

mind. He found civil war going on there. One half said that people had always been slaves to the old kind of advertising, the other half argued that if the slaves were liberated, they could afford to buy more cigarettes. That is to say, more Kigarettes. He was reassured by this last, but was still worried by the thought of abandoning advertising. The agency had sent him a friendly note to remind him that in America more was spent on advertising than on defence, that advertising going out of fashion means a recession, recession meant poverty, and poverty meant only one thing—less Kigarettes would get smoked. He could see no way out of this problem.

'Miss French!' The typewriter hurried through a florid cadenza and fell silent.

'If you had made a new discovery which didn't fit in with advertising what would you do?'

'Make advertising fit in with it?'

He thought for a bit till he saw what she meant, and picked up the phone.

Three weeks later vast posters appeared all over the country showing, in stark white lettering on a black background, the words THE CIGARETTE THAT NEEDS NO ADVERTISING. No name, just a message. Television viewers were faced one night with a thirty second advertisement showing a man sitting at a table smoking a cigarette for thirty seconds. No hidden voice, no writing. No expression on the man's face—or was there a slight smile? Kigarettes were displayed in shops in plain white packs with no inscription except Filter and Non-Filter.

Kigarette Filter sales had now risen a total of 25 per cent in three months. Other tobacco companies had noticed these strange new practices in the industry and were alarmed. Himalayan Tobacco Inc. (makers of Rockies, the menthol cigarette with the subtle taste of tobacco) secretly put out posters on the same lines and found that the public assumed they were Kigarette advertisements. As Kigarette sales went up, theirs went down. The American public wasn't smoking any more, it was just smoking more Kigarettes. And their

secret, no longer a secret, could by its very nature be used only by the person who thought of it first.

American democracy and American advertising were closely connected in Kroesus's mind. For him, the Statue of Liberty was the greatest brand image in the world. Although he was not outwardly an emotional man, he loved his cigarette-smoking country and dreaded to think that there was perhaps something wrong in what he was doing. The way things were going, he was heading for a monopoly, and monopolies were undemocratic, unless held by the government. Or was that socialism? He felt confused.

'Miss French!' The typewriter stalled in mid-air.

'Do you believe in free competition?'

'Indeed I do, P.D.'

'And is the logical conclusion of free competition trying to force your rivals out of business?'

'So it seems to me.'

His face cleared. He was backed by unbiased opinion. Before he knew it, he was asking to be put through to the agency.

They redesigned to his orders an old poster which had read—'Kigarette—the only cigarette which combines good taste with a good taste'. America got up one morning and was faced with the uncompromising message 'The Only Cigarette'. No one doubted which one was meant and it made them feel good to know it.

When Kroesus opened his afternoon mail that day, he found that the two great political parties had written to him. They both hailed him as an outstanding example of their organisation and both pointed out that although the present President was in many ways a fine man, he did not fully represent the cigarette-smoking majority. At some time convenient to Kroesus, they would be very pleased to make his acquaintance.

Kroesus looked worried. Nothing in his experience had prepared him for anything like this.

'Miss French!'

## LIKE PEBBLES

Derek Parfit

HER dark-brown flood of hair made two superb alcoves over the corners of her forehead, then billowed out round her neck like the smooth ankle of a column. Her eyes were larger than normal, and her eyelashes longer. The side wall of her upper nose looked even whiter than the rest of her face. Her mouth was slightly open.

To his surprise, it stayed open. Either he thought, she had forgotten what she was going to say, or she had caught a cold bathing.

She sneezed, settling the point. Subsiding like a wave in her seat, she frowned, giggled, stood up, disentangled herself from the legs of tables and relatives, and threaded

her way towards the door. With an effort, he tried to attach meaning to his father's new sentence.

He was on the sand, the next morning, when she and her family flopped down under the neighbouring sunshade. She went away almost at once, but he saw her black bathing suit, and the way her limbs glistened.

After this, he always missed her on the beach. The second day she did brush past him on the winding path up to the hotel. But the dining room was the only place where he could be sure of seeing her.

She sat ten yards away, over his father's shoulder. It was strange how she never noticed him, for he stared and stared. And there were other subtler ways of paying homage.

He would take grapes from the water and place them in his mouth like soft pebbles, crushing them only when she turned by chance towards him. Or he would make the chandelier dazzle his eyes, then swing round and ring her in a halo of fire.

On the afternoon of the fourth day he was walking along the headland which jutted out beyond the lighthouse. He had reached the point where the woods suddenly gave way to a jagged island of pink and quartz rock—a clenched fist in the sea, accessible only by a narrow isthmus high above two foaming inlets. It had become so dark already that when she shouted and waved he mistook her for some Spanish boy from the village. She had been frightened to recross the ridge now that the sun had gone below the horizon, and was beckoning for him to help her across to the woods. They climbed down to meet each other, and stood on opposite ledges only about seven feet apart. He held out his arm towards her. She hesitated, pushed back the hair blowing across her eyes, bit her upper lip with surprisingly small white teeth, then bent gingerly out over the gap. By luck the fingers of their two hands cleanly interlocked. But her balance had gone. She leapt forward.

The impetus of her body pressed him back against the rock. For a moment their faces almost touched, and he saw the faint white marks on her upper lip, just released by her teeth. '*A man ne veut*' she panted, righting herself, and almost at once slipped round the ledge and out of sight.

He caught one glimpse of her, on the way back, a long way ahead. What had happened had moved him, more, perhaps, than anything before. But it was a strange sort of emotion—more trance than excitement. When she grinned at him as he sat down to dinner that night he grinned back without even thinking.

The week over, he was walking upstairs to bed through the deserted building. His early train left at seven the next morning. He had always assumed, by default, that she slept in the other wing of the hotel. But the dressing-gowned figure that slipped into the room at the end of the passage had a swinging pageboy crop that was unmistakable.

He followed her, two hours later. The door creaked horribly, but he felt safe with it shut behind him.

Her room was so dark at first that he stopped in terror. She was breathing loudly. He stood pressed against the corner, with his back to the door, and his cheek buried in her dressing-gown. Gradually, he could make out the faint glow of her pillow, and the figure curled under the dark blankets. He moved closer, and sat on the end of the bed, still leaning against the wall.

And there he stayed. It was enough just being there, just watching the slight movements of her sleep. Two hours of darkness passed. She kicked him once, but that was the only incident.

In time, he began to see her more clearly. The clouds became dark grey instead of black. A light area, suggesting the moon, gave more and more promise. Her room was at the end of the building, so he could look down to where the bay must be below. Its long strip of sand (like her pillow) gave the only visible phosphorescence, but he could hear the sea breathing, about twice as slowly as the girl in bed. Birds, anticipating the dawn by exactly three hours, began to add sharp comments to its slow movement.

He noticed the gap in the clouds about a quarter of an hour before it reached the moon. He worked out from its speed that it would give him some five minutes of light. But the angle it promised was uncertain, so relief was his first feeling when it struck straight onto the bed. He hardly knew what followed. Lit from below, and by such cold light, her face seemed quite unreal the cheeks washed with cream, the hair tumbling all over the pillow.

She moved, troubled by the moonlight on her eyelids. A sleeper's toss only turned her more towards it. Instinctive annoyance made her teeth punish her lip just as if she was dreaming of that leap towards him.

Deliverance from the moon would come in about sixty seconds. He placed his hand on the wall behind her, leaned forward into the shaft of light, paused over her chin, turned his head sideways, and bent down until his mouth came to rest on her wet underlip. It was like a split grape, and her teeth were like pebbles.

Both eyes sulked in bewilderment. After five seconds of eternity, darkness and the wave rhythm returned. Somehow, he stumbled away, and packed right through the dawn.

## DEAF CHILDREN

And when I talked with them, their voices stretched  
Tight, and were strident with an urgency  
To make for others words they had only watched.  
I could not realise their difficulty.

It seemed that what they lacked in speech they  
showed  
By plain gestures; the words we easily share  
They roughly snatched: for all their demands, I  
could  
Give only sympathy they could not hear.

J. R. S. DAVIES