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# JAGUAR

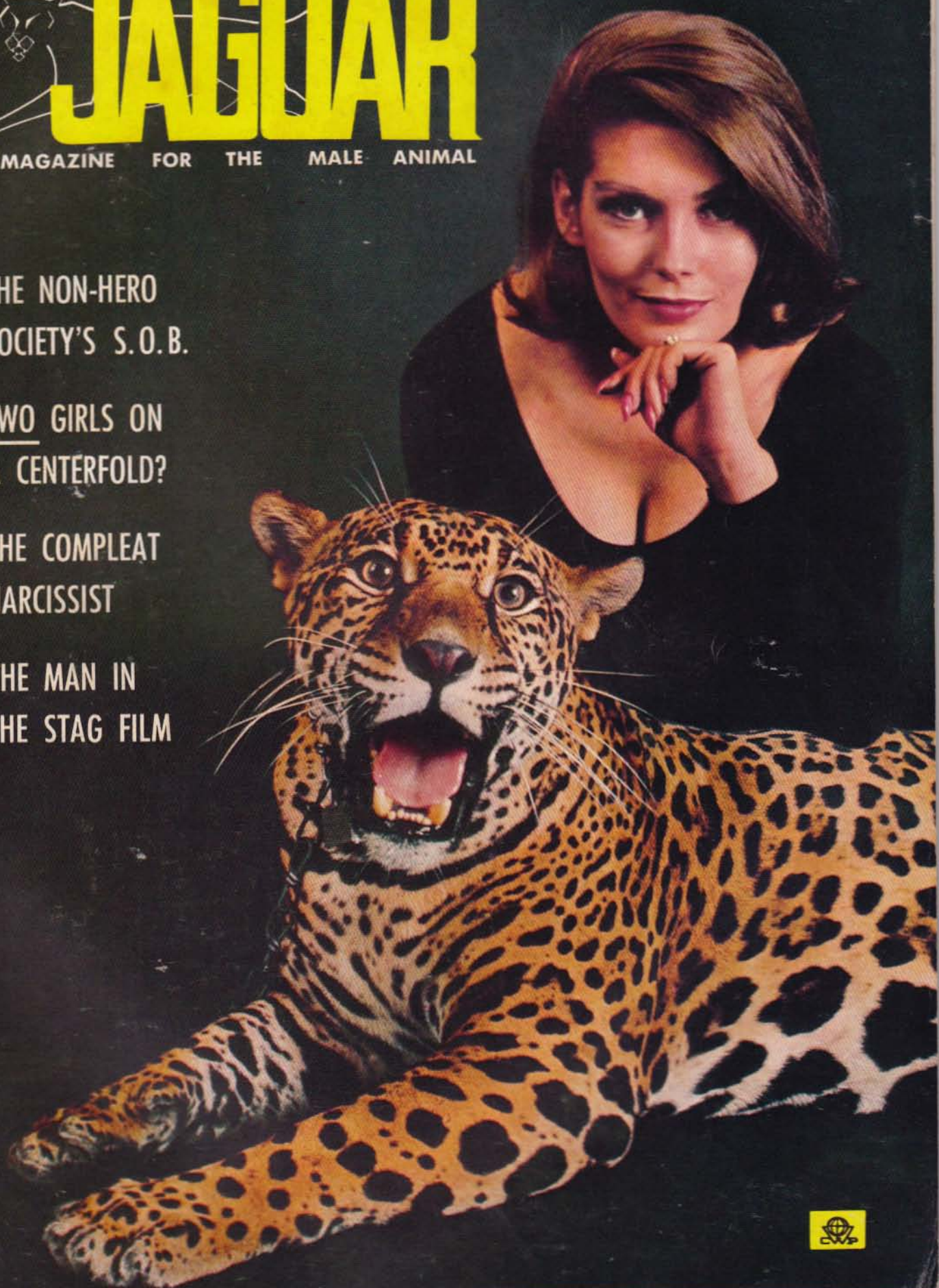
THE MAGAZINE FOR THE MALE ANIMAL

THE NON-HERO  
SOCIETY'S S.O.B.

TWO GIRLS ON  
A CENTERFOLD?

THE COMPLEAT  
NARCISSIST

THE MAN IN  
THE STAG FILM





## yesterday's bright young men

Much was promised yet little realized  
in the brief career of Pamela Moore,  
who, though a woman, typifies  
all the sad young, all the  
bright young men

by Milburn Smith

The Daily News insinuated she had "marital difficulties" and "suicidal tendencies," but that's the Daily News. The Trib made a little story out of it, attempting to turn her obituary into a feature. Who says a good newspaper has to be dull? The Journal-American (breathlessly) . . . and (dot-dot-dot) and (all choked-up-edly) and (who says a good newspaper has to be tasteful?) was too tricky to really say anything, but as usual, got emotional, played up her nine-month-old son asleep in his crib in the next room, and made it all a little cheap. All in all, the Times did the best job with it, and while Pamela would not have denied the Daily News their insinuations, nor the Journal-American their dot-dot-dot's, she would have been pleased about the Times.

### NOVELIST, 26, FOUND DEAD AT HER HOME IN BROOKLYN

Pamela Moore, a writer, apparently committed suicide yesterday in her apartment at 1 Clark Street in Brooklyn Heights, the police reported.

The police said Miss Moore, who died of a gunshot wound, had been found by

her husband, Adam Kanarek, a lawyer. A 22-caliber rifle was found next to the body. Their nine-month-old child, Kevin, was in the apartment.

Miss Moore, 26 years old, was the author of "Chocolates for Breakfast," a novel about a confused adolescent girl set in Hollywood and New York.

She wrote the book in 1956 when an undergraduate at Barnard College. She was at work on another novel when she died.

The Times called her a novelist, while the other papers referred to her as "a writer." I remember trying to hurt her because at 19 she'd published a novel, while at 22 I hadn't even been printed in the college literary magazine. I made some remark which attempted to minimize her book and classify it among the ridiculous efforts of silly female writers who turned untrue confessions into novels. She parried my thrust and said that her parents, an editor and a novelist, disappointed she was not a boy, sent out announcements of her birth which read: We wanted an editor, but got a novelist.

A dutiful daughter, she wrote "Chocolates for Breakfast" at 18, and saw it published shortly after her 19th birthday. At present there are 990,000 copies of the paperback edition in print, and the book has been translated into 11 languages.

What does all this have to do with the Bright Young Man, and for that matter, what is a Bright Young Man? He is that promising undergraduate with a "facility," and God help him, he is branded as promising before he's accomplished anything but an initial flash. Chances are the flash is going to be in the pan.

He's the guy who has so much going for him, he's never had to push. He tends to be superficial because he's never had to get beneath the surface. No overcompensator he, if he can get a B+ without opening a book, why should he try for an A—?

He's the cocktail party man, or what was called back in my college days, the Whole Man. This means he knows a little bit about a lot of things, can toss the bull and pull the wool, and gets by

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slowing the metabolism of the inhibitory centers of the brain and spinal cord, thereby increasing the efficiency of perceptions and reactions to perceptions. But it is almost a certainty that the habituation of this process ultimately serves to destructure personality by regrouping the personality's natural defenses against perception, eventually blurring and confusing the act of perception itself, and it is probably for this reason that most users of marijuana ultimately discard the drug. The function that marijuana has in the life of the dedicated outsider seems, on a social level at least, to be to remove him from the shackles and confines of ordinary societal responsibility. Though the drug is far less dangerous than the average person supposes, it is illegal, and therefore condemned. To the dedicated rebel, this is probably the most delicious thing about it.

**J**EAN GENET, ex-burglar, homosexual, and convict, is the European non-hero par excellence. Alienated from society by a woefully unfortunate childhood, he determined in his adolescence to live the life of the dedicated criminal in a proud attempt to meet his destiny head-on. He thereupon equipped himself with a peculiar form of religion, a mythology of the divinely perverse, of the anti-moral, of the sacredly un-holy. In this he bears a resemblance to non-hero Moriarty, in that intensity of experience, rather than quality, is used as a basis of mystic feeling. Genet first began to write in prison, as the result of an incident that caused him, as it has so many non-heroes, to give forth a gesture of defiance. He had been put into a prison cell with other prisoners, who, like him, were awaiting sentence. The rest of the men were in ordinary clothes, but by some mistake Genet had been ordered to wear prison garb. His presence disquieted and upset the other men, and to pass the time away, one of them composed and proudly recited some sentimental verses addressed to his sister. Genet declared that he could do better, and wrote a serious poem called *Condamné Mort*, the death sentence. His efforts were ridiculed, as he had expected, and perhaps because of that, he polished the poem and began to write others. His major work, a semi-autobiographical novel sardonically entitled *Our Lady of the Flowers*, is primarily a series of homosexual fantasies concerning a group of Genet's fellow prisoners. There is a fairly complex plot, although it is not developed in chronological order. We know almost from the beginning that the "hero," Divine, will die of tuberculosis, and that "her" greatest love, Darling,

will desert and forget Divine, and that another lover, Our Lady, has committed a murder and will be arrested and guillotined. Throughout the novel Genet develops his theory of the non-hero: "A man is great if he has a great destiny; but this greatness must be on the order of the visible, the measurable. It is magnificence seen from without. Though it may be wretched when seen from within, it then becomes poetic, if you are willing to agree that poetry is the meeting at the breaking point of the visible and the invisible." The man who became Divine was thus "a poem written only for herself, sealed to whoever did not have the key to it."

The writing of *Our Lady of the Flowers*, a task that occupied Genet on and off for years, eventually provided him with a road out of his non-heroism. As philosopher Jean-Paul Sartre put it, "ten years of literature equalled a psychoanalytic cure." Genet seems to have ultimately emptied himself of his passion for the mythologically morbid and perverse; at any rate, a petition on his behalf, signed by the leading figures of French literature, was actually successful in obtaining his release. Today he is a free man, and a very widely influential one. Sartre's study of his life and personality, *Saint Genet*, was recently published in English and has caused something of a stir in literary circles. Sartre considers Genet's "moral recovery" as synonymous with his self-realization as a creative artist. But it is clear that Sartre, too, considers there to be a strong and valid connection between the religious and the intense, between the criminal and the martyr. The relation of the sacrificial goat to the cultural leader is perhaps most clearly found outside of literature, in the function of the living, breathing non-hero.

The juvenile delinquent is a subject that continues to elude the understanding of society at large, and certainly that of the police and the press. He commits his crimes, generally speaking, not out of any real or material needs, but out of pure rage. Most often he comes from a background of cultural and emotional alienation, from an "underprivileged" home. He has been made to feel, not incorrectly, that the world of "normal" society is stacked against him. He fights back because his choice is not one of struggle or non-struggle; it is a choice of internalized or externalized warfare, violence toward others versus self-emasculatation. The individual whose personal desperation finally forces him to strike out if he is not to die quickly gains the attention and adulation of those who share his predicament but lack his courage, and the gang and its leader have been cre-

ated. But the leader is at the same time the victim, for he is usually the one who is eventually caught, and the others know this. In this the gang leader shares with all non-heroes the role of shaman, or sacrificial object of destruction.

Summing up, then, we find the non-hero to be the inevitable product of the anti-human society. The simple desire to rebel, to kick society where it hurts the most, is an 'unconscious but pressingly real drive, and it is one that will gain currency in the near future to a degree that is probably hard to imagine now. For once society has set its path, it seldom deviates therefrom. The non-hero not only does what each of us would love to, he also suffers for it, thus removing the threat of punishment to ourselves. If the day ever dawns when man can accept responsibility for his own condition and his own actions, the days of the hero, any hero, will have ended forever. But in a world organized specifically against such an eventuality, the prospects for the non-hero seem rich indeed. Though he is but a projection of our own desires, we nevertheless can only wonder, as man's anxiety continues to increase, where the non-hero is going to lead us, and how far we will follow him.

*Joel Meltz is a New York conductor and composer. Four years ago he shot his landlord on Martha's Vineyard, but was exonerated, and went on to conduct a concert of Indeterminate Music at Judson Memorial Church, where it incited a riot.*



## young men

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as a sort of intellectual con-man. He's what the Johnson-O'Connor Research Foundation in Human Engineering calls the Too-Many Aptitude Man. He is endowed with more than the usual number of natural talents, excelling almost equally in all. He's above average in creativity, above average in mechanical aptitudes, language skills—he is again, the Whole Man.

He's probably good looking, or if not conventionally handsome, at least sensitive looking, and ah, the beautiful soul that shines from beneath the surface. He's probably from an economically fortunate background. They're lined up three deep at the bar trying to buy him drinks. The girls want him, but probably distrust him—and with good reason. The guys are fascinated by him, but wonder how the sonofabitch does it.

But if he's published or produced at



18, what fire will be left to light the world at 20? If he's Poet of the Year at 19, how can he be a voice in the wilderness at 40? He's *not* the most likely to succeed. The most likely to succeed is that ratty kid eating alone in the corner of the dining hall, bent over a book, stuffing down his institutional brown meat. He speaks with a stutter and his tie is stained, and one of these day's you're going to pick up the paper and learn he's won the Nobel Prize, or been made president of Random House, or parted the Red Sea waters.

The Bright Young Man has money, looks, ability, opportunity and early success, but how swiftly flies that sweet bird of youth, and nothing is sadder than yesterday's Bright Young Man. His looks and money have survived, but his promises have been broken, his abilities have been neglected, his opportunities have been squandered, and his initial success shares the bottom drawer with last year's cancelled checks.

**T**hough a female, when I knew her Pamela was a Bright Young Man. It was December 1954, and Pamela was a freshman at Barnard. She'd never graduated from high school, or so she told me. She'd been going to school in California, living out there with her mother, who was writing for movie magazines. Then she left high school, and for a time was living in Arizona, I think. Finally she decided she wanted to go to college. Not having graduated from high school, she had a problem, but she was bright, and Barnard let her take their entrance exams. She did well, and they admitted her anyway.

I'd better state right here that I don't trust my "facts" about Pamela. My memories I can vouch for; the facts are not absolutely sure.

I was a member of the Columbia Players, the undergraduate dramatic society of Columbia College, and for our December show we'd chosen *Camino Real*. I was assigned to do props and was working under a funny-looking girl from Barnard who'd walked into Players and sort of asked, sort of demanded to be stage manager. That was Pamela.

She didn't adopt any of the standard Barnard campus costumes—the all-black Vampiria look, the butch Bermuda short look, nor the big felt skirt look. She wore a dress—one piece, printed cotton, shirt-waist I guess you call it, and medium heels. For rehearsal, she wore dungarees, sweatshirt, and sneaks, which was standard attire.

She was not pretty nor cute. She was short, I'd judge about five-foot, certainly not more than five-two. She was not fat, but stocky, and you knew she'd develop into a pudgy middle-aged woman. Except of course you'd have been wrong. She had enormous eyes and dark lashes,

heavy brows. She had a small mouth, with a pouting lower lip. Her jaw jutted forward, and this gave her a slight speech impediment, so that her s's were shh-ed. She had a broad forehead, and her black hair was parted simply on the side and always kept neat. She referred to herself as a Black Irishman.

As is so often the case with people less than beautiful, after a while Pamela created her own sort of good looks. You discovered there was something of the gamin in her. You discovered she had a knack for tilting her head down as she spoke to you, playing up her strongest feature—her enormous eyes. I don't recall the color, but they were deep.

Pamela flirted very nicely, a talent possessed by all too few college girls. Despite her low voice and her mannish rehearsal clothes, she was intensely feminine. She was not a wanton little co-ed on the make, nor was she like the snowy-bleach, ice-cold blonds in their tennis shorts who chill at 20 paces. There was something very sensual about her, and she always treated the college boys around her like men. In this way, she carried with her the statement of something sexual, and on this was based her sex appeal.

She was a good stage manager, by far the most professional of our college group, having spent the previous summer in stock. She insisted, for instance, that I have all the prop lists typed up in triplicate, and for the first time, the task of scrounging props had some order. *Camino* was an extremely complex show to do, yet Pamela's script was so well marked, when she was taken ill midway through the run, the show was able to go on without a hitch.

We had a small inbred group, and newcomers were usually resented, feared, barred from entrance. Pamela, however, was quickly accepted, partly because she was obviously so well qualified for her job, which carried with it responsibility, authority and prestige.

The last show that year, the Varsity Show, was in the tradition of college musicals, a drag show. This one involved characters based on Ethel Merman, Vampiria, Mae West and Louella Parsons all tossed together in Rome to make a movie. As we put up the set, Pamela's pet project became the huge doorway to Mae's Roman villa, which had been spread out over several rows of the orchestra of MacMillan Theatre. Instead of slopping on the paint so as to suggest the columns with a frieze atop, Pamela was busy with pencil and eraser, doing a detailed sketch. Of course she knew this would never be seen from the audience, but that wasn't the point. The frieze was the point.

She told me she was drawing a group of "beautiful young men." Most of them were nude, bathing, strolling

through Grecian gardens, sporting, lounging. Some of the figures wore clothes, and they were not "beautiful."

"All the morning bathers are nude," she said, and then proceeded to outline her system of classification concerning young men, beautiful or ugly, sensitive or coarse. The frail, delicate, sensitive, slightly effeminate young men were the "beautiful" ones. They were the poets and pure hearts, destined to bloom early and wilt before midday. They were the morning bathers. The others were the work horses of the world. They bathed in the evening, to wash the sweat of labor off their bodies, no doubt. They wore clothes, fought wars, raped and pillaged, begat children, worked nine to five and lived to decay in old age. Pamela let me know she considered me an evening bather, and though it was not exactly an insult, it was not exactly a compliment, either.

Pamela and I used to spar like two scrappy Irishmen. We liked to fight about what type of Irish it was socially acceptable to be. Since I'd been to Ireland and she hadn't, I felt I knew more on the subject. She felt that since I was not Catholic, I was no Irishman at all, and besides, what kind of an Irishman is named Smith? But it was fun, most of it was flirting, and the game of wits amused us.

One Saturday late in the year, I was working in Players' office. The job involved a lot of typing and sorting, and I needed help. I called Pamela and asked her if she would come. She said she'd be right over.

It was a sweltering hot May afternoon, yet Pamela walked in in her trench coat, collar turned up, buckle buckled. She was wearing sneaks, and she looked like a caricature of a female spy, dressed as you'd dress Nancy Walker for a revue sketch. She took off the trench coat, and underneath she was wearing a bathing suit. It was not a bikini or a suit meant to be revealing, it was a piece of clothing designed with but one thought in mind—the wearer could *swim*—the English channel if necessary. I commented on the bathing suit, she said why not? and we got to work. She was extremely efficient, and we accomplished a great deal. Since then, I've had an image of the ideal private secretary—Pamela. Bright, capable, fun to work with, fun to be with.

**I**T WAS also that spring that I was first summoned to meet Mummy. Mummy lived in a small apartment on Park Avenue in the 80's. She was middle-aged and attractive, very much a New Yorker, smart, sophisticated, but she was also a believable mother. She was like all those wise-cracking, trench-coat-wearing, felt-hatted newspaperwomen from the 30's comedies, the ones named

Casey or Clancey who lost Clark Gable to Jean Harlow, but would always remain his pal.

Mummy was Isabel Moore, one of the breed of old-time prolific writers who ground out fiction for the slicks. Several of her novels were in a bookcase, and I took a sampling. A typical opening sentence was, "Gwendolyn Farrington pressed down the accelerator of her yellow roadster and watched the speedometer climb towards 90."

I had already met Pamela's father, Don Moore. He'd come to Columbia to see one of the productions Pamela stage managed, and we'd met briefly in the theatre lobby. He was quiet and pipe-smoking, seemed more like a scholar than an editor, and I couldn't picture the elder Moores as a couple. Apparently neither could they, and for several years, I gathered, they'd been divorced.

It was clear that to Pamela, as far as writing was concerned, and personalities not counting, her father represented the world of serious literature, while Isabel's work placed her among the hacks.

Aside from this, Pamela and her mother seemed genuinely fond of each other. I had the feeling that Pamela was showing her mother off for the approval of her peers. She was proud of her mother's go-to-hell attitude, of her mother's bright and brittle conversation, and as the evening went on Pamela withdrew. She curled up on the sofa and glowed while her mother and I battled out Smart Talk—the college boy trying to impress the woman of the world, the woman of the world trying to embarrass the college boy.

At one point we ran out of liquor, and Isabel phoned a store to send more. "I suppose I ought to feed you kids," she said, and then phoned a delicatessen to send up some sandwiches. To one who had been brought up in a conventional small town it seemed a strange way to entertain, but I liked the informality, and I also liked Isabel Moore. She wrote like a Keepsake ad, and there were obviously demons gnawing at her vitals, but she was like her daughter, bright and fun, and I liked her.

I was amazed at how quick Isabel was to acknowledge the eternal war between the generations. It was as though neither Pamela nor Isabel asked, nor expected anything from the other. Pamela's attitude seemed to be, "I didn't ask to be born," and Isabel's seemed to be, "I didn't ask that you be my kid." Of course the war does exist, but I was shocked at the lack of pretense, and would have welcomed some soothing deception. It's the place for children to feel the war, but parents, older and more compassionate, if not wiser, are supposed to lie, to make believe there is no conflict. The honesty of Pamela

and Isabel was bare and frightening.

There were a few more visits with Mummy, and then Pamela gave a cocktail party. At that time, Mummy was editor of *Photoplay* and Van Johnson, in New York to film *Miracle in the Rain* with Jane Wyman, showed up as the Celebrity of the Evening. We'd all grown up with Van Johnson, but now that life imitated art, he seemed to us not like a real person, but a mirage. Unsure whether we were in the second balcony or a living room, the smart young college kids avoided him like the plague, and the Celebrity of the Evening was laying a great bomb. Pamela finally went over and graciously rescued him from the hors d'oeuvres.

Youth, the real young men, and the Young Man—it was an unreal atmosphere. Van Johnson was past his prime, June Allyson was getting crow's feet and the last bomber had returned from over Tokyo. Although chronologically he had a good 15 years on us, Van Johnson's screen age was only slightly more than our own. We pitied him his years and privately considered him a figure of fun, for he was the personification of yesterday's Bright Young Men and ridiculous to us, for we were still young enough to think we'd never grow old.

"CHOCOLATES for Breakfast" was completed the following fall, and then submitted to Monica McCall, who either was, or had been, Isabel's agent. I was coming out of class one Friday in the spring of 1956 when Pamela met me at the door and handed me a letter saying that Rinehart's would publish "Chocolates" on their fall list. We decided to celebrate. I had about five dollars in my pocket, so together we raced to the Columbia's Bookshop, where I could cash a check. The limit on checks was \$35.00, so that meant our celebration could cost no more than \$40.00.

I hadn't read the book, so first of all we grabbed a cab for Mummy's. Mummy was away somewhere, but there was a copy of the manuscript and plenty of scotch, and while I fixed us drinks, Pamela started abridging the novel for me. "Here, read this," she'd say, and I'd read five pages or so. Then she'd tell me plot, skipping as she went, and then I'd read more. It took two hours and several drinks to get through the book.

We wanted to go jump in Zelda's fountain, or waterbomb Park Avenue, but that wasn't our style and besides we were hungry. Isabel's refrigerator contained half a bottle of cocktail onions and a can of beer, so we decided to go out. There was a restaurant around the corner. I suspect it thrived on maid's-night-out clientele, for there was no atmosphere, and not very good food, but you could take kids there. We decided

on it because it was close and quick and we could then decide what to do after.

While we were eating, we decided to phone two other friends and ask them to join us. They were on their way to see *Wages of Fear*, a French film that was causing a stir that year. It had just moved from an expensive first-run house to one of the cheapies on 42nd Street, and they wanted us to join them. I'd already seen the film, and a trip to the cheapies was not my idea of a celebration, but Pamela said she thought it would be fun, so off we went.

She hadn't taken an over-night, which meant she had to be back at the dorm by 1:30, so as it turned out, we left in the middle of the picture. It was about 1:15 when we got back to the campus, and I remember sitting on the steps of a greenhouse across from Johnson Hall, having a last cigarette.

There had been no celebration. We hadn't been arrested in front of the Plaza, we'd been neither smart nor chic, not even particularly young, and it might have been her ninth book, or a celebration for an A in astronomy. Around us, intense couples pressed against each other and necked openly, clumsily and comically. We exchanged a few quiet kisses, but still it was no celebration, and neither of us really cared.

In the fall, shortly after the publication of "Chocolates," Pamela left Barnard and went to Europe. "I lived in Paris, attended the Sorbonne, and participated in the literary life of France," she said later in an interview. Rinehart's never put much muscle behind promotion of the book, but in Europe, apparently Pamela was almost as much of a celebrity as Françoise Sagan became over here. Commenting on this period of her life later in an interview, she said what she remembered most was being confused. In Europe she was considered an intellectual spokesman for American youth, while in America she was treated as a "scandalous young girl," a literary freak who had typed a book at 18. What she found most upsetting was that, "you don't know what's expected of you" and "you can't say what you think."

Later in the year, she published a short article in one of the men's magazines. The point of it was that while swimming nude in the Mediterranean, she'd been observed by some French boys who did not see her merely as a nude girl, but as a wonderful free spirit, enjoying nature, her senses, her own body.

Sure.

On the editor's page, they printed a photo of Pamela in her trench coat, ready for that revue sketch again.

I was getting a Master's Degree at Columbia since my B.A. qualified me to do nothing else. It must have been the



spring of 1957 that I saw Pamela. I bumped into her in the Barnard Annex, a student lounge. She told me of her success in Europe, and expressed approval of the girl I was about to marry. A few years later I again met her accidentally. She had married a young lawyer named Adam Kanarek, who was finishing some work at Columbia. I was now living in the Columbia neighborhood, and my wife and I entertained them one evening. The first thing that struck me about Adam was how much he resembled Pamela. If all married couples look alike Pamela and Adam might have been twins. They had the same stocky frame, the same broad face, dark hair, sensitive eyes, sincere smile.

Later in an interview, Pamela credited Adam with helping her overcome the ordeal of fame. "Fame pushes you into insecurity," she said. "You feel you're confronting the world instead of just your family and friends . . . [Adam] pointed out to me that I was first and foremost a writer, that I shouldn't think being a celebrity is an identity."

She was working on a second book at this time, more weighty than "Chocolates," very long, not especially sexy, which as I recall, was to be called "Prophets Without Honor." Her American publishers, however, wanted her to follow "Chocolates," which was selling extremely well in paperback, with something on the same line, and the literary schizophrenia was tearing her apart.

She and Adam seemed very happy. They were looking forward to returning to Europe, to having children, to more and better books. And the next I saw her, she was lying in her coffin in Frank E. Campbell's Funeral Home on Madison Avenue and 81st Street, while Adam stood red-eyed nearby, his grief obvious.

"If you put it all together," said Robert Gosselin, the detective who investigated her death, "the last four pages [of her diary] under the date June 7 [1964] indicated that she was having trouble with her writing and intended to destroy herself. . . . There was a reference to that guy Hemingway and how he died. . . . She wanted the last four pages, the suicide note, added to the novel she was working on."

In the last sentences of those pages, she wrote of the rifle barrel as "cold and alien" to her mouth.

At the time of her death, two of her books had been published in America in addition to "Chocolates for Breakfast." "The Horsy Set" was published by Simon and Schuster early in 1963. Dell brought out the paperback edition later in the year. "The Exile of Suzy-Q" was published originally in France, and appeared in America first in April 1964 in a Paperback Library edition. This fall, Dell will publish

"Diana," which has already appeared in England under the title, "East Side Story." Then, if it is ever published, there is "Kathy," the frankly autobiographical novel she was working on at the time of her death.

**P**AMELA never found her voice. At best, she's F. Scott Fitzgerald revisited—30 years later. But after the Depression, World War II, the Bomb, and the Civil Rights issue, Fitzgerald's advertisements for self pity have a sort of charm for us, and we are nostalgic as he laments wasted youth, squandered riches and a growing disillusionment.

Her two themes seem to be modern affluent youth and the war between the generations. But Pamela never tells us what actually is happening with today's affluent youths, and why vandalism and violence have become the toys of the Too-Much Too-Sooners. And the war between the generations? She never wrote on the subject in a manner to match Edward Albee's "The American Dream" or "Who's Afraid of Virginia Wolfe?"

I don't know what happened to "Prophets Without Honor," but I have read the other two books that followed "Chocolates." "The Horsy Set" was more of the same, but not as good. While "Chocolates'" main virtue was the obvious sincerity of its author, with "The Horsy Set," it's obvious Pamela had joined the bad guys—the hacks. "The Exile of Suzy-Q" wants very much to be a comic novel. It tells of the enforced retirement of a Hollywood mope who turns into a sexpot before her studio can plan for the transition. But it's neither particularly telling about Hollywood, nor is it particularly funny.

I suspect that Pamela had greater plans for both "The Horsy Set" and "Suzy-Q." I suspect the first was meant to be a serious novel. The press releases refer to it as a "biting comment on the environment that produces the poor little rich girl." Pamela is quoted as saying the book concerns "young people today . . . finding their own morality in the face of the amorality of their parents." In the same way, I suspect "Suzy-Q" was intended as a biting comment on Hollywood and that aspect of American morality that turns children into sex symbols.

I don't think Pamela wanted to write bad books. I think she failed to write good ones. I think she wanted to be a writer, and discovered herself becoming a hack.

"I guess in a way I have lived through a little of Mother's life, but not really! I'd kill myself if I ever thought I was just doing the same things she did."

The quote is from "The Horsy Set." The context is different, but the words apply.

So if she couldn't write like a great writer, at least she could die like one—and in that last desperate act, relate her work to Ernest Hemingway, Virginia Wolfe, and yes, to Scott Fitzgerald too.

And what about our Bright Young Man grown old, yesterday's Bright Young Man, that role Pamela chose not to play? He got hung up on self confidence, and in the end it was this that undid him. He believed his own publicity. Finally, the self-confidence turned not into self doubt, but to an extremely tired Oh well. . . .

He's not even a success at failure. Indeed, he wears defeat so becomingly you probably wouldn't even recognize it as defeat. He did, after all, marry the boss' daughter. He does, after all, have that \$18,000 a year job, and the boat on the Sound or at the lake. He wears his sports clothes well, doesn't go bald, and when he turns grey, it's all very Cary Grant. He's still a cocktail party delight, the country club loves him, his wife is considered the luckiest woman in the world, and his cynicism is not unbecoming. He still has his legend, his clippings, his reviews, his loving cups.

The race is over and while he hasn't won, neither has he had the satisfaction of placing last. The superior turned out to be merely average, his great gift is but a nice little talent, and his world ends not with a bang but a whimper. Oh well. . . .

Talent, discipline, breaks, and in writers—a message. The Bright Young Man starts, with the breaks and talent of an indeterminate measure. That ratty kid we left back in the dining hall starts with a message. He doesn't really want to be a writer. As a matter of fact, he'd rather not be, but he's got to write. The Bright Young Man tries to keep his mind on his purpose, but so many people have said, "Send me an autographed copy," that finally the author image sticks and he ends up like the man in the ad—As long as you're up, get me a Grant's.

**W**HEN I left the funeral home where Pamela's body was laid out, I drove out towards my home on Long Island. It was the first sticky day we'd had of summer, and it reminded me how unpleasant New York was going to be in July. Coming across the 59th street bridge, I was greeted by the industrial gases of Long Island City mixed with the odor of all those Sunshine biscuits burning. It wasn't a particularly beautiful world, and its possibilities for improvement are definitely limited, but it was a world, and a life lived in it as a hack writer is nevertheless a life.

Who ever told Pamela that if she wasn't a writer, she was nothing?

