

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

PLAYBOY

IN THIS ISSUE

SEPTEMBER 60 cents

A
SATIRICAL
SALUTE
TO
MADISON
AVENUE

"THE BLOODY PULPS"
By Charles Beaumont

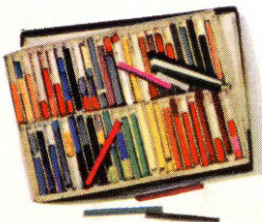
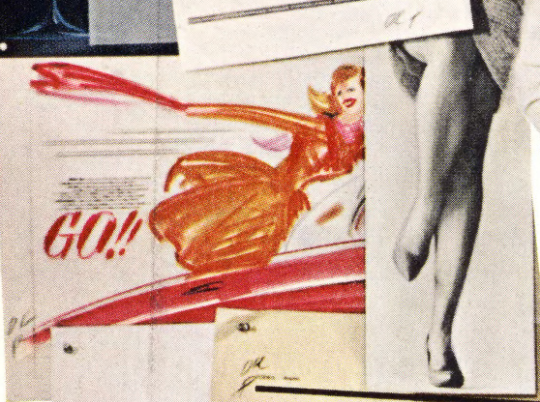
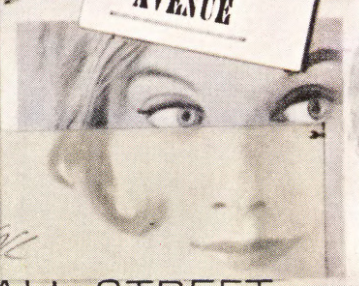
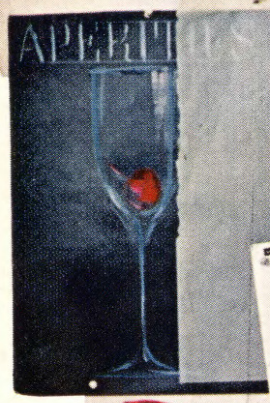
WALL STREET
IN CRISIS
BY J. PAUL GETTY

"BACK TO CAMPUS"
FASHION BY
ROBERT L. GREEN

MILES
DAVIS
SPEAKS
OUT
ON HIS MUSIC
& MOODS,
CRITICS &
CREATIVITY

PLAYBOY'S ANNUAL
FOOTBALL FORECAST

"the thin red line"—part II by James Jones





**The
Crew-Saders®**

A surprise to the man who thinks socks are just socks. The "Crew-Sader®" by Interwoven stays up, doesn't bunch at the ankles. It's town or country perfect hi-bulk Orlon® acrylic and nylon.

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I wouldn’t do this with
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You’ve got taste.”



“Can you
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in?”



“Pure, innocent
water.
What a setup.”

“Crazy Water.” (Water never tasted this good before.)

Delicious water. Cool water. In fact — Crazy Water (Wolfschmidt vodka, water, ice, lemon squeezed in). Wolfschmidt has the touch of taste that makes it possible. The subtle stamp of genuine old world vodka. Water never tasted this good before. What’s that? You don’t like water? Now you will.
GENERAL WINE AND SPIRITS CO., NEW YORK 22. MADE FROM GRAIN, 80 OR 100 PROOF. PRODUCT OF U. S. A.

PLAYBILL TAKING OUR CUE from the ad-agency "idea board" on this issue's cover, we herewith slip into the argot of Madison Avenue to sock home our message, *Playbill*wise. But before we go into our hard-sell, high-impact presentation, permit us to fill you in on the background of our big picture, circulationwise: Latest figures show that *PLAYBOY* has now reached a single-issue high of 1,410,000 paid copies. And, if we may pause for a word to our sponsors, that figure represents a bonus of more than 150,000 copies above our advertising guarantee.

Now, let's run this issue up the old flagpole. This month, to keep the gain line zooming, the fellows here at the shop have come up with an especially exciting package. First (and that's the subliminal slogan for this issue), we've added an entirely new feature—the *Playboy Interview*. To see if the idea had any bite, we threw it into the lion's den and chose as our first subject that controversial trumpet genius, Miles Davis.

Another first, timelinesswise, is *Wall Street in Crisis*, an inside appraisal of America's stock market upheaval by *PLAYBOY*'s billionaire financial consultant, J. Paul Getty. When the financial cookie began to crumble in one of the wildest selling sprees since 1929 we learned, through an AP wire dispatch, that he was buying at the peak of the panic sell-off. Although we had another Getty article scheduled, we knew our readers would want the benefit of his amazing market sense while the issues were hot. So we cabled him in London with a request for this special analysis on the Wall Street crisis. Getty, the world's richest private citizen, responded just as we hoped he would.

We flash over the finish line first again with *Stirling Moss: A Nodding Acquaintance with Death*, a saga of one man's incredible spirit, stamina and skill, grippingly told by *PLAYBOY*'s automotive expert (and Moss' close friend), Ken W. Purdy. Although he has gathered information on Moss for years, Purdy actually wrote most of the story between visits to Moss' bedside in a London hospital where the great racing driver was recovering from his second near-fatal smashup. As the deadline for this issue loomed, the problem of getting this timely story from Purdy's home in Sussex to our printer in Chicago became a race in itself. With only 10 hours to go, Purdy made his final corrections, drove the 76 miles from Sussex to London's airport, found a Chicago-bound plane and persuaded one of the passengers, a charming young lady, to act as our courier. With her help, the story arrived—just in time.

The words "Horror!" "Terror!" and "Thrilling!" are as much a part of the ad game as the three-martini lunch. But they are also the names of a few of *The Bloody Pulps*, those likably lurid dime novels for which whole forests were leveled and upon which a whole generation of American youth was hair-raised. Thumbing his way back through the pulps' ragged pages and rugged prose, Charles Beaumont, our master of memorabilia, now treats us to another of his nostalgic tours of the not-so-long ago. When not digging into the past for *PLAYBOY*, Beaumont has found time to write 70 television plays and 10 full-length motion pictures. Among his TV credits are scripts for *Thriller*; *Dick Powell Theater*; *Have Gun, Will Travel* and *Twilight Zone* (for which he, Rod Serling and *PLAYBOY* contributor Richard Matheson shared an Emmy). His movies include *The Brothers Grimm*; *The Intruder*; *Burn, Witch, Burn*; and several others awaiting release.

Since September is prime time for saturating the college market, we offer the following three-way campus pitch: Our annual *Pigskin Preview* in which our own Anson Mount, one of the highest scoring football prognosticators in magazine history, shrewdly prophe-



HUNT



MICHAELS



BEAUMONT



FINNEY

sies which way the ball will bounce this season; our equally sapient *Back to Campus* fashion preview, fielding front-running outfits for fall; and *The Sound of Hirsch*, an outrageously witty story by 29-year-old *PLAYBOY* freshman Leonard Michaels. The campus characters in *Hirsch* are based, says Michaels, not on real people but on monkeys that he observed while working as a part-time zookeeper during his own college days at the University of California.

With *Hey, Look at Me!*, a haunting tale of a writer's need for recognition, we introduce another *PLAYBOY* newcomer, Jack Finney. But Finney himself needs no attention-grabbing slogan: a former adman and major magazine contributor, he is also the author of four best-selling novels (*Five Against the House*, *The Body Snatcher*, *The House of Numbers* and *Assault on a Queen*), all of which were purchased by Hollywood. Another first, and startling, too, is *The Next Sound You Hear*, Morton Hunt's razor-sharp report on the tape-recording tricks of the broadcasting trade. Hunt, a *New Yorker* regular, became concerned with the slash-happy attitude of some audio editors after an interview he gave to a newscaster was aired as if it were a live conversation with two others.

In the area of continuing campaigns, we present the second part of James Jones' forthcoming battle novel, *The Thin Red Line* (which Scribner's will publish in hardcover this fall), and also the third segment of Shepherd Mead's hilarious *How to Succeed with Women Without Really Trying*.

With apologies to the butto-down boys, we've also included in our September presentation a pleasantly unbuttoned satirical salute to their art—seven pictorial spoils of well-known advertisements. Add to all of this our Playmate of the Month, *The Playboy Advisor*, *Playboy After Hours*, the latest on drink and fashion . . . we could go on *ad infinitum*. But, basically—hitting the high spots—that's the whole big ball of wax, as they say at the agency.

PLAYBOY



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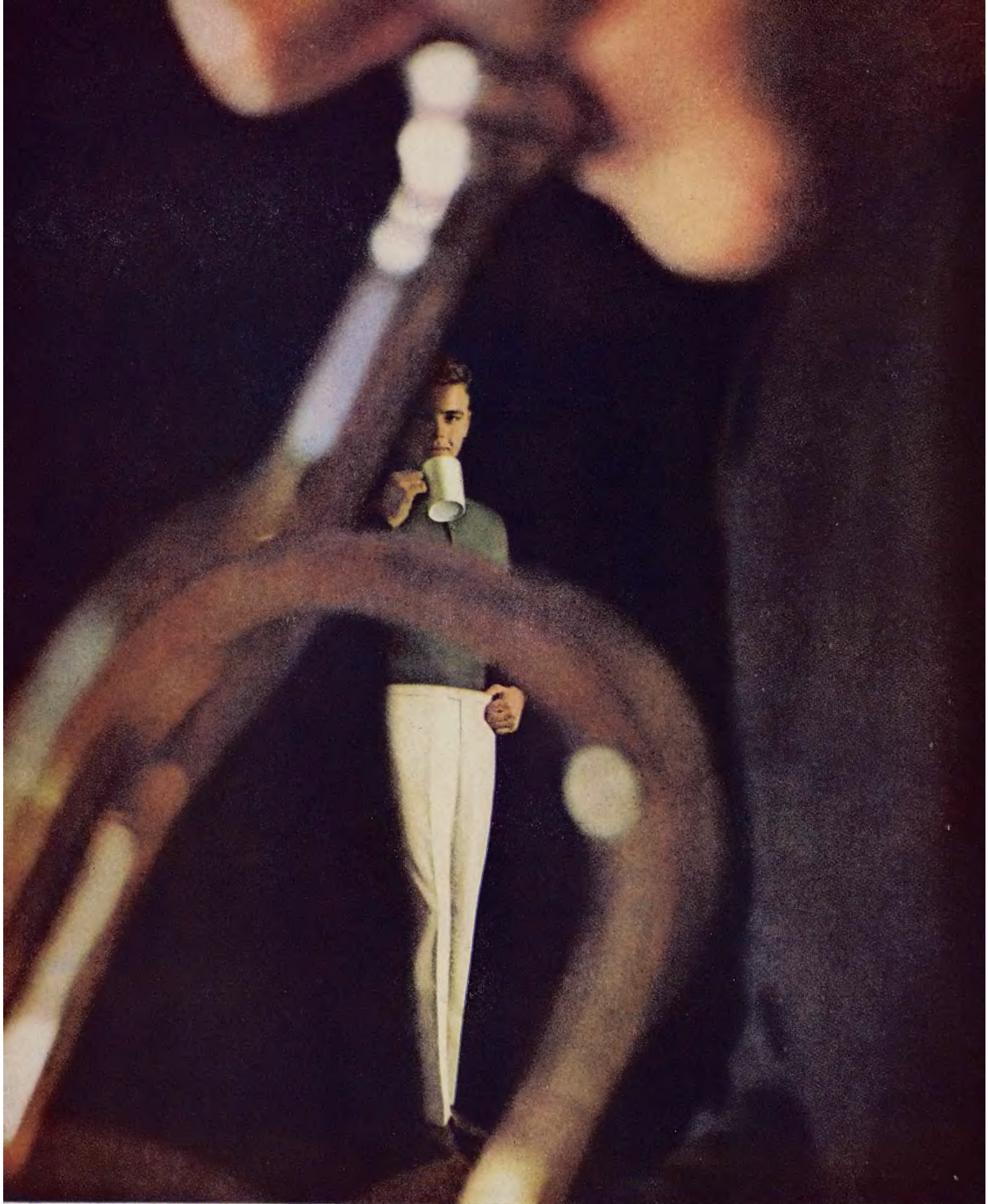
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Everybody's cutting out...back to school in sharp new Blades, long and lean with narrower-than-narrow 13" cuffless bottoms! And dig the hidden pocket bit. You can't see 'em but they're there. Zipper by Talon. In Corduroy, Muted Plaids, Cords, Twills... and other washable fabrics, \$4.95 to \$10.95 at swingin' stores...or write H.I.S. 16 East 34th Street, New York City 16.

get the beat! **h.i.s.** blade slacks



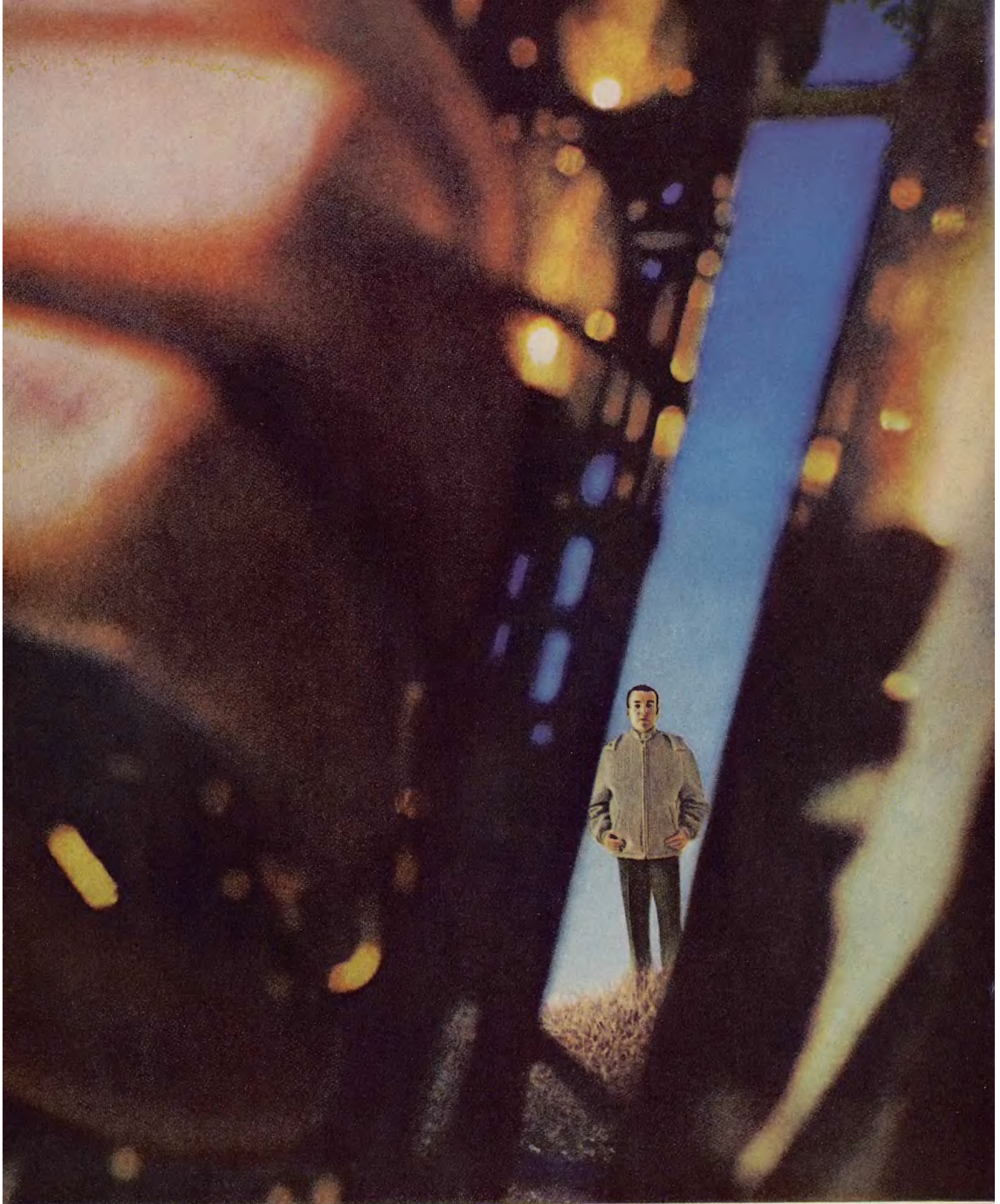
Like when is a suit more than a suit? When it's the All-Star Combo, the one boss outfit you gotta have when you get back to school. Wear the natural-shouldered jacket, reversible vest and traditional Post-Grad slacks in a single solid-sender combination. For an entirely different look, flip the vest over to a muted

1-2-3-4...you're off and winging in the



plaid that matches the beltless, cuffless Piper slacks. Just ad-lib as you go along and man, you've got it made at any session! Zipper by Talon. The 4 pieces, superbly tailored in Black, Loden or Navy Reverse Twist, ■ \$39.95 at swingin' stores—or write H.I.S 16 East 34th Street, New York City 16, New York.

h.i.s 4-Piece Combo Suit



You'll take solo honors in this bulky knit, zip-front jacket whether you're watching the game or walking a date back home. Laminated to foam and Acrylic pile-lined for lightweight warmth. Detachable hood for on-again, off-again comfort. Zipper by Talon. Willow, White Sand, Mahogany, Black, \$25 at swingin' stores or write H.I.S 16 East 34th St., New York 16.

make the scene! **h.i.s** **Mt. Hood Jacket**
®

DEAR PLAYBOY

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

WOMANIZATION WRAP-UP

I immensely enjoyed *The Womanization of America*, and would like to add my deflated yen's worth to the general fund. Much of what is wrong with the women of America is the direct result of what is wrong with the men of America. The American male is abysmally ignorant of the fact that genuine strength is rooted in objectively defined values and a full and mature sense of identity, rather than in money, split-level town houses or extravagant automobiles. I have yet to find a woman who does not resent the childish attitudes and the glaring lack of respect displayed by the typical American male toward the female. These attitudes on the part of the male, however, stem from his immaturity and his lack of respect for himself. The average American male grows up as unaware of female virtues and values as does the jungle savage. To this, add the fact that he reaches maturity to the tune of that reverent saw of Puritanism, "If you play with yourself, you'll go crazy." Ignorance and guilt are the two most potent contributors to the erosion of masculine values.

Nicholas Carter
Sherman Oaks, California

After skimming through your June issue to get some idea of what was available, I first dug the women and then proceeded to *The Womanization of America*. When I had covered the thumbnail biographies of the eight panelists, it seemed obvious that you had selected six experts and thrown in two weirdies for kicks. Mailer had demonstrated that he was no longer to be taken seriously, and King had demonstrated his asinine qualities on a TV show that wallowed in asininity. Having approached the *Panel* in this spirit, I can only say that I was astounded. Mailer and King were the only two men on the *Panel* with anything to say; the other six just cluttered up your pages. The insights offered by Mailer and King were almost enough to make up for the disappointing and disturbing quality of the rest of the article. I say almost because nothing they could say could

mitigate the feeling of pity aroused by poor little Mort Sahl's comments. Gee whiz, I sure do hope he finds a nice girl real soon.

John T. Gossett
Indianapolis, Indiana

In a society like ours in which there is a chaotic diversity of child-rearing methods, family structures, economic, social, educational and political viewpoints, conflicting public and private images, values and norms, it would be foolish to hope that the masculine and feminine roles be simple, clear and harmonious. Indeed, the main idea conveyed by your interesting discussion is the prevalence of confusion, not just between men and women or within individuals with confused sexual identities, but even among scientists who are trying to understand the problem. Do not confuse external signs of manliness or womanliness (which, like fashions, vary with times and places) with the inner posture toward life and people that actually comprises true masculinity and true femininity. We are all jammed into social molds for masculinity and femininity that ignore our individual natures. What matters is that the individual can still become happy and strong within the limits imposed by social training.

Burt Wetanson
New York, New York

I read *PLAYBOY* regularly. According to your illustrious *Panel*, I am encroaching on a male domain. Do I desire to be a man myself? Do I harbor hidden desires for members of my own sex that I satisfy by viewing their bodies posed in seductive positions? Or, couldn't my reason for reading your magazine be because I just happen to enjoy the cartoons and jokes and find the stories fresh and original? Is my boyfriend effeminate because I does not mind my reading the magazine? Or, is he a normal, healthy male who enjoys reading with me and considers your magazine to be of a quality that is masculine enough to appeal to him but refined enough for me? Am I a domineering, masculine woman who wishes to control men and proves it by entering the cold, cruel world of busi-

promise her
anything...
but give her

APRIL
LANVIN PARFUMS • PARIS

PLAYBOY, SEPTEMBER, 1962, VOL. 9, NO. 9, PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY HMM PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., PLAYBOY BUILDING, 232 E. OHIO ST., CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE U.S., ITS POSSESSIONS, THE PAN AMERICAN UNION AND CANADA, \$14 FOR THREE YEARS, \$11 FOR TWO YEARS, \$6 FOR ONE YEAR, ELSEWHERE ADD \$3 PER YEAR FOR FOREIGN POSTAGE. ALLOW 30 DAYS FOR NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS AND RENEWALS. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: SEND BOTH OLD AND NEW ADDRESSES TO PLAYBOY, 232 E. OHIO ST., CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS, AND ALLOW 30 DAYS FOR CHANGE. ADVERTISING: HOWARD W. LEDERER, ADVERTISING DIRECTOR, JULES KASE, EASTERN ADVERTISING MANAGER, 720 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 19, NEW YORK, CI 5-2620; BRANCH OFFICES: CHICAGO, PLAYBOY BUILDING, 232 E. OHIO ST., MI 2-1000. JOE FALL, MIDWESTERN ADVERTISING MANAGER; LOS ANGELES, 8721 BEVERLY BLVD., OL 2-8790. STANLEY L. PERKINS, MANAGER; SAN FRANCISCO, 111 SUTTER ST., YU 2-7954. ROBERT E. STEPHENS, MANAGER; DETROIT, 705 STEPHENSON BUILDING, 6960 CASS AVE., TR 5-7250; SOUTH-EASTERN, FLORIDA AND CARIBBEAN REPRESENTATIVE, PIRNIE & BROWN, 3108 PIEDMONT RD., N.E., ATLANTA 5, GA., 233-6729.



Only young men need apply.

Any man with hair is welcome to try these two important, new Yardley hairdressings.

But we made them specifically for young men.

Both are designed to keep hair *casually* controlled...the way young men (and young women) like it.

Both work to insure good looking hair for years to come. They give you all the benefits you should expect of a modern hairdressing, help control dandruff and condition scalp, encourage moisture-retention with special emollients that help fight the drying effects of showers and shampoos.

And because we know that young men's hair usually comes in one of two types, we've made a special product for each:

Yardley Hair Control Cream is for thick, energetic hair. This non-greasy formula has just enough lanolin to groom lightly but firmly.

Yardley Hair Control Lotion is for fine hair that won't stay put. It has an imperceptible fixative that adds oil-free body to young hair.

Of course, if you only *feel* young you might want to use one of these new products.

We won't stop you.

ness? Or, am I a girl who works so that I can buy linens, pots and pans while my boyfriend buys the furniture that we will need when we get married? I think your *Panel* is way off base. Of all the married couples I know, only one husband could be called "henpecked." In fact, it seems to me that most girls do not want a man they can lead by the nose. I have *never* known a girl who resented being a girl after she passed the tomboy stage. I like being a girl because I like the way boys who like girls treat girls who like boys.

Valerie Meredith Hughes
Macon, Georgia

PLAYBOY's editor will have considerably more to say about womanization, the drift toward an asexual society and PLAYBOY's own philosophy come December.

RE COVER

Where is the famous PLAYBOY rabbit on your June cover?

Larry Miller
Lawrence, Kansas

The June cover is very apropos and very intriguing; where is the rabbit hiding? Certainly he isn't bashful.

Perry Martinson
KFAM
St. Cloud, Minnesota

TERRIBLE. PUT THE RABBIT BACK.

HENRY ALFORD
NORTH HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

If the June cover is held upside down, the bikini knot forms the rabbit head with its two ears. Correct?

Tom Rost III
James Petersen IV
Cedarburg, Wisconsin

Correct.

Stop flattering yourselves on the camouflaged rabbit on your June cover. Mother dear, 50 last March, spotted it in a matter of seconds.

Arthur Axelman
North Miami Beach, Florida

"RYE" REPORT ON GROVE

About the story by Walt Grove (*A Father's Gift*): the world is lousy with imitators of Salinger; they're coming in the goddamn window. I can just see old Walt with a copy of *Catcher* in his hand. That kind of crap just about kills me; it really does. I might have enjoyed it more, but Christ, I mean, who remembers the guy in second place — and Grove is, by a couple baskets of talent (he probably clips his crummy fingernails onto the goddamn floor, too).

Bill Stewart
Akron, Ohio

Walt Grove's story, *A Father's Gift*,

Vodka 80 Proof. Dist. from 100% Grain. Gilbey's Dist. London Dry Gin. 90 Proof. 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. W. & A. Gilbey, Ltd., Cin. O. Distr. by Nat'l Dist. Prod. Co.



Portofino, on the Italian Riviera, as interpreted by artist Arthur Taylor

“The World Agrees On ‘Gilbey’s, please!’” because this smooth, dry, flavorful gin makes a world of difference in a drink. Taste why the frosty-bottle gin is a favorite in America and throughout the world. And remember...GILBEY’S is the best name in Gin and Vodka.

Gilbey's Gin



YOUNG MAN beats his way up without fuss or folderol—

is tough to the core—yet has a warm spot for his collection of Cricketeer Ballantyne sportcoats. Now see him take off with this new one: A hunk of fine Scottish tweed, woven in shades of the moor and the sky . . . and tailored discreetly (as Cricketeer daes)—without frills or gimmicks. The new crop of Ballantynes, in a selection of sky/moor blends and other robust shodings . . . In upright, traditional patterns. \$45.00 Other Cricketeer sportcoats from \$39.95 to \$60.00 At your favorite store or write:

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College men: For free Back To School Clothes Guide with correct dress for any campus, write Cricketeer.
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is a priceless piece of writing. I never enjoyed anything in PLAYBOY more.

Robert L. Goodman
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

DIVERS OPINIONS

Classifying the life-forms pictured in the excellent undersea color photos in June's *Scuba Gear and Scuba Dear* is a challenge. The plant life visible appears to be mostly ribbon kelp with some wrack (*vesiculosus*). The speared fish is apparently a centrarchid of the species *Lepomis*, unless there are more than three spines on the anal fin. The young mer-creature pictured wearing the gear is a primate, artificially amphibious, obviously mammal, of the family Hominidae, species *sapiens*, most likely a female of recent maturity and it makes my mouth water. Would you please print its name?

Hugh Downs
New York, New York

It got away before we could make a positive identification, Hugh.

On behalf of our members, I wish to thank you for your pictorial on scuba diving. Our friends have now stopped asking, "What kind of nuts take up diving?"

Ralph A. Myers, Secretary
Atlantic Skin Diving Council
Washington, D.C.

LAMB STEW

Don't look now, but it appears that Thomas Mario's camel drivers in his June *Aladdin's Lamb* article have been on hashish too long. *Shish* means skewer and *kebab* meat, not vice versa.

C. Buddy Carls
Los Angeles, California

Difficult as it may be to do justice to Arabian and Near Eastern cuisine in a relatively short article, your Thomas Mario made a valiant attempt indeed in June's *Aladdin's Lamb*. One error, though: the Arabic word *shish* means skewer and *kebab* meat, not the other way around. Moreover, a hint of garlic added to the yogurt-and-cucumber salad (known as *jajugh* in some communities) will do miracles for the already magnificent taste of this salad.

Ramez J. Ghazoul
Mosul, Iraq

Tom Mario obviously shished when he should have kebabed.

ON THE TOWN HOUSE

I thought you would be interested to learn that last year we took a few steps beyond the artistic conjecture of your *Playboy Town House* (May 1962) and actually created a rotating round bed. It was displayed in our window and was well received. Actually, we had created this bed to indulge one of our discriminating art patrons. He thought it would be a great idea to enjoy his art while

Treat
your taste
kindly
with



KENT

THE CIGARETTE WITH THE NEW MICRONITE FILTER

*Refines away harsh flavor...
refines away rough taste...
for the mildest taste of all!*

THE FINER THE FILTER, THE MILDER THE TASTE

©1962 P. Lorillard Co.

Serenade to a Crow Sour



A whiskey Sour is an absolutely magnificent drink if you just remember three simple things... *Lemon* makes a Sour sour. *Sugar* makes a Sour sweet. And Old Crow makes a Sour great.

Please. This is not commercial puffery. Kentucky bourbon—especially Old Crow—makes Sours behave! The fresh lemon is a headstrong fruit. It tends to swamp any whiskey but bourbon. It isn't exactly compatible with the smoky taste of Scotch. But it respects the *natural* inborn character of Old Crow Kentucky bourbon—just as people do.



Only rhyme can properly express our feelings on the excellence of a Crow Sour:

*To improve your cocktail hour
Use Old Crow for your whiskey Sour!*

Old Crow makes other marvelous mixed drinks, too. And the simplicity of Old Crow with "branch" water is classic.

Of all the bourbons of Kentucky, more people prefer light, mild Old Crow 86 proof to any other. It's that good. Tonight, try historic...



Light·Mild 86·Proof
OLD CROW
Kentucky Bourbon



CROW SOUR—2 tsps. sugar, 4 tsps. fresh lemon juice, 2 oz. Old Crow
Shake with ice until chilled, Strain into glass. Garnish with cherry.

he was in bed. To do this conveniently, we came up with the notion that his favorite collection could be displayed on stands around the bed. Then he could sit up in the bed and, by rotating it a few inches at a time, he could move from one painting to another and indulge his great interest in a most luxurious way.

Norman Dine
Norman Dine Sleep Center
New York, New York

After all kinds of adventures of my own, and after 40 years of skillfully and deftly taking girls through houses—you have given me proof (*The Playboy Town House*, May 1962) of this one truth, which I have always protested and proclaimed: There can be darned much packed into density, and urban ease, and comfort, and play for the playboy—all between fieldstone rusticity and evening clouds, golden over the skylight, right in the midst of town. I have lived and worked on four continents, from the Cape to the South Seas and from Erzurum to the Orinoco Valley, but I believe you people have done everything for the cosmopolitan palate on those 25 feet of a city lot. And it can be refreshing to all glands, it is a biorealistic model for all existence of surprises and calm. At least the architect has not at all put in any Sodom or Gomorrahic perversions, which are always expected by the Paradisians beyond the suburbs and ascribed, wholesale, to the City. Its climate-controlled, speckless, dustless merits are now for the first time possible in history. I don't think fire and brimstone are at all ahead of this offering. Fireproof, it surely is, and cozily noiseproof with heavy concrete ceilings and double-glazing. Multiaspect anchorage is the nicest of mooring and, of course, a rotating bed is the playingest return to panoramic nomadism, and unforgettable fun at that.

Richard J. Neutra, F.A.I.A.
Architect and Consultant
Los Angeles, California

AUTO SUGGESTIONS

I have just read and thoroughly enjoyed Ken Purdy's *F.O.B. Detroit* in your June issue. I would like to express admiration for an excellent article; I found particularly satisfying his words of warning to the foreign-car enthusiast.

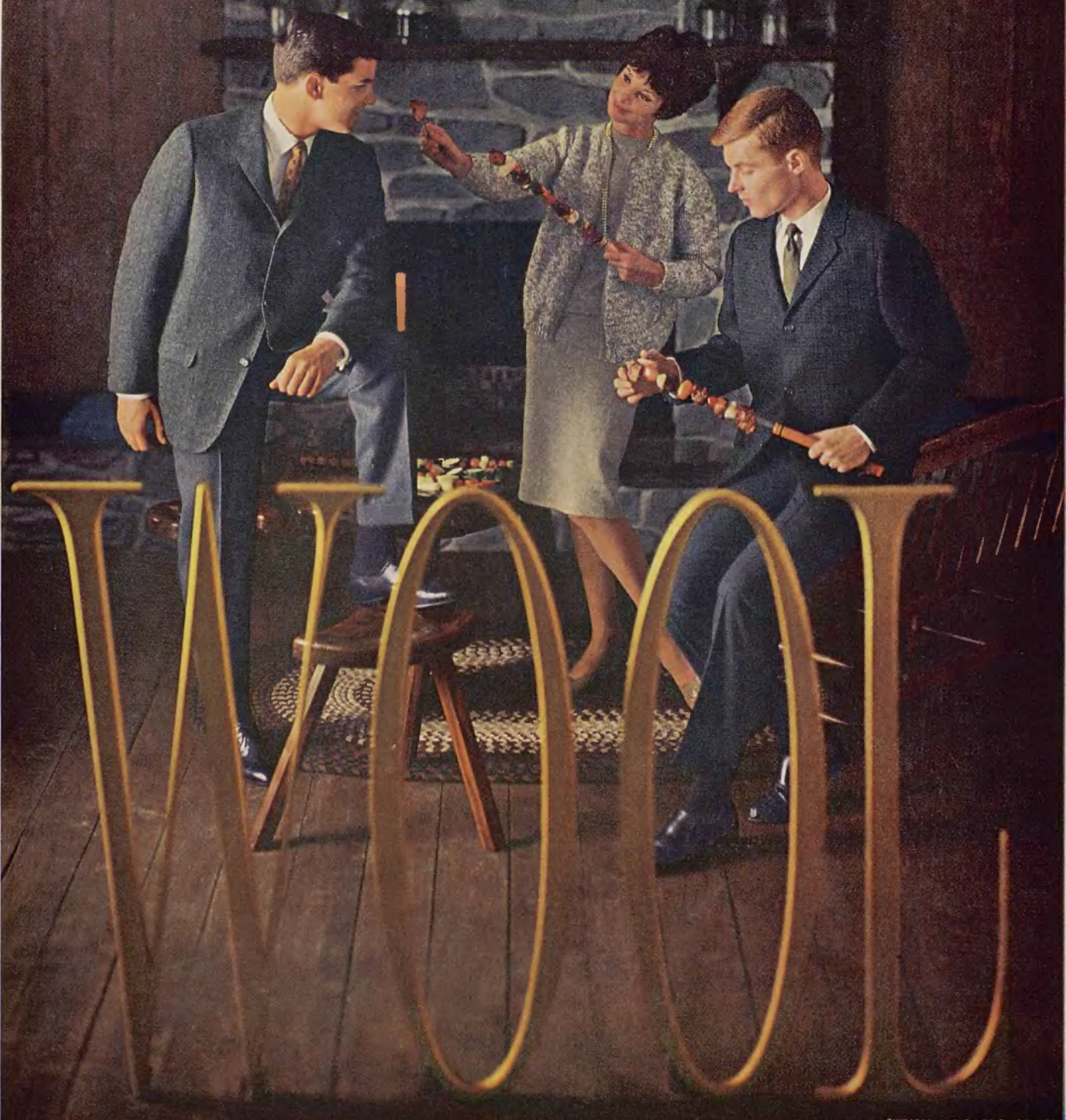
Frank Mannone
Detroit, Michigan

Re Purdy's *F.O.B. Detroit*, one recalls his superb *Hypnosis* piece; Purdy has obviously become an accomplished practitioner. Anyone who can sell a story composed of motor-magazine capitulations, leavened by the entrails of glossy Detroit brochures, and do so at the

There's still nothing newer than wool...in sport jackets

WHAT'S COOKING FOR FALL? Fraternity house socials, of course! Campus get-togethers call for lamb shish kebab in the fireplace...and handsome wool sport jackets for the male attire. Naturally aristocratic wool lends prestige to college wardrobes. Resilient wool thrives on a diet of long, hard wear...bounces off wrinkles...excels in appearance. Fashion leader for fall will be deep-throated colors in subtle, muted patterns. Illustrated: natural shoulder three button jackets in new Americana patterns. Left, "Blue Spruce" gun club check. Right, "Sea Moss" muted striping. Short, regular, long and extra long. Both in sizes 35 to 46. Each about \$35. Fabrics by Kent. Styled by LOUIS GOLDSMITH INC.

Nothing outperforms natural wool loomed in America.



SWEATER AND SKIRT BY RENART

For additional information, write American Wool Council (a division of ASPC), Dept. WW-1262, 1270 Avenue of the Americas, New York 20, N. Y.

Fortunately, for those of us who know and appreciate good jazz, there were recorded the outstanding performances of some of jazz's greatest stars. The works of Holiday, Henderson and Goodman are a must for any solid jazz collection. Today's modern recording methods make it possible to add to your collection the outstanding interpretations of modern jazz artists — more and more of which are offered to Club members every month! As you can see, from the records shown here, there is an outstanding selection of the old and the new, that will help you to begin rounding out your jazz library.

By joining now, you can have your choice of ANY SIX of the 48 records shown on these two pages—up to a \$33.88 retail value—ALL SIX for \$1.89. What's more, you'll also receive a hi-fi/stereo test record—absolutely FREE!

TO RECEIVE 6 RECORDS FOR \$1.89—mail the attached postage-paid air-mail card today. Be sure to indicate whether you want your 6 records (and all future selections) in regular high-fidelity or stereo. Also indicate which Club Division best suits your musical taste: Classical; Listening and Dancing; Broadway, Movies, Television and Musical Comedies; Jazz.

HOW THE CLUB OPERATES: Each month the Club's staff of music experts selects outstanding records from every field of music. These selections are fully described in the Club Magazine, which you receive free each month.

You may accept the monthly selection for your Division . . . or take any of the wide variety of other records offered in the Magazine, from all Divisions . . . or take no record in any particular month. Your only membership obligation is to purchase six selections from the more than 400 to be offered in the coming 12 months. Thereafter, you have no obligation to buy any additional records . . . and you may discontinue membership at any time.

FREE BONUS RECORDS GIVEN REGULARLY. If you wish to continue as a member after purchasing six records, you will receive —FREE—a bonus record of your choice for every two additional selections you buy!

The records you want are mailed and billed to you at the list price of \$3.98 (Classical \$4.98; occasional Original Cast recordings somewhat higher), plus a small mailing and handling charge. Stereo records are \$1.00 more.

MAIL THE ATTACHED POSTAGE-PAID AIR-MAIL CARD to receive 6 records — plus a FREE hi-fi/stereo test record — for \$1.89.

IMPORTANT NOTE: Stereo records must be played only on a stereo record player.

AS A NEW MEMBER YOU ARE INVITED TO TAKE

ANY 6

of these \$3.98 to \$5.98 records

REGULAR HIGH-FIDELITY or STEREO \$1.89

RETAIL VALUE up to \$33.88

FOR ONLY

FREE if you join now TEST RECORD FOR HI-FI AND STEREO MACHINES



This remarkable 7" record permits you to check the performance of your record player, regardless of the type you own.

if you join the Club now and agree to purchase as few as 6 selections from the more than 400 to be offered during the coming 12 months

sin & soul
Oscar Brown, Jr.
COLUMBIA

167. Watermelon Man, Sleepy, Afro-Blue, etc.

More than 1,500,000 families now belong to the world's largest record club
COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB

Terre Haute Indiana

JULIE IS HER NAME
Cry Me a River
I Should Care
Say It Isn't So
9 More
JULIE LONDON
LIBERTY

67. Also: I'm in the Mood for Love, Easy Street, Laura, etc.

GERRY MULLIGAN QUARTET
what is there to say?
COLUMBIA

133. My Funny Valentine, Just in Time, plus 6 more hits

Quincy Jones
and his Orchestra at NEWPORT '61
Mercury

131. Meet B.B., Evening in Paris, Lester Leaps In, etc.

MILES DAVIS
Sketches of Spain
COLUMBIA

56. "Exquisite . . . glitters throughout" —Playboy Magazine

MILES DAVIS
KIND OF BLUE
COLUMBIA

290. Freddie Freeloader, Flamenco Sketches, etc.

MILT JACKSON BAGS' OPUS
with Benny Golson, Art Farmer, others
Mercury

341. Whisper Not, I Remember Clifford, Ill Wind, etc.

YOU 'N ME
The AL COHN ZOOT SIMMS QUINTET
Mercury

298. Love For Sale, Awful Lonely, On the Alamo, etc.

BENNY GOODMAN CARNEGIE HALL JAZZ CONCERT

343-344. Two-Record Set (Counts as 2 selections—write one number in each box.) Here's the famous 1938 Jazz Concert featuring Harry James, Count Basie, Teddy Wilson, Gene Krupa, Lionel Hampton, Cootie Williams, Bobby Hackett and many others. (Not available in stereo)

BENNY GOODMAN THE FAMOUS 1938 CARNEGIE HALL JAZZ CONCERT (2-RECORD SET)
COLUMBIA

BROOK BENTON GOLDEN HITS
Mercury
Kiddio - The Same One Endlessly - 9 More

31. Also: So Close, Hurtin' Inside, So Many Ways, etc.

MODERN ART ART FARMER
LIKE SOMEONE IN LOVE
I LOVE YOU
6 MORE
Mercury

289. Mox Nix, Jubilation, Like Someone in Love, etc.

THE PLATTERS
Encores of Golden Hits
Twilight Time
My Prayer
Only You
9 more
Mercury

1. Also: Great Pretender, Enchanted, Magic Touch, etc.

LIONEL HAMPTON
SOFT VIBES, SOARING STRINGS
Stairway to the Stars - Deep Purple - 8 more
COLUMBIA

134. Also: Stairway to the Stars, Once in a While, etc.

WHO'S WHO IN THE SWINGING SIXTIES
THE MANY SOUNDS OF JAZZ TODAY
★ DAVE BRUBECK ★ LOUIS ARMSTRONG
★ MILES DAVIS
★ LIONEL HAMPTON
★ DUKE ELLINGTON and many more
COLUMBIA

229. Also: Lambert, Hendricks and Ross; Carmen McRae; etc.

ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK LES LIAISONS DANGEREUSES
ART BLAKEY'S JAZZ MESSENGERS
Mercury

348. This is "unique."—Hi Fi Rev. (Not available in stereo)

MAYNARD FERGUSON AND HIS ORCHESTRA
BOY WITH LOTS OF BRASS
The Song Is You - A Foggy Day
ten more
Mercury

296. Also: The Lamp is Low, You'd Be So Easy to Love, etc.

SILVER'S BLUE
Horace Silver Quintet
EPIC

297. To Beat or Not to Beat, etc. (Not available in stereo)

Afro Percussion
Olatunji
COLUMBIA

340. "It swings, it's full of excitement." —Downbeat

PARIS BLUES
Music of OJUE ELLINGTON
Featuring LOUIS ARMSTRONG
ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK

165. Nite, Take the "A" Train, Mood Indigo, 7 more.

J.J., INC. THE J. J. JOHNSON SEXTET
MORRIS MORSE HOST - 4 MORE
COLUMBIA

347. "The leading trombonist of jazz!" —Ralph J. Gleason

COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB

now offers new members Memorable Performances by Legendary

Jazz Artists from

Pioneers to Progressives

BILLIE HOLIDAY


THE GOLDEN YEARS



285-286-287. Three-Record Set (Counts as 3 selections—write one number in each box.) "She was a singer of jazz, the greatest female jazz singer of all time, a great interpreter, a great actress and the creator of a style that in its own way, is as unique and important to jazz as the styles of Louis Armstrong, Charlie Parker and Lester Young. Today, if you sing jazz and you are a woman, you sing some of Billie Holiday. There's no other way to do it. No vocalist is without her influence. All girl singers sing some of Billie, like all trumpet players play some of Louis. She wrote the text." —Ralph J. Gleason (Not available in stereo)

TIME OUT

THE DAVE BRUBECK QUARTET




COLUMBIA

52. Take Five, Three to Get Ready, Everybody's Jumpin', etc.

Time Further Out

The Dave Brubeck Quartet



COLUMBIA

53. Blue Shadows in the Street, It's a Raggy Waltz, etc.

SARAH VAUGHAN'S Golden Hits

BROKEN HEARTED MELODY ETERNALLY • MISTY



9 MORE Mercury

79. Also: Moonlight in Vermont, Whatever Lola Wants, etc.

MIDNIGHT IN MOSCOW

Kenny Ball and his Jazzmen



KAPP

232. Puttin' on the Ritz, American Patrol, 12 in all

THE MODERN JAZZ QUARTET

Patterns



Mercury

95. Odds Against Tomorrow, Skating in Central Park, etc.

LIVE IT UP! JOHNNY MATHIS

Nelson Riddle and his Orch. Just Friends I Won't Dance



10 More COLUMBIA

5. Also: Johnny One Note; Hey, Look Me Over; etc.

CANNONBALL ADDERLEY QUINTET In CHICAGO



Mercury

294. Stars Fell on Alabama, Limehouse Blues, Wabash, etc.

CANNONBALL'S SHARPSHOOTERS

Julian "Cannonball" Adderley



Mercury

295. Jubilation, If I Love Again, Fuller Bop Man, etc.

ANDRE PREVIN

A Touch of Elegance

THE MUSIC OF DUKE ELLINGTON




COLUMBIA

50. Solitude, Perdido, It Don't Mean a Thing, 9 more

ANDRE PREVIN AND HIS TRIO

Give My Regards To Broadway



COLUMBIA

51. Sound of Music, Too Darn Hot, Take Me Along, 7 more

THE FLETCHER HENDERSON STORY

A Study in Frustration

THE FLETCHER HENDERSON STORY



COLUMBIA

281-282-283-284. Four-Record Set (Counts as 4 selections—write one number in each box.) "*****... A superb collection of Henderson sides... there is a tremendous amount of jazz history wrapped up in this set. There are also some of the most exciting big-band sides ever recorded." —Downbeat (Not available in stereo)

"Hottest New Group in Jazz" —DOWNBEAT

LAMBERT HENDRICKS & ROSS



COLUMBIA

291. Everybody's Boppin', Charleston Alley, etc.

LAMBERT, HENDRICKS & ROSS Sing ELLINGTON



COLUMBIA

288. What Am I Here For, Happy Anatomy, Caravan, etc.

ELLINGTON INDIGOS



COLUMBIA

292. Willow Weep For Me, Solitude, Where or When, 6 more.

CHARLES MINGUS and his Jazz Groups MINGUS DYNASTY

Mood Indigo • eight more



COLUMBIA

293. Includes: Gun-slinging Bird; New Now, Knew How; etc.

MINGUS AH UM CHARLES MINGUS



COLUMBIA

346. Goodbye Pork Pie Hat, Pussy Cat Dues, etc.

DINAH WASHINGTON

September in the Rain



Mercury

40. Without A Song, This Heart of Mine, twelve hits in all

DOWN TO EARTH

Billy Boy • Suzanne • eight more



Mercury

299. Dark Eyes, John Henry, Greensleeves, Soul Mist, etc.

THE DUKES OF DIXIELAND

BREAKIN' IT UP ON BROADWAY!!




COLUMBIA

81. Lida Rose, If I Were a Bell, Runnin' Wild, 9 more

AHMAD JAMAL

HAPPY MOODS



ARGO

96. I'll Never Stop Loving You, For All We Know, 8 more

THE CHICO HAMILTON SPECIAL



COLUMBIA

345. Autumn Leaves, New Rumba, Way Down, Trio, etc.



WHAT I
LIKE ABOUT YOU,
WALTER, IS THAT
YOU'RE SUCH A
WARM, OUTGOING
PERSON.
A REAL
MAN.



None of those ersatz pipe-in-mouth types for Thomasina. She's been saving herself for someone who gives as good as he gets. (In a snowball fight, for instance.) Someone who wears a 'First Down' coat by Zero King. Of course, Walter doesn't *really* have the blood of Nanook in his veins. But he *does* have

a warming 100% wool plaid lining under that fine cotton corduroy front he presents to the world. Plus a bulky knit shawl collar to ward off chills. And he feels even cozier when he remembers what he paid for all this outgoing assurance. Only about \$45. B.W. Harris Mfg. Company, Park Square, St. Paul 1, Minn.

ZERO KING

princely Purdy word rate, rates the title of Genius.

John Joss
Los Altos, California

Though the owner of an XK 150 Jaguar. I read your article *F.O.B. Detroit* with an open mind, and I have to admit I was quite disgusted.

James A. Wilson
Durham, North Carolina

BOOK BIND

Al Morgan's article, *The Great Paper Chase*, in the June issue, was a delight to my myopic publisher's eyes. He debunks best-seller lists and claims so expertly it might be suspected that he once had a hand in the buildup. I don't object to the power and the pressure — I just don't like phony claims, and Morgan's piece adds to the ammunition available to shoot at the claimants. So congratulations on another bull's-eye. My own book, *The Rogue of Publishers' Row*, has racked up an excellent sale, more than 20,000, but never has made any best-seller lists, so here in the office we call it our best non-best seller.

Edward Uhlan, President
Exposition Press
New York, New York

CONGRATULATIONS ON AL MORGAN'S "THE GREAT PAPER CHASE." HOWEVER, THERE ARE A FEW ERRORS CONCERNING "POEMS FOR THE JOHN" PUBLISHED BY OUR COMPANY. IT WAS NEVER SUBMITTED TO ANY OTHER PUBLISHER, AS KANROM, INC., WAS PUBLISHING TWO YEARS PRIOR TO "POEMS FOR THE JOHN." THE ONLY AD REFUSAL WAS FROM OUR FAVORITE MAGAZINE, PLAYBOY. IT IS TRUE THAT WE DID NOT SELL 250,000 COPIES. AS OF MAY 1ST, IT IS CLOSER TO 300,000. WE HAVE HAD A NUMBER OF OTHER HITS THAT HAVE OUTSOLD THE BEST-SELLER LISTS. "JOKES FOR THE JOHN" HAS SOLD 100,000 COPIES IN FOUR MONTHS. OUR CURRENT MASTERPIECE, "THE JFK COLORING BOOK," IS AT PRESENT OUTSELLING ANY TWO BEST SELLERS COMBINED.

JACKIE KANNON
ALEXANDER A. ROMAN
KANROM, INC.
NEW YORK, NEW YORK

ADVISOR ADVISED

We are disappointed in the advice *The Playboy Advisor* [May] gave to the young man who was inquiring about his superiority. In a man-woman relationship, there are two people, not just one. Therefore, not denying a man's right to his masculine pride, you must realize that women also have feelings of pride and jealousy. Obviously the man in question is not considering her feelings. If he prefers to sustain the relationship, his main problem is his own ego.

Cassandra Kelly
Patti Cobb
Havre, Montana



THE CLEAN WHITE SOCK

They think you're wacky but they always think you're right. That's because you're "clean white sock"; the convincing way you have of doing what you please. Adler socks are your favorite because they go along with you on anything. Here all feet wear the Adler SC shrink controlled wool sock. \$1.00.

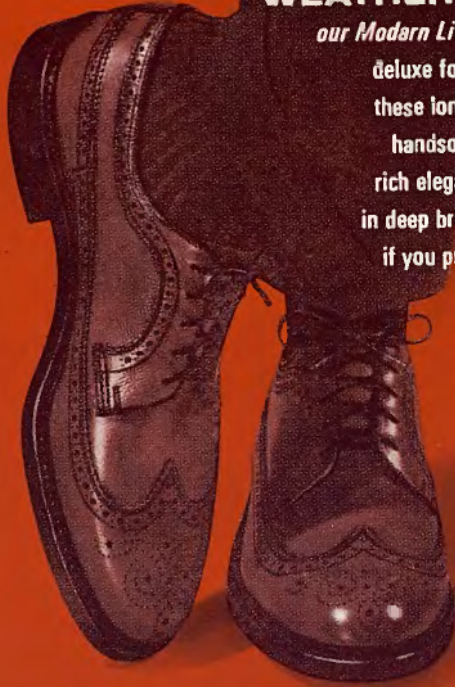
ADLER

THE ADLER COMPANY, CINCINNATI 14, OHIO IN CANADA: WINDSOR HOSIERY MILLS, MONTREAL



WINTHROP

MEN'S SHOES 1962 Style Award Winner



WEATHERGRAINS: from our Modern Living Wardrobe. Newly deluxe for business or pleasure, these long wing tip brogues are handsomely hand-stained to a rich elegant finish. Very "today" in deep brown cashmere grain or, if you prefer... black cashmere grain. Both with plush full leather lining.

A product of International Shoe Company, St. Louis, Missouri



There is absolutely no use for the loop on this Creighton shirt!

Except in the locker room (athletes love it). So will you. All Creighton Shirts have plus details like the back collar button to keep your tie straight . . . and the box-pleated back for trim fit and comfort. The tailoring is decidedly not a shoulder with single needle sleeve construction . . . a further mark of quality found in all Creighton Shirts.

CREIGHTON SHIRTMAKERS

303 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N.Y. MUrray Hill 3-5740

At Abraham & Straus (all stores); Reynolds-Penland, Dallas; Dayton Co., Minneapolis; or write us for the Creighton retailer nearest you.

I would like to take exception to your response, in the May *Advisor*, to the guy seeking support for his one-way attitudes (it's OK for him to date other girls, but he can't stand to have his not-quite-steady girl date other men). At the very least, your one-word reply, which apparently condoned his position, needs to be expanded. The gentleman admitted that intellectually he finds his position untenable. Emotionally, however, he reacts quite differently, and he feels obliged to be "honest" about his emotions. The only recourse, he believes, is either for the girl to make the concessions and accept him "for what he is" or for him to remove himself from the situation. There is another answer. The mere admission that certain emotional reactions are unjust is a significant first step, but one cannot afford to stop there. The intellect is continually being called upon to guide the emotions, for the greater good of society and of the individual. When this guidance takes the form of mere repression, it is least effective—and most uncomfortable. But when this control is effected through understanding one's emotions and gently arguing with some of their unreasonable demands, over a period of time, it is discovered that the emotion itself subsides. In this case, the emotion in question appears to be basic jealousy, an insecure feeling on the part of the man that the pleasure of his company cannot stand comparison to that of his competitors. Or perhaps he still believes in the sacredness of sex, an illusion that PLAYBOY is helping to dispel. In any event, this technique of controlling emotion through insight and understanding is equally effective whether the problem is one of eliminating prejudice or one of pacifying the unjust demands of the ego (or id, actually). I hesitate to direct such a serious note to a magazine dedicated to play. However, unless our intellect asserts a little more control over our emotions in the social (and political) sphere, there may soon be nothing left to play with, and no one to do the playing.

H. R. Ahrens
San Diego, California

That loud blast you recently heard was not that of a supersonic jet but the spontaneous laughter of your female readers upon reading *The Playboy Advisor's* agreement that several girlfriends are permissible for the questioner but not several boyfriends for his "steady." Shades of ye olde double standard.

Gladys Austin
Omaha, Nebraska

Did you really think that PLAYBOY believes in a single one?





VIVE
LA
DIFFERENCE!

hi-pockets... the slickest slacks in town! Four pockets right where you want 'em... high up and flush at the waist. *Inside* waist adjustment and *ultra* slim legs... wide variety of fabrics, completely washable. Step out of the ordinary into Hi-Pockets, the great new slacks by Amblers.

BIG YANK / AMBLERS
UNION MADE

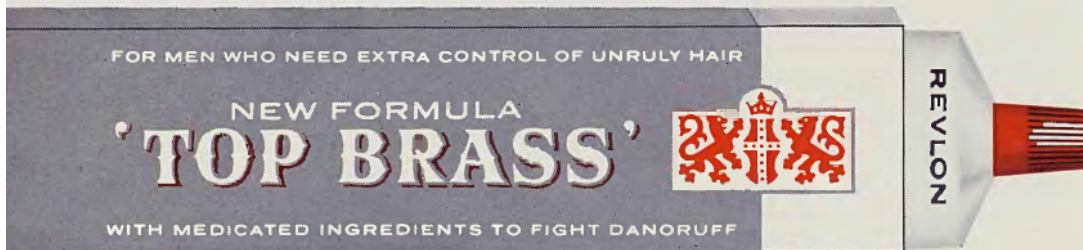
BIG YANK CORPORATION • 350 FIFTH AVENUE, N. Y. 1 • MANUFACTURERS OF PADDLE & SADDLE SPORTSWEAR

Exclusive!

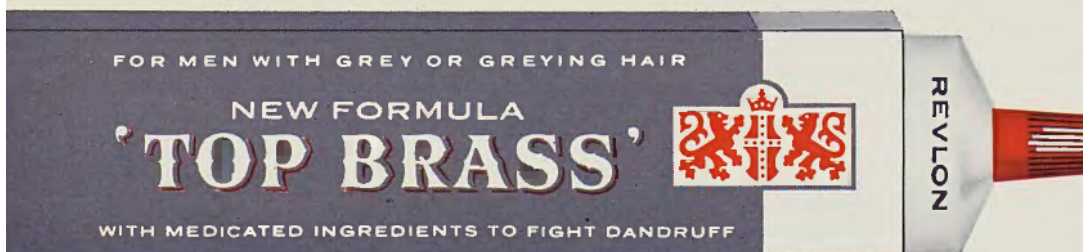
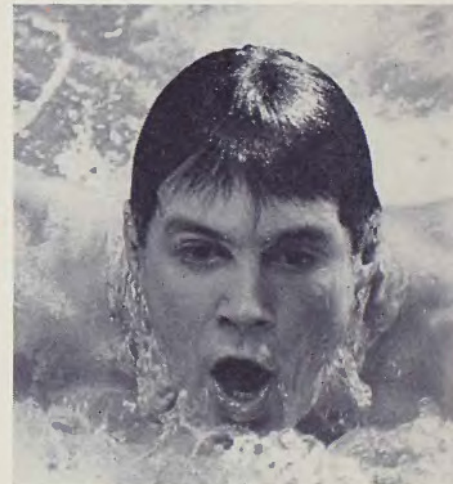
'Top Brass' Medicated Hair Dressing ...now in 3 custom formulas!



Regular, for most men and most kinds of hair.



New! For unruly, hard-to-hold and hard-to-manage hair.



New! Blue formula for white, grey or greying hair.
Counteracts yellowing. Great for blond hair, too.



Decide Now! Which of these medicated formulas is right for you? Chances are if you're over 25, you're losing your hair! But why rush things with an unhealthy scalp? 'Top Brass' helps keep your scalp healthy while it keeps your hair neat. It's *medicated* to fight dandruff and it *moisturizes* to stop dry scalp with *no greasy build-up!*

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



For a long time now, the publicity-public relations industry has been revealed as a totally dispensable puff dispensary serving no other function than to balloon the corporate image to larger-than-life size. The time has come to set things aright. We have found flackeries to be veritable fountainheads of catholic and cornucopic information. Via publicity releases, for example, we've gleaned the following little-known facts of modern life: The insignia of Air France contains a mythological beast, the hippocampus. U.S. automotive engineers first incorporated four-wheel brakes in their designs in 1923. The International Correspondence Schools' colors are purple and gold. All 1906 Mercedes were painted red. In 1960, the brewing industry produced 94,547,000 barrels of malt beverage, or the equivalent of 30 billion 12-ounce bottles. Dutch New Guinea recently issued a 25-cent stamp bearing the picture of a Volkswagen truck. The brilliant scarlet colors of the British Redcoats and Continental Armies were made from dye extracted from Indian lac; the lac, a tiny parasitic insect found on certain types of plum trees in India, Burma and Siam, is the source of all shellac. The Movieland Wax Museum contains, among other immortals, tallow takeoffs of Jean Harlow, Rudolph Valentino, Charley Chase, Brigitte Bardot, William Farnum, and the ever-popular Tony Perkins. The soot over Chicago rains from the sky at the rate of 71 tons per square mile a month. The gases produced by burning money are nonpoisonous and nontoxic. December 21 is National Flashlight Battery Inspection Day. Ireland has 85 packs of hounds—divided among two staghound packs, 32 foxhound, 41 harrier packs, and several groups of foot beagles. But the Legion of Merit for the most informative re-

lease we've received to date must go to the Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts' public relations staff, which recently issued an eight-page description of the seats to be installed in its Philharmonic Hall. From it, we learned the following: The seats will be 22 inches wide; the backs of the seats will be 19 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches high from the seat surfaces to the tops of the backs. The height from the floor to the top edges of the seats is 17 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches; the armrests are 13 inches long. The sliced polyurethane used in the arm padding measures $\frac{3}{8}$ inch in thickness on the tops of the armrests; the back cushions (2 $\frac{1}{4}$ to 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick) are to be made of reconstituted foam. The seat cushions vary from 3 to 5 inches. Twenty percent of the underside of each seat will be perforated by six 2-inch holes. An average of 1.6 yards of fluorochemically treated cotton back mohair pile fabric per seat will be used. The back and seat cushion covers can be removed by means of zippers supplied by the Serval Slide Fasteners Co. of Flushing. The letters and numerals identifying the seats are $\frac{3}{8}$ inch high, and printed in black on clear plastic circular discs (1 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter for seat numerals; 1 $\frac{1}{8}$ inches for row letters). The same alphabet design will be used on the 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ by 4-inch bronze-hued metal name plaques to be placed on the backs of seats that have been endowed; endowments for seats run from \$1000 to \$5000—a price per seat we can readily understand in view of the time, effort and salaries that must have gone into preparing the release, and the fact that the seat designs involved Max Abramovitz, architect; Don Wallace, industrial designer; Bolt, Beranek & Newman, the Center's acoustical consultants; the laboratories of Collins & Aikman, which worked six months to develop four spe-

cial harmonizing shades of gold for the seat covers; American Seating, which manufactured the covers; the aforementioned zipper company; research labs that gave the seat extensive abrasion tests; and the firms of Chermayeff & Geismar Associates and Lustig and Reich, who were graphic consultants on the design of the alphabet and numerals. We can only liken its structural metamorphosis to the manner in which our own comfortable desk chair becomes absolutely uninhabitable whenever we have to plow through the morning's chest-high pile of publicity releases.

Cushy job offer spotted in the "Help Wanted" column of the New Haven *Journal-Courier*: "BOSOM PRESSER wanted. Only experienced need apply. Call MA 4-8986."

Minutemen and bomb-shelter outfitters take note: The latest civilian Browning Gun catalog includes among its listings of more conventional firearms a sporty new equalizer called the F. N. Browning Semi-Automatic Rifle, equipped with such handy accessories as a flash hider (for nocturnal foraging?), a bayonet with scabbard and—as an optional extra for an additional \$23.75—the latest word in tastefully designed grenade launchers.

A recent *Wall Street Journal* item announced that a Chicago motel will open a "frustration room" where guests may purge their pent-up hostilities by demolishing household bric-a-brac against a brick wall. We suggest that this enterprising inn's missing a good bet in not also stocking its cubicle with spleen to vent, wigs and lids to flip, rockers to go off, steam to let off, collars to get hot

Give him
a Ferrari
and a
Paper-Mate
pen

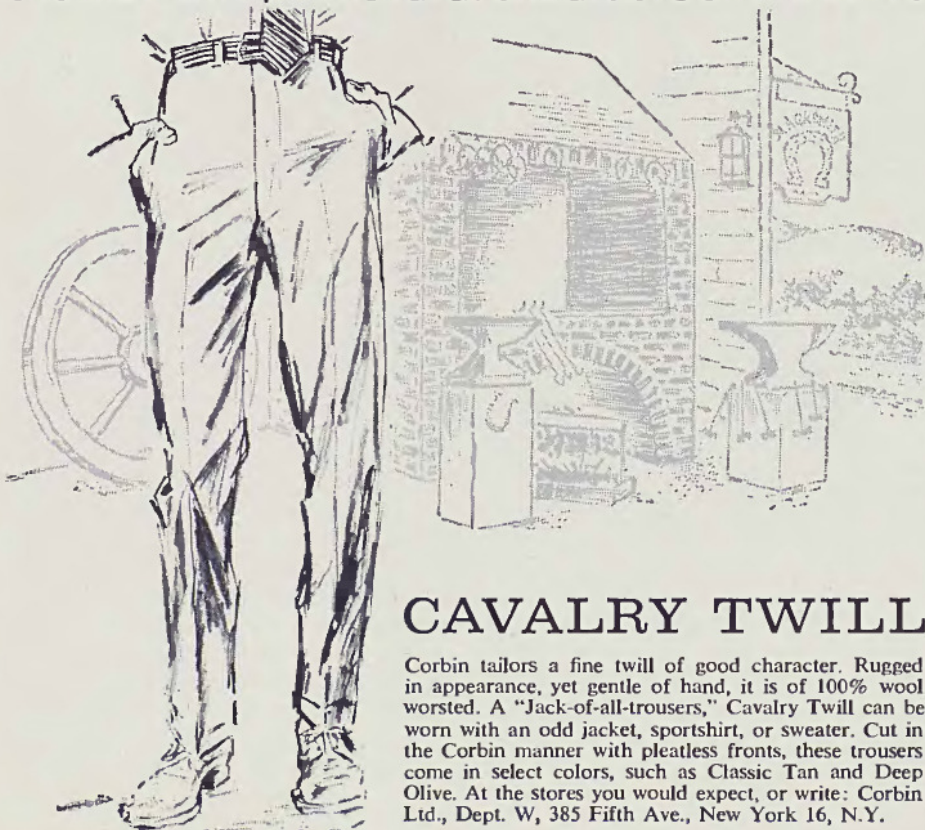


Capri Mark IV \$2.95

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TROUSERED BY CORBIN

the man who put natural shoulders on trousers



CAVALRY TWILL

Corbin tailors a fine twill of good character. Rugged in appearance, yet gentle of hand, it is of 100% wool worsted. A "Jack-of-all-trousers," Cavalry Twill can be worn with an odd jacket, sportshirt, or sweater. Cut in the Corbin manner with pleatless fronts, these trousers come in select colors, such as Classic Tan and Deep Olive. At the stores you would expect, or write: Corbin Ltd., Dept. W, 385 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N.Y.

under, gaskets and stacks to blow, horns and wet hens to get madder than, and a generous supply of rope for people who are fit to be tied.

Sign posted on the bulletin board of an expatriate's Paris bookshop: SPECIALIST IN THE PSYCHOSOMATIC CONTINUUM WISHES TO MEET PARISIAN GIRL FOR INTERESTING EXPERIMENTS IN APPLYING THE LAW OF ENTROPY TO THE DISCREPANCY BETWEEN THE SEXES. Scrawled below in a feminine hand: "The hell you say."

Recently we were roused from the catatonic stupor induced by late-night TV fare as a stentorian variety show m.c. introduced a pianist who proceeded to announce his first number as the theme music from *Judgment at Nuremberg*. It turned out to be a tinkly, effervescent affair with about as much depth as a kiddie pool. Recognizing the commercial bonanzas left untapped by this lyricless lied, we offer the following verses to the composer with our best wishes for a quick trip to the top of the Top 20, and a suggestion that he add an appropriate rock-'n'-roll beat.

*Oh, be my Nuremberg baby;
You're my kinda Kinde and I don't
mean maybe.*

*I get a storm trooper's boot out of you
Though you're 15 and I'm 52.
Heidi, Heidi, Heidi, Ho
Heidi, Heidi, Heidi, Ho*

*When we found love in a Berlin
bunker
You were pushing junk for a Prussian
Junker.*

*After you said that you'd be mine
I was really living high off the Schwein.
Heidi, Heidi, Heidi, Ho
Heidi, Heidi, Heidi, Ho*

*Now our love must wait for a while
Cause the War Crimes Commission
has brought me to trial.
With my General Staff baton and my
groovy armband
I'm ready for love, but I've got to take
the stand.
Heidi, Heidi, Heidi, Ho
Heidi, Heidi, Heidi, Ho*

*Tell the gang at the Hofbväu to have
one for me;
It's pumpernickel and Wasser till I'm
set free.*

*Field Marshal Rommel, you kept the
Panzers too long.*

From the classified section of the *Seattle Times*: "Dandy young 2 bdrm. rambler for the 'young at heat.'"

PLAYBOY, we were gratified to learn the other day, continues to play its



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unique part in maintaining the morale of the American fighting man. In a direct order from the commanding officer of Fort Chaffee, Arkansas, a detachment of recalled reservists was informed that the decoration of living quarters during inspections would henceforth consist exclusively of suitably sedate family snapshots. Touring the barracks on inspection day, the CO surveyed the gallery of filial photographs with increasing satisfaction—until his eye fell upon a large framed color portrait adorning the locker of a smiling private: one of PLAYBOY's Playmates of the Month, inscribed as follows in a feminine hand: "Be a good soldier, Sonny, and hurry back to us here at home. Love, Granny."

Proof that the most mundane of memoranda can furnish an occasional iota of unintentional amusement is offered in a routine program-change notice issued to television editors by Minneapolis' WTCN-TV. We quote it in full: "CANCEL: *Her First Romance*. INSERT: *Emergency Wedding*." The memo didn't state whether these were episodes on *Shotgun Slade*.

In this age of uncertainty, it's comforting to be reminded that our national security is in capable hands. Sign tacked in an elevator at Foreign Aid headquarters in Washington, D.C.: DEFENSE PROCEDURES FOR ELEVATOR NO. 1. TAKE SHELTER—PICK UP WARDENS FROM ALL FLOORS AND TAKE TO THIRD FLOOR. RETURN TO LOBBY. NOTE: IN CASE OF ACTUAL EMERGENCY, ELEVATORS WILL NOT OPERATE.

Reporting a dance-hall fire, the *Beaumont (Texas) Enterprise* stated: "The owner of the dance hall, Elphege Sonnier, was asleep in the second-floor living quarters when the fire broke out and had to jump from a widow to save himself."

Latest entry in our Anthology of Aply Yclept People: a *Time* news-desk distaffer named Minnie Magazine.

Our man on Madison Avenue reports this latest variation on the status theme. Seen heading north between 54th and 55th Streets: a young executive type, impeccably uniformed and carrying an attaché case of Mexican leather. Hand-tooled in the center of the usual intricate scrollwork was the painstakingly Gothic-lettered word "Lunch."

After notable success with such biographical dictionaries as *Who's Who in America*, *Who's Who in the West*, *Who's Who in American Politics* and *Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities*, we wonder why the *Who's Who* people decided to change the preposition

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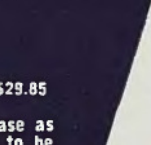
34. Also: The Boy Next Door, Bewitched, etc.



3. Also: How High the Moon, etc.



47. Isle of Capri, Si-boney, Say Si Si, etc.



31. A Wonderful Guy, I Love Paris, 12 in all



4. Moonlight Bay, Avalon, 16 hits in all



13. "Fabulous sound."—Washington Post



2. I'm Always Chasing Rainbows, 12 in all



46. Caravan, In a Persian Market, 9 more



8. "A glittering performance..."—Billboard



48. Rib Joint, With a Song in My Heart, etc.



20. "... perfect in stereo."—High Fidelity



45. Too Darn Hot, Bewitched, 43 hits in all



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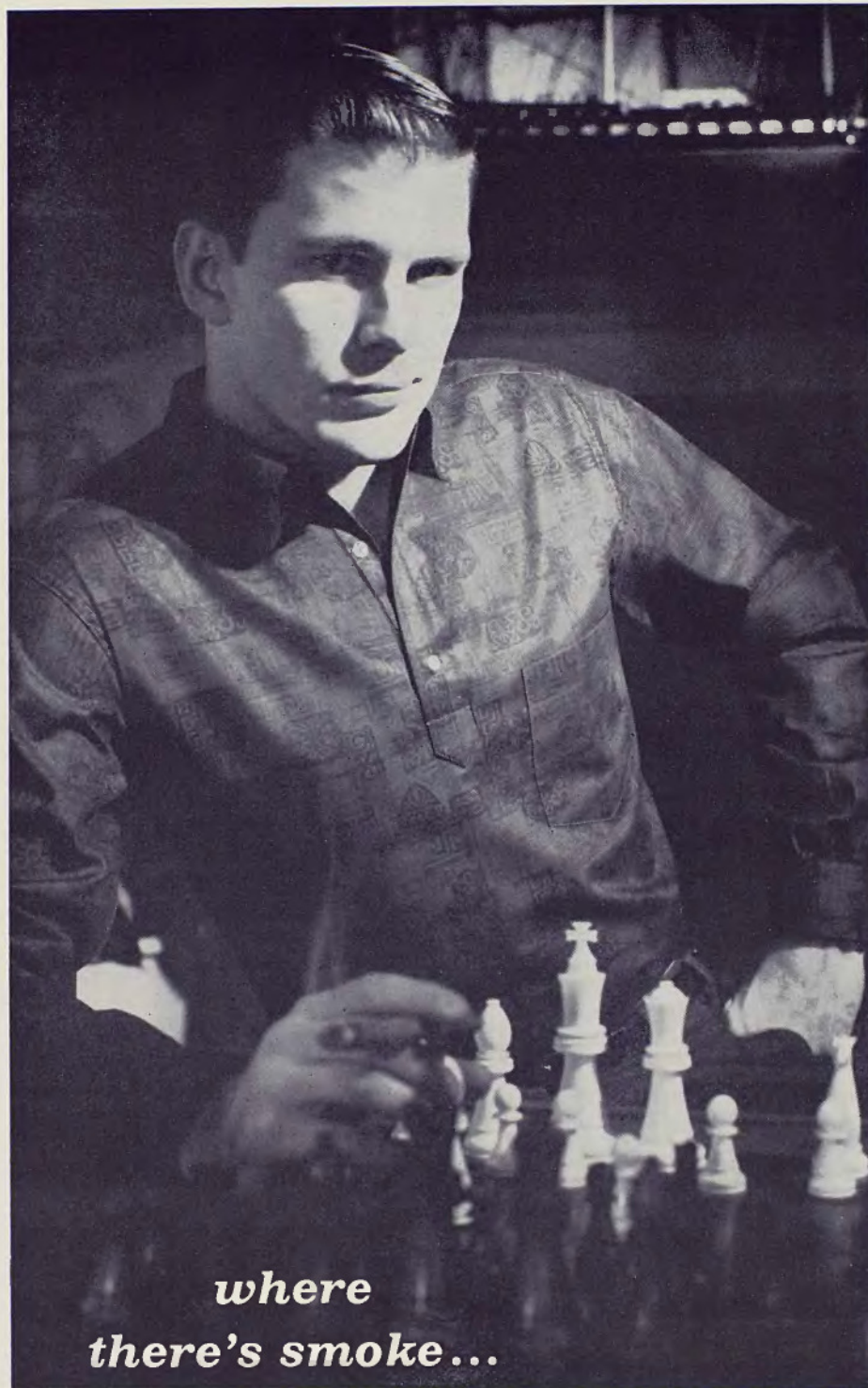
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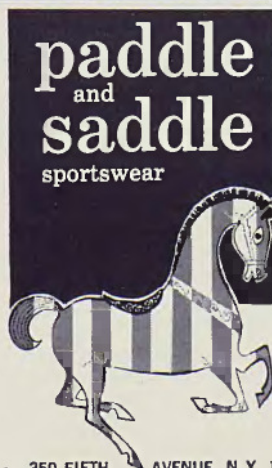
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in the title of their latest lexicon of luminaries: *Who's Who of American Women*.

In Cleveland's court of common pleas, a convicted housebreaker recently greeted his penal fate with exhilarant expectation — until the court clerk hastened to correct the judge who had just sentenced him to five years in the Ohio State University.

THEATER

Off-Broadway looked very big last season — if you counted noses onstage instead of out front. A hundred-odd hopefuls — most of them very odd, indeed — hustled exuberantly in and gloomily out of the little handboxes that nestle self-consciously in the side streets of Manhattan. Their misguided ventures folded week after week with the regularity and dramatic interest of sheep jumping a fence in an insomniac's vigil. Still, the season did have its livelier entries — and those still around we here-with celebrate.

Off-Broadway's funniest swatch of theatrical flimflam is Arthur L. Kopit's *Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad*. A man-eating Mamma, a cat-eating piranha fish, a couple of carnivorous potted plants, a well-stuffed and embalmed corpse (Dad's) and a fancy casket are a few of the unsettling items in this example of the Theater of the Absurd at its absurdest. Director Jerome Robbins is chiefly responsible for keeping the avant Guignolery from palling, and Barbara Harris (former first lady of Second City and winner of the New York Drama Critics' Poll for the most promising new actress of the year), cast as a beatific Bopeep with lupine lechery in her heart, gives the year's brightest performance on either end of Broadway. At the Phoenix, 334 East 74th Street.

David Ross' production of *Rosmersholm* is a potent and perceptive revival of the play that marks Henrik Ibsen's progression from the social drama to the psychological. Nancy Wickwire gives a brilliant performance as Rebecca West, the chilly "new woman" who is not as immune to love as she thought she was. Under these auspices Ibsen, even 75 years after his time, is still a contemporary in the living theater. At the Fourth Street Theater, 83 East 4th Street.

Once again burlesque — or a reasonably vulgar, flesh-colored tintype of the same — is thriving in the antiseptic reaches of New York with the nostalgic *This Was Burlesque*. As m.c. of these raffishly redundant ceremonies, Miss Ann Corio — an eminent stripper turned historian of the vanishing Art Form — contributes



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informative comment, informal comedy and considerable form of her own in demonstrating her dexterity with bra strap and garter. Her girls are structurally unimpeachable but never as naked as the day they were born. Unrestrained by maidenly modesty, four baggy-pants top bananas pour on the slapstick, the blue jokes and the unnew jokes that still sound good. Nothing against the girls, but it's the comics who provide an authentic tribute to the great days of burlesque. At the Casino East, 2nd Avenue and 12th Street.

Brecht on Brecht gives us a fragmentary but fascinating portrait of a rebel and a genius. Scenes from Bertolt Brecht's plays, a scattering of his poems, his songs and his sardonic observations on pertinent issues of our time are thoughtfully proffered by six actors perched on stools. The songs, written with Kurt Weill, are incomparably delivered by Weill's widow, Lotte Lenya. A fine cast, which originally included Eli Wallach, Anne Jackson and Viveca Lindfors, is subject to change as the months go on — but then Brecht is a man for all seasons. At the Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher Street.

The Hostage, Brendan Behan's Hibernian vaudeville act, is as outrageously funny in the Village as it was in the West End or uptown, and perhaps just a bit less disciplined — which does no harm at all, at all. Behan's boozy impertinence, his potshots at politics, religion and the sorry state of the world make a point as often as they miss one, and the gaps are plugged with a spate of rowdy horseplay guaranteed to disarm even the most defiant non-Irishman. At One Sheridan Square, West 4th Street near 7th Avenue.

Nothing goes as well as an old Cole Porter score, and *Anything Goes* offers one of his best, padded with some choice pilfering from the composer's repertoire. It is possible to balk at the libretto; 28 years is time enough to make any musical-comedy book sound archaic despite modern improvements. But who can resist a lively reprise of *You're the Top*, *I Get a Kick Out of You* and *Blow, Gabriel Blow*? At the Orpheum, 126 2nd Avenue.

In *Childhood*, the second of three one-act plays collectively entitled *Plays for Bleeker Street*, Thornton Wilder draws a magic circle that, for a moment of sheer enchantment, links the secret world of three children with the remote limbo of their well-intentioned but uncomprehending parents. This is the wise and tender Wilder of *Our Town*. *Infancy*, in which two adult actors impersonate importunate babies in their swaddled perambulators, is only amusing, and *Lust*, which has to do with St. Francis of Assisi, must be counted a miss. Still,



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one out of three is not bad batting in the theater league. At Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker Street.

The Second City company that tucked New York in its pocket last fall isn't all present and accounted for in its new review, *Alarums and Excursions*. Still on hand, however, are Alan Arkin (may his tribe increase) and such inspired literates as Howard Alk, Andrew Duncan and Eugene Troobnick who, with some acerbic assistance from newcomer Anthony Holland, maintain the group's enviable standard of wit, social satire and upper-echelon clowning. At the Square East, 15 West 4th Street.

MOVIES

Jules Dassin and Melina Mercouri, director and star of *Never on Sunday*, have gone to old sources for their new film, *Phaedra*. The story is out of Euripides by way of Racine, but way out. In the classic, Phaedra falls for her stepson, who isn't having any. Seeking revenge, the spurned lady tells her husband that his son is after her, and all Hellas breaks loose. In the Dassin version, Phaedra (Mercouri), the wife of a rich Greek ship-owner, and the youth (Anthony Perkins) have a hectic hassle in the hay, thus lousing up the legend. Death comes to both, but not soon enough to save this hit-and-myth. There are more Attic attitudes struck here than a Grecian could urn; even the dialog is thickly coated with old Greece. As if this weren't enough, Dassin couldn't resist taking pictures of his star from every angle in every sort of dress; we have no wish to malign Melina, but the arty poses would make *Harper's* bizarre. Dassin himself plays only a bit part, for which one may give thanks. Pert Tony Perkins is not the man to make the Mercouri rise. The one solid acting job is turned in by Raf Vallone, as the husband — but how thin can you slice Vallone?

Hemingway's Adventures of a Young Man, stitched together from several of the master's stories, is very much in earnest. The Nick Adams of those tales is the young Hemingway before (and without) the bull. Nineteen-year-old Nick, malcontent in Michigan, hits the road, and the road hits back with some searing experiences. World War I is on, and he volunteers as an ambulance driver in Italy, gets wounded and, making his farewell to mechanized arms, falls into the arms of an Italian nurse. Some of the episodes have soft centers, and the Technicolor lends a touch of tinsel; but in the main, A. E. Hotchner's script keeps faith with Hemingway, and Martin Ritt, a good director, has gotten the best from a good cast. Arthur Kennedy as Nick's



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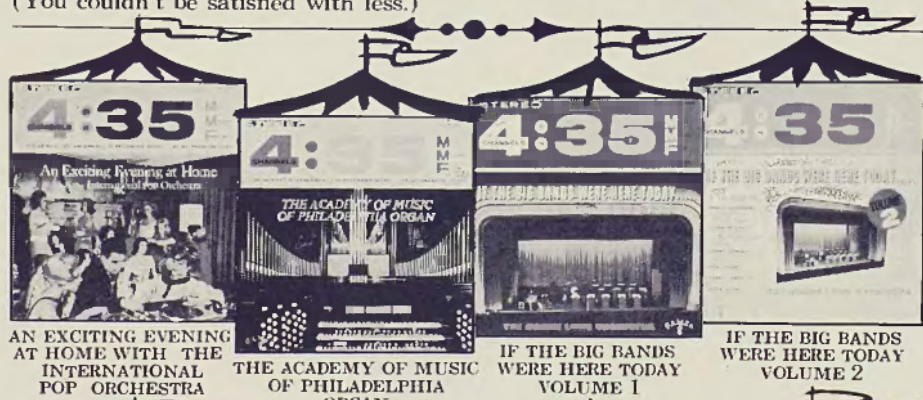
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father, Dan Dailey and Fred Clark as theatrical types, Philip Bourneuf as a newspaper editor, Ricardo Montalban and Eli Wallach as Italians provide a classy collection of cameos. Paul Newman, playing a punchy pug, turns what might have been a ham's holiday into a moving portrait. Even Richard Beymer (Nick) manages to shine intermittently: as the son he also rises.

Gigot (the producer must have thought) couldn't miss. Give Jackie Gleason the role of a poor slob. To pile on the pathos, make him a mute, then surround him with adoring animals and a charming child. Set it all in Paris and you've got those quaint-type streets to stroll in. Why, you could cast your Uncle Ulrich in the lead and millions would melt. But the shoo-in is on the other foot. Music, *mise en scène*, tiny tots make Jackie look good, but when he's out there on his own — parodying the mourners at a funeral, for instance — he merely sketches where a Chaplin would score. The story — Gleason's idea scripted by John Patrick — moves slowly when it moves at all. It's about this jeered-at janitor, persecuted by people, loved by cats and kids, and the big agonies his big heart gets him into. Gleason takes credit for the music — and he can have it. Gene Kelly takes credit for the direction, what there is of it. Jackie's a practiced pro, but — on the evidence — as a mime, he's more adipose than adequate.

Crosby and Hope have put the show on the road again — this time *The Road to Hong Kong*. It's years since they went to Singapore and Morocco and Rio, and their new script, by Norman Panama and Melvin Frank, might have been buried underground the whole time, moldering instead of maturing. The plot has the pair, as happy-go-unlucky as ever, conning their way around Asia until they get involved in a spy ring headed by a mad genius who's planning a rocket-try for the moon, and they end up in the *real* Luna Park. Sense would be senseless in a *Road* picture, but gags are indispensable — and here they are phew and far between. Hope bobs around as always, but Bing, sad to say, has lost his bong. He looks like the grandpa he is, which makes the inanity inappropriate. Joan Collins is on hand as a secret agent; Robert Morley is a massive mastermind; and Dorothy Lamour does a brief guest shot that isn't brief enough. The pearl in this clammy oyster is an unbilled appearance by Peter Sellers as a Hindu physician. The scene where he diagnoses Hope's strange illness makes the rest of the picture see-sick.

Jules and Jim, third film of France's François Truffaut, was as well received



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Bob Cousy, of the professional basketball champion Celtics; Frank Gifford, who returned to the New York football Giants after laying off a year; Ken Venturi, professional golfer. That's Paul with his picture in the paper.

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here as his first, *The 400 Blows*, so the importers have picked up the dropped stitch — his second film — *Shoot the Piano Player*. If No. 2 is not *comme il faut*, at least it's *comme il Truffaut*, sparkling with the freewheeling fireworks of this crazy young talent. Adapted from *Down There*, a novel by American David Goodis, it reflects the New Wave's yen for Yankee yeggs. This is a Bogart-type film, set in Paris, about a silent, sexy café pianist with a past. Girls go for him, and one of them almost straightens him out; then he tangles with his brothers, who are crooks, and, after some kidnappings and killings, he ends up back at the bistro. The story is just one more spillover from Spillane, but it was worth doing for its nuance value; we wouldn't have believed there was a fresh way left to film a bedroom scene with tease and sympathy. Truffaut's trouble is an embarrassment of reaches; he keeps trying to do everything at once, and never really sets a style. (A hood says: "If that's not true, may my mother drop dead." Quick flash of his mother dropping dead. Funny, sure — but there goes your serious scene.) With pint-size Charles Aznavour as the pianist, Marie Du Bois as his devoted dame, and Michele Mercier as a plushy *poule*, *Piano Player* flashes fancy trills and action.

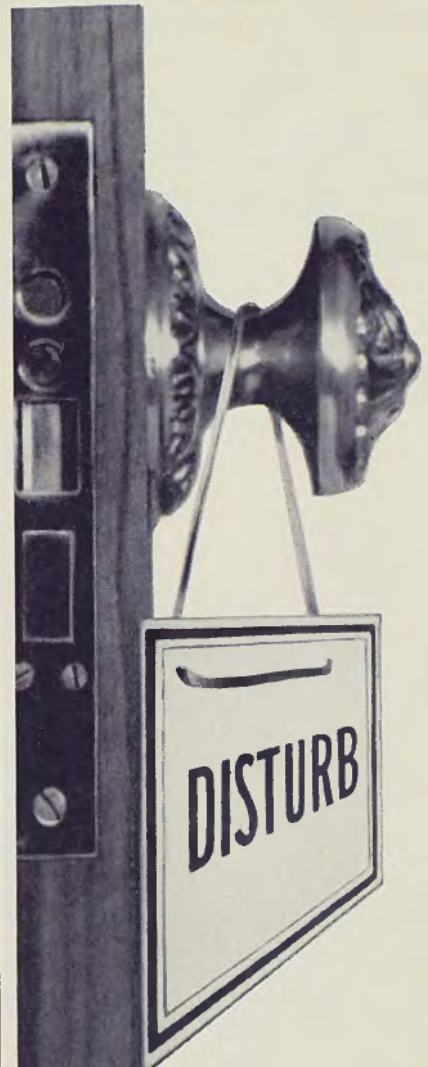
RECORDINGS

Twenty-five years ago, the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union put on a musical revue. Today, *Pins and Needles* (Columbia), reprised by a small group of talented performers, shows very clearly why it was the surprise hit of its era. Though nothing dates more quickly than a topical revue (sociopolitically, *Pins and Needles* was topical in the extreme), Harold Rome's words and music hold up neatly. The album is at its best when Barbara Streisand, a comedienne who will be a top name before long, renders *Doing the Reactionary* and *Nobody Makes a Pass at Me*; the former fits beautifully into the Age of the Bircher; the latter, a wallflower's lament, is timeless.

Art Van Damme Swings Sweetly (Columbia) plucks accordionist Van Damme from the familiar surroundings of his quintet and plunks him down in the middle of an outsized, heavily strung studio band. Although the total effect is not always salutary, Van Damme's artistry is unflinching throughout a session that encompasses 11 still-tasty chestnuts and a lovely new ballad, *Darrylyn*.

The Bobby Timmons Trio in Person (Riverside), recorded at the Village Vanguard,

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flourishes the functional leanings of pianist Timmons. The Timmons tempi are generally unhurried, with Bobby leaving Ron Carter's bass and Al Heath's drums behind to soliloquize the Gordon Jenkins-penned Benny Goodman sign-off, *Goodbye*. Timmons' own opus, *Dat Dere*, is used as a tag line on both sides.

Tammy Grimes (Columbia) has us bugged. The girl really has no voice; she sounds like a cross between Eartha Kitt, Mildred Natwick and Tallulah Bankhead — but she can sell a song, by God. On hand are a catchall of offbeat, cornball, lachrymose and laconic ditties; all have been adroitly tamed by Tammy.

Tricky Lofton, a superlative trombonist whose talents were first appraised and praised here in a review of *Groove* (*Playboy After Hours*, September 1961), heads his own aggregation on **Bass Bag** (Pacific Jazz). With considerable aid from fast-rising trumpet man Carmell Jones, bassist Leroy Vinnegar and a four-man bone choir on side one, Lofton leads the troops expertly through a series of energetic and imaginative Gerald Wilson arrangements. Auxiliary slide man Lou Blackburn's presence on side two acts as a spur to Lofton's vigorous attack.

Spotlight on Jacy Parker (Verve) is a fine vinyl debut for the pianist-vocalist. Miss Parker sticks to evergreens in the main, and it proves to be a mutually profitable association. Performing with her nightclub trio augmented by trumpeter Ernie Royal, Jacy uses an ungimmicked approach to a lyric; her embellishments are infrequent and generally pertinent. For a small sampling of Miss Parker at her best, we suggest *My Ship*, a standard with a difficult melodic line that gives Jacy no trouble at all. And, as a bonus, her piano work is highly respectable.

Shelly Manne and guitarist Jack Marshall have wrung absolutely the last drop of stereophonic hanky-panky from **Sounds Unheard Of!** (Contemporary). With Marshall usually carrying the melodic ball, Manne's sonic strength is the strength of 10 as he employs (without the dubious benefit of overdubbing) 27 — count 'em — 27 percussion instruments that range from an African thumb piano to a Loo-Jon, to a piccolo Boo-Bam, to a rice-covered snare drum. In this context, the dozen oldies on tap have been so brightly refurbished as to be barely recognizable. A solid-gold glockenspiel to Mr. Manne for a listening-is-believing tour de force.

Swinging singer Buddy Greco succumbs happily to schizophrenia on



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Buddy and Soul (Epic). The first side finds Buddy in familiar surroundings — a rocking band behind him — as he high-gears his way through a half-dozen uptempo delights, with top honors going to *Come Rain or Come Shine* and *After the Lights Go Down Low*. But the flip face features a poignant and romantic Buddy (really a revival of an earlier Greco) caressing the likes of *But Beautiful* and *'Round Midnight*.

Digging Coleman Hawkins' *Good Old Broadway* (Moodville), we were reminded of how delightful it was to hear a melody for a change. The Hawk's respect for a melodic line was never more apparent than here, in a run-through of eight show tunes ranging from *Roberta's Smoke Gets in Your Eyes* to *The Man That Got Away* from *A Star Is Born*. Tommy Flanagan, an excellent pianist, displays his wares with much aplomb at the head of a rhythm section that provides felicitous company for a brilliant, and apparently ageless, Bean.

Back Door Blues: Eddie "Cleanhead" Vinson (Riverside) is an unpretentious package of Mr. Cleanhead hard at work at what he does best — blues shouting. A powerful plus for this outing is the backing of the Cannonball Adderley Quintet, whose frenetic exuberance matches the Vinson vitality note for note. Included, too, are a pair of instrumentals to which Eddie adds his alto. The Vinson voice, however, is the album's *raison d'être*.

The haunting musical themes that were woven into the fabric of the 1959 Cannes Film Festival are offered as contemporary fare by the Vince Guaraldi Trio on *Jazz Impressions of Black Orpheus* (Fantasy). Actually, only side one is taken up with the movie's themes. Side two consists of a quartet of non-*Orpheus* items, including the Mancini Oscar-winner *Moon River*. But the *Black Orpheus* offerings alone are well worth the price of the LP. Adding considerably to Guaraldi's piano, Monte Budwig's bass and Colin Bailey's drums can be hypnotically Brazilian or crisply presto.

Among all the fledgling chirpers hatched recently, Lorez Alexandria still rates as one of the best. *Deep Roots* (Argo) is an accurate aural presentation of her capabilities. With an unobtrusive trio for backing, Lorez wafts her way through a thoroughly satisfying set made up for the most part of standards. The items are as disparate as *Nature Boy* and *Softly As in a Morning Sunrise*; all are taken tenderly in tow by Miss Alexandria.

The Straight Horn of Steve Lacy (Candid) is, of course, the soprano sax, a woodwind that few blow better than Lacy, its most ardent advocate since Bechet. Lacy

is a cerebral sax man — avant-garde, but neither effete nor obtuse. The six selections are from the pens of Monk, Bird and Cecil Taylor and demonstrate admirably the range of Lacy's instrument and the scope of his imagination.

Hammer and Nails: *The Staple Singers* (Riverside) presents what is easily the most exciting new vocal group we've heard in a long time. It's gospel — pure, pulsating and commercially untainted. Roebuck Staples and his children, Mavis, Cleotha and Purvis, make up the quartet, with Mavis handling most of the solo work. The four engender all the unfettered emotion of an all-out revival meeting.

DINING-DRINKING

"It takes a lot of audacity and belief to make a place like this come true," said singer Bobby Darin in an onstage tribute to his employer during his closing show at Chicago's glittering new *Sahara Inn* (3939 N. Mannheim). The owner of all that audacity — and the \$7,000,000 Sahara — is Manny Skar, whose friendship with big-time hoodlums stirred up so much negative publicity in the Chicago press that the Sahara's liquor license was threatened just before opening night. But the really big news for the local populace is that the Sahara's Club Gigi is the first major talent tent to rise in the Windy City since the demise, in 1960, of the *Chez Paree* (which now houses part of *PLAYBOY's* burgeoning office force). Lushly decorated, Club Gigi reflects the neo-Vegas atmosphere of the rest of the Sahara, a veritable UN of imported furnishings. Other major attractions: a gold-toned *Celebrity Bar* stocked with cocktail waitresses out of the *Arabian Nights*; a sumptuous red-and-gold *Sultan's Table* dining room with strolling violinists and a 25-foot-tall "arbor tree" complete with artificial grapes and moss; a huge heated swimming pool; and a coffee shop built around a large gold cup. The supper club's 280-seat capacity is small by Vegas-Miami Beach standards — so small that it seems unlikely to support such high-priced names as Darin, Jack E. Leonard, Vic Damone, Joe E. Lewis, Shecky Greene, Tony Martin and Ella Fitzgerald, all of whom have been booked for the room. Skar is not scared by the problem, however; the payoff, he says, will come from the Sahara's 276 plushly furnished rooms (at \$16-\$24 per) and from a huge convention hall he plans to add next year. Mirroring Skar's own confidence, brash Bobby Darin was a nifty choice as Club Gigi's opening act. De-

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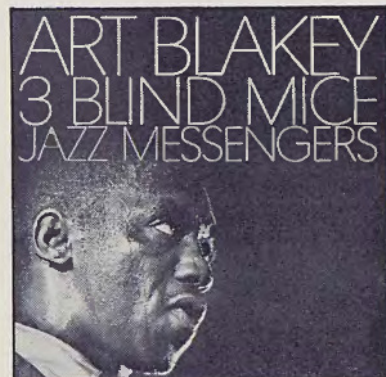
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living two weeks of his usual Darin-do to SRO crowds, he made no secret of the fact that his singing voice, never too extensive in range, was suffering from recurrent throat trouble. ("Cancer," he explained cheerfully, after one particularly bad coughing spell.) But his rhythmic body English and shoot-from-the-hip wit were on target all the way. (To the possible annoyance of some of his fans, movie star Darin often came close to doing a parody of singer Darin's cool shoulder-shrugging style.) In the patter department, Darin was at his sharpest during his closing-night show when his successor, rotund Jack E. Leonard, and owner Skar shared a ring-side table. Trading zingers with Leonard ("I've always wanted to do a double, Jack, but in your case, it would be a triple"), Darin nearly reduced the acid ad-libber to a malevolent mumbler. On the bill with Darin for the Sahara opening was master mimic George Kirby, who broke up the crowd, the band and Darin himself. With top names, a shiny new supper club and a sun-bright marquee that out-beacons Chicago's nearby O'Hare Airport (which is two minutes away by car), Skar's chic Sahara may well become a Midwestern oasis for the international jet set.

Time was when a restaurant-bar could get by on good food, name-brand booze and some inoffensive music. No more, however; today, it's the gimmick. And Hollywood's *The Phone Booth* (9011 Sunset Strip) has two major ploys going for it. During weekday lunch hours—12:30–2— and the cocktail hour which tees off at 5:30, owner Rod Roddewig offers an undress parade of peignoir pals clad in the latest and the least in lingerie (and sportswear on occasion) that moves among the tables. Appetites thus whetted evidently require little in the way of varied sustenance; there are only four entrees on the lunch menu and only one for dinner—New York Cut steak with salad, whipped potato, vegetable, garlic bread, dessert and coffee (\$1.95). For those who can take time off from their ogling, there are hot hors d'oeuvres from hibachis scattered about the 10-stool bar. The second gimmick takes over in the late hours when an intertable phone system à la San Francisco's Library (*Playboy After Hours*, December 1961) goes into operation. Ground rules are the same: just pick up the phone at your table, tell the operator which Alexander Graham belle you're interested in, and she'll make the connection (whether you do is your problem). The decor is dark wood paneling set off by bright red linens and a gaggle of antique telephones. The boite's phone-booth-shaped entrance is open 11:30 A.M. to 2 A.M., Monday through



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BOOKS

James Baldwin's new novel, *Another Country* (Dial, \$5.95), is serious, painful and full of salty language. Baldwin's intense concern for his characters fires this book and gives it a compelling quality. At first he seems to be mainly interested in Harlem Negroes, particularly the young and the talented who, as represented by Rufus Scott, have been reduced by our society to inarticulate fury. But Baldwin moves on, not only to other Negroes like Rufus' sister, Ida, but to white men and women as well: Vivaldo Moore, who becomes Ida's lover; Eric, an actor, a white Southerner, a homosexual; and Richard and Cass Silenski, a writer in the process of being commercialized and a woman learning to live with a man without integrity. It is, indeed, another country that Baldwin maps out, a country full of fury and torment. The weight of the city is "murderous." "The rain poured down like a wall. It struck the pavements with a vicious sound, and spattered in the swollen gutters with the force of bullets." The fury is in the prose — and it is in the characters as well. Ida will never let Vivaldo forget that he is white and she is black. "All you white boys make me sick. You want to find out what's happening, baby, all you got to do is pay your dues." Rage is at the very root of their sexual lives. The "happiest" sexuality in the book is that between Eric and Yves, a French boy. And yet, even in the midst of his happiness Eric realizes that on the day Yves no longer needs him, he (Eric) will become again a victim of that army of lonely men who had used him and who had submitted to him; to become ". . . the receptacle of an anguish which he could scarcely believe was in the world." This book is *not* a cry of rage; it is the articulation of that rage — and that is its achievement.

What does one owe to his fellow creatures and in what coin should it be paid? Is it possible to give to another without giving up some private, uncommitted part of oneself? These questions for our time provide the theme of Philip Roth's first full-length novel, *Letting Go* (Random House, \$5.95). Gabe Wallach is a likable, intelligent college English instructor with a faculty for becoming enmeshed in other people's troubled lives. He suffers, as a minor character phrases it, from an "inordinate guilt about the other fellow" — an unhappily married couple, the divorcee who be-

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comes his mistress, his lonely father—but out of his attempts to deal with them in a coolly reasonable way come only broken relationships, violations of feeling, death and deprivation, until finally he understands the importance of just “letting go.” Through the virtuosity of his dialog and a wittily observant eye, Roth gives his characters life and style, but the heavy documentation of their Jewish and Catholic backgrounds and of university life seems more of a burden than their limited personalities can bear. His people's nervous systems are complicated, but shallow: they have plenty of feelings but dare not allow themselves the luxury of passion. To the author and his hero alike, these lives, like so many in contemporary fiction, seem to be not so much tragic as merely messy.

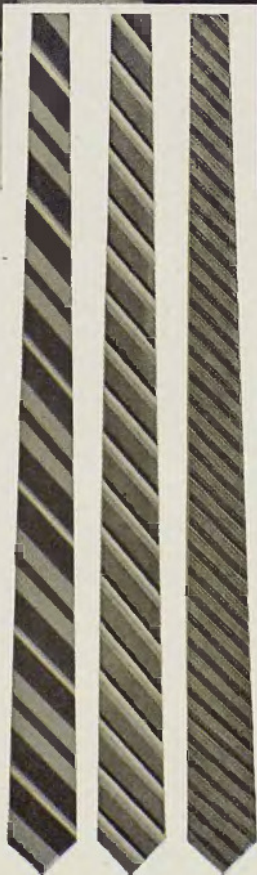
Jack Kerouac has written another novel. The title is *Big Sur* (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, \$4.50), which is how the reader can tell it from his previous novels. This time Jack (that's the narrator) is back in San Francisco, or nearby in a cabin in the woods. The cabin is all goopy and wow and Zenish, and while he's there Jack writes a poem to the sea: “You billion yeared rock knocker . . . Big friggin shoulders on *that* sonofabitch.” But Jack, 40 years old and self-designated King of the Beatniks, is sort of lonely, so he heads back to town and gets crocked. This makes him still more depressed. His old chum Cody, the guy who was called Dean Moriarity in *On the Road*, decides to ease Jack through this trying period by fixing him up with Cody's own mistress, which is a far-out mystic bhikku “identification” scene between pals, if you dig. But Jack finds the girl mothering a child and “the child is up on bed with us tugging at her shoulder just like a grownup jealous lover tryin to pull a woman off another man (she being on top indication of exactly how helpless and busted down I've become and here it is only four in the afternoon).” The missing g on “tryin” is apparently not a typo, as gs are left off throughout the novel. Also, every sentence in it is separated from the next by a dash.—Like this.—In any event, it's back to the woods again for Jack, along with the obliging mistress, the nuisance child and some stray odd friends, until finally a “big bliss” settles down and all is OK.

The Two Susans (Random House, \$4.95) by William (Don't Go Near the Water) Brinkley is the saga of Jason Hightower, red-blooded, hot-hormoned magazine reporter, most of whose life is spent trying to make time. The magazine's research staff being handy, our amorous hero is soon researching two susceptible girls at once (when do they ever find time to

edit on those magazines?). Both happen to be named Susan: the avant-garde divorcee who is happy to participate in a no-strings-attached biological-urge arrangement and the wholesome type with a "no banns, no bed" philosophy. Week after week Jason manages to avoid having his concurrent mistresses meet, though this involves putting his apartment trysts on an arrival-departure timetable that would make the directors of the New York, New Haven & Hartford green with envy. Though the tale zips along at a lively clip for a while, it—like Jason—runs out of steam before the rather kookie windup involving double fatherhood. But in one of his funniest, if not most relevant, episodes, Mr. Brinkley manages to pull off the most dazzling typographical coup since *Tristram Shandy*—two facing pages filled with almost nothing but a variation on a four-letter word meaning sexual intercourse. It may succeed in taming the word—if not the act—forever.

Pelham Grenville Wodehouse, chronicler chronic of the lives and times of young gentlemen of leisure known as Eggs, Beans and Crumpets, was born in 1881. He caught on soon after the turn of the century and has been going at an alarming rate ever since with novels, plays and short stories, a jolly number of which have graced our pages. For all these years, it is now revealed, he has also been up to something else—writing letters. His latest book, *Author! Author!* (Simon and Schuster, \$4.50)—previewed by PLAYBOY in January 1962—consists of missives written by Wodehouse to a friend, one W. Townend, and freshly annotated by recipient and sender. All bearing the inimitable P.G.W. touch, they range through people he knew and books he wrote, houses he lived in and pets he had, money he made and money he lost, books he read and books he wrote. Wodehouse, at 80 still full of Eggs, Beans and Crumpets, here offers his own professional apologia for concentrating on the less-weighty matters of life: "Mine, I protest, are historical novels. Nobody objects when an author writes the sort of things that begin, 'More skilled though I am at wielding the broadsword than the pen, I will set down for all to read the tale of how I, plain John Blunt, did follow my dear liege to the wars when Harry, yeleft the fifth, sat on our English throne.' So why am I not to be allowed to set down for all to read the tale of how the Hon. J. Blunt got fined five pounds by the magistrate at Boshier Street Police Court for disorderly conduct on Boat Race Night?" Why not, indeed?

John Braine is in the unusual position of having written a relative-rags-to-com-



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CLEVELAND, TENN.

parative-riches novel, *Room at the Top*, which was better on film than on paper. Should a movie be made of *Life at the Top* (Houghton-Mifflin, \$4.50), his continued study of the career of lusty Joe Lampton, it will be touch and go. There's a part for Miss Signoret in it, but it's doubtful if even the newest of New Wave directors would be able to surmount the sandbar of clichés Mr. Braine has here piled up. Joe is now 10 years married to Susan Brown, daughter of Industrialist Brown. (One of the troubles with this book is that it's more Brown than Braine.) He works for Brown, despises himself for doing so, but wants power. Susan, unbeknownst to Joe, thrives on an occasional extramarital jaunt with best friend Mark: Joe, making do with love of his four-year-old daughter, Barbara, stays shakily on the straight and narrow until he sights Norah, young all-woman reporter for the local newspaper, happily widowed the year before, who hates Joe (as all women quite sanely seem to), but who eventually succumbs to his uncouth charm. Then we have separations, revelations about *whose daughter Barbara really is*, and an unhappy happy ending. It's the kind of thing that gives sequels their bad reputation.

As PLAYBOY readers have had ample cause to know and appreciate for the past seven years, Herbert Gold has been a bright spot on the American literary scene. Now, in *The Age of Happy Problems* (Dial, \$4.95), he brings together a spirited collection of reports on the America he cherishes and despises, loves and dreads. (The title is phrase-lifted from a TV producer who once told him: "No, Mr. Gold, I don't think you understand what we want. We want happy stories about happy people and happy problems.") Included are three memorabilia from these pages—his essays on the Beat Mystique (February 1958), Greenwich Village (September 1960) and Reno (June 1961). Making allowances for occasional spurts of overwriting, the reader will find Gold in them there frills. Herb's interests lead him from art to divorce, from Cleveland to Haiti, from Sherwood Anderson to Sloan Wilson, and in every case he can be counted on for a nugget of original insight in a glittering setting constructed by an authentic word virtuoso. Although, like many collections of magazine articles, this one does not quite have all one might wish for in the way of cohesiveness as a book, *The Age of Happy Problems* offers a happy solution to the problem of inspecting the veins of non-fiction that this front-ranking young novelist has been exploring in recent years. All in all, it's well up to the Gold standard.



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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I have been a widower for three years, look back on my marriage as having been a very happy one, and feel the loss of my wife with a sorrow that I believe will always endure. I tell you this so you won't think me heartless or shallow when you read what follows. Although I was happily married, I have come to enjoy my bachelorhood and am not looking for a wife, though I am not in principle averse to remarriage. I find ample feminine companionship, of varying degrees of intimacy, and I think that for me, at this juncture in my life, variety provides the ideal spice for my days and nights. My problem is a couple with whom my late wife and I had been very friendly. They are compulsive match-makers. I have little in common with them except the past. They invite me to dinner almost weekly, usually with eligible girls. I've yet to meet one there who was not intelligent, warmhearted, cultivated, attentive, pleasant — and sexually about as interesting as a board fence. I'm no sex fiend, but I must admit that sexually unstimulating girls bore me; for conversation I prefer the company of men. How do I get out of these invitations gracefully and without a residue of hurt feelings? — W. H., Louisville, Kentucky.

Next time you're invited, ask if you may bring a guest and take along the sexiest chick you know. Repeat, if necessary, with a new girl each time, until the cure is effected.

What are the advantages and disadvantages of buying preferred stock? — M. A., Jr., St. Louis, Missouri.

Owners of preferred stock get preferential treatment over common stockholders in that they have prior claim against the assets of the company in case of liquidation, and have the right to receive a fixed dividend before any dividends are paid to owners of the common. On the other hand, preferred stockholders generally have no voting privileges in company affairs, and usually won't get more than the stipulated dividend even if the company becomes a top bonanza.

My girl and I were invited to spend a long weekend in the country with a married couple who lives there. We found that a third couple had also been invited. Sunday (the servant couple's night off) our host suggested we go out for dinner so his wife wouldn't have to do any more cooking. It seemed courteous to agree it would be fun to eat out — which we did, at a charming country inn with not-so-charming prices. What with drinks and dinner and brandy after, the check —

sans tip — came to \$70-plus. I suggested we split it three ways, the other male guest agreed, but our host insisted on picking up the entire tab. The next day, on the way back to town, the girl I was with wondered aloud whether I was wrong in suggesting the split, rather than gallantly reaching for the check. She felt pretty sure I should have paid, or split it with the other visitor, then or later, but that definitely our host should not have been the one to pay. I thought — and still think — she was wrong, but I'm not completely certain. — J. D., Cincinnati, Ohio.

As host, your friend had the prerogative of calling the mealtime tune. You were correct in making a verbal offer to divvy the tab — and also correct in accepting his generosity. (There's nothing more awkward than an afterdinner who-pays debate.) Your next move is to repay him in kind by inviting him and his wife to dinner in a restaurant where the cost of living it up is equally high.

Twice in the past month I've been in the embarrassing situation of being offered a drink I did not want by the managements of restaurants I regularly frequent. The first time, I was asked if I would name a bottle of wine of my choice — and I didn't want any wine. Second time, I was offered an afterdinner liqueur or brandy which I did not want. I refused with all the courtesy at my command and with profuse thanks, but have the distinct impression that I caused hurt feelings — or created a disappointing impression of being unworldly. How can such a situation be handled with ease and goodwill? — H. C., New Orleans, Louisiana.

If you're fortunate enough to be offered wine for free again, and don't wish to accept, you might try a white lie that could be the truth and that any boniface will not only understand, but will appreciate as a mark of knowledgeability and sensibility. Say, "We'd be delighted and it's most generous of you, but we had quite a few cocktails before dinner and a fine wine would be wasted on us now. Another time, we'd be pleased and honored." As for the brandy or liqueur, it is easiest to accept, and perfectly proper to order something mild, such as crème de menthe frappé, if you feel you don't want anything more potent. Be sure to ask that the drink-offering owner join you. You may be sure that if you're dining tête-à-tête or seem rapt in intimate converse, he'll gallantly decline.

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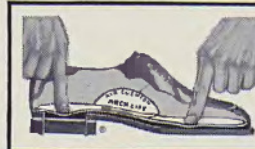
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traveling salesman. I say this is a record. Am I right?—B. K., Louisville, Kentucky.

No. A driving Frenchwoman named Françoise Lecot passed the time from July 22, 1935 to July 26, 1936 shuttling her 15-hp Citroën back and forth between Paris and Monte Carlo, racking up a grand total of 248,548 miles in the process. This roll-your-own record has never been surpassed.

This may sound like a goofy problem, but it's got me bugged. I'm nuts about a new girl, but whenever I try to kiss her, her eyes cross as my face approaches hers, I bust out laughing, she gets teed off and the evening's ruined. What do you recommend?—S. J., Los Angeles, California.

Tell her to close her eyes before you lean over to kiss her, close your own, douse the light first—or do all three.

What is bridle-path etiquette for overtaking other equestrians going in the same direction?—M. H., New York, New York.

Overtaking others should be accomplished at the same gait they are riding (fast trot overtaking slow trot, for example) or just one gait faster (canter overtaking fast trot). You should alert the other rider that he is about to be passed, by some comment as "May I ride on through?" It is definitely boorish—and dangerous—to overtake at a much faster clip (for example, passing a walking horse at full gallop). On the other hand, if you're bored, you can always give the other horse a rousing thwack across the rump with your riding crop—accompanied by some such comment as "Scram," or "Oops!" or even "Yoicks!"—which should clear the track but may result in mud in your eye from flying divots lofted by the hooves of the fleeing creature. This is generally considered unsporting, however.

I'm switching away from traditional Ivy but don't want to look West Coast sharp or Broadway Continental. What is the correct cuff width for tapered slacks that are pleatless, have diagonal pockets, but don't look skintight or extreme?—T. M., New London, Connecticut.

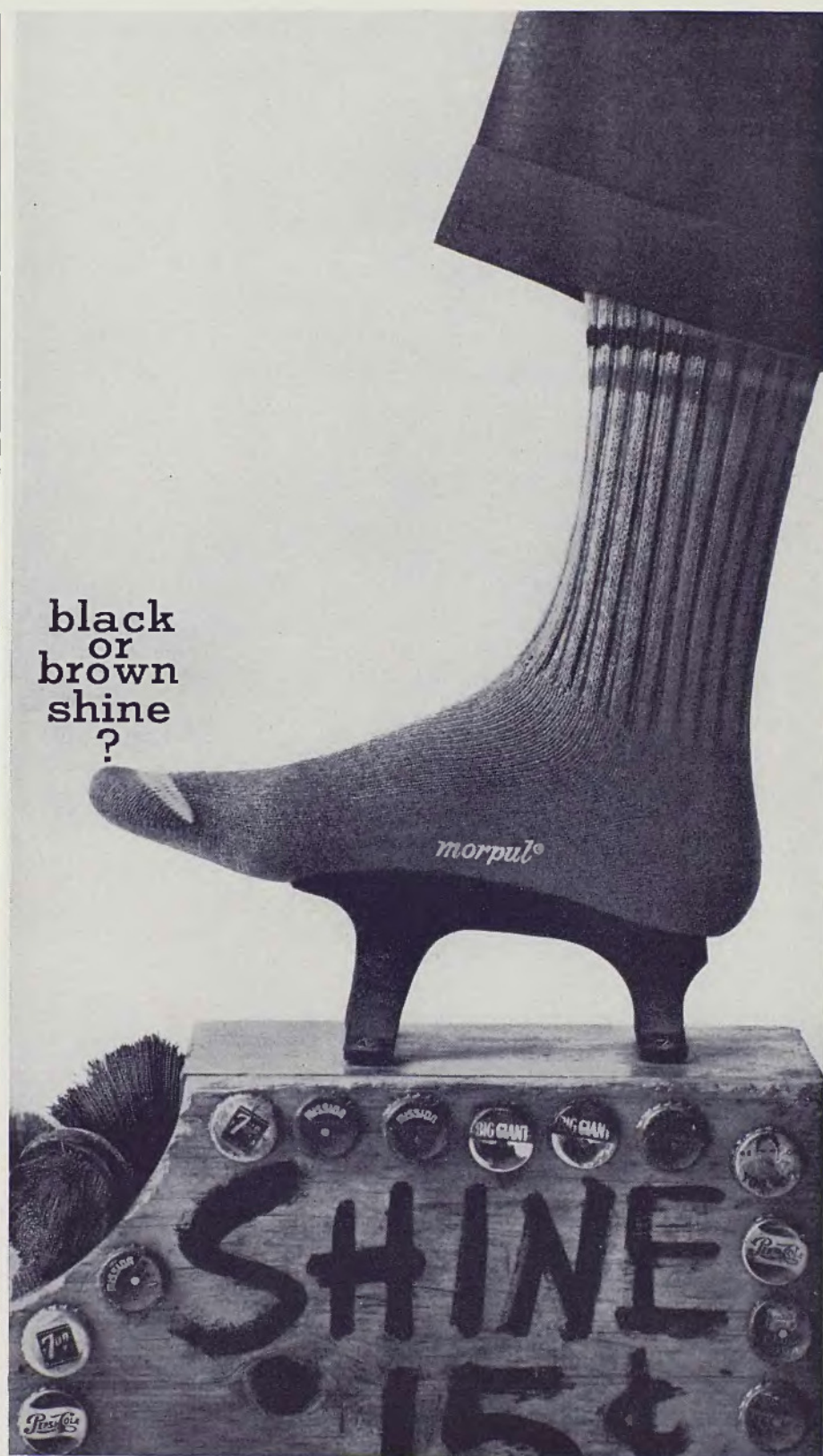
For the average young man's figure, 16 inches, otherwise, 17 inches.

This summer I went on a charter cruise (no crew) with a close friend and his new wife. He had to interrupt the vacation to plane back to his office for a day. About the time we expected him back, the tender of the yacht club where we were lying on a guest mooring came out to give us the message that my friend had called and said he'd have to spend

the night in town because weather had grounded his return flight. We didn't doubt it: within an hour it was pouring, with much thunder and lightning. It was very cozy and intimate in the close quarters below; we were burning a candle to save the battery and — to put it euphemistically — romance took the helm. It was clear and bright in the morning, but my conscience wasn't. My friend showed up in time for brunch and the rest of the cruise went well superficially, but I had a nagging feeling he gradually wised up to the indiscretion that occurred while he was away. Nothing was said, but I felt that searching looks were exchanged. I've avoided this couple in the weeks since. Yesterday, the wife called me at my office — the first time we talked alone since that night — and said she was sure I shared her feelings of guilt and remorse, but that I was making matters worse, and arousing suspicion, by shunning our erstwhile socializing. I was saved, for the nonce, by a two-month business trip to Latin America — a wonderful last-minute reprieve which made it possible to say my *auf Wiedersehens* by phone. But this thing hangs over me and I don't know what my future course should be when I return. You may think me a louse, but I maintain that there is no reason for me to give up a meaningful friendship because of one night of unreason — which I can't find it in my heart to completely regret. How do I handle this mess on my return? — P. G., San Francisco, California.

Don't carry your remorse code too far — unless you're getting some kind of reverse pleasure out of punishing yourself. Remember, it's often better to feel remorse for what you've done than to feel regret for what you failed to do. Remember, also, the words of a fine old ditty: "It takes two to tango." If the wife can live with this memory, you can, too. Better yet, forget it: if you and your friends can stay friends, then do so. If it doesn't work out, you can coolly cool it until the relationship fades away just as surely as your feelings of guilt are bound to.

I'm having trouble keeping my rather large collection of LPs in order. The unsatisfactory method I've been using involves separating the records into jazz and classical. The jazz is then divided into such categories as instrumental, vocal, cool, combos, big bands, soloists, etc. None of this works: there are too many borderline cases or too many cases where there's a multiple choice of categories (how do you classify that fine old album called *Jazz at the Hollywood Bowl*, with Louis, Ella and a dozen other top stars?). As for classical records,



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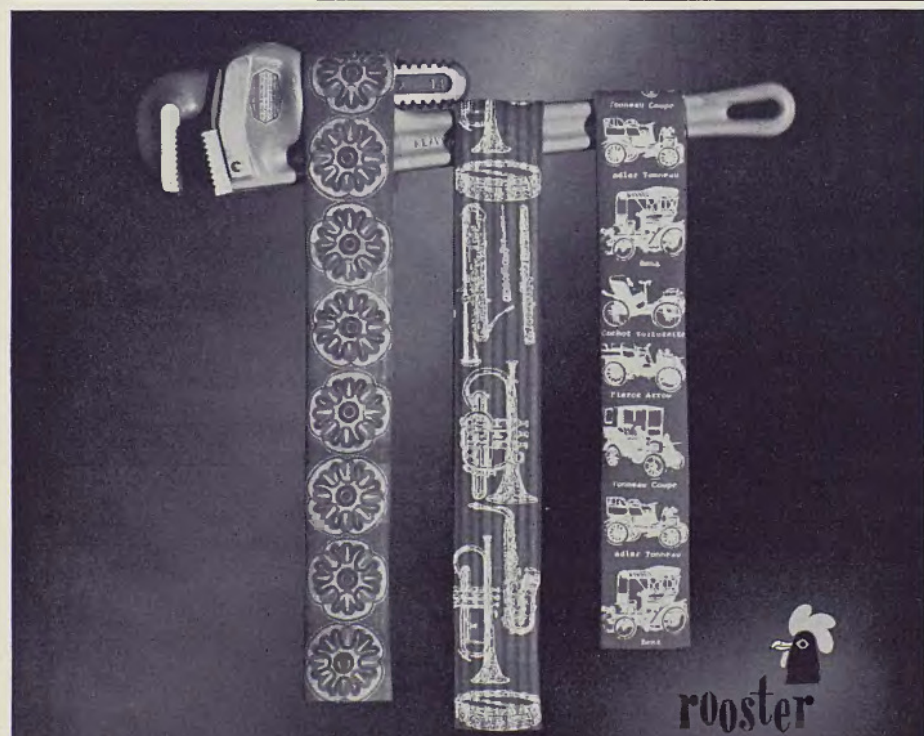


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I've tried major categories (opera, symphonic, etc.) and minor categories (concertos, suites, sonatas, etc.). Then, under these categories, the arrangement is alphabetical by composers. But how do you classify a Toscanini disc with the works of five composers on it, none of whom is as significant (to me) as the fact that it's a Toscanini performance? — J. U., Burbank, California.

The only workable system for rapid and accurate disc location involves the keeping of a card-index file cross-referenced for title, composer, conductor, artist and individual compositions. Keeping such an elaborate file up to date is usually more trouble than it's worth. We much prefer the more casual approach of leafing through records assembled in generalized groupings (classical, jazz, vocal, etc.) and playing whatever happens to strike our fancy at the moment. Favorite LPs for cocktail and dinner background music can be kept in a separate stack and in a spot where they will be readily accessible.

This summer, while returning from a vacation in Europe, I enjoyed a very pleasant shipboard romance with a young lady named Diana. Lately she called to say that she has just moved into an apartment here in New York. Now, for the life of me, I can't remember her last name or the address she gave me over the phone. I'm most anxious to see her again, but how can I find her? — R. K., New York, New York.

It sounds to us as though subconsciously you really want to ditch this dish, R. K. But since you insist that the spark remains, we'll try to help you find a detour around your mental block. We assume that you know the name of the ship on which you both sailed (you do remember that, don't you?) and that you probably remember her cabin number. Even if you recall only the former, you can call the cruise line, explain your problem, and from them learn Diana's surname. Next, get in touch with the phone people and ask if they have a new phone listing under her name — even if she's a Jones girl you shouldn't have any difficulty in locating your right number, learning her address, and re-establishing relations.

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





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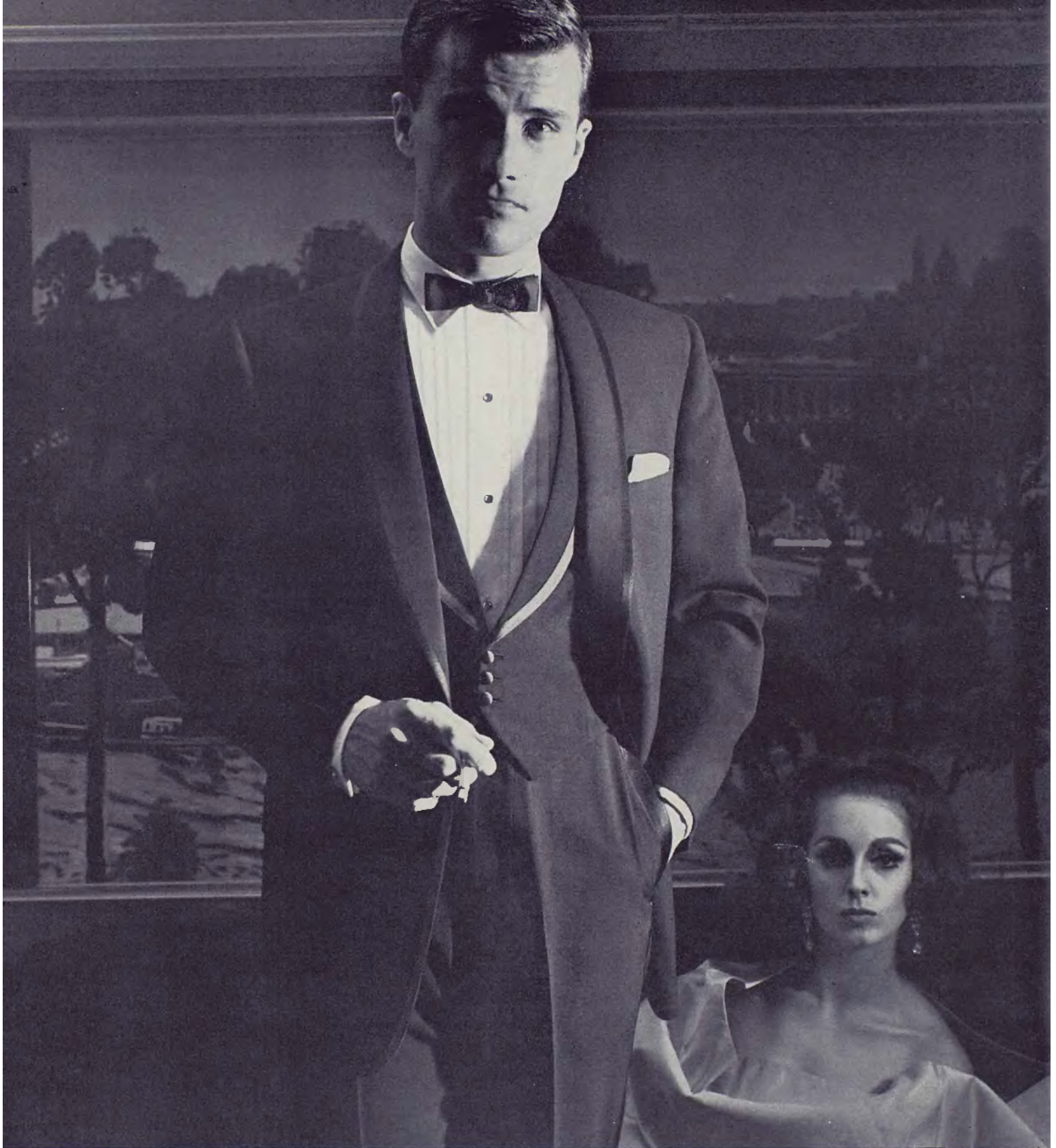
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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: MILES DAVIS

a candid conversation with the jazz world's premier iconoclast

The technical and emotional brilliance of the trumpet played by Miles Davis has made him one of the most provocative influences in modern jazz. We spent two days with Miles not long ago in his rather unusual five-story home, a converted Russian Orthodox Church on West 77th Street near the Hudson River in New York City. Miles was between gigs at the time and we accompanied him on his restless daily home routine, asking questions at propitious moments while he worked out in his basement gymnasium, made veal chops Italian style for his family, took telephone calls from fellow musicians, his lawyer and stockbroker, gave boxing lessons to his three sons, watched TV, plucked out beginner's chords on a guitar and, of course, blew one of his two Martin trumpets, running up and down the chromatic scale with searing speed. Spending time with Miles in the refuge of his own home, and seeing him surrounded by the activities and people he loves, it was hard to reconcile this reality with his sometimes flinty and truculent public posture. It was on this facet of his personality that we first queried him.

PLAYBOY: Linked with your musical renown is your reputation for bad temper and rudeness to your audiences. Would you comment?

DAVIS: Why is it that people just have to have so much to say about me? It bugs me because I'm not that important.

Some critic that didn't have nothing else to do started this crap about I don't announce numbers, I don't look at the audience, I don't bow or talk to people, I walk off the stage, and all that.

Look, man, all I am is a trumpet player. I only can do one thing—play my horn—and that's what's at the bottom of the whole mess. I ain't no entertainer, and ain't trying to be one. I am one thing, a musician. Most of what's said about me is lies in the first place. Everything I do, I got a reason.

The reason I don't announce numbers is because it's not until the last instant I decide what's maybe the best thing to play next. Besides, if people don't recognize a number when we play it, what difference does it make?

Why I sometimes walk off the stand is because when it's somebody else's turn to solo, I ain't going to just stand up there and be detracting from him. What am I going to stand up there for? I ain't no model, and I don't sing or dance, and I damn sure ain't no Uncle Tom just to be up there grinning. Sometimes I go over by the piano or the drums and listen to what they're doing. But if I don't want to do that, I go in the wings and listen to the whole band until it's the next turn for my horn.

Then they claim I ignore the audience while I'm playing. Man, when I'm working, I know the people are out there. But when I'm playing, I'm worrying about making my horn sound right.

And they bitch that I won't talk to people when we go off after a set. That's a damn lie. I talk plenty of times if everything's going like it ought to and I feel right. But if I got my mind on something about my band or something else, well, hell, no, I don't want to talk. When I'm working I'm concentrating. I bet you if I was a doctor sewing on some son of a bitch's heart, they wouldn't want me to talk.

Anybody wants to believe all this crap they hear about me, it's their problem, not mine. Because, look, man, I like people. I love people! I'm not going around telling everybody that. I try to say that my way—with my horn. Look, when I was a boy, 10 years old, I got a paper route and it got bigger than I could handle because my customers liked me so much. I just delivered papers the best I could and minded my business, the same way I play my horn now. But a lot of the people I meet now make me sick.

PLAYBOY: What types of people do you find especially irritating?

DAVIS: Well, these people that's always coming up bugging me until they get me to act like this crap they heard. They ask you things, you say what you think, and if it ain't what they want to hear, then something's wrong with you and they go away mad and think you don't like them. I bet I have had that happen 500 times. In this last club I played, this newspaper reporter kept after me when I told him I didn't have



"I don't pay no attention to what critics say about me, the good or the bad. The toughest critic I got is myself...and I'm too vain to play anything I think is bad."



"In high school I was best in music class on the trumpet, but the prizes went to the boys with blue eyes. I made up my mind to outdo anybody white on my horn."



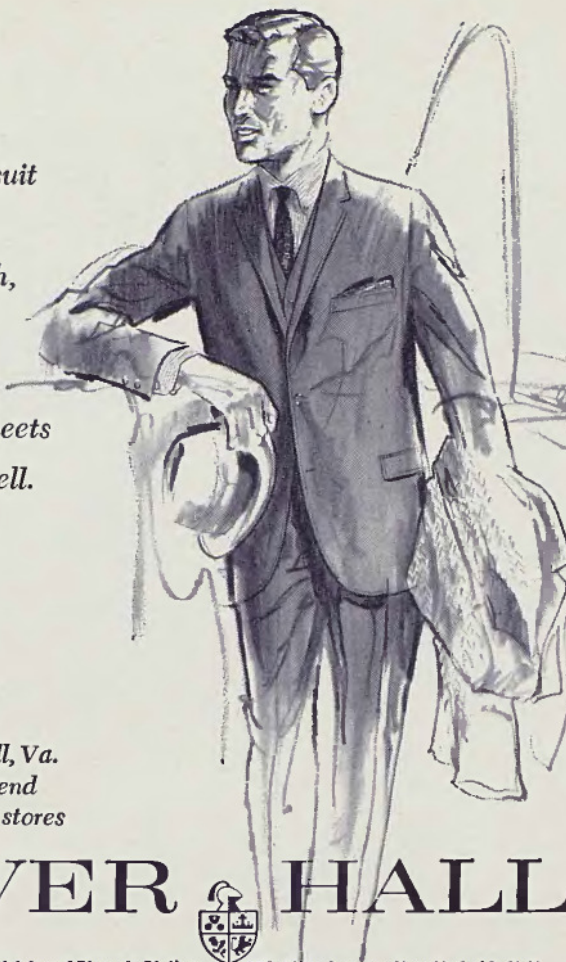
"I don't dig people in clubs who don't pay the musicians respect. You ever see anybody bugging the classical musicians when they are on the job and trying to work?"

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no more to say. He wasn't satisfied with that. After the next set, he come up again, either drunk or playing drunk, and shoved into me. I told him to get the hell out of my way, and then he was fine—he went right out and wrote that. But he didn't tell how it happened.

And I'm mad every time I run into the Jim Crow scene. I don't care what form it takes. You can't hardly play anywhere you don't run into some of these cats full of prejudice. I don't know how many I've told. "Look, you want me to talk to you and you're prejudiced against me and all that. Why'n't you go on back where you're sitting and be prejudiced by yourself and leave me alone?" I have enough problems without trying to make them feel better. Then they go off and join the rest saying I'm such a big bastard.

I've got no plans of changing what I think. I don't dig people in clubs who don't pay the musicians respect. The average jazz musician today, if he's making it, is just as trained as classical musicians. You ever see anybody go up bugging the classical musicians when they are on the job and trying to work?

Even in jazz—you look at the white bandleaders—if they don't want anybody messing with them when they are working, you don't hear anybody squawking. It's just if a Negro is involved that there's something wrong with him. My troubles started when I learned to play the trumpet and hadn't learned to dance.

PLAYBOY: You feel that the complaints about you are because of your race?

DAVIS: I know damn well a lot of it is race. White people have certain things they expect from Negro musicians—just like they've got labels for the whole Negro race. It goes clear back to the slavery days. That was when Uncle Tomming got started because white people demanded it. Every little black child grew up seeing that getting along with white people meant grinning and acting clowns. It helped white people to feel easy about what they had done, and were doing, to Negroes, and that's carried right on over to now. You bring it down to musicians, they want you to not only play your instrument, but to entertain them, too, with grinning and dancing.

PLAYBOY: Generally speaking, what are your feelings with regard to race?

OAVIS: I hate to talk about what I think of the mess because my friends are all colors. When I say that some of my best friends are white, I sure ain't lying. The only white people I don't like are the prejudiced white people. Those the shoe don't fit, well, they don't wear it. I don't like the white people that show me they can't understand that not just the

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Negroes, but the Chinese and Puerto Ricans and any other races that ain't white, should be given dignity and respect like everybody else.

But let me straighten you—I ain't saying I think all Negroes are the salt of the earth. It's plenty of Negroes I can't stand, too. Especially those that act like they think white people want them to. They bug me worse than Uncle Toms.

But prejudiced white people can't see any of the other races as just individual people. If a white man robs a bank, it's just a man robbed a bank. But if a Negro or a Puerto Rican does it, it's them awful Negroes or Puerto Ricans. Hardly anybody not white hasn't suffered from some of white people's labels. It used to be said that all Negroes were shiftless and happy-go-lucky and lazy. But that's been proved a lie so much that now the label is that what Negroes want integration for is so they can sleep in the bed with white people. It's another damn lie. All Negroes want is to be free to do in this country just like anybody else. Prejudiced white people ask one another, "Would you want your sister to marry a Negro?" It's a jive question to ask in the first place—as if white women stand around helpless if some Negro wants to drag one off to a preacher. It makes me sick to hear that. A Negro just might not want your sister. The Negro is always to blame if some white woman decides she wants him. But it's all right that ever since slavery, white men been having Negro women. Every Negro you see that ain't black, that's what's happened somewhere in his background. The slaves they brought here were all black.

What makes me mad about these labels for Negroes is that very few white people really know what Negroes really feel like. A lot of white people have never even been in the company of an intelligent Negro. But you can hardly meet a white person, especially a white man, that don't think he's qualified to tell you all about Negroes.

You know the story the minute you meet some white cat and he comes off with a big show that he's with you. It's 10,000 things you can talk about, but the only thing he can think of is some other Negro he's such close friends with. Intelligent Negroes are sick of hearing this. I don't know how many times different whites have started talking, telling me they was raised up with a Negro boy. But I ain't found one yet that knows whatever happened to that boy after they grew up.

PLAYBOY: Did you grow up with any white boys?


DAVIS: I didn't grow up with any, not as friends, to speak of. But I went to school



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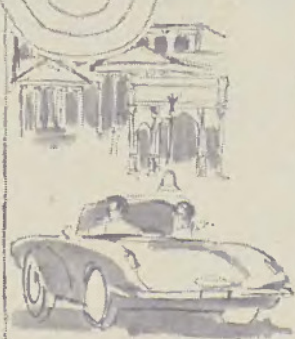
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with some. In high school, I was the best in the music class on the trumpet. I knew it and all the rest knew it — but all the contest first prizes went to the boys with blue eyes. It made me so mad I made up my mind to outdo anybody white on my horn. If I hadn't met that prejudice, I probably wouldn't have had as much drive in my work. I have thought about that a lot. I have thought that prejudice and curiosity have been responsible for what I have done in music.

PLAYBOY: What was the role of the curiosity?

DAVIS: I mean I always had a curiosity about trying new things in music. A new sound, another way to do something — things like that. But man, look, you know one of the biggest things that needs straightening up? The whole communication system of this country! Take the movies and TV. How many times do you see anybody in the films but white people? You don't dig? Look, the next movie or TV you see, you count how many Negroes or any other race but white that you see. But you walk around in any city, you see the other races — I mean, in life they are part of the scene. But in the films supposed to represent this country, they ain't there. You won't hardly even see any in the street crowd scenes — because the studios didn't bother to hire any as extras.

Negroes used to be servants and Uncle Toms in the movies. But so much stink was raised until they quit that. Now you do have some Negroes playing feature parts — maybe four or five a year. Most of the time, they have a role that's special so it won't offend nobody — then it's a big production made like that picture is going to prove our democracy. Look, I ain't saying that people making films are prejudiced. I can't say what I don't know. But I see the films they make, and I know they don't think about the trouble a lot of colored people find with the movies and TV.

A big TV network wanted to do a show featuring me. I said no, and they asked me to just look at a show featuring a big-name Negro singer. No, I ain't calling no names. Well, just like I knew, they had 18 girls dancing for the background — and every one of them was white. Later on, when I pointed this out to the TV people, they were shocked. They said they just hadn't thought about that. I said I knew they hadn't. Nobody seems to think much about the colored people and the Chinese and Puerto Ricans and Japanese that watch TV and buy the things they advertise. All these races want to see some of their own people represented in the shows — I mean, besides the big stars. I know I'd

feel better to see some kids of all races dancing and acting on shows than I would feel about myself up there playing a horn. The only thing that makes me any different from them is I was lucky.

This black-white business is ticklish to try to explain. You don't want to see Negroes every time you click on your set. That would be just as bad as now when you don't see nobody but white people. But if movies and TV are supposed to reflect this country, and this country's supposed to be democratic, then why don't they do it? Let's see all kinds of people dancing and acting. I see all kinds of kids downtown at the schools of dancing and acting, but from what I see in the movies and TV, it's just the white ones that are getting any work.

Look, man, right in music you got the same thing happening. I got this album, *Someday My Prince Will Come*, and you know who's on the jacket cover? My wife — Frances. I just got to thinking that as many record albums as Negroes buy, I hadn't ever seen a Negro girl on a major album cover unless she was the artist. There wasn't any harm meant — they just automatically thought about a white model and ordered one. It was my album and I'm Frances' prince, so I suggested they use her for a model, and they did it.

But it ain't all cases where white people just didn't think about the other races. It's a lot of intended discrimination, right in music. You got plenty of places that either won't hire Negroes, or they hire just one that they point out. The network studios, the Broadway pit bands, the classical orchestras, the film studios, they all have color discrimination in hiring.

I tell you why I feel so strong about the communication system. I never have forgotten one time in Europe this nice old man told me how in World War II, the Europeans didn't know what to make of Negro troops. They had their picture of this country from our magazines and movies, and with a very few exceptions like Pops Armstrong and Joe Louis and Jesse Owens, they didn't know about any Negroes except servants and laborers.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel that your views are shared by most Negroes? And Puerto Ricans? And Orientals?

DAVIS: I can't speak for them last two. I'm in no position, I just know what I personally feel *for* them. But I know that pretty nearly *all* Negroes hardly have any other choice about how they feel. They ain't blind. They got to *see* what's happening. It's a thousand big and little ways that you run into the prejudices of white people. Just one thing — how long have Negroes been looking at immi-



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grants coming into this country and can't even speak the language, and in the second generations, they are in places the Negroes haven't got to yet.

Look, not long ago this big magazine had this Southern truck driver saying he'd carry sandwiches if they let Negroes eat in them Maryland highway restaurants. But where he wants to eat ain't my point — I'm talking about what he said. He said, "You give them a finger, they take an arm" and a lot more. You dig? When it comes to human rights, these prejudiced white people keep on acting like they own the damn franchise! And, man, with the world in the mess it's in now, we trying to influence on our side all them Africans and Arabs and Indians and Chinese . . . You know two thirds of the people in the world ain't white? They see all this crap with Negroes and supposed to feel white people really think any different about them? Man, somebody better get straight!

Another thing — there was no upset about them restaurants not serving Negroes, until it was an African they turned away. You think every Negro in the country don't see what it says? It says that we been here 400 years, but it wasn't no mess until they put out an African that just flew over here on a jet.

PLAYBOY: Do you, in your position as a famous Negro, meet prejudice?

DAVIS: I told you, someway or other, every Negro meets it, I don't care who he is! Look, man, I sent for an electrician to fix something in the house. When he rang the bell, I answered and he looked at me like I was dirt, and said, "I want to see the owner, Mr. Davis." When I said, "You looking at him," the cat turned beet red. He had me figured as the porter. Now he's mad and embarrassed. What had I done to him but called to give him work?

That same week, I had seen a lot of them West Point cadets, and in a bar I asked why there was so many of them in town. Man, I just asked the cat a question and he moved up the bar and didn't speak! But then somebody recognized me and he got red as that electrician. He came trying to apologize and saying he had my records. I told him I had just paid enough taxes to cover his free ride at West Point, and I walked out. I guess he's somewhere now with the others saying I'm such a bastard. It bugged me so, man, I wasn't worth a damn for two or three days. It wasn't just him ignoring me I was thinking about, but in two or three years, Gregory, my oldest boy, may be doing some Army time. How am I supposed to feel about him maybe serving under this cat?

Then take this tour I made — Frances and I had train reservations to Califor-

nia. But this clerk I showed my identification to, he took it and looked at me just like the West Point cat. When he said he had to check with somebody else, I asked him what was the trouble. You know he had the nerve to tell me I might have forged it! Ain't no need of me telling you what I told him, nobody would print it. But we went to the airport and took a plane. I'm spending my money, the railroads are broke, even this son of a bitch's job's in trouble, but all he can see is I'm black, so it's all right to insult me. Bad as I hate to fly, I ain't been on a train since, because I haven't met Jim Crow on the airlines. **PLAYBOY:** In your field, music, don't some Negro jazzmen discriminate against white musicians?

DAVIS: Crow Jim is what they call that. Yeah. It's a lot of the Negro musicians mad because most of the best-paying jobs go to the white musicians playing what the Negroes created. But I don't go for this, because I think prejudice one way is just as bad as the other way. I wouldn't have no other arranger but Gil Evans — we couldn't be much closer if he was my brother. And I remember one time when I hired Lee Konitz, some colored cats bitched a lot about me hiring an ofay in my band when Negroes didn't have work. I said if a cat could play like Lee, I would hire him, I didn't give a damn if he was green and had red breath.

PLAYBOY: Do you find that being the head of your band adds to your problems?

DAVIS: Fronting a band ain't no fun. A lot of people don't understand that music is business, it's hard work and a big responsibility. I hate to even think what all I've been through to play my horn, and still go through. I put everything I've got into it. Even after a good rehearsal, I feel empty. And you add to playing your instrument the running of a band and you got plenty of problems. I got my own family, and the guys that work for me, and their families to think about. On one tour, I had this white woman in Kansas City meet me when I came off the stand and wanted me to come to her table with her and her husband for a drink. I told her I didn't like to do that, and she hollered, "They said you're like that!" I felt like throwing down my horn and kicking it. But I said to myself I was going to try and educate at least that one couple. So I went over and talked to them.


I told them an artist's first responsibility was to himself. I said if he kept getting upset with what other people think he ought to do, he never would get too far, or he sure wouldn't last. I tried to make them see how I had worked all my life to play myself and then to get a band worth people paying to hear.

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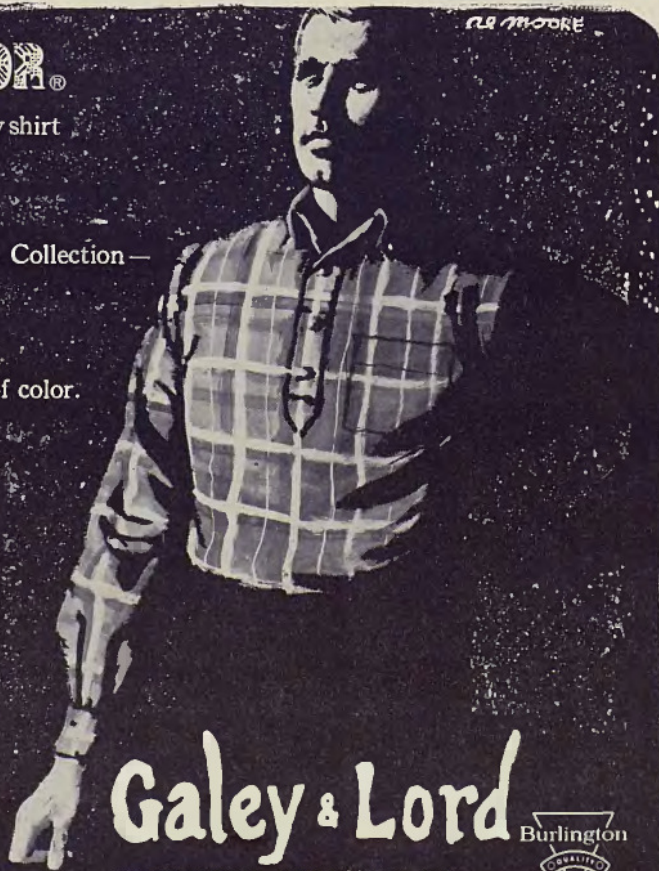
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I said that a lot of times when people in a club wanted to talk to me, I needed to be worrying about something about my band. They said they understood. I hope they did.

PLAYBOY: You have been quoted as not being in favor of jazz concerts. Why?

DAVIS: Nobody can relax at concerts, the musicians or the people, either. You can't do nothing but sit down, you can't move around, you can't have a drink. A musician has to be able to let loose everything in him to reach the people.

If the musician can't relax, how's he going to make the people feel what he feels? The whole scene of jazz is feeling.

PLAYBOY: Do you now ever indulge in jam sessions?

DAVIS: I wish there was some jam sessions to sit in. But there ain't none left—at least not in the big cities. I used to sit in some great ones around St. Louis and in Brooklyn, Illinois. We would blow sometimes clear up until the next afternoon. When I go back there now, I sit in with a little blues band. They have the feeling.

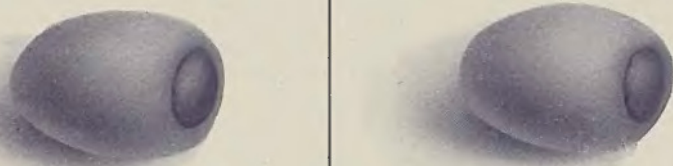
PLAYBOY: You've won all the trumpet polls. After yourself, how would you rank others?

DAVIS: After me! Hell, it's plenty great trumpet players don't come after me, or after nobody else! That's what I hate so about critics—how they are always comparing artists . . . always writing that one's better than another one. Ten men can have spent all their lives learning technical expertness on their instruments, but just like in any art, one will play one style and the rest nine other ways. And if some critics just don't happen to like a man's style, they will knock the artist. That bugs the hell out of musicians. It's made some damn near mad enough to want to hang up their horns.

Trumpet players, like anybody else, are individualized by their different ideas and styles. The thing to judge in any jazz artist is does the man project, and does he have ideas. You take Dizzy—he does, all the time, every time he picks up his horn. Some more cats—Clark Terry, Ray Nance, Kenny Dorham, Roy Eldridge, Harold Baker, Freddie Hubbard, Lee Morgan, Bobby Hackett—a lot of them. Hell, that cat down in New Orleans, Al Hirt, he blows his ass off, too!

PLAYBOY: Is there any special reason you didn't mention Louis Armstrong?

DAVIS: Oh, Pops? No, why I didn't mention him is because I was talking just about modern-jazz players. I love Pops, I love the way he sings, the way he plays—everything he does, except when he says something against modern-jazz



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music. He ought to realize that he was a pioneer, too. No, he wasn't an influence of mine, and I've had very little direct contact with Pops. A long time ago, I was at Bop City, and he came in and told me he liked my playing. I don't know if he would even remember it, but I remember how good I felt to have him say it. People really dig Pops like I do myself. He does a good job overseas with his personality. But they ought to send him down South for goodwill. They need goodwill worse in Georgia and Alabama and Mississippi than they do in Europe.

PLAYBOY: To go back a moment, you expressed a sharp dislike of critics. Are there other reasons besides their comparing musicians?

DAVIS: Well, aside from that, I get sick of how a lot of them write whole columns and pages of big words and still ain't saying nothing. If you have spent your life getting to know your business and the other cats in it, and what they are doing, then you know if a critic knows what he's talking about. Most of the time they don't.

I don't pay no attention to what critics say about me, the good or the bad. The toughest critic I got, and the only one I worry about, is myself. My music has got to get past me and I'm too vain to play anything I think is bad.

No, I ain't going to name critics I don't like. But I will tell you some that I respect what they write — Nat Hentoff, Ralph Gleason and Leonard Feather. And some others, I can't right off think of their names. But it ain't a long list.

PLAYBOY: Are there any particular places or clubs that you don't like to play?

DAVIS: There are plenty I *won't* play! I won't take a booking nowhere in the South. I told you I just can't stand Jim Crow, so I ain't going down there in it. There's enough of it here in the North, but at least you have the support of some laws.

I won't play nowhere I know has the kind of audiences that you waste your breath to play for. I'm talking about them expense-account ofays that use music as a background for getting high and trying to show off to the women they brought. They ain't come to hear good music. They don't even know how to enjoy themselves. They drink too much, they get loud, they got to be seen and heard. They'll jump up and dance jigs and sing. They ain't got no manners — don't pay their women no respect. What they really want is some Uncle Tom entertainment if it's a Negro group on the stand. These are the kind will holler, "Hey, boy, play *Sweet Georgia Brown!*" You supposed to grin and play that. I hate to play in a place full of those kind of squares so bad that

if there wasn't nobody else to play to, I'd invest in some more property and just stay home and collect rents. I can't stand dumb-ass people not respecting the other customers that have come to hear the music. Sometimes one table like that has bugged me so that when I get home or to my hotel, I walk the floor because I can't sleep.

I told you I ain't going to play nowhere in the South that Negroes *can't* come. But I ain't going to play nowhere in the North that Negroes *don't* come. It's one of two reasons they won't, either because they know they ain't wanted, or because they don't like the joint's regular run of music. Negroes ain't got as much money to throw away in night clubs as white people. So a club that Negroes patronize, you can figure that everybody that goes there comes expecting to hear good music.

PLAYBOY: What is your opinion of the jazz audiences in Europe?

DAVIS: European audiences are generally more hip about the background of jazz than most of the fans here. Some cats hardly heard of here are big record sellers in Europe. In this country, it's more following of personalities. You want to hear something funny? One club-owner friend of mine said a lot of people pay their money to come where I'm playing just because they want to *see* me — they heard I'm so bad. Ain't that a bitch?

But this country has a lot of great fans. You know, they appreciate what you're trying to do, and that inspires a musician to give his best. I know some Americans that don't stop with just knowing jazz, but that even *think* just like musicians.

PLAYBOY: Do you plan another European tour soon?

DAVIS: Maybe. I like to play in Europe every now and then, but I don't like to spend no more time out of this house than I can help. Jack Whittemore, my booking agent at Shaw Artists, schedules me so I don't stay long on the road. I like to have time at home to be with my kids and Frances, and to just think about things — like worrying about the people running this Government maybe slipping and getting us into another war. But I like them Kennedy brothers — they're swinging people.

PLAYBOY: Would it please you if the image of you changed, that people quit regarding you as a tough guy?

DAVIS: Well, nobody wants to be always accused of something he ain't done. But people that want to think that, it's their worry, it ain't mine. I'm like I am, and I ain't planning to change. I ain't scared of nothing or nobody, I already been through too much. I ought to be dead

from just what I went through when I was on dope. I ain't going around anywhere trying to be tough and a racist. I just say what I think, and that bugs people, especially a lot of white people. When they look in my eyes and don't see no fear, they know it's a draw.

PLAYBOY: Have you always been so sensitive about being a Negro?

DAVIS: About the first thing I can remember as a little boy was a white man running me down a street hollering "Nigger! Nigger!" My father went hunting him with a shotgun. Being sensitive and having race pride has been in my family since slave days. The slave Davises played classical string music on the plantations. My father, Miles the first, was born six years after the Emancipation. He wanted to play music, but my grandfather wanted him to be more than an entertainer for white folks. He made him go to Northwestern to be a dental surgeon. My father is worth more than I am. He's a high-priced dental surgeon with more practice than he can handle — because he's good at his business — and he raises hogs with pedigrees. It's a special breed of hogs with some funny name I would tell you, but I never can remember it.

PLAYBOY: You're said to be one of the financially best-off popular musicians. Is this correct?

DAVIS: Well, I don't have any access to other musicians' bankbooks. But I never have been what you would call poor. I grew up with an allowance, and I had a big newspaper route. I saved most of what I made except for buying records. But when I first left home as a musician, I used to spend all I made, and when I went on dope, I got in debt. But after I got enough sense to kick the habit, I started to make more than I needed to spend unless I was crazy or something.

Now I got a pretty good portfolio of stock investments, and I got this house — it's worth into six figures, including everything in it. My four kids are coming up fine. When the boys get in from school, I want you to see them working out on the bags in our gym downstairs. I keep myself in shape and teach the kids how to box. They can handle themselves. Ain't nothing better than a father can pass along.

Then I got my music, I got Frances, and my Ferrari — and our friends. I got everything a man could want — if it just wasn't for this prejudice crap. It ain't that I'm mad at white people, I just see what I see and I know what's happening. I am going to speak my mind about anything that drags me about this Jim Crow scene. This whole prejudice mess is something you would feel so good if it could just be got rid of, like a big sore eating inside of your belly.





**STIRLING MOSS:
A NODDING
ACQUAINTANCE
WITH DEATH**

*sensitive, intelligent,
almost unbelievably skillful,
he is wholly dedicated
to a sport that has twice
nearly killed him*

personality **By KEN W. PURDY**



A PRETTY, PINK-CHEEKED English nurse pushed him into the room; he was riding a high-backed, old-fashioned-looking wheelchair, a small man, heavily muscled, laughing, slit-eyed. It was his 46th day in the hospital, and for 38 of those days he had been unconscious, or semi-conscious, or in amnesia, but he was tan and he looked strong. The left side of his face was raddled with rough, red scars all around the eye, as if someone had been at him with a broken beer bottle.

"That was a funny story, boy, in your last letter," he said, "that story about the clam-digger . . . what's this, what's this?" An enchanting *gamine* thing in faded levis, red-brown hair and dark glasses was handing him an envelope, her photograph. "I like that!" he said. "Put it over there, stand it up, you've met, you two, this is Judy Carne?"

We had met. He stared at her, smiling, as if he could pull himself out of the wheelchair with his eyes. He grabbed her wrist. "Did you see *The Daily Sketch* yesterday?" He turned to me. "Did you see that, boy? We were sitting in the garden, this bloke poked a telephoto lens over the wall, the bastard was 20 yards away, Judy was brushing a bread crumb off my chin when he shot it, 'an admirer' the caption said . . ."

"I like *that*," Miss Carne said. "'Admirer!'"

"Are you suing?" he said.

"I can't," she said. "I'm going to Hollywood tomorrow."

He smiled again. He looked much as he had when I saw him four days before he went off the course at 120 miles an hour and slammed into a wall at Goodwood: the 40-odd stitches had been taken out of his face: the left cheekbone, stuffed full of support from inside, didn't betray that it had been shattered, and his nose didn't really look as if it had ever been broken, much less broken eight times. His bare left foot lay immobile on the wheelchair rest. His leg was bandaged, but the plaster cast was on the window-sill, sliced in two. There were marks on the pink top of his head. He looked beat up but whole. What he could move, he did move: his head, his right arm, his left arm less, and he talked. He picked up a cellophane bag of red roses someone had left on the bed.

"They're from Germany," he said. He read the name. "I don't know who that is," he said. The door opened behind him. "Viper?" he said. He looked around the back of the wheelchair. "Viper, you went off with my fountain pen." Valerie Pirie, his secretary, a pretty, calm girl. She gave him his pen. He made a note on the card and dropped it on a neat pile of cards and letters. "So-and-so and so-and-so are outside," she said. "I told them not to come, but . . . and the man from Grundig is coming at 4:30, about the tape recorder." Tape recorders are important to Moss. He has done five books on tape recorders.

An orderly brought in another bunch of red roses. As he left, a tall blonde came in, and behind her, another, taller. Kiss-kiss. Judy Carne was lying on her belly on the bed, her chin in her hand, staring at him. "I'll tell you, boy," he was saying, "nothing that has happened to me since I came here, except when they broke my nose again, hurt like that clot's shaving me. I had seven days' growth of beard. He swore he knew how. I can't think where he'd learned, it was like pulling it out . . ."

Another nurse, with tea, bread and butter, jam, clotted cream. He talked. Valerie said, "Drink your tea, Stirling." He drank it and she gave him another cup. He made each of the blondes eat a piece of bread and butter and jam. Neither wanted to, they were dieting, but they couldn't think of answers for the persuasions that poured out of him.

He talked very well, but he didn't stop. He said to me, "You know, I'm not supposed to put any weight on this left leg, under penalty of death or flogging or something, but I'll tell you, the other night I went from there, to there, the

washbasin, and back; actually, coming back I passed out. I didn't go unconscious, I get dizzy now and then, I just fell down, but it was so funny, the reason I had to do it . . ."

For some time after the accident his speech, when he spoke in delirium, was thick and slurred because of the brain injury, and there was some reason to doubt he would ever speak clearly again. Worse, a close friend had said, "I have the impression that he cannot form an idea of his own, but can only respond to ideas that are fed to him." Now he spoke the crisp quick English he had always used, and ideas came as fast as he could handle them. And he went on and on. It wasn't that he talked incessantly, or compulsively, although he did come close to it. He would stop to listen. He had always been in my opinion a good listener, polite, attentive, absorbed and retentive. But he would listen now only exactly as long as someone spoke and had something to speak about. Then he would begin instantly to talk again. There were no pauses. I think he was happy to find himself *able* to talk again, and in any case excitement is common in recovery from severe trauma. But it was also plain that he wanted no silences in that room.

I remembered something he had said that last time I'd seen him, in a long dark afternoon of talk in the little apartment in Earl's Court Road: "When I go to bed tonight, I hope to be tired, very tired, because I don't want to think. I don't want to think."

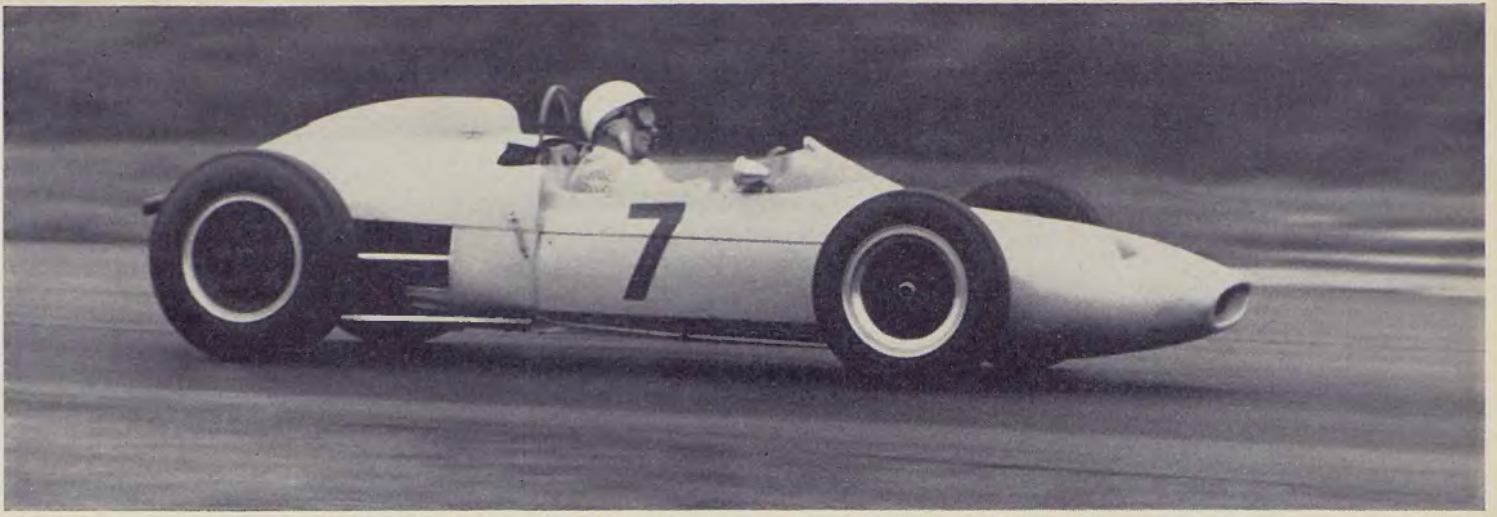
Valerie Pirie had said to me, when he was still in coma, "Do you know, last night he was speaking in French and Italian, as well as English, of course — but his accent in French and Italian was very pure, much better than it's ever been when he was conscious. Why's that, do you think?"

"Disinhibition. What did he say?"

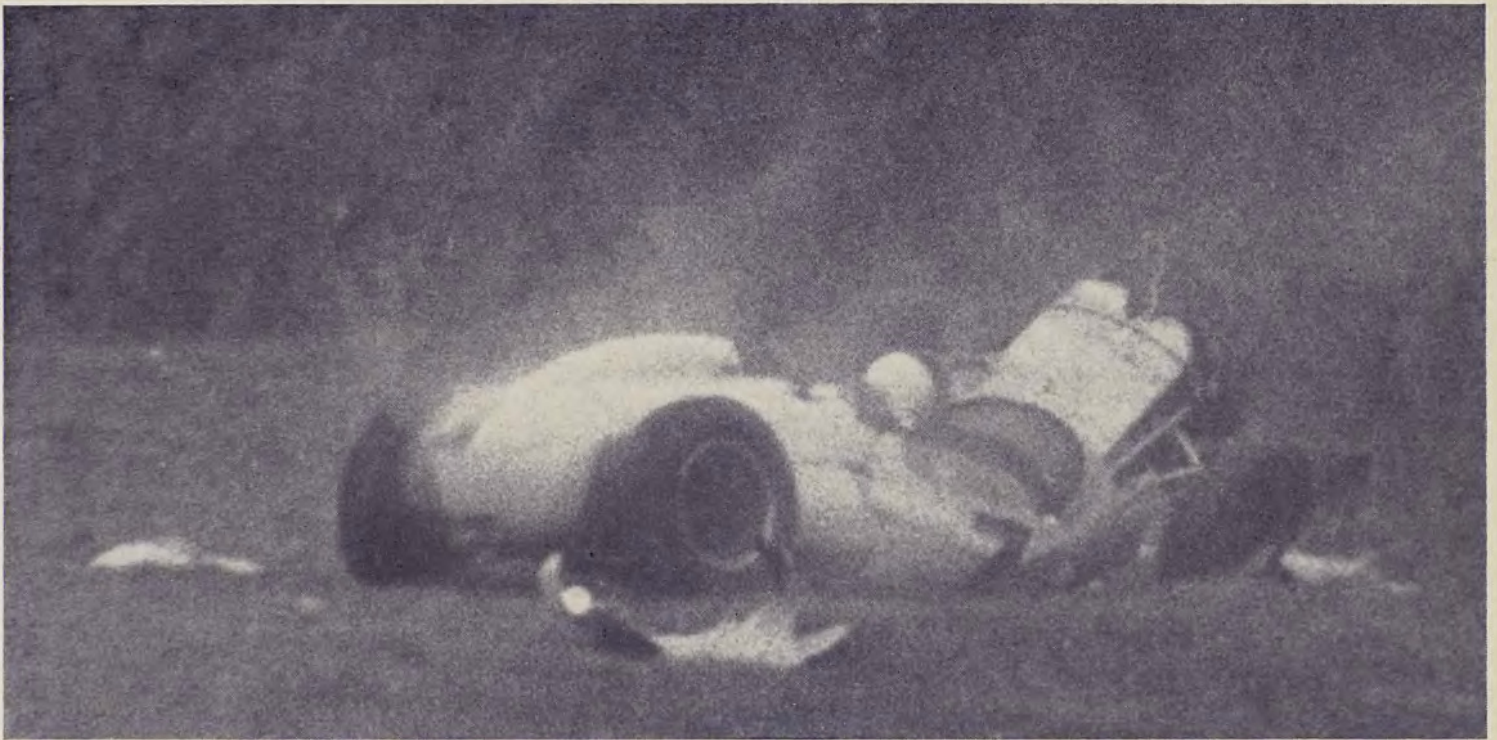
"He was talking about girls, a lot of the time. Once he said, '*E molto difficile per un corridore — molto difficile.*'"

("[Life] is very hard for a race-driver — very hard.")

A hard life? Stirling Moss is one of the best-known men in the world, and beyond any doubt the best-known sports figure. Only Queen Elizabeth, by actual line count, gets more mention in the British press than Stirling Moss. Six weeks after his last accident the *Sunday Times* of London considered his appearance in the garden of the hospital worth a four-column picture and a long story — on page one. His appearance on a street corner in Rome or Nairobi or Brisbane would block traffic within min-



His Lotus hopelessly behind because of gearbox trouble, Moss nevertheless took off in flat-out pursuit of Goodwood's lap record.



Moss broke the record, then inexplicably ran off the circuit. Cut out of the mangled Lotus, he spent two months in a hospital.



STIRLING MOSS (continued)

utes. He makes \$150,000 or so a year. He knows the world as few men can imagine knowing it. He travels constantly, once flew to London from South Africa just for a date, flew back next day. His present injuries aside, he is as healthy as a bull, iron-hard, capable of fantastic endurance. He's expert at every sport he has ever tried, rugby, swimming, water-skiing, whatever. He was a better show-rider and jumper at 16, his sister Pat says, than she is today, and she's on the British International team. (The two of them once cleaned out an entire horse show: between them they won every prize offered.) Moss is highly intelligent, easily roused to intense interest in almost anything, from astronomy to Zen. He is one of the most pursued television and radio guests in Europe. He is a witty and amusing speaker. He has written five notably successful books on racing, and about 800 magazine and newspaper articles have appeared under his by-line. He subscribes to no clipping service, but he has 42 full scrapbooks, nevertheless. His mail averages 10,000 pieces a year (400-500 a day when he's in the hospital) and he answers every letter, and promptly. Most men like him. Women find him irresistible, nine times in ten. He has picked a girl out of the crowd standing in a corner at a race circuit, waved to her every time around, made a date for that evening in pantomime, and won the race, too. He sometimes dates three girls in a day. The ultimate mark is on him: his women know that he has other women and they don't care.

Most importantly, he has work to do that he likes doing, and he is better in his work than any other man alive, better in the common judgment of his peers. He is, if the last accident has not destroyed him, the greatest race-driver living. In matched cars he would beat any other driver in the world. More, he is probably the greatest race-driver of all time, the greatest who has ever lived. He has entered more races than anyone else ever did, and won more. He has been champion driver of Great Britain 10 times. He has won so many silver cups that he estimates they could be melted down into an ingot that would weigh 300 pounds. (The ingot, he thinks, would make, in turn, a striking coffee table.) Of his store of other medals, awards, oddities, there is no counting. I remember his coming through New York after a race in Venezuela carrying the Perez Jimenez Cup, a lump of solid gold so heavy it was unpleasant to hold in one hand.

For years he has been universally considered the fastest driver alive and that he has never won the championship of the world is one of the major curiosities

of sports. He has been three times third in the world rankings, four times second. The championship is decided on the basis of placement in, usually, about 10 major races throughout the world. The 1958 champion, Mike Hawthorn of England, won only one of these races, while Moss won four; but Hawthorn, driving an Italian Ferrari, finished in more races than Moss, whose insistence on driving, when possible, privately owned cars (factory-owned models are always faster) of British manufacture has severely handicapped him. (Now British cars are fastest; in the 1950s they were not.) But Moss has beaten every man who has held the world championship for the past 10 years. Those very few of whom it can be said that they do one thing, whatever it is, better than anyone else has ever done it are marked forever, and in his profession Moss is an immortal. And he is 32, well off if not rich, healthy, popular, talented to the point of genius, a citizen of the world.

E molto difficile per un corridore — molto difficile?

Yes. Very difficult. The essence of the difficulty is that race-driving on the highest level, in the fastest, most competitive company, Grand Prix driving, is the most dangerous sport in the world. In some recent years the mortality rate has been 25 percent per year: one of every four drivers starting the season could expect to be dead at the end of it. The list of drivers killed in the decade 1951-1961, counting major figures only, totals 56 names.

If the game is so dangerous, why does anyone play it?

Because it's also the most compelling, delightful, sensually rewarding game in the world. In a race-driver's view, endeavors like tennis and golf and baseball are exercises, pastimes; demanding, yes, if you like, but still, games that children can play. (In the United States, motor-racing is second only to horse racing as a spectator sport, considerably outdraws baseball and football.) Some games, like court tennis, are both physically and intellectually demanding, but a split-second miscalculation in court tennis will cost only a point, not a life or crippling or 60 days in the hospital. Bullfighters, mountain climbers, skindivers know something of the racing-driver's ecstasy, but only a part, because theirs are team sports. *Toreros* are never alone and mountaineers rarely; the skindiver not usually, and in any case his opponent, the sea, though implacable and deadly, still is passive. When a race-car is passive it is sitting in the garage, and its driver's seat is as safe as a baby's cradle.

What is a race-driver? Is any man who has learned how to drive 150 miles an hour through traffic reasonably skillfully,

a race-driver? No, he isn't. Hear Moss: "If you habitually go through the corners one fifth of a second slower than your maximum, you can make a reputation, you can earn a living, you can even win a race now and then — but you are no race-driver."

There are some such. Also there are many drivers who will deny that there is anything esthetically or sensually rewarding about motor-racing. But they betray themselves when they say, and they all do, "I drive because I like it," or, "I like the life." They feel, but they are inarticulate.

The full terror and the full reward of this incredible game are given only to those who bring to the car talent honed by obsessive practice into great skill, a fiercely competitive will and high intelligence, with the flagellating sensitivity that so often accompanies it. In these men, a terrible and profound change sometimes takes place: the game becomes life. They understand what Karl Wallenda meant when he said, going back up on the high wire after the terrible fall in Detroit that killed two of his troupe and left another a paraplegic, "To be on the wire is life; the rest is waiting." This change is irreversible. A man who has gone through it will never come back across the fence to the herd. Once the game has become life, and life has become a vestibule, unimaginable courage is required to renounce the game — because renunciation is suicide. Tazio Nuvolari, for decades called the greatest master of race-driving who ever lived, could not find the courage to leave the game that had broken every major bone in his body and had seven times caused doctors formally to announce his impending death; he drove with blood running down his chin because the exhaust fumes made him hemorrhage; he drove when he was so weak he had to be lifted, inert, from the car at the end of a race; he drove until he could not drive; he died in bed, hating it.






No, Grand Prix race-driving has nothing to do with other games, just as driving a Grand Prix car has nothing to do with driving a Chrysler on a parkway, even at, say, 100 miles an hour. ("It has not to do with it," Moss says. "That kind of driving is not even remotely the same thing. It's night and day, fire and water.")

Juan Manuel Fangio, five times champion of the world, retired and left the game in 1958 because he was slowing and because he was lonely and depressed, so many of his friends had been killed. Today, if he were standing in front of the pits on a practice day and someone were to point to a car and say, "Juan Manuel, that is your car, made for you, to your measurements, ready for you," I



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STIRLING MOSS (continued)

think the struggle within the man would be a hard one. Successful, wealthy, loved, respected, still he knows that he has gone to live in the vestibule.

Men like Nuvolari and Fangio, or the *matador de toros* Juan Belmonte, retiring with the marks of 72 bull goings on a thin, frail body, share a common mold: skill, obsession, courage, sensitivity. Courage doesn't count most. Skill is basic, and sensitivity, and always the obsession. When the obsession is great enough, the man will find courage to sustain it, somehow. The American race-driver Frank Lockhart, killed at Daytona in 1928, nearly always vomited before he got into the automobile, but he got into it.

Once a man has gone over, the terror of his nights will be, not mortal death, which he will have seen many times, and which, like a soldier, he believes is most likely to come to the man next to him, and the risk of which is in any case the price of the ticket to the game, but real death—final deprivation of the right to go up on the wire again. Then, like Moss, he'll do anything to get back. In the hospital, Moss would accept any pain, any kind of treatment, anything at all that he could believe would shorten, if only by a very little, his path back to the race-car, never mind the fact that it took a crew of mechanics 30 minutes with hacksaws and metal shears to cut the last one apart enough to make it let go of him. When he was finally lifted free his face was slashed in a dozen places, his left arm was broken, his left leg was broken at knee and ankle, he had cracked ribs, torn muscles, a broken cheekbone and a broken nose—and his brain had been so massively bruised that the left side of his body was paralyzed. "Recovery from the brain damage is likely to be a slow process," specialists said, "and there is a possibility that full recovery of function in the arm and leg will not take place." His vision was disturbed. Moss laughed at the doctors and in the night, and whenever he could, pushed the broken leg against the footboard of his bed to exercise it.

• • •

How does a man come to this terrible place?

By an ordinary road, usually.

Moss' father, Alfred Moss, is a prosperous London dentist. He was a race-driver, although never approaching the first rank. Still, he ran at Indianapolis in 1924 and 1925, finishing 16th the first time and 13th the second time. He did some barnstorming in the United States. Stirling's mother, Aileen, was a well-known British rally-driver, and in 1936 she was woman champion of Britain. She drove a Marendaz, one of the "specialist" cars for which England is famous, made

from 1926 to 1936. She was a noted horse-woman. Stirling was their first child, born September 17, 1929.

Stirling was not a flaming success as a student. He was bright, but indifferent to the academic appeal. He was the kind of problem student who requires teachers with skill and special sympathy. He was often ill. His medical record shows appendicitis as a child, scarlet fever and a serious, prolonged case of nephritis. He and the academic life abandoned each other; he tried apprenticing himself to hotel administration and to farming and was bored.

He could drive an automobile, in the sense of steering it, when he was six. He had a car of his own when he was 14. It was a device called a Morgan Three-Wheeler, beloved of two generations of Englishmen. The Morgan had two wheels in front and a third, chain-driven, in the rear. The engine was usually a big motorcycle racing engine, and it rode out of doors, in front of the radiator. The Morgan attracted Englishmen because a whimsy of British law, involving chain drive and weight, classified it as a motorcycle, to its tax advantage; being light and overpowered, it had remarkable acceleration; also—and this was what brought one to Stirling Moss—you could legally drive a Morgan before you could drive a four-wheeler.

Moss' father was well off, but the Morgan wasn't really a gift. "My parents taught me," he said to me, "that I could have what I wanted if I paid for it. I always managed to get what I was after, but in order to do that, I had to get rid of everything else. I could have a motor-bike if I sold my radio and my chemical set and this and that and the other: and when I wanted to move on from the bike I had to flog off my tent and my camping kit and the bike itself and this and that . . . I was taught that everything is attainable if you're prepared to give up, to sacrifice, to get it. I think my parents gave me, gave me as a gift, one might say, this belief that whatever you want to do, you can do it if you want to do it enough, and I do believe that. I believe it.

"I believe that if I wanted to run a mile in four minutes I could do it. I would have to give up everything else in life, but I could run a mile in four minutes. I believe that if a man wanted to walk on water, and was prepared to give up everything else in life, he could do it. He could walk on water. I am serious. I really do practically believe that."

When Moss decided that he wanted to be a racing-driver, his parents objected. His father argued on practical grounds: "I couldn't make a living at it, and I tried years ago, when it was easier." But they only objected, they didn't refuse.

Neither is the kind of parent who wants to live life over again through a child, but as former competition drivers they didn't consider the *métier* as dangerous as some parents might, nor as unrewarding. They were outdoor people. They considered physical risk a part of life. After all, Stirling and his sister Pat, five years younger, had been riding show horses and jumpers since they'd been old enough to say "horse" and no harm had come to them. So, after the Austin 7 and the Morgan and the MG and such traditional school-cars of the British competition driver, Stirling graduated, at 16, to a solid, reliable, medium-fast German sports car, a BMW (Bayerische Motoren Werke) 328. In 1948, when he was 18, and legally could drive in competition as well as on the roads, he got his first race-car, a Cooper.

The Cooper then (the firm is famous now) was made in a garage that has been described as approximately the size of a big kitchen. It was a Formula III car: 500 cubic centimeters of engine, which usually meant a rear-mounted one-cylinder J.A.P. or Norton racing motorcycle engine, propelling it at speeds up to 120 miles an hour. The car was tiny and light. Steering was so quick as to be instantaneous and the engine delivered usable power only when it was turning very fast: if the speed dropped it would promptly stall. It was best as a sprint and hill-climb car. Moss put in an entry for the famous Shelsley Walsh hill climb and was not accepted: nobody had ever heard of him. He tried again, for a hill climb at Prescott, the famous venue of the Bugatti Owners Club, was listed, and on the scheduled day he loaded his Cooper into a horse box and set off.

Prescott was then 880 yards of twisty, narrow road. Cars start on the flat, run over a rubber contact timing device, scream up the hill and break an electric-eye beam at the finish. Every great driver in Great Britain has run at Prescott. Moss' first assault on the hill was ragged. But each car is given two tries, and his second run was a record for the 500 cc. class. It didn't last long, it was broken three times in the course of the day, but still it was a fact: Stirling Moss broke a course record the first time he ran in competition. Knowledgeable people at Prescott that day, noting the speed with which he learned the circuit and seeing that he made no mistake twice, marked him as one to watch, and one perceptive journalist so cited him in print. The next time he ran in a hill climb he won it. He entered in an airport race and won that, in pouring rain. He went to Goodwood, one of the best-known racing circuits in Britain, and won there, in fast company. All in all, in his first year,

Top: #9402—Three-eyelet Clipper in Burnished Olive. Also #9401 in Spanish Moss, #9403 in black, #9404 in Pewter Grey. Middle: #9324—Three-eyelet Slax oxford in Hernando Flacid. Bottom: #9326—Two-eyelet Slax demi-boot in Old Gold. Also #5327 in black. Also #9334 in Whippet Buck. Mansfields start at \$19.95. Also makers of Bostonians and Bostonian Boys. Write for name of nearest Dealer. Bostonian Shoes, Whitman, Mass.



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STIRLING MOSS (continued)

a boy, he entered 15 events and won 11 of them.

For the next year he bought a bigger Cooper, with a two-cylinder engine. He kept on winning. His father, reluctantly supporting his campaigning, serving as his manager, conceded that there would be no return to the hotel business or any other. With mixed feelings, he began to suspect greatness in his son. Moss was invited to run on the Continent, a small race at Lake Garda in Italy, and offered £50 in starting money. The Italians thought he was amusing, a boy, a pink-cheeked *Inglese* with curly hair, and too much of it. Some laughed at him and his funny-looking Cooper. He won his class, going away, and was an astonishing third overall to a pair of Ferrari drivers, one of them the formidable Luigi Villoresi. He began to form his own style of driving, patterning the attitude, which today identifies him as far as he can be seen — relaxed, limp as cooked *pasta*, arms straight out to the wheel — on Dr. Giuseppe Farina, onetime champion of the world. Other drivers watched him and saw, gladly or bitterly, as their natures ran, that he had the stamp of major talent: he could do things that he had never been taught to do. Finally Tazio Nuvolari saw him and said, "Watch. He will be one of the great drivers of the world."

Since then Stirling Moss has run in 466 races, excluding rallies, sprints, land-speed record attempts, endurance runs and so on. He has won 194 races. He has won 41.6 percent of all the races he has entered, a fantastically high percentage and one that no other racing-driver has approached. For comparison in another field, the jockey William Hartack, one of the greatest who has ever ridden, had his best season in 1957, when he won 27.5 percent of his races. Moss has had more than his share of mechanical breakdowns that have prevented his finishing races, but he has finished 307 of them in first, second, third or fourth place, and that is 65.8 percent placements. Moss aside, the three greatest drivers of all time were Tazio Nuvolari, Rudolf Caracciola and Juan Manuel Fangio. No one of them approaches his record, except that Fangio, when he retired at the age of 47, had won 25 races of the first category, while Moss has so far won 15. In 1961 he started 50 events and won 23 of them. This year, when he had won the Grand Prix of New Zealand in a spilling, solid, tropical downpour, and had lapped every man in the field to do it, including former world champion Jack Brabham, another driver said, "I wouldn't mind, if he was a human being!"

What kind of driving is this that Moss does, and the other 15 or 20 men who

are classified in any one year as drivers of Grand Prix stature? It is hard to understand, because it relates to ordinary driving in about the same way as mountain climbing relates to riding up a flight of stairs on an escalator. Basically, the idea is to drive so fast that the car barely maintains adhesion to the road, runs just a hair this side of a tremendous skid and loss of all control. Richard Seaman, a great British driver who was killed at Spa in Belgium in 1939, said that the sensation of driving a Grand Prix car on dry concrete produced exactly the same sensation as driving a fast sports car on a frozen lake. The fastest driver is the one who can come closest to the point at which the car's tires will break adhesion to the road and let the machine go into an uncontrolled slide. ("Uncontrolled" is the key word. Much of the time, the driver has deliberately broken the car loose and is letting it slide.) Since this speed varies with the individual car, with the kind of tires and their state of wear, with the weather, and may change every few yards all around a 5.6-mile course, a fantastic degree of skill is required. Moss will decide in practice, for example, that the car will slide off the road in a certain corner at 97 miles an hour. He will go through the corner in the actual race at 96.5 miles an hour, over and over again, perhaps 100 times. Other good drivers will go through at 95 one lap, 96.3 the next, and so on in a slightly varying pattern. Moss will beat them. Another will try the corner at 98. He will go off the road. This exercise is mildly complicated by the fact that no race-car carries a speedometer. The information it gives is not sufficiently precise. The driver judges car speed by feel and by engine speed, which is important: "4500 rpm in third gear."

That is the basic skill required, to estimate, almost instantaneously, and always correctly, that the four little oval patches of rubber that alone hold the car to the road will give up and let go of it, here at 49 miles an hour, there at 103, there at 158, and, having made the estimation, to keep the car within a fraction of those speeds, steadily and consistently.

Next, one must be able instantly to modify the entire equation in the event of rain, or sand or oil on the track. (American oval track racing stops in the rain; Grand Prix racing does not, unless visibility comes down to zero, or there is floodwater on the circuit, or something of that sort.)

Then, one must be able to maintain speed in traffic, among cars going faster in some places and slower in others; one must be able to handle odd little emergencies, such as coming around a corner to find another car spinning in front of

one; or having a wheel break off; or having the car catch on fire or lose its clutch or its brakes. (Total loss of the clutch, making clutchless gear changes imperative, or total loss of the brakes, is not supposed to stop a first-class driver. When Moss and William Lloyd won the 12-Hour Race at Sebring, Florida, in 1954, Moss drove the last four hours or so, from eight P.M. to midnight, without the clutch and without a trace of braking power. After the race Moss asked a writer to get into the car and put the brakes on full; he then pushed the car down the track at a dogtrot with one hand. During the race he had avoided a couple of stark emergencies by sliding the car sideways.)

Moss runs in no rallies now (his sister Pat does; she is among the three greatest rally-drivers in the world, irrespective of sex, and she is indisputably the greatest woman driver living), but he did earlier in his career. He holds the most coveted of rally trophies, the golden *Coupe des Alpes*. The average speeds imposed by point-to-point rally organizers are usually so high that the cars have to go flat out most of the time, and it is a matter of record that Moss once *made up 12 minutes going downhill in the Alps*. A competent professional observer has recorded his emotions while sitting in the back seat of a sedan Moss was driving at 90 miles an hour on black glare ice in the mountains. They were mixed.

"We're just as likely to go off the road at 30 as at 90," Moss said, "so we may as well press on."

It is my own belief that these skills in their highest orders are not available to men of normal physical equipment. Whether they are or not, Moss' physical equipment is demonstrably not normal. His reaction time is from 2.5 to 3 times faster than normal. Like Joe Louis at his peak when, he has said, he often found that he had hit a man before his eyes had had time to record the opening, Moss has often braked, accelerated or changed course before his brain could record the reason for the action. His vision, before the Goodwood accident, was startlingly abnormal. Denis Jenkinson, one of the most reliable of observers, tells of an occasion when Moss identified a driver by name at a distance at which Jenkinson, who has normal corrected vision, could barely tell the color of the man's car. Moss' visual accommodation is fantastic: He can change focus from, say, one mile to 30 inches to one mile again virtually instantaneously. His perception approaches the extrasensory: He can reduce his time over, say, a 2.5-mile course by a second a lap exactly; he can add or subtract a fifth of a second to the time he takes to go through a corner; he can tell, running flat out, if one tire has a pound

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STIRLING MOSS (continued)

less air than the other three; he can gauge the amount of tread left on a tire, in millimeters, at a glance.

Until Easter Sunday and Goodwood, it was usually held that no one had seen Stirling Moss make a major error of judgment. Off the road enough to bash a fender on a hay bale, yes, or run up on the curb, that sort of thing, yes, but serious, no. No one knows what happened at Goodwood. Thousands saw the accident, but no one knows what caused it, least of all Moss, who has the amnesia typical of his injury. Driving a Lotus, he was in fourth place in the ninth lap when the gearbox stuck in fourth gear. He came in, and the mechanics took five minutes to fix the gearbox. Almost any stop at all will ruin a driver's chances in today's G.P. racing, and when Moss went out again, he was three laps, or 7.2 miles, behind Graham Hill, leading. He had absolutely no chance to win, but typically ("One's a race-driver or one's not") he began to drive at the absolute limit. Last year, at the Zandvoort circuit in Holland in a similar situation, with no chance to win, he broke the lap record seven times in succession. He broke the course record at Goodwood, too, and made up an entire lap, 2.4 miles. He came up behind Graham Hill at around 120 miles an hour, out of a fast bend called Fordwater into a slower one called St. Mary's. It is not a stretch in which drivers ordinarily attempt passing. He shifted from fifth to fourth gear at the proper place, but at this point Graham Hill, looking into his mirror, was astounded to see that Moss' car was not slowing, but was coming on; observers on the ground saw him pull abreast of Hill's car and then go almost straight on 60 yards or so into an earthen bank. He did slow the car down to something around 60-80 miles an hour before he hit, but he did not spin it, which would have been logical.

The possible explanations were various: (1) He had finally made a major error in judgment and was trying to overtake Hill at a point in the circuit where it couldn't be done. There is always a first time. The great Italian driver Achille Varzi never had a real accident until the one that killed him at Berne in 1948. (2) When he lifted his foot off the accelerator after shifting from fifth to fourth, the throttle stayed down. This had happened to him in the same car the week before, but as he would be expected to do, he had managed. (3) The engine had suddenly cut out. When this happens, the car can go instantly out of control.

Laurence Pomeroy, a world authority on the racing car, was near. He considers that the behavior of the car was typical of a throttle jammed wide open, and that Moss had one second, or one second

and a half at the most, in which to assay the situation, decide what to do, and do it. Most of Moss' retirements, and nearly all of his accidents, have been due to mechanical failure of the automobiles. He can't remember how many times he has had steering failure, completely lost the brakes, the clutch, the transmission, run out of oil, water, gasoline, been hit by other cars (one jumped completely over him and took the top out of his crash hat — without hurting him). He lost one race because when he hit the starter button he found the battery dead — in a car that had been two weeks in preparation for that one race! "I can't believe the number of races that I've honestly seen thrown away by something really stupid!" he says. Among the uninformed he has a reputation as a car-breaker. It is totally undeserved. The same was said of Nuvolari, who asked only that a car do what it was supposed to do. The ranking race-manager of all time, Alfred Neubauer of Mercedes-Benz, for whom Moss drove with great success in one of his two efforts with non-British cars — the other was with Maserati — jeers at the notion that Moss is hard on cars. So does Rob Walker, for whom Moss drives now. So does Enzo Ferrari, who knows more about automobile racing than anyone now active in the sport.

It is commonly said that had Moss been driving for Ferrari the past few years he would have been champion of the world three times at least. Instead, he drove British cars during the postwar years when they were not really in contention. When British Grand Prix cars, Lotus cars and Coopers running Coventry-Climax engines did begin to demonstrate superiority over Continental machines, Moss drove privately owned models, always a year behind, and a few miles an hour slower, than the ones the factory teams raced.

The only legitimate professional criticism that can be made of Moss is that he has not been a good judge of race-cars. He will concede the point. He has picked the wrong cars either because he didn't know they were the wrong ones, or because they were British and privately owned. He is fiercely patriotic, in the old-fashioned way. "Everything else is a suburb of London," he will say, and he means it. He has been on Queen Elizabeth's Honours List (Order of the British Empire) and he's proud of it.

In 1951 Enzo Ferrari offered Moss a place in his team for a race at Bari in Italy. When Moss appeared for practice the first day he asked which was his car, and was told that he had no car. *Il Commendatore* — Ferrari, an arrogant and capricious man — had decided to assign it to the veteran Piero Taruffi. Moss felt that he had been grossly maltreated and

that, through him, his country had been insulted. He announced, profanely, that Ferrari had seen the last of him.

For 10 years Moss raced against Ferrari cars, and beat them when he could, which was often enough. But, toward the end of that time, in sports-car and touring-car (*gran turismo*) events, he began to drive Ferrari automobiles, but never for the factory, only for private owners. The reason he did was simple enough: they were best. It is my opinion that the best very fast (130-170 mph) automobile money can buy is a Ferrari coupe, and I have believed this for some years. Ferraris have been very successful in long, hard races, like the Sebring 12-Hour Race, and the 24 Hours of Le Mans. They are strong, reliable, hard to break, qualities very attractive to Moss, who has had so many fragile horses shot out from under him.

Enzo Ferrari once drove. Later, when he was a race-manager, Nuvolari drove for him. He could not be indifferent to ability on Moss' soaring level. Nor could Moss withhold respect at least from a man the product of whose hands came so near perfection. The climate around them began almost imperceptibly to better, and in April of this year, just before the Goodwood crash, Moss flew to Italy to see Ferrari. Ferrari sent a coupe to Turin for him to drive the 100 miles to the factory at Modena. Although he has been known to keep waiting for two hours a customer anxious to buy \$50,000 worth of cars, Ferrari came to greet Moss immediately. He showed him through the Ferrari factory, one of the industrial wonders of Italy and considerably harder to enter than the Vatican. He showed him this year's cars and he showed him, incredibly, the drawings for next year's models. He gave him lunch and told him that he was as great a driver as Nuvolari had been, and greater than Fangio. He asked Moss to come to Italy and drive Ferrari cars. People who had long known Enzo Ferrari could not believe their ears when they were told of the conversation. "I need you," this harsh, imperious, gifted man said to Moss. "Tell me what kind of car you want, and I will make it for you in six months. Put it on paper. If you drive for me, you will tell me on Monday what you did not like about the car on Sunday and by Friday it will have been changed to your taste . . . If you drive for me, I will have no team, just you and a reserve driver. With Moss, I would need no team . . ."

They were together, with George de Carvalho of *Time* magazine, for four hours.

"It must have shaken you," I said to Moss a few days later.

"It did indeed," he said. "It was fantastic. Because Ferrari *could* make a new



If the shoe fits



wear the sock that goes with it.

In the family portrait above, each sock fits the shoe that fits the occasion. Meet the family, from left to right: (1) Burlington Gold Cup Stripe, renowned on the courts: always smooth-fitting, built to take hard play. (2) Burlington Gold Cup Casual, the champion leisure sock; soft as cashmere in 23 hot and cold

colors. (3) Burlington Gold Cup Zephyr, perfect for work or play: tailored with a touch of loft. (4) Burlington Gold Cup Trim, the natural born executive: slim, neat, conservative. Each of these Burlington Gold Cup winners is a sock with purpose. An important sock. Yet the price per pair is only \$1.50.

BURLINGTON GOLD CUP SOCKS 

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STIRLING MOSS (continued)

car in six months, you know. A British company might take two years, but he really could do it; and he could, and I think he would, change anything you wanted changed from Monday to Friday, as Mercedes-Benz would . . . but, I don't know, I think it might be anticlimactic, winning the world championship on an Italian car after all these years . . ."

"He'd be world champion tomorrow if he'd sign with Ferrari," Moss' manager, Ken Gregory, said. "But he won't."

"I admit I like being the underdog, coming from behind, doing things the hard way," Moss said.

I think he may go to Ferrari, if and when he goes back to racing. And if he does I think it will be the ruggedness of the Ferrari that will draw him. No matter how resilient a man may be, no matter what reserves of spirit he has to draw on, it's hard to go to the rim of death and stay there in suffering for six weeks because a silly piece of steel broke in two.

But, arguing against joining a factory team has always been the necessity for Moss' conceding that someone else would be chief. Moss likes to run his own show. He drives Formula 1, Grand Prix cars for Rob Walker, who is his friend. He drives sports cars for British Racing Partnership, which is himself, his father and his manager. And he free-lances. As the biggest drawing-card name in the business — motor races in Europe often pull 250,000 spectators — his starting-money fee is as high as \$3000, paid for appearing and moving the car off the starting line, even if it dies 100 yards down the course.

Moss is as much a tycoon in his way as Ferrari. To an extent undreamed of by drivers before him, he has made racing a full-time business. His income from accessories and endorsements alone is important. One reason for the ferocity of his efforts to cure himself when he has been hurt is that he wants to get back to the mainstream of his life; but another is that when he is not in the car the major source of his income stops. He is not profligate and he is not penurious, but he likes money and he likes to live well. He dresses carefully. Five feet eight, he has the slim waist and wide shoulders that tailors like and last year he was listed one of the 10 best-dressed men in Great Britain. The last time I lunched with him he was wearing a jacket made without side pockets, so that he wouldn't be tempted to carry anything that would spoil the line. His choice of food is pedestrian, but his taste in restaurants is not. His house in London will be a showplace, and he is planning a beach house in Nassau, where he has a home. He moves among interesting people. When King Hussein of Jordan visited Prime

Minister MacMillan and was asked whom he would like to have as a guest for dinner at 10 Downing Street he asked for Moss. *Il Commendatore* Ferrari cannot confer status on Stirling Moss, but he has other gifts to offer, and I think Moss may wish to think about them, once his curiosity about his Goodwood crash has been satisfied.

He is very deeply curious, and more than curious: if he believed that he crashed through his own error he would consider racing again irresponsible and he would retire. I suggested to him that when he is well enough to stand the shock he have himself put under hypnosis and let himself be taken through the accident. Of course, he may not have been able to determine, in his second and a half, what was putting the car off the circuit into the bank, but if he did know, then the information is there, buried in his subconscious under the protective amnesia, and he could recall it in hypnosis, in the view of a pioneer in this form of therapy, a world authority whom I consulted. If Moss' memory does not return in the ordinary way — and it almost certainly will not — he is going to do this. He has had an interest in hypnosis for years, as in so many other things. If the process is successful I believe Moss will recall that the symptoms preceding the accident were those of a stuck throttle. If so, he'll be glad that he can still say that he's never had an accident that wasn't caused by someone else or by something's breaking on the car, but he'll be depressed, too, that he wasn't able, in that second and a half, to do more about it. He has done more, other times and other places.

For example, in 1957 he started the Mille Miglia, the Thousand Miles open-road race in Italy, abandoned now. The last running was in 1957, the year Portago was killed. Moss started in a big Maserati, the last car to leave the line at Brescia for the run to Rome and back. With him was Denis Jenkinson, his navigator in the 1955 Mille Miglia, which they won at the all-time record average speed of 97.9 mph. They had barely started, they were only a few miles out, when they had what Moss calls not an accident but an incident: the brake-pedal shaft broke in half. He told me about it in a letter a few days later:

" . . . I was approaching the corner at approximately 130 mph in fifth gear. I estimated that the corner could be taken at about 90, therefore it was a fairly sharpish curve, to the left. I lifted my foot off the accelerator and put it on the brake, and, on increasing pressure on the pedal it suddenly shot forward and broke off. More or less at the same time I was dropping the car down into fourth gear." (Usually, in this situation, the

driver applies the brake with his toe and works the accelerator with his heel.) "I pulled the hand brake on, which was useless; pushed the car into third gear, immediately followed by second. I remember the car fishtailing a little. At the same time as all this I attempted to put the car into a bit of a broadside to lose a little speed. I managed to get the car around the corner and then dropped it into first gear. Finally Denis Jenkinson and I had to jump out and stop it manually! When I tell you there were absolutely no brakes at all it is no exaggeration . . ."

That is how Moss considers an emergency should be managed. He had pulled the car down from 130 miles an hour to 2 or 3 mph, in a brutally short distance, without enough braking power to stop a child's tricycle, in a corner, on a narrow road lined on both sides with people standing shoulder to shoulder, and he hadn't so much as brushed one of them. On a closed-course circuit, with room in which to maneuver, he would probably have kicked the pedal to one side and gone on without brakes.

He and Jenkinson turned the car around by hand, so as not to let it roll into the ditch, and roared back to Brescia. Moss came out of the car in a rage, waving the broken brake pedal over his head. There was talk of sabotage, but it wasn't true. The pedal shaft had been made of a flawed piece of metal.

Moss was the more annoyed because he would like to have topped his running of the 1955 Mille Miglia for Mercedes-Benz, a classic performance, one of the greatest motor-races ever run. Not only that, it was probably the best-reported motoring performance of all time, because Denis Jenkinson, Moss' codriver, is uniquely equipped as a journalist. An ex-motorcycle sidecar champion of the world, he is completely tranquil at any speed; he is a profound student of the behavior of the automobile at high speeds, knows exactly what is happening at all times, and is an excellent writer.

Moss had asked Jenkinson if he would try the race, because he believed that with someone of Jenkinson's ability and temperament it might be just possible for a non-Italian to win the race. As a rule the Mille Miglia was held to be an Italian monopoly, because no one not an Italian could hope to learn the road. (Moss was the first Englishman to win it, and the second non-Italian. Caracciola won it in 1931 for Germany.) In really high-speed driving it's no use to come around a corner and look to see if the road goes straight, or right, or left. If you don't *know* which way the road goes

(continued on page 151)



ABIGAIL

35-22-35

There's a nautical term to describe a trim boat that we think applies delightfully to Abby. She is "yare," isn't she? And so, we hasten to add, is the Chesterfield King she always smokes.



For in a Chesterfield King, you and Abby get all the advantages of extra length, and much more. Only Chesterfield King gives you the unique taste of 21 great tobaccos—tobaccos too mild to filter, pleasure too good to miss.



Another one of Abigail's favorite pleasures is yachts. In fact she is looking for a deckhand berth on a nice yacht. Why not send us a picture of your yacht and 2120 empty Chesterfield King packs. Maybe she'll sign aboard—on condition, of course, that you carry plenty of Chesterfield Kings in the hold.

CHESTERFIELD

KING

21-20

HIRSCH BEGINS EVERY SEMESTER with a trip to the University Housing Office looking for half the rent, half the cooking, and conversation—a roommate. Something alive between me and the walls—a buddy. Anyone, if it's not a fraternity fink or a fag, is all right. But life is various, and I make mistakes. The worst was the pink, meechie little kid, an old man at 19, weak, bent, shuffling around in slippers, nailing things down and looking at me from angles with his rat eyes. Quiet! So quiet I can't remember the sound of his voice, or anything he said, not even his name. A long name. It went for days, that's all I remember: Jeremy William Chalmers Dewdrop. Endless. "My name is Paul Hirsch," I said out loud, "what's yours?" He whispered, "Jeremy William Chalmers Dewdrop." Who the hell could hear him? But I figured to see it on the mailbox so why press. We found a four-room apartment; separate bedrooms, a kitchen and living room. Very lucky in this town; most students have to share a bedroom.

On the second day, I stepped out for a look at the mailbox. His name was under mine. Small, he wrote it. He must have thought hawks delivered the mail, or maybe the shuffler didn't receive any. I don't remember. There could have been eensie beensie mail hidden by dust in a corner of the box. He didn't make himself felt, and the way it looked, the world treated him in kind.

All right, I thought—he moves and makes little noises. Enough. I even thought this Pinky might be what I needed. A roommate with minimal identity might be perfect for my junior year, a time of intense intellectual growth. A time when he mumbled and paced, this Hirsch. He looked in anguish at the mirror, and talked—long talks on Hegel, on Hume and Berkeley—searching for the look and sound, the style of Hirsch, the philosophy major, and when I discovered riches, I took them to Pinky. "Hear me out, roommate. Hear the sound of Hirsch." It was fine. The two of us—Hirsch and Pinky—fine, maybe brilliant. I even told him that I liked *his* style, his simple presence. I said I liked the general quiet, and the way he had of never discussing his own major—engineering, I think. In fact, I liked his whole attitude toward school: fundamental, down to earth, like a man with a job. In the morning, he just made himself a bowl of cereal, picked up some pencils and notebooks, clipped his slide rule to his belt and shuffled out.

He came and went, did his small, regular things, and never complained. Once, maybe once, Pinky complained, but nothing specific was said. Nothing, in particular fact, was ever said until it was total. That's it, total. The whole thing is no good. Between you and me—no good. It reminds me of a girl whose name I can't remember. I used to see her a lot; never exclusively, but a lot. I told her she was dumb, and she sighed. I told her she was ugly, and she sighed. For months I betrayed her with other girls, and when she found me out she did nothing. Maybe a look, another sigh—I don't remember, but essentially, it was nothing. One day she said, "So long, Hirsch, I'm getting married to a person." It stunned me, this girl, but I laughed. I betrayed her some more, and I used to call and let her know she had horns. When she said she wouldn't see me, I laughed. A few weeks later, for a joke, I proposed. Honor, obey, cherish, better or worse, who cares. She hung up. That's a meech par excellence. Not a word, not a sound of complaint until the final NO, the ultimate-obscene-everlasting NAY.

I know I'm something to complain about. Hirsch is *not* oblivious; he knows he sleeps in chairs and doesn't make his bed, and doesn't pick up his clothes, and eats too much and talks too much and belches. That's Hirsch, no lie, so what. The roomie doesn't like it, arrangements are possible. If it won't impair my integrity, I'm willing to change. And if not, I'll skip out, or the roomie can. Skip, trundle, flee—no grudge, no regrets. But a word must first be said. Hirsch reads books, not minds, and he can't know if Pinky is upset if Pinky doesn't move the skinny lips and make sounds louder than what only a bat can hear. It's happened before that someone complained to Hirsch:

My first freshman semester, I lived in a dormitory double with Horace MacDonald, the football player. He was all right, this MacDonald—he let you know his view of the world. I come banging in when he's sleeping, he says, "Hirsch, baby, don't come banging in when I'm sleeping." That's MacDonald. A couple of words and Hirsch was aware. I come banging in a second time, he said it a second time. The third time, he said, "Hirsch, you could wake me one night and get your head busted off." Big, this MacDonald, a forearm the size of my calf. It was a privilege, a pleasure to live with him. I started leaving my shoes in the hall outside and coming in slowly and very quietly. I came in one night while he was listening to the radio. His back was to the door. When he turned—something made him turn—he screamed. "Hirsch, announce yourself from now on."

I began whistling. I took my shoes off and whistled when I came down the hall. The other guys on the floor used to come out of their rooms to watch. No inconvenience. Hirsch adjusts—only say a word.

But I shouldn't compare this with Pinky. The situations aren't analogous. Before we even met, I knew it would work out well between MacDonald and Hirsch because I had asked specifically for a Negro on the dormitory application form. Where it said "Roommate preferences?" I wrote "Human," but then I realized what the question really asked—bigot preferences. Immediately, I crossed out "Human," and wrote

GIRLS LIFE IS VARIOUS **GIRLS**
 FOR A JOKE, I PROPOSED **HEGEL, HUME & BERKELEY**
Gorging the mind with Reason **FINE, MAYBE BRILLIANT**
YOU'RE VERSED IN MAU MAU? **ROOMMATE PREFERENCES-HUMAN** *Anguish*
GIRLS INTENSE INTELLECTUAL GROWTH **I EAT MYSELF DEAF** **GIRLS**
MY BELCHING IS AN INTEGRAL THING **HIRSCH IS NOT OBLIVIOUS!!!!**
Bask in Metaphysics **REALPOLITIK** **GIRLS**
MY WOMEN GO SOUNDLY ENRICHED
GIDDY WITH THE TRUTH **KANT & THE BRITISH EMPIRICISTS** **GIRLS**
HENCEFORTH, JUST MENTION THE NAME & PEOPLE WILL LAUGH HEE HEE ON HEGEL!
MEECHIE My Eyes Used to Bleed **PHILOSOPHY**
Long Talks *A Service to Guts & Brain* **Truth!**
 A GIRL SAID ONCE "I SEE YOU BREATHE A LOT THROUGH YOUR MOUTH..."
I Bashed Walls **BOMBED ON HEAVY PROSE** *Girls*
THE PHILOSOPHY CLUB ON MONDAY **I KNOW I'M SOMETHING TO COMPLAIN ABOUT**
Hirsch reads books, not minds **PUTREFACTION** OF THE WESTERN MIND
GIRLS "WHAT, I ASKED MYSELF, IS THE MEANING OF THIS LITTLE FISH" **GIRLS**
COMES A BEAUTIFUL DOPE FOR THE WORD ON LOGICAL EMPIRICISM *Agony*
I Moped in the night like Steppenwolf **WILD, ILLOGICAL VISIONS**
ONCE, VERY LATE, A STRANGE ONE KNOCKED AT MY DOOR **Freedom!!**
THE SOCIAL & POLITICAL SCIENTISTS, HISTORIANS & ECONOMISTS CLUB ON THURSDAY.
SHE ARCHED LIKE A BOW FOR THE ARROW OF TRUTH!

the sound of Hirsch

it was at the beginning of his freshman year when, under "roommate preference," he wrote "human"



fiction

By LEONARD MICHAELS

"A Negro." And that's what I got—MacDonald.

All right, this MacDonald. A man with a sense of reality. No super-hypopsycho-involuted-sensitivity crap to be discovered in that man. A whole human: a body and words. I'm almost glad they asked bigots for their preferences. While chatting one night, I told MacDonald what I wrote. He started laughing and laughing. Terrific humor in him. I laughed, too. He said, "You're funny, Hirsch. A Negro. Imagine." We couldn't stop laughing, me and MacDonald. He was the only Negro in the dormitory with a white roommate. The social retardedness of this university is hard to believe.

After my freshman year, I tried living alone. But four walls—they don't make a buddy for Hirsch. So, until Pinky, I had a simple solution—grab a roommate to keep them off. I know what this means—it means a few square yards within which Hirsch and some party heretofore unknown, bearing alien and conflicting ticks, gamble on proximity for a semester. However, make rules, work out a schedule, agree to do or not to do certain things, and life becomes mutually possible—even if there are certain things about which *nothing* can be done. For example, my belching is an integral thing, a part of me, built-in, undeniable. Take it or leave it, Hirsch belches. So did Collins, a 30-year-old graduate student I lived with at the end of my sophomore year. I could be plunged in sleep under oceans, multitudinous deeps of mindless oblivion, and old Collins still found my ear. I would wake to his sound and watch him rise, jerked up sitting in his bed with belches, his head and neck snapping as if he were trying to spit out a snake. I would sit up, too, in terror. He never woke. When finished, he just lay back, and I twitched until I could sleep again. But let the man belch, I said, and never a word to Collins. And that wasn't the worst. I used to read late at night, and the only warm room was the bedroom. Collins said he didn't mind the light. A good man, this Collins. I sat near the foot of his bed, the light falling over my shoulder, onto the book, and onto his bed. It smashed him in the face, but Collins didn't mind. Now and then, if I looked up from the book with an idea, I would look right into Collins' blazing face, long and bony, shining with peaceful sleep. Gratifying, a face like that; a symbol of endurance. It gave me the will to go on reading. Then, very late, three one morning, I looked up with an idea and Collins was looking back at me with one eye. The other was still closed in sleep. I looked at the eye. The eye looked at Hirsch and I lost what I had in mind. I moved my foot to the

right. The eye rolled after it. I moved my foot back. The eye went back. I lifted my foot and waved it in the air. The eye went wild pitching around, chasing the foot. I shut off the light, shut my book, and went to bed. I lay there wondering what to tell Collins, but what could I say?—"Sleep with a patch on your eye." I never said anything. From then on, I just went to sleep whenever he did.

Hirsch, The Tolerant—a reasonable man. He studied philosophy. During the time of Pinky I had courses in Hegel, Kant, and the British empiricists. I was reading around the clock, gorging the mind with reason. I was giddy with the truth. I staggered like a drunk, bombed on heavy prose.

To Pinky, who was so regular, my hours must have been strange. Amazing, the regularity of Pinky. Every night after dinner, he shuffled into the bathroom, and I set my watch when he flushed the water. Then he went directly to his room and sat bent over math books and graph paper, in one hand his slide rule, in the other, a sharp pencil. He had at least 200 pencils, every one very sharp. He used them to print out his important lists—the list of phonograph records he owned, the list of shirts, pants, coats and ties he owned; his dozen books, his 20 magazines, his combs, brushes, tie clips and every other tangible *his* in the room got listed: "Tie: blue field, red and green stripe, hand-blocked imported challis; Beau Vine Bros., Michigan." The lists, he nailed inside his closet door, and other things were nailed neatly to the top of his desk—a small white pad, a cardboard box of paper clips and a little box of nails. On the table beside his bed he had a Bible, opened flat with the covers nailed down so it wouldn't slip off and fall to the floor. Nothing moved in Pinky's room except Pinky and the face of his clock, and nothing left it except Pinky, some occasional clothes, notebooks, pencils and his slide rule. I thought about nailing a couple of his shirts and ties to a wall, but I don't like to irritate people with dumb jokes.

The one thing unrecorded and moving in the room was Hirsch, but I was a transient phenomenon, like weather in the state, unpredictable, and I didn't come to stay. Just now and then, taken with an urge to talk, Hirsch appeared. That's when Pinky found time to sharpen pencils. I paced beside the desk and sounded myself out on Hegel, listening to Hirsch regurgitate and refine the reading, and letting Pinky bask in metaphysics while the little guy bent over a pencil and a single-edged razor pushing peels off the wood and scraping meticulously at the graphite. Hirsch talked, and Pinky sharpened until the point was right and good and true.

Then he put the pencil on the desk and began sharpening another. He laid them at a right angle to the front edge of the desk, one pencil absolutely beside the next. It looked nice, an unbroken belt of pencils going from one side of his desk to the other. Once, while Pinky was at school I went into his room and pushed a couple of pencils out of line. Absolutely no malice intended. I happened to be alone in the apartment with nothing on my mind. A sort of random movement will grab the limbs in such moments. After pushing the pencils I noticed a sheet of paper beneath them. It was a note from the Dean of Men. Pinky never told me that he might lose his scholarship because of bad grades. I hadn't even known he had a scholarship to lose. But then Pinky never told me anything. He must have nailed the note there to keep himself diligent when he worked. Good idea, I thought.

At dinner, I mentioned seeing the note, and gave him a few study hints. He applied himself hard that night. He locked his door. He didn't even answer when I knocked, and his light showed until very late. He began keeping his door locked during the day, too, figuring, possibly, that nothing he learned in the room would be able to escape.

No lock on Hirsch's door. If shut, still to the merest touch it flies, exposing a bed, two chairs and a desk loaded with books. These dominate a terrain of scattered clothing, shirts, pants, jackets and a carton of sweaters. A mess, yet Hirsch never even lost a sock. At times, I may think so, but a quick search under the bed and there it is, tangled with underwear, sneakers and a camera, a lovely Argyle. Once a month, I sweep up the clothes and take them to a laundry. "Boil it," I say. "Use acid." When, during midterms, I was too busy to get that done, Pinky started closing my door, too, and leaving the windows inside wide open. Very nice, a room full of dead leaves and sparrows. A hint for Hirsch. I understood. I swept the laundry into a consolidated fungus bundle and right out that weekend. "Boil it," I said. "Send me a cable when you're finished."

Not a *word* from Pinky, but at least a hint. Hirsch accommodated, and life went on. No hurts, no anguish, just on. Pinky and I went to classes, then home, then study. Except for my club meetings and girls, that's all there was.

I saw a lot of girls that semester. Pinky was seeing one. Maybe he was studying too hard for more, or maybe he felt committed to this one, a fat girl with about 20 more pounds than Pinky had. Once in a while he made a telephone whisper, laid down the receiver and left the apartment. An hour or so later he came back with her. Never a

(continued on page 84)



SOKOL

sound of Hirsch (continued from page 82)

word to Hirsch, they just swept into his room, the door is locked, and shortly it begins: "God, no, don't, yes, yes, no, yes, God, oh God, James, James," or whatever his name was.

No hello, no goodbye, and the door is locked. But Hirsch too had spells of insulation. At dinner every night, I tended to lose Pinky. I eat myself deaf. Not instantly, but gradually I gorge deep into oblivion. The brain filters down with the food, and both become null in the winding sack. Admittedly, my fault: never hear a thing when I eat, and then I go blind. It begins when the sound of dishes and silver, running water and the refrigerator door wakes me from my afternoon nap. I'm starving. Out of bed. To the kitchen. Good Pinky is fixing dinner. "Great stew, great," I say, having tasted it earlier when I returned from school. "That's a genius stew," I add, reeling to the table. He senses urgency in the air, flings together a salad and sets it down. "All right, this salad. All right." Pinky watches. I scoff up the oily grass. "Classic salad. Only way to have it. No garbage. Just lettuce. Stew there?" He looks into the pan, and shoves around in the sauce, looking, looking. "Mushrooms?" I ask. "I left a few on the bottom. Great idea, the homely mushroom. Genius." He sits opposite me and picks at his portion of the stew. Very listless type, this Pinky. I eat, eat. A lot of noise in my head. I eat the noise and I'm deaf. Can't hear what's happening outside, but Hirsch hasn't yet lost complete contact. *Eyes*, two of them right in my head. They see Pinky not eating, watching Hirsch.

An hour later I'm in my room, stunned; no recollection how I got there. But something begins to return: in the moments following the meal, there was a curious suspension. Time had stopped like muddy water in a hole, and Hirsch lay on it like a crust. *In fact*, Hirsch sat: slumped, perspiring, spread-legged. He saw things slowly: an empty plate, a knife, two knives, glasses, and there — Pinky — wavering to and fro. Air pierced my nostrils as if through tiny fifes. The nose, I thought with fright, no good for breathing now. Use the mouth. A girl said once, "I see that you breathe a lot through your mouth." This girl was a great critic of Hirsch. "What do you mean, you *see*?" I asked. "Well, then, not see. Hear, I mean. But sitting beside you in a movie, is like sitting beside a panther," she said. Fortunately, I never invited her to dinner; for her it would have been like sitting beside a man in an iron lung. But Hirsch must breathe, and Pinky took the opportunity then to clear the table. Not always, but sometimes after a big meal. I felt a needle in such unnecessary and

inconsiderate dedication to movement; and then Pinky began washing the dishes. Here, memory cringes, emits a shriek like the rush of water and banishes the world. Hirsch faints.

I noticed the watching. I noticed the locked door, and the innocent sadism committed in the name of Cleanness. These, I felt, were small ways Pinky had for communicating with me. And that is all: Hirsch does not luxuriate in revolting analyses of his roommate.

Not for Hirsch this universal, psychomongering disposition to insult privacy — neither the privacy of others, nor his own. When Hirsch has a feeling, he doesn't ask himself why he has it; and he doesn't ask why he doesn't ask. Hirsch has too much to do: books to read, papers to write, meetings to attend — the Philosophy Club on Monday, the Young Associates of Labor on Tuesday, and the Social and Political Scientists, Historians and Economists Club on Thursday. The meetings keep me in touch with the Real World, and I attend regularly. Unfortunately, girls at the meetings are ugly, but sometimes on a Monday comes a beautiful dope for the word on logical empiricism; or Thursday, one comes mad for culture change in Africa. Hirsch takes a seat beside Miss Monday. He clears his throat:

"Logical empiricism bespeaks bourgeois decadence, putrefaction of the Western mind."

She grins. Hirsch repeats the point:

"It is no more than the gangrenous effusion of a morbid middle class."

She looks grave. Dimly, she senses the presence of an idea, and looks with serious attention at Hirsch, a man of knowledge and opinion.

Or, perhaps, Hirsch hears out the one on Thursday. "Mau Mau?" I gently inquire. "You're versed in Mau Mau? Then tell me what you know about kinship patterns. Please, tell me." Hirsch waits through her silence, lets her feel what it is to know nothing about kinship patterns. Then, succinctly, he puts it to her: "That's the clue to Mau Mau. Nothing else. You know what I mean? I mean you're ignorant."

Information, logic, social truth, *Realpolitik*; it's the sound of Hirsch. *Realpolitik* sledged right between the gorgeous eyes and they blink for Hirsch, and they drop like twilight, like a bleeding cow on mushy knees with the hammer still ringing damage to the brain. I get seized. The voice rises, fills halls and rooms with songs of truth. My women go sounded, soundly enriched. Pinky can testify; he heard lectures coming from my room all semester. The whole Hirsch, I contend, is a service to

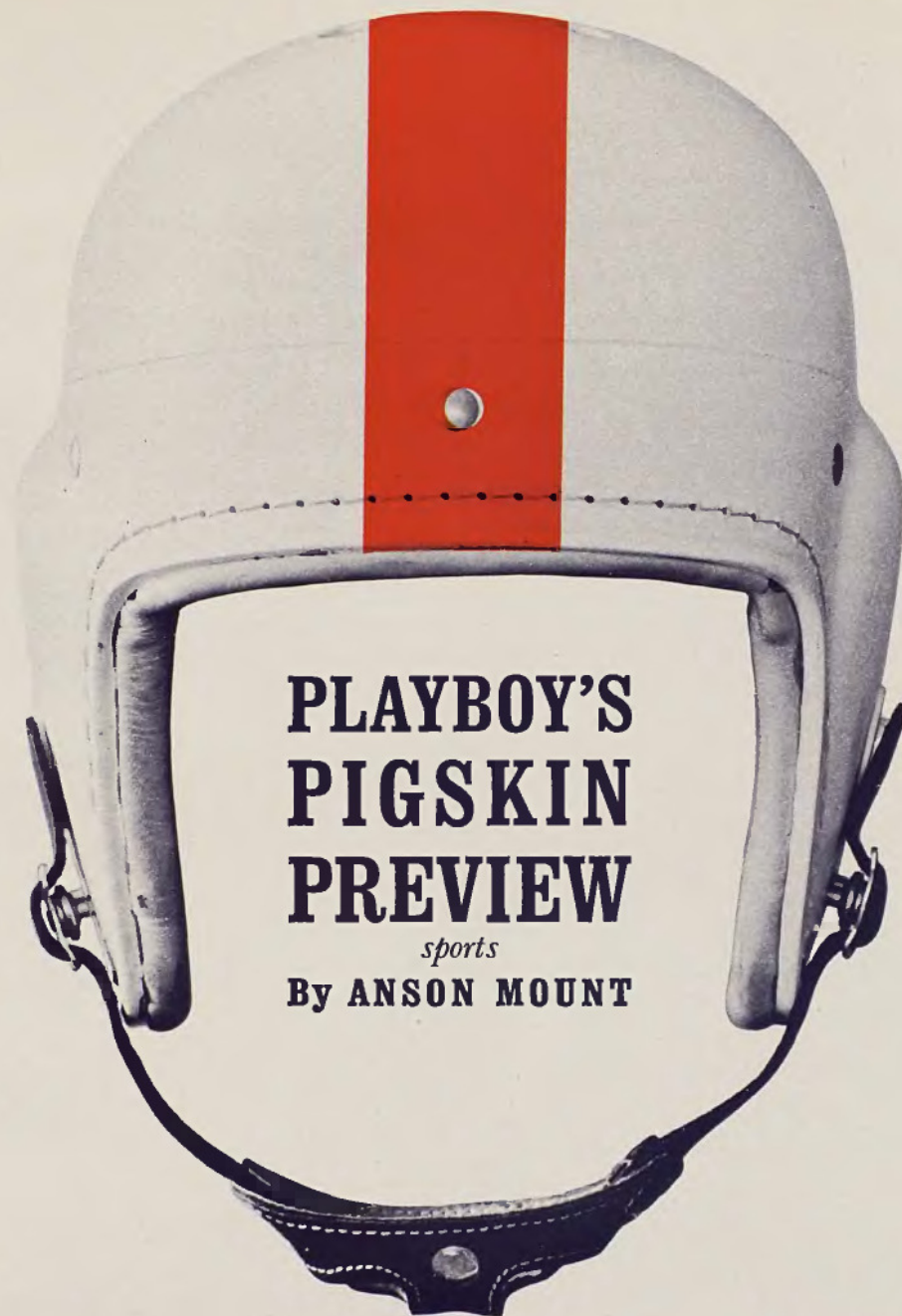
guts and brain. And the service is appreciated: my shirts are gratefully ironed, my papers are typed for me. There are pieces of Hirsch all over town. None are named Eurydice, but still a veritable Orpheus, this Hirsch. The name itself flies hot in the women's dorms: "HIRSCH." It's more than a name. It's a force slammed on bathroom walls: "Beware the Hirsch." No loss. Slander in women's places never made a Hirsch go lonely. She said this, she said that, who cares? Don't tell me, don't even tell me. Instead, say to him, to Pinky the shuffler, "If Hirsch is truthful, nod your head twice, if false, nod once." Two Pinky nods. But specifically, an anecdote:

Once, very late, a strange one knocked at my door. (Eh, Pinky? Two nods.) "Hirsch," it said, "you, Hirsch?" Never in my life had I seen this girl. She said, "I'm a sophomore and I heard — that is, I was told — you might help me in Philosophy 31." Green eyes it had, green eyes round and a green sweater big with philosophy. (Pinky, Pinky my witness — was she regal, was she unspeakably lovely in green? Two Pinky nods.) "I'm not good at Philosophy 31," she said, "so I was told to look you up. My roommate — Linda Glass? — gave me your address." (Gentle Pinky, did the roommate of Linda Glass leave in the morning sounded, seized with Philosophy 31? Two nods. What I ask is: Did they themselves seek out Hirsch? Two nods.)

But I'm an advocate of privacy. Hirsch's roommate entirely enjoys absolute indifference, secrecy and freedom. No intrusions physical or mental. Pinky wants Fat Girl, that's Pinky's business. Hirsch here, is Hirsch sans eyes, ears and mouth, a cipher, a negligible presence. In personal dedications, the roommate is man-alone. However, should the roommate want to talk to him, Hirsch transmogrifies, stands instantly available — a pillar of sympathy and reason. "Sure, friend. Put on the coffee. Let us hear you out. I'll give you my opinions of Fat Girl." But Pinky never wanted, so Hirsch never opined. A rigid protocol obtained, a fine discretion. Pinky came home, went to his room and sharpened pencils. He locked his door.

I was reminded of the pink goldfish I had when I was a child. "What." I asked myself, "is the meaning of this little fish?" When I put my hand inside the bowl and flicked the fish, nothing changed. It was meaningless, that fish. I climbed onto the table the bowl rested on, and I peed into it. The fish looked at me, a meaningless look, and then dropped dead. But now it meant something. I could point my incipient philosophical finger and say, "Dead. Dis is dead."

If the shuffler had arrived in the (concluded on page 207)



PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW

sports

By ANSON MOUNT

pre-season picks for the top college teams and players across the country

THE IMPENDING COLLEGE FOOTBALL SEASON promises to turn any soothsayer's crystal as opaque as a bowling ball. Football, by its very nature, is permeated by the imponderable and filled with the unforeseeable. But when you need a program to tell Rinkydink Tech's 80-man squad of fleet behemoths from an equivalent aggregation of State U stalwarts, then we have reached a delightful state of competitive chaos — delightful to the fans, that is, but hell on the coaches and forecasters.

High schools are burgeoning with ham-thighed, bullnecked chaps eager to play college ball, and there are more than enough to go around. Nearly every coach we've interviewed tells us that his sophomore players are among the best in his school's history. Numbers are limited only by scholarships available. The net result is an almost evangelical conversion to LSU's three-team system — three equally adept teams of skilled specialists, each of whose entrance into the game depends on the situation of the moment. This is going on not only in the big schools, but in many of the small ones. The 60-minute player has gone the way of the dodo and the dropkick.

The boys at Xavier University have come up with the most fascinating and most extreme example of the trend to multiple teams. They're going to field two separate teams this year with entirely different offensive plays. One group will be a heavy, churning, grind-it-out team; the other

PLAYBOY'S
1962
PREVIEW
ALL-AMERICA
TEAM



Top row, left to right: **Sonny Gibbs** — Quarterback — Texas Christian; **Jerry Stovall** — Halfback —
Middle row, left to right: **Jim Dunaway** — Tackle — Mississippi; **Dave Watson** — Guard —
Bottom row, left to right: **Duffy Daugherty** — Coach of the Year — Michigan State; **Hugh Campbell** — End —



Louisiana State; **Dave Behrman** — Guard — Michigan State; **Bobby Bell** — Tackle — Minnesota.
Georgia Tech; **Lee Roy Jordan** — Center — Alabama; **Tom Hutchinson** — End — Kentucky.
Washington State; **George Saines** — Fullback — Michigan State; **Charlie Mitchell** — Halfback — Washington.

ALTERNATE ALL-AMERICA TEAM

(Since most major teams are using a two-platoon system, with both units of nearly equal ability, here is our alternate team.)

Ends: Robinson (Penn State)
Richter (Wisconsin)

Tackles: Barnett (Oregon)
Vogel (Ohio State)

Guards: Cvercko (Northwestern)
Breinig (Arizona)

Center: Craver (North Carolina)

Quarterback: Griffing (Mississippi)

Halfbacks: Ferguson (Iowa)
Faircloth (Tennessee)

Fullback: Poage (Texas)

Sophomore Back of the Year:
Halfback Tucker Frederickson (Auburn)

Sophomore Lineman of the Year:
Center Malcolm Walker (Rice)

THE ALL-AMERICA SQUAD

(All of whom are likely to make someone's All-America eleven)

Ends: Mackey (Syracuse); Ellerton (Army); Webb (Iowa); Hitchler (Mo.); Raesz (Rice); Profit (UCLA).

Tackles: Testa (Navy); Brumm (Purdue); Appleton (Texas); Nomina (Miami U); Estes (LSU); Kortas (Louisville); Gregory (Duke).

Guards: Deller (Ill.); Simmons (Cincinnati); Berry (Duke); Day (Columbia).

Centers: Hopkins (Texas A&M); Bowman (Wis.); Mansfield (Wash.); McKinnon (Dartmouth).

Backs: Mira (Miami); Baker (Ore. St.); Gross (Detroit); DiGravio (Purdue); Libertore (Fla.); Szykowny (Iowa); Rakestraw (Ga.); Shiner (Md.); Hoppman (Iowa St.); Isaacson (Air Force); Glinka (Mich.); Moore (Ark.); Warfield (Ohio St.); Woodson (Ind.); Timura (Dayton); Wilson (Ala.); Hennessey (Holy Cross); Kochman (Penn St.); Skelly (Fla.); Leggett, Futrell & Wilkinson (Duke); Taylor (Ariz. St.); Goodwin (Baylor); Gambrell (S.C.); Moss (W. Va.); Fracchia (Ala.); Crutcher (TCU); Thornton (Neb.); Wilson (Southern Cal.); Lind (Notre Dame); Crump (Boston Col.); Meadows (Boston U).

TOP TWENTY TEAMS

National Champion:

MICHIGAN STATE 8-1

2. Mississippi	9-1
3. Duke	9-1
4. Iowa	8-1
5. Texas	9-1
6. Ohio State	7-2
7. Navy	9-1
8. Alabama	8-2
9. Washington	8-2
10. LSU	8-2
11. Purdue	7-2
12. TCU	8-2
13. Oregon	8-2
14. Northwestern	7-2
15. Maryland	8-2
16. Penn State	8-2
17. Florida	8-2
18. Tennessee	8-2
19. Missouri	8-2
20. Texas A&M	7-3

Possible Breakthroughs: Ga. Tech; Syracuse; Iowa St.; Wyoming; Rutgers; Miami; Utah St.; Utah; Holy Cross; Arkansas; Nebraska; Stanford; Boston Col.; USC; N. Carolina.

Michigan State fullback George Saines (40) ices Notre Dame's comeback hopes with a spectacular 26-yard touchdown sprint.



will be fast and elusive. In case of emergency, so to speak, each group will learn a *third* set of plays, in the event they have to mix the two teams on occasion.

All this adds up to one more symptom of the vital change taking place in American sports. Football — professional and collegiate — has become the national sport. And this will become increasingly evident in the next decade. Baseball — once undisputed as The Game — is losing its minor-league farm system and dying at the roots. Football, on the other hand, is irrevocably identified with alma mater and campus life — fraternity dances and homecoming festivities — and college graduates, fast becoming a major segment of the population, *remain* football fans. A trip to the stadium on a brisk and fragrant autumn afternoon is a pilgrimage as well as a sporting event.

Football has become big business, and it's getting bigger. In most universities.

(continued on page 198)

WALL STREET IN CRISIS

ARTICLE BY J. PAUL GETTY THE ANATOMY OF MARKET CYCLES, OF BOOM AND BUST, OF SHREWD MANIPULATION AND IMPULSE TRADING—AND HOW TO UNDERSTAND AND CAPITALIZE ON THEM

ON MONDAY, May 28, 1962, prices on the New York Stock Exchange crumbled rapidly before an avalanche of sell orders. The Dow-Jones industrial average plunged nearly 35 points to register its biggest one-day drop in over 32 years. Crashing through the 600 level for the first time since 1960, it hit a day's low of 576.93.

By the end of the day, many big-board stocks were selling at prices from 30 to 80 percent below their 1962 highs. Shares traded on the American exchange and over-the-counter markets followed suit and also went into nosedives. Headline writers were quick to respond to the developments being reported by the lagging ticker:

BLACK MONDAY PANIC ON WALL STREET
INVESTORS LOSE BILLIONS AS MARKET BREAKS
NATION FEARS NEW 1929 DEBACLE

Such were the scare heads that appeared on the front pages of the nation's newspapers after the New York Stock Exchange closed for the day. By the time later editions came off the press, experts and analysts, economists and pundits were offering their explanations, hindsight diagnoses and spur-of-the-moment prognostications. As is often the case in such situations, some of the second-guessers and crystal-ball gazers tried to gloss over the implications of the collapse, while others appeared to take an almost sadistic delight in prophesying even worse things to come.

Two days later, several newspaper and wire-service correspondents descended on my house outside London. They wanted to know my opinions and reactions and asked what I was doing because of the break in stock prices. I told them quite frankly that, while I sympathized wholeheartedly with anyone who had lost money because of market developments, I saw little if any reason for alarm and absolutely none for panic.

The overall current business picture was favorable and, what was even more important, gave promise of getting better in the future. There was nothing basically wrong with the American economy nor the vast majority of companies whose stocks were listed on the New York Stock Exchange. In my view, some stocks had been grossly overpriced. Irrational buying had driven their prices to totally unrealistic levels. The May 28 break was an inevitable consequence.

I said that I felt the stock market was in a much healthier and certainly in a much more realistic position because of the long-needed adjustment of prices. As for what I was doing, the answer was simple. I was buying stocks.

"I'd be foolish *not* to buy," I explained to a young correspondent who looked as though he thought I'd taken leave of my senses by buying

when everyone else seemed to be selling.

"Most seasoned investors are doubtless doing much the same thing," I went on, feeling somewhat like a schoolmaster conducting a short course in the First Principles of Investment. "They're snapping up the fine stock bargains available as a result of the emotionally inspired selling wave."

I am an oilman. Since the petroleum industry is the one I know best, I bought oil stocks. By the end of the New York Stock Exchange trading day on May 29, my brokers had purchased several tens of thousands of shares for my account. I hasten to emphasize that I bought the stocks for *investment* and not for speculation. I fully intend holding on to them, for I believe they will continue to increase in value over the years to come.

It has long been the custom for journalists and financial writers to interview successful businessmen and investors whenever there is an "unusual" stock market development. The opinions, information and advice gathered from these sources are then published, ostensibly for the guidance of less sophisticated investors.

For as long as I can remember, veteran businessmen and investors—I among them—have been warning about the dangers of irrational stock speculation and hammering away at the theme that stock certificates are deeds of ownership in business enterprises and *not* betting slips.

Shortly before the 1929 crash, such authorities as Bernard Baruch were widely quoted as warning that stocks were greatly overpriced. During the 1960-1962 bull market, experienced investors were openly saying that large segments of the market were overpriced, and institutional investors—such as banks and mutual funds—began to ease off on their common-stock holdings.

In an article published in this magazine in December 1961, *Wall Street Is Not Monte Carlo*, I sought to make the point that the stock exchange is no gambling casino. I urged that selected common stocks be purchased for *investment* when their prices were low, not after they had risen to high levels during an upward, bull-market spiral. I also tried to define the difference between the speculator and the investor by likening the former to an individual who makes risky bets on the weather, and the latter to someone who confidently banks on the climate. My contention was—and is—that it is entirely possible to make excellent profits in the stock market if one buys carefully to *invest*—not to speculate.

Unfortunately, far too few people listen to such counsel; far too many purchase stocks only because they hope to get (continued on page 134)



THE BLOODY PULPS

nostalgia By CHARLES BEAUMONT

THERE WAS A RITUAL.

It was dark and mysterious, as rituals ought to be, and — for those who enacted it — a holy and enchanted thing.

If you were a prepubescent American male in the Twenties, the Thirties or the Forties, chances are you performed the ritual. If you were a little too tall, a little too short, a little too fat, skinny, pimply, an only child, painfully shy, awkward, scared of girls, terrified of bullies, poor at your schoolwork (not because you weren't bright but because you wouldn't apply yourself), uncomfortable in large crowds, given to brooding, and totally and overwhelmingly convinced of your personal inadequacy in any situation, then you *certainly* performed it.



in the days of our youth they were not deemed good reading and to us at the time they weren't good, they were great

Which is to say, you worshiped at the shrine of the pulps.

What were the pulps? Cheaply printed, luridly illustrated, sensationally written magazines of fiction aimed at the lower- and lower-middle classes.

Were they any good? No. They were great.

Doc Savage, The Shadow, The Spider, G-8 and His Battle Aces, The Phantom, Adventure, Argosy, Blue Book, Black Mask, Thrilling Wonder Stories, Marvel Tales – and all the hundred-and-one other titles that bedizened the newsstands of America in the halcyon days – provided ecstasy and euphoria of a type unknown to this gloomy generation. They made to crawl deliciously young scalps. They inspired, excited, captivated, hypnotized – and, unexpectedly, instructed – the reck-



less young who have become responsible adults. Of course, they were *infra dig*. In line with the imperishable American concept that anything that is purely enjoyable must be a sin, the pulps were considered sinful. Although they were, at their worst (or best), fractionally as "objectionable" as the immoral, amoral, violent, perverted product available nowadays to any tennis-shoe-shod suburban who has the price of admission to a movie theater or access to a television set, they were proscribed by most parents and all educators. Thus we indulged in them in much the same way that we indulged in the other purely enjoyable facts of life. Which was an altogether agreeable state of affairs. Fortunately, the psychologists of the day did not understand the special sweetness of the stolen watermelon. So they denounced the pulps, wrote tracts on the fearful consequences certain to befall those whose minds were polluted by "the newsstand trash" and otherwise did their best to create a nation of addicts.

Addicts we certainly were. We gave ourselves over wholly to the habit and pursuit of the most potent literary drug known to boy, and all of us suffer withdrawal symptoms to this day. No one ever kicked the pulps cold turkey. They were too powerful an influence. Instead, most of us tried to ease off. Having dreamed of owning complete sets, in mint condition, of all the pulp titles ever published, and having realized perhaps a tenth part of the dream—say, 1500 magazines, or a bedroomful—we suffered that vague disenchantment that is the first sign of approaching maturity (16, going on 17, was usually when it happened) and decided to be sensible. Accordingly, we stopped buying *all* the new mags as fast as they could appear, and concentrated instead upon a few indispensable items. Gradually we cut down until we were keeping up the files on only three or four, or possibly five or six, publications. After a few years, when we had left high school, we got the number down to two. Which is where most of us stand today. We don't read the magazines, of course. But we go on buying them. Not regularly, and not in any sense because we want to, but because we must. It is an obligation, a duty, to the bright untroubled selves we were. To plunge any further into adulthood would be an act of betrayal.

But the times have betrayed us, anyway. The pulps, as we knew and loved them, are gone. The gaudy, gory covers, the dramatic interior illustrations, the machine-gun prose, the rough, rich-smelling, wood-chip-speckled paper—all gone. The so-called "pulp" of 1962 are nothing of the kind. They are slickly printed, slickly written echoes of their own great past. Look at *Argosy*

now, and then think of the magazine as it was when H. Bedford-Jones and A. Hyatt Verrill and Arthur Leo Zagat were waging their bloody Mongol wars; pick up the diminutive, pocket-size, lightweight *Amazing Stories* and try to imagine it 20 years ago when its special quarterly edition was the size of a dictionary (unabridged) and more exciting than a ride in a roller coaster. Buy one of these emasculated ghosts and display it on a subway. Wait for the frowns, and go on waiting forever—there won't be any. The "pulp" are now socially acceptable, and I can think of no greater damnation of them.

Only the well-remembered "eight-pagers" (*Toots and Casper*, *Dick Tracy*, etc.) carried a greater stigma than the old-time adventure magazines.

Happily, no sober, critical evaluation of pulps is possible. Like any other narcotic, they defy rational analysis. One can speak of their effects, even of their ingredients, but not—without wearisome and unconvincing pomposity—of their causes. Something in them froze the addict's critical faculties. He might entertain a difference of opinion on the relative merits of Putnam's translation of *Don Quixote* as opposed to Shelton's, but on the subject of *Weird Tales* he was, and is, adamant.

Reacting with typically honest fury to criticism of one of his favorite pulp writers, the eminent regional novelist and historian August Derleth wrote not too long ago: "With that sublime, egocentric stupidity which characterizes a certain subspecies of frustrate which goes in for book reviewing in order to find some compensation for its own singular lack of creative ability by deprecating the work of those who are creative, a reviewer recently brushed aside a book of supernatural tales as being, after all, 'only pulp-fiction.' The reviewer offered no evidence of being able to say just what stigma attached to writing for the so-called 'pulp' magazines."

Of course the reviewer who enraged Derleth could not have been an addict, so he ought to be forgiven; particularly in that, no matter what he said, he was probably right. To the hooked, those wild and wonderful stories were all great; to the unhooked (a state of being difficult for the hooked to imagine), they were no doubt dreadful, hardly to be classed as literature.

It is true that they were unlike any other literature to which we had been exposed. Before our encounters with *Black Mask* and similar periodicals, we tended to think of adventures as belonging to a previous age. Buccaneers. Indians, Frontier Fighters, Soldiers of Fortune—all were in the past, we thought. Then we read the pulps and learned that adventure surrounded us, that danger was

omnipresent, evil a threat to be countered at all odds, and science not a laboratory curiosity but, instead, an active tool. We learned a lot of other things, too, including the quaint but useful lesson that it is more rewarding to be a good guy than a bad guy.

Take Doc Savage (as we did, in large uncut doses). Here truly was a worthwhile idol, a man among men. His admirers called him "The Mental Marvel," "The Scientific Genius," "The Muscular Midas." His enemies called him "The Yankee Menace." He fought on the side of Right, inspiring fear and respect in those who would threaten the U.S. of A., instantaneous passion in all women who ever caught a glimpse of him, and joy in the hearts of his many fans. We loved him. For his indefatigable attacks on the fortress of Evil, surely; and for his incredible feats of derring-do; but mostly we loved him because of his willingness to share with us the secrets of his self-development exercises. Doc was a model of fitness. The wisdom of the old fox shone from his "strange, flake-gold eyes," but his bronzed body was that of a young god: lithe, sinewy, powerful. Nor was this a happy accident of nature, but, rather, the result of rigid discipline. The Doc Savage Plan of Living was eventually made available to the general readership, "in answer to innumerable requests." However, the editor warned us that: "Important as these exercises may be, and as much as they may accomplish in building you up physically, mentally and morally, they should be only the basis for bigger things in life." What bigger things the editor had in mind, we did not know. If through the Plan of Living we attained the abilities of Doc Savage (and the implication was that we would), then we must be equal to anything, for the Man of Bronze was even more accomplished than any of his five assistants—and *they* were the best in the world:

Brigadier General Theodore Marley Brooks, "Ham" for short, Harvard Law School's most distinguished graduate and America's best-dressed man, who carried a natty black cane within which nestled a slender sword tipped with a mysterious sleep-inducing drug developed by:

Lieutenant Colonel Andrew Blodgett "Monk" Mayfair, one of the world's greatest chemists, a shy, gentle, squeaky-voiced man with the build of a gorilla and the tenacity of a scorpion;

Colonel John Renwick, engineer extraordinary, whose gallon-pail fists came in handy whenever a thick door panel needed smashing in;

Major Thomas J. "Long Tom" Roberts, an electrical wizard, sturdy of mind, frail of physique;

And, far from least, the archeologist
(continued on page 182)



his was a transcendent need to shout his undying ego
fiction **By JACK FINNEY** **HEY, LOOK AT ME!**

ABOUT SIX MONTHS AFTER Maxwell Kingery died I saw his ghost walking along Miller Avenue in Mill Valley, California. It was 2:20 in the afternoon, a clear sunny day, and I saw him from a distance which I later paced off; it was less than 15 feet. There is no possibility that I was mistaken about who — or what — I saw, and I'll tell you why I'm sure.

My name is Peter Marks, and I'm the book editor of a San Francisco newspaper. I live in Mill Valley a dozen miles from San Francisco, and I work at home most days; from about nine till around two or three in the afternoon. My wife is likely to need something from the store by then, so I generally walk downtown, nearly always stopping in at Myer's bakery, which has a lunch counter. Until he died, I often had coffee there with Max Kingery, and we'd sit at the counter for half an hour and talk.

He was a writer, so it was absolutely inevitable that I'd be introduced to him soon after he came to Mill Valley. A lot of writers live here, and whenever a new one arrives people love to introduce *(continued on page 144)*



"I think it's so wonderful, Barry. The way you've moved up from Schlitz."

THE NEXT SOUND YOU HEAR



... MAY WELL BE A SYNTHETIC
CREATION OF THAT
ELECTRONIC FRANKENSTEIN
THE TAPE MANIPULATOR

MY FIRST ENCOUNTER WITH THE DEEPENING SHADOWS of tape-recording make-believe occurred when, shortly after a book of mine had been published, I was invited to come and be interviewed on *Monitor*, NBC's marathon network radio program. I went, as per my letter of invitation, to the office of an amiable chap named Fitzgerald Smith. He chatted with me about the book for a while, and then said, "Let's go into the studio and tape the interview. I prefer to ad-lib my questions, but please be sure not to overlap me — just wait a beat after each question before you start." I must have looked puzzled, for he added with a wry smile, "I don't go on the air, of course. If you do all right, we type up a list of the questions I've asked, and one of our high-priced names records the list when he has time. Then I'm edited out, he's spliced in, and that's what goes on the air."

One afternoon several weeks later, on the NBC network, I was apparently in brisk discussion with two well-known NBC reporters, Peter Roberts and Al Collins. Millions of listeners throughout the country heard these two and myself discussing my book; but the Messrs. Roberts and Collins wouldn't have known me if I jostled them in an elevator. It was enough to make a man's flesh creep.

I was intrigued enough to make a few inquiries, and discovered that this was but one of hundreds of such bizarre events — if one can really call by the name of "event" that which never happened. Jascha Heifetz, for instance, had recently recorded a Bach two-violin concerto by himself — the first two-armed man in history to play four arms' worth of music — and Les Paul and Mary Ford, in an excess of egomania, had multiplied themselves in whole string bands and soprano choruses. A singer I know told me she had just taped the leading role of a Broadway musical in the New York studios of a major recording company, accompanied by an orchestra that had never left Europe and had done its playing a year earlier; moreover, she had even sung a brief duet with an ailing baritone who showed up a week later, when he was better, to do his half of it. And quite recently, as I learned, an interview with Gil Hodges, in which he mentions Post cereals' baseball trading cards, was sent out to hundreds of local radio sportscasters with blank time left so they could dub in, in their own voices, the questions to his answers, and thus impress audiences with apparent acquaintanceship with a baseball VIP.

It struck me that all this was more than a technological advance; in my own time, it was getting difficult to keep one's grip on the meaning of reality, and ever easier to ascribe historical actuality to happenings that hadn't occurred at all, but had been synthesized. It is true that illusions of various sorts have always been acceptable in the performing arts, from the masks of the ancient Greek actors to Mary Martin's flying across the stage in *Peter Pan*, but these have not involved any real trickery of the spectator. The civilized adult has always *known* he was watching an illusion, and accepted it as a part of the esthetic experience — quite a different thing from being fooled about the nature of what he is perceiving, and deceived about who is doing or has done what. And if true of artistic performances, this has been true all the more so of reportorial or argumentative performing. Listeners have willingly accepted the rhetorical devices and gestures (continued on page 114)

BAC



BEN DENISON

96 Suave cyclist prepares to pedal his wear on campus: hip-length suede jacket with Orlon-pile lining and collar, zip front, tab neck closure, adjustable side tabs, by Mighty Mac, \$65; turtleneck sweater with raglan sleeves, by Korrigan Lesur, \$28; putty-gray cavalry-twill trousers with plain front, belt loops, by Corbin, \$20.

All booked up socially and scholastically, BMOC earns A's in orange-olive plaid wool surcoat with shearling-type lining, detachable hood, knit cuffs, slash pockets, by Woolrich, \$28; cotton velveteen pullover shirt with short-point collar, long sleeves, by R.F.D., \$19; cotton corduroy trousers, with extension waistband, by Esquire, \$16.

Cheerful chap wears wide grin and sporty midweight wool PLAYBOY sweater with crew neck, in black or red with white rabbit, and in white with black rabbit, contrasting trim, from Playboy Products, \$20 (also in smaller playmate version, \$18); nautically inspired nylon-cotton bell-bottom stretch pants, by B.V.D., \$11.

K T O

*classic
revivals
and new
directions
for the
academic
year*



Geared for northern college climes, upper-classman sets sartorial pace in loden brown elkskin stadium coat with alpaca lining, drawstring hood, hacking pockets, horn buttons, by Breier of Amsterdam, \$100; camel's-hair jacket with three-button front, patch pockets, by Phoenix, \$60; tan cotton corduroy trousers with belt loops, by Corbin, \$15.

Style-wise student sports an outfit equally appropriate for the studied informality of class and casual wear: paisley-patterned pullover shirt of quilted cotton flannel, with three-button front, medium-spread collar, by R.F.D., \$10; oxford gray trousers of crease-holding wool worsted, pleatless, extension waistband, by Thomson, \$13.

Anatomy scholar studies centerfold in buff-toned cotton poplin windbreaker with Orlon-pile lining, zip front, knit collar and cuffs, slash pockets, front and back yokes, by H.I.S., \$13; black-and-rust plaid washable Viyella sport shirt, by Hathaway, \$22; coordinated cotton corduroy pleatless trousers, extension waistband, by H.I.S., \$7. 97

CAM

attire By ROBERT L. GREEN

SHARPLY SECTIONAL styles in campus wear — once as unmistakable a clue to the identity of enrollees from the various collegiate regions as a Georgia drawl or a Texas twang — have been subtly subdued by the dominance of the classic Ivy silhouette from Columbia to UCLA. In the true varsity spirit of individualism, however, the nation's five major college quarters continue to exercise their independent sartorial prerogatives with taste and imagination, but with discreet distinctions observable only to the educated eye. Hence PLAYBOY's definitive regional rundown of style requirements. To the uninitiated freshman, it offers a time- and face-saving shortcut to fashion favor on any campus in the country; to the seasoned upperclassman, an indispensable gauge for updating his existing wardrobe with timely and appropriate additions and replacements.

Before focusing in on our fashion profiles of each campus region, style-conscious collegians would be well advised to brief themselves on a few of the aborning Ivy-inspired trends which promise to make a splash on a nationwide scale. Along with ubiquitous olive, navy blue will be setting the understated color tone in suits and slacks, headgear and outerwear, with low-key grays and browns in their accustomed complementary roles, plus a bright accent of tans and whites for warmer climes. Disporting itself in all these shades, the resurgent three-piece suit, a sartorial fixture of the Thirties, has quickly become an impeccably correct campus uniform — with jacket, trousers and matching vest available in winter- and summerweight solids, stripes, muted plaids and midget herringbones. From a strictly material viewpoint, alpaca, cheviots and Shetlands will be coming on strong north of the Mason-Dixon in sweaters and outdoor-coat linings. In suit, slack and



Tweedy twister gets set to swivel in blue Scottish tweed sports jacket with action back, side vents, flap pockets, three-button front, by Stanley Blacker, \$50; oxford gray worsted belt-loop trousers, by Corbin, \$20; blue-striped white cotton shirt with tab collar, by Sero, \$6.75; narrow-striped silk rep tie, by Reis of New Haven, \$2.50.



Bearing blossom, fashionable frater awaits date in his three-piece herringbone cheviot suit, by Hanover Hall, \$75; cotton broadcloth button-down, by Van Heusen, \$5; Dacron-cotton topcoat with zip-in acrylic-pile lining, fly front, raglan sleeves, slanted flap pockets, by Alligator, \$37.50; narrow-brim felt hat with center crease, by Century, \$5.

P U S



Keyholding collegian cuts impeccably correct figure in double-breasted tweed British warmer with leather buttons, notch collar, by Varsity Town, \$60; striped cotton broadcloth shirt with button-down collar, barrel cuffs, by Eagle, \$8; felt hat with snap brim, center crease, by Dobbs, \$12; Arabian mocha gloves, by Daniel Hays, \$10.

Banjo-strumming baritone tunes up for campus folkfest with a harmonious ensemble: Scottish tweed jacket with suede elbow patches, by Stanley Blacker, \$55; wool twill trousers with leg pocket, extension waistband, button-flap back pockets, by Anthony Gesture, \$22.50; multistripe rayon-acrylic shirt with button-down collar, by Gant, \$11.

Urbane undergrad puffs post-prandial cigar in crimson-black striped Scottish tweed sports jacket with three leather buttons, natural shoulders, center vent, by Cricketeer, \$45; white wash-and-wear cotton shirt with grip-tab collar, convertible cuffs, by Manhattan, \$5; navy worsted slacks with plain front, belt loops, by Corbin, \$20. 99

sports-coat fabrics, worsteds, flannel, wool blends, even cashmere and mohair will prevail, with featherweight cottons, seersuckers, whipcords, synthetic blends and especially upsurgent poplins, gabardines and hopsackings lightening the way at Southern, Southwestern and Southern California schools. Topping off the campus wardrobe in every college quarter—for the man with a head for hatwear—will be a nationwide line of smart university hats with welt edge, center crease, narrow brim and tapered crown in rich brown or olive felt (black only at seemly Stanford); a heady assortment of tweeds, corduroys and tyrolean velours for jauntier predilections; and a shape-holding, collapsible rain hat storable in the coat pocket.

Exact wardrobes will vary with individual taste, and with the requirements specified for each college area, but most men will find the following quantities and categories more than adequate for their campus clothing needs: four natural-shoulder, three-button vested suits; three conservatively patterned, classically cut sports jackets; six pairs of coordinated dress and casual slacks; twelve dress shirts (with locally specified patterns and collar styles); six or eight pull-over and button-front sport shirts in long- and short-sleeved models; three or four sweaters (cardigan, crew-, V- and turtlenecks in various weights); one neutral-toned fly-front raincoat of Dacron or poplin blend (with zip-in lining for cooler climes); two casual outdoor campus coats (duffer, loden, stadium-type, or golf jacket in waist- and three-quarter-length), lined with alpaca or shearling for cool-weather wear; six pairs of shoes (cordovans, loafers, tennis shoes, dress shoes, plus desert-style boots for cold climates or lightweight suedes for the casual West Coast scene); one set of classic black evening clothes (with white dinner jacket for warm-weather campuses); as few or as many neckties (rep stripes, madders, challis, foulards, solids, black knits) as desired; an adequate stock of handkerchiefs, underwear and socks; a hat or two—plus rain hat—for those who like them; plus a sufficient supply of such localized and specialized attire as swimsuits, walk shorts, knee socks, tennis and golfing gear. For more specific pointers on the latest word in regional campus wear, simply scan our concise compendium of sartorial prerequisites for every college region, herewith:

THE NORTHEAST: Here in the homeland of the Ivy League, conservative traditions have long endured and prospered with the quietly civilized gentility of a sartorial bloodline relatively unmingled with the radical strains of such *nouvelles vagues* as the Continental profile. Indebted to Ivy inspiration for the increasingly classic styling of their own fashion

silhouettes, however, all of the non-Ivy Leagues—traditional outposts of comfortably casual, audaciously innovative fashion tastes—have begun at last to imbue their Northeastern model, in turn, with a lively new look of engaging informality. Assimilating this refreshing influence without abandoning its fundamental tenets of elegant simplicity and tasteful understatement, the Northeastern college wardrobe will be fashionably casual, decorously venturesome from tyroleans to desert boots. A promising dark horse contender last year in the Harvard-Princeton-Yale-Dartmouth circuit, the British-originated three-piece suit has become a runaway favorite from Penn to Amherst. In midweight tweeds, Shetlands and corduroys, these casual country-squire suits—trimly tailored for collegiate physiques with natural shoulders, three-button front, flap pockets and belt-loop trousers—will be thronging Northeastern campuses in navy blue, oxford gray and olive solid tones, midget herringbones and small glen plaids. Sports jackets will be making their social rounds in the same quiet combination of rugged fabrics, conventional cuts, subdued shades and subtle patterns, along with a modest revival of low-key stripes. At beer party or bull session, the brass-buttoned navy blazer will be considered *de rigueur*; likewise, the classic black dinner jacket (with shawl collar or semipeaked lapel) at prom or formal. Coordinated dress slacks in dark gray and olive worsted flannel, twills and whipcords should be supplemented with several pairs of sturdy chino pants in standard tan and newly favored black—a basic for knockabout and classroom wear. In the dress-shirt wardrobe: white, blue and subtly striped broadcloths, primarily barrel-cuffed in either snap-tab or buttondown collar models, according to preference. The news in neckwear is a renaissance of regimental stripes, quietly complemented by a versatile wardrobe of understated reps, challis, madders, foulards and classic black knits. Your sport-shirt supply should include a selection of pullover and coat-type styles with buttondown and medium-spread collars in a variety of muted stripes and small plaids—including two or three solid-toned, short-sleeved knit polo shirts for early autumn and Indian-summer wear. A rugged ski look will set the pace in sweaters: cardigans, crews and standard V-necks in a wide assortment of solids, stripes and Alpine designs of bulky-knit camel's wool, shaggy Shetland and sleek cashmere ranging from classic black and white to brilliant blues, crimsons and canary yellows. For topcoat wear, knowledgeable Northeasterners give the nod to standard semifitted fly-front models in gabardine or cheviot for dress occasions; and to the three-quarter-length British

tweed warmer and the camel's-hair polo coat for informal social needs. A hale and hearty masculine mood prevails in the realm of outerwear for the active or spectator sportsman: our pick is the parka with drawstring hood and bottom, plus a hip-length duffer, loden or jaunty stadium coat with a warm but weightless lining of shearling or alpaca. For heavy dates on chilly nights, you'll be comfortably correct in a black woolen Chesterfield with matching velvet collar. As a final Northeastern note, you'll be able to step lively—with both feet on firm fashion ground—in the following footgear: plain-toed cordovan bluchers, black or brown hand-stitched loafers, tennis shoes, desert boots, brown-grained wingtips, and a pair of formal black slip-ons.

THE SOUTH: In a sartorial declaration of independence, the Southland has become a stronghold of classically casual styling. In no other campus quarter does the student body dress with quite the same flair for blending soft-spoken tradition with outspoken innovation, impeccable correctness with unstudied informality. As above the Mason-Dixon, the prevailing profile will be conservative—natural shoulders, three-button front, flap pockets, notched lapels—but mellowed with a warm Southern accent of individuality. From Florida State to William and Mary, Dixie college men will be playing it close to the vest with Southern versions of the English-inspired three-piece country suit: in midweight worsteds, flannels and tweeds for cooler climes, and in featherweight seersuckers, poplins, gabardines, whipcords and Dacron-cottons for the balmy environs of Deep South schools. The dinner jacket drill dictates black for the fall term, white for the spring at cold-weather colleges near the Mason-Dixon; white year round in the Southeastern border states; and impeccable midnight blue from fall to spring at tony Tulane, that elegantly independent sartorial outpost in the heart of Louisiana. Navy, gray, black and olive will be setting the autumnal tone in sports coats as well as suits. Blazers will be big in deep solid shades; conventionally cut jackets in muted madras and batik patterns, and in these specialized variations at three state universities: lightweight tweeds at South Carolina. Orlon-wool stripes at Georgia and olive plaids at Kentucky. Casual corduroys and chinos will rank with dress flannels and worsted gabardines in trouser preference; soft tans, grays and olives will predominate, but a modest revival of white ducks is expected to add an accent of immaculate tradition to the Southern slack-and-walk-short wardrobe. In the dress-shirt department, buttondowns are decreed, tabs taboo except at nonconformable Miami and the University of Kentucky—in white, pale blue,

(continued on page 150)



“. . . But, seriously . . .”



REINING BEAUTY

our pacesetting miss september
sports a perfect racing form

September Playmate Mickey Winters first took to horses last spring on a dare, and was so smitten with the saddled-with-no-responsibilities way of life that she has since been balancing her big-city glamor doings as a Chicago Playboy Club Bunny with regular sessions of riding country miles on a nearby Illinois farm. Born in Paris, Mickey (née Michele) and her family made their move to Chicago when she was three; following Windy City schooling, she worked as a private secretary for Alcoa Aluminum before joining the Club. Diminutive (she stands five feet, weighs just 100 lbs.) and full of fun, Miss September digs picnics, Cannonball Adderley, walking barefoot, twisting, T-Birds, Mort Sahl, and helping herself to huge strawberry sundaes (though her 36-18-34 figure never gives or takes an inch), and can be persuaded to forego the one-horsepower bit if the option is a jaunt with a guy in a frisky sports car. Our Bunny-Playmate also likes relaxing in the hay; for winning evidence of same, we suggest you glom the gatefold where birthday-suited Mickey (she's 22 this month) prettily illustrates the finer attractions of old-fashioned country living.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON BRONSTEIN





MISS SEPTEMBER PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Whether in or out of the saddle, queenly equestrienne Mickey Winters wins our gallop poll as September's most likely girl.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A gourmet friend of ours advises that when preparing a dish for bedtime, champagne makes the best tenderizer.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *falsie salesman* as a fuller bust man.



I take the next turn, don't I?" asked the driver of the car.

The muffled reply from the back seat: "Like hell you do!"

Deciding to investigate rumors of immoral amusements among college students, a young professor arranged to have himself invited to a weekend party. After the party had been going for several hours without a single incident, the much-relieved prof said goodnight and went up to bed. He had hardly gotten beneath the covers when his door opened and a shapely coed in a flimsy nightgown entered. "Did you want me?" he asked in surprise.

"Not especially," the petite lass replied. "I just drew you."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *harp* as a nude Steinway.



The maître d'hotel at the Ritz was interviewing waiters for an important society banquet to be held in the hotel that night. There were very few applicants for the jobs and time was running short. One applicant named Angelo, when asked where he had previously worked as a waiter, gave Harry's Hash House as a reference. The maître de reluctantly engaged Angelo, with a word of warning to mind his manners, for *this* is the Ritz.

During the banquet, after serving the turtle

soup, Angelo noticed that the bosom of an attractive young debutante had fallen out of her low-cut gown into her plate of soup. Quick as a flash, Angelo jumped forward, seized the lady's bosom and after drying it with a table napkin, slipped it back into her gown.

As he was returning to the kitchen to serve the next course, the maître de seized him by the arm and furiously denounced him as a clumsy oaf.

"But what was I to do?" Angelo cried. "I couldn't very well just leave it out there lying in the soup."

"Well of course not!" the maître de said, stiffening noticeably. "But when an incident such as that occurs at the Ritz, one uses a warmed serving spoon!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *lesbian* as a mannish depressive with delusions of gender.



What are you reading?" asked the prison librarian.

"Nothing much," replied the prisoner. "Just the usual escape literature."

A man is incomplete until he's married—then he's really finished.

Three young women were attending the same logic class given at one of the better universities. During a lecture the professor stated that he was going to test their ability at situation reasoning.

"Let us assume," said the professor, "that you are aboard a small craft alone in the Pacific, and you spot a vessel approaching you with several thousand sex-starved sailors on board. What would you do in this situation to avoid any problem?"

"I would attempt to turn my craft in the opposite direction," stated the redhead.

"I would pass them, trusting my knife to keep me safe," responded the brunette.

"Frankly," murmured the blonde, "I understand the situation, but I fail to see the problem."

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.



*"Go ahead and putt . . . it'll be a few minutes before
the shock wave reaches us."*

THE APERITIF: AN APPRECIATIVE APPRAISAL

drink By THOMAS MARIO

princely pre-prandials to pique the taste buds and perk the appetite

AS THE DINNER HOUR APPROACHES in Rome, Paris or Madrid, most of the knowledgeable citizenry settle down to their aperitifs — a pre-prandial ritual in which the American-inspired cocktail plays only a minor, occasional role. And more and more Americans are varying their habitual imbibement of bone-dry 8-to-1 martinis by joining their Continental cousins in partaking of the aperitif's piquant pleasures.

An aperitif — straight or as a mixed drink — is never taken for granted. Too often, in the conviviality of the cocktail hour, drinks are consumed as indifferently as one clinks the ice in a highball. The first sip of an aperitif, however, is something else again. It calls attention to itself and its surroundings in the most beguiling manner. Observe, for instance, the Frenchman in his natural habitat, as each afternoon he sits at his favorite café table and partakes of his Byrrh, Amer Picon or vermouth cassis with attentive enjoyment.

To a Frenchman, each day's aperitif is an excitingly different experience. He observes its color, savors its scent, and samples it with a relish one usually associates with newfound pleasures. His senses then undergo the most salutary of metamorphoses. His taste buds tingle in anticipation of the evening repast, the local scenery becomes more vivid, and the passing *mesdemoiselles*, though they may be the same *jeunes filles* who promenade daily past his table, are viewed with fresh appreciation.

The aperitif family is a surprisingly large one, with distinct branches: the wine-based aperitifs — such as Byrrh, Dubonnet and Punt e Mes, and the vermouths (sweet and dry) — the distilled aperitifs that range from the French Amer Picon and Pernod to the Greco-Turkish raki, and on through the therapeutic, stomach-settling bitters such as the Italian Campari and the German Boonekamp.

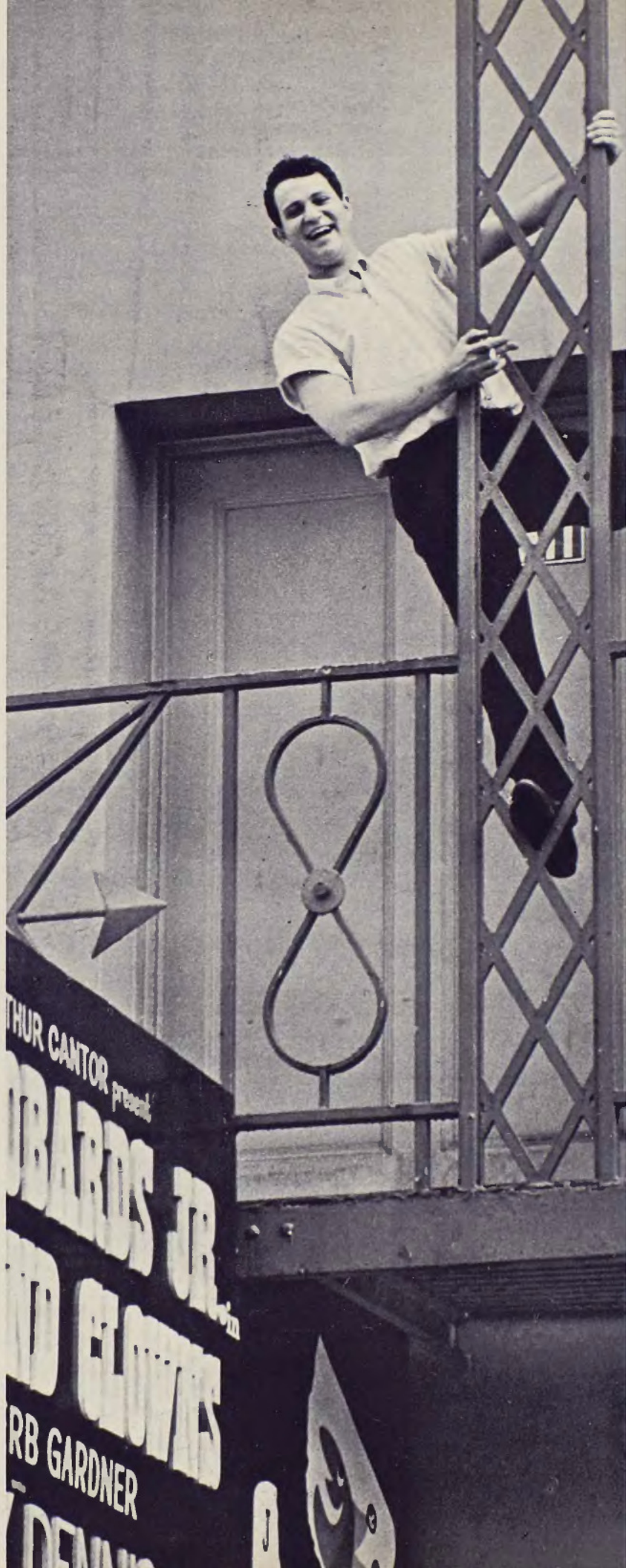
Although the word aperitif is French, it's best understood if you go back to its Latin derivative, *aperio*, meaning "to open, to lay bare." The first time your palate comes in contact with the liquid legerdemain of the aperitif you'll understand this etymology. Swallow an ounce of Punt e Mes, for instance; its taste, almost as pungent as bitters itself, will immediately cause you to shake your head dubiously over what has been espoused as a prime libational pleasure. But soon waves of hunger sweep over you. They intensify. You can hardly wait for the antipasto wagon. Thoughts of the impending anchovy fillets in (continued on page 164)

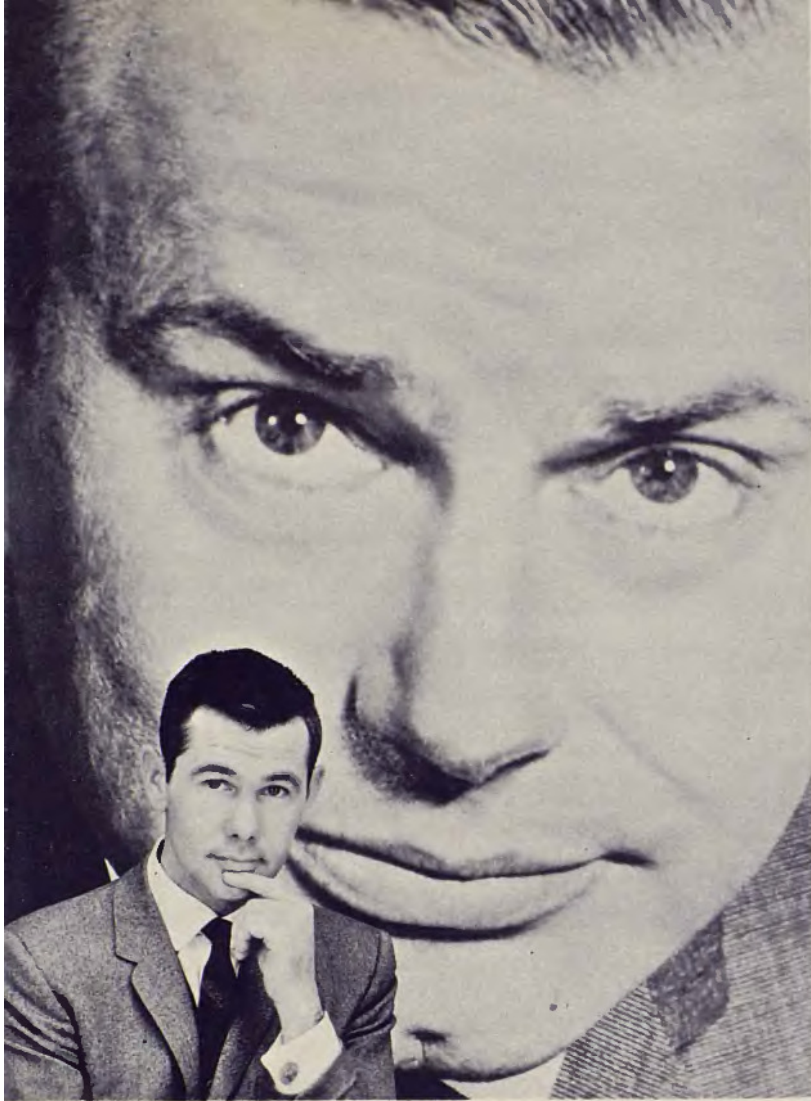


ON THE SCENE

HERB GARDNER *exit nebbish, stage left*
WHEN HERB GARDNER WROTE *finis* last year to his McNaught-syndicated comic strip, *The Nebbishes*, he felt as if he'd "been given 20 dollars and a new suit." The highly successful *Nebbishes*, as everyone knows, are amoebalike misanthropic humanoids who have also flourished on beer steins, cocktail napkins and ashtrays with such captions as "Next week, we've got to get organized." They had been Herb's constant companions for six years, and familiarity had bred discontent. Gardner, who'd been moonlighting a playscript for over a year, decided it needed a full-time sink-or-swim effort. It turned out to be swim. Jason Robards, Jr., was eager to do the play after a reading, and Arthur Cantor and Fred Coe were just as eager to put it on the boards. Five drafts later, *A Thousand Clowns* opened at the Eugene O'Neill to popular and critical acclaim, with the 27-year-old Gardner unanimously labeled a fresh comedic voice in the theater. Conquering Broadway at first crack has not inflated Gardner's ego; he has resisted big-boodle blandishments from Hollywood, says he will only go out there to do the screenplay for *Clowns*. Herb, who had previously spent just one day in Tinseltown before boarding the first available eastbound jet ("I didn't know it well enough to hate it; it's just that everybody out there was too damned optimistic"), prefers the professional pessimism of Broadway. A cherubic onetime kid actor whose wife, Rita, is an established Broadway actress, Gardner is looking forward to writing his next play. It probably will be a comedy, and probably will concern itself with people who, in the words of the *Clowns'* hero, Murray Burns, want to "know who the phonies are" and avoid a life that's "one long dental appointment."

KONER

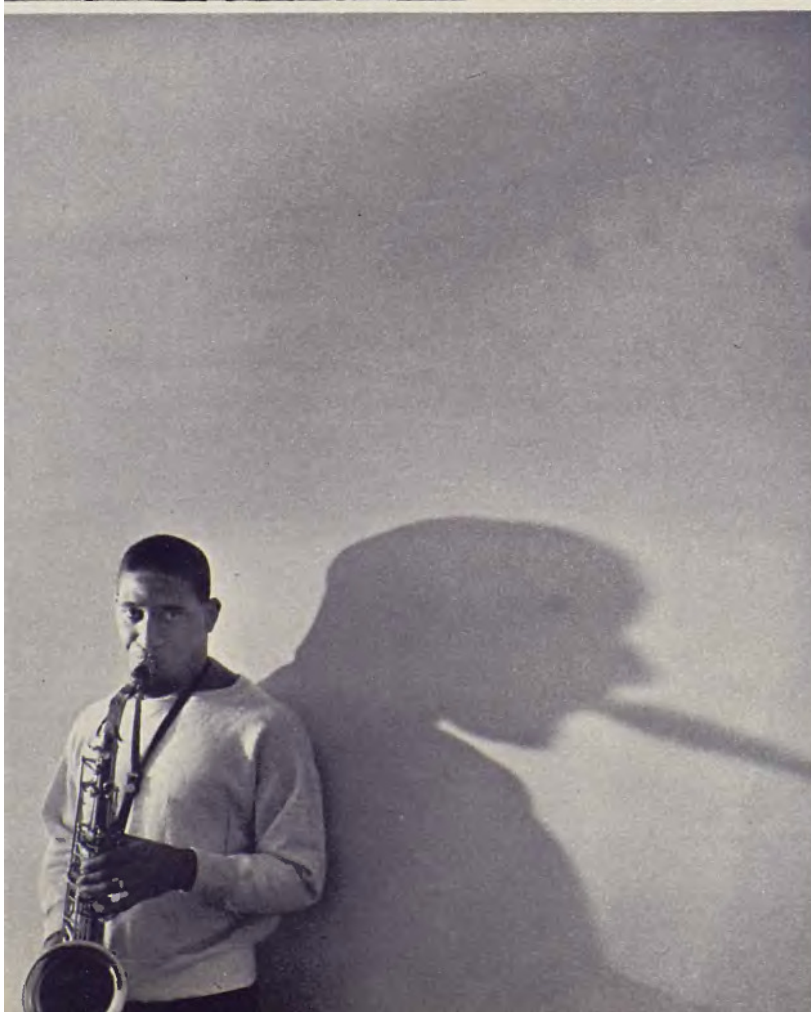




JOHNNY CARSON *stranger in paradise*

IN THE SIX MONTHS since the redoubtable Jack Paar dispatched his final sacred cow and retired undefeated from the TV arena, a succession of intrepid gladiators (among them: Mort Sahl, Merv Griffin) has attempted to take up his bent saber on NBC's *Tonight* show — but so far none has matched the flamboyant swordsmanship that earned the laurels, nettles and Nielsens bestowed on their predecessor. Next month, however, a heavyweight challenger debuts as Paar's permanent replacement: tart-tongued Johnny Carson, a 36-year-old comic-quiz-master-emcee-panelist dubbed by NBC as the funnyman most likely to succeed as heir to the open house that Jack built. No Johnny-come-lately, Carson is a video veteran of appropriate aptitudes: as a glib ad-libber (on *What's My Line?* and *To Tell the Truth*), disarming interviewer (on *Who Do You Trust?*) and slyly satirical monologist (on *The Steve Allen Show*, etc.). Eschewing the midnight-blue humor with which Paar empurpled the airwaves, Carson hopes to regale his viewers with the casually caustic wit and choirboy irreverence that have become his gilt-edged stock in trade. Opinion is sharply divided as to whether the phalanx of interim fillers-in will have aided or impeded his chances of coming up to Paar. But with such pleasant prospects in the offing, Paaranoid *Tonight*-owls may well discover that the catchy malady lingers on — with a case of Carsonitis.

YULSMAN



SONNY ROLLINS *sharpening his ax*

IN THE LATE 1950s, the sinewy, intricately webbed ideas that flowed in endless profusion from his tenor had made Theodore "Sonny" Rollins undisputed head of the hard-bop sax men. Yet, in August of 1959, Rollins, whose bearded profile seems to have been chipped from an Assyrian frieze, surprised the jazz world by removing his ax completely from the field of combat. Two years and three months later, Sonny returned to the musical wars. The interim had seen him practicing in the predawn hours on New York's Williamsburg Bridge, studying anthropology and music theory, and gradually replenishing his creative juices. "I needed time to be by myself. My playing had gotten stale. I also wanted to correct some of the habits I'd picked up that were injuring my health. Rosicrucianism helped bring me peace of mind, and the studying I did in anthropology gave me a deeper understanding of the dignity of people. I'm now able to play more effectively because I'm free of hate." Rollins, 32, is also holding to a decision he reached during his self-imposed exile; he refuses to read the jazz critics: "Too much praise can mix you up worse than a lot of raps." Sonny vows that "If the pressures get so strong again that they impair my ability to play my horn, I'll leave the scene once more. So long as I can keep learning to master my instrument, everything else is straight."

TURNER

of debaters, but they have also been sure that they were hearing the real words of real people, rather than synthetic speeches and composite discussions.

Now, however, the borderline between showmanship and outright deception is so blurred as to be, perhaps, impossible to define. A speech, an exchange of opinions, an artistic performance — all events which have always had coordinates of time and space in the real world — are now being assembled out of raw materials and given a set of coordinates retroactively. A couple of years ago, for instance, one of the most famous concert pianists alive began to record a short bravura piece faster than he, or anyone, had ever played it. Unfortunately, he kept hitting fistfuls of clinkers, but his pride would not allow him to back down. The RCA music director in charge tactfully said nothing, and merely recorded it again and again: afterward, he spent agonizing hours cutting up the tapes, splicing together the good bits and scraps, and finally achieving a dazzling 13-minute, 72-splice performance.

As almost everyone knows, this and similar small miracles of creation are the result of the fairly simple mechanical processes involved in tape editing by which sounds are cut up and recombined as easily as arranging a bridge hand, and which, if skillfully done, are undetectable afterward. Until the last century, none of the verbal or musical sounds created by human beings were recorded (except in the indirect form of writing), and hence none were ever tinkered with in the modern fashion. Even after Edison invented his phonograph in 1877, there was none of this kind of New-think; Edison's method involved cutting a groove on a rotating cylinder (and later on a disc), and the groove thus existing on a plane or curved surface was fixed and unalterable.

But if the spiral groove on a single solid surface could somehow be unwound and strung out, it might indeed be cut up and recombined as one wished. A tape recording is, in a sense, just that — not a groove, of course, but a narrow strip on which sounds are arranged in linear fashion; with time thus strung out, the things that happened in it could be broken up and moved about.

None of this was in the minds of the early inventors of magnetic recording. By the 1920s, engineers in Germany, Italy and the United States were experimenting with both magnetizable wire and tape, in an effort to record sounds more faithfully and durably than they could on the phonograph record. Just as easily, too, the recordings could be erased by demagnetizing them, thus making the tape reusable.

Erasure is, in fact, so easy that it was

long responsible for a chronic neurosis among sound engineers — one had only to push the wrong button and, instead of playing back what he had, he instantly and irrevocably lost it. A host of myths has gathered around this fact, a typical specimen of which goes as follows: A dozen years ago an engineer named Willie Goldsmith, working for the Carnegie Hall Recording Company, pushed the wrong button while cutting a master from a tape recording of Jacques Abram playing a Chopin piano sonata. All was quiet for a few seconds: then Goldsmith reacted, but half a dozen fast measures were gone. So, alas, was Abram — gone on a Western tour — but the record company which had subcontracted the job to Goldsmith's employer was committed to releasing the disc in a matter of weeks.

Goldsmith's fix was complicated by the fact that in his teens he had been a piano student at Curtis Institute, and had once studied this very sonata. For two nights, he couldn't sleep, harboring both his secret and his temptation. Then he gave in to his dreadful craving: after rehearsing the missing measures for many hours, he stayed at the studio late one night and secretly recorded them. Out of a score of tries, he had one perfect take: this he spliced in, and finished the master disc, which passed the client's and the soloist's later inspections without any difficulty. He told his boss about it only years later, and neither Abram nor the record company have heard about it to this moment.

The Goldsmith-Abram collaboration would not have been possible if wire had continued to be the favored method of magnetic recording, as it was before and during World War II. Early tape was much inferior to wire in fidelity and durability, but editing wire involves tying tiny square knots in the hair-thin stuff. Splicing two notes precisely thus requires even more luck than skill; moreover, neither luck nor skill can prevent each knot from making a distinct click as it crosses the playback head.

In 1944 and 1945, however, U.S. Signal Corps officers discovered tape recorders and excellent tape in abandoned German positions. Coincidentally, both the Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing Company and the Armour Research Foundation were independently developing another and even better kind of magnetic tape. A handful of enthusiasts started demonstrating the virtues of tape-recording to broadcasters, and when Bing Crosby saw how perfect programs could be easily assembled from numbers done separately, he switched from live to taped shows during his 1947-1948 Blue Network season. By 1948 the switch was on both in radio and recording studios.

Within a year tape became the medium of choice, and last year upwards of \$40,000,000 worth of tape was sold for sound recording alone.

Today's sound tape — improved, but substantially the same as that perfected by 1947 — is a quarter-inch ribbon of cellulose acetate or plastic film, on one side of which is a coating of ferrous oxide in a resinous paint. To cut such tape, one needs only a scissors or, preferably, a single-edge blade (a splicing block helps, by making the angles of the cuts identical); and to patch it, one needs only a reel of splicing tape with which to hold the cut ends together. If the cut is made diagonally, either in the middle of a silence or in the middle of identical sounds, and the ends carefully brought together, the patch creates no click or noise as it is played back.

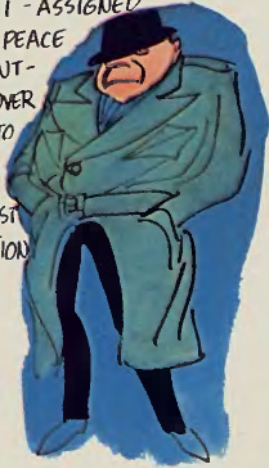
The most obvious advantage this offers is the chance to cut out anything embarrassing or dull, and this accounted for the first kind of editing done. In 1949, a Saturday-afternoon performance of the Metropolitan Opera was taped in its entirety and scheduled to be broadcast that evening. Lily Pons sang *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and near the end of the Mad Scene, she ran up to a high C, slipped, and landed ignominiously on her B flat. At the studio, a kindly tape editor removed the offending note (which, musically, was expendable), and that evening the radio audience heard the revised edition without knowing the difference. All but one gentleman, that is, who had attended the matinee, and, having an odd sense of humor, had assembled a group of musical friends that evening to hear the fractured aria and to make merry about it. When the moment came and went, all perfection, his rage and chagrin knew no bounds; within minutes he was on the phone threatening to sue the network, though it was not clear what for. The threat came to nothing, and editing went ahead from that simple beginning to become a fine art of anatomizing and rebuilding both music and speech. For the converse of removing an unwanted segment is to collect wanted segments and put them together. At first — and most of us can remember those days of innocence — this meant assembling single scenes into a whole drama, or selected interviews into a documentary show, but through gradual refinements of technique, it came to mean the selection, rearrangement and patching together of fragments as small as a sentence or a musical phrase — and even of single words or notes.

To see how this is done, I watched Lee Hanna, Director of News and Special Events at WNEW Radio in New York, edit several hours' worth of interviews and commentary on mental health into a half-hour documentary. Hanna, a snub-

(continued on page 192)

Romeo and Juliet

I USED TO WORK FOR THE FBI - ASSIGNED TO THE PEACE MOVEMENT - UNDERCOVER AGENT TO CHECK OUT COMMUNIST INFILTRATION



ALL PRETTY ROUTINE - MASS MEETINGS - PICKETING THE WHITE HOUSE - KENNEDY SERVING COFFEE - NO RESULTS WHATEVER -



THEN I MET EDNA - SOFT - COMPELLING DOCTRINAIRE - SHE FELL IN LOVE. I FELL IN LOVE. WE DECIDED ON MARRIAGE.



BUT MY SECRET SEPARATED US. I HAD TO TELL HER. I PROCEEDED TO DO SO. ON OUR WEDDING NIGHT I REPORTED "EDNA, I AM AN UNDERCOVER AGENT FOR YOUR FBI."



EDNA WEPT. THEN SHE TOLD ME HER SECRET. "SAM," SHE REPORTED, "I AM AN UNDERCOVER COMMUNIST ASSIGNED TO INFILTRATE THE PEACE MOVEMENT."



YOU CAN IMAGINE WHAT FOLLOWED. A LOVER'S QUARREL. I INSISTED EDNA GIVE UP HER WORK. SHE INSISTED I GIVE UP MINE.



WE CONSULTED A MARRIAGE COUNSELOR. HE ADVISED US TO COMPROMISE - "ALL FORMS OF EXTREMISM ARE MISGUIDED," HE REPORTED. "QUIT YOUR RESPECTIVE JOBS AND JOIN A COMMUNITY CENTER."



I COULDN'T EDNA COULDN'T. WE SAID GOOD-BYE AND I TURNED HER IN.



ILL ALWAYS WAIT FOR YOU EDNA



JOB'S PEAFFER





THE THIN RED LINE

there were many dead on the ridge but the big brass kept ordering: "attack!" **PART II**
fiction By JAMES JONES

In the preceding installment, the author once more revealed his mastery in depicting a single engagement against the broad panorama of war, as he told how C Company, under the command of Captain Stein, suffered heavy casualties while attacking Hill 210 during the bloody Guadalcanal campaign. Stein's superior, Colonel Tall (via field telephone from behind the lines) had just ordered a fresh attack on the enemy's heavily entrenched defense of the hill—to impress a group of visiting brass.

"Do you want me to go ahead with my attack?" Stein had asked, because it wasn't plain from what he'd heard. "Over."

"What else?" the Col's thin, outraged voice piped at him. "What else, Stein? You're not supposed to be down there on a goddamned asshole vacation. Now, get cracking!" There was a pause and Stein could hear electrical whinings and what sounded like polite mumblings. He heard one distinct, respectful "Yes, sir" in Tall's voice. Then the Colonel's voice came back on again, much kinder now, more jovial. "Get cracking, boy! Get cracking!" Tall said heartily. "Over and out."

Stein came back to himself to find himself looking into the wide, nervous eyes of Fife. He handed him the phone. Well, that was that. He had not even got to explain his attack plan, and he would have liked to because once again he could not be sure that he was right. But the big brass had arrived at the phone station, obviously. There was no point in trying to call back while Tall had those people clustered around him.

Yes, the big brass. The observers. Today they even had an Admiral. Stein had a sudden and unholy, heartfreezing picture, which transfixed him for a moment, bulge-eyed, of an identical recurrence up there now of the scene he himself had witnessed on Hill 207 two days ago. The same harassed, apprehensive Battalion Colonel with field glasses; the same diffident, but equally apprehensive little knot of eagles and stars peering over his spiritual shoulder; the same massed mob of pawns and minor pieces craning to

see like a stadium crowd; all were up there right now, going through the identical gyrations their identical counterparts had gone through two days ago. While down below were the same blood-sweating Captains and their troops going through theirs. Only this time he himself, he Jim Stein, was one of them, one of the committed ones. The committed ones going through their exaggerated pretenses of invoking the cool calm logic and laws of the science of tactics. And tomorrow it would be someone else. It was a horrifying vision: all of them doing the same identical thing, all of them powerless to stop it, all of them devoutly and proudly believing themselves to be free individuals. It expanded to include the scores of nations, the millions of men, doing the same on thousands of hilltops across the world. And it didn't stop there. It went on. It was the concept—concept? the fact; the reality—of the modern State in action. It was so horrible a picture that Stein could not support or accept it. He put it away from him, and blinked his bulging eyes. What he had to do right now was get his Company HQ over behind the third fold with Keck and the 2nd Platoon.

From the top of the third fold there was really very little to see. Stein and his sergeants lay behind the crest and looked as they talked. In front of them perhaps a hundred yards away the waiting grassy ridge rose, apparently devoid of life. Behind it at some distance the upper reaches of the Elephant's Head, their real objective, rose still higher. The stony open ground, thinly grassed, fell gently in a rolling motion for 50 yards, then leveled out.

Tactically Lt Whyte (whose body still lay just beyond the crest) had served no good purpose at all with his charge, Stein saw immediately. Whyte's platoon, situated further to the left where the white eyeballs and sweating faces of 2d Platoon now lay watching Stein, had rolled forward in a long wave not directed at either ridge but with its ends lapping against both, while the main strength bulged out into the open center which served only to funnel the fire from both ridges and the Hill itself. It couldn't have been handled worse.

But that was that. This was this. Stein's problem now as he saw it, his first problem anyway, was the getting of his men from the comparative safety of here down that f—ing outrageous barcass slope to the comparative safety of the foot of the ridge, where they would be defiladed from the MGs and protected from the mortars by their closeness to the Japanese. Once they were there—But getting them there—

Stein had already decided to use only two squads of his 2d Platoon, augmented by the men already hiding down there.

He was not sure this was enough, and he had not got to discuss it with Col Tall, but he did not want to commit more men until he had some idea of what was against him. He had also decided how to choose the two squads. In fact, he had given more thought to this than to the other. He was obsessed by a feeling of moral culpability about choosing which men to send in. Some of them would surely die, and he did not want to choose which ones. Rather than do that he decided simply to take arbitrarily the first two squads on the right of the line (they were the closest), and thus let Luck or Chance or Fate or whatever agency ran the lives of men do the choosing. That way no agent of retribution could hold him responsible. Lying on the slope, he told Keck which ones he wanted. Keck, who certainly would know, who always knew just where his men were, nodded and said that that would be McCron's and Beck's squads, the 2d and the 3d. Stein nodded back, feeling sorry for them. McCron the motherhen, and Milly Beck the martinet. John Bell was in McCron's squad.

But before he could do anything with his two squads he must, Stein felt, know more about the men already down there. They were already there, and wouldn't have to run the gauntlet, but what sort of shape were they in? Were any of them wounded? Did they have a noncom with them? Was their morale unbroken? Stein felt he had to know, and the only way to find out was to send somebody. He sent Charlie Dale.

It was an extraordinary performance. The little man licked his lips in their mean, dull grin, hitched up his rifle and Thompsongun, and nodded his head. He was ready to go. Stein, who had never liked him, and didn't like him now, watched him go with a growing admiration which only increased his dislike. He went dogtrotting and unblinking (the thick set of his back made you know he was not blinking) in a straight line down the open slope toward the grassy ridge. He ran bent over at the waist in that peculiar fashion everybody instinctively adopted, but he did not zig or zag. Nothing touched him. Arriving, he dived into the thicker grass and disappeared. Three minutes later he reappeared, and came dogtrotting and unblinking back. Stein could not help wondering what he thought about, but would not ask.

Charlie Dale would have been pleased to have been asked. But he really did not think much of anything. He had been told that all Japs had bad eyes and wore glasses and were poor marksmen, anyway. He knew nothing could hit him. Going down, he concentrated his eyes and all his attention on the foot of the ridge. Coming back, he concentrated on a spot at the crest of the fold. The only thing he really thought about or felt was

a querulous irritation that Storm and the other cooks had been sent off to the 3d Platoon and so weren't here to see him. This, and the fact that after he had completed one or two more of these things, he ought to be able to move into a rifle platoon as at least a corporal or perhaps even as a sergeant, and in this way get out of the kitchen without having to become a private. This had been his secret plan from the beginning. And he had noted that casualties among the noncoms were already pretty heavy.

Dale arrived back at the third fold a hero. In its way it was quite a feat, what he had done. Even from the crest of the fold it was possible to see the amount of MG and rifle fire which had been hitting the ground all around him. Everybody who had not wanted to go, and would not have gone, was pleased with him; and Dale was pleased with himself. Everyone within reach slapped him on the back as he made his way to Stein to make his report, which was that they were all okay down there, that their morale was unimpaired, but that they did not have a noncom with them. They were all privates.

"All right," Stein said, still lying beside Keck on the reverse slope. "Now, listen. They haven't got a noncom with them, and I can't send anybody here away from his own squad. If you want to go back down there with the others when they go, I'll make you an acting sergeant right now, and you'll be in command of that extra squad. Do you want to do that?"

"Sure," Dale said at once. He made his mean grin and licked his lips. "Sure, sir." He bobbed his head on his perpetually hunched shoulders, and his expression changed to one of patently false humility. "If you think I'm capable, sir. If you think I can do it."

Stein looked at him with distaste, not very well concealed. But it was concealed enough for Charlie Dale's acumen.—Or was it? "Okay," he said. "I make you acting sergeant. You'll go down with the others."

"Aye, sir," Dale said. "But dont you have to say hereby?"

"What?"

"I said: Dont you have to say hereby? You know, to make it official." In some slow-stirring, labyrinthine depth of his animal's mind Dale seemed to be suspicious of Stein's honesty.

"No. I dont have to say hereby. Hereby what? I dont have to say anything but what I've said. You're an acting sergeant. You'll go down with the others."

"Aye, sir," Dale said and crawled away.

Stein and Keck exchanged a glance. "I think I better go down, too, Cap'n," Keck said. "Somebody should be in charge down there."

Stein nodded, slowly. "I guess you're

(continued on page 130)



BEWARE OF HASTY MARRIAGE

By SHEPHERD MEAD

the third in a satirical review of how to succeed with women without really trying, by the author of "how to succeed in business without really trying"

AT LAST YOU WILL BE FREE of home and parents, free to set your own course. From now on you are your own master, making your own rules. Make them well. On your decisions will rest the happiness of so many.

SHOULD I MARRY?

Yes, by all means. Marriage is a fine thing and should certainly be tried, at least, by all males.

The wise young man, however, does not rush into marriage. Temptations will be on all sides. As soon as you are eligible, girls will know it. When asked how, scientists throw up their hands. How does the salmon know to swim upstream to spawn, or the robin to build its nest? It is a deep-seated instinct, part of the won-

derland of nature. The bachelor who is hasty is sure to regret it. Not only for his own sake, but for the sake of his future wife, it is important to pick and choose carefully.

You can have only one wife at a time, but the bachelor can be surrounded by girls of all kinds.

Surround yourself.

GIRLS CAN BE STIMULATING

The period of selection should not be dreaded — indeed many look forward to it. Bound only by moral responsibilities you will be free to flit from blossom to blossom.

You will be showered with care and attention, which

is stimulating and encouraging. It acts as a tonic, heightening the muscular tone, improving metabolism, sharpening the appetite, clearing the eye, improving the digestion, and generally adding to morale and sense of well-being.

HOW TO SELECT THE RIGHT FIANCÉES

Selecting the right fiancée is just as important as selecting the right wife, though you will select them for entirely different reasons.

The perfect fiancée seldom makes a good wife, and vice versa.

What to Look for:

1. *Fun-loving Qualities.* Being engaged should be a mad round of pleasure and fiancées should be picked with this in mind. A merry, even irresponsible attitude on the part of the fiancée should be encouraged—though, as we will discover later, it is the last trait one seeks in the first wife.

Find a girl who is good at gay parties. The two of you will be asked everywhere. But find a girl who can bring real fun to a quiet evening at home, too.

2. *Skill at Games.* Choose a girl who is skillful at all the many things a boy and girl can do together. Anyone can buy expensive entertainment, but the couple who can amuse themselves with little or no costly equipment will while away many happy hours.

3. *A Talent for Dancing.* By all means find a good dancer. Dancing with a skillful girl should be like driving a car with automatic transmission. The man should be in control at all times, and *should always steer.* Allow yourself to be led and you will lose the respect of your partner.

You need only a sturdy, all-purpose two-step, a sense of direction (even when whirled rapidly) and your glittering collection of *bons mots*. Almost without knowing it you will be doing sambas, rhumbas, tangos, waltzes, fox-trots and mazurkas—and having a mighty good time, too.

4. *Bursts of Strength.* Though the first wife, as we will see, must have endurance and must be good over the long haul, the fiancée is called upon only for short but often violent bursts of effort.

For example, you will find that the bachelor apartment needs little regular care. Dusting is a waste of time, since dust always settles again. The making of beds, too, is shortsighted, since you only muss them up every time you use them.

However, when mold begins to form, you will be glad you have chosen a sturdy girl.

"Really, David, this is a regular pigpen!"

"Oh, hadn't noticed it, Annie."

"You need somebody to take care of you."

She will come over in her old clothes. While she patters about, it is your duty to keep her amused. A bright story, a snatch of song, and an occasional pat on the head as she scrubs will lighten her task.

If you have chosen her carefully, these little bursts of effort will do her good, trim down her figure, and raise her morale.

It is well to re-emphasize here our cardinal principle:

A woman loves you not for the things you do for her, but for the things she does for you.

5. *Ability to Do Without Sleep.* During this period you will be planning your career and you will need rest. Choose a fiancée who requires little sleep, especially if she lives far away.

"Goodnight, David."

"Goodnight, Fran. Be careful driving home."

"Yes, David. I'll pick you up in the morning."

"Not too early. In time for the game."

The drive, say, to Connecticut and back may be tiring, but if you have picked a firm, healthy girl you need have little worry.

6. *Capital Goods.* Though stocks and bonds are worth considering in the future wife, you need make no such inventory of the fiancée. Just make sure she has good physical equipment—say, the use of a convertible, beach house, tennis court, club membership or the like. Are they paid for? This is not your concern. They need only be in good working order.

HER FAMILY CAN HELP

Many young men feel that the fiancée's mother is a danger spot, to be avoided if possible. This is immature and foolish. Her mother, if properly handled, can be your most valuable ally. Get her on your side.

"Do you mind if I call you 'Mother,' Mrs. Simpkins?"

"Why, no, David, not at all!"

(She will never mind.)

Once you have established yourself as a lovable boy, let her know you are made of solid stuff. Mothers think ahead, into the future. Think with her.

"She's such a child, Mother Simpkins. Wish you'd help me bring her down to earth. Face realities. Home, little ones—and, one day—a place by the fire for Granny."

A general attack on the whole moral structure will be helpful.

"You've done everything humanly

possible, Mother Simpkins. But these days, with Real Values slipping, one can scarcely go through a day without, somehow, a sense of moral outrage."

"Shouldn't people have some fun, David?"

"At whose expense?"

After a bit of this you will be on firm ground.

"Mother, can't I stay out just a little later?"

"No. I told you before that—"

"But I'm going with David, Mother."

"Oh, well then. I'm sure you'll be all right with David."

HOW TO BREAK ENGAGEMENTS

There can be real magic in an engagement as long as it is kept on a vague and timeless basis. Once a wedding date is mentioned and active preparations are under way, the magic flies. You may even develop unpleasant nervous disorders.

Avoid a date. Your object will be to create a feeling of vague enthusiasm.

When talk becomes specific or when, for any other reason, the laughter begins to go out of your romance, it is time to break the engagement.

Try, whenever possible, to spare her feelings. It is best to make it seem that she is tiring of you.

1. *The Transfer of Title.* Make a home for her in another's heart. If you handle it properly you can make it seem that you are the one who is being abandoned. Choose a reliable fellow, one that you feel would make her happy.

"How do you get muscles like that, Joe?"

(If, for example, he is the outdoor type.)

"Well, uh, Dave, you gotta keep trainin'."

"Maybe I ought to go in for that. Every time I come near Fran she says, 'If only you had beautiful muscles like Joe!'"

"She did, huh, she did?"

"Yep. Oh, she loves me, I guess. If she'd only stop talking about you, Joe."

Speak to her, too.

"Thought you'd be safe with Joe at the club dance, Fran. Now I'm beginning to wonder."

"Oh?"

"He hasn't talked of a thing since. Watch your step now! After all, a guy with all Joe's money is always a temptation."

"Has Joe got money?"

(Money always piques female interest, and can be mentioned freely,

concluded on page 205)

PLAYBOY SALUTES MADISON avenue

A PLAYFUL PORTFOLIO OF SEVEN **CONTEMPORARY** ADVERTISING CLASSICS

While we yield to no one in our admiration for the advertising gents who artfully awaken the consuming interest of the public, we have always regretted the way Mad Ave agencies keep their most effective selling points under wraps. Doing some ad-libbing of our own, we herewith offer a tongue-in-cheek look at how certain familiar advertisements might be revamped were today's soft sell carried to its most unfettered—and most attractive—extreme.



EVERY
MAN WANTS
HIS WOMAN
ON A PEDESTAL ?

Plaza de Toros MONUMENTAL - Barcelona

Buenos días, you all



“The best to you each morning”



IT LEAVES YOU BREATHLESS!



It's what's up front that counts



just wear a smile



Be Sociable . . .





I dreamed I was a knockout without any bra

THIN RED LINE *(continued from page 118)*

right. But take care of yourself. I need you."

"I'll take care of myself as good as anybody can around here," was Keck's humorless answer.

Around them the tension over the attack was beginning to mount and be felt. It showed plainly on the faces of 2d Platoon, white-eyed and sweating, and all turned toward the little group of leaders like a row of sunflowers turned toward the sun. On the left the first elements of the 3d Platoon had reappeared in the low between the second and third folds and were making their way toward Stein running bent over at the waist, the others following strung out behind them. Over the top of the second fold behind him another, lone figure came hurrying toward Stein, also running bent over at the waist. It was Witt returning, this time with his rifle and some extra bandoliers. Everything seemed to be concentrating. The moment of truth, Stein thought and looked at his watch, which said 12:02. Moment of truth, s—. My God, could it have been that long? It seemed like only seconds. And yet it seemed like years, too. It was at this moment that Pfc Doll — or his fate for him — chose to return from his hazardous mission to 1st Platoon.

Doll came running up the slight slope at about the middle of the 2d Platoon, dove over the crest and fell, then scrambled along the reverse slope to where Stein was, to report. He had found Sgt Culin. But arriving at the knot of leaders he collapsed, sobbing for breath for almost a minute. There was no giggling this time, and no arch display of insouciance. His face was drawn and strained, the lines beside his open mouth deeply etched. He had run along the uneven line of holes calling for Skinny Culin, with fire being put down all around him. Men had looked up at him from their holes with startled disbelief on their faces. His body, abetted by his imagination, had quickly reached the point where it was threatening to disobey him. Finally three holes in front of him a hand and arm had shot into the air, the hand describing the old circular hand-and-arm signal for 'Gather here.' Doll had pulled up to find Culin lying placidly on his side and grinning up at him ruefully, his rifle hugged against his chest. "Come right in," Culin said; but Doll had already dived. The hole wasn't big enough for two men. They had huddled together in it while Doll brought Culin up to date on the casualties, told him Stein's plan, told him 1st Platoon's part in it. Culin had scratched his reddish stubble. "So I got the platoon. Well, well. Okay, tell him I'll try. But you tell Bugger we're sort of de-morale-ized down here, as it says in the field man-

uals. But I'll do the best I can." Seconds later Doll had been back behind the third fold in what seemed to him to be enormous safety, and then reporting to Stein. He made his report proudly.

Doll did not know what kind of reception he had expected from them, but it was not the one that he got. Charlie Dale had already returned before him, and from a tougher mission, and with much less display of nerves. 3d Platoon was in the act of arriving, and had to be taken care of by Stein. And the mounting tension of the coming attack made everybody rather preoccupied, anyway. Bugger listened to his report and nodded, gave him a pat on the arm as one might toss a fish to a trained seal after its act, and dismissed him. Doll had no choice but to crawl away, his bravery and heroism ignored and unappreciated. Wondering that he was still alive, he ached to tell somebody how narrowly he had escaped death. And then, as he sat down and looked up, there adding salt to his wounds was Charlie Dale, sitting nearby and grinning a rapaciously superior grin at him. While he sat and stared back at him, Doll was forced to listen to little Private Bead, lying beside him, recount the tale of Dale's exploit.

Nor was Dale all. Witt, the mad volunteer, the crazy sentimental Kentuckian who wanted to come back to a rifle company under fire, had been crouching behind Doll all during Doll's report, waiting his own turn at Stein. Now he reported too and when Stein briefly explained the impending attack to him, he immediately asked permission to go along. Stein, unable to hide his stunned disbelief entirely, nodded his agreement and sent Witt over to Milly Beck's squad. It was this final straw, this blow in the face by Fate, added to the knowledge that Charlie Dale was going — and as an acting sergeant yet, which made Doll open his mouth and speak up. As much a reflex as the yell of a man pricked with a knife, Doll heard his voice. With horror he listened to himself asking, in a clear, bell-like, resolute, confident tone, if he could not go along himself. When Stein said yes and sent him to McCron's squad, he crawled away biting the inside of his lip so hard that it brought tears to his eyes. He was wishing he could do worse: bang his head up and down on a rock; bite a whole chunk out of his arm. Why did he do things like this to himself? Why did he?

There was nothing to keep them now. Everything was arranged. They could get on with it any time. Stein and Keck lay side by side behind the little crest, with 1st Sgt Welsh lying beside them in a flatfaced, uncommunicative silence, and looked it over one more time. Stein had placed 3d Platoon about 30 yards behind

and below them on the slope, in two echelons of two squads each; they were to be ready to attack and exploit any advantage which arose. He had sent word back to his mortar section to raise their fire further up the ridge. He had his one remaining machinegun placed behind the crest of the third fold. Off to the left on the lefthand grassy ridge a lot of fire was being put forth but Stein did not see any of B-for-Baker moving. As he watched, two Japanese mortar rounds landed and went up, there. It was impossible to tell if they hurt anyone.

"I think we better send them down in bunches of three or four, at irregular intervals," he said turning his head to Keck. "When they're all there, space them out. Advance them by rushes, or in a line. Use your own judgment. — I guess you might as well go."

"I'll take the first bunch down myself," Keck said huskily, staring down the slope. "Listen, Cap'n," he said, looking at Stein, and at Brass Band who had just come up, "there's somethin' I wanted to tell you. That guy Bell is a good man. He's pretty steady. He helped me get going and get the platoon out of that hole we were in after that charge." He paused. "I just wanted to tell you."

"Okay. I'll remember." Stein felt an unnamable, nigh-unbearable anguish that he could not do anything about. It forced him to look away down the slope. Beside him Keck started to crawl off.

"Give them hell, Sergeant!" George Band said cheerily. "Give them hell!"

Keck paused in his crawl long enough to look back. "Yeh," he said.

The two squads, with their three extra men, had more or less separated themselves from the other half of the platoon. The most of them, in their bodily attitudes and in their faces, resembled sheep about to be led to the slaughter pens in Chicago. They waited. Keck had only to crawl to them and instruct them. "Okay, you guys. This is it. We're goin' down in groups of four. No point in goin' by rushes, only make a better target stopped. So run all the way. We aint got any choice. We're picked, and so we got to go. I'll take the first bunch myself to show you how easy it is. I want Charlie Dale with me. Dale? So you can organize them guys that's down there. Let's move out."

He started the crawl to the jumpoff point just beyond the knot of officers and CP men, and it was here that the first case of overt cowardice occurred in C-for-Charlie. A big, beautifully muscled man named Sico, an Italian draftee from Philly with some five mouths' service, suddenly sat down in his tracks and began to hold his stomach and groan. It blocked the line behind him and when

(continued on page 166)



attire

THE ONE-BUTTON SUIT

*a choice sartorial innovation
is right for the urban scene*

Announcing a singular new silhouette in city wear: the style-setting one-button suit. A venturesome innovation from the Continent, it's trimly tailored for the lean physique and selective tastes of the knowledgeably nonconforming metropolitan male. Our guy is fashionably on the button in his black-and-white checked wool Continental suit with low-placed single button, deep side vents, high-notched lapels, cutaway jacket front, flap pockets, extension waistband trousers, by Andrew Pallack, \$95; cotton piqué shirt with high-band collar, tapered body, French cuffs, by Manhattan, \$5; silk tie, by Scaasi, \$5.



*"Now, darling, please don't
peek until I finish dressing . . ."*

Vargas

THE DEVIOUS WAYS OF DECIUS MUNDUS

THERE WAS IN ANCIENT ROME a woman named Paulina, whose noble ancestry and exemplary life had endowed her with great fame. She was also quite rich. And though she was renowned for her beauty, and lived in that flowering age when women were unashamedly frivolous, she herself followed a life of modesty. She was married to Saturninus, a man himself of excellent character.

And one Decius Mundus, a man very high in the equestrian order, fell in love with this woman.

Decius revealed his heart to Paulina and offered love to her, but she was not seduced by his gifts and returned to him each one — though they were lavished on her with extravagance. With every refusal the flame of Decius' passion grew greater. Finally he told her that he would give her great riches — 200,000 Attic drachmas — if she would share his bed for but a single night. But even this would not persuade her, and Decius, unable to bear this calamity to his amours, resolved to go without food until he starved himself to death in sorrow, and he set about his purpose accordingly.

Now Decius had a servant girl named Ide, who had been set free from slavery by his father, and she was a girl skillful in every sort of mischief. Ide was deeply grieved at Decius' oath to kill himself (for he had not concealed his intent), so she came to him and spoke words of encouragement — indeed, she whispered in his ear the highest promise of all, that he might yet obtain his night of love with Paulina. And when Decius, sparked by hope, hearkened to her gladly, she requested only the modest sum of 50,000

drachmas for presenting to him his heart's desire.

Ide took the money and departed, and was wise enough not to plot the same course her lord had done, for she perceived that money was small inducement to so wealthy a woman. Rather, she remembered the beautiful Paulina's devotion to the Goddess Isis, and so devised the following stratagem: She went to some of the priests of Isis, and by the firmest promises of secrecy — but chiefly by the offer to them of 25,000 drachmas — she persuaded them (with descriptions of Decius' passion) to use all possible means to induce the woman to grant him his desires. The priests accepted the silver gladly and pledged their efforts to this union.

The next day the oldest of the priests went to Paulina and sought a private word with her. He had been sent, he told her, by the God Anubis, consort of the Goddess Isis. Anubis, confided the priest, had fallen in love with her and desired her to come and share his love.

Although, as we have said, Paulina was a woman of impeccable virtue, she received this message with delight, for she prided herself on the attentions of the deity. She even told her husband of the message and of her intention to lie with Anubis. He could do no more than agree with her intent (albeit with some reluctance), for he was fully satisfied of his wife's honor.

So Paulina went to the temple, and after she had supped there, and it was the hour of sleep, the priests shut the doors of the temple and put out its

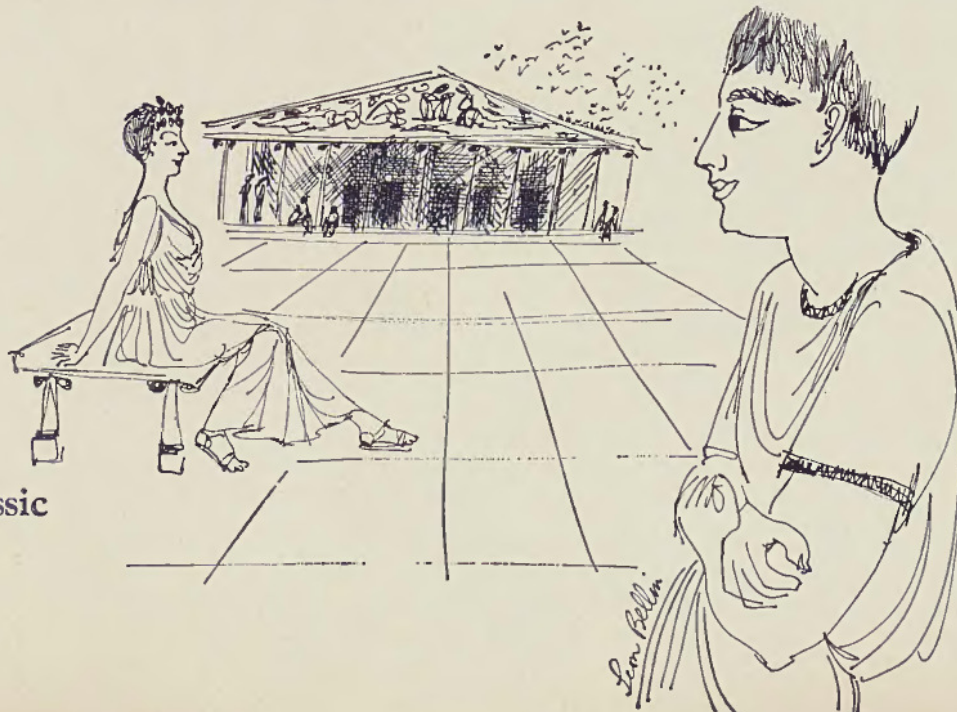
lights. Then from the shadows stepped forth Decius into her arms, and thinking him to be a god she placed herself willingly at his service through all the hours of the night. In the morning Decius arose and departed before the temple was bestirring. Paulina also rose shortly, and having gone out she did not conceal from her husband these events and also revealed to her friends how great a value she placed upon this honor.

It was on the third day that a happy Decius met Paulina and said, "Aye, Paulina, a double gratitude is mine: thou hast saved me 150,000 drachmas; but more, thou hast granted to me my deepest desire. I value not the meaning of names; I merely rejoice that what was denied to me as Decius has been granted to me as Anubis." And having so said, he went his way.

Then began Paulina to realize the nature of this deceit, and incensed, she reported the scheme to her husband and incited his help in gaining her revenge. Her husband reported the affair to the Emperor Tiberius, who inquired into the matter thoroughly by examining the priests of the temple. Their reward was swift: Tiberius ordered them all hanged, and he punished also Ide, whose mischief had occasioned the affair. He then demolished the temple of the Goddess Isis and gave order that her statue be thrown in the River Tiber. Only the young lover Decius did he spare; he required that he leave the city, but exacted no further penalty, for he supposed that whatever crime Decius had committed had been done only out of the passion of love.

— Translated by W. W. Riley

An anonymous 15th Century Italian legend



Ribald Classic

rich quick or make a fast killing.

Get-rich-quick schemes simply do not work. On the other hand, well-planned, long-range common-stock investment programs have excellent chances for success, provided one buys low and refuses to be panicked by tremors.

I began buying common stocks at the depths of the Depression. Prices were at rock-bottom lows, and there weren't many stock buyers around. Most people with money to invest were unable to see the forest of potential profit for the multitudinous trees of their largely baseless fears. I had confidence in the future of the American economy and realized that the shares of many entirely sound companies with fine potentials were selling at only a fraction of their true worth.

When I first bought Tide Water Associated Oil Company stock in 1932, its price was as low as \$2.12 per share. The average per-share open-market price of the stock rose steadily, as shown below:

1933	\$ 8.23
1934	9.39
1935	11.61
1936	15.54
1937	20.83

The price fell off during the 1938 slump, but this was just one of the expected tremors. I not only held on to the shares I owned, but bought more.

My confidence was fully justified in the years that followed as the value of the stock increased many, many times, and I — along with all the other stockholders — also collected handsome dividends.

In May 1932, I also started purchasing Petroleum Corporation stock. In that month, I bought 10,000 shares at \$3.45 per share. I continued to buy steadily until, by September 14, 1933, I held a total of 190,000 shares. In that month, the shares were worth nearly \$15 each; the average per-share cost of my 190,000 shares was only \$6.537.

I have reached back to the Depression era for two examples based on my own experiences. I could cite others from that period and from subsequent ones. Some stocks I own today are worth more than 100 times what I originally paid for them. But many other investors have had even greater successes. More examples would serve only to further underscore the same basic truth, one that every investor and would-be investor would do well to paste in his hat:

Sound stocks, purchased for investment when their prices are low and held for the long pull, are very likely to produce high profits through dividends and increases in value.

This is a self-evident "secret" of successful investment that vast numbers of people disregard. There are other not-so-secret secrets that investors would do well to learn and consider as inflexible

rules in their stock market dealings.

Highly important among them is the axiom that no one should ever buy a stock without knowing as much as possible about the company that issues it. In more cases than legitimate brokers would care to count, such so-called investors have insisted on buying large numbers of shares in companies without having the foggiest notion of what those companies do or produce.

In my aforementioned PLAYBOY article, I listed 10 questions to which the prospective investor should obtain satisfactory answers before investing his money in the stock of any company. These are as valid now as they were then, and will, perhaps, bear repeating here:

1. What is the issuing company's history — is it a solid and reputable firm with seasoned, efficient management?

2. Is the company producing or dealing in goods or services for which there will be a continuing demand in the foreseeable future?

3. Is the company in a field that is not overcrowded, and is it in a satisfactory competitive position in that field?

4. Are company policies and operations farsighted and aggressive without calling for or involving unjustified and hazardous overexpansion?

5. Will the corporate balance sheet stand up under close scrutiny by a critical and impartial auditor?

6. Does the company have a satisfactory earnings record, and does the price of its stock bear a reasonable relationship to those earnings?

7. Have reasonable dividends been paid regularly, and, if some dividend payments were missed, was there good and sufficient reason and explanation?

8. Is the company well within safe limits insofar as both long- and short-term borrowing are concerned?

9. Has the course followed by the price of the company's stock over the last several years been fairly regular, without any violent, wide and apparently inexplicable swings?

10. Does the per-share value of the company's net realizable assets bear a favorable relationship to the per-share value of its common stock?

Many stock buyers failed to ask these questions during the last two years. In some cases, they bought the stocks of companies that had not paid dividends nor even shown a profit for some time. But the issues would "get hot," as speculators are wont to say, and multiply several times over their issue price within a matter of weeks or even days. Then, someone would realize that the heat was being generated solely by irrational buying — and the prices would plummet.

Another valuable investment secret is that the owners of sound securities should never panic and unload their

holdings when prices skid. Countless individuals have panicked during slumps, selling out when their stocks fell a few points, only to find that before long the prices were once more on their way up.

Unhappily enough, these basic principles of sound investment were flung out the window by the armies of amateur stock buyers who bid market prices up to dizzying heights during the life-span of the late, great bull market. This widespread disavowal of all fiscal fundamentals helped set the stage for boom-and-bust.

In order to achieve any understanding of the whys and wherefores of the May 28, 1962, Wall Street price collapse, it is helpful to first quickly trace the course of the market over the last 12 years. The easiest way to do this is by following the Dow-Jones industrial average.

At the 1950 low, the Dow-Jones industrial average stood at 161.60. It climbed to 293.79 by the end of 1952, dropped to 255.49 in mid-1953, then climbed steadily to 521.04 in 1956, from which level it drifted down to around 420 at the end of 1957.

From 420 in 1957, the Dow-Jones average rose to well over 650 in 1959, made some up-and-down zigzags and hit a late-1960 low of 566.05. From that base, it shot up to an all-time peak of 734.91 on December 13, 1961.

As the bull market roared upward through 1961, Wall Street veterans dusted off the oft-quoted pre-1929 crash saying that the stock market was discounting not only the future, but the hereafter as well.

Many years ago, the per-share price *vs.* per-share earnings ratio was widely — though unofficially — adopted as a reliable rule-of-thumb indicator of stock values. "Ten times earnings" was long considered the maximum permissible price one could pay for a stock and still reasonably expect to make a profit.

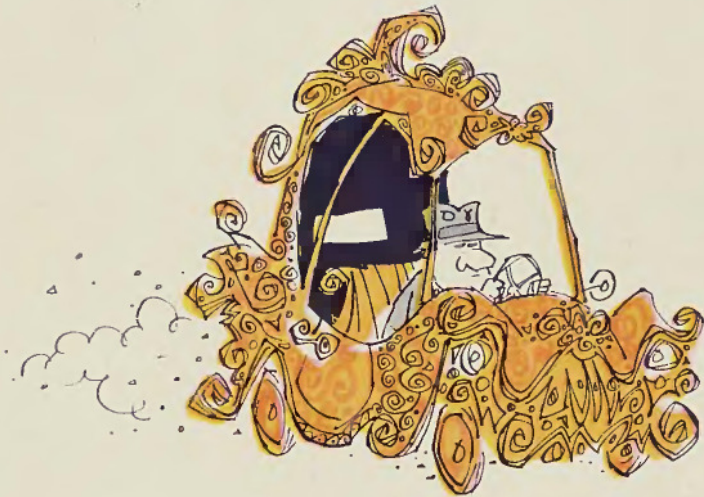
Then, in the late 1920s, GM-Du Pont's John J. Raskob — whose outlook was judged quite bullish — ventured the opinion that certain stocks might be worth as much as 15 times their per-share earnings. After the 1929 crash, ratios were, of course, very much lower and, even as late as 1950, the price-earnings ratios of the stocks listed in the Dow-Jones industrial index averaged out to about 6:1.

Views on the price-earnings ratio underwent considerable revision in recent years. Some knowledgeable investors allowed that in a rapidly burgeoning economy, stocks of especially healthy companies might reasonably sell for as much as 20 times their per-share earnings. Other professional investors argued persuasively that when healthy companies had tangible assets with net, per-share replacement or liquidation values in excess of per-share prices, the impor-

(continued on page 141)



LADY IN A SNIT



PEDESTRIAN ADMIRING A PASSING FANCY



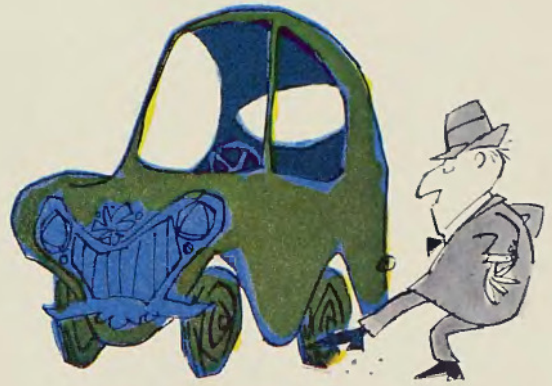
JUNIOR EXECUTIVE OFF ON A TANGENT

CONVERSATIONAL CONVEYANCES

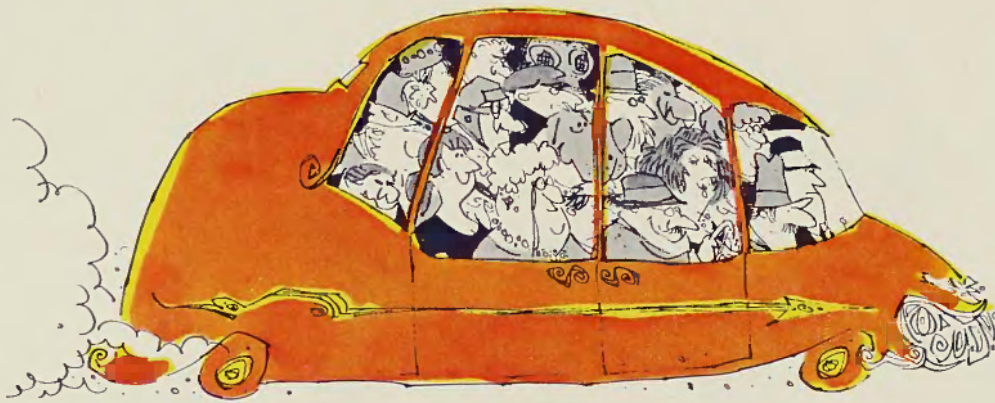
By PHIL HAHN and PAUL COKER, JR. Ask yourself: Have you ever heard about someone going to work in a blue funk or leaving a party in a huff? How many women have you known who have driven a hard bargain or gone off in a snit? But has anyone ever *seen* these ubiquitous vehicles or any of their outspoken ilk? Not to our knowledge. Not, that is, until we decided to clarify the situation and compile the following catalog of illustrious word-of-mouth machines, those conversational conveyances all of us hitch a ride on now and then.



MAN OFF ON A BINGE



PROSPECTIVE PURCHASER TOEING THE MARK



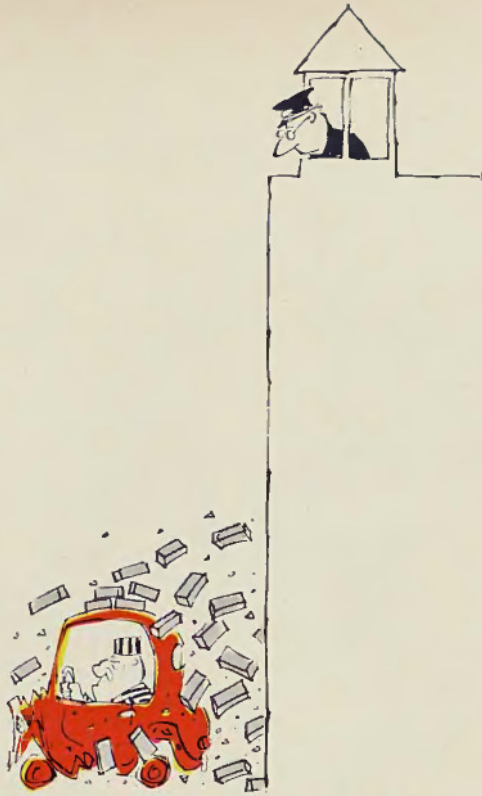
CROWD TRAVELING IN A FAST CROWD



COUPLE GOING OUT ON A LIMB



MAN JUMPING TO A CONCLUSION



BREAKING OUT IN A RASH



YOUNG LADY ARRIVING IN A TWINKLING



SECRETARY GOING TO WORK IN A BLUE FUNK



HOUSEWIFE LEAVING HER HOME IN A SHAMBLES



BUSINESSMAN FLYING INTO A TOWERING RAGE



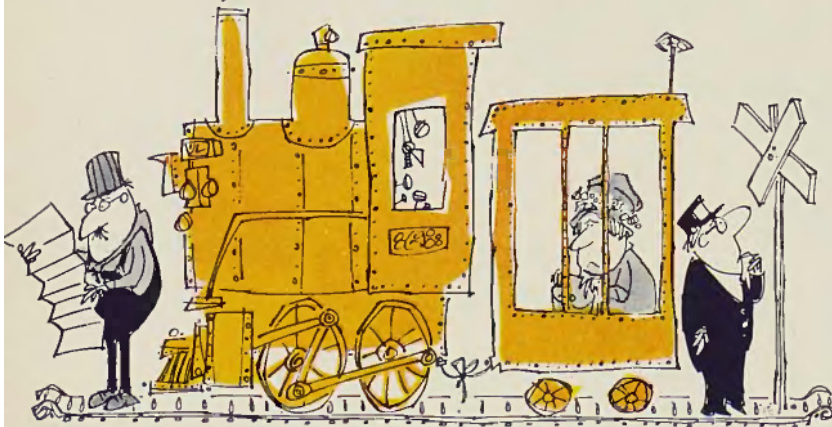
LADY GOING THROUGH A DIFFICULT STAGE



GOING UP IN A PUFF OF SMOKE



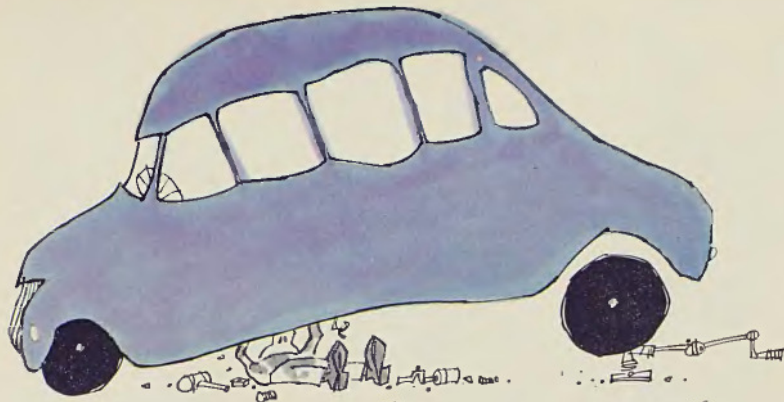
BASEBALL TEAM ON THE ROAD IN A SLUMP



LOST TRAIN OF THOUGHT



WOMAN DRIVING A HARD BARGAIN



MECHANIC LABORING UNDER A DELUSION



AVIATRIX FLYING OFF IN A TIZZY



LEFT IN A HUFF



LADY STUCK ON THE HORNS OF A DILEMMA



GOING OUT IN A BLAZE OF GLORY



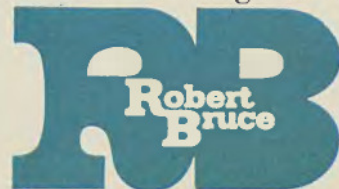
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ROBERT BRUCE, INC., PHILADELPHIA 34, PA.

tance of the price-earnings ratio would logically dwindle.

But certainly no seasoned investor approved — or even envisioned — such situations as developed in 1960–1962, when frenzied buying drove prices so high that some issues were selling for more than 100 times their per-share earnings. In more than a few instances during the 1960–1962 period, staggering prices were paid for the stocks of companies that had only negligible assets, questionable potentials — and that hadn't shown much in the way of profits for a considerable time.

It has been suggested that the boom that began in 1960 was caused by people buying stocks as a hedge against inflation. If this is true, the insane inflation of certain common-stock prices was an extremely odd way to go about it. But the hedge theory appears even less valid when one remembers that buyers consistently ignored many fine stocks that, by any standards of measurement, were underpriced and concentrated on certain issues, continuing to buy them after their prices had soared out of sight. All evidence inclines the observer to believe that the great mass of nonprofessional buyers was obeying a sort of herd instinct, following the crowd to snap up the popular issues without much regard for facts. Many people were doing their investment thinking — if it can properly be called that — with their emotions rather than with their heads. They looked for lightning-fast growth in stocks that were already priced higher than the limits of any genuine value levels to which they could conceivably grow in the foreseeable future.

It is an old Wall Street saw that the stock market will always find a reason for whatever it does — after having done it. Innumerable theories have been advanced to explain why the market broke on May 28. The blame has been placed on everything from "selling waves by foreign speculators" to the Kennedy Administration's reaction to the aborted steel industry price increase — in fact, on everything but the most obvious reasons.

The factors that bring on financial panics are many and varied. For example, in 1869, the cause was an attempted corner on gold. In 1873 and 1907, bank failures started the trouble. In 1929, the stock market was vastly overpriced, and the general state of American business and the rate of America's economic expansion were such as to justify little or none of the stock buying that carried prices to the towering peaks from which they inevitably had to fall.

Despite all the efforts that have been expended to draw a close parallel between the 1929 crash and the 1962 price break, the two have practically nothing in common.

True, some segments of the stock market were grossly overpriced in 1960–1962; far too many stocks were priced far too high. But the nation's business outlook was — and is — generally good in 1962, and the economy is expanding at a merry clip. There are no hidden, deep-down structural flaws in the economy such as there had been in 1929.

There are other great differences. In 1929, stock speculation was done mainly on borrowed money; shares were purchased on the most slender of margins. Thus, when prices collapsed, credit collapsed, too.

Then, of course, there is the most important difference of all, the one the calamity howlers conveniently forget. May 28, 1962, was not a crash. It was a healthy — if somewhat violent — adjustment that was long overdue.

As I've said, some stocks were selling for more than 100 times their earnings during the height of the 1960–1962 boom. Now, it would be at best difficult for a company to expand enough to justify stock prices that were, say, even 50 times the company's per-share earnings. Even assuming that every penny of the company's earnings were paid out in dividends to common-stock holders, the stockholders would still be receiving only a two-percent return on their investment. But if all earnings were distributed in dividends, there would be no money left for the company to spend on expansion. That, of course, would effectively eliminate any possibility of capital growth. Yet, even with these glaringly self-evident truths staring them in the face, people bought overpriced stocks.

Such were the difficult situations that developed — and that caused the stock market to fall. Experienced investors should have been able to read the warning signals loud and clear long before

the May 28 break took place.

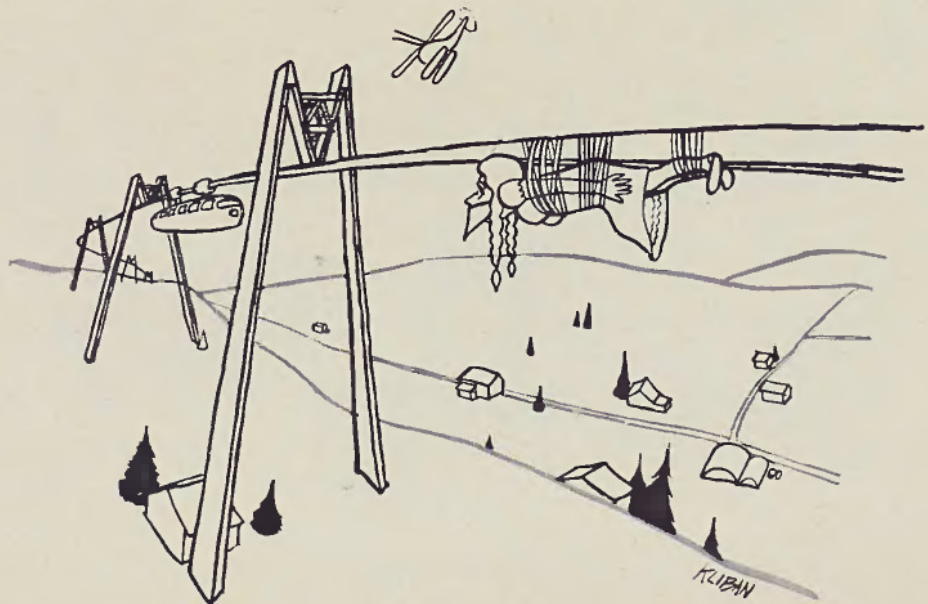
As I stated previously, the Dow-Jones industrial average shot to its all-time high of 734.91 on December 13, 1961. The downward movement began immediately afterward and continued through December 1961 and January 1962. There was a brief recovery that continued until March, when the Dow-Jones average edged up over 720, but the graph line shows the recovery was an uncertain, faltering one. The downward trend was resumed in March — and the graph line from then on makes a steep descent that is broken by only a few spasmodic upward jogs.

The May 28, 1962, price break had its beginnings in December 1961. The downward adjustment was badly needed and completely unavoidable. That it culminated in the sharp price plunge of May 28 is due to the emotional reaction — verging on panic — shown by inexperienced investors who were unable to realize that what was happening *had* to happen and, what was worse, who understood almost nothing of what was going on around them. To paraphrase Abraham Lincoln, *all* stock market investors cannot fool themselves *all* of the time. The awakening had to come — and it did.

The anatomy of a stock market boom-and-bust such as the country is experiencing is not too difficult to analyze. The seeds of any bust are inherent in any boom that outstrips the pace of whatever solid factors gave it its impetus in the first place.

An old and rather corny comedy line has it that the only part of an automobile that cannot be made foolproof by a safety device is the nut that holds the wheel. By much the same token, there are no safeguards that can protect the emotional investor from himself.

Having bid the market up irrationally, these emotional investors became



terrified and unloaded their holdings just as irrationally. Unfortunately, an emotionally inspired selling wave snowballs and carries with it the prices of all issues, even those that should be going up rather than down.

Withal, I believe it is absolutely essential for the American public to bear in mind that:

1. The nation's economy was relatively sound on Friday afternoon, May 25, 1962, when the New York Stock Exchange closed for the weekend.

2. The U.S. economy was just as sound on the following Monday morning, when the stock exchange reopened.

3. The economy was basically no less sound when trading ended on that hectic Monday. If anything, it was on firmer ground than before because stock prices had been brought down. Few—if any—industrial orders were canceled. Few—if any—jobs were lost. Few—if any—business establishments were forced to close their doors. Few—if any—investors, large or small, were completely wiped out as so many had been in 1929.

I realize that all this is scant comfort to those who lost money when stock prices fell on May 28. It can only be hoped that they will profit from the painful lesson.

The wise investor will recognize that many stocks being offered on the market are still considerably *underpriced*. For example, there are many issues selling for as little as one third or even one

fourth the net, per-share liquidation values of the issuing company's assets. To understand what this can mean to the stockholder, consider the case of the Honolulu Oil Company.

Several months ago, the directors and stockholders of the Honolulu Oil Company decided for reasons of their own to dissolve the company. One of my companies, Tidewater Oil, and another oil company learned of this decision and together signified their desire to buy Honolulu Oil's assets.

The stockholders of Honolulu Oil had their choice of two ways in which they could sell their company's assets. First, they could sell their stock to the two buying companies. Or, alternatively, they could hold their stock, sell the actual assets and distribute the proceeds among themselves before formally dissolving their company.

Honolulu Oil's shareholders chose the latter method. The company's stock was selling at around \$30 per share—but, so valuable were its tangible assets, that the price Tidewater Oil and the other buying company paid for them worked out to about \$100 per share. This, of course, was the sum each Honolulu stockholder received for each share he held when the company was dissolved. In other words, the cash value of Honolulu Oil's assets was more than three times as much as the total value of its issued stock.

Naturally, shareholders can reap this

particular type of windfall profit only when the company concerned is dissolved. But it should be plain to see how much added safety there is in investing in a company that has tangible assets with a net liquidation value greater than the value of its stock. If, as an example, the net liquidation value is three times that of the stock, then, in effect, each dollar of the stockholder's investment is secured by three dollars' worth of realizable assets.

There are more such companies than one might imagine. They can be found in various industries, but I am most familiar with companies in the petroleum industry and, more particularly, with those engaged in the business of producing oil.

Several oil stocks issued by sound, thriving companies are selling at prices well within any reasonable price-earnings ratio limits. They are among the nonglamor issues that, for some reason, were largely overlooked by the buying public during the height of the 1960-1962 boom. Some of these oil companies also have tangible assets worth three, four and even more times the total value of their issued stock. It might be of interest to consider just one reason why this is so. Producing oil companies normally carry their oil and gas leases at cost on their balance sheets. A lease for which a company paid, say, \$25,000 is carried at that figure even though it covers a property on which the proven crude-oil reserves in place are, as is entirely possible, 50,000,000 barrels.

On the books, the lease is shown as an asset worth \$25,000, even though any other producing oil company would gladly pay several million dollars to take it over. The implications of this bit of oil-business accounting intelligence will not be lost on the alert investor.

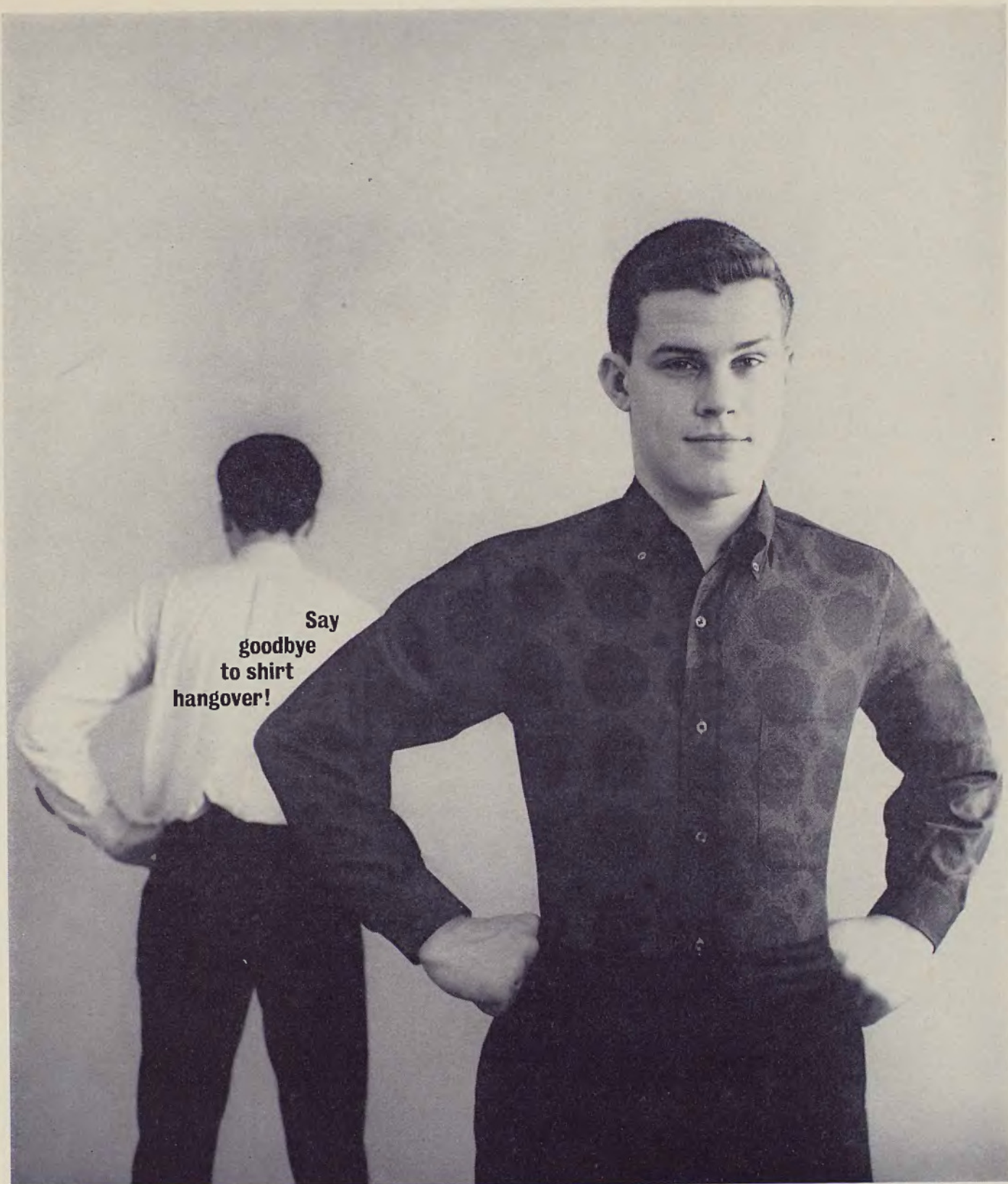
Similar situations exist in many other industries, and the astute investor will find them and profit from them. A cursory glance at New York Stock Exchange listings at the time this article is written shows that there are nearly 60 stocks in various industries paying five percent or more in dividends. As this is written, the giant Bethlehem Steel Company's dividend rate is 6.4 percent; the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad's rate is almost eight percent.

My own confidence in the stock market has not been shaken by the May 28 price break nor by later drops. I am still a heavy investor in common stocks. I'm still banking—to the tune of many millions of dollars—on the healthy climate of the American economy and the bright future of American business.

This, in essence, is the only advice and counsel a successful, experienced investor can give to anyone who wishes to reap the benefits of a boom and to avoid the losses of a bust.



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LOOK AT ME! (continued from page 93)

us and then stand back to see what will happen. Nothing much ever does, though once a man denounced me right out on the sidewalk in front of the Redhill liquor store. "Peter Marks? The book critic?" he said, and when I nodded he said, "You, sir, are a puling idiot who ought to be writing 'News of Our Pets' for *The Carmel Pine Cone* instead of criticizing the work of your betters." Then he turned, and — this is the word — stalked off, while I stood staring after him, smiling. I'd panned two of his books, he'd been waiting for Peter Marks ever since, and was admirably ready when his moment came.

But all Max Kingery said, stiffly, the day we were introduced, was, "How do you do," then he stood there nodding rapidly a number of times, finally remembering to smile; and that's all I said to him. It was in the spring, downtown in front of the bank, I think, and Max was bareheaded, wearing a light-brown shabby-looking topcoat with the collar turned up. He was a black-haired, black-eyed man with heavy black-rimmed glasses, intense and quick-moving; it was hard for him to stand still there. He was young but already stooped, his hair

thinning. I could see this was a man who took himself seriously, but his name rang no bell in my mind and we spoke politely and parted quickly; probably forever if we hadn't kept meeting in the bakery after that. But we both came in for coffee nearly every afternoon, and after we'd met and nodded half a dozen times we were almost forced to sit together at the counter and try to make some conversation.

So we slowly became friends; he didn't have many. After I knew him I looked up what he'd written, naturally, and found it was a first novel which I'd reviewed a year before. I'd said it showed promise, and that I thought it was possible he'd write a fine novel someday, but all in all it was the kind of review usually called *mixed*, and I felt awkward about it.

But I needn't have worried. I soon learned that what I or anyone else thought of his book was of no importance to Max; he knew that in time I and everyone else would have to say that Maxwell Kingery was a very great writer. Right now not many people, even here in town, knew he was a writer at all,

but that was OK with Max; he wasn't ready for them to know. Someday not only every soul in Mill Valley but the inhabitants of remote villages in distant places would know he was one of the important writers of his time, and possibly of all time. Max never said any of this, but you learned that he thought so and that it wasn't egotism. It was just something he knew, and maybe he was right. Who knows how many Shakespeares have died prematurely, how many young geniuses we've lost in stupid accidents, illnesses and wars?

Cora, my wife, met Max presently, and because he looked thin, hungry and forlorn — as he was — she had me ask him over for a meal, and pretty soon we were having him often. His wife had died about a year before we met him. (The more I learned about Max, the more it seemed to me that he was one of those occasional people who, beyond all dispute, are plagued by simple bad luck all their lives.) After his wife died, and his book had failed, he moved from the city to Mill Valley, and now he lived alone working on the novel which, with the others to follow, was going to make him famous. He lived in a mean, cheap little house he'd rented, walking downtown for meals. I never knew where he got whatever money he had; it wasn't much. So we had him over often so Cora could feed him, and once he was sure he was welcome he'd stop in of his own accord, if his work was going well. And nearly every day I saw him downtown, and we'd sit over coffee and talk.

It was seldom about writing. All he'd ever say about his own work when we met was it was going well or that it was not, because he knew I was interested. Some writers don't like to talk about what they're doing, and he was one: I never even knew what his book was about. We talked about politics, the possible futures of the world, and whatever else people on the way to becoming pretty good friends talk about. Occasionally he read a book I'd reviewed, and we'd discuss it and my review. He was always polite enough about what I did, but his real attitude showed through. Some writers are belligerent about critics, some are sullen and hostile, but Max was just contemptuous. I'm sure he believed that all writers outranked all critics — well or badly, they actually do the deed which we only sit and carp about. And sometimes Max would listen to an opinion of mine about someone's book, then he'd shrug and say, "Well, you're not a writer," as though that severely limited my understanding. I'd say, "No, I'm a critic," which seemed a good answer to me, but Max would nod as though I'd agreed with him. He liked me, but to Max my work made me only a hanger-on, a camp follower, almost a parasite. That's why it was all right to accept free meals from



"We've nothing at the moment, Mr. Bumberry, this being rather a slack time of year for us — but we never know when we'll find ourselves scraping the bottom of the barrel, so to speak, and in that event, rest assured we'll be getting in touch with you."

me; I was one of the people who live off the work writers do, and I'm sure he thought it was only my duty, which I wouldn't deny, to help him get his book written. Reading it would be my reward.

But of course I never read Max' next book or the others that were to follow it; he died that summer, absolutely pointlessly. He caught flu or something; one of those nameless things everyone gets occasionally. But Max didn't always eat well or live sensibly, and it hung on and turned into pneumonia, though he didn't know that. He lay in that little house of his waiting to get well, and didn't. By the time he got himself to a doctor, and the doctor got him to a hospital and got some penicillin in him, it was too late and Max died in Marin General Hospital that night.

What made it even more shocking to Cora and me was the way we learned about it. We were out of town on vacation 600 miles away in Utah when it happened, and didn't know about it. (We've thought over and again, of course, that if only we'd been home when Max took sick we'd have taken him to our house and he'd never have gotten pneumonia, and I'm sure it's true; Max was just an unlucky man.) When we got home, not only did we learn that Max was dead but even his funeral, over 10 days before, was already receding into the past.

So there was no way for Cora and me to make ourselves realize that Max was actually gone forever. You return from a vacation and slip back into an old routine so easily sometimes it hardly seems you'd left. It was like that now, and walking into the bakery again for coffee in the afternoons it seemed only a day or so since I'd last seen Max here, and whenever the door opened I'd find myself glancing up.

Except for a few people who remembered seeing me around town with Max, and who spoke to me about him now, shaking their heads, it didn't seem to me that Max' death was even discussed. I'm sure people had talked about it to some extent at least, although not many had known him well or at all. But other events had replaced that one by some days. So to Cora and me Max' absence from the town didn't seem to have left any discernible gap in it.

Even visiting the cemetery didn't help. It's in San Rafael, not Mill Valley, and the grave was in a remote corner; we had to climb a steep hill to reach it. But it hardly seemed real; there was no marker, and we had to count in from the road to even locate it. Standing there in the sun with Cora, I felt a flash of resentment against his relatives, but then I knew I shouldn't. Max had a few scattered cousins or something in New Jersey and Pennsylvania. The last time

he'd known any of them at all well they'd been children, and he hadn't corresponded with them since. Now they'd sent a minimum of money to California to pay expenses, more from family pride than for Max, I expect, and none of them had come themselves. You couldn't blame them, it was a long way and expensive, but it was sad; there'd been only five people at the funeral. Max had never been in or even seen this cemetery, and standing at the unmarked grave, the new grass already beginning, I couldn't get it through my head that it had anything much to do with him.

He just vanished from the town, that's all. His things—a half-finished manuscript, portable typewriter, some clothes and half a ream of unused yellow paper—had been shipped to his relatives. And Max, with a dozen great books hidden in his brain, who had been going to become famous, was now just gone, hardly missed and barely remembered.

Time is the great healer, it makes you forget; sometimes it makes you forget literally and with great cruelty. I knew a man whose wife ran away, and he never saw her again. He missed her so much he thought he could never for a moment forget it. A year later, reading in his living room at night, he became so absorbed in his book that when he heard

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The Deodorant for Men

a faint familiar noise in the kitchen he called out without looking up from his book and asked his wife to bring him a cup of tea when she came back into the room. Only when there was no answer did he look up from his complete forgetfulness; then his loss swept over him worse than ever.

About six months after Max died, I finished my day's work and walked downtown. This was in January, and we'd just had nearly a month of rain, fog and wet chill. Then California did what it does several times every winter and for which I always forgive it anything. The rain stopped, the sun came out, the sky turned an unclouded blue, and the temperature went up into the high 70s. Everything was lush from the winter rains and there was no way to distinguish those three or four days from summer, and I walked into town in shirt-sleeves. And when I started across Miller Avenue by the bus station heading for Myer's bakery across the street and saw Max Kingery over there walking toward the corner of Throckmorton just ahead, I wasn't surprised but just glad to see him. I think it was because this was like a continuation of the summer I'd known him, the interval following it omitted; and because I'd never really had proof that he died. So I walked on, crossing the street and watching Max, thin, dark and intense; he didn't see me. I was waiting till I got close enough to call to him and I reached the middle of the street and even took a step or two past it before I remembered that Max Kingery was dead. Then I just stood there, my mouth hanging open, as Max or what seemed to be Max walked on to the corner, turned, and moved on out of sight.

I went on to the bakery then and had my coffee; I had to have something. I don't know if I could have spoken, but I didn't have to; they always set a cup of coffee in front of me when I came in. My hand shook when I lifted the cup, and I spilled some, and if it had occurred to me I'd have gone to a bar instead and had several drinks.

If you ever have some such experience you'll learn that people resist believing you as they resist nothing else; you'll resist it yourself. I got home and told Cora what had happened; we sat in the living room and this time I did have a drink in my hand. She listened; there really wasn't much to say, I found, except that I'd seen Max Kingery walking along Miller Avenue. I couldn't blame Cora; my words sounded flat and foolish as I heard them. She nodded and said that several times she'd seen dark, preoccupied, thin young men downtown who reminded her a little of Max. It was only natural; it was where we'd so often run into him.

Patience I said, "No; listen to me,

Cora. It's one thing to see someone who reminds you of someone else; from a distance, or from the back, or just as he disappears in a crowd. But you cannot possibly mistake a stranger when you see him close up and see his face in full daylight for someone you know well and saw often. With the possible exception of identical twins, there are no such resemblances between people. That was Max, Cora, Max Kingery and no one else in the world."

Cora just sat there on the davenport continuing to look at me; she didn't know what to say. I understood, and felt half sorry for her, half irritated. Finally — she had to say *something* — she said, "Well . . . what was he wearing?"

I had to stop and think. Then I shrugged. "Well, just some kind of pants; I didn't notice the shoes; a dark shirt of some kind, maybe plaid. I don't know. And one of those round straw hats."

"Round straw hats?"

"Yeah, you know. You see people wearing them in the summer. I think they buy them at carnivals or somewhere. With a peak. Shaped like a baseball cap only they're made of some kind of shiny yellow straw. Usually the peak is stitched around the rim with a narrow strip of red cloth or braid. This one was, and it had a red button on top, and" — I remembered this suddenly, triumphantly — "it had his initials on the front! Big red initials, *M.K.*, about three inches high, stitched into the straw just over the peak in red thread or braid or something."

Cora was nodding decisively. "That proves it."

"Of course! It —"

"No, no," she said irritably. "It proves that it *wasn't* Max; it couldn't be!"

I don't know why we were so irritable: fear of the unnatural, I suppose. "And just how does it prove that?"

"Oh, Pete! Can you *imagine* Max Kingery of all people wearing a hat like that? You've got to be" — she shrugged, hunting for the word — "some kind of extrovert to wear silly hats. Of all people in the world who would *not* wear a straw baseball cap with a red button on the top and three-inch-high *initials* on the front . . ." She stopped, looking at me anxiously, and after a moment I had to agree.

"Yeah," I said slowly. "He'd be the last guy in the world to wear one of those." I gave in then; there wasn't anything else to do. "It must have been someone else. I probably got the initials wrong; I saw what I thought they ought to be instead of what they were. It would *have* to be someone else, naturally, cap or no cap." Then the memory of what I'd seen rose up in my mind again clear as a sharply detailed photograph, and I said slowly, "But I just hope you see him sometime, that's all.

Whoever he is."

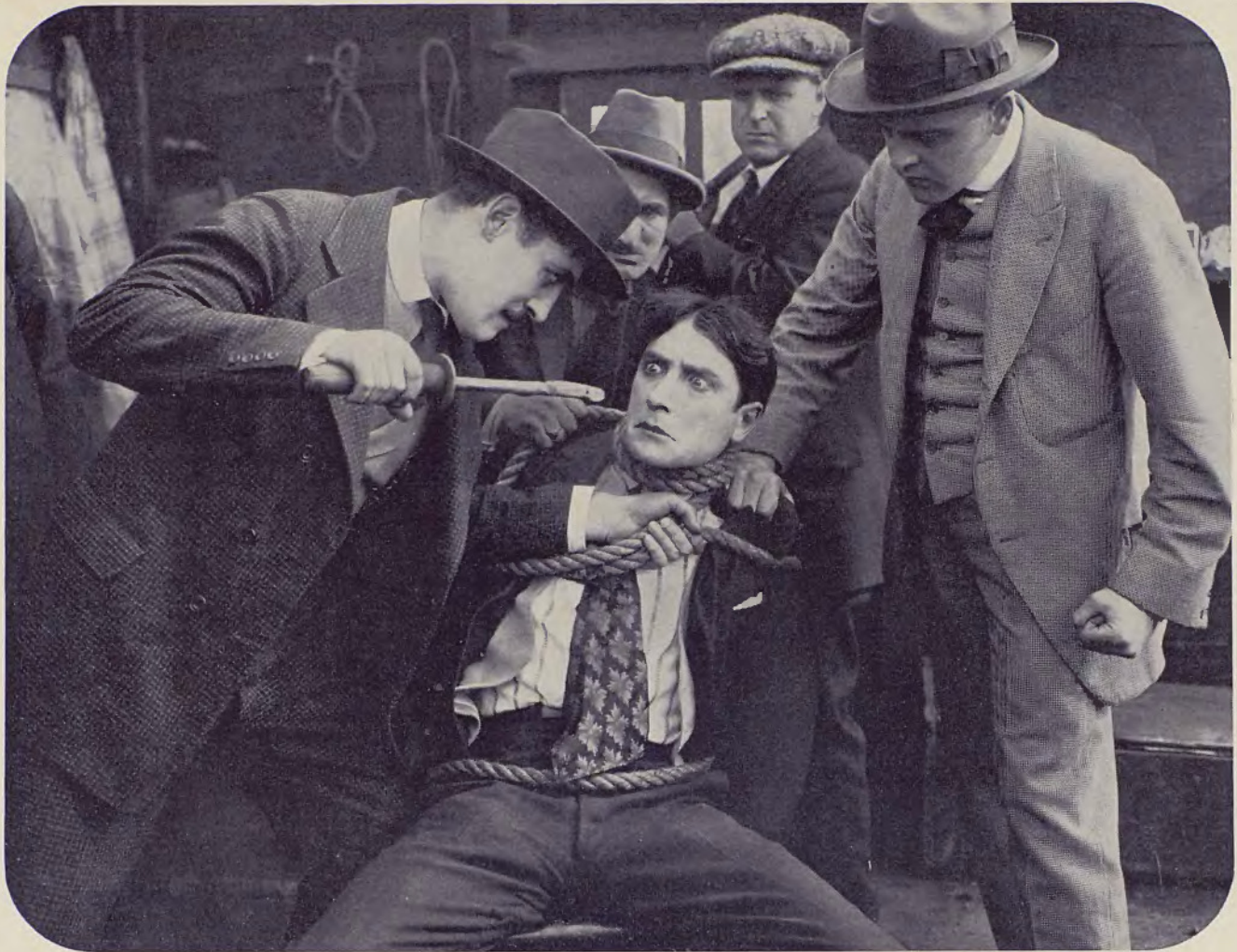
She saw him 10 days later. There was a movie at the Sequoia we wanted to see, so we got our sitter, then drove downtown after supper; the weather was clear and dry but brisk, temperature in the middle or high 30s. When we got to the box office, the picture was still on with 20 minutes to go yet, so we took a little walk first.

Except for the theater and a bar or two, downtown Mill Valley is locked up and deserted at night. But most of the display windows are left lighted, so we strolled along Throckmorton Avenue and began looking into them, beginning with Gomez Jewelry. We were out of sight of the theater here, and as we moved slowly along from window to window there wasn't another human being in sight, not a car moving, and our own footsteps on the sidewalk — unusually loud — were the only sound. We were at The Men's Shop looking in at a display of cuff links, Cora urging me once more to start wearing shirts with French cuffs so I could wear links in my sleeves, when I heard footsteps turn a corner and begin approaching us on Throckmorton, and I knew it was Max.

I used to say that I'd like to have some sort of psychical experience, that I'd like to see a ghost, but I was wrong. I think it must be one of the worst kinds of fear. I now believe it can drive men insane and whiten their hair, and that it has. It's a nasty fear, you're so helpless, and it began in me now, increasing steadily, and I wanted to spare Cora the worst of it.

She was still talking, pointing at a pair of cuff links made from old cable-car tokens. I knew she'd become aware of the footsteps in a moment and turn to see whoever was passing. I had to prepare her before she turned and saw Max full in the face without warning, and — not wanting to — I turned my head slowly. A permanent awning projects over the storefronts along here, and the light from the windows seemed to be confined under it, not reaching the outer edge of the walk beyond the awning. But there was a three-quarter moon just rising above the trees that surround the downtown area, and by that pale light I saw Max walking briskly along that outer edge of sidewalk beside the curb, only a dozen yards away now. He was bareheaded and I saw his face sharp and clear, and it was Max beyond all doubt. There was no way to say anything else to myself.

I slipped my hand under Cora's coat sleeve and began squeezing her upper arm, steadily harder and harder, till it must have approached pain — and she understood, becoming aware of the footsteps. I felt her body stiffen and I wished she wouldn't but knew she had to — she turned. Then we stood there as he



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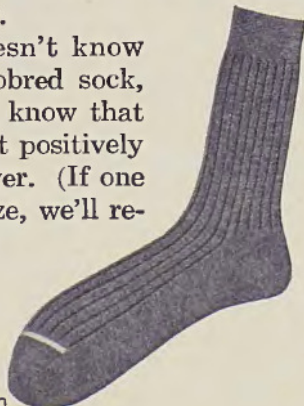
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walked steadily toward us in the moonlight. My scalp stirred, each hair of my head moved and tried to stand. The skin all over my body chilled as the blood receded from it. Beside me Cora stood shivering, violently, and her teeth were chattering, the only time in my life I've ever heard the sound. I believe she would have fallen except for my grip on her arm.

Courage was useless, and I don't claim I had any, but it seemed to me that to save Cora from some unspeakable consequence of fear beyond ability to bear it that I had to speak and that I had to do it casually. I can't say why I thought that, but as Max approached—his regular steadily advancing steps the only sound left in the world now, his white face in the moonlight not 10 feet away—I said, "Hello, Max."

At first I thought he wasn't going to answer or respond in any way. He walked on, eyes straight ahead, for at least two more steps, then his head turned very slowly as though the effort were enormous, and he looked at us as he passed with a terrible sadness lying motionless in his eyes. Then, just as slowly, he turned away again, eyes forward, and he was actually a pace or two beyond us when his voice—a dead monotone, the effort tremendous—said, "Hello," and it was the voice of despair absolute and hopeless.

The street curves just ahead, he would disappear around its bend in a moment, and as I stared after him, in spite of the fear and sorrow for Max, I was astounded at what I saw now. There is a kind of jacket which rightly or wrongly I associate with a certain kind of slouching, thumbs-hooked-in-the-belt juvenile exhibitionist. They are made of some sort of shiny sateenlike cloth, always in two bright and violently contrasting colors—the sleeves yellow, the body a chemical green, for example—and usually a name of some sort is lettered across its back. Teenage gangs wear them, or used to.

Max wore one now. It was hard to tell colors in the moonlight, but I think it was orange with red sleeves, and stitched on the back in a great flowing script that nearly covered it was *Max K*. Then he was gone, around the corner, his fading footsteps continuing two, three, four or five more times as they dwindled into silence.

I had to support Cora, and her feet stumbled as we walked to the car. In the car she began to cry, rocking back and forth, her hands over her face. She told me later that she'd cried from grief at feeling such fear of Max. But it helped her, and I drove us to lights and people then: to a crowded bar away from Mill Valley in Sausalito a few miles off. We sat and drank then, several brandies each, and talked and wondered and asked each other the same questions but had no answers.

I think other people saw Max in Mill Valley during those days. One of the local cabdrivers who park by the bus station walked up to me one day; actually he strolled, hands in pockets, making a point of seeming very casual. He said, "Say, that friend of yours, that young guy used to be around town that died?" There was caution in his voice, and he stood watching me closely as I answered. I nodded and said yeah to show that I understood who he meant. "Well, did he have a brother or something?" the driver said, and I shook my head and said not that I knew of. He nodded but was unsatisfied, still watching my face and waiting for me to offer something more but I didn't. And I knew he'd seen Max. I'm sure others saw him and knew who it was, as Cora and I did; it isn't something you mention casually. And I suppose there were those who saw him and merely recognized him vaguely as someone they'd seen around town before.

I walked over to Max' old house a day or so after we'd seen him; by that time, of course, I knew why he'd come back. The real-estate office that had it listed for rental again would have let

me have the key if I'd asked; they knew me. But I didn't know what I could tell them as a reason for going in. It was an old house, run down, too small for most people; not the kind that rents quickly or that anyone bothers guarding too diligently. I felt sure I could get in somewhere, and on the tiny back porch, shielded from view, I tried the kitchen window and it opened and I climbed in.

The few scraps of furniture that had come with the place were still there, in the silence: a wooden table and two chairs in the tiny kitchen which Max had hardly used; the iron single bed in the bedroom; the worn-out musty-smelling davenport and matching chair in the living room and the rickety card table beside the front windows where Max had worked. What little I found, I found lying on the floor beside the table; two crumpled-up wads of the yellow copy paper Max had used.

I opened them up, but it's hard to describe what was written on them. There were single words and what seemed to be parts of words and fragments of sentences and completely unreadable scribbles, all written in pencil. There was a word that might have been *forest* or *foreign*; the final letters degenerated into a scrawl as though the hand holding the pencil had begun to fall away from the paper before it could finish. There was an unfinished sentence beginning, *She ran to*, and the stroke crossing the *t* wavered on partway across and then down the sheet till it ran off the bottom. There is no use describing in detail what is on those two crumpled sheets; there's no sense to be made of it, though I've often tried. It looks, I imagine, like the scrawlings of a man weak from fever and in delirium; as though every squiggle and wobbly line were made with almost-impossible effort. And I'm sure they were. It is true that they might be notes jotted down months earlier when Max was alive and which no one bothered to pick up and remove; but I know they aren't. They're the reason Max came back.



They're what he tried to do, and failed.

I don't know what ghosts are or why, in rare instances, they appear. Maybe all human beings have the power, if they have the will, to reappear as Max and a few others have done occasionally down through the centuries. But I believe that to do so takes some kind of terrible and unimaginable expenditure of psychic energy. I think it takes such a fearful effort of will that it is beyond our imagining; and that only very rarely is such an incredible effort made.

I think a Shakespeare killed before *Hamlet*, *Othello* and *Macbeth* were written might have put forth such effort and returned. And I know that Max Kingery did. But there was almost nothing left over to do what he came back for. Those meaningless fragments were the utmost he could accomplish. His appearances were at the cost of tremendous effort, and I think that to even turn his head and look at us in addition, as he did the night we saw him, and then to actually pronounce an audible word besides, were efforts no one alive can understand.

It was beyond him, he could not return and then write the books that were to have made the name of Max Kingery what he'd been certain it was destined to be. And so he had to give up; we never saw Max again, though we saw two more places he'd been.

Cora and I were driving to San Rafael over the county road. You can get there on a six-lane highway now, 101, that slices straight through the hills, but this was once part of the only road between the two towns and it winds a lot around and between the Marin County hills, under the trees. It's a pleasant narrow little two-lane road, and we like to take it once in a while; I believe it's still the shortest route to San Rafael, winding though it is. This was the end of January or early in February, I don't remember. It was early in the week, I'd taken the day off, and Cora wanted something at Penney's so we drove over.

Twenty or 30 feet up on the side of a

hill about a mile outside Mill Valley there's an outcropping of smooth-faced rock facing the road, and Cora glanced at it, exclaimed and pointed, and I jammed on the brakes and looked up where she was pointing. There on the rock facing the public road, painted in great four-foot letters, was *Max Ki*, the lines crude and uneven, dribblets of paint running down past the bottoms of letters, the final stroke continuing on down the face of the rock until the paint or oil on the brush or stick had run thin and faded away. We knew Max had painted it—his name or as much of it as he could manage—and staring up at it now, I understood the loud jacket with *Max K* on its back, and the carnival straw hat with the big red initials.

For who *are* the people who paint their names or initials in public places and on the rocks that face our highways? Driving from San Francisco to Reno through the Donner Pass you see them by the hundreds, some painted so high that the rocks must have been scaled, dangerously, to do it. I used to puzzle over them: to paint your name or initials up there in the mountains wasn't impulse. It took planning. You'd have to drive over a hundred miles with the can of paint on the floor of the car. Who would do that? And who would wear the caps stitched with initials and the jackets with names on their backs? It was plain to me now; they are the people, of course, who feel that they have no identity. And who are fighting for one.

They are unknown, nearly invisible, so they feel; and their names or initials held up to the uninterested eyes of the world are silent shouts of, "Hey, look at me!" Children shout it incessantly while acquiring their identities, and if they never acquire one maybe they never stop shouting. Because the things they do must always leave them with a feeling of emptiness. Initials on their caps, names on their jackets, or even painted high on a cliff visible for miles, they must always feel their failure to leave a real mark, and so they repeat it again and

again. And Max who had to be someone, who *had* to be, did as they did, finally, from desperation. To have never been anyone and to be forgotten completely was not to be borne. At whatever cost he too had to try to leave his name behind him, even if he were reduced to painting it on a rock.

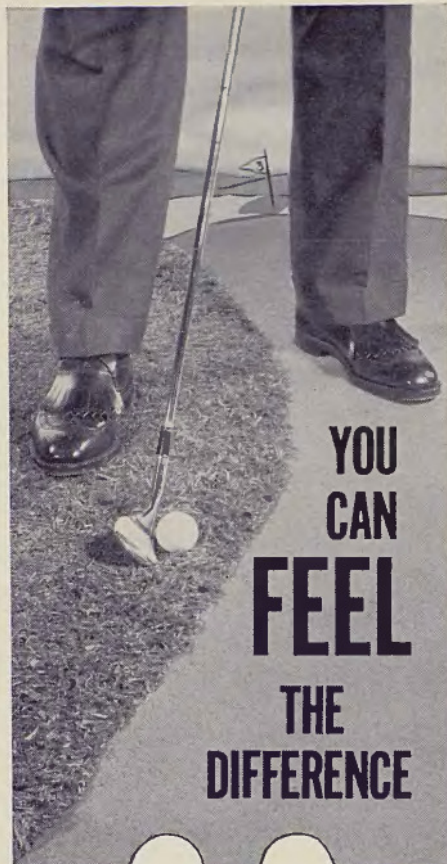
I visited the cemetery once more that spring; plodding up the hill, eyes on the ground. Nearing the crest I looked up, then stopped in my tracks, astounded. There at the head of Max' grave stood an enormous gray stone, the biggest by far of any in sight, and it was made not of concrete or pressed stone but of the finest granite. It would last a thousand years, and cut deeply into its face in big letters was MAXWELL KINGERY, AUTHOR.

Down in his shop outside the gates I talked to the middle-aged stonecutter in the little office at the front of the building; he was wearing a work apron and cap. He said, "Yes, certainly I remember the man who ordered it: black hair and eyes, heavy glasses. He told me what it should say, and I wrote it down. Your name's Peter Marks, isn't it?" I said it was, and he nodded as though he knew it. "Yes, he told me you'd be here, and I knew you would. Hard for him to talk; had some speech impediment, but I understood him." He turned to a littered desk, leafed through a little stack of papers, then found the one he wanted, and slid it across the counter to me. "He said you'd be in and pay for it: here's the bill. It's expensive but worth it, a fine stone and the only one here I know of for an author."

For several moments I just stood there staring at the paper in my hand. Then I did the only thing left to do, and got out one of the checks I carry in my wallet. Waiting while I wrote, the stonecutter said politely, "And what do you do, Mr. Marks; you an author, too?"

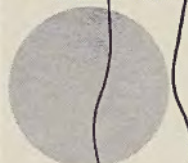
"No," I said, signing the check, then I looked up smiling. "I'm just a critic."





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BACK TO CAMPUS

(continued from page 100)

light yellow and subtly striped oxford cloth (white *only*, however, at tradition-bound Tulane). Tradition reigns also in neckwear, with no perceptible revival of regimental stripes, as in the Northeast, to challenge the continuing pre-eminence of the classic rep. In a supporting role, the standard selection of challis, madriers, foulards and black knits is complemented in warmer climes by a bright palette of summery batiks, madras and citrus-toned shantung. Conventional coat-type buttondowns in quiet plaids, checks and stripes will dominate the sport-shirt scene—some short-sleeved for Deep South comfort—with the trim knit pullover in subdued solid tones (especially upsurgent navy) as a strong second choice. Climates at most Southern schools are too benign for bulky outerwear; but for casual needs, a small selection of sweaters in varying weights, weaves and styles—crews, cardigans, and V-necks in alpaca, Shetland, lamb's wool, camel's hair or sturdy synthetic blends of conservative shade and pattern—will serve to warm the Washington and Lee man at a frosty gridiron gathering, the Clemson upperclassman on unseasonably chilly early-autumn strolls across campus, even the Rollins undergrad after a splash in the Florida surf. (Fit out with a pair of quick-drying swimsuits, by the way—one brief, one boxer—if you're bound for such sunny shores.) In the area of dresswear, no overcoat will be necessary; one or two lightweight topcoats—a semifitted cheviot Chesterfield, herringbone tweed, split raglan or bal-collar gabardine, with the zip-in lining an advisable option for cooler climes—will be comfortably correct on any campus. For inclement occasions, and for all-weather wear at the Southernmost schools, where even a topcoat is dispensable, a single Dacron-poplin tan balmacaan raincoat should prove more than adequate weatherwise and otherwise. Informal outerwear, a major item in the Ivy League wardrobe, holds little interest for Southern students—except in the chillier environs of the near-North, where a light Dacron-cotton golf jacket, fleece-lined poplin surcoat, hip-length heksuede stadium coat or loden will be eminently welcome during the winter months. Shoe-gear fashions will follow in Northeastern footsteps with cordovan bluchers, black or brown loafers, tennis shoes, wingtips and formal slip-ons supplemented by plain-toed, grained-leather brogues instead of the warm boots prescribed for the nipper North. Exception: pack a pair of sturdy chukka boots if you're headed for the University of Kentucky.

THE MIDWEST: The outline is essentially Ivy, and the emphasis, as might be ex-

pected here in the nation's icy winter heartland, is on hefty fabrics offering warm but weightless insulation from the elements. A major fashion trend at Eastern universities, the three-piece casual suit promises to become a practical necessity as well as a smart style on wintry Midwestern campuses. In solid tones, small glen plaids and midget herringbones of navy, gray and olive tweeds, corduroys and Shetlands, it combines the tasteful conservatism of its British model with the twofold protection of a jacket and waistcoat. The vestless Ivy suit remains classically correct, though cutaway-fronted Continental models find an isolated outpost of acceptance in subdued plaid patterns at Iowa State. The Midwestern look in sports coats is a subtle blend of tradition and innovation: heavy tweeds and Shetlands in low-keyed plaids and herringbones, full-weight cashmere in manly tans, sumptuous heksuedes in warm weights and richer earth tones; and a burst of blue blazers from Nebraska to Antioch—in black and olive at the University of Wisconsin. Formal-wear protocol dictates black on all campuses—either with shawl collar or semipeaked grosgrain lapels, according to taste. The complete trouser wardrobe should include heavyweight worsted flannels in olive and oxford gray, cords ranging from black to buff, woolen mixtures in charcoal brown and muted plaids and—again at Iowa State—a selection of chinos and corduroys in tan, black and olive for classroom and coffee-break wear. In white, blue, pale yellow and striped oxford cloth, buttondown and tab-style collars will run nearly neck and neck in dress-shirt preference; and coat-style sport shirts in buttondown stripes, plaids and solids can be expected to outpull pullovers for casual wear. (Note: the checked dress shirt and the spread-collar sport shirt are both big at unorthodox Iowa State.) A black knit tie is indispensable to the dress wardrobe, along with the rep stripes, challis and foulards considered standard college neckwear throughout the country. Midwestern winter outerwear—especially in the frosty plains states and Great Lakes region—is the warmest in the country, and with ample reason. The heaviest woolen overcoat, preferably a semifitted black Chesterfield with matching velvet collar, is right—and amply warm—for outdoor dress in these snowswept parts. For early fall and late spring wear, a trio of zip-lined topcoats is advised: a tan or olive Dacron-cotton fly-front raincoat; a full-length, fly-front cheviot (or the split raglan model, as worn by the B.M.O.C.s at the University of Wisconsin) for dress needs; and a three-quarter-length tweed warmer or tailored camel's-hair polo coat for informal occasions. The casual outerwear wardrobe ideally includes

three additional coats: a lightweight poplin golf jacket for between-season chills, plus two heavyweights—a three-quarter-length and a full-length parka, duffle or stadium coat in wool, tweed, suede or corduroy with opulent alpaca or shearling lining. The sweater wardrobe, similarly, should be larger than for more clement climes: perhaps half a dozen in varied styles—cardigans, ski types, and plain-shoulder pullovers with crew neck or V-front—of Shetland, alpaca, lamb's wool and camel's hair, ranging from lightweights for early-season undercoat wear to midweights for late-season outerwear to bulky-knit heavyweights for midwinter ski trips and cross-campus constitutionals. Midwestern college men will be putting their best foot forward in the same shoes specified for Northeastern campuses: cordovan bluchers, hand-stitched loafers, tennis shoes, desert boots, wingtips and formal slip-ons.

THE SOUTHWEST: Without losing its individual sartorial stamp, this erstwhile stronghold of ultracasual insularity has acquired a decorous new profile of Ivy inspiration second in stylish propriety only to that of the South. A major movement elsewhere in the nation, the three-piece suit will be no less central to the style trends of this campus fashion center. In the year-round summer heat of Brigham Young and Arizona State, and even in the unpredictable climes of Rice and Baylor—where a sudden Texas “norther” can plunge the mercury by 40 degrees in an hour or less—vested suits will be showing up in weights and weaves well suited to the season. For cool hot-weather wear, they’ll be available in airy seersuckers, hopsackings and wash-and-wear synthetics; for moderate but more changeable temperatures, in medium-weight mohair blends, Orlon-wool blends and casual corduroys in muted shades of navy, black, gray and olive. In a counter-trend to the national fashion, the contrasting waistcoat will figure prominently in the fall and winter campus silhouette, with the familiar plaid, striped, madras and batik designs complemented by an audacious new line of brocadelike “Bat Masterson” vests for the venturesome. Ivy-oriented sports coats—in navy, gray and olive solids and subtle herring-bones of midweight flannel and worsted and in porous-weave poplins, gabardines, whipcords and softly striped cottons for balmy climates—will prevail from Oklahoma to New Mexico; these will be offset by the offbeat double-breasted navy blazer and the muted plaid sports coat that dominate the jacket scene at Rice and the University of Houston. Dinner jackets find most use at seasonal balls and proms; on such gilt-edge occasions, dresswear dicta decree black for fall and winter, white for spring, throughout the Southwest. With unstudied informality,



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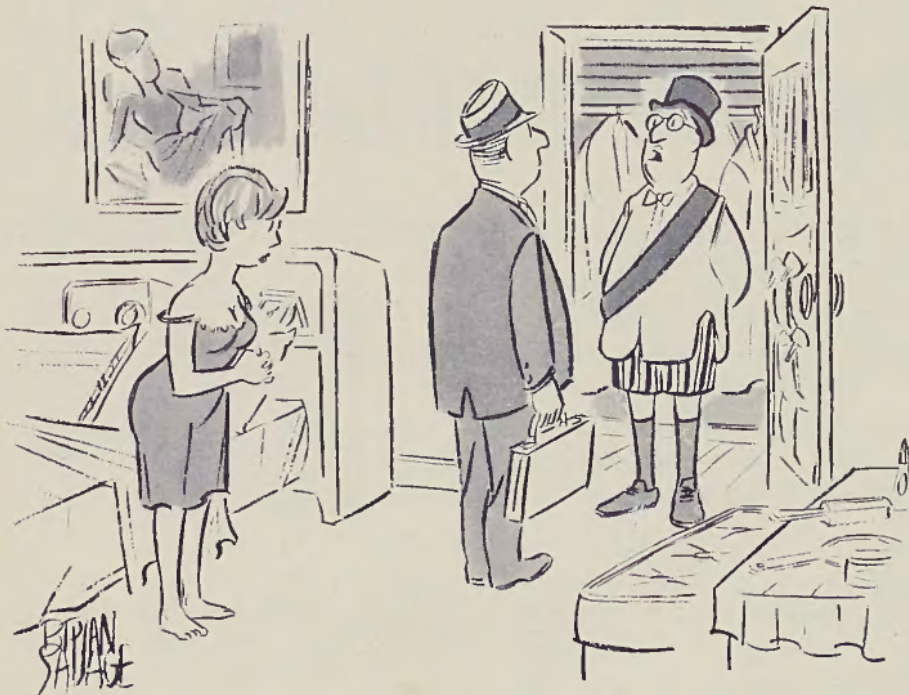
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but with admirable neatness, tan chinos are worn interchangeably with wheat-colored jeans to both seminar and social. In the breezy social atmosphere of Rice and Oklahoma, walk shorts will be ubiquitously in evidence. If you're destined for either campus, we advise packing five or six pairs in subdued solid shades and madras patterns of lightweight poplin and cotton-synthetic mixtures. On the dress-shirt front, buttondowns and tabs share the esteem of the style-wise in standard white, pale blue and subtle stripings. Coat-type sport shirts will be making the buttondown scene in low-key paisleys, batiks and hopsackings; and short-sleeved pullovers can be expected to come on strong in solid tones of cotton-Banlon knit mixtures. Ties of tastefully restrained challis, reps, foulards and the perennial black knit will be encircling the necks of the knowledgeable from Tulsa to Tucson. In a variety of weights and weaves to fit unpredictable weather, aware sweater-wearers will don V-neck pullovers of bulky-knit alpaca and worsted yarns in citrus-hued crews and boat necks of lush lamb's wool and shaggy Shetland. As in the South, overcoats are largely unnecessary. A three-quarter-length Dacron-cotton raincoat in oyster white or tan, plus a single dress topcoat with zip-in lining—fly-front herringbone, split raglan, lightweight tweed balmacaan (especially at the University of Texas), or worsted gabardine bal—should gear the undergrad for any inclemency. A couple of cool-weather casual coats should wrap up his outerwear requirements: a lightweight plaid poplin car coat, hip-length

golf jacket or laminated knit windbreaker, plus a heavyweight heeksuede stadium coat or hooded parka with blizzardproof lining of alpaca or shearling. Anent footgear: Southwestern scholars will be taking great social strides in the same footwear prescribed for the Southland's fast-stepping student body.

THE WEST COAST: Perhaps to no other campuses could the collegian set out with water skis over one shoulder, snow skis over the other, a golf bag in tow and a tennis racket strapped to his skindiving gear, in the hope of using them all within easy reach of his chosen school. Yet such are the manifold blandishments of our Pacific Coast—from the cool shores of the Northwest to the balmy beaches of Southern California; such also are among the reasons that coastal campus wear has acquired its unique image, somehow with compatible coexistence, both as an outpost of classic Ivy League conservatism and as a fountainhead of innovative indoor-outdoor fashion. From Seattle to San Diego, the traditional three-button Ivy profile continues to set the suitwear pace in *sotto voce* tones of Bostonian propriety. It was at UCLA and Fresno State, however, that the much-touted three-piece suit was first revived and updated as a departure from campus-wear conventions. In tastefully understated navy, charcoal and olive solids and herringbones, both this resurgent suit style and standard vestless models will be abounding north and south: in midweight flannels at Stanford, in sleek sharkskins and mohair-silk-wools at USC and UCLA. Blazers will be cutting a stylish figure on all campuses in

sedate shades of navy and olive; but conventionally cut jackets in lightweight versions of earth-toned tweeds and muted plaids of denim and Dacron-cotton will continue to maintain a substantial lead in sports-coat preference. Formal-wear etiquette indicates the white dinner jacket for Southern California, black from San Francisco northward. Low-key browns and olives, predictably, will predominate in the new line of lean slacks, mostly in midweight flannels and Dacron-wools. White oxfords, tailored with tab collars and French cuffs (barrel buttondowns are out), will all but monopolize the dress-shirt scene. Sport shirts—mostly short-sleeved, button-front models in subdued batiks, hopsackings and mosaic patterns—will be a major category in the informal West Coast wardrobe, particularly on California campuses; we therefore advise packing proportionately more of them than for other college scenes. Restrained rep stripes and black knits, as elsewhere, will prevail in neckwear, quietly complemented by a discerning assortment of challis and foulards in slightly unconventional two-and-a-quarter-inch widths. The need for full-fledged outerwear is negligible in the benign climate of Southern California schools, but even amidst the palm trees and tropic flowers of San Diego and Santa Barbara, a light sweater for chilly autumn evenings will be comfortably functional. Bulky-knit cardigans are favored in bantamweight synthetics, sumptuous cashmeres and supersoft alpacas, available in warmer weaves for the cooler reaches of the Northwest. Here, an additional poplin car coat, hip-length suede stadium coat or laminated knit golf jacket are recommended as midwinter warmers for casual wear. (Note: bold-striped surcoats are the inside word on outerwear at Fresno State.) In any campus climate, the three-quarter-length raglan-shoulder raincoat in Dacron-cotton will serve well both as wetwear and dress topcoat. With a surf season lasting all year round on Southern California shores, and from April to October in Washington and Oregon, coastal campus fashions gravitate naturally to the beach. Poplin and cotton-blend walk shorts will be strutting their stuff at the surfside as well as on campus in tints and patterns ranging from understated to uninhibited. Three or four pairs are par for the California course, two or three in the Northwest. Two pairs of quick-drying bathing trunks—one brief, one boxer type—should keep you comfortably in the social swim. As a final footnote for our regional fashion run-down, we recommend the same smart footgear indicated for the Northeastern wardrobe—with the sole substitution of a lightweight suede casual shoe for cold-weather boots—to put you on a solid footing in any college company.



"I trust you've heard of diplomatic immunity?"





Playboy Club News



VOL. II, NO. 26

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SPECIAL EDITION

YOUR ONE PLAYBOY CLUB KEY
ADMITS YOU TO ALL PLAYBOY CLUBS

SEPT., 1962

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MIAMI (Through August 29)—Taylor & Mitchell, Will Mercer, Jack Pyle, Jamie Lyn Trio, Teri Thornton. **(Opening August 30)**—Kenny Milton, The Chuck-A-Lucks, The Starr Sisters, Jerry Van Dyke, Roy Petty, Sylvia Copeland.

NEW ORLEANS (Through August 29)—Kenny Milton, Clancy Hayes, Jimmy Saunders, Dave Madden, Philly Duke, Slappy White. **(Opening August 30)**—Taylor & Mitchell, Max Cooper, Frank Rand, Peggy Lord, Kathy Keegan, King and Mary.

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AND YOU'LL MEET HER IN
NEXT MONTH'S PLAYBOY

STIRLING MOSS

(continued from page 78)

before you see it, you will be absurdly slow or you will crash. It is sometimes necessary to go through a right-hand bend with the car pointing to the left. An Italian like Piero Taruffi, who won in 1957, having driven Brescia-Rome-Brescia scores of times in his 54 years, *knew* which way the road went. (He was also a famous mountain driver.) Moss realized that neither he nor Jenkinson nor any other Englishman could memorize 1000 miles of Italian road—but he thought it might be possible to plot or map 1000 miles of road, if he could find a man cold enough to sit beside him, read the map, and *tell* him which way the road went after every curve.

Moss and Jenkinson ran the course in practice again and again, smashed two cars (one of them against an Italian army truck full of live bombs), and put it all down on a strip of paper 17 feet long, rolled into a plastic tube. They then made up a set of hand signals, since the car was an open one and conversation would be out of the question. A signal might mean "right-hand bend, flat out in fourth gear, straight afterward." Finally, Moss developed so much confidence in Jenkinson that he could unhesitatingly accept Jenkinson's signal that the road went straight after a blind brow ahead; he could hold his foot flat on the floor, go over the crest at 170 miles an hour, let the car fly through the air for 50 yards, and press on. They went into *cities* at 125-150 mph. It was what Jenkinson termed "nine-tenths and ten-tenths motoring"—absolutely flat out, nothing left. He told of their 300SLR Mercedes-Benz passing low-flying airplanes; of Moss, going down a steep hill in third gear, shifting up to fourth and standing on the accelerator pedal. "It took a brave man . . ." he wrote later. Jenkinson was burned by the hot gearbox; the sideways g forces in the turns made him vomit; he lost his glasses overboard in the slipstream, but in 10 hours, 7 minutes and 48 seconds of driving he made not one mistake and missed giving only one signal, when a full tank sloshed a pint of gasoline down his neck. Afterward he found it extremely difficult to express his admiration for Moss' mastery of one of the fastest cars in the world over 1000 miles of ordinary Italian roadway. As for Moss, he said, "I might have finished the race without Denis Jenkinson, although I doubt it, but I couldn't possibly have won without him."

Moss went to the festive victory dinner in Brescia. Then, noticing that he wasn't really tired, although he'd driven 1000 miles since morning, he got into his own car and drove to Stuttgart, Germany, and on from there to Cologne, where he took a plane to England.

In Germany, in 1961, he had another

legendary triumph: he won the German Grand Prix on the Nürburgring in a car that was demonstrably 20 miles an hour slower than the favored Ferraris. The Nürburgring, in the Black Mountains, is one of the most frightening and difficult of circuits, 14.2 miles to the lap, with up- and down-hill grades as high as 1 in 5, and 174 bends and corners. It is a "driver's circuit," which is to say that the driver is more important than the car; skill counts on the Nürburgring, and the courage to put your foot flat on the floor can never be decisive, although you can't win without it. A virtuoso can do wonders on the Nürburgring. In 1935 Tazio Nuvolari beat the combined Mercedes-Benz and Auto-Union teams of Germany, held to be absolutely un conquerable except by each other, and he beat them in an aging Alfa-Romeo that was 20 miles an hour slower than they were. Moss' 1961 run on the Nürburgring, in an aging, outmoded, privately owned Lotus running against Phil Hill, champion of the world, leading the factory Ferraris, was the first to be seriously compared with Nuvolari's victory of 26 years before. Moss beat the Ferrari team by 21 seconds, which is a long time as Grand Prix racing goes today.

The car he used was the same Lotus with which he had won the 1961 Grand Prix of Monaco earlier in the season, another race held to be an imperishable example of his skill, a classic. Again, he did it on a driver's course: the Monaco G.P. is run through the streets of Monte Carlo. The knife-edge corners of marble buildings, glass shop fronts, trees, the deep water of the harbor wait for the driver who makes one small mistake. This year, the trees killed one driver and flying debris from another crash killed a track official. Only *virtuosi* can do 100 really fast laps through the streets of Monte Carlo. "To go flat out through a bend that is surrounded everywhere by level lawn is one thing," Moss has said, "but to go flat out through a bend that has a stone wall on one side and a precipice on the other—that's an *achievement!*"

"Last year at Monte Carlo," Moss told me, speaking in what was for him an oddly slow and sober fashion, "I was absolutely flat out *at my own rating*. That is very unusual. One doesn't very often run a race flat out—ten-tenths. Nine-tenths, yes. But at Monte Carlo every corner, every lap as far as I remember I was trying to drive the fastest I possibly could, to within a hairs-breadth of the limit. Driving like that is tremendously tiring, just tremendously tiring, most people have no idea what it does to one." (On a hot day cockpit temperatures may reach 150° F; a man may lose 5-8 pounds; on some confined circuits, Monaco is one, crash-causing carbon monoxide poisoning from the

car just ahead is a real danger.)

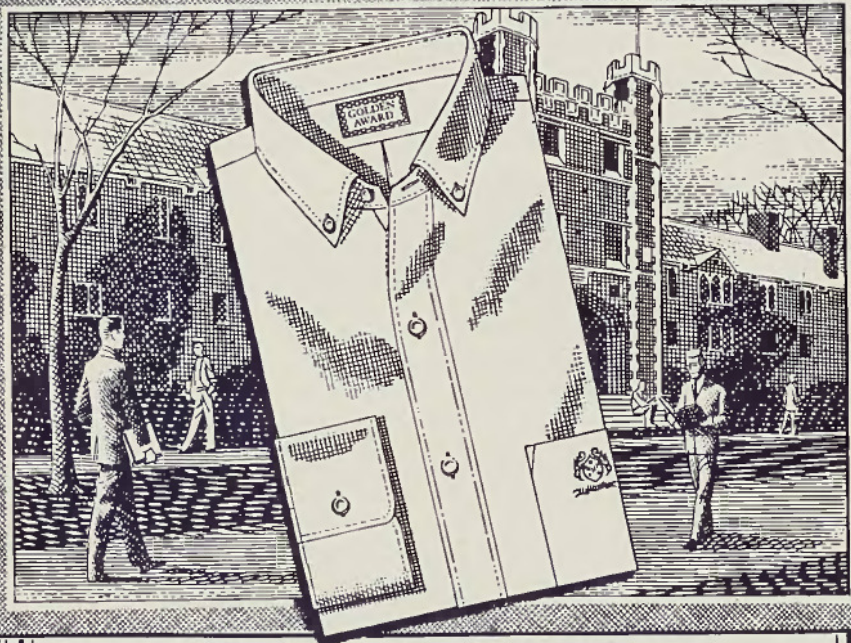
Three quarters of the way through the 1961 Monte Carlo race, Phil Hill, lying second, signaled the Ferrari No. 2 man, Richie Ginther, running behind him, to take up the attack on Moss. Ginther, a tiger, drove the race of his life and Moss beat him by three seconds and a bit. The Monte Carlo crowd, sophisticated in motor-racing, was hysterical; the knowledgeable people in the pits, knowing Moss was doing something that really could not be done, were transfixed. Rob Walker, who owned the car Moss was driving, and who used to drive as an amateur, said, "The last few laps I stopped watching; I couldn't look anymore, I couldn't stand it."

This year, 1962, Moss didn't run at Monte Carlo. He watched the race on television in his room in Atkinson Morley's hospital. There were the last few laps to run, and Phil Hill, champion of the world, was increasing his lap speeds fantastically in an attempt to catch Bruce McLaren, winning, when the BBC shut the program off in order to accommodate a serial. Moss was furious, but his primary concern, characteristically, was to get a radio going in time to hear the end of the broadcast. He has a curiously equable temperament for one so volatile. Race-driving sometimes makes short tempers. I have seen wrenches thrown, and the French driver Jean Behra, killed at Avus in 1959, once punched a Ferrari team manager, but Moss has never gone past the gesture of fist-waving, which is merely a convention, at a driver who balks his passing. A good boxer and beginning judo player (green belt), he hasn't had a fight since he was a boy in school. He is never rude and rarely cuttingly sarcastic, but he will occasionally defend himself with a short answer.

Bone-deep toughness and a curious tendency to return to dead-center egotism have marked every man and woman I've ever known who had accomplished much, or who had come anywhere near the aura of greatness, whether statesman, artist, writer, film producer or whatever. Moss is of this pattern, as he must be, and differs from the norm only in demonstrating less overt ego and more humility than any other great accomplisher I've known. I remember saying to a bullfighter, years ago, before I knew better, "You are the most completely egotistical bastard I've ever met." He said, "You don't understand. When I go in there, if I don't really and truly believe I am the best in the world, I had better not go in at all." That is part of it, that and the obsession. Everyone who accomplishes greatly is obsessed with one purpose, nearly blind to all else; he can only with difficulty tear his mind away from the one thing that is important to him to consider lesser matters—and everything except

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his central purpose in life is a lesser matter. In the light of the obsession I know he has to live with, I am inclined to marvel at Moss' gaiety every time I see him. I know very well he forces it, but still, it's there.

I amuse myself, when I have an appointment with him, by being punctual. He is unfailingly punctual, and he is the only person I know who really appreciates punctuality. Just before Easter I had an appointment with him for four o'clock one afternoon. I have an accurate watch, and I opened the door of his office within five seconds, plus or minus, of the hour. He looked at his own watch. "God, that's wonderful!" he said. "You're spot-on time!" He was as pleased as if I'd brought him a present. He was ready to go, but an emergency had come up, he had to make one phone call. He had to hire a carpenter, the crew working on his new house was a man short. The house is in Shepherd Street in London's West End, a building he had gutted and redone to his own design. He has some ability as a designer. There are offices on the ground floor, living quarters on the next three: a garden, a penthouse, sunken bath with bedside controls, television set in the ceiling of the master bedroom, closed-circuit TV to the front door. He was living there in a jungle of electric conduit, wet plaster and sawdust. In a two-car garage on the ground floor next to the office there was a yellow Lotus Elite and we got into it. I asked him how he liked it.

"There's nothing like it," he said. "There is no other motorcar, this side of a race-car, that handles like an Elite. Coming back from Snetterton the other day I averaged 60 without ever going over 70, and I think that's remarkable. It's the best thing of its kind in the world."

I was pleased to hear that, because it had been my own opinion for some time. We ran out into the traffic of Park Lane. He drove fast, but not conspicuously or spectacularly so; there was nothing remarkable about his driving except the machinelike precision with which he shifted gears.

A couple of girls in a Mini-Minor ran up beside us and looked in and smiled. "Crumpt to port," I said. "I see," he said. We smiled at them. "The one driving is nice," Moss said. He let them pass and in the next block passed them. If he had stopped, they would have pulled up behind him. Moss' stunning effect on many women demonstrates no technique, but derives from his brute energy, his profound interest in what goes on around him, and his civility. He is essentially kind. Last year he saw on television a man who was paralyzed and who needed, for business, a small truck. Moss bought one, had it fitted with hand controls and delivered—in the strictest secrecy. Nothing was known of it until

the story leaked following the Goodwood accident. Also after the accident two brief letters from spectators were printed in a motoring magazine, remarking that before the race began, a time when most drivers are apt to be edgy, Moss had found time to take a man in a wheelchair on a 30-minute tour of the paddock area to show him the cars; and had taken someone else, similarly immobile, on a complete tour of the circuit in a car, pointing out the various corners so that the announcer's comments would be more graphic to him. He then found the man a good vantage point from which to watch the race, and took him to it. In talking about him women insistently remark about his force, his impact and his kindness, which they usually cite as thoughtfulness—and those of them who know they are listed in a series of little black books, with coded reminders, are not much the less moved. Oddly, though he may complain that the day is ruined if he comes into London airport at midnight and doesn't have a date waiting, Moss is psychologically out of phase with the Don Juan role. He was perfectly faithful to his wife during his marriage and indeed for some time afterward. Fidelity to one woman would be his free choice, but it was suggested to him that it's possible to forget one woman with many. I don't know if, another time, he'd have stopped and let the two girls in the Mini-Minor stop behind him, but he has driven alongside a girl before this and made a date without much more than slowing down enough to be heard. At any rate we turned off abruptly and lost them.

We went into the little ground-floor apartment in Earl's Court Road. I unlimbered a tape recorder, plugged it in and tested it carefully. There was an electric fire in the grate. It was cold outside; a heavy, wet wind leaned on the side of the building and shook it.

Unlike some drivers, for Moss the automobile has no compelling fascination as an automobile; and he doesn't like to fiddle about with them either. He won't say so, but obviously automobiles bore him. He is like a painter asked about brushes. He's interested in what a man can do with automobiles, and what they can do for him.

"It's odd, how many commonly held ideas are all wrong," he said. "The notion that you need a lot of raw courage to race, for instance. Actually I don't think courage is any advantage at all except in certain special circumstances. It's a disadvantage. If a driver has too much courage it's difficult for him to discover his limitations until perhaps it's too late. We've both known people who had more courage than judgment and they are no longer with us.

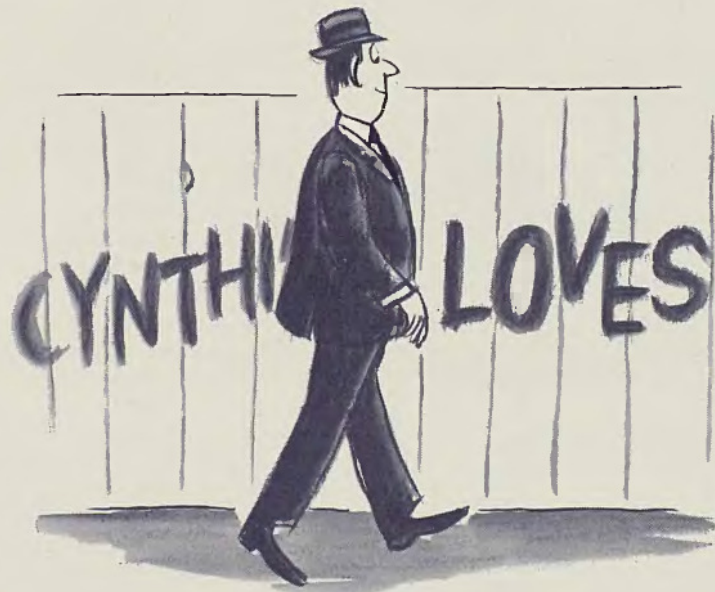
"I would say courage comes into the equation, oh, let's say you're driving a

car of a team and a wheel falls off a teammate's car and you see it at the side of the road and you have to keep going, in a sister car, identical. That takes a certain amount of courage.

"It took courage as far as I was concerned to do the record attempt with the MG on the salt flats in Utah [where he set five world records] mainly because they buttoned me into the thing and I knew it took three miles to stop it and there wasn't a hope in hell of getting out of it if it caught fire. That I didn't like. I had quite a long time to think about it, while the thing was building up to 100, 150, 200, 250 miles an hour, and the whole situation was made worse by the fact that when you've gone through the measured mile you cut the ignition and put your foot flat down on the accelerator to suck any flames through the engine and out the pipe and when you did that you got a smell of fuel, of fumes throughout the car . . . you wouldn't get out because, to start with, the cockpit lid came down from the front, you knew wind pressure would hold it down even if you could undo it; there was a release inside, but if the thing went on fire you'd be all thumbs. That sort of thing takes a certain amount of courage.

"My greatest recollection of fear? There were two times, one was at Monza [in Italy in 1958] when the steering sheared on the big Maser, the wheel just came loose in my hands; I had time to think about it, but there was nothing I could do. I stood on the brakes, which were nothing, they were sports-car brakes, you couldn't even feel them. The car was doing 160 miles an hour; I thought maybe I could steer it by holding the bare steering-shaft between my feet, which was silly of course; I knew I just had to sit and wait and I knew damned well I had to be killed. I was sure we were going over the top of the banking and I didn't think the retaining wall would hold the car and of course it didn't; I ripped steel posts out of the concrete for more than 50 yards. That Maserati slid for a quarter of a mile, blowing its tires, buckling the wheels . . . when it stopped, and still right side up, I was surprised to find myself alive, I can tell you that.

"The other time was when a wheel came off the Lotus at Spa [in Belgium in 1960]. I was doing about 140 when the car suddenly went into a very violent oversteer condition; first I thought I had hit oil, then I saw the wheel roll past me. I knew I was going to crash, I jumped on the brakes and tried to spin the car around. It's best to hit going backward, it distributes the shock more evenly over your body. I took about 50 miles an hour off it before I hit. I was thrown free, which I much prefer to staying in the car. I was lying on the side of the road and I couldn't see and I couldn't breathe, and that frightened me. I was in great



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pain around my chest and I was afraid I had broken ribs and that they would puncture my heart or my lungs, which was how Bobby Baird died. I was more afraid of that happening than I had been when I knew I was going to hit the bank at around 100 miles an hour."

The Spa incident made minor medical history. Moss had two broken legs, a broken nose, a broken ankle, three broken ribs and three broken vertebrae. But he had normal pulse and normal blood pressure! Belgian doctors told him he would be in a plaster body cast for six months. He insisted on being flown to London, where a specialist he trusted told him that he could heal easily and slowly in plaster or painfully and quickly without it. He elected the quick, hard way in St. Thomas' hospital in London. Three weeks after the accident I telephoned him from New York.

"How are you really?" I said. "I hear all kinds of things."

"I'm in good shape," he said. "I'm going bike riding tomorrow."

"You mean on a stationary bicycle?"

"No, I mean a real bike."

"You're out of your mind. What happens if you fall off?"

"I don't intend to fall off."

Punch ran a Russell Brockbank cartoon showing Moss careening across a Thames bridge in a hospital bed with an engine on it, an ambulance in mad pursuit. Five weeks after the accident he went to the Silverstone circuit to see if the crash had taken anything from him. He broke the course record. Two weeks after that he won the Swedish Grand Prix and set a new record. Eight weeks after the accident he ran in the Portuguese Grand Prix. His car stalled and officials objected to his pushing it downhill to start it. "I can't very well push it uphill," he told them, "after all, damnit, both my legs are broken."

"I remember feeling some fear in Portugal that time," he told me. "I was driving the same car I'd crashed at Spa and that circuit is tree-lined and I remember going through a really fast corner, 130 miles an hour or something like that and the idea flashing through my mind, what would happen if a wheel came off here? All one can really do is put it out of one's mind. One's just got to conquer that. It isn't courage, it's just a case of overcoming whatever it is that worries you."

"People think courage is required for things that don't need it at all. For example, people say to me how do you dare take your hand off the wheel to wave to someone in a corner, maybe they've heard me on the subject of one-hand driving on the road, which I think is so stupid. What they don't know is that once a car is presented to a corner, all things being equal, that is, avoiding oil on the track or something funny hap-

pening, that car has a sort of line of destiny, a line on which the damned thing is going to go no matter what: once a car is set up for a corner, it should hold its line. I remember doing a demonstration in a Healey, in about a 90-mph wide right-hand sweep, where I started on the left, set the car up and then told the student to watch the steering wheel, and I would go from the very left verge, clip within a couple of inches of the apex and go out to the exit to the very verge within say 3 or 4 inches, without moving the steering wheel a fraction of an inch over, say, 250 yards. Of course you do compromise with the throttle, but I think once you've got it set up you should be able to go to nine-tenths motoring anyway. It's only when you're right on the ragged edge, at ten-tenths, that you do need quite a lot of steering to keep the thing exactly in balance, but one doesn't go beyond nine-tenths all that frequently. And so, once you've got the thing set you can let go with one hand or the other, it doesn't make much difference."

(A racing car, at racing speeds, spends quite a lot of time going sideways. "drifting" with all four wheels sliding equally. This is generally held to be the fastest way through a bend, although there is some indication that modern suspension techniques are altering the picture. When the car is going fast enough, and it must be going very fast, the driver will provoke a drift by turning the steering wheel sharply and abruptly—but always smoothly—and by hitting the brakes hard, once. The car's adhesion to the road is broken, and it is thereafter steered with the gas pedal, more gas increasing the angle of drift, or slide, nose pointing to the inside of the bend, and less gas decreasing it. Going through a series of S-bends very fast, a driver can be extremely busy with the steering wheel, and a layman sitting beside him would be quite unable to tell what he was doing. He would be altering not so much the *direction* of the car in the sense of steering the front of it, as altering the whole attitude of the car relative to the road, pointing it now this way and now that way in various sliding positions, breaking and restoring adhesion of the front wheels separately, the rear wheels or all four together. Going through a long S-bend at, say, 125 miles an hour, a driver of Moss' caliber may change the whole direction the car is pointing on the road as many as six times. Maintenance of inch-by-inch control of a car doing perhaps 150 miles an hour partially forward and partially sideways is the essence of the difference between race-driving and ordinary driving. It is a difficult skill to acquire, since it can't be learned with the car going at a safe slow speed. Also the sudden appearance of a patch of oil, sand or water can fatally upset

the requisite balance.)

At the Sebring circuit in Florida, top speeds can get to 150 or so, but there is one acute-angle corner that can't be taken at much over 30. The French journalist Bernard Cahier was standing beside this bend drinking a Coca-Cola when Moss came by and gestured that he wanted one, too. Cahier handed it to him next time he came around and got the empty bottle back the following lap. A couple of bystanders with stopwatches made the curious observation that Moss was no slower in the lap in which he drank the Coke than in the one before it or the one after it.

"It's those two extra arms he puts on when he gets into the car," someone said. Another time at Sebring, banging a sedan through two right-angle corners flat out, he was seen to wave to a friend and almost simultaneously crawl over the seat back to slam a loose rear door.

At a teaching session Moss was demonstrating spins to a succession of students. A photographer who knew him focused on the spot he had stopped the first time and made a dozen more pictures without moving. Moss would come screaming down the track, throw the car sideways, spin it like a top and put it almost into the tire marks it had left the time before. Said another photographer: "I've checked. The man doesn't cast a shadow."

Moss likes to teach novice drivers and











does it well. He learned a great deal from Juan Manuel Fangio when they both drove for Mercedes-Benz, and apparently feels he should pass on what he can. When Innes Ireland, now an internationally ranked driver, was failing to qualify for the Grand Prix of Monaco, Moss told him, "Come around behind me. Just get on my tail and stay there." Moss shrewdly judged the maximum pace Ireland could sustain, Ireland followed his line, his attack in every corner, and qualified. Moss is not wildly popular with other drivers perhaps largely because he is so obsessively concerned with the job, but their respect for him is unlimited: "He never stops trying." "He never has an off day." "He is absolutely dedicated." "Some people can drive only Grand Prix cars well, or sports cars or something else, but Moss can drive anything that has four wheels and a place to sit." No one has ever accused him of anything remotely approaching dirty tactics, although, like all "real" professionals, he knows how much of the road is his and he wants it. If other drivers find it hard to accept the fact that he earns perhaps 10 times the average top-line driver's salary, they do not say so. There are drivers running today who can give Moss a very hard time, but there are many others who can be hanging on the ragged edge of disaster, going just as fast as a stout heart will allow, when Moss runs

up from behind, immaculate in white, utterly relaxed, and blasts on by with the invariable wave of the hand in thanks for moving over, and perhaps at the same time a big smile for a friend beside the road . . . "He makes it look as if you're not *trying*," one said. "He makes the hard things look easy."

At Silverstone in 1960 Moss hit an oil slick at 140 miles an hour. The car went into an uncontrolled spin. It had spun six times when the crowd heard the blip of the engine as Moss dropped down one gear, and on the seventh spin, as the car came around with its nose pointing the right way, he put his foot down and screamed away, waving to acknowledge the frantic hand-clapping he could see if not hear. One had to go back to 1939, and Nuvolari steering across a pool of oil through a gaggle of wrecked cars at Donington to find a tour de force with which to compare it.

One measure of Moss' virtuosity is his preference for a wet course. Many drivers will concede a sinking sensation when they know they will have to drive in the rain; Moss is delighted. He will drive as fast in pouring rain as in sunshine, and since most others will not, he's more likely to win. He is as fast in the wet as Caracciola was, and Caracciola's eyes were so peculiarly constructed that he could drive at top speed in a pouring rain without goggles, and in fact pre-



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ferred to. In addition to being physically insensitive, oculists said, Caracciola's eyes admitted abnormal amounts of light. So do Moss', obviously.

Nuvolari is said to have contributed to racing the idea of the controlled four-wheel drift; Moss brought to it a radical concept of braking. It has from the beginning been held basic to the driving of any automobile, passenger or racing, that the brakes should never be applied in a corner. Brake before the corner, accelerate coming out of it, is holy writ. Braking while actually in the corner was supposed to bring automatic disaster — and it did often seem to. Moss upset all that. He applies brakes when the car is in the actual corner, turning, and then instantly bangs on full acceleration, so that the car is always under either heavy braking or severe acceleration, and spends no time merely coasting. The difference can amount to useful fractions of seconds, and in the frantic world of Grand Prix racing, a tenth of a second in each of 10 corners can make the difference between losing and winning, or between winning desperately or winning almost tranquilly.

Moss can make an impression of serenity and tranquillity, although he has probably never known a moment's tranquillity in his life, but sooner or later the extra nerve endings will show through, and the sandpapering on them: he was telling me how he had momen-

tarily "lost" the car during the last New Zealand Grand Prix.

"A driver senses the loss of the vehicle before it becomes apparent to anyone else, through the steering wheel. It's a funny thing, it's practically a noise. When you lose the back end of a car you just feel it go. When you lose the front end you feel a 'growl' through the steering wheel. You hear a sort of rumble. There *can't* be any sound, you'd never hear any sound, you're wearing earplugs and the engine is screaming away just behind your head, but I can assure you that you nearly hear this sensation, this growling rumbling sound as the thing is losing adhesion. When you lose the whole bloody vehicle you don't get either of these sensations, I suppose the two together just cancel each other out, you just know the car is moving sideways more than it should be at that moment; say it's moving 8 feet sideways per 80 feet forward, and that may be exactly what you want, but if the rate rises to 9 feet sideways per 80 feet forward you know somewhere inside you that this is not right, and if you've worked out the equation quickly enough, you know there's not going to be enough road . . . I wish I could explain that phenomenon of the noise better, I cannot."

The complexity of Grand Prix driving is so great, one marvels that so many survive it. For example, no Grand Prix car has fewer than four gears; many have

five, and six will be common next year. If he is to stay in contention, a driver must keep the car under power as much of the time as he can, therefore he makes gearshifts with stunning speed, as nearly instantaneously as he can. The torque, or twisting effect on the gear shaft, is such that although he has put the gear lever into the proper slot for, say, fourth gear, coming out of third, he may get second. If he cannot correct this situation within half a second or so the car may go out of control and off the road. He may shift gears 500 times in the course of a race. He has only to miss once, he has only to lose the braking effect of one downward shift going into a corner, to kill himself. Race-cars used to be strong and substantial, a factor that was sometimes of use to a driver in a crash. The Bugatti of the 1930s had a chassis frame that was a girder seven inches deep at one point. Today's G.P. cars weigh less than 1000 pounds, and the most advanced design, one that will surely be widely copied, has no chassis or frame of any kind: it is not inaccurate to describe it as three long, very stiff gasoline tanks with an engine bolted to one end, steering gear bolted to the other end, and a reclining seat in the middle. It is conceded that damage to this car in any kind of crash is likely to be substantial — but it's 40 or 50 pounds lighter than competing models, and that's important. Seeing 30 gallons of gasoline poured into the thing, a sober citizen might not wish even to sit in it with the engine running. Its driver will be expected to work it up to 180 miles an hour on some courses, and to run it within six inches of another car if that is necessary. If he declines, he will not be asked a second time. Many are waiting for his seat. But he won't decline. If he can get 185 out of it, he will.

E molto difficile . . .

"You see people who go in over their heads too early and they're not with us anymore," Moss says. "Or you see others do it, like John Surtees, but he has so much sensitivity and ability and sheer feeling for a vehicle that he gets away with it; you have a feeling that even if he loses it he'll get the thing straight before he hits what he's going to hit and he'll hit it with the right end of the car and all that. And others you just know if they can hit in the wrong way they'll bloody well hit in the wrong way and the wrong place. You see drivers who have tremendous accidents and sometimes they're not as bad drivers as you think; and others like poor Pete Collins [killed at the Nürburgring in 1958] have a slight one and he's not with us anymore — and Pete didn't really drive over his head.

"Someone whose judgment I respect told me that he believes that the accidents happen before the man gets into the car. In many cases I'm inclined to

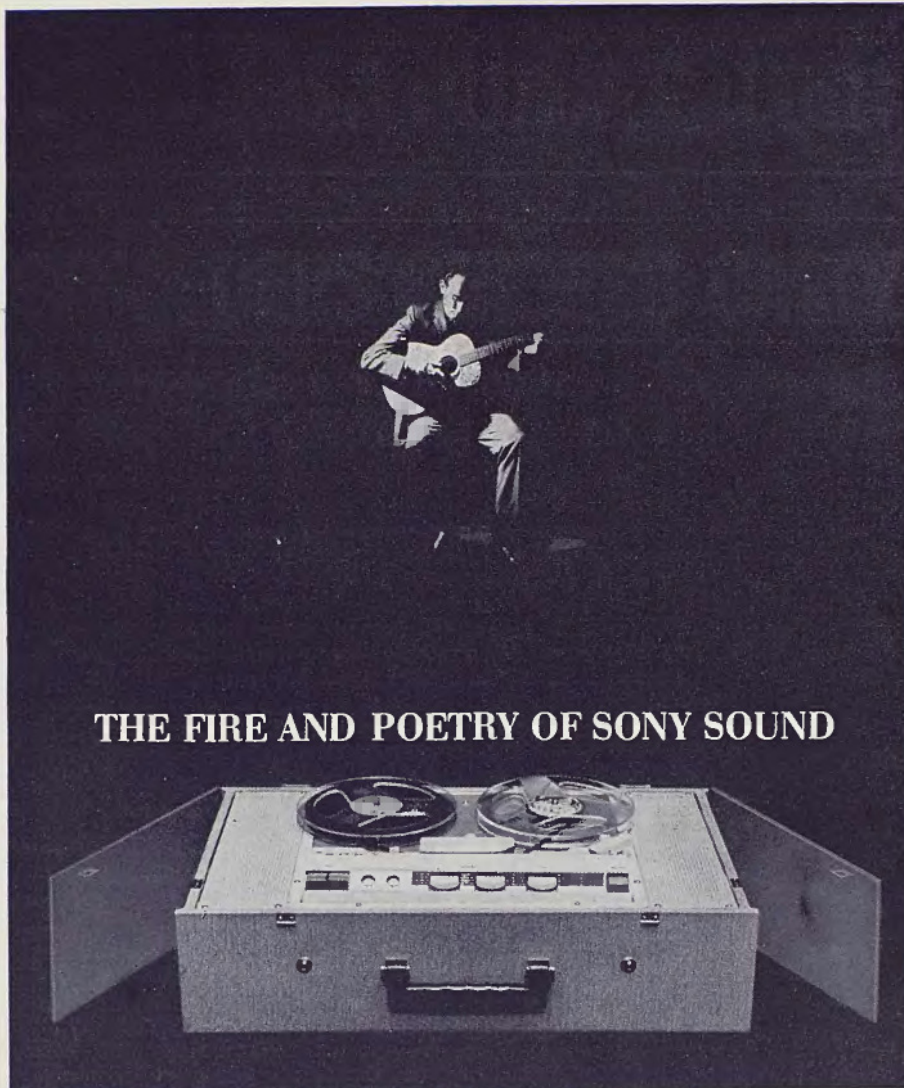


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agree with him. Attitude of mind and mental condition and *knowing* when you're dropping off in effectiveness . . . physical fatigue comes on slowly, slowly, it could be measured with a micrometer, you're giving energy gradually but continually, and then quite suddenly you're into your reserve, you're a fifth-second slow in reacting to something, and perhaps that's when you leave us . . .

"I don't know what makes one go on. People often ask, do you think of giving up racing when someone's killed, a close friend perhaps? Yes, surely. You must think, there but for the grace of God . . . but you hope, of course, that you have a little more experience or a little more ability or a little more luck or a little more something and so it's not going to happen to you. If I were killed racing I wouldn't want any driver to give up racing or even pull out of the race it happened in . . . it's not going to do me any good. [Talking to Walter Cronkite of CBS, Moss said, "I never say to anybody, 'See you next week.' If they say it, I say, 'Well, I hope so.'"] I understand racing, I know it may happen, and if I knew any way to lessen the chance I would do it — as I think I do now. I race as safely as I know how — with the possible exception that I drive cars that are more likely to fail than others, they are less robust, and in that I'm foolish, and I know it. But other considerations enter there — my wish to drive nonfactory cars, and British cars, and so on . . .

"But there's not much point in looking into the past. I won't do it. I will not allow myself to live in the past, not the slightest bit. The only way I know what I did yesterday is to look it up in my diary. I keep a full diary, and I do it every night no matter what. And do you know, sometimes I find it difficult to remember, at night, what I've done that day, never mind yesterday. I upset my friends. I said to David Haynes, you must see this terrific film and he said, look, old boy, we saw it together last Thursday. I said to him, by God next year you must come with me to South Africa and he said, you know, we got back only a week ago . . . he understands, it's just that there's so much going on today and tomorrow and next week, and I *must* think that way, because there are so many heartbreaks for me in racing that if I worried about yesterday . . . as it is now I can lose a race, I can lose the world championship on Sunday and I can be out enjoying myself on Monday, and I *mean* enjoying myself. Nothing is sillier than this notion that racing drivers have a death wish. Most of them enjoy life infinitely more than the average man, and it's nothing to do with eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die, either. I've been accused of living a 29-hour day and I plead guilty, with pleasure. I live for the day. If I won the world



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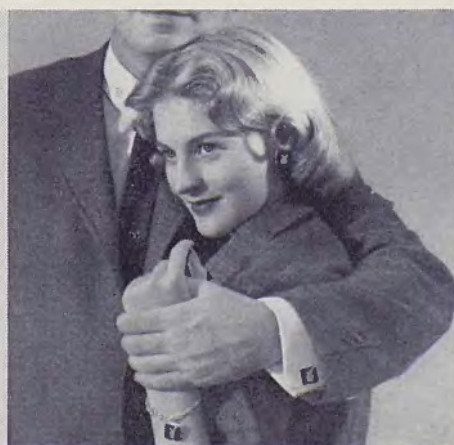
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championship on Sunday, Sunday night I'd be swinging but Monday morning I'd be back in the office.

"You could say it's an odd life and I'd agree, but it's like a story I remember your telling me in a letter a long time ago, about the man who was told the roulette game was crooked, and he said, yes, I know, but it's the only game in town.

"I think racing destroyed my marriage, but I'm not really sure, sometimes I think I don't know what did do it. I live in a suitcase and an office and at race meetings, and that's hard for a woman to accept. Secondly, I have no privacy. I've had reporters phone me at three in the morning many times. I don't know how they get the number so easily. I've been called on the radio at four A.M. in the Australian bush. I've been called at six A.M. in Bangkok, from London, to be asked one quite silly question—and, by the way, that means going to the central post office to answer, you don't just pick up the phone in Bangkok. Then, a woman doesn't like being put on exhibition every time she goes out for a drink or to the theater. And the strain of racing is terrible for those who watch. It makes me very nervous to watch my sister Pat race, I'm far more nervous watching her race than I could ever be before a race myself. A driver's wife goes through all that, again and again . . . and there is the endless press of things that must be done, nagging little details. Of course you can avoid much of that, if you'll compromise. I think that if a driver is prepared to be No. 2, is willing to be No. 2, then I think the life is easy. But if you're not prepared to be No. 2 . . . then it's hard. Katie was everything to me. I was shattered when we parted. I very nearly came unstuck."

Moss met Katie Molson, an extremely wealthy Canadian girl, pretty, gentle, brown-haired, in 1953 and again in 1956. They were married in 1957 and parted in 1959. Moss thought of Katie as very much a woman, a lady, and a tomboy as well. He considered her ideal, and still does. She was in Nassau when the marriage collapsed. Moss did not return to their apartment in London; he said he could not go through the door again, and he never has. He insisted that the failure of the marriage was his fault, must be his fault. His friends told him that it was not his fault, and not Katie Moss' fault, and not any one person's fault, but a complex of events and circumstances. I don't know if he has come to believe it. He missed no races, though.

"In the end, finally," he said, "one has one's work. The major satisfaction in my life is racing, obviously, and I enjoy it even when I'm frustrated; sometimes I think maybe *most* when I'm frustrated, I think, God, I can't damned well win, I've lost five laps in the pit, it's impossi-

ble to win now, mathematically impossible, but then I begin to think, well, my God, even if I can't win I'm going to damned well go, and then I can enjoy really fast motoring, for the exhilaration of it and because I'm trying to prove something to myself: they may have five laps' lead on me, but I'm going to take one back, you know; and the lap record is always there to be broken, and you can say to yourself, let's really get going, let's try to drive the perfect lap, all the way around and not one mistake, not one mile an hour slow or 10 revs down, and this to me is an interesting thing. Often I turn to myself and say, well, let's try to turn one perfect lap. Invariably something, somewhere, isn't just quite right, and you say, well, that's finished, now let's try another, try again. I've never made a perfect lap, of course, although people have said I have.

"You go through a corner absolutely flat out, right on the ragged edge, but absolutely in control, on your own line to an inch, on top of everything, and the exhilaration, the thrill is tremendous; you say to yourself, all right, you bastards, top that one, match it, even, and you feel like a painter who has just put the last brushstroke on the *Mona Lisa* or something, after years of trying . . . it's rewarding. And you must grant that it's not monotonous. No art can be monotonous, and I believe that driving, as practiced by some very few people in the world, is an art form, and is related to ballet. It is all discipline, rhythm, movement. It is like skiing, too, very much like skiing . . . the same but never the same, never monotonous . . .

"Monotony in life would drive me mad in no time at all. I can't bear inactivity; I get disheartened sometimes when I stop moving. If you turned to me right now and said, we've finished, you're to go home and sit down and think for a while, I wouldn't dream of doing it. I would find that very bad. I fill every moment. When you leave me here Ken Gregory and some people are coming for a meeting. After that I'm going out to dinner. Then I'm going dancing. [An earnest exponent of the Twist, Moss has been known to dance from early evening until dawn—non-stop.] I don't know how long I'll stay out, but one thing I'm sure of, when I go to bed tonight I hope to be very tired, because I don't want to think, I don't like thinking, unless it's about a specific, solvable problem. As far as life is concerned, and what life is going to offer me, I find it terribly depressing. When I look at the future I find it terribly depressing."

He spoke so vehemently that I was surprised. "Do you really?" I said.

"Yes, terribly, because I can't see, in the ultimate, what there can be of happiness. I know that to some people

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achievement in business, in work, is happiness. To me it's not, it's a fulfillment, but not necessarily happiness. It's a pleasure, but pleasure isn't happiness. My idea of happiness seems Utopian to me and it may seem absurd to you; it is to be married, and have two or three children, and a house in the country if you like, and to go away for two weeks on holiday — and, most of all, most importantly, to be able to *accept* that life as happiness. Do you understand? To be able to *accept* it, that's the whole heart of the matter. I cannot at the moment. I'm hoping that with maturity I will be able to, or that at least some form of compromise with it will be possible. I'm not unhappy. I'm in a state of suspended animation, in a transition period which is tolerable, and which keeps me from being depressed... I dance, I run about, I do a bit of designing and this and that, it's activity, I keep my finger in the dike, it's not going to patch the bloody thing but at least it's stopping the water pouring in. I'm waiting for maturity to come to me, and I'm doing what I can to bring it. I don't know if one ever feels happiness, or if contentment is the maximum we can hope for. As I said, I'm not unhappy. If I were to be killed tomorrow I wouldn't feel that 32 of my 32 years had been unhappy..."

We talked, and the thin brown tape silently took it down. Dusk sifted out of a wet London sky. I had told Moss I'd need three hours, and at five minutes of seven the tape ran out. He made me a drink, Scotch. He couldn't find a bottle opener for the orange squash he wanted and I fiddled the top off with my knife. We talked about some other people for a few minutes. He phoned for a taxi. I told the driver to go to Charing Cross. As I opened the cab door I looked back. Moss was standing in the middle of the little room, looking through the window. I waved to him. He waved, and moved across the room. He looked grim, and, somehow, weirdly, sheathed all in gray, or white. I was suddenly and inexplicably immersed in a crushing sadness and in pity for him.

I was in Belgium on Easter Monday and I didn't see Moss again until early June, when I went to Atkinson Morley's hospital. I stayed for a couple of hours. Judy Carne did a scalding imitation of her Hollywood manicurist phoning a boyfriend. I told the old story about Beatrice Lillie, Lady Peel and the butcher's wife. Moss explained how he had gone about convincing a nurse that a urinal should be called something else. The Grundig man came, tacking shyly into the room against a gale of laughter. I left.

"Come back soon," Moss said. "I'm not going to hang about here forever."



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APERITIF

(continued from page 110)

oil, of cracked black olives, prosciutto, roasted pepper salad and wafer-thin Genoa salami are almost overpowering.

The aperitif's ancient source is a reminder that the world's first great wines were tart potatoes. Hippocrates, the Greek precursor of Ben Casey, in 400 B.C. created his own lusty infusion of wine with bitter almonds and resin. Roman wines were made not only from the grape but from turnips, radishes, asparagus, parsley, thyme, mint, hyssop and almost anything else that sprang up around the villa. Even sea water was added for tang. Often grapevines were surrounded by other plants placed close enough to the roots of the vines so that their intimate bitterness would seep through the soil into the fruit before it was plucked.

While a Roman as eminent as Cicero was pointing with pride to his own private concoction of wine mixed with dittany leaves, dissidents were busy viewing it with alarm. Pliny, an anti-aperitif man, wrote how, "When Tiberius Claudius was emperor, the custom of drinking on an empty stomach and taking wine regularly before meals came in, an outlandish fashion recommended by doctors who are always trying to advertise themselves by some new-fangled ideas." If now and then a decidedly toxic plant like wormwood (one of the ingredients in absinthe that led to its being outlawed) was used to point up other flavors such as thyme and horehound, the Roman didn't hesitate at all to swallow the poison in modest quantities as long as it didn't offend his esthetic sensibilities.

One bitter ingredient used since the 17th Century is quinine; its familiar zest is present today not only in most aperitif wines, but also in all tonic waters.

Modern aperitifs are a marriage (or should we say a polygamy) of wine, brandy and as many as 40 different kinds of spices including dried roots, barks, herbs, buds and flowers from every corner of the earth. In France, bitters are classified as major and minor, but primary or secondary categorization isn't nearly so important to the Frenchman as the fact that they all possess the same key to *bon appétit*.

During recent years, martini drinkers à la mode have been demanding more and more gin, less and less vermouth. From the classic three-to-one ratio, the disparity rose to four, five and six to one, and then kept on climbing until it reached its zenith (or nadir, depending on your point of view) in a concoction 64 parts gin to one of vermouth. It might have seemed reasonable to predict, then, that as the tidewaters of gin rose higher and higher, the trickle of vermouth

would dry up and disappear like other archaic potables.

The consumption of vermouth, however, has quintupled in the past two decades. As the ratio of vermouth to gin decreased markedly, the martini took on considerably more zing; the more zing it packed the more popular it became—but, among those who preferred to dine without anesthetizing their appetites, vermouth as an aperitif (rather than a flavoring agent) gained in favor. When an aperitif wine is used as a flavoring for some other base such as gin, vodka or whiskey, it is most effective in small rather than large quantities. Where vermouth itself is the base of the drink, there are no ratio dicta because its tantalizing flavor comes through in any quantity. The piquancy you'll want in an aperitif is a matter of taste.

In American frontier days, plainsmen mixed a pint of water with two table-spoons of buffalo gall for a "wholesome and exhilarating drink." Some years later, Kansas whiskey men refined the formula, combining a mere ounce of wahoo (bark of the winged elm tree used in making string and rope) with a quart of whiskey. Somewhat more sophisticated American traditions are observed along with the European in the following roster of short and tall aperitifs. All recipes are for one drink.

VERMOUTH CASSIS

2 ozs. dry vermouth
1 oz. crème de cassis
1 or 2 large ice cubes
Carbonated water

Pour vermouth and crème de cassis over ice in an 8-oz. glass. Fill with carbonated water. Stir. (Pleasant variations on the drink are made by using triple sec or Forbidden Fruit in place of the crème de cassis.)

AMER PICON PUNCH

1½ ozs. Amer Picon
½ oz. lemon juice
2 large ice cubes
Carbonated water
1 lemon slice

Pour Amer Picon and lemon juice over ice cubes in an old fashioned glass. Fill with carbonated water. Add lemon. Stir.

DUBONNET COCKTAIL

1½ ozs. Dubonnet
1½ ozs. gin
1 piece lemon peel

Pour Dubonnet and gin into cocktail shaker with ice. Stir well; don't shake. Strain into prechilled cocktail glass. Twist lemon peel over drink and drop peel into glass. Vodka may be substituted for gin. Dubonnet cocktail may be served on the rocks.

BITTER COLLINS

1½ ozs. gin
½ oz. Punt e Mes
Juice of 1 lemon

1 heaping teaspoon sugar
Carbonated water
Pour gin, Punt e Mes, lemon juice and sugar into a cocktail shaker with 4 or 5 ice cubes. Shake very well. Pour liquid and ice cubes into a 10-oz. high-ball glass. Fill glass with carbonated water. Stir.

VERMOUTH VODKA

2 ozs. sweet vermouth
1 oz. vodka, 100 proof
1 oz. lemon juice
1 teaspoon sugar
Carbonated water
1 lemon slice
Pour vermouth, vodka, lemon juice and sugar into a cocktail shaker with 4 or 5 ice cubes. Shake very well. Pour liquid and ice cubes into an 8-oz. high-ball glass. Add a small splash of carbonated water and lemon slice. Stir.

VERMOUTH TRIPLE SEC

1 oz. dry vermouth
½ oz. triple sec
1 oz. gin
4 dashes orange bitters
Pour all ingredients into a cocktail shaker with ice. Stir very well; don't shake. Strain into prechilled cocktail glass.

RUM APERITIF

1½ ozs. light rum
1 teaspoon dark Jamaica rum
1 oz. dry vermouth
1 teaspoon raspberry syrup
½ oz. lemon juice
1 piece lemon peel
Pour both kinds of rum, vermouth, raspberry syrup and lemon juice into cocktail shaker with ice. Shake well. Strain into prechilled cocktail glass. Twist lemon peel over drink. Drop peel into glass.

VERMOUTH MARASCHINO

2 ozs. dry vermouth
½ oz. maraschino liqueur
½ oz. lemon juice
6 dashes orange bitters
1 maraschino cherry with stem
Pour vermouth, maraschino liqueur, lemon juice and bitters into cocktail shaker with ice. Twirl with ice; don't shake. Strain into prechilled cocktail glass. Add maraschino cherry.

CALIFORNIAN

3 ozs. orange juice
1 oz. blended whiskey
1½ ozs. sweet vermouth
1 teaspoon orgeat (almond syrup)
Pour all ingredients into cocktail shaker with ice. Shake very well. Put a large ice cube into a prechilled old fashioned glass. Strain liquid into glass.

FLORIDIAN

3 ozs. grapefruit juice
½ oz. Forbidden Fruit

1 teaspoon falernum
1½ ozs. dry vermouth
2 dashes orange bitters
1 lime slice
Pour all ingredients except lime into cocktail shaker with ice. Shake very well. Put a large ice cube into prechilled old fashioned glass. Strain liquid into glass. Place lime slice on top.

SILVER KIRSCH

1½ ozs. Positano
1 oz. kirsch
½ oz. lemon juice
1 egg white
1 teaspoon sugar
⅓ cup coarsely cracked ice
Put all ingredients in the well of an electric blender. Blend 10 seconds. Pour into prechilled old fashioned glass.

SCOTCH MANHATTAN

1½ ozs. Scotch
½ oz. sweet vermouth
3 dashes bitters
1 brandied cherry

For this drink it's best to use a light rather than a smoky Scotch. Pour Scotch, vermouth and bitters into cocktail shaker with ice. Twirl, don't shake. Strain liquid into prechilled cocktail glass. Add brandied cherry.

MARSALA COCKTAIL

1 oz. dry vermouth
1 oz. dry marsala wine
1 oz. gin
1 piece lemon peel

Pour vermouth, marsala and gin into cocktail shaker with ice. Twirl, don't shake. Strain liquid into prechilled cocktail glass. Twist lemon peel over drink. Drop peel into glass.

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THIN RED LINE

(continued from page 130)

somebody called. the ones in front stopped also. Keck crawled back to him. His squad sergeant, Beck the martinet, crawled over to him too. Beck was very young for a martinet, but he was a very good one. The rifles of his squad had been the most perfect at inspections since he came into the company with six years' service and immediately got promoted. Withal, he still was not really mean, only stern. He was not very bright at anything else or even interested, but soldiering was his code. Right now he appeared deeply ashamed that anything like this could happen to any man in his squad, and because of this, furious.

"Get up, God damn you, Sico," he said in his stern, command voice. "Or I'll kick you so hard in that stomach you'll really be sick."

"I can't, Sergeant," Sico said. His face was drawn up grotesquely. And his eyes were puddles of terror, bottomless, anguished, and a little guilty. "I would if I could. You know I would. I'm sick."

"Sick, my foot," said Beck, who never swore much, and for whom the phrase God damn you was inordinately strong.

"Hold it, Beck," Keck said. "What is it, Sico?"

"I dont know, Sergeant. It's my stomach. Pains. And cramps. I can't straighten up. I'm sick," he said, looking at Keck appealingly out of the dark, tortured holes of his eyes. "I'm sick," he said again, and as if to prove it suddenly vomited. He did not even try to bend over and the vomit burped up out of him and ran down over his fatigue shirt onto his hands which held his belly. He looked at Keck hopefully, but appeared ready to do it again if necessary.

Keck studied him a moment. "Leave him," he said to Beck. "Come on.—The medics will take care of you, Sico," he said to Sico.

"Thank you, Sergeant," Sico said.

"But——" Beck began.

"Dont argue with me," Keck said, already crawling away.

"Right," Beck said, and followed.

Sico continued to sit and watched the others pass. The medics did indeed take care of him. One of them, the junior, though he looked much like his shy-faced, bespectacled senior, came and led him back to the rear, Sico walking bent over in pain with his hands holding his stomach. He groaned audibly from time to time and now and then he gagged, but apparently did not feel it necessary to vomit more. His face was haunted-looking and his eyes tormented. But clearly nobody would ever convince him he had not been sick. Whenever he looked at the C-for-Charlie men he passed, it was appealingly, a certain unspoken request for understanding, for belief. As for the others, they looked

back noncommittally. None of their faces held contempt. Instead, under the white-eyed sweating pucker of fear, there was a hint of sheepish envy, as if they would have liked to do the same but were afraid they could not bring it off. Sico, who could undoubtedly read this look, apparently got no comfort from it. He tottered on, helped by the junior medic, and the last that C-for-Charlie ever saw of him was when he hobbled out of sight beyond the second fold.

In the meantime Keck's men had begun their gauntlet-running. Keck led off with Dale and two other men. Each squad sergeant, first Milly Beck then McCron, supervised the jumpoff of his men in groups of four. All of them made it down safely except two. Of these one, a Mississippi farmer 'boy' of nearly 40 named Catt, about whom nobody in the company knew anything for the simple reason that he never talked, was killed outright. But with the other something really bad happened for the first time in the day.

At first they thought the second one was dead too. Hit running, he had fallen, bounced hard, and lain still like the Mississippian. So that was that. When a man was hit and killed outright, there was nothing anyone could do. The man had ceased to exist. The living went right on living, without him. On the other hand, the wounded were evacuated. They would live or die someplace else. So they too ceased to exist to the men they left behind, and could be forgotten also. Without a strong belief in a Valhalla, it was as good a way to handle the problem as any, and made everybody feel better. But this was not to be the case with Pvt Alfredo Tella of Cambridge, Massachusetts, who, as he liked jokingly to say, had not gone to Harvard, but he had dug many a cess-pool underneath its ivy-covered walls.'

Actually, Tella did not begin to yell, at least not loud enough to be heard by Bugger Stein's CP, until after Keck had framed and then carried out most of his attack. And by that time lots of other things were happening.

For the moment, there was still nothing much to be seen from the top of the fold. Two new bodies lay on the slope, and that was all. Keck and his running men had dived headfirst into the taller grass and apparently disappeared from the face of the earth. The yammering of the cortex of Japanese fire had ceased. Quiet—at least, a comparative quiet, if one disregarded the racketing and banging which still hung and jounced everywhere high in the air—reigned over the grassy ridge. On the third fold they lay and waited, watching.

Unfortunately, the Japanese heavy mortars, still firmly seated on the heights of the Elephant's Head, had seen the forward movement of American troops, too. A mortar round exploded in the

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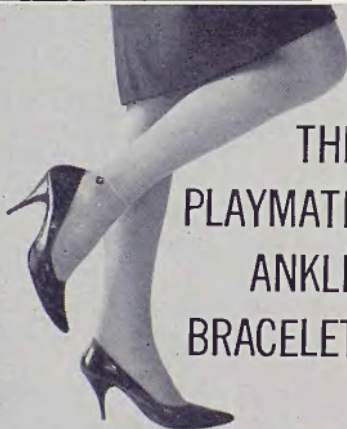
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low between the folds. That one hurt nobody, but more followed. Mortar shells began exploding their fountains of terror, dirt and fragments along the rearward slope every minute or so, as the Japanese gunners fingered the area searching American flesh. It was not a barrage, but it was very nerve racking, and it wounded some men. Because of it, only a very few, Stein, Band and Welsh among them, actually saw Keck's attack. Most were as flat to the ground as they could get.

Stein felt it was his duty to watch, to observe. Anyway, there was very little choice as to cover. There were no holes here, and one flat place was as good as another. So he lay, only his eyes and helmet above the crest of the fold, and waited and watched. He could not escape a distinct premonition that quite soon a mortar shell was going to land squarely in the center of his back. He did not know why Band had decided to watch too, but suspected that it was in the hope of seeing some new wounded, though he knew this was unfair. And as for Welsh, Stein could not even imagine why this flatfaced, expressionless man should want to expose himself to watch, especially since he had not said a single word to anyone since offering his Thompsongun to Keck. The three of them lay there while a mortar shell blew up somewhere behind them, then a minute later another, then almost a minute later still another. There were no screams with any of them.

When they finally did see men, it was about a third of the way up the ridge. Keck had crawled his men that far unseen. Now they rose in a line, which bellied downhill somewhat in the center like a rope bellying of its own weight, and began to scamper uphill firing as they went. Almost immediately the Japanese fire began to hammer, and at once men began to fall.

If Pvt Alfredo Tella of Cambridge, Mass., had begun to yell before this, no one had heard him. And in the intensity of the action and of watching, no one was to hear him until it was over.

In fact, it did not last long. But while it did, many things happened. Arriving in the defiladed area, Keck had first turned his attention to organizing the disorganized group of privates already there, and sent Dale to do that. Then he himself lay in the grass directing the others off to the right as they arrived. When the line was formed, he gave the order to crawl. The grass which was about chest high here had a matted, tangled underlayer of old stems. It choked them with dust, tied up their arms and feet, made it impossible to see. They crawled for what seemed an eternity. It required tremendous exertion. Most of them had long since used up all of their water, and it was this as much as anything in Keck's mind when he

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passed the word to halt. He judged they were about halfway up the slope, and he didn't want them to start passing out on him. For a moment as Keck lay gathering his will power he thought about their faces as they arrived and dived into the grass down below: whites of the eyes showing, mouths open and drawn, skin around the eyes pinched and tight. They had all arrived terrified. They had all arrived reluctant. Keck felt no sympathy for them, any more than he felt sympathy for himself. He was terrified too. Taking a deep breath he stood straight up in the grass yelling at them: "Up! Up! Up! Up and GO!"

From the top of the fold they could take the operation in at a glance, and follow its progress. This was not so easy on the ridge itself. But John Bell standing rifle in hand and trying to shoot and run in the thick grass was able to see several important things. He was, for instance, the only man who saw Sgt McCron cover his face with his hands and sit down weeping. When they had first stood up, the fury of the Japanese fire had struck them like a wind-tormented hailstorm. The Japanese had been smart and had waited, conserving their fire till they had targets. Four men of McCron's squad went down at once. On the right a young draftee named Wynn was shot in the throat and screamed, "Oh, my God!" in a voice of terror and disbelief as a geyser of blood spurted from his neck. Ridiculously like a rag doll he fell and disappeared in the grass. Next to him Pfc Earl, a little shorter, was caught in the face, perhaps from the same burst. He went down without a sound, looking as if he'd been hit in the face with a tomato. To Bell's left two other men tumbled, yelling with fear that they were killed. All this was apparently too much for McCron, who had clucked over and mothered this squad of his for so many months, and he simply dropped his rifle and sat down crying. Bell himself was astonished that he himself was not already struck down dead. He only knew, could only think one thing. That was to keep going. He had to keep going. If he ever wanted to get back home again to his wife Marty, if he ever wanted to see her again, kiss her, put himself between her breasts, between her legs, fondle, caress, and touch her, he had to keep going. And that meant he had to keep the others going with him, because it was useless to keep going by himself. It had to stop. There had to be a point in time where it ended. In a cracked bellow he began to harangue the remainder of McCron's 2d Squad. In back of and a little below him off in the center as he looked behind, he saw Milly Beck leading his men in a fury of snarling hatred which shocked Bell numbly: Beck who was always so controlled and almost never raised his voice. Still below him yet came Keck, roaring and firing Welsh's

Thompsongun uphill. A silly phrase came in Bell's mind and he began to yell at the other men senselessly. "Home for Christmas! Home for Christmas!"

Keep going. Keep going. It was a ridiculous thought, a stupid idea in any case and he would wonder later why he had it. Obviously, if he wanted to stay alive to get home, the best thing to do would have been to lie down in the grass and hide.

It was Charlie Dale on the far left who saw the first emplacement, the first live one any of them had ever actually seen. Far enough left to be beyond their flank, it was a one-gun job, a simple hole dug in the ground and covered over with sticks and kunai grass. From the dark hole he could see the muzzle spitting fire at him. Actually, Dale was probably the calmest of the lot. Imaginationless, he had organized his makeshift squad, and found them eager to accept his authority if he would simply tell them what to do. Now he urged them on, but not bellowing or roaring like Keck and Bell. Dale thought it looked much better, was far more seemly, if a noncom did not yell like that. So far he had not fired a shot. What was the point, when there were no targets? When he saw the emplacement, he carefully released his safety and fired a long burst with his Thompsongun, straight into the hole 20 yards away. Before he could release the trigger the gun jammed, solidly. But his burst was enough to stop the machinegun, at least momentarily, and Dale ran toward it pulling a grenade from his shirt. From 10 yards away he threw the grenade like a baseball, wrenching hell out of his shoulder. The grenade disappeared through the hole, then blew up scattering sticks and grass and three rag dolls and upending the machinegun. Dale turned back to his squad, licking his lips and grinning with beady pride. "Come on, you guys," he said. "Let's keep it moving."

They were almost done with it. Off to the right of center Pfc Doll and another man discovered a second small emplacement simultaneously. They fired a clip apiece into its hole and Doll grenaded it, keeping up his unspoken competition with Charlie Dale, even if he wasn't an acting sergeant. Wait'll he hears about that, he thought happily, because he didn't know that Dale had got one too. But the happiness was shortlived, for Doll and everybody else, as they ran on. Knocking out two one-gun emplacements made no appreciable difference in the volume of the Japanese fire. MGs still hammered at them from seemingly every quarter of the globe. Men were still going down. They still had not located any main strongpoints. Directly in front of them 30 yards away a rock outcropping formed a four-foot ledge which extended clear across their front. Instinctively everyone began to run for

that, while behind them Keck, gasping, bellowed the useless order: "That ledge! Head for that ledge!"

They dived in behind its protection pellmell, all of them sobbing audibly with exhaustion. The exertion and the heat had been too much. Several men vomited. One man made it to the ledge, gurgled once senselessly, then — his eyes rolling back in his head — fainted from heat prostration. There was nothing with which to cover him for shade. Beck the martinet loosened his belt and clothes. Then they lay against the ledge in the midday sun and smelled the hot, summer-smelling dust. Insects hummed around them. The fire had stopped.

"Well, what're we gonna do now, Keck?" someone asked finally.

"We're gonna stay right here. Maybe they'll get some reinforcements up to us."

"Ha! To do what?"

"To capture these goddam f---ing positions around here!" Keck cried fretfully. "What you think?"

"You mean you really want to go on with it?"

"I dont know. No. Not no uphill charge. But they get us some reinforcements, we can scout around and maybe locate where all these goddam f---ing MGs are. Anyway, it's better than going back down through that. You want to go back down?"

Nobody answered this, and Keck did not feel it necessary to elaborate. By counting heads they found that they had left 12 men behind them on the slope killed or wounded. This was almost a full squad, almost a full third of their number. It included McCron. When Bell told him about McCron, Keck appointed Bell acting sergeant in his place; Bell couldn't have cared less. "He'll have to look out for himself, like the rest of the wounded," Keck said. They continued to lie in the hot sun. Ants crawled on the ground at the foot of the ledge.

"What if the Japs come down here in force and throw us off of here?" somebody asked.

"I dont think they will," Keck said. "They're worse off than we are. But we better have a sentry. Doll."

Bell lay with his face against the rock facing Witt. Witt lay looking back. Quietly in the insect-humming heat they lay and looked at each other. Bell was thinking that Witt had come through it all all right. Like himself. What power was it which decided one man should be hit, be killed, instead of another man? So Bugger's little feeling attack was over. If this were a movie, this would be the end of the show and something would be decided. In a movie or a novel they would dramatize and build to the climax of the attack. When the attack came in the film or novel, it would be satisfying. It would decide something. It would have a semblance of meaning and a semblance of an emotion. And immediately



"Now what?!"

after, it would be over. The audience could go home and think about the semblance of the meaning and feel the semblance of the emotion. Even if the hero got killed, it would still make sense. Art, Bell decided, creative art—was s—.

Beside him Witt, who was apparently not bothered by any of these problems, raised himself to his knees and cautiously stuck his head up over the ledge. Bell went on with his thinking.

Here there was no semblance of meaning. And the emotions were so many and so mixed up that they were indecipherable, could not be untangled. Nothing had been decided, nobody had learned anything. But most important of all, nothing had ended. Even if they had captured this whole ridge, nothing would have ended. Because tomorrow, or the day after, or the day after that, they would be called upon to do the same thing again—maybe under even worse circumstances. The concept was so overpowering, so numbing, that it shook Bell. Island after island, hill after hill, beachhead after beachhead, year after year. It staggered him.

It would certainly end sometime, sure, and almost certainly—because of industrial production—end in victory. But that point in time had no connection with any individual man engaged now. Some men would survive, but no one individual man could survive. It was a discrepancy in methods of counting. The whole thing was too vast, too complicated, too technological for any one individual man to count in it. Only collections of men counted, only communities of men, only numbers of men.

The weight of such a proposition was deadening, almost too heavy to be borne, and Bell wanted to turn his mind away from it. Free individuals? Ha! Somewhere between the time the first Marines had landed here and this battle now today, American warfare had changed from individualist warfare to collectivist warfare—or perhaps that was only his illusion, perhaps it only seemed like that to him because he himself was now engaged. But free individuals? What a f—ing myth! Numbers of free individuals, maybe; collectives of free individuals. And so the point of Bell's serious thinking finally emerged.

At some unspecified moment between this time yesterday and this time today the unsought realization had come to Bell that statistically, mathematically, arithmetically, any way you wanted to count it, he John Bell could not possibly live through this war. He could not possibly go home to his wife Marty Bell. So it did not really make any difference what Marty did, whether she stepped out on him or not, because he would not be there to accuse her.

The emotion which this revelation

created in Bell was not one of sacrifice, resignation, acceptance, and peace. Instead, it was an irritating, chaffing emotion of helpless frustration which made him want to crawl around rubbing his flanks and back against rocks to ease the itch. He still had not moved his face from the rock.

Beside him Witt, still kneeling and peering out, yelled suddenly. Simultaneously Doll yelled too from down at the other end.

"Something's comin'!"

"Something's comin! Somebody's comin at us!"

As one man the line behind the ledge swept up and forward, rifles ready. Forty yards away seven potheaded, bandy-legged, starved-looking Japanese men were running down at them across an ungrassed area carrying handgrenades in their right hands and bayoneted rifles in their left. Keck's Thompson, after his firing of almost all its ammo on the way up, had finally jammed, too. Neither gun could be unstuck. But the massed riflefire from the ledge disposed of the seven Japanese men quickly. Only one was able even to throw; and his grenade, a dud, landed short. At the same moment the dud grenade should have exploded, there was a loud, ringing, half-muffled explosion behind them. In the excitement of the attack and defense they continued to fire into the seven bodies up the slope. When they ceased, only two bodies continued to move. Aiming deliberately in the sudden quiet, Witt the Kentuckian put a killing round into each of them. "You never can tell about them tricky suicidal bastards," he said. "Even when they're hit."

It was Bell who first remembered the explosion behind them and turned around to see what had caused it. What he saw was Sgt Keck lying on his back with his eyes closed, in a strangely grotesque position, still holding the ring and safety pin of a handgrenade in his right hand. Bell called out, and rushing to him, they rolled him over gently and saw that there was nothing they could do for him. His entire right buttock and part of his back had been blown away. Some of his internal organs were visible, pulsing busily away, apparently going about their business as if nothing had happened. Steadily, blood welled in the cavity. Gently they laid him back.

It was obvious what had happened. In the attack, perhaps because his Thompsongun was jammed, but at any rate not firing his rifle, Keck had reached in his hip pocket to pull out a grenade. And in the excitement he had gotten it by the pin. Bell, for one, experienced a dizzying, near-fainting terror momentarily, at the thought of Keck standing and looking at that pin in his hand. Keck had leaped back from the line and sat down against a little dirt hummock to

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protect the others. Then the grenade had gone off.

Keck made no protest when they moved him. He was conscious, but apparently did not want to talk and preferred to keep his eyes closed. Two of them sat with him and tried to talk to him and reassure him while the others went back to the line, but Keck did not answer and kept his eyes shut. The little muscles at the corners of his mouth twitched jerkily. He spoke only once. Without opening his eyes he said clearly, "What a f---ing recruit trick to pull." Five minutes later he stopped breathing. The men went back. Milly Beck, as the senior noncom present, was now in command.

Stein had watched the silly little Japanese counterattack from the top of the third fold. The seven Japanese men had come out from behind a huge outcrop, already running and already too close to the Americans for Stein to dare tell his one MG to fire. The counterattack was doomed to failure anyway. What made them do it? Why, if they wanted to throw Stein's platoon off the ridge, did they not come in force? Why just seven men? And why come across the open ground? They could have slipped down through the grass until they were on top of Keck and thrown the grenades from there. Were those seven men doing all that on their own, without orders? Or were they some kind of crazy religious volunteers who wanted into Nirvana, or whatever it was they called it? Stein did not understand them, and had never understood them. Their incredibly delicate, ritual tea service; their exquisitely sensitive painting and poetry; their unbelievably cruel, sadistic beheadings and torture. He was a peaceful man. They frightened him. When the riflefire from the platoon took care of the seven so easily, he awaited a second, larger attack, but knowing somehow intuitively that one would not come, and he was right.

Stein had not thought anyone was wounded in the little attack, so he was surprised when the men all clustered around one figure on the ground. On the ridge they were slightly above his own height here, now, and at this distance — more than 200 yards — it was impossible to tell who it was. Hoping desperately that it was not Keck, he called to Band to give him back his glasses, focused them, and saw that it was. Almost immediately a rifle bullet whooshed past him only inches from his head. Startled wide-eyed, he jerked down and rolled over twice to his left. He had forgotten to shield the lenses, and they had glinted. This time he cupped them with his hands, verified that it was Keck dead, then saw that Sgt Beck was looking at him — or anyway toward him — and making the Old Army hand-and-arm signal for "Converge on me." He wanted

reinforcements?! Thirty-five yards behind Stein another mortar shell exploded and somebody yelled. Again he ducked.

Exertion, nervous exhaustion, and fear were wearing Stein down. When he looked at his watch, he could not believe it was after one. Suddenly he was ravenous. Putting down the glasses, he got out a bar of D Ration and tried to munch it but could not get it down because his mouth was so dry from lack of water. He spat most of it out. When he looked again with the glasses, Beck was again making his hand-and-arm signal. As he watched, Beck stopped and turned back to the ledge. Stein cursed. His little three-squad attack had failed, bogged down. They had not been nearly enough men. Stein very seriously doubted if he even had that many men. He had just watched two full platoons of B-for-Baker on the left-hand ridge come running back from a failed attack up the Bowling Alley in an attempt to outflank the righthand grassy ridge. And Beck wanted reinforcements!

That whole f---ing outrageous ridge was one giant honeycomb of emplacements. It was a regular fortress. He himself was fast nearing the limbo of total mental exhaustion. It was hard to try and act fearless for your men when you were actually full of fear. And Beck wanted reinforcements!

Stein had lain and watched Keck lead his three pitiful little squads up that goddamned ridge with tears in his eyes. Beside him George Band had lain and watched eagerly through the glasses, smiling toughly. But Stein had choked up, cried enough moisture so that everything blurred and he had to wipe his eyes out quickly. He had personally counted every one of the 12 to go down. They were his men, and he had failed in his responsibility to each one who fell. And now he was being asked to send more after them.

Well, he could give Beck the two remaining squads of 2d Platoon. Pull them back out and put the reserve 3d Platoon up on the crest to fire cover. That would work all right. But before he did it, he intended to talk to Col Tall and get Tall's opinion and assent. Stein simply did not want that responsibility, not all alone. Rolling over, he motioned to Corporal Fife to bring him the telephone. God, but he was *bushed*. It was just then that Stein first heard from down in the little valley the first thin, piping yells.

They sounded insane. What they lacked in volume, and they lacked a great deal, they more than made up in their penetrating qualities, and in their length. They came in a series, each lasting five full seconds, the whole lasting 30 seconds. Then there was silence under the high-hanging, jouncing racket of noise.

"Jesus!" Stein said fervently. He looked

over at Band, whom he found looking back at him with squinted, dilated eyes. "Christ!" Band said.

From below, high and shrill, the series of yells came again. They were not screams.

Stein was able to pick him out easily with the glasses, which brought him up very close, too close for comfort. He had fallen almost at the bottom of the slope, 75 or 80 yards, not far from the other one, the Mississippian Catt, who — seen through the glasses — was clearly dead. Now he was trying to crawl back. He had been hit squarely in the groin with a burst of heavy MG fire which had torn his whole belly open. Lying on his back, his head uphill, both hands pressed to his belly to hold his intestines in, he was inching his way back up the slope with his legs. Through the glasses Stein could see blue-veined loops of intestine bulging between the bloodstained fingers. Inching was hardly the word, since Stein estimated he was making less than half an inch per try. He had lost his helmet, and his head thrown back on his neck, his mouth and his eyes wide open, he was staring directly up at Stein as if he were looking into a Promised Land. As Stein watched, he stopped, laid his head flat, and closing his eyes he made his series of yells again. They came to Stein's ears faintly, exactly in the same sequence as they had before. Then, resting a second and swallowing, he yelled something else.

"Help me! Help me!" Stein heard. Feeling sick and dizzy in the area of his diaphragm, he lowered the glasses and handed them to Band.

"Tella," he said.

Band looked a long time. Then he too lowered the glasses. There was a flat, scared look in his eyes when he looked back at Stein. "What're we gonna do?" Band said.

Trying to think of some answer to this, Stein felt something touch him on the leg. He yelped and jumped, fear running all through his body like quicksilver. Whirling around, he found himself staring downslope into the fear-ridden eyes of Corporal Fife, who was holding out to him the telephone. Too upset even to be sheepish or angry, Stein waved him away impatiently. "Not now. Not now." He began to call for a medic, one of whom was already on his way. From below the insane series of yells came again, identical, unchanging.

Stein and Band were not the only ones to have heard them. The entire remainder of the 2d Platoon lying along the crest of the fold had heard them. So had the medic who was now running bentover along the slope to Stein. So had Fife.

When his commander waved him away with the telephone, Fife had collapsed exactly where he was and flattened him-



self as low to the ground as he could get. The mortar shells were still falling at roughly one-minute intervals; sometimes you could hear their fluttery shu-ing sound for two seconds before they hit; and Fife was completely terrorized by them. He had lost the power to think reasonably, and had become a piece of inert protoplasm which could be made to move, but only when the proper stimuli were applied. Since making up his mind that he would do exactly what he was told, but exactly that and no more, he had lain exactly where he had been until Stein called him for the telephone. Now he lay exactly where he had dropped and waited to be told to do something else. This gave him little comfort, but he had no desire to see or do more. If his body would not work well, his mind could, and Fife realized that by far the great majority of the company were reacting like himself. But there were still those others who, for one reason or another of their own, got up and walked about and offered to do things without being told first. Fife knew it, because he had seen them—otherwise he wouldn't have believed it. His reaction to these was one of intense, awed hero worship composed of about two-thirds grinding hate, and shame. But when he tried to force his body to stand up and walk around, he simply could not make it do it. He was glad that he was a clerk whose job was to take care of the telephone and not a squad noncom up there with Keck, Beck, McCron and the others, but he would have preferred to be a clerk at Battalion HQ back on Hill 209, and more than that a clerk at Regiment back down in the coconut groves, but most of all a clerk at Army HQ in Australia, or in the United States. Just above him up the slope he could hear Bugger Stein talking with the medic, and he caught the phrase "his belly blown open." Then he caught the word "Tella." So it was Tella who was yelling down there like that. It was the first concrete news Fife had had of anyone since the two dead lieutenants and Grove. He pressed his face to the dirt sickly, while Bugger and the medic moved off a few feet for another look. Tella had used to be a buddy of his, for a while at least. Built like a Greek god, never very bright, he was the most amiable of men, despite his career in life as a honeydipper in Cambridge, Mass. And now Tella was suffering in actual reality the fate which Fife all morning had been imagining would be his own. Fife felt sick. It was so different from the books he'd read, so much more *final*. Slowly, in trepidation at even raising it that far, he lifted his head a fraction off the dirt to peer with pain-haunted, fear-punctured eyes at the two men with the binoculars.

They were still talking.

"Can you tell?" Stein asked, anxiously.

"Yes, sir. Enough," the medic said. He was the senior one, the more studious-looking. He handed the glasses to Stein and put back on his spectacles. "There's nothing anybody can do that'll help *him*. He'll be dead before they can ever get him back to a surgeon. And he's got dirt all over his bowels. Even sulfa won't fix that. In these jungles?"

There was a pause before Stein spoke again. "How long?"

"Two hours? Four, maybe? Maybe only one, or less."

"But, God damn it, man!" Stein exploded. "We can't *any* of us stand it that long!" He paused. "Not counting him! And I can't ask you to go down there."

The medic studied the terrain. He blinked several times behind his glasses. "Maybe it's worth a try."

"But you said yourself nobody could do anything to help him."

"At least I could get a syrette of morphine into him."

"Would one be enough?" Stein asked. "I mean, you know, would it keep him quiet?"

The medic shook his head. "Not for long." He paused. "But I could give him two. And I could leave him three or four for himself."

"But maybe he wouldn't take them. He's delirious. Couldn't you just, sort of, give them all to him at once?" Stein said.

The medic turned to look at him. "That would kill him, sir."

"Oh," Stein said.

"I couldn't do that," the medic said. "I really couldn't."

"Okay," Stein said grimly. "Well, do you want to try it?"

From below the set, unchanging series of yells, the strangely mechanical cries of the man they were talking about, rose up to them, precise, inflexible, mad, a little quavery toward the end, this time.

"God, I hope he dont begin to cry," Stein said. "God damn it!" he yelled, balling a fist. "My company won't have any fighting spirit left at all if we dont do something about him!"

"I'll go, sir," the medic said solemnly, answering the question of before. "After all, it's my job. And after all, it's worth a try, isn't it, sir?" he said, nodding significantly toward the spot where the series of yells had now ceased. "To stop the yells."

"God," Stein said, "I dont know."

"I'm volunteering. I've been down there before, you know. They won't hit me, sir."

"But you were on the left. It's not as bad there."

"I'm volunteering," the medic said, blinking at his Captain owlshly.

Stein waited several seconds before he spoke. "When do you want to go?"

"Any time," the medic said. "Right now." He started to get up.

Stein put out a restraining arm. "No, wait. At least I can give you some covering fire."

"I'd rather go now, sir. And get it over with."

They had been lying side by side, their helmets almost touching as they talked, and now Stein turned to look at the boy. He could not help wondering whether he had talked this boy into volunteering. Perhaps he had. He sighed. "Okay. Go ahead."

The medic nodded, looking straight ahead this time, then sprang up into a crouch, and was gone over the crest of the fold.

It was all over almost before it got started. Running like some fleeting forest animal, his medic's web equipment flopping, he reached the damaged Tella, swung round to face him up the hill, then dropped to his knees, his hands already groping at the pouch which held his syrettes. Before he could get the protective cap off the needle, one MG, one single MG, opened up from the ridge stitching across the area. Through the glasses Stein watched him jerk straight up, eyes and mouth wide, face slack, not so much with disbelief or mental shock as with sheer simple physiological surprise. One of the objects which had struck him, not meeting bone, was seen to burst forth through the front of him puffing out the green cloth, taking a button with it and opening his blouse a notch. Stein through the glasses saw him jab the now-bared needle, whether deliberately by design or from sheer reflex, into his own forearm below the rolled up sleeve. Then he fell forward on his face crushing both the syrette and his hands beneath him. He did not move again.

Stein, still holding the glasses on him, waited. He could not escape a feeling that something more important, more earthshaking should happen. Seconds ago he was alive and Stein was talking to him; now he was dead. Just like that. But Stein's attention was pulled away before he could think more, pulled away by two things. One was Tella, who now began to scream in a high quavery babbling falsetto of hysteria totally different from his former yells. Looking at him now through the glasses—he had almost forgotten him entirely in watching the medic—Stein saw that he had flopped himself over on his side, face pressing the dirt. Obviously he had been hit again, and while one bloodstained hand tried to hold in his intestines, the other groped at the new wound in his chest. Stein wished that at least they had killed him, if they were going to shoot him up again. This screaming, which he ceased only long enough to draw sobbing breath, was infinitely more bad than the yells for everyone concerned, both in its penetration and in its longevity. But

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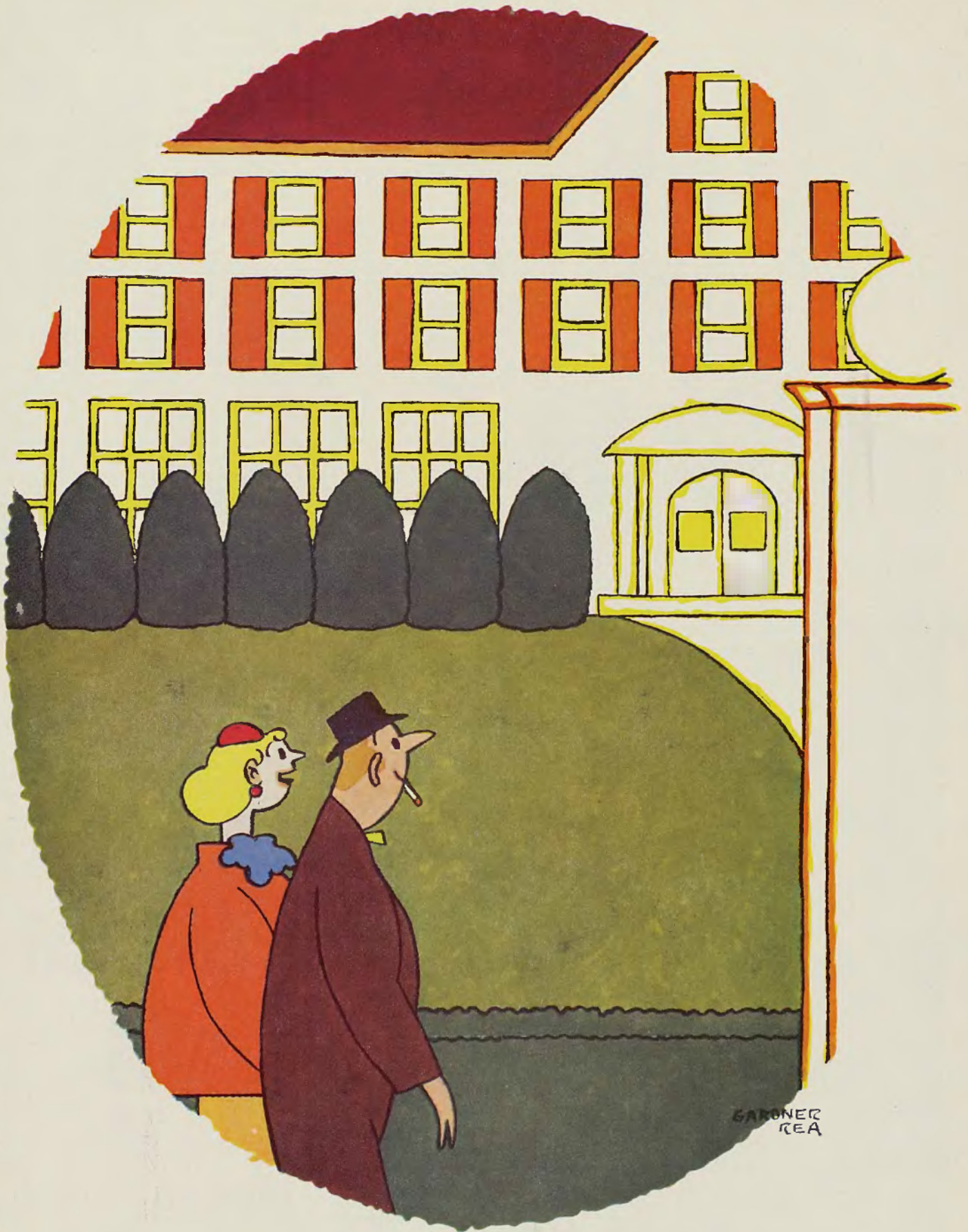


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*"They've 18 bedrooms and just to be on the safe side,
I understand her husband has every one of them bugged!"*

they were not firing more now. And as if to prove it deliberate a faint faraway voice called several times in an Oriental accent, "Cly, Yank, cly! Yerl, Yank, yerl!"

The other thing which caught Stein's attention was something which caught the corner of his eye in the glasses as he lay looking at Tella and wondering what to do. A figure emerged from the grass on the righthand ridge plodding rearward across the flat and began to mount the forward slope of the fold. Turning the glasses on him, Stein saw that it was his Sergeant McCron, that he was wringing his hands, and that he was weeping. On his dirty face two great white streaks of clean skin ran from eye to chin accentuating the eyes as if he were wearing the haunting makeup of a tragic actor in some Greek drama. And on he came, while behind him Japanese MGs and smallarms opened up all across the ridge, making dirt puffs all around him. Still he came on, shoulders hunched, face twisted, wringing his hands, looking more like an old woman at a wake than an infantry combat soldier, neither quickening his pace nor dodging. In a kind of incredulous fury Stein watched him, frozen to the glasses. Nothing touched him. When he reached the top of the fold, he sat down beside his Captain still wringing his hands and weeping.

"Dead," he said. "All dead, Cap'n. Every one. I'm the only one. All 12. Twelve young men. I looked after them. Taught them everything I knew. *Helped* them. It didn't mean a thing. Dead."

Obviously, he was talking only of his own 12-man squad, all of whom Stein knew could not be dead.

From below, because he was still sitting up in the open beside his prone Captain, someone seized him by the ankle and hauled him bodily below the crest. To Corporal Fife, who had seen the vomiting Sico go and who now lay looking up at McCron with his own fear-starting eyes, there was some look not exactly sly about his face but which appeared to say that while what he was telling was the truth, it was not all the truth, and which made Fife believe that like Sico McCron had found his own reasonable excuse. It did not make Fife angry. On the contrary, it made him envious and he yearned to find some such mechanism which he might use with success himself.

Stein apparently felt somewhat the same thing himself. With only one further look at the handwringing, still weeping, but now safe McCron, Stein turned his head and called for the medic.

"Here, sir," the junior medic said from immediately below him. He had come up on his own.

"Take him back. Stay with him. And when you get back there, tell them we need another medic now. At least one."

"Yes, sir," the boy said solemnly.

"Come on, Mac. That's it. Come on, boy. It'll be all right. It'll all be all right."

"You dont understand that they're all dead," McCron said earnestly. "How can it be all right?" But he allowed himself to be led off by the arm. The last C-for-Charlie saw of him was when he and the medic dropped behind the second fold, now 75 to a hundred yards behind them. Some of them were to see his haunted face in the Division's hospital later, but the company as a whole saw him no more.

Stein sighed. With this last, new crisis out of the way and taken care of, he could turn his attention back to Tella. The Italian was still screaming his piercing wailing scream and did not seem to show any indication that he was ever going to run down. If it kept on, it was going to unnerve them all. For a fleet second Stein had a lurid romantic vision of taking up his carbine and shooting the dying man through the head. You saw that in movies and read it in books. But the vision died sickly away, unfulfilled. He wasn't the type and he knew it. Behind him his reserve platoon, cheeks pressed to earth, stared at him from their tense, blank, dirty faces in a long line of white, nerve-racked eyes. The screaming seemed to splinter the air, a huge circular saw splitting giant oak slabs, shivering spinal columns to fragments. But Stein did not know what to do. He could not send another man down there. He had to give up. A hot unbelieving outraged fury seized him at the thought of McCron plodding leisurely back through all that fire totally unscathed. He motioned furiously to Fife to hand him the phone, to take back up the call to Colonel Tall which Tella's first screams had interrupted. Then, just as he was puckering to whistle, a large green object of nature on his right, a green boulder topped by a small metallic-colored rock, rose up flapping and bellowing. Taking earthly matters into its own hands, it bounded over the crest of the fold growling guttural obscenities before Stein could even yell the one word, "Welsh!" The First Sergeant was already careering at full gallop down into the hollow.

Welsh saw everything before him with a singular, pristine, furiously crystal clarity: the rocky thin-grassed slope, mortar- and bullet-pocked, the hot bright sunshine and deep cerulean sky, the incredibly white clouds above the towering highup horseshoe of the Elephant's Head, the yellow serenity of the ridge before him. He did not know how he came to be doing this, nor why. He was simply furious, furious with a graven, black, bitter hatred of everything and everybody in the whole f---ing gripe-assed world. He felt nothing. Mindlessly, he ran. He looked curiously and indifferently, without participation, at

the puffs of dirt which had begun now to kick up around him. Furious, furious. There were three bodies on the slope, two dead, one alive and still screaming. Tella simply had to stop that screaming; it wasn't dignified. Puffs of dirt were popping up all around him now. The clatterbanging which had hung in the air at varying levels all through the day had descended almost to ground level, now, and was aimed personally and explicitly at him. Welsh ran on, suppressing a desire to giggle. A curious ecstasy had gripped him. He was the target, the sole target. At last it was all out in the open. The truth had at last come out. He had always known it. Bellowing "F--- you!" at the whole world over and over at the top of his lungs, Welsh charged on happily. Catch me if you can! Catch me if you can!

Zigzigging professionally, he made his run down. If a f---ing nut like McCron could simply walk right out, a really bright man like himself in the possession of his faculties could get down and back. But when he skidded to a stop on his belly beside the mutilated Italian boy, he realized he had made no plans about what to do when he got here. He was stumped, suddenly, and at a loss. And when he looked at Tella, an embarrassed kindness came over him. Gently, still embarrassed, he touched the other on the shoulder. "How goes it, kid?" he yelled inanely.

In midscream Tella rolled his eyes around like a maddened horse until he could see who it was. He did not stop the scream.

"You got to be quiet," Welsh yelled, staring at him grimly. "I came to help you."

It had no reality to Welsh. Tella was dying, maybe it was real to Tella, but to Welsh it wasn't real, the blue-veined intestines, and the flies, the bloody hands, the blood running slowly from the other, newer wound in his chest whenever he breathed, it had no more reality for Welsh than a movie. He was John Wayne and Tella was John Agar.

Finally the scream stopped of itself, from lack of breath, and Tella breathed, causing more blood to run from the hole in his chest. When he spoke, it was only a few decibels lower than the scream. "F--- you!" he piped. "I'm dying! I'm dying, Sarge! Look at me! I'm all apart! Get away from me! I'm *dying!*" Again he breathed, pushing fresh blood from his chest.

"Okay," Welsh yelled, "but goddam it, do it with less noise." He was beginning to blink now, and his back to crawl, whenever a bullet flipped up dirt.

"How you going to help me?"

"Take you back."

"You can't take me back! You want to f---ing help me, shoot me!" Tella screamed, his eyes wide and rolling.

"You're off your rocker," Welsh



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yelled in the noise. "You know I can't do that."

"Sure you can! You got your pistol there! Take it the f--- out! You want to help me, shoot me and get it over with! I can't stand it! I'm scared!"

"Does it hurt much?" Welsh yelled.

"Sure it hurts, you dumb son of a bitch!" Tella screamed. Then he paused, to breathe, and bleed, and then he swallowed, his eyes closed. "You can't take me back."

"We'll see," Welsh yelled grimly. "You stick with old Welsh. Trust old Welsh. Did I ever give you a bum steer?" He was aware now—he knew—that he wouldn't be able to stay much longer. Already he was flinching and jerking and jumping uncontrollably under the fire. Crouching he ran around to Tella's head and got him under the armpits and heaved. In his own arms Welsh could feel the body stretch even before Tella screamed.

"Aaa-eeee!" The scream was terrible. "You're killing me! You're pulling me apart! Put me down, goddam you! Put me down!"

Welsh dropped him quickly, by simple reflex. Too quickly. Tella landed heavily, sobbing. "You son of a bitch! You son of a bitch! Leave me alone! Leave me alone! Don't touch me!"

"Stop that yelling," Welsh yelled, feeling abysmally stupid. "it aint dignified." Blinking, his nerves already fluttering like fringe in a high wind now and threatening to forsake him, he scrambled grimly around to Tella's side. "All right, we'll do it this way, then." Slipping one arm under the Italian's knees and the other under his shoulders, he lifted. Tella was not a small man, but Welsh was bigger, and at the moment he was endowed with superhuman strength. But when he heaved him up to try and carry him like a child, the body jackknifed almost double like a closing pocketknife. Again there was that terrible scream.

"Aaa-eeee! Put me down! Put me down! You're breaking me in two! Put me down!"

This time Welsh was able to let him down slowly.

Sobbing, Tella lay and vituperated him. "You son of a bitch! You f---er! You bastard! I told you leave me alone! I never ast you to come down here! Go away! Leave me alone! You s---eater! Stay away from me!" And turning his head away and closing his eyes, he began his desperate, wailing, piercing scream again.

Five yards above them on the slope a line of machinegun bullets slowly stitched itself across from left to right. Welsh happened to be looking straight at it and saw it. He did not even bother to think how all the gunner had to do was depress a degree. All he could think about now was getting out of here. And

yet how could he? He had come all this way down here. And he had not saved Tella, and he had not shut him up. Nothing. Except to cause more pain. Pain. With sudden, desperate inspiration he leaped across the prostrate Tella and began rummaging in the dead medic's belt pouches.

"Here!" he bellowed. "Tella! Take these! Tella!"

Tella stopped screaming and opened his eyes. Welsh tossed him two morphine syrettes he had found and began to attack another pouch.

Tella picked one up. "More!" he cried when he saw what they were. "More! Gimme more! More!"

"Here," Welsh yelled, and tossed him a double handful he had found in the other pouch, and then turned to run.

But something stopped him. Crouched like a sprinter at the gun, he turned his head and looked at Tella one more time. Tella, already unscrewing the cap from one of the syrettes, was looking at him, his eyes wide and white. For a moment they stared at each other.

"Goodby," Tella cried. "Goodby, Welsh!"

"Goodby, kid," Welsh yelled. It was all he could think of to say. For that matter, it was all he had time to say, because he was already off and running. And he did not look back to see whether Tella took the syrettes. However, when they were able to get to him safely later in the afternoon, they found 10 empty morphine syrettes scattered all around him. The 11th remained stuck in his arm. He had taken them one after the other, and there was an at least partially relaxed look on his dead face.

Welsh ran with his head down and did not bother to zigzag. He was thinking that now they would get him. After all of that, that run down, all that time down there, *now* they would have to get him, on the way back. It was his fate, his luck. He knew that they would get him now. But they didn't. He ran and ran and then he fell headlong over the little crest and just lay there, half dead from exhaustion, Tella's wild face and bulging blue intestines visible behind his closed eyes. Why had he ever done it in the first place? Sobbing audibly for breath, he made himself a solemn unspoken promise never again to let his screwy wacked-up emotions get the better of his common sense.

But it was when Bugger Stein crawled over to him to pat him on the back and congratulate and thank him, that Welsh really blew his top.

"Sergeant, I saw the whole thing through the glasses," he heard, feeling the friendly hand on his shoulder. "I want you to know I'm mentioning you in Orders tomorrow. I'm recommending you for the Silver Star. I can only say that I—"

Welsh opened his eyes and found

himself staring up into the anxious Jewish face of his Commander. The look in his eyes must have stopped Stein, because he did not finish.

"Captain," Welsh said deliberately, between ebbing sobs for breath, "if you say one word to thank me, I will punch you square in the nose. Right now, right here. And if you ever so much as mention me in your f---ing Orders, I will resign my rating two minutes after, and leave you to run this pore, busted-up outfit by yourself. If I go to jail. So f---ing help me."

He shut his eyes. Then as an afterthought he rolled over away from Bugger, who said nothing. As a second afterthought, he got to all fours and crawled away, off to the right, by himself. Shutting his eyes again, he lay in the sun-tinged dark, listening to the mortars that were still dropping every couple of minutes, groaning over and over to himself his one phrase of understanding: "Property! Property! All for f---ing property!" He was terribly dry, but both his canteens were bone empty. After a while he took out the third one and took one precious swallow of its precious gin without opening his eyes.

The lack of water was getting to everyone. Stein was thirsty, too, and his canteens were as empty as Welsh's. And Stein had no gin. In addition, he still had his call to put through to Colonel Tall at Battalion CP. He was not looking forward to it, and Welsh's reaction just now in crawling away from him like that was not especially heartening or confidence inspiring. Slowly he crawled back to Fife and the sound-power phone. He understood that his crazy First Sergeant, mad or not, wanted to be alone. He must be terribly wrought up. After having just helped a mutilated man to kill himself? And not even counting the danger to himself, to Welsh. His reaction was quite normal. But in spite of that, just for a moment, when Welsh had opened his eyes with that look and had said what he did, Bugger Stein could not escape a fleeting impression that it was because he Stein was Jewish. He thought he had gotten over all that sort of stuff long ago. Years and years ago. He made a grim inward smile. Both because of what he had just thought, and because of what he thought next: It was that f---ing infuriating outrageous Anglo-Saxon Tall, with his cropped blond head and young-old boyish face, and his tall spare soldierly frame. West Point, class of '28. Whenever Stein was forced by the duties of his military life to have contact with that commanding gentleman, Stein always somehow came away from it made doubly aware of being of Jehovah's Own, a Jew. He motioned to Fife to give him the phone.

When Stein took the phone, he received the extraordinary impression that

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his arm, his whole body, was too tired, too weak, to lift the almost weightless little tin instrument to his ear. Astonished, he waited. Slowly the arm came up. Already worn out, the affair of Tella's death had taken more out of him than he realized. How long could he go on? How much longer could he watch his men being killed in agony like this without ceasing to function entirely? Suddenly, for the first time, he was terribly afraid that he might not be able to cut it. This fear, added to the already heavy burden of simple physical fear for himself, seemed almost too much of a load to bear, but it jerked a renewed energy up out of some deep in him. He whistled into the mouthpiece.

Scattered around him, as he whistled and waited, the mixed remnants of his CP force plus a smattering of 2d and 3d Platoon men lay huddled to earth, watching him with white eyes and those drawn-in-turned faces, as if all were looking to him and hoping he could in some way get them out of this bind, this mess, so that they might go on living. Stein could grin, and did, at the looks on the faces of Storm and his cook force, which seemed to say clearly that they had had their fill of this volunteering for combat, that if they ever got out of this one they would most certainly never do it again. They were not alone in it, either. Supply Sergeant MacTae and his clerk wore the same look.

Stein did not have long to wait; almost before his whistle had ended the phone was answered on the other end, and it was Colonel Tall himself, not any

communications clerk. It was not a long conversation, but in a way it was one of the most important conversations in Stein's life up to now. Yes, Tall had seen the little three-squad attack, and had thought it fine. They had made a good lodgment. But before Stein could say anything further, he demanded to know why Stein had not already followed it up and exploited it? What was the matter with him? Those men should be reinforced immediately. And what were they doing? Tall could see them through his glasses, just lying there behind that ledge. They should be already up and out and at work cleaning out those emplacements.

"I dont think you understand what's going on down here, sir," Stein said patiently. "We're taking a lot of fire down here. We've had heavy casualties. I was planning to reinforce them right away, but something bad happened. We had a man —" he did not actually hesitate or gulp over the word, but he wanted to gulp — "gutshot out on the slope, and he caused quite a bit of upset. But that's taken care of now, and I'm planning to reinforce now." Stein swallowed. "Over?"

"Fine." Colonel Tall's voice said crisply, without his former enthusiasm. "By the way, who was that man who ran out on the slope? Was that what he was doing? The Admiral — Admiral Barr — saw him through the glasses; the Admiral couldn't tell for sure but thought he had gone out to help someone. Was that it? The Admiral wants to recom-

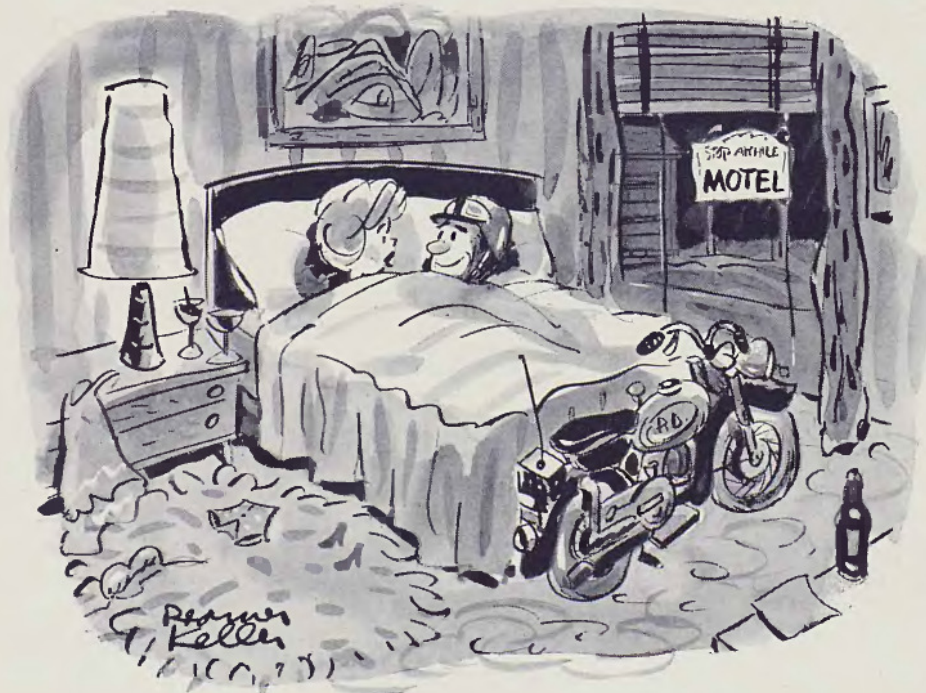
mend the man for something. Over."

Stein had listened wanting suddenly to laugh hysterically. Help him? Yes, he had helped him all right. Boosted him right on off the old cinder and out and away. "There were two men who went out, sir," he said. "One was our senior medic. He was killed. The other," he said, remembering what he now thought of as his conspiratorial promise to Welsh, "was one of the privates. I dont know which one yet, but I'll find out. Over." And f--- you. And the Admiral.

Fine. Fine, fine. And now, Tall wanted to know, what about those reinforcements? Stein went on to lay out, while the mortars continued to search unabated along and around the fold, his little plan of bringing his reserve platoon forward to this slope, while sending the remaining two squads of 2d Platoon up with the other three — other two now, rather, after casualties — up on the ridge. "I lost Keck, you know, too, Colonel. Up there. He was one of my best men," he said. "Over."

The answer he got was an unexpected outburst of official fury. Two squads! What the hell did he mean, two squads! When Tall said reinforcements, he meant reinforcements. Stein should throw every man he had in there, and should do it now. Should have done earlier, as soon as the lodgment was made. That meant commit the reserve platoon and all. And what about Stein's 1st Platoon? They were lying on their fat asses down there doing nothing. Stein should move them by the flank in to the ridge, should get a man down there to them right now with orders to attack — attack around the left of the ridge. Send his reserve platoon to attack around the right. Leave the 2d Platoon there to hold and press the center. An envelopment. "Do I have to give you a 10-cent lesson in infantry tactics while your men are getting their ass shot off, Stein?" Tall howled. "Over!"

Stein swallowed his wrath. "I dont think you fully understand what's going on down here, Colonel," he said more quietly than he felt. "We've already lost two officers dead, and a lot of men. I dont think my company alone can take that position. They're too well dug in, and have too much firepower. I formally request, sir, and I have witnesses, to be given permission to make a patrol reconnaissance around to the right of Hill 210 through the jungle. I believe the entire position can be out-flanked by a maneuver there in force." But did he? Did he really believe that? Or was he only grasping at straws? He had a hunch, that was the truth. He had a real hunch but that was all. There had been no fire from there all day. But was that enough? "Over," he said, trying to muster all his dignity — then blinked and ducked down flat, as a



"I didn't realize that a traffic violation was so serious!"

mortar shell went up roaring 10 yards away along the little crest and somebody screamed.

"NO!" roared Tall, as if he had been waiting fuming, dancing a little dance of frustration at the other end, until he could push his button and speak his piece into this maddening one-way phone. "I tell you, no! I want a double envelopment! I order you, Stein, to attack, and attack now, with every available man at your disposal! I'm sending B-for-Baker in too on your left! Now, *ATTACK*, Stein! That's a direct order!" He paused for breath. "Over!"

Stein had heard himself talking of "formally request" and "have witnesses" with a sort of astonished, numb disbelief. He had not really meant to go that far. How could he be sure that he was right? And yet, he was sure. At least, reasonably sure. Why had there been no firing from down there, then? In any case, he had now either to put up or shut up. His heart suddenly up in his throat, he said formally, "Sir, I must tell you that I refuse to obey your order. I again request permission to make a patrol reconnaissance in force around to the right. The time, sir, is 1321 hours 25 seconds. I have two witnesses here listening to what I've said. I request, sir, that you inform witnesses there. Over."

"Stein!" he heard. Tall was raging. "Dont pull that guardhouse lawyer s--- with me, Stein! I know you're a god-damned lawyer! Now shut up and do like I said! I didnt hear what you just said! I repeat my order! Over!"

"Colonel, I refuse to take my men up there in a frontal attack. It's a suicide! I've lived with these men two and a half years. I won't order them all to their deaths. That's final. Over." Someone was blubbing now not far away along the crest, and Stein tried to see who it was and couldn't. Tall was stupid, ambitious, without imagination, and vicious as well. He was desperate to succeed before his superiors. Otherwise he could never have given such an order.

After the little pause, Tall's voice was cool, and sharp as a razorblade. "This is a very important decision you're making, Stein. If you feel that strongly, perhaps you have reason. I'm coming down. Understand: I'm not rescinding my order to you, but if I find there are extenuating circumstances when I get down there, I'll take that into account. I want you to hold on there until I get there. If possible, get those men up on the ridge out and moving. I'll be there in" he paused "10 or 15 minutes. Over and out."

This is the second part of James Jones' "The Thin Red Line." The conclusion will appear in October.



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BLOODY PULPS *(continued from page 92)*

and geologist, William Harper Littlejohn, whose specialty was the English language. He would have sent us all scurrying to our dictionaries had not author Kenneth Robeson thoughtfully translated his transcendental philological peregrinations. (As it was, "Johnny" did contribute importantly to our vocabularies. For a time we all used his colorful substitute for profanity: "I'll be super-amalgamated!")

With this fabulous confederacy of adventurers, headed always by Clark Savage, Jr., M.D. (specializing in brain surgery when he was not fighting the International Cartels of Evil), we traveled under the earth's surface, beneath the sea, into palaces of ice at the North Pole, through the jungles of Southeast Asia, into vast caverns on the Equator, and down the reeky slums of the world's biggest and most mysterious cities. We were introduced by Robeson (a nom de plume for pulpster Lester Dent) to Kant and Lombroso. We were imbued with a healthy respect for scientists in particular and education in general. How else save through education could Doc have invented such marvels as his machine pistol, which fired "mercy bullets," gas pellets or explosive shells at so fantastic a rate of speed that it sounded like an extended low note played on a bull fiddle; or his capacity detector, which like an old regenerative radio emitted a squeal whenever its field was interrupted; or the candy bar that kept you awake and supplied vitamins at the same time; or the wrist radios, the automatic door openers, the self-contained underwater breathing apparatus, etc.?

Within two or three issues after its introduction, the *Doc Savage* magazine was selling 200,000 copies per month. Robeson/Dent cranked out over a hun-

dred novel-length adventures, turning his Man of Bronze into the most popular fictional character of the period.

Then there was The Shadow. He didn't exactly eclipse Doc, but he cast a hell of a dark pall over our hero. We thought it was because he was more believable. After all, didn't each story begin with the declaimer that it was "from the private annals of The Shadow, as told to Maxwell Grant"? Of course. It was no problem to believe that Lamont Cranston existed and that the man known as The Shadow assumed his identity whenever it was necessary for him to emerge from the blackness of the city night to accomplish some high-level mission. Unlike Doc, who operated in a realm where law-enforcement officers were seldom present, Cranston carried on a regular fox-and-hounds with the police, and in particular with Inspector Cardona. The milieu, if not the situations, was recognizable.

Fans who knew this master crime fighter only through his radio adventures knew him not at all. For the real lowdown, you had to go to the magazines. There, in the pulpy pages, he existed in all his weird and inexplicable glory.

From his sanctum in an unidentified warehouse (lit only by a blue lamp), The Shadow communicated through his contact man, Burbank, with a small army of operatives: Hawkeye, a small-time crook; Cliff Marsland, a free-lance mobster; Harry Vincent, sometime reporter; and the indispensable hackie, Moe Shrevnitz. Upon receiving news of impending, or recently committed, crime. The Shadow would blend into the dimness of the evening and appear—with or without his confederates—to challenge the worst of evils. A master of disguises, he did not rely entirely on concealment: a bit of

wax in the cheeks, a touch of makeup here and there, an affected slouch, limp or drooped shoulder, and he might become a Bowery bum, a cripple or even a scrubwoman. He was also a master psychologist, as demonstrated in Maxwell Grant's straightforward prose (which was the actual cause of The Shadow's ascendancy over Doc Savage):

"There Badger saw The Shadow.

"Had he faced an armed policeman, the mobster would have fired. But sight of The Shadow overwhelmed him. Blazing eyes made the wounded crook falter. His gun hand wavered; sagged.

"A product of the underworld, Badger was one who had bragged often that he would like the chance to gain a pot shot at The Shadow. But in this crisis, Badger failed.

"The Shadow had expected it."

To those of us who lived with The Shadow through twoscore pulp-paper perils, the radio episodes were a considerable letdown. Aside from the blood-curdling laugh and the sibilant assurances (delivered by Orson Welles) that "The weed of crime bears bitter fruit" and "What evil lurks in the hearts of men? The Shadow knows," we felt that there was too little resemblance between the radio show and the "real" adventures. The half-hour dramatizations were interesting enough, but really, The Shadow did not have to depend upon hypnosis ("... the power to cloud men's minds") in order to make his way unseen across rooftops and through dim hallways. And, there was entirely too much hanky-panky with Margo Lane, a sex interest who drifted into the magazine's previously chaste pages and did much to confirm our suspicion that women ought to leave important matters to men.

The scripts for the radio dramas were written by Harry Charlton, who died in a poisoning mystery as intriguing as any *Shadow* novel; but each of the 178 book-lengthers—7,500,000 words of print—was turned out by Maxwell Grant.

Looking back on those two great heroes, Doc and The Shadow, one wonders what ever prompted the disapproving attitude held by adults. Search as they might through the corpus of English literature, they could not have found two such spotless, virtuous, moral and right-thinking characters.

Perhaps it was this: that at the time, we were receiving the dregs of a prejudice that had been developed in a previous generation against "yellow journalism"; and that our pulps were the descendants of a long line of lower-class literature, much of it salacious, all of it beneath the attention of the better element.

For our pulps were no instant phenomenon of the period but, instead, the outgrowth of a fiction form now 130 years old.



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When titles for paperbacked books hawked by chapmen who peddled shoelaces and pincushions still ran to such intriguing lengths as: "*The Affecting History of Sally Williams; afterwards Tippling Sally. Shewing how she left her father's house to follow an officer, who seduced her; and how she took to drinking, and at last became a vile prostitute, died in a hospital and was dissected by the surgeons. Tending to shew the pernicious effects of dram drinking,*" there was an experiment begun in a more flexible medium for popular reading than the books—the newspaper. When all the available news was quickly and easily disposed of in a page or two, it was natural that other attractions should be used to fill space. Accordingly, fictional narratives were tried with instantaneous success.

The outgrowth of this was the family story paper, an institution that persisted until the turn of this century. The story papers secured and kept readership by offering "plenty of sensation and no philosophy," as Robert Bonner—publisher of one of the most famous and long-lived of the publications—described their approach. In the guise of uplifting and edifying the public about conditions at large, these prepulpsters gleefully exploited the seamy and vice-ridden side of life.

It was but a step from fictionalizing the lives of actual people to the creation of fictional beings who would be passed off as real. The Old Sleuth, who first appeared in *The Fireside Companion* in 1872, was the direct sire of all the thousand private eyes whose legal deprivations have flourished in print, on the air and on the screen, ever since. He was thought for many years to be a genuine living person, but when his creators began running as many as three different installment adventures in each weekly paper, the public caught on. No mere human could possibly accomplish in one lifetime the deeds attributed to The Old Sleuth.

However, no one doubted the existence of the next pulp hero: Buffalo Bill. With his appearance, the younger generation of boys—untempted by aged detectives and love-stuff—began to devour the story papers; and a tradition was born. General disapproval was followed by pulpit blasts, confiscation, hide-tannings and stern talkings-to. But the kids had found an idol.

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escaped the lynching when the rope broke; organized a riot in New York City and was jailed for a year; fought with the Union Army in the Civil War, emerging as a colonel with 20 bullets in his body; then went West to roam the untamed land with Wild Bill Hickok, Texas Jack and a youngster named William Frederick Cody.

Cody wore his golden hair at shoulder length, sported a goatee, fringed jacket and wide-brimmed cowboy hat, and was altogether the living prototype of the fictional Western hero "Ned Buntline" had in mind. Assisted by Cody's grandiloquent tales of hunting expeditions and Indian battles, plus a recounting of his ceaseless efforts to avenge the death of his father in the Bloody Kansas struggle, Buntline started the most popular series of stories America had ever read. Not that E. Z. C. Judson was a tyro seeking inspiration. He was, at the time of his "Know Nothing" Party riot in New York, one of the best paid writers in the world. But his own experiences were, so he thought, commonplace. He was certain that realistic yarns of the new frontier would eclipse any personal reminiscences he could get into print. So he decided to "immortalize" Buffalo Bill.

The great cowboy's saga began irresistibly, setting a style which seldom varied:

Ned Buntline's Great Story!!

Buffalo Bill

*The King of the Border Men!
The wildest and truest story
I ever wrote.*

By **NED BUNTLINE**
(E. Z. C. Judson)

CHAPTER I

"An oasis of green wood on a Kansas prairie—a bright stream shining like

liquid silver in the moonlight—a log house built under the limbs of great trees—within this home a happy group. This is my first picture.

"Look well on the leading figure in that group. You will see him but once, yet on his sad fate hinges all the wild and fearful realities which are to follow, drawn to a very great extent, not from imagination but from life itself . . ."

Buntline goes on to describe the family at its evening devotions. Then, suddenly, there is the sound of hoofbeats. A cry: "Hallo—the house!" Father Cody opens the door. He is greeted by the jeers of Southern sympathizers and the taunts of "Colonel M'Kandlas"—who levels his pistol and fires! Father Cody, good husband and outstanding Christian, clutches at his chest and falls dead before his horrified family. Then:

"If them gals was a little older—but never mind, boys, this will be a lesson for the sneaks that come upon the border—let's be off, for there's plenty more work to do before daylight!" continued the wretch, turning the head of his horse to ride away.

"Stop!"

"It was but a single word—spoken, too, by a boy whose blue eyes shone wildly in a face as white as new-fallen snow and full as cold—spoken as he stood erect over the body of his dead father, weaponless and alone.

"Yet that ruffian, aye, and all of his mad wreckless crew, stopped as if a mighty spell was laid upon them.

"You, Jake M'Kandlas, have murdered my father! You, base cowards, who

saw him do this dark deed, spoke no word to restrain him. I am only Little Bill, his son, but as God in Heaven hears me now, I will kill every father's son of you before the beard grows on my face!"

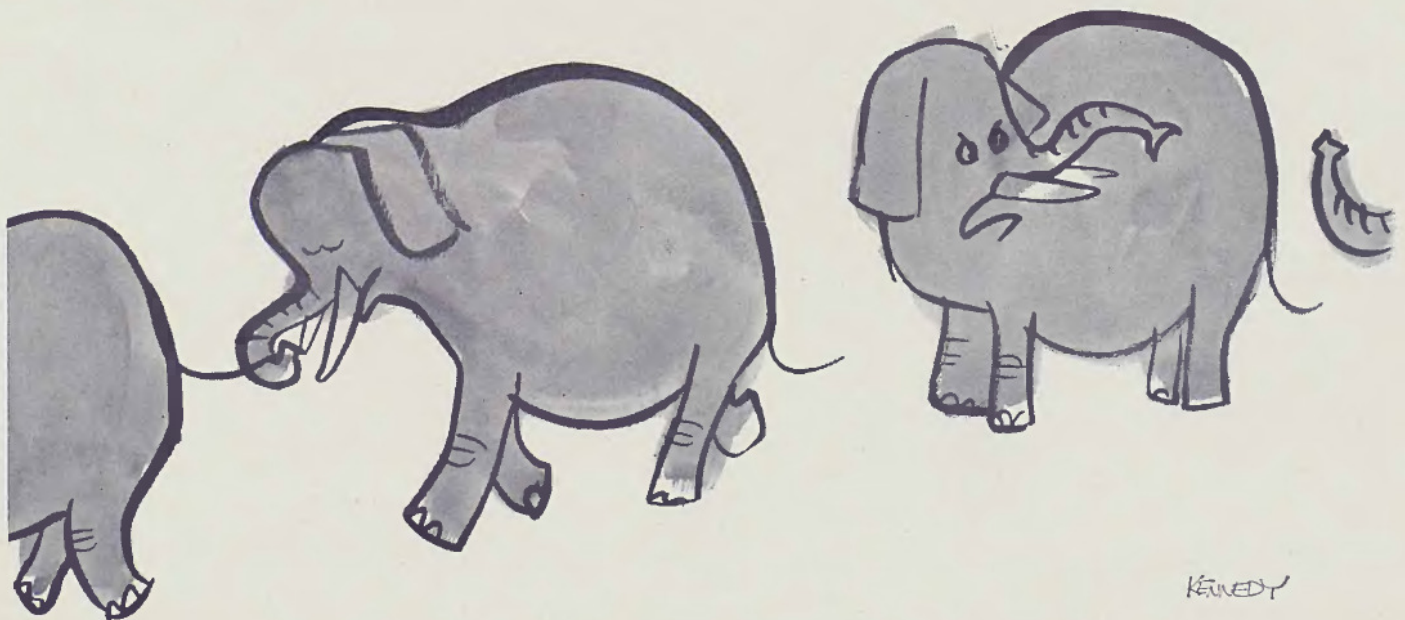
"Little Bill" soon became big Bill, and in weekly installments held the nation captive as he sought vengeance, killed buffalo, scouted the plains, led the Cavalry to victory after victory, and dueled with the fiercest Indian chiefs. He was the bravest man on earth and the most exciting figure in all of literature—to small fry, anyway.

His popularity continued for many years, carried on after Judson's death by an equally improbable writer named Colonel Prentiss Ingraham, who had fought with Lee and Juárez. But after a while Street & Smith—then, as now, the leading pulp publishers—decided that Westerns were on the wane. So they began to think of other ways to tap the pockets of youngsters.

Although entertainments were not omnipresent, as they are today, loose coin was in correspondingly short supply. Accordingly, it took a solid jolt on the cover of a magazine (the natural development of the story papers) and a substantial dose of interior escape to effect the transfer of a week's spending money from knickers to newsstand vendors.

Nick Carter was the answer.

He first appeared as the protégé of "Seth Parker, the old detective" (a not-too-subtle revival of *The Old Sleuth*) in a story written by John Russell Coryell. Ormond Smith, at that time head of the Street & Smith firm, liked the idea of a young detective, and as-



"Just the tail, Samba!"



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signed Frederick van Rensselaer Dey to do a series featuring Nick Carter. It was an immediate sensation.

The masthead of *The Nick Carter Weekly* portrayed a clean-cut collar-ad youth in the center of the page, surrounded by sketches of "Nick Carter in various disguises": a queued Chinese laborer; a monocled fop; a gray-haired grandmother; a straw-chewing, bearded rube; a top-hatted industrialist puffing a cigar; and a toothy Negro. It was plain that Carter was a master of the art of changing appearance. He carried paints, droopy mustaches and wigs at all times, and could become another person faster than Clark Kent turns into Superman. Unlike the shamus we know in current literature, Nick disdained alcohol, tobacco and sex. Yet, in the true traditions of his craft, he encouraged the perpetration of mayhem upon his person, suffering as many head-cloutings, jaw-smashings, waylayings and maimings as his descendant, Mike Hammer.

When we consider that the writers who filled the pages of our favorite crime-laden paperbacks were brought up, most of them, on Nick Carter, we can understand the near inflexibility of the *stalwart, high-principled hero enmeshed in violent situations* formula. It carried the first recognizable private eye to peaks of popularity even higher than those attained by Buffalo Bill.

Most of the out-and-out sensationalism to which educators and clergymen objected in the 19th Century was contained not in the Street & Smith pulps but in the physically similar dime novels. Beadle & Adams, publishers, clothed their little publications in orange covers, but the content was usually "yellow."

Within this form one of America's best-known, least-talented and most fondly remembered authors made his mark. Horatio Alger, Jr., wrote 119 books (or, as a critic commented, "one book, rewritten 118 times") about poor boys who persevered throughout adversity and gained wealth and fame as their reward. There was nothing in these morality tales to shock the mildest country minister (indeed, Alger was a sometime Unitarian minister himself), yet they were frowned upon and, probably as a result, sold an almost unbelievable 250,000,000 copies.

In his college days, Alger was known as "Holy Horatio," generally because of his starchy, abstemious nature and specifically because one night he refused to cooperate with his landlady, who had walked into his room stark naked and asked him to join her in a tango. A subsequent trip to Paris, however, fired him with worldly ideas and experiences — he wrote in his diary: "I was a fool to have

waited so long. It is not nearly so vile as I had thought" — and he returned to the United States willing, if not downright eager, to sample earthly joys. Of course, as everyone knows who has ever brushed with his literary corpus, no trace of this moral liberation ever found its way into the Horatio Alger, Jr., books, except as illustrations of the evils young men must struggle to avoid. These illustrations gobbled up dimes from the nation's youth and were passed along in secret delight like so many pornographic pictures.

With the appearance of *Frank Merriwell*, the Street & Smith company assumed unchallenged leadership of the adventure-fiction market. Merriwell — a Yale student, as everyone knows; or, more properly, *the* Yale student — was created by Burt L. Standish, in the late 1890s. Standish's experience with the university he was to immortalize consisted of his attendance at a half-dozen football games and a single stroll around the campus; yet he made Yale so real and Merriwell so believable that enrollment at the college increased by hundreds.

The literary quality of these stories was regrettably low, though not so low as in the Alger epics. The late George Jean Nathan actually claimed to enjoy them and often beat the drum for a return to those simple values. He regarded the absence of a Standish biography as the most glaring and insupportable omission in American literary history. "His readers numbered millions," Nathan complained. "For one who read Mark Twain's *Huckleberry Finn* or *Tom Sawyer*, there were 10,000 who read Standish's *Frank Merriwell's Dilemma* or *The Rescue of Inza* and *Frank Merriwell at Yale* or *The Winning Last Quarter-Mile*. The little candy and cigar stores of that day, the chief distributing centers of the Standish opera, had longer lines of small boys with nickels in their hands every Friday than Barnum's or Forepaugh's circus could ever boast . . ."

Pawnee Bill, John L., Jr., Clif Faraday of Annapolis, Mark Mallory of West Point and Diamond Dick were the heroes who followed Merriwell. They were uniformly antiseptic types, but they assumed a degree of importance to America's mass readership that no literary creation of recent times has been able to duplicate. For years they rode tall, shrugging off the bullets of Wrongdoers and the slings and arrows of critics; but they could not defend themselves against their greatest enemy: Growing Sophistication. One by one they bit the dust. *Buffalo Bill* was the last to fall, and a sad day it was. He was laid to rest in 1919 and mourned on the masthead of the zippy, modern magazine that did him in.

It is that magazine — *Western Story*

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Magazine — Formerly *New Buffalo Bill Weekly* — which forms our direct link with the past.

For more than 30 years, *Western Story Magazine* (the Buffalo Bill subtitle was soon dropped) appeared twice a month. Most of us cut our teeth on it. While *Soldiers of Fortune*, *Scientific Detectives* and *Yellow Menaces* provided aperitif, appetizer and dessert, the changeless saga of the American West was our main course. Every kid on every block dreamed of being a sheriff, and "Cowboys" was the national game.

Thanks in large part to a moody, tortured genius called Frederick Schiller Faust. We didn't know him by that name. We knew Max Brand, George Owen Baxter, Martin Dexter, Evin Evans, David Manning, Peter Dawson, John Frederick, Pete Morland. But they were all Faust, the most incredibly prolific — and unquestionably the best — pulp writer in the business.

His almost innumerable stories were usually variations of the primitive Vengeance theme, yet they had — and have — an unaccountable freshness and vitality. Unaccountable, that is, until one recalls that Brand/Faust had the instincts, if not the skill, of a serious author. For pulp fiction in general, and his own in particular, he had supreme contempt. He never read over his first drafts. He never saw the magazines in which his work appeared; indeed, the first rule of his house was that no adventure magazine of any description would be tolerated on the premises. He genuinely hated "Max Brand" and the rest of the pseudonymous stable. Yet he was the absolute master of the craft, and of every other form of writing except that which he most respected. At serious prose and poetry he was, fortunately for us and tragically for him, a failure. His occasional slim volumes, published under his real name, were mostly attic-scented, bloodless, pedestrian, worthless. And he knew it, and it broke his heart.

Tiring of the pulps' low pay, Brand moved on to the slicks where he was equally successful. Warner Brothers paid him \$3000 a week. MGM gave him a fortune for creating *Dr. Kildare* (currently a television series). He made more money than any other writer of that period, yet he was consistently broke. "It costs me \$70,000 a year just to survive," he commented at a time when \$4000 was considered a good annual wage.

Seeking refuge from his disappointment, Faust became an alcoholic and, in 1938, was sent to Italy to die. Instead of dying, he fell in love with the country and developed into one of its champion tennis players. He took up horseback riding. He bought an Isotta-Fraschini and earned the sobriquet "The Fast

American." But all the while, he continued to crank out his pulp fiction. He had to. Compelled to find an excuse for the failure that, he knew, would eventually crush him, he bought a palatial villa in Florence, staffed it with servants and tutors, and kept his standard of living stratospherically high. He was still the King of the Pulps when the war broke out. Deeply affected, and yearning for some *real* adventure, Faust — aged 51 — managed to talk the American Army into giving him a set of war correspondent credentials. His first assignment, on the front lines, was his last. Fifth man over the top, he was cut down by enemy fire; and so he died, clutching an olive branch, in the Italian hills he loved.

By a mysterious coincidence, the pulps themselves began to cough out their life at about this time, as though the passing of their king had left them blind and weak and unable to survive.

We heard no death knell. As we stretched out on the lawn swing with a copy of *Spicy Detective Stories*, we heard only the *whisssk-whisssk-whisssk* of the rotating sprinklers, the distant rumble of streetcars and a voice crying "*Ole ole ocean freeeee!*" And, of course, Dan Turner's gun, sneezing *kachow-kachow!* The world was a small, quiet place for most of us then, and it was for that reason, as much as for any other, that we escaped into the vast, noisy world of the pulps.

They were at the crest of their popularity just before and during the war years. Hundreds of titles offered an almost unbelievable variety of reading experiences to the American teenager, and most were well within the boundaries of good taste — the same boundaries over which our television networks leap casually every hour of every day in this age.

It must be admitted, however, that only those who actually bothered to read the magazines could be expected to understand this. Their physical appearance suggested nothing short of mortal sin. Something about the quality of the paper — so exciting to kids — summoned up, for adults, visions of brothels, public toilets, French postcards and petty crime. The illustrations, generally of a low order of craftsmanship, depicted scenes of extreme violence. But it was the covers, more than anything else, that turned the grownup world against the pulps. To say that they were lurid is to say that the Atlantic Ocean is wet. They were fantastic. In a way unknown to me, and unduplicated by artists in any other field, those masters of the brush managed to work sex, action, horror, terror, beauty, ugliness, virtue, sin, and a dozen other elements, into every picture they painted. Their goal was to tempt the newsstand browser

into parting with cash, and this goal they achieved with complete success. But they achieved a great deal more. Most pulp addicts were foxy enough to know that the cover of a magazine seldom bore the slightest connection to the fiction it was supposed to illustrate, that, indeed, the "backs" were simply come-ons for saps and suckers; yet we revered those pulp artists and regarded their contribution, and their position, as being equal to those of the writers.

Consider a typical *Spicy Detective Stories* cover. This rich *oeuvre* portrayed a leggy blonde whose pink-and-white skin was so dewy fresh as to be palpable. Clad only in ripped black-lace panties, she clutched another garment to her meticulously rendered, melon-heavy breasts, concealing little of either. Her face was a mask of fear, and with good reason: a blue-black automatic thrust toward her like a finger of doom.

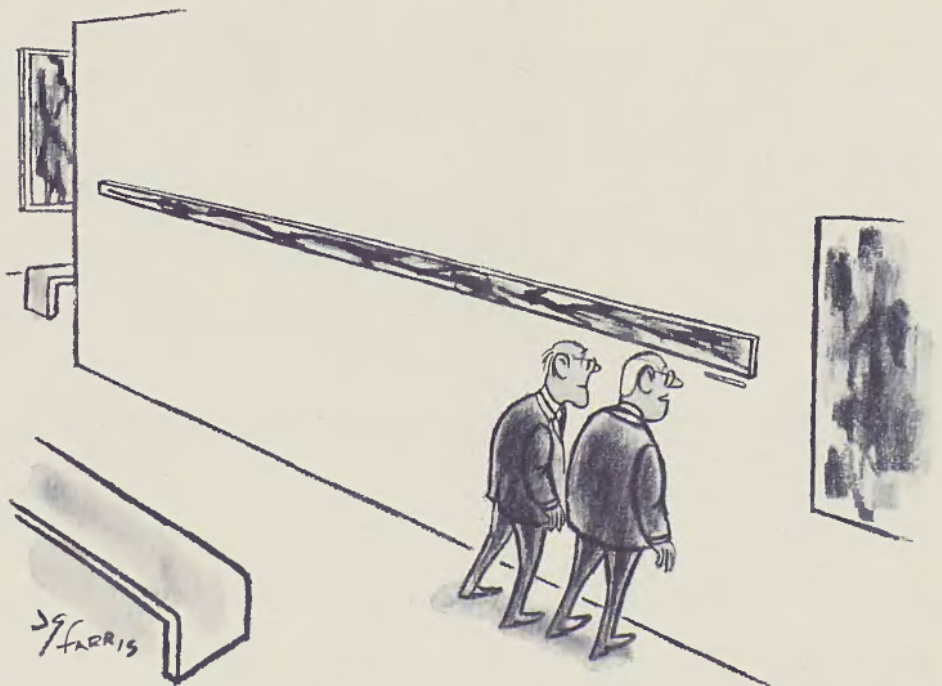
Needless to say, no such scene was to be encountered in the lead story (titillatingly titled *Murder in the Harem*). In this classic "dirty magazine," confiscated on sight by all parents and custodians, sex was treated with the slightly leering but profound innocence of the neighborhood know-all. The authors, chief among them Robert Leslie Bellem, larded their narratives with suggestive dialog and took care to describe "her silk-clad, lissome body," "a flash of white thigh," "breasts straining at their silken prison," etc., but the truth is that a diet of reading restricted to *Spicy Detective Stories* would do nothing to dissuade one from belief in the theory of the stork. The same holds for such other "legendary" pulps as *Spicy Western*, *Spicy Adventure* and *Breezy Tales*.

They were not so much read as examined, or searched, for "hot parts"; and if the editors had been thoughtful enough to print the mildly erotic sections in a different color, they would have saved us all a lot of time.

There were three genuinely erotic pulp magazines, but their disguises were so excellent that the authorities didn't catch on for months. *Horror Stories*, *Terror Tales* and *Marvel Tales* would all curl your hair, even today. Ostensibly science fiction-supernatural publications, they packed more honest perversion into one page than one could find in Tijuana's most notorious den of iniquity. Plain, ordinary, garden-variety sex was eschewed. In its place, we were given flagellation, sadism, orgies, homosexuality, pederasty, and a host of diversions that popped the eyes from the sweaty heads of teenagers throughout the country. A typical story concerned the evil mistress of a castle who, out of ennui, staged impressive parties, during which she would drug her guests, take them to a dungeon, clap them in irons and torture them to death. Lush young girls were stripped naked, after which operation their hostess would approach with a branding iron and burn the nipples from their breasts.

Our attention to these magazines could fairly be described as rapt; however, they perished in due course, and I believe we were all just a bit relieved.

Relief did not attend the passing, though, of our legitimate friends. *Argosy* — the *Argosy* of the six-part serials, of Zagat and Verrill and Brand, of Mongol hordes and incredible sea voyages — staggered on awhile, then turned into a



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slick; and we mourned. *Doc Savage* left us. *The Shadow*, too. One by one, the great magazines ceased publication.

The last survivors were the best and the favorites: the science-fiction and fantasy magazines. They had everything the other pulps had, and more. The grand old advertisements were there. Sherwin Cody counseled us to speak better English from the pages of *Amazing Stories*. We continued to read of the near-tragedies averted by the use of Eveready flashlight batteries. The kindly, gray-haired man who proclaimed: "I talked with God! Yes, I did—actually and literally!" was with us; we could still Find Out Today how we could train at home to become radio technicians; we could buy Beautiful Lifelike Photo Rings; Learn Music as Easy as A-B-C; grace our faces with good-looking glasses for \$2.95; insure our whole family for \$1 a month; cure our piles with Page's Pile Tablets; or learn the Mysteries of Life by joining the Rosicrucians.

Most important, we could still thrill to high adventure—in a day when high adventure was becoming suspect—with the wonderful space operas offered by most of the publications. For the Junior Scientists and Astronauts among us, there was *Astounding Science Fiction*, a no-nonsense magazine featuring the extrapolations of such sober and serious men as A. E. Van Vogt, Robert Heinlein, John W. Campbell, Lester del Rey and George O. Smith. For the rest of us, either too young or too unsophisticated—or perhaps insufficiently bright—to enjoy *Astounding*, there were *Fantastic Adventures*, *Startling Stories*, *Thrilling Wonder Stories*, *Super Science*, *Captain Future*, *Unknown Worlds*, *Weird Tales* and—for the real, dyed-in-the-wool pulp hounds—*Planet Stories*, which featured Westerns, pirate sagas and Viking tales, all set on planets other than Earth. The heavies in *Planet* were invariably BEMs, or Bug Eyed Monsters, the heroines invariably "lush" or "generously proportioned," the heroes invariably "bronzed and muscular," the prose invariably atrocious and exciting.

Amazing and its sister publication *Fantastic Adventures* led the field, with *Startling* and *Thrilling Wonder* close behind. Such was the appeal of their product that thousands of kids formed fan clubs, issued mimeographed and hectographed magazines, and developed into a vast but highly insular phenomenon known as *Sf-fandom*. To belong, one had merely to be something of a nut, so membership was all but unlimited. The object of *Sf-fandom* was avowedly the dissemination of inside information about and the glorification of science fiction, but in actuality it was a correspondence club for social misfits, most of whom devoted more time to the reading of letters from fellow fans, or *fen* (as their own plural had it), than to

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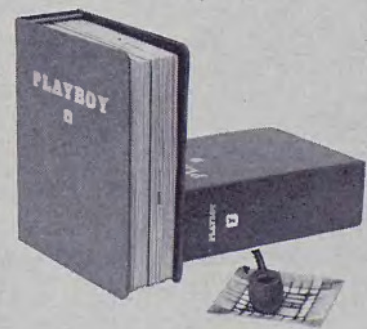
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the professional magazines. It gave teenagers a rare and exciting sense of *belonging* and from its ragtag ranks have come many of today's most successful authors and scientists, so it may be judged to have been one of the happier outgrowths of the pulp craze.

The authors we venerated, when we were not corresponding with new friends, were of a vanished breed: the loving hacks. They wrote for money (averaging two cents per word in the *s-f* heyday), but it was not their only goad. Pulpsters like Edmond Hamilton, Leigh Brackett, Don Wilcox, David Wright O'Brian, William P. McGivern, Henry Kuttner, Robert Bloch, August Derleth, William Lawrence Hamling, Ray Palmer and Manley Wade Wellman wrote pulp fiction primarily because they had a hell of a good time doing it; and however the quality of their stories might have varied, the enthusiasm with which they set those stories down remained consistently high. Whether they wrote of X-ray spectacles or time travel or beast kings of Jupiter, they wrote with genuine gusto.

Until 1950.

1950 may be taken, loosely, as the year the pulps gave their last kick. A few lingered on, twitching, then they, too, expired, and the pulps became another odd part of our heritage—fondly remembered by millions of ex-kids who never asked to grow out of those summer twilights.

It is easy to sneer at the crumbling yellow magazines, and at the people responsible for them; but we should salute instead, for we owe the pulps an incalculable debt of gratitude. They stimulated, prodded and jostled our young minds: they broadened our narrow horizons; they gave us a splendid outlet for our natural pent-up violence. Though attacked as propagators of delinquency, it is doubtful that the pulps ever led so much as one youngster astray; indeed, a glance at the criminal records of the day will reveal that the true delinquents seldom read anything but the fine print on cigarette packages. Parents' forebodings notwithstanding, the pulps helped us in many ways, strengthened and comforted us, led us to an appreciation of literature and prepared us, if not for life, then at least for dreams.

Now they are gone, echoed dimly in the novels of Ian Fleming, their corpses dancing grotesquely in the flickering light of the television tube, but, truly, gone, and forever. Nor can they be brought back.

Still . . . if you listen very hard, very late at night, perhaps you will hear, distantly, the clang of swords, the drum of hoofs, the rat-tat-tat of tommy guns and the spine-chilling laugh of a man they called The Shadow. I know I do.



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NEXT SOUND *(continued from page 114)*

nosed, boyish-looking man, stood before a waist-high Ampex machine with a pile of reels of tape on a nearby table. He flipped switches, sending tape spinning back and forth from one reel to the other as he listened for useful paragraphs, or sentences, and skipped by dull stuff or repetitions. Sometimes the sound rose to a squeaky gibbering as he went into high speed; sometimes it descended to a deep growl as he hand-turned the reels so as to locate the exact ending of a word. With red grease pencil he would mark the tape at this precise point, and cut it with a razor, on a splicing block; then would listen until he came to another sentence, or sometimes a phrase, that went with what he had before. Bringing the beginning of this and the end of the other piece together, he'd align them and deftly slap a bit of white patching tape over them; the result was a new and better bit of talk.

In this fashion, the mound of material gradually shrank to a "rough cut" of about 40 minutes of the best questions, answers, interviews and comments. In the process, a spaghetti-like heap of "garbage" or discarded tape grew around Hanna's feet. He had also draped a number of short excerpts around his neck; these, he told me, were his "and-the" stockpile—a collection of simple words he might later need to make complete sentences out of roughly cut speech. The next day, when I returned to watch Hanna polish his material, he removed a dozen extraneous words and about as many uhs and ers from sentences, inserted three or four ands as well as some very brief pauses, and cleaned out a number of noisy intakes of breath. "Actually, this one hasn't been bad," he said. "But the other day I had to clean up one of our famous four-star generals. What a job! He has a terrific whistle on his final Ss. I had to make 15 splices in one little minute-and-a-half segment to do for him what his dentist should have done."

Even this, he said, was far from the ultimate in reconstruction; and he had another engineer, who is a speech specialist, show me how bad stammering could, with a good deal of skillful work, be turned into perfectly normal speech. Single words, moreover, could be rebuilt out of excerpted vocal sounds, providing one had enough knowledge of phonology. "Would," for example, has a relatively long lead-in and the "d" tapers off slowly. If not handled correctly, the word can start with a kind of thud or end with a "t" sound. "It's possible," Hanna summarized, "to do almost anything, especially if you have someone with a slow way of speaking, and pauses between his words or phrases." (Since even the external traces—the splices

themselves—can be removed by copying an expertly edited job onto a "virgin" tape, most courts will not admit taped conversations as evidence.)

Most tape editors are pleased with their ability to alter and improve what has been said, but some people in the communications field view it with misgivings. One of them is Martin Weldon, Hanna's superior and Director of News and Special Events for Metropolitan Broadcasting, an 11-station network. "A broadcaster has a duty to his listeners not to edit anything so as to present a fiction in the guise of truth," Weldon says. "But he also has a duty to hold his audience and to avoid dullness. Unfortunately, there isn't any boundary between truth and fiction, but only a great gray area. As soon as we do more than take a representative excerpt, we're venturing into that gray area, but how far we go is up to our own judgment and conscience. We never knowingly pervert anyone's remarks, but even in editing out speech faults, there's some element of falsification. U Thant, for instance, isn't fluent in English; he speaks slowly and with long pauses in his sentences. We have to clean him up—it's deadly, otherwise. Sick or bumbling politicians sound healthier and smarter, when we edit them, but we can't help it. Yet that kind of thing alters the public image of a man. It's fooling around with history, and I'm uncomfortable about it. But I don't know the answer. Once you and your competitors have such facilities, it's suicide to reject them. Why, there are commercial firms who supply hundreds of radio stations throughout the country with a steady flow of 'open-end' interviews—taped, one-sided conversations which enable someone from a local station to seem to be interviewing a celebrity. And this is all free, if you don't count the casual mention on the tape of a particular brand of cereal or seat covers or frying pans."

The natural advantages of tape have likewise enabled it to invade the field of musical performing and work its curious changes on the attitudes of artists and audiences alike. The basic and unexceptionable advantage is the cutting of costs. Len Frank, president of Carnegie Hall Recording Company, estimates that recording costs would be at least double without tape. He explains that before tape, if an artist made the least error while recording a three-to-five-minute side, the whole side had to be done again. When LPs came in, with their 20-to-30-minute sides, the problem of perfect performances became almost insurmountable.

But tape made it unnecessary to have a perfect performance in the studio. The recording artist today can either make

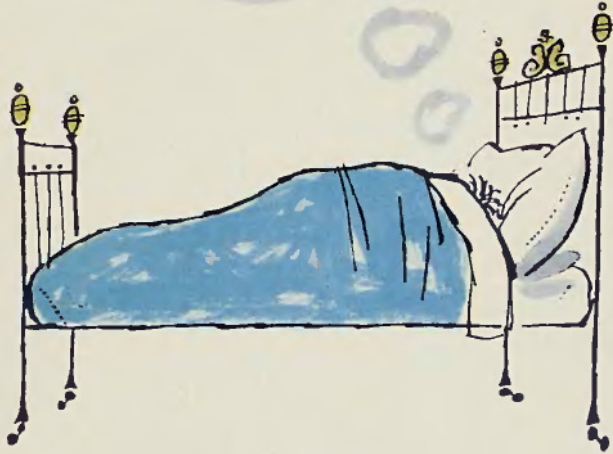
several complete takes, and do a few additional short repeats of difficult sections, or if he makes a mistake, he can simply break off, go back a few measures, and pick it up again. Later, the best sections are chosen and spliced together, and the master disc is cut.

The editing rooms in which this plastic surgery is performed are generally of a type: a more or less soundproofed windowless chamber equipped with one or more massive tape machines; a control panel from which one can govern the volume, tone, tape speed, and so on; a couple of high-fidelity speakers and several chairs. In the larger companies a tape engineer runs the equipment, at the command of a music director or producer who uses a score and his notes; in smaller companies one man may do the whole job himself.

Physically, the steps in music editing look about the same as those in speech editing, but a great deal more precision is required, since the editor must follow the composer's score. Most music editors are former musicians, for the ability to read music is almost imperative. One small record company got by for a while with a tape editor who had an excellent ear but little formal knowledge of music, until one day a review of their latest record arrived from a music magazine asking, rather querulously, "Since when does one omit a repeat in a Beethoven symphony?"

The usual procedure is for the music director to listen to each run-through and short take, with the score before him, making notes as to which passages, and even which difficult notes, are best performed in each; then he excerpts his choicest bits and splices them together into a whole. The possible artificiality of the resultant performance bothers every editor to a degree, but some consider heavy editing not so much a species of dishonesty as a form of artistic creation. Seymour Solomon, the president of Vanguard Recording Society, told me that he is apt to spend four hours of editing for every hour of actual recording, and to make anywhere from 30 to 250 splices in a four-movement symphony. "Most of what we edit out are imperfections that are perfectly acceptable in a live performance. But in a record you're stuck with them; after four or five playings you may find them intolerable. In editing, we try to create an idealized performance in which the artist is playing as he might on one of those rare nights when his mood is exhilarated, the audience is brilliant and receptive, and from the first note he feels in total control."

Though some purists may find this a Svengalilike attitude, there is no doubt that producing such an idealized performance requires a high degree of skill. Music being a good deal more organized



and subtle a form of sound than human speech, even the most delicate differences in shading or intensity — especially of a violin or voice solo — may make a splice in the middle of the passage quite apparent; it might, for instance, sound like a rough attack on the first note of the spliced-in segment. Again, the sound of a kettledrum creates a series of sharp, lasting reverberations; if a splice is made immediately following a drumbeat, the reverberations may not quite match, giving an effect of a secondary thump or bump. But these and many similar problems can be gotten around by skilled manipulation. The sharp violin or voice attack can be softened, for instance, by cutting the tape in a long sloping splice rather than at the usual 45-degree angle; the new note thus feeds in at comparatively low power for an instant, and so loses its brusque attack. Reverberation, mismatched to a drumbeat, is fixed by choosing an earlier spot for the splice so that the reverberations possess their own drumbeat. The loudness of any passage can be adjusted by "riding the gain" (working the volume controls) while rerecording the music onto another tape. Shrillness of a solo instrument or singing voice can be masked by rerecording the offending notes through an electronic filter, and splicing in these filtered tones.

Whatever the merits of these electronic manipulations, the mere spliceability of tape has yielded some valuable performances that would otherwise be nonexistent. Aging performers of great interpretive power, but flagging energy or stiffening fingers, can, like the late Wanda Landowska, systematically record

their matured conceptions in relatively short takes which are later assembled; the ribbon of acetate and iron oxide becomes for them that fountain of youth so vainly sought by men in earlier ages. Sometimes only tape can make a total idea of a work come to life. Toscanini would never permit RCA Victor to release records of his 1951 broadcast of the Verdi *Requiem* because it was something less than the perfect version he had in his mind, but in 1954 an RCA Victor editor brought him tape recordings of all the rehearsals and of the broadcast itself, and Toscanini, after reviewing the mass of material phrase by phrase, put together a performance made up of more than a score of spliced pieces. The world now possesses it: if it is not an authentic recording of a great performance that actually took place, it is at least Toscanini's private conception of a great performance.

As in the case of speech editing, no one can clearly define the limits where this passes beyond the boundary of ethical editing into untruth. In pop music, to be sure, the outlandish sounds that have been so popular on records have been known by the public to be "gimmicked up." Such oddities as speeded-up voices, distorted and jangling rock-'n'-roll piano numbers, or the lustful groans manufactured out of feeble adolescent bleating, were known to be synthetic and valued for their very artificiality.

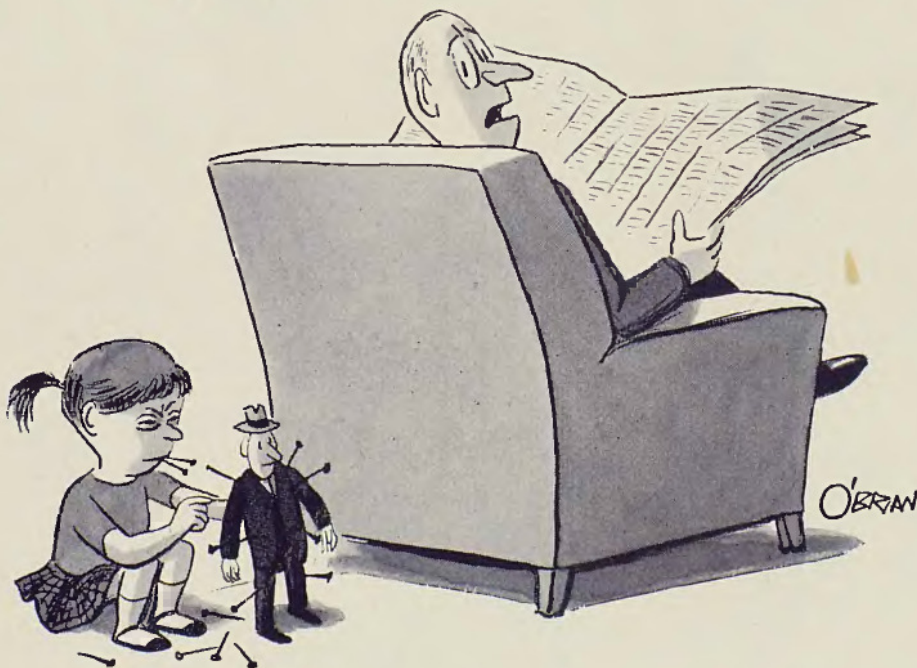
Now most of these teenage delights are on the wane. Young and old alike, however, may be replacing them with what might be termed the supergimmick. Columbia's new deluxe superstereo series

is using eight-track tape "to provide exciting stereo experiences," to quote Ernie Altschuler, a producer for that company. Eight-track tape makes it possible to record eight separate groups of instrumentalists or singers — physically separated by acoustical barriers to keep the sounds from mixing — with precise control of each track. Then when the sound is rerecorded for two-track stereo discs, the eight tracks are channeled in a great variety of ways onto the stereo tape. I heard a recording of a combination of *Humoresque* and *Old Folks at Home* from a Marty Manning album which made me feel as though I were listening to musicians who fleetly raced, on silent gym shoes, from one side of the room to the other every eight measures. And I thought how far stereo has traveled (I hesitate to say progressed, though many people think the word appropriate) from its original purpose.

In the field of legitimate music, where novelty is not the desired end product, the more traditional attitude toward the performer and his performance, though undergoing erosion, still persists. A few years ago Kirsten Flagstad, making a recording of *Tristan and Isolde* for HMV in London, decided not to try for the two high Cs in the first part of the second act. She got Elisabeth Schwarzkopf to come to the recording session and belt out the two notes just when Madame Flagstad and the orchestra got to them. Innocent record buyers couldn't tell the difference, but the story leaked out and there were cries of outrage throughout musical circles. The stunt has not been repeated since.

Yet the technical fixing of any soloist's performance — even if there is no brand-switching involved — might be cause for similar outrage. Some years ago a leading Metropolitan coloratura — not Miss Pons, this time — was recording that same perilous Mad Scene from *Lucia*, and simply couldn't sing a good high E flat at the end. Finally the director, suffering the pains of orchestral overtime, asked her to wind up her cadenza — which, fortunately, occurs during an orchestral pause — on a D, and this she did well enough. Musically it made no sense, but in the editing room the director snipped out the D, played it through a tape machine at slightly increased speed, and goosed it up into an E flat which he later described as "perfect in pitch, but a bit like a peanut whistle." The synthetic E flat was then blended and mixed with the orchestra's pickup chord, and the result was spliced to the first part of the aria. The record stands as a monument to artistic collaboration, of a sort.

Most performers view this kind of thing with disapproval, perhaps recognizing in it the potential loss of respect for all their kind, but the opportunity it offers to improve their performances is a temptation of such an order as fre-



"Please don't do that, Emily dear. It's terribly bad for Daddy's arthritis."



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quently to overcome their qualms of conscience. "The attitude of a lot of artists has changed," Richard Mohr, a music director of RCA Victor says. "Their personal standards, probably without their knowing it, are lower. And young artists, whose reputations aren't yet secure, want to record perfectly ordinary numbers in short snatches, working over each bit before going on. It's a sign of Van Cliburn's integrity that he can let a mistake go by, preferring the validity of the real performance to 'just perfection.'"

Mohr tries to keep synthetic perfectionists in line, but some other record producers have collaborated with their artists to create performances the latter cannot match in a live concert. Most lovers of legitimate music are not satisfied with this make-believe world, and are aggrieved when they find themselves technologically tricked. At the same time, the tape era has accustomed them to a glossy perfection of performance, and to definitive and unchallengeable

interpretations. "People are growing somewhat incapable of enjoying a living performance with all its imperfections, its uncertainties and its excitement," Howard Taubman, longtime music critic of *The New York Times*, and now its drama critic, has observed.

Not only may tape be destroying the excitement of the living performance, but it may well be the villain that does away with the living artist. That, at least, is the specter that haunts musicians when they hear of concerts of electronic music, that recent "art form," impossible before tape, which dispenses with some or all performing artists, and substitutes on the concert stage—sometimes with, sometimes without, orchestral accompaniment—the reel of acetate ribbon.

Electronic music is made up of sounds—instrumental, man-made, natural or generated by oscillators—first tape-recorded, then electronically blended, mixed and otherwise transmogrified, and finally assembled by the concocter into a whole which the composer claims has

meaning, although the results frequently defeat many listeners' efforts to comprehend it. Still, an increasing number of people all over the world have been attracted by the superhuman possibilities of this new music since its debut in 1948 in Paris, in the form of a radio concert of railroad noises and the like.

Early in the development of this novel art form, its devotees were often absorbed in the effort to use ordinary noises in extraordinary ways, or to make everyday sounds by heroic scientific methods. Engineers at the RCA Acoustical Laboratory, for instance, labored nobly over their "synthesizer"—a science-fiction agglomeration of electronic components—and succeeded in manufacturing a set of tremulous imitations of the sounds made by violins, oboes and other instruments, all of which they put onto a record, *The Sounds and Music of the RCA Electronic Music Synthesizer*. The *pièce de résistance* is a few lines of Tennyson's poem *Sweet and Low*, in which the spoken sounds were all made up out of whole cloth, if I may use so inappropriate an image. The "voice"—one has to strain to recognize it as such—has a weird unearthly sound, not so much ghostly as cadaverous; it sounds as though a corpse, not too well preserved, were straining to make its decaying throat and lips function once more. Poe would have loved it.

More recently, the trend in electronic and tape art has been not to duplicate old sounds, but to construct and use new ones. Here in the United States, perhaps the most substantial contributions are being made by the Electronic Music Center at Columbia, a joint project of Princeton and Columbia universities, with three elaborately equipped studios under the direction of four respectable professors of music (Otto Luening and Vladimir Ussachevsky of Columbia, and Milton Babbitt and Roger Sessions of Princeton). In the spring of 1961, the public was treated to the first concert made up entirely of Center-produced works. On the stage of McMillin Theater, at Columbia University, six loudspeakers with colored lights playing on them, plus 13 others more modestly stationed around the auditorium, offered the audience samples of the kind of music that one composer defends by saying, "Noise and sound [for 'sound' read 'music'] have equal rights . . . The value 'zero' of the noise scale is sound."

In this field, Luening and Ussachevsky might be considered conservatives. "We do not turn away from fundamental musical structure or tradition," Luening explains, "but we *do* try to draw upon new dimensions of sound so as to enrich the instrumental medium." On the other hand, Edgar Varèse, who at 76 is considered the pioneer of the musical con-

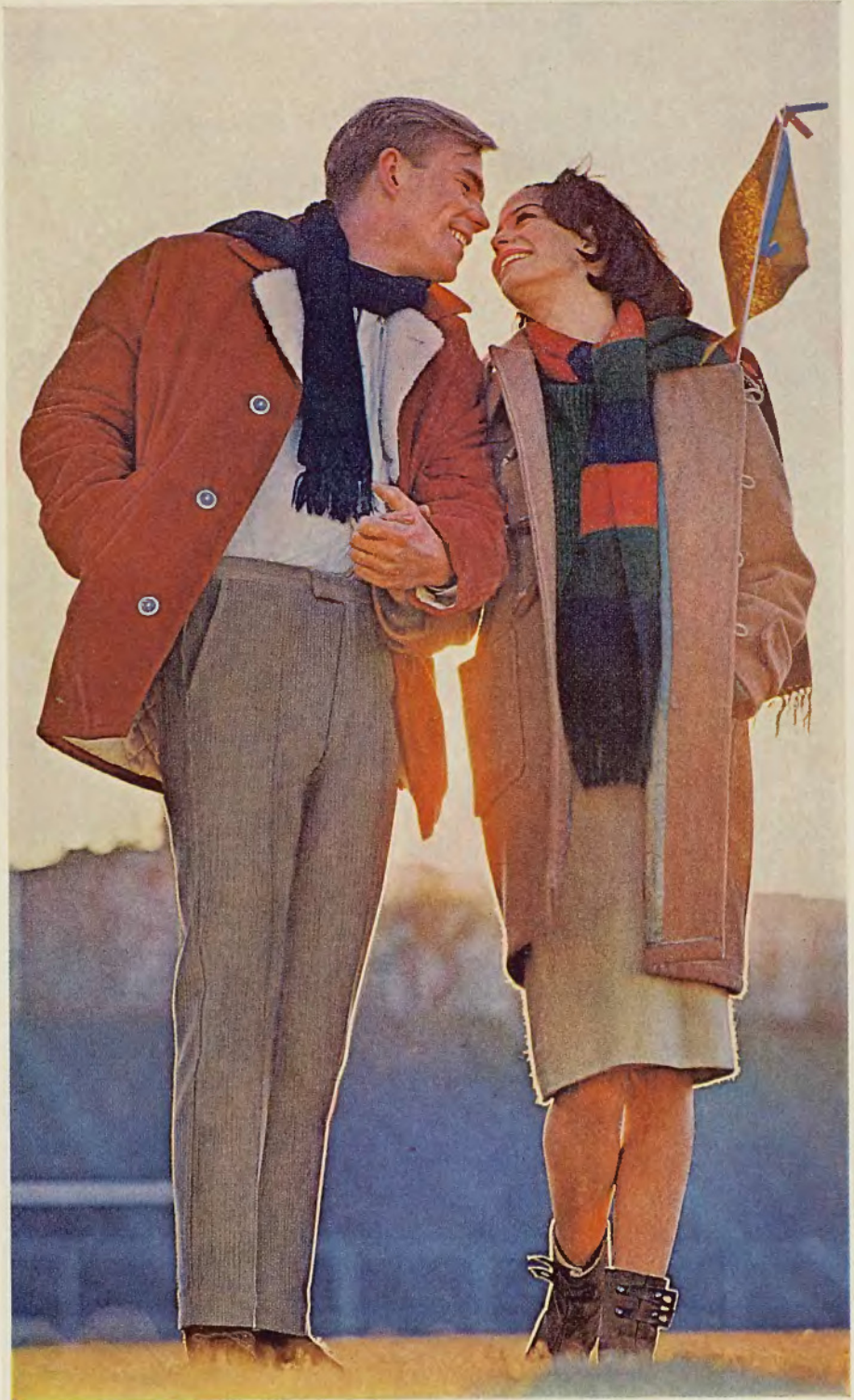
JAYWALKING - 1984



cepts that led to electronic music, has a more revolutionary view. "Even as a boy," he says, "I felt stifled by tradition. I was looking for a bomb that would blow open the musical world and let in sounds—all sounds." But radicals and conservatives within electronic music use methods that, by orthodox musical standards, are bizarre and wildly uncomposerish. I watched Ussachevsky work one day, surrounded by an arcane jumble of recorders, wires, speakers, generators, control panels, filters and boxes of sounds with such intriguing labels as "Auto Races," "Exp. with African Metal Bars," "Abscess" and "Mysterious." Assisted by a music student and a tape engineer, he labored for three hours to create one phrase nine notes long, for a new composition, passing a few tones through filters and echo chambers, cutting them to proper length, snip by snip, splicing them together, and then adding overall reverberation. At the end of the third hour, he had achieved what sounded like a series of notes on Parisian taxi horns: "Deedle-ump, de-deedle-deedle-oomp! . . . mp!" it went. As I left, Dr. Ussachevsky was trying to eliminate that final ". . . mp!" which, apparently, was an undesired echo.

Varèse's most celebrated piece of this genre, his *Poème Electronique*, demanded similar labors. This composition was played at the Brussels Fair in 1958, in an auditorium designed by Le Corbusier, through 425 loudspeakers arranged all around the audience. Of its eight minutes, more than 90 percent is laboratory-made sound. "We made hundreds—no, thousands—of splices," Varèse says with great pride. "I worked half a year on it." The result of his Herculean snipping and pasting is hard to describe in words: in part, it goes something like this: "Gongs. A kind of shriek. Pip-pip-pip. Squeaks. Grunting. Faint echoes, far away. Squiggles, giggles, twittering and gongs again. Crunch! Boom! Loud hum. Feedback type of squeal. Shrieking wind, rising and exploding. Rocket blast-off . . ." And so on.

Clearly, magnetic tape has been the bomb M. Varèse sought. But its explosion has done more than let in new sounds; it has made noticeable cracks in the old bulwarks of veracity and reality. Whether this will in the end prove to have been good for art and mankind is not yet certain. The enthusiasts feel that the cutting and the splicing and the rearranging of imperfect nature are the rudimentary tools with which new, previously unimagined art forms, free from the limitations of the past, will be created. Other people less cheerfully feel that the whole thing is one more symptom of a mass drift from the daylight of the rational into the night of the absurd. The reel of tape goes round and round, and where it will stop nobody knows.



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PIGSKIN PREVIEW (continued from page 88)

football gate receipts pay the bills for the entire physical education department, including scores of scholarships. Physical fitness—thanks to the New Frontier—has suddenly become respectable. But the competition for admission to college has become so intense that it is next to impossible to get into any college on the merits of athletic ability alone.

It seems to be currently fashionable for ivory tower academicians to take verbal cuts at college athletics. The favorite thesis at faculty teas is that football players no longer are the big campus heroes, that in fact they are actually held in contempt by the rest of the student body. But show us a school with a winning football team—be it Princeton or Panhandle A&M—and we'll show you a jam-packed bandwagon.

Football players are neither heroes nor bums. They're just lads who happen to have the physical ability to play a tough game. They have to pass Chem just like everybody else: the only difference is that in most cases they have to make a C in order to stay on the team, while the rest of the student body has to make only a D in order to stay in school.

So, when you're sitting in the stands this fall with flask and filly in cozy proximity, remember that the players butting heads down on the field are working their way through school—the hard way. Here's how the teams stack up:

THE EAST			
INDEPENDENTS			
Navy	9-1	Army	5-5
Penn State	8-2	Rutgers	8-2
Boston College	7-3	Villanova	5-4
Holy Cross	7-3	Boston U	4-5
Syracuse	6-4	Buffalo	8-2
Pittsburgh	5-5	Colgate	4-5
IVY LEAGUE			
Princeton	7-2	Dartmouth	5-4
Yale	6-3	Brown	3-6
Harvard	6-3	Columbia	3-6
Cornell	6-3	Pennsylvania	2-7
MIDDLE ATLANTIC CONFERENCE			
Delaware	7-2	Lafayette	4-5
Lehigh	5-4	Muhlenberg	4-5
Bucknell	5-4	Gettysburg	3-6
Temple	6-3		
YANKEE CONFERENCE			
Massachusetts	5-4	Connecticut	3-6
New Hampshire	5-3	Vermont	3-5
Maine	4-4	Rhode Island	2-6
OTHERS			
Hofstra	8-1	Tufts	6-2
Amherst	7-1	Coast Guard	5-3

According to last season's developments, Penn State would seem to be the Lion of the East this year. The Nittanians were terrors last November, and capped the carnage by dismantling Georgia Tech in the Gator Bowl. With a first 11 on a

par with any in the East, and players like Robinson, Kochman and Sieminski on hand, Penn State would appear to be well equipped to defend the Lambert Trophy. But Galen Hall is gone and no one has shown up to take over his quarterback post, and the reserves aren't likely to survive the attrition of a rough campaign. So it looks from here as if Navy will knock off Penn State in the season's opener, and go on from there to a superb year. The Middies have lots of everything: depth, speed, experience, good passing and a favorable schedule. With speedster John Sai and fabulous soph fullback Bill Donnelly, the Middies should swamp just about everybody.

Army's attempt at solving its problems by enlisting the services of Coach Paul Dietzel is doomed to spectacular failure—for this year, at least. The basis of Dietzel's legendary success at LSU was his now almost universal three-team system, which requires hordes of good material. Depth is something Army hasn't had since the salad days of Glenn Davis and Doc Blanchard. But that's a shortcoming Dietzel will soon correct: Army is now engaged in a sweeping nationwide recruiting campaign. For the present, Dietzel has scrapped Army's lonely end offense and, because of his limited material, will make Army a defense-oriented team. Says Dietzel, "We much prefer a dull victory to a spectacular loss." However, look for Army to provide several dull losses this year.

After living on the fat of the land for several seasons, the boys from Syracuse are in for a mild recession in '62. Graduation losses were severe, and although the replacements look great—especially soph fullback Jim Nance—the Orange will be green in the early games.

Pittsburgh could look great playing the soft-cushioned schedules of at least two dozen higher-rated teams in the country. But with the masochistic itinerary they've set for themselves, the Panthers will be lucky to break even.

Boston College should be a very exciting team to watch. With a wealth of experience, a new coach, a deep and fast backfield and a far less cumbersome line (last year's Achilles' heel), the Eagles could gain national prominence before November. The same is true of Holy Cross. Every year the Crusaders seem to look better, a testimonial to Dr. Eddie Anderson who, in the final analysis, may be the craftiest coach in the country. With McCarthy throwing and Hennessy running, the opposition may be dazzled into defeat. Hal Lahar has returned to coach at Colgate, and will convert the Red Raiders into a defense-oriented crew. Lahar's Colgate teams enjoy upending Ivy League teams, evidently spurred on by the axiom: "if you can't join 'em, beat 'em."

Villanova will have a hard time living up to the spectacular success of last year. Buffalo, on the other hand, seems to look better with each new edition. The Buffs, joining the ranks of the "majors" this time, should be right at home.

Rutgers has resigned from the Middle Atlantic Conference, which it has dominated for years, to seek classier company. They may be politicking to join the Ivy League—a logical move—but their ingrained habit of winning games may hurt them. This year—incredibly—they look just as good as last year's undefeated crew. But it will be hard to keep the boys hungry after so much success.

With Rutgers gone, someone else will have a chance in the Middle Atlantic Conference this year. It probably will be Dave Nelson's always first-rate Delaware Hens, with Bucknell and Lehigh close behind. Temple will be unexpectedly strong, however, and the Owls' extra-conference schedule will be such that they will probably wind up with the best record in many years.

The Ivy League is always the most unpredictable circuit in the country. The mysterious Order of the Ancient Eight is just as baffling this year, with no really outstanding favorite. Probably Princeton will gather most of the tiddlywinks if it can avoid the usual spirit-depressing first-game drubbing by Rutgers. Yale and Harvard are the likely runners-up, with Dartmouth a dark horse. Cornell *could* get in there somewhere, but the Big Red has been so unstable in recent seasons that the Cayuga fans can only sit and wait. Oddly enough, Brown could also be a sleeper if the breaks fall its way. The Bears, deep in experience, are ravenous for victories. Columbia lost nearly everybody from last year's great squad. The Lions have a tremendous group of sophs, however, led by Archie Roberts who may become the finest quarterback in Columbia's history.

THE MIDWEST			
BIG TEN			
Michigan State	8-1	Wisconsin	5-4
Iowa	8-1	Michigan	4-5
Ohio State	7-2	Minnesota	4-5
Purdue	7-2	Illinois	3-6
Northwestern	7-2	Indiana	2-7
MID-AMERICAN			
Ohio U	8-2	Kent State	4-5
Bowling Green	7-2	Toledo	4-5
Western Mich.	7-2	Marshall	2-8
Miami, Ohio	6-4		
MAJOR INDEPENDENTS			
Notre Dame	3-7	Louisville	6-3
Xavier	6-4	Dayton	4-6
Detroit	6-3		

Last year was supposed to be the big breakthrough at Notre Dame. It didn't quite materialize, and the Irish are right back where they started—building from the ground up. Graduation decimated

the starting line, and the replacements aren't exactly earth-shattering. The backfield will be in fine shape, although somewhat hefty and missing much of the speed of yore. Overall, the Irish will give a respectable account of themselves in the first half of their games, but they'll have a tough time avoiding exhaustion against the deeper squads on their schedule. Toward the end of the season, they could clobber a few of the toughies. Look for backs Costa and Snowden to bloom this year.

Peculiarly enough, there are five—count 'em—five Big Ten teams that look like excellent bets to take the championship. Mathematically, of course, that can't be so, but it gives you a good idea of how things are going in the flatlands these days. At Northwestern, Coach Ara Parseghian is knee-deep in material with nearly all of last year's horses back, and some fine young prospects up from the freshman ranks. For a change, the Wildcats have a deep and talented bench to help them avoid the late-season exhaustion that has plagued them in recent years. Iowa and Ohio State have virtually the same squads which were tabbed as co-favorites before last year's hostilities began. The Buckeyes made it, but Iowa collapsed in midseason from a rash of key injuries. This year everybody—except us—will be betting Ohio State takes it again. But it isn't likely, not only because the opposition is better, but because the Buckeyes will be tabbed the team to beat—a most precarious honor.

Iowa, on the other hand, will have an invaluable psychological advantage. The Hawkeyes will be hungry and eager to atone for last season, when the campus wolves were baying because Coach Jerry Burns didn't produce a national championship for Iowa in his first season.

Purdue, too, has an excellent set of credentials for its claim to Big Ten pre-eminence. Always hard-nosed up front, the Boilermakers this time have good journeyman backs and a great passer in Ron DiGravio. Purdue, unfortunately, has a legendary proclivity for winning the big ones and then folding up unexpectedly.

So, all things considered, we'll put our cash on Michigan State. It's a bit of a long shot, but we're great ones for playing hunches (we tabbed otherwise unheralded Minnesota a couple of years ago). On the plus side, the Spartans have probably the finest first team in the country, and the superb leadership of Duffy Daugherty, PLAYBOY's Coach of the Year, and our all-time favorite storyteller. On the field Duffy has one major problem and a big one: After those first 11 players, the quality of the Spartan squad falls off precipitously. Injuries to key men such as PLAYBOY All-Americans George Saines and Dave Behrman would be crippling. But if Duffy's chargers can stay healthy, they'll wreak



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desolation across the Midwest.

Just for the hell of it, we're going to take a flyer on Illinois. Relegated to insignificance by everyone, the Illini are certain to be aggressive, and a host of good talent lost last season via injuries and academic crises will be on hand. They'll cream *somebody*, and it just could be Ohio State at the homecoming game in Champaign.

With loads of veterans, and superb sophs to back them up, Wisconsin could be tough to tangle with. But without a proven quarterback at the controls, a lot of good material could go to waste. Minnesota and Michigan will probably be slim shadows of their former selves. Like Wisconsin, Minnesota has nearly enough of everything except quarterbacks. Michigan, on the other hand, has a surplus of quarterback talent, but not much else except a number of gifted — though green — youngsters. The Wolverines will return to the three-team system, and they may simply wear down some of their opponents. Look for a wild and woolly aerial display at Ann Arbor, with Evashevski and Timberlake doing most of the tossing.

Indiana has been rebuilding for as long as we can remember, and this year is no exception. The Hoosiers were a better club last year than the 2-7 record indicated, and they may prove it before this season's campaign is over.

Ohio University should return to the top of the Mid-American Conference after a year's absence, with Western Michigan and Bowling Green close behind. Among the independents, Detroit could be one of the most exciting teams in the country to watch this season, with a wide geographical range on its schedule and one of the country's great quarterbacks in Jerry Gross. Dayton and Louisville are also on their way up.

THE SOUTH

SOUTHEASTERN CONFERENCE

Mississippi	9-1	Auburn	5-5
Florida	8-2	Georgia	4-6
Alabama	8-2	Vanderbilt	4-6
LSU	8-2	Kentucky	3-7
Tennessee	8-2	Tulane	2-8
Georgia Tech	7-3	Miss. State	1-8

ATLANTIC COAST CONFERENCE

Duke	9-1	South Carolina	5-5
Maryland	8-2	Clemson	4-6
North Carolina	7-3	Wake Forest	3-7
Virginia	6-4	N.C. State	2-8

SOUTHERN CONFERENCE

West Virginia	7-3	William & Mary	4-6
Richmond	6-3	The Citadel	4-6
Furman	6-4	Virginia Military	3-7
G. Washington	5-5	Virginia Tech	2-8

INDEPENDENTS

Miami	5-5	Southern Miss.	8-2
Memphis State	7-2	Chattanooga	6-4
Florida State	6-4		

On an analysis based solely on the physical, LSU should dominate the entire South. There is an abundance of top talent in Baton Rouge, but the Tigers are walking a psychological high wire. They could tumble with that most virulent of football diseases, senioritis, and it may be difficult to adjust to a new coach. An every-Saturday-Armageddon schedule won't help matters. This brings up another point: The most disturbing thing about the Southeastern Conference is the inequity of the scheduling. Many of the top teams do a masterful job of avoiding each other year after year, and the championship usually winds up in the meaty hands of the team that does the best job of flaying the patsies. If Ole Miss and Alabama played the grinding schedules of Georgia Tech and LSU, we might get a better idea of who's who in the boll weevil belt.

Ole Miss will probably come up with another hard-driving contingent of contentious young Southern gentlemen, led by PLAYBOY All-American Jim Dunaway; with only two tough opponents, LSU and Tennessee, they could easily go undefeated. But they will have a rough time convincing anyone outside their domain of the legitimacy of their claim to national honors.

Alabama looks just as good as last year, when it copped the National Championship, but even the forceful personality of Bear Bryant may not prevent a letdown. It could lose a couple.

With the foregoing in mind, we're going to pick Florida as the big surprise for '62. Diminutive Larry Libertore (138 lbs.) is the greatest offensive threat in Florida history, and Richard Skelly could be one of the most powerful runners in the country. Virtually everybody is back from last year, and the Gators smell fresh meat.

Tennessee could share the role of spoiler with Florida. Nearly everything depends on Mallon Faircloth. No other position in football demands as much as single-wing tailback, and this fellow has more than enough of all the required talents. The Vols should be reaching the top of their rebuilding cycle this fall. If so, both Alabama and Ole Miss will meet their match when they invade Neyland Stadium.

Georgia Tech will be as formidable as last year, but attrition will take its toll, as usual, during a meat-grinding schedule. The Yellow Jackets, however, will be primed to an exploding point when they tackle Alabama before a howling mob in Atlanta.

It should be an off year for Auburn, although the Tigers have perhaps the finest fresh troops in the South. Tucker Frederickson, PLAYBOY's Sophomore Back of the Year, will be ripping lines apart before the season is out, and Auburn could be a juggernaut by November.

Georgia and Vanderbilt both look better than a year ago. Vandy, especially, has a way of fielding a better team than anyone expects, and they'll probably surprise everyone again this year. Kentucky starts over again, with a new coach and little else except a fabulous passing combo of Jerry Wollum to Tom Hutchinson, perhaps the greatest end since Don Hutson.

Duke should be all alone at the top of the Atlantic Coast Conference. With so many great performers that no one can be singled out as the star, the Blue Devils will probably overwhelm most of the opposition. Maryland and North Carolina are best bets for stopping Duke; both have a clutch of brilliant sophomore backs. If the Tarheels can survive their early encounters with Ohio State and Michigan State without injuries, they'll be difficult to handle in their own conference.

Virginia, after eons in athletic purgatory, could be the big surprise in the Tidewater country. West Virginia, after a long hiatus, should once more dominate the Southern Conference.

Miami will again field a fine crew, led by flashy quarterback George Mira, but the opposition will be much stronger. If the Hurricanes are to do more than break even, they'll have to be at the top of their form.

Memphis State, Florida State and Southern Mississippi all could have their best teams in history. Southern Mississippi is trying to break into the major college ranks, but none of the big schools will give it a tumble. Memphis State may be a big sleeper this year.

THE NEAR WEST

SOUTHWESTERN CONFERENCE

Texas	9-1	Arkansas	6-4
TCU	8-2	Rice	4-6
Texas A & M	7-3	Texas Tech	4-6
Baylor	6-4	SMU	1-9

BIG EIGHT

Missouri	8-2	Oklahoma	5-5
Iowa State	8-2	Kansas State	4-6
Nebraska	7-3	Oklahoma State	4-6
Kansas	5-5	Colorado	2-8

MISSOURI VALLEY CONFERENCE

Wichita	8-2	Tulsa	4-6
N. Texas St.	7-3	Cincinnati	2-8

INDEPENDENTS

Houston	4-5	Hardin-Simmons	1-9
West Texas St.	5-5	New Mexico St.	3-7
Texas Western	2-7		

The fine thing about the Southwestern Conference is that all the teams play each other every season. As a result, it's survival of the fittest, and the herds of raw beef fed to the colleges by the prep schools in the cactus country are always so evenly distributed that the championship is generally in doubt until the final Saturday. Texas again looks like the best of the bunch. The Longhorns lost some



"Allow me . . ."

good men from last year, but there are superb replacements. The main danger, however, is the unlikelihood that Coach Royal's crew can sustain last year's luck when crippling injuries were almost non-existent. The Longhorns should be rock-ribbed defensively, but the offense will lack much of last year's spark, and a psychological letdown may be tough to avoid.

TCU and Texas A&M look primed to usurp the championship. Abe Martin's Horned Frogs appear especially eager, with PLAYBOY All-American Sonny Gibbs at the controls and two terrific backfield brons in soph Larry Bulaich and full-back Tommy Crutcher. The Aggies were much better than their record last year, and they will prove it if they can adjust to new coach Hank Foldberg. Arkansas would be an excellent dark-horse selection if all their best offensive guns hadn't graduated. Quarterback Billy Moore is a fine one, but the rest of the offense may

fizzle, in which case the Razorbacks will have to concentrate on defense.

Both Rice and Baylor are suffering badly from the inroads of graduation, but Baylor, at least, can't possibly be as inundated with bad breaks—in both bones and fortune—as last year. If fate is kind, Baylor could be the big surprise. Texas Tech will be improved, but SMU is still fighting to get off the cellar floor. If the Mustangs have another group of sophs like this one next year, they'll make it by 1964.

It won't be a vintage year in either the Big Eight or the Missouri Valley Conference. Colorado, last year's Big Eight champion, was decimated by an NCAA ruling this spring that deprived it of most of its returning talent. The replacements are only fair and a bright shade of green. In addition, the Buffaloes will have to get with new coach Bud Davis and a new system. Both Oklahoma and Kansas will have to start rebuilding.

Missouri looks like the class of the conference, with the niftiest set of backs in many years. But don't rule out Iowa State or Nebraska. The Cyclones have been on the verge of greatness for three years now, and this could be *the* year. Nebraska retains all of last year's backfield, including fabulous Thunder Thornton, plus spectacular new halfback Kent McCloughan.

Either Nebraska or Iowa State might knock off favorite Missouri, and therein will probably lie a bowl bid. Kansas State is well on the way toward that happy time when the Wildcats will be able to turn on their tormentors. They could furnish the unexpected in the midlands.

The hopefuls of Houston, with all their Texas-sized ambitions, may have gotten themselves a schedule that's over their heads. They'll be a better team than last year if they can warm up to new coach Bill Yeoman, but they'll be the wonders of the Southwest if they win more than they lose. West Texas will have the best backfield in the school's history, led by already legendary Pistol Pete Pedro, but the thin line up front will probably preclude a winning season.



"You have to admit that, even for a mountain goat, he's good!"

THE FAR WEST

THE BIG FIVE

Washington	8-2	UCLA	5-5
Southern Cal.	6-4	California	2-8
Stanford	6-4		

WESTERN ATHLETIC CONFERENCE

Wyoming	7-3	Arizona	6-4
Utah	7-3	Arizona St.	5-5
New Mexico	7-3	Brigham Young	2-8

MAJOR INDEPENDENTS

Oregon	8-2	Montana St.	5-5
Utah State	8-2	Idaho St.	5-5
Oregon State	5-5	Montana	4-6
Air Force	5-5	New Mexico St.	3-7
Washington St.	3-7	Idaho	3-6
Pacific	6-4	Colorado St.	1-9
San Jose St.	5-5		

If only Washington had a good quarterback, everything in the Big Five would be all settled before the season opens. As it is, the outlook in Seattle is considerably dimmed by the lack of a take-charge guy. The Huskies, therefore, are somewhat like a thundering machine all ready to go, but without a driver to push it to peak performance. Unless Coach Jim Owens finds the right pilot before the opener with Purdue, a lot of fine material could go to waste. Still, the odds favor Washington, and so do we.

Southern Cal. and Stanford should run a dead heat for second place. The Indians will have their best edition since Chuck Taylor held the reins, and Southern Cal. could take on just about everybody if a host of fine junior-college line transfers come through. The Trojans will be well set in the backfield with the



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power of fullback Ben Wilson and two top-notch quarterbacks in Pete Beathard and Bill Nelsen, but the line question won't be settled until the opener with Duke.

UCLA will be interesting to watch this year, with the abandonment of their beloved and successful Single Wing offense. Personnel problems dictate the shift to the Split-T. The Bruins are thin in the line and they'll have a hard time staying with the rugged competition. Things are beginning to look up at California, but the Golden Bears still have a long way to go. A sophomore-dominated squad may get rambunctious by the final few games, however.

The most fascinating development west of the Mississippi is the launching of a new major football circuit, the Western Athletic Conference. Made up of the top teams from the Border and Skyline Conferences, this promises to become one of the tougher loops in the land. Neither the Border nor Skyline Conference has officially disbanded: they have simply died on the vine. The new group has taken over the offices and officials of the Skyline Conference, and the teams that weren't invited to the party were left to reshuffle schedules among themselves. The first year of operation for the new conference promises to be attention-getting, with Wyoming, Utah and New Mexico in a three-way fracas. The survivor will probably wind up with a bowl bid. Arizona, showing all the signs of overconfidence, will likely fall short of last year's success.

Top independent in the West is definitely Oregon. The Webfoots, in fact, look well-nigh unstoppable. The Oregon line, agile, hostile and mobile, will terrorize most opponents, and a covey of fleet backs led by Mel Renfro will be decidedly unweb-footed. Look for Oregon to wind up high in the national rankings. Oregon State will have many-talented Terry Baker at the controls, but little in the way of a line up front.

Washington State will have PLAYBOY All-American Hugh Campbell at end, but not much else. Give the Cougars just two more years, however, and Coach Sutherland will have a powerhouse. Utah State looks nearly as good as last year and will undoubtedly wallop some teams of the Western Athletic Conference who didn't invite the Aggies to join the new fraternity. The Air Force gets welcome help from the best bunch of yearlings in the short history of the academy, and with leadership from quarterback Terry Isaacson, the Falcons should begin to regain some of their lost prestige.

If the Air Force gets shot down in flames, however, it should have plenty of company; the upcoming season looks to be filled with major gridiron debacles. Just keep your eyes open and watch out for exploding bowl hopes.

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HASTY MARRIAGE

(continued from page 120)

regardless of facts. Checking takes time, and young hearts melt quickly.)

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"Of us, Davie?"

"Of our passions. Burn us both to ashes."

Give her one last flaming kiss, stifle a sob, and walk away. Do not turn back.

3. *"It's Bigger than Both of Us."* This is effective only if you never reveal what it is that is bigger than both of you.

4. *The Sudden Break.* Breaking an engagement is like removing adhesive plaster. Do it quickly and decisively and you will spare not only her feelings but your own as well.

MANY OTHER WAYS

There are many other methods of breaking engagements. Study your fiancées. Find ways that will suit their personalities. Remember that every woman is a new opportunity and a new challenge.

Bring sunshine into their lives, and when the sunshine is gone, go with it, gracefully and considerately.

Leave behind you the tear of pity, never the angry word.

COMMON MISTAKES TO AVOID IN BREAKING ENGAGEMENTS

1. *"I'm Not Good Enough for You."* Both this and the "You're too good for me" approach always end in disaster.

Every woman looks upon every prospective male as a sorry mess, a blob of all but hopeless raw material. She is already sure you are not half good enough for her, but she had a whole set of plans for complete remodeling, re-decorating, and general rehabilitation.

After she gets through with you, she feels, you will be good enough for her.

2. *"Let's Be Civilized and Talk This Over."* This approach is both painful and totally ineffective. Women, you will discover, cannot talk about anything in a reasonable or logical manner. Your fiancée will either (a) get off the subject entirely, (b) use naked emotion and all that goes with it, or (c) use feminine wiles to confuse and confound you.

Follow these rules and you will avoid being forced into a premature marriage.

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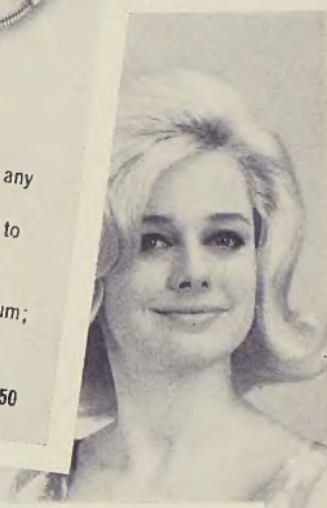
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sound of Hirsch *(continued from page 84)*

apartment dead, and then become what I lived with, a pencil sharpener, I might have seen that he had meaning. The same had he dropped dead one day. But he didn't. I had to wait:

One night during dinner near the end of the semester, I happened to glance up deaf, innocently munching a chunk of bread. Pinky was looking back at me across the table, but not as usual. Pinky was looking at me and giving me the finger. Me, it was for— for Hirsch, that finger.

I watched. The two eyes in my head watched. I watched him get out of his chair giving me a hard one, holding up his middle finger quivering like a hummingbird. The pink eyes scrunched tight. Slits of mean. It lasted a long time, and then he trotted past and into his room. The door is shut. Locked.

I thought, take a long walk, Hirsch. A nice night for a walk. Skip out. Flee. Halfway through the living room, I stopped and turned. I looked at the door to his room. Something walked Hirsch toward that door and then he listened. Very quiet wood, that door. I touched it and gave a gentle push. Right, it was locked. I said, "Roommate, what's going on?" I gave the door a harder push. Locked, that door. Remarkable, I thought, and started to leave again. But again Hirsch stopped and glanced at the door. Pine wood, four vertical panels and a brass knob. Behind it, invisible to Hirsch, was a meech—Pinky of the obscene finger. I said, "Roommate," and stepped close to the door, "Hirsch is sorry."

Is sorry? All right, I thought—Hirsch is sorry.

"A thousand pardons. You hear?"

Nothing. Not a shuffle.

"Hirsch is penitent. Forgive. Forgive Hirsch, the penitent. Make a noise in there."

I listened. No noise.

"Make a tap with a pencil. Say something. Hirsch is sorry, really sorry."

The door moved. A fingertip came out. Then another fingertip. I crouched to look at them. A flicker of eye looked back at me through the crack, and the fingertips waggled. Hesitantly, I took them, just barely touched them, just sweat on sweat. They moved up and down. Pinky wanted to shake. I shook them. They slipped away and the door shut. That was it. I could go and I did.

But I was seized and dumped into an unfathomable and hideous depression. Books were impossible. Food repelled. Sleep refused me, or it struck like a bludgeon. It shattered me, this sleep, like a fall down stairs. The girl in green said, "You? You, Hirsch?" I, Hirsch, moped in the night like Steppenwolf.

And each day was more uncertain than the last. Bright, indecisive, they

collapsed at twilight and lay there, lingering, ambiguous, unhappy twilights. They didn't know who they were, these days. "I'm chill winter." "I'm flashy spring." "I'm a little of both, who knows? Don't ask, in a minute I'll skip out, flee." A lie. They hung back, flaunted time, stayed on like a stink.

Malaise, it beat like wings in the hollow vault of Hirsch. If I opened a book, my heart began fluttering. Headaches, I had, and a rash. Then visions, wild, illogical visions. "Roommate," I screamed, and ran to his door. But when he didn't open it, I still think he listened. "Hirsch has a way of destroying Hegel. Hear me out. Henceforth, just mention the name and people will laugh hee-hee on Hegel. And not just Hegel; the British, too, hee-hee. The French, I'll finger to the very quick."

And then came a toothache. A molar of rot struck connections with an eye and an ear. Pain blossomed on a dozen nerves, and half my face ballooned. Half blind, half deaf, Hirsch marched in that apartment, careened through rooms. I bashed walls. Hirsch in the mirror, saw me agonized beyond belief. The moon was in my mouth. And then, then the meechie face trailed me, peering up, curious, concerned. I turned and squinted down. His feet were there, white, quiet and flat in slippers—one, Curious, crept a tentative toe before the other, Concerned. I nearly charged to kill. "No man is an island? My ass," I yelled. He trotted away. "A man with

a toothache is the very Isle of Pain, the Isle Remote-Inaccessible." He shuffled up to offer aspirin. "No," said Hirsch. "No, nothing. This pain is wipe-out pain. This is un-pain, the pain of beginnings and endings." I stomped away from the offer of that Pinky hand, and the next morning a dentist pulled out the tooth, right out of my head. No tooth. No pain. Good man, that dentist.

I came back better than new, a happy Hirsch, and lo! nailed upon his door, he saw a poem. Little writing with a sharp pencil. Not bad:

*A gong banging in
The chamber of his tooth:
Oh, pain, Oh, ruthless song.*

*Then dentist say, "Decay,
The tooth must out."
Oh, mouth, Oh, ravaged mouth.*

*Soon, the hair must go.
Another tooth. Hirsch walks slow.
A grave will listen,
A grave will have his woe.*

*Quiet in the earth he'll hum,
And there he'll rot,
Like a tooth in a gum.*

To the roommate of Linda Glass, I read this poem and I laughed. And she laughed, and she arched like a bow for the arrow of truth. Relieved of rot and pain, Hirsch shot to kill. No poem, but his view of life rang half the night in that apartment: "Hirsch," she said. "My all. My all in all. Hirsch. Hirsch. Hirsch."



*"Trivial affair? My dear young lady, I'm
a serious collector."*

PLAYBOY READER SERVICE

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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Use these lines for information about other featured merchandise.

Miss Pilgrim will be happy to answer any of your other questions on fashion, travel, food and drink, hi-fi, etc. If your question involves items you saw in PLAYBOY, please specify page number and issue of the magazine as well as a brief description of the items when you write.

PLAYBOY READER SERVICE
232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Ill.

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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

IN THE BRIGHT LITTLE ISLAND world of the Caribbean, where chill winds never blow and ice is the stuff that drinks are made of, November is a month notably fit for the guy who would split from less temperate scenes. Since charting an itinerary through this tropic zone can be a perplexing, though pleasant, problem, your final choice should hinge on which approach you prefer: island hopping by plane or ship, or simply operating in one lush locale.

For those who take to the air, we especially endorse one tour which swings you first to the Condado Beach Hotel at San Juan, Puerto Rico (where soothing "summer" rates prevail through mid-December); then to Bluebeard's Castle at free port St. Thomas (prime snorkeling and skindiving); to the Antigua Beach Hotel in unspoiled Antigua (don't miss the evening harmonics of the Brute Force Steel Band which does its sturdy best to rock the Carib); to the hilltopping Santa Maria on Grenada; and finally to the Colony Club by the beach at Barbados. Total tab for three-day stays at each of these rejuvenating sites should run under \$200; add \$220 for the round-trip fare from Miami (and double your tariff if you've doubled your fun with a chick in tow).

If you prefer the leisure class and

starched service of a floating resort, book passage on a cruise ship—one recommendable Norwegian liner departs New York on November 16 for a 17-day trip that includes circuit breaks at Antigua, St. Vincent, Trinidad, Barbados, Dominica, St. Kitts, St. Thomas, Puerto Rico and Haiti. Aside from opportunities for two-on-the-isle romping, the one-class shipping charge of \$390 minimum also avails you such traditional shipboard pleasures as pool lazing and dancing beneath the stars.

Stay-in-one-spot types should consider the major dividends of a Puerto Rican vacation—the bright spectrum of activities ranges from supper clubs and beachside gaming rooms of capital San Juan to golf on the tropical estate of the Dorado Beach Hotel (the island's top course, 20 miles west of S.J.), and seashore relaxing at such out-of-town hideaways as the new El Conquistador (set on a hill near the fishing village of Las Croabas), where guests are spirited by funicular to the hotel's private, pristine beach below. In Las Croabas you can rent an island sloop (\$35 per diem) and set sail for skindiving, fishing or picnicking on the deserted beaches of Cayo Icacos, some two miles offshore.

For further information on any of the above, write to Playboy Reader Service, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill.

NEXT MONTH:

"LITTLE ANNIE FANNY"—FIRST MISADVENTURE OF A NEW, WONDERFUL SATIRIC STRIP CHICK—BY **HARVEY KURTZMAN & WILL ELDER**

"THE GENTLEMAN'S HUNTING ARSENAL"—FOR EVERYTHING FROM VARMINT PLINKING TO ROYAL SHIKAR—BY **ROBERT RUARK**

"THE JAZZ FESTIVAL GROWS UP"—FROM ITS SPAWNING AT NEWPORT TO ITS COMING OF AGE AT MONTEREY—BY **NAT HENTOFF**. PLUS YOUR **1963 PLAYBOY JAZZ POLL BALLOT**

PLAYBOY'S FASHION FORECAST—OUR SEMI-ANNUAL GUIDE TO CORRECT MEN'S ATTIRE FOR THE COMING SEASONS—BY **ROBERT L. GREEN**

"THE GIRLS OF LONDON"—AN EIGHT-PAGE TEXT AND PICTORIAL TIP-OF-THE-BOWLER TO THE BEAUTIFUL DAMSELS OF BLIGHTY



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