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SPECIAL ISSUE

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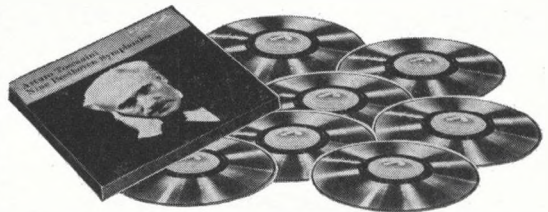


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FEBRUARY, 1959

Vol. 146, No. 2

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COVER—Photographer J. Frederick Smith has turned the tables on lovely cover gal Sandy Hill and given her a model for her very own. Nonplused, Sandy has taken brushes in hand and prepared to enter the Romantic World of Art. "I haven't studied painting since I was in high school," she says, "but I'm game to try." The reason for her current enthusiasm is the opinion expressed in our article, "Test Your Art Talent" (page 70), that more than just a "select few" have been endowed with creativity. "I think I'd enjoy art as a hobby," says Sandy, "but I'll stick to modeling as a career." A happy decision... for both Sandy and her fans.



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What Goes On At Cosmopolitan

Lunch with Sheilah Graham, and Some Light on the Subject of Art

F Scott Fitzgerald was one of those people who aroused a curiosity about himself that could never be satisfied. Two years ago, columnist Sheilah Graham began to write the story of her life with Fitzgerald, and discovered that it wasn't easy. "It took my blood and guts," Sheilah told us at luncheon recently. "I knew it was a good story—but I had no idea it was so sensational. So outrageous." The "good story," *Beloved Infidel*, is a

COSMOPOLITAN special non-fiction bonus beginning on page 82. It is, we think, far more than outrageous or sensational.

Do-It-Yourself Artist

Ezio Pinza, when sitting for his portrait, told portrait painter Michael Werboff, "That looks easy. I think I'll go home and paint a portrait of my wife." That's the kind of irreverence that makes portrait painters whimper. More about their tribulations on page 76.

The surprising swell of interest in art carried sixty million people to art museums last year. Art books, prints, and reproductions are now selling like candy bars, three million Sunday painters are getting paint in their hair, and just about everybody is bandying around such esoteric words as "Fauvism," "Purism," and "Post-Impressionism." To keep everything straight, read the glossary below, which has been compiled by Leslie Katz.

—H. La B.

GLOSSARY OF ART TERMS



OLD MASTER: A general term usually applied to great painters who lived and worked in the period from the late Middle Ages to the nineteenth century, a span of four hundred years. It was during this time that individual masters emerged as personalities rather than as anonymous craftsmen. Artists: Rembrandt, Velasquez, El Greco.

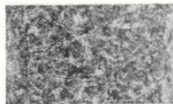
Velasquez—*Las Meninas* (detail)



POST-IMPRESSIONISM: The movement which followed Impressionism and employed bigger and bolder areas of color and more-firmly outlined shapes. Artists: Van Gogh, Gauguin.

Van Gogh—*Portrait of the Artist with a Straw Hat*

ABSTRACT EXPRESSIONISM: The currently popular international style invented by Americans in which large, wall-size canvases are covered with bold, abstract patterns of color, not representing any subject matter. Artists: Pollock, de Kooning.



Pollock—*Full Fathom Five*

EXPRESSIONISM: The slashing forms of Fauvism adapted by German painters in order to express a more primitive and personal subject matter. Artists: Beckmann, Heckel.



Beckmann—*The Shore*



REALISM: The general name for all painting in which an accurate representation of the subject matter is the primary concern of the artist, outweighing all other problems of technique and color. Artists: Wyeth, Wood, Zorach.

Wood—*American Gothic*



FAUVISM: A further development of Post-Impressionism which sought a freer use of bright color in large, slashing strokes for both the landscapes and portraits of the period. Artists: Matisse, Vlaminck.

Matisse—*Goldfish*

CUBISM: The breaking up of normal images into structural, blocklike arrangements which show many views of the same subject simultaneously. Artists: Picasso, Braque.

Braque—*Still Life: "Le Jour"*



Pickett—*Manchester Valley*



SURREALISM: Imaginary and dreamlike fantasies, often drawn or painted with the most exact, but incongruous, lifelike details. Artists: Dali, Miró.

Dali—*Daddy-Longlegs of the Evening—Hope!*

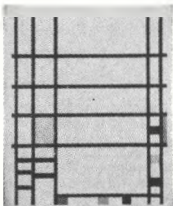


Monet—*The Beach at Sainte-Adresse*

IMPRESSIONISM: The style, originating in nineteenth-century France, which aimed to capture the sunny, outdoor effects of light through the use of many tiny brush-strokes of pure color. Artists: Monet, Pissarro, Manet.

PURISM: The style of painting in which all shapes are geometrical (such as the square or the circle) and all colors are applied directly from the tube without mixing. Artists: Mondrian, Albers.

Mondrian—*Trafalgar Square*



ABSTRACT ART: The term includes a multitude of styles from extreme distortions of realistic subject matter to pictures containing forms which are freely invented by the artist without any reference to recognizable objects. The most extreme abstractions are usually called "non-objective" art (which means they have little or no resemblance to actual objects).



Kandinsky—*Perpetual Line*

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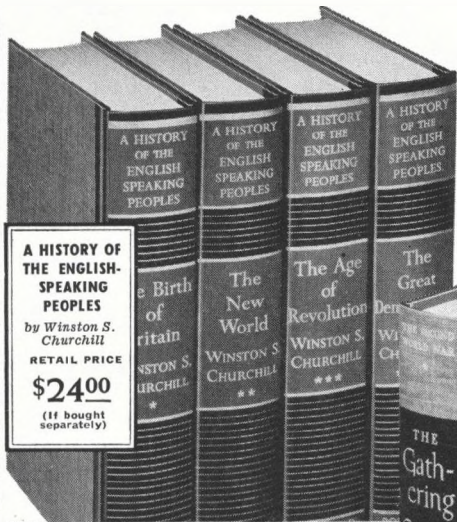
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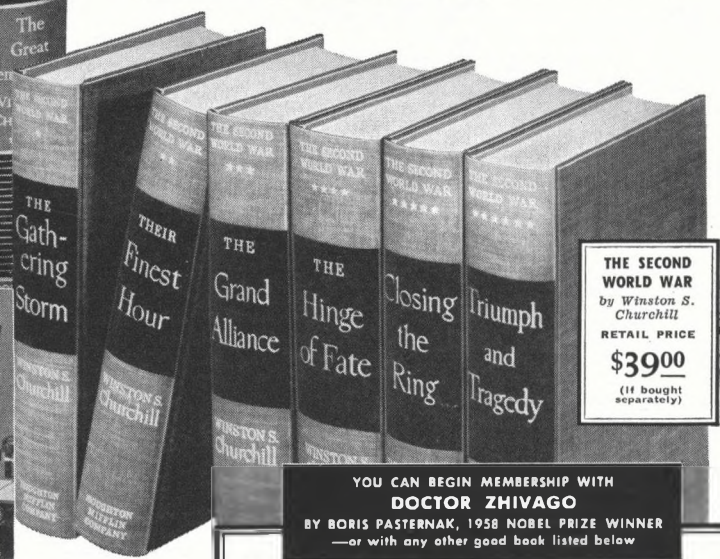
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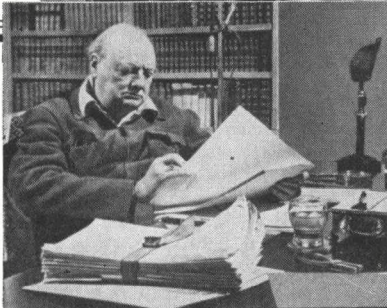
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Critic's Choice

BY R. E. HEALEY

Rodgers and Hammerstein, those master-magicians of musical comedy, have worked their wizardry again in *Flower Drum Song*, a tale about Chinese-Americans in San Francisco's colorful Chinatown.

The latest R & H hit dramatizes the conflict between young ways of love and old ideas of duty. A picture bride, played by Miyoshi Umeki, is betrothed by mail to Sammy Fong (Larry Blyden), who is bewitched by Linda Low (Pat Suzuki), a Chinese-American striptease artist. Oscar Hammerstein II and Joseph Fields, who collaborated on the book, make the complications of this love triangle as merry and charming as a Chinese New Year celebration, scrambling the ancient customs of Cathay with those of the swing and sway set into a sort of Bop Suey.

The Richard Rodgers score is sprinkled with songs that should soon be leading the hit parade, including "A Hundred Million Miracles," with which Miss Umeki weaves a Chinese fairy tale

spell; "I Enjoy Being a Girl," belted out with Occidental oomph by Pat Suzuki; and "Don't Marry Me," a show-stopper sung by Miss Umeki and Mr. Blyden. Gene Kelly has directed with a skilled hand, the choreography by Carol Haney is a sheer delight, and the cast is as flawless as a fine Ming vase.

La Plume de Ma Tante is a rowdy and risqué French revue that is good for a guffaw from the first rise of the curtain to the final fall of a pair of pantaloons. Employing a company of comedians headed by Robert Dhery, Collette Brosset, Pierre Olaf, Jacques Legras, Roger Caccia, Jean Lefevre, and one droll Englishman, Ross Parker, *La Plume de Ma Tante* presents in pantomime, for the most part, a series of sketches and blackouts that are fresh, fast-paced, and funny.

Dispensing with those prerequisites of the professional sex pot, the tight sweater, wiggly walk, half-parted moist lips and semi-closed goo goo eyes, Sophia Loren gives an outstanding performance



Broadway's new musical revue, *La Plume de Ma Tante*, has many bright spots.

as a gangster's widow in a warm and moving film about Italian Americans *The Black Orchid*.

Rose Bianco (Miss Loren) is a young woman trying to find a new way of life for her son and herself. When Frank Valente (Anthony Quinn), a middle-aged widower, offers her another chance for romance, his grown daughter bitterly opposes the marriage which would brighten both their lives. That is the simple story and the resultant complications are commonplace, but under the sensitive direction of Martin Ritt, Miss Loren and Mr. Quinn create two memorable characters whose aspirations and ambitions, joys and sorrows seem real and important.

The Inn of the Sixth Happiness is a fine example of the alchemy which takes place when producer, director, screenwriter and stars are all in top form. The result is a beautiful story, beautifully told and acted with high art by a great actress.

A Memorable Film

Ingrid Bergman plays a young woman who starts out from England to China in the early thirties to become a missionary. She arrives at a village in the interior of the country and assists an elderly English woman in running a caravanseray called the Inn of the Sixth Happiness. She also works with the local mandarin (Robert Donat) and helps his impoverished subjects. She finally applies for Chinese citizenship and becomes as much a part of the country as the soil she treads in her regular rounds of remote villages. She falls in love with a colonel in the Chinese Army (Kurt Jurgens) and accepts his proposal of marriage. Then, when the Japanese invade the country, she is faced with the awesome task of leading a hundred homeless children through the forests and over the mountains to the safety of the Yellow River.

Those are the bare bones of the plot, but Buddy Adler, the producer, Mark Robson, the director, Isobel Lennert, the writer, Miss Bergman, Mr. Donat, and Mr. Jurgens give them life in a memorable motion picture. THE END

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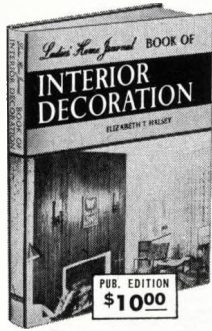


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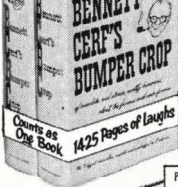
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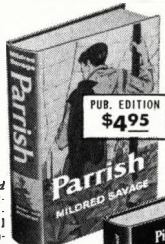


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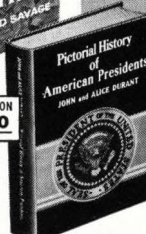
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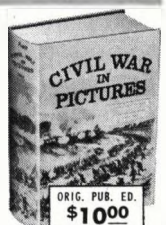
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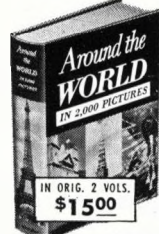


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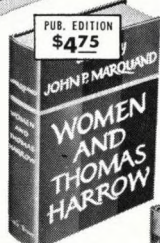


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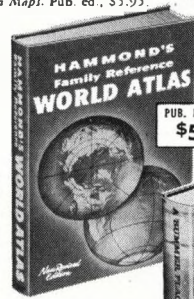


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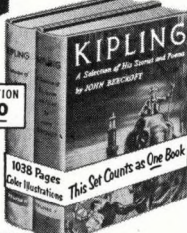


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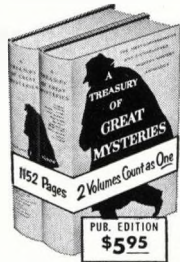
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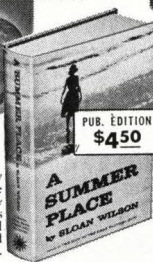


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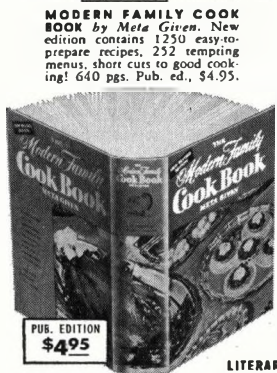
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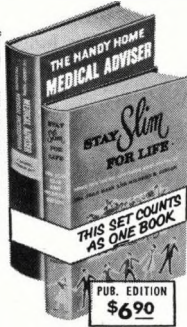


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How wonderful, in these days of Lawrence Squawk, The Shames Brothers, and other assorted menaces, to find a couple of first-class talents performing up to the peaks of their powers. That is the situation in an LP album called *Fancy Meeting You Here*, the cover of which shows Bing Crosby, Rosemary Clooney and a collection of trunks and travel posters, and the contents of which features this pair at their lighthearted best. Musical journeys around the world usually turn out to be deadly dull; this one, based on an idea by Sammy Cahn and James Van Heusen, is sprightly and rhythmic, and includes two of their own songs (the title song, plus "Love Won't Let You Get Away" performed and reprised) and a number of other global efforts by such teams as Ira Gershwin and Vernon Duke, and Jay Livingston and Ray Evans. Gershwin wrote special lyrics for "I Can't Get Started" especially for this record; Livingston and Evans wrote "Calcutta" for it. Crosby has not sounded better in years, Miss Clooney is in great form, and Billy May's orchestra backs them both humorously. The rushed version of "On a Slow Boat to China" is more fun than the original drag-paced rendition. This is on RCA Victor (LPM 1854, \$3.98).

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Foolish Heart. The Vienna State Opera Orchestra (Westminster WP 6095, \$3.98). A program of "standard pops"—"You're Devastating," "Love Walked In," "It Might As Well Be Spring," etc.—from the repertoire of radio station WPAT, New Jersey, which features uninterrupted music. Pleasant performances.

THE END

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WHAT'S NEW IN MEDICINE

Sinus Irrigation

BY LAWRENCE GALTON

Sinuses are cavities in the skull which have no clearly established usefulness but have a great capacity for causing distress. They have drainage holes into the nose and are lined with a continuation of the nose's mucous membranes. For some people, every cold in the nose encourages an infection in the sinuses. Besides the millions who suffer frequently from acute sinus infection, there are many who develop chronic sinusitis, which, although generally less painful than the acute form, can be a nuisance and even a drain on health.

Among the sinuses which cause the most trouble are the maxillaries, in the cheek bones. Because of their location, which is convenient for germ invasion, and because of their often inadequate drainage, which permits a build-up of germs, the maxillary sinuses are the most commonly infected. Despite antibiotics and other drugs, maxillary sinusitis has remained a stubborn problem.

Now a method of treatment developed in Canada over the past three years gives hope of relief to many sufferers. It is relatively simple as sinus therapies go, causes much less discomfort than some other forms of treatment, has been used without difficulty even in children, and has produced a high rate of good results.

The treatment begins with irrigation to wash out the sinus. This is accomplished through the natural drainage opening, without puncturing the cavity wall, and

only rarely—in 1 to 2 per cent of the cases—is it necessary even to dilate the natural opening. After irrigation, an antibiotic solution is instilled and is allowed to remain in contact with the sinus lining. The antibiotic is tetracycline—but in a form usually employed for intravenous injections. From five to nine irrigations at two- to seven-day intervals usually are required.

A recent report to the Canadian Medical Association tells of results in a group of forty-eight patients ranging from eight to sixty years of age, most of them with long-standing sinus trouble. More than one-third had been victims for at least five years; one, for eighteen years. More than half had had numerous treatments which brought no relief.

In those with a short history of infection, clearing occurred with a few treatments; the sinuses of some were clear after the second treatment and remained so. Of the group infected for less than a year, all were cured.

There were also dramatic results in many long-standing cases in which the first irrigation removed large amounts of liquid, malodorous pus.

The sinus conditions in thirty-seven patients cleared with the first course of treatment. Six other patients were relieved, then had recurrences which cleared when treatment was repeated. In only five cases was the treatment a failure and radical surgery necessary.

For cancer, a spectacular use of the heart-lung machine has been made by Tulane physicians. With the machine, anti-cancer drugs have been perfused through tumorous areas in concentrations eight to ten times as great as those which can be introduced through conventional intravenous routes. Highly satisfactory, short-term results have been achieved in fifteen of sixteen patients with tumors of the limbs, intestine, pelvis, lung, and breasts. The cancers show objective signs of improvement, including reduction in size.

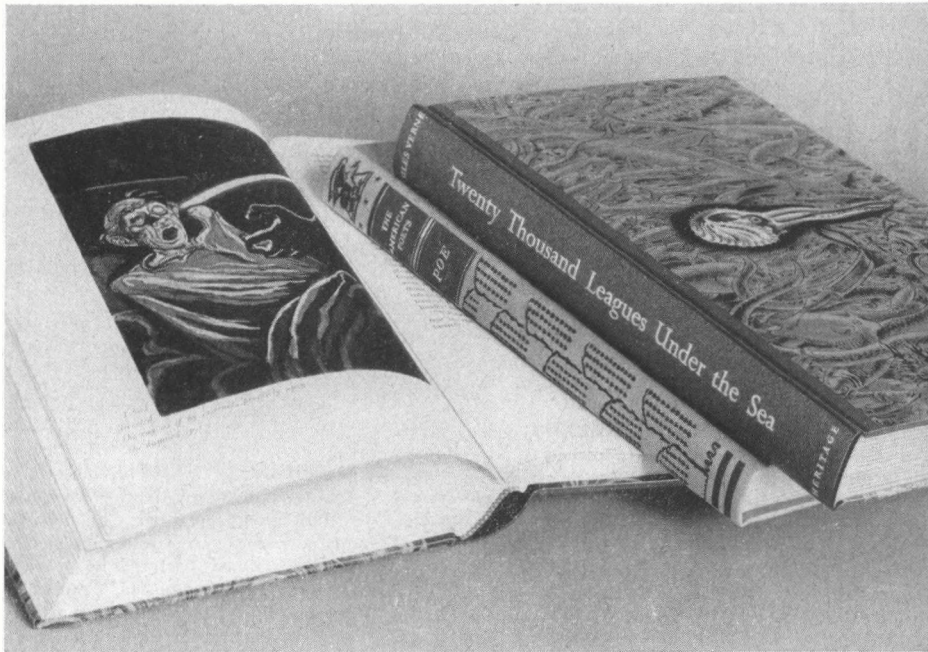
One of the more satisfactory cases, according to *C.A.*, the Bulletin of Cancer Progress of the American Cancer Society,

is a patient with melanoma which had spread from the original site to about 175 other sites on one leg. A few weeks after treatment, all but seven had become "freckles," and the remaining seven appeared to have lost their ability to grow.

In glaucoma, a new medication, Daranide, will be useful in many cases. Taken in tablet form, it is more potent than some previous medications have been in reducing pressure within the eye. Also, in a study at Wills Eye Hospital in Philadelphia, a number of patients who had been unable to tolerate other medication could take the newer drug with good results.

THE END

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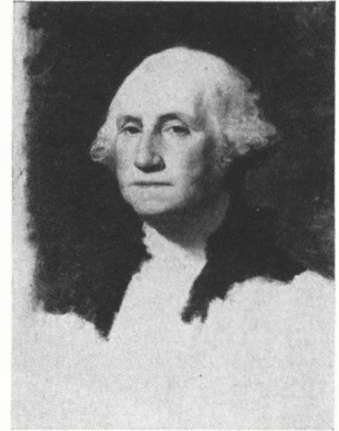
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On Top of the World

BY DAVID E. GREEN



RENOIR suffered so badly from rheumatism that in his last days his brush had to be strapped between his thumb and index finger—yet he retained all his skill. Earlier in his life he broke his arm and had to paint with his left hand. One of his most beautiful works resulted—*La Femme au Doigt dans la Bouche*.

FAKES AND PHONIES . . . A Dutch art critic claims: "Of the 2,500 paintings done by Corot in his lifetime, 7,800 are to be found in America." In Paris, a forgery factory was exposed turning out such good imitations of Picassos and Utrillos that both painters hesitate before disclaiming them. Art detective Dr. Toch claims: "The number of pictures sold as Rembrandt's is six to ten times greater than the maximum

number Rembrandt could have painted. Van Dyke painted seventy pictures, yet more than two thousand have been attributed to him."

ONCE, REMBRANDT needed money desperately. He placed a notice of his own death in the newspaper and then advertised a sale of his paintings. Crowds flocked to the sale and mere sketches brought higher prices than whole paintings had ever brought before.

RODIN had a very happy marriage. One of the secrets of this was that he seldom went out without dropping his wife a note like the following—"My good Rose: I send you this letter as a token of gratitude for the great present God gave me in bringing us together."

GILBERT STUART is most famous for his portrait of George Washington. (Mark Twain observed: "Should Washington rise from the dead and not resemble the Stuart portrait, he would be denounced as an imposter.") Stuart never finished the portrait, but made paintings of it which he sold for about one thousand dollars each, when pressured by "the shorts." History assumes his not finishing the portrait was Operation "Don't Kill the Golden Goose."

HENRI DE TOULOUSE-LAUTREC'S portraits of Valentin le Désossé (Boneless Wonder), Fénéon, Oscar Wilde, and Tapié de Celeyran were sold for less than ten dollars by one of his models (la Goulue) who had become a lion tamer and needed the money to buy food for the lions. A few of these paintings now hang in the Louvre.

JOHN CONSTABLE, R. A., a master of hues, when asked by a young artist what he mixed his colors with, replied, "Brains."

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS painted Lord Mansfield, then asked his lordship if he thought it was a good likeness. "My dear man," replied his lordship, "I haven't looked in a glass for thirty years. My man John dresses me, shaves me, and puts on my wig. You might ask him."

IN HIS LAST YEARS. Renoir became so fragile that a small glass room was built for him in his garden. He would sit on the inside painting his model, who posed nude outside.

MOST PICTURES brought to Picasso for verification get the "It's a fake" treatment. When a friend brought one of his paintings and got the treatment, the friend said, "But I saw you paint this picture!" Picasso's answer: "I sometimes do fake Picassos."

VAN GOGH sold only one painting in his entire career. THE END

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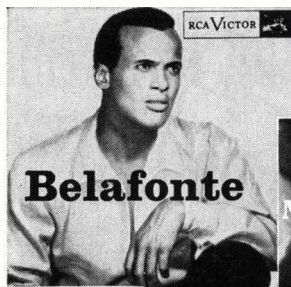
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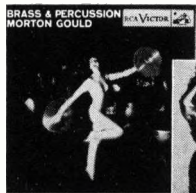
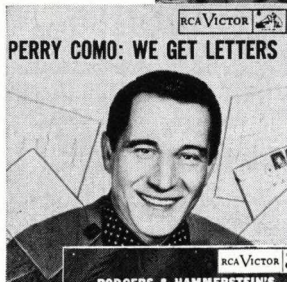
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Forgetting Is Normal, Do Children Hate Moving? And Hospital Accidents



BY AMRAM SCHEINFELD

Forgetting is normal. An unusual memory—at least about events in one's own life—is more apt to characterize the abnormal individual than the normal one. Dr. Lewis J. Sherman (Veterans Hospital, Brockton, Massachusetts) found that psychopathic criminals had much clearer memories of events, both long-ago and recent, in their lives than did normal or neurotic persons. His theory is that the psychopath isn't bothered much by anxieties, which usually interfere with remembering.

because girls usually are more socially mature and more confident of their ability to make new friends and adjust wherever they go. Dr. Payne believes that, if parents point out beforehand the advantages of moving, the event will not be a crisis for a child, but will be anticipated with pleasure.

their opinion pemmican was strictly for pelicans.

Hospital accidents. An amazing number of people have accidents after they enter a hospital, not before. In fact, each year 300,000 to 550,000 hospital patients have accidents, according to public health experts Henry M. Parrish (Pittsburgh) and Thomas P. Weil (New York). In a study of 614 mishaps which occurred within one year in a New York hospital—about one per forty patients—it was found that almost half of the accidents had involved falls while getting in or out of the high hospital beds; and a third of the falls had taken place despite the protection of bed rails. (Better-designed hospital beds and bed rails would do much to cut down the accidents, say the experts.) The accident rate among male patients was more than double that among female patients, and was found highest among adults over forty and children under

“Ah . . . ah . . .” The frequency with which you break up your speech with “ah” (or “eh,” “uh,” “uhm,” etc.) offers clues to your character, says psychologist George F. Mahl (Yale). Average persons, he has found, use about one “ah” per ten seconds of talking. But persons who “ah” more frequently tend to be particularly self-conscious, self-critical, and worrisome, and hesitant about making decisions, partly as a result of strict upbringing. Below-average “ah”-ers tend to be more intolerant of other people, and more skeptical. As a rule, the use of “ah” serves to reduce the tension and discomfort induced in the speaker by his own self-appraisal. “Ah” is also a device for informing the listener that one hasn't finished talking.

Pemmican. Ever wonder about the taste of this food (made of dried beef and pork mixed with suet) used by explorers and hunters? The question became important to our Air Force when pemmican was being considered for inclusion in emergency “survival” rations. When psychologist E. Paul Torrance conducted taste tests among service men, he found that the food wasn't liked very much; in fact, about one-eighth of the men said it made them sick. Evidently, one reason for their disapproval was their unfamiliarity with the food, for after eating it a few times under survival conditions, fewer men objected to it or thought it upset them. Nevertheless, some men continued to insist that in

nine. Fortunately, less than 5 per cent of the mishaps caused serious injury, and few were fatal. THE END



Do children hate moving? While moving day is a crisis for many youngsters because it may break up friendships and disrupt their lives, it isn't so for a great many others, sociologist Raymond Payne (University of Georgia) has learned. When he queried nine hundred Georgia junior-high and high-school students, of whom almost nine-tenths had moved at least once, close to 40 per cent said moving was more desirable than always living in the same place. They felt that moving offered new adventures, contacts, and friendships. Girls favored moving more often than boys, perhaps



“We’re looking for people who like to draw”

By **ALBERT DORNE**
Famous Magazine Illustrator

DO you like to draw or paint? If you do—America’s 12 Most Famous Artists are looking for you. We’d like to help you find out if you have talent worth developing.

Here’s why we make this offer. About ten years ago, we realized that too many people were missing wonderful careers in art... either because they hesitated to believe that they had talent... or because they couldn’t get top-notch professional art training without leaving home or giving up their jobs.

A Plan to Help Others

We decided to do something about this. First, we pooled the rich, practical experience, the professional know-how, and the precious trade secrets that helped us reach the top. Then — illustrating this knowledge with over 5000 special drawings and paintings — we created a complete course of art training that folks all over the country could take right in their own homes and in their spare time.

Our training has helped thousands of men and women win the creative satisfactions and the cash rewards of part-time or full-time art careers. Here are just a few:

Busy New York mother, Elizabeth Merriss, now adds to her family’s income by designing greeting cards and illustrating children’s books.

Typist to Fashion Artist

Wanda Pickulski, of Rextford, N. Y., was able, with our training, to give up her typing job to become a fashion artist for a local department store.

Harriet Kuzniewski was bored with an “ordinary” job when she sent for our talent test. Soon after she began our training, she was offered a job as a fashion artist. A

year later, she became assistant art director of a big buying office.

New Mother Wins New Job

When Kathryn Gorsuch left her dull clerical job to have a baby she decided to make good use of the waiting months by studying art at home. By the time the baby was seven months old, Kathryn was able to go back to work for the same company, this time as a well-paid commercial artist.

Eric Ericson of Minneapolis worked in a garage, never had an art lesson before he enrolled with us. Now, he heads an advertising art studio and earns seven times his former salary.

Doris White of Wauwatosa, Wis., in just four months has painted and sold \$750 worth of paintings... all in her spare time.

Changes Entire Life

Robert Mccham writes, from Ontario, Canada: “Your course has been the difference between failure and success for me. I’ve come from an \$18-a-week apprentice to where I now own my own house, two cars, and hold stock in two companies.”

Gertrude Vander Poel had never drawn a thing until she started studying with us. Now a swank New York gallery sells her paintings.

Free . . . Famous Artists Talent Test

How about you? Wouldn’t you like to find out if you have talent worth training for a full-time or part-time art career? Simply send for our revealing 12-page Talent Test. Thousands paid \$1 for this test, but we’ll send it to you free. If you show promise, you’ll be eligible for at-home training under the program we direct. No obligation. Simply mail the coupon today.

America’s 12 Most Famous Artists



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At the Louvre, tourists admire the Venus de Milo, one of the most beautiful sculptural works of antiquity, discovered in 1820 on the island of Melos.

Take an Art Tour

PRACTICAL TRAVEL GUIDE BY EDWARD R. DOOLING

If you're one of those tourists who have a special interest, like movies, horseback riding, mountain climbing, or people, take your choice. "Special" tours are burgeoning right and left.

The newest and possibly most successful is the Grand Art Tour of Europe. You pack up your paints and palette, and take off with other art students from Idlewild by chartered DC6B Clipper to Paris, London, Venice, Florence, Rome, Naples. With art as its focal point, the tour includes everything from sketching on the banks of the Seine in Paris to viewing Michelangelo's original *David* in Florence, all under the guidance of four distinguished artists on leave of absence from Famous Artists Schools. Besides the art experiences, the tour includes gourmet dining, backstage chats with scenic designers, and visits with some of Europe's leading artists.

The whole idea of a special art tour was dreamed up by the Famous Artists Schools of Westport, Connecticut, headed by twelve famous artists, among them such distinguished painters and illustrators as Norman Rockwell, Albert Dorne, and Stevan Dohanos. Famous Artists, which teaches art by correspondence, has thousands of students in the United States, Canada, and forty-nine countries abroad. The art tour is open not only to

Famous Artists students and graduates, but also to their families.

The tour begins on April 18, lasts twenty-three days, and costs only \$995, including everything. Fugazy Travel Bureau, Inc., New York, provides a representative, Mort Kauffman, to travel with the group, fighting timetables, overcoming language barriers, and riding herd on the luggage.

Horseback tours of Europe: Two-week tours of Europe on horseback take saddle-borne visitors to Austria, Germany, and Denmark. Grooms go along to take care of the horses and tackle, so you have none of the work. The cost for the land portion of the tour is about \$300 a person, including use of a horse and saddle, overnight accommodations at ancient castles and picturesque country inns, and all meals. Groups leave from New York about twice a month during June, July, and August, but if you want to make up your own private party of eight or more people, your tour can be arranged for any date by Wakefield-Fortune, Inc., New York.

Wondertour: A thirty-five-day tour of seven European countries is now being operated by Cook's Tours, New York. Here is a rare opportunity to cover much

ground for little money. The all-inclusive price, \$777, even allows you a choice of transatlantic transportation: you can cross by sea or air. Among the myriad sights tourists will take in are Paris, the route Napoleon took when he returned from Elba, Monte Carlo, Pisa, Rome, the central Italian hill towns, including the home of St. Francis at Assisi, Florence, Venice, Lucerne, the Black Forest, the Rhineland, Brussels, Amsterdam, and London. Great works of art, historic villages, resorts, monuments, and enticing shopping centers will be visited along the way.

Film archives tour: An exciting new tour for film lovers will take you to see five world-famous European film archives. The tour will include interviews with European film stars and directors, and the group will visit film archives in London, Brussels, Paris, Milan, and Rome. Fifty great film classics from the past are on the program. Some censored films never shown in the United States will also be seen. The film tour will be under the leadership of Gideon Bachmann, international vice-president of the American Federation of Film Societies. The cost of the tour is about \$998. Departure is July 15 and the tour is for four weeks. Travel Tyme, New York, will be glad to supply further information.

Meet the people: If it's people you're interested in, Sweden, Denmark, Israel, Norway, and Japan have special programs whereby American tourists are invited to visit the people of the country in their own homes. There are no charges and no special obligations on either hosts or guests. Sweden's program, called "Sweden at Home," has been in operation since 1954 and is supervised by the Baroness Margaretha Stiernstedt. Stockholm, Gothenburg, and Ostersund are covered. Advance requests are accepted by the Swedish National Travel Office in New York. "At home" programs in the other countries are arranged by their respective travel offices.

Mountain-climbing tour: Beginners and experienced mountaineers can take a two-week "Climbing and Mountaineering" tour to either the Swiss or Austrian Alps. You get a week of instruction at one of three mountaineering schools at Rosenlauri, Silvretta, and Kitzbuhel. Instruction includes techniques of ascending and descending rock, ice, and firn, and the correct use of ropes and other equipment. During the second week, members of the Swiss group climb several Alpine peaks, including the Jungfrau, and the Matterhorn and Monte Rosa. The Austrian group climbs seven different mountains the second week, in the Wilder Kaiser area. The cost is \$790, and arrangements are made through General Tours of New York. THE END

Where else can you see so much so easily?

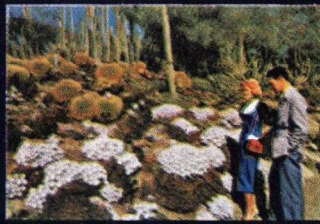
Here are 16 scenes from a Southern California vacation. *All are within a half-day of central Los Angeles.*

Note the *variety*: Pacific Ocean, deserts, orange groves . . . city-kinds of fun! New, exciting adventures — *all in one place!*

So plan wisely. Whether your vacation is long or short, spend as many days *here* as you can to enjoy it all. On arrival, visit the All-Year Club Tourist Information Center, 628 W. 6th Street, Los Angeles, for free help in planning your stay.



Travel on to Avalon — See Catalina's Undersea Gardens — waving kelp "forests."



World's Biggest Cactus Collection at Huntington Library, San Marino, includes a great 3-foot pincushion!



Can This Be Winter? The fresh-cut grass is fragrant, stocks bloom along a Pacific Coast road.



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Shop Under Palms on many Los Angeles streets. Lunch, watching the latest styles pass.



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TV Town — going from Hollywood to see the stars' homes (note coupon) visit this giant TV studio.



Pacific Patio — bask in winter sun; see sailboats race, steamers cross the horizon.



Oranges Ripen in the great groves east of Los Angeles. It's still winter on that peak!



Joshua Trees (some 30 feet tall!) share a National Monument with castle-shaped rocks.



Descanso Rose Garden — a unique "museum" of varieties from 13th century down to fine modern roses.



Picture Perfect — artists give up trying to capture our Pacific sunsets.



Los Angeles Arboretum. A movie site — Burma jungle, African veldt, Australian bush country.



Seaside Scenes: Watch sailboats race. Study sea life in a tide pool. Smile at a dour pelican.



"The Stack" — brings Harbor, Hollywood, Pasadena, Santa Ana, San Bernardino Freeways together.



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it's all clear!
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Shampoo regularly with ENDEN and you're through with dandruff problems. *Because ENDEN is no ordinary shampoo!* Gentle medications in ENDEN's rich, penetrating lather work between shampoos to keep your hair dandruff-free. Your hair shows its approval with new softness, new luster, new willingness to obey. ENDEN is the pleasant shampoo that millions of men, women and children enjoy as their only shampoo.

Used regularly, ENDEN is guaranteed to end dandruff problems and prevent their return . . . medically proved 99% effective.

Available at cosmetics counters and beauty salons everywhere.

Helene Curtis **ENDEN**[®] dandruff
treatment
shampoo



The Redcoats Are Coming Again

In "The Devil's Disciple," former three-dollar-a-week circus acrobat Burt Lancaster is filming a two-million-dollar "made in England" American revolution • **BY JON WHITCOMB**

Ten children with Kodaks surrounded the tall, blond actor in the homespun white shirt. They were about to press their triggers when he held up a hand and squinted at the sun. Then he moved around to face it, so that the light was behind the young photographers. "Okay, fellas—go ahead and shoot," he said.

The actor was Burt Lancaster; the homespun shirt was part of his costume for the role of Reverend Anderson in George Bernard Shaw's play, *The Devil's Disciple*; and the children were visitors to the movie set in Tring Park, outside of London, where the firm of Hecht-Hill-Lancaster had turned a tract of rolling hills into a Massachusetts community of the Revolutionary period. "That's the way Lancaster operates," a company executive told me. "Tring Park is public property. In England it's illegal to exclude the public from sets in places like this." He pointed to a nearby hilltop where a large crowd, with lunches and in holiday mood, was expectantly gathered near the spotlights and cameras. "Burt felt he had to pose for the kids, so he saw to it that they got the best possible shot."

Lancaster is a prime example of a new Hollywood phenomenon—the movie actor

turned businessman. Like Kirk Douglas, he pokes his handsome nose into problems which never used to concern actors. When the picture's publicity chief, Bernie Kamber, arranged a mass interview with fifty photographers from British magazines and newspapers, Lancaster made their work easier by solving all their problems in advance. Using stand-ins for the stars, Kamber tried out various poses and several possible backgrounds. Lancaster made his decision on the basis of Polaroid prints taken on the spot. When the photographers arrived, the event went off like clockwork. The stars were ready in costume, they knew just where to stand, the background was carefully adjusted to the sun, and all the visitors had to do was unlimber their cameras and shoot. What could have meant a day's interruption of work was wrapped up in twenty minutes.

He's His Own Stunt Man

In the firm of Hecht-Hill-Lancaster, Harold Hecht fronts the corporation with contracts and business details, James Hill works with writers, and Burt attends principally to problems of casting. *The Devil's Disciple* is their ninth picture and like previous H-H-L films, will be dis-

tributed by United Artists. As a businessman, Lancaster has no truck with what might be called ego-publicity, and will cooperate only on projects which he thinks might sell tickets.

Lancaster has no use for doubles and likes to do all his movie stunts himself. This horrified the British, who could not understand why a valuable cinema property should risk his neck under falling plaster, crumbling ceilings and the hazards of blowing up an ammunition dump.

When the Lancasters are in Hollywood, he works out on the UCLA track at Westwood, with a session at the gym replacing lunch. His movie, *Trapeze*, showed off the extraordinary physique he still maintains from his early days as a circus acrobat. Burt is 6'2" and weighs 182 pounds, a figure which never varies. He has blue eyes and a shock of dark blond, unruly hair. He was born Burton Stephen Lancaster in New York City on November 2, 1913, and his years in Public School 83, DeWitt Clinton High School, and as a freshman and sophomore at New York University gave no hint, devoted as they were to basketball and parallel bars, of a subsequent flowering into one of the foremost actors on the screen.

He left college in order to join the Kay

(continued)



GAGGING IT UP at London's Tring Park, Kirk Douglas and Lancaster describe battle scene to Whitcomb. Watching antics are Janette Scott and Laurence Olivier.

Brothers circus at three dollars a week. (In an interview last summer in a British paper, he was quoted as saying: "I am worth three and a half million dollars.") With his partner, Nick Cravat, under the billing "Lang and Cravat," Burt did backflips for five years through a succession of bookings from Ringling Bros. and a WPA circus to night clubs, supper rooms, and vaudeville. Before he went overseas on a four-year Army stint, he took a job in Chicago, floor-walking around the lingerie counters of Marshall Field.

Three Careers in Orbit

After the war, Burt resumed a romance with Norma Anderson, whom he had met when she was in Italy on a USO tour. Back in New York on terminal furlough, he called on Norma where she worked for a radio producer. One day a talent scout spotted him in the elevator and got him an audition for a part in the war play, *A Sound of Hunting*, which landed him on Broadway. The play folded after twenty-four performances. Burt came out of it with good notices and seven movie offers. But he took none of them. Instead, he went into business with an agent, Harold Hecht, who promised recklessly, "In five years you and I will be making our own pictures."

The reckless promise was too conservative. It took only eighteen months.

Hecht the producer and Hecht the agent were preceded by Hecht of the light-footed ballet. While Burt Lancaster was flying through the air under the Big Top, young Hecht, also a native New Yorker, was graduating from the dance troupes of Mordkin and Martha Graham to jobs in Hollywood as choreographer for Marx Brothers musicals. Subsequently, he acted on Broadway in a play called *The Lottery* and danced in *The*

Grand Street Follies. The next milestones in Harold's career were a partnership in a Hollywood talent agency, four war years in the Army, and the establishment afterward of his own agency.

Then he met Lancaster, and his career has been in orbit ever since. After *Trapeze*, the partners joined forces with James Hill, a soft-spoken, brown-eyed man who has been better known, since his wedding last year, as the husband of Rita Hayworth.

It was not easy to get permission to film *The Devil's Disciple*, something Lancaster and Hecht have been dreaming of since 1948. It is the only Shaw play laid in America, the only one with exciting action sequences, and it is unique because the characters are not just Shavian mouthpieces. When Shaw died, the rights to some of his plays became the property of Gabriel Pascal, who died during negotiations for this movie. Pascal's estate was complicated, involving the interests of a number of wives. Also, any changes made in Shaw's works are rather rigidly controlled by his literary executors. But in the end, permission was extracted from the owners and the play was successfully translated into a screen play by the talented John Dighton (*The Man in the White Suit*, *Kind Hearts and Coronets*, and *Roman Holiday*).

The ways of movie-making may make sense to those behind the scenes, but to the layman they seem not far short of inscrutable. H-H-L's last picture was *Separate Tables*, starring Lancaster, David Niven, Deborah Kerr, Rita Hayworth, and Wendy Hiller, an English play about Englishmen set in an English seacoast hotel. It was filmed in its entirety in Hollywood. *Disciple* is a satirical story of the American Revolution, written about Americans and set in Massachusetts. It is being filmed in its entirety in

Great Britain. The story requires American accents and a number of Indians, and the British approach to these details is still recalled with relish by a Hollywood press agent assigned to the film. "When the Indians came to work," he says, "they were all proper English gentlemen in bowler hats, with rolled-up umbrellas and the London *Times* in a back pocket. It was quite a sight watching them getting into make-up, head-dress, bare scalps with the forelock, war paint, and so on. Then the tea-break would come around at four o'clock and they'd cluster around the tea trolleys, all chattering away in their clipped British accents. It's all true what you hear about the tea-break, by the way. Production is entirely suspended and it's a—well, *holy* occasion. The principal actors, you know, are all English except for Burt. Kirk Douglas, and Eva LeGallienne, and here's the way we got around that: the dialogue director, Virginia Brown, coached them with recordings made by Massachusetts people. But it wasn't as much of a problem as you might think, because, after all, many colonists weren't too far removed in time from their native England. Why did we shoot the picture here? Well, the first plan was to begin work at Sturbridge, an authentic Colonial village in Massachusetts. It turned out to be too expensive technically, since Boston lacks the movie facilities available in New York or London. Then it was discovered that Sir Laurence Olivier would be available, plus a number of other fine British actors like Mervyn Johns (the father of Glynis Johns) and Basil Sydney, and since H-H-L plans to make at least four pictures in this country, we decided to start with this one."

New England in Old England

Tring Park's old Massachusetts Village rambled from the top of a hill (tall pines, white church with steeple, and tiny, walled cemetery) down a steep slope into a valley (with two-story frame hotel, cottages with smoking chimneys, barns, and tethered horses). A light mist in the valley looked like smoke from campfires, giving the view from the hill a dreamy, picture-book quality. This was the setting that Lancaster chose as background when the photographers came to call. Earlier that morning, Burt had done a scene in the lane beside the church; holding a millstone in both hands, the parson was almost run down by a posse of redcoats on horseback who had come to nail a proclamation to the church door. Next day, in his white surplice, he did a scene in the cemetery: a memorial service for Timothy Dudgeon, who had been executed by the British. Under fitful rain squalls, the assembled mourners boarded carriages and wagons waiting in the lane. Chief mourner was the widow Dudgeon,

played by the distinguished American actress, Eva LeGallienne.

Every few minutes the light changed, as the sun ran in and out of scudding rain clouds. Around the cameras light meters were being consulted constantly, and batteries of spotlights poured down a glare almost equal to the lumens on a sound stage. Waiting for her cue on the sidelines, Miss LeGallienne adjusted her heavy sunbonnet and her massive woollen skirts. Her twinkling blue eyes and regally handsome face offered proof that some women actually do grow more beautiful with age. She said she liked working in England, was very fond of London, and had no trouble driving her own car on the left side of the winding roads. Now sixty, she has made only one other movie. "At my age," she said, "they leave me alone to act. If I had gone into movies when I was younger, they would have capped my teeth, rearranged my eyebrows, dyed my hair and made me into a stranger."

A Well-Dressed Warrior

With Harry Mines, a publicity man attached to the picture, I paid a call on Sir Laurence Olivier in his trailer. This small hut luxurious vehicle was barely big enough to hold the actor and General Burgoyne's elaborate wardrobe. A couple

of wooden heads bore wigs awaiting the general, and during my visit a make-up man arrived for the intricate chore of fitting one of them to Olivier. On the way to the trailer, walking down an improvised sidewalk of metal mesh—for traction in the mud—Harry briefed me on the protocol surrounding British actors with titles. "Not used in the theatre or the movies," he warned me. "He's just Mr. Olivier around here. Good friend of mine, always cordial and charming. Great guy; you'll like him."

Harry was right. Mr. Olivier, looking much handsomer and younger than he does on stage or screen, shook hands cordially and was charming. I liked him. Looking at the extremely lush military costume Olivier was wearing, I wondered how it was possible in 1777 to fight a war wearing spotless red wool trimmed with gold braid and gilt buttons, sparkling like a house afire under a black tricorn hat with more gold braid and a blithe cornucopia of red and white feathers. For the British, it must have been a very dressy war. Finally put together. Mr. Olivier looked several feet taller, and magnificent.

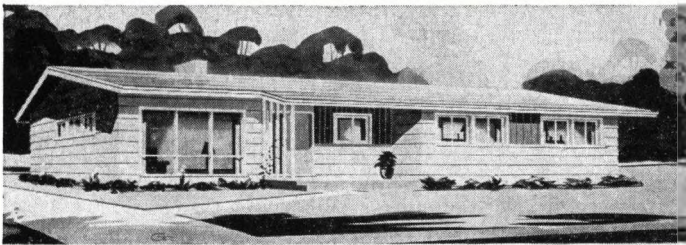
Mrs. Anderson, the film's heroine, is played by Janette Scott, a pretty English girl who has been in pictures since the age of two. "Everybody from America

tells me I resemble Shirley Jones," she said. "I'm terribly flattered." Janette is now under contract to H-H-L for one picture a year. She has dark brown hair and wide-set blue eyes. Since her debut as an infant in a film cosily titled *Went the Day Well?* she has worked constantly on screen, her latest role being a part in *The Lady Is a Square*, starring Anna Neagle. Child of an actress mother and a musician father, Janette grew up, literally, in public view. At various ages she became successively the Shirley Temple and the Margaret O'Brien of the British Isles. She reports that no special respect is shown to movie starlets attending local schools. "Occasionally the girls would beat me up, like anybody else."

The Best of Two Worlds

But Miss Scott, aged nineteen, has scored at least two of her life's ambitions in *The Devil's Disciple*. With her brown hair tucked under a severe white Puritan cap, her shining face devoid of make-up, her pretty legs concealed under several layers of stiff Colonial skirts, she looked the completely unglamorous part of a Revolutionary rural minister's wife. "But look at me," she caroled. "I have the best of two worlds. Just think. I'm married to Burt—but I have love scenes with Kirk!"

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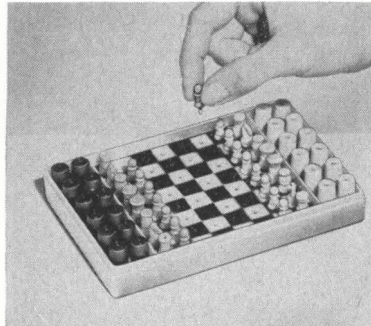
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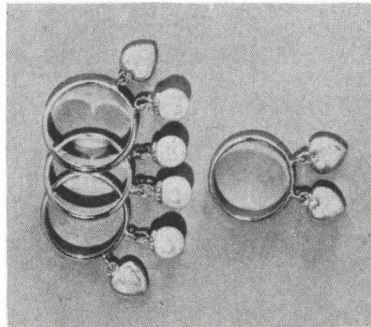
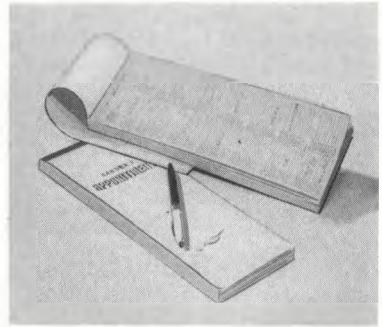


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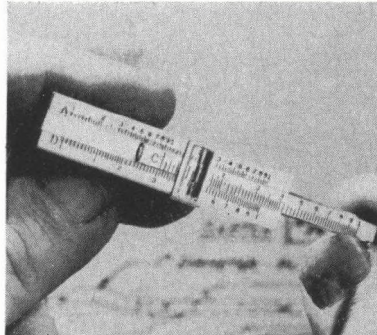
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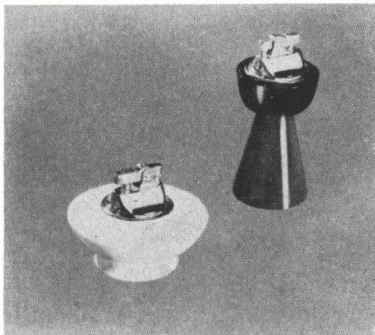
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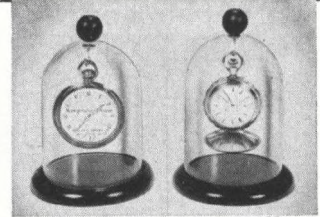
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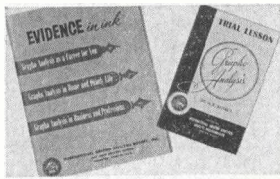
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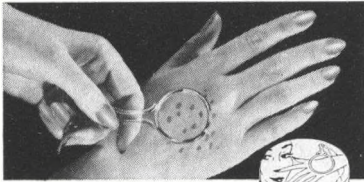
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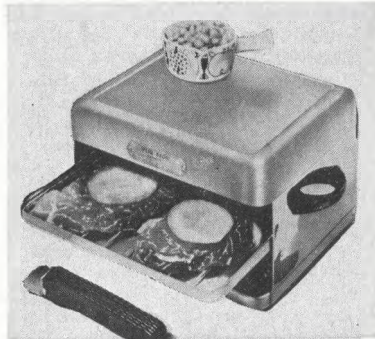
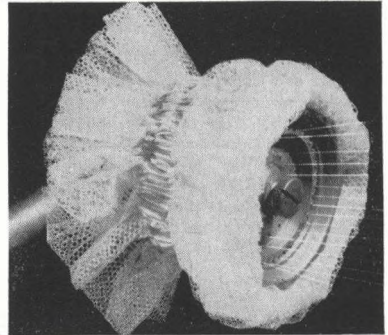


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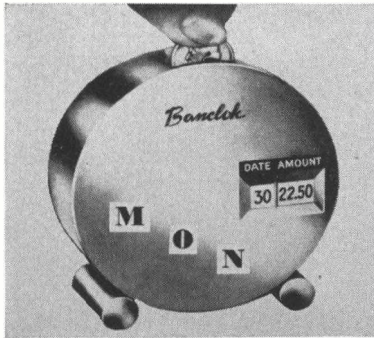
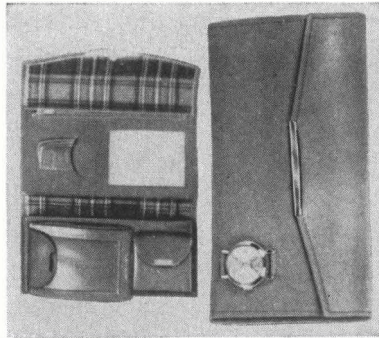
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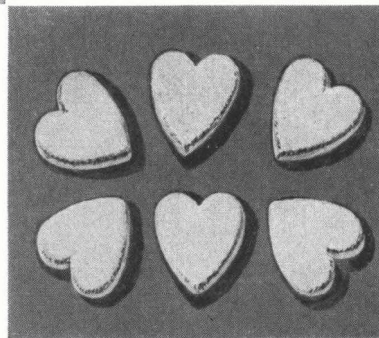


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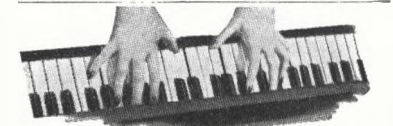


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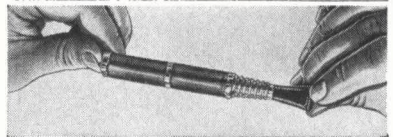
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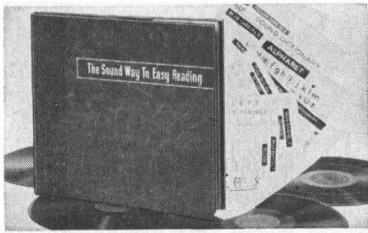
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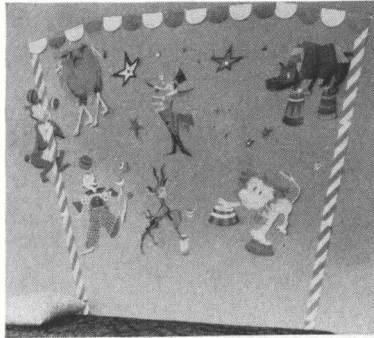
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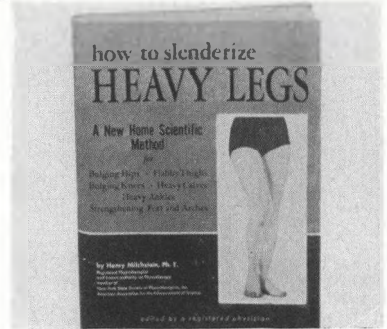


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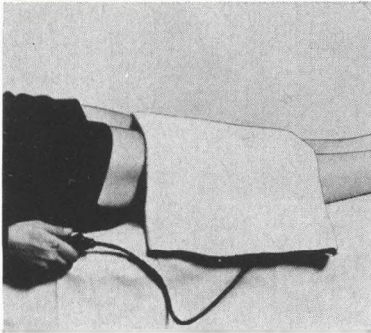
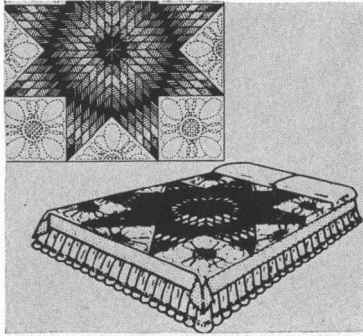
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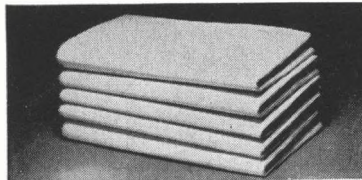
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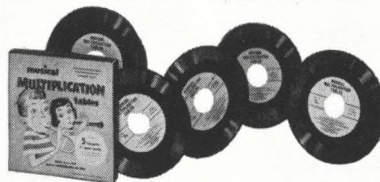
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PICASSO DRAWS CROWDS. Over 300,000 people poured into Museum of Modern Art's one-man show for

famed Spaniard in summer of 1957. Above, Romans study some of his mural-sized paintings at recent exhibit.

How Fine Art Affects Your Life

Today our museums are as lively as our theatres. They have "family days," will teach you all you want to know about art, and even help you become a collector—on the installment plan. Try them, and you'll suddenly start seeing how modern art is changing the world around you

BY T. F. JAMES

Franks and Helen Lawson are a young American couple who live in Minneapolis, Minnesota. The Lawsons have three children, and Frank is an executive in the local office of a national company. They have been married for ten years, they own their own home, they operate two cars, a TV set, and a cocker spaniel. They could, with no effort at all, sit for a stereotyped portrait of a typical American family—except for one thing. They are crazy about art.

Sometimes they themselves are amazed by this fact. Three years ago, they would have horse-laughed out of the house anyone who told them they would soon spend their money on original works of art, and spend their evenings reading art books and attending meetings of an art collectors' club and a museum's arts council. But these are the things they are doing today. In fact, art has become more than an absorbing interest. It has changed their lives. It gave Helen Lawson a whole

new approach to decorating the home they bought just about the same time art entered their lives. It has gained them a host of new, interesting friends, and it has brought their family together to a degree that the cloying, personality-stifling idea of togetherness never could. The Lawson children, even young six-year-old Cathy, are art buffs too.

The Lawsons are not aware that they are violating the stereotype of the American which Sinclair Lewis and a small

army of European critics have delineated: cultural vacuums incapable of telling a painting from a poster or a symphony from a samba. They don't feel atypical and, as a matter of fact, they are not. There has been a tremendous change in the American attitude toward fine art, particularly Modern art, since the end of World War II. The days when the Modern artist was considered a cross between a madman and a practical joker, and a picture like *Nude Descending a Staircase* was called "an explosion in a shingle factory," have abruptly ended.

Art in Minneapolis

In no city is there a better example of this change than in Minneapolis. With a population of a little over 600,000, the city supports two museums, the Minneapolis Institute of Arts and the Walker Art Center, plus the University Gallery at the University of Minnesota. Attendance at each of these institutions is over 150,000 a year. The public library maintains and circulates over 33,000 books and bound periodicals on the fine arts. 700,000 small mounted pictures and clippings, 1,600 color prints, 35,000 slides, 700 films, and 400 film strips. Finally, there is the thriving Minneapolis School of Art, which holds regular exhibitions of works by its six hundred students. Equally brisk is business at the University of Minnesota's Department of Art, which has almost fifteen hundred full- and part-time students in its many courses. And also thriving is Art Instruction, Inc., a correspondence art school with over forty-five years of teaching experience which attracts would-be ar-

tists from every state in the Union to courses in commercial and fine art.

Against this background, the Lawsons' interest in art is not quite so surprising. But, before we begin plunging like a runaway truck into the hundred and one ways Modern art has become a vital force in American life, let us go back to the Lawsons (which is not their real name) and see how they were seized by their enthusiasm. Their introduction to art was arranged by a highly significant member of the American art scene: the local museum. Little more than a decade ago, the average art museum was, in the words of one director, "closer to a mausoleum." A museum director was no more than an educated picture-hanger. The paintings were put up on the wall, the name of the painting and the painter were listed nearby, and a guard was stationed at the door to protect the treasures from theft or vandalism.

Today, this idea of the museum is as extinct as the dinosaur. In city after city across America, the museum has become a dynamic source of what we can call art energy. In Minneapolis the Walker Art Center is an outstanding example of this transformation. Under its first director, D. S. Defenbacher and since 1950, when H. H. Arnason took charge, the Walker has been bubbling with determination to bring art to Minneapolis, instead of waiting, mausoleumlike, for Minneapolis to come to it. One of the Center's bright ideas was to make Sunday "family day." There is a film, lecture, or special art exhibition for the children, at which the parents can leave them and go on to enjoy adult fare—perhaps a film or a

special exhibition, or simply a stroll through the museum's galleries. The Lawsons discovered this happy arrangement through their eldest daughter, Jean, whose teacher highly recommended a children's film that was showing at the Walker one winter Sunday. Frank Lawson grouched a little, but he had agreed to dedicate Sunday to the children so he trudged along through a Minnesota snowstorm, bracing himself for an afternoon of total boredom.

By happy coincidence, the museum was at that time having a Modern art exhibition, originated by them, which was later to become one of the outstanding collections of the decade: Called "Reality and Fantasy 1900-1954," it was a fascinating comparison between poetic painters like Salvador Dali, who paint what they see in their imaginations, and the realists, such as Edward Hopper and Charles Sheeler, who record the external world of gas stations, diners, and factories, with a subtle suggestive power. Hesitantly, the Lawsons tiptoed into the gallery, mostly, Helen recalls, "because everyone else was going in." They walked around looking at the paintings, too timid to say anything.

Fact in Fantasy

Suddenly Frank stopped short in front of Peter Blume's *The Light of the World*, a precisely detailed fantasy, in which four people on a patio stare fearfully at a strange, glowing, dynamolike machine, while in the background the real world of church and town and factory lies in ominous shadow beneath a clouded sky. "Say," Frank said, "I think

(continued)

Art in America



"EXECUTIVE VIEW," paintings from business offices, was sponsored by American Federation of Arts. Advertising ex-

ecutive Abbot Kimball, attorney David M. Solinger talk with Abraham Chanin, lecturer at the Museum of Modern Art.

Renting art is the latest idea. If you like living with it, you buy it

I understand that, partly. He's telling us that someday machines are going to run our lives. The title, from the Bible, is ironic. And the church is in darkness. He's saying that we tend to leave religion out of our lives—it's complicated because it says a lot of things simultaneously."

"I like the colors," Helen said, looking at other paintings. "This one, by Stuart Davis. It's like jazz music."

Excited, Frank and Helen began touring the Walker in earnest. They soon found themselves in another gallery which was called the "rental and sales" department. Here there were about one hundred pictures, with prices ranging from \$50 to \$750 clearly marked. The Lawsons asked an attendant to explain what "rental and sales" meant.

Taste Is Personal

They were told that it was a new service, offered by many progressive museums. For a nominal fee, usually no more than five dollars a month, interested customers could take a painting home and see whether they liked "living with it." If, after two or three months, they still found genuine pleasure in the painting, they could buy it, and the rental fee would be applied to the purchase price. The pictures were in a variety of styles. Some were masses of paint arranged on canvas with no apparent attempt to depict anything. "I don't get it," Frank said humbly, before one of these.

"A lot of people don't," the Walker staffman said cheerfully. "Abstractions are like Scotch; you have to cultivate a taste for them."

The Lawsons soon found themselves in energetic conversation with this agreeable young man. What he told them rapidly dissipated their lingering inferiority complex. "Today," he said, "there are no 'musts' or 'oughts' in the approach to art." Taste is personal, he said, and people buy what they like, whether it is an abstraction, a still life, or a landscape. There is room for every taste, because modern American art is not one, but a vast profusion of styles.

"But struggling young people like us don't buy paintings, do they?" Helen said.

The young staffman laughed. "You should come to a meeting of our collectors' club," he said. "You wouldn't find many people older than forty."

"You mean they're raising families and buying houses?" Frank said.

"Sure," was the cheerful reply. "They

do it by buying on the installment plan."

Paintings on installment? Frank and Helen were somewhat startled, and you may be too, to learn that dozens of galleries and museums operate rental and sales programs in which installment buying enables young people to spread the payments on a good painting over one and even two years.

The idea was originated by Edith Halpert of New York's Downtown Gallery. Mrs. Halpert, a pioneer in the sale of paintings by many modern American artists such as Max Weber and Stuart Davis, was selling art on the installment plan as early as 1926, but the idea did not really get going until after World War II, around the time the present art boom began. On June 29, 1948, she launched a now-famous exhibition of paintings called "Art for 8,060,000." Using figures from the Chamber of Commerce, Mrs. Halpert and her staff computed and advertised the startling conclusion that 5,520,000 families in America could own drawings and water colors priced between \$25 and \$100; 1,885,000 could buy paintings and sculpture between \$250 and \$500; and 655,000 could, with no financial effort, pay \$600 and over. The paintings in the show were priced accordingly; nothing was over \$750. They sold like electric blankets in Alaska.

Some customers have become so entranced with the Downtown idea that they have continued to deposit fifty dollars a month in their accounts, even after they have paid off their original purchases, and thus have built up comfortable surpluses for their next buys. The installment idea has spread to many other cities. In Houston, Texas, which, incidentally, supports two museums and twelve galleries, dealers regularly hold "under \$500" sales exhibitions for the city's young collectors, and usually sell at least 75 per cent of their entries. The Downtown Gallery has contributed painting and sculpture to many similar exhibitions. In the last ten years Mrs. Halpert has sold art on the installment plan to over two thousand customers.

But let us get back to our friends, the Lawsons, in Minneapolis. Though they were startled to discover that people on every income level were buying original works of art, they had a few more questions about art that needed exploration. Most people who are interested in art begin in college, with courses in appreciation and history. How could people like them, a young married couple with

children, a job, and a mortgage, find time to acquire a knowledge of art? And where, if time could be found, could they begin?

"You can begin right here at the Walker," was the reply. "Every Tuesday night we have an expert from the staff or from the University of Minnesota faculty here for a talk on some phase of art history. It's a thirty-week series. But you can learn almost as much about art on your own."

"How?"

"Never before in history has so much good art been available to millions of people. In the past, art was pretty much the exclusive possession of the rich. But today you can buy color reproductions of good paintings for next to nothing. There are dozens of magnificent books on art, full of color reproductions, in our public library. There are courses on art you can take at home. And once you get acquainted with modern art, you'll see it all around you."

See it all around you . . .

The Lawsons went home, undeniably intrigued. That night they had some friends in for cocktails and they began talking about their Sunday excursion. They were hesitant, almost apologetic at first, until they realized their friends were impressed—and fascinated. The subtle prejudice, the barbed teasing which the Lawsons would have met twenty years ago if they had begun talking about art simply does not exist any more. Almost all young American adults, even if they have no personal interest in it, accept art as a legitimate area of interest for their friends.

Later that night Frank Lawson said to Helen, "You know the painting you're planning to buy for the living room? What do you say we get a good one?"

Learning About Art

With that proposal, the Lawsons were off and running in the newest American leisure pursuit. They decided, sensibly, that they could not hope to buy a painting intelligently unless they learned something about art. To their delight, they found that their man at the Walker was right: learning about art in America today is a snap. The Lawsons began going to the lectures at the Walker; they read the galaxy of fine art books at the public library, and in the library of the Minneapolis Art Institute. They began watching the newspaper for news of exhibitions at the city's two museums and

at the University of Minnesota gallery.

The experience of the Lawsons could be duplicated by anyone living in or near almost any American city. A museum or local art institute will be certain to have a year-round program which is almost as varied as that of the community movie house. This programming is part of the attempt to lift the art museum out of the mausoleum category. Too often in the past the local repository of art was tomblike in its eternal changelessness. Unless it had a whopping endowment with which to buy new works (and few museums do), it exhibited the same old treasures in all seasons. Today this problem has been solved by an artful idea: the traveling exhibition. When a major museum puts together a group of paintings which characterize an era, or gathers a retrospective showing of a distinguished artist, it usually does so with the cooperation of six or seven other museums, who share the cost of prepar-

ing the catalogue; after a stay at the originating museum the paintings go on the road, often for as long as a year.

Far more active in road-show art than individual museums, however, is an organization called The American Federation of Arts, or more familiarly "AFA." The Federation's avowed purpose is to promote the appreciation of fine art throughout America, and it does the job with more than eighty exhibits of painting, sculpture, drawing, design and crafts.

AFA and Road-Show Art

For as small a sum as fifty dollars and rarely more than three hundred dollars, any museum, college, library, or club in the country which has adequate display facilities can obtain one of these shows. If anyone has any doubt about the catholic art taste of Americans, all he has to do is look at the AFA catalogue. There is a deeply moving show called "The Life of Christ," with fifty-five wood-

cuts, lithographs, etchings, and engravings, covering some five hundred years of art from medieval unknowns through Rembrandt to Rouault. There is a collection of children's art, "Pictures of My Mother," put together by UNESCO. AFA is also the circulation pump which sends around the nation such distinguished collections of contemporary art as New York's Whitney Museum's Annual, and the "New Talent in the U.S.A." show. Thanks primarily to AFA, you can live in Houston, Boston, or Los Angeles and enjoy the best shows of New York museums without leaving your home town; moreover, New Yorkers get to see the remarkable job other museums are doing, in shows like "Contemporary Texas Painting," originated by the Dallas Museum.

But going to art exhibitions is only one of the myriad ways Americans can bring art into their lives. We have mentioned the collections of excellent books
(continued)



IN PARIS STUDIO Fernand Léger confers with Daniel Fuller, president of Fuller Fabrics, on designs for fabrics

based on his paintings. Fuller's "Modern Master" patterns also included works of Picasso, Miró, Chagall, and Dufy.

Photos by Mazuccell Caplan



Hugh Stix Businessman of Art

Hugh Stix, a wholesale grocer by day, burns like a pillar of fire by night in behalf of artists who cannot get shows in commercial galleries. Twenty-three years ago, Stix founded the non-profit Artists' Gallery in Manhattan, designed to show the works of strong talents who had been passed up by dealers. The Artists' has fostered the work of scores of painters and sculptors who are recognized today as preeminent in their fields: Saul Baizerman, DeHirsch Margules, Hans Boehler, and others. Stix takes no commission from sales he makes; he is constantly looking for new talent, regrets his gallery can only give about thirteen exhibitions a year.

in public libraries. In many communities the library has not been content with this more or less conventional service. Rose C. Miller, librarian of the Rockville Library in Montgomery County, Maryland, writes: "Our library boasts a walking art collection. Our staff watches with fascinated delight as a patron marches out bearing volumes of Camus and T. S. Eliot under one arm and a handsome framed color print of Holbein's portrait of Sir Thomas More under the other.

Color Reproductions

The art works which the Rockville Library is circulating (free) are color reproductions. They cost the library an average of \$8.21, including frames. Prices like these, and the amazing fidelity of today's art printing to an oil painting's subtleties of light and color have inspired millions of Americans to take advantage of these art bargains. Companies such as the New York Graphic Society and The International Graphic Arts Society report a phenomenal mail order business to all corners of the nation. The National Gallery in Washington, D.C., and galleries in other major cities sell reproductions by the millions.

The Lawsons, operating on a middle-class budget, bought reproductions eagerly. Then they discovered something they felt was better: fine prints. For most people the words "print" and "reproduction" are interchangeable. But not to those in the art world. A reproduction

is a copy of a painting, made from a photograph. It can be reproduced endlessly, into millions of copies. A print, on the other hand, is an original work of art, executed by the artist on stone (the lithograph), or wood (the woodcut) or copper plate (the etching), in severely limited quantity. With a print, therefore, the buyer has the pleasure of knowing he has purchased an original work, which has the limited circulation of a rare, privately printed book. It is an excellent economic compromise between the reproduction and the original painting.

A look into Associated American Artists is probably the best way to see why thousands of people are fine print collectors. Formed in 1934 by a group of artists including Thomas H. Benton, Grant Wood, and Doris Lee to bring original art to the public at reasonable prices, AAA now offers signed original etchings and lithographs by mail to the public. It brings out thirty to forty new editions each year. An edition consists of 200 to 250 impressions and no more. They sell for as little as ten dollars and many of the earlier ones have already become collectors' items.

Another excellent way to bring art into your life, a way which was not in existence when the Lawsons began their exploration, is *Seminars in Art*, created by New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art and distributed through the Book-of-the-Month Club. The project, a series of twelve "portfolios" in which a text is

tied expertly into twelve full-color examples of paintings under discussion, combines art history and art appreciation. The author, John Canaday, Chief of the Division of Education at the Philadelphia Museum of Art, has a fine facility for bridging a gap of centuries, and comparing, say, a Renoir portrait to the *Mona Lisa*, a Cézanne landscape to a Hudson river scene, and *Whistler's Mother*, in Mr. Canaday's words, "with itself, first as the sentimentalized old warhorse of a picture that the public has made it, and second, as the work of art it is in its own right." All the *isms* of Modern art are thoroughly explained, always in terms of the particular portfolio's pictures, and the various techniques, from water color to fresco, are described. The last two seminars discuss the relation of painting to our times and times past, in terms of the artist's intended message to his audience.

Awareness: A Leap Forward

The Lawsons, meanwhile, were making heady progress with their own education program. Utilizing the many facilities of the Walker Art Center, they soon knew their way around the art world. They discovered one of the most interesting pleasures art can bring into a person's life. It can almost be summed up in one word: awareness. Modern art is literally all around us, influencing the chairs we sit in, the clothes we wear, the houses we live in, the magazines and books we read.



AT WHOLESALE GROCERY COMPANY, Stix frequently startles visitors by switching conversation from food to art. He often badgers acquaintances for donations.



THE SCULPTRESS MARGUERITE, Mrs. Hugh Stix, shows her husband "Jazz," a piece which is now in her one-man show currently running at the Krasner Gallery.

For instance, did you know that the symbol of CBS television, the black eye with the white center, is based on the surrealist painting, *False Mirror*, by Margritte? Are you surprised to learn that the contrasting black and white rectangles on the Kleenex box are derived from the experiments of Piet Mondrian?

All the products of the commercial arts and crafts of our world can come alive for you, with new meaning, once you possess even a modest knowledge of modern painting. Modern furniture, for instance, is heavily indebted for its straight, firm lines to the influence of Mondrian and his followers, who are probably the key artists of our machine age. Another interesting and amusing experience is to compare a newspaper or magazine ad of today with one published twenty-five years ago. The gain in clarity, simplicity, and eye appeal is enormous. Once again we can trace the basic influence of Mondrian, who rediscovered the beauty of clean, geometrical forms. The principles can be seen even more dramatically in the architecture of our modern skyscrapers, and in the designs modern architects favor for interiors—partitions which measure rather than enclose space, and divide the house into living areas instead of separate rooms.

These are still only a few examples. From the fluid shapes of Spanish artist Miró have come new shapes in furniture—the free-form tables and chairs. Henry Moore's abstract sculptures have

been adapted to lamps, ashtrays, and other items. Alexander Calder's mobiles stirred great controversy at first, but they suggested new ways of doing things, and we now see the idea in toys, clocks, and lamps by companies such as Lightolier.

Another style which has been developed from the work of modern artists such as Paul Klee is the "wandering line." Apparently aimless, but somehow emerging into a well-knit pattern, it is a favorite for ads and cartoons.

Finally there is the surrealist style of Salvador Dali, Yves Tanguy, and others, with its weird double images and illusions of isolation and distance. Department store windows are full of it.

Artistic Confidence

The Lawsons found that their awareness of these origins, deriving, of course, from their knowledge of the principles of design and composition, meant more than just fun or a new kind of snobbery. They did not begin to upstage their friends by murmuring, "What a wonderful adaptation of Paul Klee" when they saw an ad or cartoon. (Though knowing this was a positive inner pleasure.) They found that their knowledge not only added to their inner confidence and security but also was of enormous value when it came to buying paraphernalia of interior decoration for their new house. Helen found she possessed a remarkable new assurance in the inevitable battle with painters and decorators. For the first time in her life

she knew what she wanted. For her draperies she chose the "Symphonic" fabric from Fuller, a firm which has pioneered in bringing modern artists into the business world. "Symphonic," derived from Mondrian, is one of a whole line of "Modern Master" fabrics the company's drapery division has established.

In 1956 Fuller's clothing division brought out an even more ambitious project: over sixty patterns of cotton and synthetics, translated from the works of five great names in modern art—Picasso, Miró, Chagall, Léger, and Dufy. The project was more than two years in preparation, and each artist was represented by milestones from his life's work. The idea was snapped up with amazing alacrity by leading designers around the world. Schiaparelli used the fabrics for swim suits, and the late Claire McCardell created a line of sun dresses, shirts, and skirts from them. Altogether, more than a million yards of "Modern Master" patterns were sold by Fuller.

Today, many other firms are employing distinguished American artists to design rugs and fabrics for them. Pabco Floor Coverings, for instance, has American artists Albert John Pucci and Tania Schreiber creating designs for their linoleum carpets. Lillian Ross, the director of the Industrial Division of Associated American Artists, reports that her artists are at work designing draperies, rugs, linoleum, even plastic place mats and Christmas cards. "The modern artist sees

Fine Art and Your Life (continued)

no conflict in applying his gifts to something practical, like a rug, one day and to a painting the next," Mrs. Ross says. "I predict that in the next decade we're going to see good art on a commercial level as we haven't seen it since Greek and Roman days, when designing useful things was an accepted part of the artist's job."

As for the Lawsons, fired by their success in decorating their home, they were about to embark on an even more ambitious project: buying original paintings. Enjoyable as reproductions are, they are really only an intermediary stage on the road to enjoying art. A reproduction lacks the thick, richly textured surface of an original oil painting, the animating quality of light and shadow as the light is caught and reflected in the ridges of pigment. Its surface, in Emily Genauer's words, "has the same relation to the sensuous surface of a painting as the lifeless rubber skin of a toy doll has to the soft resilience of a baby's flesh."

Live with a Painting

For their first purchase the Lawsons leaned heavily on the advice and consultation of the Walker Museum staff. Here, as in any progressive museum, there was no attempt to pressure anyone into buying art of a particular school. Even more valuable to them was the rental and sales idea. Being able to take a painting home and "live with it" is an enormous help in defining your taste.

The New York Circulating Library of Paintings blends both ideas in a slightly different way. Begun by two sisters, Ruth S. Butler and Eleanor S. Sadowsky, it preaches the idea that you can change the paintings on your walls, perhaps for seasonal reasons or as a result of change of mood or artistic development. For five dollars and up (some of their paintings are worth thousands) you can have this millionaire's privilege. The paintings may be rented by the month or year, and are also for sale.

The Lawsons began their art-buying career with the rental of a small painting by a relatively unknown local artist. The rental fee was five dollars a month and the picture sold for one hundred dollars. Again they were following sound advice. Few gallery operators will encourage the new art buyer to plunge heavily on the first purchase. As collector George Fitch says, "You have to educate your eye, and this takes time." Also, the Lawsons took the picture not because they knew anything about the artist, or because he had a reputation, but simply because they liked it. Here, again, is a sound rule.

Edith Halpert divides art buyers into three basic categories. The "who-dun-it" school is the most numerous. These peo-

ple are brand-name buyers, and if they are wealthy, accounts of the astronomical prices they pay for the paintings in current fashion are often to be found in the newspapers. Usually they concentrate on European "masters" and are wide open to promotions carefully planned by dealers specializing in international art brokerage.

Almost equally numerous are the buyers whom Mrs. Halpert calls "the investment school." These people are basically gamblers. They listen to tips, are always looking for bargains and dark horses, will sometimes try to corner the market on works of a promising artist.

Mrs. Halpert calls the third and fastest-growing group of buyers "the independent school." They are fully aware of the popular names in art, and they take advantage of a museum's rental service or a gallery's "on approval" arrangement before making an actual purchase. But they make their final decision on the basis of a sincere rapport with the painting or sculpture, ignoring all thought of personal prestige or profit.

Living with a work of art is the real test of your preference. You may be fascinated by a macabre Dali, seen in a museum, but whether you can see it every day and still find pleasure and meaning in it is another question.

Though no one in the art business today would insist on your buying Modern art, those who have taken the plunge testify unanimously that nothing can compare to it. "The greatest excitement," says John I. H. Baur of the Whitney Museum, "is the search for new talent; the sudden recognition of an unusual mind in a still little-known artist; and the test, self-imposed by a cold cash purchase, of your own independent judgment."

Here is where buying art independently can blend with investment. George Fitch, chairman of the Art Collector's Club of America, feels that when you buy contemporary art you are "betting on your eye" and if you have taken the trouble to train it well, the bet may pay off handsomely some decades after. Paintings by American artists who went unrecognized in the twenties are worth ten and even twenty times their original purchase price today. There is, of course, a vast difference between buying what you like because you believe it is good art, and a "buy one of each" approach.

Drawings and Water Colors

Many collectors, especially those with modest budgets, specialize in less expensive types of art—drawings and water colors. George Fitch made the latter his province because he feels that it is particularly suited to American experience: "It's spontaneous and natural."

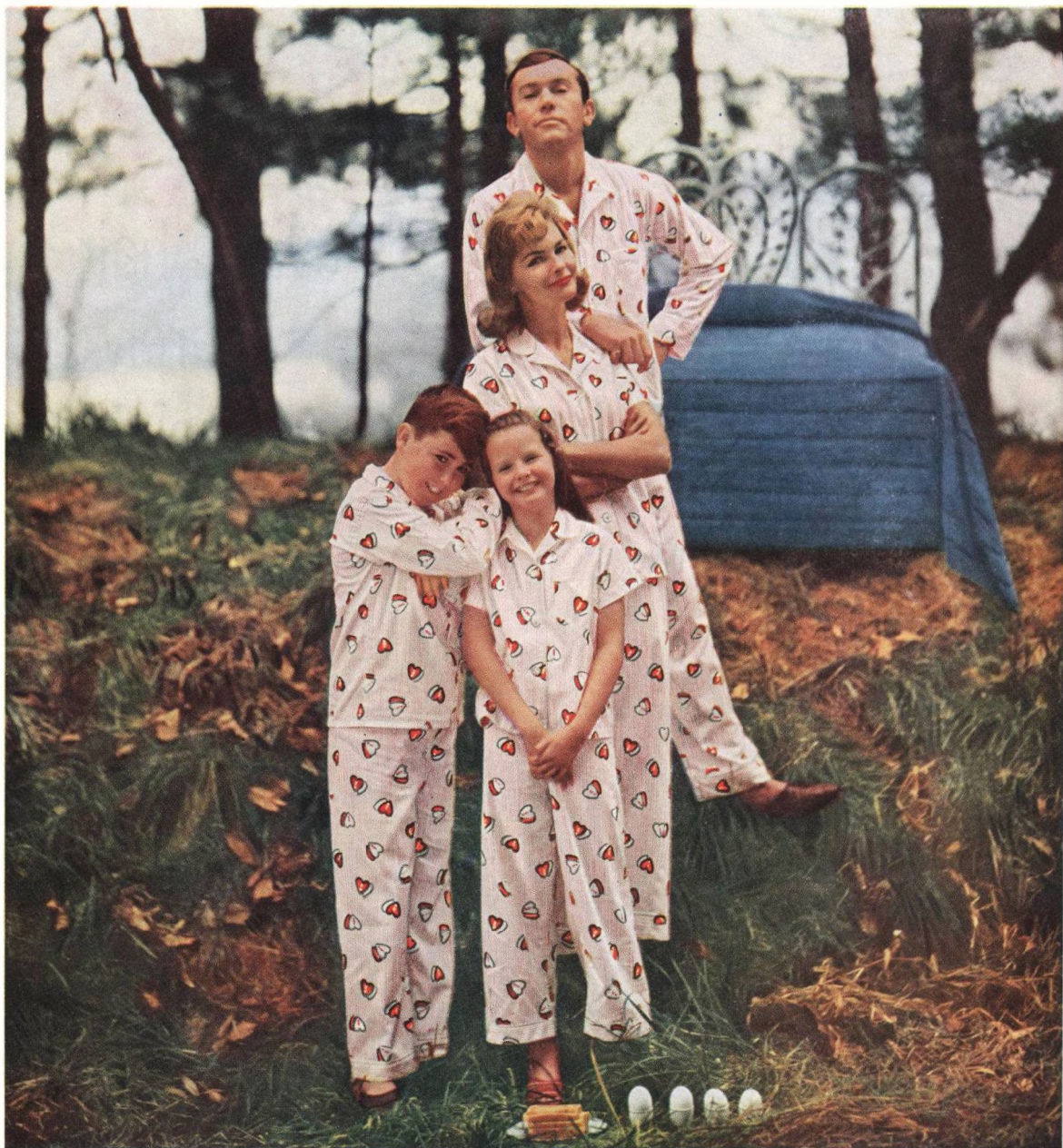
Drawings are just being discovered by American collectors. Drawings by well-known artists sell for as little as twenty-five dollars. Moreover, today's buyers live in smaller quarters than the millionaire art collectors of bygone decades, and a work of modest size, like a drawing, is not lost on their walls. Another advantage: drawings can be collected from a number of art periods. They exist in great profusion, since serious artists of all periods of art have made a practice of sketching quick impressions and studies for painting, and, less often, of making drawings they considered finished works of art.

The Wonderful World of Art

The Lawsons, meanwhile, lived with their first painting for a month and decided to buy it. They paid for it in two fifty-dollar installments, and the day of the second payment they had a quiet family celebration. "I don't remember anything we've bought that has given us more pride or pleasure," Helen says. But this was only the beginning. Since then the Lawsons have bought five more paintings. They were among the charter members of the Walker's Collector's Club, which is one of the most active in the country, and through its many activities they have found a host of new friends. They have also become acquainted with one or two of the artists whose paintings they own, and this, too, has been a fresh, vitalizing experience. Their children, meanwhile, have become ardent amateur painters in the Walker's studio courses, and their oldest girl, in Helen Lawson's words, "is well on her way to superseding her father as the family critic." The children, too, have made a host of new friends, but, more important, each week, each day in fact, they are deepening their individuality and widening their aesthetic and mental horizons with their interest in all kinds of art. Their six-year-old is especially fond of American Primitive painters and has decorated her room with reproductions of their works. The adult Lawsons continue to prefer the works of modern American painters, which they unashamedly declare to be "the best and most exciting in the world." At present, stimulated by the excitement which her children bring home from their studio classes, Helen is toying with the idea of trying a little creative painting herself. But that is another story told elsewhere in this issue. For the present, the Lawsons can proudly say that they have reached that happy stage in their exploration of art which Gertrude Stein, that most avant of avant-gardists, reached in her disarmingly simple answer to the question, "What do you think of today's art?"

"I like to look at it," she said.

THE END



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Artists at Work

The world of art is in a state of startling change, caused by a vast influx of a once all-but-unknown substance: money. Any artist, even the most radical experimentalist, can be unknown one year and own mansions, drive Jaguars, marry an heiress the next. Here is a remarkable report on the impact of modern art's new prestige, seen through the lives of major painters and sculptors in leading art colonies around the globe

BY LESLIE KATZ AND HILTON KRAMER

After a half-century of relative obscurity and neglect, followed by abuse and controversy, modern art and modern artists are coming into their own. Their art is becoming popular, and the artists are becoming popular heroes, in America and throughout the Western world.

In the United States, in the tried and true Horatio Alger tradition, the artist may find himself transported from rags to riches. The "successful" artist of today carries on his life and his career as a member of a new international high society. Nowadays, a nation's painters and sculptors are often better known to the outside world than are any of its other citizens. Whereas, even a generation ago, the original and daring artist was considered an impractical dreamer, an outcast who lived on the fringes of society (like Van Gogh and Gauguin—now immortalized in movie biographies), today's successful *avant garde* artist is wined, dined, and feted by the powers that be, and is often raised from poverty and obscurity to the pinnacles of economic success and recognition. The more "daring" he appears to be, the greater his potential and immediate rewards.

But today, in this age of high-powered publicity machinery and quick-changing social norms, styles in art have a way of changing, too, from season to season. If economic security is his primary aim, the artist may change his art in order to keep up with varying fashion, and thereby sacrifice his integrity. Doing so, he may be

aware that another painter of equal talent, dedicated to his craft, and persevering against great odds, is living on in obscurity and poverty. The paintings of today's unknown artist may, fifty years from now, sell for a tidy fortune (Gauguin died penniless in 1904, and last year, at a Paris auction, one of his paintings was sold for over \$300,000), while today's high-priced success may later be considered worthless.

Rich or poor, a "success" or a "failure," the artist of today reflects in the way he lives the new respect and attention being given to painting and sculpture everywhere. Whatever his nationality, the painter's most valuable asset is his originality and individuality. Like a scientist in the world of engineering, the artist is looked to for leadership—the style he creates for himself today will shape the styles of the world tomorrow.

The modern artist maintains, in his personal life, the flamboyance and unconventionality characteristic of his trade. His work gives pleasure to others, and he brings excitement and a sense of pleasure and adventure to whatever place he frequents. But at bottom, in New York or Paris, or wherever he finds himself, the artist seeks the things other men want—love, and all the good things in life: a "higher standard of living" in terms of personal satisfaction. In the second half of the twentieth century, it appears, he is on the verge of being sanely appreciated like other men, and may hope his work will receive its due in his own lifetime, instead of afterwards.

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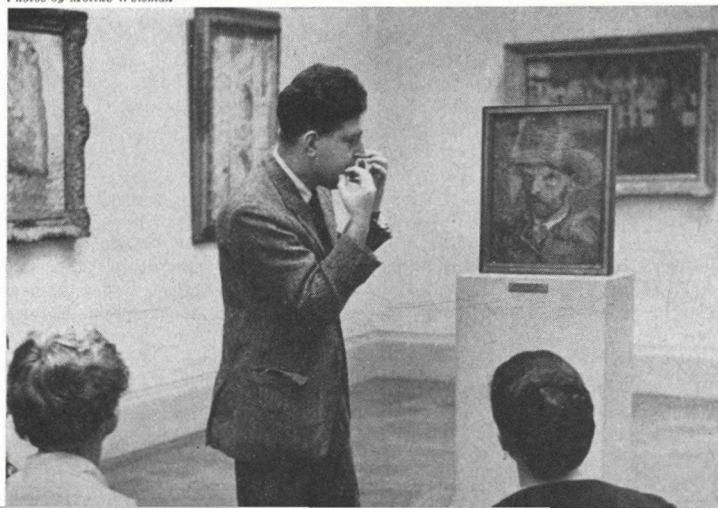
Artists at Work **United States**

New York is every painter's strike-it-rich town. The successful live in penthouses and worry about their success, the poor struggle in lofts and dream of one-man shows that will catapult them to fame

TEMMA BELL, thirteen years old, is the favorite model of her parents, Leland Bell and Louisa Matthiasdottir, both artists. Here, she poses for her mother in their studio-home on West Sixteenth Street near Manhattan's Greenwich Village, while her father is at work in the background. Two portraits of Temma, painted by her mother, hang on the wall above her head.



Photos by Mottke Weisman



New York is the center of the world art boom today. It is not inconceivable that a young man who was unknown last year, living in a cold-water flat on the Lower East Side on a few dollars from home plus income from a part-time job as a clerk, may this year find himself riding up to his Madison Avenue gallery in a white Jaguar sports car with a lovely new wife beside him. The stakes are high, the pace fast, and the competition fierce, but success brings with it the kind of celebrity which in the past came mainly to sports stars, comedians, actors, and actresses. The successful young painter is one of a stable of painters handled by an astute dealer whose uptown gallery caters to a rich clientele. The wealthy collector, shopping for diamonds at Tiffany's or for mink at Bonwit Teller's, need only take a few steps farther to shop for the latest in art—a painting that will enhance the home, be a conversation piece, and represent, besides, an investment considered as safe as a blue chip stock and a lot safer than a race horse.

One example of the way a successful artist lives and works in New York today is the Dutch-born painter Willem de Kooning, who lives on East Tenth Street in a cluttered studio which one well-known journalist complained had too many beer cans in it. De Kooning is a kind of patriarch to a whole generation of junior painters in America and Europe, and even many senior painters are influenced by his work and his powerful personality. He lived in dire poverty during the depression of the 1930's. As recently as 1954, the year he (with Ben Shahn) represented America at the biannual international art exhibition in Venice—one of the most sought-after honors that can come to an artist of any country—he was selling his paintings at very low prices in order to pay rent and the other basic expenses of daily living. Today, however, he enjoys a financial success commensurate with his fame and influence. Unlike some other painters, however, he has not allowed money to change

(continued)

LELAND BELL lectures to a group of suburban women at Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. He conducts classes in art appreciation to help supplement his income. Bell's most recent work will be on exhibit at the Zabriskie Gallery this spring.

Rolland Patterson



THOMAS HART BENTON packs his paintings into crates as he prepares to send them out on exhibition. Benton was most famous in the 1930's as a member of the American Scene group of artists, which included Grant Wood and John S. Curry and which influenced the style of WPA-sponsored murals all over the United States.

his way of life, his values, or his art in any way.

Saul Steinberg and Hedda Sterne, both well-known artists who have been married to each other for some years, live in a different world, the fashionable Upper East Side of Manhattan, and mingle in the opulent, smart atmosphere of the publishing, fashion, and advertising businesses. Steinberg, famous for his cartoons in *The New Yorker*, was trained originally as an architect in Italy, the country of his birth. Not only is he respected as a cartoonist and wit, but his drawings have also been exhibited in the same galleries which show the most extreme abstract art.

Hedda Sterne, his wife, is a completely abstract artist, who uses such modern devices as the automatic air brush for doing enormous canvases which are often memories of travels (a recent work entitled "Nebraska" represents her poetic memory of a visit to the state,

although native Nebraskans might not recognize the impression). She has the position and the means to seek and enjoy every material pleasure.

While the abstract movement has propelled American art into world-wide celebrity and brought to its practitioners the status of fashion dictators, the new respect for American art has spread out to include many kinds of work, and artists of different ages and outlooks.

Max Weber, one of the first Americans to study in Paris before the First World War, and an intimate of the famous Matisse and Rousseau, now lives in suburban Great Neck, Long Island, a venerable seventy-eight years old. Looking back on his own radical career with pride, he nonetheless can be heard expressing alarm at the extreme experiments of the younger generation today.

A younger painter, Leland Bell, and his wife, Louisa Matthiasdottir, live with their young daughter in a house they

remodeled themselves on West Sixteenth Street, just outside the boundary of Greenwich Village. Fifteen years ago Bell worked as a museum guard at the Museum of Non-Objective Art in New York (afterwards re-named the Guggenheim Museum) with Jackson Pollock, Robert De Niro, and other painters who have since become famous. At about this time, Bell met a young Icelandic girl, an art student, who was later to become his wife. He went to Paris after the war, became a close friend of Jean Hélion and other French artists, and again met Louisa, who had come to Paris for the same reason he had. They married and began a rather nomadic existence. They lived in Iceland for a while, returned to Europe, and then settled in New York. He works part-time at the adult education center in suburban Great Neck, where other well-known artists, such as sculptor Louise Nevelson and painter Grace Hartigan, also supplement their incomes by teaching.

Teaching is one of the variety of ways New York artists earn their living and support their families when, as is true in most cases, they cannot manage from the sale of their work alone. Whether they lecture to suburban ladies, as Bell and his friends do at Great Neck, or teach on the highest professional level, as painters like Morris Kantor do at the Art Students League, or simply take a pupil for instruction, as painter Ben Benn does from time to time, teaching remains one of the surest ways of making certain the basic expenses of life are covered.

But art teaching isn't just a way of making a living; it is often the activity which provides a link between one generation of artists and another. Artist-teachers like Kantor and Hans Hofmann have instructed many of the leading artists on the American scene today, and their former students are, in turn, now bringing up the next generation.

From these classes, and from the New York scene at large, will come the artists whose work will make the art news of the next ten years. Yet, for every one who obtains the big money which now rewards top artists, a hundred will fall by the wayside, unable to succeed or unwilling to endure the rigors which go with a lack of public recognition. Also among the "failures" will be artists who, committed to painting for better or worse, will continue their lifetime dedication in obscurity, only to be discovered—if at all—by the art world after they have left it for good. But as long as an artist breathes the exciting air of New York, he has hope. Today, as never before, he has reason to believe that his hopes for recognition and success are well founded.

(continued)



Rattle McKenna—Black Star

ALEXANDER ("SANDY") CALDER works in his studio at Roxbury, Connecticut. Calder is the inventor of the "mobile"—sculpture designed to be hung and which, as its name implies, has movable parts. His work has been copied throughout the world. An added achievement: Calder was recently awarded first prize in sculpture (\$3,000) at the Carnegie International Exhibition of art, held in Pittsburgh.

LARRY RIVERS, former jazz musician who came to fame with nude portraits of his mother-in-law, "Birdie," became a national celebrity via his appearances on *The \$64,000 Challenge* television program. His painting entitled *Washington Crossing the Delaware* was one of the paintings partly burned in the fire at the Museum of Modern Art this past year. It is currently in the process of being restored.



Courtesy Tilton de Nagy Gallery

Artists at Work France

Paris retains spiritual supremacy in the art world. It is still the city of love and freedom, where artists have two lives, one in studios and cafés, the other at home with their families

Henri Cartier-Bresson



When the only kind of paint to be found on the island of Manhattan was Indian war paint, the city of Paris was already the art capital of the civilized world. Only since World War II has New York begun to outdistance Paris both as a home for artists and as a market for their work.

In spite of the rise of New York's influence, Paris retains its international ascendancy as the spiritual home of art and artists, the birthplace of modern art and its heroes. The artist on Eighth Street in Greenwich Village, or in London's Chelsea district, shows in his manner, his dress, and his style of living historic reflections of the Left Bank of Paris. Today's artist, anywhere, lives in the shadow of the great pioneer figures of modern art who lived and worked in Paris in the last half of the nineteenth century and in the beginning of our own—figures such as Van Gogh, Modigliani, Matisse, and Picasso.

Today, Paris remains for the artist, as it does for the tourist, the city of pleasure, of love, of freedom—all the factors which make an artist feel at home and help make his art flourish.

Whether an artist is a man like Etienne Hajdu, now a world-famous sculptor who has lived in Paris since the 1920's, or a member of the younger generation like Atlan and Chelimsky, who came to Paris from North Africa and America, respectively, after the Second World War, life is a round of work, hardship, pleasure, and solid satisfaction. Rich or poor, the artist in Paris is not an "outsider." Both the men and the profession are highly respected by neighbors, tradesmen, café waiters, even policemen and civic officials. The artist in Paris has the status of a gifted son whose family expects him to bring honor to its name.

The principal fact of social life in Paris, for the artist as for every Frenchman, is that the café is its center. In Paris, Bohemianism and the life of the

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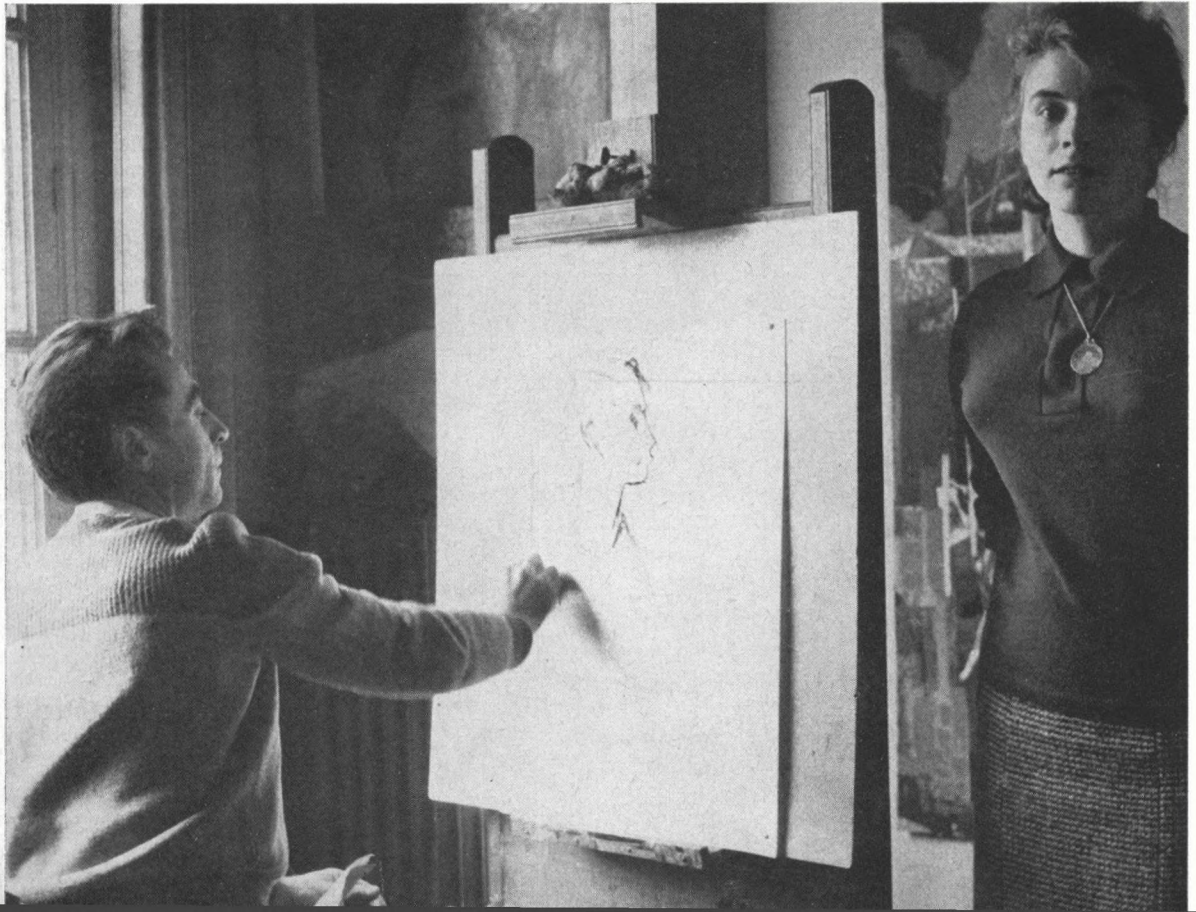
ALBERTO GIACOMETTI poses in his studio in the working-class quarter of Paris. A Surrealist sculptor for many years, Giacometti is Swiss but has long resided in Paris. Although he has gained world fame, he still works in a dingy studio, constructing his morbid, elongated figures.



GEORGES MATHIEU, above, wealthy artist of the younger generation of Paris, is leader of the Tachist school of painting. (*Tache* is the French word for "spot.") In addition to his career as a painter, Mathieu is employed by two leading steamship companies for whom he works as a top-paid publicity director.

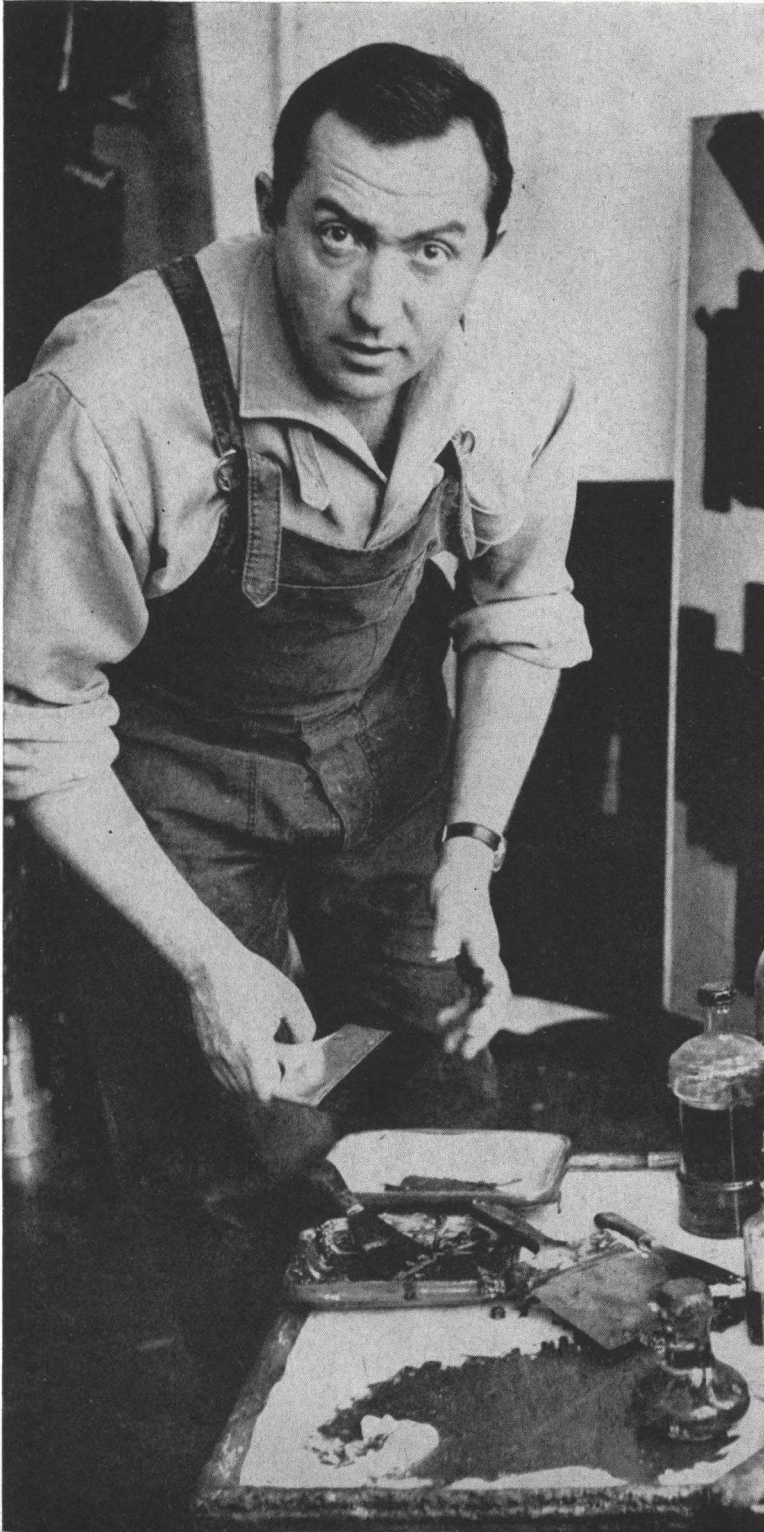
NEWEST RAGE in Paris art circles is Robert Fanton. A former art teacher, he sold sixteen of the seventeen pictures shown at his first exhibit. He uses his family for models, paints both abstract and realistic pictures. Until his exhibition, he painted as a hobby, showed work to family and friends only.

The Times, London



From France, Pablo Picasso's influence on art has spread to

London Daily Express



cafés and boulevards do not interfere with, or contradict, the solid family life lived in private. The artist in Paris, like any man, has two distinct lives—public and private. His public life is lived in cafés (which are clubs: admission and membership fee consists of the price of a cup of coffee), in restaurants (“eating out” is one of the joys indulged in by all Parisians regardless of financial position), on the boulevards and in the parks and gardens. His private life is lived in his home, apartment, and studio. It is often as “bourgeois” as the home life of a doctor, lawyer, or member of the civil service.

Hajdu lives in a small, tidy house in the suburb of Bagneux-sur-Seine, on the outskirts of Paris, a house for which he cut the stone and which he built himself, with a beautiful, light-filled studio adjoining. He has come a long way in his thirty years in Paris. He arrived in the twenties, was later befriended by the Paris master, Léger, but remained in obscurity. During the Nazi occupation, he worked in a factory near the Spanish border, as a marble cutter. After the war, he took up life in Paris again. He lives quietly, a man of great strength, courage, and sensitivity, who now extends his encouragement to younger artists.

While Hajdu's success has been built like his house, block by block, step by step, with great perseverance and sacrifice, he represents an older generation. Success in the new generation is represented by Bernard Buffet, whose career is like that of a boxer or movie star or any other product of the star-system today which so favors youth and raises some slim achievement to world renown. Whether the recognition is merited is a moot point. The fact remains that Buffet, still a young man, is rich, has two Rolls Royces and a chateau in the country. The stiff, simplified images of poverty that are his trademark sell for fantastic prices all over Europe. What has happened to the paintings has happened to the painter—he has become the darling of the rich international set, and the problem of his life is to survive as a painter. His annual exhibition at the Charpentier Gallery brings out all the

LEADING ABSTRACTIONIST, Pierre Soulages, was awarded a prize by the Duke and Duchess of Windsor which brought him to the United States last year. His black-and-white paintings are often compared with those of Franz Kline.

all parts of the world

autograph seekers and all the extra riot police that one expects to see at the opening of a new Brigitte Bardot movie on the Champs Elysées.

Buffet's success is not to be confused with, or compared to, that of the great Pablo Picasso, the seventy-eight-year-old painter who is considered the world's greatest living master and whose influence has touched most of the artists working today. Picasso lives like J. P. Morgan in his new castle in Aix, in the south of France. In the course of his long, work-filled life, Picasso has experienced almost all the ways of life possible to a man of our time. He came to Paris from Spain at the turn of the century, and lived in the extremest poverty one can imagine. There is a story about the bleak studio he shared with the writer Max Jacob, a studio which had only one small cot. By day Picasso painted while his friend Jacob availed himself of the cot, and by night Picasso slept while his friend sat up writing.

Picasso is the rock on top of which Buffet now sits. Picasso and his kind did the hard work and suffered the ordeals on which today's young stars are now cashing in.

For every Buffet, there are a thousand painters just as sincere and just as talented who are content to live the life of art in Paris without fanfare or sensationalism. They are not seeking success in Buffet's terms. They believe in art the way a young priest believes in religion, and they give up their lives to it in the same way, hoping only for enough reward to provide the basic necessities for themselves and their loved ones, and to go on painting. One can see them every evening congregated at the Café Select on Montparnasse, painters from every corner of the globe who have "come out" after a day in the studio. Perhaps one will see Robert Müller, the Swiss sculptor who was included this year in the Carnegie International Exhibition in Pittsburgh; perhaps Ossip Zadkine, the venerable French sculptor who lived in New York as a refugee during the Second World War. One is sure to see Campigli, who has a continuing chess game going every night at his table at the Select. Mané-Katz will probably show up, and Corneille, the young Dutch painter. The Select is the particular favorite of artists from Central and Eastern Europe, and their collective personality gives the place its air of seriousness and color. During the dark days of the German occupation, the Select befriended



THIRTY-YEAR-OLD French artist, Bernard Buffet, is shown signing autographs for admirers at a recent exhibition of his work in Paris, one sign of the young man's success. Two Rolls Royces and a chateau in the country attest to his popularity, too. Buffet's paintings, on one of which he is at work in the photograph below, are stark scenes of poverty or scenes in the lives of historical figures such as Saint Joan of Arc.



ed many artists whose lives were in danger, and artists often patronize the café out of gratitude as well as preference.

Each café, like each quarter of Paris itself, has a distinct personality and clientele. Across the street from the Select is the Dome, famous for its literary patrons of the Hemingway generation and nowadays filled with "Beat Generation" writers trying to find the old magic.

Down on the Boulevard St.-Germain, at the Deux Magots, is a quite different crowd, with more money and a more certain success behind them. Often one sees tourists there, taking photographs of each other and thinking they are getting the real native thing. Across the street from Deux Magots is Lipp's, where one can usually see the Surrealist painter Max Ernst sitting at a front table with

(continued)



THE MOST FAMOUS living artist in the world is, without a doubt, Pablo Picasso. Above is a room in "La Californie,"

Picasso's home in Cannes (he has purchased a larger mansion in Aix), showing the chaos in which his masterpieces are born.

Artists at Work **France** (continued)

two or three of the most beautiful women in the world. Nearby, but not speaking to him, will be his old colleague in the Dadaist movement (back in Zurich, in 1919-20), Tristan Tzara, huddled in his huge American Army raincoat, greeting the many writers and artists who stop at his table to pay respects and exchange gossip.

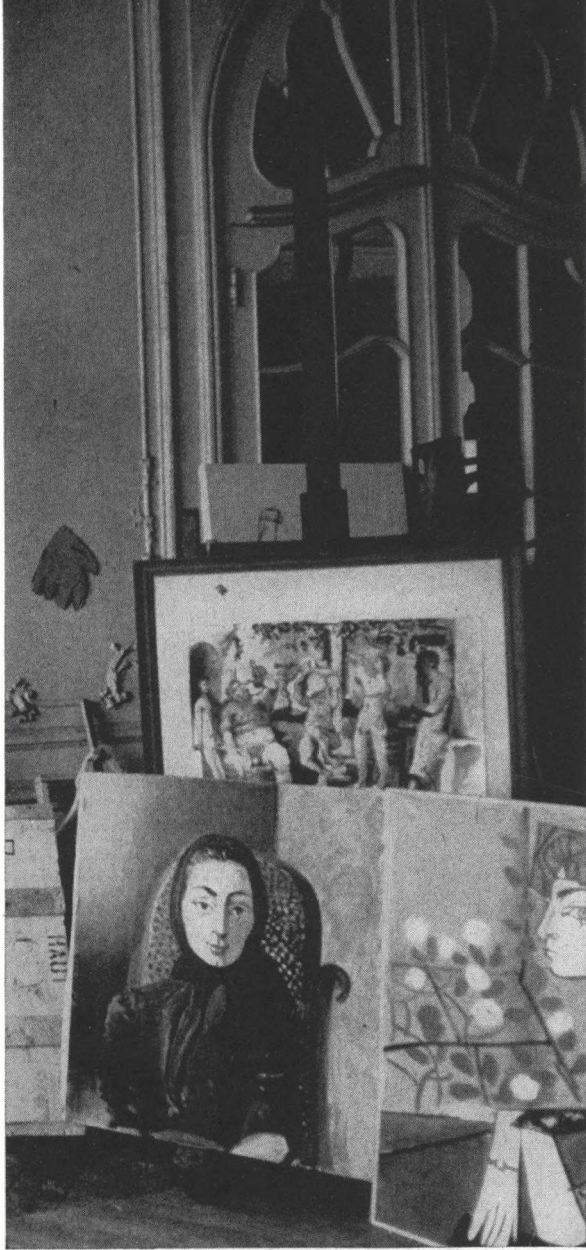
But at the same hour, quite removed from all the glamour of the glittering cafés of St.-Germain and Montparnasse, say in the working-class section of Rue

d'Alesia, the painter and sculptor Albert Giacometti is probably sitting at the little bistro around the corner from his studio in the Rue du Moulin-Vert, a small bar where Giacometti is very popular with laborers who stop by for their evening drink and for a game at the pinball machine. It is here, at this machine, that the artist Giacometti tries his luck every night.

A pinball machine in a local café is as far as an artist in Paris can get from his work. Even while relaxing on the merry-

go-round of evening recreation, or making up part of the gorgeous façade of the exhibition world, every artist is aware of the one most basic fact of his existence: that tomorrow he will be alone in his studio, face to face with his canvas, his brushes, his paint, and his conceptions, and that in the end, as an artist, he is alone with his own ability—recognition and reward come only after the hard-won achievements that are made in privacy, far from the cheers, the boos, the talk, and the fanfare.

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Paris Match



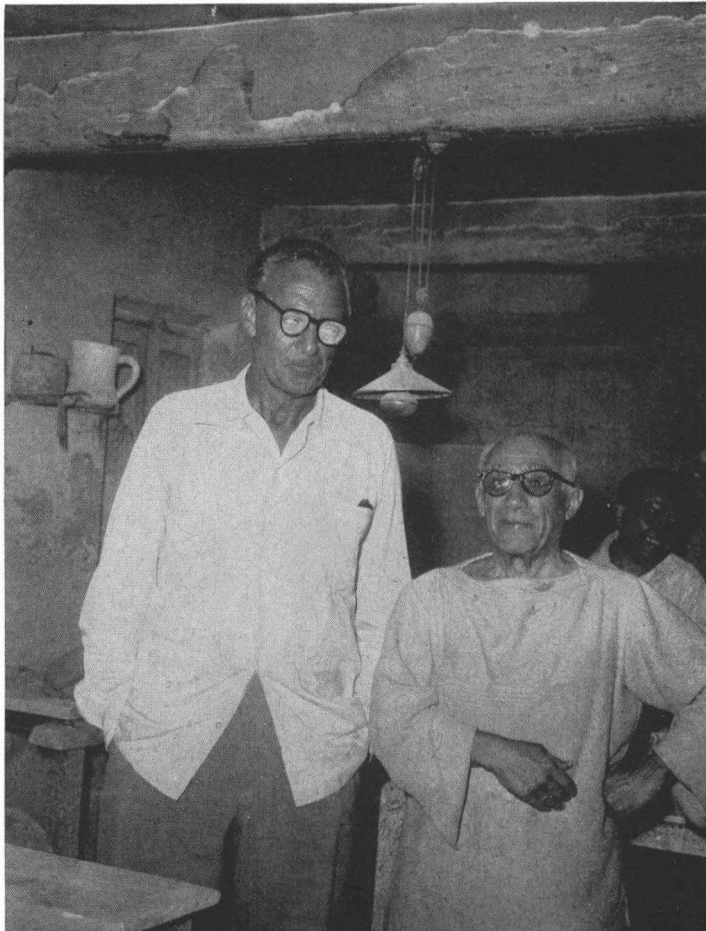
PICASSO IS KNOWN for his abstract works, but often uses models, particularly young ones, for inspiration. In 1957, his Paris dealer sold seventy of his paintings for an average price of \$15,000 each. One of Picasso's ceramic plates brings \$2,500.

VISITOR GARY COOPER brought Picasso the ten-gallon white Stetson he had worn in *Saratoga Trunk*, and a Colt .45. Stetson became a wardrobe favorite. Despite the problem of fending off tourists, the artist's door is always open to his friends.



JACQUELINE, Picasso's constant companion, wears a necklace carved by the artist. She and her young daughter, Kathy, live with Picasso. Jacqueline has also served as the model for many of Picasso's portraits (see photograph above).

Pictorial Parade, Inc.



Reprinted from "The Private World of Pablo Picasso," a Ridge Press Book by David Douglas Duncan

Artists at Work **England**

Artists flee London for picturesque villages where one may starve in a shack, another run a mansion with a staff of servants. They like their art avant garde but their beer—and everything else—warmly British

Brian Seed



Painting, like music and fiction, used to have strong national characteristics—but modern art tends to be international. London painter William Scott finds his inspiration in the abstract and figurative art of New York and Paris; but his own life, and the surroundings he works in are as distinctively English as mutton pie and as local as Cheshire cheese.

London, then, is an important outpost

for painting—not an international center, but a potential creative leader. Its artists band together, seeking a comradeship they do not have with the rest of the population, and this strongly flavors their way of life.

Henry Moore, England's most famous figure in the world of contemporary art, whose work was, for years, the standard subject of jokes in the Sunday papers and the scripts of radio comedians (be-

cause of the holes in it—he was often called England's swiss-cheese sculptor), is now one of England's leading celebrities, appearing with leading politicians and royalty on many public occasions. The son of a coal miner, he now lives the life of a lord of the manor on a huge estate near the town of Much Haddam, Hertfordshire. His house is an Elizabethan structure reconstructed and furnished with modern comfort and old-fashioned charm, plus all the latest appliances. Three outbuildings on his estate have been converted to studios, and his monumental sculptures are placed strategically amid the fields and meadows of his estate.

In London, the artist finds only a half-dozen galleries and museums that show current art, as compared with hundreds in New York and Paris. To work, artists in England scatter to cities and towns of the beautiful countryside, and travel the short distance to London to contact galleries, collectors, and the government agency known as the Arts Council (which arranges for exhibitions and helps support art and artists), and to keep in touch with the international lifelines in art.

By far the largest colony outside London, competing with London as one of the centers of art in Europe, is the tiny community of St. Ives, a picturesque fishing village which juts out at Land's End on the Western coast of Cornwall. One finds there a community of painters and sculptors that is almost too typical of an "artists' colony" to be believable. There are the successful figures of the older generation like Dame Barbara Hepworth, whose name appeared last season on Queen Elizabeth's honors list, and younger painters such as Bryan Wynter (still unknown outside England), who lives in a primitive cottage high in the hills of Zennor overlooking the sea. Dame Hepworth is well-to-do. Wynter is struggling—but they participate as equals in the lively community atmosphere of St. Ives, which ten months of the year is a town of artists and fishermen, and during the other two months, July and August, is invaded by hordes of English vacationers and American art dealers selecting works for next year's exhibitions. The position Dame Hepworth and

(continued)

COMMON INTERESTS result in a close community life in St. Ives, a seashore village. Shown having dinner in the kitchen of painter Patrick Heron's house are (l. to r.): Pierre Culot, a Belgian house guest of the Herons'; Anne Cummings, Alexander Mackenzie, Bryan Wynter, Mrs. Heron, Monica Wynter, and John Wells. Wynter, Mackenzie, Wells are well-known artists.



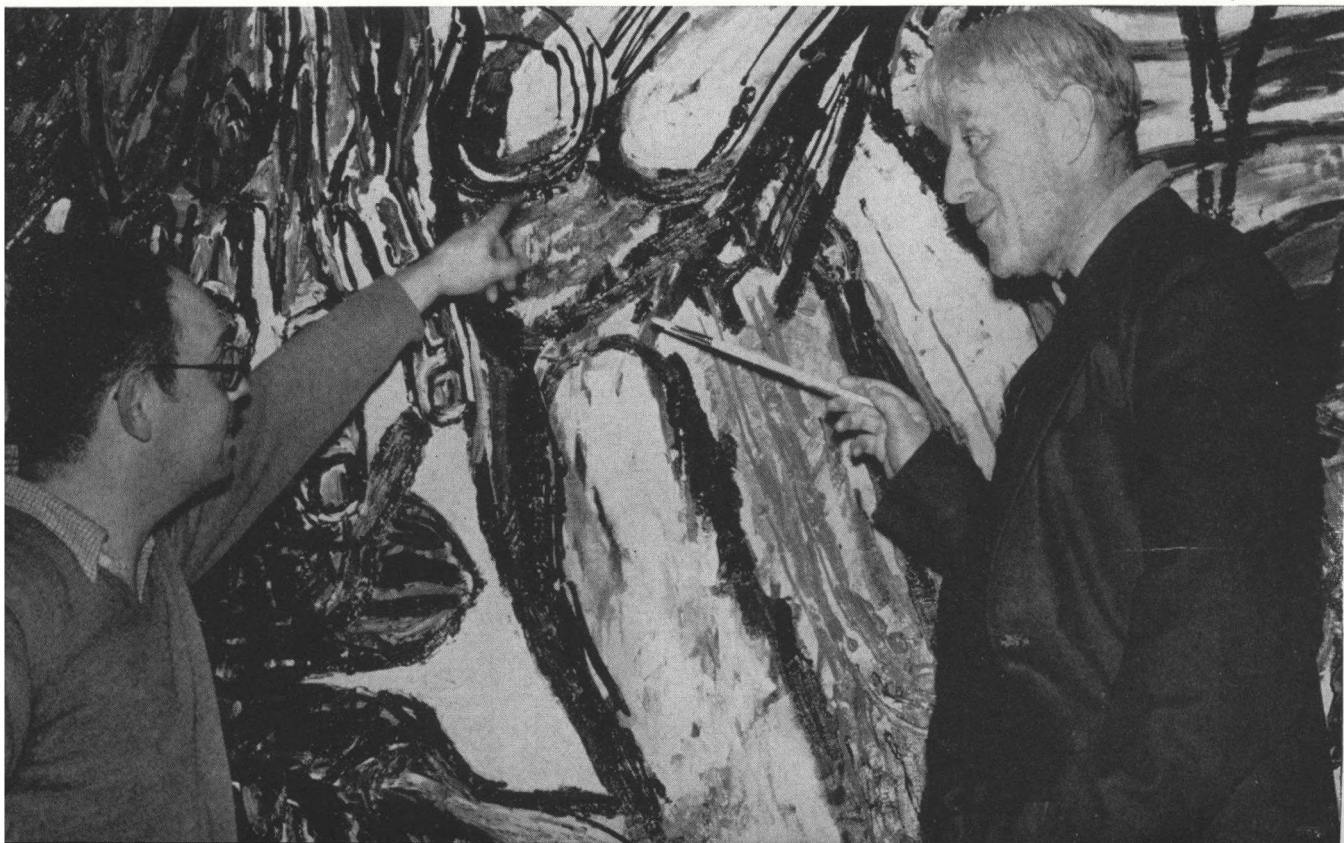


Felisa Mann

MODERNIST SCULPTURES by Henry Moore have been subject of much controversy in England. Now they are not only accepted, but adorn some of the newest structures of Europe—the new UNESCO building among them. Here, on grounds of his baronial estate in Much Haddam, Moore studies two of his works.

JOHN BRATBY, young English painter who came to fame last year for his “kitchen sink” style of painting—so named because of the household subjects he uses—confers with Alec Guinness on the paintings which Bratby was commissioned to do for the actor's recent movie, Joyce Cary's *The Horse's Mouth*.

Pictorial Parade, Inc.



English artists have a government agency, the Arts Council. It sponsors exhibitions, and buys their paintings

Mr. Wynter enjoy in the community is often determined more by admiration for the work they are doing than by the success they may or may not be having in the outside world. There is variety in St. Ives. Patrick Heron lives in a magnificent house, built in 1810, called Eagle's Nest, high on a hill overlooking the sea, surrounded by flowering trees. Ben Nicholson, who just left St. Ives to live in Switzerland with his new German wife, was for many years the senior Modern artist of St. Ives, and lived in a small, comfortable cottage with modern conveniences, and walked every day through the steep, cobbled streets of the quaint, centuries-old town to a separate studio. Peter Lanyon, a former student of Nicholson and himself a figure of international prominence, lives in a large country house with his wife and six children, and a staff of servants.

¶ Social life at St. Ives centers at the local pub, a traditional English drinking house, featuring dark beer, a handsome bar maid, and a dart board. Many discussions and activities also take place at the Penwith Gallery, which the artists run cooperatively and where they all show their art together. Their way of life is full of local color, but the flavor of their art is cosmopolitan, city-bred, knows no national boundaries, and is universal in its appeal.

TERRY FROST poses with his son, Simon, youngest of his six children. Frost and his family live in St. Ives, in a tiny house which also houses his studio. Frost is now coming into international prominence.



Artists at Work Italy

Art runs in families and the painter and the sculptor are respected as in no other nation. But the younger generation's eyes are on America

Just as all roads used to lead to Rome, today all art roads lead to New York, London, and Paris. While still colorful, and the treasure-house of some of the world's greatest masterpieces (the Vatican alone contains more treasures of sculpture and painting than all the museums of North America put together), Rome is not today a leading center for living artists. Artists in Italy have for centuries lived in the shadow of the towering achievements of Michelangelo, Raphael, and other giants of the Renaissance. The Italian genius for art has found its expression in the years since World War II in design, fashion, and manufacture. Nevertheless, post-war developments have brought world fame to a few

contemporary Italian artists and sculptors.

The congenial atmosphere of Italy continues to make art one of the most pleasurable and satisfying occupations possible to a man in Italy—respected among all kinds and classes of people.

A current story tells of a group of Italian artists who interviewed a visiting museum director from America. They eagerly enquired about the high living standards America is famous for, asking with envy in their voices for details of how artists in America lived, imagining their American counterparts living and working in studios matching in opulence Manhattan's gold-paved streets. "But," replied the museum director, lifting his ruby glass of wine in the mellow sun-

light of the outdoor café where they were gathered, and looking at the easy gait of the passers-by, "no artist in America lives with the ease, comfort, charm, and confidence that you sitting right here enjoy without even knowing it."

A painter like Afro (Basaldella), who lives in Rome's artists' quarter centering on the Via Margutta, comes from a family of artists. His father is a painter, his brother Mirko is a sculptor, and a third brother, less well known, is also a sculptor. Afro's personal history shows us in profile the situation of the successful, serious painter in Rome today. He has participated in all the important movements since the war, gradually beginning to stand out among his fellow

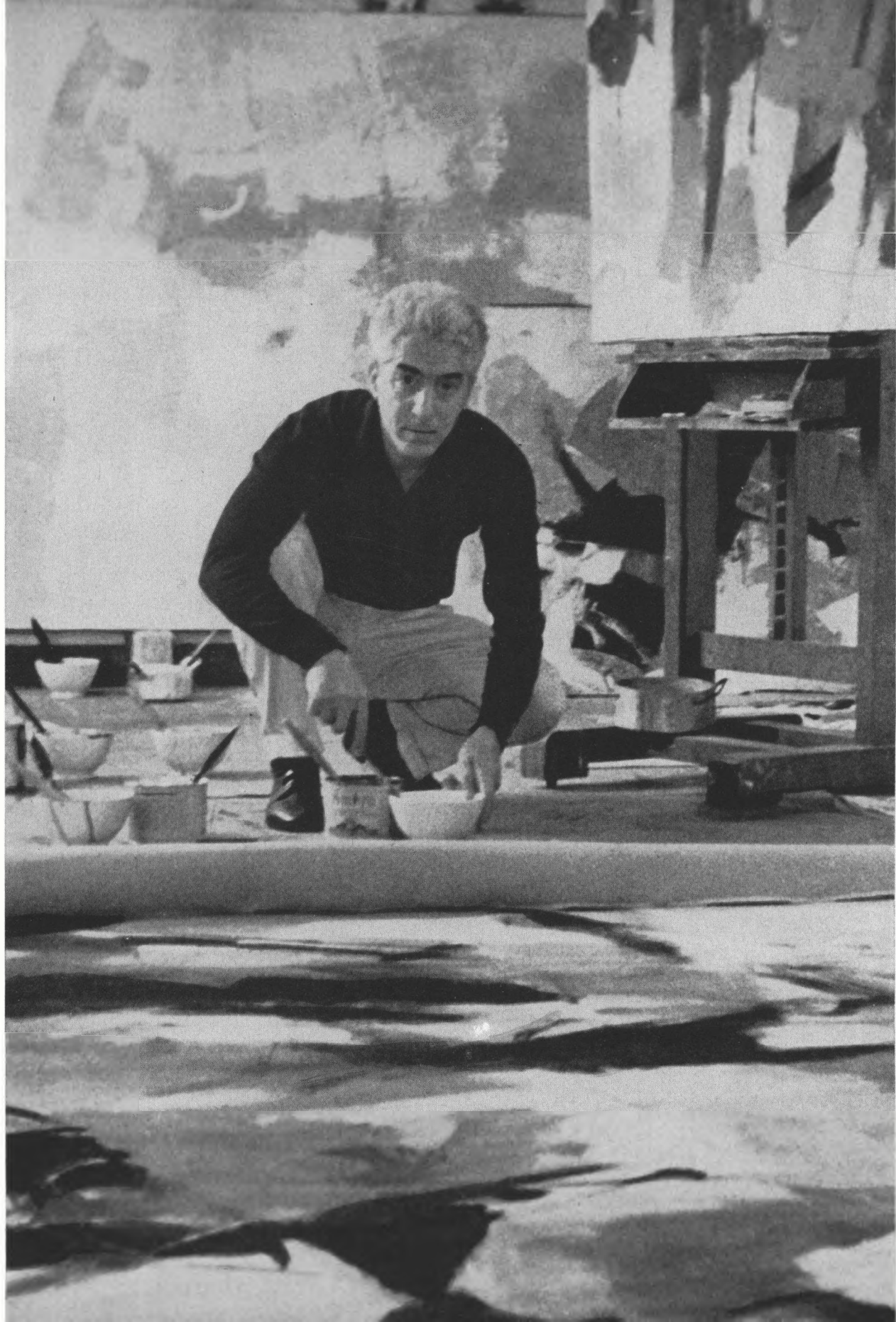
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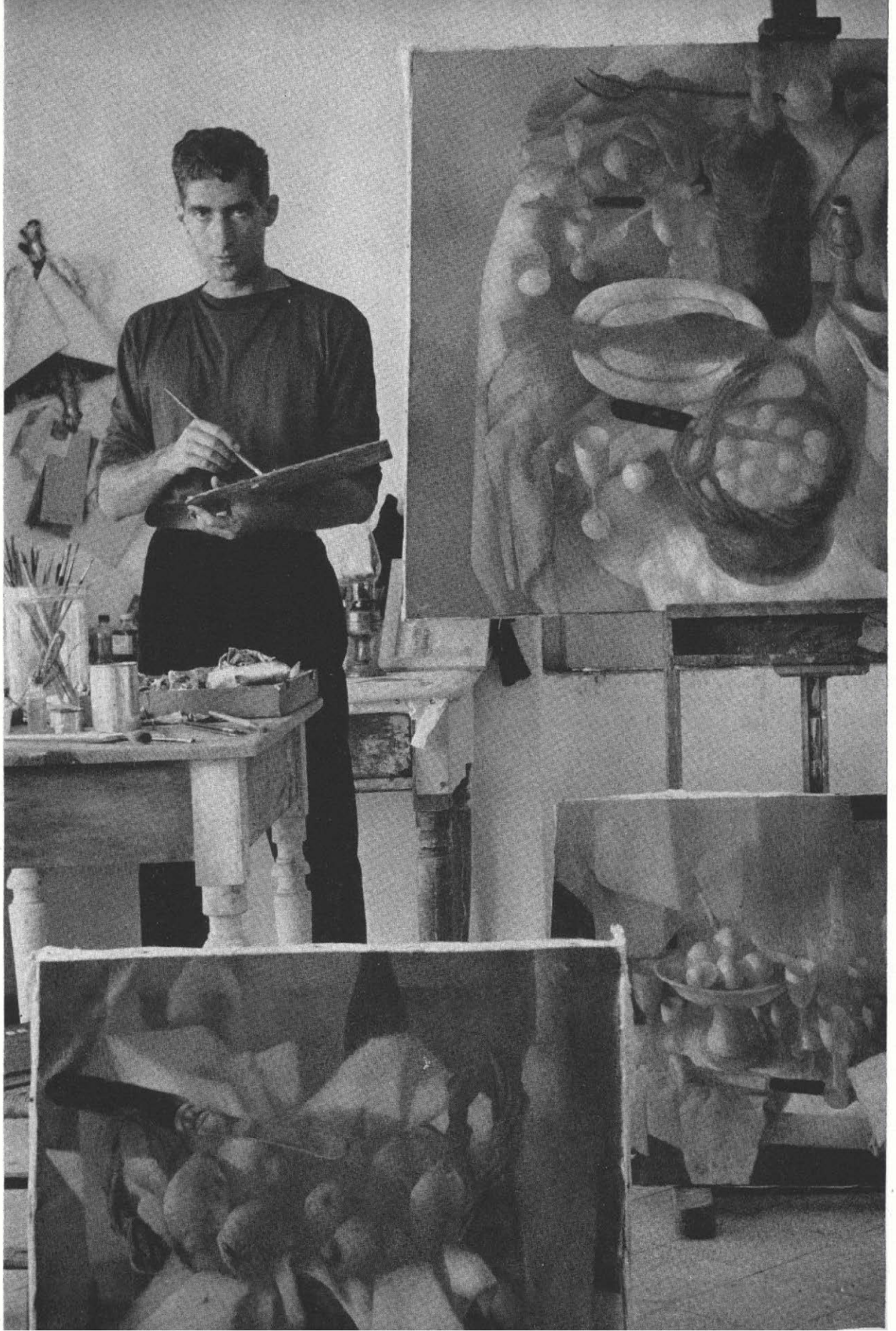
IN ROME. artists still live the comfortable and charming life exemplified by gatherings around a table in an outdoor café, this one in the Via Margutta quarter. Here, the painter Afro (in dark shirt, light jacket) chats with some friends.

Black Star

AFRO MIXES COLORS in his Rome studio. Last year, the artist spent several months teaching art at Mills College, in California, where he became one of the most popular instructors. He is now busy making preparations for his first exhibition in Paris.







Artists at Work **Italy** (continued)

artists. Then he came into a small fame in America through the efforts of dealer Catherine Viviano, who, when she opened her new gallery in New York a decade ago, believed in the possibility of an important post-war development in Italy (she was right, and now enjoys a great success in the sale of contemporary Italian art in America). Afro then went on to become a figure of international influence. Last year he came to America to teach at Mills College in California, where (a handsome figure among the Bermuda-shorts set of Southern California girls) he was the most popular personality on the campus. Now he is about to have his first one-man show in Paris.

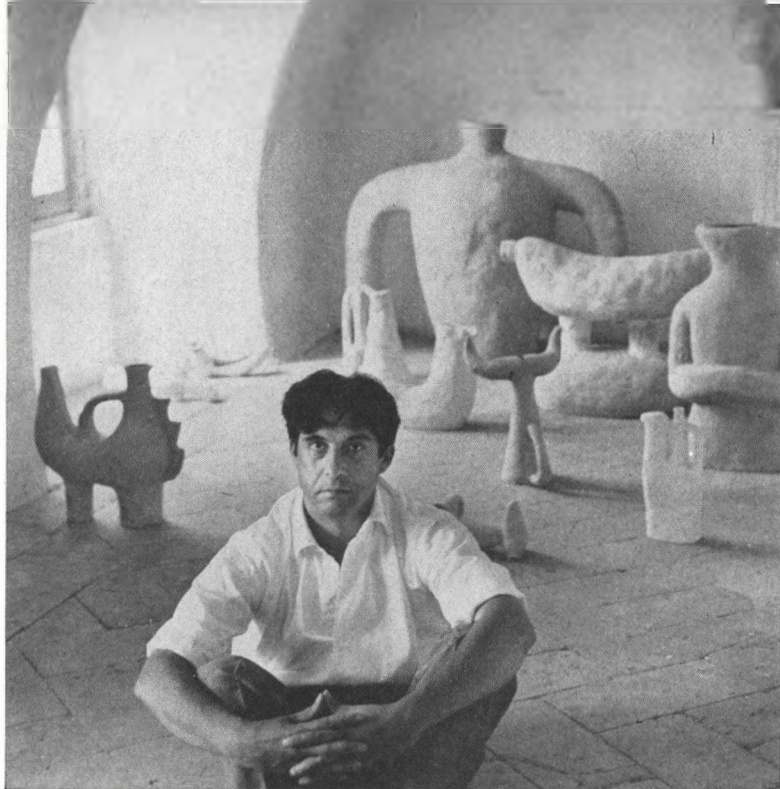
World War II made every European world-conscious. Artists are no exception. Alberto Burri was an Italian surgeon in Mussolini's army when he was captured by the American army and sent to Texas as a prisoner of war. Burri, who had had no formal art training, spent his free time experimenting with collages made of burlap. Using his knowledge of surgical sewing, he developed a highly successful technique which has brought him into the forefront of experimental artists. He married an American girl, a graduate of Bennington College, Vermont, the famous progressive college for women.

Corrado Marca-Relli, an American and a former neighbor of the late famous artist Jackson Pollock at East Hampton, Long Island, recently established residence in Rome. Now he is the toast of the art world in that city. Bearded, handsome, of Italian ancestry, he is making an impression on the younger generation in Italy with his elegant paste-up canvas pictures. He lives in a new studio high in the hills of Rome, with one of the grandest views in all Europe.

Prominent among the older generation in Italy is Giorgio Morandi, now approaching seventy, who lives alone in Bologna. His still life paintings of the same few bottles in his studio have attracted collectors all over the world. Morandi lives quietly, out of the main social traffic; critics, museum directors, and younger artists often make pilgrimages to Bologna for a few hours' talk with this gentle old man, who carries on his work away from the hue and cry of the market places of art.

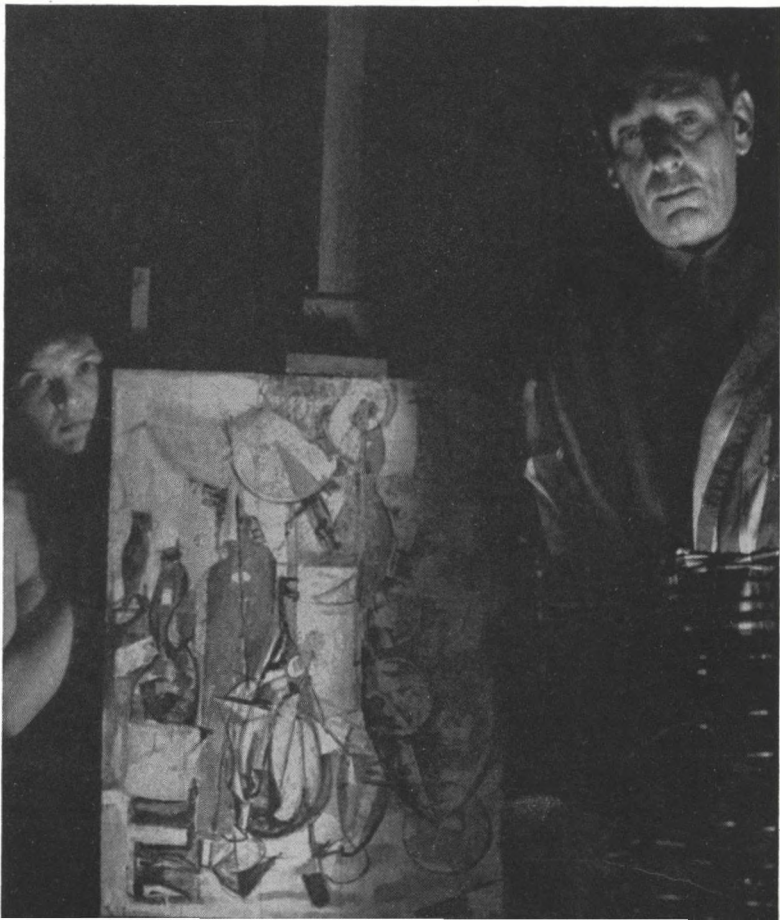
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CARLYLE BROWN is an American painter who has been living in Rome as an expatriate for most of the last decade. His sensitive paintings of fruits, dishes, and other still-life subjects are shown regularly at the Viviano Gallery in New York City.



SALVATORE FIUME, above, shown here with some of his recent works, is one of a new group of artists who are playing an important part in post-war Italy's renaissance in sculpture. Other modern Italian sculptors are Manzu, Marini, and Mirko.

FAUSTO PIRANDELLO is the son of the Nobel Prize-winning playwright, Luigi Pirandello. Self-taught, Fausto has worked in Paris and Berlin. Of Italian artists, he has achieved the most artful compromise between abstraction and representation.

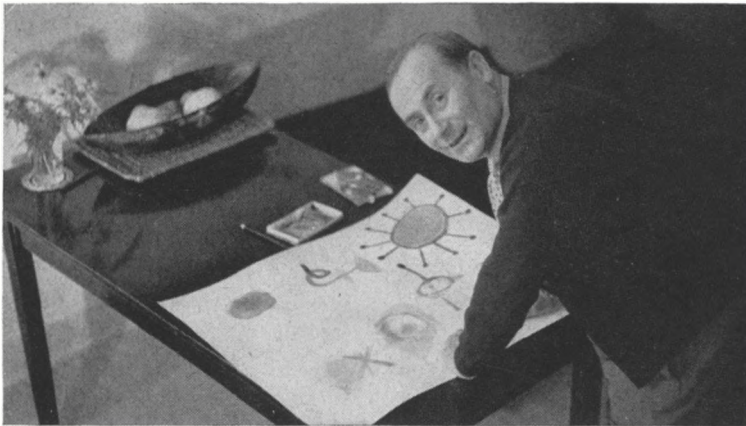


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Marion Sitterson

Artists at Work Around the World

The world's artists now look to young American painters for leadership. The artist may soon replace the cowboy as the independent hero.



Henri Cartier-Briason

LEADING SPANISH PAINTER. Joan Miró, lives in Palma de Majorca, Spain, in new house designed by José Luis Sert, architect at Harvard University. Miro lives away from the fanfare of the international art world, but will have an enormous exhibition of his work at the Museum of Modern Art in New York next month.



Max G. Scholer

SPANISH SURREALIST, Salvador Dali, is shown with his wife and a painting of the Madonna for which she posed. Dali paints many religious subjects now, but years ago did fantastic pictures which many regarded as obscene and objectionable. He has a great talent for publicity, and has provided hilarious copy for newsmen.

Within the city limits of every major metropolis of Europe (and in the large cities of the United States as well), a visiting artist is sure to find, without much searching, an artist's quarter, an art colony, a village within the city, where artists live and work.

The visits artists make in their travels have an important impact on current art. Two of Europe's leading *avant garde* painters, Alan Davie of England and Karel Appel of Holland, changed their entire outlook after seeing the enormous collection of paintings by the American painter Jackson Pollock in the palace in Venice owned by Peggy Guggenheim, the American heiress, who was Pollock's dealer-agent and discoverer. Appel, thirty-eight years old, is now supported by the city of Amsterdam through commissions for murals in the city museum. Last year, he visited this country and was entertained at many fashionable parties in New York and Long Island.

In our time, as always, the artist is an independent figure—daring is both his talent and his stock in trade. But unlike other epochs, in which success came, if at all, as a result of public appreciation of an artist's work, our time appears to be one in which the artist is rewarded not only for the value of his work, but for the romance that attaches to his occupation. Abroad, the American artist finds himself, for the first time in history, a figure who is looked to for leadership. Like American concert virtuosi and jazz instrumentalists, the American painter has great prestige throughout Europe, and that is a new development. At home, in the United States, the boom in art and the temper of the times make it only a slight exaggeration to say that the artist may soon replace the cowboy as our national image of the brave, independent, free-swinging hero, the man who, though shunning the crowd, is a mainstay of our society, the man who is willing to risk his life in a career of sheer adventure for great rewards. **THE END**

YOUNG MEXICAN ARTIST. José Luis Cuevas, has had large and important shows of his work all over the world—in Europe, Japan, South America—and has taught at the Philadelphia Museum's art school. Cuevas is an interesting new personality on the international art scene.

GUEYAS



Andrew Wyeth

Modern Master of Realism

“To me, the most important thing is to see clearly,” says Wyeth, who may go down in history as the most important American painter of his time



Chadds Ford, Pennsylvania, a hamlet of approximately three hundred souls, located on U.S. Route 1 twenty-five miles west of Philadelphia and about ten miles north of Wilmington, Delaware, has achieved over the years a fame disproportionate to its small size. In 1777, the British under Howe and Cornwallis administered a defeat to the Colonials under Washington and Lafayette and later took over the Chadds Ford Hotel, which was built in 1736 and is still being operated. Joseph Hergesheimer, the novelist, used to like to go and work in this hotel. The rolling hills of the Brandywine Valley, lush green in summer and a blending of browns and tans in winter, always have attracted artists, and many famous men have done some of their best work in Chadds Ford and then moved on to other scenes. The most celebrated of the Chadds Ford artists, however, was born there forty-one years ago and has never gone anywhere else, except to Maine for the summers. His name is Andrew Wyeth, and

in the opinion of most authorities he is one of the most important painters now working in America.

In one sense this is remarkable, for Wyeth is a buckler of the trend. By some standards the work he does is anachronistic. While most younger painters are going in the general direction of the abstract expressionists, seeking, as one of them has put it, "to deal with the paint itself, and then to let the paint reflect the psychological turmoil," Wyeth uses paint—egg tempera paint, applied to gesso board—to reproduce his visual concepts of the meanings that underlie life and the artifacts of life. Wyeth's paintings are not difficult to understand: a boy in GI clothes riding a bicycle across a plain, a farmer's wife sitting in a doorway, a group of birds, a dog tethered by an old stone mill, portraits of his Chadds Ford friends. Yet their realism does not conceal the deep feeling, expressed in texture and detail, that lies behind them, and, looking at them, one realizes that they are not as simple as

they seem. The almost photographic paintings are touched with a truth older than the trees on the hills that Wyeth roams each day as he sketches.

Wyeth carries his separateness from the mainstream of art right into his personal life. He is a confirmed recluse who confines his social activities to his family—he has been married for eighteen years and is the father of two teenaged sons—and to such old friends as Karl Kuerner, a Chadds Ford sausage maker and farmer with whom he likes to drink the wine of the country, hard cider. He almost never answers either the telephone or letters. Margery Lewis, who took the photographs accompanying this article, tried for a year and a half before she finally got his permission to photograph him. "I've known Andy all my life," says one of his neighbors, "and I've seen him nearly every day, and all I know about him is that he is an artist and a nice fellow." Actually, the residents of Chadds Ford feel protective towards Wyeth; they respect his intense desire for



"The age of epic painting is over," Wyeth says.

privacy and do everything they can to discourage outsiders from bothering him. Frequently they give wrong directions to the converted schoolhouse in which he lives.

Wyeth's desire to keep to himself has created a legend about him that has nothing whatever to do with him as he is. He is said to be surly and uncommunicative; actually, he is a warm man with a fine sense of humor who likes nothing better than to talk into the night with friends. But he has some Pennsylvania Dutch blood in his veins, and it has given him an almost ascetic sense of obligation and responsibility toward his work.

Vision Needs Solitude

"I love people," he told me recently, "but they intoxicate me so that it's fatal to go out much. I went to Washington the other day, just to spend the night. I had something in my mind I'd been thinking over for a couple of months—and when I got back it was all dead. That's why I have to keep to myself. It might sound as though I'm scared, but I see so many men's work with influences in it, and I want to keep out influences and try to do what is true to me.

"It's most important to me, more important than anything else," he went on, becoming—in his own phrase—intoxicated, "to try to touch a little of the truth of things. It's been done a few times. I certainly don't feel I've done it yet. I have no illusions about my work, but I must stick to it."

Another factor which contributes to the myth of Andrew Wyeth's eccentricity is his striking mode of dress. Wyeth is coat-crazy. He wears huge Army surplus coats as he tramps the hills of the Brandywine Valley: fur-lined parkas, the sheepskin lining of an old Army coat, old poplin windbreakers. He does the majority of his sketching outdoors, and is so opposed to being considered "a studio painter" that he deliberated for a long time before he would permit himself to be photographed in the studio that adjoins the living room of his house. He wears thick boots and long underwear, and his long, skinny legs are most at home in faded jeans. On the rare occasions when he goes to a party in Wilmington he is likely to wear a suit, closed up to the collar, such as those worn by the Amish of the Pennsylvania Dutch country. He also has an Amish

cape, a huge, blanketlike garment of black wool.

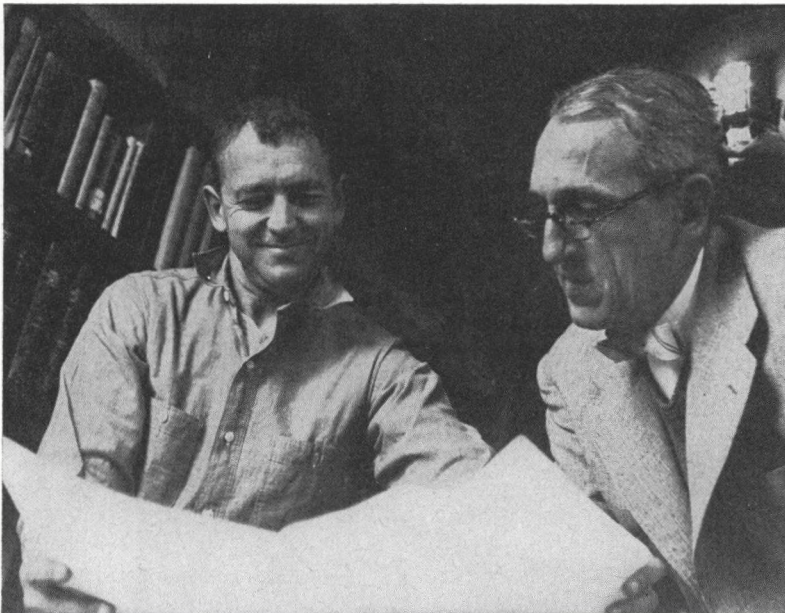
Wyeth prefers these things because he is an almost primitively simple man. This basic quality is shown in the things he has written about his paintings, which are owned by some of the foremost collectors and distinguished museums in the nation. Even some of the most humble of the contemporary painters suffer from logorrhea when they put down their brushes and take up pens; they say things like, "To me, the wonders of the fine old buildings around Asbury Park, where I spent a childhood in the company of my elders, cushioned and protected from the hard realities of bitter existence by their genteel ennui, will always evoke an expression of some indefinable ecstasy that I cannot . . ." and on and on and on. Such lines, if not phony, at least are excruciatingly mannered, and Andrew Wyeth is one of the least mannered, or affected, men left in our culture. Of *Monday Morning*, a picture owned by Mrs. John Hay Whitney, which consists of, left to right, a cellar door, above it a shutter in need of repair, a washbasket leaning against a corner of his house, and a drainspout, he wrote, "My wife had placed her clothes basket up against the house to dry in the sun. Somehow it was forgotten. The next morning I looked out to find a soft snow had fallen during the night and some of it had blown into the basket."

A Completely Natural Talent

Of *Karl*, a portrait of his friend Karl Kuerner, now owned by Mrs. John D. Rockefeller III, Wyeth said, "Karl is my good friend and neighbor in Pennsylvania. Often when I'm over the hills painting, I stop in for a glass of his excellent cider. His farm is a model of efficiency and good farming."

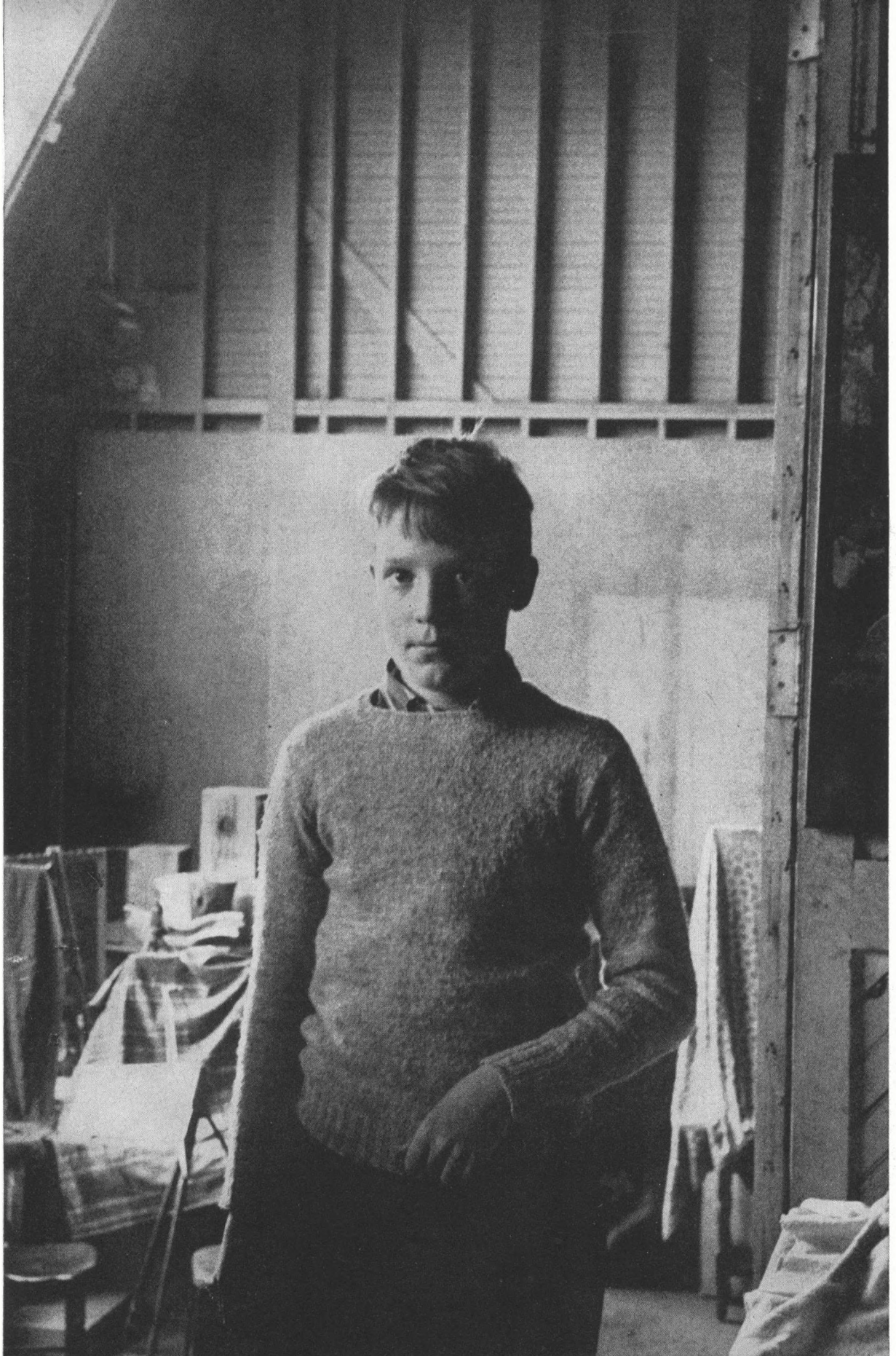
Such simplicity is as natural to Wyeth as his talent, which is completely natural. He had absolutely no formal education

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WYETH AND A GOOD FRIEND. Dr. Sanders, an anesthetist of Wilmington, Delaware, discuss some sketches which the artist has made for a new picture. The doctor turned to painting because he was so moved by Wyeth's work.

JAMIE WYETH, aged twelve, in his father's studio. The boy already shows marked ability, and Wyeth is trying, in his own words, "to encourage him and still to let him go his own way. He must find out for himself if it is what he wants to do. All I can teach him is self-reliance and respect for his craft."



Andrew Wyeth (continued)

in art. He was born on July 12, 1917, youngest of five children of Newell Convers Wyeth and Carolyn Brenneman Bockius Wyeth. The father came from Massachusetts, the mother from the Pennsylvania Dutch country.

Son of a Famous Illustrator

At nineteen, N. C. Wyeth determined to study with the great writer-illustrator Howard Pyle, who had a summer studio at Chadds Ford. "He took the train from Boston to Wilmington, and walked the eleven miles out to Pyle's studio," Andrew Wyeth says. The countryside captivated the elder Wyeth, and he settled down to become as famous an illustrator as his mentor. He built a house on a hill overlooking the hamlet, and in it he and his wife raised their

children: Henriette, now the wife of Peter Hurd, the painter (and one in her own right); Carolyn, also a painter, who conducts classes in her father's old studio; Nathaniel, an industrial engineer; Ann, who studied music and later married painter John McCoy; and Andrew.

Andrew was never very well as a little boy. He had a severe case of whooping cough which affected his lungs, and he was afflicted with a sinus condition. He started school in the first grade, but after a few months he was taken out of school and tutored—and that, plus another abortive start in school in his teens, was the sum of his school experience. "Because I was sick so much of the time, I was a lonely child," he says. He spent as much time as possible outdoors, encouraged by his parents, who felt that long walks

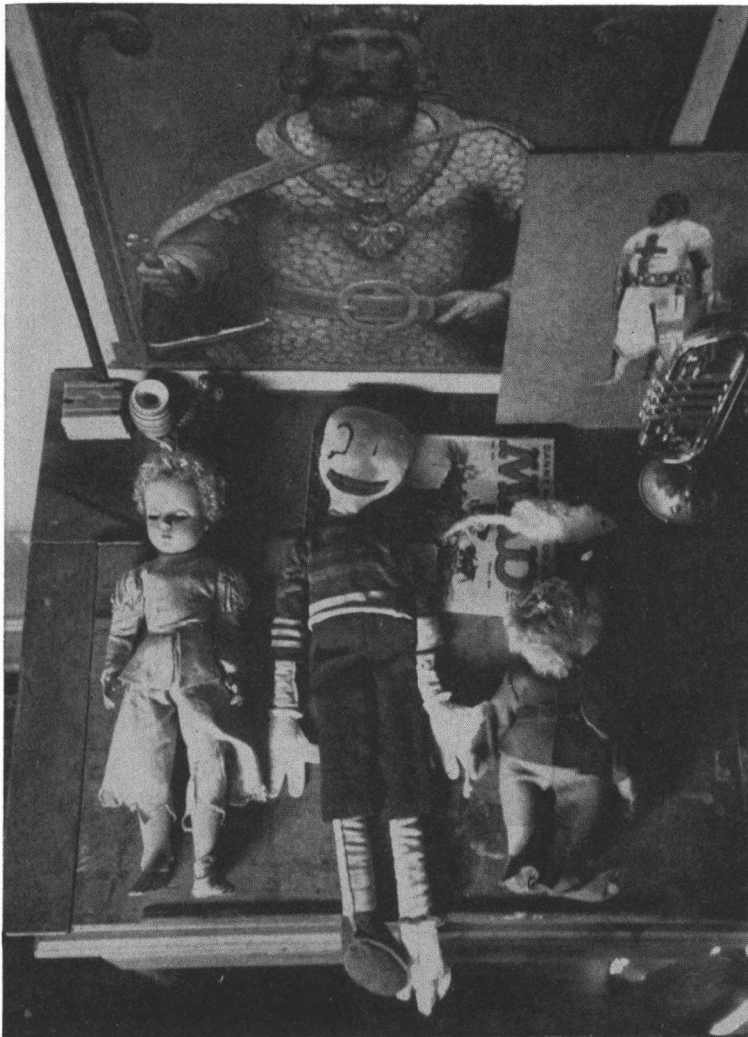
and immersion in the elements would strengthen his lungs.

The walks also strengthened his interest in the countryside and the people, animals, and birds who lived in it. "Andrew was a very wholesome child," says his mother, who still lives in the family house. And he was an imaginative one. His father did many illustrations for books about King Arthur's court, and once, when Andrew was recovering from a long illness, he constructed a huge medieval castle which the boy populated with a collection of lead soldiers. The soldiers now occupy several shelves in the Wyeth living room; the castle has been given to Jamie. Andrew's younger son, and is in his room. Andrew also spent much time studying local history, reading books on the American Revolution, and talking with Christian Sanderson, a well-known historian of the vicinity. With Sanderson's help he drew a map of the Chadds Ford area, sketching in all the important historical sites and landmarks. To travel around with Wyeth is to assimilate a short course in local lore; he loves to point out such structures as the Birmingham Friends meeting house where Washington's wounded were taken after the Battle of the Brandywine, and the grist mill where a Tory put ground glass in flour and sold it to the Colonial troops. Wyeth recently bought this mill and is gradually converting it into a residence. Old documents say that the British dumped a brass cannon in the millrace. "I can't wait to dredge it and see if we can find it," Wyeth says.

In addition to staging battles with his lead soldiers in and around the toy castle, Wyeth also constructed a toy theatre and put on shows to pass the time. "When my father saw that I had marked ability, he took me into his studio."

His Training: "How to See"

N. C. made no attempt to impose his own ideas upon his boy. He drilled him in fundamentals. "My father was not concerned with formal training," Andrew recalls. "He often said that no good painter ever went to college. But he wanted me to see clearly. He taught me anatomy, made me draw from casts, brought in nude models—did everything in his power to help me to see." Wyeth was a prodigy, but a carefully regulated one. The father did not want to let him get a sense of easiness with his work. The lessons were well-taught; Wyeth today is arrestingly humble, as though the critical spirit of his father still lives inside him. "Each painting gets harder and harder," he says. Sometimes his inability to set down what he sees in his mind's eye enrages him. He has been known to pick up a painting that is exasperating him and hurl it through the



ANTIQUE DOLLS rest on Jamie's desk before his grandfather's original painting of King Arthur. At right is Jamie's version of the same subject.

window. And then he has been known to pick up the broken glass, and the painting, and take it back to begin again.

Young Andrew's first professional job was executed when he was twelve. It was an illustration for one volume of a new edition of the works of Howard Pyle. At fifteen he illustrated a book by Robb White, and that same year he had a water color in a show in Wilmington. The family always had spent the summers at Port Clyde, Maine, and Andrew used most of his time there working in water color. His father, whose respect for his son's talent was growing with each year, presently suggested to the late William Macbeth, who operated a gallery in New York, that he felt that Andrew was ready to show. He did not tell Andrew that he had approached the dealer; he did not want him to feel that the way had been smoothed for him.

The First Show a Sellout

Andrew gathered up a portfolio of his water colors and went to New York. Somewhat to his relief, for he was a shy boy, Macbeth was not in when he called. He left the paintings and returned to Chadds Ford, glad that he had not had to hear the man tell him personally that they were not good enough. A week later, to his genuine surprise, a letter came. Macbeth said that he would be very glad to show the boy's work "in about a year." The first show was held in October, 1937.

Most of the pictures—all water colors—were land- and seascapes Andrew had done around Port Clyde. They were semi-abstract pictures, deftly executed. A sellout show is always unusual in the art world; in the case of a first show, it is phenomenal. Wyeth's first was sold out within a week. Since then he has never had a show that was not a sellout, provided the pictures were offered for sale. He paints so few—no more than four temperas or panels a year—that when Wyeth's present dealers, Knoedler's, put together an exhibition last October, they had to borrow paintings from collectors and museums. The October show brought Wyeth his highest prices to date. Water colors were sold for up to \$3,800; one egg-tempera painting brought \$35,000. All the paintings were sold on the first day, and between October 27 and November 22 a large number of people left their names at Knoedler's with the feverish request that they be notified the instant a new Wyeth became available. Ever since the first show, Wyeth's dealers have found that there is considerable profit in buying back Wyeths and reselling them, even if it is necessary to pay three times the original purchase price to get them back. As Hugh Stix, of The Artists' Gallery, contends, "The name-game in American art always has been

(continued)



"THIS IS THE PLACE," says the sign, "where Washington and Lafayette had a very close shave." N. C. Wyeth did the lettering.



MEDITATING upon a painting, Andrew Wyeth walks the hills around Chadds Ford. This is the site of the famous Battle of the Brandywine.

"Why should I go to Europe?" asks Andrew Wyeth, the foremost American Realist. "It would take me ten lifetimes to see everything I want to see outside my doorstep."

over-exploited," and there is no question that many collectors buy Wyeths simply because they are Wyeths, but the fact remains that his pictures have a curiously touching effect upon people who look at them carefully. They are paintings with which one can live for a long time; there is texture in the conception as well as the execution. A newsmagazine reporter, who with typical newsmagazine cynicism could not help remarking that Wyeth is a "limited" painter, also felt obliged to state that the visitors at the October show would start by simply admiring and then, after a time, "fall silent and look inward, storing his pictures in their minds."

Not Just for Intellectuals

That the work strikes deep, responsive chords in people is proved by the letters Wyeth receives. "They don't write and say that they like the way I adjust the colors, or talk about my composition . . . they go back into their own experiences. They say things like, 'The painting with the lace curtains blowing in the wind from the sea reminds me of a time when I was small and sick in bed, and that was the way the window-curtains looked then.' Or a painting of a woman sitting in the doorway of a farmhouse will make someone write, 'I remember my mother used to sit in that same position.' My work seems to remind so many people of their childhoods." As he says this his head suddenly jerks back and he gives a short, high laugh. "I think it bothers the intellectuals that others understand my work."

Not long ago Wyeth received a letter written "in a strange handwriting, obviously the work of a foreigner who had recently learned the language. It said that the writer had seen his work and had been saving his money to buy a picture. He had amassed eighty dollars. While Wyeth was trying to decide if the letter was not just a hoax to get a painting at a price far below the going rate, another letter arrived. Eighty worn dollar bills dropped out. Wyeth selected a small sketch he had made as a study, packed it carefully, and sent it to his correspondent, returning the eighty dollars. He later got a letter in which the writer said he had taken the money and given it to a needy family in his neighborhood.

Characteristically, Wyeth was let down by the amazing success of his first show.

"Don't forget, Andrew," Macbeth had said to him, "it was partly your famous father's name that caused people to even pay attention to your work." The remark was unnecessary; Wyeth himself had felt that it all had been too easy, that his work was "too clever." He returned to Chadds Ford and began to draw even more than he had before. Around that time his brother-in-law, Peter Hurd, got him interested in using egg tempera, the medium of Botticelli and other Italian masters. It became Andrew's method almost at once; he has never worked in oils. "It is the dry pigments from the earth, mixed with distilled water and egg yolk—and I love the quality of dryness it has . . . it's very expressive of the dryness in the frozen earth around here. Or look at a wasp's nest: it's the same thing, that dried, golden texture . . . somehow *beaten*. I'm not interested in rich, warm colors. I want something that expresses the country, and because of the country, this medium became interesting to me."

The year after he had his first show, Andrew met Betsy James, of East Aurora, New York, while summering with his family in Maine. They were married in May, 1940. Because Andrew has never worked at anything but his painting, many of his neighbors are under the impression that his wife is an heiress, which she is not. The Wyeths are comfortable but by no means rich; even though his paintings command high prices, Knoedler's takes a third as commission (and Macbeth, when he was alive, took 50 per cent).

If Andrew were so inclined, he could be very rich. He has turned down commissions by the score; he has rejected offers to do advertising campaigns that would net him as much as \$50,000. "Please don't tell me what it is," he will say when someone calls to offer him a job, "because if you do I may want to do it, and I *can't*."

Art and Wealth Don't Mix

One afternoon, not long ago, an advertising agency executive called and asked if he might discuss the possibility of reproducing a Wyeth painting in a campaign he was planning. Wyeth gave his standard answer, politely as usual, and hung up. An hour later the president of the agency called to give him the hard sell. He said that he was one of the

foremost admirers of Wyeth's work. During the October show he had gone to Knoedler's and spent four enraptured hours. While there he had conceived the idea of using a painting in what was to be one of the agency's biggest campaigns of all time. He was prepared to pay a high price for the privilege. There was just one little thing, he said. Another noted artist had given permission for a painting of his to be used in another campaign, and had obligingly painted a bottle of whiskey in the foreground. Did Mr. Wyeth suppose he might so paint in a whiskey bottle? Again, Wyeth thanked the man politely and declined.

"I don't turn these things down because I'm 'a sensitive painter.'" Wyeth said not long ago. "I don't even consider myself 'a painter.' All I'm interested in is putting down the things that are meaningful to me . . . trying to catch some of the bigness and power of this country as they are reflected in details. I think the slighter the subject, the greater a reflection it can be. Take a burr on a coat—how can you say that a painting of, say, the Battle of Trafalgar is *greater* than that? I think the period of epic painting is over. I suppose that isn't a painter's approach, but as far as 'art' is concerned, the hell with that. What I'm trying to do is get a really clear look at the things that mean a good deal . . ."

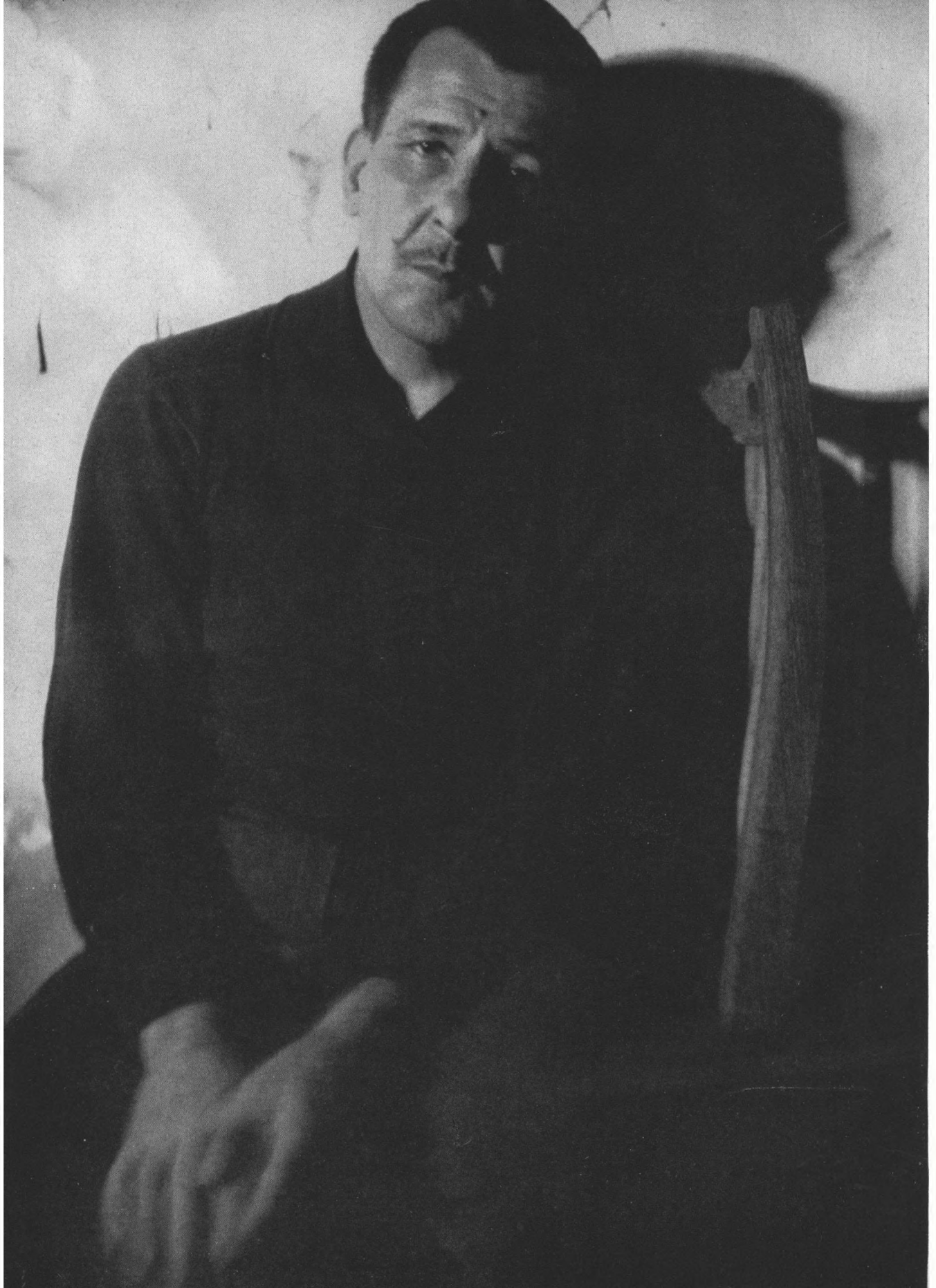
The Goal Moves On Before Him

His wife later observed, "That's more than he's said about his work for a long, long time. Over the years he's painted less and less—and he's said less and less about it." Wyeth even hesitates to talk about art to his two sons, Jamie, twelve, and Nicholas, fifteen. The latter has said that he wishes to get away from art, but Jamie already has shown marked ability. He has assimilated some of his father's modesty, too. When Wyeth framed one of his water colors, he said, as though embarrassed, "Gee, Dad, why did you have to go and do that?" Wyeth himself has resolved to keep out of his son's development as much as he can; he believes it would be dangerous to encourage him too strongly. "If he keeps on, he could very well amount to something," he says. And then, a typical Andrew Wyeth statement: "He could be important. . . . Who knows? Maybe I'll go down as Jamie Wyeth's father." THE END



WYETH, HIS WIFE BETSY, AND JAMIE, the second of two sons (Nicholas is away at school), walk through the fields outside their home. The poodle, Pinkerton, follows Wyeth everywhere—hence the name. This is an unusual scene, for Wyeth usually goes on walks by himself. His wife notes that, during the past ten years, he has become more and more withdrawn. He says that is because the problems of his work have become more absorbing. The little social life the Wyeths have is confined mostly to people in the neighborhood, many of whom have appeared in Wyeth paintings.

Sometimes, at a party, Betsy will find her husband off by himself, meditating. Most of Wyeth's friends give him the run of their houses, which have been standing for two centuries or more. He finds a reaffirmation of the spirit of life and continuing existence in these old buildings and landmarks. In an effort to get even closer to the spirit of the country, Wyeth and his wife are now restoring an old mill which stands near their house in Chadds Ford. He is supervising the work, but says, "I'm a terrible boss—I can't actually be a boss, because I have known these local artisans all my life."



An Important Abstractionist

Franz Kline's stark, violent paintings sell as fast as he can produce them, and many say he has, singlehanded, cracked French art's monopoly on the international market. Here in his own words is what he is trying to say with his brush

BY SELDEN RODMAN From his book, *Conversations with Artists*, published by Dutton-Adair

The abstract expressionists have a meeting place where they get together for discussions. It is called, simply, The Club. But recently, one of the members told me, "some of us tried to organize it, give it a regular home, weekly nights, dues, etc. The result is that nobody goes any more." The unofficial and still popular rendezvous of the artists is the Cedar Bar. It is a nondescript tavern with tables in back and nothing to distinguish it from hundreds of others like it except that facing the bar, between two conventional prints, hangs a small, unframed, unobtrusive canvas containing several slashes of green and gray paint. The artist, a young painter named Charles Brady, has not signed the picture, but under it some irreverent patron has scrawled on the wall with a pencil: "Horace Horsecollar watching the Mating Penguins."

I met Franz Kline at the Cedar Bar for lunch about a month after the party we had attended. I asked him whether he had been approached by the management to contribute a mural.

"There was talk of our doing murals once," he said, "but the idea was fantastic. People would come up to you while you were eating a hamburger and say, 'You do that? What does it mean?' We come here to get away from all that. As long as it's the kind of nondescript place it is, we'll keep coming."

Kline is forty-eight, of medium height, and stocky. He has a trim black mous-

tache and black hair, crew-cut. He is friendly, relaxed, sure of himself without being intolerant in his view of other ways of painting.

"People have the crazy idea that an abstract painter doesn't like realism," he said. "I like Hyman Bloom's work and, going back further, Ryder's, and even Eakins's. But the thing is that painters like Daumier and Ryder don't ever really paint things the way they look. Nobody can ever look at a boat by Ryder—like a hunk of black tar—and say to me that a boat ever looked like that! Or one of Daumier's faces, composed of slabs of paint, deliberately crude! The final test of painting, theirs, mine, any other, is: does the painter's emotion come across?" He scoffed at Aline Saarinen's theory, expressed in her appreciation of Steichen's "Family of Man" photograph show, that photography might have replaced painting as the great visual art form of our age, and that perhaps painters "should now be reinforced in their conviction that they have no responsibility toward depicting the outward appearance of the world or even finding 'the hidden significance in a given text.'"

On Representational Images

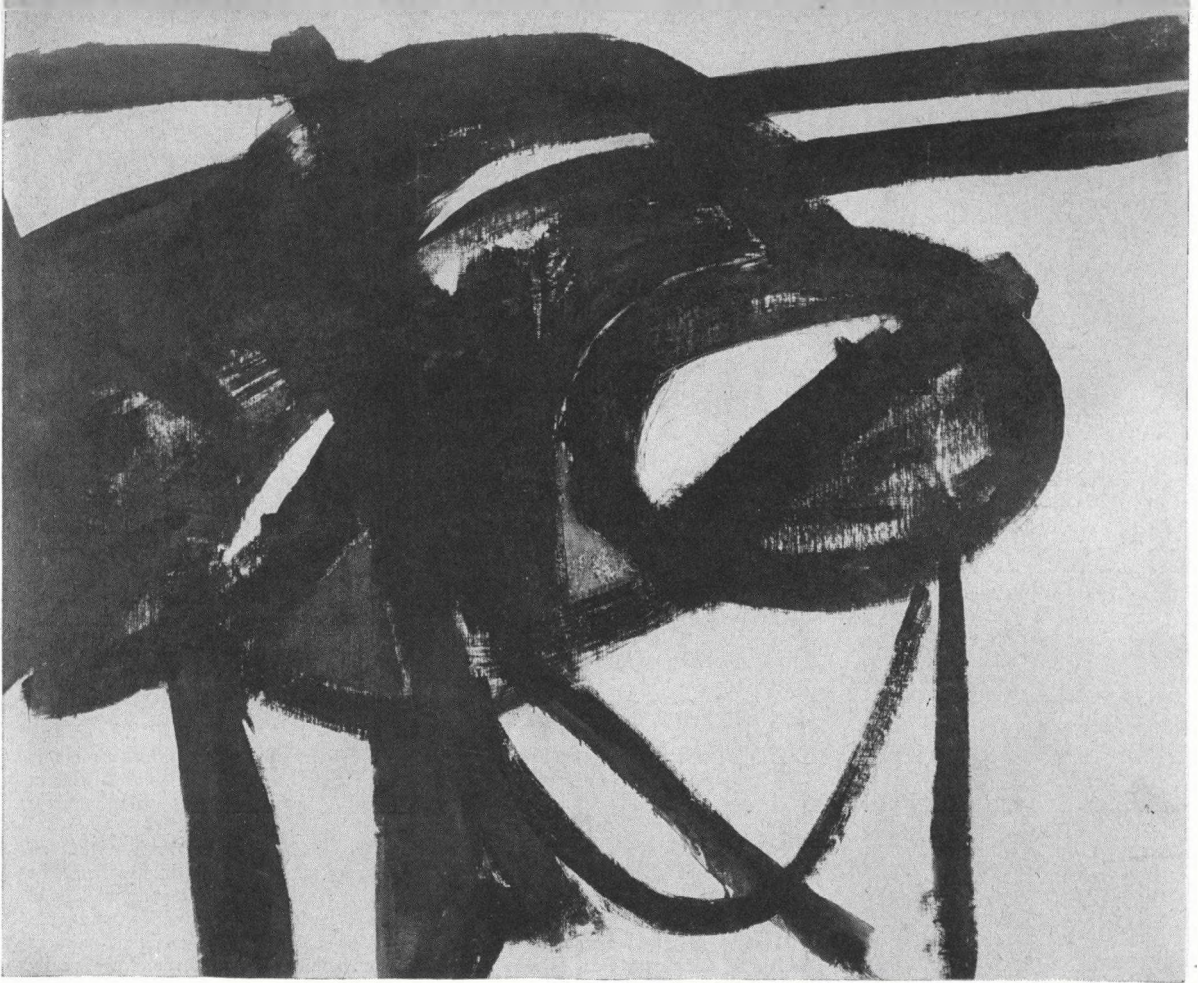
"I think it's wonderful," Kline said, "that an artist like Jack Levine can go on concerning himself with representational images and illustrative texts. If he can make great emotional impact, *painting*, out of that approach, more power to him. I happen to admire the work of Evergood and Tamayo, too."

Kline was born in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania. His father, who was of German ancestry, was in the real-estate business; he collected water colors and odd carv-

KLINE. at forty-eight, drives a Ford Thunderbird, spends the summers at a fashionable resort and winters in his cluttered studio in lower Manhattan.

Hans Namuth

(continued)



CHIEF, in Museum of Modern Art collection, is one of few Kline paintings based on reality, in this case a steer. Abstract expressionist school of painters, to which he be-

longs, emphasizes primitive American sources of inspiration—Indians, native animals. Kline paints only in black and white, attempts to introduce color have been unsuccessful.

ings; he died when Franz was four. His mother was born in Cornwall, England, of French-Spanish background. One parent was Episcopalian, the other Catholic. Franz had two brothers and a sister. He went to Boston University "with the ill-conceived notion of getting a college education and painting in my spare time." He left after two years. He spent several years in London before the war, living on a \$12-a-week allowance, eking it out with a little portrait painting and barroom decoration. In 1946 he painted a picture of a door, very simply, the accents coming entirely from the black line of the crack around it and two black bolt housings. It has the look of his now-familiar black-on-white abstractions, but without the dynamism. In the latter, the heavy black lines (always bearing the mark of the broad brush, with its exterior hair marks and occasional drippings of paint) cross each other in such a way as to suggest, but only faintly suggest, a head, a face, a hand, buildings, bridges, overpowering machines, and so on. An enthusiastic writer in one of the little

magazines, introducing a series of photographs of Kline's paintings, wrote, "No man can point at a painting and say it's nothing; he'll be lucky if it doesn't come down off the wall and club him to death for such an impertinence." And in Kline's case the metaphor is apt. The images he creates are sometimes frightening, sometimes awe-inspiring, always disturbing.

"Dali once told me my work was related to John of the Cross, whom he called 'the poet of the night.' Not having read him, I wouldn't know."

Stripped for "Action Painting"

We took a crosstown bus to Kline's studio apartment, which is at the top of a three-story house facing a big playground on Avenue B [Manhattan]. It is a typical abstract expressionist's apartment, except for a roof porch in front of the street-front room which gives the studio an exceptional amount of light. A few cheap tables and work benches; a chaotic bedroom; paint spattered on the floor; old magazines and paperbacks in a pile; not a picture of any description

on the walls. (I finally found an old Kline behind a desk and hung it behind him for a photograph.) The flat is stripped for action—which doubtless is as it should be, since "action painting" is the objective. A single large white canvas standing against the wall had a couple of swatches of black paint on it, against both of which sheets of yellowing newspaper had been stuck—"to make the paint dry quickly," Kline explained.

I asked him to describe, if he could, what distinguished the procedures of his kind of painting from that of artists in the past.

"Procedure is the key word," he said. "The difference is that we don't begin with a definite sense of procedure. It's free association from the start to the finished state. The old idea was to make use of your talent. This, we feel, is often to take the line of least resistance. Even a painter like Larry Rivers uses his creative gift in the old way—which is okay; I'm not criticizing him or saying that for him it may not be the right way—but painters like Rothko, Pollock, Still, per-

An Important Abstractionist (continued)

haps in reaction to the tendency to *analyze* which has dominated painting from Seurat to Albers, *associate*, with very little analysis. A new form of expressionism inevitably followed. With de Kooning, the procedure is continual change, and the immediacy of the change. With Pollock, it's the confidence you feel from the concentration of his energy in a given picture."

"And you?"

He held up his hand. "Let me make one further point. If Picasso had spent his whole life making drawings and portraits capable of standing up beside Ingres's—which he amply demonstrated that he could do—he'd have ended up another Augustus John, a man who did no more than follow the bent of his talent, and not Picasso."

"So, to come back," I said, "it's the lack of procedure—"

"And the surprise element which that

entails. But, as I said earlier, the emotion must be there. If I feel a painting I'm working on doesn't have imagery or emotion, I paint it out and work over it until it does."

"Then you organize, at least to that extent," I said, referring to Mathieu's remark to Tobey, which I had already related to him.

"Of course. And so does Mathieu. To think of ways of *disorganizing* can be a form of organization, you know. The thing is that a person who wants to *explore* painting naturally reflects: 'How can I in my work be most expressive?' Then the forms develop."

The Art World Takes Note

Kline's work caught on with the art world in 1950, following his first show of abstractions. It hasn't changed greatly since, and the few pictures in which he has tried to vary the black-white pattern

with color have not been successful. "Most of my life I've had no money and managed to get along," he says. "Right now I sell a few pictures. Nothing changes. I don't count on it lasting." When Noguchi took photographs of his work to Japan in 1951, their kinship with Oriental calligraphic art was instantly recognized. Sabro Hasagawa sought him out on a visit to this country several years later, and this led to some talk of Kline's being influenced by Eastern mudes, but without foundation. "Everybody likes calligraphy," he says. "You don't have to be an artist to like it, or go to Japan. Mine came out of drawing, and light. When I look out the window—I've always lived in the city—I don't see trees in bloom or mountain laurel. What I do see—or rather, not what I see but the feelings aroused in me by that looking—is what I paint."

THE END

MAHONING, an abstract painting almost seven feet square, is named for a town in Pennsylvania which Kline associated with emotion he felt while working on it.

It is an example of "action painting," a term coined by abstract expressionists to describe the projection of muscular and psychological tension in the moment of creation.

Courtesy Museum of Modern Art



Test Your Art Talent

In the last decade three million amateur painters—housewives, politicians, businessmen and children—have taken to oils and easels. What do they get out of it? Are they geniuses or just neurotics? Is there money in it? Can you do it too? Here are the answers

BY EUGENE D. FLEMING

If you reacted to the title of this article with an all-too-typical "But I know I have no talent!" then you are, says Albert Dorne (the self-taught top-flight professional artist who heads the Famous Artists Schools), another victim of the myth that only a select few have been divinely endowed with creative gifts. "The fact is," adds Dorne, who has successfully given artistic training to over sixty thousand people via the mails, "everyone has talent. In some," he points out, "it lies dormant. In others, it is nourished and allowed to bloom. The only essential," he declares, "is a genuine desire to express yourself."

This statement is proved by the fact that there are, according to the conservative estimate of a leading art magazine, three million leisure-time painters in this country. All of them took to easel and palette primarily to indulge a basic human need that is not easily satisfied in this age of mass-production: the sheer, incomparable joy of self-expression.

What manner of creature are these part-time painters? Recluses, arty garret-dwellers, misguided souls with secret delusions of grandeur, or unsung geniuses? Hardly. It would be no exaggeration to say they are no different from the people next door, and that applies no matter where you live. They come from every profession and every group in society, from the laboring to the leisure class.

To name but a couple of examples: the lawyers of the New York City Bar Association, which holds annual exhibits in both photography and art, and the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, which has organized a painters' club. Any number of industrial giants—Westinghouse, United States Steel, Jones and Laughlin

—have held employee art exhibitions. The American Physicians Art Association has some four thousand members, and its membership is said to embrace only a small percentage of the doctors who paint.

Charles Wilson, gruff, outspoken former Secretary of Defense, is a painter; so is hard-driving businessman C. R. Smith, president of American Airlines; many famous entertainers paint in their off-hours—Red Skelton depicts nothing but clowns. Charlton Heston specializes in Shakespearean subjects, Claudette Colbert is a highly skilled portraitist; office girls, bookkeepers, Wall Street brokers paint; even prisoners (forget about people next door in this instance) paint, favoring, oddly enough, religious scenes; and thousands of elderly people, inspired no doubt by Grandma Moses, have had their twilight years revitalized by reliving the scenes of their younger days with brush and easel.

The Part-Time Artist

Now, before we start determining the what and wherefore of your own talent, let's take time to dispel, once and for all, any lingering false notions about artists by becoming more closely acquainted with a representative of that largest single category of "non-professional" artist, the housewife. Mrs. Norman Liman, thirty-eight-year-old mother of two grade-schoolers from Hartsdale, New York, had, characteristically, little interest in art before she took up painting. With her husband, a packaging executive, she had on numerous occasions visited museums and galleries, but she had remained, on the whole, "singularly unimpressed." Then, one weekend, they attended an

amateur art exhibition, and when she saw what relatively untrained painters could accomplish, she was tempted to give it a try. She enrolled in an elementary painting course at New York University, and after discovering it was "fun," took another course at the Museum of Modern Art. "When I found out I could do creditable work," she says, "it felt good. It gave me a feeling of accomplishment, of doing something creative, even though, at that time, I had few of the classical skills." Since then Mrs. Liman has painted hundreds of pictures. She paints an hour or two a day, in the kitchen, "whenever I get the chance," which means in between running a six-room house with no outside help, taking care of two dogs and two lively children, aged eight and eleven, and actively participating in a Spartan round of community activities which range from working on Girl Scout committees to teaching Sunday school. "Being a housewife," she says, "can be a frustrating task. You do the same things over and over, and no matter what you do, it gets undone. The delicious supper is eaten, the flower arrangements and cleaning get messed. When you paint, you create something you hope is beautiful and enriching. Equally important, it is something permanent. You're a whole person when you paint."

Should the skeptical feel compelled to ask: How "gifted" are Mrs. Liman and the millions of other non-professional painters? we reply: Who knows? More to the point, however, so far as the amateur painters are concerned, is: Who cares? Considerations of fame and money, if they exist at all, are the remotest of the factors that lead amateurs to

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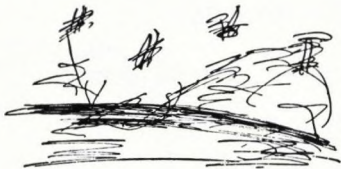

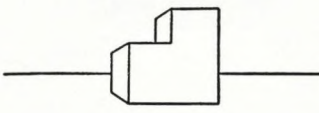


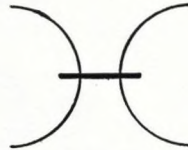




PAINTING COURSES FOR CHILDREN are offered by more and more museums. Museum of Modern Art in New York has enrollment of 750, ranging in age from three

to eighteen. Painter Arnold Blanch has said: "The child experiences little difficulty in acting on a desire to paint. He possesses the freedom which is every artist's goal."

Test Your Creativity

Pick the four drawings that appeal to you most.
Then read the statement below drawings.

 <p>1</p>	 <p>2</p>
 <p>3</p>	 <p>4</p>
 <p>5</p>	 <p>6</p>
 <p>7</p>	 <p>8</p>

If you chose the four complex drawings (1, 4, 5, 8) you have scored 100 and have a high degree of creativity. If you chose three out of four, you can still consider yourself in the creative group; two, creative to a lesser degree; less than two, your creativity is in question. This test is only indication, of course. To completely test creativity requires batteries of similar tests. When given simple figures to elaborate, creative individuals usually produce more complex, often chaotic drawings. The Institute of Personality Assessment at the University of California has developed many tests such as this to study creativity.

take up painting. Wilfred P. Cohen, for example, a highly successful men's clothing manufacturer who took up painting for fun twenty years ago, has sold thousands of dollars' worth of his canvases. But the money, which he puts into a scholarship fund for painters, is valued by Mr. Cohen merely as a symbol of recognition "for something I created myself, personally."

For Mr. Cohen and all spare-time painters, the word "amateur," which derives from a Latin root meaning "love," retains that original meaning with full force. The deeply personal reward that keeps so many of them painting week after week without recognition is the profound satisfaction they reap from reproducing on canvas their impressions of the world they live in, as seen through the prisms of their distinct personalities. As Albert Dorne says, "Everyone has something uniquely his own to say in a painting." And skilled amateur Mary Gill, a Brooklyn, New York, home economist, sums it up when she says: "Yes, I'd keep painting even if no one ever saw the results."

Still, while quite willing to believe that painting does offer these immeasurable satisfactions, many people are nevertheless unwilling to try it because of the common misconception that if they had any talent it would have expressed itself long ago in a natural inclination to draw or sketch. Not so, says Victor D'Amico, Director of the People's Art Center of New York's Museum of Modern Art. "It is entirely conceivable that a person may have artistic talent but yet may never have taken up painting. There is no one who can't learn to paint, at least as a competent amateur—if he wants to."

Old-School Art Instruction

The misconception that talent will automatically lead the hand of its possessor to brush and easel is most often the result of a misleading early contact with art in primary and secondary schools. Probably, art instruction in your school was regarded by pupils and teachers alike as the least important part of the curriculum, a stilted, tedious instruction which provided little more than a lull in the classroom routine, along with a chance to prove to yourself that you couldn't draw a straight line (nobody can). Skills were taught bit by bit, with those considered more difficult reserved for higher grades. There was little chance for self-expression. Fortunately, in today's more progressive public and private schools, a completely new philosophy of art education has been introduced. Children are now allowed to express themselves first, and to learn the techniques gradually, as they need them to facilitate and refine their maturing expression.

Actually, art teachers agree that technique, for amateurs of all ages, is less important initially than the will to communicate inner feelings and experiences. Regrettably, few people realize this. When they get a desire to draw, they try to copy something, struggling pitifully to reproduce every detail. If they have any talent at all, they fail miserably. For, as Dean Dana P. Vaughan of Manhattan's celebrated Cooper Union Art School has said, "A moron can make a better copy than a creative person. It's comparable to attempting to demonstrate a talent for writing poetry by copying someone else's poem."

Talent, Dean Vaughan believes, is extremely difficult to identify, because "there is no distinct right and wrong in art." He defines talent as "a sensitivity toward, a feeling for, aesthetic design and aesthetic arrangements." This, he explains, is what every woman manifests when she frosts a cake, sets a table, selects and arranges her furniture, or

decorates her living room; or what a man shows in selecting which tie to wear with a specific suit and shirt. "People exercise aesthetic talent every day of their lives," he says.

Can Talent Be Measured?

Significantly, at another respected Manhattan art school, The Art Students League, there are no entrance requirements because the school authorities, in keeping with the temper of the times in art, don't feel that rigid definitions of talent can be set. But at Cooper Union, which is wholly a scholarship school, an attempt is made to single out the ninety most promising or "talented" students from the five hundred day-school applicants each year. Yet, even with twenty years of experience at the job, Walter S. Watson, psychologist, Director of Admissions and Registrar, admits he has not evolved any hard-and-fast rules for assessing talent. Much of the final judgment rests in the intuitive evaluation, by a

panel of professional artists, of the test designs which applicants submit.

Nevertheless, Professor Watson, from his extensive psychological probing of applicants, has come to some very sound and interesting conclusions that throw considerable light on the nature of talent and what makes talented people tick.

"First of all," he says, "it's the method of combining elements that counts. Every writer has to learn the rules of grammar, and how to transcribe words, but after that, it's completely up to him to create something original. Technique, basic skills, can easily be taught. Originality can never be taught. When you start to create, you're on your own. That's what we look for in the design tests of the applicants—originality: the putting-together of elements in a way which only the applicants could conceive. In a sense, that's the personal value of art: to have joy in creating the looks of something in a way nobody else sees but you."

Deep in all creative persons, Watson

(continued)

Walker Art Center

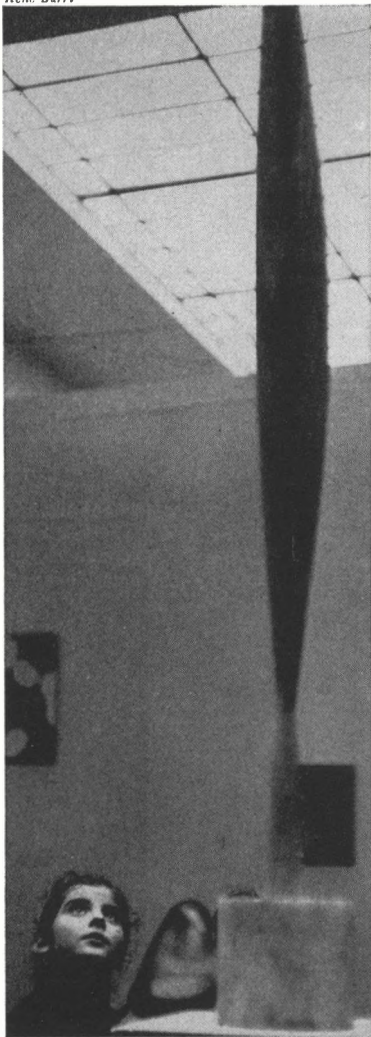


MOTHER AND DAUGHTER prepare for some sand sculpture at child-parent art workshop, run by Walker Art

Center of Minneapolis. Walker recently launched beginners' painting class for teenagers, has a waiting list for course.

Test Your Art Talent (continued)

Henri Burri



AMERICAN TASTE in art has risen. In 1955, critics and public at the Carnegie International Exhibition agreed on first-prize painting by Norman Lewis. Above, Museum of Modern Art patron views abstract Brancusi work.

believes, is a "desire to change the basic shape of things" because of a "divine discontent," a powerful dissatisfaction with their personal lives which extends eventually to the world about them. Equally important, the dissatisfaction creates a willingness to try to change the shape of things, at least in the world of the imagination.

Professor Watson likens this discontent to rainfall and its effect on plant growth. "Below a certain level of rainfall nothing grows," he says. "Then, up to a point on an ascending curve, the greater the rainfall, the greater the growth." In

other words, the discontent, if too powerful or uncontrolled, can result in anti-social actions, an attempt to change the real world. But a certain discontent, obviously, is inherent in the urge to create.

Consequently, creative persons are more apt to exercise independence of judgment, even in the face of a majority opinion, because they have a strong sustaining faith in themselves. They also show a preference for, and an inclination to construct, that which is not too simply ordered, while at the same time they seem to have a strong need to achieve the most difficult and far-reaching ordering.

The Artist as a Rebel

It's understandable that, in our society, a person possessing in full measure such traits as unshakable independence and aggressive discontent would naturally gravitate toward a creative profession. It is nevertheless extremely possible and, in fact, most likely, that many people in non-creative jobs have these same drives, in lesser or equal degree, but in any event all bottled up inside them with no means of release. Who hasn't, at some time, felt like telling everybody to go to the devil? Who hasn't wished he could change some aspects of his personal life, if only in such minor detail as not having to get up on Monday morning? And who, in the final analysis, doesn't think he or she is unique?

"Everyone needs a private island once in a while," says Albert Dorne, "and painting provides this island. It is not so much a question of escaping from reality as it is one of discovering the real values that have been escaping you."

"Painting," states professional artist Arnold Blanch, "retains and enriches the finest part of us—our feelings and our appreciation. It is through the act of painting and the creating of something that has not existed before, that we can add new dimensions to our everyday life, and make visible our love for the world in which we live."

You can't just seize it, however, the way you might gulp a tranquilizer. "You must be conditioned emotionally," says Dean Vaughan, "... have a real feeling and interest in art. The inspiration to paint has to be from within, not from without. You shouldn't go at it directly. Go to galleries, not because you think you should, but with an open curiosity, and then don't think you have to do the kind of painting you see there. You might at first want to do something as simple as putting a splotch of red on a canvas, and you'd be justified in doing that. But the main thing is, when and if the desire to paint does arise, then paint."

Can you do it on your own? Thousands have, with a "how to" instruction book

and an initial investment of about fifteen dollars in art equipment. This is everything you'll need to start: oil paints in the three primary colors, red, yellow and blue, plus ivory black and white; five brushes—large flat bristle, medium flat bristle, medium flat sable, medium small flat sable, and small pointed sable; a sketch pad, drawing charcoal and carbon pencils; a few canvas panels, a pad of disposable palettes, a palette knife, linseed oil, turpentine, an oil cup, and a Mason jar. For an easel, a kitchen chair does fine.

Because most people have never worked with paints, they are usually amazed to discover the difference between trying to create a likeness with colored oils and sketching an object with an ordinary writing pencil. For one thing, you can quickly eradicate a mistake with the palette knife or, after the paint dries, paint over an error. But the main difference is, since you concentrate more on tones, colors, and shapes with paints rather than merely sketch the outline of an object as you do with a pencil, the object seems to emerge of itself on the canvas as you add a little bit of paint at a time.

The rules, if they can be called such, are: observe, analyze. Get all the professional help available. Then, paint. "Painting is really an education in seeing," says Lawrence Campbell, artist and lecturer on art at Brooklyn College. "Most people really don't see things as they are. The mind edits what the eye sees." The secret is to observe creatively, like a child. A child looks to discover, to know. A child looks at what an adult would call a "rough ocean" and exclaims, "Look, the waves are curly!" As we grow out of childhood, our senses become dulled by contact with so much that is familiar, and we develop a habit of seeing only a fraction of what goes on around us. We say, "What pretty scenery," lumping into one feeble expression what to a child might be a profound, wonder-filled experience. Learning to see is a good part of what Campbell means when he describes talent as an "acquired aptitude."

The Stare of a Blank Canvas

A blank canvas has stunned many a prospective painter, including that grand old man of amateur painters, Sir Winston Churchill, who describes his reactions to his first attempt at painting in a short book, *Painting as a Pastime*. "What a step to take!" he exclaims. "The palette gleamed with beads of color . . . the brush hung poised, heavy with destiny, irresolute in the air . . . Very gingerly, I mixed a little blue . . . and with infinite precaution made a mark about as big as a bean." Just at that moment, he was in-

errupted in the act by a friend, a professional painter, who asked for a brush, a big one. Churchill describes what happened. "Splash into the turpentine, wallop into the white and blue. . . . Then several large, fierce strokes on the absolutely cowering canvas. The spell was broken. The sickly inhibitions rolled away. I seized the largest brush and fell on my victim with berserk fury. I have never felt an awe of a canvas since."

"The greatest enemy of the beginner is frustration," says Professor D'Amico, and the best way to overcome this fright and frustration is to enroll in an art class. Most colleges now have art instruction, as do many local libraries and high schools, museums, galleries, art groups, and clubs. Or, you can form your own art group and hire a competent local artist for from fifteen to twenty dollars one night a week. "It's a great help,"

says Lawrence Campbell, "to find a sympathetic teacher to help you express yourself." Also, members of a group stimulate each other and generate an enthusiasm that helps to defeat the lack of confidence that plagues every beginner.

How to Begin Your Study

Where local art instruction is inadequate, or unavailable, or even when a person feels he or she would rather learn in private, a correspondence course is the answer. One of the best is the Famous Artists Schools in Westport, Connecticut. It offers a complete course of study comparable to that given in the best art classes. The course compensates for the lack of personal association with an instructor by having each student fill out a questionnaire which is so complete as to put those of government security agencies to shame. In this way, the in-

structors at Westport, all skilled professional artists, know each student as intimately as is possible without personal contact, and can criticize the work of each student as an individual. Moreover, students get more than lengthy written criticisms. Each painting, submitted periodically throughout the course, is meticulously redone by the instructor on an overlay so the student can see how he might have improved upon his picture.

But no matter how you go about it, painting—creating the looks of something according to your own design—is bound to be an immensely satisfying experience that will grow in depth and vigor with every disciplined effort. The only valid test of talent for a non-professional painter is, as Professor Watson says, "the degree of satisfaction you get from painting pictures of whatever kind."

THE END

Ed Sullivan



DORIS WHITE, of Wauwatosa, Wisconsin, student in the Fine Arts course of the Famous Artists School, shows faculty members Ernest Fiene and Dong Kingman one of her

pictures during show at Panorax Gallery, New York City. In four months Miss White earned \$750 on sales of her paintings. She began painting while in WACS during the war.

The Trials and Tribulations of a Portrait Painter

He may paint a king, princess, maharajah, or Hollywood celebrity, and whether he gets a thousand or fifteen thousand dollars for a portrait, he must face nerve-wracking oddities of sitters — and sometimes his own

BY E. M. D. WATSON

Princess Caroline crawled, cooing, across the drawing-room rug toward the stranger who had arrived at the royal palace in Monaco. Prince Rainier was making telephone calls. Princess Grace, wearing a white dress and blue sash, talked animatedly. The stranger, René Bouché, one of the great portrait painters of our day, took a deep breath and began to sketch.

For Bouché, the painter of the "big time" people of our day—Jean Cocteau, Truman Capote, Aldous Huxley, Mlle. Chanel, Gloria Vanderbilt Lumet, the Duchess of Windsor—the situation at Monaco was momentarily unsettling. Some portrait painters can chat with sitters while they work, but Bouché confesses that when he paints he clams up entirely. "I make faces and groan. Or I just grunt. But an artist has to be like a psychologist." So while Bouché worked, he managed to encourage Princess Grace to chat. The talk? Gossip.

The Artist Sees Within

For such psychologist-artists who paint the very rich, the royal, and the glamorous (and there is not one known portrait painter today who doesn't believe he's a psychologist, and a crafty one), coping with sitters is more bewildering than traffic on the Place de la Concorde.

René Bouché, an abstractionist who five years ago began to paint portraits, was born in Prague and educated in Austria, Germany, and France, has had his full share of headaches. Biggest, to Bouché, is making a sitter relax. The only really relaxed of Bouché's subjects was Frank Sinatra, "probably the least self-

conscious person I ever met." But with other sitters, things have been tough. Jackie Gleason, whom Bouché sketched for CBS, arrived at Bouché's Central Park South apartment in a determinedly cooperative mood—but also in a state of rigid self-consciousness. Gleason eventually solved the problem himself. He left,

Michael Murray

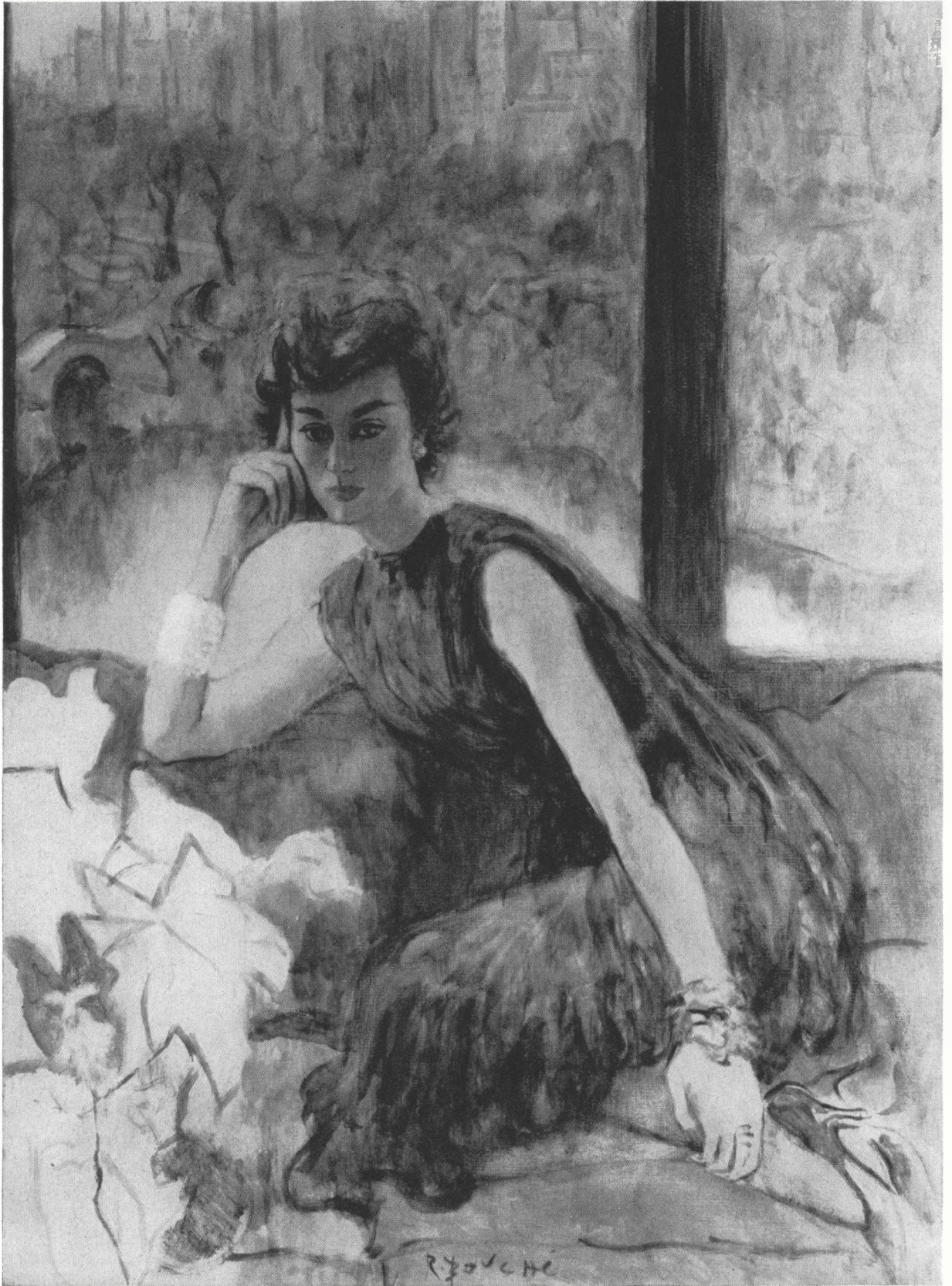
and sent his chauffeur back to Bouché with some films of himself. "I ran them off on the wall and got my impressions of him first," says Bouché. "Only then did Gleason come back and pose."

On the day Bouché was scheduled to do a sketch of the nervous Edward R. Murrow, he answered his doorbell and

(continued)



TONGUE-IN-CHEEK, René Bouché finishes oil painting of *Continental socialite*, Mrs. Stephen Gruff, in same pose, same clothes as Goya's *Clothed Duchess*, reputedly the *Duchess of Alba*. At right is Bouché's recently completed portrait of Mrs. Henry Fonda, granddaughter of Baron Franchetti. In the background is Central Park, seen from Bouché's New York City studio. A Bouché portrait costs from five thousand to eight thousand dollars. Drawings sell for around \$750.



For the popular American portrait painters: \$75,000 a year and since 1956 an overwhelming flood of commissions

found two workmen carrying Murrow's leather swivel office chair. Murrow followed, accompanied by CBS art director Bill Golden. Thus, Murrow was able to relax while sitting in his very own chair and smoking and chatting with someone he knew well.

The Murrow sketch and those which Bouché did of Danny Kaye, Ed Sullivan, Red Skelton, Gleason, and Jack Benny for TV are probably among Bouché's most familiar works. Of the Jack Benny sketch it has been said that even if the face were covered, the subject would still be identifiable. Bouché's pen-and-pencil sketches are done deftly and brilliantly, sometimes in only an hour, but for a sizable price. His oil paintings—he has done portraits of such persons as U. N. Ambassador and Mrs. Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., and Mrs. William Paley—take several sittings, though quick pencil drawings come first. The price is likely to be about five thousand dollars.

Music to Soothe

To conquer the problem of self-consciousness in a sitter, Bouché has begun playing music to soothe the savage, or at least pounding, breast. The first to arrive at Bouché's eleventh-floor studio after the artist hit on this solution was Aldous Huxley. Bouché set up his canvas for the full-length oil portrait of Huxley, while Huxley judiciously selected Mozart. The record-player started, and silent-worker Bouché found he had hit a bull's-eye—he didn't have to say a word, because Huxley, whom Bouché considers one of the greatest minds of our time, talked steadily and brilliantly. The next sitter was Noel Coward. The music worked fine with him, too: Coward kept up a witty monologue, and Bouché's ingenious sonic relaxer seemed to be sure-fire.

It wasn't. What makes one man relax makes another chew the rug. Some weeks later, Bernard Gimbel arrived at the studio to sit for an oil painting for his home. Bouché tried music, but the retail tycoon squirmed.

"He is a man who must be doing something all the time—he can't just sit," the anguished Bouché concluded. After some lip-gnawing, he went over to Sixth Avenue and bought a small television set. At the next sitting, he placed it on a table behind him. And while he painted, Mr. Gimbel happily watched TV. Most busi-

nessmen, Bouché has discovered, seem to prefer television to music.

Bouché, who spends four months of every year in Paris and on the Riviera, painting the great and the gifted, feels that a good portrait captures the quintessence of a personality. "You want the human impact—not just a likeness."

Beauty vs. Character

For this reason, Bouché painted the corpulent Christian Dior, two weeks before Dior's death, being served dinner by his butler ("Dior lived like a French king—eating"). On the Côte d'Azur he painted the Countess Crespi in tight Spanish trousers ("the casual elegance"). Not long ago, Bouché visited his cartoonist friend, Saul Steinberg, at Steinberg's studio, took one look at owl-spectacled Steinberg in green eyeshade, sitting at his long, flat desk, doodling cartoons and letting them drift to the floor, and departed. He came back later with a huge, 50-by-76-inch canvas and painted Steinberg at work. Of the portrait, Bouché later said, "I did Steinberg in his studio, where he sat mysterious and ingrown, like a spider in his web."

"Beauty is hell to transfer to canvas," Bouché has claimed. "Character is easy." Yet each of Bouché's paintings of the beauties of the international world of fashion and theatre conveys the aura of its subject's distinctive loveliness, captured sometimes with a few, nervous lines.

Bouché holds that elegance seldom changes but that style does. Comparing women's beauty thirty years ago and today, Bouché says, "The glamour of the twenties and thirties was very flamboyant, exuberant, and lush. Today there's a crispness and lightness, rather like a Martini. The Greta Garbo of yesterday has been replaced by the Audrey Hepburn of today."

Vanity in women is the inevitable *bête noire* to portrait painters. And men? In a burst of sympathy for portrait painters who are expected to "cheat a little," art critic Frederic Taubes says, "Here vanity assumes gigantic proportions. What man does not wish to see himself as an Adonis, a Napoleon, a Casanova, and perchance a Galileo too, all rolled in one?" Bouché feels that while women want beauty, men want character. Apparently they do.

Years ago, when Walter Tittle painted Joseph Conrad, Conrad told him bluntly, "Artists have a way of smoothing me out and making me look nice and polite. Paint me to look as I am—an old pirate, with hooded eyes, like a snake."

Even in great persons, Bouché's fellow artist Michael Werhoff, who is sometimes called "the painter to royalty," has run across astonishing vanity. A White Russian who resembles the late John Barrymore, Werhoff has lived in the United States for twenty-six years and is an American citizen. Son of a wealthy owner of coal mines in Russian Asia, Werhoff fought the Bolsheviks and escaped, only to be pursued by queens, archdukes, and maharajahs who want the artist to immortalize them in paint. Thus, he has encountered most of the weaknesses of the great.

Yet the most tragic vanity Werhoff ever met did not belong to a rich person, but to Ivan Bunin, winner of the Nobel Prize for his book, *Gentleman from San Francisco*. When Bunin came to Paris to pose for a Werhoff portrait, he appeared to be very suspicious. Already an old man, and angry at his age, he concealed his hands so that Werhoff could not paint them. Some weeks after the portrait was finished, Werhoff showed him a candid photograph of himself with Bunin, sitting at a table and talking. Bunin picked up a scissors and cut off the part of the photo that showed one of his hands.

A Portrait Without a Sitter

Though just now Werhoff is lucky enough to be painting a "good" sitter, Major General Philip Ginder, who commissioned the portrait as a surprise for his wife, Jean Dalrymple, he has the unhappy distinction of having painted some of the most notoriously "bad" sitters. In 1951, when Werhoff went to Estoril, Portugal, to paint King Carol and Princess Elena of Roumania, the sittings took only two weeks—to Werhoff's astonishment. He remembered the time, years ago, when King Carol invited him to do a portrait of him at the Chateau de Coësmes in France. Werhoff arrived to find himself in a rather unusual spot: Carol wanted his portrait painted, all right. But he didn't want to sit for it. The summer dragged on. For three and a half months the King taught Werhoff to play bridge. He even arranged nightly



PRINCESS MARGARET silently eyes Pietro Annigoni's portrait of Queen Elizabeth in the Fishmonger's Hall, London Bridge. The Queen sat sixteen times in a studio Annigoni set up at Buckingham Palace. The British public was pleased with the portrait of the Queen, but reacted less favorably in 1956 when Annigoni's stern portrait of Prince Philip was unveiled. Below, the Duchess of Devonshire stiffens for a portrait at final sitting in Annigoni's studio in Kensington, London. It was the Duchess who, pleased with her portrait, brought Annigoni to the attention of the British Royal Family. Despite the furor over Philip's portrait, Princess Margaret agreeably sat thirty times for Annigoni. Because of the artist's eagerness to paint Princess Margaret, his bill was only \$588.



Werboff: "Dealing with royalty, you must accept the way they behave. But I try to treat sitters all alike—gondoliers, fishermen, kings."

concerts. But whenever Werboff tried to speed up the work, the King would ask plaintively, "But aren't you happy here?"

Two of the most famous "bad" sitters of the century fell to Werboff. When Werboff went to Spain to paint the eagle-faced Duke of Alba, he already knew of the Duke's reputation as a bad sitter. But the Duke proved docile and cooperative. Werboff got over his astonishment when, at the end of the sitting, the Duke said abruptly, "Do you find me a good sitter?" Werboff said he did. "Then," said the Duke, "I would like you to give me a certificate to that effect." Werboff gave him the certificate.

King Alphonso XIII of Spain managed one sitting the first day Werboff arrived in Madrid to paint his portrait. The following morning Werboff was aroused at his hotel by a telephone call from the King's secretary. The King was going pigeon shooting—would Werboff come along and make his sketches while the King shot pigeons? The following day came another phone call: the King was going to the theatre—would the artist please sit in a nearby box and make his sketches? The King was going to church services—perhaps Werboff could sit in another pew and work from there? Even worse, when the time came to pay for the portrait, the Spanish Revolution sent Alphonso fleeing to Italy. There was nobody to pay the bill. The painting was later purchased by the seventeenth Duke of Alba, in whose castle it now hangs.

In the Service of Vanity

Like Bouché, Werboff has run the gamut with the ladies, and claims now that "the greatest suffering the artist has to undergo is when a woman in her fifties wants to look not more than thirty." And when it comes to jewelry, women go hog-wild. In London, the lovely Maharani of Cooch-Behar wanted jewels in her portrait. But what color? Werboff suggested emeralds, whereupon the Maharani had a servant bring in a box not quite as big as a breadbox, from which the Maharani critically poured out a stream of emeralds. Werboff gulped and selected the simplest—and only four pieces. And in New York, in 1952, when the Princess of Patiala arrived at Werboff's studio to sit for her portrait, the artist was stunned by the magnificence of her red-and-gold

wedding dress, in which she wanted to pose. The Princess explained that the cloth had been woven exclusively for the Patiala royal house. Yet the Princess was unhappy. Her jewels, she felt, were too small. "It's so difficult to travel with large stones," she apologized. In another case, when Werboff was painting the portrait of a young lady in Russia at a time when no one even dared to have jewelry, he succumbed when the young lady begged, "Couldn't you possibly just paint in emerald earrings?" Replied Werboff gallantly, "How many carats?"

Harsh and Kindly Brushes

Even the greats among portrait painters will make changes. Pietro Annigoni, the most expensive portrait painter in the world, willingly agreed when Princess Margaret suggested painting out a bit of bodice lace in her portrait, getting rid of a wisp of hair, and softening her jaw line. But such willingness is not always what a sitter wants. When Werboff painted King Gustavus of Sweden for the first time, he decided to capitalize on the best qualities of his sitter. But what to do about Gustavus' prominent buck teeth? Werboff made his decision—he closed the King's mouth. But Gustavus decided against it. "You had better frankly show my teeth," he said, after trying to hold down his upper lip. "Everybody knows about my buck teeth—I've seen too many caricatures of myself to believe people do not know about them."

Yet when Annigoni didn't flatter, he got brickbats. For his 1956 portrait of Prince Philip, Annigoni was so thoroughly roasted in English pubs and newspapers that some critics predict he will never leave Florence again. Said the London *Daily Mail*, of the portrait, "If he is really like that I shouldn't like to meet him in the dark."

But all that was nothing compared to what the British said when Annigoni painted Princess Margaret and used the stand-in body of Piccadilly show-girl Georgina Moore. None of the journalistic fisticuffs hurt Annigoni's pocketbook. Controversy creates interest; Annigoni is besieged by commissions. But he refuses all except four or five a year. He demands that the subject come to his studio in Florence to be painted. He insists on an interview first. Then come

thirty-five sittings. Annigoni's price: fifteen thousand dollars up.

Annigoni's defense of Philip's portrait: "I painted him as I saw him." But there is more than one way to view a person. Once, Walter Tittle, having painted George Bernard Shaw as a kindly person, did another portrait that showed all the devilish Shavian characteristics. But Shaw had the last word. "Ah," he said, of the devilish portrait, "here you are painting my reputation."

Like Werboff, Simon Elwes, British painter and Vice-President of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters, copes with royalty in the course of his work.

Elwes, who has painted King George VI, Queen Elizabeth, Queen Frederika, Madame Pandit, and other notables, paints full-length portraits for fifteen thousand dollars. For a smaller picture, the price may be six thousand dollars; for a head, as much as ten thousand dollars. But there are hazards that justify the price. Commissioned to paint King Farouk in Cairo, the slender Elwes found himself going through daily twelve-course lunches with the King. Commissioned to paint King George presenting Princess Elizabeth with the Ribbon of the Garter, Elwes had the problem of seeing the presentation; only the Knights of the Garter were supposed to be allowed to view the ceremony. The solution: Elwes was hidden in an embrasure from which he secretly saw it all.

Elwes, who claims that the likeness of any picture to its subject lies almost solely in the mouth, tries to get his sitters to talk, has used two special means of loosening up the mouths of such sitters as the Duke of Gloucester, the Duke of Kent, Mrs. Charles Lindbergh, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks: "I fight with them," says Elwes, simply. "Or I play the ninny." Either, he finds, seems to infuriate the sitter enough to make him forget himself.

The Artist and the Queen

Only once has Elwes been intimidated by royalty—though he has painted five kings and seven queens. Asked to paint Queen Mary three times he stuck it out through two portraits. He escaped the third by coming to the United States.

"I quit," admits Elwes. "She was a terrifying old woman. But she was the

essence of royalty—the only woman who could wear a million diamonds, a river of pearls, and a pyramid of gold all at once, and get away with it.”

The first sitting with Queen Mary was enough to send a less hardy man than Elwes to a rest home. “I waited before the throne, with my paints, for the Queen to arrive. In came a lady-in-waiting. Then in came a footman with the *Times* for the Queen to read. Then in came another footman with chocolates and a bell. The bell had been made for Charles II—Queen Mary never condescended to ring a bell, she *shook* bells. Then in came a medal-covered page. I began to shake. Then, with a great rustling, Queen Mary appeared in cloth-of-gold, ropes of pearls, six diamond necklaces, two hanging diamond pendants, a diamond crown, and, carried by her dresser, her cloak of imperial purple and gold, trimmed with ermine. She went up to the dais. She sat down on the throne. *And there she sat.* My heart sank. A fearful undertaking!”

When, two hours later, Elwes went limply home, it was to receive word that the Queen had sent one of her famous, folded, engraved messages throughout the palace. The message: “Her Majesty feels that Mr. Elwes might wear a clean smock when he paints the Queen.”

But what Elwes calls the *mystique* of royalty—the artificial essence which royalty must maintain—has largely departed. Queen Mary was the last great relic of the unapproachable. Today’s royalty is expected to be not only simple, but democratic.

Too Busy to Pose

Elwes has abandoned other commissions. When he went to the White House to paint Franklin D. Roosevelt, the President started to dictate letters to his secretary. Elwes gave up, packed up his paints. “You’re a mixture of a king and a prime minister—you just haven’t time to be painted,” he told F.D.R. and left.

Portrait painters like Bouché, Werboff, Elwes, and Annigoni are paid in big coin, get plenty of accolades. When Bouché painted Mme. Claude Alphand, wife of the French Ambassador to Washington, Mme. Alphand had the living room of the embassy decorated in colors to match the portrait. Elwes has hobnobbed with royalty. Annigoni disdains many commissions, selects only a few. Werboff keeps a photostat of a J. P. Morgan and Company check for a mere \$2.500 for his portrait of William Church Osborne, former president of the Metropolitan. “I keep it,” explains Werboff, “because even though times have changed since I painted the portrait, it still astonishes me that the Metropolitan Museum will pay even that much for a *living* artist.” Things are looking up. THE END



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Last Days and Love of F. Scott Fitzgerald

Here, for the first time in any magazine, is the unforgettable story of the last years of F. Scott Fitzgerald's life, a story that sheds a new light on Fitzgerald the romantic, and on the myth of his crackup

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM AND GEROLD FRANK

At twenty-eight, the young woman known as Sheilah Graham met F. Scott Fitzgerald, then a weary forty. The place was Hollywood, the year 1937. Everybody, except perhaps the very young, knew about Fitzgerald's glittering past as the literary darling of the twenties, about the escapades during which he had ranged over two continents with his brilliant coterie of friends and his wife, Zelda. Now with indifference, and occasionally with embarrassment, they were watching his tragic descent into obscurity. His wife was in a mental institution, his books went unread, and he himself was ridden by private demons. Everybody knew about Fitzgerald, the man on his way down. No one knew about Sheilah Graham, the girl on her way up—or the truth: that even her name was false.

The painstaking fabrications of Sheilah Graham's childhood in England, the skillfully doctored copies of her baby pictures, had all been accepted. Even during the four years after she arrived from London to work first in New York as a columnist for the *Journal-American*,

later as a Hollywood columnist, Sheilah had furthered the fiction that she was the daughter of a British upper class family, tutored in England, schooled in Paris.

Since she came to know Fitzgerald well, it is not strange that Lily Sheil—that was her real name—eventually chose to reveal the truth: that at the age of six, she had been brought from a poverty-stricken tenement not far from Limehouse to the East London Home for Orphans, where her ash-blonde hair was shaved off to prevent her from running away. The life that took shape for Lily Sheil really started with a seven-dollar-a-month job in Brighton as an under housemaid; she was fourteen, and a reader of romances about girls who attended England's most exclusive schools.

Lily Sheil made the jump to the upper classes by going to work for fortyish Major John Graham Gillam, D. S. O., who taught her that "chanel" is not pronounced "channel," debutantes are not called "debuntees," and various other niceties. The last bits of Cockney were

ironed out of Lily's speech by the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art after Lily became Mrs. John Graham Gillam. It was the Major who hit upon a stage career for Lily to soothe her boredom. He kept her practicing ballet steps, using the kitchen table as a *barre*. "Sheilah Graham" came into being as the "Most Beautiful Chorus Girl in London," moved on to weekend shooting parties with lords; squash, tennis, and dancing with Britain's bluebloods; and eventually—through the Major's shrewd jockeying—presentation at Court.

The year 1933 brought Sheilah Graham to the end of her marriage—and to New York with the idea of becoming a newspaperwoman; she had published one article. In pursuit came the young Earl of Donegall, who wanted to marry her. Sheilah was agog. Such things could really happen, after all. Said Sheilah then, "I thought this would be the most fantastic climax of all to this fantastic journey I have taken through life." She was wrong. She was to begin an even more fantastic journey. She was, in fact, about to meet F. Scott Fitzgerald.

Looking back on my first months as a syndicated movie columnist, there is no doubt in my mind that I landed in Hollywood on two left feet. I had sensed at the beginning that I could reach the head of the class here in only one way—by hav-

ing the sharpest, most startlingly candid column in Hollywood. I would write what I saw without fear or favor. The result was catastrophic. I knew no rules, recognized no sacred cows. But Sheilah Graham's column *was* read.

"Robert Benchley will show you around." John Wheeler, head of the North American Newspaper Alliance, had told me. "I'll write him."

Now I sat at the Brown Derby restaurant with Robert Benchley, the celebra-

ted wit and writer for *The New Yorker* magazine. Through Benchley, in the weeks that followed, I came to know his fellow screen writers at the Garden of Allah—Edwin Justus Mayer, author of *Children of Darkness*, John O'Hara, who had just written *Butterfield 8*, Marc Connelly, author of *Green Pastures*. I began to know Hollywood.

That first year and a half, until the summer of 1937, I was a girl on the town and enjoyed it. Through Bob Benchley and Eddie Mayer, a big, thoughtful, extremely good-hearted friend, I came to know many eligible men in Hollywood. I was always on tap for tennis or dancing, or to be taken to dinner, or to a party at David Selznick's, or Basil Rathbone's or Frank Morgan's. And in the midst of my busy days, running through them like a leitmotif to dull the sense that time was fleeing, were the affectionate letters from Lord Donegall reminding me that if and when I made up my mind in far-off Hollywood, his lordship would be on hand.

In June I made a quick trip to London for my divorce, and once again saw Johnny; the meeting was sad, but we parted friends. On my last day I lunched with Donegall.

I remember I had just finished my steak-and-kidney pie when an elderly man at another table waved to me. I waved back. Donegall asked curiously, "Who is that?"

"My lawyer, Mr. T. Cannon Brooks, a most respectable gentleman. And," I added, "it may interest you to know that I got my divorce this morning."

"Sheilah, darling," he said. "Now the way is clear! Now that you're free I'm coming to Hollywood myself to make up your mind for you. You'll see I mean this. I'll be there in two weeks."

Engaged to a Lord

Two weeks later Donegall turned up in Hollywood to urge his suit. He took me to a fashionable jeweler's and bought me an engagement ring. He met Bob Benchley and liked him instantly. "Bob will be our best man," said his lordship masterfully. We would be married on New Year's Eve—under British law I could not remarry until six months had elapsed. Our honeymoon would be spent on a cruise around the world. Now he had to return to London—there was his mother to persuade; he was sure he would succeed.

Benchley was among the first to congratulate us. He would be honored and delighted to be the best man at our wedding. When was Donegall returning to London? Tomorrow, said my fiancé. "Then we'll celebrate tonight," said Benchley. He was all enthusiasm. "Let's have a party."

And at the party Robert Benchley gave to celebrate my engagement to Lord Don-

egall on the night of July 14, 1937, I saw F. Scott Fitzgerald for the first time.

It began at my house high in the Hollywood hills, which I'd rented a few weeks before. Donegall and I were toasted in champagne and I wandered happily among my guests.

The toasts and good healths came fast. Amid the laughter and gaiety I heard Bob shout, "Let's all go to my place!"

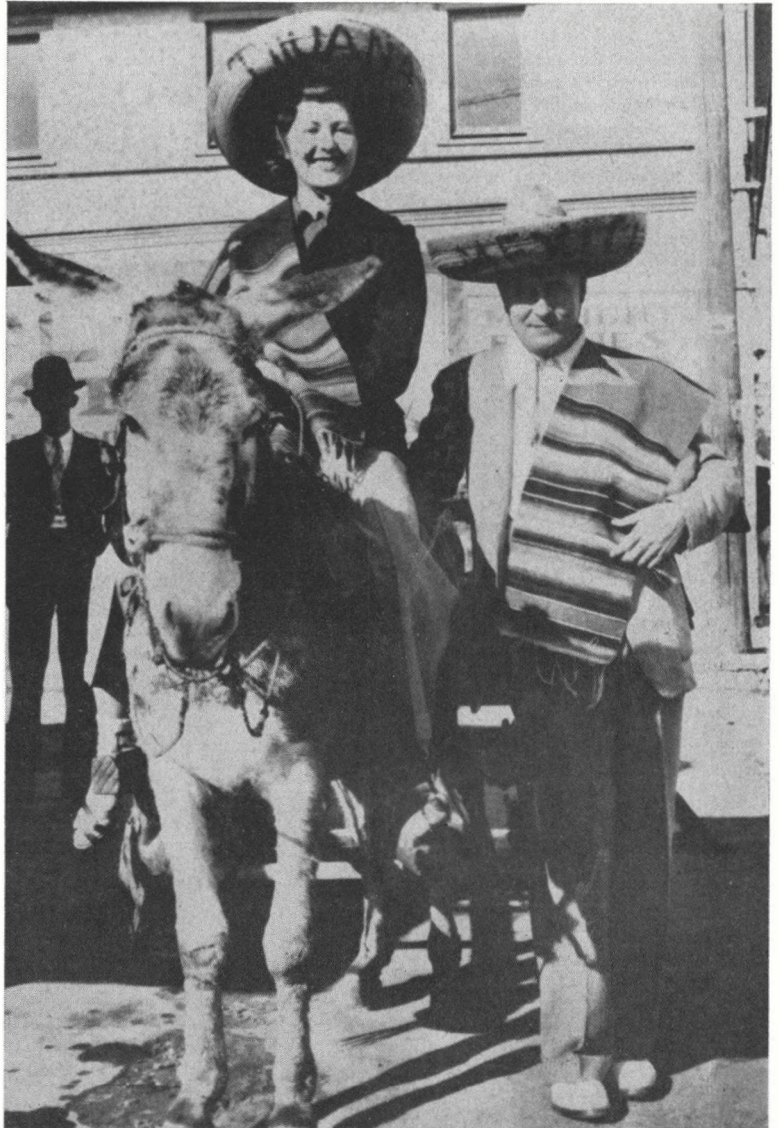
Noisily we piled into a half a dozen cars parked outside and drove down the hill to the Garden of Allah. We trooped into Bob's small drawing room and there was more champagne. Frank Morgan was telling a hilarious story, and almost casually I became aware of a man I had not

seen before. He sat quietly in an easy chair under the lamp, and from a cigarette motionless in his hand the blue smoke wafted slowly upward. He seemed unreal, sitting there so quietly, in this noisy room, watching everything yet talking to no one, no one talking to him. I turned to laugh with Frank Morgan; Bob spoke to me; when I looked again, the chair was empty.

I turned to Bob. "Who was that man sitting under the lamp? He was so quiet."

Bob looked. "That was F. Scott Fitzgerald—the writer. I asked him to drop in." He peered owlishly about the room. "I guess he's left—he hates parties."

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SHEILAH GRAHAM and Fitzgerald in Tijuana, Mexico, in 1940. For over a year Fitzgerald had not had a drink, had again begun working on movie scripts.

Last Days and Love (continued)

"Oh," I said. "I would have liked to talk to him." I thought. He's the writer of the gay twenties, of flaming youth, of bobbed hair and short skirts and crazy drinking—the jazz age.

Next morning I drove Donegall to the airport and saw him off to New York, London—and his mother. "She'll weaken, I know she will," he assured me. "Good-bye, your ladyship," he said, and kissed me. I drove back lost in lovely dreams. *Your ladyship!*

A few days later Marc Connolly asked me to a Writers' Guild dinner dance at the Coconut Grove in downtown Los Angeles. A moment came when I found myself sitting all alone at our long table, and at Dorothy Parker's table, parallel to ours, sat a man I recognized as Scott Fitzgerald, all alone at his table. He looked at me almost inquiringly as if to say, *I have seen you somewhere, haven't I?* and smiled. I smiled back. Then he leaned forward and said, smiling, "I like you."

I was pleased. Smiling, I said to him, "I like you, too."

There was silence for a moment. This was my first evening out since my engagement, and, in a magnificent evening gown of gray with a crimson velvet sash, I felt exquisitely beautiful, as befitted a girl who was to become a marchioness. To be sitting now, alone, while everyone was dancing, seemed such a waste. I said to Mr. Fitzgerald, "Why don't we dance?"

He smiled again, a quick smile that suddenly transfigured his face. "I'm afraid I promised to dance the next one with Dorothy Parker. But after that—"

But when everyone returned to their tables the hand stopped playing; there were many speeches and when they were over everyone scrambled to go home and I did not see him again.

At seven o'clock the following Saturday evening Eddie Mayer telephoned just as I was going out. "What are you doing tonight?" I was bound for a concert with Jonah Ruddy, who had helped me on a number of stories. I told Eddie.

"A pity," he said. "Scott Fitzgerald is with me and I wanted you to join us for dinner."

I said, unhappily, "I'd love to, Eddie, but it's really too late to cancel Mr. Ruddy—"

"Why don't you bring him along?" suggested Eddie.

We met at the Garden of Allah and went to the Clover Club. Scott said little on the way out—there was a reticence about him that made me feel he belonged to an earlier, quieter world. It was hard to believe that this was the glamour boy of the twenties.

Now, finally, I danced with Scott, and as we danced, the room and everyone in

it—Eddie, Jonah, the others dancing and chattering about us—faded away. It is hard to put into words how Scott Fitzgerald worked this magic, but he made me feel that to dance with me was the most extraordinary privilege for him.

We danced; we never sat down. The room went round and round. Now, though the courtliness, the exquisite manners were there, on the floor he was like an American college boy. I thought, now I know what it must have been like to dance at a college prom. He was so easy to talk to, so understanding. He asked me endless questions. How old was I? "Twenty-seven," I said, lying by a year. How old was he? Forty, he said, with a little grimace. "How did a girl as beautiful as you come to be a columnist?" he asked. I preened myself and smiled. I had been on the stage. I had been a dancer. I tried to become a Shakespearean actress, but that had been dreadful.

When finally we returned to our table, where Eddie and Jonah sat with admirable patience, we looked at them as though they were strangers who had usurped our seats. Would I have dinner with him? Scott asked. I said yes. When? I said Tuesday. Good, he said. Finally our little party broke up and I was taken home.

By Tuesday I had learned a little more about Scott Fitzgerald. He was married, but his wife, Zelda, a great beauty with whom he was very much in love, was in a mental institution and had been for some time. It was a tragic story. I gathered, too, that though Eddie and his friends looked on Scott as a great American writer, nobody paid much attention to him now.

Another Meeting with Scott

Tuesday afternoon a telegram arrived from Scott. He could not keep our engagement that evening. His daughter, Scottie, had just arrived from the East and he was taking her to dinner. For a moment I was dismayed; how could I be so shaken by this? I was to marry Donegall in six months; how could I be so affected by a broken date with a man—and a married man—whom I had seen for the first time less than ten days ago? Yet suddenly I knew I must see Scott again. I telephoned him. "Scott," I said, "it makes no difference, your daughter being here. I'd like to meet her. Can't we all go to dinner?"

There was a pause. Then, reluctantly, "All right. I'll pick you up at seven."

Scottie was a pretty, vivacious girl with her father's eyes and forehead. Two boys she had known in the East had called and Scott had invited them, too. At dinner, however, Scott was an altogether different man from the charming cavalier who had danced with me. He was tense and on edge; he was continu-

ally correcting his daughter unfairly and embarrassingly. It was obvious that he loved his daughter, but he fussed about her unbearably.

Scott and I danced a few times but he was distracted and worried. I thought, is this the man I found so fascinating? This anxious, middle-aged father? It was a relief when he said to his daughter, "Scottie, don't you think it's time for you to be in bed? I ought to take you back to the hotel." We dropped the boys off, then dropped Scottie at her hotel and Scott took me to my home on the hill.

He stood at the door, saying goodbye. I felt utterly lonely and on the point of tears. I did not want him to go. I wanted desperately to recapture the enchantment that had been, and I heard myself whisper, "Please don't go, come in." As he came in he kissed me, and suddenly it was as though this was as it should be, must be, inevitable and foreordained.

In late August there came a cablegram from London:

BEST NEWS ON EARTH DARLING STOP
MOTHER IS ON OUR SIDE STOP THIS MAKES
THINGS SO MUCH EASIER STOP WIRE ME
SWEETHEART MY LOVE

DON

I sat at my desk before a window that looked out on the green mountainside. I wanted to see Scott. I wanted to be with him, to talk to him, to hear his voice. In the most compelling way he had become my entire world—as though I had been caught up in a huge, overwhelming event that had no past, no future, but simply *was*.

Almost absent-mindedly I reread Donegall's cable. Instead of wiring I wrote a pleasant letter to him saying that I was delighted his mother approved of me. I was very busy. I would write again soon. There was little room for Donegall in my world—now.

In those first weeks Scott and I talked incessantly. We saw each other almost every evening. He wrote at the Metro studio during the day and I used those hours to gather items so that I would be free for him at night. En route to dinner sometimes we stopped off at the Garden of Allah for a highball with Eddie, or John O'Hara, or Albert and Frances Hackett, writers who belonged in his world. Scott invariably took Coca-Cola and I a little sherry. Then we would go on to a little restaurant.

We talked. Scott wanted to know everything about me. Instinctively I knew he would scorn the shoddy. I was prepared to suffer any ordeal rather than reveal the truth about myself. So I related my well-rehearsed story. My mother died when I was seventeen; my rich aunt presented me at Court; I found society boring, so I had tried the stage, which led to an article on stage-door Johnnies

and that to New York and Hollywood. When he pressed me too hard, I managed to shift the conversation to him.

"Scott," I said one evening. "I feel badly. Here you are, a famous writer, and I've not read a thing you've written. I want to read every one of your books."

"Do you really?" he asked, pleased. "All right. Sheilo, I'll get you my books. Let's get them tonight." After dinner, we strolled into Hollywood's biggest book store. Scott asked, "Have you books by F. Scott Fitzgerald?"

His Books Neglected

The clerk, a young man, said, "Sorry—none in stock."

"Do you have any calls for them?" Scott pursued.

"Oh—once in a while," said the clerk. "But not for some time now."

I did not look at Scott as we walked out, but I said hurriedly, "Let's try another place." It was the same story there. At the third book store the owner was on a ladder placing a book on the high shelf. He came down slowly. At Scott's question he shook his head but said, "I believe I can get hold of a title or two. Which ones are you interested in?"

"I'd appreciate that," Scott said. He gave him the names of three: *This Side of Paradise*, *The Great Gatsby*, *Tender Is the Night*. The man said, "I'll do my best to find these for you."

Scott said, almost diffidently, "I'm Mr. Fitzgerald."

The man put his hand out and shook Scott's warmly. "I'm happy to meet you, Mr. Fitzgerald," he said. "I've enjoyed your books very much. I'll really get these for you, and if there aren't any about, I'll order them from the publishers."

Scott thanked him and we left. I wondered, How must he feel to have been so famous once and be almost unknown now?

There was so much I did not know about Scott. Salaries in Hollywood are no secret; I learned that he was being paid a thousand dollars a week for the period of his six months' contract. I thought only eccentricity led Scott to ride about in his little second-hand car, and to wear nondescript clothes. Only later was I to learn that he was in debt more than forty thousand dollars, that he had come to Hollywood in a desperate attempt to re-establish himself, hoping to earn enough money to pay his debts and perhaps be enabled to return to serious writing again.

I knew none of this because Scott told me none of it. I knew him only as a charming courtier who sent me flowers several times a week, always with an amusing little note, who thought up new surprises for me, with whom no hour was mundane.

I knew him as a man who, for all his gaiety, his antic humor, his private sorrows—which only later I came to share—could envelop me in infinite tenderness.

There was no way for me to know about his earlier life, the deep emotional relationship he had had with another woman before he met me. I knew only the Scott I knew and he began to exist for me only on the day I met him.

Yet he continued to probe into my own life. We were driving one day to lunch at Malibu Beach, when Scott said, "Tell me about yourself before the stage, Sheilo. What kind of a girl were you when you were growing up?"

"Oh, Scott, I've told you—" I began. But it was difficult to evade him. When Scott was after facts, he was relentless. Where had my people come from? Was Graham a Scotch name? German? Had my father been in business, the professions? What was his full name? "John Lawrence Graham," I said. I was wretched. "And your mother's?" "Veronice Roslyn Graham," I said. What part of London had I grown up in? What school had I gone to—

No sooner had I answered one question than the next one came. Suddenly the burden of it all became too much and I burst into tears. I had to bring the car to a halt on the side of the road, and I wept. Scott was utterly dismayed. He put his arm around me and exclaimed in alarm, "What is it, what is it? What have I said to hurt you?" He held me close. "I'm sorry, Sheilo, I had no idea—is there something you don't want to tell me? You needn't—"

And I blurted it out. "If you must know, I never went to a real school—I was brought up in an orphanage. I left school when I was fourteen. I come from the slums of London, from the poorest, shabbiest people—I've lied and pretended. Oh, Scott, you'll hate me—my name's not real. I'm not what you think."

The tears came uncontrollably. I thought, He'll never want to see me again. But he held me close to him and rocked me in his arms like a child, back and forth, saying, "I'm sorry. I'm always so curious about everything. Don't cry. It isn't that bad, really it isn't," he said tenderly. "Please believe me." And we sat there, parked at the side of the road for a long time, his arm around me, while I told him the story I had never told anyone. I told him everything: the orphanage, my experience as a skivy, at Gamage's, my yearning to better myself. I told him about my marriage to Johnny Gillam and our desperate finances, the masquerade Johnny and I maintained, my frantic shuttling back and forth between showgirl and housewife, my turmoil over Cochran, Sir Richard, and the men pursuing me, my endless search for I knew not what—love, security, identity.

... "I wish I could have known you then," he said. "I would have taken care of you; you could have come to me."

We talked together for a long time. There are no words to express the relief I felt now that I no longer had to lie to him. That night I wrote Lord Donegall that I could not marry him. For a moment I had tears in my eyes for my lost dream of being a marchioness. But how could I marry Donegall, being so much in love with Scott?

In mid-September, Scott flew east to visit Zelda. She was in a sanitarium in Asheville, North Carolina. Now and then he took his wife out of the sanitarium for a few days. Her doctors believed these brief visits back into the world might help her. Now Scott had said, "I'll be out of town for a week or so—I'm going to visit Zelda." I had said, "All right, Scott. Let me know when you get back." I accepted the fact that there was a Zelda, but she had no reality for me, for I had never seen or met her. When Scott returned, he was subdued but threw himself into his work at Metro.

Recluses in Hollywood

Bob Benchley had told me, "Scott doesn't like parties." It was true. The only ones he cared to attend were those given by his friends, the writers. Even then, when too many strangers were present, a curious lackluster settled over him. He seemed to shrink into invisibility so that he became unnoticeable in a room.

By early 1938 we were virtual recluses in Hollywood. I attended few evening events or industry parties. So that I could be with Scott, Jonah Ruddy, for a weekly fee, covered these occasions for me. We rarely went out; it was enough for us to be together, and when we were not together hardly an hour went by that Scott did not make me aware of his presence. He telephoned me five and six times during the day. "What are you wearing?" he would ask. "How do you look?" "What are you thinking of?" And, "When will I see you?" Always a gentle question, always his constant, reassuring attention. Each evening, when he came in the door, I would run to him eagerly. My living began when he arrived.

If his telephone calls slackened, there were always his notes of endearment, which, as if for a treasure hunt, he left about my house for me to find. Or a little card accompanying a bouquet of violets. "For Sheilah—from her chattel, Scott." Or a message when we were separated for twenty-four hours: "Missing you is a luxury like everything about knowing you, lovely, lovely Sheilah."

It was in the midst of Scott's unceasing tenderness that he came one evening to say, "Zelda wants to see me. I must go and visit her again." He added, "You don't mind, do you?"

Last Days and Love (continued)

I was touched that he should ask me, but the truth was that I minded terribly. I had no call upon him, yet I dared say, more in complaint than demand, "Scott, must you go?"

He did not grow angry. "I must take out my poor Zelda—I cannot abandon her here." He added, "I won't write you while I'm away." And he was gone.

Suddenly the devotion that had enveloped and sustained me was no more. I had no idea how long he would be away. Six days passed, eight days, ten days.

On the eleventh morning a telephone call. "Sheilo!" It was Scott at the airport. He sounded gay, excited, happy. "We're going to be married! I'm getting a divorce; I'll tell you about it when I see you." He went on eagerly, "Wait for me—I'll be right over."

I hung up in a dream. Something must have happened. I remembered the strange stories I had heard about Zelda. Someone, having known her a few years before, described her as an Ophelia, wandering about in the shapeless, waistless dresses she had worn fifteen years before, a thin, silent woman of unpredictable moods, now lost and withdrawn, now shaken by sudden violence and despair. What could have happened?

Then Scott arrived. His face was flushed, his hair disheveled. *He has been drinking*, went through my mind, and my heart was leaden again. "Are you getting a divorce?" I asked. "Have you told her?"

"Yes, I am, I am!" He was emphatic. "I haven't told her yet, but I will!" He began pacing back and forth. "I'm through. Do you know what she did this time?" he demanded. "Tried to get me committed. Called a doctor and said I was insane and should be put away."

I was appalled at this sudden, overwhelming glimpse of a human suffering. "Oh, Scott—" I said helplessly.

He sat down, agitated. "I'm sick of this situation. I should have ended it long ago." He jumped up. "Back in a minute," he said. He dashed out to his car, to return more flushed than before. He had taken another drink.

I said, heartsick, "They'll find out at the studio you're drinking and you'll lose your job."

He became dramatic. "Don't tell anyone!"

... I took him back to the Garden of Allah. I pleaded with him. He must do whatever was necessary to stop his drinking. "All right," he said. "I'll get the doctor. I can quit whenever I want. You know that, don't you?" I nodded. "All right," he said. "Now, don't come to see me—I don't like anybody around when—I'll telephone you—" I helped him to his room and left him there.

For three nights I could not sleep.

What was I to do? About him? About myself? How many times before had he been drinking and I had not known? I thought, I can't bear this irrationality, this insecurity. But I cannot give him up, I realized desperately. And then, with a great sense of release, the idea came to me. I will cure him. I will take him away from the Garden of Allah, away from his drinking friends and the temptation of the bar. I will find him a home by the sea where he can swim and walk and relax and regain his health.

On the third day I drove to Malibu. I found a charming white clapboard cottage with green shutters and a captain's walk. There would be a place for me to work and sleep on weekends. I fell in love with the place.

The owner turned out to be Frank Case, who managed the Hotel Algonquin in New York and knew Scott. He'd be happy to rent to him. Enormously pleased, I drove back to Hollywood.

On the afternoon of the next day, flowers arrived from Scott. That evening he telephoned. "Sheilo, when can I see you?" His voice was weak and far away. "Can you come and see me now? I want to see you now, Sheilo."

I found him sitting up, his face pale. He smiled at me. "I hope you weren't too lonely," he said. It was as if nothing had happened. I said, because I still did not know what alcohol was, "Scott, please don't drink any more. I don't like you when you drink. It frightens me."

He said gently, "Don't let's talk about it."

I told him about the house at Malibu. He would be able to work there in peace. It would be only a forty-five-minute drive to Metro. I could come down evenings and weekends.

He wanted to please me. "If you think so, Sheilah," he said.

On a spring afternoon in 1938, I helped him move to the beach house at Malibu. On the way we stopped at a florist and I piled the back of the car high with flowers. Malibu would mark the beginning of a new life for both of us

* * * * *

Scott, at Malibu. He has been working this weekend on a script; he paces back and forth, now and then pausing to kick away an imaginary pebble from in front of him.

In his room, off the captain's walk, the floor is littered with sheets of yellow paper covered with a large flowing hand. As soon as one page is finished he shoves it off the desk to the floor and starts the next.

He follows world events avidly. On Sunday mornings we sit before the radio, listening to Hitler's speeches. Scott jumps up and pads restlessly about the room. "They're going to do it again.

They're going to have another war—and we'll be in it, too." He turns to me. "I'd like to fly over there and assassinate Hitler before he starts another war. I'd do it too, by God!"

We switch off the radio and Scott talks about the studio. He is working with collaborators, and unhappy. "They see it one way, I see it another. I've got to get them off the script," he says.

After six months of strenuous work he had completed the screenplay of *Three Comrades*, only to discover that Mankiewicz, his producer, had rewritten it. When *Three Comrades* opened, Scott and I drove into Hollywood to see it. "At least they've kept my beginning," he said on the way. But as the picture unfolded, Scott slumped deeper and deeper in his seat. At the end he said, "They changed even that." He took it badly.

There had been no drinking. Nor did he allow me to refer to the subject. From his nurse at the Garden of Allah I had learned the nature of his three-day cures. They were periods of intense bodily torture in which he had to be fed intravenously, he retched day and night, tossed and turned sleeplessly, and emerged wan, shaken, utterly exhausted. I knew now why he had refused to let me see him at such times.

I came to know other aspects of Scott. I had counted on getting him bronzed and healthy in the sun and fresh air, but he avoided the sun. He never swam or even waded in the inviting surf. "I'm too busy—I have work to do," he would say. Then, one morning, by mistake I lifted his cup of coffee to my lips. He dashed it out of my hand. "Don't ever use my cups or spoons or towels or anything else of mine," he said sharply. "I have tuberculosis. I've had it on and off since college. It's not bad now but it flares up if I don't watch myself."

Scott and Zelda

At Malibu, for the first time, I read his books. First, *This Side of Paradise*. I was disappointed. I thought its characters were young and immature.

I loved his short stories, and I could not say enough about his novel, *Tender Is the Night*. I had never read such hauntingly beautiful prose. Scott said he liked it better than anything he had written, but most people preferred his novel, *The Great Gatsby*. I read it and agreed with them. "I think it's just perfect," I said. "Everything—just the way it is."

"You do?" he asked, pleased. "They read things into it I never knew myself." He talked about the critics. He could not forgive them for their treatment of *Tender Is the Night*. Some day he hoped to rewrite it, for it should have been two books.

Slowly, now, he began to tell me about

Zelda. He spoke sadly, with great compassion. His confidences might be set off by a letter from her. These came on occasion, marked by brilliant, arresting language, but often little more than beautiful words strung together without meaning. Sometimes, by a letter from a member of her family reporting her progress or lack of progress. Sometimes it could be one of his letters to Scottie. He wrote his daughter frequently—after a trip abroad she was to enter Vassar in the fall—and he read the letters to me. Zelda and Scottie were always on Scott's mind. When he spoke of one he found himself speaking of the other.

He had met Zelda during the war in Montgomery, Alabama, when she was seventeen, a Southern belle with red-gold hair who had every man at her feet. He was twenty-two, a lieutenant stationed at a nearby camp. He fell deeply in love with her, but her family, he said, disapproved of him. He had no money and little prospects, and after the Armistice he seemed no better off, writing slogans for a New York advertising agency. Not until Scribner's accepted *This Side of Paradise*, and he began selling to the magazines, could he win Zelda.

He brought her to New York on their honeymoon. As he spoke, I began to gain an inkling of the excitement and happiness that must have been theirs, this extraordinarily attractive young couple, she so beautiful, he so famous, so young, both so much in love, both living as gaily and irresponsibly as the times themselves. She, too, was talented. She wrote beautifully, painted well, had aspirations to be a dancer, was an accomplished sportswoman, and in a drawing-room could be as magnetic as Scott. They were the fabulous Fitzgeralds, living in a whirl of liquor, parties and gaiety—Paris, the Riviera, New York—and at the height of their popularity it was fashionable to quote everything they wrote, said, and did.

But the shadow of the future appeared early in their marriage. He began missing shirts, handkerchiefs, underwear. What had happened to his linen? Zelda would tell him nothing. One day he opened a closet to find it piled to the ceiling with weeks of soiled laundry. She had never sent it out; she had simply tossed everything into the closet.

When Scottie was born, it was Scott who interviewed the nurses and housekeepers and handled everything concerning their home. Though both were living bizarre lives, trying to "outdo, outdrink, and outwrite" each other, there came new evidences of the illness that was ultimately to crush her.

When they were living in Paris, in the late twenties, she suddenly took up ballet dancing. She was determined to become a member of the Russian Ballet. She

studied and danced without a halt. After a while it became a compulsive, terrifying thing. She danced before a mirror for nine and ten hours at a time, until she fell unconscious. "I thought I would go out of my mind," Scott said. This phase passed. Finally, he came home one day to find her sitting on the floor, playing with a pile of sand. When he questioned her she only gave him a mysterious smile. He took her to a doctor and heard the dread words, "*Votre femme est folle.*" Your wife is mad.

A Tragic Turn of Events

They returned to the United States, and now came the long ordeal of physicians and treatment. In a desperate attempt to keep her out of an institution, Scott hired nurses and attendants and sought to care for her in their home. It grew impossible. Though there were periods of sanity when she would be merely eccentric, he never knew when she might slip over the border and become dangerous to herself and others. Once, hearing a train, she ran toward it. Scott reached her just in time to stop her from throwing herself in front of it.

Ultimately, because there was no other way, he sent Scottie to a boarding school and placed his poor Zelda in a sanitarium in Asheville, North Carolina. Here he came on his visits from Hollywood, taking her out for a few days each time. Once, feeling she was better, he planned a perfect afternoon for her—a pleasant drive and a quiet lunch at the home of old friends. To make certain that nothing would upset her, he asked that no one else be invited. He hired an open car and drove Zelda, wearing a bright red, trailing dress of the twenties—she seemed to prefer such clothes, apparently associating them with her happy years—down the mountains from Asheville to their host's home in nearby Tryon. At the beginning of the meal Zelda was herself—alert, warm, charming. But half-way through, a change came over her. Before their eyes she began to withdraw, to fade, to vanish from their midst though she still sat there; and by the time coffee was served, she was in a world of her own, remote and unreachable. Miserably, Scott drove her back to the sanitarium. On the way she wrenched open the door and tried to leap from the moving car. For some time after that he made no attempt to take her from the institution. Instead, when he visited they played tennis, which was believed good therapy, or he watched from the sidelines while she tried a set or two with one of the doctors. On one occasion, losing a match, she suddenly turned on her partner and belabored him over the head with her racket.

Then came the time Scott took her to New York for a weekend. It was here

she tried to have him committed. The morning after their arrival he woke in their hotel room to find Zelda gone and his pants missing. He tried to ring the desk clerk; the switchboard was dead. He went to the door; it was locked. After a few minutes of almost nightmare horror he got through to the clerk. "Now take it easy, Mr. Fitzgerald," the latter said soothingly. "A doctor is on his way." When the physician arrived with two cautious bellboys as reinforcement, Scott discovered that Zelda had told everyone her husband was insane, that she was permitted to take him out of the sanitarium only at intervals, but now he had suddenly become violent and must be taken back at once. After Scott managed to convince the doctor that it was Zelda who was ill, the two men set out in search of her. They found her in Central Park digging a grave in which to bury Scott's pants.

This, in essence, is what Scott told me, little by little, reluctantly, as though compelled to do so, as though in the telling the weight on him was lessened.

My reaction was strange. I began to brood. I had fallen in love with a man I could not marry. He was married to a woman he could not divorce. Now, in truth, knowing this much about Zelda, knowing his pity and compassion for her, I knew he could never, he would never, divorce her. There was nothing he could do about it. Nor I.

Scottie had come on her second visit to Hollywood to stay briefly with her father before going on a conducted tour of Europe this summer of 1938.

His daughter's arrival with Peaches, a schoolmate, posed a problem. Scott, a little unhappily, broached the subject to me a few days before they came. "I hope you won't feel hurt. Sheilo, but I don't think it would be good for Scottie to know that you're staying here." Would I remove my clothes and my belongings from the beach house for the duration of his daughter's visit?

Now, when Scottie arrived, although my possessions were nowhere in evidence, she knew. She had only to see us together. I would catch her watching me, trying to make up her mind whether she liked the situation. When I realized, after the second or third day, that she had decided, and in my favor, I was enormously relieved. I liked her and wanted her to like me.

Scottie had no sooner left than we entertained other guests. All during that summer of 1938 Scott's friends were in and out. They included Cameron Rogers, a screenwriter, and his wife, Buff Cobb, daughter of Irvin S. Cobb, the humorist—both friends of long standing; and Charles Marquis Warren, a brilliant young writer from Baltimore whom Scott considered his protégé. Charlie, who was

Last Days and Love (continued)

twenty-two, worshipped Scott and invariably addressed him—to Scott's annoyance—as "sir."

Later, after Charlie left, Scott turned to me. "Why does he 'sir' me? How old does he think I am?"

Meanwhile at Metro Scott's unhappiness mounted. After three months of labor on *Fidelity*, a picture scheduled for Joan Crawford, he greeted me one evening with, "I've been taken off the story." He had been shunted to a new story, Clare Boothe's *The Women*. He was very depressed. He had never gotten over the fact that *Three Comrades* had been rewritten, and now it appeared that he had fallen down on still another assignment. I said, because I thought it might help him, "Let's have some people over."

"That's it," said Scott. "We'll have a party."

As always, Scott had a plan. High point of the day would be a ping-pong tournament. Scott carefully prepared a list of players, complete to handicaps. Eddie Mayer, the first guest on that Sunday afternoon, arrived with his seven-year-old-son, Paul, while Scott and I were playing a practice game. The boy watched us for a few moments, then piped up challengingly, "I'll take on the winner." This amused Scott. He made short shrift of me and then played Paul in great style, crossing his eyes, slamming the ball with his back to the table or over his shoulder, so that he managed to lose.

The other guests arrived, among them Nunnally Johnson, the writer, and his wife, Marion, Cameron and Buff Rogers, and Charlie Warren with a lovely starlet, Alice Hyde.

Scott the Magician

The party was in full swing when Scott noticed two small faces peering through the picket fence that separated our house from our neighbor, Joe Swerling, the screenwriter. The youngsters were his sons, Joe Jr., six, and Peter, eight. "Come on over and join the party," Scott called to them. He lifted them over the fence and introduced them to Paul, then went on to supervise the ping-pong tourney. A little later he saw the three boys standing around disconsolately. Scott went up to them. "Would you boys like to see a wonderful card trick?" He dashed into the house, emerging with a deck of cards. "Only one other man in the world can do this," he said portentously. "And he's a lifer at San Quentin, who spent ten years in solitary where he thought up this trick." He rolled up his sleeves. "Watch!" He knitted his eyebrows, intoned a sepulchral "Abracadabra," and whirled three times with his eyes closed. Then he produced from the deck, on demand, an ace, a king, a

ten, a four—all to the delight of his rapt audience.

Meanwhile, our guests seemed to be enjoying themselves. There had been word games and charades and much drinking. Scott had been gay all evening despite his unhappiness at Metro. All at once I realized he had been *too* gay. *Of course, gin, not water.* At this moment he was escorting Nunnally and Marion to the door. Suddenly, as they came opposite a bedroom, I saw Scott shove Nunnally into the room, slip in after him and slam the door. I heard the lock click—and then Scott's voice, raised in anger. Later Nunnally told me what had happened. Scott had locked the door, dropped the key into his shirt pocket and had begun to harangue him.

"Listen, Nunnally, get out of Hollywood. It will ruin you. You have a talent—you'll kill it here."

Nunnally protested. He liked Hollywood. "Look," he said. "I'm just a guy who makes his living writing and I make a better living writing in Hollywood than anywhere else. Why should I leave?"

This enraged Scott. "Why, you bum, you don't know what's good for you. I'm warning you—get out of here. Go back to New York."

Nunnally decided to reverse his field gracefully. "Come to think of it, Scott, you're right. Soon as I finish this script I'm working on, I'll go. I promise, honest to God, Scott."

I pounded on the door. "Scott, everyone's leaving, they want to say goodbye to you."

Finally the door opened. Nunnally skittered out with a belligerent Scott on his heels. He was quite drunk. Cameron and Buff Rogers came to say goodbye. Scott tried to goad Cameron into a fight. Cameron refused. Scott turned to Buff. "If he doesn't knock me out, I'll kill him. I got to be knocked out!" He squared off. "Come on, Cameron, put up your fists like a man!"

Cameron didn't know what to do. Finally he doubled up his right fist and tapped Scott in the stomach. Scott collapsed and we carried him to a sofa. He was mumbling bitterly to himself. "That big, hulking brute—and me dying of tuberculosis."

Minutes later Scott was up again, ordering everyone home. The last to leave were Nunnally and Marion. They had almost reached their car when Scott hurled a parting insult. "You'll never come back here. Never!"

Nunnally turned. "Of course I will, Scott," he said. "I want to see you and Sheila again."

"Oh, no, you won't," roared Scott. "Because I'm living with my paramour! That's why you won't."

I could hardly believe my ears. I turned and ran from the room onto the beach.

How dare he! Just then I saw him. He dashed out of the beach house, and, to my utter horror, plunged, clothes and all, into the ocean and began swimming furiously, like a man about to swim the English Channel.

He swam a few strokes, turned, swam back and emerged, dripping. He trotted to his car nearby, got in, and drove off in a roar of gears.

He did not return until an hour later, with a bottle of liquor he had bought at the Malibu Inn.

I heard him tumble into bed in his room.

* * * * *

Paramour. Such a hard, such a cruel word. It haunted me. Each time my anger surged, I tried to calm myself. Yes, I thought, that is Scott, too. Scott the Puritan who lashes himself—and me.

Had I been more perceptive, I might have had a better understanding of Scott's struggle with Hollywood, of the dark night in his own soul. But in this first year or so, he hid much from me. He would not be pitied and I had too much respect for him to pry. And it was not easy to pity him; he dazzled me. I was overwhelmed by the excitement he engendered in me, by the delight he took in opening new horizons for me, by the intense interest he concentrated upon me.

A new routine began for us. I set aside three hours each day to do the reading he assigned me. Each evening we discussed what I had read. Scott quizzed me; I answered his questions. Scott was a teacher. To be asked to explain was like a tonic to him, and I was athirst for everything he could tell me.

My reading, as outlined by Scott, was anything but haphazard. He devoted hours to the job of working out schedules for me. I remember looking up from my work one day to say, "I'm student one in your college—the F. Scott Fitzgerald College of One." Scott's fancy was caught by my words. "You do well and I'll give you a diploma," he said. I thought, I finally shall get one, after all. Our reading stimulated me.

At Encino, in the San Fernando Valley, Edward Everett Horton, the actor, had an estate called "Belly Acres." Here I rented a house when Scott's Malibu lease expired. Malibu was too cold and damp for him in winter; the Valley was always some ten degrees warmer than the rest of the countryside. The house, one of three on Mr. Horton's estate, was a big rambling structure with a long balcony off Scott's bedroom on which he could pace to his heart's content.

He suggested that since it was large enough for both of us, I might as well give up my house and take a small apartment in town. I did so, renting a two-bedroom flat off Sunset Boulevard

where Scott could work and stay when in town.

In early January, 1939, David Selznick suddenly called Scott in to work on *Gone with the Wind*. For a week Scott toiled over the famous staircase scene, asking himself aloud. "What would she say to him? What would he say to her?" I became Scarlett O'Hara; he, Rhett Butler. I struck a pose at the top of our winding staircase at Encino, daintily holding the hem of an invisible evening gown. Scott, standing at the foot of the staircase, called out directions. "Now, slowly—keep your eye on me—"

Scott Works on a Script

Slowly, I began to descend. From below, Scott looked up at me and smiled—the self-assured, half-provocative, half-disdainful smile of a great lover.

"Miss O'Hara—" he began silkily. I continued to descend, languidly waving an imaginary fan. "Captain Butler. I believe—"

Scott couldn't contain himself. He burst into laughter.

I ran down the stairs into his arms. We were both laughing. "Am I really such an awful actress?" I asked. "I tried to help—"

He said, "Sheilah, it might be better if I work it out on paper."

But though he was determined to lick the script where others had failed. Scott lasted but two weeks. Suddenly he was dismissed. On the heels of this, Metro failed to renew Scott's contract, so that *Gone with the Wind* turned out to be Scott's final job for the studio that had brought him to Hollywood.

For the first time since he came west, he was without salary. "Well," he said hopefully, "I'll just have to work from picture to picture. Maybe I'll go ahead with my novel, or try some short stories."

It was now that Walter Wanger, the producer, learning that Scott was free, hired him to work with Budd Schulberg on a film about Dartmouth College's Winter Ice Carnival, held annually in Hanover, New Hampshire.

For days I watched Scott labor on the script with Budd. As always with a new project, he was full of enthusiasm. Yet I could not help thinking—how much hinged on his success here! Scott must have felt this concern: in the quiet of the Encino night I heard him pacing, back and forth. One morning he said in a matter-of-fact voice, "My T.B.'s flared up."

I was alarmed. Despite his annoyance I took his temperature. It was 101 degrees. "Don't worry about me," he said. "I won't be babied."

At this critical stage Wanger wired Scott and Budd to join him at once in Hanover. I protested to Scott. He was in no condition to fly to New York.



WITH WIFE, ZELDA, in 1923. Scott was already in *Who's Who*, and the toast of the younger generation. Zelda's escapades had barely begun to hint at tragedy.

He said, reluctantly, he must go. All right, I said finally. If he went, I'd go with him. "It will be a change to write my column from the East."

In our plane, Budd and Scott were busily discussing their script when I went to my berth. Next morning Scott had the grayness of death on him. I attributed this to a combination of temperature and insomnia. Only then I learned that Budd's father, B. P. Schulberg, a former producer, had presented Budd with a magnum of champagne before the flight. Scott had been up all night reminiscing with Budd, the two sustaining themselves on champagne.

When we reached New York they dropped me off at the Weylin Hotel, met Wanger at the Waldorf, and went by train to Hanover. Scott said, "Better not call me there. I'll phone you."

The call that came to me from Scott a few days later alarmed me. He was at the Hanover Inn with Budd, they were making wonderful progress. He bubbled over, he was uproariously funny—I knew then that he was still drinking. Liquor, plus his illness—*anything* could happen. "Be back in town Friday," he said. "I'll call you."

The second call never came. Saturday came, then Sunday. I put in a call for Scott at the Hanover Inn. Mr. Fitzgerald and Mr. Schulberg had checked out days ago.

On Monday evening the telephone rang. It was Budd. "What happened?" I demanded. "Where's Scott?"

Budd's voice was shaky. "I've got bad news, Sheilah—"

"Scott's dead!" I cried.

"No, no, no. But he's sick. He went on a terrible bender—" Budd began to blame himself. "I should never have given him that champagne." Scott had been drinking for days, he'd gotten into an argument with Wanger, Wanger had ordered them both out of Hanover.

I broke in, "Where's Scott now?"

"I can't tell you." Budd said evasively. "He made me promise not to. I'm just to say that you'll see him very soon. I'm sorry, Sheilah." He hung up.

I sat at the telephone. Poor Scott! What would this *do* to him?

The telephone rang again. "Hello, Sheilo—" It was Scott. He had checked in at the Weylin a few minutes ago. I hurried down to his room. He was slumped in a chair, unshaven, exhausted,

Last Days and Love (continued)

his face with the ashen pallor that terrified me. He had had "the most awful time" in Hanover. He made a grimace. "I shouldn't have left Hollywood. But I needed the money." It was the first time Scott had admitted his financial difficulties.

"Get into bed, Scott," I said gently. "I'll call for a doctor and nurse—"

I went to the bed to turn back the covers—and Scott scuttled out the door and down the service stairs. "Scott, Scott!" I shouted after him, but he was gone. I telephoned a physician who had treated me when I lived in New York. "You need a psychiatrist to handle this," he said. He recommended Dr. Richard H. Hoffman.

Scott had not returned when Dr. Hoffman arrived in response to my telephone call. He listened while I told him about Scott.

At this moment, Scott, bottle in hand, came in unsteadily. "This is Dr. Hoffman," I said. "He is a psychiatrist and you met him before, in Paris, years ago."

Scott, with exaggerated politeness, took Dr. Hoffman's hand. "Yes, of course," he said. It was obvious he did not remember. He looked at him impishly. "A psychiatrist, eh?" He indicated a chair and slid into one himself. "Sit down, Doctor." He unscrewed the top of his bottle and took a drink, replaced the cover and stuffed the bottle into his pocket. "Now, what is it you'd like to know about me?"

I excused myself and left the room.

That night Dr. Hoffman moved Scott to Doctors Hospital and placed him on a strict regimen. He visited him daily; at the end of a week Scott was back at the Weylin, where I cared for him.

Back in Encino, Scott tried to follow a strict regimen. It was too much for him. He had no contract; there were no screenwriting jobs; there was no money coming in. Before the year was over Scott and I were to have our most anguished times together.

I was never sure when he drank. Scott, sober, could be so ebullient that one could not tell. Now casting about, speaking one moment of getting into his novel, the next of whipping out a short story that might sell for three thousand dollars, as he had done in the past, he grew increasingly nervous. I suspected that he was drinking and I became angry with him for concealing it. "Are you drinking?" I demanded. "I'm sure you're drinking."

"That is none of your business," he replied stiffly.

"I hate you when you drink." I burst out. "When I fell in love with you you weren't drinking. Why are you doing it now?"

"I'm not drinking," he retorted, and walked away.

He tried to take himself in hand. "I've started my novel," he announced expansively one April afternoon. He had hired a secretary—Frances Kroll, a slender, dark-eyed girl just out of college.

Each day, now, he dictated for a few hours. Though he was still drinking he seemed to have himself under control. Perhaps, as he got deeper into his novel, he would find less need to drink.

Now, in the autumn of 1939, Scott began putting his notes together for his novel. *The Last Tycoon*. *Collier's* was interested in printing it before book publication. If they bought the novel, they were prepared to run eight, ten, or even twelve installments—depending on its length. At \$2,500 an installment, this could mean as much as thirty thousand dollars to Scott—money he needed desperately. Kenneth Littauer, the fiction editor at *Collier's*, wanted to see at least fifteen thousand words before making a decision.

Unexpectedly, I received word from John Wheeler in New York that he had booked me for a two-week lecture tour of the North American Newspaper Alliance. In November, I was to visit major cities in which my column appeared, so my readers could meet Sheilah Graham and hear first-hand the truth about Hollywood. I painstakingly prepared a draft of my lecture and showed it to Scott for his opinion. He read it, frowning. "This really isn't very good. I can't let you do a lecture like this."

He sat down and edited my speech. As usual, before he was finished he had written a completely new lecture. We read it together. "Now, isn't this better?"

I agreed. "Good," said Scott. He gave it to Frances to type. "Don't memorize it, but study it until you almost know it by heart."

In the course of the next two weeks I spoke in seven cities, beginning in New York and concluding in Kansas City.

I telephoned Scott that night just before taking the plane to Hollywood. Everything had gone beautifully. "Wonderful!" he said. "I knew you'd be a success, baby!" He sounded lighthearted. I hung up, wondering, Has he been drinking?

The Tyranny of Alcohol

Scott greeted me warmly at the airport. He seemed tense, but I was so exhilarated with my triumph that I could only talk about myself.

The following day I realized he had been drinking and was under great stress. A few days before he had completed the first chapter of *The Last Tycoon*. He had been so anxious to get it off to *Collier's* that Frances had driven to the airport and mailed it from there. But the manuscript ran only six thousand words instead of fifteen thousand. Lit-

tauer had wired him he must defer his decision until he had seen more. Scott, bitterly disappointed, had immediately had a copy mailed to *The Saturday Evening Post*. *The Post*, too, had refused to commit itself.

The doubts of two magazines which in the past had been proud to print almost anything he wrote overwhelmed Scott. He drank steadily. There was no stopping him. Frances and I were alarmed. We slipped a gun out of the kitchen table drawer where he kept it, wrapped it in newspaper, and hid it far back on a high shelf in the pantry.

Several nights later I came to Encino to find Scott entertaining two strangers. They could have walked out of a hobo scene on a movie set; they were filthy, unshaven, and drunk. Scott was pressing on them his shirts, his ties, and handkerchiefs. One man already had two of Scott's Brooks Brothers suits draped over his arm.

"Meet my friends," Scott said expansively. He had come upon them thumbing their way on Ventura Boulevard. He had invited them to stay for dinner.

I said, "Don't you boys think you ought to go? And leave Mr. Fitzgerald's clothes here, please."

Scott focused on me. "Why should they go, Sheilo? I told you they're my friends." The two men smirked at me.

I paid no attention to Scott. "Will you please put down those clothes and go? Immediately! If you don't leave at once I will call the police."

They saw I meant it. They made an elaborate ceremony of depositing the suits and haberdashery on a chair. "The lady says go. I guess we better go," one remarked. He waved at Scott. "So long, old fellow. Be seeing you." They left.

I knew that Miss Steffan, his nurse, was somewhere around. "Scott, I'm getting you some food." I said. I heated a can of soup in the kitchen, poured it into two bowls and brought them into the dining room. I set a table for two. "Come on, Scott—hot soup will do you good."

He refused, mumbling. "Being rude to my friends—never so insulted in my life—"

Suddenly, he leaped from his chair, pounced on his bowl of soup, and hurled it across the dining room. "Oh, Scott!" I groaned. I got a dishtowel and started mopping up. I was going to the kitchen with the broken china when Scott stood in my way. "Scott, stop being silly—" I began.

He pulled his right hand back and slapped me with all his strength. I stood there, stunned and deafened, the broken pieces of china in my hands, staring at him.

Unexpectedly Miss Steffan appeared. She took in the scene. "Mr. Fitzgerald,

please—" she advanced toward Scott.

He wheeled on her. "Oh, you think she's somebody worth protecting? If you knew what she really is!" He took a step toward me, then back toward her. "She's a fake! She's right out of the slums of London, she was raised in an orphanage, her name's not Sheila Graham, it's Lily Sheil, Lily Sheil!"

The nurse, aghast, said, "Mr. Fitzgerald—"

With as much dignity as I could command, I turned and walked into the kitchen on my way to my car parked in the back. Scott suddenly sprinted around me and stood against the door, blocking my way. "Oh, no, you don't. You're not leaving this house. You'll go when I say you can go."

I hurst out. "I hate you! I don't love you any more!"

He pulled out a cigarette and managed to light it. "You're not going," he said. "I'm going to kill you."

Suddenly I knew that to panic now might lead to real tragedy.

"All right, Scott," I said conversationally. "If you don't want me to go, let's talk. What would you like to talk about?"

He repeated, "I'm going to kill you." He pulled open the table drawer. "Where's my gun?" He cast a suspicious glance at me. He began ripping out pantry drawers. There was a telephone on the cupboard a few inches from me. I seized it and got the operator. I said, "Get me the police. If I am cut off, this is my number." Scott whirled around, but made no move to stop me. To the sergeant who replied, I said clearly, "I am being kept against my will at this address." I told him the address. The sergeant's voice was loud in the receiver. "We'll be right over."

I said to Scott, "Now, Scott, you heard me call the police. I think you heard what they said. It will be very bad if they find me here. You'd better let me go now."

Scott did not stop me. I walked out the door and got into my car. I cried all the way home. When I entered my apartment to hear my phone ringing, it was Scott.

"What do you want?" I sobbed.

He said, "I just wanted to be sure you got home safely."

"Huh!" I cried. "That's a joke!" And I hung up in tears.

For the next two days Scott bombarded me with letters and calls.

I told my secretary that if there were any calls from him, I had left town. I could not be reached.

A week later, a letter, quite formal, from Frances Kroll:

Dear Miss Graham:

Mr. Fitzgerald is himself again after six days in bed and everything he did seems perfectly abominable to

him. He wants to know if there is any material way in which he can partially atone for the damage. More particularly he wants to know if it will be any help if he leaves Hollywood for good.

He has no idea where you are nor has he any intention of trying to see you. He merely wants to remove as much of the unhappiness as is possible from what he did to you.

Sincerely,

Frances Kroll

I told Frances I wanted only to be left alone.

Fever, Liquor, and Love

The note was in pencil. It arrived several days after the letter from Frances Kroll. Written on one of his yellow sheets, it was wrapped around a little notebook in which I had entered addresses and telephone numbers. The note read:

When I came to myself last Tuesday I found this, which seems to be yours. It is very quiet out here now. I went into your room this afternoon and lay on your bed a while to see if you had left anything of yourself. There were some pencils and the electric pad that didn't work and the autumn out the window that won't ever be the same. Then I wrote down a lot of expressions of your face, but one I can't bear to read, of the little girl who trusted me so and whom I loved more than anything in the world—and to whom I gave grief when I wanted to give joy. Something should have told you I was extemporizing wildly. . . . It was all fever and liquor and sedatives—what nurses hear in any bad drunk case. I'm glad you're rid of me. I hope you're happy and the last awful impression is fading a little till someday you'll say, 'he can't have been that black.' Goodbye, Sheilo, I won't bother you any more.

Scott

A huge bouquet of American Beauty roses was delivered to my apartment. The card read simply, "Scott." It would be a pity to throw them away. I arranged them in a vase.

The next day Frances Kroll called on me with a small suitcase of my belongings—the last of the things from Encino. Scott was working hard, she remarked. And he had stopped drinking. When I looked at her she said, "I mean it. It's true." "Good for him," I said indifferently. We chatted a little longer and then she left.

At Encino, Scott waited impatiently for her. "Well?" he asked. Frances smiled. "They're there, Mr. Fitzgerald," she reported. "I saw them in a lovely vase on her desk."

Scott's face lit up. "I've got her!" he said triumphantly. He had, too, although I did not know it.

I had not seen or talked to him for five weeks.

One Saturday night I joined a group of friends for an evening of fun. At the end of the evening I was dropped at my apartment. I entered and switched on the light just as the telephone rang. It was Scott. "I'd very much like to see you, Sheilo," he said. "May I see you tomorrow?"

For a moment I did not reply. I thought, I cannot bear it. I don't care. I have no pride. I want Scott. His voice came again, softly. "Are you there, Sheilo?"

I said, "Yes, Scott, I'm here." And I added, "Of course you can see me."

"All right," he said. "I'll pick you up early in the morning—nine o'clock. I want to drive somewhere so we can talk."

At nine the next morning, he called for me. I sat silently beside him as his little car slowly climbed the winding road to the top of Laurel Canyon.

We left the car and I walked with him to the rim of a small knoll. We sat down on the grass, on the edge of the canyon.

Scott began to talk, slowly. He spoke about himself, about Zelda, about his drinking—he knew he could not drink. He knew that when he was drunk he was unfit for human association. The day came when he realized he was drinking to escape—not only to escape the growing sense of his wasted potentialities but also to dull the guilt he felt over Zelda. He was finished with this form of escape. He looked forward hopefully to the future. He had hired another agent who might find screenwriting jobs for him. He had gotten well into his novel. He knew he could write a good book. He wanted me back, very, very much. "I am going to stop drinking, Sheila. I have made a promise to myself. Whether you come back to me or not, I will stop drinking. But I want you back—very much."

"Scott—" I began. I searched for the words. "How do I know I can believe you? Do you really mean it?"

"I mean it," he said. There was a long pause. We looked at each other. "Don't just take my words, Sheila. Test me."

I went back to him, and everything fell into place once more.

Scott did not drink. Early in 1940, for the first time in months, he worked on a script again, adapting his short story, "Babylon Revisited," which Producer Lester Cowan bought from him for a thousand dollars. Cowan paid him an additional five thousand dollars to turn it into a screenplay. Once more he was employed, and his morale was high.

Because Encino became insufferable

Last Days and Love (continued)

during the summer, in April Scott gave up his house. I found him an apartment in Hollywood on the street next to mine. To economize, we shared the same maid, each paying half of her salary. We dined at each other's apartment on alternate nights: one night she cooked his dinner and I was his guest, the next, she cooked mine and he was my guest. Again, like a married couple, we went shopping at night in the supermarkets on Sunset Boulevard or spent an hour in Schwab's drugstore browsing among the magazines and ending our visit sipping chocolate malted milks at the ice-cream counter. On the way home we chanted poetry to each other, swinging hands as we walked in the darkness.

A Period of Productivity

Could either of us have known, this summer of 1940, that Scott was in the last year of his life? There were no signs. In fact, everything underlined his own hopeful words—he had become a new man. He was not drinking; and now that he was not, I marveled at how much work he accomplished.

Now and then, in the middle of the day, he would grow tired and have to rest from whatever he was doing, but nothing stopped the eagerness of his mind. He was full of projects for me. I must start making notes for my autobiography, he told me. "Your story is fascinating, Sheila." he said. "Some day you must do it. It should be a book."

"Oh, Scott," I'd say. "You should do it—I wish you'd write my story."

"No," he would say. "That will be your project. But I'll help you. I'll show you how to start." He brought home a huge leather-bound ledger. "You must begin making notes. When you think of something, when you recall something, put it where it belongs," he said. "Put it down when you think of it. You may never recapture it quite as vividly the second time."

I had put an iron door between my past and myself. I had opened it only once—when I revealed the truth about myself to Scott. Now, with his encouragement, I began to revisit my childhood.

Though I jotted down notes whenever I thought of them, I did not neglect my education. I had moved into Scott's music course. Scott made a present to me of a record player and then, admitting that his knowledge of music was limited, called in Frances Kroll's brother to help plan the curriculum. Now Scott brought me albums of records instead of books. We both listened, we read the biographies of the composers, and we studied music criticism recommended by Herman Kroll.

Then we took up art. We spent each Saturday afternoon at a gallery or museum. Under Scott's watchful eye I

began to learn how to look at pictures.

One August day as we strolled through the Huntington Library I said to Scott, half-teasingly, "How well has the best and worst student in the Fitzgerald College of One done so far?"

"Very well, Sheila," he said. "I'm quite proud of you—you've worked hard."

"Do you think I'll be ready to graduate soon?"

"Well, let's see," he said, seriously. "You've been studying about a year and a half. Now, if you were going to Vassar, like Scottie, it would take you four years. But ours is a very concentrated curriculum—" At this rate, he said, I should be ready to graduate next June. I should consider myself a member of the Class of 1941.

"And you'll really give me a diploma?"

He laughed. "In your cap and gown. I promise." I would have to pass a complete written final examination. He would arrange it all. We would conduct appropriate graduation exercises and he would present a hand-lettered diploma, the only one of its kind, to me.

So we planned it.

That Scott was not drinking—that Dr. Wilson, dropping in on him unexpectedly, could always assure me that Scott had taken no alcohol—was the overwhelming fact of that idyllic summer and autumn of 1940. Almost as overwhelming to me was my discovery that I was in Scott's novel.

He had never told me that he was writing about me—that Stahr, the central character of the book, would fall in love with an English girl who was based on me. Her name was Kathleen. She spoke like me. She used my phrases. Telling Scott how I had sold toothbrushes at Gamage's, I had said, "I have nice teeth for an English girl." Now Kathleen, in *The Last Tycoon*, made that observation to Stahr. When Scott read to me, night after night, what he had written during the day, I began to realize that the love affair between Kathleen and Stahr—the very heart of the novel—was our love affair.

I had the weirdest sense of unreality as Scott read to me. Listening, I was deeply moved.

It was a Thursday afternoon in November, a dull, gray day, and I was curled up on the sofa, listening to the massed voices lifted in the stirring chorus of Bach's cantata *Singet dem Herrn*. Twenty minutes earlier Scott had said, "I'm going to Schwab's for cigarettes." I had not heard him return. Now, suddenly I looked up. Scott was there, gray and trembling, letting himself slowly into his easy chair. Alarmed, I asked, "Is anything the matter, Scott?" I hurried to turn down the music. He lit a cigarette carefully before he spoke. "I almost fainted at Schwab's," he said. "Every-

thing started to fade." He had never felt quite like that before. "I think I'd better see Dr. Wilson in the morning."

In the morning he drove downtown to Dr. Wilson's office. He was back an hour later, his face solemn. He said, "I had a cardiac spasm."

A great pang of fear shot through me. "Is that a heart attack?"

Scott was vague. "No—"

"Did he say you must stay in bed?"

"No," said Scott. He lied, but I did not know. "But I must take it easy."

I was relieved. Dr. Wilson had not put him to bed. Yet Scott must take care of himself.

Most of the day he took it easy, remaining in bed, writing steadily, keeping Frances busy typing his material. Then he labored over the typed pages with infinite care, revising, rewriting, polishing. He was in excellent spirits.

Sometimes, however, high in spirits, he became unexpectedly, unpredictably, irritable.

One afternoon, two weeks before Christmas, I returned from a shopping spree, ecstatic over three dresses I had bought. "They're so heavenly!" I described them in detail. "Of course, they're terribly expensive, but they're worth every penny—" I prattled on and he snapped. "Oh, stop talking about it! I don't want to hear about your dresses and what they cost!"

I was taken aback. A moment later he apologized but I had begun to think. I had bought the dresses with my own money. Why should he be annoyed? There had been such anguish in his voice—the words seemed to hurt forth despite himself. I asked myself, was it money? Had he enough money to keep going until he finished his novel? I questioned Frances. And Frances, who paid all of Scott's bills, admitted reluctantly that he had only enough funds to carry him for three months.

That night I made notes for a letter I would send, when the time came, to Maxwell Perkins, Scott's editor at Scribner's. I had nearly three thousand dollars saved. I would give two thousand to Scott, but in such a fashion that he would not know it came from me. I would give it on condition that Scribner's advance three thousand, making five thousand in all, the entire sum to come from Scribner's in the form of an advance to Scott so that he could finish the first draft of his novel.

Scott struggled with *The Last Tycoon*. He was in the middle of a difficult chapter. The solution he sought would not come. He had been in bed all morning, it was mid-afternoon, he wanted to dictate, and Frances was not there. He was fretful.

I sat on the edge of his bed and stroked his forehead and pushed the hair

out of his eyes. "You go to sleep now, and I promise you that when you wake up, Frances will be here and things will seem a lot better." I sat there talking quietly until he became drowsy and fell asleep. I tiptoed out and closed the door behind me.

I phoned Frances. "Please come over, Scott needs you."

He slept for about two hours while I worked on my column. "Sheilo—" he called. When I came into his room he was like a new man. "I've had a wonderful sleep," he said. Frances had arrived and waited, ready for dictation.

They were closeted, for half an hour; then she left. Scott set up his writing board and began to write energetically. Dr. Wilson was due in an hour to take a cardiogram. Would I telephone him. Scott called, and tell him to come tomorrow? His work was moving too well to be interrupted now.

Not until seven o'clock did Scott rise and join me for dinner. He read me the last paragraph of what he had written. "I've solved it," he said with satisfaction. He was elated, almost exhilarated.

I said, "You see, by just not fretting and taking it easy, you work better."

He kissed me. "Let's celebrate." He was in high spirits. "Let's go out."

That night, Friday night, December 20, we went to the Pantages Theater and saw *This Thing Called Love*.

When the film was over and the house lights came on, Scott stood up to let me by him on the aisle. I looked back just in time to see him stagger. I hurried back and took his arm. He said in a low strained voice, "I feel awful—everything started to go as it did in Schwab's." I held his arm tightly. He said, "I suppose people will think I'm drunk." I said, "Scott, nobody saw it." I held his arm, supporting as much of his weight as I could without drawing attention, and we moved slowly up the aisle.

We walked slowly to his car. The air revived him and he breathed deeply. "How do I look?" he asked. In the powerful lights of the Pantages I could see him clearly. I said, "You look very pale. Shouldn't we call the doctor?"

Scott said no. Dr. Wilson was coming tomorrow anyway. "Let's not make any fuss."

I did not know that he would die the next day.

A bright noonday sun shone through the window of my sitting-room. I sat at the typewriter. Scott paced up and down, dictating a letter to Scottie.

He had awakened only a little before, having slept well. I brought him coffee as he sat up in bed, making notes for a new chapter. Then, restless, he had gotten up and dressed. Dr. Wilson was to come after lunch.

It was a little after two o'clock.

I prepared sandwiches and coffee for lunch while Scott glanced through the newspapers.

After lunch he was restless. "I'm going to Schwab's to get some ice cream," he said.

"But you might miss the doctor—if it's something sweet you want, I've got some Hershey bars."

"Good enough," he said. "They'll be fine."

I brought him two chocolate bars. He picked up *The Princeton Alumni Weekly*, sank into his green armchair next to the fireplace, and began reading. As he read, he munched on the chocolate. I picked up one of my music books, and began reading about Beethoven.

Every little while we looked up and exchanged smiles. I noticed that Scott was making notes on the margin of an article about the Princeton football team. Again our eyes met; he grinned, as he licked the chocolate from his fingers and bent down to his magazine again. I turned back to my book.

The Last Moments

Out of the corner of my eye—as you see something when you are not looking directly at it—I saw him suddenly start up out of his chair, clutch the mantelpiece, and, without a sound, fall to the floor. He lay flat on his back, his eyes closed, breathing heavily.

I found myself at the telephone, calling Dr. Wilson. There was no answer. I ran my finger down the list of doctors and called one. "Someone's very ill—he's unconscious—can you come right over?"

Then I rushed out of the apartment and pounded on the door of Harry Culver, the manager of the building. "Come quickly—Mr. Fitzgerald has fainted and it's lasted so long. I'm getting frightened."

Mr. Culver was at my heels as I ran back. He knelt beside Scott and felt for his pulse. He looked up at me. "I'm afraid he's dead."

I thought, oxygen. I was at the telephone calling the fire department. Then the police. The door opened and Pat Duff, my secretary, entered. Then everything became confused. It seemed that I was still at the telephone when the apartment was full of people and soft voices and firemen with a Pulmotor were working over Scott. Then, unexpectedly, Buff Cobb was holding me close to her, the firemen were gone, and a white sheet covered Scott's body.

I began to cry. The tears rolled down my cheeks but I made no sound.

Buff Cobb said, "We're going to take you to a doctor, Sheila." Then time passed, and it was night, and I was in her home. I slept in Buff Cobb's room that night.

Then it was the next day and Scottie

was on the telephone from the home of Harold Ober (Scott's literary agent) in Connecticut, where she had gone to spend Christmas. Her voice was broken. How had it happened? I told her. There was a strange calm upon me. We talked for some time. "Poor Sheila," she said at one point. "How awful for you!" And she said, it must be a comfort to me to know that I had made her father's last years happy—and that this should be my solace. I was grateful for her words. Then she would leave school as soon as possible. Oh, no, I replied, she must not. "Scott's dearest wish was that you complete your schooling." She said, "No, I want to quit and earn my living. I don't think there's much money."

She must not do that, I repeated. She must stay at Vassar. She must not worry about the money. It would be found, somehow.

"Well, I'll think about it," she said.

Then, in her eighteen-year-old voice she went on, "By the way, Sheila—we're going to bury Daddy in Baltimore. I don't think it would be advisable for you to come to the funeral, do you?"

I never intended to go to the funeral. I would not have gone to the funeral. I was able to choke out, "No, of course not—goodbye." I put down the phone and for the first time I began to cry aloud. I had had Scott, he had belonged to me, and now he was dead and everyone had taken over, they had taken him away and I had nothing.

I sit in the quiet study of my home in Beverly Hills.

If Scott were sitting beside me in my study on this September day, what would he think, how would he feel, to know his high estate in the world of letters today? That he has been the subject of critical studies, of a biography, a novel, and a play; that his own stories have been dramatized for audiences of millions; that college students read him today not only because he is required reading in the universities but because they love his writing. He would have been delighted to know this, for they were the audience he believed he had lost, the audience of young people. He thought they considered him too old-fashioned. He thought, nobody ever reads F. Scott Fitzgerald any more. What would he say if he knew that were he and I to wander into a bookstore today, his books might be unavailable not because no one wants them but because there is so great a demand for them?

I see him now. He'd square his shoulders, like a boxer who has been tired, and has suddenly renewed his strength. He'd walk to the window and look out with a happy smile—he'd regained his position. I can almost hear him say, "Yes, they've come around at last."

He would be so pleased. THE END



Flavor of the Grain

A McMorrow who didn't drink, my father said, was like a bird without wings: contrary to nature and unfit for a happy life

BY EILEEN McDONALD ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST CHIRIAKA

It wasn't until the night after Mr. Flagerty's wake that I realized Daddy was worried about me.

My homework was spread over the dining room table, and the rosy lamp, with its black iron trim, made the three of us look a little sunburned.

"That was a fine remark you made to Mrs. Flagerty," Mom said, "telling her Jim made a much better job of dying than of living!"

"And so he did, poor man," Daddy answered, happy to put down his paper, "running from one thing to another all his life, thinking always to be rich at last. Never lifting his nose from the grindstone for a good laugh, or a sniff at the world around him. But he made a fine death, quiet and no great bother to anyone, and a tidy bit of insurance for the widow. She's of the same mind with me, and no offense taken. It's concerned about this lad here I am, and not about Mary Flagerty."

"Why?" Mom asked, lifting her eyebrows. "He's less worry to us than either of the two others."

"I'm not disputing that. But I watched him at the wake, mind you. Just touched his lips to the glass and put it down. It's unnatural for a McMorrow to be so indifferent to the drink. If he hasn't the weakness then he must have another that I don't know of. With the drink I could help him, but I'm sadly inexperienced with the others."

"So he doesn't like to drink. Is it beyond you that that might be a blessing, and he not be needing your help at all?"

Daddy let the Morris chair out a rung and put fingertips to fingertips. My brother, Stephen, who's the curate at St.

Gertrude's, has the same trick in the pulpit.

"A dog, Cathy, has fleas so he won't forget he's a dog, and a man has his little weaknesses so he'll remember he's a man, and not one of the angels. With the McMorrrows it's a fondness for spirits. My Dad knew of one that didn't have it, but he took off one day with the contents of the cash drawer where he worked. There was another, away back, who scribbled poetry. Fortunately his lungs carried him off young. It wasn't very good poetry, I understand. Aside from them, the issue's been clean-cut all these years."

"I've heard your family's glorious history often enough," Mom said, taking up her knitting.

"Any fool," Daddy went on thoughtfully, "knows he's got his little frailties, but a wise man knows how to deal with them, turn them to his advantage, even. You'd do well to remember that, my boy."

"Yes, Daddy," I answered.

Take your brother Stephen, for instance. I knew he was pure McMorrow, so I put the idea of Holy Orders in his head. He's happy now, takes just a mite now and then for sacred or social purposes, and there's not a more understanding priest in the confessional."

"I'm tired," said Mom. "I think I'll be going upstairs."

"I don't understand you. Haven't you a mother's natural concern for her children? It shakes my belief in all I've been taught to hear you so indifferent."

"I think I have the interests of my

children at heart as well as you." Mom sighed.

"And this our youngest, the fruit of our old age!"

"Stop talking like the Old Testament. You'd think he was a miracle. I say a person's as old as he feels, and I've never felt better."

"I'm delighted to hear it. I wish I could be as easy, with this poor innocent here the victim of God knows what error, and his father not able to help him. Will it be women, do you suppose?"

Faith. I'd like to see him lift his eyes from his books and rest them on some nice girl."

"No, women were never our curse. We've too much sense of humor ever to lose ourselves that way."

"Sense of humor, indeed, and you looking black as the church on Good Friday."

"Dope, perhaps," Daddy pursued, rummaging through the vices he'd heard of. "The cough syrup, now. Seems to me it's been going down, and not a wheeze in the house. Doesn't that have dope in it? I just hope it isn't some mean, little vice, like begrudging a dollar to a chap in need. At least, the drink's a fine, manly error. Go along to bed, Cathy, before you're snoring outright. I'll have a word with Danny alone."

"Don't keep him up too long. He has a test tomorrow. Sleep well, both of you," Mom said, and put the hair back from my eyes in leaving.

Daddy lit a cigar, so I knew it was an important moment for him. He waited until the ash on it was gray and fragile as the last bit of snow on a rooftop, and then he said gently, "You're getting to

"Tell them you can't be a nun," I suggested, "because you're my girl."

be a great boy now, Danny. Seventeen, why, that's pushing man's estate. You can speak up to me, just as I am to you. First I want to tell you it's nothing to be ashamed of if maybe you fear the drink, and you're pretending not to like it. We've all got our faults, and drinking's an amiable one. You'd be in the company of some of our best-loved men, and you'd never be lacking understanding. It's not something strange and terrible to most people. Of course, I don't hold with all this talk about its being a sickness. Takes all the dignity out of it, like you were missing a kidney, or were a little light in the head. It's just a question of learning to live with it, and not be a sot, or an object of pity or scorn. That's the kernel of what I'm trying to say to you, Danny. A man can live with the fondness, and be a fine man withal. Your mouth's agape. Were you wanting to say something?"

"Well, only that I'm grateful to you, Daddy, but I'm not afraid of whiskey. I just don't care for it. It doesn't taste good, for one thing."

"Doesn't taste good! Born without the taste, even! Let me tell you, it was a grand meeting of talents when God put flavor into the grain and man reasoned the way to get it out. Now, you've had your wee go at it on occasion. Have you never had it find your tongue, run down like a lovely river of gold, trickling into your toes, even, making you feel ten feet tall? That there was nothing you couldn't do, easy as sneezing? That everyone around was a grand chap and you wonder you never noticed it before?"

"I'm sorry, Daddy."

"Sorry! You must never have seen the ugliness in this world. Well, I hope it never gets too plain to you."

Daddy's foot went out suddenly, and he kicked the leg of the table.

"Cheap wood," he cried. "Cheap wood and the girls getting dumpy and gray. Spit on the sidewalks, and a long day with the backache at the end of it. It's a grim life, boy."

Then his eyes brightened and he pulled harder on his cigar.

"Ah, but with the drink, Danny, it's a lovelier world, it is. Like going back to being a child, and not able to wait for morning for the wonderful things that might happen that day!"

That was the beginning of Daddy's worrying, and things weren't easy at home any more after that. I found myself running down the sins neatly classified in my prayerbook. Pride, covetousness, greed, hate, envy, and sloth. Mortal, venial, capital sins. Sins of omission and of commission. It didn't help my marks in school.

Things went on like that until the

night of my cousin Margaret's birthday party. Margaret giggled too much for such a big girl, and her front teeth grew down so far I always held my breath for fear she was going to bite off her lower lip. I wasn't keen on going to the party, but a birthday in the family always meant a gathering of the clan, and I got into my good clothes without any real idea of rebellion.

Once there we divided into three groups: parents in the kitchen, girls on the porch, boys in the living room. We just stood around awhile feeling antagonistic until Jerry Hanna started scuffling with John Leary. Soon we were all in it, and feeling happier.

Mom put her head between the portieres and said, "What's going on here? You, Danny, are you afraid of your own cousin? Go give Margaret her present!"

There must have been a dozen girls on the porch, and, even in their good dresses, pale pink and blue, they were as familiar to me as sisters. They were crowded together on the railing and in the swing; a couple were on the steps, their hands clasped modestly around their ankles. They played with the flowers in their hair or the medals around their necks, and even as they talked vivaciously to each other their eyes strayed restlessly toward the sound of boys in the living room.

"Many happy returns, Maggie," I said. "You look like little Miss Muffet."

My cousin glinted up at me suspiciously from a hassock.

"Oh, you! Always so funny. Why can't you remember to call me Margaret? Maggie's so undignified."

She hardly looked dignified, sliding around on the hassock, and less so when I handed her her gift. She grabbed it, squealing, and the wrapping Mom had taken such pains with fell to the floor, the ribbon and card with it. Maggie's teeth came down, and I watched with interest, but there was no apparent damage.

The girls fluttered around, making soft little noises like doves as the blouse passed among them.

"Come on, give it back," Maggie yelled to one girl who held it a little longer than the others, running her fingers delicately over the fabric.

"Would you be having me in sackcloth already?" the girl answered, tossing it back, and I looked at her with interest. I approved of anyone who stood up to Maggie. She had straight black hair falling from a center part, and a small, gently curved nose like the Egyptian princess in the museum.

"What's the hurry, Maggie?" I asked boldly. "Afraid you won't get it back?"

"Moira's going to be a nun," Maggie

answered triumphantly, "so she might as well begin renouncing the things of the world."

Moira. It had been rather a common name with us. I had a strange feeling it would never be so again.

Moira's eyes flashed, and I thought she was going to speak; then she sighed and her lashes made little fans on her face when she lowered her eyes.

Then Aunt Ellen called. "Come eat, everyone," and we trooped into the dining room, where the lamp over the table shone on unmatching platters of ham and cheese and cold corned beef.

Stephen put his Roman collar back in place and said grace. Then the platters and the bowls of cole slaw and potato salad were passed sidewise and overhead. I felt miles away from Moira, who was squeezed between Margaret and Buck Feeley. Their faces reddened from the heat and digestion, and I marveled at Moira, who never lost her pallor, and at the fastidious way she ate. Finally the table was cleared and whiskey was brought in, straight for the grownups, watered for us.

Daddy rose and rapped sharply on the table with his fork for attention.

"Here's to my niece, and a pride and honor she is to the family," he toasted, draining his glass critically.

"Here's to my daughter. Fifteen this day, and every day a greater comfort to us." Uncle Ed proclaimed in his turn.

This went on for a while, and shirts were unbuttoned and belts slyly eased. At last the men were left at the table explaining what was rotten with politics, while the ladies gathered in the kitchen, fighting for aprons.

When we were shoed into the living room, someone turned on the radio, and the girls started dancing with each other. Then Buck cut in and after that everything got easy again. I shuffled around dutifully with Maggie, but as soon as I could I went over to Moira, who stood at the end of the room like a princess without a court.

"You've not renounced dancing yet, have you?" I asked.

"Maggie'd have me cloistered," she shrugged, and never had a girl slipped so easily into my arms.

"I don't remember ever seeing you here," I said, trying to sound casual.

"How could you? I've never been here. I'm visiting Maureen Costello for a week."

"Oh. Ah, is the week beginning or ending?"

"Ending."

I nodded; separation was classic and inevitable. Then I remembered the separation wouldn't just be while she went

back home, and I danced more slowly, wondering that I'd never before noticed the faint, salt sweetness of girls' hair.

"So you're going to be a nun," I said foolishly.

"Why not? What is there in this world, anyway? I intend to live for the world to come."

"Well, that's grand," I muttered, "and meanwhile let this one slip by like a dream, I suppose. Grand. But don't you want to do something else, something like—"

"Like getting married?" she finished for me, coldly. "No thank you. I'm through with men."

Her shoulder blades, small and wing-like beneath my hands, became a torment to me. I led her out to the porch, deserted now, and we sat each at one end of the swing, but its movement kept pulling us together. The long spring twilight had deepened into soft night. We caught snatches of talk from people passing on the sidewalk, intermittent and disturbing as the scent of the lilac hush stirred by a breeze.

"So you're through with men," I said finally. "Why?"

"They're deceivers, all of them."

"Who's deceived you?"

"Never mind. But we exchanged pins and eternal vows, and then he went to college. His letters got fewer and fewer and then he stopped writing altogether."

I was jealous of whomever she was talking about, but I thought he couldn't have been very bright.

"You must have loved him an awful lot," I probed.

"Loved him! Who said I loved him?"

"Then what's all the shouting for?"

"Well, it proves men can't be trusted. If I had loved him, it would have been just that much worse for me, wouldn't it?"

At this point I gave up trying to follow feminine logic.

"So because of that you're going to bury yourself in a convent!"

"Don't be sacrilegious, Danny Mc-Morrow! Talking about the blessed life that way."

"Yes, it's a blessed life. But I doubt that you have the calling. You're just sore and you're taking it out on yourself."

I had an inspiration then. I agreed with her. I've done it a lot since and it's worked, nine times out of ten.

"Go on, then," I nodded. "Hide under a veil. It's a good job the Sisters do, teaching and caring for other people's children. Maybe someday you'll be having one of Maggie's kids in your class."

"Maggie's! I'd like to know who'd marry her!"

"Now, now. You'll need Christian charity if you're to be a nun. Maggie's no

beauty, but she'll bag somebody. You'll see. She won't be afraid to get kicked around a little first."

"I'm not afraid."

"You are, too. Scared stiff. Just like you don't really want to go into the convent, but you're afraid to change your mind."

She gave me the back of her hand then, hard and flat against my face, and I wondered, touching my cheek gingerly, why I should feel suddenly happier.

"Black Irish," I grinned. "You'll have to learn to control your temper better."

Moirira stared at me, eyes darkly blue in a pale face.

"Your face," she whispered, "your poor face."

"That's to remind me to send no children of mine to you."

She touched my cheek lightly.

"Such a funny face, like it was chipped out of a boulder."

I'd heard Daddy say my face looked like the business end of an axe, and Mom wail that no amount of food filled out the hollows. This was different. Moira made me feel like a composite of Attila and the young Lincoln.

"Danny?"

"Yes." I had to stoop to hear the uncertain voice.

"Don't you think I have the calling?"

"Now, you're the one to be knowing that. But I'd say if you have any doubt at all—"

"I love pretty things," she acknowledged thoughtfully, "but I suppose they're just snares."

"My dad says God put things into the world for us to enjoy."

"And dancing and singing—"

"They're grand things. The seraphim sing to praise God."

"I think I must really be very carnal."

I nodded, feeling wonderfully pagan.

"So am I, but I think it's better to know it than deny it."

"But I've told everyone!" she wailed suddenly.

"Well, if you're sure—"

"I am sure!"

"Of what?"

"That I don't want to go, silly!"

I took a deep breath. It was like looking for your name on the bulletin board after exams, and then seeing you've passed.

"Then tell them something else. Like, well, tell them you're going to be my girl."

"Your girl! Do you want me to be your girl?"

"I want you to be."

"I have an awful temper."

"I want you to be."

She looked at me solemnly and then laid her little hand on my arm and we

went back to the living room as though "Pomp and Circumstance" were being played.

When we got home, Mom hung her coat in the closet under the stairs, and said hadn't it been a lovely party? Daddy looked up from loosening his shoelaces, very red in the face, and said wasn't Maggie getting to be a great cow of a girl?

"She can't help it, Daddy," I smiled. "She's not so bad."

Daddy stared at me, one shoe hanging from his hand. He wasn't used to having Maggie defended from my corner. Scraps of rhyme were running through my head. "Your nose is curved like a young half-moon." I'd never think a girl beautiful again unless her hair was black and her nose had a sweet, Egyptian-looking curve. As from far away, I looked at Mom in her black dress with the crocheted collar, and at Daddy, bent to his other shoe. His scalp showed pink and babyish where the hair was getting thin. Something spilled over in me and I had to swallow hard.

"Where were you all night, Mom?" I demanded. "I never got to dance with you."

"I was with the Sodality ladies, and not so far away you couldn't have found me."

"Dance with me now, then," I cried, grabbing her around the waist and twirling her the length of the hall.

"That's enough, Danny, that's enough," she gasped, laughing. "What's got into you?"

"What's got into him, do you ask?"

Daddy rose, his eyes shining with something more than the toasts.

What's got into him, indeed! Feel good, don't you Danny? Like an angel's dropped his wings on your back? Like you're ten feet tall?"

"Twelve," I answered, giving him grin for grin.

"The saints be praised! Do you hear, Cathy? I saw you, boy, taking your snifter when we drank to Maggie. Liked it, didn't you? Drained a glass or two when a man was rash enough to set his drink down?"

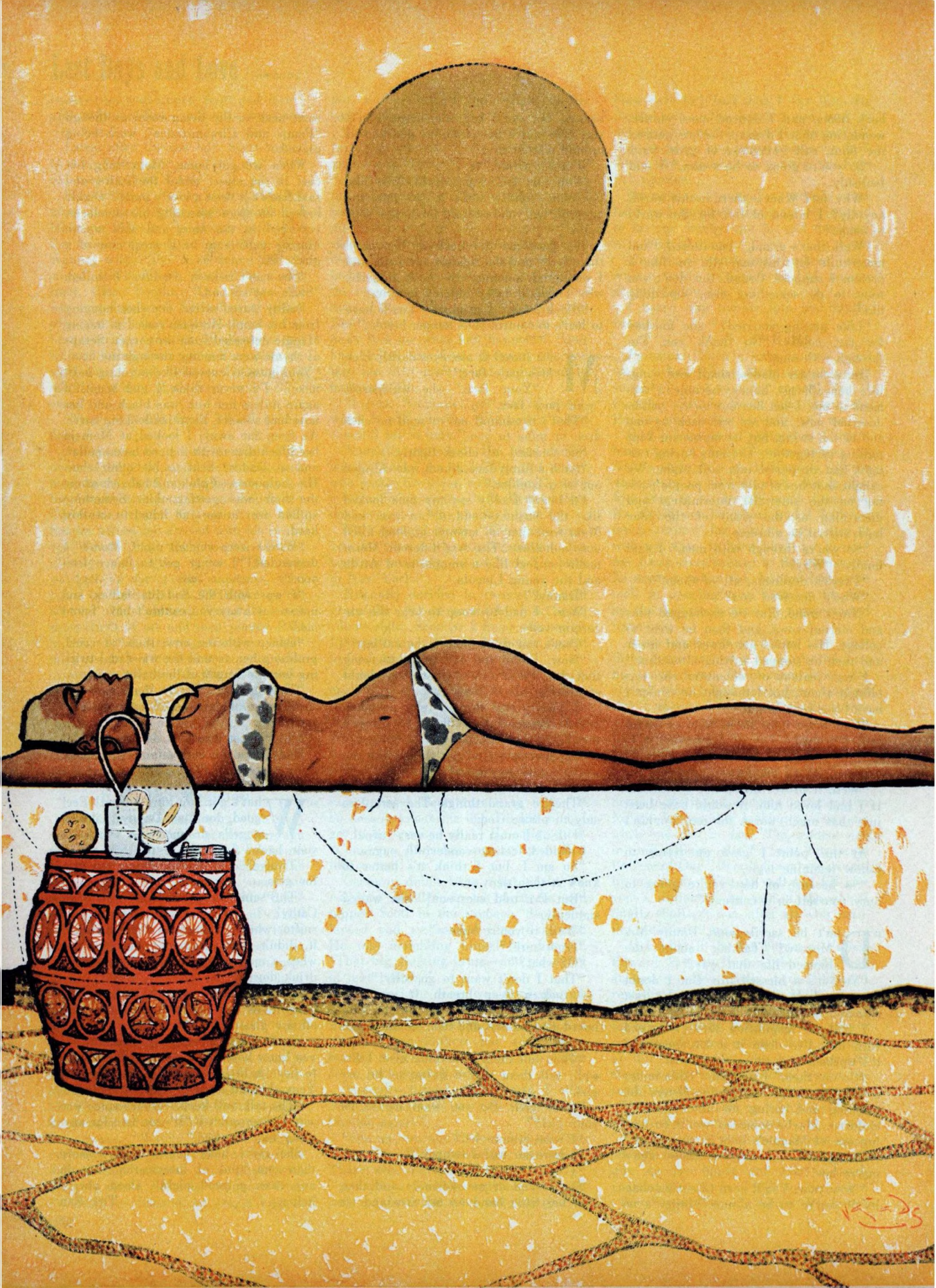
I winked at Mom, not bothering to deny it, or say I'd just taken the edge off my glass.

"It hasn't skipped you, then! Ah, if you knew how relieved I am! We'll have to have a little talk. I'll help you now. Your old Dad knows what he's about."

"The talk will keep." Mom's voice was soft and unpuzzled. "It's too late for anything now but bed."

She must have known there's more than one kind of intoxication, but in any case, a good night's sleep always helps.

THE END



SCAR OF LOVE

Just as she had kept her body perfect and unmarked,
she had never let love really touch her or
ever dreamed how proudly a woman can wear its scar

BY MACDONALD HARRIS ILLUSTRATED BY FREDRIC VÁRADY

Except for the scratch on her arm, which was a trivial mishap, the day began exactly like the others. When Malcolm was away in town she seldom dressed for breakfast; in negligee and slippers she took her coffee on the small flagstone terrace where oleanders grew in profusion in the desert shade. After breakfast, in her dressing-room, she slipped off the gown and negligee and spent half an hour arranging her hair into the tight pompadour drawn at the back into a symmetrical Empire knot held with a black velvet ribbon. Then, standing before the mirror, she drew on the Bikini, noting with satisfaction how precisely it covered the two white patches that were the only imperfections in the smooth and even tan that covered her body. Outside, the chaise longue waited at the bottom of the garden where the desert sun reflected hotly off the rock wall, the home of innumerable spiders and of the lizards that devoured them with lightning flashes of their tongues. Dora, the Mexican maid, had already gone out to arrange the sacred objects of the ritual: the oil, the thermos of ice-water, the clean white sheet over the chaise pad, the chromium kitchen-timer which regulated her exposure front and back to exactly one half-hour. It is easy for anyone who works in the sun to become tanned, but Elizabeth's coloring was something else: The Expensive Tan, the kind that is achieved only through long patience and infinite attention to detail.

This morning it was Saturday, the day when Malcolm drove out from Los Angeles to stay the weekend. He usually arrived around lunchtime, and she had lingered a little too long over breakfast;

it was perhaps for this reason that she was slightly more hurried than usual, and failed to notice the long frond of primrose that had fallen away from the fence and hung over the path. When she felt the slight sting on her arm she turned with a faint sound of exasperation. It was not a bad scratch; the thorn had left an almost invisible white line against the translucent brown of her skin, a line that gradually turned pink as she rubbed it. But for some reason Elizabeth's annoyance was out of proportion to the mishap; she felt irrationally that the slight blemish irreparably marred the complexion over which she had labored so patiently for so many months. It was like the first scratch on an automobile, after which the car is no longer new. "Dora!" she called in vexation. She tried to fasten up the branch herself but she was afraid of scratching her fingers.

At last Dora appeared, wiping her hands complacently on her apron.

"Where's Luis?" Elizabeth demanded. "Have him come and tie up this branch. Do you see? It's scratched me."

Dora gazed upon the scratch with slightly amused indifference. "He's gone to do marketing. Should I tie it up?"

"Yes. All right," said Elizabeth impatiently.

Dora took the branch in her long fingers and twined it safely away among the others, giving it a final touch to arrange the flowers before she let it go. She was tall, lazy, dignified, and statuesque, as only the women of Tehuantepec are; she performed her servant's duties with a negligent grace, like a Marie Antoinette playing at being a milkmaid. Elizabeth and Malcolm had found her waiting on tables barefooted in an

Oaxaca restaurant, a few years before, and had hired her on the spot, even making arrangements for her passage to California. She had submitted calmly and with dignity, bringing with her Luis, who could do many different things imperfectly and who managed to pass for a gardener. Elizabeth assumed they were married, although she had never demanded to see their papers. They were ideal servants in many ways, but there was something about Dora that had always annoyed Elizabeth. Nothing specific, nothing that could be put into words, perhaps only her manner, her stately and bovine complacency in which Elizabeth thought she detected a faint trace of irony. She watched her, her arms arched gracefully as she tied back the branch. She was wearing her usual costume, a white blouse with curved neckline, and for the first time Elizabeth noticed the scar: an uneven white gash an inch or so long, above her breast where the pectoral muscle swelled upward into the arm. It was a primitive wound, a mark that might have been left by a spear-thrust or the flint head of an arrow. Elizabeth found herself staring at it with a distaste mingled with fascinated curiosity. Then she heard Dora inquire, in her customary tone, "Do you want some medicine on the scratch?"

"No," she said. "That'll be all."
"Then I'll go fix lunch," said Dora simply, retreating with dignity and leaving her mistress to the incomprehensible ritual of the sunbath.

Later, lying with her eyes closed in the beating sun while the perspiration trickled into her armpits, Elizabeth realized what it was about the girl that

Tanning her body to perfection was a ritual. She lay motionless for hours, thinking of nothing.



SCAR OF LOVE (continued)

irritated her. No one, she thought, had a right to a skin like that who had not labored over it. Dora seldom ventured into the sun, and yet her skin was the same perfect shade of amber that Elizabeth had achieved only through months of patience. And her heavy, dark hair that hung of its own weight and never seemed to need combing, her heavy pale-rose, symmetrical lips . . . Elizabeth, suppressing her annoyance, heard the peremptory ping of the timer; she turned obediently over onto her stomach and felt the sun gradually sink into her back, dissolving away the lingering traces of her vexation.

Malcolm arrived ahead of schedule; she was still taking her sunbath when she heard his car in the driveway. As usual he had driven too fast; he had covered the hundred and twenty miles from Pasadena to Palm Springs in a little more than two hours. It was typical of him, she thought, to drive eighty miles an hour to get to Palm Springs and then find he had nothing to do when he got there; he would loaf around the house, restless and bored, until four o'clock came and he could have his first cocktail. She raised herself with a small sigh as he came down the pathway, immaculate in his tropical suit and open-work shoes, getting slightly heavy around the middle now as befitted a man who was moving into the upper tax brackets. They kissed cautiously, he careful to avoid getting sun-tan oil on his lightweight silk poplin suit, and she careful not to smear her precisely applied lipstick. Then he took out a cigarette and lit it leisurely, scarcely glancing at her nearly naked body covered with a thin film of oil and perspiration.

"I asked the Oberlies to come down for cocktails and dinner. Also the De Pauws; they're staying at the Desert Inn for the weekend anyhow."

"All right," she said with a slight trace of annoyance.

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing."

"Sure?"

"Yes, of course!" she said, a little sharply. And there was nothing unusual the matter; everything was just as usual. The day was ordinary and the kiss was like all the other kisses they had exchanged when he had arrived for the weekend. It was like the rest of their lives: indifference, covered with a politely correct veil of convention. Malcolm was an ideal husband, just as Dora was an ideal maid. He was a partner in a successful industrial-consulting firm; his business was lucrative and not too

demanding, and it was easy enough for him to get away on weekends and sometimes even to spend a week in the desert. He had bought her the desert house so she could live there and escape the rainy winter months in the city, which she hated, asking only that she entertain his business friends once in a while on weekends. Apart from that, Malcolm left her to live her own life. It would have been an exaggeration to say they were in love, but after all they were both in their late thirties and beyond the age of passion. They were sensible, successful, attractive people, resembling the people Malcolm invited down for weekends; if the others didn't have desert houses in Palm Springs they had beach houses in Laguna, and the wives were all evenly tanned and the husbands drove too fast. There was nothing at all wrong with their lives that you could point to, unless it was that Elizabeth couldn't sleep at night without barbiturates and that their liquor bill was almost as large as Dora's wages. But that, as Malcolm explained, came off the gross for tax purposes.

And yet Elizabeth could not convince herself that she anticipated the evening with pleasure. It was too predictable, too much like all the other Saturday nights in Palm Springs. The Oberlies and the De Pauws. Gilbert Oberlie was one of Malcolm's biggest clients, an aircraft executive in his fifties, florid, patronizingly jolly with women, amiable unless Malcolm happened to cross him in a conversation, when he had a tendency to bristle in the manner of a customer who expects his views to be treated with respect. Gertrude Oberlie was a nonentity, the kind of an executive wife whose personality was totally submerged in her husband's business. The De Pauws were old college friends; Malcolm still golfed with Frank occasionally, but Elizabeth knew he invited them to the house only because he was interested in Beatrice, and had been for many years. It had never come to anything and never would, she knew; it was a kind of permanent semifacetious flirtation that everyone concerned took for granted. After he had a couple of drinks Malcolm might stroll with Beatrice down to the bottom of the garden and kiss her under the rock wall, but he would come back in five minutes. He would come back in five minutes because Gilbert Oberlie was always there, or somebody else who might be mildly scandalized, and it would be bad for business. You could almost hear Malcolm thinking, "If I lost my head about Beatrice it might get in the papers, and people don't like that sort of thing—a scan-

dal. It might mean a couple of thousand or so off the gross. A big price for a little playing around—it isn't worth it." And it wasn't. Elizabeth had to admit; Malcolm was a mature and sensible person. But that was why he went on inviting the De Pauws on weekends, even though Frank wasn't one of his clients.

About all of this Elizabeth and Malcolm had a tacit agreement to be civilized. Elizabeth was content; she had accepted the terms, and she lived her own life. She had never wanted children; she had a horror of anything that might ruin her figure. She asked only to have a nice house, to be able to buy good clothes, and to live in Palm Springs during the winter. Malcolm bought her a new car every couple of years.

After lunch Elizabeth made a list of things for canapés, and sent a grumbling Luis out shopping for the second time that day. They generally took dinner guests to the Tennis Club, since Dora was hardly up to a full-scale dinner, so all she had to decide on was the cocktails. Manhattans, she decided, with bourbon-and-water for Gilbert, who had a tendency to dyspepsia. There was nothing else to do; she read a magazine for a while, and, about three o'clock, she went into the kitchen to mix the spreads for the canapés. Dora was unpacking the groceries from the bags. She was wearing the same blouse she had worn that morning, and in spite of herself Elizabeth found herself stealing furtive glances at the scar over her breast. Finally Dora noticed her glance, and pulled up the hem of her blouse.

"Where did you get that?" Elizabeth asked her.

"Madam?"

"The scar."

Dora glanced down at the mark, her finger passing over it casually. "Luis," she explained.

"He struck you?"

"Yes. He does, sometimes."

"But surely—a terrible gash like that," asked Elizabeth with a faint skeptical superiority. "He didn't do it with his hand?"

"It was not his fault. He was wearing his ring, and he forgot. It is a heavy ring with a stone, and it is rather sharp. After that he always remembered, and took the ring off."

"But why should he—strike you?" persisted Elizabeth.

"Oh, we get, you know, mad," explained Dora complacently. "Like everybody. He goes with another woman, or he does something foolish, and I complain and I tell him he is no good, and we fight,

"Kiss your own wife," she cried, and savagely let him have it.

SCAR OF LOVE (continued)

and after a while he hits me. I scratch, too; sometimes I hurt him. I am not strong enough to hit hard, but I can scratch. Any woman can do that. Sometimes the blood comes. Then afterwards it is all right, and we make friends."

"Then you—" Elizabeth groped for the appropriate term—"love him anyhow?"

"He is a good man," explained Dora logically. "He works hard, when he works. And he gives me pleasure. A man is to give pleasure to a woman. If you have a man and he doesn't give pleasure to you, what good is he?"

"What indeed?" murmured Elizabeth. "And you think the pleasure is worth all the—fights and scratches?"

"It might be better if he didn't hit me," admitted Dora. "But it is good sometimes, to fight. You are all poison inside, hate, hate, hate. And then, hit hard and yell, and when you see the blood you feel better, and then you are friends."

The conversation that Elizabeth had begun in a kind of fastidious and amused superiority left her oddly troubled; the rest of the afternoon, as they worked together in the kitchen, she glanced at Dora covertly as though she were seeing her for the first time. It was as though she had looked at some familiar household pet, a lazy Persian cat, and seen in her something previously unsuspected, a hint of atavistic jungle ferocity behind the soft fur and the languid movements. It was an amusing story to be repeated to friends later, a cocktail anecdote. She could imagine the facile murmured comments: *Latin temperament, you know . . . like children . . . genuine primitives . . . their emotions are all on the surface.* But perhaps, Elizabeth thought to herself, yielding for a moment to the always-lurking hectic discontent, that was where emotions were supposed to be.

Later, when she went out to the garage to get something out of her car, she passed Luis in the garden and glanced at him with new curiosity. He was a thin and intense Mexican of uncertain age, with an impassive leathery face and a pair of hands sinewy and sun-scorched. Like the claws of some powerful bird. Noticing that her glance lingered for an instant, he stared back at her with an unmoved calm that bordered on insolence. His gaze affected her in the same way as did the sight of a crow or a raven rising from a fencepost into the white desert heat. A little shiver arose in her back and spread through her body, as though the approaching evening had already brought with it a gust of cold; and in spite of herself she could not help realizing that the sensation was not entirely unpleasant.

The evening began successfully, at least on the surface; the Manhattans

were excellent, and Gilbert was flattered that they had remembered the bourbon-and-water for him. In the background Dora moved around with a stately and exotic dignity, offering the canapés that everyone declared were delicious. Elizabeth sat a little apart from the others, watching her cocktail hour unroll smoothly and taking a small private satisfaction in its perfection. But she still felt traces of her vague restlessness; after two Manhattans she still felt the same: sober, coldly lucid, and conscious of a half-repressed irritability. When the second round of drinks was finished they went in Gilbert's car to the Tennis Club, where nobody ever played tennis and where the chief attractions were the heated pool illuminated from underwater at night, the lavish bar with a mosaic by a famous French cubist, and the dinners which invariably consisted of expensive cuts of steak seared with the black iron marks of the grill. She had eaten that dinner, she thought, a hundred times, and yet Malcolm never failed to exult fatuously over the thickness of the steak ("Say, that's a piece of meat for you, isn't it?"), as though any butcher couldn't cut a steak a foot thick if he wanted to, and if somebody was fool enough to pay for it. It was a meal, she thought, that might have been relished by a savage: a piece of beef seared over an open fire, some lettuce-leaves with dressing on them, an impeeled potato baked in an oven and filled with sour cream. She mentally contrasted it with the food that Dora and Luis cooked for themselves in her kitchen: the crisp fragile *tacos*, the *tostados* with their complex medley of textures and flavors, the delicate ragout of spiced chicken with green peppers. Who were the savages, she thought drily, Dora and Luis with their *pollo con arroz*, or the diners at the Tennis Club with their grilled beef?

"Something wrong with the steak?" Malcolm inquired.

"No, it's delicious," she insisted brightly.

"It better be good, because actually this dinner is in the nature of a celebration," he announced nonchalantly. "A little conjugal milestone. I have a notion Liz has forgotten—have you, Liz?—the fifteenth of February."

With a sudden rush of vexation she realized she had forgotten; she had marked their tenth anniversary on the calendar, even tentatively decided on a small gift for Malcolm, but the date had crept up on her. It annoyed her that Malcolm, suspecting that she had forgotten, had brought it up in front of the others as if deliberately trying to embarrass her. "This is a switch," commented Frank. "In the funny papers it's supposed to be

the husband who forgets the anniversary. What happened. Liz? More important things on your mind?"

"Come on, Liz," laughed Malcolm, "how about a kiss for the old man after ten years." She turned up her face dutifully; there were small hurrahs from the others. Then, as their lips met, Malcolm noticed that the other diners had stopped eating and were turning toward their table with a kind of jocular curiosity; he finished off with a perfunctory peck and turned away quickly and awkwardly, imagining himself as the strangers saw him, merely a well-dressed man kissing a pretty woman in the dining room of the Tennis Club—in short, making a spectacle of himself. Elizabeth felt a kind of an exasperation growing in her, not because she had been kissed in public, or because she had been kissed ineptly, but because Malcolm had abandoned the kiss in the middle because of what others, strangers, might think. She had an impulse to shout, "It's all right. He's my husband, and it's quite conventional to kiss your wife on the occasion of your tenth anniversary." But instead she only smiled woodenly.

After dinner they went back to the house; it was a mild evening for February, and they sat outside. There were more Manhattans, more facetious innuendoes about the monotony of living with the same woman for ten years. Elizabeth drank very little; she was feeling oddly detached, listening to the others absently, as though she were overhearing the conversation of strangers. After about an hour, when she went into the house for more ice, she entered the kitchen suddenly and found Malcolm and Beatrice conversing in furtive whispers behind the door, their heads bent close together. At the sink Dora was complacently washing glasses as though she were alone in the room. When they caught sight of her, Malcolm and Beatrice quickly drew apart, and Beatrice greeted her brightly. "Wonderful party, Liz dear," she tinkled.

"Thanks, darling."

"And darling, your tan is glorious. What's your secret?"

"A kitchen-timer. A half an hour on each side, every day."

"How clever!" laughed Beatrice, a little self-consciously. She pulled Malcolm back outside; he followed her rather sheepishly, and Elizabeth was left alone in the kitchen with Dora. When Elizabeth turned she found Dora standing with the tea-towel in her hands, regarding her calmly, with a kind of amused contempt; it seemed to Elizabeth that she wore the scar on her breast like a badge. *He goes with another woman, and we fight; I am not strong enough to hit*

hard, but I can scratch. But it's not so simple for us, the Anglo-Saxons, Elizabeth wanted to tell her.

When she came out onto the lanai with the loaded ice-bucket, she walked straight into Gilbert's embrace. He had drunk a little too much, and his face was flushed. "Where's that little girl who lived for ten years with the same man?" he demanded, holding her with a large arm around her. "Hero Wife—ought to have a medal. Give us a kiss, Liz—come on, now—"

Elizabeth was cold sober, and her nerves were tense and alert; Gilbert smelled of liquor, tobacco, and bad digestion. She knew that all she had to do was kiss him once, playfully, and it would be over. He would be flattered, and he would go around saying, with middle-aged vanity, "She's a grand kid, Liz is, always a good sport." She could almost hear Malcolm whispering in her ear: *Do it, go on and do it, it's worth a thousand a year on the gross.* But at that moment the little spark of rebellion that had been smoldering inside her all day finally exploded, and she had had enough. "Let me go." She swung savagely at Gilbert. "Go kiss your own wife." She slipped out of his clumsy grasp, catching a glimpse of his pink face in the half-darkness, his mouth fallen open with astonishment.

"What's the matter with you?" Malcolm asked her in a low voice. She felt his hand gripping her arm from behind. "Come on, get hold of yourself."

"You let go of me too," she told him, wrenching away from him. "I tell you I'm tired of playing this dreary little game. You won't kiss me in a public restaurant because people might stare, but when I refuse to kiss one of your clients, who happens to have bad breath, you act as though I've lost my mind. You don't care who kisses me, because you're only interested in kissing Beatrice. You've had a crush on her for years, but all you do is kiss her behind the kitchen door; if you did anything more it might be bad for business."

"I suppose this is what is called hysterics," she heard Beatrice remarking drily.

"You mean I'm saying what I think," she shot back. "That's the heresy, the unforgivable sin, isn't it? It's all right to do, but not to talk about." She saw Beatrice's chin tremble, a barely perceptible tremor passing over the corners of her mouth. "Look at her, Malcolm. She's a bundle of nerves. Why don't you do something about her, something real, or else leave the poor girl alone? My God, you've been flirting with her for six or seven years now; you must both be bored to death with the whole thing. Is that all you want out of life, to

kiss Beatrice behind the door, and let Gilbert kiss me so you can keep his fat account, and drink too many Manhattans—"

Malcolm grabbed her again, this time hard. "Listen. *You shut up.* Right now," he told her. He was trying to turn her around so he could face her and bring her to her senses, but she struggled in his grasp like some small furious animal. She felt a reckless exuberance, a strength rising in her; she was suddenly aware of the potency of her weapons, her fingernails, the sharp points of her heels. Malcolm had hold of her arm and was pulling it backward; it hurt, and with a sudden gasp of rebellion she tore loose and flung her arm in a wide arc, catching him clumsily on the side of the head. He staggered backward, groping for her in the air; when he finally managed to seize her by the wrist it threw her off balance and she fell heavily, whirling on the lever of her arm like an inanimate weight. Malcolm stood back, frightened, but she got up almost immediately. The rough flagstones had torn her knee; a flap of skin hung loose, and the blood was beginning to form in little pinpoints. As the others watched in dumb silence she got up, with a cold glance of scorn at Malcolm, and went into the house.

"She's drunk," she heard Frank insisting *sotto voce*.

"No, I tell you she's cold sober," answered Malcolm, shaken.

Elizabeth scarcely heard them; she went into her bedroom and closed the door, feeling the exhausted exultation of a sixteen-year-old girl who has just dived off the high board in front of a dumbfounded crowd of spectators. Malcolm followed her almost immediately. "Get out," she warned him.

"Listen, Liz—"

"Get out!" she repeated. She looked around her for something to throw, and finally seized a bottle of suntan oil. He backed away in alarm, but she flung it, accurately and hard, and caught him square on the forehead over the eye. He half-fell, half-backed out of the door, leaving her in possession of the bedroom. "I tell you," she heard him telling the others through the closed door, "I don't know what's come over her—she's out of her mind."

"She'll get over it," Gilbert consoled him. "Don't you worry, Malcolm boy. By George, I think she was right. A woman isn't out of her mind just because she doesn't want to kiss your customers. Anybody tried to kiss Gertrude in my presence I'd paste him one, client or no client. I tell you, Malcolm, I envy you. I like a woman with spirit." His voice was suffused with a complacent mascu-

line tolerance. "Most of these women," he added in confidence, with a trace of wistfulness, "are about as spontaneous as an I.B.M. machine."

Finally they were gone. There was a long silence, and then she heard Malcolm knocking tentatively on the door. "Listen, Tiger. Can I come in now?" "Yes," she told him. "If you behave yourself."

"If I behave myself," he breathed. "Holy Moses, you left a lump on my head like an egg."

He came in and glanced at her cautiously; she was sitting on the edge of the bed applying an enormous adhesive plaster to her knee. It was the first time since she was a kid, she thought; a trickle of bright crimson appeared under the edge of the adhesive, and it was strange to realize how long it had been since she had seen her own blood. Malcolm stood by, watching with a kind of awkward concern as she finished the bandage. She remembered the sensation of his hands gripping her shoulders; she had not realized he could hold her so hard. It gave her an odd and frightening sensation of fragility, as though he could take her in his hands and break her like a china doll whenever he wanted to. The moment was oddly pleasurable. She remembered something else Dora had said: *A man is to give pleasure to a woman. If you have a man and he doesn't give pleasure to you, what good is he?*

"Do you know," she asked him, "that I've wanted to throw something at you for ten years?"

"Good," he grinned. "Why didn't you before?"

"I didn't know that was what I wanted."

"You feel better now?" he said ironically.

"Much."

He was still dazed; he felt his forehead with the palm of his hand. "Anyhow, you broke up the party," he admitted, not without admiration. "The funny thing was that Gilbert didn't seem offended at all. Treated the whole thing as a joke. Said he liked a woman with spirit."

He stopped, looking down reflectively at the graceful curve of her long brown legs under her skirt, which she had pulled up to fix her knee. "I don't suppose we'll be seeing the De Pauws for a while, but that Beatrice is a silly piece of fluff anyhow. Always darling this and darling that. Besides, she's got a figure like a hockey player." He paused. "Still," he added ruefully after a moment, "it's a hell of a way to celebrate your tenth wedding anniversary."

"What other way did you have in mind?" she asked him. THE END

THE RUNAWAY

It seemed that no power on earth could make this seventeen-year-old tell them how she'd spent three days and four nights

BY CHARLOTTE ARMSTRONG ILLUSTRATED BY PETER STEVENS

Mrs. Thorne came up the path carrying her overnight case in her left hand, with her good black coat hung over her left shoulder. Before she could ring the bell, her former son-in-law yanked his front door open.

"Mother Thorne! How'd you get here? Why didn't you call me? Give me that suitcase. Come in. Come in. We're in a mess." His sentences were staccato yelps. "Kate," he barked over his shoulder, "here is Nancy's grandmother."

"Oh, Mrs. Thorne," said his second wife, Kate, a clean-complexioned blonde whose fine-boned face was shiny with fatigue. "I'm so glad . . . Please . . ." Her voice suffered a power failure.

The two women touched hands and cheeks. "Didn't take time to call you back," said Mrs. Thorne, who was a comfortable body in an olive-green, rayon dress and sensible shoes. "Jumped on the bus and here I am. What happened to Nancy?" The three of them had come into the living room, and Mrs. Thorne looked around eagerly.

"She's in her room," said the man, tensely. "You should have called me from the bus station. Oh, never mind." Robert dropped her suitcase and slid it into a corner with the sole of his foot. "You're here. Sit down. Help me, will you? I'm about to go nuts over this thing."

Mrs. Thorne sat down. Nobody asked her whether she'd had enough breakfast.

Nobody offered coffee. Nobody inquired whether she would like to wash her face. This house was not functioning on a peacetime basis.

"You didn't sound this frantic on the telephone," she said. "What happened?" "We don't know!" said Robert. "And what do you think of that?"

"We just don't know quite everything, yet." Kate's long fingers were nervous.

"I want—" began Robert.

"I think—" said his wife at the same time.

Mrs. Thorne didn't try to disentangle their voices. Her eyes checked the disorder of the room, the dishevelment of these people. Her ears made note of conflict. She wasn't at all glad that she had come. Mary Thorne was sixty-one years old and she led a quiet life that was entirely to her taste. Duty had brought her here. A call of the blood, she had fancied. She wished now that her conscience hadn't pricked her, or, to put it more accurately, that her imagination hadn't seen a fine role for Mary Thorne.

But it had, and here she was, seduced by it, and she was going to have to play the Wise Old Woman. She held up her freckled hand.

"One at a time," she decreed. "Kate, you'd better sit down and be quiet a minute." Kate sat down and bent her fair head with the part in the middle.

"I am Nancy's father," declaimed Robert, "and I am telling you that if anything had happened to Nancy . . ." His face was grim; his throat worked. Ordinarily he was a good-looking man, approaching forty with no strain. Now he looked older, and yet fiercely young, too. He paced the carpet with an angry spring in his legs.

"I want to know all about it from the beginning," said Mrs. Thorne, patiently.

"All right. Your granddaughter, Nancy Winters, aged seventeen, ran away from home!"

"When was this?"

Last Tuesday. The first we realized . . . she didn't turn up for dinner. We phoned friends. No Nancy. We didn't find any message. Fact, we didn't even look for one. Who could imagine? When it got to be eleven o'clock at night, we were half crazy. That's when we got in touch with the police. They sent a man up and he found her note, in the mailbox, of all places!" Robert rubbed his head. "Note said she'd gone to get a job. Said it costs too much to go to college. 'Don't worry about me,' she said. Lot of nonsense! Seventeen years old! There's money! What was she thinking of?" Nobody answered him, and he went on. "Next morning the police got a trace of her. Somebody saw her climb aboard a bus. The ticket-seller

"I said *nothing happened*," she repeated. "Now leave me alone."



Peter Stevens

THE RUNAWAY (continued)

remembered that she was going to Los Angeles."

"We—" began Kate.

Mrs. Thorne's hand stopped her. "Go on, Robert."

"Okay. What could we do? She hadn't been kidnapped, or run down by a car. She hadn't eloped with some dizzy kid, or any of the stuff we'd been afraid of. She'd got on the bus of her own accord. So I didn't call you. Called nobody. We hoped we could get in touch, find her, and talk her out of whatever ridiculous . . ." He groaned in retrospect. "Of course, we got the Los Angeles police on it. I wanted to go down there myself. But the cops kept telling me I couldn't accomplish anything."

"The local paper—" began Kate.

"Yeah." Robert quelled her with a glare. "Somehow or other, the Thursday morning paper had it. 'Teenager disappears.' The phone calls started. You don't know what we've been through! People looking for juicy bits. Kate wanted to protect Nancy, so we couldn't let on we were even worried. I haven't had any sleep since I can remember . . ."

"But you found her."

"Found her?" he roared. "Oh, no, we didn't! At eight A.M. this morning, in walks Miss Nancy Winters, under her own steam. Three days and four nights later. Well, I called you, then. I was afraid you might have seen something in a newspaper."

"But what happened to her?"

"She won't say," said her father and sat down with a thud.

"Won't say!"

"Nope. Oh, she says she went to the Y.W.C.A., stayed there, job-hunted. But I *know* there is more. Now I want to go in there and beat the whole truth out of her. Kate won't let me. Kate's been fighting me for hours." He bounded up again. "Look here, Mother Thorne. This is my daughter, seventeen years old. Alone in the city. Who knows what might have happened to her? Something did! She's had some trouble! I'll tell you that! She's home; she's alive; she's in there. She's about as unhappy as she can be. And I've got to have the truth. What happened to Nancy?" He was shouting. "I don't care how much of a little fool she was, she's my kid, and nobody on earth is going to get away free if he took advantage, if he hurt her in any way . . . And if I have to slap the truth out of her, then that's too bad, but I—"

"Ssssh." Mrs. Thorne's insides were quaking. "Don't shout. I see how you feel." She did, too. She thought his feelings were entirely proper.

"But Mrs. Thorne," said Kate, leaning her hands tight. "listen to me, please. I'm not Nancy's own mother, but I love

her. I want to do what's good for her. I say we've got to be patient. We've got to make her feel that *we* aren't going to be against her, no matter what happened. Then she will feel free to tell us. Even if it is bad. Even if it is disgraceful. We mustn't rage and storm at her. She's unhappy enough. No, I won't let Robert go in there and bully her, if I can possibly stop him. Yes, I am fighting him . . ." She began to cry. Tears came out of her beautiful eyes.

Kate is right, too, thought Mrs. Thorne. She took hold of her thoughts and turned them away from the paralysis of right on both sides. "Nancy came back by herself?" she said. "Yes, she did," cried Kate. "She must have taken the bus at six this morning. She came to us. Doesn't that mean we must welcome her and surround her with love—"

"You think I don't love her?" yelled her father. "It's *because* I love her that I've got to know—"

"What have you told the local papers?" Mrs. Thorne's question sounded shrewd and practical and let down the tension.

"That we had been needlessly alarmed," said Kate. "That we had misunderstood. The one thing we cannot permit is any bad publicity. We must stand between her and that. She's so young. Whatever happened to her can be understood—"

"Oh sure," said Robert, "and covered up. That fixes everything? When I can't count the phone calls already, asking questions. And I don't even know what I'm covering up."

"Robert," said Mrs. Thorne in a friendly way, "why don't you sit down? If you finally decide to go beat the truth out of Nancy, you can do it just as well a half-hour from now."

The man sat down and his excitement drained out of him.

"You talk to her," he said wearily.

"Yes," said Kate hopefully. "After all, her own mother's mother. . . Maybe you can talk to her. We . . . It's an impasse."

"I'll try, in a minute," said Mrs. Thorne. "Do you realize that I haven't seen a thing of Nancy since the day you two got married? And that was eight months ago. How has she been?"

"You are wondering if she ran away from me," said Kate sadly. "So is Robert. So am I." Kate was a beautiful woman and now she seemed flaming with beauty. "I've never been a wife before and I've never borne a child. Instead, I had a career, as you know. I was a model. Then I clawed my way up in the cosmetic business. I've been an executive and never before a . . . a homemaker. But, Mrs. Thorne, I could have sworn that

Nancy and I were friends. I have respected her. I have not pushed her. In any way. Oh, I've suggested little things about clothes and grooming, but only when she has asked me. I mean, as a mother would . . ."

Mrs. Thorne's lashes fluttered.

"I really thought she was fond of me." Kate went on. "For a while she was so responsive. She began to have a livelier time at high school. Her senior year, you know, she dated a little. I've been so careful. I've treated her as a person in her own right . . ."

"Dates," said Mrs. Thorne thoughtfully. "Any trouble with the boys?"

"No . . . no," said Kate hesitantly. "At least, I don't think so. Nancy never went into a spin over the boys. Nor, actually, did the boys . . . Well, I have no business criticizing."

Mrs. Thorne opened her mouth, but Robert spoke. "Her grades went into a spin," he said gloomily. "Kate didn't think it mattered. Nancy was getting valuable social experience. That's what Kate said."

"You said so, too," said Kate. "You told Nancy so, yourself."

"Under your influence," he snapped.

"Please . . . you know that the last thing I wanted to do was to influence . . ."

Mrs. Thorne took off her hat, which was beginning to feel too tight. "No big humiliation in school that she might have run away from?" she inquired briskly.

"Humiliation?" said Kate. "It's true, she wasn't asked to the big after-graduation party. We took her to a show instead."

"Did she mind?" asked Nancy's grandmother.

"Heck, no," said Robert. "Nancy's got too much sense."

"She has been a little flighty and strange," said Kate. "since school's been out."

"Strange," her father said. "You bet. Sassy and smart-alecky one day and moping in a corner the next. Kate calls it a phase. I had a notion to crack the whip and put her nose back into her books. Thought she might be tutored in math. I don't like this card full of C's. Kid's got a brain. Used to enjoy using it. But Kate says the right way is never whip, never push. 'Leave her alone.' Kate says, 'She'll find herself.' Now, look!"

He was bitter. Kate was suffering. Whatever had happened to Nancy, something deplorable was happening to these fine people.

"Tell me this, Robert," said Mrs. Thorne suddenly. "Why haven't you gone in there and slapped, as you say, the whole truth out of her, if you feel so strongly about it?"

He looked startled. Then he said savagely, "Because I'm scared. I'm scared that Kate may be right. I don't read the stuff she reads. You tell me. When Nancy runs off like a silly little goose and now won't even tell us what happened . . . what's broken her up so . . . isn't it my duty to find out? Am I wrong?"

Mrs. Thorne evaded answering. "When you ask the child what happened, exactly what does she say?"

"What I told you. Otherwise, she says, 'Nothing.' That's her word. 'Nothing.' Here she's been gone three days and four nights, looks terrible, eyes all puffed, looks tragic." Robert was beside himself. "*Something happened to Nancy!* And I'm supposed to be patient and understanding."

"But we must be," cried Kate. "How can that be wrong?"

Mrs. Thorne got to her feet. "Something is wrong," she said grimly. "Obviously. Well, you two sit here and hang on to your nerves. I'll see what I can do."

"Get it out of her," said Robert tensely.

"But please . . ." pleaded Kate.

Mrs. Thorne smiled and nodded reassuringly. She hadn't the faintest idea what she was going to do or say.

Nancy's room was at the very back of the long, low house. Mrs. Thorne knocked at the door.

"Who is it?"

"Grandmother Thorne. May I come in?"

"It's not locked," said the voice.

Mrs. Thorne opened the door. "Hi," said she.

Nancy was huddled against the headboard of her bed. Her eyes were swollen, but she was not crying now. Her face . . . a small and somewhat rugged face . . . was lumpy and woebegone and yet proud. Her dark hair was mussed. Her dress was wrinkled. She looked like something the cat had dragged in. She also looked a lot like her mother, who was dead.

"What are you doing in here?" asked her grandmother as cheerfully as possible. "Trying to crawl into a hole and pull it in after you?"

Nancy's dark blue eyes were cast down. She lifted her head, but she wouldn't lift her gaze.

Mrs. Thorne ambled to a maple rocking chair and sat in it. "You don't look as if you've had much fun," she said. "What happened to you, Nancy?"

"Nothing," the girl said with her head high. A muscle under her jaw was tight. The eyes stared tragically at the wall. Mrs. Thorne recognized the female "nothing," which means "something that I, most nobly and painfully, will keep to

myself." It is the female "nothing" that drives a husband mad.

Mrs. Thorne rocked gently a moment. "Why did you go away, I wonder?"

"I just wanted to," said the girl.

"And then you wanted to come back and so you did?"

"Yes."

"People do what they want to do, just like that?"

"Yes, they do."

"First I've heard of it," said her grandmother. "What made you think of the expense?"

"What expense?"

"College is too expensive. Isn't that what you wrote?"

"Well, it is expensive," said Nancy.

"And you don't think it's worth it?"

"Not for me." The throat worked.

Mrs. Thorne pushed with her toe to

set the chair swaying. "Well, you *may* have turned stupid all of a sudden," she said, "but don't you think it is unnecessarily brutal to refuse to tell your mother and father what hap—?"

"I told them," said Nancy. "Let me alone. Gran."

Mrs. Thorne was still. She was at a complete loss. What did she know about this girl, holding a hurt head so high? What did she know about the inside of that head? Mrs. Thorne did not feel like a Wise Old Woman. Standards from her own girlhood were, no doubt, out of style in this day and age.

But perhaps not all standards. Candor, for instance. "I certainly wish I had stayed quietly at home," she stated, heartily.

Nancy blinked.

"I guess," said her grandmother, "I

She found Robert bitter, Kate suffering. Something deplorable was happening to this fine marriage.



THE RUNAWAY (continued)

am not the Wise Old Woman. Oh, well, everybody gets a picture of himself. This leads him on. Look at me. Your father sounded so upset. I thought I'd just come down here and straighten you all out." She sighed. "What an old-fashioned idea! Now, Kate's way is the modern way. Kate is just waiting. She's out there, keeping your father from giving you a mighty old-fashioned beating, you know. She is waiting, ready and waiting to understand . . . any time . . . anything."

(What a liar I am, she thought to herself. What I say is true, but what I am *doing* is not honest. I am a con-ning old woman. I am trying to fox the truth out of Nancy.)

She saw the girl's mouth twitch bitterly. "Well, I'm sorry," Nancy mumbled, "that there's nothing for Kate to understand. And I'm sorry you came for nothing."

Bitterness? Pride? Mrs. Thorne's ears seemed to herself to be standing away from her head in the effort to listen. She rocked slowly.

"Of course, that is Kate's picture of Kate," she mused aloud. "High-principled. Dedicated to respect." Nancy's face winced and Mrs. Thorne took note.

"Robert sees himself as your protector and avenger. That's his picture. Not bad pictures, you know. Either of them."

The girl's eyes squeezed shut. "I just wish everybody would leave me alone."

"Do you?" said Mrs. Thorne, as if this were a curiosity. She rocked. "There is a lot of nonsense being talked and thought in this house. Each of us trying to live up to a pretty picture of himself in his mind. What is yours, Nancy?"

The girl bent her cheek against the wood of the headboard. Her grandmother contemplated the part in the middle of the dark, untidy hair.

"I wish I knew how you see yourself," she mused on, "because that's the clue to this whole business. Are you, by any chance, a martyr?"

"No," said Nancy contemptuously. "Not put upon? Not put out, by a beautiful stepmother?"

"Gran, don't talk like that. I'm not jealous. You don't understand at all." Nancy squirmed down on the bed and buried her face.

"Well, I'm interested," said Mrs. Thorne, cheerfully, "and you can't prevent it. Guilty, then?"

The girl sobbed once.

"I guess you think you've made a fool of yourself, some way."

Nancy ground her knuckles into her cheek. "I'm nothing. Nothing happened. I told you. Please leave me alone."

Her grandmother brooded a moment. "My," she said finally, with an air of surprise, "what big ears I do have!"

Now Nancy turned her face to look. The eyes were miserable . . . and wary.

"Of course, it's impossible to be nothing," said her grandmother. "I'm guessing you've got your own picture mixed up. I have a picture of you in my mind that you are welcome to. I see you as a brainy child, a bit of an introvert, somewhat shy. You're no glamour-puss, that's sure. Well, your mother wasn't, either." Mrs. Thorne was rocking peacefully. "Your mother was a real bright, upstanding citizen. But not any beauty. Of course, she *had* found out who she was."

Nancy was looking startled.

"I'm just talking," said Mrs. Thorne, mildly. "Just remembering. I can remember, myself, the trouble it is to find out who you are. And that's in an ordinary family."

Nancy heaved.

"But, to your house, comes this Kate," Mrs. Thorne sighed. "Beautiful, kind, reasonable, just, admirable, and glamorous. I bet the high school boys couldn't quite appreciate a seventeen-year-old copy of that picture."

"I'm not copying," wailed Nancy.

"Why not?" said Mrs. Thorne calmly. "What we admire we try to be. When did you begin to part your hair in the middle? The trouble is," she went on, "you are naturally equipped to be rather like your mother, who was admirable, too. I'll bet the brainy old you feels terrible about a card full of C's. She doesn't deserve college, does she? But who are you, then?"

Nancy whimpered.

"Kate never went to college. Kate went to work, early. Kate carved out an adventurous, independent, successful life."

Nancy was now weeping without sound.

"Those stupid boys," said her grandmother in a slow drawl. "Why, you had to go out and conquer the world. Make a splash. Amount to something. Dramatically, too." Her drawl went on ruthlessly. "Burst forth. Show everybody."

"Go away," sobbed Nancy.

Mrs. Thorne did not go away. "It takes time," she stated flatly. "You forgot about that. Over and above her natural equipment, it took Kate time. She's thirty-two. The one thing the young can't understand is time. How should they?"

After a moment, Mrs. Thorne went over to the bed and began to massage the girl's back. Gently she kneaded the flesh along the spine, and slowly, the girl relaxed and her weeping became audible.

"If you will use the brain that's in your head, in spite of yourself," said Mrs. Thorne—"and a little heart wouldn't hurt, either—you'll know perfectly well why your papa wants to go kill whatever dope-fiend got you in his clutches in the wicked city."

Nancy coiled painfully and uncoiled.

"And why Kate won't let him beat you," her grandmother went on. "There's no use being guiltier than you already are. What happened is awful." Mrs. Thorne's voice was perfectly sincere. "It's terrible. It's almost intolerable."

The girl was suddenly still as stone.

"But I can tell you that you are cruel." Mrs. Thorne's moving hand was gentler than her words. "Pretty awful selfish and cruel. The way you are acting is cowardly. Well, nobody is as cruel as a coward."

Nancy writhed.

"You will have to make everything absolutely clear," said Mrs. Thorne sternly.

The girl rolled over and gazed up from swollen lids.

"There's some creed that Kate's got hold of," said Mrs. Thorne, not looking down. "Never push a young person. Leave her alone. She believes that, honey. She read it in a book. Well, she never had a child. She's nobody's real mother. But I have been." Mrs. Thorne looked down and smiled. "So I will now tell you what you ought to do. Confess. Explain. Then, admit that college is your meat. You'll enjoy it and it will enjoy you . . . and you may as well put up with yourself. As for this . . . your own mother would have seen it as an experience. Experience can be useful."

"I am a coward," Nancy said. "That's right, Gran." The dark blue eyes were intelligent, now.

"Oh, we needn't explain to everybody. Just to the family. Yes, you can! Remember, it doesn't matter whether—or even if—they understand. It matters whether *you* do."

"How did you know?" Nancy sobbed.

"Oh, I'm pretty old," her grandmother said lightly. "Seems to me I've *been* all the ages in this house." She bent down and the girl's arms reached for her and the wet cheek came halfway.

"It was so awful . . ." Nancy began.

Ten minutes later, Mrs. Thorne came out of Nancy's room and Robert bounded up. Kate stiffened.

Mrs. Thorne beckoned them with her to the kitchen. She sat down heavily at the breakfast-nook table. "It's very sad," she said, "and you will both try to remember that, please."

They braced themselves to be told.

"To begin at the beginning, as I see it," said Mrs. Thorne, "when you two got married, Nancy got confused. She admires Kate, who is so admirable. Nancy is what you could call 'crazy about' Kate. But when she began to try to *be* Kate, one or both of you should have noticed, and helped her not to try too much. She was bound to fail. By the time she knew

she was failing, Nancy had lost her grip on Nancy. Now then, Kate believed she must be left to 'find herself.' Robert hadn't read the books." They sat, stiff-necked. "So Nancy, lost, didn't know what else to do but go on trying to be Kate, a little harder. That's why she took off to meet the universe all by herself. Well . . . that's where the two of you had put her."

They looked stricken, and she relented. "Oh, Nancy was wrong, selfish, and cowardly, and she deserves a good licking of some sort."

"But I'm crazy about her," Kate burst out. "I really am. All I wanted was for her to be herself . . ."

"If you love," said Mrs. Thorne patiently, "you give, don't you? All right, Kate, what have you got to give that's better than the benefit of your experience? For heaven's sakes, why *should* you let a child alone? Do you really think a mother is so conscientiously aloof that she is a style consultant, but only when she is asked? You do *not* treat a child as if she knows all you know, because the fact is, she *doesn't*."

Kate's face was breaking, and Robert touched her and looked at Mrs. Thorne with reproach.

"Oh, you shouldn't bully, either, Robert," said Mrs. Thorne to him. "A very bad way to try for truth is to slap it out. So you are both right and both wrong, which is just about par for all of us. Well—I am old and I remember. I say you must help a child to be herself and to stand up, of course. But meanwhile, you do lead, you do guide, you do matter, and you *are* an influence, whether you will or no. Until she can stand alone don't you see that you must, responsibly, be what you really are—a garden-stake for a tender seedling against the wind."

Kate's fair head was on Robert's shoulder.

"Now, pull yourselves together," said Mrs. Thorne severely, "and I will tell you the whole truth about what happened to Nancy. She got off the bus in Hollywood and went to the Y.W.C.A. She gave a false name, ah, because she's young. There she stayed, for three days, when she was not timidly walking the streets applying for jobs she couldn't get. Nobody was bowled over by her personality. Nobody gave her a chance. Nobody offered her an adventure. Nobody even made a pass at her. Nobody so much as noticed a shy, not very pretty, untrained, ungrown little girl. Now, she has suffered. You've got to get on to the square of it. The bitter whole truth is *nothing happened to Nancy*."

Robert gasped. Kate held her face. "She came home," said Mrs. Thorne gently, "when it got just too painful."

Kate said, "I understand. I understand."

"Try to keep it to yourself a bit," said Mrs. Thorne, tartly, "if you do. And can't we just keep this confidential? Will it hurt if the neighbors wonder, just a little bit, what could have happened to Nancy?"

Robert said, "Nothing?"

"Her body lied," said Mrs. Thorne. "Her face lied. Her ego lied. So don't go blaming yourselves for not believing the word. Now, scold her. If you love her, *therefore*, scold her. Therefore, tell her what you think she ought to do. Listen, of course, but make her listen, too. Give her your arguments, your judgments, for a part of her heritage. She got lost because she had nothing to grow *against*. Just never flatter yourself that you understand her, all the time, or all the way. She has her mystery. And leave her that . . . to rebel with . . . because there's the growing point . . ."

Mrs. Thorne stopped speaking, because she wasn't altogether up to herself or clear about what she was saying.

Kate said, indignantly, "How *could* she hurt us, wound us, act so as to leave us wondering! She *could* have made this clear!"

Robert got up. "The poor kid," he said, "as if she needed to be anybody but my own Nancy."

Mrs. Thorne said to him, crisply, "I'll tell you what you ought to do. Go in there and don't slobber. Nancy has been a little idiot and you may understand that, but you don't have to approve of it. You tell her she's going to college and no nonsense. Put your foot down. She's been telling a mean, cruel lie with that literal truth, and she should be punished. You make her get a tutor in math."

But Robert murmured, "Poor baby . . ." and stumbled away.

Mrs. Thorne looked after him and shook her head.

Kate said angrily, "She ought to be spanked!" Mrs. Thorne turned and grinned at her.

"I just wish," said Kate, with a pink face, "you could tell me how you reached her. I never did. How did you?"

"Why don't you make me a nice cup of coffee," said Mrs. Thorne, cheerfully, "and leave me my mystery."

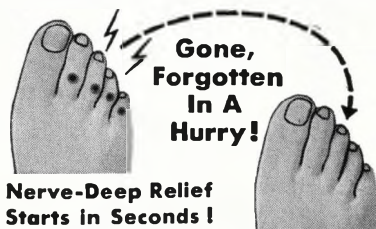
She thought, It was luck. I rambled around and, by luck, it came to me to believe her words. I know you can tell a lie with the literal truth. How do I know that? I suppose because I can remember . . .

"I am pretty old," she said aloud, apologetically. "A good many things have happened to me, you know."

Is that wisdom, she wondered, if you remember to remember? THE END

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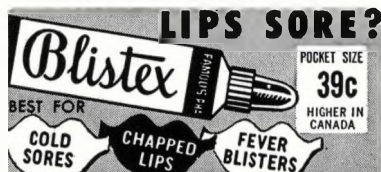
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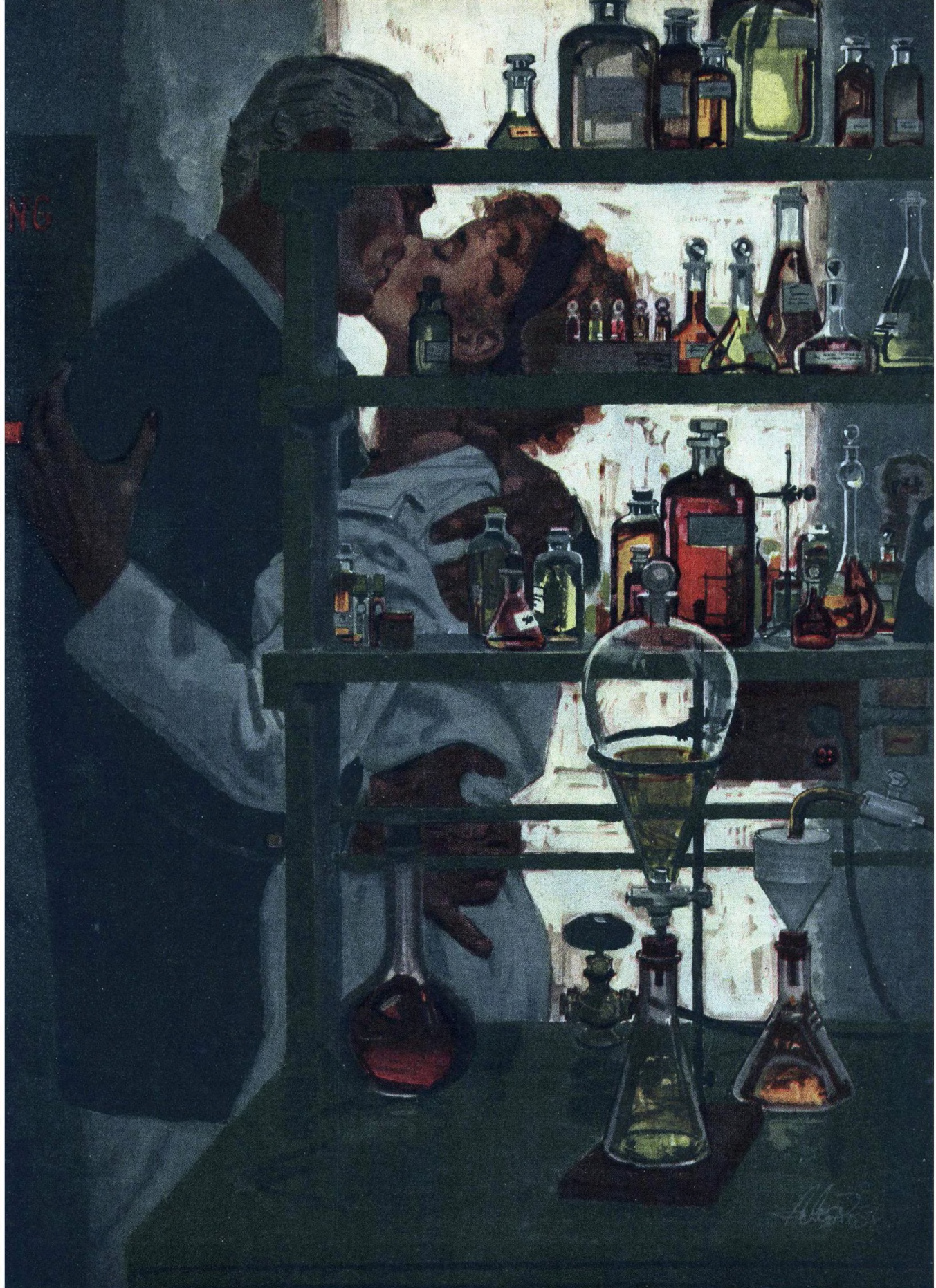
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THE DARK FANTASTIC

"A terrible death..." the island doctor wrote his daughter,
and died—a cryptic warning that the ship heading
for the shores of North America was laden with Black Death

BY WHIT MASTERSON ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX ROSS

The cablegram had been slipped under her apartment door sometime during the day. When Cloris Howard returned home after dark, she didn't notice it immediately. She paused in the living room only long enough to drop her veterinary bag in its usual spot on the desk and went directly to the bedroom, fumbling open the buttons of her gray coveralls. And so the cablegram lay undiscovered on the carpet.

Cloris completed disrobing while the tub filled, and slid into the warm water with a sigh, conscious of how tired she was. Field work—the routine inspection of farms and dairies for foot-and-mouth disease—was the hardest part of her job, as assistant chief of the Animal Inspection and Quarantine Branch, and grueling days like this explained why she was the only woman thus employed on the entire California-Mexico border. She was a slender and wiry girl, but well-formed, with a face that needed only a little more attention to achieve an effect of beauty. Yet Cloris had won her position through ability rather than appearance and, at twenty-six, she was neither married nor engaged nor worried about it.

Actually, she was wary of emotional entanglements, a legacy from her childhood. Cloris had lost her mother early,

and her physician father had become a rootless wanderer, a shadowy figure she knew only through occasional letters. As a result, she had grown up relying strictly on herself. It was only in the past few weeks, since meeting Ross Mallory, that she had begun to wonder about changing her habits.

He would be phoning any minute to confirm their dinner date for this evening, and Cloris, with scientific objectivity, could admit to herself that she was a trifle scared. Mallory had a reputation among his fellow inspectors of the Border Patrol for daring—both on and off duty. And while she found herself attracted to him—willingly or not—she suspected that Mallory viewed her differently, more in the light of a challenge. Cloris didn't intend to wind up merely as a mark on somebody's score card. But she didn't want to discourage him permanently, either.

While dressing, she rummaged for a cigarette and, finding none, went out to the living room for a fresh pack. It was then that she saw the cablegram for the first time. Frowning in surprise, she tore it open. The origin—Hiva Oa, French Marquesas—made no sense to her, nor was the signature familiar. And, for just an instant, the brutally simple message also failed to register as pertaining to

her. But then she went suddenly pale and had to clutch the door knob to steady herself.

REGRET INFORM YOU YOUR FATHER DR. CALVIN HOWARD DIED SUDDENLY SIXTH JANUARY. CAUSE OF DEATH NOT YET DETERMINED. EFFECTS HELD PENDING INVESTIGATION. SINCERE CONDOLENCES ON YOUR GREAT LOSS. DUVAL, COMMISSIONER.

"Oh, no!" she whispered. "Oh, Dad, it isn't fair!" She flung herself face down on the studio couch and let the tears come. Some time later, the telephone commenced to ring. It rang for a long while but Cloris didn't answer.

Sunlight streaming in the window awakened her. For a moment, Cloris couldn't orient herself. The sight of the cablegram, crumpled on the carpet beside the couch, brought reality back sharply. She had cried herself to sleep; the shocking news, plus her fatigue, had acted like a drug. It was already nine o'clock. Last night's date, this morning's lab schedule—she had forgotten everything.

It was too late to apologize to Ross Mallory, but Cloris phoned the A.I. & Q.B. headquarters at the border. Her chief was properly sympathetic and insisted she take a few days' leave. Cloris agreed, simply because she didn't feel

Suddenly she ceased to be the fearless scientist; she clung to him with shameless femininity.

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like arguing. The initial shock of her father's death was passing; this morning she could view it more calmly. They had been apart too many years for true grief.

While she prepared coffee, she heard the morning mail arrive and automatically went to collect it. Cloris gave it only a cursory glance, intending to leave it for later. Then her eyes widened in surprise. The top letter bore a familiar bold handwriting—her father's. It was like a voice from the grave. She tore it open, a wild hope arising in her that the cablegram had been wrong. Her hopes fell as she saw the date, three days before that mentioned in the cable.

In addition to the letter, the envelope held a small packet. Cloris put this aside and began to read her father's last communication.

My dear Cloris,

I hope that you have had a pleasant holiday season. My own has been rather hectic, getting settled in new surroundings. Yes, your father has found himself a nice roost in these islands, which are about two thousand miles southwest of you there in San Diego. Only one other doctor here, employed by the French government, and so I should do quite well. But I'll give you all the details in my next letter. Right now, I'd like your help with something that has me quite baffled.

My first patient was a Greek sailor, named George Erastos, off a Turkish tramp freighter that watered here. He came to me with an inflamed hand, the result of a nail scratch. The Kaisari-Rum (that's the freighter's name, honestly) is carrying heavy machinery from Italy to South America. Plus, Erastos told me, some subsidiary cargo in the aft cabin, straw-packed crates, contents unknown. These belong to three passengers, an American and two Italians. Erastos was poking around the crates—probably to see what he could steal—when he cut his hand. The wound didn't heal and so he came to me. I treated him as best I could and forgot the matter. The next morning he showed up again, complaining of severe headache, giddiness and pain in the epigastrium, back, and legs. Temperature 101 degrees, accompanied by vomiting, diarrhea, and sensitivity to light. I started him on a full course of antibiotics and sulfa—unfortunately, without any result. Erastos' temperature continued to climb, reaching 107 degrees last night, at which time he went into delirium almost like the D.T.'s. He died at four o'clock this morning.

The closest thing I've been able to come up with is some sort of plague, though there were no buboes as in bubonic, or involvement with the lungs as in pneumonic. Unfortunately, the other doctor is on a tour around the islands,

so I don't have anyone to consult. And that's where you come in, my dear. I'm enclosing some slides, blood and sputum samples, which I stained as best I could. I don't recognize the bacillus, but I thought that with all the lab equipment available in your work, you might identify it. I know you're probably pretty busy and I wouldn't bother you if I didn't think there was a need for speed. When I notified the port authorities of Erastos' death, I learned that the Kaisari-Rum had already sailed. Its destination is listed as Mazatlan, Mexico. If this should turn out to be plague or something like it, the ship would have to be notified and precautions taken. Believe me, Erastos' death wasn't a pretty thing.

I brought in the local priest to attend him at the end. Not that it mattered much to him, I must admit. Erastos seemed to be under the delusion that he had been cursed and kept mumbling about being struck down by some demon-god. Delirium plays strange tricks.

Well, I'll wind this up now. I would appreciate any help your shining citadel of science might give a poor struggling M.D. In the meantime, I'm going to bed and sleep for about two days straight. I worked around the clock with Erastos and it's left me with a headache a mile wide. I'm not as young as I used to be, you know. I'll hope to hear from you soon. Until then, with love.

Dad.

Cloris sat at the breakfast table, reading and re-reading the letter while her coffee grew cold in front of her. At last, she retrieved the crumpled cablegram, although she already knew the words from memory. DIED SUDDENLY . . . CAUSE OF DEATH NOT YET DETERMINED . . .

Carefully, she opened the packet. It was packed with cotton, and contained four rectangular glass slides, each labeled "blood spec." or "sputum spec." To the naked eye, they revealed nothing. Yet they bore the killer that had struck down the Greek sailor, George Erastos. And Cloris felt a growing conviction that she held in her hand her father's slayer as well. The two deaths so closely linked, both of unknown origin, could scarcely be put down to coincidence.

Three hours later she walked swiftly out of the A.I. & Q.B. lab, her face drawn tight with apprehension. She backed her car out of its parking slot and drove down San Ysidro's main street toward the quarantine station of the Public Health Service. The little border town existed almost solely as a port of entry, an international funnel. She passed the signs that announced the complicated interlocking functions that arise when two countries maintain a mutual gateway: Border Patrol . . . Mexican Fruit Fly &

Citrus Black Fly Control Project . . . Customs Agency Service . . . Shore Patrol . . . Immigration . . .

The Public Health offices adjoined the ancient brown stucco customs house at the main border crossing. With a nod to the male nurse lounging in the vaccination room, Cloris continued along the hall to the door lettered Station Director, Private. She forgot to knock. "Dr. Slatore? I'm Cloris Howard. I believe my chief phoned you I was coming."

"Why, yes." He rose behind his desk, a small man. "Won't you sit down?"

Cloris opened her purse and produced her father's letter and the cablegram. "Perhaps it will save time if you'll read these first." She was nagged by an intuition that time was important now. And she was bothered by her chief's reminder that Slatore was new at his post and probably not receptive to anything outside standard procedure.

However, he accepted the sheaf of papers without comment and skimmed them rapidly. Cloris lit a cigarette and puffed nervously, watching him. Only when he reached the cablegram did Slatore pause and then go back and re-read portions of the letter. He cleared his throat. "Miss Howard, I'm very sorry."

"Dr. Slatore, I believe my father—and the Greek sailor—died from *Pasteurella pestis*. Possibly a new mutant form, highly contagious and very dangerous. If I'm right—"

"Plague?" Slatore interrupted, astonished. "Bubonic plague? Aren't you taking quite a long leap into the dark just from these?" He tapped the papers.

"My father mentioned blood and sputum samples." Cloris dug into her purse again and brought forth the small packet. "I wish you'd examine these. I've been studying them for the last hour."

Slatore took them, muttering in disbelief. "I trust you know that plague—what they used to call the Black Death—has been on the wane since the Middle Ages. At least in the western world. And except for a flurry in Asia at the turn of the century, it's been dying a universal death."

With a sigh, Slatore took a binocular microscope from a wall cabinet and placed it on his desk. He examined the four slides, his face expressionless. "Just how much do you happen to know about *Bacillus pestis*, Miss Howard?" With the unconscious snobbery of some M.D.'s, he wasn't recognizing her claim to the title of doctor.

Cloris said levelly. "*Bacillus pestis* is an aerobic pathogenic parasite, non-motile and Gram-negative. In appearance it is short, thick, capsulated and rounded on both ends. Is that what you were after, doctor?"

"Well, in that case, I won't have to go

into an extensive explanation of just why and how these samples differ from *Bacillus pestis*. I should think you'd have spotted the variations yourself."

"I did. The abnormal size and the knobbed end are the only variations from the classic form that can be seen in these killed specimens. And there are still more points of similarity than there are of variance. That's why I believe this may be a mutant form."

Slatore grunted doubtfully. "Of course, mutants can occur."

"Let me carry this a little further." Cloris leaned closer, earnestly. "Suppose that this is a mutant—with all of the original *Bacillus*' power and something else besides, a resistance to antibiotics. Don't you see the potential danger this represents, to any place that Turkish freighter happens to stop?"

"The key word in your theory is 'suppose.'"

"I may be wrong," Cloris admitted. "And if I am, it's a mistake that hurts no one. But if I'm right . . . I think the only thing to do is to get in touch with the people down at Mazatlan, make sure that the ship is quarantined until an investigation can be made."

"But, my dear young woman, even your father—a medical practitioner and present on the scene—wasn't sure of the cause of death. There is always the possibility that it may have been some disease endemic to those islands."

"The cablegram says that the cause of my father's death is unknown. Surely, if the disease is endemic to the Marquesas they would recognize it, wouldn't they?"

Slatore fidgeted. He muttered, "I can't go about stirring up the whole western hemisphere on some wild goose chase. You're asking me to go out on a limb. You should see that."

Cloris saw, and her heart sank. Slatore, new to his job, was afraid to make a mistake. In a way, she couldn't blame him; in any government position, the first rule was self-preservation.

As she rose to go, Slatore spoke again. "Wait a minute." Cloris waited while he turned his glasses over and over in his hands. Finally, he said, "I trust you know that I consider I'm making a damn fool of myself."

"You mean you're going to help?"

"I suppose so," Slatore grudgingly reached for the telephone and with his other hand waved at the empty chair. "Sit down again, Dr. Howard. It looks like a long afternoon."

Ross Mallory gunned his jeep angrily through the dusty back streets of San Ysidro, headed for Public Health. Two things were annoying him this afternoon: he had lost a bet, and he could no longer put off his annual inoculations. He considered himself as hard-

nosed as any other *chato*—as the Mexicans called the Border Patrolmen—but he had never been able to abide being stuck with needles. And his district chief had needled him plenty about the bet.

He was a big-boned, burly young man, five years out of government training school; the gold eagle badge on his uniform pocket designated him as a patrol inspector. The pay wasn't much, but the Border Patrol had an appeal of its own for a certain type of man. There were only fifteen hundred such men, less than one per mile of the border they were expected to guard, and insurance companies rated the Patrol as the most hazardous of all U.S. law enforcement agencies. Black-maned, with strong features, Mallory even looked the type.

But he was taking a comedown today, and all because of Cloris Howard. It had begun a month ago when, having a free evening, he had asked her for a date. He'd had nothing special in mind until she'd given him that startled look—and declined. He wasn't used to that; it became important to ask her again. And—after she'd put him off with some obvious excuse—again. From a game, the matter of Cloris rapidly became a challenge.

He knew prettier girls, who paid more attention to their make-up and didn't wear shapeless white lab smocks or smell of hexachlorophene soap. But, by now, his colleagues were keeping an eye on his progress. And even after Cloris had consented—for last night—his chief had made the bet. "I'm betting," Kelso had said, "that the lady vet is smarter than you are. I've got a dollar that says she'll slip out of this date tonight somehow. And I'll put up a second dollar that, even if she does go out with you, you'll never see the inside of her apartment."

Ross Mallory had just paid his boss the two dollars. Before nightfall the whole border would know that he had been stood up.

A returnee tourist couple were just leaving Public Health, vaccination tapes on their arms, when Mallory stalked in. The male nurse looked up his record. "Uh-huh. Due for a T'n'T booster. Smallpox coming up in about six months, too. Want to get that out of the way now?"

"Just give me what I've got coming." Mallory stripped off his shirt. "Speed it up, won't you?"

"What's your rush? The germs aren't going nowhere."

Mallory turned his head away and winced as the hypodermic punctured his flesh. Once in the Army he had passed out during an inoculation, an incident that he had never mentioned to anybody, and he lived in dread of its happening again. With his free hand, he held tightly to the treatment table.

"Now the other arm," said the nurse.

Mallory turned—and there stood Cloris Howard, beside the water cooler, watching him. He snapped, "Well, didn't you ever see anybody get a shot before?"

She stiffened. Her voice came out cool and sarcastic. "Excuse me. Seeing you grit your teeth so hard, I thought it must be an amputation, at least."

"Have you got a funny answer for last night, too?"

"No." The line of her mouth softened slightly. "I'm sorry about that, though."

"No kidding?"

She began to color with anger. "I think I'll retract my being sorry, if you don't mind. I didn't answer your call last night because I'd just received the news of my father's death."

Mallory could feel the blood rushing to his own face, the red of foolish embarrassment. "Look, I'm—" But Cloris had already disappeared down the hall. He started to follow, buttoning his shirt.

"Where you going?" rasped a voice behind him. It was his district chief, Barry Kelso, a short and powerful barrel of a man with a face as hard as granite. Bristly hair sprouted above it like brush over a cliff.

"I wanted to say something to Dr. Howard."

Kelso rolled his unlit cigar to the other side of his mouth. "Later, lover. This is a conference." He brushed on by Mallory. "You'll be told if and when you need to be told." The Station Director's door closed behind him. Mallory had an instant's glimpse of Cloris Howard bending over Dr. Slatore's desk, adjusting a microscope.

Mallory returned to the inoculation room and asked the male nurse, "What's going on back there?"

"They don't tell me things, either. It's been like that ever since the lady horse-doctor dropped in on us. Something's up."

"Good. Maybe our hunch will get a piece of the action." He strolled out, feeling better. He hadn't passed out during the shot, something was cooking along the border, and Cloris hadn't stood him up, after all. Not exactly.

Kelso returned at sundown from his conference with Colonel Aguilar, head of the Mexican federal police. For Cloris, it had been a long fretful afternoon of waiting. She almost pounced on Kelso. "Were you able to find out anything?"

"We were too late to catch the freighter. It left Mazatlan about noon. However, the port authorities contacted the ship by radio." Kelso opened a small notebook. "The *Kaisar-i-Rum* denied that they carried any passengers, specifically an American and two Italians. They denied that they carried any subsidiary

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cargo other than the heavy machinery listed on the manifest. And, finally, they denied that there is or has been any sickness aboard." In the silence that followed, he closed his notebook. "So there you are."

"Did the *Kaisar-i-Rum* unload anything at Mazatlan?"

"Not according to the port authorities, who should know."

Slatore nodded. "Well, thank you very much for your cooperation, Chief Kelso." He rose to signify that the meeting was at an end.

"Wait a minute." Cloris said. She didn't rise. "Certainly, you don't intend to leave it there, do you? All we've got so far is the freighter's word for it."

Exasperated, Slatore said, "Why in the world would the freighter lie?"

"I don't know. Perhaps they're ignorant—or behind schedule and don't want to be bothered by having to come back to Mazatlan. Or perhaps they're hiding something."

"Perhaps. But that's the whole trouble with this business, has been from the beginning. It's all based on perhaps."

"There's a way to make sure." Cloris pointed out. "Ask Mexico to seize and search the *Kaisar-i-Rum*."

"Took, our government can't ask a foreign country to seize the ships of another country. There'd be hell to pay when it got out."

"It'll be nothing to what there'll be to pay if I'm right about the plague." Desperately, Cloris asked, "Can't anybody see it the way I do?"

"I do," Kelso said quietly, startling the other two. "I think you may be right, at least about some of it. I don't know much about plague, but I do know a bad smell when I come across it. I don't like those flat denials of everything. No passengers, no subsidiary cargo, no sickness—bang, bang, bang, right down the line. I'll add another one: No business at Mazatlan. Why should a tramp freighter, that operates on a small margin of profit anyway, detour out of its way to put into Mazatlan—and not even unload anything? It doesn't make any sense unless it had cargo or passengers, or both, that had to be delivered there."

"The port authorities—" Slatore argued.

"Sure. But there's more than one way to skin a cat—or fool a port director. If you want to know what this sounds like to me, I'd put my money on contraband of some sort. Maybe narcotics, since the ship comes from the Middle East."

"Well, of course, that sort of thing is out of my experience."

"Mazatlan's the closest Mexican west coast port so the odds are that any illicit goods unloaded there are intended for the U.S. That makes it our business."

"Do you believe in this plague scare or don't you?" Slatore demanded.

"As far as I'm concerned, that's just an extra added attraction. But for one reason or another, the *Kaisar-i-Rum* has got to be stopped and investigated."

Slatore sighed. "Well, since I'm outnumbered, we might as well make it unanimous. Just how do we propose to stop a ship on the high seas?"

Cloris was wondering about that, too, but Kelso merely grinned. "It's already being done. Colonel Aguilar's on the radio right now, ordering the *Kaisar-i-Rum* to return to Mazatlan."

The slanting rays of the sun glistened off the slow ground swell as if the ocean were on fire. But the wind was cold as it buffeted the small motor launch—the *Cielito Lindo*—and the two men seated on the fantail.

The launch's course was roughly northwest, as it had been all day, ever since leaving Mazatlan. The serrated mountains of Baja California, purple silhouettes in the failing light, lay off the port bow, extending away out of sight to the north. The mainland of Mexico had long since faded from view in the east.

A third man came aft to join the other two, walking carefully to avoid a fall on the pitching deck. He was a husky man of good height and an ingratiating smile. All his life he had worn the smile—to get his way, to hide his thoughts, and to offset his pallid ugliness. His gaunt features and bulging forehead and abnormally deep-set eyes of milky blue gave his face the appearance of a skull. And, as on a skull also, his eyes had no lashes; a searing fever in early childhood had rendered him hairless. His eyebrows were penciled on, and his head was always covered with the best wig that money could buy.

His name was Steve Guthrie, he was an American, and his occupation was making a profit. He had grown up homely and devoutly believing that he deserved a little more from life than ordinary people. He began dressing fastidiously as soon as he was old enough to afford it, to let everybody know that Steve Guthrie was getting that little extra from life. Even now, his leather jacket was oiled to a rich amber shade and the visor of his rakish officer's hat gleamed with polish, as did his low boots and the holster of his .45 automatic. Around his throat was knotted a white silk scarf. Under the scarf, at the back of his neck, he wore a short knife in a scabbard, as secret as his baldness.

He spoke to the other two men. "It could be we're in trouble. Our launch captain claims he's too ill to take us any farther."

The older of the pair coughed rackingly. "Ridiculous! What does he propose

—that we walk the rest of the way?"

His voice was reedy and prim, matching his appearance. He sat huddled unhappily in the swivel-based fishing chair, a shawl bound around his head, his face protruding above his heavy overcoat like that of a middle-aged turtle. Underneath the coat he wore a business suit complete with vest, as if dressed for a stroll through his native Florence rather than a voyage across this forbidding foreign sea. In his own land, Umberto Vignola had conducted a thriving business of opening fresh graves for whatever trinkets and wedding rings they might contain; at another time he had worked as a janitor in a national museum until the night he had emptied it of its goldware. He was admired in the black market for his bargaining ability and knowledge of fine art.

Guthrie was studying the Baja California coastline. "Our reluctant captain says that we're not far from La Paz. It's a fishing resort, only decent-sized town within the next five hundred miles. He wants to drop us off there."

"No, the head of the Gulf," Vignola said petulantly. "That was our bargain and Captain Baez has been paid to carry it out." As he spoke, his bony fingers sensuously stroked a statuette in his lap. Of blue-glazed terracotta, it was an explicitly detailed figure of a nude woman standing on a tortoise.

"I offered Baez more money to see if he was trying to hold us up. But all he wants is to go back to Mazatlan where he can be sick in his own bed."

"Then I suggest it's time you reason with him with your big pistol. After all, you guaranteed to handle all the arrangements on this side of the world."

"I guaranteed to deliver the stuff to the right man in the United States. I still guarantee it, Vignola."

"Then think of something, my partner. I haven't the constitution to carry those boxes on my back."

He was referring to the cargo on the deck between the fantail and the wheelhouse. It consisted of seven wooden crates, too large to be coffins and in appearance giving no hint as to their contents. The corner of one of them had been broken open and crudely repaired: the straw packing still showed through the mended boards.

The freighting problem was one reason for the presence of the third man. Mino Picozzi. He was the biggest of the lot, a hulking Sicilian with a glowering, brutish face.

His grating voice entered the discussion for the first time. "Let me see about this Baez."

"I've already handled Baez," Guthrie said quickly. "I ordered him to put us ashore at La Paz."

Vignola started to protest but broke into a fit of violent coughing. Finally he wheezed, "You're amazingly calm in the face of this disaster—partner."

"It's not a disaster, just a change in plans. There's this guy in La Paz that Baez knows—called El Gallo. I gather that he heads a smuggling operation. Or maybe he's some sort of middleman. Either way, he's set up to cooperate with guys like us. Baez claims to have done business with him often. He'll put us ashore at an old pier, north of the city, right in El Gallo's backyard. See how our luck holds out?"

"I wonder if it's really a matter of luck." Vignola stared moodily down at the idol. "Laugh at me, go ahead."

Picozzi snickered. "The old man's mucked around too many churchyards. All he understands is doom and curses."

You wouldn't understand. In every pantheon, the original god was born of fear. First came the weather-god, the storm-god. The god of the thunderbolt . . . Vignola glanced toward the long crates. "You have no real idea of what's in there or what we've done."

Picozzi's face darkened, but Guthrie intervened, jerking a thumb upward. "You don't have to be a weather-god to see a storm is coming. We'll be landing inside an hour, maybe sooner. I think I'll give Baez a hand at the wheel."

The launch captain looked around wanly as Guthrie entered the wheelhouse. He was a weather-beaten Mexican sailor, barefoot and scrawny. He shuddered when Guthrie asked how he felt. "For three days now, I have not been well, such pain in the head. It grows much worse every minute."

"When we get ashore, I'll do something for your headache, amigo."

Baez nodded gratefully. He clung to the wheel as if he might fall without its support. Guthrie watched him closely but saw no reason to interfere at the moment. He had learned young to take things as they came and to make the best of them. He had drifted a long way in his lifetime. From Chicago's south side and the tenement in which he had been born, through most of the United States as a kid on the make, and eventually to Italy, through courtesy of the war and the army. As a master sergeant in a port transportation outfit, he had gotten a first-hand look at the fantastic Naples black market, in which a whole truck convoy could be swallowed up without a trace. It was the sort of setup he'd been looking for and it hadn't taken him long to become part of it. When the war ended and the other Americans sailed home, Guthrie remained. Now he was engaged in the biggest operation of all, one that others had said couldn't be done.

Guthrie could see the scattered lights of La Paz twinkling through the mist. The launch captain eased up on the throttle. "The pier," he mumbled, "there, ahead."

Guthrie went to alert his companions. "Get ready to handle the rear lines. I don't think señor captain is going to be much help."

"A fine bargain you made there," Vignola grumbled. "Two hundred American dollars and all he can do is moan about feeling ill. I'll wager I'm as sick as he is. I haven't felt really well since we left Livorno."

The launch, engine idling, nosed in toward the crumbling pier. Guthrie and Picozzi, working the snubbing lines fore and aft, warped the *Cielito Lindo* against the pilings and began to transfer the heavy boxes from boat to pier. Vignola was of little help, except to criticize, and Baez didn't even venture out of the wheelhouse. But at last the seven crates lay along the pier like giant vertebrae.

Picozzi began to cast off the lines but Guthrie said, "Hold it a minute." He re-entered the wheelhouse.

Baez was slumped against the wheel. "Blessed Virgin," he muttered. "Now the medicine—for my head . . ."

"I didn't forget." Baez closed his eyes in thankfulness. Guthrie took the .45 service automatic from its polished holster and struck the launch captain a sharp blow at the base of the skull. Baez didn't make a sound, slipping forward to his knees and then falling face down on the deck. Calmly, Guthrie went through his pockets, found the wad of American dollars and placed them in his wallet. The launch's engine was still idling. He put the gear in the forward position and felt the boat surge forward. Without undue haste, he stepped out onto the deck and sprang from the railing to the pier. The launch, picking up momentum, glided off to sea in the direction of Mazatlan whence they had come.

Vignola tapped his arm. "What were you doing down there?"

"I told Baez I'd do something about his headache."

"I thought perhaps you were making an adjustment regarding the fare."

"I guess I should have. Funny, it didn't even occur to me." He looked upward at the cliffs that bordered the beach. "There's a house up there, just like Baez said. Let's go meet El Gallo."

Border Patrol sector headquarters occupied a two-story rambling building, formerly a farmhouse, that perched on a knoll north of the international boundary. Cloris arrived there early the following morning but not early enough to be Kelso's first visitor.

A tall, broad-shouldered man in the khaki uniform of the Mexican federal

police was pacing up and down the office, a scowl stamped on his leonine face. Cloris recognized him as Colonel Fidel Aguilar, Kelso's opposite number in Tijuana and something of a legend among officers on both sides of the border.

"We've been waiting for you," Kelso told Cloris as he made the introductions. "Colonel Aguilar wants to see the evidence—the letter and the slides. Do you have them with you?"

"Why, yes," Cloris said, opening her purse. "But I'm afraid the slides, without a microscope, won't—"

"No matter," Aguilar said brusquely. "It is the letter I am really interested in." He took it from her, murmured, "You will pardon me," and went to the window to read. After a moment, Aguilar brought the letter back to where Cloris was seated. "I deeply regret this rude intrusion into your personal affairs. But you understand I must be very sure of my ground."

"I don't mind, of course. But can you tell me what's happened?"

Aguilar's scowl deepened. "Yesterday evening, the *Kaisar-i-Rum* was ordered by the Mazatlan authorities to return to port and place itself in quarantine. Their answer was evasive. A second and stronger demand was radioed on my authority. To which the freighter did not reply at all. Three subsequent messages have been sent with the same result."

Kelso murmured, "That's peculiar."

"Peculiar! It's infuriating. Consider, an insignificant tramp freighter ignoring a direct order of my government! It's a slap in the face to Mexican dignity."

"Is there anything you can do?" Cloris asked.

A gunboat has been dispatched from Acapulco to intercept them. And I will fly south and take charge of this matter personally."

Kelso glanced at Cloris with the hint of a grin. "Looks like you've stirred up quite a hornet's nest, young lady. Especially if you should be wrong."

"I know," Cloris admitted. "The *Kaisar-i-Rum* may not have the plague aboard—or they may not know it yet. One of the worst features of the disease is the difficulty of detection before it's too late. I mean, the degree of fever in some cases may run so low that the subject doesn't even realize he's dying until the last day. It's so blasted variable. Some people can be exposed and never catch anything. Others can be killed overnight. And nobody knows why. But the *Kaisar-i-Rum* has got to be quarantined."

"It will be," Aguilar growled.

"How much room in that plane of yours, Colonel?" Kelso asked.

"Well, there are only the pilots and myself. Why?"

"I was wondering if you'd care to take



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along a passenger. I'd like to send an observer—strictly unofficial, of course. One of my patrol inspectors, Ross Mallory."

"All right," Aguilar said slowly. "I'll take your hard-nose with me. But he'd better understand that I am in absolute command. Have Mallory meet me at the airport in an hour."

Cloris spoke to Colonel Aguilar. "If you expect to go on board the *Kaisar-i-Rum*, you'll need some sanitation equipment for your own protection. My department has quite a supply. And I'd like to ask a favor."

Aguilar waited politely.

"Bring me back a dead rat."

Aguilar smiled, a bit startled. "After a lifetime of honoring feminine requests, I believed I had heard everything." He took Cloris' hand and bowed over it. "My dear young lady, you shall have your rat."

The jackrabbit scampered through the chaparral, pausing just out of throwing range, as if it knew it had nothing to fear from a nine-year-old boy, even one armed with a machete. Juan Montijo continued the pursuit doggedly. He had broken the siesta to come hunting, and the whipping he expected to receive from his grandfather could be eased only by not returning empty-handed.

The chase led him farther from the village than he usually ventured, along the highway—if a pair of unpaved ruts could be called a highway. But the ruts were the single link between La Paz, a hundred miles south, and the other settlements of Baja California to the north. They were seldom used, and Juan could count on his fingers the number of vehicles he had ever seen passing through tiny Soledad, where he had been born and had spent his entire life.

And so, when he came upon fresh tire prints on the crusty sand of a dry arroyo, Juan felt a thrill of delighted surprise that caused him to forget the elusive rabbit altogether. He would have something to show for his truancy, after all! He began to follow the tracks along the wash, eager to catch up with the strange automobile and perhaps beg a cigarette or two for his grandfather.

He found it parked in the shelter of a grove of cottonwoods, a six-wheeled dingy brown truck, its flat bed covered by a canvas roof. But it appeared to be empty. Juan approached cautiously from the rear and twitched aside the canvas flap. The bed was loaded with a number of wooden crates like giant coffins. One of the boxes had been broken open and badly mended; it was leaking straw. His boyish curiosity was engaged. What could

the boxes contain? Something valuable, he was sure, and since there seemed to be no one around . . . He began to pry at the broken board with his machete until there was room for him to insert his arm. His fingers touched something cold and hard, the shape of a rough pipe or gun barrel. He pulled it out to examine it. The object was a tubular bronze doll, as long as his arm, brandishing an upraised spear.

Juan was captivated with the warlike little figure. He turned it over and over in his hands and it seemed to him that he had never wanted anything so much in his life. Well, why shouldn't he have it? With all the boxes in the truck, the owners, whoever they were, would never miss this one little warrior, surely.

At that moment, a new sound startled him. It was a man's laugh, harsh and without humor, coming from somewhere beyond the truck. Frightened, Juan dropped to his knees, hugging the statuette to him, and peered under the axles.

A short distance up the wash, he discovered the figures of two men, foreign by their appearance and dress. They did not see him. They were gathering large stones, which they carried to a secluded spot in the dry river bed and piled into a rough cairn. Something about the appearance of the two men, toiling grimly in the hot afternoon, struck terror into Juan's youthful imagination. His grandfather had spoken often of demons.

He did not wait to be discovered. He whirled and ran back the way he had come, not pausing until he had put a safe distance between himself and the demons. It was then he found that he was still clutching the little statue. For a moment, he considered throwing it away; perhaps it, too, was evil, a thing to be feared. But his pride of possession was too strong. If the statuette was magic, it now belonged to him and the magic would be his. He would keep it in a secret place that only he knew about, to consult whenever he wished.

His chest itched sharply. Opening his cotton shirt, he scratched the bite and then scrutinized his brown flesh until he located the flea. Expertly, he caught it between thumbnail and forefinger and popped the life out of it. He grinned at the statue with its brandished spear.

"See?" he said aloud. "I can kill things, too."

Aguilar was frowning as he slid down into the nose of the flying boat beside Mallory. "See anything yet?"

Mallory shook his head. Before and beneath them spread a vast panorama of ocean, like a sheet of gray lead on which nothing moved.

"Four o'clock," Aguilar announced gloomily. That left two hours of daylight and then the search for the *Kaisar-i-Rum* would have to be abandoned. They had come a long way south—over a thousand miles—since leaving the Tijuana airport early this morning, including a refueling stop at La Paz, but for all the results so far they could have just as well stayed home. The *Kaisar-i-Rum* had vanished. Aguilar had failed repeatedly to contact the freighter by radio; his only reply had been from the Mexican gunboat that had been dispatched north. The ship reported that the storm, of which they had seen the fringes, was deepening.

Ross Mallory shared the Colonel's obvious frustration, though for different reasons. He wasn't emotionally involved in the mission; to him, it was just another, somewhat unusual, job. But he badly wanted it to be successful since he had sensed, both from Kelso's instructions and Aguilar's aloofness, that he was being tested.

So he stared out the Plexiglass window at the empty sea as the minutes marched inexorably by, as though by concentration he could conjure up their quarry. And suddenly, just as he was losing hope, he saw it. "What's that? Over there."

Aguilar scrambled across the narrow compartment to see where Mallory was pointing. On the horizon, almost invisible against the darkening sky, was a shape, hardly more than a smudge. "It's a ship, all right."

Was it the right ship? They waited tensely as the distance between vessel and plane lessened. Their amphibian went into a shallow dive, heading directly for the freighter. A hundred feet above the water, they leveled off and roared past the ship, close enough to read the name on the stern.

Kaisar-i-Rum. Istanbul.

They circled the ship while Aguilar tried in vain to contact the ship's radio. The *Kaisar-i-Rum* didn't seem to be attempting to escape, however; it was barely making headway. Only a trickle of smoke emerging from her stack revealed that the engines were operating at all. As they thundered by at masthead height, they saw the first signs of life. A man was sleeping in an uncovered lifeboat at the stern and, amidships, another man crouched beside the scuppers as if trying to hide from the plane overhead.

The seaplane was coming in for a landing alongside the slow-moving freighter. As the spray of water leaped up to obscure the nose glass, Aguilar fumbled with the top escape hatch.

"How about this stuff?" Mallory

He fired across the corpse as the rat charged them.

THE DARK FANTASTIC (continued)

pointed at the sanitary clothing and gear that Cloris had delivered to them at the Tijuana airport.

Aguilar hesitated. "I suppose so, though it's probably a waste of time."

The two men stripped off their clothing and, though hampered by the cramped quarters, began to don the protective uniforms—heavy coveralls, rubber boots, leg gaiters, rubber gloves and rubber skull caps, plus respirators which they hung temporarily around their necks. All they retained of their own apparel was their gun belts.

Mallory finished dressing and climbed onto the hull of the plane. It rode the swells alongside the freighter, so close that the wingtip nearly brushed the rusty metal side. He cupped his hands to his mouth. "Hey, there!" he bellowed. "You—on board."

There was no reply. As Aguilar scrambled out of the hatch, carrying a coil of rope with a three-pronged grappling hook fastened to one end, Mallory said, "If we hadn't seen those two men I'd swear there was nobody aboard."

"We'll soon find out," Aguilar whirled the rope around his head twice and let the grappling hook sail out. It flew across the intervening water and clanged onto the deck. As he tugged on the line, the metal prongs engaged the ship's railing and held firm. He tied the other end of the rope to the mooring eye at the sea-plane's bow. "Keep the line taut until I reach the deck. Then I'll do the same for you."

Aguilar slid off the hull boots first, dangling only a few feet above the choppy water. Hand over hand, he pulled himself toward the *Kaisar-i-Rum* and awkwardly swung over the railing. Mallory followed quickly. Together, they stood on the deck and looked about them. Aguilar murmured, "I don't like it. It's too quiet."

Since the freighter was in motion, riding sluggishly up one long swell and down into the next trough, there was an illusion of life. Yet none apparently existed. No one appeared to greet them or to challenge their presence. In the rapidly failing light, the ship took on an eerie aspect, full of menace.

Aguilar gave a nervous laugh and started aft, climbing the ladder to the afterdeck. At any moment, they expected to come upon another human being. But they did not. On the fantail was lashed the open lifeboat they had seen from the air. They approached it cautiously, wondering if it was still occupied.

It was, but the man lying there was not asleep as they had first supposed. His eyes, wide open, stared up at the sky but did not see it. He was dead. The front of his skivvy shirt was crusted dark brown with dried blood.

"Shot," Mallory said. "Looks like he was trying to get the lifeboat free when he got it. I wonder who . . ." He raised his eyes to the bridge. One of the windows of the wheelhouse was broken.

Aguilar said, "There was another man, up front." He led the way across the fantail to the starboard ladder and paused, pointing. The second crewman was plainly visible, crouching in the scuppers. But his complete rigidity revealed that he was not hiding from them, or from anyone.

Grimly, they went to investigate. As they drew closer, Mallory gripped Aguilar's arm. "This one wasn't shot. Look at his face." The dead man's countenance was a strange, darkish color, almost purple, and from his mouth protruded an immensely swollen tongue. The man in the lifeboat had died violently but quickly, his face almost peaceful. Death had not been so kind to the second man, or so quick; the tortured struggle still convulsed his features.

"The girl was right," Aguilar muttered. "Plague. Don't go any closer."

"You mean—everybody? The whole ship?"

"I'm afraid so."

No wonder the freighter was so ominously quiet; it was a floating tomb and they were trespassers in a realm of death.

They made a wide circle around the plague victim, heading for the ladder that led to the bridge. As they passed the forward hatch, something moved in their path. From the shadows, a huge rat, almost as large as a terrier, charged toward them. Aguilar, in the lead, reacted with the speed of long training. In one continuous movement, his revolver cleared its holster, fired twice. The rat was nearly torn in two by the heavy bullets. Its shattered body was flung back against the bulkhead where it lay still.

Mallory replaced his own pistol. "Good shooting, Colonel."

Aguilar shook his head. "One would have been sufficient. The second was pure panic. I'm afraid I damaged the creature too much to leave it of any use to Miss Howard."

Outside the wireless shack, they found a third dead man and, inside it, a fourth. Both had been shot. The radio had been smashed by a fire axe that lay on the floor. With drawn guns they circled the wheelhouse on the weather bridge, but saw no more bodies. However, the wheelhouse doors, port and starboard, were both locked and resisted their efforts to open them. Mallory peered in the windows.

"Too dark to make out anything. But nothing's moving."

"Well, in that case . . . My God! What's that!"

They both heard it, a choking gurgle

from within the wheelhouse, a terrifying strangled sound, inhuman. With the butt of his pistol, Mallory smashed the heavy window. "Hey!" he yelled. "Is there anybody in there? Say something!"

There was no answer. Then there was the sound of a moan, almost a sigh. Mallory broke away the remaining shards of glass and swung his body through the opening. On the floor beside the compass, he made out the figure of a man. From the threadbare uniform coat and tarnished braid on his cap, it was apparent that he was one of the ship's officers, probably the captain. Near him lay a revolver.

Mallory approached the captain cautiously, alert for signs of life. As he watched, the figure jerked convulsively a couple of times. Then even that slight movement ceased. In the glow of the binnacle, Mallory could see the man's face, contorted, purpled, eyes and tongue bulging.

Aguilar was peering in at him. Mallory pulled his mask aside to say, "He's dead. Plague." The wheel was lashed down, which accounted for the *Kaisar-i-Rum's* steady course. The doors, in addition to being locked, were also barricaded with chairs. The log book lay open near the binnacle. The last entry carried yesterday's date but was written in a language Mallory didn't recognize. With the log under his arm, he climbed back through the window.

Silently, they continued their exploration of the death ship. From the radio room, they took the wireless records, also in an unfamiliar language, and went back the way they had come. Everywhere they found more evidence of the stark tragedy of the past twenty-four hours. Most of the crew had died in the fore-castle in their bunks. Unlike the dead sailors on the bridge, they had perished from disease rather than bullets, though one man had cut his wrists and bled to death. And the rats had been at work. They were bold, seeming to know that they had inherited the ship, and scurried off reluctantly at Mallory and Aguilar's approach. Those that seemed disposed to linger, the men shot. Mallory selected the best specimen to take back to Cloris and sealed it, as far as he was able, in a metal canister from the galley. He and Aguilar didn't speak at all now, fearing to remove the respirators even for a moment. The hideous faces of the plague victims stared at them constantly.

They wrestled the hatch off a cargo well and peered down into the darkness at the shape of huge boxes, presumably containing machinery, but they didn't descend. Side by side, they prowled on in silence until they located the iron ladder to the engine room. Below, the engines were still running without human

supervision, though at a fraction of their capacity. Since they knew nothing of the mechanism, they left the controls alone. It didn't matter, anyway. The *Kaisar-i-Rum* couldn't travel far manned by rats and dead men.

When they came back on deck, it was nearly dark and the pilots had turned on the airplane's landing lights, giving an even weirder aspect to the scene.

It took only a few moments to search the aft cabins where Erastos had reported the mysterious cargo to be stored. The cabins were empty, although in one they found some traces of straw packing. There was no sign at all of the three passengers mentioned in Dr. Howard's letter, the two Italians and the American.

Their last act aboard was to turn on as many of the ship's lights as they could locate. The engines would keep the power plant functioning through the night, anyway, and lights on the derelict would reduce her menace to other shipping. Aguilar debarked first, going back along the line in the same hand-over-hand fashion he had come. Mallory tossed their prizes to him—the log book, the wireless records, the canister containing the dead rat—and then followed. They did not retrieve the line or grappling hook, cutting it instead and letting the freighter carry it off. The ship and the airplane parted company, drifting slowly away from each other.

For a moment, Aguilar and Mallory stood silently on the hull, watching the lights of the *Kaisar-i-Rum* grow indistinct in the gloom. They were both too awestruck by what they had seen to speak. Then, with feverish haste, they stripped off the protective clothing and threw it all over the side, retaining only their guns. The rubber boots, the respirators, the coveralls floated away behind the plane, sinking slowly. As a final sanitary measure, they went for a swim, diving off the hull into the cold water, climbing back up again to lather thoroughly with the disinfectant soap Cloris had provided and then taking a final plunge to rinse it away. Shivering, stung by the rising wind, they dried themselves as well as they were able.

Aguilar said nothing until they were airborne. Then, dressing in the cramped compartment, he muttered, "A horrible thing. What do you make of it?"

Mallory was pleasantly surprised to find Aguilar speaking to him as an equal, not as the subordinate of an hour before. Whatever else the search of the *Kaisar-i-Rum* had accomplished, it had at least gained him Aguilar's respect. "The ship carried contraband that was dumped at Mazatlan," Mallory answered. "Somehow, the cargo is connected with the plague. Or maybe the three men are. The captain

thought you'd found out about the contraband. That's why he wouldn't follow orders and come back to Mazatlan. Then the plague started hitting the crew."

"How do you account for the men who were shot?"

"Mutiny. When the crew started dropping, they wanted to turn back, put into port, since they didn't carry a doctor aboard. The captain wouldn't do it. Either he was off his rocker or he was more scared of prison than the disease. Anyway, trouble broke out. That's why he barricaded himself in the wheelhouse with a gun. He probably smashed the radio too, so the crew couldn't SOS for help. Of course, he had the plague himself and didn't know it."

Aguilar shook his head sadly. "And so they all died. And the ship as well. I'll radio the story to my government but I expect they'll want her sunk. Such a waste. If they had only obeyed my first message—"

"You can't tell. Bringing the ship back to port might not have saved anybody and might just have spread the plague ashore."

"It's already ashore. At Mazatlan, or wherever the contraband happens to be now. We'll be there in an hour."

"Don't worry, Colonel," Mallory assured him. "We'll catch up with the cargo."

"Yes, but how?" Aguilar gazed gloomily out at the black sky. "I know of only one way. Follow the trail of the dead."

The port director at Mazatlan was named Barbachano, a brisk and efficient public servant with no trace of tropical indolence. He sat stiffly behind his desk, the pageant of the waterfront at his back, and said, "Colonel, the *Kaisar-i-Rum* berthed directly under my window here. It was here less than eighteen hours, long enough only to take on fuel and water. Nothing was unloaded. I've already checked with the security detail."

Mallory spoke up from his seat near the door. "Did any of the crew come ashore?"

"No," Barbachano said triumphantly. "Since the ship did not remain long enough to complete the period of quarantine, no one was allowed to disembark."

Colonel Aguilar paced the office, frowning. "I don't understand it. I'm sure that somehow cargo and passengers were unloaded here, but from what you say . . ."

"I repeat, nothing was unloaded on our dock."

"On the dock," Mallory mused. "There are two sides to everything, aren't there?" The other men regarded him curiously. "I'm wondering if the cargo and the passengers might not have been

transferred to a smaller ship. You know, during the night. I don't suppose you had anybody actually aboard, did you?"

The port director started to say something, then hesitated and rubbed his nose. "Well, no," he admitted.

"That might be the answer we're seeking," Aguilar said. "A small craft, perhaps a fishing boat. Surely you have a register, some list that would give us a starting point."

"As a matter of fact, I have the register right here on my desk," Barbachano rummaged in a wire basket. "Ordinarily, the files would be closed at this time of night but since the unfortunate occurrence with the *Cielito Lindo* today . . ."

"What unfortunate occurrence?" Aguilar demanded, and Mallory rose.

"Oh, nothing connected with what you seek. The *Cielito Lindo* is a charter fishing launch. It was found this morning adrift off Point Piastla, north of here. The captain was very sick," Barbachano looked up and blinked at the two men looming over his desk. "Why, what's the matter?"

"Nothing," Aguilar said. "Where is this captain? I want to talk to him."

"Baez? I'm afraid it's too late. I understand he died shortly after he was found." The port director shook his head. "Raving with fever, poor fellow."

"Do you have any idea where the *Cielito Lindo* had been?"

"It seems to me there was some mention of La Paz. Perhaps he had a girl friend there. I don't really understand your interest in a dead man, Colonel."

"He wasn't always dead. What disposition was made of the body?"

The first rain was beginning as they rode across the city, a veil of wet that sent evening strollers scurrying into shop doorways. Aguilar stared bleakly at the crowds as their taxi passed. "A terrible thing to imagine, the plague loose among all these people."

"It isn't loose yet. One death doesn't make an epidemic."

"No doubt the captain of the *Kaisar-i-Rum* thought the same thing—at first."

Despite Aguilar's credentials there was a delay at the hospital until the resident physician could be summoned from his dinner. "I don't understand it," he said grumpily as he escorted the two men downstairs to the morgue. "This international interest in the death of a simple fisherman. Granted, there are certain complications we haven't fathomed. But, all the same, why there should be a parade of people from the north to view the remains . . ."

"Parade?" echoed Aguilar. "You mean there have been others?"

"Well, one other," the doctor temporized. He indicated the double swinging doors at the far end of the hospital

THE DARK FANTASTIC (continued)

corridor. "You can go see for yourself."

They pushed the doors open. From across the cheerless room where she stood beside the stainless steel autopsy table, Cloris Howard looked around. "Hello," she greeted them calmly. "I was wondering when you'd show up."

Mallory stood by the window, smoking and watching Cloris's reflection in the rain-streaked glass. "It's pouring now," he observed.

"Too bad," Cloris murmured. She sat at a table behind him, her eye fixed to a microscope. They were in the hospital laboratory, two flights above the morgue where Baez's body lay in careful isolation. "We'd be much better off if it were hot and dry. *Bacillus pestis* thrives in a cool, wet environment. That probably accounts for the way it went through the crew of the *Kaisar-i-Rum*. If, of course, it was the plague."

"Is there any doubt about it?"

Cloris stretched wearily. "We can't be positive until Colonel Aguilar gets back from the airport with the dead rat. One thing is definite, though. The live *Bacillus* from Baez matches the slides my father sent me."

Mallory turned to face her. "I've been wanting to say something about that. I mean, the way I popped off at you yesterday morning."

"Please forget it. You couldn't know I'd gotten bad news." As if afraid of further discussion, she waved her hand nervously at the microscope. "Care to take a look at our criminal?"

"Sure." He bent over the eye-piece. She warned him against pressing too hard, instructed him to keep both eyes open even though the instrument was monocular. He finally managed to focus on a milky white world of translucent shapes. "Hey, they move around."

"That's something I couldn't tell about the killed specimens. There wasn't any trace of flagella so I assumed the *Bacillus* was non-motile, like the ordinary *pestis*. But this new strain is definitely motile. I wonder if the knobbed end has anything to do with that?"

"Yeah, it is shaped sort of like a blackjack, isn't it?" Mallory straightened and rubbed his eyes. "Fascinating life you lead, doctor."

"You don't mind? I had you tabbed as one of those who believe in keeping women in their place. Meaning the kitchen and the bedroom."

"Not me. You couldn't handle my job, so it doesn't bother me to realize that I couldn't handle yours." He chuckled. "I've been trying to take you out for a month now, and where do we end up together? In a Mexican hospital, looking at little bugs."

"They're not little bugs, Ross," Cloris smiled; "they're little plants."

"That germ is a plant? Like a vegetable? Is that what's got us scared to death—an invisible swimming vegetable?"

Cloris laughed. "In a wild sense, yes. Mind lighting a cigarette for me? I need a smoke but I don't want to touch anything with these gloves."

It was a little after ten but Cloris felt as if she'd been up for years. After seeing Aguilar and Mallory off at the airport, she had been reconciled to a period of waiting. But Kelso, monitoring the Mexican news broadcasts, had picked up the story of the discovery of the drifting launch and its dying captain. Instinct led him to investigate and, after considerable wire-pulling, he had sent Cloris off to Mazatlan on the first commercial flight. Her status was much the same as Mallory's, that of unofficial observer.

She took a long grateful puff on the cigarette Mallory held to her lips. "You see," she told him, "we've been at war with the plant kingdom for a good many thousands of years now. They could get along nicely without us animals, but we couldn't survive two minutes without them. We couldn't even survive without bacteria—we'd have no soil."

The laboratory door swung open and Aguilar came in, stamping to rid his clothing of rainwater, growling under his breath about a leaky taxi. He handed the metal canister to Cloris, who looked in at the dead rat. "Oh, it's a beauty!" she exclaimed and began preparing it for examination.

"Thank you." Aguilar looked at Mallory. "I spoke on the radio to La Paz. They have no knowledge of the *Cielito Lindo*'s presence there."

"I suppose not, if we're right and the boat was carrying contraband. And, assuming the contraband was unloaded there, it's probably not there any longer. La Paz isn't a destination in itself, merely a way station. That means the stuff is headed for the border."

"Exactly. But how? By car? By air? Perhaps even by another boat."

Nothing's flying tonight, including us," Mallory mused. "That gives us leeway. A day at least, maybe five days at the most. I can't really believe they'd be dumb enough to try the entry by plane or boat. The Air Force radar screen would have them spotted in no time. No, they've got to be moving by land vehicle, and it's a long drive from La Paz to the border. Even so, we'll have to move fast to stop them in time."

"It's already too late." Aguilar said. "You're talking about stopping the plague from entering the United States, your country. But it has already entered Mexico, which is my country."

"I'm sorry," Mallory said. "A case of

ingrown viewpoint. I didn't mean to write off all of Baja California."

Aguilar shrugged. "We agree on the essential matter. The contraband cargo and the men transporting it must be stopped in the shortest possible time."

Cloris looked up from the microscope. "There's no doubt now. The rat had it, too—the same mutation."

Aguilar sighed. "I must notify Mexico City, and I'll ask that the information be relayed to your country's public health service as well. And now that we know what the enemy is like, I'd suggest that you two get some sleep."

"Not me," Cloris demurred. "If I can find any parasites on this animal, the Bureau of Entomology will want specimens to classify. And I've got to get some cultures cooking in the incubator. Public Health of both our countries will be anxious to get started on vaccine research."

Mallory said, "I'd just as soon stick around and light your cigarettes. Any objection?"

"I'd be very grateful." Gingerly, Cloris held up the glass slide. "Doesn't look very deadly, does it? But there's enough *Bacillus pestis* on this one slide to kill all three of us."

They stared, fascinated, at the tiny transparent rectangle of death. Finally, Mallory said, "All three. Maybe that's the answer."

"What do you mean?"

"There are three smugglers, too. Maybe your little blackjack friend will catch them before we do."

In certain offices in Mexico City, the lights burned all night. Agreement as to action was arrived at swiftly. The Turkish ambassador was invited to a conference and proposals of indemnification were outlined, if such should prove necessary. Finally, coded instructions were radioed to naval headquarters on the west coast.

Shortly before dawn, the Mexican gunboat *Francisco Madero*, pushing hard to the north despite the raging storm, made radar contact with its quarry. An hour later, with two torpedoes in its guts, the *Kaisar-i-Rum* went down.

In the morning, the storm had abated enough to permit them to leave Mazatlan. They flew north along the mountainous spine of Baja California, scanning the countryside beneath them in the faint hope of sighting something significant.

A few miles north of La Paz, Aguilar was summoned to the flight deck. Shortly thereafter, the plane tilted and began to swing off in a new direction, pointing toward the Pacific whose gray waters could be glimpsed on the western horizon. Aguilar slid back into the compartment.

"That was the La Paz police," he told

Mallory. "They had received a telephone call from a village to the north—a place named Soledad. It seems that a shepherd has found the body of a foreigner."

When they touched down on the little landlocked bay that was known as Boca de Soledad, they discovered a delegation awaiting them. Men, women, children, and dogs had turned out for their arrival. Aguilar, Mallory, and Cloris rowed ashore in an inflatable rubber boat, to be greeted at the water's edge by the mayor, who had prepared a speech in honor of the occasion. However, Aguilar was more interested in questioning the shepherd, who turned out to be a middle-aged woman. She had been out rounding up her flock following the storm when she had come upon the corpse, a stranger, a foreigner. She had seen no one else.

They set off into the mesquite on burros, led by the shepherdess, who walked ahead of them. They wound their way among the choppy arroyos until they came upon a broad wash through whose center ran a brown stream, the runoff from last night's rainfall. As they neared a clump of cottonwoods, their guide stopped to point ahead at a pile of stones. From beneath it protruded the head and shoulders of a man. It was a rude funeral cairn.

Ten yards away, they halted and dismounted, circling the mound like a pack of cautious dogs. They didn't have to approach closer to recognize in this stranger a facial resemblance to the dead launch captain and the crew of the *Kaisar-i-Rum*, the grotesque mottling of the countenance that had given rise to the name, "Black Death."

Cloris pulled on her rubber gloves, preparatory to examining the body. Mallory objected, "Leave it alone. It's too much of a chance to take."

"Don't be silly. There's nothing supernatural about the plague. It's spread in three ways—by flea bite, by air, or by a wound directly into the blood stream. If you take precautions, there's very little danger." Calmly, she began to lift the stones from the dead man until all but his legs was visible. "Foreign-looking clothes, all right." With a branch of manzanita, she flicked open the suit coat and read the label. "Firenze. That's Italian, isn't it? For Florence?"

"That fits," Mallory said. "Two Italians and one American."

Cloris, looking at the corpse, shuddered. "I may be wrong, but I don't think he was dead when they piled the rocks on him. What kind of men are we up against, anyway?"

"Mc) to whom the only life of any importance is their own," Aguilar said soberly. "Our friend here became a burden on his companions, who know that they must travel fast and cannot afford

to pause to nurse the sick. They realized the end was near—perhaps they may have even mistaken coma for death, who knows?—and so they abandoned him."

"They didn't do too good a job hiding him," Mallory said. "I guess we'd better get some gasoline from the plane and finish the job." He stared thoughtfully at the dead man. "Remember what I said last night, that maybe the plague is working for us as well as against us? This is what I meant. One down and two to go."

Every time he dropped off to sleep the damn cough came back and jarred him awake again. Steve Guthrie squirmed around in his blanket and peered irritably out from under the truck. It was still raining, though after last night he didn't understand how there could be any more water left in the low, soot-colored clouds.

It was a monstrous task, nursing the heavy truck along the rutted excuse for a road in pitch blackness and sheeting rain. It was maddening that they could only drive by night, but El Gallo had been explicit about it. Travel by night, sleep by day; otherwise, you are sure to be seen. Well, they had paid enough for the advice—and the truck—so they might as well follow it. The only trouble was that sleep was hard to come by—at least, to a man of any sensitivity, thought Guthrie resentfully.

He lit a mashed cigarette, slipped out from under the truck and clambered quickly into the cab. It was Picozzi's turn to stand what little watch they kept in the daytime, and the big Sicilian had achieved the impossible. He slept bolt upright, an open can of fried beans between his huge thighs.

Picozzi awoke with a great yawn and began shoveling beans into his mouth. "I was dreaming about old Vignola." "There wasn't anything else we could do."

"I don't miss him," Picozzi continued to feed placidly and Guthrie looked away, ready to retch. "I think he was trying to scare us, Steve. Weather's weather—there are no gods up there."

"He was out of his mind."

"Miserable place to die, though."

"Can you name a good place?" Guthrie snapped. He didn't like being looked straight in the face. In this relentless rain, he had given up penciling on his artificial eyebrows, since they smeared down his cheeks after only a few minutes. His naked, deep-socketed eyes seemed to fascinate Picozzi. "Any time you start feeling sentimental over poor old Vignola, just remember that the profit only has to be split two ways now."

"I've thought of that."

Guthrie took a worn map from his hip pocket and unfolded it in his lap.

The map had many blank areas; it bore the date 1930 and an apologetic phrase. *Drawn from available records.* But it was the best El Gallo had had to offer them, and so far it had proved sufficient. Picozzi watched him study it for a while before asking, "What does it say? You know I can't read."

"Oh, I keep forgetting!" said Guthrie mockingly, even as he was wondering what force was shattering his nerves. After a lifetime of burying his hatreds and rages far beneath his smooth-skinned surface, these strange eruptions of primeval temper disturbed him. It was as if, bathless, with clothes unchanged for days, he might be degenerating into just another human animal like Picozzi. He said more gently, "Well, Mino, I figure we're close to this place called Mulege." It disturbed him, too, to see his finger trembling as he pointed out a spot on the Gulf side of the peninsula. "Another night's drive should put us halfway to the border."

The rain finally stopped in the middle of the afternoon, for which Cloris was deeply grateful. She had ridden alone to the little village in order to telephone the authorities at La Paz and report what they had discovered. This had taken barely an hour, bad connection and all, and then she was left with nothing to do. Aguilar and Mallory, after burning the body of the dead Italian, were scouring the countryside nearby in hopes of locating the other smugglers. Cloris was not needed for this task, and so she awaited their return with the vague resentfulness of the unemployed.

So it was with a sense of escape that she saw the skies begin to clear. She went outside. Soledad's single muddy street was empty, the buildings lining it shuttered and quiet. The adobe dwellings seemed to decrease in size and elaborateness in direct proportion to the distance from the mayor's store.

As she neared the edge of the village, a flicker of light in one of the adobe huts caught her attention and she wondered curiously why the occupant should be burning candles during the day. Candles were something of a luxury. Unless—A sudden premonition leaped into her mind. With only a moment's hesitation, she crossed the tiny vegetable garden and rapped on the wooden door.

It was opened by an old patriarch, shrunken of body but dignified in bearing, with a stern, leathery face. Cloris introduced herself. "I apologize for the intrusion but I saw the candles. Does that mean . . ."

The old man nodded sadly. "My grandson, Juanito."

"I'm terribly sorry. Had he been sick long?"

"No, it was very sudden. He was taken

THE DARK FANTASTIC (continued)

ill during the night." He spread his hands in a gesture of resignation. "And now he has gone, the last of our line, and only I, Francisco Montijo, am left."

Cloris said gently, "I wonder if I could examine his body? I'm a doctor."

"You are too late." But he stood aside to permit her to enter, as if nothing mattered to him now. Cloris looked around the dwelling's single small room, letting her eyes become accustomed to the gloom. Juan's thin body lay in state on a *petate*, the woven straw mat that served the Mexican peon as a bed, candles at his head and feet. Cloris approached cautiously. One glance was enough to tell her that the Black Death had claimed another victim.

"Señor Montijo, do you have any idea what caused your grandson to die?"

He nodded slowly. "It was the spirits of darkness. All night I fought with them but their magic was stronger than mine. The spell would not lift." Calmly, he described the primitive treatment—flea tea, burned owl feathers—he had administered in vain. "It was only afterward that I discovered it and knew why my simple magic was powerless."

"It?" Cloris asked sharply.

Montijo pointed a long, bony finger at one corner of the hut. At first, she thought it was a doll but when she looked closer, she realized it was not. It was, instead, an elongated metal statuette unlike any she could recall seeing. Certainly not Mexican in origin, it was a warrior of some sort, holding high a spear. "It is a demon," the old man explained. "It came here from hell to catch Juanito. It hid itself very cleverly among his belongings, knowing that I must not discover its presence until it was too late."

Cloris frowned at the exotic figurine, trying to establish a connection she felt sure must exist. A dead boy and a strange idol—what was the link between them and the smugglers? Suddenly, it made sense. The cargo, the mysterious crates packed with straw . . . Somehow, Juan Montijo had come into possession of a portion of the contraband, and in doing so had signed his own death warrant. She said, "I'd like to take the demon with me."

Montijo shrugged. "As you wish. It has done its work. I will soon join my grandson." He sat on his *petate* and bowed his head as if awaiting his fate.

Cloris studied him a moment, seeking a comforting phrase but not able to find any. She removed her scarf and carefully wrapped the idol in it. She went outside and softly closed the door behind her.

Aguilar and Mallory were just riding in on their burros. From their expressions, Cloris saw that the search had

been unsuccessful. Nor were they cheered by the news she had to tell them. "We'd better notify La Paz." Cloris said. "The village will have to be quarantined."

As they rode back to the bay where the airplane awaited them, only Mallory could summon up any spark of optimism. "Sure, it's a big job," he said. "But all of us, working together . . ."

"I hope you're right," Aguilar said gloomily. "But so far all of us, working together, have done nothing except count the dead."

Friday dawned clear along the border, with no hint of the coming storm, although increasing winds caused the U.S. Weather Bureau to issue small craft warnings. Of the more ominous threat creeping toward them from the south, Californians were not informed.

Yet, with secret urgency, the news was spreading across thousands of miles, to a dozen bureaus and agencies and governments, by coded messages and scrambled phone calls. A squad of top-flight bacteriologists was flown in from Washington, D.C. Living cultures of the mutant plague—now in full production by the staffs of A.I. & Q.B. and Public Health—were turned over to them for examination and classification. Classification failed. For the time being, the *Bacillus* was called by its code name—Blackjack.

A Turkish exchange student was located to translate the freighter's log and wireless records. Nothing was learned save the exact course of the *Kaisari-Rum*. All ports of call were queried as to the presence of any unusual fatal disease. None had yet replied affirmatively. The birthplace of Blackjack remained unknown.

The statuette, now sterilized, was given to the city's Museum of Man for identification. Three learned collectors decided it was Etruscan ware, circa 400 B.C., a product of the people who preceded the Romans. This race built underground tombs and lavishly furnished houses for their dead; it appeared probable that a new tomb had been discovered and rifled by black marketeers. An educated guess put the value of the contraband, which would have to be sold to secret collectors, at something over a million dollars.

The Border Patrol, followed by every other border agency, summoned back to duty all personnel on leave. Colonel Aguilar, after two hours' sleep and three cups of coffee, set off at dawn to supervise the establishment of roadblocks in the wilds of Baja California.

The Italian consul in San Diego was notified of the death of his countryman. A description of the dead man was cabled to the police in Florence, his

presumed home, for possible identification.

The French administration on the Marquesas, informed of the diagnosis in the case of George Erastos and the probable cause of death of Dr. Howard, placed the main island of Iiiva Oa under quarantine. They soon confirmed the supposition that Dr. Howard had died of the mutant plague strain.

Friday evening, a conference was held in the customs house, it being the largest official building on the international line. All those agencies engaged in the work of the border were represented, and a number of other governmental branches besides. Most of the men were in civilian clothes, but there was a sprinkling of uniforms, some of them worn by the Mexican delegation headed by Colonel Aguilar. Cloris was the only woman present.

Barry Kelso, as the chief law enforcement officer present, began the proceedings with a concise summary of the situation. "First, I'll tell you what we know. I'm sorry to say it won't take long. Somewhere south of us, in Baja California, is a pair of smugglers, one American and one Italian. They are transporting contraband, several crates of Etruscan antiquities from Italy, worth maybe a million dollars. The cargo is intended for the United States. Unfortunately, the cargo or the men who carry it or the straw it's packed in is infected with plague. Thus, they represent a clear and present danger to everyone on the North American continent."

He paused, chewing on his cigar. "Now here's what we don't know. We don't know who the smugglers are or what they look like. We don't know where they are now or what their route is. We don't know their means of transportation, though we can guess. We don't know where they intend to cross the border or when."

An officer from the Eleventh Naval District said, "It seems to me that this amounts to a simple containment exercise. Baja California is relatively narrow. A blockade thrown across it . . ."

Kelso looked at Aguilar, who rose, clearing his throat. "I admit it looks easy, but the terrain is against us. There are an incredible number of canyons, mountains, mesas. We simply do not have the manpower to watch them all every hour of the day and night. There are a great number of trails and the men we seek might take any of them. In fact, they are likely to stay off any regular road to avoid meeting other traffic."

"How about air cover?" It was, naturally, the Air Force representative.

"The smugglers are traveling only by night. At least, so we presume, since

our planes have not been able to find them."

From a corner of the room, a white-haired admiral spoke up. "Is this plague really as bad as all that, or are we hitting the panic button unnecessarily? We've had epidemics before, bad ones. We came through them all right."

The medical men looked at each other; finally Dr. Slatore rose. "No one can predict the future. We have no way yet of knowing just how virulent this mutant we call Blackjack may be. But we do know from the past that the death incidence in plague epidemics and pandemics has ranged as high as twenty-five or thirty-five per cent. And from the evidence of the freighter—where the death rate was nearly one hundred per cent—Blackjack would appear to be stronger than any strain of *Bacillus pestis* yet encountered."

Mallory, sitting next to Cloris, whispered, "Look who's on your side."

"Our present plague procedures are more preventative than curative, and we don't know how effective they might be against Blackjack should it become epidemic. We don't know how Blackjack will perform on a wide scale. As with every other disease, we expect that persons physically weakest will be the most susceptible. As with ordinary plague, we can expect it to be spread by animal vermin—including pet animals. I'm saying, unfortunately, that we can expect the greatest number of victims and the highest death rate among children." Slatore, brow wrinkled, sat down.

Someone said, "What about a vaccine—like polio?"

A bacteriologist got up. "We can promise a vaccine, and in a relatively short time, since the bacillus has been isolated. The chief problem lies in manufacture. To turn out enough vaccine to immunize the whole population will take months, perhaps even years."

"And we've only got about two or three days," Kelso looked around at them. "That's the problem, gentlemen. Some way, somehow, we've got to stop this thing before it gets started." As the conference disbanded, he found Aguilar at his side. "How do you think we're doing, Colonel?"

"It occurs to me that we have overlooked something of importance. Our smugglers are not supermen; yet they landed at La Paz and, without the slightest trouble, immediately began a difficult journey north, undetected. Does this sound sensible to you, Barry?"

"You're suggesting they had help."

"There's no other answer. Someone in La Paz furnished them with transportation, fuel, food, and undoubtedly with a map. The question immediately arises—who? The person who supplied a map

would have a good idea of their route. He would also know what kind of vehicle we are searching for."

Kelso grimaced. "La Paz is a big haystack to search."

"True. But I have some idea as to the needle. There is in La Paz a man named Estudillo, better known as El Gallo. I know, but cannot prove, that he has been connected for years with illicit traffic. I consider it likely that anyone landing contraband at La Paz would find it convenient, if not absolutely necessary, to deal with him. But—how do we make El Gallo deal with us? I have never had sufficient evidence to arrest him and he certainly won't cooperate of his own free will." Aguilar's eyes narrowed. "However, he might be tricked."

"We don't have much to lose," Kelso agreed. "When are you leaving?"

"Unfortunately, El Gallo knows me and all of my people. But perhaps he would not be so well acquainted with persons from the American side."

Kelso nodded. "I see. Anybody particular in mind?"

Cloris, trailed by Mallory, came by to say hello. She hesitated when she saw their intent expressions. "I'm sorry—I didn't mean to butt in . . ."

"On the contrary," Aguilar said warmly. "As a matter of fact, my dear, I was about to mention your name."

Guthrie and Picozzi heard the airliner pass high above, and scarcely raised their heads to look. Their business was with the earth just now, backs bent, heads down in the unending rain. Shortly before dawn they had blundered into a swamp. The truck, for all the traction of its six wheels, was mired to the hubs. So they worked knee-deep in the sucking mud, cursing the brackish earth, the truck, and each other with what little breath they could muster.

"Never get out of here," brooded Picozzi. He was feeding branches of scrub aloe under the rear four wheels.

"Maybe she'll pull out this time. I'll give her a try," said Guthrie.

Picozzi caught his arm. "This time I'll drive. You got us into this hole."

"Keep your hands off me," Guthrie jerked back, reached for his pistol. "I'm running things and no dirty—" He stopped short and shook his head sadly at his glaring companion. "Mino, Mino—what are we doing? You'd think we were enemies, not partners. We've got to look ahead, act like millionaires."

Picozzi grunted and gradually smiled. Guthrie intended to laugh but had to clutch his throat to choke back another spasm of coughing. He hauled himself up into the truck cab and started the engine. At Picozzi's shout of readiness, he stepped on the gas. He was surprised at himself, dignifying Picozzi by hating

him so. Yet he was sick and Picozzi was not; that made a difference. And he didn't know what might be going on in the big ox's head.

The truck heaved and labored, the engine howled and then, reluctantly, the mud loosed its grip on the wheels. Picozzi swung into the cab on the other side, beaming and nodding with success.

Ahead lay a small grove of oak trees. Guthrie piloted the truck under their shelter and cut the engine. "This'll do for today. Not much chance of anybody being out looking around in this weather, anyway." He got out the map and began to study it. His eyes had difficulty in focusing.

Picozzi was watching him again. "Something wrong?"

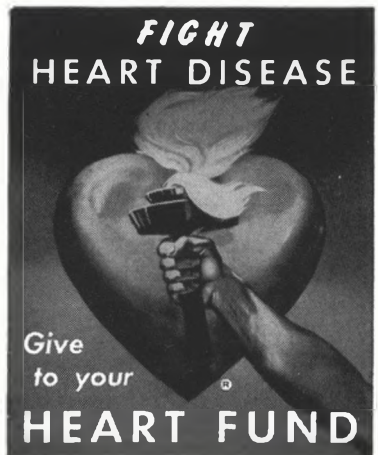
"Of course not." They were, he estimated, near a village named Socorro, on the west coast. Up to now, the route laid out by El Gallo had weaved back and forth from one coast to the other like the track of a drunken fly. But from here on it lay straight as a ruler up the Pacific shoreline to the border. Even Picozzi, who couldn't read a word, would be able to follow the remainder of the trail to the end. Which might lead him to consider Guthrie expendable.

He stared at the map a moment longer, impressing it upon his memory, and then began to tear it to shreds. Picozzi's jaw dropped in incredulous surprise; like most illiterates, he held written words and symbols in veneration.

Guthrie said, "We don't need it any longer. We're on our own now." He rolled open the window, let the tiny pieces of map flutter down into the mud.

"But El Gallo—" Picozzi protested.

"And what's to stop El Gallo from selling us out? Tipping off the cops where we're going to be." Guthrie didn't believe any of it, but he knew Picozzi



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would. "From now on I'll set our course." And I'll make damn sure it's one you can't follow alone, my friend, he thought.

Picozzi regarded him admiringly. "I'm glad we're in partnership. It didn't occur to me to distrust the Mexican. You think of everything, Steve."

That wasn't quite true. He still hadn't thought how to get rid of Picozzi.

Cloris and Mallory were the only passengers to debark at La Paz from the plane to Acapulco. Except that they carried no luggage save Cloris's veterinary kit, they appeared to be only another pair of vacationers.

A taxi carried them into the city, to the address Colonel Aguilar had given them.

El Gallo's home was a bright, two-story hacienda, lemon-yellow stucco garnished with a roof of red tile. It was a rambling building, set in the midst of several acres of greenery that sprouted rather surprisingly amidst the drab sage-brush. At this point the ground fell away sharply below, and Casa Estudillo perched on the lip of the cliff, like an eagle's nest. Terraced gardens trailed down the slope, a brilliant carpet that almost reached a dilapidated pier.

The taxi driver let them out beside a formidable iron gate and turned off his engine to await their return. Cloris followed Mallory down the tile walk. Although they had rehearsed their parts a dozen times on the flight south, she was suddenly overcome with apprehension. She seized Mallory's arm. "Ross, I can't do it."

"Sure, you can. Just remember to call me doctor."

"But what if he finds out the truth?"

"We'll think of something." Before she could object further, he rang the doorbell and it was too late to retreat. The door was opened almost immediately by a slender but well-muscled youngster, with sleepy eyes and black hair brushed straight back. Despite the warmth of the day and the custom of the country, he wore a sport jacket over his polo shirt, which Cloris guessed meant that he was carrying a gun.

Mallory said pleasantly, "We've come to see El Gallo. I am Dr. Mallory and this is Dr. Howard, of the United States Public Health Service."

The other man made no move to welcome them. "El Gallo sees no one. Go away."

"You'd better let El Gallo decide that for himself. This concerns his life."

The young man studied Mallory's serious expression suspiciously, unable to decide whether he should close the door in their faces. Finally, he muttered, "Wait here," and vanished into the rear of the house.

"Do you think we'll get in?" Cloris

whispered nervously. "I almost hope we don't."

"We'll get in, all right." Mallory hummed, and Cloris realized he was completely at ease, enjoying himself.

And he was right. When the young man returned, his manner was perceptibly more civil. "El Gallo will see you," he announced, ushering them into the foyer. "My name, by the way, is Cagigas. Please follow me."

He led them down a long corridor. From the cool shade of the house, they emerged into bright sunlight and a tiled terrace, glassed in at both ends to shut out the wind.

The man who awaited them there was short and fat, with red hair that flamed in the sunlight like a cockcomb, which explained his nickname, "The Rooster." El Gallo wore a business suit and looked more like a successful merchant than a smugglers' go-between. He announced, "I am Estudillo, El Gallo. And you, I presume, are the American doctors."

Before either Mallory or Cloris could confirm this, Cagigas spoke from his watchdog position behind them. "No, Jose—they're lying. He is one of the *chatos* from the Border Patrol. We've had trouble with him before."

In the moment of silence that followed, Cloris looked around and saw that she had been right. Cagigas did have a pistol under his coat. But now he was holding it in his hand. She stood frozen with terror, unable to think.

To her consternation, Mallory laughed. "Well, there goes your old ball game."

El Gallo was equally surprised. "You admit it?"

"Why not? Maybe it's better this way. Tell your boy to put his gun away. There's no profit in killing us. We can't do you any harm, here in your own country. It wouldn't gain you a thing. I always heard you were a shrewd operator."

El Gallo hesitated, then nodded at Cagigas. "Very well. You may put away your gun—after you have shown this pair of liars to the door."

"Only one liar." Mallory contradicted. "The young lady here is a doctor, even if I'm not. And we can still do business, El Gallo."

"What business could we possibly share?"

"Like I told your boy—your life. I presume it's important to you."

Cagigas warned, "Some sort of trick. I don't trust them."

"No reason you should," Mallory agreed. "However, you don't lose anything by listening."

After a moment, El Gallo shrugged. "All right—I will listen."

This was Cloris' cue to take up the explanation, but her mouth had gone

dry. She glanced at Mallory in panic and he continued to talk. "Our mission here concerns some contraband cargo that passed through your hands several days ago, headed north. I'm sure you remember it, An American and two Italians."

"Admitting nothing, how does this concern my life?"

"It concerns it directly. These men were also carrying a dangerous and contagious disease—plague. Anyone who has been exposed to it will very likely die in great agony. Dr. Howard is a famous specialist, working, as I have said, for the Public Health Service of our country. That is why we came down here—to save you."

El Gallo made a derisive sound. "Do you expect me to believe this fairy tale? The United States now loves me so greatly that they have sent a doctor flying here to care for me?"

"Of course, there's a price. Everything has its price, as you well know."

"Go on," El Gallo sighed. "Finish your fantasy."

"We want to know the route the three men took, and their probable whereabouts now, so that we can stop them before they spread the disease any farther. Tell us that and we're prepared to help you."

El Gallo's beady eyes were inscrutable. "How?" he asked.

"We have some anti-plague serum. You cooperate, and Dr. Howard will inoculate you, keep you from catching the plague. Otherwise—I'm afraid you're going to die, just like everyone else who has handled that contraband."

El Gallo didn't seem to be impressed. "Everyone connected with the contraband has died. Yet apparently the men most closely associated with it are still alive. I find that very strange."

"One is dead of it, the man from Florence. His body was found near Soledad. As for the other two, there are always a certain small number who go unaffected for no good reason. But those are poor odds to play when you don't have to. We have the authority to trade you protection for information."

"You're a self-admitted liar. Why should I believe anything you say?"

"I knew I'd never get in to see you at all if I said I worked for the Border Patrol. Considering the circumstances, I think the lie was justified."

But El Gallo was shaking his head. "You're a very clever man, Mr. Mallory, but you have misjudged me. I do not frighten easily. Nor do I do business with the law. Cagigas, show our visitors out."

For the first time, Mallory seemed at a loss for words. Cloris finally found her voice. "I'm not moving a step."

El Gallo raised his eyebrows. "Is that so?"

"Haven't you understood a word that's been said? Don't you know how important this is?" Her voice trembled with pent-up tension, laced with anger. "If we don't find your friends—right away—people are going to die horribly, thousands of them."

"Everybody dies. One hundred per cent."

"You haven't seen the bodies. I have. Faces puffed up and purple, choked on their own tongues—a launch captain at Mazatlan, a little boy in a village north of here—and that's just the beginning. Doesn't that mean anything to you, that you may be condemning innocent people to die like that?" El Gallo's plump face hardened and his lips twisted open angrily, but Cloris didn't allow him to speak. "What sort of a man are you, anyway? I know you're a criminal but I supposed you were a person, too. Why, you don't even belong to the human race!"

Mallory gripped her elbow tightly, trying to shut her up, but El Gallo said grimly, "Go on, young lady."

"I intend to," said Cloris, freeing her elbow. She faced the other man squarely. "I intend to let everyone know that you could have helped us and wouldn't. You're so proud of not doing business with the law. Well, I hope you're still proud of yourself when the plague has swept up and down Baja California—and probably the Mexican mainland, besides. You can pat yourself on the back and say, 'I did that!'" She stopped suddenly, out of breath.

There was an instant of silence. Then, surprisingly, El Gallo chuckled. "You have quite a temper, almost the equal of my own, and I am red-haired."

"I meant what I said."

"I believe you. And were you equally sincere when you spoke of the danger of this disease to my countrymen?"

"Not only your countrymen but the rest of the world, too."

Mallory sensed an opportunity. "Our offer still goes, El Gallo. Protection for information."

"And this vaccine—it is effective? No, let the doctor answer."

Cloris said frankly, "We don't know. It should help some, we think. I can't guarantee anything."

"It is not a very good bargain you offer," El Gallo paused. "However . . . You called me a criminal, and it is true that I operate outside the law. But I am a human being, even so, and I do love my country. Yes, I will give you the information you want."

Cloris murmured, "Thank you."

"I am curious as to how you knew to come to me."

"It was Colonel Aguilar's idea," Mallory admitted. "He thought we might be able to fool you."

"I see. In that case, I will add a further condition to our bargain. When you tell my old friend, Colonel Aguilar, of our meeting, you will let him believe that you were successful in tricking me into giving you the information."

"But why—"

"Call it pride, if you like. After all, I have my reputation to consider." El Gallo smiled slightly. "Now, what is it you would like to know?"

The truck headlights, stabbing out at the last darkness of the night, reflected off the shimmering curtain of rain as if it were a solid wall. Picozzi, who was driving, snarled continually beneath his breath as he wrestled to keep the heavy machine from sliding off the primitive roadway.

Guthrie leaned against the cab door. He let his aching eyes sink shut and sucked on his raw and swollen tongue. "Mino, we better find a place to hole up."

"I'm not tired. The border can't be far away now. If we're nearly there, why don't we keep going?"

"No." Guthrie had a pretty good idea of where they were, although they had now departed widely from the coastal route El Gallo had laid out for them. South of Ensenada, they had turned inland instead of taking to the broad beckoning beach. The map that he had carved into his memory showed a road bending northeast like a lazy S that eventually reached the border near the mountain town of Tecate. But lately the road didn't amount to much more than a cattle trail and he no longer had the real map to consult.

"We're not lost, are we. Steve? Were all these hills on the map?"

"No, we're not lost. I know exactly where we are."

"Then how far are we from the border? You don't mind telling me, do you?"

Guthrie couldn't see any way out of meeting the challenge. "About twenty-five miles."

"That means tomorrow night." Picozzi clucked his tongue happily. "Tomorrow night—America."

The country through which the truck slithered was hummocky but treeless. Guthrie squinted from side to side, seeking their hiding place for the day, the last one they would ever need.

Picozzi saw it first, a rectangle of black against the gray-brown of a hill. "A cave. Shall we look at it?" He was already wrenching them off the trail without waiting for Guthrie's approval. The truck moaned up the mild slope, slipping and sliding.

It was an old mine, perhaps a silver working, long since abandoned. The timbers that braced the entrance were rotting but still serviceable. Picozzi stopped the truck inside the tunnel.

They climbed out, Guthrie holding carefully to the door frame. His legs felt as flimsy as paper. Picozzi went to the rear of the truck and then returned to gaze at him with his bristled smile. Guthrie snapped, "Get those blankets spread out. All I need is a little sleep."

Picozzi didn't obey but sat down on the running board next to the emergency gas supply.

"You don't think you're threatening me, do you?"

"Don't talk like that. Steve. All I want is to reach a better understanding between us."

Guthrie licked his lips, tried to grin. "Later," he temporized. "We'll feel more like discussing it later."

Picozzi laughed resonantly. "I can afford to wait. With this difference—from now on, I'll be giving the orders because you're such a sick man. Even sicker than poor old Vignola."

Guthrie felt his legs giving way. "I haven't asked for any doctor, or begged for anything. I'm in my right mind, so don't talk like that."

"I say what I please." Picozzi got to his feet, luxuriating in his strength. "I don't have to listen to any silly, hairless girl-man who wears a wig." He laughed again at the stricken expression on Guthrie's face and slung a roll of blankets at him. "Here, then—sleep!"

The blankets hit Guthrie in the chest and that was enough to make him fall to the floor of the tunnel. He tried to rise, coughing, but couldn't get any farther than his knees. Picozzi watched his struggles disdainfully and then used his foot to spread the blankets open. He dragged Guthrie onto them, removed the .45 from its holster and stuck it in the waistband of his own trousers. "Just so neither of us misses that discussion you promised me."

Guthrie gasped out, "Go to hell."

"You'll change your mind, or I might decide to leave you here. You sleep now, Steve—because I say so." Chuckling, Picozzi kicked off his boots and rolled into his own blankets. Almost immediately, he began to snore.

Guthrie fought to keep his eyes open. The last thinking corner of his brain told him. Sleep now and it's the end of you. He stared up at the dim ceiling of the tunnel. It was like being down in the underground tomb again, those excited torch-lit nights when the three of them had pillaged and dreamed of riches. That wet-smelling tomb huilt like an ancient house and furnished with everything the dead man had loved over two

THE DARK FANTASTIC (continued)

thousand years ago. His weapons, his chariot in miniature, life-masks of his servants, a statue of his wife, his jewelry, idols of whatever gods there were . . . all these had lived on in the lost underground house while the man had crumbled into a soft pile of dust. Dust that had become mud under their hoots. And now, here he lay, Steve Guthrie, with nothing to mark his passing, not even a funeral urn.

It wasn't going to happen that way. Fiercely, he rolled over on his belly and watched his snoring enemy. Nightfall would come and the best he could hope for then was that the Sicilian might kill him quickly, after he got the information he wanted about the rendezvous.

But Picozzi didn't know about the knife. He had guessed the shameful truth about the wig and dared to laugh, but he didn't know about the deadly sharp blade. Guthrie reached behind his neck, into his jacket collar, and pulled the shining thing out of its scabbard. He was too weak to throw it.

He began to crawl toward Picozzi, no more than three yards away. The big man didn't move. Guthrie wormed his way forward, grasping the knife like a dagger, praying that he wouldn't betray himself with a coughing fit. At last, the dark horizon, rising and falling before his eyes, was Picozzi's deep-breathing chest. He could even smell Picozzi, a clammy stink of exertion that he remembered from the tomb. He raised the knife and drove it downward with all his weight.

Picozzi's body tensed like a bow, arching up against the pain. Guthrie stabbed again and again. Picozzi moaned as a terrific expelling of breath was forced from his mouth and his head jerked convulsively up and down several times as if nodding yes to his fate. Then he lay still again.

Guthrie crawled away from the body and the smell of blood. He lay watching Picozzi for as long as he could, until he was whirled away into a maelstrom of sleep.

The flight from La Paz was delayed, and Cloris and Mallory didn't reach Tijuana until Sunday morning. They were still too elated with the success of their mission to mind the lack of sleep. "We did it." Cloris murmured wonderingly at almost regular intervals. "We're winning at last."

"If we are, it's thanks to you," Mallory said. "You were terrific."

"But if you hadn't been there to give me courage . . ." They held hands most of the flight home; it seemed only natural to do so. Whatever else Blackjack had wrought, it had dissolved the latent hostility between them.

It was still raining at the border, but

Kelso was at the terminal to meet them. He was grim-faced but accepted their news with satisfaction. "You did a good job—and just in time, too."

"El Gallo thinks that Guthrie and the other smuggler will be crossing the line tonight if they're on schedule."

"We'll be there to meet them."

"It shouldn't be too difficult. The route El Gallo laid out has them taking to the beach north of Ensenada. There's a dozen places we can spring an ambush. Guthrie's running right into a noose."

Kelso seemed unelated at the prospect. Cloris, glancing around, asked, "Where's Colonel Aguilar? I expected he'd be here to meet us."

"He's in the hospital." Kelso met their startled glances and nodded. "Yeah. The plague."

"Oh, no!" Cloris whispered. "When did it happen?"

"He started running a fever last night and they rushed him to the hospital. The doctors are pumping him full of everything that'll fit in a syringe. They think his chances are pretty good since they got him early in the game." Kelso grimaced savagely. "But it gives us something else to fight for, doesn't it?"

Armed with the information El Gallo had supplied, the blockade swung into position. The heaviest concentration was, naturally, on the beach route they expected the smugglers to follow, but extra patrols were mounted all along the frontier, from the Pacific Ocean to the Colorado River. By nightfall, all was in readiness; the trap was set.

And nothing happened. The border waited in vain for its quarry; the trap remained un sprung. Monday morning arrived, bringing with it a general atmosphere of letdown. Mallory sensed it when he reported to sector headquarters. Even Kelso seemed infected with it. Which was only natural; Kelso had worked around the clock. "What the hell are you doing here?" was his growled greeting.

"Reporting for duty. What else?"

"Go home. Go to bed. Get drunk." Kelso waved a dismissal. "You're relieved. Nothing more for you to do."

"We still haven't located the smugglers or the truck."

"I just came from a meeting of all the big brains. Since enough time has passed for the truck to reach the border—and it hasn't showed up—the odds are that Guthrie and the other man have gone the way of the Italian you found down there at Soledad. In other words, they're dead."

"You can't be sure of that."

"We'll continue the search, naturally. The truck has to be found and destroyed. But that's a routine job." Kelso halted Mallory's protest by raising his hand. "We're not going back to business as

usual, not just yet, anyway. In addition to the regular patrols, I'm keeping the blockade in the beach section at full strength. If Guthrie and company are alive and intend to cross, that's where they'll come and—" The telephone interrupted him. Kelso answered it and listened, frowning. "Okay, I'll handle it." He hung up. "Well, that ties in with what I was just saying. Foot and Mouth says one of their fence riders has talked to a Mexican sheepherder who claims to have seen a deserted truck parked in an old mine tunnel near the Morelos ranch."

Mallory strode to the big map on the wall. "Here it is, all right. But it's inland, not on the coast." His finger stabbed the location, midway between the Mexican port of Ensenada and the mountain settlement of Tecate on the border.

"Maybe they got lost—or they're so sick they're out of their heads. I'll get a plane to take a look-see. But it just goes to bear out my theory—the smugglers are dead." Kelso yawned. "Let's both get some sleep, son. Or maybe you've got more interesting plans."

"Not before this evening. I got a dinner date."

"Yeah? Two bucks says that the lady vet has really got you hooked this time."

Mallory grinned. "No bet," he said.

What Kelso had said kept running through his mind the rest of the day, and he couldn't help being uneasy. Both the job and the girl had begun, as far as he was concerned, as nothing much out of the ordinary. Now they both had taken on great significance for Ross Mallory. But where did he go from here?

It was late afternoon, the grayness of the day making the night seem nearer, when Mallory arrived at the A. I. & Q. B. laboratory. The blinds were drawn and he could see no one in the gloom. The only life seemed to be the constant rustling and chirping sounds from the small animal cages that now lined one wall.

"I'm over here." Cloris called. Mallory picked his way carefully toward a faint glow at the other end of the room. As he drew closer he could make out the white of her smock, beside a pillarlike electron microscope.

"I thought for a minute I'd stumbled into the zoo by mistake," he told her.

"We are getting a little crowded. The Foot and Mouth Patrol brought in all these ground squirrels this morning."

"I thought you were using guinea pigs."

"Only until we could get the ground squirrels. They're the principal carriers of plague around here. Or didn't you know that plague is endemic to California?"

"I didn't even know what endemic meant until I met you."



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"Well, it's true. Seventy-five per cent of all the plague cases ever reported in the United States have been right here in California. So you see why we can't allow Blackjack to get a foothold. It would go through the southwest like a brush fire." Cloris peeled off her rubber gloves. "I'll wash up, be with you right away." He waited while she went into a tiny anteroom, leaving the door ajar. She called to him, "Has anything happened today?"

"Not much. Kelso thinks that the smugglers are dead. A Mexican sheepherder spotted a parked truck in an old mine about fifteen miles south of the wire. I checked with sector headquarters before I came down here. They sent a plane down to buzz the mine. But they couldn't spot the truck."

Cloris came back, minus her smock, her lipstick freshened. "Then it's really all over."

"I guess," said Mallory.

"You sound disappointed, Ross."

Mallory nodded. "In a way, I don't want it to be over so quickly. Not that I'm rooting for Blackjack, but—well, life's going to be pretty dull after this."

"There'll be other jobs, won't there?"

Roughly, he said, "But they won't include you, that's what I'm trying to say."

She pondered a moment. "Well, there's an answer to that."

"Do you mean you'd think about marrying me?"

She laughed. "Ross, I thought about it a long time before you did."

They stood embracing in the shadowy laboratory for a while until Mallory chuckled. "Can't get over how much I owe to a germ."

"You can tell me all about it at dinner. Where are you taking me?"

"A little place I know, off the beaten track. Nobody much goes there, but you can get a steak—" He paused and was silent for so long that Cloris finally asked him what was the matter. "That truck in the mine," he murmured. "Off the beaten track. Why would Guthrie and his Italian friend head into the hills instead of taking the easy route along the beach?"

"But I thought you said that the plane couldn't find the truck."

"Yeah. But there's no reason the sheepherder should lie about it." Mallory's finger absently traced lines in the air as if drawing an invisible map. "I just had a crazy idea. We've been using the newest maps of Baja California, and maybe that's our mistake."

"Why should it be? What other maps are there?"

"I'm trying to picture the 1930 Lane map. It was the first halfway authoritative one and was used pretty widely. You can still find a lot of copies kicking

around. As I recall, the 1930 map shows a road in the same section as that old silver mine. Now that road was started, all right, but then the whole project was abandoned, never completed. Yet the map shows it as actually being there. What if that's the map El Gallo gave to Guthrie?"

Cloris blinked, confused. "I don't quite see what difference it makes."

"Suppose that the smugglers decide to change their route. They may have started off into the hills, following that road that was never finished, found the going rough and holed up in that old mine. That would explain why they're behind schedule. If they keep on the way they're heading, they'll hit the border somewhere near Tecate tonight. And we've got all our men concentrated on the beach route!"

"You'd better call Kelso right away."

Mallory hesitated. "Kelso is sleeping off the extra shifts he put in. I wake him up now and he's going to tell me I'm off my rocker. Which I probably am. It's just a crazy hunch and I'd better check it out myself. Cloris, I hate to stand you up for dinner, just when we've gone and gotten ourselves engaged, but—"

"You're not standing me up," she told him calmly. "We'll pick up some sandwiches and eat them on the way."

He stared at her. "You don't think you're coming with me, do you? It's likely to be dangerous."

"You just got through telling me that you liked having me along on this job. I wouldn't want to miss the showdown. After all, I've got a personal stake in Blackjack." She looked at him soberly. "I guess you might call it revenge."

Steve Guthrie was feeling fine. He hummed as he drove along and tapped time with his fingers on the steering wheel. It seemed to him that all of his senses were tuned preternaturally sharp. He could admit to himself now that he had been seriously ill, but that was all past. You couldn't be sick and experience such a success-feeling as this, surely. He realized that he was running a fever but that was good, too, because it kept him warm. It warmed him so that he had discarded his leather jacket and shirt and now he drove through the night half-naked.

He had a strong animal sense of where he was—much stronger than his dim recollection that, since killing Picozzi, he had slept the clock around, losing an entire day. And when he had awakened this evening, having had his luxurious fill of sleep at last, he had started the big truck and driven off into the dark. It was a reflex action; nighttime had come, so naturally it was time to start driving.

If he was now operating by animal

THE DARK FANTASTIC (continued)

instinct, it was a strange sort of animal he resembled. He was smeared with dirt and grease, his pale, hairless body stripped to the waist. And he had lost his wig—he didn't know where; perhaps it was still back in the mine with Picozzi's body. So his bulging, naked head loomed above the rest of him as he leaned, tense and grinning, over the wheel.

He was conscious of two Steve Guthries—the other an impeccable frequenter of Roman boulevards, a gentleman by cunning—and the other would never have recognized the filthy half-clad creature who was emerging from the wilds of Baja California. Nor did either of them care.

An unaccustomed quiet made him brake to a quick halt. The truck had ceased rattling. He looked down at the ground and saw the smooth blackness of asphalt. He got out and touched it and could barely contain a shriek of joy. He had reached a highway!

He searched his memory for the top edge of the map. This would be Mexican Highway 2, running east and west, roughly parallel to the border. Somewhere north in the darkness, perhaps only across that next canyon, lay the United States. All he had to do was follow the highway in either direction until it veered near enough to the boundary for him to make a cross-country run over the line. He'd heard how unprotected this spacious, peaceful border was; no fence or wall or whatever they had would be able to stop him and his truck.

Guthrie climbed back into the cab, trembling with relief. He turned the truck to the right, eastward. He couldn't see a light in view anywhere. Nothing stood between Steve Guthrie and one million dollars.

The international gates were almost deserted. Mallory, with Cloris beside him, zipped the jeep past the Mexican customs house and turned east.

They didn't talk much. They had not purchased any sandwiches, after all; the excitement, the possibility that their hunch was right, had driven away their appetites. Cloris hunched on the bucket seat, straining for a glimpse of the truck El Gallo had described.

"It's still early," Mallory told her. "The truck may still be somewhere along the old road." But he sounded worried.

Terate lay thirty miles from the sea, a mountain community built around a single industry, a brewery. Immigration maintained a border station here, also, but Mallory chose to ignore it. To ask for help would mean explanations and explanations would mean delay, at a time when every minute was vital. So they

detoured around the town, eventually reaching a high ridge that gave them a view of several miles in every direction. To the north lay the United States. To the south lay the wilderness of Baja California.

They drove slowly back and forth along the ridge, searching for a trace of the old road with the aid of the jeep's spotlight. They found it at last. Though thirty years old, the roadbed was still discernible, a red dirt surface covered with small sharp rocks and eroded by countless rains. Mallory knelt to examine the ground and when he rose, his eyes flashed with excitement.

"Heavy-duty truck—it's come this way." He showed Cloris the pyramidal bits of mud which he held in his hand. "Dropped out of the tire tread. We're getting warm." He flung the mud away and motioned for her to move over. "You drive."

She slid behind the wheel without questioning why, and they shot off, headed east. There was no need for discussion; the smugglers could only be heading in one direction. Mallory held the jeep's microphone against his mouth and tried to raise the Border Patrol substation at Campo, just across the line. He received no reply. Nor did he have any better success in contacting sector headquarters. "Reception's tricky in the mountains," he growled, "but why tonight of all nights . . ."

"I guess it's up to us."

"Keep your fingers crossed. There're a hundred spots east of here where they can cross the wire without being seen."

After that, they didn't speak, both of them straining their eyes ahead for some glimpse of their quarry.

"What's that?" Cloris said suddenly. "Ross—I thought I saw a reflection!"

They rubbed their eyes and widened them at the dark streak of winding road, seeking another sign of something, anything. Then Mallory let out a yell of exultation. "I see it—the truck." As he spoke, he pulled a rifle from the rack.

Now they closed rapidly on the slower moving vehicle. Its driver had evidently become aware of them, also. The truck careened back and forth on the highway, leaning heavily, then abruptly plunged off the road across a broad meadow dotted with the crouched shapes of mesquite. As its headlights swung, they brought into quick, miraculous view the five strands of barbed wire, the token barrier that separated Mexico from the United States. The wire was less than a hundred yards away.

Lifting the rifle, Mallory fired at the fleeing truck. His first two bullets had no effect. Monsterlike, the big-wheeled creature lumbered on bearing straight for the flimsy fence.

"Stop the car!" Mallory commanded. Cloris didn't understand but she kicked both feet onto the brake pedal. As the jeep skidded to a halt, Mallory scrambled over the side and, using the hood as a support to steady the rifle, began to pour a stream of slugs into the truck. He was aiming, not for the tires or the dark blur that was the driver, but for the spare gasoline tanks, plainly visible on the side. Two disparate thoughts ballooned in his mind until they shut out every other sensation and he scarcely realized what he was doing. One was the vast importance of keeping the headlights lined on the gasoline tanks. The other was regret that Aguilar couldn't be here, for this was his kill, too.

The rifle clicked empty in his hand. He drew his pistol and fired until it did the same. An explosion of light rocked the field as one of the bullets ignited the gasoline vapor. A blossom of flame grew up the side of the truck, shooting forth petals of brilliant orange. It changed, flowering into fingers of fire that mounted the canvas sides as if clawing for the sky. The truck swung in a half-circle and stopped, broadside to the fence thirty yards away.

Cloris ran to Mallory and clung to him as they watched, fascinated. The cab door was flung open and a man plummeted to the ground. He staggered to his feet, a strange sight, white and naked from the waist up, his head a pale, hairless sphere. But strangest was the fiery plumage down his back, the crest of flames that gave him the appearance of a fantastic gaudy reptile as he ran to the rear of the truck. Frantically, he climbed up onto the bed and tried to pull out the heavy crates that were burning there. At last the licking fire enfolded his body entirely and drove him away from his futile labor. He leaped down and capered about screaming, a torch of flesh. Where he fell, silent at last, the meadow grass began to smolder.

Cloris buried her face against Mallory's arm. He spoke, and he was shaken, also. "My rifle is empty—I couldn't do anything for him. I guess he was the only one of them left."

Cloris raised her head, began to look at the blazing truck without flinching. "It's all over," she said. "Blackjack is dead and they're all dead. And everything they did it for."

"Not much is going to survive that fire. Even so, it kind of hurts to know that all those Etruscan things, man-made things that lasted a couple thousand years, are being destroyed like that."

Cloris slid her arm around his waist. "People are irreplaceable, too," she said, and they stood and watched the fire together.

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Don Murray

MURRAY MIXUP

Beverly Hills, Calif.: In the September, 1958, issue of COSMOPOLITAN, Frederick Christian stated, in discussing Don Murray's performance in *Bus Stop*: "Young Don's performance left a good deal to be desired—as indeed, the film itself did." Nothing could be further from the truth.

Don Murray received the nomination for the Academy Award as the Best Supporting Actor of 1956 for his performance in *Bus Stop*. He was presented the "Laurel Award" by the Film Buyers of the Motion Picture Industry as one of the Top Ten new personalities of 1956 for his performance in *Bus Stop*. . . .

—PATON PRICE

WRONG MISSION

Richmond, Indiana: On page 52 of your December issue, your writer is incorrect when he writes that Mr. and Mrs. Rodney Morris "were participating in a vast program carried on by Agricultural Missions, Inc." They served under the American Friends Board of Missions at our Friends Africa Mission near Kisumu, Kenya, from August, 1955, to October, 1957. The American Friends Board of Missions paid their transportation to and

from Africa and their salary while they were there. During this time they were employees of the American Friends Board of Missions. —GEORGE A. SCHERER,

ADMINISTRATIVE SECRETARY,
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CHRIST TODAY

Cincinnati, Ohio: The piece, "Are Americans Afraid of Religion?" by A. C. Mulcahey in the December issue was the best bit of contemporary American religious literature I've found in the last ten years of reading religious reviews—both scholarly and popular. Congratulations! I'd like to put in a plug for the Catholics, if I might. The "terrible Jesuit" Gustave Weigel was the only writer in your sym-



Gustave Weigel



Carl Jung

posium, "If Christ Walked the Earth Today," who showed any marked loyalty to the scriptures! Although all ten men made some good points, I found Dr. Peale much too dogmatic, Dr. Jung much too cynical, and Aldous Huxley a bit too

nervous. I'd suggest that Jung quit making statements on religion entirely and turn to his analyst's couch—where Huxley might be waiting for psychiatric help. —BOB MASS

MAN AND GOD

Tishomingo, Oklahoma: I want to thank COSMOPOLITAN for reminding the Church that it is living in the Twentieth Century. . . . It was a most relevant issue.

—OVERTON LOVE TURNER, JR., PASTOR

Memphis, Tennessee: Awe!! What a fascinating December issue! Pardon the effusive exclamation points . . . but you deserve them. I suppose I must be personal in order to thank you for such a warm, exciting reading experience. The subject matter was delicately and beautifully handled, leaving each individual the right to retain his own personal sum of experience and still be informed.

—MRS. RUTH BAILEY

Holland, Michigan: I believe you have treated these religious subjects with an open mind and more sound conclusions than possible in any religious journal.

—REV. JOHN O. HAGANS,
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COSMOPOLITAN



Marilyn Monroe

Manners and Morals

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62. Blue Skies, Mean to Me, Nearness of You, 9 more



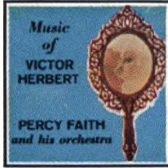
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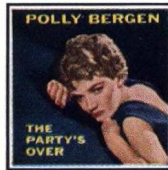
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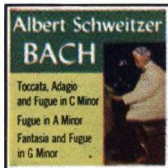
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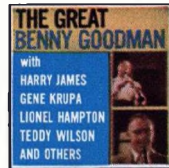
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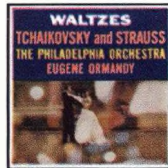
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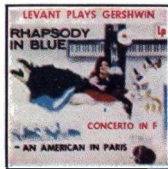
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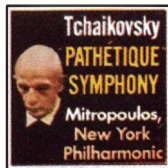
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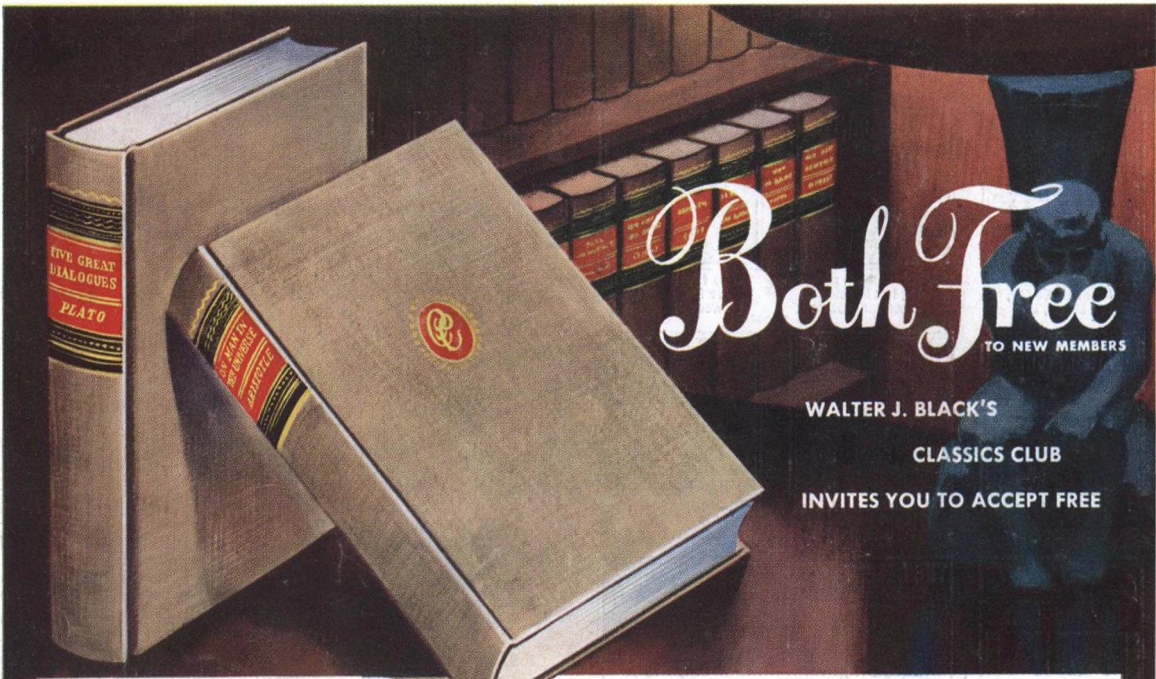
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