cannonball Adderley
- Gabe Baltazar
- Al Belletto
- Earl Bostic
- George Braithwaite
- Pete Brown
- Benny Carter
- Ornette Coleman
- Hank Crawford
- Paul Desmond
- Eric Dolphy
- Lou Donaldson
- Bob Donovan
- Herb Geller
- Gigi Gryce
- John Handy
- Johnny Hodges
- Paul Horn
- Hilton Jefferson
- Lee Konitz
- Charlie Mariano
- Jackie McLean
- James Moody
- Ted Nash
- Lennie Niehaus
- Gene Quill
- Marshall Royal
- Bud Shank
- Zoot Sims
- Willie Smith
- Sonny Stitt
- Jimmy Woods
- Phil Woods

TENOR SAX*(Please check two.)*

- Gene Ammons
- Curtis Amy
- Georgie Auld
- Al Cohn
- John Coltrane
- Bob Cooper
- Eddie Davis
- Sam Donahue
- Teddy Edwards
- Sam Firmature
- Bud Freeman
- Stan Getz
- Jimmy Giuffre
- Benny Golson
- Paul Gonsalves
- John Griffin
- Eddie Harris
- Coleman Hawkins
- Jimmy Heath
- Bill Holman
- Illinois Jacquet
- Plas Johnson
- Richie Kamuca
- Harold Land
- Yusef Lateef
- Don Menza
- Eddie Miller
- Hank Mobley
- James Moody
- Vido Musso
- "Fathead" Newman
- Dave Pell
- Bill Perkins
- Flip Phillips
- Sonny Rollins
- Zoot Sims
- Sonny Stitt
- Buddy Tate
- Ben Webster
- Frank Wess
- Dave Young

BARITONE SAX*(Please check one.)*

- Pepper Adams
- Ernie Caceres
- Jay Cameron
- Harry Carney
- Al Cohn
- Chuck Gentry
- Jimmy Giuffre
- Frank Hintner
- Bill Hood
- Gerry Mulligan
- Jack Nimitz
- Cecil Payne
- Jerome Richardson
- Ronnie Ross
- Bud Shank
- Lonnie Shaw
- Sahib Shihab

CLARINET*(Please check one.)*

- Barney Bigard
- Acker Bilk
- Buddy Collette
- Joe Davensburg
- Buddy DeFranco
- Pete Fountain
- Jimmy Giuffre
- Benny Goodman
- Edmond Hall
- Jimmy Hamilton
- Woody Herman
- Paul Horn
- Matty Matlock
- Abe Most
- Pee Wee Russell
- Tony Scott
- Bill Smith
- Sol Yaged

PIANO*(Please check one.)*

- Toshiko Akiyoshi
- Mose Allison
- Count Basie
- Dave Brubeck
- Ray Bryant
- Barbara Carroll
- Cy Coleman
- Bob Darch
- Duke Ellington
- Bill Evans
- Victor Feldman
- Russ Freeman
- Red Garland
- Erroll Garner
- Hampton Hawes
- Eddie Heywood
- Earl "Fatha" Hines
- Ahmad Jamal
- Pete Jolly
- Hank Jones
- Wynton Kelly
- Billy Kyle
- John Lewis
- Ramsey Lewis
- Les McCann
- Marian McPartland
- Thelonious Monk
- Peter Nero
- Phineas Newborn, Jr.
- Bernard Peiffer
- Oscar Peterson
- Bud Powell
- André Previn
- George Shearing
- Don Shirley
- Horace Silver
- Willie "The Lion" Smith
- Martial Solal
- Jess Stacy
- Billy Taylor
- Cecil Taylor
- Bobby Timmons
- Lennie Tristano
- McCoy Tyner
- Mal Waldron
- Randy Weston
- Mary Lou Williams
- Teddy Wilson
- Stan Wrightsman

GUITAR*(Please check one.)*

- Laurindo Almeida
- Chet Atkins
- Danny Barker
- Billy Bauer
- Dennis Budimir
- Kenny Burrell
- Charlie Byrd
- Eddie Condon
- Herb Ellis
- Tal Farlow
- Barry Galbraith
- John Gray
- Freddie Green
- Jim Hall
- Bill Harris
- Al Hendrickson
- Barney Kessel
- Mundell Lowe
- Wes Montgomery
- Oscar Moore
- Joe Pass
- Les Paul
- John Pisano
- Joe Puma
- Jimmy Raney
- Sal Salvador
- Johnny Smith
- Les Spann
- Jean Thielemans
- René Thomas
- George Van Eps
- Al Viola

BASS*(Please check one.)*

- Chuck Andrus
- Don Bagley
- Norman Bates
- Joe Benjamin
- Keter Betts
- Ray Brown
- Monty Budwig
- Red Callender
- Paul Chambers
- Buddy Clark
- Curtis Counce
- Billy Cronk
- Israel Crosby
- Bill Crow
- Art Davis
- George Duviervier
- Pops Foster
- Johnny Frigo
- Bob Haggart
- Percy Heath
- Milt Hinton
- Chubby Jackson
- Eddie Jones
- Sam Jones
- Charlie Mingus
- Red Mitchell
- Joe Mondragon
- Monk Montgomery
- George Morrow
- Gary Peacock
- Mike Rubin
- Howard Rumsey
- Eddie Safranski
- Arvell Shaw
- Slam Stewart
- George Tucker
- Leroy Vinnegar
- Wilbur Ware
- Gene Wright
- El Dee Young

DRUMS*(Please check one.)*

- Dave Bailey
- Danny Barcelona
- Ray Bauduc
- Louis Bellson
- Denzil Best
- Art Blakey
- Larry Bunker
- Cozy Cole
- Nick Fatool
- Vernel Fournier
- Sonny Greer
- Chico Hamilton
- Louis Hayes
- Roy Haynes
- Red Holt
- Lex Humphries
- Ron Jefferson
- Osie Johnson
- Elvin Jones
- Jo Jones
- Philly Joe Jones
- Rufus Jones
- Gonnie Kay
- Gene Krupa
- Don Lamond
- Stan Levey
- Mel Lewis
- Shelly Manne
- Joe Morello
- Earl Palmer
- Sonny Payne
- Walter Perkins
- Charlie Persip
- Buddy Rich
- Max Roach
- Ed Shaughnessy
- Jack Sperling
- Art Taylor
- Ed Thigpen
- Milt Turner
- George Wettling
- Sam Woodyard

MISC. INSTRUMENT*(Please check one.)*

- Ray Brown, *cello*
- Milt Buckner, *organ*
- Gary Burton, *vibes*
- Candido, *bongo*
- Buddy Collette, *flute*
- John Coltrane, *soprano sax*
- Bob Cooper, *oboe*
- Eddie Costa, *vibes*
- Miles Davis, *Flügelhorn*
- Leo Diamond, *harmonica*
- Walt Dickerson, *vibes*
- Eric Dolphy, *flute*
- Don Elliott, *vibes, mellophone*
- Victor Feldman, *vibes*
- Terry Gibbs, *vibes*
- Justin Gordon, *flute*
- Tommy Gumina, *accordion*
- Lionel Hampton, *vibes*
- Paul Horn, *flute*
- Bobby Hutcherson, *vibes*
- Milt Jackson, *vibes*
- Roland Kirk, *manzello, strich*
- Steve Lacy, *soprano sax*
- Yusef Lateef, *flute*
- Mike Mainieri, *vibes*
- Herbie Mann, *flute*
- Red Mitchell, *cello*
- James Moody, *flute*
- Sam Most, *flute*
- Ray Nance, *violin*
- Red Norvo, *vibes*
- Pony Poindexter, *soprano sax*
- Dick Roberts, *banjo*
- Shorty Rogers, *Flügelhorn*
- Shirley Scott, *organ*
- Bud Shank, *flute*
- Jimmy Smith, *organ*
- Stuff Smith, *violin*
- Clark Terry, *Flügelhorn*
- Jean Thielemans, *harmonica*
- Cal Tjader, *vibes*
- Art Van Damme, *accordion*
- Julius Watkins, *French horn*
- Frank Wess, *flute*
- Gerry Wiggins, *organ*

MALE VOCALIST*(Please check one.)*

- David Allen
- Mose Allison
- Louis Armstrong
- Harry Belafonte
- Tony Bennett
- Brook Benton
- Pat Boone
- Oscar Brown, Jr.
- Ray Charles
- Nat "King" Cole
- Perry Como
- Bing Crosby
- Vic Damone
- Bobby Darin
- Sammy Davis, Jr.
- Johnny Desmond
- Fats Domino
- Frank D'Rone
- Billy Eckstine
- Earl Grant
- Buddy Greco
- Roy Hamilton
- Johnny Hartman
- Clancy Hayes
- Bill Henderson
- Jon Hendricks
- Al Hibbler
- Johnny Janis
- Eddie Jefferson
- Frankie Laine
- Steve Lawrence
- Norman Mapp
- Dean Martin
- Johnny Mathis
- Les McCann
- Mark Murphy
- Jackie Paris
- Jimmy Rushing

- Frank Sinatra
- Jack Teagarden
- Mel Tormé
- Joe Turner
- Adam Wade
- Muddy Waters
- Andy Williams
- Joe Williams
- Jimmy Witherspoon

FEMALE VOCALIST*(Please check one.)*

- Ernestine Anderson
- Pearl Bailey
- Joan Baez
- La Vern Baker
- Mac Barnes
- Joy Bryan
- Jackie Cain
- Diahann Carroll
- Betty Carter
- June Christy
- Chris Connor
- Doris Day
- Frances Faye
- Ella Fitzgerald
- Connie Francis
- Aretha Franklin
- Judy Garland
- Eydie Gormé
- Lena Horne
- Helen Humes
- Lurlean Hunter
- Mahalia Jackson
- Etta James
- Beverly Kelly
- Teddi King
- Eartha Kitt
- Irene Kral
- Peggy Lee
- Abbey Lincoln
- Julie London
- Gloria Lynne
- Carmen McRae
- Helen Merrill
- Jane Morgan
- Jaye P. Morgan
- Anita O'Day
- Patti Page
- Billie Poole
- Della Reese
- Ann Richards
- Mavis Rivers
- Annie Ross
- Dinah Shore
- Nina Simone
- Carol Sloane
- Keely Smith
- Joanic Sommers
- Jeri Southern
- Jo Stafford
- Kay Starr
- Dakota Staton
- Teri Thornton
- Diana Trask
- Sarah Vaughan
- Dinah Washington
- Margaret Whiting
- Lee Wiley
- Nancy Wilson

INSTRUMENTAL COMBO*(Please check one.)*

- Cannonball Adderley Sextet
- Louis Armstrong All-Stars
- Al Belletto Sextet
- Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers
- Dave Brubeck Quartet
- Charlie Byrd Trio

- Barbara Carroll Trio
- Al Cohn-Zoot Sims Quintet
- Cy Coleman Trio
- Ornette Coleman Quartet
- John Coltrane Quartet
- Miles Davis Sextet
- Davis-Griffin Quintet
- DeFranco-Gumina Quartet
- Wilbur De Paris Sextet
- Dukes of Dixieland
- Don Ellis Trio
- Bill Evans Trio
- Farmer-Golson Jazztet
- Firehouse Five plus Two
- Stan Getz Quartet
- Dizzy Gillespie Quintet
- Jimmy Giuffre Trio
- Al Grey-Billy Mitchell Sextet
- Chico Hamilton Quintet
- Al Hirt's New Orleans Sextet
- Ahmad Jamal Trio
- Jazz Brothers
- Jonah Jones Quartet
- Barney Kessel Quartet
- Gene Krupa Quartet
- Ramsey Lewis Trio
- Shelly Manne and his Men
- Les McCann Ltd.
- Marian McPartland Trio
- Charlie Mingus Quartet
- Modern Jazz Quartet
- Thelonious Monk Quartet
- Montgomery Brothers
- Turk Murphy's Jazz Band
- Red Nichols' Five Pennies
- Red Norvo Quintet
- Oscar Peterson Trio
- André Previn Trio
- Max Roach Quintet
- Sonny Rollins Quartet
- George Russell Sextet
- Bob Scobey's Frisco Band
- Bud Shank Quartet
- George Shearing Quintet
- Horace Silver Quintet
- Nina Simone and her Trio
- Cecil Taylor Quartet
- Cal Tjader Quintet
- Teddy Wilson Trio
- Kai Winding Septet

VOCAL GROUP*(Please check one.)*

- Ames Brothers
- Axidentals
- Brothers Four
- Jackie Cain & Roy Kral
- Clancy Bros. & Makem
- The Diamonds
- Double Six of Paris
- The Eligibles
- Four Freshmen
- Four Lads
- Hi-Lo's
- Ink Spots
- Mary Kaye Trio
- King Sisters
- Kingston Trio
- Lambert, Hendricks & Bavan
- John LaSalle Quartet
- Limelites
- McGuire Sisters
- Mills Brothers
- Modernaires
- Peter, Paul & Mary
- Platters
- Staple Singers
- Kirby Stone Four
- Weavers

Name and address must be printed here to authenticate ballot.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

IN PURSUIT OF ADVENTURE Gawain entered the forest of Broceliande and rode for three days and nights. In the early afternoon of the fourth day he entered a clearing and saw a pavilion of dazzling white silk with red pennons flying. Gawain dismounted, and entered the pavilion with drawn sword. He saw five low beds of soft down, four of them empty. In the fifth bed there lay a sweetly sleeping young woman in a white silk nightdress, with a red smiling mouth and long black hair, her arms thrown wide as if in preparation for an embrace.

"Yo ho!" said Gawain, undressing quickly, and flung himself into the clasp of waiting arms. Awakening suddenly, red mouth smiling even more sweetly than before, the young lady cried out, "For three days and three nights I have dreamed of Sir Gawain! If you are he, then do your knightly duty and earn my love as a knight should do!"

"Yo ho!" said Gawain, "I am he!"

Some moments later, doing his knightly duty, Gawain was interrupted by a sharp blow upon the body with what felt to be the flat steel of a broadsword. "Ho, miscreant knight!" a rough voice called out. "Leave off, and show me if you hold thy sword as hotly as you hold a virgin's flanks!"

"It is my father," the lady said. "Quell him fair or quell him foul, but quell him soon, my lover."

Gawain arose, girded on his sword, and followed the old warrior into the clearing. Fire flashed from steel as foe sprang upon foe. Blood leaped forth as water from a mountain spring, and the dust of carnage rose to hide the sun. At last the old man fell to his knees, crying out, "I yield to a better man! Be a good knight unto my daughter!"

"Yo ho!" said Gawain, and raced back into the pavilion.

Some moments later, pursuing the delicate conquest of a virgin's pleasure, Gawain was interrupted by a rude blow upon the body by what felt to be the flat steel of a broadsword. "Ho, caitiff knight!" a churlish voice called out. "Leave off, and show me if you wield a knight's true lance as bravely as

Gawain and the Lady of the Pavilion

you wield your lust!"

"It is my elder brother," the lady said. "Quell him fair or quell him foul, but quell him soon, my lover."

Gawain arose, seized his lance, and followed the churlish knight into the clearing. Lance shivered on lance as the two knights sprang for the throat of victory. Blood rained upward in a magic storm, until at last the churlish knight fell to his knees, crying, "I give over! Take her, but be as kind in love as you are cruel in quarrel!"

"Yo ho!" said Gawain, and strode back into the pavilion.

Some moments later, just in reach of the grail of love, Gawain was interrupted by a stinging slap upon a knightly place by what felt to be the flat steel of a broadsword. "Ho, craven seducer!" a shrill voice called out. "Leave off, and show me if you seek your own reputation in battle as cunningly as you do my sister's honor!"

"It is my second brother," the lady said. "Quell him fair or quell him foul, but quell him soon, my lover."

Gawain arose, seized a battle-ax from a rack of weapons, and followed the shrill-voiced knight into the clearing. The wind of their raining blows



From
Perceval by
Chrétien de Troyes

Ribald Classic

stripped bare the branches of the trees as the two knights lunged and parried for the victory. Blood ran from their wounds in howling torrents, and the dust of battle hung like a fountain in the air. At last the outmatched intruder fell to his knees, crying, "I am a beaten knight! Go back! But be as gentle to a poor young thing as you are proud unto your enemies!"

"Yo ho!" said Gawain, and lurched back into the pavilion.

Some time later, as Gawain lay sleeping in the lady's arms, he was awakened by her soft fingers upon his eyes. He smiled and reached for her, but she held him off and gestured at the door. Gawain looked and saw the fiercest knight of all glowering down upon him in a black rage.

"It is my youngest brother, the renowned Brandles," the lady said. "In truth, he is the best knight in all the forest, and none may overcome him in single combat. I have told him that you are my own true love, and quite worn out with your adventures this best of all my days. If you will yield, he will withhold his wrath and let you leave our

forest. But you must promise never to return."

"But I am Gawain," he said. He arose and donned his armor, and in the clearing, as the sun grew dark, the two knights rushed together. And so they fought the long night through by the light only of the fire that good swords make when strong men strike stout strokes. At dawn the two knights were still lunging for the advantage that would end the fray. But Brandles was too fierce, and Gawain too strong.

"Sir Brandles," Gawain said at last. "you are the fiercest knight that ever struck sword upon steel."

"Sir Gawain," Brandles said, "I never thought to meet such a doughty fighter as thou art. Let us leave off, and continue this enmity when next we meet."

"It is agreed," said Gawain.

The two knights clasped hands to seal the knightly bargain, and went wearily back into the pavilion to seek the lady. But she was gone.

It is said that she did not leave alone. And in truth, when time had passed she could be seen again by errant knights, sitting before her pavilion in a clearing far away, nursing a son and whispering to him of his father's feats of arms. "And that will be Ginglain, the Fair Unknown," one passing knight will say unto another. "Not the man his father was — but then, who is?" —Retold by James Ransom



"But I'm sure that was only thunder, Mr. Putnam..."

FROM THE BACK OF THE BUS

humor

dick gregory waxes wryly caustic on some foibles and follies of america

COMIC DICK GREGORY'S gags-to-riches career is probably the fastest rising and most spectacular in night-club history. At the time he was first booked for a three-week gig at Chicago's Playboy Club in January of 1960, at \$250 a week (his initial appearance in a non-Negro night club), Dick's club engagements were so infrequent that he was forced to wash cars during the day to support his family; he was seriously considering scrapping his showbiz career altogether (cracked Dick in his act: "Things are so bad, if it weren't for bad luck, I wouldn't have no luck at all"). But soon after his welcome to the Club, Dick began to click with his unique style — mainly because in talking about segregation, freedom riders and sit-ins he truthfully probed to the heart of darkness at a time when the nation's conscience on matters racial responded to the spur of laughter. Dick's engagement at the Playboy Club was extended for an additional six weeks, and when the S.R.O. quip-cracking stint was done, he had been featured in stories in every Chicago newspaper, received a full-column salute in the Show Business section of *Time*, scored twice on the Jack Paar show, been besieged by big-money bids from top clubs throughout the U.S., and hailed by critics as "the Negro Mort Sahl," the first colored comic ever to make it big in night-clubdom. ("In Africa," he observed wryly, "Mort Sahl is the white Dick Gregory.") In a business where memory and friendship exist all too rarely outside of song lyrics, Gregory has returned to the Playboy Club again, and still again, to fulfill a contract written for a few hundred a week, when he was receiving \$5000 at other clubs; and when *PM East* devoted an hour to a TV profile of PLAYBOY in New York recently, he jetted in from the West Coast to do an eight-minute spot on the program for scale, returning immediately to San Francisco for his show at the hungry i that night. Having already entered the best-seller lists as an LP monologist (*Dick Gregory in Living Black and White*, *Dick Gregory East and West*), Dick debuts next month as an equally lethal literateur: E. P. Dutton will publish *From the Back of the Bus*, a book featuring caustic comment by Gregory, pictures by PLAYBOY photog Jerry Yulsman, and an introduction by PLAYBOY Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner. Herewith, for our readers, a special prepublication package of the latest word in pointed Gregorian chanting.



"The white man is wonderful. Who else could go to a small island in the South Pacific where there's no poverty, no crime, no unemployment, no war and no worry—and call it a 'primitive society'?"



"Are you sure Martin Luther King started this way? . . . I was thinking of taking a bus tour of Alabama—only my Blue Cross has expired. Then again—better *it* than *me!* . . . Talk about living dangerously, they've got this new game up in Harlem called Freedom Rider Roulette. You pick from six bus tickets—five go to Chicago and one to Birmingham . . . Huh, wouldn't it be a helluva joke if all this were really burnt cork and you people were all being tolerant for nathin'?"

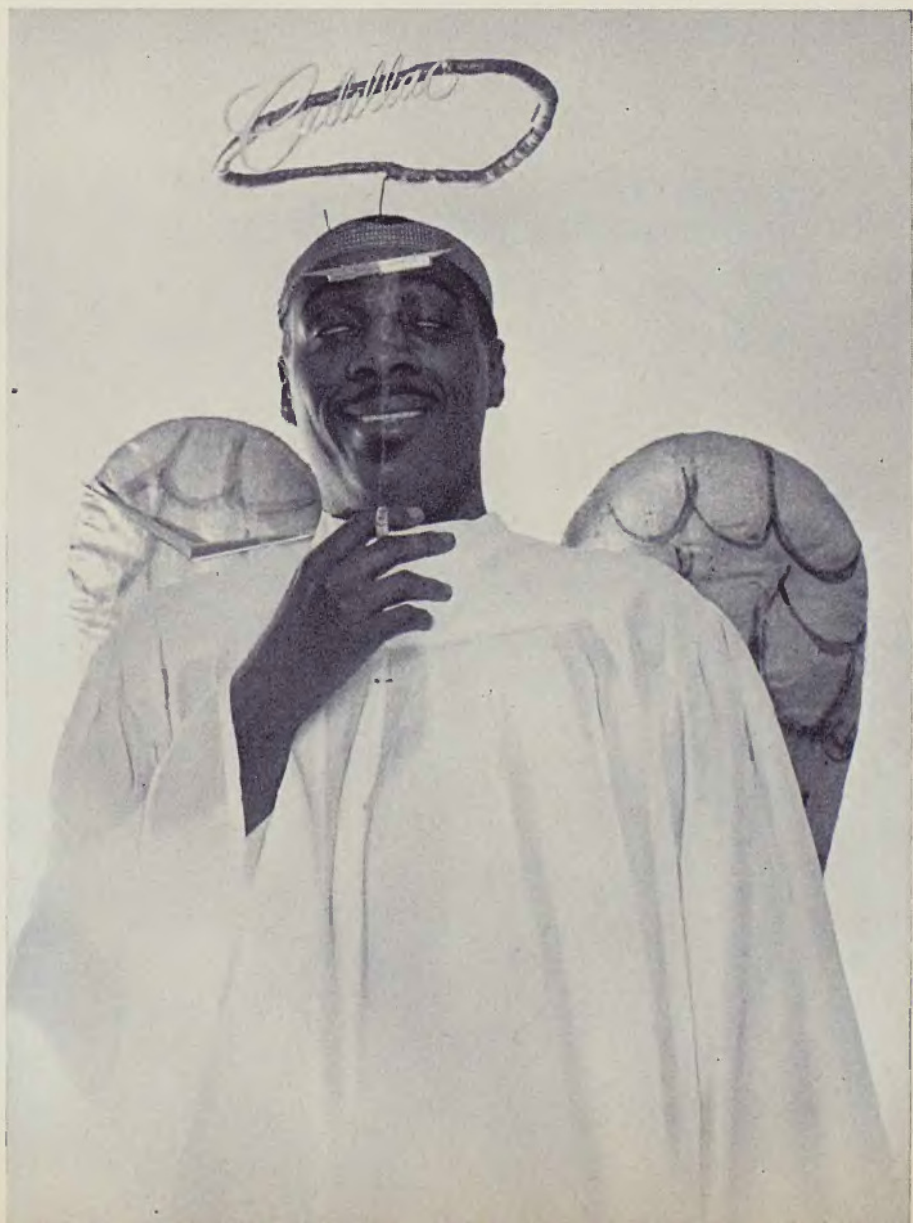
"What do you mean you don't serve UN delegates?!"



ON EMPLOYMENT—"But the ad said, 'Engineers Wanted.' And besides, I've no experience as a janitor . . . You gotta realize, my people have never known what job security is. Far instance, comes another recession and the economy has to tighten its belt—who do you think's gonna be the first notch?"



ON CADILLACS—"If you really wanna see a classic display of concealed emation—watch a white insurance adjuster drive up in his Henry J to settle a claim on one of our Cadillacs . . . Sometimes I think the only one who doesn't resent us owning a Cadillac is General Motors. This car could be 6000 skipped lunches standing out at the curb, but you can hear the teeth gritting a block away."



ON HOUSING—"Whaddya mean, I depreciate your property?! . . . If you're my color, looking for a house can be quite an experience. Especially when you go into a white neighborhood—offer \$40,000 for a \$23,000 house—then get turned down 'cause you'd be lowering the realty values . . . Take my home town, Chicago. When the Negroes move into one large area, and it looks like we might control the votes, they don't say anything to us—they have a slum clearance. Sure. Same thing in Los Angeles—only out there they call it freeways."



ON AMERICA—"Isn't this the most fascinating country in the world? Where else would I have to ride in the back of the bus, have a choice of going to the worst schools, eating in the worst restaurants, living in the worst neighborhoods—and average \$5000 a week just talking about it? . . . Makes you wonder. When I left St. Louis, I was making five dollars a night. Now I'm getting \$5000 a week—for saying the same things out loud that I used to say under my breath."



ON ASTRONAUTS—"A lot of people have been asking why there are no Negro astronauts. Well, I got a surprise for you. One of those seven boys is. He's just looked like that ever since they told him what he volunteered for . . . What disturbs me is—all those space trips are going up from the South—from Florida. If I ever go to Mars, I'm gonna have to go through Georgia first. And you know which trip is gonna be more dangerous! . . . They wanted me to volunteer for the space program, but I turned them down. Wouldn't it be wild if I landed on Mars and a cat walked up to me with 27 heads, 57 jaws, 19 lips, 47 legs, and he said: 'I don't want you marrying my sister!' "



was almost not an arm-grabber at all.

He hated the business he was in, I'll say that for him. One time some of us were cutting up Charlie Slagg, that creep who used to be Southern editor at *Life*, and Bernie said, "Nobody who hates press agents the way Slagg does can be all bad."

I had Bernie figured for one of those wild-eyed ambitious little killers who spend the first 18 years of their lives inside the woodwork of some dump on West 119th Street and then come busting out full of plans and gimmicks and hatred and by the time they're 25 they're boy wonders of something or other. I think I was right. One reason I think so is that he didn't just fall into the publicity business, he picked it, I know that, and what's more he gave himself a specialty: Bernie made himself the old-fashioned kind of press agent, a gagman really, a stunt operator, none of this public relations nonsense, and obviously he did that because he wanted to call attention to himself as much as to whoever he was working for.

Work? Sure it worked. The little bum started as a mail-room kid for somebody you probably never heard of, Terry Fosduth, he's dead now, and a couple years later he was a kind of third-line assistant to Petey Slattery's partner, and so on and so on, you know the pattern, don't make me bore myself telling you how a creep like Bernie Hoven does it, he does it the way they all do it: a lot of hustle, a little hatchet, lay the right dame and for God's sake don't lay the wrong one, some more hustle — anyway about five years ago Bernie asked Petey Slattery to come over to The Drum for a drink one night and gave him the bulletin: he was sorrier than he could say, but he had to cut out, he was going to be big and brave and start his own firm. Petey congratulated him and said how glad he was for him, and how he'd known all along that Bernie would pull out someday, and he was sure he'd tear the town apart, and that crap, naturally all the time he's talking he's wondering how much it's going to hurt when the other shoe drops, when Bernie tells him which account he's stealing that makes it possible for him to bust out.

Slattery himself told me he nearly went on his face off the barstool when Bernie told him he was taking Bertrand Brothers. It was like somebody goes up to Kennedy and says, all right, Jack, you can keep the job and you can still live in the White House, but we're cutting you off from the Treasury. Nobody will deny that Barry and Arkie Bertrand — Barry is dead now and let's drink to that — they were probably the only true cannibals of the 20th Century. They were monsters in the great old Hollywood tradition, they went back a long way, they prob-

ably bought Cecil B. De Mille his first pair of puttees, and they were smarter than Einstein.

So, the Bertrand account was worth let's say \$50,000 a year and as soon as the word was out that Slattery had lost it he lost three more, and that sank him. But Bernie Hoven, who is all heart, you must be able to see that just by looking at the little creep, Bernie gave him a job in Hoven Ltd. and I for one will never believe that Dotty and Irv and Lolly and the rest of the folks got those items about it from *him*. Somebody leaked it, because it just isn't like Bernie to want to publicize a generous, good-hearted act of his own. Anyway, he did find a spot for Petey, and after a little while he even gave him a promotion: he had him go out to St. Louis to investigate the possibility of setting up a branch office. It turned out it wasn't such a good idea, but by that time Petey's spot in the New York shop had sort of filled in, you know how that happens, and Bernie let him see that he was going to be an embarrassment. He didn't fire the guy, I want to make that clear, he waited until the man quit. Slattery never did get back in the business. He had a rough time for a while, but he had a reserve commission in the Navy, they called him back and he stayed in.

Meanwhile, back at World Headquarters, Bernie Hoven was flying. The Bertrands operated on the theory, and it's no theory, that in order to get a fat account, a new outfit is willing to knock itself out to be 25 percent better than the people who already have the business. Therefore, to keep the Bertrand Brothers business, you had to top yourself by 25 percent every year. Hoven did it, I'll give him that. I understand that Arkie Bertrand, that was the nice one, thought so much of Bernie that one day he said to him, "You know, you miserable little son of a bitch, you're not *altogether* stupid!"

I think you could say that Bernie deserved the compliment. Remember the delegate from the new African country they wouldn't let into the UN because he insisted on bringing his 14 wives with him? That was no delegate, that was no country, and those broads weren't his wife, even. That was a little Bernie Hoven promotion for *MAU-MAU!*, a Bertrand Brothers production. Did you know he made all three TV networks with that bit? Hell, it was worth it just as entertainment, never mind the plug, those three Rolls-Royces loaded with dames, four harem-guards screaming and waving swords as long as their arms. It was even good the next day, remember, because some young cop had tried to pinch one of them under the Sullivan law, for carrying a knife with a blade over six inches long or something.

Oh, no, Bernie had it, look, don't ever let anybody tell you the little crumb didn't know the trade, I personally will swear or affirm at any time that he's a moral and ethical throwback to the Borgias, but he knew the publicity racket like he invented it. You remember when the Bertrands had a little trouble with Tony Barker? What was going on was that Publix Pix was floating the story that Barker was light on his feet. Actually he was about as queer as Rin-Tin-Tin, but the Publix people weren't allowing themselves to be hampered by mere truth. Barker's first picture had scared them half to death, the kid looked so hot. Remember? *Too Long a Journey*? When he came running down that Swiss Alp wearing *lederhosen* and no shirt, you could hear dames gasp all over the house. So they were putting out the tale, and Bernie had to do something. So he got the guy married right away. Sure, I know, his office boy could have thought that one up. *You* could have thought it up. But wait. Just six weeks later she files for divorce. Remember her? Marcia Butterly? Looked Latin? Gorgeous broad. So we cut to a crowded courtroom, it's crowded because the word is out that something will be doing and all these reporters are sitting there and some of them standing, it's that packed, wondering what the hell, a straight cut-and-dried Nevada divorce, and then her lawyer asks this black-haired, brown-eyed, stacked, wild-looking tomato just what her husband did to her that constituted mental and physical cruelty and she takes a deep breath and belts out the line: "I think I am a normally passionate woman" — beat — "but I consider that sexual intercourse 11 times in one day is excessive." Curtain.

Was that a stroke of sheer genius? I want to know. Tell me. Oh, no, any time anybody knocks Bernie Hoven as a professional, the guy's just knocking himself, he's just making it clear he's never been in touch, that's all. Look at the little bum over there, sitting next to that blonde thing from outer space, would you think that was a genius? He sure was.

Sure, that's right. That part was true enough, she really is Swedish. The rest of it, no, but she's a Swede right out of Göteborg, that's a fact. Well, she had that fantastic shape, even now, she's got to be 28 or 29, when she stands up, you won't believe it, you never saw anything so gorgeous, she speaks almost perfect English, like so many Swedes do, and besides, Arkie Bertrand somewhere got the idea she could act. Or that at least she could act enough so that she could be *taught* to act, if you follow me. He decided he would rear back and create a combination Anita Ekberg and Greta Garbo and on the seventh day he would rest. So they put a rope on her and led her into Bernie Hoven's office and she said, in her piping treble, "Arkie Ber-

that's right!



Viceroy's got the taste that's right!

Some filter cigarettes taste too strong—just like the unfiltered kind. Some taste too light—and they're no fun at all. But Viceroy tastes the way you'd like a filter cigarette to taste.

Smoke all seven of the leading filter brands, and you'll agree: some taste too strong . . . some taste too light . . . but Viceroy's got the taste that's right. That's right! That's right!



"It's certainly nice of you to continue making these house calls, Doctor — after all, I haven't had any symptoms to speak of in over a month."

Vargas



trand sent me" and Bernie said, "OK, doll, go into the other room, that door over there, slip off your clothes and I'll be with you in a minute" and somebody said, "No! No! Bernie, *this* is Helga Carlsson!" and Bernie said, "Well, Christ, why didn't somebody tell me, after all, it is my birthday, you remember what he sent me last year" and that was how they met.

Of course, you get a thing like that, six foot one, with a shape that's not for real and hair the color of light ivory bark, even if she isn't quite as pretty as, let's say, Claudia Cardinale, you don't even need a genius to exploit her, right? So with Bernie Hoven going for her, under direct orders from Arkie Bertrand, you can imagine that Helga Carlsson got in the papers a few times. That must have been when you were in Italy. Yeah, I'm sure you remember, listen, he had her in the paper in Addis Ababa, never mind Rome.

She even made two-three pictures, and the funny thing was, each one was a little better than the one before it, which is a pretty unusual proposition. Also she turned out to be a reasonably level-headed kind of dame, she didn't believe more than 50 percent of the stuff she read about herself. She knew she had been created out of whole cloth, made up practically like a bedtime story, but instead of being grateful to Arkie Bertrand who after all had had the idea first, and had put up the scratch, she gave all the credit to Bernie Hoven. She thought Bernie was the greatest thing since smorgasbord. She could hardly keep her hands off him, and I understand Cartier's had a delivery man assigned just to him, because Helga couldn't bear the idea of Bairnee, as she made it, using the same cigarette case two days in succession. I've always heard that the Swedes liked silver, but Helga didn't know what silver was, to her a present was 24-carat solid gold or it was nothing, Bernie was sweet to her, too. She'd be in his office, maybe, mooning over him, and he'd say to one of his stooges, "Hey, Marty, get me my alpenstock and my crampons, will you, I'm going to climb Mount Carlsson here right after lunch."

Sure they fought, and one time before he got around to making up with her she ran into Maxie Kramer and married him about 7 hours and 10 minutes later. He was probably the first man she'd ever seen who'd been tall enough to look her in the eye, standing up. Did you ever meet Maxie? I'll tell you, you missed something. A sweeter fella never threw a fifth of Scotch through a bar mirror. No, I'm serious. When he was sober, which was practically all the time, Maxie was great, he was considerate and funny and fast with a buck, and he was probably the brightest heavyweight champ since Gene Tunney or Jack John-

son, as the case may be. No, I'm serious. You just been reading the wrong columns. Hell, Bert Manley, used to be on the *Mirror*, he told me one time that Maxie took his seven-year-old daughter and a couple of her friends to the Central Park Zoo one afternoon and three years later they were still talking about it. Oh, well, I'll give you that, when he was loaded it was suicide to go anywhere near him, listen, I was in town the night he threw every stick of furniture in a Waldorf suite out into the middle of Park Avenue, and the rugs after it. There were two cops in the hall and they wouldn't even knock on the door until two more had showed up. They were right, too.

But Helga always swore he never laid a finger on her, and I believe it, I guess it was a happy marriage as those things go but it didn't do her a lot of good professionally. She had the one kid, the little girl, she didn't make a picture for over a year and a half, they should have had a couple in the can to tide her over but for some reason they didn't, I suppose she didn't tell anybody she was going to get pregnant, maybe she didn't know. Then Maxie got knocked off in that plane crash, and there she was, hung up. Arkie Bertrand was a little sore at her for marrying Maxie—he liked to pick people for his stars to marry, you know—and of course good old Bernie felt she had a hell of a lot of nerve getting married to *anybody*. It was the old story: they wanted her back on the lot and all, but she wasn't queen of the May anymore.

So she made *Tomorrow Never Comes* and it wasn't much. The Bertrands got Bernie Hoven on the tube and told him, all right, *do* something. So he started in on her, and this time it was all business. Bernie had changed his style a little, anyway. He was getting to be an image-molder like the rest of them, he'd rather get a client on page 47 of *Harper's* than page 3 of *The Daily News*. He put a couple of his top Dichter-trained flack-balls on her, but nothing much happened. So one day she got off a jet at Idlewild, without even sending a wire, and showed up in Bernie's office.

"Bairnee," she said, "you know something? I still love you."

"What else is new, Helga?" the little creep says to her.

"What is new, lover," she said, "is that people are forgetting how to spell my name."

He gave her all the nonsense, time passes, can't stay up there forever, doll, new faces crowding in all the time, and so on and so on. She listened. She's a very patient dame. She can wait. When he ran out of what to say she was ready.

"All true, Bairnee," she said, "but if you would get the lead out of your ass, none of it would matter."

He looked at her across that nine-

foot-wide zebrawood desk of his. He didn't really like being talked to like that.

"It's just that I know when I'm beat, doll," he told her. "You can't make a sow's ear out of a Swedish tramp sort of thing, you know what I mean?"

"The trouble with you, Bairnee," she said, "is that about love you don't really understand much. That I love you, no doubt because I'm a masochist and like to have pins stuck in me, does not mean that I would not cheerfully see you cut up into dogmeat and fed to the animals. You couldn't dig such a complicated idea. I hate to be so corny, but you just don't understand about love. I'm surprised. You take a much older man like Arkie—he understands about love."

Can you imagine the bells that went off in that little monster's head when he heard that? *Glang, clang, bong, bong!*

"He does?" he said.

"He certainly does," Helga said. "When I first met Arkie I thought he was just another American businessman, selling movies as some others sell stoves. But, since Maxie's death, I've learned that isn't true. He's *very* understanding. He is *most* kind."

Bongo, brang, brang! "He is?" Bernie said.

"Yes," Helga said.

The phone rang. The red one. The hot line direct to Celluloid City. Bernie grabbed it.

"Yes, Arkie," he said. "Yes. She's right here with me. Well, but she just got here, 10 minutes ago. But I didn't know, we none of us knew . . ."

Let me draw the curtain over this painful picture. Bernie Hoven knew where Helga Carlsson was, when Arkie Bertrand didn't. Therefore, Bernie Hoven was a slimy, stupid, inefficient bastard who would steal money from the hand that fed him. Further, Bernie Hoven's mother, if he had had a mother, had been . . . well, I shouldn't try to reproduce it, because I never had the privilege of hearing it, but it's a recorded fact that Arkie Bertrand, in a fight with Harry Cohn of Columbia, called him something so foul and so novel that Cohn turned to the guy with him and said, Write that down, he had never even heard of it. And also I know a reputable producer out there who swears that Arkie Bertrand once made Humphrey Bogart cry. So you can understand that when Bernie Hoven handed the red phone over to Helga he was shook. It was all he could do to keep himself from diving into the Scotch right then and there. He listened, numbed, while Helga cooled the man-eating monster down with revolting sham-Swedish baby talk. She finally hung up.

"He wants me to come right back to the Coast," she said. "He's such a dear. Isn't it remarkable, such jealousy, in a

man who is after all not really young? But then, Arkie is remarkable in every way."

I can see her standing up and walking to the window and turning to look back, and down, at Bernie Hoven, boy creep.

"Bairnee," she said, "get me a seat on the first plane I can make. All of a sudden, I'm in a hurry to get back home. And Bairnee—think of something? I mean something big, something like you used to think of—when we were friends."

Friends? The word must have dropped on him like a brick off a building. *Friends?* Was he being awarded Helga Carlsson for an enemy? He was. He could find no other reading for it. He caused a ticket to be got for her, but instantly; he had summoned for her a Carey Cadillac; he took her to the elevator, and into it, and down in it and out of it; and he personally shut the door on her limousine, you bet he did, the creep. And then he went back upstairs and got hysterical because his far-flung intelligence network had goofed and had let Arkie Bertrand bring Helga Carlsson to bed, or vice versa as the case may be, without his knowing of it. And after that tantrum was over he locked the door of his office and had one short shot and then sat down to think. And what he came up with was Kuo-waike.

Before Bernie Hoven, only geography nuts and maybe spies knew that Kuo-waike was an island in the Pacific, and not an alternative spelling for Soo Gung Far, or minced fried pork w. Chinese vegetables. Bernie looked it up. He must have looked up a lot of islands before he found that one, because it was ideal for his nefarious purpose. It was about three miles long by two wide, a beautiful white sand crescent beach, a hill, a spring, some bushes and trees. There was no other land within 50 miles of it. Nobody lived on it. And it was not too near any steamship track or any airline course.

You know the story, like everybody else over the age of six presently living in the Western world, or the Eastern, if it comes to that: I understand the coverage was very big in Communist China. Bernie was working an ancient gag, the lost-on-a-desert-island pitch, but like a composer who uses an old theme only as a framework for his own original stuff. You remember that Maxie Kramer had fought that Australian what's-his-face in Brisbane, and he was flying home when his plane crashed. OK. So the first thin reedy notes of Bernie's orchestration were a few lines here and there suggesting that maybe Maxie Kramer still lived, down on a Pacific island, swinging from tree to tree with a coconut in his mouth.

Next, from the violins, we hear that Helga Carlsson is, perhaps, again great with child. Perhaps this time the son

that Maxie Kramer always wanted. A lie, naturally, but now things begin to get noisy. The airline speaks. Noted authorities on survival at sea are heard. A ham radio operator in Hawaii reports that he has picked up weak, very weak, signals that he reads as dash-dash, dash-dot-dash repeated, or M.K. Has the noted heavyweight, *bon vivant* and saloon-wrecker made a radio sending set out of old palm fronds and cigarette tinfoil? Authorities on radio transmission are consulted and their opinions widely quoted.

Everything is going now, and finally, fortissimo, it is announced from the summit, that is to say Arkie Bertrand's office, that Helga Carlsson's new film, *A Day and a Night*, is being rushed to completion so that she can fly to the Pacific. She has every reason to believe that Maxie Kramer is alive. The full resources of Bertrand Brothers International Films are behind her and Arkie Bertrand's personal pilot will go with her to lead the search. In Romanoff's they're saying that the fellow has sealed orders from Arkie: If you find Kramer, shoot him.

The expedition is mounted. Bernie has thought of everything, and I must say Arkie Bertrand is sending it in in coarse denominations only. A party of eight climbs into the jet: Helga, Bernie, Tom Bally, the pilot, a helicopter jockey, a doctor, an aircraft mechanic and Helga's maid. And they were strictly on the level, too, every one of them could be checked out. That's where that little monster across the room, look at him, he knows damned well we're talking about him and he loves it, that's where he showed real class. Nothing was faked but the idea itself. The checkable details were all solid gold. Every editor in the world knew the whole thing *had* to be a fakeski, but the details checked out 100 percent, so everybody went for it, they didn't dare not to, suppose they *did* find Maxie Kramer? So everybody covered it, like it was Admiral Byrd at the South Pole.

They flew Pan-Am to Hawaii and picked up the charter there, and the transport carrying the helicopter. From there they went to Papeete. That was GHQ for the press and the guys did their drinking there and laughed it up. Nobody believed Maxie Kramer was any more alive than Judge Crater. From Papeete, which was a nice handy 50 miles from Kuo-waike, the Search of the Century fanned out. For two days, nothing, not a trace. But at dawn of the third day the helicopter found an aircraft-type life preserver. It turned out to be German, but it kept things going, so to speak.

On the fourth day it was announced that mirror flashes had been seen from an unidentified island. On the fifth day Helga Carlsson and the doctor sailed in a beat-up island schooner with a crew of three Marquesans, and Bernie Hoven

took off with the helicopter pilot. The older and wiser heads among the assembled reporters weren't really surprised when Helga didn't show back by nightfall, as scheduled. But Bernie didn't show, either, and the helicopter he was in had a three-hour range.

What happened? Helga Carlsson went to Kuo-waike, strictly as planned. She and the medic went ashore in the dinghy and the crew sank the schooner, already bought and paid for by Bernie Hoven, and then came ashore themselves. So far, so good, a nice standard shipwreck. The script called for three days and three nights of indescribable hardship, one of the world's most glamorous women living on raw fish and turtle eggs with four men, and then the big rescue scene. Unfortunately, Bernie Hoven, and you can't knock him for it, not a bit, it was the right thing to do, Bernie had told *nobody*, aside from Helga and the doctor, and, for insurance, the helicopter pilot, that Kuo-waike was the spot. The schooner crew weren't told until they'd cast off. So there *couldn't* be a leak. Bernie had thought of everything except what happened: the helicopter is stooging around 30 miles out to sea, faking the desperate search, when the engine quits and the thing flops down to the blue Pacific.

Well, they had a raft and a couple cans of water and stuff. They got a nice deep tan, like right down to the bone, and about midnight they saw lights and fired their one flare and a destroyer comes by, American, what else, and they get hauled aboard. The sailors are trying to give them hot tea or rum or something, but of course Bernie is screaming take me to your leader and finally they do, a sailor takes him up to the bridge or whatever and says Commander Slattery will see you now, and the little creep thought nothing of it until he hears this old familiar voice say, "Well, Bernie, what's new?"

Can you imagine such a slaughter? It's almost more than even he deserved. Naturally Bernie expects that Petey Slattery will make him walk the plank, but whatever else is his problem Bernie never had any shortage of guts and pretty soon he has the arm on Slattery to take him to Kuo-waike—naturally, just because it's handy. This would work out great, you see: the announcement that Helga Carlsson, lost at sea in her desperate search for her missing husband, was alive after all, would come from the United States Navy. With anybody but Slattery he might have pulled it off, at that, the little stinker can be very persuasive, but Slattery just laughed hollowly and told Bernie he not only wasn't going to steam 175 nautical miles or whatever out of his way, but he wasn't allowed, under the Constitution, to carry passengers, and so now that he had assured himself that Bernie and the chop-

per pilot were OK, he was dropping them at another little island he happened to know about, just down the line, and that was exactly what he did. Of course he told them he'd radio for somebody to come for them. I can imagine the dialog, can't you? The commander is stamping back and forth on the bridge, peering into the night, and the radio operator comes up and salutes and says, "Sir, shall I send the message asking for help for them civilians?"

And Slattery says, "Not right away, my good man. I have to think about it for a while. Remind me, in a week or so."

Helga Carlsson and her little group did exactly nine days on Kuo-waika. They really were eating raw fish and turtle eggs by the fifth day, having run through the canned goodies they'd stowed in the schooner, and the three sailors had started looking at the Swede in a way that reminded her of her earliest days in Hollywood. Actually they could have been there long enough to start a little colony of blue-eyed Marquesans if a fishing boat hadn't drifted past one morning. Helga was ragged, sunburned and in a screaming rage, but by this time the Navy really was looking, on the level, and as you know, the picture of that incredible dame, wearing next to nothing, wading through the surf off Kuo-

waika, made every paper in the world.

Bernie? Oh, sure, they went looking for him, and they found him finally. They sent a float plane in for him and Helga went along first in the boat with the photographers. Bernie and the helicopter jockey were all right, they were living with a bunch of beat-up Kanakas. When the head man of this crew saw the expedition that had showed up, he got a little gummy. He took the position that the two of them had been cast up on the island like flotsam or salvage or whatever, and that he owned them outright and wasn't about to give them away. So Helga said OK, if he was running a private slave market, she'd buy a couple, and she gave him \$50 apiece for them. She made this smelly old bum sign separate receipts. She gave the helicopter pilot his for a souvenir, but the one that said she owned Bernie Hoven complete, body and soul, hat and pants, that one she kept. And she took him the hell out of there. On the one hand she wanted to boil him in oil for hanging her up on Kuo-waika, but on the other hand he'd made her the most famous Swede in the world, so she wound up doing nothing, and they all flew back to LA and the warm welcome of a grateful nation.

What goes now? Who knows? There they are, sitting side by side at the same

table. Maybe it's like she said, she loves him but she'd also like to feed him to the lions. She's very big in pictures now, and getting better all the time. She's still Arkie Bertrand's girl, and everybody knows he's already signed 25 percent of the common stock over to her, and he's not even dead yet. Still, when she comes East, junior creepie there is always with her, or at least when she's not with that football player, thimgumbob with the Giants, can't remember his name, or that real estate joker. Actually she's a great broad and if she was three inches shorter I'd take a shot at it myself. Watch her stand up, now, don't miss that, it's one of the great sights, Helga Carlsson standing up, like sunrise in the Grand Canyon or something. When they come by I'll introduce you to her. Be sure to dig the gold bracelet on Bernie's left wrist, the thing must weigh half a pound. There's no clasp, it was soldered on to him. It just says, "Property of Helga Carlsson, Los Angeles, California. Reward." Sure he could take it off, if he wanted to blow the Bertrand Brothers account. It would cost him maybe \$100,000 a year to take it off, but that's all that's stopping him. You ever see anything like the way that dame moves? Man, if she was only even *two* inches shorter . . . !



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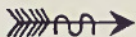


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GIRLS OF LONDON

(continued from page 120)

of Soho art studio-restaurants where the bill of fair is headed by appetizing à la carte confections. Harkening to the sound of different drumbeaters, many of London's more prodigiously proportioned girls join the renowned Windmill Theater, an enduring bastion of old-fashioned burlesque which weathered the blitzkriegs of World War II without missing a single bump or grind.

Many of their bosom companions — thanks to a loophole in local blue laws which forbid damsels to disrobe on public premises — put their body English to good use as "interpretive dancers" in one of the 150 new theater clubs that have recently mushroomed throughout Soho: actually glorified stripterias with membership requirements, where card-carrying males (mercifully unaccosted by drink-hustling B-girls) can quaff a pint and glom the peelers' expertise in legally sanctioned privacy. Adhering at first to a strict policy of nonfraternization with the clientele, many of these girls soon begin consenting to lunch dates, then dinner invitations, then nightcaps and finally weekend holidays. Inevitably, some succumb to the temptation to augment their incomes with tangible tokens of esteem from their various admirers — even to the extent of establishing a sliding scale of donations according to the duration of delights desired (ranging ordinarily from 5 pounds for a hasty hay roll to 20 for an evening's unhurried view of erotica).

Several thousand of their confreres, according to a recent estimate, are full-time prostitutes. Until recent years, the city's flourishing strumpet population thronged the streets so thickly that male guests in the West End's most venerable hostleries could seldom take a hundred paces from the porte cochere before being outflanked and overrun by a phalanx of *filles de joie*. With the passage of legislation that illegalized soliciting — but left the red light burning brightly for prostitution per se — London's massive volume of trollops has largely abandoned the boulevards and retreated resourcefully indoors — supported by saturation ad campaigns. Both boarding and bundling in the sedentary comfort of fashionable flats in Mayfair, Soho, Bayswater, Knightsbridge and Piccadilly, many employ an effective point-of-sale approach with neatly stenciled first-nameplates posted at their street doors; and a few utilize the selective-market method of supplying their telephone numbers to a limited list of potential accounts in the proper economic bracket. But most, endorsing standard direct-male techniques, systematically blanket the bulletin boards of neighborhood pubs, tobacconists, book-stalls and news dealers with small display

cards listing their correct numbers, improbable names, impossible statistics and purported proclivities — under such unlikely headings as "Ballroom Instruction," "Individual French Tuition," "Experienced Governess," "Leather Goods and Raincoats," and most intriguingly, "Strict Discipline" — administered by such taskmistresses as "Miss Birch," "Miss Whiplash" and "the Marquise de Sade." Until about two years ago, these same sales pitches, hyped with pinup photos, were all available to the prowling male in *The Ladies' Directory*, a unique index of unorthodoxies for every known erotic taste — until the authorities took its intrepid editor into custody, confiscated all copies, and placed love for sale back on a free-lance basis, where it has since thrived lustily.

Most discriminating travelers, however, prefer the challenge of the chase — which the infinitely varied girls of London manage to make a merry one indeed, though the final capture is seldom in doubt. It can end in bower or bracken, but it often begins amid the lakes and lanes of London's rolling parklands — once private game preserves echoing to the horns and tallyhos of crimson-coated squires. Though the boars and foxes have long since left in search of less populous pastures, these verdant heaths and commons — larger in total acreage than the land occupied by all the buildings in Manhattan — remain prime hunting grounds for visiting or indigenous males in search of brief encounters. Seeking sanctuary from their city of stone, London's loveliest can be found idylling everywhere on its green oases — from the tidy bridle paths and cricket fields of Blackheath to the neon-spangled fun fairs and pleasure gardens of Battersea Park. With a modicum of horsemanship, the pelf-assured outdoor man about Londontown can take his pick of the crop along Hyde Park's Rotten Row — an elegantly equestrian Fifth Avenue in the heart of London — where tweedy, jodhpurred gentlewomen are wont to canter and banter on Sunday afternoons. Strolling along the nearby banks of the Serpentine, a lagoonlike lake well stocked with schools of distaff dippers, he may be inspired to take the plunge in a less patrician social swim. Or he can find a place in the summer sun of Regent's Park or Hampstead Heath, lounging on the greensward beside a pretty picnicker who, after the introductory amenities, may spend the afternoon with him and a later interlude in one of the Lucullan temples of the night-swinging West End.

To instill the proper spree de corps for their sortie into nocturnal London — certainly among the best of all possible whirls — he may suggest a stop-off at one of the timbered grogshops which dot the winding side lanes of literary London.

Duly fortified with a Pimm's Cup or a foaming tankard, they'll be set to celebrate their feteful meeting with a first-chair feast — perhaps in the plush and paneled confines of Rule's on historic Maiden Lane, where the hearty likes of bully beef, jugged hare and kidney pie have been served in the grand Edwardian manner since 1798. If her bent is less Britannic, she may suggest a spot in nearby Soho — the city's undisputed epicenter of exotic pleasures, gustatory and otherwise. Eschewing this nonsectarian milieu — except for an occasional slumming expedition — the socialite will expect her solvent suitor to surround her with bone china, chafing dishes and hovering *sommeliers* at such Continental *prestigieuses* as the Chez Parks, Mirabelle and Caprice.

After dinner they may want to visit the Old Vic, just across the Thames, or sample the extravagant gifts of Brendan, Bertolt, Sean and Shelagh. Couples craving the sound of music can hearken to Handel and Purcell as performed by one of London's five symphony orchestras; pay homage to Verdi and Wagner from a red-velvet box at the Royal Opera House; flow gently down the Third Stream with orbiting jazzmen at Ronnie Scott's or the Downbeat Club; or dig the decibels of the Johnny Dankworth Band at the Marquee on Oxford Street.

Exponents of the dance can run the gamut from *Scheherazade* at the Royal Ballet to well-spiced Salomes of fewer veils at Raymond's Revuebar in Soho. And the stag in search of syncopation can step lively into such terpsichorean tabernacles as the Astoria, Lyceum and Hammersmith Palais — stadium-sized, twinkly mirrored Wurlitzer-Versailles with vast dance floors girdled by tiny tables at which the spectator can sip a Scotch, survey the saturnalia, and tap the Twister of his choice from among a waiting army of teenage girls.

To ensure an uninterrupted flow of cheer after the city's pubs batten their hatches at 11:30, the celebrant and his spa-ing partner have but to try one of the posh private clubs which dominate the late-hour social scene. With a libational curfew of 2:30 — and membership restrictions which melt magically on presentation of an American passport and a nominal emolument — these key-clubby cabarets offer diversifications ranging from sumptuous supping and sedate dancing to a hungry-i-ful of the latest hip Sahliloquizers.

If they've still got energy — and assets — to burn after all this merrymaking, the guy and his girl may stop off to seek their fortune in one of the gambling casinos which wheel and deal till dawn for the indoor sportsmen.

If her beau succeeds in arousing her gamboling instincts as well, she'll probably be no less game to take a chance on love — even if the odds are stacked

against the probability of formalizing such Anglo-American relations. For beneath her city-bred veneer of studied reserve, the London girl is a creature of active and unabashed appetites, disarmingly direct in acknowledging her attractions. Liberated long ago from the legacy of Victorian mores — with their attendant emphasis on the importance of premarital virginity, technical and otherwise — she candidly prefers being chased to being chaste. Yet far from espousing the amoralties of hedonism in rebellious reaction, she makes of sex neither fetish nor phobia, accepting her impulses as a natural need and succumbing to them without self-consciousness. As a bedfellow, she may lack the ardent abandon of the Italian, the voluptuous inventiveness of the Japanese, and the erotic artistry of the French, but the English inamorata indulges her urges — and her paramour — with an enthusiasm and spontaneity which may come as a refreshing revelation to the wayfaring male.

Having learned early — usually at about 16 or 17, when the majority of

misses from London's middle and upper classes emerges into the world of men from the chrysalis of all-girl boarding schools — that the joys of burgeoning womanhood need not be savored solely on the connubial couch, the London bachelor girl is seldom in a hurry to acquire the spouse, house and small fry so assiduously sought after by her American counterparts. Luxuriating in this climate of social independence, she's free to savor the satisfactions of a limited liaison — punting on the Thames, weekends on the beach at Brighton, soccer games at Wembley Stadium, clubhouse seats for the Grand National, intimate dinners *à deux* in her London flat — without a trace of unspoken pressure for commitment. And when her swain's sojourn is at an end, she'll greet it not with unseemly scenes and strings, but with shared regret and affectionate equanimity, almost always content to love in the present — which, in a metropolis prodigal with pleasures to enrich her everyday existence, is more than its own reward.



MIND BEYOND MATTER

(continued from page 106)

detect the plane of vibration of the light waves. The rattlesnake strikes in total darkness toward the infrared glow of its living prey — as our guided missiles have learned to do only in the last few years.

Could we interpret such sense impressions, even if they were fed into our brains? Undoubtedly yes, but only after a great deal of training. We have to learn to use all our *own* senses; a newborn baby cannot see, nor can a man whose sight is suddenly restored to him, though the visual mechanism in both cases may be functioning perfectly. The mind behind the brain must first analyze and classify the impulses reaching it, comparing them with other information from the external world, until it all builds up to a consistent picture.

There is no doubt that the range and delicacy of our own senses can be greatly extended by fairly simple means, such as training or drugs. Anyone who has watched a blind man reading Braille, or locating objects by sound, will agree without hesitation. (I once saw a blind referee umpiring a table-tennis match — a feat I would not have believed possible. He had even refereed world-championship games!) Though the blind provide the most spectacular cases of enhanced sensitivity, there are many other examples. Teatasters, vintners, deaf lip-readers come to mind at once; so do those stage "clairvoyants" who can locate hidden objects by detecting intention tremors and other almost imperceptible movements on the part of their aides.

These feats are the result of intensive training or compensation for the loss of some other sense. But as is well-known, such drugs as mescaline and lysergic acid can also produce remarkable exaggerations of sensitivity, making the world appear far more real and vivid than in ordinary life.

A priceless mental power that is certainly attainable, because it has often been achieved, would be personal control over pain. The famous statement that "Pain isn't real" is, of course, literally true — not that it is any help to most of us when we have a toothache. Most (but not all) pain serves a valuable function by acting as a warning sign, and those rare people who cannot experience it are in continuous danger. One would not wish, therefore, to abolish pain; but it would be extremely useful to be able to bypass it, when it had served its purpose, by pressing a kind of mental override button.

In the East, this is such a commonplace trick that no one is particularly surprised by it. I have seen, and photographed in close-up, men and children walking ankle-deep in white-hot embers. Some were burned, but none felt any pain; they were in a state of hypnosis

induced by religious ecstasy. One of my friends, while chatting with the chief fire walker at a Hindu shrine, once dropped a cigarette butt. The fire walker stood on it and promptly leaped into the air. So much for the "tough native soles" theory; it is the psychological attitude that is all-important.

The recent development of sound analgesia proves that the mysterious West also has some tricks up its sleeve. In this technique, used with success by many dentists, the patient listens to a pair of earphones and has to keep adjusting a volume control so that he can hear music in the presence of background noise. While attending to this task, he is unable to feel any pain; it is as if all his incoming wires are too busy to accept any other messages. Probably this, like the performance of the fire walkers, is a form of self-hypnosis, but we can only do it with the aid of machines. Perhaps one day we may not need these mental crutches.

From hypnosis it is a short step to sleep — that mysterious state in which we fritter away a third of our pitifully brief lives. No one has ever been able to prove that sleep is essential, though there is no doubt that we cannot do without it for more than a very few days. It appears to be the result of conditioning, over eons of time, by the diurnal cycle of light and darkness.

The recent proof of the long-suspected fact that everybody dreams has led to the theory that sleep is a psychological rather than a physiological necessity; as one scientist has put it, it allows us to go safely insane for a few hours a day. This seems a very implausible explanation, and it is just as likely that dreams are a random and accidental by-product of the sleeping brain, for one would hardly expect so complex an organ to switch itself off completely. (What do electronic computers dream about?)

In any event, some prodigies, like Edison, have been able to lead active lives on two or three hours of sleep a day, while medical science has reported cases of individuals who have not slept for years at a time and have apparently been none the worse for it. Even if we cannot abolish sleep altogether, it would be an immense gain if we could concentrate it into a few hours of deep unconsciousness, chosen when convenient.

The development of global TV and cheap telephone networks cutting across all time zones will lead inevitably to a world organized on a 24-hour basis. This alone will make it imperative to minimize sleep; and it appears that the means for doing so are already at hand.

Several years ago, the Russians put on the market a neat little "electric sleep apparatus" about the size of a shoe box and weighing only five pounds. Through

electrodes resting on the eyelids and the nape, low-frequency pulses are applied to the cerebral cortex and the subject promptly lapses into profound slumber. Though this device was apparently designed for medical use, it has been reported that many Soviet citizens are using it to cut down their sleeping time to a few hours a day.

Perhaps we shall always need the "balm of tired minds," but we will not have to spend a third of our lives applying it. On the other hand, there are occasions when protracted unconsciousness would be very valuable; it would be welcomed, for example, by convalescents recuperating after operations — and, above all, by space travelers on lengthy missions. It is in this connection that serious thought is now being given to the possibility of suspended animation, which we will need if we are ever to travel more than a very few light-years from the neighborhood of the Sun.

A safe and practical form of suspended animation — which involves no medical impossibility and may indeed be regarded as an extension of anesthesia — could have major effects upon society. Men suffering from incurable diseases might choose to leapfrog 10 or 20 years, in the hope that medical science had caught up with their conditions. The insane, and criminals beyond our present powers of redemption, might also be sent forward in time, in the expectation that the future could salvage them. Our descendants might not appreciate this legacy, of course; but at least they could not send it back.

All this assumes — though no one has yet proved it — that the legend of Rip Van Winkle is scientifically sound and that the processes of aging would be slowed down, or even checked, during suspended animation. Thus a sleeping man could travel down the centuries, stopping from time to time and exploring the future as today we explore space.

And this brings us to what is, perhaps, the greatest enigma of all. *Is* there a normal span of life, or do all men really die by accident? Though we now live, on the average, far longer than our ancestors, the absolute limit does not seem to have altered since records became available. The Biblical three-score-years-and-ten is still as valid today as it was four thousand years ago.

No human being has been proved to have lived more than 115 years; the much higher figures often quoted are almost certainly due to fraud or error. Our bodies are not like machines; they never wear out, because they are continually rebuilt from new materials. If this process were uniformly efficient, we would be immortal. Unfortunately, after a few decades something seems to go wrong in the repair-and-maintenance department; the materials are as good as ever, but the old plans get lost or ig-

nored, and vital services are not properly restored when they break down. It is as if the cells of the body can no longer remember the jobs they once did so well.

The way of avoiding a failure of memory is to keep better records, and perhaps one day we will be able to help our bodies do just that. The invention of the alphabet made mental forgetfulness no longer inevitable; the more sophisticated tools of future medicine may cure physical forgetfulness by allowing us to preserve, in some suitable storage device, the ideal prototypes of our bodies. Deviations from the norm could then be checked from time to time and corrected before they became serious.

Because biological immortality and the preservation of youth are such potent lures, men will never cease to search for them, tantalized by the examples of creatures who live for centuries and undeterred by the unfortunate experience of Dr. Faust. It would be foolish to imagine that this search will never be successful down all the ages that lie ahead. Whether success would be desirable is quite another matter.

The body is the vehicle of the brain and the brain is the seat of the mind. In the past, this triad has been inseparable, but it will not always be so. If we cannot prevent our bodies from disintegrating, we may replace them while

there is yet time.

The replacement need not be another body of flesh and blood; it could be a machine, and this may represent the next stage in evolution. Even if the brain is not immortal, it could certainly live much longer than the body whose diseases and accidents eventually bring it low. Many years ago, in a famous series of experiments, Russian surgeons kept a dog's head alive for some days by purely mechanical means. I do not know if they have yet succeeded with men, but I shall be surprised if they have not tried.

If you think that an immobile brain would lead a very dull sort of life, you have not fully understood what has already been said about the senses. A brain connected by wire or radio links to suitable organs could participate in any conceivable experience, real or imaginary. When you touch something, are you *really* aware that your brain is not at your fingertips, but three feet away? And would you notice the difference if that three feet were three thousand miles? Radio waves make such a journey more swiftly than the nervous impulses can travel along your arm.

One can imagine a time when men who still inhabit organic bodies are regarded with pity by those who have passed on to an infinitely richer mode

of existence, capable of throwing their consciousness or sphere of attention instantaneously to any point on land, sea or sky where there is a suitable sensing organ. In adolescence we leave childhood behind; one day there may be a second and more portentous adolescence, when we bid farewell to the flesh.

But even if we can keep the brain alive indefinitely, wouldn't it surely in the end be clogged with memories, overlaid like a palimpsest with so many impressions and experiences that there was no room for more? Eventually, perhaps yes, though I would repeat again that we have no idea of the ultimate capacity of a well-trained mind, even without the mechanical aids that will certainly become available. As a good round figure, a thousand years would seem to be about the ultimate limit for continuous human existence — though suspended animation might spread this millenium across far longer vistas of time.

Is this fantasy? I do not know; but I suspect that the truths of the far future will be stranger still. What will come after Homo sapiens we can imagine no more clearly than the caterpillar can conceive the butterfly dancing in the sun.



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JAZZ FESTIVAL GROWS UP (continued from page 125)

Nations demanding complete world disarmament. The missives were provided by a beaming pacifist.

"I never expected to get *inside* the grounds," the pacifist told a teenage sympathizer, "but one of the officials invited me in off the road and told me I could set up here."

"You're lucky you didn't try Newport," said the teenager. "They wouldn't have let you into the town. At festival time they figure everything's dangerous. Even peace."

The night before, while a capacity crowd of 7300 had stoked the egos of Dizzy Gillespie, J. J. Johnson, Carmen McRae and George Shearing inside the arena, some 3000 freeloaders sat, talked and nuzzled on the grounds outside. Except for intersecting obligatos of bongo drums, they were as relaxed and peaceable as the paying public.

From a gaggle of booths, both contingents bought beer, hot dogs, enchiladas and hot pastrami sandwiches, the latter supplied by a delegation of chirruping Beth Israel ladies. Elsewhere victuals were being supplied by such special-interest groups as the Senior Citizens of Monterey and the League of Musicians' Wives ("Encourage live music . . . Promote community goodwill for musicians"). There were also exhibits of photographs, high fidelity equipment, and a booth transformed into a record store. Throughout the 24-acre fairgrounds, the tempo of enjoyment was

ramblingly unhurried.

"My God, it is a festival," said a recording company executive startled at stumbling into one of the ubiquitous flower boxes on the paths.

The listeners, strollers and bongo players varied widely in dress and economic status. Local socialites gawked at bearded Beats from Big Sur and San Francisco's North Beach, although the Beats did not appear reciprocally intrigued. One matron was disappointed: "There were four of those people with leather jackets and sandals and beards. They were swigging a liquid, and it turned out to be orange juice. Such wild behavior!"

Amid all the swarming euphoria and sight-seeing, the cops could find only three drunks whom they bundled away with quick, silent efficiency.

Throughout the festival, two bars with open, circular fireplaces were available for those who wanted surcease from the music. The Hunt Club, an alfresco refuge, was for the laity. Around the corner from it was the Lower Hunt Club, a closed-in meeting place for the musicians, their friends (old and instant) and the press. This cheerful room for the performers is unique to Monterey, because at nearly all other major jazz festivals the musicians are restricted to a narrow ghetto backstage filled with disintegrating stage managers, lost band chicks and glowering cops.

Jazzmen, being perpetual travelers,

seldom have a chance to meet in convention, and those who converged on Monterey delighted in exchanging tales of triumph and complaint between sets.

"For an ofay," a young drummer said solemnly to a critic, "I'm one of the loosest drummers around."

"You play such a lyrical saxophone," a slender girl with hopeful eyes said huskily to Paul Desmond.

"No," he looked down at her benignly, "it's a Selmer saxophone."

"I saw Bud Powell in Paris," a musician told his colleagues. "You know, his kid knows all the old bop tunes. Bud's in pretty good shape. It's got to be an improvement just being that far away from Birdland."

"So Stan Kenton said to me, 'Shine those cymbals!'" a side man said to a semicircle of fellow privates. "With him it's not so much how the drums sound, but whether the set shines."

In another knot at the bar, a young man said urgently, "I feel about Dizzy the way Louis Armstrong put it about himself, '*Everything I do is special.*'"

Ben Webster, the big, broad tenor saxophonist, walked in, his camera around his neck. Dizzy Gillespie saw him, whooped, and gathered him into a back-thumping hug. "Man, you must have shot a thousand pictures!"

"Yeah," Ben rumbled reflectively, "but I'm going to need a gig for the bread to have them printed."

"I've met you before, Mr. Gillespie," said a young lady, who had squeezed beside him at the bar.

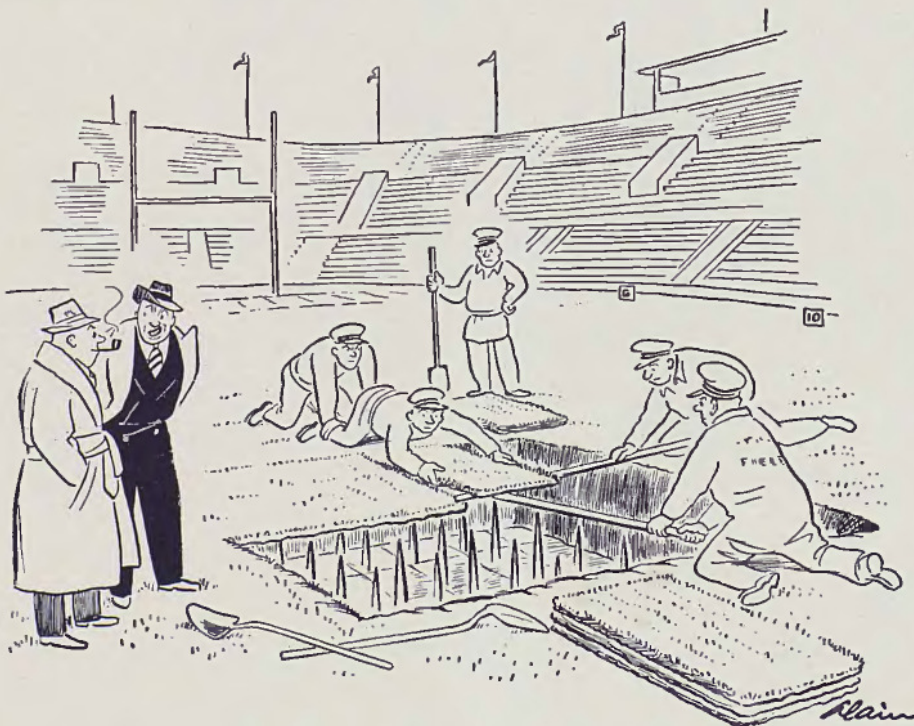
Dizzy grinned at her. "If you know me, kiss me!"

Dizzy looked at his watch. "We're on." He seemed eager to go back. Spreading his hands wide, he jiggled away from the bar. "I feel so *loose* out there!"

"It sure is different here," said Harry Carney, the bulky, serene baritone saxophonist whose journeys with Duke Ellington have taken him to every jazz festival in the country, and then back again. "We even get started on time. Do you know what happened to us at Newport this year? We were due on at 10 and didn't start playing until half past one the next morning."

Monterey is indeed organically different from nearly all the other jazz festivals that have increased summer income for jazzmen and local police since the initial Newport rites in 1954. Some of these ballooning celebrations have collapsed of overweight caused by what amateur sociologists in the trade term "the Newport syndrome." That event, organized as a nonprofit project "to encourage America's enjoyment of jazz and to sponsor the study of jazz, a true American art form," soon became transformed into a shaky monument to greed.

Anxious to keep the box-office figures climbing, Newport Festival strategists hired jazzmen by the crate; and to lure



"All in all, Ohio State is in for a nasty Saturday afternoon!"

a larger audience than jazz itself can attract, they added such peripheral acts as the Kingston Trio and Eartha Kitt. As the Newport Festival increasingly resembled a bibulous Disneyland, the burghers of the town industriously sold as much beer — more and more of it by the case — as the visitors could carry. The age of the consumers was irrelevant to the mercenary natives as well as to the police who ignored the cars full of roosterlike adolescents awash with beer and the swaggering packs of overprivileged delinquents on the streets. When no more rooms were available, the invaders camped bleakly on the beach, and the merchants ordered more beer.

Inevitably, of course, this first and most abundant of American jazz festivals swelled into a menace to the public weal, and during the rioting in 1960, the non-profit monstrosity had to be reduced to responsibility by clubs and tear gas. For a time it appeared that the Newport Festival had been exiled. Yet no town voluntarily rejects an extra million dollars' worth of business a year, and in 1961, a Newport Festival under new management arose from the rusty beer cans. There were more than enough steel-helmeted police to insure unconditional peace and judicious, nonpublic drinking habits.

Otherwise, however, no lessons had been learned. The new uplifters of our national art form hired at least 237 performers, including Judy Garland and a 30-piece escort, for four evening and three afternoon concerts. The programs were too long, and, with few exceptions, the musicians were on for too short a time. "I could have phoned my part in," Oscar Peterson observed morosely.

By the summer of 1962, however, Newport had changed radically and illustrated a much more venturesome approach to programming than at any other time in its history — except for its first year. Newport, in fact, now shows strong signs of becoming an Eastern Monterey.

Elsewhere on the summer circuit, a well-merited trend toward financial misfortune, already in evidence the previous summer, gathered momentum in 1961. The Randalls Island Festival in New York, which hired more talent than Michael Todd could have juggled, played to only half of capacity. As usual, the timing was as efficient as on the set of an Elizabeth Taylor movie. The Basic band, due to perform one night at nine, wasn't called to glory until four and a half hours later. (This summer, the Randalls Island promoter resignedly omitted all but a few big jazz names from his season-long concerts and substituted such distinctly nonjazz headliners as Jerry Lewis and Bob Hope.) Another evidence of the declining jazz festival occurred at Buffalo last year, where attendance fell off sharply from the previous inaugural

event. The Indiana Jazz Festival at French Lick, more intelligently programmed than most — the inexplicable presence of jolly Al Hirt and his Dixieland Rascals excepted — was also a financial disappointment.

In Detroit, the third annual Festival of American Music — a permissive title that allowed the booking of Julie London and Bobby Troup — beguiled neither the audience nor the promoter. There were a couple of more modest, reasonably conceived conclaves, particularly the third Virginia Beach Festival in Virginia; but as a whole, the jazz festival phenomenon appeared to be fading in 1961.

There was, however, in Monterey, California, a major jazz festival. Musicians, the most mordant of all festival critics, reported that Monterey not only seemed to be nurtured with affection for and some knowledge of jazz, but had survived the deficit years while retaining comparative musical integrity.

For several years before it materialized in Monterey in 1958, the idea of a West Coast jazz festival had been a fond fantasy of Jimmy Lyons, a civilized disc jockey, and Ralph Gleason, a remarkably unpretentious jazz critic. The Monterey Peninsula, between San Francisco and Los Angeles, had come to depend on tourists — or "visitors" as the current native euphemism has it — for a sizable part of its income. Although many came to admire the scenery (most spectacularly memorable along the raw heights and long silences of Big Sur), local businessmen also encouraged regular events to attract additional vacationers. Among the seasonal revels are the National Amateur Golf Tourney at Pebble Beach and sports-car jousts in the spring and fall. The jazz festival became the September lure.

Except for a small pocket of dissent, the Monterey community, therefore, actively wanted the festival from its start, regarding it as a functional extension of the leading local industry. At Newport, by contrast, the townspeople — middle as well as high society — were mostly hostile at first. Only later, when they learned how much beer a healthy teenager can really drink, did the business interests warm acquisitively to the presence of a jazz festival. Even then, the outlanders — especially the Negroes among them — were not welcome, but were suffered for their spending.

As a legitimate community project, the Monterey Festival is operated by a board composed of local business and professional men. Newport's advisory board — which was never asked for advice — had contained many internationally luminous names, but was simply a front for an attempt to bring back vaudeville. At Monterey, however, the current and active president of the festival is Mel Isenberger, business manager of the

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Monterey Public Schools; and included on the board of directors are doctors, merchants and cartoonist Gus Arriola (*Gordo*). Even the usherettes are largely selected from among local wives and daughters. All are volunteers, and their sole payment is free music.

For the festival's first year, 68 Monterey citizens put up \$100 apiece in noninterest-bearing, promissory notes. Around this nucleus the rest of the budget was raised. The next year, the festival borrowed \$10,000 from a bank with two local businessmen countersigning the loan. Before the fourth and most successful Monterey Festival in 1961, the annual jazz picnic was out of debt.

"Our primary object," Mel Isenberger explains, "is not to make money. If we break even, we've served the community." With part of its first profits in 1960, the festival endowed a chair in jazz at Monterey Peninsula College, and further educational grants-in-aid are being planned.

General manager Jimmy Lyons is the one full-time employee of the festival. In his mid-40s, Lyons, whose enthusiasm a decade ago helped establish the careers of Gerry Mulligan and Dave Brubeck, is low-keyed and shrewd. It was Lyons, for example, who instituted the logical but radical practice of asking a major jazz musician to act as musical consultant to the festival. Except for the directing hand of musician Tom Gwaltney at Virginia Beach, nearly all the other jazz festivals are run by ravenous laymen.

"We didn't want this one identified as a hustler's gambit," says Lyons. "As the so-called producer, I conceive the general plan of each year's programing, talk it over with the musical consultant, and often find myself overruled. Left alone, I might tend toward flamboyance with balloon ascensions and pink elephants trucking down the aisles, but the musicians are a corrective influence. When they agree with an idea, at least I know I'm right musically. Besides, what could be more reassuring all around than to deal with musicians through musicians?"

Starting in Monterey's second year, 1959, John Lewis, the strict musical director of the Modern Jazz Quartet, became the festival's conscience. Lewis was consulted on all details from staging and lighting to the choice of combos. A doggedly conscientious man, Lewis sometimes flew to California from gigs all over the country at his own expense to confer with Lyons; and once the festival itself began each year, Lewis was in relentless command. In 1960, an astonished Count Basie found Lewis' imperious forefinger leveled at him as the bearded disciplinarian said heatedly: "You *know* you're supposed to hit at 8:30. There's no excuse for being late." Lewis soon

reprimanded another performer who had become somewhat lax in her presentation. He pointed out icily: "You've been in show business for a long time — long enough to know better."

For all the imminent danger of an Emersonian lecture by Lewis, the musicians had particular respect for Monterey because they knew it was primarily a *musical* event, not a sideshow.

In 1961, John Lewis and the Modern Jazz Quartet were booked in London, and, as a result, composer Gunther Schuller and J. J. Johnson acted as associate musical consultants. Schuller, who is as compulsively reliable as Lewis but somewhat less of a martinet, supervised the rehearsals and, along with Johnson, made suggestions about programing. After the opening-night concert last September, Jimmy Lyons, Ralph Gleason and the associate musical consultants phoned and awakened Lewis in London to assure him that the festival was proceeding according to his standards. The concept of any other festival promoter paying for a transatlantic telephone call simply to tell a musician he is not being betrayed is as close to fantasy as the idea of having given a musician a voice in policy in the first place.

Monterey's concern for musicians sometimes borders on the sentimentally irrational. Last year, George Shearing played a dreary set and lacked the grace to realize he was going on much too long. Through a mistake backstage, he was finally cut off rather abruptly. Lyons didn't hear about the incident until Shearing had left. Appalled at the possibility that Shearing's feelings may have been bruised, Lyons began to call hotels in San Francisco in an attempt to locate that hypersensitive artisan. On the third try, Lyons found his man and apologized for any psychic injury Shearing might have suffered.

From the first year on, Monterey demonstrated its respect for musicians in a more durable way by commissioning new works each year. Practically all the other festivals have been a hurried omnibus of poll-winning combos performing their current "hits." Some of this jazz jukeboxing also goes on at Monterey in the evening concerts, though at a reduced tempo and with fewer groups. Lyons and his colleagues, however, felt that somewhere in the festival there had to be new challenges for both the listeners and the musicians. When other festivals have occasionally tried "serious" afternoons of portentous panel discussions or lecture-demonstrations, attendance has been scant. The Monterey afternoons, by contrast, have been encouragingly supported with almost 6000 present to hear the world premiere of J. J. Johnson's *Perceptions* in 1961. Wisely, the festival also began last year to admit college and high school

students to the afternoon concerts at the special rate of a dollar. The regular prices of admission have been \$3.50 and \$2.75.

This year, for the first time, new compositions have also been included in the evening concerts. Encouraged by the afternoon attendance in previous years, Jimmy Lyons and John Lewis no longer feel it necessary to play it safe at night. Accordingly, the world premiere of Lalo Schiffrin's *New Continent* (a *divertimento* for jazz trumpet and orchestra) was scheduled for opening night, September 21. This 35-minute work, commissioned by the festival, was to feature Dizzy Gillespie leading a 25-piece orchestra. And on the final night, September 23, another world premiere was set — Dave Brubeck's musical, *The Real Ambassadors*, with Brubeck's quartet, Louis Armstrong, Dizzy Gillespie and Carmen McRae.

In addition to the commissions — which have previously included Duke Ellington's *Suite Thursday* and Jon Hendricks' *Evolution of the Blues Song* — the festival also realized that it was essential to provide enough rehearsal time so that new and other ambitious works could be properly prepared. For the three long brass compositions during Dizzy Gillespie's afternoon last year, Monterey paid for more than 23 hours of rehearsals. The rehearsal hall was a home economics building on the fairgrounds. Among the more singular rehearsal scenes was Dizzy Gillespie trying to transform four classical French horn players into quick approximations of jazzmen. He sang their parts to them to communicate some idea of the non-classical phrasing required, and also added a graphic illustration of body motion to underscore his points. Inspired but somewhat intimidated by the maestro, the four French horn players later went off by themselves to woodshed. They had been imbued with the Monterey ethos.

Having set the festival's musical direction, the board of directors also had to develop ways to avoid the kind of Visigoth invasion that had nearly sacked Newport. French Lick and a few other festival sites. First of all, a smoothly operating Monterey Peninsula Chamber of Commerce set up a service that assured all visitors a room. Unlike Newport, Monterey has ample housing facilities because of the profusion of motels in the area.

There was no need to camp on the beach, and, in any case, fertility rites *en plein air* were not allowed by the vigilant local constabulary. The Monterey police, unlike the initially malleable cops at Newport, are firmly directed by Police Chief Charles Simpson. Aside from being able to play Scrabble in five languages, Simpson is rather rare in his profession in that he is an in-

tellectual and is drawn to police work as a social science rather than primarily as a source of income. (Simpson has private means.) In 1960, a reporter, noticing Simpson in an intense discussion with Gunther Schuller on the lawn at the fairgrounds, walked over and instead of eavesdropping on a volley of complaints concerning jazzmen and their camp followers, he heard Simpson talking earnestly of Pierre Boulez, Edgar Varèse, Milton Babbitt, and other experimental classical composers.

The chief, judging by his head-shaking zest during Duke Ellington's performance last year, is also attuned to jazz. At the afternoon sessions, his usual post is in the top row of the bleachers near the entrance. On one Sunday afternoon, Jimmy Lyons halted his introduction to a brass piece, heard a doleful message from backstage, and announced that a trumpet player was still lost in traffic. The chief bawled out through his megaphone: "It's OK. He just got here!" A cop who doubles as an assistant production manager is as much a collector's item as a musician dedicating a number to a cop's wife on her birthday, as Dizzy Gillespie did one evening to Mrs. Simpson.

Chief Simpson, furthermore, is not as alarmed as most peace officers at

the prospect of having to deal with such disaffiliated members of our society as the motley representatives of the varyingly beat generations. "We don't have any trouble," Simpson says, "we just communicate with each other. They're not wild. Some of them are just scared."

Whether wearing the insignia of beatdom or just on hand for a few days away from work, visitors to the festival, it should be noted, have considerable scope for extramusical diversions. Some explore the limited but occasionally provocative night life of Monterey, most notably last summer by jamming into a bristling flamenco room on what was once the Cannery Row of John Steinbeck's younger and more vivid years. There are always parties, ranging from the overstuffed gatherings hosted by local community leaders to more private ventures at which many of the musicians turn up.

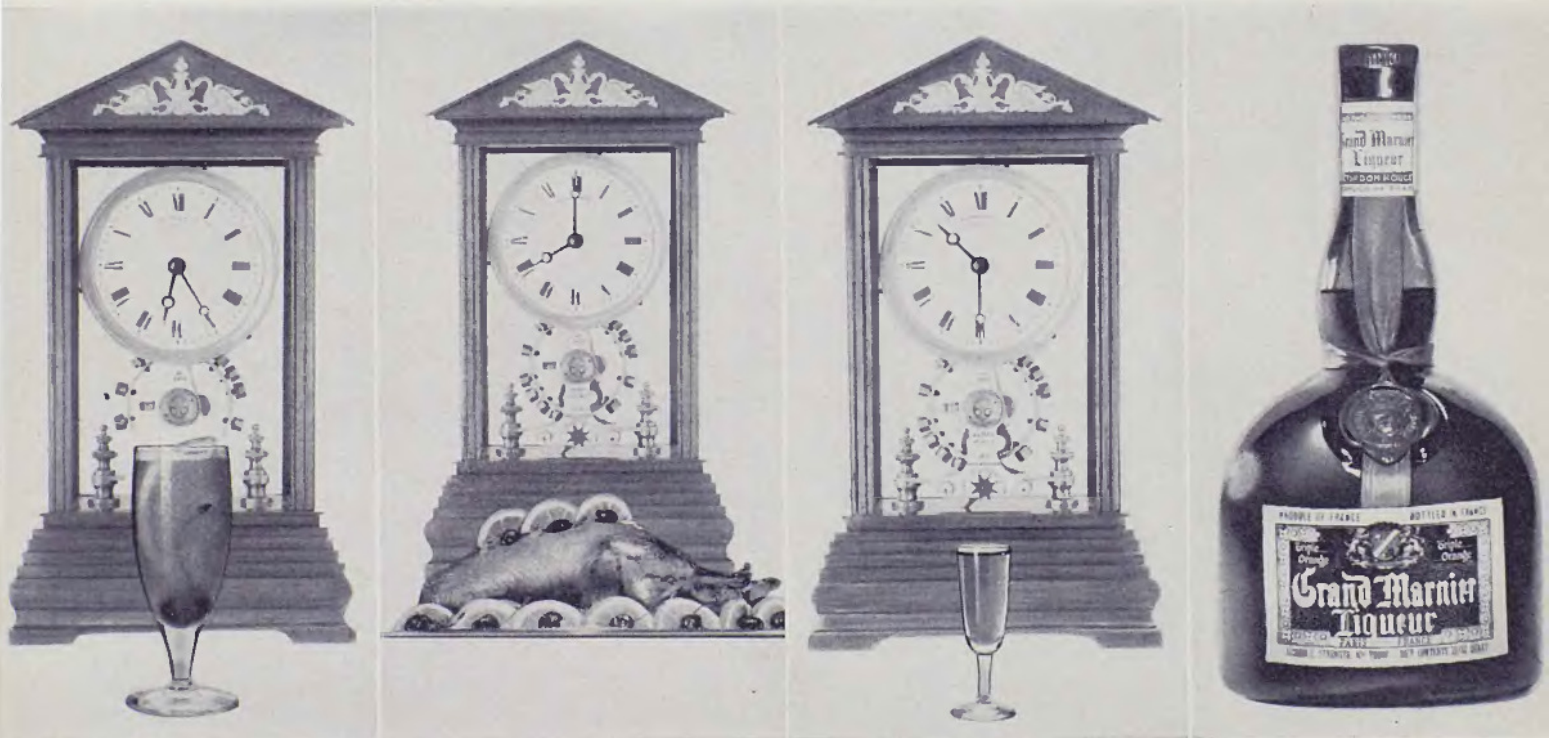
During the concerts, couples who weary of a close, analytic approach to the music and prefer to engage in more tactile pleasures, analyze each other at ease on the grass outside the playing field. Those with a penchant for solitude drive a few miles into the astonishingly prehistoric-looking territory of Big Sur where the huge, jagged rocks

provide a seascape that can quickly convince lovers they are the only survivors of the race and can do as they will. After several hours of wandering around Big Sur, it is difficult to return, even for Dizzy Gillespie and Duke Ellington.

For those who do come back, an essential difference between Monterey and all the other festivals in terms of riot potential is that the grounds are large enough to hold many more than come for relatively serious listening. With plenty of space for everyone, there are no rumbling knots of sans-culottes at the entrance or aimlessly energetic marauders prowling about the town.

A minor but pervasive irritant at all jazz festivals are the predatory photographers who make their counterparts in *La Dolce Vita* appear inhibited. At Monterey, however, the American *paparazzi* are somewhat curbed. No flash work is allowed, a blessing to the performers, and the photographers are limited to a stretch of ground between the box seats and the stage.

With the photographers more or less in check, the Monterey planners also solved another problem seldom fully conquered elsewhere — the sound system. At Monterey the sound is in extraordinarily realistic balance, the result of the fanatic efficiency of Jim Meagher, a



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local electronics expert, who asks every leader in advance of the festival for a floor plan of his group's normal deployment. Meagher also buys and studies recordings of each unit hired, and mathematically works out their placement in relationship to the microphones.

Even when the sound system has been bearable, most other festivals have erred in hiring disc jockeys as masters-of-ceremonies, particularly at Randalls Island. For two years at Monterey, introductions were handled in swinging verse by the Lambert-Hendricks-Ross trio. In 1961, the toastmaster for all the concerts but one was Duke Ellington.

Admittedly, Ellington can be treacherous. ("I've never seen a happier sun, and why shouldn't it be—kissing so many beautiful people?") He does, however, project the assurance that comes of genuine accomplishment, and he is capable of gently putting on his public. ("You're such a hip audience that I don't have to tell you not to snap your fingers on the beat. It's considered aggressive. Just let it fall.") Ellington, moreover, often filled in stage waits on the piano, a resource possessed by no disc jockey.

In a further departure from the customary lack of cohesion at jazz festivals, Monterey's programing was focused in large part on two of the key figures in jazz—Ellington and Gillespie. In addition to his between-the-acts role, Ellington and his orchestra were given an entire Saturday afternoon as well as two sets on the festival's final night. The afternoon was billed as *Ellington Carte Blanche*, and the implied expectation was that Duke would fill his day of freedom with new wonders of unprecedented scope. As could have been predicted, however, Ellington did his usual turn. Monterey had asked for too much.

The use of Dizzy Gillespie in an illuminating range of contexts worked out particularly well. On opening night, Dizzy was heard with swing-era veterans Johnny Hodges, Ben Webster, Stuff Smith, Lawrence Brown and others, in a set that ignited him into a euphoria that lasted throughout the festival. It had been a disorganized session of insufficient planning, but Gillespie glowed at having been in company with what he considered jazz royalty.

"Playing with those guys really set me up," Dizzy exulted at the bar. "Listen to what I'm going to do from now on! I love those mothers. Man, I was playing with kings out there."

The next night, Dizzy with his own combo explored various sources and mutations of jazz from Africa to the West Indies to Latin America. Having proved his flexibility as a soloist and small-band leader, Dizzy performed brilliantly and with formidable stamina in three long pieces for himself and brass orchestra at the final afternoon concert.

Dizzy, in fact, was the dominant per-

sonality at Monterey last year. For the Sunday concert of "serious" jazz, Dizzy appeared onstage wearing a black and white Nigerian gown, a beaded North African cap, and Yugoslavian leather shoes with turned-up tips formerly indigenous to the footwear of gnomes and similar free-lancers. Characteristically, Dizzy's introductions were also less than orthodox. In recognition of France's reluctance at the time to withdraw from its bases in Morocco, Dizzy changed *A Night in Tunisia* to *A Night Out of Bizerte*. ("We changed the title because America didn't vote in the UN to get the French out of there. This is our vote.") The night before, in describing an original number with African sources, Dizzy said: "We hope this will make some of you feel at home. But if it doesn't, you'd better get used to it, because we're fixing to take over the world." His smile was markedly brighter than usual.

As a whole, the festival was substantial musically although there were mistakes in programing. Besides the best of Ellington and nearly all of Gillespie, there were climaxes by John Coltrane and his drummer, Elvin Jones; the incisive Carmen McRae; and the perennially penetrating blues shouter, Jimmy Rushing. George Shearing, Odetta and the Dave Brubeck Quartet were also in attendance.

There was certainly more worth listening to at Monterey than at any other jazz festival in the past year except the reformed Newport event of 1962, and there were comfortable places in which to escape the less compelling music. The musicians at Monterey were clearly having a better time than even the most sanguine among them have come to expect from the summer circuit. Several times, for example, the usually expressionless Johnny Hodges broke into an appreciative smile on the stand. As Ellington experts can attest, the sight of Hodges expressing visible pleasure in public is as rare as Ellington forgetting to assure his audience that he does indeed love them madly.

Financially as well as esthetically, Monterey appears to have the healthiest prognosis of all American jazz festivals. Last year it attracted 27,950 people with a gross of \$101,000, a new Monterey record. Jimmy Lyons and his associates intend to continue in the tradition they've established with musicians having a say in policy and being, in fact, the ultimate judges of the festival's worth. Monterey's only major soft spots now are its lack of interest in regional groups and in relative unknowns.

The future of the other attempts to create American Salzburgs on a jazz base is much less secure than Monterey's. Although the *New York Daily News* has had box-office success from 1960 on with

a "festival" held in the hugely impersonal Madison Square Garden, it appears likely that those jazz events which can be accurately termed festivals will no longer take root in massive indoor auditoriums nor in such equally forbidding concrete shells as Freebody Park in Newport and Randalls Island in New York.

So far, in fact, the only jazz festival to have functioned efficiently and with some warmth in a large auditorium was the first and only PLAYBOY festival in 1959 at the Chicago Stadium. Although there were too many acts, the production standards were high. A turntable stage made for visibility from any seat; the sound system was superior; there were no long stage waits and a band was in reserve to play for whatever intermissions were inevitable. As at Monterey, the producers also allowed and paid for reasonable rehearsal time. The turntable stage, it should be noted, can be hazardous. The *News* employs two of them but they're poorly synchronized with the microphones so that, at times, a listener in the maw of Madison Square Garden has the decidedly uncomfortable feeling of watching a distraught merry-go-round with a stuttering stereo set having been substituted for the calliope.

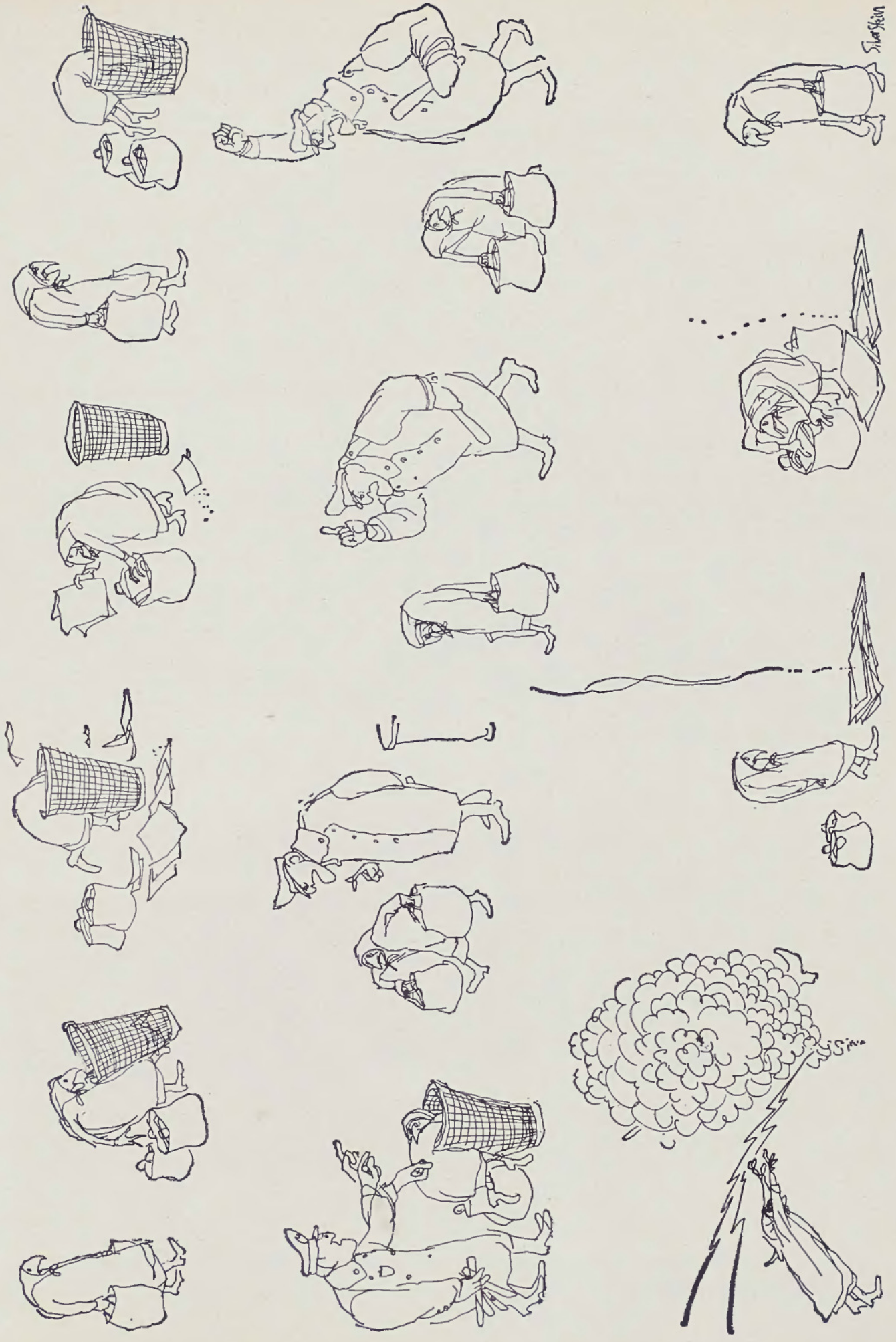
Aside from Monterey, those festivals—indoor or out—which will continue to flourish will be those like Virginia Beach's where the programs take place in informal surroundings, are not overcrowded, and are refreshed by local and as yet unrenowned talent. The original Newport genre of supermarket festival is already close to extinction, and there are few prospects of its being revived in that form. Even George Wein, who, as musical director of the Newport saturnalia, became expert in how not to produce a jazz festival, proclaimed with belated righteousness: "The only way I would go back [to Newport] is if an entirely new concept of Newport as a festival center could be developed . . . if it removes itself from the 'big business' approach to jazz . . . if the programs are developed on artistic content and not on name draw." When he regained control of the Newport Festival this year, Wein did begin to fulfill his pledge, scheduling fewer units, omitting ringers, and commissioning a couple of new compositions.

"Running a real jazz festival isn't that hard," Gunther Schuller, relaxing between rehearsals, explained to a former war correspondent at the old Newport rites who had been sent to Monterey for rehabilitation. "You put it on in an atmosphere that people can respect and in which they can enjoy themselves at their own pace. It's that simple."

"And," Dizzy Gillespie raised his glass high, "you don't annoy the musicians."



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Siva

POST-FOOTBALL FETE (continued from page 109)

loyal alumnus returning from his own campus can appreciate October's rich colors—the scarlet of a bloody mary, the harvest yellow of a 16-ounce mug overflowing with frosty ale, the autumnal haze surrounding a double old fashioned glass filled with whiskey and rocks. Football fans have no less an appreciation of October's culinary attributes. Although the oyster season starts in September, the plumpiest of the marine bivalves are just now appearing on the half shells. Coolish nights once more bring out the carnivore in men. Huge rib roasts are readied for the fire. Beef in Burgundy simmers.

Every chef planning to tackle an after-football repast is automatically guided by one obvious ground rule: All preliminaries for the party must take place either before or after the game. You can't retire to the kitchen between halves. A dinner that is cooked before the game and held for serving time can be as elaborate as you wish as long as it doesn't keep you from reaching your seat before the first kickoff whistle blows. An after-game menu naturally must consist of ready-in-a-minute foods. Wise kitchen strategists often combine both styles into winning combinations. An oxtail stew, for instance—cooking time four hours—may be simmered a day or two before the game (stews *always* taste better when reheated). Easy delicacies like hot smoked oyster canapes are tossed under the broiler flames while your guests are still making their first sweep toward the ice bucket. Double or triple portions are the order of the day. Before the game is over even the most jaded epicure is apt to develop the appetite of a tackle.

Just when the thundering herd will arrive at your apartment for dinner is rather hard to pinpoint. A party starting out to return from a game in a solid phalanx is apt to be splintered in the inevitable traffic snarls. Select those foods, therefore, which don't make you a slave to the clock. If you're making oyster or clam stew or other seafood that is inclined to get tough upon standing, don't put it on the fire until you're almost ready to eat. You should avoid at all costs foods that collapse—like baked soufflés, which must be both cooked and served by a stopwatch. Braised steaks, sauerbraten and casseroles that can be carried directly from the warming oven to the buffet table

have always scored at grid dinners.

The protracted cheering and jeering that goes on at any big tilt always creates a special symptom diagnosed as pigskin thirst. The most obvious kind of first aid is the double highball. Very prominently favored in the football pharmacopoeia of this department is the hot Rob Roy. In its original form, the Rob Roy is simply a Scotch manhattan made with three parts Scotch, one part sweet vermouth and a dash of bitters. You pour this same formula (undiluted with ice, of course) into a thick-bottomed old fashioned glass or mug, fill it almost to the rim with boiling water and stir with a piece of stick cinnamon. For those of pure Scotch blood who'd rather skip the vermouth, a hot Scotch old fashioned made with two ounces of Scotch will provide instant comfort.

Rating high in the autumnal feast list everywhere is the bursting apple bin. Winesaps, Cortlands and McIntosh are just a few of the several thousand varieties that roll into deep apple pies, Dutch apple butter, hard cider and apple brandy known by its national nickname as applejack. As a dessert for the football dinner a bowl of juicy red apples and a platter of ripe cheese is irreplaceable. Before dinner the apple's essence can be celebrated in the frozen apple, a cocktail made by spinning in the well of an electric blender $\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced peeled apple, 1 jigger applejack, 1 ounce lemon juice, 1 heaping teaspoon sugar and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup coarsely cracked ice. Pour the frozen apple into a deep saucer champagne glass or old fashioned glass.

Many college men, past and present, simplify the whole problem of entertaining both their friends and some of their gridiron enemies by offering the oldest of all Anglo-Saxon potables—liquid malt. It was no accident that for many centuries breweries were located right on the campuses of English colleges, just as the art of winemaking on the Continent was entrusted to the good hands of monks in their monasteries. As the fall deepens into winter a thirst doth rise for nut-brown ale and creamy stout. Both of them blend beautifully when poured together into tall seidels and served with seafood. Malt men need never concern themselves with such problems as matching red wine with red meat, deciding whether the Rhine wine should be served with the seafood or chicken. Gambrianus' brew may flow

with any food and at any time.

And now, let us move on from gridiron to groaning board.

CLAM BROTH BELLEVUE *(Serves four)*

(Don't be misled by the title of this soup. It's a lusty seafood classic.)

- 7½-oz. jar whole clams
- 2 8-oz. bottles clam juice
- 2 12-oz. cans clear chicken broth
- ¼ teaspoon onion salt
- ¼ teaspoon celery salt
- 4 dashes Tabasco
- ¼ cup heavy cream
- 4 pats butter

Drain whole clams. Pour juice from clams into soup pot. Add clam juice and chicken broth. Slowly bring to a boil. Season with onion salt, celery salt and Tabasco. In a narrow bowl whip cream until thick. Put two clams and a pat of butter in each soup bowl. Pour hot broth into bowls and top with whipped cream. Serve with oyster crackers.

FRIED OYSTERS WITH SESAME *(Serves four)*

- 24 large freshly opened oysters
- ¼ cup sesame seeds
- 1 cup bread crumbs
- 1 tablespoon soy sauce
- Garlic powder
- 2 beaten eggs
- 2 tablespoons milk
- Deep fat for frying
- ¼ cup catsup
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- 2 tablespoons brown sugar

Place sesame seeds in a shallow pan or pie plate. Bake in oven preheated at 375° for about 20 minutes or until medium brown. Combine bread crumbs and sesame seeds, mixing well. Drain oysters and pat dry with paper toweling. Put oysters in mixing bowl. Add soy sauce. Sprinkle lightly with garlic powder. Dip oysters in bread crumbs, coating thoroughly. Combine eggs and milk, beating well. Dip oysters in eggs, then again in bread crumbs. Pat crumbs well, coating oysters thoroughly. Heat deep fat to 370° or until it shows the first wisp of smoke. One-half inch of fat in an electric skillet may be used in place of deep fat. Fry oysters, one layer at a time in frying basket, until golden brown. Combine catsup, lemon juice and brown sugar. Pass in sauceboat.

CALF'S LIVER CALVADOS *(Serves four)*

- 1 lb. sliced fresh calf's liver



"Would you like to do the cha-cha-cha-cha-cha-cha-cha . . .?"

1/2 lb. fresh mushrooms
 4 tablespoons butter
 Juice of 1/4 lemon
 Salt, pepper
 Flour
 2 tablespoons salad oil
 4 slices ham about 1 1/2 ozs. each
 2 ozs. calvados or applejack
 1 cup light cream
 4 slices toast

Wash mushrooms in cold water. Melt 2 tablespoons butter in large saucepan. Sauté mushrooms until just tender. Add lemon juice and season with salt and pepper. Keep warm until serving time. Season liver with salt and pepper. Dip in flour, patting off excess. In a second pan heat salad oil and remaining butter until butter melts. Sauté ham until it just begins to turn brown around the edges. Remove ham from pan. In the same pan sauté liver 2 to 3 minutes on each side. Remove liver from pan and keep it in a warm place. Add calvados to pan. Flame it. When flame subsides, add cream plus any liquor remaining from mushrooms in pan. Scrape pan bottom to loosen drippings. Bring cream to boil. Reduce flame and simmer very slowly about 5 minutes, stirring frequently. Place toast on serving plates or platter. Add ham and liver. Top with mushrooms. Pour pan gravy on top.

SWISS STEAKS WITH BURGUNDY
(Serves four)

4 pieces round steak, 8 to 10 ozs. each,
 1/2 in. thick
 1 large Spanish onion
 1 green pepper
 1 sweet red pepper
 1-lb. can Italian plum tomatoes
 Salad oil
 1 clove garlic, minced
 1 cup red Burgundy
 1 bay leaf
 1/2 teaspoon marjoram
 2 envelopes instant beef broth
 Salt, pepper, monosodium glutamate
 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce

Cut onion and peppers into very thin julienne strips. Drain tomatoes, reserving juice. Chop tomato meat coarsely. Heat oil in a Dutch oven or large thick skillet fitted with lid. Sauté steaks until well browned on both sides. Add onions, garlic and peppers and continue to sauté until onions are limp. Add tomatoes, Burgundy, bay leaf, marjoram and instant beef broth. Simmer slowly, covered, until meat is tender—about 2 1/2 hours. Use a very low flame. Stir occasionally, scraping pan bottom, to keep meat and gravy from sticking. If gravy seems watery, cook uncovered until thick. Season with salt, pepper and monosodium glutamate to taste. Add Worcestershire sauce. Serve with white or brown rice or buttered noodles.

SHERRIED HAM STEAKS
(Serves four)

2 center-cut ham steaks (ready-to-eat

ham) 1/2 in. thick, about 1 lb. each
 1 cup dry sherry
 2 tablespoons salad oil
 1/4 cup sherry wine jelly or apple jelly
 2 tablespoons butter

Cut each ham steak into two equal parts and place them in a shallow pan or bowl. Pour sherry over steaks and marinate them overnight. Remove ham from sherry, reserving sherry. Heat salad oil in a heavy wide saucepan. Sauté ham steaks over low flame until brown, 5 to 8 minutes on each side. Pour sherry into pan, add jelly and butter. Simmer slowly, stirring frequently, until liquid in pan reduces to about a half cup. Pour gravy over ham on serving plates or platter.

OXTAIL STEW
(Serves four)

2 oxtails cut for stewing
 1/4 cup salad oil
 1 large onion, minced
 2 pieces celery, minced
 2 cloves garlic, minced
 1/3 cup flour
 1-lb. can tomatoes
 1 quart water
 1 pint dry white wine
 2 tablespoons minced parsley
 1/2 teaspoon rosemary
 1 bay leaf
 1/4 teaspoon tarragon
 3 envelopes instant beef broth
 Salt, pepper, monosodium glutamate
 6 carrots, 1/2-in. slices
 4 medium potatoes, large dice
 10-oz. package frozen peas

Place oxtails in a shallow baking pan in oven preheated at 500°. Bake, turning occasionally, until meat is deep brown. In a large stew pot heat oil. Add onion, celery and garlic. Sauté until onion is yellow. Stir in flour. Simmer until flour mixture is deep yellow. Chop tomatoes coarsely, reserving their juice. Add tomatoes together with their juice, water, wine, parsley, rosemary, bay leaf, tarragon and instant broth. Stir well. Bring to a boil. Reduce flame as low as possible. Add oxtails. Simmer until meat is very tender, 3 1/2 to 4 hours. If liquid evaporates noticeably during cooking, replace it with water. Season with salt, pepper and monosodium glutamate. Skim fat carefully from gravy. About a half hour before cooking is completed, add carrots and potatoes to pot. Cook until vegetables are tender. Cook peas in a separate pot. Serve oxtail stew in a large casserole or individual casseroles. Spoon peas over meat.

The fact that the Yales upended the Harvards, or that State went down to ignominious defeat at the hands of Tech, will seem of little import as conquerors and conquered alike savor these fruits of culinary victory.

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PICTURE THIEVES

(continued from page 78)

Colonel Roquebrun lifted an eyebrow to distract Captain Scoubide from what might otherwise have been taken as a startled reaction. "How could that be?" he asked.

"A professional job done by amateurs, perhaps?"

The drift was now unmistakable to Colonel Roquebrun and he thought it high time to bring the conversation to an end. He said, "I never heard of burglaries and paradoxes mixing. Why not inquire of Marcel Dufour at the Blue Grotto? He would give you an excellent meal during which you could make up your mind whether his restaurant was a professional or an amateur activity."

Captain Scoubide laughed, and then made a grimace. "He has too many connections," he said. "One could get one's nose pinched in the door there. A large reward has been offered."

The Colonel wondered where this was leading, but merely commented, "Yes, 250,000 New Francs. The insurance company, I suppose?"

"500,000," Captain Scoubide corrected. "The Government has doubled it. A matter of national pride. The Blue Renoir was destined for the Louvre, you know." And then he added, with what struck the Colonel as almost a curious and pathetic kind of wistfulness, "I would not wish for myself any part of it. For me, the glory of recovering the pictures undamaged would be sufficient."

The Colonel commented gravely, "I sincerely hope your distinguished career will be crowned by this achievement."

The Captain acknowledged the compliment and prepared to leave. "Should anything reach your ears—" he said.

"—naturally," Roquebrun concluded and, seriously reflecting, watched through the window as the Captain marched to his black Citroën and departed. The Colonel was feeling most uncomfortable.

The four picture thieves sat gloomy and sweating at the back of a dark and scruffy little bar known as Le Perroquet Rouge, off the Place de la République in Antibes. Their names were Gaston Rive, Antoine Petitpierre, Jean Soleau and Alfonse Cousin. Some 20 years before, in their middle age, they had each had a nickname and were known respectively as *Le Léopard*, *Le Tigre*, *L'Éléphant* and *Le Loup*, and naturally when one of their operations was discussed they were referred to as the Zoological Gang.

None of this menagerie much resembled the *noms de guerre* they had chosen for themselves. Jean Soleau, the Elephant, was a wry, dried-up shrimp of a man, a wholesale dealer in onions. Gaston Rive, the Leopard, was enormous, fat and slothful. He had been corpulent even in his Resistance days when this

obesity had provided him with good cover against the Germans. Now fatter than ever, he was the proprietor of a small electrical contracting business in Antibes.

No one could have been less like his namesake than Antoine Petitpierre, the Tiger. A carnation grower who owned a plantation behind Haut-Cagnes, he was a tall, cadaverous, mild-mannered, melancholy man. During the war when it had been necessary for them to carry out an execution he was always the one most emotionally disturbed.

The last of the group, *Le Loup* or the Wolf, as Alfonse Cousin had been known, was the owner of the bar. Cousin did have something lupine about him, dark and lean with glowing eyes and a sardonic mouth.

The door to the back room was shut so that their murmur of desultory conversation could not be overheard. A silent radio stood on the sideboard. A copy of the *Nice Matin* lay on the table. The Tiger said, "Dear God, whoever would have thought there would have been such a fuss over a few pictures?"

The Wolf gave a snort. "You call a millionaire's Renoir collection a few pictures?"

The Leopard had asthma as well as too much blubber, and his breath whistled through his nostrils as he exclaimed, "500,000 francs reward!" He nodded his head in the direction of the radio. "You heard it!"

The Elephant said, "Every stool pigeon in the neighborhood will be trying to earn it."

The Leopard sighed like an engine discharging steam. "And the police setting up roadblocks. We shall never be able to move them now."

The Elephant eyed him coldly. "Are you proposing, then, to leave them in my warehouse amongst my onions 'til the flies descend upon us?"

The Wolf leaned darkly across the table, poking a long finger at the Elephant. "Can you suggest an alternative, old friend?"

No one had anything to offer.

The Tiger leaned back in his chair and examined his fingernails. "Perhaps we were a little too hasty."

"I said we should have consulted *Le Renard*," put in the Elephant.

The Wolf laughed silently. "The Fox would have vetoed it."

The Leopard said, "He was always our leader—"

"—and the only one of us with any brains," concluded the Elephant.

The Tiger completed the inspection of his fingernails and said with glum fervor, "I wish to God he were here with us now. We've got ourselves into a pretty pickle."

It was characteristic of the kind of courage they all had that the sharp knock on the door that followed this

wish did not panic them. Not a man moved.

The Wolf said, "Entrez!"

The door opened. Colonel Roquebrun stood framed in the doorway, thickset, bullnecked, florid.

"Renard!" The word exploded from the blubbery lips of the fat Leopard. "We were just wishing —"

Colonel Roquebrun came into the room, shutting the door carefully behind him. He eyed them coldly. "You idiots," he said, "where are the pictures?"

The dark eyes of the Wolf glowed and his sardonic mouth permitted itself a smile. The old Fox was still the Fox. One did not have to draw diagrams for him. He said, "In Jean's warehouse amongst the onions. Smelly, but safe."

Contempt marked the scarred features of the Colonel. "And what the devil do you think you are going to do with them? Give me a drink, someone." He sat down at the table while the Wolf reached behind to a cognac bottle and poured him a *fine*. They sat and watched him like four guilty children while he knocked it back.

Roquebrun set down his empty glass and sat staring silently at the four, who eventually began to recover some of their aplomb. After all, they were grown men banded together in a dangerous adventure that was far from concluded.

The Colonel quickly felt the return of this truculence and challenged them. "Well, my clever ones, and now that you have them stored amongst the onions, what do you intend to do? Advertise for a South American millionaire? Take them on tour? Or transport them to Paris and set up a stand in the lobby of the Folies-Bergère — GENUINE RENOIRS FOR SALE?"

The carnation-growing Tiger, the most mild-mannered of them all, chose to reply. "There's no need for your sarcasm, Pierre, you know very well we didn't do it for gain. We were going to ransom the pictures for the poor."

Colonel Roquebrun, who had been sitting tilted back in his chair in a somewhat superior attitude, was so startled by this that he returned his seat to the floor with a crash, repeating, "Ransom for the poor!"

They were on him now like children pressing home an advantage.

"Two million francs paid to an American so rich he cannot count his money!"

"And in France people are going hungry!"

"Imagine, one man owning paintings worth tens of millions!"

"And in the house next to me the husband of my neighbor, Madame Aubert, may die because they can't afford an operation and a hospital."

"The Government steals from us in taxes and spends it on a rag with some paint daubed over it."

"There aren't enough schools or hospitals."

"The situation is rotten. This will call attention to it."

Colonel Roquebrun said, "What kind of talk is this? Have you all become Communists?" and he spat on the floor.

"On the contrary," replied the Wolf, "we merely propose to protect the rich from their own idiocies. It is they who create Communists with this madness of spending."

"My father knew Renoir in Cagnes," said the Elephant. "They were neighbors. He said he was a modest little man, riddled with arthritis, who did not think himself a god or anything extraordinary because he put paint on canvas. He was content when he was young to receive 400 or 500 francs for a painting, or even leave a little sketch at a bistro in payment for his bill. What has happened to these same paintings of my father's friend to make them worth millions? Where has the money come from? Where does it go? Who is being robbed? Who is being enriched?"

The Colonel's self-possession was returning. "No one, you donkey," he said. "No one is enriched; no one is impoverished. The wealthy trade these objects amongst themselves like children play-

ing with picture cards found in packages of soap or cereals. If two youngsters set about exchanging postage stamps, who in the community is injured and in what manner has the economy suffered?"

The Wolf saw the point and grinned wickedly, but the others were making hard going of it. The Leopard shook his head and said, "The rich always find a way to profit."

The Colonel snorted. "It seems to me, my innocents," he said, "that you have got hold of the wrong end of the stick. You may be fighting a just war, but against the wrong enemy. It isn't the very rich who are a danger to any country but the ignorant poor. It is the latter who are always trying to pull down the structure and entomb themselves with it, instead of endeavoring to learn how wealth is acquired and following the example. And for that matter, you half-wits," the Colonel continued, "who is it that supports charities, endows foundations, creates universities, aids hospitals, and makes possible research intended to relieve every human ailment? It is the rich. The world today would be unspeakably ghastly if the philanthropies of the wealthy were to come to an end. You can afford to leave them their toys."

They sat blinking at the Colonel, taken aback for a moment. Then the



"Didn't you get my note?"

Leopard heaved his huge bulk in his chair, pursed his small mouth and said, "What about the Government getting into your innocent scheme and handing over millions of our money for something which in our father's day fetched no more than a few hundred francs?"

The Colonel said, "Have you never encountered the phrase 'man cannot live by bread alone'? The nation's pride reposes in the handiwork of her gifted sons. It is something in which every man, woman and child can share."

The Elephant, Jean Soleau, said, "You weren't so damned moral in the old days, Pierre, when we were under your leadership. It was you who planned the robbery of the military funds from the *Crédit National* at Aix from which we took 50,000,000 francs; it was you who organized the capture of the gold transport convoy on its way to Marseille; it was you who evolved the technique of stripping the villas of the collaborators on the Riviera of food, wines and clothing."

The memory of those times evoked a nod from the Colonel. "Hah," he said, "I taught you the value of paper bullets in those days, did I not? We hit the Germans and the collaborators where it hurt them most—in the pocketbook." His glance strayed to his queerly shaped fingers which had no fingernails at their ends, and he grimaced involuntarily. "And paid, too," he concluded.

The Wolf said stubbornly, "I don't see the difference, Pierre. In the F.F.I. we fought collaborators. They were Frenchmen, too, like ourselves, but they were enemies. France is menaced by as many enemies internally today as she was during the war. What is wrong with using a little of the same technique as we did in the past?"

"We thought we would put some real worth into those paintings, Pierre," the Tiger said. "As it stands now, you yourself are willing to admit that these values are false. We planned to ransom the Blue Renoir and the others for 10,000,000 francs and turn the money over to charity. Thus, the pictures would represent a hundred hospital beds, some thousands of tons of coal and hundreds of thousands of pounds of food and milk for the hungry. Then when one stood admiringly in front of the Blue Renoir one could say, 'Ah yes, this is indeed a valuable picture. It has paid its way.' Let the spirit be fed indeed, but bread must come first."

The Colonel for a moment was so startled by this idea that he leaned forward in his chair. "By Jove," he said.

"That's it!" exclaimed the Elephant. "We knew you would see it our way."

The Colonel laughed and shook his head. "Beautiful, poetic and immoral," he said.

The Wolf snorted. "Immoral!"

"Immoral," repeated the Colonel. "It

will not do, my cloud-dwelling cuckoos. We all enjoyed playing Robin Hood in the world of 1944 when it was both necessary and effective. This is the world of 1961."

"Eh? What's the difference?" the Elephant pouted. "The old war was hot, the new one is cold. We're still combatants."

"Why," said the Colonel, "just that the world of today is so infinitely more corrupt, wicked and immoral, that one more immorality piled on top of it only gets lost in the shuffle. Ransom is just another form of blackmail or bribery. The insurance companies would not hesitate to enter into a shady deal with you in order to cut their losses; the police would connive with you to split the reward and get back the stolen goods if they could; and the public would not ask any questions provided their treasure was restored. Whom are you educating? Instead of light you bring more darkness."

They sat around silently, looking unhappy.

"Well now," said Colonel Roquebrun, "since you have practically admitted that you have committed the stupidity of the century, and that none of the reasons for your coup will for one moment bear the light of intelligent scrutiny, what other excuses have you to offer for abandoning the dignity of the good lives you have all achieved and turning yourselves into criminals?"

Once more the four exchanged guilty glances and in the end it was Antoine Petitpierre, the melancholy Tiger, who replied. "Pierre, all of us suddenly found ourselves growing old: a toothless Tiger, a clawless Leopard, an Elephant with fading memories, a Wolf with failing appetite. We sat here one evening and talked of the old days when we made the Germans tremble. We longed for one final adventure."

The Colonel drew back his head and let out a roar of laughter, and when it had subsided he cried, "But now for the first time you have been talking sense. If you had only come to me when this feeling overwhelmed you we would not be in this pickle today. There would have been some brains about the affair."

The Wolf regarded the Colonel curiously. "You say *we*, old friend? Do you really mean *we*?"

"Don't ask foolish questions," the Colonel replied brusquely. "Why do you think I'm here, with Captain Scoubide practically breathing down my neck? You, my dear Leopard, I'll wager left your signature all over the electrical work in the villa when you disconnected the alarm." Here the Colonel's professional interest suddenly took over. "By the way, how was that done? If there is any tampering with the alarm it registers immediately at the police station."

"Oh," replied the Leopard with su-

perb innocence, "I took the precaution of disconnecting it at the police-station end."

Again the Colonel shook with laughter. "Worthy of the best Resistance group a man ever led. Bravo, friend Leopard!"

"What, then, do you suggest?" asked the Elephant.

"A little morality," replied the Colonel. "It might shine out like a light in the darkness. The pictures must be returned."

"But how?" asked the practical Wolf.

"In such a manner as to cause the light to shine," replied the Colonel, and for the first time they realized that he had the glimmer of a plan.

Colonel Roquebrun drove his Simca station wagon up the twisting road into the hills behind Cannes until he came to an arched gateway with a small, modest sign at the side: SOCIETY CLUB—*Privé*—MEMBERS ONLY.

A hundred yards within there was a dark, sprawling villa and a parking lot. There appeared to be very little illumination. His neighbors in the car park were Rolls-Royces, Bentleys, Cadillacs, Mercedes and several fast Italian sports cars. It was nine o'clock in the evening. He heard the rambling tinkling of a bar pianist. There seemed to be no one about.

Left to find his way, Colonel Roquebrun saw an outside iron staircase and climbed it to find himself on a balcony off which rooms opened. He came upon a young girl standing there in a night-dress, looking down into the shadowy garden. Even by starlight he saw that she was exquisite. "Oh," he said, "I beg your pardon."

The eyes she turned upon him were the misty, understanding, melancholy ones of the hetaerae. She said, "The entrance is below, just beyond that tree there," and went back into the room from whence she had come. Colonel Roquebrun heard a man's cough, the creaking of a bed and muffled laughter. As he descended he reflected upon the nature of the society from which the club took its name.

He came to an entrance beneath a canopy. A doorman in uniform eyed him uncertainly and asked, "Are you a member?"

"No," said the Colonel, "but—" and between his fingers there showed the yellow of a hundred-franc note.

"Of course," said the doorman, "it can be arranged." The Colonel handed over his card and the note. The man took them and disappeared inside.

This, the Colonel thought, was the fatality of the France of today. The words *Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité* rimming the coins might well be replaced by the slogan "It can be arranged."

The doorman returned with a gold-

embossed card between his fingers. "Monsieur is welcome," he said, and led him down a long, unlit corridor and through the bar which was also dark. The piano player was lightly fingering nostalgic, sentimental tunes. A dark-haired girl was leaning against a doorway clad in a bikini and holding a half-empty cocktail glass, a secret smile at the corners of her mouth. There were several men sitting at the bar but no one was paying any attention to her. The Colonel supposed there was nothing essentially wrong about a bikini at nine o'clock in the evening, but somehow the effect was extraordinarily sinister. He was glad he had come.

Beyond the bar was the dining terrace. The headwaiter in a white dinner jacket waved a menu at the Colonel and led him to a table from which he could look down upon the curve of Cannes bedecked in her night jewelry spread out below. On the terrace the only illumination was the glow of tiny lamps on the tables. Roquebrun was aware that the place was already half filled. He ordered a dry martini. The piano tinkled soothingly. The girl in the bikini stood for a moment looking out across the terrace with moist eyes, then walked off down a path, her hips swaying. From nearby came the gentle splashing of a fountain, and off to the left the Colonel saw starlight reflected in a swimming pool. The setting was superb. But Roquebrun was remembering how it felt when he waited in ambush in the darkness surrounded by the Germans.

By 10 o'clock every table but one upon the terrace had been occupied. The Colonel's eyes had now adjusted to the dim light to the point where he could make out features and he felt as though transported into another world. Here was collected a kind of international scum—the froth that would come to the top if all the wicked of the world were boiled together in a caldron. The men with their smooth, parchmentlike faces and immaculate clothes sat behind their dark glasses, sleek, slick, oily, overbearing and arrogant: Americans, British, Spaniards, Italians, Frenchmen. Pretty girls decorated their tables and were paid no more attention by them than the furniture. These were no small dispensers of evil. These were the wholesalers. Somehow it was the dark glasses that oppressed the Colonel. Even in the murk of the club these men could not bear so much as the gleam of a candle, and he thought of sunless sewers where rats scurried. They were the smelly rich and their hangers-on who coined their money out of human weakness. Here were collected the vultures of the world pretending to be people. The Colonel felt as though he wanted a bath.

The headwaiter, with his menu card held high in front of him to show that important people were arriving, threaded

a party through the narrow aisles of the crowded tables, and Roquebrun saw that it was Sarah Howard and her friends.

He noted that one of the girls was the dark-haired one who had been in the bar in a bikini, and the second was of the same class. The other girl was obviously the English girl who was staying with Sarah. The man who accompanied her he recognized as Kip Trenchley from photographs in British newspapers, and Roquebrun remembered now why the association had been unpleasant. Trenchley's specialty, one gathered, was trafficking in featherbrained debutantes. He lured them to the Continent, entangled them, and then sold them back to their fathers who paid to avoid scandal.

Count Paolo Andrea, the Italian, was easily recognizable. If there were remnants of nobility in his features they were almost obliterated by weakness and dissipation. Roquebrun thought he could guess his function in this unsavory quartet.

But the man who raised the Colonel's hackles, and for an instant turned him sick with apprehension for Sarah, was the tall one known as Harry. He was wearing a lilac-colored dinner jacket and his eyes were hidden behind the inevitable dark glasses. The Colonel felt there was real reason for this concealment, for he was sure these would be the cold, expressionless eyes of the killer. There was no mistaking the cruel mouth. This was the new type of American crook-of-all-trades that had emerged from the Army after the war, with Europe as its field of operations. The fourth member was Marcel Dufour. His sensitive face silhouetted against the table lamp gave him the aspect of a poet.

It was an ideal quartet, the Colonel thought: a French gang leader, a British blackmailer, a shady Italian and an American killer, and he thought what a jungle was this Riviera for all its innocence and loveliness of the sea reflecting the night sky, the beacons flashing from the mountains outlined against that same sky, and the necklace of lights, like blue diamonds stringing the waterfront. How easily the girls had become ensnared.

He had seen enough, and now the Colonel sighed with a kind of long-ago remembered pleasure. Colonel Pierre Roquebrun, the respected antique dealer, was no more. *Le Renard* had returned, the old game was on again. He called for his bill, paid it and made his way out, passing their table on his way. Outside of the momentary dilation of her eyes, Sarah Howard gave no sign of recognition.

The abrupt departure of Colonel Roquebrun had left Sarah with a feeling of desolation. As long as he was there she had felt safe. Now that he had gone she became once more prey to all her fears and doubts. She wondered how

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long it would be before she would be able to contact him again and hear his judgment of the men with whom she had become involved.

The swiftness with which this contact was realized was startling, for it took place, to be exact, no more than 20 minutes later when she went to visit the ladies' powder room. The woman in attendance there, without saying a word, slipped a small piece of paper into her hand. There was no one else in the room at the time. Sarah opened it and read: "Not nice. Keep your nerve. There will be a ransom note. They will take over. Let them. They will suggest you go home. Do so. R." For a moment Sarah felt the dizzying clutch of panic. Then the cool strength of the hand that had been stretched out to her through the note steadied her. She tore the paper into tiny shreds, entered the cabinet and flushed them away, and then returned to the table with the sentences of the brief message darting through her brain. There was no question as to the confirmation of her fears. *Not nice* said it all.

Shortly after midnight, as they were debating whether to go to the casino or on to the night club at Juan-les-Pins which was offering a new troupe of transvestites direct from Paris, a waiter came to the table and handed Sarah an envelope. Conversation died away and Sarah was conscious that they were all staring at her.

Kip Trenchley tittered and cried, "Oh, I say, Sarah's got an admirer. Harry's going to be jellie!"

For an instant Sarah was again aware of the trap into which she had fallen from the manner in which the Englishman had coupled her with Harry. She was already considered Harry's property. She remembered Colonel Roquebrun's admonition, *Keep your nerve*. She opened the envelope and read the printed note therein:

"We have your pictures. The identification number 2XRYB5342 concealed on the Blue Renoir will prove this to your father. We are businessmen and prepared to negotiate for their return. When your father arrives in the morning take him in your white car to the crossroads sign below Piol by *La Ferme Minoury* where you will be met. We are in a position to see every road in the valley leading to the rendezvous. If there is any indication that your car is being followed or observed from the air by helicopter or aircraft, the pictures will be destroyed."

A half-smile illuminated the gentle countenance of Marcel Dufour. He said, "I hope it does not contain bad news, my dear?"

There will be a ransom note, Colonel Roquebrun had written. They will take over. Let them. Sarah said, "It's—it's

about the pictures. A ransom note—they say—"

"The pictures!" It was almost like a conjurer's trick the way they had the note out of Sarah's fingers and were reading it avidly, passing it from one to the other. Harry rose quietly and left the table to reappear a few moments later. He said, "Nix! Kid on a bicycle rode up, handed it to the doorman and blew."

Sarah said, "Ought we to notify the police?"

"No," said Marcel Dufour, "under no circumstances."

Sarah was suddenly aware that she had been pushed completely out of the affair. The four had managed to switch seats with the other girls and were now gathered around two corners of the table, their heads together, rereading and whispering. Harry had removed his dark glasses to see better, and it seemed to Sarah that his eyes were filled with a curious kind of animal glare.

"I think the girls had better go home," Harry said.

"Yes, yes," Dufour added, "we'll handle this for you. We know how to deal with such matters. Leave everything to us."

Count Andrea was already summoning the waiter for the bill. "And order a taxi at once," he added. "*Subito!*"

Sarah suddenly felt as though she were acting in a play in which she was thoroughly at home in her lines. She saw again the words from the Colonel's note: *They will suggest you go home. Do so.* How had he known?

The four still had their heads together over the note. Marcel Dufour snapped his fingers and said, "I have it! There can be only one place! But we can verify this."

The waiter returned. "The taxi is waiting, Monsieur."

Harry said to Trenchley, "You take 'em home, Kip."

The Englishman hesitated. "But—" The fever of avidity which burned in the others had set him alight, too. Here was big stuff.

Harry looked at him coldly. "I said take 'em home," he repeated. "Stick to your own racket."

Sarah and the English girl arose. Harry turned to Sarah and said, "Just you go off to bed, honey, and don't worry your little head. We'll have your old man's pictures back for you."

The words were kind, but the leftover expression of murderous cupidity on the face of the American had not yet caught up with them and Sarah looked straight through the façade of the man who had so attracted her, to the beast behind. As though by the magic of Colonel Roquebrun she had been suffered a glimpse into the abyss. She shuddered inwardly and formulated a silent prayer of gratitude. But she merely said, "Thank you,"

and permitted Trenchley to escort them.

As they left the three were again back in their whispering conclave and did not even look up.

. . .

The Zoo Gang sat about uneasily on bags of onions at one end of the long warehouse, topping the hill above Piol behind Antibes. The windows were shaded with sacking to keep light from showing. Beneath the tumbled heap of sacks of onions gleamed one corner of a gold picture frame.

Colonel Roquebrun glanced at his watch. "I must be going," he said, "I think your visitors ought to be along shortly."

"I don't like it," said the Elephant. "Supposing they're satisfied to pick up the reward and go on to the police—"

"They won't be," said Colonel Roquebrun, "and you'll have to like it." He addressed them all now. "You won't, I think, be hurt if you control your natural truculence, but that is a risk you must take. These are dangerous men. They may have already killed once. You will most certainly have to swallow a certain amount of insults and possibly put up with one or two indignities. Control yourselves and accept them."

The Wolf grinned and said, "If it comes off it will be cheap at the price."

Colonel Roquebrun went to the door and said, "They will probably come in a van from the Blue Grotto. Friend Elephant, you must be prepared to lose a few sacks of your onions as well as your pretty pictures. Well, good luck!" and he was gone.

It was indeed the van of the Blue Grotto restaurant that drew up before the warehouse shortly before four o'clock in the morning. The pickup van of one of the best-known restaurants on the Riviera paying an early morning visit to an onion wholesaler would not arouse police suspicion.

And there were the insults and indignities which the Zoological Gang accepted with reasonable fortitude, considering that one of the trio that burst in upon them was armed with a long-barreled Luger.

They did not even bother to conceal their features, Dufour, Count Andrea and Harry. Thieves engaged in the profitable and invulnerable business of robbing other thieves had nothing to fear, particularly where those others were amateurs so stupid and untutored as to give away their hiding place in their ransom note. It had taken Marcel Dufour, who knew the district, only a few minutes with a survey map to figure out that the only spot from which all roads approaching the Minoury Farm could be observed was the warehouse of the onion dealer, Jean Soleau.

They were rough, too, needlessly so, and cruel, as indeed the Colonel had thought they might be, for the ease of



*"Oh, gee . . . oh, gosh . . . forgive me, Mrs. Chatham . . . please forgive me!
I must have lost my head!!"*

the hijacking operation and the insoluble predicament of the four men they found collected in the warehouse with their stolen art treasures fed their arrogance to the bursting point. Besides, there was jealousy. The Leopard suffered a cut cheek where he was hit with the pistol barrel; the Elephant had the wind knocked out of him; the Tiger was kicked in the groin.

When the pictures had been transferred to the van and buried beneath layers of sacks stuffed with fat, golden-brown onions, the gang leader's ego could not resist lecturing for a moment. "This will teach you amateurs not to encroach upon the field of professionals. You should be grateful to me for taking these paintings off your hands and absolving you from the risks connected with disposing of them. For our part," and the sensitive expression of Monsieur Dufour's thin lips and nostrils made it seem almost like a benediction, "we shall always remember you as having saved us a great deal of trouble. We had planned to remove them from the villa ourselves."

Then, having cut the telephone wires and wrecked the carburetors on the engines of the cars in the garage, they departed.

Antoine Petitpierre was still gasping from the brutality of his injury and trying to control moans of pain. Gaston Rive, the Leopard, was weeping openly with tears of rage and frustration. "*Le Renard* owes me one for this," he said. "By God, I'll have it out of his hide!"

The darkly sardonic Wolf, Monsieur Cousin, said to him, "Keep quiet. You don't know how lucky you are—how lucky all of us are."

For he was thinking of Colonel Roquebrun, where he would probably be at that moment and the telephone call he would be making, and the Wolf added, "Thank God, the brains of the old Fox are still working."

Colonel Roquebrun had not had much sleep that night, yet this did not vary his routine of opening his shop the following morning by so much as a minute. The Colonel had known times when he had gone 50 hours without closing an eye and yet remained alert and efficient. It was just 24 hours since Sarah Howard had drawn up before his shop in her Jaguar. He wondered who his first visitor would be.

A squeal of brakes and the crunch of tires answered his question. It was Captain Scoubide.

The Captain appeared exactly as he had the morning before, for he had not yet had time to change his clothes. The only difference was that the left sleeve of his shirt had been ripped from shoulder to cuff, and through the gap there showed the red of a long scratch.

For the rest, the Captain was just as

concerned that morning with maintaining "correctness" as he had been the day before, and he fingered one or two of the more expensive items of the Colonel's stock to give him time to reflect before he turned and said, "Thank you for the tip."

"Not at all," replied the Colonel.

"Concerning the matter of the reward," here the Captain coughed, "it may be necessary to split with me in order to avoid embarrassing questions."

"I fully understand this," agreed the Colonel.

"Still," the Captain suggested, "250,000 francs is a tidy sum."

The Colonel picked up a 14th Century ivory crucifix. "One always finds uses for unexpected sums of money."

"Such as, for instance, the husband of Madame Aubert?"

The Colonel never batted an eye. "Poor woman," he said, "she has indeed been passing through a difficult period."

The Colonel's gaze was now so unmistakably upon the rent in his shirt that Captain Scoubide felt compelled to refer to it. "Nothing," he said, "nothing at all—fellow at the door—he was momentarily argumentative."

"The pictures?" suggested the Colonel.

"Oh yes," muttered Captain Scoubide, "—quite. In the cellar. Not only the Renoirs but the others as well."

"Ah," said the Colonel, "I thought perhaps they might —"

"A veritable *petit Louvre*," the Captain said. "The El Greco, the Van Dyke, the moderns and two Brueghels which had not yet even been reported stolen. I believe they expected to transfer them to South America."

"How embarrassing for Monsieur Dufour and his friends. I gather they were all there?"

"All except the Englishman."

"The little blackmailer —"

Captain Scoubide permitted himself a grim smile. "That pigeon will keep," he said. "Another time. He was not implicated in the actual robberies, he merely provided the wealthy contacts. Dufour was the brains, the Count the art expert who selected the paintings, and Harry was the gun. He killed the caretaker in the Cap Ferrat robbery."

The Colonel nodded. "He was also the charmer. He worked on the women so that they were reluctant to complain. Excellent! I trust everything went smoothly?"

"Well, actually —" the Captain began.

The Colonel sent his left eyebrow once more toward the top of his bald head.

"Harry," explained Captain Scoubide. "When we wished to descend—he was so imprudent as to produce his weapon and discharge it at me. He shot too carelessly. My bullet killed him. I will receive a decoration for this, no doubt."

"And deservedly, my friend, deservedly," the Colonel congratulated wholeheartedly and with genuine admiration. He was of the school that enjoyed putting violence in its place with cool nonchalance. Nevertheless, the violence had taken place, and so experienced in it was the Colonel that he saw it almost as though he had been there: the bottom of the cellar stairs perhaps, with all of the advantage of Harry standing below. Lugers had an earsplitting detonation in confined quarters and their muzzles had a way of spitting sparks as well as lead.

"He shot too carelessly," Scoubide had said. Roquebrun imagined then that the little detective would have fired between the first and second shots from the Luger. He had probably shot Harry through the body, and the Colonel for an instant pictured the surprised look that must have come across Harry's face. For no one ever expects to die.

Aloud he added, with satisfaction, "That was a mouth that wanted stopping." For he was thinking of Sarah and how she would have been smirched by the alibi Harry would have claimed if he had been brought to trial.

"It was your warning that he would be armed that enabled me to be prepared," acknowledged the Captain. The Colonel bowed. The liquidation of Harry pleased him enormously. It was one of those fortuitous bits of luck sometimes encountered. It had been a loose end that had worried him, and in all his operations as Commander of the F.F.I. in the Alpes-Maritimes, the Colonel had been a tidy man.

The Captain began to move toward the door, but hesitatingly, and Roquebrun suspected there might still be something on his mind. He was right in his judgment.

Scoubide coughed once more deprecatingly and said, "By the way, some friends of yours who live in the vicinity of the Minoury Farm have suffered a little inconvenience, one hears. Their telephone has been cut, their cars damaged; one of them has come by an injury to his face, another a painful bruise. Nothing serious though, I'm told."

"How kind of you to let me know," the Colonel said. "I must pay them a visit and extend them my sympathy."

The Captain remained yet another instant in the doorway, an expression almost of tenderness and affection on his features. He said, "I'm very pleased with you, my friend, pleased and proud." And then, since there was no way by which the Colonel could receive a medal for his share in the night's work, the Captain proceeded to decorate him with one last little florid speech, which might have proved embarrassing had it not been so utterly sincere. "France survived her defeat in the war and lives because of such as you." Then he turned and fled.

The next arrival was not unexpected either. It was the Jaguar of Sarah Howard, only Sarah was not in it. It was her father, Joel Howard, who was alone in the driver's seat.

The millionaire, a widower and a startlingly handsome man bursting with American vitality, wasted no time in getting to the point. He said, "I arrived several hours ago. Sarah was at the airport and I have spoken to Captain Scoubide. I have come to thank you."

"Ah," said Colonel Roquebrun, "for the return of the pictures—"

"No," said Joel Howard, "for the return of Sarah."

There was then a moment of silent understanding between the two men before Howard spoke again. He began at a tangent. "The pictures were insured—besides which they were only things. But Sarah—" He hesitated and then said, "Sarah has told me everything. It's my fault that she has been running a little wild since her mother died. I have neglected her. I shan't again. That's when the Harrys move in. She is a very lucky girl that you were here."

The Colonel managed to look suitably modest and deprecating, hoping in the depths of his soul that never, never, not ever would Mr. Joel Howard hear so much as a whisper of the renaissance of the Zoological Gang.

Howard had fallen into a moment's musing at the conclusion of which he said, "My good friend Pierre, I should like to do something in return, if you would permit it. Something—anything—that might lie close to your heart, for I know very well what manner of person you are and the nature of your charities. Would you permit it?"

The forked lightning of thought a billion times faster than speech flashed through the mind of the Colonel as he remembered his four former comrades in arms and the idea behind their last romantic and abortive adventure. The reward money would help to alleviate local distress, but theirs had been a grander idea. "Yes," he said, "give us a hospital, Joel. Up to date, with every modern appliance and always beds free to the poor who cannot pay."

"Done," said the millionaire, "you shall have it."

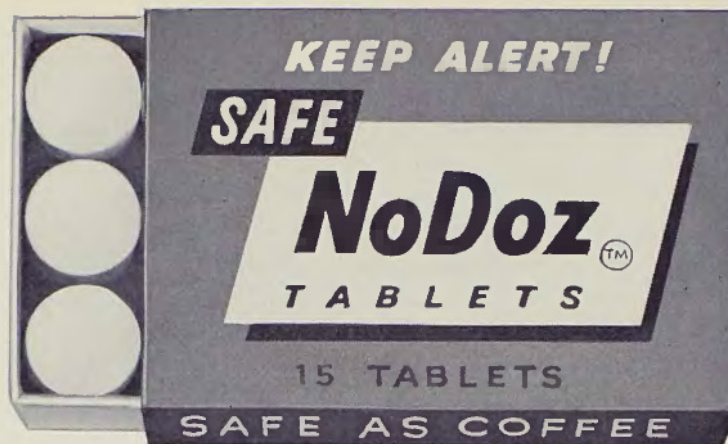
"And I think," Colonel Roquebrun was saying, "—I think I should like it known as *L'Hôpital du Renoir Bleu*."

"Hospital of the Blue Renoir," Howard repeated. "What a strange idea."

The Colonel's smile was a faraway one, for he was thinking once more of his friends and how pleased they would be. "But a perfect one," he said.

"I beg your pardon?" said Joel Howard. "I don't quite understand."

The Colonel did not explain.



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THIN RED LINE

(continued from page 121)

The chunk out of his arm would never have killed him though it might have crippled him a bit, but blood was pouring from the hole in his side into the compresses somebody had stuck on it, and from the soaked gauze dripping down to stain the ground. When Stein arrived, trailed by the wide-eyed Fife with the telephone, Bead's eyes were blank and he spoke just barely above a whisper.

"I'm dying, Captain!" he croaked, rolling his eyes toward Stein. "I'm dying! Me! Me! I'm dying! I'm so scared!" He closed his eyes for a moment and swallowed. "I was just laying there. And it hit me right in the side. Like somebody punched me. Didn't hurt much. Doesn't hurt much now. Oh, Captain!"

"Just take it easy, son. Just take it easy," Stein said in a kind of fruitless, bootless anguish.

"Where's Fife?" Bead creaked, rolling his eyes. "Where's Fife?"

"He's right here, son. Right here," Stein said. "Fife!" He himself turned away, feeling like an old, old, useless man. Grandfather Stein.

Fife had stopped behind the Captain, but now he crawled closer. There were two or three others clustered around Bead. He had not wanted to look; at the

same time he could not convince himself of the reality of it. Bead hit and dying. Someone like Tella, or Pvt Jockey Jacques, was different. But Bead, with whom he had worked so many days in the office, in the orderly room. Bead, with whom he had . . . His mind balked away from that. "I'm here," he said.

"I'm dying, Fife!" Bead told him.

Fife could not think of anything to say, either. "I know. Just take it easy. Just take it easy, Eddie," he said, repeating Stein. He felt impelled to use Bead's first name, something he had never done before.

"Will you write my folks?" Bead said.

"I'll write them."

"Tell them it didn't hurt me much. Tell them the truth."

"I'll tell them."

"Hold my hand, Fife," Bead croaked then. "I'm scared."

For a moment, a second, Fife hesitated. Homosexuality. Fagotism. Fairies. He didn't even think them. The act of hesitation was far below the level of conscious thought. Then, realizing with horror what he had done, was doing, he gripped Bead's hand. Crawling closer, he slid his other arm under his shoulders, cradling him. He had begun to cry, more because he suddenly realized that

he was the only man in the whole company whom Bead could call friend, than because Bead was dying.

"I've got it," he said.

"Squeeze," Bead croaked. "Squeeze."

"I'm squeezing."

"Oh, Fife!" Bead cried. "Oh, Captain!"

His eyes did not go shut but they ceased to see.

After a moment Fife put him down and crawled away by himself, weeping in terror, weeping in fear, weeping in sadness, hating himself.

It was only five minutes after that that Fife himself was hit.

Stein had followed him when he crawled away. He obviously did not fully understand Fife's weeping. "Lie down somewhere for a little bit, son," he said, and briefly patted his back. He had already taken the soundpower phone from Fife when he sent him up to Bead, and now he said, "I'll keep the phone for a few minutes myself. There won't be any calls coming in for a while anyway, now," he said with a bitter smile. Fife, who had listened to the last call to Tall, had in fact been one of Stein's two witnesses, knew what he meant, but he was in no condition or mood to make any answer. Dead. Dead. All dead. All dying. None left. *Nothing* left. He had come unstrung, and his unnerving was the worse because he was helpless, could do nothing, could say nothing. He must stay here.

The mortar rounds had continued to drop at random points along the fold with strict regularity, all during the time it had taken Bead to die, all during the time after. It was amazing how few men they actually wounded or killed. But everyone's face wore that same vague-eyed, terrorized, in-drawn look. Fife had seen an abandoned, yellowdirt hole a few yards off to his right and he crawled to this. It was hardly even a hole, really. Someone had scooped out with his hands, bayonet or entrenching tool a shallow little trough perhaps only two inches below the surface. Fife crouched flat in this and put his cheek to the mud. Slowly he stopped weeping and his eyes cleared, but as the other emotions, the sorrow, the shame, the self-hatred seeped out of him under the pressure of self-preservation, the fourth component, terror, seeped in to replace them until he was only a vessel completely filled with cowardice, fear and gutlessness. And that was the way he lay. This was war? There was no superior test of strength here, no superb swordmanship, no bellowing Viking heroism, no expert marksmanship. This was only numbers. He was being killed for numbers. Why oh why had he not found and taken to himself that clerkish deskjob far in the rear which he could have had?

He heard the soft "shu-u-u" of the



mortar shell for perhaps half a second. There was not even time to connect it with himself and frighten him, before there was a huge sunburst roaring of an explosion almost on top of him, then black blank darkness. He had a vague impression that someone screamed but did not know it was himself. As if seeing some dark film shown with insufficient illumination, he had a misty picture of someone other than himself half-scrambling, half-blown to his feet and then dropping, hands to face in a stumbling, rolling fall down the slope. Then nothing. Dead? Are we, that other one, is I? am he?

Fife's body came to rest rolling in the lap of a 3d Platoon man, who happened to be sitting up, his rifle in his lap. Tearing itself loose, it scrambled away on elbows and knees, hands still to the face. Then Fife returned to it and opened its eyes and saw that everything had become a red flowing haze. Through this swirling red he could see the comic, frightened face of the 3d Platoon man whose name was Train. Never was there a less likely, less soldierly looking soldier. Long fragile nose, chinless jaw, pip-squeak mouth, huge myopic eyes staring forth in fright from behind thick glasses.

"Am I hit? Am I hit?"

"Y-yes," Train mumbled. "Y-you are." He also stuttered. "In the head."

"Bad? Is it bad?"

"I c-can't tell," Train said. "Y-you're b-bleeding from your h-head."

"Am I?" Fife looked at his hands and found them completely covered with the wet red. He understood now that peculiar red haze. It was blood which flowing down through his eyebrows had gotten in his eyes. God, but it was red! Then terror blossomed all through him like some ballooning great fungus, making his heart kick and his eyes go faint. Maybe he was dying, right now, right here. Gingerly he probed at his skull and found nothing. His fingers came away glistening red. He had no helmet and his glasses were gone.

"I-it's in the b-back," Train offered.

Fife probed again and found the tornup spot. It was in the center of his head, almost at the peak.

"H-how d-do you f-feel?" Train said fearfully.

"I dont know. It dont hurt. Except when I touch it." Still on hands and knees Fife had bent his head, so that the blood flowing into his eyebrows now dripped to the ground instead of into his eyes. He peered up at Train through this red rain.

"C-can you w-walk?" Train said.

"I-I dont know," Fife said, and then suddenly realized that he was free. He did not have to stay here any more. He was released. He could simply get up and walk away — provided he was able — with honor, without anyone being able to say he was a coward or courtmarshal-

ing him or putting him to jail. His relief was so great he suddenly felt joyous despite the wound.

"I think I better go back," he said. "Dont you?"

"Y-yes," Train said, a little wistfully.

"Well —" Fife tried to think of something final and important to say upon such a momentous occasion, but he failed. "Good luck, Train," he managed finally.

"Th-thanks," Train said.

Tentatively Fife stood up. His knees were shaky, but the prospect of getting out of here gave him a strength he might not otherwise have had. At first slowly, then more swiftly, he began to walk rearward with his head bent and his hands to his forehead to keep the still-flowing blood from getting in his eyes. With each step he took his sense of joyous release increased, but keeping pace with it his sense of fear increased also. What if they got him now? What if they hit him with something else now just when he was free to leave? As much as he could, he hurried. He passed a number of 3d Platoon men lying prone with those terror-haunted, inward-looking faces, but they did not speak and neither did he. He did not take the longer route back the way they had come, over the second and first folds, but took the direct one, walking straight along the hollow between the folds to the forward slope of Hill 209. Only when he was halfway up the steep slope of Hill 209 did he think of the rest of the company, and pausing he turned and looked back to where they lay. He wanted to yell something to them, encouragement or something, but he knew that from here they could never hear him. When several sniper bullets kicked up dirt around him, he turned and pressed on to come over the crest and down into the crowded Battalion aid station on the other side. Just before he breasted the crest, he met a party of men coming down from it and recognized Colonel Tall. "Hold on, son," the Colonel smiled at him. "Dont let it get you down. You'll be back with us soon." At the aid station he remembered his one nearly full canteen and began to drink greedily, his hands still shaking. He was reasonably sure now that he would not die.

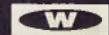
When Fife got hit, Bugger Stein had just crawled away from him. Fife had crawled one way and Stein the other, to instruct the two remaining squads of 2d Platoon to advance and reinforce Beck and Dale on the grassy ridge. He might just as easily have crawled along with Fife and so have been there when the mortar shell landed. The element of chance in it was appalling. It frightened Stein. Anyway he was dead-beat tired and depressed, and scared. He had watched Fife stagger bloodily to the rear, but there was noth-



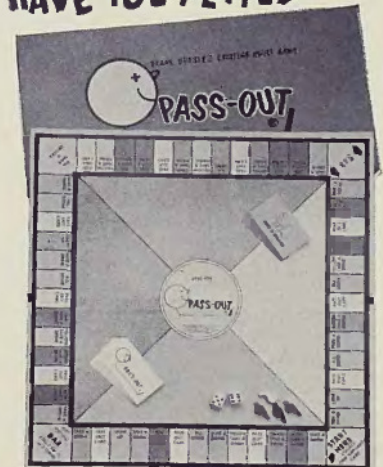
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ing he himself could do because he was already in the midst of instructing the two squads from 2d Platoon about what they were to do when they got to the ridge, and what they were to tell Beck — which was, mainly, that he was to get his ass out and moving and try to knock out some of those machineguns.

None of them in the two squads looked very happy about their assignment, including the two sergeants, but they did not say anything and merely nodded tensely. Stein looked back at them earnestly, wishing there was something else, something important or serious, he could tell them. There wasn't. He told them good luck and to go.

This time, as he had the last, Bugger watched their run down through his glasses. He was astonished to see that this time not one man was hit. He was even more astonished, when he watched through the glasses as they worked their way up through the grass to the little waist-high ledge, to see that here no one was shot down, either. Only then did his ears inform him of something they ought to have noticed earlier: the volume of the Japanese fire had diminished considerably since Sergeant Welsh's run down to aid the mutilated Private Tella. When he raised his glasses to the ledge itself, as he did immediately, even before the first of the newcomers began to arrive, Stein was able to see why. Only about half of Beck's little two-squad force was visible there. The rest were gone. On his own hook, without orders, Beck obviously had sent part of his group off raiding and, apparently, with some success. Lowering his glasses, Stein turned to look at George Band, who by now had appropriated glasses of his own somewhere (Stein remembered Bill Whyte's father had presented him with a fine pair as a parting gift), and who now was looking back at Stein with the same astonished look on his face that Stein knew he himself wore. For a long moment they simply looked at each other. Then, just as Stein was turning to the newly arrived replacement medics to tell them he thought they might cross over to pick up the wounded with some degree of safety now, a cool, calm voice behind him said, "Now, Stein!" and he looked up to see Colonel Tall his Battalion Commander walking leisurely toward him carrying beneath his arm the unadorned little bamboo baton he had carried there ever since Stein had known him.

What Bugger Stein and Brass Band could not know was that Sergeant Beck the martinet had, on his own initiative, knocked out five Japanese machinegun emplacements in the last 15 or 20 minutes, all at the cost of only one man killed and none wounded. Phlegmatic, sullen, dull and universally disliked, an unimaginative, do-it-like-the-book-says, dedicated professional of two previous

enlistments, Milly Beck came to the fore here as perhaps no one else including his dead superior, Keck, could have done. Seeing that no reinforcements were immediately forthcoming, framing his dispositions exactly as he had been taught in the small units tactics course he had once taken at Fort Benning, he took advantage of the terrain to send six men around to the right of the ledge and six to the left under his two acting sergeants, Dale and Bell. The rest he kept with himself in the center readied to fire at whatever targets of opportunity turned up. Everything worked. Even the men he kept with himself were able to knock down two Japanese who were fleeing from the grenades of his patrols. Dale and his men on the left accounted for four emplacements and returned untouched. Finding the little ledge totally unguarded, they were able to crawl into the midst of the Japanese position and drop grenades from the ledge down into the rear doors of two covered, camouflaged emplacements they spotted below them; the other two emplacements, on the uphill side, were more difficult but by bypassing them and crawling up alongside they were able to pitch grenades into the apertures. Not a single one of them was even fired at. They returned led by the grinning Dale licking his lips and smacking his chops over his success. The importance of their accomplishment was to cut down by at least 50 percent the firepower which could be directed from the left of the ridge down upon the 1st Platoon or into the flat which their reinforcements later crossed in safety.

Bell on the right was not so lucky, but he discovered something of great importance. On the right the ledge slowly graded upwards, and after bypassing and grenading one small emplacement below them Bell and his group came upon the main Japanese strongpoint of the whole position. Here the ledge ended in a 20-foot rockwall which further on became a real cliff and was impassable. Just above this rockwall, beautifully dug in and with apertures in three directions, was the Japanese strongpoint. When the lead man climbed out above the ledge to detour around the rockwall, he was riddled fatally by at least three machineguns. Both Witt the volunteer Kentuckian and Pfc Doll were in Bell's party, but neither of them happened to be the lead man. This distinction was reserved for a man named Catch, Lemuel C Catch, an oldtime regular and drunkard and a former boxing friend of Witt's. He died immediately and without a sound. They pulled his body down and retreated with it, while all hell broke loose firing just above their heads, but not before — further back along the ledge — Acting Sergeant Bell got a good look at the strongpoint so he could describe it.

Why he did it even Bell himself never knew. Most probably it was sheer bitterness and fatigue and a desire to get this goddamned battle over with. Bell at least knew that at the very least an accurate, eyewitness description of it might prove valuable later on. Whatever the reasons, it was a crazy thing to do. Halting his men 35 to 40 yards back from the rockwall where Catch had died, Bell told them to wait and indulged himself in his crazy desire to look too. Leaving his rifle, holding a grenade in one hand, he climbed up the little ledge and poked up his head. The Japanese firing all had stopped now, and there was a little scrub on the lip of the ledge here, which was why he chose it. Slowly he climbed up, led on by whatever insane, mad motive, until he was out in the open, lying in a tiny little defiladed place. All he could see was the unending grass, rising slowly along a hillock which stuck up out of the ridge. Pulling the pin, he heaved the grenade with all his strength and ducked down. The grenade fell and exploded just in front of the hillock, and in the cyclone of MG fire which followed Bell was able to count five guns in five spitting apertures which he could not see before. When the firing ceased, he crawled back down to his men, obscurely satisfied. Whatever it was that made him do it, and he still didn't know, it made every man in his little group look at him admiringly. Motioning them on, he led them back down and around the ledge until the company's main position at the third fold hove into view. From there on it was easy to get back. Like Dale's group, they did not see or hear a single Japanese anywhere near the ledge. Why the ledge, which was the real key to the whole position on the ridge, had been left totally unguarded by riflemen or MGs, no one ever found out. It was lucky for both groups, as well as for Beck's minuscule little attack plan, that it was unguarded. As it was, they had cleaned out all the Japanese below the ledge and established a real line, and had changed the situation. That they changed the entire situation almost exactly at the precise moment Colonel Tall walked on the field was one of those happenstantial ironies which occur, which are entirely unpredictable, and which seem to be destined to dog the steps of certain men named Stein.

"What are you doing lying down there where you can't see anything?" was the next thing Tall said. He himself was standing upright but, because he was 10 or 12 yards away, only his head and the tips of his shoulders, if anything of him at all, showed above the crest. Stein noticed he apparently had no inclination to come closer.

Stein debated whether to tell him that the situation had changed. Almost in the last few seconds before his arrival. But

he decided not to. Not just yet. It would look too much like an excuse, and a lame one. So instead he answered, "Observing, sir. I just sent the other two squads of my 2d Platoon forward to the ridge."

"I saw them leaving as we were coming along," Tall nodded. The rest of his party, Stein noted, which included three privates as runners, his personal sergeant and a young Captain named Gaff, his Battalion Exec, had decided that it might be just as well to be lying down flat on the ground. "How many of them were hit this time?" Right to the point, it was.

"None, sir."

Tall raised his eyebrows under the helmet which sat so low on his small, fine head. "None? Not one?" A mortar round mushroomed exploding dirt without hurting anybody somewhere along the rearward slope of the third fold, and Tall coming forward to where Stein lay permitted himself to squat on his haunches.

"No, sir."

"That doesn't sound much like the situation you described to me over the soundpower," Tall squinted at him, his face reserved.

"It's not, sir. The situation's changed." Stein felt he could honorably tell it now. "In just the last four or five minutes," he added, and detested himself.

"And to what do you attribute the change?"

"Sergeant Beck, sir. When I last looked, half of his men had disappeared. I think he sent them off to try and knock out some emplacements, and they seem to have succeeded."

From somewhere far off a machinegun began to rattle and a long line of bullets struck up dirt 25 yards below them on the forward slope. Tall did not change his squatting position or alter his voice. "Then you got my message to him."

"No, sir. I mean, yes, sir, I did. It went forward with the two new squads. But Beck had already sent his men off before they got there. Some time before."

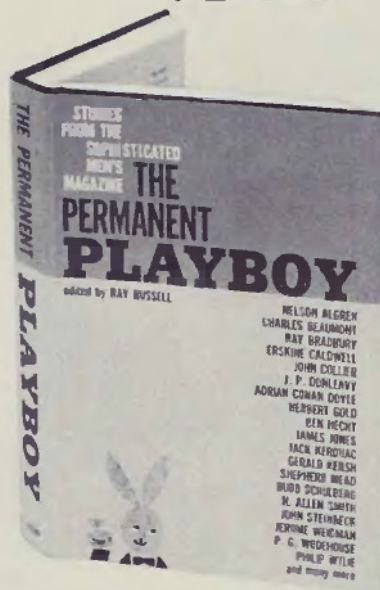
"I see." Tall turned his head and squinted his blue eyes off at the grassy ridge in silence. The long line of MG bullets came sweeping back from Stein's left, this time only 15 yards below them. Tall did not move.

"They've seen you, sir," Stein said.

"Stein, we're going over there," Tall said, ignoring his remark, "all of us, and we're taking everybody with us. Do you have any more formal complaints or demurrers?"

"No, sir," Stein said lamely. "Not now. But I reiterate my request to take a patrol down into the jungle on the right. I'm convinced it's open down there. There hasn't been a shot fired from there all day. A Jap patrol could have infiltrated the hell out of us from there with very little trouble. I was anticipating it." He pointed away down the hollow be-

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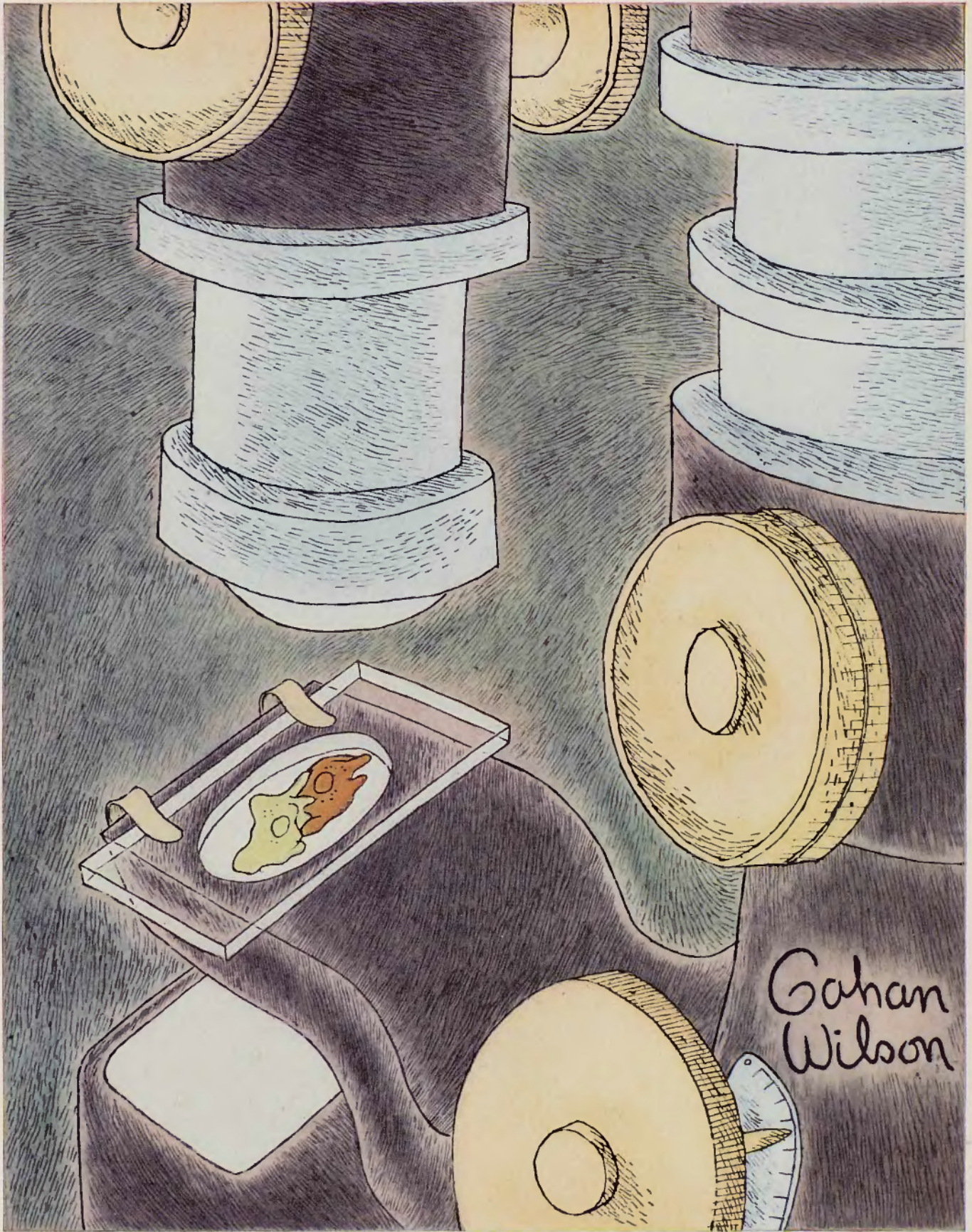
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"Please, George...not here!"

tween the folds to where the treetops of the jungle were just barely visible, while Tall followed his gaze.

"In any case," Tall said, "it's now too late in the day to send a patrol down there."

"A patrol in force? A platoon? With an MG? They could make a perimeter defense if they didn't get back before dark."

"Do you want to lose a platoon? Anyway, you're emptying your center. We don't have A-for-Able in reserve, Stein. They're off on your right rear fighting their own fight. B-for-Baker is our reserve, and they're committed on your left."

"I know that, sir."

"No, we'll do it my way. We'll take everybody over to the ledge. We may be able to take that ridge before nightfall."

"I think that ridge is quite a way from being reduced, sir," Stein said earnestly, and adjusted his glasses, the four fingers on the frame above, the thumb below.

"I don't think so. In any case, we can always make a perimeter defense for the night there. Rather than withdraw like yesterday." The conference was over. Leisurely Tall stood up to his full height. Again the MG in the distance rattled, and a swishing line of bullets struck the ground a few feet from him as Stein ducked, the bullets seeming, at least to Stein, to go whining off all about Tall's feet and between his legs. Tall gave the ridge one contemptuous amused look and started walking down the rearward slope still talking to Stein. "But first I want you to get a man down there to your 1st Platoon and move them by the flank over to the ridge. They are to take up position behind the ledge and extend the left flank from Beck's left. As soon as a man reaches your 1st Platoon safely, I'll soundpower Baker to move out, and then we'll move."

"Yes, sir," Stein said. He was unable to keep his teeth from grinding, but his voice was level. Slowly, very slowly, because he was reluctant, he too stood up to his full height also, then followed Tall down the slope. But before he could give an order young Captain Gaff, who had been lying prone not far away, had already crawled up to them.

"I'll go, sir," he said to Tall. "I'd like to. Very much."

Tall gazed at him fondly. "All right, John. Go ahead." With strong fatherly pride he watched the young captain move away. "Good man, my young Exec," he said to Stein.

There was really no need for the glasses this time. 1st Platoon wasn't all that far away. Standing upright, their heads just showing above the crest, Tall and Stein watched Gaff zigzag his way professionally down into the shellhole area on the main flat to the left of the grassy ridge. Stein had told him roughly where to find Skinny Culn, now platoon

commander by attrition. In a few moments men began moving to the right in rushes, by twos and threes.

"All right," Tall said. "Give me the soundpower." He spoke into it at length. "Okay," he said. "Now we'll go."

Around them, as if sensing something or other was in the wind, the men began to stir.

Whatever else Stein could find to say about him, and Stein could find plenty, he nevertheless had to admit that with Tall's arrival on the battlefield a change for the better had come over everything and everybody. Partly of course the change was due to Beck's feat, whatever that was exactly. But it could not all be that, and Stein had to admit it. Tall had brought with him some quality that had not been here before, and it showed in the faces of the men. They were less indrawn looking. Perhaps it was only the feeling that after all in the end not everybody would die. Some would live through it. And from there it was only a step to the normal reaction of ego: *I will live through this*. Others may get it, my friends right and left may die, but I will make it. Even Stein felt better, himself. Tall had arrived and taken control, and had taken it firmly and surely and with confidence. Those who lived would owe it to Tall, and those who died would say nothing. It was too bad about those ones; everybody would feel that; but after all once they were dead they did not really count anymore, did they? This was the simple truth, and Tall had brought it with him to them.

The whole thing was evident in the way Tall handled the move forward. Striding up and down in front of the prone 3d Platoon, his little bamboo baton in his right hand, tapping it lightly against his shoulder as he frowned in concentration, he explained to them briefly what he planned to do, and why, and what their part in it must be. He did not exhort them. His attitude said quite plainly that he considered any exhortation to be cheating and trickery and he would not indulge in it; they deserved better than that; they must do what they must do, and do it without any chauvinistic pleading from him; there would be no jingoism. When the move was completed and both 1st and 3d Platoons were installed behind the ledge to the left and right of the 2d, only two men had been wounded and these lightly, and everybody knew they owed this to Colonel Tall. Even Stein felt the same way.

But having got them that far, it was evident that even Tall was not going to get them very much further. It was now after 3:30. They had been out here since dawn, and most of them had not had any water since midmorning. Several men had collapsed. Nerves frayed by being almost constantly under fire and

without water, many more were hysterically close to collapse. Tall could see all this himself. But after taking the reports of Beck, Dale and Bell, he wanted to have, before dark, one more go at reducing the strongpoint on the right.

The little assemblage of officers and noncoms around the Colonel now included those of B-for-Baker. When Charlie Co was making its move to the ledge, Baker on Tall's telephoned orders had made its third attack of the day. Like the others it too had failed, and in the confusion half of Baker had overlapped Charlie's 1st Platoon on the left and hung there. In returning the rest had tumbled in and stayed there also, so Tall had sent for their leaders, too.

"That strongpoint is obviously the key to the ridge," he now said to the whole of them. "Se—uh—Sergeant Bell here is quite right." He gave Bell a sharp look and went on, "From their knob there our little brown brothers can cover the whole of the flat rising ground in front of our ledge from our right clear over to Baker on the left. Why they left the ledge unguarded I have no idea. But we must exploit it before they see their error. If we can reduce that big bunker, I see no reason why we can't take the whole ridge before nightfall. I'm asking for volunteers to go back there and knock it out."

Stein, hearing for the first time this news about a further attack, was so horrified he could hardly believe his ears. Surely Tall must know how depleted and worn out they all were. But Stein's impetus to argue with Tall had worn out, especially in front of over half the Battalion officers.

To John Bell, squatting with the others, it was all once again like some scene from a movie, a very bad, cliché, third rate war movie. It could hardly have anything to do with death. The Colonel still remained fully upright, still paced back and forth with his bamboo baton as he talked, but Bell noted that he carefully remained far enough back down the slope so that his head did not show above the ledge. Bell had also noted the hesitation and then italicized pronunciation when Tall applied the title Sergeant to himself. This was the first time Bell had ever met his Colonel, but there was no reason to assume Tall did not also know his story. Everybody else knew it. Perhaps it was this, more than anything else, which made him say what he said.

"Sir, I'll be glad to go back again and lead the way for a party." Was he mad? He was angry, he knew that, but was he insane as well? Ah, Marty!

Immediately, off to Bell's right, another voice piped up. Hunchshouldered, grapplehanded, crackfaced, Acting Sergeant Dale was making his bid for future fame, future sinecures, future security from army kitchens. For whatever it was

that drove him. Bell did not know.

"I'll go, Colonel, sir! I want to volunteer!" Charlie Dale stood up, made three formal paces forward, then squatted again. It was as if Dale, the liberated cook, did not believe his offer legal without the prescribed three paces forward. From his squat he glanced all around, his beady little eyes bright with something. To Bell the effect was distastefully ludicrous, laughable.

Almost before Dale had squatted, two other voices were added. Behind Bell, from among the privates and within the remnant of his own little patrol group, Pfc Doll and Private Witt came forward. Both sat down, much closer to Bell than to Dale who still squatted by himself. Bell felt impelled to wink at them.

Pfc Doll, who was still outraged over the success of Charlie Dale's patrol as against their own, was startled by Bell's wink. Why the f— would anybody want to wink? From the moment he spoke and started to move forward Doll had felt his heart in his throat again, making his eyes swim dizzily. Moving his tongue in his mouth was like rubbing two damp pieces of blotting paper together. He had had no water for over four hours, and thirst had become so much a part of him that he could not remember ever having been without it. But this other was extra, this blotting paper in his mouth was the thirst of fear, and Doll recognized it. Was Bell ridiculing him? He essayed a small cold guarded smile at Bell.

Witt on the other hand, sitting relaxed to the left of Doll and a little nearer to Bell, grinned and winked back. Witt was at ease. He had made up his mind, when he first volunteered himself back into the old company this morning, to go through with it all the way. And that was what he intended to do. When Witt made up his mind, it was made up, and that was that. As far as he was concerned this volunteer mission was only another little chore to be got through and done by a few men of talent like himself. He had enough confidence in himself as a soldier to be pretty sure he could take care of himself in any situation requiring skill; and as for accidents or bad luck, if one of those caught him, well, it caught him, and that was that. But he didn't believe one would, and in the meantime he was sure he could help out, perhaps save a lot of his old buddies—some of whom, like that punk kid Fife, had not even wanted him to come back in the outfit. But Witt wanted to help, or save as many of them as he could, even Fife if it had happened like that.

Then, besides all of this, Witt had acquired considerable respect and admiration for Bell earlier, on the patrol when Bell pulled his stunt of exposing himself like he had. Witt, who had been a corporal three times and a sergeant twice during his career, could appreciate

intelligence and courage in a man. And, despite the fact that he was chary of his personal endorsements, he now liked Bell. Witt felt that, like himself, Bell had the qualities of real leadership. Together they might do a lot, help, or save, a lot of guys. He liked Bell ex-officer or not. So he grinned and winked back his feeling of kinship, before turning his attention back to Tall, whom Colonel or not he did not like.

The Colonel had had no chance to speak, his volunteers had been coming so thick and fast. He now had four. And before he could say anything to the four, he acquired three more in rapid succession. A rather elderly, Calvinistic-looking 2d Lieutenant, who might well have been a Chaplain but was not, presented himself from amongst the B Company officers. A B Company sergeant followed him. Then Tall's own Exec, young Captain Gaff, put in his two cents and offered his services.

"I'd like to lead the party, Colonel," he said.

Tall held up his hand. "That's enough, that's enough. Seven is plenty. In the terrain you'll be working more men would only hinder you, I think. I know many more of you would like to go, but you'll have to wait for another opportunity."

Captain Stein, hearing this, peered at his Commander closely through his glasses, and was amazed to see that Tall was in deadly earnest and not joking at all. He was not even being ironic.

Turning to Gaff, Tall said, "All right, John. It's your baby. You'll be in command. Now . . ."

Professionally, he laid out their operation for them. Succinctly, efficiently, missing no smallest detail or advantage, he planned their tactics. It was impossible not to admire both his ability and his command of it. Stein for one, and he was sure he was not alone, was forced to admit that here in Tall was a talent and an authority which he himself just simply did not possess.

"Almost certainly you will find the bunker guarded by smaller MG posts around it. But I think it is better to ignore these and go for the strongpoint itself if you possibly can. The little posts will fall of themselves if the big one is taken; remember that.

"That's all, gentlemen," Tall said with a sudden smile. "Noncoms return to your positions, but I want the officers to remain. Synchronize watches with me, John. Give Dog Co—oh—12 minutes before you radio your first call. It should take you that long to get there."

As the little assault party crawled off to the right along the ledge, Colonel Tall was already on the soundpower phone to contact Battalion. Captain Stein, squatting with the officers who had been told to stay and looking over at his own waterless exhausted men behind the ledge, could not help wondering

just how far uphill they would be able to attack, even if the strongpoint fell? Thirty yards maybe? before they collapsed? The assault party disappeared around the corner of the hillside. Stein turned his attention back to Tall and the little group of company officers, of whom only six remained now out of 10. And as the assault party approached the spot where Bell earlier had exposed himself, Colonel Tall was already explaining to his officers his auxiliary plan, should the assault on the bunker fail. If that happened, Tall wanted to effect a surprise night attack. Of course that would mean setting up a perimeter defense first, so they should be prepared. Because Tall had no intention of withdrawing tonight as 2d Battalion had done yesterday. He himself would stay with the Battalion. In the meantime of course there was always the chance, the off chance, that the assault party would succeed.

John Bell, crawling along in the lead of the little seven-man assault group, did not concern himself with whether the attack could succeed. He kept thinking only that he had volunteered to *lead a party back*. He had not volunteered to be a fighting part of it. But no one except himself had paid the slightest attention to this nicety of phrasing. Now here he was, not only leading them as point, but expected to fight with them, and unable to back out without looking cowardly, schmucky. Pride! Pride! What stupid foolish things it forced us to do in its goddam name! He kept his eyes glued on that changing point where the ledge disappeared around the curve of the hillside. It would be just his goddamned luck to find the Japanese had suddenly decided to correct their fault and put some men down here to cover this ledge. He as the point would be the first big fat target. Irritably, he glanced back to motion the others to come on and in doing so discovered something strange. He no longer cared very much. He no longer cared at all. Exhaustion, hunger, thirst, dirt, the fatigue of perpetual fear, weakness from lack of water, bruises, danger had all taken their toll of him until somewhere within the last few minutes—Bell did not know exactly when—he had ceased to feel human. So much of so many different emotions had been drained from him that his emotional reservoir was empty. He still felt fear, but even that was so dulled by emotional apathy (as distinct from physical apathy) that it was hardly more than vaguely unpleasant. He just no longer cared much about anything. And instead of impairing his ability to function, it enhanced it, this sense of no longer feeling human. When the others came up, he crawled on whistling over to himself a song called *I Am An Automaton* to the tune of *God Bless America*.

They thought they were men. They

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all thought they were real people. They really did. How funny. They thought they made decisions and ran their own lives, and proudly called themselves free individual human beings. The truth was they were here, and they were gonna stay here, until the state through some other automaton told them to go someplace else, and then they'd go. But they'd go freely, of their own free choice and will, because they were free individual human beings. Well, well.

When he reached the spot where he had crawled out above the ledge he stopped and sending Witt ahead to guard, pointed the place out to Captain Gaff.

Witt, when he crawled out to take the point—or post rather, it was, since they were no longer moving—did think he was a man, and did believe he was a real person. As a matter of fact, the question had never entered his head. He had made his decision to volunteer himself back into the old outfit, and he had made his decision to volunteer for this thing, and he was a free individual human being as far as he was concerned. He was free, white and 21 and had never taken no s--- off nobody and never would, and as the prospect of action got closer and closer he could feel himself tightening all up inside with excitement, exactly like he used to do in the coal strikes back in Bloody Breathitt. The chance to help, the chance to save all his friends that he could, the chance to kill some more goddam Japanese, he would show that f---ing Bugger Stein who had had him transferred out as a malcontent. Standing on his knees out away from the ledge, he held his rifle ready with the safety off. He had not shot squirrel all his life for nothing, he had not made High Expert on the range for the past six years for nothing, either. His only fear was that something might open up back there where Captain Gaff was trying to make up his mind, while he was out here on point—on post, rather—and could not get into it. Well, they would know soon enough.

And Witt was right. They did know soon enough. After he had been shown the spot, young Captain Gaff, who if he was nervous at all hid it to perfection, decided to crawl out for a look himself and after he returned, decided that this was as good a spot to observe the fire as any. The only trouble was that the tiny low place with its thin short brush cover was too low to allow him to drag the walkie-talkie up there above the ledge. "Any of you guys know how to operate this thing?" he asked. Bell was the only one who did. "Okay, you stay below the ledge and I'll call down the data to you from up above," Gaff said. First though he would call them and set up the coordinates himself. Then he explained his plan. Once the 81s had plastered the

place as much as they were able, he and his trusty band would crawl out along the low place until they formed a line, then they would try to crawl as close as they could through the grass before throwing their grenades. "Okay?" Bell's automatons all nodded their heads. "Okay. Then here we go."

Gaff crawled out into the low place before the first shells arrived. They could hear their soft shu-shu-shu coming almost straight down before they hit, then the hillside exploded into smoke and flame and noise. Only about 50 yards from the bunker, they were showered with a rain of dirt, chips of rock and small pieces of hot metal. Someone had motioned Witt in against the wall of the ledge, and they all clung to it with their faces pressed against the sharp rock and their eyes closed, cursing with hatred the goddamned mortarmen because they might drop a short round, though they didn't. After 15 minutes of this, during which Gaff constantly yelled down changes of range, Gaff finally yelled down. "Okay! Tell them to stop!" Bell did. "I think that's enough!" Gaff yelled down. "Whatever damage they can do, they've done by now." Then, as the command was executed back there far away, the mortars stopped falling in a silence that was almost as devastating as the noise had been.

"Okay," Gaff called much more softly, "let's go!"

If they were under any hopeful illusion that the mortar barrage had smashed and flattened every Japanese in the strong-point, they were straightened out on this point right away. As the elderly, morose, Calvinistic-looking 2d Lieutenant from B-for-Baker climbed out first, he foolishly climbed straight up exposing himself to the waist, whereupon a Japanese machinegunner immediately shot him three times through the chest. He fell down flat on his face in the little trough, as he should have been in the first place, and hung there, his legs dangling straight down against the ledge in the faces of those behind him. Gingerly, and as gently as they could, they pulled him back down behind the ledge. Stretched out on his back with his eyes shut and breathing shallowly, he looked more morose than ever. He did not open his eyes and put both hands up over his damaged chest and went on breathing shallowly, sour-visaged, Calvinistic, his blue jowls shining darkly in the late afternoon sun.

"Well, whadda we do now?" Charlie Dale snarled. "We can't take him with us."

"We'll have to leave him," Witt said. He had just come up.

"You can't leave him here," the Baker Company sergeant protested.

"Okay," Dale snarled. "He's from your company. You stay with him."

"Nah," the Baker Company sergeant

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said. "I didn't volunteer for this thing just to sit with him."

"I should have been a Chaplain," the dying man said in a faint voice without opening his eyes. "I could have, you know. I'm an ordained minister. I never should have fooled around with Infantry. My wife told me."

"We can leave him and pick him up on the way back," Bell said. "If he's still alive."

"You boys want to pray with me?" the Lieutenant said, his eyes still closed. "Our Father Who art in Heaven, Hallowed be Thy Name."

"We can't, Sir," Dale interrupted politely. "We got to get going. The Captain's waitin on us."

"All right," the Lieutenant said, still without opening his eyes. "I'll do it myself. You boys go ahead. Thy Kingdom come, Thy Will be done, on earth as it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily . . ."

As they climbed out one by one on their faces and bellies so as not to make the same mistake he made, the faint voice droned feebly on. Dale went first, Witt immediately behind him.

"The son of a bitch," Witt whispered when they were both in the trough behind the thin fragile screen of leaves. "I wish he had of been a Chaplain. They've seen us now. They know we're here. It's going to be hell."

"Yeh, f— his goddam prayin," Dale said, but he did not say it with much force. He was too busy looking all around everywhere, eyes wide with tension.

Bell was the last to go, but he stopped at the ledge feeling he ought to say something, some word of encouragement, except what did you say to a man dying? "Well, good luck, sir," he managed finally.

"Thanks, son," the Baker Company Lieutenant said without opening his eyes. "Which one are you? I dont want to open my eyes if I can help it."

"I'm Bell, sir."

"Oh, yes," the Lieutenant said. "Well, if you get the chance, maybe you can say some little prayer for my soul. I dont want to embarrass you. But it certainly can't do my soul no harm, can it?"

"Okay, sir," Bell said. "Goodby."

As he climbed out, pressing his face and chest as hard into the dirt of the trough as he could, the faint voice went droning feebly on, repeating some other kind of prayer now which Bell had never heard and didn't know. Automaton. Religious automaton, irreligious automaton. The Business and Professional Automaton Club, Chaplain Gray will give the benediction. Yes, siree. The dirt tasted very dusty in his mouth that was pressed to it.

Captain Gaff, the Battalion Exec, had crawled completely to the end of the

trough and out beyond the tiny little brush screen, a matter of 20 or 30 yards.

"Is he dead?" he asked when the others reached him. They were now strung out single file one behind the other in the trough.

"Not yet," Dale whispered from immediately behind him.

Out here beyond the little screen of brush they were more in the open, though the trough still hid them, but here the grass was much thicker than back near the ledge, and it was here that Gaff had decided to make his move. They were to turn their little line by its right flank, he informed Dale and Witt behind him, and told them to pass it back, and on his signal begin to crawl, out of the trough and through the grass, toward the bunker. They were not to fire or throw their grenades until he gave the signal. He wanted to get as close to the bunker as possible without being seen.

"Actually," he pointed out to Dale behind him, "we could go straight on here. You see? After that little open space we would be behind that little rise, and I think we could maybe crawl

all the way around behind them."

"Yes, sir," Dale said.

"But I dont think there's that much time."

"Yes, sir," Dale said.

"That would take at least another hour of crawling," Gaff said earnestly. "And I'm afraid it's too near dark."

"Yes, sir," Dale said.

"What do you think?" Gaff said.

"I agree with you, sir," Dale said. No goddam officer was goin to get Charlie Dale to take no responsibility for what the officer done.

"Has everybody behind been informed?" Gaff whispered.

"Yes, sir."

Gaff sighed. "Okay. Let's do it."

Slowly Gaff snaked his belly over the lip of the trough and off into the grass, dragging his rifle by the muzzle rather than cradling it, so as not to disturb the grass more than absolutely necessary. One by one the others followed.

For John Bell it was like some insane, mad nightmare which he could remember having had before. His elbows and feet fell through holes in the mat of old dead stems, catching and holding him.



Dust and seeds filled his nose and choked him. Stems whipped his face. Then he remembered: it was that crawl up through the grass to the ledge with Keck. It really had happened to him after all. And Keck was dead now.

None of them ever knew what set them off. One moment they were crawling along in utter silence, each man totally alone and separate and out of contact with the others, and in the next machinegun fire was whipping and slashing over and around and all about them. No one had fired, no one had thrown a grenade, no one had shown himself. Perhaps one nervous enemy had seen some grass move and had fired, thus setting them all off. Whatever it was, they now lay in a storm of fire, separated and cut off from contact with each other, unable to take concerted action. Each man put his head down and huddled to the ground, praying to gods or goddesses that he might keep on living. Contact was lost and with it all command and control. Nobody could move. And it was in this static situation of potential total loss that Pfc Don Doll came forward as hero.

Sweating, lying pressed flat in an ecstasy of panic, terror, fear and cowardice, Doll simply could not stand it any longer. He had had too much this day. Wailing over and over in a high falsetto the one word "Mother! Mother!," which fortunately nobody at all could hear, least of all himself, he leaped to his feet and began to run straight at the Japanese emplacement, firing his rifle from his hip at the one embrasure he could see. As if startled beyond reasonable expectation, most of the Japanese fire stopped suddenly. At the same moment Captain Gaff, released from his own temporary panic, leaped up waving his arm and bawling "Back!" With him in the lead the rest of the assault force ran for the trough and their lives. Meanwhile Doll charged on, wailing his incantation: "Mother! Mother!"

When his rifle was empty, he threw it at the embrasure, drew his pistol and began firing that. With his left hand he tore a grenade from his belt, stopped firing the pistol long enough to pull the pin with one finger, and lobbed the grenade over onto the camouflaged roof of the emplacement, which he could now see clearly since it was only about 20 yards away, and where the grenade exploded uselessly and without effect. Then, continuing to fire the pistol, he charged on. Only when the pistol ceased to fire for want of ammunition did he come to his senses and realize where he was. Then he turned and ran. Luckily for him, he did not turn back toward the others but simply ran blindly off to the right—though he would deny this later. In that direction the curving ledge was only 10 yards away, and he reached

it before the mass of the Japanese fire, which by now as if getting over its start had commenced again, could find him and cut him down.

From behind him as he ran the 10 yards a dark round fizzing object arched over his head and fell a few feet in front of him. Automatically Doll kicked at it with his foot as if placekicking a football and ran on. It bounced away a few yards and exploded in a cloud of black smoke which knocked him down. But when he fell he found that there was nothing under him; he had fallen over the ledge. His foot stinging painfully, he bounced to the foot of the ledge at almost the exact spot where Private Catch had been killed, landed with a bonejarring thud, then rolled another 12 yards further down the hillside before he could get himself stopped. For a while he just lay in the grass, breathing in groans, bruised, sore, the wind knocked out of him, half-blinded, thinking dully of almost nothing. This one had not been like his other experiences: the zigzag run back from 1st Platoon, then the return to find Skinny Culu, not like the charge up the ridge with Keck. This one had been horrible, totally and completely horrible, without any relieving qualities or graces. He devoutly hoped he would never have even to think of it again. When he looked at his shoe, he found a neat little slit a 16th of an inch long just above the ankle bone. Where the f--- was he, anyway? He knew where he was, but was he alone? What had happened to the others? Where were they? At the moment all he could think about was that he wanted to be with people, so he could put his arms around somebody and they could put their arms around him. With this in mind he got up, climbed to the ledge and ran gasping back along it till he came to the trough, where he almost ran headon into the others, all sitting against the rock and gasping breathlessly. Only one of them, the Sergeant from Baker Company, had been hurt, and he had had his shoulder smashed by an MG bullet.

"Doll," Captain Gaff gasped, before Doll could apologize, make excuses or explain away what he had done, "I'm personally recommending you to Colonel Tall for the Distinguished Service Cross. You saved all our lives, and I never saw such bravery. I shall write the recommendation myself, and I shall pursue it. I promise you."

Doll could hardly believe his own ears. "Well, sir, it wasn't nothin," he gasped modestly. "I was scared." He could see Charlie Dale looking at him with a kind of hate-filled envy from where he leaned gasping against the ledge. Ha, you f---er! Doll thought with a sudden explosion of pleasure.

"But to have the presence of mind to remember that the ledge was 10 yards off there to the right," Gaff gasped, "that

was wonderful."

"Well, sir, you know, I was with the first patrol," Doll said and smiled at Dale.

"So were some of these others," young Captain Gaff said. He was still breathing heavily but beginning to get his breath back. "Are you okay? You're not hurt?"

"Well, sir, I dont know," Doll smiled, and proceeded to show them the tiny slit in his boot.

"What's that from?"

"A Jap handgrenade. I kicked it away." He bent to unlace the shoe. "I better look." Inside he found the little piece of metal, which had slipped to the bottom of his shoe like a pebble, but in actual truth he had not even felt it during the run back along the ledge. "Hunh!" he lied, laughing. "I thought I had a rock in my shoe." It had struck his anklebone just above its peak and cut it slightly; it had bled a little into his sweat-wet sock.

"By God!" Gaff exclaimed. "It's only a scratch, but by God I'm recommending you for the Purple Heart, too. You might as well have it. But you're all right except for that?"

"I lost my rifle," Doll said.

"Take Lieutenant Gray's," Gaff said. He looked around at the others. "We better be getting back. And tell them we couldn't take the objective. Can a couple of you drag Lieutenant Gray?" Gaff turned to the Baker Company sergeant. "You all right? Think you can make it?"

"I'm all right," the Baker Co sergeant said with a grin that was more a pained grimace. "It only hurts when I laugh. But I want to thank you!" he said, turning to Doll.

"Dont thank me," Doll said, and laughed shyly, brilliant-eyed, with a new magnanimity born of his sudden recognition. He had forgotten all about wanting to put his arms around somebody, or have them put their arms around him. "But what about you? Are you going to be all right?" He looked down at the bloody hand from which blood dripped slowly as the arm hung useless against the sergeant's side, and suddenly he was scared again.

"Sure, sure," the sergeant said happily. "I'm out of it now. I'll be going back. I hope I'm crippled a little."

"Come on, you guys," Captain Gaff said. "Let's move. You can talk it over later. Dale, you and Witt drag Lieutenant Gray. Bell, you help the sergeant. I'll take the walkie-talkie. Doll, you rear-guard us. Them little brown brothers, as the Colonel likes to call them, are liable to send some people down here after us, you know."

And thus arranged the little party made its way back. The Japanese sent no one after them. Gaff with the radio, Bell and the B-for-Baker sergeant behind him, then Dale and Witt dragging the

dead lieutenant's body by its two feet, with Doll bringing up the rear, they did not make a very prepossessing sight as they came crawling around the corner into view of the Battalion. But Gaff had been talking to them on the way back.

"If we do get another chance at it tomorrow, I think we can take it," he said, "and I for one am going to volunteer for the assignment. If we crawl on across that open space and get behind the little rise, we can come around in behind them and come down on them from above. That's what we should have done today. From above like that we can put the grenades to them easier than hell. And that's what I'm going to tell the Colonel."

And strangely enough, there was not one of them but who wanted to go back with him — excepting of course the Baker Company sergeant who of course could not go. Even John Bell wanted to go, just like all the others. Automaton all. What was it? Why? Bell did not know. What was this peculiar masochistic, self-destructive quality in himself which made him want to get out in the open and expose himself to danger and gunfire as he had that first time at the trough? Once as a child — (once? many times, and in many different ways, but this one particular time when he was 15, and the memory assailed him now so strongly that it was as if he were actually there, living it again) — once he had gone for a tramp in one of the Ohio woods outside his town. This particular woods had a cliff and a cave, if you could call a hole four feet deep in the rock a cave, and up above the cliff there was more woods for about 50 yards which ended at a graveled country road. Across the gravel road farmers were working in their fields. Hearing their voices and the snorts and jingles of their horses and harness, he had a strange sweet secretive excitement. Peeking through the screen of leaves that marked the end of the wood, he could see them, four men in overalls and rubber boots standing beside the fence, but they could not see him. A lot of cars used this graveled country road, too. One of the cars, with a man and three women in it, stopped to talk to the four men, and Bell suddenly knew what he was going to do. In a sweet, hot rush of visceral excitement he retreated through the trees almost all the way back to the cliff-top and began to take off his clothes. Naked as the day he was born in the warm, rich June air, he crept like an Indian back to the screen of leaves, the twigs and old leaves crunching noiselessly under his bare feet, leaving his clothes and his sandwiches back there behind him because that was all part of it: his clothes must be far enough away so that he could never reach them in time if he were caught or seen, otherwise it was

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cheating; and standing just behind the leaf screen, where he could see them and the expressions on all their faces, trembling violently in his excitement and excitation, he masturbated. Crawling along behind Captain Gaff beneath a ledge on Guadalcanal, helping along the wounded sergeant beside him, John Bell stopped and stared, transfixed by a revelation. And the revelation, brought on by his old memory, and which he was forced to face, was that his volunteering, his climb out into the trough that first time, even his participation in the failed assault, all were — in some way he could not fully understand — sexual, and as sexual, and in much the same way, as his childhood incident of the graveled road.

"Ouch!" said the sergeant beside him. "God damn it!"

"Oh! I'm sorry!" Bell said.

He had not thought of that episode in a long time. When he had told that one to his wife Marty, it had excited her too, and they had gone rushing off to bed together to make love. Ahhhhh, *Marty!* The silent cry was like an explosion wrung involuntarily from his bowels.

Covertly Bell with his new knowledge looked around at the others. Were their reactions sexual too, then? How to know? He couldn't tell. But he knew that he himself, as had all the others said too, would be volunteering to go back again tomorrow if the chance arose. Partly it was an esprit de corps and a closeness of comradeship coming from having shared something a bit tougher than the rest. Partly it was Captain Gaff whom he liked and respected more and more all the time. And partly, for him at least, it was that other thing, which he could hardly name, that thing of sexuality.

Could it be that with the others? Could it be that *all* war was basically sexual? Not just in psych theory, but in fact, actually and emotionally? A sort of sexual perversion? Or a complex of sexual perversions? That would make a funny thesis and God help the race.

But whether or not Bell could discover in his comrades anything about their sexual involvement, and he couldn't, he could read something else in their faces. That spiritual numbness and sense of no longer feeling human which he had become aware of in himself on the way up, was growing apace on all their faces. Even Gaff who had only been up here with them for a couple of hours was showing a bit of it now. So Bell was not alone. And when they crawled, limping and licking their wounds, back into the midst of the Battalion, which was already beginning to take on the look of a permanent, organized position, which indeed it was, or was soon to become, he was able to note the same ahumanness in many other faces, some more than others, all of them almost precisely measurable in direct ratio to what the owner of the face had been through since dawn today. Next to his own little assault group, those who had made the first crossing with Keck showed it the most.

It was getting very close to dark. In their absence, they found most of Charlie had on Colonel Tall's orders already dug themselves in a few yards back from the ledge. As it turned out, their little battle had been heard and interpreted correctly as a failure, and because of this B-for-Baker had been ordered to pass below and to the rear of Charlie, curving their flanks uphill to join and thus completing the defensive circle, and were now busily

at work digging their holes for the night. There was to be no withdrawal. Holes for themselves, the little assault force, were already being dug for them, also on Colonel Tall's orders.

And as it also turned out, as they found out almost immediately, they *were* going to get a chance at the bunker again tomorrow. Colonel Tall made this plain to them as soon as he took Captain Gaff's report. Colonel Tall's plan for a night attack, about which they knew nothing and of which they heard with astonishment, had been vetoed by the Division Commander. But at least, Colonel Tall said, he had made the offer. Anyway, he agreed with Captain Gaff's tactical interpretation completely. He shook hands with Doll first because of his recommendation for the DSC, then with each of the others, excepting of course Lieutenant Gray, who was already on his way back to Hill 209 on a stretcher. Then, tucking his bamboo baton under his arm, he dismissed the enlisted men and turned to a dispositions discussion about tomorrow with the officers.

Colonel Tall's plan, which he had devised after receiving the news of the rejection of his proposed night attack, was one calculated to take account of every contingency, and it utilized — as Bugger Stein was quick to note — Stein's suggestion of today to explore the right for the possibility of a flanking maneuver. Before dawn Stein was to take his C-for-Charlie Company (less the men with Gaff) back across the third fold and move down the hollow to the right into the jungle which had been so quiet today. Unless he encountered very heavy resistance, he was to push on to the top of the Elephant's Head from the rear. "That Elephant's Trunk is one hell of a fine escape route for our brown brothers," smiled Colonel Tall. If Stein could get astride of it higher up where the slopes were steeper, perhaps they could bottle up the whole force. Meantime, Baker would be moved by Captain Task up to the ledge, where he would wait the reduction of the strongpoint by Captain Gaff's assault force to begin his uphill frontal attack. "I'm giving you the roundabout flanking movement, Stein, because it was your idea in the first place," said Colonel Tall. Perhaps, but only perhaps, and then even only to Stein, there was a veiled double meaning in the slightly thin way Tall said it.

"That Bell," Colonel Tall said after the discussion of his plan was over. He looked off to where he had thoughtfully placed the assault force near to Gaff's hole and his own. "He's a good man." This time the unspoken meaning was clear to every officer present, since they all knew, and they knew Tall knew, about Bell's past as an officer.

"He sure is!" young Captain Gaff put



"Oh come now. Surely you've heard of socialized medicine?"

in with boyish enthusiasm, and without reservation.

"In my company I have always found him an excellent soldier," Stein said when Tall glanced at him.

Tall said no more, and so neither did Stein. He was willing enough to let well enough alone. Stein had increasingly found himself put by Tall into the position of a guilty schoolboy who had failed his exam, although the Colonel had never said anything to him openly or directly. Slowly the talk among the officers drifted back to the outlook for tomorrow as they squatted in the center of the position. It was almost quiet now; the high racketing which had hung in the air all day had ceased some time ago, and only sporadic riflefire was heard now in the distance. Both sides lay waiting and breathing.

And as the twilight deepened, that was the way they remained: the little knot of officers in the center discussing the prospects and possibilities of tomorrow, the men in the holes around the circle checking and cleaning their weapons: the Battalion at the end of its first real day of real combat: neither successful nor unsuccessful, nothing decided, exhausted, growing number. Just before full dark the officers parted and went to their own holes to lie down and wait with the men for the expected Japanese night attack. Perhaps the worst thing was that now one could no longer smoke. That, and the shortage of water. A few more men had collapsed during the late afternoon and been carted away like the wounded, and many more remained on the verge of collapse. Fear was a problem too, more in some, less in others, according to how far the ahuman numbness had advanced in each. John Bell was not afraid at all now, he found. Wait until the shooting started, to get scared.

They were paired off of course, two in each hole, one man to guard, one to sleep; but nobody slept very much. Quite a few men, spending their first night outside their own lines, fired at shadows, fired at everything, fired at nothing, revealing their positions; but the expected Japanese night attack did not develop, though they did manage to cut both companies' soundpower phone lines. Probably they were too weak and too sick to attack. And so the Battalion lay and waited for the dawn. Along about two o'clock John Bell suffered another malarial attack of chills and fever like the one he had had two days before on the road, except that this one was much worse. At its worst he was shaking so uncontrollably that he would have been of no use to anybody if the Japanese had attacked. And he was not alone. First Sergeant Welsh, clutching his precious musette bag containing the leather-bound Morning Report book in which for tomorrow he had already recorded in the dusk all of the personnel changes



"Watch closely, Miss Jones, and you'll see an example of survival of the fittest."

of today: "KIA; WIA; Sick"; — suffered his first malarial attack, which was worse than Bell's second one, though neither knew it about the other. And there were others.

One man who had to defecate did his business in the corner of his hole cursing hysterically, and spent the rest of the night trying to keep his feet out of it. To have gotten out of your hole was worth your life with this bunch.

. . .

Billions of hard, bright stars shone with relentless glitter all across the tropic night sky. Underneath this brilliant canopy of the universe, the men lay wide awake and waited. From time to time the same great cumuli of the day, black blobs now, sailed their same stately route across the bright expanse blotting out portions of it, but no rain fell on the thirsting men. For the first time since they had been up in these hills it did not rain at all during the night. The night had to be endured, and it had to be endured dry, beneath its own magnificent beauty. Perhaps of them all only Colonel Tall enjoyed it.

Finally, though it was still black night, cautionary stirrings and whispers sibilated along the line from hole to hole as the word to move out was passed. In the inhuman, unreal unlight of false dawn the grubby, dirtyfaced remnants of C-for-Charlie sifted from their holes and coagulated stiffly into their squads and platoons to begin their flanking move. There was not one of them who did not carry his cuts, bruises or abrasions from having flung himself violently to the ground the day before. Thick fat rolls of dirt pressed beneath

the mudcaked fingernails of their hands, greasy from cleaning weapons. They had lost 48 men or just over one-fourth of their number yesterday in killed, wounded or sick; nobody doubted they would lose more today. The only question remaining was: Which ones of us? Who exactly?

Still looking dapper although he was now almost as dirty as themselves, Colonel Tall with his little bamboo baton in his armpit and his hand resting on his rakishly lowngung holster, strode among them to tell them good luck. He shook hands with Bugger Stein and Brass Band. Then they trudged away in the ghostly light, moving away eastward back down the ridge to face their new day while thirst gnawed at them. Before dawn lightened the area, they had crossed back over the third fold — where they had lain so long in terror yesterday, and where the familiar ground now looked strange — and had traversed the low between the folds to the edge of the jungle where they were hidden, where Col Tall would not let them go yesterday, and where not a single Japanese was in sight. Approaching it cautiously with scouts out, they found nobody at all. A hundred yards inside the jungle they discovered a highly passable, much used trail, its mud covered with prints of Japanese hobnailed boots, all pointing toward Hill 210. As they moved along it quietly and without trouble, they could hear the beginning of the fight on the ridge — where they had left the previously four, but now five volunteers with Captain Gaff.

Tall had not waited long. B-for-Baker now manned the line of holes behind 175

the ledge. Tall sent them forward to the ledge itself, and as soon as it was light enough to see at all, sent the middle platoon forward in an attack whose objective was to wheel right in a line pivoted on the ledge so that they would be facing the strongpoint. This would place them in a position to aid Gaff.

But the middle platoon's move was not successful. MG fire from the strongpoint, and other hidden points nearby, hurt them too badly. Four men were killed and a number of others were wounded. They were forced to return. That was the noise of the fight C-for-Charlie heard; and its failure left everything up to Gaff and his now five volunteers. They would have to take the strongpoint alone. Tall walked over to them where they lay.

This fifth volunteer with Gaff was Pfc Cash, the icy-eyed taxidriver from Toledo with the mean face, known in C-for-Charlie as "Big Un." Earlier, before C-for-Charlie moved out, Big Un had come up to Tall in the dark and in a ponderous voice had asked to be allowed to stay behind and join Gaff's assault group. Tall, who was not used to being approached by strange privates anyway, could hardly believe his ears. He could not even remember ever having seen this man. "Why?" he asked sharply.

"Because of what the Japs done to them two guys from 2d Battalion three days ago on Hill 209," Big Un said. "I aint forgotten it, and I want to get myself a few of them personally before I get knocked off or shot up without getting a chance to kill some. I think Cap'n Gaff's operation'll be my best oppraturity."

For a moment Tall could not help believing he was being made the victim of some kind of elaborate and tasteless hoax, perpetrated by the wits of Charlie Company who had sent this great oaf up to him deliberately with this stupid request for personal, heroic vendetta. 1st Sgt Welsh, for one, had a mind capable of such subtle ridicule.

But when he looked up (as he was forced to do; and Tall was by no means a small man) at this huge, murderous face and icy, if not very intelligent eyes, he could see despite his flare of anger that the man was obviously sincere. Cash stood, his rifle slung not from one shoulder but across his back, and carrying in his hands one of those sawed-off shotguns and bandolier of buckshot shells which some fool of a staff lieutenant had had the bright idea of handing out for "close quarter work" the night before the attack — which meant that Cash had hung onto the damned thing all through the danger of yesterday. Tall thought they had all been thrown away. A sudden tiny thrill ran through Tall despite himself. The brute really was big! But his own reaction made him even more

angry.

"Soldier, are you serious?" he snapped thinly. "There's a war on here. I'm busy. I've got a serious battle to fight."

"Yes," Big Un said, then remembering his manners added, "I mean: Yes, sir: I'm serious."

Tall pressed his lips together. If the man wanted to make such a request, he should know he was supposed to go through channels: through his Platoon Leader and his Company Commander to Gaff himself; not come bothering the Battalion Commander with it when the Battalion Commander had a battle to fight.

"Dont you know —" he began in frustration, and then stopped himself. Tall prided himself on being a professional and such requests for personal vendetta offended and bored him. A professional should ignore such things and fight a battle, or a war, as it developed on the ground. Tall knew Marine officers who laughed about the jars of gold or gold-filled Japanese teeth some of their men had collected over the campaign, but he preferred to have nothing to do with that sort of thing. Also, though his protégé Gaff had lost two men yesterday evening, they had decided between them that the experience and the knowledge of the terrain gained by the survivors more than made up for the adding of two green replacements who would probably be more liability than help. Still . . .

And anyway, here this great oaf still stood, waiting dumbly, as though his wishes were the only ones in the world, and blocking Tall's path with his huge frame so Tall could not see anything that was going on.

After biting the inside of his lip, he snapped out coldly, "If you want to go with Captain Gaff, you'll have to go talk to him about it and ask him. I'm busy. You can tell him that I dont object to your going. Now, God damn it, go away!" he yelled. He turned away. Big Un was left holding his shotgun.

"Yes, sir!" he called after the Colonel. "Thank you, sir!" And while Tall had continued with getting C-for-Charlie moving, Cash had gone in search of Gaff.

Big Un's cry of thanks after the Colonel had not been without his own little hint of sarcasm. He had not been a hackpusher all his life not to know when he was being deliberately snubbed by a social better, high intelligence or low. As far as intelligence went, Big Un was confident he could have been as intelligent as any — and more intelligent than most — if he had not always believed that school and history and arithmetic and writing and reading and learning words were only so much uninteresting crap which took up a man's time and kept him from getting laid or making an easy buck. He still believed it,

for his own kids as well as for himself. He had never finished his first year of high school and he could read a paper as well as anybody. And as for intelligence, he was intelligent enough to know that the Colonel's statement about not objecting was tantamount to acceptance by Gaff. In fact, all the time he was talking there to the Colonel, Big Un had intended to tell Gaff that, anyway. Now he could tell him truthfully.

So, in the still dark predawn, Gaff and his four volunteers were treated to the awesome spectacle of Big Un looming up over them through the dark, still clutching his shotgun and bandolier of shells which he had clung to so dearly all through the terror of yesterday in his U.S.-made shellhole among the 1st Platoon. Stolidly and without excitement, Big Un made his report. As he had anticipated, he was immediately accepted — although Gaff, too, looked at his shotgun strangely. All he had left to do was find Bugger Stein and report the change, then come back and lie down with the others to wait until B Company's middle platoon made its attack and it was their own turn. Big Un did so with grim satisfaction.

There was little for them to do but talk. During the half hour it took the middle platoon of B Company to fail and come tumbling and sobbing back over the ledge with drawn faces and white eyes, the six of them lay a few yards back down the slope behind B's right platoon which in addition to holding the right of the line along the ledge was also acting as the reserve. It was amazing how the longer one lasted in this business, the less sympathy one felt for others who were getting shot up as long as oneself was in safety. Sometimes the difference was a matter of only a very few yards. But terror became increasingly limited to those moments when you yourself were in actual danger. So, while B's middle platoon shot and were shot, fought and sobbed 30 yards away beyond the ledge, Gaff's group talked. Cash the new addition more than made his presence felt.

Big Un himself did very little of the talking, after explaining his reason for wanting to come with them, but he made himself felt just the same. Unslinging his rifle, he arranged it and the shotgun carefully to keep their actions out of the dirt, and then simply lay, toying with the bandolier of shotgun shells and slipping them in and out of their cloth loops, his face a stolid, mean mask. The slingless shotgun was a brandnew, cheap-looking automatic with its barrel sawed off just behind the choke and a five-shell magazine; the shot shells themselves were not actually buckshot at all, but were loaded with a full load of BB shot capable of blowing a large, raw hole clear through a man at close range.

It was a mean weapon, and Cash looked like the man to use it well. Nobody really knew very much about him in C-for-Charlie. He had come in as a draftee six months before and while he had made acquaintances, he had made no real friends. Everybody was a little afraid of him. He kept to himself, did most of his drinking alone, and while he never offered to challenge anybody to a fight, there was something about his grin which made it plain that any challenges he received would be cheerfully and gladly accepted. Nobody offered any. At six foot four and built accordingly, in an outfit where physical fighting prowess was considered the measure of a man's stature, nobody wanted to try him. Except for Big Queen (over whom he towered by five inches, though he did not weigh as much) he was the biggest man in the company. There were those who were not above trying slyly to promote this battle of the giants between Big Un and Big Queen, just to see who *would* win; and many bets might have been taken, except that nothing ever came of it. Curiously enough, the nearest Big Un ever came to having a real friend was Witt the Kentuckian who hardly came up to his waist, and who used to go on pass with him before Witt was forcibly transferred. This turned out to be because in Toledo Big Un had known and admired so many Kentuckians who had come up north to work in the factories, and had liked their strong, hardheaded sense of honor which showed itself in drunken brawls over women or fistfights over particular prize seats at some bar. But now, today, he did not even speak to Witt beyond a perfunctory grunt of greeting. The rest of them watched him and his shotgun curiously. Despite the fact that they were now seasoned veterans of this particular assault and could look down on Big Un from this height of snobbery, they were all somehow a little reluctant to try it.

John Bell, for one, had forgotten all about the Japanese torture killing of the two George Company men three days before. It was too long ago and too much had happened to him since. When Big Un recalled it with such surprise to them all, Bell found it didn't really matter so much anymore. Guys got killed, one way or another way. Some got tortured. Some got gutshot like Tella. Some got it quick through the head. Who knew how much those two guys suffered, really? Only themselves; and they no longer existed to tell it. And if they no longer existed, it didn't either and was no longer important. So what the hell? A wall existed between the living and the dead. And there was only one way to get over it. That was what was important. So what was all this fuss about? Bell found himself eyeing Big Un coolly and wonder-

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ing what his real angle was, behind all this other crap. The others in the little group obviously felt the same way, Bell noted, from the peculiar looks on their faces; but nobody said anything. Thirty-five yards away beyond and above the little protective ledge the middle platoon of Baker still fired and fought and now and then yelled just a little bit. If Bell was any judge by the sound of it, what was left of them would be coming back pretty quickly. A rough fingernail of excitement picked at his solar plexus when he thought what this would mean soon for himself. Then, suddenly, like a bucket of cold water dashed in his face, his own supreme callousness smashed into his consciousness and shook him with a sense of horror at his own hardened brutality. How would Marty like being married to this husband, when he finally did get home? Ah, Marty! so much is changing; everywhere. Therefore, when the middle platoon of B did come rolling and tumbling and cursing and sobbing back over the ledge with their white eyeballs in their faces and their open mouths, Bell watched them with an anguish which was perhaps out of all proportion even to their own.

How the others in the assault group felt about the return of the platoon, Bell could not tell. From their faces they all, including Cash, seemed to feel the same cool, guarded callousness he himself had just been feeling, and now was so desperately wanting not to feel. The Baker Company men lay against the ledge staring at nothing and seeing nobody and breathing in long painful gasps through their parched throats. There was no water to give them and they needed water badly. Though the day was not yet really hot, they were all sweating profusely, thus losing even more precious moisture. Making a noise like a battery of frogs in a swamp two of them rolled up their eyeballs and passed out. Nobody bothered to help them. Their buddies couldn't. And the assault group only lay and watched them.

This lack of water was becoming a serious problem for everybody, and would be more of one as the glaring equatorial sun mounted, but whatever the reason—though there was plenty of it in the rear—no water could be got this far forward to them. Curiously enough, it was little Charlie Dale the insensitive, rather than Bell or Don Doll, who voiced it for all of them in the assault group. Imaginative or not he was animal enough to know what his belly told him and be directed by it. "If they dont get us some water up here soon," he said loud enough to be heard by everybody in the vicinity, "we aint none of us going to make it to the top of this hill." Abruptly, he rolled over to face the looming shape of Hill 209 in their rear and began to shake his fist at it. "Dirty F—ers! Dirty bastards! Pig

bastards! You got all the goddam water in the world, and you drinking every goddam drop of it, too! You aint lettin any of it get past you up to us, are you! Well you better get some of it up here to your goddam *fightin men*, or you can take your goddam battle and shove it up your fat ass and lose it!" He had yelled this much of his protest, and it verberated off along the ledge where nobody, least of all the middle platoon of B, paid any attention to it. The rest of it tapered away into an intense, unintelligible mutter which, as Colonel Tall now sauntered toward them from his command hole baton in hand, became a respectful and attentive silence.

The Colonel whose walk was leisurely and erect—as straight up as he could get, in fact—condescended to squat while he talked in a low serious voice to Gaff. Then they were off and crawling again along the by now so familiar ledge—familiar to the point of real friendliness almost, John Bell thought, which could be a bad trap if you believed it—as it curved away out of sight around the hill's curve, Gaff in the lead.

Bell crawled around Charlie Dale in the second spot and touched the Captain on the behind. "You better let me take the point, sir," he said respectfully.

Gaff turned his head to look at him with intense, crinkled eyes. For a long moment the two, officer and ex-officer, looked honestly into each other's eyes. Then with an abrupt gesture of both head and hand Gaff admitted his small error and signaled Bell to go on past him. He let one more man, Dale, pass him and then fell into the third spot. When Bell reached the point where the trough began and Lieutenant Gray had died, he stopped and they all clustered up.

Gaff did not bother to give them any peptalk. He had already explained the operation to them thoroughly, back at the position. Now all he said was, "You all know the job we've got to do, fellows. There's no point in my going over it all again. I'm convinced the toughest part of the approach will be the open space between the end of the trough here and the shoulder of the knob. Once past that I think it won't be so bad. Remember that we may run into smaller emplacements along the way. I'd rather bypass them if we can, but we may have to knock some of them out if they block our route and hold us up. Okay, that's all." He stopped and smiled at them looking each man in the eyes in turn: an excited, boyish, happy, adventure-some smile. It was only slightly incongruous with the tensed, crinkled look in his eyes.

"When we get up to them," Gaff said, "we ought to have some fun."

There were several weak smiles, very

similar to his own if not as strong. Only Witt's and Big Un's seemed to be really deep. But they were all grateful to him. Since yesterday all of them, excepting Big Un, had come to like him very much. All last evening, during the night, and again during the predawn movements, he had stayed with them except during his actual conferences with Colonel Tall, spending his time with them. He kidded, cajoled and boosted them, cracking jokes, telling them broad stories about his youth at the Point and after, and all the kooky type broads he had made—had in short treated them like equals. Even for Bell who had been one it was a little thrilling, quite flattering to be treated as an equal by an officer; for the others it was moreso. They would have followed Gaff anywhere. He had promised them the biggest drunk of their lives, everything on him, once they got through this mess and back down off the line. And they were grateful to him for that, too. He had not, when he promised, made any mention about 'survivors' or 'those who were left' having this drunk together, tacitly assuming that they would all be there to enjoy it. And they were grateful for that also. Now he looked around at them all once more with his boyish, young adventurer's eager smile below the tensed, crinkled eyes.

"I'll be leading from here on out," he said. "Because I want to pick the route myself. If anything should happen to me, Sergeant Bell will be in command, so I want him last. Sergeant Dale will be second in command. They both know what to do.

"Okay, let's go." It was much more of a sigh than a hearty bellow.

Then they were out and crawling along the narrow, peculiarly sensed dangerousness of the familiar trough, Gaff in the lead, each man being particularly careful of the spot where the trough opened out into the ledge and Lieutenant Gray the preacher had absentmindedly got himself killed. Big Un Cash, who was new to all this, was especially careful. John Bell, waiting for the others to climb out, caught Charlie Dale staring at him with a look of puzzled, but nonetheless hateful enmity. Dale had been appointed Acting Sergeant at least an hour before Bell, and therefore should have had the seniority over him. Bell winked at him, and Dale looked away. A moment later it was Dale's turn to go, and he climbed out into the trough without a backward look. Only one man, Witt, remained between them. Then it was Bell's own turn. For the—what was it? third? fourth? fifth time? Bell had lost track—he climbed out over the ledge and crawled past the thin screen of scrub brush. It was beginning to look pretty bedraggled now

from all the MG fire which had whistled through it.

In the trough ahead with his head down Charlie Dale was thinking furiously that that was what you could always expect from all goddam officers. They hung together like a pack of horse thieves, busted out or not. He had broke his ass for them all day yesterday. He had been appointed Acting Sergeant by an officer, by Bugger Stein himself, not by no platoon sergeant like Keck. And about a hour before. And look who got command? You couldn't trust them no further than you could throw them by the ears, no more than you could trust the government itself to do something for you. Furiously, outraged, keeping his head well down, he stared at the motionless feet of Doll in front of him as if he wanted to bite them off.

Up ahead Gaff had waited, looking back, until they were all safely in the trough. Now there was no need to wait longer. Turning his head to the right he looked off toward the strongpoint, but without raising his head high

enough to see anything above the grass. Were they waiting? Were they watching? Were they looking at this particular open spot? He could not know. But no need in spotting them a ball by exposing himself if they were. With one last look back directly behind him at Big Un Cash, who favored him with a hard, mean, gimlet-eyed grin that was not much help, he bounced up and took off with his rifle at high port, running agonizingly slowly and pulling his knees up high to clear the matted kunai grass like a football player running through stacks of old tires. It was ludicrous to say the least, not a dignified way to be shot, but not a shot was fired. He dived in behind the shoulder of the knob and lay there. After waiting a full minute he motioned the next man, Big Un, to come on. Big Un, who had moved up, as the others had moved up behind him, took right off at once running in the same way, his rifle pounding against his back, the shotgun in his hands, his helmet straps flapping. Just before he reached the shoulder a single machinegun opened up, but he too dived to safety.



"Who asked you for your opinion?"

The machinegun stopped.

The third man, Doll, fell. He was only about five yards out when several MGs opened up. They were watching this time. It was only 20 or 25 yards across, the open space, but it seemed much longer. He was already breathing in ripping gasps. Then his foot caught in a hole in the mat of old grass and he was down. Oh, no! Oh, no! his mind screamed at him in panic. Not me! Not after all the rest that's happened to me! Not after all I've lasted through! I won't even get my medal! Blindly, spitting grass seeds and dust, he clambered up and staggered on. He only had 10 yards more to go, and he made it. He fell in upon the other two and lay sobbing for breath and existence. The bright, washed sun had just come up over the hills in the east.

By now in the early morning sunshine and stark shadows all the MGs from the strongpoint were firing, hosing down the trough itself as well as the open space. Bullets tore over the heads of Charlie Dale, Witt and Bell in bunches which rattled and bruised the poor thin little bushes. It was now Dale's turn to go, and he was still furious at Bell. "Hey, wait!" Bell yelled from behind him. "Wait! Don't go yet! I got an idea!" Dale gave him one hate-filled contemptuous look and got to his feet. He departed without a word, chugging along solidly like a little engine, in the same way he had gone down and come back up the slope in front of the third fold yesterday. By now a sort of semi-path had been pushed through the grass, and this aided him some. He arrived behind the shoulder and sat down, apparently totally unmoved, but still secretly angry at Bell. Nothing had touched him.

"You must be out of your mind!" Captain Gaff shouted at him.

"Why?" Dale said. Maliciously, he settled himself to see what Bell would do now. Heh heh. Not that he wanted him to get hurt, or anything.

Bell demonstrated his idea immediately. When he and Witt had crawled to the end of the trough, the MGs still firing just over their heads, Bell pulled the pin on a grenade and lobbed it at the strongpoint. But he did not throw it straight across; he threw it into the angle formed by the ledge and the trough, so that it landed in front of the bunker but further back much closer to the ledge. When the MGs all swung that way, as they did immediately, he and Witt crossed in safety before they could swing back. Clearly the three of them could have done it just as easily, and when he threw himself down grinning in the safety behind the shoulder, Bell winked at Charlie Dale again. Dale glowered back. "Very bright," Gaff laughed. Bell winked at Dale a

third time. Screw him. Who did he think he was? Then suddenly, after this third wink, like some kind of a sudden stop, Bell realized the fear he had felt this time had been much less, almost none at all, negligible. Even when those bullets were sizzling just over his head. Was he learning? Was that it? Or was he just becoming injured. More brutalized, like Dale. The thought lingered on in his head like an echoing gong while he sat staring at nothing, then slowly faded away. And so what? If answer is yes, or if question does not apply to you, pass on to next questionnaire. What the hell, he thought. F--- it. If he only had a drink of water, he could do anything. The MGs from the strongpoint were still hosing and belaboring the empty trough and its poor straggly bushes as the party moved away.

Gaff had told them that he thought the rest of the route would be easier once they were past the open space, and he was right. The terrain mounted steeply around the knob which jutted out of the ridge and up here the mat of grass was not quite so thick, but now they were forced to crawl. It was next to impossible to see the camouflaged emplacements until they opened up, and they could not take any chances. As they moved along in this snail's way, sweating and panting in the sun from the exertion, Bell's heart—as well as everybody else's—began to beat with a heavier pulse, a mingled excitement and fear which was by no means entirely unpleasant. They all knew from yesterday that beyond the knob was a shallow saddle between the knob and the rock-wall where the ledge ended, and it was along this saddle they were to crawl to come down on the Japanese from above. They had all seen the saddle, but they had not seen behind the knob. Now they crawled along it, seeing it from within the Japanese territory. They were not fired upon, and they did not see any emplacements. Off to the left near the huge rock outcrop where the seven Japanese men had made their silly counterattack early yesterday, they could hear the tenor-voiced Japanese MGs firing at Baker Company at the ledge; but nothing opened up on them. When they reached the beginning of the saddle, sweating and half-dead from lack of water, Gaff motioned them to stop.

He had to swallow his dry spittle several times before he could speak. It had been arranged with Colonel Tall that the commander of Baker's right platoon would move his men along the ledge to the trough and be ready to charge from there at Gaff's whistle signal, and because of this he unhooked his whistle from his pocket. The saddle was about 20 or 25 yards across, and he spaced them out across it. Because of the way it fell the strongpoint below was still invisible from here. "Remember, I want

to get as close to them as we can before we put the grenades to them." To Bell's mind, overheated and overwrought, the Captain's phrasology sounded strangely sexual; but Bell knew it could not be. Then Gaff crawled out in front of them, and looked back.

"Well, fellows, this is where we separate the men from the boys," he told them, "the sheep from the goats. Let's crawl." He clamped his whistle in his teeth and cradling his rifle while holding a grenade in one hand, he commenced to do so.

Crawling along behind him, and in spite of his promise of a big beerbust, everything paid for by him, Gaff's volunteers did not take too kindly to his big line. S---, I could have done better than that myself, Doll thought, spitting out yet another grass seed. Doll had already entirely forgotten his so near escape crossing the open space, and suddenly for no apparent reason he was transfixed by a rage which ranged all through him like some uncontrollable woods fire. Do not fire until you see the red of their asses, Gridley. You may s--- when ready, Gridley. Damn the torpedoes, full crawl ahead. Sighted Japs, grenaded same. There are no atheists in foxholes, Chaplain; s--- on the enemy! He was—for no reason at all, except that he was afraid—so enraged at Gaff that he could have put a grenade to him himself right now, or shot him. On his left, his major competition Charlie Dale crawled along with narrowed eyes still hating all officers anyway and as far as he was concerned Gaff's final line only proved him right. Beyond Dale, Big Un Cash moved his big frame along contemptuously, his rifle still on his back, the fully loaded shotgun cradled in his arms; he had not come along on this thing to be given dumb slogans by no punk kid officers—sheeps and goats my ass, he thought and there was no doubt in his hard hump-pusher's mind about which side he would be on when the count came. Witt, beyond Big Un and himself the extreme left flank, had merely spat and settled his thin neck down into his shoulders and set his jaw. He was not here for any crapped up West Point heroics, he was here because he was a brave man and a very good soldier and because his old outfit C-for-Charlie needed him—whether *they* knew it or not; and Gaff could spare him the conversation. Slowly, as they crawled, the extreme left of the strongpoint came into view 50 yards away and about 20 yards below them.

On the extreme right of the little line John Bell was not thinking about young Captain Gaff at all. As soon as Gaff had made his bid for an immortal line Bell had dismissed it as stupid. Bell was thinking, instead, about cuckoldry. Why that subject should come into his mind at a time like this Bell didn't know, but

it had and he couldn't get rid of it. Thinking about it seriously, Bell discovered that under serious analysis he could only find four basic situations: sad little husband attacking big strong lover, big strong lover attacking sad little husband, sad little husband attacking big strong wife, big strong wife attacking sad little husband. But always it was a sad little husband. Something about the emotional content of the word automatically shrunk all cuckolded husbands to sad little husbands. Undoubtedly many big strong husbands had been cuckolded in their time. Yes, undoubtedly. But you could never place them in direct connection with the emotional content of the word. This was because the emotional content of the word was essentially funny. Bell imagined himself in all four basic situations. It was very painful, in an exquisitely unpleasant, but very sexual way. And suddenly Bell knew — as well and as surely as he knew he was crawling down this grassy saddle on Guadalcanal — that he was cuckold; that Marty was stepping out, was sleeping with somebody. Given *her* character and *his* absence, there was no other possibility. It was as though it were a thought which had been hanging around the borders of his mind a long time, but which he would never allow in until now. But with one man? or with several? Which did one prefer, the one man which meant a serious love affair? or the several which meant that she was promiscuous? What would he do when he got home? beat her up? kick her around? leave her? Put a goddamned grenade in her bed maybe. Ahead of him the entire strongpoint was visible by now, its nearer, right end only 25 yards away, and only a very few yards below their own height now.

And it was just then that they were discovered by the Japanese.

Five scrawny bedraggled Japanese men popped up out of the ground holding dark round objects which they lobbed up the hill at them. Fortunately only one of the five grenades exploded. It lit near Dale who rolled over twice away from it and then lay huddled as close to the ground as he could get, his face turned away. None of its fragments hit him, but it made his ears ring.

"Pull and throw! Pull and throw!" Gaff was yelling at them through the noise of the explosion, and almost as one man their six grenades arched at the strongpoint. The five Japanese men who had popped up out of the ground had by now popped back down into it. But as the grenades lit, two other, unlucky Japanese popped up to throw. One grenade lit between the feet of one of these and exploded up into him, blowing off one of his feet and putting him down. Fragments put the other one down. All of the American grenades exploded.

The Japanese with his foot off lay still

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a moment then struggled up to sit holding another grenade as the blood poured from his severed leg. Doll shot him. He fell back dropping the ignited grenade beside him. It did not go off.

"Once more! Once more!" Gaff was yelling at them, and again six grenades arched in the air. Again all of them exploded. Doll was a little late getting his away because of the shot, but he got it off just behind the others.

This time there were four Japanese standing when the grenades lit, one of them carrying a light MG. The exploding grenades put three of them down, including the man with the Nambu, and the fourth, thinking better of it, disappeared down a hole. There were now five Japanese down and out of action in the little hollow.

"Go in! Go in!" Gaff cried, and in a moment all of them were on their feet running. No longer did they have to fret and stew, or worry about being brave or being cowardly. Their systems pumped full of adrenaline to constrict the peripheral blood vessels, elevate the blood pressure, make the heart beat more rapidly, and aid coagulation, they were about as near to automatons without courage or cowardice as flesh and blood can get. Numbly, they did the necessary.

The Japanese had shrewdly taken advantage of the terrain to save themselves digging work. Behind the holes into the emplacements themselves was a natural little low area where they could come out and sit in cover when they were not actually being shelled, and it also served as a communication trench between the holes. Now in this hollow the scrawny, bedraggled Japanese rose with rifles, swords and pistols from their holes to meet Gaff and his crew. At least, some of them did. Others stayed in the holes. Three tried to run. Dale shot one and Bell shot another. The third was seen to disappear in a grand broadjump over the edge of the rockface where it fell clear, 60 or 80 feet to the jungle treetops below. He was never seen again and no one ever learned what happened to him. The others came on. And Gaff and his troops, the Captain blowing his whistle shrilly with each exhalation of breath, ran to meet them, in clear view of Baker Company at the ledge until they passed out of sight into the hollow.

Big Un killed five men almost at once. His shotgun blew the first nearly in two and tore enormous chunks out of the second and third. The fourth and fifth, because the gun was bucking itself higher each time he fired, had most of their heads taken off. Swinging the empty shotgun like a baseball bat, Big Un broke the face of a sixth Japanese man just emerging from a hole, then jerked a grenade from his belt, pulled the pin and tossed it down the hole after

him into a medley of voices which ceased in the dull roaring boom of the constricted explosion. While he struggled to unslung the rifle from his back, he was attacked by a screaming officer with a sword. Gaff shot the officer in the belly from the hip, shot him again in the face to be positive after he was down. Bell had killed two men. Charlie Dale had killed two. Doll, who had drawn his pistol, was charged by another screaming officer who shouted "Banzai!" over and over and who ran at him whirling his bright, gleaming sword around his head in the air. Doll shot him through the chest so that in a strange laughable way his legs kept right on running while the rest of him fell down behind them. Then the torso jerked the legs up too and the man hit the ground flat out with a tremendous whack. Doll shot him a second time in the head. Beyond him Witt had shot three men, one of them a huge fat sergeant wielding a black, prewar US Army cavalry saber. Taking the overhead saber cut on the stock of his rifle, cutting it almost to the barrel, Witt had buttstroked him in the jaw. Now he shot him where he lay. Suddenly there was an enormous quiet except for the wailing chatter of three Japanese standing in a row who had dropped their weapons. There had been, they all realized, a great deal of shouting and screaming, but now there was only the moans of the dying and the hurt. Slowly they looked around at each other and discovered the miraculous fact that none of them was killed, or even seriously damaged. Gaff had a knot on his jaw from firing without checking his stock. Bell's helmet had been shot from his head, the round passing through the metal and up and around inside the shell between metal and fiber liner and coming out the back. Bell had an enormous headache. Witt discovered he had splinters in his hand from his busted riflestock, and his arms ached. Dale had a small gash in his shin from the bayonet of a downed and dying Japanese man who had struck at him and whom he subsequently shot. Numbly, they stared at each other. Each had believed devoutly that he would be the only one left alive.

It was clear to everyone that it was Big Un and his shotgun which had won the day, had broken the back of the Japanese fight, and later when they discussed and discussed it, that would remain the consensus. And now in the strange, numb silence — still breathing hard from the fight, as they all were — Big Un, who still had not yet got his rifle unslung, advanced snarling on the three standing Japanese. Taking two by their scrawny necks which his big hands went almost clear around, he shook them back and forth gagging helplessly until their helmets fell off, then grinning savagely began beating their heads together. The cracking sound their skulls

made as they broke was loud in the new, palpable quiet. "F---ing murderers," he told them coldly. "F---ing yellow Jap bastards. Killing helpless prisoners. F---ing murderers. F---ing prisoner killers." When he dropped them as the others simply stood breathing hard and watching, there was no doubt that they were dead, or dying. Blood ran from their noses and their eyes were rolled back white. "That'll teach them to kill prisoners." Big Un announced, glaring at his own guys. He turned to the third, who simply looked at him uncomprehendingly. But Gaff jumped in between them. "We need him. We need him," he said, still gasping and panting. Big Un turned and walked away without a word.

It was then they heard the first shouts from the other side, and remembered they were not the only living. Going to the grassy bank they looked out over and saw the same field they themselves had tried to cross last evening. Coming across it at a run, the platoon from Baker was charging the strongpoint. Back beyond them, in full view from here, the other two platoons of B had left the ledge and were charging uphill, according to Colonel Tall's plan. And below Gaff and his men the first Baker platoon charged on, straight at them, yelling.

Whatever their reason, they were a little late. The fight was already over. Or so everyone thought. Gaff had been blowing his whistle steadily from the moment they first had gone in right up to the end of the fight, and now here came the heroes. Preparing to wave and cheer ironically and hoot derision at their 'rescuers,' Gaff's men were prevented by the sound of a machinegun. Directly below them in one of the apertures, a single MG opened up and began to fire at the Baker Company platoon. As Gaff's men watched incredulously, two Baker Company men went down. Charlie Dale, who was standing nearest to the door of the embrasure which was firing, leaped over with a shocked look on his face and threw a grenade down the hole. The grenade immediately came flying right back out. With strangled yells everyone hit the dirt. Fortunately, the grenade had been thrown too hard and it exploded just as it fell over the lip of the rockface, where the broadjumping Japanese had also disappeared, hurting nobody. The MG below continued to fire.

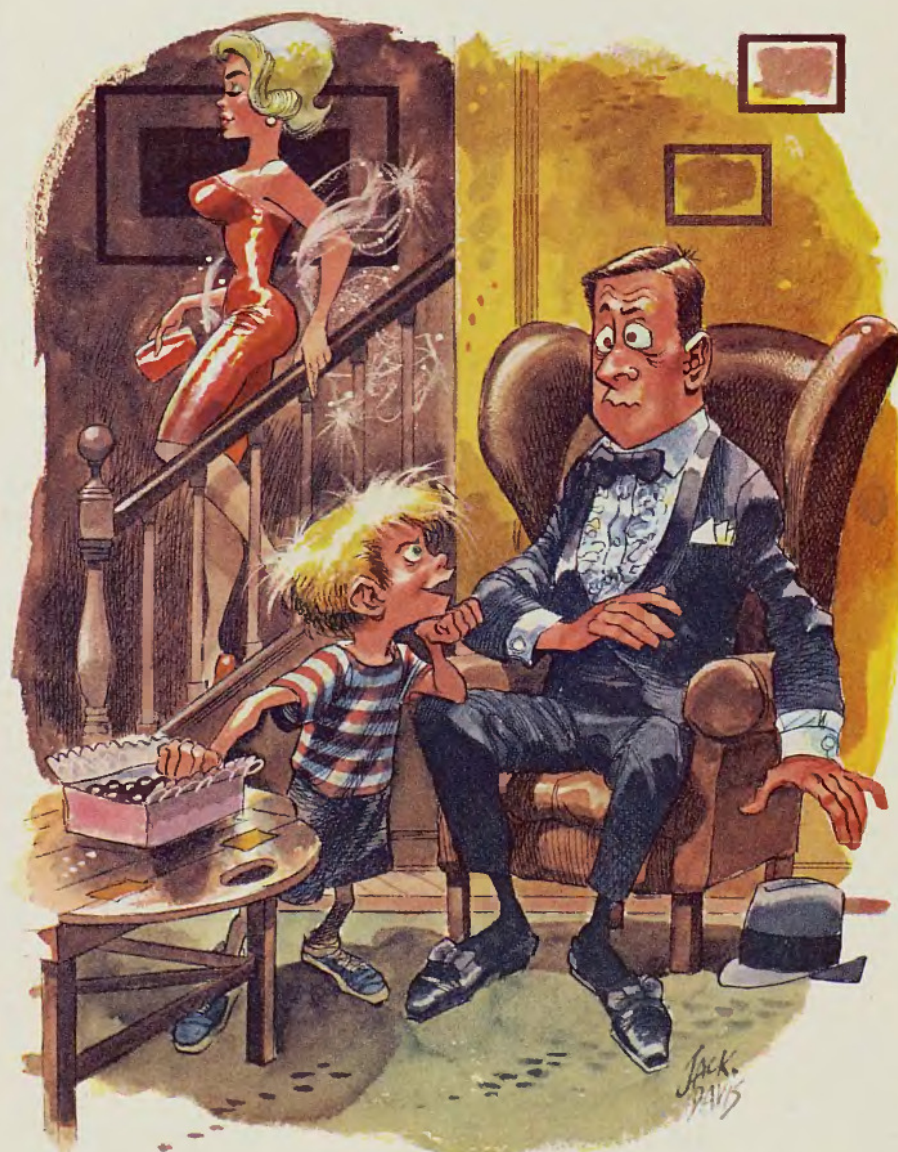
"Look out, you jerk!" Witt cried at Dale, and scrambled to his feet. Pulling the pin on a grenade and holding it with the lever depressed, he grabbed his rifle and ran over to the hole. Leaning around the right side of it, holding his rifle like a pistol in his left hand with the stock pressed against his leg, he began to fire the semi-automatic Garand into the hole. There was a yell from below. Still firing, Witt popped the gre-

nade down the hole and ducked back. He continued to fire to confuse the occupants. Then the grenade blew up with a dull staggering roar, cutting off both the scabble of yells and the MG, which had never stopped firing.

Immediately, others of the little force, without any necessity of orders from Gaff, began bombing out the other four holes using Witt's technique. They bombed them all, whether there was anyone in them or not. Then they called to the Baker Company platoon to come on. Later, four Japanese corpses were found huddled up or stretched out, according to their temperaments, in the small space Witt had bombed. Death had come for them and they had met it, if not particularly bravely, at least with a sense of the inevitable.

So the fight for the strongpoint was over. And without exception something new had happened to all of them. It was apparent in the smiling faces of the Baker Company platoon as they climbed

up over the emplacement leaving five of their guys behind them in the kunai grass. It was apparent in the grinning face of Colonel Tall as he came striding along behind them, bamboo baton in hand. It showed in the savage happiness with which Gaff's group bombed out the empty bunkers using Witt's safety technique: one man firing while another tossed the grenades. Nobody really cared whether there was anyone in them or not. But they hoped there were hundreds. There was a joyous feeling in the safety of killing. They slapped each other on the back and grinned at each other murderously. They had finally, as Colonel Tall was later to tell newsmen and correspondents when they interviewed him, been blooded. They had, as Colonel Tall was later to say, tasted victory. They had become fighting men. They had learned that the enemy, like themselves, was killable; was defeatable.



"Sis must like you — she's wearing her big chest tonight."

Ithaca Field Grade 12 bore, which rattles like a set of cheap castanets, cost about \$28.98 wholesale in 1939, and which dispatches wounded leopards at six feet with the same stolid unconcern that it kills geese at 60 yards.

My two favorite swanky weapons are a pretty plaything called a .244 Magnum, lovingly created by England's Holland & Holland, which powers a pencil-point projectile with a milk bottle full of hand-sifted powder, and a dainty little Lewis 20-gauge, which is as mur-

derous as a mortar, hefts not much more than a pistol, and incidentally belongs to my wife.

So you can see from this preamble that my emotions are more than slightly mixed on the kind and quantity of weapons a man might need in his armory.

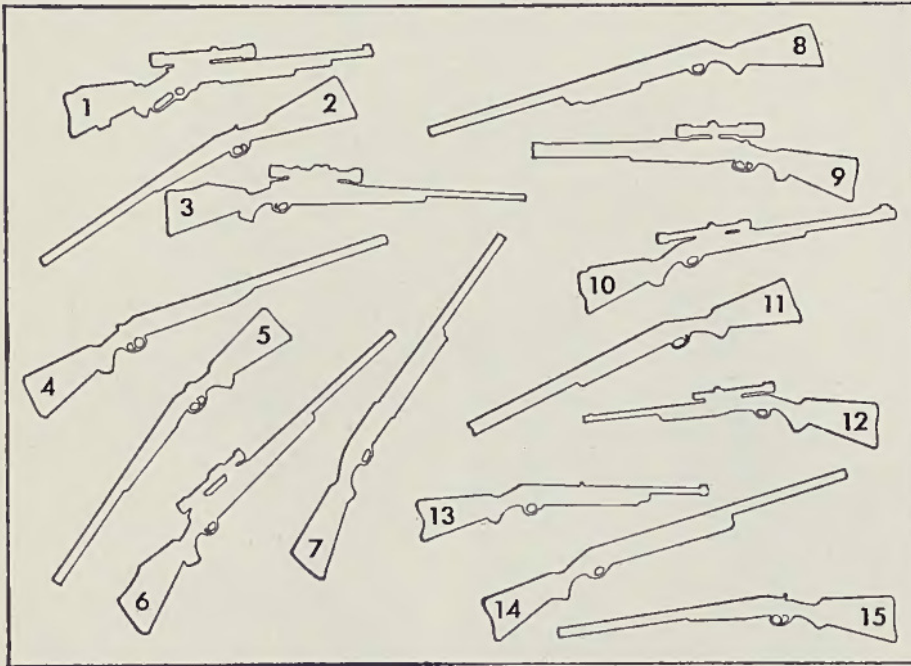
The topic of guns and their usage has always ranked just behind sex and ahead of religion and politics as a source of noisily biased argument when hunters congregate over campfires and especially at bars, and the ramifications and justifi-

cations of personal preference are as myriad and catholic as taste in women. It is possible for one man to spend a lifetime of contentment with one woman, who will serve all his needs and desires. Another gentleman, of more flexible fancy, may be miserable without a harem of fluctuating shapes and sizes and colors, to fit a fleeting whim and a momentary mood as well as a basic function. So it is with weapons. The major difference between guns and women is that there are very few untrustworthy guns.

If you consider that this is an article for a hunter who might be fortunate enough to go on an African safari or an Indian shikar; who might want to shoot an Alaskan brown bear or a Wyoming elk or a Virginia whitetail or a Canadian grizzly or a Connecticut woodchuck; who might wish to vary his bobwhite quail with Vermont grouse and Chesapeake mallard and Louisiana honkers, and in the end might even desire a clean way out of a world that generally displeases him, the choice of weapons is as personal and every bit as whimsical as preferences in clothes and sports cars.

There is no North American game animal that cannot be executed handily with a .30-06, from polar bear to moose, if you're good enough to pop it through the shoulder, hit it in the head or stick one straight down the middle. I have never known a better weapon than Remington's Model 721 for the majority of domestic uses, but on the big bear, brown, polar and grizzly, and even on the heavier noncarnivores like elk and moose, the classic .30-06 is giving away a little weight. Hence, for big-game shooting on any continent but Africa, I'd say the .300 Magnum with a Mauser-type action is about the finest all-round medium weapon made. It is flatter and heavier than the .30-06, and has a most amazing wallop. Winchester's Model 70 is as potent a piece of factory-made machinery as you can buy.

If I were a man whose hunting needs were largely confined to his own gross area, for his annual limit of local deer, but who hoped occasionally to slide over to Canada or Alaska for the bigger bear or moose, I'd settle for the scoped bolt-action .300 Magnum as a basic rifle that's not too big for pronghorn but can extinguish an elk or a grizzly as definitively as anything the best English gunmaker ever turned out. And the advantage of the .300, no matter who makes it, is that if a wealthy aunt's demise or a lucky stroke in the market ever takes the modest hunter to Africa or India, he is already equipped with his basic rifle for anything up to buffalo, rhino and elephant. You can always rent or borrow the heavier stuff from your safari or shikar firm. I shot my way through the entire Indian list once, including three tigers and the biggest split-hoof of them all, the wild ox called gaur, with rented



A select assemblage of arms to meet your hunting needs from upland shoot to African safari: **1.** Saddle rifle with 4X scope, .30-30 caliber, American walnut stock, by Marlin Arms, \$134.95. **2.** Side-by-side double-barrel Purdey shotgun, 20 gauge, with hand-rubbed oil finish, French walnut stock, straight grip, checkered butt, from Abercrombie & Fitch, \$2175. **3.** Mark V rifle, 300 magnum, custom action, with 2X to 7X scope, Buehler mount, custom California mesquite stock, gold inlay and engraving, by Weatherby, \$1153.75 (without gold inlay, engraving and scope, \$397). **4.** Side-by-side double-barrel wild-fowl shotgun, 10-gauge magnum, French walnut stock with hand-checkered pistol grip, rubber recoil pad and silver initial plate, from Continental Arms Corp., \$425 (less-ornate models at \$295 and \$395). **5.** Side-by-side double-barrel shotgun, 12 gauge, Anson action, hand engraved, select Circassian walnut stock, by Ferlach, \$250. **6.** African bolt-action rifle, 460 magnum, California mesquite stock, 2¾ in. by 90X scope with Buehler mount, by Weatherby, \$598.75. **7.** Semi-automatic Winlite shotgun, 12 gauge, Model 59, with ultralight fiber glass and steel barrel, American walnut stock, by Winchester, \$149.95. **8.** Pump-action shotgun, 12 gauge, beavertail forearm, walnut stock, hand engraved, gold inlay, recoil pad, by Ithaca, \$2500. **9.** Over-and-under rifle, 458 magnum, Holland & Holland action, hand engraved, selected Circassian walnut stock, cheek piece, Hinsoldt 1½ in. by 6X scope with claw-type mount, by Ferlach, \$950. **10.** Semiautomatic 22 caliber long rifle, with American walnut stock, 4X scope, by Marlin Arms Co., \$59. **11.** Custom grade Superposed over-and-under shotgun, 20 gauge, inlay with 18K gold, hand engraved, matched walnut stock forearm, by Browning Arms Co., \$2000 (without inlay and engraving, \$315). **12.** Ultralightweight 22 caliber long rifle, with Weaver barrel-mounted J2.5 scope, walnut stock, by Browning Arms Co., \$109.50. **13.** Deer-stalker corbine, 44 magnum, oil finished, American walnut stock, by Sturm, Ruger & Co., Inc., \$108. **14.** Semiautomatic shotgun, 12-gauge magnum, with ventilated rib, walnut stock, by Remington Arms, \$174.25. **15.** Double-barrel side-by-side knockabout shotgun, 12 gauge, with walnut stock, noneplate, from Abercrombie & Fitch, \$150.

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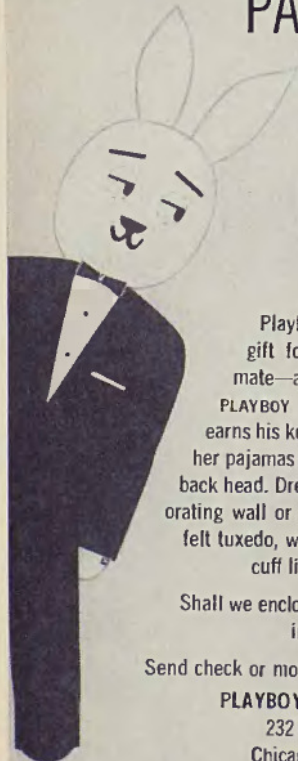
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guns, and was not unduly pained.

Saying you could only afford one medium rifle, the .300 wins the argument, but it's a mite mighty for the tenderer game. A second rifle, particularly for brush shooting, might well be the time-rubbed .30-30 or .32 Special Winchester, with iron sights, rabbit-ear or peep, according to preference. The old lever-action has probably accounted for more deer than any other single weapon for the last 60 years or so. It's the fabled gun of the hairy West, and has always been the wee-pon that the cowboy stuck in his saddle scabbard, whether he was out for antelopes, Injuns or cattle rustlers. The carbines shoot straight, if not so very far, and if you know your gun—well, J. Frank Dobie, the old Western writer, took the head off a turkey at 200-plus yards with a .30-30 that's nearly as old as he is, just this last year in Texas. Of course, he had to figure the ballistic lob a little, but you can quite often do that with the aid of bourbon whiskey.

The indispensable second rifle, however, without which no larger-calibered weapon is complete, is the good, workaday .22 long rifle. No real difference who makes it—any of the Americans, English, Germans, Czechs, Italians—and whether it is motivated by bolt, lever or automatic action is a matter of personal preference. When I say a "good" .22, I don't mean one of the Hornets or Swifts or the other hyperglandular guns that pulverize little stuff or break up on the outside of tougher game, and that travel at such speed that a twig or a stout stalk of grass will explode the bullet.

The .22 rimfire is indispensable to the big-game hunter because the spit of a .22 makes no more noise than a snapped stick, making it invaluable as a meat gun and particularly priceless for finishing off wounded animals without rousing the neighborhood. Equipped with a six-power or a variable-powered scope, it kills birds you can't reach with a shotgun, and animals so large that it will amaze you. Using a .22 on anything larger than a dik-dik is illegal in Africa, but to my certain knowledge leopard, lion, and at least one near-champion lesser kudu have been killed with an ordinary rimfire .22. My professional friend Selby, who admittedly is a fantastic shot, often killed eland (the world's largest antelope, bigger than a Brahma steer) with the .22 when he was a kid living on the family farm outside Nanyuki in Kenya. Of course, he shot the eland in the head.

On scopes in general, the thumb rule is lesser magnification for longer ranges, because the slightest error on the trigger end increases missing-margin as the range lengthens. For this reason you would not want much more than four power on a heavier gun with a reasonably stout recoil, but you can take a magnification up to six or eight power



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on the little .22, whose effective range is not going to be much over a hundred yards, but whose target is apt to be so small that it can stand all the magnification the law allows. We don't make any *bad* scopes in America — Lyman, Weaver, Bausch & Lomb and all the others turn out fine examples, with fancy adjustable, varipowered models to taste.

We've mentioned the old-timey carbine as a second medium rifle. But if I were living in a country that ran high on hills, with little opportunity for jumpshooting that would warrant a fast-action brush gun, I would certainly scrap the carbine in favor of a reasonably new weapon, the .243 Magnum as made by Winchester, or better, an even newer rifle, the .244 Magnum as produced by Remington over here and by Holland & Holland in England. For extremely long shooting with maximum accuracy, I've never seen the beat of these little assassins.

We tuck the .243 and .244 in with the scopes because these rifles are really an extension of the scope, rather than the other way around. These are the guns with which one shoots from a very steady rest at extremely long ranges with utmost magnification at hard-to-approach game on the other side of the valley, with no bush intervening to bust up the bullet. These are the guns for the dim-distant mountain goat or crag-perching sheep or the scary pronghorn on an open plain, when close stalking is impossible.

I used the .244, which flings a tiny 100-grain bullet from a .300-Magnum case, the first time during the last couple of years, and found a whole fresh concept of shooting. Developing a muzzle velocity of 3500 feet per second, in that thin African air it was dead flat at 500 yards, and so fast that you could almost forget about leads on running stuff. With a wide-open scope (Bausch & Lomb Balvar 2½ x 8 power), a pro named

Ken Jespersen and I played a sort of pool — calling right or left *eye* — when we were shooting zebra for hides and camp meat, at distances up to 415 measured yards. I also saw Harry Selby fatally puncture one Thomson's gazelle, not much bigger than a fox terrier, at 700 yards, just by holding a little high. We shot all the big, tough antelopes like topi and kongoni, and they went over pole-axed. We shot Grévy's zebra — a Grévy is as big as a Percheron stallion — stone dead with one bullet. I knocked a leopard a good 12 feet off a limb, and collected him in a crumpled heap at the bottom of his tree. Any leopard man will tell you that the average leopard, even heart-shot with a heavier rifle, will usually travel a hundred yards or so before you pick him up, and even then he might have a little scratch left in his claws.

With a minimum two, and hopefully three, rifles as a base, we outfit our modest hunter with two shotguns. First would be an automatic 12 bore for heavy work with lead-carrying birds such as duck, geese and turkey — in brief, for sedentary shooting where the opportunity for action comes in sudden infrequent flurries warranting fast fire power. Perhaps some people still fancy the pump gun; I can see little reason for a pump action unless you are hopelessly old-fashioned and arrogantly skillful with the trombone style of shooting — not when you can get off the same three shots by pulling the trigger three times without wrecking the rhythm of your swing. I specify 12 gauge only because ducks and geese fly high and tote shot, and a turkey comes seldom to a blind. I know one man who consistently shoots the heads off turkeys and kills ducks and geese with a .410, but he is a Texan, and Texans are not as other people.

But I would recommend a 20-bore double for rough shooting upland, because of its comparative lightness and

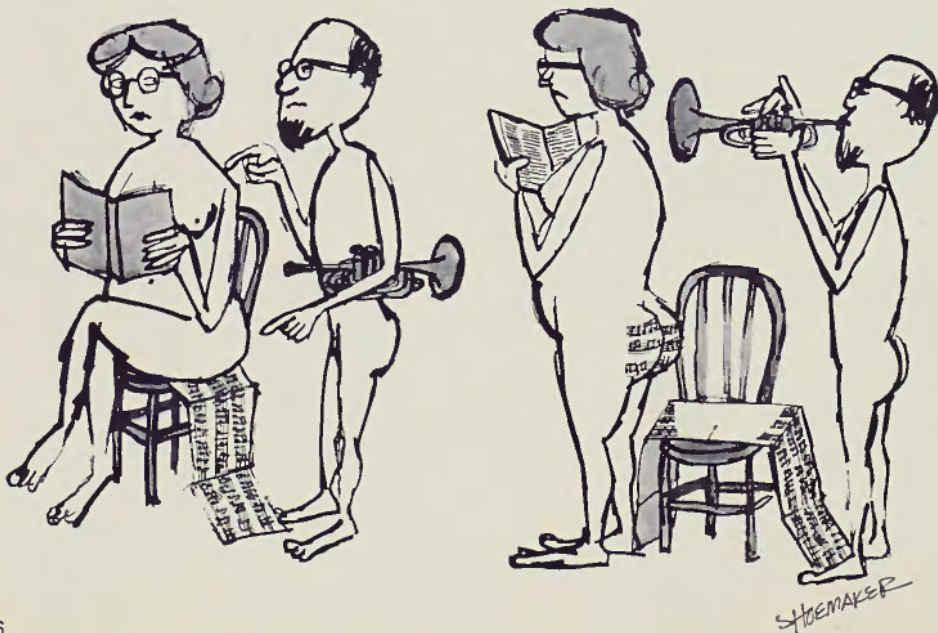
speed of handling, also bearing in mind that anything you shoot over a dog in the woods is apt to flush within easy range and will be out of sight (and range) by the time you've tripped off two shots.

You can make it on one shotgun, of course, with a spare set of barrels for high waterfowl shooting, and if you have to do it without the extra barrels, 28 inches is the all-purpose acceptable length. Thirty is preferred by a great many people for the reach-out gun, and 26 inches is the best for shooting swift stuff like quail and grouse over dogs, because of the faster pattern spread. There are choke-adapters as well to screw onto your automatic or pump, if you must be a one-gun, one-set-of-barrels hunter, but I don't subscribe to any all-purpose weapon. Like any other compromise, it sacrifices precise performance for loose usage.

There is no advantage of single-barrel over double, of side-by-side compared to over-and-under. I grew up with those two fat side-by-side tubes under my nose, and so could not hit the bull in the brisket with an automatic, a pump, or even an over-and-under. The latter, to me, is just another single-barreled gun that's risen above its station. But it's all a matter of personal preference, and I know some gentlemen, including myself, who really do *not* prefer blondes.

As a youngster in Carolina we were very short on rifles — in the sandspur and green swamp country you shoot deer and even bear with buckshot — but there was always a passel of shotguns around the house. I naturally and greedily formed the habit of taking two double-barreled shotguns into the duck or goose blind with me. It was not until I was a man grown and suddenly accidentally affluent enough to find myself on a Scottish grouse-moor that I learned that the toffs always shot matched pairs of doubles, and that anybody who showed up in a butt with an automatic would have been drummed out of the jolly old Highlands. What I do recall, vividly and with great pride, is squatting in a cornfield one day about 30 years ago with two rusty old 12s that were almost as long as I was tall. A great flock of geese came in off the water to raid the corn and I downed two coming with one gun, grabbed the other and clobbered two more going away. All of a sudden the air was full of falling geese, and I was the richest kid in the area of Cape Hatteras. Much later on, I shot three Bengal tigers in 10 days, but they didn't pack the same emotional wallop as those four Canucks tumbling out of the air to hit with a feathery crash on that frozen ground.

The American shotgunner is not so much a matched-pair man as the European, largely because of the availability and types of wildfowl, not to mention



something nasty called a legal limit. But in shooting driven birds, or released birds, the matched pair of doubles is the difference between going first class and not going at all.

Stoeger's *Shooter's Bible* is mouth-wateringly full of tempting rillery from the houses of Winchester, Remington, Marlin, et al., and the better gun shops are crammed with bargains in fine secondhand tailor-mades from Britain, Germany and Spain. But if I were splurging a mite on the armory, for largely domestic use, I would plunge on the shotgun side and buy myself a couple of tailor-mades. A shotgun should really fit the shooter, since you swing it instead of aim it, which means it should be stocked to measure. I would say that the English are all by themselves in the custom shotgun business — Purdey, Greener, Churchill, Lewis and Holland are some of the good old names — if only because of the lovely grace of their guns.

The best-grade American factory weapon looks as if it had been gnawed out of a log by a singularly untalented beaver when stacked alongside an English custom shotgun (not too surprising in view of the price differential), but people like Winchester and Browning turn out some magnificent custom weapons that fire perfect patterns and will beat the Russians to the moon with some of the stouter magnum loads. Not long ago Winchester launched a new automatic made of fiberglass wrapped around a steel tube, with aluminum moving parts, which is about a pound and a half lighter than the old all-steel. I have never fired a glass gun, but the Winchesters say their Model 59 is stronger than steel, and kicks little despite its lightness. No detectable reaction has been observed from London, where they still make featherweight shotguns by hand, from steel.

Half the fun of hunting is to have the right gun for the right game, and jet aircraft today has made exotic hunting pretty practical in terms of time and money for the hunter who, a very few years ago, might never have dreamed of shooting a tiger or seeing an elephant. This hopeful gentleman can go completely mad when he considers the choice of weapons the various manufacturers hurl at him.

He would now begin to fret about the merits of the double express rifle as opposed to the heavy magaziner, the medium-heavy magaziner, the medium magaziner, the light-medium magaziner, the light magaziner, the whole range of fanciful playthings. I can save him a lot of time by telling him to add a Winchester .375 Magnum to his .300 Magnum, his .244 or .243 and his .22 long rifle, and he is in business for anything that roars, trumpets, bellows or merely snorts. If this is oversimplifica-

tion, shoot me — but preferably not with the .375. It is not a people gun.

I favor the double rifle for close work on wounded big, surly beasts such as elephant, buffalo and rhino in thick bush, where maneuverability is everything, and bullet weight counts. The double is closer to being foolproof than any other rifle, since there is no bolt to hang up on you, and you can certainly get off two shots — boom! boom! — faster in the rough direction of something large and nasty that suddenly blurts at you from six feet with only one thing in mind. But unless you are a professional — or at least a semiprofessional big-game hunter — the chances are you will not find yourself chasing up wounded dangerous game in dense thickets of thorn. Your hunter most likely won't let you play at that business, because he can't risk *his* reputation by having *you* killed.

One major disadvantage of the classic double is that it is largely useless at ranges over a hundred yards, since the two side-by-side barrels are constructed to converge their bullets at that distance, and after convergence the bullets continue on in radically independent directions. As big game grows scarcer and wilder, it quite often is not possible to approach within a hundred yards of a good trophy rhino, buffalo or elephant. This makes your double a terribly dicey proposition, because the heavy bullet falls like a thrown baseball after it passes its limit of convergence, and you are shooting strictly by guess and by God.

Another disadvantage of the double is its prohibitive price if bought new. A first-quality, custom-built English double will sting you for about \$2500, without too much fancy gold engraving. Few people have them built anymore; you can pick up good secondhand doubles at gunshops such as Abercrombie & Fitch or through the weapons catalogs. On used doubles, the maker's signature of Holland & Holland, Purdey, Westley-Richards, Jeffery, Merkel Bros. or J. Springer of Vienna is an approximation of Tiffany for quality. The stubby, relatively light Jeffery .450/400 with which I bagged my last two elephants cost me just \$500, and I never owned a straighter shooting gun — for 100 yards.

The double is purely an insurance gun for people who like shotgun action for fast snaphooting at charging or running game. I wouldn't be caught dead in the bush without one, but a man like Selby, for instance, won't use one. Selby would rather go into the thickets naked with a dull knife than without his unscoped long-barreled Rigby .416 magaziner, which in his hands achieves the perfection of radar and the penetration of an antitank gun. The .416 is generally accorded to be the punchiest bolt-action weapon made by anybody. Its penetrative powers are only exceeded by



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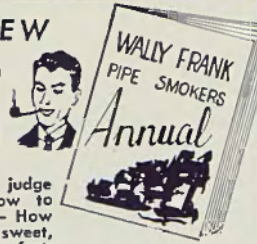
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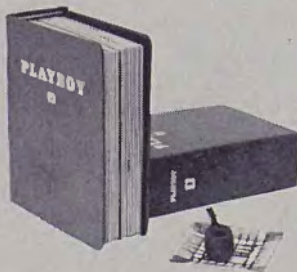
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the Westley-Richards .318 (man named Tony Henley shot an elephant in one end with a .318, and the bullet came out of the other end), but the .318 can't touch the .416 as a slugger. I have a .318 myself, a beautiful weapon, and can't hit anything with it. I do much better with the old .30-06, or with the .375 or .300 Magnum.

The closest thing to a heavy magazine rifle factory-built by Americans is Winchester's brawling .458, which is far too much gun for anything on this continent. In that weight I'd personally want my heavy load propelled by a double.

Invariably when a man goes progressively mad with gun fever, he gets involved with hair triggers. One time I was forced to borrow some rifles, and they all had hair triggers. For the first and only time in my life I heard guns going off before I was ready to shoot. What's worse, I got addled and managed to gut-shoot a leopard—the only one I ever wounded in a dozen years—and spent the nastiest hour I can remember since the war crawling around in a dark Kenya swamp where you couldn't see an elephant, much less a leopard, two feet ahead of you. Fortunately the leopard was dead when we found him, and the whole horrible mess made 60,000 words of useful fiction, but as a rule I prefer to invent my own fictional devices. You can carry research too far.

I suppose by now you're wondering what sort of armament I'm rodded up with, and the answer is simply: too much.

I am witless in a secondhand gun shop, and quite often wind up with toys such as the last Rigby .275 with which the fabled Karamojo Bell used to shoot bull elephant in the earhole. I am like Ado Annie in my ability to say no to a beautiful bargain—usually after a martini lunch—in the musty back room of the frightfully genteel shops that traffic in vintage firearms. The result is that I have weapons scattered pretty well around the globe, and most of them have become the tacit property of their keepers.

But I did tick off the arsenal on my last safari, and found from left to right in the rack: a .30-06 Remington; Bell's old .275 Mauser-action Rigby; the .244 H. & H. Magnum; the Jeffery double; the 20-gauge Lewis shotgun; a 12-gauge Webley & Scott double; the ancient Ithaca 12; Selby's .416 Rigby; a .375 Winchester Magnum; a .243 Winchester Magnum; and a Czech Brno .22 long rifle.

Missing were a brace of Spanish doubles, now residing in Mexico or Texas; a matched pair of English 12s, now in Spain; a Marlin .30-30 which lives in Japan; another .375, lent to a friend on safari; the .318, safely stored with the Kenya police; and the .300 Magnum, in the gunshop for rebluing and refinishing.

Perhaps we didn't need all this

hardware, but we used everything we had along for its specialized purpose (with the exception of the Bell gun, which we merely lug for luck). An example: My best buff was collected just before dark on the last day in the Masai country. He was a herd bull, a 48-incher, and the day was so dark you could barely make him out with the naked eye, milling as he was in a mob of perhaps 200 other buffalo. There was no hope of getting closer than about 250 yards, so I discarded my double and reached for the scoped .375 magaziner. He came out large and clear in the scope and you could hear the first two bullets whistle as they passed clean through his shoulders. I was able to stick two more into him as he lumbered away. I wouldn't have been able to see him, much less shoot him, with the double.

The bull lugged four of my slugs and two of Selby's .416s into very tough, dense bush with him, with night falling with appalling swiftness. When we dived into the baleful black thorn—the Kenya Game Department takes a very misty view of professionals who don't follow up wounded animals and I am classed as at least a semipro—I had switched again to the short double.

No heroics intrude here. We spotted him standing, mean and sick, waiting for us. Selby stuck one up his nose with the .416, and he went over. But he kept getting up at a range of about four feet and I was very pleased to be wearing my big-mouthed double. It's a great gun for hipshooting.

We used the shotguns on huge flights of sand grouse and picked off distant guineas with the .22. Both the .30-06 and the .244 were used on leopard. I got close enough to a big trophy elephant to down him with the .450/400. We finished everything that needed a bullet in the brain with the .22, and shot camp meat with the .243, collecting hides with the .244. Selby killed a long-distance buffalo for his own collection with one shot from the .375. Altogether we figured we didn't have too many guns.

There is very little in the way of luxury a man may buy for himself, unless he fancies yachts, foppish jewelry, a redundancy of automobiles or a stable of ladyfriends. A battery of good weapons has a decided advantage over both women and yachts; the initial payment is less, they don't need so much constant care, don't fall out of fashion so fast, and have a definitely more dependable trade-in value. This I keep telling myself every time I succumb to another fancy piece of weaponry and hate myself in the morning.

But the way I see it, a man can't have too many guns. For a gun nut too much is never a sufficiency, and if it's status symbols you seek, I'd look silly as hell in a mink coat.



FASHION FORECAST

(continued from page 93)

muted-pattern suits with matching and contrasting waistcoats—some reversibles (plain and patterned), others in sweaterlike double-knit jersey with silk backs. Natural-shoulder styles will dominate both Ivy and English models, but a few of the new country squire suits will include detailing for the unreconstructed anglophile: hacking pockets, lap seams, tapered waistlines, full jacket bottoms, wider lapels and veddy British collar tabs; and coordinated trousers may sport deep cuffs, extra-wide belt loops and quarter-top pockets. We prefer these suits with the hunting-lodge heartiness of a beefy tweed, hopsack, suede or Shetland in earthy shades of brown ranging from warm heather to black coffee.

The same studied informality will set the understated tone in sports jackets as classic Ivy styles acquire a landed gentry look with the incorporation of such British-inspired detailing as suede elbow patches, inverted front and back pleats, leather or metal buttons, belted backs and military-type pointed pocket flaps. Nappy tweeds, alpacas, Shetlands, chevrons and hopsacks—along with a smattering of smooth hecksuedes and cashmeres—remain the top-drawer choice in muted stripes, checks, plaids and herringbones of deep blue, brown, gray, olive and multicolor mixtures. In milder latitudes, lightweight Dacron-wools and worsteds will be the favored fabrics in the same subtle shades and patterns. Except in the Deep South and Far West, where white rules as the year-round favorite in formal wear, the dinner-jacket drill dictates unimpeachable black—tastefully contemporized with peaked lapels, satin facing and trim, and elegantly enlivened with figured vests of lush fabrics as a venture-some alternative to the traditional black cummerbund. At the other end of the social spectrum, blazers will be playing a significant supporting role in both single-breasted styles (some with Continental one-button fronts) and double-breasted yachting versions updated with side vents, trim lapels and rococo linings. A few trailblazers will be racking up far-out fashion mileage with bold burgundy red and black in pin-stripe and compound-color combinations; but most models, mirroring the muted mood of suits and sports coats, will be making their presence quietly felt in solid blacks, grays and classic navy.

The trim new line of trousers for tie-and-jacket wear will be neatly pleatless, Continentally cuffless and conventionally tailored with belt loops and vertical side pockets. Casual slacks will be striding on the scene mainly with extension waist-

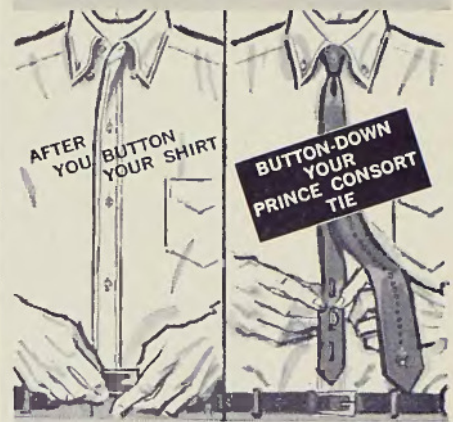
bands and quarter-cut pocket treatments. Offbeat and orthodox styles alike will be worn in the same subdued patterns (solids, stripes, checks, plaids) and shades (gray, black, brown, olive) that promise to predominate in suit and jacket wear; and in crease-holding weaves of flannel, hopsack, whipcord, sharkskin and reverse-twist worsteds that warm but don't weigh.

Belts for dress and sportswear will be a cinch to win favor in a strapping assortment of ruggedly masculine models. Classic black and brown in pigskin and cowhide will remain the stylish *sine qua non* of the wardrobe, but such swarthy leathers as boar and elephant hide are expected to become fair game in safari shades of natural gray and brown—rough-and-ready for coordination with the earthy pigmentation of the new slacks and sports coats. Even more sportive inclinations can be indulged with elasticized nylon and hopsacking belts in varicolored stripes, solids, madras, batiks, paisleys, madders and blanket plaids. Leather-and-fabric models—most notably stretch hems with harness-leather fronts—will be notching up a fashion coup in combination with the new country suits. Fancy monograms and Chinese-puzzle fastenings, happily, will be scrapped as belts buckle down with impeccably unadorned designs in brass, gold and silver.

Breaking boldly with conservative tradition, business shirts will be less decorous and more decorative than at any time since the esthetically abandoned Twenties. With bodies tapered two to four inches for a trimmer fit, oxford and broadcloth models in regulation coat styles and pullovers with half-button fronts—convertibly cuffed and equally acceptable with buttondown and snap-tab collars—will be trooping the colors in solid tones and renescent regimental stripes. Cobalts, cocoas, saffrons, cinnamons and even iconoclastic scarlet will be showing up both as rich grounds with white hairlines and as pinstriped patterns on fields of white. Another audacious old-timer, the patterned business shirt with plain white spread collar, will be reappearing in an assortment of plaids, checks and barber stripes, along with a turnabout variation on the same theme: white shirt with colored collar. Most effective in combinations of gray-white and black-white, this resurgent style will be worn to best advantage with gray flannel suits and solid-toned ties.

For general city wear, stripes will be eclipsing solids in ties as well as in shirts. As a colorful counterpoint for the cool hues of the new suits, slacks and jackets, outspoken reps and regimentals in two-tone blends of blue and brown, buff and olive, and crimson with black or green—some square-ended for neat-

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er knots and looks—will be adorning the necks of the knowledgeable in wider dimensions (2–2½ inches) than the ultraslims of recent vintage. Understated polka-dots, underknits and classic motifs, meanwhile, will remain *de rigueur* for more formal functions. A small but no less essential accessory on such occasions, cuff links can often make the difference not only between propriety and pretension, but, more subtly, between mere correctness and true distinction in dress. Wrought of gold or silver, the key links for this season will be classically unembellished in shape and pattern: simple designs for unimpeachable wear with Ivy suits and jackets; set with small semiprecious stones such as onyx, jade and hematite to complement Continental garb.

The sport-shirt scene promises to be a compatible marriage of tradition and trailblazing. Conventional spread-collar button fronts will prevail over pullovers in bold circus stripes, dark solids, batiks, foulard prints and muted madras plaids ranging from warm ochers to cool azures in lightweight hopsack, chambray, denim and broadcloth; and in burly weaves of corduroy, sueded cotton, burlap, hopsack oxford, cotton gabardine and basket-woven wools with a hefty outdoor look. Long-sleeved knit pullovers will be making themselves comfortably felt in forthright solid tones and regimental stripes. But the big news in topwear is the unexpected emergence of the lowly sweat shirt as an eminently presentable stand-in for the sturdy sweater. Restyled in mid- and fullweight wool mixtures with such outerwear detailing as crew necks, contrasting-colored piping, drawstring hoods and raglan sleeves—and with such whimsical silk-screen motifs as the busts of Beethoven, Bach, Brahms for three-B buffs—these erstwhile athletic warmers are making a sizable social splash in college classrooms and gridiron grandstands alike.

Upbeat classics and offbeat departures will be weaving a wild and wooly yarn in sweaterwear. Standard pullovers (in crew-, boat-, V- and resurgent turtle-necks) will be overthrown as the ruling fashion by a lightweight brigade of bright new cardigans. Traditional V-necks with six or seven buttons will be joined by low-buttoned golfing models of hip-length alpaca or chain-link knit in block-panel patterns running from shoulder to waistband; by novel double-knit jersey jacket-sweaters cut like a sports coat; by conservative styles with saddle shoulders and suede elbow patches; and by military-academy-type tailored ski sweaters with piped zipper fronts and trim West Point collars. Shaggy shetlands, alpacas and double-knit Orlon-wools will dominate the slopes in a polychrome assort-

ment of ski-worthy argyles, abstracts, stripes and Scandinavians—most handsomely in burnt oranges, fire-engine red and combinations of black and white.

Doubletalk: that's the inside word on outerwear. In a welcome revival of the Thirties' classic suit style, topcoats will be circulating socially with an exclusive coaterie of double-breasted models: velvet-collared Chesterfields, camel's-hair polo coats, jaunty belted versions with deep top-to-bottom back pleats, and casual split raglans with the proverbial belt in the back. Single-breasteds will be making the alfresco scene with tweedy British warmers in smart three-quarter lengths, and perennially popular balmacaans in both full-cut and slimmed-down fly-front interpretations. Light, medium and full-weight chevots, hopsackings, wool blends and gabardine twill will be the stuff these coats are made of—chiefly in soft straw shades quietly complemented by a solid-color palette of olives, charcoals, chocolates and gray-browns. Casual outerwear will be making the sea-and-ski scene in a wide-open range of ruggedly functional styles: stanch stadium-, car- and surcoats in hip- and three-quarter lengths, variously accoutered with drop shoulders, shawl collars and pockets in patch, flap, slash and zipper treatments; hip-length Navy pea coats with double-breasted fronts, brass buttons, single vents, flapped side pockets and slash breast pockets; revived convoy-type warmers with rope-and-horn closures, welted yokes and visible stitching; and versatile reversibles in golf-jacket and parka lengths, usually with low-key solid tones on one side and bold plaids or checks on the other. In tastefully subdued natural browns, dove gray, tan, olive, black and navy, they'll be venturing out in extra-warm, super-light loden cloths, nylons, wool-Orlons, mackinaw-look wools, beefy corduroys, suedes, shearlings, and even such exotica as caribou hide.

Wetwear will be braving the elements in autumnal plaids, stripes and solid tones of navy, black, brown and olive (some in iridescent tints), as well as classic tan, buff and putty—mostly in models with brightly patterned zip-in linings of wool-Orlon or laminates (some trimmed in suede or leather) for maximizing comfort in any clime. In weather-proofed wools and tweeds, sleek gabardines and durable featherweight cotton mixtures, this fall's foul-weather friends will include tailored double-breasted coats in abbreviated knee lengths; and fly-front models—both traditional and modified with such details as back pleats, Continental yokes and button-off back belts. And in a long-awaited comeback, the familiar private-eye trench coat—complete with double-

breasted front, belted waist, flaring lapels, gun flaps and shoulder straps—will be in again.

The new show of handwear will be functionally customized for town and country. Business and evening styles will be handsomely on hand in black, chestnut and natural tones of hand-sewn calf-, pig- and lambskin; and in natural shades of gray and brown-gray suede and doe-skin trimmed with special stitching and self-braid. Gloves for casual wear will be glad-handing outdoor guys in teal-toned and navy stretch knits, some with leather palms and wrist straps; and in action-keyed ski styles of soft but sturdy leather with elastic wristbands, rugged stitching and sewn-in leather knuckle reinforcements. Inside tip: a fresh new look in linings is aborning as furlike synthetic shearlings show up in mocha and cape-skin gloves; luxurious lightweight silks and nylons in calf- and pigskin models; and a snug knit inner glove to be worn hand-in-glove with regulation leathers.

Shoewear will be stepping lively in standard loafers, laced plain-toes, modified wing tips and classic brogues—retaining the Continental influence of past seasons with trim shapes, supple leathers, hand-stitched detailing and cushioned insoles. With renewed interest in rich earth tones for slacks and suiting, mochas, cocoas and bittersweet chocolates (in lightweight cordovans, calfskins, suedes and pebbled pigskins) should pull close to front-running black as the shoe-in favorite. Fashionable foot-note: look for a boom in boots as a footloose coordinate for informal attire. Getting a boot out of the higher cuffline in slacks, venturesome males will be kicking up their heels in ultracomfortable gauchos, deserts and chukkas of muted gray, brown and olive suede; and in boot-look plain-toes of cordovan or pigskin in brown and black models equally appropriate for informal urban or suburban wear.

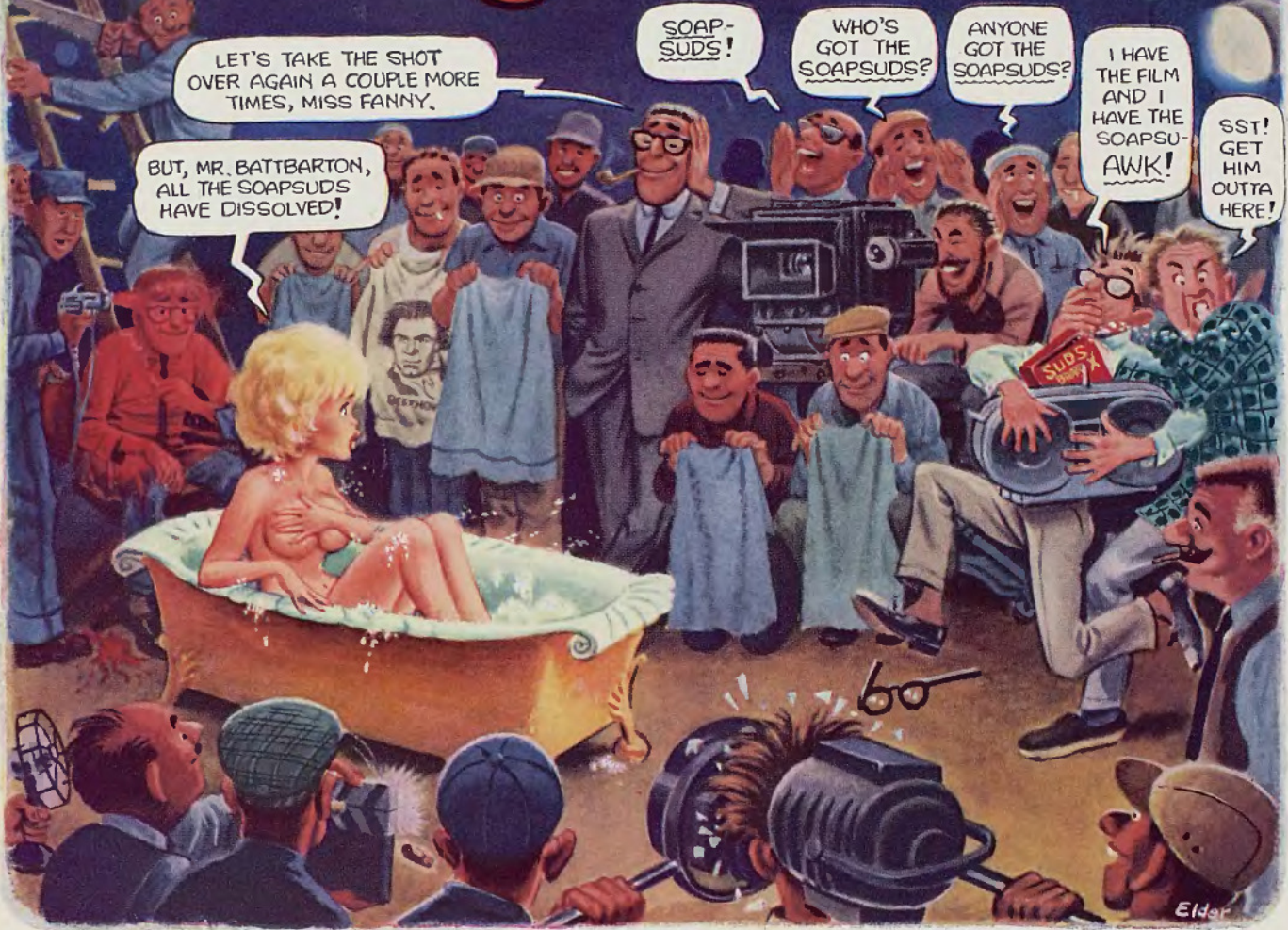
Topping off our rundown of upcoming fashions, headgear will be high and handsome but far from wide. Ultranarrow brims, high crowns, pinch fronts and tapered bodies will be setting a suave style in dresswear with charcoal shades of gray, olive and brown felt. Active and armchair sportsmen will be flipping last year's lids for the new crop of nubby tweed sports-car caps; stretch-knit ski hats in unflinching solids, stripes and earthy compound colors; rakish Russian styles with fur trim and linings; and jaunty Tyroleans in rich camel tones, olives, blacks and grays or smooth- and shaggy-textured velour with braided leather and pheasant-feather bands—all apt cappers for our semi-annual forecast of the last and latest word in fashion for guys with the gift of garb.



Little Annie Fanny

By HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILLY ELDER

ON MADISON AVENUE, WHERE THE SOAP HUCKSTER DONS A GRAY FLANNEL SUIT, OUR LITTLE ANNIE TAKES ONE OFF...



LET'S TAKE THE SHOT OVER AGAIN A COUPLE MORE TIMES, MISS FANNY.

BUT, MR. BATTBARTON, ALL THE SOAPSUDS HAVE DISSOLVED!

SOAP-SUDS!

WHO'S GOT THE SOAPSUDS?

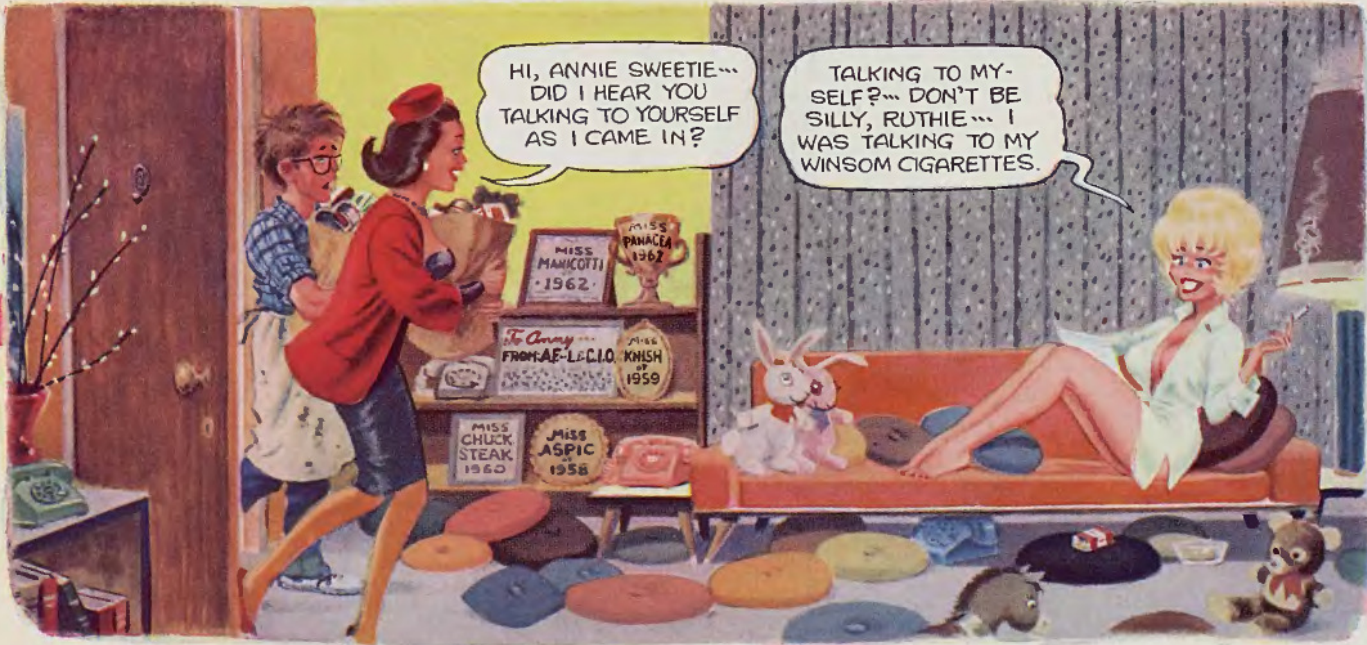
ANYONE GOT THE SOAPSUDS?

I HAVE THE FILM AND I HAVE THE SOAPSU-AWK!

SST! GET HIM OUTTA HERE!

60

Elder



HI, ANNIE SWEETIE... DID I HEAR YOU TALKING TO YOURSELF AS I CAME IN?

TALKING TO MYSELF?... DON'T BE SILLY, RUTHIE... I WAS TALKING TO MY WINSOM CIGARETTES.

MISS MANICOTTI 1962

MISS PANACEA 1962

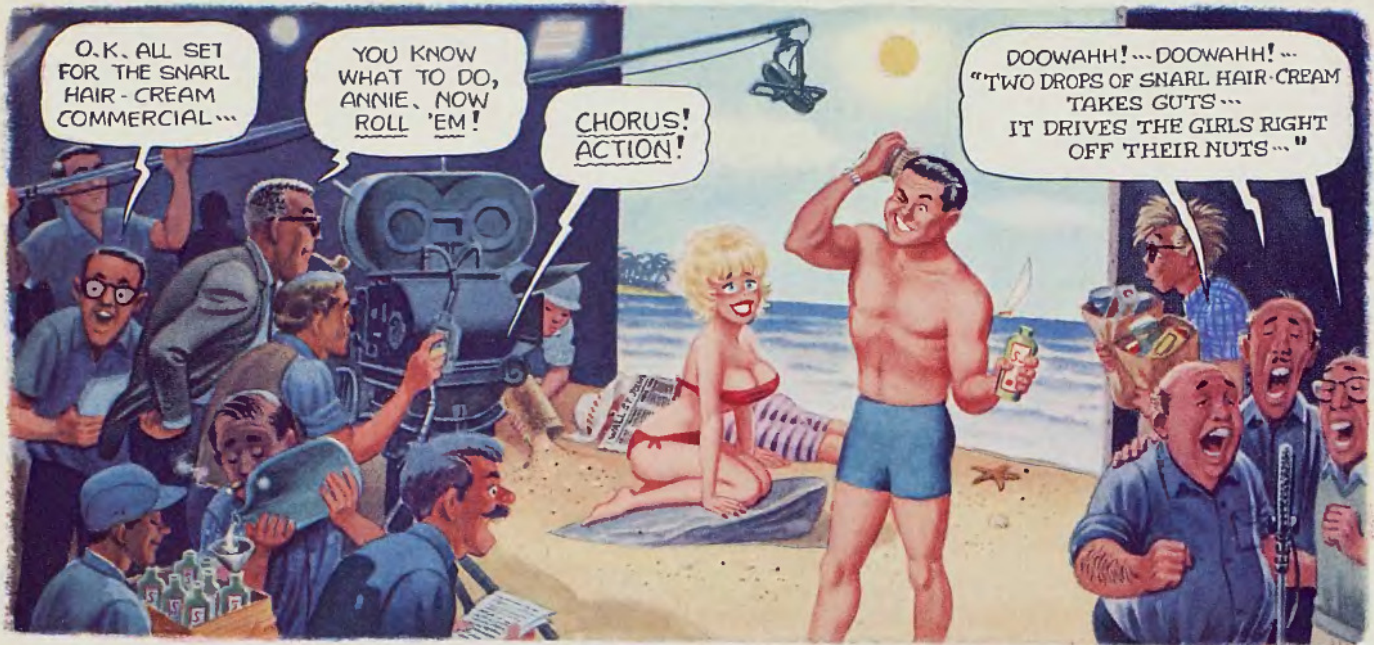
Little Annie FROM A.E. L.C.I.O. KHISH

MISS 1959

MISS CHUCK STEAK 1960

MISS ASPIC 1958





O.K. ALL SET FOR THE SNARL HAIR-CREAM COMMERCIAL...

YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO, ANNIE, NOW ROLL 'EM!

CHORUS! ACTION!

DOOWAHH!... DOOWAHH!... "TWO DROPS OF SNARL HAIR-CREAM TAKES GUTS... IT DRIVES THE GIRLS RIGHT OFF THEIR NUTS..."



"THREE DROPS OF SNARL HAIR CREAM GIVES PROOF... IT MAKES THE GIRLS JUMP OFF THE ROOF!"

OOOH... NO MORE GREASY, PLASTERED DOWN LOOK...



...NO MORE STICKY KID STUFF...

GREAT! ... CUT!

A-ANNIE...



ANNIE, BABY.

I SAID CUT!



CUT! CUT! CUT!

ANNIE! I'M CRAZY ABOUT YOU! AND YOU LOVE ME TOO! YOU'RE NOT REALLY ACTING! I CAN TELL! THAT'S REAL LOVE-LIGHT IN YOUR EYES... ANNIE...

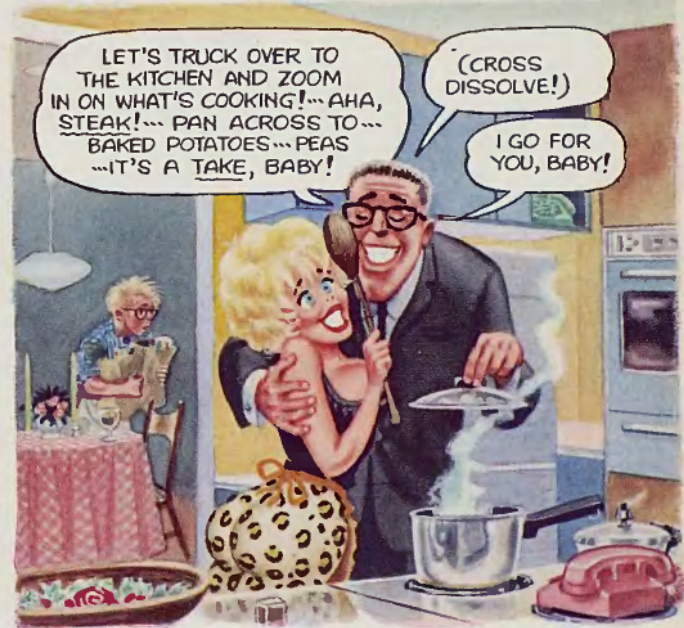
...BUT NOT FOR YOU! FOR THE HAIR-CREAM! DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND?!



F-FOR THE-THE HAIR CREAM?

DOESN'T HE UNDERSTAND, MR. BATTBARTON? IT'S THE "METHOD"! I LOVE THE HAIR-CREAM, NOT HIM!... THE HAIR-CREAM!

YOU'VE HAD A TOUGH DAY, WORK-WISE, KID! DO A FADE-OUT! GO HOME AND REST.





MY HEART BELONGS TO ANOTHER!

HUH?



IT HAPPENED WHILE I WAS REHEARSING MY UPCOMING COMMERCIAL.



WHO IS IT? A BOY BACK HOME? ONE OF MY CREW? ... WHO? WHO?



I'M IN LOVE WITH MY BAR OF ZESTFUL SOAP.



FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE I FEEL REALLY CLEAN!

HER BAR OF ZESTFUL SOAP?



WELL DINNER'S ALMOST READY. MR. BATTBARTON. WHY DON'T YOU WASH UP?

I'M UPSTAGED BY A LOUSY CAKE OF ZESTFUL SOAP? ... BLACK-OUT!

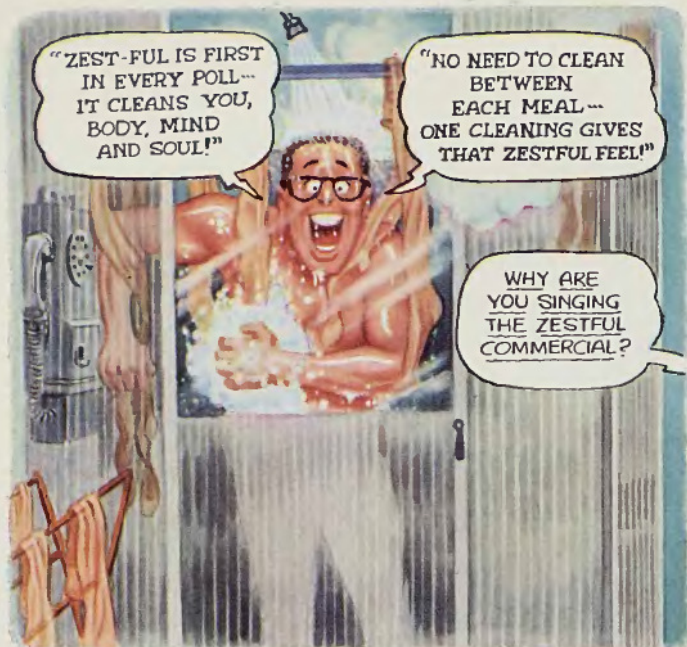


WELL...EVERYTHING'S ON THE TABLE!... BENTON? ...WHAT'S TAKING YOU SO LONG?... WHY ARE YOU RUNNING THE SHOWER?

SHHHHHH



MR. BATTBARTON! I KNOW I TOLD YOU TO WASH UP. BUT ISN'T A SHOWER CARRYING THINGS A BIT FAR?...



"ZEST-FUL IS FIRST IN EVERY POLL... IT CLEANS YOU, BODY, MIND AND SOUL!"

"NO NEED TO CLEAN BETWEEN EACH MEAL... ONE CLEANING GIVES THAT ZESTFUL FEEL!"

WHY ARE YOU SINGING THE ZESTFUL COMMERCIAL?



... JUST BORROWED YOUR BAR OF ZESTFUL, HONEY, SO'S I COULD GET SOME OF IT TO RUB OFF ON ME, APPEAL-WISE. NOW MAYBE WE CAN DO A CLOSE-UP!

MY BAR OF ZESTFUL! ...LOOK OUT!



MY ZESTFUL!

WOOPS! THERE IT GOES! ...QUICK ZOOM OUT THE WINDOW!



GET AWAY! DON'T YOU TOUCH ME!

NOT EVEN WITH A PINKIE, BABY! FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE, I TOO FEEL REALLY CLEAN! CLEAN! CLEAN! BODY, MIND AND SOUL! ...OOH I DO BELIEVE I'LL GET HOME TO BED BEFORE I CATCH A CHILL! MUMS WOULDN'T LIKE THAT!



I'M BACK SOONER THAN I EXPECTED, HONEY! WAS THAT BENTON BATTBARTON JUST SKIPPED PAST ME IN THE HALL?

OH RUTHIE... THE LOVE IN MY LIFE IS GONE! GONE! ...WHAT'LL I DO?



DON'T WORRY, SWEETIE-PIE, THAT'S NOT THE LAST ROMANCE IN YOUR LIFE. THERE'LL BE OTHERS!

NO! NEVER THERE'LL NEVER BE ANOTHER LIKE THAT BAR OF ZESTFUL... BUT THE SHOW MUST GO ON. TOMORROW I'M SCHEDULED TO DO A CLEENTEX-TISSUE COMMERCIAL AND I'D BETTER GET SOME REST! ...MY, BUT IT HAS A LOVELY TEXTURE... THE KIND YOU LOVE TO TOUCH... SO SOFT AND NON-IRRITATING...

MMMMM... I DO BELIEVE I'M GOING TO LOVE DOING THE CLEENTEX-TISSUE COMMERCIAL...

END

Fahrenheit. As his Excellency slept, his clothes were taken away and replaced by others, precisely the same in pattern, but just a little more worn. I also arranged that his clothes should be made progressively a hairsbreadth larger, so that the young gentleman grew gradually convinced that he was becoming shriveled and wasted with long imprisonment."

"Oh, clever, clever!" cried the Duke, with a slight shudder. "I think that, on the whole, given the choice, I'd choose the Iron Boot, the thumbscrew or the rack. Proceed."

"Ah, but there is no question of choice, your Grace; for this method of mine depends for its effectiveness upon complete ignorance of the surrounding circumstances. Do I make myself clear?"

"Your object being, to plant a firm illusion that there has been a prolonged passage of time, when, as a matter of fact, only hours have elapsed," said the Duke.

"Just so," said Hyrax. "I have written a carefully annotated 'Procedure' for your Grace's perusal. I can make four minutes last 48 hours, in the consciousness of the prisoner. I hasten to reassure your Grace that no common hand was laid on his Excellency, your nephew Stanislaus. His table was almost as well furnished as your Grace's own; only he had the delicacies of the season out of season. And, allowing for certain inevitable margins of error, the young gentleman seemed to live a long month in half an hour. Between your Grace's breakfast and dinner, he passed approximately a whole year."

"Well," said the Duke, "that may teach the pup a lesson, not to plot against his poor old uncle, who used to think the world of him. Well, come to the point. What made Stanislaus betray his friends? They are my enemies, it is true, but . . . well, I think the worse of him notwithstanding."

Colonel Hyrax said, "But his Excellency did not betray his friends, your Grace."

"Will you tell me what the devil you are talking about?" roared the Duke.

"I mean, he did not betray them wittingly."

"Oh? If you have deranged the rascal with your dirty drugs—" began the Duke.

"No, no, your Grace. The drugs were used discreetly, and sparingly, and then only for the first three weeks. Time, Time, Time was the illusion with which I took the liberty of bedazzling the young gentleman—Time as Man knows it, through the contemplation of mere external change. Men and fashions seemed to come and go. Once, on my order, a guard let fall a newspaper. It was postdated 15 years: I had had one

copy only printed before the type was broken up, and it was full of news of people and affairs his Excellency had never heard of."

"Most damnably clever!" exclaimed the Duke. "And my poor—I mean that wretched fellow who is supposed to be my brother's son, and couldn't even keep faith with his fellow-criminals: did he write nothing?"

"Only some verses, your Grace."

"About me?"

"About worms. But I see that your Grace is anxious to be after the boar, so I will conclude for now. After the young gentleman had been in that chamber about 40 days, the door was opened by a young officer in a strange uniform—gray, faced with yellow—and an older officer, in the same colors, but having a dolman trimmed with sable, came in, fell on his knees, and hailed your nephew as martyr, savior and leader. The Duke, he said, was dead, the New Party was in power, and Stanislaus was to sit on your throne."

The Duke laughed. "Ha! And I suppose my nephew jumped for joy?"

"Not so, your Grace. He said—and I quote, so you will forgive me—he said, 'The old ruffian was kind to me once upon a time.' Then he said, 'And all my friends, I suppose, are dead, or old—which is worse.'"

"Aha!" cried the Duke, "We are coming to it, now!"

"Yes, your Grace. The Commanding Officer said, 'If you will tell me whom you mean, your Excellency. I shall immediately ascertain.' Whereupon, your nephew recited a list of 40 names, which are on the paper which I have the honor to place in your Grace's hand."

"Hyrax," said the Duke, "you are hellishly clever! And my nephew—how is he?"

"I was listening to the proceedings at a concealed aperture, and did not see his Excellency at first. Then, when he came into my range of vision, I was astounded. For where, a few weeks before, I had seen a sanguine young man of 24, I now beheld a decrepit and enfeebled man of 60!"

The Duke was silent. Colonel Hyrax pointed to the paper upon which the names of the conspirators were written. "Your Grace will hang them?" he asked.

"No. I shall shock the wits out of them by pardoning them, and make 40 friends into the bargain. Where's Stanislaus?"

"Asleep, your Grace," said Colonel Hyrax.

"You are an astonishingly clever man, Hyrax," said the Duke. "Did I not say that if you cleared this matter up I'd make a nobleman of you?"

"The work is its own reward, your Grace," said Hyrax.

"No, you have earned my gratitude.

I hereby confer upon you the Barony of Opa, with all lands, rents and revenues pertaining thereunto."

"Oh, your Grace! Words cannot express—"

"—Save them, then. Leave me, now."

Hyrax having bowed himself out of his presence, the Duke called for his secretary. A soberly attired gentleman came in and made his obeisance. "Your Grace?"

"Colonel Hyrax is now Colonel the Baron Opa. Make a note of it."

"Yes, your Grace."

The Duke paced the floor, tugging at his beard. "And write me an order to the Lord Provost," he said. "Write as follows: 'Bearing in mind the new dignity of Colonel Hyrax, whom we have recently created Baron of Opa, you will procure a silk cord and hang him forthwith.'" Scrawling his signature at the foot of this document, and impressing the warm wax with his great carnelian ring, the Duke muttered, "One could no longer sleep with such a man awake. He is too clever by half."

A nameless cold had crept into his heart. He looked long and anxiously at the morning sun, and listened with more than usual attention to the portentous ticking of the great bronze clock. Presently, he said to his secretary, "Dismiss the men. I hunt no boar today."

"Yes, your Grace."

"I desire to see Stanislaus."

"Shall he be sent for?"

"No. I go to him."

The secretary, a good-hearted man, ventured to ask, "Oh please, your Grace—is it your gracious intention magnanimously to pardon the unhappy young gentleman?"

The Duke growled, "No. My Grace's intention is humbly to beg the unlucky young gentleman, out of his magnanimity to pardon me."

The proprietor said, "You gave this person five dollars, you say?"

"He asked 20," said the Editor. "I advanced him five."

"And what does the confounded author call himself?"

"Ethan Arthur Poland. Confidentially, I think he's the man who wrote *The Raven*, Edgar Poe, no less."

"You throw my dollars about like rice at a wedding, my friend. Yes, you have my leave to print. Let the fellow have five dollars more, if he presses. A Latin title is a drug, sir, a drug. Take a title out of context," said Mr. Bozman, "out of context, out of context. And since I am paying for the job and writing it too, sign it Bozman—John Helliwell Bozman. Incidentally, you owe me five dollars."

So saying, the proprietor of *The Baltimore General Press* walked sedately out of doors.

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Write to Janet Pilgrim for the answers to your shopping questions. She will provide you with the name of a retail store in or near your city where you can buy any of the specialized items advertised or editorially featured in **PLAYBOY**. For example, where-to-buy information is available for the merchandise of the advertisers in this issue listed below.

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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

THIS DECEMBER we suggest you gift yourself with a holiday in Europe, one that combines a jolly English Noel with schussing on nearby Continental slopes. In London, a prime spot to mark Christmas is at the Scarsdale Arms on Edwardes Square; here you jump feast first into the traditional festive spirit with such urban renewal as hot punch, turkey or goose, pheasant and boar's head and, of course, brandied Christmas pudding borne in aflame. Or, if you'd prefer to spend the holidays in the country, do as the roaming do: head for the rustic pleasures and ruddy good sustenance of such hostleries as The Courthouse in Newton Ferrers or the Lygon Arms at Broadway, a charm-laden village in Worcestershire.

Having fared well in England, you'll be set to swing into Europe for a bracing go at big-league skiing. The locales for it are legion, of course, but we've found an easily accessible trio that offer extra come-ons. First consider the comforts of Austria's Mittersill Castle, a 12th Century citadel that provides guests with a baronial banquet hall and inviting private chambers; this Middle Age spread is situated less than 20 minutes from the Zell am See ski slopes where, from the top of the Schmittenhöhe cable car, you are offered carte blanche to a ski trail that transits 16 peaks averaging 6500 feet in altitude.

Late word from France has it that preparations for the world championship Alpine ski races at Chamonix in Febru-

ary have led to an upgrading of already good facilities and accommodations through all Mont Blanc ski-area resorts. At the snowbiz center of Chamonix there are now 19 ski lifts and 60 miles of marked trails to complement the 20 hotels modernized in the last couple of years, the spanking new casino and three festive *boites de nuit*.

The winter set will also find a new trail added to the great white ways about Zermatt: it's the Théodule pass, a link between Switzerland and Cervinia, Italy, now accessible through the drawing power of caterpillar-type tractors. This exceptional and exhilarating transit involves riding by cable car from Zermatt to Schwarzsee, then skiing a few hundred yards to another aerial lift that wafts you to the Théodule Glacier, where snowcats trailing ropes haul you up the spectacular Furgg Glacier. Thence you can zip down to Cervinia on a variety of blazing trails and return via a different cable-car network.

Gala gallivanting can also be done in the States, notably at El Paso, Texas, which stages its annual Southwestern Sun Carnival between Christmas and New Year's Day. The lively agenda of must-dos ranges from the Sun Bowl college football game, polo matches, and flat racing at Sunland Park to bullfights across the border in Juárez.

For further information on any of the above, write to Playboy Reader Service, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill.

NEXT MONTH:

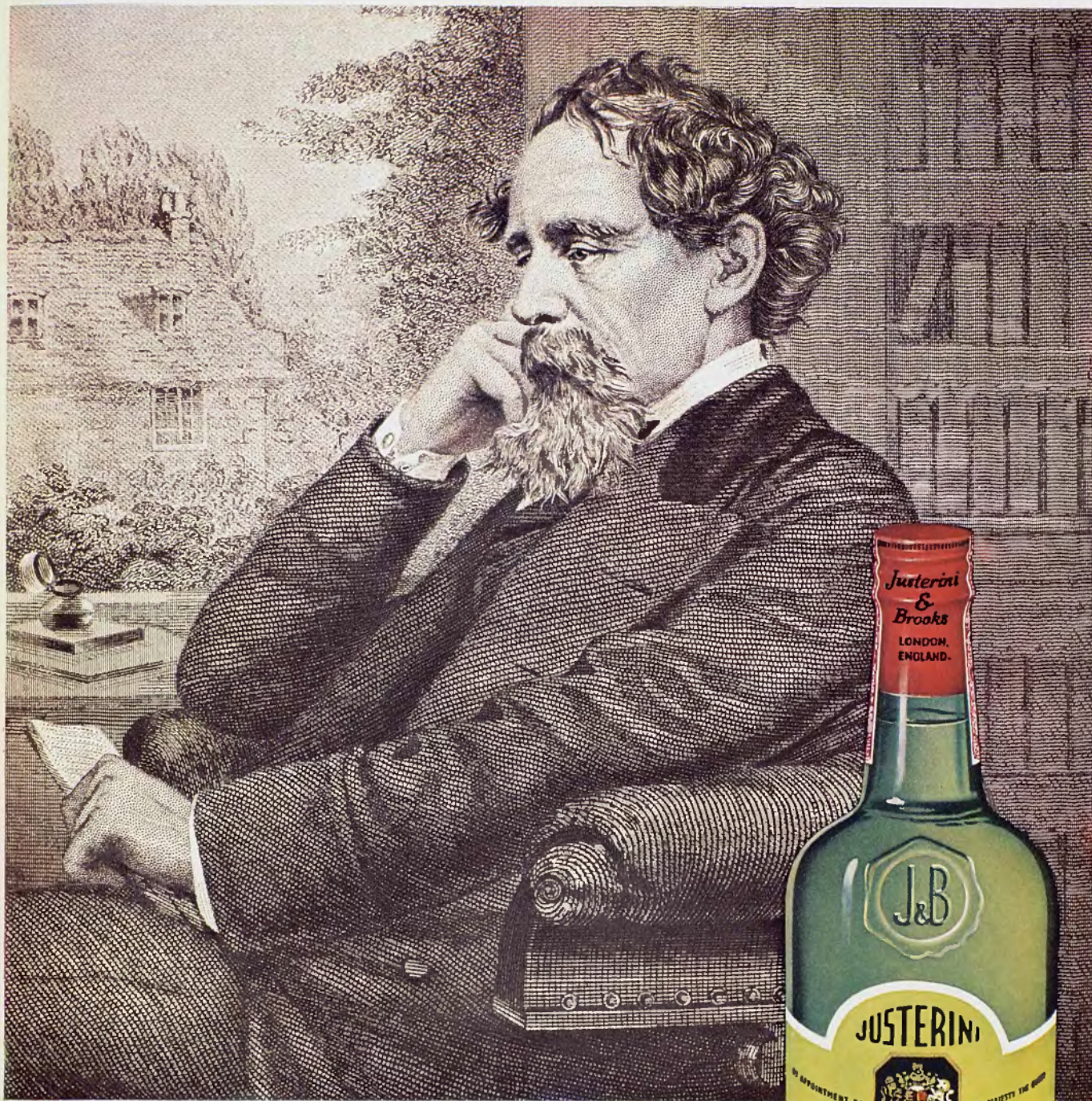
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