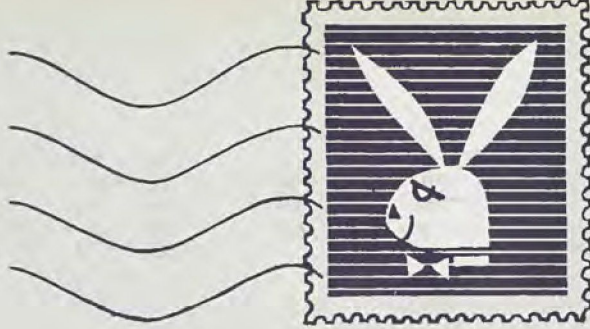


ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

PLAYBOY

MAY 50 cents





Dear Playboy

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

KIND WORDS

Yours is an entirely different men's magazine and hearty congratulations to you on it. After ten hours a day listening to other folks' troubles, it's a real pleasure to settle down to an evening with PLAYBOY. I'm enclosing a check for two subscriptions — one for myself and one for a very good dentist friend of mine.

E. M. Lindstrom, M.D.
New York, New York

I could write pages of compliments; all I'll say is it's terrific. Enter my subscription for three years. I think PLAYBOY has a great future ahead and I, for one, want to have all the copies.

Glenn Miller
Reading, Pa.

I saw an issue of your magazine at a friend's house and it brings back memories of the "old *Esquire*." I enjoyed reading it, but unfortunately I had to return it to him; he didn't seem to want to part with it. So here is a check for a subscription of my own.

Robert B. Shumway
Phoenix, Arizona

My brother loaned me one issue of PLAYBOY to read this evening. It's sensational! It's the type of magazine any man will enjoy. It's wonderful reading entertainment! I have never subscribed to any magazine before, but

I must subscribe to PLAYBOY to make certain I receive every issue.

Clarence W. Cox, Jr.
Granite City, Illinois

I enjoy your magazine very much. I think it's the best man's magazine on the market and apparently a good many others feel the same way as it sells out here in a hurry. Last night I happened to be in a local candy store and a couple of sailors came in asking for PLAYBOY. When they were told there was only one copy left, they had a big argument over who was going to get it.

Joseph R. Hansen
Bayonne, N. J.

I enjoy every page of your wonderful magazine. As a retired detective, life here on the farm gets a little dull and your magazine adds just the spice necessary. Hope you can include an occasional hunting article in your sports section.

Clifton J. Cline
New Matamoras, Ohio

Just bought my first issue of PLAYBOY and I'm sorry I missed the previous issues. Particularly liked Erskine Caldwell's "Medicine Man" and "Tales From The Decameron." Cartoons are great too. Your "Miss March" was worth the price of the magazine by itself.

Carl A. Rozze, Sr.
Drexel Hill, Pa.

I sure do like PLAYBOY. It has more than anything I've ever seen in a magazine. I only wish it was a weekly, so I wouldn't have to wait a whole month for each new issue. How about some more articles like "Sin In Paradise" and satirical pieces like "My Gun Is The Jury."

Mike O'Hara
University of Lincoln
Lincoln, Nebraska

ADVERTISING

PLAYBOY is an excellent magazine. If you plan to accept advertising, we would appreciate your advising us as to rates, circulation, deadlines, et cetera.

Clyde Melton, V. Pres.
McMains & Melton Adv. Agcy.
Dallas, Texas

PLAYBOY will begin accepting suitable advertising in May for its fall issues.

BACHELOR'S CLUB

I'm forming a bachelor's club and am getting ready to start a drive for membership. Thought you'd like to know we're offering a year's subscription to PLAYBOY to each new member.

Melvin C. Shaw
Media, Penn.

MAD AND COOL

Just draggin' the graphite to let you know the men have been separated from the boys — *playboys*, that is! And we (the latter) wish to commend you on stepping forward with the masculine type of entertainment which we have been waiting for. The whole gang thinks your full page colored sections are really gone — *mad* and *cool*. Also believe they are improving as time passes. You scored again with the science fiction story, "Fahrenheit 451," and we enjoyed your last tale from the "Decameron" very much; looking ahead for more. From the sidelines, the *boys* are inquiring about the possibility of your skinning that cute, curvaceous, heart palpitating, and proportionately stacked bunny that decorates your magazine from time to time. We believe Bunny Babe should be your Miss June; or at least July.

"The Nineteen"
Pierceton, Indiana

FAHRENHEIT 451

Your story "Fahrenheit 451" in the March issue of PLAYBOY *stinks!* I will not buy the next two issues of PLAYBOY because of it. I've read a lot of stories in my day but this one is the worst. It *stinks!*

Clay Stoker
Baltimore, Md.

P. S. Come to think of it, everything in the March issue *stinks*.

Congratulations on printing Ray Bradbury's excellent science fiction novel, "Fahrenheit 451." Ray has been a good friend for a number of years and gifted me with the original manuscript to F.451 a few months back. At that time I termed it a classic in the field and upon re-reading the first installment in your magazine my opinion seems justified. And the story is enhanced by Ben Denison's superb illustration.

William F. Nolan
Culver City, California

SKEPTICAL SUBSCRIBER

Enclosed is my check for \$6.00 for a year's subscription to PLAYBOY. The reason I am not entering a subscription for three years is because, confidentially, I doubt that you can maintain the blistering pace set in your first four issues. If PLAYBOY degenerates into just another "girlie" magazine, punctuated here and there by hack articles, I'll be more than happy to see my twelve months run out. BUT, if you should continue with excellent fiction such as Ray Bradbury's "Fahrenheit 451," articles like "Trouble In Tobaccoland," Roger Price's humor, combined with your present imaginative pictorial work . . . By the way, what are your lifetime rates?

C. H. Adams
Oklahoma City, Okla.

Ah, friend Adams, if you've enjoyed the first issues, wait till you see the ones coming up. More Bradbury, Erskine Caldwell, Max Shulman, Roger Price, Earl Wilson, John Collier, Virgil Partch, John Held, Jr., plus W. Somerset Maugham, Thorne Smith, and some very special surprises we aren't talking about.

PLAYBOY AT WALTER REED

I've received all of your PLAYBOY magazines and sure appreciate your articles and choice of picture material. I am in the hospital here in Washington, D. C. and just as soon as I finish an issue the other fellows in my ward are after it. We'd all like to see more of Marlene; she still has it, even at 53! We'd also like more of Marilyn.

Cpl. Guy B. Widmeyer
Walter Reed Army Hospital
Washington, D. C.

NO BLOOD AND GUTS

On a recent trip to Fort Worth, I discovered your handsome new magazine for men. I think it's great (and

so does my wife.) I've become so disgusted with all the other "men's magazines" I never buy them any more. They're crammed with sensationalism, blood and guts stories, and hot rods, not to mention the gyp advertising on every page.

Junior E. Rutherford
Terminal, Texas

THE INDOOR MAN

I whole-heartedly back your idea of staying at home. I'm getting tired of reading about "Joe Jones' Jaguar Jaunts For Jerks," even though I enjoy the outdoors. I enjoy it, but I'm getting tired of reading about it. And it seems that the publishers of the other "men's magazines" have one idea in mind — EVERYBODY OUTSIDE! Too much of anything is boring indeed.

Speaking of outdoors, I've one suggestion. The particular theme of the "he-man" sports, i.e., football, baseball, etc., is also overdone. Might I suggest some articles on the "gentlemen's sports?"

Include Picasso, Nietzsche, jazz, and sex (as you promised in your introduction in the first issue), works from classic literature, and the other good things in life that can be enjoyed in an easy chair, and you have acquired a lifetime subscriber.

S/Sgt. J. A. Robinson
Hamilton Air Force Base
Hamilton, California

REA

After studying Gardner Rea's cartoon on page 25 in your February issue, the members of my fraternity disagree on the artist's intention. Would you be kind enough to settle our argument.

Arlen J. Kuklin
Lincoln, Nebraska



After successfully lifting an umbrella, cigar, and top hat, the kleptomaniac approaches a pregnant lady flaunting a fox fur and, in a way comprehensible only to the twisted mind of a cartoonist, he manages to swipe, not the fur, but the bulge of pregnancy.

This cartoon seemed to confuse readers even more than Vip's bathtub gag in the first issue. Believe we'll print a cartoon with no point whatever one of these days just to see if our readers are really paying attention.

SEMPER PLAYBOY

Letter writing is a little out of my line, but when you see some outstanding work it is time to start writing. I'm referring to your new magazine, PLAYBOY. I imagine you have already received thousands of letters complimenting you on your good work. I have read your book from cover to cover. I passed it round this marine barracks and so many men have read it that there isn't much left, but it is still changing hands. We're all looking forward to your next issue.

Doyle Vergon
Camp Lejeune, N. C.

NUDE GIRLFRIENDS DEPARTMENT

Needless to say, I enjoy your new magazine immensely. As the saying goes, "It hits the spot!" I enjoy most of all (after the photos, of course) the "Tales From The Decameron." They are much more interesting *a la* PLAYBOY.

Am enclosing a snap I took of a fine looking female. You may print it if you wish, as I'd like to find her again myself. I believe she is in the Los Angeles area at present, but unfortunately I have lost contact. Nice, eh?

Jack Richards
Yuma, Arizona

P.S. If you should hear from the girl and get her address, don't be a stinker, let me know.

Yep, Jack, she looks like just our type. We'd like to print the picture of her that you sent, but since she forgot to put her clothes on for it and you didn't send along a model release, we're afraid if we ran it we might hear from the girl's lawyer instead of the girl herself. Sure, if she writes us, we'll send you her address — and if she happens to write to you, how about sending it to us! —

WHAT PLAYBOY NEEDS

Hurrah! Somebody has at last started putting the fun back in a sexy magazine. The only suggestion I can make (must be the librarian coming out) is that you include some book reviews.

Bob L. Mowery, Librarian
McNeese State College
Lake Charles, Louisiana

Would like to suggest a couple of pages on men's fashions, plus a story or two on real-life playboys.

Jim Nuzum, Jr.
Phoenix, Arizona

How about some crossword puzzles?
Art McNeeze
Portland, Oregon



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PLAYBILL A number of our readers, while commenting favorably on the Hartog Shirt story in the March issue, complained at not seeing more of the lovely model, Joanne Arnold. The best way to quiet these mumblings, we felt, was to feature Joanne as a Playmate of the Month, so you'll find her on page 26 with nary a shirt in sight.

Max Shulman, author of this month's lead story, doesn't require any introductions. He's responsible for such literary masterpieces as *Barefoot Boy With Cheek* and *Sleep Till Noon*, and is generally recognized as the funniest fellow writing today. "Three Day Pass" is his second story for **PLAYBOY** and one we're sure you'll enjoy.

"The Saga of Frankie and Johnny" caused a sufficient stir to prompt our acquiring more fine old engravings by that fine old engraver, John Held, Jr. "Fooling The College Boy" in this issue is the first of a series.

This issue includes the last installment of Ray Bradbury's novel, "Fahrenheit 451." Ray writes, "I thought I was describing a world that might evolve in four or five decades. But only a few weeks ago, in Beverly Hills one night, a husband and a wife passed me, walking their dog. I stood staring after them, absolutely stunned. The woman held in one hand a small cigarette-package-sized radio, its antenna quivering. From this sprang tiny copper wires which ended in a dainty cone plugged into her right ear. There she was, oblivious to man and dog, listening to far winds and whispers and soap-opera cries, sleep-walking, helped up and down curbs by a husband who might just as well not have been there. This was *not* fiction. This was a new fact in our changing society. As you can see, I must start writing very fast indeed about our future world in order to stand still." There will be more Bradbury soon.

To round out this sixth issue of **PLAYBOY**, we've added some very unusual nudes by Weegee, humorous pieces on business and baseball, a pictorial history of surgery, another tale from the Decameron, and a suitable sprinkling of cartoons and jokes.

PLAYBOY

vol. 1, no. 6 / may, 1954



As flash-bulbs popped, I blew the bridge!

You probably have a few humorous war-time memories of your own—but it's doubtful that any of them top Dan Miller's

THREE DAY PASS

by MAX SHULMAN

humor

OUR OFFICE BOWLERS get together every Wednesday evening. Afterwards some of the fellows meet at the bar for a couple of rounds and friendly discussions on politics, philosophical ideas, and broads.

On this particular Wednesday, we were recalling some of the humorous times we'd had in service. The war-years, with the super-patriotism, rationing, and man-hungry females, seemed like another world now.

Our traffic manager recalled an amusing weekend he'd spent in Washington, D. C. with a willing girl and no hotel room—our head of personnel told about several experiences he'd had in and around London—but my three day pass topped 'em all. It was right here in Minneapolis—it got my picture on the front page of the *Press-Telegram*—and it won back my girl.

The Rocket didn't leave from Kansas City until noon, and it was only nine o'clock. I checked my bags and

got shaved by a lady barber named Delilah who complimented me on the texture and consistency of my skin and mentioned that she had little, if anything, to do that evening. Taking my pointed silence for shyness, she invited me to come up to her place for a home-cooked meal, after which she promised she would show me how to hone a razor properly. "Full many a razor has been ruined by improper honing," she said thickly, dusting my face lingeringly with talc and slipping into the pocket of my blouse a card on which was written her name, address, telephone number, and the admonition: "If not at home the first time, try, try again!"

At noon the train caller announced, not without pride, that the Rocket was on time. There followed a charge of an intensity not seen since the Cimarron was opened. The train seats were filled in an instant. Nimble young men leaped into the baggage racks and were shortly joined by a con-

ILLUSTRATION BY JUSTINE WAGER

THREE DAY PASS (continued from preceding page)

tingent of lithe, long-flanked girls returning to college after the Easter Holidays. Next the aisles were jammed with passengers sitting on upended suitcases. A young devotee of group singing whipped a harmonica from his pocket and started to play "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition." With many cries of "What the hell. War is war," the passengers joined the singing, except for a group of marines, piled like cordwood in the rear of the car, who stoutly sang "From the Halls of Montezuma." The conductor, grown grizzled in the service of the line, came upon the scene and frankly wept.

Aloof in his Diesel sanctum, the engineer released the throttle or whatever the hell they do, and the train rolled forward.

I had just come from six months in Oklahoma, which is a dry state. In Oklahoma, if you want some whisky, you go to the nearest hotel and ask the bellboy for a pint. There is a little good-natured formality that you go through before you get it. He asks what kind you want. You say Old Schenley or Ancient Age or Four Roses or some such name. Then he goes down to the basement and finds an empty bottle of the brand you named. He fills that from his gallon jug of moonshine. He brings it to you; you give him five dollars, and after a few secretive winks and expressive smackings of lips you slink off to a dark room and bolt the swill as quickly as you can.

Frequently, as I had lain on an Oklahoma floor waiting for welcome paralysis and oblivion, I had mused about the wet and dissolute North where a man can order a highball and sit in a clean, well-lighted place sipping, smoking, making small talk, and looking out the windows at passers-by as frankly as if he lived a good life. I had promised myself that the very first time I left Oklahoma I would hit for the nearest bar to luxuriate in a resumption of what I liked to think of as civilized lushing.

Always one to keep promises of this nature, I squirmed out from under two women officers who had abused their ranks somewhat and were sitting on my lap, and hacked my way to the club car.

A group of friendly revelers made room for me at their table. "Sit down, Sarge," invited a jovial, round man.

By the time we had reached the Iowa line we were all fast friends. The globular fellow who had invited me to sit down was Leo Nine, a Southern congressman and author of such legislation as the Nine-Estes bill to tax Negroes for *not* voting, the Nine-Coy bill to sell Ellis Island, and the Nine-Carruthers bill to spy school-teachers. He was on his way to Minnesota for

a farm-bloc conference where it was planned to find a new and imaginative interpretation of parity.

Miss Spinnaker, the lady in the party, was a maiden teacher of English at the Harold Stassen High School in Minneapolis. Two men completed the group—Mr. Torkelbergquist, a Minneapolis rubber-goods dealer, and Senor Rarrara, a South American commercial attaché.

The afternoon passed with drinking and conversation. Leo Nine told of crowded Washington conditions and how he himself had scarcely been able to find lodgings. Only after many days of searching, he said, was he able to sublease an apartment from three horribly scarred women who were in Washington posing for propaganda posters.

Torkelbergquist explained the rising birth rate as a consequence of the rubber shortage, speaking, out of deference to Miss Spinnaker, in oblique terms. He had grave Malthusian fears about the outcome of the situation and after a few drinks hinted delicately at regulated female infanticide.

Senor Rarrara told of his country's war effort. Their air force, he said, had lately acquired several pusher-type biplanes and the slingshots of two divisions of infantry had already been replaced with muzzle-loaders. As for their navy—Rarrara chuckled ominously—let any U-boat venture up the Orinoco and it was a dead pigeon.

I looked at posters on three sides of me which proclaimed in turn, "LOOSE LIPS SINK SHIPS," "THE ENEMY IS LISTENING," and "NORTH AND SOUTH, KEEP SHUT THE MOUTH," and I said nothing.

Also silent was Miss Spinnaker. At first she listened attentively to whoever spoke, smiling or chuckling, whichever was warranted, at the proper points in the narratives. But after a bit her attention started to wander. She smiled at the wrong times and once laughed explosively as Leo Nine described the dignity of Lee's bearing at Appomattox. A little later she gave up listening altogether and began sticking her ancient legs out in the aisle to trip the waiters. When the waiters learned to step carefully over her sere limbs, she turned to sticking her thumb in our drinks when we weren't looking, and finally to snatching them up and drinking them.

Chivalrously, these matters were not brought to her attention. The conversation continued. Leo Nine was telling about the pioneer days when his family had crossed the frontier in an Angostura wagon. He had been born on that journey, the tenth child in the family. His father had been a scholar, he explained, and had named him Leo, which means ten in

Latin. At this point Miss Spinnaker began shouting a raucous ballad entitled "Thirty Years a Chambermaid and Never A Kiss I Got." Only then was any note taken of her conduct.

"Really, Miss Spinnaker!" said Leo Nine.

"I suppose," she said, "you think I'm just a dried-up old virgin."

"Really, Miss Spinnaker!" said Torkelbergquist.

"I suppose," she continued, "you think I use a bed just to sleep in."

"Really, Miss Spinnaker!" said Rarrara.

"I suppose you think I don't know what a roll in the hay is."

"Really, Miss Spinnaker!" I said, not caring how many enemy agents heard me.

She drained all four of our glasses as we sat back aghast. "I've worked every cat house from Honolulu to Rio," she announced. "You look surprised. Well, maybe you won't be when you see a picture of how I looked in those days."

She opened her knitting bag and passed around an old daguerreotype. I was only twenty-four years old, but I knew a picture of Lillian Russell when I saw one.

"They called me 'Hot Helen' then. Sometimes just 'Hot.' I serviced 'em all—kings and stevedores, bankers and draymen. Jim Fisk gave me this." She showed us a trylon-and-perisphere souvenir ring from the 1939 New York World's Fair. " 'Hot Jim' I used to call him."

She lit a cigarette recklessly. "During the Bull Moose convention I did twelve thousand dollars' business in one night," she said. "That was my best night, but I had plenty almost as good. Don't worry, I've got a nice little nest egg stashed away in the Morgan Bank. Old J. P.'s taking care of it for me. 'Hot J. P.' I used to call him."

A new waiter walked by, and she tripped him neatly. She reached over and swiped a drink from the next table.

"I've shilled every crooked wheel from Singapore to Hatteras," she roared. " 'Lucky Lou' they used to call me. I dealt six-pack bezique to prime ministers and played the shell game with bumpkins. Arnold Rothstein gave me this." She showed us the ring again.

" 'Hot Arnold' I used to call him.

"Poker, craps, dominoes, faro, blackjack, euchre, red dog—I know 'em all. Name your game, gents. I'll play any man from any land any game he can name for any amount he can count."

She rose unsteadily to her feet. "Wait'll I go to the toilet, and I'll tell you all about the days I ran Chinks over the border."

She lurched down the aisle. "I once smuggled (continued on page 8)



*"I thought he was going to ask me for my hand—
but he had another part of my anatomy in mind."*

THREE DAY PASS (continued from page 6)

in Sun Yat-Sen. 'Hot Sun' I used to call him," she yelled over her shoulder.

She stumbled into the nearest lavatory, exiting hurriedly, speeded by the shouts of angry men.

"Well, gentlemen," said Leo Nine, "we're almost in. I guess I'll be going. Now, you all be sure to look me up when you're in Washington."

"You bet," we said.

Torkelbergquist and Rarrara left immediately afterward, each inviting me to look him up.

"You bet," I said.

After a while Miss Spinnaker came walking feebly back. She was very pale. She sank weckly into a chair. "I was told," she said, "that if you drink a tablespoon of olive oil before you begin, it doesn't affect you."

"It doesn't work," I said.

"No, I suppose not." She looked at me for a long while. "Weren't you in my English class a few years ago?"

"About ten years ago."

"Miller," she said, remembering. "Harold Miller."

"Daniel."

"Yes, Daniel. It's nice seeing you, Daniel."

"Nice to see you too, Miss Spinnaker."

We both looked out the window. We were coming into Minneapolis.

• • •

I spent my first day at home with the folks. Ordinarily I would have spent the evening with my girl, Estherlee, but Estherlee and I had had a slight misunderstanding, and she was now busy going steady with a marine.

The night before I had left for the Army we had, as she euphemistically put it, "gone all the way." A quick unsatisfactory spasm it had been, but, nonetheless, a major step. Weeks of conversations, reassurances, plans, vacillations, considerations, rationalizations, yeas and nays, pros and cons, had preceded the act. At length a sort of agreement had been reached, an agreement that had half negated itself during its actual consummation.

I'd enlisted in the aviation cadets just before graduation from the University of Minnesota. I waited through the summer for my induction orders. During the days I went around doing little kindnesses for people so that they would remember me favorably when I was dead. The nights were spent with Estherlee in hot, desperate clinging. Bravely we talked about how dulcet and decorous it was to die for one's country. From our morbid convictions it followed naturally that we deserved a little of the *summum bonum* before it was too late; would in fact, be remiss not to take it. So we talked and necked and hemmed

and hawed and needled one another into emotional turmoils until the night before I left, when we finally agreed that my certain destiny outweighed the moral considerations. In spite of gnawing last-minute doubts and fantastic inexperience on her part and acute nervousness on mine, it was done. I went off dry-eyed to war.

For three weeks I was an aviation cadet. As eager as any of them, I bounded from my bed at reveille, learned to salute, drill, march, and sing the Air Corps song, did calisthenics that previously I had seen only on the Orpheum circuit, ran around the camp during my off-duty hours to develop my mind, read nothing but aircraft-silhouette books, and took ice-cold showers. By God, I said, feeling my flabby muscles congeal, I'm going to get some of them bastards before they get me.

Then I washed out on a slight technicality—something about I couldn't see.

I was transferred to the Air Force ground forces and sent to a new Oklahoma airfield as a member of the Headquarters Company. When they gave me a desk and a typewriter of my very own, I considered suicide. In my righteous, civilianish opinion, a soldier who held a desk job was a slacker, unless he was deathly ill, and such I suspected of malingering. But I soon learned you don't put ten million citizens in an army and get them where they have to be, fully trained and fully equipped, without a million miles of paper. Every spoon in every mess kit and every Flying Fortress has to be accounted for. I soon saw that each soldier who types, files, and records papers is in every sense a soldier. I learned my work and learned it well; my rapid promotions proved that.

I had, however, some difficulty convincing my girl. There she was, sitting in Minneapolis, trying to convince herself that our last night was something fine and beautiful and waiting for my death notice to square her conscience. And there were my letters coming from bombproof Oklahoma: "Darling, today I was promoted to private first class." "Darling, today I was promoted to corporal." "Darling, today I was promoted to sergeant." "Darling, today I'm real busy getting out a survey of non-expendable office supplies." "Darling, today I cut my finger on the edge of a piece of paper. I went to the infirmary and they put some sulfa on it, and it feels better already. Isn't sulfa wonderful?"

Estherlee sat there waiting for "The War Department regrets" and I sent her news of promotions and cut fingers. She got hotter and hotter, and her letters got colder and colder. In her last one she said, "You must be

feeling proud of yourself sitting there in Oklahoma at your safe job and knowing that you got what you wanted from me."

"I should live so long, Estherlee," I wrote back, "that little episode is all forgotten. It means nothing to me."

I must have said something wrong, because after that she started going steady with the marine.

My second day home, I visited my old alma mater. I wandered across the green campus. Leggy coeds flexed and posed, apparently to keep in practice, because, except for a few underage freshmen, there were no men in sight. Emboldened by sharp, two-noted whistles and undeniable winks, I stopped and talked to a group of four coeds. "Nice day," I said.

"It certainly is, Lieutenant," cooed one, smiling and wiggling late pubic acquisitions.

"This spring weather," sighed another, slithering sinuously over the grass. "It does something to me. Does it do something to you, Captain?"

"I feel so kind of cuddly and lovey, Major," a third confessed, debarking a young spruce with her writhing back.

The fourth went all out. "Colonel," she panted, "let's."

I escaped with bruises and continued my walk. There were coeds everywhere. Some leaned against buildings. Some hung out of windows. Some sat in convertibles with motors running (both the convertibles' and the coeds). Some fidgeted on the grass. All kept their eyes peeled for the infrequent male—the draftproof aeronautical-engineering student, the medical student finishing his course under army sponsorship, the seventeen-year-old freshman, the bald or balding professor.

One of the last-named fell in beside me as I walked. "I won't deny," he said, guessing what I was thinking, "that at first I was pleased by all this. To be whistled at, jostled against, and mentally undressed by an attractive young woman is flattering. I am still a young man, relatively speaking, and I am still a sound man biologically if I exercise prudence. It is not unpleasant to be the object of such lascivious overtures, and there is some poetic justice in it too.

"In previous years I used to stare at these girls and think my thoughts, and when I reached the boiling point, as it were, I went to an understanding trollop who served me at these times. I never resented the indifference of the coeds, their obliviousness to my feelings. To be sure, I concealed my feelings, for I am a man of dignity. But nonetheless, when a younger man lusted after one of these young women, no matter how well he disguised his passion, she always was aware of it and acted accordingly. But I—when I saw them rolling a stocking or (continued on page 10)

LIKE MR. SPIDER, the smart playboy keeps his surroundings inviting—and that means simple and modern. You can forget the idea that a cluttered apartment is typically masculine and, therefore, charming as hell to the ladies.

Today's female gives a guy's quarters the once over and if they're on the corny side, she's apt to figure the guy is too. And good taste isn't just a matter of money; you can furnish a place simply and effectively on a relatively small bank roll.

The striking designs on this page were created by New Dimensions as the finishing touch for truly modern, livable rooms. They're fresh in concept, durable in construction, reasonably priced, and they can make a playboy's apartment an exciting place even when the lights are on.

1.) Wire mesh ashtrays with glass inserts, 6" diameter (left), \$2.50, 8" diameter (center), \$3.50; cigarette container, \$1.30.

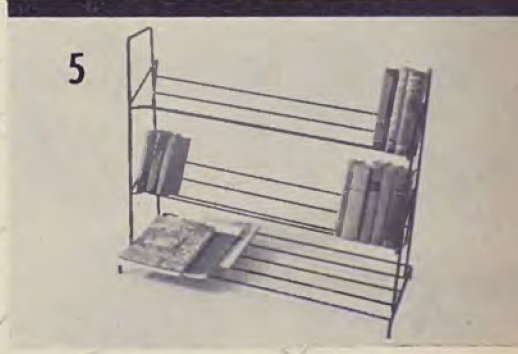
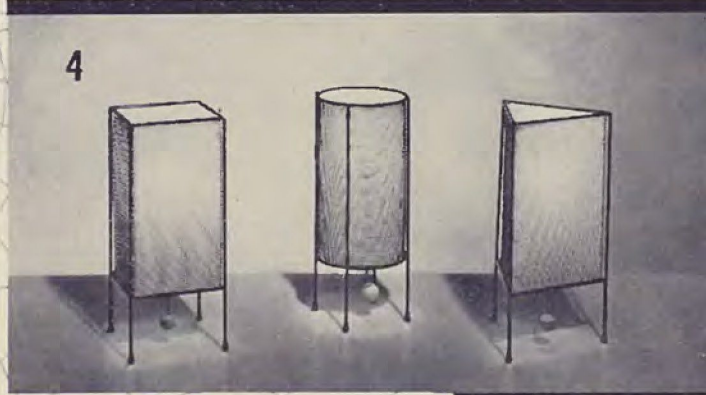
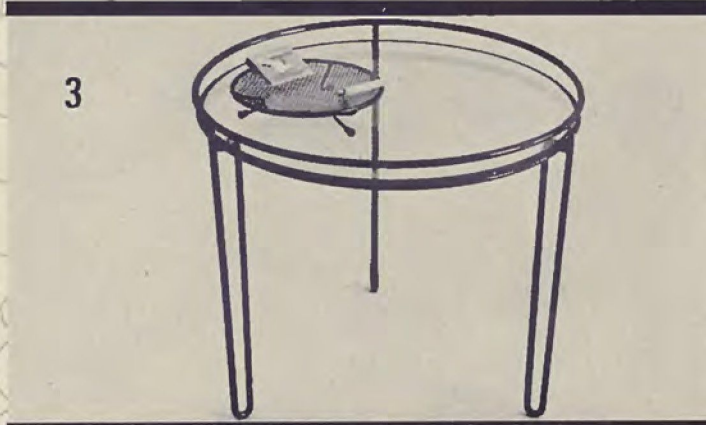
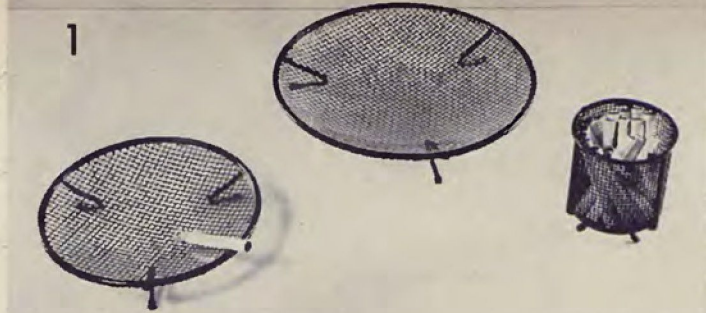
2.) Wine cradle, in black steel, \$4.00, or brass, \$5.00.

3.) Cocktail table in black steel, with thick glass top, 16" diameter 15" high.

4.) Steel mesh table lamps with fiber glass shades, 12¼" high, square, round, or triangular, \$13.00 each.

5.) Steel rod book and magazine rack, 30" high, 36" long, \$20.00. Any of these pieces can be ordered through The Men's Shop; address **PLAYBOY**, 11 E. Superior St., Chicago 11, Illinois.

design



**"WON'T
YOU
STEP INTO
MY
PARLOR?"**



take a tip from the spider: he makes his web attractive.

THREE DAY PASS (continued from page 8)

settling a twisted breast in its harness (braziers, I believe they are called), they would proceed with their tasks as unhurriedly as though a glimpse of thigh or mammae had no more effect on me than on a hall tree.

"But, as I say, I did not resent that. I am a teacher to whose care the young are entrusted for learning. I considered it an oblique tribute to my excellence as a teacher that these young women did not think of me as a man. Nevertheless, I was gratified at first when I became one of the few remaining men on the campus and cognizance was taken of my gender at least. Now when I see them rolling a stocking they hoist their skirts down with alacrity. But now they roll their stockings whenever they think I'm looking.

"At first, I say, I was gratified. But soon it became disconcerting. I have neither the money nor the strength to make all the visits to my friend that I have felt the need for in recent months. And to make advances to a student is unthinkable. Caught between the Scylla of excitement and the Charybdis of age plus a fixed income, I am going to pot.

"I have offered my services to the Army, but they informed me that the demand for experts in Byzantine architecture is slack at this time and that no boom is anticipated."

He stopped in front of a lecture hall.

"Now," he said, "I am going to give a lecture. There is one man in my class, a frail youth whose health precludes military service. God grant that he is well enough to be here today so that I may fasten my eyes on him and thus be able to deliver my lecture. I cannot stand much more of breast and leg and hot, mascaraed eyes. Good-by, young man. Buy bonds."

After an afternoon on campus, I required the services of the professor's friend myself.

• • •

I spent the last evening of my pass with Sam Wye. Sam was home on furlough after eighteen months of engineer's training. He looked happy and fit—his shoulders had broadened, his bucktoothed squirrel's face was brown underneath his crew haircut.

Sam was a strange fellow. Let's not say he was sadistic—let's just call him mischievous. Yes, *mischievous* governed his every action. Anyone who was around Sam long enough—a whole evening, for instance—would most certainly become involved in his machinations. Not even his own mother and father were exempt. Those two had been living acutely incomplete lives since Sam had convinced them that normal relations past forty result in

curvature of the spine.

His dog, Nero, was also a study in neurosis. By walking past Nero every day for weeks with a plate of hamburger, then going into his room, closing the door, and purring, Sam had persuaded the hapless beast that he was discriminating against him in favor of a cat. He further rocked Nero's sanity by feigning inadvertence and calling him Kitty.

Sam's torts against me included signing my name to letters he sent to the *Atlanta Constitution* urging the practice of miscegenation, alienating a young woman with whom I was making good progress by telling her that all my forebears were midgets, and prevailing upon me to make a fourth in a quarter-of-a-cent bridge game with three strangers who he knew full well were a touring bridge-exhibition team. On these occasions and many more I had soberly considered breaking with him, but with a world full of dullards, you don't cast off Sam Wyes.

On this particular evening, we went to the Sty, a charming little tearoom on the edge of town run by a retired madame. Red, green, and yellow neon lights bathed the front of the place in a soft glow, and cheery signs blinked: "CHECKS CASHED," "BEST FLOOR SHOW IN TOWN," "OPEN ALL NIGHT," "DRINK OLD SPECIMEN," and "BUY BONDS." The proprietress, looking old-worldly in a red satin gown slit down one side to expose a flaccid thigh, bid us welcome at the door. "Just in time, gents," she said. "Floor show's just going on."

And indeed it was. We paid our three-dollar *couvert* and were relegated to a newly built, but as yet unenclosed addition within artillery range of the dance floor. Renting binoculars from a cigarette girl in a rather daring costume (she was mother naked), we adjusted the lenses and watched the first number.

It was entitled simply "America." A line of lasses clad in red, white and blue G-strings and a dab of phosphorus on each nipple advanced to the center of the floor, kicked once to the left, once to the right, about-faced, touched buttocks by pairs, about-faced, and screeched a charming patriotic ditty that ended, "*We'll stick with our boys through thick and thin, Uncle Sammy-Whammy's going to win!*"

They waited for the laggards among them to finish, kicked once to the left, once to the right, about-faced, touched buttocks by pairs (a routine they knew consummately), and retired from the floor.

We ordered drinks from a waiter who was about to get nasty about it. "Can't live off'n people just settin'

around," he chided gently as he brought our watered whisky and water.

Two ripe matrons came over to our table. The bolder one said, "We been watching you two soldiers, and we thought you might be lonesome, so we though we'd join you if you don't mind."

"For patriotic reasons," said the other.

They sat down. "I'm Mrs. Spetalnik, said the first, "and this is my girl friend, Mrs. Gooberman."

"Blanche and Marge," supplied the second.

"Which is which?" asked Sam.

His little jest dispelled the formality, and we fast became friends. We ordered drinks, whiskey for us, sloe-gin fizzes for the ladies. "I seldom ever drink," said Blanche, whom I had drawn. "It just helps sometimes to get away from the war. Know what I mean?"

"I understand," I said simply.

"What's your gentlemen's names?" asked Madge.

"Oh, excuse me," Sam said. "This is Robert Jordan, and I am Montag Fortz."

"Pleased, I'm sure," they said.

"I'll bet you gentlemen have seen plenty of action," Blanche said.

"I, nothing. But Robert—" said Sam. "Tell them of the bridge, Robert."

"The floor show," I said.

The m. c. was at the microphone calling for order. During the preceding number, a routine in which the girls from the chorus had wandered among the tables patting the customers' heads, one of them had failed to return, and there was some confusion. At length the m. c. restored quiet. "And now, ladies and gentlemen," he said, "let's get serious for a moment. We're all having a lot of fun, but our hearts are with the boys over there." A blue spot was thrown on him, and the pianist played soft chords. "Everybody here has got somebody near and dear to them over there," he continued. "Let's take time out for a minute and think of them. They haven't got it easy in the mud and filth of their fox holes. They never know when death will strike them, but they don't complain. They've got a job to do."

Blanche's hand stole into mine.

"We're all doing all we can on the home front." There was a round of applause. "But we must do even more, although it don't hardly seem possible. So tonight Miss Emma Fligg, proprietress of the Sty, has arranged a little added attraction."

Miss Fligg stuck her leg through the slit in her dress and bowed in acknowledgement of the ovation.

"Tonight," the m. c. went on, "we're all going to have a chance to make a further contribution toward speeding the day (continued on page 16)



HOW TO APPLY FOR A JOB by SHEPHERD MEAD

LET US ASSUME you are young, healthy, clear-eyed and eager, anxious to rise quickly and easily to the top of the business world.

You can!

If you have education, intelligence, and ability, so much the better. But remember that thousands have reached the top without them. You, too, can be among the lucky few.

Just have courage, and memorize the simple rules in this series of articles in the next few issues of **PLAYBOY**.

CHOOSE THE RIGHT COMPANY

This is the first essential, neglected by so many. There are thousands and thousands of "right" companies. Find them. Make sure *your* company fits

these easy requirements:

1. *It must be BIG.* In fact, the bigger the better. It should be big enough so that nobody knows *exactly* what anyone else is doing.

2. *It should be in a Big City.* This is not essential, but it helps. New York City is best, but many others will qualify. The reasons are too complicated to be taken up here, but will be discussed thoroughly in a later article.

3. *Beware of "Service" Companies.* Be sure yours is a company that *makes* something, and that somebody else has to make it. Any company with a factory will do. Beware of organizations offering personal services, whether they be law offices, advertising agencies, or animal hospitals. They will give you few opportunities to relax, or to plan

your future.

This will leave you a wide field. Remember, you are about to embark on the sea of life. It is important to choose men you would like to *sail* with.

DON'T BE A SPECIALIST

If you have a special knack, such as drawing or writing, forget it. You may receive more at the very start for special abilities, but don't forget the Long Haul. You don't want to wind up behind a filing case drawing or writing!

It is the ability to Get Along, to Make Decisions, and to Get Contacts that will drive you ahead. Be an "all-around" man of no special ability and you will rise to the top.

The first of a series of articles on how to succeed in business without really trying.



Suppose you happen to run into the head of a large corporation.

HOW TO GET THE INTERVIEW

The first step is to get in, to get the appointment. A friend's recommendation is helpful, or a letter stating useful experience. But if you have no useful friends or any related experience, don't be discouraged!

Use an Idea. For Dad, a bright, chatty "come-on" letter and a snappy photo were enough. Not so today. Your prospect throws away a basketful of them every day. Your Presentation will have to stand out. Be original! Be dramatic!

Think how *you* would feel if you were a personnel man and a quartet arrived singing a clever set of lyrics like "He's a Big Man, Rivers!" to the tune of "Old Man River." Or, "The Smith a Mighty Man Is He."

If your name isn't Rivers or Smith, a few moments' thought will turn up a dandy for *you*.

Another sock idea is a boxing glove and prayer book, attached to a snappy note beginning: "For that old Sunday punch you need a man like (*Insert your name here*)."

Remember this: It's easy to drop a letter in the wastebasket, but it's hard to overlook a piece of artillery or a Shetland pony.

Think up one yourself. The surface has barely been scratched.

Warning: Avoid Sentimentality. A lock of your hair, a photo of you as a tiny tot, or a baby shoe may force a tear, but it will not get you a job.

REFERENCES

Always include references in your presentation. If few people will speak well of you, list uncles or cousins with different surnames.

A good trick is to list a recently deceased tycoon, scratching his name off lightly.

"Poor Bunny," you will say later in the interview, "I'll take his name off my new résumé."

SEIZE YOUR OPPORTUNITIES

Though you, as a keen young man, must plot a straight course and an accurate one for your business career, leaving little to chance, you must nevertheless be ready on an instant's notice for the knock of Opportunity.

This is particularly true in the early stages before you make your connection.

Suppose, for example, you happen to run into the head of a large corporation:

"Oops, sorry, Mr. Biggley, didn't mean to knock you down!"

"You blasted idiot!"

"I was just coming to ask you for a job, sir —"

"Dammit, you imbecile, what do you think we have a personnel man for?"

Seize your opportunity! Go to the personnel man:

"I was speaking to J. B. Biggley only this morning."

"Biggley himself?"

"He said to see you."

"Not old J. B.!"

"Oh, yes. Just happened to run into him."



Sex will be farthest from the male interviewer's thoughts!



RACONTEUR



BACK SLAPPER

"Well, well, Mr. uh —"

"Finch. Pierrepont Finch."

"Well, this may be over my level, Mr. Finch. Perhaps you ought to see Mr. Bratt."

And so, in one way or another, you will have stormed the gates and the company of your choice will be quick to grant you that important interview.

HOW TO DRESS

Once you have been granted an appointment, prepare carefully. The impression you must convey is that you don't really *need* this job — the job needs *you*. It is a challenge. Dress with this in mind.

The note is one of studied carelessness. By all means wear a Madison Avenue Sack Suit. If one is not available to you, borrow any old suit from a comparatively shapeless friend, remove the padding, and roll about in it on a clean level surface.

Accessories should be kept in the same minor key. A black knit tie is good for creating the feeling that you don't really give a damn. Wear shoes of the same pair. No good being *too* relaxed.

NO MUSTACHE

Avoid not only mustaches, but also sideburns and chin whiskers. Men

with facial hair are seldom trusted. (Later you will have more latitude, as you will see when we discuss Junior Executives.)

A WORD TO WOMEN

Women are often hired by women, but it is well to be prepared for any emergency. If you're not sure of your interviewer, it is best to bring along a handy Convertible Kit. This consists of a Salvation Army hat (insignia removed), heavy glasses, zip-on Mother Hubbard, and an extra pair of flat-heeled shoes. These can all be slipped on quickly in the reception room after the receptionist says,



IMBIBER



BACK STABBER



HAND SHAKER



POLITICIAN



POKER PLAYER



DECISION MAKER

"Miss Blank will see you now." If, of course, it is *Mister Blank* who will see you, just leave your equipment in a neat pile in the reception room. No one will take it.

Aside from your Convertible Kit, dress carefully, with *Mister Blank* in mind. Nothing will be wasted because if you do get the job, these will be your regular working clothes.

It must be remembered that the well-bred girl is always fully clothed in the office. The broken shoulder strap, the deeply split skirt, and the bare midriff are *de trop* in most businesses. The bright girl soon learns that these devices are not only in bad taste, but are *not* necessary.

It is not skin area but *contour* that counts.

A few simple experiments with sweaters, jerseys, and a slightly smaller dress size will bring pleasing and surprising results. One young lady who made a careful study of contour planning found that results were little short of breath-taking. The male workers were stimulated and encouraged, and though production dropped slightly, it was *more* than made up for in better morale, and greatly improved *esprit de corps*.

A common stumbling block to contour planning is occasional lack of contour. However, those not blessed by nature need not be discouraged. Science has come to your rescue! Several good commercial devices may now be purchased freely.

The fact that your contour-corrected attire may seem sexy should not disturb you. Sex will be farthest from the male interviewer's thoughts! He will be thinking of your mind. However, he will have learned in the School of Hard Knocks that good minds are most often found in good bodies, and that beauty and brains only too often go hand in hand!

THE CASUAL MANNER

Always remember that in business there are plenty of grubby little people to do the work, but a person of real charm is a pearl indeed. This is what your interviewer will be seeking and you must help him (or her) to find it.

Remain relaxed, casual, friendly, and sympathetic. Imply that you, too, have sat on his side of the desk.

"I know what a nasty chore this interviewing is," you say.

"You get used to it."

"I wouldn't mind if it were always *people like us.*"

Note the "*people like us.*" It is always well to *include the interviewer.*

Some other valuable phrases:

"The money is secondary. I'd like to be one of you people."

Or:

"The *human* values are the important thing, don't you think?"

DON'T BE PINNED DOWN

He will be interested in you *as a person.* Encourage this. But he may ask you specific questions about experience, just to make conversation. Parry these skillfully.

"But exactly what did you *do*, Mr. Finch?" he may ask.

"All phases of the operation. I'll send you a detailed résumé." (*He'll forget this.*)

"But couldn't you tell me just *one*

—"

"I like that picture! Van Gogh?"

Keep him off balance. But keep things on a high plane!

"WHY DID YOU LEAVE?"

If you are leaving a job, or if you have a job and are seeking a better one, you may be asked, "Why did you leave?" or "Why do you want to leave?"

Even if you were fired, and thrown bodily out the door, remember this: *Don't be bitter.* This would mark you as a sorehead, or difficult personality.

Remember these phrases:

"They're a grand bunch of people."

Or:

"They were mighty happy years, mighty."

Since this, of course, will not answer your interviewer's question, he may repeat, "Well, then, why did (do) you want to leave?"

Tread carefully here! The impression you want to convey is that you can get along with *anyone*, no matter how difficult. Imply that you, somehow, were *above* them.

"I felt that I had outgrown them," is useful.

Or:

"Let's face it. They're not up to you people."

Or:

"Well, it's an *old* outfit. I want to work with *young* men." (*If the interviewer is young.*)

Or (*if he is old*):

"Somehow they seem a bit callow. I want a shop with *experience!*"

After a few such interviews you will be hired quickly. You will then have your foot on the first rung of the ladder.

(Next month: "How to Rise from the Mail Room.")





NUDES BY WEEGEE

THE GUY with three eyes is known as Weegee, and he has built a considerable reputation as a photographer of the streets of New York—capturing, on film, the humor, foibles, and tragedy of a big city's people. The best of these pictures were collected a few years back in a remarkable volume titled *Naked City*.

Recently Weegee packed up his photographic paraphernalia and took himself a trip to Hollywood. What he brought back was quite a shock to those familiar with his more realistic camera style. The best of these have been collected in a book titled *Naked Hollywood*, with captions by Mel Harris, published by Pellegrini and Cudahy. As the samples on this page illustrate, Weegee found Hollywood a very naked place indeed, and just as out-of-this-world as we'd always heard it was.



pictorial

THREE DAY PASS *(continued from page 10)*

of victory. Come out, Miss Petite." Miss Petite came out. "Ladies and gentlemen, Dawn Petite!"

Dawn Petite was dressed in a costume of four strategically placed war bonds. "Who'll buy my bonds?" she asked.

"Yes, ladies and gentlemen," said the m. c., "who'll buy Miss Petite's bonds and win the privilege of taking them off? The first one goes for \$18.75."

A large man in a black, pin-striped suit with a black shirt and a yellow tie rushed forward. He lunged at Miss Petite. "Whoa," chuckled the m. c. "Just a minute. What is your name, sir?"

"Ed Tarboosh," he said impatiently, and started for Miss Petite.

"And what is your occupation?"

"Riveter."

"Riveter!" cried the m. c.

The patrons stamped and whistled. "I suppose you're working on war materials," said the m. c.

"Yeh, yeh."

"Well, Mr. Tarboosh, I want to say for everyone here that we're grateful to you home-front soldiers."

"The bond," said Mr. Tarboosh.

"All right. Now, Miss Petite, will you kindly turn around and let Mr. Tarboosh take his \$18.75 bond?"

Although Mr. Tarboosh was more than a little disappointed, he made the best of it.

"The next two go for \$37.50 apiece," said the m. c.

"I'll take them both," cried a slavering fellow running up with cupped hands.

"Your name, sir?"

"Hitler," he answered. "Everybody kids me about it. I don't think they should. I'm a good American."

"I should say you are, Mr. Hitler," said the announcer. "You're certainly showing the proper spirit tonight."

"I do my best," said Mr. Hitler.

Which he also did in collecting his bonds.

"The last bond goes for \$75," said the m. c.

Instantly the place was in an uproar. From the melee one man finally reeled, his left arm hanging useless, a broken beer bottle in his right. He snarled at the m. c., knocked the microphone down, and went forward to claim his reward as the lights went off. When they went on again, Miss Petite was in her dressing room nursing a chill and the m. c. was imploring everyone out on the floor to dance.

"Tell us about the bridge," said Blanche to me.

"Would you care to gavotte?" I asked.

"You got to show me how," she said, taking my arm.

The dance floor was jammed with

war workers and their wives, war workers and other men's wives, war workers' wives and other men, and war workers' wives dancing with war workers' wives. Blanche and I inserted ourselves into the mass and were imbedded in erotic juxtaposition until the music stopped. We met Sam, who had also been dancing, as the impressions of his brass buttons on Madge's bare midriff testified, and we all went back to our table.

There were four strangers sitting at it, a pair of twin brothers and a pair of twin sisters. We looked at them askance. "Your table?" asked one of the brothers jovially. "Well, think nothing of it. Come on, Al, we'll get some more chairs." They reconnoitered briefly, unseated four near-by women, and came back in a moment with the chairs.

"Sit down, sit down," boomed the one who wasn't Al. "Plenty of room. Glad to have you, soldiers. We've got a couple of twin brothers in the Army ourselves, haven't we, Al?"

"Yes," said Al.

We squeezed around what had originally been a tête-à-tête table.

"P. B. Gelt's my name," continued Al's brother, "and this is my brother Al. Used cars is our business. You've heard of Gelt and Gelt. 'If your last car smelt, try Gelt and Gelt.' And these are the Vanocki twins, Vera and Viola. Met 'em at the twins' convention in St. Paul last year. Damn fine girls."

They blushed in unison.

"Charmed," said Sam. "This is Madge Spetalnik and Blanche Goberman and Robert Jordan and I am Montag Fortz."

"Well, that's fine," said P. B. "Waiter, eight shots of gin. Fortz did you say your name was? I used to know a Fortz, didn't I, Al?"

"Yes," said Al.

"I remember now. Sold him a '27 Essex a couple of years ago. Had over 100,000 miles on it, two sprung axles, cracked block, and not an inch of wiring. He never even got it home," chuckled P. B. "No relation of yours, I hope."

"My father," said Sam. "He spent his last nickel for that car. My mother was selling shoelaces door to door at that time. She was out at a little settlement about thirty miles north of here when she was suddenly stricken with scrofula. The only chance was to get some serum to her immediately, and the only way to reach her was by car. Dad pawned everything he had in the world to buy that car. He didn't make it."

"Well, see here," said P. B., "I feel I ought to do something—"

"It doesn't matter," said Sam. "She was getting old anyway."

"It's nice of you to say so," said

P. B. The waiter brought the drinks. "Eight more. By God, Fortz, you're not paying for a thing tonight. That's the least I can do."

"I'll bet you gentlemen have seen plenty of action," said Vera and Viola in unison.

"Robert has," said Blanche. "Tell them about the bridge, Robert."

"Mustn't let our drinks get cold," I said brightly.

We drank. "We've got a pair of twin brothers in the service," said P. B. "They're walkie-talkies."

"What about the bridge?" chorused Vera and Viola.

"Oh," I said, "I used to play a little bridge, that's all. Tell me, Mr. Gelt, how is the used-car business? I understand it's getting difficult to find good ones."

"Well," said P. B. pontifically, "it is and it isn't. You got to know where to find them. I got a '38 Olds on the lot—drive it away for \$1,100, cash or terms—that's a little dandy. Just as good as brand new. Even better, 'cause it's been broke in. Used to belong to an old one-legged lady who just drove it back and forth in the garage for a few minutes every Sunday afternoon. Hardly a mile on the speedometer. Interested, Jordan? Might make a price for a serviceman."

"No," I said, "no, I don't think so. I was thinking of something bigger than an Olds, a Mercedes-Benz or a Rolls, perhaps."

"He got used to foreign cars while he was on the other side," Sam explained.

"Why don't you tell 'em about the bridge, hon?" asked Blanche.

"Well, look who's here!" I said. "The waiter! I certainly am glad to see you."

We drank, and P. B. ordered eight more. "By God, Fortz," he said, "I'm sorry about your mother."

"Forget it," said Sam. "She was a nuisance."

Blanche tugged at my sleeve. "Go on, tell 'em, Bob," she urged.

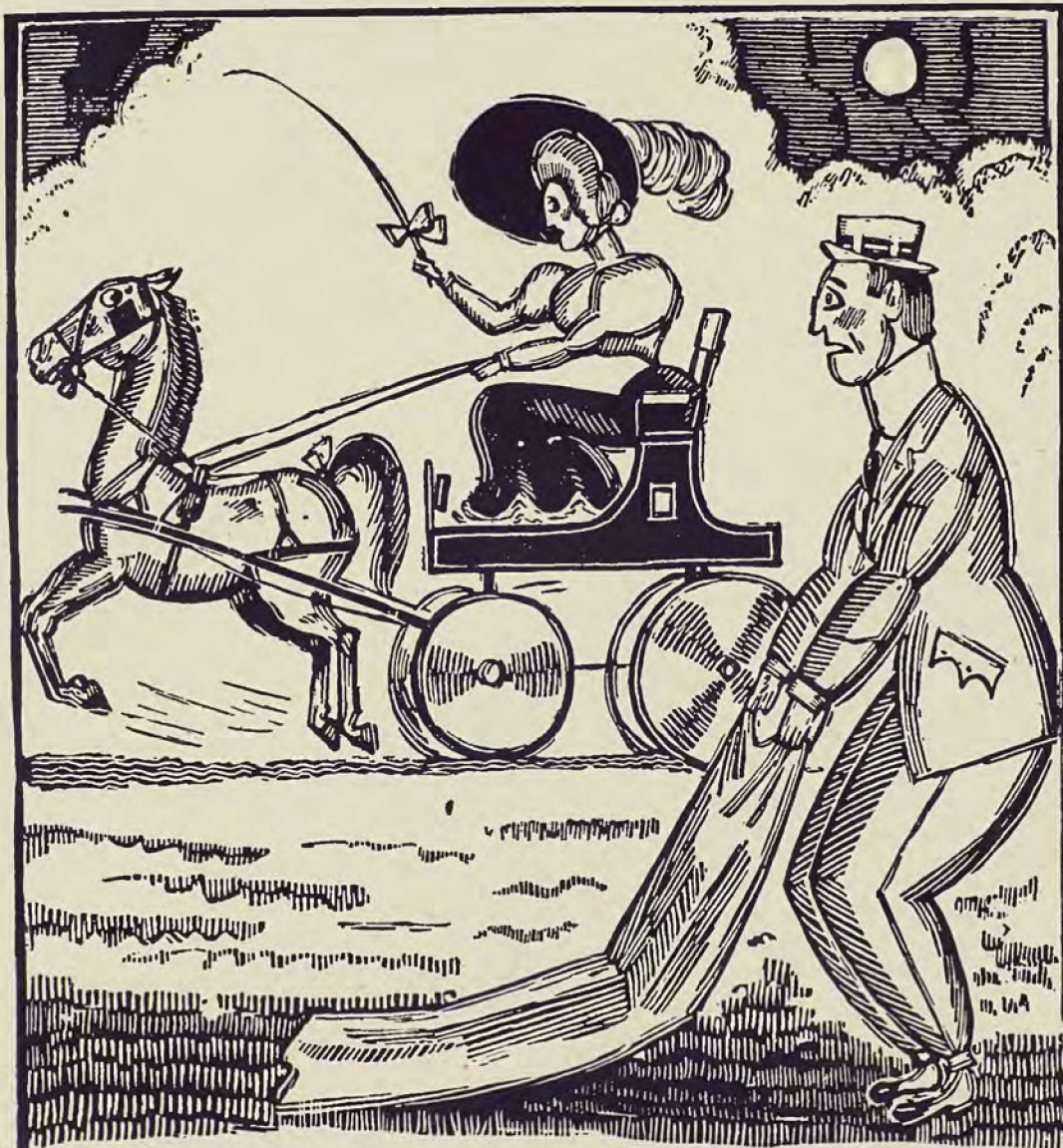
Miss Fligg was making the rounds of the tables. "Oh, Miss Fligg," I called. She came over. "I just wanted to tell you how much we're enjoying ourselves."

"That's real nice, dearie," she said. "I try to run a nice homey place where people can have a little fun and take their minds off the terrible war."

"Ain't it the truth?" Blanche agreed. "I seldom ever drink, but it helps sometimes to get away from the war, like you say."

The waiter brought the drinks. "Won't you have one?" I asked.

Miss Fligg laughed lightly. "No thanks, dearie. Got to watch my figger." She exhibited her gnarled leg through the slit in her gown. "What are you drinking, gin? Have you tried a Sty Stinger? Specialty of the house. One part rye, *(continued on page 18)*



AN ORIGINAL JOHN HELD JR. WOOD-CUT ENTITLED:
"SHE SAVED HER HONOR" OR
"FOOLING THE COLLEGE BOY"
ENGRAVED BY JOHN HELD JR.
ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES the best is none to good

THREE DAY PASS (continued from page 16)

one part beer, and one part pure U. S. P. alky. Bring these folks a round of Sty Stingers," she told the waiter. "Well, folks, enjoy yourselves. I got to go to the kitchen and watch the cook. That sonofabitch puts butter in the sandwiches when I ain't looking."

We drank the gin. The waiter brought the Sty Stingers and we drank those.

"How about the God-damn bridge?" asked Madge.

"Yes, tell us, Bobby," said Blanche.

"Yes, tell us about the bridge," said Vera and Viola together.

"We'd like to hear about it, Jordan," said P. B. "Wouldn't we, Al?"

"Yes," said Al.

"You tell them or I will," Sam threatened.

It was the Sty Stinger on top of the gin and whisky that did it. "Go obnoxious thyself," I told Sam. "I will tell them. Who blew the bridge?"

"Thee," said Sam.

"Clearly," I said. "It was really nothing. Nada. A little bridge. A boy of twelve could have blown it."

"Thou art modest," said Sam. "It was a formidable bridge. The grandmother of all bridges. The Frank Sinatra of bridges."

"Was it a cantilever bridge or a suspension bridge?" asked P. B.

"What's the difference?" inquired Madge.

"A cantilever bridge is supported by spans," P. B. explained, "and a suspension bridge hangs from wires."

"Hangs from wires?" Madge asked.

"Where do the wires come from?"

"From the wire factory," Sam said.

"Tell them of the bridge, Roberto."

"That of the bridge fills me with sadness," I sighed. "I keep thinking of Anselmo."

"Who's Anselmo?" asked the twin sisters.

"Private First Class Herbert Anselmo," Sam said. "He helped Robert with the bridge. He was killed."

"Nevertheless, it was done," I said stoutly. "The Moors did not attack over that bridge."

"Where was the bridge?" Madge asked.

"Where do you suppose the Moors are?" asked P. B. irritably. "In Moorocco, naturally. Aren't they, Al?"

"Yes," said Al.

"Before I tell," I suggested, "let us have more of those drinks with the rare name."

"Eight Sty Stingers," P. B. told a waiter.

"A rare name," I said.

"Did you blow the bridge?" Blanche asked.

"Did I not," I said. "I ask thee, Montag."

"Oh, did thee not," said Sam.

"Oh, did I not," I said.

The waiter brought another round. I drank mine, and Sam kindly gave me his, which I also drank.

"Tell them from the beginning," Sam said. "Tell them that of Maria."

"Who's Maria?" Blanche asked.

"She of the short hair like a cropped wheat field," I said dreamily.

"Who?" Blanche demanded.

"Maria Fishbinder," Sam explained.

"A woman with a feather bob who was sent along to keep house for Robert."

"Maria," I breathed. "Ah, *guapa*. Ah, little rabbit."

"What?" said Blanche.

"He says for suppa they used to eat a little rabbit," Sam answered. "You get pretty tired of K ration."

"I can imagine," said Madge. "That kind of stuff ain't natural. One night Rex—Mr. Spetelnik—brought home a little package of green stuff. What's that?" I says. "That's dehydrated spinach," he says. "They's a whole bushel here. All you got to do is add water."

"Rex," I says, "if the Lord had intended for spinach to be like that, he would have grew it that way." I divorced Rex shortly after that. Don't know how I stood him as long as I did. He used to work in the stockyards, and every night he came home with manure on his shoes. He tracked so much manure on the rugs things was growin' there. Believe me you don't know what us women go through."

"Amen," said Blanche. "Gooberman used to keep bees in our dresser. I opened the wrong drawer one night and they raised lumps all over me. I've still got some."

"What about the bridge?" asked Vera and Viola.

"A formidable bridge. The grandmother of all bridges," I said.

"Tell them how thou blowst it up after Pablo stole thy exploder," Sam prompted.

"Unprint him. I this and that on him. That he would steal a man's exploder."

"That's a shoddy thing to do," said P. B.

"It could have been done safely. There was no need for Anselmo to die," I complained softly.

"Tell them how thou climbst among the girders of the bridge and fastened grenades to the explosives," I said.

A man materialized beside me. "Eight Sty Stingers," I said. "A rare name."

"I'm not a waiter," said the man. "I'm John Smith of the *Press-Telegram*. But I'll be glad to buy the drinks if I can hear the rest of that story."

"A reporter?" asked Sam.

"Well, sort of. I'm temporarily on classified ads." John Smith replied.

"A rare name," I said. "Even as I fixed the grenades to the explosives I could hear them coming up the road."

"Who?" asked John Smith.

"The fascists," Sam answered.

"How many of you were there?"

"Only he and Anselmo, who was killed," Sam said.

"And where was this bridge?"

"In Moorocco," said P. B. "Wasn't it, Al?"

"Yes," said Al.

"Maybe I better get a photographer," said John Smith.

"By all means," said Sam.

"Here's your drink," John Smith said to me. "Now you drink this and I'll be right back. Wait for me."

He got back as I finished the Sty Stinger. A rare name. "Now let me have your name and address," he said.

"I'll give you all that later," said Sam. "Let him go ahead with his story. You got a pencil and paper, Mr. Smith?"

"Shoot," he said.

I continued. "I could hear them coming up the road. 'Thee must pull the wire, Anselmo,' I said, 'if they reach the bridge.' 'Nay,' he said, 'not while thou arst on it.' 'It is of no consequence,' I said. 'Thee must pull the wire.'"

"Jeez, what a story!" exclaimed John Smith. "They can't keep me on classified ads after this one."

"She came to me as I lay in the sleeping bag," I said. "Get in, little rabbit," I said. "Nay, I must not," she said. "Get in. It's cold out there," I said. "Thee must show me what to do," she said. "I will learn and I will be thy woman." "Yes," I said fiercely, "yes, yes."

"What's all this?" asked John Smith.

"Nay," said Sam. "Tell them of the bridge. How thou hadst finished one side and they started to fire and thou strungest the wire down the other side and they started to fire and thou finished the other side just as they reached the bridge and thou saidst, 'Pull, Anselmo,' and he pulled and the bridge opened up just like a blossom."

"Did it not," I said. "A formidable bridge."

"This is more than a newspaper story," said John Smith. "This has the makings of a book!"

"You could call it *For Whom The Bell Tolls*," suggested Sam.

"That's no good," said Smith. "Hemingway's already used that title."

"Oh," said Sam.

"P. B. Gelt's my name," said P. B. Gelt. "I imagine a newspaperman like you needs a good car in his business, doesn't he Al?"

"Yes," said Al.

"They're getting scarce. You could do worse than invest in a good car a few years old. They knew how to build cars in those days, believe me. Now I got a '27 Essex—"

"Here's my photographer," said John Smith.

"Of course, if you'd like something a little

(continued on page 50)

FAHRENHEIT 451

by Ray Bradbury

WHAT HAS COME BEFORE

When all houses, everywhere, were made completely fire-proof, 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. *(continued on next page)*



One moment he was smiling—the next he was a shrieking blaze of flame.

FAHRENHEIT 451 (continued from preceding page)

ear-fitting radios and the television "families" that covered three walls of their living room and threatened to invade the fourth.

It unnerved him when he witnessed the death of an old woman who refused to leave her book-infested house when the firemen burned it out; it frightened him when the questioning Clarisse suddenly disappeared and never returned.

Montag felt as though the world were closing in on him — there were 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 guess Montag's every illegal thought. Even the firehouse "hound," a robot with a dope-filled hypodermic snout, seemed unfriendly and snarled mechanically 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."

But Montag was unconvinced. He had stolen books from a dozen fires and hidden them in his house. Now he dug them out and began to read. The Bible, Shakespeare, Plato. The copies he held in his hands might be the last in existence. He tried to interest his wife, but she couldn't understand — she didn't want to.

In desperation, Montag sought out a man named Faber. Faber was a retired English Professor that Montag had met accidentally in a park a long time before. Together they talked — about books, and about the strange, bookless world they lived in. Together, they found strength — together, they determined to fight back in whatever way they could. The Professor had a friend who had been a printer. He could print copies of the books in Montag's possession — that would be a start.

Faber gave Montag a special ear-radio he had invented, so they could communicate. That night, with Faber listening, Montag again snapped under the strain, insulted his wife's friends as they sat watching their favorite television "families," hurled curses after them as they departed.

Back at the firehouse, Captain Beatty began needling Montag with conflicting quotations from some of the great writers of the past — then the fire-alarm sounded. When the Salamander boomed to a halt before the condemned place, Montag looked about him in disbelief.

"Something the matter, Montag?"

Beatty asked.

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

PART THREE

Lights flicked on and house doors opened all down the street, to watch the carnival set up. Montag and Beatty stared, one with dry satisfaction, the other with disbelief, at the house before them, this main ring in which torches would be juggled and fire eaten.

"Well," said Beatty, "now you *did* it. Old Montag wanted to fly near the sun and now that he's burnt his damn wings, he wonders why. Didn't I hint enough when I sent the Hound around your place?"

Montag's face was entirely numb and featureless; he felt his head turn like a stone carving to the dark place next door, set in its bright border of flowers.

Beatty snorted. "Oh, no! You weren't fooled by that little idiot's routine, now, were you? Flowers, butterflies, leaves, sunsets, oh hell! It's all in her file. I'll be damned. I've hit the bullseye. Look at the sick look on your face. A few grass-blades and the quarters of the moon. What trash. What good did she ever *do* with all that?"

Montag sat on the cold fender of the Dragon, moving his head half an inch to the left, half an inch to the right, left, right, left, right, left. . .

"She saw everything. She didn't do anything to anyone. She just let them alone."

"Alone, hell! She chewed around you, didn't she? One of those damn dogooders with their shocked, holier-than-thou silences, their one talent making others feel guilty. God damn, they rise like the midnight sun to sweat you in your bed!"

The front door opened; Mildred came down the steps running, one suitcase held with a dream-like clenching rigidity in her fist, as a beetle-taxi hissed to the curb.

"Mildred!"

She ran past with her body stiff, her face floured with powder, her mouth gone, without lipstick.

"Mildred, you *didn't* put in the alarm!"

She shoved the valise in the waiting beetle, climbed in, and sat mumbling, "Poor family, poor family, oh everything gone, everything, everything gone now. . ."

Beatty grabbed Montag's shoulder as the beetle blasted away and hit seventy miles an hour, far down the street, gone.

There was a crash like the falling parts of a dream fashioned out of warped glass, mirrors, and crystal prisms. Montag drifted about as if still another incomprehensible storm had turned him, to see Stoneman and Black

wielding axes, shattering window-panes to provide cross-ventilation.

The brush of a death's-head moth against a cold black screen. "Montag, this is Faber. Do you hear me? What's happening?"

"This is happening to *me*," said Montag.

"What a dreadful surprise," said Beatty. "For everyone nowadays knows, absolutely is *certain*, that nothing will ever happen to *me*. Others die, *I* go on. There are no consequences and no responsibilities. Except that there *are*. But let's not talk about them, eh? By the time the consequences catch up with you, it's too late, isn't it, Montag?"

"Montag, can you get away, run?" asked Faber.

Montag walked but did not feel his feet touch the cement and then the night grasses. Beatty flicked his igniter nearby and the small orange flame drew his fascinated gaze.

"What is there about fire that's so lovely? No matter what age we are, what draws us to it?" Beatty blew out the flame and lit it again. "It's perpetual motion; the thing man wanted to invent but never did. Or almost perpetual motion. If you let it go on, it'd burn our lifetimes out. What is fire? It's a mystery. Scientists give us gobbledegook about friction and molecules. But they don't really know. Its real beauty is that it destroys responsibility and consequences. A problem gets too burdensome, then into the furnace with it. Now, Montag, you're a burden. And fire will lift you off my shoulders, clean, quick, sure; nothing to rot later. Anti-biotic, aesthetic, practical."

Montag stood looking in now at this queer house, made strange by the hour of the night, by murmuring neighbor voices, by littered glass, and there on the floor, their covers torn off and spilled out like swan-feathers, the incredible books that looked so silly and really not worth bothering with, for these were nothing but black type and yellowed paper and raveled binding.

Mildred, of course. She must have watched him hide the books in the garden and brought them back in. Mildred. Mildred.

"I want you to do this job all by your lonesome, Montag. Not with kerosene and a match, but piecework, with a flame-thrower. Your house, your cleanup."

"Montag, can't you run, get away!"

"No!" cried Montag helplessly. "The Hound! Because of the Hound!"

Faber heard and Beatty, thinking it was meant for him, heard. "Yes, the Hound's somewhere about the neighborhood, so don't try anything. Ready?"

"Ready." Montag snapped the safety-catch on the flame-thrower.

"Fire!"

A great nuzzling gout of fire leapt out to lap at (continued on page 24)



out!

"KILL THE UMPIRE!"

safe!

Some smiles with the pop-bottle targets of baseball

By Jack Strausberg

selected from his book of humorous sports stories, "Now I'll Tell One."

UMPIRES are stubborn people. They have to be. An ump who was easily swayed one way or another wouldn't be worth the price of a bleacher admission in a close ball game. The men in blue learn, therefore, to be stiff-backed about their decisions. An occasional dramatic incident, however, sometimes serves to change a mind here and there.

A Coast League game at Tacoma, Washington was being rained out during the sixth inning. Despite appeals from both teams miserably wading through the terrific downpour, the umpire wouldn't consider calling the game. Brick Devereaux of Los Angeles finally got the point across by coming to bat in the seventh with a life preserver around his neck. The game was called.

An umpire is rarely a popular guy. Whatever decision he makes on a close one, half the crowd thinks they were robbed. One afternoon in Birmingham, Alabama, someone in the crowd called the ump a nasty name. The irate official raced over to the stands and bellowed, "Whoever said that, stand up!"

Everyone on that side of the park stood.

The ump turned around, put on his mask and mumbled, "Play ball!"

A player has got to be subtle if he

wants to insult an umpire without drawing a penalty. When a clever rookie didn't like a strike Umpire George Moriarty called on him one afternoon, he turned and asked the ump how he spelled his name.

"M-O-R-I-A-R-T-Y," George replied, puzzled.

"That's what I thought," said the player. "One eye!"

Speed, not subtlety, once saved Dan Murtaugh of the Phillies from a penalty. After the umpire had called a third strike on Murtaugh, the player tossed his bat about thirty feet in the air in a fit of temper.

"When that bat hits the ground," yelled the umpire, "it will cost you twenty-five dollars."

Murtaugh made one of the neatest catches of his career, snaring the bat and saving the fine.

Ball players are often notoriously vain men, but some umpires run them a close second. Bob Emslie, for instance. The Bruins were in St. Louis for a tussle with the Cardinals. A slow roller was hit down the third base line. The third baseman had to come in to scoop up the ball and then make a hurried throw to first. The peg was wide and hit Umpire Emslie squarely on the head, knocking him cold.

Give Emslie credit for the old college try. As he lay on the ground,

stretched out and apparently helpless, some inner fire gave him strength enough to reach out for his toupee, which had been displaced during the fall, and quickly slap it back on his shining pate.

So doing, his reflexes quit working and he remained motionless, inert but intact.

Being human, umpires are not infallible. There was, for example, the time the Giants were about to win a ball game when the opposition loaded the bases with two out. With darkness blanketing the field, Rusie, the New York pitcher, worked the count to three and two, and the umpire refused to call the game because of darkness. The catcher walked out to the mound and gave instructions to Rusie. "Go through the motions, but don't throw. I'll pound my fist in the glove."

Rusie went through an elaborate windup and delivered a handful of air. His mate plunked his fist loudly into his mitt, and the ump, following the motion of the catcher's hands, yelled, "Stee-rikkie thu-ree!"

With that, the batter disgustedly threw down his club and stepped menacingly toward the arbiter. "Whaddaya mean, ya bum," he shouted. "That pitch was a foot outside."





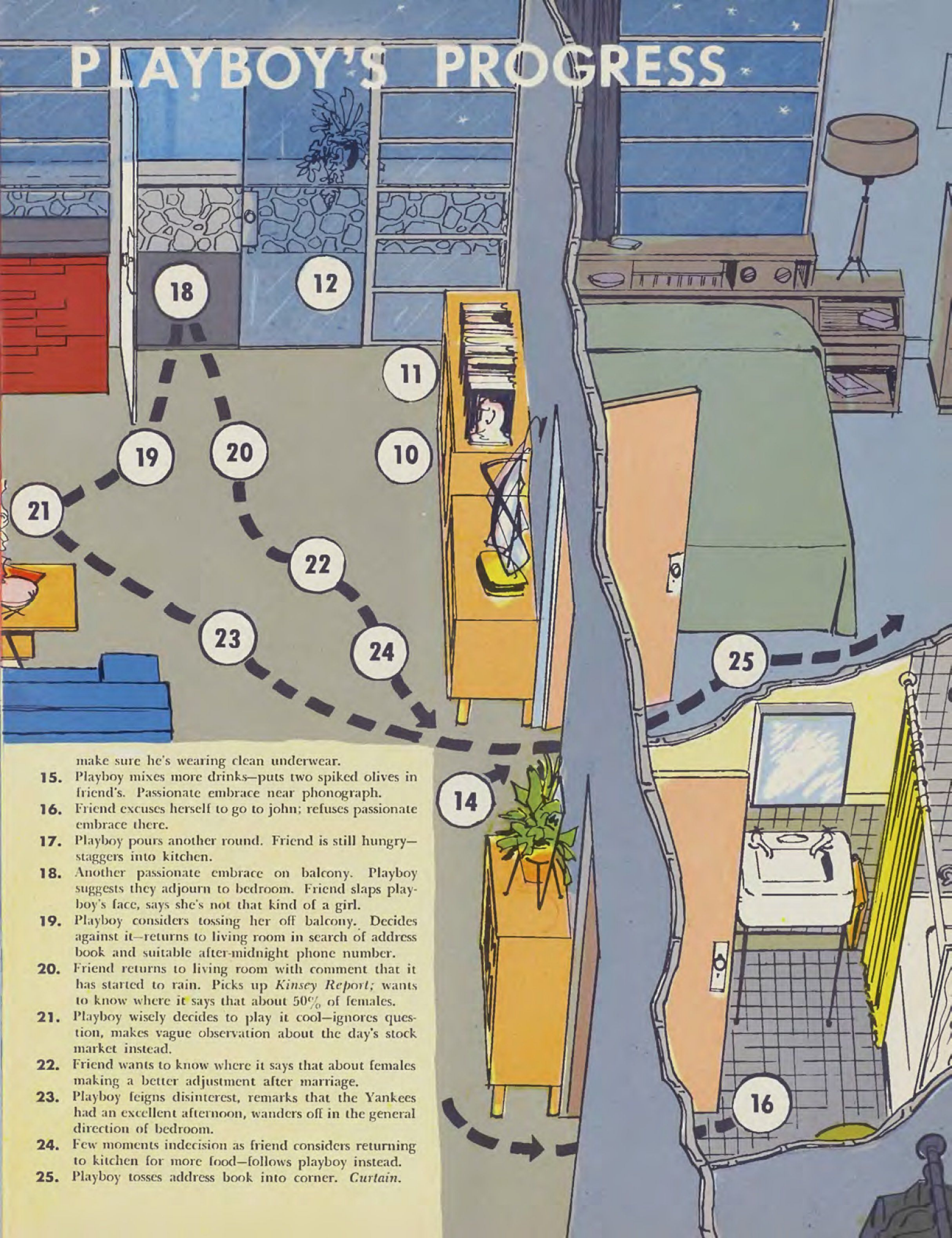
Scene: Playboy's penthouse.

Time: Shortly before midnight.

Characters: Playboy & friend.

1. Playboy enters with friend after an evening at theatre.
2. Playboy removes friend's wrap—confidently assures self she didn't really come to his apartment to eat.
3. Friend asks about food.
4. Playboy puts romantic Glenn Miller records on phonograph—selects only LPs.
5. Friend wanders off towards kitchen.
6. Playboy mixes cocktails with spiked olives.
7. Friend returns munching chicken leg, accepts cocktail and downs it in single swallow, olive and all.
8. Playboy pours another round, begins reading aloud from *This Is My Beloved*.
9. Playboy pours a drink; passionate embrace on couch.
10. Playboy reads selected passages aloud from *Kinsey Report*: "50% of females indulge in premarital intercourse," "Females who have relations make better adjustments after marriage"; pours another round.
11. Passionate embrace in corner.
12. Passionate embrace on balcony.
13. Friend is still hungry; passionate embrace in kitchen.
14. Playboy excuses self in order to change into something more comfortable—puts on lounging robe—checks to

PLAYBOY'S PROGRESS



- make sure he's wearing clean underwear.
15. Playboy mixes more drinks—puts two spiked olives in friend's. Passionate embrace near phonograph.
 16. Friend excuses herself to go to john; refuses passionate embrace there.
 17. Playboy pours another round. Friend is still hungry—staggers into kitchen.
 18. Another passionate embrace on balcony. Playboy suggests they adjourn to bedroom. Friend slaps playboy's face, says she's not that kind of a girl.
 19. Playboy considers tossing her off balcony. Decides against it—returns to living room in search of address book and suitable after-midnight phone number.
 20. Friend returns to living room with comment that it has started to rain. Picks up *Kinsey Report*; wants to know where it says that about 50% of females.
 21. Playboy wisely decides to play it cool—ignores question, makes vague observation about the day's stock market instead.
 22. Friend wants to know where it says that about females making a better adjustment after marriage.
 23. Playboy feigns disinterest, remarks that the Yankees had an excellent afternoon, wanders off in the general direction of bedroom.
 24. Few moments indecision as friend considers returning to kitchen for more food—follows playboy instead.
 25. Playboy tosses address book into corner. *Curtain.*

FAHRENHEIT 451 (continued from page 20)

the books and knock them against the wall. He stepped into the bedroom and fired twice and the twin-beds went up in a great simmering whisper, with more heat and passion and light than he would have supposed them to contain. He burnt the bedroom walls and the cosmetics chest because he wanted to change everything, the chairs, the tables, and in the dining room the silverware and plastic dishes, everything that showed that he had lived here in this empty house with a strange woman who would forget him tomorrow, who had gone and quite forgotten him already, listening to her Seashell Radio pour in on her and in on her as she rode across town, alone. And as before, it was good to burn, he felt himself gush out in the fire, snatch, rend, rip in half with flame, and put away the senseless problem. If there was no solution, well then now there was no problem, either. Fire was best for everything!

"The books, Montag!"

The books leapt and danced like roasted birds, their wings ablaze with red and yellow feathers.

And then he came to the parlor where the great idiot monsters lay asleep with their white thoughts and their snowy dreams. And he shot a bolt at each of the three blank walls and the vacuum hissed out at him. The emptiness made an even emptier whistle, a senseless scream. He tried to think about the vacuum upon which the nothingnesses had performed, but he could not. He held his breath so the vacuum could not get into his lungs. He cut off its terrible emptiness, drew back, and gave the entire room a gift of one huge bright yellow flower of burning. The fire-proof plastic sheath on everything was cut wide and the house began to shudder with flame.

"When you're quite finished," said Beatty behind him. "You're under arrest."

The house fell in red-coals and black ash. It bedded itself down in sleepy pink-grey cinders and a smoke plume blew over it, rising and waving slowly back and forth in the sky. It was thirty in the morning. The crowd drew back into the houses; the great tents of the circus had slumped into charcoal and rubble and the show was well over.

Montag stood with the flame-thrower in his limp hands, great islands of perspiration drenching his armpits, his face smeared with soot. The other firemen waited behind him, in the darkness, their faces illumined faintly by the smouldering foundation.

Montag started to speak twice and then finally managed to put his thought together.

"Was it my wife turned in the alarm?"

Beatty nodded. "But her friends turned in an alarm earlier, that I let ride. One way or the other, you'd have

got it. It was pretty silly, quoting poetry around free and easy like that. It was the act of a silly damn snob. Give a man a few lines of verse and he thinks he's the Lord of all Creation. You think you can walk on water with your books. Well, the world can get by just fine without them. Look where they got you, in slime up to your lip. If I stir the slime with my little finger, you'll drown!"

Montag could not move. A great earthquake had come with fire and leveled the house and Mildred was under there somewhere and his entire life under there and he could not move. The earthquake was still shaking and falling and shivering inside him and he stood there, his knees half bent under the great load of tiredness and bewilderment and outrage, letting Beatty hit him without raising a hand.

"Montag, you idiot, Montag, you damn fool; why did you *really* do it?"

Montag did not hear, he was far away, he was running with his mind, he was gone, leaving this dead soot-covered body to sway in front of another raving fool.

"Montag, get out of there!" said Faber.

Montag listened.

Beatty struck him a blow on the head that sent him reeling back. The green bullet in which Faber's voice whispered and cried, fell to the sidewalk. Beatty snatched it up, grinning. He held it half in, half out of his ear.

Montag heard the distant voice calling, "Montag, you all right?"

Beatty switched the green bullet off and thrust it in his pocket. "Well — so there's more here than I thought. I saw you tilt your head, listening. First I thought you had a Seashell. But when you turned clever later, I wondered. We'll trace this and drop it on your friend."

"No!" said Montag.

He twitched the safety catch on the flame-thrower. Beatty glanced instantly at Montag's fingers and his eyes widened the faintest bit. Montag saw the surprise there and himself glanced to his hands to see what new thing they had done. Thinking back later he could never decide whether the hands or Beatty's reaction toward the hands gave him the final push toward murder. The last rolling thunder of the avalanche stoned down about his ears, not touching him.

Beatty grinned his most charming grin. "Well, that's one way to get an audience. Hold a gun on a man and force him to listen to your speech. Speech away. What'll it be this time? Why don't you belch Shakespeare at me, you fumbling snob? 'There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats, for I am arm'd so strong in honesty that they pass by me as an idle wind, which I respect not!' How's that? Go ahead

now, you second-hand literateur, pull the trigger." He took one step toward Montag.

Montag only said, "We never burned right. . ."

"Hand it over, Guy," said Beatty with a fixed smile.

And then he was a shrieking blaze, a jumping, sprawling gibbering mannikin, no longer human or known, all writhing flame on the lawn as Montag shot one continuous pulse of liquid fire on him. There was a hiss like a great mouthful of spittle banging a redhot stove, a bubbling and frothing as if salt had been poured over a monstrous black snail to cause a terrible liquefaction and a boiling over of yellow foam. Montag shut his eyes, shouted, shouted, and fought to get his hands at his ears to clamp and to cut away the sound. Beatty flopped over and over and over, and at last twisted in on himself like a charred wax doll and lay silent.

The other two firemen did not move.

Montag kept his sickness down long enough to aim the flame-thrower. "Turn around!"

They turned, their faces like blanched meat, streaming sweat; he beat their heads, knocking off their helmets and bringing them down on themselves. They fell and lay without moving.

The blowing of a single autumn leaf.

He turned and the Mechanical Hound was there.

It was half across the lawn, coming from the shadows, moving with such drifting ease that it was like a single solid cloud of black-grey smoke blown at him in silence.

It made a single last leap into the air coming down at Montag from a good three feet over his head, its spidered legs reaching, the procaine needle snapping out its single angry tooth. Montag caught it with a bloom of fire, a single wondrous blossom that curled in petals of yellow and blue and orange about the metal dog, clad it in a new covering as it slammed into Montag and threw him ten feet back against the bole of a tree, taking the flame-gun with him. He felt it scabble and seize his leg and stab the needle in for a moment before the fire snapped the hound up in the air, burst its metal bones at the joints, and blew out its interior in a single flushing of red color like a skyrocket fastened to the street. Montag lay watching the dead-alive thing fiddle the air and die. Even now it seemed to want to get back at him and finish the injection which was now working through the flesh of his leg. He felt all of the mingled relief and horror at having pulled back only in time to have just his knee slammed by the fender of a car hurtling by at ninety miles an hour. He was afraid to get up, afraid he might not be able to gain his feet (continued on page 32)



PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

MISS MAY





tales from the DECAMERON

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

THE QUEEN AND THE STABLE-BOY

Agilulf, King of Lombardy, had a wife of surpassing beauty, virtue and charm. Her name was Theodolinda and her graces were such to inflame the passions of all men who looked upon her.

One such man was a common groom in her stables, a fellow of humble birth but smart enough to know that such as he may look upon a queen, may admire her, may even feel the stirrings of the flesh for her, but may never hope to pass through the queenly portal to heaven.

Thus he lived silent and hopeless, content with touching the hem of her garment when she would mount her steed, daring not even so much as a longing sigh in her presence.

But this was not always to be. For the prickings of desire, as we all know, are bold and wayward and pour strange courage into the hearts of timid lovers. Death, thought the groom, was better than the day-and-nightlong ache that rent his being. Indeed, death seemed to be his only course. And if death were to be his lot, then why not die in a grand fashion, after enjoying to the full that angelic creature he desired?

Such was his logic, and thus resolved, he set his mind to devising a plan whereby he might lie with the queen. Vows of love by lips or letters he dismissed as fruitless: these would gain him death, indeed, but without the satisfaction he craved. For the queen was a faithful wife and slept with none but the king. Before the king all doors opened. The groom wondered if they would also open to someone who merely appeared to be the king? He decided to find out.

To this end, he studied the king's manner and movement. Hidden, he watched the way the king paid his occasional visits to the queen's chamber. Invariably, the monarch would come to her door wrapped in a cloak and holding a lighted candle in one hand, a sceptre in the other. He would knock once or twice upon the door. The door would open, the candle would be taken from him by a maid-servant, and the king would enter. Some time after, he would leave.

Noting all this carefully, the groom now set about procuring a cloak like the king's, likewise a candle and a sceptre. Next, he scrubbed his entire body in a tub, lest the aromas of the stable brand him as a personage less than royal.

When he was quite clean, he wrapped himself in the cloak, lit the candle, took up the sceptre, and, after the fashion of the king, went to the queen's door and knocked upon it. Straightway it opened and the sleepy maid-servant took the candle.

Saying not a word and pretending to be troubled (for he had observed that the king said little when worried), he climbed into the queen's bed and took her in his arms with great passion. In this way, he carnally knew the delighted lady not once but many times that night, and only his wish to escape discovery drew him from her bed at the last.

No sooner did the groom depart than the king himself appeared in his cloak, with candle and sceptre, as always, and entered the bed of the queen. Much surprised, and encouraged by his seeming good spirits, the lady coyly said, "My lord, this is not like you. How does it come to pass that you return to my bed so soon after taking pleasure of me not once but many times? Your health may suffer."

At this, the king was grievously shocked, for he knew at once that some pretender to the throne had enjoyed a royal privilege in her bed by assuming the king's appearance.

But wisdom prevailed. Others might have responded rashly and cried, "What say you? I was not here before. Who was here, then? And where is he now?" Not so the king. Wishing neither to distress his queen, bring ridicule upon himself, nor whet the lady's appetite for a sceptre other than kingly, he said no more than, "What, my dear? Think you I am not man enough to do the good work yet another time?"

"Not at all," replied the queen. "I was thinking only of your health."

"Perhaps you're right," the king said. "You advise me well, good wife. I shall take my leave of you."

He left the chamber with a heart full of wrath, determined to find the bold

usurper. Knowing it could have been nobody but a member of his household, he decided to go through all the sleeping palace to find the one man whose heart, still beating strongly after such a feat of love, would betray him as the culprit. Lantern in hand, the king began with the gallery over the stables.

One by one, he laid his hand upon the chests of the sleeping men. Heart after heart was beating in the slow pulse of sleep. The guilty groom, in bed but only feigning sleep, saw the dark figure of the king drawing nearer, and this set his heart to pounding even louder than before. When the king's hand felt this mighty beating he knew he had found his man.

In the dark, the king could not see the fellow's face, and yet he did not dare light a candle, for he did not wish to shame his lady or himself by disclosing the incident to the whole household. Instead, he took a pair of scissors and marked the groom by cutting away his long hair on one side. By that sign, he would know him in the morning. This done, the king withdrew.

But a fellow, albeit a low groom, who was cunning enough to get into the queen's bed, was likewise cunning enough to go the king one better. Seeing his neighbors sleeping like the dead, a thought came to him and he stealthily arose. . .

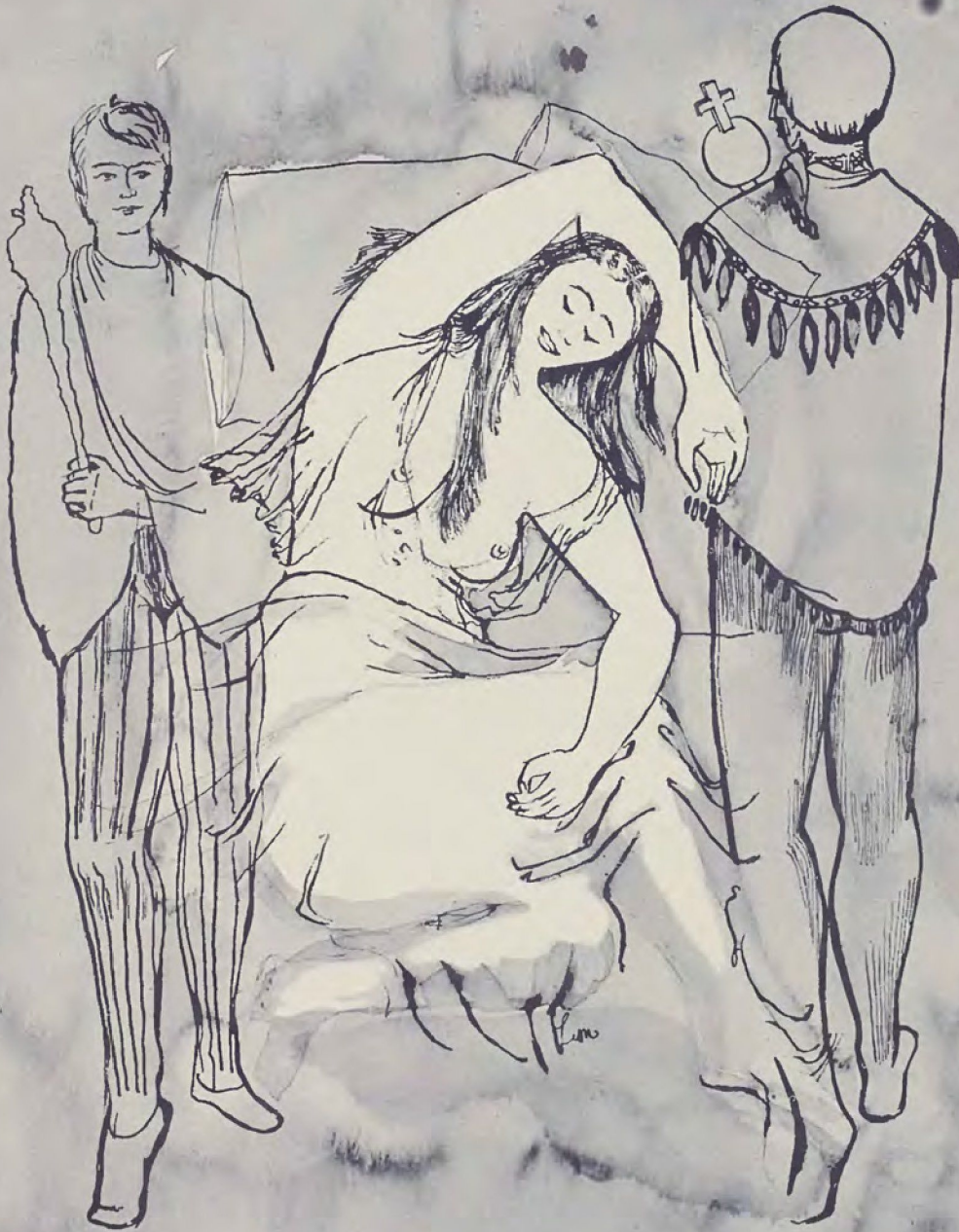
Early the next morning, the king commanded the palace locked and all his household to appear before him. One by one they filed in, and as they removed their caps out of deference to his great majesty, he was astounded to find them *all* shorn like sheep on one side of the head! To himself he said, "Whoever he is, he's a crafty rascal."

Now, other kings, less wise than Agilulf, might have put them all to the torture to force a confession from the guilty one. But Agilulf merely said to the assemblage: "He who did it, let him never do it again." Then he dismissed them.

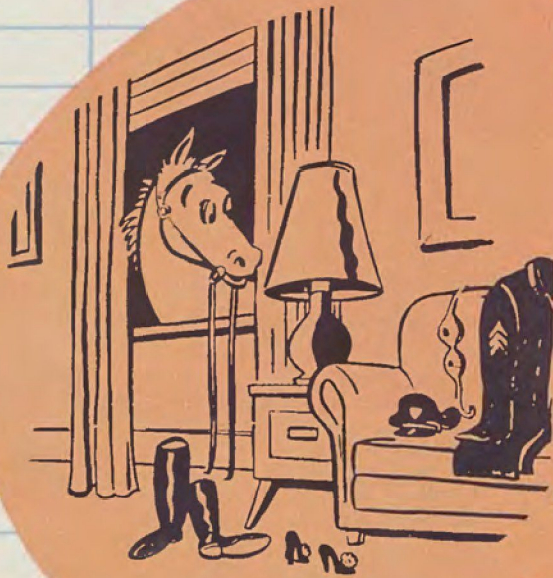
And although these words puzzled many, they made good sense to one among them. From that day forth, nobody entered the queen's bed but the king.



ILLUSTRATED BY LEON BELLIN



No sooner had the stable-boy left the queen's bed than the king entered it.



"So that's why he's called a 'mountie'!"



"Whacha in for Honey?"



"Why Alice Abbott — whatever got into you?"

Unmentionables





THERE WAS A TIME when sex was unmentionable in mixed company; the shady joke and suggestive story were confined to strictly masculine company. Not so today. Bedroom and bathroom humor are apt to put in an appearance at the very nicest social gatherings—in fact, they've even made their way into the literature of the land. Several publishers are now offering whole books of sexy snickers. The best of the batch is titled *Sextra Special*; published by Scylla, Inc., it offers its humor in both words and pictures. Some of the funnier words appear in this month's Party Jokes section; our favorite pictures appear on this page.

FAHRENHEIT 451 (continued from page 24)

at all, with an anaesthetized leg. A numbness in a numbness hollowed into a numbness. . .

And now. . . ?

The street empty, the house burnt like an ancient bit of stage-scenery, the other homes dark, the Hound here, Beatty there, the three other firemen another place, and the Salamander. . . ? He gazed at the immense engine. That would have to go, too.

Well, he thought, let's see how badly off you are. On your feet now. Easy, easy. . . there.

He stood and he had only one leg. The other was like a chunk of burnt pinelogs he was carrying along as a penance for some obscure sin. When he put his weight on it, a shower of silver needles gushed up the length of the calf and went off in the knee. He wept. Come on! Come on, you, you can't stay here!

A few house lights were going on again down the street, whether from the incidents just passed, or because of the abnormal silence following the fight, Montag did not know. He hobbled around the ruins, seizing at his bad leg when it lagged, talking and whimpering and shouting directions at it and cursing it and pleading with it to work for him now when it was vital. He heard a number of people crying out in the darkness and shouting. He reached the back yard and the alley. Beatty, he thought, you're not a problem now. You always said, don't face a problem, burn it. Well, now I've done both. Good-by, Captain.

And he stumbled along the alley in the dark.

. . . .

A shotgun blast went off in his leg every time he put it down and he thought, you're a fool, a damn fool, an awful fool, an idiot, an awful idiot, a damn idiot, and a fool, a damn fool; look at the mess and where's the mop, look at the mess, and what do you do? Pride, damn it, and temper, and you've junked it all, at the very start you vomit on everyone and on yourself. But everything at once, but everything one on top of another, Beatty, the women, Mildred, Clarisse, everything. No excuse, though, no excuse. A fool, a damn fool, go give yourself up!

No, we'll save what we can, we'll do what there is left to do. If we have to burn, let's take a few more with us. Here!

He remembered the books and turned back. Just on the off chance.

He found a few books where he had left them, near the garden fence. Mildred, God bless her, had missed a few. Four books still lay hidden where he had put them. Voices were wailing in the night and flashbeams swirled about. Other Salamanders were roaring, their engines far away and police sirens were cutting their way across town with

their sirens.

Montag took the four remaining books and hopped, jolted, hopped his way down the alley and suddenly fell as if his head had been cut off and only his body lay there. Something inside had jerked him to a halt and flopped him down. He lay where he had fallen and sobbed, his legs folded, his face pressed blindly to the gravel.

Beatty wanted to die.

In the middle of the crying Montag knew it for the truth. Beatty had wanted to die. He had just stood there, not really trying to save himself, just stood there, joking, needling, thought Montag, and the thought was enough to stifle his sobbing and let him pause for air. How strange, strange, to want to die so much that you let a man walk around armed and then instead of shutting up and staying alive, you go on yelling at people and making fun of them until you get them mad, and then. . .

At a distance, running feet.

Montag sat up. Let's get out of here. Come on, get up, get up, you just can't sit! But he was still crying and that had to be finished. It was going away now. He hadn't wanted to kill anyone, not even Beatty. His flesh gripped him and shrank as if it had been plunged in acid. He gagged. He saw Beatty, a torch, not moving, fluttering out on the grass. He bit at his knuckles. I'm sorry, I'm sorry, oh God, sorry. . .

He tried to piece it all together, to go back to the normal pattern of life a few short days before the sieve and the sand, Denham's Dentifrice, moth-voices, fireflies, the alarms and excursions, too much for a few short days, too much, indeed, for a lifetime.

Feet ran in the far end of the alley. "Get up!" he told himself. "Damn it, get up!" he said to the leg, and stood. The pains were spikes driven in the kneecap and then only darning needles and then only common ordinary safety pins, and after he had shagged along fifty more hops and jumps, filling his hand with slivers from the board fence, the prickling was like someone blowing a spray of scalding water on that leg. And the leg was at last his own leg again. He had been afraid that running might break the loose ankle. Now, sucking all the night into his open mouth and blowing it out pale, with all the blackness left heavily inside himself, he set out in a steady jogging pace. He carried the books in his hands.

He thought of Faber.

Faber was back there in the steaming lump of tar that had no name or identity now. He had burnt Faber, too. He felt so suddenly shocked by this that he felt Faber was really dead, baked like a roach in that small green capsule shoved and lost in the pocket of a man who was now nothing but a

frame skeleton strung with asphalt tendons.

You must remember, burn them or they'll burn you, he thought. Right now it's as simple as that.

He searched his pockets, the money was there, and in his other pocket he found the usual Seashell upon which the city was talking to itself in the cold black morning.

"Police Alert. Wanted: Fugitive in city. Has committed murder and crimes against the State. Name: Guy Montag. Occupation: Fireman. Last seen. . ."

He ran steadily for six blocks, in the alley and then the alley opened out onto a wide empty thoroughfare ten lanes wide. It seemed like a boatless river frozen there in the raw light of the high white arc-lamps; you could drown trying to cross it, he felt; it was too wide, it was too open. It was a vast stage without scenery, inviting him to run across, easily seen in the blazing illumination, easily caught, easily shot down.

The Seashell hummed in his ear.

". . . watch for a man running. . . watch for the running man. . . watch for a man alone, on foot. . . watch. . ."

Montag pulled back in the shadows. Directly ahead lay a gas station, a great chunk of porcelain snow shining there, and two silver beetles pulling in to fill up. Now he must be clean and presentable if he wished to walk, not run, stroll calmly across that wide boulevard. It would give him an extra margin of safety if he washed up and combed his hair before he went on his way to get *where*. . . ?

Yes, he thought, where *am* I running?

Nowhere. There was nowhere to go, no friend to turn to, really. Except Faber. And then he realized that he was, indeed, running toward Faber's house, instinctively. But Faber couldn't hide him; it would be suicide even to try. But he knew that he would go to see Faber anyway, for a few short minutes. Faber's would be the place where he might refuel his fast draining belief in his own ability to survive. He just wanted to know that there was a man like Faber in the world. He wanted to see the man alive and not burned back there like a body shelled in another body. And some of the money must be left with Faber, of course, to be spent after Montag ran on his way. Perhaps he could make the open country and live on or near the rivers and near the highways, in the fields and hills.

A great whirling whisper made him look to the sky.

The police helicopters were rising so far away that it seemed someone had blown the grey head off a dry dandelion flower. Two dozen of them flurried, wavering, indecisive, three miles off, like butterflies puzzled by autumn, and then they were plummeting down to land, one by one, here, there, softly kneading the (continued on page 35)

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKE

The couple stepped up to the desk clerk of one of the city's nicer hotels. "I'd like a room and bath for my wife and myself," said the gentleman.

"I'm terribly sorry, sir," said the clerk, "but the only room available doesn't have bathroom facilities."

"Will that be all right with you, dear?" the gentleman asked the young lady at his side.

"Sure, mister," she said.

Here are a couple of salesman jokes worth a retelling:

A big store buyer had been on the road for nearly two months. Each week he would send his wife a telegram saying: "Can't come home yet. Still buying."

His wife knew that these buying trips usually involved more than business. She tolerated this particular jaunt for a while, but when the third month rolled by and she'd still seen nothing of her husband but the weekly telegrams, she wired him: "Better come home. I'm selling what you're buying."

A salesman friend of ours spent a couple of days in Miami last fall. His first night there, a good looking blonde approached him in a bar and said, "I'm selling—you buying?"

Our friend bought and thought no more about it till, a week later, he discovered he had a "case."

He visited a doctor and had it taken care of, and two months later business again took him to Miami and again he visited the same bar. Sure enough, the same blonde was there, and once again she approached him with, "I'm selling—you buying?"

"Well, that depends," said our friend, sipping his drink thoughtfully. "What are you selling to-night—cancer?"



Some girls go out every Saturday night and sow wild oats, then go to church on Sunday and pray for a crop failure.

Little Mitchell hurt his finger and ran crying to his mother. She kissed it and said, "There, that will make it feel better."

A few minutes later, Mitchell scratched his forehead. His mother took care of the wound, then once more kissed the spot and sent her little man out to play.

In half an hour Mitchell was back again. This time one of his friends had kicked him in a more intimate region; he came in screaming wildly and pointing to the spot.

"Damn it," said his mother, "you're getting more like your father every day."

"Here's how," said the playboy, raising his glass.

"Say when," said his date, "I know how!"

The old maid bought herself a parrot to brighten her lonely hours. The parrot's name was Bobby, and he was a charming bird, with but one small fault. Whenever the mild mannered lady had company in, Bobby would cut loose with a number of obscene expressions he'd picked up from his previous owner, a retired madame.

The lady discussed this problem with her pastor, and after witnessing a particularly purple display, the good man suggested, "This parrot needs company. Get him interested in another of his species, and he'll soon forget his sinful past."

"I, myself, have a parrot. Her name is Sarah and she is an unusually devout bird. She prays constantly. Let me bring her with me the next time I call. We'll keep them together a few days—I'm certain her religious background will have a marked influence on this fellow's character."

Thus, the next time the pastor called, he brought his parrot, and the two birds were placed in a single cage. They spent the first couple of minutes hopping about and sizing one-another up, then Bobby spoke:

"I go for you, sweetie," he whistled. "How about you and me shacking up?!"

"You betcha, big boy," said Sarah. "Whatcha think I've been praying for?!"

You've undoubtedly heard about the top salaried movie director who was always trying to make a little extra.

A business friend was trying to convince us the other day that sex is so popular because it's centrally located.

JULIEN
DEDMAN



"No, Boy Scout Troop 38 can't do us any good deeds today!"

FAHRENHEIT 451 (continued from page 32)

the streets where, turned back to beetles, they shrieked along the boulevards or, as suddenly, leapt back into the air, continuing their search.

And here was the gas station, its attendants busy now with customers. Approaching from the rear, Montag entered the men's wash room. Through the aluminum wall he heard a radio voice saying, "War has been declared." The gas was being pumped outside. The men in the beetles were talking and the attendants were talking about the engines, the gas, the money owed. Montag stood trying to make himself feel the shock of the quiet statement from the radio, but nothing would happen. The war would have to wait for him to come to it in his personal file, an hour, two hours from now.

He washed his hands and face and toweled himself dry, making little sound. He came out of the washroom and shut the door carefully and walked into the darkness and at last stood again on the edge of the empty boulevard.

There it lay, a game for him to win, a vast bowling alley in the cool morning. The boulevard was as clean as the surface of an arena two minutes before the appearance of certain unnamed victims and certain unknown killers. The air over and above the vast concrete river trembled with the warmth of Montag's body alone; it was incredible how he felt his temperature could cause the whole immediate world to vibrate. He was a phosphorescent target; he knew it, he felt it. And now he must begin his little walk.

Three blocks away a few headlights glared. Montag drew a deep breath. His lungs were like burning brooms in his chest. His mouth was sucked dry from running. His throat tasted of bloody iron and there was rusted steel in his feet.

What about those lights there? Once you started walking you'd have to gauge how fast those beetles could make it down here. Well, how far was it to the other curb? It seemed like a hundred yards. Probably not a hundred, but figure for that anyway, figure that with him going very slowly, at a nice stroll, it might take as much as thirty seconds, forty seconds to walk all that way. The beetles? Once started, they could leave three blocks behind them in about fifteen seconds. So, even if halfway across he started to run . . . ?

He put his right foot out and then his left foot and then his right. He walked on the empty avenue.

Even if the street were entirely empty, of course, you couldn't be sure of a safe crossing, for a car could appear suddenly over the rise four blocks further on and be on and past you before you had taken a dozen breaths.

He decided not to count his steps. He looked neither to left nor right. The light from the overhead lamps seemed as bright and revealing as the midday sun and just as hot.

He listened to the sound of the car picking up speed two blocks away on his right. Its moveable headlights jerked back and forth suddenly, and caught at Montag.

Keep going.

Montag faltered, got a grip on the books, and forced himself not to freeze. Instinctively he took a few quick running steps then talked out loud to himself and pulled up to stroll again. He was now half across the street, but the roar from the beetle's engines whined higher as it put on speed.

The police, of course. They see me. But slow now slow, quiet, don't turn, don't look, don't seem concerned. Walk, that's it, walk, walk.

The beetle was rushing. The beetle was roaring. The beetle raised its speed. The beetle was whining. The beetle was in high thunder. The beetle came skimming. The beetle came in a single whistling trajectory, fired from an invisible rifle. It was up to 120 mph. It was up to 130 at least. Montag clamped his jaws. The heat of the racing headlights burnt his cheeks, it seemed, and jittered his eyelids and flushed the sour sweat out all over his body.

He began to shuffle idiotically and talk to himself and then he broke and just ran. He put out his legs as far as they would go and down and then far out again and down and back and out and down and back. God! God! He dropped a book, broke pace, almost turned, changed his mind, plunged on, yelling in concrete emptiness, the beetle scuttling after its running food, two hundred, one hundred feet away, ninety, eighty, seventy, Montag gasping, flailing his hands, legs up down out, up down out, closer, closer, hooting, calling, his eyes burnt white now as his head jerked about to confront the flashing glare, now the beetle was swallowed in its own light, now it was nothing but a torch hurtling upon him; all sound, all blare. Now — almost on top of him!

He stumbled and fell.

I'm done! It's over!

But the falling made a difference. An instant before reaching him the wild beetle cut and swerved out. It was gone. Montag lay flat, his head down. Wisps of laughter trailed back to him with the blue exhaust from the beetle.

His right hand was extended above him, flat. Across the extreme tip of his middle finger, he saw now as he lifted that hand, a faint sixteenth of an inch of black tread where the tire had touched in passing. He looked at that black line with disbelief, get-

ting to his feet.

That wasn't the police, he thought.

He looked down the boulevard. It was clear now. A careful of children, all ages, God knew, from twelve to sixteen, out whistling, yelling, hurrahing, had seen a man, a very extraordinary sight, a man strolling, a rarity, and simply said, "Let's get him," not knowing he was the fugitive Mr. Montag, simply a number of children out for a long night of roaring five or six hundred miles in a few moonlit hours, their faces icy with wind, and coming home or not coming at dawn, alive or not alive, that made the adventure.

They would have killed me, thought Montag, swaying, the air still torn and stirring about him in dust, touching his bruised cheek. For no reason at all in the world they would have killed me.

He walked toward the far curb telling each foot to go and keep going. Somehow he had picked up the spilled books, he didn't remember bending or touching them. He kept moving them from hand to hand as if they were a poker hand he could not figure.

I wonder if they were the ones who killed Clarisse?

He stopped and his mind said it again, very loud.

I wonder if they were the ones who killed Clarisse!

He wanted to run after them yelling.

His eyes watered.

The thing that had saved him was falling flat. The driver of the car, seeing Montag down, instinctively considered the probability that running over a body at such a high speed might turn the car upside down and spill them out. If Montag had remained an *upright* target . . . ?

Montag gasped.

Far down the boulevard, four blocks away, the beetle had slowed, spun about on two wheels, and was now racing back, slanting over on the wrong side of the street, picking up speed.

But Montag was gone, hidden in the safety of the dark alley for which he had set out on a long journey, an hour, or was it a minute, ago? He stood shivering in the night, looking back out as the beetle ran by and skidded back to the center of the avenue, whirling laughter in the air all about it, gone.

Further on, as Montag moved in darkness, he could see the helicopters falling falling like the first flakes of snow in the long winter to come . . .

The house was silent.

Montag approached from the rear, creeping through a thick night-moistened scent of daffodils and roses and wet grass. He touched the screen door in back, found it open, slipped in, moved across the porch, listening.

Mrs. Black, are you asleep in there? he thought. This isn't good, but your husband did it to others and never

asked and never wondered and never worried. And now since you're a fireman's wife, it's your house and your turn, for all the houses your husband burned and the people he hurt without thinking.

The house did not reply.

He hid the books in the kitchen and moved from the house again to the alley and looked back and the house was still dark and quiet, sleeping.

On his way across town, with the helicopters fluttering like torn bits of paper in the sky, he phoned the alarm at a lonely phone booth outside a store that was closed for the night. Then he stood in the cold night air, waiting and at a distance he heard the fire sirens start up and run, and the Salamanders coming, coming to burn Mr. Black's house while he was away at work, to make his wife stand shivering in the morning air while the roof let go and dropped in upon the fire. But now, she was still asleep.

Good night, Mrs. Black, he thought. "Faber!"

Another rap, a whisper, and a long waiting. Then, after a minute, a small light flickered inside Faber's small house. After another pause, the back door opened.

They stood looking at each other in the half light, Faber and Montag, as if each did not believe in the other's existence. Then Faber moved and put out his hand and grabbed Montag and moved him in and sat him down and went back and stood in the door, listening. The sirens were wailing off in the morning distance. He came in and shut the door.

Montag said, "I've been a fool all down the line. I can't stay long. I'm on my way God knows where."

"At least you were a fool about the right things," said Faber. "I thought you were dead. The audio-capsule I gave you —"

"Burnt."

"I heard the captain talking to you and suddenly there was nothing. I almost came out looking for you."

"The captain's dead. He found the audio-capsule, he heard your voice, he was going to trace it. I killed him with the flame-thrower."

Faber sat down and did not speak for a time.

"My God, how did this happen?" said Montag. "It was only the other night everything was fine and the next thing I know I'm drowning. How many times can a man go down and still be alive? I can't breathe. There's Beatty dead, and he was my friend once, and there's Millie gone, I thought she was my wife, but now I don't know. And the house all burnt. And my job gone and myself on the run, and I planted a book in a fireman's house on the way. Good Christ, the things I've done in a single week!"

"You did what you had to do. It was coming on for a long time."

"Yes, I believe that, if there's nothing else I believe. It saved itself up to happen. I could feel it for a long time, I was saving something up, I went around doing one thing and feeling another. God, it was all there. It's a wonder it didn't show on me, like fat. And now here I am, messing up your life, too. They might follow me here."

"I feel alive for the first time in years," said Faber. "I feel I'm doing what I should've done a lifetime ago. For a little while I'm not afraid. Maybe it's because I'm doing the right thing at last. Maybe it's because I've done a rash thing and don't want to look the coward to you. I suppose I'll have to do even more violent things, exposing myself so I won't fall down on the job and turn scared again. What are your plans?"

"To keep running."

"You know the war's on?"

"I heard."

"God, isn't it funny?" said the old man. "It seems so remote because we have our own troubles."

"I haven't had time to think." Montag drew out a hundred dollars. "I want this to stay with you, use it any way that'll help when I'm gone."

"But—"

"I might be dead by noon; use this."

Faber nodded. "You'd better head for the river if you can, follow along it, and if you can hit the old railroad lines going out into the country, follow them. Even though practically everything's airborne these days and most of the tracks are abandoned, the rails are still there, rusting. I've heard there are still hobo camps all across the country, here and there; walking camps they call them, and if you keep walking far enough and keep an eye peeled, they say there's lots of old Harvard degrees on the tracks between here and Los Angeles. Most of them are wanted and hunted in the cities. They survive, I guess. There aren't many, and I guess the governments never considered them a great enough danger to go in and track them down. You might hole up with them for a time and get in touch with me in St. Louis, I'm leaving on the five A. M. bus this morning, to see a retired printer there, I'm getting out in the open myself, at last. This money will be put to good use. Thanks and God bless you. Do you want to sleep a few minutes?"

"I'd better run."

"Let's check."

He took Montag quickly into the bedroom and lifted a picture frame aside revealing a television screen the size of a postal card. "I always wanted something very small, something I could walk to, something I could blot out with the palm of my hand, if necessary, nothing that could shout me down, nothing monstrous big. So, you see." He snapped it on.

"Montag," the TV set said, and lit

up. "M-O-N-T-A-G." The name was spelled out by a voice. "Guy Montag. Still running. Police helicopters are up. A new Mechanical Hound has been brought from another district —"

Montag and Faber looked at each other.

"—Mechanical Hound never fails. Never since its first use in tracking quarry has this incredible invention made a mistake. Tonight, this network is proud to have the opportunity to follow the Hound by camera helicopter as it starts on its way to the target—"

Faber poured two glasses of whiskey. "We'll need these."

They drank.

"—nose so sensitive the Mechanical Hound can remember and identify ten thousand odor indexes on ten thousand men without re-setting!"

Faber trembled the least bit and looked about at his house, at the walls, the door, the doorknob, and the chair where Montag now sat. Montag saw the look. They both looked quickly about the house and Montag felt his nostrils dilate and he knew that he was trying to track himself and his nose was suddenly good enough to sense the path he had made in the air of the room and the sweat of his hand hung from the doorknob, invisible but as numerous as the jewels of a small chandelier, he was everywhere, in and on and about everything, he was a luminous cloud, a ghost that made breathing once more impossible. He saw Faber stop up his own breath for fear of drawing that ghost into his own body, perhaps, being contaminated with the phantom exhalations and odors of a running man.

"The Mechanical Hound is now landing by helicopter at the site of the Burning!"

And there on the small screen was the burnt house, and the crowd and something with a sheet over it and out of the sky, fluttering, came the helicopter like a grotesque flower.

So they must have their game out, thought Montag. The circus must go on, even with war beginning within the hour . . .

He watched the scene, fascinated, not wanting to move. It seemed so remote and no part of him; it was a play apart and separate, wondrous to watch, not without its strange pleasure. That's all for me, you thought, that's all taking place just for me, by God.

If he wished, he could linger here, in comfort, and follow the entire hunt on through its swift phases, down alleys, across streets, over empty running avenues, crossing lots and playgrounds, with pauses here or there for the necessary commercials, up other alleys to the burning house of Mr. and Mrs. Black, and so on finally to this house with Faber and himself seated drinking while the Electric

Hound snuffed down the last trail, silent as a dritt of death itself, skidding to a halt outside that window there. Then, if he wished, Montag might rise, walk to the window, keep one eye on the TV screen, open the window, lean out, look back, and see himself dramatized, described, made over, standing there, limned in the bright small television screen from outside, a drama to be watched objectively, knowing that in other parlors he was large as life, in full color, dimensionally perfect! and if he kept his eye peeled quickly he would see himself, an instant before oblivion, being punctured for the benefit of how many civilian parlor-sitters who had been wakened from sleep a few minutes ago by the frantic sirening of their living room walls to come watch the big game, the hunt, the one-man carnival.

Would he have time for a speech? As the Hound seized him, in view of ten or twenty or thirty million people, mightn't he sum up his entire life in the last week in one single phrase or a word that would stay with them long after the Hound had turned, clenching him in its metalplier jaws, and trotted off in darkness, while the camera remained stationary, watching the creature dwindle in the distance, a splendid fade-out! What could he say in a single word, a few words, that would sear all their faces and wake them up?

"There," whispered Faber.

Out of a helicopter glided something that was not machine, not animal, not dead, not alive, glowing with a pale green luminosity. It stood near the smoking ruins of Montag's house and the men brought his discarded flamethrower to it and put it down under the muzzle of the Hound. There was a whirring, clicking, humming.

Montag shook his head and got up and drank the rest of his drink. "It's time. I'm sorry about this."

"About what? Me? My house? I deserve everything. Run, for God's

sake. Perhaps I can delay them here —"

"Wait. There's no use you being discovered. When I leave, burn the spread of this bed, that I touched. Burn the chair in the living room, in your wall incinerator. Wipe down the furniture with alcohol, wipe the door-knobs. Burn the throw-rug in the parlor. Turn the airconditioning on full in all the rooms and spray with moth spray if you have it. Then, turn on your lawn sprinklers as high as they'll go and hose off the sidewalks. With any luck at all, we can kill the trail in here, anyway."

Faber shook his hand. "I'll tend to it. Good luck. If we're both in good health, next week, the week after, get in touch, General Delivery, St. Louis. I'm sorry there's no way I can go with you this time, by ear-phone. That was good for both of us. But my equipment was limited. You see, I never thought I would use it. What a silly old man. No thought there. Stupid, stupid. So I haven't another green bullet, the right kind, to put in your head. Go now!"

"One last thing. Quick. A suitcase, get it, fill it with your dirtiest clothes, an old suit, the dirtier the better, a shirt, some old sneakers and socks . . ."

Faber was gone and back in a minute. They sealed the cardboard valise with clear tape. "To keep the ancient odor of Mr. Faber in, of course," said Faber, sweating at the job.

Montag doused the exterior of the valise with whiskey. "I don't want that Hound picking up two odors at once. May I take this whiskey? I'll need it later. Christ, I hope this works!"

They shook hands again and going out the door glanced at the TV. The Hound was on its way, followed by hovering helicopter cameras, silently, silently, sniffing the great night wind. It was running down the first alley.

"Good-by!"

And Montag was out the back door lightly, running with the half-empty

valise. Behind him he heard the lawn sprinkling system jump up, filling the dark air with rain that fell gently and then with a steady pour all about, washing on the sidewalks and draining into the alley. He carried a few drops of this rain with him on his face. He thought he heard the old man call good-by, but he wasn't certain.

He ran very fast away from the house, down toward the river.

Montag ran.

He could feel the Hound, like autumn, come cold and dry and swift, like a wind that didn't stir grass, that didn't jar windows or disturb leaf-shadows on the white sidewalks as it passed. The Hound did not touch the world. It carried its silence with it, so you could feel the silence building up a pressure behind you all across town. Montag felt the pressure rising, and ran.

He stopped for breath, on his way to the river, to peer through dimly lit windows of wakened houses, and saw the silhouettes of people inside watching their parlor walls and there on the walls the Mechanical Hound, a breath of neon vapor, spidered along, here and gone, here and gone! Now at Elm Terrace, Lincoln, Oak, Park, and up the alley toward Faber's house!

Go past, thought Montag, don't stop, go on, don't turn in!

On the parlor wall, Faber's house, with its sprinkler system pulsing in the night air.

The Hound paused, quivering.

Nol Montag held to the window sill. This way! Here!

The procaine needle flicked out and in, out and in. A single clear drop of the stuff of dreams fell from the needle as it vanished in the Hound's muzzle.

Montag held his breath, like a doubled fist, in his chest.

The Mechanical Hound turned and plunged away from Faber's house down the alley again.



Montag snapped his gaze to the sky. The helicopters were closer, a great blowing of insects to a single light source.

With an effort, Montag reminded himself again that this was no fictional episode to be watched on his run to the river; it was in actuality his own chess game he was witnessing, move by move.

He shouted to give himself the necessary push away from this last house window, and the fascinating seance going on in there! *Hell!* and he was away and gone! The alley, a street, the alley, a street, and the smell of the river. Leg out, leg down, leg out and down. Twenty million Montags running, soon, if the cameras caught him. Twenty million Montags running, running like an ancient flickery Keystone Comedy, cops, robbers, chasers and the chased, hunters and hunted, he had seen it a thousand times. Behind him now twenty million silently baying Hounds, ricocheted across parlors, three-cushion shooting from right wall to center wall to left wall, gone, right wall, center wall, left wall, gone!

Montag jammed his Scashell to his ear:

"Police suggest entire population in the Elm Terrace area do as follows: Everyone in every house in every street open a front or rear door or look from the windows. The fugitive cannot escape if everyone in the next minute looks from his house. Ready!"

Of course! Why hadn't they done it before! Why, in all the years, hadn't this game been tried! Everyone up, everyone out! He couldn't be missed! The only man running alone in the night city, the only man proving his legs!

"At the count of ten now! *One!*
Two!"

He felt the city rise.

"Three!"

He felt the city turn to its thousands of doors.

Faster! Leg up, leg down!

"Four!"

The people sleepwalking in their hallways.

"Five!"

He felt their hands on the door-knobs!

The smell of the river was cool and like a solid rain. His throat was burnt rust and his eyes were wept dry with running. He yelled as if this yell would jet him on, fling him the last hundred yards.

"Six, seven, eight!"

The doorknobs turned on five thousand doors.

"Nine!"

He ran out away from the last row of houses, on a slope leading down to a solid moving blackness.

"Ten!"

The doors opened.

He imagined thousands on thous-

ands of faces peering into yards, into alleys, and into the sky, faces hid by curtains, pale, night-frightened faces, like gray animals peering from electric caves, faces with gray colorless eyes, gray tongues and gray thoughts looking out through the numb flesh of the face.

But he was at the river.

He touched it, just to be sure it was real. He waded in and stripped in darkness to the skin, splashed his body, arms, legs, and head with raw liquor; drank it and snuffed some up his nose. Then he dressed in Faber's old clothes and shoes. He tossed his own clothing into the river and watched it swept away. Then, holding the suitcase, he walked out in the river until there was no bottom and he was swept away in the dark.

He was three hundred yards downstream when the Hound reached the river. Overhead the great racketing fans of the helicopters hovered. A storm of light fell upon the river and Montag dived under the great illumination as if the sun had broken the clouds. He felt the river pull him further on its way, into darkness. Then the lights switched back to the land, the helicopters swerved over the city again, as if they had picked up another trail. They were gone. The Hound was gone. Now there was only the cold river and Montag floating in a sudden peacefulness, away from the city and the lights and the chase, away from everything.

He felt as if he had left a stage behind and many actors. He felt as if he had left the great seance and all the murmuring ghosts. He was moving from an unreality that was frightening into a reality that was unreal because it was new.

The black land slid by and he was going into the country among the hills. For the first time in a dozen years the stars were coming out above him, in great processions of wheeling fire. He saw a great juggernaut of stars form in the sky and threaten to roll over and crush him.

He floated on his back when the valise filled and sank; the river was mild and leisurely, going away from the people who ate shadows for breakfast and steam for lunch and vapors for supper. The river was very real; it held him comfortably and gave him the time at last, the leisure, to consider this month, this year, and a lifetime of years. He listened to his heart slow. His thoughts stopped rushing with his blood.

He saw the moon low in the sky now. The moon there, and the light of the moon caused by what? By the sun of course. And what lights the sun? Its own fire. And the sun goes on, day after day, burning and burning. The sun and time. The sun and time burning. Burning. The river bobbed him along gently. Burning. The sun and every clock on

the earth. It all came together and became a single thing in his mind. After a long time of floating on the land and a short time of floating in the river he knew why he must never burn again in his life.

The sun burned every day. It burned Time. The world rushed in a circle and turned on its axis and time was busy burning the years and the people anyway, without any help from him. So if he burnt things with the firemen and the sun burnt Time, that meant that *everything* burned!

One of them had to stop burning. The sun wouldn't, certainly. So it looked as if it had to be Montag and the people he had worked with until a few short hours ago. Somewhere the saving and putting away had to begin again and someone had to do the saving and keeping, one way or another, in books, in records, in people's heads, any way at all so long as it was safe, free from moths, silverfish, rust and dry-rot, and men with matches. The world was full of burning of all types and sizes. Now the guild of the asbestos-weaver must open shop very soon.

He felt his heel bump land, touch pebbles and rocks, scrape sand. The river had moved him toward shore.

He looked in at the great black creature without eyes or light, without shape, with only a size that went a thousand miles, without wanting to stop, with its grass hills and forests that were waiting for him.

He hesitated to leave the comforting flow of the water. He expected the Hound there. Suddenly the trees might blow under a great wind of helicopters.

But there was only the normal autumn wind high up, going by like another river. Why wasn't the Hound running? Why had the search veered inland? Montag *listened*. Nothing. Nothing.

Millie, he thought. All this country here. Listen to it! Nothing and nothing. So much silence, Millie, I wonder how you'd take it? Would you shout Shut up, shut up! Millie, Millie. And he was sad.

Millie was not here and the Hound was not here, but the dry smell of hay blowing from some distant field put Montag on the land. He remembered a farm he had visited when he was very young, one of the rare few times he discovered that somewhere behind the seven veils of unreality, beyond the walls of parlors and beyond the tin moat of the city, cows chewed grass and pigs sat in warm ponds at noon and dogs barked after white sheep on a hill.

Now, the dry smell of hay, the motion of the waters, made him think of sleeping in fresh hay in a lonely barn away from the loud highways, behind a quiet farmhouse, and under an ancient windmill that whirred like the sound (continued on page 43)

SURGERY

Lejaren 'a Hiller's unusual photographs portray its history and development



Hiller's recreation of a successful hysterectomy described by Giovanni Croce, a Venetian surgeon of the 16th Century. Three assistants held the writhing patient throughout the operation.



The first complete Caesarean on record was performed in 1610 by Jeremias Trautmann of Wittenberg. The mother clutched the sheets in agony, but later said the pain was not excessive. Assistant held her head and hand.

THERE SEEMS TO BE a marked agreement on what the world's oldest profession is. The next oldest may possibly be surgery. For when primitive men opened the skulls of demented comrades to release evil spirits—that was surgery. The history of the craft is long. It was recorded in the wall scratchings of cave dwellers and in ancient writings in every language, but few great artists have portrayed it pictorially.

In the twenties, Davis and Geck, the world's largest producers of surgical sutures, determined to fill this gap by commissioning a series of photographs depicting the milestones in the history of surgery. The man they picked for the job was Lejaren 'a Hiller. He began shooting the series in 1924 and is still working on it—adding three or four new pictures each year.

The collection is remarkable for its authenticity. Few drawings of early operations exist and Hiller has been forced to do considerable research for each new photograph. Costumes, instruments and surgical methods are all selected with the utmost care; Hiller chooses models for their facial resemblance to the historical characters they are meant to represent, and to get the best models he often picks people off the street.

The series is no more remarkable than the man who has created it. Lejaren 'a Hiller is a self-styled genius who has spent most of his life illustrating with the camera.



Above, left: South American natives used large Sauba ants for closing wounds. The ant was permitted to bite through the edges of wound and, since its jaws retained their grip after death, the body was then pinched off. A row of these ant heads formed a natural skin clip. **Above, center:** Convicted thieves lost their hands in the 16th Century; Bartolommeo Maggi learned much about amputation by crudely suturing their bloody stumps. **Above, right:** This Norse warrior demonstrates the characteristic hardiness which enabled early races to survive crude surgical practices. Receiving a severe abdominal wound in battle, he thrust his entrails back inside and continued fighting. Later his sister sewed him up with shoemaker's thread, and he recovered. **On facing page:** Hiller's most famous photograph depicts victims of the bubonic plague being carried through the streets; plague killed 25,000,000 in the Middle Ages.



He works in his Underwood and Underwood studio half the year, accepting whatever jobs most interest him, and spends the other half traveling 'round the world. The Hiller house is filled with souvenirs of his journeys—including a mummy's head on the mantle.

"I bought the mummy near the Great Pyramid," Hiller explains, "—Cheop's place. Paid about ten cents for it.

I wanted to smuggle the whole thing out, but I knew I'd never get away with it. So I just wrenched the head off and stuck it in my bag."

Hiller recalls one experience in his career that fairly well illustrates the sort of unbelievable life he has led. He was sent down to Greenwich Village to photograph a man for an advertising testimonial. The man absolutely



Ambroise Pare (top) rose from humble origins to become surgeon to four kings of France. Famed as a humanitarian as well as a surgeon, he did much to reduce the pain and hazards of surgery. Lanfranchi (below) was first to differentiate between carcinoma and hypertrophy of breast. His straightforward lecturing style attracted students by the hundreds.



Philip Physick developed early absorbable sutures from leather; later catgut was found superior.

refused to have his picture taken, but since Hiller had come all that way for nothing, the man invited him in for a couple of drinks. After the couple, they had a couple more, and a couple more after that. The alcohol made them chummy and the man suggested they throw a party. "Why not," said Hiller. "You call your friends and I'll call mine."

They had a party.

Hiller's next recollection was noon the following day. He got to his feet, found his hat and coat, the door, and a taxicab. The cab took him home.

In his apartment, he headed for the shower. Under the cool current, he thought of his hat, and removed it. This reminded him of his clothes, so he stepped out of the shower. Undressed, he glanced in the mirror and was surprised to note writing across his bare chest. He tried to read it, but it appeared backwards in the mirror and he was too tired to try and figure it out. He'd just crawled into bed when the phone rang. It was a friend from the party with some rather startling news. Their late host had put a gun in his mouth, after the party, and blown his head off. Returning from the phone, Hiller again thought of the writing on his chest. With the help of a second mirror to correct the reversed image in the first, he was able to read: "I hereby bequeath all my worldly possessions. . ." Hiller stopped reading. It was the last will and testament of the guy who'd blown his brains out—scrawled across Hiller's chest.

Though Hiller has tackled a great many unusual picture assignments in his lifetime, he is best known for his photographic history of surgery. It has won him a number of awards and world wide recognition. In the thirty years since its conception, no major error has been detected in the work. Some admirers, however, have questioned the master about the lack of clothing on his women models compared to the men, while undergoing similar operations. They point particularly to the famous plague scene, where all the male victims are fully clothed and all the females are nude. To such questions, Hiller only smiles and says, "I prefer them that way."

FAHRENHEIT 451 (continued from page 46)

rette in them, but that's all."

Montag turned and glanced back.

What did you give to the city, Montag?

Ashes.

What did the others give to each other?

Nothingness.

Granger stood looking back with Montag. "Everyone must leave something behind when he dies, my grandfather said. A child or a book or a painting or a house or a wall built or a pair of shoes made. Or a garden planted. Something your hand touched some way so your soul has somewhere to go when you die, and when people look at that tree or that flower you planted, you're there. It doesn't matter what you do, he said, so long as you change something from the way it was before you touched it into something that's like you after you take your hands away. The difference between the man who just cuts lawns and a real gardener is in the touching, he said. The lawn-cutter might just as well not have been there at all; the gardener will be there a lifetime."

Granger moved his hand. "My grandfather showed me some V-2 rocket films once, fifty years ago. Have you ever seen the atom-bomb mushroom from two hundred miles up? it's a pinprick, it's nothing. With the wilderness all around it.

"My grandfather ran off the V-2 rocket film a dozen times and then hoped that some day our cities would open up more and let the green and the land and the wilderness in more, to remind people that we're allotted a little space on earth and that we survive in that wilderness that can take back what it has given, as easily as blowing its breath on us or sending the sea to tell us we are not so big. When we forget how close the wilderness is in the night, my grandpa said, some day it will come in and get us, for we will have forgotten how terrible and real it can be. You see?" Granger turned to Montag. "Grandfather's been dead for all these years, but if you lifted my skull, by God, in the convolutions of my brain you'd find the big ridges of his thumbprint. He touched me. As I said, earlier, he was a sculptor. 'I hate a Roman named Status Quo!' he said to me. 'Stuff your eyes with wonder,' he said, 'live as if you'd drop dead in ten seconds. See the world. It's more fantastic than any dream made or paid for in factories. Ask no guarantees, ask for no security, there never was such an animal. And if there were, it would be related to the great sloth which hangs upside down in a tree all day every day, sleeping its life away. To hell with that,' he said, 'shake the tree and knock the great sloth down on his ass.'"

"Look!" cried Montag.

And the war began and ended in that instant.

Later, the men around Montag could not say if they had really seen anything. Perhaps the merest flourish of light and motion in the sky. Perhaps the bombs were there, and the jets, ten miles, five miles, one mile up, for the merest instant, like grain thrown over the heavens by a great sowing hand, and the bombs drifting with dreadful swiftness, yet sudden-slowness, down upon the morning city they had left behind. The bombardment was to all intents and purposes finished, once the jets had sighted their target, alerted their bombardier at five thousand miles an hour; as quick as the whisper of a scythe the war was finished. Once the bomb-release was yanked, it was over. Now, a full three seconds, all the time in history, before the bombs struck, the enemy ships themselves were gone half around the visible world, like bullets in which a savage islander might not believe because they were invisible; yet the heart is suddenly shattered, the body falls in separate motions and the blood is astonished to be freed on the air; the brain squanders its few precious memories and, puzzled, dies.

This was not to be believed. It was merely a gesture. Montag saw the flirt of a great metal fist over the far city and he knew the scream of the jets that would follow, would say, after the deed, *disintegrate, leave no stone on another, perish. Die.*

Montag held the bombs in the sky for a single moment, with his mind and his hands reaching helplessly up at them. "Run!" he cried to Faber. To Clarisse, "Run!" To Mildred, "Get out, get out of there!" But Clarisse, he remembered, was dead. And Faber was out; there in the deep valleys of the country somewhere the five A. M. bus was on its way from one desolation to another. Though the desolation had not yet arrived, was still in the air, it was certain as man could make it. Before the bus had run another fifty yards on the highway, its destination would be meaningless, and its point of departure changed from metropolis to junkyard.

And Mildred. . .

Get out, run!

He saw her in her hotel room somewhere now in the half second remaining with the bombs a yard, a foot, an inch from her building. He saw her leaning toward the great shimmering walls of color and motion where the family talked and talked and talked to her, where the family prattled and chatted and said her name and smiled at her and said nothing of the bomb that was an inch, now

a half-inch, now a quarter-inch from the top of the hotel. Leaning into the wall as if all of the hunger of looking would find the secret of her sleepless unease there. Mildred, leaning anxiously nervously, as if to plunge, drop, fall into that swarming immensity of color to drown in its bright happiness.

The first bomb struck.

"Mildred!"

Perhaps, who would ever know? perhaps the great broadcasting stations with their beams of color and light and talk and chatter went first into oblivion.

Montag, falling flat, going down, saw or felt, or imagined he saw or felt the walls go dark in Millie's face, heard her screaming, because in the millionth part of time left, she saw her own face reflected there, in a mirror instead of a crystal ball, and it was such a wildly empty face, all by itself in the room, touching nothing, starved and eating of itself, that at last she recognized it as her own and looked quickly up at the ceiling as it and the entire structure of the hotel blasted down upon her, carrying her with a million pounds of brick, metal, plaster, and wood, to meet other people in the hives below, all on their quick way down to the cellar where the explosion rid itself of them in its own unreasonable way.

I remember. Montag clung to the earth. I remember. Chicago. Chicago a long time ago. Millie and I. *That's* where we met! I remember now. Chicago. A long time ago.

The concussion knocked the air across and down the river, turned the men over like dominos in a line, blew the water in lifting sprays, and blew the dust and made the trees above them mourn with great wind passing away south. Montag crushed himself down, squeezing himself small, eyes tight. He blinked once. And in that instant saw the city, instead of the bombs, in the air. They had displaced each other. For another of those impossible instants the city stood, rebuilt and unrecognizable, taller than it had ever hoped or strived to be, taller than man had built it, erected at last in gouts of shattered concrete and sparkles of torn metal into a mural hung like a reversed avalanche, a million colors, a million oddities, a door where a window should be, a top for a bottom, a side for a back, and then the city rolled over and fell down dead.

The sound of its death came after.

Montag, lying there, eyes gritted shut with dust, a fine wet cement of dust in his now shut mouth, gasping and crying, now thought again. I remember, I remember, I remember something else. What is it? Yes, yes, part of Ecclesiastes. Part of Ecclesiastes and Revelation. Part of that book, part of it, quick, before it gets away, before the shock wears off, before the

called to Montag:

"All right, you can come out now!"

Montag stepped back in the shadows.

"It's all right," the voice said. "You're welcome here."

Montag walked slowly toward the fire and the five old men sitting there dressed in dark blue denim pants and jackets and dark blue shirts. He did not know what to say to them.

"Sit down," said the man who seemed to be the leader of the small group. "Have some coffee?"

He watched the dark steaming mixture pour into a collapsible tin cup, which was handed him straight off. He sipped it gingerly and felt them looking at him with curiosity. His lips were scalded, but that was good. The faces around him were bearded, but the beards were clean, neat and their hands were clean. They had stood up as if to welcome a guest, and now they sat down again. Montag sipped.

"That's," he said. "Thanks very much."

"You're welcome, Montag. My name's Granger." He held out a small bottle of colorless fluid. "Drink this,

too. It'll change the chemical index of your perspiration. Half an hour from now you'll smell like two other people. With the Hound after you, the best thing is Bottoms up."

Montag drank the bitter fluid.

"You'll stink like a bobcat, but that's all right," said Granger.

"You know my name," said Montag.

Granger nodded to a portable battery TV set by the fire. "We've watched the chase. Figured you'd wind up south along the river. When we heard you plunging around out in the forest like a drunken elk, we didn't hide as we usually do. We figured you were in the river, when the helicopter cameras swung back in over the city. Something funny there. The chase is still running. The other way, though."

"The other way?"

"Let's have a look."

Granger snapped the portable viewer on. The picture was a nightmare, condensed, easily passed from hand to hand, in the forest, all whirring color and flight. A voice cried:

"The chase continues north in the city! Police helicopters are converg-

ing on Avenue 87 and Elm Grove Park!"

Granger nodded. "They're faking, you threw them off at the river. They can't admit it. They know they can hold their audience only so long. The show's got to have a snap ending, quick! If they started searching the whole damn river it might take all night. So they're sniffing for a scapegoat to end things with a bang. Watch. They'll catch Montag in the next five minutes!"

"But how—"

"Watch."

The camera, hovering in the belly of a helicopter, now swung down at an empty street.

"See that?" whispered Granger. "It'll be you; right up at the end of that street is our victim. See how our camera is coming in? Building the scene. Suspense. Long shot. Right now, some poor fellow is out for a walk. A rarity. An odd one. Don't think the police don't know the habits of queer ducks like that, men who walk mornings for the hell of it, or for reasons of insomnia. Anyway, the



"My psychiatrist finally hit on it. I'm an introvert."

police have had him charted for months, years. Never know when that sort of information might be handy. And today, it turns out, it's very usable indeed. It saves face. Oh, God, look there!"

The men at the fire bent forward. On the screen, a man turned a corner. The Mechanical Hound rushed forward into the viewer, suddenly. The helicopter lights shot down a dozen brilliant pillars that built a cage all about the man.

A voice cried, "There's Montag! The search is done!"

The innocent man stood bewildered, a cigarette burning in his hand. He stared at the Hound, not knowing what it was. He probably never knew. He glanced up at the sky and the wailing sirens. The camera rushed down. The Hound leapt up into the air with a rhythm and a sense of timing that was incredibly beautiful. Its needle shot out. It was suspended for a moment in their gaze, as if to give the vast audience time to appreciate everything, the raw look of the victim's face, the empty street, the steel animal a bullet nosing the target.

"Montag, don't move!" said a voice from the sky.

The camera fell upon the victim, even as did the Hound. Both reached him simultaneously. The victim was seized by Hound and camera in a great spidering, clenching grip. He screamed. He screamed. He screamed!

Blackout.

Silence.

Darkness.

Montag cried out in the silence and turned away.

Silence.

And then, after a time of the men sitting around the fire, their faces expressionless, an announcer on the dark screen said, "The search is over, Montag is dead; a crime against society has been avenged."

Darkness.

"We now take you to the Sky Room of the Hotel Lux for a half hour of Just-Before-Dawn, a program of—"

Granger turned it off.

"They didn't show the man's face in focus. Did you notice? Even your best friends couldn't tell if it was you. They scrambled it just enough to let the imagination take over. Hell," he whispered. "Hell."

Montag said nothing but now, looking back, sat with his eyes fixed to the blank screen, trembling.

Granger touched Montag's arm. "Welcome back from the dead." Montag nodded. Granger went on. "You might as well know all of us, now. This is Fred Clement, former occupant of the Thomas Hardy chair at Cambridge in the years before it became an Atomic Engineering School. This other is Dr. Simmons from U. C. L. A., a specialist in Ortega y Gasset; Professor West here did quite a bit



"Hey, Joe—the cost of living's dropped 30c a fifth."

for ethics, an ancient study now, for Columbia University quite some years ago. Reverend Padover here gave a few lectures thirty years ago and lost his flock between one Sunday and the next for his views. He's been bumming with us some time now. Myself: I wrote a book called *The Fingers in the Glove; the Proper Relationship between the Individual and Society*, and here I am! Welcome, Montag!"

"I don't belong with you," said Montag, at last, slowly. "I've been an idiot all the way."

"We're used to that. We all made the right kind of mistakes, or we wouldn't be here. When we were separate individuals, all we had was rage. I struck a fireman when he came to burn my library years ago. I've been running ever since. You want to join us, Montag?"

"Yes."

"What have you to offer?"

"Nothing. I thought I had part of the Book of Ecclesiastes and maybe a little of Revelation, but I haven't even that now."

"The Book of Ecclesiastes would be fine. Where was it?"

"Here," Montag touched his head.

"Ah," Granger smiled and nodded.

"What's wrong? Isn't that all right?" said Montag.

"Better than all right; perfect!"

Granger turned to the Reverend. "Do we have a Book of Ecclesiastes?"

"One. A man named Harris in Youngstown."

"Montag," Granger took Montag's shoulder firmly. "Walk carefully. Guard your health. If anything should happen to Harris, you are the Book of Ecclesiastes. See how important you've

become in the last minute!"

"But I've forgotten!"

"No, nothing's ever lost. We have ways to shake down your dinkers for you."

"But I've tried to remember!"

"Don't try. It'll come when we need it. All of us have photographic memories, but spend a lifetime learning how to block off the things that are really in there. Simmons here has worked on it for twenty years and now we've got the method down to where we can recall anything that's been read once. Would you like, some day, Montag, to read Plato's *Republic*?"

"Of course!"

"I am Plato's *Republic*. Like to read Marcus Aurelius? Mr. Simmons is Marcus."

"How do you do?" said Mr. Simmons.

"Hello," said Montag.

"I want you to meet Jonathan Swift, the author of the evil political book, *Gulliver's Travels*! And this other fellow is Charles Darwin, and this one is Schopenhauer, and this one is Einstein, and this one here at my elbow is Mr. Albert Schweitzer, a very kind philosopher indeed. Here we all are, Montag. Aristophanes and Mahatma Gandhi and Gautama Buddha and Confucius and Thomas Love Peacock and Thomas Jefferson and Mr. Lincoln, if you please. We are also Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John."

Everyone laughed quietly.

"It can't be," said Montag.

"It is," replied Granger, smiling. "We're book-burners, too. We read the books and burnt them, afraid they'd be found. Micro-filming didn't pay off; we were always traveling, we

didn't want to bury the film and come back later. Always the chance of discovery. Better to keep it in the old heads, where no one can see it or suspect it. We are all bits and pieces of history and literature and international law, Byron, Tom Paine, Machiavelli or Christ, it's here. And the hour's late. And the war's begun. And we are out here, and the city is there, all wrapped up in its own coat of a thousand colors. What do you think, Montag?"

"I think I was blind trying to go at things my way, planting books in firemen's houses and sending in alarms."

"You did what you had to do. Carried out on a national scale, it might have worked beautifully. But our way is simpler and, we think, better. All we want to do is keep the knowledge we think we will need, intact and safe. We're not out to incite or anger anyone yet. For if we are destroyed, the knowledge is dead, perhaps for good. We are model citizens, in our own special way; we walk the old tracks, we lie in the hills at night, and the city people let us be. We're stopped and searched occasionally, but there's nothing on our person to incriminate us. The organization is flexible, very loose, and fragmentary. Some of us have had plastic surgery on our faces and fingerprints. Right now we have a horrible job; we're waiting for the war to begin and, as quickly, end. It's not pleasant but then we're not in control, we're the odd minority crying in the wilderness. When the war's over, perhaps we can be of some use in the world."

"Do you really think they'll listen then?"

"If not, we'll just have to wait. We'll pass the books on to our children, by word of mouth, and let our children wait, in turn, on the other people. A lot will be lost that way, of course. But you can't *make* people listen. They have to come round in their own time, wondering what happened and why the world blew up under them. It can't last."

"How many of you are there?"

"Thousands on the roads, the abandoned railroads, tonight, bums on the outside, libraries inside. It wasn't planned, at first. Each man had a book he wanted to remember, and did. Then, over a period of twenty years or so, we met each other, traveling, and got the loose network together and set out a plan. The most important single thing we had to pound into ourselves is that we were not important, we mustn't be pedants; we were not to feel superior to anyone else in the world. We're nothing more than dust-jackets for books, of no significance otherwise. Some of us live in small towns. Chapter One of Thoreau's *Walden* in Green River, Chap-

ter Two in Willow Farm, Maine. Why, there's one town in Maryland, only twenty-seven people, no bomb'll ever touch that town, is the complete essays of a man named Bertrand Russell. Pick up that town, almost, and flip the pages, so many pages to a person. And when the war's over, some day, some year, the books can be written again, the people will be called in, one by one, to recite what they know and we'll set it up in type until another Dark Age, when we might have to do the whole damn thing over again. But that's the wonderful thing about man; he never gets so discouraged or disgusted that he gives up doing it all over again, because he knows very well it is important and *worth* the doing."

"What do we do tonight?" asked Montag.

"Wait," said Granger. "And move downstream a little ways, just in case."

He began throwing dust and dirt in the fire.

The other men helped, and Montag helped, and there, in the wilderness, the men all moved their hands, putting out the fire together.

They stood by the river in the starlight.

Montag saw the luminous dial of his waterproof. Five. Five o'clock in the morning. Another year ticked by in a single hour, and dawn waiting beyond the far bank of the river.

"Why do you trust me?" said Montag.

A man moved in the darkness.

"The look of you's enough. You haven't seen yourself in a mirror lately. Beyond that, the city has never cared so much about us to bother with an elaborate chase like this to find us. A few crackpots with verses in their heads can't touch them, and they know it and we know it; everyone knows it. So long as the vast population doesn't wander about quoting the Magna Charta and the Constitution, it's all right. The firemen were enough to check that, now and then. No, the cities don't bother us. And you look like hell."

They moved along the bank of the river, going south. Montag tried to see the men's faces, the old faces he remembered from the firelight, lined and tired. He was looking for a brightness, a resolve, a triumph over tomorrow that hardly seemed to be there. Perhaps he had expected their faces to burn and glitter with the knowledge they carried, to glow as lanterns glow, with the light in them. But all the light had come from the campfire, and these men had seemed no different than any others who had run a long race, searched a long search, seen good things destroyed, and now, very late, were gathered to wait for the end of the party and the blowing out of the lamps. They weren't

at all certain that the things they carried in their heads might make every future dawn glow with a purer light, they were sure of nothing save that the books were on file behind their quiet eyes, the books were waiting, with their pages uncut, for the customers who might come by in later years, some with clean and some with dirty fingers.

Montag squinted from one face to another as they walked.

"Don't judge a book by its cover," someone said.

And they all laughed quietly, moving downstream.

There was a shriek and the jets from the city were gone overhead long before the men looked up. Montag stared back at the city, far down the river, only a faint glow now.

"My wife's back there."

"I'm sorry to hear that. The cities won't do well in the next few days," said Granger.

"It's strange. I don't miss her, it's strange I don't feel much of anything," said Montag. "Even if she dies, I realized a moment ago, I don't think I'll feel sad. It isn't right. Something must be wrong with me."

"Listen," said Granger, taking his arm, and walking with him, holding aside the bushes to let him pass. "When I was a boy my grandfather died, and he was a sculptor. He was also a very kind man who had a lot of love to give the world, and he helped clean up the slum in our town; and he made toys for us and he did a million things in his lifetime; he was always busy with his hands. And when he died, I suddenly realized I wasn't crying for him at all, but for all the things he did. I cried because he would never do them again, he would never carve another piece of wood or help us raise doves and pigeons in the back yard or play the violin the way he did, or tell us jokes the way he did. He was part of us and when he died, all the actions stopped dead and there was no one to do them just the way he did. He was individual. He was an important man. I've never gotten over his death. Often I think, what wonderful carvings never came to birth because he died. How many jokes are missing from the world, and how many homing pigeons untouched by his hands. He shaped the world. He *did* things to the world. The world was bankrupted of ten million fine actions the night he passed on."

Montag walked in silence. "Millie, Millie," he whispered. "Millie."

"What?"

"My wife, my wife. Poor Millie, poor, poor Millie. I can't remember anything. I think of her hands but I don't see them doing anything at all. They just hang there at her sides or they lie on her lap or there's a ciga-



"Sedgewick, will you please go to sleep?"

FAHRENHEIT 451 (continued from page 46)

rette in them, but that's all."

Montag turned and glanced back.

What did you give to the city, Montag?

Ashes.

What did the others give to each other?

Nothingness.

Granger stood looking back with Montag. "Everyone must leave something behind when he dies, my grandfather said. A child or a book or a painting or a house or a wall built or a pair of shoes made. Or a garden planted. Something your hand touched some way so your soul has somewhere to go when you die, and when people look at that tree or that flower you planted, you're there. It doesn't matter what you do, he said, so long as you change something from the way it was before you touched it into something that's like you after you take your hands away. The difference between the man who just cuts lawns and a real gardener is in the touching, he said. The lawn-cutter might just as well not have been there at all; the gardener will be there a lifetime."

Granger moved his hand. "My grandfather showed me some V-2 rocket films once, fifty years ago. Have you ever seen the atom-bomb mushroom from two hundred miles up? it's a pinprick, it's nothing. With the wilderness all around it.

"My grandfather ran off the V-2 rocket film a dozen times and then hoped that some day our cities would open up more and let the green and the land and the wilderness in more, to remind people that we're allotted a little space on earth and that we survive in that wilderness that can take back what it has given, as easily as blowing its breath on us or sending the sea to tell us we are not so big. When we forget how close the wilderness is in the night, my grandpa said, some day it will come in and get us, for we will have forgotten how terrible and real it can be. You see?" Granger turned to Montag. "Grandfather's been dead for all these years, but if you lifted my skull, by God, in the convolutions of my brain you'd find the big ridges of his thumbprint. He touched me. As I said, earlier, he was a sculptor. 'I hate a Roman named Status Quo!' he said to me. 'Stuff your eyes with wonder,' he said, 'live as if you'd drop dead in ten seconds. See the world. It's more fantastic than any dream made or paid for in factories. Ask no guarantees, ask for no security, there never was such an animal. And if there were, it would be related to the great sloth which hangs upside down in a tree all day every day, sleeping its life away. To hell with that,' he said, 'shake the tree and knock the great sloth down on his ass.'"

"Look!" cried Montag.

And the war began and ended in that instant.

Later, the men around Montag could not say if they had really seen anything. Perhaps the merest flourish of light and motion in the sky. Perhaps the bombs were there, and the jets, ten miles, five miles, one mile up, for the merest instant, like grain thrown over the heavens by a great sowing hand, and the bombs drifting with dreadful swiftness, yet sudden-slowness, down upon the morning city they had left behind. The bombardment was to all intents and purposes finished, once the jets had sighted their target, alerted their bombardier at five thousand miles an hour; as quick as the whisper of a scythe the war was finished. Once the bomb-release was yanked, it was over. Now, a full three seconds, all the time in history, before the bombs struck, the enemy ships themselves were gone half around the visible world, like bullets in which a savage islander might not believe because they were invisible; yet the heart is suddenly shattered, the body falls in separate motions and the blood is astonished to be freed on the air; the brain squanders its few precious memories and, puzzled, dies.

This was not to be believed. It was merely a gesture. Montag saw the flirt of a great metal fist over the far city and he knew the scream of the jets that would follow, would say, after the deed, *disintegrate, leave no stone on another, perish. Die.*

Montag held the bombs in the sky for a single moment, with his mind and his hands reaching helplessly up at them. "Run!" he cried to Faber. To Clarisse, "Run!" To Mildred, "Get out, get out of there!" But Clarisse, he remembered, was dead. And Faber was out; there in the deep valleys of the country somewhere the five A. M. bus was on its way from one desolation to another. Though the desolation had not yet arrived, was still in the air, it was certain as man could make it. Before the bus had run another fifty yards on the highway, its destination would be meaningless, and its point of departure changed from metropolis to junkyard.

And Mildred. . .

Get out, run!

He saw her in her hotel room somewhere now in the half second remaining with the bombs a yard, a foot, an inch from her building. He saw her leaning toward the great shimmering walls of color and motion where the family talked and talked and talked to her, where the family prattled and chatted and said her name and smiled at her and said nothing of the bomb that was an inch, now

a half-inch, now a quarter-inch from the top of the hotel. Leaning into the wall as if all of the hunger of looking would find the secret of her sleepless unease there. Mildred, leaning anxiously nervously, as if to plunge, drop, fall into that swarming immensity of color to drown in its bright happiness.

The first bomb struck.

"Mildred!"

Perhaps, who would ever know? perhaps the great broadcasting stations with their beams of color and light and talk and chatter went first into oblivion.

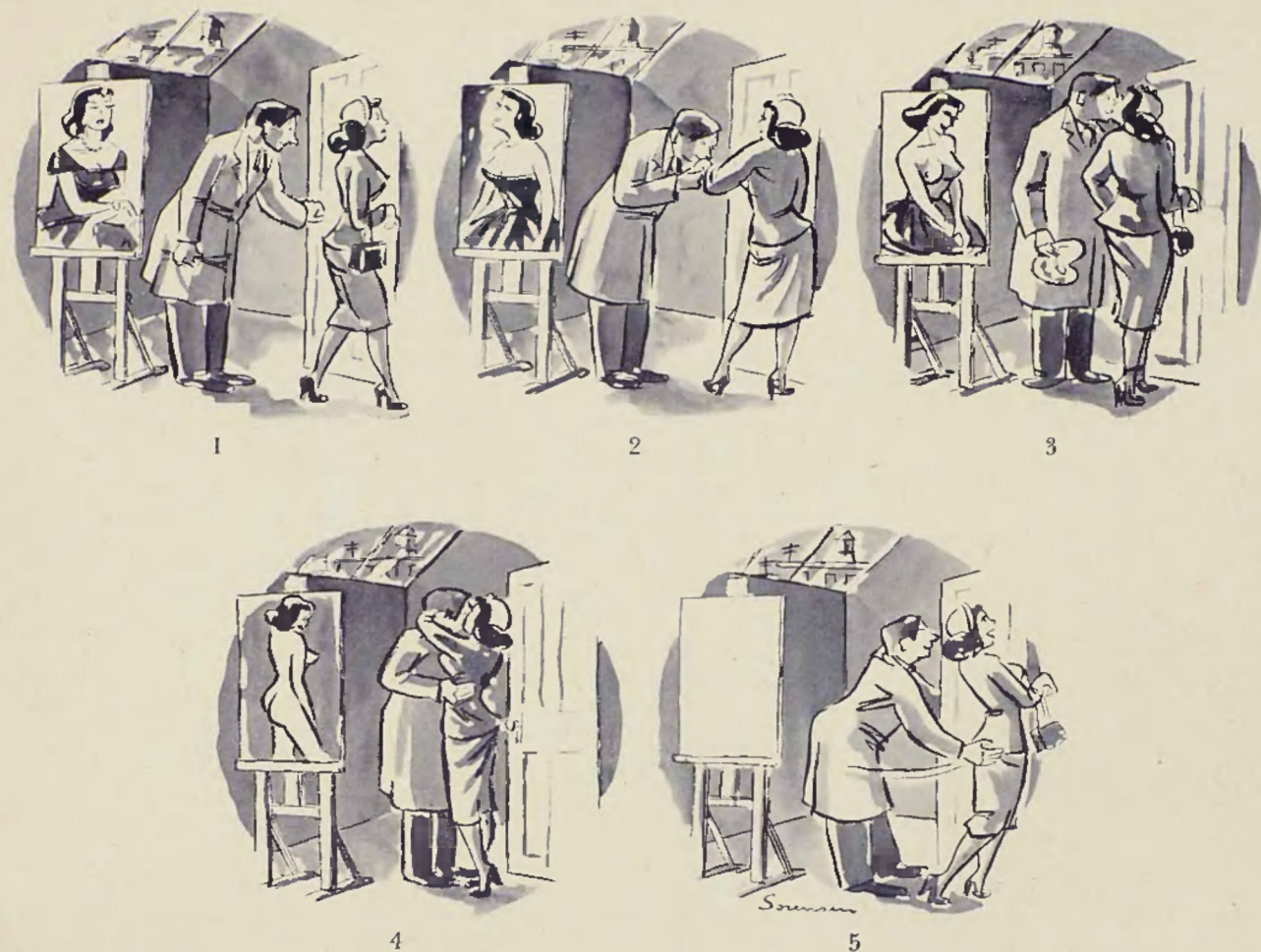
Montag, falling flat, going down, saw or felt, or imagined he saw or felt the walls go dark in Millie's face, heard her screaming, because in the millionth part of time left, she saw her own face reflected there, in a mirror instead of a crystal ball, and it was such a wildly empty face, all by itself in the room, touching nothing, starved and eating of itself, that at last she recognized it as her own and looked quickly up at the ceiling as it and the entire structure of the hotel blasted down upon her, carrying her with a million pounds of brick, metal, plaster, and wood, to meet other people in the hives below, all on their quick way down to the cellar where the explosion rid itself of them in its own unreasonable way.

I remember. Montag clung to the earth. I remember. Chicago. Chicago a long time ago. Millie and I. *That's* where we met! I remember now. Chicago. A long time ago.

The concussion knocked the air across and down the river, turned the men over like dominos in a line, blew the water in lifting sprays, and blew the dust and made the trees above them mourn with great wind passing away south. Montag crushed himself down, squeezing himself small, eyes tight. He blinked once. And in that instant saw the city, instead of the bombs, in the air. They had displaced each other. For another of those impossible instants the city stood, rebuilt and unrecognizable, taller than it had ever hoped or strived to be, taller than man had built it, erected at last in gouts of shattered concrete and sparkles of torn metal into a mural hung like a reversed avalanche, a million colors, a million oddities, a door where a window should be, a top for a bottom, a side for a back, and then the city rolled over and fell down dead.

The sound of its death came after.

Montag, lying there, eyes gritted shut with dust, a fine wet cement of dust in his now shut mouth, gasping and crying, now thought again. I remember, I remember, I remember something else. What is it? Yes, yes, part of Ecclesiastes. Part of Ecclesiastes and Revelation. Part of that book, part of it, quick, before it gets away, before the shock wears off, before the



wind dies. Book of Ecclesiastes. Here. He said it over to himself silently, lying flat to the trembling earth, he said the words of it many times and they were perfect without trying and there was no Denham's Dentrifice anywhere, it was just the Preacher by himself, standing there in his mind, looking at him. . . .

"There," said a voice.

The men lay gasping like fish laid out on the grass. They held to the earth as children hold to familiar things, no matter how cold or dead, no matter what has happened or will happen, their fingers were clawed into the dirt, and they were all shouting to keep their eardrums from bursting, to keep their sanity from bursting, mouths open, Montag shouting with them, a protest against the wind that ripped their faces and tore at their lips, making their noses bleed.

Montag watched the great dust settle and the great silence move down upon their world. And lying there it seemed that he saw every single grain of dust and every blade of grass and that he heard every cry and shout and whisper going up in the world

now. Silence fell down in the sifting dust, and all the leisure they might need to look around, to gather the reality of this day into their senses.

Montag looked at the river. We'll go on the river. He looked at the old railroad tracks. Or we'll go that way. Or we'll walk on the highways now, and we'll have time to put things into ourselves. And some day, after it sets in us a long time, it'll come out our hands and mouths. And a lot of it will be wrong, but just enough of it will be right. We'll just start walking today and see the world and the way the world walks around and talks, the way it really looks. I want to see everything now. And while none of it will be me when it goes in, after awhile it'll all gather together inside and it'll be me. Look at the world out there, my God, my God, look at it out there, outside me, out there beyond my face and the only way to really touch it is to put it where it's finally me, where it's in the blood, where it pumps around a thousand times ten thousand a day. I get hold of it so it'll never run off. I'll hold onto the world tight some day. I've got one

finger on it now; that's a beginning.

The wind died.

The other men lay awhile, on the dawn edge of sleep, not yet ready to rise up and begin the day's obligations, its fires and foods, its thousand details of putting foot after foot and hand after hand. They lay blinking their dusty eyelids. You could hear them breathing fast, then slower, then slow . . .

Montag sat up.

He did not move any farther, however. The other men did likewise. The sun was touching the black horizon with a faint red tip. The air was cold and smelled of a coming rain.

Silently, Granger arose, felt of his arms and legs, swearing, swearing incessantly under his breath, tears dripping from his face. He shuffled down to the river to look upstream.

"It's flat," he said, a long time later. "City looks like a heap of baking powder. It's gone." And a long time after that. "I wonder how many knew it was coming? I wonder how many were surprised?"

And across the world, thought Montag, how many other cities dead? And

here in our country, how many? A hundred, a thousand?

Someone struck a match and touched it to a piece of dry paper from their pocket and shoved this under a bit of grass and leaves, and after awhile added tiny twigs which were wet and sputtered but finally caught, and the fire grew larger in the early morning as the sun came up and the men slowly turned from looking up river and were drawn to the fire, awkwardly, with nothing to say, and the sun colored the back of their necks as they bent down.

Granger unfolded an oilskin with some bacon in it. "We'll have a bite. Then we'll turn around and walk upstream. They'll be needing us up that way."

Someone produced a small frying pan and the bacon went into it and the frying pan was set on the fire. After a moment the bacon began to flutter and dance in the pan and the sputter of it filled the morning air with its aroma. The men watched this ritual silently.

Granger looked into the fire. "Phoenix."

"What?"

"There was a silly damn bird called a Phoenix back before Christ, every few hundred years he built a pyre and burned himself up. He must have been first cousin to Man. But every time he burnt himself up he sprang out of the ashes, he got himself born all over again. And it looks like we're doing the same thing, over and over, but we've got one damn thing the Phoenix never had. We know the damn silly thing we just did. We know all the damn silly things we've done

for a thousand years and as long as we know that and always have it around where we can see it, some day we'll stop making the goddam funeral pyres and jumping in the middle of them. We pick up a few more people that remember, every generation."

"Now, let's get on upstream," said Granger. "And hold onto one thought: You're not important. You're not anything. Some day the load we're carrying with us may help someone. But even when we had the books on hand, a long time ago, we didn't use what we got out of them. We went right on insulting the dead. We went right on spitting in the graves of all the poor ones who died before us. We're going to meet a lot of lonely people in the next week and the next month and the next year. And when they ask us what we're doing, you can say, We're remembering. That's where we'll win out in the long run. And some day we'll remember so much that we'll build the biggest goddam steamshovel in history and dig the biggest grave of all time and shove war in and cover it up. Come on now, we're going to build a mirror-factory first and put out nothing but mirrors for the next year and take a long look in them."

They finished eating and put out the fire. The day was brightening all about them as if a pink lamp had been given more wick. In the trees, the birds that had flown away quickly now came back and settled down.

Montag began walking and after a moment found that the others had fallen in behind him, going north. He was surprised, and moved aside to let Granger pass, but Granger

looked at him and nodded him on. Montag went ahead. He looked at the river and the sky and the rusting track going back down to where the farms lay, where the barns stood full of hay, where a lot of people had walked by in the night on their way from the city. Later, in a month or six months, and certainly not more than a year, he would walk along here again, alone, and keep right on going until he caught up with the people.

But now there was a long morning's walk until noon, and if the men were silent it was because there was everything to think about and much to remember. Perhaps later in the morning, when the sun was up and had warmed them they would begin to talk, or just say the things they remembered, to be sure they were there, to be absolutely certain that things were safe in them. Montag felt the slow stir of words, the slow simmer. And when it came his turn, what could he say, what could he offer on a day like this, to make the trip a little easier? To everything there is a season. Yes. A time to break down, and a time to build up. Yes. A time to keep silence and a time to speak. Yes, all that. But what else. What else? Something, something. . .

And on either side of the river was there a tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month; And the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.

Yes, thought Montag, that's the one I'll save for noon. For noon. . .

When we reach the city.



THREE DAY PASS (continued from page 18)

newer," said P. B., "I got a '38 Olds—\$1,300 takes it, cash or terms—not a mile on it. The guy who owned it was president of a suicide pact club. He used to keep the car in the garage, and once a month one member of the club would go out and monoxide himself. That's all the car was used for."

"Manny," said John Smith to the photographer, "I want to get something a little unusual here. This guy blew up a bridge in Morocco. The fascist troops were shooting at him while he attached the explosives. They got his buddy."

"The bastards," said Manny.

"What do you think?" asked John Smith.

"Well, we'll fake something," said Manny. He turned to me. "You crawl under the table and I'll give you this extension wire and you pretend you're hooking it onto the table leg. You the other soldier—what's your name?"

"Montag Fortz."

"—stand by with your fingers in

your ears."

"Swell," said John Smith. "I won't be writing classified ads much longer."

"Thee," Sam said to me, "getst under the table."

I crawled under. "I had a cousin who was a photographer," I said. "He smuggled a camera into an electrocution once. Had it strapped to his leg. When they turned the juice on the prisoner, my cousin hoisted his trousers and clicked the shutter. Unfortunately, he wasn't able to focus. All he got was the nape of H. V. Kaltenborn, who was covering the electrocution for the Brooklyn *Eagle*. Kaltenborn later bought a dozen enlargements from him."

"All right," Manny said. "Now tie that wire around the table leg. That's it. Montag, you stick your fingers in your ears. That's fine. Now one more. Got it."

"Now if you'll give me the dope on your friend—" John Smith said to Sam.

Sam took him aside, gave him my real name and address, and enough additional material to make certain the story would make page one of next morning's paper.

"Gelt and Gelt," I said from under the table, "I see what you're doing to those twins. A rare thing." Then I passed out cold.

• • •

The next day it was all there—the picture alone got four columns. Everyone saw it—Mom, Pop, Estherlee. I tried to tell them that it was a mistake, but the story said it had been a secret mission (something Sam had added when I wasn't listening) and everyone thought I was just being modest. I thought I might get court martialled, but I guess the Army doesn't read the *Press-Telegram*. Estherlee thought my letters from Oklahoma were faked to hide the real nature of my assignment—I think Sam gave her that idea, too. She never did see the marine again.



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