

Marilyn Monroe: the untold story of her last years

BY FRED LAWRENCE GUILLES

When she was born on June 1, 1926, she was given the name Norma Jean. The identity of her mother, Gladys Baker Mortensen, is certain. But the search for her father was to be at the core of her short, tragic life.

By the time Norma Jean was eight years old, her maternal grandparents had already been destroyed by mental illness, and their daughter, Norma Jean's mother, began a series of confinements in mental institutions.

The child, placed in an orphanage for two years, was then shunted from one home to another.

In 1942, a restless, lonely, 16-year-old Norma Jean married James Dougherty, a neighbor. Separated for long periods because of Jim's travels with the maritime service, the couple was divorced three years later.

By then a modeling course began to pay off for Norma Jean. She changed her name to Marilyn (after the actress Marilyn Miller) Monroe (her grandmother's last name), and set out to fulfill her dreams.

At twenty-one, living a hand-to-mouth existence, Marilyn did bit parts in obscure movies. Then, in the early 1950s, after "All About Eve" and "The Asphalt Jungle" had gained favorable attention, she was offered a starring role in "How To Marry a Millionaire."

Bearing—and at times exhibiting—the emotional scars of her past, Marilyn nevertheless had come a long way. She was young, successful and in love.

Joe DiMaggio, the former New York Yankee baseball star, and Marilyn were married on January 14, 1954, in San Francisco, the groom's hometown. The corridors of City Hall were jammed with over a hundred reporters and photographers. Inside Judge Perry's chambers, about a dozen friends of the groom witnessed the ceremony. None of Marilyn's friends were there, although she had spoken the day before with her friend, Anne Karger, and her makeup man, Whitey Snyder. Her speech coach and longtime friend, Natasha Lytess, apparently was not invited.

For luck, DiMaggio wore a dark suit and the polka-dot tie he was wearing the night he met Marilyn in 1952. She matched his conservatism by wearing a high-collared brown suit with an ermine collar. "Save those low-cut things for the movies," DiMaggio had suggested. And Marilyn wanted to please him.

Glowing with happiness, they emerged from the judge's chambers and DiMaggio obligingly kissed the bride for the photographers.

While DiMaggio and Marilyn were on their brief honeymoon, her lawyers and her agent were involved in a marathon conference with Twentieth Century-Fox. She was on suspension for walking out on *Pink Tights*, a musical film, which had been slated for production a month earlier. She had told Frank Sinatra, who was to play opposite her for the first time, that there was nothing personal in her move; rather, she disliked the script. Fox believed that Marilyn really wanted a revision in her contract and a stronger hand in guiding her

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MARILYN MONROE *continued*

own career in films. Somehow it was settled and a temporary truce arranged with her salary adjusted upward. She even won her fight against *Pink Tights*, which was shelved permanently. For better or worse, she was winning most of her studio battles now.

Joe and Marilyn came back briefly to a handsome two-story house belonging to DiMaggio's family in the Marina district of San Francisco. His sister, Marie, came in to handle the cooking and run the household. She had been discreetly told by her brother that any time Marilyn wanted to cook dinner, Marie was to just pretend there was nothing unusual about it and get out of the way.

Marilyn did lots of hiking up and down hills way from the level Marina district. Joe, Jr., DiMaggio's son by his first marriage, came in from school to meet his father's bride, and he and Marilyn went out to Seal Point and Cliff House and then to the zoo, hard by the rocky shore of the Pacific.

After this brief introduction to what was intended to be her new hometown, Marilyn and

DiMaggio left on their wedding trip. DiMaggio had agreed to go to Japan with Frank "Lefty" O'Doul, who had hired him as a rookie on the old San Francisco Seals. It was typical of DiMaggio to see nothing wrong in combining that obligation with a formal wedding trip. O'Doul had married only a few weeks before. Marilyn and O'Doul's bride, Jean, could spend some time together while the men visited the ball teams around Tokyo, Osaka and Yokohama, lecturing and appearing on television.

Marilyn was determined not to let their careers conflict. So this was to be DiMaggio's business trip and her wedding journey.

The belated honeymooners flew first to Honolulu where they were mobbed by Marilyn's fans. They had neglected to seek any security against the public's wild enthusiasm. DiMaggio got a frightening taste of his future as the husband of the most famous blonde in the world when the plane touched down at Tokyo's International Airport. Crying *Monchan* (precious little girl), hordes of "little Japanese" (as DiMaggio was to remember it) came rushing toward them.

AUTHOR'S COLLECTION



Marilyn and her celebrated ballplayer-husband, Joe DiMaggio, posed off in Honolulu during 1954 wedding trip.



Throughout her life Marilyn signed all official documents (like I.D. card for Korean trip) as "Norma Jeane."



This pose became a trademark for Marilyn's film, "The Seven Year Itch." But Joe DiMaggio was inflamed by it.

Some threw flowers. Others reached out to touch Marilyn, several of them grasping at her hair. Marilyn's frozen smile masked her fright. She felt she was paying dearly for her reputation as the most *monchan* since Shirley Temple.

The two couples settled into adjoining suites at the Imperial Hotel. After a week or so of trips by limousine to Fuji, religious shrines and villages, the DiMaggios were invited to a cocktail party given by the international set of Tokyo. There were numerous high-ranking American army officers there. At one point, an officer approached Marilyn and proposed that she consider a quick visit to the American troops then fighting for the United Nations in Korea.

Marilyn was thrilled. DiMaggio was not. He thought it could be pretty dangerous. "But it's the least anyone can do," Marilyn is reported to have said, and DiMaggio finally agreed.

With Jean O'Doul and a contingent of brass, Marilyn was flown into Seoul where snowflakes swirled about the runway. From there she was airlifted by helicopter toward the war area. Marilyn asked the pilot to fly low over the

soldiers on the ground so she might wave to them. She managed this by lying face down on the floor of the helicopter, lowering her body outside the sliding door with two soldiers sitting on her feet.

Several thousand marines cheered wildly as the copter came down, and Marilyn was thrilled by the sight of them. Impromptu road signs in the vicinity warned: "Drive carefully—the life you save may be Marilyn Monroe's."

With Jean O'Doul assisting her in the wings, Marilyn changed from an olive-drab shirt and skintight pants to an equally clinging gown of plum-colored sequins. She was decked out with rhinestones to go with her first song, *Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend*. Although a bit wavery, fighting inadequate equipment and gusts of wind, she sang her song. The wild enthusiasm of the soldiers carried her securely into the next number.

That evening, there was a dinner for Marilyn in the General's Mess, a lavish arrangement of several Quonset huts. The Signal Corps had arranged a telephonic

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On wedding weekend in 1958, Marilyn and Arthur Miller joined Miller's parents for happy portrait at Roxbury, Conn., farm.



In May, 1962, Marilyn sang "Happy Birthday" to President John F. Kennedy at New York's old Madison Square Garden.



Inconsolable, Joe DiMaggio wept before Marilyn's crypt, in August, 1962. Joe, Jr., stood next to Dad.

MARILYN MONROE

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greeting to her new husband back in Tokyo. An embarrassing conversation, audited by the fifty guests, found Marilyn asking: "Do you still love me, Joe? Miss me?" In subsequent phone calls made from her private tent that night, Marilyn begged DiMaggio to join her, but he explained that he had made so many commitments in Japan he couldn't possibly make it. The imbalance between the warmth and eagerness shown by Marilyn and DiMaggio's frequent bland lack of enthusiasm was to become more marked in ensuing months. Following that day, she cut down on her communications to her husband, letting him know only that she was all right. She basked in the most concentrated adulation of her entire career.

As Marilyn's plane waited to take her back to DiMaggio in Tokyo two days later, she spoke to the officers and men in the airport farewell party. "This was the best thing that ever happened to me," she said. "I only wish I could have seen more of the boys, all of them. Come to see us in San Francisco."

Marilyn became feverish on the flight back to Japan, and by the time she reached the hotel her temperature had risen to 104°. The doctor diagnosed her ailment as a mild form of pneumonia. She lay in the hotel room for four days, taking antibiotics and resting, with Joe to nurse and comfort her, and Jean and O'Doul for company. As memorable as her Korean visit had been (during the last year of her life she was to say again that it was the high point in her life), she was exhausted, and her brief stay in bed gave her time to think about her career. She made up her mind about a couple of things. She was certain that her acceptance of photographer Milton Greene's proposal that they form a new company, Marilyn Monroe Productions, was the only way she could continue in films; and she would try to make a go of it with DiMaggio in San Francisco.

There was a quiet family celebration upon their return to San Francisco and the Marina house. Marie stayed on to run things, and Marilyn didn't seem to mind the arrangement. DiMaggio spent an hour or so every day at the family restaurant on Fisherman's Wharf, and Marilyn went with him a couple of times, but she became at once the focal point of all interest on the wharf and tourists came running.

Some mornings, the couple would go out in DiMaggio's cabin cruiser, *The Yankee Clipper*. Marilyn wore slacks and a floppy hat and huge dark glasses to keep her face from getting burned by the hazy sun. One Sunday, DiMaggio drove her to the small village across the bay where he had been born over thirty-nine years before.

San Franciscans respected Marilyn's privacy for the most part. Tourists, who sometimes outnumbered natives, were another matter. On one occasion, twelve-year-old Joe, Jr., had to fight off a mob of out-of-towners who

seemed about to overwhelm them as they debarked from a cable car. Marilyn received a rebuke from DiMaggio about this and agreed to move about town by car.

Relieved of the pressures of Hollywood life and the tensions of courtship, the DiMaggios had a good, clear view of each other. The first significant quarrels started in San Francisco. DiMaggio seemed to be sinking back into a comfortable semi-bachelor existence. Sometimes neighbors would catch a glimpse of Marilyn standing alone on the back patio at night wearing a light raincoat and bedroom slippers.

But DiMaggio's love for Marilyn was so profound even he would not realize its intensity until after he had lost her. When disillusionment moved in as an unwelcome third party, much of the give-and-take of the early weeks of their marriage disappeared.



Still vivacious despite her torment, Marilyn appeared on set of 20th Century-Fox's "Something's Got To Give," in June '62. Film, co-starring Dean Martin, wasn't released.

A new film was scheduled for Marilyn, something the studio hailed as a tribute to the songs of Irving Berlin. *There's No Business Like Show Business* was certainly a shopworn bouquet for the composer, but Marilyn was to be surrounded by a clutch of expensive entertainers, from Ethel Merman to the phenomenally popular "cry" singer of the period, Johnny Ray.

Even though she knew the script to be vastly inferior to *Pink Tights*, Marilyn suddenly agreed to return to Hollywood. She and DiMaggio left San Francisco in April and found a rented house on North Palm Drive in Beverly Hills.

The "Elizabethan cottage" Marilyn selected was not private. It was probably the most accessible of any star's home—only three doors removed from

busy San Vicente Boulevard. It was also something of a mess. The last tenant had neglected to clean it before vacating, and the kitchen was filthy. Marilyn phoned her agent and close friend, Inez Melson. "The kitchen's so dirty, it must be full of germs!" she wailed. "It will be terrible for Joe's ulcers!"

His ulcers were worsening, but his condition had nothing to do with germs. Nevertheless, Mrs. Melson went to the empty house with her secretary and spent the better part of a day scrubbing down the floors, walls and appliances. When Marilyn learned what they had done she showed her gratitude by inviting Mrs. Melson to share their first dinner, prepared by Marilyn herself.

On the following Monday, Marilyn went back to the Fox lot to begin work on the musical. DiMaggio visited the set only once—and Marilyn turned the occasion into an open-house. The gamble DiMaggio had taken already seemed to be lost.

With one movie finished in California, Marilyn headed East to make another. On the morning of September 9, 1954, when the plane ramp was secured at Idlewild Airport in New York and the door opened, Marilyn faced the mob before her with dismay. But she recovered quickly and beamed. Police had set up barricades to keep the crowd back. Milling about in front of the police lines were dozens of photographers and reporters. This was the year of Marilyn's romance with the public. It would not always be so.

She had quarreled with DiMaggio before the plane left Los Angeles. Making films in California was one thing; making them in New York, he felt, was quite another. He was faced now with Marilyn's location trip East for Billy Wilder's *The Seven Year Itch*. DiMaggio insisted Marilyn was in a position to oppose studio heads who insisted on imprisoning her in a jazz-baby image and forcing her to emote on the streets of New York. For a terrible moment, Marilyn feared DiMaggio, who would join her later, would be there solely as a chaperon.

Apparently, too, she was upset about one of his several business associations. DiMaggio had considered going into a holding company being set up by an industrialist. The businessman had suggested to DiMaggio that it might be helpful if Marilyn would appear on occasion at certain business affairs planned by the new company. It had troubled her that DiMaggio had not declared himself opposed to the idea.

She had learned to master the crowd, like the one waiting for her at the St. Regis Hotel, but she had failed to still her private torments. This is not to say she had given up on DiMaggio, but the shrillness and indignation of her complaints to close associates, like the Greenes, were clues to the tottering state of her marriage.

Two days later, DiMaggio suddenly appeared at the hotel. He made an effort to keep out of the way of the movie in progress most of that weekend.

If DiMaggio believed that he could take things in hand and see that Marilyn was treated with some dignity in her street scenes, which he correctly anticipated would be watched by thousands, he had overlooked his wife's stiffening resolve. He had felt only a touch of it in California.

Director Billy Wilder began his first film with Marilyn with some knowledge of her previous behavior—her lack of punctuality, her disputes with other directors and studio heads, her need for constant reassurance and her difficulty memorizing lines. Their first meetings had gone well, though Wilder attributed what he called her fuzzy connection with reality to some mental malfunction aggravated by alcohol. Since leaving San Francisco, she had begun drinking champagne to excess.

But Wilder considered Marilyn an absolute natural before the camera. And more importantly, he felt the freshness of approach she brought to her work was the key to her attraction and to the audience's reaction.

The day following the first day of filming, Marilyn was in conference with Milton Greene. Her rebellion against the film industry was now being committed to long legal forms of partnership creating Marilyn Monroe Productions.

DiMaggio greeted Greene pleasantly enough in the hotel suite, but then went off to the adjacent bedroom and turned on the television set.

Around midnight, Marilyn was driven to the Trans-Lux Theater at 52nd Street and Lexington Avenue. The studio had cordoned off the block, and cameras and lighting equipment were moved in near the theater marquee. DiMaggio had come along, and Marilyn was silent and brooding. She wore a sweater over her shoulders against the night chill. Her costume for the scene consisted of a backless white dress with a pleated flounce skirt, white shoes and white panties, which would be plainly visible in one of the shots.

Nearly a thousand New Yorkers were lined up behind a barricade at the corner. They had earlier watched studio workers install a portable air blower beneath a subway grating in the sidewalk.

DiMaggio kept out of the way of the actors and film crew. His expression was grim, unsmiling; his hands were thrust into his pockets. Marilyn turned her head once to catch a glimpse of him and appeared disconcerted for a moment. Then she moved over to the grating and allowed the thrust of air to toss her flounced skirt well above her knees. Shouts of "Hurrah!" could be heard from the spectators, then, "Higher! Higher!"

DiMaggio appeared to turn to stone. While Marilyn rehearsed the scene with co-star Tom Ewell, DiMaggio retreated to the other end of the block. He didn't see the newspapermen who had been observing him.

"What do you think of Marilyn having to show more of herself than she's shown before, Joe?" one of them asked.

DiMaggio had no time to disguise his

anger before those men. He shook his head and walked away.

Marilyn returned to the hotel around four in the morning, exhausted by retakes and all the commotion at the location site. Apparently, DiMaggio returned at about the same time or shortly thereafter.

Some shouting and scuffling, followed by hysterical weeping, was overheard by other hotel residents nearby. On the following day, DiMaggio left for California.

A few hours later, Milton Greene arrived with some papers for Marilyn to go over. He had to wait for her for quite a while, which wasn't too unusual, but when she did appear she seemed distant. She was heavily sedated.

When he began to discuss the intricacies of some of the documents, Marilyn was unreachable. Later, Greene learned the source of her distress. Her marriage was over.

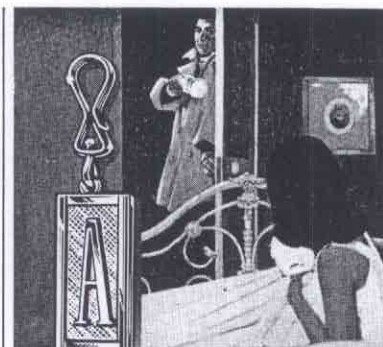
Upon her return to Hollywood in the middle of September, Marilyn retained attorney Jerry Giesler, whose clients almost exclusively were film celebrities who could afford his fees. Marilyn would no longer concern herself with being even slightly thrifty. There would be no more used cars, small apartments, or clothes off a rack. When her money ran out, as it would on one or two occasions, her debts would become mountainous. But, somehow, there would always be more money.

Marilyn's agent and friend, Inez Melson, was at the cottage early on the morning Marilyn's separation from DiMaggio was announced. Inez realized that Marilyn was numb with emotional fatigue.

DiMaggio was in the house that last day. He was able to bear Mrs. Melson's presence with equanimity since he considered her a woman with decent instincts. For her part, Mrs. Melson recalls that she felt terribly sorry for DiMaggio that day. "He seemed so lost," she said, "so angry with himself. Not with Marilyn, but with himself and with what was happening to them."

Mrs. Melson was mercifully answering the phone and the door, turning away reporters and callers she knew were not close to Marilyn. Her mind was a catalog of Marilyn's preferences and dislikes. She had a somber and laconic nature. Perhaps that is how she managed not to get on DiMaggio's nerves. He must have known from Marilyn that the woman was not among the "leeches" who had attached themselves to the actress. Marilyn had ambivalent feelings about most of them; she knew some of them were bleeding her financially, but because of her insecurity she hesitated to shake them off.

When DiMaggio was completely packed, his closest friend, Reno Barsocchini, loaded gear into the trunk of a Cadillac parked in the driveway. DiMaggio delayed making an appearance as long as he could. Outside were gathered about a hundred newspapermen. Finally DiMaggio emerged. Asked where he was going, he told reporters,



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"Back to San Francisco. That's my home."

Marilyn went back to work later that same week when shooting resumed on *The Seven Year Itch* at the Fox studios. Acting now was therapeutic, and director Wilder was relieved to find Marilyn more engaged with her work than before. Yet neither a happy marriage nor a crisis-relieving divorce were to be any guarantee that all would be well with Marilyn.

Her break with Hollywood followed completion of *The Seven Year Itch* on November 4, 1954. Though she may have been anxious about the future, for now she was entirely on her own, her relief was great. Almost any way she looked at it, it seemed the most intelligent move of her career.

She declared herself "no longer contractually bound to Twentieth Century-Fox," and left it to her lawyers to argue the finer points.

The next six years, in the East, made up Marilyn's longest sustained effort to live like a normal human being, one with family ties and obligations, country places, and close friends not involved in movies. When she later returned to her native city, she discovered she no longer fit in. Hollywood doesn't accommodate itself to rebels easily.

In those closing weeks of 1954, Hollywood represented tyranny to Marilyn, while New York beckoned as the home of her new friends, the Milton Greeses, one very important old friend, playwright Arthur Miller (whom she'd met in late 1950 when he had come West with his first screenplay), and the hope of a new start in the industry with Marilyn Monroe Productions. In some manner, possibly by phone, she had been in touch with Miller.

Marilyn flew to New York in early December. Although it was one of several new beginnings in her life, she was still too frightened to feel revitalized. Nevertheless, the auspices for some sort of fulfillment were more favorable now than ever before. Certainly her status as a performer had improved immeasurably. Even the most acid of her critics had to admire her courage.

Marilyn's temporary stay in the Greeses' home was not without its handicaps. She had never felt at home with disciplined natures, and Amy Greene was the most organized human being Marilyn had ever encountered.

The Greeses lived in a spacious hill-top house in Weston, Connecticut. Marilyn delighted in it. She took long solitary rambles over the acreage. When warm weather came, she attempted water skiing in Long Island Sound. During those months, she was more intimately aware of the out-of-doors than she had been since her first months as the young wife of Jim Dougherty.

Greene and Marilyn had formalized their partnership on the last day of 1954, and that New Year's Eve there were numerous toasts to the success of Marilyn Monroe Productions. There were 101 shares of stock in the corporation, giving Marilyn 51 shares or a

majority interest. Later, when dissension and misunderstandings created a breach in their relationship, both Marilyn and Arthur Miller, who had by then become deeply involved in her affairs, would feel she had been deceived by Greene over that division of shares. The bylaws were written in such a way that she had no controlling voice in the affairs of her own company. The other officers were Greene's associates and she could be outvoted at any board meeting on any issue.

But to understand why Greene was so desperate to protect his own interests it is important to examine how extensive was his stake in the corporation. Initially, the impact on his finances was not oppressive even though his original partner, a Wall Street man, had objected to the risk involved with Fox (which was threatening to sue them) and had pulled out. Greene purchased a mild Broadway success, *The Sleeping Prince*, by borrowing the money. And when Marilyn began to assert her independence and insisted Greene find her an apartment in New York City, he went more deeply into debt and subleased a small apartment for her in the exclusive Waldorf Towers.

She kept much of her wardrobe at the Greeses', but spent an increasing amount of time in the city. There was continuing newspaper and magazine interest in her rebellion. In preparation for her interviews, she visited hairdressers, dress salons and other shops. All of the bills went to Greene and somehow they were paid.

Marilyn could never remain isolated for an extended period. She went out of kilter after a time when all demands upon her were removed. Even her interest in reading sagged when she found whole days yawning empty to be filled. She needed the pressure of a busy schedule. Being busy might mean she had only one important appointment, but she could devote as

much as three or four hours preparing for it. She had to do everything unhurriedly or she went to pieces.

Arthur Miller was coming into her life and she was determined it would be for keeps. Because of his children, Robert and Jane, Miller found it hard to make the decision to break up his fifteen-year marriage to Mary Slattery Miller. There were secret meetings with Marilyn at the homes of friends in Manhattan and Brooklyn Heights. There were none at the Greene home in Connecticut. (According to Miller, he did not meet Greene until late 1955 or early 1956.) Marilyn, sympathetic to the needs of Miller's children, did not insist upon an immediate rupture with his family.

As her interest in country life waned, Marilyn found New York a symbol of promise. What had begun as defiance of a movie studio had now become a whole new life.

She felt little satisfaction in what she had done on the screen up to that time. It was time to go on to something of more permanent value.

There were occasional painful episodes induced by loneliness while she lived in her Manhattan tower. One of the worst occurred during the summer.

Columbia Pictures had brought Tyrone Power and Kim Novak to New York to do location work on *The Eddy Duchin Story*. Fred Karger, a close friend of Marilyn's and her music coach, had come along to help with the film. With the stars of the film he was in a suite on a lower floor of the Waldorf-Astoria, celebrating the conclusion of their New York shooting. Remembering that Marilyn lived in the Towers, Karger phoned her around eight in the evening. She told him she would be down in half an hour; she only needed time to change.

In an hour, when Karger called back, Marilyn's voice was fuzzy with alcohol, probably vermouth, which had become her favorite insulation when she was fretful. Apparently the ghosts of her past had revisited her after Karger's call and she was trying to banish them. When, later, Karger went up to say good night, she was too far gone to care.

When Marilyn dined out it was usually with some of Miller's friends in their apartments: Norman Rosten, whose wife, Hedda, had become a good friend, and the Eli Wallachs. At one of these dinners Marilyn met the producer and director, Cheryl Crawford. Miss Crawford became interested in Marilyn's ambition to make her reputation as an actress equal her reputation as a personality. She spoke of the work being done at the Actors Studio and thought it might be a fine idea if Marilyn discussed her acting problems with its artistic director and leading teacher, Lee Strasberg.

Strasberg, in studio classes, encouraged his students in such total involvement with self, with emotional memory and experience, that they would often appear to outside directors as independent agents, unable to do a scene until they grasped "the inner key." Strasberg also approved of his students

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(continued from page 112)

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entering analysis, the better to discover their total inner selves. This emphasis on self-involvement would be pivotal to Marilyn's future development both on and off the screen.

Marilyn's first lesson with Strasberg was arranged. After she was comfortably settled, Strasberg began to bait her with questions that hurt, that were downright embarrassing. He wanted to see how she would rise to the stimulus of a loaded question—and how she would respond. And, perhaps more importantly, whether she would respond quickly and easily. He was also alert to how much imagination she brought into play in her answers.

After the session, Strasberg told his wife, Paula, that he felt Marilyn possessed an extraordinary and seemingly inviolate sensitivity. This sensitive core should have been killed by all that he had heard had happened to her as a child and adolescent. But here it was, fresh and alive.

It is worth mentioning that, although Norma Jean had been emotionally deprived and turned over to a succession of mother substitutes, she was never entirely deprived of some kind of affection except for her two years in the orphanage. Her mother's friends, the Bolenders, despite their stern sense of discipline, really loved Norma Jean, as had her mad grandmother, in her own peculiar fashion. Gladys Baker herself had loved her daughter sufficiently to ensure that she was never physically deprived. Even in early adolescence the child received the warm devotion of another family friend, Ana Lower, and then the comfortable sanctuary of her own home as the bride of Jim Dougherty. What was missing, of course, was her father, the man Marilyn was to spend her life seeking.

Lee Strasberg was unaware at the time he met Marilyn that he was to partially fill that role.

Now, in his role of teacher, Strasberg began to instruct Marilyn in how to live through the experience she was acting. Concentration was her weak point, as it is with a great many actors, and Strasberg sought ways and means to sustain her concentration through twenty minutes or so of a scene from a stage work.

But Marilyn could only achieve the proper intensity of a scene by tapping her own reserve of emotional experiences. Strasberg had taught her how to arouse this reserve and make it part of her craft.

Despite her chance for a new life, there were a few unattractive holdovers from Marilyn's past. There was her bad temper, which she'd inherited from her grandmother. Marilyn knew that a person in a position of power should not permit his feelings to get out of control. As president of her own company, she felt she had to deal with her own rages. Amy Greene had helped her polish her public display of self-possession. It was her private furies she worried about now.

She also wanted a fuller life. Beyond a hoped-for marriage with the man she had pursued across the continent, she wanted children of her own. She hoped

to create around her the atmosphere of family living she had never really known before. (She could not know then, nor could anyone, that children would be a physiological impossibility for her, that each of her pregnancies, of necessity, would be terminated.)

Marilyn knew without being told that she was too self-dedicated to be either a good wife or mother. This was not peculiar to her, but an occupational malady common to stars, one which evolves from their constant battle for attention.

But Marilyn wanted to subdue this preoccupation at any cost. A psychoanalyst was recommended to her and soon that lady's bills, too, began arriving at Greene's office to be paid.

In Strasberg's view, psychoanalysis began to liberate Marilyn. The work in the class helped her analysis, and the analysis freed her in such a way that the classwork took on another dimension. In the opinion of those close to her—makeup man Whitey Snyder, Inez Melson and a handful of others—Marilyn's preoccupation with her "emotional memory," a term much used in the Actors Studio, triggered a disintegrating process, the fracturing of an ego that had been painfully reassembled only a few years earlier.

In December, Strasberg pronounced Marilyn ready to do a scene before an audience of Studio members. He felt she needed to test her skills and concentration before a group other than her own class.

When Marilyn protested that she would be terrified before a live audience, Strasberg attempted to reassure her. "A stage role," he explained, "is a totally different thing from one in films. You're on the stage, you have the lights, the audience is dark, nobody talks. You remember all those technicians and everybody standing around smoking and laughing back in Hollywood. You were very much aware of them, all that distraction."

His message was hypnotic. He was preaching a new gospel to Marilyn and she was enraptured. "But on the stage, everything is very concentrated," he told her. "There is a curtain between you and the audience. The curtain goes up only when you are ready. . . ."

It is clear from nearly all of Marilyn's public and private utterances on the subject that the ambitions fanned by Strasberg were more of a hope than an eventuality, that her whole life was tied up in films. She was, through almost equal measures of will, emotion, and Strasberg's encouragement, coming through finally as an actress and not merely as a screen star who could command the best directors. There is reason to believe that the Strasbergs were persuading her that she should toil in the high-paying vineyards of Hollywood to support her higher goal—instilled in her chiefly by them—to become a polished performer in the legitimate theater. This was unfortunate, for Marilyn was led to believe she was a valuable property to the Hollywood studios because she was becoming a valuable actress.

In early February of 1956, Marilyn appeared at the Studio before a capacity audience of members. Her performance as Anna Christie in the play of the same name caught everyone there—except Strasberg—by surprise. Her nervousness lent a tension to the scene that seemed right. Strasberg was terribly excited by her work that night and foresaw a long and rewarding career for her on the stage.

After more than half a year of study with Lee Strasberg, Marilyn was beginning to reach deeper resources within herself. If Arthur Miller had small respect for the Strasbergs, even he had to concede that they were helping Marilyn to build some sturdy defenses about her talent. If they went too far and began to speak of her "genius," it was done out of respect for her original style, and thus out of honesty. Her belief in her own work, never secure, was getting needed reinforcement.

Hollywood's attitude toward Marilyn, which had hardened during her transitional year, would not change perceptibly during her lifetime. She had rejected the industry and it reacted accordingly. Even those who had known her fairly well were inclined to dismiss as unfortunate her pretensions to lift herself up culturally. It seemed a little sad to them, a little embarrassing. They could not be blamed for thinking this since Marilyn was constantly changing, evolving. She was now quite different from the Marilyn they had known.

Some applauded Marilyn's public and private courage, her individual stance, while others deplored the Miller-Monroe rumors then beginning to appear in the gossip columns. These items suggested that Marilyn was a home-wrecker, and underlying them was the implicit reminder that, since Marilyn had never known a stable home, how could she have any standards?

Before 1956 was very far advanced, Mary Slattery Miller had separated from Arthur Miller. It was disclosed that Miller had left their home in Brooklyn Heights and had moved into Manhattan.

"I have nothing to say about any so-called romance with Arthur Miller," Marilyn told reporters with as much emphasis as she could manage. At the time, she was suffering from laryngitis, contracted just after her success as Anna Christie. The motive for this hedging about their relationship remains obscure. Miller may have been a reluctant suitor when he finally saw the responsibility he would have to assume as Marilyn's husband. In addition to her profound insecurity, there were her moods that swung so precipitously from gaiety to depression; Miller was never quite certain just how he might find her. There was also her frightening ambition, so towering that it seemed beyond realization. But all that was to change in weeks to come. Miller attempted to give all the support he could muster to counterbalance her insecurity. He met her depressions with

lightheartedness even when he didn't feel it, and he already had joined in league with her ambition.

There was yet another complicating factor. Joe DiMaggio, his ego apparently badly bruised by the divorce, appeared occasionally at Marilyn's Waldorf Towers apartment. The old recriminations began as though their lives had not been legally separated. In one instance, Marilyn ran into her bedroom and bolted the door after her. From a call to her press agent, it was difficult to determine just what was wrong since she was almost literally struck mute with fear, but the banging on her door in the background was unmistakable.

There was still another complication. Miller's writing career was in the doldrums, and the outlook for any relief was remote at the time. When any writer is in a season of sterility he moves either recklessly or with extreme caution, depending upon his character. Miller was not the reckless type. His first move was to extricate himself from his family situation. When he recovered from that, it may be that he committed himself totally to Marilyn and hurried to the altar so as not to prolong his emotional turmoil. He wanted to get involved in his work again, but he could do so only if the theme he had decided upon was worth all the effort and concentration needed to write a serious play. It was several months before he even attempted such a project. Cannily aware of Arthur's agonies and indecision, Marilyn realized she might kill the spark if she piled on more kindness. It was a curious situation and an even more curious romance, as they carefully threaded together the strands of their emotions and their careers.

Marilyn's former studio bosses were now insisting that they were not "former" at all, that they still had a stake in her future whether she was incorporated or not. Buddy Adler dusted off a project for her that had been on the shelf for some years: the life of the ill-fated star, Jean Harlow. He closed a deal with the late actress's mother, Mrs. Bello, and announced that filming would begin in the late fall. When Marilyn heard about the project and examined the script, she was both angry and disheartened. She told her agent and her friends that she would never do such a film. "I hope they don't do that to me after I'm gone," she said.

By mid-December, 1955, a new contract with Marilyn Monroe Productions was nearing settlement. It would run for seven years and encompass four films, leaving Marilyn free to do outside productions. The first of the films was to be *Bus Stop*, based upon the play that had already been an enormous success on Broadway. It was one of several properties Greene had sought as a property for Marilyn.

Her corporation would be paid \$100,000 for her services on each film, and retroactive pay was worked out for the period of her self-imposed exile. According to the terms of the corporation agreement between herself and Greene,

she was to get \$100,000 a year from February 1, 1956, in equal monthly installments. Since her actual holdings in the corporation amounted to 51 out of a total of 101 shares, she would get only 50.5 percent of the firm's profits, so she was really being paid a little over \$50,000 per film. She would have to complete two films per year in order to earn her prescribed corporation salary. It was a prerequisite she was never to fulfill as her own employer.

Greene was to receive \$75,000 per year in equal monthly installments, which, if paid, would leave little or no working capital for the firm even with two films annually.

On January 4, 1956, Fox made the official announcement: Marilyn and the studio had come to terms. She was headily triumphant; Greene was suddenly solvent. It was one of those rare moments in Marilyn's life when a calculated risk had turned out brilliantly.

Marilyn's career was being guided by three very different men by the end of 1955: Lee Strasberg, Milton Greene and Arthur Miller. The least involved at this point was Miller. Yet, in less than a year, he would be the most intimately involved.

Marilyn felt impelled to go on with the work she had begun with Strasberg—the exercises, the concentration and the focus of a part. He had suggested that his wife, Paula, might be willing to help. She had coached others and had been a member of the acting ensemble of the Group Theater.

Paula Strasberg was more specific than her husband in her application of acting principles. She went into great detail to set the mood of a line or a

scene for Marilyn. At times, in the future, Marilyn would become terrified when she wasn't able to find the key to a scene.

But the liaison was formed as simply as that. Marilyn wanted to continue to cultivate her inner resources as an actress, and Paula was ready to volunteer. It was to become one of the most controversial attachments of Marilyn's life.

Paula soon made herself indispensable to directors on a Monroe film, for Marilyn simply could not act without Paula's constant help. Marilyn's work on the new picture was to begin with this dependency very much in everyone's mind.

Before Marilyn left for the West Coast, Miller had suggested they continue to deny all rumors that they would be married soon, possibly out of deference to his children. Mary Miller came to their aid with an avowal that Marilyn had nothing to do with their separation. This was an honest declaration; Miller, too, had considered the marriage doomed for a long time.

It was painful for Marilyn to leave Miller, although they were to keep in touch by phone. She left behind, too, her press agent, Lois Weber, who was permanently attached to the New York office of the Jacobs agency. They assigned to her a slightly younger woman, Patricia Newcomb. Though Marilyn and Miss Newcomb clashed during the production of *Bus Stop* and the press agent was assigned elsewhere, she was to re-enter Marilyn's professional family nearly five years later.

Marilyn's return to Hollywood after a year's absence was greeted as an event. A swarm of reporters enveloped her as she left her plane.

Despite the fact that she had become the hotly defended pet of a great many people in and out of films, there were numerous critics around, most vocal in Hollywood, who were eager to spread the word from a "reliable" source at Fox that Marilyn had come back to the studio practically on her knees since Milton Greene had run out of funds. As they told the story, the bills from her analyst, couturiers, hairdresser and others were about to force Marilyn Monroe Productions into bankruptcy before it ever got around to shooting a foot of film.

While there was an element of truth in this, there was nothing of defeat in Marilyn. As she moved through the airport terminal, surrounded by reporters, she came as close as she ever would to realizing that she was a film goddess.

There was a subtle difference about her. Economic security (now that she could breathe freely again following Milton's close call with insolvency) and a new self-confidence gave her every utterance the weight of a pronouncement and turned some of the Fox executives' blood to ice. They reasoned that, if previously she could drive them up the wall when she was plagued by uncertainty, now that she seemed to know where she was going they could expect behavior far more nerve-shattering.

Marilyn and the Greens rented a

BOUNTIFUL KITCHENS continued from page 85

Pages 82-83:

Cabinets, Kingsway Custom Kitchens, 1602 Troy Avenue, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11234. Glass-ceramic cook-top, Corning; all other appliances, Frigidaire. Sinks by Elkay. "Slate" plastic serving bar and counter-tops, custom lamination of floral fabric by Parkwood Numa-Plastics, 10 East 40th Street, New York, N.Y. 10017. Custom-cut vinyl flooring, Amtico. Fabric, "Bora Bora" by Boussac of France.

Pages 84-85:

Cabinets by Wood-Mode Kitchens, Kreamer, Snyder County, Pa. 17833. Range, Caloric. Dishwasher, KitchenAid. Refrigerator-freezer, Amana. Countertops, dining-table top, Formica "Chutney" plastic laminate. Small appliances, Proctor-Silex. Decorative trim on curtains, Conso. Chairs and desk (unfinished), Mastercraft by S. J. Bailey and Sons, Inc., Clarks Summit, Pa. 18411. Spices, preserves, glass jars by Wheaton-Nuline, Millville, N.J. 08332. Wallpaper, "New Boston" by Greeff. Vinyl flooring, Amtico.

large place in Beverly Glen where Amy was to stay much of the time, supervising the household and her young son, Josh. Milton had been signed to design Marilyn's makeup and lighting and, more significant, to be peacemaker between the studio and his corporation president. The atmosphere of the place was altogether different from the home-stead in Connecticut. There, Marilyn appeared to be groping for a new direction, and her dependency upon Amy had bound them together. Despite her preoccupation with a sense of reality in her films, things were not always what they seemed in her private life. The Beverly Glen house was at once charged with the presence of an ego-centric in the throes of a new project. The phone rang constantly. Messengers appeared with scripts and photos. There was a steady stream of servitors: hair-dressers, masseurs, publicity men. And Paula Strasberg, Amy, who had quietly dominated her Connecticut household, was now very much in the background.

Marilyn was in prime condition. She looked, as Amy Greene put it, like a "noodle." She had lost every ounce of excess weight and she seemed to subsist on a diet of raw steaks and champagne.

Director Joshua Logan thought her the most constantly exciting actress he had ever worked with, and that excitement was not related to her celebrity but to her humanness, to the way she saw the life around her.

Once shooting began, Logan quickly learned that Marilyn turned on her incandescence only when she knew the cameras were running: Marilyn reacting to disappointment, crying on cue; Marilyn showing joy and exuberance, her face flushed. Logan treated her as something fragile that could be easily crushed or extinguished.

Despite Logan's patience, Marilyn was in a state of nerves a good part of the time. She had a great deal riding on this, the first production since her freedom had been won. She had to prove she was worth all the trouble. She must somehow measure up to all the fuss.

She knew as well as some of her detractors that Marilyn Monroe was a flawed creation: her education was a patchwork affair with glaring omissions, a hand-me-down from Norma Jean; her torrential rages might possibly stem from tainted family genes. Some of her most trusted friends felt that she was too withdrawn and sensitive to succeed as an independent actress.

Despite the odds, she was waging a fight on all these fronts. Through Miller and on her own, she had met literary figures—poets Norman Rosten and Carl Sandburg and soon Edith Sitwell—winning their friendship and loyalty at once. She was able in most instances to beat a quick retreat from any source of irritation so that her temper was kept bottled up or submerged by tranquilizers. She was heavily reliant upon Logan on the set, and Paula off the set, to prove that her sensitivity was the negotiable coin of her success as a free agent, though she would, when necessary, reveal that it masked a will of iron.

Her hysteria built when the moment approached for her appearance before Logan's mood-devouring camera. Often she grasped the arm of some friendly member of the production company, such as script supervisor Joe Curtis, and walked with him up and down the darkened periphery of the sound stage. If she was seen at such an embattled moment by those of the company who were waiting for her at the camera set-up, everyone understood that she was not to be approached, and Logan was too keenly aware of her problem to send anyone to fetch her.

Some of the rapport between Marilyn and her director dissolved as they moved to their first location in Phoenix, Arizona, to film rodeo scenes. She was in seclusion a good part of the time and Logan could no longer rely upon a close, personal communication with her. Milton Greene was called on numerous occasions to talk with her and try to get her to the set.

In Sun Valley, Idaho, where the exterior *Bus Stop* scenes were made, the snow—a kind of magic powder to her—sweetened her temper for a time. She was often playful and she even managed some friendly conversation with the ingénue, Hope Lange, who had recently become the wife of actor Don Murray.

But once Marilyn was back on the dusty acres of Fox's Beverly Hills lot, she caught a bad case of bronchitis, and Greene drove her to Cedars of Lebanon Hospital, where she was admitted and treated for nearly a week.

Visitors were kept to a minimum. It is said that DiMaggio came on one occasion, and Mrs. Logan visited Marilyn one afternoon. She reassured Marilyn that her husband had become "very fond and very protective" of her. Marilyn told Nedda Logan ruefully that the hospital had sent someone around to take her medical history and they asked who the next of kin would be in case they needed to be notified. "And there wasn't anyone I could think of," Marilyn said, turning away and staring at the wall.

When Marilyn had recovered, and the film was nearing completion, it became evident that *Bus Stop* was the most nearly perfect film of her career. She was as good as she would ever be, and that was very good indeed. She was more than worth all the "fuss."

There had been numerous phone calls from Miller, who was then in residence near Pyramid Lake, Nevada, for his divorce. Before Marilyn was ready to fly back East, they had decided to be married as soon as they could make their plans.

In May, when Marilyn arrived in New York, Miller was still off in Nevada. She moved into a fashionable Sutton Place apartment Milton Greene had rented for her.

Those final days before her reunion with Miller were observed by her friends and associates—the Greenses, Lois Weber, the Strasbergs—with apprehension. Marilyn, they felt, had become totally vulnerable, had abandoned all of her defenses and thrown aside



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any wisdom she had gained from the past. She wanted to come to her forthcoming marriage cleansed of the past, and her friends feared that in this state, whether fancied or real, she might easily be destroyed.

Marilyn had no such qualms. Her mood was gay. It was difficult for her to recall another time in her life when things were going so well.

It was early June, 1956, when Arthur Miller, divorce papers in his pocket, flew into New York. His time in Nevada had not been entirely wasted on the business of divorce. He was working on a play, and he had met some down-at-the-heels cowboys near Reno who inspired him to write a short story, *The Misfits*.

Miller recalls laconically that Marilyn seemed pleased to see him again. Other friends recall her inability to leave him alone even for a moment. Miller, who had always seemed reserved before, was equally abandoned with her among friends whom he trusted. They were entwined a good deal of the time, and gradually their friends recovered from their embarrassment and accepted the couple's behavior as natural.

Conversation was limited mostly to plans for the future. Marilyn had already invited both Strasbergs to accompany her to England for the filming of her first independent production, *The Prince and the Showgirl*, because, as she told them, "I want everything to go right." She now urged Miller to meet them.

Marilyn was always seeking support and reassurance, and Lee and Paula were supplying these in wholesale drafts. She had no family to give a blessing to the marriage, and it was clear that the Strasbergs were her chosen substitutes. Miller felt obliged to comply with her wishes.

And so they met. Miller seemed standoffish to the Strasbergs, more so than they had heard about or remembered from an earlier, casual meeting. To Marilyn, his remoteness must have been a disappointment. There was no starting point from which to proceed to any closeness. She had hoped for something better.

Plans for their wedding shared top priority with the final arrangements with Sir Laurence Olivier, who was to direct and co-star in the upcoming film. Marilyn and Milton Greene were involved in costume approvals and fittings, interviews and a review of the budget.

There was a difference between Miller's attitude toward the Strasbergs and the way he behaved in Greene's presence. While he seemed not at all interested in Greene as a human being, although he nearly always tried to half-smile upon greeting him, he had an inexhaustible supply of questions to ask about Marilyn Monroe Productions. Miller's intervention would one day soon provoke Greene to cry out to him, "Be a husband! Leave the corporation to Marilyn, me, and our attorneys."

Arthur's father, Isidore Miller, a retired manufacturer who had lost much of his fortune in the crash of 1929,

found Marilyn's determination to become one of the Miller family altogether disarming. He promptly fell in love with his future daughter-in-law and became in time one of the elder advisers in her life, a position he held even after her marriage to his son was dissolved.

Miller had first brought Marilyn to his parents' two-family house in the Flatbush section of Brooklyn during that final crowded week before the wedding. She was struck by the unpretentiousness of the household. She commented to Miller that it fitted in with her earlier persuasion that Brooklyn was a place where people could "really live." This feeling of family environment must have been reinforced when she and Miller walked up the steps arm-in-arm. About a dozen neighborhood children came running up to see them.

Miller recalls that Marilyn laughed and talked to the children for a few minutes. She even gave out a few autographs before he gently detached her from them and led her inside.

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Miller called Marilyn's press agent, Lois Weber, on the Thursday in June, 1956, that he had designated for their press conference at Roxbury to announce the wedding. Miss Weber was asked if she would please come up to assist. "There may be five or so reporters," Miller told her.

"You're living in a dream world," Miss Weber interjected. "You'll be overrun. They'll be hanging from the trees." The number of reporters was to surprise even Lois Weber. They were not only hanging from the trees on the Miller property, but more than sixty were stampeding over the lawn.

As the Millers neared the farm, a car tailing them suddenly swerved and crashed. Miller would not permit Marilyn to leave their car when his cousin, Morton, groaning despairingly pulled over to the narrow shoulder of the winding road. They had heard rather than seen the crash. Marilyn, chalk-white, was shaking her head mutely and seemed on the edge of hysteria.

Miller ran back to investigate. The small foreign car had failed to negotiate the last curve and had smashed into a tree. The driver, a young man, appeared to have no grave injury, but his companion, a French woman reporter named Mara Scherbatoff, lay dying in a pool of blood.

Later, Marilyn made an effort to get out of the car and make her way toward the house, but she swayed so dizzily

that two reporters had to assist her most of the way.

It would be said later by some of Marilyn's friends and co-workers that her nerves were always at a delicate edge, but she somehow managed to get through that exhausting week. She was finally being saved by the one man she had had her sights on for years. The prospect gave her a grace that was impressive. If she was inwardly terrified that he might not succeed, the feeling was carefully contained.

As her private terrors increased their hold over her, her expression was that of a woman anchored safely in some faith. It was an illusion, an image to which she would cling, with only rare lapses, until her death. To maintain it, though, often required heavy doses of sedation.

A hasty civil wedding was arranged in the White Plains, New York, courthouse. Only a handful of reporters were present. On this occasion all of Marilyn's new friends from New York were there and Lee Strasberg gave her away. No one from her Hollywood days was in attendance. Her break with her past seemed complete. Her gold wedding band was inscribed: "A. to M., June 1956. Now Is Forever."

Just prior to the ceremony, Marilyn had been closeted with Rabbi Robert Goldberg, a Reform rabbi from a suburb of New Haven and a friend of Miller's for several years. The rabbi instructed Marilyn for two hours or more in the general theory of Judaism; a humanistic approach. He explained his view that there was no afterlife. Embracing the Jewish faith was a sentimental thing with Marilyn, and Rabbi Goldberg was trying to determine whether she was prepared to go through with it. When the indoctrination was over, Marilyn was persuaded that she was finally a Jewess. How profound this feeling was is difficult to know. A sensitive director could convince her that she was also an archduke's mistress or a cowboy's simple-minded "angel." Even Miller isn't sure how "Jewish" Marilyn really became, but he is inclined to accept it as part of her intense desire at the time to please him, to become a vital part of his life.

Soon after the wedding, the Millers, along with the Greenes and the Strasbergs, went to England for filming of *The Prince and the Showgirl*. Sir Laurence Olivier and his wife at the time, the late Vivien Leigh, met the Millers at the London airport, along with the usual army of newsmen and photographers. Marilyn handled the reception with her new serenity and some journalists mistook it for snobbishness. Her husband was silent, a stance he maintained permanently in public with Marilyn.

Olivier embraced his co-star warmly. He had received half a dozen letters from Joshua Logan describing how sensitive and magnificent Marilyn was as a performer. "She's worth all the trouble," Logan had written, and his prescription for avoiding trouble seemed simple enough: "Load up the camera and put Marilyn in front of it. . ."

The Millers settled into a rented estate at Eggham, some miles from the edge of the city near Windsor Park, a part of the royal grounds.

During the first week of shooting at Pinewood Studios, Olivier began to feel deceived by Logan's reassurances. He made it clear to Miller that he was counting heavily upon him to help see Marilyn through. Later, Logan recalls, Olivier told him plaintively, "You never told me what to do when I'm explaining to Marilyn how to play a scene and she walks away from me in mid-sentence."

Olivier held frequent conferences with Milton Greene to revise their shooting schedules when Marilyn failed to appear on numerous occasions. Often, Olivier or one of his associates (at the highest level) called the Miller residence to inquire about Marilyn. Miller invariably would report that he was doing all he could to get her on her way. The pressure to keep the production from collapsing was on him throughout the filming.

Marilyn looked pained when Miller first mentioned the calls to ask about her. "Why are you getting involved in this?" she asked. It was a question Miller would often ask himself a film or two later.

Marilyn told at least two of her press agents that she regretted Miller's close involvement in her work and career. Perhaps she did at the end, but it happened so gradually and so casually that neither she nor Miller was aware of what it was leading to.

As the production moved ponderously along, it became apparent that Olivier was both too intrusive as a director and too lax. Quite often he had elaborate notions about how the script should be played. There was little room for Marilyn's new feeling for spontaneity.

More disastrously, Olivier complained to Greene and Miller that Paula was driving him out of his "squeaking mind." If Marilyn had some difficulty with a scene and Olivier corrected her in a way that upset her, she ran to Paula. And there were many times when Olivier watched Marilyn and Paula in conferences that might go on for half an hour while he waited for her to return before the camera. Halfway through the production he took action to rid himself of this unnecessary headache, but by then any semblance of a friendly working relationship between Marilyn and him had disappeared.

If Marilyn felt permanently inadequate, Miller began to feel a permanent indignation. To him, it was an outrage that anyone should fail to see or appreciate Marilyn's naturalness, her spirit and sensitivity, her unique talent. He agreed with the Strasbergs on one single point—Marilyn's potential for greatness.

In the face of Olivier's awkwardness in handling his leading lady, Miller felt completely helpless. He knew that he was now the main prop in Marilyn's life. It would be cruel and futile to tell her that he had no answer to her cen-

tral complaint, "Why are they doing these things to me?"

Marilyn's slide from a partial ability to function to complete incapacity was so precipitous that Miller didn't know it was coming until it happened. Before, her insomnia had been partially relieved by pills. Now even they didn't work. As the night deepened, she would become hysterical. Miller was unwilling to risk the amount of barbiturates it would take to drop her into slumber. Nightly vigils began.

There were a few days when Miller was able to pin her together, after several hours of effort, and get her to the studio only four or five hours late, but there were two or three days when he had to call in that she was ill.

"Oh, I'm sorry," Olivier would say, honestly concerned. "What seems to be the matter?" And Miller's hesitation, his unwillingness to put into words the sad truth, was answer enough.

About six weeks after production began the Strasbergs came to Eggham for the weekend. Marilyn appeared distraught to them. She was, Strasberg later said, in a "state." When Arthur retreated to his study, Marilyn began weeping and told her friends that something terrible had happened.

A day or so earlier, she said, she had come into the living room to pick up her script from the table. Lying open next to it was Miller's black notebook. She was so overwrought in telling the story it was not easy to determine precisely what the notebook entry had said, but Strasberg remembers there was indignation in her voice. "It was something about how disappointed he was in me," Marilyn told them. "How he thought I was some kind of angel but now he guessed he was wrong. That his first wife had let him down, but I had done something worse. Olivier was beginning to think I was a troublesome bitch and that he [Arthur] no longer had a decent answer to that one."

The Strasbergs were shocked. Why had Miller left the notebook open for Marilyn to see? They and half a dozen others who were to become close to Marilyn in subsequent years believe that her sense of having been betrayed in Eggham was the seed of her later destruction. Miller, defensively perhaps, admits to the carelessness but minimizes its impact.

The Strasbergs, on that weekend at Eggham, were in the position of in-laws who were reluctant to tell their weeping daughter to pack her bags and leave. Ironically playing the same game as Miller, they chose discretion as the most sensible reaction to her aggrievedness, since Marilyn had invested so much of her hope in Miller.

The psychiatrist whom Marilyn had been seeing back in New York was soon hastily summoned to England. Shortly, Marilyn was able to work most of every day.

And then, finally, the filming was completed. There was a certain stiffness in Olivier's farewell to Marilyn, and they were never in touch again.

The Millers came home in October. Both needed privacy and they found it

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in a rented cottage at Amagansett, Long Island, where there were cloistered stands of trees to walk in and a sheltered beach nearby. They needed time to live quietly.

Marilyn's insomnia was something she had to learn to live with. It was never to leave her, although there would be nights when her spirit had been insulated by an especially care-free day—and they were fairly numerous at Amagansett—permitting her to drop into slumber with only two pills. There had been no real crisis with Miller over his notebook complaint. Rather, the incident had left her at times fretful and anxious, her security with him threatened but not destroyed.

The cold winter in the creative career of Arthur Miller was not about to thaw. It had begun soon after he completed *A View from the Bridge*, the work he finished while still with his family in Brooklyn Heights. Such lapses happen to most writers whose careers span a number of years. It was only coincidentally that much of Miller's barren time came while he was with Marilyn.

Once their lives were joined, there is no question but that Miller gave over much of his time to reassurances, investing nearly all of his energy, creative and otherwise, in Marilyn, the wife and the actress.

In Amagansett, Marilyn discovered she was pregnant. Unfortunately, the pregnancy turned out to be tubular and she was in such agony and danger that by the sixth week Miller had to rush her into the city where the pregnancy was surgically terminated. In the wake of her loss, an unyielding despondency settled upon Marilyn during her hospital stay. Attempting to cheer her, Miller told Marilyn that he was going to write a movie for her, from his short story, *The Misfits*.

Marilyn was delighted by this unexpected gift. It sustained her for several days, but when she was at home again hopelessness returned and she began swallowing Nembutals to deaden its impact, to make her days even remotely tolerable.

Miller noticed late one afternoon that Marilyn had stumbled into a chair and had immediately dozed off. Having roughly counted her Nembutals, and listening now to her labored breathing, he realized that her diaphragm was becoming paralyzed by one pill too many. It was his initiation into the most frightening aspect of his life with Marilyn: there were times when the bleakness of her outlook was so total that all external help was worthless and some compulsive black spirit within her would seek oblivion.

In such crises, Miller moved quickly and with heightened efficiency. He wasted no time in trying to rouse her himself but sought immediate medical help. A crew with some apparatus from a nearby clinic was summoned to resuscitate her. Miller's dispatch had saved her life then and it would again.

For several days following one of those episodes, Marilyn's affection for her husband, for the man who had

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I found this great recipe.
I cooked it. I didn't burn it.
I served it. The kids loved it.
He loved it...



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like this, and I'll
believe in magic...



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saved her, was limitless. As she came around and was able to recognize him, she would reach for his hand and kiss it over and over again. There was an exquisite tenderness about her regard for Miller then. Perhaps being saved by him was an unconscious need, though there is no evidence that she was actually courting death.

At one point, a large Connecticut farm, adjacent to the Roxbury one which Miller had sold while in England, came on the market. It was over three hundred acres and Miller quickly acquired it. He and Marilyn moved there from Amagansett in the early spring.

The writing of *The Misfits* screenplay had begun on Long Island. At the new farm Miller hastened to complete the first draft.

Miller had a brief spell of hopefulness. Marilyn no longer seemed apathetic about the Connecticut countryside. Together they had found and occupied the new farm; together they renovated it. She spent days prowling about in nearby towns for kitchen cabinets and accessories.

When Miller realized the need to put some distance between his role as paternalistic lover and his own needs as a writer, he had a cabin built about thirty yards from the house. He set about listening carefully to Marilyn, to detect her speech patterns, and jotting down her feelings toward life and toward death. If Roslyn, played by Marilyn in *The Misfits*, is the most human and convincing of all of Arthur Miller's female characters, it is not by chance.

Yet there was a limit to Marilyn's love for the country. She found it, Miller felt soon after introducing her to it, a way station at best. The everyday sameness finally got to her. She needed distraction.

And so they took an apartment on New York City's East 57th Street. Marilyn had it redecorated in white tones and had arranged a study for Miller. She often shushed people and steered them away from the vicinity of the workroom when he was closeted inside.

She resumed her classes with Strasberg. If Miller had reservations about Strasberg, he also realized that the director and his wife added something important to Marilyn's self-confidence, which had been badly bruised by her miscarriage.

Marilyn was convinced she knew both Strasbergs so well by now she had seen their souls exposed—an intimacy that was rare in her life.

But her relationship with Milton Greene had soured altogether. Since she was deriving not the slightest benefit from the arrangement that she could see, she and Miller determined to take steps to settle the situation.

A stockholders' meeting was called by Marilyn in the offices of Miller's lawyers at which she issued a formal statement: "My company was not set up merely to parcel out 49.5 percent of my earnings to Mr. Greene for seven years. My company was formed because I wanted to make better pictures, to improve my work, to secure my income,

and to help others make good pictures."

At the meeting, a new board of directors was named by Marilyn with the help of Miller's lawyers. The board met and elected new officers of the company, and Greene was out as vice-president.

A settlement was reached at last. Greene was offered \$100,000 to terminate his contract, a sum Miller's lawyers were surprised he accepted. They had anticipated having to go much higher. But as Greene was to say to anyone who would listen, "My interest in Marilyn's career was not for gain. She needed me at the time, and I put at her complete disposal whatever abilities I possessed."

The outside world moved in on the Millers again when Marilyn was hospitalized in late spring, 1957. It was announced that her disorder was gynecological, and so it was, but she was also suffering from a depression so deep she could not be left alone.

Miller stoically resigned himself to the intrusion, while Marilyn's wounded spirit seemed to find some balm in the thousands of cards and telegrams, flowers and other tokens of idolatry that poured in to her bedside. After all, it was the love of the multitude that had kept her going before she had married Miller. It had been her best defense against Hollywood itself.

For over a year the Millers divided their time between New York and the country. Marilyn insisted that they try again to have a child to complete their happiness. Meanwhile, there were Arthur's children, Jane and Bobby Miller, whom Marilyn had come to love as she did Joe DiMaggio, Jr. She looked forward to their visits like a child to Christmas.

Miller had by now completed the screenplay for *The Misfits*. Meantime, Marilyn had to fulfill a prior commitment to make the movie, *Some Like It Hot*. In August, 1958, the Millers settled into the Beverly Hills Hotel and once more the movie-making began.

Marilyn's troubles exhibited themselves early in the shooting. Director Billy Wilder recalls typical examples of Marilyn's difficulty with even the simplest line of dialogue. One scene had to be repeated forty times. In another, he remembers, "She had one line to say of four words: 'Where is that bourbon?' as she goes through a drawer looking for it. We finally pasted the line inside the drawer. In another scene, her co-stars, Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon, are in a hotel bedroom. 'It's me, Sugar,' Marilyn says at their door. Then one of them says, 'Come in.' There were forty-seven takes. She was saying things like, 'It's Sugar, me.' I had to have the line put on a blackboard."

Those around Marilyn had to pay a high price for her emotional articulation of the part. In a sense she was emotionally bankrupt—part of her difficulty in remembering her lines and in getting to the set on time was due to her conscious or unconscious refusal to dig any deeper into the reserve of hurts and triumphs that made up her emotional history. When she would notice

that Director Wilder was on the brink of losing his patience (after nearly fifty takes to get one line right), Marilyn would be reduced to a state of absolute terror.

"She tried to be real," Miller later said, "to face enemies as enemies—Wilder was at the time an 'enemy'—and it simply was tearing her to pieces."

She wouldn't trust anyone on the set except makeup man Whitey Snyder, Paula Strasberg and a handful of others who worked for her. She needed them as a protective ring about her.

Marilyn had learned before leaving New York that she was pregnant again. Determined that nothing was going to terminate this pregnancy before its time, she retired early each evening after studying the next day's scenes. Some of this work was even done in bed to spare herself further.

The company moved to the seaside to shoot some exterior scenes. Marilyn was pleased to be working in the sunshine and fresh air. She told Miller, "This will be great for the baby."

Arthur Miller had sustained Marilyn now through two films. While his intervention was sometimes foolish and ill-advised, it had become as necessary to her as Paula's presence near the camera. On one occasion during the filming of the Wilder comedy, Miller had whispered to Wilder, "Marilyn is pregnant. Can't you let her go home? It's nearly four o'clock." Wilder answered, "Arthur, it is now a quarter to four and I haven't got a shot."

Marilyn lost her second baby in November, 1958, this one almost in its third month. This loss was harder to bear than the first. The loss, and a feeling of some deep inadequacy, made her fretful in private and more diffident than usual among strangers.

Some Like It Hot premiered in New York in March, 1959. Two months later, Marilyn received her only acting award of any consequence, the David Di Donatello statuette from Italy for her part in *The Prince and the Showgirl*. The belated award provoked a positive response in Marilyn that pulled her together for a time. She made a valiant effort to wrest herself free from the dark grip of her melancholia and entered New York's Lenox Hill Hospital in June for corrective surgery so that she might have the child she so desperately wanted. But a permanent strain was to come between her and Miller before the summer had advanced very far.

The winter of 1959-60 was the last season Marilyn and Miller spent together amicably. Miller attempted to analyze what was happening to them, but the closest he could come to any truth was that he, along with nearly everyone who had come into Marilyn's life, with the exception of the Strasbergs, represented nothing more to her than a long series of betrayals.

In rational moments, she could question her own behavior. Miller was still very much at the center of her life. What stability she had was through him. Yet it almost seemed as though she were following some dimly recalled

emotional pattern set by her grandmother years earlier.

At first Miller responded by compliance and stoicism, but there were times later on when he could not repress his anger and frustration. One of his killing glances was observed by Billy Wilder during the filming of *Some Like It Hot*, and the director wondered if perhaps Arthur didn't dislike Marilyn more than he did.

By February, 1960, when Marilyn went to Hollywood to fulfill yet another commitment to Fox on her four-picture deal—her most unsuccessful starring vehicle, *Let's Make Love*—the Millers' relationship had disintegrated to such an extent that Marilyn no longer confided anything of importance to her husband.

And yet Miller was determined not to allow her to go to the coast alone. If they could not talk together, at least he could keep her pulled together enough to do the film. This had become his role in her life.

By now she was seeking confidantes outside her marriage. Very soon after they had settled in Hollywood she phoned the actor and masseur, Ralph Roberts, and enlisted him in her entourage.

Roberts was playing a small role in a musical film. With Marilyn wanting a massage several times a week, he well might have become annoyed at the demands upon his time. But gradually he realized he was looking forward to the sessions with her. She told him things she had never told before "to a living, breathing soul." He became a depository of all her complaints, intimate and otherwise.

In that casual way, Ralph Roberts became the advance guard of a small platoon of trusted servitors with whom Marilyn surrounded herself. Most of them would survive the breakup of her marriage and take the place of nearly all the friends she had made as Mrs. Arthur Miller.

His wife's shifting moods were deeply disturbing to Miller. She seemed to be accepting the disasters of her personal life—her second miscarriage, the unpredictable rages—with some stoicism, but she reacted to the central tragedy of her life, her unhappy marriage to Miller, with such active venom and contempt that she alienated forever people who were once close to her. Her internist was among these. The doctor was to say of her confidences to him: "I couldn't take it. All that bile. That recrimination."

Miller noted that after Marilyn's co-star in *Let's Make Love*, Yves Montand, and his wife, Simone Signoret, had been adopted into Marilyn's inner circle, her habit of sedating herself during the day to level out her moods was forgotten part of the time. Miller could only assume that his presence alone was an irritant, but, as part of a more harmonious quartet, he was acceptable. "Anyone who could make her smile came as a blessing to me," Miller said later about the close liaison that was being forged between Marilyn and Montand.

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MARILYN MONROE

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Marilyn was only doing what she had done since she was sixteen years old. Never having known a father, and being a deeply mistrustful human being, she usually sought to have a man around who could fulfill several functions: reassure her, satisfy her sexual needs and take the place of her missing father. Despite what Miller had once meant to her, she was ready to dismiss him now from her life, despite the risk that she might never find a partner so willingly supportive and protective.

But leaving Marilyn, Miller found, was not as simple as taking a plane East. There was *The Misfits* looming before the two of them. Not only were they legally committed to it, it was crucial to both their careers. Let's *Make Love*, which was finally completed and released, was a clear failure. *The Misfits* would be Miller's first major work since his play, *A View from the Bridge*. In the role of Roslyn, Marilyn faced the most original and off-beat role of her career.

With the collapse of her marriage imminent, Marilyn seemed to disengage herself from active participation in life. Except for very brief spells, she was to remain in a state of apathy until her death. Her public emotional and sensual responses hid her inner detachment. Miller and those intimate with her in those days realized fully that she neither looked forward to the film she was about to make or appeared to care whether her affair with Montand ripened into a permanent relationship. She existed in a state of suspension, as though waiting to turn some corner that would change her life.

Filming of *The Misfits* started in July, 1960, in Reno, Nevada. Marilyn began living two lives simultaneously: that of the cautious and fragile Roslyn, whose inner being was explored each day before the cameras; and her own life, insulated from feeling too keenly by the pills and protected by her well-intentioned staff, who carefully hid any expression of annoyance with their charge. This protective attitude originated with Miller who, aware of Marilyn's precarious emotional balance, was afraid she might suffer a complete breakdown.

Director John Huston came to Nevada with little knowledge of Marilyn's multiplying difficulties. Miller had not given the director any particulars about her. Perhaps he felt that a director of Huston's sensitivity and awareness could bring Marilyn through. He would not risk losing him by suggesting that she was not in condition to do the film. And there was always the possibility, however remote, that the involvement which making a picture entails might work a miracle in his wife's life.

Every provision was made for her comfort and reassurance. Her trusted friends were in attendance: Ralph Roberts was put on salary as company masseur; Whitey Snyder was on hand to do her makeup; Agnes Flanagan was

there to dress her hair and Sydney Guilaroff would style it.

She would also be surrounded by old colleagues: Kevin McCarthy, Montgomery Clift, and the King himself, Clark Gable, whom she worshiped. When she had met Gable at a Hollywood party almost ten years before, she had told him that as a child she had felt he represented the kind of father she wished she had had. A man without any perceptible vanity, Gable laughed and loved her for it.

Gable had made stiff demands on the management of *The Misfits*. In addition to his salary of \$750,000, he was to receive ten percent of the box-office receipts and, if the film moved beyond its completion date (as it did), he was to be paid nearly \$58,000 in overtime.

Unlike Huston, Gable had heard rumors of Marilyn's problems and had braced himself for a trying time. As the precise nature of her difficulty revealed itself during the first days of shooting, he felt an enormous compassion for her.

The Millers had agreed that nothing was to be said about divorce until the film was completed. They would share a suite in the Mapes Hotel—an arrangement that brought Miller to the verge of a breakdown. In the early stages of the film's production, they made an occasional public appearance together. Later, this concession to face-saving ceased almost entirely.

From the first morning of shooting, when Marilyn failed to show up for a brief scene with Gable, the truth began to seep through the company that she was terribly ill with insomnia and emotional problems. Her intake of Nembutal had risen from three or four a night to what would be a lethal dose for the average person. She required the help of several people to get her in walking condition in the morning.

When she was able to work, she nearly made up for the frustrations surrounding that achievement. Her reactions to Gable were like quicksilver, but her presence, caught by the camera, was gauze-like. She seemed an exhausted angel trapped among earthlings. Huston observed that between *The Asphalt Jungle*, her first major film, and *The Misfits*, which was to be her last, something disturbing had happened to Marilyn, but that, whatever it was, it had deepened her responses. Her acting came from her insides. The veil over reality she demanded off-camera was entirely missing during her scenes. Huston felt, despite the difficulties, that he was getting something worthwhile on film.

On the numerous occasions when Marilyn could not get out of bed, her makeup was applied as she lay there. The ten or more pills taken at intervals through the evening and into the night enveloped her eventually in a sodden slumber. To get her on her feet, a few hours later, was virtually impossible. Gradually, Huston began shooting around her whenever she was indisposed.

And it was a self-canceling cycle. Her body was becoming immune to the

pills, and the nature of the drug was such that it sank her into profound depression. She sought oblivion at such times, and these occasions were becoming alarmingly frequent.

Miller spent as much time out of their hotel suite as possible. But he was usually there when Marilyn was ready to begin her nightly ritual of the pills. If she were beside herself with wakefulness in the middle of the night, he would talk to her, carefully avoiding anything that might irritate her. Often during these small hours, Marilyn would lash out suddenly, her voice carrying far down the hall.

His hands half covering his face, Miller sat trembling on the sofa in their suite, agonizing to friends over his situation. He confessed that he obviously was no help to Marilyn in seeing her through these terrible nights. He had decided to take a separate room down the hall, but still agonized about it. "She needs care at night," he said, and then he seemed to defeat any hope of his own salvation by crying out, "But I care for her so much!"

Marilyn's total collapse did not happen overnight. A week before it occurred Huston conferred with Miller. "This has to stop," Huston told him. "Marilyn has only had two afternoons before the cameras in a week." Miller agreed that drastic steps had to be taken.

A few days later, when Marilyn was driven to the set, it was almost noon and the temperature had soared to 110 degrees. She was helped out of the car. Huston saw that someone had to lead her to the camera location. "This is it," he decided.

Marilyn looked blankly at Russel Metty, the cameraman. At other times she used to joke with him even when not feeling her best. Now, she looked around dazedly. It was obvious she was not sure where she was. Someone helped her to the spot Huston had indicated beforehand, and she turned instinctively toward the camera.

Metty moved his camera in for a closer look at the star. Huston came over to him. "It's hopeless," Metty whispered. "Her eyes won't focus."

"We must shut down for a week or so," Huston told Marilyn's friend, and the movie's producer, Frank Taylor. This was not an opinion; it was a decision. It would prove to be a costly one, but there was never any thought of replacing Marilyn. She had to be rehabilitated, at least temporarily.

It was the end of August. Marilyn was flown to Los Angeles and admitted to Westside Hospital. It was announced that she was suffering from exhaustion. Yves Montand later said that Marilyn made an effort to see him at his hotel, but that he was not in when she had dropped by.

Dr. Ralph Greenson, psychiatrist to a number of Hollywood personalities, took care of her during this trying period. She had sought his help several times before her Nevada breakdown. In the months to come she became even closer to Greenson and, in fact, to his entire family.

Huston met with Greenson to deter-

mine Marilyn's ability to finish the picture. Greenson believed that she could work after about ten days of rest and medication. But the psychiatrist was upset by Marilyn's having got hold of such large amounts of Nembutal in the first place. "How did she get them?" he asked.

Huston, equally distressed, told how his company doctor had given her one night's supply after she had begged for them. But the doctor had refused her when she came back the next evening. Marilyn had then scouted up a doctor on her own. "She told him of her woes," Huston reported, "and he gave her a prescription."

Marilyn returned to Nevada on September 5 after a stop in San Francisco to see DiMaggio. She seemed happy to be back. No one really believed that she was off the pills. The most reliable word was that the doctors had switched the chemical combinations in such a way that she could manage with smaller, less debilitating doses. There was every expectation that the film would now be completed.

On September 14 the company passed what had been the original completion date for the film. Shooting would not be completed until November 4. The production was a half million dollars over budget—the most expensive black-and-white movie ever made.

When the film finally finished, so too, in a very real sense, was Marilyn's career. Though *The Misfits* had been produced in an atmosphere of some affection and tolerance for her difficulties, Marilyn would never again find such a measure of forbearance among professional movie people.

Early in November, 1960, Marilyn and Miller were back in New York. Their marriage was over.

Partially through Pat Newcomb's ability to keep reporters at a safe distance, and partially through the help of sedatives, Marilyn, though close now to being physically ill, retained enough control to function. She even went to Kennedy International Airport at this time to intercept Yves Montand on his way to Europe. They spent several hours in her limousine drinking champagne, while he bid her farewell and told her of his decision to stay with his wife. It was the last known contact between Monroe and Montand.

At this time, Marilyn drew up a new will—her last. She began thinking of her own family ties, distant though they had become. Her half-sister, Berniece, in Florida, was first in line of heirs. Marilyn had only seen Berniece half a dozen times but these occasions included one reunion on the farm in Connecticut that had been especially congenial and "family like." Putting Berniece ahead of all others took some of the edge off Marilyn's acute sense of having no real family to remember.

May Reis, too, was generously remembered. Marilyn no longer thought of May as just her secretary but rather as the kind of mother she had always sought.

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been taken care of, Marilyn wanted Lee Strasberg to have whatever remained. In him she had found the father she had pursued as a phantom. But in Strasberg he was embodied as solid, reachable. Perhaps most important of all, Strasberg believed, as Marilyn never dared, that her talent was something rare.

On January 20, 1961, Marilyn and her lawyer, Aaron Frosch, flew to Juarez, Mexico. The divorce was painless. But the thought of the lonely life suddenly stretching before her must have been terrifying for Marilyn. Given her acute mistrust of people and her near total dependency upon those for whom she was a meal ticket, this isolation was disastrous.

As Marilyn's ability to function collapsed further under the weight of the sedatives she was taking, Dr. Marianne Kris suggested that she enter the Payne-Whitney Clinic, a New York institution concerned mainly with mental and nervous disorders.

Marilyn was not told that she was being taken to a section of the clinic that housed the mentally ill. She agreed that she needed hospital care, however, and went inside with Dr. Kris. As they proceeded through the hospital, iron doors slid open and then slammed shut behind them. Marilyn was frightened. "What are you doing to me?" she asked. "What kind of a place is this?"

Admission was completed and Marilyn, under the name of Faye Miller, found herself in a room barren of any of the comforts which had made her previous hospital stays something of a respite from the limelight. The windows were barred; the door had a transparent glass pane so patrolling nurses could observe at all times the celebrated occupant within.

Within two days, Marilyn's state of high nervous tension had degenerated to one of hysteria. What she had hoped might be her salvation had turned into a nightmare.

John Springer, the press agent who took over so Pat Newcomb could concentrate on Marilyn herself, announced to the press: "Marilyn was admitted for a period of rest and recuperation following a very arduous year in which she completed two films and had to face marital problems. . . . It is expected her stay will not be prolonged."

Reporters kept a constant vigil at the clinic. At least once they were able to corner one of the doctors in charge. He told them she was not under restraint. "And she is completely rational, here of her own free choice." But the speculation, much of it absurd, continued in the world press.

Miller, who had tried to persuade himself that Marilyn was a closed chapter in his life, heard and read the many stories about her condition and phoned Mrs. Frank Taylor late one night. "I've thought a lot about it," he told her "and Marilyn doesn't seem to have anyone around who means anything to her. I feel I should make contact and see what I can do."

Mrs. Taylor suggested to Miller as

kindly as she could that he stay out of it, that he was no longer a part of Marilyn's life and must accept the fact.

After three days of alternating fits of hysteria and despondency as she gazed through the glass pane toward the busy corridor and then back to the dismal barred room, Marilyn finally was allowed to make one call. She used it to ask DiMaggio for help.

DiMaggio, then in Fort Lauderdale, assured Marilyn that he would fly to New York that evening and do all he could. Early the next morning, clutching tenaciously to DiMaggio, Marilyn emerged secretly from the clinic.

Arrangements for a change of hospitals had been made swiftly through DiMaggio's intervention. Marilyn went at once to a private room in the Neurological Institute, a unit of Columbia-Presbyterian Hospital.

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After less than three weeks of rest and withdrawal from the pills, Marilyn felt well enough to ask to be discharged. Pat Newcomb accompanied her to her apartment—where there was relative peace following the madness of the reporters who surrounded her car when she left the hospital—and it seemed for a brief time that she was almost as keen about her life in the city as when she had first arrived in 1955.

She slowly attempted to pick up the pieces. The National Broadcasting Company contacted her about a TV special. When a deal could not be arranged to include Lee Strasberg as director, Marilyn refused the offer.

With the television production shelved, Marilyn felt restless. She accepted an invitation from DiMaggio and went to Fort Lauderdale, where the Yankees were in pre-spring training. Skies were sunny, and the change did her more good than she had thought possible. She made contact with her half-sister Berneice in nearby Gainesville. She and DiMaggio went surfing along the beach. When she grew impatient, Marilyn flew back to New York.

Before she could get deeply involved with her career again, Marilyn read in a newspaper column that Mrs. Clark Gable purportedly believed that Marilyn had caused her husband's death—that prolonging the picture for weeks had brought on Gable's fatal heart attack,

from tension and exhaustion, two days after the film had been completed.

It was always easy for Marilyn to accept guilt because she had been oddly insensitive to it, but this was more than she could handle. She dropped the newspaper and opened her living-room window as wide as she could and leaned out. At the moment, death apparently seemed easier to face than life.

Marilyn told a member of her staff later that day that she had squeezed her eyes shut at the open window, her fists clenched, trying to summon courage. She recalled reading somewhere that suicides from heights lost consciousness before they hit the ground. She prayed that it was so. When she looked down, she saw a woman walking along the sidewalk. Marilyn, certain she knew the woman, turned away from the window. She was shaking with frustration.

Word of Marilyn's attempt flew from one friend to the other, and they decided that she should be persuaded to leave her apartment. Marilyn agreed. The reality of New York—without Miller at her side—was more than she could take. She would sooner lose herself in the unreality of Hollywood.

Marilyn's Hollywood in 1961 was not only crowded with ghosts of her unpleasant past but a graveyard of gleaming white doctors' offices, pharmacies, and hamburger palaces. For Marilyn, food was no longer something planned in advance for friends at her apartment or country house. It was something she caught on the run between visits to her internist, her analyst, or her drugstore.

The faces of her past were not long in making their appearance. Pat Newcomb had returned with her and settled into a comfortable apartment about ten minutes away from Marilyn's place on Doheny Drive. When Pat was not by Marilyn's side, she stayed close to the telephone. In late summer of that year, an important call came.

"Please, Pat! Come over right away. I've just heard from my father!" Marilyn sounded panicky, gasping between words.

When Pat entered the apartment, Marilyn showed her an expensive greeting card made of embossed silk. It read: "Best wishes for your early recovery." It was signed: "From the man you tried to see nearly ten years ago. God forgive me."

Marilyn quickly explained to Pat how she had driven to Hemet, California, in 1951 and tried to reach her reputed father. She knew he had once worked with her mother and that his name was C. Stanley Gifford. Her last information on him was that a friend of her mother's had seen him on the Paramount lot. In this way Marilyn had traced him to a dairy farm in a rural village near Palm Springs. She had asked her drama coach and friend, Natasha Lytess, to accompany her.

"I'm going to do it," Marilyn insisted. "I'm going to see my father."

Natasha wanted to know if Marilyn had been in touch with him.

"Oh no! That's the whole point,"

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Marilyn told her. "I'm going up to his farm and see him, talk to him."

Natasha had little to say to this. She knew Marilyn well enough to realize that opposition or advice frequently made her more determined. With some reluctance, Natasha agreed to accompany her.

After serving in World War II, C. Stanley Gifford had married for the second time. Through some luck in investments, he had a considerable sum of money at the time. His new wife died of cancer within a few months and he began having heart trouble. He suffered two attacks within a period of a few months. In between these two illnesses, he married once again. His third wife, a few years younger than he, ran the dairy after his second attack. Marilyn was unaware of most of this history.

Natasha recalled that Marilyn was silent much of the way, almost in a daze, but it did not appear to affect her driving.

At one point, Marilyn pulled up at a highway phone booth. "I'm going to call him," she said. "I can't just barge in on him this way."

As she watched Marilyn place the call, Natasha prayed silently, "Treat her kindly."

Marilyn repeated the jarring conversation later to one of her trusted confidantes: "Is Mr. Gifford there?" she had asked.

"Who's calling him?" a woman inquired sternly.

"This is Marilyn. I'm his child . . . I mean, the little girl years ago. Gladys Baker's daughter. He's sure to know who I am."

"I don't know who you are," the woman said, "but I'll tell him you're on the phone." Natasha recalls that there then followed a minute or two of silence, during which Marilyn leaned back, eyes closed, seemingly fighting an impulse to hang up.

Finally the woman came back to the phone. "He doesn't want to see you," she said to Marilyn. "He suggests you see his lawyer in Los Angeles if you have some complaint. Do you have a pencil?"

"No," Marilyn said in a defeated tone, "I don't have a pencil. Good-bye." She walked back to the car and slumped over the wheel.

Now, the fancy card in her hand, Marilyn turned to Pat Newcomb. "What does it mean?" she asked. "It's all too late."

Marilyn was so upset Pat stayed with her all that day and night. The next morning, nothing was said about the card, which apparently had been sent to Marilyn's hospital in New York and then forwarded.

During the next three weeks, Dr. Hyman Engelberg, Marilyn's internist, supervised a regimen of rest and diet to prepare her for a gallbladder operation. The operation was done in June, in New York, and Marilyn returned to Hollywood.

Recovery gave her time to think, to make some plans. She wanted most of

all to put some order into her life, to end her drifting. She enlisted the help of analyst Dr. Ralph Greenson. Whatever the consequences, she would begin a new life, and Greenson would help her establish it.

In February of the following year, 1962, Marilyn began searching for a house to buy. She seemed to be making some progress in her therapy and Dr. Greenson had urged her to put down roots and she had elected Los Angeles County. She found a small but luxurious one-story "hacienda" in Brentwood. It had ten-foot brick walls surrounding the front and, being on a dead-end, offered maximum privacy.

She was seeing DiMaggio regularly. Through an accretion of bravely met but ill adventures she was becoming as solitary as he. Her garden and her home were her joys.

The problems of everyday life were her primary concern now; making movies had taken second place. But scripts piled up in corners of her living room and study; most of them were read and sometimes deals were discussed.

Not long after she was settled in the new house, Dr. Greenson urged her to take a companion-housekeeper. Mrs. Murray, a family friend of the Greensons, had retired from part-time interior decorating and, though she had never been a housekeeper before, she was available. Mrs. Murray was to keep in constant touch with Dr. Greenson. Marilyn knew of this arrangement, but she was so deeply involved with her attempt at emotional recovery she did not protest.

There was a flurry of activity, decorating the house. During this period, Marilyn heard yet again from her father. She was with Ralph Roberts when the call came. Roberts had come to give her a massage and she had asked him to stay for dinner. A nurse in a Palm Springs Hospital told Marilyn she was calling for "your father." The nurse spoke in hushed tones, Marilyn told Roberts afterward, and said it seemed likely that her patient, Mr. Gifford, would not survive his heart attack. His condition was grave. One of his strongest desires was to see her. "He keeps talking about it all the time," the woman told Marilyn.

Roberts remembers that Marilyn looked uncertain only for a moment. Then she spoke clearly into the phone: "Tell the gentleman I have never met him. But if he has anything specific to tell me, he can contact my lawyer. Would you like his number?"

The nurse must have been shocked into silence for she declined to take the lawyer's number. Then Marilyn glanced at Roberts as though to say: "You see? I can be tough too, sometimes."

But the call may have upset her more than she let on. She had begun seeing Dr. Greenson several times a week and, while it cannot be corroborated, she probably discussed the phone call with him. Roberts and others observed some contrition in her over her rejection of a man she was told was dying—the man she was certain was her real father. She

later took the trouble to discover that he had recovered from the attack.

A shooting date in early April had been assigned to a film she had agreed in 1956 to make for Twentieth Century-Fox, *Something's Got To Give*. She would have to face her public again. When she was withdrawn, as she had been for sixteen months, she'd neglect her hair and seldom wash her face. But when she was in contact with the public, she looked every bit the star.

She became anxious about her house. She wouldn't be able to touch it during the twelve weeks or so it would take to do the movie, and "It has to be finished up some way," she said.

She was beginning to take great pride in her home. She called friends to ask them when they were coming to see it. Nearly everyone she knew and was still in touch with was invited to her snug sanctuary at least once; it was the most successful enterprise of her last year of life.

When the first call to work on the film came, Dr. Engelberg was treating her for a viral infection. At the same time, Dr. Greenon was still seeing her several times a week. It would seem clear that he considered her detachment from the swirl of activities about her a deepening case of melancholia. She was very much in her doctors' hands and neither believed she would be able to perform for the studio.

But studio pressures mounted, and in mid-April Marilyn appeared, wan and remote, for hair and makeup tests. The following week she came onto the set for her first scenes. Whitey Snyder and Agnes Flanagan, again part of Marilyn's staff, saw at once that she was ill. Word reached George Cukor, whom Marilyn had approved as her director.

Cukor is known as a ladies' director. He is gentle and resilient. With Marilyn, he was something more. He was sensitive to her moods and states of health. Cukor knew that something had to be done. He could not state this to her boldly, for this would ruin any chance of bringing her through.

Marilyn's co-star, Dean Martin, whom she had personally selected, agreed with Cukor that they should attempt to run on Marilyn's erratic schedule, shooting around her when she was unable to be on the set, and pray that somehow they could get most of the necessary footage on her.

Marilyn knew she was in bad health and she took her temperature several times a day. An agreement was reached whereby she could go home if it climbed to 103 degrees. It hovered between 100 and 101 degrees.

Well into May, they were still shooting mostly around her; she had been on the set less than six days.

On the weekend of May 18, Marilyn flew to New York. There was no doubt about the risk she was running with her studio after racking up approximately a million dollars in excessive costs because of her illness. She had been invited by Peter Lawford to sing "Happy Birthday" to President John F. Kennedy at a massive birthday celebration in Madison Square Garden.

Aware of her film commitment, no one on the planning committee was sure she would make it. But Marilyn seemed to look upon the honor as equivalent to a command performance. She plainly felt that it took precedence over her obligation to Fox.

Producer Henry Weinstein learned of her departure on Friday afternoon. Departure was not the term he would have used; defection was more to the point. Although his production of *Something's Got To Give* had been rewritten by Nunnally Johnson as a vehicle for Marilyn, Weinstein now began to take definite steps toward discharging her from the film.

On the night of Kennedy's birthday celebration, actor Peter Lawford, then a relative of the President by marriage, made an insider's joke about Marilyn's reputation for tardiness and, after having the lighting crew throw a spot on empty space two or three times, he finally introduced her as "the late Marilyn Monroe." A little giddy from several glasses of champagne, Marilyn began singing as sultrily as she could manage. The audience loved it, and John F. Kennedy, grinning broadly, acknowledged the tribute from Marilyn before making his address to the 17,000 Democrats in the crowded Garden.

Just before the President went on stage, he spoke for a few minutes with Marilyn and her ex-father-in-law, Isidore Miller. Kennedy and Marilyn had met socially some months earlier in New York. The elder Miller, alone of all the family and close friends of Arthur Miller, had kept in close, regular contact with Marilyn. "She is like my own daughter," he often said, and Marilyn returned his affection by calling him at least once a week and seeing him whenever she could manage it when in the East.

When Marilyn returned to the coast, she did not report at once to the studio but called attorney Rudin to learn what had happened in her absence. Now her behavior began to seem more defiant and less dependent upon the state of her physical health, which had considerably improved. Her salary of \$100,000 especially galled her. She felt she was worth many times this and that the studio was taking gross advantage of an old contract. Rudin advised her to continue the picture.

Within the next two weeks, Marilyn managed to appear on the set at least six more days.

On the first of June, Marilyn's thirty-sixth birthday, she made what was to be her final appearance on Stage 14 at Fox. The day's shooting seemed to go well, except that Marilyn was more nervous than usual, her laughter a

little shrill. A huge birthday cake, glittering with several dozen sparklers, was dollied in. Marilyn wept.

Most of the following week, she was talking with her lawyer and seeing her two doctors. All three were concerned about the strain she was under.

Marilyn had been fired from the picture and had gone into seclusion. Only in the evening did she come out to her living room and sit in a chair, listening as Pat Newcomb intercepted the numerous calls. Marilyn had been crying and now, emotionally drained, she sat in a seeming stupor.

Despite her efforts to distract herself, Marilyn felt alone and especially desperate; her will to go on had collapsed. She phoned her friends, cabled them. Frank Sinatra, reached in Monte Carlo, was appalled by what Fox had done: "A girl as sick as that! A girl who needs help as much as she does!"

That summer many were quick to say that Marilyn was through, that her career was in a steep decline. They were wrong. As it turned out in July, she wasn't even through with the film from which she had been discharged. In fact, after the initial shock that reverberated from Hollywood to New York, a reappraisal was made that was favorable to her. When Marilyn had said it was not her fault, she was partially right. The fault really lay buried in the past.

Marilyn did not remain completely in seclusion as she had during her similar break with Hollywood and her studio in 1955. Then she had not only withdrawn from the public eye, but from the social whirl as well. She had chosen to be alone to reassess her life and to recover her strength. This time she chose privacy because she was involved with a married man. He was not in the movie industry; he was an Easterner with few ties on the coast. He had come West mainly to work out the details of a film production of a literary property in which he had had a hand and to escape the pressures of his work as a lawyer and public servant.

If anyone was to "blame" for the relationship that developed during his California stay, it was his host, who was connected with films and knew Marilyn well enough to realize how vulnerable and exposed she was that summer. He knew her doctors and was aware that her hold on reality was tenuous. For the attorney, his holiday on the West Coast was a lark, a vacation from his wife and children. He and Marilyn were discreet, almost never venturing beyond the stuccoed wall surrounding his friend's beach house.

The alliance was surprising, even shocking, to those who were in daily contact with Marilyn. Marilyn seemed alert only to distraction, something to kill the long days and quite a few of the nights.

Their relationship had nowhere to go. Publicity about the affair might destroy all his chances for an important political career. How sensitive he was to Marilyn's precarious emotional state is difficult to assess. Within days of their meeting he and Marilyn became

OLD SAW, NEW TEETH

He whose laughs last, lasts best.

—Raymond J. Cvikota

nearly constant companions, a relationship interrupted only by his flights to New York or Washington when called on some business that could not be resolved over the telephone.

It is doubtful that Marilyn at first informed her psychiatrist of her growing intimacy with the man. But the complications caused by her increasing dependency upon the relationship must have impelled her to confide something to Dr. Greenson—in a plea for help and reassurance.

During what was her final summer, Marilyn confided to a friend that Dr. Greenson was attempting to make her more independent and less insecure in her opinions. She volunteered this information when asked why she was cutting herself off from several old and trusted friends.

If Marilyn's new friend had been free of family obligations, he might have filled admirably the void in her personal life. But he only served to deepen her anxieties while temporarily relieving her sense of feeling unwanted. A letter from his sister in the East, discovered after Marilyn's death, made clear to Marilyn that she (the sister) and most of the family would welcome her if she came East with her brother. Even this must have failed to diminish Marilyn's sense that she had blundered into an affair that could only end badly.

The entire Greenson family attempted to help. As the end of June approached, both the Strasbergs and the Greensons, from opposite ends of the country, were attempting to save Marilyn from disaster. The Strasbergs, although far away, nevertheless sensed that Marilyn was in serious difficulty. It was almost as though the past fourteen years of growth had been destroyed overnight and that the same guileless gift for attracting trouble had surfaced again. Her stubborn innocence through all temptations, both resisted and indulged, had inspired Arthur Miller to write about "her spirit shining through everything she does." Now her spirit was not so visibly radiant and it worried her few friends in the film colony: the late Clifton Webb, the Dean Martins, singer Connie Francis and Frank Sinatra. They knew how close to defeat Marilyn was. They saw how, rather than fighting back, she seemed to be courting annihilation.

In late June, Marilyn's lawyers were having daily conferences with Fox studio executives to resolve the dispute and get *Something's Got To Give* rolling again. Her distaste for the script was pushed to the background. She had been moved by co-star Dean Martin's defense of her and felt an obligation not to let him down. Her attorneys had advised her to complete the film to reinstate herself as an insurable property for future films.

Marilyn continued to see her summer friend. She was living the sort of double life she had lived several times before—in the Dougherty family home, when she was attempting to be at once a dutiful daughter-in-law and launch her modeling career; with the company of *The Misfits*, when she and Miller had

decided to part but remained together in the same hotel suite; the Marilyn who was the friend of Yves Montand as well as of his wife, Simone Signoret. This was not duplicity but a neat splitting of self, possibly because of her quick and unconscious shifts in attitude and behavior.

Now, when she opened the door of her Brentwood home, she appeared to be the Marilyn her friends remembered, only thinner, perhaps, than she had ever been. Often, with these friends, she became animated in discussion of her career and the possibilities of advancing it after her bondage to Fox had ended. It seemed evident to all that she wanted to succeed as a dramatic film actress.

New scripts arrived daily, and Marilyn read some of them. Her prior commitments about to be filled, she'd soon be a free agent, probably able to command from \$500,000 to a million dollars per film.

But the future as a viable proposition was beginning to seem curiously remote to Marilyn. She had no peace of mind. With the exception of seven days in July, she was seeing Dr. Greenson at his office or at her house every single day. Her ego was badly bruised, her belief in herself was profoundly shaken and sleep eluded her. And there was the man, phoning Marilyn that he was back in town and asking if she could come by for a drink and maybe dinner. Or possibly it was his host, who, in Marilyn's view, acted as a buffer between them and those forces antagonistic to their affair. She was apparently beginning to see the hopelessness of her alliance; still, a phone call from him would alter whatever else she had planned for the evening and she would go to him.

She made brave attempts to face adversity. Reporters and photographers came to the Brentwood house expecting to find her crushed, and were surprised to see what they believed to be the old Marilyn coming to greet them. *Something's Got To Give* was to resume in early September or later in the fall.

Joe DiMaggio was on the phone with her almost every day. He was now her staunchest ally in a world gone sour.

In late July, when word reached DiMaggio of Marilyn's interest in the *Easterner*, they had a bad row. He had reason to be alarmed and angry. Possibly afraid of permanently losing DiMaggio as her most valued friend, Marilyn sat down and wrote him that if she could only succeed in making him happy, she would have succeeded in the biggest and most difficult thing she could imagine—that of making one person completely happy. She concluded by informing him that his happiness meant her happiness.

The letter was unsigned and unsent—discovered in her desk.

Word reached at least one member of Arthur Jacob's press office staff that Marilyn feared she was pregnant. Confirmation of the fact is hard to pin down. While friends were told that Marilyn had gone for a long weekend to Lake Tahoe, it is said that she was

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secretly hospitalized on July 20 in Cedars of Lebanon Hospital, where she remained for four days.

If indeed she was pregnant, it may have been tubular—like her first pregnancy—and if so could not have gone beyond its fifth or sixth week without the gravest complications.

Attempting to regain her strength in her Brentwood home, Marilyn began to dip into a tomorrowless world. She was pinned to each day like a moth to a panel. Who were her enemies, who were her friends? She sought sleep, oblivion. One night in late July when the pills Dr. Engelberg had prescribed failed to work, she phoned her masseur, Ralph Roberts. It was almost 2 A.M.

"I feel terrible, Ralph. I'm about to jump out of my skin. Can you come over?"

Roberts arrived about fifteen minutes after the call. He spent nearly an hour with her, giving her back and neck muscles a deep massage. She began to relax. He had to do his work in total darkness because any light would defeat his purpose—Marilyn could never sleep with the least glimmer of light in a room—but he knew the bedroom so well by now that he could move about without fumbling.

"This is a lot better than pills," Marilyn mumbled, her face buried in the pillow.

Friday, August 3, was what had become a normal day for Marilyn that summer of 1962. She appeared to have made some headway, with the help of Dr. Greenson, toward resuming the business of living each day at least a step away from the abyss.

She arose late, pulled a wrapper around her, and prepared her own coffee and grapefruit. Then she went outside to the guesthouse to let out Maf, a white poodle given to her by Frank Sinatra. Marilyn was dressed in slacks by the time Mrs. Murray arrived.

Renovation of the guesthouse into living quarters for the people she loved, like the Strasbergs and her ex-father-in-law, Isidore Miller, was much on Marilyn's mind. She had invited them on numerous occasions. During her weekly phone conversation with the elder Miller, she had repeated the invitation to him.

Marilyn got a call from Pat Newcomb, who said she had a severe case of bronchitis and didn't think she could spend the weekend with Marilyn as planned. "But this is just the place to get rid of it," Marilyn told her. "You can lie out by the pool for a while. We'll bake those germs right out of you." Pat agreed to come later in the afternoon and sleep over.

After she got dressed, Marilyn put Maf back in the guesthouse and drove over to Beverly Hills to Dr. Engelberg's office. She asked him to give her a new sleeping pill prescription. After he was convinced that the drug she was taking—chloral hydrate—was not working, he agreed to prescribe twenty-five tablets of Nembutal.

Continuing on her medical rounds, she stopped by Dr. Greenson's office and talked a while. She said nothing

about the prescription. Then she drove to a pharmacy.

Pat was already in her bathing suit when Marilyn returned from the drugstore. Marilyn did not join her. She was never known to swim in the pool, although she had a simple pride in its being there—one of her few traits in common with the newly affluent—and always urged her friends to use it. Pat came inside and the two women chatted for a while in the living room, Marilyn sitting on the rug. Since there was nothing in the house to eat, they decided to dine at a nearby French restaurant.

Saturday had begun early for Marilyn. She had a poor night. The Nembutal pills she had promised Dr. Engelberg she would take in normal doses had not worked.

During breakfast, she sat in front of Pat silent and distant. Conversation was a strain. Marilyn stared into space and traced patterns on the table with her finger.

Expecting several callers, Marilyn continued taking pills to calm her jumpy nerves. Pat saw nothing unusual either in this or in the way Marilyn looked or behaved, for she had seen her in much worse states on other occasions.

Those closest to Marilyn were caught in a paradox. During that long, melancholy summer it was dangerous to leave her altogether alone, and yet she found solitude therapeutic. "I restore myself when I'm alone," she had said more than once.

When Mrs. Murray arrived, Pat must have been relieved. She was anxious to get home, at least before evening. The housekeeper brought with her some articles she might need if she stayed over.

When Dr. Greenson drove up to the house for his session with her, Marilyn, on hearing the car door slam, ran toward the bedroom. "That must be Ralph," she told Pat. Since house calls were not as usual as her office visits, it is not known whether Marilyn or the housekeeper had phoned him.

Pat prepared to leave. As she moved toward the front door, Marilyn looked out from the bedroom hallway, a question mark in her glance. She seemed to be asking forgiveness for some failure on her part. Pat smiled and said she would phone Marilyn in the morning.

Dr. Greenson was to say later that he found Marilyn very despondent when he arrived. He spoke with her for an hour or so and suggested that she drive over to Pacific Coast Highway, which she had enjoyed before. However, she did not heed his advice that evening.

When Dr. Greenson left, Marilyn wandered about the house. A neighbor saw her briefly in the yard behind the house, playing with Maf for a few minutes in the gathering dusk. Finally she handed the small white poodle to Mrs. Murray and told her to put him to bed.

As Marilyn went into the house, the phone rang. It was the Easterner's host asking if Marilyn would join them for the evening. Apparently he mentioned that they had a couple of young ladies

with them (his wife was away at the time). Marilyn was angered by the suggestion. She told an intimate friend who phoned minutes later that she had been asked to join them and that she had told him "no thanks."

The invitation must have been especially upsetting to Marilyn for it shattered the benefits of the session she had had with Dr. Greenson. But, as usual, there were phone calls every half hour or so, and one or two revived her spirits briefly. Nearly all of her life as Marilyn Monroe the phone had been her ally against loneliness. Friends would often get calls halfway through the night just for a chat, some words—however foolish or sleep-drugged—which were reassurance. Joe DiMaggio, Jr., telephoned sometime before eight o'clock. Their conversation lasted for several minutes. She finally emerged from her bedroom and told Mrs. Murray that the young man who had been her stepson had broken his engagement. But she added, "He sounded so relieved, I'm happy for him." Then she said, "Good night, honey," and closed her bedroom door.

In her bedroom—where there was room only for her oversized bed, a night stand.

graph, which was on the floor near the bed. A stack of Sinatra records was already on the spindle. Somewhat relieved, Mrs. Murray heard a record start to play.

Between ten and eleven that evening, panic must have aroused Marilyn from the stupor that always preceded an overdose. If she attempted to phone Pat Newcomb or one of her doctors, she was unsuccessful in reaching them. But she did get through to the two men who had invited her out that evening, and she told one of them that she had just taken the last of her Nembutals and she was about to slip over the line. One of them attempted to phone Mickey Rudin, Marilyn's Hollywood attorney, but he was out for the evening. Why such indirect means of summoning help were chosen will never be known. Oddly enough, it occurred to no one who was aware of what was happening to inform the police.

In a last conscious attempt, Marilyn dialed yet another number. Ralph Roberts' answering service reported to him that he had received a call from a woman who sounded fuzzy-voiced and troubled, but had left no name or number. In all likelihood, Marilyn's last contact with a human being was the voice of an operator informing her that Mr. Roberts was out for the evening. When Marilyn's body was found in the early hours of that Sunday morning, the phone was still clutched in her hand.

Coroner's Case No. 81128—"probable suicide"—lay unclaimed at the Los Angeles County Morgue on a slab in a chilled storage vault where unidentified bodies await burial. Marilyn was dead and there seemed to be no one to claim her. Her life had ended as it had begun. ♦