COSMOPOLITAN

July, 1959 • 35¢

Man and His Woman

The mad race for money, everlasting youth, social standing, unlimited leisure, and bright children is putting him in the poorhouse and her in the hospital.

SPECIAL SECTION

Let's Stop Belittling American Men
Their stellar role in an age of female emancipation

What Men and Women Tell Their Psychiatrists
Some pretty funny remarks are made on the couch

Why Husbands Disappear
How infidelity, insecurity, and boredom take their toll

"My Father Wanted a Son"
The conflict that alters a daughter's life

What Makes Jerry Wald Run
An intimate profile of Hollywood's bravest producer

Man's Most Stupid Mistake
His sex blundering can ruin his chance for happiness

LINDA CHRISTIAN—The Intercontinental Miss
Millionaires and princes are a girl's best friends

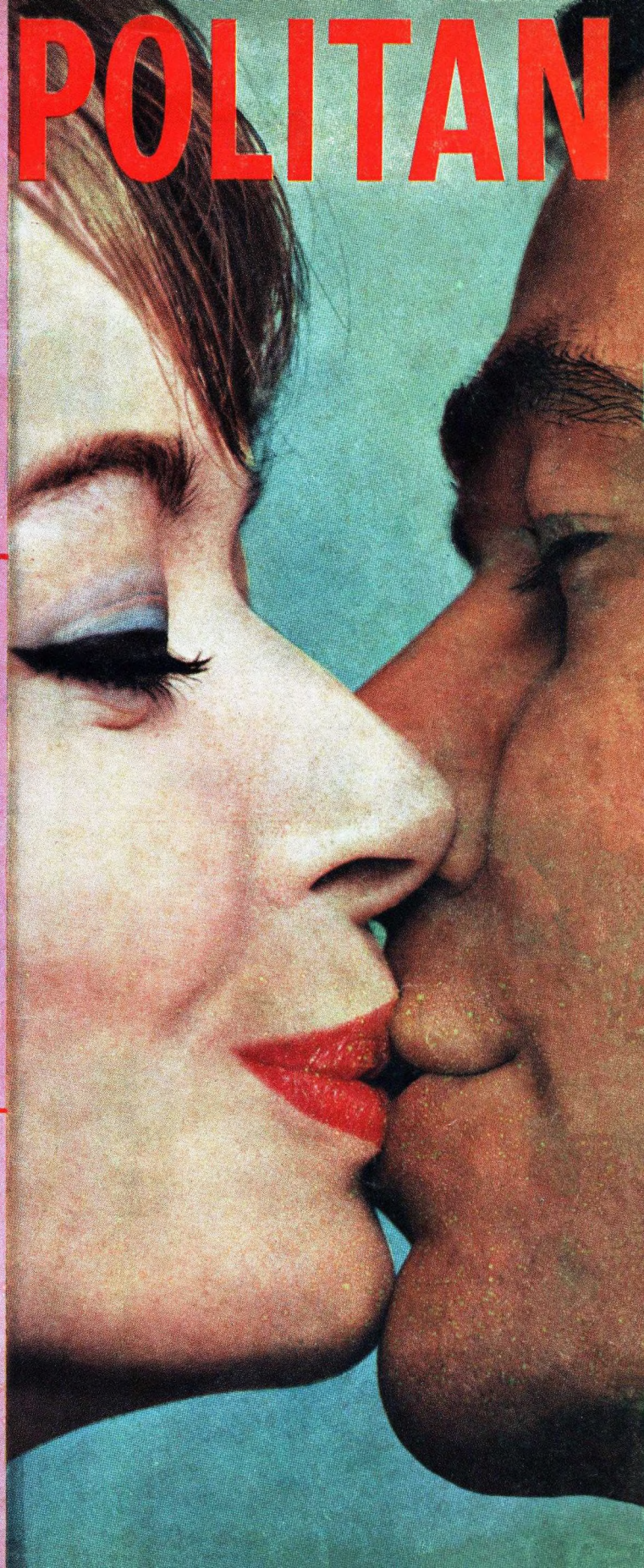
The Sterilization Disgrace
The reckless trend to rob men of parenthood

STORIES

The Slender Thread

A story of suspense about kidnaping and how a runaway child jeopardized the life of an innocent man. Complete novel by P. J. Merrill.

Reviews—**BOOKS • PLAYS • MOVIES • RECORDS**



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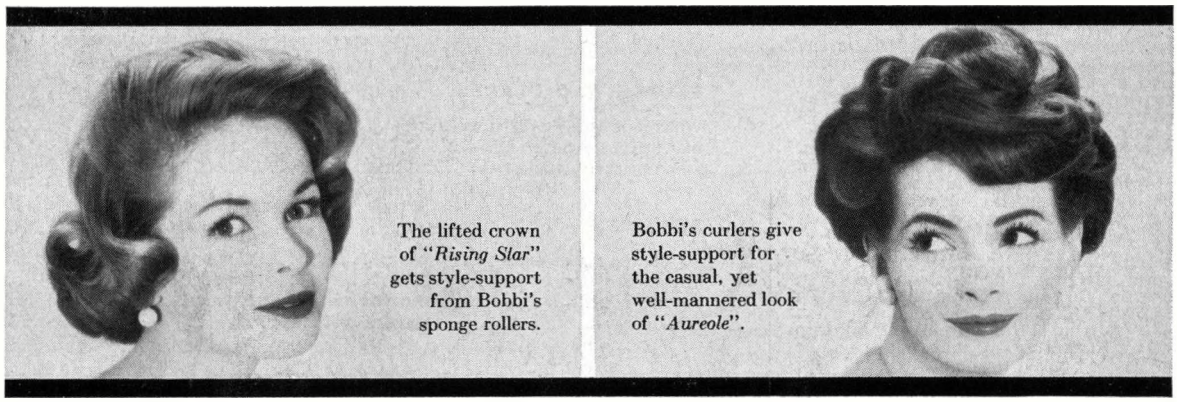
Style-support is the key to the extra crown height in "*Empirette*". With Bobbi it's simple as setting.

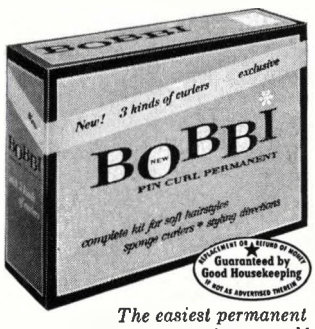
New improved Bobbi waves in ***style-support*** with the ease and softness of a setting



The lifted crown of "*Rising Star*" gets style-support from Bobbi's sponge rollers.

Bobbi's curlers give style-support for the casual, yet well-mannered look of "*Aureole*".

The only pin curl permanent with sponge rollers, neckline rods and pin-curlers ... waves in the style you want with the support it needs.



The easiest permanent to give yourself . . .

Style-support . . . the new Bobbi magic that lets you have and hold a soft, modern hairstyle as never before! Bobbi's three kinds of curlers give each waving area the curl strength it needs for modern styling. Bobbi's so easy! It's self-neutralizing and, of course, there's no resetting. New *improved* Bobbi—waves in style-support! Complete kit, only $2.00. Refill without curlers, $1.50.

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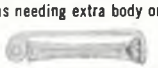

6 MIDGET RODS
for curling stubborn neckline stragglers.

PICTURE OF THE MONTH

Ever dream of Capri . . . or Naples . . . or Vienna . . . or Salzburg? Pick your favorite wouldn't-it-be-fun place. Chances are it's one of the stops in M-G-M's tour of joy and l'amour titled "For the First Time", Mario Lanza's newest picture, thrilling in Technirama® and Technicolor®.

Filmed in Europe at places just this side of paradise, it gives Mario perfect settings for his glorious voice, and he has never performed better. (Even remembering his triumph in "The Great Caruso".)

Mario plays Tony Costa, a singer who really gets around, famed for his high jinks as well as his high notes. Glamorous Zsa Zsa Gabor, as a Countess with a yacht and a yen for Tony, is typical of his charming company en route. Gay escapades force Tony to hide out on the lush isle of Capri where he tries to stay incognito till his latest headlines cool down. A bevy of girls instantly spot him on the piazza where he bursts into song, delighting all but one. The holdout is Johanna Von Koczian, a new young beauty seen for the first time.

Why Johanna does not respond to his voice intrigues Tony a lot and irks him a little. We cannot reveal the reason. In fact, it sparks the new romance when Tony falls out of love with himself and into love with another. All that follows—as he dedicates himself to the day she will hear him say "I do"—make up one of the most unusual stories ever told with song.

And what songs! Never have your ears been so enchanted. There's the sweet and tender *Coma Prima* . . . "for the first time, for the first time, I'm in love", a tune many of you have already sung, hummed and danced to.

There's the rhythmic "Jamaica Rock", the gayer-than-springtime "Neopolitan Love Song", and a screenful, indeed stereophonic trackful of the world's most popular arias. The music was supervised and conducted by George Stoll.

Mario truly scales the vocal peaks. As an exciting foil, Johanna's fresh young loveliness is just right. Zsa Zsa, of course, is incomparably Zsa Zsa. Kurt Kasznar and Hans Sohnker are both excellent. Producer Alexander Gruter, director Rudi Mate, story and screenplay writer Andrew Solt have staked out a stunning course for this Corona film, and they have all come through magnificently.

The sooner you see and hear it all, the sooner you can see "For the First Time" for the second time!

COSMOPOLITAN

JULY, 1959 Vol. 147, No. 1

SPECIAL SECTION: MAN AND HIS WOMAN

FICTION

COMPLETE MYSTERY NOVEL

ENTERTAINMENT

PEOPLE AND PLACES

SERVICES

OUR COVER—*We're indebted to photographer Erwin Blumenfeld not only for the kissin' couple who introduce you to our July issue, but for his cover comments as well. Having chosen to picture Man and His Woman in a romantic relationship, Blumenfeld remarked, "I have been told that happiness such as this is not representative of the state of our nation. But as an old married man—thirty-seven and a half consecutive years with one woman—I have learned that few problems cannot be solved. So couples argue and make up . . . so disappearing husbands do return. So," declares Blumenfeld, "if the divorce rate is high, the kissing rate is still much higher."*

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104. NAT "KING" COLE. Twelve great songs in the unique Nat Cole style. He sings *The Party's Over, Just One of Those Things, Who's Sorry Now,* etc. **$4.98**

1. GERSHWIN. His two most famous compositions — *Rhapsody in Blue* and *An American in Paris.* Leonard Pennario with the Hollywood Bowl Symphony. **$4.98**

2. STOKOWSKI. The most celebrated living conductor performs the outstanding *Landmarks* of his career — works by Bach, Debussy, Strauss, Sibelius. **$4.98**

6. STAN KENTON IN HI-FI. The greatest in "progressive jazz" — *Lover, Peanut Vendor, Pointed Rhythm,* others—vividly recorded in Capitol's "big sound." **$4.98**

115. SOUNDS OF GREAT BANDS. Glen Gray and his Casa Loman's recreate the sound of Gene Krupa, Tommy Dorsey, Glenn Miller, Artie Shaw, others. **$4.98**

118. CHOPIN BY STARLIGHT. Sparkling polonaises, waltzes, etudes in superb orchestral performances by the Hollywood Bowl Symphony. **$4.98**

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4 ALBUMS

ON THIS PAGE — PAY ONLY

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PLUS A SMALL SHIPPING AND HANDLING CHARGE

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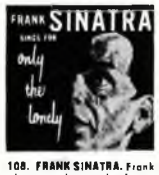
112. LA BELLE FRANCE. Carmen Dragon conducts a concert of France's greatest music: *La Marseillaise, Faust Waltz, music from Can-Can,* etc. **$4.98**



108. FRANK SINATRA. Frank sings to those who know the sweet sadness of being alone. Hear *Blues In the Night, Ebb Tide, One for My Baby,* seven others. **$4.98**

102. CAROUSEL. Movie sound track, with Gordon MacRae and Shirley Jones. They sing *If I Loved You, Mister Snow, You'll Never Walk Alone,* 9 others. **$4.98**

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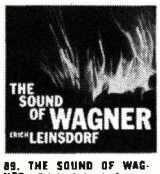
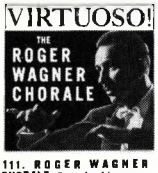
106. RAY ANTHONY and his great dance band feature songs with young ideas — *That Old Feeling, Just One of Those Things, Moonglow,* nine other hits. **$3.98**

103. JUMPIN' WITH JONAH. The Jonah Jones combo in a swingin' new set of tunes: *Just A Gigolo, Night Train, A Kiss to Build a Dream On,* nine more. **$3.98**



89. THE SOUND OF WAGNER. Erich Leinsdorf conducts excerpts from Wagner's most thrilling works: *Lohengrin, Meistersinger, Tannhauser,* others. **$4.98**

110. GAITE PARISIENNE. Offenbach's exuberant ballet music brilliantly performed by Felix Slatkin and the Hollywood Bowl Symphony Orchestra. **$4.98**



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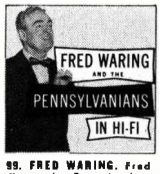
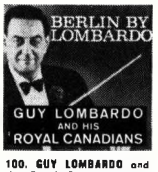
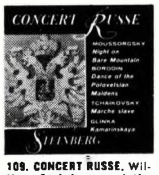


99. FRED WARING. Fred directs the Pennsylvanians in your favorites: *You'll Never Walk Alone, Ol' Man River, Smoke Gets in Your Eyes,* twelve others. **$4.98**



100. GUY LOMBARDO and the Royal Canadians play *forty* Irving Berlin hits: *Say It Isn't So, Be Careful, It's My Heart, The Girl that I Marry,* many more. **$3.98**



109. CONCERT RUSSE. William Steinberg and the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, play works by Tchaikovsky, Moussorgsky, Glinka and Borodin. **$4.98**

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WHAT GOES ON AT COSMOPOLITAN

The Battlefield of Love

"She knows that when she changes husbands, she is just changing one damn pest for another. But she feels that, anyway, it's a change."

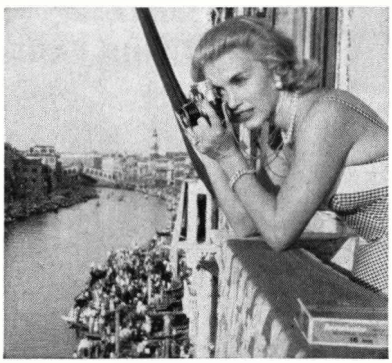
This comment, made to a psychiatrist, struck us full in the eye when we opened Robert Mines' book, *My Mind Went All to Pieces*. We read further and promptly bought the book for COSMOPOLITAN. What men tell their psychiatrists and what wives tell *their* psychiatrists is revealed on page 62. Mines, who sent us the book from Juneau, Alaska, where he is psychologist for the Board of Health, gathered his gems while he was Chief Psychologist at Raleigh State Hospital in North Carolina. We don't know how well Mines preserved his detachment while jotting down husbands' and wives' comments. We do know, though, that Mines, now in his thirties, is still a bachelor.

Irresistible Beatniks

"Twilight of the Beat" is the kind of beatnik short story that, way down in our cool, man, cool subconscious, we think we had been yearning to read for a long time. The lank-haired girls with esoteric legs, and the kids digging Kerouac are all there—but so is something strange and foreign and devastating that comes into their beat San Francisco lives.

"Twilight" is a first short story by twenty-six-year-old Frank Bequaert, who is no beatnik himself. Bequaert is a Harvard man and a Stanford alumnus who lives in Lexington, Massachusetts, and works in electronics. How come the beatnik story? Bequaert says he wrote it because "it was there" and the temptation irresistible.

What type of woman is really in fashion with today's men? Brigitte Bardot? Ava Gardner? Grace Kelly? Maybe Linda Christian, whose well-nigh incredible—yet true—shenanigans are told in "The Intercontinental Miss," page 68. Whatever the fashions in women, Morton Hunt, who writes about men's problems on page 33, told us the other day that "A man must solve his personal problem of masculinity by pursuing the kind of woman he needs, and not the kind who is fashionable at the moment, or acceptable to his business associates, or who represents a step up the ladder of success." Hunt's book, *The Natural History of Love*, will be published this fall by Alfred A. Knopf.



Linda Christian

The brilliant young Cuban couturier, Luis Estevez (see page 28), insists that once a man *is* married, his wife should thereupon become all things to him. The way Estevez explained it (putting us in a state of shock): "A man should come home each night and never be sure of the woman he will meet. Perhaps on Monday she will be a siren with a slinky black sheath and jet earrings; Tuesday he'll meet the baby doll with her puffed sleeves and wide eyes. Wednesday, she appears with martini in hand, representing the casual, wholesome country air, with, say, a long-sleeved white silk blouse casually open at the throat, and strands and strands of pearls." A tall order, we said tentatively, what with chauffeuring youngsters around and cooking dinner. And what about the husband? Shouldn't the same formula hold true for husbands too? "Ah, yes," said Estevez. "My wife never knows what to expect—or should I say who?"

Mystery of the Mystery Author

Our mystery novel, "The Slender Thread" (page 108) was written by P. J. Merrill, a man who himself insists on remaining a mystery. "Merrill" is a pseudonym, and anybody can take a guess as to who he is. Hints Merrill: "I am almost six feet tall, with a normal frame, and I still have my hair . . . I live in Manhattan. This is not immediately surprising—something like a million and a half people sleep on this island—but when you stop to think of how beautiful the women are in Madrid, what the climate is like in Geneva, and what life is like in Paris—but that would bog us down.

"So there we are; I have told the truth. How many six-foot, full-haired authors, who have had a number of books published within the past ten years, whose books contain evidence of travel through England and the Continent, and whose factual and emotional home is on Manhattan Island can fit these facts?" When we gave up and asked point-blank who Merrill was, he replied through his publisher, Harcourt Brace, who will publish "The Slender Thread" this fall: "There is a phrase from Ovid: 'It is sometimes expedient to forget who we are.'" Okay. We pass. **—H. La B.**

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California Echoes

William Eccles

Diane Baker receives gold copy.

Los Angeles, California: Wanted to let you know what fun it was meeting the American Airlines jet that brought your gift to our Mayor—a gold-bound copy of your May issue, justly devoted to the praise of the "gold-rush state." There were about forty of us at the airport, and lots of whoop and holler when we realized the magazine was in your hands at breakfast and in ours before lunch. It made you all seem so close.

—DIANE BAKER

And knowing that L.A.'s Mayor Norris Poulson has that gold-bound Cosmopolitan on the right-hand corner of his desk makes us feel close to you, too.
—The Editors

ONE WHO GOT AWAY

Delta, Colorado: Couldn't wait to let you know there *are ex*-Californians roaming about. You'll find them in small, peaceful communities where they are slowly recovering from the rigors of California living. We found our haven in Colorado and after three years of living as normal people we still have nightmares where we find ourselves in the middle of a freeway along with several thousand other people!

One thing you neglected to mention—in California you spend half your waking hours standing in line. For groceries, banking, paying bills, opening charge accounts, etc. You did tell of all the lovely places to visit, the marvelous entertainments, but how about getting *to* these places: fighting the crowds, the traffic, and, again, standing in line to get in!

California is *the* place for keeping up with the Joneses. Everyone tries to outdo his neighbor with better cars, finer patios, larger swimming pools, and bigger picture windows. Many of our California friends envied us for being able to leave. A good many of them would, too, but they are too bogged down in debts.

Another small item you forgot to mention: it gets *hot* in Southern California. The beaches are thronged some nights with people trying to sleep where there is a cool breeze.

Colorado has as much to offer and fewer people to crowd it. Our climate, here on the western slope, is ideal: mild winters, warm summers with cool nights. We have mountains, lakes, and some of the most beautiful scenery in the world. *But* we don't have a huge population composed of off-beat people. We fervently hope California will keep its population. —MRS. HAROLD E. DELFELDER

THE CULTS

Chicago, Illinois: Regarding the article, "California Cults and Crackpots," I don't know how you define a "cult." A cult is a group of people who follow one man. This would include virtually all religions. I'd like to comment on the article. First, Hubbard did not originate Scientology in California. He did spend about four months in L.A. in 1950, *after* the publication of *Dianetics*. He currently heads Scientology organizations all over the world. The main headquarters are in Washington, D.C., and London, England. Further, Hubbard has never said that a person can "audit" himself; in fact, he has emphasized that this is not only ineffective, it is also stupid. Further, no Scientologist says that one should wipe out *all* emotional disturbances; we work toward a person's having the ability to fully handle his emotions, including the ability to deliberately be disturbed if he so wishes. We aren't interested particularly in neurosis or psychosis; we're far more interested in increasing the abilities of already able people.

Scientology is not a small California cult as implied. It is a world-wide cult with highly trained, sincere people getting a job done.

—J. F. HORNER, D. SCN., D.D.

Corona, California: It is quite obvious that the man who "threw together" the article on Cults and Crackpots has only the most superficial knowledge of what he has been writing about. To mention charlatans and satanic masses in the same breath, as it were, with such high-minded and sincere organizations as Self-Realization Fellowship and the Vedanta Society is downright slanderous.

—LYDIA R. STROTHER

The author of "Cults and Crackpots" refers to the Vedanta Society as "one of the most prestigious of the legitimate Eastern wisdom societies."
—The Editors

PEAK-A-BOO-BOO

Weston, Connecticut: Your May issue is terrific. We have enjoyed it thoroughly. California is indeed a wonderful state—but, error eagles that we are, we take issue with the statement under the photo of Yosemite Falls that there are *188* peaks over twelve thousand feet high.

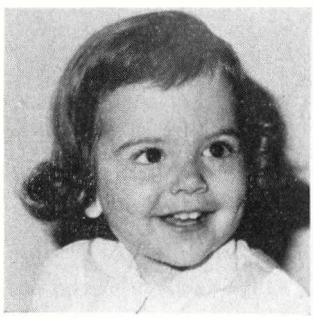
According to the World Almanac, there are only 41 peaks over ten thousand feet high in California. Correct?

—MR. AND MRS. BREITWIESER

Let's let the Almanac and the Chamber of Commerce fight it out between themselves. ***—The Editors***

NATIVE BEAUTY

Culver City, California: Regarding "The Special Beauty of Californians" on your May cover, may I nominate my daughter, a youthful example of the "smog-fed" beauty? Leslie is a native daughter of Los Angeles, two years old, and "free-



Smog-fed beauty

way" was one of the first words in her vocabulary. —MRS. VICTOR FERROGAMO

WRONG TRAIN OF THOUGHT

North Portland, Oregon: I was very much disappointed in reading "Night People" and "Night Jobs" in April COSMOPOLITAN because it failed to mention the most important night workers in the na-

tion, the railroad men, half of whom work nights.

There were and still are many crafts in railroad work, among them the Morse telegraphers who did more than any other craftsmen in the development of America.

I fail to see why people who frequent night clubs are of any value to the nation. How much of this country did they build? COSMOPOLITAN owes the American railroad men an apology.

—ZENO T. WILSON

They have it. ***—The Editors***

MALE AND FEMALE AUTHORS

St. Paul, Minnesota: Glancing at the contents page of your April issue, I felt a little flicker of disappointment to find that every bit of fiction was written by a male writer. Somehow, I like a sprinkling of both genders.

But what a special treat it was to read Edward Barry Roberts' warm, wonderful story, "Running Grass." Please pass the compliment on to the author. The story was very moving to me.

—MARY D. LANE

We're pleased you liked Mr. Roberts' story and hope you read "The Fig Leaf," by Eileen Jensen, and Dolores Hitchens' novel, "The Watcher," in our May issue. Also stories by Wilma Shore, Hannah Lees, and Daphne du Maurier in June. Oh, yes, there was some fine fiction by our male authors, too. Happy reading. ***—The Editors***

NOT ENOUGH BERG

Harrisburg, Pennsylvania: I was so glad to see your mention of Gertrude Berg in the May issue. She has entertained so many people for so many years, and rarely receives the praise she so well deserves. My fiancé and I made a special trip to New York to see *A Majority of One*, and we wouldn't have missed it for the world. —NORMA CORTNEY

TOO MUCH BERG

Huntington, New York: I don't understand all the commotion about Gertrude Berg by the "discerning" people who hand out the "Tony" awards and by your entertainment critic, too. All her acting days she's been playing the same character. What is great acting about that?

—LAWRENCE SOMMERS

PICK A CHANNEL

New London, Connecticut: The mighty power of TV has done it again. Alexander King's book, *Mine Enemy Grows Older*, continues to head the best-seller lists—an obvious result of a TV plug. We're annoyed. Now, along comes Jack Douglas, top comedy writer for Jack Paar, and his book, *My Brother Was an Only Child*, not only hits the lists as a best seller, but shows up in COSMOPOLITAN's April issue as a special non-fiction bonus. Our reaction? We loved it!

—MR. AND MRS. RORRES

THE END

Lady Producer

George Joseph

Miss Crawford talks with *Sweet Bird of Youth* stars Paul Newman, Geraldine Page.

Every Broadway hit or miss carries the words "produced by." They mean that someone has found a play he believes in, made the decisions about director, actors, designer, costumer, and lighting expert, raised the money to cover all production costs and contingencies, and is, in the final analysis, responsible for the theatrical magic which must capture the audience's enthusiasm and imagination. Sometimes the producer of a hit play is an unknown, but that is rare. Most producers have learned their craft through long years of struggle, and when they come up with a successful production, it is the result of a lifetime of experience and knowledge of the theatre, rather than a lightning stroke of luck.

In the case of Cheryl Crawford, the woman producer whose managerial banner now proudly flies over Broadway's biggest dramatic hit, *Sweet Bird of Youth*, by Tennessee Williams, success has a history of hard work, long experience, business sense and talent. In a field dominated by men, Miss Crawford is held in high esteem, not only by other producers but by all members of the theatrical profession. When she saw a production of *Sweet Bird of Youth* at a little art theatre in Florida and decided she wanted to produce the work, Williams willingly entrusted what many critics consider his most challenging play to this gifted woman.

Miss Crawford is a charming lady with a knowing eye and a quick sense of humor that makes light of the temperamental tempests which always occur during the production of a play. Endowed with a love of people and poetry both in literature and in life, she communicates an air of quiet authority as she calmly goes about the hectic business of Broadway in her mid-Manhattan office. And after a long list of productions which includes several hits and many failures during the last quarter of a century, she freely admits that she is still learning.

How does one become a Broadway producer? Here are the steps Miss Crawford has followed since she first put on plays for pins as a child in her parents' back yard in Akron, Ohio.

"I gained my first love of the theatre from my mother and father," Miss Crawford explained. "They both had a great appreciation of dramatic art and carried on Shakespearian dialogues at dinner while my three brothers and I listened."

Miss Crawford also impressed her parents with her own girlish interpretation of Shakespeare in her first stage role. She was enacting the role of Lady Macbeth in a school play, and in the sleepwalking scene her fiery acting made her mother scream. It seems that young Cheryl was carrying a real candle whose flame set fire to her long hair. The blaze was quickly extinguished, but her ardor for the theatre has burned bright ever since.

It was while she was at Smith College that she finally decided to become a theatrical producer. As a part of her preparation for this difficult calling she read one thousand plays, and when she was elected president of the Dramatic Association at Smith, she produced two classic plays about India, *Shakuntala* and *Kumin*. Faculty members felt these plays were too difficult for a college group to attempt and were convinced that the performances would not attract an audience. Miss Crawford staged the two plays in the president's garden and displayed some of the theatrical daring which has characterized many of her later Broadway productions. For one play, she rigged up a network of perforated pipes to provide a water curtain and dug a trench in the president's garden to take care of the overflow. For her second production, Miss Crawford whipped up a magic mountain of wooden platforms and yards of gold netting and created the cloud it was supposed to rest on with the aid of several smoke bombs acquired from the local railroad station. Both of these productions were artistic triumphs, and, what was equally important to a budding producer, they were financially successful.

When she graduated from Smith in the late nineteen-twenties, Cheryl applied to the newly formed Theatre Guild School of Acting and gained admittance by stating that she didn't want to act, but to produce plays, and felt that she should know every phase of theatre first hand.

After completing the course, she was hired as casting director of the Theatre Guild and doubled in brass as stage manager for one of the Guild's evening productions. As casting director she received $25 a week, while her stage managing paid $125. She handled these assignments so efficiently that the organization rewarded her with still a third job—as assistant to Rouben Mamoulian, one of the top directors of the American theatre, who taught her about staging a play.

Next she was appointed assistant to the Board of Directors of the Theatre Guild, and, at twenty-five, she was entrusted with her first task as a producer: the London production of *Porgy*.

In 1930 she left the Theatre Guild to join forces with Harold Clurman and Lee Strasberg in founding the Group Theatre, which made theatrical history by developing talent in every field of the

theatre arts. They presented the first works of Clifford Odets and William Saroyan, introduced such able actors as the late John Garfield, Franchot Tone, and Lee J. Cobb, and launched the careers of directors Elia Kazan, Robert Lewis, and Mr. Clurman.

Because the Group Theatre functioned during the Depression, Miss Crawford, who was responsible for raising money for the actors' training program and for productions, became an expert fund collector with a flare for cutting corners and economizing on effects, a prime requisite for anyone who aspires to be a Broadway producer.

After six years with the Group, during which time she lived on her Theatre Guild savings, Miss Crawford, who had studied acting and worked as stage manager, assistant director, and money raiser for plays she believed in, had completed her basic training as a producer; she was ready to branch out on her own.

As a starter in 1936 she managed the Maplewood Theatre in Maplewood, New Jersey, the first summer theatre to inaugurate a policy of hiring big name stars such as Tallulah Bankhead, Helen Hayes, Ethel Barrymore, Maurice Evans, Luise Rainer, Ina Claire and Jane Powell to appear week after week. The Maplewood Summer Theatre was so successful that the first season lasted twenty-two weeks, and the second ran for six months. In her third year at Maplewood, she put on a revival of the Gershwin-Heyward *Porgy and Bess,* whose Theatre Guild showing on Broadway had been an artistic success but a box office failure. Miss Crawford's production of this folk opera was so well received that she moved it to Broadway, where it became a smash hit.

Miss Crawford has helped produce forty-two Broadway shows, including Clifford Odets' *Awake and Sing*, Sidney Kingsley's *Men in White*, which won a Pulitzer Prize, *The Rose Tattoo*, by Tennessee Williams, *One Touch of Venus*, starring Mary Martin, *Brigadoon*, by Alan Jay Lerner and Frederick Loewe, and *Sweet Bird of Youth.*

Since every play or musical is a separate entity, each Crawford production has presented its own particular problems. Sometimes there has been trouble with a script, and often Miss Crawford has had to work with a playwright to help him clarify his ideas for audience consumption. Sometimes the problem has been one of economics. In one musical production, Miss Crawford discovered that the same scenic effect could be achieved by substituting muslin for finer cloth at a $5,000 saving. She spent three days and nights studying the scenic designer's drawings for another show and finally sliced $9,000 off the budget by painting cornices on a huge set instead of building real ones.

Nearly always there has been the problem of obtaining production money, but one particularly grueling experience occurred when Miss Crawford decided to produce *Brigadoon,* which had been rejected by fifteen other producers. In order to lure potential backers for a musical, an audition is held at which the cast goes through the songs, usually accompanied by the composer at the piano. (A straight play attracts its backers more simply, by the reputations of stars, playwright, director, and producer). Before sufficient money had been collected, Miss Crawford had seen the infant *Brigadoon* through twenty-seven such auditions.

Happily, Miss Crawford's newest and biggest hit, *Sweet Bird of Youth*, presented fewer problems than any other play in all of her producing experience.

"Everything worked smoothly right from the start," Miss Crawford said. "With Paul Newman and Geraldine Page as the stars, Tennessee Williams as playwright, and Elia Kazan as director, the production money was easily raised. There were no difficulties during the rehearsal period or the three-week engagement out of town. At the end of the second week in Philadelphia, Tennessee shifted one scene from the first to the second act, which strengthened the dramatic movement of the play. That was the closest thing to a problem, and it was perfectly solved.

"In fact," continued Miss Crawford.

(continued)

Lady Producer (continued)

"the problems came after *Sweet Bird of Youth* was an established hit. With a successful play there is always the problem of keeping the stars in it as long as possible and of having substitutes lined up to take their places should they have to leave to fulfill other commitments. Then there is the problem of nourishing and exploiting a hit play so that it will realize the greatest possible profit for all concerned."

The "nourishing and exploitation" of a Broadway hit are extremely important to a producer, who does not receive a cent until the backers have been repaid their original investments and the production begins to show a profit. The profits are then divided fifty-fifty between the investors and the producer, who has invested time, effort, and experience.

Though Miss Crawford now has a great hit on her hands, she still finds time to plan future productions and serve as a managing director of Actors' Studio, which she established, with Elia Kazan and Lee Strasberg, at the end of World War II as a training center where talented young actors could perfect their craft.

According to Miss Crawford, producing "is a profession which requires robust health," and, she adds reminiscently, "long years of apprenticeship." *Sweet Bird of Youth* is in many ways the result of Miss Crawford's long training in the theatre. When she was one of the managing directors of the Group Theatre she worked with Elia Kazan, who staged the play; Tennessee Williams received his first recognition from that same organization in the form of a prize for one of his early one-act plays; and Paul Newman and Geraldine Page, who scored acting triumphs in *Sweet Bird of Youth*, are members of Actors' Studio, which she helped found.

Broadway Rounds Up a Hit

Now the western, complete with singing cowboys and gay dance hall girls, has invaded the Broadway musical comedy field with a rousing hit that fills the wide open spaces of Times Square with frontier antics. *Destry Rides Again*, the new musical comedy starring Andy Griffith as a meek and merry sheriff and Dolores Gray as a barroom belle, belting out a song with the best of them, made the critics yell, "Yippeee!"

In his one-man show, *Mark Twain Tonight*, Hal Holbrook, formerly—but no longer—an unknown actor, gives a brilliant and fascinating impersonation of the great American humorist reading from his own works.

—RICHARD HARRITY

RECORDS

Moldy Figs, Fresh Figs

Bill Grauer and Orrin Keepnews met while they were at Columbia University (Class of '43) and formed a friendship that not only still exists, but has developed into a highly lucrative partnership—highly lucrative, and high-minded. They were both jazz fans, which may have been the first thing that drew them together, and they were constantly bemoaning the difficulty of getting some of the great jazz records that had been made in the early twenties while they had been playing with rattles. After Keepnews got out of the navy, he became an editor for a publishing house. Grauer was selling advertising space. Both were still collecting records and complaining. In 1948, they took over a magazine called *The Record Changer*, whose principal editorial policy was complaint. It was published for other collectors who shared the editors' feelings about the shortage of good jazz discs. Soon Grauer and Keepnews, hoping to put some of the old-time lost jazz back on the market, got permission to rerecord some blues sides featuring Louis Armstrong that originally had been issued by the defunct Paramount company. No masters were available; they had to scurry around getting good copies of the old discs and doing what they could to get rid of surface noises. By then they were devoting all their time to this project, which they named Riverside Records. For a time, too, they served as consultants to RCA Victor and were principally responsible for the famous "X" series, which made available a good deal of old jazz that was unknown to all except the most diligent collectors.

All this time they were getting a "moldy fig" reputation. A moldy fig, in archaic jazz parlance, is a man who dies on the vine: anyone who loves the old, old stuff. Early in 1955, the partners astounded the jazz world by signing up Thelonious Monk, the mysterious bopster, whose music is about as modern as anybody's. The world of jazz fans always has been full of fighting factions. Monk admirers do not speak to old Louis Armstrong lovers, and vice versa. The situation is nonsensical: classical music lovers can admire such diverse composers as Scarlatti, Beethoven, and Ravel without being criticized, but the instant a jazz fan indicates a taste for music played in the twenties, thirties, forties and fifties, he is somehow suspect—or at least open to violent arguments from all sides. Grauer and Keepnews happen to love jazz, and they see nothing wrong in reissuing, as they did recently, *Bix Beiderbecke and the Wolverines* (made in 1924), and issuing *The Thelonious*

Monk Orchestra at Town Hall, featuring the ultramodern pianist leading a ten-piece band. "We are after collectors who constitute a special, fragmented audience," Keepnews told me. Riverside is now thriving, thanks to this policy.

Other recent Riversides include *New Blue Horns*, six previously unissued versions of the blues, by Nat Adderly, Kenny Dorham, Clark Terry, and others; *King Oliver Back o' Town*, with Jelly Roll Morton and Clarence Williams; and *Duke Ellington and Fletcher Henderson: The Birth of Big Band Jazz*.

Other voices from other recording rooms this month include:

The Sick Humor of Lennie Bruce (Fantasy). Lennie Bruce is sometimes outrageously funny and sometimes outrageous. A showcase of the West Coast's new comedian who also has taken the East Coast by storm. Bruce has occasional lapses into bad taste, but they are due to immaturity. He'll improve. Meanwhile, this is a good introduction to an entertaining talent.

Once Upon a Summertime (Verve). Blossom Dearie, this column's favorite lady vocalist—hooray, hooray! For Dearie fans, the mention is enough. For the uninitiated, this is an order: rush out and hear the best vocalist now performing.

Music for Frustrated Conductors. (RCA Victor) A selection of familiar light classical music that gives people who want to conduct a chance to wave the stick thoughtfully enclosed in the package.

A Party with Comden and Green. (Capitol) Betty Comden and Adolph Green have been doing this stuff in friends' living rooms for years. Nearly a year ago they transplanted themselves to the stage with enormous success. Truly a party record, this transcription of their Broadway offering.

—MEGHAN RICHARDS

MOVIES

New Role for Audrey

Audrey Hepburn, fresh from the jungles of *Green Mansions*, now portrays a little nun whose convictions take her out of the convent in *The Nun's Story*, Kathryn C. Hulme's study of a struggle with conscience. Excellent scenic photography of the Belgian Congo, Rome, and various Belgian cities adds color to this thoughtful drama.

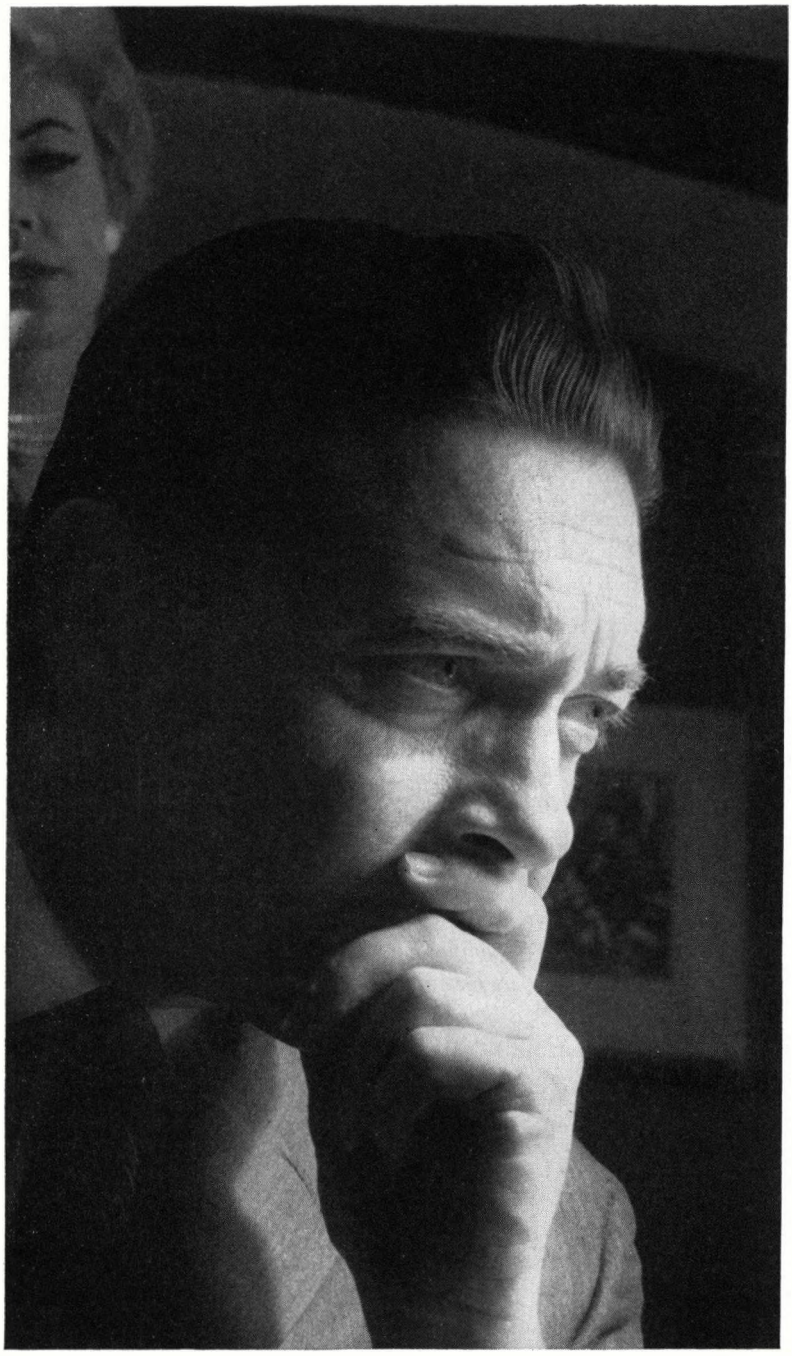
The lush vineyards of California's Napa Valley provide background for Rock Hudson and Jean Simmons in *This Earth Is Mine*, an entertaining saga about the problems of a wine dynast *during*, and his merriment *after*, the prohibition era. Cheers!

—RICHARD HARRITY

CASE HISTORY

Man's Personal Disease

Maxwell Coplan



The case history of Jim Rogers is the story of thousands of men who, because of fear, embarrassment, and dread of "no longer being a man," suffer sleepless nights until they learn the medical facts about the mysterious prostate gland.

In the privacy of his bedroom, Jim Rogers could contain his growing anxiety no longer. "There's something wrong with me. I'm sick. I'm . . . I'm not a man any longer."

For his depressed and unhappy wife, the words were a refreshing breath of honesty. "I know you've been upset about something," she said.

For over a year Jim Rogers had been aware of decreasing sexual ability. Like most men, he had been too ashamed to face the situation, had tried to disguise it with lame jokes and white lies about being tired. Now, as he confronted the truth for the first time, he realized this "something" was affecting many other aspects of his life. For more than a year there had been a marked change in his urinary habits; he had frequent difficulty, sometimes a little pain. He had been making more and more pilgrimages to the men's room during the day and waking up increasingly during the night. Loss of sleep had affected his work.

Even after Jim Rogers admitted something was wrong, it took a lot of nagging on his wife's part to get him to a doctor. He was afraid the doctor would discover it was cancer.

It wasn't cancer.

As far as anybody has been able to discover, the prostate gland in the human male has one primary function: to produce fluid in which sperm can live during their long journey to the Fallopian tubes. But it also seems to have two secondary functions: to keep urologists in financial comfort and to annoy millions of men in one way or another.

The gland is perfectly situated for trouble. It lies at the base of the bladder, surrounding both the neck of that structure and also the urethra, or urinary passage. Thus its secretions—up to two cubic centimeters of fluid daily—have ready access to the urine for elimination. And during coitus, when they increase greatly, they also have a ready exit and can join with the sperm. This seems an admirably efficient arrangement of Nature—until something goes wrong.

What Rogers had, the urologist was able to tell him after examination, was an enlarged gland. It was not malignant, not cancerous, because, while it had grown and would keep growing, the growth was orderly and would stay within the boundaries of the prostate. But it was a problem nonetheless, for the growth was putting pressure on the urinary passage.

It's a common problem.

The prostate reaches adult size, about that of a horse chestnut, in the third decade, and weighs about twenty grams. But, if it stops growing then, it often starts to grow again later. Practically all men past fifty have some prostatic enlargement; so do some at younger ages. And Jim Rogers was one of the younger victims.

Benign enlargement doesn't always produce symptoms. And if it doesn't, there's nothing to worry about. It's only when the gland grows as it often does, so that it projects into the bladder or compresses the urethra, that trouble develops.

Nor is the trouble limited to the annoying symptoms that Rogers had. It can, in time, undermine the health. For the prime object of the kidneys is to rid the blood stream of waste products, excreting them into the urine at the rate of four to five pints a day. The bladder gets the urine at a constant rate and, normally, when it is filled, the muscular walls of the bladder contract, and voiding occurs.

But as the enlarging prostate begins to dam up the lower urinary passage, the bladder has to work harder to get the same amount of urine through the passage. But eventually it may be unable to force adequate amounts of urine through, and then it begins to dilate like a balloon. Its capacity increases from the normal pint to as much as two quarts or more. At this point, the patient may become unable to urinate at all, or he may void constantly yet never empty the bladder completely. If this goes on long enough the effects back up: the kidneys become affected and lose their full ability to filter and excrete waste products and, as these accumulate in the blood, the patient becomes lethargic, loses appetite, develops other symptoms, and eventually may develop uremic poisoning, which can be fatal.

Jim Rogers was still a long way from uremic poisoning. Temporary measures could be used. Massage of the prostate might give him relief for a time. But the advice of the urologist was surgery.

Surgery Involves No Danger

Rogers was reassured that there would be virtually no danger of any kind, that he would not be sexually crippled but instead would be helped. To his surprise, he learned that the surgery can be done without making any incision at all. This closed operation is called transurethral prostatectomy. An instrument is introduced into the penis and passed up through the urethra. It is fitted with a telescopic lens system and a light, allowing the surgeon to see what he is doing. At the end of the device is a platinum loop. A high-frequency current, shooting through the loop, cuts tissue readily. In general, if the growth is very large (seventy-five grams or more of tissue to be removed), most urologists prefer open surgery.

What had to be removed in Rogers' case was something on the order of fifty grams, and it was out within forty-five minutes. He was up and around his room next day. Two days after the operation, the catheter was removed and urination was normal. On the fifth day, he left the hospital.

Before leaving, he asked the usual questions that almost every man asks. Why had his prostate enlarged so? Had he done something to bring the enlargement about? He received the best answer that can be given: nobody knows for sure.

A Baltimore physician once attributed enlargement to excessive sexual activity. But the condition is observed in Catholic priests in whom there's no question of overindulgence. A famed physician, Dr. Will Mayo, once thought it was due to a disturbance in circulation in the prostate caused by prolonged voluntary retention of urine. But enlargement is as frequent in farmers, who don't have to hold their urine, as in anybody else. And for a long time, at the Mayo Experimental Institute, every incoming dog was checked as to whether it came from farm or city, because farm dogs can urinate any time while city dogs may have to wait to be

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Man's Personal Disease (continued)

let out. But no difference in size of prostate was discovered.

Other doctors have noted that eunuchs never have prostate trouble. As a man grows older, the gland may become increasingly sensitive to the male sex hormone and its cells may respond not only by producing prostate fluid but also by increasing in size and number so the gland grows beyond the need of the body.

Cysts may arise in the prostate, sometimes causing urgent, frequent, and painful urination. Occasionally, the cysts rupture spontaneously, bringing relief of symptoms. Otherwise, surgery may be required to remove them.

An infection, acute prostatitis, formerly a frequent complication of gonorrhea, has been rarely seen since the advent of antibiotics.

Chronic prostatitis, however, remains a problem, and may occur at any age. It can be incited by urinary tract infections or even distant foci of infections such as abscessed teeth, respiratory diseases, and sinusitis. It has been blamed, too, on prolonged sexual excitement. Many men with chronic prostatitis develop sexual neuroses. Sometimes, too, it may become a focus for arthritis or muscle inflammations. Treatment often consists of massage given weekly to expedite drainage. Antibiotics and sulfas also may be used.

Prostate cancer is present in many more men than it kills. In autopsies on men over the age of fifty-five—including those who died from other causes—as many as 46 per cent have been found to have had prostate cancer. The disease remained latent and did not become dangerous.

The best guarantee against death by cancer of the prostate is a one-minute digital examination annually by the family physician, especially in men past fifty. It's a tragic fact that, even now, not more than 3 to 5 per cent of prostatic cancers are discovered in the early, localized, curable stage. This is tragic, since cancer of the prostate is not beyond early detection. It takes merely a high degree of suspicion on the part of the physician and a simple examination.

As for Jim Rogers, the man who feared he was losing his manhood, he returned to his architect's job with renewed confidence and vigor. And three months after his operation, he and his wife took a "second honeymoon" cruise to the Caribbean. —LAWRENCE GALTON

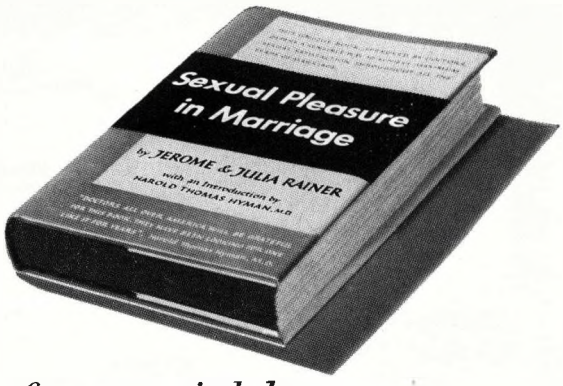
WHAT'S NEW IN MEDICINE

Congestive heart failure: More people are living long enough to become heart patients, and more of those with congestive heart failure are being helped to live longer by diuretic drugs. Such drugs help rid the body of excess fluids that otherwise accumulate, swell body tissues, and add to the heart's work load. Yet many patients in heart failure, after being helped to survive for many years, reach a point where their edema, or fluid accumulation, no longer responds to diuretic agents. In such cases, the hormone Meticorten often can reverse the resistance to diuretics. In more than 80 per cent of a group of patients, the hormone permitted diuretics once more to control the edema, adding months and years to life and markedly increasing comfort.

Tranquilizer for allergy: Most of 324 patients with hay fever, postnasal drip, chronic sinusitis, nasal polyps, chronic bronchial asthma, and giant hives had marked relief of symptoms on low daily doses of Trilafon, a tranquilizing agent. All previously had taken steroids or antihistamines for relief, but such medication was stopped during a study in which the tranquilizer was used to determine the importance of emotional problems in triggering allergic attacks. The results indicate that, while the predisposition to allergy remains, a tranquilizer can raise the threshold at which symptoms result from emotional stress. By helping to combat the emotional component in allergic patients, it may affect the allergy so markedly that only minimal amounts of antihistamines or steroids may be needed in severe cases.

For women in menopause, estrogen can relieve severe symptoms. Yet thousands of physicians hesitate to give it for fear it will produce cancer. There is little justification for this fear, according to an editorial in *Modern Medicine*, a professional journal. True, if a tiny mouse is given huge doses of estrogen for most of its life, it may get cancer. But, notes the editorial, the situation should be very different for "a big woman who is given a minute daily dose for perhaps six months or a year of her life." Moreover, some recent experiments show that small animals never get cancer if the administration of estrogen is interrupted from time to time. And many physicians, the editorial also points out, "who for some years now have been giving estrogen to help women with a caving-in spine . . . have recently commented on the fact that even with the huge doses given, they never saw anything to suggest that cancer had been produced." THE END

For more information about these items, consult your physician.



An entirely new kind of guide for married lovers...

TOO MANY husbands and wives whose marriages are otherwise happy feel that their sex life together lacks the pleasure it should have. If *your* marriage is troubled by subtly gnawing dissatisfactions with the sexual act, here is a wonderful new book for you. It is called *Sexual Pleasure in Marriage*. Thoroughly approved by doctors, it tells you how you can achieve maximum sexual satisfaction through *all* the years of your marriage. In its pages you will find an intelligent way to deepen the pleasure and widen the sexual variety so necessary for a full, joyful married life.

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This book shows you how to keep boredom out of your marriage. Why restrict yourself to a limited sexual horizon? The world of married love is rich with excitement and meaning, and should be explored. Here is a guide to that world. It will be welcomed not only by husbands and wives who are disturbed about their sexual relations, but also by all married couples who wish to better their marriages.

You can examine a copy of *Sexual Pleasure in Marriage* by Jerome and Julia Rainer for ten days without obligation. Just send the coupon to your bookseller or to the publishers, Julian Messner, Inc., Dept. 70, 8 West 40th Street, New York 18, N. Y. If you are not convinced the book is helpful to you, you may return it for prompt refund of the $4.95 price.

HERE IS A DIGEST OF THE MANY HELPFUL CHAPTERS:

Sexual Pleasure: The Neglected Art. Fruits of the sex revolution . . . Kinsey and confusion . . . the inconsiderate husband . . . the unresponsive wife . . . nuptial monotony . . . infidelity and divorce . . . revitalizing conjugal sex . . . pleasures that last a lifetime.

The Modern Husband. His sexual sophistication . . . as his wife's loving teacher . . . sexual rights, obligations . . . what stimulates his desire . . . measuring masculinity . . . his "success" & potency.

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Myths and Facts About Sexual Compatibility. Differences in desire . . . who is oversexed? . . . patterns of normal desire . . . effect of tension . . . fatigue . . . emotional conflicts . . . variations in cultural attitudes . . . does age difference in partners matter? . . . nature's aids . . . is sex always sublime?

Overcoming Blocks to Pleasure. The impotent husband . . . the frigid wife . . . some effects of adolescent petting . . . inhibiting situations . . . overcoming guilt and fear . . . the cycles of pleasure in coitus . . . love as pleasure's greatest stimulant.

The Act of Coition. The myth of simultaneous climax . . . timing . . . tumescence . . . orgasm for the male, and female . . . the quick ejaculating male . . . desirable frequency for intercourse . . . truth about "sexual excesses."

Courtship in Marriage. Setting the scene . . . taking time for love . . . cultivating erotic responses . . . learning from India and the Orient . . . erotic stimulants: food, wine, poetry, music . . . the sense of smell . . . the male as initiator . . . the wife's response . . . the wife's invitation . . . the husband's response.

Foreplay: Threshold to Pleasure. The physiological need of foreplay . . . psychological barriers . . . learning to abandon oneself to pleasure . . . adjusting to the partner's responses . . . refinements of sensation . . . the "soul" kiss . . . ancient rituals.

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Which Sex Watches Which? Don't Tickle Kids, and Dog Bites

LOOKING INTO PEOPLE BY AMRAM SCHEINFELD

Which sex watches which? If Marilyn Monroe and Bill Holden are in a movie together, which one are the women in the audience, and which one the men, most likely to look at? To find out, Harvard psychologists Eleanor E. Maccoby, William C. Wilson, and Roger V. Burton checked the eye movements of several dozen men and women during the showing of two movies with different stars. The women viewers kept their eyes on the heroines much longer than the men did, while the men spent more time watching the male leads. Possible explanations: Women concentrate on the character they see as themselves. Men watch the hero to learn what that guy has that they don't (or do) have.

D-don't t-tickle k-kids! Tickling a child too hard and often may be one factor in producing stuttering, according to psychologist Carlton W. Orchinik (Philadelphia). Of a group of stuttering youngsters, most were very ticklish, the rest somewhat so, and almost all recalled having been tickled very hard by some adult, usually a parent of the opposite

Drawings by McKie

sex. But among non-stuttering children who were interviewed, many fewer were very ticklish, and of these almost none had any recollection of having been tickled hard by an adult.

Flying babies. "Sleeping like a baby" doesn't apply on air flights. Medical Corps Colonel Frederick S. Spiegel reports that children under five years of age are five to ten times more likely to suffer air-sickness and ear trouble on flights than are adults. One reason is the difficulty young children have in learning to swallow while descending. When babies being nursed are taken on planes, it is wise to save part of their feeding for the descents, as the swallowing movements help to keep the ear tubes open. But it is best not to travel by plane with infants under seven days old, except on very short flights.

Dog bites. July and August being the season when dog bites hit their peak (about half a million Americans are bitten annually), now is a good time to note some pertinent facts recently uncovered by Dr. Henry M. Parrish (University of Vermont). In a study of about one thousand dog bite cases in Pittsburgh, Dr. Parrish and a team of public health experts found that: (1) almost half of dog bite victims are children under ten, with boys in the big majority; (2) by occupation, the most often dog-bitten are mailmen, newsboys, and veterinarians; (3) most dog bites are on the legs and arms, only 4 per cent being in the seat of the pants (cartoons to the contrary); (4) the bitingest dogs are much more apt to be female than male, and young (six to eleven months) rather than mature; (5) dogs most likely to bite people are members of the "working" breeds (boxers, collies, Eskimo dogs, German shepherds, Great Danes, St. Bernards, Doberman pinschers); next most likely to bite are sporting dogs (pointers, setters, retrievers, spaniels); the least frequent biters, and perhaps the safest dogs, are hounds. To reduce risk of dog bites, Dr. Parrish's group suggests: Either prevent children under six from having dogs as pets, or else teach them to

care for their dogs properly and not to abuse them. Avoid getting dogs excited; don't interrupt them while they're eating; don't butt into dog fights; handle dogs gingerly if they're sick or injured; don't abruptly arouse sleeping dogs; be careful in picking up puppies while the mother's around; and keep your face away from dogs!

Cousin marriage risks. New light on an old question—how much first-cousin marriages menace offspring—comes from a study of the children born in one hundred such marriages in the Chicago Catholic Archdiocese. Roman Catholics who wish to contract a first-cousin marriage must obtain a special dispensation from the Church, which keeps a careful record of such marriages. Two priests interviewed the families in this study, in cooperation with Dr. Herman M. Slatis, Dr. Raymond H. Reis, and Dr. Robert E. Hoene. The researchers found that while most of the offspring of

(*continued on p. 19*)

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these first-cousin marriages were fully normal, the death rate in infancy and childhood in the group as a whole was about three times that of children of unrelated parents, while the incidence of abnormalities was about double the average. Also, above average numbers of the cousin marriages were sterile. Best advice: First cousins shouldn't marry unless there is an especially strong reason.

"Laugh, clown, laugh." Beneath the make-up of a large proportion of America's top entertainers lie heartaches, childhood tragedies, and much personal maladjustment, sociologists Sidney Willhelm and Gideon Sjoberg (University of Texas) have learned. Their analysis of biographies and personal reports of about one hundred leading actors and actresses of stage, screen, radio, and television revealed this: More than a third came from homes broken by parental death, divorce, or desertion, and the childhoods of many of the rest were unhappy for other reasons. The comedians were the most unfortunate: almost 40 per cent came from broken homes, and 73 per cent knew poverty as children. Further unhappiness dogged entertainers in their adult lives. Of those who got married, more than half were divorced at least once.

However, suffering and instability may actually be an asset in the entertainment field, because it helps performers to "feel" with their audiences and keep in tune with common experiences and tribulations. In support of their thesis the sociologists quote Steve Allen: "A difficult early life seems to be an essential requirement for a successful comedian"; and Phil Silvers: "The moment the comedian looks, feels, or is happy, he is practically out of business."

Bowery denizens. Who are they—the homeless drifters on big city boweries and skid rows? If you think they're nearly all ignorant, dull-witted nobodies, you're wrong. Psychologist Boris M. Levinson (Yeshiva University) queried and tested a sample of native-born, white homeless men at one of New York's Bowery shelters. Of this group of fifty, ranging in age from twenty-six to sixty-nine, eight had been to college, and two of these were professional men; fourteen had attended high school, and twenty-two, grade school. As for their IQs, two were "very superior," with scores up to 140; eleven were "bright-normal"—110 to 120 IQ; twenty-eight were average; and only nine were below average. Also, by and large, their vocabulary was better than that of the general population. (Any day now you may hear some panhandler say, "Could I impose upon your largesse to subsidize the purchase of a modest infusion of the coffee berry?"

Tall girls. When is a girl "tall"? Psychologists Graham B. Bell and Carole McCoy (Pomona College) found that among the college girls they studied a height of five feet seven or over makes a girl rate as "tall." (The average height of American college girls now is about five feet five inches.) The importance of a girl's stature became clear when psychological tests showed that the tall coeds were more sociable, more poised, and better adjusted than those girls who were of average height or under. One reason may be that girls of above average height are treated as more mature and are given more responsibilities than shorter girls.

"Age-misstating" malady. While it is common for normal women to understate their age, a peculiar symptom in many mentally diseased women is that they give correctly the year and date of their birth, but then report their age as several years short of what it really is (although they are well able to do the simple arithmetic involved). Psychiatrist Max Dahl (Poughkeepsie, New York) found that about 10 per cent of women with schizophrenia showed this symptom. None of the women added to their right age (they weren't *that* sick!)—all deducted from it. The longer a woman had been mentally ill, and the worse her condition, the bigger the gap between her right age and the one she gave, as if she were subconsciously trying to blot out the years she had been deranged.

Budget-busting appetites. That men go most for the foods that cost most (as if you didn't know!) has been confirmed in a study of GI meat-dish preferences by Army psychologists Purnell H. Benson and David R. Peryam (Chicago). Among seventeen meat entrees, grilled steak—the Army's most expensive dish—was the first choice of the men, whereas chili con carne and beef stew, costing a fourth as much per serving, rated last. Other meat dishes high in cost and high in popularity were roast turkey, roast beef, fried chicken, and pork chops; and others low in cost and much less popular were vealburger, Swedish meat balls, and meat loaf. However, the study also showed that many men care less for some high cost dishes than for lower cost meats prepared in ways they like, which proves that wives can save money by knowing their men folks' tastes.

Red lips, white skin. What makes milady's lips red (sans cosmetics), her arms white? A difference in blood supply? No, says Parisian skin expert R. Lutembacher. Lips are red because they are covered by only a thin, translucent membrane, which permits the red blood vessels to show through. But other areas of the face and body are covered by a layer of shiny skin granules (*eleidin*), which not only mask the blood vessels but also reflect light from outside. The degree of thickness of the granular layer may determine how red the skin is in any area. Scars are sometimes very red if the layer has been destroyed or much thinned down, very white if an abnormally thick layer has been deposited. Likewise, lips are sometimes whitened by abnormal conditions which cause a granular layer to develop over the mucous membrane.

How do "bad eggs" hatch? While most juvenile delinquents do turn out badly in their adult years, a surprisingly large number become well-adjusted adults. Sociologists Lee N. Robins and Patricia O'Neal (Washington University School of Medicine), checked on over five hundred men and women who, thirty years ago, had been classified in St. Louis as "problem children." A majority did subsequently chalk up police records (and many became mental cases), but about 38 per cent reached the age of forty or over with no reported crimes.

Lipstick dangers. Kissing Kates who use indelible lipstick so it won't wear off on their sweeties run a risk if they have allergies. The medical bulletin *What's New* says that dermatologists are reporting many cases of skin inflammation, sore throat, sinusitis, head colds, swollen lips, hives, and so on due to special bromo-acid dyes incorporated in indelible lipsticks. When afflicted women change to less indelible or non-indelible lipsticks, these ills usually disappear.

THE END

Hamilton Basso's novel makes new and effective use of the Civil War story.

The Civil War Goes On and On

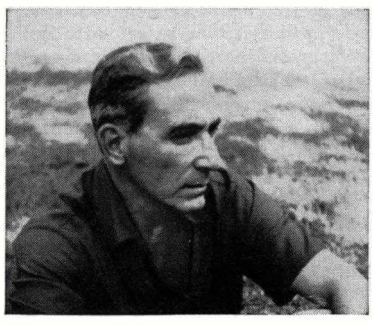
BOOKS • BY GERALD WALKER

THE LIGHT INFANTRY BALL, by Hamilton Basso (Doubleday and Co., $4.50). Mr. Basso is thinking big, so big that he cannot fit everything he knows and feels about his subject—all of life, present and past, in the deep South—between a single pair of hard covers. His earlier work, *The View From Pompey's Head* (1954), revealed a mature sense of meticulous, suspenseful storytelling fully equal to its job of delineating the concentric social circles of a contemporary seaboard town in a state very much like South Carolina.

The same skill in juggling flashbacks and the same piercing awareness of nuance in the world of manners which marked that novel are present in this one, also set in the colorfully named town of Pompey's Head, but it is the Pompey's Head of 1861 rather than of today. The book opens three uneasy months before the drum roll of Fort Sumter, and it is orchestrated so that the larger agony of the Civil War counterpoints the rise and fall of individual relationships.

The narrative is filtered through the conscience-tormented mind of thirty-year-old John Bottomley, who, although himself a gentleman rice planter (cotton, we learn, is for those who only want to make money—rice is a gentleman's crop) and the elder, more responsible son of a former governor, is sorely troubled by the moral questions raised by "ownership" of another human being.

Emotionally drawn to the formal grace and genteel dignity of the Southern aristocracy's way of life—symbolized by the elegant, height-of-the-social-season ball which provides the title—John cannot forget that it is built upon an indefensible institution. Trying to steer his



Hamilton Basso

own course amid the feverish oversimplifications of a war atmosphere, he is drawn into a duel with the pro-slavery fanatic, Ules Monckton, who intimates that John is a slacker to the Confederate cause; and he baffles his father, the crusty Corwin Bottomley, because, unlike past generations of the family, he is not among the first to don the uniform of the Pompey's Head Light Infantry.

Like the male protagonists of those other patriarchal novelists, Marquand and Cozzens, John Bottomley ultimately accepts the values of his father and his milieu. He fights not because he believes in slavery but because, when you come right down to it, it is expected of him: background and breeding make a principle of expediency.

This is an extraordinarily readable novel with several engrossing subplots: a knowing account of Confederate cotton smuggling; the hall-of-mirrors relationships existing between father and son and between two brothers; a scalpel-sharp dissection of the illusory love a young man feels for a married woman, which is contrasted with the appealing build-up of the real thing; and, for good measure, a murder mystery. Probably, the book's sole flaw is that it is overplotted. The dangling threads seem to have been tied in a rush.

Aside from the unfortunate but undeniable letdown generated by the novel's final handful of pages, in which Mr. Basso seems to have hurriedly backed

away from the crescendo ending he had led the reader to expect, this is a fine piece of fiction which is very hard either to find fault with or to set aside.

THE DELECTABLE MOUNTAINS, by Berton Roueché (Little, Brown and Co., $3.50). For people whose days speed by in a treadmill of chores and appointments, whose jobs could be a little more interesting, and whose bosses could be a little less harassing, for such people—and that means nearly everyone these days—*The Delectable Mountains* will be delectable reading indeed.

A collection of magazine pieces by Mr. Roueché, one of the virtuoso nonfiction prose stylists of our time, the book introduces us to a gallery of quietly (and some not-so-quietly) picturesque persons who have pulled the hat trick of choosing a way of life that is both unusual and unusually gratifying.

Take Mr. George C. Strong, who is passionately involved in the growing of potatoes on Long Island. Mr. Strong comes from a long line of potato-growers who have been active in that line of endeavor since the early 1700s. He and his family of five consume thirty pounds of their own potatoes—baked, boiled, mashed, creamed, browned, hash-browned, riced, French-fried, home-fried, scalloped, *au gratin*—every week. Let this potato-committed, potato-satisfied man ramble on about the role of the potato in history, its incredible yield per acre ("The only thing I ever heard of that can match a potato plant in producing is a pair of rabbits"), or about "the health boobs" who are even scaring the vegetarians about potatoes, and it is a free-flowing stream of sheer fascination.

Then there are the two Connecticut men who happened to stumble upon the deserted factory where Lambert Hitchcock, between the years 1826 and 1840, put together his handsome and indestructible chairs. Deciding to reopen it, they invested $45,000 in the business, and are now manufacturing perfect replicas—not imitation, they would hastily add, otherwise they would be "ashamed to look you in the face"—of Hitchcock chairs, using precisely the same time-proven methods of "the old man." Said one of the men, who left a half-million-dollar business for this venture: "But it was just a business. I mean it was what anybody could have if he wanted to work for it the way I did. What I wanted was something real. You might call it an inheritance."

It is this same reverence for the non-pecuniary rewards of life which marks everyone in this book: the delightful Kreutz brothers, dedicated to the art of creating Bohemian-glass tableware and to hunting and fishing as well, who moved their glassworks to northeastern Long Island in order to enjoy the best of all possible worlds; Percy Peck Beardsley, raiser of the finest purebred Devon oxen in the Northeast, who for sentimental reasons is still holding on to a half-ton of hay cut by his grandfather in June, 1872; the aging handful of residents of one of the last four Shaker communities in the United States; and Louis Haft, the happily unsuccessful New York businessman whose greatest joy came from penciling little maxims, such as, "You can't take it with you. Especially if you haven't got it."

There is a calm dignity about most of these people and, as they are masterfully evoked by Mr. Roueché, they are the most pleasant company conceivable for a summer afternoon's reading.

PASSIONELLA AND OTHER STORIES, by Jules Feiffer (McGraw Hill Book Co., $1.75). A dowdy chimney sweep is magicked into a movie queen, a four-year-old boy is drafted into the Army: of such material are these cartoons constructed. It's a little like Kafka in storyboard form, but with the same warm spirit of genius one expects of the thirty-year-old author of *Sick, Sick, Sick.*

THE YOUNG TITAN, by F. Van Wyck Mason (Doubleday and Co., 5.95). Mr. Mason's longest novel yet concerns the *sub-rosa* war fought between the English settlers of Maine's Penobscot Bay area and the French and Indians. Although it frequently conveys the impression of having been researched rather than written, its rousing story shines through in accustomed fashion.

LOVE AND MONEY, by Noel Clad (Random House, $4.95). Ten years in the writing, this long (525 pages) and ambitious novel marks the debut of a young writer who impregnates his story of Max Armand, youngest scion of a European industrialist who comes to this country and founds a business and a family, with the mystery and meaning of twentieth-century America. May well be considered a literary "find."

THE JURY IS STILL OUT, by Judge Irvin D. Davidson and Richard Gehman (Harper and Bros., $4.50). During the summer of 1957, the fifteen-year-old polio-crippled son of a New York City fireman was beaten, stabbed, and kicked to death by a gang of eighteen delinquents. Stunningly re-created by the presiding judge of the ensuing murder trial and by COSMOPOLITAN contributing editor Richard Gehman, here is the in-the-round story of that brutal act which culminated in New York's longest murder trial, plus an appendix in which Judge Davidson outlines a plan for spotting incipient delinquents before they erupt into violence. THE END

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BY CAROL CARR

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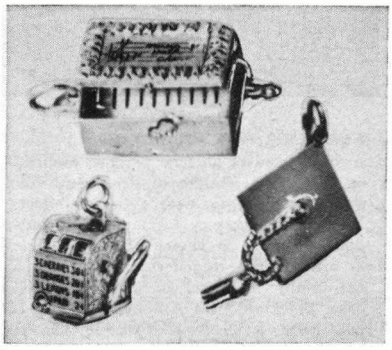
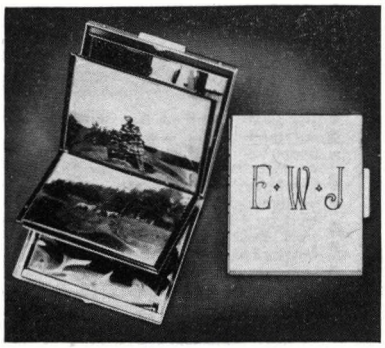


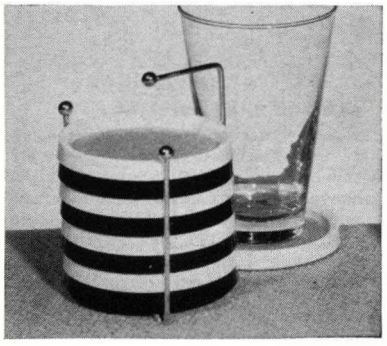


VERY COMPACT, $1.98

Doting grandmothers will be delighted to carry this miniature photo album which holds 14 pictures in accordion folded acetate windows. Teenagers, too, will have room for snapshots of all their friends. Gold-finished metal case, measuring 2¼" x 2", may be personalized with 2 or 3 initials for added elegance. Barilen Corp., Dept. P-2, 11 E. 47th St., New York 17, N.Y.

DRI-COAST, $1.25 set

Eight generous size coasters are a wonderful summer investment. Centers are absorbent polystyrene plastic foam sponge in four assorted colors: red, green, blue and yellow. Styrene rims may be ordered in all black, or four black and four white. Brass plated rack included. Order several for gifts from Best Values Co., Dept. CS-7, 403 Market St., Newark, New Jersey.



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Now as to what you can get FREE.

Most of the gifts that are yours for the asking are likely to be printers' ink and paper. Whether it's a book—and you can fill a library with good, interesting books, gratis—or a three-dimensional panoramic map of New York City taken from and given by the Empire State Building (write P.R. Department, Empire State Observatory, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York City), it's still ink and paper.

The largest source of free ink and paper items is the United States Government, which prints forty thousand different books, pamphlets, and reports annually. The titles vary from "So You're Expecting a Baby" to "Pocket Guide to the Middle East." For an up-to-date list, write to the Superintendent of Documents, U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C.

Our government also offers material things. Free land is still available in all but nine of our states. If you are interested, write to the Bureau of Land Management, Washington 25, D.C., for the booklet, "Where to Get Free Federal Owned Land." It will be easier to locate your free real estate if you have an official United States map, worth over a dollar, which you can get by writing to your Congressman, House Office Building, Washington 25, D.C.

Included in the ink and paper gifts are some unusual offers. The Hebrew Christians of Bridgeport at 151 Prospect Drive, Stratford, Connecticut, will send, to any person who does not already own one, a copy of the New Testament in either a brown or a blue cover. The brown-cover copy is for Gentiles; you may obtain it by stating that you are a Gentile and promising to read the Testament. The blue-cover copy is for Jewish people and may be obtained by any writer who states that he is Jewish and promises to read it. At present about one million copies are available. As a bonus, the Hebrew Christians offer to pray for the writer, his family, or his friends.

Most people know that they can call their local S.P.C.A. for a free dog or cat. Birds and other animals are also available. Try them for parakeets, alligators, monkeys, raccoons, chickens, doves, pheasants, woodpeckers, turtles, 'possums, snakes, porcupines, or hawks. One or more of these creatures may be waiting for a home at the S.P.C.A. Also, the government, through The National Park Service, will send you a bison or elk on request from its limited supply.

Own a brook or an artificial pond? Contact the state federal fish hatchery in your vicinity and don't be surprised if they agree to stock your waters with fingerlings of the proper species.

A home owner can get help in decorating, furnishing, or remodeling that would cost hundreds of dollars, without paying a cent. Home-Planning Centers are located in top department stores throughout the country. You can get help by writing to them. Kirsch Company, 961 Prospect Street, Sturgis, Michigan, will send you directions on "How to Make Curtains and Draperies"; the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company, Room 3289, 632 Fort Duquesne Boulevard, Pittsburgh 22, Pennsylvania, can be tapped for twenty-four pages of color illustrations on "How to Give Your House Glamour With Glass"; the Central Mutual Insurance Company, Van West 2, Ohio, had experts compile "260 Timely Tips" of tested money- and time-saving household hints.

Outside your home, The National Nurseries Gardens, 8463 S. Van Ness Avenue, Inglewood 4, California, will see that you have Ming trees, by sending you seeds, and instructions on how to plant them. (If you want to get into the highly remunerative tree selling business they'll tell you how.) Margaret Herbst, 101 Park Avenue, New York 17, New York, will send you a fifty-four-page Garden Encyclopedia, "Guide to Better Gardens."

If all this work around the house interferes with the time scheduled for your regular job, you'll be glad to know that Heublin Inc., 330 New Park Avenue, Hartford 1, Connecticut, has prepared a list of dishes for gals in a hurry titled "Cooking—With Your Hat On."

For detailed information on any one of the free items mentioned in this article, don't write me or COSMOPOLITAN, but check Mort Weisinger's *1007 Valuable Things You Can Get Free*. He is the boss man on the subject and permitted me an advance peep into his latest quarter and dime tome published by Bantam Books, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York City, which is due off the presses this fall.

Going away? If by car, you should know that oil companies spend over ten million dollars yearly to supply maps and help you plan your trip to include maximum scenic and historic sights, highlighting festivals and timely events that are scheduled on the route. They brief you on matters ranging from what ferries provide bottle warming facilities for babies to which Indian tribes are friendly. My favorite story about this service concerns the request from a traveler using roller skates for a route from Chicago to New York which avoided steep hills. The oil people marked his map with a minimum of mounds.

Want to go to Europe on a thirty-two to thirty-four day guided tour free, visiting at least seven countries? Ordinarily this trip would cost about fifteen hundred dollars. But there is a catch to it. You must get five friends to take this trip with you. Organize them to go as one party, and you can be number six with all your expenses paid. The Lanseair Travel Service, Inc., DuPont Circle Building, Washington 6, D.C., will "swing" the deal for you.

Be prepared for tomorrow's traveling. You can have a road map to Outer Space, printed in color, and an interplanetary chart in huge poster size with a foreword by Dr. James R. Killian, Jr., President Eisenhower's Chief Science Advisor. Write to the American Oil Company, Public Relations Dept. A, 555 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N.Y., and ask for "Venture Into Space."

To help you stick around until space travel is here, the Federal Civil Defense of Battle Creek, Michigan, will send you a kit on "How to Survive." Included are plans for building an atom-bomb shelter, and instructions on what to do in case of radioactive fall-out and how to keep your water supply uncontaminated.

Good hunting, and happy dreams. They too are free, but difficult to come by.

(For any or all the items mentioned, write clearly and give the sender a few weeks. Remember, these offers hold only as long as the supply lasts.)

—DAVID E. GREEN

It Takes a Man to Dress a Woman

BY JON WHITCOMB

If you subscribe to the theory that American women are the world's best-dressed females, few people—even Frenchmen—will be prepared to argue the point. (It has been said that the difference between New York and Paris fashions is that you wear American clothes and French clothes wear *you.*) It has also been claimed that American women have more chic than foreigners because their legs are longer, their middles tinier, the shoulders wider, their complexions clearer and their wallets fatter. American dolls inspire envy whereever they go in their drip-dry synthetics, their crisp shirtwaist dresses, their sheer cottons and whispering silks. No wonder they're so well turned out, run the murmurs from overseas: we would be too if we were that loaded.

As a matter of fact, these financial insinuations have little, if anything, to do with the facilities in this country for being well-dressed. Here bright ideas are more important than big bank balances, and some of the brightest ideas in the business explode three times a year in the collections of designers Evan-Picone, Philip Hulitar and Luis Estevez.

Evan-Picone makes skirts, pants, shorts and shirts in a modest price range. Hulitar produces evening dresses and ballgowns at fees considerably under the French competition. Estevez is identified with suits and cocktail dresses, three-fourths of them in the $50 to $100 class. All three firms ignore French fashion trends, all three are run by men, and for all three, business is booming.

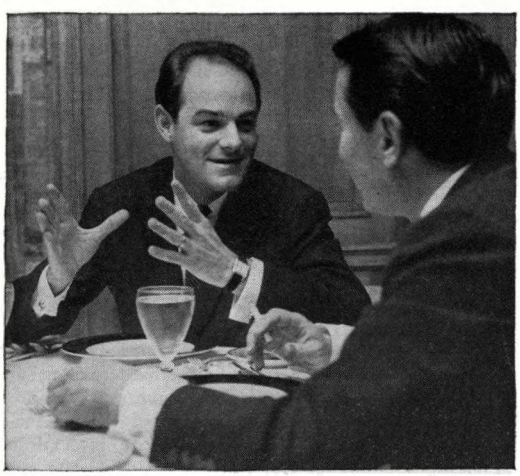
Men's Tailoring Suits Ladies

Sitting in the president's chair at Evan-Picone is Charles Evans, a thirty-three-year-old tycoon whose original bright idea ten years ago was the conviction that United States women would take to a skirt built with men's tailoring. Technically, this means full linings, hand-sewn seams, reinforced backing and pockets with dart edges. With a young custom tailor named Joseph Picone, who had learned the craft in Italy, Charles Evans, who had been a salesman, set up shop in an old pants factory on $20,000 of borrowed capital. They hoped to sell two hundred skirts the first week. Instead, they got orders for one thousand. Today, the firm supplies one thousand stores across the country, with seven hundred more on the waiting list.

Charles Evans and his younger brother Robert, twenty-nine, another partner in the business, are handsome enough to be in the movies. As a matter of fact, Robert Evans *is* a movie star. Under contract to Darryl Zanuck, Robert has made several pictures on loan from the skirt business. Like his brother, Charles is a bachelor with the dark hair and eyes of a Latin. Even behind the desk in his luxurious Manhattan skyscraper office, facing a wall covered with the ancient Chinese art which he collects, he resembles nothing so much as a college boy home on spring vacation. But the impression vanishes when assistants drop in with problems, and the college boy instantly becomes a serious businessman running a $4,500,000-a-year corporation.

I asked him to describe a typical Evan-Picone customer. (The "s" in Evans was dropped from the name in the interest of euphony.)

"Although we supply clothes to actresses like Rhonda Fleming, Debbie Reynolds, Kay Thompson and Ginger Rogers," he said, "we aim our designing at the average woman, not the typical starlet with her enormous bosom and tiny waist. Strangely enough, women in this country are getting smaller and we don't know exactly why. Maybe it's the fact that they're all on diets—or learning to eat properly. Years ago, the average size was 14. Now it's 12. That means that the average waist measurement is now down to 26″ from 28″. We have an enormous demand these days for size 8. For us, the most important dimension is the waist, since we have found that all sizes take the same skirt length. Legs are now in fashion, and our skirt length is a uniform twenty-eight inches. We like short skirts here, but we find our custom-



LUIS ESTEVEZ tells Jon Whitcomb why American women like his "sexy" cocktail dresses—some with necklines plunging to the waist, front and back.

ers are slower to change their preferences. When skirts suddenly went up, our customers demanded longer ones. They wouldn't cooperate with Paris."

Evan-Picone divides its seasons into fall, resort-and-spring, and summer. In the kingdom of skirts and pants, conventional style shows do not work. "We would love to display our clothes with a big splash," Evans said, "but we can't manage jazz and vaudeville like the fancy couturiers. So we bypass that sort of thing and do it the practical way. You'll notice the private booths just outside. Fashion editors and visiting buyers can sit in them and inspect the whole line on facing racks, even have their lunch sent in if they wish. In designing our line of skirts, we think a lot about 'hanger appeal.' Some skirts have it—others don't, and require being filled out with a human figure to look attractive. We find that if a skirt is attractive on a hanger. it is pretty sure to be appealing on a woman."

"This is a luxury business," Evans went on. "We've *got* to design skirts which look good while they're still on the hanger. Separate skirts are bought by women who already own dresses and have to be lured by our designs and our tailoring into acquiring something they might presumably get along without. But surveys of this special market show that it has enormous potential: 40 per cent of the women in this country have yet to buy their first separate skirt.

"Since skirts are so simple in construction, made usually of only four panels, there are limits to new variations in design. What can you do with four panels that you haven't already done? Our solution to that is pockets, pleats, belts and belt loops put together with our basic innovation—the fine workmanship of male tailoring. The hallmark of our operation is attention to handmade details. The pride of our firm is achieving a custom-tailored look in mass production. We like zippers, some of them in front, like men's pants. But more go on the side, since women with mild bay windows prefer a flat look across the front. Currently, skirts are designed with most of the interest in the back, and the tight sheath is now high fashion."

Pants are also tight. Women like them snug. "This includes big women," says Evans, "and they never use their pockets. Unlike men, they are careful never to spoil the lines by stuffing things into pockets. In length, women's pants are shrinking—they like to show their ankles. In the last five years, the average length has shrunk an inch."

The Chemise Headache

The chemise fad of a previous season was responsible for a number of Evans' headaches. "A very trying time for us," he said, shaking his head. "Our retailers lost money during the period, even though we supplied them with a loose, sack-type shirt to go with our skirts."

Stout women were gladdened this year when the firm announced a special line of skirts in sizes up to 40. "There must be lots of them," Evans said. "The buyers fell on our necks with hosannas."

But size-sensitive President Evans has decided there is a sharp cleavage between the sexes when it comes to prosperity. "When men go up the financial ladder," he told me, "they spread out. Women get smaller as they prosper."

At Philip Hulitar's midtown salon, two tall brunettes were popping out of doorways with the precision of birds from a cuckoo clock, wearing a new version each time of the designer's ballgowns for fall. The silhouette ranged from inverted tulip to slim column, the materials from satin accented with velvet pile

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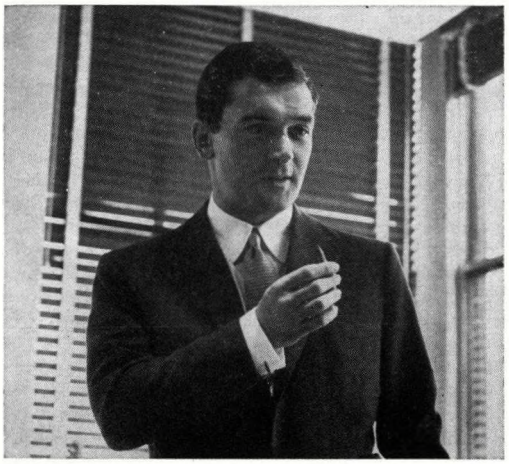

CHARLES EVANS has parlayed the bright idea that women would take to man-tailored skirts, shirts, and pants into a $4,500,000-a-year corporation.

flowers to re-embroidered lace over chiffon. Since Mr. Hulitar is currently going through a gold phase, many of the gowns were ablaze with yellows covering the whole range of topaz, daffodil, lemon and ochre. Claudette popped out of the doorway in a saffron satin tulip with burnt-orange roses cascading diagonally down the skirt from her waist. As she disappeared, Victoire materialized in an evening suit of gilt Lurex, glittering like a mannequin on fire. Then Claudette replaced her in a siren's sheath of doubled, black chiffon, a ruff of black fox falling from the neck to the slit hemline.

Hulitar clothes are deliberately plotted in the grand manner for the moments in every woman's life when she finds herself in the center of the stage. He likes brilliant colors and opulent fabrics, many of which come from the French house of Bianchini. Stacked behind a screen in the salon were bolts of Bianchini satins, printed and embroidered with bewildering gardens of orange, violent pink, sunset yellows and combinations of blue, turquoise and violet. Mr. Hulitar assembles this raw material into gowns with the skill of an architect creating a house.

"As a matter of fact," he says, "that's what I am—a frustrated architect. I live with my wife and two young daughters in a thirty-room Long Island house that I designed. Right now I have a new wing under construction." Mrs. Hulitar, a handsome blonde with a size 8 figure, is also under constant redesign by her husband—and is almost certainly the chief inspiration for the fashions emerging three seasons of the year from the house of Hulitar.

Asked how he goes about planning a dress, the designer seized a pencil and sketched a figure. At the end of thirty seconds, he handed the sheet of paper to me, wordlessly, eyebrows raised. Without comment, he conveyed the idea of the whole process—automatic, instinctive and professional.

Hulitar Ignores Paris

Like Evans, of Evan-Picone, Hulitar refuses to concede the style leadership of Paris, which has nothing, he feels, to offer American women. The chemise, in his opinion, was an unwise blunder, a novelty which went unrecognized at the Hulitar establishment. "I just ignored the whole thing," he says. "I went counter to the industry and followed the figure. I do not feel that our times are so anomalous that the freak and bizarre should have any place in the fashion picture."

Described as "debonair" with "the mustache and lithe grace of a Douglas Fairbanks," the forty-five-year-old designer's origins are quite as romantic and colorful as any of the costumes he produces. He was born in Greece. His mother, Cosmina de Vagzana, an Italian, married Michael Hulitar, a Hungarian attached to his country's embassy in Athens. Young Philip was expected to follow his father into diplomatic service, but at sixteen he turned up in New York City working for a Wall Street investment house. A year later he got a job at Bergdorf Goodman and remained there as designer for the next eighteen years.

Hulitar clothes, neither freakish nor bizarre, reflect the principles of a man who spent his early childhood being tutored by a Jesuit—"a classicist of the most extreme order," Hulitar recalls, "and a conformist. This set an early pattern which was to stay with me the rest of my life." Hulitar believes that clothes should conform to their times. "Great changes in history force their changes on style." he wrote in the course of a short autobiography, "and I think that the present time is one of the richest in history. Clothes today must reflect this in their beauty of fabric as well as of fit. More so than ever, today's woman has the chance to suit her own personality . . . The beauty of woman is many-faced and many-formed—design, then, should be as flexible and many-formed."

A Plunge to Fame

In 1957, Cuban-born Luis Estevez designed a cocktail dress for his firm of Grenelle-Estevez which shook up bartenders and rattled old-fashioned glasses from coast to coast. Featuring a neckline which plunged to the waist at the rear *and* front, it required the internal services of a specially designed brassiere anchored at the equator with vertical supports fore and aft. When the smoke cleared away and spilled highballs had been mopped up, it was found that four thousand women had bought the dress.

If it proves anything, this coup seems to indicate that what the women of this country want most is a good, sexy dress. Acting on this principle, which he believes is obvious even to teenagers, twenty-nine-year-old Estevez has established himself as the most powerful "top-half" force in the American fashion business. Why top-half? Simply because, he points out, women in cocktail dresses spend most of the time at tables, and what you can see of a dress above the table is the part that counts. The rest of the dress need only be adequately decorative on the brief journey to or from the table.

The sexy dress, says Estevez, can be either bare or all-concealing. It just depends on how you do it. The *Encyclopedia Britannica*, in its section on Dress, reveals that the historical advent of clothing is based on immodesty and that true innocence is possible only in the nude. Gradually clothes began to be identified

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Charlie Miller

He thinks there are no unimportant jobs

"It's no trick at all for Americans today to out-produce their grandfathers industrially—and still have time left for leisure.

"New machines and new techniques have made this possible.

"Yet I wonder if we aren't losing the pride of achievement Grandpa used to have in his job.

"We continue to hope that the laundry man will sew the button back on our shirt and the production line worker will take a personal interest in the finished product.

"And all too often we're disappointed.

"I grant you that, in an age of specialization, few of us do our job single-handedly any more. But the completed product or service is still only as good as our part of it.

"That's why—whatever your contribution—in an industrial society like ours *there are no unimportant jobs.*"

* * *

Charlie Miller is Supervisor of Wage and Salary Administration in our Industrial Relations department.

His comments, we think, are pertinent. For here at Union Oil, we try to help every employee understand the importance of his job to the company and to his fellow workers.

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Union Oil Company OF CALIFORNIA 76

MANUFACTURERS OF ROYAL TRITON, THE AMAZING PURPLE MOTOR OIL

PHILIP HULITAR feels the Paris fashions "offer nothing to American women." His ball gowns are all styled in the classic tradition.

with allure, and the ideal combination was found to be a halfway arrangement. Partly on, then, and partly off, the formula was set for future eras of female enticement. Estevez has a built-in radar installation which tells him how to arrange bare and covered areas, and his success in the industry is proof of the accuracy of his antennae.

His name is pronounced Loo-iz Estev-ez. He is tall, with large brown eyes and reddish hair. He is married to a former fashion model and lives in New York City's east seventies.

Before he got a summer job in the display department of Fifth Avenue's Lord and Taylor store, Luis had run the gamut of schooling in a Cuban Jesuit school, Sanford Prep in the United States, the Sorbonne in Paris and the University of Havana. At Lord and Taylor, boss Dorothy Shaver advised him to get into clothes designing, and in the winter of 1952 he got a job at the house of Jean Patou in Paris. A year later an American manufacturer sponsored an Estevez collection in New York. After four years as Grenelle-Estevez, the firm is now reorganized as Estevez, Inc. Including the Coty Award, he has collected nine fashion awards in recent years. Retailers who carry the line now number 1,400, and nine contractors help to produce $6.000.000 worth of Estevez dresses annually. At prices ranging from $50 to $200, his three collections a year are divided into fall and holiday, spring and resort, and summer.

His experience working in France has convinced him that French style domination is a myth. "French styles exist only for the very rich," he says. "Produced by low-income workers, there are no limitations on fabrics or complexity of design or workmanship, a situation completely unsuited for the American market. That is why French fashions have to be so drastically revised for production here. By the time they reach local customers the original idea has disappeared. As a matter of fact, American fashions can be a smash hit with the French. For example, the shirtwaist dress, which originated on this side of the Atlantic, is now a fixture in one form or another in every French collection. We were using crinoline petticoats and other bouffant underskirt constructions long before Dior took them up. Frankly, I'm out to make war on Paris designers. Look what they did to us with their damned chemise. That was purely a French-inspired disaster, starting at the top in France, at the bottom in the United States. Here it was taken up by low-priced manufacturers at first, then spread to the higher brackets. Actually, construction of an effective chemise was difficult to do well. This is one of the reasons it collapsed, quite apart from the objections of the men, who hated it."

Dress to Suit Yourself

Like Hulitar, Estevez agrees that women should be individuals and dress becomingly to suit themselves. "Conformity is for the birds," he likes to say. "I hate the uniform look. Women should stop listening to the dictates of jerky designers—including me. They should find out what's becoming to them and build their taste around that."

When he makes appearances on the lecture platform, Estevez is concerned over the constant repetition of one question from the audience: "What should a woman like me wear?" The answer: "Think of yourself as unique. Try to believe that there is no such person as 'a woman like me.' You're *you*, and you've got to develop your own standards of taste. Once you've done that, you'll have no trouble deciding what's right and what's wrong *for you*." Off the record, he blames this mass perplexity on the shortcomings of the fashion magazines. "They're doing a terrible job," he says. "They simply don't shed any light on this subject for the average woman. Their emphasis is on styling instead of fashion, on external fripperies instead of basic values. I think they owe the public some instruction in fundamentals. Instead, they just stand there twittering about what Countess Whatzis painted her eyelids with in Jamaica, and how St. Moritz is full of duchesses taking baths in purée of broccoli. As far as your Aunt Maude is concerned, that's news from another planet."

In his private efforts to coax American women into a unique life of individuality, Estevez operates with a rigid design code of his own. He regards line, the essential shape of a dress, as superior to applied ornament, and he very seldom resorts to buttons, braid or external trimming. He is fond of pencil-thin sheaths. He prefers cotton, silk and wool to synthetics. "Not high fashion," he says. "My favorite material is velvet, which is unfortunately very fragile. As to colors, I don't dig pastels. Only bright, strong colors register with me. I use a lot of bright reds, black and brown. Skirts I expect to stay short. They should always be exactly as short as the most becoming length."

Among the actresses who wear Estevez clothes are Dina Merrill, Rosalind Russell and Ginger Rogers, who has what he considers to be the ideal clothes-horse body. On the subject of actresses, Estevez feels that any housewife might well pick up a few tips from the ladies of show business. "Women should be actresses enough to vary their roles," he says, seriously. "Clothes can play a very important part in this kind of variety. I believe a husband should find a new wife at home each night when he arrives from the office. The very least a wife can do is vary the monotony. For instance, on Saturday night she could be a mystery woman, slinky and chic. On Sunday she could be demure, like a purring kitten. On Monday she might turn into a tweedy, sports type. No lazy woman could accomplish this sort of thing, but it's what I recommend. I feel that every woman needs to have a repertoire of moods just for the sheer hell of it, and her choice of clothes is a logical place to start." THE END

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Our Manly Men

Just how does a man remain manly—especially when his wife brings home a paycheck, beats him at poker, and drives him into what psychologists forebodingly call "sexual ambiguity"? Here is how today's male can keep his masculinity—and his wife.

BY MORTON M. HUNT *Drawings by John Huehnergarth*

Men have always complained that times are changing, but oh, my brothers, how they have been changing recently! Not many years ago, a man would simply notify his wife he was going out for the evening to play poker with the boys. He would leave her to mind the kids, and he would play hard and long with the boys, drink beer, belch out loud, use foul words, and lie about his winnings or losings. The other night I was invited to a poker game by the wife of a dear friend—yes, you read it right, the *wife*—and instructed to bring my own wife along. Seems the girls had been studying while we weren't looking. And so we played: four men, three women; ginger ale instead of beer; talk of drapes and children instead of dirty jokes and curses; not one audible belch all evening. Oh, the desecration of a hallowed male sanctuary! The infamous invasion of masculine privacy! Yet had it rested there, I still should not complain. But the sordid truth will out: the girls—all of whom have careers—played pretty well, and while I was losing five bucks during the evening, my wife was winning eleven, which made it pretty awkward for me, while my wife and I were driving home, to justify the way I had played certain hands.

A Current Issue

Our grandfathers and even many of our fathers would have been horrified and aghast at the implications of such an evening. Indeed, in recent years there has been a rash of writings bearing such foreboding titles as "The Crisis of American Masculinity" and *The Decline of the American Male*. Their general message is that the American man has suffered so great a loss of prestige and importance lately that his very masculinity is threatened; in fact, it is in danger of extinction.

Psychiatrists like Dr. Edward Strecker and social commentators like Philip Wylie speak darkly of the American male as blighted by the possessive "Mom" whose excessive mothering turns him into a sissy or a muscular bully—either alternative being equally juvenile. From puberty on, American youths chase girls, but anthropologist Geoffrey Gorer finds this no affirmation of masculinity, but an admission of doubt about it: the young male continually reassures himself of his manhood by trying to "make a score" and prefers double-dating so that other

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Many husbands are made to feel as useless as a fifth wheel on the family car.

Will an affair with another woman help a husband regain his sense of virility?

young males will see him playing the manly part. Sociologists like Kingsley Davis are deeply concerned about the American youth's need to "prove himself" by going steady at fifteen, and about his eagerness to get safely married by twenty; the only alternative proof of manliness seems to consist of the leather-jacketed, sweaty uncouthness of the "beatnik" and the motorcycle bum.

Man: The Household Satellite

The statisticians add their touch to the portrait of the dethroned male. According to government figures, 30 per cent of American wives—more than ever before—work today; man can hardly be boss in his own home under such circumstances. Even wives who are not working control the modern male financially; advertising men—quislings to their own sex—have treasonably revealed that women spend three-quarters or more of all retail dollars. A flood of articles and books has shown the modern man to be, in fact, little more than an economic slave bonded to his wife, children, and mortgage, and manumitted only by old age or heart failure. The best status he can achieve in his household is that of a mere satellite. Only three months ago, anthropologist Otto von Mering of the University of Pittsburgh informed a convention of family counselors that the modern male has become the "odd man out" of the family—a third party who, at best, can peacefully coexist with it by accepting the role of money-provider and noninterfering onlooker.

Some experts on family life want to drag this pitiful outcast into the nursery and kitchen, put an apron on him, and give him a sense of belonging; just as many others warn direly of the confusion that results when men try to play the role of substitute women. The popular opinion on the matter is expressed by the prevailing cliché of television and films, which shows the average young father as a bumbling, loud-mouthed incompetent who always makes a mess of things at home but is saved in the nick of time by his seemingly silly (but really shrewd) little wifey.

Something, in short, has taken the starch out of the American male. It is no coincidence that two recent plays by Tennessee Williams, one of the country's most successful playwrights, deal with young men with potency problems, while his current Broadway smash hit, *Sweet Bird of Youth*, displays for our edification a worthless young hero who, in despair at his own failure in life, passively allows a group of roughnecks to castrate him. In Greenwich Village—not exactly a typical American community, but sometimes a kind of frontier outpost—the *Village Voice*, a weekly newspaper, recently printed a long dialogue between a "straight guy" (normal man) and a homosexual. The latter got the best of the argument and concluded by sneering that the straight guy's dominance over society and morals is ending. "We will force our way into open society," he warned, "and you will have to acknowledge us. From four to seven million American adults—at least—are not going to be treated like criminals or freaks. . . . Baby, remember my words!"

All this ominous talk is more than a mere literary or psychiatric fad. For several generations the nature of the male role in life has been undergoing a major change, and the process has caught up with modern man with a vengeance. During most of history, man has been woman's superior according to law, religion, and custom. From Aristotle to Aquinas to Tennyson there was an unbroken literary tradition that Nature, having designed woman to bear children and provide man with comfort, had wisely limited her brain power, independence of spirit, and moral fiber. It made perfect sense, therefore, to keep her from the complexities of schools, courts of law, the professions, and the business and political world.

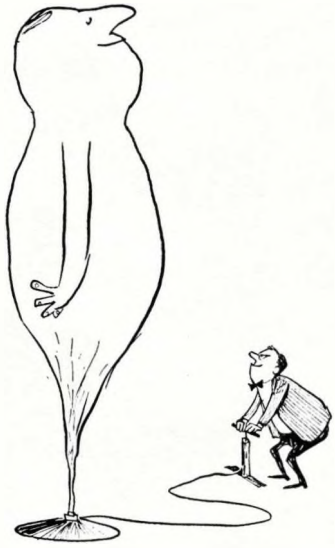
The Old Order Changeth

Only several generations ago, in England and in much of this country, a woman could not legally make a contract, incur debts, sue someone at law, or hold property in her own name. Until 1857, in England, everything she owned or earned was legally her husband's, even if he had deserted her. Queens and high-ranking women were exceptions, but a proper Victorian man could put even a queen in her place. Albert, the prince-consort of Queen Victoria, once had a tiff with her and angrily retired to the bed chamber, locking the door. The Queen knocked imperiously. "Who is there?" growled Albert. "It is the Queen," she replied in her most majestic fashion. "*Who?*" asked Albert, as though he had never heard of her. She repeated it, and he simply ignored her; her knocking and calling, even her pleading, were of no avail. At last she got the idea and said, tearfully, "Albert, it is I, your wife," whereupon he unlocked the door and let her in, a chastened and penitent woman.

Women's Rights Increase

In the past century, however, this ancient order of things has completely fallen apart. Beginning with financial victories, the feminists went on to victories in the area of divorce and support, and finally in the area of the vote, which they obtained in this country in 1920. According to a recent survey by the Women's Bureau of the United States Government, women in this country now possess practically every legal right that men do—and any man who has tangled with his wife in alimony court will swear she seems to have a good many *more* rights than he.

As for her mental powers, the American female now gets one-third of all the college degrees granted each year. All the evidence of the classroom and of psychological studies proves there is no real difference between the male and female IQ, but because man has, for twenty-four or more centuries, assumed that braini-



The dethroned male is beginning to learn how to inflate his battered ego.

ness was exclusively a male attribute, he still is genuinely upset by the spectacle of a clever woman. College boys shun bright girls as though they had Dishpan Hands or Denture Breath. On two different campuses, recent surveys showed that four out of ten college girls deliberately "play dumb" in order not to drive away interesting men. Girls who are more honest are apt to become dateless schoolteachers, paying for their candor with spinsterhood.

The Female Role Redefined

When woman was confined to the home, man's business life was another attribute of masculinity, and business success a proof of virility. Femininity, on the other hand, consisted of staying home and accepting the husband's protection while rearing the children, growing vegetables, canning fruit, churning butter, mending clothes, preparing medicines, tending house, and, after fourteen hours or so of this, climbing into bed to render to her husband what Victorians called her "conjugal duty."

This division of labor, so agreeable to man, was wrecked by the industrial revolution, which gradually took many of woman's chores from her and gave them to factory workers and household machinery. After suffering from too much leisure for a few generations, women have forced their way, in the past half century, into one-third of all United States jobs and into practically every occupational specialty listed by the Bureau of the Census. The process has been going on for decades, but modern man has not gotten used to it. He still regards the career woman with fear or scorn and thinks her either mannish or misguided, and he is newly pleased every time he reads a story that shows her coming to her senses, renouncing her job, and taking to the nursery, dewy-eyed and maternally soft.

The head psychiatrist of a well-known eastern mental hospital described a case that nicely illustrates the point. A recent patient—Arthur King, I'll call him—owns a small factory which makes desk barometers and novelty clocks. His bright young wife left her job in an advertising agency to play homemaker, but when no children arrived after several years, she got bored. She talked Arthur into letting her work with him in the factory, and proved uncommonly gifted at designing good sales literature, dealing with customers, and even improving his over-all management of production. Time after time she showed him shortcomings in his methods or patiently cleared up some minor tangle he had made of things. Though he was only in his mid-thirties, Arthur mysteriously began to find his sexual desire waning and his potency becoming embarrassingly unreliable. This, along with other problems, brought him to the edge of breakdown, and, after a nightmarish, drunken weekend, he committed himself to the hospital.

After he had been there about a month, his wife discovered that she was pregnant. She suffered severe morning sickness, and almost at the same time got into a labor dispute at the plant and a serious financial snarl over the purchase of new machinery. While visiting Arthur one day, she blurted out the whole situation in a storm of tears and sobs. No drug could have had a more startling effect: within four days Arthur, straight, vigorous, and firm of handshake, was visiting his plant every afternoon on special leave from the hospital, and taking hold of things, and a month later he was discharged as cured. He has gone on no more weekend benders, and, according to his psychiatrist, his potency has returned as mysteriously as it left him.

Who Should Rule the Roost?

Most men do not face the challenge in so direct a form as did Arthur King, but the modern wife, even if she does not threaten her husband's male superiority through business success, sometimes seems to challenge it on every other front—the decisions concerning where they should live, what kind of house they should own, whom they should invite to dinner, how the children should be reared, where to spend their vacation, and so on.

All this is reflected in the final challenge to man's ancient rights—the challenge he faces nightly. For the concept of "conjugal duty" and the belief that the male has a right to his sexual enjoyment have all but vanished. A famous survey by psychologist Lewis Terman shows that, among educated people, wives often reject their husbands' advances: 10 per cent do so "frequently," 25 per cent "sometimes," and still more "on rare occasions"—a situation our grandmothers would have found unthinkable.

The New Sex Problems

For the past thirty years, feminists and marriage advisers have sternly forbade the male to enjoy his wife sexually without arousing her and completely fulfilling her. The impact of this campaign has led modern woman to expect a more superior performance than the average man can regularly put on. The requirement that he woo her carefully and long each time assumes the appearance of an onerous duty and a threat to manliness. I once knew a man who, warned by a doctor that he was giving his wife insufficient preparatory wooing, put a luminous clock by the bedside and faithfully tried to provide twenty minutes of arousal before obeying his own impulses. In less than half a year, he had taken up with a beer-joint doxie, with whom he was able to be riotous, selfish, and crudely masculine.

Little wonder that Kinsey found roughly half of all American husbands being unfaithful to their wives at some point or other during marriage. In the role of wolf chasing prey, the disgruntled husband feels manly once again, as he did during his bachelor days when his impetuous advances, whether met with warmth or resistance, were never opposed by technical criticisms. Unfortunately, the American male makes a poor cheat: by tradition, religion, and general sentiment, he tends to be ashamed of what he is doing. In any case, in the United States, neither society nor wives will tolerate the husband's having open liaisons outside of marriage; infidelity is, therefore, a poor prop to his sense of masculinity, being always a worrisome and

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I can't presume to make any predictions

about the possible atrophy of man's virility in these disturbing times. But it strikes me as odd that you express no concern about women's loss of their sexual nature. Can it be that we have become so accustomed to the unfeminine woman that we feel no concern? Or that our ideal for woman is not feminine? Anyway, I think that true virility in man is a product of the spirit, and I think we have serious cause for concern about the threats to man's spirit in the years to come. And woman's, too.

WILLIAM INGE
Playwright

rather graceless thing. No hasty romp with a call girl or pick-up in a motel can begin to compare, in ego-building effect, with the gracious and elegant mood enjoyed by, say, a Portuguese man of substance when, with admiring smiles and nods to greet him, he escorts his acknowledged mistress of many years' standing into a fine restaurant for Sunday dinner, while his wife remains firmly shut up at home with the children.

Man's Two Roles

The alleged crisis of American masculinity and decline of the male is, all in all, the result of a grand confusion between a particular conception of his *social role* (protector, money-earner, sage, lord-and-master) and the universal truth of his *biological role* (lover-of-woman, inseminator-of-the-fertile-womb, father-of-the-family). The biological role cannot change (as yet) without extinguishing the human race, but the social role is hardly more fundamental than the form and style of a suit of clothes. The particular cut of the suit in this case is the ancient western model, especially as adapted to the Victorian era, but many a man regards any attack on the clothing as an attack on the man inside.

Yet almost none of the social traits in question can be shown to be essentially masculine. Is it genuinely masculine to be successful in business, and unmasculine not to be? In some primitive societies, and even among the upper-caste Indians and orthodox Jews, many educated men busy themselves in study, talk, and contemplation of lofty matters, leaving their women to worry about the family finances. Similarly, upper-class Englishmen long thought it a disgrace to soil their hands with "trade" and avoided all useful work except the Army or the Church; no one, however, thought them unmanly.

Is it inherently masculine to possess intellectual power and to acquire learning? It has not always seemed so: on the American frontier, intellect and learning were both long suspect and seemed to connote effeminacy rather than manliness. Conversely, some women have been

The male often has plenty of reason to feel like the original Invisible Man.

exceedingly bright and learned, and yet lost none of their femininity: one need only recall such women as Elizabeth Barrett, Marie Curie, Madame Pandit, and Margaret Mead.

Does a real man prefer simple, unaffected clothing and hearty, down-to-earth manners? George Washington, the Marquis de Lafayette, and a number of other eighteenth-century gentlemen of undeniable masculinity wore powdered wigs, fancy waistcoats, bunches of scented lace at the cuff and throat, and used such bows, smiles, flourishes, and delicate airs as would today stamp a man as a ballet-master or a member of the "gay society."

Chefs and Tailors: Feminine?

Is it feminine, rather than masculine, to handle babies, prepare delicious food, or ply the needle with skill? Hardly. In our very time, most pediatricians, chefs, and fine tailors are men. But they, of course, are well paid; when the same skills are ill-paid or unpaid, as they are in the wife's case, one regards them as inherently feminine activities. The logic is no better than that of the medieval knights who scorned learning to read and write because those were accomplishments of low-paid scribes and servants.

The fact is, according to most contemporary anthropologists and sociologists, that social masculinity does not consist of one unalterable cluster of traits and abilities. It has been defined and constructed in many different ways among the hundreds of human societies and even has shown wide variations within our own society. The present decline and fall of the male is actually not so much a descent from some past greatness as a transition from one social definition of masculinity to another which is at least equally good and, possibly, a lot better.

Granddad's Way Outmoded

The changing nature of daily life and the rise in the status of woman have made it impossible for man to continue being a kind of tribal chieftain, defending his home with the loaded shotgun, ruling his wife and children by edict and wallop, assigning chores to each like Pharaoh's overseer, and making all his decisions in lonely splendor. In today's world, man and woman are no longer held together by economic necessity and self-preservation, or, to any large extent, by religion. Modern men and women expect marriage to provide not goods and services, but love, companionship, and happiness, and if it does not, it has no other cement to keep it from falling apart. Such being the case, today's male has had to become friend, lover, and constant companion to his wife; if he tries to be instead what his grandfather was, he either forfeits her love, wrecks his home, or—possibly worst of all—gets laughed at for his pretensions.

As I have tried to show in my forthcoming book, *The Natural History of Love*, this new, equalitarian relationship between man and woman yields a closeness and an intimacy rarely known in previous centuries. But in the process of adjusting to it, modern man often finds himself stripped of his former sturdy independence, and dragged into a sharing of "womanly" activities until he no longer knows what constitutes his own identity and maleness. He suffers from what sociologists have come to call "sexual ambiguity," or a lack of sexual identity. A patient of a Boston psychoanalyst was unusually listless and depressed during his visit one Monday morning, and without apparent cause, until he recounted his weekend. It had consisted chiefly of helping his wife hang new curtains, tending the babies, assisting with

We have now got to reach a new concept

of sex equality or, if you prefer it, sex equivalence, but keeping in mind the differences in genetic makeup and social function between man and woman. Society has just got to accept this equivalence of the sexes, and then see how best the differences between them may be turned to good account, not only in family life hut in public affairs.

JULIAN HUXLEY
Biologist

the cooking and the dishes, and finally baby-sitting alone while she went to a Sunday evening committee meeting of the League of Women Voters. "Sometimes," he sighed, "I feel like the best wife a woman ever had. Doctor, do you think I'm abnormal, or something?"

What Nature Determines

Nevertheless, many facets of masculinity—those which are under the guidance of our biology—are not so easily made ambiguous. Man is, on the average, taller and stronger than woman; this not only makes him more fit for certain occupations, but in general predisposes the growing boy to seek, by analogy, attitudes of moral and spiritual strength. The man knows no monthly menstrual cycles, and, therefore, being unaccustomed to mood swings, he perhaps expects of himself more reliability and steadiness than most women do of themselves.

Man is more easily aroused to sexual excitement than woman, partly because of the location and nature of his organs; he is, also, more easily satisfied—and more easily depleted. All of these differences affect his personality structure. He can never know, with all the tissues and organs of his body, the meaning of motherhood or the love that springs from it; he must learn brotherly and fatherly love by example, by words, and by thought, rather than by the use of his viscera and nerves. Anthropologist Weston La Barre holds that this is what inclines the male to be the philosopher, the lawgiver, and the ruler: love and cooperation must, in him, involve the head, while for woman they come right from the womb and the breast.

But if there are some innately masculine characteristics, the new, emerging *social* definition of the male role is by no means innate or clear. It is precisely the uncertainty we feel about the new definition that makes so many people think masculinity is dying. What, then, will be the definition of masculinity in the future?

To a large extent, it will depend on the continuing, and far more radical, redefinition of femininity. Twenty years ago many observers expected woman to become even more masculinized, career-minded, and uninterested in Home, Sweet Home. Marriages would be delayed, children would be fewer, adultery and divorce would increase, until, as sociologist Pitirim Sorokin flatly predicted, the home would become "a mere overnight parking place mainly for sex-relationship." Practically all these dismal forecasts were wonderfully incorrect. For the past fifteen years American women—despite their greater interest in working—have shown a growing inclination to marry early, have more children, seek houses in the suburbs, put great value on their home life, and treat work not as a career with values of its own, but merely as a way to increase the family income. Having gotten themselves thoroughly confused with men in the flat-chested 1920s and the childless 1930s, women seem to be working out a middle course in which they combine their new-found social freedoms with some of their unalterable feminine functions.

Redefinition Needed

Men, likewise, will probably work out their new definition of masculinity in terms of synthesis and compromise. One cannot draw precisely the outlines of the new male without the risk of looking as ridiculous later on as did Professor Sorokin. But it would seem clear that man will not be able to appropriate to himself again the exclusive rights to learning, business ability, legal dominance over the family, or those other characteristics our Victorian grandfathers thought essential to masculinity. The new definition will probably be subtler—not a division between what is done by one sex and the other, but between the way each thing is done by one sex and the other. A man can pursue a scientific career doggedly and singlemindedly; a woman, with the major interruption of motherhood ahead, is likely to pursue the same career less earnestly, and place less value on her success. A man may swim energetically, walk vigorously, build and repair things, enjoy himself *hard*, all by way of living up to the promise of his body; a woman, no longer intent on proving herself as good as he (since she knows she is as good in a larger sense), will do similar things, but on a different scale. (I *will* make one foolish prediction: lady shot-putters and lady wrestlers will never conquer the heart of western man; lady tennis players in lace pants, however, stand a good chance.) Men slightly exceed women in mechanical, mathematical and logical abilities, while women possess greater powers than men of intuition and empathy, and slightly greater language abilities; perhaps male doctors will always make the better diagnosticians and surgeons, while women doctors—equally excellent, but along somewhat different lines—may prove better general practitioners and psychiatrists.

When modern man recognizes how firmly the essential aspects of masculinity are built into his glands, bones, and nerves, he will cease worrying about the present changes in external manners and customs, knowing that genuine manhood will manifest itself in any case. The greatest affirmation of confidence in the male sex will be man's own admission that his ancient privileges and rights are as dated and as unimportant to true manliness as sleeve garters, handlebar mustaches, or celluloid collars.

Externals Are Misleading

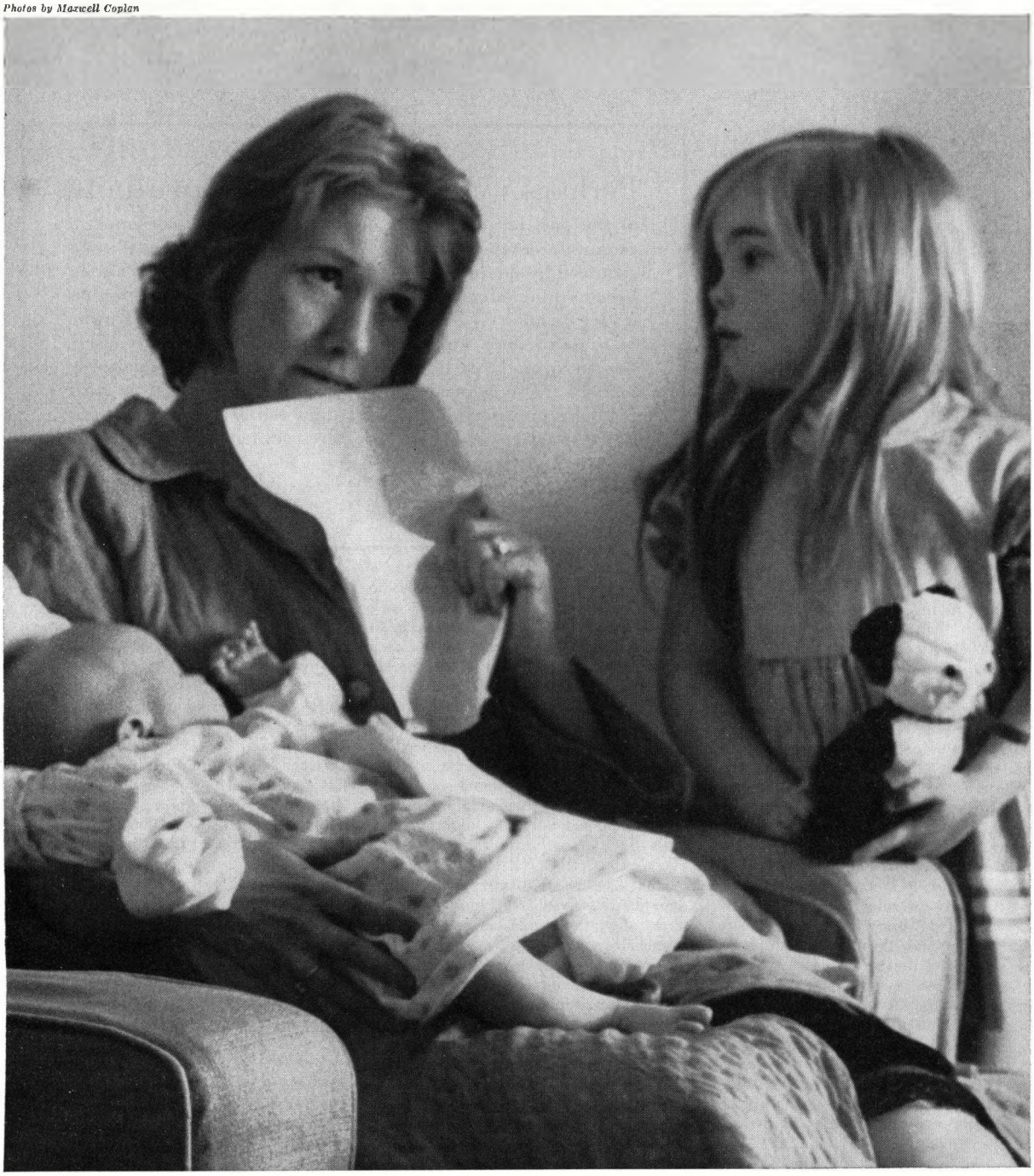
But it has always been difficult to avoid being misled by externals. In the great days of Rome, there lived a mincing, perfumed, dandified young politician of whom Cicero publicly said, in scorn, "When I see his hair so carefully arranged and observe him adjusting it with one finger, I cannot imagine that it should enter into such a man's thoughts to subvert the Roman state." Cicero was monumentally wrong: the dandy proved to be the greatest lover, general, and subverter of the state that Rome had ever known—Gaius Julius Caesar. THE END

Perhaps we exaggerate the masculinity

of the past because, being confined (within our oceans) to economic competition, we tend to idolize the type of man required by the more primitive conditions of America's past. I see nothing effeminate in the average businessman or union leader or laborer. I do see something disagreeably masculine in some modern women, but that may be merely because I was not brought up to see backs in slacks. Our views on these matters are so colored by our past conditioning that we must not take our personal philosophies too seriously. Life will adjust itself to the changing environment, for that is its essence and its price.

WILL DURANT
Philosopher-Historian

Photos by Maxwell Coplan



This year, close to one million husbands will run away from wives and children. Some of the runaways' reasons: liquor, in-laws, the call of the Wild Blue Yonder. But psychologists have found that there is one basic cause behind all desertions.

Why Husbands Disappear

BY E. M. D. WATSON

Captain Mitty stood up and strapped on his huge Webley-Vickers automatic. "It's forty kilometers through hell, sir," said the sergeant. Mitty finished one last brandy. "After all," he said softly, "what isn't?" The pounding of the cannon increased; there was the rat-tat-tatting of machine guns, and from somewhere came the menacing pocketa-pocketa-pocketa of the new flame throwers. Walter Mitty walked to the door of the dugout humming "Aupres de Ma Blonde." He turned and waved to the sergeant. "Cheerio!" he said. . . .

Something struck his shoulder. "I've been looking all over this hotel for you," said Mrs. Mitty. "Why do you have to hide in this old chair? . . . Did you get the what's-its-name? The puppy biscuit?"

James Thurber's "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty," written in 1939, is a classic that uncannily measures a man's dream dramatics against the suburban wifely pressures that are woeful reality. Most Mittys find compensation in their daydreams and stick with their wives. But each year a handful of them abruptly unshackle themselves from marriage simply by bolting. When a man deserts, explains Dr. Hugo Engel, Chief of the Psychiatric Department of the United States Army Examining Station in New York, it is because his "daydreams can become so vivid that the man thinks one of them can materialize."

In 1959 almost one million men—one out of every forty heads of families—will make the break for the open road. Among the most common reasons for desertion are liquor, debt, a job the man can no longer stomach, in-law trouble (three out of four families have in-law trouble), and sex problems. There is also something Dr. Engel calls "an urge for vagrancy," and there is the call of the Wild Blue Yonder.

Last year runaway husbands cost United States taxpayers a painful half-billion dollars, which went to support children left behind. In some way, about 100,000 of this year's million fugitives will come in contact with some public or private agency. Among those who run away will be more upper-income men than formerly—engineers, physicians, and accountants—who are taking advantage of what was once considered the "poor man's divorce." Last year one of these agencies, the Family Location Service, handled eight hundred of these cases. In those investigations which were completed, 79.3 per cent of the runaways were found. Some went back to their families, happily or reluctantly; others contributed support.

Reasons for Running

Pinpointing a man's reasons for running away is sometimes a baffling project. Many runaways insist that they had mysterious "impulses" that made them decamp. One Massachusetts husband got up from a TV western and went out to get ice cream for the family. He never came back. Three months later he phoned from Iowa. He had a job. Could she come right away with the children? She went.

But what looks like a mysterious impulse usually turns out to be rooted in one of the common basic causes. Take the case of assistant bank manager Richard Crowe. In 1949 Crowe had a charming wife, a fourteen-room home in Staten Island, a speedboat, two cars, and a super-good reputation in his community. One day, while standing in a bar named Lawlers in New York City, he suddenly decided to rob the National City Bank and just blow. Crowe took off with $883.660 and no plans. He was caught in Miami and brought back to New York, where he did a lot of thinking in jail. He later said, "All over the country, I know there are thousands of Richard Crowes. Men, that is, who are living the kind of life I was living before I let the tensions get the better of me, men trying to put up big fronts." Because of the kind of social front Crowe had been putting up, when he left his debts totaled $35,000.

Some men desert for what seem obvious causes. "I was in love with someone else, and I knew my wife wouldn't let me get a divorce." "I didn't want a scandal." "My wife was a slob." "I couldn't afford the legal fees for a divorce." "My wife was a rotten housekeeper." One former auto factory worker who left Detroit and ended up in Wisconsin claimed that he *knew* he could make good in the lumber business (and did), but that his wife wouldn't go along with his crazy idea. He felt that his wife was his "ball and chain." But "only in a few sporadic cases," says Dr. Engel, "do men take off to seek a new pattern of life when their wives won't cooperate."

Sometimes the runaway seems to be giving up cake for stale bread. In June, 1958, forty-one-year-old Elmer C. Meukel, an aircraft inventor from Los Angeles, walked out on his wife and three children; he was found three months later living in a shack in a hobo jungle on an island in the Truckee River near Reno, Nevada. Meukel had invented an aerial device that the government was willing to develop to the tune of five million dollars. Back in the arms of his loving family, Meukel explained to reporters, "I don't know why I walked out—I guess the bills kept piling up." It is fairly common for children to give way to this urge for vagabondage, but pile too many problems on an adult, and he too will clear out.

Most runaways have one flaw in common, insist desertion experts who have studied the problem. Dr. Engel explains: "The man who deserts has the same problems as the man who uses regular legal channels to end an impossible situation. The deserter, by running away, shows a defect in his code of morals and ethics. The word 'desertion' itself has an odious connotation. The deserter, regardless of motivation, is psychologically not adequate."

In trying to categorize the various kinds of men who run out on their responsibilities, Earle E. Eubanks, Commissioner of Chicago's Department of Welfare, suggests five types:

There is the "Spurious Deserter." This is the don't-give-a-damn, fancy-free man who is willing to leave wife and children with no support when greener fields tempt him. He is simply relieving himself of his responsibilities. "Somebody else" can take over his problems—usually the taxpayer.

The "Gradual Deserter," another thorn

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in the side of society, is becoming more and more common, largely because of increased mobility in our industrial society. The Gradual Deserter doesn't really mean to desert. Leaving his family to go in search of work, he shifts from town to town, and gradually loses contact with them. He finally "forgets" his financial responsibility. Like the Spurious Deserter, he may marry again—and let the chips fall where they may. They usually fall all over his first and second families.

The "Intermittent Husband" is another, less elusive spouse. *His* wife, at least, is left in a better emotional situation than wives of other fugitive husbands who never know whether their mates will return, never know whether a reconciliation is possible, and never know how to get a divorce so they can remarry. The Intermittent Husband's wife knows her husband will return. In fact, he will keep going away and returning. He lights out only occasionally, usually when there is a family crisis like the birth of a child, unemployment, or an angry row with his wife. Ordinarily she will welcome him back.

Among teenage skippers, the "Ill-Advised Marriage Type" occurs most frequently. This runaway husband has married in passionate haste, or under the influence of a shotgun. He cuts those unwanted ties as soon as he can conveniently make his getaway.

To this group, sociologist Harriet R. Mowrer adds the "Symbolic Deserter." This man has intertwining emotional conflicts about marriage itself. His getaway is largely a gesture of self-assertion and a bid for status. In effect, he unyokes himself and thumbs his nose.

Divorce Is Too Final

Oddly enough, some of the husbands who run away flinch at the very idea of divorce. Divorce is too final; they prefer that the door be left open for their return. One Rhode Island accountant who cleared out was found fifteen years later living in Santa Monica. Why hadn't he gotten a divorce? Replied the fugitive, "But that would have broken up our marriage!"

Disillusionment and the failure to achieve a dreamed-of role in life leads thousands to take flight. One man sees himself as a Madison Avenue success; his wife is clever, kind, sexy, charming. His row of pipes is in his study, his sports car at the door. What is the reality? A clerical job, a temperamental boss, a nagging wife, a clapboard house with a heavy mortgage and faulty plumbing. Some men, unable to take comfort in the small delights life has brought them —lovable children, humor, and friends— escape into alcoholism; others choose infidelity; others hit the road. The normal man is able to distinguish between what psychologists call the "reality" principle and the "pleasure" principle. He may do so somewhat wryly, but he'll stick. He is able to make the best of his role and to get rid of any false expectations he may have about romantic love, sex, and money.

The Beckoning Escape Hatch

Not so, the runaway. At first glimpse of a problem, his impulse is to take a powder. One man with a wife and four children admitted sheepishly that he had been wrong in running away. "My wife thought we needed a washing machine. I wanted a convertible. I thought she was taking all the fun out of living." Another man, married a year, gave a typical answer when located. "I thought, 'Is this all?' " Surely there must be more to life, he told himself—the seven seas, the Polynesian Islands, adventure. Though this feeling grips every married man now and then, it's the deserter who loses perspective. In exploring means for saving marriages, Evelyn Duvall, former executive secretary of the National Council on Family Relations, observed: "Some people regard marriage as a kind of prolonged house party. . . ." The rude awakening is too much for some men. It's also too much for some women, who skip one-fifteenth as many times as men.

Some men yearn to return, but they don't know how. Of these, some get in touch with the Family Service Association, which has branches located in 275 cities. In the Family Service Association's experience, the clash between husband and wife is often due to complete lack of communication. The wife claims that the problem is bitter disagreement over how the family income should be spent —news that astounds the husband. His version is that sex is the problem and the wife is surprised. "There are often *three* sides to the story," says Jacob T. Zukerman, Executive Director of Family Location Service, "the husband's story, the wife's story, and the *real* story."

Husbands and wives are actually complaining of *immediate* causes; the man's personality problem, which causes him to cut himself off from his community, his children, his friends, and hide himself in another state, is the *underlying* cause.

"Wives Can Be Responsible"

But there *are* intolerable situations. A man, good-natured as he may be, *can* reach his breaking point. Dr. Engel points out, "Wives *can* be responsible." Mr. Donald, a yardgoods salesman, had been married for twelve years. His intellectual capabilities were limited. He advanced as far as his abilities could take him—but it wasn't high enough on the social ladder to suit his wife. She took to nagging. Mr. Donald tried suicide—but, to his embarrassment, he was saved. He then tried psychiatry, but his wife made him abandon such notions. Eventually Mr. Donald joined the ranks of the deserters.

When a husband has reached the limits of his intellectual capacity, but remains a failure in his wife's eyes, the wife generally has one of two reactions. "One is the 'intrajective' reaction. If she can't adjust to the situation, she remains unhappy—but she will weep over her disappointment when her husband is not around; she will not use him as a whipping boy for her unhappiness. The other reaction is a 'subjective' one. This wife takes it out on her husband. For her, nagging is a compensation." Result: another fugitive.

Infidelity is by far the most frequent immediate cause of desertion. "But," Jacob Zukerman states, "very few men or women are unfaithful because of a purely biologic urge. . . . Rather . . . the so-called 'transgressor' seeks compensation for something which he feels is lacking in his marital relationship."

"Just Bring Him Home"

Of course there are some women who have the understanding of oracles when it comes to husbands, and are willing to adapt to their men's odd temperaments. One pretty, bewildered young woman turned up at the Family Location Service. After ten months of blissful marriage, her husband had disappeared. Could it be foul play? Checking, the Service learned that as a child the husband had been distinctly footloose—he had run away from home several times. At sixteen he had enlisted in the navy, giving a phony age; at twenty-five he had joined the merchant marine and had served for six years. Now he was found aboard a ship. He admitted he loved his wife but, after marrying, he had given up the sea and taken a job in his wife's uncle's retail store. He couldn't stand dry land. His wife promptly agreed to his continuing as a seaman—and the two have remained happily married ever since. In other cases, the woman who must turn to an agency for help feels humiliated. She strikes back by angrily painting her husband as black as pitch: he is untidy, thoughtless, neglectful, drinks too much, and is impatient. But she ends by saying that if the agency will only find him, she will take him back.

In some cases, tension between marriage partners builds up to such a screaming pitch that a wife initially breathes a sigh of relief to find her husband gone. Then the uncertainties and terrors start moving in. The wife finds her "role" changed. Her pattern of living

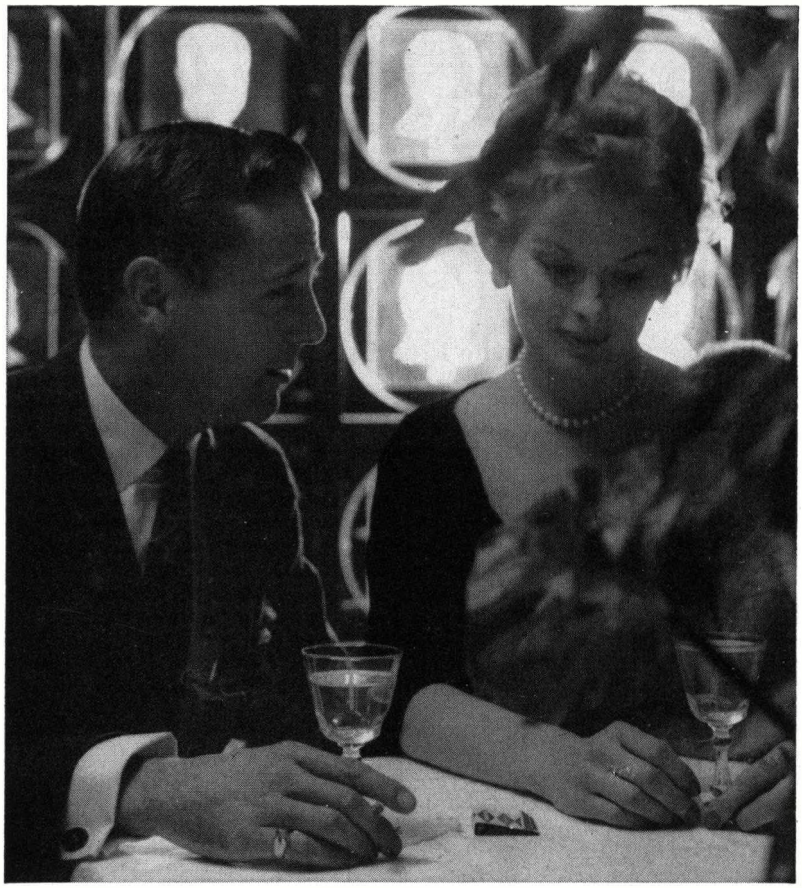
is broken, and she no longer knows how to behave. What will the neighbors think? Her parents? As Dr. Francis E. Merrill, professor of sociology at Dartmouth, puts it, deserted people must "improvise their new roles and make their own way through a jungle of broken relationships and social prejudice."

The stunned wife's emotional upset is marked by uncertainty concerning her husband's intentions, his whereabouts—even his very existence. "She does not know whether to hate him for deserting her, wish for his return, or mourn for his possible death." And what about money? And the psychological effects on her children? The husband who divorces has at least done his best, but a child cannot feel the same way about a father who has deserted. Disillusionment and hostility start growing in the child—forming a far from ideal foundation for the child's own later marriage. Says Dr. Merrill, "The children are conscious that their family life is abnormal, that their father is not dead, divorced, or absent on business but has disappeared in a vaguely clandestine and disgraceful fashion."

In the child's eyes, the father has not walked out on his mother, but on *him*. One child at the Family Location Service stubbornly insisted, "My father is dead." When the Service found his father living in a small Ohio town, the father's first question was an eager, "How are the children?" But fear of coming in contact with the law and his wife's wrath had kept him from finding out before. A truant may want to return and may not know how, or want to support his children without returning to his wife. In such a case, a runaway can approach a local chapter of the Family Service Association. Sending help to the family through a lawyer, who need not divulge the runaway husband's whereabouts in court, is also a solution.

Fugitives Hard to Trace

A wife's chances of tracing her mate are slim. Aside from the Family Location Service (which is supported in the main by the Federation of Jewish Philanthropies of New York and is non-sectarian), there is no other philanthropic organization in the world which is willing to trace a deserting husband, though a handful of other agencies offer limited facilities. There are no national or state government services. The Missing Person's Bureau is not equipped to trace runaway husbands. Family courts can do little; once a man is located, they can crack down on him for support, but they cannot prevent him from leaving again. All of the states now have reciprocal agreements under which they pledge cooperation in making the runaway pay up for support—if he is found.



INFIDELITY is often a prelude to flight. Newest phenomenon: husbands in upper income brackets are starting to use "the poor man's divorce."

Few realize that men are more likely to break their bonds in prosperous times than in bad times. In good times jobs are available almost anywhere, and the world offers more temptations and more money with which to take advantage of them. The Family Location Service finds that a surprising number of men in their sixties desert, though they are not led on by temptations; they have simply bided their time until their children have grown up and married.

To keep men from loosing their marriage chains so informally, the Family Location Service plugs for mental health programs that will foster personalities capable of coping with daily life problems, personalities that have what Dr. Engel calls a "strong defense arsenal," and can take the blows of outrageous fortune without running.

"Increased self-knowledge is more likely to keep families intact," believes Joseph E. Steigman, Assistant Director of the Family Location Service.

One man marries a fine woman of sense and beauty, and clears out four days before their baby is born, because he can't make a "good enough" living. He leaves a note saying, "I love you and always will." A Long Island man, feeling insecure because he has a high school education and his wife is a college graduate, tries to reassure his ego first by having affairs with other women; but, still feeling insecure, he decamps. Pressures and insecurities can build up until finally a man heads for the liquor bottle, the open road, or his neighbor's wife.

Most Men Want to Return

Whatever the lure which draws the elusive spouse, he can, oddly, even be a man who, having fled, secretly and hopefully waits to be found. Mr. Brown, who had taken French leave from his wife and two little girls in 1935, was finally located fifteen years later living in Pennsylvania. "I knew you'd find me," he told the agency representative jubilantly. Why had he deserted, asked the dumfounded representative. Replied the runaway, already busily packing: "To tell you the truth, I don't remember."

THE END.

My Father Wanted a Son

Sometimes a little girl who is told she should have been a boy grows into an adult so filled with fear and hate that she is compelled to destroy herself and everyone who might love her. This is the story of a woman whose marriage was threatened by the tragedy of her childhood.

BY ALICE PARKER

All my life I was a disappointment to the person I wanted most to please: my father.

I think less often now about how hard I tried to win his approval. And I shudder when I realize how close I came to sacrificing an entire lifetime of happiness for it. From the time I was old enough to reason, almost all my actions had a single motivation: deny you are a girl, suppress your feminine instincts. If I was like other girls, I believed, my father would not love me. But always there was something inside me fighting this destruction. So cleverly did I conceal my conflict, however, that no one ever would have guessed it existed.

Fortunately I learned—before it was too late—that no one can go through life being someone she is not, regardless of how successful the fraud appears. I learned this through psychotherapy, and though I do not mean this to be a story of analysis, I would not be able to tell it at all if I hadn't been helped.

There are many children born into our world whose sex is a disappointment to one or both parents. The effect on the child is rarely considered as dramatic as the effect on the parent, and often it is not. Every girl born into a family situation similar to mine would not necessarily react as I did. No one knows what enables a child to resist a negative environment. I personally know many women who claim the only effect of being their father's "son" has been an ability to hit a mean home run. I hope they know how fortunate they are.

This I have reasoned out in my four years of therapy: when it was determined that my father was to go through life without a son, it slowly became imperative that one of his two daughters compensate for his loss, be more than just a girl. It was easy for me to become that substitute in his mind, for I was a bright child who walked early, talked early, and learned easily. Consequently, my father decided I was too exceptional for my mother to raise, so he immediately took me on as his own special project. Nothing my mother did with me ever seemed to be right in my father's eyes. Eventually she stopped playing with me, stopped consoling me, stopped seeking my confidences. When I went to her with anything on my mind, no matter how trivial, she would say to me, "Ask your father. He understands those things." My father also had to pass on my every request, my every activity, my wardrobe.

An Unwilling Tomboy

Because my parents both worked in the small department store my father owned, the family was not able to vacation together. (I believe we took three trips in all as a unit—in twenty-one years!) We split our vacations: my mother and sister went to New York to shop for clothes and go to the theatre; my father and I went to a resort to play golf, go horseback-riding, swim, fish, and loaf. I could do none of those things well, and as I grew older I wanted to shop for clothes, too, but I was afraid to tell anyone.

When I picture myself as a child—a very small, skinny girl in a snowsuit, trying to catch and throw a football—even now, my eyes fill with tears.

But I don't want to give the impression that I was an underprivileged child. Believe me, I was not. If anything, I was overprivileged: I had the sports equipment my father wanted me to have, *plus* most other things I wanted. There were many normal stages in my development. I remember very fondly playing with paper dolls and stuffed animals, having tea parties, playing "dress-up." And I loved the many nights a week my father and I would compete fiercely at checkers, ping pong, and cards. He always told everyone when I won; it was fun beating him at his own games.

I did very well in school. My father was the only one who ever signed my report card, and he went over it carefully. "What is this ninety-eight in Latin?" he would ask.

"I missed two questions on a test," I would answer.

"Why didn't you get a hundred?" I didn't know, but I would try next time.

Next time: "See, I got a hundred in Latin."

"That's the kind of grade you should get," my father would say.

I'll never forget the day I tried out for the cheer-leading squad. Not being exceptionally well coordinated, I had to exert a superhuman effort. I believed I could not go home if I failed to qualify. After try-outs, all the hopefuls waited in the grandstand of the stadium for the results. They were announced, and then we could go home. As I moved to step off the last, rather high, step of the stands, my knees buckled and I fell, hard, on my face. My knees were badly cut, as were my hands and my nose. I was exhausted and shaken almost beyond moving, but I had made the cheerleader squad—and I got to a phone to call my father. "I knew you'd make it," he said. "Didn't you?" I did not cry because I could not. I had long since learned that crying was something equated with weakness and femininity. No one ever saw me cry until I was past twenty.

Troubled Teen Years

My teen years were very difficult for me. I was unattractive. I wore braces and had straight, stringy hair. I was underweight and shapeless. Like most teenage girls, I had countless crushes—but never on anyone who returned my devotion. I had many friends, however,

of both sexes. My particular appeal was in being a comedian. I would not hesitate to make myself grotesque if it would make someone laugh.

My father didn't like my friends. Though he would joke with them and seem friendly when they visited, he always pointed out their cheapness and inferiority, and warned me I was wasting my time in their company.

Father was filled with mysterious warnings about many things. We never discussed sex, but he placed many restrictions on my relationships with my friends that made me feel they were crawling with immorality. I was never permitted to stay overnight at hen parties; I was never allowed to go away, weekends, to out-of-town schools.

"Not Like Other Girls"

In these matters my mother went to bat for me, but it was useless. I remember one occasion, particularly, because they had a terrible fight. I was seventeen and had been invited to a military academy for a big spring weekend. We were friendly with the boy's family, and Mother knew about the invitation before I did. She was very excited and said we'd shop for a formal just as soon as we talked to my father. He said no. Unconditionally. It didn't matter how I pleaded. Then Mother got angry and sent me from the room. I stood at the door and listened.

"I can't see any reason why she can't go," Mother said.

"Nobody asked you for an opinion," my father answered.

"You're being very unfair to that child," she went on. "All the girls her age go on these weekends."

"I don't care what other girls do. She's not like other girls. Some parents can't wait to get rid of their kids, don't you think I know?" He was shouting now. I wanted them to stop.

"That has nothing to do with one simple little weekend," Mother persisted. "I don't understand you."

"I'll say you don't," came the answer. "You don't understand anything. And you just keep your nose out of my business. When I want your opinion, I'll ask for it."

Then there was a louder shout: "You're ruining her life. I won't let you do it." And a crash of glass.

I rushed into the room. There was a broken plate on the floor. My father's hand was cut. Mother covered her eyes and ran upstairs.

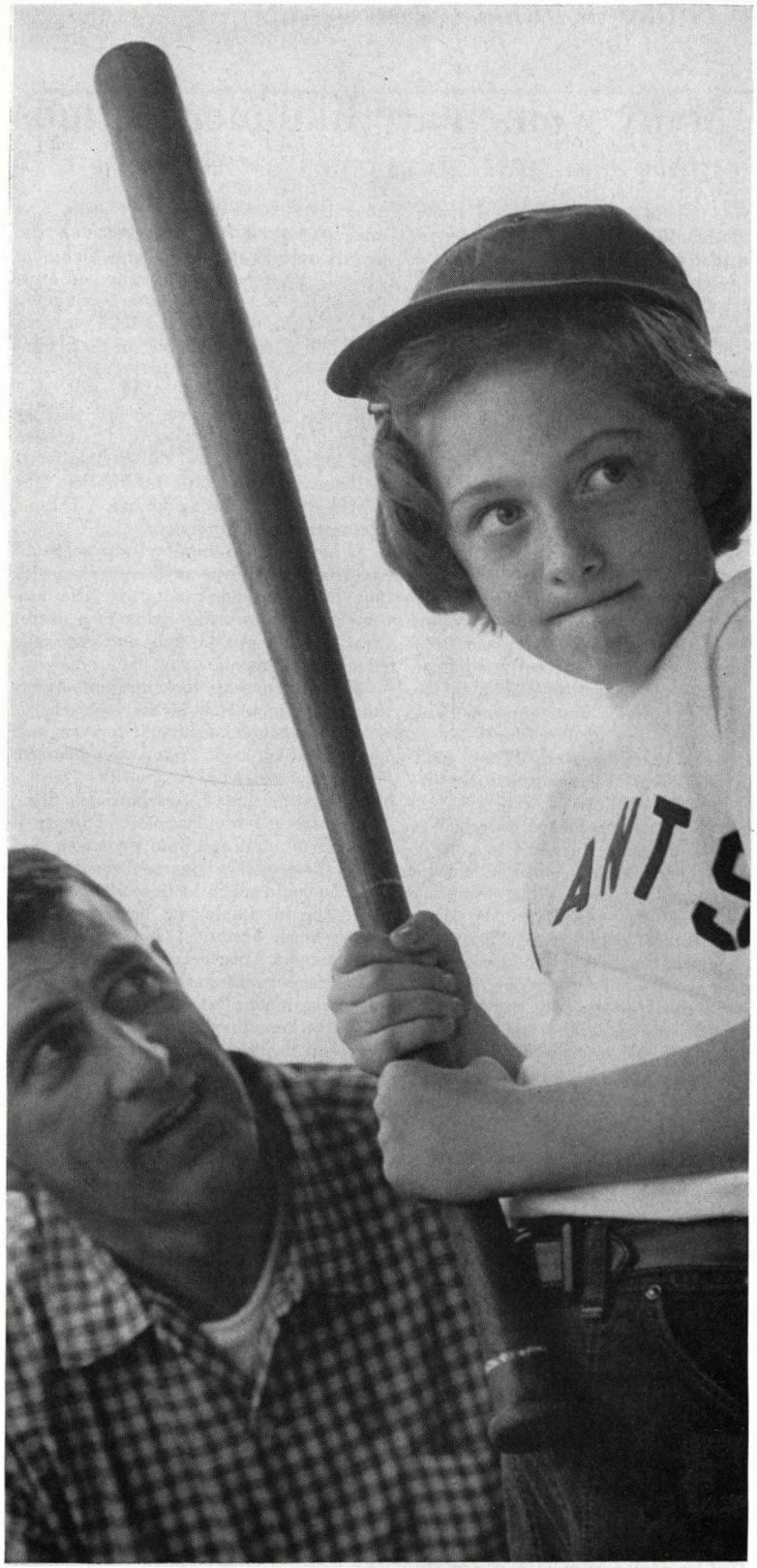
"It's all right, dear," my father said. "It's just a little argument."

For several nights they slept in separate rooms. I wanted to die.

It is strange to me that I do not now recall where my sister was during any of this time, but it is consistent with the fact that I always thought of myself as an only child.

(continued)

Maxwell Coplan



WHAT'S WRONG *with a girl's trying to succeed at boys' games? Nothing. Unless she is so afraid of failing that she wakes up, screaming, in the night.*

Many women are like me, but most won't admit it.

I was successful in college. I made the dean's list, and held nearly every office to which I could be appointed. I was never elected to anything, and this disturbed me terribly. Time and again I proved to myself that I had learned how to win the approval of adults or the "people in charge." But never once was I able to win the complete confidence of my contemporaries. I was a fierce competitor. When I was appointed head of anything I ran it with an iron fist. Like a man. This was an asset that I came to hate, for though I was able to run an organization smoothly, I could not hear any applause unless I called my father.

I remember one phone call to my father that was, I believe, the true beginning of my self-questioning. I had been appointed associate editor of the humor magazine and rushed to tell him the news. My father's first question was, "Why weren't you made editor?"

I had a ready answer: "They don't make girls editor of the magazine, Daddy. It's the best position I can get." It wasn't good enough. I hardly worked at all on the magazine; I came to hate it.

One other thing happened in college which opened my eyes to the strangling pattern that was emerging: My sister was divorced after one year of marriage. It came as a terrible shock to everyone, but it was my father's behavior that was a worse shock to me. He drove up to see me in the middle of the day and pleaded with me to help him.

"I cannot discuss this with your mother," he said. "All she does is cry. You and I must decide what to do."

Suppressed Emotions

I think this was the first time I hated him. I was nineteen, in the middle of what promised to be a happy campus life, and he was asking me to take on a problem about which I knew nothing. My sister was five years my senior and I knew that she could take care of herself. But *I* was supposed to be the strong one. *I* was supposed to tell my father what to do. I wanted to scream: What do you want from me? I'm only a girl. But the scream settled in the pit of my stomach and remained there for years.

Shortly before I graduated, my father told me he was going to sell his store. "What's the sense in keeping it?" he said. "I have no sons who want it." They would make a home for me in New York. They would not stand in the way of the career I wanted. I had planned to move in with my sister who was already in the city, but now the family would be together—"like old times," my father said. But he had overlooked the fact that we were four adults, and that the two who had been children now had a taste of being on their own.

I Sought Help

It was soon after we settled in New York that I started therapy. There were two immediate causes: the terrible fights at home, and my futile job-hunting. The world was not waiting for me. I became depressed and withdrawn.

When I started therapy I was not at all convinced there was anything wrong with me that I wouldn't outgrow. The first few months were like going to a doctor for a cold only to find out you have double pneumonia.

Both my parents took the news of my therapy like a kick in the stomach.

"I could understand it if it were your sister," they said. "She was divorced. But *you*, why you?"

I was driving knives through them. The nights I would come home from the doctor and run into my room and slam the door. The dinners through which no one could speak for fear of a blow-up. And the inevitable and horrible time I came home hysterical and screamed at my mother: "You never loved me, never. You never wanted me." We hurt each other so much.

Right here I want to comment on my parents' feeling that they never had a warning of my being disturbed. There *were* warnings, but theirs was not a psychiatry-oriented generation.

I was a child who often woke screaming from nightmares; I slept with stuffed animals until I was ten. In my mid-teens I went through hours of not being able to catch my breath, which so frightened me that I made my father take me to three different doctors to see if I had a heart condition. I suffered from menstrual cramps so severe that I once had to have a hospital intern put me to sleep, although at least five specialists swore there was nothing wrong with me. I passed out if I cut my finger.

The medical men knew these things, and yet none ever suggested I might have anxieties. It was not a popular thing to suggest.

It might have been easier on everyone if I had had the strength to move out on my own in those early years of therapy. Surely the humiliation of having a single daughter leave their homestead would have been less painful to my parents than my open hostility. But I could not leave until I was married.

I had never wanted to marry. Marriage was a trap, a dead end, slavery. I wanted a career, independence, respect. I had always been careful to attach myself only to males not eligible for marriage: boys too young, men already married, confirmed bachelors. Steve belonged in the latter category.

My father disliked Steve on first sight. He would not allow him in the house, so we met on street corners, took long rides, went to plays, sat drinking coffee in diners for hours into the night. As we grew closer, my trained defenses worked feverishly to keep us apart. Our courtship became strange, often violent.

"What is this all leading to?" Steve would ask.

"Why does it have to 'lead to something'?" I would answer. "Aren't we having a good time?" If he persisted, we would fight; then I would beg his forgiveness. I didn't want to hurt him.

"I want you to marry me," Steve said. "If you don't intend to, we had better stop seeing each other before whatever we feel turns to hate."

Marriage Increased Tensions

We stopped seeing each other for one month, during which time I did not leave the house except to go to the analyst. My father was delighted to have me back, bought me gifts, fawned all over me. It made me ill. I thought I would burst with loneliness. I called Steve and told him I would marry him.

Almost from that moment, I had a continuing daydream about marriage which plagued me throughout the early years of my married life. Month after month I would describe to the doctor this fantasy I could picture so vividly:

"I am thirty-eight, slightly gray, attractive in a fashion-magazine manner, rich, living in a movielike penthouse, wearing a long dressing gown with a full skirt. It is about 8 P.M. I am sitting on a long, white silk couch, reading a book. Behind me, my very attractive, forty-ish husband, gray at the temples, is tying his black bow tie, now putting on his white dinner jacket. He is going out again tonight."

"Where is he going?" the doctor would ask.

"I don't know," I would answer in a semi-trance. "He is going to kiss me on the cheek and leave me alone. Now I am alone, looking over the rail of our terrace

at the bright city. My heart is breaking, but he will never know. No one will know how lonely I am."

You might think I had seen too many soap operas. In truth, I had seen too much of my own mind, and I was convinced I would go through life without real love because I did not deserve any.

"Why don't you deserve any?" the doctor would ask.

"I don't know." I would sob. "I'm mean, and ugly, and I hate everybody."

I do not believe my doctor approved of my marrying before my therapy was completed, but he did not say so. When I asked him what he thought, he answered, "It will be stormy." That was the understatement of a lifetime.

A Nameless Terror

I was irritable almost constantly, depressed three weeks out of every four. I had terrible nightmares from which I would wake sweating with fear. One that most constantly recurred was of something hidden under the floorboards too horrible to contemplate, or something peering in the window calling my name. Whenever I recounted these dreams to the doctor, I would feel the same breathtaking terror.

"What is under the floorboards?" the doctor would ask. "Who is at the window?"

I was never sure, but I suspected it was the real me—a person I considered too horrible to bring out into the open.

I kept little secrets from Steve, found myself lying to him about trivia. Though I had to wash his socks and do his dishes, I was determined he would never make all of me his slave.

We fought over things too petty to remember. I only recall that the battles were fierce, and always ended with my doing something rash. I could not get the best of this man. I was frustrated to the point of frenzy.

Sometimes he would stop speaking to me after a fight. It was the worst punishment of all, because you cannot argue with silence. One night, when this happened, I sat in the living room until 3 A.M. and then let out a piercing scream that must have shattered the air for blocks. It was the scream I had been suppressing for years.

Another night after a fight about his book collection (he had dozens of war books I wanted to throw away), I fell up the stairs from the sunken living room and cut my head open. I was pleased when it brought me attention.

Often I thought about suicide. I would lie awake and think, "I'll show him. I'll put my head in the oven and die." Always, I would end up crying.

I was afraid to take a shower alone in the house, certain that, as soon as I pulled back the curtain, I would see the horrible "thing" standing there. It was a similar "thing" to the one in my dreams.

The menstrual cramps I had suffered as an adolescent returned, and again I went on a merry-go-round of examinations, negative findings, and pill-taking. With the cramps came the fear I had come to recognize as my only emotion.

I was caught in a very familiar cycle, familiar, that is, to neurotics: hate-fear-anger; anger-fear-hate. I hated Steve because he "threatened" me and I didn't know what to do about it. I planned to hurt him and was afraid he would discover my plan.

I had to undermine him somehow. I criticized his friends, would never invite them to the house. I made fun of his job, neglected the housework (he was almost compulsively tidy), cooked meager meals.

His lovemaking repelled me. Whenever he made an affectionate gesture, I became nauseated. And I became terrified of being alone with him.

And all the time I longed for his love. In the doctor's office I would cry, "He does not love me. What is the matter with me? Why can't I be like other women?" And of course, I could not be a woman because for over twenty years the one man who mattered in my life did not want me to be one.

One day Steve had enough. It was a Friday night. He called and said he was going away for the weekend.

"Why?" I asked.

"To think. About us."

I went into the living room, curled up in a corner of the couch, and whimpered. Suddenly I looked around the room. It was beautiful. I looked at our library, our records, our paintings. I had never before been surrounded with things I so truly loved. The best of me was reflected in this home, and Steve had helped me to present it. If I lost him I would lose my chance for happiness. I had to keep him, no matter what the cost. I rushed to the phone and called the doctor. It was late, but he let me come to his office.

I carefully put on make-up, and combed my hair; I had been in slacks, but I changed to a dress. I did not realize, until I tried to arrange my skirt on the doctor's couch, that it was the first time I had gone to his office in anything but pants and a shirt.

"I Love Him, Doctor"

"I love him, doctor," I said breathlessly. "More than anything in the world. You must help me get well." It was the first time that I had said these words.

In the months that followed I began to face the truths about myself, including the sorry fact that the defenses I had built up against my unreasonable fears were not to be broken down without a struggle.

Steve had married me because he found me an attractive woman. If I was going to be the woman he wanted, I would have to give up being my father's son, forever. I did not know whether I could do it. Many women with problems similar to mine never marry at all. Others marry and set about emasculating their husbands with terrifying thoroughness. Fortunately I married a man who would not permit me to do this, one who would have left me if I had continued to try.

Oddly, it was a movie that shocked me into recognizing my actions for what they were. *The Shrike*, it was called, named for a bird which impales its prey on thorns and tears it to shreds. June Allyson played the female who went determinedly about destroying her husband. I saw myself in her every move, but felt incapable of being anything else. I felt doomed to a life filled with hatred and destruction. I was so afraid of my impulses, in fact, that I wanted the doctor to commit me to an institution so I could not hurt anyone.

Acceptance of Womanhood

There was no need for such a drastic measure. Once I was able to see what I was doing and understand why, in less than a year I could stop myself *before* I said cruel things or behaved hatefully. As I became surer of myself and more secure in Steve's love, I had no more need to be destructive.

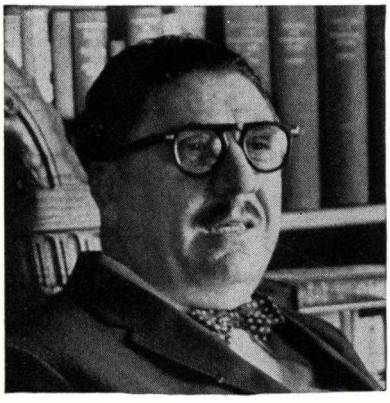
I was about to stop therapy when I became pregnant and faced a new kind of fear: Was I ready to have a child? What kind of mother would I make? Even more frightening, I found myself wanting a girl very strongly. What if it was a boy and the whole cycle was repeated?

In time the doctor reassured me. "You are a grown woman now," he said. "You are happy with your husband, and you are happy with yourself. Your child will know it."

We had a girl.

I think motherhood has softened my feelings about my parents. I do not hate them any more and this is very important to me. I have learned to live with my mother's eternal martyrdom, though I shall always mourn the love she withheld from me. I am still uncomfortable with my father. Consequently, I see him very seldom. He has a grandson now (my sister's child), and that seems to be making him happy.

Steve and I are happy. Though we still quarrel occasionally, we handle it without panic. In fact, we can even laugh at my old self, that tormented ghost who had to learn so much about womanhood so painfully. THE END



Dr. Caprio

A noted authority on marital problems talks frankly about the American male's failures as a husband.

Man's Greatest Blunder

A COSMOPOLITAN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH FRANK S. CAPRIO, M.D.

BY ARTURO F. GONZALEZ, JR.

DR. CAPRIO, it was most gracious of you to consent to this tape-recorded interview, and I know the readers of COSMOPOLITAN join me in thanking you. Through me, these readers will be sitting across the desk from you here in Washington and will have the chance to ask you questions about that intimate subject which is so important to us all—the act of love.

Q. ***Every national culture has a reputation of relative prowess (or lack of it) in love. For instance, we've all heard the phrase, "Latins are lousy lovers." Frenchmen are supposed to be masters of*** **amour.** ***How do American men stack up as lovers?***

A. I would say that the Latin has an advantage over the American lover. The Latin lover concentrates on "giving" love; the American male concentrates on "receiving" love; he wants his woman to satisfy him. He concentrates more on "mechanics" than on giving the woman a feeling that he is communicating with her emotionally. This is a major defect in American lovemaking.

Q. ***Let's expand on this a bit. What do you think is the American male's greatest blunder in his relationship with a woman?***

A. The American male makes the woman feel that he's overly sex-conscious, and that his love can *only* be expressed by his physical desire for her. The more talented lover will try to establish some sort of a companionship with his woman. He makes a woman feel that he enjoys her conversation. He remarks about her hair, praises her. He compliments her. This gives the woman a sense of security. So many women patients have said to me, "If my husband would only make me feel that he wants me as a *person*, that he enjoys my company and that he respects me, I could return my expression of love in a physical way." If a man would begin his courtship with the desire to please the woman as a person, to make her feel important, to express his affection by giving her *love* first and last instead of sex, physical harmony would follow.

Q. ***Dr. Caprio, realizing that a man's sexual drive is basically physical, contrasted to a woman's, which is emotional, doesn't the unmarried male (particularly the young man in the late teens and early twenties) face a dilemma in his relationships with women?***

A. Very much so. He's afraid that if he treats a woman with the respect and restraint he would extend his own sister, she may be disappointed that he doesn't show some expression of physical desire. He fears that if he doesn't make a pass, she'll think he's either homosexual, impotent, too shy, or inhibited. Yet if he approaches her boldly with the idea of having relations, or is too direct in his physical lovemaking, he stands the chance of being rebuffed and refused. Afraid of being rejected, or of losing his woman because of too much desire for physical relations, he is unable to develop a courtship technique that is midway between shyness and boldness. I feel that the American male must learn to make a woman feel emotionally wanted and secure, and yet not be put in the position of apologizing for his desires. I think the average woman understands man's desire for lovemaking and makes allowances for it.

Q. ***We are all deeply concerned about the growing number of abortions and pregnancies out of wedlock in America each year. In most cases, who must take the blame for this?***

A. Usually the selfish, immature man, merely seeking gratification without concern as to its consequences, is at fault. I think a normal man, mature and sexually adequate, will never make an unmarried woman pregnant. Many of my female patients tell me how they became pregnant and had abortions. Invariably, in describing the men to me, they detail selfishness, neuroticism, sex ignorance, drunkenness, and immaturity.

Q. ***Doctor, there has also been an increasing tendency for young teenage girls to marry older men, some in their thirties or forties.***

This trend alarms many parents; do you think it is alarming?

A. Each case has to be evaluated individually. Of course, one must beware the older man who has a drinking problem or who may lead a young girl into premarital relations. But keep in mind that most pregnancies out of wedlock are caused by lack of sexual sophistication among teenage boys, not older men. More important, it is often the teenage boy who persuades the teenage girl to marry before she's had a chance to grow emotionally. I'm against teenage marriages. I have found, from experience, that married teenage couples are almost invariably bogged down with children and money troubles; they regret their early marriage. The girl feels that she's been cheated; she wishes that she had waited. I think that it's healthier for girls to wait until they're twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five, and have finished their college education, before marrying. Then I see nothing wrong in a girl's dating men ten or fifteen years older than she. Most parents fear that older men will take advantage of their young daughters, but this isn't always true. Many older men are very considerate and gallant. Their courtship often results in a good, healthy relationship that culminates in a happy marriage.

Q. ***Of course, the question of age is only one aspect of the problem of choosing a mate. All parents are anxious to help their daughters choose wisely when selecting a husband. How can they help their daughters make the right choice?***

A. One of the reasons we have 400,000 divorces annually is that we send our children into marriage unprepared emotionally about sex. Every mother should have talks with her daughter regarding this aspect of marriage. I think that the father should play a role, too, impressing his daughter with the importance of love, warning her against selecting a man just because she's physically attracted to him. He must stress the fact that there are practical aspects about marriage. The prospective husband must be able to support her; he must be kind. They must have much in common. She must realize the need for maturity and the dangers of plunging into a hasty marriage.

Q. ***What about the unmarried man? In your opinion, is the bachelor a normal male?***

A. There are bachelors and there are bachelors. If at forty-five a man is still unmarried because he's supporting some member of his family, or for health reasons, we can't call him neurotic. On the other hand, there are bachelors who are Don Juans, and who refuse to be tied down to the responsibilities of life. And there is the homosexual bachelor. There is also the alcoholic bachelor, and the bachelor who gets a bigger kick out of gambling than out of being a husband. Having seen so many of these cases, psychiatrists become suspicious if a man in his fifties or sixties doesn't have plausible reasons for not having married. Many of these bachelors evidence a fear of sexual failure, a fear of impotence, a fear of women, or a fear of responsibilities. Some are just plain selfish—they don't like to assume the role of supporting a woman—and I think this bachelor must, by any standard, be considered a neurotic.

Q. ***Doctor, part of bachelorhood is swapping off-color jokes about women and sex, enjoying the entertainment at stag parties. Are these things healthy and normal?***

A. All of this is merely a way of getting rid of neurotic sex guilt vicariously. It makes us more realistic about sex. In one of the recreation rooms of my home, there's a painting of a nude. I don't think that this will have any harmful effect on my two young sons. I feel that a certain amount of exposure to off-color jokes, to pin-up girls, and to nudity in night club acts or in magazines shows a healthy, realistic attitude towards sex. It's the repression of this interest that does harm. Now, I do believe that you've got to draw the line someplace. I'm against motion pictures that concentrate on violence and brutality. I frown on the jokes that are more than off-color, those stories in bad taste which offend people in the group. In short, there must be *some* censorship, but I think that we're a little too concerned about this whole business of sex in our movies and magazines. A certain amount of exposure to sex is preferable to too much severity and too much censorship.

Q. ***There are those who feel that we're overly sex-stimulated in America today. Is our society, like that of the Roman Empire, debauched and ready to fall?***

A. No, I don't believe this is the case. I think it is true, looking back at the historical development of our country, that we have had the tendency to adopt a hush-hush attitude toward sex. Only in the last decade or two have we become so sex conscious that we discuss sexual problems quite openly—a healthy sign. Granted, we are showing signs of going overboard on the subject, and this alarms many people. True, many magazines, movies, and TV shows are capitalizing on this sex consciousness, and we are in danger of becoming more sex-stimulated than sex-educated. But I think that the end result is going to be good. The pendulum is swinging from one extreme to the other. We'll eventually level off dead center. Fever in a sick patient isn't always a bad sign. Fever shows he is fighting the germs in his body. After the fever goes down, he recovers from his illness. I believe that we are becoming more realistic about sex. The final result of all this concern about sex is going to be a very good one.

Q. ***Is physical attraction the most important basis for a happy marriage?***

A. No. It takes more than the physical to keep a marriage intact. But sex and companionship are like the mortar between bricks, and I think that unless there is compatibility and physical harmony in a marriage, its chances of success are not very great. In my twenty-four years of experience in counseling couples as a psychiatrist, I have found that when a husband and wife are very happy sexually, they can usually overcome other difficulties. But where the wife is frigid, or her husband impotent, one stalemates the other and it becomes a problem. Most of these marriages end in divorce.

Q. ***Does this mean that most couples who stay married are sexually compatible?***

A. By no means. Many couples stay together because of children, pride, or because neither has the confidence to make a new start in life. I strongly advise engaged couples that if their married lives are not satisfactory within the first six months of wedlock, they should visit a marriage counsellor or psychiatrist. Sex problems get worse, not better, as the years wear on. I've had many cases where a woman will go to a doctor for aches, ailments, and psychosomatic disturbances. The doctor tells me he has questioned her about her sex life. Finally I discover the real causes of her "illness"—her husband has been impotent for the last twelve years but she has never made an issue of it and never discussed it with him. Early and frank discussion of this problem can help both wife and husband immensely.

Q. ***Do many married men fail to satisfy their wives because they are impotent?***

A. A serious problem in this country is the wrong definition often given to the word "impotence." Most people think it means an inability to consummate the sex act. This is wrong. Impotence is an over-all term for any sexual inadequacy in a man. The incidence of impotence in this country is very, very high, and 90 per cent of the causes are psychological—which can be removed.

Q. ***What about the forceful technique of making love? Do you think that women prefer it?***

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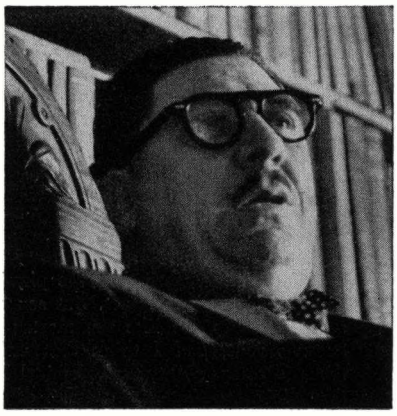


"American marriages will achieve true happiness when our men develop technique that is midway between being shy or inhibited and being too brazen or bold."

A. Sometimes. Many couples think that variation in sex simply means a different position. Variation can also mean a different psychological attitude. If a man surprises his wife, spontaneously, on a Sunday afternoon, or in a different room of the house, aggressively taking her, this type of approach can make their sex relationship enormously more erotic. There exists in most women the wish to be occasionally subjected to lovemaking whether they want to or not. A certain amount of this aggressiveness, if artful and tactful, helps to make a wife happier sexually. Many wives have said to me, "When my husband makes love to me and holds me in his arms, he doesn't make me feel that he's *possessing* me. He kisses me in the same way. I sense his inhibitions in making love and this freezes me. I just can't respond; I don't feel that I'm being loved by a *man*." The average woman often likes to feel that she is being loved in a manly sort of way with a certain amount of passion in the approach. As one wife put it to me recently, talking about her husband, "He always makes me feel that he's making love to please *me*, and I enjoy it more when I know that he's doing this for *his own* pleasure." This sounds to me like a request for more forceful lovemaking.

Q. *Is there anything wrong with the husband who on occasion permits, or even encourages, his wife to be the aggressor?*

A. A common complaint among many male patients of mine is that their wives have seldom taken the sexual initiative. One patient said, "I can remember twice in twenty years when my wife made the advances." This is very unfortunate. In some instances, the women feel that they shouldn't take the initiative. Happily, this trend is changing. Maxine Davis recently wrote a book, *The Sexual Responsibility of Woman*, which makes a valuable contribution because she has tried to show the importance of a wife's occasionally surprising her husband and initiating the advances. This adds to the variety of the physical relationship, and makes the wife co-participant in sex, rather than a completely passive partner.

Q. *Is there such a thing as sexual excess?*

A. Some psychiatrists say that there can never be too much lovemaking. I don't agree. Many couples who feel that they require sex every night and boast about being able to indulge to excess oftentimes experience marital difficulties later.

Q. *What is the "normal" frequency of sexual relations in marriage?*

A. This is not only my opinion, but the opinion of many experts—an average of twice a week is about right.

Q. *Could you tell us about what is normal in the sexual relationship between men and women—and what constitutes sexual deviation?*

A. A man and wife who have conventional sex relations and do not indulge in deviations can be normal. By the same token, those couples who do practice variations in technique are also normal. My experience has been that the couples who do indulge in variation are more compatible and have a better adjusted sex life than those who are too inhibited or too shy to do so. Whatever two people do, within reason, in the privacy of their bedroom can be considered normal *as long as it is done by mutual consent.*

Q. *Doctor, what about alcohol and romance? Do they mix?*

A. The way a man handles alcohol is an index of his maturity. Many wives have said to me, "Dr. Caprio, how can I be expected to enjoy physical love when my husband gets so drunk that I just can't respond?" Alcohol in moderation can sometimes improve sex relations and can make a couple more amorous and more relaxed, but if you go beyond moderation you usually have psychological and even physical problems.

Q. *Many married men feel that anything goes with the opposite sex as long as no one gets hurt and there are no guilt feelings. Is this possible?*

A. No. A wife may say, "It doesn't bother me if my husband goes out with other women," but usually such arrangements don't work out. I have had experience with patients who told me that they swapped mates. In one case the marriage broke up. In another one, the wife landed in a mental institution. The excess liberties which men and women sometimes extend to each other may lead to a divorce or deep psychological injury.

Q. *Let's return from some of the more bizarre aspects of sexual life to basics: what do you think the average husband can do to improve his lovemaking?*

A. He should be informed. I think that every husband should read four or five good, up-to-date books on sex technique. Then he should resolve to treat his wife with consideration and kindness. If the husbands of America would try to educate their wives, do their utmost to help them become better partners, a lot of marriages would be saved. I also think that a husband should make sure that he doesn't bring home his job frustrations and the pressures of work, and take them out on his wife.

Q. *Doctor, perhaps you could describe for us the ideal goal of the sexual act?*

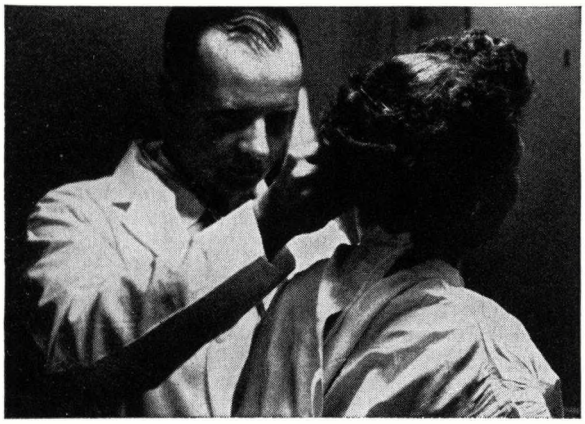
A. If both make compromises in order to gratify each other, happiness will result. The real goal of the act of love is—to *give* love, to *receive* love, and to *share* love. THE END

BOAKA KOMPANIYA, SCHENLEY, PA. AND FRESNO, CAL. MADE FROM GRAIN. 80 AND 100 PROOF. PRODUCT OF U.S.A.

How Separate Careers Live Happily Together

Thirteen million married couples in this country are also working couples. Balancing money, time, and social responsibility is not easy. If their work is in the same field, they must also cope with ruinous competition. That it can be done, however, is proved by these six contented couples who respect each other's work, yet find time to be happy together as man and wife.

PHOTOS BY ERNEST GAY • WORDS BY LYN TORNABENE



Surgeon—Pediatrician

An entire evening together is a cause for celebration for the doctors Mitty (William, surgeon; Virginia, pediatrician). "I can recall only two nights without emergency calls in the nine years I've had a private practice," says Virginia. "They were on two consecutive Christmases, which is very unusual. Holidays, for some reason, are our busiest times."

Without the emergency calls, the Mittys would lead a comparatively orderly life. Neither has evening office hours. William's seven-to-seven day includes operations, visits to hospitalized patients, office hours, teaching, and an occasional squash game at the New York Athletic Club at noon. Virginia is in her office at least four hours every day except Wednesday (when she treats clinic patients) and Sunday. The rest of her working hours are spent primarily on house calls. Both are on the staff of St. Vincent's Hospital in New York; she is the head of its pediatric cardiac clinic.

The doctors, who met during their first year of medical school at New York University, married four years later. At the end of a ten-day honeymoon in Canada, William went into the army (after the Army Specialized Training Program) and spent twenty-one months in the Azores, five in North Africa. In those twenty-six months he saw his wife twice—once when he returned because his mother was ill, again when he was sent back to brush up on obstetrics (for care of officers' wives in the Azores). On July 1, 1950, William went into residency at St. Vincent's Hospital for the additional four years he needed to practice surgery. On the same day, Virginia opened the office that was to support them for those years.

Native New Yorkers, the Mittys live in a Manhattan apartment with a view of the East River. Each has a car for emergency calls, and there is a maid who has meals ready when the doctors (one or the other or occasionally both) finally settle down to eat. On free nights they read medical journals, write reports, and "just talk." One month a year they do the traveling they both love. They've been to Europe, California, the Caribbean, Florida, and, just recently, Hawaii. When they are away, they turn their practices over to other doctors. "For a month," says William, "the order is no phone calls."

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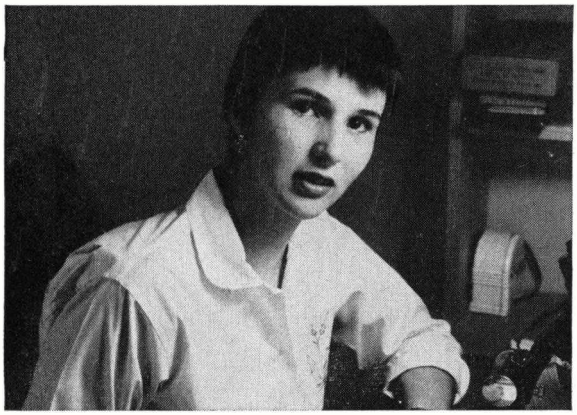
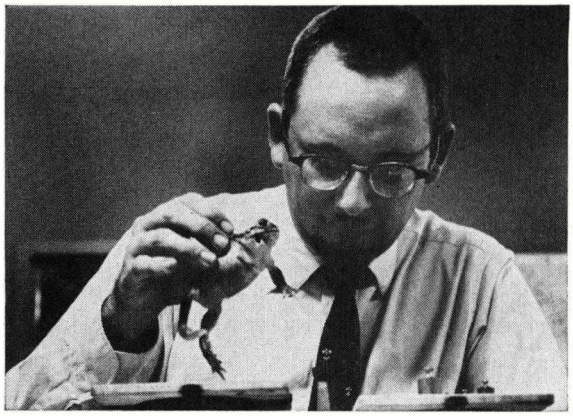




Scientist—Artist

Dr. Richard Zweifel and his wife, Frances, met through a mutual interest in frogs, lizards, and snakes. He is Assistant Curator of Amphibians and Reptiles at the American Museum of Natural History; she is a scientific illustrator, formerly with the Museum, where she worked with her husband and other scientists.

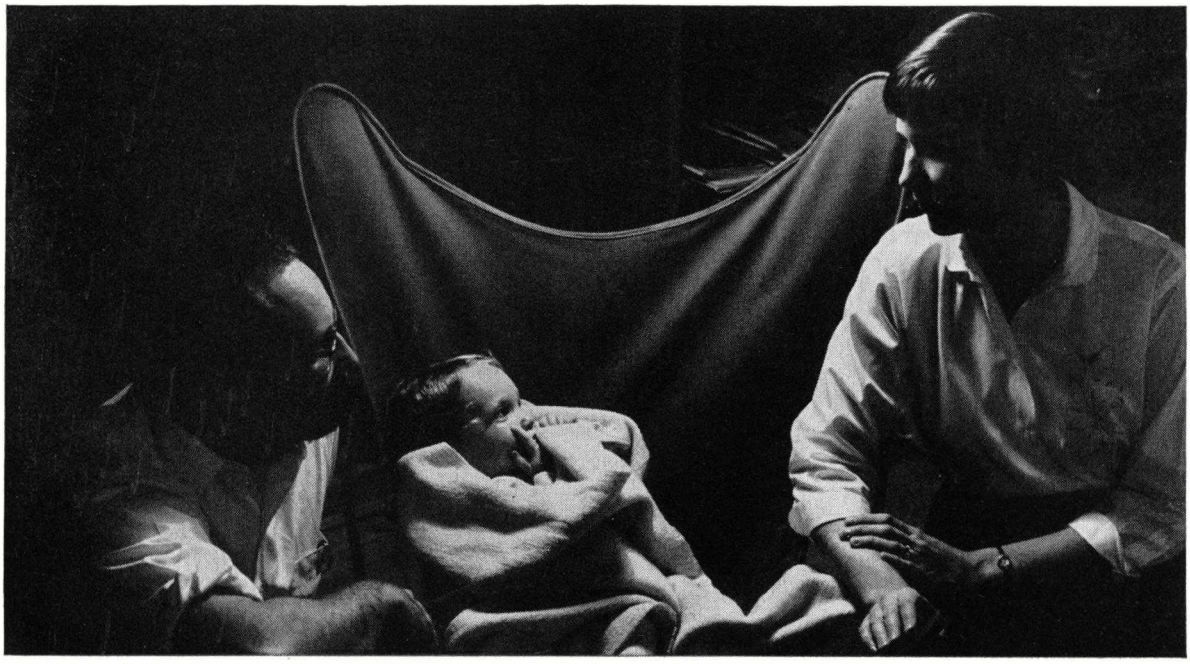
"She still does illustrating for me," says Dr. Zweifel, "but I'm low on her list of customers because I don't pay."

Fran left the Museum a little over one year ago, three days before she gave birth to a son. Matthew (in the sling chair below) has already had quite a career for himself. At age three months, he accompanied his parents on a research field trip to Arizona in a homemade car bed in the back of a Volkswagen. "He was no trouble at all," says his mother. "We simply made his formula on a heater plugged into the cigarette lighter of our automobile, and used disposable diapers."

Los Angeles born, Dr. Zweifel studied and received his doctorate at the University of California in Los Angeles. At thirty-two, he has been with the Museum for five years and is one of the youngest curators on the staff. As long as he can remember, he has been interested in collecting reptiles. For close study of the frogs, snakes, and lizards he observes on his field trips, Dr. Zweifel catches them, or shoots them with a twenty-two-calibre shotgun which fires a special fine dust.

His wife, an "army brat," studied at Trinity College and received her Masters in Art at the University of Arizona. She has had to slow down in her own work since the birth of their baby, but she does find time to do her sketches at least three nights a week.

The Zweifels have quite a menagerie at home in a terrarium. "We used to have the lizards and frogs loose in the house," Frances explains, "but now that Matthew is so interested in them, we've enclosed them. He thinks they're to eat."

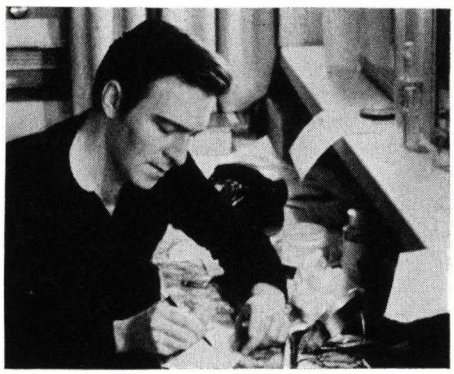


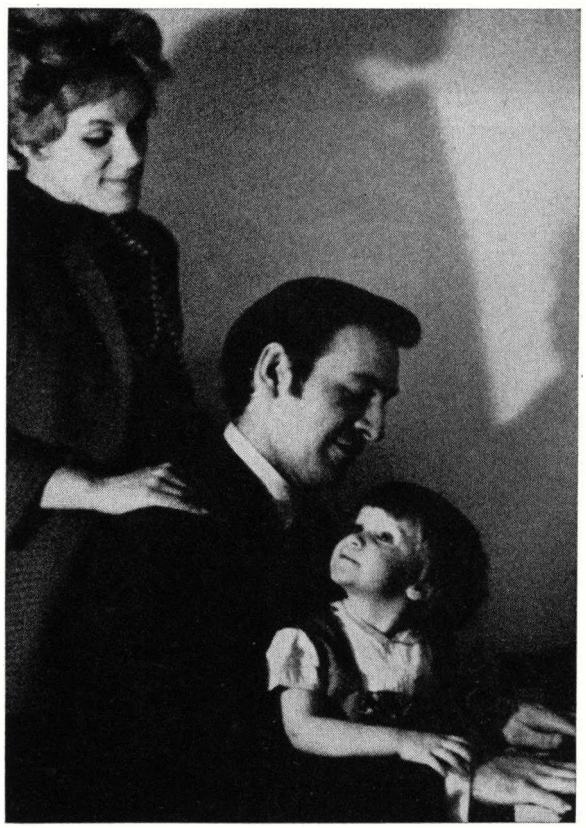
Actor—Actress

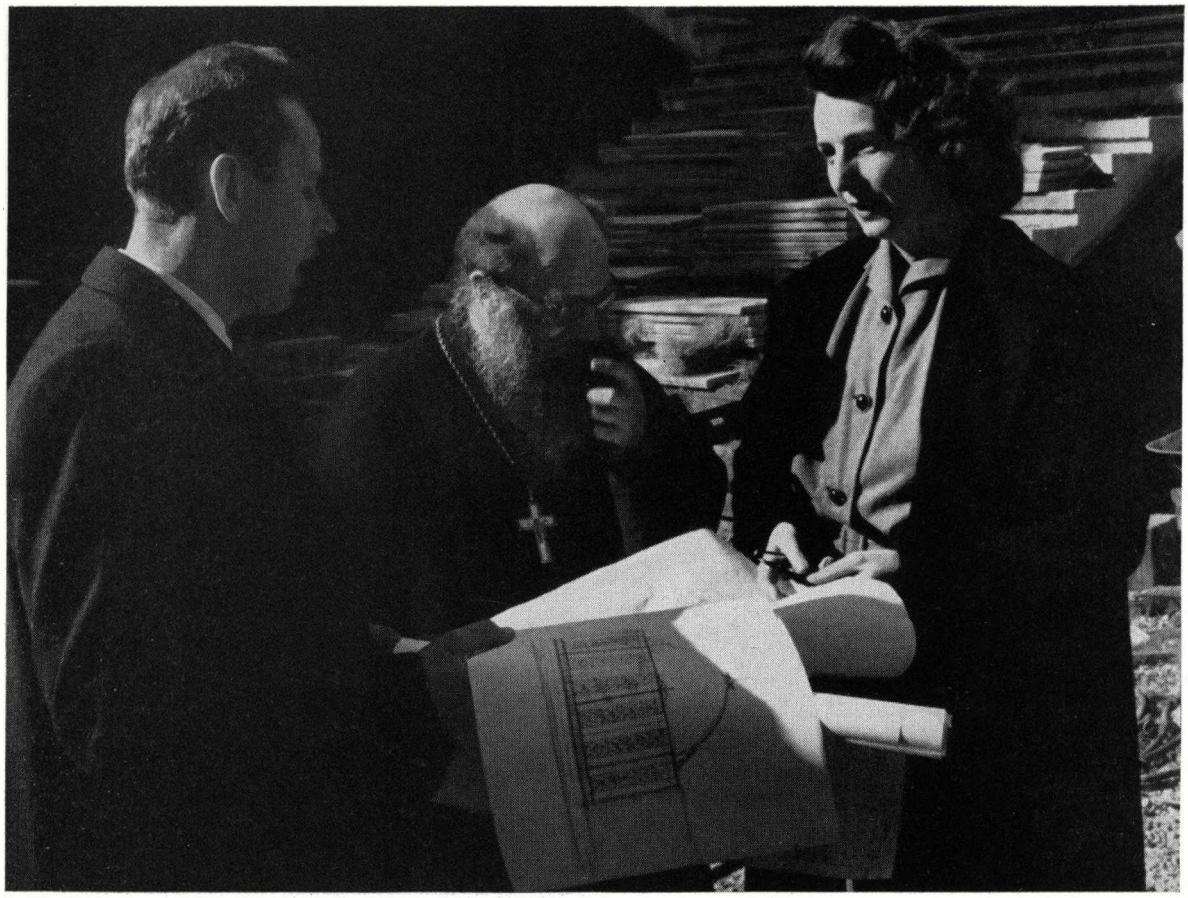
Ex-Boston deb Tammy Grimes describes her life with her husband, Canadian-born actor Christopher Plummer, as "chaotic." Twelve hours after they were married in Denver in 1956, Christopher flew to Scotland to play in Henry V, *and she went to San Francisco to play in* The Lark. *Currently he is in the Pulitzer Prize Broadway show,* J. B. *This summer she is in Massachusetts, in the Gielguid production of* Much Ado About Nothing. *When she was appearing in Julius Monk's Manhattan night club, Christopher was on the road with* J. B. *The only time they have had full days together was when she starred recently in* Look After Lulu *(above, she makes up for play) and her schedule coincided with his. The play closed after thirty-nine performances.*

Even when Tammy isn't working, the Plummers often see each other only after the theatre. ("Chris dashes out to be interviewed or see his agent, or play a matinee; I take our daughter, Amanda, for a walk, go to the dentist or see my agent, and the day is gone.")

The Plummers never want to be known as an acting "team," even though it would mean more time together. "We won't make our marriage into a business," Tammy says. "When we finally get together we're twice as grateful for each other's company as the average couple. Simple things—good music, a quiet evening in our Greenwich Village apartment—make us very happy." *(continued)*







Buildings—Landscapes

When Vladimir Morosov and his wife Elizabeth disagree on a joint project, there is no question about who will win. He is an architect and she a landscape architect and, officially, what he says goes.

The Morosovs met in Vienna, where she was born and educated, and he was studying. Vladimir had already studied in two other languages besides the German he spoke in Vienna: Russian, his native tongue, and Yugoslavian. The Morosovs migrated to New Jersey in 1947, two years after their marriage, and for seven years Vladimir worked during the day and studied architecture in English at night. In 1954 he opened his own office.

Elizabeth does landscaping for many of the buildings her husband designs (as above: the Russian Orthodox Church in Manhattan) but has her own clients too. The Morosovs have worked together in nineteen states and Italy. They work twelve or more hours a day, yet find time for skiing, swimming, and (with son, Peter, left) feeding pigeons.

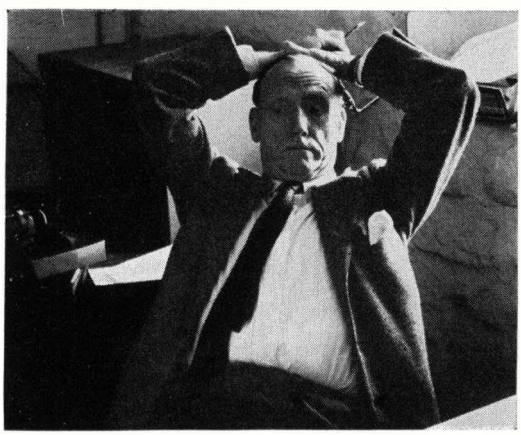
Poet—Novelist

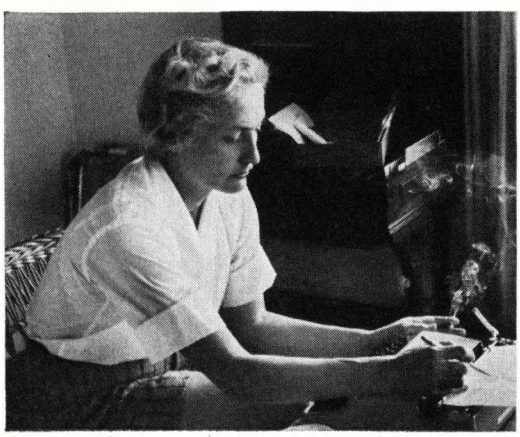
Nearly seven years ago, novelist-poet-teacher Robert Penn Warren and his writer wife, Eleanor, bought a rambling barn on three acres of Connecticut hillside and, ever since, have spent three-quarters of their time nurturing it. The result of their efforts is a magnificent home with beamed ceilings, huge fireplaces, and—where there used to be hay—space for both to write.

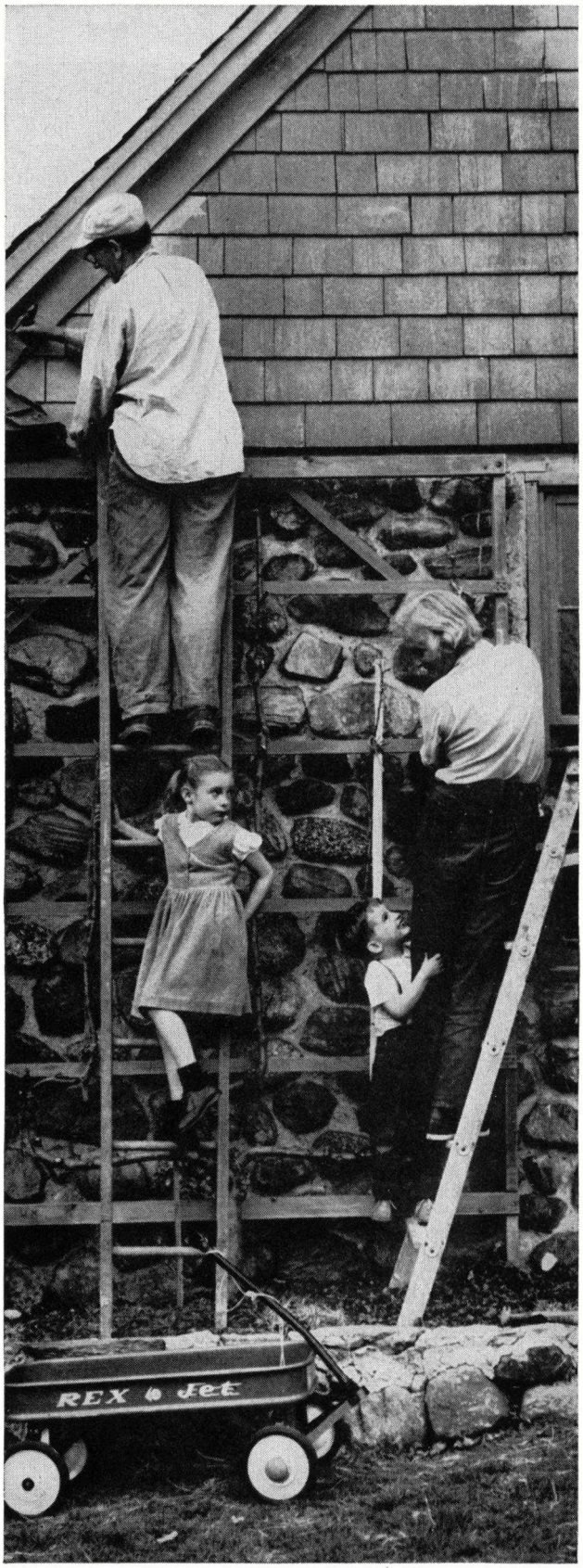
Warren, twice winner of the Pulitzer Prize, (novel, All the King's Men, *1946; poetry volume,* Promises, *1958), has just completed* The Cave, *a novel in his familiar Southern setting (he's a Kentuckian), which will be published next month. Mrs. Warren is completing her first book since* Rome and a Villa, *1952.*

The Warrens write in the mornings and devote their afternoons to Rosanna, six, Gabriel Penn, four, and the house.

Lack of time made it necessary for Warren to conclude his distinguished teaching career (at Yale, Louisiana, and Minnesota, to mention only a few universities) three years ago. Every other year or so the Warrens escape to Northern Italy to write without interruptions. "We love Italy, but going there doesn't really save much time," both admit. "The next year the house needs twice the work."







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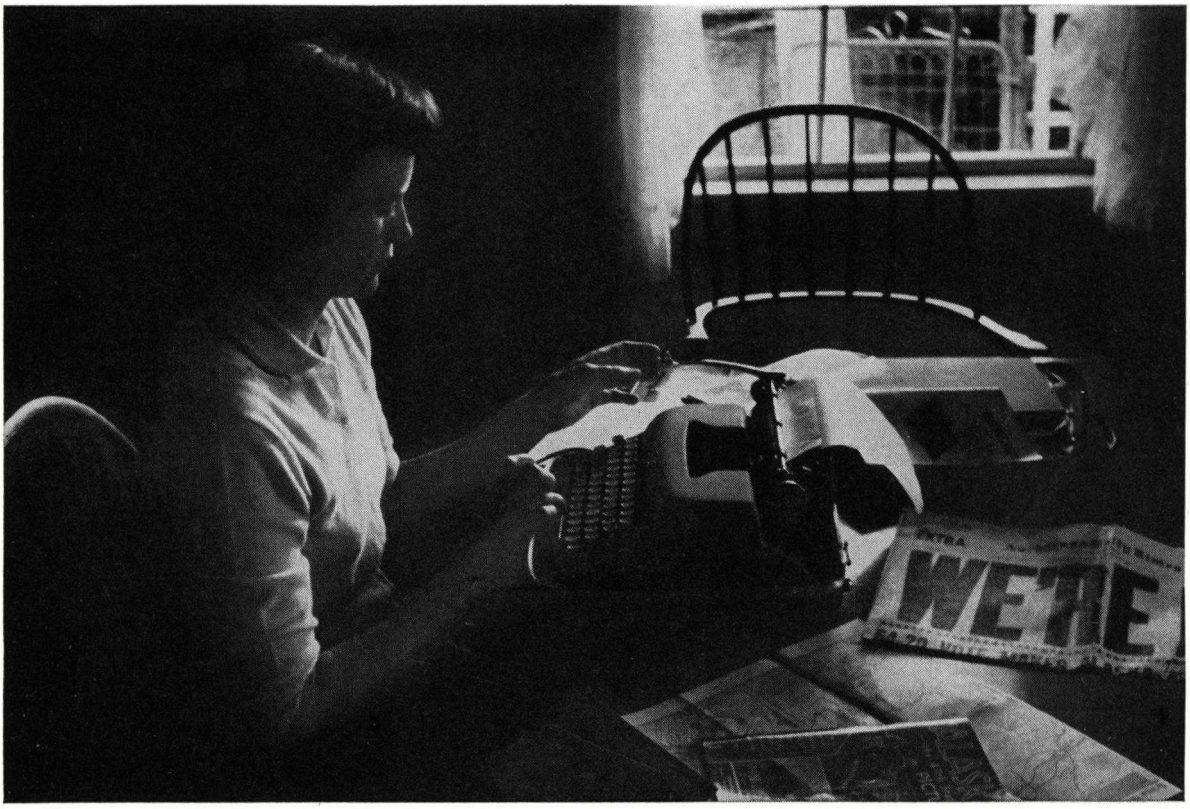


Adventurer—Writer

In 1949 a lanky, freckle-faced college girl named Mary Taylor Prior received this message from Lhasa via ham radio: "On any future trip to Tibet I hope you'll be along." It was signed Lowell Thomas, Jr. In 1950, the Thomases were married and began a cross-country lecture tour that may be the only profit-making honeymoon on record.

Lowell, who describes himself as "restless," began his travels at fifteen, when he spent three months on a navy cruiser voyaging around South America. In 1941, he accompanied the explorer Strom through the Canadian Rockies. In 1942 he became an air force pilot and instructor to French airmen. Four years later he flew to Bikini for the atom bomb test, and then around the world with Air Force Secretary Stuart Symington. In '47 he was in Turkey, in '49 in Persia, and then he went to Tibet with his father on the famous trip which inspired the book Out of This World.

In 1954 Lowell and Tay set off in a one-engine plane named "Charlie" for a year-long flight covering some 50,000 miles of Central Asia, Africa, and the Middle East. Their book, Flight to Adventure, *is a log of this trip. During the last five months of the flight, Tay was pregnant with Anne, who at age seven weeks started flying with her parents in "Charlie."*

Since then, the Thomases have had a son, David. Lowell has been producing films for his father's High Adventure *TV series, and Tay has been working on her own travel book which she hopes to have completed on return from their current Middle Eastern trip.* THE END

Our Sterilization

Pick a city.

Omaha: A young mother of four breathlessly confides to a close friend over afternoon coffee: "I just found out about a hospital where you can have it done, no questions asked."

Los Angeles: Two young married men huddle over cocktails in a commuters' bar: "I know a doctor who does them," whispers one, dramatically climaxing their conversation.

Slowly but surely, the word is getting around to hundreds of thousands, very possibly millions, of young American men and women: Sterilization—permanent, surgical destruction of the ability to procreate—is the most effective method of birth prevention, and the only one with a lifetime guarantee. True, its finality, its usual irreversibility, is a little frightening. However, if such be the price of peace of mind, those who want it tell themselves, so be it. For someone to whom the nagging prospect of an unwanted pregnancy is a constant source of anxiety, the positive aspects of sterilization far outweigh the negative. One recently sterilized woman writes: "I began to hate my husband for making me pregnant again. In my mind I was placing all the blame on him. After the fourth baby was born, I was sterilized. . . . My husband and I are closer now than we have been in the last four years. The fear of intercourse is gone. I thank God He has given me four children. I also thank Him for Dr. M., who has given me freedom—the freedom to raise my family as it should be raised, without fear of depriving them of the essentials."

But why all the whispering and back-alley stealth? Sterilization is a lawful, recognized procedure when performed for medical reasons: to safeguard a person's health. However, when sterilization is carried out to prevent the economic burden of additional children, or, as is often the case, for contraceptive convenience, the operation is a crime. Just last year, the *Journal of the American Medical Association* declared: "The same public policy that underlies laws to prevent . . . criminal abortion applies to operations that produce sterility, even though that policy is in only a few states expressed by statute." Consequently, to find a doctor who will commit, or a hospital that will condone, a criminal procedure takes a little shopping around. But, as hospital records and medical surveys attest, and as doctors privately admit, you needn't shop very far.

Over a half million Americans a year are renouncing parenthood forever, with little or no guidance from physicians, clergy or the law.

For one thing, with modern surgical techniques, even a potentially dangerous abdominal procedure like tubal ligation, the female sterilization operation, entails negligible risk of life. There is, therefore, little chance of arousing the kind of investigations set off by bungled abortions. Basically, all the surgeon does is make a short, midline, abdominal incision while the patient is under general anesthesia; then he crushes, ties off, and cuts out a portion of each Fallopian tube. This effectively blocks the passage through which the male sperm travels to reach and fertilize the ovum. The operation takes about twenty minutes, and within six days the woman is home.

The male operation, vasectomy, is much simpler. The two slim tubes through which spermatazoa must travel from the testicles to ejection outside the body are called the vas deferens; each is about one-eighth inch thick and twenty inches long, and each, conveniently, lies just below the skin of the scrotum. In a five-minute operation that can be performed under a local anesthesia in a doctor's office, a half-inch incision is made on each side of the scrotum, the two tubes are lifted out, a tiny section is cut out of each, the ends are tied off and buried in the neighboring tissue—and the patient forsakes fatherhood for good.

The sole effect of either operation is the prevention of parenthood. Sex characteristics and sex drive are not affected, nor are sex hormones dammed up in any way. Menstruation continues, and the menopause arrives at its natural physiological time. Seminal fluids, minus sperms, still flow undiminished from each ejaculation. Sperms and ova continue to be produced, but they disintegrate and their elements are harmlessly absorbed by the body. (Hysterectomy, which is the removal in whole or part of a woman's reproductive system, does eliminate menstruation and menopause, but usually the operation is performed only when the female reproductive organs are diseased.)

Studies in accredited hospitals indicate that tubal ligation is performed at the rate of between 3 and 4 per cent of all deliveries, which, on a national level, comes to about 180,000 sterilizations a year. However, these figures do not take into account the sterilizations performed at the many non-accredited institutions

Scandal

BY EUGENE D. FLEMING

and the many accredited ones which have much freer sterilization policies than those in which the rate studies were conducted. Considering, too, the countless small, private hospitals where records are loosely kept, and where often, in the words of one doctor, "the profit motive enters," the national sterilization rate could conservatively be estimated at 7 or 8 per cent of deliveries, and the national total at more than 360,000 a year. Add to this an estimated 200,000 vasectomies, and the result is well over half a million sterilizations every year.

On record at least, more than 50 per cent of all tubal ligations are performed because of "multiparity": excessive childbearing which may have so weakened the uterus that it will rupture and cause death if subjected to another pregnancy. This could be deemed a sound medical reason for sterilization. However, as Dr. Alan F. Guttmacher, Chief of Obstetrics and Gynecology at Manhattan's Mt. Sinai Hospital, points out: "When today muliparity alone is listed as the reason for sterilization, the indication is 1 per cent medical and 99 per cent socio-economic." A study at Mt. Sinai Hospital revealed that in 16,346 births there were only four maternal deaths, three after the first delivery, and one after the third.

Hospital policies on what justifies sterilization vary bewilderingly, not only throughout the nation but from hospital to hospital within the same community. In Newark, New Jersey, for instance, Beth Israel Hospital requires that a woman have eight living children before she can be sterilized. Some hospitals set the number at two. At Mt. Sinai, Dr. Guttmacher has evolved what is known as "the Sinai Formula," which specifies that a woman delivering her sixth child may be sterilized, regardless of her age; women between thirty and thirty-five may be sterilized with the fifth living child; over thirty-five with the fourth living child.

Surprisingly, the hospital watchdog group, the Joint Commission on Accreditation of Hospitals, offers little guidance on sterilization. Speaking about this "touchy problem," the commission's director, Dr. Kenneth Babcock, states: "The Commission says that it is none of its business except that there must be a consultation in these cases; every hospital has its own rules and regulations in sterilization cases. We may find a Catholic hospital that says no sterilizations, and we say that is their business. We may find another group which feels that it is better for a couple to bring up four good children than have twelve juvenile delinquents, and the Commission says that's all right if the hospital will put it down in their records." (In the case of one twenty-three-year-old woman, sterilized at her own request, the only reason given in the hospital records was: "Moving to Wyoming.")

Hospital Regulations Vary

Not a few hospitals take this ruling of the Accreditation Commission in the most literal sense and merely require that the attending physician consult with one other medical man before performing a sterilization. Worse yet, many hospitals have no regulations at all regarding sterilization. For example, a survey of 153 hospitals in Iowa revealed that twenty-six had no particular requirements for the performance of tubal ligations or vasectomies; in seventy-nine, a consultation with only one other doctor was needed for official approval; and thirty-nine demanded that the attending physician consult with two doctors.

Happily, however, an increasing number of better hospitals are establishing committees which must pass on all requests for sterilization or therapeutic abortion. At Grace Hospital in Detroit, one such committee was set up in 1950 when hospital authorities became alarmed at the relatively high number of sterilizations being performed on women in their early twenties who had only one or two children. Before the committee was formed, the sterilization rate was 3.4 per cent of all deliveries. With the committee weighing socio-economic factors only as "additional reasons" for sterilization, the rate fell to .9 per cent.

But when hospital authorities tighten policies on tubal ligations, the demand for vasectomies rises sharply. For instance, after the committee went into action at Grace Hospital, the urologists on the hospital staff had "innumerable requests for office vasectomy." All refused to perform them, they add, "for legal and psychiatric reasons."

Some doctors fear that vasectomy will cause castration trauma, a profound feeling of being desexed. But follow-up studies of vasectomized men have shown that such an effect is rare, although, admittedly, possible. The psychiatrically based objections to vasectomy are, therefore, minimal. Legally, however, these obstacles are maximal because the legitimate grounds for the operation are, to say the least, swampy.

For obvious reasons, a man's health rarely requires a vasectomy; occasionally one is performed to prevent complications after removal of the prostate gland. In the case of a healthy male, then, it would be impossible for a doctor to claim he vasectomized his patient because of "medical necessity." Yet, that is the only valid reason the law recognizes.

Although twenty-eight states have laws authorizing vasectomy and tubal ligation on mental defectives for eugenic purposes, only about ten have statutes which specifically permit therapeutic and prohibit non-therapeutic sterilization. But in most states, lawyers feel the laws against mayhem "could be construed as applying to vasectomy." Another expert, Dr. Miley B. Wesson of San Francisco, expands this theory: "In [this operation] we have a wounding for an asocial purpose, a breaking of the skin, a severence of an organ and the permanent destruction of a socially useful bodily function. . . . All legal authorities," he continues, "draw an analogy between abortion and vasectomy in the sense that both are illegal except in the case of therapeutic necessity." Death resulting from a contraceptive vasectomy—and Dr. Wesson cites one such death from an infected incision —"would result in the doctor's being charged with homicide."

The chance of such a mishap, however, is minimal. Still, many doctors avoid vasectomy out of fear of a civil suit. If a physician was sued by a sterilized man's irate wife, or, more likely, his second wife, and the court ruled the vasectomy illegal, the physician's malpractice insurance would be useless. A few years ago, a civil suit for $30,000 was filed by a childless second wife against a physician who had vasectomized her husband during his first marriage. Like most cases of this kind, the suit was settled out of court for an undisclosed chunk of the doctor's savings.

Despite these legal perils, many physicians continue to perform the operation openly. A recent nation-wide survey of the members of the American Urological Association disclosed that, of 971 doctors

(continued)

replying, 52 per cent performed vasectomies. And many urologists believe general practitioners do most of these operations.

In fact, demand for the operation is steadily increasing as more men discover that it has no adverse effects on masculinity. Virtually all doctors who do vasectomies turn away three and four times as many men as they accept. In some communities, where the legal storm warnings have alerted doctors, the fee for a "bootleg" vasectomy may run as high as five hundred dollars. In other places, it may be as low as fifteen dollars. In New York City, where malpractice suits abound, it's a case of "knowing somebody who knows a doctor," and fees are likely to be exorbitant, while in Nashville, a check reveals that doctors are doing four to five times as many vasectomies as they did ten years ago.

Some doctors are unaware of the legal consequences. Others apply a broad interpretation to "medical necessity." In this they have the support of several prominent lawyers. One, Richard C. Donnelly of Yale University Law School, argues that "when sterilization is indicated in the marital situation, it makes no difference from a legal point of view whether it is the wife or the husband who is sterilized." He cites a Minnesota case in which the state Supreme Court held that it was "not against public policy" to perform a vasectomy on a healthy male to protect his wife from a dangerous pregnancy. Doctors who oppose this point of view argue: "Why operate on the man? He's not sick."

Most doctors wish state laws were more specific so that they would have firmer grounds for refusing to perform vasectomies. Again, many think the operation should be made clearly legal when a man requests it because of economic necessity. Still more feel that a man should never be sterilized because, in the event of divorce, a wife usually gets custody of the children, leaving the husband childless if he remarries.

Whatever their legal stand, most doctors won't perform a vasectomy or tubal ligation without the signed consent of both husband and wife. Of course, as far as the law is concerned, this is a baseless formality, because no one can consent to an illegal act, nor can one sign away the right to sue.

Few doctors will perform the operation on single men. One bachelor in his early twenties wanted the operation because he didn't think this was a fit world for children; he was turned down. Some doctors, however, will perform the operation for frivolous reasons. One man who ran a modeling agency said he was constantly surrounded by temptation and periodically he was "expected to perform." The operation was done. Nevertheless, the majority of doctors won't sterilize a man under thirty-five with fewer than three children. Nor will they do an operation if there are any signs of marital friction. This is rarely the case, though. Doctors report that the typical candidate for sterilization is an embarrassed, submissive, considerate male who is either economically harassed or wants to spare his wife another pregnancy.

The worst legal spectre that haunts doctors who perform vasectomies is the possibility of "spontaneous re-canalization" of the severed vas deferens, resulting in a completely unexpected pregnancy. In the previously mentioned poll of urologists, forty-one proven cases of spontaneous recanalization were reported. The author of the poll, Charles Reiser of Emory University Medical School, remarks, "Not much dreamy contemplation is required to visualize the domestic and legal complications which would ensue when a man who believes he is sterile discovers his wife or paramour is pregnant." Another possibility is that the vasectomized patient may have unprotected intercourse before his semen becomes completely free of sperm. This sometimes takes twelve months, although six months is a safe average.

Few Have Regrets

In general, vasectomized men have few regrets (luckily so, since the repair operation is rather delicate and is successful only about 40 per cent of the time). As for regrets over tubal ligation, Dr. Guttmacher "hazards the guess" that "nineteen out of twenty women will be happy and grateful." However, one patient in twenty will change her mind, frequently because of circumstances beyond her control. Can we pick out this twentieth patient?" he asks. "I think not." He tells of two of the unfortunate "one out of twenty." A thirty-nine-year-old woman was sterilized with the birth of her seventh child, her first boy. She hadn't known how she would feel about a son, but now she worries constantly that something might happen to him. "He is the apple of everybody's eye," she says wistfully. Another woman, thirty-six, had a tubal ligation after her fourth child. The child died of a heart disease at the age of eighteen months. Now she wants to replace him.

In a Midwestern study, 457 women were interviewed about their reactions to being sterilized. On a par with the national pattern, the average age of the private patients covered in the study was thirty-three: they had an average of four children, and an annual income of $9,800. The ward patients averaged thirty-one years of age, had six children and an income of $3,600 a year. Of those interviewed, sixty had been sterilized for medical reasons, sixty-five because of repeated Caesarean sections, and 180 because of multiparity. Asked if they had any regrets, 67 per cent of the women with organic illness said no, 30 per cent had ambivalent feelings. The multiparae were most pleased; only 1.7 per cent had any regrets. Fourteen per cent of the Caesarean patients expressed dissatisfaction; many thought they had been talked into sterilization. Significantly, the study notes that if the operation was originally proposed by the doctor, a woman was twice as likely to have regrets, and four times as likely to have mixed feelings than if she suggested the operation herself. In 60 per cent of the cases in this study, the suggestion for sterilization came from the physician.

A prominent Newark, New Jersey, obstetrician, Dr. Irving Fain, believes, as do many doctors, that a woman's decision on whether or not to be sterilized, especially for medical reasons, depends greatly on the attending physician's attitude. If he tells a woman that another pregnancy might be disastrous, she becomes frightened and accepts sterilization as a necessity. If, instead, he says that there is a possibility of complications, but nothing that can't be anticipated and taken care of, she won't be so ready to accept sterilization.

Unfortunately, there is a notable lack of agreement among doctors, even concerning the second most common reason for sterilization, the number of Caesarean operations a woman can safely undergo. As recently as 1953, a survey showed that the general practice throughout the country was to perform a tubal ligation after two Caesareans if the patient requested it; after three Caesareans, the operation was recommended, and after four it was urged. But in 1955, Dr. Hugh B. McNally and Dr. Vincent Fitzpatrick, Jr., of Baltimore, published a study which proved that multiple Caesarean sections were not always a "justifiable indication" for sterilization. Their study of 130 women who had had three or more Caesarean operations showed that a woman could survive an unlimited number of such deliveries, if her uterus was in good condition, with no danger of a lethal rupture. According to Dr. Guttmacher, "The only patients, in our opinion, who truly qualify for sterilization on the pure grounds of the repeat [Caesarean] are those who live in fear and dread of another [such delivery]." As a point of interest, a woman in New York City recently had her ninth baby by Caesarean section.

There is also considerable disagreement among physicians on other medical indications for sterilization. Some doctors say that there are "hardly any." Undoubtedly, many women have been

sterilized for needless medical reasons, such as heart murmur, which is quite common during pregnancy and doesn't necessarily indicate cardiac disease, or diabetes, which justifies sterilization only when it is severe and of long standing. In short, any woman whose doctor recommends sterilization without a consultation should seek further medical advice.

Not a few women are sterilized for "psychiatric" reasons. "Here," Dr. Hearin asserts, "there is room for considerable abuse of the operation." Such indications as "unstable nervous system," usually submitted by general practitioners, are more often than not blinds for non-medical reasons. "Tubal ligation for psychiatric reasons," says Dr. Hearin, "should only be done in cases where pregnancy would lead to suicide, disruption of the family, or other serious consequences." But here, too, there is disagreement. Dr. Lawrence C. Kolb, Director of the New York State Psychiatric Institute, believes that the only psychosis directly related to pregnancy is the post partum psychosis. Interestingly enough, Dr. Milton Halpern, chief medical examiner of New York City, states that he can't recall a single suicide of a pregnant woman during the last twenty-five years. Moreover, a Syracuse study of 65,585 births over a twenty-two-year period showed that only 103, or .13 per cent, of the women who gave birth suffered psychotic reactions.

A Traumatic Experience

Some doctors, in fact, feel that sterilization for psychiatric reasons does more harm than good. Says Dr. Iago Galdston, Executive Secretary of the New York Academy of Medicine: "Sterilization, in my opinion, is at times a source of even greater traumatic injury than abortion." Dr. John C. Donovan, of Rochester University School of Medicine, explains: "It is well established that the biologic ability to reproduce is intimately connected with the adjustment of the woman as a feminine figure . . . and is a cornerstone of the woman's psychosexual adjustment." And Dr. Henry A. Davidson, Medical Director of Overbrook Hospital in New Jersey, declares emphatically: "I have never recommended a sterilization in thirty years of psychiatric practice because I, for one, am not a good enough psychiatrist to predict the effects on a woman."

Dr. Robert Laidlaw, Chief of the Division of Psychiatry at Manhattan's Roosevelt Hospital, puts his finger on the prime objection to sterilizations performed for less than urgent medical reasons: "It would not seem to be desirable from any point of view in a younger woman," he says, "even if she has a chronic or acute mental illness. I don't think we should put ourselves into such a godlike category as would enable us to feel we can predict with certainty what the future course of events may be, and to rob that young woman of the potentiality of becoming a mother is, I feel, going beyond the limits of our competence."

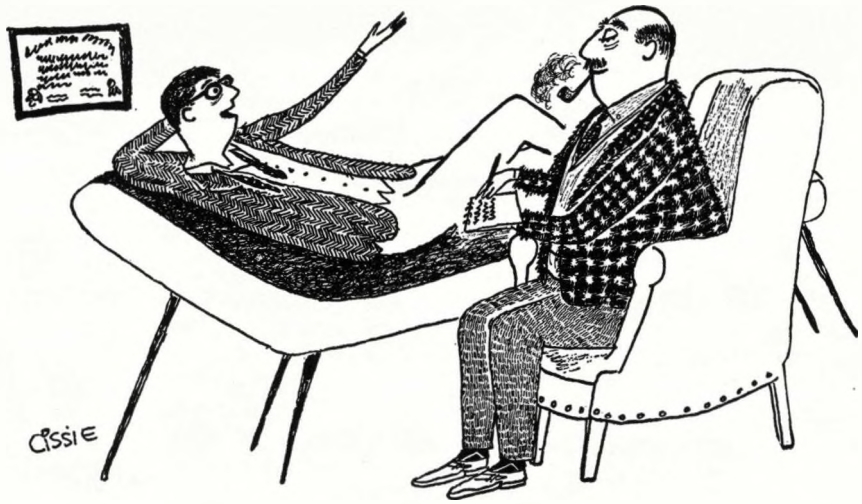
Despite the fact that there is a fifty-fifty possibility of surgical repair by a skillful surgeon, a sterilization operation must realistically be considered irreversible. Consequently, for couples who feel they have had enough children, the more prudent course seems to be that suggested by Dr. Mary S. Calderone, Medical Director of the Planned Parenthood Federation of America. "In most cases," she says, "temporary sterilization in the form of medical birth control will allow the couple to have other children. Considering the possibilities of divorce, disaster, or death of one of the spouses, the matter of sterilization, especially in a young person, calls for very, very careful thought and judgment." Admittedly, medical birth control is never 100 per cent effective, but then, neither is tubal ligation; the failure rate is about two in every hundred operations. More to the point is the fact that human foresight is a most imperfect faculty.

Dr. Calderone receives four to five letters a week from sterilized women inquiring about the possibility of surgical repair. "I was deserted in 1953 by an alcoholic husband," writes one woman, "and left with three minor children to support. After I secured a divorce, I met a wonderful man and we were married. We both are thirty-eight years old and desperately want a baby of our own, but my tubes were tied after my third child because my husband was drinking and not working. I have been told I could have surgery to undo this and have a baby. Is this true? I have wanted a baby desperately since my remarriage . . . money is no object."

Obviously, to prevent tragedies such as this, there is a great need for stricter control of sterilization practices, a control that can only come from within the medical profession itself through the efforts of local, state, and national medical associations. On the whole, these have taken a deplorable "hands off" attitude on a practice that has had and will have a profound effect on the lives of millions of people. There is need, too, for ethical and moral guidance from the churches, which, but for a few exceptions, are all too silent on the subject. A survey of thirty religious denominations showed that twenty-two took no stand even on socio-economic sterilization. Finally, there is a need for legal clarification of whether sterilization for non-medical reasons is ever in the best interests of the community and the individual. Certainly men of high integrity like Dr. Guttmacher, who is a leading proponent of voluntary socio-economic sterilization, are not maliciously flouting the law when they insist that sterilization *is* justified in certain circumstances. If there is justification, then state legislatures should recognize and, more important, regulate this widespread practice by law.

The official neglect of the problem, more than the abuse of the practice, is the real scandal of sterilization. THE END

Many hospitals have strict rules on sterilization. But not all. "Moving to Wyoming" was reason given for sterilizing one twenty-three-year-old woman.



What Men and Women

WHAT THE MEN SAY:

"Yeah, I'd seen the hired man making love to my wife before. No, I hadn't done anything about it then. But this time, damn it, he was going too far. It was while she was supposed to be getting *my* supper."

• • • • • • •

"No, I don't go out with women. My wife would kill me if I did."

• • • • • • •

"When you see what I married, you'll realize how much I hated to darn my own socks."

• • • • • • •

"She's sensitive. A sensitive witch."

• • • • • • •

"My wife says I never knew what happiness was until I got married. She's right. But it was too late to do anything about it then."

• • • • • • •

"She really shouldn't complain much about a man as easy to catch as I was."

• • • • • • •

"I don't like women specially. But there ain't no other sex."

• • • • • • •

"My wife keeps asking me how I'd prefer to die."

• • • • • • •

"I will briefly explain my wife's trouble. She wants to act like a man but not like a gentleman."

"I'm too much of a coward to ever fall in love with a woman again."

• • • • • • •

"I left her because of another woman. Her mother."

• • • • • • •

"I know everything there is to know about stocks and bonds, but somehow it doesn't seem to help much in understanding my wife."

• • • • • • •

"My wife is acting as though she's halfway to heaven already."

• • • • • • •

"You know, Doc, women are such awful things to be a necessity to men."

• • • • • • •

"My wife's faults I can stand. It's her virtues that kill me."

• • • • • • •

"The only thing I've ever taken a chance on is a woman."

• • • • • • •

"The trouble with my wife is that she devotes so much time to watching her health that she never has time to enjoy it."

• • • • • • •

"I'd just like to ignore my wife, but you can't ignore a woman who looks like she does."

Drawings by Cissie Peltz

Tell Their Psychiatrists

WHAT THE WOMEN SAY:

"I suppose people wonder why I'm divorcing a genius. But it's only in that *one* thing that he's a genius. In the fifteen hundred other things on which he claims to be an authority, he's an idiot."

• • • • • • •

"When my husband started acting like any other man, I divorced him."

• • • • • • •

"I want to get a divorce on grounds of mental cruelty, like twice he tried to kill me."

• • • • • • •

"I'm sure no one could ever blackmail my husband. The things people would try to blackmail him for, he brags about."

• • • • • • •

"I think that when we were married he was really looking for a second mother and I was looking for another father. Now does this mean it was almost incest?"

• • • • • • •

"So that big fathead told you he was athletic? In twenty years, he's exercised just one thing, his tongue."

• • • • • • •

"I don't want him around the house. A man who can't even cut his own throat successfully just isn't good for anything."

• • • • • • •

"None of those child psychology books helped with the children, but they did work on my husband."

"I married him because it seemed the only way to get him to leave me alone."

• • • • • •

"Yes, I did let my husband spend the night with me several times after we were divorced, but it was only because I thought I had to do something to earn my alimony."

• • • • • • •

"I've got a husband who's out of ardor."

• • • • • • •

"He was my second choice. My first would have been just anybody else."

• • • • • • •

"When we spent that weekend at Lake Dawn, to me it was just the end of our beginning. But to him it must have been the beginning of the end."

• • • • • • •

"Whenever there's an unmarried mother in town, my husband goes around looking awfully red in the face."

• • • • • • •

"My husband not only refers to me as merely one of his old habits, but says I'm one of the worst."

• • • • • • •

"Twenty-five years ago he decided he needed to rest. He's rested so long, he's rusted."

• • • • • • •

"Before I had children, I knew ten perfect rules for raising them. Now I have ten children and no rules."

GEISHA GIRL

The Japanese geisha has one mission in life—the entertainment of men. Her role is unknown in Western civilization and widely misunderstood.

BY FREDERICK CHRISTIAN *Photos by Dennis Stock*

In no other country in the world is the relationship between man and his woman, from the man's point of view, as pleasurable and rewarding as it is in Japan—and in no other country are men as willing to pay to keep it as it is.

One morning in October of last year I awoke with an implacable determination to go to Japan—not because I was seeking proof of the existence of this relationship, I quickly explain, but because I was fascinated by the prospect of seeing a nation that had become demoniacally mechanized, yet had managed to retain its love and respect for things that existed for centuries before the industrial revolution. My friends, lechers all, refused to credit the latter explanation. "Those geisha girls!" they snickered, leering. It was difficult to make them see that geisha actually were far from my thoughts—almost as difficult as it is, now that I'm back, to make them understand that geisha are not prostitutes (some are mistresses, however; a fine distinction). As it turned out, my visit to a geisha house was the best time I had in Japan, but not for the reasons my friends had expected.

The Japanese woman's desire to please her opposite number becomes apparent the instant a passenger steps aboard a Japan Air Lines aircraft. Three pretty little hostesses supply him with a kind of kimono to wear in lieu of his jacket (they call it a "happi coat"), slippers, and an unending variety of both Japanese and American delicacies and drinks. All the way to Japan the catering continues, and the passenger lurches off the aircraft at Tokyo International Airport loving the country before he has seen a single twisted tree.

By chance, a friend of mine, Morris Nomura, the United States sales representative for a Japanese camera, the Ricoh, happened to be in Tokyo when I was. He invited me to go along with him one night to a geisha house maintained by Kyoshi Ichimura, his boss. Mr. Ichimura owns the camera works, several department stores, a paper company, a concession that delivers oil to the airport, and Buddha alone knows what all else. He is one of the wealthiest men in new Japan. As such, it is practically imperative for him to maintain a geisha house. Japanese businessmen do little business in their business establishments. When they confer, they go to a geisha house, or they hire geisha to come to a restaurant where they rent private rooms. This custom has arranged the economic structure of the Japanese businessman's life in an interesting way. By American standards he is paid a tiny salary; but in order to carry on his activities in a geisha house, or to hire geisha to assist in entertaining his friends, he is given an immense expense account. The businessman's wife abhors this arrangement; some of the more emancipated wives write letters to the press about it. The letters accomplish absolutely nothing. The men like the arrangement, and they are determined that it shall endure.

The geisha house of Kyoshi Ichimura was done in modern Japanese style, square and squat, surrounded by carefully gnarled trees, exotic bushes, and rock gardens through which an artificial brook bubbled. There was a high bamboo fence around it. The instant we stepped through the gate, we found ourselves in an urban approximation of a forest glade. Only the Japanese are able to sequester themselves so effectively, so peacefully, in the midst of a city.

At the door were five or six girls, all in elaborate kimonos (but with Western-style haircuts), all on their knees, all bowing low, indicating the neat row of fresh house slippers we were to wear inside. We took off our shoes, slipped on the sandals and, with the girls twittering at our sides, were taken to a small room to the left of the entrance. This room was furnished like the cocktail lounge of a small, luxurious hotel in Manhattan: leather chairs, a tiny bar, and, in one corner, a television set showing a Japanese western (American studios do not make enough westerns to satisfy the Japanese; of late they have taken to making their own). There sat our host, Ichimura, a thin man with a leonine head, who served us either Scotch or Manhattans.

We had one drink, trying to make conversation while handicapped by our inadequate—indeed, our nonexistent—Japanese, their groping English, and gunshots from the samurai cowboys on the screen. The girls had vanished when we entered this room; only the number-one geisha, the mama-san, the absolute ruler of the house, a woman of about thirty-eight, remained to serve us. As we finished our drinks, Morris Nomura said, "We like to spend most of our time upstairs. Will you come, please?"

The house was done entirely in blond wood polished to a gloss that would have made the wood in an American bowling alley seem like sandpaper. On the floor were straw mats, called "tatamis." The sliding screens separating the rooms were of oyster-white paper, with black enameled frames. Here and there were small vases of a few flowers, exquisitely ar-

TAKEMI, an apprentice geisha, is seventeen and a half. She ran away from home at six, was picked up by a woman who sold her to a mama-san. Now, in a geisha house, she is being schooled to become a full-fledged geisha.

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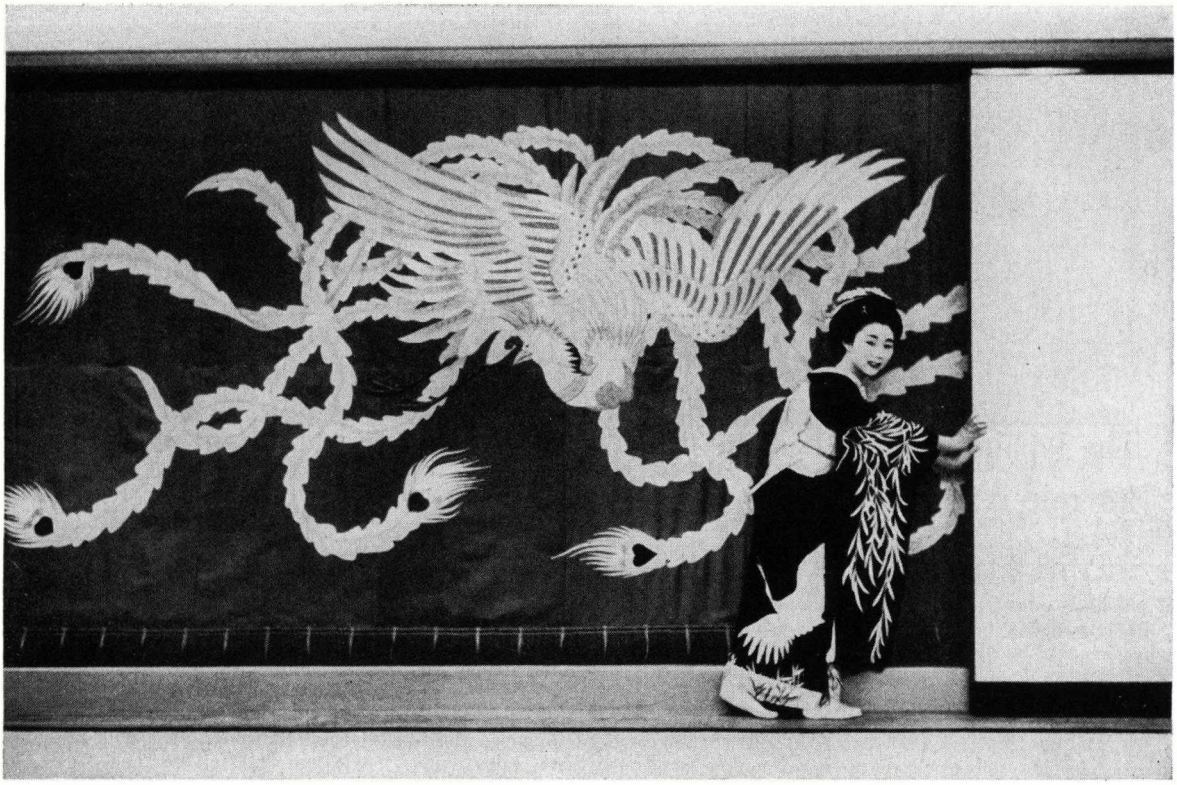


GEISHA GIRL PREPARES STAGE for ritual dance. Most geisha houses and restaurants in which geisha entertain are furnished expensively; back drop above is embroidered. The costume this geisha wears cost over $600.

ranged; on the walls, spaced so that one could not possibly detract from the other, were water colors. The Japanese believe that beautiful things should be appreciated singly; the loveliness of one object must not intrude upon that of another.

We went upstairs to a room that seemed even emptier than the one downstairs. Its principal piece of furniture was a long, broad table lacquered in green. It was no more than eighteen inches in height; around it were placed multicolored cushions, each with its own armrest and backrest. It was like sitting on chairs that had had their legs cut off. Americans sometimes complain of the discomfort of sitting on the floor at such low tables. Those who do ought to stay in America.

Upon reaching this room, our party (there were about twelve of us) was joined by at least eighteen geisha, all in expensive embroidered kimonos and the waistbands called obis, all so elaborately coiffed as to indicate they had spent a good part of their day preparing for us. They sat at our sides, one at each elbow. They were there to talk—the majority of them spoke English—and to serve us. Serve us? To make certain that everything we wanted was given us before we could voice the desire. We could not set down a sake cup or beer glass without having it refilled.

TAKEMI LIGHTS CIGARETTES, pours sake, and sometimes even feeds guests. In no other part of the world is a man so pampered by his woman.

These girls, Morris Nomura explained to me, are trained virtually from birth to please men in social situations. The word "geisha" means "artist," and the girls learn to give their lives to their exotic art. They are apprenticed to a mama-san, usually a middle-aged woman who has been a geisha herself, who instructs them in the arts of being beautiful, serving, conversing, dancing, playing musical instruments, playing games. When they are about fifteen they are ready for their life's work: they then go into a house to work, or go out from a house to assignments elsewhere.

When they go out, they travel by rickshaw, closed in the winter, open in summer. A rickshaw outside a restaurant in modern Japan means that a geisha is working there; nobody else in modern Tokyo uses the vehicle. The costumes of the geisha cost between $200 and $1,000. They do not pay for them; their mama-sans do. Indeed, the girls earn practically nothing. The fee collected from the customer is split between the restaurant and the mama-san, who, in turn, gives her girls a pittance.

It is the mama-san's hope that each of her girls eventually will be "bought"

Although wives lament, "Our men spend too much time with geisha," Japanese men still conduct most of their business at geisha houses—on the expense account.

by a man who will keep her as his own, paying a weekly stipend after he has paid a huge initial fee, sometimes as much as $10,000, occasionally ranging upward to $50,000.

Geisha see nothing wrong in being "second wives." Indeed, many of them look forward to it; it means more luxury than they possibly could get from the mama-san. And on occasion it means the privilege of bearing a child. If the child is male, he is frequently put into an orphanage or farmed out to foster parents. If a female, she may very well become a geisha like her mother. The geisha is dedicated to being faithful to her companion, or protector; she will not cheat, even though she may hire out, with permission, to entertain other men.

The food arrived. I had heard that most Japanese food consisted mainly of fish and rice, and so it does. But what fish! And what service! We first had dried fish and red caviar, which we washed down with roughly a thousand cups of sake. The girls poured the instant we set down our cups. Then, in a dish shaped like a boat, each girl brought an oyster baked in its shell with shrimp, a slice of wild river duck overlaid with fish *pâté*, raw tuna fish, and raw salmon (marinated, and delicious), and little clusters of mustard and broccoli and parsley. There was a single flower in each boat. After that came a covered dish of sukiyaki: shredded beef, with various vegetables and a poached egg on top. Japanese beef is perhaps the finest in the world. The ranchers are not satisfied merely to fatten their beef cattle. They feed them beer and sake, and massage them daily in order to marble the meat. "It makes the cattle contented and hilarious," Morris Nomura said to me.

Throughout the dinner, which continued for about three hours, we were constantly attended by the girls. From time to time one or two of the girls would get up, leave the room, and then return just a few minutes later costumed for a dance. Before each dance they explained the story to us. Sometimes they sang as they danced, in high, oddly childlike voices. Most of the dances were comic, but some were inexpressibly sad.

The girls, between dances, kept being attentive. They taught us to use chopsticks, and our fumbling efforts sent them into hysterical laughter. They sometimes took the sticks from us, gently, and fed us. When we had mastered the sticks they showed us other accomplishments: they made paper cut-outs, like those which children learn to make in nursery school, and they made artistic designs on the table with match sticks. They sang a song about baseball ("Safe-a! Out-a!"), illustrating it with gestures (the Japanese are almost as crazy about baseball as they are about cameras and photography).

This evening, if paid for by an individual, would have cost, including the food and drink and cigarettes, roughly $20 per geisha. There were eighteen; that meant that Mr. Ichimura must have laid out $360 to entertain our group. To maintain this house costs him roughly $100,000 a year. He entertains friends and business associates in it nearly every night.

Of course, these were first-rate geisha. One can hire others for more modest prices, as low as, say, three dollars per half-hour, take them to or meet them at a restaurant, and pay for the private room and the food on what in America would be an à la carte basis.

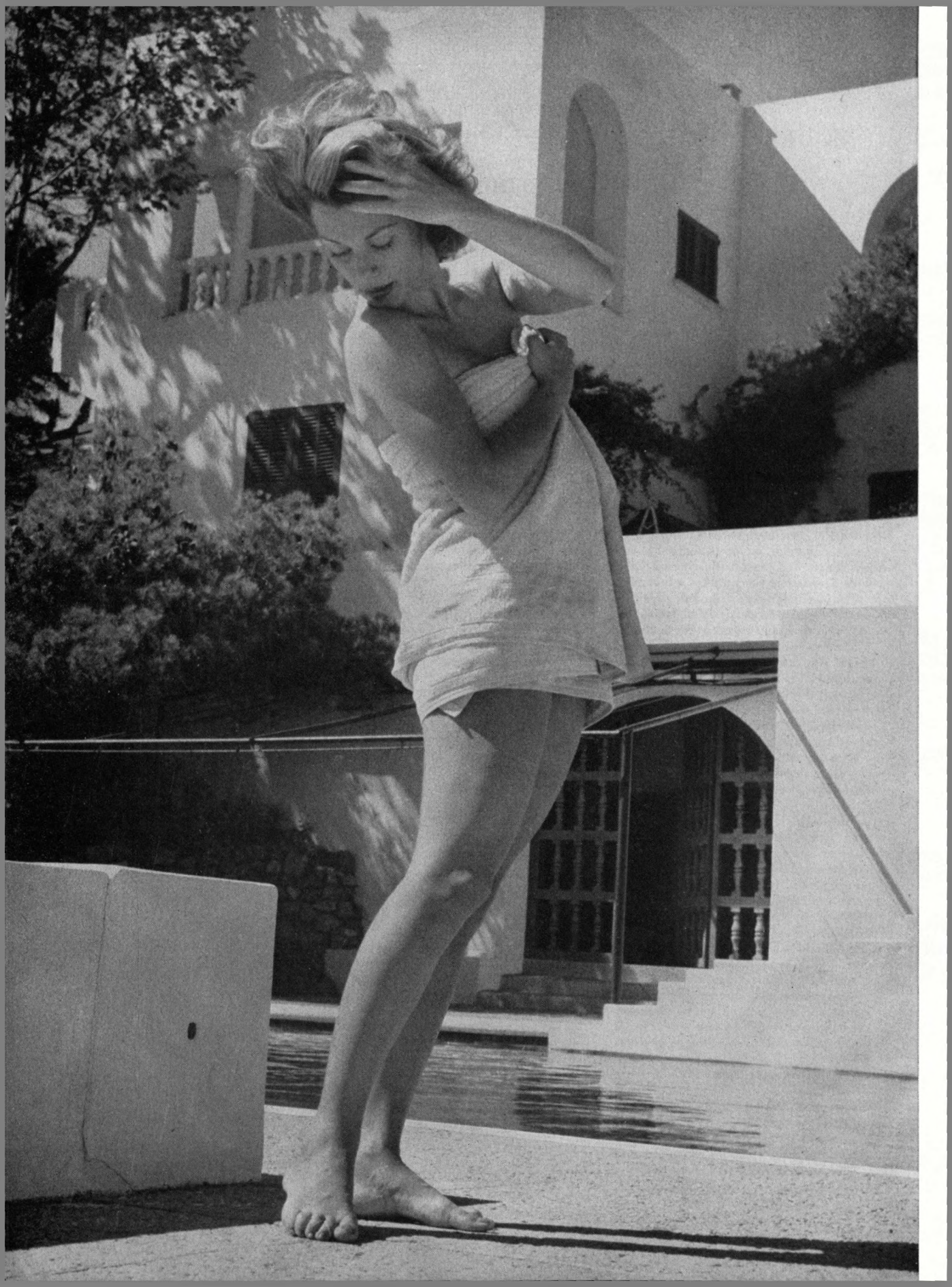
At last, to everyone's regret, it was time to go. At the door, the girls presented each of us with a silver lighter. They seemed genuinely sorry to see us leave, and there was mutual regret that the evening could not continue.

The next evening, Tomamasu Takeshita, one of Mr. Ichimura's lieutenants, came around to my hotel to take me to a Japanese night club. As we were hurrying along, I remembered the night before, and I wondered what his wife thought about all the entertaining he did as a matter of course in his business. I asked him about it.

"What she thinks?" asked Takeshita, incredulously. "She thinks it is my business. Tokyo, don't forget, it is a man's town." He grinned.

"You said it," I said. THE END

AS A GUEST LEAVES the geisha house, his companions of the evening bow him out. Often the geishas give farewell gifts such as silver cigarette lighters.



LINDA CHRISTIAN

The Intercontinental Miss

How much has she *really* been maligned and misunderstood—even by the millionaires who pant around the world after her?

BY HYMAN GOLDBERG AND BRIAN O'CONNER

There are two ways to look at Blanca Rosa Welter, who travels —and travels nearly everywhere, from the Riviera to Hong Kong, often attended by an enormously rich playboy —under the name of Linda Christian. One is to gaze across the rim of a champagne glass (your own; she does not drink) into those deep green eyes, appraise those moist lips which curve upward at the corners, that flawless nose, those well-defined cheekbones, the naturally wavy hair, now Titian, now blonde, and the contours of that "lean, hard, and durable body" (her own words for it), meanwhile choking a bit on your champagne—and to decide, with that inbred male willingness to accept as gospel anything a *femme fatale* says, that here is a poor woman whose beauty has been a curse, who has spent her life in the pursuit of happiness and love, and who has been maligned and slandered beyond belief and reduced to a state where she asks only to live in peaceful contentment. That is approximately Linda Christian's view of herself.

The other way to look at Linda is to take the view that hundreds of thousands of newspaper readers take if they believe what they read—and if they do, they are swallowing one of the great stories of conquest and acquisition of all time.

Apart from the accepted reasons for man's ceaseless chase after woman, and apart from her own natural equipment, which is abundant and superb, what, one asks, has caused so many wealthy, handsome, athletic men to pant after Linda in countless chases around most of the world? In point of fact, these men pursue Linda the way the foxes around Litchfield, Connecticut, give tongue after Sherman Haight's hounds. Or: "They chase her until she catches them," as the old saying goes.

Linda is perfectly cast in her role as queen of the international hunt. She once said, "I'm half-Dutch, a quarter German, an eighth Spanish and an eighth French, and I speak all four of those languages plus Italian and English. That makes me sexilingual." Actually, she does not speak all these languages fluently, but she speaks enough to get by very well indeed. And as more than one man has discovered, when hard pressed she resorts to her own language, one of the few dialects in the world that utilizes utter silence as its principal alphabet.

Her Silence Is Golden

Linda has been using this language, now, for nearly twenty years, principally to acquire a fortune which, while not quite comparable to those of her many millionaire playmates, still is not exactly a handful of change. Indeed, although she lists her occupation as "actress," she has earned little from that line of work.

She got into action at a fairly tender age. Now thirty-five, she calls Mexico her native country, since her father and mother were living there, in Tampico, when Linda made her first appearance. Her father, Gerald Welter, was a Dutch oil man; her mother, Blanca, was half German and half French-Spanish. The family did not stay in Tampico long. "We moved around." Linda later wrote in her autobiography. The family moved around so much that Linda was educated in eight different schools in five different countries: Mexico, Switzerland, Holland, Italy, and Palestine.

The Welters were living in Jerusalem, and Linda, then still known as Blanca Rosa, was in a girl's school, when General Rommel's Nazi forces began their drive on Alexandria. Although it was 1942 and Linda was only eighteen, she immediately went to work in the British Censorship Office, passing on letters written in German and Italian. She also helped organize a canteen for British troops. Later that year her mother took her and a sister, Ariadne, to South America and then on to Mexico. What happened to Linda's father is not known. Linda wrote nothing about it in her recollections, nor did she mention the fact that in Mexico her mother married a prominent physician, Dr. José Amezquito.

Linda today likes to say that she originally had hopes of becoming a surgeon. Toward that end, she enrolled in a medical college. This noble aim was nipped by Errol Flynn, who at that time was as famous in his own way as Linda was to be in hers. According to Linda, Flynn shouted, "What? Wasting beauty like this on medicine when the world cries out for stars?" Shortly afterward, with her mother's permission, he took her to Hollywood to get her into the movies.

Flynn soon discovered what countless other men were to learn later, at immense cost: loving Linda is expensive. Once she told him that she had to have a tooth fixed. He sent her to his dentist. The bill was close to two thousand dollars—Linda had all her teeth capped.

The trouble was, Flynn had little or no time or money to spend on his protégée. Two previous interests were suing him for huge amounts. "I made the rounds with him, not of the studios but of the lawyers' offices," Linda said.

Linda then was living in an actors' boarding house that charged her $7.50 a week. Another of the boarders was Ruth Roman, who introduced her to the head

LINDA towels off after a swim. She skis, skates, rides. She gave a nude statue of her "lean, hard, durable" body to Power as a birthday present.

Photo by London Daily Express

(continued)

Pictorial Parade, Inc.

THE WEDDING of Linda and Tyrone Power brought thousands of Romans and three hundred newsmen to the Church of Santa Francesca Romana. Afterwards the newlyweds sped off to an audience with Pope Pius XII.

of the casting department at RKO. He in turn introduced her to Charles Koerner, who was then head of the studio, and Koerner put her under contract.

Charles Koerner died before he could do anything to further Linda's career. M-G-M then picked up her contract and put her into something called *Holiday in Mexico*. She used her own language in that one; that is to say, she did not say a word. To add insult to injury, a chihuahua upstaged her. Or so she claimed. In her next picture, *Tarzan and the Mermaids*, she was upstaged by a monkey. One can hardly blame her for deciding that she would have more fun consorting with higher forms of animal life. She embarked upon what amounted to a kind of sub-career: swiping Lana Turner's boy friends. Lana was in a film called *Green Dolphin Street*. Linda was in it, too, cast as a Maori girl. Lana then was going about with Turhan Bey. Before long Linda cast herself in Lana's part as Bey's girl. Lana then transferred her affections to Tyrone Power.

A "Fated" Meeting

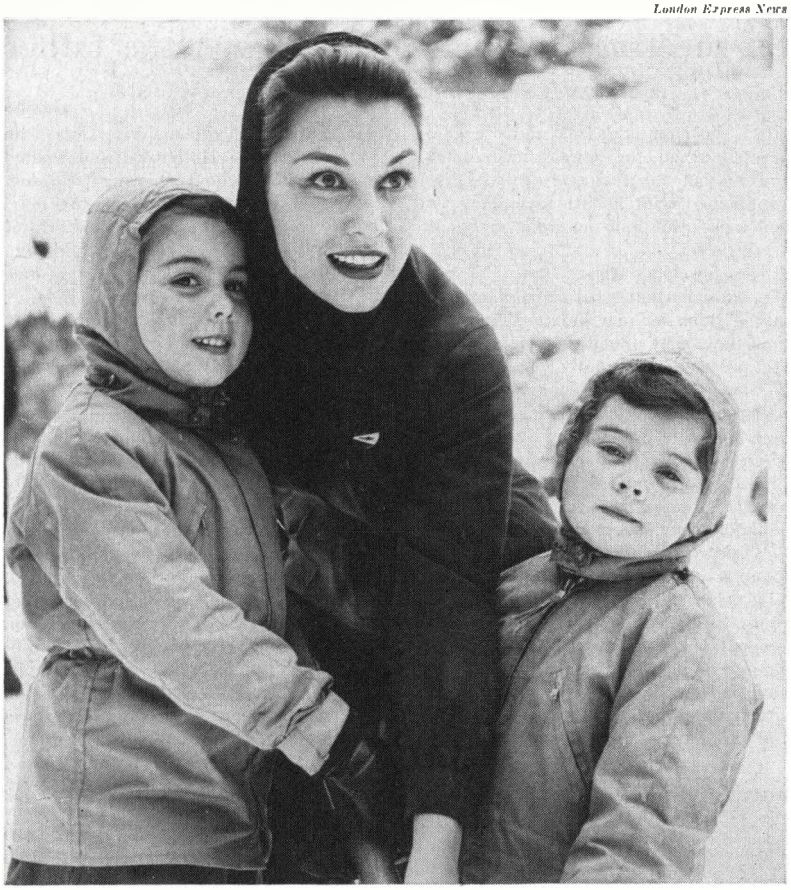
When the picture was over, Linda and her sister, Ariadne, were invited to visit their father in Rome. They flew the Atlantic, planning to pick up a car in Paris and drive to Italy. She later said. "The weather was bad, and in any case, I had this strange urge to hurry on to Rome. It was fate playing the cards. We arrived at the Grand Hotel in Rome three days before we were expected."

Ariadne discovered that Power was in the same hotel. She impulsively called him up, and he invited the sisters over for drinks. Almost immediately thereafter he swore that he was in love with Linda. She felt the same way.

There were problems, not the least of which was the fact that Power was not divorced from Annabella, the French actress who was his first wife. There was also Miss Turner, who fully expected to marry the actor. Power explained to Linda that he had to go back to Hollywood to clarify matters. As Linda tells it, Lana knew what had happened the instant she saw Power get off the plane.

Still, the press was expecting the once-happy couple to announce a date for their wedding. The Twentieth Century-Fox publicity men were equal to the challenge. They gave out this release: "It is now understood that the marriage will not take place. Mr. Power feels that at

London Express News



AT ST. MORITZ, Linda poses with Taryn Stephanie and Romina Francesca, her two daughters by Power. The girls received the last letter he wrote before his death, are now involved in a legal suit for a share of his estate.

Pictorial Parade, Inc.

LINDA ARRIVES in New York after Power's death. At his widow's request, Linda did not attend funeral ceremony.

this time he must devote all his spare moments to combatting Communism."

Ludicrous though that statement was, there was nothing laughable about the feelings the two had for each other. Most of Linda's friends have agreed that Power was the great love of her life. An actress friend of hers recently made a most dramatic assertion: "Linda would have been in love with Ty," she said, "even if he hadn't been rich."

The happy couple were married in Rome on January 27, 1949, in a ceremony that was attended, outside the church, by what seemed like half the working reporters in the world. And for a time they were happy, it seemed. Power was eager to be a father, and she was eager to make him one. Before that happened, however, two tragedies occurred. Linda's first baby was stillborn, and she lost the second one. Later she had two daughters—Romina Francesca, born October 2, 1951, and Taryn Stephanie, born September 13, 1953.

Linda's version of how the marriage broke up is a curious mixture of understanding and accusation. First she explains that Power's family was one of the most illustrious in the American theatre (both his father and grandfather had been famous actors), and that he never could understand "the contentment of a solid, secure family life." Then she goes on to catalogue his impatience with her and the children, his restlessness, and his all-around unhappiness in his role as husband and father. They separated in October, 1955, but quite a few incidents stood between that date and their divorce.

Diamonds Mark the Date

One was L'Affaire Robert Schlesinger. He was the son of Countess Mona Bismarck, formerly Mrs. Harrison Williams, one of the richest women in the United States. Schlesinger was so smitten that he decided to offer a tangible earnest of his devotion. Off he went to the firm of Van Cleef and Arpels.

His first purchase was a pair of diamond earrings, for which he paid a reported $37,000. He gave these to Linda on their third date. There are two versions of her reaction to this display of affection. According to the first, she gave a sexilingual squeal, tried them on, and tucked them away in her jewel box. According to her version, she called her lawyer and asked if it would be all right to keep them. She was inclined to refuse.

"Don't treat the boy that way!" Linda later quoted her lawyer as having said. "I've seen him through two of his divorces—he's been through the mill—and this is a drop in the ocean to him. Keep them. Don't hurt his feelings."

In rapid succession, Schlesinger selected a platinum bracelet set with diamonds and emeralds (value, $35,000); a platinum diamond ring (around $44,500); and a platinum diamond necklace ($53,000). These items, including the $37,000 earrings, came to $169,500.

All this happened between Thanksgiving and Christmas, 1954. Linda was planning to fly to Acapulco, Mexico, to spend the holidays with her two daughters. Schlesinger urged her to take her boodle along. He presented her with a certificate of ownership from Van Cleef

(continued)

"Tonight," she wrote after meeting Tyrone Power, "I met the father

and Arpels. She took it—but not the jewels—with her to Mexico. Where they were stashed, she refused to say. That annoyed her suitor to such a degree that he left her in Mexico. That was the last time she saw him.

A Gift Is a Gift

It was not the last she heard of him. On January 11, Schlesinger gave the jewelry firm a check for $100,000, "on account," drawn on the Marine National Exchange Bank of Milwaukee, Wisconsin. If the Arpels family had been looking for something with which to patch a leaky hot water bottle, they would have been suited. Unfortunately, they were looking either for cash or the return of the jewelry. The authorities took care of Robert Schlesinger, but could not legally touch Linda. The jewelers thereupon undertook to get back their property themselves.

It was a major undertaking. A representative of the firm called Linda and demanded that she give back the baubles at once. She said, succinctly, "A gift is a gift." She later added, "I think I would have returned the jewels immediately, and without any real regret, had I been approached with a little sympathy and politeness. But I do not like having my arm twisted."

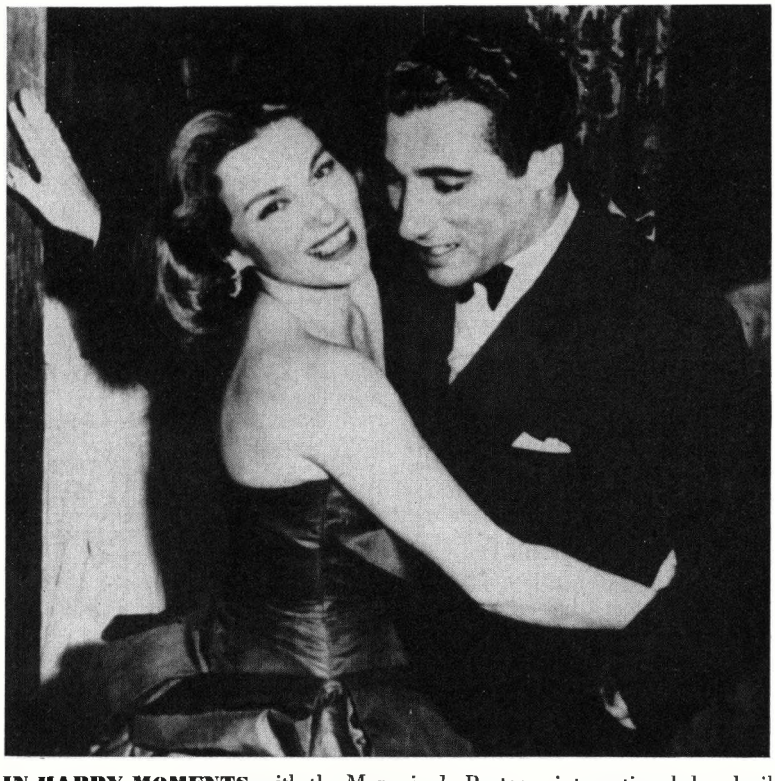
The jewelers' lawyers tried to twist her arm in a series of legal maneuvers that went on for nine months. Time after time the courts upheld her right to keep the presents. Eventually the firm gave in, and said they would pay her for the return of the jewels. The price has never been officially quoted, but it was somewhere between $40,000 and $80,000. Linda was permitted to keep the first present, the earrings; Schlesinger had paid for them with a good check.

While all this was going on, Linda had found a new heart interest, as the tabloids say. He was Edmund Purdom, a young English actor transplanted to Hollywood. According to her, she and Purdom were drawn together because they both had the same problem. Each was in a marriage that was cracking up. She and Power were already separated; Purdom was living with his wife, Tita, who was unhappy in Hollywood and wanted to return to England. One night Purdom went to pour out his problems to Linda, and from then on they saw a good deal of each other. Linda once said, "Edmund and I had an understanding . . . that was, at times, very deep and moving. But . . . we were always a mutual aid society operating in a state of mental distress."

Hollywood loves nothing better than two people who cause tongues to flap like loose sails. At first the film colony puts the pair in purdah (or, in this case, Purdom), but then its gratitude for diversion supplied spills over into warm affection, and before long the couple find themselves not only welcomed back into polite society, but their agents' asking-price for their services is upped.

The gossip about Linda and her young English friend began at once. "Linda and Edmund were smooching in Mocambo the other night," one columnist asserted. There were other headlines—enough of them to cause the two to move operations to Venice, Barcelona, Rome, and London. In Rome, on their second visit, they decided they were both cured. "There was never any question of marriage between us," Linda said. "I was desperately trying to prevent Ty from breaking away from me."

London Daily Express



IN HAPPY MOMENTS with the Marquis de Portago, international daredevil, Linda had premonition of imminent disaster. The marquis was killed in sports car crash. Linda attended the funeral, as did Portago's wife and mother.

The High Cost of Loving

Just before the experiment in psychiatry, Linda's lawyers succeeded in negotiating a settlement with Tyrone Power. It was widely reported in the newspapers as $1,000,000, but it was not quite that much—not all at once, anyhow. Power was ordered to pay a percentage of his income, not less than $15,000 and not more than $50,000, to Linda and the children for the first two years, and after that $43,000 annually for eleven years, unless Linda remarried. In addition, he had to give her half interest in their houses in Bel-Air, near Beverly Hills, and Cuernavaca, Mexico. Then too, he gave her 36 per cent of his interest in his film *Mississippi Gambler* and 40 per cent of his share of another called *The Long Gray Line*. Linda's performance in court may have had something to do with this generous settlement. Telling how Power had become "distant and cool," she broke into tears. It was perhaps her finest role. Still, to give her her due, it may be that she asked such a stiff settlement because she wished the marriage to endure. Late last year, when Power died of a heart attack in Europe, she flew from Paris to Hollywood with her two children to pray at his

# of my children."

fresh grave. On that visit she said that, as far as she was concerned, she and Power still were married in the eyes of the Catholic Church. "I still love him," she declared.

By saying this she was canceling out previous statements to the effect that the Marquis Alfonso de Portago was her great love. She met Portago immediately after she broke up with Purdom—on the very aircraft, in fact, that carried her from Rome to Paris.

Portago was, to put it as gently as possible, a crazy mixed-up marquis. It is axiomatic that psychiatrists seldom get much trade out of the Latin countries, but the entire first-string team at the Menninger Clinic could have spent a year studying Portago without getting to his core. He used to say in utter sincerity that he felt that he would never be killed; yet he had a death wish that would have made that of a lemming seem whimsical. He was a daredevil horseman, bobsledder, skier and, above all, sports-car driver. "Fon knows no fear," his friends said. Yet he was in mortal terror of all dentists (the Menninger lads would have some interesting observations on that), and he was superstitious. He believed that sending a woman flowers robbed him of some of his masculinity. He hated to change his socks.

Linda has said she held him at arm's length, in the beginning—and so she did, for a few days. Then, ignoring the fact that he was still married to Carol McDaniel, a beautiful blonde South Carolina girl who had borne him a son and daughter, and that he had had an illegitimate child by an American model in Paris, she succumbed. Then began another international jaunt—to St. Moritz, Cuba, Tangier, Holland, Madrid, Milan and many, many other places where the Marquis competed in sports-car races.

The Portago Suicidal Crash

Linda has said that she always had a premonition of the Marquis' death, and that she begged him to give up racing many, many times. He refused. On May 12, 1957, while driving in the celebrated Mille Miglia, he proved the accuracy of her prediction. Near Mantua, his big, powerful car skidded and plunged into a bank, killing five children and five adults and, as a grim afterthought on death's part, him and his American driver, Eddie Nelson. Linda flew to Madrid for the funeral, dressed in black. Portago's mother was there, and so was his wife.

After the Portago suicide-murders Linda remained out of the headlines for a time—but only for a time. She soon came

Mondadori Press

LINDA WAS NAMED by Tita Purdom in divorce action against her English actor-husband, Edmund (pictured here at Cannes). Linda later described their friendship as "a mutual aid society operating in a state of mental distress."

London Daily Express

WITH MILLIONAIRE Brazilian escort, "Baby" Pignatari, Linda visited Athens on a round-the-world tour. At one point, Linda made the announcement that she and Pignatari were engaged, but their wedding never took place.

to the attention of Francisco Pignatari, a gray-haired Brazilian millionaire (mines and various industries) who for some unaccountable reason is referred to by his friends as "Baby." Pignatari, in his early forties, twice married, previously had been a stranger to the solar system in which Linda is orbited. She gave him entree, and he, evidently out of gratitude, gave her a diamond solitaire worth (it is reported) $40,000. Together they gave the excitement-starved world a fine collection of headlines.

An Ambivalent Affair

This romance—or farce—opened in Rome and went on the road almost at once, to Cortina d'Ampezzo, a ski resort. There it was reported that the lovers were engaged, and the $40,000 diamond was put up as proof. Several months later, after they had broken up and reconciled a number of times, Pignatari swore that he never had been engaged to Linda. He pointed out that he never had been divorced from his second wife.

"I made no promises," he said. "I just *said* we were engaged so I could get her into the same hotel suites with me."

After this less than gallant remark, Linda could not have been blamed for calling Pignatari not "Baby" but "Piggy." But either there was too much at stake, or she had been gripped again with wanderlust. One night in a night club in Rome she lost an immensely valuable jade earring. The place was all but torn apart, but it could not be found. Pignatari now revealed that once, as a boy, he had studied geography. He recalled the vital, basic fact that jade comes from the Orient. "We will go there," he said to Linda, "to buy you another earring to match the one you lost." They flew to Hong Kong, stopping occasionally along the way to sight-see, and impulse-buy souvenirs for Linda.

From Hong Kong, Pignatari took the future Linda Christian to Rio, where statements were given out, principally by Linda, regarding their forthcoming nuptials. Then Linda announced that she was flying home to Mexico to tell the glad tidings to her mother and two daughters.

Almost before her aircraft had begun to climb, Pignatari called a press conference. "My affair with Linda is definitely at an end," he said.

But Linda has learned that one cannot always believe what one reads in the papers. Operating on this thesis, she flew back to Rio, where she began to beleaguer Pignatari by telephone and telegraph and to plead with friends to mediate in her behalf. A Hollywood junket laden with stars and starlets was arriving in Punta del Este, Uruguay; Linda flew there because she knew that playboys from all over South America were con-

verging on the scene to look over the imported talent, and she was hoping that Pignatari would turn up.

During the festival, a wire arrived: RETURN QUICKLY. I NEED YOU. BABY. Linda tore back to Rio, only to learn that the message had been dispatched not by Pignatari but by one of his many fun-loving pals. As though to make up to her for this cruel jape, Piggy then invited her to lunch. Two o'clock arrived, the usual hour for lunch in Rio, but Pignatari did not. A good many others did: dozens of taxis, horns blaring, circled her hotel, banners streaming behind them which read LINDA GO HOME. Simultaneously, scores of men recruited from Rio's slums picketed the entrance, tooting horns and carrying signs with the same heartless legend. So that there could be no doubt as to who had conceived the tender demonstration, Pignatari stuck his head out of his own suite and waved a banner. It, too, said LINDA GO HOME.

Nothing But a Nightmare

Later, when the excitement had died down, Linda made a queenly appearance. "This is all very curious, very original," she pronounced. "I'm sorry I missed it all. I was asleep."

Pignatari repented. Accompanied by Jorge Guinle, another fun-loving Brazilian millionaire, he turned up in New York shortly thereafter and made up with Linda, presenting her with a solid gold make-up case. This was enough to make her murmur, "We're very happy." This idyll was short-lived and, like the others, explosive. A few days later Pignatari went to El Morocco, a night club favored by these spirited types, with a beautiful fashion model, Melissa Weston. Linda then transferred her favors from Brazil to Greece; her companion of the evening was Peter Theodoracopulos, a tennis player and—what else?—a millionaire. A minor commotion arose when another millionaire, this one from Detroit, Butler Miles by name, denounced Pignatari loudly for his shabby treatment of Linda and then, suiting action to words, took a poke at the Brazilian. This was puzzling to Linda, who had never seen the gentleman before in her life.

Things quieted a bit on the headline front when Pignatari and Guinle flew to visit the Brussels World Fair. Linda flew after them. The Fair was too tame; all hands soon wound up in Rome, but separately. Although Pignatari and Linda stayed at the same hotel. The Excelsior, they were not seen together except for one night when they met at the entrance of Club 84, a night spot, and denounced each other in pungent phrases. After that, Pignatari more or less faded out of Linda's life, and she consoled herself with many other partners.

London Daily Express

ALY KHAN loaned his villa outside Cannes to Linda in the autumn of 1957 so that she could work on her memoirs. Friends estimate her fortune as close to one million dollars. From one admirer alone, she received $169,000 in jewelry.

In addition to the expensive Who's Who of Lindasuitors in the columns, there have been some others over the years who for one reason or another have managed not to make the headlines that ordinarily darken Linda's wake. One of these is Aly Khan, whose hospitality to the intercontinental playgirl extends back to the autumn of 1957, when he turned over his villa, Château de l'Horizon, outside Cannes, to her so that she might work on her memoirs, a project urged on her by Lord Beaverbrook, one of Britain's foremost press tycoons.

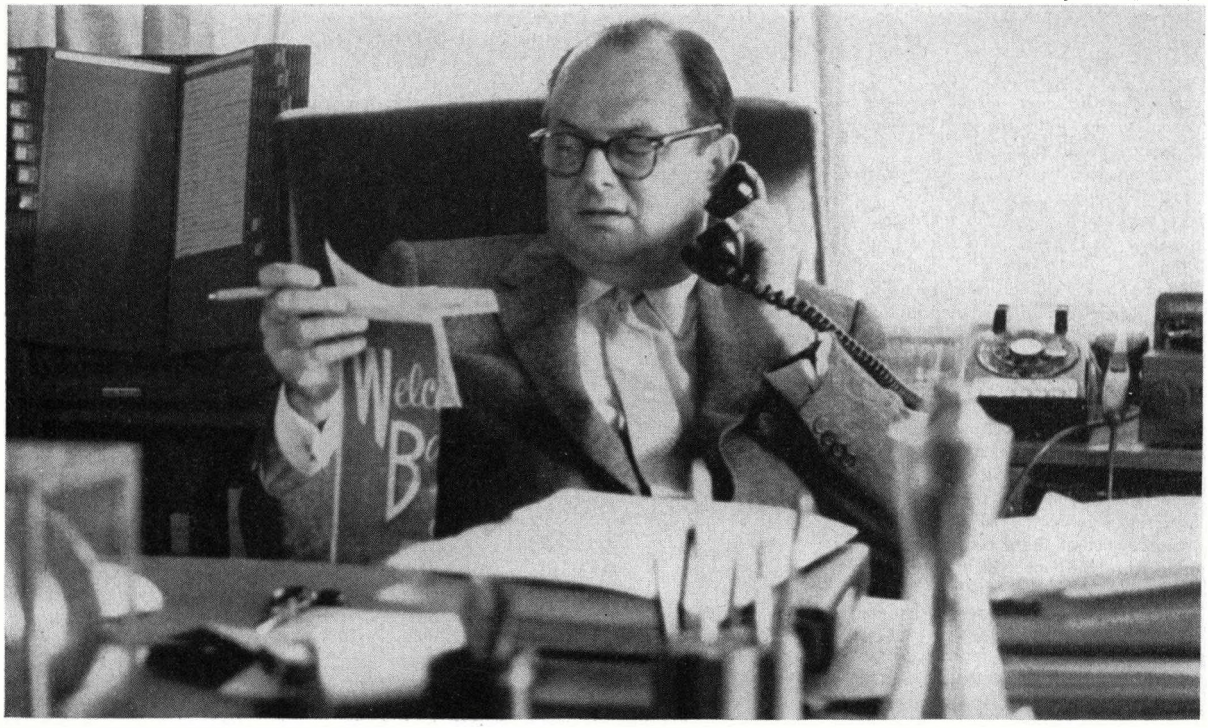
They Come and Go

Aly dropped out of Linda's life while she was busy conquering South America, but this past spring he was again on her personal horizon. He gave a state party in his capacity as Pakistan delegate to the United Nations General Assembly, and one of the most glittering guests was Linda, who came on from Hollywood especially for it (in her capacity, one jokester mentioned, as Ambassador from Van Cleef and Arpels). Her aircraft was late getting in; she changed in the cabin and dashed into Manhattan. She and a friend stayed on a few days after the party as Aly's guests, one columnist stated.

A Theory About Men

Six weeks later, after Linda had returned to her Beverly Hills home, Aly entertained Lady Adelle Beatty, the American-born beauty whose just-previous suitor was Frank Sinatra, at his château. This may have meant that his ardor for Linda had chilled somewhat, but that could have meant little to her. She always has believed in the old theory that men are like street cars—if you miss one, there'll be another along. Except that she has brought the theory up to date: in Linda Christian's life, men are like jet planes. THE END

Photos by Richard K. Reinhold



A SELF-MADE MILLIONAIRE, Wald still spends fourteen hours a day in his Twentieth Century-Fox office. His production schedule includes sixteen films, whose writers can expect daily memorandums and 7:30 A.M. phone calls.

What Makes Jerry Run

Few executives in the movie business—or out—can compete with the pace set by Jerry Wald. He works on fifty projects at one time, writes one hundred letters a day, and his pictures, mostly about man and his woman, have made millions.

BY RICHARD GEHMAN

To appreciate the eminence and significance of a swift-talking, immensely prolific motion picture producer named Jerry Wald, who is likened by some to a rhinoceros and by others to an overfed fawn, it first must be understood that Hollywood, the geographical entity and the state of mind, is a factory. (Come, come, Bosley Crowther, don't pout; to use one of your expressions, there is no gainsaying the importance of factories in our society.) It is true that the factory has turned out a considerable quantity of art, but nothing happens in Hollywood today that is not directed toward the manufacture of its products, motion pictures, and the getting of you and me into the theatres, or in front of the television screens, to stare at them. The managers in Hollywood are as perfectly aware of that as their counterparts in the canned soup business; they have even adopted the vocabulary of the manufacturing plant; but their employees, who are as unionized as those of any other factory, and presumably as afflicted with intimations of imminent strangulation, like to think that their own factory is nothing but one vast arena for the pursuit of art.

Good Movies, Good Business

It is therefore refreshing to come across a singular soul like Jerry Wald, who speaks in the same high-flown phrases as his fellow managers, but who realizes that business is business. In realizing it, however, Wald does some remarkable things; in a way that is palatable to the masses that consume his product, he explores the subtle reaches of man's ambition and despair, his moods and exhilarations and terrors, and—above all—his relationship to his woman.

Since 1941, Wald, whose energy is such that he makes his teenaged son Robert seem as sedentary as Nero Wolfe, has been exploring these themes, especially the one involving the relationship between the sexes, at a furious rate—but with a controlled, clock-punching fury. Among the more notable items he has stacked up on the shelves have been *The Man Who Came to Dinner, Action in the North Atlantic, Destination Tokyo, Johnny Belinda, Key Largo, The Glass Menagerie, Clash by Night, The Eddy Duchin Story, An Affair to Remember, Peyton Place, The Long, Hot Summer,* and, most recently, *The Sound and the*

Fury, the title of which prompted one Hollywoodian to ask if by chance it was his autobiography. To date he has produced fifty-three pictures. Between 1934 and 1948 he had writing credits on thirty-five. In 1948 he won the Irving Thalberg Memorial Award given by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for "the most consistent high quality of production achievement."

Oscar Winners

Three of his pictures have brought Oscars to the stars: Joan Crawford for *Mildred Pierce*, Jane Wyman for *Johnny Belinda*, Claire Trevor for *Key Largo*. Miss Trevor's agent had not wanted her to make the latter. "Are you out of your mind?" Wald had shouted. "Let me put her into it, she'll win an Oscar." He was so insistent, the agent finally consented. Since then, when Wald speaks, that agent listens. Time and again he has shown that his instincts are sound. When he approached Jack L. Warner, for whom he worked for many years, and suggested they make *Johnny Belinda*, the executive snorted with laughter.

"A picture about a deaf mute? You're out of your mind, Wald."

Wald persisted. The film, made in 1948, opened a whole new era in the industry. Its success gave other producers courage to attempt themes which formerly had been taboo.

If there were currently an award for the highest total box-office gross for an individual producer, the chances are that Wald could win it easily. He himself has no idea of the amount of money his pictures have pulled in over the years, but in early 1959 *Variety* reported that of the $46,000,000 grossed in the domestic market by films released through Twentieth Century-Fox, the company under which Wald now operates, his pictures—*Peyton Place*, *The Long, Hot Summer*, *Kiss Them for Me*, *In Love and War*, *Mardi Gras*—accounted for $23,000,000.

Wald is forty-six. At that age, after such phenomenal activity, one might reasonably expect him to be a jaded, practical, cold-blooded executive, but actually he is as volatile and explosive as a cheerleader who has just taken a handful of pep pills. He gives the impression that he is just getting into gear. One day in late March I wrote and asked him what he was up to. Back came this answer:

"Currently, my production schedule is as follows: *The Best of Everything*, from Rona Jaffe's novel, will start shooting May 13 with Jean Negulesco directing. The cast is still being put together although Joan Crawford is set to play the role of Miss Farrell. There is a finished script on *The Billionaire*, an original screenplay by Norman Krasna; *The Hell Raisers*, an original by Barre Lyndon; *The Story on Page One*, an original by Clifford Odets; *Beloved Infidel*, based on the book by Sheilah Graham and Gerold Frank, with a screenplay by Alfred Hayes; *The Hound Dog Man*, with a script by Fred Gipson based on his own book; *Sons and Lovers*, based on the novel by D. H. Lawrence, with screenplay by Gavin Lambert; *The Bohemians*, a project in which we plan to use the score of Puccini's *La Bohème* with an updated story, with screenplay by Meade Roberts; *Wind in the Country*, based on the novel *Lost Country* by J. R. Salamanca, with screenplay by Joseph Stefano; *Jean Harlow*, screenplay by Arthur Ross, based on a story by Adela Rogers St. John; and *Return to Peyton Place*, for which I hope to have the screenplay written by John Michael Hayes, who did the script for the original *Peyton Place*. Grace Metalious has finished the novel."

. . . and "Winesburg, Ohio"

"In addition, we have *High Heels*, screenplay by Daniel Fuchs and Lloyd Schearer. I have also purchased the rights to *Let It Come Down*, by Paul Bowles; *Winesburg, Ohio*, by Sherwood Anderson; *Saul and David*, by Lord Duff

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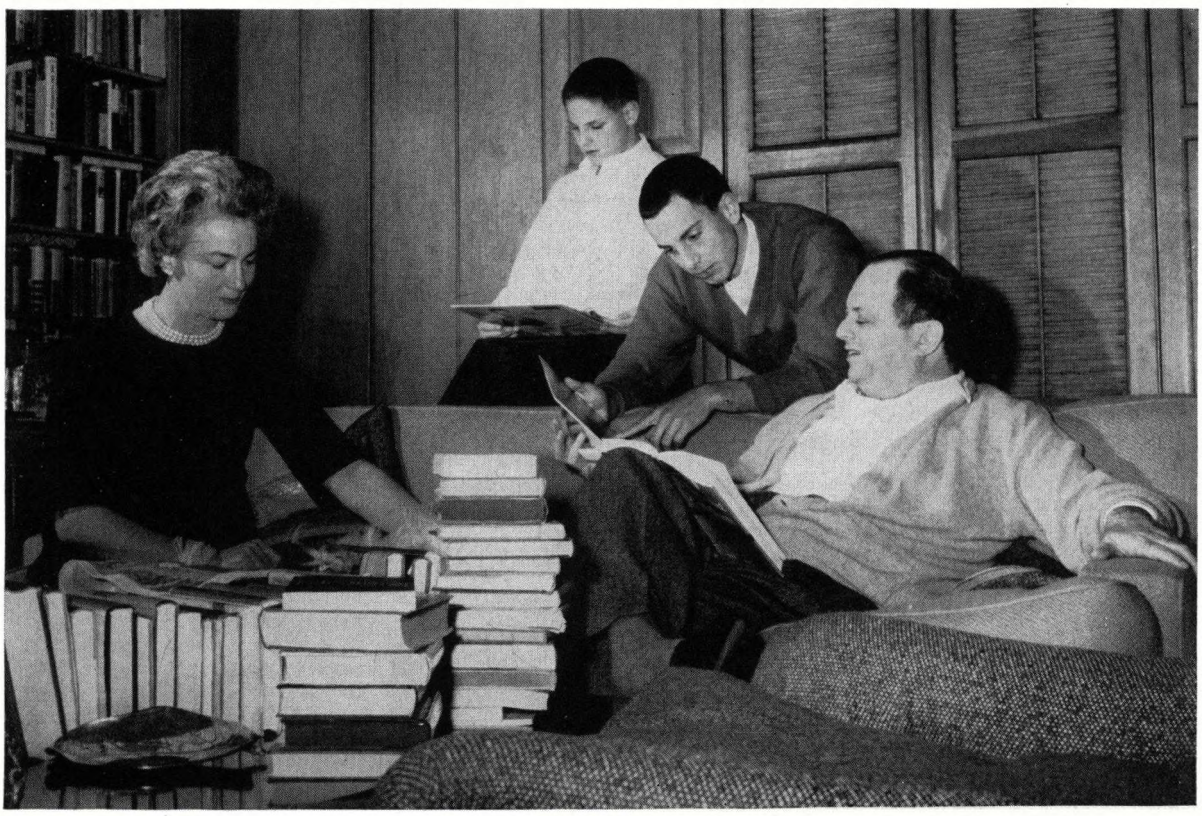

THE WALDS AT HOME. The boys are Andrew (left) and Robert. Mrs. Wald was formerly a New York model. Shutters hide screen on which Wald watches the rushes of his own films and checks on output of other producers.

Cooper; and *The Cutlass Empire*, by F. Van Wyck Mason."

After curing the eyestrain resulting from reading this incredible catalogue, I reflected that, at the same time, Wald was also putting together the Academy Awards network TV show, a gargantuan task that involved making transoceanic transportation arrangements for many of the stars, getting a finished script, hiring a director and technicians, and begging, pleading, and entreating every big name in Hollywood at the time to make an appearance—as well as settling the arguments and professional jealousies that inevitably arose. There were numerous consultations between Wald and the director, who kept insisting that the show was going to be too long. Wald felt that it would not be too long but agreed to make several cuts. As a result the show wound up nearly twenty minutes short. Wald took the brunt of the criticism, especially from such Broadway columnists as Hy Gardner.

The Target of "Axe Jobs"

Wald is accustomed to criticism. Anyone who is as prolific and dynamic as he is bound to get it from those who are less so. When Budd Schulberg published his novel, *What Makes Sammy Run?*, it was stated widely and solemnly that it was based on the life of Wald. The book portrayed a first-class, unprincipled opportunist who rose from a job as columnist on a New York newspaper to become a successful producer, and in some ways it did parallel Wald's career, for originally he was a newspaperman in New York. But Schulberg said recently, "I've spent twenty years denying that the character was patterned after Jerry." Recently a man named Jaik Rosenstein, who runs a Hollywood gossip sheet called *Close-Up*, performed what in the trade is referred to as an "axe job" on Wald. In it he told of a time when Wald was meeting Ilona Massey for lunch at Romanoff's. She greeted Wald with, "I've been hearing nice things about you, that you're the hero of *What Makes Sammy Run?*"

Rosenstein then added, "Jerry Wald never batted an eye. He has a skin that would make a rhinoceros blanch."

This was not only unfair, it was inaccurate. Wald is not only thin-skinned, he is at bottom a soft and kindly man, easily hurt (although he pretends not to be) and, moreover, a devoted and kindly son, husband, and father. (He has been married for nineteen years to a beautiful ex-New York model named Constance Polan; it is one of the happiest and most stable marriages in Hollywood; they have two sons, Robert, sixteen, and Andrew, thirteen.) It is conceivable that Wald's driving and relentless energy comes from some vague insecurity, or that he tries to conceal his essential nature by presenting to the outside world a character at variance with that inside.

Wherever it comes from, it exists. It is apparent even in his conversation, which falls around his listeners' ears like exploding hailstones. Wald talks so fast, and at such great length, it is hard to follow him. In his haste to get across his ideas he mixes up words and phrases in the manner that made Samuel Goldwyn a national legend. Telling of Rita Hayworth and a producer she was working for, he once said to me, "They were always at loggerpoints." Listening to *The Star Spangled Banner*, he said, "When you hear that song, it should send tingles up your mind." Describing the city of San Francisco: "All it is, it's New York cut on the bias." Of a new actress he had discovered: "I'm thinking of miscasting her in the right parts."

When Wald is not talking, which is fairly seldom, he is writing. To ask him a single question is to get, inevitably, a complicated answer—and a long one. His letter to me, mentioned earlier, of which I quoted three paragraphs, actually ran to seven single-spaced typewritten pages.

Actually, Wald reads more than he writes. He spends the better part of each day and night reading books, or digests of books that have been prepared for him, or outlines of books submitted to him by agents. He reads rapidly and usually can decide if a book is potential picture material before he is halfway through (when this happens he either puts the book aside or picks up the telephone and makes an offer either to buy or take an option). His study at home, which is also his projection room, has one wall that is all bookshelves, and the books spill down from them in a cascade that runs across the coffee table and splashes up against Wald's desk and the window sill behind it. He also reads magazines—not just the major magazines that carry fiction, but technical journals and the smaller, more obscure publications.

"I try to read *everything*," Wald has said. At present he is working his way through a set of about fifty volumes of jury trial records. He subscribes to more than fifty magazines, and although most of the major publishers send him free copies of their books, they are not enough; he still spends $2,400 a year on books.

When Wald does get an idea, or spots a book property and decides that he ought to make it into a film, a Dostoevskian seizure takes possession of him. He gets a transformed, trancelike expression in his eyes, and he walks around bumping into things. He responds to his wife's conversation with abstracted grunts. Mrs. Wald has been going through all this for nearly two decades, but she still dreads it; it is all she can do to get him to knock back a cup of beef tea. Once Donald Friede, the agent, sent him the manuscript of MacKinlay Kantor's novel, *Andersonville*. At that time Wald was a producer at Columbia Pictures, owned and operated in dictatorial fashion by the late Harry Cohn, a burly and uncompromising (and all but illiterate) man who was one of the last of the old-style Hollywood studio heads. Wald and Cohn were continually quarreling over story properties. Wald wanted to make topical pictures reflecting the times; Cohn preferred show biz pictures that told simple stories in simple words and did not give the audience too much to think about. Once, during World War II, Wald wanted to do a film about the submarine service. Cohn, forgetting that he himself had made a picture called *Submarine* twenty years before, asked, "Where's the girl?"

"*Where's the girl?*" Wald yelled. "Where the hell do you expect me to put a girl in a submarine picture?"

Another time, when Wald wanted to make *The Eddy Duchin Story*, Cohn objected on the grounds that it was about a man's death. "*Why?*" Wald cried. "Don't people *die*? Death is a great human experience, for cryin' out loud!" These were mere squabbles compared to the Gettysburg that ensued when Wald first showed Cohn *Andersonville*.

Cohn always spoke his mind. "It stinks," he said. "It's not *Gone With the Wind*."

"All right," said Wald, "but what is? It's great all by itself."

"It stinks."

Wald called Donald Friede and regretfully told him to submit the book elsewhere. A few weeks later he learned that it had not been bought by any other studio. The glazed look was still in his eyes; he had read nothing for years that he wanted so much (whenever Wald reads anything he wants, he has read nothing for years he wanted so much). He went back to Cohn and urged him to buy it.

The "Cockamamie Story"

"I tell you what I'm going to do," Cohn said. "I'll put it up to the rest of the producers on the lot." He called in all his lieutenants, turned to Wald contemptuously and said, "So okay, tell this cockamamie story."

Wald shudders when he recalls the scene. "He had me on a spot. I talked for an hour, trying to tell them what it was about. 'This is a story of *survival*,' I kept saying. 'Instinctively,' I said. 'I felt this could make a memorable picture.' I felt like—who is he?—Don Quixote with the windmill bit."

After Wald finished, Cohn polled the producers. None, of course, had the

WALD AND COMEDIAN MORT SAHL listen to writer Norman Krasna tell plot of his original screenplay, *The Billionaire.* Wald is currently filming *The Best of Everything,* which he "created" and bought before it was written.

slightest intention of opposing the head of the studio. "See?" said Cohn. "I don't like it and nobody else here likes it."

The rejection could not expunge the passion still boiling around in Wald's body. Next day, he went to Cohn and said, "Look, Harry. You humiliated me in front of all those men yesterday. You embarrassed me."

Although it is difficult for some of his ex-employees to believe, Cohn sometimes became contrite. He did not say, "I'm sorry," but he said the next best thing. "Okay, if you want it that bad, go ahead and buy it. But do me something first. Read it again. See if you don't agree that it's not for us."

"Read it again?" Wald shouted. "I *did* read it. It's a big, thick book. I only got one pair eyes to give for my country, Harry."

"Then pay ten thousand and not a cent more," Cohn said. "Go ahead—anything to shut you up."

Wald knew that MacKinlay Kantor would not be likely to accept such a low price. He called Friede and said, "Give me a little more time—maybe I can get him to go higher." Then he began to finagle. "Will you pay Kantor a bonus if it's a Book-of-the-Month?" Cohn grudgingly agreed, and also committed himself to a second bonus if the book won the Pulitzer Prize, plus a third to be predicated on its selling over 75,000 copies. The book was chosen by the Club, did win the Prize, and sold many thousands of copies over the minimum figure. Kantor ended up by getting $250,000. Wald was in New York the day the Prize was announced. He was jubilant. But the following day his wife called him to say that an item that day in *Variety* had reported, "Harry Cohn is replacing Jerry Wald as the producer of *Andersonville.*"

Wald flew back to Hollywood at once and demanded to know why he had been removed.

"I didn't like who you had lined up for it," Cohn said. "That director you picked couldn't direct his way out of traffic."

Today, Wald says philosophically, "He had to have his revenge because I'd fought him. So I stood there in his office and I said, 'Harry, I read a book about you last night: *The Prince,* by Machiavelli.' And you know what he said to me? He looked up and said, 'Is there a picture in it?' "

Selling Jerry Wald

As soon as Wald gets a project underway, he begins a personally conducted publicity campaign in behalf of it. Nobody in Hollywood is more publicity-conscious, and nobody is more accessible to reporters. Because of this he has been accused, time and again, of possessing a monstrous ego. Again, this is not altogether accurate. He seldom talks about himself; he talks about his ideas on the making of pictures (at enormous length), and of the current pictures he is doing (at super-enormous length). Curiously enough, he seems to have no interest in what is printed about him, but, as a businessman, he is interested in selling the name of Jerry Wald as a commodity. He regards himself with a strange detachment. One day I was sitting in his office when Norman Krasna, the writer, strolled in. "Ask Norman about me," he said, airily. "Go on, Norman, tell him about me."

By now it should be clear that we have here an extraordinarily complex man. Even his close friends and family do not claim to understand him completely. "I don't know what makes him go," says his brother Malvin, a successful screen writer, "but I know he's been going this way all his life." The life began in Brooklyn on September 16, 1912. Jerome Irving was the eldest of three sons of Rudy Wald, first a dry-goods storekeeper and later a traveling salesman who was more successful as a raconteur and extrovert than as a man of commerce. The family was never poor but it was never especially well off either, and young Wald must have been determined to become successful at an early age. (Once he said to the writer Lester Cooper, "When I was young I read nothing but biographies—because those people *made* it.") He attended public school and went on to James Madison High, where two of his fellow pupils were Garson Kanin and Irwin Shaw. In addition to going out for track (the half-mile) and soccer (he managed the team), Jerry joined the staff of the school newspaper. "I was editor-in-chief," he says, "so I was bound to get printed."

In high school he served as an errand boy at the Century Publishing Company, which strengthened the desire to be a newspaperman that had originated with his service on the school journal. In September, 1929, he entered New York University, and shortly thereafter he decided that the beginning of his career was long overdue. Looking over the New York newspapers, he saw that the old *Graphic* was the only one that did not run a radio column. Wald went to the office of Ted Von Ziekursch, the editor, and announced that he wished to do a radio column.

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Culver Service

JOHNNY BELINDA, called "too risky" when Wald suggested filming it, won an Oscar for Jane Wyman (above, with Wald, Agnes Moorehead, Charles Bickford).

"Send a sample," said Von Ziekursch, convinced that that sentence would dismiss forever the kid in the NYU sweater.

Wald went immediately to the offices of CBS, where he happened to run into a young publicity apprentice named Bob Taplinger. Somehow he was able to convince Taplinger that he was the *Graphic*'s new columnist, and Taplinger, hoping to ingratiate himself with the CBS stars, introduced him to Ted Husing and others. With the material he collected, he wrote six columns, sent them to Von Ziekursch and was hired at $12.50 a week.

Never Attack Anybody Small

Three men whose names have become household words, or night-club words, in the world of columnists were then working on the *Graphic*: Ed Sullivan, Louis Sobol, Walter Winchell. The story goes that Wald went to Winchell and asked how he could become an instantaneous success. "The trick in this business," Winchell is reputed to have said, "is never to attack anybody smaller than yourself." Wald says that he doesn't remember if this actually happened, and that Winchell doesn't remember it either. In any event, he decided to attack someone bigger. Rudy Vallee was then the biggest attraction on the radio. Wald established a one-sided feud with the crooner, and wrote so many slamming items that one week the *Graphic* got three thousand letters of protest from pro-Vallee groups. The feud became two-sided one night when Vallee swung at him in front of a Broadway restaurant. This got Wald the publicity he wanted, but his continued attacks on public figures eventually cost him his job. After an especially vituperative blast against Graham McNamee, the sports announcer, there were so many protests from the industry that Wald was fired.

He did not remain idle long. Russ Columbo, another crooner, was coming up fast as a popular favorite. Wald wrote a fan-magazine piece about him. Dick Powell, the movie star, read it and brought it to the attention of Warner Brothers, who promptly sent for Wald to come to Hollywood and collaborate on the screenplay. The picture was called *Twenty Million Sweethearts*. It was a big hit—for everybody but Wald, who was on a one-picture contract and whose option was not renewed. Back he went to New York. There he was invited to see a screening of the movie which was being given for the president of the studio, Jack L. Warner. The latter was so enthusiastic he immediately rehired Wald and sent him back to the Coast on a new and more lucrative contract. That was in 1934. For the next seven years he worked at Warner's as a writer.

In 1936 Wald met Mark Hellinger, who had switched from writing a column to producing movies. Hellinger became his idol and mentor, and it was largely through his efforts that Wald, in 1941, became a producer in his own right. In 1935 Wald had married Eleanor Rudolph; the union lasted not quite a year. For a time he and some other unattached companions lived in an apartment in Beverly Hills, but it was not the usual kind of bachelor apartment that features around-the-clock carousing. Wald doesn't smoke, and drinks very little.

On Christmas Day, 1940, Wald married Constance Polan, a handsome, intelligent girl from West Virginia who after a stint as a model in New York had come west with her brother, Barron Polan, the agent. A short time after they were married they moved into a spacious Connecticut-type house, of wood and stone, on North Beverly Drive. They and their sons are still living there today. Despite his crammed schedule, Wald spends a lot of time with his boys, who are students at military school. Robert says, "Dad is our pal. I mean, whenever we're in trouble with Mom or anything, we go to him."

Enter Howard Hughes

Wald remained with Warner's until 1950, when his contract still had two years to run. He was increasingly unhappy, for he and Jack L. Warner were in continual disagreement over story properties, choice of stars, etc. ("He turned down Marlon Brando," Wald says, "because he said he didn't like actors who blinked.") Howard Hughes, then the owner of RKO, heard of Wald's unhappiness and asked if he would like to go with him. Wald went to Warner, who demanded $1,000.000 to release him from his contract. "I'm delighted that you think I'm worth a million," Wald said. He and Hughes laughed heartily over Warner's demand, but Hughes then hired a lawyer, Lloyd Wright, to negotiate to buy the contract. Wright managed to get Warner down to $250.000. Hughes advanced the sum, and Wald and Norman Krasna moved to RKO. Wald repaid Hughes out of profits from his movies.

He did not make many. Hughes liked to keep a firm grip on all his properties. He was busy with many other interests: his tool company, his airline, his brewery. Wald would argue with him, whenever he could get to see him. That was not often; Hughes was continually slipping away on some errand that had nothing to do with film-making. Then he would return and issue orders about films that were in production. Wald says he finally decided to leave after a discussion which ended with his saying, "Look, Howard, please let me have my own way—do I try to tell you how to put propellers on your planes?" They parted amicably.

Wald next went to Columbia, under Harry Cohn. Almost as soon as he got there he began to chafe under the tight grip Cohn kept on all studio operations.

"It was nothing but one argument after

another." Wald says. "Nothing but aggravation. I'll tell you how Harry was. He was like this great coach of a football team: he's got about two minutes to play, and he calls in his star halfback and says, 'Kid, you got to catch a pass and get us a touchdown.' So the kid goes in and he runs down the field and he gives a big lunge and catches the pass, and he's running down the field, and all of a sudden, on about the two-inch line he's tackled, and he looks down and who is it? It's the coach. That was Harry."

Wald left Cohn in 1955. By then the era of the independent producer was well under way, and after some negotiation he wound up as an independent under the Twentieth Century-Fox banner, where he is as this is being written. He is working as hard as ever; nobody in Hollywood works harder.

His day begins when he rises about six-thirty, breakfasts, then plunges into his study to use his dictating machine on correspondence, or to rough out some ideas on the typewriter, for about two hours. During this time he may also make a number of telephone calls to others he knows may be awake at that time. At about 9 A.M. he goes to the office, where he spends the morning talking to writers, directors, set designers, cameramen, and other technicians and, sometimes, actors. Many producers maintain a Jovian detachment from their underlings, summoning them only when they are in need of them and dismissing them after a few curt words. Wald's office door is always open to nearly anybody who happens to wander in, and unlike many of his peers, who eat lunch by snatching a pasteboard sandwich or a bowl of gruel in the studio commissary, he often takes two or three hours to go and confer with someone he is working with, usually a writer. He likes to have a writer tell him a story over and over; hearing it, he says, enables him to find holes in the script. One day I went along with him and Norman Krasna and listened to the latter outline his original screenplay, *The Billionaire*, which Wald will put into production at about the time this piece appears. At one point in his narration Krasna told of two of his characters going to lunch.

A Little Action Here!

"Wait a second," Wald said. "That's the second time you've had people eating. I don't like eating scenes. They don't move. They're static, like a Greek frieze or something."

"But it's logical for them to eat at this time in the story," Krasna said.

"It may be logical, but it isn't good action," Wald said. "Try to get them in motion."

After lunch that day, Wald went back and re-read Krasna's first rough script, then leaned back in his chair and dictated a twenty-six-page memorandum. That was fairly standard procedure. He spends his afternoons going over scripts and dictating memoranda, and he spends some of his evenings that way, too, when he is not screening a new film or looking at rushes—first takes—in his projection room. (If a publisher ever were to bring out the Collected Memoranda of Jerome Irving Wald, a fairly unlikely publishing bet, they would fill more volumes than the Britannica.) At about ten he gets sleepy. He usually is in bed before eleven. Wald and his wife have very little social life, compared to many of their Hollywood neighbors. This is something of a relief to Constance Wald, who continually, and vainly, tries to get her husband to slow down and work on a less strenuous schedule. Wald even works when he travels. Joe Hyams, the reporter, once went off on a trip to New Orleans with him and sent back an awed account of the contents of Wald's brief case: "He had galley proofs of two books in it, a half-dozen scratch pads and two telegram pads, seven magazines, two bottles of pills, and a pad which contained sheets ruled off into columns: title of picture, name of author, notes. There were thirty-one of those—they were current projects. Then there was a future project pad. There were fifty-three projects he was thinking about undertaking."

Hearing this, and remembering the countless conversations I have had with Wald, I began to have some clue to his behavior. It isn't basic insecurity that makes Jerry Wald run; he is now one of the film industry's elder statesmen. Nor is it a desire for success; he has made an immense amount of money and could retire today and live quite comfortably for the rest of his life. He is a businessman, yes, but a businessman who recognizes that he must create a commodity for which there is almost universal demand.

His Commodity Is Emotions

"In a good film, one should give the movie audience a personal emotional experience!" he shouted at me one afternoon. "Stories for the screen should deal with the basic emotions of pleasure and pain, fear and hope, love and hatred, the pulls and tugs between men and women, men and men, women and women—but especially between men and women. This is the only international language that exists." And that is the philosophy that makes Jerry Wald run. THE END

TWILIGHT OF THE BEAT

We were the coolest, the beatest, the most far-out group on the Coast. Man, we had it made! Until this Jane, a college cat from Iowa, blew in with her middle-class morality.

BY FRANK BEQUAERT ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL HAYS

I just don't dig it, man, I just don't. It must be a terrible plot of the swarming masses of American middle-class morality. I think about it and I want to clench my fists and slam them against the ringing steel of every silo on the plains as I scream out my horror like Lord Jim.

But I am alone and there is no one to tell but blank yellow paper sheets. She has scattered over the face of the earth one of the beatest groups that ever existed on the entire West Coast, exploded it in a great pathos of misery all over the land of America.

Jane came into our lives one still summer evening in San Francisco. We had all gathered in the Very, a cool, fine club of dark, beer-stained walls and a paint-peeling ceiling. Amelia sat in the middle of heavy multicarved tables with her thin, esoteric legs crossed. She wore slacks with half a leg torn off, and her beat leather jacket. Her hair swung long and black against her shoulders to the rhythm she beat with her thin-fingered hands on a small tin plate.

Sid and Al slouched in a corner booth digging Kerouac. Al held his thumbed pocketbook copy from which the square cover had been torn. Sid sat in his stained T-shirt and gray, worn trousers, and dug the words that Al read. From time to time he would rub his large, sad hands across his belly and mumble, "Man! Oh, man!"

I had Irma crowded deep into a booth, and I was pouring forth many words about the true meaning of life. She sat there in her tight peasant blouse and her hip-accentuating skirt, and smiled sadly with immense knowledge on her lips. I spoke to her of the great platonic friendship we had discovered when we spent an entire night the week before talking, she telling me the innermost personal secrets of her past, and I creating a long lie sequence about the years I was a dope addict.

Frank Moffit, that forever-moving guitar player, and Eddie, the one-armed parking lot attendant, had just come in after crossing the continent in a burned-out Cadillac that Eddie had stolen in Chicago, and which they had abandoned with a smoking engine in front of a police station in Sacramento. They lay collapsed in sleep across two benches.

I spoke on to Irma and suddenly I knew that we would soon be able to reach that point where two souls communicate on a basis that is completely real and honest. But she uttered a great platitude that crushed all that could ever possibly be. "What time is it getting to be?" she said.

"Time," I said, "is meaningless at the point we are about to reach. The great hour-sounding bells clatter only to themselves, for the world has lost the meaning of time. Why do you pick this moment when we have almost broken free from the time chain of reality to spit alarm clock questions at me?"

"Because Jane is coming and I promised to meet her at the airport."

"Who is this Jane?" I said. "Why can't she arrive alone? Perhaps she has had a sad, impossible love affair with the boy in the next seat. They got off at Denver and were married by a Mexican priest who spoke no English."

"Not Jane," said Irma.

"Who is this Jane?" I said again. "Do not tell me. I see her. She is your aunt from Alabama and is here to return you to a convent in Birmingham from which you escaped at the age of twelve."

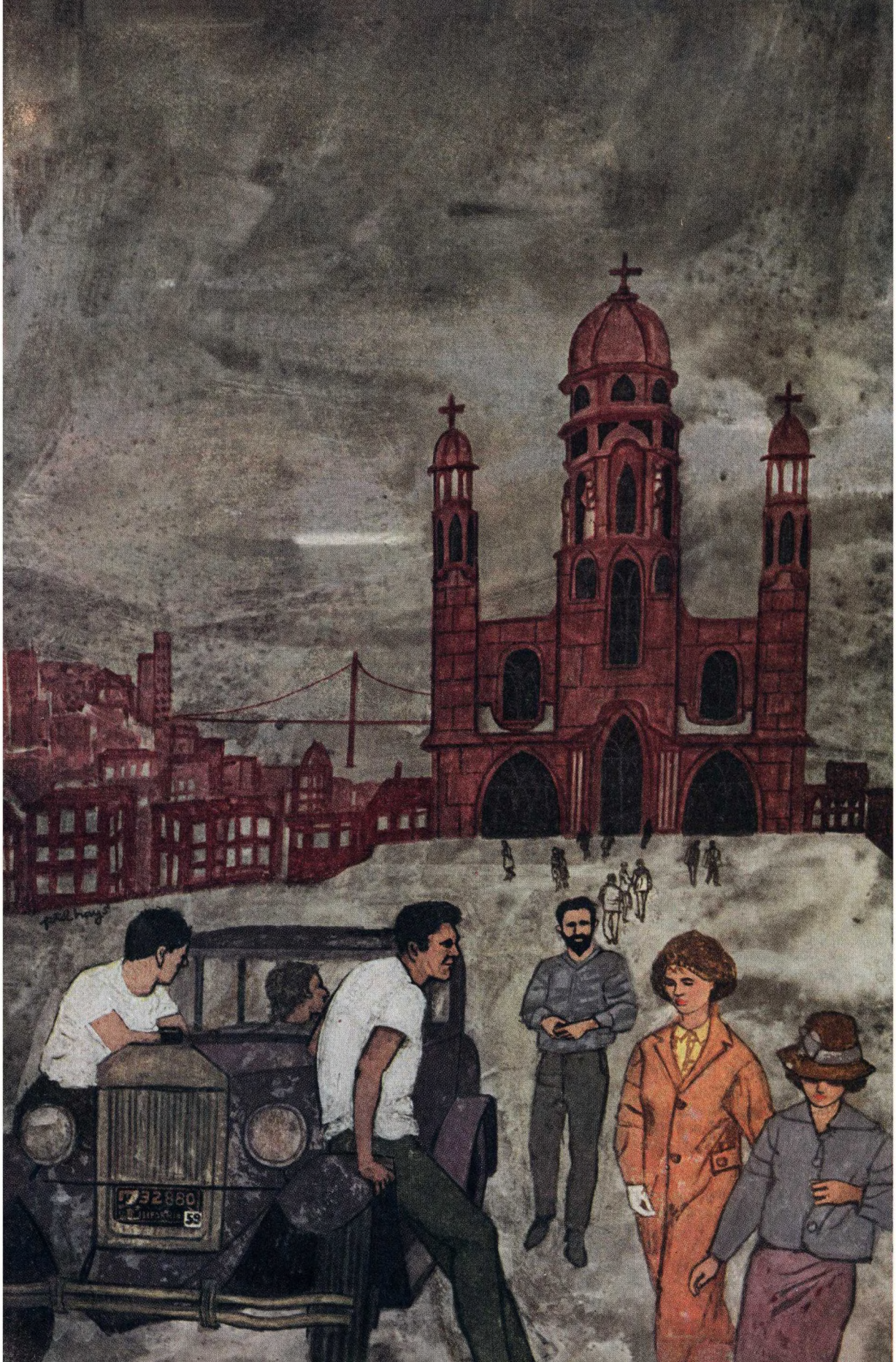
"No," said Irma. "Jane is Jane Mason. She's my cousin who goes to the University of Iowa. She's coming here for a visit."

"Oh, no! No! No!" I cried. "The fates are indeed unkind. I see her, a sad conformed product of a centralized high school. *A* in hygiene. *A* for understanding *Ivanhoe* and *Kidnapped*. Clad in a dress she made herself in sewing class, metal-rimmed glasses on her acne-flecked nose. The whole stilted, conventional Middle West rolled into one woeful, skinny girl who has no future before her but that of becoming a spinster piano teacher in a gingerbread-front house."

"Well, I don't think so," said Irma. But Sid and Al approached and dug our conversation.

"Jane Mason," said Sid. "What an utterly middle-class name. Her father is a merchant, I can be sure. I see him in his drugstore growing ever fatter on the profits of doctoring to the hypochondriac

We were all waiting when Jane and Irma came out of the church. Jane's nose wrinkled at the sight. "We will all go to Mexico," I explained, "so Sid can get a divorce and marry you."



whims of neurotic middle-aged women."

"No, no!" cried Al, "he is not a druggist. He runs a giant supermarket and stands all day in a little raised, glass-enclosed cage, where he watches for shoplifters and passers of bad checks. He is president of the Rotary Club and a leader in the community."

Amelia had stopped her drumming. "You are all absurd," she said. "He is a mortician. I know he is. He takes great pride in his work and is much in demand among the elite of his city."

"If you'd let me explain," said Irma. "Her father is a farmer."

"A farmer!" I cried. "We must dig Jane. A buxom farm lass. The girl the hired hand tumbles in the straw up in the hay mow while the lowing of the cattle below muffles her little frantic sobs."

There was a great assent to the idea of going and meeting Jane. Sid borrowed a dime from me, and went and called Washington, a friend with a car. He arrived, and we awoke Frank and Eddie. There was no time to explain anything. We got into the car and headed out the great Freeway south down San Francisco Bay. Sid's friend beat a frantic rhythm on the wheel of the car as he drove ninety down the immensity of the highway. Huge, spindly, high-tension towers spun past the headlights and we swerved onto the ramps and down into the airport. We left the car in front and pushed our way through into the airport building. Sid led the way, with long strides and an important smile on his face, down the stairs to the planes.

"There, there," he shouted as we burst into the open. He waved his hands over his head at a giant plane that smashed down the approach path with its landing lights blinding on the runway. "We are in time. She is on that plane and we must wave to her. It is very important that she know right from the beginning that we are interested in knowing her and digging her ways."

"That's not her plane," said Irma. "It doesn't come in for half an hour."

Sid rubbed his belly and smiled. He found a small boy who drove one of the little yellow trucks that rush here and there around the airport and began to talk to him as only Sid can, digging all the time the mad bustle around him. It was as if he were suddenly trying to absorb the entire truth of the universe in one white flash of a moment, from the small tale of hardship of the young driver of the little truck to the innermost secret of each roaring engine.

When Jane's plane arrived, we all stood by the little metal railing and waited for the people to come forth. I examined all of them closely as they appeared, stooping through the door of the airplane and walking down onto the pavement. My imagination explodes when I see people coming through doorways. I recreate instantly every detail of all of the possible lives each of them could have ever lived. I knew immediately the identity of Jane by her college-girl-going-on-a-trip clothes and her first glance of looking for Irma to meet her.

Sid saw and knew Jane instantly also, and stood without moving as he dug her expensive dress and cool collegiate ways. She spied Irma and they ran and clutched each other with little animal sounds of happiness. Irma brought her over and introductions took place. Jane smiled a deep, polite, glad-to-meet-you smile.

Sid started in on a long, mumbled speech of greeting, but his words were mixed and distorted.

"Can you speak clearer?" said Jane. She spoke in a voice that held a bottomless reservoir of culture. Each word was a pure crystal of unnumberable facets that sparked a deep, cold truth. No one had ever spoken to Sid with these words before. He stopped what he was saying and grinned shyly. With slow fingers he began to tuck his T-shirt into his pants.

Jane and Irma led the way to the car. Jane sat in the front seat. As the car slewed onto the highway and began to gain momentum for the dash northwards, her eyes crouched on the speedometer. We whipped past cars doing sixty and glided in and out of the four great lanes. Then Jane spoke. "Please don't drive so fast."

No one had ever said that to any of Sid's friends before. Washington looked straight ahead as if he had not heard, but the car dropped back to seventy.

"That's better," said Jane. "We're not in that much of a rush, are we?"

There was a huge silence. Jane said, "Irma, I want to get to bed early tonight if it's all right. I thought we might go shopping in the morning. It's Saturday and you won't have to work, will you?"

Irma nodded her head.

We dropped Jane and Irma at Irma's pad and drove to the Very. Sid spoke a long apology to his friend, the driver, about Jane's actions, pleading with him to understand the girl's ignorance. The driver stared ahead into the night and did not speak. When we got out at the club, he murmured, "Rightoroonivalti," and roared off.

Inside the Very, Sid threw himself down into a booth and began a slow mumbled monologue. "Stanley," he said. "there are things I do not understand about the world. We go out to welcome this girl only because she is a cousin of Irma. I call my special friend, Washington, up and request of him the special favor that he drive up to the airport. When I ask him to drive me to the airport, he leaves a very important jam session and brings his car to us. But when I try to communicate with Jane, she renders it impossible by asking me to speak in a clear voice. Does she not understand that the things I am trying to say are very difficult to say even to oneself? To welcome a stranger into a city when you yourself are not nearly ready to understand the immensities of that city is difficult indeed. But to welcome a girl such as this Jane . . ."

"Oh, shut up," said Amelia.

We turned and looked at her. This was not Amelia. Amelia was a girl who would sit by the hour digging the words Sid spoke and quietly drumming.

"Amelia," I said, "you are upset. Quickly tell us the source of your anguish that we may share it. We must know and try to understand what it is that tears at your soul."

Amelia did not speak, but slouched herself down in the booth.

"This Jane," said Al, "comes with her crisp voice and her needle-pointed high heel shoes. She takes Irma shopping quietly. Irma has not been shopping in over a year. She asks Irma if she has to work tomorrow. Irma has not worked for a timeless period, for she is deep in private concentrations. Jane is a force in our midst and we must gather ourselves against what she brings that is different from us."

"You are right!" cried Amelia. "We must stop this shopping. Irma will be destroyed by the good intentions of this girl."

"So that is it," said Frank, looking at Amelia. "You are jealous, Amelia. You wished to go shopping with Irma and Jane. But you are not invited. So you vent yourself in stupid rage."

"No, no," cried Amelia. "That is not true." We could all see that it was true and stood in silence a moment.

Frank continued. "You must tear this jealousy from your heart, Amelia. Tell yourself that this does not matter. Shopping is a middle-class form of conspicuous consumption, the exchange of money symbols between members of a cult. Shopping has no meaning in the world of true values."

"You are right," said Amelia. "Shopping has no meaning. Only at least they could have asked me."

"Don't you see," I said, "that asking you has no importance? Jane and Irma are cousins. They wish to be alone to dig each other and to speak to one another about the times in their childhood when they shared their dolls under some great spreading tree in a farmyard. Only by completing memories of each other

now in their adulthood can they grow complete in understanding of each other and knowledge of themselves in their separate youths. After the dolls in the morning farmyard, they would go up into the warm kitchen where their mothers sat talking and baking together a pie. Can you understand the importance of knowing that your mother and the mother of your cousin once baked a pie together and the whole family ate it after a great dinner of roast chicken?"

"You are right," said Amelia.

"Indeed," said Sid, "it is true that Jane and Irma are cousins and we must therefore endeavor to render her stay in this city a great and memorable occasion. We must gather together the sum of money necessary for the entertainment of this girl. Eddie, you will go to the Unemployment Office tomorrow."

Eddie and Sid were the only ones among us who were able to go and receive unemployment money without being given menial tasks to perform. Eddie was treated with this deference because of his single arm; those at the Office stood in great fear of Sid's mad, dirty ways and paid him money quickly to see him gone. But Sid never went because it was necessary to stand in lines. Ten minutes in a line would throw him into a nervous prostration that he could not dispel for days.

The next morning Eddie collected twelve dollars and that evening Washington came in his car. We moved swiftly through foggy streets to Irma's pad. Jane and Irma came down to the car. Irma had purchased a new dress from money Jane had given her. I stared at her in the crisp newness of the cloth and thought of Jane's father on the prairies of Iowa driving his tractor through the night so that Irma might have this dress.

Jane, too, was all sparkle in a dark blue all-perfection dress and her tiny pointed heels. Sid stared at her with great, bottomless eyes, trying to understand the immensities of reality that shuddered upon his senses and pulling at his T-shirt with large, mad hands.

Jane looked at Sid and into her eyes came a great revulsion. She knew then at that precise moment that the world was strange and ugly and entirely different from what she had conceived it as being. But with a deep swallowing of her soul she pushed aside this thought and smiled.

In a minute we were in the car with Washington behind the wheel. We roared through the cool damp of the great San Francisco night with the wheels of the car spinning on the wet cable car tracks. We found a tiny night club and jammed in at a table. The music poured over us in waves of pure jazz. Sid sat with his mouth open, staring off into an infinity of distance and saying from time to time, "Right, oh, right, I begin to see."

Al began to talk to Jane in a low, cool voice. I could see that he was trying to probe her soul in the way that only Al knows how. "I want to know the importance of what you feel and the way you see and understand the world," he said. "I want you to tell me, if you possibly can, all that you do not follow or know."

Jane stared, certain of his complete madness. "What?" she said.

"I know it is hard for you to understand, having just crossed an immensity of country, but I do not think that it is impossible. I know that we together . . ." He broke off and grinned shyly.

"I think he's asking for a date," said Jane to Irma. "Is he?"

"Well, yes," said Irma, knowing that Al was suggesting huge wildnesses that this girl from Iowa would never understand.

"Well, I certainly wouldn't go out with him or any of these other fellows unless they washed up and got themselves some decent clothes."

Al stared at Jane with a silly smile on his face and ran his hand up his old army shirt to where the pocket was torn away. Sid closed his mouth and peered at Jane and said nothing. I wanted to scream black oaths. The giant evening that we had planned and collected money to provide was now shattered beyond all belief. We all understood that we must move on to try to recapture some of the feelings that had been destroyed, just as we all knew that all of these feelings would never be found again.

We moved to another spot, but the evening was only grayness. We all knew this and Jane knew it, and finally she said, "I think Irma and I had better get home, as we are going to church tomorrow."

So we went outside into the dark and put the two girls onto a cable car and then roared back to the Very. It was only one in the morning, but the night was gone.

"Get some decent clothes," said Al. "Wash. Of all the people I have tried to communicate with, I think that this girl is no doubt the most impossible of all. I open my soul to her in order that we may achieve some sort of a friendship and I receive this deep slashing. I do not grieve for her

individually. It is when I think of all the others that are like her that inhabit the lands of middle America that I sorrow. Wash up and get some clothes!"

"Well. I think it's a pretty good idea," said Amelia. She turned her back on us and walked out of the Very.

"Sid," I said. "This all becomes serious. There are great powers behind this Jane. Already Irma is clothing herself in finery and Amelia has been turned against us. There is a force at work that I fear and do not understand."

Sid stared into space and smiled, and spoke. "I have decided that Jane and I must get married," he said.

"But what about Lorna?" I said. Sid had married sweet blonde Lorna, and after a long, sad six months in a New York apartment with her, had left and come to San Francisco. Now Lorna had given birth to Sid's child and wrote long heartfelt letters to him which he never answered.

"Lorna will understand. We will all go to Mexico in the morning and get my divorce. I shall marry Jane and she will understand us."

Frank Moffit stared and nodded his head slowly. It was all decided then. We would leave for Mexico in the morning.

Sid borrowed an old Ford the next morning and drove us to the church to find Irma and Jane. We swooped silently through the twisted streets. Sid had borrowed the car on the understanding that it was only for the morning, but planned to leave immediately from the church for Mexico.

We arrived and stood in a little tight group in front of the church. The churchgoers began to come out and with them Jane and Irma, looking bright and washed in the sunshine that cut through the gray San Francisco fog banks.

Sid started to explain about going to Mexico, but he began to stumble over his words and finally fell silent and stared at Jane and smiled.

"What's all this about?" said Jane.

"We're leaving for Mexico," I said. "Sid decided last night."

"He did?" said Jane.

"Certainly," said Al. "Sid is going to marry you, but first it is very necessary to go to Mexico so that he may obtain his divorce."

"You mean he's married?" said Jane.

"Of course," said Irma.

"Why isn't his wife here?" said Jane.

"Lorna was sad and unhappy with Sid," I said. "She and the child are in New York . . ."

"You mean to stand there and tell me that Sid has a wife and child in New York?" said Jane. "And this character has the nerve to propose that we all go to Mexico so he can get a divorce and marry me?" She looked at Irma. "You certainly have got yourself mixed up with a weird bunch. I wouldn't go around the block with these dirty oddballs, let alone Mexico. Let's go." She turned and walked off.

Irma gave us a glance full of many sorrows and followed her. We stood and stared at them disappearing up the sidewalk among the crowds of men in dark blue suits and women in their go-to-meeting dresses and little white hats. Sid grinned idiotically, and scratched his dirty T-shirt. Amelia shouted. "Hey, wait for me," and rushed after the other girls.

We climbed back into the Ford and drove to the Very. The next hours were sad, terrible, and empty. Gradually Eddie, Al, and Frank drifted out of the Very and Sid and I sat huddled in a booth drinking lukewarm beer. Sid muttered a long apology he would deliver to Jane if he ever saw her again. "Sorry, so sorry," he mumbled. "It is terrible that this great communication between our souls that would have been possible if we had been able to go to Mexico and perhaps beyond into some wild and unknown jungle is now no longer possible and has been shattered beyond all recall by forces that we don't understand."

He was still talking to himself in this manner when I got up and left that evening for some sleep.

I did not return to the Very until late the next afternoon. Sid was still there hunched in the booth and mumbling the same words to himself.

I bought him a beer and sat down. "Buck up," I said. "This force in our midst is only a temporary one. Soon she will return to her white painted farmhouse and we too shall return to our former state."

"I fear not," said Sid, sipping his beer and staring at me with bloodshot eyes.

Then Al came in. He no longer wore his dirty army shirt and khaki pants. He stood poised on his feet like a TV dancer, cool and commercial in a sharp creased suit.

"Al," I said, "what are you doing in that thirty-dollar suit?"

"Working," said Al.

"Working?" said Sid. He stared at Al, then reached across the table and felt the material of his lapel. "This is the suit of a man who has a job, Stanley. He is no doubt collecting rents from poor women in tenement houses for a rich baron of this region. He receives ten per cent plus whatever he can overcharge. He pounds

on cracked-paint doors, and fat women in dressing gowns empty money out of rusty coffee tins to pay him."

Al smiled. "Not quite right. I'm a trainee for a business machine company."

"Al," I cried, "say that this is not true. You have given up all that you planned to do of importance for a moment of temporary security."

"Well, I think it's a pretty good deal," said Al. "They pay me three hundred a month to start."

Sid and I just stared at Al. It was impossible to realize. Al had performed work before as a parking lot attendant, or a pearl diver in a local café, but this steady job with possible advancement was another thing.

"It is this woman," I said. "She has already driven you back into the arms of conventionality. For a primal lust you are enslaving yourself to a home in the suburbs in a row of identical homes with identical appliances and identical children with identical braces on their teeth."

"It can only end in idiocy," cried Sid. He scratched his bare arms with long, dirty nails. "You do not know the forces that will enslave you. I myself have only escaped these powers in the past by a scant margin. They are here again, gaunt and wild."

In came Irma, Jane, and Amelia, and Frank Moffit. A great transformation had come over Amelia. Her hair was cut back short and had been processed by a beauty parlor. She wore a new blouse and skirt, bought, I was sure, by the toil of Jane's father. Frank Moffit wore a great ivy league sports coat and a cool tie. They milled around the center of the room full of self-pleasure.

Al's eyes focused on Amelia and she stared back at him. "Well, look at you!" she said. There was immediately in that short flash of time a complete understanding between them, as if they both knew numberless truths about themselves and the open road of the future that stretched ahead over the bottomless pit of the horizon. Stars burst in a total madness of love between them.

Sid and I stared at each other. The room was empty for us and full of great brown shadows.

Jane came over to the table and stared at us. Her eyes flashed great bolts of anger. "Sidney," she said, "Irma has told me about the way you treat that wife of yours. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, leaving her with no money in New York. That girl must love you very much to have ever married you. If you had any decency left in you, you'd go back and take care of her. That's all I've got to say to you!"

Sid was utter sadness and hunched his shoulders down in the booth. The others went out into the evening laughing words in a tongue unknown to us concerning movies starring Doris Day.

I spoke to Sid. "She does not understand. How can she know your deep, pure sorrows? There are no fears in the land she comes from, only endless wheat ready for the combines. Even the sun and snow are pure where she dwells."

Sid rose from the seat. I could feel his bones creaking with the great weariness that was heaped upon him. "Will you lend me the bus fare back to New York?" he said.

"I thought that all was coming clear to you here," I said.

Sid smiled sadly. "There is a time," he said, "when a termination must be made to even the endless road that we all travel. I have gone a million miles without moving at all from the tiny bigoted town that I am. The great circle has come full round and I must return to the areas of the East."

And thus it ended. I can still see old Sid walking down the dirty street to the bus station where I left him forever, the beat cardboard suitcase pulling down his long arm, and his gray T-shirt tight over his bony shoulders. At the door he turned and smiled shyly and was gone.

Al and Amelia came into the Very once more for a few minutes one evening. They were married and about to move south into a tract. I tried to talk of former times, but this became impossible and instead I stuttered out many words of false congratulation.

Eddie had disappeared into Southern California looking for work. Irma returned to Iowa with Jane and is attending school there. Frank Moffit followed them there also and works in a Ford agency making vast sums of money selling expensive cars to fat farmers in mail-order suits.

I hear that Sid is living with Lorna once more and employed somewhere in the heart of New York.

But I still see him standing alone by the bus station door and wonder about where the channels of fate would have diverted him had not Jane appeared. And the anger wells within me once more and I strive to know if this girl from the middle of America was actually a great force or perhaps only a strange catalyst. I wish to strike out at whatever destroyed us, but the causes are all too tenuous and dissolve like fetid mists when I approach them closely. THE END

A Knight and His Lady

All the world loves a lover because his idiocies make other men appear sane. That's why Sir Ulrich was by far the most popular lover of his day.

BY PAUL TABORI ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT SCHNEEBERG

Ulrich von Lichtenstein was a rich Styrian nobleman. He died in 1276. His tombstone bears the oldest German inscription preserved.

Biographers sometimes indulge in the cliché of starting the description of their hero's character: "Already in his early youth he showed the signs that later determined his career. . . ." This shop-worn commonplace could be very well applied to Ulrich. He was a stripling when he fell in love with a highborn lady, constantly seeking her company. As a noble page he had access to the lady's apartments, where now and then he drank the water in which his adored had washed her hands.

It is difficult to ascertain who this lady was. So much is certain from the autobiography: she was of very high rank; some hints indicate that she was the wife of the Austrian Prince Leopold.

When young Ulrich was knighted in Vienna, he thought the time had come to offer his services in the proper form to his lady. But for a knight, it was much harder to approach a highborn woman than for a page, and so he had to find an intermediary. The task was undertaken by one of his aunts.

Now a long series of exchanges began. Ulrich sent his own songs to the lady; she accepted them, even praised them, but sent back word that she did not need a knight. Here the lady followed the age-old rule of flirtatious minxes: refusal coupled with encouragement, keeping the unhappy lover in a constant torment of doubt.

Once the lady told Ulrich's aunt: "Even if your nephew were my equal in rank, I wouldn't have him, for his upper lip juts out in an ugly fashion." It seems that the amorous knight had the characteristic Hapsburg lip—only it was the upper, not the lower, that was swollen.

As soon as his aunt delivered the message, Ulrich rode to Graz, called on the most skillful surgeon in that Styrian town, and offered him a large amount of money to operate on his lip. The surgeon undertook the job and carried it out successfully—surely the first recorded case of cosmetic surgery! But of course there were no anesthetics or pain-killing drugs in those days, and the surgeon proposed to strap the knight down; he was afraid that pain might cause him to move suddenly, the knife might slip, and all would be ruined. Of course the brave doctor did not know enough about knightly virtues and the essence of the *Frauendienst*. No true knight would miss the chance to show that he could bear any torture without a whimper for his lady's sake. Von Lichtenstein refused to be strapped down; he sat on a bench and did not wince or cry out once while his upper lip was trimmed down to normal and more handsome proportions.

The operation was successful but the unhappy patient spent six months in Graz, tied to his bed, until the wound healed completely. In the meantime he lost so much weight that he became almost a skeleton. He could neither eat nor drink; his lips were covered with some horrible ointment and whatever he swallowed he couldn't keep down. "My body suffered," writes the incurable lover, "but my heart was happy."

The report of the plastic surgery reached the lady, who thereupon wrote a letter to Ulrich's aunt, informing her that she was leaving her residence and traveling to a certain town, where she would be glad to see Auntie. "You can bring your nephew—but only because I wish to see his corrected lip."

The great moment arrived when the noble knight was at last able to express his sentiments face to face with the adored beauty, whom he always referred to in his poems as the Pure, the Sweet, the Good One. The time approached; so did the lady, mounted, alone, leaving her retinue far behind. Ulrich spurred his horse to her side, but naturally the lady turned hers away as if his approach would be unwelcome. The unfortunate young man did not suspect that all this followed the rules of amorous dalliance. He was so terribly embarrassed that his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth and he was unable to stammer a single word. In his deep shame he lagged behind, then tried to approach again, but he was still struck dumb. He repeated this maneuver five times, always with the same negative results. The ride ended, the opportunity passed. All Ulrich dared to do was to approach the lady at the end, to help her from the saddle.

The Pure, the Sweet accepted his aid and swung from the saddle, as he held her stirrup; but before she landed on the ground, she tore a handful of hair from Ulrich's head and whispered into his ear: "This for your cowardice!"

The inexperienced lover, scratching his aching scalp, pondered the mysterious (?) remark. And because he no longer trusted the spoken word, he once again employed his scribe. In a long poem

Now she coyly promised him his reward—but on one condition.

he described all his emotions, and the helpful aunt passed it on to the lady. Ulrich received an answer, but misfortune still dogged him. He couldn't read and his scribe happened to be absent. For ten days he warmed the unread letter in his bosom, for ten days he writhed on the threshold of bliss until the scribe—the only one he trusted—returned. The poor knight had been foiled again. The letter contained a poem, a very short one, but every syllable was a drop of poison for the hopeful lover. The verses were composed by the noble lady herself and expressed the thought that he who desired something forbidden denied himself.

But this could not discourage the stubborn lover. His love remained unaltered, but as words brought no success he tried to prove with deeds that he was worthy of her.

Wherever a tournament was held in the country, Ulrich appeared and fought right doughtily for the honor of his mistress. He broke a hundred lances with his opponents and he was always victorious. Nevertheless, his evil star still dogged him. One day he received such a blow on his right hand that he lost his little finger. He broke off the joust, rode into town, and there the surgeon discovered that the finger was still attached to the hand by an inch or two of skin and could perhaps be saved. It took months of treatment before the finger, though crookedly, became reattached.

In the meantime von Lichtenstein had found a new intermediary in place of his evidently inefficient aunt. One of his fellow knights had entry to the ducal court and undertook to act as messenger. He reported to the lady what heroic exploits Ulrich had performed to prove his love, and how recently even his little finger had suffered. "It isn't true, it's all lies," she replied. "I heard from a trustworthy source that he's still got his little finger."

Ulrich von Lichtenstein was saddened by this contemptuous remark; again he mounted his horse and rode to call—not upon the surgeon, but upon a friend. He invoked their friendship when he asked him to cut off his little finger. At first the other knight refused, whereupon Ulrich himself placed the knife on the sacrificial finger and threatened to cut it off. So his friend took a hammer, struck the knife, and the finger flew off. The wound was bandaged, and, as Ulrich himself reports, he began at once to compose a poem. When he finished the long masterpiece, he had a clean copy prepared and bound in green velvet; then he found a skillful goldsmith who wrought a clasp for the book in the shape of a golden finger. And his own severed little finger was hidden in this golden sheath!

His intermediary delivered the book, and waited for the effect. Seeing the grisly gift, the lady exclaimed: "My goodness, I'd never have thought that a sensible man could commit such folly!"

She also sent a message: "Tell the knight I shall keep the book in my drawer and look daily at his little finger; but let him not believe that he has approached his goal by a hair's breadth, for even if he served me for a thousand years, it would be a wasted effort."

In spite of this the persistent knight was transported by joy, for his little finger had found a much worthier place in his lady's bureau drawer than attached to his own hand. In his enthusiasm he invented an enterprise that would crown all his exploits in honor of his lady.

One day he left his Styrian castle—ostensibly on a pilgrimage to Rome. But he stopped in Venice for a winter, living in hiding, spending his time in frequenting the local tailors and ordering clothes. Not knight's apparel—but women's clothes. Nor did he order these for his beloved, but for himself. He bought a whole wardrobe. Finally he ordered two long braids of hair entwined with pearls.

When the whole outfit was ready and the year had turned to spring, Ulrich prepared a detailed plan of travel, starting at Mestre, through northern Italy, Carinthia, Styria, and Vienna, right up to Bohemia. The journey was planned to take twenty-nine days, with a carefully worked-out route, with times of arrival in each city and the inn where he would stay. This plan he sent ahead by mounted messenger to every place en route, accompanied by a proclamation according to which the noble knight intended to make his journey incognito and to hold a tourney at each stop. He was traveling not as the Lord of Lichtenstein, nor as a nameless knight—but, dressed in women's clothes, as the Goddess Venus herself. The proclamation said:

> "Queen Venus, the Goddess of Love—greetings to all knights, who are herewith informed that She intends to visit them in person, to instruct each and every noble knight how to serve ladies and win their love. She intends to set out from the city of Mestre for Bohemia on St. George's Day, and whichever knight breaks a lance with Her on the way, She will reward him with a golden ring. Let the knight send the ring to the lady of his heart; it is endowed with the magic power of kindling true love in the hearts of the recipient for the sender. But if the Goddess Venus should vanquish him in the tourney, it shall be his duty to bow to the four corners of the earth in honour of a certain lady. The face of the Goddess shall remain veiled throughout Her journey. Whichever knight, being informed of Her arrival, refuses to meet Her shall be considered by Her as outside the pale of love and surrendered to the contempt of all noble ladies."

The "Goddess" was received solemnly all along the route and not a single knight dodged the encounter. The final result was most impressive: Ulrich, in his Venus costume, broke three hundred and seven lances and distributed two hundred and seventy gold rings among his opponents.

This strange enterprise did not turn von Lichtenstein into a comic figure. The oldest collection of the songs of the German Minnesingers is the Zurich Manasse codex, which dates from the end of the thirteenth century; it presents the singers themselves in a series of fine miniature paintings. Ulrich is in very good company here; he is placed between Hartmann von Aue and Wolfram von Eschenbach, both outstanding poets. He is riding in full armor, on a caparisoned horse. His helmet, its vizor closed, bears as a device a picture of the kneeling Venus. The conception of the age did not therefore consider his peculiar quest in any way ridiculous.

As a sample of the pomp and circumstance surrounding the journey, consider his entry into Mestre:

Five squires formed the vanguard, followed by a standard-bearer who carried a snow-white flag. He was flanked by two trumpeters. Then followed three horses in armor with three spare ones; after them pages bearing the silvery helmet and the shield of the knight. Then another trumpeter with four other squires carrying silvery bundles of lances, two white-clad girls on horseback, and two fiddlers, also mounted. Finally the Goddess Venus herself, a cowled white velvet cloak pulled over her eyes; under the cloak a pure white feminine dress of silk and lawn, a pearl-studded hat on her (or his) head. Two long braids threaded with pearls swung from under the hat.

Thus Venus traveled along the prearranged route. Knights competed for the honor of breaking a lance with "her." For the jousts Venus put on armor under the dress and a helmet instead of the hat—but the braids still swung freely from under the helmet.

All along the route ladies received the champion of women with unflagging enthusiasm. In Tarvis, two hundred women gathered in the morning outside his quarters to accompany him to church. Apparently, no one was shocked when

a man masquerading as a woman tripped into the church accompanied by a whole procession, took his seat in the section reserved for women, and even took Holy Communion in the same get-up.

The adventurer of love impressed feminine hearts considerably, but he always remained faithful to his own love, though exposed to great temptation. Once the servants of an unknown lady invaded his rooms, scattered roses all over him and handed him a precious ruby ring as the gift of the noble lady, who wished to remain anonymous.

But the strangest episode of this strange journey is so peculiar that perhaps it is best to quote Ulrich himself. In a village not far from his own castle, he locked himself in his quarters after the tournament; but later he escaped through another door. The Goddess Venus changed back into a man. This is how he relates the brief episode:

> "Then, in the company of a trusted servant, I slipped out and visited my dear wife who received me most kindly and was much pleased by my visit. Here I spent two fine days, attending Mass on the third, praying to God to preserve my honor as in the past. I said an affectionate goodbye to her and rode back with a stout heart to my companions."

These few lines disclose the fact that Ulrich von Lichtenstein had married in the meantime; his autobiography informs us later that he had become the father of four children. This fine family and his loving wife did not seem to impede his amorous activities in other directions. From time to time, especially during the winter, he returned to his castle and resumed his normal conjugal life; but with the coming of spring he departed from the warm nest again to chase his romantic dreams. His wife found nothing objectionable in all this. Perhaps she was flattered by the fame her husband acquired in his *Frauendienst*, or perhaps she had a servitor knight of her own.

The "incognito" of the Venus tour was naturally just a formality; everybody knew that it was Ulrich von Lichtenstein's manly heart beating under the silken bodice. His chosen mistress knew it, too. And one day a confidential messenger arrived at Ulrich's quarters with an unexpected communication. He brought a ring from the persistent knight's mistress. "She shares the joy of your glory," the message said. "She now accepts your services and sends you the ring as a pledge." The "fool of love" fell on his knees to receive the gift.

Poor fellow! If he had known the rules and regulations of the medieval love game, he could have foretold with mathematical precision the next move of his mistress. A few days passed and the go-between appeared again, but this time he looked gloomy and discouraging. "Your mistress has discovered that you have dallied with other women; she is beside herself in her anger and demands the return of her ring, as you are unworthy to wear it."

Hearing these words of doom, Ulrich von Lichtenstein, knight without fear or reproach, burst into bitter tears. He cried like a child, wrung his hands, wanted to die. The steward of the castle, himself a bearded elderly knight, hearing the sobs and cries, hurried in; seeing Ulrich's inconsolable state, he was overcome by pity and "mingled his tears with the noble knight's." The two hard-bitten champions created such a scene of wailing and crying that Ulrich's brother-in-law burst into the room, reproaching them for their unmanly behavior, and after a long argument managed to restore them to a somewhat less tearful condition.

Sad days commenced for the tenacious lover. In his sorrow he turned to poetry, sending the verses to the "cruel beauty." Then, as he relates: "I parted in sorrow from my messenger; then I visited my dear wife whom I love best in the world even though I have chosen another lady as my mistress. I spent ten happy days with her before continuing my journey under my load of grief."

Perhaps it is difficult to understand this "rotation system" from the distance of seven centuries; but it was all part of the age of chivalry.

Ulrich's romance approached its final climax. The poems softened the heart of the cruel beauty; another day, another message arrived saying that she had forgiven him and even set a personal meeting. But in order to avoid any undesirable publicity, let the noble knight dress himself as a beggar and mingle with the lepers waiting for alms at the castle gate. There he would receive the secret signal.

Even now the Don Quixote of love did not see through the game. He put on the rags of a mendicant, spent days loitering among the lepers, almost falling ill with loathing and nausea. A few times he was soaked to the skin and almost froze in the bitter nights.

Finally a maid arrived with the longed-for message; at a certain hour of the night let him be at the foot of the keep under the window showing a light. Ulrich threw off his beggar's clothes and stood in a single shift under the window. At the time appointed a sort of cradle made of sheets was lowered; he stepped into it and was hoisted by gentle yet strong feminine hands to the window. As soon as he entered the chamber, he was enveloped in a silk cloak woven with gold and led into the presence of his mistress. After so many weary years he was at last on the threshold of bliss.

The lady received him kindly, praised his loyalty, and had many flattering things to say. But the pent-up emotions burst through Ulrich's reserve; he began to press for tangible proofs of her love. Of course this was out of the question; the lady was surrounded by eight attendants; but Ulrich was deaf and blind to everything and became more and more daring. Finally he swore not to budge until he had received the reward of *Beiliegen*.

This was another peculiar institution of chivalry. Its full name was *Beiliegen auf Glauben*, and it had a less aristocratic relative in the German and American "bundling." Its essence was that the knight was permitted to lie down beside his lady for a whole night—but only "within the limits of virtue and honor." He had to swear not to assault the lady's chastity, and such oaths were usually kept. It was perhaps the most wicked variety of flirtation.

The only way to calm Ulrich was to promise him his reward—under one condition. His lady told him that she would do as he wanted but first he had to prove his loyalty; let him enter the cradle of sheets again and he would be lowered a little distance; then, having proved his constancy, he would be admitted into the lady's bedchamber. This time Ulrich decided to be clever; he agreed to the test—but only if he could hold the lady's hand in the meantime. This was agreed to, he got into the cradle, and, while he was slowly lowered, the Sweet, the Pure, the Kind Mistress said to him: "I see that you have deserved it—kiss me now . . ."

Fainting with happiness, Ulrich lifted his thirsty lips for the kiss but made the mistake of releasing the small white hand. That same moment he was dropped —cradle and all—to the bottom of the keep. No chance mistake—by the time he had gathered his aching limbs, the sheets had been withdrawn.

Even this did not bring him to his senses! The lady invented some explanation and he continued to write his poems, until the final disaster. What the accomplished mistress of love-torture did in the end, the diary does not tell us; but it must have been some terribly wicked thing, for Ulrich declared that this was utterly unforgivable. He ended his *Frauendienst*, for (as he put it) "only a fool would serve to the end of time where he could not expect any reward."

Which shows, at least, that this idiot of love considered himself a wise man.

THE END

DIVIDING LINE

Suddenly he mourned his lost youth and yearned for the reassurance of that certain look in a pretty girl's eyes.

BY WILLIAM COLE ILLUSTRATED BY PETER STEVENS

He awoke, feeling awful. Not sick, just low. Deep down sad. For a while, lying on his side, looking out through the window at the Hudson, he couldn't imagine what in the world it was. Family? Office? The range of possible trouble was wide. Money? Job? Then, as Miriam stirred beside him and began chanting in his ear, he remembered with a groan.

"Happy Birthday to you! Happy Birthday to you!
Happy birth . . . day, dear Wal . . . ter!
Happy birthday to—"

He rolled out of bed, breaking away none too gently from her encircling arm. Miriam reached out and grasped his pajama leg, her long brown hair tumbling to the floor, as Susie, squealing with delight at the familiar horseplay, came charging in.

"Happy birthday to you!" Miriam finished doggedly, triumphantly. "Susie, put on your slippers; you have a cold."

"I don't either have a cold." Susie hopped on the bed, bounced up and down. "Daddy, how old are you today?"

"You have *so* got a cold," Miriam said. "He's thirty-ni—no, my, gosh, *forty*!"

"Will you kindly release my leg?" Walter said. "Before—"

"He's an old, old man," Miriam said. "An old, old, old—*Ouch! You kicked me!*"

"So I did." Freed, he strolled to the bathroom.

"You lout! Just wait'll I get you!"

"From now on, we're going to cut out being so cute."

He slammed the door on her retort. His image in the full-length mirror confronted him. *So? You're forty?* Carefully he examined the tall, thin, disheveled object in the glass. Well . . . it could be worse. The light gray eyes had only a few . . . wrinkles, you might call them . . . around the corners; the straight black hair seemed content to stay. No bulges in the wrong places. (Thanks to tennis.) All in all, on the surface, anyway, he showed little or no sign of decay.

That was on the *outside*, though. What about the inside? What about all those tubes and organs and stuff? That was where Old Man Time caught up with you. He would have to be pretty careful from now on, watch his step. For he had reached the point, the milestone in his life, where—well, why not say it?—where youth was ended. How was it that insurance booklet put it? Oh, yes. "The dividing line between our formative and our fuller, richer years."

Fuller? Richer? Remembering all those do's and don'ts, those "danger signals," he grimaced. "You have reached the dividing line, all right," he told himself. "But from here on, it's going to be just one steady slide downhill."

Furtive whispers emanated from the dinette, as, shaved and dressed, he came down the hall. "Should I give him the present now?" "No. Shh! Tonight." "But —" Susie stopped at his entrance, plugging her mouth with Cream of Wheat. "Darling, how do you want your eggs?" Miriam asked him.

"Any way at all." He sat down and picked up the paper. UNEMPLOYMENT ON THE INCREASE, SURVEY SHOWS.

"Walt, you'll be home at the usual time tonight, won't you?" Miriam asked very casually.

"Yes. I guess so." She was probably going to have a surprise party.

"You *guess* so? Susie, sit up straight."

"I *am* sitting up straight," Susie said.

SCIENTIST PREDICTS TRAVEL IN OUTER SPACE.

"What do you mean, you *guess* so?"

Walt put the paper down. To his surprise, his hands were shaking a bit. "I mean I might get held up."

"Why should you get held up?"

She looked at him, when he didn't answer, her large, brown, lovely eyes concerned. At thirty-two, she was still a damned good-looking girl. And she was definitely not a nag. So why was she nagging now?

"You'll be sure to call, Walt, and let me know?"

"Well, sure, I'll call," he said, and pushed back his chair. "'Bye, Susie." He kissed the upturned gooey face.

"It's a shame you have to work today," Miriam said. She accompanied him to the front door and helped him on with his coat. He knew what she was waiting for. A pat on the head or rear. One of his customary little jokes. He honestly tried, but couldn't think of a single joke.

"Wait! I'll fix you!" She slipped her arms around him. "Imagine! Kicking your dear wife in the teeth!"

"Okay," he said. "You'll fix me."

"You didn't forget to take your pills?"

"No, I didn't forget to take my pills."

"Walt . . ." Her brow furrowed, then, with an effort, cleared. "'Bye. And many happy returns."

"Thanks." He waited until she released him, then walked down the steps. He didn't hear the door close behind him, and knew she was standing there, perplexed, deeply troubled, gazing after him. He walked on. "You heel," he told himself. "Come on, turn, and give the girl a smile. She's a good kid, a good wife. Susie's a good kid, a good child. You've

"Look," he blurted, "you know I'm married, don't you?"
"Sometimes," she answered, "married men get unmarried."

got a nice home there. A decent job. You've got your health and . . . *just what in hell's wrong with you, man?*

All the way down the steep hill to the station, he pondered this question. Boarding the 8:14, he sat, looking out at the wind-whipped river, as the train, loaded with a cargo of still sleepy husbands, wound down along the shore. *You fool! Don't you know how lucky you are?* At Spuyten Duyvil, they passed an old battered freighter, pushing slowly downstream. Where was it going? Walt wondered. Buenos Aires? Ceylon? How he longed for such a trip. The only foreign places he'd been was with the army. Italy and Korea. Not seen under ideal conditions. That would have to last him, though. The two wars had taken a big chunk out of his life, given him a late start. If only he'd had the sense—or, rather, the strength—to remain single.

Grand Central! Up the ramp, over to Fifth, down to Thirty-fourth. Five to nine. Faster—or, before you know it, you'll be walking around, looking for another job. And you know the chances at *your* age. Faster! Only watch that old pump now! From now on, for God's sake, *watch that pump!*

Several huge building material companies maintained offices in the Empire State Building. Walt's was one of the largest and best known. Millions of homes, office buildings, schools, hospitals and other edifices were composed in part, held together, reinforced, insulated with its rubber, cork, metal and plastic products. If you occupied one of the lower jobs in Walt's firm, you could stay put indefinitely, if you so desired; but once you started moving up, you had to keep moving, brother . . . up, up . . . or out! Walt was in a middle-lower echelon of the Top-or-Bust bracket: until recently he'd been in the technical end; now, in line with the all-around, know-each-department policy, he was in sales.

Archie Fletcher greeted him as he entered the showroom. "Morning, Walter. Come here and I'll show you an order that I call an order." Surrounded by the gleaming glass and carpeting, the lavish displays of flooring, paneling, tile, in a myriad of colors, Archie was in his proper milieu. "From Warren and Talbot. For that housing development out in Queens. Here. Sniff." Archie held the order under Walt's nose.

"Mm! Nice." Walt began opening his mail. "Look what I get. Cancellations."

"You don't live right. I was beginning to think Charlie Talbot didn't cotton to me any more."

"Everybody loves you, Archie." Walt said. He wasn't being facetious; everybody did. How could anyone help liking this friendly, natty little man, with his inevitable bow tie and sunlamp-tanned face. Buyers, associates . . . why, even Martha Fletcher, Archie's own wife, loved him—and certainly, being no dumbbell, she must have known why he was in the habit of sending her and the kids to Colorado for such jolly long vacations.

A small, disappointing order from Kramer & Sons, Builders, one of their oldest, formerly largest, accounts. Val Taylor, the sales manager, would doubtless have something to say about that.

"Look. My mountain climbers," Archie said. "Judy and Bobby on Pike's Peak." His face glowing with pride and affection, he held out a snapshot of his youngsters, aged twelve and fourteen. "They're both crazy about it out there, Martha writes."

"What about Martha? She like it, too?"

Was that polite inquiry or malice? With envy at its root?

"Why shouldn't she like it?" Archie spread his hands. "Two beautiful rooms, the finest in food and service, magnificent air." He looked more closely at Walt. "Say, fella, what's the matter? You look . . . beat."

"I'm okay, Archie."

"Sure, you're okay. Now what is it?"

"Nothing." He'd never mentioned his birthday around the office. What for? "I . . . just didn't get much sleep."

Archie snorted. "You're in a rut, man. Dobbs Ferry, New York—every day—New York, Dobbs Ferry. It'd drive me . . . *say*!" He cocked a finger at Walt. "You, my friend, are coming out with me tonight."

"Don't be silly, Archie."

"No arguments. Please." Archie held up a hand. "I had enough with Babs last night. You and me and Babs and that Ginny What's-her-name—you remember, we introduced you. Works for that importer. And oh, brother, is that nice!"

"Archie—"

"And she *likes* you. She told Babs so."

"Why should she like me?" *Why should he care—get such a sudden lift?* "We just said hello."

"You ask Ginny that." Archie got up. "I'll call Babs right now." Walt caught his arm, said, "No, Archie, don't." The swinging doors burst open and Val Taylor, flanked by a bevy of salesmen, came in. "Uh-oh!" Archie said. "The weekly sales meeting. Excuse me." Laughing softly at Walt's continued protests, he pulled away. "Relax, fella. This'll make a new man of you."

"You'll join us, won't you, Walt?" Val Taylor said. He was already seated, the center of attention. His tone was pleasant, a shade too pleasant. "Hop to it," he might just as well have said. "Archie can take liberties around here, but not you."

Walt sat down, and Val, clearing his throat, began.

Sales figures for the preceding month. Eight per cent lower than those for the same month the year before. Taylor, though, wasn't giving up the ship. "You hear a lot of bearish talk around the industry today," he said. "Construction activity, capital outlays, falling off . . ."

. . . *Jet black hair, full red lips, willowy* . . . Recalling the brief encounter, he agreed with Archie—she certainly *was* nice, that Ginny. Of course, he hadn't been out with anyone else since he'd married Miriam, and he had no intention of starting now. Still . . .

"As for me," Taylor was saying, "I don't go along with these alarmists . . ."

"All fixed." Archie was back, poking a gleeful finger in Walt's rib. "You rate, boy. Ginny was tied up, but will ditch. They're meeting us downstairs for a drink right after work."

"Well"—he took a curiously painful breath—"I'll have one drink with you."

Archie nodded. "We'll have one drink," he said. "And then another drink. And then . . ."

"Listen, you!"

"Shh! Our sales manager is talking. Show a little respect."

Archie walked out. Walt fumed. One drink he would have with them—that was all. Hurriedly, as the meeting ended, he got his sample case. *Crazy, idiotic, that she should break a date for him*! He was stepping lightly into the elevator, when the office window panel slid open and Val Taylor called, "Oh, Walt."

Oh, Lord! Two seconds more and he'd have been out.

"Won't keep you a minute," Taylor said, as Walt walked over. "Know you want to get out there and pitch. But look." He held up the Kramer & Sons order. "You show Sam the new vinyl line?"

"Yes. Of course," Walt said. As usual, he had to watch himself with Taylor, keep from openly bristling. Had Taylor made a single reference to the new accounts—and very good ones—he'd recently brought in? No, Taylor hadn't. "I didn't show it to Sam Kramer. To the boys. The old man is—"

"Okay. Look. If I may make a suggestion. You don't mind if I make a suggestion, Walt?"

"Certainly not."

"Okay. Why not drop in on them again? Today. You know . . . you were in the building . . . right next door . . ."

"But . . ." Walt stared at him, feeling ill. "I was just *there*. Monday. They gave me a full hour, were very decent . . ."

"So? You were right next door. You saw their order this morning and . . . you

know. Take it from there." Taylor folded the order and slipped it into Walt's breast pocket. "I'll bet you come back with a better one."

Walt watched Taylor go. The switchboard girl was holding a phone out to him. Mechanically, he took it. "Hello."

"Hello, darling. Are you busy?"

"Who is this?"

"Walt? Is that you? I want to speak to Mr. . . ."

"What is it, Miriam?"

Silence. He shut his eyes. He knew what she wanted. Some assurance that nothing was seriously wrong.

Would Miriam let on that this was it, though?

"I just noticed in the paper," she said, "that Gimbel's is having a big sale on children's snowsuits." Grasping at random, he knew; anything to fill the breach. "Formerly fourteen-fifty, reduced to nine ninety-five. Susie's outgrown her old one, and I thought . . . since you're so near . . ."

Something—his shoulder—was hurting him. He put down the heavy sample case.

"Would you, Walt?"

"I couldn't possibly. Not today."

"But they'll be gone. It says here, 'Hurry! Hurry! At this price . . .' "

"Oh, Gimbel's *always* says, 'Hurry! Hurry!' "

Silence again. Then she said, "All right," in a voice that was as dead as his. "Sorry I bothered you. Goodbye."

"Miriam!" he said, hearing the click. "Miriam!" The switchboard girl was looking at him. Should he call back? Damned if he would.

She was still sitting there, he knew, as the elevator plummeted down. Still staring at the phone, waiting for it to ring. Well, let her wait. Hanging up on him like that! Gimbel's! Snowsuits! Formerly $14.50, reduced to $9.95! Formerly something wonderful between them, him and Miriam, something priceless, reduced to . . . what? Habit, only. Necessity.

"*You're in a rut, man.*

"*You remember, Ginny. And oh, brother, is that nice!*"

He didn't make a decent sale all day. Just some piddling stuff. Nobody, it seemed, was in a buying mood. Everybody liked the line, *but* . . . "Interesting things, Walter, really interesting. But this new architect we have particularly specified . . ." "Terrific, Walt. I mean, *terrific*. Especially the tile. But right now, unfortunately . . ." Up and down the pavements he trudged, in and out of buildings, lugging the interesting, terrific things. Mr. Norwell is out. Mr. McLaren is in conference. Could you come back on Friday?

By four-thirty, he was ready to call it quits. He was sure now, dead certain, that he would never again make another sale. Weary, resigned, he sat with Sam Kramer in the office of Kramer & Sons, listening to the old man tell how he took his sons into the construction business, only to have them take the business away from him.

"They're at a meeting, my sons," Sam said. "With the Zeckendorfs. William, senior and junior, both. Was I invited?" Slowly, he shook his grizzled head. "You know what my . . . my son, Leonard . . ." he swallowed hard ". . . said to me?"

"Don't get excited, Sam. It doesn't pay." *What would become of him now?* Walt wondered. *No other building firm would touch him.*

"My son, Leonard, who I sent to Harvard University, don't ask me why, 'Samuel, old boy,' he says to me, 'reluctant as I am to say so, you're about fifty years behind the times.' "

Could he make a fresh start, in a new field? At his age?

" 'Samuel, old boy,' he says, 'why don't you go down to Nassau and get in some golf?' "

What would happen to Miriam and Susie? Little Susie, whom he carried piggyback, played with in the snow . . . Walt frowned and sat up straight. *Snow?*

". . . built up this business with my two hands. Now, what! Into the ashcan I go!" Sam was shouting now. Then, abruptly, he slumped. "Don't let this happen to you, Walt. Don't grow old."

Walt rose. His throat was tight. Susie. Whatever happened, nobody was going to say he'd let his child freeze.

"Be seeing you, Sam."

"Take my advice, Walter. Don't you grow old."

"Is that how you spend the company's time—shopping in Gimbel's?" Archie said, as they went down in the elevator. He glanced at the cardboard box under Walt's arm. "What did you buy?"

"Oh, just something," Walt said. "For the house."

"Well, at least you look like you might live now," Archie said, as they entered the cocktail lounge. "When you came into the office before . . . Ah, there they are."

Following him to the table, Walt remembered that he hadn't called Miriam yet. Well, he would. Give him time. Maybe, in the future, she'd be a little more careful about cutting him off. No excuse for that. Besides, she was getting the snowsuit, wasn't she? Well, he just hoped she'd be satisfied now. . . .

"Let's have the next drink somewhere else," Babs said. "Not that I don't like Longchamps. Or even Mrs. Longchamps. I just happen to be the restless type."

"Restless?" Archie said. "Did you say restless? I saw a couple of wrestlers on television last night."

"Oh, please!" Ginny said, in agony. "Don't! Walt, you were telling me about my eyes."

"Oh?" She was looking at him in her totally absorbed, nobody-else-exists manner, and momentarily he lost the thread.

"Oh . . . what?" she said, leaning closer. "My eyes, look at, darling, not my watch."

"Handsome timepiece," he said, getting up. "Uh, Archie . . ."

"No," Archie said. "Definitely."

Walt hesitated. "Excuse me a minute," he said.

"Don't go far," Ginny said. "Don't get lost. Come back soon."

Crossing the room, he felt a ton lighter, two martinis lighter, than when he came in. Now, there was a nice kid, he told himself. Something upstairs besides looks. Could talk to her. Sweet.

Dialing his home number, he composed furiously. "Hello, Miriam. 'Fraid I'll be a little late. Tied up here at—"

" 'Lo," said a small, mournful voice.

"Hi, Cookie. How are you?"

"Not so good, Daddy," Susie said. "I was to the dentist today, and I bet you can't guess what he did to my tooth."

He made three guesses, gave up, was informed, then asked for Mummy. To his great relief—what a break!—Mummy was out. She was next door at the Aikens', borrowing something—just what, Susie wasn't telling. "I know, Daddy, but I can't tell you."

"Well, you tell Mummy I'll be late. I'm all tied up."

There was a pause. "You're . . . ?"

"*Busy*," he quickly amended. "Just say I'm busy, I'll be late."

He hung up and hurried out.

Ginny was alone at the table. Archie had taken Babs home to dress. They were all meeting in an hour at François' for dinner. Archie's suggestion, his party. Very chic, François', very posh; Ginny thought she should change, too. "I live up on Sixty-ninth," she said, and, as Walt hesitated again, "Don't get nervous, darling. I never attack men on an empty stomach."

Riding uptown in the cab, Walt wondered what Miriam was borrowing from the Aikens'. Surely she wasn't going ahead with the surprise party. If there was one thing he hated . . .

"Gabby, aren't you?" Ginny said. "What's in that?" She indicated the Gimbel's package.

"Oh, nothing." He took her hand. If there was one thing he hated, it was toting bundles around. "Just . . . something."

"Oh, it is! How fascinating," Ginny

returned the pressure, plus a little dividend. "You can leave it at my place, get it later."

"Oh, I can? Will I be just as safe when you're well fed?"

"Absolutely."

Ginny had two rooms in a walk-up, quite small but pleasant. Modern furniture and abstract prints. "All I can afford now," she said, mixing some martinis in the kitchenette. "Until some theatrical producer realizes what he's missing."

"I like this place," Walter said. "It reminds me—" He didn't finish. What it reminded him of was the first apartment he and Miriam had lived in, right after they got married. Two tiny rooms that was, too. Not that they minded the close quarters much.

"So you're trying to crash Broadway?"

"Or even Off-Broadway."

"I should think any sane producer would grab you."

"Thanks, pal." She laughed. "A couple have tried just that." She set the pitcher beside him, and patted his cheek. "I won't be long. "Here are some peanuts and cigarettes and—"

"Ginny," he said, a little thickly. "Don't pat my cheek."

"Why shouldn't I pat your cheek?" she said, patting his cheek.

He caught her hand and drew her to him.

"Uh-oh! It commences already. And only seven-thirty."

Seven-thirty? Was it really? "Sorry." He let her go.

"Well, you don't have to be *that* sorry. Reprehensible as your conduct was."

"Ginny." He paused. "You know that I'm married, don't you?"

"Why, yes," she said. She hesitated. "Most of the nice ones seem to be," she said. And then: "What am I supposed to say? Doesn't your wife understand you?"

"No. Thanks for not saying that."

"Sometimes," she said, with no special emphasis, merely stating a fact, "the married ones get unmarried. I'd better hurry." She went into the other room and closed the door.

He poured a drink. *Sometimes the married ones get unmarried.* Quite so. True. Possibility of that, of course. Of his unmarrying Miriam. Or vice versa. They weren't getting much out of it any more. In the beginning, when they had the apartment like this one, they got a lot out of it, an awful lot. Far from minding the crowding, they doted on it, perfectly content all the time they lived there with the one single bed. ("Would you mind finding some other place for your elbow?") How terribly bleak that little place became the moment she stepped out. Left alone, he couldn't stand it.

He took another sip, and glanced at the phone. Should he call home again? Least he could do. His birthday party may have started already. The guests would be standing around, the Aikens and Harrisons and O'Maras, half pie-eyed, eyeing the food and waiting for good old (accent on the second adjective) Walt. Waiting to pounce on him when he came in, with idiotic grins and noises and that horrible song. Oh, that horrible, miserable song!

He knocked on the bedroom door. "Ginny!" He heard water running, and called louder, "I want to ask if"—the door opened and he lowered his voice—"I can use the phone."

"Of course you can use the phone," Ginny said. In a robe, with her make-up off, she looked . . . a little different. Not at all bad, but a little different. Her voice mimicked his; her soft hand reached out and patted his cheek. "You don't have to ask if . . ."

This time when he caught her, there was no girlish twitter.

It lasted a long while, that kiss. He certainly found it agreeable, all right. She certainly kissed beautifully, all right. With all the tenderness, all the passion, that any man could want.

They broke, gasping. Ginny clinging, whispering his name.

"I'll be five minutes. Make your call."

She kissed him again, warmly, and went inside. He stood there, burning with desire—to get away. He didn't want Ginny; *no.* All he had wanted (oh, despicable!) was the knowledge that a young, attractive girl could still want him. If he stayed now . . .

Wheeling, in panic, he started for the phone. *No! Get out! Only twenty minutes to catch the train! Paper? Pencil? Write!* "Ginny, forgive me—if possible. I won't try to explain. I think you know." *Okay, rat! Quickly! Your hat, coat. Go!*

He took the steps three at a time, started to cross the lobby—and froze! On the table, with some mail, was a parcel. This common sight caused him to strike his forehead a fearful blow. Turning, tottering, he ran back up the stairs. *The snowsuit! The snowsuit! Was her door the kind that automatically locked, or . . .?*

He turned the knob and, praying, pushed.

"Darling," Ginny called from the other room, as he picked up the package, "turn on the radio, why don't you?"

She'll rustle up another date easy, he told himself, stealthily slipping out. And then, as he fled. *Oh, you dirty dirty dog!*

He just barely caught the train. By leaping out of the cab and sprinting madly through the vast station. A minute too late by the clock! He increased his breakneck pace, shot down the long ramp, through the gate, and onto the moving train.

Tossing the package up on the rack, he collapsed in a seat and remained motionless—except for his chest. *Brilliant! You're elected captain of the track team. Don't you know, "my boy," how careful you must be once you've reached the "dividing line"?*

The train, a slow local, poked along. He'd be too late for that party, anyway. *Miriam, baby, I'm sorry.* His throbbing head rested back. *Miriam, I love you . . . don't know what hit me. All those petty things piling up . . . should have gotten further by now, much further . . .*

Some inner time clock woke him. Seeing the familiar station starting to recede, he jumped up, groggily, and hurried off.

A taxi whisked him up the hill. The house was dark downstairs. Maybe there hadn't been any party, he thought, letting himself in. Maybe . . . but then, snapping on the switch, he saw the glasses and dishes and, over on the sideboard, the large round cake. Uncut, untouched, unlighted, the candles—so many of them—forming a pink fence around the edge of the snowy frosting.

"Hi!" he called. His voice was weak. His legs, as he climbed the stairs, threatened to give way. Running for that train had done some damage. "Hi, there!" He pushed open the bedroom door.

"Hello, Walt," Miriam said. He was on his way over to the dressing-table where she sat, brushing her hair, but when she said that, he paused. Hello, Walt. Hello, John . . . Bob . . . George. It was even worse than he'd thought. She wasn't angry, she wasn't playing games. She was . . . empty, just as empty as one of Susie's dolls. Looking at the shining brown hair she was brushing, at the clear fresh skin, he suddenly found it a strain to talk.

"I'm sorry, honey. Why didn't you tell me you were having a shindig?" No response. "Susie give you my message?" A nod. He went over and started to slide his arms around her. She sat forward a little, and he burst out, "You and your surprises! Why, when you called me this morning . . .?"

"It isn't at all important."

"*Why* didn't you tell me then?"

"You were so very charming on the phone."

"I'd just nearly strangled Val Taylor with my bare hands. I wasn't exactly in the mood to discuss *snowsuits,* of all things."

"Thanks for being so charming about that, too."

"You're welcome!" He hurled it at her,

working up a rage that practically convinced even him. "You might be interested to know that I went down to Gimbel's. I had a million things to do, and everything was going wrong that could possibly go wrong, but—"

"I'm sorry that—"

"*Don't be so sorry!*" He swung his arms. "I went down there and it was jammed, oh, was it jammed, and I . . . I . . ."

Abruptly, he stopped, frozen, one arm upraised, suspended. *The package? The package? Oh, no! The train!*

"Susie," Miriam said, into the mirror, "you go right back to bed."

"I didn't give Daddy my present yet," Susie said.

The package up on the rack? His reeling mind recorded only the image. *He woke up, rushed off. Did he . . . ? Did he . . . ?*

"I . . . I bought it," he said. Very feebly. "I . . . you see . . ."

"It doesn't matter." Nothing mattered, her lifeless tone said. "I'll get one tomorrow, myself."

"You don't believe me?" He tried to shout it, but succeeded in producing only a guilty squeal. "You think I'd . . .?"

Susie came forward. "Daddy, is this another present? It was downstairs on the couch."

She fell back, dropping the package, as he lunged. "*So?*" He had no trouble with his voice now. "I'm not telling the truth?" Viciously, he ripped open the box. "What's *this*? I ask you?"

Susie gaped at the bright red garment he held aloft. For an instant, Miriam's brush wavered—then, unimpressed, resumed. "All right," she said, "you bought the snowsuit. Now please hush."

"No. I won't now please hush. You don't know what I went through to get that, what a day this has been." The memory of that day, the terrible dead weight of it, was too much. Something inside him gave; he ranted, babbled, knowing it wasn't any good—nothing was going to be any good any more—but unable to stem the flood. "Maybe you don't know it, but when a man reaches my age, he has to let up. He can't keep up the same pressure, day in, day out, run here, run there, a million places, come home and be excited, driven crazy . . . no, not when he isn't young any more, not when . . . !"

It wasn't lack of breath that made him stop. It was the sudden, wide-eyed, open-mouthed astonishment with which she whirled on him. What had happened? "You . . . ? Your birthday . . . ? Not young any . . . ?" The hairbrush was pointed, incredulously, at him. Her face was completely alive now, highly charged with the shock of comprehension, and then with relief and joy.

"Daddy," Susie said, "is that a present for *me*?"

"Yes, darling." Miriam gently took the snowsuit from his numbed fingers. "Go inside and try it on." Her eyes rested on his jacket lapel, as Susie rushed out. She stared at this a moment; then, still gently, she brushed off the scented powder that he had neglected to remove. "Very dusty, those trains."

Walt started to speak, but her arms were around him, inside his jacket, holding him close. Her body was shaking a little, whether from sobs or from mirth or from what, he couldn't tell. It didn't matter. The great weight was off him now, the Day was over, and, as he gave himself up to the warm arms and warm lips and wonderful release, his last thought was that, in another whole year—twelve long months—he would be only forty-one. THE END

ALL MY CLIENTS ARE INNOCENT

He was the greatest trial lawyer who ever tricked a jury. Now seven witnesses had identified his client as the man who robbed them. He had only tonight to figure out a way to prove that they were all wrong.

BY JACK FINNEY ILLUSTRATED BY MAC CONNER

It was late afternoon on one of the first days of real spring after a San Francisco winter of rain and fog. Here on North Kearny Street people walked more slowly than usual, enjoying the sun. Walking among them, toward the big gray Hall of Justice ahead, were two men; but one of them seemed only a background for the other. At a distance it would not have been easy to say why; for the second man, wearing a dark suit and a snap-brim hat, was taller, younger, and considerably larger than the first. Yet it was the first man whom passers-by turned to glance after. "Hey, Max!" "Hi, Maxie!" people occasionally called out to him; he was well known among the courtroom attendants and hangers-on of this street. But he did not answer or respond except to lift a corner of his mouth in a wry little smile; he seemed to accept these calls not as greeting but as tribute.

Mostly it was the man's face which here as everywhere brought heads lifting to stare after him. Under the dark Homburg shoved back off his forehead, his face looked cruel, at a little distance—long and lean, the flat cheeks gashed with twin furrows from cheekbones to jaw, the lips held tight and thin. But his large brown eyes, seen closer, were too wearily wise for cruelty. They looked out at the world with a cynical knowledge of everything they saw, but they looked, too, with a wryly humorous interest; women who met those eyes remembered them.

No one knew how old he was; he claimed he didn't know. He might have been a weather-beaten thirty-one or -two, his curling black hair graying prematurely; girls in their twenties assumed that he was. But he could have been a young fifty, his hair only now beginning to whiten, and older women assured themselves this was so. Certainly, in all ways, it was a memorable head, and at Jack's restaurant, at Eugene's, at the bars in the Palace and the Fairmont and at Breen's and along Howard Street, people murmured, "Who's that?" and those who knew, and there were always many, answered, "Max Wollheim," with smug pride in their knowledge.

"That was a lousy lunch today," he said now, accusingly, and the younger man frowned.

"I didn't pick the restaurant, Max; you did."

"Excuses"—the other shrugged—"you can't eat excuses. You ought to know what restaurants are no good any more. Keep in touch. Al, always keep in touch."

The younger man grinned; his name was Al Michaels; he was about twenty-five, husky, his black hair cut short. "It tasted okay to me," he said. "And maybe you'd have liked it better if I weren't getting married."

"You couldn't be more wrong." Max glanced at him. "I don't care what you do—get married, get drunk, drop dead."

"Oh?" Al's eyes were amused. "That's a sudden change of heart. 'A good criminal lawyer shouldn't be married.' Or so you've said ever since I met Cora."

"Well, it's true. Women are fine, Al, at the right time and place. By all means, see this girl, see all the girls you want, but don't marry one. Believe me, a wife will compete with your career, Al! They're jealous of it. She'll try to influence your career, and she will! You can't get marr—"

"Oh, yes I can. And will."

"All right! But wait; you're just starting your career."

"Max, quit trying to con me. All you care about is that your full-time slave is finally escaping. You won't have me to run your errands day and night any more. I'm getting married, tonight."

"Okay." Max flung his hands out contemptuously. "But it's for your own good I'm telling you. I hate to see a potentially first-rate criminal lawyer go down the drain—not many come along. But you're too cynical and suspicious to see that, so go ahead. One thing for sure, though, Al; you're dead wrong about getting married tonight."

"Yeah? Why?"

"A girl deserves a church wedding, the works! Not a lousy little ceremony in her sister's living room as though you were ashamed of getting married!"

"Tell that to Cora; this was her idea.

Now the witness reached out to touch him. He stared up, defiant.

She'll be touched by your sudden solicitude for her." He nodded at the great dingy gray building just ahead. "Why do you want me along, Max, seeing a brand-new client today of all days? Some kindly partners would have said, 'Al, you're getting married tonight, go home early, you must have plenty to do.' Instead of dragging me around on useless trips to the jail."

"*Useless?*" Max actually shouted it. "No trip to the jail is ever useless! If that's how getting married has you thinking, you're the one who'll be useless!" He glared at Al, his voice dropping to an angry mutter. "A criminal lawyer should see people in *jail*. Regularly. Once a week at least. People waiting to go on trial for their lives. Just to remind himself why he's on earth; something you seem to have forgotten. Come on." They turned onto the steps that led up into the Hall of Justice, and the County Jail on the third floor.

In the jail, a small cell, Max sat down beside Al on the blanketed cot, and leaned against the wall. The uniformed jailer stood locking the cell door, and the prisoner had turned to pull a backless stool out from the wall. He was tall, with long black hair, a well-built man perhaps thirty years old. He had a day-old stubble of black beard, and wore a soiled, wrinkled white shirt and a pair of tan wash pants. "Mr. Wollheim," he said, sitting down to face Max, "I'm sure glad you've taken my case."

"I haven't taken your case. For all I know, you ought to plead guilty and save the city a trial." The man sat staring at him, and Max said softly, "You don't think so? Then tell me why not."

"Because I'm innocent, Mr. Wollheim. Absolutely—"

"Yeah, yeah." Max had a hand up, wagging a palm. "Just tell us what happened, that's all. Why are you here, Balderson? And make it fast; my partner's getting married tonight."

"Well—" Balderson swallowed. "The way this started, I left the house to get a Sunday paper. That was a month ago, little longer. I always get up early, and I took a little walk first." He was staring at the concrete floor, remembering, and he shook his head at the mystery of why he should have been arrested. "On my way back I stopped at a little store on Balboa, for my paper. Far's I know, I never been in the place before in my life. Now, here's what *I* think, Mr. Wollheim." He looked up, anxious to expound his theory. "I last shaved on the Friday morning before that; I don't generally work Saturdays or Sundays."

"What do you do?"

"I'm a warehouseman for Giamponelli Wholesale Groceries. I check shipments into the warehouse against the invoices."

"What do you make?"

"Average around six hundred a month."

"Okay, go ahead." Max pulled a cigarette from a pack in his shirt pocket.

"Well, I wasn't shaved, and I had on old clothes; I was going to wash the car later. So maybe I didn't look so good." He glanced down at his clothes, smiling ruefully. "Like now; my wife's due here with clean clothes tonight. Anyway, the proprietor, little middle-aged guy, kind of fat, he sort of stalled around, you know? Said he didn't have change in the register, it was too early. Said he had to get it from the back of the store. Well, what he did, I know now, was phone the cops, the precinct house a couple blocks away, and they were over in no time. Come in while the guy was counting out my change; two big detectives in plain clothes. They walked in behind me, I saw the little guy start nodding his head, then they grabbed me." Balderson shrugged. "Then the little guy says it's me." He looked at Max, brows rising helplessly. "Says I robbed his store a week before. Come in late at night, he says, just when he was closing, stuck a gun at him, and emptied his register. Stole a couple hundred bucks, he said." Again Balderson shrugged. "And that's about all, Mr. Wollheim. I told the cops I didn't do it, but they took me in anyway. Said I'd been identified, charged, and they were taking me in. The little guy came along, and they booked me, and locked me up; they let me call my wife after about an hour. So she came down, I told her what happened, and she went home, and phoned some friends. Her cousin recommended a lawyer, and the lawyer came to the City Jail to see me Monday morning."

"Were you arraigned that Monday?"

"Well, I appeared before a judge in the afternoon; then they brought me here to the County Jail."

"You were arraigned in Municipal Court, and waived a preliminary hearing. They remanded you to the Superior Court; the D.A. file any information then?"

"Well, I was in a court again, and said not guilty."

Max nodded. "That's what happened. Then they scheduled your trail. How come you're not out on bail?"

Balderson shook his head. "Lawyer said the bail bond fee would be too high, and I better hang onto my money."

Max grinned. "Wanted to be sure you could pay his fee, didn't he? Why was it so high?"

"Because the cops piled on more charges, Mr. Wollheim!" Balderson was leaning forward, face anguished. "Monday morning they stuck me in a lineup down at the main police station here, and six more guys picked me out! Said I robbed them!" He shook his head slowly. "They all own stores. All of them reported these robberies. So they called these guys down Monday morning. And every last one of them picked me out; seven charges of armed robberies. And a stiff bail on each one. I couldn't pay bail bond fees on that, so I been in jail ever since. My lawyer said he'd try to get me a quick trial, and he has, but he don't seem to know what else to do about this."

Max laughed, and Al glanced at him, annoyed. "I don't blame him," Max said. "What's he supposed to do, shoot the witnesses? All right; that all?"

"Well . . . I guess so; yes."

"Why talk to me about it if you got a lawyer?"

Balderson frowned. "Well, like I say, the trial was set for a month later; that's tomorrow. Tomorrow morning I go on trial. Day before yesterday, the lawyer tells me that since I haven't got an alibi—I don't know where I was when those stores were robbed!—I better change my plea to guilty, and maybe get the charges reduced. Can you imagine that! He tells me to plead guilty, with the trial coming up tomorrow! So I got scared. I fired him, and told my wife to get in touch with you. I'm desperate, Mr. Wollheim!"

"Sure you are. When they start to holler for Wollheim, they're desperate. Well, all right; your lawyer had over a month to figure out a defense for you, and couldn't do it. So what am I supposed to do? Figure out in a day how to get you off? You picked a bad time, Balderson; my partner's leaving me tonight for two weeks."

Balderson was staring at him, as though it had never occurred to him that Max Wollheim might not be able to do what another lawyer couldn't; Al, too, was staring at Max. "You don't need me," he murmured uneasily. "You're not busy right now. And you can get a continuance."

Max sat staring up at the ceiling. Presently he said thoughtfully, "Superior Court, department six, eleven, or twelve. Who will he draw, Al?"

"I can look it up in *The Recorder*, but the Leggett trial's still on; Judge Bengle. So he'll probably draw Hackster."

"Judge Hackster," Max murmured. "He'll give me a certain amount of leeway sometimes. If his asthma's not bothering him. What's the pollen count these days?"

Al smiled at the absurd question. "I'm afraid I don't know."

"Well, find out!" Max glared at him.

"Why *don't* you know? Too busy getting married? Hackster gasps like a fish when the pollen count's up. And who'll be prosecuting? Phone the D.A.'s office, and find out. You can give me a *little* time. You're not getting married this minute, are you?"

Al shrugged. "No. But if you think you're going to hook me into this case—"

Max interrupted, swinging to Balderson, his voice hard. "All right; how much money you got? That money you been hanging onto so carefully in case you need it?"

"Well . . . about fifteen hundred dollars. My wife could tell you exactly."

"I'll ask her. You own your house?"

"I got just over six thousand dollars equity in it."

"Six thousand. You pay your other lawyer?"

"No."

"Well, you'll have to pay his fee." Almost snarling it, Max added, "*After* you pay mine!"

Balderson leaned forward. "Then you'll take my case?"

As though there'd never been any question of it, Max Wollheim replied blandly, "Of course. Why do they yell, 'Get Wollheim,' when they're desperate? When they feel the gates of San Quentin opening up for them, or smell the gas chamber waiting? Because Wollheim takes only the easy cases? The cases anyone could defend?" Slowly and triumphantly he shook his remarkable head. "No, that's not why they holler, 'Get Wollheim.'" Again his voice roughened, sounding almost angry. "And that's not why they pay Wollheim's fees! You know what my fee is?" Balderson sat slowly shaking his head, and Max said quietly, "Well, it's always the same; it never changes." He sat up, holding Balderson's eyes with his own. "My fee is everything," he said gently; then he snarled it, shouting it through the cell: "Everything you've got! You own a car, you said. What kind?"

"A Buick," Balderson murmured. "Fifty-seven sedan."

"Tell your wife to bring in the pink slip; then sign it over to me. My fee is seventy-five hundred and ninety dollars, plus a Buick sedan." Balderson sat looking at Max, and Max said softly, "Will you need a car in San Quentin, Balderson? Or money? You can't spend much in Quentin, you know."

"Sure!" Balderson said hastily. "Sure, Mr. Wollheim; anything you say."

Max nodded curtly, and stood up. "Well, I say what I always say; everything. All right, Al, let's go; we've got work to do." Before Al could respond, he said, "You won't lose any time! We'll have dinner, and talk a little. Frankie!" he yelled down the corridor for the jailer.

Al shrugged, and for a few moments the three men stood waiting. Then Balderson spoke, and Max turned to look at him.

"Mr. Wollheim," he said hesitantly, "you just don't know what it means to me to have someone realize I'm innocent. No one else does, except my wife. The police don't. And my lawyer didn't." Brows rising wonderingly, he said, "How could you tell?"

Max grinned. "Why, that was easy." The jailer appeared, stooping to unlock the cell door; then he swung it open, and Max stepped out. "It was easy," he repeated, turning to grin at Balderson, "because *all* my clients are innocent." Then, Al following, Max Wollheim began strolling down the long corridor.

At Jack's the two men sat at a table in one of the little private dining rooms upstairs. Max finished the last of his coffee, then sat back. "Good dinner," he murmured.

Al nodded wearily. "It should have been," he said. "Did you actually give a hundred-dollar bill to that waiter?"

"Sure."

Al's mouth quirked in contempt. "I thought that sort of thing went out in the nineties."

"Maybe it did, and I just haven't heard."

"You'll take every dime Balderson's saved," Al said bitterly, "then toss a hundred bucks to a waiter."

"What's it to Balderson what I do with my money? Is he any better off if I hoard it under a mattress?"

Al glanced at the watch on his wrist. "It's ten to seven, Max; I've *got* to leave. I have to shower, shave, and get dressed. Then pick up Cora, and be at her sister's by nine. I don't know why you wanted me here, anyway. I don't know what Balderson's defense is; I can't even think straight tonight."

"Half an hour more, Al, then go with my blessings."

"No." Al got to his feet, then, shouting, "Can't you get it through your *head?* I'm getting *married* tonight!"

"Fine. Congratulations. But give me just thirty minutes more, because you're wrong about one thing. Maybe there was a time when Max Wollheim needed no man's help. But now there's something I haven't told you, Al. I may look fine, never sick, never tired. But—"

"Cut it out, Max. Save that jazz for the juries; they don't know you like I do." Al picked up his hat. "I'm telling you," he said, "getting married is one thing you can't con me out of. Not this time." He walked to the head of the narrow flight of stairs that led down to the main floor. "You coming?"

"Yeah, yeah!" Max answered irritably, snatching his Homburg from the rack.

Downstairs, they stepped out onto the sidewalk. "Well, so long, Max. See you in a couple of week—"

"Walk me to the office first. It's on

your way." And Max began to walk east toward Montgomery Street. Shrugging, Al followed, and after a moment Max said quietly, "It's Wollheim and Michaels defending tomorrow, Al. And we haven't got a defense. Don't you care?"

"Max, don't start that stuff again. Sure, I care."

"Yeah, I know." Max nodded. "You care deeply; that's obvious. But you'll leave it all to old Max just the same."

"Get a continuance, damn it!"

"You know I don't work that way."

"Then what else can I possibly do?"

"You can be a lawyer, that's what you can do! You call yourself a lawyer?"

"Now, what?" Al rolled his eyes. "Yeah! I call myself a lawyer!"

"Well, you're not." Max walked on. "You only graduated from law school. Third highest in your class, sure." He shrugged. "And the best man in your class, or you wouldn't be in with me."

"Go ahead." Al walked along beside him, lips compressed. "Keep trying to con me."

"I'm not conning you. I'm telling you you're not a lawyer, no matter what your diploma says. And tonight you're less of a lawyer than ever."

"All right, I'll bite; why?"

"Because you've been watching the clock, Al, ever since we left the jail. You're worrying about your own personal affairs instead of the client's; I never did that in my life, and never will. By God!" he suddenly shouted. "You think I've been deliberately delaying you tonight? On the night you're getting married? What for! You've been no help to me so far! I've been giving you an opportunity, if you only had the sense to see it! And I'm giving you one now, a big one. You want to be a criminal lawyer? One of the best?"

"Yeah, sure."

"Then this is your chance to learn what it is to be one. It's seven o'clock of the evening you're getting married. That's a big thing in a man's life, getting married. And it's all you've been able to think of, you say. But now let's see if you'll ever be a lawyer. You have thirty minutes," Max said. "Put your own affairs out of your mind. Even your marriage tonight. Turn your full attention, all the power, energy, and ability you've got in you, toward the problem of your *client*. The total stranger you met for the first time only two hours ago!" He stood staring up at Al. Then he spat the words out. "*If* you claim to be a lawyer!" he said, and turned on his heel to walk swiftly toward the glass door ahead. At the door, he swung to face Al again. "*Well?*" he barked; and after a moment Al nodded.

The inner office of *Wollheim & Michaels, Attorneys*, was the largest law office in San Francisco by many square yards. It had been two offices once, each considered large, and Max Wollheim had had the wall between them removed. Now the office was huge, and almost blatantly luxurious. In one wall stood a fireplace of glazed white brick with a finely carved mantel of dull gray wood. The walls were polished mahogany, the high molded ceiling white, and on the floor before the windows at the far end of the great room stood an enormous black desk of teakwood, its panels intricately and magnificently carved. Beside it stood an exact duplicate of the witness chairs used in the courts of San Francisco. A smaller desk, of gray steel—Al's—stood near the door.

Dozens of framed and inscribed photographs of celebrities were arranged on one wall. The opposite wall, the one mass of color in the room, was open book shelves from floor to ceiling. On these shelves, in addition to several sets of leather-bound law books, including Deering's *California Codes*, were books on anatomy, forensic medicine, chemistry, statistical analysis, art, psychiatry, economics, politics, and a volume on the history of canoes. There were fifteen cookbooks, a history of pornography, four atlases, a Bowditch, several yards of paper-backed novels, five joke books, one of them in Latin, two hymn books, the Koran, Clemenceau's memoirs, a great stack of sheet music, over a hundred lead soldiers beautifully molded and painted, a nickel-plated revolver flaking with rust, a foot-high model of the Eiffel Tower in spun glass, a baseball—there was everything.

In the great space between these walls was a large chaise longue, with a low table beside it. On the table was a solid gold cigarette box. "You don't wrap a Tiffany ring in a paper bag," Max had told Al the day he had come here. "I'm expensive, and this is my showcase."

Now, clasping his hands, Max lay back on the chaise longue. He was in shirt sleeves, collar open, tie pulled down. Al stood hanging his coat on a standing rack beside his desk. "All right," Max said brusquely, "this client—what's his name?"

"Balderson."

"Yeah, Balderson. Now, put everything out of your mind but him, and think. I want *you* to come up with the answer."

Al shook his head in a kind of stunned admiration. "Max, you're the absolute limit," he said. "In two hours I'm getting *married*; yet you've somehow got me feeling guilty about it."

"Nobody's guilty around here." Max smiled. "Now start thinking."

For some twenty minutes Al slowly strolled the huge office, his feet soundless on the thick carpeting. Max lay comfortably on his lounge, eyes closed; he might have been asleep. As he paced, Al occasionally reached out to touch something—a desk blotter, a lamp shade. Once, at the book shelves, he muttered, "Cross-examination won't do it," and Max nodded without opening his eyes. Al wandered to the windows and stood staring out over the city at the yellow-gold lights of the Bay Bridge. "Impeach the witnesses' characters?" he said presently. "Not seven of them, Al," Max murmured, and Al nodded.

Again he paced the room while Max lay, a smile on his lean, gaunt face. Then, Al walked to the foot of the lounge. "Max," he said, "get a continuance. For three weeks. You know you can. And I'll spend all my time on it from the day I get back."

"Continuances; the bad lawyer's crutch." Max opened his eyes. "We already know all there is to know. The time to start work on a case is the minute you get it. You know that!"

"Okay, go ahead!" Al turned angrily away. "Go to trial tomorrow! How will you defend him? Seven witnesses will come into court, one after another, and swear he's the man. They don't know each other; you can't claim collusion. And all Balderson can say, his only defense, is that nevertheless he didn't do it. Any jury will think he's guilty, they'll have to. I think so myself."

Max Wollheim's face went white. "Don't *say* that!" he whispered, thrusting himself forward on the lounge to stare up at Al. "Don't *ever* say that! Who are *you* to say he's guilty?" Max shouted. "He's innocent!"

"How do you know?" Al said uncertainly. "Did you ask him?"

"*Ask* him?" Max laughed, a short bark of sound without amusement. "Of course not. I never ask a client if he's guilty."

"Why not?"

"Because I don't want to know and I couldn't find out: he'd probably lie. Besides"—suddenly he grinned up at Al—"I don't have to ask. All my clients are innocent."

"Yeah, you've told me. More than once. And I don't mind telling you I think it's a pretty cynical attitude."

"Maybe." Max shrugged. "I wouldn't know; I don't worry about things like that." Then he shook his head. "But I don't think so. All my clients are innocent, Al, because who am I to say they aren't? And who are you? Who *is* to say, except a judge or jury?" Across the room, Al had reluctantly turned to listen, and Max said quietly, "Listen to me, Al. A man is innocent until he's proven guilty, but most people don't believe that. They say it; everybody says

it! But they don't believe it, and don't act it. Half the people on a jury don't; they'll have a man convicted before the trial starts if you let them. I don't care if they've got moving pictures showing him in the very act of committing the crime; I don't care *what* the evidence is." He leaned toward Al. "He is innocent," he repeated quietly. "Your client is always innocent until a judge and jury, God forbid, says he is guilty; there is no other possible attitude for a lawyer. It's seven-thirty, Al, but now I want another half-hour, and not a single word of argument. You've got something to learn that's as important as getting married on time, and I'm going to teach you. Now, listen to me. Balderson is innocent. Because he's our client. Since he's innocent, those witnesses have *got* to be wrong. Now, why? Are they lying?"

"No." Al shook his head.

"Right. Why should they lie? So what does that leave us? They're mistaken. They've *got* to be, since Balderson is innocent."

"Seven witnesses wrong, Max?"

"Seven or seven hundred, they've got to be mistaken if he's innocent. You can see that, can't you?"

"Oh, sure; your logic is flawless."

Max shrugged. "Then that's your defense; the witnesses are mistaken. It's simple. All you have to figure out is how you're going to show that to the judge." He glanced at his watch again. "I want another thirty minutes, Al; use them for your client."

At a quarter to eight the telephone rang, and Al turned to answer it, dropping into his desk chair. "Hello?" he said, then paused. "Yeah, I know it is." He glanced at his watch. "I'm just about to leave." Then he frowned, his forehead wrinkling. "Well, I had to help Max, darling," he said defensively. "A case came up this afternoon—" He frowned at an interruption. "Yeah, of course he knows, honey; he was coming to the wedding himself, but now he just can't make it—" He stopped at another interruption, then almost shouted. "Certainly *I* can make it!" and Max got up from the lounge, and walked to his desk. "Honey"—Al's voice dropped—"I'm leaving right now."

Max had pressed one of the row of buttons on the base of his phone, and now he spoke into the phone. "Miss Pearson," he said quietly, "this is my fault entirely; Al would have been out of here long since if I hadn't begged him to stay until now and help me." He listened, then nodded. "Maybe not. Maybe it wasn't necessary, tonight of all nights; I suppose it's hard for me to judge." A note of wistfulness had come into his voice. "For a man like me with nothing to go home to but an apartment with a clock ticking in an empty room, I suppose it's easy to say we'll work right up till the last minute. To consider only the man in jail, innocent, his wife sitting at home, alone and terrified because the man she married is going to prison tomorrow. Unless I somehow find a way to save him. That's why—and I want you to forgive me, Cora—I asked Al to help me tonight; to somehow find a way to save that other girl's husband." His lean, lined face was sad and brooding, and almost as though to himself he murmured, "But who knows the truth about what he does? Maybe I was only hunting an excuse to postpone my own loneliness; I can't come to your wedding tonight, and I was looking forward to it. Because Al is my son, Cora. That's how I've come to think of Al." Across the room, holding his phone and listening, Al rolled his eyes to the ceiling. "And I simply can't tell you," Max continued, "how very much I was looking forward to meeting you, Cora." The phone held between his ear and shoulder, Max lit a cigarette, and exhaled a jet of smoke toward the ceiling. "Thank you, my dear," he murmured then. "I'm very grateful that you understand. I'll send Al over to get you now and with all my heart I wish I could come, too, and meet you. Your Al is a very lucky man, and I'm glad for him. But I envy him, too." Max hung up.

Al said, "I'll be there soon as I'm dressed, honey." Then he smiled gently. "I do, too," he murmured. "See you very soon." He replaced the phone, and swung to face Max. "All right, con man!" he said. "I'm getting the hell out of here; right now!"

"Con man, sure." Max smiled. "A little bit, anyway; I didn't want your bride mad at you on your wedding night. Now she's happy instead; you were working to save another girl's husband, and she likes you fine."

"Sure." Al was rapidly buttoning his coat. "And she likes you fine, too, now. For a minute there, I thought the two of you were going to elope. So long, Max."

"One second, Al!" Max called. "Then you can go."

Al turned. "I'm warning you, Max—"

But Max had a hand up, wagging it placatingly. "All I want to tell you, Al, is that I wasn't conning you completely; give me credit for a little sincerity. I like the sound of her, Al; I really do, and I congratulate you honestly. I wish I could be at your wedding tonight. And meet this girl. I wish it very much."

Max sprang suddenly to his feet, and walked quickly toward Al. "Al, let me meet her!" he cried. "Go get her now, and bring her here; just for a minute! I

want to wish her luck. Please, Al; do that for me!" He stood staring up at Al, eyes bright with pleading.

"Max, I *can't*." Al spread his hands helplessly. "There just isn't *time*. I've got to tear home, shave, change clothes."

"Do it here!" Max cried excitedly. "You've got your gray courtroom suit here! And clean linen, shoes, everything! Get Cora first, that's all! Bring her here, and let me meet her."

Al stood frowning. "Well," he said doubtfully; then, "I suppose I could. It wouldn't take any longer, at that."

Max had Al's hand in both of his, gripping it tightly. "Wonderful," he said. "Al, I'm delighted. Now, get out of here." He gave the younger man a shove. "And get Cora up here just as fast as you can."

As the office door closed behind Al, Max turned, and walked to his desk. Standing behind it, he yanked a phone book from a drawer, and flipped quickly through its pages; then, as his forefinger slid down a column, he found a number.

He dialed, and his lean face looked hawklike, actually predatory. "Florence?" he said, and leaned forward over the phone intently. "This is Max." He listened, then smiled. "Well, I've been busy day and night. Literally; you know how it gets sometimes. I thought of you last Tuesday, though; it was just two years ago when you and I—" He paused at an interruption, listening, then nodded. "You remembered, too?" he said softly. "I wondered if you would. Listen, Florence." His voice was brisk and rapid now. "I need help, and fast; I was afraid you might be on duty." He listened, then said. "Well, you can still make it; you'll have time. Because I want you to come here dressed ready to go to work; you can leave directly from here. I'll send you in a cab. Yeah! Yeah!" He nodded impatiently. "We'll have dinner this week. I'll phone you, and that's a definite promise. Now, here's what I want you to do, and you've *got* to hurry; listen, and don't interrupt. If you can possibly get hold of this right away—and I think that big Irish friend of yours can help you—I want you to bring something along in the cab; I'll be waiting in front of the building to help you." He continued to talk for thirty seconds; then he said goodbye, glanced at his watch, and began to pace his office.

Some forty minutes later, Al Michaels held open the outer door of *Wollheim & Michaels*, and his fiancée stepped in past him. She was young, twenty-three at most, wearing a white blouse and a gray felt hat matching her gray suit and shoes, and she was very pretty. Al hurried past her to open the door to the inner office, and she entered it.

Max Wollheim lay on the chaise longue facing them, and beside him, in starched white uniform and cap, stood a nurse. In her hand was a long rubber tube attached to a five-foot cylindrical tank which lay propped against the lounge. The other end of the tube was in Max Wollheim's mouth. For an instant they stood staring at each other—Max and the nurse, Al and his fiancée. Then Max's hand swung up, sweeping the rubber tube from his mouth. "Get that thing out of here," he said roughly. "I don't need it; I'm fine!" He tried to heave himself up from the lounge, smiling at Cora, who stood beside Al. "Cora," he said, and held his hands out to her. "I'm so glad you came. I'm so happy to see you. Don't let this stuff frighten you." He gestured at the tank beside him. "I've got a quack doctor wants a new car, and I guess he's decided I'll pay for it. Come here."

For a moment Cora stood staring; then she accepted Max's outstretched hands. "Max," Al was saying. "What the hell's *wrong?*"

"Nothing's wrong! Been working a little too hard, that's all. Phoned my doctor, and he said a little oxygen was all I needed, and it's done the trick fine. Cora"—he took her hands in his—"let me just look at you." He smiled into her eyes.

"She's a wonderful girl, Al," Max murmured, glancing at him momentarily, then turning back to Cora. "Delightful; absolutely delightful." With a final squeeze, he reluctantly released Cora's hands, and turned to Al. "Why, it happened right after you left," he said. "And it's nothing, Al, just a little spasm, a pain. I almost wonder if it's anything more than simple indigestion."

The nurse sniffed, and brought the rubber tube to Max's mouth again. "A little more now, Mr. Wollheim," she said pleadingly. "You've *got* to; two more full breaths at least."

Max shrugged humorously at Al and allowed the tube to enter his mouth. Then he inhaled, slowly and deeply, his eyes closing, and he sank wearily back on the lounge.

"Max, what *is* this?" Al demanded. "Are you really sick? Or is this some damned tr—"

"Of course I'm not sick! I'm all right! This is a lot of nonsense!" He glared angrily up at the nurse. "Al, if my doctor weren't right in this building, I wouldn't even have bothered phoning him. I simply called, and told him what happened. A little pain, that's all; I thought he might send up a pill or something. Instead, he had this frozen-faced nurse and her idiotic tank up here before I knew what was happening."

"Mr. Wollheim," the nurse said with quiet fury, "the doctor said—"

"I don't care *what* he said! Will he go into court and try my case tomorrow? I'll have a few more whiffs from that thing, soon as these people are gone—and you'd better get ready, Al! Then it's out you go, and I'll lock the doors. I've got work to do, and I feel great! Now, just let me talk to my friends, please. Cora"—he smiled up at her from the lounge—"you're much too good for this unshaven shyster; why don't you marry me? Al, you'll be late!"

"Listen, Max," Al said, "you can't work tonight; don't be a fool. Get a continuance—"

"I don't work that way, Al. And I'm not changing my methods because of this; I simply won't give in to it. It's not the worst way for a criminal lawyer to go, if that's how it has to be."

"Max, you *can't*, you simply—"

"I can, and I will!" Max shouted, half rising from the lounge to glare at Al; then he sank back. Very gently he said, "Al, you thought I was some kind of louse, taking every cent Balderson's got. And you've thought so before in other cases; I've seen it in your eyes. Don't you know why I do it, son? Not for the money! You know that; money's nothing to me, and I'll never let it make me fat and cautious." Al stood staring at him, lips compressed in worry and doubt. "But when I take a case," Max Wollheim continued, "I want to be committed *completely*. Don't you see? If I take all a man's got, I can't give anything less in return. It's why I win my cases," he said quietly. "There's no retreat, no excuses when you've taken all a man has. Quit, and go home early because I'm tired? Unthinkable. Prepare a case, then shrug if I lose because you can't win them all? Not me, Al, not Max Wollheim. When I lose it's almost more than I can bear." Eyes widening, staring past Al's shoulder, he said. "Thomas Wendell, age thirty-one, machinist. Agnes Magannini, age twenty-nine, stenographer. Hubert Rihm, age fifty-two, stock broker. Benjamin Horowitz, age sixty, salesman. Carl—"

"What are you *talking* about, Max! Who are *they*?"

"Jurors!" He glared up at Al. "And I can name all the rest! The jury in the people versus Edwin Stieglitz, charged with first-degree murder. They convicted him! My client! And he died in the gas chamber at San Quentin prison."

Staring, Al murmured, "When was that?"

"Eleven years ago. And I've been retrying the case in my mind ever since. At night I lie in bed thinking about it." He shook his head. "I cannot lose, Al; it's not permitted to me. And so I'll work tonight—" he smiled at Al and Cora. "With a tube in my mouth, if I have to. And

when I've proved Balderson innocent tomorrow, you're right; I'll blow the whole fee. Al, get out of here; don't keep this girl waiting. And I've got work to do."

For a moment longer, Al stood staring at the man on the lounge; then he glanced at the girl beside him. She took his arm, and led him away to the front of the office, by the windows. "You want to help him, don't you?" she said gently. "You feel that you've got to, don't you, darling? That you can't walk out, and leave this man here like that."

"Look, honey." Al looked down at her upturned face, his eyes tender and disturbed. "We've planned this for months. We've postponed it three times because of my work. Because of Max."

But she was shaking her head. "Could you enjoy our honeymoon?" she said softly. "I couldn't; suppose Mr. Wollheim died!"

"He can get a continuance, damn him!"

"But will he?" Al shook his head, and the girl put a hand on his arm. "Darling, I know what you think you ought to do; I can tell. Well, we can postpone this if we have to, sweetheart; it isn't as though we had a church full of people waiting. And if that's how it has to be, then I guess we'd better just face it." He didn't answer and once again she touched his arm. "Come on," she said. "Let's go tell him."

At a quarter to ten the next day, Cora Pierson entered the courtroom of Judge Wallace N. Hackster wearing a dark-green sweater, a tweed skirt, and a tan camel's hair coat; she looked very pretty. Cora paused at the rear of the room, hunting a vacant seat. Glancing toward the front of the room, on the other side of a low wooden railing, she saw the back of a magnificent graying head, and knew this must be Max Wollheim. He was sitting at the long defense counsel's table leaning comfortably back in his chair, and Cora wondered whether he might still be ill.

She saw a single empty seat halfway forward, walked toward it, and began edging into the row past spectators' knees. Then, in the chair beside Max, at his left, she saw the back of Al's gray suit, and remembered the day she'd helped him pick it out. The dark head just above the gray suit collar was bent over an opened Manila folder on the table before him, and Cora stared at the back of his head, trying to make him turn and see her. But his head remained bowed over his papers, and now Cora glanced at the man on Max's right.

He sat in shirt sleeves, elbows on the table, his face buried in his hands in an attitude of dejection. Cora felt a sudden stab of pity and guilt. For the first time he seemed real to her, a living man in

terrible trouble, and not just a name in one of Al's cases. His shirt was soiled and wrinkled, as were his tan wash pants, and the line of his jaw, just past the hands over his face, was stubbled with black whiskers; he looked defeated already, she thought.

The court clerk came in through a doorway at the front of the room, nodding at the bailiff who sat on the edge of the prosecutor's table; the clerk sat down at his desk just under the high judge's bench. Presently the stenographer—a lean, cadaverous man—entered and walked to his desk beside the empty jury box. A moment later a tall, blond man, large and athletic-looking and wearing a dark-blue suit, walked in rapidly from a side door, carrying a brief case under his arm. He nodded at defense counsel's table, and Max responded with a smile and a flick of his hand; neither of the other two men looked up. The man in the blue suit sat down at the other long table, opening his brief case, and Cora understood that this was the prosecutor, Al's opponent, and she frowned.

Several minutes passed—it was two past ten; then the room came to life. "His honor, Judge Wallace Hackster," the bailiff called loudly. "Rise, please." Getting to her feet with the others, Cora saw the judge climbing the short stairs which led to his bench. He was bald and heavy-faced, and now he looked pleasantly out at the room, and sat down. "Sit down, please," the bailiff called. "This Court is in session."

The court clerk handed up a file to the judge, who opened it, glanced at it, then laid it down. "The People of the State of California versus Carl Balderson," he said quietly.

"Ready for the People," the prosecutor said from his table.

"Ready for the defendant," said Max.

"A plea of not guilty was entered in this case upon arraignment," said the judge, "and jury trial waived by the defendant and the people. Is that your understanding, Mr. Wollheim?"

"Yes. May I approach the bench, Your Honor?" The judge nodded, and Max and the prosecutor stood and walked up to the high bench. Lowering his voice, Max said, "How's your asthma, Judge?"

"Good, good!" The judge leaned toward him, smiling. "And yours?"

"Fine. The reason I asked, is that I've been trying something new; works pretty good. I'll send you a bottle."

"Good." The judge nodded his thanks, and the two men turned, walking back to their respective tables.

As they walked, Levin leaned toward Max to murmur, "Tell me one thing, Max; have you really got asthma?"

"Oh," Max said softly, "it comes and goes. It comes when I walk into Hackster's court, and goes when I leave."

"That's what I thought," said Levin.

The two men sat down, and the judge said, "All right, Mr. Levin, you can begin."

At his table, Levin scribbled a note, then stood up. "Well, Your Honor," he said, "this is a simple case. The defendant, Carl Balderson"—he nodded at the shirt-sleeved man beside Max—"is charged with armed robbery, violation of section two-eleven of the penal code, on seven occasions, as specified in the Information. We will prove this by calling as witnesses the men who were robbed. Each is the owner, in San Francisco, of a small store of one kind or another. They don't know each other, and each will testify that he was robbed, in his store, at gunpoint, and will identify the defendant as the robber. That's our case, to be proved by witnesses; they are all present outside in the corridor." Levin sat down.

"Mr. Wollheim?" said the judge.

"The defense waives its opening, Your Honor. I ask only one thing. Since this case hinges, as the prosecutor has said, upon identification of the defendant by more than one witness, I ask the court to issue a reminder to the bailiff." Turning toward the bailiff, Max did it himself. "Once a witness has testified, please find him a seat in the courtroom. For obvious reasons, of course, he should not be allowed to rejoin the witnesses who have not yet been heard."

"Of course," said the judge, and glanced at the bailiff, who nodded.

"Call my first witness," said the prosecutor. "Walter Muller."

The bailiff walked to the side door, pushed it open, and called, "Walter Muller!" A moment later a short, plump man of sixty dressed in a dark suit walked in. At the witness chair the clerk swore him in, speaking the words of the familiar formula. As the witness listened, Max leaned to his left to tap the gray-coated shoulder beside him, and the two men, heads bent over the table, conferred for a moment in whispers. Max nodded then, and the witness sat down.

Without rising, Levin said—glancing at a paper as he spoke—"You are Walter Muller of 9840 Geary Street?"

"I am." The witness sat watching Levin.

"You own a store at that address?"

"I do."

"I call your attention"—again the prosecutor glanced at a paper before him—"to March thirtieth of this year; the late evening of that date. Did anything of an unusual nature occur then?"

"Yes, sir."

"Please tell us what it was."

"Well, I was closing my store about nine-thirty, when the door opened, and a man walked in." Careful, like most witnesses, never to glance toward the defendant until time to identify him, the witness told his story, a simple account of robbery at the point of a gun. Beside Max, the white-shirted figure sat unmoving, bowed and dejected, his face in his hands. Did the witness, Levin asked then, get a good look at the robber? The man on the stand answered yes. Could he describe him? Yes, the witness replied; he was tall, dark-haired, well-built, and young, somewhere between twenty-five and thirty. He wore a dark leather jacket, gray felt hat, white shirt, wash pants, and was unshaven. Would the witness know him if he saw him again? Yes, he would, the witness said.

"All right," Levin's voice was perfunctory as put up the standard question in standard form. "I ask you now whether you see in this courtroom the man who robbed you?" As he spoke, Max Wollheim was rising to his feet, and now he walked toward the prosecutor, casually lifting a forefinger to ask for his attention. Behind him, at the table he had just left, the bowed, white-shirted shoulders finally moved, as the man brought his hands down from his face; he hooked his thumbs defiantly into the belt of his soiled tan trousers, and lifted his chin to stare at the witness.

Leaning over Levin to whisper into his ear, Max said, "Will you take a change of plea to a reduced charge?" The man on the stand was gazing out over the courtroom as though the man he was looking for might conceivably be sitting comfortably among the spectators.

"You think I'm crazy, Max?" Levin murmured. "We've got your client cold."

Up on the stand, the witness said firmly, "Yes, I see him," and Levin leaned to one side to peer up at him around Max.

"All right," Levin said to the witness, "step down, and put your hand on his shoulder." This was done for the trial-record so that no possible question could be raised on appeal about whom the witness had identified. "No, Max," Levin said then, lowering his voice, and shaking his head as he looked up at Max's worried face. "Why should we take a lesser plea? You've got nothing to offer." Again he leaned to one side to peer around Max; the witness was walking around the far end of defense counsel's table, and now he stopped beside the waiting man who sat staring defiantly up at him. Solemnly and self-consciously, the witness reached out to drop his hand on the shoulder of the waiting man's soiled white shirt. "You see, Max?" Levin shrugged. "There you are." And Max nodded, and turned toward the judge.

His voice was casual, almost perfunctory, and he nodded toward the court stenographer whose fingers were flashing over the keyboard of his tiny stenographic machine. "Let the record show," Max began quietly, "that the witness"—and now his voice rose suddenly to ring through the crowded courtroom—"has identified the extremely able counsel for the defense, my partner, Al Michaels!"

In the moment of stunned silence that followed, Al Michaels—unshaven, his eyes bloodshot from a long night of work, and still wearing the shirt he had worn for twenty-four hours—turned his face toward the judge and prosecutor. Then so did Balderson, neatly shaven, his dark hair freshly trimmed, and wearing Al's suit, his tie, shirt, and shoes. And the prosecutor began to shout. "Your Honor, I *object*, I absolutely and categorically *object*!" Levin's face was red and furious. "This is unheard of, and completely inadmissable! In all my practice, I have never before seen a more shabby, contemptible trick, and I obj—"

Max was waiting for the word, and pounced on it. *"Trick?"* His voice was an indignant roar. "This is no trick; this is a demonstration of something of fundamental and terrible importance!" He thrust an arm out at full length, pointing at Balderson. "The only reason this man is on trial at all is that the prosecution's witnesses said that he robbed them. That they *knew* it, that they were *sure* of it! Well, all right!" He turned to glare at the furious prosecutor. "*If* they're sure, and they'd better be sure to send a man to prison for years, then they've got to be able to identify him shaven or unshaven, and wearing a suit, a dirty shirt, or an admiral's full-dress uniform!" Max paused, and glanced around the entire courtroom, his great brown eyes alive and glittering. "But the witness was not sure; and that's what we demonstrated. All he identified at the police lineup was a dirty shirt and an unshaven face, not the man at all. And you don't send a man to prison because he didn't shave one Sunday morning!" Max sat down. "Let the prosecution show us," he said disdainfully, "where defense counsel's dress is specified in law. Or I ask that his objection be overruled."

"If Mr. Wollheim has finished his oration," the judge said, "I will give my ruling." Turning to Levin, he said, "Mr. Wollheim and Mr. Michaels came to my chambers this morning, Mr. Levin, where they described how they planned that Mr. Michaels and the defendant should be dressed. As reasons for this, they advanced very much what Mr. Wollheim has just said. Of course, I agreed; there is nothing in law against it, and there is a great deal for it. Our witnesses must be able to identify the man, not his clothes. Objection overruled," he concluded, and the trial was over.

There was an hour of it left, during which six more witnesses—Max's alert eyes on the prosecutor making certain he did not deviate by word or gesture from proper procedure—all testified as the first one had. But the trial had ended in the moment the first witness touched Al Michael's shoulder, and now Al was looking out over the excited spectators, searching for Cora; and when he saw her, he grinned triumphantly.

The finding of "not guilty" was automatic. Balderson was free, and as the judge left his bench, Cora made her way up to defense counsel's table. The three men were standing, Balderson shaking hands with Al; Cora heard him promise to return Al's clothes. Then Max saw her, and spoke. "Well, your boy won the case!" he said, his eyes flashing. "He figured the defense, and it worked!"

"Did I?" Al said, and he smiled tiredly at Cora. "Did I figure it out, Max, or was it really you? As usual."

"Oh"—Max grinned—"maybe I prompted you a little, led you up to it. But he thought of it independently," he said to Cora. "And you ought to be proud."

Balderson spoke before Cora could reply. "Mr. Wollheim," he said, "I have to leave now. My wife couldn't stand being here, and I want to phone her." He put his hand out—"I just can't thank you enough."

"The fee will do that," Max said, shaking hands. Then Balderson glanced over his shoulder, and leaned forward, lowering his voice.

"Believe me, Mr. Wollheim," he said fervently, "I was scared. And I've sure learned my lesson. I'll never rob another store again." Then, smiling at Cora, nodding his goodbye to the others, Balderson turned to walk out of the courtroom.

There was a moment of silence. Then Cora said, *"Proud?"* She glanced from Max to Al, and her voice was furious. "Is *that* what you're so proud of! Is that what I gave up my *wedding* for, to free a guilty man!" She burst into tears.

"Honey, listen"—Al reached for her, but she stepped back. "We're not judges! We've got to assume innocence; and God help us all, if we ever stop! Our job is to defend, not judg—" But Cora was tugging at her finger; then her hand came free, and she slapped her engagement ring down on the table, turned, and walked swiftly toward the exit. "Cora!" Al called, and took a half step after her; then stopped.

After a moment, his voice very gentle, Max said, "You're not going after her?"

"No." Al shook his head, his lips compressing.

"Well—she'll think about it. And maybe she'll understand."

"Maybe." Al nodded, staring down at the ring. "I hope so."

"But if she doesn't?"

"If she doesn't—then she's not a lawyer's wife." Al scooped up the ring from the table, turned, and walked over to one of the tall windows overlooking Kearny Street, and after a moment, gathering their papers up from the table, Max followed. Al was leaning forward, staring down at the street. "There she goes," he murmured, nodding at Cora's figure hurrying along the sidewalk down which he and Max had walked only the afternoon before. "I hope she comes back." He shook his head ruefully. "Wonder what she'd have said if she'd known that tank was a fake."

Max asked, "What tank?"

Al's mouth quirked in a little grimace. "You know what tank, Max. Your oxygen tank with the little yellow label near the bottom that said *Caution: Compressed Air.*"

Max nodded. "The nurse was a friend of mine," he said quietly. "I once defended her brother. An old patient of hers has a balloon concession out at Fleishacker Zoo; blows the balloons up with compressed air. When did you notice the label, Al?"

"Few minutes after we came in."

"Before Cora said you could stay?"

"Yeah. Before." He shrugged at Max's unspoken question. "I simply realized that it didn't matter, Max—fake heart attack or real. Because in either case, it proved the same thing."

"And what was that?"

"What a criminal lawyer ought to know. What you taught me last night—that the client comes first. We don't judge; we've simply got to give him the best defense we know how. And Balderson's defense needed me. I didn't know why, but when I saw you were even willing to fake a heart attack to get me to stay, I knew I had to. What a performance!" Al opened his hand to look at the ring lying in his palm. "You smart bastard," he muttered; "maybe you even planned this."

Max grinned. "That's hard to say. But you can't prove I did, so you must assume that I'm innocent. If you're a lawyer. And you sure as hell are." He stood staring down at the busy street and sidewalks below. Then he murmured, "There they go, the human race; one out of ten heading for trouble with the law. Be seeing you!" he said, then turned to grin at Al. "Come on, counselor," he said. "Let's go celebrate; we've got a big fee to blow." THE END

Her scream ripped the air as a warning. But they had her—a hostage for the boy's life.

Cosmopolitan's Complete Mystery Novel

THE SLENDER THREAD

From nowhere the child appeared on his doorstep, a fugitive, a hunted animal from some horrifying, mysterious past. He had to help this boy escape from an unknown terror. But how?

BY P. J. MERRILL ILLUSTRATED BY AUSTIN BRIGGS

Gordon Monroe flexed his neck muscles, pushed his portable typewriter away, and stood up. He stretched and moved to the window. Usually the mountain view of late August's ever-changing color was breath-takingly lovely, especially to a city man like Monroe. At the moment, however, the scene had a lowering, pre-storm sullenness. He stretched again and decided on a walk before that storm came. So he turned and went out through the front doorway.

The child was on the porch, sitting in the old rocking chair.

Monroe suffered a moment of heart-stopping surprise. He had thought the nearest human being was seven miles away. Also, the boy seemed weirdly unaware of Monroe's presence. His profile remained rigid; his legs, too short to reach the floor, were held unnaturally still. But he must have heard the screen door slam. Was he—the frightening, uncharacteristic bounce of heart came again: God! Was he alive? Monroe said, "Hello?"

For a second there was no sign of response, but then a rustling was added to the rustling of the fallen leaves: the child turned its head.

Monroe stared into dark-blue eyes—enormous eyes, or was the face abnormally thin? There was a creature-quality to the boy. He looked like—an animal.

Monroe stood, caught into the conspiracy of stillness—the boy's, the elements'. Not "animal"—not as the word was used of small humans. The boy looked not like a wild free thing of the forest, but a tamed thing of the zoo.

Then the child said. "Hello." The smallness produced the expected treble.

"Nice to see you." What did you say to a small child? Monroe hadn't the slightest idea. "Pretty up here, isn't it? Where are you from?"

Again he was awarded the wide stare. The boy said. "I was just sitting! I didn't do nothing!"

A runaway. Six? Seven? He looked maybe five and talked maybe ten. Well, he was clearly a runaway, but he must have run a hell of a distance—probably from the village seven miles away.

Monroe looked down at the rigid feet. The feet were bare, which may have accounted for the silent approach but did not explain how he had managed seven miles of rugged mountainside. "Barefoot boy with cheek of—" Let's not be corny, Monroe thought, and then realized that there was nothing tan about the child. Except for vivid blue eyes and dark-brown hair, he came in two colors—a dirt-color caused by plain dirt, and the small patches of white that showed through. The white was really a pure absence of color—kitchen-tile white.

A few splats of rain hit the porch railing.

Then the thunder came, and the child jumped convulsively.

If the village kids went barefoot in the summer, presumably their feet hardened enough to survive the rocks that encrusted this mountain. But—how could his feet have hardened if he hadn't been outdoors? And how could he have been outdoors and not have acquired some color?

Monroe said, "Do you mind thunder? Shouldn't, you know. It's just noise." The word "noise" was lost in the fact; the child shook. Monroe said, "I was going to drive you down but let's wait till the storm is over. Come on inside."

The child seemed almost cataleptic, but then the small frame tilted itself forward and stood. He was even smaller than Monroe had expected. Monroe held the screen door open and the child entered, shying as he passed him. "Sit down." Monroe said.

The boy perched on the ancient army cot that slouched beneath the porch window, which was as near to the door as he could get. Monroe said, "I'll take you down to your parents after the storm is over."

"Have no—parents."

"Home, then. Wherever you live."

"Don't live nowhere."

"You have to live somewhere. How did you get here?"

"Bummed."

The syllable was inexpressibly funny. The picture of this infant "bumming" . . . "Really?" Monroe said gravely. "And how old are you?"

A slight hesitation. "Nine."

Eight? "When's your birthday?"

There was a pause. Then, "In the summer. When it isn't cold."

Damnedest phraseology, Monroe thought. Well, presumably the kid wasn't very smart. But the frightened stare belied that.

"Well, I think you—ah—bummed your way up from the village."

"You mean them houses down there?"

THE SLENDER THREAD (continued)

"The village, yes." Didn't he, for God's sake, know what a village was?

"I come from there. From the vill-age." He thought about it. "Past there. When it was light. Daylight. Then I come up the—the hill."

Monroe was feeling peculiar. The kid sought for words as if he had just acquired a vocabulary. Monroe tried to translate: He had come from—or, across?—the village at daybreak. Well, seven precipitous miles on those short and skinny legs might well have taken the whole day. Monroe looked at his watch. "It's after seven," he said, "and still raining like blazes. So—"

The kid looked at the rain, falling with an effect of cathartic release. Then he refixed his stare on Monroe. "Like hell," he agreed.

Monroe caught his breath. Not profanity, this was an adjective, chosen from that insufficient vocabulary. "Yes," he said, "so let's eat first."

It took him fifteen minutes to prepare steak, a mixed salad, and pre-packaged French fried potatoes. Then he brought in the three dishes of food. The kid was still sitting on the cot. Monroe got plates, cutlery, and paper napkins out of the old-fashioned china closet and plopped them on the table. He sat down, and started to cut the steak. Then he realized the kid had not moved.

"Well?" Monroe said. "Come on."

"There?"

"Yes, of course, here."

The child slid off the cot and approached the table with a sort of high-stepping motion—a very unusual walk.

Monroe plunked a big piece of steak on a plate, threw in some potatoes, and put the plate in front of the child and said, "Eat your dinner." A second later he said, "No! Not like that! Use your knife and fork!"

The kid dropped the steak as if he had been hit, and cowered back in his chair. My God, Monroe thought, I've never really seen anyone cringe before. "It's all right," he said gently. He leaned over and cut up the steak. "Now, use your fork." But the boy seemed fixed against the chairback.

Monroe leaned forward. "Now, listen," he said. "I didn't mean to be—to be mean, but I want you to eat like a—a person." He picked up the fork and held it out. After a second a small, dirty claw came forward and grasped the utensil. "That's fine. How about some milk?"

Wide eyes regarded him over the fork.

He went to the kitchen, poured a glass of milk and returned with it. He paused, put the glass down, and then said without emphasis, "What did you do with the food on your plate?"

The eyes, filled with fear, came up. "You *said* to eat it. You *said*—"

"Yes, yes. Of course I did. But you have to chew, you know. You have to—" He stopped. "Drink your milk. Do you want more steak?"

"The meat? *Can* I? Yes."

"Please?"

"Peas? What peas? That stuff? That isn't . . ." The voice died away, the shaking little finger was withdrawn from its gesture at the salad.

So "please" was missing from the scanty vocabulary. Monroe scraped bites of his sirloin onto the kid's dish. Then he watched while the new portion disappeared. The child *did* chew, but it was a rudimentary motion. Clearly, he was too hungry . . . Well, he hadn't eaten all day. Naturally, he was hungry . . .

Monroe faced it: The child was not hungry; he was starving.

Monroe said roughly, "More milk?"

A tentative nod. The eyes were inquiring now. Monroe went to the kitchen. He had to open a new container. When he returned, the boy's head was lying beside his emptied plate. Monroe had a frightened second, but when he bent and peered up into the small face he saw the flutter of the unused paper napkin as the breaths puffed evenly against it.

Well. Monroe sat back on his heels and considered. The road would be a mire. It was late. It was growing cold.

Monroe slid his arms beneath the small body and, as he hoisted, sustained another surprise: the child had no weight. My God, Monroe thought, looking down at the dirty little face. The skeleton showed clearly. The eyesockets and jawbones were so slightly sheathed they could have been used for a course in anatomy.

He deposited the frail skeleton on the daybed, moved to the overstuffed chair, and turned on the radio. Then he listened. For two hours, he listened to every newscast he could find. No missing children were reported.

Momentarily, he regretted his isolation. The relative inaccessibility of this Vermont hilltop and the lack of a telephone had pleased him. This, he had decided, was the place to write the novel that was going to fulfill the "promise" they had thundered about with his first book, mentioned after his second, and forgotten with his third. His books sold—not only well, but increasingly well. But the critics carped about "warmth" and "heart."

Monroe hated corn. Civilized people faced problems with their minds. When their emotions got involved they tried to put aside greed and fear, desire and hate and love—to deal with the mind. In his sixth book, nearly finished now, he handled emotion as he always had—as a thing to be recognized and overcome.

Well. Monroe decided on bed. Then he looked over at the child. The nights were cool up here, almost cold, and the kid had on only a short-sleeved sweatshirt and very brief pants. Monroe looked contemplatively at the enormous fireplace. As usual, its massiveness brought a faint smile to his face. He supposed the affair foretold the story of winter on a Vermont hilltop—however, it ate wood voraciously. He recalled his few attempts at wood chopping, and went into the bedroom and got a cotton blanket.

He carried the blanket back to the cot, and leaned over to spread it.

He stopped, then. The legs were bent at the knees and he could see the soles of the feet. They were lacerated. Crossed, webbed, pierced with cuts. There was blood, freshly dried. No, Monroe thought shudderingly, the boy was not used to going barefoot. He remembered the high-stepping, gingerly walk. My God, what the simple act of walking must have cost the kid! Iodine? he thought vaguely. Arnica? A doctor?

But the child was so terribly, deadly tired. In the morning, Monroe thought, spreading the blanket over the small form—gangrene wouldn't set in before morning. In the morning he'd patch the child up and return him to his people. Or to the authorities, whoever and wherever.

But in the morning the child was gone. Gone with him was the cheap blanket. Now, *that*, Monroe thought, was carrying pilfering to its lowest level.

"'Morning." Monroe said to the elderly postmistress. "Any mail for me?"

"Yep." She handed him a few letters.

"Thanks. Nice day," Monroe added, with totally uncharacteristic heartiness. "Tell me, has anyone lost any children hereabouts?"

"Child'en? Why, y' find any?"

He should have known a direct question would be unprofitable in this monosyllabic but nosy country. Monroe shook his head, smiled, and moved to the counter, where he found two small boys ahead of him. Monroe bent down toward the one next to him. "How old are you, sonny?" he asked. He was rewarded with a blank stare.

Monroe sighed and noticed that both children boasted shoes. The little boy who was now chanting an order he couldn't possibly carry had on low, laced oxfords.

He was right; the kid couldn't carry the resultant bundle.

Monroe reached down and hefted the big bag. The kid grabbed at it, and Monroe said, "Look, I'm *helping*. Now, where're you going with this monster?"

After a startled second the kid led the way to the street. Leaning against the curb was an old bicycle. Monroe put the bundle into its wire basket. The kid mounted, and then, grudgingly, he said, "Nine-goin'-on-ten. Yep."

Monroe, smiling, watched him pedal away. They were apparently trained early in uncommunicativeness. But . . . "nine-going-on-ten." The bicyclist seemed twice the size and age of Monroe's visitor.

Monroe went thoughtfully back into the store and gave his order. The pro-

prietor surprised him by wasting a few words. "Was goin' t' help Jimmy m'sef," he confided. "but—slow, now'day. He's nine-goin'-on-ten. Y' find a kid?"

So the postmistress could move more quickly than Monroe would have guessed. He said. "Why? You lose one?"

"Us? We don't lose child'en, mister. We like our child'en."

Monroe hoisted his package. "Good for you," he said. "And good day."

But his small gesture toward the child had bought a dividend. " 'Day, Mr. Monroe," the proprietor said, granting him identity.

An hour later Monroe drove slowly up the mountain road, actually a set of muddy ruts. He had stopped at the drugstore and at the house of the lady who "accommodated his laundry." He had got drugs and laundry—no answers. The druggist did remember that Lize Colton had wandered into the woods once. 'Bout six at the time. Lize turned out to be a Korean War veteran at the current point in God's scheme of things. It seemed clear that no children were missing.

Monroe concentrated on the ruts, and felt a rueful tenderness for his car, a Lincoln Continental. Did he, he wondered, give emotion to inanimate things? Jane had once said he did, that he was so afraid of human emotion that he used things as an outlet.

Finally he reached the crest and guided the big car into its shed. As he did so he saw that the rocker was tenanted. He parked the car deliberately, walked up the steps as slowly as he would have done if the child had not been there. "Good morning," Gordon Monroe said, expected no answer, got none, and entered the house. The blanket was lying on the foot of the cot.

As he put the food away, he sensed that the child was behind him. He said without turning, "Where did you go this morning?"

There was no answer. Monroe turned around, a container of orange juice in his hand, and looked down at the child. "I'm sorry," the boy said.

Monroe poured juice and said gruffly, "You should be. You knew I was going to take you to the village." The big eyes remained blank. "Here, drink this."

The child took the juice, looked up at Monroe, and then raised the glass. He had the air of a man determined to *try* those snails. Patently, he had never seen orange juice before. Monroe busied himself with toast, ham, eggs; milk for the kid, coffee for himself. When he turned around the juice was gone. And over the empty glass, as he lowered it, the child smiled.

Monroe leaned back against the sink as if pushed. The smile had charm, complicated by warmth, humility, and a heartbreaking tentativeness; it also revealed the most horrifying green and black teeth Monroe had ever seen.

Monroe deposited toast and eggs on the living room table. "Eat," he said. He started out, paused, and then said gently, "No. The fork is for the ham. You break toast"—he demonstrated—"and for soft-boiled eggs, use a spoon—"

"I know a spoon." The child lifted it and looked up at Monroe, who realized that the dark-blue eyes were conveying not pride but a desire to please.

"I'll bring the ham," he said.

Lunch moved slowly. "Hold the milk in both hands," Monroe cautioned.

"Yes."

"Not just 'yes.' My name is Gordon. You must say, 'Yes, Gordon.' "

"Yes, Gordon." It came out like "Garden."

"And what's your name?"

A frown pinched the tight skin of the child's forehead. "Dolly?"

"Let's make it 'Danny.' Okay?"

"Yes. Yes, Gord." Now it sounded like "God." Ah, well.

"Now"—Monroe carefully apportioned sternness—"how old are you, Danny?"

The heavy eyelashes fell. "Seven. A little while ago."

Seven. It made everything worse. The police, Monroe thought disjointedly. He said, "Thanks for telling the truth. Now—where did you come from?

"I wasn't noplace."

"Danny—" Monroe stopped. The pain in the wide eyes was contagious. Why force it? The kid would only have to repeat his story to the police. He'd just patch him up, turn him over. . . . Monroe got up, reached to the top of the china closet, and got the small white-paper bag. "Here," he said. "Dessert."

The child extracted a lemon sucker and stared at it. The look of snails-for-the-first-time came over him, followed by stoicism. He lifted the sucker.

"Wait! That's only for—for licking."

"Yes? Yes, Gord? But it looks so *big*?"

"Oh. Well, you don't swallow it. Just suck it. It's sweet."

"Oh. *O-kay.*"

"And now," Monroe said briskly, "a bath."

The scullery-remodeled-into-bathroom was briskly entered, water was run tricklingly into the tin tub. Told to undress, the boy did so competently. Monroe did not indulge in the rib-counting temptation the small body afforded; he picked up the two bits of clothing and said, "Climb in there and soak."

Dropping the rank pieces of cloth in a pail, he went out to the porch and sat down. He had never seen anything like it, but he knew nevertheless that those bruises, cuts, and scars were the results of beatings. With sharp things. Dull things. Some would never go away. Across the chest, old marks—crisscrossing them, new ones. The latticework was the result of a strap.

Not on the back. *Across the chest.*

He stood up, moved to the railing, leaned carefully over it, and was sick. Then he went back inside and applied soap to Danny. He worked gently. The boy didn't murmur, but he winced occasionally. Monroe winced frequently.

After the bath they had a session with iodine, lotions, and bandages. "And this," Monroe asked, wrapping the chewed-looking ankle, "what's this from?"

"The chain." The wide eyes were matter-of-fact.

The afternoon slipped by without Monroe's being conscious of its going. The boy soaked up words. He had a distinctive way of accenting certain syllables, giving a rhythmical pattern to his speech. "O-kay," for instance, achieved the status of a lovely tone poem. Also, he showed an anxiety to be understood. "You *know?*" was a favorite sentence ending. Because, Monroe wondered, his scanty vocabulary kept people from "knowing"?

Lying that night in his big, lumpy bed, Monroe could put off thinking no longer. The boy had no vocabulary because he had not been talked to. The people who had addressed him at all had used, as a matter of course, four-letter syllables, peculiarly disgusting in the mouth of a small child. During the day Monroe had banned two of them. Danny had been surprised but acquiescent.

These people—person?—were bestial. They were also stupid, since Danny, despite obvious intelligence, had picked up so little from them.

If Monroe took him to the police, the child would be returned to this person or persons. No; that did not follow. His mangled condition and Monroe's efforts probably would serve to wrest him from such guardianship. Then he would go to an orphanage, Monroe supposed. Unless the parents regained him by good-behavior promises? Or in some way.

Monroe bunched his pillows. What was his own position? Was he, by his current negative action, guilty of a crime? A thought came with force: perhaps silence constituted a sort of "statutory kidnaping"? He disliked that idea.

What the hell could he do?

He didn't sleep until after three.

Danny, munching contentedly on toast, stared at the books stacked against the wall and said. "I like books."

"Really? You've had books, then?"

"I had one. It had pictures. Can I look at those books, Gord?"

"Yes, but they have no pictures. Tell you what—after lunch, we'll go down to the village and buy you some books. With pictures."

He looked for the rare but charming grin but found instead that the blue eyes had widened, the vulnerable mouth tightened. Danny said. "Yes, Gord."

Monroe felt a pain so acute it was almost physical. He said quickly, "No. I'll bring you the books." He looked up at Danny. "Yes, I'll go—" He stopped.

Through all the bathing and bandaging

He lifted the mattress. There, incredibly, the boy clung to the springs. "I can't get out," Danny cried, from his prison.

THE SLENDER THREAD (continued)

the boy had never cried. But now large tears were rolling down the thin cheeks.

Monroe said, "Now, now. Wipe your eyes. Use your napkin." He got up and went to the kitchen—fruitlessly, since he was not looking for anything.

When Monroe returned to the living room the tears and their traces were gone. They didn't mention them again.

Monroe parked opposite the dry-goods shop and crossed the street. The taciturn lady who waited on trade dug up short-sleeved cotton shirts, sleazy short pants, and cotton-knit underpants. Monroe produced a paper tracing of Danny's foot and acquired a pair of sneakers and some highly colorful socks.

Outside, Monroe turned left, and then hesitated. A man was peering into the Continental. He was short and scrawny—weasel-like. He was dressed in the jeans that were *de rigueur* in that country, and there was no good reason for Monroe's feeling that he was an outlander. Unless it was the greased and pompadoured hair. Monroe patted his pocket, feeling the car's keys, and continued on his way. The Lincoln was, after all, a natural pedestrian-stopper.

The elderly proprietor of the general store grunted at him—a warm welcome, Monroe felt, and grunted back. He moved on to the dim corner that held the book rack and called over his shoulder, "Got any Golden Books?"

"Them's the kid's books, hah? Lowest shelf, in the back."

Monroe, in a deep knee-bend, made his selection. Then he tucked the books under his arm and approached the postmistress who, surprisingly, said, "Morning. Got two letters and a couple newspapers for y'."

"Well, thank you very much."

"M' duty." But her spectacles seemed to glint less frostily.

Monroe wandered to the end of the long counter, where he read a note from his agent. The other, from Jane, he tore open with a surprising eagerness. The half-dozen lines said little but that she missed him. He felt warmed. Sweet, untroublesome Jane. Someday he would marry her, perhaps. Except, of course, that marriage meant emotional involvement. Abruptly, he saw Jane clearly—the dark-blue eyes, the neat hair . . .

"Yep?" the proprietor said, and Monroe gave his order. At its lengthy conclusion—Danny seemed bottomless—Monroe said, "Give me two shopping bags, huh?"

The proprietor said gently, "The books."

"Oh, yes. Sorry." Monroe pulled the books from under his arm.

"No call to be sorry. Dollar an' a half, though. Plus the tax. Kid's books, hah? Funny. A man come 'round here askin' 'bout a kid. Lost kid. Like you did."

"Well—that's interesting. You told him about my—inquiries—of course?" Monroe felt the panic rising within him.

"*Tole* him?" The old man was shocked. "Now, Mr. Monroe, not a man of us would talk t' strangers. Why sh'd we tell some nosy stranger 'bout us?"

So now Monroe was part of "us." He felt a surprising gratitude. "Well, thanks," he said, "I'll tell you about it some time."

"Yep. Sooner 'r later ev'ybody tells ev'ybody ev'ything. 'Course," he added thoughtfully, "he might a heerd you ask 'bout kid's books."

"*Heard* me? How?"

"Y' didn't see the stranger? Come in jest after y'. While you was in the corner there with the books."

Flying jarringly up the double rut, Monroe tried to estimate: He had made his book selection—five minutes? Spent a minute at the mail cage. Read his mail—fifteen minutes? Then the order-filling—twenty minutes, perhaps. So the weasel's head start was forty minutes.

A rattletrap came toward him at a breakneck pace.

There was not enough room for two cars, and Monroe assumed that the oncoming car must stop. When he realized it would not, he managed to wrench the Lincoln some three feet to the right. The other car pulled violently to the opposite side, scraped a tree, rocked back into the rut, and sailed downward.

Monroe revitalized his engine and started frantically on the tedious business of turning. The driver was the weasel, all right, but . . .

Monroe took his foot off the gas and stopped torturing the big car.

Danny had not been in sight. He *could* have been on the floor in the rear. But Monroe didn't think he was. He would have to gamble on instinct.

He put the car into gear and pointed it toward the mountain's crest.

He didn't bother with sheds or packages, but jumped out and leapt up the steps. "Danny?" he yelled. "*Danny*!"

"Yes, Gord." The voice was muffled and faint. "I'm under the bed."

"Oh." Monroe sat down abruptly. "Well, come on out now."

"Gord. Gord, I—I can't. I'm stuck."

He took two steps and lifted the heavy cot sideways. Danny lay underneath, in an ancient depth of dust, his eyes filled with panic. Monroe scooped him up, carried him to the deep chair beside the radio, and sank into it. They both shook.

"What happened?" Monroe asked harshly. With his left hand he patted the small back, with his right he held reassuringly to the child's rear.

Danny's voice was muffled. "I heard him coming, so I got under the bed."

"Cot," Monroe corrected insanely. "How did you know it wasn't me?"

"The car sounded awful different—rattled, you know? An' I was afraid to look out 'cause I thought if I could look out he could look in."

"Logical," Monroe said.

"Then his steps wasn't yours so I got under the bed—cot. But there wasn't no room *under*, so I went between the . . ."

"I understand." The kid squeezed between the bottom support and the criss-crossed top. "And the man came in? Did he say anything?"

"'Boy!' he said. 'Boy.' Other things."

"Did you know him, Danny?"

"I couldn't see him. But I didn't know his walk or his voice."

"I see. Stop shaking now. As long as he didn't think of the cot, we're safe."

"But he *did*. He *looked*. The—the cover lifted, an' then the whole thing lifted—like you just did—an' then he went away."

"But—how—why didn't he see you?"

"I hung on to the top. To the part above. To the—the ceiling."

Monroe looked down at the small arm. That arm contained no muscles to speak of. Yet the child had chinned his own weight from the most difficult of positions. That spring—When he had put the sheets on, Monroe had noticed the bobbed-off raw steel where each coil ended. "Let me see your hands, Danny."

A hand came down, palm upward. It was gouged and bleeding. "It was hot," Danny said. "It was tight, kinda, under there."

Anyone who was tucked beneath that low and heavy frame—with no light, little air, much heat, and panic, panic—

"It was smaller than The Room," Danny said.

Monroe tightened his grip on the frail body and the child's arms went tightly around his neck.

Dressed in his new clothes, Danny settled down with the picture books. Monroe went into the bedroom, packed his bag, and carried it out to the car. When he came back through the living room, Danny's eyes were wide again. Monroe said quickly, "I thought we would take a trip." He emphasized the "we."

The eyes relaxed to a normal gauge. "Sure," Danny said approvingly.

During dinner, Monroe planned: It was still daylight. From the valley a watcher would be able to see the sun glint on a windshield. At night headlights would be even more noticeable. However, one might be able to drive by the light of that late August moon. And—inspiration came—there was the back path. . . .

The moon did give a good light.

"Into the car you get," Monroe said. "Take your blanket with you." He stayed inside, closing windows. It wouldn't be long before the owner would learn that he had gone. . . . Monroe went out the front door, closing it for the first time in six weeks, and locked it. He would

return the key by mail. He started toward the car, twenty feet away, and stopped dead. There was no sign of the boy. Monroe broke into a sprint and his deep voice was abnormally high: "Danny!" he called. "Danny?"

Danny's head rose from where it had been resting on the blanket to which he seemed so attached. "Yes?" he said.

Monroe hung on to the door handle. He said gruffly, "Nothing."

The answer apparently amused Danny by its lack of logic. "*O*-kay," he said, and gave Monroe his weirdly attractive grin.

"Is—this—a street?" Danny asked between bumps.

"Not exactly. Somebody made it long ago by leading a cart up and down the hill."

"Is this—" Danny was jolted out of breath, recaptured it, and said earnestly, "Is it *good* for the car?"

Abruptly, without self-warning, Monroe laughed. "Probably it's not, no. But then we're more important than the car, aren't we?"

There was no answer, and he glanced down at Danny. The child was gazing up at him, his eyes shining in the moonlight. Monroe looked quickly away.

Danny said, "You're *smart*, aren't you, Gord?"

At the foot of the mountain their axles were still—miraculously—intact. Monroe said, "Bedtime, Danny. Over you go." He boosted the boy over the front seat, then reached back and spread the blanket over him. "Now, go to sleep."

The small face looked as white by moonlight as it had when Monroe first saw it. But it wasn't dirty, it wasn't expressionless, and—by heaven—it wasn't quite as pinched.

Danny awoke in a strange bed. He was in a hotel. The window offered an awe-inspiring sight—Albany. Next he discovered the desk stationery, asked about the word on it, and was told what it meant. The city was named Albany; the hotel was named The Albany. This amazing coincidence enchanted him.

The crowded coffee shop fascinated him. "Gord," he said, "I never seen so many people."

Monroe smiled. "All at once like this, huh?"

"What?" Danny frowned. "No. I just never seen so many people."

The Room. Monroe thought, and felt his stomach twist. He said, "But you did see people sometimes?"

"Sometimes," Danny agreed, and visibly retreated.

"Danny, you must tell me about—about before." Monroe paused, stopped by the pinched look, the widening dark eyes. "Later," he said gently. "But then—it's necessary, you know?" "Necessary" was a new word to Danny, much used.

The boy nodded.

The dentist (who, since Monroe had picked him out of the classified section of the phone book, was not surprisingly named Aarons) was another adventure. Initially, Danny did not know enough about dentists to be worried.

The white-clad receptionist smiled at him and said, "And what's your name, sonny?"

Monroe saw Danny's backward step, and moved quickly to the desk. "My name is Monroe," he said.

"Daniel Monroe. And how old are you, Danny?"

"He's seven." Then Monroe forestalled the inevitable: "Last June. June eleventh." Was Danny shocked? Monroe felt his eyes being drawn and, reluctantly, he looked down at Danny.

Danny shocked him: Danny was amused.

The dentist was not amused. He frowned. Then he probed. Danny sat obediently still, his mouth wide, his even wider eyes rolling frantically toward Monroe, who smiled with weak reassurance. The dentist said, "Well, they'll all come out, of course. Very interesting formation. The hemangiomae."

"Hema-*what*?"

"Oh, sorry. Hemangiomae. Vascular tumors. Tumors composed—"

"Tumors!"

"No, no. That is, yes, but—that is merely a medical definition of a birthmark. This—ah—variety is unusual in the mouth. In fact, though I've heard of it, I've never seen it before. Well, Mr. Monroe, cleaning is—ah—indicated. But that front one won't—ah—take it."

Take it? Oh, Monroe thought with a lurching sensation, he wants to pull it. "Hurt?" Monroe asked.

Dr. Aarons smiled. "A twinge."

"Well . . ." Monroe felt helpless.

Danny could not see the pliers, but Monroe could not avoid them. They looked enormous. But apparently the extraction *was* painless; Danny gave little more than a gasp. But his secondary reaction was infinite reproach, directed speechlessly at Monroe. Monroe felt criminal.

Offered a mirror, Danny opened his mouth, revealing an off-center hole fenced by small, white teeth. "I look funny," he said disinterestedly.

Worse than funny, Monroe thought with mild horror, he looked—cute. However, Monroe decided defensively, it wasn't the kid's fault.

Danny looked up at Monroe. "Was it—*nec*-essary?" he asked urgently.

"Very necessary," Monroe said earnestly.

"Well," Danny said philosophically, "then, thank you."

On the second floor of the department store they found knit shirts, and worked out an unspoken compromise: bright red for Danny's taste, dark blue for Monroe's. Monroe asked if the boy could wear one of the new shirts.

The clerk said, "Certainly. There's a dressing room. Right there." He pointed.

"Good. You two go ahead in." Monroe read reluctance in Danny's face and explained: "I'm going to buy pants for you, Danny. I'll be right back."

Danny's eyes continued to register intense disapproval.

"Around that ell," the clerk directed.

Choosing the pants went quickly, and then Monroe moved back up the aisle. As he headed toward the curtained opening, he stopped short: The clerk was back behind his counter. Monroe said, "Where's the boy?"

The clerk raised his eyebrows. "Did they miss you? Your friend and your son?" He was faintly less cordial. Then he explained the coolness: "Your son was not—behaving. And he wore the shirt. Two twenty-five."

Monroe yanked his wallet out and thrust a ten-dollar bill at the man. *Time*, he thought frantically, and wasted none of it on change or the salesclerk.

He couldn't find the down-escalator. He went down the up-escalator.

An overupholstered woman said, "My dear sir—" and Monroe said, "Shut up." He slid around her and stood still for a second, examining the floor beneath him. But in that bustle and crush . . .

On the ground floor he was met by a masculine-looking woman, "executive" written all over her. She said, "Really! That escalator is—"

"A small boy," Monroe said, "in a red shirt." Or was it the blue one? "Or a blue shirt. He's seven. Very thin."

The iron face before him relaxed slightly. "A lost child? Well, now, that's easy. You go to the mezzanine there—"

Monroe pushed past her. He turned left. At the next counter he turned right. Then he stopped and looked around. There were four exits. He walked onward, slowly now, to the nearest exit and out into a very busy street. It was noon. Ladies were out shopping. Traffic was heavy. At the corner a cop was directing traffic—a happy-looking cop, big, almost fat, smiling and placid.

Monroe turned his back on the bustling scene. He raised his hand and drew its back heavily along the rough-stone façade that flanked the entrance, inflicting several scratches. They gave him no satisfaction.

What could you do, when you could do nothing?

He turned around and walked slowly down the street.

At 6 A.M. Monroe gave up the attempt to sleep. At six in the morning, in The Albany Hotel in the city of Albany, Gordon Monroe came to grips with his philosophy, which, formed to protect a shy man from involvements, said that civilization was behavior based on logic; emotion

was rarely logical. so dispassion was desirable; cool logic was the guide to life.

Cool logic said there was no reason for becoming involved simply because a waif chose his porch on which to rest . . . And Danny remained his problem. Monroe had come to a pass in which there was no logic. But even if he abandoned logic, what the hell could he do?

Go to the police? And say what? The prospect of explaining how and why he had more or less kidnaped a child defeated him. The idea of describing Danny —in either a bright-red or dark-blue shirt . . . Monroe got out of bed.

Half an hour later he checked out of The Albany. He walked around the corner, to the garage. The car was near the exit because Monroe had said he was staying only one night.

Monroe got into the Lincoln—and then just sat. For if he drove up the ramp, which way would he turn then? He said aloud. "God."

Faintly there came an echo. "Go-w-d? Go-w-d?" Monroe sat stone-still.

Danny added. from the floor in the rear, "It's me, Gord."

"Yes, Danny. I was just thinking." Breathing. Saying thanks.

"Is he still outside. Gord?"

I'm such a fool, Monroe thought. He said. "I don't know, pal. In case, you had better stay down there for a while."

"*O*-kay. I don't mind. I been here a long time."

Monroe's heart wrenched.

He watched the rear-view mirror. Three times he made sharp turns without having anyone turn in behind him. Finally he swung onto a highway leading southward. Manhattanward, homeward. He said, "You can sit on the seat now. Danny. And soon. very soon. we'll eat."

Danny said. "Yeah? Well. I'm hungry."

Not since breakfast the day before, Monroe thought.

Twenty minutes later Monroe swung onto a road that played hide and seek with Catskill Creek and found a roadside restaurant that stood on a peak. He switched off the ignition and turned around. Danny was wearing the bright-red shirt. Monroe said, past an inexplicable lump, "Want to eat?"

"Well, it's—it's *nec*-essary, you *know*?"

Danny ate. Monroe watched the road. After twenty minutes he relaxed and turned his attention to Danny, who had stopped eating and was staring at him with a sort of desperate intensity. Monroe said. "What is it. Danny?"

"Gord"—he swallowed—"Gord. you wouldn't leave me alone again. huh?"

Monroe leaned forward. "No. Not ever." He paused, and then added. "If I can help it. But things might happen that I won't be able to help."

The eyes were dubious. "But you'll *try* not to?"

"I promise that. Now—what happened, Danny?" The curtain of eyelashes fell. "Now, now. You and the man went behind the curtain. You put this new shirt on, and another man came in. Did you know him?"

The eyelashes were still lowered. "No, Gord. But I *think*—his voice—maybe he was the one who come up the hill."

Monroe said, "The man with the voice told the shirt man that he was my friend and you were to go along with him?"

Danny nodded. "He took my hand an' I pulled it away an' I got behind the man with the shirts an' he said, 'Leggo my pants' an' the other man got my hand again an' he started to walk." Danny took a breath. "It was like—like flying, kinda." Monroe entertained a vivid picture of Danny's thin little legs being propelled into a series of kangaroolike leaps. "We went past where you were. I could see your back. An' he put his hand over my mouth. I couldn't even hardly breathe. But I—I could *see* you, Gord."

"Yes, Danny. I understand. pal. And then?"

"We went to a—*you* know—a moving stairs. But this one went down. An' we walked, *too*. At the bottom he kinda . . ."

"Slipped. maybe? Stumbled?"

"Yeah. And he kinda—kinda—"

Please, God, give him words for his quick images. "Loosened his grip?"

"Yeah. So I kicked him. *Very* hard, Gord." Danny pulled a leg from beneath the tablecloth and pointed to the center of his skinny shinbone. "I kicked him right there," he said.

"An excellent spot. And then?"

"He leggo. An' I ran. Round lots a corners. He couldn't see my head because the—the tables"—he meant counters—"were higher 'n me. So I ran under one of them. So then a lady bent down an' looked at me an' she—she made a noise."

"Eek?" Monroe suggested gravely.

"Yeah!" Danny examined Monroe with transparent admiration. "So," he added, "I kicked her."

"Danny!" said Monroe.

Danny looked surprised. "She was going to—to 'eek!' again, Gord. So I went out a door an' asked a lady where The Al-bany *Ho*-tel was, an' she pointed an' asked questions so I went quick. An' I asked again an' there I was." There he was, indeed. A mile away in a strange city. "So I come round the corner. an' there he was, acrost the street. So where could I go?"

"I'll play. Where *could* you go?"

"Well. Gord. the *car*. I didn't know you wouldn't be able to come an' get me right away."

Monroe examined the small face suspiciously. *Could* he have been expected to know that Danny, having aimed a few good kicks, would then walk a mile. spot a watcher Monroe had not seen, and retire to the Lincoln? He didn't think he could have been expected to figure all that out. but he had no desire to examine the point too closely. He said, untruthfully, "I see. And then?"

"I waited till no one was round and got in the back. The blanket was nice. But—I was *very* hungry."

"I can imagine." Danny had adapted himself to eating, and eating heartily. "If you have finished now, come along. We're going home."

Later. riding along the Hudson's bank, he said to Danny. "And before?"

There was a silence. Monroe glanced to his right, where Danny was kneeling, looking out the rear window at the shining river. He noted the widened eyes, the pinched mouth and forehead. "Danny," Monroe said. "Where did you come from? Answer me, Danny."

"Yes, Gord." He swallowed and said, "There was The Room. Mostly I was there. Couple times I got took outside. More when I was littler."

"What could you see from the windows?"

"On'y one window. Far up. I couldn't see out. An' it was way across The Room. The chain wasn't that long."

Monroe could not arm his interior against reference to that chain. The terrible lurching came despite all injunctions. "And when you went outside?"

"Outside? Trees. A little—dirt? Ground. An' lots a trees. *She* took me out."

"She. Who was 'she'?"

"Peg. Peg was just—She. But—Gord, I don't think she was smart. 'Cause—well, she brought me the book. I looked at the pictures. Sometimes she looked too. I din' know the spots was words, an' I don't think she knew. But she was grown up. Grownups all can read, can't they?"

"Mostly. She wasn't your mother?"

"No!" It was emphatic. "I think—I think I did have a mother. But that was before. Before before."

"Yes," Monroe said. "And the others?"

"Men." Danny said promptly. "One was Bill. The other was Denvah."

Denvah—Denver. A westerner—? "And what were they like?"

"They—they—weren't—" Danny fought vocabulary, and lost. "They weren't *nice*. Bill, he din' like me. But—but he din' like me just 'cause he din' like nobody. You know? Denvah—it seemed like he din' like me too 'cause he—hurt me so much." The small face was old. "But he had some kinda reason. He din' like me for—for something. But maybe that's wrong. 'Cause he liked Peg, I think, but he hurt her, too."

A sadist? "You don't know where you were? The name? Like Albany?"

"Denvah used to say he was 'going in to Benton.'"

Benton . . . "Bennington?"

"Yeah!" Danny's admiration showed through again. "Benn*ing*ton."

The admiration wasn't deserved. Bennington was only about fifteen miles from

Monroe's summer shack. "And that's all you know, Danny?"

"Gord, I didn't—*think* much. I was cold, kinda. I was—hungry. I just didn't *think* much. Denvah—he hurt me that day, see? Then she took the chain off, like she did sometimes. I thought I'd just —go away. But when I got way up that mountain I was tired. An' much *more* hungry. So I sat down."

"All right, Danny. I think you had better sleep a little now."

"I always had my blanket. I liked my blanket. I like the one you gave me too. I *did* sleep some, last night. But—*o*-kay, Gord." He climbed into the rear. Then he said, "It was nice to have the blanket in The Room. Before the blanket, though. I had an animal, kinda. It was made outa something like a blanket an' it was bigger 'n me an' it had eyes. The eyes moved. Gord—" He leaned over the front seat and spoke almost into Monroe's ear. "I kicked that man *very* hard."

Monroe laughed.

After a surprised pause, Danny chuckled gently. Then he patted Monroe's shoulder—softly, twice—and lay down. It was a hot day, but when Monroe glanced back he saw that Danny was clutching the cotton blanket.

A blanket had been his plaything. Before that there had been some sort of toy —an animal. An odd thing for those people to have given him.

Those people. A moron, a malcontent, and a sadist.

At least one, perhaps two, had come from the south or west. Now they were near Bennington.

And of what use were those glimpses? He wanted to lose those evils, not find them.

It was noon and getting very hot when Monroe crossed the Hudson via the George Washington Bridge. He looked forward to his cool, somewhat underfurnished apartment, in the sixties on Central Park West.

Just short of Central Park West he drove up the ramp of a big garage. A young attendant came out, smiled, and walked to the driver's window. He said, "Hi, Mr. Monroe. Been expecting you."

"Hello, Clint." Monroe opened the door and turned to look at the sleeping boy. Then, sharply, he swung back. "Expecting me? Why? I said I'd be gone even longer. Probably until October first."

Clint looked embarrassed. "Well, this morning the cops come around. Some trouble on the road, I figured—"

"Cops?" Monroe's voice sounded normal. "They said they were cops?"

Clint looked uncertain. "Well, no, guess they didn't. They were big, looked . . . You mean, they mighta been insurance guys? Adjusters?"

"Well, now, I don't know. Just what did they say, Clint?"

"They didn't say. They ast. They looked like cops and they talked like cops. They give me a license number and ast, is it yours? Well, I didn't know—and darned if they don't make me check the records. So I figured, some small brush on the road. But unless it was—" He paused. "But you wouldn't hit-and-run, Mr. Monroe. I shoulda figured it through. I'm sorry."

"Perfectly all right. But if someone's fussing over a dented fender, I had better see my lawyer." He started to pull the door to a gentle close. But Clint was a helpful man—his extra push made it slam firmly. Monroe said rapidly, "See you later" and put the car into reverse, but he wasn't quick enough. As Clint stepped away, Monroe felt Danny's hand on his shoulder. "Hi, Gord."

Monroe saw Clint's eyes slide to Danny. Anybody who bothered to ask would learn that Monroe was accompanied by a small boy.

He did not make the right turn that would have taken him past his apartment building. He turned left, shot a block northward, and squealed around the corner. If anyone was in front of his building the speed might have made him unnoticeable. Except that almost nothing made over ten thousand dollars' worth of superb automobile unnoticeable—not to the genus American male.

He would have to get rid of the Lincoln.

The Eleventh Avenue garagekeeper estimated the car and named an extortionate parking charge. Monroe paid without a blink. He had no desire to make himself memorable. He said to Danny, "Come on, pal." Danny took his hand, but as they walked toward the funnel of sunshine the boy kept looking back.

Monroe stopped, considered Danny, said, "Wait here," and went back to the car where he grabbed the blanket, folded it, and returned to Danny.

There. Monroe thought. That fixes that. Who would remember a guy who carefully removes from one of the most expensive of automobiles a dirt-cheap blanket—in 85-degree heat—leaving behind an excellent radio?

Two blocks south, in a little grocery store, he found a telephone booth. Monroe said, "Hello? Jane?"

"How nice, Gordon! Aren't you back early? Or is this long-distance?"

"I need to see you. Are you alone?"

There was a tiny pause. Then she said, "Yes, Gordon. Me and some lamb chops."

"That would be very nice. About fifteen minutes, then."

He took Danny's hand and, across a bank of fly-plagued vegetables, examined the steaming street.

Danny said conversationally, "You know, Gord, I'm hungry."

Monroe smiled. "As usual." He looked down at the sorry vegetables. The bananas at least had a cover; he bought one, peeled it halfway, said, "This is a banana. Hold it here. Eat it slowly."

On the East River, under the shadows of the lumbering old Queensboro Bridge, Jane lived in a converted townhouse. Monroe pushed her apartment button, was buzzed entrée, and they crossed the marble flooring to the stairs. At the first landing they found Jane's door open, and Jane herself standing there. Monroe looked up at her with the freshness of vision lent by six weeks' absence and thought that she was prettier than he had remembered.

Her calm face didn't change at all, but she paused a moment before speaking. Then she said, "My, but you two look hot and tired." She put out a hand. "Hello, Gordon. Give it to me. The blanket."

Danny said, "I'll take it, Gord."

Jane dropped her hand immediately, and Gordon consigned the pile to Danny's arms. He said, "Put it down somewhere, pal. It's hot."

When they entered the apartment Danny rushed to a chair, put the blanket down, and sat on it. Monroe said, "This is Danny. This is Miss Jane."

"Oh, Jane will do. If you get called 'Gord.'" There was laughter in her eyes. Monroe realized he was not usually nicknamed. "Will you help with the lamb chops?" she asked. He realized that she wanted to get him away so that he could explain. "There's a mahjongg set somewhere." She went to a desk. "Here, Danny, would you like to play with this game?"

"With Gord," Danny said flatly.

"Tell you what," Monroe said, "you can watch us." He crossed the big room, pulled the kitchen swinging door outward, and propped it open with a chair. "There," he said. Then, looking into Danny's eyes, he hesitated, walked back to the entrance, and put the door's chain into its slot. Then he went and stood in front of Danny. He said softly, "I made a promise. I won't leave you, pal."

"Not for nobody?"

Monroe smiled. "Not for nobody."

As Monroe went into the kitchen, Danny, still holding his blanket, scurried across the room. When he had the perfect viewing spot, he dashed for the mahjongg box, returned, and placed the box in front of him on the blanket.

Monroe turned to Jane with a smile and saw the astonishment in her eyes. He said, "It's a long story. . . ."

They ate in the kitchen. Danny managed to ignore Jane and still have an excellent time with her chops, with string beans and potatoes in cream. But the dessert—a hastily devised concoction of cookies covered with chocolate sauce—melted him to speech. "Before I come," he told Jane, "I ate a banana."

"I never would have thought it," she replied gravely.

"Well, I did. It was good. But not as good as this."

"Thank you, Danny."

He had shot his bolt. He returned to his blanket, to the old tiles.

"I can't just turn him back. You see?"

"Very clearly, Gordon. But I'm not sure you can do it this way."

"This way? There is *no* 'way.' They'll put him in an—a hostelry or an asylum. Or give him back while they 'look into the matter.' Or something."

"These two men who came to the garage. You think—"

"Denver and Bill, damn them. The weasel certainly couldn't be called 'a big man.' "

"Can someone who's not an official trace a license so fast?"

"Maybe, but it makes no difference. Hanging from the steering rod, in a little leather case, is my name and address. When the weasel was looking the car over in the village, the ignition was locked; the door wasn't. And anyone who asked the doorman at my house where I garage my car would get answered. Why not?"

"I—see." Jane thought. "Didn't I see Clint once? Twenty-two or -three? Blond?"

"I suppose so. Why?"

"He looked intelligent. And in his work, he's certain to have met policemen before. If he hadn't been instinctively sure they were police, he'd have asked for proof. See?"

"Yes, but—that makes it even worse. You see, Jane, these types wouldn't call the cops unless they were within their rights. Probably the moron is his mother, one of the others his father."

She looked sick.

Monroe said finally, "And I'm running out of money. I thought about going to the bank and decided against it. Is it silly to think my bank might be—be staked out? Or is it smart? Do you realize I don't know what I'm doing?"

"Yes. But I wonder if you realize you are probably committing a crime?"

"Oh, that. Certainly I've realized. But there is no sense in cluttering the thing with irrelevancies, is there?"

"No sense at all." He heard the note, looked up to catch the humor, and smiled with her. Then he said briskly, "All right. Now—money. Sensible or silly, I'm afraid to go to my bank. You go to yours. Get me a few hundred dollars. I'll give you my check, but don't put it through yet. They shouldn't be able to trace me to—" His mouth stayed open.

Jane didn't see his shocked face; she was looking at an electric wall clock. "Of course, Gordon. But not today. It's after three and—"

"No!" he said. "No. We'll get the money some other way. We can't stay here until tomorrow. It—wouldn't do."

"No?" Then her bewilderment was gone and the cool remoteness of Jane was back. "I quite see. You couldn't—*impose* on me, could you? Well, it was nice seeing you. Would it be an intrusion to ask where you're going?"

"Going? I don't know. An intrusion? What—" Then he understood. He said. "Jane, you were right, you know. Seems ridiculous, but this is kidnaping. The FBI moves right in on such things. Jane, so far I've been unable to cover our tracks. I'll try now; now I'll be cautious and careful. But—what do you think my chances are, my amateur chances, against the FBI? So how can I drag you into it?"

"I—see. I apologize. But where will you go?"

"I keep thinking of California."

She nodded. "It's far. But you'll *have* to stay here tonight. For the money. I'll be in it no deeper than I am now."

Danny was given cereal for dinner; then two big armchairs were pushed together to form a kind of crib in the bedroom.

When Danny had been reduced to underpants, Jane said, "Now—a story?"

"What's a story?"

"I'll tell you about that. But you'll have to sit with me."

Danny considered. Then he went and perched beside Jane, on the edge of her bed. It was the first time he had voluntarily gone near her.

Monroe smoked and watched as Danny was introduced to the three bears, the three little pigs, and assorted confreres. Soon the boy was leaning sideways against Jane, looking up at her. They were startlingly alike, Monroe noted. Dark-blue-eyed brunettes, with long bones and slender frames.

In the living room, they were alone together for the first time. Jane said, "How's the book coming?"

"What book?"

"You went to Vermont to write a book."

"Oh, *that* book. It's in the car trunk. But it's stamped with my—imprint. Anyone would say 'Gordon Monroe' on page two. Wasn't very good anyway."

"And in the future? People won't say 'Gordon Monroe' on page two?"

"No. They won't." He looked at her and saw understanding on her face: They both knew he would never again write cold pleas for dispassion.

The upstairs doorbell rang. Neither of them moved. Then someone slapped the door's surface with an open palm, and the resulting noise was explosive. Jane whispered, "Go into the kitchen."

A voice came from the hallway. "Open up!" it said, without frills.

Jane opened the front door as far as the chain permitted, a matter of a few inches. She said, amazingly, "Shhh! Who are you?"

"Whyn't you open up?"

"Because I don't feel like it. You know a law that says I must open my door to any boor who feels like banging on it?"

THE SLENDER THREAD (Continued)

Monroe's head came up. The coolness of Jane was very bracing.

"Well, we're the police, so open up *now*. We want to talk to you."

"You can have thirty seconds. Frankly, I don't want to talk to you."

Another voice: "We'll get a search warrant."

"You do just that." Jane said. "*Now, get your foot out of my doorway!*"

The door slammed.

Monroe came out and looked at Jane. He had never seen anyone so calm. He said, "They didn't even ask. About me. Or Danny. They must be very sure. Or maybe they didn't want to warn you. I suppose finding you was easy. My—my best friend. Anyone could tell them."

"What's the difference now? How much money have you got?"

"Why?" But her expression was commanding and he went obediently through his pockets and then exhibited the total —seven-sixty—wordlessly.

Jane then ransacked her purse. She had eleven dollars and fourteen cents. "Nineteen dollars, almost," she said. "That won't stretch to California."

"Jane, don't you know we can't leave here? Do you think they really left?"

"Of course they didn't. They're probably sitting out in front. And in back, maybe. But you're going out sideways."

"Sideways!"

"My exact word." As if to a child, she explained it. The house was one of a block of three. One stood on the corner, the other two flanked it. The basements were communal, the back yards were not. "They have board fences, left over from private ownership. You'll leave the cellar two houses distant."

"The superintendent will have told them—"

"Mr. Kratowski lives two blocks away. And he keeps white-collar hours. 'Eight to five is enough, miss!' By the time they could raise him, the place could burn down. Now, once outside, where will you go?"

Monroe laughed. Jane looked quickly at him and he said. "I haven't gone nuts. It's just that you're so— Never mind. Where to go, huh? On nineteen bucks. Back to the shack."

"In *Vermont*?"

"Why not? Who'd think I'd be so silly? The owner will have looked the place over and relocked it, which—" Monroe reached down and brought up the key and dangled it "—which doesn't matter. He won't come back. In residence or not, I'm the lessee until September thirtieth. In a week or so, when it's died down a little, I'll get in touch with you, for money, and we'll start tacking across the country." He looked at her worried face and came to a sudden realization of the enormity of the burden he had so thoughtlessly put upon her.

Not once had he thought of Jane herself but only of Jane as she could be of use. Forgetting the extralegal position he had put her in—a lot to forget—he had given no thought to how she would involve herself in mind and heart. He had given no thought to the fact that she loved him, had not even admitted it. She had to love him without words or even gestures, because he permitted no exhibition of emotion. What must it be like to love a withdrawn man like himself? He wondered why she suffered herself to do it, wondered if she saw beyond his introversion to a capacity he did not himself know he possessed. He said, "I thank you, Jane. My dear. I—" He stopped. He had ruled such words out. He didn't know how to use them.

She looked up at him, and then she stepped forward.

It was a very gentle kiss. Then she said. "You had better get Danny."

Out in the dark, airless yard, Monroe looked down at the sleeping child in his arms. He said softly. "Wake up, pal." The eyelashes lifted, and then Danny smiled. He could wake up smiling in acutely unexpected circumstances, Monroe thought, because Monroe's voice had called to him. He would not let the sound of that voice, the reassurance the world owes to children, be taken from him. He told Danny how to land with bent knees, dropped him over the fence, and followed.

There was no one on the street. It was so quiet Monroe imagined he could hear the East River lapping.

In the cab Danny said. "We're running away again. Gord?"

"Shh." Monroe glanced at the back of the driver's head.

There was a pause. Then Danny whispered. "She was kinda nice."

"Yes. Very nice. We'll see her again sometime. But, you know, the world is full of nice people."

Danny looked up at him, the flick of light as they passed a street lamp illuminating his surprised face. "Really?"

"Really," Monroe said, with equal surprise.

There was no bus scheduled to stop at Salem. Monroe bought tickets to Manchester Center, which was about twenty miles beyond their destination.

The bus would not leave until eleven-thirty, so he and Danny found an all-night market and bought some bread and ham.

At 3:40 A.M. they reached Albany, where they changed buses. At 3:50 they departed Albany on the final lap.

At 5:24 on a September morning Manchester Center, Vermont, is normally dark gray, cold, and, often as not, wet. On this particular morning it was very dark gray, very cold, and pouring rain. Danny's cotton shirt and brief shorts became farcical. And Monroe's summer suit was miserably insufficient to begin with, but after Danny was draped in its jacket his flirtation with pneumonia was shockingly direct.

They trudged southward along U. S. Route 7 for two hours until they reached East Mapleville. Then Monroe led the way along a dirt road that wandered southward into the brush. After they were out of sight of the town he called a stop. Sheltered by an old oak, they dug into the paper bag, and ate ham sandwiches.

Danny ate heartily. Gord was at hand, all was well. . . . But Monroe found himself wondering if God worried.

Afterward they stumbled down to a brook's edge and cupped up water.

Monroe took Danny's hand and they moved along the winding, increasingly muddy road. Beside them rose foothills that looked at close acquaintance like mountains, but above and beyond, their tops lost in the gray mists, were the real mountains that dwarfed these hills. The two circled a big puddle, swung around a bend, and abruptly came to the end of the road. All that was left was a dimple, a crease in the brush. The brush—another disagreeable factor. The birches grew like weeds, straight and thin and wiry, forming lacy-looking but nasty barriers. Then there were rocks. Whether towering and lowering above them, or appearing as small sharp stones beneath their feet, all shared one characteristic: they were slippery.

Bending, he drew Danny between his knees; he tied his jacket's sleeves across the boy's front. "Okay, pal?" he asked. "Ready to climb?"

"O-kay," Danny said, but he looked dubious. "Up *that*?" he asked.

"That," distant and grand, purple and gray, its awe-inspiring summit lost in the sky, was Glastonbury mountain. "No," Monroe said. "we couldn't. We'll find a way around it." He hoped.

The incline was immediately steep, very slippery. Monroe went first, finding the footing, parting the slender, tough beeches.

At first Danny was interested in rabbits, and then he was enchanted by the fleeting glimpses of deer. But by early afternoon he was asleep on his feet. He did not complain; he simply sagged. Monroe carried him piggy-back.

In the late afternoon Monroe found an overhanging shelf of rock with brush at the sides and a hollow space in the center. He tucked Danny in beside the rock's face and stretched out beside him. The boy was sheltered; Monroe would be alternately wet and dry, depending on the whim of the wind. Danny was asleep before Monroe had got his own long body into position. Well, he thought, I can get some bread and meat into him later.

But when Monroe awoke, five or so hours later, the food was gone. He had a

vague memory of a dream in which he and a raccoon had scared each other silly. The raccoon had apparently recovered enough to thieve successfully.

Monroe peered down at Danny. The thin little face was twisted and unpeaceful. Then Danny gave a small moan, a clear sound of protest.

Monroe said, "Wake up, son. Danny?"

Danny's eyes flew open. He did not smile, but threw his arm as far across Monroe's chest as its small length would reach, and held on. For a minute Monroe held him equally tight. Then he said, "Well, Danny, shall we walk?"

Danny relaxed his frantic clench. He said, "*O*-kay."

Later Monroe decided they must have started on that second lap around ten at night. At the time he knew only that he had a fever.

There was no possibility of Danny's walking. He rode piggy-back. During the early hours Monroe discovered that rain was hitting him only from the chest down —Danny had made a tent of the jacket. He said. "Thank you, pal." That was the last thing he said or knew until sometime much later—years later. he felt dimly—when he realized that Danny was tugging at his arm. He said. "Stop it."

"Gord? Gord, it's wet! You *mustn't* sleep here, Gord!"

Only for Danny could he have managed it: He opened his eyes. It was pitch dark. He peered at the radiumed dial of his watch. "It's only a little after four, pal," he murmured. and closed his eyes.

Danny tugged and pleaded. and finally, through a combination of memory, intelligence. and desperation. aimed one of his well-directed kicks at Monroe's shin. The pain dully penetrated exhaustion and delirium. Monroe opened his eyes to protest and found Danny's earnest face pressed close to his. "Gord? Gord. *lis*ten. I think it's home. Near home."

Monroe pulled himself out of the terrible peace of semi-unconsciousness and looked. He was sitting on the bank of a valley road. a small mountain facing him. Behind him—he turned with effort—was a very large mountain. Glastonbury. So the one in front was their own mountain. Rear view. They were east of the path he had driven the Lincoln down only a few days before. This approach had no path, but it looked a shorter distance up. "Yes," he said. He put an arm behind him. pushed himself to his feet, and looked down into the small face. Through the coatings of mud he saw the terrible anxiety. Monroe exerted his will power just a little more: he smiled. "Come on," he said. and held out his hand. . . .

Monroe switched on the light and looked across at Danny, who had plunged as far inward as he could go. "Eat?" Monroe asked.

"Could we just go to bed. Gord? To get warm?" Danny had not. so far as Monroe knew, shed a single tear during the journey, but now his lips were trembling. "But we don't have my blanket."

"That's all right, pal. You can share mine. And"—Monroe stumbled across the room—"we'll light this." He touched a match to the amply laid fire.

"Come on," he said then, and—the man's hand on the child's shoulder—they moved into the bedroom. They pulled off their filthy clothes and crawled into the big bed and, with the man's arm around the child, went instantly to sleep.

In the main room the fire caught, held. and burned steadily.

"I am very sick," Monroe said aloud. No one answered. But that noise? Then he heard his own breathing. That harsh sound was enough to awaken anyone.

He looked to his left. Danny was asleep. his awesomely dirty face peaceful. Monroe started to adjust his arm. stopped as the motion brought fierce pain to his chest. let his lids drop. He would go not to sleep but to unconsciousness.

The thought penetrated sharply. and the knowledge held the fact off. Danny would awaken and be afraid. The pinched look would come back. He'd call. Gord. Gord. don't go. Don't leave me. My God, my God, why hast thou . . .

Now, now. Monroe said; hold on.

Would Danny go for help? No; he would not think of people as being helpful. So he'd sit and watch Monroe die of —of pleurisy, Monroe thought. feeling the tearing pains in his chest. And then? Would the child remain, starving and deserted. beside a decaying corpse? Or would he wander into the forest. a tame animal again, unequipped to deal with the uncaged. unchained variety?

Danny. his eyes still closed. murmured. "Gord. What was the noise?"

"My breathing," Monroe whispered.

"No. The—*aiiiii!*"

He was standing in the doorway. leaning negligently against the frame. Instantly. Monroe knew who he was. Monroe reached up. grasped a brass rod. and pushed himself upright. Each motion brought stilettolike pains. but he ignored them. guided his legs off the bed. and stood.

Denver was big—a bull of a man. The big head on the wide neck had thick features. not badly formed. Monroe felt bewilderment. He had expected—evil incarnate. Sadism and perversion. But there was an uncertainty behind the eyes. a bluster to the downward twist of the thick mouth. Cruel, yes, but with the cruelness of stupidity, the brutality of the bully.

Monroe took a wavering step forward. Denver did not move, but he smiled. A beater of women and children. Monroe thought; he assesses me as the equal of a child. and is happy. "Kill you," Monroe whispered hoarsely, and swung. The man moved slightly backward so that the flailing fist missed him by inches more than its original misguidance of about a foot.

THE SLENDER THREAD (continued)

Monroe pitched full length between bed and doorway. Through half-closed lids, he saw the big shoe draw back.

But between the shoe and him there came a blur, and Danny took the kick. It made a sickening sound. Its force hurled him against Monroe, in a sitting position, his back against Monroe's burning chest. Monroe's eyes, glazing, saw the shoe lift again. With his last consciousness, he hooked his arm around Danny, pinioning the boy to his chest. And so the second kick reached its mark—Monroe's left temple.

But he barely felt it: he was so far into unconsciousness that the blow served only to tilt him the fraction inward, down into the darkness.

You don't die so easy, he thought. One eye was uncontrollable; he opened the other. Nothing: a blur.

He moved his head slightly; he heard the terrible bursting scream within it, waited, and then focused. Floorboards. Sun. The shack's bedroom floor.

He had an infuriating sense of anticlimax. He thought he had been on a long journey that ended in his death, a peaceful death. Why death? Oh, yes, because in his exhaustion he had exaggerated a chest cold into pleurisy. Very foolish and dramatic, but he had been worried about Danny. Danny . . .

With a sharp clarity he knew his loneness. The pressure on his chest was merely a bond of pain; no child was held tightly there. Monroe's head rolled forward and he wept. The tears stung as they squeezed through the purpled eye, closed by the clotted blood draining down from his temple.

He lost consciousness again.

Monroe stared into the bathroom mirror. His eye was viciously cut, totally closed, red and black.

Monroe bathed. He had no razor. He found a can of orange juice, floated the only egg in it and drank it down. It tasted terrible. Then he went into the bedroom and looked down at his clothes, still soggy. He walked around the bed and stared at the bare floor that had held a similar but smaller pile. Danny's face came vividly before him. On the contorted, tortured little face was a pleading look. . . . With a straining force of will, Monroe came to a clear decision: He *must* shut out the terrible images that would cloud his mind, hamper his judgment.

Now—object? Find Danny, and fast. Remove him. And how accomplish either the finding or the removal? The answer came with crushing force: he couldn't. He had no idea of where to begin.

Cops. He would have to go to the police. He needed their facilities, the weight of legal right. They'd probably arrest him, but just the same . .

He got his clothes on. The thing to do was to get back to New York—

He heard the car's motor straining up the hill.

Who? Had the police found him? If so, which police? Local police? Hick cops? He could imagine being held in Vermont while the New York police—or someone—argued over him. Perhaps if he looked . . . *I was afraid to look out 'cause I thought if I could look out he could look in.* Monroe smiled, went into the kitchen, and folded his body through the window. He loped painfully across the ten yards of clearing, into the woods.

Several hours later, in Salem, a New York-bound truck gave a man a lift. Guy looked disreputable, but kind of pathetic.

. . . . . .

"Jane."

"Yes? Oh, yes, Mr.—it's Bill, isn't it? Bill Johnson?"

"They are listening, then? Well, never mind. I'm coming over. I—"

A masculine voice cut in: "Where are you, Monroe?"

"What's the difference? I'll be right over. Don't let's waste time."

Jane was waiting in her doorway. A man was standing behind her. She said, "Hello, Gordon." Her small face was tired-looking. She added, "You're hurt."

"No. It's not as bad as it looks." Then he reeled.

The dark man who had been standing behind Jane guided Monroe to an armchair. Monroe half sat, half fell into it. He said, "I've got a little fever."

"You've got a large eye, too." This was a second man, younger, fair.

The dark-haired man was extremely good-looking. He said, "You want a doctor now? Can you talk to us first?" He had a soft voice, but a glacial intonation. Monroe decided that this man didn't like him—but the idea seemed foolish; he was, after all, a total stranger.

Monroe said, "Talk first. No time to waste. Are you a cop?"

"Oh, sorry. My name is Roma. This is William Springer. We are special agents of the FBI. Where is the boy?"

"I don't know. He took him."

Jane's cry surprised them. After a second she gulped down its echo and said, "Denver?" Tears filled her eyes.

"Please," Monroe said. "I can't stand —I—"

Roma said, "Denver? Who is Denver?"

Springer said. "Maybe Denver is Callam. Because—"

Monroe said, "Who is Callam?"

"Please," Roma said. "We sound as if we were playing a word game." He pulled up a chair and sat facing Monroe. "Now," he said, "who is Denver? Is he Callam? Where's the boy?"

"Denver took him." Monroe felt waves of exhaustion. "I don't know what you're talking about. I just want to find Danny."

Springer said. "Danny? Who—"

Roma said over his shoulder, "Bill, let's not go round again, huh?" He stared with thoughtful distaste at Monroe. He looked like a movie star. Monroe thought. Too handsome for a cop—but controlled enough for a dozen cops. Even his oddly personal dislike of Monroe seemed dispassionate. He said. "Suppose, Mr. Monroe, you tell us all about it?"

"Why waste time? Jane must have told you—"

"Miss Welton," Roma said, "does not know of any child, never saw one. You weren't here, and if you were, no child was with you. Since you weren't here, she couldn't possibly know where you went from here. Et cetera."

Monroe looked over Roma's shoulder at Jane. Her tears had stopped, and her small face showed polite interest. Monroe felt a flash of sympathy for Roma. "All right," he said, "I'll tell you."

Divorced of all but bare fact, the recital took only a few minutes.

"A very simple story." Roma's eyes, large, deep black, slightly almond-shaped, were fixed on Monroe. "When were you last in Iowa, Mr. Monroe?"

"Iowa?" Monroe gaped at him. "I've never been in Iowa. Why?"

"And you don't know Joseph Callam?"

"No. I *told* you—" Monroe broke off, leaned forward, and stared as intently as one eye permitted at Roma. "I have no idea of what you're talking about," he said. "But while you're asking me these questions a small boy is in the hands of people who are—beyond description. So I came to you. I took a chance of being arrested. I—"

"You expected to be arrested? So you are guilty of something?"

"I suppose so. I suppose so."

"What?"

"I don't know. I'm not a lawyer. Are we back to word games?"

"For a non-lawyer, you do pretty well. That simple little story you just told absolves you of any misdoing. There you are, minding your own business—Try to tell me, just *try*, what charge you expected to be arrested on."

"I don't know. The words I thought of were 'statutory kidnaping.'"

"Kidnaping," Roma said flatly. The word lingered in the room. "Well," he said. "I've never heard of 'statutory' kidnaping, Mr. Monroe, and I *am* a lawyer. But forgetting the modifying word, you are being legally accurate. To carry anyone away by unlawful force or fraud, or to seize and detain—"

"Seize." Monroe said. "But I *didn't* seize him."

"Ah, I see." Roma nodded. "Then let me extend the law for you. One who, not being present, contributes as an assistant or instigator to the commission of an offense is an accessory before the fact. One who, knowing that a crime has been committed, aids, assists, or shelters the offender is an accessory after the fact. The tendency of modern law is to treat

accessories as principals. If A seizes B and hands him to C—then C has committed a crime."

"'If A seizes—'" Monroe stared at Roma. Something was wrong. He said again, "'If A seizes' . . . Was Danny kidnaped?"

There was a silence. Then Roma got up and walked to a window, and Springer took his seat. He said, "All right, Mr. Monroe. We had decided already that you might be—be an innocent bystander. Your bank account for the last four years shows no unusual activity. Your agent, your acquaintances, your maid—no one ever saw a child in your—"

"What," Monroe demanded, "has my bank account to do with it? You mean—I didn't deposit ransom money?"

Roma turned sharply from the window. He said, "That's an interestingly ingenuous question, Mr. Monroe, since there was no ransom money."

"I was thinking," Springer said, "of blackmail. It seemed not unlikely that you could have been blackmailed into connivance."

"Look!" Monroe said furiously, "Will you *answer* me? *Was* Danny kidnaped?"

"Yes. Almost four years ago. His parents are named Crandell. They live in Iowa. The boy's name is Dahlgren Crandell."

"His—the Crandells were rich?"

"No. The boy's father runs a hardware store. It's a toss-up as to whether he or the bank actually owns the store."

"That's why there was no ransom paid?" But the thing didn't hang together. "And," Monroe said, with a pouncing intonation, "the boy was kept alive? Someone kidnaped a child, got no money, and then kept the—evidence—around for four years? No," he said positively, "it's not logical."

Roma turned around. "You're looking at it the wrong way. There is a kind of kidnaping you rarely read about. When you do hear of it, the word 'kidnaping' is not used. Because no one knows. A child goes out to play—young Dahlgren Crandell was in his own back yard when he disappeared—and is not heard of again. Police are called; sometimes they ask the help of the FBI. But if there are no ransom requests, no communication, who is to say that a kidnaping has taken place? So a number of unsolved cases, listed under the catch-all of 'missing persons,' are kidnapings. Now—the victims, who are never heard of again, are kidnaped for—different reasons. And the reasons remain. So they are probably not killed. Or not always."

"Different reasons." Monroe's eyes moved to Jane.

Roma nodded, almost imperceptibly.

"Yes. Someone simply wants a child."

So Danny was not simply a victim of fate? That made it all worse, somehow. Monroe said, "How do you know Danny is this Dahlgren Crandell? Why, after all this time, do you leap to the conclusion that my—that Danny is the missing boy?"

Springer said, "First, we were notified by Dr. Aarons. Then—"

"Dr. Who?" Then the "aa" combination clicked. "The *dentist?* Do you mean to say he recognized the teeth of a child of that age? That he had ever *seen* them before? That a dentist in *Albany*—"

"Wait a minute, please. When the Crandell child disappeared, all identification was broadcast as widely as possible, including the fact that the boy had birthmarks on the roof of his mouth. Routine, Mr. Monroe. Dr. Aarons remembered and notified us. Of the possibility."

"Possibility," Monroe said. "But do you *know*, are you *sure*?"

"Mr. Monroe, most hospitals take the prints of new-born babies."

"Oh." The dim, unexplained, inexplicable hope was dying. "But," Monroe said belligerently, "you didn't *have* Danny's fingerprints. Or did that genius of a dentist supply those, too?"

"No, but when you and the boy got to New York—"

"For that matter, how did you know who *I* was?"

"You gave your name and address to the dentist's receptionist, Mr. Monroe." Springer's voice was magnificently expressionless. "And less than an hour after you left it in the garage on Eleventh your car was found. Garages had been alerted, of course. The Crandell child's prints were all over the car."

So that was that. "And where does this Callam come in?"

Roma took over: "Four years ago, when the child disappeared, Joseph Callam was in Iowa. No one suspected him, because they had no reason to. Callam has a long record, but it offers no hint that he might kidnap. Criminals follow patterns; Callam's pattern is one of"—Roma paused and thought—"well, stupid and criminal brutality. He is a thief, a burglar. He does his chosen work badly and complicates it by assault and drunkenness. According to prison records he has a simple persecution complex, not unusual among his type. The sun sets and rises at the wrong hours for the explicit purpose of thwarting Joseph Callam. He fights back against sun, people, nature, the world, by attacking and getting drunk. But none of this leads to kidnaping. That would be out of character.

"Now—our people got to your cabin in Vermont yesterday. They found signs that you had been there and gone."

"I heard them drive up, so—so I went out the kitchen window."

"Ah?" Roma's face didn't change. "Well, they printed the place. Found your prints, already checked from your car against your army record, and the boy's prints, of course. And on the doorframe between the two rooms were the clear impressions of three fingers of the right hand of Joseph Callam. They were identified by phone by our Washington bureau. Confirmation came over the wire an hour ago. And a little less than five years ago, Callam was released from the Iowa State Penitentiary. He remained in Iowa over a year—on parole."

Springer said, "And Callam was born in Denver."

Monroe said foggily, "I see." He nodded. The motion made him dizzy. "Have you looked for Callam?"

"Looked . . ." Roma's dark skin took on a rosy glow. He said coldly, "Until yesterday at noon we were in a very dark tunnel—its ends stopped up by *you*. We had only the dentist's report, a remote suggestion that the Crandell child was alive. Then we found he was indeed alive, in the hands of one Gordon Monroe, a novelist who seemed to have no connection with the affair. Until yesterday, when we found Callam's prints, we wasted all our time looking for *you*."

Monroe supposed, dizzily, that he should feel guilty, but all he felt was regret and confusion: Danny was not Danny—a real and forceful person—but a part of a case, part of a file— The room was going around.

Jane said abruptly, "Gordon's sick. I am going to call a doctor."

Roma watched her go, and then said thoughtfully, his long eyes still on the kitchen door, "Now, finally, you have added information. Callam remains in the pattern of persecution complexes by having a fondness for one thing, and that is, as usual, a poor thing. Not what normal people choose to—to make their prayers to. There *is* a moronic girl in his background. He spends his prison terms worrying about her, and once contrived to have her committed for the length of his stretch. But—the pattern, again—the asylum's records show that she had been brutally mistreated. Presumably by Callam." Roma paused, and then his soft voice quickened: "You really aren't well, are you? You must have caught cold during that walk to the cabin."

Caught cold, had he? Monroe giggled. He peered at Roma. "If I'm going to be ill I won't be able to help. So I'll have to tell you now where to look for the boy. Bennington. He has apparently lived there for a number of years. It's all Danny can remember, and Danny has a good mind. So Denver has some kind of soft touch. Easy living. He won't want to abandon it. And I figure that he feels there's nothing to be afraid of—?"

He could see Roma very distinctly. The beautiful head was tilted forward, the long, intelligent eyes showed interest. Trouble was, Roma was all there was; he couldn't see Springer, or the walls. To Roma's long eyes he said, "I did not call for cops. He and the weasel were following me around, so they know that. And he won't think I know where he is. If

Danny weren't Danny, I wouldn't know." Monroe frowned. That sounded muddled.

Roma said gently, "I follow. I agree."

"Good. Bennington, then. Now the place is outside of town: they go 'in to Bennington.' That doesn't appear to tell you how far out of town, but in a way it does. I checked the truckdriver's map. The nearest towns are about six miles from the heart of Bennington. So people living much more than three miles north or south would go to South Shaftsbury or Pownal Center. See? Now, it's a small house. A shanty. Maybe he's a squatter. Seems unlikely but—you know?"

"I know."

"It's probably an old house. One—Room—has only one window, set high in a corner. They don't build that way nowadays. And it's fairly isolated. The child saw few strangers, and obviously few people saw him because while the natives are downright nosy, they're kind. They—" The old storekeeper rose before him; Monroe quoted: "They love their children. So if they knew about Danny something would have been done." *Sooner 'r later ev'body tells ev'body ev'ything.* But not soon enough. "So the house has no near neighbors. And it's back off the road. Danny didn't mention a road." *Outside? Trees. A little ground around the house. An' lots an' lots o' trees.* "It's in a clearing. In woods. Most of all, Mr. Roma— Are you there?"

A voice said, "Will you help me get him over to that couch?"

"Just a minute, please. Roma, you've got to understand about New Englanders. Everybody for miles around will know about Callam, whatever he calls himself. Because they're—inquisitive. On the other hand, they club together. If you probe, Denver will suddenly seem like an old friend. They might not like him but they won't let a newcomer ask questions."

He thought Roma answered, but he didn't hear the words. He was going to pass out, knew it, regretted it bitterly. He said, "I hope you see. . . ."

Monroe came awake with surprisingly little fogginess. He was still in Jane's place. Jane smiled at him. "Hello," she said. "Feel better?"

"Yes, much. How long did I sleep?"

"Almost twenty-four hours. It's one-thirty. About your eye—"

"Has he been here?"

It took her only a second to find the missing antecedent. "Mr. Roma? No, but he said to tell you he would phone the minute there was news. Now"—her voice got very brisk—"the doctor left instructions. You are to eat an enormous breakfast-in-the-afternoon. And I've got a poultice for the eye."

Over coffee, he said, "That night—they came back with a warrant?"

"Yes, Roma—he's very smart, Gordon, very patient. I had moved the chairs apart, but I hadn't done the dishes. He figured them out. Then he looked at the mah-jongg tiles and kind of raised his eyebrows. He even spotted the blanket. He said, 'This doesn't seem to fit in your place, Miss Welton.' He was—so smart. And what could I say?"

"What *did* you say?"

"Nothing. I looked blank. He came back early the next morning. I made coffee for him and Mr. Springer. Mr. Roma was kind and patient and—gentle—but I just kept pretending not to understand."

She sounded almost ashamed, he thought in bewilderment. "And then?"

"I noticed two men following me. And Mr. Roma came and asked the same questions. He let out some things, too. He's very smart, but—"

"Smart and gentle." Monroe commented. He thought of Roma's cold dislike of him. He certainly wasn't cold with Jane. "But he told you things—?"

"Well, yesterday he said you had been in Vermont and had left. He said, 'We'd have known a day earlier if cabdrivers didn't take days off.' So I suppose the driver who took you to the bus terminal must have answered some sort of inquiry."

Monroe saw Danny's face, lit in flashes by the street lamps, and heard a treble echo, *We're running away again, Gord?* He said, "I suppose so."

"I think that was a slip. But the other things he said were deliberate. 'He had the boy with him, Miss Welton. You realize, Miss Welton, that you are inextricably involved. I don't like—' " She stopped abruptly.

"He didn't like your being involved. And considered it my fault, of course."

The doorbell rang. Jane went to answer it, and after a moment Monroe heard Roma's soft voice. Thank God, he thought, and was simultaneously annoyed. The kitchen door swung inward and Monroe said, "Speak of the devil . . ."

"Ah?" Roma lifted perfect eyebrows. "So you've—recovered."

Jane said quickly, "Coffee, Mr. Roma?"

"No, thank you. I've just had—"

Monroe said tensely, "Can we dispense with the details of your diet? Is there any news? Have you *done* anything?"

Roma opened his mouth, closed it. Then he walked around the table and sat down opposite Monroe. "Yes. We think we've located Callam's house. Last night I telephoned the police in Bennington, repeated your conclusions about Callam, his house and household to the man in authority, a Sergeant Claustus. He said, 'Oh, yeah. You mean the Whites, out on the Kensington road.' "

" 'The Whites.' You're *sure?*"

"No, I'm not sure! But—the 'Whites' have lived for three years in a converted barn about a mile out on 'the Kensington road'—a back road that leads westward to the village of Kensington. White is a big man—'like a bull' was the sergeant's phrase—dark, surly—"

"That sounds right."

"And a drinker. That sounds right, too, in tying Denver to Callam to White. The sergeant described White's wife as 'natural' and his child as 'not right.' I gathered that the Whites are an outrage to the community. He's been in the local jail a couple of times, for drunkenness, usually. 'When he's sober, keeps himself to himself,' the sergeant said. 'We figure the kid's worse than the wife. The wife's just simple but the kid may be kind of dangerous.' I asked him if no one had ever investigated and he sounded"—Roma looked puzzled—"rather shocked."

"Sure," Monroe said. "Mind their own business. At least, until strangers start asking questions. Then they're likely to tip off their neighbor."

"The *policeman* won't," Roma said frigidly. "I'm not taking chances on anyone else. The sergeant said he could find out if White is there now by asking around. I didn't like the idea of his 'asking around,' so I warned him. He said he could manage, but—'takes a while to be casual,' he said. I'm waiting. He's sure to call soon." He looked at Jane. "They'll phone here, Miss Welton—"

Jane nodded.

Monroe leaned forward. "And if he's there, what then? He might have planned years ago to—dispose of the evidence if things looked dangerous. I warn you, Roma, if anything should go wrong—"

"Do you seriously believe that threatening me is going to make a difference? Do you think *I* want anything to go wrong?"

Monroe stood up. "Well—what *are* you planning to do?"

"If he's there, we'll surround the place first. Then—"

"He'll see you! He'll—"

"Monroe!" The soft voice was very tense. "I realize how you feel. I thought if I explained my plan you might worry less. But really, you're a hard man to sympathize with. We've dealt with similar cases, you know. We—"

"That's why I came back! That's why I did the toughest thing in the world—surrendered the responsibility. But if you think I want your sentimental sympathy, you're screwy. I was looking for concrete, professional help." He said to Jane, "Where's my shirt, please?" Without pause he turned back to Roma: "But if you're going to go bulling in there—"

Roma stood up. He looked very angry. "We do not 'bull in.' We—"

"Well, then, what's the sense of surrounding the place?"

"As a secondary precaution. Then I'll decoy him out of there."

The phone rang. Jane lifted the white wall receiver. She said, "Hello? . . . One minute." She handed the receiver to Roma, who said, "Yes? . . . Yes. Okay,

Springer. Just push the buzzer. I'll come down." He hung up.

"White's in the house?" Monroe asked.

"Someone's there. Claustus thinks it's White."

Monroe nodded abruptly and turned toward the kitchen door.

Roma said. "Where are you going?"

"For my shirt. I'm going with you."

"Oh. no you're not. You are staying right here."

"And how are you going to make me?"

Roma leaned over the table and put his palms flat on its surface. "I'm going to arrest you. Kidnaping. We'll dispense with the 'statutory.'"

"Try it." Monroe said tightly. "False arrest is—"

"Uh-uh." Roma shook his head. "Nothing false about it. You took a child and ran with him. When you learned that the police had made inquiries you dumped your car. You fled through a window when the police—"

"If I were the boy's father, would you let me come with you?"

There was a pause. Then Roma said, "That's a pointless consideration."

"You know damn well what I'm getting at. No matter what my rights. you wouldn't want me. You don't like me. You feel sorry for me—yeah. That's because, despite that cold face of yours, you're emotion-ridden. I don't trust a cop who's choked up with emotion. And personal considerations."

Roma said softly, "All right, I *don't* like you. *I* don't trust a man who has no emotions. And when he suddenly develops a carload of easy ones and goes shooting off in every direction. I trust him even less." He paused. took a deep breath. and said. "But none of this matters. What matters is that I am in the driver's seat, and I'm not going to have you getting in the way. You're an amateur. you are too closely involved. you are not well—"

"I feel fine. I'm—"

The downstairs buzzer sounded.

Roma said. "No. Monroe. Now—will you give me your word to stay here? It would take some time to put you under arrest and I really ought to—"

The buzzer sounded again.

Monroe said. "All *right*, for God's sake. Go. will you? Get going!"

Roma said rapidly. "Thanks for the offer of coffee. Miss Welton." He walked to the door. put a hand on it. and then turned around. He said. "I'll give you a ring, Monroe." He pushed the door.

"Roma!" He hadn't meant to shout.

"Yes?"

"You'll be— You'll do your best?"

"Yes. Yes. I'll do that."

"Gordon—"

"Hm?" He stared at the floor and saw Danny. arranging mah-jongg tiles while still keeping one eye on Monroe. . . . "'Gord.' he calls me. Did you notice that with the tiny lisp in it—that bit of a 'w'—it sounds like 'God'?"

"Yes." She wet her lips. "Yes, it does."

"But I'm not being godlike. He said to me once. 'You're awful smart, aren't you, Gord?' But I'm not very smart. am I?"

"Gordon, listen—"

"Do you realize what Denver must think? 'The kid's a rope around my neck.' So—how long will he—just think? And another thing: Roma said he'd 'decoy' Denver out. But what about Bill? Will Roma decoy them *both?* Because if he doesn't—well. remember that legal stuff Roma quoted at me? Accessories are considered as principals. he said. In other words. *they* hang. too."

"Roma will think of that."

"Will he? Your faith is touching. And suppose Roma thinks twice—will he think three times? What about the woman? 'Simple-minded.' he said. How do we know she isn't far worse?" He stood up. "I have a responsibility." he said. "I can't resign from it." Challenge came out from him like a force.

But it met no resistance. "Yes," Jane said. "I tried to tell Mr. Roma that. You have the right to be there. And before. that child didn't know love or kindness. Now it's worse for him—he knows what he's lost."

"Jane. if you knew I should go. why in heaven's name didn't you tell me?"

"You answered that," she said. "In the end one depends on oneself. And"—she paused—"you'll have to be very careful. If you do anything wrong. Gordon—" She turned a palm upward in a gesture oddly evocative of meaning.

He stared at her. "Aeschylus," he said.

"What?"

"His eagle. The eagle stared down at the eagle's feathers on the arrow that was killing it—'With our own feather. not by other hands. are we now smitten.' It would kill me. too. wouldn't it? Whether I died or not?"

"Yes."

The cabdriver who had taken him from the train to the Kensington road had been curious. Jane's improvised eye patch had done nothing to dim his interest. "Nobody much on the Kensington road." he said. "'cept the Nelsons. In Europe. now. Nelsons got money. Ruined 'em. They're *never* home."

Monroe stepped around a puddle. This road—unpaved and full of potholes filled by a rain of a few hours earlier—reminded him of the road that had led out of Manchester. And the hour was similar; it was now just 7 A.M.

"About a mile" and "a converted barn." That. plus his own conclusion that the place would not be at roadside. was the extent of his facts.

He passed a man painting a barn. Hell of an hour to start a paint job. There was nothing "converted" about the barn. and it was too near the road.

A little farther along he passed another man; this one was herding a cow.

There was something odd about him.

Then, ahead of him on the right, a gleam of white showed. (Why paint a barn that seemed to have no house near it?) As he got nearer. he could see through a parklike stretch of lawn to a colonial farmhouse. impressively restored. Home of the Nelsons, presumably. "Nelsons got money." Monroe's shoulder blades twitched. He stopped. turned squarely to the right, and stared at the shingled roof. Nothing. Had he seen motion—or imagined it? "The Nelsons, they're in Europe." Well. a caretaker, perhaps. On the roof? Well, maybe a cat.

There were no more houses. (Where had the man with the cow come from? Where was he going? What was odd about him?)

A man was herding a cow. From a cowshed, presumably, to a meadow. But where the cowshed, where the meadow? The man wore overalls. A plaid shirt rose above them, scuffed boots stuck out below. No hat—

His hair! That was it; the cut was meticulous. They must have fine, urban barbers in Bennington. Uh-huh. A barn with no house, a cow with no meadow. On the positive hand, a farmer with a Ritz barbering job, and a deserted house with tenants on the roof.

He checked his watch. If the estimate of a mile was correct, the Whites' place was behind him. Probably it had originally been the Nelson barn.

Monroe crossed the road and walked into the dim woods. The Nelsons' house had been about two hundred feet in; he walked to a depth of a hundred yards. Then he turned back toward Bennington and started moving in a series of deep zigzags. Well into his third zag the trees thinned and a man loomed ahead of him. It was Roma.

Roma had swung around and was watching. Over Roma's shoulder, through the thinning foliage beyond, Monroe could see the edge of a gray roof, a hundred or so feet away.

Roma came toward him. Monroe saw the cold anger behind the surface and instinctively struck out. He said. "What farmer has his hair cut in Manhattan? Who paints a falling-down barn? And where'd you get that prop cow?"

"What are you doing here?"

"I thought I might be needed. And I'm needed all right."

"Like a belly-ache."

"Yeah? Look. that guy walking the cow—*I* spotted him. *Me.* Took me ten minutes. Any native would figure him for a phony in ten seconds."

"And so the native would rush the info to Callam. to meet a rifle?"

"Maybe not. but Denver would know too. If he walked down that road—"

"He'd be grabbed. The barn-painter has a rifle. There's a man on the roof of the white house; he has a rifle. Others have revolvers. There are a dozen men

along that road, a couple with walkee-talkees. Right now they're probably alerting everyone about you. How far west were you?"

"Quarter of a mile. But—"

"Well, then you got past him so at least you aren't diverting him."

"But I could have got to the house, couldn't I?"

"Monroe, what are you talking about? Who'd want to get *in?*" Roma took a deep breath. He said, "Now, look. People who come out of the house will get nabbed as soon as they get beyond the clearing. *If* anyone should slip through, he'll get picked up on the road. The men at the ends of the line advise those on the far side about every passerby. So anyone who hasn't been announced gets stopped. The guy's haircut may not suit you, but by the time anyone challenges it, he's staring at a gun. There are seventeen agents, Monroe. Seventeen."

"Well . . ." It did seem thorough, but Monroe could not shed an enveloping anger. Roma's appearance offered him a reason. Roma looked cool, competent, and annoyingly dry. Apparently the trees did not choose to drip on him. Monroe said furiously, "So you're just going to sit here, huh?"

Roma stared up at Monroe, his face taut. Then he sighed, and the muscles of his jaw visibly relaxed. He said, "We have fifteen minutes," looked around, chose a fallen tree, and perched on it. He said conversationally, "When we got into town last night I consulted our police contact, Sergeant Claustus. I learned that Callam is the caretaker for the big white house up the road. The owners, name of Nelson, keep the place in A-1 condition —not, the sergeant says, because they're careful, but because money means nothing to them. Their carelessness exhibits itself in their choice of Callam. The sergeant doesn't know where they found him; three years ago he was just here. He has no duties, so far as the sergeant can see, but he gets a place to live, presumably a salary, and the right to challenge visitors with a rifle.

"Now, there are no utilities in the barn—maybe that's why the owners took Callam on; most people don't want to live without heat, electricity or telephone. So when the Nelsons want to reach Callam they phone the cops. At least they did once. A year ago a daughter—name of Bradley—put through a call from France and asked Claustus to tell Callam she'd be around soon. He was to get maids in."

Roma looked at his watch. "So. The postman comes by at about eight-thirty. When there is mail for the Whites, he drops it into the roadside box, blows his horn, and leaves. This morning he will carry a note from Claustus saying that White is to come in and get a lengthy message from Mrs. Bradley."

Monroe said slowly, "But that will leave this Bill—"

"Yes, Monroe, yes. Now, if Callam comes out for the mail we'll grab him. Then we'll force him to send a note to Bill, saying he needs him in town." Roma stood up. "The postman might be early."

"And suppose the girl comes out?"

"In my opinion, that would be a break. We'd just take her. If she doesn't go back in, Callam will come after her. Or send Bill. Claustus tells me he was on duty once when Callam spent the night in the hatch. He spent it worrying, as in past imprisonments, about the girl."

"You're investing him with a sense of kindness. I don't believe it."

Roma's long eyes narrowed. "Novelists are supposed to understand people. Well, maybe—but cops certainly do. Claustus said Callam is protective toward the girl. Even if it didn't bear out the history, I'd believe him. So if the girl comes first I'll grab her, quietly, and then wait. So."

The giant elm forked low. Behind its partial protection the two men stood silently together. Beyond them, seventy or eighty feet away, the house sat on an irregular, small patch of hard, sandy-colored ground.

The house, as foretold, had been a barn. Tacked on, at each side, were low ells. The nearest had a centered window.

Monroe's eyes were caught by motion. Smoke was rising thinly from a center chimney. Roma said softly, "Someone's awake. See the smoke?"

One chimney. Monroe thought. On the ells—nothing. Danny had loved his blanket not only because he had nothing else to love but because it meant life to him. No wonder he judged the seasons by "when it wasn't cold."

Monroe clutched the rough bark of the tree and hung on.

A horn blasted the silence. Sounds carried well in the heavy stillness.

Then the departing car made jouncing noises that quickly faded.

After five minutes Monroe said fiercely, "Well?"

Roma said. "Relax. Maybe someone has to put on his pants."

She seemed to spring out of the earth, probably because of the angle from which they watched. Even more startling was the girl herself. She sparkled and shone and bounced. Even without benefit of sun, her mass of curls looked golden.

In a second she had disappeared into the shrubbery.

Monroe figured frantically: Say, three minutes to the road, three minutes back. After six minutes he looked fiercely at Roma. But Roma's profile was reminiscent of a Roman statue's. Then, an interminable ten minutes later, Roma spoke: "Best of the three," he said softly. "Now all we have to do—"

As the scream ripped the air, Roma's mouth stayed open.

Springer and another agent, Rafferty, joined them. "Maybe he'll think she hurt herself," said Rafferty. "Fell down or something. Maybe he'll come out yet."

Springer said. "After ten minutes of thinking it over?"

Monroe said. "He'll decide she clapped her hand over her own mouth?"

Roma said. "Will you please stop repeating yourselves?"

Monroe said. "Of course, she *did* look dangerous. Only two of you, huh?"

"Stop repeating yourselves!" Roma looked around coldly. "Rafferty, stay here. Springer, come with me." He ignored Monroe.

Springer trailed after Roma. Monroe followed.

A man stood on each side of the girl, who was sitting on the ground. The springy figure now seemed like a lumpy, blue-sprigged pillowcase. Monroe looked at the handkerchief around her mouth. Monroe stared down at the girl. Close up, the illusion of prettiness was sadly dispelled. Her china-blue eyes were blank, and Monroe realized that without the gag her mouth would have hung open. He said, "Peg? Peg, is the boy in there?" The eyes remained blank.

Roma said to Springer, "We'll have to switch plans—"

"Switch to what?" Monroe asked in loud derision.

Roma said. "Lower your voice."

Through a mist of bitterness Monroe said. "Why? You think Denver doesn't know we're here?" He thought. We? Not necessarily "we." It was the beginning of a constructive thought and, astonishingly, anger dropped away. Anguish rushed in to fill the void. Remotely he understood: he had been affecting emotions in order to stave off pain. Anger—at himself, at Roma—had been the easiest to grasp at. No wonder Roma found his emotions untrustworthy, unbelievable. He said. "Roma, he doesn't know who's out here." His voice was low.

"No." Roma looked at him curiously. "No, he doesn't."

"But it wouldn't be illogical if it were me."

"Not very helpful, either."

"Why not? I can go in and bargain with him. The girl for the boy."

"Wouldn't work. If he doesn't believe you, the situation is unchanged. If he does believe you're alone, he knocks you off and comes out for the girl."

"Well? You'd have him out of there, wouldn't you?" Roma stared at him.

"Look, Roma, I'm not just going to be standing there. I was in the Pacific during the war. Thoroughly trained in judo." He didn't mention that he had never used it. "I'll argue that I want to trade the girl for Danny. I think he'll argue back. If not, maybe I'll get a chance to fight.

And while I'm—uh—engaging him, you'll get a chance to come in, won't you?"

"And the other man? It's nonsense, Monroe. At best you'll take another beating. I can't permit anything of the sort."

"What alternative plan do you have?"

"Time-honored plan. We get a loudspeaker from over the ridge. Set up machine guns. Make an honest announcement to Callam. He comes out—or we go in. We simply have to take the chance."

"We, Roma? *You're* in charge. You'll chance a child's life, but not mine?"

"It's not the same. We didn't put the child in there. But you're *not* in there. We—*I* can't let you."

Monroe said, "Roma? Are you thinking of how it'll look in a report?"

Roma's face turned a dark red. He said, "How things look in a report is how they *were*. I can't chance your life."

Monroe said softly, "And will you kill me to save me?" He swung on his heel.

"Monroe!" The quiet voice was authoritative, its pleading note gone. "There are ten men within calling distance to stop you—"

Monroe was a dozen feet along the overgrown path. He turned and said, "And calling them won't be warning Denver?"

"Take a gun, Bill, give him a gun."

"No." Monroe thought and then said, regretfully, "He's alerted. If I show a gun I might get shot before I set eyes on him. If I just put it in my pocket and he finds it, it'll be a clear reason for shooting me. My hope is to create confusion, but not necessarily to get shot. No."

"But . . . Look, we'll get closer. At the first sound, we'll come."

"Thanks." Monroe turned and pushed his way up the path.

As he came out of the tunnel of shrubbery he faced the entrance—a small door, above ground level, hinged into the bigger door of the barn.

The feeling of surveillance was strong. Why didn't Denver stop him, call out? Monroe walked steadily forward. As he stepped up to the door and raised his hand (to knock, which seemed terribly funny) he suddenly appreciated Roma's panic. Denver could have no choice but to get rid of Monroe. That's why Denver was letting him approach. Enter, Mr. Fly.

The door moved inward before his arm descended, and his hand fell on air. Monroe stepped over the high sill into a dim interior. The door closed.

The person who had handled the door remained behind him. Monroe didn't turn; he stood and waited while his eye adjusted to the dim light. He was in an enormous room. Before him were half-stuffed couches, one-armed chairs, torn newspapers, crushed eggshells, dirty paper plates, rags, broken saucers used as ashtrays, some rotting fruit. The smell was an assault, a staggering blow.

It was a minute before the bulk in the room's center became identifiable: Denver, in tattered cotton pajama bottoms.

"I don't get it." Monroe had never heard Denver's voice. It was incongruously high, and it hummed with a whine. "What in hell you want o' me?"

"I want the boy."

"I get that, brother. But why? What is there about my kid— What you done with Peg?" The whine crescendoed.

"*Your* kid?" Monroe asked.

Denver's eyes widened. "Your name is Monroe, ain't it? Like it said in the car? So you're not—whatever his name was."

"Crandell?" Monroe suggested.

The dull eyes narrowed again. "How'd you know that?"

"I remembered the story, and what the boy told me fitted."

The big face showed clearly that the problem was too confusing to bother with. "What you done to Peg?"

Monroe's one eye, more accustomed to the proliferation of objects, picked out the rifle; it was leaning against a gutted couch, almost touching Denver's hand. And the man behind Monroe? Did he have a weapon? Monroe said. "I've kidnaped the girl. As you did the boy. I offer an even exchange."

On the coarse face, bewilderment and stupidity fought a clear battle with anger and annoyance. Denver said. "Mister, you're plain crazy. You think you're in a spot to offer me *anything*? I'm going to knock you gutless, and then I'm going and get Peg. And *I* didn't kidnap *nobody*."

"If it wasn't kidnaping, what was it?"

"I din't say it wasn't kidnaping, I said *I* din't kidnap nobody. Peg did. She wanted a kid. Before that she had a doll. The doll got—it got broke and it make her kinda sick. She threw away the others I got her. And then she took the kid. I don't know how. She just showed up with a kid. I din't even know his name till I read it. But I ain't no kidnaper. Nobody can say I am."

"No? They will say it, you know. Why didn't you take him back?"

"With my record? You crazy? Who would've believed I didn't—"

"Who'll believe now? Why didn't you send *her* back with the boy?"

"She wanted him." Denver said simply. "Kept her peaceable." He raised his heavy eyebrows: "See?" the eyebrows said.

Monroe fought against "seeing," against the convolutions of a mind that could believe things were so easily explainable. "Look," he said to that simplicity. "I've got your girl. I've hidden her. You won't be able to find her."

Denver smiled. "I know these woods," he said confidently. "I'll find her."

"Really? Well, she'll be dead by the time you do."

Uncertainty replaced the smile. "What you done with her?"

"Let's make a bargain. You get the boy and the three of us'll go and get the girl. Then the boy and I will leave. You'll never hear of us again."

Denver threw his head back and laughed. "You're a nut." It was dismissal. "Bill, look him over. Maybe he had enough brains to pack a gun." Bill became tangible, a person possessed of hands that moved capably. Then, although there was no sound, he apparently made Monroe's harmlessness clear. Denver's smile grew. "Not that much brains, huh?" But his smile faded and his face grew petulant again. "How'd you find me?"

"The boy told me." Denver had moved several steps forward. The rifle was now behind him. "He's so smart!" Denver squeaked. "I'll fix that punk!"

"They think the world is against them," Roma had said. To Denver, Danny had become the epitome of that hovering, frightening, incomprehensible vengeance. Divert him! Monroe thought in panic. Denver's last questions had been, How did you find me? How did you get here? Mindlessly, Monroe repeated them: "Tell me, how did you get to the cabin? How did you find us?"

"You sure are a dumb ox. Stan lost you in Albany, so I sent Bill to the village to watch. The dumb ones who think they're smart always go where they think nobody'll think they'll go." These were the theories that resulted from a back-alley lifetime. But he, Monroe, had walked the avenues. "So, then what do you do? You go and light a nice big bonfire—smoke signals to help Bill in the village. So he comes and gets me."

So, Monroe thought, I'm stupid. And how stupid are you? Stupid enough to fall for an old trick? Two doors, at left and right, led to the two wings. The left-hand ell had a centered window, so if Danny was in the place, he was in the right ell. Monroe's right hand jerked outward. "The boy's in there?" he said.

For the necessary second Denver swung his head. In that second Monroe leaped, covering only half the distance between them. The man behind him was looking toward Monroe; he would move first. And when he came . . .

Monroe landed, and abruptly crouched. The expected body came hurtling at his rear—expectedly high, almost leap-frogging him. Monroe looped his arm behind his neck in a wide circle, and helped the flying man to achieve extent and pace. Bill turned a somersault over Monroe's head and charged, heels first, into the belly of the advancing Denver.

Monroe stood up—and was grabbed by the ankle. "Conquer by yielding," he said to himself, insanely quoting the book, and went down heavily.

Bill—whom Monroe never saw distinctly—was powerful. He detached himself from the writhing mass and leaped toward Monroe's stomach. Monroe wrenched himself aside, caught an ankle, and again assisted Bill in his forward

motion. As he let go he turned his wrist, and both felt and heard the bone snap. Bill landed several feet away, and the noise he made—low but horrible—reminded Monroe that Roma was waiting for the sounds of a disturbance. The battle had been remarkably quiet. Monroe opened his mouth, and Denver's hand promptly covered it and most of the rest of his face.

Denver's nails bored into his swollen eye; Monroe could feel the eyeball being dislodged. Pain was a scream in his skull. He made a desperate effort, managed to bring his jawbones together. Denver gave an animal protest and let go.

Monroe rolled forward, and Denver hit him in the back of the neck. The punch hit no vital spot, but it reminded Monroe of how bad it might have been. The forbidden blow—the blow for final usage only . . . He swung around and sat down. When Denver sprang, he was ready. Denver supplied the force: Monroe supplied the exterior edge of his right hand and his memory of the anatomical teachings of judo. There—right where the tendon pulled downward from behind the ear . . . Denver fell like an ox.

Monroe moved onto his hands and knees. His head rolled and he steadied it, trying to clear his vision. Beneath him he saw a black line. A crack between boards. But what were the round things? Oh—drops of blood. From his own face, of course. Well. Monroe opened his mouth and bellowed, "Roma!" He considered repeating it, and then thought, Hell with him.

He made it to his feet and staggered toward his right. He lurched his weight against the door, which gave too easily. Monroe crashed inward, pitched sideways into a wall, and sat down hard. The dimness had become total darkness. He said, despairingly, hopelessly, "Danny?"

And as he spoke Danny said, "Gord, I *couldn't* help you. I *tried*!"

The second of normal thanksgiving gave way to an abnormal sense of shock: "You're crying!" Monroe said. "Why, Danny, you're crying!"

"On'y because I couldn't help," Danny said apologetically. He gulped. "And because you look—you look—"

"He looks terrible," Roma said. "Certainly does."

"I can't see you, Danny," Monroe said, "You all right, pal?"

"He seems to be all right," Roma said. "You'll see him later."

But Roma was wrong. . . .

Monroe got off the plane at Sioux City and took the bus to Truville.

Walking slowly down the main street, he looked up at a post: Oak Avenue. There were no trees. At the corner he turned into a drugstore, and went to the telephone books at the rear of the room.

The line had buzzed only once when a man's voice said, "Hello?"

"Mr. Albert Crandell?"

"Yes?"

"My name is Gordon Monroe."

There was a silence. Then—"Mr. Monroe! Where are you calling from?"

"I'm in town. In a drugstore. Corner of Oak and— I don't know."

"Probably the one right near the bus station. That's wonderful! I've been trying to manage a trip to New York. To see you. We did write you. My wife and I. Well—" Unexpectedly, abruptly, the voice shut off. Then Crandell said, "Well, now. It's suppertime. We haven't—I just got in from the store. I don't know what —If you'll hold on, I'll just ask—"

Monroe said, "No. No, thank you. Don't disturb your wife. Later, perhaps, I can come—"

Crandell spoke quickly: "Tell you what—why don't we come see you? So you won't have to rush your supper? That is, why don't you have supper and then we'll come on over and see you?"

"All right. What restaurant?"

"What—? Oh, well. Field's is across from you. It'll be a while till we can get a baby-sitter." For Danny? Monroe's astonishment struck him dumb. Crandell added, "We've two small children, you know. That is, smaller . . ."

"Oh, yes." Monroe had forgotten that. He said, "I'll wait at Field's."

It was a little after eight when they arrived. There had been news pictures . . . Monroe stood as far as his booth permitted and lifted a hand.

The man guided his wife toward the table. He said, "Mr. Monroe? You sit in there. Kathy. My wife, Mr. Monroe. Did we keep you waiting? Here, Kathy, I'll sit beside you. Kathy, why don't we have some coffee?" He was talking much faster than he had on the phone.

Monroe looked at the woman. She wasn't pretty. She said, "Did you have a good dinner? We wanted—" She stopped and looked at the tablecloth.

Monroe said, "Yes, thanks."

Crandell flagged a waiter, ordered coffee, noticed Monroe's brandy, ordered three more. Then he subsided. The silence was painful.

Monroe asked, trying not to sound careful, "How is—the boy?"

Mrs. Crandell said, "He's better, Mr. Monroe, thank you. Thank you. We've had him to a psychiatrist." She saw Monroe's flinch and surprised him by interpreting it correctly: "Oh, Dahl thinks he's just visiting a nice friend. Dr. Green—his name is Green—he says Dahl's got a—strong mind. He says Dahl's capable of something even adults find hard, that he can say to himself, 'This is the way it's going to be, and I'm going to live with it.'"

The confession lay on the air.

So, Monroe thought. So. In the new silence he examined Mrs. Crandell. He had thought she would look like Jane, as Danny looked like Jane. But this woman was fair, tall, generally larger than Jane. Crandell, however, was a good-looking man. Slender, tallish, dark-haired, dark-blue-eyed. Danny looked like his father except for two things: Danny's head and jaw were better formed, and intelligence shone out of him. Albert Crandell was probably not stupid; neither was he shining with intelligence.

But any judgment was unfair at this pinpoint of time. Because, Monroe suddenly realized, Albert Crandell was aching with anxiety. And fear?

Crandell said, "We took him to a doctor, too. A real doctor, I mean. And he's all right. The—scars will go away. Most of them." The good-looking, earnest face twisted, and Monroe felt his first response to Mr. Crandell. "We feed him special foods—you know?"

The echo. Monroe said gently, "I know. Orange juice, and lots of meat."

Kathy Crandell said, "Why yes, Mr. Monroe. Lots of meat."

He looked at her. She grew on you, he saw. He had decided she was not pretty, but the idea receded now. She had the attraction of kindness, of goodness—and of intelligence. Some of Danny's brains had come from his mother. Monroe said, "I can't have him?"

Their faces went blank. Crandell's was the blankness of shock, but hers was the horrified recognition of the beast that had threatened.

"You admit that the doctor says he's suffering from a broken heart."

Kathy Crandell shook her head gently. "Not 'suffering from.' Mr. Monroe, 'In danger of.' And that's past. He's—adjusting. He goes to school, and we were afraid about that. Dahl would be strange, we feared. He'd be alone. But—you know how children fear and reject anything that seems unusual? Well, they don't reject Dahl. Almost—they worship him. He's—gentle with them. Gentleness in a seven-year-old is different and odd, but not, it seems, unacceptable. And he not only likes them, he likes their liking of him. He likes his little brother, his baby sister. He . . ." Her voice trailed off.

Monroe had said nothing, but they all felt the thought: He *loves* me.

"Mr. Monroe." For an earnest moment Crandell looked exactly like Danny. Monroe waited for the lost word—"Gord." Instead—"I'm his father."

I'm his god.

Crandell looked nervously sideways at his wife, and then decided to dare it: "Ours is a normal relationship, you see. I'll teach him things—baseball, games, his arithmetic. He'll admire me, too." Crandell examined the "too" and flinched. He added, "In a normal way." Monroe was holding on to himself, but the repetition of the word "normal" was increasingly galling, and some of the bitterness

showed in his face. "I mean—happily."

"Sure." Monroe wished he were out of there. He had been a fool to hope.

Kathy Crandell said, "Forgive me. but your eye . . . The newspapers didn't say—Was your eye always—like that?"

Monroe raised a hand to the patch. He said, "No."

"But it's not—permanent?"

"They think so. Yes."

"But did you—lose—the eye for Dahl? I mean, was it then—?"

"It was then. Can I buy him with that?" He saw their frozen faces and felt he was in the wrong. Why was he in the wrong? He said. "Look, I just want—" but he was stopped by the rigid, stricken faces. What the hell? he thought. What was the use of hurting them. himself, everyone. like this? He caught a waiter's eye. "Well," he said. "there's a plane."

Crandell leaned across the table. "I'm his *father*, Mr. Monroe. You don't really absorb that. I'm his *father*. I can't just give him away. Except, I might do just that if I thought it would be better for him. It's—an unselfish love. We lived without him for four years. We have other children. We *could*—do it. But he's better off this way." He inched forward on the bench. Again he looked like his son—young. intense, trying desperately to get his point across but lacking the vocabulary. "Here in Truville." he said, "Dahl has a mother and a father and a brother and a sister. It isn't that we aren't—appreciative. We thank you, Mr. Monroe. We thank you from the bot—"

"All right. Mr. Crandell. Drop it. Everything's wonderful, Danny's magnificently happy, you're enormously grateful. He's so happy and you're so grateful that you won't let me put a foot in your house." Monroe looked up at the waiter and said savagely. "Well, leave the damn check!" He turned his head violently in Katherine Crandell's direction, and couldn't see her at all. It still happened sometimes. That he couldn't see . . .

Her voice came through the gray mist: "We are so grateful we haven't been able to say so. Who has the words for anything so big? Our lives? You could have our lives. Or money. Or—" She broke off. She said, "But not our son. Mr. Monroe. We can't give him away. not selfish—" She stopped, said, "Are you all right? Mr. Monroe?"

His vision was clearing. His right eye was perfect. the doctors said; the brief spells of blindness would pass. During those weeks in the hospital his bandaged blindness had been made less frightening by two gentle voices. Jane's was the dearer. but Roma's the more beautiful. "There's nothing wrong with feeling, Monroe. Nothing wrong with hating me, either. It's only because *I* feel. too. that you hate me, even if I understand. What could I have done, Monroe?"

"You promised me," Monroe said savagely. "You promised me. Later, you said. I'd see him later."

"But I couldn't know that—you wouldn't be able to see."

"That I'd be blind. Why don't you say what you mean?"

"Because I don't mean that. You're not blind. Monroe. You'll certainly see out of one eye. It's simply a temporary—excess of emotion."

An excess of emotion. In Gordon Monroe!

Abruptly, Monroe smiled. "I'm all right now, Mrs. Crandell."

Crandell seemed to catch at the smile. "About not coming to the house—well, he's a little boy, see? We think he's forgetting. We—"

"Not forgetting." Mrs. Crandell's voice was firm. "Dahl is storing you away. But—happily. To disturb that would be bad for him. The doctor thinks so, too. I asked him if Dahl would be better off with you," she said, "and he said no. That this way you would be—would become sublimated in Dahl. That he would never forget you, but that the memory of the whole experience would dim, and you. the happy part of it, would become the strongest. But if he were with you it would remain vivid. and he would love you too much and remember too much and always be—too intense—too . . . He said the boy would be better off here," she said flatly.

Better off? Danny would be better off without him? Monroe stared unseeingly at Katherine Crandell. "He would love you too much and remember too much and always be too intense." The word "too," that repeated word . . . If sheer logic was not the answer to life. perhaps sheer emotion was not either. Perhaps the shape of life had to be fitted and balanced and there was no room for excesses, even an excess of love. Monroe said, "Yes. Well. Waiter."

Crandell said, "Oh, no. I'll get it."

"No, Mr. Crandell." He got his wallet out. "After all. I had dinner. You only—" He looked up, polite smile in place, and saw Crandell's face.

If his own smile was polite. Crandell's was frantic.

It was all the man could do. It was all in the world . . . Monroe put his wallet away. He said, "All right. Thank you."

Then he stood up. "Thank you for the—" My God. he had almost said "hospitality." He took a step backward. "Thank you for your son." He took another backing step. The blindness was on him. He said, "I didn't mean that the way it sounded. I meant thank you for having such a son. You think I gave him—something, but he gave me things, too."

Mrs. Crandell said. "We thank *you*." She was crying. Out of gratitude. like Danny. "We'll always thank you, because you are part of him."

"Yes. No. Well. goodbye." He backed a little farther. and then he said, "But—'Dahl'? Aren't you afraid they'll call him 'Dolly'?"

Crandell leaned forward. "Some of the kids call him 'Danny,'" he offered. "Seems pretty clear where they got it but Dr. Green says not to mention it yet. Still. when Dr. Green says it's all right, we—"

Monroe cut in: "I see. Well. good night again."

Mrs. Crandell said. "Mr. Monroe. you'll have children. You'll have sons."

Monroe reached for a smile. "Perhaps. I'll deliver your message to my wife."

He had backed as far as he could without becoming ridiculous. He swung around then. and left Field's. Out on Oak Street he turned right. THE END

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