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PLAYBOY

AUGUST 60 cents



BEGINNING A
NEW NOVELETTE
BY JAMES JONES,
AUTHOR OF
"FROM HERE
TO ETERNITY"

"THE PRODIGAL
POWERS OF POT" BY
DAN WAKEFIELD



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JONES

PLAYBILL Writing a terse résumé of his life, novelist James Jones once devoted only one thin line to his World War II career: "Aptd Cpl 13 May 42 red to Pvt 3 Dec 43; Aptd Sgt 1 Mar 44 red to Pvt 20 Mar 44." Now, nearly 20 years after he was wounded at Guadalcanal, he has gone back to the silent gap between *From Here to Eternity* (which ended with the bombing of Pearl Harbor) and *Some Came Running* (which picked up the khaki thread of the veteran's life immediately after V-J Day) to complete his sanguine saga of the soldier with *The Thin Red Line*, possibly the finest combat narrative since *The Red Badge of Courage*. Understandably, we share Jones' sense of completion and take pride in launching the first published portion of this important work. The full-length book version will be issued by Scribner's later this year. Lest you fear the windup of his warrior works will leave Jones without a theme, we are happy to report that he is now in Jamaica, working on another novel. His new project involves scuba diving (at which he is an expert), but just how and why, he says, must remain for the nonce a subject for speculation.

Speculation of another sort can now be put to rest with the appearance, in this issue, of *The Prodigal Powers of Pot*, a clearheaded examination of the truths and myths of marijuana, by social analyst Dan Wakefield. When this article failed to appear in our March issue, as originally announced, an alert colony of columnists and a vexed generation of vipers (as users call themselves) quickly decided that "pressure" had forced us to put the lid on *Pot*. As much as we'd enjoy being embroiled in such a dramatic situation, we must admit that the delay was caused merely by a mechanical conflict in scheduling.

Ray Russell, in a change of pace from Gothic romances and novels of contemporary diabolism (*The Case Against Satan*, *Playboy After Hours*, June 1962), this month gives

CENEDELLA



WAKEFIELD

us a piquant tale of bohemian love, *The Interest of Strangers*. This is Ray's 40th showing in *PLAYBOY*, either under his own name or his half-dozen noms de plume. It's the greatest number of *PLAYBOY* appearances by a single writer (or — as Ray says — even a married writer).

Well known to *PLAYBOY* readers for his challenging and imaginative explorations of the unknown, science writer Arthur C. Clarke recently was chosen for the ultimate award in his field — UNESCO's £1000 Kalinga Prize for popularization of science. (Previous winners include Bertrand Russell and Julian Huxley.) This month, in *World Without Distance* (part of a continuing *PLAYBOY* series), Clarke makes some bold predictions about transportation — including the suggestion that a "compact elephant" may someday be the ideal private conveyance.

Against the sometimes throat-parching, brain-addling effects of the August heat, we've mixed an antidotal double dose of alcohol and psychology: caustic cartoonist VIP (Virgil Partch), the man responsible for the popular comic strip, *Big George!*, offers an uninhibited view of kookie computation in *Dr. Freud's Cocktail Party*, while Robert Cenedella takes a satirical swing at the terrors of teetotalism in *America's Number One Psyche Killer*.

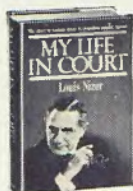
If you want our advice — and you can get it on anything in our newly expanded *Playboy Advisor* column — you'll follow Shepherd Mead's roguish recommendations on *How to Succeed with Women Without Really Trying* which continues in this issue. (Mead's other masterpiece, *H.A.S. in Business W.R.T.*, previously appeared in *PLAYBOY*.)

For further fun, you'll find a new laughing stock of Silverstein's *Teevee Jeebies*, LeRoy Neiman's *Man at His Leisure* in Las Vegas, a far-out pictorial on the *Girls from Outer Space*, the latest in touring attire, a nicely tossed takeout on Italian salads, a tasty re-viewing of *PLAYBOY*'s favorite Roman beauty, and much more.

PARTCH



GOOD READING THIS SUMMER



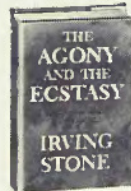
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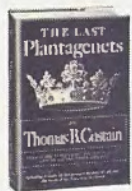


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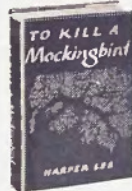
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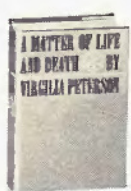
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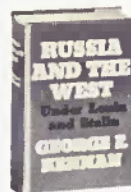
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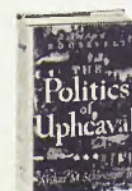
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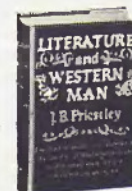
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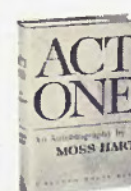
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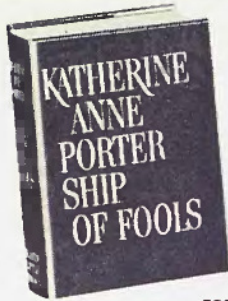
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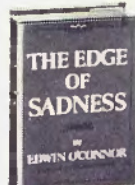


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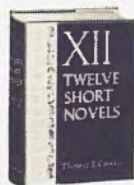
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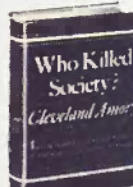
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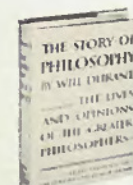
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DEAR PLAYBOY



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ON THE HOUSE

I want to compliment you for running the article on *The Playboy Town House*. It is a very sophisticated, attractively modern solution to in-town living. Maintained with a few servants and backed up with ample funds, this certainly should be called a fun house. I think that articles of this type will be of continual interest to your readers.

Jerrold Loeb, F.A.I.A.
Loeb, Schlossman & Bennett,
Architects—Engineers
Chicago, Illinois

Your *Playboy Town House* is a wonderfully slick collection of architectonic clichés, but hardly architecture.

Sandy Jorgensen
Miami, Florida

In the past, PLAYBOY has provided its readers with the *Playboy Penthouse* and the *Weekend Hideaway*. I have always admired the wonderful taste and elegance in these articles. This time, however, PLAYBOY has outdone itself. *The Playboy Town House* was not only enjoyable reading, but it is also an outstanding example of imaginative architecture and creative interior designing and furnishing.

Allen S. Winston
Hempstead, New York

The originality of the design and structure of *The Playboy Town House* is just fabulous; it is the answer to any modern man's dreams. The artful opulence of thinking, which is obvious in every part of the dwelling, tends to stimulate the male ego.

Jerry W. Stephens
St. John's, Newfoundland

Your designer forgot to include a bathroom in his designs, or maybe the occupants are not supposed to have intestinal tracts.

Bill Simpson
Tacoma, Washington

The bathrooms do not show in the cutaway renderings because they are on the opposite side of the house, Bill; their outer walls indicate their locations in the rec room, master and guest bed-

rooms, however, and they are referred to in the text.

The Playboy Town House in the May issue is really the cat's meow, but who the hell can afford it except Hefner or Getty?

William Zoltowicz
Cleveland, Ohio

To repeat the concluding sentence of our Town House article, "We believe, too, that it incorporates ideas which may be adapted to other urban settings for the man with an urbane outlook, a mind of his own, and a tasteful appreciation of the life of elegant ease."

The Playboy Town House was, in fact, originally designed as a home for PLAYBOY Editor-Publisher Hefner; land was purchased on Chicago's Near North Side, and bids on construction taken. Then, quite by accident, Hefner stumbled onto the building that is now the *Playboy Mansion* ("Playmate Holiday House Party," December 1961), just four blocks from where he planned to build the *Town House*. Hefner fell in love with the *Mansion* the first time he walked through the giant main room, realized that it afforded a level of gracious living almost impossible to duplicate in any new building; realized, too, that he could put many of the features he had planned for the *Town House* into the *Playboy Mansion*, plus others that would only be possible with the greater space.

I must know the estimated cost of *The Playboy Town House* so that I may keep this goal before me until I attain it. Congratulations; you've done it again.

Hector Willems
New York, New York

As shown, The Playboy Town House would cost approximately \$250,000 to build; but with the elimination of a few of the special gadgets, like the movable roof and the elevator, the price could be reduced to less than \$200,000.

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Roger A. Sunshine
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PLAYBOY, AUGUST, 1962, VOL. 9, NO. 8, 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 2-7994; ROBERT E. STEPHENS, MANAGER, DETROIT, 705 STEPHENSON BUILDING, 6560 CASS AVE., TR 5-7250; SOUTH-EASTERN, FLORIDA AND CARIBBEAN REPRESENTATIVE, PIRNIE & BROWN, 3108 PIEDMONT RD., N.E., ATLANTA 9, GA., 233-6729.



fitting proposal

(his authentic University Row™ sportshirt is contour cut)

This young man has a way with the classics (and the girl in the Lady Manhattan® shirt). He majors in *University Row* sportshirts, of course. Here, catching up on his romance languages, he wears a subtle print that's contour cut for neat, trim fit and authentically styled in the ivy manner. Of *Mansmooth* no-iron 100% cotton (a *SPRINGMAID* fabric), with exclusive *Reserve Neatness* to keep it smooth and wrinkle-free all day. This Manhattan® *University Row* sportshirt in a choice of batik patterns and colors. \$5.95

 **University Row**
by *Manhattan*

Quality makers of the finest men's furnishings, sportswear and Lady Manhattan® sportswear.

CYN-TILLATING

I was very much impressed with your *Valentine Revisited*. You showed very positively that PLAYBOY's Chicago offices are garnished with girls just as ravishing as those who populate your pages. But how could you display a girl such as Cynthia Maddox as a side attraction? Give the readers another look at this gorgeous chick in your centerfold as Playmate of the Month.

John Richards
Jersey City, New Jersey

Cynthia Maddox is one of the most beautiful girls I have ever seen. I don't know who her dentist is, but he's lucky to have her as a patient.

Kenneth E. Samuelson, D.D.S.
Glenview, Illinois

Say "ahhh," Doctor.

Is PLAYBOY's beautiful, bountiful secretary Cynthia Maddox also the sexy, open-mouthed model for your Playmate Perfume ads?

Lawrence C. Clarke
San Francisco, California

Yes.

PLAYBOY OUT-OF-DOORS

Why do you ignore the joys of the outdoors? Agreed, indoor playing is fun, but so are outdoor pastimes. Doesn't anybody on your staff take time off from girl hunting to go grouse hunting, from fishing for dames to go fishing for fish?

A. R. Roalman
Glen Ellyn, Illinois

Of course, hunting and fishing are fun (watch for Robert Ruark's definitive "The Gentleman's Hunting Arsenal" this fall); it's just that girls — happily — are always in season.

EXECUTIVE SUITE

J. Paul Getty's *What Makes an Executive?* could have great value if reprinted and distributed to as many seniors in institutions of learning as possible, and particularly to those students about to graduate in Business Administration. Anything that can be done to combat the "leftist leanings" of our young people is well worth while and this article should offer stimulation in that respect against such thinking.

Allan P. Kirby
Morristown, New Jersey

Mr. Kirby, a director of many corporate giants, is former head of the multi-billion-dollar Alleghany Corporation.

Many thanks for May's *What Makes an Executive?* I am interested in an enterprising and rewarding career in Big Business, and this is the best article yet about it.

Richard L. Johnson
Oahu, Hawaii

I have just finished reading J. Paul Getty's article on executive attributes

FOR ONLY **\$7.95** **\$39.95 VALUE**

- ★ 4-speed turret selector which enables you to play all 16, 33, 45, or 78 rpm records
- ★ Two powerful speaker units connected by 8-foot cords for maximum stereo effect
- ★ Plays BOTH stereophonic AND regular high-fidelity records
- ★ Two controls — volume and balance

- ★ Feather-light tone arm with two jeweled styli and sensitive stereo cartridge
- ★ Lock-cornered wood cabinet - covered with washable, pyroxylin-treated fabric
- ★ UL approved - A.C. only
- ★ Portable - removable speaker units



HEAVENLY
Hello,
Young Lovers
Stranger
in Paradise
10 more
COLUMBIA
JOHNNY MATHIS

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

GREAT MOTION PICTURE THEMES
EXODUS
NEVER ON SUNDAY
THE APARTMENT
 plus 13 more

 **UNIVISION**

THE WORLD'S
GREATEST THEMES
**FERRANTE
& TEICHER**


Rhapsody in Blue
An American in Paris

Leonard
Bernstein
plays
Gershwin

COLUMBIA

GRAND CANYON
SUITE **COLUMBIA**

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA

WEST SIDE STORY
Original Soundtrack
COLUMBIA Recording

**TV SING ALONG
WITH MITCH**



COLUMBIA

11

ORIGINALITY FOR MR. *CATALINA



Our MAN*RELAXED enjoys the focal point with a handsome pastime favorite... a comfortable cardigan sweater! (at left) CITATION in bold colorful stripes, shares the spotlight with the subtle striping in SUBURBIA. Both of finest 100% Wool and sized to extra large at \$15.95.

Catalina®

SWEATERS



Catalina, Inc., Los Angeles, Calif., Another Fine  Kayser-Roth Product.

for the second time. In fact, I have taken the liberty of having it typed so that each of my five sons can have a copy—the two oldest now when they need it and the three younger ones when they can understand it. As an administrator for 30 years in and out of service with responsibilities for from 5 to 20,000 persons, I have been messing with other people's lives, either totally or partially, for all of that time. I have also studied many evaluations of executive qualifications in many books and pamphlets, from GI manuals to Joe Kennedy's handbook, *Fortune*. Let me say that Mr. Getty's article is the most practical, clear and clean inventory of executive requirements that I have had the privilege of studying. By "clean" I mean that it was free of the pomp and poop that so often creeps into such comment, especially if there is an ivory tower origin.

M. K. Leadbetter
Flagstaff, Arizona

Mr. Getty's article proves that some executives know what's going on, although he has missed one attribute that I would like to see in an executive; that's the willingness to work and work hard.

William Minando
La Mesa, California

Mr. Getty would concur, has stressed this very factor in previous articles in his series.

SECURITY CHECK

The May issue of PLAYBOY was studied with intense interest by my office staff. They were startled to learn, on page 49, that PLAYBOY had joined other members



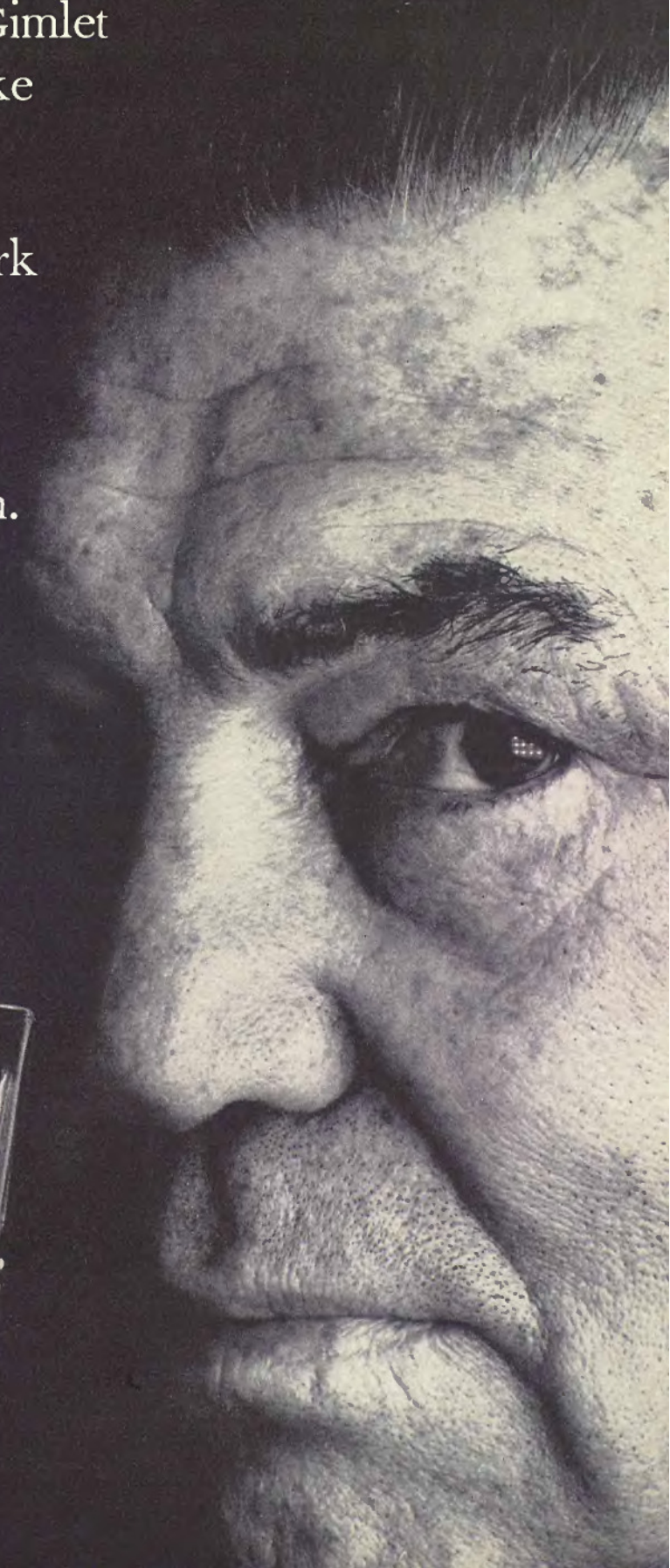
"... And supposing you do repress it, Leonardo? Somebody else is certain to come across it again in a few years."

of the press and public in taking a firm stand on the nuclear-testing issue. The position taken by your magazine, however, implies possible unauthorized access to classified information. We have



Hold still, Jack,
and we'll put the Gimlet
right beside you like
this. It's gin,
Rose's Lime Juice
and a little fancy footwork
with ice. Like you.
Clean, fast, plenty
of class. Now hold it.
Give 'em plenty of tough.
That's it. Sure, champ,
taste it. How's it shape
up? A strong
contender! Can we
quote you on that?

ONLY ROSE'S MAKES A GIMLET
Recipe: 4 or 5 parts gin (or vodka)
to 1 part Rose's Lime Juice, over ice,
in an old-fashioned or cocktail glass.
IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND

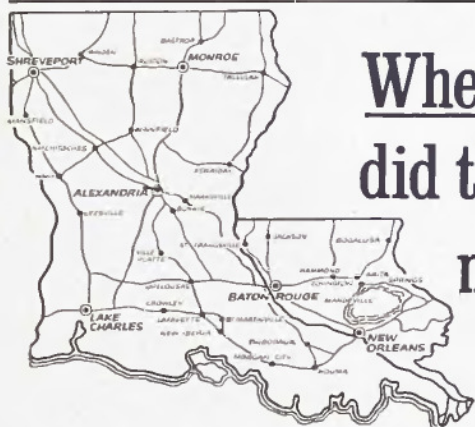


Get both. Positive deodorant action plus long-lasting man's cologne—all in one! Only new Lorlé Spray Lodorante for Men gives you after-shower freshness that lasts all day, combined with the invigorating aroma of a subtle cologne...**LORLÉ** 24 hr. cologne-deodorant



CHOICE OF FAMOUS "TUMBLEWEE" OR "CLOVER HAY" FRAGRANCES. GIANT-SIZE. \$1.50 AT LEADING STORES

Parfum Lorlé, Inc., (a subsidiary of Rayette, Inc.) 205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.



Where in Louisiana
did they invent that
mouth-watering
new clock?



You've heard that Louisiana playboys tell time at *their* Bacardi Parties by "Pitcher Daiquiris" instead of old-fashioned clocks. (They have 1-pitcher parties, 2-pitcher parties and so on.)

Well, it's *very* astute of them! Sipping Daiquiris is ever so much more fun than clock-watching. Bacardi Daiquiris are even more

fun than that! So we *urge* you to be ingenious; determine the length of the party by the number of *pitchers*! The Swiss may hate you, but you can't be all things to all men.

And if you happen to know just where in Louisiana this remarkable idea started, let us know. We want the city to put up a brass plaque, of course.

**SEND FOR YOUR
MOUTH-WATERING CLOCK!**

Send \$1.00 for 18-ounce pitcher, 3 recipe booklets and handy chart that ends fuss of making 432 Daiquiris. Send to "Pitcher Daiquiri," P.O. Box 2535, Grand Central Station, N.Y. 17, N.Y. (Offer void where state regulations prohibit.)



BACARDI
LEADER FOR 100 YEARS

referred the matter to our security staff who are vigorously investigating the matter to determine if Leonardo da Vinci was ever under contract to the Atomic Energy Commission, and if so, the security arrangements employed to safeguard his scientific developments.

Glenn T. Seaborg, Chairman
Atomic Energy Commission
Washington, D.C.

HAIL THE QUEEN

Without utilizing trite expressions such as "Ben Hecht has outdone himself" (which he has, nevertheless), I will only say that never have I read such a poignant social and personal comment on times past, present and future as in May's *Queen Dido*. When I hear of Mr. Hecht's winning the Pulitzer Prize for literature, I shall rest secure in the knowledge that justice has been done.

James E. Lingo
Phoenix, Arizona

Ben Hecht's *Queen Dido* was enlightening. It gives us an idea of just how much we Americans can hate.

Marion Milligan
Oak Harbor, Washington

MIRACLE WORKER

Just finished reading *The Miracle*. What a beautiful piece of literature!

Charles R. Carrick
Chicago, Illinois

RUE-FUL

As an ardent reader and a resident of Bay Harbor Island, I would like to clear up a false impression created in May's *Playboy After Hours*. Broad Causeway was named for our mayor and founder, the Honorable Shepard Broad. Not, as you would have us believe, in collective honor of "starlets who deem themselves roadworthy."

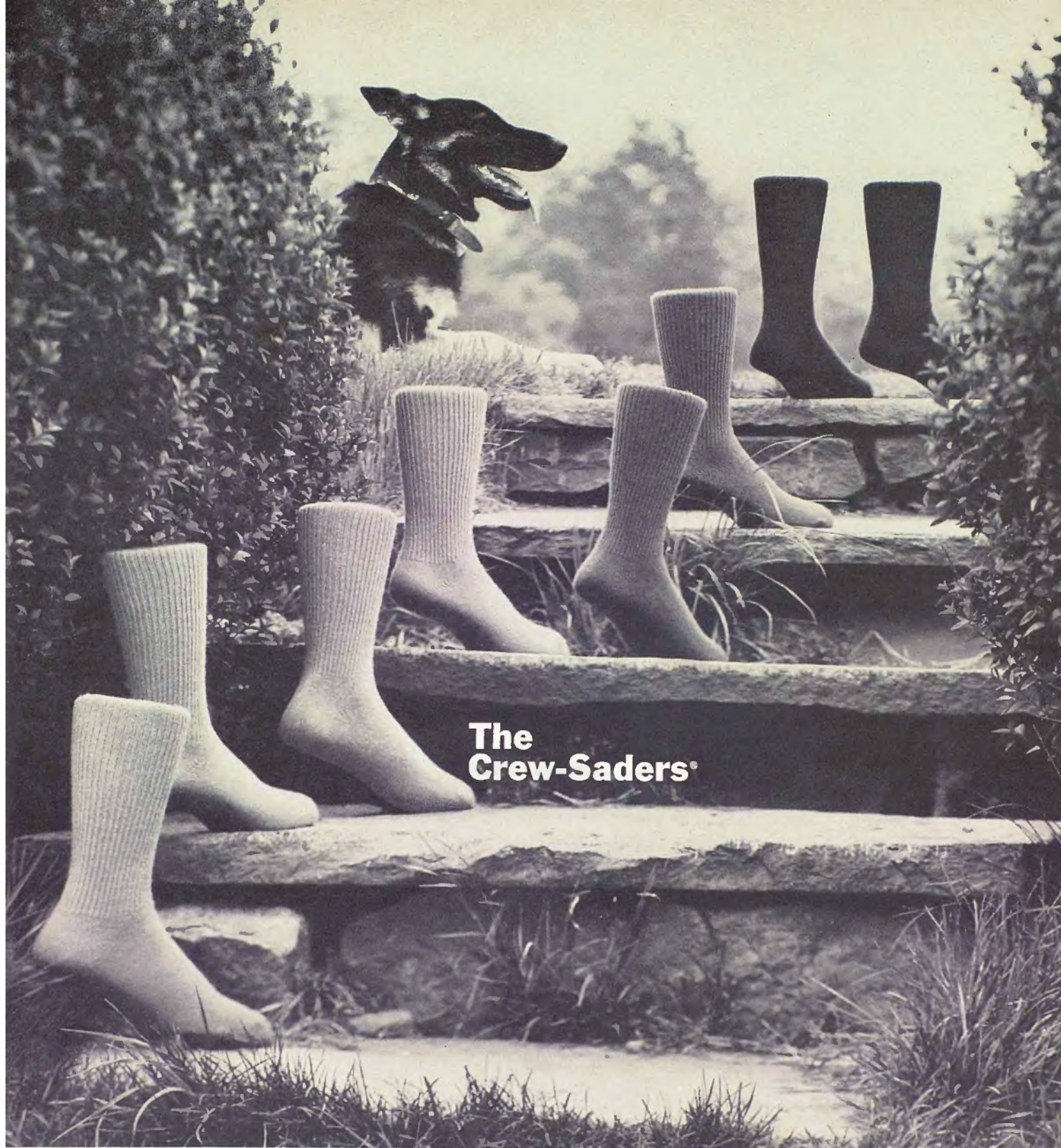
Howard Schoninger
Georgia Institute of Technology
Atlanta, Georgia

Enjoyed the May issue of *PLAYBOY* very much. As to page 19, *Playboy After Hours*—I have but one comment—I am wondering how I ended up in an alley.

Jayne Mansfield
Los Angeles, California

As one of four popular celebrities whose names adorn Miami Beach byways, Jayne, you wound up in an alley behind the 23rd Street fire station because there weren't any other unnamed streets around. But it's a fine alley, and Bill Glick, a Miami Beach publicist who arranged the honor in your absence, tells us that the boys at the station are as proud of it as they are of those issues of *PLAYBOY* which have featured the abundant charms of Jayne Mansfield.





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.

And, fortunately for the man who has more important things to think about, the "Crew-Sader®" is a stretch sock—one size fits all. Try a pair. It may be your first. It won't be your last. \$1.50 pair.

Interwoven®
THE GREATEST NAME IN SOCKS



Reader's Digest marks its 40th ANNIVERSARY

ANY 5 OF THESE



348. Won 2 Academy Awards—for Best Score, Best Song, *I Mean to Love*



378. Brubeck alto sax star plays lush ballads with strings, harp, woodwinds.



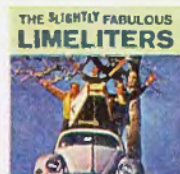
370. Rubinstein says, "The most perfect recording I have made."



359. Souvenir of hit TV show, oil in danceable-plus Miller style.



356. First solo recording! Includes C-Sharp Minor Waltz, Polonaise, others.



347. Hilarious, intimate, "in person" concert by top folk-song/comedy trio.



357. Solty favorites by lusty male chorus. Blow The Man Down, 11 more.



374. Other great hits by The Browns, Don Gibson, Skeeter Davis, etc.



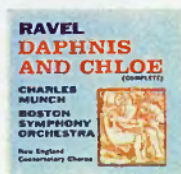
274. And 10 more by TV trumpet star with swing band and strings.



376. Sweet Leilani, To You Sweetheart Aloha, Now Is the Hour, more.



368. Warmly romantic concertos played with dazzling virtuosity.



366. "Decisively the best."—Hi-Fi/Stereo Review. Stunning sound!



89. Powerful native African percussion! "Fascinating," says Variety.



89. Powerful native African percussion! "Fascinating," says Variety.



250. Epic film score containing original version of the hit theme.



363. Amusing, amazing showpiece—various artists. STEREO ONLY.



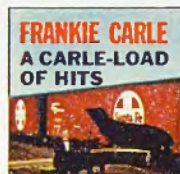
315. Electronic stereo re-processing of one of his finest performances.



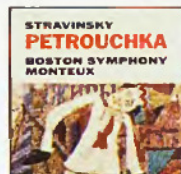
346. Lucy, with original Broadway cast. Hey Look Me Over, others.



270. Leisurely, lilting melodies. Among My Souvenirs, Mam'selle, others.



364. Pianist plays 25 great hits—Stardust, Candy, Solitude, etc.



325. Montoux pioneered this work and made it immediately famous.



1. Also 10 more soothing instrumentals—White We're Young, Estrellita.



313. Definitive recording of a superbly romantic masterpiece.



360. 1946-1950 modern jazz milestones by trumpeter, sextet, big band.



292. Also Red River Valley, The Last Round-Up, 18 Western gems.



314. The glory of Debussy's "Sea" splashed in brilliant hi-fi.



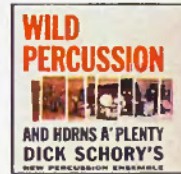
24. Plus Too Young, Warsaw Concerto, Charmaine, others.



148. Stardust, I'll Never Smile Again, Who?, Opus #1, 8 more big hits.



297. Includes The Thunderer, 14 Sousa strutters in walloping sound!



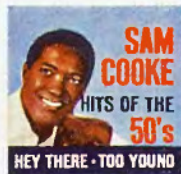
278. 7 percussionists, bristling brass corps. The Peanut Vendor, more.



2. The original TV action hit album. All-star modern "mood" jazz.



281. And 8 more of his top latin dance band hits in "new sound."



261. Also Secret Love, Unchained Melody, more by new vocal sensation.



243. The ever-delightful Ramberg score, beautifully performed.



304. Hi-fi spectacular of colorful Górfé, bombastic Beethoven.



291. Rich Spanish Gypsy moods by the peerless flamenco guitarist.



247. Sound extravaganza also includes Intermezzo, Warsaw Concerto, more.



102. When the Saints Come Marching In, Tiger Rag, 10 more classics.



322. Absolutely the last word in SOUND—the souciest Gaité of all!



280. Guitar virtuoso plays Lullaby of Birdland, Marie, Whispering, 9 others.



124. Prisoner of Love, Till the End of Time, Temptation, others.



219. Country-pop star also sings Dear Hearts and Gentle People, others.



226. Cannons, gong roars, massed strings and bands. Dynamic!



251. All-time B-to-the-bar hits, new speaker-to-speaker sound. Exciting!

by extending this special offer to you through

Reader's Digest
MUSIC, INC.

GREAT RCA VICTOR RECORDS

for only

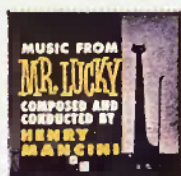
\$1

if you join the new RCA Victor Record Club now and agree to purchase only 6 records during the next 12 months.

IN YOUR CHOICE OF STEREO OR REGULAR LONG-PLAY



371. "One of the outstanding Gershwin discs." —High Fidelity.



220. Best-selling modern jazz album from the TV adventure series.



330. Beloved favorites beautifully arranged to evoke a tender mood.



342. Piano, full orchestra. Over The Rainbow, Night and Day, many more.



74. 12 romantic waltzes. Ramona, Girl of My Dreams, Always, etc.



14. Love Is A Many-Splendored Thing, more quartet favorites.



344. Star of film musical State Fair sings Bye Bye Blues. 12 favorites.



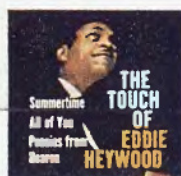
215. Definitive versions of Gershwin's most popular classics.



214. Also Blue Skies, Goody Goody, The Lady Is a Tramp, 6 others.



327. Lifting Strauss waltzes and overtures in true Viennese style.



37. Also The Man I Love, Cherry, others by pianist's relaxed trio.



7. Magnificent new recording of dramatic TV score by R. Rodgers.



145. Also Kalamazoo, Tuxedo Junction, String of Pearls, 6 more.



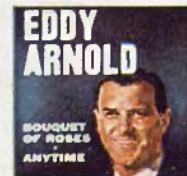
295. Also Wonderland By Night, Danny Boy by Nashville piano ace.



269. Nation's hottest folk-singing trio recorded in concert! 10 favorites.



950 and 950-A. The actual Carnegie Hall Concert—recorded LIVE! Two-Record set. Write both numbers on card.



254. Arnold sings his all-time hits again in new hi-fi sound!



377. Dynamic young star sings You Make Me Feel So Young, 10 zesty others.



365. Pulsating mandolins play Santa Lucia, Sorrento, O sole mio, others.



221. Plus Peg O' My Heart, etc. New versions of 12 great instrumentals.



299. Two of the most brilliant piano concertos ever recorded.



341. New calypso album Belafonte fans have waited 6 years for!



4. Younger Than Springtime, Some Enchanted Evening, 13 more hits.



293. Sophisticated Lady, Deep Purple, St. Louis Blues, Moonglow.



5. The first classical LP of all time to sell over 1 million copies!



324. The divine Schubert masterpieces in glowing performances.

THROUGH THIS SPECIAL OFFER you may choose ANY 5 of the superb records shown on these pages for only \$1 (plus a small handling and postage charge). Thereafter, if you wish, the new RCA Victor Record Club will help you build a playboy's "dream library" of recordings by great stars from every field of music.

MUSIC TO BUILD THE MOOD YOU WANT...

Create a carefree, playful party mood... or set the scene for an intimate dinner for two. Paint a colorful musical setting for a quiet evening alone... or a happy get-together with special friends. Yes, as a member of the new RCA Victor Record Club, you and your playmate can enjoy the pulsing rhythms of African drums, the swinging sound of *The Dukes of Dixieland*, the big band beat of *Miller and Dorsey*. You can hear the soothing strings of *Melachrino*, the blazing trumpet of *Al Hirt*, the fabulous sounds of *Perez Prado*, *Peter Nero*, *The Limelites* and many others. You have, at your fingertips, your choice of the world's greatest music by the world's greatest artists, recorded with breathtaking high fidelity—all yours at substantial savings!

OTHER ADVANTAGES OF MEMBERSHIP

As a member of the new RCA Victor Record Club—

You Receive FREE the exciting new monthly magazine, Reader's Digest Music Guide. In addition to describing the hundreds of records available to members, each issue of your Music Guide takes you "behind the scenes" through fascinating stories about music and its outstanding personalities.

You Receive Expert Guidance in your choice of records from the Music Guide editors. They advise you as to what's new—and good—in recordings, and help you avoid expensive mistakes in the building of your lifetime record library.

You Enjoy "Arm-Chair" Shopping Comfort in choosing the records you want from the Music Guide in your own home. And you pay for your records only after receiving them and while you are enjoying them. Prices paid by members are shown in the Music Guide (usually \$3.98—\$4.98—Stereo: \$1.00 extra) plus handling and postage.

You Receive 1 FREE Dividend Record of your choice for every two records you take, after purchasing the 6 records you agree to take when you join on this Special Anniversary Offer.

SEND NO MONEY NOW

On this Special Anniversary Offer send no money with the postage-free card accompanying this advertisement. You will be sent the 5 records of your choice at once—and you may later remit only \$1, plus a few cents postage and handling charge, for all 5 records.

But you should act *at once*—while this Special Anniversary Offer remains open. Write the numbers of the 5 records you want on the postage-free card and mail it *today*. If card has been removed, write directly to:

RCA Victor Record Club, c/o Reader's Digest Music, Inc.
P.O. Box 5, Village Station, New York 14, N. Y.

TMKS® RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

If you prefer this 5-record Collector's Album instead of five others, check the special box on the order card.

LONG OUT OF PRINT! BACK BY REQUEST!



INCLUDES 20-PAGE SOUVENIR PROGRAM

60 irreplaceable musical masterpieces, including Indian Summer, Along the Santa Fe Trail, I Dreamt I Dwelt in Harlem, Daddy, Heaven Can Wait, Sunrise Serenade, My Heart Belongs to Daddy, April in Paris, Blue Orchids, Falling Leaves. (Regular L.P. Only)



THINK TALL...KEEP COOL...SPEAK CLEARLY...say "Smirnoff® Collins!"

You'll never know how delicious a Collins can be until you put *Smirnoff* in instead of gin. You'll discover flavors you've been missing all along. That's because Smirnoff loses itself so completely that you can *taste* the fruit. Only smooth, flawless Smirnoff makes a Vodka Collins with such breathless perfection. So when you thirst for a tall, cool one, remember—the first name for Collins is no longer Tom but *Smirnoff*.

it leaves you breathless!

Smirnoff®

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING VODKA



PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



We watched with interest recently as a friend of ours ripped the blue sealing stamp off a pack of Salem cigarettes, looked intently at the little white space thereunder, then muttered something about too many Cs. When we asked what this ritual was all about, he explained that under each stamp the Salem people printed a code letter—either a c, an A, an s or an H—and that if you could find all four letters on four different packages (and thus spell CASH) you could send them in to the company and they would send you \$25,000 in cash.

Being skeptical, we called the New York office of the William Esty Co., ad agency for R. J. Reynolds Tobacco, and asked them how they were fixed for CASH. They laughed and told us that they had received hundreds of letters about the "contest" but that, unfortunately, the whole thing was a myth "started by some nut"—probably the same nut who circulated a similar rumor about Camel cigarettes several years ago. The code letters are merely distribution symbols, they explained, adding that there never could be such a contest because it constitutes an illegal lottery. (Instructions for a more rewarding cigarette contest can be found in the current Chesterfield advertising campaign. No lottery, the ads offer you a chance to challenge a jaunty lass named Genevieve—36-21-36—to a 100-yard freestyle swim in exchange for a mere 2120 empty Chesterfield King packs.)

Our contest consciousness thus stirred, we remembered that there have been other contests-that weren't, each generating considerable public enthusiasm and no prizes. It is still believed, for instance, that if you find a 1943 copper penny, the Ford Motor Co. will give

you a brand-new car for it. A fine idea, but Ford never made the offer and, besides, the U.S. mint produced no copper pennies dated 1943.

More altruistic but equally baseless was the craze, not so long ago, for collecting the cellophane drawstrings from cigarette packages. According to legend, if you amassed a pound of the wispy little strips and turned them in to "the proper authorities," somebody would donate a wheelchair to your local VA hospital. Throughout the land, neighborhood bars displayed fishbowls full of the cellophane strings and people who knew about the "contest" felt pangs of guilt whenever they accidentally tossed away a cigarette wrapper without saving the drawstring. Nobody bothered to figure that it would take approximately 22,560 strips to amass a pound—or about 62 years of average smoking, at the end of which period the collector would have more use for the wheelchair than his local hospital. In any event, only one or two skeptics thought of checking with the VA to see if the offer was legit. It wasn't.

Occasionally, a "contest" started as a jest does become authentic. Back in the Forties the Burma-Shave Co., famous for its roadside jingles, came out with: "Rip a fender/Off your car/Send it in/for a half-pound jar/Burma Shave." As a result, the company received—and paid off on—19 fenders. Several years later, the same firm took a more cautious chance with: "Bring to us/900 jars/And you will get/A trip to Mars." Sure enough, one smooth-shaven customer wheeled up to the Burma-Shave headquarters in Minneapolis in a truck loaded with you-know-what. Obliging, the company sent him off on a round trip to Mars, Germany.

As students of jurisprudence, we were caught by the following on a recent docket in the Toronto court of appeals: "Lovable Brassiere vs. Rapid Grip."

Resounding congratulations seem to be in order for jockey Johnny Loftus, honored as the first man, in the words of the Trenton, New Jersey, *Trentonian*, "to ride a hore to victory in the Kentucky Derby, Preakness and Belmont Stakes."

Disquieting sign of the times carved—with a switchblade, we presume—into the leatherette upholstery of an Eighth Avenue subway train in New York City: HELP STAMP OUT VANDALISM.

In Philadelphia, apparently, even teenagers read the *Bulletin*. From a classified ad: "Sleepy Hollow Motel, \$3 tonight. Turn right at light, across from Lincoln Drive-In Theater."

Since our last report on oddball monickers adopted by aspiring strippers, Tempest Storm and her tassel-twirling confreres have been joined by a runawayful of no less aptly yclept ecdysiasts. In an open appeal to the front-row set, a few of the girls have assumed such true-blue noms de plumage as Loda Love, Lotta Bounce and Iva G. String. But we discern a bid for the carriage trade in such emerging literary figures as Tropica Kancer, Shelly Byron and Gertrude Stern. And for the politically inclined, such candidates as Dixie Nixon and Nellie Rockefeller promise to pile up substantial pluralities (no Jackie, Bobbie or Teddie Kennedy has thrown her pastie into the ring, however). Another topically attuned danseuse has



YOUNG MAN

geared for a speedy take-off—

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changed her name in rapid succession from Alana Shepard to Gussie Grisom, and recently, we learned, has launched herself on a third career as Jonni Glenn. For the delectation of anatomical hipsters, a well-known Hollywood strippery recently headlined the following Clanorama: Fran Sinatra, Deena Martin, Peeler Lawford and Sanya Davis, Jr.; inexplicably, no Josie Bishop was on hand to round out the Mouse Pack. But the most imaginative—and educational—sobriquet culled from our research is that of a pleasingly plump performer who bills herself Polly Saturated. Anyone for Mammary Lane?

A training exercise for 350 firemen in Alvaston, England, had to be called off recently when a fire broke out on one of the hook-and-ladder trucks.

BOOKS

Three of America's brighter literary lights, who have recently illuminated PLAYBOY's pages, are currently represented between hard covers. *Contemporaries* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$7.50) brings together 70 of Alfred Kazin's essays on modern literature. Kazin is an acute guide to the greats, near-greats and downright frauds among this century's literati. Hardly a writer of note on today's scene, whether it be C. P. Snow or J. D. Salinger, N. Mailer or N. Algren, escapes his cogent comment. A few of these pieces, most of which appeared originally as book reviews, seem rather slight now, but the longer sections—such as those on Freud and Faulkner—are demonstrations of an intelligence of a high order at serious work. The lights that Leslie A. Fiedler strings in his collection of eight short stories, *Pull Down Vanity* (Lippincott, \$3.95), are mostly off color. The atmosphere of Fiedler's imagination is one of brooding brutality and loveless loving. The best-known story of the batch, *Nude Croquet* (which, the author tells us, may soon be made into a low-budget movie), brings together a groping group of bored and angry "friends" for a dinner party that winds up as a boozy, bourgeois orgy, where souls as well as bodies—none of them very pretty—are bared in the course of "play." Fiedler has an intellectual's penchant for writing about other intellectuals, but his bizarre, uninhibited vision may leave you with some strange visions of your own. Ray Bradbury's first non-science-fiction novel, *Something Wicked This Way Comes* (Simon and Schuster, \$4.50), starts off in a deceptively Penrod-and-Samish manner, as a lighthearted lark of two lighthearted 13-year-olds, Jim Nightshade and Will Halloway. But the



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shadows soon gather. One night a carnival arrives in their small town, with a macabre mirror maze and a murderous merry-go-round in tow, and the pair are plunged into a morality drama heavily tinged with horror. Bradbury's cast of creepy sideshow characters includes a demoniacal dwarf, a skin-tingling skeleton, a wizened witch and the hardhearted masters of the menagerie, Mr. Cooger and Mr. Dark. The latter, to the certain delight of all Bradbury fans, is the author's flesh-and-the-devil favorite. The Illustrated Man. These soul-snatching sorcerers match wits with Will's father, a well-read library janitor, who strives to save the boys from an evil, evil end.

William Faulkner's new book, *The Reivers* (Random House, \$4.95), will not rank among his major works, but it should provide light moments this summer in sanctuaries around the land. To reive, the dust jacket tells us, means "to take away by stealth," and what is stealthily taken away in this 1905 reminiscence is one of the first automobiles to appear on the streets of Jefferson, Mississippi. The reivers are Lucius, the 11-year-old narrator; Boon Hogganbeck, a hulking, quick-tempered, slow-witted stable hand; and a knowing Negro named Ned. They manage to get the car—which belongs to the boy's grandfather—to Boon's destination, "a kind of boarding house" in Memphis. Ned promptly exchanges it for a racehorse with a reputation for losing. Undaunted, Ned believes he can make it a winner. Non-Faulknerians will, as usual, have trouble with the master's convolutions of syntax, but even they will find themselves caught up in this fast-moving tall tale peopled with Wholesome Whores, Southern Gentlemen and other larger-than-life figures from the mythology of Yoknapatawpha County. For all its heavy helpings of hokum, *The Reivers* provides solid confirmation that besides being one of the great writers of this era, Faulkner is that delightful rarity, a natural American humorist.

Jerome Weidman's new novel, *The Sound of Bow Bells* (Random House, \$5.95), is the vaguely autobiographical story of a 40-year-old writer who has typed his way up from the Lower to the Middle East Side of Manhattan—and it proves that Jerome wasn't built in a day. The story echoes with arias from past Weidman opera: the warm Jewish momma (see *The Enemy Camp*), the attractive but treacherous girl (see *The Enemy Camp*), the various scrabbles and squabbles (see *The Enemy Camp*). The book's special interest—a very "in" interest—is in spotting thinly disguised personages of the world of letters. The portrait of a late great literary agent is the best thing in the novel. The worst thing in the

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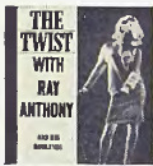


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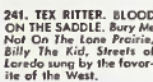
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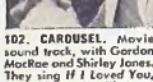
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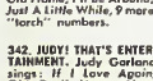
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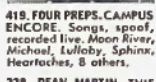
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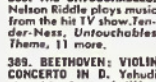
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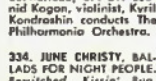
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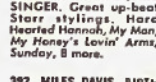
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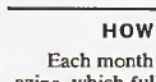
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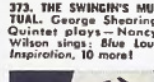
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tome is its preposterous plotting. The ultranaturalistic details run smack into some of the unlikeliest twists this side of the Peppermint Lounge. If the writer-hero wants to find out why his career went from art to riches, he only need read this book about himself. Still, Weidman is an old pro who comes out punching when he hears the typewriter bell. As long as there are readers for blurred carbons of his once crisp novels, he can write 'em for you wholesale.

MOVIES

Boccaccio '70 is an Italian film in several parts, featuring Anita Ekberg, Romy Schneider, Sophia Loren and their several parts. The first of the three stories, directed by Federico (*Dolce Vita*) Fellini, is a freewheeling fantasy about a professional prude who voices his objections to a big billboard on which Anita's anatomy outtops the Seven Hills of Rome. In a brilliantly baroque dream sequence, the giant Juno steps out of the poster and makes a bosom pal of her enemy. The second story, directed by Luchino (*Rocco*) Visconti, has to do with a rich young wife (Romy) whose husband likes callgirls, so instead of leaving him, she allows him to pay her. After this we come to Part Three—directed by Vittorio de Sica, who needs no identity tag, and starring La Loren, who carries her own. She's a carnival girl who sells lottery tickets in each town she visits, the prize being a night in her caravan—and the story is about a young buck who really upsets her wagon. De Sica will win no new prizes with this bagatelle, but Sophia is, as always, a Loren to herself. The color photography throughout is somewhat less than brilliant and all three scripts are surprisingly unsurprising, with Visconti viscous and De Sica just mildly diverting. But Fellini's Freudian landango is cast, cut and conducted with scalp-tingling skill.

The movie version of Allen Drury's big best-seller, **Advise and Consent**, has been steered, by Otto Preminger, out of Drury's lane. It's still the Senate saga of a fight to confirm a Secretary of State, but the President is no longer a poisonous poltroon and the story no longer radiates anti-intellectualism. Liberals and conservatives (no real names, please) are shown as mixed good and bad, both within their parties and within themselves, and the picture—mostly shot in the capital and capitolly shot—presents some fascinating facets of high-level politicking; the various blackmails and bustlings make it seem that a Senator does more skulduggery than skullwork. Walter Pidgeon is a wise old bird as the

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Majority Leader, Henry Fonda makes a noble nominee, Franchot Tone sets a bon ton as the President, and as a cheap champion of the people, George Grizzard sticks in your gizzard. Charles Laughton — as a cotton-pickin' curmudgeon — finds it sufficient to be fat, phony and faintly inaudible.

The Island is a Japanese film about a farmer, his wife and two young sons, eking out their existence on a small island in Japan's Inland Sea. There's no plot. Nothing happens in this movie except *life*: day by day, chore by chore, hope after hope. The film's triumph is that through their arduous struggle for such basics as water, the feeling of unity and security in the family comes across beautifully. When sorrow strikes, it's triply terrible because it breaks the perfect pattern that the family shares. The older son gets sick suddenly, and the father has to fetch the doctor. After rowing to the mainland, he runs to the doctor's house, only to learn he's off on a call; then he has to run miles out into the country searching for him. The pumping of those legs down the country road, the man exhausted yet driven by desperation — is a kind of love poem in action. There isn't a single line of dialog in the whole film, but it says plenty.

Lonely Are the Brave is a Western about New Mexico in 1953 (yes, 1953) and Kirk Douglas is an uncowed cowhand trying to stick to the old trails in a time of trailer trucks. After getting into a scrape with the law, he heads for the hills, and is soon pursued by a posse of jeeps and planes. In charge is a sheriff (Walter Matthau) determined to dog Douglas, but full of fellow-feeling for the outmoded outlaw. The contest between a man on a horse and a mob with a helicopter is sadly sardonic. Instead of a shoot-out on a deserted street, the done-Kirk comes as the loner rides across a busy highway in the rain. Dalton Trumbo's script (from Edward Abbey's novel *Brave Cowboy*) is a bit hairy-chested about fistfights and whiskey, and it gets gooey over the girl that Douglas loved; still, by and large, it is large and biting. Douglas turns in a good performance, mostly without jaw-clenching and the rest of Kirk's customary quirks.

The Rolls-Royce people claim you can't hear their motor when it's doing 60 miles an hour, and the same can be said of Cary Grant. In his latest film, *That Touch of Mink*, the supersmooth Grant roams the gamut of romantic comedy and proves he's still the noblest roamer of them all. The story not only has a touch of mink, but a touch of just about every light comedy of the past 20 years; it's a veritable stole of stolen plot gim-



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micks. It has to do with a zillionaire and a working girl (wow!) who meet because his limousine spatters her dress (double wow!), and she decides to go to Bermuda with him — but don't worry, folks, she doesn't give her luscious all until they're legally allied (wow! pow! and zowie!). Though the plot is limp, the playing is limpid. Grant is matched by Doris Day as the girl whose terms are cash and Cary. Gig Young exhibits éclat as Grant's aide-de-cash, an ex-professor whose conscience is curdled by the money he's making; and Alan Hewitt is satirically sage as his headshrinker. But the main attraction is Cary and Doris at play; it's like watching a good set of singles at Forest Hills.

Jules and Jim is a French film about a German (Jules) and a Parisian who uses an English nickname (Jim). Bohemian bonhomie is the note of the first half of the story when J. and J. are writer friends in 1912 Paris with the *vin* flowing like *eau* and *l'amour* the merrier. Then Jules falls in love with Catherine and marries her; Jim falls in love with Catherine and doesn't. Comes the War; goes the War. Jim visits his old friends and their child, and what has been a romantic comedy of adults switches to a neurotic tragedy of adultery. Aided by Georges Delerue's champagne score, François (*The 400 Blows*) Truffaut has made the first section a delightful design for Left Bank Living, but the plot goes plop in the postwar part. And although Truffaut tries all the tricks he's ever seen, the result is less a style than a film-fashion show. Oskar Werner is *gemütlich* as the German; Henri Serre is *sympathique* as the Frenchman. As Catherine, Jeanne Moreau gambols through a wide range of mood and mirth with such flair that you can't blame Jules and Jim for trying — and making it.

RECORDINGS

Countdown — Time in Outer Space (Columbia) is the third LP in the Dave Brubeck Quartet's highly successful series of explorations into time signatures not normally associated with jazz. Drummer Joe Morello performs yeoman service (in keeping with the growing emphasis being placed on him within the group). Although the connecting link may be wearing a trille thin after three go-rounds, Brubeck & Co.'s time probes are still inventively rewarding.

The Newest Sound Around (Victor) may not be quite that, but it's interesting enough to rate mention. The sound is provided by vocalist Jeanne Lee and pianist Ran Blake with an assist from bassist George Duvivier. Blake, an intro-

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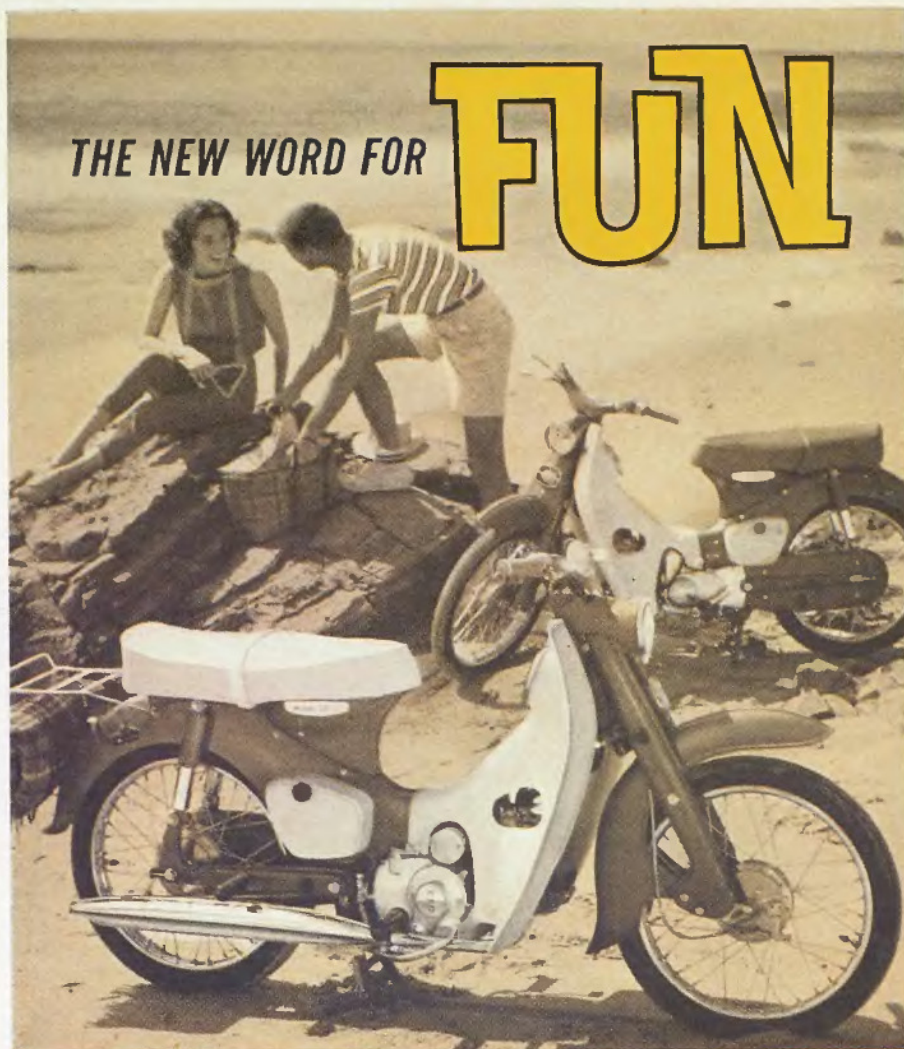
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spective, avant-garde-ish musician, and Miss Lee, a husky-voiced songstress with an ability to find new dimensions in an oft-repeated set of lyrics, have a rapport that quickly communicates itself to the listener. An experiment, whose success (or failure) reminds us of a perfectly launched Atlas blowing up in its third stage, is *Latin & Hip* (Capitol) by the Brothers Castro, a Mexican vocal group singing a batch of jazz evergreens in English. And that's where the session comes a cropper. The boys need a crash course at Berlitz. *Angel Eyes*, for instance, comes over as "onchell ice" and people as "pippul." It's disconcerting to say the least, and detracts mightily from the Castros' sound which is closely akin to that of the Hi-Lo's. *Out of the Blue* . . . Carol Sloane (Columbia) is the first vinyl takeout for the girl who broke up last year's Newport bash. It's aural proof that Carol was no fly-by-night songbird. Possessed of a self-assured full-blown set of pipes, Carol is pitch-perfect throughout a collection of standards that has been chosen with discernment. Included among the top-drawer delights enhanced by the presence of such instrumentalists as Bob Brookmeyer, Clark Terry and Jim Hall are *Little Girl Blue*, *My Ship* and *The More I See You*.

For cerebrally stirring, tightly charted jazz sounds, we offer *Jazz Structures* (Philips), the sound track for a construction documentary film, of all things, composed and conducted by Bob Cooper and performed by Howard Rumsey's Lighthouse All-Stars. The LP, featuring such West Coast jazz luminaries as Cooper, Bud Shank, Frank Rosolino, Buddy Collette, Victor Feldman and Conte Candoli, is a tribute to Cooper's compositional skills and the far-ranging talents of the All-Stars. A showcase for soloists is *Great Big Band and Friends* (Jazzland) wherein Nat Adderley, Coleman Hawkins, Lucky Thompson, Toots Thielemans and Benny Bailey display their beautifully polished wares in front of Harry Arnold's swinging Swedish orchestra. The generally felicitous intercontinental combine has Bailey's heroic-toned trumpet and Thielemans' unbelievably refulgent harmonica carrying off major honors. Another king-sized sound may be heard to advantage on *Ray Brown with the All-Star Big Band—Guest Soloist: Cannonball Adderley* (Verve). The biggest sound of all is, of course, the booming Cannon. His alto *con brio* leads a life of its own. Brown, with less fire but more finesse, turns in his usual stellar stints on bass and cello (an instrument which Ray is almost singlehandedly bringing into the jazz fold). The sidemen, practically all name musicians,



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Nothing on the market equals Honda's hunting, fishing, camping model, the rugged, agile Trail "50". Breezes through desert and mountain country where not even a jeep will go, climbs 45° slopes with full load!

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☐ Include literature on Honda motorcycles and scooter (10 models available, from 125 to 305 cc).

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MEN'S SHOES 1962 Style Award Winner



THE LARK BOOT: from our Modern Living Wardrobe. New, carefree glove leather casual with a brawny air and Lark's exclusive features... full foam cushioned insole and soft leather lining. Try the newest color... rich dark brown... or smart jet black... whichever fits your casual wardrobe best!

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are the icing on the cake, while Ernie Wilkins' and Al Cohn's arrangements are, with few exceptions, first-rate.

Exotic rhythms pervade a pair of recent releases, *Herbie Mann at the Village Gate* (Atlantic) and *Jazz Samba: Stan Getz — Charlie Byrd* (Verve). Mann's clan is Afro-Cuban rooted with the roots going much deeper into Africa than Latin America. Herbie blows flute at virtuoso peak throughout *Comin' Home Baby* and a pair of newly approached Gershwin goodies, *Summertime* and *It Ain't Necessarily So*. *Jazz Samba*, with Getz' mellifluous tenor and Byrd's gossamer guitar, is as Brazilian as one of the late Carmen Miranda's fruit-bowl headgears. Byrd's unamplified guitar proves particularly well suited to the richly fabricked, insinuating strains of the samba. A one-time Latin scholar, Cal Tjader, turns the attentions of his quartet to jazz North American style in *Saturday Night/Sunday Night at the Blackhawk, San Francisco* (Verve). Tjader's vibes are in the van on such variegated tone poems as *This Can't Be Love*, Benny Golson's *Stablemates* and the hoary *Stompin' at the Savoy*.

THEATER

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum is a *soi-disant* musical that is low on tunes, sets and a conventional chorus line, but high on lyrics (Stephen Sondheim's), gags, pratfalls, togas, tunics, eunuchs and houris on navel maneuvers. Authors Burt Shevelove and Larry Gelbart concede candidly that they copped their Roman rumpus from Plautus, a big-box-office playwright circa 200 B.C. They copped little else. There is no plot to speak of, which matters little since the laughs come too fast for logic. Zero Mostel, looking like a seal out of season, plays an antic slave who hopes to gain his freedom by arranging a marriage between his young master and a beautiful, if certifiably cretinous, Cretan. Zero fills half the stage, but he doesn't hog it—it's a Forum of Four Comics. John Carradine, looking like Hamlet Revisited, parades the piazza as a purveyor of imported pulchritude; David Burns, a brashbound copy of W. C. Fields, is a grand fraud at lechery; and Jack Gilford, as a fall guy who is decked out in drag for a gag, somehow makes this creaky *Charley's Aunt*-ic seem freshly hilarious. Under George Abbott's manic direction, Rome's Senate behaves as though it were the brainchild of Mack Sennett. Funny things are happening on Broadway. At the Alvin, 250 West 52nd.



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the playmate in her...
give her

PLAYMATE PERFUME

PLAYBOY's very own scent-sation.
\$15 the half-ounce. Tax included.
By mail, postpaid. Satisfaction
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Shall we enclose a gift card
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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I know for a fact that my girl spent a pretty wild night with another guy she met at a party which I had to leave because I had to catch a midnight flight for a business conference in another city. I haven't asked her for the details and I don't want to know them. She is apologetic and reminds me that she offered to come to the airport with me and that I told her to stay at the party and enjoy herself, but she doesn't reproach me with this. She just says it is proof of her devotion and that she misbehaved on impulse. Maybe so—but as I have pointed out to her, how can I be sure the same impulse won't overcome her again? She assures me it won't, but my doubts are aroused by a recollection of how I first got together with her, a fact I haven't taxed her with.—H. V., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

If your continuing the relationship depends on her fidelity, perhaps you should be warned not only by past experience but by this sagacious observation of La Rochefoucauld: "It is not so difficult to find a woman who has never been guilty of an indiscretion as to find a woman who has been guilty of but one."

Would you name some nonalcoholic drinks that a guy on the wagon can ask for without attracting attention or seeming to be a prig? I'm staying dry for a month (not a bet—doc's orders), but I do want to continue to be my convivial, gregarious self—as much as I can under these arid circumstances.—A. N., Bowling Green, Ohio.

At bars, you can ask for a Horse's Neck (rind of lemon curled over the lip of a highball glass filled with ice and ginger ale); a Bloody Awful (a Bloody Mary sans the vodka); a Nellie Collins (Tom Collins without gin); a glass of tonic with gin on the side (which you unobtrusively leave undrunk). If the bartender knows you and is tipped off in advance, he'll serve you water on ice in an old fashioned glass, which all will assume is a very dry martini on the rocks. Rum and cola (with the rum remaining in the bottle) is another possibility. At home, try varying the sweet nonalcoholic bottled beverages with a slurp of our own invention, a bastardized version of the Bull Shot which we've dubbed the Cow Shot: bouillon in a tall glass with lots of ice and a dash each of lime and Tabasco to take the place of the booze.

How can I persuade a wealthy girl that I want to marry her for love, and not for her money alone?—F. S., Palm Beach, Florida.

Are you sure you're leveling with yourself? That word "alone" suggests mixed

motives. Regardless of your motives, tell her you plan to get married and if she won't have you, you'll look elsewhere. There's an off-chance this gambit won't work. If it doesn't, you may find another rich girl who'll be your wife. If this thought is comforting, the girl is right.

At a recent fraternity bull session we were discussing fringe factors that might influence a man in selecting a career. One of the fraters said he was sure there were statistics on occupational longevity, that is, actuarial tables giving life expectancies in terms of occupation. None of us have been able to find anything of the sort, governmental, commercial or institutional. Can you tell us which of the white-collar, higher-income occupations has the longest life expectancy, which ones are average and which lowest?—B. W., Ann Arbor, Michigan.

While general surveys indicate that professional and managerial men live longest, no study detailing U.S. mortality by specific occupation has ever been made. It's our view that college men more worried about living long than living life to the full, aren't going to get much joy out of their allotted spans, whatever their lengths may be.

Is there any way to be sure of getting a hotel room or motel room with a double bed instead of twin beds? It embarrasses me to ask for a double, but worse, it sometimes cools off my companion.—W. F., New Orleans, Louisiana.

Easiest way is to make reservations in advance, requesting a double. No cause for embarrassment, but if you're the shy type write or wire. You sure as hell won't embarrass the reservations clerk no matter how you do it.

There's an executive secretary in our home office who won't date anybody but her regular guy. This girl is too good to miss. Our jobs, although in different departments, require that we travel together a few times a year to our West Coast office for convention meetings, during which we have our meals with the head of the Coast office and he and I share a two-bedroom suite (used for biz during the day), so there's no opportunity there. Yet on the plane rides to and from, she and I get very cozy. How can I capitalize on this at either end of the run?—T. M., New York, New York.

You can't, apparently, so next time try to arrange for both of you to go by train. Since she's a secretary, chances are she'll have a berth. You should be able to promote a bedroom or drawing

THE Hardwick SUIT IS SOPHISTICATION

so-phiss-ti-ca-tion (sa-fis'-ta-ka'shun)
N., (ME sophisticated; ML, sophisticato)
Highly complicated; 2. refined; 3. subtilized, etc.; of persons made wise, esp. worldly-wise through experience or the like.



The obvious cannot be denied... and there you are, in your Hardwick suit, the epitome of sophistication, the young man who plans to go places—fast! The Whipcord suit—the look for Fall '62... at the game, at the grog shop, and on to the gatherings afterwards. Authentically styled natural shoulder model detailed with hook vent, lap seams, edge stitching. To retail about \$50. For more information or name of your nearest Hardwick dealer, write to:

Hardwick CLOTHES 

CLEVELAND, TENN.

No wonder the English keep so cool!

*(mix Gordon's Gin in a tall,
iced drink—and you will, too!)*

The English are not easily fazed, even by summer heat. This national talent was given a cheerful accompaniment in 1769, when Alexander Gordon introduced his remarkable gin. The Gordon's you drink today harks back to his original formula, because one does not tamper with gin of such distinctive dryness and flavour. Try it soon in a tangy Gin & Tonic or Tom Collins. You'll see why Gordon's is England's biggest seller. Not to mention America's and the world's.



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

room, a fine place to invite her for a drink after you've had cocktails and dinner together in club car and dining car. Tip your porter in advance so ample setups will be awaiting you and there'll be no need for his reappearing. This act alone should make your intentions apparent to the girl when she spots the preparations. If she doesn't back off right then, or after one drink, you may be sure of enjoying your journey.

I know men's jackets and coats button to the right, women's to the left, but is there a right and wrong way for a man to thread a belt through the waist loops of trousers, i.e., clockwise or counter-clockwise; and are women's belts worn the other way around? — R. S., Louisville, Kentucky.

Men's belts should always be threaded through the belt loops in a counterclockwise direction. (Women's belts go to waist in a clockwise direction.) It's a cinch to spot the gender of the owner of an unattached belt if it is monogrammed (exceptions being the letters H, I, N, O, S, X and Z which, appearing the same right-side up or upside down, have a bisexual inclination).

As a confirmed bachelor, I am free from many of the problems married men endure, knock wood, but there's one unique to bachelorhood of which I'm becoming increasingly aware. As the years have passed, more and more of my contemporaries have established homes and families. Our friendships have not abated; on the contrary, I am that ever-scarcer social commodity, the extra man. Accordingly, I have several dinner invitations a week, at the homes of friends. I am no chef and my studio apartment does not lend itself to reciprocal invitations to dine. I do give cocktail parties from time to time, to which I invite those to whom I'm socially obligated, but they are not elaborate enough for me to feel my social books are balanced. I've tried an occasional dinner out, where I host several couples at a restaurant. These dinners are expensive, not especially festive, and have a kind of cold impersonality about them which satisfies neither me nor my guests. I know I don't *have* to do more than I do, but I'd like to. The question is, what? — G. R., Boston, Massachusetts.

Laudable intention — not hard to fulfill. Find a caterer who can turn your cocktail parties into buffet dinners with special one-dish meals. Since you live in a large enough city, you can rapidly make a reputation for gala buffets by exploring the range of ethnic cuisine, for most foreign restaurants either offer or can steer you to home-catered buffets. You can serve, sequentially, a New Orleans oyster pan roast, a Pacific-style

THE PLAYBOY GOURMET



Appetizing Idea! THE PLAYBOY GOURMET

The Complete Food and Drink Handbook
for the Host at Home

Whether you're entertaining à deux or en masse, THE PLAYBOY GOURMET will earn you a glowing reputation as a chef supreme and a host without peer.

Tastefully attuned to the educated palate of the urban male, THE PLAYBOY GOURMET blends foreign and domestic in a potpourri of epicurean food and drink. Seasoned with more than 75 pages of sumptuous color illustrations, this 320-page libational and culinary counselor will delight your eye, tantalize your tastebuds, perfect your expertise with skillet and spatula. Written by PLAYBOY's Food and Drink Editor Thomas Mario, THE PLAYBOY GOURMET brims with wit and wisdom, but above all, with a full-bodied appreciation for unabashed sensual pleasures of eating and drinking well. Bon Appétit!

Price **\$12.50**

A tempting gift! Shall we enclose a gift card in your name?

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C-32

Half Full? Half Empty?

Pause a moment for a brief psychological test. Are you an optimist or a pessimist? To the optimist, the glass above is half full because it contains Carlsberg—the glorious beer of Copenhagen.

Carlsberg is real beer. An individual beer with taste and body. It's incredibly smooth going down and has a light mellow taste with no bitterness afterward. None. As for pessimists — drink a half glass of Carlsberg. Then you will understand what it takes to become an optimist. Skål.

"The Vintage Beer of Copenhagen"

Carlsberg
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moments

Our distinctive sterling silver miniature of the famed Playboy Club key suspended from a delicate chain. Your favorite playmate will wear it as a subtle reminder to all others that you alone hold the key to her heart. Safety clasp; handsomely gift boxed.

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barbecue, an Indian curry wagon, a Spanish paella, etc.—with the caterer supplying not only food and servants, but all the extra crockery, glassware, etc., that you need.

What is your attitude toward customizing? I refer to the personalization of noncustom things like shirts and belt buckles and even cars (with monograms). — T. R., Chicago, Illinois.

The option on everything from shirts to cars is yours—with a few provisos. A small, neat, block-letter initial monogram is permissible on such items of wearing apparel as shirts, handkerchiefs and belt buckles. Large, fancy-lettered, bright-colored monograms are gauche; full-name monograms are completely out. Your initials in gold (again, small, neat block letters) are an added nicety on a car you cherish; we feel they're a bit unnecessary on a stock sedan, but do dress up and personalize a sports car or convertible.

I'm a sophomore at a Texas university. Recently I broke off relations with my steady of the past six months (no regrets on my part—I'd reached the saturation point in a number of areas) and now she's putting the knock on me all through the women's dormitories by saying I'm the prize heel of the century. What can I do to shut her fat mouth? — B. J., Dallas, Texas.

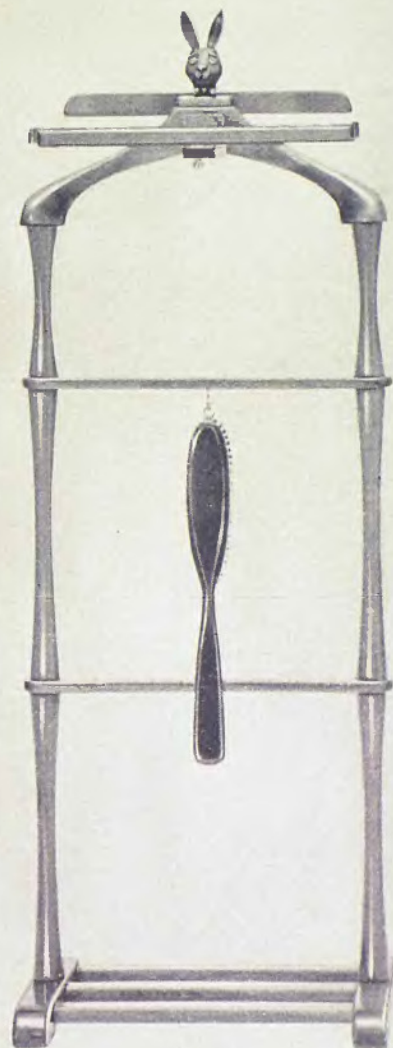
Why bother? Whether through curiosity, the urge to reform men, or sheer feminine masochism, many women will swarm to a guy with a bounder's reputation.

There is a persistent belief that wristwatches will not run, or will not keep time, when worn by certain people. I've heard the story often and always believed it to be a folk myth, but at a party I recently met a seemingly quite intelligent and cultivated girl who swore that this was the case with her. She said she'd had watches of all makes and kinds and that they kept time while off her wrist, but not when she wore them. She said she'd given up sending them back for repair or replacement because, according to her, the watches were never found to be faulty. Can this be true? If so, is there any scientific explanation—body chemistry, body electricity, blood type, magnetism, etc.—which would account for the phenomenon? — C. R., Princeton, New Jersey.

The miss was feeding you a myth. The fact is that there are no bodily characteristics or any other unexplained phenomena that make it impossible for certain individuals to obtain normal performance from a wristwatch. If her watches won't mark time it's probably because she doesn't realize manual-wind

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For the dapper dresser, a fashionable valet guaranteed to keep his apparel appealing. The walnut-finished valet is topped with a bronze-plated replica of PLAYBOY's famed bunny. Hanger, shelf and base hold suit, shoes and accessories. Size: 4' high, 17" wide, 15" deep at base. Complete with matching clothes brush tapering into polished walnut shoehorn.

\$50 ppd.

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Playboy Club News



VOL. II, NO. 25

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DISTINGUISHED CLUBS IN MAJOR CITIES

SPECIAL EDITION

YOUR ONE PLAYBOY CLUB KEY
ADMITS YOU TO ALL PLAYBOY CLUBS

AUGUST 1962

TWO CLUBS TO OPEN IN THREE-WEEK SPAN! ST. LOUIS: SEPT. 20; NEW YORK: OCT. 11

Five Major Cities Now in Expanding Playboy Club Chain

(SPECIAL) — Sophisticated revelry awaits keyholders and guests when the St. Louis and New York Playboy Clubs swing open September 20 and October 11, respectively.



Architect's model of N. Y. Club's stunning glass-fronted entrance.

The St. Louis Club, 3914 Lindell Blvd., and the N. Y. Club, 5 East 59th Street, will

PLAYBOY CLUB LOCATIONS

CLUBS OPEN—Chicago at 116 E. Walton St.; Miami at 7701 Biscayne Blvd.; New Orleans at 727 Rue Iberville.

LOCATIONS SET—New York at 5 East 59th St.; Los Angeles at 8580 Sunset Blvd.; Detroit at 1014 E. Jefferson Ave.; St. Louis at 3914 Lindell Blvd.; San Francisco at 736 Montgomery St.

NEXT IN LINE—Baltimore, Washington, Dallas, Boston, Pittsburgh, Puerto Rico.

both house Playboy innovations such as the suspended Playpen in St. Louis and the open fireplace in the New York Club.

Playboy Club trademarks will be in abundance: the Penthouse and Library showrooms with continuous entertainment seven nights a week; closed-circuit television; excellent cuisine and the pervading, lighthearted gaiety found only at private cocktail parties.

You'll want to take advantage of the \$25 Special Charter Roster Fee for a Playboy Club key, for after these Clubs open, Playboy Club keys will be \$50, the Special Resident Fee, in the St. Louis and New York areas.



Vince Edwards, TV's Ben Casey, finds the Chicago Club a cool tonic.



Hugh M. Hefner and Bunny aides dig the scene at the fabulous Los Angeles spa on the famous Sunset Strip, to be completed late next year.

HEFNER BREAKS GROUND FOR L.A. CLUB AND HOTEL

LOS ANGELES—Hugh M. Hefner, president of Playboy Clubs International and Editor-Publisher of PLAYBOY, flew in from his Chicago headquarters to lend a hand in breaking ground for the new \$7,500,000 Playboy Club and Hotel, 8580 Sunset Boulevard.

The 13-story building, to be open to keyholders and guests, will be the only operation of its kind in the world. Ultraluxurious features include more than 200 guest rooms, private pool, sun deck and recreation area, health club, shopping arcade, heliport and underground garage.

The first two stories will be multilevels, housing the com-

bined lobby for the Club and Hotel, the Club rooms—including the new Playpen—hotel dining room and banquet room.

Seven floors of hotel space will offer different room arrangements, all with custom furniture.

**YOUR ONE
PLAYBOY CLUB KEY
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ALL PLAYBOY CLUBS**

Four deluxe bilevel penthouse suites, each with a circular staircase rising to the bedroom, will also be available.

The fabulous L. A. Playboy Club and Hotel, situated on a 60,000-square-foot cliff-site property, will open in late 1963.

PLAYBOY CLUB TALENT LINEUP

CHICAGO (Opening July 19)—Jerry Van Dyke, Larry Storch, Jimmy Rushing, Carol Brent, Teri Thornton, Ami Rouselle, Celeste Evans, Dean Sheldon, Forbes and Villa. **(Opening August 9)**—Phyllis Branch, Simmy Bow, George Johnstone and Betty, Stu Gilliam, Peggy Lord, The Coronados, Gloria Smyth, Doc Circe, Cedric Phillips.

MIAMI (Opening July 19)—Teddi King, Joe Conti, Ronnie Chapman, The Coronados, Fred Barber, George Johnstone and Betty. **(Opening August 9)**—Will Mercer, Slappy White, Taylor & Mitchell, Jack Pyle, Teri Thornton, Jamie Lyn Trio.

NEW ORLEANS (Opening July 19)—Gloria Van, The Great Yonely, Simmy Bow, The Courriers, Jack Pyle. **(Opening August 9)**—Kenny Milton, Clancy Hayes, Jimmy Saunders, Dave Madden, Philly Duke.

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

Gentlemen:

Here is my application for Key Privileges to the Playboy Club. Enclosed is my check for \$_____ (Playboy Club keys are \$50 within a 75-mile radius of Chicago and in the state of Florida. Keys are \$25 outside these areas.) I understand that if my application is accepted, my key will admit me to Playboy Clubs now in operation and others soon to go into operation in major cities throughout the U.S. and abroad.

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iR-9



Note the wrap-around sunglasses: The original Sea & Ski Spectaculars by Renauld of France.

Now, you're free forever from the two biggest bothers of outdoor life—bugs and sunburn! Because Tanfastic iR-9 combines the most effective insect repellent ever developed with one of America's leading suntan lotions.

Proved in jungle research! iR-9 faced the test of some of the world's most insect-infested areas, the jungles of the South Pacific. It was proved again by one of America's top research laboratories: iR-9 keeps away flies, mosquitoes and other pesky bugs for hours—the most effective repellent ever made!

Proved in desert research! Test after test under the hottest sun has proved Tanfastic's exceptional sun-tanning protection. Prove it yourself—get Tanfastic iR-9 and enjoy outdoor protection you've never had before! The first lotion that lets you get a *real* suntan, real fast—while it chases bugs away!

Handy 2-oz. plastic tube 89¢
Family-size, 4 oz. plastic bottle \$1.50
(Plus Fed. Tax)



Sea & SM Co., Div. of Botany Industries, Inc., Reno, Nev.

watches must be fully wound once a day, or she's not enough of a swinger to actuate an automatic.

There is a bright and beautiful business girl I'm real gone on. Whenever we're alone together—out on the town, at her place, at mine, on summer weekends, you name it—we both have a wonderful time. I'm sure it's completely mutual, too, and not just my egocentric imagination, because she has a delightful habit of calling me the day after each parting to tell me how much fun she's had and to thank me for being me. I'm not boasting—those are her words, not mine. Here's the problem: about twice a month she gives a dinner party to which I'm always invited. These are rather formal affairs for eight to twelve people. They are all nice enough, but they are the girl's colleagues or clients or good business "connections," and they're all from the same profession—which is not mine. What with the shoptalk and sitting through a formally served seven-course dinner, my nerves are screaming with boredom before the dessert arrives—and then the ladies leave the gentlemen to their brandy and cigars and the boredom multiplies. The whole scene is a brutal drag. After the first couple of these dinners I made excuses, but this is a bright lass and she quickly caught on. I leveled with her then, told her I felt bored and out of place. She said she needed me, that all her biz friends liked and admired me, that she needed a steady unattached man by her side to help her keep the business wolves at bay, and that if I really cared, I'd accommodate. I do care, but I just can't take those interminable dinners, I feel I'm being exploited, and mostly I resent being pressured into doing anything. I don't want to be replaced in her affections, I understand her predicament, we've discussed the thing fully—and we thus spoiled our last date. How to cope with this problem? — P. H., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Don't make excuses. Tell her courteously but bluntly that you no longer care to be a cog (even a well-oiled one) in her success machine. If she's as bright as you say, she'll adjust to your firm stand.

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.



GENEVIEVE

36-21-36

Finding pretty young ladies who smoke Chesterfield King to decorate these pages is not at all difficult. For example, we simply took our camera to the shore, opened a pack of Chesterfield Kings (an infallible lure!) and out of the waves stepped Genevieve.



"Call me Jenny," she said as we snapped the picture, "and give me a wonderful Chesterfield King." Why are they wonderful? Because Chesterfield King has the advantages of extra length—and more. Only this king gives you the taste of 21 great tobaccos—tobaccos too mild to filter, pleasure too good to miss.



BATHING SUIT / RUDI GERNREICH

Jenny is an excellent swimmer, by the way, and very proud of it. In fact, she says she'll challenge any reader to 100 yards free-style. Any takers? Just send us 2120 empty Chesterfield King packs and we'll see if she's still game.

CHESTERFIELD

KING

21-20

THE

THE

RED

LINE

fiction By JAMES JONES

Dawn came, and passed, and still they waited. The roses and blues of the dawn light changed to the pearl and misty grays of early morning light. Of course everyone had been up, and nervously ready, since long before dawn. But for today Colonel Tall had requested a new artillery wrinkle. Because of yesterday's heavy repulse, Tall had asked for, and got, an artillery time-on-target "shoot." This device, an artillery technique left over from World War I, was a method of calculating so that the first rounds of every battery hit their various targets simultaneously. Under TOT fire men caught in the open would suddenly find themselves enveloped in a curtain of murderous fire without the usual warning of a few shells arriving early from the nearest guns. The thing to do was to wait a bit, play poker with them, try to catch them when they were out of their holes for breakfast or an early morning stretch. So they waited. Along the crest the silent troops stared across a silent ravine to the silent hilltop, and the silent hill stared back.

C-for-Charlie, waiting with the assault companies on the slope below, could not even see this much. Nor did they care. They crouched over their weapons in total and unspeakable insularity, so many separate small islands. To their right and to their left A-for-Able and B-for-Baker did the same.

At exactly 22 minutes after first daylight Colonel Tall's requested TOT fire struck, an earthcracking, solidly tangible, continuous roar on Hill 210. The artillery fired three-minute concentrations at irregular intervals, hoping to catch the survivors out of their holes. Twenty minutes later, and before the barrage itself was ended, whistles began to blow along the crest of Hill 209.

The assault companies had no recourse except to begin to move. Minds cast frantically about for legitimate last-minute excuses, and found none. In the men themselves nervous fear and anxiety, contained so long and with such effort in order to appear brave, now began to come out in yelled exhortations and yelps of gross false enthusiasm. They moved up the slope; and in bunches, crouching low and carrying their rifles in one or both hands, they hopped

from a handful of men
thrown into the crucible
of action, a fighting,
winning instrument of
war was forged **PART I**



over the crest and commenced to run sideways and crouching down the short forward slope to the flat, rocky ground in front. Men in the line shouted encouragement to them as they passed through. A small cheer, dwarfed by the distant mountains, rose and died. A few slapped some of them toughly on the shoulder as they went through. Men who would not die today winked lustily at men who, in some cases, would soon be dead. On C-for-Charlie's right 50 yards away A-for-Able was going through an identical ritual.

They were rested. At least, they were comparatively so; they had not had to stand watch one half of the night, and they had not been up on the line where jitters precluded sleep, but down below, protected. And they had been fed. And watered. If few of them had slept much, at least they were better off than the men on the line.

Corporal Fife was one of those who had slept the least. What with the rain, the total lack of shelter from the rain, and his nervous excitement about the morrow, he had only dozed once for about five minutes. But the loss of sleep did not bother him. He was young, and healthy, and fairly strong. In fact, he had never felt *healthier* or in better shape in his life; and earlier in the day, in the first gray of early light, he had stood forth upon the slope and, exuding energy and vitality, had looked a long time down the ravine as it fell and deepened toward the rear until he wanted to spread wide his arms with sacrifice and love of life and love of men. He didn't do it of course. There were men awake all round him. But he had wanted to. And now as he dropped over the ridge and into the beginning of the battle, he shot one swift look behind him, one last look, and found himself staring headon into the wide, brown, spectacle-covered eyes of Bugger Stein, who happened to be right behind him. What a hell of a last look! Fife thought sourly.

Stein thought he had never seen such a deep, dark, intense, angrily haunted look as that which Fife bent on him as they dropped over the ridge, and Stein thought it was directed at him. At him, personally. They two were almost the last to go. Only Sergeant Welsh and young Bead remained behind them. And when Stein looked back, they were coming, hunched low, chopping with their feet, sliding down the shale and dirt of the slope.

Stein's dispositions had been the same today as in the two previous days. They had done nothing much and he saw no reason to change the march order: 1st Platoon first, 2d Platoon second, 3d in reserve. One of the two machineguns went with each forward platoon; the mortars would stay with the Company

HQ and the reserve. That was the way they had moved out. And as Stein slid to the bottom of 209's short forward slope he could see 1st Platoon pass out of sight beyond one of the little folds of ground which ran across their line of advance. They were about a hundred yards ahead and appeared to be deployed well.

There were three of these little folds in the ground. All of them were perpendicular to the south face of Hill 209, parallel to each other. It had been Stein's idea, when inspecting the terrain with Colonel Tall the evening before, to utilize these as cover by shoving off from the right end of the hill and then advancing left across them and across his own front—instead of getting himself caught in the steeper ravine immediately between the two hills, as had happened to Fox Co. Tall had agreed to this.

Afterward, Stein had briefed his own officers on it. Kneeling just behind the crest with them in the fading light, he pointed it all out and they looked it over. Somewhere in the dusk a sniper's rifle had spat angrily. One by one they inspected it through binoculars. The third and furthest left of these three folds was about 150 yards from the beginning of the slope which became the Elephant's Neck. This slope steepened as it climbed to the U-shaped eminence of the Elephant's Head, which from 500 yards beyond commanded and brooded over the entire area. This 150-yard low area, as well as the third fold, was dominated by two lesser, grassy ridges growing out of the slope and 200 yards apart, one on either side of the low area. Both ridges were at right angles to the folds of ground and parallel to the line of advance. With these in their hands *plus* the Elephant's Head, the Japanese could put down a terrible fire over the whole approach area. Tall's plan was for the forward elements to move up onto these two ridges, locating and eliminating the hidden strong points there which had stopped 2d Battalion yesterday, and then with the reserve company to reinforce them, work their way up the Elephant's Neck to take the Head. This was the Bowling Alley. But there was no way to outflank it. On the left it fell in a precipitous slope to the river, and on the right the Japanese held the jungle in force. It had to be taken frontally. All of this Stein had lined out for his officers last evening. Now they were preparing to execute it.

Stein, at the bottom of the shale slope, could see very little of anything. A great racketing of noise had commenced and hung everywhere in the air without seeming to have any source. Part of course was due to his own side firing all along the line, and the bombardment and the mortars. Perhaps the Japanese were firing too now. But he could see

no visual signs of it. What time was it, anyway? Stein looked at his watch, and its little face stared back at him with an intensity it had never had before. 6:45; a quarter to seven in the morning. Back home he would be just—Stein realized he had never really seen his watch. He forced himself to put his arm down. Directly in front of him his reserve 3d Platoon was spread out and flattened behind the first of the three little folds of ground. With them were the Company HQ and the mortar section. Most of them were looking at him with faces as intense as his watch's face. Stein ran crouching over to them, his equipment bouncing and banging on him, shouting for them to set up the mortars there, motioning with his hand. Then he realized that he could only just barely hear his own voice himself, with all this banging and racketing of doom bouncing around in the air. How could they hear him? He wondered how the 1st Platoon—and the 2d—were doing, and how he could see.

The 1st Platoon, at that particular moment, was spread out and flattened behind the middle of the three little folds of ground. Behind it the 2d Platoon was spread out and flattened in the low between the folds. Nobody really wanted to move. Young Lt Whyte had already looked over the area between this fold and the third and seen nothing, and he already had motioned for his two scouts to proceed there. Now he motioned to them again, using an additional hand-and-arm signal meaning "speed." The booming and banging and racketing in the air was bothering Whyte, too. It did not seem to come from any one place or several places, but simply hung and jounced in the air, sourceless. He too could see no visual end results of so much banging and exploding. His two scouts still not having moved, Whyte became angry and opened his mouth and bellowed at them, motioning again. They could not hear him of course, but he knew they could see the black open hole of his mouth. Both of them stared at him as though they thought him insane for even suggesting such a thing, but this time, after a moment, they moved. Almost side by side they leaped up, crossed the crest of the little fold, and ran crouching down to the low where they flattened themselves. After a moment they leaped up again, one a little behind the other, and ran bent almost double to the top of the last fold and fell flat. After another moment and a perfunctory peek over its top, they motioned Whyte to come on. Whyte jumped up making a sweeping forward motion with his arm and ran forward, his platoon behind him. As the 1st Platoon moved, making the crossing as the scouts had: in two rushes, the 2d

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"You have, Miss Cornelius, what we in psychiatry call the Robin Hood Complex. You take from the rich and give to the poor."

THIN RED LINE (continued from page 40)

Platoon moved to the top of the middle fold.

Back at the first fold of ground Stein had seen this move and been a little reassured by it. Creeping close to the top of the fold among his men, he had raised himself to his knees to see, his face and whole patches of his skin twitching with mad alarm in an effort to call his insanity to his attention. When nothing hit him immediately, he stayed up, standing on his knees, to see 1st Platoon leave the middle fold and arrive at the crest of the third. At least they had got that far. Maybe it wouldn't be so bad. He lay back down, feeling quite proud, and realized his flattened men around him had been staring at him intently. He felt even prouder. Behind him, in the low of the fold, the mortar squads were setting up their mortars. Crawling back to them through the infernal racketing still floating loose in the air, he shouted in Culp's ear for him to make the lefthand grassy ridge his target. At the mortars Private Mazzi, the Italian boy from the Bronx, stared at him with wide, frightened eyes. So did most of the others. Stein crawled back to the top of the fold. He arrived, and raised himself, just in time to see 1st Platoon and then 2d Platoon attack. He was the only man along the top of the first fold who did see it, because he was the only man who was not flattened on the ground. He bit his lip. Even from here he could tell that it was bad, a serious tactical blunder.

If tactical blunder it was, the fault was Whyte's. First Whyte, and secondly, Lt Tom Blane of the 2d Platoon. Whyte had arrived at the top of the third and last fold of ground without a casualty. This in itself seemed strange to him, if not highly overoptimistic. He knew his orders: he was to locate and eliminate the hidden strong points on the two grassy ridges. The nearest of these, the righthand one, had its rather sharply defined beginnings about 80 yards to his right front. While his men flattened themselves and stared at him with intense sweating faces, he raised himself cautiously on his elbows till only his eyes showed, and inspected the terrain. Before him the ground fell, sparsely grassed and rocky, until it reached the beginnings of the little ridge, where it immediately became thickly grassed with the brown, waist-high grass. He could not see anything that looked like Japanese or their emplacements. Whyte was scared, but his anxiety to do well today was stronger. He did not really believe he would be killed in this war. Briefly he glanced over his shoulder to the ridge of Hill 209 where groups of men stood half-exposed, watching. One of them was the corps commander. The loud bang-

ing and racketing hanging sourceless in the air had abated somewhat, had raised itself a few yards, after the lifting of the barrage from the little ridges to the Elephant's Head. Again Whyte looked at the terrain and then motioned his scouts forward.

Once again the two riflemen stared at him as though they thought he had lost his mind, as though they would have liked to reason with him if they hadn't feared losing their reputations. Again Whyte motioned them forward, jerking his arm up and down in the signal for speed. The men looked at each other, then, gathering themselves on hands and knees first, bounced up and sprinted 25 yards down into the low area and fell flat. After a moment in which they inspected and found themselves still alive, they gathered themselves again. On hands and knees, preparing to rise, the first one suddenly fell down flat and bounced; the second, a little way behind him, got a little further up so that when he fell he tumbled on his shoulder and rolled onto his back. And there they lay, both victims of well placed rifle shots by unseen riflemen. Neither moved again. Both were obviously dead. Whyte stared at them shocked. He had known them almost four months. He had heard no shots nor had he seen anything move. No bullets kicked up dirt anywhere in front. Again he stared at the quiet, masked face of the deserted little ridge.

What was he supposed to do now? The high, sourceless racketing in the air seemed to have gotten a little louder. Whyte, who was a meaty, big young man, had been a champion boxer and champion judoman at his university where he was preparing himself to be a marine biologist, as well as having been the school's best swimmer. Anyway, they can't get all of us, he thought loyally, but meaning principally himself, and made his decision.

"Come on, boys! Let's go get 'em!" he yelled and leaped to his feet motioning the platoon forward. He took two steps, the platoon with their bayonets fixed since early morning right behind him, and fell down dead, stitched diagonally from hip to shoulder by bullets, one of which exploded his heart. He had just time enough to think that something had hurt him terribly, not even enough to think that he was dead, before he was. Perhaps he screamed.

Five others of his platoon went down with him almost simultaneously, in various states of disrepair, some dead, some only nicked. But the impetus Whyte had inaugurated remained, and the platoon charged blindly on. Another impetus would be needed to stop it or change its direction. A few more men went down. Invisible rifles and machineguns ham-

pered from what seemed to be every quarter of the globe. After reaching the two dead scouts, they came in range of the more distant left ridge, which took them with a heavy crossfire. Sergeant Big Queen, running with the rest and belching incoherently, and who had only been promoted two days before after the defection of Stack, watched the platoon sergeant, a man named Grove, throw his rifle from him as though he feared it, and go down hollering and clawing at his chest. Queen did not even think about it. Near him Pfc Doll ran too, blinking his eyes rapidly as though this might protect him. His mind had withdrawn completely in terror, and he did not think at all. Doll's sense of personal invulnerability was having a severe test, but had not as yet, like Whyte's, failed. They were past the dead scouts now. More men on the left were beginning to go down. And behind them over the top of the third fold, suddenly, came the 2d Platoon in full career, yelling hoarsely.

This was the responsibility of 2d Lt Blane. It was not a particularly complex responsibility. It had nothing to do with envy, jealousy, paranoia, or suppressed self-destruction. He too, like Whyte, knew what his orders were, and he had promised Bill Whyte he would back him up and help him out. He too knew the corps commander was watching, and he too wanted to do well today. Not as athletic as his fellow worker, but more imaginative, more sensitive, he too leaped up and motioned his men forward, when he saw 1st Platoon move. He could see the whole thing finished in his imagination: himself and Whyte and their men standing atop the bombed out bunkers in proper triumph, the position captured. He too died on the forward slope but not at the crest like Whyte. It took several seconds for the still-hidden Japanese gunners to raise their fire, and 2d Platoon was 10 yards down the gentle little slope before it was unleashed against them. Nine men fell at once. Two died and one of them was Blane. Not touched by a machinegun, he unluckily was chosen as target by three separate riflemen, none of whom knew about the others or that he was an officer, and all of whom connected. He bounced another five yards forward, and with three bullets through his chest cavity did not die right away. He lay on his back and, dreamily and quite numb, stared at the high, beautiful, pure white cumuli which sailed like stately ships across the sunny, cool blue tropic sky. It hurt him a little when he breathed. He was dimly aware that he might possibly die as he became unconscious.

2d Platoon had just reached the two dead 1st Platoon scouts when mortar shells began to drop in onto the 1st Platoon 25 yards ahead. First two, then a

(continued on page 50)



the salad bowl . . .

food **By THOMAS MARIO**

ITALIANS POSITIVELY RELISH disagreeing about food. There are northern Italians in Piemonte and Lombardia, for instance, who cherish their daily risotto yet shun all of Italy's 300-odd kinds of pasta. All unite, however, in shouting a resounding *bravo* when it comes to salads. The reason is obvious. So wide and deep is their salad bowl, and so completely unbound by convention, that the possibilities are unlimited.

In concocting the Italian salad, every dissident has his day. It's almost impossible to name an edible root, herb, tuber, leaf or spice that at one time or another hasn't found its way into the eclectic *insalata*. In what other country will you find a salad made of bread? Yes, hard bread soaked in water, gently squeezed dry, then tossed with olive oil, wine vinegar, chopped celery hearts, onion and peppers. On what other shores would you be able to order a salad made of baby octopus? Or of red kidney beans, green olives, raw mushrooms or white truffles? Walk into a *ristorante*. Time and again you'll notice on the menu a salad *capriccioso*. It goes without saying that no two works of caprice can possibly be alike, even if their creators want them to be. And this is the boundless charm of their salads.

For bachelor chefs, the most salutary effect of the Italian salad ritual is its complete informality. It is virtually impossible to maintain a formal demeanor while mopping up red wine dressing with a heel of hard bread. In warmish weather, a salad meal usurps comparatively little of your time. When appetites are feeling the usual ennui of midsummer, the Italian salad serves a twofold pleasurable purpose, being both appetizer and green mixture at once. (Many of the marinated salads, such as raw mushroom or roasted pepper, of course, grace the antipasto tray all year long.)

French chefs tend to be esthetes about their salads. They give them poetic or pretentious names like *Salade Beatrice* or *Salade Diplomate*. Their lettuce leaves are often neat nests, on which they arrange parallel rows of beets, cucumbers and celery in a perfect geometric pattern. But Italians get right down to what psychologists of an older school used to call the lower senses — taste, touch (continued on page 101)



... **BELLISSIMA!**

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON BRONSTEIN



savory summer feasting fashioned with a fine italian hand



DR. FREUD'S COCKTAIL PARTY *famed cartoonist*

by *Virgil*

partch

finds the martini set

*just a bunch of
crazy, mixed-up ids*



INTROVERSION



PASSIVE SUBMISSION



EXHIBITIONISM



ENVY

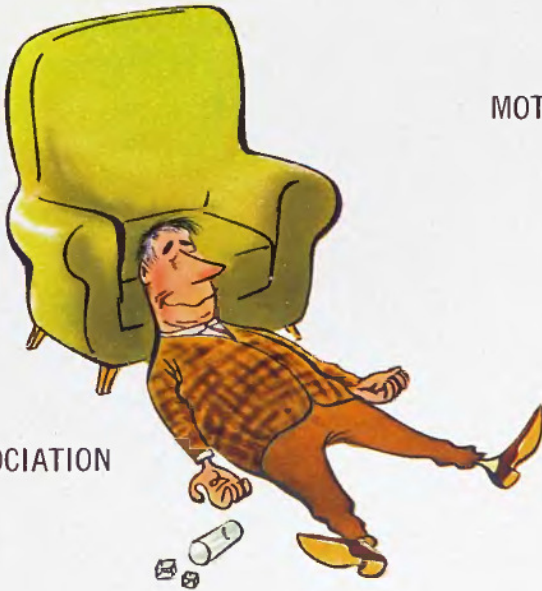


COMPULSION

WISH FULFILLMENT



MOTHER COMPLEX



DISASSOCIATION



HERD INSTINCT



PASSIVE RESISTANCE



INNER CONFLICT

HALLUCINATIONS



SCHIZOPHRENIA

REJECTION



REGRESSION

HOSTILITY



HYSTERIA

THIN RED LINE

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single, then three together popped up in unbelievable mushrooms of dirt and stones. Shards and pieces whickered and whirred in the air. It was the impetus needed either to change the direction of the blind charge or to stop it completely. It did both. In the 2d Platoon S/Sgt Keck, watched by everyone now with Lt Blane down, threw out his arms holding his rifle at the balance, dug in his heels and bellowed in a voice like the combined voices of 10 men for them to "Hit dirt! Hit dirt!" 2d Platoon needed no urging. Running men melted into the earth as if a strong wind had come up and blown them over like dried stalks.

In the 1st Platoon, less lucky, reaction varied. On the extreme right the line had reached the first beginning slope of the righthand ridge, long hillock really, and a few men—perhaps a squad—turned and dove into the waist-high grass there, defilading themselves from the hidden MGs above them as well as protecting them from the mortars. On the far left that end had much further to go, 70 yards more, to reach dead space under the lefthand ridge; but a group of men tried to make it. None of them reached it, however. They were hosed to earth and hiding by the machineguns above them, or bowled over stunned by the mortars, before they could defilade themselves from the MGs or get close enough to them to escape the mortars. Just to the left of the center was the attached machinegun squad from Culp's platoon, allowed to join the charge by Whyte through forgetfulness or for some obscure tactical reason of his own, all five of whom, running together, were knocked down by the same mortar shell, gun and tripod and ammo boxes all going every which way and bouncing end over end, although not one of the five was wounded by it. These marked the furthest point of advance. On the extreme left five or six riflemen were able to take refuge in a brushy draw at the foot of Hill 209 which, a little further down, became the deep ravine where Fox and George had been trapped and hit yesterday. These men began to fire at the two grassy ridges although they could see no targets.

In the center of 1st Platoon's line there were no defilades or draws to run to. The middle, before the mortars stopped them, had run itself right on down and out onto the dangerous low area, where they could not only be enfiladed by the ridges but could also be hit by MG plunging fire from Hill 210 itself. Here there was nothing to do but get down and hunt holes. Fortunately the TOT barrage had searched here as well as on the hillocks, and there were 105 and 155 holes available. Men jostled

each other for them, shared them. The late Lt Whyte's 19th Century charge was over. The mortar rounds continued to drop here and there across the area, searching flesh, searching bone.

Private John Bell of the 2d Platoon lay sprawled exactly as his body had skidded to a halt, without moving a muscle. He could not see because his eyes were shut, but he listened. On the little ridges the prolonged yammering of the MGs had stopped and now confined itself to short bursts at specific targets. Here and there wounded men bellowed, whined or whimpered. Bell's face was turned left, his cheek pressed to the ground, and he tried not even to breathe too conspicuously for fear of calling attention to himself. Cautiously he opened his eyes, half afraid the movement of eyelids would be seen by a machinegunner a hundred yards away, and found himself staring into the open eyes of the 1st Platoon's first scout lying dead five yards to Bell's left. This was, or had been, a young Graeco-Turkish draftee named Kral. Kral was noted for two things, the ugliest bentnose face in the regiment and the thickest glasses in C-for-Charlie. That with such a myopia he could be a scout was a joke of the company. But Kral had volunteered for it; he wanted to be where the action was, he said; in peace or in war. A hep kid from Jersey, he had nevertheless believed the four-color propaganda leaflets. He had not known that the profession of first scout of a rifle platoon was a thing of the past and belonged in the Indian Wars, not to the massed divisions, superior firepower, and tighter social control of today. First target, the term should be, not first scout, and now the big glasses still reposed on his face. They had not fallen off. But something about their angle, at least from where Bell lay, magnified the open eyes until they filled the entire lenses. Bell could not help staring fixedly at them, and they stared back with a vastly wise and tolerant amusement. The more Bell stared at them the more he felt them to be holes into the center of the universe and that he might fall in through them to go drifting down through starry space amongst galaxies and spiral nebulae and island universes. He remembered he used to think of his wife's c--- like that, in a more pleasant way. Forcibly Bell shut his eyes. But he was afraid to move his head, and whenever he opened them again, there Kral's eyes were, staring at him their droll and flaccid message of amiable good will, sucking at him dizzily. And wherever he looked they followed him, pleasantly but stubbornly. From above, invisible but there, the fiery sun heat of the tropic day heated his head inside his helmet, making his

soul limp. Bell had never known such eviscerating, ballshrinking terror. Somewhere out of his sight another mortar shell exploded. But in general the day seemed to have become very quiet. His arm with his watch on it lay within his range of vision, he noticed. My God! Was it only 7:45? Dejectedly he let his eyes go back where they wanted: to Kral's. HERE LIES FOUR-EYES KRAL, DIED FOR SOMETHING. When one of Kral's huge eyes winked at him waggishly, he knew in desperation he had to do something, although he had been lying there only 30 seconds. Without moving, his cheek still pressed to earth, he yelled loudly.

"Hey, Keck!" He waited. "Hey, Keck! We got to get out of here!"

"I know it," came the muffled answer. Keck was obviously lying with his head turned the other way and had no intention of moving it.

"What'll we do?"

"Well . . ." There was silence while Keck thought. It was interrupted by a high, quavery voice from a long way off.

"We know you there, Yank. Yank, we know you there."

"Tojo eats s---!" Keck yelled. He was answered by an angry burst of machinegun fire. "Roozover' eat s---!" the faraway voice screamed.

"You goddam right he does!" some frightened Republican called from Bell's blind right side. When the firing stopped, Bell called again.

"What'll we do, Keck?"

"Listen," came the muffled answer. "All you guys listen. Pass it along so everybody knows." He waited and there was a muffled chorus. "Now get this. When I holler go, everybody up. Load and lock and have a nuther clip in yore hand. 1st and 3d Squads stay put, kneeling position, and fire covering fire. 2d and 4th Squads hightail it back over that little fold. 1st and 3d Squads fire two clips, then scoot. 2d and 4th fire covering fire from that fold. If you can't see nothin, fire searching fire. Space yore shots. Them positions is somewhere about halfway up them ridges. Everybody fire at the righthand ridge which is closer. You got that?"

He waited while everyone muffledly tried to assure themselves that everybody else knew.

"Everybody got it?" Keck called muffledly. There were no answers. "Then—GO!" he bellowed.

The slope came to life. Bell, in the 2d Squad, did not even bother with the brave man's formality of looking about to see if the plan was working, but instead squirmed around and leaped up running, his legs already pistoning before the leap came down to earth. Safe beyond the little fold of ground, which by now had taken on characteristics of

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the prodigal powers of pot

ACCLAIMED BY ANCIENTS, FROWNED ON BY FUZZ, BEATIFIED BY BEATS, MARIJUANA REMAINS THE MOST MISUNDERSTOOD DRUG OF ALL TIME

article By DAN WAKEFIELD

IN A MODERN VERSION of *Aladdin*, performed by a mime to the high appreciation of a Greenwich Village coffeehouse audience, Aladdin spills oil from his lamp on the ground and a tall, green plant quickly grows. Aladdin pulls a leaf from the unusual plant, rolls it, lights it, takes a deep puff, and his face brightens with ecstasy. The audience breaks into laughter, for no one needs to be told the name of the magic plant. It is known by many different names to many different people — to scientists *cannabis sativa*, to Persians *beng*, to Russians *anascha*; it is *kif* to Algerians, *ma* to Chinese, and *churrus*, *ganja* and *bhang* to Indians. Among the more than 200 names that it travels under throughout the world it is known in America as pot, charge, tea, hemp, gauge, grass, weed, Mary-Jane and marijuana. It is ranked the second most popular intoxicant of the human race, following only alcohol. It is (depending on the preparation and, even more important, the person who takes it) euphoric, relaxing,



inspiring, depressing, exciting, frightening, soothing—and, in most countries, illegal.

It is a common weed. But the preparations made from the female hemp (cannabis) plant have caused uncommonly passionate and contradictory reactions ever since men became acquainted with them. In the course of her long career, the Lady of the Hemp has been known at different times and in different places to those who loved her as a cure for snake bite, malaria, ulcers, sore toenails, venereal disease, earache, cancer, corns, sunstroke, tuberculosis, burns, poor appetite, trench mouth, dysentery, impotence, asthma and the pains of childbirth; has been touted as a spur to intellectual creativity, an aid in withdrawal from addicting drugs, a promoter of sexual desire and prowess, protector from evil influence, support in times of famine, stimulant to labor, a source of self-confidence, a key to divine revelation and, according to 19th Century Indians, "The Poor Man's Heaven," "Soothe of Grief" and "Heavenly Guide." Yet to others she has been known as a cause of murder, assault, insanity, rape, addiction, anxiety, moral degeneration, sterility, death, laziness, physical decay, crime, panic and suicide; and called such names as "Liberator of Sin" (by an ancient Chinese) and "Assassin of Youth" (a low-budget American movie of the Thirties).

Marijuana, which is made from the dried leaves of the female hemp plant and is one of the cruder, less potent derivatives of cannabis, is the most common form of the drug in America, and has recently been associated here with the literature and life of the Beat Generation. But the use of the hemp drugs, like the wearing of beards, dates much farther back than the Beats. The Chinese Emperor Shen-Neng referred to the drugs in a work on pharmacy in 2737 B.C., and the physician Hoa-Thoa reported their use both for easing the pain of patients during operations and for enjoyment at nonmedical functions in A.D. 220. According to Herodotus, the frugal citizens of Scythia and Thrace made clothes from the fibers of the plant and made merry by roasting its seeds and breathing the intoxicating vapors (a community rite which may be the original antecedent of that favorite Western institution, the cocktail party).

Most of the ancient reports of cannabis come out of Asia, however; the scent of burning hemp didn't spread very far in the Western world, even after Marco Polo and other Europeans on the Oriental road brought back tales of the drug in the Middle Ages. It was not until Napoleon's army arrived home with samples from Egypt that a burst of medical and literary interest in cannabis exploded in Europe. While doctors studied its possibilities as a cure for ailments of

the body, intellectuals explored the more dramatic effects of its influence on the mind and imagination. Charles Baudelaire, Théophile Gautier and other writers and artists of Paris in the 1850s formed the Club des Hashischins, and set down the story of their transports with hashish (one of the strongest derivatives of cannabis, made from the powerful resin of the plant) in awesome passages. In a typically passionate hymn to the hemp, Baudelaire wrote:

"Over the surface of man's ordinary life the power of hashish spreads a magic glaze, coloring it with solemnity, bringing to light the profoundest aspects of existence. Fleeting horizons, perspectives of cities, pale in the cadaverous light of storms or blazing beneath the concentrated ardor of a crouching sun—profundities of space—allegories in the profundities of time—the dance—the gestures and the declamations of actors if you happen to be in the theater—the first phrase your eyes chance to fall on if you are reading a book—in short the universality of being reveals itself to you with a glory never before experienced."

In America, at about the same time, similar vistas were opened to a 16-year-old boy named Fitz Hugh Ludlow, who was to record his experiences in a deep-purple tract called *The Hasheesh Eater*, which seems to have been written as much under the influence of *The Arabian Nights* as under the influence of a drug. "About the shop of my friend Anderson the apothecary," he wrote, "there always existed a peculiar fascination, which early marked it out as my favorite lounging place."

As all Americans know, teenagers given to hanging around the corner drugstore are likely to get into trouble, and before long young Fitz was sniffing in the medicine bottles. One morning he noticed a new jar on the shelf—something called "cannabis"—and asked old Anderson what it was. "That," answered the doctor, looking with parental fondness upon his new treasure, "is a preparation of the East Indian Hemp, a powerful agent in cases of lockjaw."

Ludlow didn't wait for lockjaw to strike. Soon he was running to the drugstore with the six-cent price of a portion of cannabis and flying off to regions of the mind far removed from his home in Poughkeepsie. And, in the true spirit of the cannabis enthusiast, he was eager to bring along a friend. His report of that occasion surely has historical, if not literary, merit, for it seems to be the first recorded instance of an American hemp user turning on an uninitiated companion:

"My friend, we shall travel together."

"I shall go," said my friend, "with delight."

But not many of their fellow Americans followed them, even though what

Ludlow called the "drug of travel" could be had quite cheaply, in various forms, and without any legal restrictions. The ready accessibility of hemp mixtures in 19th Century America can be glimpsed in the report of one George W. Grover, M.D., a kind of Norman Vincent Peale of narcotics, who, in 1894, wrote a book entitled: *Shadows Lifted or Sunshine Restored in the Horizon of Human Lives: A treatise on the morphine, opium, cocaine, chloral and hashish habits*. The good doctor was not turned on by some predatory pusher. He explained: "Once while I was passing down the leading business street in Baltimore, I saw upon a sign above my head 'Gungwalla Candy, Hashish Candy.'"

Gungwalla did not replace cherry cordials in the parlors of America, however, and the flare of medical and literary interest in cannabis (John Stuart Mill, Walter de la Mare, Alexandre Dumas and William James were among those who experimented with it) did not create much popular interest. But soon after the turn of the century the cannabis plant—not as hashish, but in the milder form of marijuana—invaded and quickly spread through America. By the late 1930s it was being used in every state in the Union, and the Federal Government had outlawed it in terms that suggested the menace it presented was the greatest threat to home and country since V. I. Lenin debarked at the Finland Station.

Marijuana was introduced to America's Southwest by Mexican laborers who didn't want to be without it when they ventured north of the Rio Grande. It caught on fast among their fellow workers in America, and filtered outward and upward, gradually improving its social status. According to one observer, it was first brought into New Orleans by foreign seamen in 1910, and by 1926 had infiltrated the city's society from the elite to the local waifs' home. Some enterprising entrepreneurs, finding that it grew tall and wild right there in Louisiana, began to cultivate their own gardens.

Then, like jazz, marijuana went up the river from New Orleans. It was not transported by itinerant trumpet men, however, but by wholesale distributors who filled old New Orleans warehouses with stacks of the drying hemp. The drug soon made its way as far north as Cleveland, where a prominent doctor reported that it was smoked in one of the city's exclusive men's clubs. By the late Thirties, newspapers were headlining *The Marijuana Menace* in almost every part of the United States. It was being raised in the yards of Federal prisons by ingenious inmates, was said to have replaced liquor in Harlem, was found to be a popular new diversion in chic Westchester County, and had become an after-school pastime of teenagers in Jack-

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Intarlandt



RETURN TO ROME

pictorial

*a second look at the grandeur
that is gesa meiken*

When PLAYBOY presented a photographic forum on *The Girls of Rome* last February, readers responded with overwhelming enthusiasm. But among the *vivas* and *bravas*, one name rang loudest and clearest of all. The *signorina bella* who won the lion's share of applause was a lion-tressed starlet named Gesa Meiken. "Pleesa, more Gesa!" wrote one smitten reader. "Gesagain!" demanded another. Gist of the scores of other letters on Gesa: "Encore!" Happily yielding to all this Meikenmania, we returned to Rome and uncovered Gesa at the sprawling Cinecitta studios where she had not one but three parts in Federico Fellini's segment of *Boccaccio '70*. (Although German-born, she plays an Italian secretary, a French starlet and an American *tourista*.) She also plays an Egyptian handmaiden in *Cleopatra* and has been signed for parts in Warner's *Panic Button* and in two Italian films. Only recently a Roman, 23-year-old Gesa stormed the Eternal City two years ago via the Sorbonne and Paris fashion circles. She counts down at 5 feet, 7 inches, and measures 95-60-92 (centimeters, of course).



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI

With tousled head on tousled bed, Gesa told us, "My ideal man? I love *men* and that's what worries me." Most of all, she confesses, she loves American men "with crazy-colored eyes." Next stop: "America, I hope."





powers of pot (continued from page 52)

son, Mississippi. Marijuana even puffed its way into the vast machinery of the New Deal. It was smoked in CCC camps in New Hampshire, and in 1936 the American Medical Association reported: "Squads of WPA workers specially trained to recognize marijuana have been placed on duty in the boroughs of the Bronx, Brooklyn, Queens and Richmond to eradicate the weed from vacant lots . . ."

The editorial outcry against the evil of cannabis cited the weed as a cause of sex crimes, murder and, indeed, almost everything but bad breath. With public opinion aroused against this "menace," Harry J. Anslinger and his Federal Narcotics Bureau were able to get it outlawed through the passage of the Marijuana Tax Act of 1937, which equated it with cocaine and opium derivatives. This, of course, did not mean the end of marijuana. It merely meant the takeover of the trade by racketeers, and a consequent rise in prices. A year after the Federal Government made possession of marijuana a crime, Dr. Robert Walton wrote a book entitled *Marijuana: America's New Drug Problem*, in which he recorded a historical fact that was full of prophetic implications. The use of cannabis drugs, he noted, has flourished in every country where it was ever established, and he added: "This is despite the fact that, in some of these countries, attempts have been made for almost 1000 years to stamp out the practice." At least today, almost a quarter century later, America has proved no exception to the rule.

By the time the Government decided that marijuana was illegal, a great many Americans had become converts. These vipers shared the opinion of clarinetist Milton "Mezz" Mezzrow, who declared in his autobiography, *Really the Blues*: "Every one of us that smoked the stuff came to the conclusion that it wasn't habit-forming and couldn't be called a narcotic. . . . To us a muggle wasn't any more dangerous or habit-forming than those other great American vices, the five-cent Coke and ice-cream cone, only it gave you more kicks for the money."

Mezz had been turned on by an itinerant jockey while playing a gig at the Martinique, near Gary, Indiana, in 1924, and was one of the first of the great number of jazz musicians to become converted to pot. The musicians who used it not only liked its effect on their feelings, but also on their music, and found it gave a much better lift than the demon rum: "We were on another plane," wrote Mezzrow, "in another sphere compared to the musicians who were bottle babies, always hitting the jug and coming up brawling after they got loaded."

Scholarly as well as off-the-cuff research has been done on whether marijuana really helps—or, as many believe, hurts—the music of the jazzman. A particularly fascinating study of the question was made in 1959 by Dr. Charles Winick, a research authority on drugs who participated in the November 1960 *Playboy* Panel: *Narcotics and the Jazz Musician*. Dr. Winick interviewed 609 musicians, and of those who took a stand on the matter, only 19 percent thought that marijuana improved a musician's performance, while 31 percent felt that it was a hindrance. Eighty-two percent of those interviewed had smoked pot at some time or other, either for playing or just for relaxing before or after sets.

A number of jazzmen helped spread the word of marijuana, not so much by selling it to others, but by using its terminology in lyrics and titles of songs such as *Sweet Marijuana Brown*, *If You're a Viper*, *Reefer Song*, *Sendin' the Vipers*, *That Funny Reefer Man*. Although cannabis had made converts in many different segments of American life by the Thirties, it had become especially popular—and especially publicized—among jazzmen and among the Negroes of the big-city ghettos. The lurid reports of Harlem tea pads, apartments where people gathered to listen to music and smoke marijuana, impelled Mayor LaGuardia to appoint a committee composed of three psychiatrists, two internists, two pharmacologists, one public health expert, the city's Commissioners of Correction, Health and Hospitals, and the director of the psychiatric division of the city hospitals, not to mention six policemen, to investigate the "marijuana menace." *The LaGuardia Report*, published in 1944, came as a disappointment to those who had been awaiting tales of unimagined evil.

One of the committee's agents visited a tea pad that consisted of a series of pup tents on a Harlem tenement roof, and found that after the smokers partook of the weed "they all emerged into the open and engaged in a discussion of their admiration of the stars and beauties of nature." The report went on: "In most instances, the behavior of the smoker is of a friendly, sociable character. Aggressiveness and belligerency are not commonly seen, and those showing such traits are not allowed to remain in the tea pad . . ." The use of the drug in general was found by the LaGuardia committee to be far less than the menace publicity had pictured it. Marijuana, they reported, was not physiologically addicting (in fact, it was found to be less habit-forming than either alcohol or tobacco); it did not necessarily lead to the use of stronger drugs; it was not a cause of insanity or violence; it was no

more of an aphrodisiac than alcohol; and its therapeutic properties merited further investigation, particularly as a means of withdrawal from heroin.

It was a glad day for the vipers, and *Down Beat* magazine came out with a happy headline:

LIGHT UP GATES, REPORT
FINDS "TEA" A GOOD KICK

Any gleeful Gate who lit up, however, would have been well advised to do so in the privacy of his own padlocked bathroom, far from the madding fuzz. Despite the findings of the experts, *The Little Flower* was not about to sanction the use of the flowers of the hemp plant. (The social stigma of marijuana in the West is complete; it is condemned by both the FBI and the *Daily Worker*.) LaGuardia wrote in the introduction to his committee's report that although he was glad the menace of pot in New York had been greatly exaggerated, "I shall continue to enforce the laws prohibiting marijuana until and if complete findings may justify an amendment. . . ."

A number of medical, psychiatric and sociological findings have since been published that reinforce and support the conclusions of *The LaGuardia Report*. However, as more of these studies have appeared which conclude that marijuana is a relatively harmless drug, the punishment for possessing it has progressively increased, and can now mean up to 40 years in prison. The minimum Federal sentence for a first offense of possession of any amount of marijuana is five years, and, like other narcotics violations, it is one of the few Federal crimes for which there is no allowance for parole or suspended sentence. Some state laws, however, are less harsh. New York, for instance, makes possession of less than an ounce of marijuana or less than 100 cigarettes a misdemeanor with a maximum term of a year in prison, a \$500 fine, or both. But other states rival and sometimes surpass the severe punishment of the Federal statutes. A Texas court, for example, sentenced stripper Candy Barr (Juanita Dale Phillips) to 15 years' imprisonment for possession.

Few of the medical and scientific experts who have come to less than menacing conclusions about cannabis have questioned the extreme punishments surrounding the use of the drug. Many of them, after reporting that marijuana is relatively harmless, conclude by saying that it is nevertheless an undoubted "nuisance." Recently, however, one scientist did raise his voice on the matter in terms that could be understood by persons who have never laid a hand on a test tube. Dr. Robert S. deRopp, a prominent biochemist and narcotics expert, and the author of *Drugs and the*

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DEE AND GERALD (in matching robes and pajamas) perched side by side at the breakfast bar in their kitchen, sipping coffee from monogrammed mugs. An average-looking young couple, except for an unused air about them. They were childless. They were healthy and gay. This morning Dee, her sun-streaked hair in a wanton tangle, had given it a lick and a promise with the brush, then capriciously tied it back with a large droopy bow of wrapping twine.

Gerald was just as careless. He had inherited the lumber companies which didn't need him at the head office, but he usually went anyway, simply to be with his neighbor husbands in the city and to drive home at the same cocktail hour. Not a friend in their community — one of the richer Southern California ones — hadn't envied the Porslins on occasion. And they had lots of friends.

"So much for the world of trivia." Dee dropped the last of the newspaper to the (continued on page 118)

fiction By WADE MILLER *they were a perfectly happy couple; no wonder they were tempted to tamper with fate* **THE MORNING AFTER**



PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR

IN THE TWO-PLUS YEARS since the first Playboy Club bounded boldly onto the entertainment scene in Chicago, 24 of this magazine's prettiest Playmates have taken the bountiful Bunny trail to fun, travel and excitement as highly paid hostesses in our ever-lengthening chain of luxurious key clubs. With this issue we present a neat twist on the customary Playmate-to-Bunny progression: she's ingenuous Jan Roberts — the first (but undoubtedly not the last) Playmate to be discovered among the hutch honeys already decorating club premises. Like hundreds of beauties from every part of the U.S. and several foreign countries, Brooklyn-born, Toledo-bred Jan stormed Chicago specifically in hopes of landing a job at the Playboy Club. Her credentials (executive girl Friday for the Juhl Advertising Agency of Elkhart, Indiana, and honor graduate of a two-year medical technology course in the same city) were impressive enough to earn her a Bunny berth. Although the lissome (39-23-35) arrangement of her 120 compact pounds on a five-foot-five frame tends to belie it, Miss August prefers mental exercise to physical; she thrives on chess and bridge bouts, reads omnivorously (mostly books on mathematics and theology), dabbles in graphology, and earnestly paints landscapes which bear, she believes, "an unfortunate resemblance to my favorite foods — spaghetti and cheese blintzes." She can't abide a sloppy pad, views beatniks with suspicious brown eyes, loves shoot-'em-up war flicks, feminine frills and Louis XVI antiques. Affectionate by nature, she is apt to greet friends with warm hugs and double-cheek kisses. Jan regards her current welcome-to-the-club duties with honest satisfaction. "I'm interested in a show business career," she says. "As a Bunny, I'm already leading a show biz kind of life. It's a big step on the way up." For a fetching view of rising and shining Jan, consult the foldout where our breakfasting Bunny-Playmate is shown starting her day — and brightening ours — with an r.s.v.p. smile.

*silver-blonde jan roberts
cottons to the bunny business
at chicago's playboy club*

BUNNY HUG





MISS AUGUST

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Like her sister Bunnies at Playboy Clubs around the country, Jan enjoys being "on" before admiring eyes of keyholders.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

While down South on a visit, the young Yankee made a date with a local lovely. When he called for her at her home, she was clad in a low-cut, tight-fitting gown. He remarked, "That's certainly a beautiful dress."

"Sho 'nough?" she said sweetly.

"It sure does," he replied.



Our Unabashed Dictionary—Las Vegas edition—defines *naturalist* as a fellow who throws sevens.

Some months ago a rape case was being tried in a Hollywood court. The victim, a movie starlet, was on the stand. "Now then, young lady," the prosecutor began, "please tell the court, in your own words, just what happened. First of all, can you identify the man?"

"That's the one," said the girl, pointing.

"And can you tell the court when this occurred?"

"Yes, sir," she replied thoughtfully. "As I remember, it was last June, July, August and September."



In keeping with all self-respecting vehicles owned by traveling salesmen, Ed's car broke down in the middle of a blizzard, and he trudged to a nearby farmhouse. The farmer, being up in his lines, said: "We're short of beds, but you can sleep with my daughter." She proved to be 18, sloe-eyed, and a strapping figure of healthy young womanhood. So they went to bed. And shortly, Ed made a pass at

the daughter.

"Stop that!" she said. "I'll call my father." He desisted. But half an hour later he made another attempt.

"Uh, stop . . . that," she said. "I'll call my father." But she moved closer to him, so he made a third try. This time, no protest, no threat. Just as Ed, satisfied, was about to drowse off, she tugged at his pajama sleeve.

"Could we do that again?" she asked. Ed obliged, and this time fell asleep, only to be awakened by the tug at his sleeve.

"Again?" And again Ed obliged. But when his sleep was once more rudely interrupted by the tugging at his pajama sleeve, Ed indignantly pulled it away from her and mumbled, "Stop that! Or I'll call your father."

A new housekeeper, accused of helping herself to the master's liquor when he was absent, waxed indignant. "I'll have you know, sir," she declared hotly, "that I come from honest English parents."

"I'm not concerned with your English parents," countered the master. "What's worrying me is your Scotch extraction."



Being troubled with coughing spells, a teenage girl was taken by her mother to see a doctor. He explained that the girl's chest must be examined for a proper diagnosis. Placing his stethoscope above her heart, he said, "Big breaths."

"Yeth," she replied proudly. "And I'm only thirteen!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *offspring* of a prostitute as brothel sprouts.

How about joining me for a cozy weekend in a quiet suburban hotel?" he whispered in the curvaceous lass' ear.

"I'm afraid," she said, "that my awareness of your proclivities in the esoteric aspects of sexual behavior precludes you from such erotic confrontation."

"I don't get it," he said.

"Exactly," she smiled.

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.



"Wouldn't you know it—I had the same thing for lunch."

THIN RED LINE (continued from page 50)

huge size, he whirled and began to fire cover, terribly afraid of being stitched across the chest like Lt Whyte who lay only a few yards away. Methodically he drilled his shots into the dun hillside which still hid the invisible, yammering MGs, one round to the right, one to the left, one to center, one to the left . . . He could not believe that any of them might actually hit somebody. If one did, what a nowhere way to go: killed by accident; slain not as an individual but by sheer statistical probability, by the calculated chance of searching fire, even as he himself might be at any moment. Mathematics! Mathematics! Algebra! Geometry! When 1st and 3d Squads came diving and tumbling back over the tiny crest, Bell was content to throw himself prone, press his cheek to the earth, shut his eyes, and lie there. God, oh, God! Why am I *here*? Why am I *here*? After a moment's thought, he decided he better change it to: why are *we* here. That way, no agency of retribution could exact payment from him for being selfish.

Apparently Keck's plan had worked very well. 2d and 4th Squads, having the surprise, had gotten back untouched; and 1st and 3d Squads had had only two men hit. Bell had been looking right at one of them. Running hard with his head down, the man (a boy, named Kline) had jerked his head up suddenly, his eyes wide with start and fright, and cried out "Oh!" his mouth a round pursed hole in his face, and had gone down. Sick at himself for it, Bell had felt laughter burbling up in his chest. He did not know whether Kline was killed or wounded. The MGs had stopped yammering. Now, in the comparative quiet and 50 yards to their front, 1st Platoon was down and invisible amongst their shell holes and sparse grass. Anguished, frightened cries of "Medic! Medic!" were beginning to be raised now here and there across the field, and 2d Platoon had escaped were slowly realizing that they were not after all very safe even here.

Back at the CP behind the first fold Stein was not alone in seeing the tumbling, pellmell return of the 2d Platoon to the third fold. Seeing that their Captain could safely stand up on his knees without being pumped full of holes or mangled, others were now doing it. He was setting them a pretty good example, Stein thought, still a little astonished by his own bravery. They were going to need medics up there, he decided, and called his two company aidmen to him.

"You two fellows better get on up there," Stein yelled to them above the racket. "I expect they need you." That sounded calm and good.

"Yes, sir," one of them said. That was the scholarly, bespectacled one, the

senior. They looked at each other seriously.

"I'll try to get stretcherbearers to the low between here and the second fold, to help you," Stein shouted. "See if you can't drag them back that far." He stood up on his knees again to peer forward, at where now and then single mortar shells geysered here and there beyond the third fold. "Go by rushes if you think you have to," he added inconclusively. They disappeared.

"I need a runner," Stein bawled, looking toward the line of his men who had had both the sense and the courage to climb to their knees in order to see. All of them heard him, because the whole little line rolled their eyes to look at him or turned toward him their heads. But not a single figure moved to come forward or answered him. Stein stared back at them, disbelieving. He was aware he had misjudged them completely, and he felt like a damned fool. He had expected to be swamped by volunteers. A sinking terror took hold of him: if he could be that wrong about this, what else might he not be wrong about? His enthusiasm had betrayed him. To save face he looked away, trying to pretend he had not expected anything. But it wasn't soon enough and he knew they knew. Not quite sure what to do next, he was saved the trouble of deciding: a wraithlike, ghostly figure appeared at his elbow.

"I'll go, sir."

It was Charlie Dale the second cook, scowling with intensity, his face dark and excited.

Stein told him what he wanted about the stretcherbearers, and then watched him go trotting off bent over at the waist toward the slope of Hill 209 which he would have to climb. Stein had no idea where he had been, or where he had come from so suddenly. He could not remember seeing him all day today until now. Certainly he had not been one of the line of kneeling standees. Stein looked back at them, somewhat restored. Dale. He must remember that.

There were now 12 men standing on their knees along the little fold of ground, trying to see what was going on up front. Young Corporal Fife was not, however, one of these. Fife was one of the ones who stayed flattened out, and he was as absolutely flattened as he could get. While Stein stood above him on his knees observing, Fife lay with his knees drawn up and his ear to the soundpower phone Stein had given him care of, and he did not care if he never stood up or ever saw anything. Earlier, when Stein had first done it with his stupid pleased pride shining all over his face, Fife had forced himself to stand straight up on his knees for several seconds, in order that no one might tag

him with the title of coward. But he felt that was enough. Anyway, his curiosity was not at all piqued. All he had seen, when he did get up, was the top two feet of a dirt mushroom from a mortar shell landing beyond the third fold. What the f--- was so great about that? Suddenly a spasm of utter hopelessness shook Fife. Helplessness, that was what he felt; complete helplessness. He was as helpless as if agents of his government had bound him hand and foot and delivered him here and then gone back to wherever it was good agents went. Maybe a Washington cocktail bar, with lots of broads all around. And here he lay, as bound and tied by his own mental processes and social indoctrination as if they were ropes, simply because while he could admit to himself privately that he was a coward, he did not have the guts to admit it publicly. It was agonizing. He was reacting exactly as the smarter minds of his society had anticipated he would react. They were ahead of him all down the line. And he was powerless to change. It was frustrating, maddening, like a brick wall all around him that he could neither bust through nor leap over and at the same time — making it even worse — there was his knowledge that there was really no wall at all. If early this morning he had been full of self-sacrifice, he now no longer was. He did not want to be here. He did not want to be here at all. He wanted to be over there where the generals were standing up on the ridge in complete safety, watching. Sweating with fear and an unbelievable tension of double-mindedness, Fife looked over at them and if looks of hatred could kill they would all have fallen down dead and the campaign would be over until they shipped in some new ones. If only he could go crazy. Then he would not be responsible. Why couldn't he go crazy? But he couldn't. The un-stone of the stone wall immediately rose up around him denying him exit. He could only lie here and be stretched apart on this rack of double-mindedness. Off to the right, some yards beyond the last man of the reserve platoon, Fife's eyes recorded for him the images of Sergeants Welsh and Storm crouched behind a small rock outcrop. As he watched, Storm raised his arm and pointed. Welsh snaked his rifle onto the top of the rock and checking the stock, fired off five shots. Both peered. Then they looked at each other and shrugged. It was an easily understood little pantomime. Fife fell into an intense rage. Cowboys and Indians! Cowboys and Indians! Everybody's playing cowboys and Indians! Just as if these weren't real bullets, and you couldn't really get killed. Fife's head burned with a fury so intense that it threatened to blow all his mental fuses right out

(continued on page 108)



WORLD WITHOUT DISTANCE

AN ARRESTING INQUIRY INTO THE LIMITS OF THE POSSIBLE: IN THE FUTURE OF TRANSPORT, ALL SYSTEMS ARE GO **ARTICLE BY ARTHUR C. CLARKE**

MOST OF THE ENERGY EXPENDED in the history of the world has been used to move things from one place to another. For thousands upon thousands of years, the rate of movement was very slow — less than two or three miles an hour, the pace of a walking man. Even the domestication of the horse did not raise this figure appreciably, for though a racehorse can exceed 40 miles an hour for very short periods, the main use of the horse has always been as a slow-moving beast of burden and a hauler of vehicles. The fastest of these — the stagecoaches immortalized by Dickens — seldom traveled at more than 10 miles an hour on the roads that existed before the 19th Century.

For almost the whole of human history and prehistory, therefore, men's thoughts and their ways of life have been restricted to the tiny band of the speed spectrum between one and 10 miles an hour. Yet within the span of a few generations, the velocity of travel has been multiplied a hundredfold; indeed, there are good grounds for thinking that the acceleration that has taken place round the mid-20th Century will never again be matched.

Speed, however, is not the only criterion of transport, and there are times when it is positively undesirable — especially if it conflicts with safety, comfort or economics. As far as transportation at ground level is concerned, we may well have reached (if not passed) the practical limit of speed, and future improvements must lie in other directions. No one wants to travel down Fifth Avenue at the velocity of sound, but many New Yorkers would be very happy if they could always be sure of doing so at the speed of a stagecoach.

In the realm of slow speeds and short distances, I would suggest that the best personal transport vehicle man has ever possessed is the horse. It is self-steering, self-reproducing, never goes out of style — and only a double-decker bus gives a comparable view of the scenery. I admit that there are some disadvantages: horses consume fuel even when not in use, are prone to embarrassing behavior and are not really very bright. But these are not *fundamental* limitations, for one day we shall be able to increase the intelligence of our domestic animals, or evolve wholly new ones with much higher I.Q.s than any existing now.

When this happens, much of the short-range transport — at least in rural areas — may once again be nonmechanical, though not necessarily equine. The horse may not turn out to be the best choice in the long run; something like a "compact" elephant might be preferable, because of its dexterity. (It is the only quadruped that can carry out delicate handling operations while remaining a quadruped.) In any event it should be herbivorous; carnivores are much too expensive to feed, and might take a fancy to their riders.

What I am suggesting is an animal large enough to carry a man at a fair speed, and intelligent enough to forage for itself without creating a nuisance or getting lost. It would report for duty at regular times or when summoned over a radio command circuit, and it could carry out many simple errands by itself, without direct human supervision. It seems to me that there would be quite a demand for such a creature; and where there is a demand, eventually there is a supply.

Turning from this biological wishful thinking back to the world of machinery, the only novel item in the short-range category is the conveyor. By this I mean all continuously moving systems such as escalators or the "moving ways" described by H. G. Wells in *The Sleeper Awakes*. The layout of a conveyor-

belt city would be somewhat dull and mechanical, for obvious engineering reasons, though it need not be as monotonously rectilinear as Manhattan. I suspect that the greatest difficulties in the way of its realization would not be technical nor economic, but social. The idea of free public transport, though it makes good common sense, will be anathema to a great many people. Already I can picture the violent campaign the unions would launch in favor of rugged individualism, against the horrors of socialized transportation.

Yet it is becoming obvious that vehicles—except public-utility ones—cannot be permitted much longer in urban areas. We have taken some time to face this fact; more than 2000 years have passed since increasing traffic congestion in Rome compelled Julius Caesar to ban all wheeled vehicles during the hours of daylight, and the situation has become slightly worse since 46 B.C. If private cars are to continue to operate inside the cities, we shall have to put all the buildings on stilts so that the entire ground area can be used for highways and parking lots—and even this may not solve the problem.

Though it seems unlikely that pedestrian conveyors will ever be used except over short distances, there is some possibility that they may have wider applications. About 20 years ago, in a short story *The Roads Must Roll*, Robert Heinlein suggested that travel even over considerable distances would one day be based on the conveyor-belt system—if only because the mounting carnage of the gasoline war rules out the continued use of automobiles. Heinlein developed, in his usual meticulous detail, both the sociology and the technology of the Rolling Road culture. He imagined vast multistrip highways, with central express sections traveling at a hundred miles an hour, complete with dining places and rest rooms.

The engineering problems of such a system would be enormous, but not insuperable (they could hardly be compared with those overcome in the development of nuclear weapons, though the capital sums involved would be even greater). It is my own feeling, however, that the mechanical difficulties would be so serious that their solution in terms of present-day technology would not be worth the trouble; Heinlein himself was careful to point out what might happen if a high-speed belt snapped with a few thousand passengers aboard.

The fundamental problem of continuously moving pedestrian conveyors is: how do you get onto them safely? Anyone who has observed a nervous old lady hovering on the brink of an escalator will appreciate this point, and I do not think that we can expect ordi-

nary members of the public, possibly loaded down with shopping or infants, to cope with speed differentials of over five miles an hour. This means that a large number of adjacent bands will be required if we hope to build expressways traveling at 50 or more miles an hour at their centers.

The ideal moving road would be one that had a *smoothly* increasing speed gradient from edge to center, so that there were no sudden jumps in velocity. But a continuous speed variation right across the road would be quite annoying; it would be impossible to stand still, for one foot would creep ahead of the other. The solution would be to have fairly wide uniform velocity bands, which might be marked by colored lighting, separated by narrow transition strips where the speed increased rapidly but smoothly.

The whole concept is so beautiful, and such an improvement on the conventional scheme of moving belts, that it will be a great pity if it turns out to be totally impossible.

On the other hand, there may be still more advanced solutions to the problem of pedestrian traffic. If we ever discover a method of controlling gravity, we will be able to produce not only levitation but guided movement in any desired direction—up or down or horizontally.

Because our generation has already known the "weightlessness" of sea and space, we should not find completely fantastic the picture of a city full of effortlessly floating pedestrians—if one can still call them that. It is a little hair-raising, though, to realize what vertical transportation would imply in a structure the size of the Empire State Building. There would be no elevator cages—just plain shafts, straight up and down for a thousand feet. But to their occupants, under the influence of a gravity field that had been artificially twisted through 90 degrees, they would appear to be *horizontal* tunnels along which they were being swept like thisledown before a gentle breeze. Only if the power failed would they come back to reality with, to put it mildly, a bump.

The motor vehicle, even if it is banned from the city, is likely to dominate the 10–100-mile range of transportation for a long time to come. Let us take a brief glance at its future. It will become much lighter—and hence more efficient—as materials improve. Its complicated and toxic gasoline engine (which has probably killed as many people by air pollution as by direct physical impact) will be replaced by clean and silent electric motors, built into the wheels themselves and so wasting no body space. This implies, of course, the development of a really compact and lightweight method of storing

or producing electricity, much better than our present clumsy batteries. Such an invention has been overdue for about 50 years; it may be made possible either through improvements in fuel cells or as a by-product of solid-state physics.

These improvements, however, will be much less important than the fact that the automobile of the day after tomorrow will not be driven by its owner, but by itself; indeed, it may one day be a serious offense to drive an automobile on a public highway. I should not care to say how long it will take to introduce completely computerized motoring, but dozens of techniques already developed by airlines and railroads already point the way to it. Automatic blocks, electronic road signs, radar obstacle detectors, navigational grids—even today we can visualize the basic elements required. An automatic highway system will, of course, be fabulously expensive to install and maintain, but in the long run it will be much cheaper, in terms of time, frustration and human lives, than the present manual one.

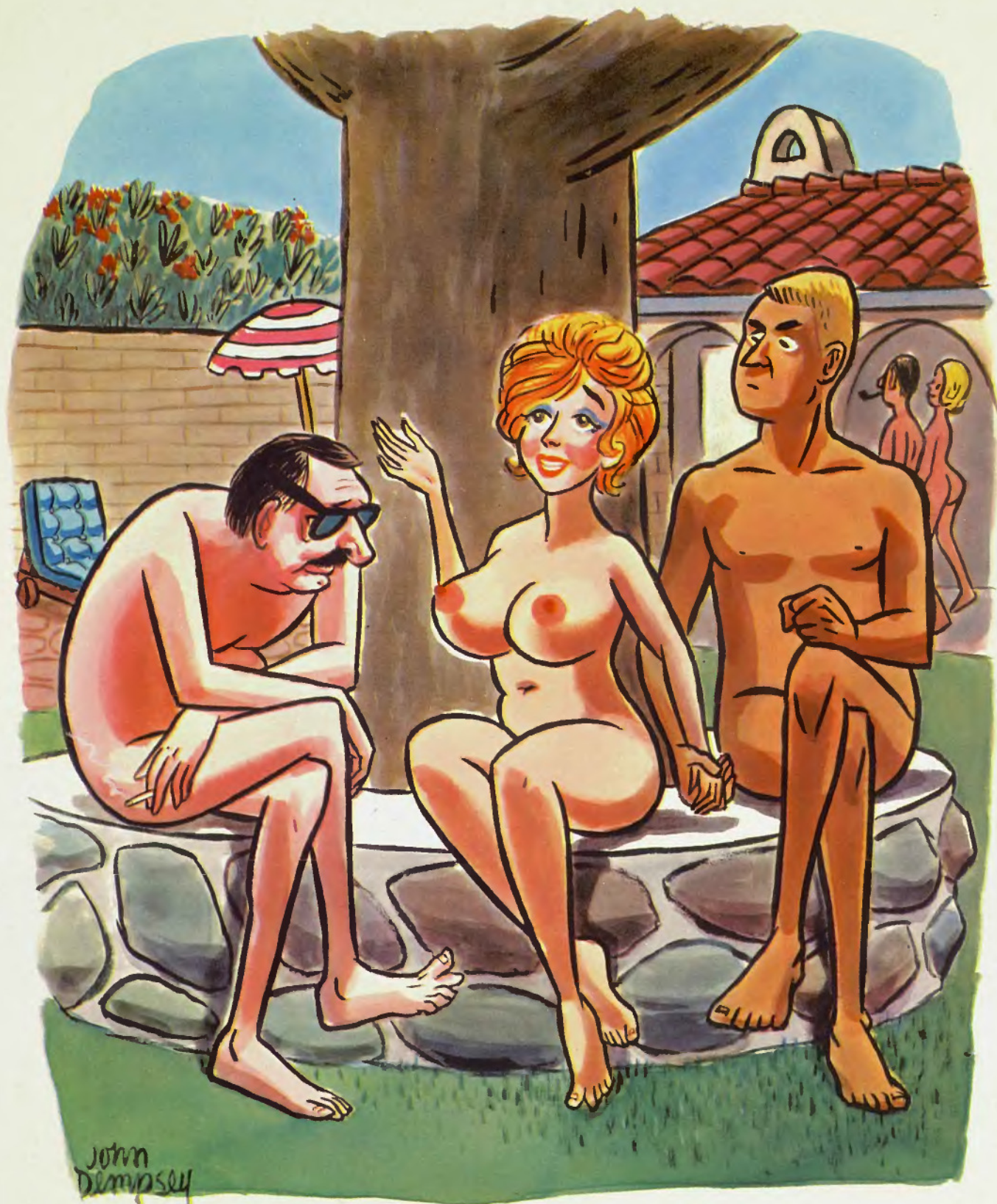
The automobile of the future will really live up to the first half of its name; you need merely tell it your destination—by dialing a code, or perhaps even verbally—and it will travel there by the most efficient route, after first checking with the highway information system for blockages and traffic jams. As a mere incidental, this would virtually solve the parking problem. Once your car had delivered you to the office, you could instruct it to head out of town again. It would then report for duty in the evening when summoned by radio, or at a prearranged time. This is only one of the advantages of having a built-in chauffeur.

The story of the railroads, which have served mankind so well for almost a century and a half, is now entering its final chapter. As industry becomes decentralized, as the use of coal for fuel diminishes and nuclear power enables the factories to move nearer their sources of supply, so the very need for shifting megatons of raw materials over thousands of miles will dwindle away. With it will pass the chief function of the railroad, which has always been the moving of freight, not of passengers.

Already some young countries—Australia, for example—have virtually bypassed the railroad age and are building transportation systems based on highways and airlines. In a few more decades, today's Pullmans and diners and roomettes will be as much period pieces as the Mississippi paddle boats, and will evoke equal nostalgia.

Nevertheless, by a strange paradox it is quite possible that the heroic age of railroads still lies ahead. On airless

(continued on page 94)



"... And so you see, Mr. Shaw, if everybody went without clothes, there simply wouldn't be any more wars!"



Our swinging vacation
begins - and so do my
goofs as a shutterbug.

Daring double-imagery, 2
but is it art? My



route-
suited
suitor
takes
five
beside
U.S. 1 -
dressed
to the
nines.

I flip Tom's lid
as he loads T-Bird
for takeoff.



He flips mine in cool
white cardigan
and black slacks.

GEARED FOR TOURING

SOME CANDID PORTRAITS OF A FREEWHEELING AND FASHIONABLE MOTOR TRIP

Low bridge, high style 3
at motel poolside:



sexy
fishnet
shirt,
denim
trunks
and
groovy
loafers
(take
my
word
for it).

attire By **ROBERT L. GREEN** "For my part," wrote Robert Louis Stevenson, "I travel not to go anywhere, but to go. I travel for travel's sake. The great affair is to move." Whatever their wont, idyl-worshipping Americans in growing numbers seem to feel the same stirrings of wanderlust for the open road as the place to spend their holidays — sampling the pleasures of peregrination from beach to bosque, from mountain to metropolis. Thanks to accelerating advancements in automobile design and engineering, to the mushrooming of luxury motels from coast to coast, and to the proliferation of high-speed turnpikes which have brought the scenic side routes of eye-filling but hitherto inaccessible areas within easy reach, the road to summertime sojourns by car has never been so high, wide and handsome. Neither has the wardrobe of the travel-wise male motorist — as evidenced by the sartorial tour (concluded on page 106)

*Quo vadis? Scenic
aerial shot of man* 4



*vs.
maps
in
breezy
wind-
breaker
for
top-
down
turnpike
travel.*

*With the mercury pushing
80°, my funny valentine* 5



*"warms" himself by a cold
motel fireplace.*

*Deeked out for dinner
at roadside inn, he loses* 6



*his head completely over
my snazzy camerawork.*

*Tom's shot of me
proves he's a gifted* 7



*photog.
mine
prove
he
has
the
gift
of
garb.*

For further information on illustrated men's attire, see box on page 106



AMERICA'S
NUMBER ONE
PSYCHE
KILLER

*when medical science
recognized the peril, f.e.n.d.
came to the rescue*
satire by robert cenedella

JUST LAST WEEK I ATTENDED a session of the Manhattan District Chapter of the F.E.N.D. I am the first journalist, and indeed, the only outsider, ever allowed into a meeting of this fast-growing organization; and I can report that never have I felt more uplifted than by the F.E.N.D. program.

I went to the meeting with Gilbert Chase himself.

By now, of course, everyone knows that Chase is the Founder and President of FEND, as its members call it, and surely we have all read tributes to him in the self-help magazines or the *Congressional Record*. The latest of these tributes, in the pages of the trade paper *Successful Personnel Management*, is quite typical:

"At this very moment," writes the editor of that periodical, "in ranch houses in every state of the union there are men who owe everything they have to Gilbert Chase. These are men who have made their wives happy with chargin' plates and who have been able to afford for their kiddies the advantages of color TV in their own bedrooms—men with station wagons in their driveways and credit cards in their wallets—men who, but for Gilbert Chase, would project none of these prosperity images, but instead would be drifting from rooming house to drab rooming house, divorced by their heartbroken wives, forgotten by their children, despised by prospective employers. This would have been their fate but for the fact that Gilbert Chase has rehabilitated them."

Such encomiums have created throughout America a lively curiosity concerning Chase; but until the evening of last week's FEND meeting, when I went by appointment to the Park Avenue apart-

ment house where Chase lives (and which he now owns), no one was in a position to assert, as I now can, that the story of FEND and its thousands of rehabilitated members is in a very real sense the merely personal story of how Gilbert Chase achieved success.

For Chase was his own first rehabilitation project.

"I was a mess," he told me, pouring me a martini. He has an iron-gray crew cut above a manly lined face which broke now into crinkles as he smiled in recollection of what a mess he had been. "Just 10 years ago I was the worst Problem Non-Drinker you ever saw."

"Like the FEND members you help now," I suggested, "the Fellowship for the Elimination of Non-Drinking, that is."

"Exactly."

I said: "I don't feel the public quite understands Problem Non-Drinking."

"It's a disease of distributors."

"That needs explanation."

"It's very simple," he said. "At one time the big problem of our civilization was production. Well, we solved that problem. Oh, we still have producers, but the important people these days are the distributors. Distribution means sales, and contacts, and getting around, and getting to know everybody, and getting everybody to like you. In production you can be half-successful, or unsuccessful for that matter, but in distribution you're either a big success or you're a bum."

"I don't see why."

"Well, in production you've got to build something or grow something. You've got to have specific ability. If you fail—if someone else is a better engineer or

(continued on page 98)

DRAWING BY TDMI UNGERER

JEROME BRODY *bacchus, lucullus and me*

THE INFINITE CULINARY DISTANCE that separates "Filet Mignon Augustus with a Rising Crown of Pâté and Triumphal Laurel Wreath" from "Hamburger on a Toasted Bun" has been bridged in impressive fashion by Jerome Brody, a 39-year-old ex-Ivy Leaguer now in the bistro big leagues as president of New York's Restaurant Associates, a comestible complex that last year grossed \$20,000,000. At 25, Brody took over the helm of Riker's, a chain of eat-and-run lunchrooms controlled by his wife's family, wisely decided there were greener pastures in *haute cuisine* than in hash. Newark Airport's Newarker, R-A's first venture into better boites, stood in marked contrast to the company's ham-'n'-eggs bedrock. Restaurant



Associates in the last five years has opened a cornucopic array of dining salons: the romantically Roman Forum of the Twelve Caesars; the super-elegant Four Seasons; its 24-hour-a-day Seagram Building mate, the Brasserie; the gustatorially good neighbored La Fonda del Sol in the Time-Life Building (which also houses R-A's posh Tower Suite restaurant); and has taken over what may be the world's top-volume restaurant, Leone's, and the Central Park landmark, Tavern-on-the-Green. Branching out from urbia, R-A is also running the veddy English John Peel's in Westbury, Long Island, and a full-fledged hostelry, the Motor Inn, in Stratford, Connecticut. In the offing are a Newarker-type restaurant for LaGuardia Airport and eateries for Gotham's Pan-Am Building. Brody, whose grandiose cafés display the works of Picasso, Miró and Jackson Pollock as decor for such esoteric gourmandial productions as "Violets in Summer Snow," analyzes R-A's success as simply the ability to capture "the elegant side of contemporary New York."

ON THE SCENE



DAVID BRINKLEY *wry and ginger*

IN DOZENS OF MISSIVES received by party officials during the 1960 political conventions, the same write-in running mates were nominated on the Democratic and Republican tickets: Chet Huntley and David Brinkley. As nonpartisan commentators covering the events for NBC, both men were compelled to decline the honor, but these tributes served to certify a landslide victory for their own informally informative reporting style over the old school of gloom-and-doomcasters. Among the repercussions: the largest audience of any free-world newscast for their Peabody- and Emmy-winning *Huntley-Brinkley Report*; their unprecedented (and for them, unwelcome) new status as TV stars. Brinkley in particular shrinks from the limelight; as the pithy half of NBC's Damon and Pythias, how-



ever, he has emerged as the diatribal chieftain of video newsmen, and the namesake of a new addition to the language: *Brinkleymanship*, a game played by rival commentators bent on emulating his brilliantly dim view of current events. Hyphenated with Huntley at the 1956 conventions, bristly Brinkley has been gadflying in the face of conventions ever since — on a provocative series of personally guided tours de force (*Our Man in Hong Kong* and elsewhere), and on *David Brinkley's Journal*, a weekly scrapbook of mordant observations on subjects ranging from the perils of installment buying to the puerilities of rock 'n' roll. Though *Journal* has lapsed occasionally from honest editorials to cynical editorializing — as when, in a recent show on the impact of proposed postal rate increases on the magazine industry, an interview with PLAYBOY Publisher Hugh M. Hefner was so edited as to distort the meaning and motivation of his words — it remains an entertainingly edifying experiment in outspoken video journalism, and Brinkley retains his status as the laconically eloquent voice of dissent on an all too timorous medium.

BUDDY GRECO *the right of swing*

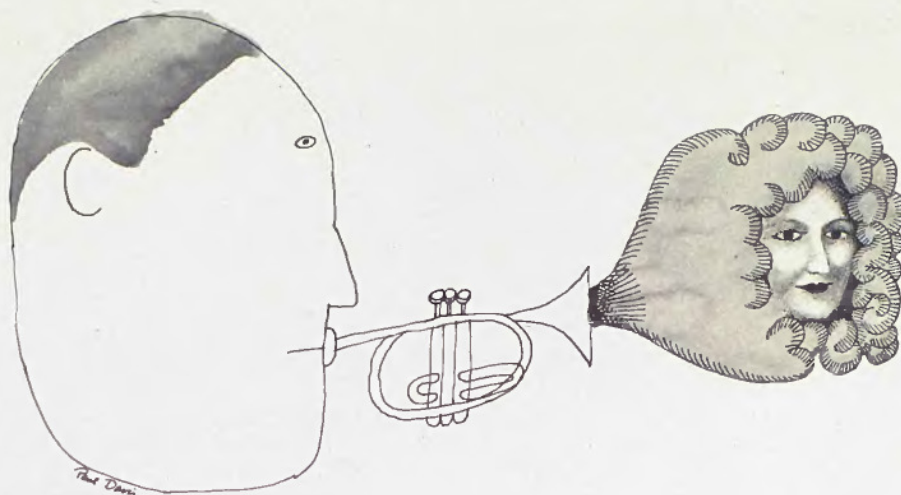
A YOUNG MAN poised on the brink of the big time, 35-year-old jazz singer Armando "Buddy" Greco cut his first record, *Ooh, Looka There Ain't She Pretty*, when he was 19. It was a spectacular smash, sold 1,500,000 copies — and netted him slightly more than \$30 (the record company folded before Buddy could reap the financial harvest). A triple-threat pianist-arranger-singer with the Benny Goodman band of the early Fifties, Buddy left Goodman to be his own man, touring the country's better lounges as a tastefully rocking pianist-vocalist. After a number of



years of garnering rave reviews, a comfortable living — but limited audiences — in such *intime* rooms as Chicago's Le Bistro, and spurred on by the success of his belting recording of *Around the World*, Buddy decided to take a bold giant step: he scrapped his old act and debuted as a swinging stand-up single before a hard-driving house band at Las Vegas' Riviera. It was a wailing success. From the Riviera, Buddy has moved on to such king-sized clubs as Frank Sinatra's Cal-Neva Lodge, London's Bal Tabaria, San Francisco's New Fack's and New York's Copa; a flock of TV appearances; and a burgeoning list of best-selling LPs. Greco considers Sinatra the *sine qua non* of today's singers ("The old pros like Frank are still too much. He sings a lyric the end."). So, for that matter, does Buddy.



"That little detour will probably cost us the rally, Sally, but what the hell —"



the interest of strangers

fiction by ray russell liner notes to a requiem for a moldy fig

*The Wanton, though she knows its dangers,
Must needs smear kohl about her eyes,
And wake the interest of strangers
With long-drawn, hoarse, erotic sighs.*
— Edward Gorey: *The Fatal Lozenge*

THE WORD WANTON — when used to describe a female person unfit to associate with respectable men and women — is a quaint Victorianism for what today we might call a swinging chick.

And few words carry in them a more damning indictment of the entire Victorian soul. We are told by dictionaries that WANTON means *unrestrained, not susceptible to control* — and in an age of conformity these conditions should be thrice-welcome by all save those for whom Restraint and Control have become both food and drink, both drug and fetish. We are told that WANTON also means *excessively merry or gay, sportive, frolicsome, playful* ("as wanton lambs or breezes," says Webster, sniffingly adding, "*Chiefly Poetic*"). How mangy and maggotty the mind that can find evil in persons one with the lambs and the breezes, in persons excessively merry, in persons Chiefly Poetic! Let us, then, understand one another before we embark on this little amorality tale about four wantons: Olympia, her cousin, me, and Blue Mundy.

The art of Blue Mundy is too familiar to justify exhaustive comment here: his gutsy, traditional horn, his self-bestowed

(but no less true for that) title, "The Moldiest Fig on the Tree" — these are the stuff of legend. What must therefore occupy these notes is the story of Blue Mundy's passing into another world, a passing that shocked and saddened a legion of "Bluebirds" (the affectionate term by which Blue Mundy devotees described themselves) and made a memorial album such as this an unfortunate necessity.

As the president of Label Records, I knew the music of Blue Mundy; as a friend, I knew the man behind the music. An intimate knowledge, this, garnered bit by bit during many a night-long bull session, many a drinking bout, and, yes, many a double date. The beginning of the end for Blue Mundy came as a direct result of one such social engagement. It is etched forever in my memory.

"Blue," I said to him on that fateful day, "I don't need it." You see, he was about to do it again. He was about to fix me up. Blue had fixed me up on several occasions in the past, once with a girl who was a dead ringer for Mort Sahl, but on this occasion I no longer needed fixing up; I was doing quite nicely, thank you, with an amiable young lady of recent acquisition who was fixing me up, down, and counterclockwise, thus satisfying my modest needs. I was, and am, a simple man. It seemed to me I was fixed up as well as any young buck could reasonably expect in this imperfect world. Blue, however, thought other-

(continued on page 84)



VENUS: Namesake of the goddess of love, cloud-covered Venus might conceal a comely colony of affectionate angels. But beware! Entertaining a visiting V-girl would be a gas, but the gas, alas, would be lethal carbon dioxide—prime ingredient of Venus' atmosphere. Unable to breathe our air, a verdant Venutienne would be kept in kissless captivity by her CO₂ helmet. Without lip service, further endearments would be futile.

GIRLS FROM OUTER SPACE

a galaxy of heavenly bodies poses some pretty problems for playboys of the future

EVER SINCE the half-draped daughter of Mongo's merciless Ming first had eyes (just two) for fearless Flash Gordon, Earthmen have mooned over the pleasant possibility of high life on other planets. But now that space travel is but a few orbits from reality, it's time for some serious thinking anent existence of exotic extraterrestrials. If there actually are gals out there in our galaxy, how will the playboy of, say, 2000 A.D. fare with them on terra firma? Certainly, extreme variations in environments would make interplanetary playmates a far cry from the fair sex as we know it today. (A Jane from gigantic Uranus, for instance, might measure a perfect 36-22-36 — feet, not inches.) With such differences — and associated difficulties — in mind, far-out photographer Jerry Yulsman herewith portrays some additional problems that may well confront any Earthly males contemplating amour with heavenly bodies.

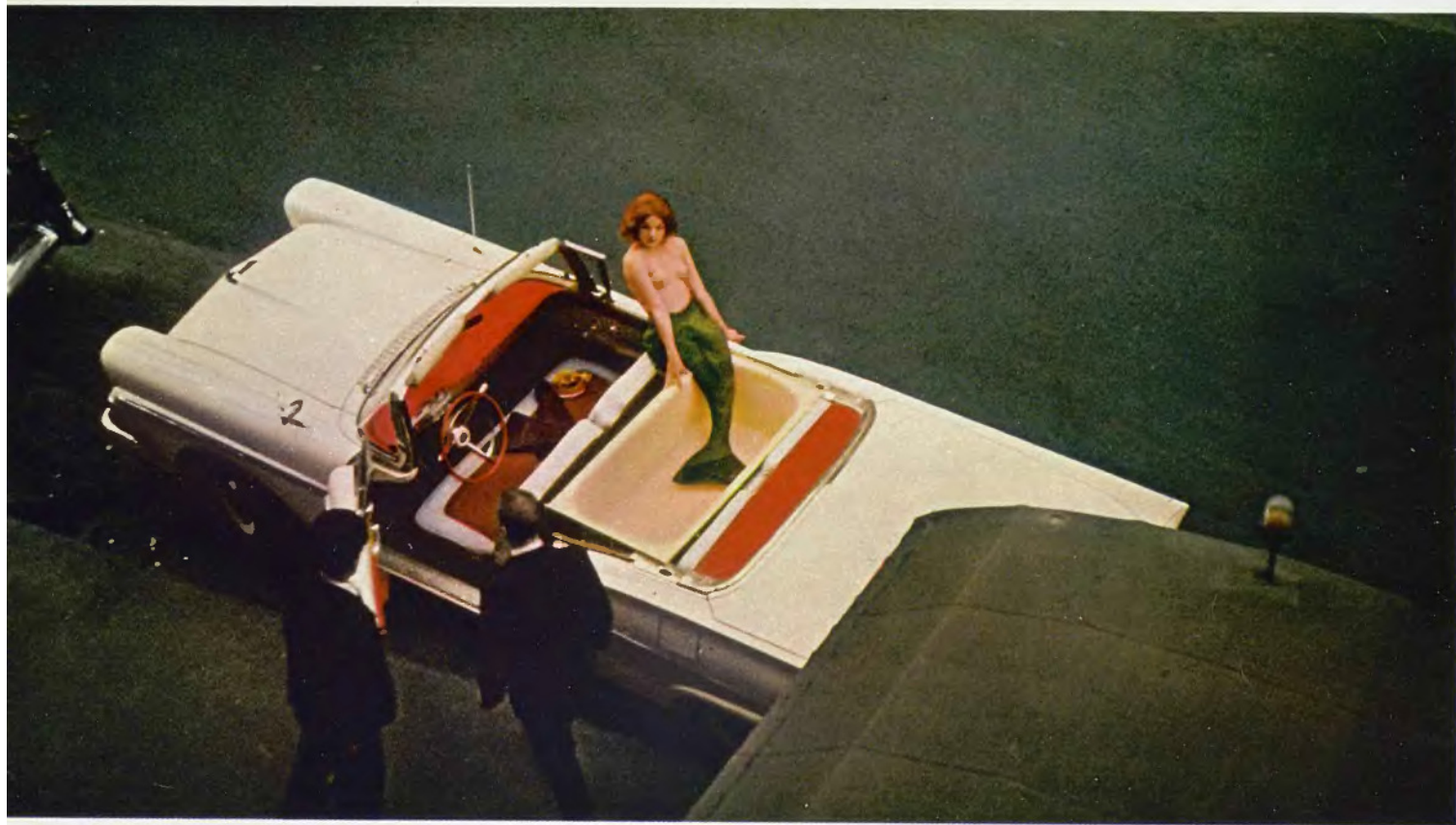
PHOTOGRAPHY BY JERRY YULSMAN



PLUTO: Thinking of an Earthly affair with a playmate from Pluto? Well, cool it. Orbiting 3,680,000,000 miles from the sun, her far-out planet is a nippy 400 degrees below zero. Here, you'd need an icehouse and earmuffs to thaw out her assets.

JUPITER: Since her huge planet has a surface gravity nearly three times that of our own, a jumping Jupiter lass would have much more bounce to the ounce here on Earth. But levity doesn't always lead to merriment: you could find yourself pogo stuck.





NEPTUNE: Named after the mythological king of the seas, this far, mysterious planet might harbor a race of magnificent mermaids. But imagine the problems of dating a Neptunian nymph on Earth. Toting her in a tub would be only half the rub. The rest, of course, is a tail well calculated to keep you in suspense.

MERCURY: A come-hither stare from the midriff eye of a Mercurial maiden might easily tempt an Earthling to try for a fast fling. But unless he was prepared to escort her in asbestos, he'd be bound to burn his fingers. Little wonder, since Mercury's sunny side reaches a temperature of 750 sizzling degrees.





SATURN: Of all the solar sororities, there could be no more blasé bunch than the sated sirens of Saturn. With more of just about everything, their planet is the Texas of outer space. Thus, an Earthman's efforts to impress a Saturnienne with a moonlight saturnalia would be doomed to failure. Not only does her planet have *nine* moons and a spectacular set of rings, but she would probably have four arms—for stifling yawns.

interest of strangers (continued from page 79)

wise. The subject came up during a recording session.

At the first break, he had turned to me, grinned, shaken the spit out of his horn, and said, "Say, Button Nose, whaddaya doin' this P.M.?"

"Nothing special."

"Good. I got a deal cookin' on a coupla very tasty Village breads. I'll fix y'up."

"Thanks a lot, Blue, but I've . . ."

He looked at me with a mixture of horror and disbelief.

"Whaddaya, crazy? I said I'll fix y'up. A sure thing, in the bag. Continental stuff, very classy, very sultry. You'll love it."

"No, really —"

"Listen, don't get fancy with me. This is old Blue you're talkin' at, and I know you, Buster, I know you of old. Since when do you pass up any little bit you can get?"

"Look, old man —"

"Shud dup. And besides, you'll be doin' a favor for sweet old Uncle Blue, your buddy. This broad, mine I mean, she latched onto this cousin or somethin' just stepped off the boat from the Old Country . . ."

"What old country?"

"Whaddaya, wise? How should I know what old country? This babe is stuck with this here hick fresh off the boat, and here I am with big things planned for between the babe and me. You don't wanna see old Blue get shafted, do ya? Hell, no. And listen, I've *seen* this yokel from overseas and it's all very mouth-waterin' stuff what she's got. Very naive type, y'know? Good family, sheltered, don't know from nothin'. I mean you just move right in and take over. A setup. So here's what you wanna do. You wanna trot home and dab some Arrid under your arms and pick me up here about six in your heap. And while you're at it, stuff a thick heada lettuce in your wallet because what with alimony and income tax I'm naturally kinda pinched and we'll wanna show these quail a good time with all the trimmin's and make a big fat impression. Were you gonna say somethin'?"

"No," I sighed. "No, Blue, not a word."

"Great. See ya round six. And come — diggez-vous? — prepared."

He nodded to my engineer to indicate he was ready for another take, and I left as he lifted his horn to his lips.

Blue had decked himself out in a pink sport shirt, lime jacket, sky-blue trousers and shoes of leather, mesh and mink. Strongly redolent of witch hazel and Vitalis, he was sitting beside me vigorously chewing gum. "See that little

artsy-craftsy shop? The one with all them mobiles in the winda? That's the place. My broad she owns it. Park right in front. Double-park: we'll only be in there a minute."

We entered the shop and Blue broke the cloistered stillness with a "Come and geddid, girls!" that made the mobiles tremble.

A lithe blonde wearing hoop earrings and thong sandals came at us from behind a greeting card display and glued herself to Blue. "Enoch, you big Neanderthal," she groaned lewdly. "Are you in good condition?" It was the first time I had heard anyone use his given name.

"Wait'll ya see what I got for ya, Baby. I'm in great shape," Blue said as he clamped down on her mouth. Time stood still while I inspected the terracotta ceiling and read a few greeting cards. I was struck by one in the Gourmet section that read *Tell me not in mournful numbers Life is but an empty dream, Tell me it is sliced cucumbers In a sauce of sour cream: BON APETIT!* Finally, Blue came up for air. "This here," he said, breathing heavily and jerking a hairy thumb in my direction, "is for your cousin." Then at me: "Hey, you bum, this here's Olympia. Shake her hand. That's enough; leggo. Now whereinhell's the cousin?"

"Here she comes, Enoch," said Olympia.

Blue had me fixed up with a flourish. Olympia's cousin advanced upon me from the rear of the store, her hips doing an unconscious cha-cha-cha. We were introduced quickly — her name was unpronounceable — and she extended her hand for me to kiss. Suddenly I wasn't angry at Blue any more for fixing me up.

"OK, break it up," he growled. "Let's go nail some chow."

I was driving a car with wide, roomy seats, but the cousin insisted on nestling so close to me that my left ear flattened against the window like a suction cup. In addition to this, her perfume (which I suspect she used as you or I might use rubbing alcohol) rose from her body in near-visible serpentine coils until I was so suffocated with sensuality that only a divine hand saved us from collision with an elderly female pedestrian. "What's," I coughed and started again, "what's that you're wearing?"

"Is called Criminal Assault," she husked.

"Hey, Jocko," commanded Blue from the back seat, "let's stick around the neighborhood, yeah? Pull over to that parking lot and we'll case the scene on the corner and grab a bite."

The scene under discussion was a subterranean espresso shop called The La Forza Del Destino Coffee Catacomb. Into it, I soon learned, fresh air and

the light of day seldom ventured. We, more bold, did, and were approached by a young female person made up in the current fashion (current then, that is; the party line may have shifted since); her whole face, lips included, was blanked into pallor by a light shade of pancake makeup, but her eyes were heavily outlined and elaborated with Ballerina Black, causing them (especially in the murk of the Catacomb) to leap disturbingly from her face. "A pair of deuces, Doll," said Blue, and she led us behind an enormous espresso machine that looked like Winged Victory in aluminum, to a small table-for-four — I stumbling blithely against chairs the while. Once established at the table, I struck a match and tried to read the menu, but the cousin's heavy breathing made the flame flicker and I gave it up as a bad job, placing my order by jabbing a forefinger at a random spot on the menu and grunting authoritatively. My efforts gained me scant nourishment (a parsley sandwich) so I asked, also, for a double gibson with extra onions which they sent next door for since they had no liquor license.

The cousin ordered the same; Olympia toyed with a chalice of Caffè Pirandello (ginger-ale, Pernod and coffee); and Blue wrapped his mandibles around a hero sandwich that harbored generous portions of salami, pepperoni, bologna, Swiss cheese, bel paese cheese, cottage cheese, sliced tomatoes, sliced pickles, chopped chicken livers, chopped egg, chopped nuts, marinated herring, anchovies, olives, Italian peppers, Spanish onions, chutney, curry powder, fried eggplant, lettuce, sliced tomatoes (oh I said that) and bacon. During this repast, the cousin sat directly opposite me and devoured me with her eyes. I report this in the interest of objectivity; there is no boasting involved; women devour me with their eyes too frequently to mention and I have long since ceased to attach any special importance to the act. I attribute it not so much to my boyish charm and button nose as to that suggestion of blood-curdling depravity I'm told lurks behind my deceptively seraphic features.

The talk between the cousin and me was without benefit of wit, starting with polite references to each other's vocations and avocations, and finally retreating to that last resort of desperate conversationalists, likes and dislikes. She confided to me that she liked to sleep naked. Also that she liked African lobster tails, American toothpaste and cultured men.

I told her, as I have already told you, that I am a simple man. "I like practically everything," I said. "It would be easier to list the things I don't like. Manhattans, for example. Baked pota-

(continued on page 120)

the second 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"

HOW CAN I TELL WHEN I AM A MAN?

When, indeed, so many ask, does the powerful sap of manhood begin to surge through my body? What can I do to prepare myself for it?

First you will go through a period which may *seem* long, but which will actually last no more than 10 or 12 years. During this time you will *think* you are a man. Your body will develop in every way and you will become possessed of powerful and, at first, unusual ideas.

Put these ideas entirely out of your head. Think no more about them and you will come through this period happily and without further worry.

Before you know it you will be 25 or 26, through with school, have a good job, and be able to marry.

Now — not before — you can say, "I am a man!"

WORTH WAITING FOR

You will be able to look about you and discover all kinds of wondrous sights which we will assume you have avoided noticing before.

You will find to your delight that you are surrounded by thousands and thousands of lovely girls, dressed to be their most appealing and exciting. And wherever you look, on billboards, in magazines, in the movies, on television — everywhere — you will find even more beautiful girls, often wearing costumes that leave little to the imagination.

You will wonder how you missed noticing them.

In fact, everyone will wonder, because never in all the march of civilization have so many been exposed to so much for so long.

For the few of you, however, who have not yet gone through this 10- or 12-year period, and who have happened to look to the right or to the left, we have scraped together a few words of advice.

YOUR PARENTS AND SEX

Early in this period during which the sap is rising,

you may notice that your father is acting strangely. He will often appear to be approaching a subject, only to veer away in confusion.

He will be trying to bring up the subject of sex.

You will find that fathers, and occasionally mothers, too, show needless embarrassment over this topic. Put them at their ease. An embarrassed father is a poor companion.

Once you identify the first gropings, seize the initiative. Be casual and matter of fact.

"By the way, Dad, thought you might be interested in this bit from Kraft-Ebing."

"Oh?" (*He may look surprised, but go on.*)

"I'll help you with the Latin if you like."

Any good textbook on the subject will work just as well, providing it is just a *trifle* over your father's head.

Treat the whole thing as a matter of intellectual curiosity. Leers and nudges may be fun but they will not give your parents a healthy attitude.

KEEPING YOUR STANDARDS HIGH

It may shock you to detect in your own parents a real lack of moral fiber. Though at first you may think that this will have small effect on *you*, you will be mistaken. Most parental interference is a result of their feeling that you are going to try to do the same things that *they* did.

Make it clear to them very early that your standards are far higher than theirs.

"Pity, wasn't it, Father, that in your day morals were, well, a bit on the sketchy side?"

"Well, now, Davie, I—"

"Oh, I don't blame *you*. You were all swept along on a tide of *joie de vivre*. It's very understandable historically. Pity, though."

(*Be sure at all times to adopt a tolerant attitude.*)

Once you have established (*concluded on page 117*)

By SHEPHERD MEAD

THE FIRST SAP OF MANHOOD AND HOW IT RISES

An embarrassed father is a poor companion.



man at his leisure

a neiman portrait of the players and pleasures of vegas

LAS VEGAS, Nevada, is a city—or rather, an improbable idea—based on the principle of random motion. From its round-the-clock marriage parlors (which logged some 29,000 five-minute ceremonies last year) to its green-felted gaming tables (over which more than a billion dollars changes hands annually), life in Vegas revolves about the unbiased bearings of chance. The promise of *bonne chance* and the cool green glow of money are the lures that draw both gamblers and gamblers into the desert toward the verdant oasis of high living and long odds.

"This is an observer's paradise," wrote **PLAYBOY's** master impressionist LeRoy Neiman after weeks of painting the town in his uniquely bold-sensitive style. Concentrating on the tense table excitement and gaudy gaiety of Las Vegas' famous Strip, Neiman found that "the gourmet cuisine, lavish revues, luxury suites, super

service and shimmering swimming pools are all designed to soothe, romance and eventually lead you to the gaming tables—the reason for it all."

Time, by custom, is a vagrant in Vegas. "There are no clocks visible anywhere," noted Neiman. In the huge, windowless gambling rooms day and night are unknown. Although there may be a brief letup at the tables between 7 A.M. and 10 A.M., as the night crowd fades away for a few hours of sleep, the shows ("the biggest and barest west of Paris") continue on in the Strip's posh clubrooms and oversized lounges 24 hours a day. Here, Neiman artfully records the frenetic moods and the manic manners of the glittering town that chance built.

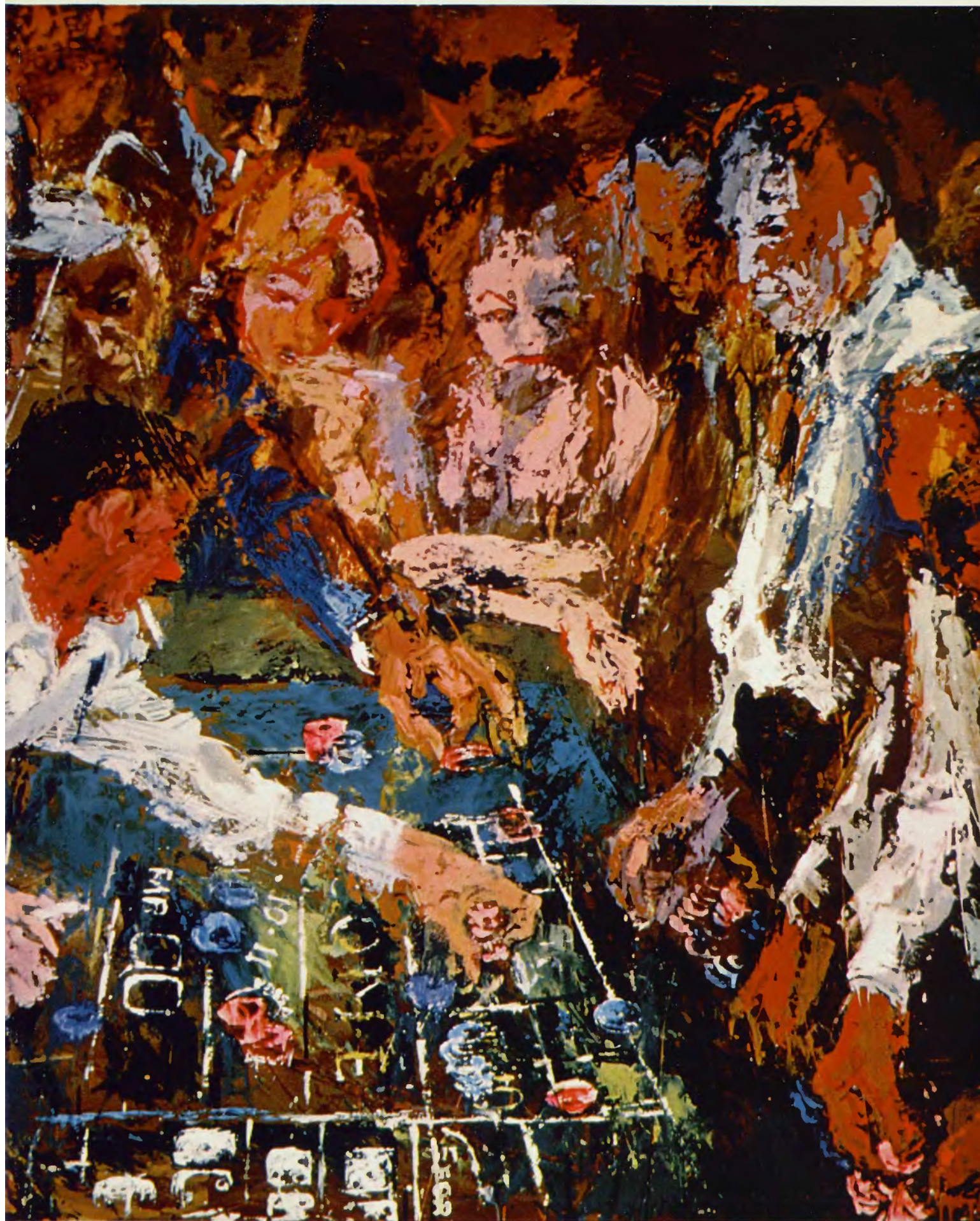


One-armed bandits (nickel to silver dollar) serve as chick sitters for serious gamblers.



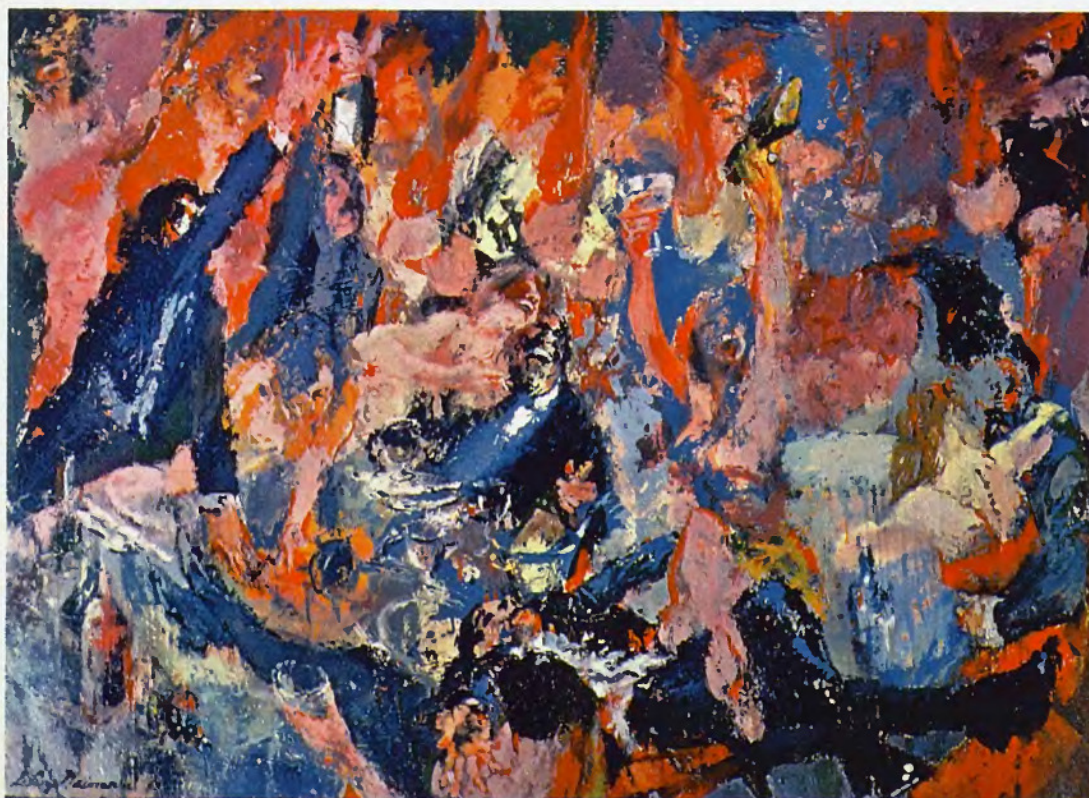
Above: the traditional calm of a sedate roulette table is momentarily broken as a nervous player lunges forward to place a hunch bet on the house's zero-double-zero before the croupier sends the ivory ball on its course around the whirling wheel. Right: craps, the noisy, gregarious "American game," is the real heart of Vegas. Here, an embottled shooter, collar open and hair disheveled, chances a fistful of chips in hopes of reviving an earlier winning streak, while his silver-haired companion stores hopefully at all that money in the bank.





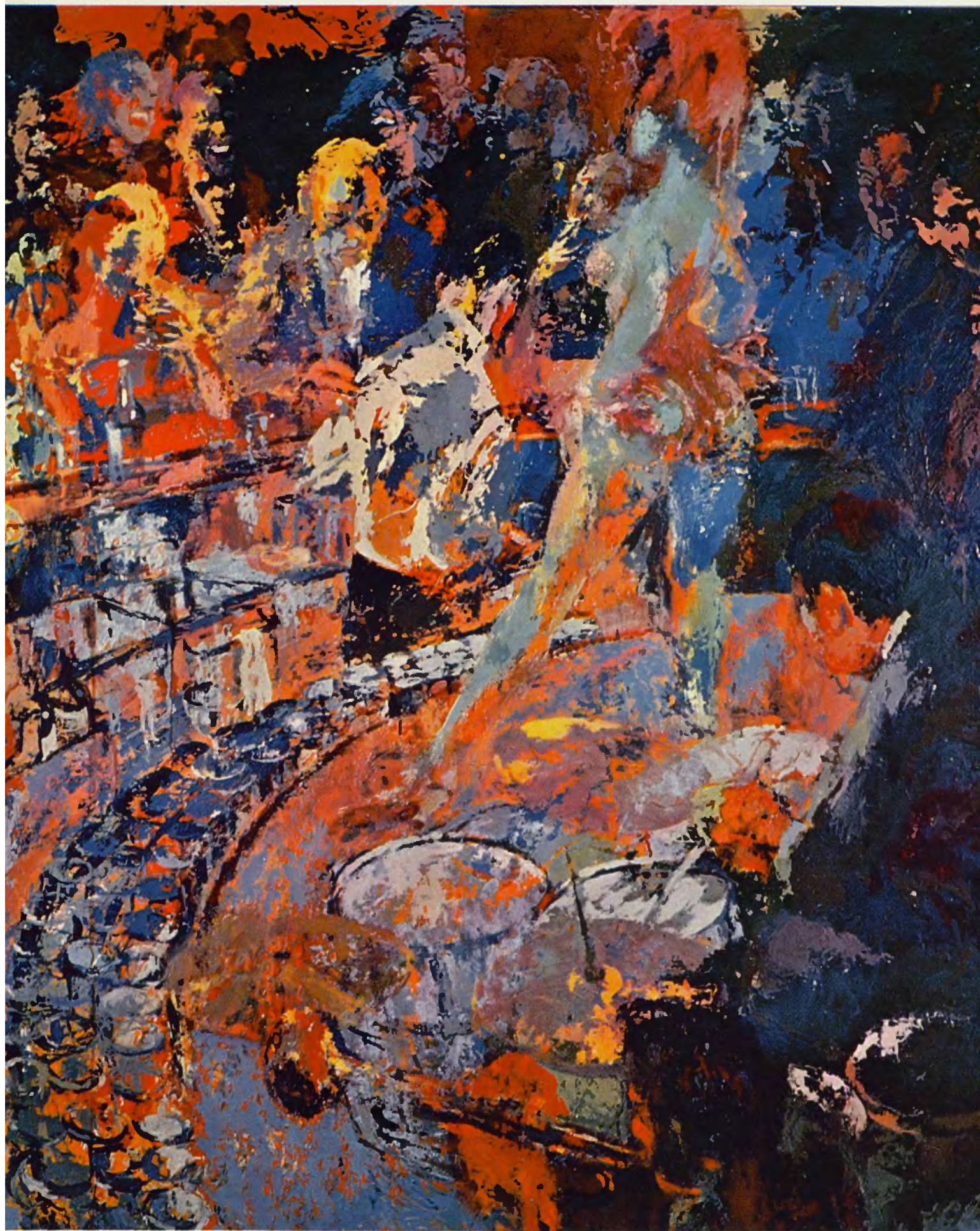


Above: Dior and diamonds share table space with capri pants and sable in a late-night craps session on the Strip. Below: ringside roistering steals the show from a cancan chorus as a reveling redhead performs the old champagne-in-slipper stunt over the unconscious form of her newly — and probably temporarily — wealthy escort. "A really big win," says Neiman, "always takes a newcomer by surprise." Right: a well-constructed stripper gets scant attention from a mixed assembly of obvious winners and losers crowded three deep around the bar of an all-night lounge. While the lounges of Las Vegas easily surpass night clubs in most other cities, they pale in comparison to the star-spangled spectacles of Vegas' acre-sized showrooms where top names get as much as \$45,000 for a 10-hour work week. "There are plenty of other places in the world where a gambler can find a game of chance," says Neiman, "but none has as many exciting sideline diversions and sensuous attractions as Las Vegas."



man
at
his
leisure

concluded



*"And what's so bad
about leading a
dog's life?"*



Vargas

UNQUESTIONABLY, A MAN OF WIT

THE MAYOR'S WIFE had become interested in a youthful composer who stopped from time to time in the town square, and when finally she made conversation with him and found him to be a most engaging fellow, she longed to share the ultimate pleasures with him.

Upon her marriage to the mayor, however, when she found that individual to be totally witless despite his legal training and practical mind, she had resolved to lie with no man unless he prove himself unquestionably clever.

The composer, meanwhile, was equally appreciative of her charms and, since he considered himself a man of wit, did not mind her challenge.

"Suggest the sternest test," he told her. "I shall not fail it."

"Very well," said the mayor's wife. "You are a composer and my husband is fond of music. I shall tell him I am going to your retreat in the hills to listen to some of your works. He will invite himself, and presently we shall arrive."

"But what is the test?" protested the composer.

"My husband is a most jealous man," she replied. "If you can make love to me before we depart, I shall place myself at your disposal from that day on."

The composer pondered the problem at length and finally he came upon an idea. Rushing to a neighbor's home, he summoned that fellow and together they proceeded to the composer's domicile where they awaited the mayor and his wife. When that civic pair pulled their horses to the side of the house and dismounted, the composer shouted savagely at his friend and chased him out the door, at the same time striking him about the back and shoulders with a stick.

"I regret if my arrival was untimely," said the mayor.

"It is no matter," rejoined the composer with feigned sadness. "The truth must eventually be known. I am one of those men who is not attracted by women. I prefer the company of men. My friend and I have just argued because he no longer wishes to continue our relationship. He is enamored of a female."

At this point, there was a commotion outside, and they rushed to the door only to find the friend chasing away the mayor's horses.

"Now I have avenged your injurious remarks," he told the composer. "Your friends will have no way of leaving here, for their horses are gone, and you are as well aware as I that it may be days before someone might happen by. I hope this act of mine embarrasses you with them as much as your act embarrassed me."

The composer began to apologize to the mayor and his wife, but that civic gentleman interrupted his speech.

"It is no matter," replied the mayor, "for it is impossible to undo those things which have been done. The problem now is how shall we be accommodated here until someone passes. Are there two beds?"

"Each of us has a bed," said the friend, "but I advise you now that I shall not share mine with that demented musician."

The mayor pondered this for a moment. He realized, of course, that his wife would not be safe with a man who acted on such quick impulses as the composer's friend, particularly since that individual had just regained his appetite for women. So he made this suggestion:

"Suppose, then, young man, I share your bed, and my wife takes sleep with the composer?"

The friend consented to this arrangement, and the four retired to the separate beds, where the composer proceeded to make the sounds of music.

— Retold by Paul J. Gillette

Ribald Classic

From the *Satyricon* of Petronius



TEEVEE JEEBIES MEETS THE WOLF MAN

satire By SHEL SILVERSTEIN



"Poison ivy! As if I didn't have enough damn trouble."



"It's no use, Louie. Bird imitations just aren't funny anymore."



"I'd say the pile washed in Cheer is definitely whiter."



"A manicure and a haircut and hurry!"



"I want to hear those notes come rolling up and out from the diaphragm!"



"That's funny, this sun lamp worked fine for me just a minute ago . . ."

a ghoul mine of devilish dialog for video's midnight monster rallies



"It's almost ready. You got the cream and sugar?"



"I think our idea for a home-permanent kit is going to need just a bit more research . . ."



"Whose idea was it to put more lighter fluid on the charcoal?"



"I get these pains in my tummy whenever I laugh, doc . . ."



"He was singing some odd song about being off to see the wonderful Wizard of Oz, when he came close enough for me to get a shot at him . . ."



"Come on, Harriet, kiss the kid goodnight and let's go. The taxi's been waiting for nearly 10 minutes."

WORLD WITHOUT DISTANCE

worlds like the Moon, Mercury and the satellites of the giant planets, alternative forms of transport may be impracticable, and the absence of atmosphere will permit very high speeds even at ground level. Such a situation almost demands railroads—using that term to mean any system employing fixed tracks. On rugged, low-gravity worlds there is a good deal to be said for cars suspended from overhead monorails or cables, which could be slung across valleys and chasms and craters, with complete indifference to the geography below them. A century from now, the face of the Moon may be covered with such a network, linking together the pressurized cities of the first extraterrestrial colony.

The end of the freight-carrying ships—the tramps and the windjammers and the galleons and the quinqueremes which for 6000 years have carried the cargoes of the world—is already in sight; in another century, only a few will be left as picturesque survivals in out-of-the-way places. After ages without a rival, the cargo ship is now challenged simultaneously on several fronts.

One challenge is from *below* the water. The submarine is a much more efficient vehicle than the surface ship, which wastes much of its energy on the production of waves. With the advent of nuclear energy, the high-speed, long-range submarine envisaged years ago by Jules Verne is at last practical, but so far has been developed only for military purposes. Whether the heavy initial cost, and the problems of underwater operation, will make the cargo submarine economical is another question.

The nemesis of the oceangoing freighter may not be the submarine, however, but the Ground Effect Machine, riding on a cushion of air over land and sea. In fact, the GEM may be the biggest thing in transport since the wheel was invented 6000 years ago.

How do we ride on a cushion of air? We need a reasonably flat surface and a slightly hollowed plate lying on top of it. If we blow into the plate with sufficient force, it will rise until the air spills out around the rim; and it will float above the ground, or the water. The bigger we make our "hovership," the higher it will ride off the surface below, and the rougher the terrain it can cross. For the first time it allows us to float really heavy loads in the air; since the efficiency of a GEM increases with size, there is no reason why hoverships as large as today's oceangoing liners should not be built, if it proves desirable.

Probably it will not, for these vehicles would be so fast (cruising at one or two hundred miles an hour) that their cargo-carrying capacity would be equal to that of a conventional ship several times larger. And, as they could travel just

(continued from page 70)

as easily over land as over water, they could ignore all seaports and discharge their loads a thousand miles inland. The revolution in transport that they would bring about is so great that it would leave unchanged very few of today's trade routes, wipe out the Suez and Panama Canals, open up now-inaccessible areas of the globe and completely alter the pattern of world politics.

Though the GEM may liberate us from the tyranny of roads and enable us to move with a new degree of freedom over the face of the Earth, it has several disadvantages, some of which may be fundamental. It is noisy, stirs up clouds of dust or spray, can travel only across fairly level surfaces and can never rise more than a few feet from the ground. It will both exhilarate and tantalize us, for it will hint of better things to come.

It is in the air, and above it, at altitudes of somewhat more than a few feet from the ground, that we can look for the most revolutionary advances in the future of transport. One of them lies immediately ahead, in the perfection of VTOL (Vertical Takeoff and Landing) aircraft. Though the helicopter, for all its importance in more specialized fields, has had little effect on public transportation, this will not be true of its successors, the short- and medium-range air buses of the near future. What form they will take, and what principle they will operate on, no one can foresee at the moment; but no one has any doubts that practical versions will soon be developed from one or another of the horrid-looking devices that are now laboriously heaving themselves off the ground with the aid of jets, rotors or tilting wings. We shall not have conquered the air until we can go straight up and come straight down—as slowly as we please.

As far as intercontinental transportation is concerned, the battle is already over, the decision already made. Where speed is required, the airlines have no competition. Indeed, the ridiculous situation has now been reached where traveling to and from the airport, and getting through the Paper Curtains at either end, take longer than a transatlantic flight.

Nevertheless, aircraft speeds will increase very substantially over the next few decades. Undoubtedly we shall be able, within the next generation, to build "conventional" jet transports operating at speeds of one to two thousand miles an hour. This would mean that no journey on Earth could last for more than six hours, and very few would be of over two or three hours' duration. A worldwide pattern of long-distance mass transportation might develop, far more like today's bus and rail services than anything now offered by the airlines.

For ultrahigh-speed services, at several thousand miles an hour, it will be necessary to use rockets, and it seems unlikely that these can ever be economical on the basis of chemical propellants. Although we can now shoot a man around the world in 90 minutes, about a hundred tons of fuel have to be burned to do so. Even when rockets are fully developed, it is doubtful if the figure could be reduced to less than 10 tons per passenger. This is some 20 times the already impressive half-ton of kerosene per passenger consumed by the big jets of today on long-distance flights. (Of course, the rocket has to carry its oxygen as well—the penalty it must pay for traveling outside the atmosphere.)

There are two lines of development that might make very high-speed transportation an economic possibility. The first is a cheap, safe and clean nuclear propulsion system, which would greatly reduce the propellant load. Such a system is far beyond sight at the moment, because it could not be based upon fission—the only means currently available for releasing the energy of the atom. At the risk of making myself appear a reactionary old fogey, I do not believe that uranium- and plutonium-fueled devices should be allowed off the ground. Aircraft (here is a daring prediction) will always crash; it is bad enough to be sprayed by burning kerosene, but such disasters are at least local and temporary. Fallout is neither.

The only mobile nuclear power plants that can be tolerated in the air and nearby space must be free from radioactivity. We cannot build such systems at the moment, but we may be able to do so when we have achieved controlled thermonuclear reactions. Then, with a few pounds of lithium and heavy hydrogen as fuel, we will be able to fly substantial payloads round the world at up to orbital speed—18,000 miles an hour.

It has also been suggested—and this is one of those ideas that sounds much too good to be true—that *fuelless* aircraft may be developed which can fly indefinitely in the upper atmosphere, powered by the natural sources of energy that exist there. These sources have already been tapped in a number of spectacular experiments. When sodium vapor is discharged from a rocket at the correct altitude, it triggers a reaction between the electrified atoms which lie on the boundaries between air and space. As a result, a visible glow may spread across many miles of the sky. It is the energy of sunlight, which is collected by the atoms during the day and released when it receives the right stimulus.

Unfortunately, although the total amount of energy stored in the upper atmosphere is very large, it is also very dilute. Enormous volumes of rarefied gas would have to be collected and

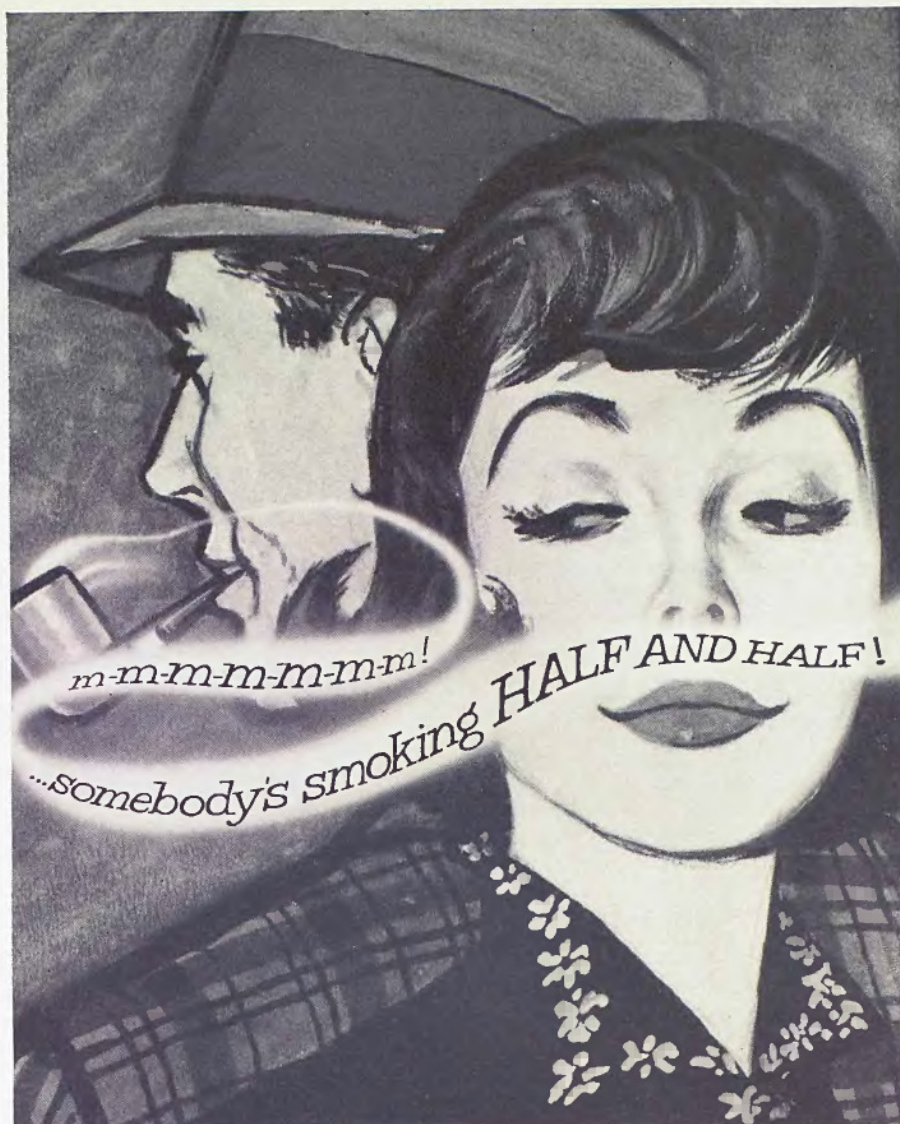
processed to give any useful result. If some kind of high-speed ramjet could scoop up the thin air, and release enough of its energy in the form of heat to produce an adequate thrust, then it could fly forever with no expenditure of fuel. At the moment this seems unlikely, for the drag of the air scoops would be much greater than the thrust that could be expected, but the idea should not be dismissed out of hand. A few decades ago we had no idea that such energy sources existed; there may be still more powerful ones yet to be discovered.

However, even if fuel were free and unlimited, there would still be obstacles at very high flight speeds. Circus performers can tolerate being shot from cannon, but paying passengers object to high accelerations—and those are inevitable if we hope to attain really high speeds.

Let us look at a few figures. An acceleration of 1 g means that in each second speed is increasing at the rate of 22 miles per hour. At this rate it would take almost 14 minutes to reach orbiting speed (18,000 mph), and during the whole of that time every passenger would feel that he had another man sitting on his lap. Then (on the longest possible flight, half the circumference of the Earth) there would be 20 minutes of completely weightless flight which would probably be even more disconcerting. And after that, another 14-minute, 1-g period, while the speed was being reduced to zero. At no time during the trip could anyone claim to be comfortable, and for the weightless portion of the flight even the famous paper bag would be unusable. It might not be unfair to say that in round-the-world satellite transportation, half the time the toilet is out of reach, and the other half of the time it is out of order.

A close satellite orbit represents a kind of natural speed limit for travel round the Earth: once a body is established in it, it circles effortlessly at 18,000 mph, taking about 90 minutes per revolution. If you travel faster than 18,000 miles an hour, you must provide an additional downward force to keep yourself in orbit: Earth alone cannot do it. A situation thus arises—which the pioneers of aviation could scarcely have imagined when they were struggling to get off the ground—when a flying machine has to be held down to keep it at the correct altitude; without some tethering force, it will fly off into space, like a stone from a sling.

In the case of a vehicle circling the Earth at 25,000 mph, the extra force needed to keep it in orbit amounts to exactly one gravity. This might be provided by rockets driving the spacecraft toward the center of the Earth with an acceleration of 1 g. Yet it would get no closer, and the only difference between



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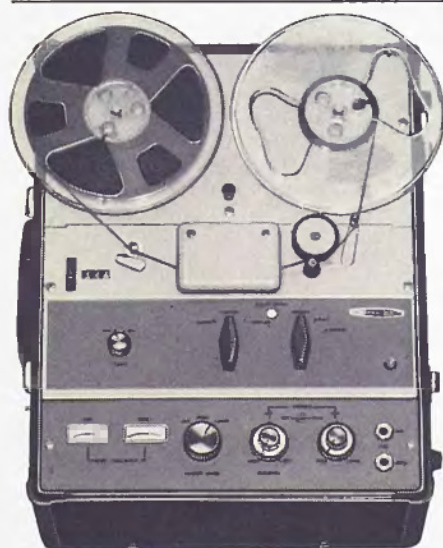
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this powered trajectory and a normal free satellite orbit is that it would be quicker—one hour instead of 90 minutes—and that the occupants of the vehicle would no longer be weightless. They would, in fact, appear to have their ordinary weight, but its direction would be reversed. "Down" would be toward the stars; Earth would be hanging *above* the anxious astronauts, spinning on its axis every 60 minutes.

At greater speeds, still larger forces would have to be employed to keep the vehicle in its artificial orbit. Although there seems no possible use for such performances, which would require enormous amounts of energy, man's love of record breaking will presumably lead to ultrahigh-speed circuits of the globe as soon as they become technically feasible. Going round the world in less than 30 minutes would be a rugged proposition, as well as an expensive one. To do it in 15 minutes—at 100,000 mph—30 gravities would have to be endured; this might be possible, if the occupant—who would not take much active interest in the proceedings, anyway—was totally immersed in water. I suggest, however, that such a performance would already have passed the limit of sanity. It is impracticable to make hairpin turns round an astronomical pinpoint like the Earth. Though men will travel round the world comfortably in 80 minutes, they will never do so in eight, with any means of propulsion known today.

That last clause is not just a cautious afterthought. One day, I suggest, we will have methods of propulsion fundamentally different from any that have ever existed in the past. All known vehicles, without exception, accelerate their occupants by giving them a physical push which they feel through their boots or the seats of their pants. This is true of oxcarts and bicycles, of automobiles and rockets. That it need not always be true is suggested by the curious behavior of gravitational fields.

When you fall freely under Earth's gravity, you are increasing speed at the rate of 22 miles per hour, every second—but you do not *feel* anything at all. This would be true no matter how intense the gravity field; if you were dropped toward Jupiter, you would accelerate at 60 mph every second, for Jupiter's gravity is more than two and a half times Earth's. Near the Sun you would increase speed at the rate of 600 miles an hour each second, and again you would feel no force acting upon you. There are stars—White Dwarfs—with gravity fields more than a thousand times as strong as Jupiter's; in the vicinity of such a star, you might add a hundred thousand miles an hour to your speed *every second* without the slightest discomfort—until, of course, it was time to pull out.

The reason you would experience no sensation or physical stress when being accelerated by a gravity field of *any* intensity is that it would act simultaneously upon every atom of your body. There would be no push transmitted through you layer by layer from the seat or the floor of the vehicle.

You have doubtless realized where this argument is leading. If, as I have suggested above, we can ever control and direct gravity fields, this will give us far more than the ability to float around like clouds. It will enable us to accelerate in any direction, at a rate limited only by the power available, without feeling any mechanical stress or force.

Though we can manage quite well, here on Earth, without such sophisticated methods of propulsion, they will ultimately become available as a by-product of space research. The rocket—let us face it—is not a practical method of getting around, as anyone who has ever stood in the open within a mile of a big static test will agree. We have to find something quieter, cleaner, more reliable—and faster.

Men will always, I hope, be content to wander about the world at two or three miles an hour, absorbing its beauty and its mystery. But when they are not doing this, they will be in a hurry; and then they will be satisfied with nothing short of 670,615,000 miles an hour, which is the speed of light and the ultimate speed limit of the Universe.

Even this speed, of course, will be totally inadequate to meet the challenge of interstellar space, but as far as the Earth is concerned it would amount to instantaneous transportation. A light wave could circle the globe in a seventh of a second; and one day men may do the same.

There is another—radically different—way in which men have dreamed of instantaneous transport, or "teleportation." The idea is very old, and is embodied in many Eastern religions. There must be millions of people alive at this moment who believe that it has already been achieved, by Yogis and other adepts, through the exercise of sheer willpower. Anyone who has seen a good display of fire-walking, as I have, must admit that the mind has almost unbelievable powers over matter—but in the case of teleportation I beg to be skeptical.

Let us consider teleportation in terms of known and foreseeable science, not wholly unknown and hypothetical mental powers. The only approach to this problem seems to be through electronics. We have learned to send sounds and images round the world at the velocity of light, so why not solid objects—even men?

It is important to realize that the above sentence contains a fundamental misstatement of fact, though I doubt if

many readers would spot it. We don't, by radio or TV or any other means, *send* sounds and images anywhere. They remain at their place of origin, and there, within a fraction of a second, they perish. What we do send is information—a description or plan which happens to be in the form of electrical waves—from which the original sights and sounds can be re-created.

Now let us do some technological day-dreaming, following in the footsteps of a great many science-fiction writers. (Perhaps starting with Conan Doyle; see one of his lesser-known Professor Challenger stories, *The Disintegration Machine*, published in the 1920s.) Imagine a super-X-ray device that could scan a solid object, atom by atom, just as a TV camera scans a scene in the studio. It would produce a string of electrical impulses stating in effect: here is an atom of carbon; here a billionth of an inch farther to the right is nothing; another billionth of an inch along is an atom of oxygen—and so on, until the entire object had been uniquely and explicitly described. Granted the possibility of such a device, it would not seem very much more difficult to reverse the process and build up, from the information transmitted, a duplicate of the original, identical with it in every way. We might call such a system a "matter transmitter," but the term would be misleading. It would no more transmit matter than a TV station transmits light: it would transmit information from which a suitable supply of unorganized matter in the receiver could be arranged into the desired form. Yet the result could be, in effect, instantaneous transportation—or at least transportation at the speed of radio waves, which can circle the world in a seventh of a second.

The practical difficulties, however, are so gigantic that as soon as they are spelled out the whole idea seems absurd. One has only to compare the two entities involved; there is a universe of difference between a flat image of rather low definition, and a solid body with its infinite wealth and complexity of microscopic detail down to the very atoms. There are, very roughly, 5×10^{27} atoms in a human body, as compared with the 250,000 picture elements in a TV image. It takes a TV channel a 30th of a second to handle these; simple arithmetic shows that a channel of the same capacity would take about 2×10^{13} , or 20,000,000,000,000 years, to transmit a "matter image" from one spot to another. It would be quicker to walk.

Though the above analysis is childishly naive (any communications engineer can think of ways of knocking five or six zeros from this figure), it does indicate the magnitude of the problem. It does *not* prove that it can never be

done, but merely that it is far beyond the scope of today's science.

There is, however, one trend which may work against the establishment of a virtually instantaneous global transportation system. As communications improve, until *all* the senses—and not merely vision and hearing—can be projected anywhere on the face of the Earth, men will have less and less incentive to travel. This situation was envisaged more than 80 years ago by E. M. Forster in his famous short story *The Machine Stops*, where he pictured our remote descendants as living in single cells, scarcely ever leaving them but being able to establish instant TV contact with everyone else on Earth, wherever he might be.

In his own lifetime Forster saw TV perfected far beyond his imaginings of three decades ago, and his vision of the future may be, in its essentials, not so far from the truth. Telecommunication and transportation are opposing forces, which so far have always struck a balance. If the first should ever win, the world of Forster's story would result.

On the other hand, a transportation breakthrough like that which the rise of electronics brought to communications would lead to a world of limitless and effortless mobility. Gone would be all the barriers of distance that once sundered man from man, country from country. The transformation that the telephone has wrought in business and

social life would be as nothing to that which the "teleporter" would bring to the whole of our civilization. To dismiss in a single sentence a possibility that would revolutionize (if not abolish) most of commerce and industry: imagine what would happen if we could transmit raw materials or manufactured goods instantaneously round the face of the planet! This would be billions of times less difficult, technically, than transmitting such fragile and complex entities as human beings, and I have little doubt that it will be achieved within a few centuries.

Through all the ages, man has fought against two great enemies—Time and Space. Most of his civilization and his culture consist of his winnings in this ceaseless war. Time he may never wholly conquer, and the sheer immensity of Space may also defeat him when he has ventured more than a few light-years from the Sun. Yet on this little Earth, at least, he may one day claim a final victory.

I do not know *how* it will be done, and perhaps everything I have said may merely have convinced you that it is impossible. But I believe that the time will come when we can move from Pole to Pole within the throb of a single heartbeat.

It will be one of history's little jokes if, when we attain this power, we are no longer interested in using it.



"Darling—I found the most wonderful bachelor to fill in at dinner parties."

PSYCHE KILLER (continued from page 75)

farmer or chemist or something—well, what of it? Nobody but artists insist on being the best in what they do. But in distribution—Well, the point is, you don't do anything. You project yourself, is all. And if you're not a success, there's only one reason: people don't like you. *People don't like you.* Just think for a minute what that means."

It was a solemn thought, of course. It is bad enough not to be able to afford the \$200 suits, the jet-plane travel, the tax-deductible pleasure cruisers, the air-conditioned automobiles that others around you enjoy—but to know that this is because you cannot hold your own as an amiable man among men must make your defeat in life a particularly crushing one.

"I see what you mean," I said. "And I gather that in FEND you believe that failure occurs mainly because of Problem Non-Drinking."

"Not mainly. Solely. Granted no repulsive deformities and a modicum of intelligence, it's only Problem Non-Drinking that can keep a distributor from success."

"Most of us," I said, "never heard of Problem Non-Drinking until you started FEND."

"That's because it's something new. It's a disease created by a changed environment. There wasn't any silicosis until men started cutting stone and mining coal, and there weren't any Problem Non-Drinkers until we built urban areas and began being distributors. Now every year young men come to this city—and other cities, too, and we've got FEND chapters in all of them now—and they become salesmen, time buyers, space buyers, they go into public relations, which is just distribution if you analyze it properly, and then, *whammo!* some of them find themselves in the situation I was in 10 years ago. They find they can't succeed because they're Problem Non-Drinkers. Let me tell you, Problem Non-Drinking is America's Number One Psyche Killer today."

He discussed it then, learnedly, and I shall try to summarize what he said.

Medical science (Chase quoted several eminent doctors) now recognizes not only that Problem Non-Drinking is an illness, but that there is no cure for it. A Problem Non-Drinker, no matter how many years he has been convivial, is always in danger of going on the wagon. He is not like the rest of mankind. He cannot leave it alone or take it, though he often pretends that he can. Actually, he belongs with the two out of every 13.6 people (there may be one in your family) who, even in the most relaxing of social or business situations, yearn and burn and itch and sweat with the mad-

dening secret desire to leave it alone. Alcohol makes the Problem Non-Drinker retch, perhaps, or it gives him violent headaches. He does not understand why in the summer other people delight in what they call "tall cool ones," for the tall cool ones make him hot. The medicinal ones dehydrate him and drive his cold inward so that he is more miserable than when his nose was running. The social ones blur his vision and make him dizzy and coat his tongue until he feels so awkward that he shamefully ducks out to the terrace for a secret bout of solitary non-drinking. In short, alcohol makes him feel awful. He is a sick man, and if he is to be helped, some understanding people must be very patient with him.

"And that's where FEND comes in," said Gilbert Chase. Suddenly he laughed. "When I started FEND, a lot of folks were puzzled. They were used to thinking like producers instead of distributors. Inner-directed, the sociologists would call them. And they couldn't understand the moral value of an organization that called itself Fellowship for the Elimination of Non-Drinking. But the Problem Non-Drinkers understood it immediately, and they flocked to me. At sales conventions and luncheon conferences they hadn't been able to hide their non-drinking illness, and the very words—Fellowship for the Elimination of Non-Drinking—spoke mighty eloquently to them, believe you me. It gave them hope."

Gilbert Chase had known that they would react this way, as only a person whose life had nearly been ruined by the Non-Drinking Problem could possibly know.

"I was a time salesman for one of the big television networks," he said, "and I couldn't drink. Think of that for a problem. Oh, if I'd needed ability in my work, it wouldn't have mattered. I could have got along without drinking. But distributors don't need ability. Alcohol is the fuel that runs our big business machine nowadays, and what distributors need mostly is to know how to gulp it down. Oh, sure, there are other adjuncts to successful distribution—but let me tell you something, you can take a prospect on a yacht trip, get him a hundred-dollar prostitute, offer him a generous kickback on all business done—and if you can't drink with him, he won't buy a damned thing."

Gilbert Chase himself, like most of those who seek help from FEND, never faced his own problem until he had lost his job. This happened after a company cocktail party at which he had hidden his highball glass in the bowl of an indirect-lighting fixture; when it grew dark, and someone turned on the light, there was the silhouette of the

glass, and there was Gilbert Chase, empty-handed and disgraced. He was fired the next day.

"That's when I knew I had to lick this Non-Drinking Problem if I wanted to get my self-respect back," Chase told me. "And that's when I—mighty painfully, let me tell you—began to feel my way toward the FEND program." He glanced at his watch. "We'd better get to the meeting hall. What happens at a FEND meeting is a distillation"—he laughed—"a distillation, if you'll pardon the expression, of all my experience in licking my own problem. You'll see."

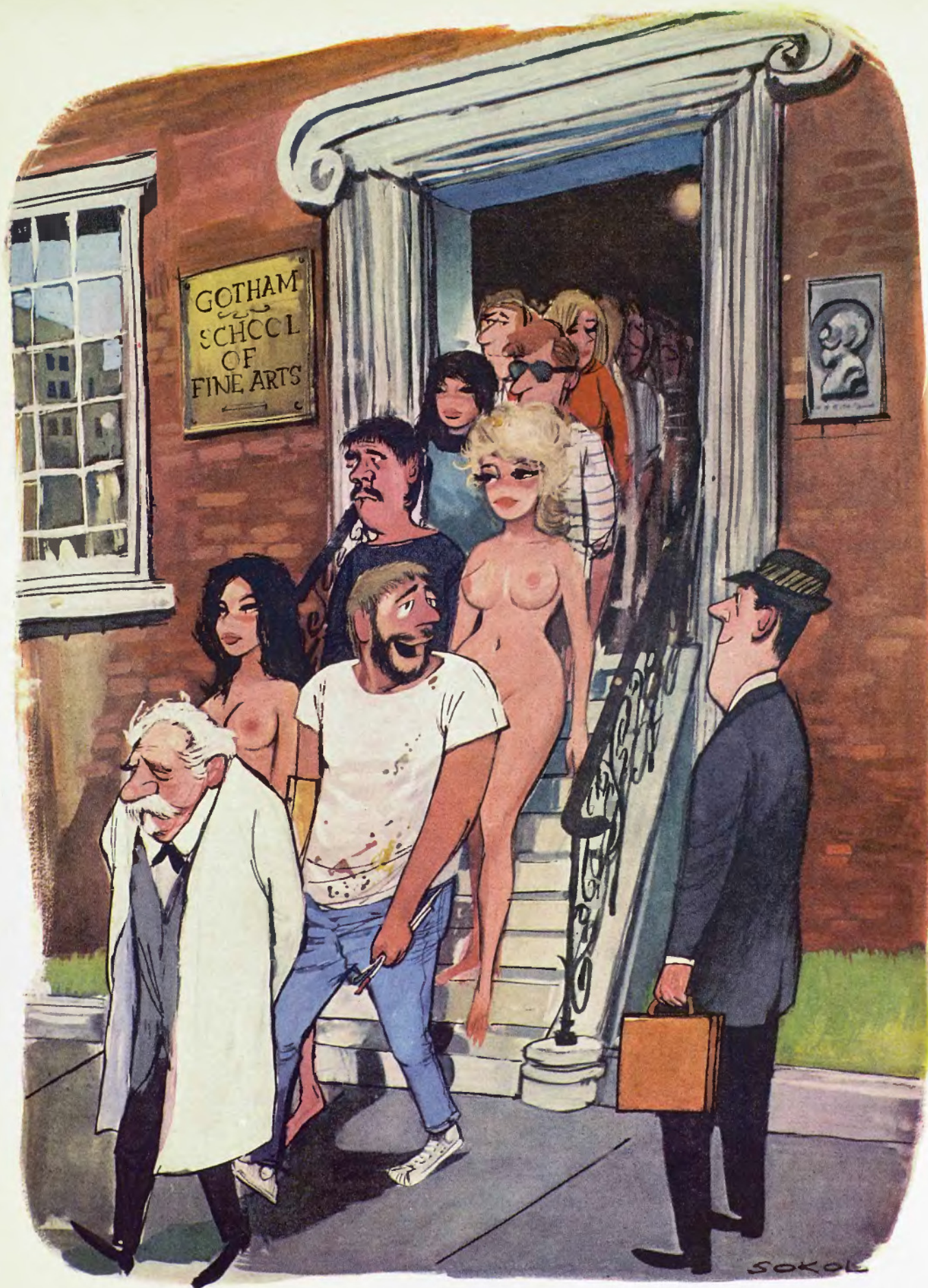
The Manhattan Chapter of FEND occupies a second-floor loft in the 20s which has been sectioned off into two or three small executive offices and a large meeting hall. To get to Gilbert Chase's office, we had to pass through the meeting room, which was attractively dotted with small round tables, each with four chairs, and all gaily painted yellow or blue or green or red. Already several members were there, drinking.

"I'd estimate they're at about the three-to-four stage," Chase said to me as we went into his comfortable office. He closed the door.

"Three-to-four stage?"

Chase explained to me that each FEND member is taught to start his drinking each day with a well-diluted mixture, six parts water to one part whiskey, gradually increasing the dosage of whiskey and decreasing the dilution by one part with each successive drink. Practically all Problem Non-Drinkers find this most helpful. Some fortunate ones even get to like drinking; these, however, are as statistically insignificant and as mysterious to medical science as spontaneous remissions of leukemia. Most remain ill, remain Problem Non-Drinkers forever—but through FEND they help each other in every emergency.

A Problem Non-Drinker, faced (let us say) with a luncheon meeting the next day at which he must make a sale, may find himself cowering terrified in his home at the thought of tomorrow noon's cocktails. He calls FEND—and presently several of his fellow members arrive with whiskey. They start drinking with him—six parts water to one part whiskey at first, but working toward the point where the patient will down a couple of the four-parts-water-three-parts-whiskey mixture. Then he is allowed to go to bed; but one of the visitors remains, and the next morning before breakfast this helper sees to it that the sufferer takes a drink three parts water and four parts whiskey. Then a two-to-five drink is poured into a small jar which fits easily into the pocket. The patient is to drink this just



"Fire drill."

before he enters the restaurant for the luncheon meeting. He should be sufficiently conditioned by then to hold his own with the drinking that will ensue.

As Chase explained all this to me, the sounds from the meeting room were growing clearer. The members were gathering, and indeed, the meeting itself seemed to be under way. There were sudden bursts of laughter, there was the hum of conversation, there were silences, broken eventually with applause.

Gilbert Chase said, "They've started. Let's go."

"I've got a question first."

"Shoot."

"As I understood it, you as National President of FEND get no salary."

Chase looked shocked. "What do you think I am?" he asked.

"Forgive me. But the question does arise, because when you lost your job and set about rehabilitating yourself, you had no money — and then when you founded FEND, you devoted yourself to it. You didn't get your old job back?"

"No."

"But you own the apartment house you live in, you eat in the best restaurants, you travel first class, you —"

"I'm a millionaire, is that what you're trying to say?"

"Are you?"

"I am."

"I don't understand it."

"I own a business."

"What business?"

He smiled and leaned forward in his chair. "Listen," he said.

From the meeting room, the sounds had changed in quality. Laughter seemed to be general, and raucous. Conversation seemed to be conducted by shouts from one side of the room to the other. Somebody yelled "Ouch!" then guffawed. A few were singing. I could tell now that there were women as well as men there. Shrill women.

"I'll answer your question," said Gilbert Chase. "But first, I want you to see something."

He rose. I followed him to the door, and as he opened it, I gazed upon the meeting.

Some of the members of FEND were still seated at their tables, but most were on their feet, their ties loosened and shirt collars unbuttoned, their faces red and gleaming with sweat as each laughing member tried to roar louder than his companion. The females, from girls in their early 20s to smartly dressed middle-aged lady executives with skin that sagged, were as merrily engaged as the males — pummeling men and squealing with laughter as the men pummeled back; kicking off their high-heeled shoes; one of the younger ones dancing; two of the oldest biting men's ears; one wriggling and pushing at her skirt in a

manner that puzzled me until her girdle fell to the floor to be snatched up, as she stepped from it, by a man who waved it aloft like a banner as he snaked through the crowd. Everyone was drinking, and everyone went from time to time to a table at the front of the room to pour more whiskey.

Gilbert Chase shut the door.

"There isn't a person in that room out there," he said, "who had a job when he joined FEND. Now most of them are employed and on their way up."

"They certainly look happy," I ventured.

"They're not. They're Problem Non-Drinkers. They're forcing themselves to drink. Every one of them hates the drinking he's been doing all day to prepare for the meeting, and hates what he's doing now."

"Amazing," I said. "They look like people at a convention."

"Exactly. Like people at a convention. A sales convention, for example. A distributors' convention. They're sick people who'd rather be at the movies or home reading or playing Scrabble or something — but they're learning how to adjust to the civilization they live in." Dramatically, he opened the door again, and this time the din almost deafened us. "Can you tell them from normal distributors?" asked Chase proudly.

A man and woman wrestling, gasping with laughter, fell together to the floor. The middle-aged woman who had removed her girdle now hiked up her dress and executed bumps and grinds. A man stood with his legs apart, bending back, back, back as with head tilted upward he sucked down the contents of a whiskey bottle, some of which dribbled down his chin.

Gilbert Chase shut the door again.

"Some of our people have become so good at simulating enjoyment of this sort of thing," he said, "that out in the world, among people who are not Problem Non-Drinkers, they actually lead. They actually start the fun and keep it going and pull others along with them. Think of it: people who have no Non-Drinking Problem at all shamed into following the lead of our members and never suspecting that our members are gritting their teeth every minute of the time."

"Remarkable," I said.

"That's why FEND members have such a splendid record in business," said Chase. "I wanted you to understand that before I answered your question. You see, I'm proud to be a millionaire because I've made mine by helping Problem Non-Drinkers to achieve" — he gestured toward the meeting room — "what they've achieved."

"What business are you in, Mr. Chase?"

"I am the official distiller and distributor for FEND."

"The only one? FEND buys all its whiskey from you?"

"Whiskey and water. I bottle seven different kinds of whiskey: one part to six parts water, two to five, and so forth, down to straight whiskey. Every FEND member buys all seven kinds from me and every FEND chapter does the same."

"But . . . You mean to say you can make a million dollars selling water mixed with whiskey?"

"Certainly. My undiluted whiskey costs about what any good whiskey costs in a package store. The other stuff costs increasingly more the more water there is in it."

"More?"

"Of course. My costs are based on a general law of distribution. Which costs more, a single-feature movie or a double-feature movie?"

"Single."

"Pants with pleats or pants without pleats?"

"Without."

"You see? The less you get, the more you pay. It's a sound principle, because our economy is no longer based on the worth of the goods themselves, but on the status concepts that we attach to goods. No pleats means quality, so you gladly pay to have the tailor refrain from doing more work. The same with my whiskey. You, sir, may not need a sealed bottle with more water than whiskey in it — but people who value a product like that will pay anything for it."

I was dizzy, trying to take in the genius of this man. A few years ago, and with good reason, he had wondered whether he would ever achieve even a moderate success. He had been unable to sell so much as a minute spot commercial. Now the weekly volume of his sales must be staggering. He was a millionaire, and what is more, a beloved millionaire. This, I was beginning to see, was because compassionately as well as profitably, he filled the deepest needs of thousands of fine people. I was proud that in my country such a man could be appreciated, as I knew he would not have been in some of the less highly developed societies.

Silently, I shook his hand.

"Shucks," he said, "I like helping. Let's go join the fun."

And so we went into the meeting room, where I found that the lady who had taken off her girdle now had taken off her dress, too. She sat down with me at one of the tables. She had an awful lot to tell me, and it was very interesting, though I had difficulty hearing all of it, what with the noise around us and the fact that she was crying rather hard.

BELLISSIMA!

(continued from page 44)

and smell. Their peppers, escarole, basil, dandelion, salami and provolone are all tossed in a riotous parade that has neither beginning nor end. Their salads are no less an art because they are so earthy.

Think, for a moment, of the many ways an Italian handles a simple element of taste—salt. Elsewhere, most salad men are content to spray their greens with plain table salt, and let it go at that. The Italian carefully dissolves his salt in his red vinegar before the salad is mixed so that the solution is sure to reach every bite of finocchio, every small leaf of watercress. For another kind of saltiness, he mashes anchovies to a smooth paste, and then adds it to his dressing. When capers are called for, he prefers the salted dry variety rather than those steeped in vinegar. Frequently, he flavors his salad with grated parmesan cheese. Somehow the salty tang of the cheese is never overpowering, but turns everything into a mature, ravishing blend. Frequently, olives pop up in salads, their crisp brinness the coolest kind of complement.

Perhaps the only food the Italian regards with genuine reverence is his olive oil. It must be virgin oil—that is, oil taken from the first pressing of the olives. He prefers his native, heavier oil rather

than the more expensive but lighter French or Spanish oils. For vinegar, the grapelike astringency of red or white wine vinegar reigns over all others.

Even the truffles in an Italian salad have a rich, earthbound flavor. In Italy, one eats both the fresh and the canned white truffles (actually light brown in color). They can be bought in Italian gourmet stores in this country. Unlike the black truffles of France, which are extremely mild in taste but superb for accenting other foods, the Italian white truffles are a self-contained delight to the tongue. Rossini, the composer, once wrote that he'd discovered something much more exciting than a new opera score—a salad dressing containing mustard, vinegar, lemon juice, salt, pepper and finely chopped truffles.

Few salad makers in the world can vie with Italians in the use of herbs. Generally speaking, the flavors of most dried herbs are imprisoned within the leaves, and only released when the herbs are heated. A bright exception to this rule is dried oregano, an herb that, in this country at least, is most closely identified with pizza. Its aroma has such staying power, Italians say, because it was once touched by the hand of Venus herself. You can verify its perfume by sprinkling

a small amount into any green salad. The very first bite will tell you that this is the Italian accent at its best. Now, in midsummer, fresh basil, fresh thyme, fresh tarragon and fresh chervil are available. Like fresh parsley, they should all be finely chopped to permit their flavors to burgeon in the bowl. They may be used more generously than dried herbs because they are gentler.

As *insalata* impresario, it isn't necessary to go dramatic in order to win accolades for your salads. You don't need a three-foot pepper mill for artillery. No code requires you to lift your salad fork and spoon, testing them for balance like weapons of honor. Sage guidance may be taken from the old proverb, *Insalata ben salata, ben lavata, poco aceto, ben oliata* (A good salad should be well salted, well washed, mixed with a small amount of vinegar and a large amount of oil). We would amend that proverb to include the reminder that salad greens should not only be well washed but also thoroughly dried, and that a small amount of vinegar means about one part vinegar to three or four parts oil. The only other requirement is a soaring imagination.

SHRIMP RISOTTO SALAD (Serves two)

1 lb. shrimp, boiled
2 tomatoes

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- 2 hard-boiled eggs
- 1 teaspoon anchovy paste
- 1 teaspoon sharp mustard
- ½ teaspoon onion salt
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper
- ½ teaspoon ground sage
- 2 tablespoons white wine vinegar
- 4 tablespoons olive oil
- 4-oz. jar artichoke hearts in oil
- 2 cups cooked rice (about ⅔ cup raw rice)
- 2 pimientos, ½-in. dice
- 1 cup diced celery hearts
- 2 scallions, ¼-in. slices
- Lettuce leaves

Remove shells and veins from shrimp. Cut shrimp crosswise into 1-in. pieces. Cut each tomato and each hard-boiled egg into quarters. Be sure ingredients, including rice, are ice cold. In a salad bowl combine anchovy paste, mustard, onion salt, pepper, sage and vinegar. Stir until well blended. Slowly stir in olive oil. Drain artichoke hearts. Add their oil to bowl. Add rice, artichoke hearts, shrimp, pimientos, celery and scallions. Toss well. Line cold dinner plates with lettuce leaves. Pile salad mixture in center. Place tomatoes and hard-boiled eggs alternately around each portion of salad.

GREENS WITH SALAMI AND PROVOLONE (Serves two)

- 2 large cut cloves garlic
- ½ teaspoon onion salt
- 1 tablespoon red wine vinegar
- 4 tablespoons olive oil
- ¼ teaspoon freshly ground black pepper
- ½ teaspoon sharp mustard

- 3 ozs. thinly sliced Genoa salami
 - 3 ozs. sliced provolone cheese
 - 1 cup chicory, 1-in. pieces
 - 1 cup fenchio, thin slices
 - 1 cup escarole, 1-in. pieces
 - 1 cup Belgian endive, 1-in. pieces
 - 1 cup watercress
 - 1 tablespoon salted capers
 - ¼ cup olive condite, drained
 - 2 tablespoons grated parmesan cheese
- Rub salad bowl well with garlic. Discard garlic. Dissolve onion salt in vinegar in salad bowl. Slowly add oil, pepper and mustard, stirring well. Cut salami and provolone into thin julienne strips about 1 in. long. Add to bowl. Add all remaining ingredients. Toss well. Add more vinegar or oil if desired.

MUSHROOM AND HAM ANTIPASTO SALAD (Serves four)

- 6 tablespoons olive oil
- 2 large cloves garlic
- 2 tablespoons white wine vinegar
- ½ teaspoon fresh basil, chopped fine
- ½ lb. fresh white mushrooms
- ¼ lb. sliced boiled ham
- 2 ozs. white truffles
- ½ cup minced celery hearts
- Salt, pepper

Heat oil in a saucepan over low flame. Smash cloves of garlic slightly and add them to the oil. Sauté until garlic turns brown. Discard garlic. Pour oil and vinegar into mixing bowl. Add basil. Remove mushroom caps from stems. Cut mushroom caps into slices about ⅛ in. thick. (Mushroom stems may be used for another cooking purpose.) Cut ham into very thin julienne strips, about 1 in. long. Cut truffles into very thin slices.

Add mushrooms, ham, truffles and celery to bowl. Sprinkle generously with salt and pepper. Toss well. Chill in refrigerator. Let mixture marinate at least two hours before serving.

CUCUMBER AND RICOTTA SALAD (Serves two)

- 2 medium-size cucumbers
- 1 cup ricotta cheese
- 1 tablespoon finely chopped chives
- 1 head Boston lettuce
- ¼ cup thinly sliced white radishes
- ¼ cup pepper salad in oil
- 8 oil-preserved ripe olives
- 2-oz. can rolled anchovies with capers
- 1 tablespoon red wine vinegar
- Salt, pepper

Peel cucumbers and cut each one in half lengthwise. Scrape seeds from cucumbers, leaving oval shells. Mix ricotta cheese and chives. Fill cucumber shells with cheese mixture. Sprinkle with salt. Set aside. Break lettuce into pieces about 1 in. square. In a mixing bowl toss the lettuce, radishes, pepper salad, olives, anchovies with their oil, and vinegar. Add salt and pepper to taste. Add more oil or vinegar if desired. Spoon salad mixture onto cold serving plates. Place cucumbers on top of salad.

TUNA FISH, WHITE TRUFFLE AND POTATO SALAD (Serves two)

- 1 lb. small new potatoes
- 1 tablespoon white wine vinegar
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ⅛ teaspoon white pepper
- 1 teaspoon sharp mustard
- 1 teaspoon chopped fresh thyme
- 1 tablespoon minced parsley
- 1 tablespoon minced chives
- 3 tablespoons olive oil
- 7-oz. can tuna fish in olive oil
- 1 medium-size cucumber
- 3-oz. can white truffles
- Lettuce leaves

Boil potatoes in their jackets until tender, about 20 to 25 minutes. Do not overcook. In mixing bowl combine vinegar, salt, pepper and mustard. Mix very well. Add thyme, parsley, chives and olive oil slowly, stirring well. Peel potatoes while still warm. Add at once, while warm, to vinegar mixture. Toss well. Chill in refrigerator. Break tuna fish into large chunks, reserving oil. Peel cucumber, and cut into ¼-in. cubes. Cut truffles into thin slices. Add tuna fish with its oil, cucumber and truffles to potatoes. Toss well. Line a salad bowl or serving plate with lettuce. Pile salad in center.

After sampling any of these superb *insalate*, your guests should echo the sentiments of that renowned Italian, Roberto Luigi Stevenson, who waxed lyrical over the "Wine-scented and poetic soul/Of the capacious salad bowl."



"In case you're interested, we passed
Leavenworth two days ago."

powers of pot

(continued from page 58)

Mind, wrote for a popular audience in *Metronome* magazine:

"About one thing . . . scientists who have studied marijuana in its various forms agree: it is a very innocuous drug, nonpoisonous, nonaddicting, and does not even produce a hangover. . . . As an example of prohibitive legislation at its worst, the Marijuana Tax Act can hardly be improved upon. It is founded on ignorance, nourished by superstition, and pervaded by a spirit of vindictive self-righteousness that places it on a level with the old laws relating to witchcraft. A myth, the Marijuana Menace, has been created that has about as much substance as a medieval succubus. In the name of this myth otherwise respectable citizens are thrown into jail like common criminals for having in their possession a relatively harmless weed. Even the most puritanical must have doubts about the rightness of legislation which makes unlicensed possession of a handful of hemp flowers equivalent, as regards the penalty it carries, to the crime of treason."

Despite the law, the "crime" goes on — and, indeed, flourishes. The world of marijuana in America is a kind of state within a state, society within a society, culture within a culture, possessing its own language, laws, traditions, jokes, economics, prejudices and rituals. There is no way to make any accurate estimate of the population of this world, for its only census takers are the cops, and their statistics include merely the small minority of users known to the law — those who have at some time or other been arrested. There is every reason to believe, however, that the society of vipers, without the aid of formal membership drives, has steadily increased, especially since the end of World War II. Part of its rise has been linked with the social and literary eruptions of that era that fall beneath the general headings of Beat and Hip.

Just as a number of jazzmen spread the word of The Righteous Bush in the Thirties through the lyrics and titles of their songs, some postwar writers have celebrated its merits in novels, stories, poems and personal declarations. Nor has this been strictly limited to the works of Jack Kerouac and his immediate clan. Norman Mailer wrote in *Advertisements for Myself* that after the publication of *The Deer Park* he first began using pot, and "Once again there was sanction to gallop on self-love — God's gift to women, wife, letters and history, marijuana my horse." In a short story called *Red Dirt Marijuana* in the *Evergreen Review*, Terry Southern, author of *The Magic Christian* and other works unassociated with the Beat scene, puts the following dialog into the mouths

of a young Southern boy and an old Negro field hand:

"'How come it's against the law if it's so all-fired good?' asked Harold. ' . . . I tell you what it is,' he said then, 'it's 'cause a man see too much when he git high, that's what. He see right through everything . . . a man git high, he see right through all them tricks an' lies, an' all that ole bull-crap. He see right through into the truth of it!'"

Allen Ginsberg, an outspoken enthusiast of marijuana, said recently that among the younger poets of his own circle, "Almost everyone has experimented with it and tried writing something with it. It's all part of their poetic — no, their *metaphysical* education." Ginsberg, moreover, feels that pot is good for much of what ails the world. "I was talking to a Cuban official once," he recalls, "and I asked him what the Castro policy was on marijuana. He said Castro had burnt down whole fields of it in Oriente, because Batista's soldiers used to get high and shoot the peasants. I don't think that's true, at least not because of marijuana. So I said well, why doesn't Castro nationalize it as an industry and give it to his own soldiers? 'Ah, but the army wouldn't fight then!' the Cuban said. And that's the whole point of marijuana — it's a *humanizing* influence."

In the past decade, marijuana has spread well beyond the confines of certain literary and musical circles. Aside from its base in the slums of nearly all our large cities, it has gained an increasing number of converts from the middle class — not the Rotarian wing of the middle class, but the branch that brings back Olympia Press books from Europe, prefers Medaglia d'Oro to Maxwell House, and works in what is known as the communications field.

But the nonindulging public maintains the illusion that marijuana is confined to such elements of society as teenage gang members and Village beatniks — and that is, in fact, what they are most likely to read about it. One of the biggest news stories concerning marijuana in New York City since *The LaGuardia Report* was published hit the front page of *The New York Times* in the fall of 1959 with a headline announcing: POLICE POSE AS BEATNIKS IN NARCOTICS RAID — "Detectives Act Like Poets and Dancers." Five detectives from the New York narcotics squad, the *Times* reported, "had completely integrated into the Village's Beat Society." In order to perform this public service, the detectives had grown goatees and sideburns, learned to play the bongo drums, and participated in what they called "vague intellectual discussions" with the natives. One of the detectives, George Bermudez, had even composed poems which he read at some of the Village coffeehouses. The purpose



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of this safari into the lair of the Beats, which seemed to be unrivaled in its preparations since the OSS was parachuting spies into Nazi Germany, was ostensibly done "in the interests of tracking down the Village narcotics traffic." The 12 arrests, predictably, were all for marijuana, the nonaddicting "nuisance" drug. The thriving Village traffic in heroin, which has hooked a number of local (non-Beat) teenagers in the neighborhood, went entirely untouched. Nevertheless, the adventure made exciting copy, got Detective Bermudez' poem published in the *Times*, and afforded Inspector Edward Carey, head of the narcotics squad, a chance to take his place beside the fabled commanders of military history, with the ringing declaration that "Carey's Crusaders will strike again!"

Home, hearth and Mother were safe, and so was the old equation of marijuana and antisocial characters. Yet some of the newer-style vipers hold down jobs of high position and swear by the weed as an aid in their work, as well as a means of relaxing at home and at parties. A public relations man who gets high every day before going to the office, and again at lunch, told a friend that he felt marijuana gave him an advantage over the people he was dealing with — "you see more, you pick up fleeting looks on people's faces that betray something, things you wouldn't ordinarily notice." Another viper got high before an interview for a good position in the publishing field and credits the inspiration of pot for helping him land the job. Long before the Beats invaded North Beach and Venice West, pot was widely used in the Los Angeles area, not only by Mexican laborers in the slums, but by some of the highly paid toilers of Hollywood. One of the most notable public exposures in recent years was the conviction of Robert Mitchum for conspiracy to possess marijuana. He was given two years in prison under the Cal-

ifornia narcotics law — reduced to 60 days and a suspended sentence.

Tea parties that offer no orange pekoe sometimes occur in unexpected places. Early in 1960 police discovered a tea pad in Little Rock, Arkansas, that was frequented by local teenagers, some of whom were reported to be from "prominent families" in the community. The group included Negroes as well as whites, and Governor Orval Faubus immediately issued a statement that "These are the fruits of integration."

Whatever the differences in skin color, paychecks, I.Q. or toilet training among the users of the hemp in America today, they share, like the members of some outlawed religious sect, a common bond that goes deeper than many social loyalties. As one young female viper explained it, "There's sort of a brotherhood of those who have had good experiences with pot — and those who haven't, or who haven't used it, resent it because the ones who have are a group, and have a special kind of communication."

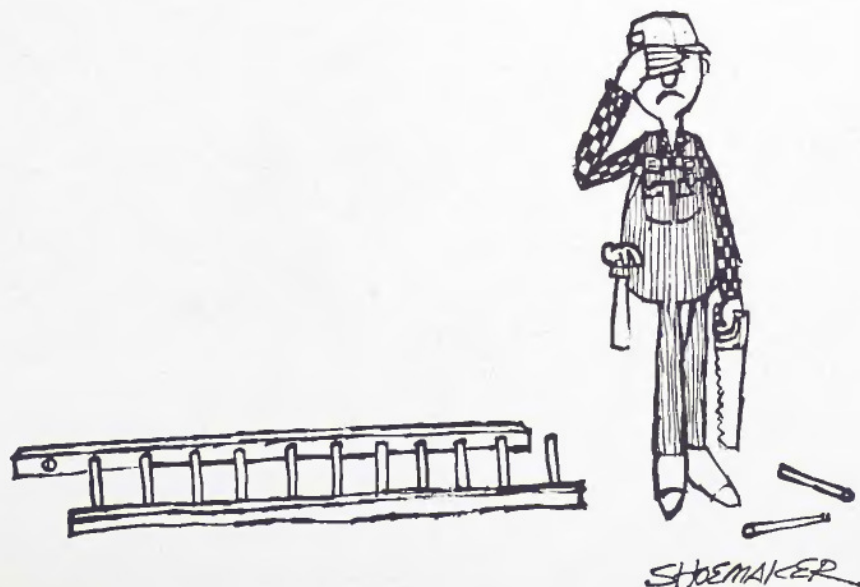
They share, basically, their knowledge of the techniques and language for acquiring and using the drug. In other parts of the world cannabis is often eaten (Hindu ladies munch it in a candy called *majoon*, and Mexicans sometimes mix it in their chili) as well as drunk (Haitians are among those who brew it as a tea). But Americans prefer to smoke it in cigarettes, and have generally shunned suggested variations, such as Gertrude Stein's recipe for Marijuana Fudge, which appeared in the first edition of *The Alice B. Toklas Cookbook*. The vipers usually roll their own cigarettes, for most have found it more economical to buy their pot by the ounce (the going price is \$20–\$25 in New York) rather than in "sticks" or "joints," the terms more commonly used now than "reefers" or "muggles" for individual cigarettes. An ounce provides roughly 100 cigarettes; sticks, usually priced at

50¢–\$1 apiece, are bought mostly by teenagers. There is an intermediate quantity known as a "bag" which sells for five dollars and is sometimes purchased by younger users. Some vipers pitch in together and buy a pound at a time, which can usually be had for \$160–\$200, depending on the current demand-supply curve in the city. In the economic terminology of marijuana, a dollar is called a "cent," five dollars is "five cents" (not a nickel) and so on — mainly as a precaution in speaking about marijuana matters, especially on the telephone.

The cigarettes are sometimes rolled with a bit of ordinary tobacco at the end, so the real stuff won't be wasted. As a further prevention of waste, the cigarette is licked to make it burn slowly, and after it is puffed to the last dregs, the butt or "roach" is saved and the marijuana left is used again. Some economy-minded users smoke their precious pot in a pipe, to eliminate loss. But whether smoked in cigarette or pipe, a basic rule of viper society is that the smoke is always passed around from person to person. This prevents wasting the vapors of the burning weed, and solidifies the community bond among the smokers.

Pot smokers also share the deeper link of the physical and mental sensations peculiar to the drug. There is no guaranteed experience for those who smoke marijuana, any more than there is for those who drink martinis. As DeRopp has pointed out, "The effect of the drug is completely unpredictable. It may produce ecstasy, or nothing but fear and horror. It may have no effect at all." But for those who have good reactions to it, there are certain common experiences that constitute an important part of the mystique of the users' society.

In the rush-hour world of time clocks, alarms and 5:09 trains, the bell does not toll for the viper who is high. The time-sense distortion produced by the drug is one of the common, pleasant sensations, which users from Baudelaire to kids in Harlem gangs have described much in the way that one viper did recently: "You lose all time sense. You look at your watch and it says 12:30, and then it seems like hours go by, you have all sorts of thoughts and experiences, and you look at your watch again and it's 12:31." Or, to put it another way, there is the story of the two vipers who were standing on a street corner when suddenly a couple of motorcycles flashed by at top speed, leaving a cloud of dust. "Man," said one viper to the other, "I thought they'd never leave." This stretching out of time has found its way into the language of the marijuana world, in which "a minute" means an hour, "an hour" means a day, and "a day" means a year; because, in one user's words, "That's what it seems like when you're high."



But more compelling than the time sensation is the state of the high that the Moslems call *el kif* — that is, "blessed repose." It has been variously described by assorted users of different times and places: "You just want to lay back and dig everything"; "I felt myself the center of a world-pervading love"; "It's not as if the drug distorts reality, but that it brings you closer to it — it's like tearing away the veil, and at best is a mystical experience." The Hindus call it *bhakti*, which means "emptying the mind of worldly distractions and thinking only of God."

Those who see marijuana as a menace never mention the soothing sensations the drug brings to many users (except, perhaps, as examples of insanity). But neither do the vipers refer to the unpleasant reactions that may be produced by cannabis — the feelings of anxiety that pot brings to some instead of ecstasy. Just as there are happy drunks and sad drunks, so it is with pot — happy highs and sad highs. The glorious colors, vistas and sounds that came to Baudelaire and others under the influence of hashish are often referred to by enthusiastic vipers, but they seldom mention the reverse side of the hallucinatory coin of cannabis, such as the experience recorded by an English hashish eater:

"I stretched myself, as if I were waking from a heavy sleep, and attempted to thrust my hand through my hair, when horror! my fingers passed through my crackling skull, and into my warm, cheesy brain! . . . as I walked falteringly hither and thither, the whole of my internal economy fell out with a hideous splash."

Hashish, of course, is a stronger form of the cannabis, and according to those who have taken both, it is less possible to "feel in control of" than marijuana. (This, as well as its greater expense and greater scarcity, explains why it is rarely used in the United States.) But the same sort of nightmares have been experienced by marijuana users.

In the end, each man seems to find his own drug, whether it be Miltown or marijuana, Dexedrine or gin. The cliché of the outside world, however, reinforced by the Federal Narcotics Bureau, is that all drugs are evil (except those permitted by our own laws and customs) and, therefore, all drugs are the same. But although marijuana and heroin, for example, may be equated by Federal law, they are hardly equated by either scientists or the groups who use each. As a veteran of the East Harlem drug scene explained it, "You very seldom find a guy pushing junk (heroin) and pot, too. Guys who use pot don't want to have anything to do with guys on junk — they look down on each other. It's like a guy who drives a Rolls-Royce and a guy who drives a Model A — they belong to different societies."

The much-quoted maxim that "marijuana leads to heroin" often causes outsiders to lump these two different drugs together, even though many medical studies have discounted the connection. The "relationship" was clearly explained by Dr. Winick when he wrote, "Many persons who take heroin have previously smoked marijuana, but many marijuana smokers never go on to taking heroin."

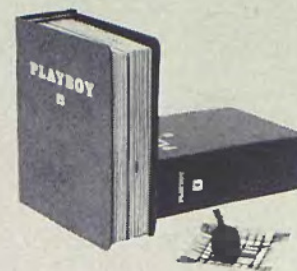
In the East, where mixtures of the cannabis are holy to the Hindus, as well as to certain Mohammedan sects, its use involves less personal conflict than it does for Westerners. As Aldous Huxley pointed out in *The Doors of Perception*, "For unrestricted use the West has permitted only alcohol and tobacco. All the other chemical Doors in the Wall are labeled Dope, and their unauthorized takers are Fiends." This cultural taboo may help explain the deflection of many Western experimenters with cannabis, ranging from Baudelaire ("I do not understand why rational and spiritual man must use artificial means to arrive at a state of poetic bliss, when inspiration and will are sufficient to lift him to a supernatural existence.") to Neal Cassidy, who served as the model for Kerouac's hero Dean Moriarty in *On the Road*. Cassidy, a kind of Johnny Appleseed of marijuana, who spread the weed to friends from Greenwich Village to Nob Hill and liked to turn on hitchhikers in his cross-country odysseys, was put into San Quentin prison for selling pot. He explained to a *New York Post* reporter that he had originally taken marijuana "to find spiritual enlightenment" but that "Now I spend 10 months here and I find I don't need marijuana to find spiritual enlightenment. This is slower and better — like an apple growing."

A less metaphysical reason for leaving the clan of cannabis was given by a leading novelist who recently explained, "I took marijuana for a while, but to tell the truth, I quit because it was a bore. The people who use it are a bore. There's all this ritual and language, and being *in* — it's like a religious cult. And besides that, I couldn't work under it."

Whichever way one leans on the philosophical, mystical or social questions raised by the use of marijuana, the advice of one former viper is essential for all Americans to bear in mind. It was given by Mezz Mezzrow, who put aside his gauge for less eloquent, but perhaps more compelling reasons than those that led Baudelaire to dispense with the hemp: "I laid off five years ago, and if anybody asks my advice today, I tell them straight to steer clear of it because it carries a rap. That's my final word to all the cats: today I know of one very bad thing the tea can do to you — it can put you in jail. 'Nuff said."



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GEARED FOR TOURING

(continued from page 73)

de force of which amiably amateurish mementos adorn pages 72-73: a suitcaseful of freewheeling fashions selected for style, sturdiness and versatility. With the emergence of lightweight and wash-and-wear fabrics in everything from socks to hatbands, touring attire has become as lightly, brightly care free as the spirits of the wayfaring motorist. Available in an unprecedented variety of styles, this cleanly designed line of car wear enables the vacationer to rack up maximum mileage—socially and scenically—and to arrive fashionably fresh at rustic lodge and beach-front caravansary. For a one- or two-week expedition, a single three-suitcase of rugged nylon (monogrammed or distinctively patterned for easy identification) should be large enough to meet all your sartorial needs on or off the road—yet small enough, if your playmate is the roving kind, to leave room in the trunk for the luggage of a traveling companion.

Though some touring tyros decide what to stow in their portmanteau by laying out all the clothes they think they'll need—and then putting half of them back in the drawer—you can spare yourself this needless chore with a quick study of our own basic travel-wear checklist. Good looks, durability and versatility should be your guideposts in picking what to pack, beginning with a single all-purpose wash-and-wear business suit of rugged, shape-holding Dacron, worsted-type fiber or near-weightless seersucker in a suitably subdued shade of blue, gray, brown or olive appropriate for day or evening wear with necktie or without, and for wardrobe-stretching combination with separate slacks and sports coats. Two contrasting jackets—tailored for comfort and compactness, like the summer suits, with a minimum of shoulder padding and interior construction—and two pairs of coordinated

trousers should prove adequate for most excursions; plus a pair of lightweight Bermudas for the ultracausal occasion.


However informal your itinerary, a modest supply of dress shirts may be considered *de rigueur* for candlelit dinners, moonlit dancing and neon-lit evenings en route. Buttondown, medium-spread and round-point pin-collar models are now obtainable in cotton and Dacron-cotton mixtures ranging from standard broadcloth to featherweight voile; all can be rinsed out at night, hung up to dry and worn again, store-fresh, the following day. Three such shirts—two white and one colored (pale blue, buff or gray)—should stand you in good stead at the dressiest resort. Half a dozen subtly summery neckties will round out your wardrobe. Such come-as-you-are pleasures as poolside lounging and shore-front fish fries, of course, will require an equal number of comfortably cool short-sleeved sport shirts in regulation button-front and knitted polo styles of porous cotton weaves, boldly solid-toned to harmonize with the shades and patterns of coordinated jackets and slacks. For top-down touring on sunny afternoons, a lightweight, long-sleeved cotton sweater will serve the dual function of looking well and safeguarding you against sunburned arms and chilling wind. And on unseasonably cool August evenings, a second sweater—this one a midweight cashmere cardigan or wool-blend pullover—will provide weightless warmth at the beach or in the mountains. The selection of styles is varied; as always, we advise you to cleave to the classic in color and design.

To protect your face and neck from the sun during long stretches behind the wheel between stop-offs, don a jaunty straw hat, crushable cloth cap, or one of the new bantamweight felts—the kind which can be folded away in the

glove compartment and sprung back into shape when needed. And for triple duty as raincoat, beach robe and standard evening outerwear, take along a conservatively styled waterproof topcoat of lightweight, shape-holding synthetic fibers for maximizing comfort and minimizing wrinkles.

Summer shoe gear has a streamlined look and feel which offer the motorist a union of utility, comfort and clean design in featherlight models ideally adapted to the space limitations of a single suitcase. Three pairs will be adequate for the active driver: hand-tooled black dress loafers for evening necktie functions, sturdy brown brogues for daily travel and knockabout wear, and a pair of flexible shoes in an offbeat shade of lightweight glove leather or porous man-made fiber, with collapsible counters for handy packing—as a combination casual shoe, beach clog and bedroom slipper. Golfers, scuba divers and tennis buffs should remember to leave room for appropriate footwear, as well as for their clubs, tanks, rackets, etc.

Whatever your sportive inclinations, you're bound to find yourself within dipping distance of lake, river, pool or ocean somewhere en route. If you plan to tan without plunging, one swimsuit will meet your sedentary needs: a pair of quick-drying nylon briefs for maximum exposure is our suggestion. Those who intend to go off the deep end, however, will want to pack a second-string pair of trim boxer trunks.

Two last-minute addenda and we're off: pocket a pair of functionally designed, conservatively framed sunglasses with precision-ground lenses processed not merely to mute sunlight but to reduce glare optically; then slip on a pair of cool open-weave driving gloves, leather-thonged with ridged seams for a firm grip on the wheel; turn the ignition key, and prepare to set forth on a sartorial *concours d'élégance*. 

A WAYFARING WARDROBE GEARED FOR TOURING, KEYED TO THE CANDID PHOTOS ON PAGES 72-73

Slide 1: washable Orlon cable-stitch cardigan with black trim, by Lord Jeff, \$17; Dacron-cotton trousers with extension waistband, quarter-top pockets, by HIS, \$7; cotton broadcloth wash-and-wear shirt with medium-spread collar, convertible cuffs, by Van Heusen, \$5; silk ascot, by Handcraft, \$5; tweed men's travel bag, by Samsonite, \$39.50. **Slide 2:** washable Dacron-cotton batik jacket with side vents, flap pockets, by Blacker Brothers, \$30; black-olive wash-and-wear slacks of Acrilan-rayon-acetate with belt loops, side pockets, by Asher, \$10; cotton broadcloth shirt with convertible collar and cuffs, by Manhottan, \$6; paisley silk ascot, by Sulka, \$6.50. **Slide 3:** cotton fishnet shirt-jacket with short sleeves, side vents, \$10, cotton denim trunks with extension waistband, \$6, both by Sea Squire. **Slide 4:** washable stretch nylon-cotton golf jacket with zip front, raglan sleeves, button-flap pockets, two-button neck closure, by Lakeland, \$16; cashmere cardigan with red and navy silk binding, by Gino Paoli, \$45; Acrilan knit pullover shirt with three-button front, short sleeves, by Classic Club, \$3. **Slide 5:** washable Kodel-cotton batiste sport shirt with short sleeves, patch pockets, \$6, washable Kodel-Avril abstract-patterned Bermuda shorts with belt loops, side pockets, \$9, both by Seven-Seas. **Slide 6:** blue-black Creslan-Dacron-rayon suit with three-button front, flap pockets, center vent, trousers with belt loops, side pockets, by Haspel, \$45; cotton oxford button-down shirt, by Wren Ltd., \$6; Dacron-silk rep stripe tie, by Wembley, \$2.50. **Slide 7:** traveling companion, priceless.



*"Gosh. My first day in the big town and
I'm already on my way to the top!"*

THIN RED LINE *(continued from page 68)*

through his ears in two bursts of black smoke. His rage was broken off short, snapped off at the hilt as it were, by the buzzing whistle of the soundpower phone in his ear.

Startled, Fife cleared his throat, shocked into wondering whether he could still talk, after so long. It was the first time he had tried a word since leaving the ridge. It was also the first time he had ever heard this damn phone thing work. He pushed the button and cupped it to his mouth. "Yes?" he said cautiously.

"What do you mean, 'yes?'" a calm cold voice said, and waited.

Fife hung suspended in a great empty black void, trying to think. What had he meant? "I mean this is Charlie Cat Seven," he said, remembering the code jargon. "Over."

"That's better," the calm voice said. "This is Seven Cat Ace." That meant 1st Battalion, the HQ. "Colonel Tall here. I want Captain Stein. Over."

"Yes, sir," Fife said. "He's right here." He reached up one arm to tug at the skirt of Stein's green fatigue blouse. Stein looked down, staring, as if he had never seen Fife before. Or anybody else.

"Colonel Tall wants you."

Stein lay down (glad to flatten himself, Fife noted with satisfaction) and took the phone. Despite the racketing din overhead, both he and Fife beside him could hear the Colonel clearly.

When he accepted the phone and pushed down the button, Bugger Stein was already casting about for his explanations. He had not expected to be called upon to recite so soon, and he had not prepared his lessons. What he could say would of course depend on Tall's willingness to allow any explanation at all. He could not help being a guilty schoolboy about to be birched. "Charlie Cat Seven. Stein," he said. "Over." He released the button.

What he heard astounded him to speechlessness.

"Magnificent. Stein, magnificent." Tall's clear cold calm boyish voice came to him — came to both of them — rimed over with a crust of clear cold boyish enthusiasm. "The finest thing these old eyes have seen in a long time. In a month of Sundays." Stein had a vivid mental picture of Tall's closecropped, boyish, Anglo-Saxon head and unlined, Anglo-Saxon face. Tall was less than two years older than Stein. His clear, innocent, boyish eyes were the youngest Stein had seen in some time. "Beautifully conceived and beautifully executed. You'll be mentioned in Battalion Orders, Stein. Your men came through for you beautifully. Over."

Stein pressed the button, managed a weak "Yes, sir. Over," and released the button. He could not think of anything else to say.

"Best sacrificial commitment to develop a hidden position I have ever seen outside maneuvers. Young Whyte led beautifully. I'm mentioning him, too. I saw him go down in that first melee. Was he hurt very bad? But sending in your 2d too was brilliant. They might very well have carried both subsidiary ridges with luck. I don't think they were hurt too bad. Blane led well, too. His withdrawal was very old pro. How many of the emplacements did they locate? Did they knock out any? We ought to have those ridges cleaned out by noon. Over."

Stein listened, rapt, staring into the eyes of Fife who listened also, staring back. For Fife the calm, pleasant, conversational tone of Col Tall was both maddening and terrifying. And for Stein it was like hearing a radio report on the fighting in Africa which he knew nothing about. Once in school his father had called him long distance to brag about a good report card which Stein had thought would be bad. Neither listener betrayed what he thought to the other, and the silence lengthened.

"Hello? Hello? Hello, Stein? Over?"

Stein pressed the button. "Yes, sir. Here, sir. Over." Stein released the button.

"Thought you'd been hit," Tall's voice came back matter-of-factly. "I said, how many of the emplacements did they locate? And did they knock any of them out? Over."

Stein pressed the button, staring into the wide eyes of Fife as if he might see Tall on the other side of them. "I don't know. Over." He released the button.

"What do you mean you don't know? How can you not know?" Tall's cool, calm, conversational voice said. "Over."

Stein was in a quandary. He could admit what both he and Fife knew, or perhaps Fife did not know, which was that he knew nothing about Whyte's attack, had not ordered it, and until now had believed it bad. Or he could continue to accept credit for it and try to explain his ignorance of its results. He could not, of course, know that Tall would later change his opinion. With a delicacy of sensibility Stein had never expected to see at all in the army, and certainly not on the field under fire, Fife suddenly lowered his eyes and looked away, half turned his head. He was still listening, but at least he was pretending not to.

Stein pressed the button, which was a necessity, but which was beginning to madden him. "I'm back here," he said sharply. "Behind the third fold."

"Do you want me to stand up? And wave? So you can see me?" he added with caustic anger. "Over."

"No," Tall's voice said calmly, the

irony lost on him. "I can see where you are. I want you to do something. I want you to get up there and see what the situation is, Stein. I want Hill 210 in my hands tonight. And to do that I have to have those two ridges by noon. Have you forgotten the corps commander is here observing today? He's got Admiral Barr with him, flown in specially. The Admiral got up at dawn for this. I want you to come to life down there, Stein," he said crisply. "Over and out."

Stein continued to listen, gripping the phone and staring off furiously, though he knew nothing more was forthcoming. Finally he reached out and tapped Fife and gave it to him. Fife took it in silence. Stein rolled to his feet and ran crouching back down to where the mortars were periodically firing off rounds with their weird, other-world, lingering gonglike sound.

"Doing any good?" he bellowed in Culp's ear.

"We're getting bursts on both ridges." Culp bellowed back in his amiable way. "I decided to put one tube onto the right ridge," he said parenthetically, and then shrugged. "But I don't know if we're doing any damage. If they're dug in —" He let it trail off and shrugged again.

"I've decided to move forward to the second fold," Stein yelled. "Will that be too close for you?"

Culp strode three paces forward up the shallow slope and craned his neck to see over the crest, squinting. He came back. "No. It's pretty close, but I think we can still hit. But we're running pretty low on ammo. If we keep on firing at this rate —" Again he shrugged.

"Send everybody but your sergeants back for fresh ammo. All they can carry. Then follow us."

"They don't any of them like to carry them aprons," Culp yelled. "They all say if they get hit with one of those things on them . . ."

"God damn it, Bob! I can't be bothered with a thing like that at a time like this! They knew what they were gonna have to carry!"

"I know it," Culp shrugged. "Where do you want me?"

Stein thought. "On the right, I guess. If they locate you, they'll try to hit you. I want you away from the reserve platoon. I'll give you a few riflemen in case they try to send a patrol in on our flank. Anything that looks like more than a patrol, you let me know quick."

"Don't worry!" Culp said. He turned to his squads. Stein trotted off to the right, where he had seen Al Gore, Lt of his 3d Platoon, motioning at the same time for Sgt Welsh to come over to him. Welsh came, followed by Storm, for the orders conference. Even Welsh, Stein noticed parenthetically, even Welsh had that strained, intent, withdrawn look

on his face—like a greasy patina of guilty wishful thinking.

While 3d Platoon and Stein's Company HQ were trooping forward in two parallel single files in their move to the second fold, the 1st Platoon continued to lie in its shell holes. After the first crash and volley and thunder of mortars they all had expected to be dead in five minutes. Now, it seemed unbelievable but the Japanese did not seem to be able to see them very well. Now and then a bullet or a burst zipped by low overhead, followed in a second or so by the sound of its firing. Mortar rounds still sighed down on them, exploding with roaring mushrooms of terror and dirt. But in general the Japanese seemed to be waiting for something. 1st Platoon was willing to wait with them. Leaderless, pinned down, pressing its hands and sweating faces to the dirt, 1st Platoon was willing to wait forever and never move again. Many prayed and promised God they would go to church services every Sunday. But slowly, they began to realize that they could move around, could fire back, that death was not a foregone conclusion and inevitable for all.

The medics helped with this. The two company aidmen, given their orders by Stein, had moved up amongst 2d Platoon along the third fold, and had begun little sorties out onto the shallow slope after wounded. In all there were 15 wounded men, and six dead. The two aidmen did not bother with the dead, but slowly they retrieved for the stretcher-bearers all of the wounded. With insouciance, sober, serious and bespectacled, the two of them moved up and down the slope, bandaging and salting, dragging and half-carrying. Mortar shells knocked them down, MG fire kicked up dirt around them, but nothing touched them. Both would be dead before the week was out (and replaced by types much less admired in C-for-Charlie), but for now they clumped untouchably on, two sobersides concerned with aiding the sobbing, near-helpless men it was their official duty to aid. Eventually enough 1st Platoon men raised their heads high enough to see them, and realized movement was possible—at least, as long as they did not all stand up in a body and wave and shout "Here we are!" Not one of them had as yet seen a single Japanese.

It was Doll who saw the first ones. Sensing the movement around him as men began to stir and call softly to each other, Doll took his bruised confidence in hand and raised his head until his eyes showed above the slight depression into which he had sprawled. He happened to come up looking at the rear of the little lefthand ridge, just where it joined the rocky rim slope up to Hill 210. He saw three figures carrying what could only be a machinegun still at-

tached to its tripod start across the slope back toward Hill 210, running bent over at the waist in the same identical way he himself had run up here. Doll was astounded and did not believe it. They were about 200 yards away, and the two men behind ran together carrying the gun, while the man in front simply ran, carrying nothing. Doll slid his rifle up, raised the sight four clicks and, lying with only his left arm and shoulder outside his little hole, sighted on the man in front, leading him a little, and squeezed off a shot. The rifle bucked his shoulder and the man went down. The two men behind jumped sideways together, like a pair of skittish, delicately coordinated horses, and ran on. They did not drop the gun, and they did not lose a stride or even get out of step. Doll fired again and missed. He realized his mistake now: if he had hit one of the men with the MG, they'd have had to drop it and leave it or else stop to pick it up. Before he could fire a third time they were in among the rocks on the rim, beyond which the steep precipice fell to the river. Doll could see their backs or heads from time to time as they went on, but never long enough to shoot. The other man remained where he had fallen on the slope.

So Doll had killed his first Japanese. For that matter, his first human being of any kind. Doll had hunted quite a lot, and he could remember his first deer. But this was an experience which required extra tasting. Like getting screwed the first time, it was too complex to be classed solely as pride of accomplishment. Shooting well, at anything, was always a pleasure. And Doll hated the Japanese, dirty little yellow Jap bastards, and would gladly have killed personally every one of them if the US Army and Navy would only arrange him a safe opportunity and supply him the ammo. But beyond these two pleasures there was another. It had to do with guilt. Doll felt guilty. He couldn't help it. He had killed a human being, a man. He had done the most horrible thing a human could do, worse than rape even. And nobody in the whole damned world could say anything to him about it. That was where the pleasure came. . . . He felt stupid and cruel and mean and vastly superior. It certainly had helped his confidence anyway, that was for sure.

Just then a mortar shell sighed down for a half-second and 10 yards away exploded a fountain of terror and dirt, and Doll discovered his confidence hadn't been helped so much after all. Before he could think he had jerked himself and his rifle down onto the floor of his little depression and curled up there, fear running like heavy threads of quicksilver through all his arteries and veins as if they were glass

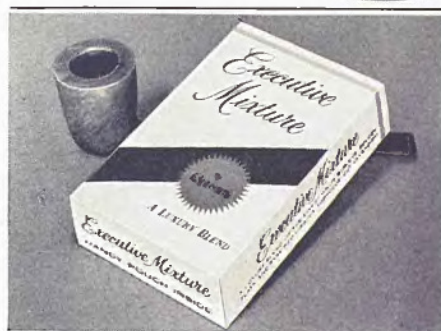


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thermometers. After a moment he wanted to raise back up and look again but found that he couldn't. What if just as he put up his head another one exploded and a piece of it took him square between the eyes, or knifed into his face, or ripped through his helmet and split his skull? The prospect was too much. After a while, after his breathing had quieted, he again put his head up to the eye level. This time there were four Japanese preparing to leave the grassy ridge for the uphill road to Hill 210. They came into sight from somewhere on the ridge already running. Two carried the gun, another carried handled boxes, the fourth had nothing. Doll pulled his rifle up into position and aimed for the gun-carriers. As the party crossed the open space, he fired four times and missed each time. They disappeared into the rocks.

Doll was so furious he could have bitten a piece out of his own arm. While cursing himself, he remembered he had now fired six rounds. He released the clip and replaced it with a fresh one, sliding the two unused rounds into his pants pocket, then settled down to wait for more Japanese. Only then did he realize that what he was watching might have more implication and importance than whether he got himself another Jap.

"Hey, Queen!"

After a moment, there was a muffled answer. "Yeah?"

"Did you see them Japs leavin that

left ridge?"

"I aint been seein much of nothin," Queen called with muffled honesty.

"Well, why dont you get your f---in head up and look around?" Doll could not resist the gibe. He suddenly felt very powerful and in command of himself, almost gay.

"Go f--- yourself, Doll," was Queen's muffled answer.

"No, Sarge," (he used the title deliberately), "I'm serious. I counted seven Japs leavin that lefthand grassy ridge. I got me one of them," he added modestly without, however, mentioning how many times he'd missed.

"So?"

"I think they're pullin out of there. Maybe somebody ought to tell Bugger Stein."

"You want to be the one?" Queen called back with muffled sarcasm.

The idea had not occurred to Doll. Now it did. He had already seen the two aidmen moving about on the slope, and apparently nothing had happened to them. He could see them now, simply by turning his head a little. "Why not?" he called cheerfully. "Sure. I'll carry the message back to Bugger for you." Suddenly his heart was beating in his throat.

"You'll do no such a goddam f---ing thing," Queen called. "You'll stay right the f--- where you are and shut up. That's an order."

Doll did not answer for a moment. Slowly his heart returned to normal.

He had offered and been refused. He had committed himself and been freed. But something else was driving him, something he could not put a name to. "Okay," he called.

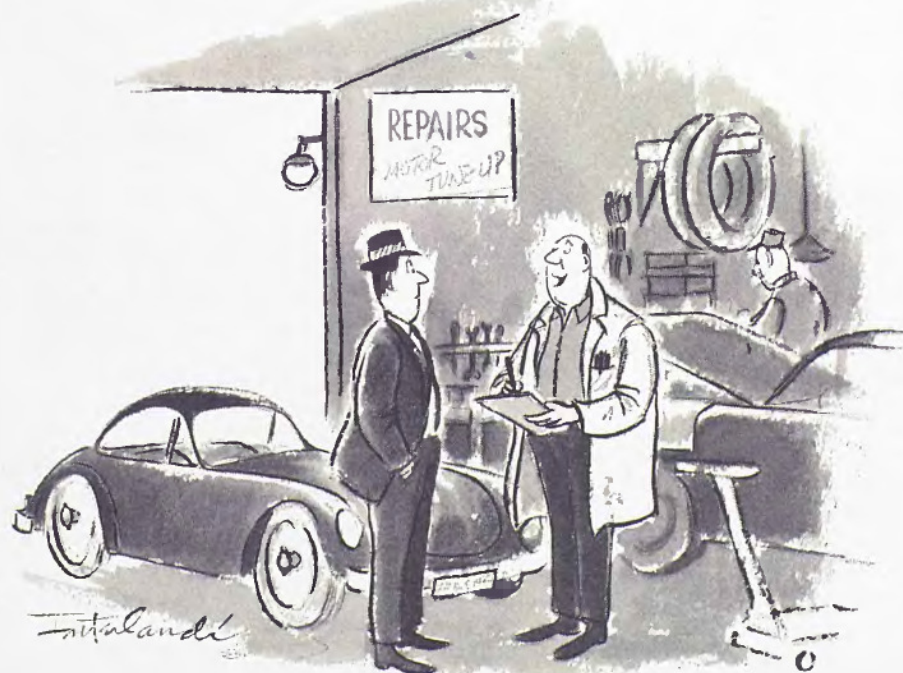
"They'll get us out of this in a little bit. Somebody will. You stay put. I'm ordering you."

"I said okay," Doll called. But the thing that was driving him, eating on him, didn't recede. He had a strange tingling all through his belly and crotch. Off to the right there was a sudden burst of the MG fire his ear now knew as Japanese, and immediately after it a cry of pain. "Aidman! Aidman!" somebody called. It sounded like Stearns. No, it wasn't all that easy. In spite of the two aidmen moving all around. The tingling in Doll got stronger and his heart began to pound again. He had never in his life been excited quite like this. Somebody had to get that news to Bugger. Somebody had to be a—hero. He had already killed one man, if you could call a Jap a man. And nobody, not a single soul in the world, could touch him for it, not a single soul. Doll raised his left eyebrow and pulled up his lip in that special grin of his.

He did not wait for Big Queen, or bother with his permission. When he had squirmed himself around facing the rear, he lay a moment lifting himself to the act, his heart pounding. He could not quite bring himself to begin to move. But he knew he would. There was something else in it, also. In what it was that was driving, pulling him to do it. It was like facing God. Or gambling with Luck. It was taking a dare from the Universe. It excited him more than all the hunting, gambling and f---ing he had ever done all rolled together. When he went, he was up in a flash and running, not at full speed, but at about half speed which was better controlled, bent over, his rifle in both hands, even as the Japanese he himself had downed. A bullet kicked up dirt two feet to his left and he zigged right. Ten yards further on he zagged left. Then he was over the third fold into the 2d Platoon, who stared at him uncomprehendingly. Doll giggled. He found Capt Bugger Stein behind the second fold where he had just arrived, ran almost headon into him in fact and did not even have to hunt. He was hardly even winded.

1st Sgt Welsh was crouching with Stein and Band behind the crest of the second fold, when Doll came trotting up, bent over, giggling and laughing, so out of breath he could not talk. Welsh, who had always disliked Doll for a punk, and still did, thought he looked like a young recruit coming giggling out of a whorehouse after the first real f--- of his life, and he eyed him narrowly, wanting to know why.

"What the hell are you laughing at?" Stein snapped.



"Would you like the estimate in English or in its native language?"

"At the way I fooled them yellow bastards shooting at me," Doll gasped, giggling, but soon subsided before Stein's gaze.

Welsh, with the others, listened to his story of the seven Japanese and two guns he had seen leaving the left ridge. "I think they're pullin' completely out of there, sir."

"Who sent you back here?" Stein said.

"Nobody, sir. I came myself. I thought it was something you'd want to know."

"You were right. It is," Stein nodded his head sternly. Welsh, watching him from where he crouched, wanted to spit. Bugger was acting very much the company commander, today. "And I won't forget it, Doll."

Doll did not answer, but he grinned. Stein, on one knee, was now rubbing his unshaven chin and blinking his eyes behind his glasses. Doll was still standing straight up.

"God damn it, get down," Stein said irritably.

Doll looked around leisurely, then consented to squat, since it was obviously an order.

"George," Stein said, "get a man with glasses and have him spot the back of that ridge. I want to know the second anybody leaves it. Here," he said, removing his own, "take mine."

"I'll do it myself," Band said, and bared his teeth in a brilliant-eyed, weird smile. He took off.

Stein looked after him a long moment, and Welsh wanted to laugh. Stein turned back to Doll and began to question him about the attack, casualties, the present position and state of the platoon. Doll didn't really know very much. He had seen Lt Whyte die, knew Sgt Grove was down but not whether he was dead. He had — they all had, he amended — been pretty busy when the first big bunch of mortars began to hit. He thought he had seen a group of about squad size go into the deep grass at the base of the right ridge, but wasn't sure. And he had seen the machinegun squad run far out ahead and all go down together with one mortar burst. Stein cursed at this, and demanded what they were doing there in the first place. Doll of course didn't know. He thought that the center, ensconced in their U.S.-made shell holes and depressions in the bottom, were safe enough for the moment, provided the Japs did not lay a heavy mortar barrage on them. No, he himself had not been very scared the whole time. He didn't know why, really.

"You're not really pinned down, then," Stein said. "I was told —"

"Well, we are, in a way, sir," Doll said. "But, like you see, I got back all right. We couldn't all come back at once."

Stein nodded.

"But two or three at a time could make it, I think. With 2d Platoon firing

covering fire," Doll suggested.

"We don't even know where those goddamned f---ing emplacements are," Stein said sourly.

"They could fire searching fire, couldn't they?" Doll suggested professionally.

Stein glared at him. So did Welsh. Welsh wanted to boot the new hero in the ass: already giving the company commander advice — about searching fire, yet.

Welsh interrupted them. "Hey, Cap'n!" he growled. "You want me to go down there and get them men back up here for you?" He glared murderously at Doll, whose eyebrows went up innocently.

"No," Stein rubbed his jaw. "No, I can't spare you. Might need you. Anyway, I think I'll leave them there awhile. They don't seem to be getting hurt too bad and if we can get up onto that right ridge frontally maybe they can flank it." He paused. "What interests me is that squad on the right that got into the deep grass on the ridge. They —"

He was interrupted by George Band who, bent over, came running down the little slope. "Hey, Jim! Hey, Captain Stein! I just saw five more leaving the left ridge, with two MGs. I think they really are pulling out."

"Really?" Stein said. "Really?" He sounded as relieved as if he had just been told the battle had been called off until another time. At least now he could act. "Gore! Gore!" he began to bellow. "Lt Gore!"

It required 15 minutes to summon Gore, instruct him, assemble his 3d Pla-

toon, and see them off on their venture.

"We're pretty sure they're pulling out completely, Gore. But don't get over-eager; like Whyte. They may have left a rearguard. Or maybe it's a trap. So go slow. Let your scouts look it over first. I think your best approach is down the draw in front of Hill 209. Go left behind this middle fold here till it hits the draw, and then down the draw. If you get hit by mortars like they did there yesterday, you got to keep going, though. If there's a waterhole in that brush at the foot of the ridge, let me know about it. We're running very short of water; already. But the main thing. The main thing, Gore, is not to lose any more men than you absolutely have to." It was becoming an increasingly important point to Stein, almost frantically so. And whenever he was not actually occupied with something specific, that was what he brooded over. "Now, go ahead, boy; and good luck." Men; men; he was losing all his men; men he had lived with; men he was responsible for.

It required another half hour for Gore's reserve 3d Platoon to reach its jumpoff point at the foot of the grassy ridge. He was certainly following orders and going slow, Stein thought with impatience. It was now after 9:00. In the meantime Band had come back from the crest of the fold with a report that he had counted three more small bodies of men leaving the left ridge with MGs, but had counted none in the last 15 minutes. Also in the meantime little Charlie Dale the second cook had returned, his narrow closeset eyes



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snapping bright, and at the same time dark and thunderous. He showed Stein where he had brought the stretcherbearers to the low between the first and middle folds, four parties of four, 16 men in all, who were already starting to collect the first of the eight litter cases which had by now accumulated. Then he asked if there were any more little jobs for him to do.

Corporal Fife, lying not far from the Company Commander with the sound-power phone which had more or less become his permanent responsibility, thought he had never seen such an unholy look on a human face. Perhaps Fife was a little jealous because he was so afraid himself. Certainly there wasn't any fear in Charlie Dale. His mouth hung open in a slack little grin, the bright and at the same time lowering eyes darting everywhere and filmed over with an unmistakable sheen of pleased self-satisfaction at all this attention he suddenly was getting. Fife looked at him, then sickly turned his head away and closed his eyes, his ear to the phone. This was his job; he'd been given it and he'd do it; but he'd be damned if he'd do anything else he wasn't told to do. He couldn't. He was too afraid.

"Yes," Bugger Stein was saying to Dale. "You —"

He was interrupted by the explosion of a mortar shell amongst the 2d Platoon on the rear slope of the third fold. Its loud thwonging bang was almost simultaneous with a loud scream of pure fear, which after the explosion died away continued until the screamer ran out of breath. A man had thrown himself out of the line back down the slope and was bucking and kicking and rolling with both hands pressed behind him in the small of his back. When he got his breath back, he continued to scream. Everyone else hugged the comforting dirt, which nevertheless was not quite comforting enough, and waited for a barrage to begin to fall. Nothing happened, however, and after a moment they began to put their heads up to look at the kicking man who still bucked and screamed.

"I don't think they can see us any better than we can see them," Welsh muttered, tight-lipped.

"I believe that's Private Jacques," Lt Band said in an interested voice.

The screaming had taken on a new tone, one of realization, rather than the start and surprise and pure fear of before. One of the aidmen got to him and with the help of two men from 2d Platoon tore open his shirt and got a syringe of morphine into him. In a few seconds he quieted. When he was still, the aidman pulled the hands loose and rolled him over. His belt off, his shirt up, he was looked over by the aidman, who then was seen to shrug with despair.

and reach in his pack and begin to sprinkle.

Behind the middle fold Bugger Stein was whitefaced, his lips tight, his eyes snapping open and shut behind his glasses. This was the first of his men he had actually seen wounded. Beside him Brass Band watched the same scene with a look of friendly, sympathetic interest on his face. Beyond Band Corporal Fife had raised up once to look while the man was still bucking and kicking and then lain back down sick all over; all he could think of was what if it had been him? It might easily have been, might still yet be.

"Stretcherbearers! Stretcherbearers!" Stein had suddenly turned back toward the hollow where two of the four groups had not yet departed with loads. "Stretcherbearers!" he yelled at the top of his lungs. One of the groups came on the run with their stretcher.

"But, Jim," Lt Band said. "Really, Jim, I dont —"

"God damn you, George, shut up! Leave me alone!" The bearers arrived out of breath. "Go get that man," Stein said pointing over the crest to where the aidman still knelt by the casualty.

The leader plainly had thought someone of the CP group here had been wounded. Now he saw his mistake. "But listen," he protested, "we already got eight or nine down there now that we're supposed to — We're not —"

"God damn it, dont argue with me! I'm Captain Stein! Go get that man, I said!" Stein bawled in his face.

The man recoiled, upset. Of course nobody was wearing insignia.

"But, Jim, really," Brass Band said, "he's not —"

"God damn you, all of you! Am I in command around here or not!" Stein was in a howling rage; and he was actually almost howling. "Am I Company Commander of this outfit or am I not! Am I Captain Stein or a goddamned private! Do I give the orders here or dont I! I said go get that man!"

"Yes, sir," the leader said. "Okay, sir. Right away."

"That man may die," Stein said more reasonably. "He's hit bad. Get him back to battalion aid station and see if they can't do something to save him."

"Yes, sir," the leader of the bearers said. He spread his hands palms up toward Stein absolving himself of guilt. "We got others that're hit bad, sir. That was all I meant. We got three down there might die any minute."

Stein stared at him uncomprehendingly.

"That's it, Jim," Band said from behind him soothingly. "Dont you see? Dont you think he ought to wait his turn? Isn't that only fair?"

"Wait his turn? Wait his turn? Fair? My God!" Stein said. He stared at both of them, his face white.

"Sure," Band said. "Why put him ahead of some other guy?"

Stein did not answer him. After a moment he turned to the leader. "Go and get him," he said stiffly, "like I told you. Get him back to battalion aid station. I gave you an order, Private."

"Yes, sir." The leader's voice was stony. He turned to his men. "Come on, you guys. We're goin over there after that guy."

"Well what the hell're we waitin for?" one of them snarled toughly. "Come on, Hoke. Or are you afraid of gettin that close to the shooting?" It was a ridiculous remark under the circumstances. The leader plainly wasn't afraid of going.

"You shut up, Witt," he said, "and let me alone."

All of them were squatting. The man he had addressed stood up suddenly. He was a small, frail-looking man, and the US helmet shell, which on Big Queen looked so small, looked like an enormous inverted pot on his small head and almost hid his eyes. He marched up to where Welsh half reclined.

"Hello, Firs' Sarn't," the small man said with a rapacious grin.

Only then did Stein, or any of the rest of the C-for-Charlie men for that matter, recognize that this Witt was their Witt, the same that Stein and Welsh had combined to transfer out before the division left for combat. All of them were astonished, as Witt obviously meant for them to be. Corporal Fife

especially. Fife, still lying flat with the phone to his ear, sat up suddenly, grinning.

"By God! Hello, Witt!" he cried delightedly.

Witt, true to his promise of a few days before, passed his narrow eyes across the Corporal as if he did not exist. They came to rest on Welsh, again.

"Hi, Witt," Welsh said. "You in the medics now? You better get down."

Stein, who had felt guilty for having transferred Witt when he knew how badly Witt wanted to stay, even though he still felt he had done what was best for his company, said nothing.

Witt ignored Welsh's cautioning. He remained standing straight up. "Naw, Firs' Sarn't," he grinned. "Still in Cannon Comp'ny. Only, as you know, we aint got no cannons. So they've put us to work pushin boats up and down the river and as stretcherbearers." He inclined his head. "Who we goin after over there, Firs' Sarn't?"

"Jacques," Welsh said.

"Old Jockey?" Witt said. "S—, that's too bad." His three companions had already gone on and were now running downhill beyond the crest of the fold and Witt turned to follow them. But then he turned back and spoke directly to Bugger Stein. "Please, sir, can I come back to the comp'ny? After we get Jockey back to battalion? I can slip away easy. They'll give Hoke another man. Can I, sir?"

Stein was flattered. He was also con-



"He says they're waiting for their Zen mother."

fused. This whole thing of the stretcher-bearers and Jacques was getting out of hand, taking too much of his attention from the plan he had been just about to conceive. "Well, I—" he said and stopped, his mind blank. "Of course, you'll have to get someone's permission."

Witt grinned cynically. "Sure," he said. "And my rifle. Thank you, sir." He turned and was gone, after his mates.

Stein tried to reorganize the scattered threads of his thought. For a moment he stared after Witt. For a man to want to come back into a forward rifle company in the midst of an attack was simply incomprehensible to him. In a way, though, it was very romantic. Like something out of Kipling. Or *Beau Geste*. Now, what was it that he had just about had figured out?

Close to Stein, as Bugger's orders about the phone demanded he be, Corporal Fife had lain back down flat with his phone and shut his eyes. . . . When he reopened his eyes, he found himself looking into the white face of little Bead a few feet away, eyes popeyed with fright, blinking almost audibly, like some overgrown rabbit.

"Dale!" Bugger called. "Now, look," he said, marshaling his mind.

Charlie Dale crawled closer. When he first returned from his mission, he had made himself stand upright quite a while, but when the mortar shell exploded wounding Jacques, he had flattened himself. Now he compromised by squatting. Bugger had been just about to tell him something, perhaps send him on another mission, when Jacques got hit and then the stretcherbearers came. Dale could not help feeling a little piqued. Not at Jacques of course. He couldn't be mad at Jockey really. But he might have picked himself a better time to get shot up. But those goddam stretcherbearers from Cannon Comp'ny and that goddam bolshevik Witt, they certainly could have taken less of the Comp'ny C'mander's valuable time. Especially when he was about to tell Pfc Dale something very important maybe. For Dale this was the first chance that he had had in a long time for talking to the Comp'ny C'mander personally like this, for being free of that goddam order-giving Storm and his cheating cooks, first chance to not be tied to that goddam greasy sweating kitchen cooking masses of food for a bunch of men to gorge their guts on, and Dale was enjoying it. He was getting more personal attention than he had ever had from this outfit, at last they were beginning to recognize him, and all he had to do for it was carry a few messages through some light MG fire that couldn't hit him anyway. Gravy. Not far off he could see f---ing Storm lying all flattened out beside Sgt Welsh, and looking this way. Squatting, Dale put a

respectful expression on his face and listened to his commander intently. An inarticulate, secret excitement burgeoned in him.

"I've got to know how 3d Platoon is doing," Bugger was telling him. "I want you to go and find out for me." He described the position and told him how to get there. "Report to Lt Gore if you can find him. But I've got to know if they occupied that grassy ridge, and I've got to know as soon as possible. Get back as soon as you can."

"Aye, aye, sir," Dale said, his eyes pleased.

"I want both you and Doll to stay with me," Bugger said. "I'll have further work for both of you. You've both been invaluable."

"Yes, sir," Dale smiled. Then, unsmiling, he looked over at Doll, and found Doll to be studying him equally.

"Now, go!"

"Right, sir." He snapped out a tiny little salute and took off, running bent over along the low area behind the fold, his rifle slung across his back, his Thompsongun in his hands. He did not have to go far. At the corner where the hollow met the draw in front of Hill 209, he met a man from 3d Platoon already on his way back with the news that 3d Platoon had occupied the left-hand grassy ridge without firing a shot and were now digging themselves in there. Together they returned to Stein, Dale feeling a little cheated.

Stein had not waited for Dale's return. Gradually his plan had shaped itself in his mind, even while he was talking to Dale. Whether 3d Platoon had occupied the lefthand ridge made little difference to it. They could provide more covering fire, and that would help, but it was not essential, because this movement had to do with the squad-sized group of 1st Platoon men who had made it in under the machine-guns, into the thicker grass at the foot of the righthand ridge. That righthand ridge was obviously going to be the trouble spot, the stumbling block. With the squad-sized group already there plus two more squads from 2d Platoon Stein wanted to make a sort of double-winged uphill frontal attack whose center would hold and whose ends would curl around and isolate the main strongpoint on the ridge, wherever it was. The remainder of 2d Platoon could fire cover from the third fold, and Stein thought the rest of 1st Platoon—the remnants, he amended sourly—could fire cover along the flank from their advanced position in their holes. With this in mind he had already, after Charlie Dale's departure, sent Doll back down into that inferno beyond the third fold, now temporarily quiet, where 1st Platoon still clung precariously to the dirt of their holes, sweating. Doll had only just left when the stretcherbearers came back

with Jacques. Stein found he could not resist the desire to look at him. Neither could anybody else.

They had laid him on his stomach on the stretcher. The aidman had a gauze compress over the wound, but it was apparent that there was a long glancing hole in the small of Jacques' back. His face hung over the side of the stretcher, and his half-closed eyes, dulled of intelligence by the morphine and by shock, held only a peculiar questioning look. He appeared to be asking them, or somebody, why?—why he, John Jacques, ASN so-and-so, had been chosen for this particular fate? Somewhere a stranger had dropped a metal case down a tube, not knowing exactly where it would land, not even sure where he wanted it to land. It had gone up and come down. And where did it land? On John Jacques, ASN so-and-so. When it had burst, thousands of chunks and pieces of knife-edged metal had gone chirring in all directions. And who was the only one touched by one of them? John Jacques, ASN so-and-so. Why? Why him? No enemy had aimed anything at John Jacques, ASN so-and-so. No enemy knew that John Jacques, ASN so-and-so, existed. Any more than *he* knew the name, character and personality of the Japanese who dropped the metal case down the tube. So why? Why him? Why John Jacques, ASN so-and-so? Why not somebody else? Why not one of his friends? And now it was done. Soon he would be dead.

Stein forced himself to look somewhere else. At the tail, off end of the stretcher he saw Witt, who, being shorter, had to strain more to keep his end up level. Thinking about Doll and 1st Platoon, Stein was just about to send someone after Sgt Keck, the new commander of 2d Platoon, when Charlie Dale and the messenger returned.

Doll had gone back reluctantly. He had not intended, when he first came back, to set himself up as a trouble-shooting messenger to dangerous areas for Bugger Stein. Truthfully, he did not really know why he had done it. And now he was hooked. Also, he was angered at the easiness of Charlie Dale's mission when compared to the hardness of his own. Any damn fool could go *back*, after stretcherbearers, or even forward when he had a covered route all the way. For himself, he did not know how he was going to accomplish his job. Whyte was dead, Grove dead or badly wounded, and that left the command of the platoon to Skinny Culn, the platoon guide. If he was not hit or dead too. Sgt Culn was a round, redfaced, pug-nosed, jovial Irishman of 28, an old regular who ought to be all right leading the platoon. But Doll had no idea where to find him. The only man whose whereabouts Doll knew was Big Queen. This meant that he would have to hunt,



"See, dear, it's only an owl hooting . . ."

maybe even run from hole to hole, looking, and down there Doll did not relish that idea. He'd like to see Dale do it.

Before going, he lay behind the crest of the third fold amongst the 2d Platoon and raised his head to look down into the low area where he must go. The 2d Platoon men nearby, cheeks pressed to the earth, stared at him with indifferent, sullen curiosity. He was aware that his eyes were narrowed, his nostrils flared, his jaw set. He made a handsome picture of a soldier for the 2d Platoon men who watched him without liking. Out in front one of the medics was helping back a fat man who had been shot through the calf and was groaning audibly. Doll felt a sort of amused contempt for him; why couldn't he keep his mouth shut? Once again the sick excitement had taken hold of him and gripped him by the belly, making his crotch tingle and his heart pound and paralyzing his diaphragm so that he breathed slower and slower and slower, and even slower still, until his essence and being ran down and seemed to stop in an entranced totality of concentration. Then he was up and running. He ran bent over and at half speed and exposed to the world, the same way he had run up out of there. Some bullets kicked up dirt to right and left. He zigged and zagged. In 10 seconds' time he was back down flat in his little depression already calling breathlessly for Queen and wanting to laugh out loud. He had known all along he'd make it. A burst of MG fire tickled the rim of his hole and whined away, showering him with dirt.

But the getting here was only the beginning. He still had to find Culin. And the muffled information which came to him from Big Queen down in his hole was that Culin was somewhere over on the right; at least Queen had seen him there before the charge. But when Doll rolled over and called off to his right, the man who should have been, must *be* somewhere there, did not answer. A great soft lump of fear had risen in Doll's throat as he talked. He tried now to swallow it, but it remained. This was the situation he had been dreading back at the third fold before taking off. He was going to have to run down the line of holes looking for Culin.

All right then goddam them. He would show them. He'd do it, do it standing on his head. And then let's see what that little punk Dale could do. He was Don Doll and nobody was going to kill him in this war. The sons of bitches. Once again that great, strange stillness which he got, and which affected his breathing, came over Doll, blanketing out everything, as he prepared to get up. In his pants his balls tingled acutely. It was exactly the same feeling he used to get as a kid when something like Christmas got him excited. Let's see

their faces and Bigger Stein's when he came back out of this.

In the fact, Stein had almost completely forgotten about his messenger to the 1st Platoon. The stress of newer developments claimed him. With the return of Charlie Dale and the good news about 3d Platoon, he decided not to send for Keck but to go to him. There, behind the third fold with 2d Platoon, he could both mount the attack he planned and observe it. With this in mind he had sent George Band with Sgt Storm and the cook force back around the covered route to join 3d Platoon. Band was to assume command and be prepared to attack the righthand ridge if Stein's attack succeeded. Band, with his weird bloodthirsty grin, constant neat advice and cool calm interest in the wounded, had been getting on Stein's nerves more and more, and this was a good way to get rid of him and at the same time make him useful. Then he put in a call to Col Tall, Battalion Commander.

More and more things had been getting on Stein's nerves, more and more increasingly. In the first place he could never be sure that what he did was right, mightn't have been done better and with less cost in some other way. He felt that way about the attack he was preparing to mount now. In addition there was his own nervous fear and apprehension, which kept eating into his energy more and more. Danger flickered and blinked in the air like a faulty neon tube. Whenever he stood up he might be struck by a bullet. Whenever he moved a few feet he might be moving under a descending mortar shell. Hiding these apprehensions from his men was even more fatiguing. Also, he had already finished off one of his two canteens of water, and was a third through the other, without ever having allayed his thirst. And in addition to all of this that was wearing him down there was something else coming increasingly to attention, and that was inertia. His men would do what he told them to if he told them explicitly and specifically. Otherwise they would simply lie with their cheeks pressed to the ground and stare at him. Except for a few volunteers like Dale; and Doll. Initiative may have been the descriptive word for the Civil War; or enthusiasm. But apparently inertia was the one for this one.

Stein had already talked to Tall about the Japanese evacuation of the lefthand grassy ridge, and had informed him that it was being occupied by C-for-Charlie's 3d Platoon; so he was dumbfounded when the Colonel began to shout at him over the soundpower phone that he was too far to the right. He was not even given an opportunity to explain his proposed attack. The soundpower phone was a great invention for explanations

and one-sided conversations, because the listening party could not speak until the other turned it over and released the button; but somehow Tall seemed able to make this work for him, while Stein could not do the same.

"But I don't understand. What do you mean too far to the right? I told you they've evacuated the lefthand grassy ridge. And my 3d Platoon's occupied it. How can I be too far to the right? You agreed to attack from the right across our front. Over."

"God damn it, Stein!" the Col's cold thin angry voice cried. "I'm telling you your left flank's exposed." Because of the phone Stein could not protest that it wasn't, and the Col went on with rhetoric. "Do you know what it is to expose your left flank? Did you ever read in a tactics manual about exposing your left flank? Your left flank is *exposed*. And damn it, you've got to *move* down there. You're not moving! Over!"

The moment for protesting was past, lost while Tall's thumb depressed the button. Stein could only defend, harassed fury burning in him. "But God damn it, Colonel, that's why I called you! I'm trying to! I'm preparing to attack the righthand grassy ridge right now!" He stopped, forgetting to say 'over,' and there was a long silence. "Over," he said. "God damn it."

"Stein, I told you you're too far right already," the Col's voice came from the faroff areas of safety. "You're sideslipping to the right all the time. Over."

"Well, what do you want me to do? You want me to withdraw the rest of my company to the lefthand grassy ridge, too? Over." That, he knew, would be insane.

"No. I've decided to commit the reserve company on your left — with orders to attack. Orders to attack, Stein, you hear? orders to attack. You stay where you are. I'll have Baker Company's commander send your reserve platoon back to you. Over."

"Do you want me to go ahead with my attack?" Stein 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 mumbblings. 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."

This is the first part of James Jones' "The Thin Red Line." Part II will appear in September.



SAP OF MANHOOD

(continued from page 85)
your position securely on a high moral plane, the rest will follow easily.

"Now, Davie, I want you to be in early."

"I'm glad you brought that up, Mother. Try to hint to Marlene that I have to get up early. Doesn't seem graceful, somehow, coming from me."

You may then stay out as late as you like. Be sure to speak firmly to your mother — before she speaks firmly to you.

"Mother, I don't think you made it very clear to Marlene. Not clear at all. Couldn't break away until three."

"I'm sorry, Davie, I tried to —"

"Try to do better next time, won't you?"

Your parents should begin to worry a bit about you.

"Charles, I'm worried about David. He's such a *serious* boy. Don't you think he should have a little more fun?"

"Well, he hasn't been in before three all week."

"I know, but it isn't as though he really *wanted* to."

Keep your standards high and you will not regret it.

BEWARE OF GROWING GIRLS

Girls, you will discover, grow more rapidly than you. There is a period during which their little bodies expand and flower at a rate that far outstrips their mental growth.

It is your duty — and every young man's — to guide them through this period of little sense but much feeling.

At this stage particularly you will find that not all girls breathe the same bracing moral atmosphere that you do. Make it clear to them that your own rugged good looks and *bon vivant* manner are not signposts of easy virtue nor invitations to loose living.

"David, where are you *taking* me?"

"I'm afraid for you here, Peggy. This music, these pawing young men embracing in public to a primitive rhythm —"

"It's only a *dance*, Davie."

"Sometimes I fear for all of us. Here's a good spot. Sit down."

(Commands should always be simple and direct.)

"But Davie —"

"Comfy? Now, we need to talk this out. Pity your mother isn't here, too."

SHOULD I PET?

Maintain control of yourself at all

times. Don't be stampeded into unrestrained demonstrations of affection. You will regret it later. Keep everything on a high plane.

"Don't you think we've been out here long enough, Davie?"

"One more thing, darling. Take petting. Inexcusable. Let me demonstrate. A kiss should be offered simply, with humility, like this —"

"Ohhhhh, Davie!"

"Please, I'm only illustrating. Try to control yourself. Now it should not be forced, like this —"

"Davie!"

Remember that you are seeking to instruct, not to arouse primitive emotions that might fan quickly into a flame.

SHOULD I GO STEADY?

Those who have studied the above paragraph need not be told that the answer to this question is a thumping "No!"

All around you young girls are growing, their youthful bodies far outstripping youthful minds. With passions all too often rife, you are needed most and often at widely scattered points.

It is only the selfish young man who fails to bring his torch, so to speak, into all the dark corners, lighting the way to finer, better lives.

Be generous with your time. You may be criticized by the very people you are trying to help, but steer your course forward, clearing up little misunderstandings as they arise.

"Marian? I feel sorry for her, Betty!"

"Davie, I don't feel sorry for her! Maybe a straitlaced boy like you wouldn't notice, but if those are really *hers*, which I doubt —"

"Please, Betty!"

"And that new convertible which is practically her own *personal* property, and —"

"She's really very tragic underneath. A little girl who's been hurt. Perhaps one day the three of us —"

Be as truthful as you can, but a little white lie now and then may be necessary, for her sake. Remember that a jealous girl is not a happy girl, and happy girls make for happy boys.

BE BRAVE!

Take advantage of these golden years, for they will slip by all too soon. Then you will bid a sad farewell to carefree youth and enter into manhood.

Have courage. Others have gone before you. You have only to follow in their footsteps.

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MORNING AFTER (continued from page 59)

strewn floor, except Section A, which lay before her husband.

"I told you it was all on the first three pages. Most of the Sunday paper is canned stuff, put together last week or even before."

The headlines were tall and black, but not in mourning. RUDY BROCK SLAIN!

The last of fabulous Gang Figure Rudy Brock's notorious "nine lives" ebbed from him last night as he lay in a pool of blood in his furniture store at . . .

The rest of the copy was as royally purple, as the newspaper rushed to dump what looked like its entire crime morgue into the first three pages. But there was little actual news except the circumstances of the death and that a great police dragnet was rounding up all of Brock's "alleged" enemies for questioning. Brock had more enemies than the Porslins had friends.

"Nine lives," said Dee. "Bunk!"

"Fabulous," muttered Gerald. "How irresponsible can you get?" Meaning the newspaper.

The Porslins took themselves far more

seriously than anyone guessed. But they knew their capabilities; in private they had assayed themselves and each other, and recognized how much was going to waste. Dee had underscored it in her questioning way the other night. "It's as if we're not accomplishing anything, isn't it?" Dee was generally first to vocalize a mutual thought, if only to find out how far Gerald was ahead of her.

"Not accomplishing anything for the community," he said. "This 'Know Thyself' business only takes a person so far."

The night before—Saturday—had been heavy with fog. The freeways into the city were canals of flowing phosphorescent lights. As he drove, Gerald kept wiping the inside of the windshield with the back of his gloved hand. They were cheap driving gloves, imitation kid, that he had bought last week, but they would look decent enough for this one outing. Both he and Dee wore reversible raincoats, white side out. Everything about them was as neat as could be, except for their usually spotless Corvette. The rear license plate bore two careful daubs of

mud that altered the numbers entirely.

Dee wore white lace gloves and, beneath her open raincoat, a party dress that was memorable only at the neckline. She was quite blonde tonight, thanks to wigs being in fashion recently, and she had done her mouth in a bright tangerine color. As Gerald wheeled into the parking lot alongside the furniture store, she checked herself in her mirror. "If we meet anyone I know, I'll die."

"Please don't, dear. You'd only embarrass us both." Even he was surprised to hear the razor edge to his bantering voice. He hadn't realized there would be any strain to this.

"Should you take a tranquilizer, Gerald?"

"I don't think so."

Casually, the Porslins sauntered to the plate-glass front of the store and entered. They stood looking around. There were two sorts of salesmen on the floor, the usual harried kind and some large husky men in tropic-weight suits. Of the big men, the Porslins recognized a few from the newspaper photographs that accompanied all of the "Underworld Suspects" stories—Flores, Gross, Picozzi . . .

Picozzi trudged toward them. "Can I help you?"

Gerald smiled amiably and nodded toward his wife. She said, "The little round man I spoke to last week? Oh, there he is!"

They deserted Picozzi, who was interested in the plunging front of Dee's dress, and made straight for Rudy Brock. He stood at the foot of the carpeted staircase, a balding man of medium height but stumpy-looking because of his fat. He too evinced a heavy-lidded concern with Dee's low neckline, which was its purpose.

She said, "I'm so glad you're here! I was in last week looking at highboys? Now if I could show my husband?"

Brock wiped back the few hairs on his damp scalp and did his best to remember. But when Dee scouted the store, she had looked quite different. "Why certainly, Mrs. . . ."

"Atropos," supplied Gerald.

"Mr. and Mrs. Atropos, pleased to make your acquaintance." Brock led the way up the stairs to the mezzanine. Dee had chosen the ideal spot. The highboys lined a balcony overlooking the street floor but stood tall enough to provide absolute seclusion.

She caressed one of Sheraton design. "What do you think of this, dear?"

Gerald nodded. "It seems to fit in."

"It's a beautiful piece," Brock offered. "Reasonable, too. Not that we're running any bargain basement here, folks, but —"

"Are you positive?" Dee asked her husband. "We'll both have to live with it for a long while."

"I'm positive."



"On the other hand, it does give you a certain undeniable air of mystery . . ."

"Very well, here goes nothing." She gasped. "Oh, for pity's sake — it's scratched!"

"Goddamn," growled Brock, shoving forward. "Where?" He bent over the spot where her white lace forefinger pointed.

His sports jacket stretched taut across the basin of his broad back. Gerald pulled the hunting knife from his raincoat pocket. Like the gloves, it was cheap, ordinary and serviceable. He hesitated, but not from lack of resolution. It was because Brock was too fat for his vertebrae to show, as Dee's had during rehearsals. He had to estimate.

"I don't see it," Brock complained.

"It's there," insisted Dee impatiently. "Right there!" Imploring, her eyes clung to her husband.

Gerald plunged the knife in up to its guard. Exactly, he hoped, between number six vertebra and number seven. When there was no more blade to sink, he released the hilt quickly.

Brock made no sound louder than a cough. He tried to straighten. Gerald caught him under the arms and lowered him to the floor on his side. Then he inspected his gloves. He couldn't see any flecks of blood. Even so, he gingerly peeled them off by the cuffs, turning them inside out in the process. He had practiced that, too.

"Luck," he murmured to Dee. Slapping the gloves jauntily against his left hand, he strolled out onto the main mezzanine. Nothing was new on the floor below. Except that Picozzi was starting up the stairs. Gerald started down on the same side, remembering not to touch the banister.

Dee knelt down by Brock and opened her purse. Then it was her turn to hesitate until she decided to get the worst out of the way first. She lifted Brock's hand and pressed her mouth to the back of it. When she dropped it again, there was a gaudy tangerine lip print. Brock had a very hairy hand and she nearly gagged.

Next she produced from her purse four Chinese yen and lined the coins neatly in front of his open mouth. She had clipped them off an antique sachet basket before throwing it into the trash. From her purse, too, came the strip of six postage stamps that she licked from one end to the other. She pasted the stamps to his forehead.

Gerald said, "Mister," to Picozzi.

Picozzi stopped, midway on the staircase. "What do you want?"

"I'm curious about the price on that sectional over there. The one near the wall. The queer-colored one."

Picozzi still couldn't tell which one he meant. He followed Gerald down the stairs again and through the maze of living-room suites. Gerald sat down on a sectional near the side door to the parking lot. "This one."

"Here's the tag," said Picozzi. "You

must have been looking on the wrong end. \$899.95."

"That's a stupid price," Gerald smiled at him.

"I don't get you."

"Why don't you people come right out and say \$900?" He got to his feet with a sigh. "Well, let's hear my wife's opinion on the subject."

He waved to Dee who had appeared at the top of the stairs. She waved back and trotted down gracefully. Picozzi was pleased to see her. Gerald patted the sectional cushions. "I was wondering —"

"Dear," she said, "one thing at a time. Besides, it would never go without recovering."

Gerald shrugged. "Thanks, anyway," he told Picozzi. The Porslins went out the side door. Dee's gloved hand opened it.

Gerald drove out of the parking lot the back way, through the freight alley and onto a residential street. "Mailed to hell, I trust."

"With utmost dispatch." Between corner lights, she plucked his hat off his head and tossed it behind the seat, unpinned her gleaming wig and stuffed it in the dashboard compartment. Then, squirming about, she reversed her raincoat so that it was blue with a white lining. (Once home, she would replace her wig in its plastic case in the depths of her dressing-room wardrobe; he would hose off the raincoats, both sides, on the patio flagstones, shake them out and hang them in the entry closet where they served in emergencies for guests.) "Three minutes away," she announced.

He pulled into the curb. As he got out of the car, he left his raincoat behind on the seat. With the cleansing tissue Dee had handed him, he swiftly erased the mud daubs from the rear license plate. When he returned to the wheel, his coat was reversed for him, ready to slip into. They set off for home, by way of the coast route.

"You know, I practically threw up? I'm glad you're not all primitive and hairy." Dee's voice was a little garbled, for she was wiping her mouth clean of the last traces of tangerine shade. She rolled down the window and let the tissue fly out onto the fogbound highway.

"But you didn't."

"Of course not. We left enough meaningless motifs lying about, didn't we? I don't believe in excess. Poor police . . ."

"Kiss mark, coins and stamps. Well, if they can locate a female Chinese postal employee with hoodlum connections, more power to them."

"Please — I'll laugh in a moment." By compact and dashlight, Dee was redrawing her lips in their usual pale coral.

"Nine minutes away," warned Gerald.

She emptied her purse in her lap, magically reversed it, too, then replaced everything but two small round stones. She dropped one of these in each of Gerald's gloves to serve as weights. Peer-

ing out her window, she waited. When they came to the long bridge over the estuary, she sailed the gloves out into the sea water. "All done." She nestled against her husband.

"Nice pitching. Now will you tell me where on earth you got that vulgar dress?"

"You liked it well enough when I wore it to Rona's party. Of course, tonight I have it on backward . . ." She muffled her peals of overwrought laughter against his sleeve.

When the Porslins were 13 minutes away, a janitor discovered Rudy Brock's body, their gift to the community.

• • •

"The — exquisite? — part is," decided Dee, "who would ever come looking for us?"

"Actually no one," Gerald said. "I read somewhere that the best thing is to do good yet be evil spoken of. Epictetus." He nudged his coffee mug nearer to her. "Refill, please, or I'll go back to bed."

"Then I'll have to settle for second best. We did good, didn't we? A purely philanthropic boon to mankind? And we don't care to be spoken of at all, do we?"

"Scarcely."

Dee poured. The steam rose about their faces like the brightening Sunday-morning fog outside. "The uninvolved Porslins . . . Certainly those ridiculous clues we planted, pointing in all directions, will keep any innocent person from becoming involved?"

"Certainly. The police always maintain secrecy over a couple of items like that, when they can, just to weed out the crackpots who enjoy confessing. Of course, there's always the chance that they might invent their own case. Against someone like Mr. Picozzi, for example." He tested his coffee; the mug was too hot to handle.

"Then what would we do, dear?"

"I think that would come under the heading of Killing Two Birds."

"I see. I didn't care for him, either."

Dee rested her tousled head against his shoulder. After a while, she murmured, "Quite a sensation, eliminating someone so totally depraved. Do you suppose we'll ever do it again?"

Gerald dared a sip of his coffee. Then he sucked his scalded tongue thoughtfully. "It's possible."

"I've been wondering, dear. I mean, what would be the sensation, what would it feel like, if next time it were someone totally good?"

He looked down at her. She rolled her eyes up to meet his. In them he saw a faint flicker of evil, a glitter like red tinsel. He didn't know whether it was born there or whether it might be the reflection of his own glance.

Dee took a deep sweet breath. There was no reason for him to reply. He had been wondering, too.

interest of strangers (continued from page 84)

toes. Beethoven. Art Carney. People who race sports cars. People who say *period* at the ends of definite statements. Palm Springs. Peter Sellers. Progressive jazz. Songs about winter. Brandy." Most of this was said for the benefit of Blue, who was addicted to racing sports cars in Palm Springs and who was often given to *period*. My insult was lost upon him—he was totally occupied with Olympia—but the gigantic hoops in Olympia's ears must have been tuned in on my spiel, for she turned away from Blue, looked me coldly in the nose and said: "Reactionary."

"Me?" I squeaked. "Reactionary?"

"Definitely," said Olympia, beautiful and steely in her wrath. "A reactionary and a Philistine."

"Nah," said Blue, uneasy at the drift of the conversation, "he's Black Irish."

I played it cool. I frowned and said, "It's strange you should think that, Olympia. I'd be interested in knowing on what you base your assumption on." I don't think she caught the double preposition.

"Progressive jazz," she said. "You don't like it. Scratch a progressive jazz hater and you'll find a reactionary, every time."

"And a Philistine," I added, still smiling, still tolerant, still doing the bit.

"Right. And an inflexible, narrow-minded statusquonik."

"Lay off him, Sugar," urged Blue. "He's hip, he's OK."

She wheeled the klieg lights onto Blue. "Oh he is, is he? And what about you? I suppose your tastes have never advanced beyond those primitive New Orleans grunts either!"

"Baby," he crooned, cadging a chorus from *The Bible Designed to Be Read as Living Literature* which I had loaned him two weeks before when he was planning a campaign against a minister's daughter, "thy people shall be my people, whither thou goest I will go, what thou diggest I will dig. Drink your Pirandello. Relax. Sure, I blow hot horn, but I think progressive's the most. Take this Dick Brubeck . . ."

"'Dick' Brubeck is cool," she lectured, "not progressive. And —"

"Now there is a split hair on which I'll be glad to give you argument," I broke in. "This business about cool and progressive being two different things is the veriest horsefeathers. They're just two symptoms of the same psychosis."

"He means like Crazy, Man," Blue said to Olympia, flashing me a shut-up signal. "Like you know Square got to be Cube and like that? The real far-out guys—like him—don't say Crazy any more, they say Psychotic."

But Olympia ignored him and turned again to me. "You don't know," she said,

looking at me with annihilating pity, "you just don't know."

My mask collapsed. "Don't tell me I don't know. I know—*period*!" I said, blushing with self-hate. "Now take Kenton —"

"Well, if you're going to give out with the dogma, publish a papal bull —"

"Bull is right," said Blue in a last-ditch attempt to save the evening. "He ain't nothin' but a hound dogma. Ged-did? A hound —"

"Shut up, Enoch," snapped Olympia without taking her eyes from mine. "All right, Mister I Know Period. Let's just take Kenton. The floor is yours. You're on."

"Thank you," I said grimly as Blue winced and the cousin idly stirred her gibbon with a leftover sprig of parsley. "First of all, the very word 'progressive' can't be applied to music—or any other art, for that matter. Artistic evolution must take its own sweet time. It can't be rushed. The 'progressive' musicians, like Kenton, hold the curious opinion that music should progress like science."

"And why shouldn't it?"

"Because art, honey, is *not* science. That's why shouldn't it. Whenever some misguided theorist has tried to apply the methods of science to art, the result has always been *anti-art*."

"The —"

"You gave me the floor, now let me finish. Kenton is a very verbal guy, and he has gone around saying stuff like the, uh, the measure of a work of art's worth is its 'contribution to progress' or something. He *admits* he can't really feel any interest in the old works per se. He looks on them only as 'pacesetters of their times'—a purely academic appreciation, see?"

"A perfectly sound attitude," she said, primly.

"Sure—for an engineer. But it sure as hell is *not* sound for an artist. It's, it's, it's *bizarre* it's so unartistic! Why, I feel sorry for the poor guy. Look, he himself says audiences find his stuff difficult to dig without a little direction. When he gives a concert, he explains each number to the audience before he plays it. Like a scientist again, not a musician. Like a chemistry teacher telling his pupils to keep their peepers peeled for certain reactions in the test tubes."

"He wouldn't have to explain if it weren't for idiots like you!"

"*Explain?* Art doesn't *have* to be explained. It *mustn't* be explained!"

Blue had been amusing the cousin with bright banter while Olympia and I were going at it hot and heavy. Now, taking advantage of a break in the argument forced upon us by the sudden eruption of Winged Victory, he quickly said, "Let's split." The cousin was all

for splitting; Olympia and I, hopped up with righteousness and sullen with guilt at having deposited a social stink bomb, silently acquiesced. Blue waved for the check. Ballerina Eyes brought it. Blue gave it to me. I struck a match and glanced at it, frowning darkly. My worst fears were confirmed. They had charged me for the extra onions.

. . .

It was only the beginning of a long evening.

We decided to stroll, so I left the car in the lot. Blue made a strong pitch for a club where a new vocal group called The T Shirts was appearing; Olympia made a stronger pitch for a Bergman; Blue, blanching, capably suggested that the cousin might logically prefer the novelty of an American film; the cousin said she'd seen American films all her life back in The Old Country but had never seen a Swedish, so that seemed to be that. Olympia asked me, suspiciously, "Any objections to Bergman?" I assured her I had none. We saw the Bergman.

Afterward, we had pineapple cheesecake and chicken-fat sandwiches at Lindy's. Olympia's cousin was fascinated when the waiter emptied the ashtray by dumping its contents on the tablecloth and then picking up the tablecloth. Blue yelled hello to Alan Jay Lerner. I nodded to Anne Bancroft. Meredith Willson stared at Olympia and her cousin stared at me. "Talk more," she urged.

"Well," I said, "I like African lobster tail, too."

"It is happy," she purred. "You like also sleep in the naked?"

"Well, you know, in the summertime, but . . ." Etc.

Olympia expertly ignored me, but she had not ignored the subject of progressive jazz: she had found a polite auditor in Blue.

Once out of Lindy's, we showed the cousin the marvels of Broadway: a magazine stall, where she studied pictorial publications with titles like *Tomorrow's Muscles* and *Today's Groin*; a Whelan's, where she went wild at the toothpaste section and made me buy her one of each brand; Ripley's Odditorium, where she shuddered with delight at the medieval instruments of torture; and a passing truck which bore the legend "City Dressed Hogs." Finally, footsore and brainfagged, Blue brought form and purpose to the evening by suggesting we retreat to Olympia's shop, or, more precisely, to the living quarters upstairs of same. The girls approved vigorously so I hailed a cab.

At the shop, we all piled out, damp and eager, and cantered upstairs to Olympia's digs.

They were surprisingly inoffensive. I had expected, not without grounds, that



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this young woman's dwelling would be
a veritable aviary of mobiles, like her
shop, and belligerently progressive, like
her opinions. Nothing of the sort:
simple, cozy, soft, clean, and just a little
cluttered—most important, it was fem-
inine, free of the angularity of modern
design.

Olympia mixed the highballs, Blue
searched for records to play on the lo-
cost hi-fi, the cousin disappeared into
the bedroom for an unvoiced reason and
I spied on the books that lined one
whole wall. The customary Camus, Kaf-
ka, Herbert Gold, Rilke, lots of Ionesco,
stacks of the *Evergreen Review*, some
standard classics, a set of James (the
bright binding of which bespoke the
James revival of recent memory), a book
of Charles Beaumont horror stories, *The
Bible Designed to Be Read as Living
Literature* (with my bookplate on the
flyleaf! I had told Blue not to loan any
of my books!), a smattering of Reik, a
few *Peanuts* books, the collected criti-
cism of Eric Bentley, that book with
five photos of Norman Mailer on the
jacket, the latest Feiffer, and so on. A
snappy collection, but, I thought with
dim malaise, indistinguishable from the
bookshelves in any other apartment on
the block. Then, as I was about to turn
away, my eye caught a few uncharacter-
istic names: Remy de Gourmont, James
Branch Cabell and—good grief!—Ed-
gar Saltus. What on earth? Except for
one minor Cabell flutter, no revival had
ever honored those dated old grotesques.
For a moment, my heart was warmed by
this evidence of an individual, renegade
taste similar to my own, but I reflected
on the rapid turnover in Village room-
mates and how, more than once, I had
sized up a chick on the basis of a few
volumes, only to find out later that half
of them belonged to The Girl Who Used
To Share The Apartment and the other
half to The Girl Before Her. The book-
case as psyche-barometer has its flaws.

All four of us completed our self-ap-
pointed rounds simultaneously: I turned
from the books as Blue started up a
Kenton as Olympia passed around the
drinks as her cousin emerged from the
bedroom in lounging pajamas and with
blood in her eye.

She made a pliant armful, ungirt un-
der the thinness of the PJs. We tried
to dance to the Kenton. It was a weird
experience, but I, being male, enjoyed
it and she, being female, enjoyed my
enjoyment. To avoid granulating her
bare feet, I pried off my shoes. The
carpet was thick and sensuous.

Blue and Olympia weren't dancing.
They were Listening. At least Olympia
was. Blue was being very manual, though
not much more so than I. When the
side was over, Blue gave vent to some
truly sickening praise of the music, but
was thoughtful enough to add, "It's not
much good for dancin', though. Whad-



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daya got for dancin', honey? Got any calypso?"

Olympia went burrowing into her stack, but all she could find was a Sammy Kaye ("A gift," she explained, sneering). Then her eyes widened with inspiration and, burrowing with new zeal, she said, "There is something I just can't sit still to when I hear it . . . it's not really dance music, though . . . but it is wild . . . ah!"

She held up the Shostakovich Violin Concerto, Opus 99.

Blue laughed.

But I . . .

I was transfixed (De Gourmont, Cabell, Saltus) and I said, "Not . . . not the scherzo?"

Oh, brethren, that was a gleaming fifth of a second. That was a momentous moment. Our eyes locked and it was galvanic, it was rapport, it was the real genuine McCoy with oak-leaf cluster. Marlowe said it, and Shakespeare hung it on a tree in his forest of Arden, and right here and now your faithful reporter is giving it his OK: Whoever loved, who loved not at first sight?

She knew it, I knew it, but nobody else knew it even though Olympia and I danced like nymph and satyr. I hope you know the concerto. If you don't, a few quick program notes might help you dig what Olympia and I were feeling.

It consists of two searches. The first search (*Nocturne*, adagio) gropes, wanders, reaches out, climbs blindly, stumbles, blunders on, yearning, beseeching, asking for guidance, but all to no avail. It sinks in fatigue, finally, and stops. At this indication of weakness, a pagan spirit enters (*Scherzo*, allegro non troppo) — call him Pan, or Lucifer, or what-have-you — and he mocks: Why this search for something that does not exist? Forget this aimless striving! Drink — or dance — or dull yourself with any other drug. I bring the conscienceless, moralless, thoughtless dance of the nerve-ends! And he does. But after he is gone, the search begins again (*Passacaglia*, andante) — more insistent this time, more dogged, more desperate. It sobs in frustration. Then (as the violin is forsaken by the rest of the orchestra and is left to cry and ache and search alone) the spirit enters again, taunting, tempting, dangling a bit of the previous bacchanal, the recent fall-from-grace, before our noses. The first phrase of temptation is interrupted by two fierce, hoarse cries of defiance — *Retro me, Satanas!* — as are subsequent blandishments. But the tempter triumphs, is reinforced by gloating tympani, and once again (*Burlesca*, allegro con brio) we are drawn into a wild and heedless dance that was old when Babylon was a suburb.

The rest of the evening was diminutive. Olympia was Blue's girl, the cousin was mine, and the tribal ritual

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had to be observed. I had to swallow hard when Blue attempted to charm Olympia with an *a cappella* rendition of a spiritual which afforded him an excellent opportunity to run his fingers coyly along her anatomy from the toenails up:

*Oh, de toe bone connected to de
Foot bone
And de foot bone connected to de
Ankle bone
And de ankle bone connected to de
Leg bone
And de leg bone connected to de
Knee bone
And de knee bone connected to de
Thigh bone
And de thigh bone connected to de
Hip bone . . .*

From that point on, he deviated from the time-honored lyrics and began inventing a few unlikely bones of his own.

The time came when I had to do my all for the cousin. Upon our return to the living room, it was obvious to me that Blue had met with a sudden resistance that baffled and vexed him. He was still working on the bone aria, but by that time he was thoroughly saturated with Scotch and had lost all coordination:

*Oh, de knee bone connected to de
Head bone
And de head bone connected to de
Ankle bone
And de ankle bone connected to de
Back bone . . .*

Olympia silently appealed to me for succor, and, feeling like the lowest and most rundown of heels and a traitor to my sex, I managed to rescue her from Blue with subtlety enough for his clouded mind. We made our farewells, my eyes speaking volumes of promise to Olympia and hers speaking likewise to me, and finally Blue and I scuffled out of the apartment into the air and weaved toward the parking lot.

"Beats me," he mumbled thickly, several times. "Beats the *hell* outa me. There's a broad never gave me no trouble. Never once. Then just because of this progressive jazz bit she puts me in deep freeze all of a sudden. Broads! And it's all your fault, y'hang-up . . ."

It was my fault, but not for the reason Blue thought.

He continued: "You couldn't play along with her; oh no; you hadda giver a hard time with all that art-is-not-science crap. So then she turns on me, f'Chrysave, and no matter what I tell her she don't believe me. Well . . . I'm not turned off yet." We had reached the lot and we climbed into my car. "Dip." Blue said, like a hiccup, "diplomashy. Tact. Head work." He tapped his forehead and winked broadly. "*Oh de head bone connected to de . . . head bone connected to de . . . all your fault . . . y'button-nosed sunnuva . . . head bone connected . . .*" Sleep overcame him and guilt overcame me as we rolled away.

Olympia and I entered ever more

intimate spheres as we crossed the Ts of our TempTaTion and dotted the Is of our IndIscretIon, put all our aches in one basket and burned our britches behind us; until, at long last (or, rather, at short last), we cemented the good ship Relationship and so sank swiftly down among the bubbles and troubles, the raptures and ruptures, the cool green silences and buried treasures of Davey Jones' Wedlocker. Not to mention the seaweed jungle of fancy writing. Olympia's cousin, choosing the shortest possible route to American citizenship, became Blue's wife. I mean Enoch's wife — for Blue, as we all know to our sorrow, is no longer with us. Faced with a barrier in Olympia he could not explain save by the difference in their musical tastes, he brought all his diplomacy, tact and head work into play, steeping himself in flatted fifths, saturating himself with the sound and the fury of the progressives, even growing a beard and laying in a whole new wardrobe of ironmaiden Ivy raiment. A mere veneer would not do, he knew; to really convince the girl and win her back, he would have to talk on her own terms, become her superior in appreciation and knowledge of the genre — her leader, her vanguard. Well, unluckily for Blue, her heart belonged to another, and nothing he could do would win her back to his arms. He realized this too late, however — too late to save himself from falling for his own line.

And that is why today we have an Enoch Mundy with his Existentialism in

Rhythm, but no Blue Mundy with his natural, simple, unintricate, earthy, basic horn. Blue is dead; Mundy has passed into a world completely alien to the masses of adulating "Bluebirds."

As the president of Label Records, I no longer can endorse the Mundy music, which I do not understand or approve of. He has signed up with Something Else, a most progressive outfit. As a friend — well, we see each other now and then, and we smile, and we wish each other well, but because of the rift created by my usurpation of Olympia and the unbridgeable chasm that now separates our musical worlds, I can no longer expect the same warmth and regard from him as in days gone by.

This album — cut on the day of the night of our double date — is, therefore, being released quite appropriately as a memorial to the extinct Blue Mundy. This pamphlet of notes is only an auxiliary — it is the music itself that must serve to commemorate his spirit. I wanted to call the album *Sic Transit Gloria Mundy*, but Olympia, with whom I still conduct musical debates, insisted that the glory of Mundy most certainly has *not* passed away no matter what I may think of his new sounds, so, between us, we came up with the title the album now bears: *Requiem for a Moldy Fig*. An Altec M-30 microphone system was used with an Ampex Model 600 tape recorder and a Pedersen Professional preamp. Compensate for the NAB curve in playback. Beware the blunted needle!



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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

DICTIONARIES DEFINE Orient as "The East . . . the countries of Asia generally." In our book, the word evokes far more: it spells exotic adventure and sensuous charm. For a sampling of these, there's no better month than October—when the temperature is temperate and the monsoon season has not yet begun—for the self-sufficient man to go Asiatic in satisfying style.


First head for Japan and the clamorous glamor of Tokyo, at present the world's swingiest night town. Then take a respite from sake-time in Atami on the Izu Peninsula, a resort area just two hours by road southwest of the capital. You should accommodate yourself here at the Sekitei, an exclusive inn that for our yen is the most attractive in all Nippon.

Despite the fact that many tourists omit Formosa while making their Asiatic rounds, this fascinating fragment of Old China is well worth a flying visit. Stay at the Grand Hotel, a superior hostelry on the outskirts of Taipei that is built on three levels upon a wooded mountainside. The hotel proper is at the bottom, with swimming pool surrounded by luxury bungalows; up the hill are the Golden Dragon and Jade Phoenix, which provide, for \$12.50 a day for two, the pleasantest service in the Orient.

In India, we warmly endorse a trek to the hill stations of the Himalayas, most

notably to Darjeeling, which can be reached from Bagdogra via a three-hour climb on a miniature train that puffs upward past Bhutanesse and Sikkimese tea pickers and villages bright with Tibetan prayer flags and wheels. The spot to stay here is at the Mt. Everest Hotel, where you'll have a room, rich with Bokhara rugs and Indian brocade, offering a stunning balcony vista of the tumbled white wilderness beyond.

In another mountain corner of India lies the celebrated Vale of Kashmir and its capital city, Srinagar, set amidst the watercourses and lakes fed by the swift Jhelum River, and decorated by the storied Mughal Gardens of Nishat and Shalimar. For a short visit make your base in the western comfort of the Palace Hotel (a former palace of the maharaja beside Lake Dal). If time is no object, rent a Srinagar houseboat: \$65 a month will get the use of a buoyant home with two or three bedrooms, living room, dining room and an open veranda, together with the attentive services of a cook and three servants who will pole you to any site you choose along the Jhelum or in Nagin and Dal Lakes. For an additional \$50 a month you may hire a Kashmiri water taxi and crew of two, who will be at your disposal day and night for runs into the city.

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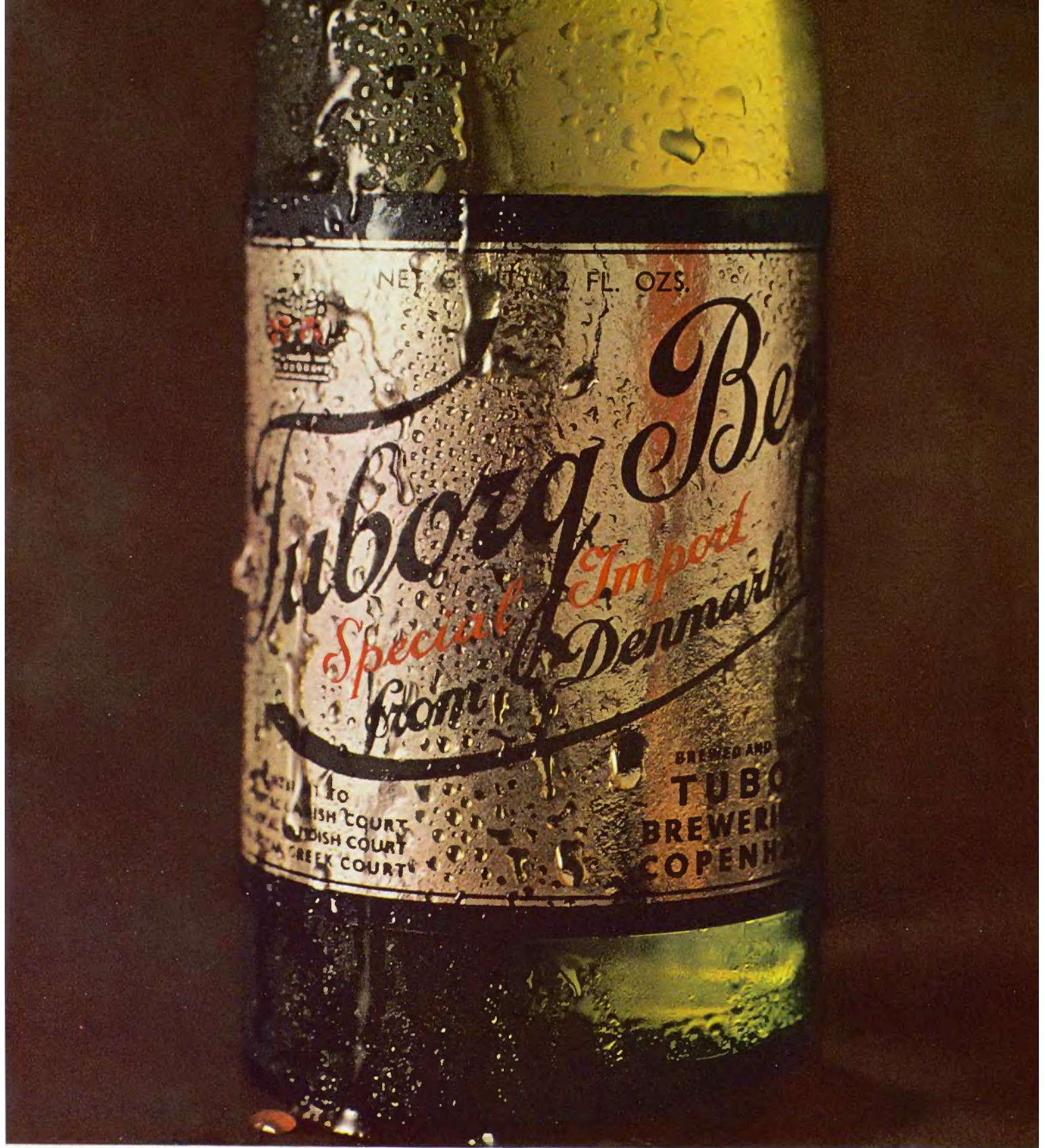
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