OCTOBER, 1964 • 35¢

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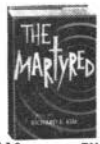

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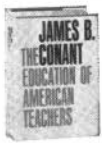

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NEWS ABOUT THIS ISSUE

"A remarkable woman—in a way the prototype of the French bourgeoise."

This is the impression Madame de Gaulle made on René Lecler after one of Lecler's recent visits to Paris. Mr. Lecler who lives and writes in London, explores the private life of General and Madame de Gaulle in "Yes, There Is a Madame de Gaulle" (page 68). The article contains one element that startled Mr. Lecler when he discovered it, and that pleased him besides: the private life of the de Gaulles is surprisingly amusing. Why? Muses Lecler, "By current French standards, both Madame de Gaulle and her husband are old-fashioned in their way of life—after all, they belong to a much older generation. But this is not without a special charm." Significantly, the effect of that old-fashioned view is not to be discounted where de Gaulle's politics are concerned. Observes Lecler: "It goes a long way toward explaining de Gaulle's attitude."

Colgate Heiress Novelist

"For a long time I came to New York only for funerals," says Lee Colgate Reed whose first novel, *Oh, Be Careful!*, appears in this issue. Until she was twenty-one, Miss Colgate, a member of the Colgate toothpaste clan, was brought up in two places: New York City and her parents' New Jersey farm. But knowing that she would someday be a writer ("I cannot remember a time when I was not certain"), and since a writer must know something about the world and have more than opinions to express, Miss Colgate was determined to have a look at that world. "When I was twenty-one I left home and began to wander." The wandering included living on a ranch in Arizona, living in Europe, Mexico, California. "I finally sold my first short

(cont. on p. 4)

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NEWS ABOUT THIS ISSUE (cont. from p. 2)

story when I was thirty-five." Miss Colgate writes nowadays on the island of Majorca, Spain, where her husband, who is a painter, prefers to work, and in

Lee Colgate: a story from her past.

Gstaad, Switzerland, where her three oldest children go to school. The strange thing about this is that, after all Miss Colgate's peregrinations, the young girl in *Oh, Be Careful!* leads a life almost exactly like the life Miss Colgate led on her family's farm in New Jersey and in New York. The novel, which begins on page 106, will be published early in 1965 by Harper & Row.

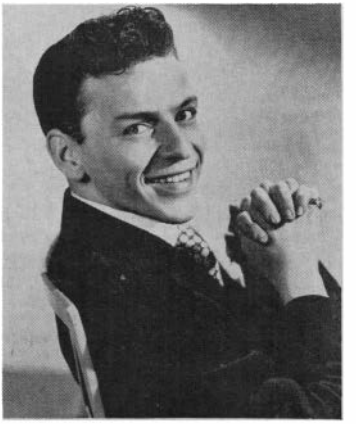
Fiction From an Ivory Tower

The list of *don'ts* for would-be fiction writers is long: *Don't* think you can retreat into isolation or to a primitive island, or to any other kind of ivory tower, and write. *Don't* remove yourself from the thick of society. *Don't* retreat from the daily stimulation of current events. But Robert Somerlott, who is about thirty years old, has proved once again that there aren't any rules for how a would-be writer can best become a writer. Last year, Somerlott moved to a remote Mexican town, having decided that "I would no longer put off trying to write fiction." Since his schooldays in the Midwest, Somerlott had ghosted political speeches in Michigan, written press releases in California and tourist publicity for Mexico. Once settled in his ivory tower, which was really an adobe house, Somerlott began to write. He made his first important sale to *Atlantic Monthly* magazine. Other stories followed. "Evening in the Black House," which begins on page 95, is Somerlott's first short story to appear in COSMOPOLITAN. His first novel has already been bought by Little, Brown, and will probably be published next year. Somerlott, who is now living in Ajijic, in Jalisco, Mexico, has just come back from a trip exploring the Manzanillo coast, north of Acapulco, south of Puerto Vallarta. But he doesn't believe in complete isolation. Of his marital status, Somerlott writes us: "I am single and optimistic."

New Heights for "The Voice"

The press release of yesteryear has always struck us as a fascinating and ironical document. To wit, recently there came to our desk, along with an early photograph of Frank Sinatra, the information that Sinatra, ". . . upon graduation from high school became a sports reporter for the *Jersey Observer* and played semipro baseball on the side." He got a job with Major Bowes as a vocalist and, after touring the country, "he broke into radio upon his return to New York." Later, "he made his film debut in RKO's *Higher and Higher*. . . . He has dark brown hair and blue eyes. He weighs one hundred and forty-five pounds . . . is married to his high school sweetheart and has two children."

Here the release ends. Still to come was Sinatra's fantastic flare of popularity, followed by his fall from the crest into near oblivion. The press releases listing new credits became fewer, and finally almost ceased. Then came Sinatra's new toehold via *From Here to Eternity* in 1953. Again came news releases glittering with new credits, both record and movie, but the background statistics were no more. Gone was the wife. The dark brown hair had slowly vanished. The chairman of the board emerged, weighing in at one hundred and seventy-two pounds. Now on page 74, Nancy Sinatra Sands, one of those two children of the press release of yesteryear, writes



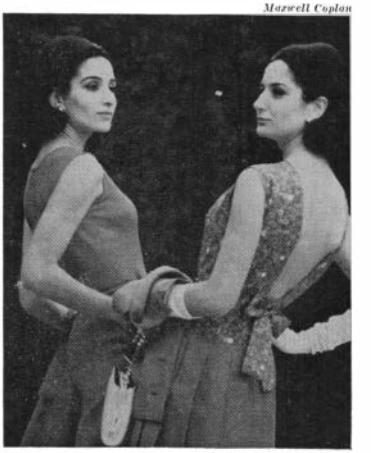
Sinatra in '48—today a film director.

about the filming in Hawaii of *None But the Brave*. Nancy had a ringside seat since her husband, Tommy Sands, is in the picture. And directing the picture is moviedom's newest director, Frank Sinatra.

Flamenco and Cheeseburgers

Identical twins Anna Maria Abascal and Nati Abascal, who appear on this month's cover of COSMOPOLITAN, are twenty-one years old, live in Seville and are a curious mixture of the "new" Spanish girl (see "New Roles for Spanish Women," page 58) and the Spanish girl of three years ago, before constitutional reforms increased women's freedoms. For instance, the dark-haired Abascal twins, who are of good family, do not work for a living. But they *have* modeled at the New York World's Fair

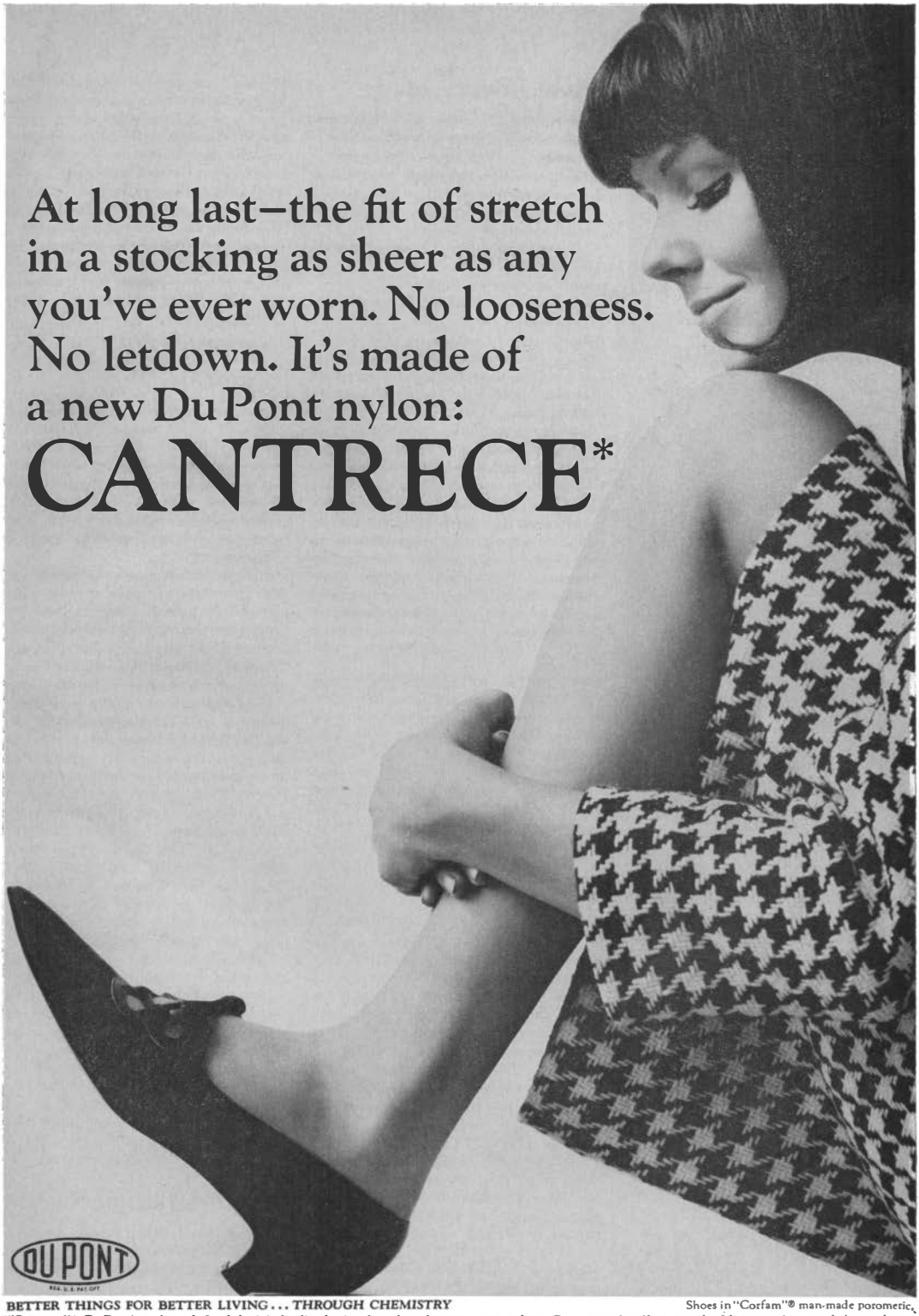
Maxwell Coplan



Abascal twins: "new" Spanish women.

(new attitude) for Elio Berhanyer, a onetime shepherd (until he was twenty-two) who is now Madrid's most famous couturier. Yet they modeled for Berhayner "only because he is a friend" (old attitude). The twins consider themselves typical American girls: they point out that they are mad about Frank Sinatra and his singing, and that they also like cheeseburgers and ice cream, all of which they consider very new attitude. The twins are excellent horsewomen and flamenco dancers (old *and* new attitude), like to swim at Marbella, not far from Seville, in far briefer swimsuits than acceptable a few years ago, and would very much like to marry—generally an old and new attitude of women all over the world. When the twins posed for COSMOPOLITAN's cover, in the bullring at Madrid, in suede, matador-inspired outfits designed by Madrid boutique-owner Mitzou, they definitely considered it new attitude.

—THE EDITORS



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READER MAIL

Love, Love, Love

Beverly Hills, California: I was intrigued by the article "Never Marry for Love" appearing in the June, 1964 issue. I think it should be required reading for all teen-agers, not once, but at least two or three times a year. Is it possible to obtain reprints of this article?

In any event I shall look forward to the publication of the book if this section is at all representative.

—HILARD L. KRAVITZ, M.D.

Los Angeles, California: The article "Never Marry for Love" in the June issue has the ingredients of a well-researched philosophy. For the benefit of the lay reader, the Putneys should have given more recognition to the fact that they first found each other sufficiently attractive members of the opposite sex. It would also appear that they had no conflict around self-identity and self-acceptance, and this enabled them to establish respect and understanding of individuality and common interest. My concern is that some neophytes, after reading the article, may not be aware of the basic need for self-awareness and self-acceptance. —MRS. INEZ B. PARKER
PSYCHIATRIC SOCIAL WORKER

Kew Gardens, New York: Since presumably the Putneys do not love each other, I am interested in knowing just what emotion they have substituted for love.

Of course, one should not be "preoccupied with being loved." But this does not mean renouncing love. Rather, one might follow, in an earthly sense, St. Francis, who sought "not to be loved, but to love." —JOHN F. EICHENBERGER

The Marriage-Go-Round

Rochester, New York: I have just read Marian Champagne's "How to Pick a Second Husband" (July) and was reluctantly fascinated by her smart, Jean Kerr-type approach to the gentle art of picking a second husband.

I use the word *reluctantly* because I am still groping through my own grief following the death of a beloved husband eighteen months ago. I find it difficult to appreciate the author's blunt, almost tongue-in-cheek discussion of a thing as terribly personal as a woman's loneliness. I'm quite sure a lot of it makes proper sense, but where is Miss Champagne's sensitivity? —EMILY TEMPLETON

Methuen, Massachusetts: Marian Champagne's article on "How to Pick a Second Husband" prompts me to inquire if Mrs. Champagne has completed more than one voyage on the choppy sea of matrimony. The article, well written on serious subjects concerning the second time around, was also well laced with humor, and it is hard to conceive that the author was not speaking from personal experience. Being widowed at twenty-seven, I found it refreshing to read about the grim experiences thrust upon the Loner, written with such warmth and knowledge of the subject. —ALDONA K. HAUSLER

Is Immortality Immoral?

Northbrook, Illinois: The article by Robert C. W. Ettinger "You Can Live Forever" (June) was one of the most interesting and thought-provoking writings published by your magazine. It has opened new channels of thought which are so sorely needed today in this world faced by so many problems, anxieties and neuroses.

Our goal today must be instilling good feelings toward ourselves without harming others: indeed, going further still, with benefitting others. Harmful attitudes are to a great extent brought on by conditioning throughout childhood before they assert themselves in harmful ways.

Conditioning our minds and spirits toward a healthy, interesting and vital life may be the answer. But, how to condition is the question. It would have to be a revolutionary method; perhaps the Freezer Program may open the door to our God-given right to happiness and vitality and hope. —NAME WITHHELD

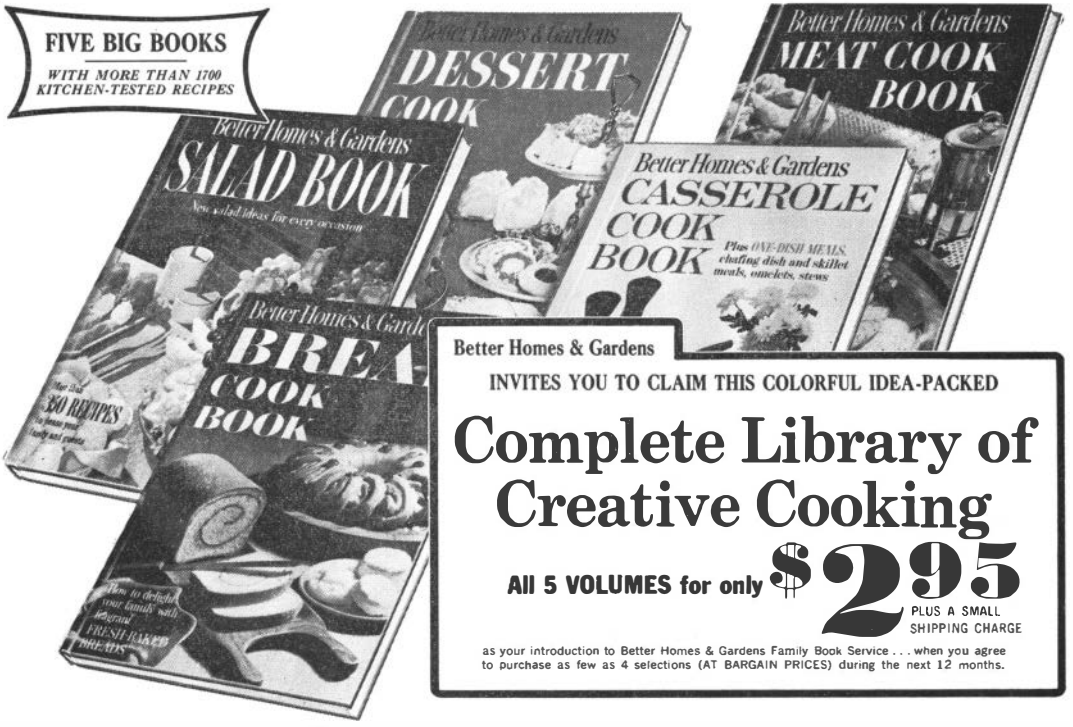
Chicago, Illinois: I am writing about "You Can Live Forever" by Robert C. W. Ettinger. In no way do I agree that these things will or should come to pass. They are morally *wrong*. Since your magazine did not agree or disagree with the author, I can only say that I feel you were wise in this decision. However, this is a very controversial matter and through your magazine many more people will read this man's ideas—many more than would read them in his book and, therefore, you are helping to plant these thoughts in minds that might ordinarily not think about these things which are against the laws of God.

—DORIS NORDMEYER

Misunderstood Swedes

Chicago, Illinois: I am at work on a book dealing with Scandinavian psychology and spent eight months in Sweden last year.

(cont. on p. 8)



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READER MAIL (cont. from p. 6)

The authors Fleming, in "Swedish Morals" (August), failed to make note of the Swedish birth rate, which, for all of the sexual laxity, remains about two thirds that of the United States and three quarters that of the rest of Scandinavia. Your authors may have noticed that despite their sexual freedom, Swedes are conservative and reserved in their social habits as compared to people of the United States. It is a widespread belief that this neurosis has grown out of Sweden's failure to ally with other Scandinavians against Germany in World War II. To the best of my information, the Swedes were more like the Norwegians and the Danes before the war. Today there is a vast psychological gulf, and Sweden feels surrounded by enemies.

Miss Artelius, the university administrator, and Mr. Ahlstedt, the journalist, are quite wrong when they say promiscuity is negligible in Sweden. The truth is quite the opposite.

Your suggestion that Swedish love is more truthfully depicted in *To Bed . . . Or Not to Bed* is erroneous. The idea that an Italian businessman would have difficulty finding a girl in Sweden borders on the realm of science fiction and is probably viewed with amusement in most of Europe.

The Swede's schizophrenia with regard to alcohol is quite true. Swedish tourists have the reputation of being drunks.

It is also quite true that a large proportion of Swedish women are disparaging of Swedish men. No such difficulty exists in Denmark and Norway. Again, a problem engendered by World War II?

—NEIL ELLIOTT BLUM

Loud Voice With Nothing to Say

Baltimore, Maryland: I rise in protest about your July article on Catherine Spaak. You present her as the sex kitten of the sixties and as one who speaks for the teen-agers of today. Well, I am a teen-ager of today and she certainly does not speak for me. As a matter of fact, I don't think she has anything at all to say.

—ALAN B. SILVERS
AN AMERICAN TEEN-AGER

Novel Reactions

Selah, Washington: I was appalled when I read "Running Scared" (July). This sort of literary work does not belong in a magazine such as COSMOPOLITAN.

We wonder why our young people of today have so many problems. Part of the reason is that they can walk into their own homes, pick up a magazine and read such trash. —MRS. JOHN WARD

Lamesa, Texas: My compliments to you on "Running Scared." Until this one came along, I'd begun to wonder if COSMO weren't scraping the bottom of the barrel. It has suspense, drama, truly splendid characterizations (broad though some of them may be), plot and just plenty of all it takes to make a good story.

Let's encourage this fellow Mcdonald. Perhaps the art of writing fiction isn't dead after all. —LOUISE S. THURMAN

Ventura, California: "Running Scared" fails to qualify as a mystery. There is never any answer to the man's twisted personality. It fails in any way to satisfy or enlighten. You read on, hoping to understand the man, and you end up in just as much of a fog as the writer, as well as having a feeling of senseless, all-pervading horror. It turns one's stomach.

—MARY MYREN

Houston, Texas: I wish to compliment you on your choice of "Running Scared" by Gregory Mcdonald for your complete novel in the July issue.

That young man is certainly talented. I'm looking forward eagerly to his next work, which I hope to find in your remarkably fine magazine.

—MRS. JACKSON BRADLEY

Belle Harbor, Long Island: After reading Gregory Mcdonald's "Running Scared," I wonder at the ability of your story editor. Not only did I have to wade through this trash to find out why this nice boy killed himself, and why his hero friend let him do it, but I never did find out either answer.

(I enjoyed *The Carpetbaggers* and other books of that type—for at least they developed character studies and plot. Don't think I'm a prude.)

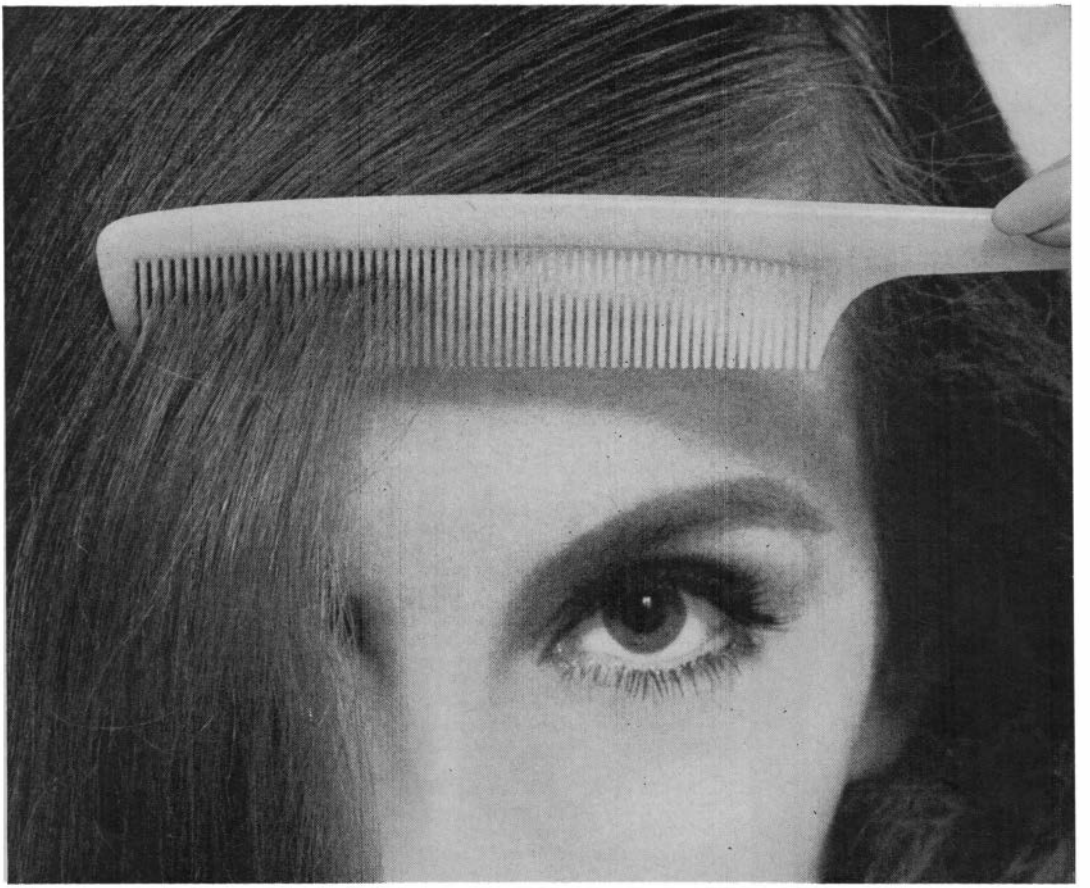
—MRS. SELMA HOROWITZ

Newport News, Virginia: Thank you, thank you, thank you!!! "The Fall of Glenda McDuffee" (August) was the most delightful, delicious, delectable piece of reading I've come across in gloomy-paged months! It was like sipping sunshine. I am infinitely glad and grateful that you chose to use your brilliant talent in adding to the happiness and love in this wide world, instead of the ugliness and misery. May you be blessed a thousandfold. —DOROTHY PETERS

The Fiction Addiction

Iberville, Quebec: How do you manage, each and every month, to round up two or three outstandingly good stories and at least two outrageously bad ones? It's infuriating and frustrating. If they ranged

(cont. on p. 10)



If you can comb your own hair you can be beautiful with Coloratura– the new permanent hair color creme

It's as easy to apply as combing your hair, for Coloratura is the first and only permanent hair color creme designed *specially* for home use. Lighten, darken, cover gray completely, with no complicated parting or sectioning, even on retouch. Just creme it in, foam it out with the built-in shampoo.

Brassy shades? Never, for Coloratura gives unique, *naturally beautiful* results. Your hair will be more lustrous, more manageable, too, thanks to effective new Coloratura conditioners.

Even if you've never colored your hair before, you can be surely beautiful with new Coloratura. Easy? As easy as combing your hair.

Ogilvie does something lovely for your hair.

from bad to mediocre, one could simply stop reading COSMO. But the frustration wouldn't end, for then one would miss out on your consistently excellent, provocative and informative articles, and book, movie and music reviews.

Take the July issue. "View From the Keyhole"—tops; sensitively written and gratifyingly typical COSMO at its best. "Queen of the Most Wanted"—an unexpected light bit of fluff, refreshingly, *un*typically COSMO. "The Woman From Down the Road"—typically Whitfield Cook, ergo typically COSMO and. in this instance, utterly nauseating. "Why Did You Cry for Me"—oh my sainted aunt. I could cry for you if you can see anything vaguely worth spending good reading time on in this senseless, pointless, dreary rambling anent unbelievably neurotic people; I could cry also for Mrs. Oates. whose obvious writing ability could and should be put to so much better use than such inane drivel. That's what's so maddening about your bad selections; the writing itself is always of such high caliber that one continues to read, never quite knowing until the end of the story whether it's a boom or a bust. Then when it falls flat on its face as suspected. one can only fling the magazine across the room and silently rage "Dammit, they've hoodwinked me *again*!" only to crawl shamefacedly under the couch a few minutes later to retrieve it and begin the next story with the dubious. muttered comment that—"Well, maybe it'll be better; it couldn't be worse." "Running Scared"—than which there is no than-whicher—was worth the price of the magazine all by itself. and therefore doubly maddening because it leaves me no prerogative to complain that I've wasted my money.

I've sworn off you for life so many times you wouldn't believe it. I vow each month I will *not* buy the current issue. I studiously avoid it when newsstand browsing. I snatch it up angrily at the last minute, slap down the extra thirty-five cents, and curse myself for a weak-kneed fool all the way down. I set aside my other purchases the moment I'm home and settle down with a drink. cigarette. tranquilizers and COSMO. at once eager and apprehensive.

This war of nerves will be the death of me yet! —MRS. J. D. NELSON

At Home Where?

Florida: We read with great interest the At Home Abroad idea in "The Marketplace" (July). We have just returned from a three-week vacation at the New York World's Fair with our nine children. and had a wonderful time on a surprisingly small amount of money. It was such a success for us that we decided we'd like to try a foreign country next year.

Thinking along these lines while reading your article, it struck a bell: why not trade homes for a month with a family in another country? A complete switch, including servants, furnishings, food, etc. This leaves just the transportation and entertainment expense.

Our children range in age from kindergarten through high school; we are in our late thirties; and there is even our mother in her early sixties. Our home is in Florida. two blocks from the ocean and nine miles south of Cape Kennedy.

We think COSMOPOLITAN would be ideal to help develop this. as we have been faithful and satisfied readers since 1948.

Anyone interested?

—MR. AND MRS. W.C.W.

Conquering Her Disability

New York, New York: I think your readers would be interested in hearing a success story of a very special sort—the success of one woman in overcoming total paralysis to make a career for herself.

Ann Adams, stricken by polio several years ago, is paralyzed from the neck down and has difficulty moving her head. She must spend all her time in a respirator chair which breathes for her in much the same way as an iron lung. She is grateful to the March of Dimes which spends twelve hundred dollars annually on her medical services and nurses. Yet she also feels very strongly that "Each person has a responsibility to provide for himself to the utmost of his ability."

A few years ago she decided to learn how to draw with a pencil in her teeth so she could eventually become self-supporting. It took her three months before she could even control the movements of the pencil—complicated as it is by the raising and lowering motion of the respirator chair. Today as an increasingly well-known illustrator, she does intricate, lovely drawings and paintings which are reproduced on Christmas cards —and Ann is gradually reaching her goal of becoming self-supporting.

Her perseverance toward conquering her disability serves as an inspiration to all physically disabled people and demonstrates that each one can be usefully employed. As a specialized placement agency for disabled persons, J.O.B. is very proud of her. —FRED C. BOARD
EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR
JUST ONE BREAK, INC.

Miss Adams' Christmas cards, distributed by the Artistic Greeting Card Company, can be obtained by writing: Miss Ann Adams, 3405 Hendricks Avenue, Jacksonville, Florida. **—THE EDITORS**

(cont. on p. 12)

Sweet Music*, shown below, is made with all cotton broadcloth. Elastic straps and band: rubber, cotton, "Polypropylene" Olefin, nylon. A, B, C cups, $3.00. Other versions: with stretch back ($3.95), contour cups in lace ($5.00) or cotton ($3.95). *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. ©1964 by Maidenform, Inc., makers of bras, girdles, swimwear, and active sportswear.

The new stretchable straps on this Sweet Music bra can't possibly curl, ripple, or twist! They're made with an amazing new mesh—elastic that's specially constructed to lie flat permanently. In the back, the straps take a low-down swoop for those who care to bare.

The Rebel Yell—Loud And Clear

Sullivan's Island, South Carolina: Shirley Ann Grau ("The Southern Mind," August) may quite easily classify herself with Erskine Caldwell, Tennessee Williams and even LeRoy Collins. These writers are the biggest liars in the world or they are in reality ignorant of the South or they simply prostitute their writing by falsifying facts to appeal to a press which will not print truth but only what liberal hypocrites wish to have printed.

There may be a few isolated places where the Negro is discouraged actively from voting. However, it is not so where I have been. He has only to register and vote. No coercion of any kind is used.

What the South resents most is not integration but the ignorant, bigoted, hypocritical American press—newspapers, wire services and television, and, oh yes—the magazines!

Shirley Ann Grau leaves the impression that Southerners are generally lazy and unproductive. This is a bald-faced lie! Southerners are much the same as Northerners, Westerners or others. Some are lazy and some are ambitious.

All in all, Shirley Ann Grau's article is what the South has come to expect: it is about as false a piece of trash as has been printed. —JOHN B. BROUGHTON

Baton Rouge, Louisiana: I am sick and tired of people writing about the South as if it were some poor relation, not pulling its own weight. Especially a person who is supposed to be from the South, but who apparently is one of those who is "above it all" but wishes to have the Southern background of graciousness to call upon at will. Miss Grau gives the implicit impression that she is patting the South on the head because it is struggling to better itself, and she certainly has traveled all right, but I'm afraid not in the right direction.

—MARY FRANCES TURNER

Orlando, Florida: Surely your face must be red because as the August issue of COSMOPOLITAN hit the newsstands the daily papers were screaming headlines of mass rioting in Harlem and Rochester. At a time when it is advisable to draw the people of this nation together, you have helped broaden a gap.

Hate is being incited between the white man and the black man throughout this very great and wonderful United States of America. Have you forgotten, "United we stand, divided we fall"?

—MRS. DORIS FERGUSON

Nashville, Tennessee: As an eighty-eight-year-old Southerner, I know more about the South than Shirley Ann Grau will ever learn. No one, Southerner or not, with the mind and heart of a New Englander, can have any conception of what the South was or is. Miss Grau has picked out scattered incidents in the South and has concluded that they are universal Southern occurrences. She finds dirt, unsanitary conditions, shacks for homes, poor white trash, laziness, illiteracy and a rough element. But all this is found in city slums and in rural sections outside the South.

She says we are unlike the North and intimates that this is to our discredit. It is only our distinctive personality and way of life that make us different, and we are proud of just what we are. But she belittles that pride and the high spirit of the South, the high character of its citizens, its hospitable and gracious living, and she assumes none of this ever existed. My memory goes back a long way and, while my Southern hat is off to Miss Grau as a lady, I must say what is true: her estimate of the South, past or present, is pure, unadulterated bunk.

—SAM TILDEN LARKIN

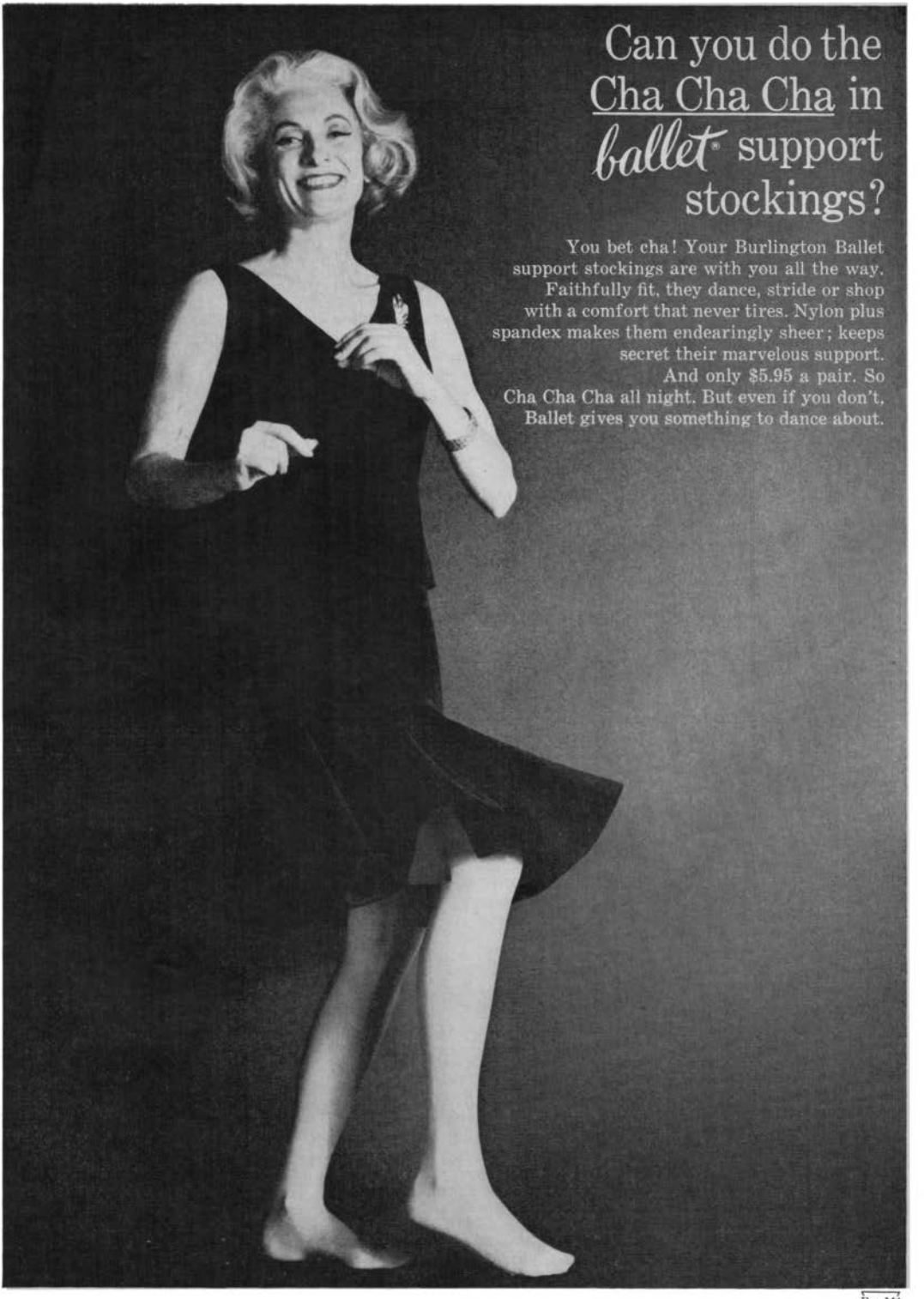
Melbourne, Florida: I lived in the South in a farming area thirty years ago. Georgia and Tennessee, and I have yet to see a farmhouse with glassless windows covered with shutters. Not even in the tenant houses where the "poor, mistreated" Negroes live. I have never seen walls, beds or houses infested with vermin. Poor people yes, but in clean houses and clothes, perhaps barefooted and in mended clothes, but clean. I have been in Negro and white homes where the bare floors were bleached white by scrubbing and cleaning, even when the owner worked in the fields all day.

I had never eaten grits until my first trip to Chicago where we were served grits with our ham and eggs for breakfast as a Southern dish.

Hatred in the South, Miss Grau? Yes, everywhere there's hatred—North, South, East and West, but I pray God most of it in the South is directed at turncoats like you, Miss Grau, who stir up trouble by reporting bitter, distorted half-truths.

It is a great pity that most of the

(cont. on p. 14)



Burlington Hosiery Co., A Division of Burlington Industries

READER MAIL (cont. from p. 12)

Southerners are too polite and easy-going to openly blast articles like the one by Miss Grau; I am not.

—MRS. HARRY T. WILMOTTE

Chickasaw, Alabama: Shirley Ann Grau, with leftist pen, presents little truth about the South. The truth is that whites do value that minute percentage of blacks who are moral and industrious. But the Southern mind does not countenance those innumerable Negroes wanting much more for nothing. Negroes have more than they deserve.

The Southern mind, now informed on Communism's grip on America, has even more contempt for all white integrationists. After many years in both North and South, I remember meeting no integrationist I consider a patriotic, informed American. If informed, he would know that integration is a Communist objective, furthered by all Communist front groups.

—E. L. CROSS

Washington, D.C.: This ambitious Louisiana novelist has very cleverly mixed her facts with fiction. What I saw televised in the alleys of Harlem, New York, will match any scene she can compare it with in the South.

I, for one, have traveled throughout the United States. I find the Southern people charming, attractive, intelligent, and they have the best food in the U.S.

A Southerner places great value on manners. He thinks your Northern pushing and shoving to catch a subway is idiotic.

Your novelist speaks of the uninteresting hills in North Carolina. She fails to mention the green tobacco fields, the adorable, sleepy towns where one neither breathes smog nor hears the screech of cars bringing destruction to the nervous system.

Ours is a lovely country. There is room for all and we, as citizens, must learn to love each section for what it is.

—J. BARCROPT

Nashville, Tennessee: I have to agree with Miss Grau that "the real crime is stupidity." And she is one of the best examples of it. The most disgusting of all human beings—North or South, colored or white—is a white Southerner who pretends to rise above her heritage to denounce the South in terms acceptable to the peddlers of misunderstanding and distrust like you.

It would take pages to list the lies she told and implied on these pages. If you went into the ghetto of Harlem and recorded your findings as an analysis of the Northern mind, your report would be no more inaccurate than the Grau story.

—BILL KENNEDY

Little Rock, Arkansas: You have inflicted upon your readers a broad sweeping indictment of the entire South, branding the inhabitants as poverty stricken, ignorant, superstitious and stupid.

This unrealistic diatribe does nothing to improve attitudes or conditions of either race, and only reveals the deep-seated frustrations and bitterness of the author.

—MRS. MARY L. JONES

San Francisco, California: I have just finished reading part of your article. I say part, because I was so sickened by its antiwhite Southerner theme that I could not finish it.

Looking back, I can remember that you have published a great many stories that seem to condone and even encourage mongrelization of the races, and I do not want to help support such an attitude by buying your magazine.

—MARTHA ANN DAVENPORT

Middlesboro, Kentucky: The article by Miss Grau is readable; perhaps it could be classed as fiction! It is weak on research, or did someone in the slack-jawed South snub our writer? She sounds quite feline, and almost as vapid as her dreamy examples. She speaks of the "ugly little Shenandoah Valley (Virginia) towns." As I traveled the maligned area in early April, I am sure she is mistaken. Never have I seen lovelier scenery. Those stone houses at Middleburg, Staunton, Lexington and area are outstanding examples of architecture and a way of life that many love.

There are poor, stupid, rude people everywhere. I think the average person in the South has *better* manners, in public at least, than our Northern brothers!

The South had the Harpes; the North had the Jukes—the poor, the no-goods, the jealous rabble-rousers will always be with us. Face it.

Perhaps we should all read Mr. Thoreau's *Walden* again—he even retired in the North. Why don't more people retire there now if this is such a lost Eden?

—MRS. E. W. J. BOSTON

Dallas, Texas: Miss Grau says the poor whites are always the troublemakers in the South. They are the ones who do the lynching and the arson. That could only be the statement of an extreme extremist or perhaps an educated fool.

She says we are a violent people with a low regard for human life. But, so help us God, I think if there were thirty-eight of us Southerners watching a girl being stabbed to death, as in New York City, at least one of us would get violent and step right up and say, "You all better not do that." We wouldn't even ask for her mother's maiden name.—MARGE ROBERTS

Due to limited space it is necessary to edit some of the letters.

Nothing you apply to your skin can fully protect your clothes from perspiration damage.

No deodorant.
No lotion.
No cream.
No roll-on.
No spray.
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No pad.

But this can.

(You wear it over your bra... to keep perspiration from your clothes.)

Nothing gives you complete underarm protection like Kleinert's famous Stay-Rite garment shields. Even if you perspire profusely. They're absorbent, yet absolutely moisture-proof. Wear them, wash them, wear them again and again, and be assured of all the protection you need. Won't slip or slide. Straps are self-adjusting, comfortable. Only $2.00. Other Kleinert's shields from 39¢ to $3.25.

So can this.

(You spray it on your clothes...and even if you perspire, it prevents fading and matting of fabrics and formation of lasting stains and odor.)

Imagine! You merely push a button, and Kleinert's new Spra-On Shield pinpoints quick, long-lasting protection inside your clothes—underarms, across back areas, wherever you need it. Invisible, completely safe. Ideal for sleeveless garments, and people who perspire lightly. Costs mere pennies per spray, yet saves dollars on cleaning bills and clothes damage. Only $1.69.

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MEDICINE

After Surgery— How Long For Recovery?

To get an answer to that important question the National Center for Health Statistics has done yeoman service collecting data on more than four million—actually, 4,709,000—people who underwent surgery in the course of a recent year. And out of that vast mass of information have come guideline figures for six of the most common of all surgical procedures. For 611,000 tonsillectomies, the average convalescence period—which means that time from operation to return to full activity on the job, running the house or buckling down to schoolwork—was 10.2 days. It was 28.1 days for 303,000 appendectomies; 28.2 days for 236,000 hemorrhoidectomies. For hernia repairs—312,000 of them—average recuperation period was 41.9 days; for 231,000 hysterectomies, 52 days. As for childbirth—also classified as a surgical procedure—the average convalescence after 3,247,000 deliveries turned out to be 15.4 days.

Sprain an Ankle? Keep Moving

Assuming there's no actual dislocation involved—and that's true for the great majority of garden (and street, stairs and wherever-else-it-happens) varieties—your best bet after an ankle sprain is to get back on your feet fast. That's the clear implication of a study by Dr. James E. Nevin of Cleveland covering forty-eight paratroopers with moderate and severe sprains. While some of the men were treated with plaster cast immobilization, others were made immediately ambulant with Novocain injections, adhesive strapping—and, in some of the most severe cases, with crutches for partial weight-bearing. Results: where the plaster cast men took more than six weeks on the average to recover fully and get back to duty, the early-on-the-feet men were over their sprains and back paratrooping in two weeks.

End of Diaper Rash

A synthetic fabric with a remarkable property (when placed under the usual cotton diaper, it allows moisture to flow in only one direction and not back again) has been used by Dr. Sidney Clyman of New York University Post Graduate Medical School to help overcome stubborn diaper rashes. Chafing and rashes in the diaper area produced by bacterial action on ammonia in urine are common in infants; there are also other skin disorders that refuse to heal because of continued contact of the baby's skin with urine. Dr. Clyman picked fifteen children with the most serious outbreaks. In every one, the liner—a nine-by-sixteen-inch knitted polyolefin cloth called Bobaby—by permitting urine to pass quickly through to be absorbed by the diaper and not allowing any of it to recontact the skin, brought striking improvement.

Wrapping Up Skin Troubles

For many of the most stubbornly persistent skin disorders, a newer treatment—in which cortisonelike hormone preparations are applied under a plastic film—can do an excellent job. Latest report on the wrap-up method—and the film can be just ordinary plastic kitchen wrapping—comes from Dr. Harry M. Robinson, Jr. and two other dermatologists at the University of Maryland School of Medicine. They tried it in 531 patients and found that it helped most of those with such severe chronic skin troubles as pustular psoriasis, neurodermatitis, eczema, discoid lupus erythematosus lichen planus, and granuloma of the elbows and knees; it even brought some measure of relief for those with still tougher mycosis fungoides and parapsoriasis. Although no cure, the combination of film and hormone is superior to other topical treatments, avoids the need for taking hormones internally and even the need for resort to X-ray therapy. Probably, the Maryland physicians say, the benefit comes not only because the plastic film keeps medication in place, but also because it causes maceration, or softening of the skin, so the drugs can penetrate more readily to where they're needed.

Cold for Comfort

A burgeoning, surprisingly successful new approach to treating many common aches and pains is to freeze them away. Suffering from a sprain, back pain, even bursitis? An ice cube massage could help rub it out—as it has, and quickly, in seven thousand patients, according to a report by Lt. Col. Arthur E. Grant, an Army medical officer at Fort Sam Houston, Texas. Actually, the cold massage itself isn't curative: it numbs pain so patients can move—and it's the moving that speeds recovery, Grant finds.

Cold may work wonders, too, for sore throats—and it isn't the throat that gets cooled. A discovery by Captain S. I.

(cont. on p. 18)

As seen on Vogue, wearing new Cover Girl Make-up, cover girl Sandra Peterson

At last! A Cover Girl complexion... so natural you can't believe it's make-up!

Cover Girl covers so completely, looks so natural no one would guess you're wearing make-up. Best of all, it's glamour that's *good* for your skin! Most make-ups do nothing for your skin, but Cover Girl—and *only* Cover Girl—helps *improve* your complexion with the proven benefits of *Noxzema medication.*

Use fragrant Cover Girl liquid every morning; pat on the powder for a sheer, soft finish. Your make-up always looks smooth and fresh, never caky or mask-y. The antiseptic powder fights germs on your puff, guards against skin problems with every touch-up. You'll love *your* new Cover Girl complexion!

NEW COVER GIRL *MEDICATED MAKE-UP BY NOXZEMA*

Powder, Liquid, Matte Make-Up
in your skin shade $1.50 ea. plus tax

MEDICINE (cont. from p. 16)

Brody, a Naval medical officer at the Marine Corps Air Station, Cherry Point, North Carolina, is that often when a throat feels sore, the real trouble lies in little tender spots in neck muscles. During an outbreak of sore throats aboard a Naval vessel, Brody noticed such tender spots while examining many of the men. He found that simply pressing them gently with his fingers brought immediate, temporary relief for the throat soreness, and that spraying the neck muscle areas with cold ethyl chloride then provided lasting relief. In subsequent trials with more than one hundred fifty patients, children as well as adults, he reports that ethyl chloride spraying eliminated sore throats in 75 per cent of the cases, including many with angry red throats and even tonsil involvement.

Little Girls' Chronic Affliction

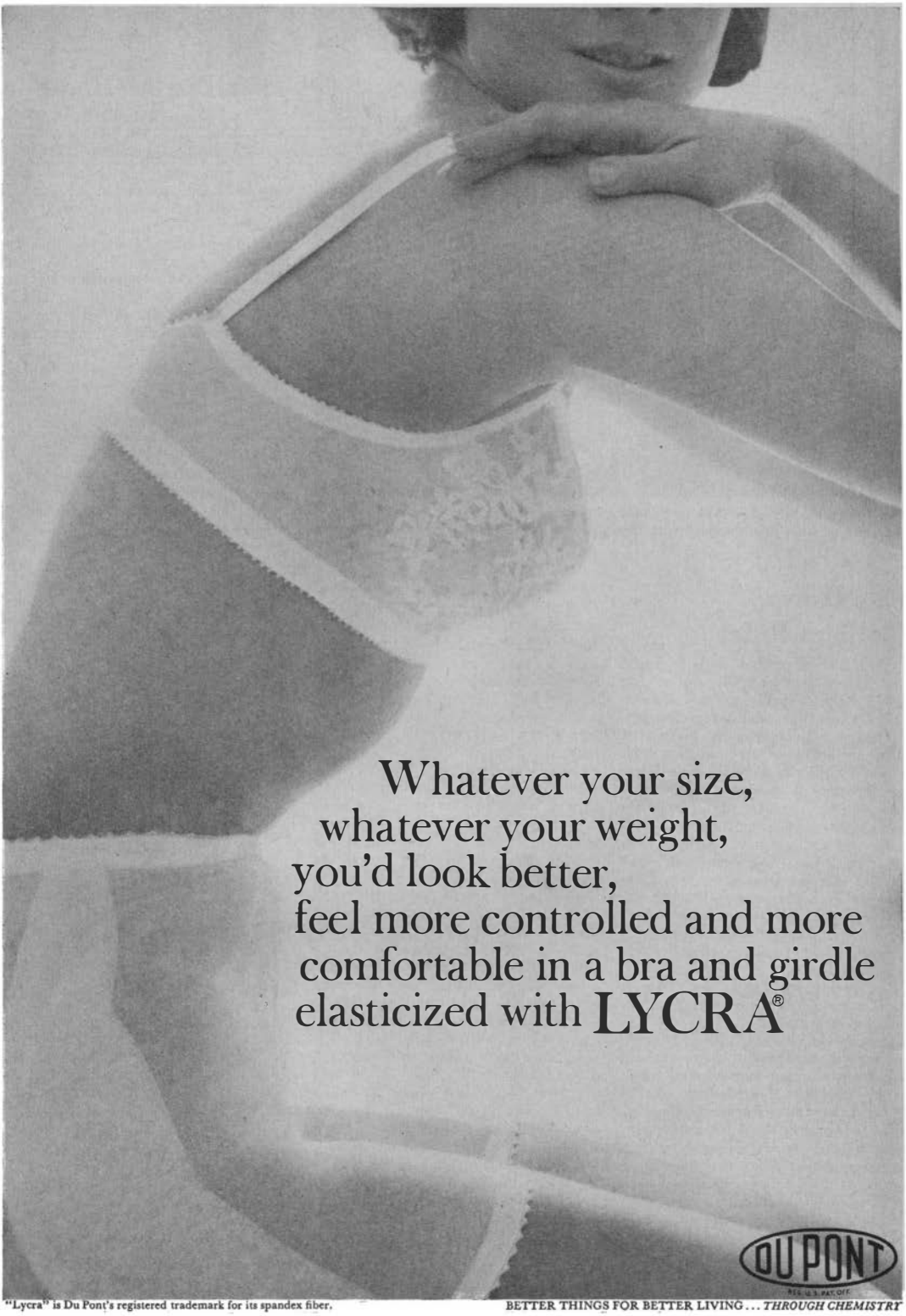
Whatever else they're made for, little girls too often seem to be made for two nagging afflictions: recurring urinary infections and chronic difficulty in voiding. If you have a daughter with one or both troubles, there could be good news in the work of two physicians, Drs. Richards P. Lyon (San Francisco) and Emil A. Tenagho (Alexandria, Egypt), who have found that often there is a specific —and readily correctable—anatomic reason: a constricting ring of tissue in the urethra, the tube which extends from bladder to exterior. Studying one hundred eighty-two young patients, they discovered the abnormality in one hundred thirty-seven and have been able, they report, to cure 70 per cent by using instruments to dilate the ring.

Safer Inhaling

If you'd like to give up cigarette-smoking but willpower fails, relax; you may be able to enjoy your puffing in relative safety, without getting smoke in your lungs. Dr. Hylan A. Bickerman and other investigators at Columbia University's College of Physicians and Surgeons, acting on the assumption that the link between smoking and respiratory disease is inhaling, have worked out a new and safer puffing technique: you draw on your cigarette and, while holding the smoke in your mouth behind closed lips, breathe air in through your nose; then you exhale smoke and air together. Any smoker who makes an effort can learn the noninhaling method in a few tries and get a pleasurable sensation from it, the investigators claim.

—LAWRENCE GALTON

For more information about these items, consult your physician.



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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING ... *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

Anthony Quinn, Gregory Peck in *Behold a Pale Horse*. When the Spanish Civil War ends, the private, man-to-man battle goes on—back and forth across the Pyrenees.

Pale Horse, Brilliant Rider

Fred Zinnemann has done it again. The master director who gave us *The Nun's Story*, *High Noon*, *From Here to Eternity* and *The Sundowners* has presented us with another of his almost poetic textbooks on how to make a great movie. The film is *Behold a Pale Horse* and the story is as simple as its background (the Pyrenees, between Spain and France) is overwhelming.

Opening with stock news footage from the Spanish Civil War, Zinnemann slides artfully into his picture so that when Gregory Peck first appears among embittered revolutionists being driven across the border by a Nationalist victory, the change in film quality is almost imperceptible.

For twenty years then, we are told, Peck comes back again and again to Spain carrying on his private war. To police captain Vinolas (Anthony Quinn), his capture becomes an obsession, and Vinolas sets a trap in a hospital where Peck's mother (Mildred Dunnock) is dying. An informer (Raymond Pellegrin) takes the word to Peck, but an innocent priest (Omar Sharif) also goes to warn the aging revolutionary that his mother is already dead. Finally, Peck goes back to Spain anyway, "because they don't think that I can." He dies in a final burst of gory glory, failing to kill Vinolas but getting the informer.

No story line could convey the essence of this film, which is incredibly beautiful, from its judicious use of camera shots of faces to its perfectly suspenseful and meaningful score by Maurice Jarre (he won an Oscar for *Lawrence of Arabia*). We are transported from France to Spain by the click of a few castanets as the camera flies across the mountains. . . . A zither sounds, followed by a bass string being plucked over a far-off horn. . . . A guitar heats as Peck sneaks up to kill a sniper on a roof.

Peck, whose Oscar for *To Kill a Mockingbird* was rated by some as a sentimental gesture from the industry to its workhorse, workaday actor son, shows that he deserves everything they've got to give him for *Pale Horse*. Like an old lion with a sore paw, he scowls and snarls—browbeating the poor priest, cuffing the boy who adores him (Marietto Angeletti), meanly suspicious of the informer. He squints his eyes over the smoke of a homemade cigarette because he doesn't see so well anymore. (There is a perfect moment when he has to put on spectacles to jimmy a lock.)

Quinn is also brilliant—handsome and arrogant, accepting a bribe in the form of a beautiful horse, lighting the tallest tapers in church and promising to go to Lourdes if God will grant him victory, lying in bed beside his unattractive wife, his every thought written across his sullen face.

The victory of the story, of course, belongs to the revolutionary. In the end, he and his mother lie side by side—two stark corpses in a morgue—resembling themselves somehow, but still as unreal as death. It is a fantastic movie moment.

That Horrible Boo-Boo

The sensational Eugene Burdick-Harvey Wheeler novel *Fail Safe* is a screen natural and has been directed by Sidney Lumet with some pictorial beauty, in contrast to the horror of its subject matter. A weird allegorical opening of a matador and dying bull, with otherworldly sound effects, sets the pace for the tension to come.

SAC in Omaha sends bombers to their fail-safe points, due to a UFO (Unidentified Flying Object), which is approaching the U.S. When the UFO proves harmless, the planes are recalled—save for one group which goes on toward Moscow. The rest of the story concerns SAC's and the President's efforts to recall the group, to bring it down with U.S. fighters, to help Russia knock it out, and finally, the horrible trade of New York City for Moscow as an even swap in accidental nuclear destruction.

Fail Safe must inevitably suffer comparisons with its predecessor, the controversial satire *Dr. Strangelove*, and indeed it is sometimes difficult to see where this serious treatment of such a pressing theme differs from the humorous Stanley Kubrick version. (For instance, there are obvious similarities between George C. Scott's general in *Strangelove* and the Walter Matthau portrayal, in *Fail Safe*, of a hard-nosed political scientist who says things like, "Sixty million dead are better than one hundred million." They are equally frightening and absurd.)

Fail Safe has many faults. One prays fervently that in reality the SAC war room is not inhabited by such hysterical and unbalanced class-conscious snobs as Fritz Weaver . . . that in the event of a

"President" Fonda: when fail-safe fails.

real crisis there would be no time for the incredible ideological discussions which slow the film . . . that the President and his Pentagon advisers are better prepared than are Henry Fonda and his fictional aides in this drama . . . that no technological failure, Russian jamming, or lack of foresight such as exists in *Fail Safe* can take place. (The doomed lead pilot cannot be recalled by the President's voice or even his wife's words, due to prearrangements to avoid his being duped by Russian imitators. Surely SAC has licked this little problem.)

Despite these illogical drawbacks. *Fail Safe* is as scary for grown-ups as a child's ghost story is for kids. Its dramatic possibilities override its farfetched probabilities, and it does offer some fascinating scenes of SAC technical operations.

Susan Hayward: where *has* love gone?

Soap: Large Economy Size

Hollywood has mined everything from Pulitzer Prize gold to the headlines of the Los Angeles newspapers, never overlooking its own explosive history for source material.

Where Love Has Gone is Joe Levine's posh production of the timely but tasteless Harold Robbins novel of the same name, and surprisingly, it looks better on wide screen than it did in print. Judicious cutting could improve it even more, for parts are tediously long. Still, it's a good "woman's picture," a high-class soap opera based on a familiar newspaper scandal with lots of that "adult" dialogue scriptwriters dote on nowadays.

The story of a spoiled, successful sculptress (Susan Hayward), whose daughter (Joey Heatherton) stabs Mamma's seamy gigolo lover to death, opens with the murder and includes a flashback. Michael Connors is the regenerate father whose former refuge in self-pity and booze busted up his marriage to Susan and left her wide open for sex as an antidote.

Mr. Connors is a fairly wooden actor. But Susan Hayward is marvelous (having played this same part for years) letting out all stops from hedonistic abandon to heartbroken tears. Miss Heatherton is properly intense as the hostile mixed-up teen-ager. There is also a neat acting job by Jane Greer as a juvenile probation officer.

But it is Bette Davis as a San Francisco society dowager (Susan's mother) who bears the matriarchal blame for all the unforgiven failures and tragedies of the film. Somehow—in her furs and jewels, her gorgeous Edith Head gowns, with a becoming silvered wig—Miss Davis doesn't seem half the monster the plot insists she is. She gives a vitally alive performance, and it is a welcome relief to see this great pro on the screen again in a part she needn't be ashamed of.

Flight # 22

Consolidated's commercial jet flight #22 crashes on takeoff from Los Angeles Airport. Was it the bird feathers sucked into one engine, poor maintenance, a hangover from the tense ground fight for promotion between execs Nehemiah Persoff and Glenn Ford, or the nonchalant, almost bored attitude of chief pilot Rod Taylor, who was wisecracking and drinking coffee on takeoff?

Fate Is the Hunter is a mystery movie—a film where the bedeviled Ford determines to solve the cause of the crash that took fifty-three lives (only stewardess Suzanne Pleshette survived). He has to do this with the press, his airline colleagues, the CAB, and suing relatives of victims on his neck. What we get are a number of dramatic flashbacks showing that the pilot was or was not: irresponsible, a boozer, a wencher, a hero, a great flier, a philosopher and a benefactor of his fellowman. Nancy Kwan, Wally Cox, Dorothy Malone and Mark Stevens (in a touching portrayal as a drunk) provide the clues.

Nancy Kwan, Glenn Ford: but is it fate?

The airborne re-creation of Flight #22, which turns up the cause of the first crash, provides a heart-stopping ending. So, despite its fuzzy philosophizing about believing or disbelieving in fate, this is an exciting film.

Shelley Winters: madam of the house.

A "Social Comment"

A House Is Not a Home opens with lots of black and white photos resembling the cheap tabloids of the Jimmy Walker era. They make a voluptuous promise for what is actually a pretty thin movie.

The story of Polly Adler's rise to fame and fortune through procuring, her connections with police graft, Tammany politics and the underworld is a sleazy story unredeemed by either the wisecracks that pass for comedy or the oversimplified dialogue that fits the sentimental scenes.

Shelley Winters' bumbling naïveté as the madam is unconvincing: likewise her thwarted love story with Ralph Taeger. In some of the "social comment" which accompanies the film, Miss Winters sounds as if she'd just learned to read.

Two minor acting bits enliven the proceedings—Kaye Ballard as a good-hearted girlfriend, and Cesar Romero who turns in an acute performance as the late Lucky Luciano. —LIZ SMITH

Bob Preston as Ben Franklin

The Music Man meets the Sage of Philadelphia as one of Broadway's most versatile actors undertakes to play a sixty-seven year old while he is still young enough and lusty enough to handle it.

If this country ever decides to add another face to the four Presidents gracing Mt. Rushmore. I think it would be nice if they made it that famous American who was promised the Presidency and twenty thousand acres in Ohio. Of course, you know I mean Benjamin Franklin, who got the land but didn't make the White House.

Furthermore, to pose for such a mile-high and stony caricature, I'd nominate Robert Preston, the forty-six-year-old actor now imitating a sixty-seven-year-old Ben in the new Broadway-bound musical *Ben Franklin in Paris.* Craggily handsome Bob—veteran of thirty films, eleven Broadway shows. and heaven knows how many Pasadena Playhouse dramas and TV appearances—is lots of people's idea of Mr. All-American. The public simply can't forget his stage and screen performance as Harold Hill, the Music Man, and he still gets fan mail reading: "You have to write my daughter tonight and tell her that she must practice, practice, practice," or "I thought you'd like to see this snapshot of our high school band's new uniforms."

But Preston's offbeat decision to play Benjamin Franklin this season has nothing whatsoever to do with his all-American image. On the contrary, he hates all the static overidentification that causes actors to be typecast and spends most of his time departing from whatever successful impression he most recently left. Since 1951. the broad-shouldered, infectiously likable star. who escaped from Paramount's Hollywood factory where he was mired in a succession of roles as an unlovable and lovable heel, has thoroughly enjoyed his freedom to be different on a very much larger-than-life scale.

My two-part interview with him ranged from the best banquette at Sardi's, where he greeted friends in a pale blue tie, elegant white shirt, slacks and pink seersucker jacket ("I look like a candy butcher"). to Delmonico's most secluded cocktail corner. where he appeared more conservatively in a trim grey suit and stunning suntan ("You stinker, making me come into town from Rye on a beautiful day like this"). Mostly the tape resounds with laughter—that of the interviewer. then Preston's low-key, quiet, deep voice, drifting into a "funny" about Robert Mitchum. turning from a chuckle to an outright. basso guffaw. telling theater anecdotes and breaking himself up. He is salty and opinionated. but seems to temper these volatile elements with a trace of middle-of-the-roadism—a kind of reserved desire to play it a bit safe.

No reporter needs to see Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor these days. Quotes from and about them are implicit in interviews with other actors who know them. Preston is no exception. He and Burton have a mutual admiration society going that will surely one day result in some sort of acting collaboration. Burton says, "Preston is the foremost American Shakespearean actor. with a voice like golden thunder. He can do anything; he can go on the stage with Olivier or any of the greats and act them into a corner. I've never known such magnetism in an actor." Preston himself is full of praise for Burton's *Hamlet*, and he enjoyed kidding Richard about the black slacks, black V-neck sweater and white T-shirt he wore in the modern-dress version. "I told him—'Why, you're in costume and everybody else is in modern dress. That's a costume.' He grinned in that very shy. wonderful Welsh way he has because he knew I was right. It *was* a costume. Yes, I'd love to do Shakespeare with Richard, but in a play where there are opposing roles." He firmly rejected the suggestion someone had made that he should have played Claudius. Hamlet's stepfather. "That's an intriguing role for a character actor who is over the hill. There's no challenge to Claudius."

The very youthful and virile Preston

IRREPRESSIBLE *Preston and ingenue Jacqueline Mayro enjoy rehearsing for* Ben Franklin in Paris. *Musical bows at Lunt-Fontanne Theater on October 13.*

has now picked up the most challenging gauntlet of his theatrical career. His attempt to portray Ben Franklin was judged as the ultimate in gall by some of the Sardi Set who felt the whole idea was a masterpiece of miscasting. Preston said, "Let's wait and see. It sure may be, but it beats going to Las Vegas."

How can a good-looking six footer with a crinkly forehead under wavy, abundant hair (now shaved) play the plump, aging, balding Philadelphian at the court of Louis XIV? Preston, who is a master stylist, just laughed at the realistic naïveté of such a query.

"Franklin can't be younger than sixty-seven historically, but his activities and his strength would be a little too much to cast actually to age. You know, it's like Paul Scofield saying, 'I want to play Lear before I'm too old.' I won't make up too much. I hope to suggest him in so many different ways. All you should do is tell the audience in the beginning how old Franklin is and make them accept it.

"You know he wears a coonskin cap at the French court, dressing the part of the frontiersman over there, boots, a bearskin coat, all that. His feeling was that with all those powdered wigs around Louis, he wanted the King to know which one was Franklin. And it worked, because he played the Great Commoner before his time; he played the New World to that sophisticated court."

I mentioned the fact that the musical endows the aging Franklin with a love life. Preston said, "That's another reason for casting a younger man than his actual age. To his dying day, you know, one of the things we still marvel at—in his letters—was his, er, uh, lustiness—unquote. He was always active in that field. So this musical—which is the kind of musical *I* can do, that is to say, a book that could still be an interesting play without music—does have a departure.

"I've been pondering the fellow so. I don't think the modern-day American man is geared to understand the mind of a man like Ben Franklin. He's a little outside the average workaday businessman's ken. They're more apt to say, 'Why didn't Franklin get with one thing and stick with it and make himself a big success?' Well, we've got a thing in the play where Ben sees his first bicycle and asks what it is. It has everything except pedals. Ben says, 'How does it go?' A man goes da-da-dum with his feet on it across stage. Ben says, 'Well, that could be improved. I wish I had time for that sort of thing.' That's the outlook of the man. He went in so many different directions."

Like Ben, Preston himself has gone in a number of different directions since Paramount hired him fresh from the Pasadena Playhouse and changed his name from Preston Meservey. For his first important role in *Union Pacific*, Cecil B. De Mille ordered him to grow a mustache. "I will if I can," said the nineteen year old and promptly set the style for all the rogues to follow in his many years under contract. *Union Pacific*, which still kicks around on the late show, is also still a good film, and if you care to see vintage-movie Preston, don't miss it.

"Everytime I did a picture, I did that same guy," says the actor. "That's why I hated it. During World War II, I was on a troop ship and a kid ran up on deck and said, 'Come see the movie.' I went down, sat on the steps and on came Missy Stanwyck, Joel McCrea and me in *Union Pacific*. Here I was going off to war, I said, 'I've seen this picture,' and walked out. Later, on a TV special, I sang a song about those days called 'I Died for a Living.'

"But making movies was fun then because as you did them, they were never so imminent that you thought you were going to have to ever see them."

I asked him what had been the turning point in his career and he snorted, "Oh, you people, you're so full of turning points all of you . . ." so we stopped and ordered another dry martini before he told me how he got out of Paramount in the early fifties just as Hollywood was ceasing to be the motion picture capital of the world. "Well, I suppose the turning point was when I finally found myself out from under contract. Paramount had taken me on at nineteen, fed me well and they were like a family to me—I virtually didn't know anything else except for my stage experience as a kid. So, I went to England in 1951 and made a forgettable movie called *Cloudburst* and found all my colleagues working at night in the West End in theater. When it was over, I'd had this taste of working with theater people again. Then when I got back to New York I found José Ferrer looking for someone to replace him in *Twentieth Century*.

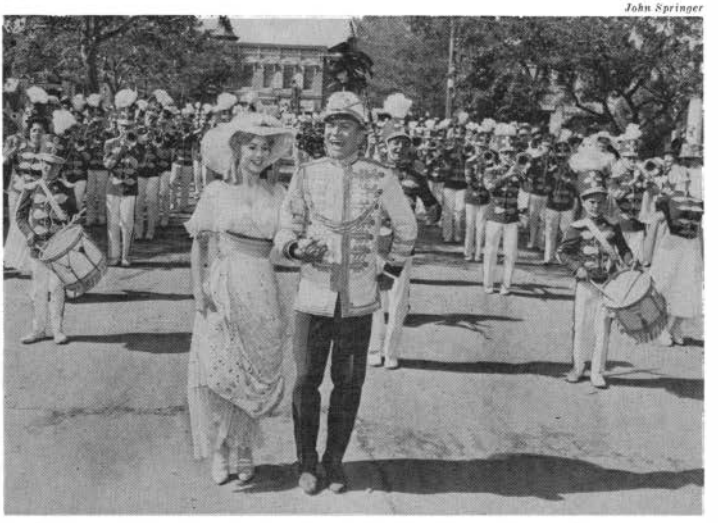
"I said, 'Look no further, I'll replace you.' So I did, and the critics came back and expected to see this—well, not even Greg Peck, but a movie actor who had always played leads in the B's and heavies in the A's. But it worked. So after doing that to no shame, people thought of me and I got the revival of *The Male Animal*. I would never have been given

Photos by Friedman-Abeles

SWEDISH *musical comedy star Ulla Sallert and natty leading man talk over her role as French countess who falls in love with aging ambassador from the U.S.*

(continued)

John Springer



PRESTON'S SUCCESS *in Broadway's hit* The Music Man *landed him screen role with Shirley Jones, but he fought Warner's every step of the way to get it.*

that kind of chance in motion pictures—never in the world.

"Then after *The Music Man*. I was offered parts that never before had come my way. Of course, the leading man image is one that I don't really care for either. It's wonderful to arrive at the point in years as well as in experience and security where you want each succeeding role to destroy the image of the one before. Although it hasn't been as tiresome being identified with *The Music Man*, since Harold Hill was so much fun to play and seems to have meant so much to the public. So there is that part of the image that you don't let go. Later I could play a conniving, wicked charmer like Nat Bentley in *Nobody Loves an Albatross* because people in the audience remembered *The Music Man*. The next forward step is called—Gently Moving Into Sixty-seven Year Old Roles." He laughed aloud.

I asked if there wasn't some question he wished a reporter would put to him. He said, "No." seemed to reconsider, then went on. "My decision recently was never to do an interview again. After reading Laurence Olivier's article in *Life*. I decided that. Because he said it all. from his Olympian heights. He talked about acting and about personal things—this is where your chronology has to be so carefully guarded by yourself. Other people can't do it. I remember my first interviews for Paramount—and the pictures of me on 'my' yacht, 'my' ranch. 'my' tennis courts, with a beach ball. Somewhere that beach ball picture still exists and will come back to haunt me. There I was making a hot one hundred dollars a week, and Mom, Dad, my kid brother and I all living in a small apartment on it. Well, you say to yourself, 'This is the way it is and I've gotta go along with this.'

"Now I'd like to know how much of this over the years rubs off on you. How much it influences what you become. I decided after reading Olivier that it would have been marvelous if, at the age of nineteen, I had known enough, had perspicacity enough, to have always told the truth.

"My forearming now when I come to talk to someone like you is to consciously say to myself—put it right in the foreground of my mind—'Tell the truth. Tell the truth because people are going to read it.'"

Preston lives today in a converted carriage house on two-and-a-half acres in Rye, only thirty-three miles from New York's theater district ("It's very secluded, I've been known to water the lawn in my altogether"). He has been married to actress Catherine Craig for almost twenty-four years and they are now reconciled after a brief separation that occurred a few seasons back ("I haven't had any unhappy experiences with the press. There was no invasion of privacy when we were separated. As a matter of fact, most news people knew Catherine as well as they knew me and were more sorry than I was. So when it was patched up they were all tickled to death").

Here are some other Preston comments culled from the tape:

Carol Burnett: "She is so talented that they don't know what to do with her. She needs careful handling. She needs to be told she's beautiful—these people *are*

beautiful. She cannot be left on her own."

Critics: "Critics are good to actors—unless the actor is truly to blame for the debacle, he is not blamed by the critics. But they gut the writer. It's a shame."

Acting: "I may sometimes suggest a line to an author. But write a play, no. I may think up bits of invention and talk it over with the director. But direct, no. My fun is still trying to play a few of the many roles to be played."

Television: "An occasional TV thing is fine, but to tie up in a series, no matter how successful it might be, would be the equivalent to me of going back into the movies under contract."

Money: "I don't know what they do with my money. I have business managers in California. I haven't had that problem since I was with Paramount and Joel McCrea sent a little man to me and said, 'Do whatever he says.' I obeyed because Joel was the happiest, most successful man I'd ever seen in my life."

Publicity vs. Notoriety: "I think there are people who are victimized by the press, but they've put themselves into that spot where *that*, unfortunately, is more what they're selling than what they're selling. I don't include here our two greatest living examples—Richard and Elizabeth—because they both function professionally.

"The only thing that ever annoys me is that the people who have helped create an image become the scoffers at it and the sneerers. You know Jayne Mansfield is a pretty bright young gal. She's got a brain in her head. But the very people who helped her create her public self are the ones who now poke fun at her. This I don't understand."

The topless bathing suit: "I have nothing against it, except maybe the people who wear it will be the people who shouldn't be seen in slacks either."

Politics: "Well, for a while there we were known as 'Rye's Democrats.' I think there are a few more of us now. But if the greatest man in the world came along, be he Republican or Democrat, I'd vote for him."

Extremism: "I hate the troublous times we are going through. But I think the only things that rub off on people are the things they're unaware of learning. You can't instruct or beat them over the head. If you've got a message, you have to play it so you don't alienate another entire segment of people you might be able to reach and influence."

At the end of our second meeting, the permanent little frown line between Preston's eyes seemed to have deepened. He said, "Look I don't care what you do with this interview really, but if your art department runs across that Paramount picture of me with the beach ball, could you just forget it?" Then he exploded with laughter and called for the check.

—LIZ SMITH

In America, do as the Finns do.

Finnish Bracer

The Finnish system of physical fitness has become all-American. Normandy Products Company has introduced their Saunette, a 225-pound, plug-in sauna bath. Philippine mahogany without, and seamless molded glass fiber within, the Saunette has a hardwood bench, terry-cloth backing—and a thermostat that regulates heat up to 250 degrees (air vents circulate fresh, dry air). Although it needs no special installation, the Saunette price tag is bracing in itself: $695. Available at Hammacher Schlemmer in New York; Neiman-Marcus in Dallas; and the Joseph Horne Company in Pittsburgh.

Presidential Pastime

With the sound and fury of the campaign ringing in the air, there had to be a game like Hat in the Ring, devised by two congressional aides to amuse themselves—and us. The game duplicates a national convention campaign, and gives each player—or candidate—his choice of strategy: economy campaign ("likely to cost less and gain fewer delegates"), full-scale, or blitz ("likely to cost considerably more and gain more delegates"). The candidates choose for home states, decide whether or not to avoid the New Hampshire primary, raise funds for increased expenses. They also get unexpected benefits ("Your personality and charm win over twenty delegates from candidate leading on last ballot") or penalties ("Gas-filled balloon used in demonstration explodes, injuring fifty of your delegates, who defect . . ").

Island-in-the-Sun Earthenware

Vera—whose brilliant scarves are known to women throughout America—has gone native. Royal Worcester, the fine china company, has just introduced its first earthenware line, designed by Vera and hand-painted in Jamaica. The color and spontaneity of design make this line noteworthy. Particularly attractive is one setting which fairly pulsates with sunshine—a sunflower nestling in the center of each cup and on each saucer—creating an island-in-the-sun atmosphere that is perfect for casual dining.

Rent a Traveling Home

A perfect way to see the Old West—without a wasted minute—is to fly there and then rent a home on wheels. American Airlines recently conducted an experiment with the Cortez Traveler (a nineteen-foot family camper which sleeps four). After landing in either Phoenix or Los Angeles, families were able to pick up the Cortez for sight-seeing (at $150 a week and twelve cents a mile). After the tour was over, the camper was dropped off again at either city, and the families flew on home. So successful was the experiment that there are already bookings for 1965.

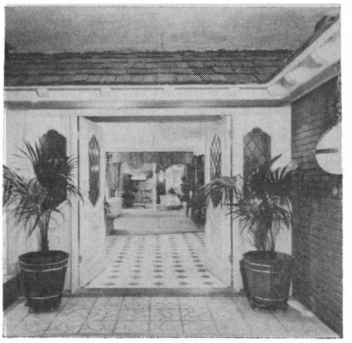
Also available through the same airline is a tour of Universal Studios in Hollywood. For the first time you can see just what's behind the silver screen—how stunts and special effects are achieved, how scenes are shot, how famed locales (like London's Soho district and America's Fort Laramie) are duplicated. Bring your own camera along and capture the whole thing on film. Cost: $2.50 for adults, $1.25 for children.

Sight-seeing from your armchair.

The New Subterraneans

There's a new concept in houses today. The Underground World Home, Inc. people are convinced that the best place on earth to live is under it, and they've even built an underground home at the World's Fair to prove it.

The idea of subterranean residences



The best place on earth is under it.

got underway two years ago with a ten-room dwelling in Plainview, Texas. Next came one in Dallas, then a home beneath a mountaintop in Colorado. Currently the company is developing an area outside Las Vegas: one hundred and fifty custom-built houses will be constructed beneath a golf course. The above-ground snorkels of each home (which supply air) will be disguised as palm trees, and when subterranean fireplaces are blazing merrily, smoke will rise from the palms. Proposed name of the course? You guessed it: Smoking Tree.

The natural earth insulation tends to maintain constant temperature and reduced humidity and the homes are considerably cheaper to heat. Air is filtered, is thus purer (good news for allergics), and housecleaning is cut to a minimum (dusting is necessary only once every six weeks). Maintenance is almost nil—no painting, storm windows or screens. Insurance costs are an eighth of those topside. The big drawback, no sun, is offset by an intricate lighting system which creates effects from sunrise to starry night.

(*cont. on p. 28*)

It's a Taylor wine...and you'll love it! Get-together people like the mood and magic of this light-hearted New York State Rosé Wine. Pink and pert, it keeps sophisticated company on any occasion. Chill it for a gay refresher at any time. Delightful with any food—at home or dining out. / Ask your wine merchant for Taylor booklets that show you how to enjoy wine more—cooking, dining or entertaining.

There is another, even more pertinent, application of the underground principle. Right now, a giant shopping center in Japan contains 185 stores underground. And a proposed project in America is a subterranean motel and restaurant complex at an airport; because there are no vibration or noise problems at that level, motel rooms could be located nearer the airstrip than is otherwise possible.

So intriguing is the idea that the International Meeting on Underground Planning and Construction (a European-founded organization) is going to the World's Fair to look at the Underground Home exhibit when it holds its first American meeting this month.

His and Hers

Used to be that dumbbells were only for the ninety-eight-pound weakling *male*. Not any more. Now girls exercise with dumbbells designed expressly for them,

For the chic woman, the chic dumbbell.

as well as for apartments. Princess Smart Belles, by Diversified Products, come in white or blue, and are made of a new material called Orbatron, fused with a plastic outer shell that doesn't make that ear-shattering *clang* when dropped. Weighing in at three pounds each, Princess Smart Belles have an Executive companion—for the businessman who wants to work off his lunches. These are the same thing, but heavier (five pounds) and bronze- or burgundy-colored. They also masquerade as paperweights on executive desks. The pre-teener is another member of the family with specially designed equipment. Brunswick has just put out the Bantam 8 and 9, starter bowling balls for eight to twelve year olds. Next—barbells for toddlers?

—ALEXANDRA FRYE

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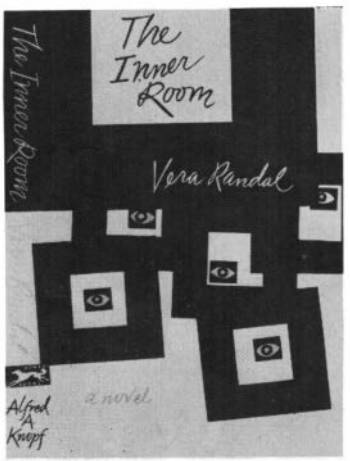
The Mental Illness of Five Young Women

The Inner Room, by Vera Randal (Alfred A. Knopf, $3.95). Seldom has a novel on the nature of mental illness as powerful as this one been written. It takes us down the twisting paths of isolation and despair, tracing the breakdowns of five women—all very different, all with very different problems. The setting is a mental hospital. No reader can help feel a knotting in his stomach, in empathy with what the women are going through, in fear that he might some day be faced with the same challenge.



The problems of each of the women are explored in detail—in separate chapters. Katherine is married to an obstetrician, who, when she says that their newborn baby is beautiful, says, "Beautiful? I don't know. Five pounds isn't exactly a strapping specimen." She has her breakdown in a subway station. She calls the psychiatrist who has been treating her and tells him she is not visiting him that day. "Where are you?" he says. "It doesn't matter where I am," she says. "We're all brothers and sisters everywhere. I suppose you're my brother, too, even if you are a murderer. Now I'm going home to my son. . . ."

Booze is Carol's answer to life. She blames her mother for her troubles. "It is my considered opinion that you are, in your very puritanical fashion, a bitch." Yet she has the self-knowledge to write, after her alcoholic brother has killed himself in a car accident, "There must be men who are adult. There must be babies who suckle milk, not Scotch, from bottles."

Alice has lost her husband to an incurable disease. As she sits in a drugstore near the hospital where he is dying, eating a peanut butter sandwich after an all-night vigil, she reaches her breaking point. "Only sissies cry," her husband once told her, and she has remembered, holding back the tears with fierce passion.

The fourth woman, Binnie, has had a baby out of wedlock. But one realizes that her endless boyfriends, her baby and her illness have all been a way of escaping her very proper parents. "I like bars," she says. "They keep people out. They keep my mother and father out." Cries her father when he visits her: "Which one was it, Binnie? I want to know which one."

With Janet, the patient who has recovered, we see the strong ties that exist among the women who are tossed into this tempering crucible. A husband and child are waiting for her, but Janet almost gives up her chance to return to the world, feeling she must stay to help others. A hospital is for sick people, a doctor insists, and she is no longer sick.

Vera Randal, now forty-two, has written a first novel of great perspicacity and dignity. She has enormously advanced the understanding of mental illness.

Housewife's Burden

Jonathan Swift's Directions to Servants, with drawings by Joseph Low (Pantheon, $4.95). Today the servant is a thing of the past, the machine is the housewife's burden. But wishful thinkers continue to pine for the convenience of maids, nurses, cooks and butlers. The servants would all work quite cheaply, and be loyal and faithful retainers. So much for romanticism. Satirist Jonathan Swift, writing in the early 1700s, knew better; such idealized servants were few and far between—even then. In this handsomely illustrated book, his advice to those "in service"—really aimed at those who give them service—still hits home.

To butlers: "If any one desires a glass of bottled ale, first shake the bottle, to see whether any thing be in it; then taste it, to know what liquor it is, that you may not be mistaken; and lastly, wipe the mouth of the bottle with your hand, to shew your cleanliness."

To cooks: "If you be employed in marketing, buy your meat as cheap as you can; but when you bring in your accounts, be tender of your master's honour; and set down the highest rate. . . ." And: "If a lump of soot falls in the soup, and you cannot conveniently get it out . . . it will give the soup a high French taste." And: "If you melt your butter to oil, be under no concern . . . for oil is a genteeler sauce than butter."

To maids: "If you happen to break any china with the top of the whisk on the mantle-tree or the cabinet, gather up the fragments, put them together as well as you can and place them behind the rest, so that when your lady comes to discover them you may safely say they were broke long ago, before you came to the service. This will save your lady many an hour's vexation."

Even in Swift's time there was class mobility, and some servants, as if in a foreboding of things to come, managed to improve their station. Muses Swift: "If you are a young, slightly fellow, whenever you whisper to your mistress at the table, run your nose full in her cheek. . . This I know to have had very good consequences in some families."

"A Poor Tame Lamb"

The Family of Pascual Duarte, by Camilo José Cela (Atlantic—Little, Brown, $4.50). Meaningless death is the thread running through this novel, which ostensibly is the journal of a Spanish peasant named Duarte, who was executed for murder in 1937. "My childhood memories are not exactly pleasant," he tells us, and indeed they are not. The son of a brutal, bullying father and a virago of a mother, he soon learned to disappear during arguments; otherwise they would turn on him. His younger sister, beautiful and spirited, brought some joy into the family, but she turned to prostitution. A still younger brother, deficient in mind and body, survived ten heartbreaking years, then mercifully died. Not a pleasant background, as parched and barren as the Spanish soil,

Shortly after he married, his wife was thrown by a horse and had a miscarriage. In a rage, Duarte stabbed the animal repeatedly. A second child was born, but soon died. The vacuum that resulted and the constant bickering of wife and mother caused Duarte to leave home, his wife to be unfaithful. On his return she died, but not before telling him the name of her seducer. Duarte strangled him. Back from prison years later, he remarried; the battles with his mother began again; he resorted to violence again.

On the surface, Duarte is harsh, unfeeling, almost an animal. Certainly he seems so, from examining the bare bones of his story. But when you read author Cela's prose, you realize he is much more—the symbol of all the lost, all the damned, all those who do not manage to rise above the stench of their lives. Camilo José Cela's novel is a masterful tour de force; he makes the reader understand that no man is exactly what he seems, no man is independent of his fellows, no man is not deserving of some sympathy.

It is as the chaplain says who is with Duarte when he is executed: ". . . Most people would consider [him] a hyena (as I myself thought when I was first summoned to his cell), but when the depths of his soul were probed, it was easy to discover he was more like a poor tame lamb, terrified and cornered by life."

A Real Swinging Mother

A Mother's Kisses, by Bruce Jay Friedman (Simon & Schuster. $4.95). When Joseph's mother visits the summer camp where he is working as a waiter, she is an immediate success with the other kids' daddies. Coming back from the dance floor the evening of a social, she says to Joseph about her partner: "This is really too much. Steppies he's making with me. Intricate ones. The way he feels. Gene Kelly can take a back seat. Don't look now, but your mother's part of a new dance team." Meanwhile, Joseph has been doing some living of his own—with a girl camper. "Your body tells me things," she says. "Oh my darling, this is evil. We mustn't. . . ." All this, while they are merely dancing. But Joseph eventually gets the brush from the girl, and Mother gets her Jewish protectiveness up: "She's some little bitch. I spotted her behind the second I came in."

In one way or another, Mother has been coming to the rescue all of Joseph's seventeen years. But now all of his Brooklyn friends are going off to college: "Schnayerson . . . reserved and humorless as though pondering tricky surgical incisions at the age of six, off to Louisville for pre-med; the charming Negbar twins who had . . . begun to entertain needy Bensonhurst girls at home in dressing gowns and ascots, both Michigan State for liberal arts; . . . sticky-fingered McKeown, the block's only Catholic, who never missed a fly ball . . . Duquesne on an athletic scholarship."

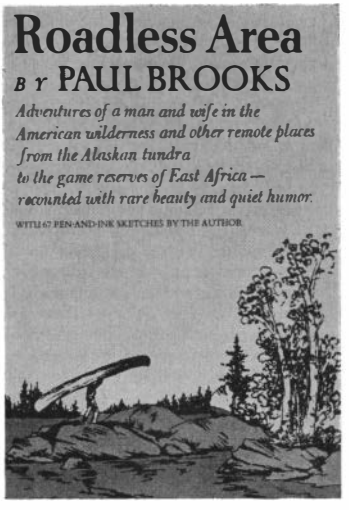
All Joseph gets is rejections, until a friend of his mother's (who else?) slips him into a peacheroo of a school called Kansas Land Grant Agricultural, where even the French course stresses the names of green leafy vegetables. Here his troubles continue, because Mother comes right along to coddle him—following him into class to bring him a sweater ("He'll kill me for this," she tells the class, "but what can I do? I'm one of those crazy mothers"). The alien Midwest air does something to Joseph, however, and he begins to question his mother's ways. When she asks a bartender for "bourbon on the rock," he has the temerity to correct her: "Rocks, Mother. There's more than one of them." Replies Mother: "And that's what you pick me up on?"

Bruce Friedman's novel about the tortured thrashings of maternal love is the funniest book that has been published this year. Chuckles, guffaws, grins and plain loud laughter are the price the reader must pay for scanning every page. Friedman's mastery of character and idiom leave nothing to be desired. Joseph is a milksop who has somehow managed to preserve his masculinity; his mother is a lovable, horrible, sweet, callous woman. Their common bond is that each has a talent for bringing out not the worst, but the most ineffectual, in the other. Until Joseph manages to fly the nest, there is no hope for either. It is as if Orville Wright had to break with Wilbur before the first plane could go up.

Hope for Joseph springs up when he meets an irrepressible male student at Kansas Land Grant named Gatesy, who calls him Boss. Visiting a nearby girls' school, they meet some of the locals. Says Gatesy: "Girls, I'd like to have you meet one of those fabulous New York Freudian operators. Meet the Boss." Says Joseph timidly: "Hi, he's kind of flamboyant, isn't he?" Says Gatesy to Joseph afterward: "We'll be talking about this charge for years. The way you walked over there with that little Borscht Belt trot and slipped them that 'flamboyant' line . . . I'm giving Winchell an inside on this immediately."

Under a friend's outrageous flattery, a mother's kisses can be forgotten.

(continued)



Out of the Car and Into the Wilderness

Roadless Area, by Paul Brooks (Alfred A. Knopf, $4.95). On the map, roadless areas are those where the tourist or traveler who would never dream of getting out of his car is nowhere to be found, for the very good reason that roads are nonexistent. To nature lovers like Paul Brooks and his wife Susan, this is a conservation devoutly to be wished.

One of the places they visit in this relaxed, informative book is the Virgin Islands National Park on the island of St. John, which is reached by boat from St. Thomas. Despite the tropical climate, there are "no snakes, no army ants, scorpions small and noncombative, lizards everywhere and utterly charming." The trees are magnificent: the kapok—whose fibers "are used for unsinkable cushions by American yachtsmen"; the rain tree —"umbrella-shaped"; the lignum vitae—wood "so hard it is used for gears"; the turpentine tree—"the tree with a name you can taste on your tongue." Brooks and his wife swam contentedly along the island's coral reefs by moonlight—until they learned that the natives preferred the daylight, because nearsighted sharks might mistake a human leg for a finny snack.

The Great Smoky Mountains National Park, only some fifty miles long by twenty miles wide, astride the North Carolina-Tennessee border, "is a living museum, whose exhibits change with the altitude and the seasons. In a day's climb one can travel through successive biological zones equivalent to a journey from southern Tennessee to the Canadian border." But be sure to hang your food supplies from a tree before entering your tent for the night: otherwise, like the Brooks', you'll have a happily chomping bear for nocturnal company.

In Utah's Canyonlands, the temperature range is 130 degrees. "The Indians who once dwelt in these canyons were slowly driven elsewhere, not by warlike invaders from outside, but by unbelievable years of drought." Little has changed since. The canyons are the result of erosion, of the earth crust lifting and of long-since-gone rivers cutting down into the now arid land. There is conflict in this silent place, for to keep it unspoiled, conservationists must battle mining, grazing and hunting interests, each of whom has his own plans for the land.

Paul Brooks' pleasant book includes many other trips, from Alaska to Africa. In a serene way, it preaches an exciting gospel—the contentment of a man who appreciates the out-of-doors for what it tells him about the helter-skelter pace of the modern world, and who knows that the rewards of the wilderness are not to be found just a short car ride away on some superhighway in the sky. Nor is anything that is worthwhile.

Do the Vices Carry the Day?

The Italian Girl, by Iris Murdoch (Viking, $4.50). Edmund Narraway goes back to his mother's house after her death—not to mourn, but because he wonders whether he is mentioned in the will. He is somewhat prim, given to watching life rather than partaking of it, but the events that soon befall him are enough to shake anyone out of any size lethargy. Items: his "innocent" niece asks him to pay for her abortion, he finds his gross brother sleeping with one of the servants, his sister-in-law tries to seduce him, and on and on until Edmund's mind reels.

Miss Murdoch, a former Oxford philosophy don, is always concerned in her novels with the struggle of good vs. evil, but here the casual reader might well think that the vices have carried the day. Such is not the case. Miss Murdoch has placed Edmund in these turgid surroundings not to tempt him, but to test him. Edmund does not represent good so much as he does sterility. Nor do his relatives represent evil so much as they do weakness. What he, and they, are tested by is malice—the troublemaking quality which is so much a part of life, and which one must learn to cope with, if one is to live at all.

This spirit of malice is personified in the character of David Levkin, who is a factotum to Edmund's brother. Levkin is continually busy: doing a bit of seducing, offering the master of the house his sister, showing up in rooms when he's not wanted and not showing up when he is.

Edmund escapes this brouhaha when he finds his long-repressed emotions fanned by the Italian girl—his mother's old servant. She's really not old, because his mother had a whole string of Italian girls, and Edmund has come to think of them as all being one. Actually, this one is younger than he is, and Edmund finds in her the naturalness which he has long been seeking.

Miss Murdoch's novel scatters vices upon its characters like rice on bridal couples. Her intent is to show whether these vices grow or wither. She is not concerned with the command of emotions, but with the use of emotions, and within the complex relationships of Edmund Narraway and his family, she shows that Edmund's repression had been much the same as the family's license. It is a rich, moral pattern she weaves, and the reader becomes entranced by the figures she creates. *The Italian Girl* is a spirited, sensitive commentary on the dangers of living in limbo.

Just Deserts

Three Times Three, a Mystery Omnibus, edited by Howard Haycraft and John Beecroft (Doubleday, $6.50). Private Eye Phil Marlowe, Lord Peter Wimsey, Mr. and Mrs. North, Dr. Gideon Fell, Hercule Poirot and diverse other sleuths indulge in mayhem, logic and lucidity in this collection of novels, novelettes and short stories—blasting the reader with all three barrels of the mystery writers' arsenal. A most pleasant way to see others get their deserts—just, of course. —GEORGE WALSH

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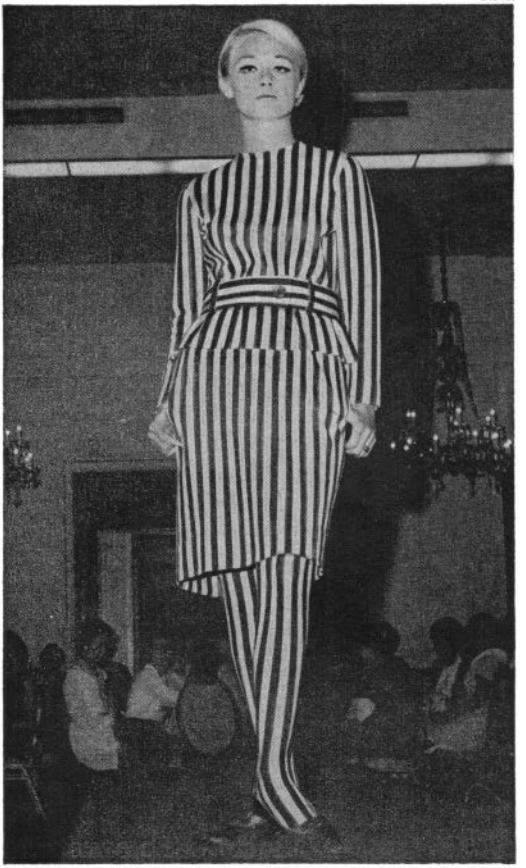

For taking a walk on the wild side: vertically striped tunic and skirt worn with stockings that are actually leotard length.

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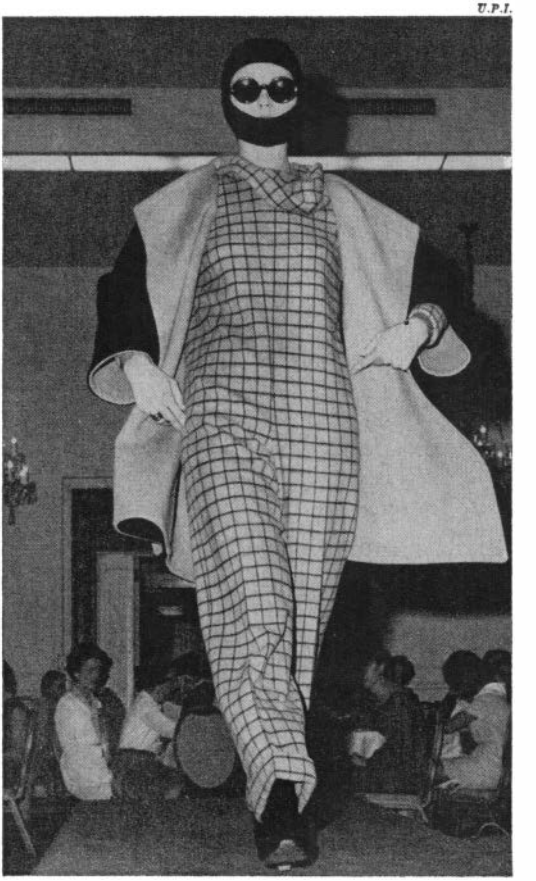

The "phantom" look: loose-fitting checked jump suit with cowl neck; with three-quarter-length coat, Yashmak helmet.

The Jailbird Look

At the Fashion Group showing, commentator Andrew Goodman surveyed the girl on the runway and announced, "This little girl spent a weekend in Sing Sing and she loved it." Of the same designer's baggy pants, checked jump suit, a Midwestern buyer wonders, "If women do want a pants look, is *this* the way to do it?"

Bizarre as the Rudi (topless bikini) Gernreich outfits may appear, they represent an influential U.S. designer's views of a big fashion trend for women: the covered-up leg via pants or fanciful stockings, for city streets, for town-and-country strolls, for a jaunt from New York to Paris, for lunching at the London Chop House in Detroit, or at Al Green's on the Hill in Grosse Point, or Voisin in New York.

But the choice of *which* kind of covered leg outfit for which place—and worn with *what* accessories—can be "as delicate as a cat nosing caviar for the first time" says one finicky designer. Gernreich's jump suit demands an above-knee coat and low-heeled shoes. Chanel, who hates a projecting derriere (like a female acrobat's), favors the pants suit for *indoors*: slacks worn with Chanel jacket and jewelry—and high-heeled sling shoes. The accessory rules are tricky.

Courrèges, who is credited with starting the chic, pants-suit-for-daytime trend three years ago, teams narrow short coats (about three inches above the knee) with what are undoubtedly the most elegant pipestem pants ever devised. But the Courrèges pants and short coat demand his slim, short boots. What women may need most desperately is a central information telephone service. Or at least, a rule book.

As for the stockinged leg, striped, diamond-patterned, paisley or whatever, one rule for good looks is "shorter coats and dresses worn with leotard-length stockings."

More covered-leg looks from Paris designer Jacques Heim: the "rugby stripes," which are heavy, plain, knitted tights with just three rugby stripes going around the leg, beginning at the ankle and going up to midcalf. Girls who think a booted leg looks too heavy can get the optical illusion of a boot via two-colored tights: the lower part (up to midcalf) is the boot, the upper part is another color. One pair of Heim's tights looks like thigh-high boots: the tights are black right up to midthigh, then white above, are worn with a skimpy, less than three-quarter-length coat. Both optical illusion boots are worn with low-heeled, open-throated shoes. As for a woman deciding *which* she can get away with wearing *where*, she'll just have to spend plenty of time, like the cat, circling all this exotic caviar.

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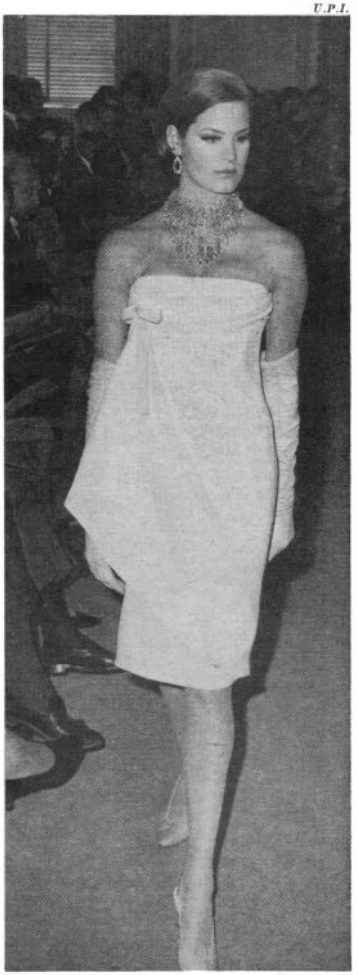


Exposed kneecap for evening: Berthelot's sarong-draped formal from Dior.

Leg Show or Not to Show

"Twice the length of the lady's glove" was just about the size of it—or rather the length, of the skimpy Dior formal gown. When Christian Dior-New York designer, Gaston Berthelot showed his new short evening gown, draped like a sarong and with a jeweled necklace from neck to cleavage, it looked like the best reason for a short evening gown comeback. But along with it will come plenty else for the woman who doesn't want to show off that much leg.

An evening hemline could be midcalf (St. Laurent) in tiers of chiffon, or more tiers (St. Laurent) to the ankles. Could be above kneecap length (Courrèges), say in pink lace worn with satin boots (and the Courrèges baby bonnet that ties *on* the chin and wiggles when you talk). Could be floor-length jersey and satin dresses (Givenchy) for Audrey Hepburn or Jacqueline Kennedy figures. For women who want to forget about length altogether, life couldn't be simpler—at least at home, where the thing to wear is "at home" pajamas.

The most popular for evening out? Depends on what the evening holds. And with the biggest yet discothèque dancing season coming up, lots of Seventh Avenue manufacturers are placing their bets on the short evening dress, shortest since Joan Crawford leaped atop a table in 1928's *Our Dancing Daughters* and started Charlestoning.

New Knit Exposure

Creamy-chinned, rosy-cheeked and just twenty-one years old, Gloria Sattel has her very own apartment in London. But since last Christmas the door has usually been locked, the apartment deserted. Gloria (born in Brussels, educated in New York, and a graduate of the Fashion School of Vienna) is more likely to be somewhere in Italy ("It's the best country on the Continent for knits") or even more likely to be in Scotland, just outside of Edinburgh, designing clothes that she paradoxically calls "figure hugging but puritanical." Her Scottish employer: the 96-year-old firm of Braemar of Hawick, better known to American women as "cashmere sweater-and-skirt people." But soon to be seen in the U.S. are some of Gloria's seventy designs for Braemar, shown last month at the Carlton Towers in London. And they're a far cry from a cashmere cardigan and skirt. Among them: a long-sleeved cashmere dress with a V-neck that plunges to below the breast bone; a cashmere evening shift, knee-length, with a wide back collar that goes waist-deep; a cardigan evening coat that descends to the ankles, and is worn over a long evening dress. "Vicuña," says Gloria. "is smarter at night than mink." It can also be what Gloria calls "eye shocking," and it could have the natives of Tibet, Kashmir and the Himalayas combing far more goats for the soft under-wool that's found beneath the goat hair. The word for it is cashmere. —HARRIET LA BARRE

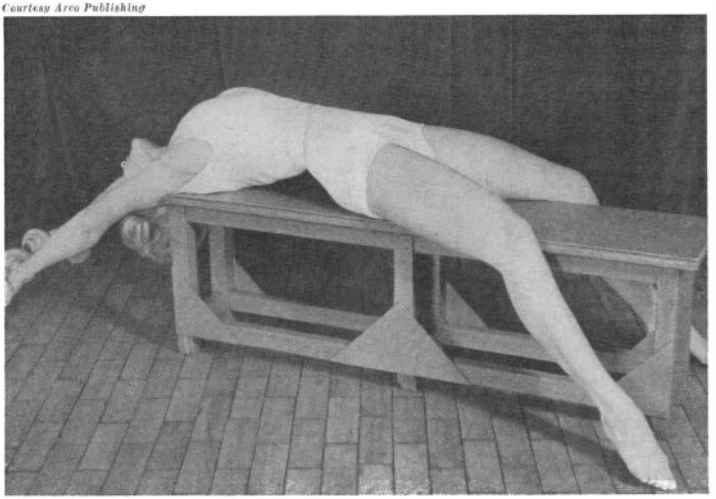
Photos by Jerry Bauer

Out of Scotland's classical house of Braemar: "eye shocker" in cashmere.

In London flat: Braemar designer Gloria Sattel in black cashmere jumper.

Take the Topless Test

Courtesy Arco Publishing



MUSCLES make curves: "From this position, raise arms straight up, then slowly lower them." Pectoral muscles reach to below arm, and from throat to ribs.

The bared bosom furor may or may not have done anything for fashion. Paris' most influential fashion magazine calls it a *canular* (slang for *joke*): "Ridiculous . . . not fashion." say important American designers. But all the fuss may have done a lot for the bosom itself.

Thirty years ago a physical culture expert proposed the idea that on one day a year everyone—men, women, children—should go naked. "The rest of the year," he added grimly, "they'd spend keeping in shape for that one day."

On beaches these days people do go practically naked. But the bosom remains disguised by the ingenious engineering feats of bra manufacturers. Now the bare possibility that it may be exposed has women taking a worried look at themselves. Could they stand the test? *Can* something be done for optimum bust beauty?

Absolutely. No doubt of it. Or so believes Eric Taylor, author of *Figure Control* for women and the *Official Royal Air Force Manual of Physical Fitness.* Just three exercises, plus more nutritious diet and better posture, should do the trick. A woman can increase her chest expansion four inches, says Taylor. She can build up the pectoral muscles under the breasts. She can even develop a better-looking rib cage.

The improved bosom comes from the fact that ". . . the fibers of the pectoral muscles become broader and new capillaries open up to feed the muscle. The increased blood supply carries vital energy fuel and tissue-building material to the working muscle.

"Protein from the diet is utilized for new tissue growth, and fat, also carried in the blood stream, may be deposited between the muscle fibers as well as under the skin and over the muscle. A new form begins to take shape . . . it is a shape built naturally from healthy muscle tissue and fat."

Taylor's three suggested exercises: the bent arm raise; the double arm crossover; the long arm pullover. All are done with dumbbells, are called *progressive resistance exercises,* since more discs are gradually added to the dumbbells. It's much the same theory of Milo, the Ancient Greek, eventually lifting a bull by starting out lifting a newborn calf the first day, and lifting it each day until it reached maturity. The *bent arm raise* is done by holding dumbbells with arms held out, then raised slowly straight into the air. In the *double arm crossover* the arms hang down on each side, are then brought up and crossed over until the knuckles of each hand are above the opposite shoulder. In the *long arm pullover* the dumbbells are held straight up in the air, then lowered backward. No, says Taylor, a woman won't get to look like Mr. Universe when she uses weights: feminine muscles differ considerably from the male: female muscles are "female characteristics like the smooth complexion, the broader childbearing hips, and the other distinctive anatomical features." Getting those other distinctive anatomical features into shape is what's causing all the fuss.

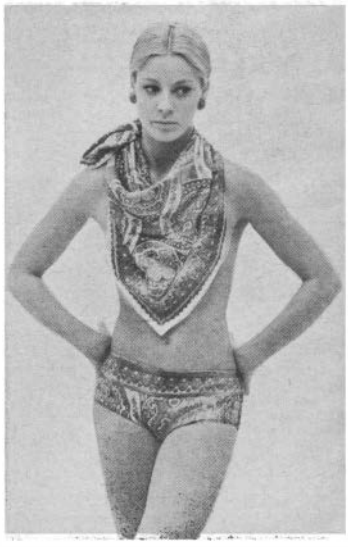
Cleavage Buffs

Buffing the décolletage. Especially a décolletage that has been made up to look definitely curvaceous. Now *there's* an idea that would send the Empress Josephine into paroxysms of envy.

Up to now, women in plunging necklines have been covering their cleavage with facial makeup, but they haven't been too happy about it. The principal fault is that facial makeup had an exasperating way of coming off on an evening gown. Women began making so many trips to the powder room for cleavage makeup repairs that their escorts were getting pretty lonely out there. And when the ladies finally did emerge, they smelled more like cleaning fluid than like some enchanted evening.

Some cosmetic manufacturer had to do

Courtesy Elle Magazine



IN PARIS, designer Torrès' scarfed bikini. "Even shoulder blades matter."

something. The something is a new décolleté liquid makeup. It stays on until the wearer washes it off with soap and water, or creams it off. The liquid is brushed on with the fingertips, starting at the cleavage and brushing up toward the base of the throat and the shoulders. In two or three minutes, it's dry. You then buff it—with a specially designed brush—to a fine, glowing finish. Sort of like polishing the car.

The idea of the Max Factor company, and called Nue des Nues, the liquid-and-brush combination should be available everywhere by this month; costs $3.95; and comes in three shades designed to match natural skin tones. Included is a booklet that imparts such vital information as how to get a "dimensional, high-bosomed look" (i.e., the illusion of additional curves is created by shadowing the cleavage with a second application in a deeper tone. Then buff again). It is, says Factor, whose tests with Nue des Nues have given the company reason to believe that the product will take off like a rocket, "The bosom companion of every girl who enjoys being a girl."

The Natural Brow

Best new look: the switch from the hard looking, pencil-drawn eyebrow to the soft, more exotic, can't-tell-it-from-real eyebrow. It's due, of course, to the brush-on eyebrow colors that are brushed on dry, with a tiny contoured brush. More expensive than the eyebrow pencil, which can be bought for 15¢ in Woolworth's or can cost $2.50 (Lancôme), the new brush-and-cake for eyebrows ranges anywhere from $3.25 (Scandia) to Maybelline's new Ultra-Brow, which costs $1. At any price, it's a great look.

Outline in Half the Time

Best upcoming look: the clean-cut mouth. Though every woman may know that when a mouth is outlined in a slightly darker shade it has a more clean-cut look, the business of achieving it has demanded a steady hand with a lip liner, the skill of an artist with a lipbrush, a couple of implements to work with and more patience than most women think it's worth.

All these problems have just gotten the ax via a new lipstick that is tear-shaped and has a darker lip liner built right into the point of the tear. When a woman puts on the lipstick, her lips are automatically outlined with one color, filled in with another.

This two-tone lipstick, which will be out this month, comes in colors like Roaring Rose ("petal rose with rich rose liner"), Purr of Pink ("soft shy pink with deep pink liner"), and several other colors including what is probably the newest mouth color for this fall: Tawny Tiger: this one is a beige-coral lipstick with the built-in liner in a slightly deeper tone. The lipsticks, called Golden Wonder, are by Tussy and they will cost $1.75. The firm ought to get a medal for this invention.

Film of Protection

A hit: soap that has a moisturizing action. A natural big seller is Princess Dial, which deposits a protective film on the skin to hold in moisture and control the rate of evaporation. This makes it a soap and moisturizer in one. There may even be a hidden third benefit for women with dry skins, and 80 per cent of adult women in the U.S. have dry skin problems; many skin authorities think dry skin treatment is most effective during bathing and after bathing, because that's when the skin is most susceptible to moisture recovery. This means that the best time to use moisturizing creams is immediately after bathing. In fact, bathing itself, surprisingly, can in some cases help eliminate dryness. Nervousness, dermatologists say, dries up the skin, and one good way to relieve tension or nervousness is to get into a warm bath and stay there ten minutes or so.

The Kindest Cut Of All

"Just a haircut, I don't want a set." Last year, these would have been staggering words to hear in a beauty salon. But with the new, short hairdo coming in, the haircut *sans* set is having something of a fling in Manhattan, particularly among the younger magazine models. Some of the short hair addicts are traveling down to a favorite "haircut only" salon in Greenwich Village. Others are favoring the new Jerry Pandora salon on Fifty-seventh Street, and other uptown salons that have expert haircutters. And it takes an expert to do the job right: to produce the desired fullness without rollers generally demands skillful undercutting of the top layer of hair. But the result gives the client a feeling of having shed the precariously balanced hairdo that must be protected. The new, sleekly sculptured fullness looks and feels as natural as a four year old's haircut. Moreover, with the no-set haircut, a woman can be out of the salon in half an hour. For a sudden, important date, this could be the ideal haircut.

—HARRIET LA BARRE

6:00 P.M., Pandora's "haircut only" haircut. Cut depends on hair texture. Above, medium fine hair is cut dry.

TOP LAYER is undercut all around to produce fullness. Bangs are 3 inches, crown is 4½ inches, tapered to neckline.

SAME EVENING, unset cut is brush-polished, topped with a Grecian-look hairpiece and bow for dinner and after.

Bela Cseh

Lester Lanin, already booked for 1984—"Society and I get along very well."

Music Socialites Like Best

You may be a guest at a debutante party under a glowing tent in Grosse Pointe, a charity ball at the Waldorf, or a wedding reception in San Mateo, but whichever it is, you will be dancing to music with a very distinctive gay upbeat—the music of society. To most of the guests at the party, the ball or the wedding, dancing to this beat is as natural as breathing air—and as necessary. It wouldn't occur to them to have a party with any other kind of music—if indeed they realize that another type of dance music exists. Wherever society gathers, there is this particular beat, and wherever the beat is, chances are very good that the name of the orchestra leader is Lester Lanin.

Lester, who hails originally from Philadelphia, has his headquarters in New York. Here he employs over eight hundred musicians whom he flies all over the country to forty-five hundred engagements yearly. On an average night, his bands may be playing as many as forty-six different engagements. "Naturally," he says, "I can only be in one place at a time, but sometimes in New York I am jumping between four and five parties in one day. For parties I can't attend, I have excellent leaders who simulate the Lester Lanin rhythm to the last downbeat." Lester, who has had his own band for over thirty years, has played for practically every top social name—du Pont, Ford, Morgan, Vanderbilt. But he doesn't play for society alone; he also plays for show business celebrities, political gatherings, commercial ballrooms and colleges; and the White House has relaxed to his music for the past three administrations. He has recorded twenty-five albums in the last six years, and was the first to put the unique society rhythm on record.

Lester himself is a small man who seems to be continually geared to the quick tempo of his music. On the bandstand he is never still for an instant—a foot continually tapping as he guides the orchestra with the quick upbeat of his baton, his head constantly moving as, with his ever-ready smile, he nods to someone he knows, leans down to take a request, or keeps his eye on how the party is going. In person he is as genial as he appears on the bandstand, and as frenetic, although more serious. He lives in a Park Avenue apartment where the living room is dominated by a piano, a green satin couch, and two parakeets. I was interested in hearing Lester's

description of the so-called society beat. "In general," he explained, "the society beat is a beat which is up-tempo, almost a one-step, with a great emphasis on the melody. But each orchestra leader must have his own individual style of phrasing. The beat is very elusive, and very few orchestras actually have it. They think they can get it by playing fast, but that's only part of it; there's still the conception to include.

"When I first came to New York, all the bands were playing selections like "Stardust" and "Deep Purple" for six- or seven-minute stretches, and there was no oomph. I decided to add a little beat, a little bounce, and to play many selections in a six-minute space—like a continuous medley. And it caught on. Now I get letters from all over the country from people who send me their business cards that say *So-and-so's Orchestra: The Lester Lanin of Portland* or wherever, so I can't have been too wrong.

"Basically the music hasn't changed in the thirty-odd years I've had an orchestra. We still do the standards, especially the show tunes—everyone loves show tunes—but you have to keep up with the times, so we do all the new dances too. I'd say the biggest change has come from rock 'n' roll. Latin music had some effect, but society doesn't do that much. Café society does merengues and cha-chas; society doesn't. But rock 'n' roll—that's here to stay. It will be smoothed down a little, but it's going to stay. One reason it's so popular now is that the kids who are coming out now have grown up with rock 'n' roll. When I play something like the frug, I really play it right, I don't tone it down. There's absolutely no point in doing something halfway. A couple of weeks ago I was playing a frug at a charity ball and one of the leading ladies of society said, 'Lester, *what* is that you're playing?' I apologized and said that I had to play some of these. But she said, 'Oh, no, I *love* it, it's *divine*.'

"Society and I get along very well; there's a great love between us, and I don't ever want to lose that fine relationship. They know that they can rely on me and that I really care that their parties are a success. I fly my bands all over the country from New York, and I *never* pick up musicians in whatever town I may be playing. The hostess is paying for something and she deserves to have the best. If there's a date in Chicago and I can't go, I might say to a band member who's been with me a long time, 'You know the beat, you go on out there and lead the band.' And then I've got a new leader who's as good as I am—he might even be better—and I'm glad because I know the hostess is satisfied. I always call up the next day, and say, 'Mrs. Vanderlip, how did everything go?' If she says, 'Wonderful, everything was wonderful,' then I know it was all right. But if she says, 'Oh, Lester, it was

(continued)

good, but it's never the same when you aren't there,' then I ask her what wasn't as she liked. She may say that the intermission seemed long, or the songs weren't quite right. or she may say that one of the band members was at the buffet table socializing with the guests. If I *ever* hear something like that, the man is out. I don't ever permit it.

"The secret of being a successful band leader is knowing *what* to play *when*. You have to know both what a group generally wants—for instance in Boston they like a lot of waltzes—and what the mood of the individual party is. The first half hour of a dance is like an audition for me. Perhaps I play a Viennese waltz and people are stumbling all over their feet; then I play a smoother waltz and more people come out; then I play something sentimental and the floor is packed. Well, by now I'm getting the feel of the party. The secret is adaptability. Now suppose it's a debutante party and the deb's father and uncle want nothing but tangos, well I won't do that for just a couple of people, because I have my reputation to protect.

"When I played at the White House recently, Luci asked me to play the frug. I told her to ask her daddy. President Johnson agreed, but I noticed he didn't dance, he just watched. Music at the White House changes with each administration. The Kennedys always had small parties, about forty for dinner, never more than a hundred and twenty-five afterward for dancing. and always a lot of the guests were friends from their prep school and college days. The atmosphere was very informal and I'd play the music I'd play for any deb party. The Johnsons give more big dinners, with a very formal receiving line, and they have many different types of people. The party I just mentioned had South American diplomats, the press, Billy Graham, American businessmen and, after dinner, Luci and forty of her friends. So I played every conceivable type of music.

"The State Department has asked me to tour for them, and I'm hoping it will work out. I've never been on tour because I have dates booked so far in advance that I never seem able to get away. Parents will call me up and say. 'Our little Susie is just three weeks old. Will you save the date of December 23rd. eighteen years from now to play for her debut at the St. Regis?' Oh. yes, they'll book the St. Regis too." At my look of incredulity, he added, "Well, you know it's the same thing as registering your son at Groton the minute he's born."

And so it goes along the society beat.

To hear the music that ushers society's fledglings in and out. from graduation to seventy-fifth wedding anniversary, listen to any of Lester's twenty-five albums. Of particular interest are his two-disc album "The Lester Lanin Dance Album" (SN 6046) on Epic, and his new Philips album "Lester Lanin Plays for Dancing" (PHM 200-132), both of which feature his regular rhythm. and "Lester Lanin: Dancing at the Discothèque" (PHM 200-145). on Philips. which features all the twist-based dances that simply *tout le monde* is dancing at chic discothèques these days. And if you want to hear society music performed in the "individual" styles of other big name orchestras, bring home albums by the following leaders.

Meyer Davis. Sharing top honors with Lester is Mr. Davis, who has been a top band leader for forty years. Mr. Davis maintains six offices up and down the East Coast from Newport to Palm Beach, and has been playing for most of society's top hostesses, as well as for Presidents from Harding through Johnson. He was the first band leader exported to Europe for a debutante party when he played at the Versailles Debutante Ball. His album "Everybody Dance!" has eight medleys of danceable tunes including sambas, college songs and show tunes. RCA Victor.

Harry Marshard has his headquarters in Boston where his orchestra is a regular addition to the parties of the smart set. He has been leading his own orchestra for over twenty-five years, and now employs three hundred musicians whom he sends out in bands of from five to fifty pieces to colleges, deb parties and hotels, from Maine to the Caribbean. His most recent album, "Harry Marshard and His Orchestra Play Your Favorites for Dancing," also has eight medleys which include many old standards plus a few Spanish and Italian selections. Cadence.

Emil Coleman came to the United States by way of Russia, where he was born. and England, where he was trained. Since 1917 he has had his own band in New York where he is a favorite with the Four Hundred. In recent years he has also had close connections with Hollywood where he has served as musical consultant, band leader and actor. His latest album. "Emil Coleman Lights Up the Plaza." features twelve selections, including "St. Louis Blues" and "I Wish I Were in Love Again," which he played at the Plaza's Persian Room during the many years he appeared there nightly. Philips.

—MICHÈLE WOOD

An advertisement in the public interest from Hattie Carnegie.

LOOKING INTO PEOPLE

Watch Out for Tattoos

Men with tattoos are risky bets as husbands or sweethearts. This is the gist of findings by a group of psychiatrists headed by Dr. Joe Yamamoto (University of Southern California School of Medi-

cine) who compared the emotional and marital records of tattooed men with those of unmarked men. The men with tattoos far more often had had emotional problems and difficulties, and had either been divorced or had never married. For these and other reasons. the psychiatrists deduced that, despite the belief of the fellow who gets himself tattooed that he is proving himself a he-man by doing so. the chances are that he's actually less masculine. and much less able to adjust maturely to women than is the one who keeps himself unmarked. Further indicated by the investigation was that tattoos on a man who's in the Army are apt to spell trouble for Uncle Sam. inasmuch as the records of court-martials and service-connected disabilities, as well as of prior arrests, school truancy and drinking were much higher among the tattooed men than among men in general.

Careers for the Gifted

Feminists will find little comfort in the career choices of the nation's brightest young women—the top 1 per cent of girl high school seniors represented in the National Merit Scholarship winners and semifinalists. Dr. Robert C. Nichols of the organization which conducts the annual Merit tests (Evanston. Illinois). has analyzed the career objectives of these girls during recent years. and here's what he found: an increasingly marked trend for the talented girls away from professional careers such as business, engineering. science. medicine. art, journalism. social work and nursing. but a big jump in those turning toward homemaking. The one profession which *has* gained enormously in the choices of gifted girls is college teaching. Among the boys from the Merit Scholarship ranks, Dr. Nichols found marked decreases in those choosing careers in engineering. physics and scientific research (distressing to many leaders concerned with the national interest). and also a lesser decline in the number of boys aiming for medicine, journalism and the ministry. However, as with the girls. college teaching is being chosen by greatly increased proportions of gifted males.

Facts on Fingernails

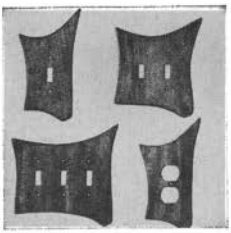
Do women's nails—as many believe—naturally grow longer and faster than men's? Definitely not, reports medical professor Dr. William B. Bean (State University of Iowa). after twenty years of studying fingernail growth in large numbers of persons. The nails of both boys and men grow faster than those of girls and women, he found. although during pregnancy the rate of fingernail growth in a woman may be increased by up to one third. Among his other findings: Heredity may have something to do with how one's fingernails grow, for in some families nails grow more quickly than in others. . . . Starvation and use of some drugs may inhibit nail growth rate, whereas overactivity of the thyroid gland may increase it. . . . Toenails, for reasons not clear. grow about two thirds as fast as fingernails. . . . There are no marked sea-

Drawings by Ron McKie

sonal variations in rate of nail growth. . . . Finally. refuting one of the most persistent beliefs. nails don't grow after death. nor does hair. although the retraction of skin may give the appearance of growth. —AMRAM SCHEINFELD

THE COSMOPOLITAN SHOPPER

BY JOAN GAROW



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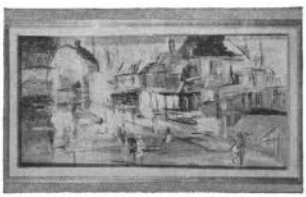

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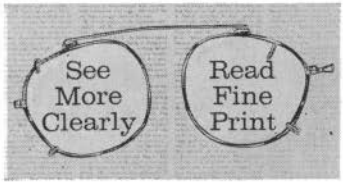

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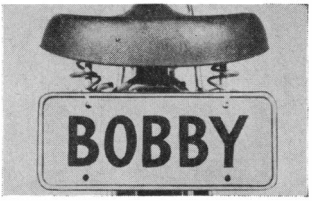

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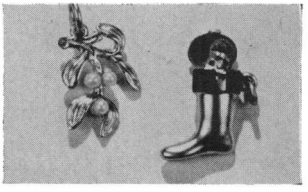

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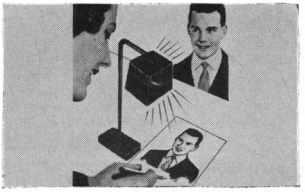

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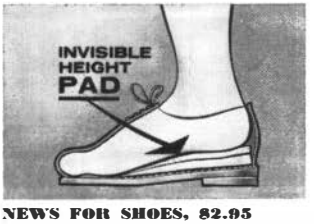

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PARENTHOOD WITHOUT GUILT

Twentieth century parents—aware that childhood experiences can alter an individual's future—tend to be troubled and timid toward their offspring. Will their children someday blame them... as they themselves so often blame their own parents? A noted psychiatrist offers some words of reassurance, plus a blueprint for repairing past damage to themselves.

BY LENA LEVINE, M.D., AND DAVID LOTH

"Should I blame my parents for my personality?"

The person who asks this question has often heard that personality is developed during childhood and is strongly influenced by one's parents. I always reply that of course there is much truth in the assertion, except that you would not use the word *blame* in this connection, either about your parents or yourself, if you understood what personality is.

Your personality is you in a much more complete and literal sense than many people use the term. It is more than the sum of qualities which leads us to say that someone has either a pleasing or a repulsive personality. Such words describe only a reflection of personality, not the personality itself. Everything that constitutes a person, the totality of characteristics that sets him apart from every other person, makes up the personality. Personality is not something we can put on or take off. It is what we are.

It is composed of an almost infinite variety of ingredients. It is our anthropological heritage as human beings. It is our cultural heritage as members of the particular civilization to which we belong. It is our constitutional or genetic inheritance from all our ancestors. Finally it is the special combination of social influences—family, school, friends, work, play—which never cease to affect us as long as we live and make each of us unique.

Photo by Harold Halma

All these factors went into the making of your personality. The process was as complex as life itself, as slow and with as many necessary stages as the growth of your body. But the analogy to the development of physical organs and functions is only approximate. We use some of the same words to describe some similar development, but it does not follow that they are therefore one and the same process. To compare the growth of the personality with the growth of the body to maturity does not imply that the personality matures at the same rate or at the same time.

So it doesn't do to blame parents for your personality (or praise them either) any more than for your size. One thing psychiatrists have learned is that this sort of value judgment is out of place. You need to be able to understand a personality, not judge it. Failure to grasp this point leads many people to say that psychiatrists are "soft" on criminals because they want to study a criminal's personality, not simply condemn him. Actually psychiatrists are quite aware of society's need to punish the wrongdoer. What they say is that the point is to understand him; only then can we perhaps change him and, more feasibly, prevent others from growing up as he did.

The development of your personality refers to the development of yourself in the whole broad sense in which one usually thinks of self—what you think and feel and want, the use of your senses, the power of controlled mobility, the ability to learn and remember, the capacity for dealing with situations and with other people. In this development there is constant conscious and unconscious conflict within yourself. The struggles between dependence and independence, inquisitiveness and caution, conformity and originality, trust and doubt, reality and imagination, love and hate are all part of it.

Mature, as used to describe the personality or emotions, has no mysterious or esoteric connotations. The word means no more and no less than it does when used to describe physical development. It means *grown-up, adult*. Its best synonym is *ripe*, and that applies when full development is reached. In human beings that is far from the end; rather it is a beginning, the beginning of the period of life in which we have come to our full powers and capacities. We may, probably will, develop still further through the use of those powers and capacities.

"Can ordinary people understand how this development takes place, or is it too technical?"

Teachers, philosophers and scientists since the beginnings of civilization have

(continued)

contributed to our present understanding of how personality develops. But Sigmund Freud laid the foundations of modern knowledge about it in Vienna in the 1880s. Thanks to him and the progress achieved by his disciples, rivals and followers, people's ideas about what they are and how they became what they are have completely changed. These ideas now go well beyond the original theory as Freud stated it and even well beyond the refinements that had been made by the time he died in 1939.

His great contributions, which seem greater the more later scholars build upon them, were his discovery that emotional energy is the core of personality development and his revelation that sex was a more basic and important ingredient in that development than had been suspected previously. These findings are the foundation of psychoanalysis, and they remain fundamental to much psychotherapy today.

Freud was a doctor looking for improved methods of treating sick people. His great discoveries were made while he was studying a group of women hysterics in Vienna. They were ill, and he could not find a physical explanation for their illnesses. But he could trace their symptoms to thwarted sexual needs. Thus the Freudian theory as originally stated in two papers published in 1893 and 1895 described sick people, but the essential truths apply to everybody.

A revolutionary concept was Freud's assertion that sexuality begins at birth, not at puberty, as everyone believed up to that time. Like most original thinkers, he was greeted with scorn and anger. Yet in a single lifetime his basic idea has been almost universally adopted and acclaimed as one of the two or three most important scientific advances of our time. On the basis of his principles, Freud postulated a course of personality development which was essentially as follows.

Every child goes through five phases of development, each of which is governed by a particular stage of sexuality. Although the theory was couched in terms of sexual satisfactions, those satisfactions are not necessarily derived through the actual sex organs, at least in the early phases.

The first phase is the *oral* phase. It lasts through the first two or three years of life and is characterized by the fact that the baby derives satisfaction from sucking and biting. The second is the *anal* phase, lasting a year, perhaps two, and sees the child resenting and reacting with hostility to demands that urinary and bowel functions be controlled. Satisfaction is derived from the products of elimination and, sadistically, from confounding others by refusing to control these functions. In the third phase, called the *phallic* or *genital*, the child discovers the sensations of the sexual organs, a girl's centering around her clitoris, a boy's around his penis. It lasts until about the age of six. From then until puberty is the *latent* period, characterized by receding interest in sex. At puberty children enter the fifth or *heterosexual* phase, in which the boy regains interest in his penis and girls transfer theirs to the vagina, both becoming desirous of actual heterosexual experience.

While Freud believed that all mature people go through all five stages to achieve maturity, he did not suppose the process was purely mechanical or automatic like the falling out of baby teeth and the cutting of a second set. He declared that a child is affected strongly in his or her progress through these stages by his or her relationships with other people. The most important of these influences are the parents, because they are the most important people in a child's life. Parental love and understanding will most likely see a child through to maturity and a sound personality. Freud held, while in the absence of these qualities a child might fail to develop fully. In that case, Freud said, a person's development would be arrested in the stage of his last satisfaction—oral, anal, genital or latent—and he would therefore be unable to function healthily as an adult in an adult world. Freud's theory of treatment was based on this principle. He found that, if the phase at which an individual was fixated could be determined, the therapist could help that individual grow out of it and go on to full maturity.

Freud worked out three other principles about the so-called complexes. In the language of psychology, a complex is a group of ideas derived from emotional experience which, although repressed from the conscious mind, continues to influence a person. A complex may become so strong that it dominates or controls the person's activities, thoughts and feelings, in which case behavior becomes pathological and the individual is emotionally sick. But it need not grow so powerful, and perfectly healthy people have complexes. There are three complexes which Freud described and which he considered an inevitable part of personality development.

One is the *Oedipus* complex; it gets its name from the mythical Greek king who killed his father and married his mother. In Freud's version a child develops a sexual attraction for the parent of the opposite sex and a sexual jealousy of the parent of the same sex. At the same time the child loves the parent who is the object of jealousy. This love, plus a little fear of that parent, should normally lead a child out of the Oedipal feeling into ordinary heterosexual relationships with contemporaries. But, said Freud, if the Oedipus complex persists, a child will not grow into a healthy adult. A girl will not be able to enjoy a satisfactory relationship with men, or a boy with women. If they do marry, they will choose a Papa or a Mamma figure, seeking to remain in the safe, familiar stage of childhood.

The second complex which Freud described is called the *castration* complex. Freud said every child undergoes it during the genital phase of development. In boys, he asserted, it manifests itself in a fear that somehow the boy will lose his penis, either as punishment for wrongdoing or otherwise. In girls, he explained, it takes the form of regret or anger that this already has happened: girls think they once had a penis and lost it. Again, Freud affirmed, girls normally outgrow the castration complex; if not, they are in trouble as adults.

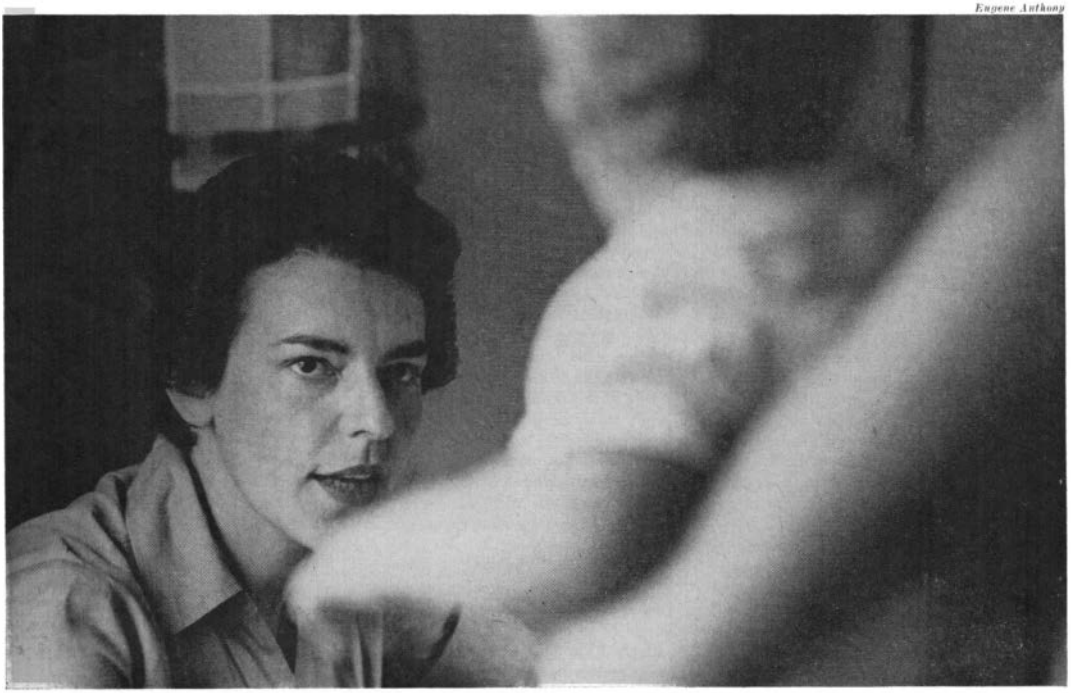
Penis envy is the name Freud gave to the third complex he described. This one, he said, is a complex undergone only by girls, all girls. It develops, he believed, when a girl learns that a boy has a penis; from this fact she presumably derives the notion that boys are thereby the privileged sex. Because Freud was a product of a heavily patriarchal society, his allegation that the castration complex and penis envy are inevitable seemed to have more foundation in his own time than it does now. But also, it must be remembered, he based his statements largely upon his studies of sick women. It can be questioned whether all his theories apply to everybody.

To Freud we also owe the concepts of the *id*, the *ego*, and the *superego* in our psychic makeup. The ego is the complete self. The id is the part of the self which provides all the instincts for self-preservation and gratification. If we had nothing but an id, we would be utterly selfish and ruthless. But the ego also has controls over the id, and these controls are the superego and the ideal ego. They impose our inhibitions, create what we call our conscience. The combination makes up our personality.

Finally Freud propounded what is known as the *pleasure-pain principle*. This is an automatic regulator of the mind's energies that prevents them from being released to the full in response to every stimulus. Pain is related to an increase in excitation, and pleasure to a decrease. The pleasure-pain principle operates in such a way that we learn to postpone immediate pleasure or tolerate immediate pains in order to further long-range goals.

Because Freud's theory involved a new concept of the libido, it has been called the *libido theory*. (*Libido* connotes the

Eugene Anthony



Dr. Virginia Pomeranz, New York City pediatrician

"No wonder new parents feel guilty." Dr. Pomeranz says. "Having a baby is like open season to all 'critics'—in-laws. friends. even strangers. I advise parents of my patients to ignore old wives' tales from these 'experts.' In the first two weeks of their baby's life they will become as much of an expert on parenthood as any of the others."

emotional cravings and energies which animate human thought and behavior.) The theory does not. of course. make way for the solution of all human problems, and Freud knew this. Nor have his successors solved them all either. However. we do know that Freud tried to cover too much ground when he attributed his three complexes to the whole race. Actually they are indications of neurotic behavior rather than universal experiences.

Later researchers have contributed theories that do not coincide completely with Freud's. They describe personality development in terms of emotional security and maturity rather than libidinal satisfactions. At the outset. a child needs to be wanted. loved and respected in order to lay the foundation for a healthy personality. Then boys don't become afraid they will lose their penises. nor do they develop a sexual love of Mother: rather they accept themselves as males and want maternal love. Similarly girls recognize themselves as girls physically and emotionally without envying boys their penises or desiring to replace Mother in Father's bed.

A great factor in emotional security is the example set in the home. Security is strengthened when loved children see that their parents love and respect each other. The emotional strength of the child will have a great deal to do with the way in which he goes on from there. It will largely determine the degree to which all other experiences and influences can be utilized or resisted. The inborn emotional strength of individuals probably varies. although as yet we cannot prove it or measure it. but only assume it from observation. It seems. however. that he who has a great deal will achieve successful maturity in spite of shortcomings in his environment. while he who has little may fail despite a more favorable upbringing.

But the single most influential factor after that. giving direction to all the others. is love. Everything we have learned about the development of personality reinforces this statement. The core of personality. the key to the functioning of an adult. is to be found in the love he received—or did not receive—in childhood. Naturally the quality of that love is as important as the amount. and that the child knew he was loved is most important of all.

Often parents of a young woman with severe emotional problems say to me in all sincerity that they lavished love on their child. sacrificed themselves for her. sent her to the best schools and did all they could to gratify her every wish. But sacrifice and generosity are not love. may even be a cover for quite different feelings which the child will sense unerringly. Children see through self-interest masquerading as selflessness even though they cannot define the terms. They gain little emotional security from gifts given without tenderness. or from parental attention with no accompanying respect.

We have come a long way since Freud

(continued)

treated his hysterics in Vienna. We undoubtedly have a long way to go. But it is now established that the emotional treatment we received as children and the emotional environment in which we grew up molded our personalities within the limits of the emotional strength and capacity with which we were born.

"Can I change my personality and improve it?"

The answer to this question, often anxiously asked, is frequently disappointing. Sometimes the disappointment is inescapable. But sometimes it is due to the misunderstanding that arises when questioner and answerer do not use the words in the same sense. Further development of the personality is always possible; there is hardly any fault or misfortune of childhood that cannot be remedied in maturity.

If complete change of personality is meant, a pessimistic answer is justified. Such a change is possible with expert help, but it is difficult, long and painful. An intensive exploration of the personality must be undertaken so that the old personality patterns may be broken down. Then new patterns must be built up slowly and arduously to replace them. The motivation for embarking upon such an analysis and synthesis must be strong if one is to endure the agony.

Such a course, fortunately, is not what most people mean when they say they want to change their personality. They aim at a more efficient or comfortable functioning of the personality they have. This requires modifications only within the limits of the person's emotional capacity. In that sense we do not by any means have to make do with the personality as it is. We can fulfill our capacities when not hampered by rigid inhibitions or paralyzed emotionally by unconscious conflicts, guilt and self-destructive tendencies. To overcome these handicaps, again, expert help usually is required.

Some authorities believe modifications come easily because the personality is flexible enough in healthy people so that it not only is capable of adjustment but seeks adjustment. Others believe the characteristics of personality can be modified by conscious design. Both points are valid. One's personality is constantly being affected through continuing development and the influence of others. If we are aware of characteristics which we would like to change or which conflict with those of our associates, we can do something about them.

A mildly obsessive compulsive woman who is driven to emptying ashtrays as soon as a match or an ash is in them can overcome the compulsion by waiting for an appropriate moment to empty the ashtray. The woman who is naturally demonstrative and embarrasses her husband or children in public can manage to save her caresses until they are at home. Such lessons you can learn, with difficulty perhaps, but successfully, if you have a strong enough motive to want to change. Sometimes you can do it yourself: sometimes you will need help.

An obsession is a compulsive action that a person simply has to carry out lest he become anxious and disturbed. When such a person consults me, I try to find out whether the feeling is mild or strong. The resulting conversation often goes something like this:

"But I simply *have* to empty ashtrays: I can't stand seeing them dirty!"

"Of course you do, but you tell me it makes your husband furious. Why not try to control yourself and wait until he's out of the room or until there's an appropriate moment for emptying ashtrays?"

"Why shouldn't he control himself?"

"Maybe he can't, but you can."

Perhaps it is a new idea to her that she can be in one way at least the stronger of the two and, if her compulsion is not overpowering, she will achieve control.

However much you expect of yourself or think others expect of you, however, the modifications you can achieve, let us repeat, will be restricted within the limits of your emotional capacity. People often are urged to try for more than they can accomplish; it is supposed to be good for them somehow, perhaps if only to insure that they really do their best. But too great strivings can be a positive danger. . . .

Perhaps the shortest and best answer to this whole question is: yes, you can change your personality, but radical change is very hard and painful. Modifications are easily within your powers if you accept yourself for what you are and understand your own emotions.

"You have spoken about the importance of learning to understand emotions. Wouldn't I know exactly what mine are since I actually feel them?"

It seems absurd, but many people don't know how they feel at any particular time: for various reasons they may be incapable of identifying their own real emotions. Some of them become sufficiently aware of the fact to seek help.

I am constantly encountering people who, in the course of a consultation, disclose that they really do not know how they feel, only how they think they ought to feel. A woman will tell me, for example, that she is not angered by the behavior of an employer, husband or friend; she just doesn't like it. She thinks it would be improper for her not only to show her anger but even to feel it, so she manages to modify it, at least consciously, to conform to what she thinks it ought to be. Soon this becomes such second nature to her that the feeling of anger appears slight even to herself, although in fact it may be very intense.

Such a woman is surprised when I tell her bluntly that she is kidding herself as well as everyone else. I have to tell her that it is not a trifling matter, either, to deceive herself about her emotions. Strong feelings require release if we are to remain healthy, and I explain. "If you don't do something consciously, the feeling will come out in some other way, overtly perhaps, or subtly, but it just doesn't disappear into thin air."

Of course, in these circumstances, if you can express yourself adequately while you are alone or in a way that does not bother those who are around you at the time, your behavior will not embarrass you—or them. When the members of your family, for example, know that they are not the cause of your anger or the target for it, they will be more tolerant of your expression of it. You yourself probably have noticed that you do not object so much to outbursts of anger in someone else if you are confident the outbursts are not directed at you.

But to be on the safe side, there are many personal methods of getting the relief of outspoken expression. A woman executive once told me, "I keep an apple in my desk and when I'm angry I take a big, angry bite; it gives me some relief." Another tears up old towels at home. Still another locks herself in the bathroom where no one can hear her and yells until her anger lessens. The way of doing it is unimportant, the point is to release feelings consciously. Emotions not acted out or controlled consciously will break out in ways the woman does not recognize as having stemmed from her feelings: and often in ways which endanger physical and emotional health.

A significant element in knowing how we feel is the rearing we had as children. When parents and others say, and mean, "I know how you feel," they help a child both to respect and accept his feelings. But a problem of discipline arises. It may be very well for the child to have the feeling, but socially unacceptable for him to express it. The important point, then, is to recognize the feeling openly and, at the same time, note the necessity for control. Some people think it is enough to learn how they feel: they don't want to learn control. "I know how angry you are at your baby sister, but don't poke her eye out." will put the problem in the perspective a child can grasp.

There has been too little respect for and acceptance of a child's real emotion.

so that, for example, she would be admonished, "You shouldn't feel that way. You shouldn't be angry with your sister; you should love her."

Repeated reproof of this kind is enough to make any child repress her true feelings so that when she grows up she won't know how she feels or won't trust her own emotions. That is why often when I ask a patient how she feels, I get this reply: "I don't know," or, "I *think* I feel thus and so."

"What are these feelings you talk about, and are they the same for everyone?"

There are four basic emotions or feelings—the words are synonymous—each with a variety of intensity and scope which gives an almost infinite potential of feeling. The four are *love*, *anger*, *fear* and *grief*.

Conscious control of these powerful basic feelings produces varying degrees of expression. The resulting behavior may be judged by the individual himself, by his parents, friends, associates and society in general. These judgments are themselves feelings. Fear or anger or even grief are likely to produce adverse judgments—among them, envy, jealousy, sloth, guilt and feelings of inadequacy, inferiority or frustration.

Restraint leads us to modify the basic emotions so that we have many shades of each. That is why we speak of many kinds of love—parental, filial, sexual, self-love, love of country and so on. Annoyance, resentment, irritation and rage are aspects of anger. Anxiety and worry are classified as fears. Sorrow and disappointment are gradations of grief. These feelings or emotions are the forces within our minds which move us to all of our actions which are not purely reflex: to the use of our minds, to behavior generally.

Emotion is in fact derived from the Latin word meaning *to move out*. So we say that we are *moved* to do something, deeply *moved* by a situation or speech or performance. We are governed very largely by our emotions for better or worse, toward sickness or health.

The seat of the emotions apparently is the brain, and in recent years some re-

(continued)

Werner Wolff

The Reverend Arthur E. Antal, pastor of Carversville Christian Church, Carversville, Pennsylvania, with wife Minerva, daughters Kay and Margie.

The Reverend Mr. Antal calls parenthood "a joyous burden," but believes that "to accept it with pleasure the parent must understand himself. He may be hesitant to discipline his children. Yet children actually crave such guidance. Imposing intelligent restrictions is absolutely no cause for guilt."

markable experiments have indicated just which areas of this incredibly complex organ are involved. Studies of the chemistry of the brain and experiments in electrical stimulation of various parts of the brain even suggest that, in time, control of the emotions by external means might be possible.

Modern electrical experiments of this kind were initiated by a Canadian neurosurgeon. Dr. Wilder Penfield. who appropriately enough is also a popular novelist. Since his early tests with patients during operations, electrical stimulation of the brains of people under medical treatment has located areas from which feelings of happiness, fear. anxiety or anger arise. An electrostimulating instrument has been inserted successfully into the brains of healthy animals with the result that certain emotions could then be turned on and off at will. The work indicates that we may be close to discoveries which would complete our understanding of how feelings are produced and function.

Meanwhile most authorities assume. although the fact has not been proved, that not everyone has the same emotional capacity. Furthermore the behavior of people suggests that the range is very great, as great as the range of capacity for physical growth or intellectual achievement. But a person with a relatively small capacity may find that he is not in the least handicapped if he can make the most of the capacity he has.

"Isn't it easy to know how others feel because they have the same feelings I do?"

If it is true that certain basic emotions are common to all human beings. it is also true that only the person himself knows exactly how he feels, at least so far as conscious feelings are concerned. Increasingly, however. it is accepted that we have unconscious feelings too, revealed sometimes by slips of the tongue or other unnoticed mechanisms. As a rule these need not bother us unless we cannot control them.

Whether a given feeling is conscious or not, different people may express it in very different ways. Controls imposed by society also make it impossible at times to determine how someone else feels. Many people cover anger with a smile. fear with a brave look. Even if a feeling is expressed openly. an onlooker may misinterpret it because he would not express it that way under the same circumstances.

Another factor in our confusion about feelings is the need to temper our expression of them in order to get along with other people. Some exercise more rigid control outside the home than in it, considering themselves more free in the bosom of the family. But the fact of control should not make us lose sight of an actual feeling within ourselves. When. after a patient has described an incident to me. I try to get him to express his feeling about the other person by saying. "You were angry with that person," the usual answer is, "No, I was annoyed."

The conscious control of his emotion and his judgment of how far to express it had led him to equate that judgment with the feeling itself. But in truth he *was* angry. although he was not able to face the fact. The key to such a person's problem is not the anger itself, but the reason why he does not want to seem angry. When he realizes this, release may, and often does, follow.

Then many of us come to confuse thinking with feeling. "How do you feel about this or that?" we say when we mean. "What do you think of it?" Thinking may modify or change a feeling and may also temper the expression of feeling. Usually the person who asks the question would be disturbed by an expression of true feeling. Feelings are basically very intense. and most of them have to be restrained to some degree. But we have to know them before we can control them well.

"Why don't we all express our feelings in the same way?"

The first element is the different capacity of different people. A second is the influence of training and example. Children imitate their parents first of all; if the parents easily and obviously express their emotions. the children will learn the same mode of expression. Superimposed upon this is the influence of society. which determines the acceptability of emotional expression. The Puritans believed in the suppression of all feelings. Other groups have considered expressions of joy to be sinful. Still others have encouraged displays of emotion.

Furthermore, society may differentiate as to what is acceptable for men and women. For example. our own customs decree that a man should display an emotion. even love. in moderation, if at all. Women are permitted more open displays of affection or fear. but anger is even more unseemly for them than for men.

"Since everybody wants love and needs love, why isn't it always shown in the home, at least when it exists?"

It may be that the love shown is all one person has the capacity to give. yet it may be so far from enough to satisfy the other's need that the recipient doubts its existence. However, another reason is that love does not always develop healthily from infancy to maturity.

Of all the emotions. love is the only one that goes through a developmental process. No doubt the innate ability to love exists in an infant. but it needs to be developed; it does not burst out spontaneously as does anger or fear. As a child brought up entirely in a deaf-and-dumb community never will learn to talk although his speaking apparatus is normal, so a child in a loveless home cannot learn to love until he encounters love elsewhere. Such a child will neither feel love nor be able to give it to another.

The first stage of development is the receiving one. An infant demands love, and only after getting it does a child begin to give love. first to parents and then to others, and increasingly so. Finally, in maturity, love can be given to a spouse without restraint. This course of development is implied in many authoritative works. although not spelled out just this way. Erich Fromm in *The Art of Loving.* for instance, puts it:

"For most children before the age from eight and a half to ten. the problem is almost exclusively that of *being loved*—of being loved for what one is. The child up to this age does not yet love; he responds gratefully, joyfully to being loved. At this point of the child's development. a new factor enters into the picture: that of a new feeling of producing love by one's own activity. For the first time, the child thinks of *giving* something to mother (or to father), of producing something —a poem, a drawing or whatever it may be. For the first time in the child's life the idea of love is transformed from being loved into loving; into creating love. It takes many years from this first beginning to the maturing of love. Eventually the child. who may now be an adolescent, has overcome his egocentricity: the other person is not anymore primarily a means to the satisfaction of his own needs. The needs of the other person are as important as his own—in fact, they are more important. To give has become more satisfactory, more joyous than to receive; to love, more important even than being loved."

This last development is the common, healthy need we have to be needed. We must not only be important to someone: we want to be essential to the loved one's well-being. That feeling is an invaluable element in our own well-being too. The need can be gratified in our relationship with a parent or child. a friend or relative, but is most obvious between husband and wife. It enriches our lives. but it poses a danger for some people if they allow it to become excessive or misplaced. as when a mother attempts to gratify her need to be needed at the expense of a child grown beyond the point

of needing to be his mother's object.

Many possible vicissitudes may take place to hamper development to mature love. There are setbacks, flaws in the love given and received, which tend to repress the feeling, perhaps even before it has a chance to develop at all. Such repressions, more common in men, leave many husbands unable to show any sign of affection for their wives. At times, of course, husbands complain about this failure in their wives too. As a result, the existence of love is seriously doubted. I have heard women say, "He comes from a cold family; I never see any sign of affection in that house. But why is he so cold to me?"

This attitude is what I call half knowledge. If she knew that he grew up in a cold home, she ought to understand how difficult it must be for him, who never received an expression of the love she desires, to give love. Sometimes such a man may mislead a girl during their courtship because in his desire to win her he demonstrates all his capacity for love with one great special effort. After marriage he does not feel the need to try so hard. Nagging him and badgering him will only make him more withdrawn. On the other hand, if she keeps on loving him and showing it so as to create a loving atmosphere around him—in spite of the usual temptations to react with pique or indifference—the cold husband will thaw out, will gradually develop the capacity to give the love of which he was deprived.

Sometimes a woman who can love tries to withhold it from an undemonstrative spouse on the theory that love is some sort of fifty-fifty proposition, a bargain in which she should only give as much as she gets. That makes about as much sense as would her refusal to cook dinner for the family because her husband doesn't know how. Of course she doesn't want him to cook but does want him to show his love. With her understanding help he might be able to do the one as well as the other.

"Isn't it good for me, especially because I am a woman, to 'blow off steam' when I am angry?"

We have suggested that strong feelings need to be expressed. So it is true that for her own sake a woman should "blow off steam," but not necessarily more than a man or a child. It depends upon individual need, not on sex or age.

The need to blow off steam does not justify expressions of anger or rage in forms which harm another person. Most of us are taught before we grow up to suppress objectionable behavior engendered by rage (even though we may not always do it). It is proper that we do so

(continued)

Werner Wolff

Robert Mays, Mechanicsville, Bucks County, Pennsylvania, high school teacher with wife Peggy at piano, daughters Rebecca Sue, left, and Kathy playing recorders, son Jeff with guitar, son Todd on piano bench.

"A father's guilt feelings," Mr. Mays believes, "may come when he tries to 'prove' himself to his family, striving to provide them with 'things.' But money isn't the answer: the kids in my classroom have taught me that. I've seen wonderful kids from wealthy backgrounds full of anxiety because parents were too busy to take time out for love."

as long as we do not try also to modify the intensity of the emotion, to reduce the feeling to mere irritation or annoyance while we restrain the violent action which may be our first angry impulse. It is healthy to control behavior; it is dangerous to try to alter materially the emotion which prompts it.

The distinction is especially important for children. They experience a great deal of hate or rage early in life because they can rarely do everything they want when they want to. and anger is the obvious reaction. The first object of this anger is a parent because parents are the ones who deny a pleasure or who demand that the child do things that may be distasteful. Yet often the child is taught at a very early age not to hate or be angry with Father or Mother.

What happens to the child's anger? Presumably it is forgotten and disappears. But actually, we now know, it remains within with the same intensity as in the beginning. At times it is well suppressed, but not so completely that it may not burst forth years later against a person or situation at random, usually someone close to the adult the child has become. This suppressed anger, unknowingly added to that aroused by a new person or situation, may blow up out of all proportion to the immediate. obvious cause. It is so intense sometimes that it puzzles and plagues even the one who is expressing it. He can't understand why he is so enraged or quarrelsome over a trifle.

One result may be an actual physical illness. "You make me sick" is a common expression of anger, but it may become literally true. Digestive disorders, "sick" headaches, and sexual dysfunctions are some of the illnesses induced. More immediate physical effects of anger—the flushed face, the trembling limbs, the raised voice—are familiar to us all.

For the sake of our personal well-being we need to accept anger as a respectable emotion. The desirability may be appraised more fairly if we evaluate it from the standpoint of anger directed against us rather than that which we direct against others.

"You have talked of expressing anger (and other feelings) in the home. Why not outside the home as well?"

When people generally accept anger as a respectable emotion, the expression of anger will cease to carry penalties. The first stage in achieving that respectable status must be taken in the home. where already custom tolerates more open displays of emotion—notably love. In the meantime, we do look disapprovingly upon an angry person. Many people will not accept such a person's behavior, no matter what his role, but will usually disapprove far more severely of rage expressed outside the home.

A tyrannical boss who frequently loses his temper may seem to be accepted by his employees, but although they bear the brunt of his rages, they are usually in no position to talk back. Their outward docility in such a case does not reflect acceptance of the boss's anger—quite the contrary. They refrain from showing resentment because they are afraid of the boss or of losing their jobs; but they will find a substitute target, usually in their own family. who won't be able to understand the unprovoked loss of temper.

The general level of your emotional health would be improved if you could regard anger, even the boss's, in a respectable light. This goal may prove difficult, because you probably were taught as a child not only to "be good," but to respect your elders. The problem is to combine this lesson with the recognition that anger need not be "bad" or disrespectful.

Like anger, fear has immediate and profound effects upon the body. Some of these are eminently useful. some are a nuisance and some may be harmful. Two people may have exactly opposite physical reactions to fear. This is apparent in popular speech when people say, on the one hand, "I was paralyzed by fear" or, on the other, "I was so scared I jumped a mile." In fact fear may make one person literally unable to move or speak and stimulate another to incredible feats of strength. The common, healthy effect of fear is to mobilize all the bodily functions that fit us for flight or fight. Muscles, nerves, circulation, digestion, are organized for maximum exertions. Charles Darwin put it, "A man or animal driven through terror to desperation is endowed with wonderful strength and is notoriously dangerous in the highest degree."

Repeated mobilization of the body for an emergency is likely to do some damage, especially if there is no real emergency. That is why fear can create serious physical or emotional maladies such as frigidity in women and impotence in men. insomnia, speech defects and many other disabilities.

"Which fears would you consider reasonable and which unreasonable?"

It is reasonable to be afraid of anything that may affect us adversely. The fear may not be immediate or it may be exaggerated or even not altogether logical. but it still may be reasonable. It is reasonable for a woman to be afraid to talk to her husband about a previous sexual experience. abortion or pregnancy. or about her true age if she is older than he. It is reasonable for her to be afraid of telling him about an operation or a chronic condition which might affect her in her role as wife or mother, for she will fear it may cost her the man's love or his fidelity. Such reasonable fears may be troublesome, yet she cannot discuss them except perhaps with a doctor. Most wives do not dare share such fears with their husbands.

There are, of course, external fears. and they, too, may be either reasonable or unreasonable. A revealing example is the case of a woman whose child is driving back to college after a vacation. The mother is afraid something terrible will happen. "Call me when you stop for gas and as soon as you arrive." she says. and in between calls she imagines all sorts of disasters. If the day is pleasant. the child an experienced and careful driver. the car known to be in good condition. the mother's fears are unreasonable. But. if after the child leaves. the weather becomes stormy and the radio reports icy roads or a blizzard along the route, maternal anxiety is reasonable.

When a woman knows her fears are shared by many. she may think that fact makes them reasonable and even justifiable. The mother who is unreasonably afraid of her child's driving may say defensively. "Well. accidents do happen." But accidents happen at home too, yet the same women never worry about domestic mishaps. Or a woman may be afraid of flying, as many are, and justify her fear by arguing, "Maybe it is unreasonable, but planes do crash and we can get there some other way."

However, the most troubling conscious fears women have are those that arise in their various relationships—with husband or mother or daughter, friend or companion, employer or employee.

"What are some unconscious fears and what can I do about them?"

Unconscious fears are what the words imply—fears which we really do not know about but which affect our behavior. Everybody—men. women and children—has some unconscious fears. of varying intensity. For the most part we manage these fears unconsciously too. so that our behavior is not influenced by them to any appreciable extent. But sometimes. as for example with the fear of flying. underlying fears exaggerate. if not create. conscious ones. Then the fears may be difficult to manage.

"If you'll just try it, you'll see it's nothing to be afraid of," a woman is fre-

quently urged by family and friends. If she can take this advice, a woman's fears must not be too intense and she may find that flying is indeed nothing to be afraid of. But if she cannot, if the combination of conscious and unconscious fear is too strong and is producing a serious problem in her life, she probably needs professional help.

"Isn't grief caused by external events or situations, and don't I just have to accept my feelings as best I can?"

Grief, the fourth of the basic emotions, should indeed be accepted, as should the others. But it is not always triggered by a specific event or situation, although these are the most obvious causes—a death, an accident, an illness, a serious financial crisis and so on. Grief or unhappiness may result from an accumulation of things none of which would be of much account by itself.

Whatever the cause. grief needs release as other feelings do or it will remain inside, cropping up eventually as an addition to the grief we feel on other occasions. Then, as with anger, our expression of the emotion becomes grossly inappropriate to the situation. The value of earlier expression, at least by women, is widely recognized; a grief-stricken woman often is urged to "have a good cry." "You'll feel better." we say, realizing the relief tears afford. But that is only when we are aware of the feeling and the provocation for it. Sometimes a woman with an unsolved problem finds herself in tears without knowing why.

A woman came to my office to seek help for a physical complaint, a tearing of her eyes. As she talked, her face was calm and showed no expression of unhappiness. She had been examined medically many times, but nothing was organically wrong. The root of her difficulty obviously was not physical.

However, when we discussed her life, it was plain to me that she had reason to cry all the time. She was miserable in her marriage but could find no escape from an intolerable situation. She hated to remain with her husband. Yet she could not bring herself to leave him. She had made this decision long before and had ostensibly adjusted to it, judging by her composed manner and features. But her emotions had not been consulted, and they were overwhelming her.

When she was able to look at her feelings, she understood not only that she was disappointed in her marriage but why. She was in truth as disappointed in herself as in her husband. She realized she was not really wicked, however, in not regarding her man as highly as she thought a wife ought. She also found out what her true capacities were and began to realize them. She saw her husband as he was, not as she had expected him to be, and she even discovered in him likable qualities she had not noticed before in her self-preoccupation. Her rela-

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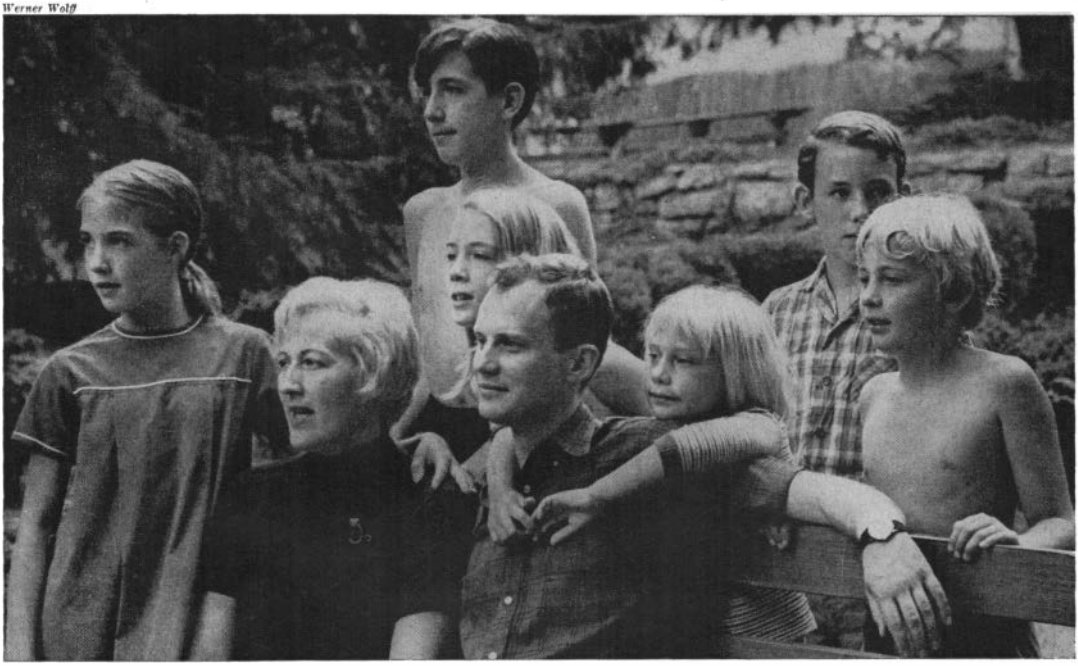
Werner Wolff



Mr. and Mrs. Charles Woodford of Stockton, New Jersey, operators of a summer camp for the performing arts, with children: from left, Leslie, Brian, Darcy, Louisa, Bruce, Carl.

"I really don't care if my children hate me from time to time," Mrs. Woodford says, "as long as they don't hate one another—and, by extension, the world they live in. If you have guilt feelings don't let your children get stuck with them." Adds Mr. Woodford: "I think the best you can do is allow your child to *be* a child. You're only a child once."

tionship with him improved. of course. and she lost her need to be wiping tears from her face all the time.

It is much easier to write about this situation than it was for the woman to adjust to it. No one ever adjusts without effort or pain to the unpleasant situations in life. It is always a struggle to master the expression of strong feelings so as to mitigate their effects. When a woman who consults me complains about this bitterly, I say, "Of course it is difficult for you. But who promised you life would be easy? Maybe the philosophers are right to say the gods invented failure in order that we should try harder the next time." . . .

"Tears are said to be a woman's weapon, but shouldn't she control them in the same way men are supposed to?"

Our modern attitude toward grief is fostered early in life. When parents send their children away to camp for the summer, the youngsters often cry at parting. "Don't cry," the parents protest. "You should be glad!" If a child falls. hurts himself and bursts into loud wails, the parents often say, "Don't cry. It really doesn't hurt." Another child falls but does not cry, and his parents praise him: "That's a good boy. That's a brave boy."

But the child should cry. Why. if he is sad at a parting, should he not obtain the relief of tears? Why should he say the fall doesn't hurt when it does? Why should he be brave when the pain really may seem less if he weeps? Furthermore. the child who is allowed the comfort of tears will be more likely to handle the hurts of later life without unnecessary damage to himself. Adults should be able to express their feelings too.

As with anger, a too rigid suppression of grief may cause problems. If convention imposes too great restraints upon a person, his feelings are bound to come out in one way or another. Crying is generally a less harmful form of behavior than others.

"Are the troubles some women have at menopause psychosomatic? Do they go through an emotional as well as a physical change?"

The discomforts and difficulties which affect certain women at their climacteric are an excellent example of the psychosomatic problem. There is. however. an added ingredient—a social factor, the attitude of the community. In the absence of social and psychological influences. the biological changes would hardly give rise to "female troubles"; most women have no symptoms when bleeding stops.

These physical changes mark the end of a woman's reproductive life, but that is all. One can say *all*, because in the twenty or thirty or more years of their fertility, most women have had the opportunity to bear at least as many children as they want or can rear. What happens physically during the menopause is that the ovaries decrease their production of hormones which are concerned with reproduction and metabolic function and eventually stop it altogether. Meanwhile the adrenal cortex takes over the job of supplying these needs of other organs. In the course of readjusting this hormonal balance a woman may have physical symptoms, of which the most usual are flushing and sweating.

The other distressing effects of menopause are largely induced by society. Fear is the primary cause, and it is usually compounded by ignorance. For example, many women think that grey hair, lined faces and sagging figures are connected with the menopause. These are actually the earliest phases of the aging process and have nothing to do with the end of menstruation. In this country particularly, where youth is fetish, women are afraid of menopause because they think it marks the beginning of the aging process and they dread getting old.

Then there is a myth that a woman's sex life ends at menopause. This isn't true either. although sometimes the fear of it will make it true. In fact, many women find increased sexual satisfaction at this time because they no longer need to worry about pregnancy.

Compounding the problem for many has been the fear of what menopause would cost in human relationships. Women were afraid their husbands would no longer love them, their children no longer respect them, their employers want to get rid of them. Unfortunately some of these fears were justified because others have shared this unreasonable attitude.

Today more and more women are facing menopause quite free from such fears. One reason is that doctors are discovering that the menopause is not responsible for ailments which the profession once attributed to it—most of the ailments occurring in the forties and fifties. such as rheumatism. arthritis. etc. In the old days when a woman over thirty-five had any sort of organic trouble the physician could not understand, he was likely to blame it on menopause. Now that doctors have taken the lead in

Eugene Anthony

Clark W. Blackburn, general director of the Family Service Association of America.

"Local Family Service agencies offer casework services to about 400.000 families a year," Dr. Blackburn says, "and almost a third of the clients report parent-child problems. We often overlook the fact that we—and our children—live in a world of rapid social change where definite adjustments and solutions are no longer possible."

dispelling fear. they can attribute the psychosomatic menopausal complaints—high blood pressure, headaches. too rapid heartbeat. dizziness, impaired circulation, fatigue—to their true causes.

Furthermore, the sometimes distressing symptoms which bothered some women in the past can now be alleviated by drugs. The emotional problems are waning because of the examples of countless women who have experienced menopause without diminution of health or zest. . . .

"Isn't it important for me as a woman, isn't it even my right, to get away from my usual routine and my family once in a while in order to find myself, to achieve genuine self-fulfillment?"

The widespread notion that such escape leads to increased self-satisfaction is erroneous. In the first place, it implies that you can lose yourself. But you are yourself all the time, not something that can be lost and found again. In the second place, you achieve self-fulfillment wherever you are, whatever you are doing; if you are a woman, you should find it in the everyday life of wife and mother, worker and companion.

Most people think they can fulfill themselves only by doing things, usually things quite different from what they do all the time, things they regard as creative, such as painting or writing. So they say they "want to get away from it all" so as to allow their talents to flourish.

A woman who expresses this wish may be dissatisfied with her situation as well as with herself. and with or without good reason. But self-fulfillment comes from being the self she is able to be through full use of her capacities, as we have said. She is far more likely to realize herself in her everyday environment than by avoiding just those responsibilities and opportunities which are inseparable from most people's usual routines.

Women who think this is too much to ask of them sometimes say to me, "I am constantly doing things for others. Don't I have my rights?" When I ask just what they think their rights are, they are often nonplussed and answer in the vaguest, most general terms. Finally it comes out that the right they demand is the right to avoid for a while the daily round as wife and mother, to throw off all responsibility. to recapture youth. If a woman does achieve her wish, it does not turn out so well. She may go off alone on a vacation. have a love affair with a young man, be flattered and made much of, but she does not come back refreshed. Instead, flushed with excitement and pleasure. she may be less able to carry on than before. Rather than adjust to her situation at home, she lives only for the moment when she can shed responsibility again.

A more likely road to satisfaction would be to add to the things she is doing rather than drop them for something else. A course at night school, amateur theatricals, a community service which interests her, a sport like golf or swimming or bowling—any activity that happens to please her will give her a better perspective on her rights and how to fulfill herself.

"Isn't it natural for me to be frightened in a new, unfamiliar role?"

Yes, it is quite natural to have some anxiety in any situation which you encounter for the first time. No one is so secure that he does not. when taking on a new role in life, experience that sensation which may be graphically described as butterflies in the stomach. As we have indicated. some authorities hold that this is highly desirable. since it keys up the system to do its best.

What is not natural or. usually, reasonable is for the fear to persist. What you are naturally afraid of is that you will not perform satisfactorily in the new role, whatever it is—as wife. parent, friend. worker—that you will not do the things you should, or that you will do things you shouldn't. But after you have learned what the role requires and have accomplished it once, or more than once. and have become aware that you accomplished it. the anxiety should disappear. What may remain is a desire to perform still better, but that is not an attribute of fear.

However, if the initial anxieties are very intense, they may of themselves interfere with the carrying out of the duties inherent in the new role. Even if a task is done then, it may seem to be unsatisfactorily performed, so that you may be afraid of trying again. If you do, the attempt may again be impeded by the continued anxiety. In this situation the fear, whether we regard it as natural or not. is highly prejudicial to a successful relationship. It must then be examined as would any other serious emotional problem, faced and, if possible, resolved, because it may disturb not only the relationship. but the emotional and physical health of the individual. THE END

Hal Schaefer

Mrs. Rosita Moreno, of Los Angeles, with her daughter, Academy Award winning actress Rita Moreno.

"When a mother no longer worries about her children, she has stopped being a mother," Mrs. Moreno feels. "You feel your kids always need your protection no matter how old they are or where they may be. I worry about Rita even though she's grown up, successful and capable of taking care of herself."

New Roles for Spanish Women

Lace mantillas and serenades by moonlight, cloistered courtyards and duenna-chaperoned dates... these were facts of life to the Spanish girl of years past. But today's senorita is a young woman in revolt—against everything from the double standard to one-piece bathing suits.

PHOTOS BY MAXWELL COPLAN • TEXT BY J. P. EDWARDS

As recently as six years ago a Spanish woman could not obtain a passport or a driver's license without her husband's written consent. She was a kind of hothouse flower: carefully sheltered, treated with elaborate courtesy, but poorly educated, restricted in her behavior, deprived by law and custom of the most basic human rights.

Almost overnight all this has changed. Up until two years ago, conservative custom forbade "immodest" two-piece bathing suits on Spanish beaches. Today Public Works authorities find it necessary to have a ruling that girls wear long pants while riding motorcycles (skirts having caught in wheels and caused accidents).

Culminating factor in the change was the constitutional reform law of July, 1961. Under it and related legislation, women were guaranteed equal rights with men in marital separation, in professions, jobs, voting, holding office.

The reforms climaxed an eight-year campaign led by Mercedes Fórmica (lawyer, writer), whose insistent efforts caused a Spanish gentleman of the old school to observe, "We men didn't leap into the twentieth century; we were pushed." Miss Fórmica launched her battle in 1953 with a newspaper article headed "The Conjugal Home," in which she contended that the home was not rightfully the sole property of the husband—a modest contention in most Western societies, but political dynamite in Spain. Her plea found many eager advocates among Spanish women, who had already had their first taste of freedom during the Civil War (1936-39). "During the war," Miss Fórmica explains, "women whose families would never have allowed them to work outside the home suddenly were called upon to be nurses, defense workers, even to bear arms. Men allowed them to do these things because they *needed* them, and later . . . well, the groundwork for change was laid."

Today the University of Madrid has roughly twice the number of female law students, four times the number of female medical students as in 1953. At least three women hold full professorships at Spanish universities; five women sit in the *Cortes*, or Spanish parliament.

In the same period television has come to Spain, and the Spanish girl in her

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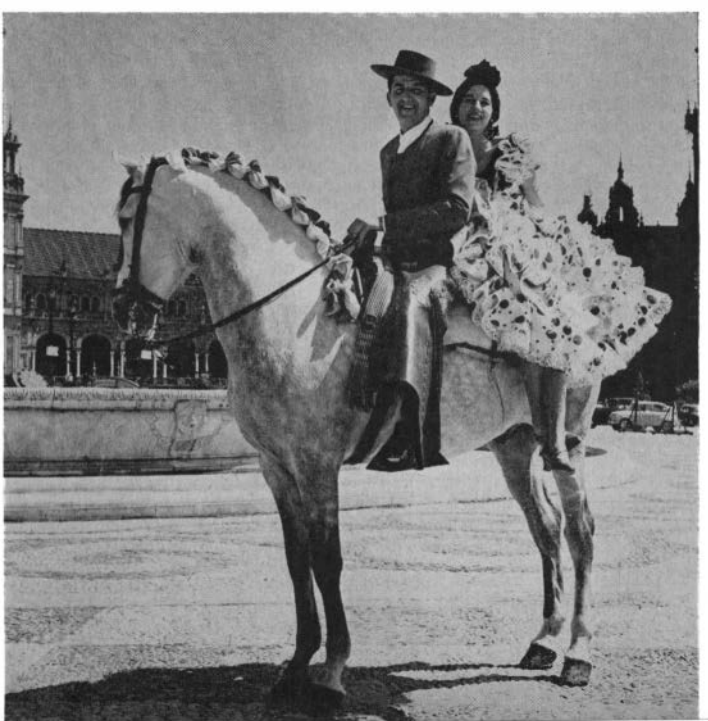

FILM REPORTER *Natalia Figueroa (left) wears ruffled flamenco costume for ride through Seville's Plaza de España during annual festival, behind Fermin Bohorquez, a* rejoneador *(one who fights bulls on horseback with spear). Dignity, elegance of Spanish woman is typified by Menchu Torrado de Andreu (right), prominent in Barcelona society, in elaborate coiffure, coral-encrusted gown. In rear: a Barcelona Chamber of Deputies guard.*

new freedom has broken tradition to copy what she has seen there. She has cut her long hair. She uses more makeup and feels free to smoke in public. She wears slacks, blue jeans, even a bikini.

For the housewife, too, life has changed —due less to legal reform than to the recent advent of installment buying. "Buy now, pay later" is rapidly providing even the poorest Spanish woman with modern appliances and that most primary of freedoms: freedom from drudgery.

As the American-born Countess of Quintanilla sums it up: "Village women used to cook kneeling down on their kitchen fireplaces. But in a few years they've jumped ahead by a century—from cooking on their knees, to cooking with gas."

YOUNG ACTRESS *Maria Paz Ballesteros has been performing professionally for six years, despite early parental objections. "They don't mind anymore," she explains. "Now they're proud of me." Recently appearing in Madrid play,* Trial of Four Nuns, *she has two sisters who also have careers—one teaches music, the other is a physical education instructor. Her hat is by Elio Berhanyer. With her is Khaled, champion Afghan.*

FLAMENCO PERFORMER *Carmen Ponce (above) poses in classic costume with dancer Paco Vaquero in Seville's colorful Santa Cruz district. Seville is center for flamenco. There are three classes of performers: dancers* (bailaores), *singers* (cantaores), *handclappers who set rhythm* (jaleaores). *Many Spanish women dance flamenco as hobby. Best known: present Duchess of Alba.*

SOCIALITE *Macarena Ibarra (above right) stands on steps of narrow hillside street in old sector of Madrid. Her family owns important shipping company in Spain. Its transoceanic liners such as the* Cabo San Roque *and the* Cabo San Vicente *are often used for "floating Spanish exhibitions" to promote trade, tourism—one of country's biggest industries. Her gown is by Herrera-Ollero.*

VISCOUNTESS OF VILLA-MIRANDA *(right) leads relaxed life of traditional Spanish aristocrat who rises late in day and to whom "after lunch" means* 5 P.M. *Behind her is elaborate glazed tile facade of Villa Rosa, former bistro and meeting place for flamenco performers, bullfighters. Casualty of Madrid's rapidly changing scene, Villa Rosa is being remodeled into new restaurant.*

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BARCELONA'S CATHEDRAL *of Santa Eulalia forms dramatic backdrop for Maria Teresa Verjes de Bertrand, from one of Spain's leading textile manufacturing families. Cathedral was built between 1289 and 1450; excavations have revealed a sixth century basilica underneath. Like most Spanish women whose taste in clothes still bears traces of old-world conservatism, Senora de Bertrand often wears black. Gown is by Balenciaga.*

"Spain had only one great king: Isabella."

TOP-HATTED GUARD *in ancient uniform makes striking contrast with modern chic of Maria Rosa Buxeres, leader of Barcelona's younger social set, at city's Chamber of Deputies. Until recently women rarely held public office or voted. Queen Isabella—known among historians as country's one great king—was exception. Deputies' Palace, noted for its chapel, orange tree court, dates back to fifteenth century.*

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Spanish Women (continued)

YOUNG MATRON *Maria Angeles Viladomiu de Sensat, member of one of Barcelona's leading industrial families, wears scarlet town suit for bird shopping along the Ramblas, picturesque street known for its outdoor bird market, flower stalls. Originally a dry river bed outside old Roman city, it is now a wide, tree-lined thoroughfare leading to town.*

MOVIE STAR *Maria Cuadra chats with Damaso Arango, senior pilot, Iberia Airlines. Her outfit: black bowler, grey topcoat by Vargas-Ochagavia. Acting was first profession open to Spanish women. In 1900, says the Countess of Campo Alange, it was "most brilliant profession to which women could aspire"—and virtually only one.*

FAMOUS PAINTER'S NIECE *Menchi Lopez-Sert y Satrustegui favors covered-up look of black and white by Eboli for formal occasions. Embroidered trim, long earrings, are typically Spanish touches. Miss Lopez-Sert's father is Marquis of Lamadrid, her uncle José Maria Sert, who painted murals in Rockefeller Center and Waldorf-Astoria.*

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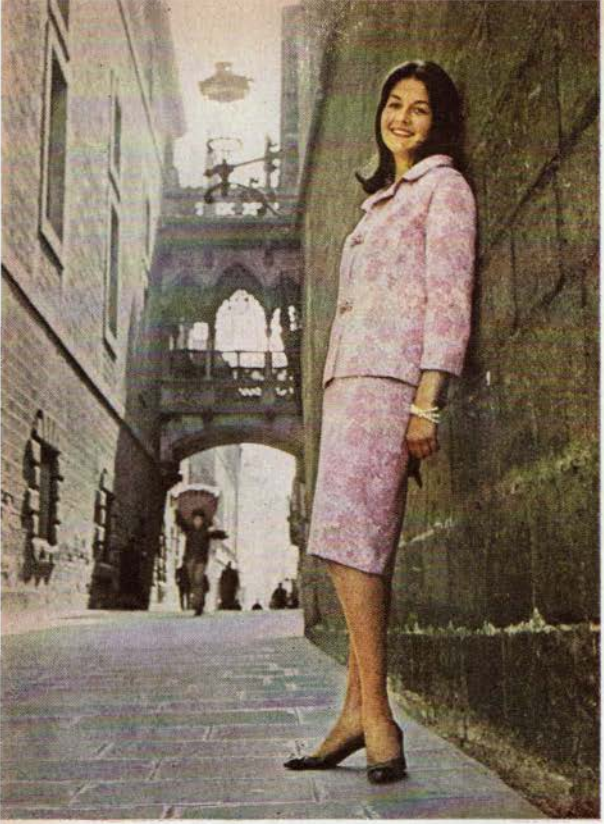

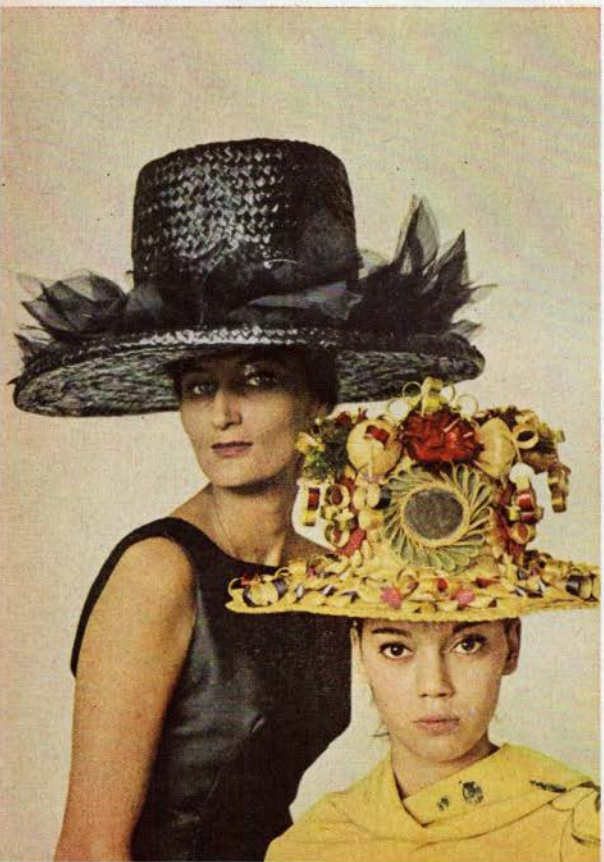

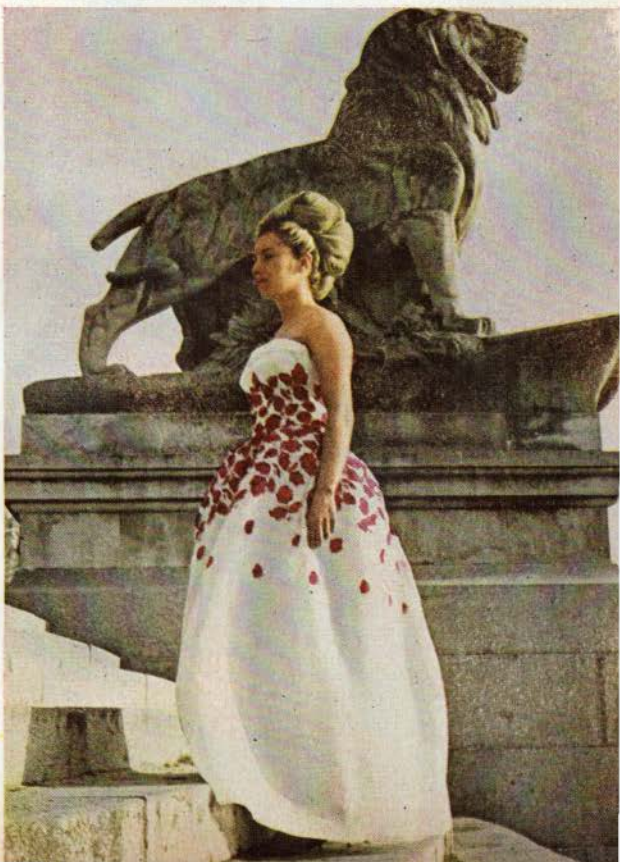

Spanish Women (continued)

ULTRAMODERN LOOK *of today's Spanish girl is exemplified by Maria Cristina Barbat (top left), in all-purpose print dress, matching jacket by Eboli. Hair is often worn long in day, updo for evening. Bridge over street is part of Barcelona's Gothic Quarter.*

RECENTLY PUBLISHED (Story of Pascualete), *perennially best-dressed, Countess of Quintanilla (top right) was born in Pearl River, N.Y., went to Spain in '44 to work with OSS, married Count. She's now writing second book. Suit, hat by Pedro Rodriguez.*

SCIENTISTS-TO-BE *descend steps of chemistry building at University of Madrid. From left: Facunda Rodriguez, Maria Teresa Alondiga, Julia Iglesias, Maria del Rosaria Perez-Fragero, Maria Teresa del Riego, Carmela Ochoa, Victoria Eugenia Iglesias. Six will be chemists; Miss del Riego is in medicine.*

SALAMANCA HATS *(far left)—lavish traditional style and chic black modern version by Elio Berhanyer—are worn by Elsa Baeza (right) and Ra del Rey. Miss del Rey designs costumes and sets for movies. Miss Baeza is model who works in U.S. and Spain.*

PRINCESS MAX EMANUEL DE HOHENLOHE *wears embroidered gown (near left) on steps of Alfonso XII monument in El Retiro, Madrid. Her father, the Duke of Medinaceli, owns Casa de Pilatos, Seville palace where Debutante Ball is held.* THE END

"YES, THERE IS A MADAME DE GAULLE"

Tante Yvonne has been wed to le Grand Charles for over four decades and, like most wives of the French bourgeoisie, Madame la Présidente is devoted to her husband, dedicated to her church and committed to the preservation of public morality.

BY RENÉ LECLER

One afternoon two years ago, England's Queen Mother called at the Élysée Palace in Paris for some tea with Madame Yvonne de Gaulle and gave her hostess a huge box of her favorite London-made candies. The French President's wife looked at the box and demurred. "Le Général always says that they are terribly bad for the figure," she told her visitor. The Queen Mother remarked that it was better to be plump and happy than thin and miserable. On this the two women fell on the candies, cheerfully munching away until, unannounced, the President walked in.

After paying his respects to the royal visitor, he sat down, pointed the spectacles he always carries at the box of candies and muttered, "Bad for the figure." Yvonne de Gaulle replied, "I do so agree with you, but just for once I thought that what was good enough for the Queen of England would be good enough for Madame la Présidente!"

In more than four decades of a marriage of majestic tranquillity and surprising happiness, there can have been but few instances of Yvonne de Gaulle scoring a point on her husband. The private life of le Grand Charles and Tante Yvonne, as she is known to all and sundry, has never ceased to tease the imagination of the French public. As one Paris columnist recently asked. "What must it be like to be married to a public monument?"

As a matter of fact, hardly anybody scores a point on Charles de Gaulle. For some years before World War II, he urged his countrymen to prepare for modern warfare, and not to pin their hopes on the Maginot Line. And a bitter defeat proved him tragically correct.

De Gaulle fled to England, where he served as the rallying point for the Free French. But his mercurial moods and chilling remarks made him a difficult man for the Allied commanders to deal with. "The greatest cross I had to bear was the Cross of Lorraine," Sir Winston Churchill reminisced, referring to de Gaulle's personal symbol.

With the end of the war, de Gaulle became the first President of the Fourth Republic. But his exasperation with the bickering of France's plethora of political parties was so great that he soon resigned—saying that he would not rejoin the government until the day it cleansed itself.

A Man to the Empire Born

That day came on May 13, 1958, when the French Army, disillusioned with the government's vacillating Algerian policy, mutinied. Once again, de Gaulle became France's hope. Icy and aloof as ever, and strictly on his own terms, he became President of the newly formed Fifth Republic in January, 1959, the post he currently holds.

Since then, his vision of a France reborn to greatness has caused him to take commanding and highly controversial stands: on the Common Market, on NATO, on recognition of Red China and reconciliation with North Vietnam, and countless other projects. He is, in sum, a man to the Empire born.

Though the General's preoccupation with greatness precludes him from being a ball of fun, there is no doubt about the affection he holds for his self-effacing wife, who married an underpaid Army officer and ended up sharing the life of a world figure.

Three years ago, when an SAO (Secret Army Organization) bomb nearly wrecked the car in which he was traveling from Paris to his home at Colombey-les-deux-Églises, de Gaulle's first thought was to tell his son-in-law, Colonel de Boissieu, to borrow a patrolman's motorcycle and rush back along the road to stop Madame de Gaulle. "Yvonne must not see this," he said simply.

Yet Charles de Gaulle would win few prizes from marriage guidance experts for his treatment of his wife. He is often cutting and rude, authoritarian in the extreme, and sometimes unkind. His wife knows that if he refers to her as *Yvonne*, all is well. If, like many French bourgeois, he says *Madame* in public, the atmosphere suddenly becomes ten degrees lower. If he refers to her icily as *Madame la Présidente*, disapproval is self-evident.

Once during a political discussion with friends, Yvonne threw in a short, inoffensive remark. The President turned to her and said, "Madame, will you please remain silent. . . . You know nothing of these things!" He has no time for his wife's little faults. Yvonne, a first-class bridge player, often points her knitting needle at the card she thinks her husband should play. When she did this

European

AT SIXTY-FOUR, France's First Lady still does own shopping, resists many favors that come her way. "My husband was elected by the French people. I was not," she insists.

(continued)

Madame de Gaulle (continued)

a few weeks ago. de Gaulle exclaimed, "Madame, will you please let *me* play my cards and *you* see to your knitting? There were three dropped stitches in the scarf you knitted me last year. . . ."

Right through her life—she is now sixty-four—Yvonne de Gaulle has been a model of French bourgeois virtues. These may make dull reading for Paris sophisticates, but they find an echo in the lives of millions of women on both sides of the Atlantic. Three things are paramount in her life: the creation of a restful and constant background for her husband, the Catholic church, and the preservation of a rigid code of public morality.

Her *Tut-tut* Means His *Non*

In this she has enormous influence, and many French politicians know. to their cost, the power of Tante Yvonne. They know that one *tut-tut* from her is worth a *non* from the General. Like Queen Victoria, Yvonne de Gaulle is not amused by lapses of morality and decorum, and right from the start of de Gaulle's tenure of office this has been evident. Within a week of their moving into the Élysée, a young diplomat earmarked for an important permanent post at the Quai d'Orsay found himself transferred to a junior post at the French Embassy in Warsaw: two days before, he had been seen lunching in an intimate tête-à-tête with a woman who was not his wife. One of the Élysée cooks, who was being sued for divorce by his wife, disappeared from the scene overnight.

Like a good French bourgeoise, too, Yvonne de Gaulle strongly believes that a wife's place, if not three paces behind her husband, should nevertheless be in the background. She reluctantly attends a few official functions, but steadfastly refuses to play the part of the First Lady, which traditionally does not exist in France. The organizer of a charity she supports recently sent her a proposal with the words *Under the Patronage of Madame la Présidente* at the top of the page; Yvonne crossed this out. substituted *Madame Charles de Gaulle*, and told her friend, "My husband was elected by the French people. I was not."

One of her first actions when she moved into the Élysée was to tell aides to remove the official red. white and blue cockade from her car, and to ask that the Garde Républicaine not salute when she drove through the gates. As one friend recently remarked, "Yvonne de Gaulle knows her place and intends to keep it. She also intends everybody to know his. . . ." Charles de Gaulle mostly shares his wife's desire for propriety. Three years ago when she went on the inaugural cruise of the new liner *France*, he sent a secretary to screen the films to be shown aboard in the evening.

Yvonne de Gaulle has a sense of humor often as dry as her husband's. When, in a moment of crisis. he coined the famous remark, "How could anyone govern a country which produces two hundred forty-six different cheeses? . . ." his wife commented, "*On ne parle pas de fromages en public. On les mange. . . .*" ("Cheeses are not for discussing in public. They are for eating. . . .") Amused by the fact that in all elections a single voter in Colombey-les-deux-Églises always votes against the President, a guest once asked Yvonne if she suspected anyone. She replied, "I do not suspect. I am sure. It is le Général himself!"

The only uncalculated and impetuous thing Charles de Gaulle ever did in his life was to dance sixteen waltzes in a row with the same girl at an Armistice Day party forty-four years ago. The last waltz. Yvonne de Gaulle reminded a friend recently, was "Destiny." She also remembers that her future husband spilled a cup of tea in her lap.

The first meeting was at one of those staid functions which the French. in those far-off days of 1920, still called *le five-o'clock*. De Gaulle was a commanding officer just out of the war. He came from *la petite noblesse* of France and a family of intellectuals—his father was a professor in Paris. Yvonne Vendroux, pretty and grey-eyed, was then twenty, the daughter of a prosperous biscuit manufacturer in Calais. She was, as she is now, shy, quiet-spoken and unambitious. Teen-age friends in Calais remember that when she was once asked what her ambitions were, she replied that she wished to live and die in the same house, adding as an afterthought that she wouldn't mind two linen dresses for the coming summer—one to wear and one for the wash.

"Charles, Are You Sure?"

Within four months of their first meeting, Charles had asked Yvonne to marry him. They were married April 7. 1921. And not many months later, Charles went off to fight in Poland. Then came the long years of waiting, when the family moved from one military post to another, living on poor pay and in furnished houses.

A friend from those distant days recalls: "An evening at the de Gaulles was like a visit to the Delphi oracle. Charles would never speak during the meal—he still does not—but afterward he would sit by the fire and start a long monologue about politicians. his ideas about tank warfare and his dreams for the future of France. He was no respecter of persons, and when he made one of his more dangerous remarks, Yvonne would usually pause and say softly, "Charles, are you sure?"

One day. Yvonne de Gaulle got what she had always wanted: a home of her own. With savings and a small legacy—he had always refused to touch his wife's money—Charles de Gaulle bought La Boisserie. a country house in the small village of Colombey-les-deux-Élises. one hundred fifteen miles from Paris, in a district not renowned for anything except its tranquillity. Yvonne made all the curtains and the chair covers. Her husband built himself a study in the round tower and pigeon loft next to the house. It was at La Boisserie that, after the liberation of France, Yvonne planted a huge Cross of Lorraine with sweet peas—the General's favorite flowers—right in the middle of the lawn.

La Boisserie was the home their three children knew best—Philippe. now an officer in the French Navy. Elisabeth. now married to Colonel de Boissieu, and Anne, *la petite Anne*, whose life was the de Gaulle's greatest sorrow. She was mentally retarded. never learned to speak properly, and despite the intense devotion and care of both the General and his wife, she eventually died. Those who know de Gaulle well believe that Anne's memory is the only personal thing which really touches the President. With his wife's help, he set up the Anne de Gaulle Foundation to help mentally retarded children, and endowed it with royalties from his best-selling books.

"Aunt Marie" Ill in Normandy

The years just before the war must have been heaven for Yvonne de Gaulle. but they could not last. She never quite understood her strange husband. forever rebelling against stupid authority. forever living history in the present and shaping events himself. For her, as a good bourgeoise, the established order was the greatest thing in the world. and she feared her husband's iconoclastic opinions. Yet, despite her doubts, she paid him the immense compliment of never once failing him. Her greatest ordeal came on her fortieth birthday, May 19, 1940, when at La Boisserie she received a telegram saying that "Aunt Marie" was seriously ill in Normandy. It was a prearranged signal.

She packed her two younger children into a beat-up old open car, piled in the baggage, said good-bye to her home, and drove through the night. first to Normandy and then on to Brest. She missed, by half an hour. the boat she was due to catch for England. and the same night that boat was sunk by a German U-boat in the Channel. Tante Yvonne caught the next one and, bewildered and lonely, ar-

Wide World

PRESIDENT, MADAME de Gaulle visit London in 1960. Once she shrank from the pomp attendant on such official duties; now she allows herself more luxuries, including couturier Jacques Heim to do her wardrobe.

rived in London. Three weeks later her husband became a rebel—officially; Yvonne de Gaulle had walked into history.

Today, the woman who once wanted nothing more than two summer dresses is First Lady of France. She has played hostess to the Eisenhowers, the Kennedys, the Queen of England and her husband, the Khrushchevs and countless heads of state.

Yet it is a measure of this retiring, yet forceful, woman and of her strange husband that no amount of riches, power or pomp has been able to change their personal life. On Thursdays, when the grandchildren come to tea and show their school grades, Yvonne de Gaulle still slips out of a side door of the Élysée to walk to the local *pâtissier* to fetch cakes and pastries. On other afternoons, with a small black hat on her head and an umbrella in her hand, she still goes off to the movies to watch the cheaper second runs. On Saturday nights, whether she is in Paris or in Colomhey, she still helps to decorate the altar of her local church.

With state duties as they are, she knows intuitively that at seventy-four years of age, Charles de Gaulle still prefers the home life he has always had. Routine is the great master in the de Gaulle household in the plain, comfortable five-room apartment on the first floor of the Élysée Palace.

Good Mood—Whisky and Soda

Yvonne de Gaulle knows that if her husband is in good humor when he opens the leather-padded door from his office into his living room, he will pour himself a single whisky and soda. But if he enters twisting his spectacles in his hand, Yvonne knows that she is in for a grim evening: a hurried, silent dinner, a sharp rebuke for the old manservant who helps at the table, no television and bed at eleven.

But the glass of whisky is a signal for what in the family passes for a joyful evening. De Gaulle will enjoy his food—his appetite is remarkable for a man of his age, and he loves heavy sauces, vegetables sautéed in butter and mountainous helpings of dessert. He also loves crusty French bread, and once last year, for the sake of his figure, Madame de Gaulle ordered that no bread should appear on the table. Her husband's first and only remark on the subject was that since they could not afford bread perhaps he should increase her housekeeping allowance. . . .

Charles de Gaulle rarely talks during a meal, and not very much afterward. His wife chooses his reading for him. Every night she lays a book by his coffee cup. His favorites are Bossuet, a pompous but sound church orator of the eighteenth century; historical biographies; and the novels of François Mauriac.

Once last winter, thinking that perhaps he ought to widen his horizon, Yvonne de Gaulle offered him a book by one of the *nouvelle vague* authors. Charles de Gaulle read two pages, put the book down and acidly commented, "Madame, could we please get some books that are decently printed? This one has no punctuation marks."

Quite often the de Gaulles watch television, of which they are both fond. He particularly enjoys himself when some curvaceous blonde appears on the screen and he teases his wife a little. Yvonne

(continued)

Madame de Gaulle (continued)

just smiles with patience and affection.

Since a telephone call once awoke his wife during the night, the President now leaves strict orders that they are not to be disturbed unless the roof falls in; the last time they were disturbed was during the Cuban crisis in 1962. Since then however, he has had a bed for himself installed in a small dressing room, in case of emergency. The bed, seven feet long and five feet wide, takes up almost the entire floor space, and there is a green telephone on the bedside table.

Still the Little Black Dress

Tante Yvonne has changed surprisingly little over the years. She is small—five feet two inches—and plump, but no more so than befits a woman of her age. Her complexion is fresh, her face almost unlined, with clear grey eyes and a halo of auburn hair with hardly a streak of grey. Her reserve tends to make her look sad, but in good company she smiles and laughs easily and appears much younger than her sixty-four years.

Of her middle-class fashion tastes of bygone years, two things remain: her love for small, dainty Parisian hats perched squarely on top of her head, and plain but good court shoes. The rest has had to be modified to meet her new station. At first she solidly refused to visit the Paris couturiers whose products she considered to be a waste of money. But the General insisted. "As my wife," he told her once. "only you and I need bother about what you wear. But as the wife of the President of France, you have other responsibilities. . . ."

Yvonne de Gaulle eventually gave in, but not until her husband had promised that for every new dress purchased, an equivalent sum of money would be given to the Anne de Gaulle Foundation. Now, after a few years, she rather enjoys having the best that Paris can offer, but her tastes are still simple. Once a month Madame Heim, wife of couturier Jacques, drives to the Élysée with a car full of new dresses, materials and patterns from which Yvonne chooses what she thinks her husband will like. He prefers her in dark colors—navy blue and white are his favorites—and she is still partial to the little black dress.

If something looks too daring she will keep it overnight to show it to the General. All her dresses are two inches longer than fashion dictates, with high necklines, and she rarely wears short-sleeved outfits. The only time she worries about her clothes is when there is a state visit abroad in the offing. One that caused her concern was the visit to Iran two years ago; she remarked that Empress Farah Pahlavi, with youth, good taste and unlimited money, would make her look like a frump. The General turned around and said: "*Madame, votre dignité vous suffira.*" ("Madame, all you need is your dignity.")

Two days before her fortieth wedding anniversary in 1961 she surprised the President, who was in his study in deep conversation with a leading Paris furrier; he was giving her a mink coat. Proud of this belated status mark, Yvonne de Gaulle wore it next day at a party her daughter was giving. Elisabeth admired the coat, but commented that perhaps it was a little warm for fur. Yvonne de Gaulle smiled and replied. "Surely a woman's first mink coat is worth a little perspiration!"

Because she could easily be any Paris woman of her age, Yvonne de Gaulle often goes unrecognized. When earlier this year she called at the Paris hospital where her husband was being operated on, most of the photographers present failed to take her picture. This suits her well.

Day after day she goes out shopping, using her own key to open a small side door of the Élysée; mostly she shops for birthday cards, small presents for her four grandchildren and her nephews and nieces, or small delicacies for the General's table. Georges Radou, who serves behind the counter in a large but discreet grocer's shop a few hundred yards from the Palace, says, "She once asked me never to tell anyone who she was, and so far no one has questioned me about her. She buys things like smoked salmon from Scotland which she says the General enjoys—she refers to him simply as *mon mari* ("my husband") to avoid recognition—*marrons glacés* for which she has a weakness, or small cans of pâté de foie gras from Alsace which apparently the General likes spread on thin toast if he has a late night."

Once a week, usually on Mondays, Yvonne de Gaulle drives in an unmarked car to the Anne de Gaulle Foundation. There she works in the office, tours the gay playrooms where children are taught, or chairs meetings of the board.

How to Get Lost in a Palace

Madame de Gaulle has made her mark on the Élysée Palace too. When she first saw the vast suite of thirty-four rooms set aside for the French President's use, she exclaimed, "We can never live here. . . . We'd never find each other!" In the end she reduced the private apartments to five main rooms: a large bedroom, dressing room, morning room for herself—a handsome salon lined with green silk and furnished in Louis XV—and a small private dining room where only she, her husband and their immediate family ever eat. Other dinner parties and official lunches are held in a slightly larger dining room. State dinners, fairly frequent since de Gaulle likes to entertain officially, are held in a vast ballroom in another part of the Élysée where servants in frock coats and knee breeches hover around a table laden with sèvres and gold plate.

Yvonne runs her private home, but has little to do with the official part of the Élysée. She supervises all menus and often has a hand in the seating arrangements. When Pompidou once suggested that she needed a social secretary, she exclaimed, "What on earth for? I am not very social. . . ." She writes most of her own letters, in longhand, in her morning room, and her daughter Elisabeth helps her keep track of her appointments.

The times Yvonne de Gaulle likes best are when she and her husband "go on leave," as he says, to Colombey—in practice, every other weekend. There Yvonne reverts to her favorite role: she runs the household, checks the housekeeping accounts and decides whether the carpets should be cleaned now or later. Few people are ever invited to Colombey—it's for the family. General de Gaulle works in his study in the tower or goes for long walks in the woods with his hands straight at his sides, a book under his arm and his head high.

The Shyest of First Ladies

On Sundays they go to the small village church, two hundred yards from the tall iron gates of La Boisserie. De Gaulle has always refused to take the special place set aside for him in the choir. He stands instead in the second row of pews, behind six old-age pensioners, and towers over everybody.

After Mass, sightseers gather in front of the church, with a sprinkling of secret service men. Madame de Gaulle chats on the steps for a few minutes while her husband looks bored. He shakes hands with the village curé, and says, "A very good sermon. Father . . ." He has said exactly the same thing for thirty years.

Yvonne de Gaulle, shyest and most conservative of all First Ladies, makes no bones about preferring life in Colombey to life in the Élysée. When de Gaulle had his operation earlier this year, she told a friend: "The only good thing about this business is that it might take us a step nearer home. . . ." But no one, not even Yvonne, will influence Charles de Gaulle on whether or not to seek a second term next year. One thing is certain however: if he chooses to retire, his wife will have something to say about his successor. For her, the virtues of the middle classes are the virtues that made France great, and she is not ashamed of them. THE END

BYZANCE

Idéale Evocation du Gardenia

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Photos by David Sutton, Vista Photos

Daddy met us at Kauai in a bright orange cap with *Artanis* on it. I said, "What's that mean?" and he said, "Figure it out." It took me two weeks to realize it was Sinatra spelled backwards. I was very embarrassed. Tommy and my twin cousins—that's Mike at the left—gave me the ukulele. The girls are official greeters.

"Daddy Directs His First Movie"

The girl Frank Sinatra used to call "Nancy with the Laughing Face"—and now calls "Chicken"—offers an affectionate portrait of her father on location in Hawaii.

BY NANCY SINATRA SANDS

It was four years after Tommy [Sands] and I married that we took our honeymoon, and five of us went on it. Tommy was one of the stars in *None But the Brave* which Daddy [Frank Sinatra] directed. Since filming was in Hawaii, Tommy and I decided to go there fifteen days ahead of shooting. We packed up Auntie Tina [McAlear] and her twins Mike and Tina, eleven, and all went on the honeymoon. Daddy arrived later and when we met him, he used his classic line—"Hello, Baby." His pet name for me is "Chicken." He flew directly to Kauai and we followed the next day. Daddy met us then. He didn't have to, but I knew he'd be there.

I would say we are probably closer than any father and daughter I know. When I was growing up, my parents divorced, and I felt badly, but I understand my father. If he couldn't live at home, then there was a reason for it. He's always been as near as the telephone. When he does something great and I tell him so, I get some silly answer like, "That's what Daddies are for." Yet I know he feels things deeply. One thing I learned from Daddy is that you should be honest with people, and if you can't be, then you shouldn't be around them.

Before shooting began, I asked him if he was nervous and he said, "No, because I am prepared." Directing was what he always wanted to do. He felt capable of it and just waited for the right property.

Picture-making is wonderful. I guess some of Daddy's love for it rubbed off on me. Now that I'm making films, I'm part of it, and it's a world all its own. It's work, yet it's fun and creative. In Hawaii, I was especially proud that two men so important to me—my husband and my father—were working together. The entire island trip was, to use Daddy's favorite adjective, marvelous.

This is a rare occasion [left] when Daddy and my brother Frankie were in the same town at the same time. Frankie's the image of Daddy. In fact, Frankie sang before he talked. At right, Daddy's directing without his shirt, which means he wasn't in the scene. At the end of scenes he liked, he'd say, "Marvelous; print."

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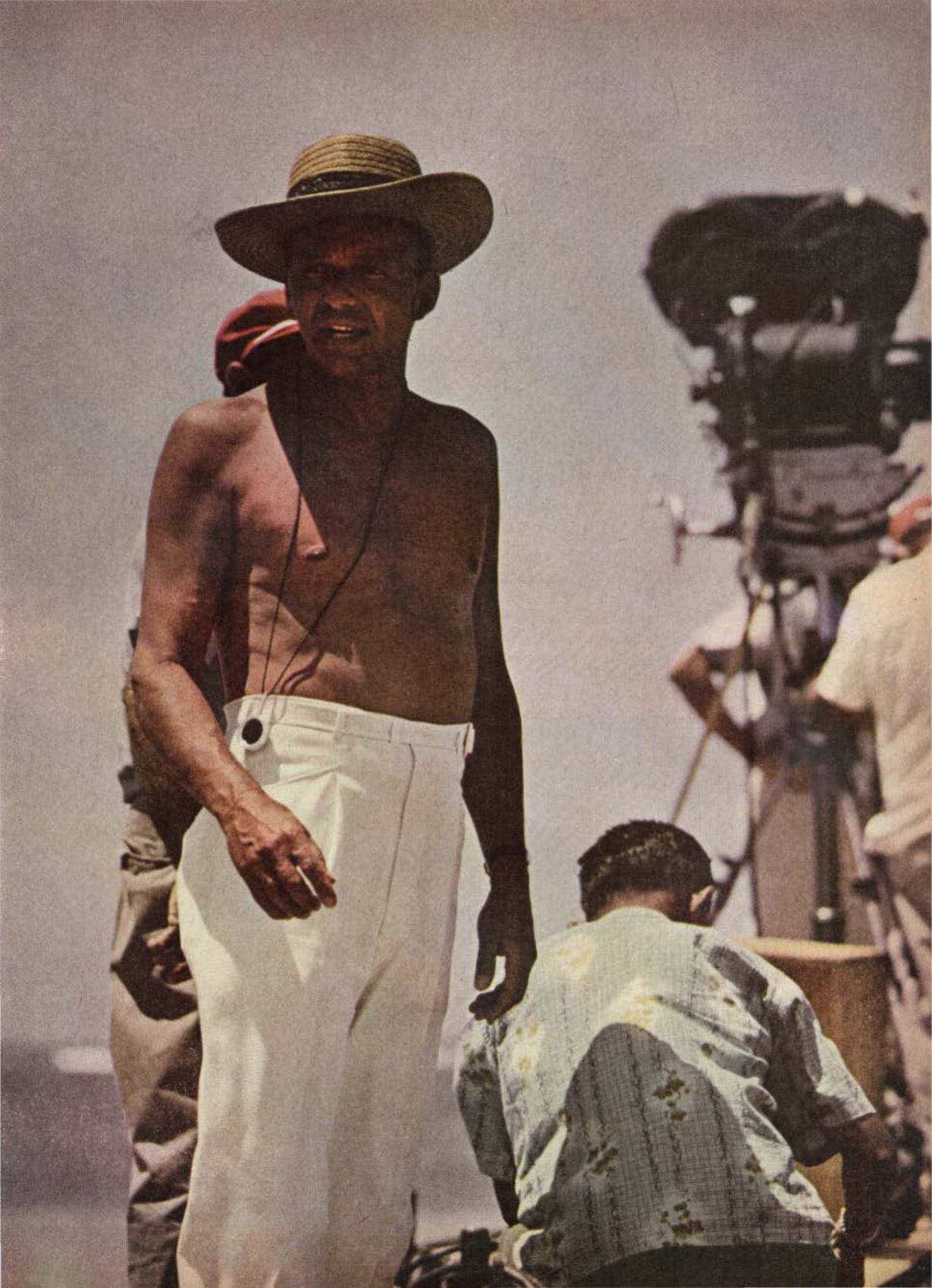
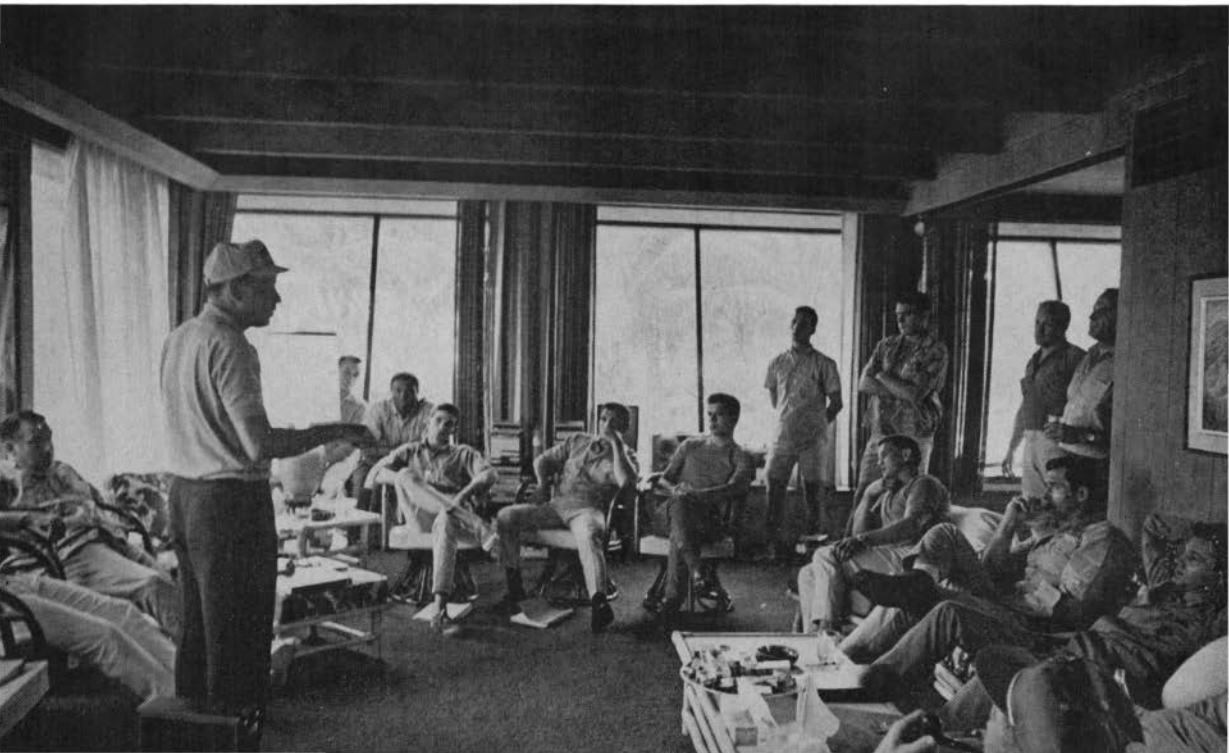
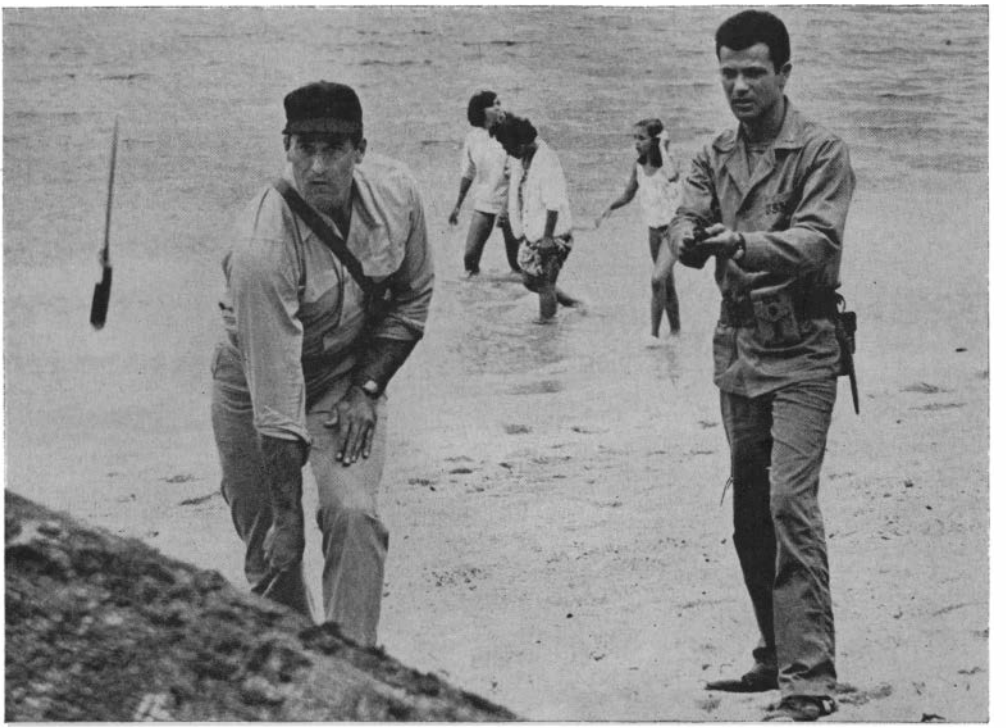
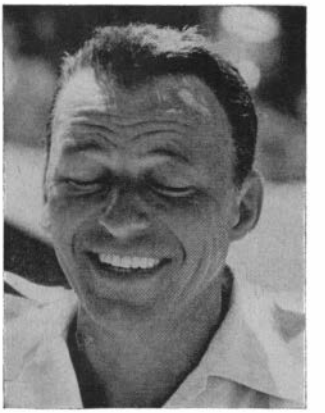


Daddy flew to different location sites to save time. The helicopter was owned by a man who leased it for sight-seeing; he took Auntie Tina and the twins in it. The cliffs did not have roads, so the company built its own down to the beach. They were so steep we only used jeeps, and when we left we had to restore the cliffs to their original state. Below. Daddy is in the house he rented conducting a cold reading of the script the day before shooting began. All the principals in the cast were called in to read the script. The Japanese actors were rehearsed separately. When Daddy worked with them, he used an interpreter.



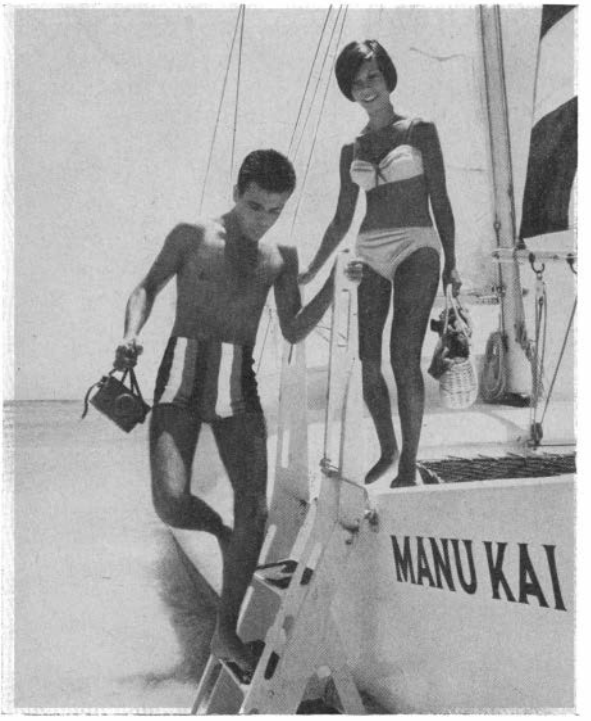


I don't know what Clint Walker and Tommy were doing, but Auntie Tina, little Tina and I were looking for coral, sea shells and pretty things. We had to be very careful. It was dangerous. The coral was sharp and the current strong. We also would take coconuts right off the tree and eat them. They were delicious.

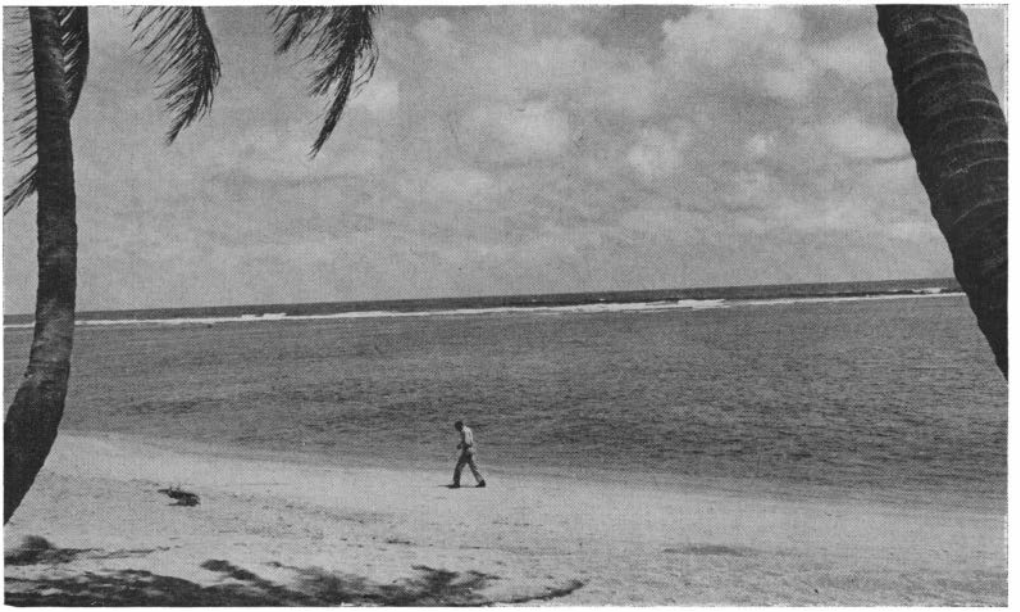


"If people like Daddy, they like me right away....We're very much alike."

SINATRA (continued)



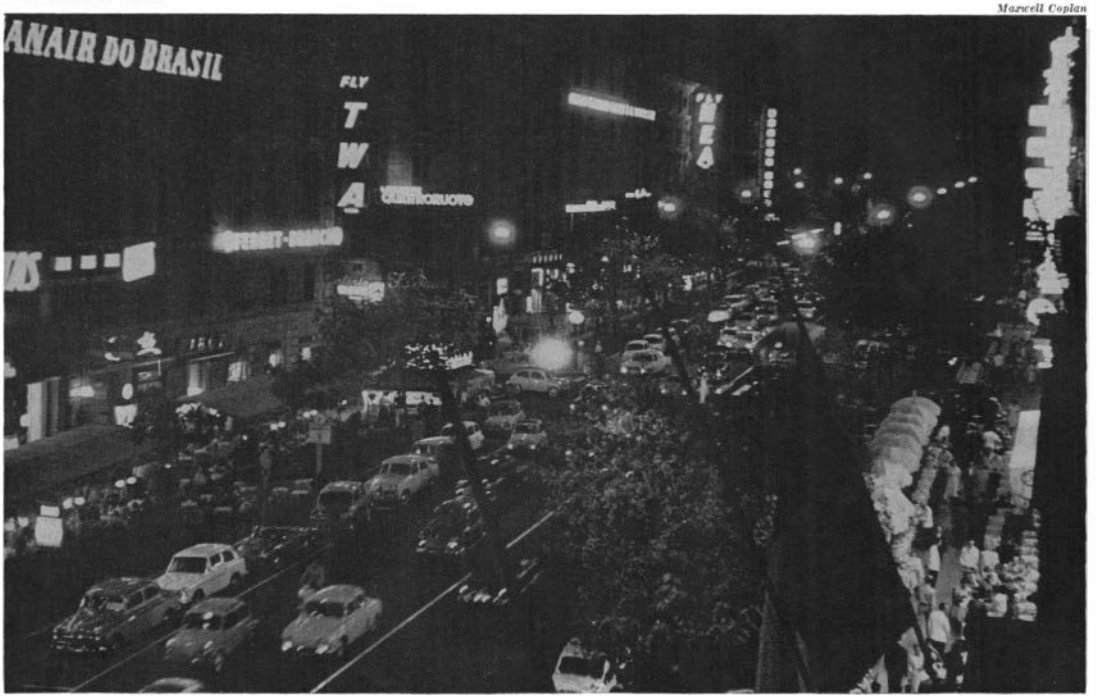
Tommy and I, with Auntie Tina and her twins, arrived in Hawaii fifteen days ahead of Daddy and the cast so we could have a honeymoon. After shooting began, we still would sneak away and head for Honolulu. The water at Kauai was too dangerous for swimming and surfing. The *Manu Kai* catamaran was owned by a friend of ours who took us out on it. On location, Daddy treated Tommy like the others. I imagine, though, Tommy felt different toward him than to any other director he has worked with. But it was business to both of them.



Many times I've seen Daddy go off alone like this to think things out. There are times when you have to be by yourself, away from the activity. The responsibility of the picture rests on the director, and it was twice as hard for him: he was acting too. I tried to stay out of the way when he was working, timed my arrival on the set thirty minutes before the lunch break. Then I would fix pepper and egg sandwiches on Italian bread.

Since we arrived in Hawaii ahead of Daddy, we met him at the airport with flowered leis. Photographers kept posing us over and over again. Because our family travels so much, we always let each other know when we fly and when we're due to arrive. Daddy left for Kauai immediately; we five followed. A few days later, Auntie Tina and my cousins went home. It was a wonderful trip for me, full of warm memories of my dad. THE END

Maxwell Coplan



DAY AND NIGHT *have special rhythms on the Via. Day begins with the slow sweep of brooms through dirty cafés, races into frenzied midday, settles into an afternoon* aperitivo, *bursts forth anew in chaotic glamour of neon-night.*

The Siren of Roman Streets

In pre-Christian days the Via Veneto was inhabited by the libertine Roman general Lucullus, a century ago it was a simple lane leading to the Borghese family estate, forty years later an avenue of *palazzi.* Today it is a turbulent thoroughfare-center of Rome's phantasmagoric *dolce vita.*

BY RICHARD HARRITY

There is an old saying that all good Americans go to Paris when they die. but personally I'd prefer a seat at a sidewalk table on the Via Veneto, the boulevard that seduces with the gaiety and glamour, the elegance and excitement of the Eternal City.

Bordered by shady sycamore trees and bright flower beds. the Via Veneto curves downhill for five blocks from the Porta Pinciana in the ancient Aurelian Wall to the Piazza Barberini adorned by Bernini's Triton and Fountain of the Bees. Before the turn of the century this broad boulevard was only a dirt road that linked the city with the Borghese family estate spread out around the Pinican Hill. But the district that the Via Veneto traverses has attracted pleasure-seekers since before the Christian era. This was where Lucullus, the Roman general who enjoyed battle or bacchanalia with equal enthusiasm. once built a palace.

But in the Gay Nineties the noblest Romans. led by Margherita de Savoia the queen of Italy. moved into *palazzi* around the Via Veneto. Hotels. shops. and cafés quickly sprang up as a result. and what was once a lowly lane became the city's newest fashionable quarter.

The hub of this gay world within a world was and still is the Hotel Excelsior, opened in 1906 by Baron Hans Pfyffer de Altishofen. who started César Ritz on his career as a great hotelier and discovered the famous French chef Escoffier. In 1923 the Excelsior was sold to an Italian group which has maintained the same high standards of elegance and service.

When Americans began to flock to Rome after the First World War. the Excelsior made every effort to entice this

lucrative new clientele. Baths were installed in each of the four hundred fifty rooms and the Excelsior was one of the first hotels in Rome with air conditioning.

Hitler, Göring and Goebbels stayed at the Excelsior and were so impressed with their accommodations that they later made the hotel headquarters of the high command when the Nazis occupied Rome in 1943-44. In fact, the German generals were so reluctant to leave the hotel's luxury, that they didn't check out until the night of June 3, 1944, when the Allies began blasting their way into Rome. Four hours later General Mark Clark was ushered into the same suite that General Mälzer had just vacated.

Today the Excelsior's clientele consists mostly of blue chip American tourists who sleep in the hotel's suites, but live out on the street at the sidewalk tables along the Via Veneto.

Sidewalk Togetherness

Above the Excelsior Hotel is Café Doney where important citizens of every country in the world meet to sip, sup and stare when in Rome.

Easy informality is the chief charm of the café. Romans, who consider indifference a cardinal sin against sociability, want to know all about their neighbors at nearby tables—who they are, what they do and why—and are equally eager to supply the same personal data about themselves. Now and then there are customers who resent any invasion of their privacy, but they are rare exceptions.

When Lucky Luciano, the late American mob chief, was first deported back to his native Italy, he visited Doney's, ordered a drink and then buried his head in a newspaper, ignoring the other customers. A waiter seeking a closer look at the Italian immigrant who had made good the wrong way in the U.S.A. busied himself emptying clean ashtrays, straightening already neat tablecloths and brushing away imaginary crumbs. Finally Luciano, annoyed by so much attention, dropped the newspaper, put up his hands as though holding a machine gun, pointed them at the overcurious waiter and roared a *rata tat tat tat tat*. The waiter dropped his tray and fled.

Ordinarily, however, instant togetherness in international relations is the rule at Doney's and conversation comes easily.

One evening I was seated there next to two middle-aged Italian men whose foreheads were furrowed with frowns and who looked as though they were settling the problems of the world as they carried on a serious discussion. When one man left and wearily walked away, his companion, whom I had never seen before, turned to me and, indicating his departing friend, said, "See that poor fellow? He has to hold down three different jobs to make ends meet and he's working himself to death." Before I could comment he continued, "He must maintain two homes as well as support and educate eleven children—five by his wife and six by his mistress."

"That's quite a responsibility," I said.

"It is indeed," he agreed, "but I don't know whether to pity him or myself more, since in twenty-four years neither my wife nor my mistress has ever given me any children."

This double trouble due to a double standard is accepted by Roman men, many of whom are true to two loves in their fashion, and who frequently find a brief respite from their complicated romances as they sip an *aperitivo* and watch the attractive and rather aggressive women of Rome parading past their sidewalk tables.

These fair strollers have an exotic assortment of pets. Toy poodles peeking out of bosoms, tiny parakeets perched on shapely shoulders and small monkeys cradled in well-rounded arms are fairly common sights, but once when a beautiful American blonde wearing a little live green snake as a lavaliere bounced by Doney's, an elderly Italian gentleman sitting near me shook his head and said, "That lady with the serpent proves once again there is nothing new under the Roman sun. When Julius Caesar once saw some wealthy foreign females fondling and making much of pets almost as strange as hers, he asked them whether the women in their country were not used for bearing children."

Shopping ranks with staring as a favorite pastime of the neighborhood. Women usually head for the fashion salons of Clelia Venturi or the Sorelle Fontana, located in nearby side streets, or inspect the elegant footwear at Paladino or Lucattoni.

Men can have suits made by Caraceni on the Via Boncompagni where a business suit costs from two hundred dollars upward, order shirts at Cucci, or purchase ties at tiny but toney Morziello-Serafini.

The busiest time on the Via Veneto is the long lunch and siesta period from 1 to 3 P.M. when shops and stores close down and only the cafés remain open.

Then the boulevard comes bedlam on wheels as every type of conveyance from horse-drawn *carròzza* to sleek Rolls-Royces and Alfa Romeos slowly clop or chug up and down the clogged traffic lanes in an endless procession. And elbow room is at a premium on the pavements, too. The Roman love of noise comes close to being satisfied as motors

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Fritz Henle, Monkmeyer

INTERNATIONAL FLAVOR *overflows from kiosks selling newspapers where you can find news about stocks in New York, politics in India or jazz in Tokyo.*

VIA VENETO (continued)

without mufflers roar. scooters blast with abandon. radio and television sets are turned on full blast. baritones blare out Neapolitan songs accompanied by guitars. and torrents of talk in many tongues turn the street into a tower of Babel wired for sound.

This ear shattering symphony is mild, however, compared with the din on December 31st when the police warn everybody to remain indoors. since Romans, in keeping with an old custom, toss down onto the city streets, including the Via Veneto, bottles, glassware, assorted crockery, small pieces of furniture and whatever else comes to hand in their happy holiday mood.

Italian Bagpipes on New Year's

Last New Year's Eve as I observed this crashing celebration from the safety of a Doney doorway. I was amazed to see a Scotsman in a kilt and several sailors from the British Royal Navy calmly march through the descending debris. form themselves into a circle in the center of the Via Veneto and lustily begin singing. "Auld Lang Syne." The cascade of bottles. etc.. suddenly ceased and some shepherds from the Roman countryside who always appear in the holiday season. dressed in their antique costumes and playing goatskin bagpipes as they tour the town. joined the English singers and provided an appropriate accompaniment of skirling music.

At the end of the song, Romans in their shelters on both sides of the street sent up a chorus of shouts and bravos. and then the barrage of bottles and bric-a-brac began again and everyone scurried for cover.

Up the street from Doney's there is Jerry's. a basement bar and grill Peter Ustinov calls "the liveliest catacomb in Rome."

It's a small spot filled with action and as American as the jukebox there that belts out the latest hit tunes from Tin Pan Alley. In the back room are a bar. a few tables and a menu that offers such native delicacies as ham and eggs, corned beef hash, pumpkin pie. and on special occasions. black-eyed peas. not to mention hamburgers. hot dogs and southern fried chicken. In the other room. there is a large round table covered with green felt that supports what is undoubtedly the longest running poker game on the Continent. With few exceptions. the customers come from the fifty states, either visitors. expatriates or Americans with jobs in Rome. and Hollywood stars. many of whom. when they land in Rome. drive straight from the airport to check in at Jerry's.

Between the poker, the people and the pork chops which I forgot to mention, it's a joint with juice, and the most colorful character on the premises is the proprietor. Jerry Chierchio. a big. burly boyo from Brooklyn who has a perpetual grin.

Jerry was a close friend of the late Mario Lanza. and when the singer died in Rome an American magazine offered him a large sum for the inside story on the star's final breakdown, but he turned it down.

"Why the hell should I muddy the memory of a good friend for a few grand?" Jerry told me. "Besides. I'm not a confidential writer. just a struggling bar and grill operator."

His career as a Roman restaurateur had a curious start. Jerry was in the Army. took part in the D-Day invasion. and after the war landed a job as a food supervisor for an American oil company in Saudi Arabia. Shortly after he started this stint in a kitchen. the manager of the plant rushed in and told Jerry there was a dire emergency. It seemed King Ibn Saud had dispatched an outrider to announce that His Majesty along with many of his followers would be arriving at the plant in an hour's time and wanted to be fed.

"The manager was so panicky. I had to order him out of the kitchen so I could get started." Jerry explained.

"I was stumped at first about what I was going to serve. then I just started throwing chickens. tomatoes. potatoes. onions. meat scraps. leftovers—anything I could grab—into the cooking vat. When the King and his gang finally arrived. they were served my mystery goulash which I was convinced would cost America every oil concession in Arabia for the next fifty years. Instead. the King sent for me and said through an interpreter that it was the tastiest dish he'd ever eaten. and invited me to be his royal chef.

"I had been called a lot of things. both in and out of the Army. but never a royal chef." continued Jerry. "so I accepted. and moved to the royal palace where I fed His Highness. a full harem with healthy appetites and his hired hands, for over four years.

"From time to time." Jerry admitted. "I guess I broke a few of the Moslem dietary laws. but since I made my first success as a royal cook mixing up a stew. I stuck to that formula and it was difficult for anybody to tell exactly what went into it. including me. At any rate. I regularly received *baksheesh* in the form of little bags of gold for my secret recipes. both from the King and his generous-hearted wives. I mixed one Mulligan that really must have been a wowser. for which I received a lulu of a present. When I got back to my apartment after I whipped up this wonder dish. there was a large wooden box. and when I opened it. out popped a beautiful twenty-seven-inch television set."

When Jerry. Mulligan mixer by appointment to a Moslem monarch. left Arabia. he carried with him a nest egg of twenty-five thousand dollars with which he headed for Rome where a Neapolitan quickly relieved him of it by selling Jerry a half interest in a restaurant that he. the Neapolitan, didn't happen to own.

After this slight mix-up. Jerry hit rock bottom and had to sleep in his car on the streets of Rome for a few weeks. Finally, he borrowed a few dollars, and with the help of Bricktop who ran the most famous nightclub on the Via Veneto. was able to rent space next to her spot for a bar and grill.

Jerry, who had been down himself, accepted IOU's as readily as he accepted cash from other Americans who were temporarily short of cash while in Rome. with the result that he soon found himself in difficulties again. this time from dunning creditors who threatened to put him out of business.

Bruce Cabot the Hollywood actor saved the situation by taking all the signed tabs Jerry had in his till and personally collecting the money owed on them.

Jerry's all-American beanery is now an established success. and he recently opened a plusher place just around the corner on the Via Sardegna. called the Luau.

In gratitude for his good fortune. Jerry throws a huge feast every Thanksgiving Day for his friends and any Americans or Arabs from out of town who happen into the place. Up to this writing. he has steadfastly refused to advertise any stew served in his joint as being fit for a king.

Diagonally across from Jerry's. at the top of the street and close by the Porta Pinciana. is one of the oldest cafés on the Via Veneto. the Golden Gate. a favorite haunt of Roman society for half a century.

The Past Lives On

Grandes dames of the ancient city's aristocracy meet here regularly at noon to gossip about the gay goings-on in their select set. to deplore the new wild tempo of the Via Veneto or sigh for the social grandeur that was Rome in their salad days. These wise and witty patricians of Rome present another and prouder aspect of the many-sided street. Through experience they know life and are amused by the vagaries of the Via Veneto. smiling discreetly at the sight of a rich American divorcée passing by on the arm of a handsome and faultlessly attired young Italian whom they recognize as a former gardener on one of their estates. or shaking well-coiffed heads at

the artful dodges of counts turned no-accounts, who cadge drinks, dinners and dough from foreign social climbers by trading on their titles. They regret the sometimes seedy present and remember a more gracious period in the past.

But even in that happier time, there were signs of trouble in the Roman social paradise as Nathaniel Hawthorne reported in the last century: "The Pincian Hill is the favorite promenade of the Roman aristocracy. At the present time, however, like most other Roman possessions, it belongs less to the native inhabitants than to the barbarians from Gaul, Great Britain and beyond the sea, who have established peaceful usurpation over all that is enjoyable or memorable in the Eternal City."

Today some twenty-two million of these "barbarians" come to Italy each year, and the majority seem to make their way to the Via Veneto which now rivals the Colosseum as a sight to see while in Rome.

And perhaps the place that attracts most of the travelers who visit the street is the Café de Paris. This sidewalk spa played a prominent part in Federico Fellini's film *La Dolce Vita*.

"A strange phenomenon occurred after the appearance of *La Dolce Vita*," Fellini recently recalled. "The real life Via Veneto underwent a violent transformation in order to resemble the fictitious street portrayed in the film. Cameramen took up their positions in every odd corner, fistfights became the usual method for settling a discussion, publicity-hungry starlets began to walk around in their nightgowns or to ride horses into the cafés. Even after the film had moved on to the cinemas in the suburbs, I was still filled with foreboding on opening the morning paper. With a tinge of remorse I would wonder what the Via Veneto had invented the night before to conform to the visions of *La Dolce Vita*? Ever since, I have felt uneasy in Via Veneto."

In the early hours of the morning the street has a sinister aspect that is sensed rather than seen. There seems to be a governor on the gaiety, the joy is jaded and even desire appears deadened in the decadent as the night people prowl the area in search of everything and nothing.

Down at the end of the street in the Piazza Barberini streetwalkers wait till dawn for their last customers. Then as the sky brightens they retire and are replaced by other women hurrying across the square toward the old church of the Cappuccinis, which is decorated with hundreds of skulls and human bones, perhaps as a grim reminder that even la dolce vita ends sooner or later.

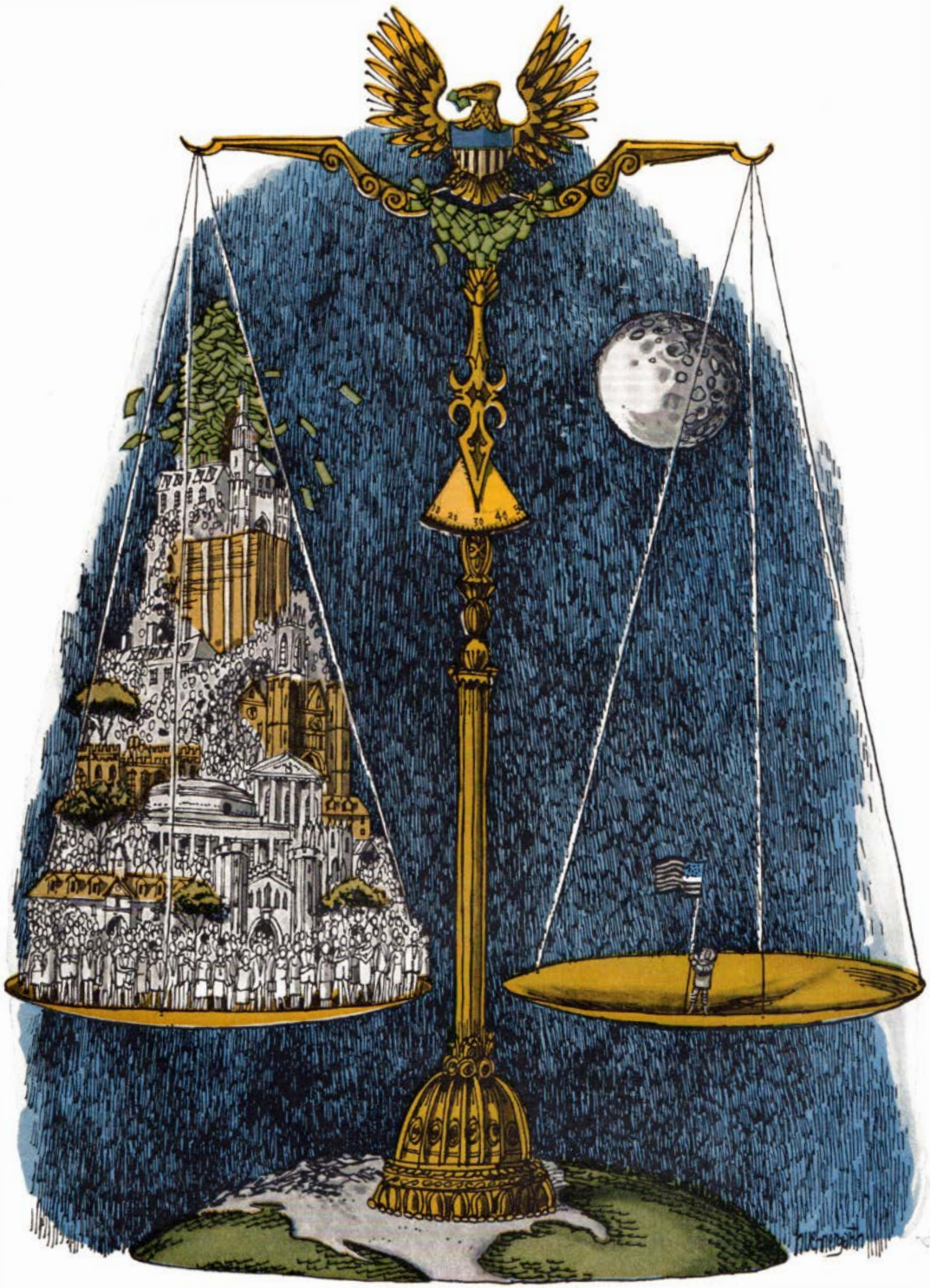
To walk up the Via Veneto alone at this hour is a strange experience. Only the rustle of leaves in the trees overhead, the soft flight of birds and one's own footsteps disturb the silence. Shops are shuttered, gates and doors of the grand hotels barred, tables and chairs are neatly stacked in front of the sidewalk cafés. All Rome seems deserted.

Then suddenly church bells begin to toll recalling that other and older Rome and the new day begins. Workmen hose down the street, gather up the fallen leaves and prune the flower beds. Waiters start setting up the bright parasols and the colorful tables and chairs.

The stage is set again for another act in the human comedy. THE END

Pierluigi

POTPOURRI *of personalities converges on the popular Café de Paris. Left to right, screenwriter Guy Elmes and wife Eve, restaurateur Vernon Jarrat, newsman Sam Steinman, actress Yoko Tani, Pan Am public relations manager George Seabury, actress Anne Francine, Mrs. Jarrat, tailor Angelo Vittucci, writer Thomas Fowley, Café de Paris owner Victor, Franca Smargiassi of the UN's FAO, and Celebrity Service's Merlin and Pierluigi Nuti.*



It costs as much to put a single man on the moon as it would to endow hundreds of new colleges, raise teachers' pay, provide scholarships for hundreds of thousands of students.

$30,000,000,000 TRIP TO THE MOON

A picnic beside the lunar Sea of Tranquillity, a climb down Copernicus Crater seem most unlikely in 1964. But in a hundred years or so the Rocket Set will have ousted the Jet Set and perhaps the moon will be the Earth people's vacationland.

BY N. J. BERRILL *Drawings by John Huehnergarth*

The greatest spectator sport of all time has already started. Russians and Americans compete to put a man into space, each successively improving on the last performance of the other, with man on the moon the enchanting prospect. Dr. Wernher von Braun, among the first and foremost in the rocket game in war and peace, foresees the moon, by the middle of the next century, as a fine place to spend a honeymoon, to gamble and to go prospecting—not necessarily all at once or in that order. Even if making the moon into a bigger and better Nevada should be a worthy object, Dr. von Braun seems to underestimate the price of a ticket, let alone a few other considerations. Moon tickets will become cheaper, no doubt, but the initial cost is so high that excursion rates are likely to appear exorbitant even to millionaires.

Landing the first man on the moon, with a valid return ticket in his pocket, will be the most expensive trip of all. Dr. Warren Weaver has pointed out that the sum of thirty billion dollars, which is merely a provisional underestimate of the total cost, is a sum so large that the ordinary human being simply cannot grasp its magnitude except by looking at the alternative things it could purchase: "With that sum one could give a 10 per cent raise in salary over a ten-year period to every teacher in the U.S. from kindergartens through universities (about 9.8 billion dollars required); could give ten million dollars each to two hundred of the better smaller colleges (two billion dollars required); could finance seven-year fellowships (freshman through Ph.D.) at four thousand dollars per person per year for fifty thousand new scientists and engineers (1.4 billion dollars required); could contribute two hundred million dollars each toward the creation of ten new medical schools (two billion dollars required); could build and largely endow complete universities with liberal arts, medical, engineering and agricultural faculties for all sixty-one of the nations which have been added to the United Nations since its original founding (13.2 billion dollars required); could create three additional permanent Rockefeller Foundations (1.5 billion dollars required); and still have left a hundred million dollars for a program of informing the public about science."

But Is It Science?

As the editor of *Science*, Dr. Philip Abelson, has said, "Manned exploration of the moon has only one justification: to satisfy man's spirit of adventure; the billions of dollars now being spent on the moon race will not advance scientific knowledge as rapidly as knowledge might be advanced without sending a man to the moon. I believe it is realistic to say that the manned lunar program will be carried to a successful conclusion in spite of the wasted time and cost; but let's be clear. This isn't science. It's adventure and propaganda." So, for better or worse, we seem to be on our way to the moon and beyond.

Man-in-space poses two very different problems: how to get from here to someplace else, and how to survive the trip and also some sort of visit. Presumably the questions of navigation and propulsion are no longer serious, at least within our immediate cosmic neighborhood. If instruments can be sent and to some degree steered to Venus and to the back of the moon, sending a larger package with one or more men aboard is only a matter of time. Navigation should become easier, not any more difficult. The survival and return of a man on such a trip is something else. Monkeys, dogs and mice will lead the way and the first intimation that a man could stand the trip to the moon or Mars may be an electrocardiogram radioed back from a hapless chimpanzee on an expendable one-way journey. Before we venture our own precious bodies that far (not yours or mine, of course, but that of some heroic, superstable, well-trained, optimistic guy who has either been brainwashed or has nothing to lose), the short trips to the moon may have become commonplace and we will know much more about the prospects of survival.

With so much money and effort involved, it is clearly vital to the whole business, as well as reasonably humane.

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Trip to the Moon (continued)

to bring the bodies back alive, even though a call for suicide volunteers would undoubtedly be answered. Consequently the human body in health is now undergoing its most intensive investigation in the history of physiological science. With so exciting a vision ahead—the conquest of space—innumerable young men are apparently willing to serve as human guinea pigs in this connection and put up with somewhat humiliating physiological treatment, as the first step toward hitching the wagon to a star. Human guinea pigs are of course not alone. The whole living kingdom is under compulsion to supply candidates for investigations into space biology. In fact there are no holds barred, for man-in-space in the long run means man on another planet. Getting away from the Earth is not enough by itself, except to get a better view of the ancestral home, and the expense would hardly justify that as the only objective, at least in the eyes of those who pay for it. Keeping man alive where he has no business to be, and trying to anticipate what he may encounter in the strange environments of other planets is the modest program of those in charge of that branch of science already known as exobiology.

A Long Way From Darwin

An advertisement which appeared in the *Bulletin of the American Institute of Biological Sciences*, placed there by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, gives a good synopsis of the somewhat overwhelming scope of the subject:

"For the guidance of biologists, the Bioscience Programs, Office of Space Science and Applications, NASA, has issued this list of its interests:

"*Exobiology Program.* Ground-based and in-flight experiments to identify and study extraterrestrial life and to determine the type of analysis necessary for such identification. Analysis and development of space probe decontamination methods, ground-based research on the origin of organic compounds (protobiochemistry), analysis of meteorites for organic constituents, distribution and characterization of microbes in the upper terrestrial atmosphere, infrared spectroscopic analysis of the planets, and the design and flight of experiments for the detection and study of life on other planets."

There it is in a nutshell. We have come a long way since Darwin opened the door to the evolutionary way to thought. Yet there is more to it, particularly with regard to studies of man and other terrestrial organisms in relation to their survival in space. Here is the rest of the advertisement:

"*Environmental Biology Program.* Study of the effects of outer space and planetary environments on living systems and processes as conducted in ground-based laboratories and in outer space on space-flight missions. The ground-based studies are concerned with activity of Earth organisms in simulated planetary environments and terrestrial studies of ecological niches which offer extreme or unusual conditions. In-flight experiments concerned with biological aspects of the organism where exposed to weightlessness, space radiation and the hard vacuum of space.

"*Behavioral Biology Program.* Studies concerning the biological bases of behavior, such as the investigation of behavioral pattern formation and localization at the cellular and subcellular (e.g., molecular) level, the application of cybernetics principles for the monitoring of the organism, including communication, orientation and rhythmicity. Investigation of sensory and motor processes, vigilance, learning, thought, memory and emotion, as they pertain to man's functioning in the space environment.

"*Physical Biology.* Study of the fundamental bases of performance including physiology of the respiratory system, cardiovascular system and central nervous system, as well as studies of metabolism, nutrition and biomechanics (e.g., vibration, acceleration and weightlessness). Also included are the blending of the disciplines of biology and physics in the production of instruments for biophysical observation and the acquisition of new biophysical data."

That more or less covers the waterfront. It includes exobiology, which goodness knows is inclusive enough, and it includes most of human biology and a great deal else. It leaves out the study of human reproduction and the density of populations. I suppose we are not quite ready to think of exporting the population en masse, or think of trips so long that human fertility and gestation become a problem. At least not in NASA. It doesn't mention studies of the ocean floor, but that must have been an oversight. As far as this country is concerned, it looks as though much of biological science is being taken over; for where the money goes, biologists are sure to follow. This might be all to the good, for it tends to put biology on the scientific throne as successor to more exact and fussy physical and chemical sciences that have sat there too long. The danger is: what NASA pays for, it will keep up its sleeve as hush-hush science withdrawn from the public domain where it belongs. And there is danger that the gossamer web of silver may trap the heretics and mavericks among the young biologists who might otherwise have seen new lights. Who pays the piper calls the tune.

Who's Launching Whom?

Anyway, who or what is man that he should want to venture beyond the Earth into the outer void? Here is the blind spot of science that looks upon the universe and all that is in it as though seeing it from the outside, as though the scientist were God looking upon His handiwork. This of course is a failing of the human being, not of the scientist as such. What is left out is the man and the scientist himself, for when an astronomer looks at a planet or a galaxy through a telescope, we forget that the telescope has two ends and the eye and mind of the human being at one end may signify as much or more than all that is visible at the other. So when we put man into space, who's putting what into space and why?

Man of course is a backboned animal, whatever else he thinks he is, and there are many other such creatures. In the beginning, all backboned animals were fish of a sort, swimming, respiring and happily reproducing below the surface of the salt or fresh waters of the Earth. Man is also a tetrapod, a fellow member of the four-footed, land-plodding community that has descended from enterprising or scared fishlike creatures that progressively abandoned the restful, all-supporting medium of water for a life of lifting the body off the ground against the whole pull of gravity, surrounded only by insubstantial air. This passage from water to air was a necessary step along our path of destiny, and has much in common with what we are now aspiring to do.

When our fishy ancestors left their all-wet environment, where they had moved about by wagging their tails, and took up an exo-aquatic biological existence, thereafter to pick up one foot after another on land, they had to do far more than make the transit and acquire systems of bony levers and muscle straps for jerking their bodies along. They had to take with them the old wet and salty environment of the ancient seas, incorporated in their body fluids. The cells and tissues which constituted their beings could no more survive out of water, and salt water at that, than they could survive unprotected on the moon. Only animals with water containing the old sea salts bottled up inside the body, sealed in by an impervious outer skin, could stay alive in the new world out of water.

We and all the other descendants of these emancipated creatures are still essentially fish out of water, no matter how

we have changed our shapes. As such we have become further emancipated in important ways. Whether the world outside is hot or cold, we keep our bodies at a constant temperature, or die in the attempt, and we bear our young alive rather than lay old-fashioned eggs. So, of course, do pigs, and pigs have yet to fly.

More, therefore, has gone into the project. The ancestors of man have had an arboreal phase of existence which made the all-but-final changes in preparation for venturing into space. These consisted of transforming feet into hands in order to climb and swing among the trees and grasp any near objects that attracted attention; of putting distance between the nose and the telltale ground, thereby affording release from the enslaving sense of smell that holds most of the order of mammals in thrall; and of emphasizing sight, particularly the acquisition of binocular vision and with it the three-dimensional sense of space and distance. We have the eye-hand brain of the anthropoid, exceptionally well-developed, but nonetheless anthropoid. So we make the chimp lead the way into space, a monkey's paw in place of a cat's. True, we no longer watch the moon from the treetops and we have reconverted our hind pair of anthropoid hands into running feet with a tendency to falling arches. But we see, hear and think with a brain of a particular kind, accompanied by mischievous fingers and itching feet, with more real biological or living time, as distinct from calendar time, allotted to the span of life than is given to any other creature. It looks like trouble all the way.

Man—the Perambulating Fish

So here we are, standing on our two hind legs, nose in the air, looking to the heavens and reaching for the stars. We have mastered the air, though later than the birds by more than a hundred million years, and we have put men into parking orbits around the Earth under conditions very close to outer space itself. Yet the rule still holds. Man, the bottled-up perambulating fish with sea salt still in his veins but air in his lungs, able to maintain himself comfortably only at the temperature and pressure that are standard at the surface of the Earth, can take off for more distant parts only if he bottles up the essence of the environment he has been born into. Sealed in plastic he takes on another skin, with his terrestrial aerial environment between that and his living skin, and his old saltwater environment still flowing among his cells and tissues.

Emancipation from water called for drastic changes, in respiration and in coping with the force of gravity. Emancipation from air and gravity makes no less a demand. Man the organism can live in space only by assuming another guise which becomes essentially part of himself while in space, even though he can shed his new shape and skin on return to Earth. But adaptations can go too far.

Man-in-space is man out-of-bounds: there is no question of it. Not in the sense of trespassing, for no one else belongs there, but by way of edging closer to the furnace of life's forebeing. We lose more protection than we are aware of when we leave the atmosphere behind. Landing on other planets is another matter. Climatically, other planets are bound to be hostile to the Earthborn—though if not so poorly made or placed as to be barren, they will be home to whatever they have evolved, in which case we certainly will be trespassing and at our own risk.

Putting first things first, however, the problems of space travel are twofold, quite apart from those of propulsion and navigation. These are fundamentally the same problems any creature has to face—how to live inside its skin and how to defend itself from the external and always somewhat hostile world in which it finds itself. That is to say, how to keep a man alive for an extended period within a sealed capsule, without regard to what may lie outside the capsule; and how to protect the man inside the capsule from the hostility of what lies without—the cosmic vacuum, unfiltered solar radiation, cosmic rays and the shattering debris of the solar system. Both are interesting exercises in ingenuity, to say the least.

Man in a capsule is like a goldfish in a bowl that is glass all over, with no air space. Nothing can be added to what is already there, nothing can truly be subtracted because there is no place for it to go. The goldfish's life would thus be short and not so merry—all that was needed would soon be used up and all that was produced as waste would accumulate as poison. Life can continue in such a closed system only so long as a complete recycling process is possible. For short trips such as those already accomplished by orbiting astronauts or those required to reach the moon, the problems of creature intake and output have already been fairly well solved. For a round trip to Mars, which would take about three years, including the stopover necessary to get close enough to the Earth for the return takeoff, the question of maintenance becomes far more difficult.

In fact we need to remember in all this talk of traveling in space, of landing on and possibly colonizing other planets, and of perhaps finding strange forms of indigenous life on some of the planets, that organisms are organisms whether they have assumed the shape of man or microbe or some alien form which we don't know of. And organisms are delicate, fragile forms of organized matter that are readily recognized but are by no means easy to comprehend or even define in a meaningful way. The vital thing about any organism, whether it be butterfly or daisy or fungus or girl, is that it is something that happens and not merely something that is. Like the stream of consciousness itself, the whole organism, whether a conscious kind or not, is truly a streaming in of unorganized and relatively simple raw materials which take their place momentarily in an infinitely complex, organized, living machinery and displace what had shortly gone before them—as though new bricks were popping into place in a falling-down brick house as fast as old bricks were slipping out of place. This is so, whether we are considering a single-cell or a multibillion-cell creature. Any serious interruption of input of any kind or blocking of output quickly leads to death and destruction. Hence the tremendous emphasis already being given to the so-called biological engineering problems of space travel, for conditions of space travel under the circumstances must include time for any planetary visit in addition to transit time.

A Suitcase Full of Lettuce

Accordingly, much has been said about a system of conjugal life called symbiosis, although the word may not be common currency in the jargon of space biology. Certain rather simple forms of life, low down but lovely, such as corals and some South Sea Island clams, contain within their tissues innumerable single-cell plants living in the most intimate association it is possible to imagine. The unicellular plants are of a kind that live freely and abundantly in the oceans and are generally responsible for the starlight phosphorescence of the seas on dark nights. Those within the cells of animals interlock their metabolism with that of their hosts. The plants flourish by utilizing the waste, ammonia and carbon dioxide of the host tissues. At the same time they give off free oxygen as a by-product of their photosynthesis, which is an aid to the internal respiration of the animal tissue, and they throw in some carbohydrates for good measure. In fact a good time is had by all, although the mutual satisfaction may not be equal.

So plans and experiments proceed to devise systems within plastic space capsules where a similar kind of plant life liberates free oxygen and combines, within, carbon dioxide and other substances. Such is the principle of the thing—a plant-animal metabolic system where everything goes round and round. Simply to produce enough oxygen, however, the plants, whether microscopic algae, duckweed, or celery cabbage, would have to

(continued)

have a total leaf surface of more than fifteen square yards—an appallingly large amount of salad for one man to take along. Of course no one needs to go out into space to develop this particular part of the program. It is only when we begin to call our long shots that space travel becomes a grim business of touch and go, or, more likely, be touched and be gone.

The hazards of space outside the capsule are formidable. It is not merely the vacuum without. That is different only in degree from what lies outside a high-flying airplane. The great difference, apart from pressure and air to breathe, is radiation. Here at sea level we and all other life live at the bottom of an ocean of air. In equivalent weight this overhead mass of air amounts to thirty feet of water, and that is a barrier of no mean dimension. It acts not only as a barrier but as a filter and modifier of the savage thrust of solar and cosmic radiation. We are shielded from the harshness of the universe, though not entirely.

The solar light that penetrates the atmosphere and appears to us as white light, occasionally seen refracted in full panoply as a rainbow, includes light invisible to the human eye. At one end is the infrared, sensed by some creatures, if not by us; and at the other is the black light, or ultraviolet, clearly seen by bees and such. Though we don't see ultraviolet, we tan under its influence while many less skin-protected creatures, particularly those shielded by living in water, are soon killed when exposed to its rays. Yet these are merely the softer rays marginal to visible blue light itself. The really lethal, shortwave ultraviolet is stopped in its tracks high in the atmosphere by oxygen. The high-altitude oxygen molecules absorb the ultraviolet energy, and are transformed into a belt of ozone in the process. Without that belt, life on Earth might never have emerged from its watery cradle. Outside the ozone belt, however, even the most deadly ultraviolet is the most readily warded off of the radiation to be encountered.

First come the Van Allen belts, great belts of cosmic rays trapped within the Earth's magnetic fields, and so intense as to completely overwhelm and blank out the Geiger counters carried aloft by early satellites into their region. The first belt begins about five hundred miles up and extends to twenty-five hundred miles; the second begins at about twelve thousand and extends to more than fifty thousand miles from the Earth. This is deadly stuff, with the penetrating power of X rays. Our orbiting astronauts are kept well below the lower ceiling, for continuous exposure in orbiting capsules would be as fatal as a beam of intense X rays on an unprotected man. Getting out into real space, the real start of a journey, would require either tons of heavy shielding, incompatible with all other requirements, or such a fast trip that astronauts would survive with nothing worse than sterilization or eventual cancer, unless an exit could be made directly out into space from one of the Earth's Poles, inside the circle of the Northern or Southern lights where the danger is minimal.

Along the Asteroid Turnpike

Once out and beyond, probably only solar flares are to be worried about—flares which are colossal upheavals through the sun's surface, extending as masses of fiery gas as far as the Earth's orbit and beyond, and everywhere in between. The Earth's enveloping atmosphere shields the life below, but astronauts protected only by the thin skin of their space ship and its light bulwarks would be vulnerable indeed. Even periods such as the Year of the Quiet Sun are not to be trusted, and in any case would not be long enough to allow for a safe round trip to Mars. The solution is yet to come.

Nor is this all. Expeditions that venture beyond Mars, into the belt of the solar system lying between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter, would run into planetary traffic as hazardous as a downtown city thoroughfare during a rush hour. This is the belt of the asteroids where one or more planets appear to have been shattered, from collision or from some more obscure cause, to leave upward of thirty thousand fragments large enough to be seen through telescopes on Earth and goodness knows what infinitude of smaller pieces flying around the sun. Nor is the immediate neighborhood of the Earth any too safe, for the meteorites, large and small, that fall on the Earth and have bespeckled the moon are erratic strays from the same source. One clean hit or even a grazing one would eliminate a space ship without a trace.

Physical hazards are not the only kind. If a man should succeed in traversing the irradiated space vacuum between here and another planet, it is important that he arrive in a reasonably sane condition. Will he lose the regular twenty-four-hour activity cycles of body and mind? Almost certainly, according to experiments already carried out on an individual kept in a soundproof, continuously lighted room for four months. For what it is worth, the subject showed increased irritability and a heightened artistic sense as time went on. Psychologically, however, there is an immense difference between being in space and being in a room which seems like being in space.

When all is said and done and environmental problems presented by travel in space have been adequately resolved, the chief problem will be a matter of time. A trip to Mars not only will require several months of travel time each way, but, because the Earth outpaces Mars in going round the sun, an Earthling on Mars would have to wait for the Earth to come round again before the return journey could be made. The better part of two years would pass between leaving and re-entry. Sanity and sustenance—easy enough to maintain during the brief orbiting trips around the Earth—become precarious indeed when interplanetary travel by humans really gets started.

Dr. Orr Reynolds of NASA suggests that space travel of long duration may well require the development of a new interdisciplinary technology, to be known as gastronautics. It is all very well for those of us who sit on Earth and enjoy the running report of space feats to say that sending astronauts to the moon or Mars is an exciting event. The Romans undoubtedly felt the same way about the gladiators and other hapless individuals playing bloody games in the Colosseum arena. If we make these vicarious trips, which is all that but a very few can ever do, we should at least journey mentally with the traveler. A little empathy could go a long way. With the assurance that life in space is possible, the question is, therefore, what is going to make living in space worthwhile? Deprived of most of the elements of human society, the suggestion is that food might offer a happy association with familiar experience and some small semblance of satisfaction.

No Steak and Potato Pills?

Yet there's the rub: how to lift a two-year supply of steak and potato into space. Energy pills, so effective in science fiction, will stay in science fiction. Real food is essential, quite apart from keeping that contented look on the face of the astronaut. Even in the form of concentrated food pills, however, in order to meet the basic daily requirements, a man would have to swallow about ninety large-size capsules containing protein, minerals and vitamins, and another two hundred and fifty capsules of fat to furnish energy. Another suggestion has been that we should fatten the space traveler like a Strasbourg goose and make him live on his own fat. Out there he wouldn't even lose weight! Unfortunately, a semi-starved astronaut would have so deteriorated in sense and senses, he would have been better left at home, for he would do nothing but dream of food were he allowed to go. What *is* the answer? I doubt if anyone knows, at least not yet. More food would require more lift, especially at blast-off, and there are limits to what is possible and what is worthwhile. Perhaps there *is* no answer. THE END

Sunday drive through lunar craterside may be as fantastic as the World's Fair show *To the Moon and Beyond*, but it will cost $29,999,999,999.25 more.

FICTION

The Legend of Joe Lee

BY JOHN D. MACDONALD

"Tonight," Sergeant Lazeer said, "we get him for sure."

We were in a dank office in the Afaloosa County Courthouse in the flat wetlands of south central Florida. I had come over from Lauderdale on the half chance of a human interest story that would tie in with the series we were doing on the teen-age war against the square world of the adult.

He called me over to the table where he had the county map spread out. The two other troopers moved in beside me.

"It's a full moon night and he'll be out for sure," Lazeer said, "and what we're fixing to do is bottle him on just the right stretch, where he got no way off it, no old back country roads he knows like the shape of his own fist. And here we got it." He put brackets at either end of a string-straight road.

Trooper McCollum said softly, "That there, Mister, is a eighteen mile straight, and we cruised it slow, and you turn on off it you're in the deep ditch and the black mud and the 'gator water."

Lazeer said, "We stake out both ends, hid back good with lights out. We got radio contact, so when he comes whistling in either end, we got him bottled."

He looked up at me as though expecting an opinion, and I said, "I don't know a thing about road blocks, Sergeant, but it looks as if you could trap him."

"You ride with me, Mister, and we'll get you a story."

"There's one thing you haven't explained, Sergeant. You said you know who the boy is. Why don't you just pick him up at home?"

The other trooper Frank Gaiders said, "Because that fool kid ain't been home since he started this crazy business five-six months ago. His name is Joe Lee Cuddard, from over to Lasco City. His folks don't know where he is, and don't much care, him and that Farris girl he was running with, so we figure the pair of them is off in the piney woods someplace, holed up in some abandoned shack, coming out at night for kicks, making fools of us."

"Up till now, hoy," Lazeer said. "Up till tonight. Tonight is the end."

"But when you've met up with him on the highway," I asked, "you haven't been able to catch him?"

The three big, weathered men looked at each other with slow, sad amusement, and McCollum sighed, "I come the closest. The way these cars are beefed up as interceptors, they can do a dead honest hundred and twenty. I saw him across the flats, booming to where the two road forks come together up ahead, so I floored it and I was flat out when the roads joined, and not over fifty yards behind him. In two minutes he had me by a mile, and in four minutes it was near two, and then he was gone. That comes to a hundred and fifty, my guess."

I showed my astonishment. "What the hell does he drive?"

Lazeer opened the table drawer and fumbled around in it and pulled out a tattered copy of a hot-rodder magazine. He opened it to a page where readers had sent in pictures of their cars. It didn't look like anything I had ever seen. Most of it seemed to be bare frame, with a big chromed engine. There was a teardrop shaped passenger compartment mounted between the big rear wheels, bigger than the front wheels, and there was a tail-fin arrangement that swept up and out and then curved back so that the high rear ends of the fins almost met.

"That engine," Frank Gaiders said, "it's a '61 Pontiac, the big one he bought wrecked and fixed up, with blowers and special cams and every damn thing. Put the rest of it together himself. You can see in the letter there, he calls it a C.M. Special. C.M. is for Clarissa May, that Farris girl he took off with. I saw that thing just one time, oh, seven, eight months ago, right after he got it all finished. We got this magazine from his daddy. I saw it at the Amoco gas in Lasco City. You could near give it a ticket standing still. Strawberry flake paint it says in the letter. Damnedest thing, bright strawberry with little like gold flakes in it, then covered with maybe seventeen coats of lacquer, all rubbed down so you look down into that paint like it was six inches deep. Headlights all the hell over the front of it and big taillights all over the back, and shiny pipes sticking out. Near two year he worked on it. Big racing flats like the drag strip kids use over to the airport."

I looked at the coarse screen picture of the boy standing beside the car, hands on his hips, looking very young, very ordinary, slightly self-conscious.

"It wouldn't spoil anything for you, would it," I asked, "if I went and talked to his people, just for background?"

"'Long as you say nothing about what we're fixing to do," Lazeer said. "Just be back by eight thirty this evening."

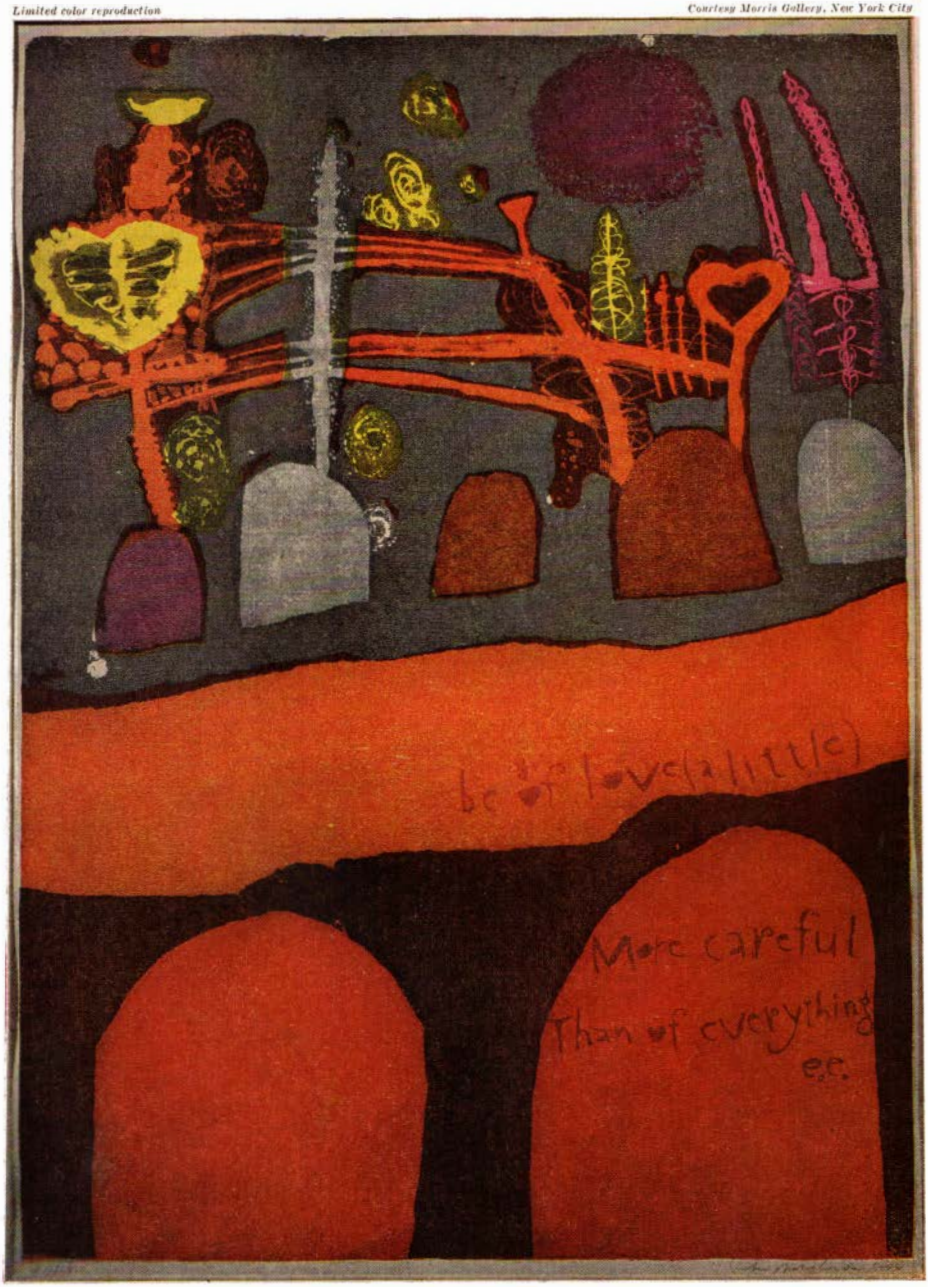
Lasco City was a big brave name for a hamlet of about five hundred. They told me at the sundries store to take the west road and the Cuddard place was a half mile on the left, name on the mailbox. It was a shacky place, chickens in the dusty yard, fence sagging. Leo Cuddard was home from work and I found him out in back, unloading cinder block from an ancient pickup. He was stripped to the waist, a lean, sallow man who looked undernourished and exhausted. But the muscles in his spare back writhed and knotted when he lifted the blocks. He had pale hair and pale eyes and a narrow mouth. He would not look directly at me. He grunted and kept on working as I introduced myself and stated my business.

Finally he straightened and wiped his forehead with his narrow arm. When those pale eyes stared at me, for some reason it made me remember the grisly reputation Florida troops acquired in the Civil War. Tireless, deadly, merciless.

"That boy warn't no help to me, Mister, but he warn't no trouble neither. The onliest thing on his mind was that car. I didn't hold with it, but I didn't put down no foot. He fixed up that old shed there to work in, and he needed something, he went out and earned up the money to buy it. They was a crowd of them around most times, helpin' him, boys workin' and gals watchin'. Them tight-pants girls. Have radios on batteries set around so as they could twisty dance while them boys hammered that metal

(cont. on p. 92)

Limited color reproduction *Courtesy Morris Gallery, New York City*



"BE OF LOVE" (1959) SERIGRAPH BY SISTER MARY CORITA I.H.M.

Sister Corita was born in Fort Dodge, Iowa, in 1918. She entered the Immaculate Heart Sisters in Los Angeles, receiving her B.A. degree there and then an M.A. degree at the University of Southern California. She is now a professor of art at Immaculate Heart College in Los Angeles.

Sister Corita is considered among the most important abstract expressionist print-makers in America with many one-man shows. She executed the forty-foot mural in the Vatican Pavilion at the New York World's Fair.

out. When I worked around and overheard 'em, I swear I couldn't make out more'n one word from seven. What he done was take that car to some national show, for prizes and such. But one day he just took off, like they do nowadays."

"Do you hear from him at all?"

He grinned. "I don't hear *from* him, but I sure God hear *about* him."

"How about brothers and sisters?"

"They's just one sister, older, up to Waycross, Georgia, married to an electrician, and me and his stepmother."

As if on cue, a girl came out onto the small back porch. She couldn't have been more than eighteen. Advanced pregnancy bulged the front of her cotton dress. Her voice was a shrill, penetrating whine. "Leo? Leo, honey, that can opener thing just now busted clean off the wall."

"Mind if I take a look at that shed?"

"You help yourself, Mister."

The shed was astonishingly neat. The boy had rigged up droplights. There was a pale blue pegboard wall hung with shining tools. On closer inspection I could see that rust was beginning to fleck the tools. On the workbench were technical journals and hot-rodder magazines. I looked at the improvised engine hoist, at the neat shelves of paint and lubricant.

The Farris place was nearer the center of the village. Some of them were having their evening meal. There were six adults as near as I could judge, and perhaps a dozen children from toddlers on up to tall, lanky boys. Clarissa May's mother came out onto the front porch to talk to me, explaining that her husband drove an interstate truck from the cooperative and he was away for the next few days. Mrs. Farris was grossly fat, but with delicate features, an indication of the beauty she must have once had. The rocking chair creaked under her weight and she fanned herself with a newspaper.

"I can tell you, it like to broke our hearts the way Clarissa May done us. If'n I told LeRoy once, I told him a thousand times, no good would ever come of her messin' with that Cuddard boy. His daddy is trashy. Ever so often they take him in for drunk and put him on the county road gang sixty or ninety days, and that Stubbins child he married, she's next door to feeble-witted. But children get to a certain size and know everything and turn their backs on you like an enemy. You write this up nice and in it put the message her momma and daddy want her home bad, and maybe she'll see it and come on in. You know what the Good Book says about sharper'n a sarpent's tooth. I pray to the good Lord they had the sense to drive that fool car up to Georgia and get married up at least. Him nineteen and her seventeen. The young ones are going clean out of hand these times. One night racing through this county the way they do, showing off, that Cuddard boy is going to kill hisself and my child too."

"Was she hard to control in other ways, Mrs. Farris?"

"No sir, she was neat and good and pretty and quiet, and she had the good marks. It was just about Joe Lee Cuddard she turned mulish. I think I would have let LeRoy whale that out of her if it hadn't been for her trouble.

"You're easier on a young one when there's no way of knowing how long she could be with you. Doc Mathis, he had us taking her over to the Miami clinic. Sometimes they kept her and sometimes they didn't, and she'd get behind in her school and then catch up fast. Many times we taken her over there. She's got the sick blood and it takes her poorly. She should be right here, where's help to care for her in the bad spells. It was October last year, we were over to the church bingo, LeRoy and me, and Clarissa May been resting up in her bed a few days, and that wild boy come in and taking her off in that snorty car, the little ones couldn't stop him. When I think of her out there . . . poorly and all . . ."

At a little after nine we were in position. I was with Sergeant Lazeer at the west end of that eighteen mile stretch of State Road 21. The patrol car was backed into a narrow dirt road, lights out. Gaiders and McCollum were similarly situated at the east end of the trap. We were smeared with insect repellent, and we had used spray on the backs of each other's shirts where the mosquitoes were biting through the thin fabric.

Lazeer had repeated his instructions over the radio, and we composed ourselves to wait. "Not much travel on this road this time of year." Lazeer said. "But some tourists come through at the wrong time, they could mess this up. We just got to hope that don't happen."

"Can you block the road with just one car at each end?"

"If he comes through from the other end, I move up quick and put it crosswise where he can't get past, and Frank has a place like that at the other end. Crosswise with the lights and the dome blinker on, hut we both are going to stand clear because maybe he can stop it and maybe he can't. But whichever way he comes, we got to have the free car run close herd so he can't get time to turn around when he sees he's bottled."

Lazeer turned out to be a lot more talkative than I had anticipated. He had been in law enforcement for twenty years and had some violent stories. I sensed he was feeding them to me, waiting for me to suggest I write a book about him. From time to time we would get out of the car and move around a little.

"Sergeant, you're pretty sure you've picked the right time and place?"

"He runs on the nights the moon is big. Three or four nights out of the month. He doesn't run the main highways, just these back country roads—the long straight paved stretches where he can really wind that thing up. Lord God, he goes through towns like a rocket. From reports we got, he runs the whole night through, and this is one way he comes, one way or the other, maybe two, three times before moonset. We got to get him. He's got folks laughing at us."

I sat in the car half listening to Lazeer tell a tale of blood and horror. I could hear choruses of swamp toads mingling with the whine of insects close to my ears, looking for a hiting place. A couple of times I had heard the bass throb of a 'gator.

Suddenly Lazeer stopped and I sensed his tenseness. He leaned forward, head cocked. And then, mingled with the wet country shrilling, and then overriding it, I heard the oncoming high-pitched snarl of high combustion.

"Hear it once and you don't forget it." Lazeer said, and unhooked the mike from the dash and got through to McCollum and Gaiders. "He's coming through this end, boys. Get yourself set."

He hung up and in the next instant the C.M. Special went by. It was a resonant howl that stirred echoes inside the inner ear. It was a tearing, bursting rush of wind that rattled fronds and turned leaves over. It was a dark shape in moonlight, slamming by, the howl diminishing as the wind of passage died.

Lazeer plunged the patrol car out onto the road in a screeching turn, and as we straightened out, gathering speed, he yelled to me. "Damn fool runs without lights when the moon is bright enough."

As had been planned, we ran without lights too, to keep Joe Lee from smelling the trap until it was too late. I tightened my seat belt and peered at the moonlit road. Lazeer had estimated we could make it to the far end in ten minutes or a little less. The world was like a photographic negative—white world and black trees and brush, and no shades of grey. As we came quickly up to speed, the heavy sedan began to feel strangely light. It toe-danced, tender and capricious, the wind roar louder than the engine sound. I kept wondering what would happen if Joe Lee stopped dead up there in darkness. I kept staring ahead for the murderous bulk of his vehicle.

Soon I could see the distant red wink of the other sedan, and then the bright cone where the headlights shone off the shoulder into the heavy brush. When my eyes adjusted to that brightness, I could no longer see the road. We came down on

them with dreadful speed. Lazeer suddenly snapped our lights on, touched the siren. We were going to see Joe Lee trying to back and turn around on the narrow paved road, and we were going to block him and end the night games.

We saw nothing. Lazeer pumped the brakes. He cursed. We came to a stop ten feet from the side of the other patrol car. McCollum and Gaiders came out of the shadows. Lazeer and I undid our seat belts and got out of the car.

"We didn't see nothing and we didn't hear a thing," Frank Gaiders said.

Lazeer summed it up. "OK, then. I was running without lights too. Maybe the first glimpse he got of your flasher, he cramps it over onto the left shoulder, tucks it over as far as he dares. I could go by without seeing him. He backs around and goes back the way he came, laughing hisself sick. There's the second chance he tried that and took it too far, and he's wedged in a ditch. Then there's the third chance he lost it. He could have dropped a wheel off onto the shoulder and tripped hisself and gone flying three hundred feet into the swamp. So what we do, we go back there slow. I'll go first and keep my spotlight on the right, and you keep yours on the left. Look for that car and for places where he could have busted through."

At the speed Lazeer drove, it took over a half hour to traverse the eighteen mile stretch. He pulled off at the road where we had waited. He seemed very depressed, yet at the same time amused.

They talked, then he drove me to the courthouse where my car was parked. He said, "We'll work out somethiug tighter and I'll give you a call. You might as well be in at the end."

I drove sedately back to Lauderdale.

Several days later, just before noon on a bright Sunday, Lazeer phoned me at my apartment and said, "You want to be in on the finish of this thing, you better do some hustling and leave right now."

"You've got him?"

"In a manner of speaking." He sounded sad and wry. "He dumped that machine into a canal off Route 27 about twelve miles south of Okeelanta. The wrecker'll be winching it out anytime now. The diver says he and the gal are still in it. It's been on the radio news. Diver read the tag, and it's his. Last year's. He didn't trouble hisself getting a new one."

I wasted no time driving to the scene. I certainly had no trouble identifying it. There were at least a hundred cars pulled off on both sides of the highway. A traffic control officer tried to wave me on by, but when I showed him my press card and told him Lazeer had phoned me, he had me turn in and park beside a patrol car near the center of activity.

I spotted Lazeer on the canal bank and went over to him. A big man in face mask, swim fins and air tank was preparing to go down with the wrecker hook.

Lazeer greeted me and said, "It pulled loose the first time, so he's going to try to get it around the rear axle this time. It's in twenty feet of water, right side up, in the black mud."

"Did he lose control?"

"Hard to say. What happened, early this morning a fellow was goofing around in a little airplane, flying low, parallel to the canal, the water like a mirror, and he seen something down in there so he came around and looked again, then he found a way to mark the spot, opposite those three trees away over there, so he came into his home field and phoned it in, and we had that diver down by nine this morning. I got here about ten."

"I guess this isn't the way you wanted it to end, Sergeant."

"It sure God isn't. It was a contest

tween him and me, and I wanted to get him my own way. But I guess it's a good thing he's off the night roads."

I looked around. The red and white wrecker was positioned and braced. Ambulance attendants were leaning against their vehicle, smoking and chatting. Sunday traffic slowed and was waved on by.

"I guess you could say his team showed up," Lazeer said.

Only then did I realize the strangeness of most of the waiting vehicles. The cars were from a half-dozen counties, according to the tag numbers. There were many big, gaudy, curious monsters not unlike the C.M. Special in basic layout, but quite different in design. They seemed like a visitation of Martian beasts. There were dirty fenderless sedans from the thirties with modern power plants under the hoods, and big rude racing numbers painted on the side doors. There were other cars which looked normal at first glance, but then seemed to squat oddly low, lines clean and sleek where the Detroit chrome had been taken off, the holes leaded up.

The cars and the kids were of another race. Groups of them formed, broke up and re-formed. Radios brought in a dozen stations. They drank Cokes and perched in dense flocks on open convertibles. They wandered from car to car. It had a strange carnival flavor, yet more ceremonial. From time to time somebody would start one of the car engines, rev it up to a bursting roar, and let it die away.

All the girls had long burnished hair and tidy blouses or sun tops and a stillness in their faces, a curious confidence of total acceptance which seemed at odds with the frivolous and provocative tightness of their short shorts, stretch pants, jeans. All the boys were lean, their hairdos carefully ornate, their shoulders high and square, and they moved with the lazy grace of young jungle cats. Some of the couples danced indolently, staring into each other's eyes with a frozen and formal intensity, never touching, bright hair swinging, girls' hips pumping in the stylized ceremonial twist.

Along the line I found a larger group. A boy was strumming slow chords on a guitar, a girl making sharp and erratic fill-in rhythm on a set of bongos. Another boy, in nasal and whining voice, seemed to improvise lyrics as he sang them. "C.M. Special, let it get out and *go./*C.M. Special, let it way out and *go./* Iron runs fast and the moon runs slow."

The circle watched and listened with a contained intensity.

Then I heard the winch whining. It seemed to grow louder as, one by one, the other sounds stopped. The kids began moving toward the wrecker. They formed a big silent semicircle. The taut woven cable, coming in very slowly, stretched down at an angle through the sun glitter on the black-brown water.

The snore of a passing truck covered the winch noise for a moment.

"Coming good now," a man said.

First you could see an underwater band of silver, close to the drop-off near the bank. Then the first edges of the big sweeping fins broke the surface, then the broad rear bumper, then the rich curves of the strawberry paint. Where it wasn't clotted with wet weed or stained with mud, the paint glowed rich and new and brilliant. There was a slow sound from the kids, a sigh, a murmur, a shifting.

As it came up further, the dark water began to spurt from it, and as the water level inside dropped. I saw, through a smeared window, the two huddled masses, the slumped boy and girl, side by side, still belted in.

I wanted to see no more. Lazeer was busy, and I got into my car and backed out and went home and mixed a drink.

I started work on it at about three thirty that afternoon. It would be a feature for the following Sunday. I worked right on through until two in the morning. It was only two thousand words, but it was very tricky and I wanted to get it just right. I had to serve two masters. I had to give lip service to the editorial bias that this sort of thing was wrong, yet at the same time I wanted to capture, for my own sake, the flavor of legend. These kids were making a special world we could not share. They were putting all their skills and dreams and energies to work composing the artifacts of a subculture, power, beauty, speed, skill and rebellion. Our culture was giving them damned little, so they were fighting for a world of their own, with its own customs, legends and feats of valor, its own music, its own ethics and morality.

I took it in Monday morning and left it on Si Walther's desk, with the hope that if it were published intact, it might become a classic. I called it "The Little War of Joe Lee Cuddard."

I didn't hear from Si until just before noon. He came out and dropped it on my desk. "Sorry," he said.

"What's the matter with it?"

"Hell, it's a very nice bit. But we don't publish fiction. You should have checked it out better, Marty, like you usually do. The examiner says those kids have been in the bottom of that canal for maybe eight months. I had Sam check her out through the clinic. She was damn near terminal eight months ago. What probably happened, the boy went to see her and found her so bad off he got scared and decided to rush her to Miami. She was still in her pajamas, with a sweater over them. That way it's a human interest bit. I had Helen do it. It's page one this afternoon, boxed."

I took my worthless story, tore it in half and dropped it into the wastebasket. Sergeant Lazeer's bad guess about the identity of his moonlight road runner had made me look like an incompetent jackass. I vowed to check all facts, get all names right, and never again indulge in glowing, strawberry flake prose.

Three weeks later I got a phone call from Sergeant Lazeer.

He said, "I guess you figured out we got some boy coming in from out of county to fun us these moonlight nights."

"Yes, I did."

"I'm right sorry about you wasting that time and effort when we were thinking we were after Joe Lee Cuddard. We're having some bright moonlight about now, and it'll run full tomorrow night. You want to come over, we can show you some fun, because I got a plan that's dead sure. We tried it last night, but there was just one flaw, and he got away through a road we didn't know about. Tomorrow he won't get that chance to melt away."

I remembered the snarl of that engine, the glimpse of a dark shape, the great wind of passage. Suddenly the backs of my hands prickled. I remembered the emptiness of that stretch of road when we searched it. Could there have been that much pride and passion, labor and love and hope, that Clarissa May and Joe Lee could forever ride the night roads of their home county, balling through the silver moonlight? And what curious message had assembled all those kids from six counties so quickly?

"You there? You still there?"

"Sorry. I was trying to remember my schedule. I don't think I can make it."

"Well, we'll get him for sure this time."

"Best of luck, Sergeant."

"Six cars this time. Barricades. And a spotter plane. He hasn't got a chance if he comes into the net."

I guess I should have gone. Maybe hearing it again, glimpsing the dark shape, feeling the stir of the night wind, would have convinced me of its reality. They didn't get him, of course. But they came so close, so very close. But they left just enough room between a heavy barricade and a live oak tree, an almost impossibly narrow place to slam through. But thread it he did, and rocket back onto the hard top and plunge off, leaving the fading, dying contralto drone.

Sergeant Lazeer is grimly readying next month's trap. He says it is the final one. Thus far, all he has captured are the two little marks, a streak of paint on the rough edge of a timber sawhorse, another nudge of paint on the trunk of the oak. Strawberry red. Flecked with gold.

THE END

EVENING AT THE BLACK HOUSE

BY ROBERT SOMERLOTT

His eyes widened and his big hands holding the sherry bottle trembled slightly, causing a brown trickle to run down the side of the goblet.

"Are you certain, Eric?"

"Yes," I said. "I've been around enough to know when something's up."

"Tell me exactly what happened. It may be important."

"It was just getting dark when I left the hotel. I walked along, thinking how good Frieda's sauerbraten was going to taste after eating tortillas and chili most of the week. I didn't pay any attention to the pair when I passed them in the plaza. It was three blocks before I realized they were following me."

Henry Black's hands were under control as he offered me the sherry. He sat quietly in the leather chair opposite me, his face calm, but the pale blue eyes glancing uneasily toward the living room windows with their drawn drapes and barred shutters. He tilted his close-cropped head, as though listening for some unfamiliar sound outside. I heard nothing but a patter of rain and the whining of Inga, the more nervous of his two Doberman pinschers. I pictured the restless dogs prowling between the house and the barb-topped fence that encircled it. Loki, the male, was more powerful. But Inga was tautly alert, tense with suspicion. Months before, during my first evenings at Henry Black's, I had felt like an explorer sitting down with cannibals. Would the dogs lunge for my throat if I reached for a fork? They were completely unused to strangers. In the house, they never left Henry's side. It had taken two months and a dozen visits before they would trust me to walk across the room. Now, patrolling in the yard, they probed the night for a warning scent, a muffled footfall.

"What did these men look like?" Henry asked.

"Like a couple of Mexican drunks," I said. "When I realized they were following me, I figured they were out to sandbag and roll an American tourist. Then I felt—I don't know—they just didn't *walk* like Mexicans. I suppose that's ridiculous, but—"

"No, Eric, it's not!" His sudden excitement carried him to his feet. "Every race, every nationality moves differently. Like breeds of dogs—each has its own gait. Some people would never notice the difference, but you and I would."

"Anyway," I said, "there was something odd about them. I decided if I was going to have trouble, I'd better have it in the village instead of on this deserted country road. So I stopped and waited. They didn't pass me, but turned into one of those courtyards. I would have forgotten the whole thing if I hadn't seen them later near your gate."

"What were they doing?"

"This black car was parked in the road and they were talking to the driver. They watched me for a minute, and when they saw me turn toward your gate, they got in the car. They took off down the road heading away from town. Oh, yes, the car had an American license."

Henry slammed his hard fist into his palm. "Took off for where? That road leads to a couple of adobe huts and a pig farm three miles away. You should have told me at once, Eric."

I chuckled, trying to ease the tension in the room. "Did you want me to ruin Frieda's dinner with a story about being watched by mysterious strangers? Besides, nothing happened. They just looked peculiar, and I can't figure out how they got here ahead of me without my seeing them on the road. Oh, hell, I think they just wanted to grab a few American dollars and changed their minds."

"Perhaps. Perhaps."

Frieda entered so suddenly that I had a feeling she had been standing just outside the dining room archway, listening.

"Nutses," she announced, displaying a carved wooden tray. "*Und* cheeses."

"*And* cheeses," Henry corrected.

"*Ja*." Frieda's round face had a dumpling-fed smile, but there was a strained look around her eyes. Her plump fingers, weighted by gold rings, were fidgety as she set the tray on the coffee table. The dishes brimmed with after-dinner tidbits.

"When I break down and get married —Lord help me—it's going to be to a German girl like Frieda."

"*Ja*," she smiled, "but a younger."

"She's a good wife," said Henry. A long look passed between them, a half smile of devotion and appreciation—but at the same time there was sadness.

"You have been a good husband," she said. Every syllable carried a weight of doom, making her words sound like a good-bye whispered beside a new grave. Henry patted her hand, his fingers touching the beautiful gold bracelet she wore proudly. Frieda was so plain, so housewifely, that her fascination with gold ornaments seemed like a child's. She delighted equally in the really lovely bracelet and the cheap, Gypsy hoops that dragged at the lobes of her pierced ears.

Outside, Inga barked sharply. Henry crossed the room in three strides. Jerking back the drapes, he flung open the window and pressed his face against the shutter slats. He was well past fifty, but he moved like a tiger, power and balance in every step.

"What is it?" I asked.

His tense body slowly relaxed. "Nothing. I heard Inga bark."

"I'll go out to take a look around."

Before I could take a step toward the door, he stopped me with a snapped military command. "No, Eric!"

I faced him. "Look, Henry, all evening

(cont. on p. 97)

Courtesy Museum of Modern Art, New York City, Gift of James Thrall Soby

"NUDE WITH RED HAIR" A LITHOGRAPH BY EDVARD MUNCH

Norway's great painter and graphic artist (1863-1944). Munch's subjects are always devastated by fear and suffering and especially consumed by loneliness.

 (cont. from p. 95)

you've acted like you expected a bomb to come through the window. It started long before I mentioned being followed. At dinner you were jumpy as a cat. It's not like you. Now you think something's outside. Well, I'm going to find out."

"Go ahead. It's better to know."

At the door, the dogs raced to me. "Good boy, Loki," I said, petting him. I did not touch Inga. Together, we slowly circled the house.

The place was a fortress, or perhaps more like a concentration camp, with the high wire fence and cleared strip between it and the surrounding jungle. The fence, powerfully electrified, claimed a daily toll of birds which perched on its deadly strands. Even in this remote part of Mexico, where the rich always topped their walls with jagged glass and kept guard dogs, such precautions as Henry Black had taken were extraordinary.

I had met Henry five months before, shortly after my arrival in the village of San Xavier. He was an arresting figure, striding through the plaza with Inga at his side and Hugo, the square-faced valet, at his heels. For a second, he paused to glance at the painting I was struggling with. Nodding curtly to me, he moved on, his back as military as the revolver holstered at his side.

During the next two weeks he passed me every morning on his way to and from the post office, never speaking, but always glancing curiously. Finally, his fascination with painting and his love of the flowers that were my constantly repeated subject overcame his aloofness.

After the first brief conversation our friendship developed rapidly, since he was an amateur painter himself. We played chess together; we were evenly matched. Our similar backgrounds overcame the twenty-year difference in our ages. I had seen a lot of the world during my thirty years. Henry and I had both fought in wars, knew odd countries and remembered certain twisting streets in Singapore or Barcelona.

"What a relief to talk to an intelligent man again!" he said. "How did you happen to come to his hellhole?"

"No accident," I said. "I'd made inquiries from friends and connections in Mexico for three years before I decided on this town. For me, it's ideal."

I did not question him about his reasons for choosing San Xavier as a retirement spot. Something about Henry warded off inquiry.

A week later, I met Frieda. "I found her in Germany," he said, "when I was on a military mission. Eric, you should have seen her thirty years ago!"

Henry was always on guard. But his watchfulness had increased during the last six weeks. I became aware of new shadows under his eyes, a tension in his manner. He took to glancing over his shoulder in the street. I realized one day that he was deliberately varying his arrival time at the post office.

Now, as the dogs and I turned the fourth corner of the house and were once again in the front yard, I felt that he was close to a breaking point. Through the shutter slits I could see him watching me, straining to see into the night.

Reaching the window, I stopped suddenly, my shoulders stiffening. Loki barked as my hand touched him. The dogs, sensing an uneasiness in me, growled viciously, sniffing as near the fence as they dared go.

I returned quickly to the house.

"What was it?" Henry asked.

"Nothing."

"No, Eric! You saw something. I watched through the shutter. You were startled by something in the jungle."

"Just a light," I said. "It came on twice, then vanished. For a moment I thought it was some kind of signal, but probably it was just some Mexican carrying an open lantern that the rain put out. It's plenty wet out there."

Henry looked doubtful. I felt uncomfortable as he stared at me without speaking.

"What is this?" I asked, taking off my dampened coat. "Why did Hugo come this morning and ask me to come here tonight instead of Friday as usual? It's not like you to change plans suddenly."

He continued to stare at me, inner conflict apparent on his face.

"I'm your friend," I told him. "You and Frieda have meant a lot to me in the past months. Sometime I hope I can show you how much. If you need help, I'm here, and I'm not easy to scare. But I have to know what it's all about."

"Sit down, Eric." He took a long time lighting cigarettes for himself and me. "I once swore I'd never speak to a living soul. But now I need help. I have to protect Frieda no matter what the risk is." His eyes were intent on my face, boring into me. "Eric, will you swear before God that no matter what I tell you—no matter what you think of me afterward—you'll guard her for twenty-four hours, if I'm not around to do it?"

I hesitated, then made up my mind. "Of course I will. You knew I would before you asked."

"You swear?"

"Yes," I said. "But with a condition. Whatever you tell me, make it the truth. Otherwise, don't count on me."

"Always a chess player," he said. "I agree. It is an oath between friends. First, you tell me some things. How much have you figured out about me?"

"All right," I said. "Don't blame me if I'm wrong. To start with, you're not really an American. Your accent's almost perfect, but wrong in little ways. Then there's the way you sit at the dinner table, the way you reach out when you move a chess piece. Right so far?"

"Exactly," he said. "You're sharp, and I think there's a ruthless streak in you. Perhaps that's why I trust you."

"I know you're hiding from something," I continued. "This house is ready for a siege. Yet you're not a crook and I don't think you've ever been one."

Frieda was in the archway. "Come in, *Liebchen*," he said. She knelt beside his chair. "You're correct on all counts, Eric. Now, it's my turn to speak."

"*Nein, nein*," came Frieda's terrified whisper. "No one—"

"We must have help, Frieda." It was the curt tone he used when speaking to Inga. Frieda stifled a sob and was silent.

"My name is Heinrich Schwartz," he said. "I am in Mexico illegally, passing myself off as a retired American, which is not difficult for me. As a child I lived for eight years in the town of Milwaukee. Later I had training in 'American' at a German military establishment."

Outside, the rain increased. I could hear the wind begin to rise as Black left his chair, moving slowly across the room, twisting his hands together.

"I was a major in the German Army. Young for the assignments they gave me, but I come from an important family. We were not Nazis! No matter what they say, we were not! True, we had Party connections. Frieda had important contacts. Who didn't have? But I was an Army man, decorated three times, once in Poland, twice in Africa."

Hugo entered, carrying a wooden box that I took to be a gun chest. Henry did not seem to notice him.

"I went to the school in Bavaria where we learned to impersonate Americans, to create disorder, to sabotage. Then a shrapnel wound from Africa began to cripple me again. They took me from active duty and put me in charge of a transport depot near the Belgian border. Hugo was my orderly then. He still is." The valet bowed his head dumbly.

"Part of my job was transportation of Jew fugitives caught in Holland, but it was a small part of my work. Just providing guards, clearing facilities for removal to the interior. There weren't many of them. Less than a hundred a week. It was a nuisance, but I never paid much attention. Dull, routine work. But at least Frieda could be with me there.

"Then everything started to collapse. I had fourteen prisoners on my hands and the Americans were almost upon us. There was no more transport." His fist

crashed down on the coffee table. "What was I to do? Turn the prisoners loose to sabotage what was left of our Army?" His voice rose to a shout. "*I had orders*! I was a soldier. Hugo and I carried them out." His eyes wandered to the windows. "It was raining that night," he said. "Just like this."

I tried to see the pictures that were before the eyes of my three companions. Did they see a pitiful procession of captives, starved faces hardly more than skin-covered skulls? I pictured Hugo and Henry standing near a stalled boxcar, waiting for the final line to be formed. Was Frieda, in her mind, now hearing methodical, evenly spaced Luger shots? The last whimpers of the victims? No, she was listening for a nearer danger. Something outside in the night.

"Later they tried me at Nuremberg," Henry said dully. "They proved nothing. There was a rumor that two children with that group had escaped. So they kept me in jail for months while they searched for imaginary witnesses. They failed. They even dragged poor Frieda into it, accusing her of being a ghoul who robbed the dead bodies. *Mein Gott*! Horrible! They proved nothing, but I spent five years in Landsberg prison.

"The week after they released me, we fled here. We knew as long as we could be found, vengeance would follow. At last, they have caught up with us. Look." Reaching into his pocket, he drew out an envelope with a Mexico City postmark.

Inside was a page from a desk calendar, bearing today's date. The drawing on it was crude, almost childish. Three bodies, one in a skirt, dangled grotesquely from a tree. *Tonight, Major* was scribbled across the bottom in German.

"Other things came before," he said. "Starting six weeks ago. First a package with a gold bracelet—like the one Frieda wears. The devils had wrapped a rubber snake around it. That time the note said, *Soon, Major, but not too soon.*"

Frieda's breathing was harsh, rapid. "Then the toy gun," she cried. "With red paint—like on it was blood. Another time a book it was."

"Yes," said Henry. "A book about Adolf Eichmann. They wrote, *You will join him this month*, on the inside."

I looked at the three of them on the opposite side of the room. "That's why you asked me here tonight," I said. "You think they won't strike if there's a stranger in the house."

"I don't know, Eric," he said. "They won't harm you. You're an American, and it would cause trouble for them. They're careful. Read the Eichmann story!" A deep frown crossed his face. "Yet this isn't like it was with Eichmann. These warnings that have come to torture us. It's personal somehow. Fiendish!" Henry put his hand on my shoulder. "Hugo and I can take care of ourselves. We've got guns and plenty of ammunition. But I've got to get Frieda to Mexico City. You swore you'd do it."

I couldn't look into his eyes. "I promised," I said. "I'll do it. Whatever you've done, it isn't her fault. And if things get rough here tonight, I'll help you. No matter what I think of your story, I won't stand by while you're shot by some cowards out there in the dark."

"Thank you, Eric." His voice almost broke. Frieda came to my side. Standing on tiptoe, she kissed my cheek.

As the wind drove rain against the shutters, there was a *rata-tat-tat* outside. Inga, Loki barked wildly. *Rata-tat*. The noise was high-pitched, metallic. We seized guns from the box that Hugo opened. I checked the Luger in my hand, finding it ready for action.

"Frieda!" She came to attention at Henry's command. "The lights. *Aus*."

Moving militarily, trained by long drill, Frieda took her assigned place at the light switches. She reversed the first two, plunging the house into darkness but lighting up the yard as much as was possible in the driving rain. *Rata-tat*! It seemed closer. "Stay by the door," I told Henry. "Hugo and I'll go out back and circle around through the cane."

"*Ja*." The terror in the brief word told me that Henry was trembling in the darkness. We slipped through the kitchen door, Hugo reaching to the left to switch off the current to the back gate. The dogs found us instantly, but Hugo silenced them with a soft command. As a gust of wind bearing a sheet of water struck our faces, we heard the metallic noise again.

The blinding rain and tangled jungle of cane shoots and banana palms battled against us as we tried to move carefully over concealed roots and fallen branches. At this season in San Xavier, a windborne storm came almost every night at the same hour. Obviously this was part of the plan—to strike during the worst of it. Nothing had been left to chance.

Fifty yards from the house we found the source of the noise—a simple device attached to a tree trunk operated by the wind like a schoolboy's tick-tack, a wooden beater striking a metal pan. Cursing, Hugo ripped it from the tree. "A trick," I said. "to get us to this side. Get back fast." We started for the house, even more cautious now, neither of us knowing exactly what lay ahead.

We were almost to the rear gate when Hugo seemed to sense something. He halted abruptly. I suddenly realized what he saw. "Hugo!" I yelled as he threw himself to the ground—too late. A shot rang out in the darkness. There was no cry from the dead valet.

Crouching low, I raced through the gate, pushing aside the yelping dogs, now roused to frenzy by the gunshot. For a terrible second I thought Inga would attack me in her confusion, but she let me pass.

Slamming open the kitchen door, I stumbled through the dark interior. "Henry!" I yelled. "They got Hugo. He's dead."

"*Mein Gott*! Where are they now? How many?"

"Coming round front, I think. I couldn't tell how many. Maybe three. Maybe four."

In the streaked light between the shutter slats, I saw Frieda still at her post near the switches. Henry's revolver dangled at his side as he peered into the yard. With one swift movement, I knocked it from his hand and shoved Frieda aside. Light flooded the room.

"There's only one, Major." I said. "And he's not out there. He's here. It was stupid of you to let those two children escape."

The terror on their faces was all I had dreamed it would be. It was worth waiting for through all those years, then through the last months when, finally, I had found them. I stood quietly a moment, enjoying it, letting every detail stamp itself on my memory. I would have to recall every expression, every pleading look for my sister who was waiting in Mexico City.

"It's raining tonight, Major," I said in German. "Just as it was then."

I killed Frieda first, so he would be alive to see it happen. Then I shot Heinrich through the head as he lunged for the revolver on the floor. The few minor things I had to do in the house—planting the death gun on Heinrich, removing the other guns and disposing of my sherry glass—did not take much time. Besides, no one would miss the trio for a couple of days. By then, my sister and I would be happily back in New York.

Before leaving, I took the gold bracelet from Frieda's wrist. On the back I found my mother's initials—as I knew I would. I remembered the bracelet so clearly. It had been the last of our wealth and we had thought someday we might barter it for our lives. I remember how, as I lay in the mud pretending death, Frieda had ripped it from its hiding place on my mother's wet, lifeless body.

The time I took doing these things gave the dogs a chance to quiet down. Their greeting was almost friendly as I went toward the gate.

"*Shalom*, Loki," I said. "*Shalom*, Inga."

THE END

A VISIT TO CLAUDIA

BY NORAH LOFTS

My friend Claudia Gaywood is a woman who, but for her good nature, would be intolerable. I remember her from our earliest school-days when she was a pretty, pampered, rather self-conscious little darling whose possessions and privileges would have been the envy of all if she had not been so willing, indeed so anxious, to share them.

Forty years did little to change her. She retained her looks, her health and her capacity for facile enthusiasms. She was always adopting—and quickly abandoning—poses, theories, causes. She was one of those people who scans the more serious articles in *Reader's Digest* and is at once prepared to discuss the subjects dealt with as though she had expert qualifications. Widowhood eclipsed her for a month or two, but she emerged, seemingly unscathed, having, I basely suspected, concentrated upon the correct attitudes and conventions.

As time went by I met her less and less frequently, but she was a great letter-writer, an indomitable rememberer of Christmases and birthdays: one of those people who on holidays spends much time buying highly colored picture post-cards, scribbling "Wish you were here," and dispatching them to her less fortunate friends.

Two years ago she went to spend a weekend in East Anglia with some people named Crawley. She sent me a postcard from their village, the scrawled message admonishing me to note that the church had a Saxon tower. Soon after, I received one of her enthusiastic, slightly incoherent letters. The most exciting thing had happened. The Crawleys had taken her for a drive and they'd gone through the prettiest village, with a charming name—Talbot St. Faith: and Claudia had just said, "Oh, I could live here," and hardly had she said this than—wasn't it astounding?—there was the house of her dreams, covered with wisteria, empty and for sale. So she'd bought it. There was a great deal of work to be done on it before it was habitable. If she didn't write for a while, I should understand.

Write, however, she did—copious letters in which the phrase "I simply must tell you" featured frequently. A wall was found to be damp and, before it could be attended to, part of the wisteria had to be cut away. The cutting had revealed an old lead gutter spout which bore the date 1720. The room she had decided was to be the drawing room had the ugliest little fireplace, impossible to live with, so she'd ordered its removal, and behind it there was a wonderful cavernous brick hearth, for which she must now find a basket grate of the proper period. When it came to stripping off some hideous wallpaper—"magenta roses on a yellow ground, my dear!"—the paper was found to be attached to canvas which had hidden some elegant eighteenth century pine paneling. When it came to furnishing the place, I gathered that all the antique shops in the region had a boom summer.

Since she was doing precisely what I, given the means, would dearly have loved to do, these letters would have provoked me to envy and malice, but for Claudia's touching desire to share. Before the house was finished, she invited me to go and "rough it" with her. Then, as work progressed, she told me that she was furnishing her guest room with me in mind, and that on the ground floor there was a darling, snug little room overlooking the garden, very quiet, just the place for me to work in. During her first spring in the house she sent me a large, badly packed box of daffodils and forsythia, with a message: "Since you won't come to Newell's, Newell's must come to you!" She had called the house Newell's after a former owner, about whom, she said, she would tell me when we met: it was too long a story to put into a letter.

A number of circumstances prevented me from taking advantage of these warm invitations, and Claudia had owned Newell's for more than two years when I found myself faced with temporary homelessness. It was then November, not everyone's choice for a month in the country, but I like the contrast between miry ways and glowing firesides, and I like the pattern of bare boughs against the sky. Also I had heard a good deal about Claudia's central heating. So I wrote, and within an hour of receiving my letter she was telephoning me: my visit was the one thing to which she, and Newell's, had been looking forward.

I arrived while there was still light enough to see by. The house had the flat front, the evenly spaced windows, the parapet, the wide fan-lighted door of the Georgian heyday: but behind the parapet, rearing against the November sky, was a cluster of chimneys, some twisted, some of molded brick. I thought, with a pang of unworthy pleasure, that I could tell Claudia that a date on a gutter spout was not infallible evidence of a house's age. And then, there she was, pretty as ever, ebullient, warmly welcoming.

She showed me where to put my car and insisted upon carrying in the heavier of my two suitcases. She said that she was glad to see that I had brought my typewriter: she hoped I'd stay for months and months. I looked pale, she thought, and tired. Country life and air would do me a world of good. So would the atmosphere of Newell's, so eighteenth-century—I should soak it in and be inspired. Wouldn't it be thrilling if I settled here long enough to write a book!

In the attractive hall, she deposited my case at the foot of the staircase and then opened a paneled door into a cloakroom. "If you want to wash," she said, "then we'll have tea right away and I'll show you your room later on."

Her drawing room was beautiful: it was also warm and full of the pleasant, earthy scent of chrysanthemums. The basket grate was heaped with logs and the

(cont. on p. 101)

Courtesy The Louise and Walter Arensberg Collection, Philadelphia Museum of Art *Limited color reproduction*

"MERRY JESTERS" PAINTED BY HENRI ROUSSEAU (1875-1933)

HENRI ROUSSEAU (1844-1910) is one of the best known of the French primitive painters. His art takes us into a dream world where things are seen with pitiless clarity by use of rhythmic linear forms and bold color areas characteristic of the period in which he lived. Rousseau liked using exotic jungle backgrounds. his style summed up in his famous "The Dream." now in the collection of New York's Museum of Modern Art. Henri made the friendship and earned the respect of such greats as Gauguin. Redon. Seurat. Vlaminck and Picasso. His works hang in the important museums and collections of the world.

A VISIT TO CLAUDIA (cont. from p. 99)

firelight flickered on well-polished surfaces, on china and silver.

Claudia had, as I feared, made the eighteenth century her own. The silver tray and the tea service were Georgian, and she made the tea at table, ladling the tea from a genuine old caddy with a genuine old caddy spoon, and pouring water from a spirit kettle. We ate tiny savory sandwiches. "They're made with Gentleman's Relish," she said. "I'm not quite sure that it was known in Captain Newell's day, but I somehow feel that he would have approved of it." Some streak of perversity made it impossible for me to ask the obvious question, "And who was Captain Newell?" There were saffron buns and caraway cake.

Claudia said, "I found the most wonderful cookery book. The *Olde English Cook Book*—full of original recipes. They're marvelous, though a bit lavish with cream and butter. I shall get fat if I'm not careful!"

At seventeen she had weighed eight and a half stones, at thirty she had weighed eight and a half stones, and judging by the look of her, she weighed about that now. She recognized this as one of her blessings, and was inclined to draw attention to the fact, either directly or indirectly. This did not endear her to her contemporaries who, at forty, tended to grow too plump or too lean.

For the next hour she regaled me with detailed accounts of where she had discovered every article of furniture, every ornament in the room, the state it had been in when discovered and the price she had paid for it. She did this, not boastfully, but gloatingly, as well she might: she'd acquired some marvelous bargains.

"And I never minded buying things earlier than the eighteenth century," she said earnestly. "It stands to reason, doesn't it, that people came here bringing their treasures and heirlooms. And of course I was sensible over mattresses and chairs and kitchen gadgets. After all, think of the help people had in those days; we need some compensation."

Not that she was without help. She had wonderful help, a woman named Mrs. Hawk who came from the village every day on a bicycle. She was actually coming back this evening to dish up the dinner and clear up afterward.

"There again I'm singularly lucky. Most people can't get any help in the evenings, or if they do, their women are clumsy and smash things. Mrs. Hawk was a parlormaid before she married, and she treats all my things as though they were her own. Len and Helen Crawley are coming to dinner. You'll like them and they're very anxious to meet you. It'll be nice for me to introduce them to somebody; they've introduced me to some charming people. You know, a lot of people complain that as they grow older they have fewer friends; honestly, I have more."

It was true; but it sounded smug.

Presently she began to move about, getting ready for the predinner drinks.

"I always have Madeira nowadays; it is so in keeping. But of course I have martinis and sherry as well. Whisky too." She kept her liquor in a cabinet which she explained to me was Chinese Chippendale; and the olives and nuts were in sweetmeat dishes.

By that time I was a little edgy, a little less fond of the eighteenth century than I had been. Then she put her arm around me, and she was soft and warm and sweet-smelling. "Now we'll go up. I'm simply longing to show you your room."

At the foot of the stairs we had a brief wrangle over who should carry the larger case; this time I won. Claudia took the small one and went tripping ahead of me. The staircase, like the chimneys, considerably predated the house front. The steps were shallow and sloped slightly from left to right; the banister posts were intricately carved, the handrail very thick. I noticed all this as I mounted the first few stairs, and then all I was aware of was an increasing difficulty in moving upward. The distance between me and Claudia increased, and as it did I moved more slowly, with more effort. The case dragged me backward. I realized that I was badly out of condition. I'd been living on a fifth floor and using the lift. I led a sedentary life, was unused to carrying heavy objects.

Claudia dumped what she was carrying and sped down again. "I told you you should have let me carry that. I'm a lot stronger than I look." She stood beside me on the wide stair and attempted to take the suitcase. Infuriated by this sidelong reference to her Dresden-china, please-take-care-of-me appearance which is in such strong contrast to my own appearance, I wouldn't let go, so we went up the stairs with the case between us. And she was strong, I admit.

There was a landing, with some doors and an archway, which wasn't even Tudor —late thirteenth or early fourteenth century I'd have said, if asked. Beyond was a short passage and a door. Claudia threw it open, switched on a light and said, "There!" in a voice of triumph.

It was quite the prettiest room I'd ever slept in. The paneled walls were painted a muted bluish-green, the carpet matched exactly. There was a four poster, smaller than a double, wider than a single bed, curtained, covered and valanced with glazed chintz, white, scattered all over with moss rose buds. The dressing table was a Queen Anne chest with a swing mirror and silver candlesticks made into electric lamps.

"It's lovely," I said with genuine feeling.

"You haven't seen half." She opened what looked like a section of paneling. "This was a powder closet, it's your bathroom. And this—" she opened another section. "—is a clothes closet. I had the rail put in. There were hooks. How did they manage, just with hooks? All those voluminous clothes!" Her voice changed. "Well, I'm glad you like it. As I told you, I had you in mind all the time."

She gave me a fond smile and flitted away.

I am inclined to view with caution any statement attributing human qualities to inanimate things: and I had just been surfeited with accounts of how this house felt toward Claudia and how pieces of furniture had just stood there simply crying out to her to buy them. So I hesitated before admitting, even to myself, that the pretty room, appointed with me in mind, showed me an unwelcoming face. Instead I thought that it was an exceptionally cold room. The green was the green of deep cool water, the chintz had a glacial look. There was a radiator between the windows and it occurred to me that Claudia had forgotten to turn it on. I went over to it and was surprised to find it scaldingly hot. It failed to warm the room however, and it took a definite effort of will to remove my jacket and jersey and don a thin dress.

Suddenly I felt miserable. I was certain that Claudia—for all her sweetness of manner—didn't really want *me*: she wanted an appreciative eye, a listening ear. I thought of alternative arrangements I might have made for housing myself during my homeless interim: then, in a burst of most unusual self-pity, I wondered whether anyone, anywhere, wanted me, or ever had.

Almost in a panic I fled down to the drawing room and the fire: and once I was there my mood changed. The Crawleys arrived and proved themselves excellent company: two martinis dispelled my ersatz woes. The dinner, cooked as Claudia was bound to inform us, according to the *Olde English Cook Book*, was first-class and beautifully served. It was not until half past eleven, when the Crawleys announced, reluctantly, that they must go, that I remembered that I, too, must go—to bed—to sleep in that frigid, unfriendly room.

Claudia went to the door with her guests and I began to empty ashtrays and plump up cushions. When she came back she sat on a low stool, lighted a cigarette and began to talk about the

Crawleys, and then about mutual friends in the past.

Suddenly, from somewhere undefined, there came a dull, heavy thump. I gave a start, recovered myself, remembered Mrs. Hawk and said, "Your woman stays late."

"Oh, she's been gone ages," Claudia said. "I see what you mean. Ten o'clock *is* late for country people."

She seemed not to have heard the thud and I was on the point of mentioning it when I remembered reading an account of a house generally reckoned to be haunted. One of the manifestations was a dull thumping, heard by some people and not by others. And of course, as soon as I had entertained that cheerful thought, another thud sounded. Cold spots were psychically significant, too.

Claudia said, "Poor Ennie. I am a brute keeping you up. You look quite pale. How about a nightcap and then straight into bed?"

I accepted the nightcap with, maybe, overmuch avidity.

This time, going upstairs, though I carried nothing but a handbag, I had even more difficulty in mounting. I felt as though something soft, yet unyielding, was barring the way. I fought my way up, thinking how ridiculous the whole thing was, but made little progress until Claudia, coming behind me, put her hands on my waist and said, "You hardly know how to put one foot in front of the other. I shall bring you your breakfast in bed."

I undressed quickly and climbed into bed, glad to find that it held an electric blanket which had been switched on by Mrs. Hawk. The sheets were of fine linen, the pillows of down, the mattress springy, the covers almost weightless. A very comfortable bed, I thought, and composed myself for sleep. But sleep was far away. I lay there and suffered again in retrospect every slight, every snub, every injustice I had ever experienced in my life. When I reached the point where my mother preferred my brother to me—as what natural mother wouldn't?—I got up angrily and swallowed one of the sleeping pills which I carry, "just in case," and seldom need. After a time I did sleep, but I was soon awake again, practically certain that another of those thumps had awakened me. I lay waiting for another, which did not come. What did come was the memory of every ghastly, dreadful thing I'd ever heard of: murder, atrocities of every kind reeled out pictorially before my mind's cringing eye. Then my joints began to ache and I thought of the medieval torture thing known as Little Ease, a cage in which the prisoner could neither sit nor stand nor lie, and every joint became inflamed, and he lived for months in agony. I swallowed another pill and slept at last, to wake with a dry mouth and aching head to find Claudia by the bedside, gay and fresh as a daisy, holding a tray.

She asked how I had slept, and I muttered, "Not very well." One often didn't one's first night in a strange bed, she said; besides, she could see that I was overtired. She drew back the curtains and said that it was a lovely morning for the time of year, a slight mist, with the sun just breaking through. How would I like to go for a drive to Lavenham, a famous old wool town, with a wonderful church and an inn where we could lunch? She'd drive; I need do nothing but sit back and enjoy the scenery.

Before I went downstairs I wrote a letter to a friend in High Wycombe begging her to telephone me and demand that I go there immediately. I stamped the letter but did not put it into my handbag. I intended to slip it into the pocket of my overcoat whence I could withdraw it as soon as I sighted a post box. Why I should act so furtively I don't know. Guests are allowed to write letters. But the ruse savored of ingratitude, and I did feel guilty.

I went down. Claudia was ready. Mrs. Hawk was humming a hymn in the kitchen. I remembered my letter.

"I've forgotten something," I said.

"I'll get the car out," Claudia said. "Isn't this a lovely morning for November? Aren't we lucky?"

I turned to mount the stairs, struggled against whatever it was, made no headway, came out in goose-pimples and gave up.

All that I saw that day, the charming, unspoiled countryside, the medieval town, the fine church, the low dark bar and the raftered dining room of the inn. I saw through a veil of grey muslin. I was astonished at myself, having always thought that I was a fairly down-to-earth person; I was frightened; above all I wanted to talk about the thing. If I could only say to somebody, "There's something on the stairs and in the guest room at Newell's that isn't quite canny," I should have felt better: just as people feel better as soon as they can describe the symptoms that they fear indicate some dread disease. But the last person to whom I could say that was Claudia, who'd lived there so happily all alone, who had no suspicion.

Over the lunch, which I could make only a pretense of eating, she said, "Now we'll go home by Long Melford. The church there is even better. And that way back I can show you the house Len and Helen wanted me to have. They were terribly *against* Newell's. They thought it was much too run-down, and too isolated. They thought I'd be lonely." She gave a little laugh and her face took on an expression that I remembered so well, the lucky-girl-with-yet-another-present-to-display. "I daresay you'll think this is all whimsy-whamsy, but I never am alone in that house: I never have been. You see, I have a ghost."

Following upon the thoughts I had been thinking, this was a shock: but something warned me that what she was talking about and what I was thinking about were two very different things.

"Surely you don't *mind*, Ennie. I wouldn't have mentioned it, not for worlds, if I thought you'd mind. I thought you'd be intrigued. And honestly, there's no need to mind. He's a most friendly ghost, my Captain Newell."

I said, "Oh yes, you promised to tell me. . . ."

She said, "I've always thought I was a teeny bit psychic. It was very odd. I went into that house when it had been empty and neglected for twenty years, all dust and dry rot and cobwebs. But it welcomed me, it really did. Then, when I came to look at the record of title, one name—Jeremiah Newell—just leaped out at me. And I realized that he'd loved the house: he lived there for thirty-two years, longer than anybody else, from 1799 to 1831. An old sailor, home from the sea. With a sea chest, perhaps, and a parrot. He loved that house and he knows I love it. So he is my friend."

I said, "How do you know? Have you seen or heard . . . anything?"

"Oh no. I just feel it. You can't ask for evidence about a thing like that. You just . . . well, you sort of tune in. I think he'd had an unhappy love affair and never married. . . ."

"Did you ever try to find out anything about him?"

She shook her head. "I felt that would spoil it somehow. I think of him as tall and thickset, sunburned and weather-beaten—and smoking a clay pipe. After all, it isn't what you know in such a case, it's what you *feel*."

I persisted. "And what *do* you feel, exactly?"

"I told you. A warm, friendly atmosphere: a sense of approval, and of protection."

"Against what?"

"Oh, whatever it is that women living alone dread. Feeling lonely, or burglars. I just feel that nothing could happen to me with Captain Newell around. That's why I named the house for him. It's *his* still, we share it. Mind you, Ennie, I wouldn't say this to just anybody. I never mentioned it to Len and Helen. They were so sweet. They thought I ought to have a dog for company, so they gave me one of their boxer's pups. She was a dear and I loved her, but she was absolutely hysterical."

I said cautiously, "Can dogs be that?"

"She was—or the canine equivalent. She had a thing about the stairs. She never would come up them, no matter how I enticed her; and she'd stand in the hall with her hackles up and howl. You never heard anything so eerie. In the end it got me down and I had to ask Len to take her back."

I know now why people in perilous situations make such bad, macabre jokes. I said, "Maybe she was aware of Captain Newell."

Claudia laughed gaily. "What an idea! I'm sure he loved dogs and they loved him. Mind you, I don't deny that some dogs are credited with ESP; but if she'd had it, she'd have jumped and wagged her bit of tail. She was a victim of this overbreeding, poor dear. You know, Ennie, you're more in need of a break than you realized. You've hardly eaten anything and you're looking terribly pale. I think we'll leave Long Melford for another day and go straight home."

Back at the house I made the discovery that whatever it was that was opposed to my mounting the stairs allowed Claudia free passage, and that if I let her go first she seemed to carry me along in her airway, so to speak. But my room still regarded me with a cold, inimical eye.

My letter had gone from the dressing table and when I mentioned it, Claudia said not to worry; she was sure Mrs. Hawk had taken it to post. "I'm a bit careless about such things myself, and she's very conscientious."

I asked Claudia if I might have a look at all her records pertaining to the house, and she produced them willingly. "I couldn't bother with them," she said, "so badly written and all those *whereases* and *the aforesaids*."

The earliest was dated 1720, which, in conjunction with the gutter spout, had deluded Claudia; but it was a record of transfer between William Martin and Thomas Pratt. Thomas Pratt had sold the property some six years later to Susannah Cobb, widow, whose occupancy was brief—only seven months. In fact, the place had changed hands with a frequency that was remarkable. Jeremiah Newell, sea captain, whose beautiful calligraphy would have distinguished him anywhere, was the only person who had stayed there any length of time. But Walter George Isell, from whom Claudia Maybrook, widow, had purchased the property, ran Jeremiah pretty close; he'd owned it for twenty years. I remarked upon this and Claudia said, "Oh yes; but he never *lived* here. He lived up at the Park and he bought it for his agent. Now that is a very sad story and it accounts for the house standing empty so long. Not of course that I can be sorry, because in my heart I must confess that I'm glad the house waited for me."

"What happened?"

"Well, Mrs. . . . I'm sorry the name escapes me. Mrs. Agent was going to have a baby, so they needed more room. So Mr. Isell bought this place and Mrs. Agent came over to measure for curtains or something. You know how our generation was—take no notice, don't let nature dictate, carry on regardless. She probably shouldn't have been exerting herself at all. She came here alone and had a fall. It brought on a frightful miscarriage and she died. So then the house just stood and rotted, because the agent, naturally, didn't need any more room, and wouldn't have wanted to live here anyway. Quite understandable."

"Did she fall on the stairs?"

Claudia gave me a sharp look. "As a matter of fact, yes. How did you guess? You know, it's funny, I've always felt that if *you* came here, you'd sense . . . you know," she waved a pretty hand, "all the stored-up history. Young Mrs. Isell told me about the tragedy at a cocktail party. I think she was trying to explain why the house was in such a state. Nobody seemed to realize that I loved saving it."

That night was worse than the one before. Determined to have no nonsense, firmly expecting that on the morrow I should be safe in High Wycombe, I took two pills and fell asleep almost immediately. I woke to find myself rigid with cold, though the bedclothes were undisturbed. I switched on the blanket and it grew warm; so did such parts of my body as were in contact with it: the rest of me stayed cold. Perhaps it was that that made me begin to think about my death, the form it would take, where, when.

It was supremely idiotic. I knew that everybody must die, that every birth certificate was a death warrant. So far as I knew I was in perfect health: I was forty-six years old, and women are long-lived creatures. There was plenty of time to prepare for death. But I thought about dying, about the possibility of being buried alive. My heart fluttered, my breathing became difficult. I had horrible cramps. I tried to read, but the print danced. I was forced to consider my most urgent fear—the fear of going blind.

There I capitulated. I got out of bed, put on my slippers and dressing gown, snatched up my book and retreated. As I went through the arch to the landing, I heard one of the thuds.

In the drawing room a last log smoldered dimly; I turned it over and added more fuel. I poured myself a drink, smoked a cigarette, read for a little, felt naturally sleepy, arranged myself on the sofa and slept.

Claudia woke me, anxious, clucking, inquisitive. I told her that I suffered from insomnia, that I had come down for a drink, felt sleepy suddenly and snatched the chance of a snooze. She has very clear blue eyes and in them I could see *Insomniac?* change to *Dipsomaniac!* as plainly as the signs change at Piccadilly Circus. But she said she'd always thought that the life I lead must be a terrible strain and now she knew. What I needed was rest and quiet and looking after. All these she was ready to provide, starting now with breakfast.

I imagined my letter arriving at High Wycombe and managed breakfast quite well.

It was another mild, windless, silver-gilt day, and presently Claudia suggested that we should drive out to Clare Priory. A fascinating place, she said, built in 1248, dissolved in 1538, used as a private house until 1953 when the Augustinian friars had bought it back and made it into a religious house again. I was just about to concoct some excuse for staying in the house for an hour when Mrs. Hawk arrived. Claudia asked about my letter and the woman said she hadn't seen it: had she seen it, she would certainly have posted it. Claudia said that I must have had it in my bag after all and I pretended to agree. There would be no reprieve from High Wycombe, I thought, with an inward tremor, so I might as well go to Clare.

It is there for all to see and the friars welcome visitors, so there is no need to describe it. Not that I could; I was too much concerned by my own situation to give attention to anything. Perhaps that is why I was stupid enough when a sudden turn brought us to the foot of a staircase, to move toward it. The young friar who was showing us round stepped forward very quickly and lifted his arm, barring my way. He smiled. "No. I am sorry. Ladies are not allowed." He indicated a notice, in Latin, on the wall.

Claudia said brightly, "Of course. Dormitories." Then she looked at me and exclaimed. "Oh, Ennie! We've tired you out again. You look so pale. Are you all right?"

I couldn't speak. It would be wrong to say that the truth had flashed upon me, for in cases like this who can decide what *is* the truth? I only know that the arm outthrust to bar my way here was so directly related with what I had felt on the staircase at Newell's that I was overcome by an appalling understanding. I daresay I had turned pale.

They took me back into the parlor with its massive carved beams, set me in a chair and fussed round—at least Claudia fussed: the friar fetched a glass of ice-cold water, which I sipped, wishing it

had been something hot and strong. As soon as I could speak I said, "I'm all right now. Sorry to be such a nuisance." Then I asked what seemed to me to be a vital question.

"Did this priory have subsidiary houses in the vicinity?"

The question—certainly the most intelligent one he had heard from me that morning—seemed to please the friar.

"Indeed yes, several. They were minor establishments, for rest, or for correction." He smiled, just as noticeably abstemious people smile when they talk about last night's binge. "There are bad friars sometimes, you know." Then, grave again, he added, "Often the names remain. Friars' Place, Priory Farm, and so on."

"My house could have been one of them," Claudia said, all excitement. "It was called Priory Farm at one time." She had read her record of title more closely than she had admitted. "But when I bought it, it was called Pratt's, just Pratt's. Such a snatchy-sounding word. So I changed it again."

"Back to the original?" the friar asked.

"I'm afraid not. I named my house for a friend, a very dear old friend."

She threw me a knowing look.

I felt a little sick. Thinking herself psychic, and all the time so oblivious, so immune. Wire a chest of drawers to a television aerial, I thought, and what do you get? I thought of Susannah Cobb who had fled after seven months; and of the agent's wife, doubly unwelcome because of her pregnancy. I thought of me. All my thoughts led to the same decision: I did not intend to spend another night in that house.

I had an excuse ready. As soon as Claudia and I were alone together, I should tell her that my tired spells, my pallor were the result of renewed trouble with my slipped disc; I should say that it was absolutely essential that I get to London while I could still drive. I must see my osteopath.

About leaving her alone, I had no compunction. She'd lived in the house for two years and felt nothing of its real atmosphere; she could live there to her life's end and babble about her friendly ghost. There leaped into my mind the memory of something from schooldays: Gresham's law, which says that at any time, in any place, bad currency will oust the good. And in Captain Jeremiah Newell, his clay pipe, his parrot and his sea chest, Claudia had bad psychic currency enough and to spare.

"And now, if you are feeling better," the friar said, "I would like to show you our chapel. We are particularly proud of the restoration work in our chapel."

Mindful of the plan I proposed, I murmured that I wouldn't walk any more, I'd sit here and wait.

"Poor Ennie. What a shame. Would you like to go straight home?"

"No, no. You see the chapel and anything else you want to. I'm all right here."

"I would like just a peep. If you're sure . . ." She went off, tripping and chirping. The friar opened a door and I saw an enclosure with flower beds and trees and grey paving.

After a minute or two I heard a distant cry which could just have been one of exaggerated admiration from Claudia, but which sounded rather more like one of pain. It was the latter, I realized, when the door opened again and revealed Claudia, leaning heavily upon the arm of the friar, who looked very much concerned. She was favoring her left ankle which was already swelling.

The pupils in her blue eyes were wide; where her face was unrouged, it looked chalky. She was positively being very brave.

"Don't say it," she said, with a ghastly attempt at sprightliness. "These ridiculous heels! I know, I know." Then she swayed and we had to put her in the chair and force her head down. Fortunately I had not drunk all the water.

She soon recovered and was full of apologies, to the friar and to me.

"Darling, I'm so sorry. I'm afraid you'll have to drive home."

"If I may suggest, to the hospital," the friar said. "It is a severe wrench, you may have broken a bone. It would be advisable to have an X ray."

Looking down at the bulge above the edge of Claudia's high heeled, low cut court shoe, I could but agree.

By the time the X ray had been taken and had revealed that no bones were broken, and we had found our way to Casualty and Claudia's ankle had been firmly strapped, and we'd made a donation to the Friends of the Hospital, and she had hobbled back to the car and I had driven home, the afternoon light was failing. Afternoons are short in November.

"I really am the most lucky girl," Claudia said, "to have this happen while you are with me. It'll be dull for you, darling, for a day or two, but we'll make up for it after."

My own luck didn't bear thinking about. At least another couple of nights here. Even had my slipped disc been genuine, I couldn't have left her in this extremity.

I made one futile effort at self-protection. I suggested that the stairs would be too much for her and that she should stay on the drawing room sofa. I reckoned, rather wildly, that I could force myself upstairs *once*, now, before it was fully dark, and throw down unbreakable things, carry down the rest, all that we could possibly need for the night. Then I could say that I didn't like to leave her, and sleep in a chair or on the hearth rug.

But no, oh no. Claudia would have none of that. She was being brave. She could get upstairs all right. I mustn't worry. She'd go to bed and, if I would be kind enough, I could bring her a tray. The meal was all ready, Mrs. Hawk had seen to it. All I had to do was put a few things on a tray; then I could read or write or watch television. She was so sorry to be such a nuisance.

We went upstairs easily enough, side by side, one step at a time, Claudia holding on to me with her left hand and leaning on the banister rail with the other. In her bedroom I switched on her blanket and folded back the covers and waited, while she, hopping and leaning on this piece of furniture and that, donned an extraordinarily seductive nightdress and did a lot of complicated things to her face and hair.

Finally installed in bed and looking like herself again, a full-blown, sweetly scented pink rose, she said, triumphantly, "There darling, I'm all right now. And you know, I've just remembered, you've had no lunch. I am so sorry! Just slap a snack on a tray for me, and then have a lovely long evening to yourself."

I had a strong desire to break down and cry, to say that I wanted to stay here in this warm, rosy-lighted room, in the safe company of the blind, deaf, *lucky* woman whose only ghost was the trite, conventional product of her own imagination. But if I did that, I should have to say why. . . .

I went down; the kitchen was reassuring; the refrigerator purred like a contented cat. The soup was in a saucepan, needing only to be heated; the bowls were ready. I took a large tray and tried to concentrate upon gathering together everything two people could need for a simple meal. But my mind was distracted: part of it remembered the friar's outthrust arm, the Latin words on the wall, the little quip about bad friars; another part was wondering how long Claudia would be incapacitated—how many other evenings should I be in this situation?

While the soup heated, I looked to the fastenings of the doors, no cheerful task, since I was locking myself in with what I dreaded. All the time I was moving nearer to the moment when I must face, alone, what waited for me on the stairs. I poured the soup, put the lids on the bowls, lifted the tray and went into the hall. I was quivering a little and cringing already.

Outside the drawing room door I

paused. A drink might help. Also Claudia might be expecting some of her precious Madeira. *Excuses!* my mind shouted at me; *you're just putting off the bad minute.* I set the tray on a low table and went to the cabinet. There I slopped a generous measure of gin into a glass, added a drop of vermouth and gulped it down, tasting nothing. It ran searingly into my empty stomach and seemed to take fire there. Warmed and heartened and with steadier hands, I poured a glass of Madeira and another, more normally proportioned, martini, and found room for two glasses on the tray.

As I moved toward the door, I heard one of those dull thuds. Familiar now with the layout of the house, I knew where it came from. My own room, immediately overhead. It sounded like a warning—*I'm waiting!*

Unnerved by this, but pot-valiant, I advanced toward the stairs.

At the fourth step I met opposition so strong that I recoiled and almost fell backward: I just managed to retain my balance and to stand there teetering. I thought of Claudia, waiting in her pink room and knew that with her I should be safe. *Sanctuary, I must reach it.* But I might as well have tried to walk through a wall. I was so much aware of personal animosity, a direct threat, that I addressed an appeal to whatever it was. *I understand,* I said in my mind. *you were one of those who found his vows of chastity hard to keep; some woman was a temptation to you, so you hate us all: but I'm harmless, I assure you.*

Then I realized what I was doing and thought—*I'm going mad.* I was shaking so violently that all the things on the tray jangled together; soup, Madeira, martini slopped onto the tray and spilled over, tepid on my icy hands.

I thought—*I'll call Claudia: she for some reason is immune. She'll come.* I called, I screamed her name, but it was like it is sometimes in a nightmare. There was no sound. In a nightmare, at that point, one wakes. But I was awake, still senselessly throwing myself against that invisible barrier.

Then, and it was horrible, I thought that I could smell my opponent: a blend of boiled mutton, human sweat and stale incense.

I began to pray. "God help me. Please God help me." I started on the Lord's Prayer, one splinter of my shattered mind registering surprise at how glibly the words came. I reached "And deliver us from evil . . ." and stuck there, like a Gramophone needle. "Deliver us from evil, from evil, from evil, evil, evil. . . ." But I was not delivered.

Incoherent, on the verge of madness, I remembered Captain Newell and the immunity with which Claudia passed up these stairs. *You may not like me very much,* I cried in my mind. *but I'm trying to take this to your friend.*

Almost instantly—and crazy as this may sound, it is true—the unpleasant mutton-sweat-and-incense odor was replaced by the smell of very strong tobacco; and the pressure against me withdrew so suddenly that I, leaning against it, fell forward. If I had had a free hand with which to clutch at the banister, I could have saved myself, even then. As it was, I fell, spiraling down into darkness, to the accompaniment of the noise that a laden tray makes when it falls downstairs.

The next thing I knew was a feeling of warmth and comfort, a sensation of being cherished that I had not known since childhood. I lay and savored this for a while. Then I looked about me and realized that I was in Claudia's room, in her bed. The rose-shaded lamp made an island of light; and her sweet, floral scent enveloped me. *Safe,* I thought. *saved.* I lay and enjoyed that feeling which is one that most people in civilized countries seldom know.

Presently I was aware of voices—Claudia's, and a deep, male one, with a burr to it.

She said, "No harm done. I just hopped."

He said, "But it couldn't have happened at a more unfortunate time. Would you know, is it a frequent occurrence?"

She said, "I couldn't say. You see, it's some years. . . . But I think I should have heard. Anyway, one mustn't judge, must one? I mean . . . People like her live on their nerves, and it is recognized now that alcohol does relieve tension. And she hasn't had a happy life, poor girl."

Talking about me?

"Well, Mrs. Gaywood. I can assure you there's no injury. I doubt if she'll develop bruises. They fall lightly. And there's nothing for you to worry about. Let her lie and sleep it off."

They *were* talking about me; and in what terms! Not that it was surprising, what with the neat gin I'd gulped, and the Madeira and martini from the tray, I must reek like a distillery, I thought; but still . . .

I roused myself and said about the most damning thing I could, in the circumstances.

"I'm not drunk!" I said, in a loud, belligerent voice.

Claudia limped toward the bed: she wore a negligee that matched the nightdress.

"Darling! Nobody even thought that you were."

"He did! Oh yes he did. I heard him." I lifted myself and looked toward the dark bulk with the stern, unmistakably Scottish, unmistakably doctory, face.

"This is Doctor MacGraw," Claudia said. "He helped me carry you up. You're in my bed because that was warm and yours wasn't. You fell, Ennie. It's all my fault, making you hump that great heavy tray. But you aren't hurt, only shaken a bit, and run-down. And I'm going to take the greatest care of you."

"You're sweet," I said. "That's what you are, *sweet!* Everybody loves you and no wonder." To my profound astonishment I found that I was crying. "You don't know what it's like for the rest of us," I gulped. "Even at school you were Miss Fraser's pet. You never lost a friend, you never gained a pound. You've lived here for two years and nothing touched you. I've been here two days and look at me! I can't think why we don't hate you, you're so lucky. If you went into hell, you'd come out with a bunch of snowdrops."

Claudia said helplessly, "Oh Ennie!"

Dr. MacGraw said, "A sedative would be the thing, but I don't like mixing with all that alcohol."

"What do you mean? All that alcohol! One miserable drink. Taken as medicine, that's what it was." I sobbed harder. "I've had a terrible experience—but nobody is sorry for me!" Some remaining crumb of sense in my mind warned me not to go on about my experience. It also took notice of the threat implicit in Claudia's promise to look after me. *Oh God,* I thought, *she'll try to make me stay in bed in that room through the archway.* I made an effort to control myself, to be crafty again. "A terrible experience," I repeated. "I happen to suffer from a slipped disc which causes me exquisite agony. I faint with pain. Frequently. As a matter of fact, if Mrs. Gaywood hadn't sprained her ankle, I intended to go to London this very afternoon and put myself in the hands of my osteopath."

Dr. MacGraw stepped forward a little and regarded me more coldly than a doctor should regard even a dipsomaniac—and after all he must have seen *real* drunks in his life—and said, "If you have faith in your osteopath, I should advise you to consult him without delay. For one thing, Mrs. Gaywood is in no condition to look after you just now."

"Oh thank you," I said. "Thank you for the passport."

They both looked at me blankly; then Dr. MacGraw put his hand on Claudia's sleeve and drew her away. I heard him say the effects take time to wear off. I thought, *how true.* I doubted if they ever would, completely, or that I should ever be quite the same again. THE END

NOVEL

OH, BE CAREFUL!

Nina faced that most difficult decision every girl must face. She turned to the "wiser" adult world for help and advice—but found it had none to give. She would have to make her own decision, find her own answer....

BY LEE COLGATE ILLUSTRATED BY THORNTON UTZ

Mr. Waverly's office was in the main building of the college. This edifice was of stone, curtained by ivy which appeared to pour from the windows like something spilled, dipping them and billowing with every breeze. Nina had already grown to like the whole effect, especially since it *looked* like what it was, and she paused at this moment to finger a part of the wall. She allowed herself a feeling of soft wistfulness because she had been born in the wrong period of history, and should have lived in a better time.

She dropped her hand to her side and began to move along a cement path, her shoulders drooping slightly. Mr. Waverly's room was down a flight of narrow, cracked, cement stairs. It was reached by a hall with pipes and a vent running overhead. Nina hesitated before a closed door that had a metal 9 nailed onto it, partially swept over with white paint. The figure 9, she saw, studying it intently, is a rocking number barely holding its own, clearly off-balance and upright by a miracle. She knocked, and was ordered to come in. She stood where she was a little longer, for some reason beset by doubts, then she opened the door.

A green burlap curtain was pleated along a golden rod across a small, high window, giving a greenish cast to the room. She blinked. "I'm Nina Colman," she said graciously, sounding even to her own ears precisely like her mother.

"Do sit down." The gentleman before her balanced as precariously as a figure 9 on the back legs of a chair, before a desk without a single thing on its shiny surface. "I'm Fred Waverly."

"You're my adviser," she told him. "I'm supposed to get your OK for these." She thrust a handful of papers toward him, assuming a great deal more confidence than she felt; during her endless waits before other conference rooms she had folded all the papers into a fan.

He sorted them out, reached for a pen in his breast pocket, and began signing.

"Aren't you even going to look at them?" she asked.

"You're old enough to decide what you want for yourself."

She wondered if that were true. "I'm only eighteen," she told him, and felt herself begin to blush.

He glanced up. His eyes were bright and blue in a face that was wind-cured and suntanned. It was not, she concluded firmly, the face of a scholar.

"That's the age of consent in most countries," he declared, tilting his head and all the time appraising her so that if she had been wearing a skirt she would have pulled it down over her knees and if she'd had a cigarette she'd have smoked it. "It's one of nature's jokes that a girl can get herself pregnant before she has enough sense to come in out of the rain. I find it an abhorrent joke."

The blush now pulsed down her neck. She pushed herself up and back against the chair and said, "I'm taking your course, Literature Between Two Wars."

"You are?"

She nodded. "My mother doesn't care for the literature since the First World War," Nina confided after a moment of silence.

"That's a nice, daring, extravagant opinion. Not the kind I encourage, I'll admit, but a kind that always takes my breath away. And you?"

"I don't like it either."

"Well." A pencil that had been concealed in the whereabouts of his left hand fell onto the desk. "What books in particular do you dislike?"

"Oh," she said casually, "things like *Native Son*." She had never read *Native Son* and hadn't the faintest notion why it popped into her mind. If it had been made into a movie, she hadn't seen it either.

"What didn't you like about *Native Son*?"

"I know the Negroes have been persecuted; I mean how could we forget it? They certainly keep telling us: but I get tired of hearing about it. Besides, maybe they should be persecuted." How often she had heard her mother, who hadn't read *Native Son* either, say the same thing!

He whistled slightly to himself. He picked up the pencil, which increased the hue of the hour by being also green, and struck it against the bare surface which confronted him. "Let's define our terms," he almost whispered. "What do you mean by a Negro?"

"Why, somebody dark."

(cont. on p. 108)

In this sun-soaked world, their lodgings invariably had marble floors and green shutters that were closed all day and opened at night to reveal a view, generally of the Mediterranean.

OH, BE CAREFUL! (continued)

"Then if both parents are black as pitch, but the baby's the color of coffee with cream, the baby's not a Negro?"

"Of course he is. You see, perhaps I ought to explain that Mummy's from the South, or at least our family is—"

"Mummy?" he inquired. "Mummy," he repeated. "Maybe we'd better define her. What is she? Something all tucked in and resting nicely at the Metropolitan Museum? A bound assortment of dust, bandages and bracelets? Is she an honest-to-God *mummy?*"

"My mother," Nina continued, 'has the prejudices of a Southern white, and I suppose inevitably I've picked up some of them, maybe without even knowing it."

He nodded. "You see," he said, not unkindly. "I really don't care what your mother thinks. We're here to help you find out where she leaves off and you begin. It's one hell of an undertaking. I'm only after what *you* think."

"I don't think I know what I'm talking about."

He threw back his head and laughed. "Good girl," he declared when the sound had subsided. "But you know," his tone grew serious, "you shouldn't fall for the sort of rot I was just handing out. It's as bad as your mother's rot, in its way. Sophistry. Logic is the most pompous and dishonest of all methods of thinking. No one ever reaches an honest conclusion through logic. Nevertheless, you're right. You don't know what you're talking about."

"So we did reach an honest conclusion through logic."

"Good. Quick, clever and straight as an arrow. So you're eighteen. . . ." He now rested the green pencil between his thumb and forefinger as though reaching the balance of something. "Tell me something about yourself," he continued. "Where are you from? New York?"

"How did you guess?"

"The accent."

"We have an apartment in New York, and a farm in Connecticut. I grew up mostly on the farm."

"Is it a real farm?" he asked curiously.

She smiled. "Now you have to define *real*," she said.

"What a good pupil you are. Is that what your father does, then? Run the farm?"

"No. The foreman does that. My father's on Wall Street."

"I thought you might be the chewing gum people."

"Oh, we are. Except my father left the family business and started on his own."

"And what does he do down on Wall Street?"

"Why, I'm not exactly sure." She had the general impression that he ran things. Just what things, she could not say.

"And where did you go to school?"

"To Miss Dudson's, near home. My mother doesn't like me to be too far from home. I hated it."

"Why was that?" he inquired with interest.

She pulled herself up on the chair and leaned forward intently. "It's a little hard to put into words. I kept feeling there was something more. More than what they told me. I almost felt they were keeping it from me on purpose. I don't know what was wrong. There's always been something I wanted to *know*."

He nodded his head so vigorously that for a moment his shock of white hair seemed to be leaping all about the room.

"It's good when you question like that," he declared. "And this is the time to do it. Believe me, this is the time. I get so many of you kids. You're all so bright and full of questions that at first it's hard to believe you'll go out as regularly as street lights with the first crack of dawn. By twenty-five there's not one in a thousand who can remember what a real question feels like. We don't ask questions in our heads, they're in our stomachs and sometimes in our fingertips."

"I'm going to be one of those who still ask," Nina told him, after a moment's reflection. He beamed at her.

"I hope you are," he replied genially. "Well, I'll look forward to having you in my class."

She stood up, regretting that the movement was so ungainly. "One other thing," she said. "I've signed up for all my courses. May I have permission to go to the city tonight? I won't be gone all weekend. I'll be back in the morning."

"Got a place to stay there?" he asked, cocking his head to one side again.

"When there's no one in the apartment I stay with a friend of my mother's called Betsy."

"Sure you can go. Put down Betsy's address when you sign out, that's all. You don't need my OK on the weekends. Just for special occasions during the week. We're very liberal here," he added wryly.

"Thank you." She gathered up the papers he had signed.

"Come and see me any time you have a problem. We'll have a weekly conference, but you don't always have to wait for that." He grinned. "I'm your spiritual adviser during this difficult transition period from girl to woman, from senior back to freshman again."

"Thank you very much," she answered, smiling back at him. But she could not feature herself talking over her problems with a *man*, and she was only accepting his offer as she might a tea cake, not from hunger but in order to be polite.

She blinked on reaching the daylight and stopped a moment, looking toward her dormitory, about which she already had a thousand complaints. She endeavored to get a line on herself, Nina Colman, here on this spot, to feel really here.

Perhaps it had been a mistake to come to this college. As a matter of fact, her reasons for choosing it were for the moment dim, and obscured by the many doubts she already had. There had been so many colleges, with so many enticing brochures. Finally it had sifted down to this, or a Miss Hubert's in New York. Miss Hubert's was in an old town house full of mirrors and you had to speak nothing but French on Thursdays and always be in by ten o'clock. And here they were liberal, as Mr. Waverly said. It was a word that excited her imagination (Emory, her father, said that liberals were the same as Communists, only too dumb to know it). Even so, the choice had been difficult and her mother had said, "But darling, all decisions are difficult. If it isn't hard, it isn't a decision."

The whole thing was, to tell the truth, confusing and disquieting. She had spent the first part of this week waiting, sitting on the lower portion of flights of stairs and staring morosely toward closed doors. She did not know where anything was, and she did not know anybody. A Mrs. Holman, who chain-smoked and smelled as if she did, had said, "We want you to study what you want to study," and Nina had discovered that she didn't want to study anything.

The trouble was, there was nothing she wanted to be. Except thirty-five. Other people wanted to act or write or paint and it gave them *direction*. She liked reading, so she signed up for Mr. Waverly's course, another in psychology, and a course with the lady who smoked, in consumer economics.

The psychology was taught by a Miss Duart. She was a follower of Jung, which was pronounced *young*. Nina had never heard of him. There had been a class in school in psychology and she had taken it hoping it would be about sex, which was what psychology was all about anyway, but it turned out to be about rats, and how your eyes connect with your brain. Possibly *this* course would be about sex. When you got right down to it, that was one thing she would like to study. Miss Duart was young, with short black hair and dark eyes, and Nina had decided that any interest she took in sex was not of a personal sort. She was eager and earnest, more so than Nina herself, who felt throughout their interview incomparably fatigued.

The feeling of fatigue returned to her now. She reminded herself that she must hurry. She must take a bath, change, catch a train and meet Mac at six.

She was still admonishing herself to hurry as she strolled languidly along the path toward her dorm.

She was there at two minutes to six, under the clock at the Biltmore. It was where her mother used to stand and wait for some young man, and her grandmother too, but she took this venerable rite for granted as she did so much else.

She was standing because all the seats were taken on the banquettes that curved behind her. She wore the fur jacket her parents had given her last Christmas, and in it she felt secure against some nameless chill. People kept rushing out of the elevators like beasts released from a cage, and others hurried from numerous hallways and doors. It was so crowded, she thought, pursing her lips with disapproval. At that moment she caught sight of Mac, approaching through the crowd. He wore a camel's hair beige coat, a scarf and no hat.

"Hello, Baby." He kissed her there, in front of everyone. "Glad you could make it."

He squeezed her hand, held it, and led her, with an air of possession, into the cocktail lounge.

The room reminded her of a holiday dance, it was so full of familiar faces. "Everyone's here," Nina observed, slipping out of her wrap.

He nodded. He had an air of believing they were here because he was.

"Are you driving up with Stuart tomorrow?" Nina asked. Stuart was her older brother, and though he was a year ahead of Mac at Yale, they were nevertheless firm friends.

"I am. We had lunch today."

"You did? Where?" she asked, feeling left out, wondering if they'd talked about her, jealous of each of them, at the same time proud of their relationship since she believed it to be in her honor, and was probably right.

"At the club. I was his guest. I don't belong to clubs, you know."

"I know," she answered, without rancor. "Arthur left yesterday," she continued, apparently needing to establish everyone's whereabouts. "Princeton starts early. Or else he had something to do." Arthur was a genius, and her younger brother by a year. They were all so near of an age that they were almost like triplets in their competitiveness and brisk understanding of one another.

Mac ordered their drinks. She always drank whatever he did. "Where are you staying?" he asked.

"With Betsy."

"Doesn't Betsy ever get sick of housing you?"

"Mother and Emory (she called her father that, she didn't quite know how it had come about. The *Mother* she was practicing) do a lot for her. You know how generous they are."

"Like all capitalists, when it doesn't put them out."

"They're always very nice to *you*," she pointed out defensively.

"They are. But I don't put them out." Their drinks arrived, and so did a dish of salted peanuts. "You look very nice," Mac complimented her. She was wearing a black velvet Chanel suit with gold braid around the jacket. This was the first year she'd been allowed to wear black.

"Thank you." His gaze remained upon her and she shifted uncomfortably. When men stared at her like that it always made her look away.

Mac reached for her hand. "Nina. I want you to spend the night with me," he said.

"Mac." She pulled her hand away. "I can't do that."

"Why not? All you have to do is call Betsy and tell her you've changed your mind, you're going back to college tonight. Who'll know the difference?"

"That's not it. I just can't. Why, we're not even engaged."

"All right. We'll get engaged."

"But we're not in *love*."

"Baby. You're just that, a baby." He took her hand again, stroking her fingers as though he were slipping rings on every one, and looking down as he did so. "No, you're not quite, anymore. And it's time you grew up."

"Emory's always telling me that. Still, they don't get rid of Mademoiselle."

"It's ridiculous. A freshman in college with a Mademoiselle."

"She helps Mummy with the house. You know what a time we've had with servants."

"It might do your mother good to have a few less and do something for herself."

"You're *always* criticizing my mother."

"No. I'm not. I think she's utterly charming. You know that. We have great rapport. I tell her the truth and it amuses her vastly, since nobody else ever does."

"You're always talking about realities and harsh truths, you sound like a Communist," she observed. "And you act so *superior*."

"I know you don't know what I mean. It isn't that you're not bright, God knows, and it isn't your fault. You just haven't ever come up against reality any more than your mother has."

"Well, what is it?" she asked impatiently.

"It's being tired."

"I've been tired."

"From a morning on horseback?"

"Well, that's still being tired."

"That's a luxurious tired. It's entirely different from the kind that comes from taking care of a sick baby, from cleaning house and needing sleep and worrying about bills."

She stared down at one of the fingers with which he toyed. She thought about the many meanings of *to feel*. You felt with your fingers, your skin felt other fingers, you felt ill and well, cold and hot, sad and happy, hungry and full. "I don't know how to tell you. About who I am. What I am. Oh, I don't know. I wish I were a man," she said vehemently. "I wish I could go live in the West."

"Why the West?"

"Because it's big. I'm so tired of little, pretty places with white fences. It's part of why I've always liked you. Ever since I've known you. There's nothing little about you. I don't want to be like everybody else!"

"Then, please, Nina."

She shook her head. She was afraid she was going to cry. She did so love to please. "I might get pregnant."

"I'll take care of you."

She took a swallow of her drink. "No. And I couldn't disgrace my parents like that. I couldn't threaten them like that. And I don't think it's right. When you're not married."

"Nina. What an absolutely archaic point of view. You certainly aren't going to wait until you're married. Nobody does. You're living in the twentieth century."

"And I wish I wasn't."

"We can't just go on like this. I know we've talked about it before, and you've always said no, but you can't say, 'No—nothing more—' forever. Things don't stay the same. That's a basic law." She caught something ominous in his voice and added with all the other ominous things that seemed to be silently gathering around her it produced a moment of panic. "In the old world you would have been right, like everyone else, but everything's changed and you can't be the only one in the whole world without being ridiculous."

"The only one in the whole world?" she repeated, feeling at the very words an unspeakable loneliness drifting down upon her, chilling her so badly that she pulled her jacket around her.

"Of course," he said, sensing his advantage and pressing it. "Most girls, if they don't do it on their second date, don't get asked out again. You're so *inexperienced*, Nina. I've protected you, so some of it's my fault. I've been very patient because you were young, but you're not *that* young anymore."

"Mac," she interrupted hastily, "This time I'll really think about it. I always said *no* before, didn't I. I never said I'd think about it. But I will. Just one night—that wouldn't be enough. By Christmas I'll decide. Can't you wait until then?"

Christmas sparkled in hazy, lovely distance like a sixty-foot tree in full regalia. "Maybe we'll go away someplace, skiing or something. *Please* give me more time," she pleaded, so agitated now that she had to lift her glass with both hands.

"All right, Baby," he agreed, because he was confident he was going to win and, like anyone assured of that, it was almost pleasant to wait. "We won't talk about it any more tonight."

He paid the bill and helped her get her arms into the sleeves of her coat. He brushed her hair back from the collar. As she felt his touch on her neck, she wondered what it would be like, what it would actually *feel* like. They said it was ecstasy, but what kind of ecstasy? Was it every kind of feeling there was? That verb *feel* again, she thought.

She took his hand thoughtfully, her knees were weak from some narrow escape, and from something else as well.

As Mac had said, it was not the first time he had brought up the subject of their spending the night together. But it was the first time he had offered a plan, set a time and place, and thus brought it all into the realm of the concrete.

Starting college was apparently going to force on her responsibilities and decisions that had so far been held at bay by Mademoiselle and just plain circumstances, and although she'd always felt she was simply too young, evidently that was no longer an acceptable excuse.

She had known Mac since the age of fourteen. They had met at a Christmas dance. He gave her her first kiss. How dreamily, after it, she climbed the stairs, with what blissful languor she stretched on her chaise longue, drawing back the drapes and looking with half-closed eyes at the moon, repeating to herself, "I've been kissed!"

But their first ventures beyond kisses into more drastic experiments had been accompanied by a thousand of her protests, and each time his hand touched some other portion of herself that hitherto had been *hers*, she was more thrilled by fear and shame than by pleasure. But little by little—in the seat of his family's car, when he could get it; on the couch in the summer house; on a lawn chair at the beach; he persuaded her that it was all right, that everyone did *that*; and at last she came, with reservations, rather to enjoy it.

One boy, one marriage, a house in the country, an apartment in town, two dogs and two children. Her junior year of college in Paris (Mac might be there too), a job for a year between college and marriage, probably with a magazine. She could see her future as though it were her past. Passion was something she needed no vaccination against, since she had never been exposed to it and was never going to be. If nothing else, it was bad manners.

And Nina shrank and shuddered at the very thought of bad manners. She had been standing for her elders since she could balance on her two feet, dropping curtsies as she would later learn to drop hints (but never ask favors), saying *please*, saying *thank you* (her first letter a bread and butter one).

She saw no reason to do anything to disturb her pattern. Still, she was fretful and restless when at last she found herself in the bed at Betsy's apartment. Mac said you didn't buy a car until you drove it first, you didn't purchase a suit until you tried it on. How could you possibly know it was going to be ecstasy until you tried? Surely it was different with different people and some shopping was necessary. Or how could you be sure there wasn't someone better? The problem loomed larger as the night wore on. At last she decided she would talk it over with her mother, and with that settled, she relaxed in jerks until finally sleep came.

It was not her mother's turn for lunch for nearly a month. Nina lunched in town once a week with each of them: her mother, her grandmother (whom they called Pauline) and her great-aunt Lily. She had always lunched on rotating Saturdays with them, coming in from school, and apparently this was a curriculum set into her life like the waning and waxing of the moon.

Nina had moved the lunching day from Saturday to Thursday, over a good bit of protest. It involved an incredible amount of appointment rearranging for all the ladies, but Nina remained firm, saying she needed her Saturdays for other things. This caused resentment and consternation not only because any change did, but also because they thought they sensed a new and highly undesirable defiance in this maneuver.

It was almost four weeks later on a Thursday then, that Nina waited for her mother on a maroon and cream striped love seat in a foyer, thinking hard. She had spent the entire previous day in the college library reading about sex. She had looked it up under S and had found books on sex among the Polynesians, and the sexual cycle of the frog, and the fifteenth century, and sexual taboos, to mention only a few, and none of them touched on where the trouble was.

She sighed and leaned back, found that uncomfortable, and sat up again. She had determined to reach her decision about Mac and Christmas with cool detachment, consulting every relevant thesis on the subject, making use of all the information and opinion at her disposal. She was not making much progress with this mature and intelligent approach. Nina looked upon the world as hers. That it was a small world, consisting of a square—in New York from Thirty-eighth Street where Lord and Taylor was, to Eighty-first Street where Betsy had her apartment, and of Sixth Avenue to First; radiating from there to New Jersey, where Mac's school had been, Connecticut, where her home was, and New York State, where her college was—that it was a limited world, had never crossed her mind. Except translated into that longing we are never wholly without, for other worlds.

She looked up to see Benson, their chauffeur, whose grey uniform blended with the grey of the street and of the wall that separated the sidewalk from Central Park. Her mother bloomed like a violet in early spring amongst all this austerity. Summoning her strength, she pushed against the door just as the doorman hurried up, alarmed and apologetic. Nina stood up. Her mother wore a sable coat (mink was so common), but it was open and Nina could see her lavender suit, with a circular, full skirt and a tight jacket. A white lace fichu poured over the lapels, her hat was of purple velvet, large-brimmed, with feathers on the crown. Nina was reminded of hats worn by the Cavaliers when they were fighting for good King Charles, or whoever they were fighting for. The costume was slightly absurd, anything but chic, extremely pretty, individualistic, and thus exactly like her mother—who cried, "Darling," and held out her arms.

"Hello. Mmmmy." They kissed, and then they walked arm in arm into the dining room, where the headwaiter rushed up, and held out a hand to give her mother support as he led them to a table.

They each ordered a sherry. "I like your hat," her mother observed, handing her coat to a waiter with an appealing, sorry look and asking if he would mind very much checking it for her because it was so *heavy* and then pulling off her gloves (also purple) one finger at a time. Her mother only wore gloves against the cold, she hated to hide her lovely hands or any of her jewels, which she liked slightly less but still very much. A diamond glinted serenely on her engagement finger, seeming to nod as the light on it shifted.

"And how is college?" her mother inquired.

"Fine."

"Do you think you'll like your courses? Which is the one you told me about on the phone? Literature Through the Ages?"

"Literature Between Two Wars. Yes, I like it."

"None of you ever tell me anything," her mother complained.

"Oh, Mother. There's nothing to tell."

"And how is that man? The one you wrote me about? He sounds so cross."

"Mr. Waverly. He's not cross, Mother. He's very smart."

"He doesn't sound smart to me. Of course I never went to college—I begin to suspect there are advantages to that—but I don't know that I approve of your reading those books. Just because there are sewers in the world doesn't mean we have to go swimming in them."

"He only wants us to learn to think."

"Life is much fuller and pleasanter if you don't. And speaking of thinkers, how is Mac? I suppose you'll be seeing him most weekends?"

"Heavens, no."

"Why not?"

"Well, he can't afford it, for one thing."

"He's forever flying off to Hohe Sound for Easter and leaving you messages to call him at the Ritz Towers."

"Oh, that's his roommate. His roommate has slews of money."

"Nina, I wish you wouldn't use slang."

"Well, he does. He has a charge at 21 and The Colony, and his own apartment at the Ritz Towers, and an airplane."

"But did you see Mac before he went off to Yale?"

"Yes."

"What did you do?"

"Oh, We had dinner at Mario's."

Her mother shrugged. "Now what does that tell me?" she demanded. "I wonder if you'll marry Mac. You could do worse, on the other hand, I believe you could do better."

Nina looked at her, startled. "I never thought about it as *doing* anything."

Her mother laughed lightly. "Darling, what else do women do? They marry and have children, and the man they marry determines much about the children's teeth and the height and mind and health, and everything about their opportunities in this world. It's the only truly vital decision you'll ever make, the only influence you have over the future of the world, and it's the only thing you'll ever *do* of any consequence."

"Then if that's the case," Nina said slowly, "if marrying the right man is so important, I suppose being a virgin is a pretty important bargaining point. I mean, it's all bound up with men's feelings about property."

"*Bar*gaining point?" her mother inquired. "Is that what Mr. Waverly's been teaching you? I thought you should have gone to Miss Hubert's. I had a premonition."

"Mother!"

"And when did I become *Mother*?"

"Well, I am rather old to be calling you *Mummy*. It sounds like something in a museum."

"In a museum, I see. And this about a bargaining point, if it isn't Mr. Waverly, is it Mac? Has Mac been—trying to convince you—of the economic uselessness of virginity in our changing, nonfeudal world? Possibly he has some theory that it's a passive quality that could be turned to a vigorous new force for world revolution?"

"Of course not. I read it, in a book in the library. I just happened to be *in* the library and I *read* it in a book about the fifteenth century."

"Then stay out of the library."

"How can I possibly read the things I have to read unless I go into the library?"

"What else are you reading?"

"Well, I just finished *Appointment in Samarra*. By John O'Hara. You know?"

Her mother nodded.

"And you know *that* made it seem that it was all a fraud and nobody really was a virgin."

Her mother's eyes, tragic from many an unknown source, came full upon her. "A taste of knowledge—" her mother murmured. "It's Mac, I know it is. I'm going to tell your father, and he'll have a talk with him."

"Mother. You wouldn't. I'd die. I'd absolutely die. Mac *didn't*. It was one of the girls. She said something about the true percentage of girls who were still virgins at nineteen."

"At nineteen? At *nine*teen!"

"Well there aren't many." Nina said rather sulkily, since after all it wasn't *her* fault.

"I never heard of such a thing."

"Nevertheless, it's true. In high schools, you know, places that aren't so strict, most of them aren't by fourteen." Her mother, Nina saw with clarity, hadn't the faintest notion of what went on in the world. She had never dealt with these problems, she had chosen to go on being a child, and so how could she help Nina? Children reinforce children, but they don't help them.

"We kept you fragile," her mother began softly, "we kept you vulnerable and innocent. Perhaps that was unkind. Who knows? But it's part of your charm. And the only way not to hurt that fresh quality we kept alive in you, the only way not to soil it, is for you to keep yourself pure. Not to cheapen yourself by being casual with yourself. If you don't treat yourself as something precious and worth guarding, how can anyone else?"

"And is this precious treasure my virginity?"

"You couldn't have—relations—with a man and not lose some of your innocence."

"That makes me seem like something measurable, something limited. Maybe I'm not."

But her mother wasn't really listening. She was concentrating harder than Nina had ever seen her do. Her eyes were slits, and her face without its slipping smile was a portrait of mistrust. "To lose your virginity involves risks you're not ready to take. It's a very responsible thing to do, to gamble with the life of an unborn child. There's only one sure way to prevent yourself from becoming bitter and glossy and hard, from making a frightful mistake which you'll regret forever, and that is not to take the chance. This is not some sort of ski run, it's not a sport, it's something children shouldn't be *allowed*."

Nina looked toward the candy basket on the circular table directly before the entrance to the dining room; surrounding it on a white damask cloth were bowls of grapes and lobsters stretched out on cracked ice and peaches nested on shredded paper, green like grass. There was a wooden board crowded with cheeses and a platter of French pastries. The world's goods had never been withheld from her, she had indeed been invited to stuff

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OH, BE CAREFUL!

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herself, why now should she be deprived? Apparently there were far greater delicacies, more sumptuous feasts, than her eyes at this moment beheld and she felt it was her privilege to have those too.

Her mother couldn't help, even though she had made a galvanizing effort. To Nina's dismay she saw that this separated them further than they had yet been, and she turned her back on the fruits and shellfish and longed to fling her arms around her mother and ask to be taken home. Her mother was there to take care of her, and to do so. Mrs. Colman could even endeavor to be grown-up; what mattered was not that Nina matured, but that she stayed alive without getting hurt. Mothers are for tucking in, for drying feet (or telling Mademoiselle to do it), for cautioning. They want their children comfortable from birth to death, and toward that end they bend their efforts for as long as they are mothers—which is for as long as they live.

Nina chose French pastry for dessert, and asked twice for the basket with the mints to be passed. She decided that after all, she would have to seek Mr. Waverly's advice. As they left the table they were both quiet, lost in thought, and when they kissed good-bye in the lobby, Nina saw that her mother was troubled and weary and depressed, and her face, if nothing else, was fully ten years older.

By now small coteries of girls were well-established within the college. These were deep attachments, many of which would last a lifetime, yet they had, without exception, come about by chance. The girls were not drawn together by common interests and beliefs; but so unyielding were these first groupings that when, later, they did develop mutual interests with others, they would not for anything break up their initial circle. And so they remained, throughout their time in college, more or less bound to these random friends, as someone cast on a desert island might feel tied from then on to those others also shipwrecked and stranded there.

They did not, of course, understand that their friendships were based on common terror, the stuff of which many a good alliance is made—panic over their new surroundings, their new roles; at not knowing what to do or where to go. This unrelenting fright betrayed itself in peculiar ways, in a preoccupation, for instance, that they might not be asked back their sophomore year. (No one ever failed, some were simply not invited to return, leaving their crimes to their heated imaginations and causing a scandal and a trauma far more awful than a simple, firm black F.) There were no exams, so they could not fret over that, but their need for something outward on which to fasten their various dreads was consuming and soon gossip ran riot. The girls were uniformly wealthy, healthy, attractive and intelligent, with nothing concrete now or in the future to worry about and, as in a sleepy village, it was necessary to invent rumors and stories. These usually revolved about seduction and becoming pregnant, miscarriages in the college infirmary (induced by massive doses of quinine) and abortions almost anywhere. The rumors were quite predictable and always of the same kind.

The people who ran the college, mistrusted by the faculty, ridiculed and feared by the girls, were hopelessly naïve and gullible. They liked to advertise that suitemates were chosen according to compatibility and by Rorschach test, and that by being allowed their own rooms, the girls were encouraged to give reign to their individuality.

Nina had gone in late summer to Macy's and had bought a red and green slipcover for the bed, and green pillows. She had been filled with hesitation and importance. As for her suitemate, they were friends, though they were so different that if they had been picked by a psychologist to be together, one could discard the validity of all inkblot tests and have one less thing to worry about.

Hannah was her name. She was a large, beautiful, quiet girl. Very intense, majoring in psychology. She brought into the group Jean, a thin, sparkling Jewish girl whom she had known at boarding school. Nina had never met a Jew before, and was quite exhilarated and proud about the relationship, though a wee bit edgy. Nina introduced them all to Melville, who was the daughter of her mother's first cousin's best friend in Louisville, and she in turn introduced them to a noisy, enthusiastic Southern contingent who held a sort of courtesy membership in this inner (they thought) sanctum.

These four, then, held places for each other in the dining room, signaling violently and squeaking when one of the group appeared in the doorway, and beside each other at class and assembly (until saying was stopped for the five hundredth time by the frantic authorities), and in the sandwich shop at eleven in the morning or at teatime, and at the movies in town at night. They often went back to one of the identical rooms after dinner and talked until early morning—there were no housemothers, there was no bedtime, and so they slept when they chose, which was practically never.

They were too genteel to come right out and talk about sex, so they skitted around it or reached it on a high intellectual level by way of modern art, Sartre and *The Golden Bough* at around 2 A.M. They managed quickly to ascertain that they were all virgins, a fact about which they held diverging opinions. Melville was a campaigner for virginity and with it womanhood (the two apparently being the same in her mind); she was a militant, crusading virgin and had made it such a point of honor one could not see how she would *ever* give it up. Jean was more tormented, and had a rather confused tendency to blame the whole thing on her father, something that permeated her attitude toward just about everything. She believed he had emotionally crippled her and her only chance lay in being resurrected by another man. On the other hand, her father, poor twisted soul, would regard this as an act of unfaithfulness and would never forgive it, and without his goodwill she would absolutely die.

Hannah spoke little upon the subject: the other girls concluded from this that she was cold, but they couldn't have been more mistaken. The giggling Southerners claimed to be dedicated virgins, but one suspected them of hypocrisy.

So none of Nina's friends really knew any more about the matter than she did, and they were all groping their way and badly shaken by what had befallen them. They seemed to have been in no way prepared; they had been taught on the one hand that there was simply no question, while on the other they were assured by every young man they went out with that their attitude was Victorian and ridiculous, and unless they changed right now they would not be worth dating ever again.

The older girls would not have been much more help, though some at least had made up their minds (most, by their senior year). It was known by midterm who *had* and who *hadn't*, and those who had were treated by the uninitiated with awe. It was further known, when a girl took the step, so immediately that it seemed they all had magic mirrors wherein they could see her in the act of disrobing, and when she stepped out of the taxi Sunday night everyone who saw her could tell, by her walk, the look in her eyes (usually of misery and exhaustion), the set of her mouth. The girls became like experts on a disease: they developed an acute perception to its every symptom: they did not need to hear the news from the suitemate, who told her old schoolfriend, who told *her* suitemate.

"I felt I owed it to you for you to hear it directly from me," Mac said, "and also to hear a denial of any rumors before they got started."

OH, BE CAREFUL! (continued)

But by midterm some sort of routine had been established, they were settling down and so were their fears, which began to revolve about such things as somehow disqualifying themselves from the lists of the many balls coming up at Christmas.

The conference was one of the college's proudest innovations, an hour once a month with each teacher, in which the girls were encouraged to discuss freely the course and to develop a firm teacher-student relationship. The conference with your adviser took place once a week, he or she was preferably one of your professors as well, and although you were invited to discuss your problems at college, you were at liberty to talk over just about anything that came into your head.

It was almost Thanksgiving before Nina gathered sufficient courage to raise with Mr. Waverly the subject always uppermost in her mind. Even then, she did not find it easy to bring about.

By now his room had grown crowded, filled as it was with phantoms of hearsay, speculation, spite and conjecture. He had a mistress, it was said, his wife had a lover, he had a drinking problem. It was a fact that this was his third marriage—whatever that revealed about his luck, perceptiveness or disposition. Then there was in this small cell the shades of those whom he had deposed: Nina's father, her brothers, the groom, a young man who long ago had taught her fencing; all the people who had told her the moon was made of green cheese, that the injection wouldn't hurt, that if she counted to ten and held her breath it would go (whatever it was), who said yes there is a Santa Claus—and angels and fairies too—each of those whom she had met so openly and confidently, only to turn away in disappointment and even disillusionment, until she almost supposed that trust had died.

"What have you been up to since I saw you last?" he asked pleasantly.

"Not much," she said, and the host in the room seemed to shuffle. "I've been reading the *Rubáiyát*," she added.

"So you're at that stage now."

She sighed. "It does seem that every time I reach one stage I think, 'This is it, here I am, now I know': and then I come to another one and I think, 'My, what a child I was. When will it stop? When will I ever grow up?' My mother." Nina continued slowly, "is quite upset about college."

"That's par for the course. About now a few begin to be, by the end of the year they all are. What has she found out?"

"I told her," Nina explained. "I mean, I asked her, why a girl should be a virgin when she married."

"Well," he said, leaning on the back legs of his chair. "Well," he repeated, "no wonder. You did throw her a curve."

"Why does it?" she asked. "Why does it matter whether you're a virgin or not when you marry?"

He leaned back so far that she thought surely, this time, he was going to topple over. He swung upright again. "You're asking me whether you should sleep with a boy or not and I wish I knew what to tell you." He stood up abruptly, folding his hands behind him, and began to pace. To hear it spoken aloud, just like that, so matter-of-factly, did much in one moment to restore her sanity. "I wish to God I knew." She was very grateful to him for not having laughed.

"I don't suppose it really matters," she said, wanting to assure him she was sophisticated and actually above such foolish cares.

He stopped, crossed his arms before him, and stared at her. "Of course it matters," he snapped. "What could matter more? It's your whole life, your whole self, you're deciding about. How much are you going to guard and protect yourself, will you ever be able to trust it to anyone, and if so, will you choose wisely, are you afraid of every human contact, are you not afraid enough, can you give spontaneously—because you want to—and receive joyfully, and if you can, should you, or should you learn the most important of all lessons, to wait? My God! No girl eighteen should ever have to make up her mind about anything so grave, and you sweet kids, you never decided for yourselves what socks to put on, there was always someone there, telling you—sometimes it seems to me you have a 99 per cent chance of deciding wrong." He began to pace again, holding onto his coat lapels with his hands, as he did when making an important point in class. "If I were your father," he continued, "I could say, 'Don't.' And if you asked why, I could answer, 'Because I say so, and because I'll kill the first boy who tries.' But I'm supposed to be your adviser. I've been placed—and I've acquiesced to it—on the side of your development, your maturing. *Don't* is the only safe way, but it isn't necessarily the best way. It certainly isn't the way to learn anything, on the other hand you're all too apt to learn some very unpretty things. Learning isn't all good, a thing this blessed college tends to ignore."

"I want to learn," Nina ventured.

"Sure you do. And I want you to. You've got too good a mind just to fit into that mold they had all ready for you before you got yourself born. You're a bit of a rebel, and I have to admit that's something I admire, and you have a lot of spunk though it hasn't had much of a chance to show itself yet. Now those are, I think, the best things in you. If I could teach you nothing else," he declared, whirling about to face her again, "but how to refuse. I'd have been a great teacher. But what are you to refuse, the panting lad from Harvard, or your father's interference?"

"I mean, I honestly want to learn about the world, not only from books, even if I don't like what I learn; doesn't that rather qualify me to take a chance?"

"You think you'll learn about the world by sleeping with it?"

"What other way have I?"

He stopped, placed himself in the chair and tipped it back again. "I can't think of a single one," he declared. "I suppose that the only advice I can give is to tell you not to listen to anyone; not to me, not to your boyfriend, but to do only what *you* feel is right—if you're lucky enough to find out what that is."

She looked out the window. It was time to go. Time to depart, and with nothing settled. "All right," she said. "Oh, I have a slip for you to sign. I hate always to be bothering you this way."

"Going into town tonight?"

"To the opera. With my grandmother."

"I'll tell you what I'll do. You bring me a handful of those slips and I'll sign them all. That'll save us both a lot of trouble."

"But wouldn't that get *you* in trouble?" she asked.

"I'm always in trouble with *them*."

"Do you really think it's all right?"

"No," he said, "but it doesn't matter now. I've already given you carte blanche." He executed the curt little nod then that told her they were finished, and moving slowly, perhaps for all that trailed behind her, she went on her way.

Because they were free to leave campus every weekend, it was a sign you were not well-liked if you remained, and one used any excuse to get away. Nina had visited Hannah and Jean and Arthur down at Princeton, and finding herself with nothing to do and feeling listless and depressed, the following weekend she went home.

Benson was there at the station to meet her. She was not quite certain whether to hug him, shake his hand or merely smile, but he solved this dilemma for her by giving her a big grin, saying, "Hello Miss Nina" (until now, she had been plain Nina), and hurrying ahead of her down the steps with her bag.

"You're in luck Miss Nina," he said, placing her firmly in the back of the station wagon as she hesitated like a bewildered rat over which door to enter, "you've got a real nice surprise."

"What's that, Benny?"

"Mr. Stuart's coming home, too."

The drive from the station seemed to take no time at all, and soon they turned into the driveway. The porch lights were already on, streaming onto the walkway. She jumped out of the car and ran. The door opened before she reached it, and in a second she was against her father's tweed jacket, smelling his pipe and shaving lotion, while the two dachshunds barked and wriggled by his feet on the hooked rug. She could hear the fire crackling in the living room, and smell the flowers that stood everywhere in tall, proud vases (that was it, there were no *flowers* at college).

"Hello, my honey," Emory said, holding her away and looking at her a moment. "Why my dear, they haven't changed you too much. Go right upstairs and get dressed. Your mother's resting—don't bother her now (a refrain that repeated itself like Saturdays throughout her childhood). Cocktails at seven."

As they talked, fingering the glasses which Emory and her mother had purchased years ago in Sweden (or was it Venice?), their privileges sparkled and glowed about them and gave a lovely aura. They knew themselves to be envied and beautiful, they believed they had more than other people because they required it, deserved it, and knew best how to use it. Since they considered themselves examples, patrons and benefactors, they could not help but be always on display, and now it was as though at the other end of the library there was not a window looking out on the pool, but a curtain that opened and closed to reveal a vast, applauding audience, for whom they spoke and made graceful gestures; showing the way.

Afterward Nina and Stuart went out to compliment the cook, whom her mother had brought over from Austria, and then Emory showed a movie on the side porch. But even while they were an audience they remained onstage. And that night Nina slept with a deep feeling of contentment, for everything was in place again.

In the morning she took a leisurely walk around the farm, and just before lunch, Stuart challenged her to a game of Ping-Pong.

They thumped up to the top floor of the house where their phonograph was, and putting on some records, they picked up their racquets, Stuart standing with his like a shield before him, beneath a rather ratty-looking deer's head, shot by Emory. They began their rally for serve. Stuart's eyes were so concentrated on the hall his purpose might have been to explode it.

"How is Mac?" Nina asked, her serve ricocheting off a red lacquer and gold hinged Korean chest full of tiny drawers, with nothing in them.

"Love-one. I suppose he's fine. I haven't seen him much." Stuart smashed the ball neatly across the net, it just ticked the white at the edge of the table as she scrambled and missed it.

"He's asked me to a house party out on the island. It sounds awfully corny. Blue jeans—hay ride—hot dogs and bonfires and skating; I guess they think we'll be *jaded* with champagne."

"I suppose you have him lined up for all the dances."

"Oh, sure," she sighed.

"Don't you think maybe sometimes you should see someone besides Mac?"

"Why? What do you mean?"

"Ten-five, my serve. You certainly don't give him much competition. Aren't you afraid he'll take you for granted?"

"Take me for granted?" *But he's mine,* she thought.

"That's right." Stuart delivered an easy shot for her to return; she knew he did it to keep the game going. "Besides, you might enjoy a little variety yourself. I don't know what you can find to talk about anymore. And it gets too serious when you go out with just one person all the time."

"What you're saying is that a girl could lose her virtue."

Stuart frowned. When he glowered like that he looked mean, and all his sparkle drained away, leaving his face leaden. The expression and tone of him at this moment had frightened her all her life.

"That's what I mean," he said.

"Why?" she asked, timidly, hating her own timidity and, for a moment, hating him for making her that way—tentative and afraid.

"Six-sixteen. Because the kind of man you marry is going to expect to have himself a virgin."

"And if I marry Mac?"

"He'll expect a virgin, and it won't be himself he blames if he doesn't get one."

"Don't you think you have an outmoded viewpoint? I mean, you were brought up in another world. A dying world. It's not the *real* world."

"It's the real world to you, Nina. Don't ever forget that. People can't leave their worlds—not their first one. It isn't something outside and surrounding them that they can step away from, it's something inside, built into them, and if they try to tear it out, they leave nasty, livid scars. The trouble with you," he added, "is that you don't understand men."

"What do you mean?" she asked, feeling besieged by fresh doubts.

"You're not supposed to like them, you're not meant to be nice and friendly. You're playing a game and you don't seem to know how. It's a game rather like Ping-Pong. Men don't *like* you, you're a dainty morsel and they're out to gobble you up. What you have is bait for a trap, you're not supposed to do a charity performance and give the bait away."

"It sounds so—horrid," she said, feeling miserable. "I don't even want to understand it. Baits and traps."

"If you'd only be a little horrid. I think that's what you need to learn. Twenty-one-eight, my game," he finished.

They laid their racquets on the table. She looked out the two recessed windows toward the field. There were still bullet holes in the panes of glass where the boys had shot at crows without bothering to open the windows. All of them had had guns for simply ages. Hers was only a .22; the boys' were much more powerful. She had never thought it fair.

"I want to be nice," Nina nearly whispered. "I want to be good. I want to be kind to people, to understand them, to forgive them easily and be uncritical and welcoming, and indulgent with their lapses. I want to be generous, and helpful and affirmative."

"Sounds like a very liberal program. It's you that doesn't live in the real world, Nina," Stuart said.

The whole household slumbered after luncheon, and if the phone rang, nobody ever answered it. Nina woke from her nap still feeling anxious and uncertain about something. With tea, Mademoiselle brought a folded note on the yellow pad paper Emory used for scribbling the endless orders and counter-orders with which he bombarded the household that—like telegrams—brought with them a little feeling of dismay as they were opened. He would like to see her right after tea, he wrote. On the side porch. *What now?* she wondered, feeling pitiful and harassed.

The side porch was mostly for summer use. It had one large picture window that viewed the field in front of the house, and along one side of it were numerous glass doors all leading to the lawn and pool.

Her father was already seated in a chair on whose material blossomed unbelievable pink flowers. He stood up: politeness was made for Emory. It gave him a nervous outlet. "Sit down, my dear," he urged her, leading her toward the couch. She did so, and stared at him suspiciously. There is no institution so able and so apt to nurture neuroses as the family, handing them down like secret recipes from one generation to the next. The central core of *their* family neurosis was that the women of her mother's family had always regarded men as a means for obtaining more valuable things, and the men of Emory's family feared and loathed all women. How neatly these aberrations had intertwined, fitting so nicely they had become one and indistinguishable to all concerned! There was hostility now in Nina's eyes, and alarm in Emory's. "Would you care for a drink?" he inquired.

"No, thank you."

He reached for a silver glass on the liquor cart. His coat of arms was etched upon it, a mailed, clenched fist rising up out of some element such as the sea. Mac had translated the Latin motto for her: it meant *hold on.* She was reminded of Stuart. *Hold on to what?* she asked herself.

"Going away to college is a turning point in everyone's life," he began, and she knew it was an address he'd been rehearsing, perhaps he'd even made notes on what he intended to say. His mind never stopped, and in it he made many speeches. He was a person with almost no friends, only his underlings loved him, and in their way, his sons. He was appalling to his equals. That he was brilliant no one denied, and he had a great many capacities, among them extraordinary ones for good and for evil. He often showed deep, intuitive kindnesses, which he wiped out in an instant by saying in anger something cruel and unfair that he did not mean and had not thought about. He had never accepted responsibility for his own actions and was thus always unprepared for the withdrawal that followed. Indeed, he was hurt and baffled by it. He expected to be understood. "Your mother would like you to switch to Miss Hubert's." He eyed her questioningly.

"But I don't want to!"

"I didn't think so. You're old enough to know what you want, that's what I said to her. You're not a baby anymore!" he shouted, making her jump. "Yes." His body jerked convulsively, as it did when he grew excited. His hands now clutched at the flowers as though to save himself from dropping through space. "I've tried my best. Tried to get you up early in the morning to hunt—you'll never know how your mother opposed that—to have you make your bed, pick up your room, tried to counteract that namby-pamby school. I wanted you to know something *real*: the world isn't just tea parties and dances, you know." The eyes he turned on her revealed a world of demons. "There are too many people around you all the time! Oh, it's not your fault. They suffocate you. I was the one who wanted you to go to that college. You should have heard Pauline! 'You mean they allow the girls *out* without chap-er-ones?' " he mimicked, doubling up suddenly with laughter, holding a cupped hand over his mouth. He became serious. His gaze was penetrating, and starkly sad. "It's better to make a mistake, as long as it's your own doing. I was never allowed to make my own mistakes," he confided to her softly.

Had Emory's marriage to her mother, she wondered, when he was almost forty and she some twenty years his junior, been any of his doing? Of course he claimed it was. Or had it been the work of Pauline, of *his* mother, and the numerous pressures of a society in love with institutions, the favorite, next to banks, being marriage?

"You're a good girl, Nina, and you're clever," he was saying, "but sometimes I think you haven't got a chance. I mean, too much is asked of most people, but sometimes I think it's just as bad for those of whom not enough is asked." A pipe that wound its way through the walls of the room protested as somewhere above a toilet was flushed. The house, dating in parts back to the Revolution, was intended to be silent in its operations, and it groaned with the modern activities imposed upon it. "Times have changed from when I was young," Emory continued. "I was young such a long time ago. You're given a lot of freedom these days, and attitudes are different. My mother would have washed my mouth out with soap if I'd ever talked about sex. Yes. Or locked me in a dark closet. She was a hard old gal, but she had principles." He sank further into the chair, thinking about her. "Her kind have gone," he murmured, "and now we have another world, and they don't take her God or her rules seriously. She *knew*, don't you see. I never drank until I was thirty," he told her shyly, "wouldn't have dared. She scared hell out of me. I never did drink in front of her. I don't want to be like that with you. If you're going to do something, I'd rather know about it. I'd like you to have confidence in me," he said, and in that moment with the world darkening outside she did so wish she could have. But she was aware that there was *something* that wouldn't let her be his friend—without guessing that that something was her mother. "I'm on your side, Nina."

He jumped up and returned to the liquor cart, fixing himself another drink. He went back to the chair. "You're an attractive girl, and I'm glad of that. Women should be women," he declared emphatically, but apparently he noticed that he was going off on another tangent and halted himself. On the index finger of his right hand he wore a scarab ring, set in gold. Her mother had given it to him as a wedding present, for luck, and he never removed it. It was the sort of sentiment in which they indulged; despite their animosity, they were forever blowing kisses; now all at once she saw it was the *role*, not each other, which they could not give up. "Boys are going to try to seduce you," Emory blurted out. "Wouldn't have dared in my day. It wouldn't have been respectful. Not to somebody *nice*. There were other women for that sort of thing. Now there are no *good* women. Or perhaps," he corrected himself, "there are no *bad* ones. Anyway, men are born hunters. Sooner or later, you'll probably give in to one. Might as well be realistic," he said, moodily. "Can't hide our heads in the sand. We have to face our world, just as in earlier days people faced their world and went out and with bare hands killed the woolly mammoth."

"Give into one?" Nina asked politely.

"Why, yes. You know. Give yourself to a man."

She felt a blush of embarrassment, of indignation, of sheer horror rising up from the inside of her stomach, in which there had formed a red-hot ball. *You mean you are willing? You mean you wouldn't kill the first boy who tried? Wouldn't you protect me with fierce dogs and detectives and have me followed with armored cars and glowering guards carrying submachine guns if you thought there was the slightest possibility that I might be sullied? You aren't meant to feel otherwise. It isn't right.*

"Anyway, there are two important things for you to keep in mind for the future. One is that you mustn't get pregnant—but I've explained to you about all that. Didn't want to hide my head in the sand then, either. I came right out and told you all about sex, didn't I?" he asked fiercely.

She nodded.

"And the other is that you must remember you have a name to protect. A man's name is really all he has," he said disconsolately. He shot her a quick glance. "In my time we used to really live the way we seemed to live, we used to be-

lieve what we claimed to believe. there wasn't such a gulf then between a public and a private life. Now it seems that nohody really believes or means the way they live: it's all for show. while who knows what goes on when the doors are closed? Well, no matter what you do in private. your public life must remain an example, it must be spotless."

She swallowed with difficulty.

"Now. I got a letter the other day from someone at your college saying they were organizing a tour of Europe this summer, and I thought that would be something you'd like to do. You haven't been to Europe since you were twelve. and this is a good way to get out of the cocoon—away from us—off on your own. I'll deal with your mother. Your mother," he added sharply, "is not to know any of this. If any problems develop, you come to *me*."

"I think I'd rather go with you all to Nantucket."

"Nonsense. You've outgrown Nantucket. I'd about decided to take the boys and your mother on a camera safari to Kenya. and I was wondering, anyway, what on earth I was going to do with you."

"But I'd love to go to Kenya!"

"You need to be with people your own age, not with lions. Besides. it's time you were pushed from the nest."

Why, she thought. *you are* giving *me away, and not to a bridegroom; giving me away in anticipation of the demands, just as you insisted on partitioning off the stables and the farm; never content until you had given it all, overcome with haste and urgency because it was something you might have to do sometime.*

"That's right," he repeated. nodding his head several times. "Little birds don't automatically fly away. the mother bird pushes 'em. Only in this case. it's the father."

But she wasn't *ready* to be pushed!

"And bears, as well. Do you know what they do? (She did, since he had told her about a thousand times.) They leave the cubs up in a tree. Well. in this case. again it's the father. Those are nature's laws. Nature isn't kind, she's cruel and impartial. To live with her we've got to be tough. The world has gone too soft—yes. we've forgotten we came out of the trees. we've forgotten we have to kill the saber-toothed tiger—" he broke off.

"Then couldn't I stay here?" she asked. "With the servants? I love it here."

"I'm having all the rooms repainted. Whole damn house. You couldn't stand the smell. And new plumbing—a new furnace—the old place needs to be modernized. Brought up to date. Just like the rest of us. Besides, it's time you went out into the world and found out what it's all about." He nodded to himself several times more. his mouth repeating silently the words he had spoken as though he were most taken with them.

"May I go now?" Nina asked. after a few moments.

"Why of course. my dear." he said jumping up and offering her his arm as they walked toward the door. He looked at his watch. "Time to change for dinner anyway. I've got to make a phone call. If I don't do it now, maybe I never will. If you're going to do something. do it now," he admonished her.

If you don't do it now, you may never have to do it at all, she counseled herself. And she climbed the stairs heavily, knowing very well how bears who are left up in trees by their mother (or father) must feel.

By now Nina had concluded that to bed with Mac was the only place in the world she could go. She went about her arrangements diligently. if with a heavy heart. They must be together the first time. she decided. not in some sordid hotel room but in someplace beautiful. The most beautiful places she knew were her mother's homes. She chose the New York apartment.

Her mother. naturally. would refuse. But now Nina knew that Emory would ask only the thinnest of excuses. and the unspoken promise that the janitor would not be led to suspect anything.

After that they would go away. Every Christmas vacation they went away. right after New Year's. and skied until it was time for school to start again. With so many people involved—Mac's two sisters. her brothers. both their families. all their friends—it was easy enough to say to each that they were going with the other. and then end up by escaping by themselves. That was the way to do it. she told herself wearily. And she sighed for the nine hundredth time. . . .

"I've never *seen* so many people." Nina confided to her partner.

"Are you a freshman?" he asked. speaking his first words since he had asked her for the dance and they had established their educational milieu.

"Yes."

All at once the music stopped. they dipped with the haste of a small boy's bow. and everybody clapped.

Mac came up and bowed slightly. Her former partner nodded and disappeared into the forest of the stag line. The music began once more and Mac led her off as though he had won her. "Nina. I must talk to you." he boomed.

"I know."

"And we can't talk here. When. I ask you. when in the hell am I going to see you alone? I'm so goddam fed up with nothing but parties and your ubiquitous brothers and Mademoiselle looming up in the doorway. and I swear to God Benson has armed himself and is acting like a cross between a hood and a Secret Service man. And with this *ring* around you, you realize. I suppose. that we haven't been alone for one solitary second?"

"I have the key to the apartment. Do you want to come by tomorrow?"

"How many'll be there?" he asked.

"No one."

"That'll be the day."

"Emory gave me the key and told me to leave it with John. The janitor."

"May I?" A voice asked.

"Oh. Christ!" Mac murmured under his breath.

"Around noon," Nina called as she was clasped to her new partner and then. leaning her head back, she inquired. "Why ask. 'may I'? I'm not allowed to say no."

"You're a saucy little thing, aren't you?" he said. "I chose you because you have an impudent nose."

She kept looking at him. His voice was different. Softer and deeper and fuller and richer and more resonant than the male voices to which she was accustomed. She recognized that he was older than anyone here. except the hostesses: he wore a Naval uniform and an air of pleased amusement.

"Is there a prize for the winner?" he asked. glancing at the couples surging past them.

"This is the sort of game where you can't win." she said. His dance was fixed and stately; there was something solid about him so that he seemed to have a greater density than the other men. or boys. here.

"So this is what it's like," he declared. "I wondered."

"You've never been to one before? I thought everybody had."

He laughed. "And I'll probably never go to one again."

"What a blessed thought."

"I wouldn't want you to look now. but some young swain is bearing down on you. He has pimples and bleary eyes and I don't think he's your type. Shall we cut out of the pattern and have some of that lousy champagne?"

Without waiting for an answer. he took her hand and led her through two red velvet curtains to a foyer outside the ballroom where she seated herself on a gilt-armed couch flanked by potted palms. He left her there and came back in a moment with two glasses and a plate piled with open sandwiches.

"I found food."

"Oh. there'll be a supper in a while. There's anything you want to drink, you know. at the other bars."

"I didn't know." He sat down. She

leaned her head back against the sofa and stretched her feet out before her, sighing with relief. "Is anything on earth as dull as a big dance?" she asked.

He turned to her. "You are. I presume, a debutante?"

"You make it sound like a strange nationality."

"To me that's what it is. Tell me about it. You had a great big party, with tents and all the ice cream you could eat, and then everybody was obliged to ask you to their big parties?"

"Where are you from?" she asked.

"Missouri."

"Oh. I see. I know loads of people from St. Louis."

"I wouldn't know them, honey," he said, obviously in no way interested in whom she might know in St. Louis.

"But where did you go to college?"

"The Academy," he told her, shifting in his seat and staring into his empty glass. His eyes followed a girl draped in chiffon. "They grow them pretty in your hothouse," he remarked. "I'll try to find those bars you mentioned."

He went away and after a while he came back with two drinks.

"I suppose you got on the lists because you're stationed near here," she commented when he was again seated beside her. "Officers, of course, don't have any trouble."

"The lists?" he asked.

"For invitations," she explained.

He laughed comfortably. "I don't think I've ever been on a list, except for duty," he said.

"You weren't actually invited?" She had always heard about party crashers and knew they were as bad as Communists, but she had never talked to either. "How did you get in?"

"Years of survival school."

"Tell me. Really, do."

"I was sitting in the bar—the one downstairs with all those green drapes around the room," she nodded eagerly, "and I saw these sweet young things strolling by. I asked the bartender what was up and he told me, and I decided to come and have a look."

"But *how*?"

"Do you want me to show you?"

"Well, you know, if for nearly ten years—heavens, I must have been around eight when we began dancing school—you've wondered if there was any way in here but through those molding curtains that they've *never* even shaken out, much less changed—and then some complete stranger bobs up and the very first time he tries, he finds a way, or claims he has, of course you're curious. But I didn't mean we should go exploring together."

"Why not?" His look was intent.

"Because I don't know you."

"My name's Blakely. Van Blakely. Do you have to know people before you go exploring with them? What are you exploring, the place or the person?"

"Isn't it always a little of both?"

He gave her a quick glance. She pretended to study her hands, but actually she was eyeing him sideways. The fact of his pilot's wings and his two-and-a-half stripes had already registered with her. Now she tried to decode the decorations strung across his chest like the multicolored flags on a yacht. She was the kind of person who had been raised to trust policemen, and she felt a spontaneous confidence in anyone with an officer's uniform.

"What kind of plane do you fly?" she asked.

He grinned. "Would you really know if I told you?"

"I'm afraid not," she confessed. "Well . . . But is it a jet?" She wanted to show him she knew *something*.

"That's right. But here comes someone to ask you for a dance."

"Oh, not *him*. Oh good Lord!"

"He's almost here. You'd better think of something."

"Take me through your secret passages," she decided suddenly, and she stood up, feeling rather excited, as though she were about to enter a cave.

They stood in a dingy vestibule, with cards in slots along one wall, and he placed her pink satin cloak on her shoulders. "Fur on the inside," he remarked.

"I still don't see how you did it. All those hallways. And how did you *remember* the way?" She felt certain that not even Stuart, who was so resourceful, nor Arthur, who was so brilliant, could have shown such initiative. "I feel very wicked," she confided.

"Where shall we go?"

"How would you like to come to a squadron party?"

"Why, fine," she answered, thinking that sounded safe enough. "But I mustn't stay very long."

In the cab he kissed her, as she had known he would, and tremors scampered up and down her legs.

"Oh, you mustn't," she protested, pushing him away—though not very hard.

"All right," he surprised her by answering, and he let her go. She saw him smile. He pulled out a cigarette and left her bereft.

"Where are we going?"

"Several of us have an apartment in a hotel over by the river. We stay there when we come to town."

"But I can't go to your *apartment*!"

"There'll be plenty of people there. For God's sake, don't worry about it." The taxi pulled to a stop.

"I really don't think I should—"

He was partway out the door. "I'm not going to force you, you know." He looked back over his shoulder. "It's up to you."

She followed him into the night.

They walked along a corridor and he pushed a buzzer beside one of the doors, which in a moment opened. They were greeted by music and laughter, and by a man smiling broadly and shouting hello to Van.

The place was indeed filled with people and their sounds and movements. The room itself was long and narrow. There was a mural of the New York skyline on the wall that Nina faced, and to her right were glass doors that viewed the river. A phonograph was playing, to her left was a sink and a group of men gathered around it. "What an attractive place," Nina exclaimed, giddy with the relief one feels on finding oneself back among the species, when one has been menaced. Van took her wrap and disappeared with it down a hall that apparently led to several bedrooms. She smiled at the group around the sink and made her way, past the couples who were dancing, to a window. Van came up beside her. He put an arm around her and immediately a shock ruffled through her. "How beautiful it is," she said.

"Yes," he agreed. "Do you want to go outside a moment? We have a balcony."

"I'll freeze."

He laughed. "I'll keep you warm." He pulled back the sliding door and she stepped onto some tiles.

"A penthouse! How delightful!" she commented.

"Are you cold?" His arm was still around her and it drew her closer. She felt another, grander pull against which she felt very nearly powerless. Lighted ships moving into the night, and currents and tides and waves and floods, all mixed with the kiss he gave her. She relented and succumbed to him completely. "Let's go back inside," he said.

They sat on a yellow sofa in front of a low table. She stared at him unabashed, in wonder. His hair was receding. His face reminded her of the Buddha on Aunt Lily's mantle: it seemed so secretive and sure about something. She felt that his reactions to everything were swift and accurate, and often with his fists. He was wily and tough, she saw that, and he exuded power as though it were his masculine perfume.

"What are you staring at?" he asked presently.

"Why, at you."

"That's obvious. But what about me?"

"That's what I was trying to find out."

"I'll fix us a drink."

A couple left, saying their good-byes from the doorway. He invited her to dance when he returned. She could hardly wait

to be swept close to him, and when the music stopped she remained in his embrace. She saw a couple disappear down the hall, their arms locked around each other, their walk unsteady either from drink or from passion. There remained only a crowd of four around the sink, deep in conversation, their hands making sailing motions through the air like airplanes coming in for a landing.

"Let's go to bed." he said abruptly.

"Oh, I can't!" she cried, stepping away from him and looking at him in consternation.

He sighed. "Baby, I don't play that game."

"It's not a game," she answered, wanting to add *it's my life*, but feeling that sounded too melodramatic. "Please. Can't we sit down?"

"All right."

She sank onto the sofa, he reached for his drink. He lit a cigarette. "Honey." he began. His eyes were grey-green with startling dark lashes fringing them. They were bright eyes, flecked with gold. So few people have bright eyes after the age of thirty. "I'm too old for this. I used to do it, God knows. There was a time when I'd have spent all night attacking your maiden modesty and undressing you one button at a time and I'd have been grateful by dawn. I suppose I even enjoyed it. I don't anymore. You want to, I want to, now let's not waste all night talking about it when we could be doing it instead."

"But you don't understand! And anyway, I can't just do something because I want to." The men around the sink left, still talking as they struggled into their overcoats.

"What better thing is there to do?" he inquired. He caught her shoulders with his hands, in a moment her head was resting on his lap. Very surely then, he bent over and began kissing her.

"I mustn't," she cried, wriggling away and, as she did so, experiencing new sensations by no means as awful as she had anticipated.

"Mustn't what?" he demanded, hardly breathing.

She jerked herself up violently and he let go of her elbows. She realized that his grasp had never been terribly strong. She stood up. She turned her back to him, shaking and shivering, and smoothed out her dress and made other adjustments. She walked over and looked out the window. She picked up a swizzle stick that was lying on top of the phonograph. *Hotel Park* was stamped on it in gold letters. "You'd never respect me, don't you see?"

"Oh my God. Do you suppose I respect you now?" She heard the white fury in his voice.

"Sweetheart, don't dance with a man that way and kiss him that way and go to his apartment unless you mean it." His voice was pleasanter now.

"Will I see you again?" she blurted out.

"What would we do?"

"Is that all you see a girl for?"

"That's right."

"Never because you love her?"

"I doubt if I'm capable of love," he said.

"Are you married?" she asked abruptly, remembering how little she knew about him.

"I was. Not anymore."

"Who left who?"

"I don't think it's ever quite that simple." he said after a moment. "We left each other."

"You mean you've never been in love? Not even with your wife?"

"Especially not with my wife."

"Then you're afraid of love!"

"What is this?" he growled. "Instant psychoanalysis? Come on, I'll take you home."

"And what do I have to do to see you again?"

"All you have to do is change your mind and give me a call."

"With no preliminaries? Without even getting to know each other?" she said as he went down the hall to get her cape. She had so much she wanted to say. She wanted to stay close, held in his arms, and talk to him throughout the night. She dropped the swizzle stick into her purse and then, heavy with protest, she walked with him along the silent hall, and out into the cold.

Nina had elected to meet with Mac in a room of the apartment that served as sitting and dining room. She had chosen it because she preferred it to the downstairs drawing room which was formal. Besides, the record player was here. She was fond of the walls in this room which were a potent green; walls seemed to her very important for this rendezvous. If she could, she would have had them three feet thick.

She was standing in the center of the room when the doorbell rang, and she jumped.

"Tell me the truth. Who's here?" Mac asked suspiciously, taking off his coat and handing her that and his scarf.

"No one. Let's go up here. I lit a fire."

She hesitated once in the room. "Can I get you something? Coffee? Some champagne, or maybe a drink?"

"Whatever happened to you last night? I looked all over the damn place." He sat down. "I'd love a Scotch and soda."

"I didn't feel well. I tried to find you, and when I couldn't I took a cab home. I didn't want to be sick right there on the dance floor."

"Christ, I nearly was. I was stuck one hour exactly with a girl from Tallahassee. I didn't go anywhere, I don't see why you couldn't find me."

"I was afraid I was getting that intestinal flu. You know how suddenly it hits you. I'll get your drink."

She went into the kitchen. She decided to have a drink herself. She returned to where Mac sat, handed him his glass, and sat down. He stared into his Scotch. All at once, she didn't know what to do next.

"I've been trying to talk to you for three solid months," he complained. "I've been wanting to tell you something. I've absolutely *had* to tell you something, and never got the chance. It isn't the sort of thing you shout over creamed chicken."

"Yes."

"Nina. You must listen to me. You must try to understand and not be upset." He took a deep breath. "I've fallen in love."

She looked at a china polar bear pacing on the table over by the wall. It was from Copenhagen. *That's a long way* . . . she thought. "You've fallen in love?" she asked politely.

"I know it must come as a terrible blow. It even was to me. Her husband doesn't know about us yet. At first it was something casual, it didn't mean anything, or I'd have told you. You know I tell you

(cont. on p. 121)

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OH, BE CAREFUL!

(cont. from p. 119)

everything. I was going to bring it up the weekend of the Big Game, but you seemed so happy and confident, and I still wasn't sure."

Words seemed temporarily to have lost their power to convey meaning.

"Don't flatter yourself."

"I've told her all about you."

"You haven't!"

"She wants to meet you. She thinks you sound delightful. She said to tell you she hoped you could both be friends."

"You tell her I think she sounds depraved. And what about her husband? Or doesn't anyone pay any attention to him? I suppose he doesn't matter as long as he picks up the check?"

"You're so frightfully moral. Nina. He's all wrapped up in business. He lives in the world of money. She taught me that, Nina. There are only two worlds. she says, the world of love and the world of money. I used to live in the one of money. always thinking about it. always resentful because I felt I *deserved* to have more, and jealous of you because you did—"

"And now you abide in the world of love. Where, in the Ritz Towers?"

"It was only because I wanted *you* so much that I started with her. I had to have someone," he said. shrinking unhappily away from her, back among the cushions. "And then I found—Nina. there's something about an *experienced* mate—I could never be happy with a child again."

"Why haven't you two been spending the holidays together?"

"She insisted I see you all I could. She wanted me to be sure. She's terribly sensitive. she understands everything—"

"And besides. her husband was home."

"That had nothing to do with it."

"And now he's left. For where? Pakistan?"

"For Hong Kong."

"So you two are going someplace, too. Let me guess. Somewhere in the world of tall drinks and love. The Caribbean?"

"I can't tell you where. Nina. please don't be this way. I've never seen you like this. If only you'd *cry* or something."

"I'm not in the least bit hurt!"

"If I could, don't you know I'd give her up. Do you imagine I don't suffer? I can't live without her."

To have him sit there and tell her there was someone in the world he could not live without when she had always had the sunny confidence that that person could only be herself gave her a pain so intense she had to freeze herself not to douhle over with it. She tried to swallow, but she had frozen her throat as well. and her whole face was so taut that talking made it ache. He seemed to grow very bright there before her, as a light will just as it goes out. She saw how handsome he was, how graceful. Pride battled with the wish to keep things as they were—the struggle left her trembling, but pride won (she would like so much to fling herself upon him and hold him by sheer weight and force). "I guess there's nothing more to say," she said, and because of her immobile chin the words were hardly distinguishable.

He seemed an eternity in going, in fumbling. and shuffling and mumbling. and she had the tiny triumph of knowing that he also felt regret—that it wasn't easy for him. either. to give up something he had assumed was his.

At last she was alone. She went into the pantry and poured another drink. Carrying it with a solicitude that was hardly necessary. she found the swizzle stick she had taken last night. and still cherishing the drink. she sat on her mother's pink bed and picked up her mother's pink phone.

He was in. His voice sounded sleepy when he said hello. She took a sip of her drink before saying. "Van? This is Nina Colman, the girl you met last night."

"Why hello." he said.

"You said to phone you if I ever changed my mind. Well, I changed my mind."

"Now. Honey. wait a minute. I just woke up. I haven't even had a drink yet. What's this all about?"

"You know perfectly well what it's about. If it were two nights ago I'd believe you'd already forgotten, but it was only a few hours ago. Would you like to come here? To my apartment?"

"You mean now?"

"Now," she told him firmly.

"My God," he said in wonder. "Give me a chance to shave and get dressed. and I'll be right over."

"Hurry," she told him coolly, and she hung the receiver up carefully so as not to make any sound. and took another sip of her drink.

She put another log on the fire. She got the champagne out of the refrigerator and placed it with ice in a silver bucket. She arranged some frozen hors d'oeuvres on a pan and turned on the oven. She walked to the phonograph and consulted with herself concerning six or seven records. Then she dabbed some Joy behind her ears (it was her mother's Joy) and went and stood at the window of the room which opened onto a balcony. She looked for a long time at a tree, bare of leaves. growing in its square plot of ground directly in front of her. on the street. She wondered if there was any earth beneath New York at all. or if it was all subways right straight down to hell. She went back to study the fire.

That was where she was when the doorbell rang.

"Let me take your coat," she said. He was in civilian clothes today and he didn't look as big, and therefore, not as frightening. She wondered if she should kiss him right away. His eyes moved over her, she stood still and allowed them free passage.

"What's up?" he asked softly.

"Would you like a drink?" she inquired. "I have some champagne. It's the kind my father drinks so I suppose it's good."

"Lead the way," he said.

He followed her up the stairs and into the room. He went to the window and looked out. "Is that your garden?"

"We never use it. It's so dirty," she explained. "Can you help me with this?"

He came over, standing near her and twisting the cork in the bottle. She wanted him to reach for her but the cork popped out and a little vapor escaped before he poured the liquid quickly into the glasses, and then moved away from her to go over and pick up the china polar bear, putting it down again without comment.

"Who," he demanded, "is seducing who? Tell me what happened to make you change your mind." His eyes were liquid with amusement.

"Why, I just decided I was mistaken. That I had an obsolete viewpoint."

"And what about all those red-hot fears? What if I get you pregnant?"

"But you're experienced, and I'm sure you won't. That's one reason—" her voice trailed off.

"One reason you picked me? Baby, there's no sure way of taking care of you. All those risks are perfectly true and then some."

"Then I'm not afraid anymore," she told him bravely.

"You really are an innocent, aren't you?" he said in astonishment. "Has someone jilted you? Is that it? You're trying to get back at him?"

She was silent, engulfed in total defeat, dumbfounded by what she considered his miraculous intuition. "How did you know?" she managed at last.

"That wasn't so hard to figure out. You're really very trusting. I've never met anyone so trusting. You trusted someone and now you feel betrayed? Suddenly you don't know what to believe in? When did it happen?"

She began to cry, despite all her resolve against it. He came over, sitting beside her and putting an arm around her. "Poor little girl," he murmured, handing her a handkerchief.

"I'm such a fool!"

"I doubt that."

After a while she leaned back, feeling much better. Then she turned and looked at the stranger beside her and he filled her once more with wonder.

"I'm going to turn you down, you know," he said tenderly.

"I guess everybody is."

"I'm afraid an eighteen-year-old virgin is more than I can take on."

"Is it too much trouble?" she asked.

He reached for a piece of her hair and wound it around his finger. "It could never mean to me what it would to you. It doesn't mean much to me anymore. Why, it's your life, Sweetheart (he didn't sound melodramatic at all when he said it). You'd better wait for some man who's head over heels in love with you, who thinks he's getting all the treasures of the world. In a way, he is. *He* should buy the champagne, give you flowers, let it be *his* apartment. Men spend their whole lives searching for what you've got. . . . Don't go throwing it away, Sweetheart."

"Would I be throwing it away on you?"

"I'm afraid so."

"I had no idea it was so difficult to get rid of your virginity," she commented.

He laughed. He set down his glass, which was empty. "Now I'd better leave. At a dead run," he told her.

"Don't you want more champagne?"

"No, I'm afraid my span for being sensible is pretty short." He made a fist and placed it under her chin, lifting up her face and staring down into it. "In fact, it might run out any minute. Where's my coat?"

"Downstairs. I'll get it."

"You stay right where you are," he commanded. He stood up and strode across the room and into the hall. She disobeyed him, following him and standing dolefully at the top of the stairs, leaning over and watching him circle away from her. Halfway down he stopped and looked back up, apparently knowing she would be there.

"Oh, come on along. I can't leave you like this, you'll haunt my day. You look so goddam forlorn."

"You mean, come with you?"

He nodded.

"But I have to change."

"Don't worry. I'll wait. Where's the Scotch? I don't really like champagne."

"In the pantry. I'll get it for you."

"No. Go get dressed. And for God's sake, don't be so eager."

"I'm sorry," she told him, crestfallen.

"And don't be sorry!"

She gave him a look of mute appeal and rushed into her mother's room.

"Are you enjoying yourself, Infant?" he asked, turning to her abruptly. It was late that afternoon and they were in the Village at a jazz concert.

She nodded. "And you?" she asked timidly.

"Yes," he marveled. "I guess I am. But we've got to think of someplace for you to stay."

"We've called all the hotels that I know. You know how the holidays are."

"Don't you have some girlfriend with an apartment? Where did I take you last night?" he asked suspiciously.

"That was my mother's friend's apartment, but she left for Connecticut this morning." Nina said, telling him the truth, and neglecting to add that she could still join her brothers skiing, since he would ship her to them on the next train. "But don't worry about it. I'll work out something."

"Oh, for Christ's sake. All right. I'll go call my hotel. It's so crummy they're bound to have a room. But I'm not going to have you on my hands this whole leave! And quit looking so woebegone."

Tears sprang to her eyes. "I don't want to burden you," she gulped.

"I'm sorry," he told her. "I shouldn't have said that. Now cheer up. I'll call and get you a reservation and then we'll eat. Where would you like to have dinner?"

"Anywhere," she replied, brightening. "I'll go anywhere you want."

"I know that," he sighed. "Now blow your nose like a good girl."

For the next several days they were with each other almost constantly. They had gone to practically every bar and nightclub in New York, his leave was up, school would begin tomorrow and she was desperate.

"Van," she said, turning an open face toward him.

"What's that?"

"When I go back and you come down to town, you know, for weekends, would you stop by college sometimes? It's right on your way. I'll pay my share if you'll only take me out for a beer or something, and then go right on. I have some money from my father's mother—she left it to me. You and your car, you'd be a sensation. Only when you have a little extra time. You see. I went around with this Mac for so long and now there isn't anyone who'd even think of taking me out, and it's awful to be on campus all weekend. You just don't know. And if you came around, they'd forget all about Mac. I'd be the talk of the college. I'm sorry to use you like that."

"I don't mind. I rather admire it in you. You can be astonishingly shrewd."

He took her hand for a moment, examining the palm as though he were reading her fortune. But then he let it go.

Almost every Friday on his way into the city Van would roar up to the main gate in his car, an Austin-Healey. She was always ready, and waited under a tree. Once or twice he took her

into the city, sometimes he took her to dinner in the village adjacent to college. He did not let her pay her way. He complained that he didn't know what he was doing with her and told her it was time she started looking for someone her own size and quit picking on him. He said he still felt nervous at the thought of taking her across a state border, and was she sure she wasn't sixteen. Of course she knew when he roared away again it was to sleep with some other woman, and sometimes she thought she couldn't bear it. *Patience*, she said to herself.

On Thursday nights Hannah, Jean, Melville and Nina usually had dinner in town at a place that served hot, sticky rolls coated with raisins and nuts, and then they would go to a movie. One Thursday, after returning from the flicks (as she fondly called them), Nina decided to take a walk around campus before going to bed. It was a cold night, with the stars as hard as diamonds, scattered thickly in the sky. As she passed the main building, she saw a light streaming onto the pavement from Mr. Waverly's window. She faltered, started on, and turned back. In a moment she was knocking on his door.

"Why, what a pleasant surprise," he declared, laying the book he had been reading, open, face down, on the desk. "What brings you into my lair?"

"I saw your light. I hope I'm not bothering you."

"Certainly not. You're a welcome change. Sit down." He cocked his head on one side, a habit with which by now she was well-acquainted. Perhaps he saw the world better that way. "Books are dry things at best. I've devoted most of my life to them only to find that they don't much matter."

"What are you reading?"

"Housman. Sometimes he's almost as good as a friend."

"War and death and drinking and undying friendships and women without faces in a haystack. I guess he's a man's poet."

Mr. Waverly laced his fingers behind his head and leaned back, regarding her with merry eyes.

"So you're having man trouble," he said slyly. "I guessed it must be that."

She blushed and smiled. "I suppose I am. How did you guess? By my work? Isn't it any good?"

"Adequate. Never anywhere near what it could be. But that isn't how I knew. What's the trouble? Would he rather remain a man than settle down with you?"

"Can't he do both?"

Mr. Waverly shook his head. "I rather doubt it," he said.

"He thinks men are only happy until they marry."

"There's a kind of man that's true about. A kind of man not meant to marry. Hell, marriage is something women thought up for their own use anyway, and the female only tricks a man into thinking he wants it."

"Am I so wrong to try?" she asked earnestly, leaning forward in her chair.

"No, Nina. You're not wrong. It's the way you're made. Men long to be free, women can't afford to let them be—nobody ever quite wins, but then nobody ever does anyway." All at once she could see in his face his own disillusionment, and she knew just how unhappy he was with his wife. That kind of near despair could only come to one who once had carried his banner high and ridden the white charger proudly. To be disappointed, your hopes had once to have been brave and great. "But don't worry. You'll win *him*, whatever you both lose in the process. He hasn't a Chinaman's chance."

She knew it was really himself he was talking about and she said gently. "But the other way might be even worse for him."

Their eyes met, startled by an immense recognition; in another moment she got up and left him alone with Housman.

It was already March. Van had taken her for a drink in town and was now pulling to a stop before the main gate. It was still early in the evening and he seemed surprisingly nervous. He snapped on the radio and lit a cigarette.

He reached for her hand. "I don't dare kiss you, you know."

"Do you want to kiss me?"

"I'd like to climb right into bed, right now."

She laughed delightedly. "I thought you didn't."

"So now you know. Do you still want to go away with an old man like me?"

"You're not old."

"Does that mean yes?"

She nodded.

"Are you sure? I'll do my best, Sweetheart, but I can't remember all the things that might bruise a fresh young sprout like you."

"You could start by not calling me *Sweetheart*."

"I'll try," he promised. His nervousness had disappeared. "The exec and his wife have an island down South. It's hers actually, she inherited it. There's a beat-up old house on it, a couple she inherited along with the property and an air strip. They're very generous and said I could use it. Do you have an Easter vacation, because I still have a lot of unused leave. Can you get away?"

"Yes," she said. She remembered the importance of being matter of fact. "What shall I do so I don't become pregnant?"

"I want you to go to a doctor. Tell him you're going to be married. Don't tell him too much. People who are lying always explain too much and that makes everyone suspicious. After all, they've lied too. What will you tell your family?"

"They're going fishing in Mexico. My mother hates it, but I guess she doesn't know that. She likes the way it makes her friends feel. One of my friends asked me to Bermuda for Easter and I was going with her. I'll tell Jean to tell her father I'm spending the holidays with my family after all. They're Jewish." Nina explained. "so my parents don't know them. They'll never find out."

He laughed. "We have to go to Pax River for some testing," he said, falling into the jargon of his Navy code. "I won't be back until nearly Easter. Can you plan everything by yourself?"

"Oh yes."

"It isn't all bells and rockets the first time, you know."

"I've heard," she told him, and after he drove away she went to her room and fell into a long and peaceful sleep.

Her friends might have been fellow astronauts preparing her for a shot to the moon, so involved did they become in helping her with preparations. Jean entered wholeheartedly into the conspiracy, and they devised elaborate plans about forwarding telegrams should that be necessary. Melville was disapproving, but it would have been hard to withhold consent since—with or without it—Nina was going to do what she was going to do. So Melville gave her help, and in doing so showed a good deal more sense than many of her elders who do not realize that people want their friends to agree with them and not to advise. She accompanied Nina on a shopping trip, and Hannah went with her to the doctor. She had never been examined by a gynecologist before and it terrified her.

During the last few days she clung to her friends as if she were being separated from them forever (which, in a way, she was). She was prompted to give them each a present.

She had her hair cut short, she bought new luggage and repacked everything three times. She was beset by countless dreads.

She met him while it was still dark, early in the morning, at La Guardia airport. The plane was owned by a group of four and they rented it out when they didn't need it. Van said it was the only business venture he'd ever been involved in.

It seemed right to her that they should start off together flying; they circled once around the city, by now growing light. Its spires were shimmering and violet like something in a fairyland. She was

singularly unafraid. she didn't really believe in death, and the sudden dips of the plane, the occasional waggle, corresponded precisely with her feelings.

They stopped in Carolina for refueling. and a beer and a sandwich. The day was nearly over and she was stiff with fatigue. At last they reached the brilliant, pure-toned blue sea and her gaze plummeted right to its sand bottom. A huge turtle swam lazily far beneath them. like a shadow of their plane.

The sun was sliding behind the sea when they arrived at their island. He flew several times around it, so low she could see the pale beach melting into water that was turning purple: a line of palm trees separated sand from scrub, and a low house stood in a cluster of enormous, protecting trees.

They were met in a jeep by a broadly smiling colored man, and they left the plane standing there. "I feel as though we should do something about it. Curry it, walk it around to cool it off," she said stretching rapturously. feeling the salty breeze on her face. "It's almost indecent for a machine to fly."

"We'll curry it tomorrow." he assured her. and they bounced away to the house which was large and low, with a veranda all around it and a tin roof above it. "I do love roofs." she said to Van. "I don't care so much about living in a house. a boat would do, but I must live beneath a roof." She entered the living room which was big and filled with a lacy light that filtered through split bamboo shades and swinging strips of beads which hung at the doors. There was a quivering effect from leaves and blades of grass which she noticed when she entered the place. and she could hear the waves of the sea. "Oh," she said, "do you suppose some people get all their happiness for life at once? In one sloshing pailful? I think it's better. if they do, instead of having it spread thinly through their years. But it's almost too much." The airplane motors still droned in her ears. mixing with the surf, reaching deeply into the ocean and bringing up. dripping. a moment of perfect bliss. "Look," she said. pointing toward a black lacquered coffee table, "there are even orchids."

"That was probably Shirley."

"Shirley?"

"The one who owns this place. I got drunk one night and told her my troubles—you being my troubles—everyone is always confiding in Shirley. She's the one who comes to the wife when her husband is killed. She thought if I was so worked up over you I might as well do something about it. She said obviously you wouldn't mind. She made all the arrangements for us here."

"She must be very kind," Nina remarked dutifully and somewhat doubtfully.

Dinner was prepared by the caretaker's wife. and they had fried chicken and spoon bread. and despite a trepidation that did not disappear even with three cocktails and wine (an insistent apprehension, like the drone of the plane motors in her ear), she ate with relish. An enormous full moon had risen and grandly it took over the sky while they sat once again outside for coffee. They listened to the insect noises. There was something that hissed periodically, sounding like the signal for an elopement. Van sat down his cup with deliberation. "Are you tired?" he asked. smiling teasingly.

"Yes," she said obediently.

He stood up without saying anything more. He reached for her hand. and she got to her feet unsteadily. She walked beside him across the living room. along a hall, into the bedroom. She stood uncertainly by the bed, feeling very lost and lonely.

"No. Leave on the light, my luscious darling," he said.

When she came out on the veranda the following morning, he was drinking a beer in his bathing trunks and a terry-cloth robe. He had a hairy chest and hairy legs. both were soft and nice to feel against her. A ray of light glinted on the gold of his elaborately carved Annapolis ring. She reached for a hibiscus and stuck it above one ear. Her feet were bare. "Feet are so wonderful. Feet are the most important things."

"The hell they are," he said.

"May I have some beer too?"

"You're too damn sweet to drink beer before breakfast."

She pondered this. "Then let's go for a swim." she suggested.

"Very well." he said agreeably.

He swam with long. even strokes. his hair matted and beaded with water drops. She laughed and told him he reminded her of a walrus. She sat on the sand. her legs buried in the warm. heavy comfort of it. He shook himself and flopped down beside her. "How about bringing me my beer?" he asked, and she got up quickly, going to the veranda and returning in a moment with the golden can. "I always had so many appointments," she reminisced. sitting down and gathering the sand over her again as though it were an eiderdown. "Even during the holidays. We never really had holidays. There was always riding. tennis. swimming. fencing. archery—discus throwing and shot puts and javelins."

"What in God's name were they training you for?"

"Oh. you know. For grace and bodily ability. And if we went on a picnic, the chauffeur was sent ahead to set up a table—my mother had one that Elsie de Wolfe designed especially for my aunt—and the butler brought the food in baskets and Thermoses. We were so well-equipped for everything. When you're so well-equipped, you keep feeling obliged to *do* something with the equipment. Why." she exclaimed, "we have nothing all day today we have to do!" She glanced at him. "You've given me so much," she said.

She reached for her flippers and stood up abruptly, overcome by her tribute to him. or her confession. She hurried down from the warm sand into the cool water. She put on her flippers and pulled her face mask down and fell into the sea. skimming along toward some rocks. The light appeared to radiate from tiny points like stars beneath the surface. spreading their yellow rays in a rich element that grew darker and colder the deeper one dived. A school of fish swam by. or rather she joined them in their pursuit (or flight). She stretched out her arms and spread apart her feet. nodding like a buoy with the soft swell of the water. breathing heavily through her snorkel in some complete and perfect rhythm.

She came out into the warmth of the land again and was welcomed by the sun. She felt better here and knew that the earth was the only thing she really trusted in the world. The sky above was immense and by now. white-hot. She sat down beside Van. He was looking through half-shut. indolent eyes toward the water.

"Do you see something you like?"

"I see everything I like." he told her.

She began to heap warm sand upon him. She did not stop until he was fully covered. "There," she declared with satisfaction. "That's better. I want to keep you safe."

Nina returned to college with a deep tan. her hair sun-bleached. and her laugh lustier than it had been before she left. Her body had subtly gained in ripeness what it was losing in leanness. Her eyes had the glance. sometimes, of those who had looked upon forbidden rites.

But these changes were not enough to startle the faculty and administrators. and while the other girls recognized her symptoms, they had problems of their own. so nobody rushed out at her as she had half-expected. crying *Ha, ha! Now you've done it!* and she was left surprisingly to her own devices (her parents having stopped in California on their way back from Mexico. Pauline and Lenny being still in Florida. and Aunt Lily forty-five floors above ground with a nasty cold).

Van had made no mention on their return as to how they were to continue. He

seemed to be leaving it to fate, confident, like most Navy men, that whatever happened, he would remain well-supplied for all his needs. The new squadron had long been formed, and they were preparing for another cruise of the Mediterranean, beginning in May.

It had been the most natural thing in the world for her to plan to join him abroad in the summer. She would drop out of her group without letting her parents know once she was safely over there and she would meet him at the various ports to which he was going. What could be simpler? She was excited enough at the prospect of being with him in all those alluring places so that she was only depressed for a little while when she saw him off one midnight. The vast ship was strange and forbidding, its dim lights casting more shadow than brightness onto the pier.

She watched him climb the gangplank and return the sentry's salute, a duffel bag slung over his shoulder, then she went to the waiting cab. She looked back once at the towering structure. It looked like a city block floating there on the black water. She tried to imagine how it must look from the sky, and she thought that it did not seem to her that Van had chosen a very safe way to make a living.

Van reached Marseille three days after she did. She had already inquired as to someplace they might stay, somewhere romantic and smelling heavenly and in the country, and she had been lucky enough to secure reservations in what the travel agent assured her was just the spot. She had even seen to hiring a car.

It was fiercely hot as they sped by poplar trees in military rows and fields as smooth as folded sweaters. Still, they kept the top of the car down.

"It's marvelous," she declared, leaning back in the seat and digging her bottom into a more comfortable position.

He wore his flier's glasses, covering nearly a third of his face and giving him an owl's look of intelligence and mystery. "How about some more wine?" he asked, his attention on the dusty road. Perspiration trickled down her legs. She waited for it to reach her toes, where the hot wind from the opening in the dashboard would turn it cool.

They had a swim right away in a somewhat slimy pool, but in her mood of welcome and large embrace, the slime only proved that the pool was Roman, as the hotel claimed. She paused by a curly-headed stone lion out of which water spurted, and caught some in her cupped hands. She watched earnestly as it ran through her fingers, then she rolled over several times, looking up at the ragged hills. Her body felt lithe, obedient and magnificent there in the water, and she could not imagine that any of its parts could ever give her pain or trouble. She wondered if she would ever be this free again.

So they satiated themselves, they drenched themselves sometimes in the sea and sometimes in the sun. There were, of course, the periods of time when he was at sea and she waited, but even that was absorbing. There is no feeling quite like that of being young and alone in a strange city—with money to burn. She bought things and when they were together, they both bought things. They were rich in every meaning of the word. She fell in love with everything, every day; she didn't even mind the crooked streets, with dirty, skinny boys and blind beggars. She could not quite bring herself to find offense in anything. She rented a car again, took driving lessons and with the superb confidence of complete inexperience, she drove herself from one port to another, in one country and another. She drove by red gorges and orange groves and thatched peasant huts, a bandanna around her head and sandals on her feet. She drove through storms and stopped for gas advertised in languages she had never laid eyes on before. She drove from France to Spain, from there to Italy and on to Greece. She arrived always well ahead of Van and, with street maps in hand, set about finding the best available lodgings. These invariably had marble floors and green shutters that were closed all day and opened at night to reveal a view, generally of the Mediterranean. He would come loaded with cigarettes and liquor from the PX to find flowers and fruit in bowls about the room. He was saving for nothing, worried about nothing, and they neither of them thought twice about the cost of anything. "Nina knows the value of everything and the price of nothing," he said once affectionately. Their routine was lovely, and inflexible.

Sometimes they joined other members of the squadron and occasionally they went to one of the clubs for a dance. She enjoyed that thoroughly but didn't tell him so, since he much preferred the grubby little bars where sometimes someone played a guitar, with a beauty the more striking for coming as a surprise. One of the pilots was killed; she wanted very much to talk about it, which Van refused to do. He held a solitary wake for his friend by getting drunk and staying so for two days and nights: quietly, furiously, unreachably drunk.

But that seemed to take care of his mourning, or whatever it had been, and soon they were out again in the sun-soaked Mediterranean world, streaming with color and radiant confusion.

The cruise was to last seven months, and college started again the twentieth of September. He was proceeding on through the Near East.

This pulling up of tents, this sad casting off—the dissolution of a situation—left her melancholy. Afterward she walked through the streets with tears in her eyes, all too aware that every goodbye is forever, that if we meet again we will not be the same.

He went with her to the airport. The big hangar of a building was jammed with people carrying cameras and baskets that bulged. Everyone was in disarray, like laundry blown down from a clothesline. The men wore rumpled suits and the women cotton dresses with dirt stains adding to their patterns—they held onto little boys with shirttails out and buttons missing, and girls with every bow untied. There was nobody who did not have a distraught air, and you felt that all you had to do was pull a handkerchief, a sash, to have the person unravel completely.

"You'll write?" Nina asked. It seemed strange to be again in dark, tight clothes, constricted by stockings, hampered by high heels.

"Sure," he agreed, his eyes filled with that curious enmity that affects us when anyone dares to go away.

She realized that at the moment things once again hung in the balance, that he would be very glad to melt into the crowd and never see her again if it meant all this—airports and farewells and tears, the whole night before. She must fix a time and place in the future to which he was committed.

"It's all right," she smiled brightly. "I'm all set now. There's no point in waiting. I hate public farewells. Go get a drink . . . get two, and have one for me."

The dark look on his face lifted. He shuffled his feet a little, a movement which was unlike him, since usually he stood like something that has grown in that same spot for centuries. "Are you sure?" he asked.

"Certain," she said cheerfully.

Then he gave in, expansive with gratitude. "I'll see you in November, Tiger," he murmured, drawing her to him.

"And it's all right if I look for someplace for us to live? An apartment or something? You know how you feel about desk clerks."

"I guess we have to live someplace," he acquiesced.

"And you don't mind if I fix it up a little? We've already bought so much stuff."

"Sure," he said, and he kissed her—with some difficulty, for all the furs and baskets and bags and boxes that bristled between them. She was the first to turn and walk away.

OH, BE CAREFUL! (continued)

In its brochure the college boasted that it developed self-reliance, independence, self-determination and resourcefulness in its pupils. So one might suppose the authorities would be well-pleased that fall with Nina. But the truth was that they didn't like these qualities any more than any other institution does, recognizing them as subversive and potentially inflammatory, so Nina's various teachers in the conferences with each other no doubt expressed concern about her and passed it on to the higher-ups. They could neither isolate nor define their suspicions, however; and when an organization makes trust a matter of policy, it reduces to the infinitesimal its ability to protect itself. So they did nothing.

Mr. Waverly was her adviser again this year, and she was continuing in psychology, this time with a man who had studied under Adler. She was taking another course in French literature, and one in community planning which was all about "how your town operates." She found that one unspeakably dull.

She was quick to locate a small house for rent, complete with fireplace, almost exactly between hers and Van's two bases. It was part of a development, one of those operations where the street lights and trees and supermarket, the school and church and laundromat, indistinguishable one from the other, are flung up all at the same time. It was situated on a reclaimed swamp, so that the birds still came back from time to time and circled above the rows of houses, looking down and calling anxiously.

She had learned from Shirley, whom she had met briefly last spring at the change-of-command ceremonies, where Van's things were apt to be stored. She had written, asking that they be sent. He must be tired of having his belongings all in suitcases and trunks someplace other than where he was. She could not imagine living without her possessions. Her being clung to them with threads (glimmering softly) as firm and delicate as any spider web.

Unpacking what she had bought, they had bought and what he already owned turned out to be quite a chore. She opened the aluminum trunks that arrived encased by steel bands, his rank and name and serial number painted on them in wide, firm black letters. She took out rippled shells of killer clams and glass balls wrapped in fish netting, a rifle, an Egyptian fez, a kimono with the moon and stars on its back. There was a chain leash, an encyclopedia for 1954, a long-stemmed clay pipe, a map of a portion of North China, a beer stein from Heidelberg. A pair of binoculars, a tape recorder, a portable phonograph, a movie camera (all of these were Japanese). There was a photograph album which she sat right down and examined, staring deeply at a picture of him and a dark-haired, smiling woman she presumed to have been his wife. She peered at her—so long you might have thought she was waiting for her to speak—and decided she looked pleasant enough.

She studied the relics with all the care an archeologist would give to buried pottery, dusting them off reverently then, and placing them on shelves about the house.

Van came back early on a Thursday morning, flying off the carrier and arriving two days ahead of it. Shirley was notified by cable and phoned Nina at college.

By the time she heard the planes in the far distance they were already approaching the field, wing to wing, something ferocious about them, as though they might have been coming to tear up the landing field. The wives and children that huddled around the waiting cars now surged forward, the wives stumbling, running and sobbing (had they ever loved their husbands so much as at this moment and the one when he had left?), while the children rushed ahead of them, screaming, *Daddy!*

She waited with the soft rain falling on her hair until he came up to her, his eyes the same grey as the sky so that he seemed to carry two chunks of it about with him even when earthbound. Tears of joy and relief mixed with the rain on her face as they kissed. "But how did you get home so early?" she asked when she calmed herself enough to speak.

"It was a mock attack. The Air Force was supposed to intercept."

"And you got through?"

"That's right."

"How wonderful."

"You wouldn't think so if it had been for real," he said, and she was reminded again of his power, and looked uneasily up at him in all his strange and awesome gear. Then they drove to the house, and she poured a beer into his stein from Heidelberg while he changed into some slacks and a shirt he had brought with him. Next he walked around, picking things up and setting them down again, without comment.

He went over and sat in a chair she had placed before the television. "There's something they try for on an airplane," he remarked at last. "Not to make it beautiful, but just more efficient. They call it cutting the drag. This place has one helluva lot of drag."

"Is anything wrong?" she asked, feeling suddenly exhausted from all her endeavors.

"Only that you've made us a nest," he answered, not smiling. "People think of birds as free, because they can fly. But they're not free. A bird's whole life is built around the nest. I guess it's great if you like nests. Like as not if you see some male bird flapping about he's on an errand for the female, and she's going to scold and complain when he comes back. All animals are imprisoned by their instincts and human females are as well, and it's only given in the whole of creation to the male of the human species to choose. It's a very special privilege and he cherishes it."

"So you've brought me down to earth," he finished, guessing her thoughts so well that she shivered.

"But Van! I only wanted to make you comfortable and happy!"

He grunted. "Is there any vodka around?"

He drank orange juice and vodka and watched television the entire day. Around one she asked him if he weren't hungry now, and he agreed (without removing his eyes from an old cowboy movie) that he could eat a sandwich. After that she came and sat beside him, waiting for him to reach out, to stroke her hair and take her hand. But he did not reach out. She had dinner all prepared, and at seven she asked him if he would like something different to drink, a martini, perhaps, because it would soon be time to eat. He was by now watching a murder mystery, and said fine, he'd like a martini. She was afraid to interrupt him, and brought him his dinner on a tray, and he did not say a word except to ask for brandy afterward, and if there were any cigarettes.

When the program was finished he got up and flicked off the set and sat down again sideways in the chair with his legs over the arm. He stared at her in the detached, appraising way she had sometimes seen him look at other women and after a while he said, "How did you find out where my things were stored?"

"I asked Shirley."

"You shouldn't have done that. Not without asking me first. You're a very determined young lady, aren't you? You seem to have some idea that because you want something it automatically becomes your due."

"I only meant to please you," she explained. "I thought of course you'd be glad to see them again."

"There's no *of course* about it. Beware, my child, of the world's *of courses*. 'Of course you'll want to come, to see, to serve, to help, to give'—it always involves parting with something. OK," he said, his eyes roving up and down her casually, "let's go to bed." . . .

Nina knew that she must be pregnant a week or so before she went to the doctor to confirm it. By now spring was ap-

proaching. and sometimes she caught a whiff of hyacinth. perhaps only from a greenhouse or an open-air flower shop. She breathed deeply of the sweet scent. and was filled again with wonder at all her eyes beheld. in love. like a frolicsome puppy. with the beautiful fragrance of things. with rolling leaves and blades of grass.

She reached the house before Van and walked leisurely inside: it was all hers once more. just as she had ordained it. It was growing dark outdoors and she flicked on the lights. satisfied at the sight of so many objects. *Mine*. she said to herself dreamily. *All mine* . . .

"What did yon say?" Van asked. She spread upon him her slow. radiant. luxuriant smile. "But you heard what I said." she told him. thinking. with surprise. that after all. it was his baby as well. and feeling very friendly toward him for that. His part in things of course seemed so slight and transitory that she could not quite take it seriously; still. it was something to be polite about.

"I knew you'd resort to just about anything." he said quietly. "Anything to have your way." His face. which had frightened her so often lately. was as hard as she had ever seen it and she looked at it in wonder. because it did not move her now. "I thought even you would be above a thing like this. I thought I'd made you realize that I would not be trapped. Yon planned it. didn't you? You thought you could trick me. didn't you?"

She was silent. staring at him still.

"Answer me." he snapped. and she jumped.

"I told you. I had no idea." she insisted. "No plan. I didn't even think what would happen next."

"Oh. yes you did. No woman gets herself knocked up without knowing exactly what she expects to gain by it."

"I'm not asking anything of you."

"That's good. Because you're not getting anything. Not a dime. not an ounce of help. and certainly not me."

"I didn't do it to get you." she whispered. Even he couldn't alter this. she thought.

"I'll send for my things." he said.

"I'll get them packed." she answered.

He came to where she stood. He put his hands on the upper parts of her arms. holding them fiercely. She felt him trembling with the effort not to hold her harder. until it really hurt. She saw it cost him all the discipline he had not to harm her. and she realized. but without alarm. that if he started. it was well within his potential at that moment to kill her. "That's the last little bitch's trick you're ever going to play on me." he said. He turned. walked swiftly toward the door. scooping his hat up from the sideboard without pausing. and without turning. strode out. slamming the door behind him. At the sound she was startled. she swayed a little. and it began to dawn on her—something of what had happened.

When she had finished packing his things. she sent him a note. In a day or so he called to say he'd be there just before lunch. She was in the living room when his car pulled up. and she saw him hurry up the steps and then pause a moment. looking at the house with curiosity. before (moving less freely and more warily now) he reached the door and rang the bell.

He handed her the address of where he wanted his things sent. and said when she was billed to send that to him and he would mail her a check. He was very brisk. Then he stood before their things and looked as dumbfounded as she was. He scratched his head and scowled. "Is it all right to give the fish and birds away?" she asked.

He went into the living room. "I think it's best if we sell everything. If that's all right with you." he said. "I can probably sell most of it at the base. Isn't there anything you'll be needing?"

"No. Nothing."

"I suppose you're going home."

"Home? No. I don't plan to go home."

"Where are you moving to then? I'll have to get in touch with you once I sell these."

She shrugged. "It doesn't matter."

"I'm not going to just pocket the money."

"But I don't care. I'm grateful to you for taking them off my hands. The packers are coming today at two. they say they'll have me out by five."

"Well. and then where are you going?"

"I have no idea." she confessed.

"I have a friend with a place on the shore. He's just opened it for the summer. I could call and see if you couldn't use it for a few days."

She shook her head. "No thank you." she said. "Well." She smiled feebly. "Thank you for coming by." She held out her hand. "It was very kind. Kinder. probably. than I deserve."

"You're not that bad. There were times when you were very nice."

"But basically you were right. You can't *make* people do things."

"I'm afraid I was pretty rough on you. More than I meant to be."

"As you said. I asked for it."

"Where are you going to tell the moving company you'll be?"

"I suppose I don't know until I get there." she said. She pulled away her hand. "I appreciate your being so calm. I couldn't stand being yelled at. I know it must have been hard to come. It's

funny, things don't end—bang—the door's slammed and it's over—just like that. There's always something to sign, or sell, or cope with *together*, before you can part. I guess that's the cruelest thing of all."

"It wasn't so hard. I don't hate you anymore, you know. It's inconvenient to hate." He finished his beer in one long draft, set the empty glass on the corner of a table piled with blankets. He got up. She stayed where she was. She didn't look up until, at the door, he paused and, half turning, stared toward her a moment. He seemed to hesitate, as though he might have forgotten something, and then he swung around, wished her good day, and half trotted along the pathway to his waiting car.

Nina moved temporarily to a motel near the sea. She needed time and a place to think in. One morning as she straightened up the kitchen the door bell rang. "Why, Van," she declared, coming to the front door. "Whatever are you doing here?"

"I was lucky and sold those things almost right away to a sailor. I brought you the money."

"But however did you find me?"

"I phoned the moving company. You certainly didn't make it *easy* to trace you. Aren't you going to invite me in? It's hot out here."

"Of course. I'm so sorry." She led the way into the living room and paused there. Even in here she could hear the wash of the waves and in her mind's eye she could see them, drawing up, collapsing into smooth, swirling milky foam.

"Or offer me a seat or a drink? You know what this is? It's some sort of election day and there isn't a drink to be had anywhere."

"Please excuse me," she murmured. "What would you like to drink?"

"Anything."

She went into the kitchen and returned in a moment. "There's only some gin," she said.

"Gin will be dandy." He sat down on the sofa and looked around him. "Say, this is a nice place," he commented. She walked again into the kitchen and came back with two gins and ice. "I'm out of any mix," she said.

"Now that will hit the spot," he told her. "Consider yourself a saint for the weary traveler."

"Are you a traveler?"

"All fliers are travelers. Nina, tell me what's the matter with you? Have you been sick or something?"

"Not at all."

"You keep acting like someone in a trance. You make me want to shake you."

"I know."

"Not that. I told you I wasn't mad anymore, and I meant it. I only want to wake you up.

"What do you do about meals?" he asked.

"I fix something here."

"Doesn't that get kind of boring, eating by yourself every night?"

"I don't really notice."

They were quiet. At first she was unaware that he had started to pace back and forth. "How would you like to have dinner out?" he asked abruptly.

She raised her face in surprise. "You mean with you?"

"Sure I mean with me. I have to eat too, and I find I hate eating alone."

"But you don't have to do that!"

"I know I don't."

"Why, naturally I'd like it. I do get lonely I suppose. I haven't been around people in what seems like a long time. But—I don't know." She looked up at him. "Is it such a good idea? Why should you do that for me?"

"I don't mind doing *something* for you. I've always liked you, you know. You can be so damned appealing. And I enjoy you. I only wanted to be able to enjoy you, without being fenced in."

She smiled. "Aren't you afraid I'll start trying to snare you again?"

"Somehow—I think you're a long way from being in the mood," he observed.

The sun must have been setting for there was a brilliant oblong of orange light on the white wall before her, reminding her of a raised window shade, of an opening, of hope. "Go ahead and get dressed," he said. "Whatever do you do when I'm not here to tell you?"

She stood up obediently. As she walked toward the bedroom he asked. "Are you ready for a 'martini'?"

She glanced back. "I'd love one," she said gratefully. "You know—in spite of yourself—you're really so thoroughly nice. I think I'd even like to get a little drunk," she added.

"You have it coming," he said with sympathy.

It was with more sympathy than he had ever shown when they had been together.

Van and Nina had dinner in an inn that night, and afterward, driving back along the coast, his elbow on the open window board, he said, smiling, "This really is a time of firsts for me. It's the first time in my life I've ever felt like asking a woman if she'd let me sleep with her, or wanted to tell her that if she would, I'd do my best to make her happy." He glanced sideways. "May I?" he asked.

"It's so nice to be asked," she said. "I suppose nothing is much more satisfying than saying yes at the right time, to the right person."

He came again on Thursday, rather than on Saturday. "I know I should have phoned," he apologized, "I came in one helluva hurry. I wasn't thinking very clearly. I don't yet quite know why I felt such urgency to get here."

"Whatever's happened?"

"I've had an accident. I'm perfectly all right. The plane," he added curtly, "is not. They flew me to the base this morning. I have to wait now until they call me back. I couldn't stand hanging around the BOQ. Or the questions. Not even the other men. This was the only place I could think of to come. Do you mind?"

"You know I don't mind. Come in. Is it so bad?"

"First accident I've ever had."

"Doesn't everyone have to have one sometime?"

"I should hope not. It would raise hell with the Navy budget."

"They're not going to do anything to you?"

"Hang me up by my thumbs? No." She saw there were lines by the corners of his mouth where they had never been before. "They're not exactly cheerful over having a million dollars' worth of equipment demolished. And neither am I."

The weather those next few days, though still chilly, was splashed with pale sun, and she was with Van every moment. Most of the time they stayed home, lying inert—fingers touching—for long hours without speaking in the sun. Once they drove to the city where, at Van's insistence, they went to several art galleries. "I've taught you everything I know," he told her teasingly, "now you teach me what you know. I don't mind the paintings, so what do we try next? A play?"

"I have to give a lot of thought to that. After all, you might not like it and then you'd never go again. I don't want to bore you with Shakespeare."

"I'm not sure Shakespeare would bore me."

"As a matter of fact, he might not. I wonder if that isn't the best way to learn things? The way you have—going out and tasting and touching and smelling everything first—"

"You make it sound so sensual—"

"Well, it is. And then reading and seeing paintings and statues, hearing music, judging for yourself other people's tributes. Maybe culture in the young is always superficial."

"I think you're cultured. It's one of the things that drew me to you. I minded being middle class."

They talked a long while when they got back that night. Their voices were murmurs and, from time to time, one drifted off into semiconsciousness only to return floating once again and resume in sleepy tones the course of conversation.

Van kept a beer beside the bed and several times he got up for another one. She wished he wouldn't drink so much since she supposed the Navy had its reasons for not wanting them to drink before they flew, but she didn't try to interfere. Then, wrapped in a glow of affection and nearness and drowsiness, she saw through the window that it was light outside.

"Why, Van! We talked all through the night!"

"So we did. We had a lot to say. We still do. After they call me back—you know, when I've flown again: remounted the horse that threw me—I'll come here. All right? I'll bring a few things, not too many. This is very pleasant and I'm liking it, but then we'll have to talk about what we're going to do next. And whatever we decide, we'll have to face your family with it."

"Must we? They'll make such a fuss!"

"Yes. We must."

After three days he was ordered to ferry a replacement for the plane he had lost back to the carrier. He would be with her again late the next night, he promised, gazing at her deeply a moment before kissing her, holding her close to his chest awhile before letting her go.

She slept fitfully, and woke up around two. She reached for the side of the bed where he had been and realized, in disappointment, that he had gone. She turned on the light and sat up: wide awake, tense and disturbed. She got out of bed, slipping into a robe, and went into the living room. She turned on the radio and looked at a clock on the mantle. He wasn't really late as yet and she had nothing to worry about. Even if he should be late, she must always remember how many things can happen—a drink with a friend, a flat tire—but her mind stopped. It turned over listlessly various things it encountered in the room, straightening them up, shaking them a little, counting them. Her mind ran tentative fingers over them and then wandered abruptly, unaccountably away.

She considered a drink. The prospect made her sufficiently sick so that she went into the bathroom and stared at the white circle of the toilet seat for a while, feeling dizzy, and when she was all right she took a blanket off the bed, and going once more into the living room, seated herself (huddled within it) on a chair before the window. Vigils are like arrivals and departures, she thought, they happen at bad hours, on queasy stomachs. She gave way to a feeling of annoyance that did much to relieve her growing concern.

She sat there, becoming rigid, staring straight out the window sometimes, and other times closing her eyes, for one, two, three hours—not thinking about another thing—and never knowing at what moment the nature of that for which she waited solidified from worry to doubt to despair, to a certainty that was absolute.

They came with the first light of dawn. She heard the car and permitted herself a moment of hope before opening her eyes to look, as an unfamiliar black Buick pulled up before the door. A woman climbed out—Nina could not see her face but knew as though death had come a-knocking that it was Shirley; following her were several men. In their Navy overcoats, they looked huge, against the silver sky.

She kissed Shirley on the cheek and held out her hand wordlessly as she then was introduced to the others in muted voices.

"Nina—" Shirley began.

"Let me take your coat. And your scarf." Nina went on. "You wouldn't be here, would you, if he were only hurt. You'd have phoned so I could get there."

Guilt often comes without grief, but grief seldom comes unaccompanied by guilt. So intertwined were sorrow and remorse that often Nina could not tell one from the other. She was as empty now and dry as a dust bowl, except for bits of self-reproach that rolled and scraped across her treeless inward plains like dried-up leaves. Round and round they flicked and wandered, the *had I's* and the *ifs*, the repeating little defeats, so that the enormous one which had befallen them both was obscured, and she could not even enjoy the full fruit of sadness.

She remained in bed, tended alternately by her friends from college, who were awestruck that someone close to them had been chosen by tragedy. She was completely helpless, but Shirley came as often as she could, and one way or another (she was indifferent as to how), she managed. Shirley handled the disposal of Van's clothes and details that might have broken Nina's heart, had she one left to break.

It came to her then as a distinct surprise when, as she lay semidrugged in bed, small with child but great with regret, that after a rather hesitant knock at the door Arthur should appear and, in a moment, be staring dolefully down upon her, holding onto her hand. His suit was rumpled and his tie a little loose, he was wearing that questioning, concerned and faintly hostile look with which the well regard the sick.

"You mustn't be angry. Hannah told me, but I made her," he explained.

"That's all right. I'm glad to see you. Sit down."

He looked around a moment, hesitating as to where he might light, and also evidently curious about this room, this

world in which his sister now abided. Then he pulled a chair over near the bed.

"I made her tell me everything. I'd called several times and I began to be suspicious. They kept feeding me some line about flu, and you being with a family friend. Naturally, I said what family friend, and naturally, they were stumped. I was driving up to Smith anyway, and thought I'd find out what was up. So I stopped at college and took Hannah out for a drink."

"How much did she tell you?"

"Oh, everything, with the second drink. She was very relieved to tell someone—very worried about you and what's going to happen to you and your state of mind, which she says is terrible. It's too much of a responsibility for a friend," he said reprovingly. He looked thinner, stripped for once of his gorgeous plumed gaiety.

"You know I'm pregnant, and I've nearly had a miscarriage."

"Yes. You're in one helluva fix, aren't you?"

"So don't upset me," she advised him, managing a smile. "I'm not, under any circumstances, to be upset."

Arthur shook his head. "Poor Nina," he commiserated. "You and trouble were always kept so far apart." If his tone was somewhat insincere, it was because he was among those who were embarrassed by disaster. "But do you really want to have the baby?"

"That," she replied, "is the only clear thought in my head. I do."

"What are you going to do?"

"I don't have to do anything."

"I just wondered how much thought you've given to this. Why," he marveled, obviously delighted by the spectacle before his eyes, "the family'd go to pieces."

"There're always the servants to pick them up," she pointed out tiredly.

"Nina, you aren't like that. You're too well-trained in duty and being a lady. And you can't suddenly be something you're not. Anyway, you've got to think of how you're going to go about it."

"I'm not going to have an abortion and "I'm not going to give Van's and my baby away. I'm going to go off someplace—to some other country—and I'll live off Granny's money and raise my child and never come home again and be very glad of it."

"You can't do a thing like that."

"Just watch me."

"They'd disinherit you, Nina. You'd have an awful struggle on nothing but Granny's money. Have you thought about how lonely it would be? The only sensible thing to do, if you're so determined to go through with this, is to marry someone and give the child a name."

"Who did you have in mind?" she asked. He patted the pockets of his jacket, searching for a match. The way he was striking himself he might have been hoping to scare up a little man who'd jump out and marry her there on the spot.

"I saw Mac a few weeks ago."

"Mac," she said, with such wonder in her voice that it was as though the little man had indeed appeared. "Why, I'd forgotten there ever was a Mac. Isn't that funny. I haven't seen him—good God. I haven't seen him in about a year and a half. Where was he?"

"At Stowe. We shared a bottle of wine. Naturally, we talked about you."

He waited, but she made no comment.

"I didn't seem to know much to tell him. Maybe that's when I began feeling kind of anxious about you. I hadn't realized until then how much I'd lost track of you—how much we all had."

"Who was he with?"

"I don't know. Some Wellesley girl. He seemed very keen to hear about you." Arthur stood up, beating his coat again. He looked at his watch. "My Lord, I'm late. I have to go now," he announced. His departures were always abrupt, he was continually shooting himself away like the girl in the cannon at the circus: he even had the same sudden, wistful, brave wave of the hand before he was catapulted off.

He paused at the door and gave her his raised hand signal.

"Good-bye," she whispered.

"Don't worry," he said. "We're going to think of something."

The rumblings grew louder, the wind within was roaring, and she began to suspect (the reminder of our ability to love forewarns us of much) that everything was not as dried up and finished as she had supposed.

The world loves a happy man and reacts in anger to a callow youth. There is something about his swagger that is an affront to experience, that invites in even the gentlest heart malicious hopes—that the youth will drop dead, or at least to his knees. Mac, thought Nina, looking at him appraisingly, had rather too much of that swagger.

"Would you like a drink?" she asked. "There's something in the kitchen. And take off your coat for heaven's sake." He had about him the air of having ridden by horseback into the room—an aura of splendid, triumphant arrival.

"A drink would be excellent." He stepped firmly across the floor and disappeared. He was back in a moment. "Would you like one?" he bellowed.

"Mac, Don't shout."

"I'm not shouting. It's the way I talk."

"Then try whispering. No. I don't want a drink. There. Sit over there."

He did as she asked. He crossed his knees. His light, wavy hair shone with the light from the window. "I must confess," he said, "that when Arthur came by and told me, I couldn't believe it. I'm here a little bit because you're an old flame and a little bit because I'm a curiosity seeker, driven by some need to dig about among the smoking ruins for a souvenir. Nevertheless, I'm filled with admiration. I never knew you had it in you."

She shrugged. What was it to her if he admired her? "It's over now," she told him.

"I know. And I'm sorry about that. I mean, about the way it ended. I suppose I feel that tragedy shouldn't happen to the young or the beautiful or the good, and yet that's what tragedy is, isn't it? It isn't much of a tragedy when it happens to the old, the ugly or the bad. Are you better now?"

She nodded.

"Brave, foolish girl."

"Perhaps. And what about you?"

"Me? Oh, with Audrey. That's over too," he said, drawing out a cigarette and lighting it. "But for a different reason. Another kind of tragedy."

"What's that?"

"We got bored. Perhaps she was the first to notice."

"And she'll go on, I suppose," Nina mused. "finding the charm with someone else, thinking this time she's really got it, only to grow bored again. Because no matter what it *can* do, it can't stay new and fresh forever, and you have to be able to bear that."

"You seem about ten years older," he marveled. "I find it very becoming."

"Thank you," she answered quietly, unable to suppress a slight smile.

"And you don't find me changed?"

"I haven't seen you enough yet to know."

"I have, I think. I don't believe it's nearly as obvious, though. I still have the heart of a liberal and the manners of a snob. My experience with Audrey left me more cynical than I would like—even disappointed. I've never admitted that even to myself before. Don't ever think that feeling love turn to indifference isn't one of life's great tragedies, one of man's great losses. You never got bored? Or is my speaking like this distasteful to you?"

"No, it isn't distasteful. And no, I never got bored. Van saw to that."

"But he was older. Probably the same thing happened to him, once. Do you think you know how, now, to stay interested? I mean, with someone else?"

"I haven't even thought of someone else."

"But you're going to have to, aren't you. You certainly won't go through life all alone. You'll probably even love again. Eventually."

"Eventually? I suppose. It's hard to

think about. I imagine learning how to love is like learning how to be a good cook. once you master the art, you can do it under any number of conditions, with any number of people."

"Maybe it wouldn't be a bad idea for two people to start off at that place where everyone gets to within a year or so. Two people with similar backgrounds and beliefs, without all youth's illusions. To start out clear-eyed about what you're doing, at that spot where everyone has to fall back into love again, or give up."

"Mac, dear. I suspect you're getting around to suggesting that I marry you. I think that's even why you came. And if that's true, it's very noble and sweet. It really is. And nicely built up to, as well. But no matter how cleverly you put it, I could never accept it. You must know that."

"I'm not offering it to be noble," he said after a long moment in which a window shade flapped insistently.

"Then why?"

"Because I'll never forgive myself if I don't. It's as though I'd done this to you myself. It's true, it was vaguely in my mind when I came here, and then to see you so weak and strong—all at once—it's very touching."

"How beautifully chivalrous and silly you are." She smiled. "So you're a verray parfit gentil knight," she added softly.

Easter was late that year, and Mac had come at the beginning of his vacation. Come to think of it, it was the beginning of hers, as well. He had deliberately turned down all invitations for Florida and other points south, because he had a paper to write and this was very important to him since (but she had probably forgotten long ago) he was taking his next year in Paris and this would be his key thesis. He had thought of finding some cabin to rent up in the mountains, away from everyplace and quiet. But now would she have any objections (and he realized this was one helluva long build-up, as though he were going to make a touch or something) if he stayed at another motel nearby? There was one within walking distance. It was so quiet there, still out of season, it would be an ideal spot and he couldn't think of anyone he'd rather see at the end of the day and share a drink with than her. In the end, she accepted gratefully.

During the vacation, she found herself looking forward to Mac's coming, almost always as the sun was setting, so that the two happenings became one in her mind. He never told her what she should do, nor did he ask her what she was going to do. She had made the mistake of telling Hannah that Mac had offered to marry her, and Hannah had told the others, and they were horrified to think she'd turn him down when she was so lucky to have someone take such an interest—ready to fight her battles for her, just when she needed it most. In turn or in twos, on their way to someplace else in pursuit of their holidays, they talked to her ("How can people be so sure they know what's best?" she wondered). They talked to her a great deal, their voices heated and urgent, and she had to be thankful to them for their concern and so wasn't free to be angry, gratitude being one of the most annoying injunctions against honesty that there is. And then Mac would come, mixing his sincerity with a supercilious air, and he even rented a phonograph and somehow got a hold of some records so she could hear music and finally drown out the babble of voices. Sometimes she and Mac would sit by the fire and listen to music, and after a few hours he would go away, hardly having said anything, and she liked him that much better for a rare and beautiful quality she saw in him—the ability to leave her alone.

One day, instead of Mac, Stuart appeared. "My God," Nina exclaimed. "it's the Children's Crusade!"

"I hardly think this is any time for being flippant."

In his very worst form, she observed. The one in which he wore his vest and rocked back and forth on the balls of his feet when he talked, with his thumbs tucked under his armpits. The pompous Stuart, the only one of all the Stuarts there were that she had never been able to like. "Is there a time for being flippant?" she asked politely.

He pulled a chair over the flagstones of the terrace, its scraping sound was outraged and indignant. He sat down with the chair's back between his legs, leaning his arms on it and regarding her with slitted eyes.

"You don't live all alone in the world, Nina," he began.

"If I did, I wouldn't be pregnant, would I?"

"You can't just stay holed up here feeling sorry for yourself without a thought for anyone else. If you're old enough to have a baby, you're old enough to quit acting like one."

Tears stung her eyes. "If you've come to bully me, I'd rather you didn't stay." *I've known a man who could be far more terrible than you*, she thought. *And only* he *could bully me*.

"No." He shook his head. "I didn't come to bully you. You've done what you've done, with no consideration for anyone—above all, for your family. You owe them something, after all."

"Why? Because they kept showering me with things I didn't care about when I was too young to refuse them?"

"Why hurt them? Why so completely disregard what they believe is important? Perhaps you think they live by pretensions, but don't you remember Mother's story about the woman in the insane asylum, always standing in a pail of water, and when the visitor asked why, the keeper or whatever he's called said, because she thinks she's a flower. And the visitor said, but she's *not* a flower, and he answered, maybe not, but if you take the water away, she wilts."

They both laughed. His vest disappeared (actually, he was wearing a navy blue sweater) and now all at once they were sailing together and his became the face she liked as much as any in the world. His hair was windblown, his eyes bright (would he, like Van, have bright eyes at thirty-eight? She doubted it). "It's a very selfish thing you're doing," his voice continued, "not only to the family, but to the child. Surely you've given some thought to that? A child has to have a *name*, Nina, people who claim it, to whom it belongs."

"Stuart, I'm going to hold on to what's mine just as much as you're going to hold on to what's yours."

"But you don't have to do this dramatic, outrageous thing!"

"You've come on your first assignment, I see," she said savagely. "The crown prince begins to assume the role that will one day be his, in America's royal family of the chewing gum business."

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

"You've come to get me to marry Mac," she told him.

And although it was perfectly predictable, she was disappointed in him, so that without either vest or sailboat but only

in his navy blue sweater he sat there on the small terrace of her bungalow asking. "What's the matter with marrying Mac?"

"And who would that be fair to? I'm very much in love with someone else."

"Well. you can't marry him."

"One of the things against marrying Mac is that it would be almost like committing incest. We know each other so well. There may be many advantages to such an arrangement. but I don't see what can be learned from it."

And yet. even as she spoke so defiantly, she felt a further shift in those checks and balances within herself. The sight of Stuart brought nostalgia; for sailing. for laughter. for thick carpets and comfort. He reminded her of home. She hadn't yet tried to imagine what it would be like never to go home again. And now. trying to think about it. she was filled instead with a longing for her own hed—the sheets starched and smelling of lavender—the window partly open onto the cluster of lilacs that stood below it. Things had been hard for her. Yes. very hard. How lovely it would be. to lie down there again. and to ring for whatever she wanted.

"Are you listening at all to what I'm saying. Nina?"

"Oh. yes. I'm listening."

As she noticed that the water was stained ripple red by the sun. she heard Mac's footsteps as he came around the side of the cottage. In a moment he said, "Why. hello there, Stuart."

Stuart stood up. and they shook hands. "Well." declared Stuart. "now isn't this a pleasant surprise?"

"I'm glad you're here because there's something we should talk over." Mac said.

"What's that?" Stuart inquired.

"I haven't brought it up." he continued, speaking to Nina. "because I wasn't sure you were even ready to discuss it. But you're much stronger now. You can't stay here forever. So mayhe this is the time. You mentioned once having your baby abroad."

"Yes."

"And I'll be in Paris in June. That's an old plan that everyone's known about for a long while, so there's nothing rushed about it. And you've always said you were going to take your junior year in Paris—we used to squabble about it. remember? You claimed your parents would say it was improper for you to go if I was going to be there at the same time. I insisted it be my junior year. and you insisted it be yours. Have you given any thought to going on with college?"

"Why, I haven't given any thought to going on with anything."

"Well, certainly your going abroad wouldn't come as much of a surprise to your family. You can sound surprised yourself when no one remembers. I gather you signed up back in your freshman year?"

"Yes. And I kept automatically signing any new papers they sent."

"Then you wouldn't be all alone. I could look out for you. Paris isn't much of a place to hide anymore. but it would do for a while. Some things have to be taken one step at a time."

"In effect you'd be going together," Stuart said.

"In effect. yes."

"I'm afraid the parents wouldn't hear of it."

Nina looked at him in astonishment. "Wait a minute. I'm going to do what *I* think best. not what they think best."

"You *know* what a scene they'd make."

"So why tell them." (*I never do*, she thought.)

"You'd have to tell them." Mac declared.

"Why? You'd go and I'd go and we'd simply be there at the same time."

"Nothing is so simple to them. Nina," Stuart remonstrated.

"They'd hear it from somebody else. and be ten times as upset as if they'd heard it first from you. And they'd have a right to be. Why put them in the right?" Mac asked.

"Well. I prefer not to tell them." Nina had such a strong sense of privacy it often developed into secrecy—and came into conflict with other people's sense of family and property.

"Then I will." Mac stated. "Surely you don't mind my telling them?"

"Mother will collapse. Emory will blame you. they'll get on the phone and call Pauline and Aunt Lily. the doctor will come. you'll be thrown out of the house. and you'll wish to God you'd never started it."

"Probably. But why not give them a chance?" Mac asked.

She sighed. "All right. If we must." she said.

Stuart nodded. "You can't escape from your family." he admonished her. "Nobody does. Maidens are always dreaming of being spirited away. but sooner or later they go back, or they wish they could."

Stuart got up soon after that. saying it was time to go. He looked once toward the sea and seemed to find it hard to tear himself away. as though it exercised a pull on him. a lure difficult to resist. Then he came over to where Nina lay and took her hand. He stared down at her. "Maybe you'll be happy." he murmured quietly. and looked quickly back out to sea.

But not so quickly that she did not see the tears in his eyes. nor realize just how great a part of the spoils she was.

"Mac. tell me something." Nina said.

"Yes?"

"How do you suppose you'd feel about another man's child?"

"I think I'd come to feel it was mine. After all. what man can be sure whether a child is his own or not?"

"But why are you willing to do all this?"

"Because I've found what I was looking for. Isn't it ironic I should find it so close to home? It's that old bluebird of happiness bit."

"What have you found?"

"Why. a mature woman I can value and love. And it's possible—with time. and of course not all at once and perhaps never completely—that you'll be able to love me."

"Do you feel sure you're not just being noble?"

"Only inasmuch as it's very ennobling to love. It's peculiar. I've never been as certain as I seem about things right now. I suspect that's why I talk so loud. Part of it I suppose comes from my never having as much money as my friends so I always feel like an imposter—a Negro who can pass for white. When I used to think about marrying you I couldn't see what I could possibly give you. and I could see all too clearly how much came with you in the way of the world's goods."

"It will still come with me." she reminded him. "Emory will want to 'guide' you. and 'give' to you. and 'make' you into something."

"But because I love you. I can take what he gives me," Mac said.

Benson met them at the station in her mother's town car. He handed her into the backseat. which smelled of leather. He touched his front fingers to his forehead in the salute usually reserved for her mother. and in a moment they sped off. By the brick houses and tidy yards of town they went. swings suspended from elm trees: abruptly the scenery changed and fields (now tinged with juicy green) spread out around them. She rolled down the window and sniffed deeply of the sweet. grass-scented air.

"I think you really wanted to come home anyway." Mac teased. "I don't think it was all so I couldn't talk about you behind your back."

"I'm always glad to get home." she admitted.

They turned up the driveway. the field in front of the house was a buttery spread of daffodils. while up against the house some forsythia still bloomed. like a delicate and tentative hope.

Forgetting all about Mac. she was out of the car and up the steps before Benson could open her door. Emory was already

there in the hallway of the house, and the two dachshunds were barking and Emory was saying, "Your mother's resting, not to be disturbed," and for the moment she didn't mind. She leaped up the stairs, and among the roses in her room, she stopped. She hurried over and opened the window, and yes, the lilacs were in bloom. She could hear the chef, who was back for the moment, scolding in French down in the kitchen. She leaned dreamily on the windowsill a moment. Victor was lamenting something. She smiled fondly. They had raised her, really; they were responsible for a streak of crudeness in her—a taste for rough material and cheap wine and homemade bread that had played its part in her response to Van. One can grow so sick of dainty things.

The family had a splendid dinner which ended with an after-dinner drink. It was something Emory had put away in the cellar to age on the day Nina was born, for use on special occasions throughout her life. Now she could taste her own mellowing, her own maturing, he said, in a nice little toast. The glasses in which he served the liqueur were shaped like cornucopias. Mac lifted his, eyeing it with curiosity.

Nina's mother arranged her long skirts around her feet. Nina knew she had dressed for this occasion: her mother realized that any situation is better met in the appropriate outfit, and there was nothing so bizarre or unlikely that she would not go right to work on thinking up the proper ensemble for contending with it. Tonight her dress was of some material that shone both muted silver and pink, depending on how the light struck it, and the loose sleeves and low neck were trimmed in silver mink. Her hair, which was long, had been caught back in a silver snood—current fashions no more touched her mother than did current quarrels: she lived in another age, involved with other concerns. It was her misfortune to be the master of numerous arts for which there was not, at present, any market.

"I don't know whether Nina's told you or not, but we had some plans we wanted to talk over with you," Mac began. Nina stared intently toward him. *Are you going to hand me over to them now, as everyone always has?* People were too much in awe of her parents ever to be on her side. The servants, much as they might have wanted to help, had been powerless: she knew of no authority to whom she might escape that was greater than her parents.

"Of course you remember that Nina always intended to take her junior year abroad," Mac said.

"Why, I had completely forgotten!" Nina's mother exclaimed. "But you haven't mentioned it in ages, Darling," she murmured reproachfully, turning her face toward her daughter.

"It's all arranged, Mother. It has been ever since my freshman year."

"And I've decided to go on for my Master's," Mac continued, "and to take this coming year in Paris myself. Which means we'll both be there at the same time, for the whole year. In that time a lot can happen. So we thought we should tell you about it."

"I don't know whether you should go to Paris or not," Emory said, for it never occurred to him that somebody could tell him anything without seeking his advice, with which he was as generous as with his bequests to charities. "For one thing I don't see why Nina needs more than two years of college. What good is college for a woman? Women are meant for keeping their men happy and for having children—but before they settle down they should see the world. I think she should work, on her own. The way I did. Why, before I opened my own office, I worked my way up from errand boy in the family company. Right to the very top. And I don't know that you should go to Paris either. Germany's still the coming country in Europe."

"I plan to go into the State Department. I want to know French," Mac said. "And Nina is going to Europe largely to be near me," he explained patiently.

"Nonsense!" Emory shouted, beginning to pluck furiously at the beautiful upholstery on his chair. "You can see each other weekends. Nothing to it by airplane. Possibly she should work for a charity—it's time she learned about giving—maybe in India. If she wants to go someplace different, why not make it as different as possible? A little imagination, that's what you have to have for living. A *flair* for it. Still always being feminine," he added sternly to Nina.

"I couldn't have her in one of those dingy, dirty countries, with all those diseases," Leila Colman protested.

"Do her good. Make her appreciate what she's got. She never has understood how many advantages she has."

"I wish you wouldn't speak about me like one of your investments," Nina said.

"Why, how can you talk in that ungrateful way to your father!" her mother cried indignantly. "After all he's done for you! You're a rebellious girl. Imagine coming to us like this and simply announcing you're going off without even asking!"

"Wait a minute," Mac said. "Just hold on a minute. Leila, you're a very sensible woman when you decide to be, and you surely don't want Nina running off, angry, with me to Paris. It's not very wise to drive her away—and I think you are wise." Then he turned to Nina's father and said. "And Emory, you haven't honestly listened to me."

Emory looked at him with hunted, animal eyes that darted this way and that, searching for the nearest exit. "Young man," he said, obviously trying to control his voice, "I'm not accustomed to being spoken to in that manner."

"I know you're not. But I'm not one of your pliable sons and I don't work for you, and I'm quite at liberty to speak to you on equal terms."

"Not in *my* house!"

"Maybe not. But I'm disappointed. I truly am. I thought you were fair, and that if I came to you, wanting to talk to you about plans for myself, which also include Nina—you would be courteous and listen."

"Go ahead," Emory said, after a long silence in which his face worked convulsively.

"I'm going to Paris because I think it's an important step in the career I've settled on. That's only of interest to you because Nina and I may get married while we're there. Nina isn't going to Florence or India or into the family business where she can work her way to the top, because she's going where I'm going. It's perfectly innocent, but if you hear it from somebody else you might not think so, and anyway I felt I owed it to you for you to hear it directly from me, and also to hear a denial of any rumors before they got started."

Leila stared intently at her feet. "I wonder if I'm really comprehending. You've come to tell us you're going to Paris together, and you wanted us to know first, so the information wouldn't come from outside. So we could be prepared?"

"That's it, exactly. How clever of you to understand," Mac said, rather affectionately.

"Yes," she agreed. "Isn't it? And while you're both over there you might get married?"

"Yes."

"You'd come back here, of course, for the wedding."

"There's no *of course* about it."

"Does that mean you would?"

"It means we are not planning to."

"You'd elope?" she asked dangerously.

"We'd invite you over."

"So nice of you to think of us. And if we couldn't come?"

"That would have to be entirely up to you."

"We couldn't possibly come!" Emory seemed frenzied. "Leila never flies," he reminded Nina, as though this were in some way her fault, "and there wouldn't be time to take the boat. I can't drop everything, leave my business, at anyone's whim. People depend on me. *You* don't know what responsibility is."

"Would you *want* us there?" Leila asked, ignoring her husband completely.

"I think weddings need the seal of approval of having the family there," Mac answered.

"Perhaps Aunt Lily would loan her house," she proceeded. "I'd always assumed Nina would be married here, with our friends and her friends around. Possibly I assumed too much. It's true I never fly—my wings are clipped. But I might take the boat and Emory could fly."

"Take the boat *alone*?" Emory asked incredulously.

"I'd take Sara with me," she replied, still avoiding his eyes. "I know you don't think she's much of a maid, but I like her," she added ominously.

"I couldn't hear of it!" he declared vehemently.

"Why not? Why can't I do one thing once by myself? I'm tired of being lame!"

"Now dear. You're a little excited. No wonder," he said harshly to the rest of them. "The way you've been behaving. A little rest and you'll be feeling much better."

"A little," she mocked. "A little tired, a little nap, a little diamond for your little finger. Would you like to see the world? I snapped a picture of it yesterday, just for little you. I'm not little, do you understand? I'm big!"

They looked at one another in astonishment, catching sight in that moment of just how big they might all yet be. Then, in effect, all of them scattered, hastening to their own particular corners where they might consult with their aides and attorneys, rearrange their faces and (a little out of breath) their thinking as well.

"Possibly I could find time to take the boat," Emory conceded, on his return. "You two would have to be married on a Monday. Leila and I could sail there over the weekend and return the next weekend."

"I wouldn't want to come back so soon," his wife told him, and then she looked in surprise toward Mac, as though he were the cause of her great transformation.

"Maybe you could—for a few days—stay on," Emory admitted, his hands letting go all at once and slumping, crumpled, on the armrest. "You'd take care of her." Emory, whose every look was an accusation, pinned his eyes on Mac. "A man has to take care. That's his job, what he was put here for. He guards and protects the woman, so she can reproduce the race. We're not in this world for anything else but to reproduce ourselves. Are you prepared to do that?"

Mac nodded, controlling a smile.

"And to take care of my daughter?"

"Yes."

"I've always tried to take care of people," Emory mused, mostly to himself. "Maybe I never understood about letting them go." He sank back into his chair, apparently exhausted and deep in thought. His despair now filled the room like smoke, and Nina found herself choking with tears in her eyes.

"Philippe could be a tremendous help to you. I'm sure," her mother said to Mac. "Oh, we'll all help," she smiled wryly. Then she, too, leaned her head back and closed her eyes. Nina studied her face in repose. Is that what protection did for you, made you look so vulnerable the moment you relaxed? If her parents had ever struggled (which was hardly the word for it), it was toward every form of coverage, insurance, investment plan, alarm system—was this proving it all, even to them, virtually useless?

At last Emory roused himself. "I've always said that if you want to go into science, you should study in Germany, and if you want to go into international affairs, you should study in Paris. I remember saying that to *you*," his eyes encountered Mac, "more than once, and I still say it. And if you want to be together, well, what can we do to stop you? I've always tried to *make* Nina self-reliant, *set* her free. Why I *forced* her to go to Europe the last time. Yes." His eyes, stabbing at each of them, were once more triumphant. "I always wanted her to understand the world, go out and meet it head on. To grow, don't you know? We don't stop growing until we die, or, at least, we shouldn't stop growing until we die."

His wife sat up and regarded him at last with reluctant, skeptical eyes. Slowly she lifted her drink to her lips, still contemplating him. "Perhaps I shall stay in Europe for the summer," she said finally. Her husband's glance was frightened, but he made no reply.

Then they all, rather slowly—and looking very tired—lifted their glasses and sipped their liqueurs, tasting of age and maturity. THE END

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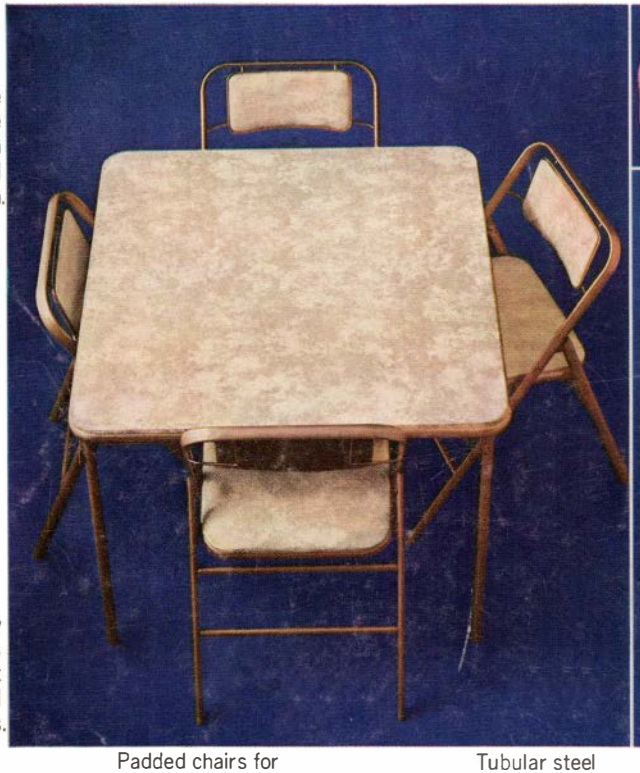

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