ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

PLAYBOY

APRIL—50 cents

dear playboy

Address PLAYBOY, 11 E. Superior St., Chicago 11, Illinois

KIND WORDS

Just a note of congrats to all those responsible for PLAYBOY. At long last there's a man's magazine that isn't like all the rest. I enjoyed your second issue from cover to cover. It was even better than the first, which leaves me anxiously awaiting the issues coming up. Here's hoping PLAYBOY will be around for many years to come!

Jack Cirica
San Francisco, Calif.

P.S. I sure got a boot out of the "Mary's Little Lamb" poem in in Party Jokes.

Man, oh, man—what a magazine! Not just "one of the best"—but absolute tops! PLAYBOY publishes the best stories and best pictures I've ever read and seen. I showed it to all my buddies and they've gone wild over it, too. All I can say is, I wish it came out each week instead of monthly. I just can't wait to see the next issue. PLAYBOY is the magazine of all of us here.

George Richards, U.S.N.
Memphis, Tennessee

PLAYBOY has made quite an impression on Stanford. All of the fellows in the dorm grab your magazine when it comes out. It is really passed around and it wears out fast. Your stories are excellent. Keep PLAYBOY exactly the way it is.

Gerald Lowell
Stanford University
Stanford, California

At last we have a magazine for men that's above the fifth grade level. Here's a toast to more and better PLAYBOYS.

Jack Snyder
Modesto, Calif.

Enclosed find my check for $6 for a year's subscription. I've been waiting twenty-seven years for a magazine like PLAYBOY.

Edward R. Rooney
Oxford, Ohio

PLAYBOY, with its emphasis on entertainment, is like a breath of fresh air, because it is pretty hard to pick up a magazine today that doesn't have some guy trying to tell you what's wrong with the world.

Joseph C. Weber
Pottstown, Penn.

MISS GOLD-DIGGER

I'm sorry but Muriel Borden's letter on "Miss Gold-Digger" has annoyed me more than your article.

As a general statement, there are a lot of good men and good women. I'm afraid, however, that a number of females (too many of them) are following along the lines of Miss Gold-Digger as described in the article on alimony in your first issue. I know from my personal experience two girls who could be classified as gold-diggers. It is a pity they did not realize they were well off with their ex- husbands and did not show them a little love and gratitude. There are times when I am ashamed of my own sex.

Margy Myer
Washington, D. C.

PLAYBOY OVERSEAS

I have just finished reading your first copy of PLAYBOY. I don't know how it got to Korea, but I would like to see more of them. Will you please let me know how much a subscription would cost.

Cpl. Mickey Walker
Pusan, Korea

We don't know how PLAYBOY *got to Korea either, Mickey, but we're glad it did, and you can subscribe for three years for* $13*; two years for* $10*; one for* $6.

I have just finished reading the first edition of your new magazine, PLAYBOY. As a sailor in the Aleutians, I read anything and everything just to pass the time. However, after reading your magazine, I feel that I would like to subscribe to it, as it is indeed the freshest thing I have run across in quite a while.

Robert D. Moras, AL3
%FPO San Francisco, Calif.

FEBRUARY ISSUE

Just finished the third issue of PLAYBOY and knew it was too good to last. Number three was not as good as the first two. The main disappointment was the photo feature "Playboy In Paris." Why were the pics so small and so few? The drawings got in the way and cut the eye-appeal down 50%. Stop running Conan Doyle — brother Sherlock can be dropped any time. I don't care for detective stories, and like sports features even less. Let the sports fiends buy the sports magazines. Party Jokes is still the best feature. Please make this longer — at least two pages.

I know this letter will find its way into the nearest trash can, but even with the gripes PLAYBOY is the best mag on the stands. A newsdealer friend says it is his hottest seller.

Bill Deppe
Wilmington, N. C.

Your third issue is even better than the first two. PLAYBOY is *the* best in its field.

Harry M. Norton
Chicago, Illinois

PLAYBOY CARTOONS

I like the fresh, new style of your cartoonists Draber and Miller. They should get ahead.

Arthur Anker
Murray Hill, N. J.

PLAYBOY AND ESKY

Congratulations on the first real man's magazine to hit the market in 15 years. The other so-called magazines for men are literally, and figuratively, no more than gay deceivers. *Esquire* is still living on the reputation it made back in the thirties, and Esky has become just another old sugar daddy more interested in advertising than entertainment. The other post-World War II magazines in circulation aren't even worth mentioning. It remained for PLAYBOY to give us the kind of entertainment that counts. Here's hoping you keep up the reputation built on your first three issues.

John G. Carnila
Philadelphia, Pa.

I enclose my three year subscription to your new and different magazine.

I hope you will not let us down in a few months by pulling an "Esquire" on us and letting someone intimidate you into becoming just another "Casper Milquetoast"! You're going good — keep it up — at least for the next three years, since you now have my thirteen bucks. *Viva La Revolution!*

G. K. Helbock
Portland, Oregon

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

Please accept my check for a three year gift subscription to my husband, Alexander. I'm giving him this for his birthday, because there isn't anything he'd appreciate more.

Mrs. A. Szychowski
Sumneytown, Pa.

My husband enjoyed your second edition of PLAYBOY so very much I have decided to get him a year's subscription to your magazine. My husband is very hard to please, but he liked your book very much.

Mrs. W. Cheterbok
Chicago, Illinois

TREASURE CHEST

PLAYBOY is grand. I'm enclosing a picture of myself that I think your readers might enjoy.

Evelyn "Treasure Chest" West
Los Angeles, California

Thanks, Evelyn. Believe they might, at that.

PLAYBOY IN THE NORTH WOODS

While deer hunting last fall in Michigan's upper peninsula, I ran across your PLAYBOY magazine. It is a dandy. Everyone has enjoyed it, even my wife. *(continued on next page)*

ADDRESS ALL ORDERS TO THE MEN'S SHOP, C/O PLAYBOY, 11 E. SUPERIOR STREET, CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS. SORRY, NO C.O.D.'S.

THE MEN'S SHOP

Gay blades with bristly beards will welcome this electric razor-blade sharpener. It puts new life in your razor to the tune of one hundred shaves per double-edged blade. Compact (2½x3¼x3¼), with an all-plastic housing, replaceable sharpening rollers, handy hanger hook, and it does its job on either AC or DC. All this for $9.85.

This handsomely tooled Book Box is a smart blending of the old world and the new. Outside it looks like like a leather-bound first edition, decorated with a scene from Charles Dickens' *Pickwick Papers;* inside it's a richly wrought receptacle for cigarettes, cards, or any other small necessities the well-tempered playboy may need at his fingertips. An amusing quotation from *Pickwick Papers* on love and marriage appears on the inner lid for good measure. We can't resist saying that this is really the *dickens* (ouch!) at $36.20.

An unusually smart selection of desk and smoking accessories in linked steerhide. The contrasting textures of rich natural and mahogany-colored leather, gleaming brass, aluminum and glass make these a worthy addition to the office or living quarters of a discriminating male. From left to right, (*top row*): matching bookends, $10.00; pen and pen holder, $5.00; cigarette humidors in small, medium and large sizes, $7.25, $8.25, and $12.50; (*middle row*): ashtrays in three sizes, $3.00, $8.25 and $6.75; (*bottom row*): cigarette lighter, $5.00; paper weight, $2.50; ashtrays, $6.75 and $5.00.

For the desk top of the western playboy, an Old West pen-holder with horseshoe, spur and wagon wheel worked into the design, in hand-polished, antique bronze. With pen, $5.95. For another dollar, you can have your name on it. And that matching ash-tray will make a right smart place to drop your burnin's. $2.00.

The traveling playboy no longer has to crease his brow over the vanishing crease in his pants. This handy little International travel Iron will keep your suits looking their best all the time. An adjustable regulator sets the desired heat automatically; with a special adaptor plug for foreign countries. In a red and tan plastic, zipper case (top, left) just $12.95; in a saddle-stitched cowhide case (red, green, or suntan) wtih a tuck-tite lock (top, right) for $14.95.

letters *(continued)*

I live 400 miles away from the place I got it and have not been able to get another one around here. How about a subscription?

Maxwell A. Foss
Dickerville, Michigan

PLAYBOY IN PARIS

Picked up the third issue of PLAYBOY the other day and browsed through it figuring it was another contemporary magazine with a come-on cover and nothing inside, but how wrong I was. It was interesting to compare your article and pictures about Yvonne Menard of the *Folies Begére* with the same in the November, '53 *Esquire.* I thought the *Esquire* article was interesting, but your photos were something, to say the least. Which proves again the old adage about one picture being worth a thousand words.

Please enter my subscription for one year. Keep up the good work.

Charles H. Padden
Indianapolis, Indiana

BOP DEPARTMENT

I have read your magazine and find it the greatest. So far I have been unable to latch on to one myself and have been borrowing from the other gates. Since I would like to pick up on your magazine every thirty I am sending a check for six. Just to make my day the craziest, send along the "first three." Well, Dad, if you keep up the fine job you'll have us all flippin'. It really is the most to say the least. Keep cool.

Tom Hoover
Iowa State College
Ames, Iowa

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE

I would like to compliment you on your first two issues. I believe you have a well balanced magazine. You have a nice variety and your articles are just brief enough.

Your selection of *Playboy Playmates* has been swell. Who wouldn't like full color pictures of Marilyn Monroe and your beautiful Miss January. Speaking of nice girls for future unpinned pinups, how about Lilly "Cat Girl" Christine and Irish McCalla. Irish is my pick for the best of them all. How about some research on these girls?

Jim Adler
New York, N. Y.

We passed your letter on to our research department and they're busy checking the files and making phone calls. Hope they turn up something. There are a couple of big reasons why Irish has always been a favorite with us, too.

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vol. 1, no. 5, april, 1954

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PROSTITUTION isn't the oldest profession in

The whorehouses in Honolulu were not on the hilltops before the war.In 1939 they were at the opposite pole, in their own segregated area near the waterfront. Many of the hilltop Anglos had never seen them. But they were a significant part of the Hawaiian systems with a development story of their own.

One afternoon in 1803 a British merchantman was approaching the Islands of Hawaii. At her bow rail stood a sailor who may have been named Thomas Andrew Martin. Tom Martin was a good man. He fought fair. He feared God. He worked hard. He honored his father and mother. He loved his wife back in Liverpool who had borne him a strong son. In his heart Tom Martin was as decent as any man who ever lived. But Tom Martin had been at sea for many weeks, and as he stood watching the green islands expanding on the horizon, he felt a hungriness inside him.

"I know what I'm gonna do when I get to those islands," Tom Martin said to himself. "I'm gonna get drunk. Good'n'-drunk. I'm gonna feel happy and powerful—like I owned the goddam world. Then I'm gonna get me a woman. A pretty woman with soft lips and soft hair and big breasts and hot thighs. Me and my woman are gonna lie under the moon and I'm gonna crush her in my arms and bury my face in her breasts and have her and hold her. Then I'm gonna have her again and keep having her until I feel spent and satisfied and ready to come back to this ship. That's what I'm gonna do when I get to Hawaii."

One afternoon a hundred and forty years later, in 1943, an American LST was approaching the Islands of Hawaii. She was returning from Tarawa. At her bow rail stood a Marine who also may have been named Thomas Andrew Martin. And this Tom Martin, too, was a good man. He had fought for his country. He feared God. He worked hard. He honored his father and mother. He loved his wife back in St. Louis who had borne him a strong son. In his heart Tom Martin was as decent as any man who ever lived. But Tom Martin had been away from home for many weeks, he couldn't be sure he'd ever see home again, and as he stood watching the green islands expanding on the horizon, he felt a hungriness inside him.

"I know what I'm gonna do when I get to those islands," Tom Martin said to himself. "I'm gonna get drunk. Good'n'-drunk. I'm gonna feel happy and powerful—like I owned the goddam world. Then I'm gonna get me a woman. A pretty woman with soft lips and soft hair and big breasts and hot thighs. Me and my woman are gonna be alone and I'm gonna crush her in my arms and bury my face in her breasts and have her and hold her. Then I'm gonna have her again and keep having *(continued overleaf)*

article: **SIN IN PARADISE**

by William Bradford Huie

MONOPRINT CREATED ESPECIALLY FOR PLAYBOY BY ARTHUR PAUL

Hawaii; *punalua* came first.

SIN *(cont. from preceding page)*

her until I feel spent and satisfied and ready to move on to another beachhead. That's what I'm gonna do when I get to Hawaii."

In the course of its development by white Anglos, Hawaii has welcomed millions of Tom Martins. Sailors, soldiers, tradesmen, vacationers, conventioneers, adventurers, the Tom Martins have arrived in their ships; they have found their liquor and their women; then they have sailed away.

Until about 1850 Tom Martin didn't have to go looking for his Hawaiian girl: by the hundreds she came swimming or canoeing out to meet him. He lifted her over the side, dried her wriggling, laughing body, and took her to his bunk. When he went ashore he slept with her on the beach. It wasn't prostitution; no gifts were demanded; it was only pagan simplicity and friendliness. The Hawaiians had no words for adultery or chastity or jealousy. Fornication to them was like shaking hands or rubbing noses. Not even the king objected to his wives' enjoying a little sportive *punalua* with the vigorous visitors. It was fun.

During this period Hawaii was nothing less than Paradise to the Sailormen of the world. Whalers recruited crews in Boston and Liverpool by promising to provision at Hawaii, and on one day in 1846 there were five hundred and ninety-six whaling ships anchored in Honolulu harbor. Beaches and bunks alike were crowded with delighted fornicationists; and the whalers were in no hurry to leave. It is said that during this entire period the only visitor to refuse the *punalua* was that austere ramrod of an Englishman, Captain James Cook himself.

But by 1850 the reformers of the world — the people who hate Tom Martin and his woman — the people who are frightened or outraged by such undignified carryings-on — the people who are enemies of traveling men everywhere — these people had begun to reform Paradise. By then the missionaries had been raging against *punalua* for thirty years; they had told the Hawaiians that *punalua* meant an English word pronounced "sin," particularly so if it was done along a street or on an open beach. More white homes were being built, and more white wives were arriving and joining the crusade.

The reformers campaigned for limited objectives. Their first triumph came in 1850 when they won two laws. One law prohibited fornication along the public streets or on the public beaches; the other prohibited women from visiting the ships. The sailors — the traveling men — didn't take their defeat democratically. They rioted for a week, destroyed property, beat up cops, theratened to burn down the churches. But the Lord's folks stood fast. They drove *punalua* behind curtains, then they segregated it, and thus gradually they were able to convey *punalua* into prostitution.

When the reformers began trying to eradicate prostitution, however, the powerful tradesmen blew the whistle on them. Tradesmen are realists, men of facts and figures. They know that any man arriving in Hawaii is at least two thousand miles from home. He has come to the exotic and erotic Paradise of the Pacific — land of soft breezes, soft music, grass skirts, and swaying hips. Whatever the purpose of his visit it's ten to one his name is Tom Martin and that he intends to have a drink and a woman when he lands.

The tradesmen said to the reformers, "Men traveling to tropical Paradises are going to drink and fornicate — that's a fact. And since God either approves this practice or is apathetic toward it, who are we to try and stop it? Moreover, the development of these islands depends on traveling men wanting to come here. Traveling men demand women; for us to deny them their women would be bad business. Accordingly, our policy will be to segregate and regulate traveling-man fornication, not to outlaw it."

This policy served to make Honolulu a city of remarkable extremes. Its areas devoted to the diversion of "traveling people" were unrestrained, while its well-stratified residential areas were as orderly as Back Bay Boston. The police were charged with maintaining the line of demarcation.

• • •

Hawaii's era of prosititution, beginning about 1860, has been fabulous. The houses were located in the harbor-front section of Honolulu known as Iwilei, and Iwilei was a name familiar to every man who traveled the Pacific. It was synonymous with fancy fornicating. Iwilei was the place where women of every hue, shape, and tongue waited to satisfy the most jaded or perverted appetite. Iwilei was where the most astonishing shows were presented; where a man could discover for himself the differences in races and techniques. Anglo fighting men celebrated victories in Iwilei in '65, '98, and '18.

Iwilei has been a rich vein for the romatic fictioneers. Many of Maugham's characters knew Iwilei. Sadie Thompson operated a crib there before moving on southward to her adventures in *Rain*. The interest here, however, is not in romatic Iwilei but in its business facts.

Between the two world wars there was considerable industrial expansion in Iwilei, and by 1939 to use the name Iwilei as synonymous with prostitution was to do some injustice to the more respectable enterprises in the district. But the whorehouses were still restricted to Iwilei, and River Street was the guarded boundary between sin and respectability.

By 1939 Honolulu prostitution had long been a million-dollar-a-year business. Even during the hard-time 'thirties the take seldom fell below a million a year. And it was a strictly managed business. It was managed by the city "authorities" in cooperation with a dozen powerful madams, of whom Bertha Parchman was the most powerful. These madams operated the most famous houses; they marketed the two hundred women who did the work; they collected all the money and paid all the salaries, bills, and imposts. They had their own trade association; they made their own rules for the control of their labor; and, with their confederates, the police, they exercised the power of life and death in their domain.

To be a madam in Honolulu was to be a woman of great force and influence; a cynical buyer and seller of human flesh; a whipcracking ring mistress with the power to suborn cops, to order whores flogged or executed, and to tell generals to go to hell.

There was a rate for every man's pocketbook — from fifty cents to ten dollars — but for white women the rates generally were lower than in other Pacific cities. Compared to Shanghai, for instance, where reasonably attractive white women could command high rates from prosperous Oriental men, Honolulu was a low-rate center. Honolulu had few wealthy Orientals, and the more prosperous whites seldom went to the whorehouses. So the rule in Honolulu was low rates and big volume — from soldiers, sailors, conventioneers, and the thousands of Japanese and Filipino field workers — and because of this, the fancier white adventuresses usually avoided Honolulu and preferred Shanghai, Hong Kong, or Singapore.

Whatever the toll, it was as a rule split fifty-fifty between the madam and the girl. This meant that the madams grossed at least $500,000 a year out of fornication alone, and they made perhaps an additional $200,000 out of incidentals like drinks and cigarettes. Out of this they paid the "authorities" up to one hundred dollars per girl per month, or around $200,000 a year.

This under-the-table payoff was never made to a cop or even a police chief. It was made to an attorney who represented the "city" or the "authorities." And while some of this money stuck to individual fingers, much of it was used in the legitimate development of Honolulu. The Anglo developers of Hawaii used these whorehouse revenues just as the City of New York now uses revenues from racetrack gambling.

To the madams this payoff was a bitter dose, but it wasn't as bitter as the rent gouge. Once each year the madams faced the attorneys who represented the property-owners — the old Anglo-Con- (*continued on page* 16)

"I finally found out about the other woman.
It's his wife."

The Count greets The Horn. Basie and James helped record One O'Clock Jump and Bugle Call Rag in the 1941 session.

by julien dedman

THEIR RECORDS ARE A HISTORY OF

The second All Star session featured Benny Goodman, Jack Teagarden, Harry James, Jess Stacy, Bob Haggart, Gene Krupa.

Mister B.

Nat meets June.

the Metronome ALL STARS

JAZZ DURING THE LAST 15 YEARS

Benny Goodman and Tommy Dorsey were the kings of swing when they led the All Stars through their first recordings in '39. Stan Kenton followed in the middle forties with progressive jazz, then came Dizzy Gillespie and bop.

"SAINT LOUIS WOMAN, with all her diamond rings . . ." Billy Eckstine sang the familiar words in the easy, distinctive style that has made him the top male jazz vocalist in the country. For the second side, Mr. B gave the same tune a bop treatment, and the combo behind him began cutting loose. A man close to jazz would have recognized some famous people sitting in on this recording session. Roy Eldridge was playing trumpet, Kai Winding trombone, Teddy Wilson was at the piano, with Eddie Safranski on bass.

Saint Louis Blues, recently released on an MGM label, is the latest recording of the Metronome All Stars — the nation's top jazz men, selected in an annual poll by the readers of *Met-*

ronome magazine. The All Star contest picks the outstanding jazz musicians of the year, then *Metronome* brings them together for a single, star-studded recording session.

The first recordings were made the morning of January 12, 1939, in the Victor Studios in New York. The group got together and cut two sides that are real collector's items now, understandably enough, since the session included Benny Goodman, Tommy Dorsey, Bunny Berigan, Harry James, Jack Teagarden, Eddie Miller, and Bob Haggart. They recorded *Blue Lou* and *The Blues*. Tommy led the boys through the Edgar Sampson piece, with Benny composing and directing the flip side. The session was notable, too, for the pre-rehearsal anxieties about how Tommy and Benny would receive each other. Their personal chilliness towards each other was well known in the trade, and this was the first time they had recorded together in years. The group assembled and, after warming up their instruments for a few minutes, took off on the music. There was quite a bit of trouble with *Blue Lou*. It was Tommy's side. Benny made suggestions for the saxes, even for choruses and cuts. Tommy accepted many of them, willingly. When they were ready for the first test, Tommy called, "Go ahead, Benny, you kick off."

"Want me to?" Benny asked, surprised.

"Sure," said Tommy, "you're up front — they can all see you. I'm just a trombone player back here."

And so it went. Little things happened during the session that reminded Dorsey and Goodman of days past. They joked back and forth, their friendliness spread through the rest of the group, and the result was a really enjoyable session and two waxings that rank with the best in jazz history.

One of the most popular records of the series was the Victor pressing of *One O'clock Jump* and *Bugle Call Rag* by the 1941 group. But how could it miss? The All Star roll call included Harry James, Ziggy Elman, and Cootie Williams on trumpets; J. C. Higginbotham and Tommy Dorsey on trombones; Tex Beneke, Benny Carter, Toots Mondello, and Coleman Hawkins on saxophones; Benny Goodman on clarinet; Count Basie at the piano; Charlie Christian on guitar; Artie Bernstein on bass; Buddy Rich on drums. The editors of *Metronome* still remember that session fondly.

The fifties — Dizzy Gillespie and bop.

So far, only four vocalists have been featured on All Star recordings — Billy Eckstine on the two most recent sides, and Frank Sinatra, Nat "King" Cole and June Christy on the 1947 Columbia waxings of *Sweet Lorraine* and *Nat Meets June*. This disk was the biggest money maker in All Star history. *Lorraine* is one of the nicest jobs of Sinatra's impressive career; the second side was an accident. Eddie Sauter (now co-leader of the famous Sauter-Finegan band) had been voted the arranger of the year, and was asked to write a special arrangement for the date. Excited about the possibilities of the session, Sauter brought in an original composition so complex and modern in concept that several of the All Stars found it too difficult to read. (Some of the very best jazz musicians are notably poor readers.) *Metronome* Editor Simon, looking around in despair, spotted June Christy among the spectators. Christy was the top female band vocalist of the year, and she readily agreed to Simon's suggestion for a duet with Nat "King" Cole. The two put their heads together and came up with the lyrics for *Nat Meets June*, sung against a simple but effective blues background.

In 1948, *Metronome* recorded the entire Stan Kenton Band, voted the jazz band of the year, with the All Stars featured as soloists. Kenton was doing some exciting things in what he calls "progressive jazz" and the results were rather fabulous.

All the sessions haven't been as much fun as they could have been. In '48 one of the All Stars kept the entire orchestra waiting an hour because he "overslept." The next year the same musician brought a fifth with him to the recording date, passed it among the other players, and a session that should have taken three hours took six. The year after that, the same guy walked out of the studio because he didn't like the number he'd been asked to play. The year after that, he wasn't invited.

The MGM waxing of *Saint Louis Blues* is the 12th annual All Star session — they skipped two years during the war. The records form a sort of history of modern American jazz — from the swing of the thirties, through progressive jazz in the middle forties, to bop.

Half the proceeds from the records go to the New York Musicians Union welfare fund, and half to a worthy charity like the Red Cross. The big name musicians, who make thousands of dollars from their own records, offer their services at the flat union scale (the AFM insists on payment) of $41.25 for a three hour session.

The Stars are selected each year by an accurate count of ballots printed in *Metronome* and clipped and sent in by the magazine's readers. Because of the prestige connected with winning the poll, *Metronome's* editors have to constantly watch for attempts at "stuffing the ballot box." Each reader is entitled to just one vote in each division (favorite trumpet player, favorite male vocalist, favorite band, etc.) and signs his name and address to the ballot. One year an unusually large number of votes came in for a clarinetist whose popularity didn't seem to warrant them. Since the ballots had arrived at about the same time, from the same section of the country, the editors called in a handwriting expert. He confirmed their suspicion that all the ballots had been filled out by one person and they were invalidated. Another time a dealer in Boston wired New York for 500 copies of the magazine, when he ordinarily handled only 50. The suspicious editors clipped the ends off all the ballots in the Boston consignment. Sure enough, a few days later the *Metronome* offices were flooded with votes for one particular jazz combo, and all the ballots had clipped edges. They were properly filed in the wastebasket.

Since its beginning in 1939, the fame of the Metronome All Stars has spread around the world. In voting for the 1954 awards, a ballot arrived from the African Gold Coast. "We are members of the Mary Lou Williams Fan Club," said the letter attached. "We have only one copy of *Metronome* magazine, but there are 105 of us and we would like to cast 105 votes for Mary Lou." And each of the 105 members had signed his name.

by Earl Wilson

humor:

America's Bust, Belly & Behind Expert Gives Us the Lowdown on the False Bosoms, Padded Gams and Rubber Feet That the Unsuspecting Guy Oft Mistakes for . . .

the BODY BEAUTIFUL

I'LL LAY YOU 8 to 5 that God Almighty holds modern females in low contempt.

You would, too, if you were the Almighty and saw these dames rebuilding themselves so feverishly. They pad their bosoms, or raise them with uplifts, or have them whacked smaller by surgery. They reduce their buttocks with torture instruments which, after rubbing their posteriors 10,000 times, may take off as much as 1/10,000th of an inch. They refashion their noses till all female noses look almost alike, and for this privilege they forego the right to blow their noses for months. They take the excess lard off their legs with machinery. Or, if their legs are scrawny, they put synthetic lard on them by use of wool padding. With ingenious make-up contrivances, any lady can quickly make herself look whorish, and when she has done this, she is ready to go out. Look at her! Her gut is held in by a girdle. Her painted toes stick out of her open shoes. She hobbles on shoes that are so high and so pinched that she is in danger of falling on her face to get into and she got out.

Here was a pretty problem. How are girls wearing their towels this season? Off-the-face, off-the-chest, longways, or sideways? I've interviewed many girls in towels but had frankly never noticed how they wore them. I finally got into it any old way, took twenty minutes of ultraviolet rays lying in the snow-white sand which, by the way, was yellowish and imported from Long Island. There was one slight crisis. The nurse told me some woman would come in at the end of ten minutes and turn me over. "I'll thank her to let me turn myself over," I snapped. She merely meant that a woman would adjust the lamp. And sure enough a woman did come in, and I tried to turn over under the towel and—well, did you ever try to turn over under a towel? I wriggled and the towel began sliding and I managed to grab it just before I did a masculine Lili St. Cyr. But this wasn't enough for me, and I demanded I also be allowed to bathe in the Apple-Blossom Foam Bath. This threw Madame Ruben- (*cont. on next page*)

which, by the way, probably would improve it. And then at this point so help me, she puts on what passes for a hat.

One afternoon, just to see what goes on, I waddled over to Fifth Avenue's "Beauty Row" and into Madame Helena Rubenstein's.

I announced to the publicity lady,, "I would like to lie in an individual bed of snow-white sand."

She looked at me curiously, so I quickly added, "Alone, of course."

I'd been reading about Madame having individual beds of snow-white sand—"you lie there and let the ultraviolet rays stream down their health and energy upon you," it said.

So very soon I was being led through the Body Department, where, if one had dropped in at the right time, he might meet up with the bodies of Gypsy Rose Lee, Ilka Chase, Mrs. Robert Sherwood, Luise Rainer, the Duchess de Talleyrand, and others. There were no other prominent bodies there that day when I called.

"You will find your individual bed of snow-white sand in here," the publicity lady said as she showed me into one big room equipped with sun lamps.

The female nurse handed me a towel

BODY BEAUTIFUL

(continued from preceding page)

stein and her whole emporium into a nervous spell. She felt that if I took an Apple-Blossom Foam Bath in the same tubs where the fashionable Park Avenue ladies took them, I might cause talk. But she consented to let me take an Apple-Blossom Foam Bath at home in my own tub, and even sent me the Apple-Blossom Foam Bath. So pretty soon I splashed happily in my own tub, creamy, sweet, and fragrant, with epaulets of foam on my shoulders, and looking, in brief, like the inside of a wash boiler. After these two experiences I smelled beautiful and, I must say, felt like a new woman.

Later I met John Frederics, "the mad milliner." He creates, to use his own word, many of the preposterous hats worn by prominent females. Of course there are many other such milliners; Walter Florell, for example, once fixed up Miss Mary Alice Rice with a hat decorated principally with fresh radishes. I know they were radishes because I tasted one. I didn't feel so good afterward, and mentioned this to Miss Rice, who squealed, "Oooooh! I should have told you! I put nail-polish lacquer on those radishes to make them look prettier!"

I got to know Frederics because I won a $37.50 gift certificate on a radio quiz program. I gave it to my Beautiful Wife with the witty remark, "Never look a gift certificate in the mouth," and she waggled home afterward with such a terrifying report that I went back with her.

"That, my dear," she said, "is the looniest hat store I've ever been in. The pay phone in the lobby wears a snood. They have coats of armor standing around, and flowers are growing out of them. One saleswoman wanted to sell me a hat she didn't have in stock. So she grabbed a purse and stuck it on my head . . ."

My B. W., who mimics everybody, then illustrated how the saleswoman stood back gravely and looked at the purse sticking up on her head and said, "There, dear! Don't you like it? That's the way it would look. Isn't it the chicest thing you ever saw?"

Well, if anybody would look good wearing a purse on their head, my wife would, but she's of the old-fashioned shopping school that would like to see a hat on her head if she's buying a hat. She's just odd that way. If she wanted to buy a purse, say, she's the type that probably wouldn't be able to judge what it looked like if somebody handed her a hat and said, "There, dear! Hold that in your hand! That's what your purse would look like." Just an old-fashioned girl.

Pretty soon we both descended upon Mr. Frederics' place and at length "Mr. John" came out to greet me. He sat down and talked and talked.

"I'm not mad," he immediately assured me.

He meant, he said, that he wasn't nuts. He sat on a sort of balcony above a large dropped room full of showcases and flung off Big Names who had him create hats. Garbo had wanted a red sweater. She wanted it to match a red chair in her home. He shrugged off excuses as to why, but I figured out why. Because Gee-Gee is flat-chested. Let's face it. Garbo in a sweater would look like a bag of bones, like a whirling windmill in a burlap sack. That established John Frederics' complete sanity to me.

Suddenly he grumbled something about all the women who forced him to sell them bad hats.

"Bad hats!" I said. "You have bad hats here?" I was startled. After all, this was about the most chi chi hat joint in the world.

"Certainly," said John Frederics, a little proudly. "Show me a bad hat!" he called to one of the saleswomen. "One of our very worst bad hats. Hurry up, angel!"

Angel betrayed no astonishment, and so I watched her as she toddled off. I pictured her going out to their shelf marked "bad hats" and pawing around there till she found one marked "Extra bad," but probably it didn't really happen that way. In a minute she came in a bit wearily and handed him two hats. He held one of them out toward us and let us study it.

"Isn't that a foolish hat?" he said. "Too bad for the woman who gets that."

However, he said, some screwy dame would insist upon it and he would be practically powerless to refuse her money. I looked at the price tags on the two hats and they were each $49.75. So when he began explaining how bad the hats were, I spoke up and asked him kindly not to knock them in my presence, inasmuch as I wanted to go on feeling that $49.75 hats were perfect.

"No, no!" he said, looking at me a little crossly, as though he resented me bringing up the subject of money. "The price doesn't matter. I pay no attention to the price. But if a hat destroys a mental picture you have of yourself, it's a bad hat."

"Would you say that over?" I said, suddenly seeing spots before my eyes.

"A hat is only a mental thing," he said, or at least that's the way these notes read, anyway. "A hat's not a hat."

"Some of them aren't certainly," I thought, but it didn't seem the place to say it.

"A hat," he said, "is the fulfillment of a dream and an illusion."

Frederics, a moody genius, sometimes chases out females who have bad taste and try to get him to follow it in his creations for them. He performs colorfully when the mood to create grips him. Surrounded by milliners, measurers, trimmers, et cetera, he surges through his place, creating—thinking up new hat designs. An ex-milliner, he can make a hat himself if he wants to, but at this point in his career, when millions are waiting for his ideas, he merely creates. He believes that an individual customer's personality should broadcast a sort of "message" to his personality when he is creating. One day he was trying to create for Markova, the ballerina. They made no progress.

Finally Frederics bluntly announced, "I don't think I'll make you a hat today."

"What have I done now?" asked the frightened customer.

He told her regretfully that he just got no message from her personality to his personality, and it was all so futile. Sadly, she left. She came back later and her personality broadcast to his personality that she would look good in hats like Pavlova wore. That was an ideal broadcast, with perfect reception and no static, and he created her some Pavlova hats. After that they were terribly contented.

Frederics finished this tale and said to me, "But I guess I'm just an old gas pipe."

He meant he liked to gas, I suppose. Well, one man's gas is as good as another's.

In my work, I have to watch women's legs a lot, until now I'm a professional leg-watcher. I'm a leg man. I report to my readers whether Betty Grable's legs are as shapely as alleged by her over-enthusiastic press agents, and also give the low-down on Mary Martin's legs. Excusing myself on the ground that after all it's my work, I sometimes ask a glamour girl to cross her legs for me and pull up her dress. When I go to night clubs, I sit there moodily contemplating the red girdle marks on the chorus girls' midriffs and eventually my eyes drop and I am seeing legs before my eyes again. I often see ten, twelve, sixteen, eighteen, or twenty legs at a time, and when I go home and try to sleep later, I frequently count legs instead of sheep. People sometimes ask me if I get bored watching legs, and my stock answer is "Hell, no."

Lately I've been pioneering for prettier legs.

Fortunately, great progress has already been made in this important crusade by a fat, taffy-haired ex-Hollywood correspondent, Mr. Frederick C. Othman of the United Press. Freddie feels as I do, that there's been too much talk about legs and not enough done about them. With Freddie covering the West Coast leg front and me handling the legs on the East Coast, we've (continued on page 37)

satire:

Advice on the CHOICE OF A MISTRESS

By Benjamin Franklin

These wise words to a playboy of yesteryear are equally apropos today

To My Dear Friend:

I know of no Medicine fit to diminish the violent Natural Inclinations you mention; and if I did, I think I should not communicate it to you. Marriage is the proper remedy. It is the most natural state of Man, and therefore the State in which you are most likely to find solid Happiness. Your Reasons against entering into it at Present appear to me not well founded. The circumstantial Advantages you have in View by postponing it, are not only uncertain, but they are small in comparison with that of the Thing itself, the being married and settled. It is the Man and Woman united that makes the complete human being. Separate, she wants his Force of Body and Strength of Reason; he, her Softness, Sensibility, and acute Discernment. Together they are more likely to succeed in the World. A single Man has not nearly the Value he would have in the State of Union. He is an incomplete Animal. He resembles the odd Half of a Pair of Scissors. If you get a prudent, healthy Wife, your Industry in your Profession, with her good Economy, will be a Fortune sufficient.

But if you will not take this Counsel and persist in thinking a Commerce with the Sex inevitable, then I repeat my former Advice, that in all your Amours you should prefer old Women to young ones.

You call this a Paradox and demand my Reasons. They are these:

1. Because they have more Knowledge of the World, and their Minds are better stor'd with Observations, their Conversation is more improving, and more lastingly agreeable.

2. Because when Women cease to be handsome they study to be good. To maintain their Influence over Men, they supply the Diminution of Beauty by an Augmentation of Utility. They learn to do a thousand Services small & great, and are the most tender and useful of Friends when you are sick. Thus they continue amiable. And hence there is hardly such a Thing to be found as an old Woman who is not a good Woman.

3. Because there is no Hazard of Children, which irregularly produc'd may be attended with much Inconvenience.

4. Because through more Experience they are more prudent and discreet in conducting an Intrigue to prevent Suspicion. The Commerce with them is therefore safer with regard to your Reputation. And with regard to theirs, if the Affair should happen to be known, considerate People might be rather inclined to excuse an old Woman, who would kindly take Care of a young Man, form his Manners by her good Counsels, and prevent his ruining his Health & Fortune among mercenary Prostitutes.

5. Because in every Animal that walks upright the Deficiency of the Fluids that fill the Muscles appears first in the highest Part. The Face first grows lank and wrinkled; then the Neck! then the Breast and Arms; the lower Parts continuing to the last as plump as ever: so that covering all above with a Basket, and regarding only what is below the Girdle, it is impossible of two Women to tell an old one from a young one. And as in the Dark all Cats are grey, the Pleasure of Corporal Enjoyment with an old Woman is at least equal, and frequently superior; every Knack being, by Practice, capable of Improvement.

6. Because the Sin is less. The debauching a Virgin may be her Ruin, and make her for Life unhappy.

7. Because the Compunction is less. Then having made a young Girl miserable may give you frequent bitter Reflection; none of which can attend the making of an old Woman happy.

8th and lastly. They are so grateful! !

Thus much for my Paradox. But still I advise you to marry directly; being sincerely Your Affectionate Friend, B. F.

SIN *(continued from page 8)*

gregationalists-developers. The madams howled, but the stern representatives of the pioneers extorted a good $50,000 a year from properties which wouldn't have yielded a fifth of this for any other purpose.

Whorehouse rents supported more than one big house on Pacific Heights and paid more than one son's tuition at Harvard.

Thus, of their $700,000 annual gross, the madams were forced to pay around $250,000 directly to the "powers." They distributed other thousands to the cops who were members of the Vice Squad and who patrolled the houses, so the average madam, after paying all the expenses of her house, probably netted eight thousand a year for herself. Bertha Parchman was an exception: she must have stacked away at least $25,000 each year.

The girls in the labor force came and went, but the number seldom dropped below two hundred. Since their gross earnings were about $500,000 a year, the average girl earned about $2500. She worked twenty-two days a month and served from four to ten customers each working day, though this schedule varied with shipping sailings and arrivals, convention periods, tourist seasons, paydays, and so forth. The more popular girls made much more than $2500; the less popular girls didn't do so well.

Few of the girls saved any money. A major graft on them was the medical graft. Each girl was supposed to pay five dollars a week to a "designated" doctor for an examination. Any treatment was extra. This meant that each girl was supposed to pay a minimum of $260 a year, a total of more than $50,000 a year for the doctors who were in favor with the "city." Usually these doctors were sons of pioneers and brothers of the attorneys who handled the leases and the payoffs.

The rest of the average girl's money went for "extras" to the madam, for clothes and jewelry, to loan sharks and shysters, and often to support a man or a child. The system didn't encourage thrift, and the average whore has a sharecropper mentality: she prefers always to be in debt to the madam.

Hawaiian prositution paid off almost everybody who was in business or who owned property. It paid off the rentiers and the political powers, the doctors and lawyers, the furniture dealers, the milliners, the merchants of ladies'-ready-to-wear, the jewelers, the loan sharks, the druggists. The taxicab companies got rich from it; and the Chamber of Commerce representatives had a whispered selling point which locked up many a big convention for the Paradise of the Pacific.

• • •

One of the business realities of organized, segregated prositution, whether in Honolulu or Kansas City, is that it must stay segregated; it must be unobtrusive. It must attract visitors and dollars but it must not advertise itself.

This means that women who prostitute themselves to common men must surrender their liberties, their rights under the law, to a greater degree than any other type of miscreant. Thieves, gangsters, murderers, when evading the law can go where they like and live as they choose with the full protection of the Common Law and the Constitution of the United States. But the prostitute, even though she may be in business with the mayor and may be paying rent to the First National Bank, has few more rights than some cop chooses to grant her. She has little recourse to the courts, her American citizenship becomes meaningless, and she is at the mercy of the system.

This has been true in many American cities, but geography makes it particularly true in Honolulu. If in Kansas City a girl fell out of favor with Pendergast's cops, she had some chance to run away before they beat her up or killed her. But Honolulu is on a small island in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, and all the exits are controlled by the police. This geographical fact enabled the developers of Hawaii to govern their harlotry by what was known as the Thirteen Articles; and from that day forward the Thirteen Articles, not the Constitution of the United States, became the measure of her liberties.

Article I. No girl may transfer from one brothel to another except by agreement of the madams involved.

The power in this article should be obvious to many Americans by 1954. It's the power of a state to prevent a man's changing from one job to another. This article forced every girl to curry the favor of her madam; for the madam, at will, could cut off her income; could prevent her working in any other house; or could induce the police to flog her, or to "bounce her back to the Mainland," or to "throw her over the Pali." This article enabled madams to trade girls as plantation owners once traded black men and as baseball clubs now trade players.

Article II. No girl may telephone the Mainland or send money to the Mainland without the madam's permission.

As the development of Hawaii proceeded, the aborigines became less and less important; and this was as true of the Hawaiian girl as it was of the Hawaiian man. For the Hawaiian girl could no more compete with a white girl in prositution than the Hawaiian man could compete with a white man in business. So by the time of the First World War most of the girls who filled the Hawaiian brothels were not Hawaiian at all. Neither were they Oriental or Negro. They were white girls from Chicago, Pittsburgh, and Detroit; from Georgia, Mississippi, and Iowa; from London, Glasgow, and Liverpool. And there was an economic explanation for this.

The traveling men of the world don't really care for the colored women of the world. They prefer their women white. They'll take color as a rule only when white is unavailable. A seventeen-year-old white sailor or a fifty-year-old Shriner will try an Oriental or Polynesian girl once out of curiosity; but from then on they are likely to prefer white girls. The bewitching Tondelayos who are supposed to drive white men crazy exist chiefly between book covers. And does a Japanese or Filipino man want to buy a colored woman? Not if he can buy a white one. So the Honolulu brothels kept a few "hula-hulas" and "wonks" around for the curiosity trade and for the drunks, but it was the white girls from the Mainland who made the money.

This being true, the Authorities didn't want the profits shipped back to the Mainland; they wanted the money kept and spent at home. Traveling money attracted attention, and disgruntled girls shouting hot grievances into the radio telephone would hardly be proper publicity for Paradise. Article II helped the madams keep the money in the Islands and censor complaints.

Article III. No girl may own an automobile.

This was the first of several articles aimed at preventing a girl from operating independently of the madams and the system. The whore with an automobile can defy segregation and control: she requires neither room nor bed; she doesn't have to split with madam, bellhop, or cop; she can pick up her men, use her back seat for a couch, and pocket the tolls.

Article IV. No girl may own real estate or maintain a residence outside the brothel.

If a girl had a residence outside the brothel she could entertain customers there and collect fees on which the system levied not a cent. Moreover, she might purchase a home in a decent section, and this the system could not tolerate.

Article V. No girl may be seen on the streets or in a taxicab with a man.

Taxicab-drivers all over the world are the natural confederates of harlotry. Every successful madam has a working arrangement with many cabdrivers: Bertha Parchman owned an entire taxicab company just to make sure that the drivers delivered the customers *(continued on page 20)*

"When you come right down to it, Mr. Bigelow—
casting for TV is just like for movies."

fiction:

tales from the DECAMERON

A new translation of one of the choicest stories from Boccaccio's bawdy classic.

THE LADY & THE BARREL

This is the story of a clever young wife whose quick thinking saved her from the wrath of her husband.

In Naples there once lived a mason of such humble condition that his young and comely wife, Peronella, was obliged to take in spinning to help eke out a living between them.

One day a young gallant of the neighborhood laid his eyes upon this lady and wished that he might lay more. She, by signs and glances, gave him to know that such a burden would not be unwelcome. Thus they reached a certain understanding.

It was agreed that Giannello (so was the gallant named) should watch the mason's door each morning when that good man left for work, then enter the house and the wife that the mason had just vacated.

This he did, and Peronella enjoyed his company for many mornings.

But during one such interlude, as they were just beginning to take their pleasure, the husband returned. Finding the latch fastened, he knocked, and thought: "Praise God! How fortunate I am, for though I'm poor, I have a good and faithful wife. See how she has locked fast the door as soon as I departed. Wise woman! Thus no one can enter and stain her honor."

Peronella, recognizing the knock, said to her lover, "Alas, Giannello, it is my husband! I cannot imagine why he returns at this early hour. Is it possible that he saw you enter? But whatever the reason, hide quickly in this empty wine vat, for I must let him in."

Giannello climbed into the vat and Peronella opened the door.

Feigning anger, she cried, "What nonsense is this now, husband?! Why do you return at this hour with your tools in your hand — have you decided not to work today? How shall we live then? What shall we use to buy bread? I am to pawn the clothes on my back, I suppose! Is it not enough that I work my fingers to the bone at the spinning wheel so we may buy a little oil for the lamp? Do you not know that I am the mock and marvel of every wife in the neighborhood because of the way I put up with this miserable life? Yet my husband comes home in the middle of the morning dangling his tools from idle hands!"

Her voice broke, tears sprang to her eyes, and in the midst of sobbing, she railed on: "Woe is me! I am the unhappiest woman alive. Curst be the day when I was born! I might have had a young man of worth for a husband, but I refused him and took instead *this* lazy rascal! Other wives amuse themselves with lovers, sometimes two and three, and their husbands are none the wiser. But I, wretch that I am, because I am faithful and good, I must suffer thus! Why do I not take a lover as they do? Why not, indeed? For, mark me, husband, if I had a mind to deceive you, there are brisk fellows aplenty who would leap at the chance! Yes, and they would heap money on me, and jewels, and all manner of fine things. But would I accept them? Would I deceive you? *No* — for I am not that sort! And *yet*, my husband, you come home at this hour without a florin in your hand!"

"For God's sake, wife," broke in the mason at last, "do not fret so! I know what an honest woman you are. It is true I left this morning to go to work, for I forgot (as you have) that this is a holiday — the Feast of San Galeone. Nobody works today, so I have come home — but not without florins, for I have found the wherewithal to buy us bread for a month. You know that old wine vat that takes up so much room in our house? Well, wife, I have sold the cumbersome thing to this good man at my side for five florins!"

Peronella responded: "So much the worse. For you, a business man who should know better, have sold the vat for five florins, while I, a mere woman, have rid the house of it for seven! The buyer is even now inside it, testing its soundness."

Hearing this, the happy mason turned to the man beside him. "You heard, sir? Therefore, depart in good will, for my canny wife has made a better bargain."

The prospective buyer left and Peronella said to her husband, "Since you are here, you may as well deal with the fellow yourself."

Giannello, hearing this and deeming it safe to appear, scrambled out of the vat and announced: "This vat seems sound enough, but it would appear that dregs or suchlike have been kept in it, for, look you, it is all crusted inside with a grime so hard and dry I could not budge it with my fingernails. I will not buy the vat unless it is made clean."

"The bargain shall not fall through for that," said Peronella. "My husband is here and he will clean it out."

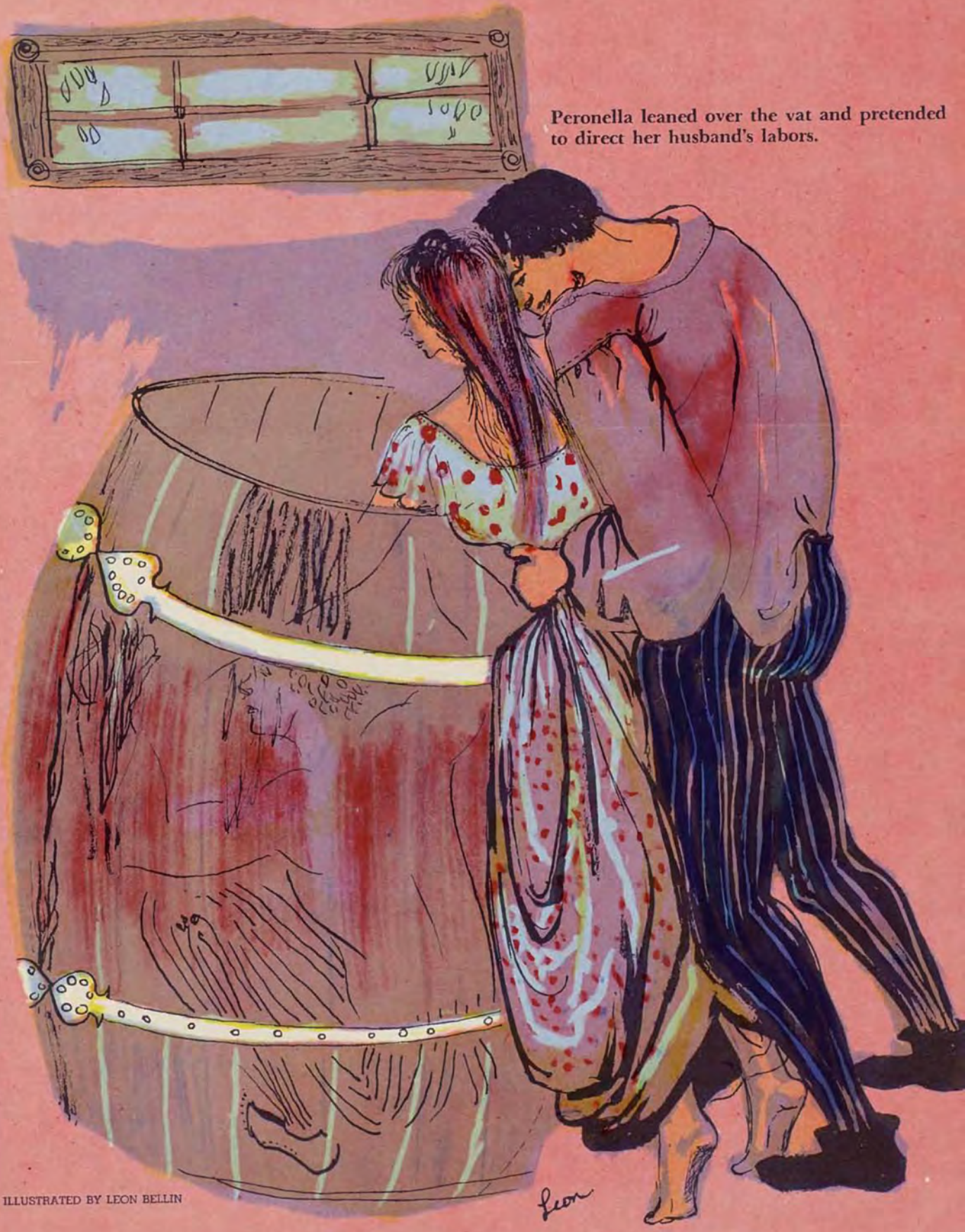
"Indeed I will!" confirmed the mason, removing his coat and taking up a lamp and scraper. Thus equipped, he entered the vat and began scraping away the thick crust.

Peronella, making a pretense of directing his labors, leaned over the mouth of the barrel and said from time to time, "Scrape there," and "there," and "there, too," and "See, here is a little left."

While she was thus engaged, Giannello, who had scarcely begun to take his pleasure before the husband returned, saw the advantage of Peronella's position and decided to make the most of it. He approached from behind her and satisfied himself even as the unbridled stallions of Partha do upon their mares. Thus quenching his fire, he stepped back just as the mason, his scraping finished, climbed from the vat.

"Take this lamp, good man," Peronella told Giannello, "and see if the vat now pleases you."

Giannello did so, declared that he was well satisfied, and giving the hood-winked husband seven florins, carted the vat away.



Peronella leaned over the vat and pretended to direct her husband's labors.

ILLUSTRATED BY LEON BELLIN

SIN *(continued from page 16)*

to her. But, if the system allows it, the enterprising taxicab-driver can also compete with the madams and thus deprive the system of revenue.

In Norfolk, Virginia, during the war it was almost impossible to get a cab for a legitimate purpose after four in the afternoon because each driver had a girl in his back seat and was picking up sailors for her. He'd pick up a sailor, duck into an alley, collect five dollars from the sailor, give the sailor five minutes of semi-privacy with the girl, sell the sailor a pint of gin for another five dollars, then dump him out and pick up another sailor. Far from delivering business to the madams, the cab-drivers were monopolizing it.

Under the Honolulu system the automobile, private or public, could transport the customer to the whore, but it couldn't transport the whore to the customer or provide the rendezvous.

Article VI. No girl may have a steady boy friend.

The system could not tolerate the steady boy friend for several reasons. He was a threat to segregation. He almost certainly would try to meet the girl outside the segregated area either to have her himself or to sell her to other men, and this could result both in offense to his neighbors and in loss of revenue. A boy friend might leach away a girl's earnings and leave her unable to care for herself properly. Or he might give the girl too large a measure of independence.

A steady customer who came regularly to the brothel to pay his fare and to see his girl in the prescribed manner was welcome; but a steady boy friend who wanted to meet his girl outside the brothel—he was forbidden.

Articles VII and VIII. No girl may visit an Army or Navy post. No girl may marry service personnel.

By 1939 the military already had become a major industry in Hawaii and it was soon to dwarf everything else. So the Honolulu system was tailored to suit both the Anglo hilltoppers and the military. Admirals and generals usually approve prostitution systems if they are Efficient and Clean—General Patton's first action after seizing new terrain always was to open up the brothels for his armies—but they object if brothels render their men inefficient. The Honolulu system was clean, efficient, orderly, and profitable.

The civil authorities in Honolulu agreed with the military that service personnel should not marry whores. A whore married to the uniform of the United States of America could claim troublesome rights—such as the right to live where she pleased, to own an automobile, or to swim at Waikiki. This the system could not allow. The place for soldiers and sailors to meet whores was in a clean, efficient whorehouse where the health and wealth of the Army and Navy could be guarded and where the receipts could be properly divided.

Articles IX to XIII. No girl may visit Waikiki Beach; she may swim only at Kailua Beach. No girl may patronize a first-class cafe or bar, or visit a golf course, or attend a dance, or be out of the brothel after 10:30 p.m.

Waikiki Beach is Hawaii's Number One tourist attraction. It's where the big hotels are, where the conventioneers are quartered. Millions have been spent by Hawaii's developers to make it pay off. They wanted Waikiki to be Clean and Exclusive, both for the Anglo tourists and for the "decent Anglos" of Hawaii. They wanted Waikiki to be "White Man's country" with only a few selected natives around to supply the Color—the breech-clouted surfboard riders, the grass-skirted hulahulas, and the lei-bedecked guitarists.

Keeping Waikiki "clean" was an advantage to almost everyone concerned. The beach was exclusive; the hotels were quiet and clean and luxurious with no whores chasing about the halls at night; and since Waikiki is four miles from Iwilei, the taxicab companies had a profitable run to and fro. Almost everybody got what he wanted; and the only sacrifice was in whore-freedom.

The other articles completed the pattern of restriction. They made certain that whores and hellraisers didn't disturb the home folks; they made sure that whores stayed in their place, worked hard, and paid their taxes.

* * *

The Islands of Hawaii were captured on December 7, 1941. They were not captured by the Japanese, they were captured by traveling men from the Mainland.

Traveling men had been powerful in Hawaii since the beginning of the development. They had challenged the authority of the Anglo homefolks more than once, as in 1850 when they rioted against the prohibition of fornication in the streets. But from 1850 to 1941 the Anglo homefolks had been able to control the traveling men; they had been able to run Hawaii like the Anglo hilltoppers wanted it run; they had been able to maintain the line of demarcation between traveling men and homefolks. On December 7, 1941, however, the traveling men dethroned the Anglo pioneers, seized control, and ran Hawaii to suit the traveling men for three years.

These particular traveling men were of the Army of the United States. They assumed authority legally and perhaps properly. They marched under the Stars and Stripes and served the brave purposes of freedom. But whatever uniform they wear, whatever flag they march under, whatever brave purposes they serve, traveling men all share at least one characteristic—they just naturally don't give a goddam about the homefolks in whose gardens they bivouac. And this is particularly true of war's traveling men.

Wherever war's traveling men bivouac they are going to fornicate in the streets; they are going to steal your wine and get drunk and shout their filthy little war-words into the night; they are going to trample down your roses, kick out your windows, spit on your floors, clog your plumbing, and break down your fences. War's traveling men just don't give a goddam.

War's typical traveling man may behave decently in his own home town. He may be a good individual, a responsible member of a family and a community. But in an army he is in uniform, he is away from home, he is adventuring, he doesn't give a goddam. There are exceptions, but the exceptions can't change the generality. Uniforms make men uniformly bad; armies reduce men to the lowest common denominator.

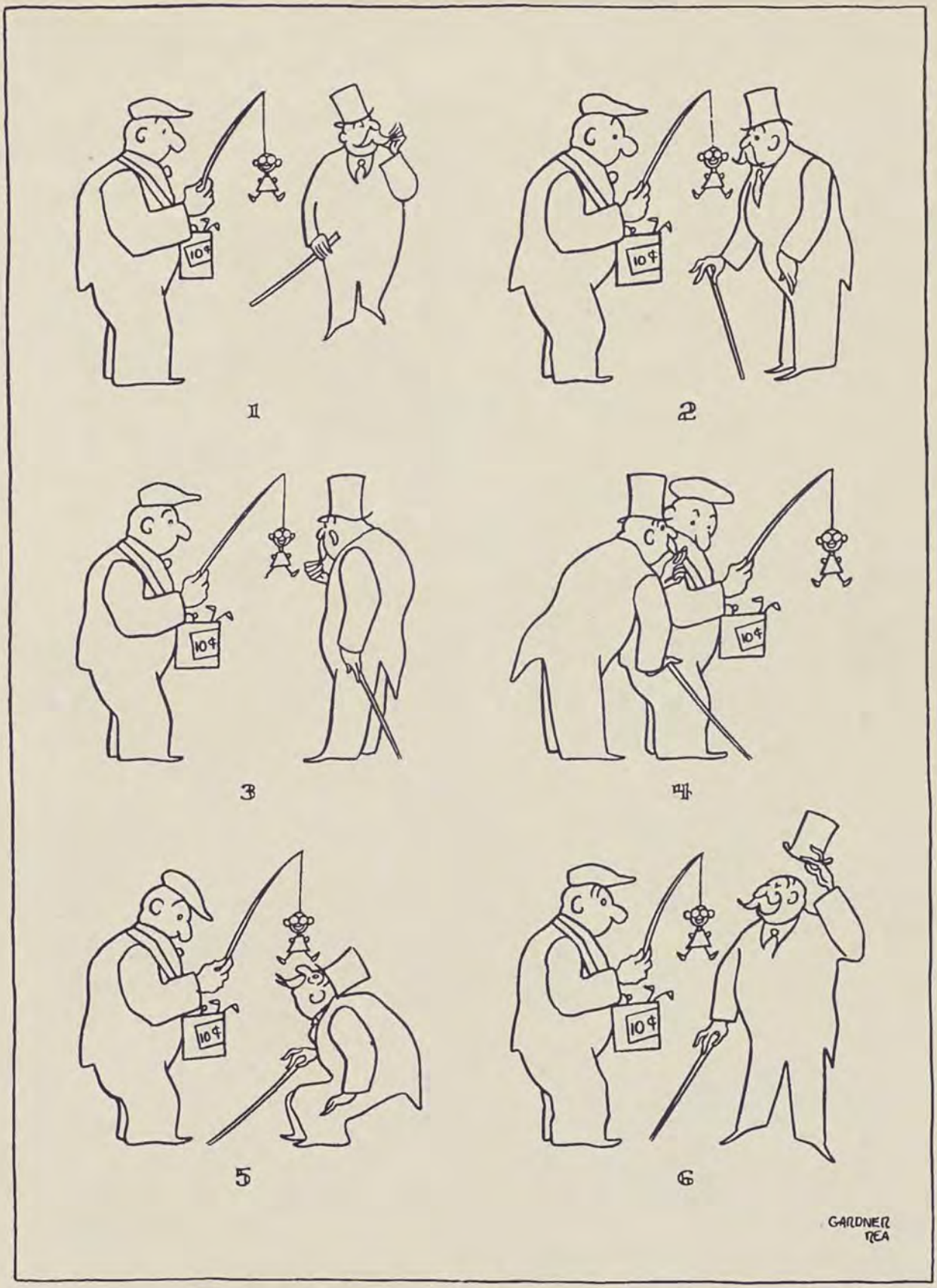
Many Americans relearned this old truth about war's traveling men during the Second War. Norfolk and Williamsburg, Biloxi and Hattiesburg, Seattle and San Diego—many Americans learned what it means to be overrun by the traveling men. But no Americans suffered from war's traveling men like the Americans in Honolulu.

Honolulu is a small city . . . two hundred thousand in 1940 . . . smaller than Dallas or Birmingham. Yet ninety per cent of the war effort against Japan was funneled through Honolulu. Two million traveling men were staged through Hawaii, and Honolulu was their last liberty town going out and their first coming back. "This is Honolulu, Mac. We better get the hell offa this ship and look for same grass skirts. For there ain't no women where we're going. It'll be a long time before we see women again." Or, "Now we're going home, Mac. We ain't seen a white woman for eighteen months, three days and two hours. But just wait'll we stop at Honolulu! Boy, we'll start catching up on what we been missing!"

Whole divisions of seventeen- and eighteen-year-old Marines—lads who had been selected for their "combative spirit"—were trained on Oahu, taken to a beachhead, then brought back to Oahu to "rest and recuperate" before another beachhead.

Air bases were everywhere . . . with airmen by the thousands. Thousands of the aristocrats of war's traveling men . . . the young flyers . . . the chaps who had never earned thirty dollars a week but who now, tragically, were paid a hundred dollars a week and more. They had to live furiously in order to dissipate this much wealth before taking off, fatefully, into the blue yonder.

Army camps were everywhere . . . with GI's by the thousands. Oahu was the training center for jungle warfare. The Navy was everywhere. The Royal Hawaiian Hotel was a rest home for submariners. Pearl Harbor had countless ships and countless thousands of restless sailors. Thirty thousand war-rich, away-from-home civilian workers were barracked *(continued on page 35)*



A GENTLEMAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL

ILLUSTRATED BY BEN DENISON

THE SECOND PART OF A FRIGHTENING THREE-PART FANTASY

FAHRENHEIT 451

fiction: **By Ray Bradbury**

WHAT HAS COME BEFORE

When all houses, everywhere, were made completely fireproof, firemen were no longer needed for their original purpose. They were given a new job, as peace-of-mind custodians. Instead of putting out fires, they set them. They burned books.

To own a book was a crime. Books caused unhappiness—they raised questions that couldn't be answered—conflicts that couldn't be resolved. This was a perfect, conflict-free society—so all books *had* to be burned.

Guy Montag was one of this new generation of firemen. But unlike his comrades, Montag no longer enjoyed burning, seeing things eaten, blackened, changed. Clarisse McClellan, the strange high school girl next door, had put questions in his mind. She'd asked him if he was happy, and he hadn't been able to answer her. He *did* know he could take no pleasure (as did his wife, Mildred) in the incessant droning of the tiny, ear-fitting radios and the television "families" that covered three walls of their living room and threatened to invade the fourth.

It frightened him when his wife swallowed an entire bottle of sleeping tablets out of boredom and then, after an emergency stomach-pumping and transfusion, denied that it had happened at all. The fear spread when Montag witnessed the death of an old woman who refused to leave her book-infested house when the firemen burned it out; the fear intensified when the questioning Clarisse, branded anti-social by her teachers, suddenly disappeared and never returned.

Montag felt as though the world were closing in on him—there were so many things he didn't understand—so many questions he could find no answers for. Perhaps, he felt, the answers might lie within the forbidden books.

Captain Beatty, the clever, articulate fire-chief, seemed to be reading Montag's mind, seemed to guess his every illegal thought. Even the firehouse "hound," a robot with a dope-filled hypodermic snout, seemed unfriendly, and against all robotistic-conditioned behavior, snarled when he passed.

Montag finally snapped under the strain—was unable to force himself to return to the firehouse. Captain Beatty diagnosed his sickness. "It's the firemen's occupational disease," he said. "They all go through it sooner or later." Then he talked about books. "They're meaningless," he said. "Montag, they're nothing but confusion and contradictions."

After Beatty had left, Montag felt compelled to share a long-kept secret with his wife. From behind the grille of their air-conditioner, Montag withdrew books, a full twenty of them, stolen from the flames of a dozen fires. Mildred became hysterical and tried to burn them, but Montag insisted they must read them, together, and try to learn, once and for all, what secrets they might hold.

PART TWO

THEY read the long afternoon through, while the cold November rain fell from the sky upon the quiet house. They sat in the hall because the parlor was so empty and gray-looking without its wall lit with orange and yellow confetti and skyrockets and women in goldmesh dresses and men in black velvet pulling *(continued on next page)*

FAHRENHEIT 451 *(continued from preceding page)*

one-hundred-pound rabbits from silver hats. The parlor was dead and Mildred kept peering in at it with a blank expression as Montag paced the floor and came back and squatted down and read a page as many as ten times, aloud.

"'We cannot tell the precise moment when friendship is formed. As in filling a vessel drop by drop, there is at last a drop which makes it run over; so in a series of kindnesses there is at last one which makes the heart run over.'"

Montag sat listening to the rain.

"Is that what it was in the girl next door? I've tried so hard to figure."

"She's dead. Let's talk about someone alive, for goodness' sake."

Montag did not look back at his wife as he went trembling along the hall to the kitchen, where he stood a long time watching the rain hit the windows before he came back down the hall in the gray light, waiting for the tremble to subside.

He opened another book.

"'That favourite subject, Myself.'"

He squinted at the wall. "'That favourite subject, Myself.'"

"I understand *that* one," said Mildred.

"But Clarisse's favorite subject wasn't herself. It was everyone else, and me. She was the first person in a good many years I've really liked. She was the first person I can remember who looked straight at me as if I counted." He lifted the two books. "These men have been dead a long time, but I know their words point, one way or another, to Clarisse."

Outside the front door, in the rain, a faint scratching.

Montag froze. He saw Mildred thrust herself back to the wall and gasp.

"Someone—the door—why doesn't the door-voice tell us—"

"I shut it off."

Under the doorsill, a slow, probing sniff, an exhalation of electric steam.

Mildred laughed. "It's only a dog, that's what! You want me to shoo him away?

"Stay where you are!"

Silence. The cold rain falling. And the smell of blue electricity blowing under the locked door.

"Let's get back to work," said Montag quietly.

Mildred kicked at a book. "Books aren't people. You read and I look all around, but there isn't *anybody!*"

He stared at the parlor that was dead and gray as the waters of an ocean that might teem with life if they switched on the electronic sun.

"Now," said Mildred, "my 'family' is people. They tell me things; *I* laugh, *they* laugh! And the colors!"

"Yes, I know."

"And besides, if Captain Beatty knew about those books—" She thought about it. Her face grew amazed and then horrified. "He might come and burn the house and the 'family.' That's awful! Think of our investment. Why should I read? What *for?*"

"What for! Why!" said Montag. "I saw the damnedest snake in the world the other night. It was dead but it was alive. It could see but it couldn't see. You want to *see* that snake? It's at Emergency Hospital where they filed a report on all the junk the snake got out of you! Would you like to go and check their file? Maybe you'd look under Guy Montag or maybe under Fear or War. Would you like to go to that house that burnt last night? And rake ashes for the bones of the woman who set fire to her own house! What about Clarisse McClellan, where do we look for her? The morgue! Listen!"

The bombers crossed the sky and crossed the sky over the house, gasping, murmuring, whistling like an immense, invisible fan, circling in emptiness.

"Jesus God," said Montag. "Every hour so many damn things in the sky! How in hell did those bombers get up there every single second of our lives! Why doesn't someone want to talk about it! We've started and won two atomic wars since 1960! Is it because we're having so much fun at home we've forgotten the world? Is it because we're so rich and the rest of the world's so poor and we just don't care if they are? I've heard rumors; the world is starving, but we're well-fed. Is it true, the world works hard and we play? Is that why we're hated so much? I've heard the rumors about hate, too, once in a long while, over the years. Do *you* know why? *I* don't, that's *sure!* Maybe the books can get us half out of the cave. They just *might* stop us from making the same damn insane mistakes! I don't hear those idiot bastards in your parlor talking about it. God, Millie, don't you *see?* An hour a day, two hours, with these books, and maybe . . ."

The telephone rang. Mildred snatched the phone.

"Ann!" She laughed. "Yes, the White Clown's on tonight!"

Montag walked to the kitchen and threw the book down. "Montag," he said, "you're really stupid. Where do we go from here? Do we turn the books in, forget it?" He opened the book to read over Mildred's laughter.

Poor Millie, he thought. Poor Montag, it's mud to you, too. But where do you get help, where do you find a teacher this late?

Hold on. He shut his eyes. Yes, of course. Again he found himself thinking of the green park a year ago. The thought had been with him many times recently but now he remembered how it was that day in the city park when he had seen that old man in the black suit hide something quickly, in his coat.

. . . The old man leapt up as if to run. And Montag said, "Wait!"

"I haven't done anything!" cried the old man, trembling.

"No one said you did."

They had sat in the green soft light without saying a word for a moment and then Montag talked about the weather and then the old man responded with a pale voice. It was a strange quiet meeting. The old man admitted to being a retired English Professor who had been thrown out upon the world forty years ago when the last liberal arts college shut for lack of students and patronage. His name was Faber, and when he finally lost his fear of Montag, he talked in a cadenced voice, looking at the sky and the trees and the green park, and when an hour had passed he said something to Montag and Montag sensed it was a rhymeless poem. Then the old man grew even more courageous and said something else and that was a poem, too. Faber held his hand over his left coat pocket and spoke these words gently, and Montag knew if he reached out, he might pull a book of poetry from the man's coat. But he did not reach out. His hands stayed on his knees, numbed and useless. "I don't talk *things*, sir," said Faber. "I talk the *meaning* of things. I sit here and *know* I'm alive."

That was all there was to it, really. An hour of monologue, a poem, a comment, and then without either acknowledging the fact that Montag was a fireman, Faber with a certain trembling, wrote his address on a slip of paper. "For your file," he said, "in case you decide to be angry with me."

"I'm not angry," Montag said, surprised.

Mildred shrieked with laughter in the hall.

Montag went to his bedroom closet and flipped through his file-wallet to the heading: FUTURE INVESTIGATIONS (?) Faber's name was there. He hadn't turned it in and he hadn't erased it.

He dialed the call on a secondary phone. The phone on the far end of the line called Faber's name a dozen times before the professor answered in a faint voice. Montag identified himself and was met with a lengthy silence. "Yes, Mr. Montag?"

"Professor Faber, I have a rather odd question to ask. How many copies of the Bible are left in this country?"

"I don't know what you're talking about!"

"I want to know if there are *any* copies left at all."

"This is some sort of trap! I can't talk to just *anyone* on the phone!"

"How many copies of Shakespeare and Plato?"

"None! You know as well as I do. None!"

Faber hung up.

Montag put down the phone. None. A thing he knew of course from the firehouse listings. But somehow he had wanted to hear it from Faber himself.

In the hall Mildred's face was suffused with excitement. "Well, the ladies are coming over!" Montag showed her a book. "This *(continued on page 28)*

"I'll be out with Miss Marlow all evening, Thomas.
Have the iron lung ready when I get back."

Courtesy of John Baumgarth Co., Melrose Park, Illinois

PLAYBOY'S

PLAYMATE

OF THE MONTH

MISS APRIL

FAHRENHEIT 451 *(continued from page 24)*

is the Old and New Testament, and . . ."

"Don't start that again!"

"It might be the last copy in this part of the world."

"You've got to hand it back tonight, don't you? Captain Beatty *knows* you got it, doesn't he?"

"I don't think he knows *which* book I stole. But how do I choose a substitute? Do I turn in Mr. Jefferson? Mr. Thoreau? Which is least valuable? If I pick a substitute and Beatty does know which book I stole, he'll guess we've an entire library here!"

Mildred's mouth twitched. "See what you're *doing*? You'll ruin us! Who's more important, me or that Bible?" She was beginning to shriek now, sitting there like a wax doll melting in its own heat.

He could hear Beatty's voice. "Sit down, Montag. Watch. Delicately, like the petals of a flower. Light the first page, light the second page. Each becomes a black butterfly. Beautiful, eh? Light the third page from the second and so on, chain-smoking, chapter by chapter, all the silly things the words mean, all the false promises, all the second-hand notions and time-worn philosophies." There sat Beatty, perspiring gently, the floor littered with swarms of black moths that had died in a single storm.

Mildred stopped screaming as quickly as she started. Montag was not listening. "There's only one thing to do," he said. "Some time before tonight when I give the book to Beatty, I've got to have a duplicate made."

"You'll be here for the White Clown tonight, and the ladies coming over?" cried Mildred.

Montag stopped at the door, with his back turned. "Millie?"

A silence. "What?"

"Millie? Does the White Clown love you?"

No answer.

"Millie, does—" He licked his lips. "Does your 'family' love you, love you *very* much, love you with all their heart and soul, Millie?"

He felt her blinking slowly at the back of his neck. "Why'd you ask a silly question like that?"

He felt he wanted to cry, but nothing would happen to his eyes or his mouth.

"If you see that dog outside," said Mildred, "give him a kick for me."

He hesitated, listening at the door. He opened it and stepped out.

The rain had stopped and the sun was setting in the clear sky. The street and the lawn and the porch were empty. He let his breath go in a great sigh.

He slammed the door.

He was on the subway.

I'm numb, he thought. When did the numbness really begin in my face? In my body? The night I kicked the pill-bottle in the dark, like kicking a buried mine.

The numbness will go away, he thought. It'll take time, but I'll do it, or Faber will do it for me. Someone somewhere will give me back the old face and the old hands the way they were. Even the smile, he thought, the old burnt-in smile, that's gone. I'm lost without it.

The subway fled past him, cream-tile, jet-black, cream-tile, jet-black, numerals and darkness, more darkness and the total adding itself.

Once as a child he had sat upon a yellow dune by the sea in the middle of the blue and hot summer day, trying to fill a sieve with sand, because some cruel cousin had said, "Fill this sieve and you'll get a dime!" And the faster he poured, the faster it sifted through with a hot whispering. His hands were tired, the sand was boiling, the sieve was empty. Seated there in the midst of July, without a sound, he felt the tears move down his cheeks.

Now as the vacuum-underground rushed him through the dead cellars of town, jolting him, he remembered the terrible logic of that sieve, and he looked down and saw that he was carrying the Bible open. There were people in the suction train but he held the book in his hands and the silly thought came to him, if you read fast and read all, maybe some of the sand will stay in the sieve. But he read and the words fell through, and he thought, in a few hours, there will be Beatty, and here will be me handing this over, so no phrase must escape me, each line must be memorized. I will myself to do it.

He clenched the book in his fists.

Trumpets blared.

"Denham's Dentifrice."

Shut up, thought Montag. Consider the lilies of the field.

"Denham's Dentifrice."

They toil not—

"Denham's—"

Consider the lilies of the field, shut up, shut up.

"Dentifrice!"

He tore the book open and flicked the pages and felt of them as if he were blind, he picked at the shape of the individual letters, not blinking.

"Denham's. Spelled: D-E-N—"

They toil not, neither do they . . .

A fierce whisper of hot sand through empty sieve.

"Denham's does it!"

Consider the lilies, the lilies, the lilies . . .

"Denham's dental detergent."

"Shut up, shut up, shut up!" It was a plea, a cry so terrible that Montag found himself on his feet, the shocked inhabitants of the loud car staring, moving back from this man with the insane, gorged face, the gibbering, dry mouth, the flapping book in his fist. The people who had been sitting a moment before, tapping their feet to the ryhthm of Denham's Dentifrice, Denham's Dandy Dental Detergent, Denham's Dentifrice Dentifrice Dentifrice, one two, one two three, one two, one two three. The people whose mouths had been faintly twitching the words Dentifrice Dentifrice Dentifrice. The train radio vomited upon Montag, in retaliation, a great tonload of music made of tin, copper, silver, chromium, and brass. The people were pounded into submission; they did not run, there was no place to run; the great air-train fell down its shaft in the earth.

"Lilies of the field."

"Denham's."

"Lilies, I said!"

The people stared.

"Call the guard."

"The man's off—"

"Knoll View!"

The train hissed to its stop.

"Knoll View!" A cry.

"Denham's." A whisper.

Montag's mouth barely moved. "Lilies . . ."

The train door whistled open. Montag stood. The door gasped, started shut. Only then did he leap past the other passengers, screaming in his mind, plunge through the slicing door only in time. He ran on the white tiles up through the tunnels, ignoring the escalators, because he wanted to feel his feet move, arms swing, lungs clench, unclench, feel his throat go raw with air. A voice drifted after him, "Denham's Denham's Denham's," the train hissed like a snake. The train vanished in its hole.

"Who it it?"

"Montag out here!"

"What do you want?"

"Let me in."

"I haven't done anything!"

"I'm alone, dammit!"

"You swear it?"

"I swear!"

The front door opened slowly. Faber peered out, looking very old in the light and very fragile and very much afraid. The old man looked as if he had not been out of the house in years. He and the white plaster walls inside were much the same. There was white in the flesh of his mouth and his cheeks and his hair was white and his eyes had faded, with white in the vague blueness there. Then his eyes touched on the book under Montag's arm and he did not look so old any more and not quite as fragile. Slowly, his fear went.

"I'm sorry. One has to be careful."

He looked at the book under Montag's arm and could not stop. "So it's true."

Montag stepped inside. The door shut.

"Sit down." Faber backed up, as if he feared the book might vanish if he took his eyes from it. Behind him, the door to a bedroom stood open, and in that room a litter of machinery and steel tools were strewn upon a desktop. Montag had only a glimpse, before Faber, seeing Montag's attention diverted, turned quickly and shut the bedroom door and stood holding the knob with a trembling hand. His gaze returned unsteadily to Montag, who was now seated with the book in his lap. "The book—where did you—?"

"I stole it."

Faber, for the first time, raised his eyes and looked directly into Montag's face. "You're brave."

"No," said Montag. "My wife's dying. A friend of mine's already dead. Someone who may have been a friend was burnt less than twenty-four hours ago. You're the only one I knew might help me. To see. To see . . ."

Faber's hands itched on his knees. "May I?"

"Sorry." Montag gave him the book.

"It's been a long time. I'm not a religious man. But it's been a long time." Faber turned the pages, stopping here and there to read. "It's as good as I remember. Lord, how they've changed it in our 'parlors' these days. Christ is one of the 'family' now. I often wonder if God recognizes His own son the way we've dressed him up, or is it dressed him down? He's a regular peppermint stick now, all sugar-crystal and saccharine when he isn't making veiled references to certain commercial products that every worshiper *absolutely* needs." Faber sniffed the book. "Do you know that books smell like nutmeg or some spice from a foreign land? I loved to smell them when I was a boy. Lord, there were a lot of lovely books once, before we let them go." Faber turned the pages. "Mr. Montag, you are looking at a coward. I saw the way things were going, a long time back. I said nothing. I'm one of the innocents who could have spoken up and out when no one would listen to the 'guilty,' but I did not speak and thus became guilty myself. And when finally they set the structure to burn the books, using the firemen, I grunted a few times and subsided, for there were no other grunting or yelling with me, by then. Now, it's too late." Faber closed the Bible. "Well—suppose you tell me why you came here?"

"Nobody listens any more. I can't talk to the walls because they're yelling at *me*. I can't talk to my wife; she listens to the *walls*. I just want someone to hear what I have to say. And maybe if I talk long enough, it'll make sense. And I want you to teach me to understand what I read."

Faber examined Montag's thin, blue-jowled face. "How did you get shaken up? What knocked the torch out of your hands?"

"I don't know. We have everything we need to be happy but we aren't happy. Something's missing. I looked around. The only thing I positively *knew* was gone was the books I'd burned in ten or twelve years. So I thought books might help."

"You're a hopeless romantic," said Faber. "It would be funny if it were not serious. It's not books you need, it's some of the things that once were in books. The same things *could* be in the 'parlor families' today. The same infinite detail and awareness could be projected through the radios and televisors, but are not. No, no, it's not books at all you're looking for! Take it where you can find it, in old phonograph records, old motion pictures, and in old friends; look for it in nature and look for it in yourself. Books were only one type of receptacle where we stored a lot of things we were afraid we might forget. There is nothing magical in them, at all. The magic is only in what books say, how they stitched the patches of the universe together into one garment for us. Of course you couldn't know this, of course you still can't understand what I mean when I say all this. You are intuitively right, that's what counts. Three things are missing.

"Number one: Do you know why books such as this are so important? Because they have quality. And what does the word quality mean? To me it means texture. This book has *pores*. It has features. This book can go under the microscope. You'd find life under the glass, streaming past in infinite profusion. The more pores, the more truthfully recorded details of life per square inch you can get on a sheet of paper, the more 'literary' you are. That's *my* definition, anyway. *Telling detail. Fresh* detail. The good writers touch life often. The mediocre ones run a quick hand over her. The bad ones rape her and leave her for the flies.

"So now do you see why books are hated and feared? They show the pores in the face of life. The comfortable people want only wax moon faces, poreless, hairless, expressionless. We are living in a time when flowers are trying to live on flowers, instead of growing on good rain and black loam. Even fireworks, for all their prettiness, come from the chemistry of the earth. Yet somehow we think we can grow, feeding on flowers and fireworks, without completing the cycle back to reality. Do you know the legend of Hercules and Antaeus, the giant wrestler, whose strength was incredible so long as he stood firmly on the earth. But when he was held, rootless, in midair, by Hercules, he perished easily. If there isn't something in that legend for us today, in this city, in our time, then I am completely insane. Well, there we have the first thing I said we needed. Quality, texture of information."

"And the second?"

"Leisure."

"Oh, but we've plenty of off-hours."

"Off-hours, yes. But time to think? If you're not driving a hundred miles an hour, at a clip where you can't think of anything else but the danger, then you're playing some game or sitting in some room where you can't argue with the four-wall televisor. Why? The televisor is 'real.' It is immediate, it has dimension. It tells you what to think and blasts it in. It *must* be right. It *seems* so right. It rushes you on so quickly to its own conclusions your mind hasn't time to protest, 'What nonsense!' "

"Only the 'family' is 'people'."

"I beg pardon?"

"My wife says books aren't 'real'."

"Thank God for that. You can shut them, say, 'Hold on a moment.' You play God to it. But who has ever torn himself from the claw that encloses you when you drop a seed in a TV parlor? It grows you any shape it wishes! It is an environment as real as the world. It *becomes* and *is* the truth. Books can be beaten down with reason. But with all my knowledge and skepticism, I have never been able to argue with a hundred-piece symphony orchestra, full color, three dimensions, and being in and part of those incredible parlors. As you see, my parlor is nothing but four plaster walls. And here." He held out two small rubber plugs. "For my ears when I ride the subway-jets."

"Denham's Dentifrice; they toil not, neither do they spin," said Montag, eyes shut. "Where do we go from here? Would books help us?"

"Only if the third necessary thing could be given us. Number one, as I said, quality of information. Number two: leisure to digest it. And number three: the right to carry out actions based on what we learn from the interaction of the first two. And I hardly think a very old man and a fireman turned sour could *do* much this late in the game . . ."

"I can *get* books."

"You're running a risk."

"That's the good part of dying; when you've nothing to lose, you run any risk you want."

"There, you've said an interesting thing," laughed Faber, "without having read it!"

"Are things like *that* in books? But it came off the top of my mind!"

"All the better. You didn't fancy it up for me or anyone, even yourself."

Montag leaned forward. "This afternoon I thought that if it turned out that books *were* worthwhile, we might get a press and print some extra copies —"

"We?"

"You and I."

"Oh, no!"

"But let me tell you my plan—"

"If you insist on telling me, I must ask you to leave."

"But aren't *you* interested?"

"Not if you start talking the sort of talk that might *(continued on page 32)*

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BAR

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cobean

SAM COBEAN was a cartoonist with a remarkable talent. "He drew more easily than anyone I ever knew," says fellow artist Charles Addams. "His drawings were beautiful."

When Cobean wasn't in front of his drawing board, he liked to drive fast sport cars. On an afternoon in July, 1951, he drove a Jaguar to his death.

He left behind dozens of sketches for cartoons he would never finish. Some of them are reproduced on these pages. They help confirm something else Addams said, shortly after Cobean's death: "I hope he knew or at least suspected that he will be long remembered as one of the great comic artists of all time."

FAHRENHEIT 451 *(continued from page 29)*

get me burnt for my trouble The only way I could *possibly* listen to you would be if somehow the fireman structure it self could be burnt. Now if you suggest that we print extra books and arrange to have them hidder in firemen's houses all over the country, so that seeds of suspicion would be sown among these arsonists, bravo, I'd say!"

"Plant the books, turn in an alarm, and see the firemen's houses burn, is that what you mean?"

Faber raised his brows and looked at Montag as if he were seeing a new man. "I was joking."

"If you thought it would be a plan worth trying, I'd have to take your word it would help."

"You can't guarantee things like that! After all, when we *had* all the books we needed, we still insisted on finding the highest cliff to jump off. But we *do* need a breather. We *do* need knowledge. And perhaps in a thousand years we might pick smaller cliffs to jump off. The books are to remind us what asses and fools we are. They're Caesar's praetorian guard, whispering as the parade roars down the avenue, 'Remember, Caesar, thou art mortal.' Most of us can't rush around, talk to everyone, know all the cities of the world, we haven't time, money or that many friends. The things you're looking for, Montag, are in the world, but the only way the verage chap will ever see ninety-nine per cent of them is in a book. Don't ask for guarantees. And don't look to be saved in any *one* thing, person, machine, or library. Do your own bit of saving, and if you drown, at least die knowing you were headed for shore."

Faber got up and began to pace the room.

"Well?" asked Montag.

"You're absolutely serious?"

"Absolutely."

"It's an insidious plan, if I do say so myself." Faber glanced nervously at his bedroom door. "To see the firehouses burn across the land, destroyed as hotbeds of treason. The salamander devours his tail! Ho, God!"

"I've a list of firemen's residences everywhere. With some sort of underground—"

"Can't trust people, that's the dirty part. You and I and who else will set the fires?"

"Aren't there professors like yourself, former writers, historians, linguists. . . .?"

"Dead or ancient."

"The older the better; they'll go unnoticed. You know dozens, admit it!"

"Oh, there are many actors alone who haven't acted Pirandello or Shaw or Shakespeare for years because their plays are too *aware* of the world. We could use their anger. And we could use the honest rage of those historians who haven't written a line for forty years. True, we might form classes in thinking and reading."

"Yes!"

"But that would just nibble the edges. The whole culture's shot through. The skeleton needs melting and reshaping. Good God, it isn't as simple as just picking up a book you laid down half a century ago. Remember, the firemen are rarely necessary. The public itself stopped reading of its own accord. You firemen provide a circus now and then at which buildings are set off and crowds gather for the pretty blaze, but it's a small sideshow indeed, and hardly necessary to keep things in line. So few want to be rebels anymore. And out of those few, most, like myself, scare easily. Can you dance faster than the White Clown, shout louder than 'Mr. Gimmick' and the parlor 'families'? If you can, you'll win your way, Montag. In any event, you're a fool. People are having *fun*."

"Committing suicide! Murdering!"

A bomber flight had been moving east all the time they talked, and only now did the two men stop and listen, feeling the great jet sound tremble inside themselves.

"Patience, Montag. Let the war turn off the 'families.' Our civilization is flinging itself to pieces. Stand back from the centrifuge."

"There has to be someone ready when it blows up."

"What? Men quoting Milton? Saying, I remember Sophocles? Reminding the suvivors that man has his good side, too? They will only gather up their stones to hurl at each other. Montag, go home. Go to bed. Why waste your final hours racing about your cage denying you're a squirrel?"

"Then you don't care any more?"

"I care so much I'm sick."

"And you won't help me?"

"Good night, good night."

Montag's hands picked up the Bible. He saw what his hands had done and he looked surprised.

"Would you like to own this?"

Faber said, "I'd give my right arm."

Montag stood there and waited for the next thing to happen. His hands, by themselves, like two men working together, began to rip the pages from the book. The hands tore the fly-leaf and then the first and then the second page.

"Idiot, what're you doing!" Faber sprang up, as if he had been struck. He fell against Montag. Montag warded him off and let his hands continue. Six more pages fell to the floor. He picked them up and wadded the paper under Faber's gaze.

"Don't, oh, don't!" said the old man.

"Who can stop me? I'm a fireman. I can burn you!"

The old man stood looking at him. "You wouldn't."

"I could!"

"The book. Don't tear it any more." Faber sank into a chair, his face very white, his mouth trembling. "Don't make me feel any more tired. What do you want?"

"I need you to teach me."

"All right, all right."

Montag put the book down. He began to unwad the crumpled paper and flatten it out as the old man watched tiredly.

Faber shook his head as if he were waking up.

"Montag, have you any money?"

"Some. Four, five hundred dollars. Why?"

"Bring it. I know a man who printed our college paper half a century ago. That was the year I came to class at the start of the new semester and found only one student to sign up for Drama from Aeschlyus to O'Neill. You see? How like a beautiful statue of ice it was, melting in the sun. I remember the newspapers dying like huge moths. No one *wanted* them back. No one missed them. And then the Government, seeing how advantageous it was to have people reading only about passionate lips and the fist in the stomach, circled the situation with your fire-eaters. So, Montag, there's this unemployed printer. We might start a few books, and wait on the war to break the pattern and give us the push we need. A few bombs and the 'families' in the walls of all the houses, like harlequin rats, will shut up! In the silence, our stage-whisper might carry."

They both stood looking at the book on the table.

"I've tried to remember," said Montag. "But, hell, it's gone when I turn my head. God, how I want something to say to the Captain. He's read enough so he has all the answers, or seems to have. His voice is like butter. I'm afraid he'll talk me back the way I was. Only a week ago, pumping a kerosene hose, I thought: God, what fun!"

The old man nodded. "Those who don't build must burn. It's as old as history and juvenile delinquents."

"So that's what I am."

"There's some of it in all of us."

Montag moved toward the front door. "Can you help me in any way tonight, with the Fire Captain? I need an umbrella to keep off the rain. I'm so damned afraid I'll drown if he gets me again."

The old man said nothing, but glanced once more nervously, at his bedroom. Montag caught the glance. "Well?"

The old man took a deep breath, held it, and let it out. He took another, eyes closed, his mouth tight, and at last exhaled. "Montag . . . ."

The old man turned at last and said, "Come along. I would actually have let you walk right out of my house. I *am* a cowardly old fool."

Faber opened the bedroom door and led Montag into a small chamber where stood a table upon which a number of metal tools lay among a welter of microscopic wire-hairs, tiny coils, bobbins and crystals.

"What's this?" asked Montag.

"Proof of my terrible cowardice. I've lived alone so many years, throwing images on walls with my imagination. Fiddling with electronics, radio-transmission, has been my hobby. My cowardice is of such a passion, complementing the revolutionary spirit that lives in its shadow, I was forced to design *this*."

He picked up a small green metal object no larger than a .22 bullet.

"I paid for all this—how? Playing the stock-market, of course, the last refuge in the world for the dangerous intellectual out of a job. Well, I played the market and built all this and I've waited. I've waited, trembling, half a lifetime for someone to speak to me. I dared speak to no one. That day in the park when we sat together, I knew that some day you might drop by, with fire or friendship, it was hard to guess. I've had this little item ready for months. But I almost let you go, I'm *that* afraid!"

"It looks like a Seashell Radio."

"And something more! It *listens!* If you put it in your ear, Montag, I can sit comfortably home, warming my frightened bones, and hear and analyze the firemen's world, find its weaknesses, without danger. I'm the Queen Bee, safe in the hive. You will be the drone, the traveling ear. Eventually, I could put out ears into all parts of the city, with various men, listening and evaluating. If the drones die, I'm still safe at home, tending my fright with a maximum of comfort and a minimum of chance. See how safe I play it, how contemptible I am?"

Montag placed the green bullet in his ear. The old man inserted a similar object in his own ear and moved his lips.

"Montag!"

The voice was in Montag's head.

"I *hear* you!"

The old man laughed. "You're coming over fine, too!" Faber whispered, but the voice in Montag's head was clear. "Go to the firehouse when it's time. I'll be with you. Let's listen to this Captain Beatty together. He could be one of us. God knows. I'll give you things to say. We'll give him a good show. Do you hate me for this electronic cowardice of mine? Here I am sending you out into the night, while I stay behind the lines with my damned ears listening for you to get your head chopped off."

"We all do what we do," said Montag. He put the Bible in the old man's hands. "Here. I'll chance turning in a substitute. Tomorrow—"

"I'll see the unemployed printer, yes; *that* much I can do."

"Good night, Professor."

"Not good night. I'll be with you the rest of the night, a vinegar gnat tickling your ear when you need me. But good night and good luck, anyway."

The door opened and shut. Montag was in the dark street again, looking at the world.

You could feel the war getting ready in the sky that night. The way the clouds moved aside and came back, and the way the stars looked, a million of them swimming between the clouds, like the enemy disks, and the feeling that the sky might fall upon the city and turn it to chalk dust, and the moon go up in red fire; that was how the night felt.

Montag walked from the subway with the money in his pocket (he had visited the bank which was open all night every night with robot tellers in attendance) and as he walked he was listening to the Seashell Radio in one ear. . . . "We have mobilized a million men. Quick victory is ours if the war comes. . . ." Music flooded over the voice quickly and it was gone.

"Ten million men mobilized," Faber's voice whispered in his other ear. "But *say* one million. It's happier."

"Faber?"

"Yes?"

"I'm not thinking. I'm just doing like I'm told, like always. You said get the money and I got it. I didn't really think of it myself. When do I start working things out on my own?"

"You've started already, by saying what you just said. You'll have to take me on faith."

"I took the others on faith!"

"Yes, and look where we're headed. You'll have to travel blind for awhile. Here's my arm to hold onto."

"I don't want to change sides and just be *told* what to do. There's no reason to change if I do that."

"You're wise already!"

Montag felt his feet moving him on the sidewalk toward his house. "Keep talking."

"Would you like me to read? I'll read so you can remember. I go to bed only five hours a night. Nothing to do. So if you like, I'll read you to sleep nights. They say you retain knowledge even when you're sleeping, if someone whispers it in your ear."

"Yes."

"Here." Far away across town in the night, the faintest whisper of a turned page. "The Book of Job."

The moon rose in the sky as Montag walked, his lips moving just a trifle.

He was eating a light supper at nine in the evening when the front door cried out in the hall and Mildred ran from the parlor like a native fleeing an eruption of Vesuvius. Mrs. Phelps and Mrs. Bowles *(continued on page 36)*

"Showers on Thursday, followed by Friday, with temperature more or less in the North and Southwest. . ."

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

AN inmate at the insane asylum was being examined for possible release. The first question the examining doctor asked was: "What are you going to do when you leave this institution?"

"I'm gonna get me a sling shot," said the patient, "and I'm gonna come back here and break every goddam window in the place!"

After six more months of treatment, the patient was again brought before the examining doctor for possible dismissal, and the same question was put to him.

"Well, I'm going to get a job," the patient replied.

"Fine," said the doctor. "Then what?"

"I'm going to rent an apartment."

"Very good."

"Then I'm going to meet a beautiful girl."

"Excellent."

"I'm going to take the beautiful girl up to my apartment and I'm going to pull up her skirt."

"Normal, perfectly normal."

"Then I'm gonna steal her garter, make a sling shot out've it, and come back here and break every goddam window in the place!"

We overheard a couple of modern young ladies chatting at cocktails the other afternoon. "Did you hear about Joanne getting married again?" asked the first.

"No!" exclaimed the other in surprise. "I didn't even know she was pregnant."

THE wife was bent over the breakfast table in pain. "My head aches," she moaned, "I've a terrible pain in my stomach, and my left breast burns as if it's on fire."

"Don't fret, sweetheart," soothed hubby. "Here's an aspirin for your head, alka seltzer for your stomach, and if you'll lift your breast out of the hot coffee, I'm sure it won't burn so much."

A few friends had gathered in Bob's basement rec room for an evening of drinks and dancing. With the party in full swing, one of the girls excused herself to go to the john. This room, it seems, had been newly painted in a charming pastel blue; it was supposed to be a fast-drying enamel, but it hadn't dried fast enough, and the young lady found herself stuck. Her shrieks brought Joe's girl friend, who, unable to do anything about the situation herself, summoned Joe. After several minutes of uncontrolled laughter, Joe managed to produce a screw driver and detach the thing, permitting the girl to stand up. But they still couldn't get it off, so they called a doctor.

"Did you ever see anything like this before, doctor?" the girl asked in embarrassment when the M.D. arrived.

"Well, yes," the doctor replied truthfully, "but I believe this is the first time I've ever seen one framed."

TWO Englishmen struck up a conversation with an American in the club car of a train headed east out of Chicago.

"I say," queried the younger Englishman, "have you ever been to London?"

The American laughed. "It was my home for two years during the war," he said. "Had some of the wildest times of my life in that old town."

The older Englishman, a little hard of hearing, asked, "What did he say, Reggie?"

"He said he's been to London, father," the younger Englishman replied.

After a little lull in the conversation, the young man asked, "You didn't, by any chance, meet a Hazel Wimblton in London, did you?"

The American almost fell off his chair. "Hot-Pants Hazel?!" he exclaimed. "My God, I shacked up with that broad for three months just before I came back to the states."

"What did he say, Reggie?" the older Englishman wanted to know.

"He says he knows mother," the younger Englishman responded.

THE prudish old maid found herself seated next to a sophisticated playboy at a formal affair. After a little, rather icy conversation, the lady attempted to dismiss the fellow with, "It's quite obvious, sir, that we do not agree on a single, solitary thing."

The playboy smiled. "Oh, I don't think that's quite true madam," he said. "If you were to enter a bedroom in which there were two beds. And if, madam, there were a woman in one and a man in the other, in which bed would you sleep?"

"Well," the lady huffed indignantly, "with the woman, of course."

"You see, we agree," the playboy said laughing. "So would I."

SIN *(continued from page 20)*

around Honolulu. There were forty thousand Seabees, thirty thousand Army engineers, twenty thousand stevedores, and the coming-and-going crews of a thousand merchant ships. And with them were the camp-following adventurers — the rag-tag-and-bobtail of welfare, propaganda, and entertainment.

Other American cities thought they had housing problems. They had nothing compared with Honolulu. I could have rented my house for one year for $25,000. Nothing less than a general could command a private room. A major, if he was lucky, might get into a hotel room for three days, but only in a room with two other majors.

Other Americans thought they had laundry problems and servant problems and marketing problems. They should have seen Honolulu. No city in the world which wasn't bombarded or overrun by an enemy army suffered during the Second War like Honolulu.

Because there was a 9 P.M. curfew, the greatest writhing crowds of restless uniforms jammed the streets by mid-morning. Every one of them had money in his pocket, plenty of money, and he was willing to give it all to you if you could only divert him for a few minutes.

Anybody who had anything to offer a traveling man in Honolulu could get rich. The yellow girl in the grass skirt could make a hundred dollars a day posing in the arms of sailors for photographs. If only she could have speeded up the mechanics of picture development, she could have increased this to a thousand dollars a day. The merchants of tourist junk sold out and then tore their hair because they couldn't get new stocks. The man who had a board, a sack of nails, and a hammer could make three hundred dollars a day just betting the traveling men that they couldn't sink the nail with one blow of the hammer. His nails were in shorty supply, so after curfew each night he went to work straightening out bent nails for the day's driving.

The crafty people who had had the foresight to acquire coin-operated machines—anything that dispensed, lighted up, jangled or challenged—they had only to keep their mechanisms in order and count their money.

If a nickel-eating machine with these instructions: *Insert Nickel Here, Then Turn Knob. Nothing Will Happen; You don't Get a Goddam Thing; You Just Put the Nickel in for the Hell of It*—if such a machine had been placed along Hotel Street, the owner would have reaped a fortune.

Any movie house was swamped, no matter how old or how feeble its offering. Men lined up three blocks and three hours away from the entrance without bothering to inquire what the picture was.

All day long this restless horde milled through the streets, inserting their nickels, turning their knobs, driving their nails, tossing balls at cups, staring into vacant shop-windows, standing in tired queues, or just flowing aimlessly along with their comic books sticking out of their pockets. All day long they moved, like sheep, with the heart in each uniform whispering the Great American Prayer, "Give me something, O God, to divert me. Let me have a device into which I can insert a coin so that an illusion may flicker before my eyes—anything, O God, so that I won't have to be alone with myself."

Most of all, these restless traveling men wanted women. So the longest and saddest queues were in Iwilei.

• • •

When the traveling men of 1941 seized control of Hawaii, their first action was to raise the Stars and Stripes over Bertha Parchman's whorehouse.

They rehung the nudes in Bertha's reception room and made way for a gigantic picture of the President of the United States.

They decreed a New Deal for the whores.

They banished the Vice Squad from Iwilei and announced that henceforth Honolulu's harlotry would be ordered, not by the guardians of the homefolks, but by the military police of the traveling men.

They banished the civilian doctors from Iwilei, cut off their $50,000 a year, and set Army doctors to guarding the health of the whores and the traveling men.

They froze the rents in Iwilei, and thus prevented the old Anglo Pioneers from sharing war's excess whore-profits.

They interposed themselves between the madams and the old civilian Powers, and thus they encouraged the madams to quit making the $200,000-a-year payment to the Powers. Why should the madams any longer pay good money to old, helpless, deposed defunct, and reactionary Powers?

In short, the traveling men emancipated Honolulu's whores from provincial exploitation. No longer were the whores to be regulated and exploited by the local fascists; they were now *fonctionnaires*, as it were, of the Government of the United States.

Naturally, all this national recognition made the whores feel patriotic. It nurtured their egos. They cheered at the flag-raising ceremony, tried to sing *The Star-Spangled Banner*, and recited the Pledge of Allegiance. They applauded lustily when a major explained the New Deal to them and welcomed them into the crusade for a better world.

Then, abruptly, the major challenged their patriotism.

"Now that you have been liberated from your old masters," he said, "your government feels that, as a patriotic gesture to the fighting men, you should reduce your basic charge from five dollars to three dollars. The three dollars should be a Special GI Rate and should be divided two dollars for the girl and one for the madam."

There was a gasp from the girls and a long, low wail from the madams. No respectable five-dollar whore likes to be summarily reduced to a three dollar status. Not even to serve patriotic ends. To comply with this government request without taking a loss meant that each girl would have to increase her operations by at least one-third and the madams would have to double overall operations.

But the major was persuasive. "There are many angles to this proposition," he explained. "You're going to have more business than you can take care of. The fighting men will be lined up at your houses from eleven A. M. until nine P. M.— and, human nature being what it is, there'll be considerable after-curfew business. The only limit on the volume of any girl will be her own endurance. And who's providing this business for you? The United States Government. You'll have no advertising cost, no sales cost. The girls won't have to pay any doctors—the American taxpayer will pay your doctors. The madams won't have to pay any cops—the American taxpayer will furnish all the MP's you need. Your rent's being frozen. Everything you take in will be profit."

"And here's another angle," the major continued. "Everybody else is going to do something for the GI's . . . give 'em a special rate or something. The Pennsylvania Railroad . . . all the railroads . . . gonna give the GI's a break. Dining cars will have a Special GI Plate. And the movie houses . . . nobody's gonna expect the man who is fighting for his country to pay the same rate as goddam civilians. You don't want to be different, do you? And here's what you can do. When the Pennsylvania Railroad serves a GI the Special GI Lunch, hell, the goddam waiters don't give him all the fancy service they give civilians. Hell, no! They just bring it all out on one plate and throw it at him. Every GI gets the same quick deal. That's all a GI wants. Well, you can cut corners the same way. At this GI rate you can cut corners the same way. At this GI Rate you can cut down the preliminaries . . . make it snappy . . . hell, there's a war on. Just strip down to your bare ass, give the GI the old hurry-up routine, and get him the hell out of there." *(continued on page 42)*

FAHRENHEIT 451 (*continued from page 33*)

came through the front door and vanished into the volcano's mouth with martinis in their hands. Montag stopped eating. They were like a monstrous crystal chandelier tinkling in a thousand chimes, he saw their Cheshire Cat smiles burning through the walls of the house, and now they were screaming at each other above the din.

Montag found himself at the parlor door with his food still in his mouth.

"Doesn't everyone look nice!"

"Nice."

"You look fine, Millie!'

"Fine."

"Everyone looks swell."

"Swell!"

Montag stood watching them.

"Patience," whispered Faber.

"I shouldn't be here," whispered Montag, almost to himself. "I should be on my way back to you with the money!"

"Tomorrow's time enough. Careful!"

"Isn't this show *wonderful*?" cried Mildred.

"Wonderful!"

On one wall a woman smiled and drank orange juice simultaneously. How does she do both at once, thought Montag, inanely. In the other walls an x-ray of the same woman revealed the contracting journey of the refreshing beverage on its way to her delighted stomach! Abruptly the room took off on a rocket flight into the clouds, it plunged into a lime-green sea where blue fish ate red and yellow fish. A minute later, Three White Cartoon Clowns chopped off each other's limbs to the accompaniment of immense incoming tides of laughter. Two minutes more and the room whipped out of town to the jet cars wildly circling an arena, bashing and backing up and bashing each other again. Montag saw a number of bodies fly in the air.

"Millie, did you *see* that!"

"I saw it, I *saw* it!"

Montag reached inside the parlor wall and pulled the main switch. The images drained away, as if the water had been let from a gigantic crystal bowl of hysterical fish.

The three women turned slowly and looked with unconcealed irritation and then dislike at Montag.

"When do you suppose the war will start?" he said. "I notice your husbands aren't here tonight?"

"Oh, they come and go, come and go," said Mrs. Phelps. "In again out again Finnegan, the Army called Pete yesterday. He'll be back next week. The Army said so. Quick war. Forty-eight hours they said, and everyone home. That's what the Army said. Quick war. Pete was called yesterday and they said he'd be back next week. Quick . . ."

The three women fidgeted and looked nervously at the empty mud-colored walls.

"I'm not worried," said Mrs. Phelps. "I'll let old Pete do all the worrying. Not me. I'm not worried."

"Yes," said Millie. "Let old Pete do all the worrying."

"It's always someone else's husband dies, they say."

"I've heard that, too. I've never known any dead man killed in a war. Killed jumping off buildings, yes, like Gloria's husband last week, but from wars? No."

"Not from wars," said Mrs. Phelps. "Anyway, Pete and I always said, no tears, nothing like that. It's our third marriage each and we're independent. Be independent, we always said. He said, if I get killed off, you just go right ahead and don't cry, but get married again, and don't think of me."

"That reminds me," said Mildred. "Did you see that Clara Dove five-minute romance last night in your wall? Well it was all about this woman who—"

Montag said nothing but stood looking at the women's faces as he had once looked at the faces of saints in a strange church he had entered when he was a child. The faces of those enameled creatures meant nothing to him, though he talked to them and stood in that church for a long time, trying to be of that religion, trying to know what that religion was, trying to get enough of the raw incense and special dust of the place into his lungs and thus into his blood to feel touched and concerned by the meaning of the colorful men and women with the porcelain eyes and the blood-ruby lips. But there was nothing, nothing; it was a stroll through another store, and his currency strange and unusable there, and his passion cold, even when he touched the wood and plaster and clay. So it was now, in his own parlor, with these women twisting in their chairs under his gaze, lighting cigarettes, blowing smoke, touching their sun-fired hair and examining their blazing fingernails as if they had caught fire from his look. Their faces grew haunted with silence. They leaned forward at the sound of Montag's swallowing his final bite of food. They listened to his feverish breathing. The three empty walls of the room were like the pale brows of sleeping giants now, empty of dreams. Montag felt that if you touched these three staring brows that you would feel a fine salt sweat on your fingertips. The perspiration gathered with the silence and the sub-audible trembling around and about and in the women who were burning with tension. Any moment they might hiss a long sputtering hiss and explode.

Montag moved his lips.

"Let's talk."

The women jerked and stared.

"How're your children, Mrs. Phelps?" he asked.

"You know I haven't any! No one in his right mind, the Good Lord knows, would have children!" said Mrs. Phelps, not quite sure why she was angry with this man.

"I wouldn't say that," said Mrs. Bowles. "I've had *two* children by Caesarian section. No use going through that agony for a baby. The world must reproduce, you know, the race must go on. Besides, they sometimes look just like you, and that's nice. Two Caesarians turned the trick, yes, sir. Oh, my doctor said, Caesarians aren't necessary; you've got the hips for it, everything's normal, but I *insisted*."

"Caesarians or not, children are ruinous; you're out of your mind," said Mrs. Phelps.

"I plunk the children in school nine days out of ten. I put up with them when they come home three days a month; it's not bad at all. You heave them into the 'parlor' and turn the switch. It's like washing clothes; stuff laundry in and slam the lid." Mrs. Bowles tittered. "They'd just as soon kick as kiss me. Thank God, I can kick back!"

The women showed their tongues, laughing.

Mildred sat a moment and then, seeing that Montag was still in the doorway, clapped her hands. "Let's talk politics, to please Guy!"

"Sounds fine," said Mrs. Bowles. "I voted last election, same as everyone, and I laid it on the line for President Noble. I think he's one of the nicest looking men ever became president."

"Oh, but the man they ran against him!"

"He wasn't much, was he? Kind of small and homely and he didn't shave too close or comb his hair very well."

"What possessed the 'Outs' to run him? You just don't go running a little short man like that against a tall man. Besides—he mumbled. Half the time I couldn't hear a word he said. And the words I *did* hear I didn't understand!"

"Fat, too, and didn't dress to hide it. No wonder the landslide was for Winston Noble. Even their names helped. Compare Winston Noble to Hubert Hoag for ten seconds and you can almost figure the results."

"Damn it!" cried Montag. "What do you know about Hoag and Noble!"

"Why, they were right in that parlor wall, not six (*continued overleaf*)

BODY BEAUTIFUL (continued from page 14)

helped make women a little more leg-conscious, and before long we feel there will be very few ugly legs left. Legs will be as pretty as busts, and God will be in His Heaven and we'll be in Paradise.

I got my tip-off on the leg-beautifying business from the New York Classified Telephone Directory which this year, as always, is fascinating reading.

Leaping out at me from page 78 were two silk-sheathed legs and some seductive sentences:

"OSBORNE LEG PADS . . . Beautifully shaped limbs . . . CAN BE YOURS!"

I went out to 827 Bergen Street, Brooklyn, and saw the leg-pad man, Mr. William Osborne, a lean kindly man who is in this leg business just to make a living. He has a rather old brick building with an office and workshop on the second floor, and he is steeped in the business, for his father was a leg man before him.

He manufactures "symmetricals," which are padded fill-ins for women who want to make their legs look sexier, although primarily these are made for spindly legged Metropolitan Opera stars and Shakespearean actors who have to wear tights, frail Hollywood gents who wish to appear to be big he men, and also for mere average men who are vain and want to look sturdier.

Osborne tossed me a woman's leg. It consisted of a stocking stuffed with some lamb's wool, to give it the perfect shape. The thin-shanked purchaser of this would put it on over her other stocking, then she would appear to be leggy.

"Feel it," invited Osborne. "It feels real, doesn't it?"

"Don't they get a little warm?" I asked.

"If they want nice-shaped legs, they put up with it," he said.

Lots of women who have bad legs read my small epic about Mr. Osborne and wrote to him, begging him to fix up their stems. Freddie Othman was deluged with mail from dames who read his pieces about a West Coast leg artist. Not to disillusion you, but he said there was one famous though skinny actress, always suspected of having toothpick legs, who suddenly blossomed out in a picture with lovely gams. Everybody ran around complimenting her and squealing, "Have you seen So-and-so's beautiful legs?" and those who hadn't seen them felt mighty left out, in fact, ostracized. But of course there had to be a dastard in the crowd, and this dastard, who was a make-up man, finally came forth and said he made the beautiful legs from rubber and that she wore them like rubber boots.

Dorothy Lamour's legs are all right, I can promise you, but she has had the distinction of wearing rubber feet.

Having heard this, I phoned Miss Lamour, who happened to be in New York, but she was out. I needed a bath, so I got into the tub, and had just settled back in it comfortably when the phone rang. I raced to answer it, and it was Miss Lamour, who was calling from the home of her friend and discoverer, Miss Dorothy Gulman, the glamorous press agent. Not the type that holds anything back from a girl like Dorothy Lamour, I told her she had got me out of the tub.

"I would like to see you with that bath towel around you," she said.

"I would like to see you with a bath towel around you too," I answered.

Dottie conversed readily about the rubber feet. Hollywood decided she had ugly feet, which seems hard to believe, considering the beauty of the other sections of Miss Lamour. She sloshed around in these rubber feet (which fit over her other feet) through mountains, jungles, and practically all the South Sea Islands in Hollywood.

"I slipped and I slid and I fell on my face and I decided the devil with it," Miss Lamour said. "I decided I was going to wear my own feet! So for eight years I've worn my own feet, and I've gotten by with them. But I still don't think they're pretty."

"I think your feet are lovely," I said.

"Aw, you've probably seen the rubber ones," said Dottie. "Now you get out of that bath towel and put some pants on! You'll catch cold!"

FAHRENHEIT 451 (*continued from page 36*)

months ago. One was always picking his nose; it drove me wild."

"Well, Mr. Montag," said Mrs. Phelps, "do you want us to vote for a man like that?"

Mildred beamed. "You just run away from the door, Guy, and don't make us nervous."

But Montag was gone and back in a moment with a book in his hand.

"Guy!"

"Damn it all, damn it all, damn it!"

"What've you got there; isn't that a book? I thought that all special training these days was done by film." Mrs. Phelps blinked. "You reading up on fireman theory?"

"Theory, hell," said Montag. "It's poetry."

"Montag." A whisper.

"Leave me alone!" Montag felt himself turning in a great circling roar and buzz and hum.

"Montag, hold on, don't . . . "

"Did you *hear* them, did you hear these monsters talking about monsters? Oh God, the way they jabber about people and their own children and themselves and the way they talk about their husbands and the way they talk about war, dammit, I stand here and I can't believe it!"

"I didn't say a single word about *any* war, I'll have you know," said Mrs. Phelps.

"As for poetry, I hate it," said Mrs. Bowles.

"Have you ever heard any?"

"Montag." Faber's voice scraped away at him. "You'll ruin everything. Shut up, you fool!"

All three women were on their feet.

"Sit down!"

They sat.

"I'm going home," quavered Mrs. Bowles.

"Montag, Montag, please, in the name of God, what're you up to?" pleaded Faber.

"Why don't you just read us one of those poems from your little book." Mrs. Phelps nodded. "I think that'd be very interesting."

"That's not right," wailed Mrs. Bowles. "We can't do that!"

"Well, look at Mr. Montag, he wants to, I know he does. And if we listen nice, Mr. Montag will be happy and then maybe we can go on and do something else." She glanced nervously at the long emptiness of the walls enclosing them.

"Montag, go through with this and and I'll cut off, I'll leave." The beetle jabbed his ear. "What good is this, what'll you prove!"

"Scare hell out of them, that's what, scare the living daylights out!"

Mildred looked at the empty air. "Now, Guy, just *who* are you talking to?"

A silver needle pierced his brain. "Montag, listen, only one way out, play it as a joke, cover up, pretend you aren't mad at all. Then—walk to your wall-incinerator, and throw the book in!"

Mildred had already anticipated this in a quavery voice. "Ladies, once a year, every fireman's allowed to bring one book home, from the old days, to show his family how silly it all was, how nervous that sort of thing can make you, how crazy. Guy's surprise tonight is to read you one sample to show how mixed-up things were, so none of us will ever have to bother our little heads about that junk again, isn't that *right*, darling?"

He crushed the book in his fists.

"Say 'yes.' "

His mouth moved like Faber's:

"Yes."

Mildred snatched the book with a laugh. "Here! Read this one. No, take it back. Here's that real funny one you read out loud today. Ladies you won't understand a word. It goes umpty-tumpty-ump. Go ahead, Guy, that page, dear."

He looked at the opened page.

A fly stirred its wings softly in his ear. "Read."

"What's the title, dear?"

"*Dover Beach.*" His mouth was numb.

"Now read in a nice clear voice and go *slow*."

The room was blazing hot, he was all fire, he was all coldness; they sat in the middle of an empty desert with three chairs and him standing, swaying, and him waiting for Mrs. Phelps to stop straightening her dress hem and Mrs. Bowles to take her fingers away from her hair. Then he began to read in a low, stumbling voice that grew firmer as he progressed from line to line, and his voice went out across the desert, into the whiteness, and around the three sitting women there in the great hot emptiness.

" 'The Sea of Faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled.
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating, to the breath
Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world.' "

The chairs creaked under the three women.

Montag finished it out:

" 'Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! for the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.' "

Mrs. Phelps was crying.

The others in the middle of the desert watched her crying grow very loud as her face squeezed itself out of shape. They sat, not touching her, bewildered with her display. She sobbed uncontrollably. Montag himself was stunned and shaken.

"Sh, sh," said Mildred. "You're all right, Clara, now, Clara, snap out of it! Clara, what's *wrong*?"

"I—I," sobbed Mrs. Phelps, "don't know, don't know, I just don't know, oh, oh . . . "

Mrs. Bowles stood up and glared at Montag. "You see? I knew it, that's what I wanted to prove! I knew it would happen! I've always said, poetry and tears, poetry and suicide and crying and awful feelings, poetry and sickness; *all* that mush! Now I've had it proved to me. You're nasty, Mr. Montag, you're *nasty!*"

Faber said, "Now . . ."

Montag felt himself turn and walk to the wall-slot and drop the book in through the brass notch to the waiting flames.

"Silly words, silly words, silly awful hurting words," said Mrs. Bowles. "Why *do* people want to hurt people? Not enough hurt in the world, you got to tease people with stuff like that!"

"Clara, now Clara," begged Mildred, pulling her arm. "Come on, let's be cheery, you turn the 'family' on, now. Go ahead. Let's laugh and be happy, now, stop crying, we'll have a party!"

"No," said Mrs. Bowles. "I'm trotting right straight home. You want to visit my house and my 'family', well and good. But I won't come in this fireman's crazy house again in my lifetime!"

"Go home." Montag fixed his eyes upon her, quietly. "Go home and think of your first husband divorced and your second husband killed in a jet and your third husband blowing his brains out, go home and think of the dozen abortions you've had, go home and think of that and your Caesarian sections, too, and your children who hate your guts! Go home and think how it all happened and what did you ever do to stop it? Go home, go home!" he yelled. "Before I knock you down and kick you out the door!"

Doors slammed and the house was empty. Montag stood alone in the winter weather, with the parlor walls the color of dirty snow.

In the bathroom, water ran. He heard Mildred shake the sleeping tablets into her hand.

"Fool, Montag, fool, fool, oh God you silly fool . . ." (*cont. on page 43*)

PLEASURES OF THE OYSTER

by thomas mario *playboy's food & drink editor*

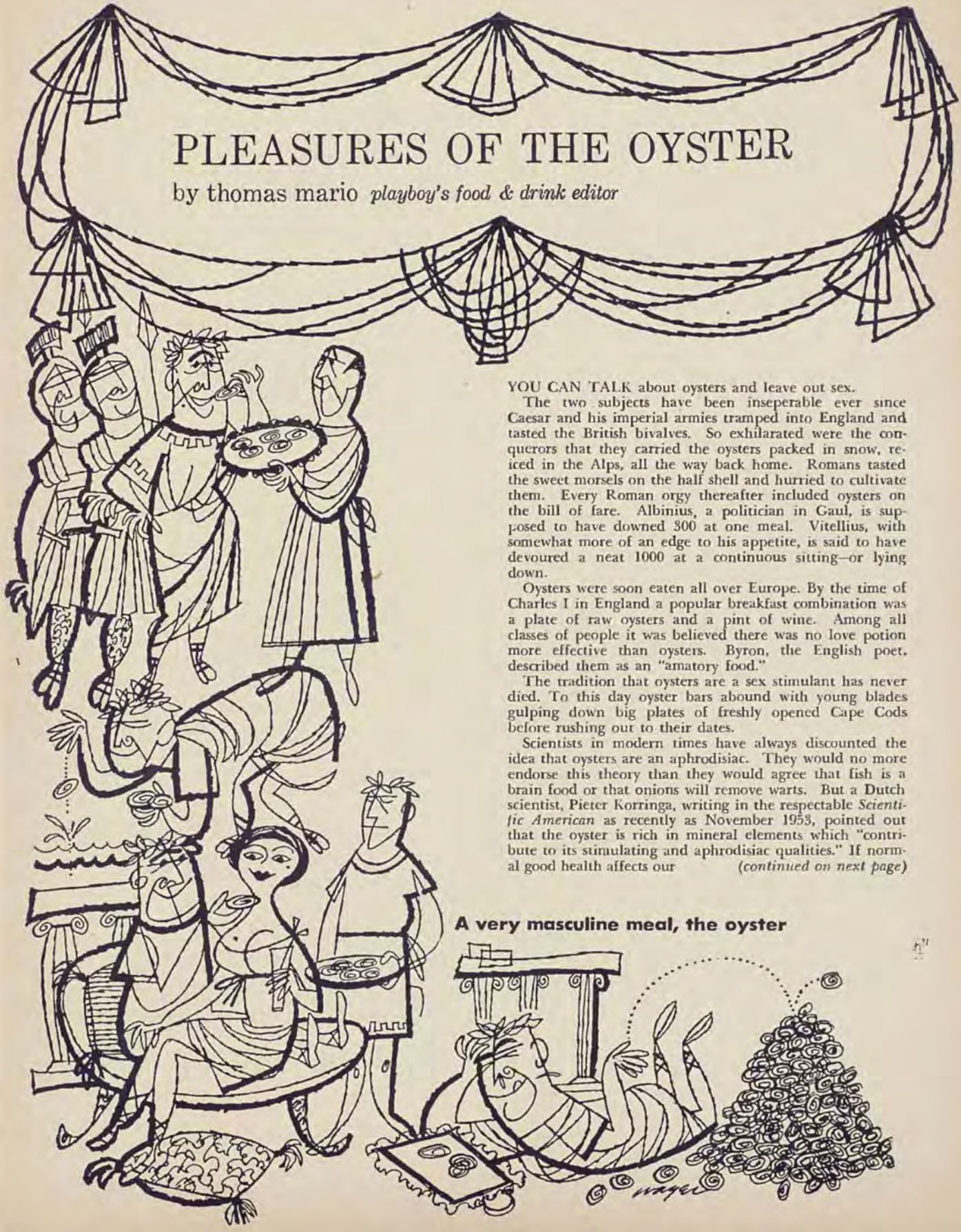
YOU CAN TALK about oysters and leave out sex.

The two subjects have been inseperable ever since Caesar and his imperial armies tramped into England and tasted the British bivalves. So exhilarated were the conquerors that they carried the oysters packed in snow, re-iced in the Alps, all the way back home. Romans tasted the sweet morsels on the half shell and hurried to cultivate them. Every Roman orgy thereafter included oysters on the bill of fare. Albinius, a politician in Gaul, is supposed to have downed 300 at one meal. Vitellius, with somewhat more of an edge to his appetite, is said to have devoured a neat 1000 at a continuous sitting—or lying down.

Oysters were soon eaten all over Europe. By the time of Charles I in England a popular breakfast combination was a plate of raw oysters and a pint of wine. Among all classes of people it was believed there was no love potion more effective than oysters. Byron, the English poet, described them as an "amatory food."

The tradition that oysters are a sex stimulant has never died. To this day oyster bars abound with young blades gulping down big plates of freshly opened Cape Cods before rushing out to their dates.

Scientists in modern times have always discounted the idea that oysters are an aphrodisiac. They would no more endorse this theory than they would agree that fish is a brain food or that onions will remove warts. But a Dutch scientist, Pieter Korringa, writing in the respectable *Scientific American* as recently as November 1953, pointed out that the oyster is rich in mineral elements which "contribute to its stimulating and aphrodisiac qualities." If normal good health affects our *(continued on next page)*



A very masculine meal, the oyster

reproductive capacities, oysters can very well be a contributing factor to this health since they are one of nature's most perfectly balanced foods from a nutritional standpoint, containing most of the important vitamins and minerals.

The author of this article believes that all this talk about sea slugs and sexual gratification was started by the oysters themselves. Take a female oyster for instance. Like the male she is immobile when an adult and can't move from her chosen home. But this liability doesn't hamper her sexual activity at all. When she is ready to propagate, she may send anywhere from 25 million to a half billion eggs into the surrounding sea waters all in search of male sperm. When the male and female are united and fertilized, they form a larva. The larva develops a small organ which enables it to swim. It also builds two tiny hard shells. As the shells develop, they become heavy. The larva gradually sinks to the bottom. Oysters are clinging creatures. The young oysters give off a glue-like substance and attach themselves to some stable object. The object may be a stone, a tile, a pipe, or any other fixed hard surface which becomes the oyster's little gray home at the bottom of the sea.

While male and female oysters can't see each other (they don't have a brain) they both nevertheless manage to send their sperm and eggs into the water at the same time of the year—during the warm summer months.

How can the poor isolated female oyster know what the male oyster is like or vice versa? European oysters have solved this dilemma beautifully. They simply change their sex from time to time. One summer they may be female, the next season, male. They are true hermaphrodites. The amazing ability of the oyster to change its sex can now be recorded by electronic methods. Give the European females credit, too, for caring for their young. Instead of spawning their eggs right into the sea to be buffeted by tides and eaten by enemies, they deposit the eggs on their own gills where they are protected during an incubating period.

Oysters don't have to practice birth control. Their enemies do it for them. If all the female's eggs were fertilized and lived, in a few generations there would be a stack of oysters four times the size of the earth. Oyster eggs are an aperitif for hungry fish seeking food. Only about one oyster larva out of ten thousand finds a suitable home on the ocean bottom. Then many adult oysters are the victims of such enemies as the starfish or the drill which can bore a hole right through an oyster shell to enjoy a fresh seafood snack.

Other chapters of the oyster's career are equally astounding. No human being could ever drink an oyster under the table. The little mollusk drinks about 100 quarts of water a day. The water passes over and through its gills and supplies it with food. It was once thought that oysters were dumb scavengers eating any kind of food that came their way. Recent studies have shown that this is not so. Oysters have a remarkably sensitive taste apparatus and will reject food containing harmful bacteria.

Those people who like to boast that their ancestors came over on the Mayflower should keep quiet in the presence of oysters. During the Eocene, long before man himself roamed the earth, oysters were propagating themselves. The huge mounds of ancient oyster shells near Damariscotta, Maine, testify to the fact that oysters were a gourmet's treat enjoyed by American Indians long before the Pilgrims set foot on Plymouth. Oysters have blood that is really blue. The large copper content in the oyster gives it this distinctive trait.

Residents of Florida and Puerto Rico frequently discover oysters growing on trees. In these localities oysters attach themselves to submerged tree trunks. At low tide, the bivalves are bared, ready to be picked off by anybody hankering for a plate of half shells.

Oysters, of course, have only the greatest contempt for pearls. A pearl is simply a nuisance to an oyster. If an oyster swallows a piece of grit or other foregin object by mistake, it quickly begins to build a shell around the object. In time it will become a pearl. Pearls found in American oysters aren't of much value because they're too brittle. The champion pearl diver on dry land was George Davis of Muskegon, Michigan, who found 25 pearls in one oyster stew.

Generally speaking people don't eat oysters because they're searching for pearls nor because they're seeking a stimulant but because oysters simply taste so damn good. Oysters are one of the few foods which are eaten whole, body organs and all. When your oyster fork spears a plump raw oyster, pearly gray with close folds of flesh, as cold and salt as the sea, and you dunk the shimmering morsel into a bath of cocktail sauce, biting with horseradish and tabasco, you're not just eating, you're in love. And there's not much else you can think about except the next oyster. When you've finished the plate of half shells, you examine the ring of empty shells carefully, looking around clockwise and counter clockwise, hoping that one more might be left. You pick up the cold shells with your fingers and dran the last drop of oyster liquor. The rest of the meal is an anticlimax unless it happens to be more oysters.

The author has often been consulted on whether oysters should be swallowed whole. He doesn't believe, frankly, that whole oyster swallowers have a completely open and shut case. He's one of the chewing clique who believe in pressing the delicate mollusk between the teeth to enjoy its best sea flavor. And then the issue is sometimes complicated by the size of one's mouth. For example in Port Lincoln, Australia, oyster eaters would have difficulty if they tried to gulp down whole the large size oysters there which are as big as a large dinner plate each—a foot in diameter.

Names of oysters in the United States indicate usually the bays or coves from which the oysters are taken. All Eastern oysters are of the same variety. A Chatham oyster, a Chincoteague or a Delaware bay are all members of the *osterea virginica*. Oysters grown in Northern waters, however, are noted for their saltiness while Southern oysters are famed for their subtile sweetness. Cape Cods, Lynnhavens and Chincoteagues are some of the most popular in oyster bars. Blue points are a name for small or medium size oysters harvested before they are completely grown.

Cooking doesn't make an oyster tender. Every chef knows that the more you heat an oyster, the tougher it becomes. Treat the oyster at the range as though you were showing a guest to a warm fireplace. Don't set him afire.

Although chefs have devised elaborate oyster dishes such as oyster souffle with Parmesan cheese, oysters in tartlet shells with caviar and oysters stuffed with truffles, men prefer their seafood in the hearty styles eaten in oyster bars and homes all over the country. That plain cookery doesn't mean careless cookery is nowhere as quickly demonstrated as in the prepartion of oysters where every little deviation of seasoning or cooking time at once becomes noticeable.

Playboy chefs can derive a lot of pleasure from the following suggestions and recipes.

In North Carolina, at outdoor barbecues, men have long enjoyed this al fresco treatment: Place oysters in the shell on an iron grating over a charcoal or wood fire. Wait for the shells to open revealing the oyster simmering in its own natural juice. Use a pair of gloves to snatch up the hot bivalves and merely sprinkle lemon juice on top before eating.

Raw oyster eaters sometimes yearn for a change from the conventional cocktail sauce made of catsup or chili sauce, horseradish and tabasco. Try this continental concoction with your half shells. In a small jar combine 2 tablespoons olive oil, 1 tablespoon vinegar, ½ teaspoon dry mustard, 1 teaspoon grated onion, juice of ¼ lemon, 6 drops tabasco sauce, 1 tablespoon horseradish, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1/4 teaspoon salt and 1/4 teaspoon freshly ground

pepper. Shake well. Chill several hours before serving.

Steamed clam devotees will like this. Place oysters in a pot with one inch of water. Put on a tightly fitting lid. Bring the water to a boil. Reduce flame and simmer until shells open. Serve in the shells at the table. Dip in melted butter to which a small amount of lemon juice has been added.

FRIED OYSTERS. 4 PORTIONS

Buy two dozen freshly opened medium size oysters. Pick over oysters carefully to remove any small pieces of shell adhering. Drain off oyster liquor. Dry each oyster carefully on a clean towel or absorbent paper. Sprinkle oysters with salt, pepper and celery salt.

Beat 2 eggs slightly. Add 1 tablespoon of salid oil, 2 tablespoons water and 2 tablespoons sweet cream. Beat well. Dip oysters in the egg mixture. Remove and dip in 1 cup fine cracker crumbs. Be sure each oyster is thoroughly coated with crumbs. The crumbs act as a protective coating and keep the intense heat of the frying fat from toughening the oysters.

Fry in deep hot vegetable fat or lard. Fry in fat that hasn't been previously used, if possible. Fat should be 385 degrees if you use a fat thermometer or hot enough to brown a cube of day old bread in 40 seconds. Place only one layer of oysters at a time in fry basket. Don't overfry—a light golden color will insure tenderness of oysters. Turn out on absorbent paper to dry any excess fat. Serve at once. If oysters are kept standing, the steam inside the oysters will cause the crumbs to become soggy.

On the table there should be a gravy boat of creamy cold tarter sauce, a bottle of catsup and lemon wedges. French fried potatoes, potato chips or shoe string potatoes are welcome. Iced beer or ale should be stationed right alongside the dinner plate. To top the meal bring on a billowy lemon meringue pie and large cups of hot coffee.

OYSTER STEW
FOR A QUARTETTE OF PLAYBOYS

But 24 large or 36 medium size freshly opened oysters. Place oysters in a heavy saucepan with 4 tablespoons butter, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon celery salt, ¼ teaspoon paprika and ¼ teaspoons Worcestershire sauce. Heat oysters together with oyster liquor only until ends of oysters begin to curl. Further heating will toughen them. In another saucepan put 1 quart of milk and 1 cup of light cream. Heat until milk begins to bubble around edge of pan. Don't boil.

Put the oysters together with their juice and seasonings in 4 large soup bowls or tureens. Pour hot milk over oysters. Add 1 teaspoon butter to each bowl and sprinkle generously with paprika just before serving. Chopped scallions, a Louisiana filip, may be added to the stew if desired. Keep a large mound of Trenton or oyster crackers at the table. Oyster stew eaters will not object to a platter of assorted cheese and coffee to complete the occasion.

Oysters Rockefeller are a New Orleans specialty now eaten all over the country. They are simply oysters baked on the half shell spread with a mixture of bread crumbs, butter, herbs and seasonings. If the herbs are not available, cooked chopped spinach is sometimes used as a substitute. To keep the oysters on an even keel in the baking pan, they are frequently set in a bed of coarse rock salt so that each oyster bakes evenly. Be careful the salt does not get into the oysters.

BAKED OYSTERS ROCKEFELLER
FOR FOUR COSMOPOLITAN APPETITES

Buy 24 freshly opened large oysters on the half shell. If you buy them opened at the fish store, use them within two or three hours after they are opened. If you can open the oysters yourself with an *(continued on page 50)*

ILLUSTRATED BY JUSTIN WAGER

SIN (*continued from page 35*)

The major's arguments were cogent but what won the day for the government was the fact that his arguments were backed by the threat of force. This New Deal had teeth in it. The Special GI Rate of three dollars was adopted for the duration. I report this sadly; for the benefit of Mr. John Steinbeck and all the other portrayers of tender-hearted whores I wish that the Honolulu whores had reduced their rates out of pure, selfless patriotism, but alas, they did it only because of government force. The madams bowed to the will of Washington, and next day they called in the carpenters and began moving out the furniture, boarding up windows, cutting out partitions, preparing for the storm—or like Cunard did when it converted the *Queen Mary* from civilian to GI service.

The person who was most appalled by all this is a girl I shall call Mamie. It's the unusual talent who suffers most from the levelings of war and New Deals. The boy who is making thirty dollars a week sacrifices little when he is drafted into government service; it's the man who is making a hundred a week, or who has a business of his own, who takes the loss. The prewar five-dollar whores who had netted $2.50 an operation were being asked by their Government to sacrifice very little. By doubling their number of operations they could more than make up the loss. But Mamie, a good looking blonde who'd once played bit parts in B-Grade Hollywood movies, had been netting $6.50 an operation, $195 a day for thirty operations. To do as well under the New Deal, she would have to perform a hundred operations a day . . . 4400 a month . . . an entire regiment! This was an appalling prospect, even for so talented an operator as Mamie.

She went to the major, showed him this rather formidable arithmetic, and appealed to his sense of fair play. When the five-dollar girls were sacrificing so little, was it fair to ask the ten-dollar girls to sacrifice so much? Not even the Pennsylvania Railroad was cutting rates so drastically. Mamie had Hollywood experience; she had picture credits; she wanted the fighting men to have the best, but surely the government could be fair!

When the major saw her points he took the matter to higher echelons. Referred all the way to Washington, it caused torrid discussion among the bureaucrats. Some of them resented one whore's thinking she was better than the others. One coordinator insisted that the whores should have an orientation course in democracy; another thought that a fact-finding board should be sent out before any decision was made. But while the case was pending Mamie assiduously developed her relations with the brass, so I wasn't surprised when she got a decision in her favor.

In addition to the Special GI Rate of three dollars there would be a Deluxe GI rate of five dollars—$3.50 for the girl and $1.50 for the madam—and Bertha's three prewar ten-dollar girls—Mamie, Maybelle, and Jackie—were certified to charge the Deluxe Rate.

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In retrospect, this manner in which the United States Government treated the Honolulu whores seems remarkable.

The argument which the government used to the whores—the war is multiplying your business; your government is your principal customer; you'll have no sales costs, no advertising costs, no protection costs; you'll be in full production; therefore, you should give your government a special rate—is a reasonable argument. But I can't recall that the government advanced it very often, or very effectively, on the Mainland.

The government didn't use this argument when it placed orders for war material. It allowed all the wages and profits of full production.

On the mainland the government allowed its citizens to pillage it with such devices as overtime, Sunday time, vacation time, any other sort of "time" which could be devised. But in dealing with a few Honolulu whores the government allowed neither overtime nor incentive pay for piecework above the norm.

The government allowed Big Steel to charge off millions for the depreciation of its facilities. But it didn't allow the Honolulu whores any profits to cover depreciation.

The OPA was unable to decide whether the whores were selling a commodity or a service. But whichever it was, the government had no legal right to reduce their price below what they were getting in 1940.

As a matter of fact the Honolulu whores were the only group of American civilians who were asked by their government to do more work during the Second War at a reduced rate of pay.

• • •

In complying with their government's request for this Special GI Rate, the Honolulu whores proceeded to create the most famous *genuine* slogan of the Pacific war:

THREE DOLLARS FOR
THREE MINUTES!

I say genuine because the other Pacific slogans—*Send Us More Japs, Praise The Lord And Pass The Ammunition*, etcetera—were phonies. Nobody said them. *Three Dollars For Three Minutes* was genuine. It was originated by a GI, and subsequently spoken by thousands of GI's. It was genuine, honest, original, authentic.

Prior to the Second War the brothels of the earth had operated on more or less the same slow and inefficient plan. The customer entered and found girls in the reception room. He chatted with them pleasantly, patted their bustles, perhaps bought a few drinks; and if further stimulation was needed the showroom provided it. He then chose his girl, went upstairs with her; and after an interval not so long as to be immodest nor so short as to be embarrassing, he came back down and made a dignified and leisurely departure. This was Standard Operating Procedure, and was varied only in such occasions as when one asked for a particular girl and was shown to her room by a servant.

There was some grace in this procedure. Through the years it had acquired a certain tradition . . . an honored place in our folklore. Like the two old Southern colonels arriving in New Orleans and one of them saying to the other, "Suh, shall we stop along the way and have a drink or shall we proceed *directly* to the who' house?" Everybody felt sorry for the neglected little tart who sat in the corner and sang plaintively, *They All Go Upstairs But Me*.

But when Bertha Parchman's girls were drafted into the Army, they knew the old unhurried years were ended. Honolulu had to become the Detroit of harlotry. Whores had to embrace mass production; they had to build a better assembly line; they had to modernize or starve. So with their carpenters and plumbers they hovered over diagrams, took readings on slide-rules, debated new plans for serving the largest number of customers in the shortest possible time. They had to arrange for a quick turnover. They had to become efficiency experts, speedup artists, if the fighting men of America were to be properly processed in the crusade for democracy.

One fact was recognized instantly: the day of the One-Bed Woman was past. In the graceful, leisurely old days if one woman kept one bed fairly warm she was doing a good night's work. But now, under the New Deal, even the oldest and laziest of them would have to operate two beds. And Mamie, who was to become the Henry Ford of Harlotry, produced the most ambitiously patriotic plan of all. She announced—and she presented carpentry blueprints to show how she would do it—that as her contribution to the war effort she would keep *four beds* running during the hours she was on the firing line.

As far as I have been able to learn, Mamie was the first Four-Bed Woman in history. Her plan of procedure, therefore, deserves explanation and recognition.

Mamie began by asking Bertha Parchman for (*continued on page 50*)

FAHRENHEIT 451 (*continued from page 38*)

"Shut up!" He pulled the green bullet from his ear and jammed it into his pocket.

It sizzled faintly. "Fool . . . fool . . ."

He searched the house and found the books where Mildred had stacked them behind the refrigerator. Some were missing and he knew that she had started on her own slow process of dispersing the dynamite in her house, stick by stick. But he was not angry now, only exhausted and bewildered with himself. He carried the books into the backyard and hid them in the bushes near the alley fence. For tonight only, he thought, in case she decides to do any more burning.

He went back through the house. "Mildred?" He called at the darkened bedroom. There was no sound.

Outside, crossing the lawn, on his way to work, he tried not to see how completely dark and deserted Clarisse McClellan's house was . . .

On the way downtown he was so completely alone with his terrible error that he felt the necessity for the strange warmness and goodness that came from a familiar and gentle voice speaking in the night. Already, in a few short hours, it seemed that he had known Faber a lifetime. Now, he knew that he was two people, that he was, above all, Montag who knew nothing, who did not even know himself a fool, but only suspected it. And he knew that he was also the old man who talked to him and talked to him as the train was sucked from one end of the night city to the other on one long sickening gasp of motion. In the days to follow, and in the nights when there was no moon and in the nights when there was a very bright moon shining on the earth, the old man would go on with this talking and this talking, drop by drop, stone by stone, flake by flake. His mind would well over at last and he would not be Montag any more, this the old man told him, assured him, promised him. He would be Montag-plus-Faber, fire plus water, and then, one day, after everything had mixed and simmered and worked away in silence, there would be (*continued on next page*)

"I don't think that kind of word should count!"

two separate and opposite things, a third. And one day he would look back upon the fool and know the fool. Even now he could feel the start of the long journey, the leave-taking, the going-away from the self he had been.

It was good listening to the beetle hum, the sleepy mosquito buzz and delicate filigree murmur of the old man's voice at first scolding him and then consoling him in the late hour of night as he emerged from the steaming subway toward the firehouse world. "Pity, Montag, pity. Don't haggle and nag them; you were so recently *of* them yourself. They are so confident that they will run on forever. But they won't run on. They don't know that this is all one huge big blazing meteor that makes a pretty fire in space, but that some day it'll have to *hit*. They see only the blaze, the pretty fire, as you saw it.

"Montag, old men who stay at home, afraid, tending their peanut-brittle bones, have no right to criticize. Yet you almost killed things at the start. Watch it! I'm with you, remember that I understand how it happened. I must admit that your blind raging invigorated me. God how young I felt! But now—I want you to feel old, I want a little of my cowardice to be distilled in you tonight. The next few hours, when you see Captain Beatty, tiptoe 'round him, let *me* hear him for you, let *me* feel the situation out. Survival is our ticket. Forget the poor, silly women. . . ."

"I made them unhappier than they have been in years, I think," said Montag. "It shocked me to see Mrs. Phelps cry. Maybe they're right, maybe it's best not to face things, to run have fun. I don't know. I feel guilty—"

"No, you mustn't! If there were no war, if there was peace in the world, I'd say fine, *have* fun! But, Montag, you mustn't go back to being just a fireman. All *isn't* well with the world."

Montag perspired.

"Montag, you listening?"

"My feet," said Montag. "I can't move them. I feel so damn silly. My feet won't move!"

"Listen. Easy now," said the old man gently. "I know, I know. You're afraid of making mistakes. *Don't* be. Mistakes can be profited by. Man, when I was younger I *shoved* my ignorance in people's faces. They beat me with sticks. By the time I was forty my blunt instrument had been honed to a fine cutting point for me. If you hide your ignorance, no one will hit you and you'll never learn. Now, pick up your feet, into the firehouse with you! We're twins, we're not alone any more, we're not separated out in different parlors, with no contact between. If you need help when Beatty pries at you, I'll be sitting right here in your eardrum making notes!"

Montag felt his right foot, then his left foot, move.

"Old man," he said, "stay *with* me."

The Mechanical Hound was gone. Its kennel was empty and the firehouse stool all about in plaster silence and the orange Salamander slept with its kerosene in its belly and the firethrowers crossed upon its flanks and Montag came in through the silence and touched the brass pole and slid up in the dark air, looking back at the deserted kennel, his heart beating, pausing, beating. Faber was a gray moth asleep in his ear, for the moment.

Beatty stood near the drop-hole waiting, but with his back turned as if he were not waiting.

"Well," he said to the men playing cards, "here comes a very strange beast which in all tongues is called a fool."

He put his hand to one side, palm up, for a gift. Montag put the book in it. Without even glancing at the title Beatty tossed the book in the trash basket and lit a cigarette. " 'Who are a little wise, the best fools be.' Welcome back, Montag. I hope you'll be staying with us, now that your fever is done and your sickness over. Sit in for a hand of poker?"

They sat and the cards were dealt. In Beatty's sight, Montag felt the guilt of his hands. His fingers were like ferrets that had done some evil and now never rested, always stirred and picked and hid in pockets, moving from under Beatty's alcohol-flame stare. If Beatty so much as breathed on them, Montag felt that his hands might wither, turn over on their sides, and never be shocked to life again; they would be buried the rest of his life in his coat-sleeves, forgotten. For these were the hands that had acted on their own, no part of him, here was where the conscience first manifested itself to snatch books, dart off with Job and Ruth and Willie Shakespeare, and now, in the firehouse, these hands seemed gloved with blood.

Twice in half an hour, Montag had to rise from the game and go to the latrine to wash his hands. When he came back he hid his hands under the table.

Beatty laughed. "Let's have your hands in sight, Montag. Not that we don't trust you, understand, but—"

They all laughed.

"Well," said Beatty, "the crisis is past and all is well, the sheep returns to the fold. We're all sheep who have strayed at times. Truth is truth, to the end of reckoning, we've cried. They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts, we've shouted to ourselves. 'Sweet food of sweetly uttered knowledge,' Sir Philip Sidney said. But on the other hand: 'Words are like leaves and where they most abound, Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.' Alexander Pope. What do you think of that, Montag?"

"I don't know."

"Careful," whispered Faber, living in another world, far away.

"Or this? 'A little learning is a dangerous thing. Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring; There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain, and drinking largely sobers us again.' Pope. Same Essay. Where does that put you?"

Montag bit his lip.

"I'll tell you," said Beatty, smiling at his cards. "That made you for a little while a drunkard. Read a few lines and off you go over the cliff. Bang, you're ready to blow up the world, chop off heads, knock down women and children, destroy authority. I know, I've been through it all."

"I'm all right, said Montag, nervously.

"Stop blushing. I'm not needling, really I'm not. Do you know, I had a dream an hour ago. I lay down for a catnap and in this dream you and I, Montag, got into a furious debate on books. You towered with rage, yelled quotes at me. I calmly parried every thrust. *Power*, I said. And you, quoting Dr. Johnson, said 'Knowledge is more than equivalent to force!' And I said, 'Well, Dr. Johnson also said, dear boy, that "He is no wise man that will quit a certainty for an uncertainty." ' Stick with the firemen, Montag. All else is dreary chaos!"

"Don't listen," whispered Faber. "He's trying to confuse. He's slippery. Watch out!"

Beatty chuckled. "And you said, quoting, 'Truth will come to light, murder will not be hid long!' And I cried in good humor, 'Oh God, he speaks only of his horse!' And 'The Devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.' And you yelled, 'This age thinks better of a gilded fool, than of a threadbare saint in wisdom's school!' And I whispered gently, 'The dignity of truth is lost with much protesting.' And you screamed, 'Carcasses bleed at the sight of the murderer!' And I said, patting your hand, 'What, do I give you trench mouth?' And you shrieked, 'Knowledge is power!' and 'A dwarf on a giant's shoulders sees the furthest of the two!' and I summed my side up with a rare serenity in, 'The folly of mistaking a metaphor for a proof, a torrent of verbiage for a spring of capital truths, and oneself as an oracle, is inborn in us, Mr. Valery once said.' "

Montag's head whirled sickeningly. He felt beaten unmercifully on brow, eyes, nose, lips, chin, on shoulders, on upflailing arms. He wanted to yell, "No! shut up, you're confusing things, stop it!" Beatty's graceful fingers thrust out to seize his wrist.

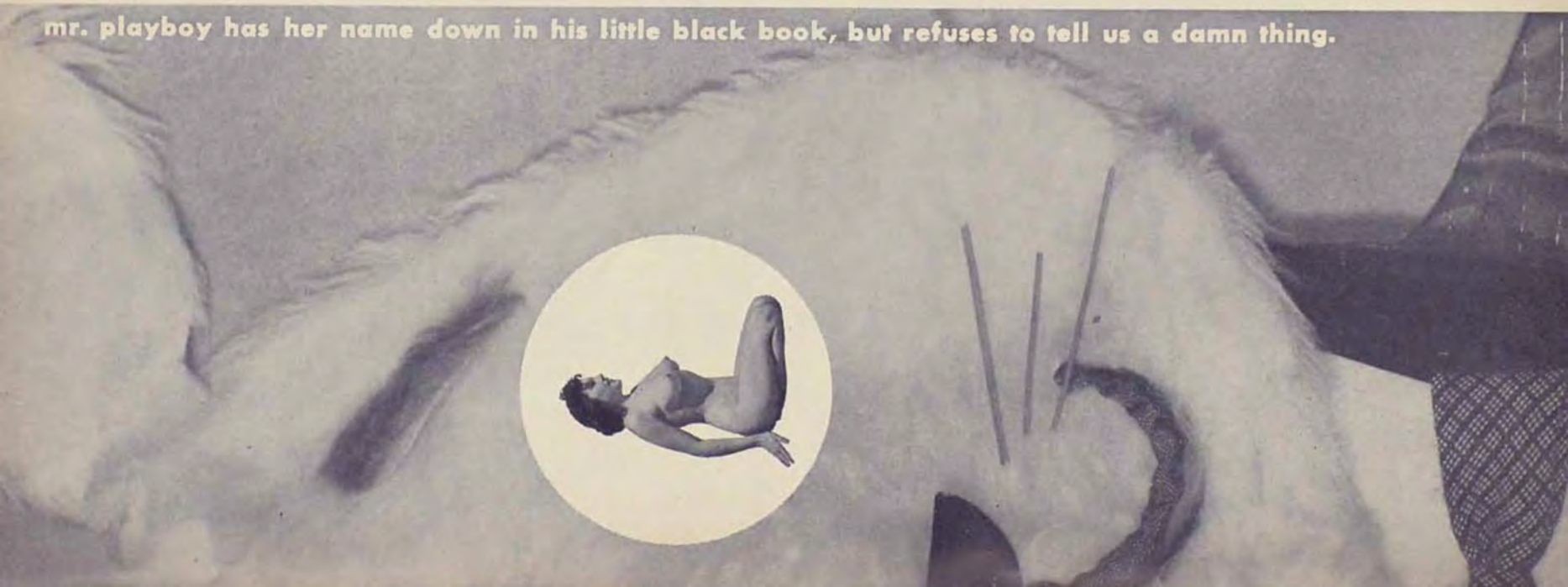
"God, what a pulse! I've got you going, have I, Montag? Jesus God, your pulse sounds like the day after the war. Everything but sirens and bells! Shall I talk some more? I like your look of panic. Swahili, Indian, English Lit., I speak (*continued on page 49*)

PLAYBOY'S EYEFUL

SINCE this bountiful beauty first appeared in our Letters Section, a number of readers have asked us to show them more of her. On this and the next two pages you'll find a good deal *more*, and we believe we've shown about everything there is to show. Two or three of the letters requested information on measurements. Favoring warm reality to cold statistics, we must admit we forget all about tape measures whenever she is in the office.

we'll have to disappoint those who ask for name, address, and telephone number . .

mr. playboy has her name down in his little black book, but refuses to tell us a damn thing.



"Okay—it's a pretty night gown.
Now take it off and come to bed."

FAHRENHEIT 451

(continued from page 43)

them all. A kind of excellent dumb discourse, Willie!"

"Montag, hold on!" The moth brushed Montag's ear. "He's muddying the waters!"

"Oh, you were scared silly," said Beatty, "for I was doing a terrible thing in using the very book you clung to, to rebut you on every hand, on every point! What traitors books can be! you think they're backing you up, and they turn on you. Others can use them, too, and there you are, lost in the middle of the moor, in a great welter of nouns and verbs and adjectives. And at the very end of my dream, along I came with the Salamander and said, Going my way? And you got in and we drove back to the firehouse in beatific silence, all dwindled away to peace." Beatty let Montag's wrist go, let the hand slump limply on the table. "All's well that is well in the end."

Silence. Montag sat like a carved white stone. The echo of the final hammer on his skull died slowly away into the black cavern where Faber waited for the echoes to subside. And then when the startled dust had settled down about Montag's mind, Faber began, softly, "All right, he's had his say. You must take it in. I'll say my say, too, in the next few hours. And you'll take it in. And you'll try to judge them and make your decision as to which way to jump, or fall. But I want it to be your decision, not mine, and not the Captain's. But remember that the Captain belongs to the most dangerous enemy to truth and freedom, the solid unmoving cattle of the majority. Oh God, the terrible tyranny of the majority. We all have our harps to play. And it's up to you now to know with which ear you'll listen."

Montag opened his mouth to answer Faber and was saved this error in the presence of others when the station bell rang. The alarm-voice in the ceiling chanted. There was a tacking-tacking sound as the alarm-report telephone typed out the address across the room. Captain Beatty, his poker cards in one pink hand, walked with exaggerated slowness to the phone and ripped out the address when the report was finished. He glanced perfunctorily at it, and shoved it in his pocket. He came back and sat down. The others looked at him.

"It can wait exactly forty seconds while I take all the money away from you," said Beatty, happily.

Montag put his cards down.

"Tired, Montag? Going out of this game?"

"Yes."

"Hold on. Well, come to think of it, we can finish this hand later. Just leave your cards face down and hustle the equipment. On the double now." And Beatty rose up again. "Montag, you don't look well? I'd hate to think you were coming down with another fever . . ."

"I'll be all right."

"You'll be fine. This is a special case. Come on, jump for it!"

They leaped into the air and clutched the brass pole as if it were the last vantage point above a tidal wave passing below, and then the brass pole, to their dismay slid them down into darkness, into the blast and cough and suction of the gasoline dragon roaring to life!

"Hey!"

They rounded a corner in thunder and siren, with concussion of tires, with screaming of rubber, with a shift of kerosene bulk in the glittery brass tank, like the food in the stomach of a giant, with Montag's fingers jolting off the silver rail, swinging into cold space, with the wind tearing his hair back from his head, with the wind whistling in his teeth, and him all the while thinking of the women, the chaff women in his parlor tonight, with the kernels blown out from under them by a neon wind, and his silly damned reading of a book to them. How like trying to put out fires with waterpistols, how senseless and insane. One rage turned in for another. One anger displacing another. When would he stop being entirely mad and be quiet, be very quiet indeed?

"Here we go!"

Montag looked up. Beatty never drove, but he was driving tonight, slamming the Salamander around corners, leaning forward high on the driver's throne, his massive black slicker flapping out behind so that he seemed a great black bat flying above the engine, over the brass numbers, taking the full wind.

"Here we go to keep the world happy, Montag!"

Beatty's pink, phosphorescent cheeks glimmered in the high darkness, and he was smiling furiously.

"Here we are!"

The Salamander boomed to a halt, throwing men off in slips and clumsy hops. Montag stood fixing his raw eyes to the cold bright rail under his clenched fingers.

I can't do it, he thought. How can I go at this new assignment, how I can go on burning things? I can't go in this place.

Beatty, smelling of the wind through which he had rushed, was at Montag's elbow. "All right, Montag."

The men ran like cripples in their clumsy boots, as quietly as spiders.

At last Montag raised his eyes and turned.

Beatty was watching his face.

"Something the matter, Montag?"

"Why," said Montag slowly, "we've stopped in front of my house."

(concluded next month)

"They're run-resistant, yes, Mr. Frickley, but they won't necessarily slow her down!"

SIN

(continued from page 42)

the big downstairs showroom for the duration. "we won't have time to put on any shows now, Bertha," she argued. "The only purpose of the shows was to help some of the old boys get in the mood. These GI's won't need shows to get in the mood; hell, they'll be ready when they come in the door. So let's close the shows and let me and Jackie and Maybelle use the showroom."

When Bertha agreed, Mamie had all the furniture moved out of the showroom. It was a large room, some thirty feet square. In the middle of the room the carpenters then built a plywood box eight feet high and fourteen feet square. They put a door at each corner, painted a Chinese-red booth inside and out; then they went inside the box and partitioned it into four rooms, each seven feet wide and seven feet long—about the size of a Pullman bedroom. On each of the doors was painted a yellow number—1, 2, 3 and 4—and in each room was placed a four-foot-wide couch. The only other furniture in each room was a tin waste pail, coat-hangers, and a wall light.

The finished "set" looked like a clever arrangement of dressing rooms on a beach. Or like fortune-telling booths at an indoor carnival. It was pretty—reminded one of Hollywood. There was space for traffic all the way around it, as the only other furnishings in the big room were two lavatories installed at the back and which were hidden by a curtain. Also, at the side of the room the carpenters cut a new outside entrance.

Thus, from noon until 9 P. M., each day for almost three years, there were two lines of uniforms at Bertha Patchman's. The longer line was at the main entrance. They were men who wanted to pay *Three Dollars For Three Minutes* with any of Bertha's girls. The shorter line was at the side entrance. They were men who wanted to pay *Five Dollars For Five Minutes* with Flaming Mamie. MP's kept the lines orderly.

At Mamie's doorway a soldier was met by a Japanese woman who took his five dollars and led him to the booth which had just been vacated. There he removed his cap, his pants, and his underpants—nothing else.

The moment Mamie finished in a booth she went immediately to the next one, wearing only her high-heeled mules. As she walked out of a booth a Japanese woman darted in, ushered the GI out, then rushed a new customer in.

The objective always was to keep the four-room set busy in this manner: from one room a satisfied customer was being ejected; in the next room there was action; in the third room a man was waiting "at the ready"; and in the fourth room a man, just ushered in, was being made ready. Mamie could not be held up and her time wasted by the mechanics of men dressing and undressing. The three Japanese servants had to hustle to keep ahead of her.

Occasionally there was a minor tragedy in one of the booths. When Mamie entered she found the waiting soldier unprepared for immediate action. Mamie patted him on the shoulder and said to him under her breath so that no one could hear, "Don't let it worry you, Mac. Better luck next time." Then as she passed quickly on to the next booth, she signaled to the Japanese woman to make a refund.

Mamie called this four-bed set the "Bull Ring," and she judged her efficiency by the length of time required to make a complete circuit. Ten minutes was par, though quite often she made it in eight. She was never longer than twenty minutes, for if any customer attempted to monopolize her services beyond five minutes he found himself jerked to attention by two alert MP's.

Mamie's record time—and, I assume, the world's record for this sort of thing—was one complete circuit of four operations in four minutes and forty-eight seconds. She admitted, however that she was shooting fish on this run. She made the record against four seventeen-year-olds of the Fifth Marine Division.

When a soldier emerged from Bertha Patchman's, MP's directed him across the street to the pro station where he lined up and got another processing by the medics.

Mamie's Bull Ring was in operation an average of nine hours a day almost every day for nearly three years. It handled from one hundred-fifty to two hundred men a day. Mamie, of course, didn't process all these customers personally. She was the Star Attraction—most of the men hoped to find her on the Ring—but she was assisted by Jackie and Maybelle, the other two deluxe values. Mamie usually came on stage about 2 P. M., took over from Maybelle without missing a beat, ran the Ring for an hour, until she was replaced by Jackie. Mamie then came back for a second shift at five and a third between eight and nine. At the end of a typical day when the Ring had handled one hundred-eighty customers, Mamie had handled seventy-two, Jackie sixty and Maybelle forty-eight.

Jackie was a wiry little redhead from Houston; they called her "Texas Dynamite." She was as energetic as Mamie, and she commanded a considerable following of her own. But she wasn't tall and hot-looking like Mamie, and she lacked Mamie's big, luxurious breasts. She could never quite match Mamie on the Bull Ring, though she tried hard enough. Maybelle was a willowy brunette from Chicago with Latin blood. She was a beautiful woman—something like a brunette Rita Hayworth. She didn't look as "mean" as either Jackie or Mamie, and she could never process a customer quite as fast as they could.

Usually there was bitching in the five-dollar line when the word was passed that Flaming Mamie was not on the Ring . . . like a theater audience bitches when they find the slip in the playbill announcing a substitution for the star. But any man who wanted to wait for Mamie, or for one of the others, could do so without losing his place in line.

When either Mamie, Jackie, or Maybelle took an offday . . . or on days when business was particularly heavy . . . some of the five dollar customers got cheated because one of the three-dollar girls—usually Mamie's friend Kate—was shifted over to the five-dollar Ring. After a few complaints on this score had reached Major Sumac, Bertha was forced to adopt the policy of refunding two dollars to any GI who had paid five and then complained because he had to take Kate.

The Government of the United States couldn't tolerate any such chiseling on the fighting men.

Mamie's average of seventy-two operations a day on the Ring yielded her $252. She worked enough days to run this to $5000 a month, through 1942, '43, and '44.

OYSTERS

(continued from page 41)

oyster knife, do this just before baking them. An automatic oyster opening gadget can now be purchased in many household equipment stores. Place the oysters in a wide shallow baking pan.

In a mixing bowl put ¼ pound of softened but not melted butter. Keep the butter at room temperature for a short while to soften it if necessary. Add small grated onion and ½ cup grated white bread crums. Add ¼ teaspoonsalt, ¼ teaspoon celery salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper and a dash of tabasco sauce. Add the juice of ¼ lemon. Add 1 teaspoon each of the following herbs all finely chopped: tarragon, chives, chervil and parsley. If herbs are not available, substitute ½ cup finely chopped cooked or canned spinach well drained before chopping. Mix all ingredients thoroughly. Spread this mixture over the oysters. Bake in a hot oven 450 degrees for 10 to 12 minutes. Serve with iced dry white wine. Follow up with a huge bowl of tossed salad garlic scented, long crusty thin bread and a platter of French or Viennese pastries and coffee.

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