

Greatness: How The Great Become Great...

And You & I Don't

CASE STUDIES

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Blog

The book that the 3 massive case studies presented here are related to is entitled: *Greatness: How The Great Become Great... and You & I Don't* (2017).

A thorough introduction to this book, plus free PDF of it, are available on my Blog: **www.greatnessbd.com**. You can also send in any questions or comments re the overall *Greatness* analysis and/or the case studies presented in this book.

Introduction

The three case studies presented in this book are intended to provide comprehensive demonstrations of the theoretical analysis made in *Greatness: How The Great Become Great... and You & I Don't* (2017) by applying this analysis to three very different lives over the course of 20+ years of development.

There are several reasons for presenting such extensive case studies

First off, while many of us tend to think of various greats with reference to one or perhaps two defining characteristics - Mozart's 'perfect pitch' being the key to his compositions, or Einstein's 'pure intellect' being the power behind his theory of relativity - in my experience becoming a great in any field always involves the interplay of not one or two but typically five Key Characteristics. Moreover all of these develop over course of two or more decades of intense problem solving which elaborates initial genetic biases into incredibly complex, powerful, and compelling versions of intelligence, personality, and self. It is these Key Characteristics (typically five of them) which are unique to any given great and which allow this person to take on and solve the key problems of a field/ society for a given generation. Thus, for example, the greatest productions of Hitchcock, or Woody Guthrie, or Norma Jeane / Marilyn Monroe are down to not just the obvious intellectual or physical characteristics but to several far less obvious yet equally essential aspects of personality & self such as Hitchcock's *fear of an overwhelming and chaotic world*, Guthrie's *terror of intimacy*, and Norma Jeane's *perfect self doubt*.

The three case studies presented here will hopefully allow you to experience the complex developmental processes involved in creating all of the Key Characteristics which were essential to Hitch, Woody, and Norma Jeane / Marilyn. In particular they will demonstrate the unpredictable and often chaotic influences which result in a future great gaining access to The Right Kind of Problems (ie those which are essential to accelerating the development of a particular Key Characteristic - int, pers, or self) over the full course of development, ie 20+ years. In the process it will become evident that obtaining and taking on such opportunities has little to do with our mythical notions of such development being driven by the individual's efforts (struggles, courage, etc) or talent (genius, creativity, etc).

What in fact happens in each case is that opportunities to take on The Right Kind of Problems (as well as having the resources and interpersonal support necessary to solve them) come about due to the interplay of influences from what I've come to call The 4 Worlds. That is, it is the interplay between the individual's talents, interests, motivations, etc (personal world) and the 3 more powerful worlds the person is ever embedded within - ie the interpersonal (family, friends, etc), institutional (school, film studio, etc) and societal (political, economic, cultural influences) - which determines what sort of developmental problems the individual is able to take on at any point in time.

Given the complexity of this developmental picture, the easiest, clearest, most thorough and compelling way to demonstrate it is through the use of case studies, case studies which will follow the individual great from birth through two+ decades until the person definitely attains a foothold in s eventual field of fame.

I chose to do case studies of Hitchcock, Woody Guthrie, and Norma Jeane/ Marilyn for several reasons.

I wanted to use greats who would be familiar to a wide audience, individuals who clearly influenced society in the 20th century. In this regard Einstein and Picasso obviously would have qualified, so too would have, eg, Louis Armstrong or Charlie Parker. However, I also wanted to make the case studies easily accessible, in particular the details of the development of the Key Characteristics in each case. This was going to be tough enough for the personality characteristics, no matter whom I chose. I didn't want to add on cram courses in the likes of jazz, European art history, or late 19th century physics, as well. (I ended up doing some of this anyhow as there is an extensive analysis of Einstein in *Greatness*)

Beyond this I wanted to use three individuals whose greatest productions could in no way have been anticipated from their origins and early years of development. This would make it easier to show the interplay of all 4 Worlds in determining access to The Right Kind of Problems over and over again throughout the course of their development. It would also – hopefully - make for a compelling read. Obviously the same analysis would have to be shown to apply to other greats, such as Mozart or Einstein. Hopefully this has been thoroughly demonstrated at various points in the *Greatness* book.

It should be emphasized that the three case studies presented here are not potted biographies. The sort of analyses developed in these case studies has never - to my knowledge - been made before. What I've done in each case was make my own best determination of the Key Characteristics each person (Hitch, Woody, Norma Jeane) would have required to produce their greatest works (this is done at the outset of each case study). The case studies then try to immerse you in the experience of each person as these Key Characteristics develop over the course of two+ decades. In this sense the case studies will read more like stories than traditional psychological case studies. Aside from me flagging the interplay of all 4 Worlds in determining the person's access to The Right Kind of Problems to accelerate the development of each characteristic, I've tried to bring alive the experience of development. That is, for eg, the experience of Hitch developing an *active inner life* *Edgar Allan Poe would have been proud to be bricked up in*; of Woody becoming a *wordslinger*; of Norma Jeane acquiring her *survivor morality*. While there is no explicit theoretical analysis presented anywhere in the case studies, there are extensive Notes throughout which document the theory and research underlying all aspects of these case studies.

The overall developmental analysis which applies to all three case studies is of course presented in the *Greatness* (2017) book, frequently with reference to examples taken from these case studies.

Print versions of both the current book and *Greatness: How The Great Become Great... and You & I Don't* (2017) are available on www.lulu.com and www.createspace.com.

On either site, just search for "Dorris Greatness". A free PDF of the *Greatness* (2017) book is also available on my blog: www.greatnessbd.com

Hitch Goes to Hollywood

The movies that we associate with Hitchcock have his hands all over them – *Notorious*, *Vertigo*, *Rear Window*, *Psycho*. In Donald Spoto's words, they are "astonishingly personal documents". (1) Or as Albert LaValley puts it, "his themes and interests are indeed almost too obsessively recurrent not to be his own". If we look at these recurrent themes and interests, and the "montage methods" Hitch used to "produce effects he has obviously experienced", we should have a good idea re what Key Characteristics he needed to create the films that are his legacy – the Key Characteristics which were driving, organizing, motivating his work as a film director, creating the films for which Alfred Hitchcock became famous.

Perhaps the most obvious place to start is with sexuality, the "murkier side" of sexuality, the kind of sexuality "where feelings of other kinds abound", feelings of "anxiety, fear, murder"; the kind of sexuality that shows up in *Strangers on a Train* with its "under-currents of sex and murder, of homosexual threats and attractions, blendings of wives and mothers". Think of the "perverse experimentation with Tippi Hedren by Sean Connery" in *Marnie*; the "final images of (Anthony) Perkins against a white wall (in *Psycho*), mother's voice and skull, Janet Leigh's car rising from the murk...". Think of the sort of sexuality that shows up in *Vertigo*, where Scottie's "preoccupation with female clothing borders on the perverse"; where Jimmy Stewart spends the first half of the film tracking Kim Novak, and the second half "undressing her".

Hitch's sexuality is the sort of sexuality that is driven by fear, "fear of a devouring, voracious mother"; a fear that goes right to the core of the male identity, fear of a "continual threat of annihilation, of being swallowed up", a fear of "being 'swamped'". It's a fear of "psychic obliteration", a fear that drives Norman Bates to "his own ritual of defilement", to the slashing then "meticulous cleansing" of that bloody bathroom. It's the fear that Uncle Charlie knew in *Shadow of a Doubt* – the fear of a man who "murders wealthy widows", those women "smelling of money", the money their dead husbands slaved for, "... eating the money, drinking the money..." those "faded, fat, greedy women".

Hitch's sexuality is the kind of sexuality that easily slips into strangulation, the kind of sexuality where "love scenes are filmed as if they were murder scenes, and murder scenes as if they were...". It's the kind of sexuality that was essential to Hitchcock's films – indicative of Hitch's first Key Characteristic, what we'll call his *massively conflicted and repressed sexuality*.

Closely associated with this first Key Characteristic is a second which pervades every Hitchcock film, films which inevitably "portray a world dissolving into arbitrary chaos". (2)

Think of the chaos associated with every one of Hitch's chase films – *North by Northwest*, *The 39 Steps*, *The Man Who Knew Too Much* -- chases in which the innocent man is ever pursued by both the villains and the cops, pursued in a "double-chase" where the "tempo and complexity shift and change as the murder, the madness, the rescue become emblematic of the character's variations in passion".

Think of Hitch's famous domestic scenes, scenes where that which should be the safest and most secure source of comfort turns out to be the drugged drinks of *Notorious*, of *Spellbound*, the poisoned milk of *Suspicion*, the protective husband of *Dial M For Murder*.

Think of the core of *Shadow of A Doubt* -- a core which in fact pervades every film we associate with Hitchcock -- that sense that "almost anything can be anything else, so all appearances are deceptive and threatening". Think of *Psycho* where "everyone has a disguise or something to hide – the hidden treasure, the furtive plans of lunchtime lovers at the opening, wedding-day tranquilizers secretly taken by Janet Leigh's co-worker, the cash undeclared for taxes by the possessive father, the bottle of whiskey hidden in an employer's desk; the secret of illicit affairs, stolen cash, concealed identities, and undiscovered murders."

Think of *The Birds* where nature itself turns on us – the perfect metaphor for Hitch's second Key Characteristic, his *fear of an overwhelming and chaotic world*.

A third preoccupation of Hitchcock's which pervades his films, even in the face of a happy romantic ending, is the question of guilt, or more particularly, the experience of "what it feels like to be guilty", to "have the handcuffs on". (3)

As early as *Blackmail* and *Sabotage* we have the wife confessing to murder then going off, unpunished, with the detective, leaving a pervasive sense of guilt, a guilt which "seems to diffuse itself into both characters, the whole film – and us".

In our identification with Bruno in *Strangers* we participate in his "attraction for murder... for sexual perversion". In "his sickness we can distinguish – corrupted, perverted, but given a kind of esthetic dignity – the very archetype of our desires." "We are as much on his side as we are on Guy's, and the screen itself, this chasm that separates reality from fiction, is not enough of a barrier to prevent our participation... we find ourselves more involved than we would care to admit".

In *Psycho* "nothing that isn't disturbing or tainted ever happens, and to enjoy it (as most people do) is to stand convicted, and consciously convicted, of a lurking nostalgia for evil", to stand convicted "of Original Sin".

And in *Rear Window* when the murderer "suddenly appears" in Jimmy Stewart's apartment, asking "What do you want of me?", we are all guilty – along with Jimmy and his binoculars - not of blackmail, but of a motive far more "despicable" -- "idle curiosity". The entire film "illustrates the cardinal virtue of Hitchcock's morality: we can never be hard enough on ourselves".

Psycho, *Strangers*, *Rear Window* – the lot of them are inconceivable without Hitchcock's third Key Characteristic, that guilty conscience – *a conscience so guilty he couldda hung off if of Mt. Rushmore*.

And what of the mind that conceived of all this -- this mix of sexual repression, chaos, guilt, and murder? (4) The mind that was the creative driving force behind Hitch's films, that selected, conceived, brought to life the likes of *Rebecca*, *Notorious*, *Strangers*, and *Psycho*?

The kind of mind that could fill an afternoon of cocktails with friends wintering in Saint Moritz, first by demonstrating how it is "possible to strangle a woman with only one hand, and then by "warming to the subject" of necrophilia "for an hour".

The kind of mind that had an "obsession" with "blonde, subtle, Nordic" women -- those Ingrid Bergman, Grace Kelly, Vera Miles, Kim Novak, Eva Marie Saint "women of mystery" -- those women who triggered a "simultaneous attraction and repulsion" in him. A mind that could spot an unknown model in a TV commercial, order up her portfolio, sort through the pile of photos, and then sign her to an "exclusive seven-year contract". The kind of mind that would hire Edith Head to design "not only a lavish wardrobe for her screen tests, but a complete wardrobe for her personal life" as well. A mind that would assign two crew members to keep track of her off the set, to "keep careful watch on where she went, whom she visited, how she spent her free time"; that would "take her aside for long story conferences about the film", then direct her "down to the movement of an eye", to "every turn of her head". A mind that "was always staring at her on and off the set". A mind that was "doing a *Vertigo* with Tippi Hedren".

This was the kind of mind that was "*relentless*" in searching for new material; that had a staff of "well-tuned" insiders who "scoured everything - plays, novella, short stories, newspaper clippings" looking for that "little spark", that "springboard or trigger" -- that headline in a Santa Cruz newspaper: "Sea Bird Invasion Hits Coastal Homes" -- that "would turn him on", to "come up with a whole new situation and characters". Like that novel Peggy Robinson handed him in the spring of '59, that novel Hitchcock "holed-up with for a weekend in his home in Bel-Air", that novel with "two shocking murders, a twist finale peppered with transvestism, incest, and necrophilia", that novel that was "catnip" to Hitch, that novel with the perfect shower scene.

That mind behind the overall picture, behind *Notorious*, *Vertigo*, *Strangers*, *Frenzy*, *Psycho*...that mind was Hitch's fourth Key Characteristic -- a mind with the kind of *active inner life Edgar Allen Poe would have been proud to be bricked up in*.

What would it take to turn this into film, into cinema? (5) Into those *North by Northwest* chase scenes -- the biplane turning, Cary Grant diving into that cornfield; that finale across the face of Mt. Rushmore?

It would take the kind of mind that created that strangulation scene in *Strangers*, that had Robert Walker "pursue Laura Elliott to the amusement park island, flick open her cigarette lighter... her face filling the frame as she looks directly into the camera, suddenly blocked as Walker steps into the frame... his hands gripping her throat, her eyeglasses falling to the ground"; the kind of mind that has us see the "strangling and final collapse of the woman as a huge reflection in one of the eyeglass lenses, the shadowy distortion marking at once something gruesome and infernal, a moment wrenched from a terrible nightmare".

Think of that trick shot Hitch devised for *Vertigo*, “that combination of a forward zoom and a reverse tracking shot” that created the “effect of the dizzying elasticity of dimensions – itself the visual equivalent for the admixture of desire and distance, the longing to fall and the fear of falling, the impulse toward and the revulsion from, that define the somatic and spiritual condition of vertigo”.

Think way back to *Sabotage*, how Hitchcock “gradually built up the psychological situation, to “draw the audience right inside it”, to let the audience experience, “how the thought of killing arises in Sylvia Sidney’s mind and connects itself with the carving knife she uses when they sit down to dinner”. The scene is “made up entirely of short pieces of film” edited together so as to “emphasize first one detail, then another”, so the “camera immerses us closely in the scene”. So as Sylvia “serves at the table you see her unconsciously serving vegetables with the carving knife, as though her hand were keeping hold of the knife of its own accord. The camera cuts from her hand to her eyes and back to her hand; then back to her eyes as she suddenly becomes aware of the knife, then to a normal shot (of her husband) unconcernedly eating; then back to the hand holding the knife...“now the camera moves to Verloc – back to the knife – back again to his face. You see him seeing the knife, realizing its implication.”

To create this cinema, this film montage, which forces the viewer into the psychological tension of every scene, it took a mind with a compelling sense of visual drama; a mind that couldn’t “read fiction without visualizing every scene”, so that a book became “a series of pictures rather than a book”; a mind that was “interested in the narrative line, not in a message, not even in the significance of plot or character, but in the development of emotional resonances in narrative through cinematic method”.

It took the kind of mind that “carried this little pad with two frames and a pencil, so as he explained something, say to the cameraman, he’d draw an image of what he wanted from the shot”, so “the cameraman would put a lens on and that’s exactly what he’d get”.

It took a mind that “staged scenes like blueprints”, a mind for which going “through the script and creating the picture on paper” was “the real making of the film”, for whom the shooting, the editing, “the rest was just a bore”. It took the kind of mind that could tell Vera Miles on the set in *Psycho* to “be sure to stand on her mark”, not to “move one *inch* either way”, and then dose off in his chair while the scene was shot, already knowing “how it was going to look”.

Creating the likes of *Notorious*, *Vertigo*, *Strangers*, *Psycho* . . . took the mind of a Hitchcock, a mind with his fifth Key Characteristic -- that *incredible ability to visualize drama*.

That's it -- the five Key Characteristics behind Hitch's work as a film director. The five Key Characteristics driving, organizing, visualizing his creations – those films we know as Hitchcock's, all the way from *Sabotage* and *Blackmail* through his final cameo in *The Family Plot* almost fifty years later. Now starting with our best guess as to his genetic biases, let's follow Hitch over the first 20+ years of his life to see where these five Key Characteristics came from, to see how he happened to get The Right Kind of Problems over and over and over again – the kind of problems that accelerated the development

of his five Key Characteristics, the kind of problems that gave us this "international institution".

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No doubt Alfred Hitchcock was born "anxious", or at least "inhibited". (6) Still that doesn't exactly book you straight into Norman Bates' motel. What Hitch needed was a little something extra, something right at the outset to give him a definite jump on the competition, to pump his little "needs and insecurities" up into a full-blown fear -- an awful, endless, abiding fear of a chaotic, unpredictable and overwhelming world, the kind of world that'd smother little Fred with love, and then forget to feed him, that'd keep him so scrubbed up and tidy he probably figured his dipes were starched - the kind of world that only a mother could provide. (7)

And not just any mother. What Hitch needed was a special kind of mother; in his case an Irish Catholic mother from a "stern" cockney, working class background; a "meticulous", "neat" mother who "wouldn't venture out of her room" unless she was "perfectly dressed"; a mother unexpectedly blessed with one last little baby boy, a baby who obviously "needed" her.

And Hitch got that little something extra, that early jump on the competition. He got himself "surrounded" with momma's "doting affection", with a "devotion" that was somehow "too intimate", too "overwhelming", too "intrusive"; a devotion that "imprisons rather than frees", a devotion that must have driven Emma's little bundle of joy ever further into retreat; into sitting "quietly in a corner", ever vigilant -a "loner and a watcher" - "saying nothing", just "looking and observing a great deal"; a devotion that no doubt drove him even further yet - into that secret world of dreams and fantasies - of escape, and safety, and, yes, revenge; into that inner world where little Freddy finally got his hands on the joy stick, where he could keep the milk trains running right on time, and watch the mud pies come flip-flopping, flying, splashing down, and SPLAT -- all drippy, black and brown, and gooey down the wicked witch's back. (8)

OK, not exactly *Psycho*, but still, not a bad start for five. You could say Hitch got his first big break just when he needed it, and her name was momma. (9)

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By the time Hitch was old enough to start letting the old man know who really oughtta be taking care of momma - old enough to be playing doctor, pumping the trike, and generally lashing Geronimo - the whole family was helping out - doing their best to keep their boy on the fast track to Hollywood, or more to the point, to Norman's Motel. (10)

Emma continued as before, “surrounding” little Fred with her “doting affection”; with her “sedate”, “quiet”, “close and constant companionship”; with an “interest” that “investigates rather than encourages”, a “psychological intimacy” that “inculcates guilt of a scrupulous and neurotic type”. Dad was mostly unavailable but no matter, he did what he could. A stickler for “discipline” and “order”, for keeping “emotions under constant restraint”, William Hitchcock had no uncertainties about a father’s “uppermost duty” out in London’s East End - “protecting his children from bad influences”. This worked out to “keeping a careful eye” on them, to “ordering them home” almost before they left, to carting them all off to St. Francis - miles down the road in Stratford - for weekly confessions, mass, and Sunday school. It also included Hitch getting clapped in a cell up at the local slammer. Having caught his “little lamb” in some “minor transgression”, dad apparently gave the wee lad a note and sent him off to the nearest police station - where he soon found out exactly what they “do to naughty boys”. Of course Hitch was released a few minutes later, but you get the idea. Little Fred mightta been halfway through the phallic stage, but he wasn’t about to start “constantly asserting” himself, or “bursting into and through” half of Leytonstone, much less showing any “interest in the genital equipment of adults”. Least not in 1905. Those bits were gonna have to wait for the movies. For now all the action was in the Hitch’s head. Mom and dad had him up there, ever busy building a conscience, a guilty conscience – a conscience so guilty he coulda hung off if of Mt. Rushmore; a conscience crucial to his film career. (11)

And that was no small matter, but Hitch needed more than guilt. For one thing he needed fear. Those “enormous insecurities” that momma had already worked up to a fever pitch, the sense that the world was chaotic, overwhelming, erratic, definitely not to be trusted - all this had to be sustained, extended, stretched to fill his ever-expanding horizons. Just at the time his body and mind were gearing up to leap tall buildings, Hitch had to be kept to a single bound. Or better yet, yoked with kryptonite. He had to learn where danger lurked - in the garden, the house, the streets; in mother’s smile as she sliced the meat. He had to be kept on his toes, and more importantly, in his head, ever observing, “constantly alert”, ever planning against ever present dangers - his career depended on it. And happily this was not much of a problem along The High Road in Leytonstone. In fact it was pretty well guaranteed. You see, the Hitchcocks were a “family apart”, cockney Catholics amid a sea of Protestants, and, apparently - at least as mom would have it - a good cut above their local brethren as well - information that must have given little Fred a pretty fair hint re the sort of welcome he could expect out on the street; not to mention a clear choice of playmates - about four, to be exact.

We’ve already seen dad’s idea of a good time. Of course there were reasons - well up and over the eyeballs in his green grocery business - husking walnuts, lugging potatoes, barley, bananas; counting cash, stacking shelves, sorting, sweeping, managing two, sometimes three, assistants; carting deliveries all over the East End - 6, 7 days a week; watching his family grow and his health decline - William Hitchcock probably had enough trouble staying on his own two feet without worrying about staying off his son’s. Luckily for Hitch his “rather nervous” and “emotional” father also had a “kindly” streak in there somewhere. Otherwise that quick trip up to the slammer mightta been the least of little Fred’s worries. Still the old boy obviously did what he could. You’d think Hitch would have credited him for at least a couple dozen films.

And Hitch’s siblings? They could have been a serious problem - it’s hard to work up a good worry, much less expand it, when you’re playing with the brother and sister all day.

Happily this never happened. By the time Hitch was getting into crayons, his sister was getting into bras.

In fact about the closest they ever got to doing anything together was on dance nights - when dad sent his 8 year old son up to the Town Hall to "chaperone" his 15 year old sister. No doubt Nellie gave the "little lamb" a good few things to worry about on those nights - week after week after week. And as for William, Jr., the "well built" older brother, who might have eased Hitch into the world of "cricket and lacrosse and football", into the Leytonstone streets that were "thick with young athletes"; who might have pulled him out of his fear - his "physical fear" - and into the action; who might have been the playmate Alfred "never had"? Well, by the time little Fred started leaving home for his treks up to the Town Hall, William was 18 and ready to start "a life of his own". He was leaving home for good, leaving his brother safely on the sidelines - "watching", "content with his books and his games", with getting all his exercise "from the neck up". (12)

And so we're back to momma, back to her "inevitable centrality" in that little house on The High Road, that "severe, restrictive", shaky, little house where something was definitely wrong. Maybe it was his father's "declining health", maybe it was his mother's rising fears of an empty nest, maybe it was their social isolation, maybe Hitch's folks weren't all that well matched in the first place. Maybe it was the whole lot. Whatever it was, Hitch never told; but his permanent retreat into momma's lap meant that he felt it all - every quiver, every creak, every tiny tremor; every hint of a glance, of a distant bark in the dark of night. One of his few glimpses into the "forest of privacy" that "darkens the grounds" of those early years probably says it all:

"I was five or six. It was a Sunday evening, the only time my parents did not have to work. They had put me to bed and went to Hyde Park for a stroll. They were sure I would be asleep until their return. But I woke up, called out, and no one answered. Nothing but night all around me. Shaking, I got up, wandered around the empty, dark house and, finally, arriving in the kitchen, found a piece of cold meat which I ate while drying my tears."

And you can be sure that wasn't the only Sunday evening; the only tiny tremor; the only empty hint of a glance, of a cold bark in the dark of night. And with his finger ever on momma's pulse, Hitch must have felt them all, every little one. And that can add up to a fair few "tears", not to mention plates of "potatoes, ice cream", "fries", and "meat". (13)

A conscience the size of Everest, and a fear that never quits. And all by the age of 7 or 8. What more could a child hope for? In Hitch's case a lot more, and he didn't even have to ask. It all came as part of the package. Part of growing up in London, rather than Weedpatch or Akron, or even LA. Part of his time with dad, the best of those times, up there on the van, moving along to the "rhythmic jingle of the harness", to the clip clop "beat of the horse's hoofs", "delivering fruit and vegetables to grocers all over the Epping area", out through the "great complicated junction at the foot of The High Road", even as far as "piers and quays of London"; and a bit later, pursuing his own "favorite pastime" - riding the buses and tramlines as far as they would take him, from "one end of the city to the other", riding up top, "trying to touch the passing lilac-trees", turning slowly around on "the revolving table at Westminster Bridge", watching the flower-girls weaving "tinsel and ferns into *boutonnieres*", the "rowdy youths" and "street-criers selling oysters, and balloons, and candy whistles that wouldn't blow"; "wandering through Lambeth Walk and

the Cut, their cookshop windows steaming with roast joints of beef and pork, and golden-brown potatoes soaked in gravy"; even taking the "river steamers to the very mouth of the Thames", past the tugs and "squareriggers", with their sails "lashed snug on the yardarms", bobbing high up in the "white shroud of fog" that rolled in off the Channel - a string of images, of colors and scents and sounds, ever unfolding before him; richer, more varied even than his little family outings to the theatre with its "green-lighted villains and ghosts", its "rose-colored heroines", and crucially for Hitch - just as safe.

The bus, the tram, the steamer . . . the stall at the theatre - all much the same, the acts and scenes following each other right on schedule, a steady flow of action and images, from Shakespeare to Shaw, from Shoreditch to Spitalfields to Bishopsgate. . . a scene, a stop, one after another, right before your eyes, all predictably on time. Here was the perfect feed for Hitch's ever growing, ever "active inner life" - that "life of fantasy", of "fears and dreams" - which expanded even further across the pages of his travel books and wall charts, charts that followed the entire "British merchant fleet" down the Thames and out the Channel to the 7 seas and back, checked and rechecked against the daily "shipping bulletins", just to be sure that all "the hands" in their "oilcloths and sea boots" were safe from the towering waves, from the "mountains of water" that came "crashing over the bulwarks"; just to be sure that every tiny flag on his "enormous" bedroom wall chart was perfectly in place, safe and accounted for, day, by day, by day, by day.

And so it was that Hitch, with his little Plotto books in hand, working and reworking his images into storylines - turning his tiny flags, and wall charts, and timetables into "literature" - found himself about four centuries ahead of the rest of Leytonstone's budding directors. While all the playmates he "never had" were racing down The High Road to the football pitch, or up Vicarage, past St Joe's, swinging their cricket bats and lacrosse sticks, Hitch was already in a league of his own. 'Cos for him the roads, and streets, and footpaths weren't just shortcuts to the pitch, they were the pitch. The lamppost and horse tram and pillar box weren't just markers on the way home. They were bits of light, and sound and color; parts of the stage, the plot, the action; of the endless stream of images he was forever shooting off the top of the van, the bus, and the Thames steamer. They were chopped, studied, compared; mixed with "rose-colored heroines", "green villains and ghosts"; pinned and clocked, on maps and charts and timetables - woven into a complex visual universe, into Hitch's "active inner life", his "life of fantasy" where images were not just recorded in living, vivid detail, but interlinked in time and space, with color, scent, and emotion, capable of being retrieved, reworked, and manipulated; capable of being played for an eager audience in the little house on The High Road, to a green grocer's family, somehow "astonished" that their 8 year old could rattle off virtually the entire nation's train schedule. (14)

I guess Hitch's family must have just been too busy to notice - too busy with dance nights and leaving home; too busy going to the theatre, and strolling late nights out in Hyde Park; too busy up on the van "delivering fruit and vegetables all over the Epping area"; too busy "doting" over little Fred - too busy to notice where all of Hitch's "astonishing" feats came from in the first place.

Good thing they never asked about story boards.

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By the time school days rolled around, Hitch definitely had the all the basics - a conscience you could barely lift, a fear that never quit, and the sort of “active inner life” Edgar Allan Poe would have been proud to be bricked up in. What he needed now was the right kind of school, a school that would harness all this potential, a “healthy, English” school with a “relentless moral rigor” - not to mention “whysking rod” - a school that would definitely keep him on that straight and narrow road to Hollywood. (15)

But first he needed a bit more work on the home front, a few more years to cement those ties that bind, to buffer him from all the nasty influences out there on the street - classmates, school chums, friends - the sort of temptations that could easily distract young Fred from the task at hand.

Happily this wasn't much of a challenge for the folks. At seven, when it “was time to think of school”, that's about all they did. While the other neighborhood kids were taking that first big step down the road to the Leytonstone local, little Fred just stayed “at home”, safely buried in “his timetables”. From 8 to 11, when the other guys were milling around the playground swapping lunches and hunches, and punches, Hitch was mostly just swapping schools - moving around the East End, following dad's shop from Leytonstone to Poplar to Stepney. That probably put pay to any danger of him becoming one of the lads. (16) Still just to be on the safe side, Hitch's folks took whatever extra measures seemed necessary - little touches like hiring on the local ‘paper boy’ as their son's “protector”, touches that no doubt brought young Fred straight home after school - home to his wall charts and travel books; his steaming potatoes and “fried cod” and “long-back bacon”; home to his “evening confessions”, right there at the foot of momma's bed, night after night after night. Little touches that kept Hitch “safe, quiet, withdrawn, and friendless”; that had him well prepared for St. Ignatius College by the fall of 1910, for St. Ignatius and its three years of “relentless moral rigor”. (17)

St. I. wasn't around during the Inquisition, but you could have fooled Hitch. The place was perfect. The “rubber strap” hanging in the prefect's office, like votive candles in that damp, dark church - ever flickering in your mind, a constant reminder of Father Vaughn, of Father Newdigate, their names etched hard and narrow over the confessionals, their knuckles tight. The sermons and lectures and essays, the injunctions and warnings, on sin and sin, and sin and sin, and “sex and crime, and sin and death”; on “fornication, lust and lying, and vice, and murder”; and “theft” and “table manners”; on “frivolity”, and “ice rinks”, and “picture palaces” - the picture palaces that were springing up all over London, that would soon replace the darkened ice rinks where Hitch was already sitting - sitting and watching the screen and worrying, about sex and crime, and sin and vice and death; about the “mortal terror” of “being summoned” down the hall “to the gallows” - to the prefect and his “rubber strap”, the strap that left you “numb” after “three strokes”. The strap, and the Jesuits, and sin and vice and death - no wonder Hitch was more than “terrified of physical punishment”. Thanks to those three years of “relentless moral rigor”,

Hitch had worked himself up into a fullblown “moral fear” - a “fear of being involved in anything evil”. Or more to the point, of being seen to be involved in anything evil. (18)

Already Hitch was “affecting an innocent look”, letting “nothing appear on the surface” with the result that it “was difficult to know what might be going on underneath” And just as well, because what was “going on underneath” was much more of a tidal wave than a ripple. In fact it was more like three years of tidal waves - three years of Scott and Shakespeare, of Dickens, and Dante, and Defoe; of treading the boards with the likes of Hamlet and Macbeth, and Exton and bloody Richard; of Paris and London, and Miss Havisham’s mouldy wedding cake; of Jarndyce and Jarndyce, and Krook and Swills, and the Court of Chancery where “nothing ever ends”; of Mrs. Jellyby and Tulkinghorn and Sir Thomas Doodle; of Esther Summerson, ever in the grip of her “flaming necklace”, and Lady Dedlock, “cold and dead” in the melting snow. It was three years of reciting and memorizing and paying “particular attention” to those endless “moral dramas”; three years of studying and performing, and, yes, three years of living them - and not for class, or exams, or “Prize Day”; not to escape that long walk “to the gallows”. Hitch was living them - living in them, and through them - like his wall charts and timetables, like his “travel folders” and “maps of New York”, his films and theatre, like his trips to “every stop on the Orient Express”. Hitch was living by proxy, by fantasy, by “colored pins” on the maps he drew, by “imaginary journeys” and trips he was constantly “planning”, by trips he was constantly taking - with Dickens and Defoe, with Shakespeare and momma and Newdigate.

So while his classmates were still busy sorting out what the bits and pieces of Bleak House or Richard II might have to do with the likes of “truth and justice”, “power”, “love” and “corruption”, Hitch was downing the big picture like a plate of yams. He didn’t have to work his way through the concretes to find the abstractions. He had already been through enough concrete to be an abstraction - the justice of the slammer, of the strap; the love of a mother, of a family; the power of a prefect, of a cold, dark, empty house. . . Shakespeare and Dante and Dickens weren’t giving Hitch his first trip to Hell, they were just showing him a few more rooms. After a 1000 pages of Bleak House, Hitch wasn’t working out the “similarities between Tulkinghorn, Kenge and Vholes”; or recognizing the “emblematic qualities” of Mrs. Jellyby, or Jo or Jarndyce or Krook, or anyone else. He didn’t have to - Hitch had already met the whole crew. Dickens was just introducing him to some more people he already knew - from his own bleak house. So while the other kids were working their way up to the big picture, Hitch was practically previewing some old clips of his own - clips we’d all be seeing over and over in the years to come - the “grim distrust of public institutions”, of “statesmen and judges and lawyers and policemen” - each more “venal, and small-minded” than the other - “driven by the most intense lust and greed” - none of them “much better than the villains” themselves.

And while his classmates were working out the nuances of the written narrative - the questions of theme and plot and conflict, of “focus” and “shifting viewpoints”, of dialogue and characterization, of motivation and “psychological metaphors”, Hitch - ever watchful, “observant”; ever attentive, “down to the last glance and gesture and detail” - was working out narratives of his own, visual narratives - dramas driven by his own “fears and dreams”, by his own themes and conflicts; visual dramas, suddenly set loose in Shakespeare’s tales of “theft, imprisonment, murder, and penance”, in Dickens’ endless kaleidoscope, those etchings through the “heart of English society” - visual dramas, with sets and lights and plots and metaphors; with chance after chance after chance for Hitch

to take those crucial early steps into the real thing - to work and rework that fear we'd all know in time, that "moral fear"; that fear "of the police, of the Jesuits, of physical punishment"; that fear of fleeing fast the swords of Richard and Exton, and Newdigate; of fleeing out past the main altar and down the Thames with "all the sail that we could make", only to find stationed about the foredeck - "gnawing like the rats" at Crusoe's feet Mrs. Jellyby and Krook and Tulkinghorn, and there behind them - awaiting like some "horrible desolate island, void of all hope of recovery" - the office of the Prefect of Studies. . . that fear MGM must have commissioned St. Ignatius to develop - in 3D and Technicolor - that fear of Hitchcock's. (19)

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By the time the testosterone started pumping - and his "frame started filling out quickly" into a "solid dumpling of a boy" - Hitch was pretty well set. (20) Guilt, fear, fantasy. . . a few more bits and he was on his way to the big screen - a few more bits, and one of these was practically guaranteed. A "particularly unattractive, fat boy" with "no friends", Hitch wasn't exactly hanging out in the back room of the local barber shop, listening to the men "playing bagatelle", and soaking up all the essentials of that "long underground tradition" of "male Enlightenment". And he definitely wasn't standing in the evening shadows with the likes of Mahony and Leo Dillon, watching Mangan's sister calling him into tea - her "figure defined by the light from the half-opened door", her "dress swinging as she moved her body, the soft rope of her hair tossing from side to side" - standing in the shadows, with his "heart leaping", wondering if, when, how to speak to her, how to tell her of his "confused adoration". Not Hitch. (21) Whatever "watching" this "lonely fat boy" was doing was on his own, and at a safe distance - in places like Madame Tussaud's and the Black Museum, that "chamber of horrors" in Scotland Yard, where they had "all the shoes of prostitutes from the Gaslight Era", shoes whose heels contained "fascinating bits of information" - information coded in red, in blue, in green. . . in colors a man could see from a distance - as he watched her "walking along the Waterloo Bridge at night" - in colors that told him exactly "what her specialty was".

And a few years later, by his late teens, nothing much had changed. Hitch was out of school, and caught in a "monotonous round" of work and home, home and work; and he wasn't meeting the lads in-between to compare notes on "going with girls off the South Circular." Aside from his movies and the odd evening class, Hitch was just going to work and going home - home to momma and her warm meals, to momma and her "evening confessions" - home to night after night, "at the foot of her bed", answering "her detailed questions about the business of the day", after day, after day, after day.(22) And mostly, home to his room, and his books, and his other Emma - his "favorite character" in all of fiction - his Emma Bovary, standing "motionless, with her forehead against the window, looking into the garden"; thinking back to "the ball", to the "Viscount" in his "low-cut waistcoat", "sweeping her" across the cotillion floor, her "skirt swirling out against his trousers", their "legs intertwined"; dreaming of "long embraces" and "sighs in the moonlight", of "all the fevers of the flesh"; "wanting" to be free of her tiny village, of her

“narrow house”, of her husband ever “sucking” his “puffy cheeks”; “yearning to travel”, to “live in Paris”, to become her “exalted dreams”. . .

Home to his room, and his Emmas - home to his cocoon and his trap, to his books and his escape - home to his Poe - to Roderick and Lady Madeline, bound as one behind “vacant eye-like windows” in the “bleak, grey walls and turrets”, in the “insufferable gloom” of the House of Usher. . . to Egaeus and his Berenice - once “agile, graceful” and “gorgeous”, and now suddenly in the morbidity of his own mind, the “Berenice of a dream” - and through her smile, her teeth - “long, narrow, and excessively white” - objects of his “phrenzied desire”. Roderick and Egaeus - and Hitch - trapped in those “gloomy, grey, hereditary halls”, in the “most intense and painful meditation”, grieving the slow and final consumption of Berenice and Lady Madeline, taken by “the destroyer”, trance-like, to the grave. And then those “first feeble movements in the hollow coffin”; that “distinct, metallic, clangorous, muffled reverberation”; that “wild cry disturbing the silence of the night”; and suddenly Usher crashing to the floor, “a corpse” under the “bloody white robes” of Lady Madeline. And Egaeus, his garments “muddy and clotted with gore”, “shrieking” at the “violated grave”, at the “disfigured body” - “still breathing, still palpitating” - shrieking at the spade, at the plyers. . . at the “thirty-two small, white bits”. . . at the thirty-two teeth “scattered to and fro about the floor”.

Into his 20s and still nothing had changed - the “lonely fat boy”, who had “never been out with a girl in his life”, was still going to work with “his face a perfect deadpan”, and a “ludicrous, draggy gray topcoat covering his girth like an oriental gown”. 21, 22, 23. . . home and work, work and home. Hitch and momma - momma with her hot meals, her nightly confessions. Hitch with his movies and his plays. Up in his room with his books and his magazines, and his *News of the World* - ever busy building his “massive library of criminal cases”; sating his “obsession with the detail of suffering”, his obsession with the likes of Peace, and Pearcey and Jack the Ripper... the likes of Dr. Crippen and John Reginald Halliday Christie - that “mild little man” with all those bodies stuffed in his cupboards, that “mild little man” who “could only reach his climax” by “strangling the woman he was having sex with”. (23)

But Miss Reville needn't have worried. The Alfred Hitchcock who phoned her in the summer of 1923 - the Alfred Hitchcock who had been “watching her almost constantly when she wasn't looking” - didn't need a victim. He wasn't setting Alma up for an early version of *Frenzy*. He didn't need to. Hitch already had an outlet for “whatever dark impulses may have lurked in his mind” - He had just been made an assistant director. Hitch wasn't looking for a victim. He was just looking for a “cutter” on his “new film” - for a cutter, and a co-worker, and a wife; and mostly for someone just like momma - someone to replace her for the next 50 years - the next 50 years of marriage to a “devoted”, “protective”, “motherly”, and “bossy” wife; the next 50 years of fantasizing about “cool blondes” and “identifying” with stranglers, of filming “murder scenes as if they were love scenes”; for the next 50 years of being “obsessed” with “the desire to open a film with a murderous rape”. (24)

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Of course in the fall of 1913 Hitch's obsessions weren't exactly the problem. (25) For that matter, neither was Hollywood. In fact it wasn't even a fantasy. Out of school, out of work, and still out in East Epping, it was gonna take a bit more than mom and dad, or the Jesuits, to get Hitch to Hollywood. It was gonna take The Allies and the Central Powers, and the British War Effort. It was gonna take World War I.

Hitch for his part was probably too busy to notice. Too busy with his books and maps and momma's home cooking, too busy with the local movie theatres and his evening courses - his courses in "navigation, and mechanics, and electricity"; courses that seemed a logical extension of his maps and charts and timetables; courses that might get him a "respectable position" in the expanding war industries, that might add a few coins to the shrinking family coffers; courses that were suddenly available for a pittance at the local University of London campus, courtesy of the British War Effort; courses that were part of the buildup to 1914, part of the massive Allied campaign, part of the campaign to get Hitch into Hollywood.

A year or so later and not much had changed. Hitch was still hanging out at home, attending a few "workshop courses" and the "occasional play or film". Who knows, if it hadn't been for the old man, Hitch might still be there. But by mid-December, 1914, "overwork and worry about his family" had taken "their toll"; and William Hitchcock made his final, crucial contribution to his son's film career - he died.

Now Hitch had no choice. He had to get a job. Armed with his University of London courses, and buoyed by the ever-expanding war economy, he walked into a handy office job - "calibrating electric cables" for Henley's Telegraph and Cable Company. Finally, Hitch was on his way to Hollywood.

With the family finances secure once again, and him and momma cosy in their little nest out in East Epping, Hitch was now freed up to get on with the serious work of adolescence - figuring out what sort of a future his past might hold for him. While his days were tied up at Henley's, his evenings and weekends were free - totally free for him and momma; for him and Madame Bovary, and Edgar Allan, and G. K. Chesterton; for him and Mack Sennett, and Chaplin, and D. W. Griffith; free for Hitch and his fantasies, his films and film journals; free for his university courses.

Thus it happened that while most of his generation was going off "to fight and die 'for King and for Country'", Hitch - obesity deferral in hand - was going off to his evening classes, moving as he liked from "blacksmithing" to "screw-cutting" to "economics"; moving from course to course in "sporadic attempts" to find what suited him; in sporadic attempts which eventually led to "art history", and then, inevitably, to "drawing", and "painting". And gradually, as he "took up his sketch pad", Hitch discovered a "new part of his inner life", a part that blossomed in the "cordial, paternalistic atmosphere" at Henley's, that blossomed in the form of little sketches and "caricatures of colleagues"; a part of his inner life that soon caught the attention of Hitch's supervisors, and - thanks to the ever expanding war economy - opened yet another door along the road to Hollywood - the door to Henley's advertising department - where suddenly Hitch began to "mystify his colleagues by staying on in the office long after everyone else had gone home" (26)

Some mystery. Having moved from a job to a career - from calibrating cables to chasing his dreams - Hitch did exactly what anyone one would do. He dove into his work; into his ideas, his sketches, his graphics, his brochures, his advertisements; into the products of his own "active inner life" - a life that was suddenly being affirmed, for the first time, in the eyes of his supervisors, his colleagues; a life that was finally finding a direction, a direction that had gradually been developing over the past few years of drawing and painting and sketching, of devouring films and film journals; over the past few years of reading Poe, and Flaubert, and Chesterton, of finding earlier versions of himself in these men of "great talent", men who had "never been happy"; in these artists whose "highly charged emotional sensitivities" were "carefully restrained in life" but "furiously explored in fantasy", whose works "dealt sympathetically with thieves and murderers, with libricity and indecency", who realized that "it is we" - all of us - "who are the criminal class". (27) Not that Hitch was telling anyone at work, but by "the end of 1918" at least one member of the "criminal class" was "very fat and very ambitious", and very ready for Hollywood.

And sure enough, with the Armistice came the yanks; the same yanks who would have arrived way back in 1913 - while Hitch was still sticking "pins" in his "wall charts"; the yanks who had just been waiting for the smoke to clear so they could cash in on the booming British film market; the yanks who finally opened up the Famous Players-Lasky studio in 1920, just down the road from Hitch in Islington. With his Henley's job secure and well over two years of professional graphic design behind him, with his supervisor offering studio space and portfolio advice, Hitch just strolled down to Leicester Square, picked up the latest edition of Bioscope, and sussed out what films that yanks were producing. A few late nights at the office, whipping up the necessary pile of "title-cards", and he was "hired at once". A few more months of "moonlighting" and it was official - The Allied War Effort had finally paid off. Hitch was working fulltime in Hollywood , and - happily for Norman - still living at home with momma.

Woody Finds His Footsteps

Since the 1960s “This Land is Your Land” has been recorded by everyone from Bing Crosby to Harry Belafonte, from Tex Ritter to the Mormon Tabernacle Choir, and of course by Springsteen. (1) The song -- minus its long buried political verses -- is known by generations of American school children, has been used as “an advertising jingle by (among others) United Airlines and the Ford Motor Company” and has “often been mentioned as a possible replacement for “The Star-Spangled Banner” as a national anthem”. It is also perfectly evocative of the life and spirit of its author, who in the late 1950s -- still only in his 40s -- was dying in a greystone New Jersey mental hospital, virtually unknown to the wider American public.

At the same time there were shiftings afoot in the pop charts. First the Kingston Trio, then the Limelites and other “folk trios and quartets were popping up all over the place”, especially on university campuses; and most of them had a “handful of Woody Guthrie songs in their repertoire”. On these same campuses the “practical, G.I. bill generation” of the postwar years was gone, replaced by kids who had missed the War and “didn’t remember the Great Depression”; replaced by a generation which was “beginning to wonder about the frantic, unquestioning materialism of their parents”, a generation whose young musicians started “shifting their interest from “rock-and-roll to folk music”, a music which “seemed freer, more artsy... and more rebellious than rock”, a generation that would soon be taking part in the civil rights struggles, the “rebirth of political activism” of the 1960s.

It was a generation that mystified Lee Hays as he walked around Washington Square in Greenwich Village “watching the young folk singers who were becoming a horde now” - young folk singers who couldn’t have read *Bound for Glory* which was long “out of print”, couldn’t have heard Woody’s “records which had never sold”. Hordes of young singers “affecting a certified Guthrie slouch, ratty old clothes, facial stubble, and aroma... whanging away at their guitars, singing ‘Goin’ down the road feelin’ bad...”, singers who would “listen politely to the elder statesman’s stories about the Weavers and the Almanac Singers and political struggles gone by, but *really* just wanted to hear about his friendship with Woody Guthrie”.

Hays puzzled over this. He “thought of all the talented people he’d known in his life -- some of them every bit as charismatic and colorful as Woody -- and how easily most had been forgotten. He thought of Pete Seeger. the finest musician he’d ever known, far superior to Guthrie... but it was Woody, not Pete, who was becoming part of the national mythology.”

Finally “irritated” at one young man who “kept pestering him” for stories, Hays “demanded, ‘Why are you so dammed interested in Woody Guthrie? The man’s been out of commission for years. Why is he so important to you?’”

His answer: “Most kids reach a point where they really want their freedom. You hate school, your parents -- anything that stands in the way. All you can think about is getting *out*. You want to hitch a ride, hop a freight, go wherever you want. Woody, I guess, represents that kind of freedom for me”.

A few years later the most famous of "Woody's children" put it this way on his first album for Columbia:

"Hey, Hey Woody Guthrie I know that you know
All the things that I'm sayin' and many times more
I'm a singin' you this song but I can't sing enough
'Cause there's not many men who've done the things that you've done"

What had he done? (2) What was this life, this freedom, that Dylan and all the rest were dreaming about -- the life behind the "Guthrie spirit" that was suddenly "fueling the wild resurgence of folk music" across America in the early '60s? And more to the point in terms of our analysis, what Key Characteristics did it take for Woody to live this life?

Here's a few excerpts from that life, the first straight from Woody himself – more or less -
- in the late '30s:

"Switch engines were trotting loose cars up and down" the rail yard, "trains limbering up their big whistles, a long string of cars raring to step." All of us dripping in the "blistering" sun.

"Ketchin 'er out?"

"Yeah, I'm switchin' ovah pretty fas'. Jes' got in. Didn't even have no time to hustle me up a feed."

"His pale khaki work clothes were soaked with salty sweat, loose coal soot, oil smoke, and colored dust smeared all over him." He bellied down next to a "clear puddle of water and sucked up all he could hold", pulling off a "bandana handkerchief dirty as the railroad itself. He soaked it, wiped his face and tied it around his forehead, with a hard knot on the back of his head. An old hobo trick".

"Keeps th' sweat from runnin' down so bad"

The "train started jarring the cars a few feet. Flop hats, caps, bareheaded". . .all of us up and heading "down the cinders, looking at the new train, spotting a reefer car to crawl into". I swung the gitbox over my shoulder and knocked off a few ties. It was an "easy rider", picking up pace. A boxcar rattled past, a reefer. I jumped, my free mitt grabbing on

"C'mon up!"

It was Bandana, leaning off the top, giving me a hoist.

And few years later, back East. (3)

A "little, wiry-haired man ambles out onto the stage of the Forrest Theatre". The "Grapes of Wrath" benefit concert – the first major folk music event ever held in New York City. Virtually unknown, he ambles out before a "large, mainstream audience", looking like he'd 'just blown in', straight out of Steinbeck's novel. Standing "alone, fixed by a spotlight slanting down from the balcony", Woody "scratches his head with a guitar pick and squints up at the cheap seats".

"Howdy"

It's like "he'd wondered in by accident, but didn't mind hanging around and singing a few songs as long as he was there". He "tilts up his chin, and leans into his guitar":

"I'm a blowin' down this old dusty road..."

The "Dust Bowl Ballads", those songs RCA would be recording in a few months time, those songs that would become "one of the most influential American recordings of the twentieth century".

And a year or so later. (4)

Back in L.A. In the spring of '41, Woody met Gunther Von Fritsch, who'd recently made a documentary film about "the building of the first of a series of dams across the Columbia River " for the New Deal's Bonneville Power Administration. He was thinking about making another, and had this "vague notion of centering it around a homespun, folksy character who'd explain all the benefits of public power". Von Fritsch was considering Woody as "one of several possibilities", but that was about it. By late April, even "the funding for the film wasn't set".

No matter. Restless, itchy, and with "no other offers that were even tentative".

Woody "decided to force the issue". So he piled his wife and kids in the car and "set out for Portland ... showing up in a battered car with broken windows, stained cushions, his blonde wife and children spilling out". "He had a two-weeks growth of beard, and was chewing on an apple. To those with sensitive noses it was obvious that he was badly in need of a bath, but he was free and easy in his conversation, completely uninhibited, and diamond sharp".

"Even though it seemed increasingly unlikely the movie would ever be made", Von Fritsch and his superior sent Woody around to the office of their boss, the Director of the BPA, Dr. Paul J. Raver, to see if there was any way "they could put him on the payroll for a while". Woody "strolled into the office with his guitar and emerged an hour later", contract in hand. And for the next month, as Woody later put it:

"I pulled my shoes on and walked out of every one of those Pacific Northwest mountain towns drawing pictures in my mind and listening to poems and songs and words faster to come and dance in my ears than I could ever get them wrote down".

He'd "meet with the working people on the dams, the docks, and the roads and in the bars". He'd take his guitar and sit along the banks of the Columbia, the Hood, sitting there in the "misty crystal glitter of the wild and windward spray", "scribbling madly in his notebooks " bout the "triphammers flying, air hoses suckin', muckers muckin"; bout the "clinkers, powder monkeys, hardrock men, drilling holes, fillin' fills, tamping fuses down tight"; bout watching em "push that handle down, and raise the country ten miles high".

And then he'd "refine his ideas at home each night".

The "finance company caught up with him and repossessed the Pontiac . He didn't care". Mary "began stepping out, bar-hopping with one of the other young women.. leaving him to baby-sit... even tempting fate by having men bring her home", just to see if he'd notice. Never did. "Lost in his work, numb to his family, and the rest of the world" , Woody'd be turning the day's scribblings into "Jackhammer John" and "Hard Travelin'", into "Grand Coulee Dam" and "Talkin' Columbia"; into dreaming bout it "raining electric powers down", dreaming bout it raining from the Bonneville, the Grand Coulee, "makin' ever'thing from sewing machines to fertiliser...Atomic bedrooms!... Plastic! Ever'thing's gonna be made out of plastic!" Then wrapping up with "Don't like dictators not much myself, but I think the whole country ought to be run by.... E-LEC-TI-CI-TY!"

Aside from the two obvious Key Characteristics it took for Woody to write his songs, ie his abilities as a *wordslinger* and a *flat picker*, what else did it take to write these songs, or more to the point to live the life that wrote them? (5) Of the 1000, 1200, who knows how many, songs Woody wrote, his best and lasting ones -- "This Land", the "Dust Bowl Ballads", "The Columbia River Songs" , the 'Songs to Grow On" he wrote with his own kids -- all of them were written the same way. Just like "JackHammer John" and "Talking Columbia", they were written in the heat of the experience -- following those intense, fleeting encounters with hobos and Okies ridin' the rods, with "clinkers and powder monkeys, hardrock men" working the "five mile chute", with his own kids "marching through the house reciting, "Ubangi, Ubanger, Youbangie, You... You bang Teeny and Billy bangs Sue...". They were written after intense engagement with those he identified as his own, with those who shared his life and troubles, his struggles.. those who were where he'd too often been -- at the bottom of the heap -- those whose lives his songs engaged and lifted, in Fanon's words with "The Wretched of the Earth", who in Woody's case started with the wretched of his earth, the Okies of the 1930's Dust Bowl. So we'll use that label for the third Key Characteristic essential to Woody's life and work -- his *total identification with the Okies* of the world.

And beyond this his songwriting required something else, something much less visible but equally essential. Woody's songs weren't about feelings, they were about doing, about "blowin' down that old dusty road", about "hammerin' on the river from sun to sun". Of course his songs evoke powerful feelings, but these are not the kind of feelings

typically associated with folksongs – feelings of loss, hurt, pain, remorse, sorrow... or for that matter of love, desire, arousal. Woody wasn't writing about "Tom Dooley" or "Barbara Allen", about "The Long Black Veil" or "The Dreary Black Hills". In his own words he was "out to sing songs that will prove to you that this is your world, that if it has hit you pretty hard and knocked you for a dozen loops, no matter how hard it's run you down and rolled you over... I am out to sing songs that make your take pride in yourself and in your work". And those were exactly the sort of songs he wrote, songs to make you feel like "this land was made for you and me".

This brings us to Woody's fourth Key Characteristic, one which insured that he was ever engaged in intensive, transient relationships, the kind of relationships that were central to his 1000s of fleeting encounters with the Okies and Arkies and the powder monkeys at the heart of his songwriting; a characteristic that ever pulled Woody to relationships in which there was never any risk of vulnerability, of hurt or rejection; never any danger, or even possibility, of deep commitment. And even with his own kids, from both his first and second families, whatever depth of contact he had with them – unlike adults – never offered any risk of rejection. In the process this characteristic likewise insured that the focus of his songwriting was never on personal relationships – his own or anyone else's – but always on the "hard travelin'", no matter if it was with migrant families "squatted in the shade of the big signboards, out across the flat, hard crusted gravelly desert...", or sitting on the porch with his kids making up songs that would "have them sticking their fingers in the air, then on their noses, then on their chins..." – making up songs his kids reacted to just the same as the "Okies in the boxcars, hanging on his every word".

Woody's fourth essential Key Characteristic -- his intense hunger for and *terror of intimacy*.

Finally whatever about the psychological aspects of his engagement in the chaotic lives of the Dust Bowl refugees, or piling his young family in a car and flying off for Portland, Woody had to not only survive under these conditions, he had to thrive on them. He had to operate like nothing out of the ordinary was challenging him in getting on with what really mattered, ie, his music, stories and songs. He had to be able to pull into Portland with a broken car and family, "chewing on an apple, free and easy in his conversation, completely uninhibited, and diamond sharp". He had to be the Woody who "ambled" onto that stage in New York, "squinted up at the cheap seats" and "leaned into his guitar"...well into Herta Geer's guitar, her Martin, the one he lifted off her a couple weeks earlier when she finally booted him out of her apartment. He had to have Woody's fifth essential Key Characteristic, his years of expertise as a seasoned *street hustler*.

So how'd Woody pick up these five Key Characteristics?

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Unlike Hitch, Woody was definitely born an “easy child” - given half a chance he mightta kissed a couple coyotes or splashed a flash flood. (6) As it was he settled for being born while “The frog went a courtin’” with “Gypsy Davy”; being born to “hearing” his “mother singing to his brother Roy and his sister Clara”, to running down the road when Papa’s “hooves” come a “clomping”, to ‘woooop’ and being scooped, right up to daddy’s lap, and “How did y’r saddle horse do today?” “He et all my oats, an he et my hay...” And that’s not a bad start. (7) Still it doesn’t quite add up to the “unbridled optimist” who could turn thumbing his way through a thousand miles of freezing “wind and snow”, “rotgut whiskey”, and “foggy bottom” Appalachian roads, into “I roamed and rambled and followed my footsteps, to the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts. . .”, into “this land was made for you and me”.

Still it was a good start. From day one Woody was definitely “getting along all right”. After all he didn’t need any scales or arpeggios or “civilized music”. What Woody needed was mama “chording on the piano” and singing her “maudlin, old-time country ballads over and over” in her “high-pitched nasal twang”, and “then all over again”, “til it sounded like a nice ripe and a juicy strawberry in her mouth”.

And he didn’t need to be an only child, the child who got all of Nora Belle’s attention, good and sad. What he needed was to be the youngest, six years the youngest, so he got mama’s best hours while Clara and Lee Roy were gone, off down the “muddy” little “wagon road” to their clapboard school. What he needed was day after day, and month after month, up on the “grassy hill” with the “cedar and pecan and blackjack trees”, with mama in the “warmth and security” of Gramma Tanner’s “brand new house”, with its “window seats and paneled walls” and endless “nooks and crannies”; with mama singing at her “Price and Deeple upright”, with play porches all around.

What he needed was a “free spirit of a big sister, dancing her way to school and singing her way back home”, “bending” and laughing and “whirling around with her golden curls swinging in the wind, brushing his face, as she wrestled him across the floor”. What he needed was a brother too old to be in competition, too “reserved” to get much attention, and plenty ready to “biff any tough kids on the noodle” if they messed too much with little Woody. (8)

He didn’t need his old man to be in Okemah’s “upper crust”, at the “supper club” with doctors and lawyers and bowtie chins. The father he needed was pulling a crowd “every morning” down at “Parsons’ drugs”, ‘round ten - “just to hear him talking over coffee” - a crowd that would “invite him home to dinner”, just to hear him talk again. The father he needed was a man of “vast enthusiasms”, with “his punching bag” rap-tap-tapping off of one hand, and “all the classics” flip-flip-flying through the other; a father, “wild and young as the country” itself, who went from local politics to land speculation to riding the “Wartime boom” right through Okfuskee County - “swapping and trading, buying and selling, getting bigger, spreading out, and making more money” - money that was mama’s, and Clara’s, and Roy’s “just for signing their name”, money that made you “proud”, proud to be a Guthrie. The father Woody needed “doted on his children”, celebrating his “big land deals” with “arms full of toys” and “wagons and bikes” and whatever “other wheeled contraptions” he could carry home. He spent “lavishly” because he knew “no possibility of failure” - “prize cattle, hogs, and bulls”, and “pedigreed bird dogs” with “their family trees hanging all over the house”; a “hundred-dollar saddle” for mama’s “black mare”, just so “they could prance through town on Sunday afternoons”.(9)

The father Woody needed had “hung up his deviled strings” but he “never gave up singing” - singing “apart and together” with mama on “hymns, spiritual songs, and songs about how to save your lost and homeless soul and self”, songs that were “lots better” cos he’d “put in a little of the wild running fighting sounds and monkey shines that made your ears stand away out and wiggle for more”. (10)

And that’s the father Woody got - “One-Punch” Charley, announcing in the Okemah Ledger that he was “as happy as a lobster” in mid-July of 1912, cos he had a brand new “inhabitant of lapland”, a “morning caller, a noonday crawler, and a midnight bawler” - a little “rag doll” of a “curly headed” crawler, who’d soon be “hopping around the house, making up snatches of rhyme and trying to sing them just like his mama”; a crawler who touched and tasted and “became whatever he saw”; a crawler who never stopped hopping and rhyming and living without trying, over and over, and then over again, the very first years of his lives; a crawler who “remained forever six years old”, forever the “child inside of him”; a crawler who remained “forever young”. (11)

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And by six it was definitely time for Woody to start getting ready, ready for his thousands of miles of freezing “wind and snow”, and “foggy bottom roads”; for “pulling out” of “the wheat fields” and “Dust Bowl”, out “across the flat, hard-crust, gravelly desert”, to hit the “boweries and jungle camps and skid rows”; it was time to be “pulling his shoes on” and getting ready for “the mineral mountains and rough run canyons”, for riding the rods and the thumb, for “followin’ his footsteps”, wherever they might be taking him. (12)

By six it was time for Woody to start getting ready for a life he had no hope of living; no hope as long as his papa was a “popular figure” in Okemah, a “justice of the peace” advising lawyers on their “more interesting” criminal cases, a “land speculator” running a booming business out of his office on Main Street, a politician who was becoming a “formidable force” in the county; no hope with his mother riding through town on her “regal black horse” and its “hundred dollar saddle”; no hope with an older sister he “idolized”; an older sister who “always knew her lessons”, who was “never late, never tardy, and never absent”; an older sister who was “unquestionably” the “star of the show”. And no hope is exactly what Woody had going into 1918. And if his family didn’t act quick, it was gonna stay that way. He’d never get to “roamin and ramblin”, to “hittin some hard travelin”; he’d never reach “that highway. . . that road that has no end”.

Fortunately for Woody by 1917 mama was already taking action. She was already “becoming forgetful” and having “little dizzy spells”. Already “jest sittin with a book in ‘er lap”, “jest sittin’ an’ lookin’ out across the whole room, an whole house an’ ever’wheres”. She was already showing those early signs of Huntington’s (13) - already giving little Woody all the room he needed to start moving out on his own, to start finding “new ways to spend his days”, to start “sneaking into the cellars of every house up and down the street”; “one cellar after another with one kid after another”, sneaking into cellars “full of

jars", jars of "pickled beets, long green cucumbers, and big round slices of onions and peaches as big as your hat". Peaches that were just askin' to go "over behind the barn", to the "clawhammer and a two-gallon feedbucket", a bucket to catch the "whole big goo of oozy juice, and loose peaches"; the "thousand slivers of glass", the "little sharp chips" that'd "shine like diamonds" as Woody "fingered" them off in "the warm sun".

And by 1919, just as Woody needed to start moving from the cellars to the tree tops - from peaches to punchups - his big sister joined in. "Beautiful", "intelligent", and "head strong", Clara was now "fourteen and beginning to bloom"; beginning to bloom just as Nora was losing her balance, her memory, and herself; just as Nora, now with four kids, was feeling "ugly and disheveled", and "increasingly withdrawing from the world" - a world Clara "hungered more and more to become a part of". The "subtle tension" that had always been there had now turned to "rivalry", a rivalry that was escalating by shouts and roars, til "one day in late May" when Clara, "half crazy with anger", decided to "scare her mother" and suddenly put an end to one of their "continual fights" - by "dousing her dress with coal oil" and "touching a match to it".

And that pretty well cinched it for Woody. It was the "breaking point for his mother". With "all of Okemah" at the funeral, Nora "felt the weight of every eye in town upon her. She knew what they were saying. . . and she agreed." For days, weeks, months on end she "twisted the events over and over in her mind, and nothin could wrench her free from them". "Two or three times a day she would have bad spells of epileptics, arguing at every stick of furniture in the room. . . shrieking for hours at the top of her voice." At night Woody would escape "into his sleep", into his dreams where his mama "was just like anybody else's", only to wake up and find the house was "still all wrong, all helter-skelter, let go, twisted out of shape, the cooking skipped, the dishes not washed."

'Course he and Roy "tried". They "took spells of working the house over". But the trouble was more than mama and her twisted house. The trouble was Okemah. It was all wrong. You see, Nora wasn't the only Guthrie they were "eyeing" up and down Main Street . She wasn't the only Guthrie who was getting Woody ready for his "hard travellin'". Charley was "no longer the dashing young man. He was stooped and beginning to look old". His hands, "busted up" from years of fighting, were now becoming "swollen and crippled with arthritis"; and his business was even worse. Back in 1918 with his real estate deals booming, his office over the Bank, and a personal grudge to settle, "One Punch" had finally stepped over the line - he had taken on the local Democratic machine in a "wild election campaign", and won. At the polls that is. With the fix in on the recount, Charley lost more than his seat, he lost it all. "No longer of any account" in Okemah, and rapidly "losing every cent he had", Charley - still fighting "desperately to regain control of his life and business" - was just another sitting duck when the big boys rolled into town with the Oklahoma oil boom of 1920.

With his sister dead, his mother raging, and his father going under; with his grandma tending more and more to her infant grandson and her dying daughter, the door finally swung wide open for Woody. And he "drifted" out - out into "running and laughing", punching and scraping, "fishing, swimming and playing hooky"; out into anything "just to try to forget for a minute that a cyclone had hit his home, to forget how it was ripping and tearing away his family, and scattering it to the wind". (14) He drifted out the door and

straight into the “hot black fever”, into the oil boom that had just “blowed her top” and was “whirling, swirling, and swelling” her way right through the streets of Okemah; into the oil boom that couldn’t have come at a better time; into the oil boom that was just waiting for Woody.

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With “oil derricks jumping up like new groves of tall timber - thick and black and flying with steam”; with Seminole going “from 700 to 30,000” in a few weeks, and Okemah “quintupling overnight”; with the “sleepy little villages” of Okfuskee County “exploding”, the little 8 year old suddenly had himself a whole new schoolhouse. (15) And it wasn’t about flagpoles or desk rows or chalkboards; about spelling or marbles or baseball mits. It was about “boomchasing” and “hard travelin’”, and it was about music, the kindda music you could taste and feel and see. (16)

Woody’s schooling was about “rig builders and cement men, carpenters and team-skinners”; about going “from derrick to derrick” watching the “bull wheels spin and the cable unroll as they dropped mud buckets down into the hole”; watching the “boiler shoot steam and dance on its foundations; the derrick shake and tremble and strain every nail and joint”; watching til the “driller or tool dresser shouted” him outta there. His schooling was about roaring out each morning, wide-eyed and eared and going to be a “skinner, tong buckler, and rig jumper”. It was about learning how to “rave and cuss” til the “double pulley took ‘er home”; how to “grit, stretch, heave and sweat” til “someday” he’d be the “man wanted” for the job, til someday he’d be up and “grown”. It was about three years of “seeing, sighting, hearing, and tasting it all” -the “bull wheels spinning, the hooker men grinning: ‘Grab a root ‘an grow!’”. (17)

Woody’s schooling was three straight years of scrambling round, from sun up and down; from “oil derricks to peddler, preacher, and punchup the street, girly house pool hall and brawl”. Three years of Bill Baileys and The Yellow Dog, of standing around “five or six little oil cloth tables”, watching “five or six mulers, hustlers, and lead men standing around winking and making signs in back of ‘bout five or six more hard-working onlookers, all laughing and watching five or six of the boys with a new paysack get the screws and trimmings put to them”. It was three years of “hanging around the jail” and the courthouse, “seeing the same old bootleg stills” being busted up and “chopped full of holes” by the preachers and soul savers and the rest of Okemah’s “better sorts”; three years of hanging around the “shacktowns” and the “auctioneers”, seeing the same old stills getting patched up and run back under the gavel, so the “yeast cakes and malt and hops” could get loaded back in there, til they were “a foaming and a jumping like a whole pond full of frogs”; the kind of frogs a man could get over or under the counter just about anywheres or time he wanted. At least until the next time, the next time the sheriff decided to “clean up the county”.

Woody’s schooling was about three years of “seeing it, sighting it, sucking it down”; three years of “edging his head through flying fists of all sorts and sizes”, of “oozing down on a load of pipe” with his “feet up past the stars” - his ears still “babbling, yelping, swushing

along the streets”; his head spinning, “full of more pictures” than a 12 reeler - three years with the “whole air just sort of a roar and a buzz and a feeling that runs up and down your back, tingling” and poppin and lit up like a nite full of “old batty electric” lamps.

Woody’s schooling was three years of “trick bow fiddlers” and “railroad blues”, of “cripples rattling old tin cups”; three years of “war vets blowing mouth organs through shrapnel holes in their throats”. Three years of “hearing it, seeing it, sighting, walking, talkin it”, pounding it; three years of bobbing up and down in the whole “flood of gypsy wagons, stray musicians, street singers, and cement men”; in the “wild tribes of bootleggers, horse traders, rollers, rousters, and pimps”. Three years of “jumping right in the big middle”, of “elbowing down the stream” with Matt and Nick and little Jimmy Whitt: ‘Ridin with ya’, ‘Got yer grab’, ‘Take it back, Tong buckler!’, ‘Take it back!’, ‘Gimme slack!’”.

It was three years of “leaning back against the bank window”, leaning back and “listening”. Three years of stretching out a few choice bits for later, for the kids still bricked up in school - under the thumb, under the rule; the kids starched up and pressed and “dressed clean as the morning sky”, still strung up “tighter than a fiddle string” - a few choice bits for the kids who’d wanna know bout all the places they’d never seen, couldn’t go - the Yellow Dog and poker halls, the girly houses, the “flabby ass whores”; the “men whipped up to a fever pitch, jumpy, jittery, wild and reckless”; the pictures hanging off the walls, with “breasts like a feather pillow”, with their “little red cherry nipples”.

Woody’s schooling was about three years of taking it home in fast and furious scribbles, in little cartoons and bouncing buckboards full; three years of letting his fingers rattle and jump like a preacher’s cup, and lash the page like a “skinner’s reins”, with “twenty feet of leather”; three years of leaving a sheet or ten or two, any little bit to tell his mama all the things he couldn’t say, the things she already knew - a few quick sketches, jaggy lines; maybe pull a little hint of a smile or something, anything; maybe slow her “twitches”, maybe stop her cryin. (18)

Woody’s schooling was about “booming”, about three straight years of street schooling - bout missing all those days and nights of “yes, mam” and yard chores, of “shoes shined?” and clean ears; of pressed shirts and wooden pews, of “Don’t be late!” and Sunday after Sunday school. Three straight years of seeing it, hearing it, tasting it; of taking it, working it, playing it; three straight years of turning it all into a walking, talking, scribbly bobbing, rolling, flowing music. (19) Three straight years behind the bar, the badge, and the brothel; three years of learning all about civic duties, all about law & order, and rights & wrongs & responsibilities; three years of watching and working the fiddles, of making his own rules: three years of chasing his ears and hustlin’ the dime; of “followin’ his footsteps”, pretty much wherever they were going, pretty much all of the time. (20)

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Three straight years and still by summer of 1924 Woody was almost completely dead-ended. "Stone-cold broke" and "smelling failure", Charley had "packed the family into an old Model T" and "moved to Oklahoma City in July of 1923". And it almost worked. (21) Within a year he was all lined up to "run the business end" of Uncle Leonard's brand new motorcycle dealership. The rising star of the Southwest stunt circuit had just handed Charley a nice, fat, "two hundred dollars a month" contract - a contract that could have sidelined Woody for good - when little Leo took out a Ford sedan on a quiet Sunday in downtown Chickasha. Took out the Ford, his four stroke cycle, and himself. So with Leonard dead and Charley's job buried, the Guthries "limped back to Okemah". And once again Woody's family had come through for him just in a nick - by his 12th birthday he was right back where he started, only better.

The oil boom over, Woody was back in a small, safe, and familiar town. 'Course his father "had lost all his money" and his mother was "nuts", and they were living in a little "shotgun shack" way off the wrong end of town. Still there were those who remembered other times, when Charley was "full of vinegar and a real force" in the community, when Nora was young and "alive" and could ride the West wind; those who remembered the "sheer animal force of the boom", a boom that had hit them all; who remembered that the "waters had indeed been treacherous", and might have taken others in the "carnage". And there were those who "felt sorry" for Charley's boy, who saw beyond his "nappy hair" and muddy pants and "missing buttons", who saw his "beautiful, intelligent brown eyes", and behind them, a "brain that was cranking away". "Not many" but "a few"; and a few was enough, enough to touch 1 or 2 hearts down at Okemah High, enough to open 2 or 3 back doors - the ones he might need to find right 'round dinner time. A few was enough to get Woody by, to let him work "the periphery of Okemah", to let him go from student to "alley rat" and back; a few was enough to let him take exactly what he needed - the best of both worlds, the school and the street. (22)

With his dad bent and "gristled" - scraping by on little more than pride and white lightning - with his mom already "dumping the icebox, dropping cups, dishes and matches, and throwing all the furniture out into the yard", there wasn't much keeping Woody off the streets. He went right back to the Okemah he'd left behind; right back to chasing his ears and hustling the dime, to following his footsteps all round the depot, the market, and the shantytown; following 'em to the "leftovers from a wilder time - to the cowboys, the boom flotsam, the down-and-outers, fogies and misfits and Indians who dated back to the frontier days". He went over to "old lady Atkins' tumbledown tin shack", to watch her "parade her silks and satins", to hear all the stories about her "fancy days" in Kansas City. He went over to Gantz's place and listened to the "oil-field worker, sitting out in the doorway of his shack, playing a guitar and singing" about the likes of "Stewball" and "Stagolee".

Chawing down the market, round the barbershop, sitting in the front door of some crumpled tin shack - Woody never missed a class. He soaked up "all the old stories" and all the new ones. Billy the Kid and Belle Starr, and that beardy old geezer the sheriff pulled in. . . "same bullet holes as Jesse James". Swear it. and Pretty Boy Floyd, who was "just by" for a trim. Yeah, left a "five-dollar tip". He went all over the East End, "scavenging" the edges of town with his "burlap sack", collecting whatever bits and pieces he could find - "lead and scrap iron, and zinc and rubber inner tubes, brass faucets, copper wire" and maybe an old harmonica or two - carting them all over to Mark's Junk Yard for "buffalo nichels", for pennies and dimes. And he'd come across

whole families along the road - "chickens arguing with the turkeys and ducks"; "grasshoppers, butterflies, and birds - whistling up in the mulberry trees, sneaking a few kisses before dark". And he'd get to thinking bout their mothers and sisters and uncles and brothers, and how they might be doing, and how Mrs Chowning might wanna meet them and hear all their stories. And he'd head out the other end, to the "nice and shady streets", to the banker's wife with her handy "back door screen"; to where he could trade the day's squirrels and roosters and sunrise - a few sketches and stories - for a quick "sandwich and milk", for a pair of warm eyes. (23)

And there was Woody's favorite teacher, the "colored shoeshine boy", blowing his French harp so high, "sad and lonesome" you could almost feel some "distant" freight come rumbling through; a black man who showed the little white boy everything he knew "over and over", and then over some more, 'til Woody was out there riding the rods himself, chugging and blowing from dusk or dawn - a "regular fixture on the bench near the produce market", sucking and sawing his harmonica, hour after hour, playing and pushing and dancing the sounds around. (24) And a regular on "Saturday afternoons" when the Indians rolled in to shop, with their wagons and blankets and women holding "solemn little children on their laps" - just asking for Woody and his French harp, for a few more bars, another jig step.

And a year or two later, when old lady Atkins suddenly "left town", and left her "tin shack empty", Woody had a "hideout" all his own - a hideout and a "gang house". A gang house for him and Colonel Martin and Tubba Moore - a gang house for Woody's gang; for him and his two "devoted" friends; for the three of them and all the other "boomer's kids", the outcasts who "hung out" with Woody in his "little Eeny House"; with Woody and the "oil can stove" they could "stoke up" and sit around, sorting through their "junk sacks", and downing the baker's "fresh, hot" scraps with a few quarts they'd just pinched off "the milk wagon". An Eeny House, a gang house, a world all his own - where everyone was some kind of a "nappy", little, "nigger-haired", "runt" of a loser's son whose mom was "nuts". Where noone could put him down. (25)

And sometimes he'd go to the other school and find a seat right next to Blanche Giles. And while Matt and Nick and all his old friends - all the scrubbed up kids who "wouldn't talk to trash like him" - were stuck in Latin or English or maybe flunking algebra again, he'd be galloping across her books and smiles, leaving "pointy knees and elbows, little lined faces and top hats, shaded and shiny" - all kinds of funny little fellows that Blanche and her mother and "a few others", like Mrs. Chowning, knew were more than "wonderful". And then there was typing where Woody really was pulling A's, 'cos the teacher somehow saw past his missing, muddy buttons and gave him pretty much a free run of the keys. Where he could write about the "wild rush of wind" that "whined for a minute like a puppy under a box and then roared down the alley, squealing like a hundred mad elephants". About the "phone wires whistling" and "the rain burning hot", the "bales of hay" flying up and "splitting apart, and blowing through the sky like popcorn sacks". 'Bout the cyclone that "stole Billy Bear's best work horse while he was plowing the field", that left Woody's house with a "nice large sky for a roof". The typing class where Woody "could write about anything he wanted" while the "rest of the class" was drilling their big and little fingers on "Mr. Z. X. Qpewphbones' quaintly quiet Zaragoza xylophone". Where Woody was eyes and ears and feet across the keys, talking,

breathing, laughing the 1000 lives he'd already heard and seen. The typing class where the teacher kept inviting him "to use his imagination", to mix and taste his words and sounds, and chase every scent. The class where Woody was putting in hour after hour just tuning and playing and typing away on his "favorite instrument".

And once he got his French harp polished up to form, Woody'd be out in the school yard turning it into his own little depot; blowing fast and hard and "dancing a jig"; dodging the sharp eyes and "whispers", burying them under a high balling, chugging, steaming roaring string of flat wheelers and reefers. And the next day, maybe burying them again. And then, who knows, some morning, maybe another few months gone, Okemah High'd suddenly be jammed, packed and full, way before first class or any tardy bells. Kids pointing, gawking, laughing; voices rattling, shrill; "huge murals" of teachers and bootlicks, and kids who thought they were clever - all chalked, bouncing, plastered, and stretched 'cross rooms full of blackboards, 'cross one of Woody's little fits of "academic vigor".

And so by the summer of '26, when Charley had shipped the "younger children" off to Texas, off to Aunt Maude's for safe keeping; when his mother was "walking the streets in a slip", "stabbing the bacon and frying the shells with the eggs"; when she was "attacking Charley with her fists or anything else that was handy", Woody was "out like a shot in the morning" and just as likely out all night - "cadging dinners with his French harp" at some "downtown cafe", then "sleeping on a bench somewhere", anywhere "rather than go home to face that day's particular horror".

And by the time the junior class needed a sure fundraiser for the prom, or Woody just wanted a late bite to eat, he'd be up the tailend of a flatbed truck "strutting his stuff" for the whole town, right down on Main Street, or working some alley behind a cafe door, "blowing his harp and dancing rings, playing the bones - or some pencils, or bottles, or comb" - pretty much "making music out of anything".

And so it was that Woody was ready a year later. (26) Ready when Nora finally torched Charley "with a kerosine lamp", torched him so bad that it was "several weeks" before they could even load him "on a stretcher" down at the depot; on a stretcher and on a train, a train that was pulling out down the track to little George and Mary Jo, to Aunt Maude's farm way out in the Texas panhandle. Left "alone on the platform", Woody was pretty much "his own man now". But he didn't mind; he could "take care of himself". And by the fall of '27 Woody had "taken up permanent residence" in "old lady Atkins' shack". Barely 15 and he was ready.

Ready, thanks to mom and dad and Clara, and Leonard; thanks to their quick, slow and sudden, perfectly synched and timed, deaths, declines and endings; ready, thanks to a leftover little town full of burlap sacks, tin shacks, and handy backdoors 'round dinnertime beginnings. Pinched and cushioned by Okemah - by his folks, their lives and the oil boom; by the "boomers" and "skimmers" and "down & outs", by all the kids who could just smell a "runt"; by a few open hearts and doors, by a "banker's wife" and a typing teacher, and a "shoeshine boy" no doubt - Woody's rhymes and scribbles and

tunes were more than up and grown; by 15 he had a dancing, sketching, talking, typing, rolling, blowing, breathing music all his own. (27) He didn't have to take the lumps at school, or fit into somebody's rules. He "didn't have to steal to eat. All he had to do was go downtown, set out his cap", start blowing his harp and "dancing a jig. Not only did he make good money", there was something about watching "the crowd gathering", about "the feet tapping", and then the clapping. There was something that was almost like bouncing, like bouncing up on momma's knee.

And that's the other reason Woody was ready. (28) By 16 he had a hunger. . . and a terror. A hunger he could taste and feel and see; a hunger that had plagued him for years, that kept rattlin' through his dreams; a hunger he could never get around, put behind him; a hunger deep inside him. (29) He had a hunger that went back, straight back - 15, 16 years, to when he was momma's "newest, hardest-headed youngin'", when she was bathing him up and scrubbing him down, putting new "unnies" on him, fixing him milk; back to when she was "pulling the covers up round his neck and tucking him down in the bed good"; to when momma knew "every little thing that was taking place in that little old curly head of his"; when momma and her "little feller" were talking "all bout married rings"; back to when little Woody knew exactly who he "wuz gonna marry", if he ever did.

And Woody had a terror, a terror that went back 10 years; back to when momma started getting "awful bad sick"; to when papa's "little angel" was suddenly scorched and burnt and dying; back to when Woody started "standing around the house for hours, lost in silence", in "mortal fear that something he'd do or say would trigger" that "low grumbling voice" and start her "face to twitch and snarl", would get her arms "up at her sides, behind her back", and "swinging in all kinds of curves"; would start his momma shrieking, raging, crying. Woody had a terror that went on and on, from worse to worse, til he was laying in a midnight "puddle of cold late-summer sweat", his "body cramped in knots", his eyes and face "salty and wet", fighting "crazy dreams that floated in across the night wind"; with his papa now torched and broken flat; with his momma gone, rolling off down some long and lonesome, final track.

Woody had a hunger, a terror, that went right back to yesterday, to the late fall of '28; to the trip Nonie had promised him, the trip he'd been asking bout for near a year now - ever since he moved in with the Moore's - a trip that'd been troubling and plaguing him through "long and deep silences", a trip west out through 60 miles of barren prairie, to that haunted, Gothic brick building in the "middle of nowhere", through those "corridors and locked doors", that "great wash" of "ravers and screamers", of "crumpled and smelly humanity", into that back room with a doctor telling him about "something called Huntington's", about "other things" Woody never could hear; to a woman, "shaking and fidgeting" in her "formless" gown; to a woman, a "haze" he "stumbled" through, "his lip trembling", "biting it"; stumbling, collapsing on the front bumper, sobbing hard and deep",

“wrapped and cradled” in “Nonie’s arms all the way back to Okemah”. A hunger, a terror, a woman. . . a momma he “wuz gonna marry” - a mother, “his own mother”, his own mother who “*didn’t even recognize him* “. (30)

A hunger, a terror, that had tried and twisted him for years; that had pulled him to Blanche Giles and Mrs Chowning and now Nonie Moore, that had drove him, told him, where he could get fed; that had brought him to the kitchens and back doors for the milk and sandwiches, for smiles and sing songs and stories; that brought him so far, so far, but no more. A hunger, a terror, that told him, showed him, as he moved farther and wider with his cartoons and sketches, his cap and French harp and jig steps; showed him there were many doors - maybe endless doors - there were kitchens and cafes and rolling boxcars; there were flatbeds all along Main Street; told him and showed him that he could always come in, just long enough to feel the fire - for a tune, a bite, and a drink - that he could come in and stay just long enough, and be gone, long gone, before he ever felt the heat.

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Seven years later and Woody still had his hunger, his terror. Seven years later and he was still ready. Ready for “following his footsteps”; ready for “seeing it, sighting it, sucking it down”; ready for turning it all into a living, talking, breathing music. 1935 and Woody was ready; hungry and ready and going nowhere - nowhere becous he had no direction, no idea what he was ready for. In fact if the Dust Bowl hadn’t finally blown him “down that old dusty road” to California, Woody probably never would have found out where he was going.(31) He’d probably still be out in Pampa or Kilgore or Kowana or Fort Smith, or wherever the Guthrie’s had scattered. He’d probably still be stringing along with family and friends - with Charley and his “mail-order bride”, Bettie Jean, with Roy and his wife; with the Moores, or Matt Jennings family, with Uncle Jeff and Arlene - stringing along with friends and family - ever driven by his hunger, his terror - “wandering” from one to the other, never too close, and never much more than a fleebag hotel or two inbetween. Woody’d probably still be “blowin’ down that highway”, chasing all his roads to nowhere, staying just long enough to be there, then gone faster than the wind.

Woody’s probably still be down in Pampa, in “Little Juarez”, sketching the prostitutes at his dad’s “cot house”, bootlegging “Jamaica ginger” over at Shorty Harris’s “drugstore”; playing barn dances & house parties with Matt Jennings and Cluster. He’d probably still be sending off “steamy love stories” to “true confessions” magazines in New York, painting up “entire storefronts” with “vast murals” of “chubby pink cupids, and turkeys, Cudahy Bacon, Santas, and bottles of Listerine”; talking “phrenology, palmistry, tarot, tea leaves & the 19 points of Rosicrucianism” with Bettie Jean. 1935 and Woody was as ready as he’d ever been - “lying back on the couch, rolling cigarettes”, and talking about “building whole cities out of adobe”, talking and dreaming of “nothing else” for days on end; ready for “staging boxing exhibitions” and for “total immersion”, for painting and hawking oils of Jesus, “The Blue Boy”, and Abraham Lincoln. 1935 and Woody was ready - a “guy who had the talent to do virtually anything” - still “pulling jake down at

Shortys"; a "23 year old soda jerk", with "no ambitions", no rudder - still chasing all his roads to nowhere, going full throttle with no direction. (32)

That's not to say Woody hadn't grown in the 8 years since his mom was carted off to the state asylum. He had. He'd soaked up and walloped down every bit and morsel that came his way. And luckily for Woody, what came his way was pretty much whatever came with the Guthrie's. And the one thing that always came with the Guthrie's was music - family or friends, stringing along meant singing along. (33) Singing along for nearly a year with Tom Moore's family in Okemah - sleeping 3 in a bed with Tubba and Red, with the sons of his papa's old boozing cronie, after each night after night of harmonizing hours on those "old Tennessee church songs", popping out "funny new verses" right as they were singing along. Then on to papa in Pampa and that "beat up" old gitbox sitting in the back of Shorty's store, and Matt in need of tuning and Woody in need of chords and Uncle Jeff, the "finest country fiddler on the Texas panhandle", "relishing any audience no matter how small". On to day after day of "hammering and sawing away like a pair of carpenters on their instruments" while Jeff, with his dreams all set on "getting into show business", was "fluttering and breezing" right "off into the clouds on his". Day after day til Matt's fiddle was "gaining speed" and Woody'd become a "clammer fiend", "bluffing his way along" on the likes of A & D & G; til he'd just bout "set his first boot toe inside of the high gates of fiddle and string"; til the boys were in tune, in synch, and "testing new riffs", and getting Cluster Baker - who really could play guitar - to make it three of them.

And with the best of reasons ever on their minds - the likes of Pauline and Mary and Kittie Clyde - the boys were soon playing "house parties and barn dances and local radio" and finally landing a weekend gig in some "rowdy southside joint" called "the Tokyo". And sure enough - with all his hunger & "timing", his wordslinging, jig steps, "inflection" & rhyming - soon as Woody saw a mic or a light or a pair of bright eyes, he was the "center of attention", off & flying - "telling jokes, mugging, dancing"; words "rolling and flowing so easily you just had to sit back and find out where he was going". And soon enough Woody was reworking momma's old tunes, throwing out - and typing up - bits of doggerel bout "unfaithful women" and the Corncob Trio, bout "warshing at th' waterhole", 'bout "cars chugging past" his "mad dash" with "sweet Melinda Lou". Soon enough he was throwing out "Alonzo M. Zilch's" very own, first little "songbook". (34)

And when he wasn't fronting the Corncobs locally, Woody was backing or hamming out front, working up his own "cornpone" vaudevillians, and generally learning all bout musicians travellin', with Uncle Jeff and his wife and fiddle, and magic tricks and Carlotta and whoever else made each trip - chasing his uncle's "show business fame" in and out and roundbout all the "tuxedos and gray wigs and greasepainted Spanish tangos" and cattle tents out 'cross the West Texas plains.

And it wasn't just family and friends who were keeping Woody's music on track. It was the Peacock Fiddle Band on WBAP, starting way back in '23, triggering a whole "wave of barn dances", like WSM's Grand Ole Opry - beaming out cross half the nation; it was the likes of Polk Brockman and Ralph Peer spotting big bucks hanging off them hillbilly ears; the likes of Okeh, and Columbia, and Victor "rushing" Uncle Dave Macon and Fiddlin John Carson, rushing Gid Tanner and the Skillet Lickers right off the farm; it was the air waves, and wax discs, and old 78s winging The Carter Family right outta Maces Springs; right outta Scott County, Virginia, and straight to that "much abused" phonograph in Matt

Jennings' front room; straight to Woody's fingers and frets - giving him way more than a pile of tunes; giving him Maybelle and her brothers - those bass runs, that driving, melodic rhythm - giving him the famous "Carter lick"; giving him the kick in all his greatest compositions. (35)

1935 and Woody was ready. He'd had his full of Pampa . He'd "read all the books in the library, painted all the windows, played all the barn dances and radio stations, heard everyone's life story half a dozen times". He had his guitar, his paint brushes and Carter lick and "So Long It's Been Good to Know You" was booming bitter off long after midnight 's drunken lips - meaning that the "dusty old dust" had finally hit, and Woody's songwriting was just about ready for kicking up another step.

Meaning that Pampa was "curling up and dying"; that Woody was ready for "rattlin down that highway" to brother Roy in Konawa, to the Moores out in East Texas, to papa further on in Fort Smith. Meaning that Woody was ready for ever more "painting jobs and soda jerking", "serenading for chili", and revival singing; ready for entertaining family gatherings with a few quick throwaways, the kind that "white folks" would all appreciate - bout the talking "Nigger Blues" and "Rastus Brown", bout "The Chinese and the Japs", bout all "dem coons going plum wile. . . "

Meaning that it was now 1936 and Woody was ready as he was ever gonna get. Meaning he was still going full throttle, still chasing all his roads to nowhere - still chasing the wind. Meaning that Woody still had no rudder, no direction.

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A direction that finally caught him somewhere out past Kilgore, or Kalamazoo, or Jericho; that finally caught him, hit him, trapped and thumped him down the road; a direction that showed up, blowed in, just when he needed it most - driven, fired by the Depression, lashing coast to coast - a direction even Woody couldn't duck, slough off, play for a joke; a direction blowing thick and black, and never thinning - '35, '36, '37 - hittin' hard and fast, straight off the dust, straight outta Woody's very own beginnings. (36) A direction that was walking and "squatting" the length of 66 - a road littered with homeless men, with broken jalopies, and families, and Model Ts; with migrants and "their little piles of belongings in the shade of the big sign boards, out across the flat, hard-crust, gravelly desert"; with "whole swarms of hitch-hikers", so many Woody often had no choice but to ride the rails - the red balls, high rollers and dead enders. Texas to Arkansas to California , from "Raton to Dodge City ", to the "boweries, back streets, and Skid Rows", the city jails and jungle camps, the "flea-bit rim of the garbage dump". With a "guitar slung over his shoulder", a "cap on his head", stubbed and scuffed worse than a "lost dog in a hard rain", Woody sung his way through many a day and long nights of "thin watery stew" and damm few bites, of passing applejack and watching the "coffee boil up in the can"; of "John Hardy" and "The Boll Weevil" and the "Columbus Stockade", of singing bout "them hard, hard. . . hard, ole hard times". Of words and tunes spun

round and changed from orange crate to tar papered shack, of songs that always stayed the same - the songs and "whiney old ballads his mother had taught him" way back. From Lubbock to Clovis to San Bernardino; from Michigan, Mississip' and Ohio - everybody wanted the same songs becós everybody was the same - no home, no job, no hope of work; tractored out by the dust and the drought, and the 'cats; tractored out by the bank, "owing more than they could ever rake or scrape". This wasn't the Corncob Trio playing the Tokyo . Woody wasn't just picking and singing around campfires and boxcars and corrugated shacks. He was "performing the past". The songs were "all that was left of the land", all that was left of people's lives.

And in the intense, "almost reverent" looks; in a quiet "so still it almost crackled in the air"; in the "misty eyes" of hard grown men, Woody saw something he'd never seen before - something he'd never miss again. He saw his father riding high up in the saddle, his eyes alive with songs and toys and rhymes, with punching bags and hogs and pedigreed hunting dogs, and cattle. He saw his father stooped, broken, wrinkled, "shriveled like bacon in a skillet"; beaten down to the skid row, to nothing more than his "old, soiled tie", and a "frayed white collar". He saw his momma with "every eye in town on her"; he saw the kids and heard the "whispers"; he felt his old friends "duck their heads" and turn away. And in the jails and orchards and jungle camps, as he "listened to the stories" and "felt the anger and pain"; as he swung off a rollin reefer car with his "hands froze stiff" as "fine ice chips"; as the railroad bulls ran him drenched and dripping outta town; as he wrapped himself up for the night and huddled down, soaking, rolled in paper, a "little pile of shivering meat and bones" . . . as he went thumbing, walking out along that "ribbon of highway", an "odd thought began to percolate", to settle in on him - "these were his people"; he was one of them, he was no longer alone. Boll weeviled, mortgaged, dustbowed and busted, a broken Model T - everybody was the same, "everybody was an Okie", and so was he.

And as he "roamed and rambled" past orchards brighter to taste and smell in their blazing orange, and red and greens; fruit hanging ripe and down and full, ready to "feed every hungry mouth" he'd ever seen; as he sighted and calibrated the gun thugs, deputy sheriffs, axe-handled vigilantes, the signs writ clear and mean: "Fruit, See It, Don't Eat It"; "Fruit, Beat It"; as he thought back to last night and then some, to "two days, no eats", to "oh I'd like to, son", ministerially speaking, "for God's love of your soul", but you know "charity never saved a one"; as he dreamt of strapping on a couple pearl handled 44s, and filling up some 12 gauge with a load of "rocksalt and nails" . . . Woody felt it strong and slow and gradual, like a jackhammer spitting gravel. And by the time he'd seen every town from Salisaw to Jericho, every place Tom Joad'd been; by the time he starved his way through those "80 cent fields", hit California and "blown down that highway, that road that had no end"; by then he knew it good - he had a family and a home; he was down and out, and bellied up - an Okie if ever there was one. And more than that, the way Woody figured, from now on, he could "sleep mighty comfortable with just that one name on his tombstone". (37)

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And that was it. After nearly a decade of being ready - ready but just chasing the wind - Woody finally ran up against the Dust Bowl - the broken Okies, jalopies, and children - ran up against the mean harness bulls, and deputy thugs - up against the sharp end, up against the Depression. (38) After nearly a decade of being ready and going nowhere, Woody suddenly got himself blindsided - flat out, hard and straight - by a purpose, a meaning, an identity - a direction.

And that wasn't all. With the Depression came the Wobblies and the commies, all sorts and shades of Bolshies, reds, and CPs. In the boxcars and migrant camps, organizing, battered and bloody, up and down the San Joaquin; out in LA, right over the air, the same station as Woody - on KFVD. He ran into The Little Red Songbook, cut just right to fit a man's pocket, just right "to fan the flames of discontent" - into Joe Hill, T-Bone Slim, and Haywire Mac, all singing bout "Pie in the Sky", "Solidarity", and "Dumping the Bosses off Your Back". (39) And that was the last of "sweet Melinda Lou" and "Rastus Brown"; of tarot cards, tea leaves, Jesus, and Kahlil Gibran; the last of "The Blue Boys", the storefronts, and cheap signs - Woody just dropped his brushes and laid his oils down. They couldn't carry half the anger he was carting 'round. And the old tunes and ballads started turning funny, sideways in his head. There was something about those songs - about Jimmy Rodgers yodeling his way out to California, "where the water tastes like cherry wine" - and the new ones were even worse - Kate Smith's God "blessing" America, and Bing Crosby "dreaming his troubles away" - there was something that kept twisting over in his mind, like a pebble burning up to a slow rage in his shoe; something about The Carter Family - "Oh Lord you know I have no friend like you. . . This world's not my home, I'm just a-passing through. . ." something about telling starving folks "not to worry", "God was in the driver's seat", and besides their "treasures and hopes" were "all out beyond the blue". Something that boiled up and over, standing The Carters and Jimmy - all of 'em - on their heads, over and over again. (40)

"I been a farmin on the shares and always I was poor
my crops I laid into the banker's store
my wife took down and died upon the cabin floor
now I ain't got no home in this world anymore"

"Now there ought to be some yodeling in this song
there ought to be some yodeling in this song
but I can't yodel
for the rattling in my lung"

"We got out to the West Coast broke
so dad gum hungry I thought I'd croak
and I bummed up a spud or two
and my wife fixed up a tater stew
we poured the kids full of it. mighty thin stew though
you could read a magazine right through it."

Now I always have thought, and I always have figured
if that stew'd been jusssstt a little bit thinner,
some of these here polli-TISH-uns couldda seen through it"

And out at KFVD the cards and letters kept rolling in - over 1500 in November of '37 alone. And Woody just kept rolling on - a man who "became whatever he saw", who'd been "following his footsteps" and making his own rules since way back around six; forever "seeing it, sighting it, sucking it down"; turning it all into a "living, talking, breathing music"; a man whose hunger "had no end", who would ever find his family in the camps & boxcars & bars & brawls & union halls - dancing down the airwaves, blowin in "with the dust and gone with the wind" - a man The '30s was just aching for - a man who finally stumbled across the Dust Bowl, the Depression, the broken lives and Model Ts; who finally found a purpose, a direction, an identity - something that tied him altogether, that kept him burning hotter than high octane.

And before long, Woody became "just Woody, just a voice and a guitar", "singing the songs of a people" . . . and with the West Coast and East Coast liberals and radicals and New Dealers all hungering and looking for that voice, that "Shakespeare in overalls" - "harsh voiced and nasal, his guitar hanging like a tire iron on a rusty rim" - it wasn't long before he became "that people" (41)

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And 'course it wasn't long 'til the 60's, and some 19 year old from Hibbing running out in the snow shouting, "Woody, where are you?" And not long after he was writing his friends half hysterical from an old East Coast greystone mental hospital: "I know him and met him and saw him and sang to him. I know Woody - Goddamn". (42)

Norma Jeane Becomes Her Dreams

What would it take to turn bimbo, dumb blonde roles that varied about as much as “the heart scan of a thrombosis victim” - “exploitative, grotesque parodies of a woman’s body” - into something more than “wolfbait”, more than a “no trouble”, easy lay, a celluloid girlie calendar? (1) What would it take to turn them into role models for a generation of teenage girls, for 100s of 1000s, millions, of girls who studied those “enormous white breasts peering from daring décolletage, that breathy little-girl voice, and those vacant stares”, to turn them eventually into a lasting iconic sex symbol? A symbol not of sex in terms of ‘good girls’ and ‘bad girls’, of virgins and whores; not of sex in terms of “guilt and innocence”, but of sex as soda pop, apple pie, and the girl next door; into a lasting iconic symbol of sex without guilt or innocence, a symbol of “sex as natural”. In short what would it take to create a Marilyn Monroe?

Two Key Characteristics are obvious. (2) First off, It would take the physicality of a Betty Grable, a Lana Turner, a Jayne Mansfield, the *physicality of a Playboy centerfold*. And it would require the ability to present herself as the next Jean Harlow, as a '50s update of the original early '30s version. It would require presenting herself as the Jean Harlow of *Platinum Blonde* and *Red-Headed Women*, with – in Marjorie Rosen’s words - that “marshmallow hair”, that “uncompromising presence”, that “star quality”; as that “funny, sexy tart” whose “sensuality heightened crude humor”; as the Harlow of *Red-Headed Women* whose “gold digger’s ruthlessness is toned down by comic lines”, allowing her to “marry for wealth, try to blackmail and bed her way toward social acceptance”; allowing her to shoot her husband and then “skip off scot free to a charmed future as a noble concubine”. It would require being able to present herself as the “hoi-polloi socialite” of *Platinum Blonde*, who (with “nothing even remotely suggesting class about her either vocally, physically or in the flashy skimp of her costumes”) makes “the socialite fantasy accessible”. It would require being able to present herself as the Harlow with “her wonderful vulnerability/ resiliency”, “her lack of pretension or position”, her “basically appealing cheapness”. It would require the ability to present herself as a Harlow for the 1950s – the *ability to present herself as the next Jean Harlow*.

And that would require some modifications of the original. The ‘50s were not the ‘30s. They weren’t about The Depression with its “deafening poverty” inviting escapist fantasies of “brash, wisecracking, gold diggers” living “by their wit”; of “brazen, amoral dynamos emasculating” men and “exposing them as chumps” with “crude man-baiting techniques” .

The early postwar years required something different. Rosie the Riveter was gone and falsies were in – falsies and corsets and bras and girdles, propping up hourglass figures, figures stitched up in sheath dresses and cinch belts, in nylons and crinoline. In the aftermath of World War II women were being “pressured out of the employment market and into conjugal bliss”. For millions of teens and young American women the early ‘50s were about one thing – getting your man and getting him quick.

Marilyn had to fit the fantasies of that era. She needed, in Richard Dyer's words, to "sum up female desirability in the fifties, to look like she's no trouble... vulnerable... she (needed to) offer herself to the viewer, to be available". She needed to "embody what 'Every Husband Needs' in a wife, namely good sex uncomplicated by worry about satisfying her". She needed to be vulnerable, accessible, offering herself to the camera in poses and roles that were belittling, exploitative, idiotic; in roles that offered little more than sex. She needed to come alive as "a daffy, Magooishly myopic husband hunter"; as a "comically stupid secretary, whose special skill is swinging her hips and behind". She needed to light up for the camera while "straddling a subway grating with her dress (billowing) high above her thighs"; while stretched out, "back arched" across "a red velvet drape", with "nothing but the radio on". She needed to come alive to the camera as if she were genuinely thrilled to be there, to light up so "something flashed from her an instant before the shutter winked". She needed to light up for the camera as if it were a thousand, a million, loving adoring eyes. She needed to have an almost insatiable *hunger for love*.

And beyond this creating a Marilyn required another characteristic. (3) The Norma Jeane who was to become this sexual icon needed a fourth Key Characteristic. She needed to invest herself in these roles, in these "idiotic", "Betty Boop cartoon characters", as if they were her own, as if they were her self, her identity.

And that is exactly what she did in her first sensational cameo role, a role explicitly created to "capitalize on Marilyn's natural sexiness": "Slinking" into Groucho's office in a "tight, low-cut, strapless, iridescent gown, she rests her right hand seductively on the detective's upper chest and leans against him, her fingers moving slowly up his shoulders, as she purrs, 'Mr Grunion, I want you to help me'". Then in response to his "What seems to be the problem?", with that "trademark roll of the eyes and lift of his thick brows", Marilyn "sways away from him with her eyebrows slightly arched and her lids lowered", replying in that "breathy little-girl voice, 'Some men are following me'".

And in "her first major film" Marilyn again becomes her role. "Arriving at a tourists' party wearing a tight red dress, she reclines languidly and hums a few measures of the song, 'Kiss', which she has requested". Framed in the "lurid" technicolor of a "comic book sex siren", she "warms to her own sensuousness, singing to the record: 'Kiss me... thrill me... hold me in your arms...'. Her "sureness of pitch and breath control, the silkiness and calmness of her approach to each phrase, her smoky vibrato, make the stereotypical 1950 love lyrics (come alive), credible and enticing". She is "at once the incarnation of every male fantasy of available sex". "Isolated in her singing... dreamily, moodily and so suggestively... she seems to be caressing herself", to be "consigned to her own peculiar realm of being", to have retreated into the deepest recesses of her private fantasy life".

And in the role which "fixed Marilyn in the world's consciousness as the exaggeratedly, dishily seductive blonde", she transforms a "silly, Kewpie doll, buxom cartoon" role into a private fantasy. (4) In Carl Rollyson's terms, throughout the *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* Lorelei "as a person is forever elusive". She "stands apart from, divisible from reality". She has no past, needs no past". She is a "self-generating phenomenon, a perpetual mobile of desire". Throughout the film "Lorelei polishes her role, not her person". She is

"distinguished by her ability to hold on to a role, to retain nothing of herself for other times, other settings".

The "famous 'Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend' musical number elevates and consecrates the glamorous child-woman myth that envelops Lorelei-Marilyn throughout the film". Even as she sings and dances for the "worshipful audience" of "gentlemen in tuxedos who adore her", Marilyn's focus is ever on herself. With "her hands on her chest, shaking her breasts", with her "arms straight above her head and her fingers outspread", even as she "caresses ropes of diamonds" in her "pink strapless gown", she "luxuriates in self-love".

And by "the very end of the film", at "their double wedding ceremony", when Dorothy (Jane Russell) says, "Remember, it's all right now to say yes", it's obvious "that Lorelei-Marilyn may not be clear about the limits of her role, that she might just go on playing it because the role is not a means to an end (marriage) but just a means, a way of being... in which she has fully invested herself."

Or as Marilyn herself put it afterwards, "everybody else was talking about how convincing, how much of me must have been in this role, or how much of the role was in me... I began to believe this was all I could do – all I was – all any woman was".

By this point in her career -- having become the top female star in Hollywood, "the biggest thing that's happened to Hollywood in years", having created the definitive, iconic "person/symbol Marilyn Monroe" – she was ready to move on, to expand herself beyond the "dishily seductive, all body, no thought, blonde" that was Marilyn. (5) She was eager to play the likes of Dostoevsky's 'Grushenka' and Ibsen's 'Nora', to play 'Gretchen' in *Faust*, eager to be appreciated for her "fine dramatic performances". Like any developing person who's achieved a level of accomplishment, a level of development of her skills, her performance, and hence of herself, her identity, Marilyn was feeling the need to expand, to explore, to move to new levels. But creating the Marilyn Monroe of the early '50s, the definitive iconic sexual symbol she became, did not require such development. It required something else. It required the self Norma Jeane brought to Hollywood in the mid '40s, the self Norma Jeane sought so desperately to move beyond in her early roles and in those definitive roles which created the iconic Marilyn Monroe. It required the self Norma Jeane so desperately sought to find as she struggled to become Marilyn, the self she glimpsed for the first time in *Ladies of The Chorus*, in "two song-and-dance routines", in the "brightness of her own image" lighting up the screen. Marilyn, driving back and forth past the theatre, reading and rereading her new name up on the marquee, as if she were "watching the announcement of her new identity". Creating Marilyn Monroe required Norma Jeane's fourth Key Characteristic -- the one that drove her to find a new self, a new identity, in the creation of Marilyn. It required Norma Jeane's *perfect self doubt*.

And creating Marilyn Monroe required one final Key Characteristic. In the casting couch world of Hollywood – with 1000s of starlets, pinups, and models all aiming to get their name up on the marquee as the next Betty Grable, Lana Turner, Jean Harlow - in a world where "girls have to go to bed a lot", a world where, as Marilyn later said re her childhood, everyone lied about "everything from soup to Santa Claus", to survive, let

alone go from folding chutes on an assembly line to becoming a film legend, required "certain ethical standards".(6) It required knowing at some basic level – that no matter how much you wished it otherwise – life was always gonna be another dice roll on a sinking ship, another cattle market parading for the highest bidder. "Vulnerable soul" she might be, but to make it to the top, to even get a shot at it, Marilyn'd have to "know which tales evoked a sympathetic reaction from this or that person". She's have to be "savvy enough" to play the "lost stray" for the handouts she needed; to purr up to John Carroll in her "tight sweater and white flared shorts", a "lost waif" who hadn't "eaten since yesterday" and "had no transportation home". Savvy enough to put "all her money into (acting classes), rent, and auto maintenance", to "walk the boulevard for her meals"; savvy enough to "play 'pretend games' to evoke pity and elicit comfort", to "secure a professional's talent" and then "thank" him "with her body". Eight years from folding chutes to *Gentlemen*; eight years surviving by playing her strong suit in the only game in town, bartering with herself, her body and soul. Eight years of bartering that required "certain ethical standards (that) were not those of most mortals", a bartering where Marilyn with her "injured innocence" was about as "helpless as a sharp knife", a bartering that required Marilyn's fifth Key Characteristic – her *survivor morality*.

Five Key Characteristics, and Marilyn wasn't exactly born with them. Neither was Norma Jeane.

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Some people say that If Marilyn Monroe "hadn't existed, the '50s would have had to invent her". (7) Marilyn's mother obviously wasn't one of them. In fact by the spring of 1926, Gladys Monroe Baker Mortensen was already taking definite steps to ensure that wouldn't be necessary. Well separated from her 2nd husband and deep into the Jazz Age - a flapper "doing lots of fast living" - the 23 year old Hollywood film splicer suddenly found herself pregnant. With Stanley Gifford, Hal Rooney, Clayton MacNamara, Ray Guthrie and any other likely candidates all keeping a safe distance, Gladys' mother, Della, hit upon a solution that encumbered no one. On June 13, 1926 , 13 day old Norma Jeane Mortensen got her 1st big break on the road to stardom - her mother "dropped her off" just across the street from Della's; dropped her off at Ida and Albert Wayne Bolender's; dropped her off for 7 & 1/2 years of foster care.

Norma Jeane didn't need any hunger or poverty or abuse from the Bolenders. (8) That wasn't necessary to become Marilyn. What Norma Jeane needed was 7 & 1/2 years without a mother or father; 7 & 1/2 years watching other kids come and go - 2,3,4 . . . 8, 10, 12. . . and more - arriving like her, then growing and leaving - other kids with parents, with "someone to call mother and father". What Norma Jeane needed was 7 & 1/2 years with only Ida and Albert - Ida who did her diapers and her meals, who ran up little blouses on her Singer, who marched her off to Sunday school - plain spoken, decent, God-fearing Ida - day after day after week after year - who was always there, but was "*Not her mother*". Ida and Albert Wayne who had to be her daddy; who was ever shaving all the creamy off his face and forever answering her questions about God, and

where He lived, and all the people in the world. Albert Wayne who had to be her daddy; had to be, but wasn't.

What Norma Jeane needed was 7 & 1/2 years of Ida and Albert Wayne, and that other woman. The woman with the red hair who came sometimes, and took her to the beach and the ocean, to the blue & foaming white, shining, hot & golden. To the beach and the ocean, who bought her lunch and ice cream, and a big umbrella one time, maybe when they saw the jugglers and the fireaters. The woman who seldom spoke, who used to take her to beach sometimes, and ice cream. . . who didn't come much anymore. The woman she "was told to call mother". (9)

What Norma Jeane needed was 7 & 1/2 years with Aunt Ida and no mother, with quiet Uncle Albert and no father; with the woman with the red hair, who came less and less, who maybe forgot, who maybe "didn't know Norma Jeane exists". 7 & 1/2 years looking for a mother, a father, for someone to love her. Looking in the church, in her prayers every night; looking to the Jesus high over the altar - the Jesus that Ida & Albert loved, the Jesus she could sing to in the church, in the crowded cafeteria, on the roller coaster road ride to the beach. Looking to the Jesus in Norma Jeane's favorite song - the Jesus who loves me, the Jesus she could sing to anytime, anywhere, whenever the mood struck her, which was often.

Looking in her dreams - in her "recurring dreams" of standing up in church, before all the people, the orchestra, hills, stars & sky. Standing without her black robe, without her little white tunic; standing up in church without any clothes on; standing and walking naked over all the people lying at her feet, naked over the adoring congregation. (10)

Looking to Tippy, to the little black and white mongrel who followed Albert Wayne home one night; who worshipped Norma Jeane and followed her to school; who waited for her at recess and the 3 o'clock bell. Looking to Tippy's warm body and pattering feet, to the music of his bark, racing along behind her roller skates. Looking to that little tuft of fur who made Norma Jeane "feel unique for the first time in her life". (11)

Looking to the photo on the mantle. The photo in the red-haired woman's house. The dark haired, moustached man she said was Norma Jeane's father, the smiling man in the slouch hat, in the fedora. Looking to the missing father she knew would return and love her, the decent man with the thin moustache, the man "she dreamed of a thousand times afterwards", the man she could feel and see bending over her hospital bed - the man she knew was there, day after day, comforting her and kissing her forehead, telling her all week how proud he was of her, how brave she was, telling her for the whole week, the whole week after she had her tonsils out. The man she could feel and see. . . the man she could never touch. (12)

Looking, looking. . . for a mother, a father, an adoring little dog - warm, wagging, waiting, ever loving, then gone. gone like a broken dream - shattered - a blasting sound, blown away in the night, blown away like a lost fedora - like a memory that was and never was. A mother, a father, a dream, a dog who loved her - cut off in the dead of night. Gone, cut off, shotgunned - a mother, a father, a dog. . . a dream of love.

Looking for a love that was sure, constant, ever admiring, gazing, praising - a love like her church congregation, a whole congregation beneath her, adoring, like that decent

man in the photo with his slouch hat and moustache, with that smile in his eyes. Looking for love, like a father, a gentle loving father, like school boys fighting to walk her home, like a photographer's lens - holding her, admiring her, loving her - like the lights, the cameras, the crew, capturing her for millions; like the love of millions. . . Looking for a love that even Norma Jeane could never have dreamed would ever come true. (13)

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That dream, that hope, that desperate hunger for love was crucial, crucial to becoming Marilyn; but it wasn't all Norma Jeane got from her years at the Bolenders. (14) The sober, devout Ida and her quiet backer, Albert Wayne - his "silence severer than any open threat of punishment" - gave the tiny girl something extra - an essential something that her mother could never have provided, much less fit into the chaos of her life & days. 'Cos while Gladys and Grace McGee and their flapper friends were splicing film and sleeping in, skipping shifts and spilling gin and rolling up the rug, Ida and Albert Wayne were doing the Lord's work - work that started early and lasted late, work that never ended. They were working for the Lord and Aimee Semple McPherson. For Sister Aimee, blonde, golden, green & blue, velvet gowns & robes and mirrors & lights, shining bright & white and beaming. Sister Aimee and Ida & Albert, the Angelus Temple and the International Church of the Foursquare Gospel, in deep and constant battle with the Devil in all his guises - with boozing, smoking, card playing, movies, painted ladies, jazz, and sin. Church services and Sunday sermons, and daily prayer and instruction - testifying to the righteousness of the Lord, to "the way, the truth, and the life" - their gospel sheet rolling hot off Albert's little press, the Bolenders were ever fighting that ever losing battle with every wickedness in the heart of man.

Vowing not to buy, drink or sell, or give alcohol, and from all tobacco abstain; vowing never to take the Lord's name in vain, Ida and Albert were ever cleansing the Temple of the Holy Spirit, ever scrubbing and soaking and cleansing, but never quite cleansing enough; never quite removing that taint of sin, trying and trying but somehow always falling short - meals, chores, play and the tub; ever chasing that tidy, clean, ordered routine, but never quite clean enough; never quite shifting that frown from Ida's face. Scrubbed, brushed, pressed and tidy, but always and ever Norma Jeane "could have done better" - never quite ready, never quite clean enough, never quite acceptable, presentable, never quite right.

7 & 1/2 years of never quite right, 7 & 1/2 years of constant doubt. 7 & 1/2 years of striving and striving for perfection - to get that hair combed, the body scrubbed, the skirt pressed. 7 & 1/2 years of striving for perfection and falling short, always short. 7 & 1/2 years of always wrong, never right, of wondering "what's wrong with me?". 7 & 1/2 years of constant doubt. (150)

7 & 1/2 years that'd drive her to hours in the mirror - checking the lipstick and eye shadow, the base and toning and highlights - that'd drive her to "scrutinizing every negative and print and contact sheet for the tiniest fault"; to agonizing herself, the actors & crew, the entire orchestra - everyone on the set - through take after retake til she got it

“just right”. 7 & 1/2 years of constant doubt. 7 & 1/2 years that’d turn to perfection when the lens was focussed, when the crowds were buzzing, when the lights were bright. 7 & 1/2 years that’d turn to stuttering, mumbling, and retreat; that’d turn to hiding and pills - to turning on herself - when the faces were too many and too sharp, when the times were too long and too alone; when the shadows were too dark.

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By 7 & 1/2 Norma Jeane needed something the Bolenders could never hope to give her. (16) She needed to stretch that doubt, that hunger for love; she needed to pump them up into a way of living, a way of being, practically a philosophy. She needed a world where a little girl’s always last in line and first to get dumped, where she could never think of herself as much. A world where nothing’s real and nothing lasts, where everyone “lies about everything from soup to Santa Claus”, where noone’s ever what they claim to be. She needed a world just like Hollywood, a world of fantasy, where love’s just a song in your head, just golden greens & blues, and lavender, scarlet, shining white & bright, just colors flickering across a screen. (17) Where a little girl’s only hope, only chance, is to play the waif, the stray, the little lost kitten - to play them for every scrap of her dreams. (18)

What Norma Jeane needed was a world where the woman who sewed and wiped and fed and clothed her for week after week after month after year was just her aunt, and the shadowy, red haired woman who was never there, who never seemed to care, was her mother; a world where she was marched off to the pews by day and night, to the United Pentecostal Church, to promise and pray to God and Baby Jesus and Sister Aimee not to drink or smoke or buy or sell, or alcohol or tobacco; where next thing you know she’s at the picture show, and there’s no more tidy Ida, Baby Jesus or Albert Wayne; no more Holy Writs and rules, just cigarettes and beer and sweet lotions, just caps popping and tall beakers flowing; where her real mother, the red haired woman, is rolling the rug and dancing the jitterbug, cutting the cards and dealing.

What Norma Jeane needed was a world where all her singing and praying and testifying to God and Baby Jesus could fade right into the Pantages and Grauman’s Chinese, into sitting all day and half the night watching Mae West sparkling and Claudette bathing nude, watching Raquel Torres vamping Groucho right through the *Duck Soup*; into watching that platinum, glimmering, electric blonde simmering; watching Jean Harlow kissing, forgetting all about Ida & Albert Wayne and the holy Apostolic Faith Gospel Mission. What this little 7 & 1/2 year old needed was for her scrubbed & soaked & early to bed so tidy to slip right into chipped beef & melted cheese & hash on toast, into partying day & nightly with her new Aunt Grace, with the live-in English couple and their daughter; into partying with all her new aunts and actors, stand ins, friends & spicers; into partying right there in Norma Jeane’s very own, brand new home, the one that belonged to her red haired mother.

What Norma Jeane needed was a life that flickered across the screen, like a fantasy, a nightmare, an endless dream; like the summer that faded to fall and winter; to Gladys,

shrieking, laughing, stalking the hall; to Norma Jeane, front row center. To pills and prescriptions and doctors coming in; to Aunt Grace saying “not to worry”, “nothing’s wrong” to her little lost kitten.

A life that flickered across the screen, Fred & Ginger & Norma Jeane; dancing & singing, front row center. Gladys “insane” and picking at her plate and Grace chattering, right through Sunday dinner: “Norma Jeane’s doing just fine at school. Look at her pink ribbons. Now, Norma Jeane, show mother your little curls”. Highlights, peroxide, lavender rinse, and twirls; another flicker across the screen. Aunt Grace with her colors and hemlines and her little lost kitten. Her little lost kitten, Norma Jeane.

And by the time fall comes round again, the English couple’s gone and the house is sold and Gladys is back in the hospital, mumbling. And Norma Jeane’s in another quicksand fantasy; with the Griffens out in West LA , with Emma Willette over on Lodi Place , with Grace swooping in, shimmering in platinum, ever promising to “fix things up”, to “take my little girl away”, to become her “legal guardian”.

And finally winter turns to spring, to dreams of a happy ending - to Doc, taller than the Western sky, dancing the fango, twinkling, a sparkler in Grace’s eye. And its the summer of ‘35 and they’re all buzzing, alive - 4 bees in a bungalow - Doc and his little Nora and Grace and Norma Jeane. Just 4 bees in a bungalow, except. . . except there’s no cash flow and suddenly someone’s got to go.

And by 9 Norma Jeane’s in another nightmare fantasy, ever dressed in faded blue, in her “uniform of poverty”. Once again the little lost kitten, the 3,463rd child at the LA Orphan’s Home - ever hoping, playing for a handout, a pet; living on 2 years of golden greens & scarlet, lavender, bright & shining white; of Fred & Ginger and dancing, singing, cheek to cheek, and day & night; on 2 years of “gonna bring you home”, “gonna fix things up”; on 2 years of weeks and months in faded blue, of Saturdays in theatres and beauty parlors and hairdos; on 2 years of hopes and dreams that never could but somehow did come true, bringing Norma Jeane back home to Grace and Doc, back home at last, back home . . . back home til suddenly daddy comes in, drunk, staggering, leaning o’er her, closing the door; back home til daddy comes in and the fairytale ends, til Norma Jeane gets dumped once more.

What Norma Jeane needed was a world just like Hollywood, where nothing’s real and nothing lasts; where the woman who loved her could suddenly dump her way out in Compton in another broken dream, with 3 more “cousins” and another “aunt” - all poor and hungry, all hustling, grabbing every scrap. A world where morality’s whatever works, cuts the hurt, whatever gets you past; where a little lost kitten could suddenly become an orphan, the poor child the teachers all loved because both her parents were “killed in an accident”. (19)

Another 8 months of hoping and waiting, of fabricating, of living on fantasy. 8 months of Aunt Grace poppin in with a new hat, smiles and hugs, and 5 pairs of shoes; then swish, gone again, nowhere to be seen when cousin Jack decides his frisky little wank needs a quick taste of the real thing.

And just as she was going under, couldn't swim, caught in a nightmare that never ends, Aunt Grace shows up and dives in; taking her back from cousin Jack, back home to yet another aunt - a very special aunt - back home to Aunt Ana, to West LA, to a new beginning; taking her back home to the perfect school for Grace's little 12 year old protégée, back home to the perfect fairytale ending.

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But first she needed a bit of training. (20) After her years of hungering to be loved, accepted, seen; her years of constant doubt, of being the waif, the stray, ever caught in nightmare and fantasy, Norma Jeane needed a part to play, a part to be. She needed to try on the Marilyn we all would see - her smile and lips, her curls and tints, her eyes, her style, her gaze. She needed 5 years as Aunt Grace's protégée. (21) Five years in the hands of the "cosmetic wizard" - the studio supervisor who knew all about lights & shadows & filters, all about quick snips of the scissors, the infinite varieties of cosmetic surgery, every trick of the dream factory; the "freewheeling whirlwind of irrepressible ambition", totally without inhibitions; the 40 year old who had longed for a career as a movie actress then lavished her money and ambitions on two nieces, and now with both them and Gladys gone, had Norma Jeane to "rave about like she was her own"; who had a child to raise, to form and shape; an opportunity to create the daughter nature had denied her, an eager little 8 year old to become the beneficiary of Grace's experience, a Norma Jeane just waiting to be rouged, dyed, powdered, preened & curled; just ripe for ribbons & tints, patent shoes, sunsuits and bows; just perfect to become "the new Jean Harlow".(22)

So finally in those years of bursts and bits, of whirlwind visits, Norma Jeane found a part to play, a part to be . . . 8, 9, 10 . . . 5 full years of training, of learning the perfect part for her worlds of nightmare and fantasy. 5 full years of learning how a movie star uses her body, her eyes, her walk & talk, her clothes, her incandescent blonde hair . 5 years of hearing "There's no reason why you can't grow up to be just like her, with your blue green eyes and that chin; just like the blonde bombshell, Norma Jeane".

5 years of "Where do we go today? Where do we go on Saturday? No, before the movies. That's right, up you go in the chair. Now watch closely, Norma Jeane, let's let the lady do her magic with those curlers, with her irons and brushes. Now, look in the mirror, Norma Jeane. Look, that's my baby. Here, now, the eyeliner. . . and your lipstick . . . just a bit. . . That's it, Norma Jeane, press them together. . . Now, look. Aren't we pretty!"

5 years of new dresses and dreams, of signs and hopes, and "Guess what, Norma Jeane, right on your very own birthday. On your very own 10th birthday! Jean Harlow's made it official. No more 'Harlean Carpenter Mcgraw Bern Rosson and diddle lee doo'. Now she's just 'Jean Harlow'. 'Jean', baby, just like you. Maybe we should drop that 'e' and make it official too."

And “Oh no. No. did you hear it on the radio? No, not the very day you’re coming home. But wait, it’s a sign, Norma Jean. It must be a sign. Just as you’re leaving The Home. Just as you’re free, coming back to Aunt Gracie, it must be! It must be a sign. Jean Harlow’s gone but not for long. Just til we get you up and grown, Norma Jean. Just til we get you up there on the big screen. See your eyes there, smile in the mirror, Norma Jean. See, same eyes, same chin. Just touch that up a bit. . . a little cosmetic surgery, that’ll do it.”

5 years of signs and hopes and heading for the silver screen. 5 years of “There you are Norma Jean. Isn’t that just your color. A sunny sunsuit and this little beach hat. And which pair of shoes will we wear? Now hold out your hand, you thought I wasn’t coming, but here I am. . . 4, 5, 6 silver dollars. And do you know what that’ll get you at the Compton Curlers? Yes, yes, and more. A whole treatment, Norma Jean, a whole treatment. Now you run in there and try on this dress. We’re gonna get you off on the right foot. 12 years old and ready for your first shoot and, oh look how tall you’ve grown. Now let’s just touch up those cheeks with a little powder. . . that’s it, just a dab there and we’re gonna take that first big step Norma Jean. That’s right, right on your birthday. Your first big step towards the silver screen. Your very own professional photographic session. That’s right, now take this scrapbook. We’re gonna put all your photos in here. We’re gonna start filling it right up. And you know what else? What else you need right now? We’re gonna get you a proper school, a proper school for our very own little Norma Jean, for our very own little Norma Jean Harlow”.

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And so by the fall of ‘38 the lanky little 12 year old was set. (23) Shy, withdrawn and filled with her constant doubt, Norma Jeane was once again the new girl in town. With little schooling, few friends and even fewer clothes, living out in West LA, on the wrong side of the tracks, with all the Okies and Mexicans and yet another aunt, Norma Jeane was set. She had her hunger - her desperate hunger for love - and she knew all about chasing her fantasies - how to smile and purr and play the little lost stray. And she knew all about ribbons and powder, rouge and tints and curls - all about what lipstick and mascara can do for a girl. By the fall of ‘38, the lanky little 12 year old was set. She just didn’t quite have all the tools yet.

With no phone, few friends, and no room to invite them in, after school was mostly just humming and dreaming, sunrise & sunset, Glenn Miller & his orchestra; Norma Jeane, “the string bean”, walking home. 12 to 13, day after day after week, walking to school, lanky and shy, new girl in town, first year at Emerson Junior High, pretty much walking and dreaming and humming alone.

But not for long. Before the year was out Norma Jeane had plenty of friends - horns honking, men waving, whistling; boys fighting to walk her home. Plenty of friends because by the fall of ‘39 Norma Jeane had “suddenly grown two heads”; plenty of friends because she knew exactly how to use them. Plenty of friends because by the fall of ‘39 Norma Jeane had all the tools she needed. (24)

With Aunt Ana childless, vulnerable and on her own at 58, Norma Jeane got nothing but “kindness and love” whenever the teacher sent her home, sent her home to clean up her act, to take off her tight boys pants. Nothing but kindness as she poured herself back into the few clothes she had, back into her faded blue dress, with Ana’s hugs and caress, back into her tight, undersized dress with no bra and no underblouse. Nothing but kindness as she poured herself back, touched up her lipstick, and torched the math class. (25)

Suddenly all the definite “no no’s” for girls of 13 were all go go’s for Norma Jeane - straight out of her years of hungering for someone to love her, to adore her, to Clark Gable her - tooting all the way home; her years of fantasy & daydream, of scarlet blue & golden greens, of lavender, shining white & bright; of dancing, singing, cheek to cheek, and day & night; her years of playing the waif, the orphaned stray, ever hoping for a handout, a pet; her years of prepping and priming, getting ready to photo, of learning all about lipstick & mascara, tints & curls Norma Jeane knew just what to do with her “two heads”, just how to turn them into something real. Hour after hours in home, in school, checking her makeup in mirror after mirror; pulling out every stop in the endless cosmetic shop that was ‘40s LA - Norma Jeane was suddenly the only person she had a chance to be, the only self she could find in the factories of Emerson, and Van Nuys, and University High.

Overnight from Norma Jeane, “the string bean”, into 5’ 5” with “pertly rounded breasts” bouncing off her chest, into the flashing, vibrant, happy to be alive. “The Mmmm girl” with her new friend BeBe laughing, swapping clothes and playing along; dancing the rumba and the conga, surveying the boys and writing in The Emersonian about how “gentlemen prefer blondes”. Hanging out at the HiHo and TomCrumpler’s, sipping cokes over Chuckie’s jokes - trading smiles and winks with Chuck Moran, the top jock with the sweet talk and girls all over him, with *the* Chuck Moran, and him wanting nothin’ more than that “Mmmm girl”, nothin’ more than Norma Jeane. (26)

13, 14, 15 and Norma Jeane was set - totally sexual, totally naive, and totally safe. If it’d been the ‘60s or ‘70s or later, Marilyn would have never made it past Norma Jeane. She’d been easy jailbait - knocked up and pregnant by 17. But it was the ‘30s, barely the ‘40s, not ‘58, ‘60, or ‘73. The boys mightta been dreaming, drooling, and steaming, but they weren’t flashing their wheels or dropping her pants. Nobody was rockin’ ‘round the clock or humping up in the hills after the dance. No trojans, no ticklers, and no penicillin; no chevies at the levy and noone was willin’ - not even Chuck Moran - to push it much past her lips and a few hopeless grapes way up on Mulholland.

13, 14, 15 and Norma Jeane was using everything she’d become to fill that constant doubt, that “naked need for love”. A sex siren without knowing it - nothing inside holding her back; nothing outside to keep her from winking, wiggling. . . going for it.

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15 and Norma Jeane was ready to move on. (27) She knew all the dances, even the New Yorker; she didn't need any more high school classes, kisses, or Coca-Cola. Norma Jeane was ready to graduate to the next level. What she needed was a nice, safe apprenticeship in the real thing - turning the hearts and heads of real men - what she needed was a nice, safe intro into using her body for the first time in bed. What Norma Jeane needed was an older, dependable, 21 year old protector - the kind of guy who'd give up a college football scholarship because his mom needed the extra money he could pull down working the swing shift; the kind of guy who'd play his guitar and listen, listen to Norma Jeane, soft and sweet and singing right along with him; the kind of "handsome, dreamboat of a Clark Gable" Norma Jeane couldn't help but fancy. The kind of guy Grace needed to take over when she went East with Doc; the kind of guy she could easily maneuver into those warm, shy, hungry arms - to stroll, chat, waltz and hold her - from the Christmas dance to the boat rides and hikes and picnic lunches Grace always packed; the kind of guy Grace could maneuver right up to the altar. (28)

What Norma Jeane needed was a young merchant marine for a husband, a marine instructor based way out on Catalina Island, a marine whose job left her alone for days, weeks, months on the beach; alone in her shy smiles and "skimpy bathing suits", just walking her dog and heating up the troops; alone for months of strolling and turning and glowing and strolling again, for months of "Gee fellas, can't a girl get a tan?".

Alone for months of specialist training at her own little boot camp way out on Catalina Island - months of seeing and feeling and tasting her power to move men, 1000s of men; of seeing it, feeling it, tasting it safely, ever so safely, as the untouchable, newly married bride of a young marine. What Norma Jeane needed was her perfect apprenticeship, as the untouchable Mrs James Dougherty.

And beyond that what she needed was an entree into the movie industry, an entree she was never gonna find in the dope room at Radioplane - working 10 hour days on the varnish spray - an entree Norma Jeane would have dumped altogether if she'd gotten her way - desperately "begging to have a baby" when Jimmie went overseas. (29) An entree that fell in her lap, straight out of the blue, when the army's shutterbugs marched in one day in the fall of '44 for a patriotic shoot - marched in and found "a photographer's dream" right there on the assembly line, just smiling and folding the chutes.

What Norma Jeane needed was the entree that Corporal Conover offered when he signed her on for some still color shots, for some modeling, and some more contacts; the entree that "lit up every camera", every lens, as Norma Jeane smiled and flirted with her new found admirers and friends. An entree that took her from Conover to Emmeline Snively and her Blue Book Agency, to classes on "posture and makeup, grooming and carriage and lowering her smile" to immediate assignments for her curly, chestnut-colored hair and flashing bluegreen eyes, for her dresses and blouses and bathing suits that were always too tight. An entree that took her to Zuma Beach and Mount Hood and Mojave; that took her from Conover to de Dienes and Burnside and Moran and Jasgur - "shy, breathless, helpless, anxious to please", giving herself to the cameras, to the photographers, to the 100s and 1000s of men beyond the lens, in her fantasies. (30) An entree that took her from Radioplane to *Pageant* and *Parade*, to *Laff* and *Peek and See*. An entree that soon brought Harlow back into focus - giving hope and shape to Grace's

dreams - that dumped Jimmie off in Vegas while he was still way overseas. An entree that Emmeline took up the boulevard and wrapped in crinoline, in floor length crinoline - Norma Jeane, walking poised and confident, smiling yet vulnerable; Norma Jeane, "radiating sex" in every frame, in every frame of her first test for Zanuck and Fox, of her first test for the silver screen.

Norma Jeane, barely 20, with a new life and a new name.

A year later and Marilyn was still cycling to the studio, to dancing & singing & acting lessons, still stealing scripts and sneaking home to practice them, still haunting wardrobe and makeup and publicity in her tight sweaters and eager smiles, still posing in negligees and bikinis, pestering anyone who could help her - asking about fabrics and foundations and period costumes, about lighting and camera motion and makeup, about toning, outlining, eyeshadowing for color, for black 'n white. (31)

A year later and Marilyn was still eager, still hungry, still desperate to learn, to change, to become her new name, still asking, "How do you become a star?"

A year later and Marilyn was still a walkon in *Scudda-Hoo! Scudda-Hay*, a 14th credit in *Dangerous Years*; still invisible at the bottom of Zanuck's photo pile, still a "no call", going nowhere.

A year later and Marilyn was doing her last photocall for Fox - just another starlet posing for the cameras, caddying a 2nd string lead man round the Cheviot Hills golf course. Caddying a tall, handsome, a gentle, a decent man . . . a Clark Gable to light up with her tight sweater and flared shorts, with her bright eyes and purr and smile, with her quiet hungry words, down to her last paycheck. A Clark Gable to buy her dinner and drive her home, home to her tiny, dark, seedy apartment. A Clark Gable to invite in, to "thank" for the dinner, for the day, for . . . a Clark Gable to help her, to hold her, to tell her everything will be all right.

A Clark Gable with a wife who could never resist an orphan, a waif, a stray; a poor little girl who was raped at 9, almost daily by 11; who was padding her bras and working the boulevard again, to pay for her meals, her classes, her acting lessons. A little "lost waif" with no money, no home, no job, no hope, no friends. A "stray kitten" Lucille Ryman just couldn't dump out on the street again. (32)

John Carroll and his wife and their "hungry little kitten", who could stay in the spare flat on top of El Palacio, right there on La Cienega, handy for her acting lessons, for her auditions. Their hungry little kitten who just needed a daddy to call on the set, a mother to phone in her office at MGM, to say, "it's all right, Marilyn, I'm right here, of course you should take a bath. yes, try the lemon rinse". Who just needed \$50, \$80, \$100 a week, after week, after week; a mother, a father, a lead actor, a talent director; an apartment in Hollywood, a ranch house in the valley with John Huston's team of Irish stallions, with

Lucille's gowns and coats and slacks, parties and friends, like Pat DeCicco, the Bon Bon king, like his old pal, his good buddy, the Fox mogul, Joe Schenck.

Joe Schenck, a weatherbeaten beefy old bear of a man, with his limo and butler and poker buddies, with his Renaissance mansion. (33) The old mogul with a 1000 stories to tell, of shooting silents back on East 48th with Dutch and Norma and Buster Keaton, of Harlow and Billie Cassin, Pierce Arrows and the bareass Charleston; of Frank Netti and Willie Bioff, payoffs and rackets and studio hypocrites; of old Harry Warner, still the cobbler's son, still pinching pennies and licking his lips, still picking up nails off the set.

The old mogul with his memories and poker buddies, the guys who were there with Fatty and Lillian and D W Grif. The old mogul with all his stories and memories and wisdom; with his wide-eyed, hungry, little innocent- smiling, purring and lapping it all up, ever gazing at him, taking it in. . . seeing the "whole history of Hollywood in his face", in his years of exploration. The old mogul with his little kitten, laughing, purring, pouring the highballs, and dealing; laughing and purring and rubbing him up.

The old mogul with his mansion and limo and poker buddies, with Spyros and Bon Bon and Harry Cohn. Harry the Horror, the Columbia kingpin. With his old buddy Harry who could always find a spot for "Joe Schenck's girlfriend".

Not quite 22 and Marilyn was back in the game, back on the lot with a 26 week Columbia contract. (34) Back on the lot eager, hungry driven to make herself into something new. Back on the lot with her electric sexuality, with her reedy tight squeak of a voice, with her constant doubt. Back on the lot frozen, terrified of any audience, soon to be lined up for a singing part in *Ladies of the Chorus*. Back on the lot with not a hope once she opened her mouth, once she froze on the set.

The producer, director, talent scout, they all agreed - even the "tiny demands of chorus girl role were beyond Marilyn's capabilities". Drooping in her "vacuous expression and hip hugging dress, unable even to take refuge in her own insignificance", this girl needed more than a drama coach, she needed a Stanislavsky, a Chekhov, a Max Reinhardt, she needed the Moscow Art Theatre, the whole German Rep - she needed a scraggy, greying "frantic stork" of a woman, who shouldda been a Garbo, a Bernhardt, a Duse; a greying, lonely, rage of a woman, done by the Nazis, by the studios, by her husband; bitter, hungering for recognition, acknowledgement of her culture, her talent, hungering for a chance to live her dreams , to mold one of these empty little "trollops" into what she should have been. Looking for a "channel for what she had to give", a wide-eyed, empty,

hungry, little starlet just needing Natasha to “breathe for her”, to teach her every “gamut of human emotion”, every nuance of the Russian soul; a perfect venus, in the softest clay, just waiting to be reworked, refined, caressed; remade into the perfect Garbo, the perfect Bernhardt, the perfect Natasha Lytess.

A “new friend” for Marilyn, an acting coach, a “woman of deep culture”, who’d show her how to move, express, tell her what to read, Tolstoy & Turgenev, how to speak and act and dress. Who’d take her in and fill her up; who’d work her, drive her, pound her, keep her focused, on track... get her to practice, recite over and over, to stress every syllable, every “d” & “t”:

“I did not want to pet the dear. . .’ Again Marilyn. Move your lips before you speak, before.. ‘I did not want...’ every ‘d’, every ‘t’, ‘did not want to pet... ‘ Enunciate clearly. ‘did’, ‘not’, ‘want’. enunciate.. Every syllable.. and get those final dentals sharp. Now try it again. ‘I did not want to pet the dear soft cat’.”

Who’d study, watch, guide every move, every nuance of expression; who’d calibrate every scene, and signal every bit - “too low, bring it up, voice up”; “no, you’ve lost your inner poise”; “too soon, turned too soon”; “empty, you’re missing the connection, the motive, get the motive” - at home, the studio, right there on the set. Right there in the projection rooms, filling the daily rushes, scene after scene of Marilyn “finishing her dialogue, shading her eyes and looking out”, getting the nod, the gesture, the signal she’d finally got it right.

A drama coach who’d give herself to Marilyn, teaching her, berating her, pounding her; sculpting, refining, pacing her; making sure she never got beyond herself, making sure she never found herself:

“Of course Karamazov would make a good movie. . . Dmitry and Grushenka, Marilyn. Grushenka. The first syllable, accent the first syllable. . . . You? You play Grushenka??? Of course, Marilyn. . . of course.”

A drama coach who was clinging, controlling, living through Marilyn, critiquing her every step, every word, making sure she was terrified to face two lines alone, without Natasha right there on the set, just off the screen; making sure she understated every move, enunciated, articulated every “d” & “t”; giving her that perfect breathy little voice to go with her electric sexuality; making sure she had no hope of Grushenka, but was perfect, just perfect for purring "baby-faced", strapless up to Groucho, just perfect for "... some men are following me".

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22 and back on the lot, with her reedy voice, her constant doubt. (35) Frozen, terrified of any audience, lined up for a singing part in *Ladies of the Chorus*. Back on the lot, with a new part, another chance. With no hope.

Back on the lot with a vocal coach who could hear possibilities in her voice; who'd play the piano and talk for hours about Fred & Ginger, about Cole Porter and Ella, about Gershwin, about Glenn Miller. A vocal coach who'd put his son to bed and sit and play for her; who was "live and strong", whose "voice was like a medicine"; who'd take her to his friends' homes, to small intimate parties, maybe in the hills over Malibu, maybe out at Richard Quine's; who'd coax her up for a number or two, one of Marilyn's favorites, maybe "Begin the beguine", maybe "Baby won't you please". Just the two of them at the piano over drinks. Just the two of them with a few friends.

A vocal coach who brought her home to the family bungalow, to his mother and sister, to Nana and Mary, to coos and hugs and giggles, to kids who were "crazy about her". A vocal coach who brought her home to the love of the whole Karger family, who let her "open up", forget Norma Jeane, who let "a new me appear in Marilyn's skin".

A vocal coach with his own dance band and sidemen, who were all playing for her, pulling for her to come out and sing, do a few of her favourites at their gigs, in Long Beach, Arcadia, in Pasadena; all pulling for her to slip on Freddy's ring.

A vocal coach who took her from the frozen terror, trembling, ever hiding in the wings to two songs and a dance routine; who took her from walkons & crowd scenes, clips on the cutting room floor to the Motion Picture Herald, to "Everybody Needs a Da, Da, Daddy", to the "brightest spot" in *Ladies of the Chorus*.

A vocal coach who had her driving back and forth, up and down Santa Monica Blvd, back and forth past the Carmel Theatre, reading and rereading her name bright up there on the marquee, sitting low in the middle row, hiding in dark glasses and a baggy overcoat, just a little girl peeking up at the screen - a new self, a new life - Marilyn, MARILYN!!, no more Norma Jeane.

A vocal coach caught in a bitter divorce, who "talked a lot about women and the emptiness of their love". A vocal coach who suddenly discovered that Marilyn, the poor little waif, the little lost homeless waif, the helpless stray kitten, had tricked him, had conned him into taking her in. That Marilyn in her hunger for love, her desperate need for a father, a family, a daddy, had babyfaced lied her way into his home. A bitter vocal coach who suddenly realized that she was too hungry, too weepy; that her mind was barely hatched, "embryonic", "inert", half naked all the time; that she was just "floating through life on a pair of water wings"; her clothes, her mind, and did you ever notice that little overbite. . . sure that can all be fixed.. . sure, Dr Taylor can even up those teeth. But the tears, the lies. . . what if I should drop dead, die? Would that be fair to the kids, leaving them with a mother like this.

And so by January of '49 it was over. Fred Karger had taken Marilyn from frozen in the wings to front and center, ready to face any audience, ready to sing. And in her hunger for love, her rush to belong, Marilyn had gotten herself crushed, rejected, thrown out. Just in time. January of '49 and Marilyn was set - a starlet moving in just the right circles; bruised, battered, broken -- perfect, ready to move on.

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What Marilyn needed now was a gentle, friendly fatherly man, an older wiser man who would talk to her in a quiet voice, who'd look at her with kind eyes, who'd listen. (36) A man who knew about broken hearts and lives, about mixups and wrong starts; who didn't blame or criticize; a man who'd accept all the pain and desperate things in Marilyn, in Norma Jeane. Marilyn needed a busy man, ever in demand, on the phone, on the run; who somehow found the time he didn't have to be there, to turn her tears to smiles, to laughter for the first time in months.

Marilyn needed a short little, "sandy haired bantam weight" of a man who filled the room with kindness and made you feel like maybe somehow the heart might love again. A man who was more than a friend, more than a father, more than a sweetie. What Marilyn needed was one little man who "seemed just like a whole family".

And Marilyn needed a mentor, a talent scout. No contract, no work, no money, no prospects - a man who knew exactly why she couldn't get a job, why she couldn't even earn enough to eat. A man who'd smile and tell her "it's hard for a star to get a job", who could see it, feel it in her, "stars aren't made for eating jobs". A man who knew because he saw 100s of actresses every week; who "discovered a girl just like you once, years ago, brought her to Metro". A girl "just like you, only you're better, you've got more than her, you'll go farther, farther than Lana Turner".

Marilyn needed a mentor who laughed at Zanuck and Cohn and Dore Schary; laughed at them for sacking her at 20th and Columbia, for refusing her at Metro. "Not photogenic". That's good. 'not star material' Ha!" A mentor who laughed because he'd seen her on the set and on the screen, because he's sat in the theater watched the sparks, felt the steam; laughed because he knew, she had more than Turner, more than Rita Hayworth, more than Clara Bow; laughed because she was "another Harlow".

Marilyn needed a mentor who understood her dreams, who saw beyond Hollywood, beyond the silly scripts, the candyfloss, sirens and sexpots. A mentor who know about serfs and peasants and outcasts, like Grushenka, and Marilyn and Norma Jeane. A mentor who'd recite a few lines of Pushkin, of Andreyev; who'd remember the Tzar mumbling round the Winter Palace, who'd remember the days, the hopes, of '17.

A mentor who didn't think it was funny, her reading Tolstoy and listening to Tchaikovsky, who knew that everything was possible, a mentor who let her hope and smile and dream again. A mentor who "changed the world" for Marilyn.

And Marilyn needed a promoter, a promoter who took her to the fashion houses, to Saks Fifth Ave, to Jax out on Wilshire; who took her from bare legs, a beat up old polo coat, to nylons and cashmere, to gowns and silk; who hired a personal stylist to give her weekly sessions, a Beverly Hills surgeon to touch up her nose, soften her chin.

A promoter who “swarmed all over the studios” by day, who took her around on his arm at night, to Palm Springs and Malibu and Bel-Air; to Stone Canyon, the Palisades, to Romanoffs and Chasens. A promoter who knew Zanuck and Cohn and Schary; Hawks and Cukor and Wilder; every Huston, Warner, and Mayer; who knew every player, every insider.

A promoter who never confused Hollywood’s realities with Tolstoy or Grushenka, with Marilyn’s dreams; who never confused real acting with making it on the screen. A promoter who know exactly what the studios had to sell, who knew it was all down to one thing - the right projects, the right producers, the right combo for Marilyn’s magical innocence, for her “luminous sex appeal” What Marilyn needed was a promoter who could walk up and introduce her to a producer like Lester Cowan; walk up and next thing you know Lester’s new film has added a little cameo, with just Groucho and Marilyn, a little cameo just made for “Johnny’s girlfriend”.

What Marilyn needed were film roles - the kind of roles that Johnny could get her - roles that “fit her to a ‘t’”; roles that fit the Marilyn she was and the legend she would become; roles that she could light up like ‘another Harlow’, like “Mae West, Theda Bara and Bo Peep all rolled into one”. Roles that she’d been lighting up since way back in junior high, in her faded blue dress, no bra, no underblouse; in her tight sweater and flared shorts; in her babyfaced and strapless and purring up to Groucho. Roles that ‘fit her to a ‘t’’. Roles like Johnny got her in *All About Eve*, playing an eager, alluring novice, with more hunger than talent; an eager alluring novice who knew all about gentlemen friends, all about “acquaintances”. Roles like Marilyn had been playing ever since she got to Hollywood, the helpless, innocent little lost waif, ever “thanking” agents, coaches, and friends, ever smiling and listening, ever “kneeling” for execs. Roles like she played in *Asphalt Jungle*, napping on the sofa - so helpless, so innocent - just a little kitten glancing up at her sugar daddy, just a little kitten. . . licking cream.

Marilyn needed a man who was lost in her. A man who’d found a cause in her. A man who could never see that she loved him as her long lost father, as her protector, her helper, her benefactor. Marilyn needed a man who’d found his cause, who couldn’t stop -- from the beach to the bed to the endless party circuit; from the beach to the bed to breathless on the landing; bent, folded, gasping; from the beach to the bed to the first heart attack. Marilyn needed a man who lived for nothing but his “fiancee”, his star, his fantasy. A man who could never hear her soft, quiet words of refusal, who could only see that she was always there, ever faithful, loyal, available. Marilyn needed a man who could never understand, never accept that sex was just a way of being close, a way of saying “thanks”. A man who heard the words she said, that she couldn’t marry him; heard the words, but could never accept, not with her legs ever soft, ever warm; not with her legs ever wet.

Marilyn needed a man who was lost in her, who was going to make her a star, make her his wife, who was going to leave her his fortune, his property, save her forever from poverty. Marilyn needed a man who pulled out all the stops, cashed in all the chips, a man who called in all his IOUs hustling one final deal, over the phone from his bed - hustling a 7 year contract with Fox, a 7 year contract for an unknown starlet. A contact

that meant her fame, her legend, her place in history. A contract that Johnny Hyde would never live to see.

Marilyn needed a man who was lost in her, who would give his all for her, who would live just long enough to make her career. A man who would live just long enough to die for her.

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And Marilyn needed publicity, the kind of publicity that would make her the studio's hottest property, the kind of publicity Johnny got her on the cover of Life as Hollywood's brightest rising star, the "Busty Bernhardt bringing men running just by standing still and breathing". (37) The kind of publicity he got her in *Young As You Feel*, in *Love Nest*, checking herself in the mirror, taking shorthand with her breasts barely in, turning, rising and then. . . wig, wig, wiggling down the hall. Gliding in and out of clothes and showers, with hints of nylon and bras, and silky slips, with the film set so quiet and packed you "could hear the electricity" snap. Heating up the screen in her little polka dot bikini, the one with "barely enough room for the polka dots", the one that had the old boys all buzzin at Fox, all buzzin at the stockholders meeting in New York City; all pushing Zanick for more, for bigger parts, pushing Zanuck for all she's got.

Marilyn needed the kind of publicity that only a studio could give her, cranking out 1000s of photos & stories, gossip and pinups and inuendo -- Marilyn at the annual awards dinner stitched up in her sequins and cleavage, her eyes half closed and mouth half open, leaning and stretching, smiling and turning and purring for the lens, for all the young men stationed way out in Korea with their long hours and cold showers, with their pinups cut out and plastered, wall papering the barracks, the foxholes, the canteen. All those boys in Seoul , in Pusan ; in Yanggu, Mokpo , Kosong. All those boys writing home to their dreams.

Marilyn needed the kind of publicity that made sure no matter how much "depth", "force" and "nuance" her acting began to show; no matter how many literature classes she took, no matter how hard she studied with Natasha, with Michael Chekhov; no matter how much she dreamed of Tolstoy, Rilke and Proust, how she longed to play Ibsen's Nora, Grushenka in Karamazov . . . no matter, for the press and the studio, for the stockholders and soldiers, the men who bought the pinups and caught the flicks, who packed the mailbags every week; the men who took the photos, ran the studios, did the interviews; the men who could see only one thing - the dizzy blonde, the cheesecake, the girl with the big tits. . . the girl they were all screwin' right off the screen.

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What Marilyn needed was the kind of press that'd make her "hotter than Harlow". (38) The kind of press that comes with having Louella Parsons and Sidney Skolsky mothering and fathering you, wanting to help the "poor little waif", becoming your "lifelong friend". The kind of press that came with her latest beau - Joltin Joe, the great DiMaggio, "America's national hero". The kind of press that came with Louella and Sidney's syndicated columns, helping millions to chase their dreams - coast to coast, cover to cover, practically live - their dreams about "Joe looking over Marilyn's curves", about "Joe batting just fine".

What Marilyn needed was the kind of press she'd been pulling ever since she grew those "two heads" way back in junior high - the kind of press she got by "tossing out the first pitch at a benefit baseball game, wearing a tight dress with nothing, absolutely nothing, underneath"; the kind of press she got by leading the Miss America Parade "wearing a little here, less there, and nothing much anywhere"; by leading the Miss America Parade in a "neckline that plunged to her waist and threatened to keep on going"; the kind of press she got by explaining how she thought everyone was just "admiring her grand marshall's badge".

The kind of press she got oohing her way through "Do It Again" out at Camp Pendleton; by heating up the troops, 1000s of men, with "Come and get it. . Mmmm . . . you won't regret it" . . . then stampeding 'em with, "Gee boys, I don't get all the fuss about us sweater girls. . . I mean, take away the sweater and what have you got?"

What Marilyn needed was the kind of press she got by stretching out across Baumgarth's 1952 calendar. Marilyn in her "Golden Dreams" with "nothing but the radio on". Marilyn, innocent, purring, alluring. Marilyn, just a little kitten . . . licking cream.

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What Marilyn needed was the '50s. (39) The 50s when the War was over and the heroes were all out in the suburbs, pushing mowers. Out in the suburbs - no more buddies, battles, brothels. No more soldiers. Just the wife and kids; turtle wax, little league, painting the fence; a Saturday night every 5 or 6 weeks. Just the drive-in, the Roxie, the technicolor dreams; the popcorn, the Bon Bons, the Ju Ju B's. Just Marilyn, winking & wiggling, purring across the screen.

The 50s when the boys were all home from the War, and the girls were all back in their usual place, only more. Filing the nails, powdering the nose, eyelining, studying the boys; chasing the quarterback, the manager's son, most any guy in a letter sweater; chasing a husband. Knitting, stitching, learning to cook; scooping double deckers, banana splits, working the sidecounter at Gams. \$5 deposit, saving up month by month; henparties and showers, a 3 piece living room set. The house in the suburbs; the diapers, the Gerbers, the shirts to press. Late nights at the office, bowling league and happy hours. Just over at Jimmy's fixin the mower. And who does he think he's kiddin'.

What Marilyn needed was the 50s when the men were all men and the women all had their brains traded in for curlers. The 50s when gentlemen preferred blondes, blondes who would slither and purr and wiggle; blondes who were kindda dumb & stacked and liked to giggle. The '50s when women preferred blondes - well one blonde - a blonde who could pull all those bowties right up to her thighs. . . then "gosh" and a big blink while they sizzled.

NOTES

Hitch Goes To Hollywood - Notes

(1) Information and quotes in this section of the Notes (from "The movies we associate..." to "... *repressed sexuality* ") come from Spoto (1983), pp xiii, 352-53; LaValley (1972), pp 6, 8, 15; Modleski (1989), pp 90, 107-08. In order to maintain the flow of the writing here (and in the rest of the book), quotes which are used are sometimes changed slightly - eg, "producing" changed to "produce"; "is" changed to "was", ". . ." omitted, etc.

(2) Information and quotes in this section (from "Associated with..." to "... *overwhelming and chaotic world* ") come from LaValley (1972), pp 6, 14, 29; and Spoto (1983), pp 90, 457-8.

(3) Information and quotes in this section (from "A third preoccupation..." to "... *hung off of Mt. Rushmore* .") come from LaValley (1972), pp 6, 9; Durgnat (1972), p137; Rohmer & Charbrol (1992), pp110, 128.

(4) Information and quotes in this section ("And what of the mind..." to "... *bricked up in*") come from Spoto (1983), pp 428, 431, 473-77, 481-2, 526-7; Rebello (1992), pp15, 17-19.

(5) Information and quotes in this section (What would it take..." to "...'international institution'".) come from LaValley (1972), pp 5, 25, 33, 145++; Spoto (1983), pp xi, 352, 429, 440-41; Hitchcock (1937), pp 34-5; Modleski (1989), p 104; Rebello (1992), pp 19, 93, 96.

(6) All of the available evidence suggests that Hitch was born "anxious" in the sense of inherited temperamental biases such as "inhibition" (Kagan & Snidman, 1991), "activity level", "sociability", and "emotionality" (Plomin et al, 1988; Buss, 1989). Little Freddy almost undoubtedly had a low "threshold to responsiveness", not to mention "adaptability to new experience". As for "approach/ withdrawal", Hitch was definitely not what you'd call an "easy child" (Thomas & Chess, 1977). In Costa & McCrae's terms he was most likely also high on "neuroticism" and low on "extraversion" (Pervin, 1996, 43-51).

(7) All the information and quotes used in this section ("No doubt Alfred..." to "...name was momma.") is taken from Spoto, 1984, pp 14-18, except for "intrusive" which is from Egeland, et al, 1993, p359. Occasionally - here and throughout the book - a quote is changed slightly for the sole purpose of maintaining the flow of the writing. For example, in the above section the original quote, "looked and observed..." is changed to "looking and observing..."

(8) Re "...finally got his hands on the joy stick..." to "...witch's back". This is the first of several attempts in this chapter to 'flesh out' the workings of Hitch's "active inner life" in line with the evidence available.

(9) The analysis of the likely effects on young Alfred of his “intrusive mother” (with reference to developing a fear of being overwhelmed/ controlled by an unpredictable world, of close contact with people/ overt expression of emotion, and hence of the child becoming ever more vigilant, and likewise retreating into and creating s own fantasy world so as to regain control, security, and express unacceptable anger) are all elaborated in various ways which are clearly relevant to Hitchcock in the following sources: Lowe, 1993, ch 1 & 2; Storr, 1983, ch5 & 8; Miller, 1995, pp57-60; Riso, 1988, ch 7, esp pp 134-140; and Roe, 1953, esp pp 170-1, 177. Re issues of “trust” & “autonomy” see, eg, Erikson, 1963, pp247-54; Allen, 1994, p161-3; Stern, 1985, p194-6. Re “maternal intrusiveness” see, eg, Egeland et al, 1993; Belsky et al, 1984; Greenspan & Lieberman, 1989. See Laing, 1965, pp43-5 re “isolation as main manœuvre used to preserve identity” by persons threatened with “absorption into another person”, ie “engulfment”. See Gorodensky, 1997, esp pp31-55, 149-56, for rich analytic account of relationships similar to Hitch & his mom’s.

(10) Information and quotes in this section (from “By the time Hitch...” to “...asked about story boards.”) come from Spoto, 1984, pp 7, 11-22, 273, 280; Taylor, 1980, pp5-7, 10; Rohmer & Chabrol, 1992, p3; LaValley, 1972, p18; Truffaut, 1978, p28; Lowe, 1993, pp85-91; Riso, 1988, p138. Additional quotes and information describing the sights Hitch might have read about or seen in his travels around London come from Mulzac, 1972, pp32-33; and Chaplin, 1964, pp5-7, 29-31.

(11) Information re the play age/ Erikson’s 3rd stage of initiative vs guilt/ Piaget/ Kohlberg’s heteronomous stage is available from many sources, all of which focus on the inevitable rub between the child’s rapidly expanding “intelligences” (Gardner, 1985) and “personal and social boundaries” (Lowe, 1993, p91) and the powers that be, including notably dad, re the big issues of the day, ie sexuality, initiative, and hence fear, introjection of parental values, and thus conscience formation. See, for eg, Lowe, 1993, Ch 3; Erikson, 1963, 255-58; Durkin, 1996, pp471-79; Gardner, 1985, pp130-32; 247-49; Allen, 1994, p163-4.

(12) Re relative lack of “influence of birth order on sibling strategies” of Hitchcock children, see Sulloway, 1998, pp133-34. Re Hitch’s ‘chaperoning’ his sister, see Forer w/ Still, 1976, pp64-5, for an eg of how a lastborn child, who is much younger - and hence weaker and smaller -than s siblings, may learn to avoid asserting mself for fear of angering them and thus threatening s “security”.

(13) Re Hitch’s “permanent retreat into momma’s lap”, vivid illustrations of the acute sensitivity of children to emotional fluctuations within the family - esp those kids most closely tied to parental or intergenerational conflicts, ie, the “identified patients” - are available throughout the family therapy literature. See for example, Minuchin, 1979, pp7-9, re Dede, the “superlabile diabetic; Haley, 1976, pp 222-268, esp p227, re the case of “a modern ‘Little Hans’”; or Palazzoli, Boscolo, Cecchin, & Prata, 1978, pp77 -82, re Ernesto, the “ten-year old grandfather”.

(14) Research relevant to the development of Hitch’s “active inner life of fantasy” is available in many sources. See, for eg., Gardner, 1973, pp 198-241, re child’s artistic development re literature & pictorial art; pp 242-46, re Sartre’s childhood; Gardner, 1982, p175-78, & Wood, 1993, pp 127-8, re age and individual differences in children’s understanding of storylines and genres; Gardner, 1985, pp 81-3; 178-80; 247-50, re linguistic, spatial, and personal intelligences; McCurdy, 1957, pp155-69, re early

development of imagination; Lowe, 1993, pp 86, 93, 99-100, re fantasies as source of stimulation and conflict; Sloane & Sosniak, 1985, pp 96-101, re parallels with sculptors; Cytowic, 1994, pp153-62, re centrality of emotion/ limbic system in guiding human brain. Ericsson & Faivre (1988) present an analysis relevant to the development of "astonishing" memory abilities (such as Hitch's) on pp 448-57 of their article.

(15) All the information and quotes used in this section ("By the time school days..." to "That fear of Hitchcock's.") re Hitchcock is taken from Spoto, 1984, pp 7, 16-32; Taylor, 1980, pp7-9; and Truffaut, 1978, pp 28-9. Additional material re Bleak House is from Miller, 1985, pp 11-34; re Robinson Crusoe is from Pocock, 1981, p viii, and Defoe, 1981, pp 15-16, 50. Additional quotes come from Gardner, 1982, p 180 ("psychological metaphors"), and Freeman & Munns, 1987, pp 31 & 45 ("focus" & "shifting viewpoints").

(16) The importance of friendships with peers during latency/ school age, and hence the danger this might have posed for Hitch's career - if left to his own devices - is discussed in many sources, eg, Gardner, 1985, pp250-51; Hartup, 1983; Gottman & Parker, 1987; Selman, 1980. Various researchers have noted the influence of frequent family moves on disrupting the development of childhood friendships (cf Brett, 1982, p453, 457); increasing the likelihood of the child seeking authority figures to take care of m (Stewart et al, 1982, p1270, 1274-5); having the child be pulled back into the family by parents' declining sense of community (Stokols et al, 1983, p15) and heightened fear for the child's safety (Goldberg, 1980, p219).

(17) The family therapy literature on "enmeshed boundaries" and their influence on "undermining independence", and "exploration", and inhibiting the development of "cognitive-affective skills" seems especially relevant to Hitchcock. See, for eg, Minuchin, 1974, esp pp 53-56; and Andolfi, 1980, pp 143-56 re Luciano, whose "fear of being alone" "forces him to sleep with his mother".

(18) Literature relevant to Hitch's development of a fullblown "moral fear" - thanks to the combo of his "overly protective parents", and most especially, spending Kohlberg's "law-and-order stage" in the grip of St. I's - is available in many sources, eg, Wise, 1986, pp361- 70; Minuchin & Shapiro, 1983, pp 230-34.

(19) Re "...what was 'going on underneath' was..." to "...That fear of Hitchcock's", literature relevant to Hitch's accelerated transition from "concrete" to "formal" operations in his understanding of, eg, "public institutions", and in his development of "visual dramatic" skills is available in various sources, eg, Wood, 1993, pp 147-180; Gardner, 1973, pp 256-8; Gardner, 1982, pp 178-83. Re Hitch's "visualizing of fiction", see Rebello, 1992, p19; Kirshmer, 1996.

(20) Information and quotes in this section (From "By the time the testosterone..." to "...with a murderous rape.") come from Spoto, 1984, pp 16-17, 29, 32-36, 40-41, 44, 46, 70-72, 103-4, 229, 273, 303-4, 352, 363, 431, 500-01, 514, 528, 538, 545-6, 552, 582; Taylor, 1980, pp 10-11; and Truffaut, 1978, p34. Examples of the sorts of sex education Hitch was not experiencing come from Andrews, 1979, p 53; and Joyce, 1986, pp 21, 30-31, 52. Quotes illustrating Hitch's experience of Madame Bovary come from Flaubert, 1984, pp 65-6, 69, 72-3, 75; and Brombert, 1966, pp 46, 62; and his experience of Edgar Allan Poe come from Poe, 1933, pp 46-7, 50-1, 53, 84-5, 90, 100-01; and Levin, 1980, pp 156-7, 159-60.

(21) Being a social "isolate" from childhood on would have cut Hitch off from all of the early same-sex peer activities and later mixed-sex adolescent groups that are crucial to creating social norms re sexuality and hence to establishing and evaluating a person's skills/ self-concept / self-esteem re sexuality. That Hitch's childhood was filled with virtually all of the personal social characteristics associated with male homosexual development (ie. with deviance in his era) - eg, avoidance of competitive/ contact sports; sensitive, emotional, wept easily; aesthetic interests; outsider, loner, secretive; rejected by peers; overwhelming/ dominant mother - and that he lived in a culture which provided no legitimate outlets for deviant sexuality (vs eg Native American or Latin American cultures) - and worse yet had just buried Oscar Wilde down at the Old Bailey - indicates not only how total his social/ sexual isolation must have been, but also how devastating the impact would have been on his own self-concept / confidence re sexuality. For relevant literature re influence of peers on the development of sexual identity/ behaviors/ confidence see, eg, Golombok & Fivush, 1994, pp 112 -131; Dunphy, 1963; Allen, 1972; Lester, 1973; Carson, 1983; and Lowe, 1993, pp 152-65. Re Development of homosexuality see, for eg, Golombok & Fivush, 1994, pp 138-45; Isay, 1993, pp23-46; Isay, 1986, 467-89; Friedman, 1986, 483-519; Bell et al, 1981, pp183-92. For critique see D'Augelli, 1994, pp118-32. For info re cultural context of Hitch's early life see, for eg, Bronski, 1984, pp22-71; Hyde, 1991, eg, pp 285-6, 291-2, 296-9, 374-5, 421, 424, 449, 487-8.

(22) Hitch's hugely conflicted (and hence repressed) sexuality can no doubt be traced straight back to the folks. First off, his early and sustained Oedipal "success" left him firmly in the grip of an intrusive Victorian mother. Likewise the "toys, games, and activities" of his early childhood were more "neutral" than "masculine" - while his books, maps, and fantasies definitely encouraged "autonomy", they didn't exactly prepare Hitch for the "rough and tumble" streets of Leytonstone, where the lads would soon be pumping up their sexual IDs. As for "appropriate sex role models" Hitch probably didn't have too much trouble sussing out the difference between who pushed the pram and who drove the van. On the other hand he wouldn't have had much trouble figuring out who was carrying the big stick either. Moreover while Hitch no doubt soon came to appreciate the sort of benefits that might be had in escaping from his "symbiotic relationship" with momma, his "stern and repressive" father didn't exactly provide that essential "motivation" for "identifying with" the old man. See Lowe, 1993, pp 98-103, re the trouble with "Oedipal success"; Golombok & Fivush, 1994, pp 77-83, & 83-87; Durkin, 1996, pp187-9, re the influence of "toys, games, and activities", "modeling" & "peers" on "gender development"; and Greenson, 1967, pp 258-64, re boys "dis-identifying from mother". See Gorodensky, 1997, pp37-8, 57-63, re development of gender identity in "mamma's boys". See Spoto, 1984, p 37, re the old man.

(23) Re Hitch's sexual/ aggressive fantasies - see Benjamin, 1983, re "fantasies of erotic domination" as attempts to "relive an original effort at differentiation that failed" (p292); Storr, 1983, re repressed hostility as source of sexual fantasies (pp140-45), and Ian Fleming as eg of compensatory nature of sexual/ aggressive fantasies (pp34-38); Kaplan, 1986, pp142-45, 155-65, re the "erotic possibilities" of "compulsive" adolescent reading; Spoto, 1984, pp 34-5, & Caputi, 1987, pp4-6, 12-13, 25, re cultural sources of Hitch's adolescent fantasies.

(24) For evidence re Hitch's marriage paralleling his earlier relationship with momma, and hence, sustaining his sexual/aggressive fantasies, see Spoto, 1984, pp 72, 95, 103-4, 228-9, 303-8, 363, 500, 523, 538, 552; 101-2, 273+, 297, 306+, 428, 431, 495+, 504;

273, 352 -53, 367-9, 545-6, 582; and Taylor, 1980, 81-3, 319, backcover. Re relationships to his films, see eg, LaValley, 1972, pp1-15; Rohmer & Chabrol, 1992, eg pp106-112; Almansi, 1992, esp pp87-9; Miller, 1990, pp128-9; Barton, 1991; Wollen, 1997.

(25) All the information and quotes used in this section (“Of course in the Fall of 1913...” to “...living at home with mamma.”) come from Spoto, 1984, pp 35-47, 56-60; Taylor, 1980, pp11-19; Truffaut, 1978, pp29-31; Tierney, 1992, 104, 128; and Maland, 1989, pp9-14, 36-7.

(26) Thanks to his obesity & the opportunities created by World War 1, Hitch had the luxury of going through one of Erikson’s identity crises, or in Winnicott’s terms, of finding which “self to be true to”. In Marcia’s terms, his identity status went from “diffusion” (pre art classes) to “crisis/ moratorium” (til entering Henley ’s ad dept) to “identity achievement”. See Lowe, 1993, pp152-65; Allen, 1994, 165-67; Marcia, 1980; Waterman, 1985; Waterman & Archer, 1990.

(27) Re the importance of successful role models in motivating adolescents see, eg, Simonton, 1994, pp375-382; Gardner, 1973, pp262-4; Amabile, 1983, 146-9.

Woody Finds His Footsteps – Notes

(1) All quotes and information from "Since the 1960s..." to "...the things that you've done" are from Klein (1980) pp 413, 421-4, 433-4; and Yurchenco (1970), p154. In order to maintain the flow of the writing here (and in the rest of the book), quotes which are used are sometimes changed slightly - eg, "producing" changed to "produce"; "is" changed to "was", ". . ." omitted, etc.

(2) All quotes and information from "What had he done..." to "...me a hoist" are from Guthrie (1970), pp 212-13, 215; and Klein (1980) p422.

(3) All quotes and information from "And a few years later, back East..." to "...twentieth century" are from Klein (1980) pp 142-3, 164; Yurchenco (1970), p9; and Guthrie (1963), p75.

(4) All quotes and information from "And a year or so later..." to "...twenty-four of em for you tonite" are from Klein (1980) pp 189-90, 197-8; Yurchenco (1970), pp107-08; and Guthrie (1963), pp 8, 11, 83, 106-07, 111, 113.

(5) All quotes and information from "Aside from the two obvious..." to "...seasoned *street hustler*" are from Klein (1980) pp 140, 142, 188; Yurchenco (1970), p107; Guthrie (1963), pp 7, 29, inside front cover; Guthrie (1958); and Guthrie (1968). Re Woody's best and lasting songs all being written the same way, as he put it on the bottom of the first draft of "This Land" in February, 1940: "All you can write is what you see". (p 141 Klein). The two notable exceptions – Woody's only great "newspaper songs" – are "Tom Joad" and "Deportee" (pp 90 & 24, Guthrie, 1963), both of which recount stories so close to his own Dust Bowl experiences that Woody might as well have lived them himself.

(6) Everything known re Woody's early childhood clearly suggests he was born "adaptable", "active", "positive", "curious", ie in Thomas & Chess's (1977) terms, an "easy child". or as Costa & McCrae would have it "open to experience" (cf Pervin, 1996, pp43-51)

(7) Information and quotes in this section ("Unlike Hitch, Woody . . ." to ". . . who remained 'forever young'.") come from Klein, 1980, pp 8-11, 16-19, 136; Guthrie, 1970, 38-40; Yurchenco, 1970, pp18-20, 23; Guthrie, 1992, pp xxiv, 3, 24, 177; Dickey, 1976, p3; Lampell, 1972; Guthrie, 1961, p1; Terkel, 1975, px.

(8) Re the benefits of being 6 years younger than his sibs, getting "mama's best hours", having an older sister he "idolized", and having no younger sibs for yet another 6 years see, eg, Toman, 1993, pp 25, 31-2 (re "more time, attention & affection" from parents); Weisner & Gallimore, 1977 (re older sibs showing great tolerance, caretaking, and being important models of competence for younger); Golombok & Fivush, 1994, p 86 (re powerful female as model for boy); and Sutton-Smith & Rosenberg, 1970, pp 23-24, 31-34; Albert, 1971; Guthrie, 1976, pp45-8 (re opposite-sex role influence & creativity and cross-sex effects on independence and cognitive complexity).

(9) Re family status as a powerful source of pride/ confidence/ freedom of expression in early childhood, see Hollingshead, 1967, Ch5; Bourdieu, 1986, eg pp75-7. Or for “live” eggs see Davis , 1990, p14; de Beauvoir, 1959. pp5-21; Graham, 1991, pp18-41; Hepburn, 1992, pp7-28; Szulc, 1989, pp104-06; Caro, 1992, pp42-9, 59-60, 62-4, 69-72.

(10) Re the interplay of genetic bias and early experience in development of musical & linguistic intelligences, Woody’s strong pull toward both is obvious, but in these crucial years he is much more actively engaged in “constructing” his linguistic skills - for, eg, vs concert pianists (Sosniak, 1985a, pp24-31; 1985b, pp 69-73). See Ericsson & Faivre, 1988, p437, 468; Winner, 1996, eg pp55, 212-15 (re genetic bias as “motivation/ drive for acquiring skills”); Gardner, 1985, 79-83 & 108-15 (re dev of linguistic & musical intelligences); Guthrie, 1976, p51 (re Charley as “poet man”).

(11) Woody’s 1st 6 years were practically “Erikson’s dream” re the development of “basic trust”, “autonomy”, & “initiative”. (see eg, Allen, 1994, 162-4) “Securely attached” to mom (Ainsworth et al, 1978) and to “multiple caretakers” (Smith, 1980), and clearly getting a “high degree of attention/ love” (McCurdy, 1957, p168), he no doubt “internalized his parent’s evaluative reactions” and developed “high self-esteem” (Epstein, 1980, p10), and “schema” which would lead him to expect positive, effective relations with his world and the people in it (Main et al, 1985; Waters et al, 1979; Stern, 1985, p193-4). For eggs of Woody “becoming whatever he saw” see, eg, Klein, 1980, pp 50, 55, 65-6, 81, 93, 122, 310-13; Guthrie, 1970, pp 174-7; Guthrie, 1976, pp 121-2, 254-5.

(12) Quotes and information in this section (from “By six it was. . .” to “. . . just waiting for Woody”) come from Klein, 1980, pp18-23, 25-7; Guthrie, 1970, pp 46-7, 50-55, 61, 65-73; Yurchenco, 1970, pp 28-9; Guthrie, 1976, pp 42-4; Guthrie, 1963, p11; Guthrie, 1961; Guthrie, 1964.

(13) Huntington ’s, which Woody also died of, is a hereditary disease that passes from parent to child (via a “single dominant gene”) and usually manifests itself between “30 and 45”. There is a progressive - and so far irreversible - degeneration of brain cells, especially in several midbrain areas crucial to “balance and movement”, and in the frontal cortex, affecting “sense of self and social awareness”. As the disease progresses so does lost of control over “a wide range of emotions and desires”, including sex and aggression. see Klein, 1980, pp439-41; Rosenzweig & Leiman, 1989, p 141.

(14) Re Woody’s “drifting” out the door to “disruptive behavior problems” and a “high risk of delinquency”, see, eg, Masten, Best & Garmezy, 1991, p435 (“loss of adequate care” & “experiencing horrific acts perpetuated by (Nora) or against (Clara) attachment figures”); Rutter, 1985, p605 (“high risk” associated with lack of “appropriate social controls and prosocial models”, “parental supervision and monitoring of children’s activities”, and “good scholastic achievement”) and especially, Radke-Yarrow, et al., 1992, pp 68, 73 (kids in “middle and late childhood” with “affectively ill mothers” having “disruptive problems”, esp among boys in families with increased “stress” and lower “social economic status”). See also, Garmezy, 1991, p423, re “parental role patterns” associated with disadvantaged, low scholastic achievers; McLoyd, 1989, pp297-9, re financial and marital strain from Charley’s declining fortunes increasing Woody’s tendency to “affiliate with peers”, “violate school rules”, & “decline in academic performance”. See Guthrie, 1970, pp 103-113, re punchups, gangs, and petty thefts; Guthrie, 1976, pp42-8; Klein, 1980, pp21, 26, re marital strains.

Charley's regular presence in downtown Okemah as a still aspiring politician, a "33rd degree Mason", parttime member of the police force and the local KKK, plus the fact that Woody had a very "positive prior relationship" with his father no doubt set definite limits on Woody's "delinquency" - not to mention giving him privileged access to the pool halls, brothels, & poker rooms (see McLoyd, 1989, pp297-9; Klein, 1980, pp25-6, 35, 48; Guthrie, 1970, pp 98, 101, 138-40; Yurchenco, 1970, 26-7). Woody's lessened, but ongoing ties to his grandmother also no doubt undercut his "deviant activities" (see Guthrie, 1970, 57-73, 156-7; Wilson, 1989, p382). Re importance of "unusual circumstances" in early life of a future writer which conforms in his aloneness and puts him in contact with multiple fascinating personalities, see Gardner, 1973, pp247-52.

(15) Quotes and information in this section (from "With oil derricks jumping. . ." to ". . . pretty much all of the time") come from Klein, 1980, pp 24-5; Guthrie, 1970, pp 94-102, 106+; Yurchenco, 1970, pp 24-28; Guthrie, 1976, pp42-4; Guthrie, 1963, p11; Guthrie, 1961; Guthrie, 1964.

(16) "Music" is used as a metaphor for all of Woody's expressive creations - tunes, songs, stories, cartoons, sketches, dances, and working the crowd.

(17) Thanks to the oil boom Woody went straight into the real "tool world" just at the peak of Erikson's "school age" - just as he was most "ready to learn, to be directed by others"; just as his "intellectual curiosity", his desire "to know" and take on "parental roles" were all skyrocketing - with the result that he escaped both school and delinquency, and instead got 3 years of intensive "learning experiences" with "the help of cooperative peers and instructive adults", and of course developed a powerful sense of "competency", not to mention a thorough grounding in the basics of his adult life, ie ear music, wordslinging, and street hustling. See Allen, 1994, p164-5; Erikson, 1968, p289; Lowe, 1993, 127-38.

(18) In Woody's case the "defensive origins" of his "inner world of fantasy" are obvious. But since they occurred well past the age of basic linguistic competency, his "imaginative output", particularly in relation to drawings and stories, clearly served both to help him "escape unpleasant thoughts" and to attempt to rectify the situation (eg by cheering up his mom, himself, or by getting others to "mother" him). See Klein 1980, pp 28, 30, 31, & Guthrie, 1970, pp 49-50, 65, 76-81, 91-2, 136-7, 150-51, 153-55, for egs of Woody's concern re mother, fantasies/ stories re animals, and use of drawings to escape/ comfort himself. See Gardner, 1982, pp141-2, 179-82; Howe, 1992, pp183-5; Gardner, 1985, pp 79-81, 178-80, 244-51; Storr, 1983, Ch 12, esp p198, re theory/ research on development of fantasy and its expression in stories and drawings. See Kuspit, 1987, re Gauguin, who like Woody spend his early childhood (1848-55) getting all of "mama's best hours"; then was abruptly separated from her and sent away to boarding school; and later in his "primitive decorative art", in the "sky and sea of Oceania", and especially in its "native women", sought a "state of union" with "the mothering world" (p 177). See also Miller, 1990, Ch2, re Kathe Kollwitz, whose childhood was filled with fear "that her mother might 'come to some harm', 'get lost', 'go mad', or die"; and whose pictures, like Woody's of his mother (Guthrie, 1970, p137) are laced with "hopelessness and despair".

(19) As a result of his family's disintegration (age 5+), his riding the oil boom (8-11), and his "street schooling" (12-15), the development - to use Gardner's terms - of Woody's "linguistic", "musical", "spatial", and "bodily-kinesthetic" intelligences not only accelerated

greatly, but also never lost the synesthesia-like quality that characterizes children's early "symbolic expressiveness", ie, between 5 & 7 when there is a "natural commerce among various media", when "sounds can readily evoke colors" and "motions of the hand suggest lines of poetry". Not only did he escape the suppression of spontaneity and the segregation/ institutionalization of intelligences common to most school programs, Woody also missed out on the ramrodding of "logical-mathematical" intelligence and the short-term, exam cramming that generally serve to back ward any hope of expressive development. Moreover in Woody's case the "conventions" and "rules" of the "literal stage" of development, with its "concern with realism" and "mastering the rules" - as well as the subsequent "years preceding adolescence" when his sensitivity to "style, expressiveness, balance, and composition" would come to the fore - all occurred in an "environment" which was itself virtually synesthetic, with its continual mix and flow of a "swirling, whirling, swelling" roar of sound, form, words, and action. Naturally his mature "symbolic codes"/ "languages" had precisely these same characteristics. See Gardner, 1985 (re various intelligences); Gardner, 1982, pp 86-90, 91-102, 128-43, 144-57, 168-83 (re childhood developments of expressiveness in various media); Gardner, Wolf & Smith, 1982 (re Max who might easily be confused for Woody); Gardner & Winner, 1982 (re early use of metaphor); Gardner, 1973, Ch5 (re research on artistic development); Cytowic, 1994, pp92-8, 106-110, 147-52 (re difference between synesthesia and "cross-modal associations" in frontal cortex).

(20) You could say that Woody's "interpersonal intelligence" developed at an accelerated rate due to his 3 years on the street (Gardner, 1985, pp250-52) or that his moral development never got much beyond Kohlberg's "Level one: pre-conventional morality", the level common to "most children under 9 and many adolescent and adult criminal offenders" (Smith & Cowie, 1991, p202-3). Either way he clearly missed out on the "most important characteristic schools share in common", ie "a preoccupation with order and control" (p122), not to mention 3 years of being "discouraged from developing the capacity to learn by and for himself" (p135, Silberman, 1971); or that like, eg, Meyer Lansky, Henry Hill, Iceberg Slim, and Al Capone he found "betting the skills", "running Muldoons", "jerking the Murphy", and "doing the big job" somehow more engaging than getting Bar Mitzvahed down at the local Seward Park Library. (see Lacey, 1991, pp29-47; Pileggi, 1990, pp20-34; Slim, I, 1987, pp30-48; Kobler, J, 1992, pp23-37; also, Thrasher, F. M., 1927). In Bowles & Gintis' terms Woody definitely never got "replicated" into his proper position in those "relationships of dominance and subordinancy" that are so crucial to smooth functioning of "the economic sphere" (1977, p 125).

(21) Quotes and information in this section (from "Three straight years . . ." to ". . . bouncing up on momma's knee.") come from Klein, 1980, pp 8, 24-38; Guthrie, 1970, pp 86-7, 89, 91,104, 113, 135-43, 147-51, 158; Yurchenco, 1970, pp 28-35; Guthrie, 1976, pp 35-6; Guthrie, 1961; Guthrie, 1964.

(22) In the rest of this section Woody provides a perfect eg of a "vulnerable"/ "high risk" child who proved to be extremely "resilient"/ "invincible" due to repeated beneficial "fits" between his personal/ social characteristics (eg., "secure early attachment", "easy temperament", "high self-confidence", "resourceful problem-solver", "effective niche-seeker", "valued competencies") and the more than adequate "transient buffers" and "enduring protective factors" provided by his family and small community. See, for eg, especially Masten, Best & Garmezy, 1991; also Werner & Smith, 1982; Garmezy, 1993, pp 132-3 esp, 1991; Rutter, 1987, 1985; Luthar, 1991; Cicchetti & Lynch, 1993.

(23) See note (18) above.

(24) By pre-adolescence Woody was well past the basic ability to “accurately capture time values, repetitions, and the ‘underlying beat’” in music (Gardner, 1973, pp194-5). His total immersion in the harmonica, bones etc from 12 to 15 parallels the “middle years” of young concert pianists, when they “become possessed by music”, by the “sudden desire to play”, to “work and rework a piece, ‘going over it note by note, phase by phase’, until they’ve ‘got it right’”. ‘Course Woody’s practicing wasn’t quite “the sort of habit - like brushing your teeth” - that takes over after “4 or 5 years” of the folks forking over cash for private lessons, not to mention the essential grand piano; “monitoring” the selection of the proper 2nd, 3rd, or 4th teacher, all of whom would “expect constant perfection” - continually “discussing” such matters as “‘how you hold your hand, this way, that way; this finger, that’”; while running you through all the basic “Czerny exercises” & “Chopin etudes” ‘til “everything was just so”. Still while Woody’s early “recitals” weren’t exactly sponsored by the Young Musicians Foundation, he did share certain motivational influences with young concert pianists, eg “being interested in what he was doing”, “enjoying working with a recognized expert” down at the shoeshine stand, and knowing full well it was “a matter of survival” out in the school yard, or as Willie Nelson put it, “out of those cottonfields”. See Sosniak, 1985, pp45-51 re pianists; Nelson & Shrake, 1988, p48. For parallels to the sort of “rehearsals & recitals” Woody experienced see, eg, Marsh, 1981, pp27-31; Haggard & Russell, 1983, pp27, 30-1, 44-6, 110-114; Scaduto, 1973, pp17-22; Flippo, 1989, pp22-26. See Sloboda, 1994, pp160-63, re features common to lives of “self-taught” musicians. For more accelerated version see Winner, 1996, pp86-89.

Re the “colored shoeshine boy”, who Woody said “gave” him his first French harp and then responded to Woody’s request to “show him over and over” how to play various pieces (Klein, 1980, p9, 13, &28), it’s worth noting that this “boy” was of course actually a man and recalling how similar benefits accrued to Hank Williams some 10 years later in Greenville, Alabama: “Even though Hiram with his shoe-shine kit was lower than Tee-Tot on the economic scale, he was still a white man, even if he was only twelve years old. So he demanded that Tee-Tot teach him guitar”. (Flippo, 1989, p24) See also Klein, 1980, p48, re “Spider Fingers”.

(25) In early adolescence due to the accelerating change, importance, & uncertainty re sexuality, competence, social differentiation, etc, 12-15 year olds naturally ban together in “remarkably clannish cliques” of “co-oriented peers” for purposes of sorting out such matters as “social reality”, “self-image”, and “self-esteem”. In Woody’s case that meant hanging out with the “boomer’s kids” and other outcasts. (See Erikson, 1963, pp261-3; Bee, 1994, 291-2; Willis, 1983, pp89-91; Visano, 1990, p157; Jones & Gerard, 1967, ch 9 & 10; Durkin, 1996, pp321-2, 525-29; Klein, 1980, pp 28-9, 35-7; Guthrie, 1970, p116.)

Given that he was streetwise, better connected than the recent arrivals, & had excellent “task” and “socio-emotional” skills (eg “intelligence”, “verbal fluency”), Woody was a natural leader - giving him (like a “seasoned hustler” among today’s “street children”) a power base for building skills, confidence, and identity; for successfully “differentiating” himself in “opposition” to the hostile “school culture”. (See Willis, 1983, pp89-109; Klein, 1980, pp 29-31, 37-8; Visano, 1990, pp147-9, 153-5; Secord & Backman, 1974, Ch 11).

(26) As a “resilient child” with years of “mastery experiences” already in the bag, Woody no doubt took on both street and school buoyed with “feelings of self-efficacy” and “prepared for effective action”. He continually sought out and developed those “niches” whose “flexible structures” were ideally suited to his high level of “intrinsic motivation” and specific “academic potentials” - ie, music, dancing, drawing, etc; not to mention his “adeptness at mediation and accommodation” acquired from years as an “intermediate-born”, and his “natural championing of the oppressed”, courtesy of being a late maturing outcast who spent his first 6 years as a “last-born” - with the result that Woody maximized his “learning” and “enjoyment” by, among other things, becoming the “class clown”. He also managed to hookup with a “flexible, enthusiastic” typing teacher who obviously “adapted” herself to his sizable “individual differences”. And when he ran up against his “betters” - the students who scorned him as “trash” and teachers who had no time for dirty, “lazy”, “rebellious” and “disobedient” little misfits like him - Woody just pulled out his French harp, chalk, and jig steps and landed the whole lot of ‘em on their head. And while he never got the rigorously supportive/ motivating sequence of intensively working with increasingly more expert teachers and peers that’s essential to success in highly specialized fields like concert piano or Olympic swimming, between 8 & 15 Woody got plenty short, sharp exposures to multitudes of teachers - some with sizable expertise - and continuous opportunities to practice/ perfect his skills in the areas that mattered most, ie., wordslinging, ear music, and hustling on the street. And equally important - while clearly noone planned or paid for it - conditions worked out such that - like the specialists - he was able to take on and master increasingly bigger challenges in all three areas - eg playing his French harp for hours alone, then for the captive audience of Indian kids at the Saturday markets, then ad-libbing in the school yard, and finally - by invitation - off the junior class flatbed. With the result that, like the concert pianists, Woody was well past the requisite standards in all three fields - not to mention on his “favorite instrument” - by the time exams rolled around. See Masten, Best & Garnezy, 1991, p431; Cicchetti & Rogosch, 1997, pp810-11 (re resilience); Cronbach & Snow, 1977; Peterson, 1977 (re structures & potentials); Stewart, 1992, p48-51 (re sibling positions); Durkin, 1996, p511; Simmons et al, 1987, pp 189-90, 195-7; Mussen & Jones, 1957, p252; Duke et al, 1982 (re low status of slight, nonathletic, late maturing boys); Allport, 1958, p146 (re “clowning” as response to “victimization”) Gage, 1965 (re traits of effective teachers); Lepper, Greene & Nisbett, 1973; Hennessey & Amabile, 1988, (re intrinsic motivation); Gottlieb, 1966 (re teachers attitudes toward lower class students) ; Bloom 1985, pp 512-24 (re talent development); Klein, 1980, p28; Agee, 1969, pp 19-22 (re Charlie Chaplin as role model).

(27) See note (19) above.

(28) Information and quotes in this section (“And that’s the other. . . “ to “. . . he ever felt the heat”) come from Klein, 1980, pp 22, 30-32, 36-40, 49, 60; Guthrie, 1970, pp55, 65, 136-7, 156-7; Yurchenco, 1970, pp18-19, 28-29.

(29) Re Woody’s “hunger and terror”. Many of the dynamics of him having experienced close intimacy with his mother and then lost it horrifically/ inexplicably are discussed in Storr, 1983, Ch7, ie, need for continual, “recurrent injections of love” (Klein, 1980, eg pp58, 65, 98, 299); intense relationship with children, “devoted” totally accepting friends, and social rejects - none of whom would reject him (Klein, pp 35, 68, 188, 274, 417); continual/ conflictful seeking of mothering (Klein, pp30,31, 39-40, 49, 55, 62, 239, 295, 410); depression when affirmation not readily available (Klein, pp 38, 61, 300);

avoidance of confrontation with intimates, as if anger would drive them away and “nothing could restore the balance” (Klein, pp 31-2, 36, 50, 86, 256-8); and associated with this, much repressed anger - starting with that aimed at mom for ‘rejecting’ him (Klein, pp 24, 39) - which is expressed indirectly through “acting out” and his artistic creations (Klein, pp35, 73-4, 86-7, 139-40; Guthrie, 1970, pp70-1, 74-81). See Stein, 1984, re how Woody’s repression and acting out of feelings would have been augmented by the Southwestern “cowboy culture”. Riso, 1988, ch9, gives rich illustrations of many aspects of Woody’s “hunger and terror” in action.

(30) See note (13) above.

(31) Information and quotes in this section (“Seven years later. . .” to “. . . no rudder, no direction”) come from Klein, 1980, pp37, 46-9, 53, 56, 58-68, 70-74, 77-80, 85, 87, 91, 94-5; Guthrie, 1963, pp20-1; Guthrie, 1970, pp179+; Guthrie, 1976, p50; Lomax, 1975, p603 (re “Carter lick”); Lomax, Guthrie, & Seeger, 1967, pp216, 219, 226-7; Malone, 1974, pp36-42, 48, 63-5; Miller, 1987, p30 (“Kittie Clyde”); Yurchenco, 1970, pp42-9, 60-66.

(32) Re unstable work histories of men whose families were devastated by economic loss/ marital discord while they were still preschoolers, see Elder, 1974, also Bronfenbrenner, 1986, p733.

(33) The importance of musical tradition in the Guthrie extended family cannot be overestimated, in that prior to extensive development of phonograph and advent of urban teen culture, traditional/ country music was learned almost entirely through membership in “musical” families in context of local communities - eg fiddle almost always passed on father to son. Woody of course maintained contact with his extended family (inc the Moores) primarily for emotional needs (as he could easily support himself). The development of his musical skills (vs eg his sketching/ artistic) over 10 years between Okemah and his initial fame on station KFVD in L.A. can be traced to his ever-increasing involvement with music as a result of his family connections (Moores, Uncle Jeff/ Matt Jennings, Cousin Jack - an accomplished musician who opened the door to KFVD for his sidekick, Woody). See Klein, 1980, pp37, 46, 48-9, 56-67, 87-91; Malone, 1974, ch 1&2; Stambler & Landon, 1969, eg, pp 29, 51, 81, 96, 180-1, 185, 190, 206-7, 250-2, 269, 283; Ritchie, 1963. See also Laband & Lentz, 1992, pp171-4, re parallels in career development of politicians.

(34) Combo of Corncob Trio & Carter Family records forced Woody - like a young concert pianist in a “master class” of peers - to “think & experiment”, to “find his own way” with the music - which in Woody’s case worked out to something like a French harp & Carter lick red balling an oil slick. Since Woody’s musical challenges had nothing to do with hushed concert halls, but rather with hitting it right off the 1st slice with the likes of Smokey, Lefty Lou, & Possum Trot Bruce, the Corncob Trio let Woody - like a rock musician or vaudeville performer - work out his position in relation to the group - a position that never varied over subsequent years of playing outside the family. Woody became the dominant personality, the “ultimate arbiter of taste”, the front man, ad libber, songwriter, & wordslinger; always supported by a “loyal, calm, caring, easy going friend” who was also an “amazed, delighted”, awe-struck, “student” of his (eg Matt Jennings, Pete Seeger, Cisco Houston, Ramblin Jack Elliot); and backed by superior musicians (eg, Cluster Baker, Pete Seeger, Leadbelly) who “accommodated” themselves to

Woody's dominance of the group (eg Corncob Trio, Almanac Singers) or session (eg historic Asch recordings of Woody, Cisco, Leadbelly, Sonny Terry, Brownie McGhee et al). See Klein, 1980, pp48, 59, 152, 166, 207, 275-6, 364. Seeger, 1972, pp41-60, esp 43, 58-60; Sosniak, 1985, 63-5; Bennett, 1980, Ch1.

(35) Re the commercialization of poor, white Southern music in the '20s & '30s, as a result of the emergence of radio, competition & then collaboration between the megastations and the record companies (beginning with Ralph Peer's recording of Fiddlin' John Carson in 1923 at the instigation of Okeh's Atlanta distributor, Polk Brockman), see Malone, 1974, Ch2, esp 40-1; Green, 1965, pp208-23. Re massive influence of The Carter Family & the "Carter lick" - the guitar style made famous by Maybelle Carter - see Malone, 1974, pp62-67; Lomax, 1975, p603. Re the influence of urbanism (as in racism) in preventing the earlier recording/ dissemination of "redneck", "linthead", "clayeater", "tarheel", "turdkicker", "cajun", "cracker", "hillbilly" music, see Green, 1965, pp204-07; Malone, 1974, pp33-4; Klein, 1980, p148.

(36) Information & quotes in this section ("A direction Woody. . ." to ". . . on his tombstone") come from Klein, 1980, pp18-19, 23, 30, 33, 43, 78-9, 152; Guthrie, 1970, pp142, 210, 239, 248, 254-5, 277; Lomax, Guthrie, & Seeger, 1967, pp 88, 213, 218, 232; Yurchenco, 1970, pp 73-9; Guthrie, 1975, p428; Guthrie, 1976, pp 41-48; Guthrie, 1961; Phillips, 1973, pp 63, 93.

(37) Re Woody's finding an identity: For nearly a decade after leaving Okemah (most of it spent in Pampa, Texas) Woody was in a constant roller coaster search for identity - going from "exploration/ crisis" (eg accelerated "gathering of information", "exhilaration" & "curiosity") to intensive, short-lived "commitments": eg, reading "every psychology book" in the Pampa library --> writing a "thick, bound notebook" re everything he'd learned about "the search for self-knowledge"; "devouring" the Bible --> baptism by "total immersion"; "very soon" after he "started dating" 15 yr old Mary Jennings --> "intensely" & "insistently" "asking her to marry him"; discovering Gibran's *The Prophet* --> studying "occult/mysticism" with Bettie Jean --> starting own service in "Divine Healing and Consultation". Each of these short lived "commitments" fulfilled the same crucial "identity functions" for Woody, ie, emotional "communality", "continuity", & "protection" - always via the people he was closely associated with in each "commitment", ie the Okemah librarian who "fit neatly into the role Mrs Chowning had played in Okemah"; Rev. Eulys McKenzie, a "gentle man with a kind heart"; the shy and admiring Mary whose marriage made Woody into Matt Jennings' "brother"; Bettie Jean, "one of the few people who understood what he was talking about". But they all failed in regard to other critical functions which Woody eventually fulfilled via his identification with the Okies (ie, oppressed/ exploited) - a "coherent framework for organizing/ integrating behaviors across diverse aspects of his life"; a "sense of purpose", "raison d'etre"; a "direction through choice of specific activities"; a "mechanism for Woody's potentialities to be recognized". See Waterman & Archer, 1990, esp pp 34-8; Erikson, 1968; Marcia, 1980; Klein, 1980, pp48-71, 78-85, 111-124. See also, Burkitt, 1994, re social/ cultural influences on development of identity.

(38) Information & quotes in this section ("And that was it. . ." to ". . . became 'that people'.") come from Klein, 1980, pp 66, 68, 85, 98, 115-17, 135-6, 141-50, 413, 424-5; Yurchenco, 1970, pp74, 80-3, 87-91; Guthrie, 1963, pp35, 207; Guthrie, 1970, 177-8; IWW, 1976; Steinbeck, 1967, p9.

(39) Re radical political insurgency during the Depression see, eg, Pivan & Cloward, 1979, Ch2 & 3; Zinn, 1980, Ch15; Boyer & Morais, 1980, Ch 9; Thompson & Murfin, 1976, Ch12; Pries, 1974, Ch 1-9; Mitchell, 1979, Ch 2-16; Klein, 1980, pp82-5, 119-23. For personal and news accounts of all aspects of the Depression see Terkel, 1986; Shannon, 1964. Re the Wobblies & *The Little Red Songbook*, see IWW Website, 1998; Phillips on Rounder Records Website, 1998; Hoosier Slim's Website, 1998.

(40) Re Woody's songwriting: Any book of readings on creativity will have a fair number of articles on personal and interpersonal influences, a few on institutional/ societal/ cultural factors, and varying emphasis on neurobiological factors in relation to both the development of the creator and the process of creation (see for eg, Boden, 1996; Albert, 1983, 1992; Runco & Albert, 1990; Vernon, 1982; Ghiselin, 1952 (views of famous creators). In Sternberg, 1988, for eg, the following are clearly relevant to Woody: Hennessey & Amabile re personal characteristics (esp "intrinsic motivation") & environmental factors affecting them; Torrance re creator's "love of what he is doing"; Barron re personal "ingredients of creativity"; Sternberg re the "integration of intellectual, stylistic and personality attributes" relevant to the creative process; Weisberg re the critical role of "deep knowledge of the domain" with reference to likes of Mozart, Darwin & Picasso; Gruber & Davis re the "loose coupling of knowledge, purpose, effect & milieu" with reference to "cognitive case studies" of historic greats; Csikszentmihalyi re the "generative force of the field"; and Simonton re "sociocultural marginality", "political fragmentation", and "chance processes".

(41) The "liberals and radicals and New Dealers" who were central to making Woody and his work visible to wider public included, eg, Frank Burke, Alan Lomax, Pete Seeger, & Moe Asch. Frank Burke, a 'crusty old populist' was the owner of KFVD and "prominent in LA liberal circles" when Woody was first on the air as a bit player in his cousin Jack's show in the mid 1930s. When the show fell into Woody's lap and became the 'Woody and Lefty Lou' show in the fall of 1937, it found a "natural audience" among the 10s of 1000s of Okies and Arkies and other rural migrants in the LA area and far beyond. Frank 'loved' Woody and made many allowances for him, eg, letting him walk out on his contract and then return to the station a month later "as though nothing had happened". As a result the year Woody spent at KFVD provided him with an essential "apprenticeship" during which he "learned how radio worked, gained confidence in his ability to write songs, refined his craft", and in the process became "just Woody" to 10s of 1000s of Dust Bowl migrants, a fact which Woody first discovered in the summer of 1938 when he left the show, 'hopped a freight (and went) up the big valley' - "on assignment" for Frank Burke's paper - to document in cartoons, songs, and stories, the exploitation of migrants throughout the central valley in the lead up to the 1938 gubernatorial campaign. The migrants, "sick, hungry, starving" and "angry", recognized his voice, knew him, and welcomed him into in their "orange-crate-and-cardboard hovels" as simply "Woody" from KFVD (Klein, 1980, pp 89, 91, 105, 111-13, 117).

By the late 30s the Popular Front cultural project - a 'giddy, exhilarating burst of optimism and pride' in American's new hero, the "common man" - supported from the very top of the East Coast Liberal establishment by the likes of, eg, Eleanor Roosevelt - "virtually became the federal government's cultural policy", a cultural project which was accelerating into full swing just as Woody arrived - virtually unknown - in New York City for the "Graphs of Wrath Benefit Concert" in early March of 1940 - a "show that changed the course of Woody's career and, perhaps of American music as well".

Second on stage after Aunt Molly Jackson, Woody "ambled out onto the stage of the Forrest Theater, scratched his head with a guitar pick and said "Howdy", squinting up at the cheap seats in the same unassuming, slightly bemused way that he'd surveyed every house since the Taylor tent show: as if he'd wandered in by accident, but didn't mind hanging around and singing a few songs as long as he was there. Muttering something about how pleased he was to perform in a 'Rapes of Graft' show, he tilted up his chin, leaned into his guitar, and began to sing". Off in the wings, Alan Lomax -- a "flagrant activist" who at 23, with his "legendary" father practically retired, was already the virtual head of the Library of Congress Folk Music Archives -- "snapped to attention". He "felt a surge of adrenaline as he realized - quickly, viscerally, no question about it - that the little man onstage was someone he'd often thought about but feared he's been born too late to meet: the great American frontier ballad writer". (Klein, 1980, pp 143-4, 147-9)

Within a week Guthrie was camping on Lomax' couch in Arlington, spinning out the first 25 pages of what would become his autobiography, and "red balling" his way through "three marathon sessions" in the Library of Congress recording studio. In the evenings, over the course of the "long drunken singing contests", Woody met and "captivated" the "stream of visitors invited over by Alan to meet his new discovery". By April he was on CBS performing "coast to coast", and by May Woody was standing in (RCA) Victor's Camden studio recording the "Dust Bowl Ballads", an album which would "eventually be recognized as a landmark, one of the most influential American recordings of the twentieth century".

Shortly after Woody hit the road again, back to Oklahoma . This time accompanied by a "tall, thin, painfully shy, Harvard dropout" with "impressive native musical ability"; a "twenty-year-old", who had travelled north for the New York City benefit and then back in Washington "immediately attaching himself to Woody, watching and listening and learning all he could, and loving every moment of it"; a "tall, thin, dreamy" twenty-year-old who somehow "just *looked* like a banjo" -- a 'banjo' that would spend the next five decades spreading the songs and legend of Woody Guthrie across America and around the world. (Klein, 1980, pp 151-3, 155-6, 159-61, 164; see also, Seeger, 1972, 41-61, 405-8, 555-6)

Re John Steinbeck quote re "just Woody" see, eg, Klein, 1980, p160.

(42) Re Guthrie as the "original folk hero", the young Dylan's idolization of Guthrie, and the origins of the Guthrie cult, see, Klein, 1980, pp 421-434; Hampton, 1986, esp pp 150-163; Sheldon, 1986, pp76-82; Guthrie in Rock and Roll Hall of Fame Website, 2001.

Norma Jeane Becomes Her Dreams - Notes

(1) Quotes and information from “What would it take...” to “...create a Marilyn Monroe” come from Rosen, 1974, pp 284-86; Dyer, 1993, pp 36, 45; and Haskell, 1975, p254. See also Haskell, 1975, pp 254-58, and Dyer, 1993, pp20-23, for summary of Marilyn’s film roles; and Dyer, pp27-42, for discussion of Marilyn as sex symbol, in particular of how Marilyn was the first “female star image” to combine “naturalness *and* overt sexuality” (p35). Re the contrast in reactions of middle, upper-middle class college / university bound girls of the 1950s generation to Marilyn (cf Friedan, 1979, p47; Haskell; 253-4) to those from blue-collar and upwardly mobile, lower middle class families (a la Madonna Ciccone’s parents’ generation), see the discussion in Note (39) below..

In order to maintain the flow of the writing here (and in the rest of the book), quotes which are used are sometimes changed slightly - eg, "producing" changed to "produce"; "is" changed to "was", ". . ." omitted, etc.

(2) Quotes and information from “Two key characteristics ...” to “...insatiable *hunger for love*” come from Rosen, 1974, pp 139, 140-1, 156-8, 259, 261, 282-3; Dyer, 1993, p45; Rollyson, 1986, pp 52, 78; Spoto, 1993, p151-2; Haskell, 1975, p113

(3) Quotes and information from “And beyond this creating...” to “...recesses of her private fantasy life” come from Rollyson, 1986, pp24, 56-8; Spoto, 1993, pp 148, 221; Rosen, 1974, p284; Haskell, 1975, p256.

Marilyn’s “sensational cameo role” was in *Love Happy*, 1949. Her “first major film”, *Niagara*, 1953, “made her face, her figure, her voice, and the way she employed them, the subject of the screen” (p56 Rollyson). It was the image of Marilyn singing 'Kiss' in this film that Warhol later used in his famous pop art work. (p57-8 Rollyson)

(4) Quotes and information from “And in the role which...” to “...all any woman was” come from Rollyson, 1986, pp62-3; Spoto, 1993, pp230-32. *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* was released in 1953.

(5) Quotes and information from “By this point in her career...” to “...Norma Jeane’s *perfect self doubt*.” come from Rollyson, 1986, pp 24, 65; Spoto, 1993, pp 155, 199, 231, 233, 238; Guiles, 1992, pp 136, 167.

Re Marilyn never being able to escape her ‘dumb blonde’ roles, see, for example, Rosen, 1974, pp286+, re Marilyn Monroe as the “biggest business boom” of the 1950s film industry.

(6) Quotes and information from “And creating Marilyn required...” to “...her *survivor morality*” come from Spoto, 1993, pp 90, 104, 127-8, 146, 270; Guiles, 1992, pp 121, 125; Rollyson, 1986, pp 34, 66; Monroe, 1976, p 20.

(7) Information and quotes in this section (“Some people say. . .” to “. . .would ever come true”) come from Spoto (1993), pp 9, 12-26, 63, 102-05, 207; Guiles (1992), pp 27-8, 31-

37, 43, 157, 173-4; Monroe (1976), pp9-12, 16, 24; Rollyson (1986), pp9-13; Summers (1990), pp6, 44; Miller (1988) pp9, 379-80, 415, 418, 423; Goodman (1961) pp225-6; Rosen (1974) pp 290-91; Dyer (1993) p48; Haskell (1975) p 255; Skolsky (1975), p220-222.

(8) The interpersonal quality of NJ's 7 1/2 years with the Bolenders had many of the characteristics described in research on maternal deprivation, institutional care, and childhood antecedents of borderline personality, minus the physical and sexual abuse, eg, Herman et al (1989), pp490-92, Ogata et al (1990), pp1009-11, Zanarini et al (1997), pp1101, 03]. See Rutter (1979), pp285-8, re lack of "sensitive responsiveness"; Tizard & Rees (1975), pp70-1, re institutions with high staff-child ratio but "rather detached" caretaking; Gunderson & Englund (1981), pp165-6, re "neglect and poor nurturance in the early mother-child interaction"; Zanarini et al (1989), pp22-4, re "history of emotional neglect" and "loss"; Zanarini et al (1997), pp1101, 1103-5, re "neglect by caretakers of both genders".

(9) Re genetic biases, Trull (1992), p556-8, shows strong and consistent correlations between ratings on borderline personality and 2 of Costa & McCrae's (1985) 5 personality factors, ie Neuroticism and Antagonism. Unfortunately for this genetic argument, these factors also correlate almost as strongly & consistently with several other personality disorders, ie narcissistic, compulsive, dependent (for N), paranoid, schizotypal, antisocial, and passive-aggressive (for A). More to the point, reports of Norma Jeane's behavior during her early years while indicating some features of Neuroticism (eg, vulnerability, impulsiveness) do not show others (eg, depression, hostility). Nor does she show any features of Antagonism (eg, rude, vengeful, irritable, uncooperative) (cf Pervin, 1996, p44). What she clearly does show in these early years is strong evidence of a 3rd of the 5 factors, ie Openness to Experience (eg, curious, creative, imaginative), a factor which Trull found to have only a very weak and inconsistent correlation with borderline personality. See also Soldz et al (1993), esp p48, and Clarkin et al (1993), esp p476. For egs of Norma Jeane's Openness to Experience see, eg, Spoto (1993) p20, 21, 25; Guiles (1992), pp31-2; Monroe (1976), p9.

(10) Dissociative experiences, common to NJ's childhood, are characterized by, eg, absorption in imaginary activity so as to be completely unaware of surroundings, depersonalization or experiencing events as if you were a 3rd party observer, and creating "imaginary companions" to help cope with developmental tasks (eg, "maintenance of self-esteem and love") in traumatic childhood environments. See, eg, Putnam (1989), pp52-4; Bliss (1986), pp126-8; Irwin (1998), pp240-43. Re dissociation being associated with "family related loss in childhood", "removal of child from home", "absence of natural mother", "frightening parent", "disorganized attachment", and "self fragmentation" see, eg, Anderson & Alexander (1996), pp240-43, Ogawa et al (1997), Main & Hesse (1990), Liotti (1992). See Richardson (1998), p70-1, 74-77, and Lawrence et al (1995), pp209-10, re other related research.

(11) See Bossard & Boll (1966), pp126-8, re functions pet dogs often play in lives of "unloved" children.

(12) Re "powerful fantasies of reunion with biologic parent" common to children who feel abandoned see, eg, Simon & Senturia (1966), p864. See also, Note (10) above.

(13) Re NJ/MM's adult life being plagued by a "hunger for love", see research on borderline personality re, eg, "intolerance of aloneness", Gunderson (1996), pp752-3; "unstable/ intense relationships", Modestin (1987), pp400-01; painful proneness to "separation-abandonment conflicts", Perry & Cooper (1986), pp871-2, 877, 880-86; "desperation in relation to attachment figures", Westen et al (1992), pp382, 89. See Chessick (1972), p768, re eg of an "exceptionally beautiful, intelligent" 27 year old woman who "radiated an immediate attractiveness" and left any man who responded to her feeling as though he had "tried to embrace a rainbow". See Laing (1965), pp54-8, re Mrs. R, an eg of "ontological insecurity" with some striking parallels to MM. Rollyson (1986), pp12-13, analyzes relevant aspects of NJ/MM with reference to both Laing (1965 & 1971) and Alice Miller (1981).

Norma Jeane/Marilyn could perhaps be termed a "borderline borderline", in that like a "borderline trait patient" she had the "same types of affective, cognitive, & interpersonal problems" as a borderline personality - eg "troubled interpersonal relationships" marred by "manipulation and extreme dependency", "transient paranoid/ dissociative experiences", "chronic dysphoria" (emptiness, loneliness, boredom) "impulsivity in a number of self-destructive areas" - but without the same degree of impairment. The reasons for this no doubt include a lack of severe/ chronic physical & sexual abuse in her childhood, the absence of a "triggering event" after adolescence, and the presence of a continual stream of mentors, coaches, and nurturing relationships which sustained her in her early years in Hollywood. See Zanarini & Frankenburg (1997), esp pp95-6, 98-101.

(14) Information and quotes in this section ("That dream, that hope. . ." to ". . . shadows were too dark") come from Spoto (1993), pp16-17, 21-5, 64, 92, 200-01, 230-33, 241-2; Guiles (1992) pp 28-9, 31, 34-5, 42, 55, 113-4, 128, 160-1, 187, 193; Rollyson (1986), pp9-13, 28, 42-3; Miller (1988), pp371-2, 380, 435-6; Rosen (1974), pp290-1; John (1963), p182.

(15) Re Norma Jeane experiencing herself as "never quite right" & developing a "perfect self doubt", see research on early parental relationships of female borderline personalities re "chronically devaluative and/or blaming statements" (Zanarini et al, 1989, pp20-23); "frequent experience of being shamed or humiliated" (Zanarini et al, 1997, pp1103-04); "hostile rejection of 'badness'" leading to an intensification of "negative self-image" in the child (Shapiro et al, 1975, pp399-402); overall pattern of "intrusive controlling" mothers and distant or hostile fathers (Soloff & Millward, 1983, pp576-7, 82-3, 85-6). Re general analyses of development of negative/ unacceptable self, see Erikson (1959), pp65-70, 80-82; Epstein (1980), esp pp103-07; Harter, 1978, esp pp38, 47, 51, 57. Re adult experience of self rejection in borderline personality, see Westen et al, 1992, esp pp388-89, re "markedly inconstant" and negative self-concept/esteem; Perry & Cooper, 1986, pp872, 77, 79, re "own needs and anger being unacceptable" & "pervasive sense of self-loathing" whenever aware of them. See Lindsay-Hartz, 1984, p694, re shame making the person feel "small and worthless" with a "shrunken self".

(16) Information and quotes in this section ("By 7 & 1/2. . ." to ". . . perfect fairytale ending") come from Spoto (1993), pp 21-5, 27-56; Guiles (1992), pp39-55, 66; Monroe (1976), pp 13-4, 16-21, 25-27, 39-40, 72; Rollyson (1986), pp 9-13, 34, 36-7; Summer (1990), pp 25-7, 31; Miller (1988), pp370-1; Clarke (1989), pp 47, 101, 927.

(17) Re Norma Jeane's "absorption" in color fantasies/ films/ music as a mechanism for protecting the "integrity of the self" against psychological disruption/ trauma, see Ogawa et al, 1997, esp pp855-59, 871-77.

(18) Re various factors which would have contributed to Norma Jeane's sense of being vulnerable, out of control, "last in line/ first to get dumped", and learning to cope by playing the "waif"/ "little lost kitten", see Conger et al (1993), esp pp211-218, re important influence of economic hardship demoralizing parents, esp mother (Grace), disrupting parenting and undermining early adolescent girls "sense of personal worth, control and self-efficacy"; Hodges & Tizard (1989), p 78, Rutter (1979), p 289, Tizard & Hodges (1978), pp 104-07, re ex-institutional eight year olds showing "overfriendliness" and a "great desire for adult attention"; Zanarini et al (1989), re latency experiences of neglect (emotional withdrawal/ inconsistent treatment) and sexual abuse among borderline patients; Brown & Finkelhor (1986), esp pp 66-8, 70, 73, re review of literature suggestive re how attempts at sexual abuse (Doc, esp) would have enhanced Norma Jeane's sense of shame, vulnerability, and lack of control. See Harter (1978), esp pp38, 56-9, re conceptual model relevant to Norma Jeane's development of "need for external approval", "perceived lack of competence", "external locus of control", etc. Re cultural/ sex role socialization influences on development of Norma Jeane as a "little lost kitten", see, eg, Sharpe (1981), pp66-82; Golombok & Fivush, 1994, pp18-32.

(19) Re Norma Jeane developing a "whatever works" morality, appropriate to a world where "nothing's real and nothing lasts", see, eg, Wise (1986), pp363-65; Durkin (1996), esp p475, re parallels to Peck's "Expedient" and Kohlberg's "Preconventional, Stage 2" levels of moral development in which the 4-7 year-old child is coping with a similarly unstable world, only for internal (ie, lack of sufficient cognitive development) rather than external reasons. See also Tizard & Hodges (1978), pp 106-7, re lying, disobedience, etc among ex-institutional 8 year olds. Re Norma Jeane's lack of bonding experience/ years of living in a world characterized by "emotional neglect" (see Note 8 above) resulting in her being unable to experience a "shared reality", to view others in terms of "empathy", "reciprocity", or an "integration of needs", and hence learning to anticipate/ control/ manipulate the behavior of others in order to protect herself in an "unfathomable world", see Kegan's (1982) analysis of "the Imperial Self", esp pp89-95.

(20) Information and quotes in this section ("But first she needed. . ." to ". . . little Norma Jean Harlow") come from Spoto (1993), pp 10-11, 33-39, 45-6, 49, 54, 56; Guiles (1992), pp 46, 50-54; Rollyson (1986), p2.

(21) Re Grace's frustrated ambitions being crucial to Norma Jeane's development, see writings on 'stage mothers', eg Holt et al (1988), pp 15, 47, 235-55; Black (1989), pp 1,2, 5, 6, 8, 12-16, 20-1, 29, 32-3; Waterbury & Arceri (1982), pp 2, 11-13, 20; Braun (1991), pp28-9, 32, 38. See also Albert (1980), esp pp 93-5, and Sloane (1985), pp440-46, re children as carriers of parental values/ identity.

(22) Re Norma Jeane learning to be "the new Jean Harlow", see Allen (1994), pp164-5, and Erikson (1959), pp82-88, re Erikson's "I am what I learn" stage; Sloane (1985), pp 447-53, re introducing child to a talent area & providing instruction; Golombok & Fivush (1994), pp83-8, re imitation of same-sex and powerful models; Amabile (1983), pp146-9, re role models as motivators; Simonton (1978), pp189-90, re imitation of eminent role models; Stacey (1991), esp pp 146-57, re girls identifying with female film stars. See

Haskell (1975), pp113-15, and esp Rosen (1974), pp155-59, re characteristics of the 'blonde bombshell' Grace and Norma Jeane identified with.

(23) Information and quotes in this section ("And so by the fall of '38. . ." to ". . .going for it") come from Spoto (1993), pp 56-69; Guiles (1992), pp 53, 55-7, 59-60, 66-7; Monroe (1976), pp 19, 22-7, 39-40, 72; Rollyson (1986), pp 13-5; Summers (1990), p28; Clarke (1989), pp 47, 101, 798-9; Goodman (1961), p222; Haskell (1975), p259; Dyer (1993), p50.

(24) Early maturation played a crucial role in Norma Jeane/Marilyn's development by making her immensely popular with older males and focusing her self definition around her body image and relationships with the opposite sex. Instead of experiencing rejection by her peers for being different, early maturation transformed Norma Jeane from an outsider/ loner into a magnet for male attention (attention she had been craving for years). Instead of pressurizing her to engage in behaviors well beyond her experience, early maturation gave Norma Jeane the perfect outlet for her years of training with makeup/ self-display in the safe, stable, conservative school environment of pre-War L.A. . See Durkin (1996), p510; Silbereisen et al (1989), pp248, 263-5; Simmons & Blyth (1987), pp161-65; Graver et al (1997), esp p 1774; Caspi & Moffitt (1991), pp158, 166; Caspi et al (1993), esp pp26-8, re specific effects of early maturation.

(25) Re the crucial role of Aunt Ana in providing "psychological safety/ freedom" to facilitate Norma Jeane learning/ risking her creative self-display, and essential parental "collusion" in undercutting the objections of school authorities; and in the process cushioning Norma Jeane against overinvolvement with deviant peers, see Rogers (1969), pp106-123; Rogers (1982), pp146-49; Palazzoli et al (1978), pp135-6; Caspi & Moffitt(1991)pp158, 166; Silbereisen (1989), p261, Re egs of Norma Jeane's relationships to Aunt Ana, school authorities, and deviant peers, see eg, Spoto (1993), pp57, 63-7; Guiles (1992), pp56, 76; Monroe (1976), p26.

(26) Adolescence is characterized by intense involvement with peer groups relevant to sorting out the huge amount of uncertainty and change, esp in the area of interpersonal relationships and intimacy for females. (cf Durkin (1996), pp508, 517, 525-6, 528-9). This would have been especially true for Norma Jeane given her 'perfect self doubt' (Note 15), 'hunger for love' (Note 13), early physical maturation (Note 24), expertise in self presentation (eg Spoto (1993), pp 45, 64; Guiles (1992), pp50-1; Monroe (1976), pp23-4), and her severe deficits in educational/ cultural areas (eg Spoto (1993), pp60-1, 65; Monroe (1976), p22). Not surprisingly Norma Jeane quickly "foreclosed" re an identity status ("the Mmmm girl"), thus fulfilling a multitude of social psychological functions (eg continuity, coherence, purpose, direction, differentiation, etc). Given her developmental history Norma Jeane's pursuit of this identity was a perfect eg of Kegan's "imperial self" in action ("one's own needs, interests, and wishes *are* the self"); and it had all the characteristics of Marcia's "identity diffusion" (eg lack of commitment/ any real sense of self, stereotyped in dealings with others, etc). See Kroger (1996), pp34-9, 155-7; Waterman & Archer (1990), pp35-6, 39-40; Kegan (1982), 89-95.

In a paradoxical variation of the research on "loss of voice" in adolescent females (with consequences for self-esteem, etc), Norma Jeane gained voice for the first time in her life due to the fit between her physical appearance, concerns with makeup, clothing, etc,

and her lifelong history of “lack of authenticity” as a survival mechanism. See Harter et al (1997), esp pp154-56, 168-9; Gilligan (1993), See also Graber et al (1997), p1774, and Silbereisen et al (1989), pp261, 263-5.

(27) Information and quotes in this section (“15 and Norma Jeane. . .” to “. . .and a new name”) come from Spoto (1993), pp69-115; Guiles (1992), pp61-3, 67-70, 73-81, 83-104; Summers (1990), pp13-8, 20-4, 26, 30, 32-3, 36-8; Rollyson (1986), pp15-21; Monroe (1976), pp 27-30; Dyer (1993), pp32-5.

(28) Re Norma Jeane’s involvement with an older male (Jim D) and expectations that she could somehow adjust to marriage at 16, see eg, Caspi & Moffitt (1991), p158; Simmons & Blyth (1987), p162-3; Spoto (1993), p71-4; Guiles (1992), pp61-3; Monroe (1976), p24.

(29) Jim Dougherty’s insistence that Norma Jeane not get pregnant when he went overseas was of course crucial to NJ/Marilyn’s future. (eg, see Guiles, 1992, p95-6). See, eg, Elder (1987) pp449-50, 456-7, re effects of War mobilization on delayed entry into family roles.

(30) For eggs of Norma Jeane/ Marilyn “giving of herself” to the camera, see, eg, The Marilyn Pages, 1998.

Re Attachment history and relationships: Given Norma Jeane’s “perfect self doubt” (Note 15), “hunger for love” (Note 13), and history of extreme vulnerability in relation to attachment (Note 18), her relationships with men, not surprisingly, showed characteristics of 2 conflicting attachment styles, ie “Preoccupation” (with relationships) and “Fearful” (of intimacy). See Bartholomew (1990), esp pp163-4, for theoretical analysis; also Bartholomew & Horowitz (1991), pp227, 238-9. For elaboration and refinement of characteristics of “Preoccupied” and “Avoidant” attachment styles, and data relevant to Norma Jeane’s sizable hesitancy as well as capacity for ‘casual sex’, see Brennan & Shaver (1995), esp pp272, 275, 280. For eggs of Norma Jeane’s sexual orientation, see Spoto (1993), pp100-104. Re related research on Lee’s (1973) “Ludus” lovestyle (low intimacy, viability, commitment, etc; high conflict, ambivalence) and Levy & Davis’ “Mania/Anxious-Avoidant” Factor (high passion, conflict; low viability, satisfaction, etc), see Levy & Davis (1988), esp pp442, 458, 464, 466. See Also Modestin (1987), esp pp400-01, re “intense/ unstable relationships” as being the defining characteristic of borderline personality disorder.

(31) Information and quotes in this section (“A year later and. . .” to “. . .mogul, Joe Schenck”) come from Spoto (1993), pp 13-4, 108-10, 118-22, 126-32, 160; Guiles (1992), pp121-5, 153, 156; Monroe (1976), pp 54-5, 61-2, 72, 87-8, 105-6; Summers (1990), pp23-4, 39, 46; Rollyson (1986), pp 2, 19-21, 27; Miller (1988), p359; Davis (1993), p27.

(32) Re playing the “little lost kitten” and “working the boulevard again”, see research on borderline personality re use of manipulation, helplessness, sexuality, and indiscriminate / short-lived attachments to cope with conflicts between intense yearning for emotional involvement and an overwhelming fear of it. See Chessick (1972), esp pp 764-5, 768-70; Perry & Cooper (1986), pp 871-2, 880-86; Kernberg (1985), pp 14-16; Gunderson (1996), pp752-3; Zanarini & Frankenberg (1997), pp 98-100; Modestin (1987). See also

Brennan & Shaver (1995), pp272, 275, 280, re avoidant/ ambivalent/ insecure attachment styles and non-intimate sexuality; Brown & Finkelhor (1986), pp69-72, re childhood sexual abuse and adult self-esteem, promiscuity, etc. Re moral, cognitive, emotional logic of Marilyn's manipulation and sexuality, see Kegan (1982), esp pp 89-95, 172-3, 175, re the "Imperial Self". Re how social context of Hollywood and Marilyn's prior models of self-presentation might have contributed to her "working the boulevard", see van Ijzendoorn (1997), pp 719-22.

(33) Information and quotes in this section ("Joe Schenck. . ." to ". . . Schenck's girlfriend") come from Spoto (1993), pp 15, 116, 132-4, 167, 170-2, 176, 237; Guiles (1992), pp 109-13, 117, 119; Summers (1990), pp 48-52; Monroe (1976), pp 61-3; Friedrick (1986), pp 14-5, 61-8; Rollyson (1986), p22; Davis (1993), pp28-9; Goodman (1961), pp223, 234; Miller (1988), p359.

(34) Information and quotes in this section ("Not quite 22. . ." to ". . . men are following me") come from Spoto (1993), pp 134-41, 148-9, 155-6, 170-1, 182-3, 188, 195-6, 233; Guiles (1992), pp 113-4, 131-4, 138, 141-2, 160-1, 167, 193-4, 208, 212; Rollyson (1986), pp 2, 22- 24; Summers (1990), pp 53-4, 64, 70, 72; Goodman (1961), pp 223-4, 229; Monroe (1976), pp 72, 77, backcover.

(35) Information and quotes in this section ("22 and back. . ." to ". . .ready to move on") come from Spoto (1993), pp 141-5, 147, 151, 231; Guiles (1992), pp 126-9, 134-7, 139, 152, 171, 215; Summers (1990), pp 55-62; Monroe (1976), pp 74-9, 83, 95; Rollyson (1986), pp22-4; Skolsky (1975), p223; Clarke (1989), p1058.

(36) Information and quotes in this section ("What Marilyn needed now. . ." to ". . .to die for her") come from Spoto (1993), pp 63, 102-3, 126, 133, 145-50, 155-7, 160-5, 169-70, 174-6, 182-83; Guiles (1992), pp 137-9, 142, 145-61, 163-5, 167-9; Monroe (1976), pp 80-1, 87, 92-6, 104-5, 107-8; Summers (1990), pp 47, 51, 61, 63-7, 69; Rollyson (1986), pp 27-38; Goodman (1961), pp 219, 223; Dyer (1993), p21.

(37) Information and quotes in this section ("And Marilyn needed publicity. . ." to ". . . off the screen") come from Spoto (1993), pp 155, 177, 179-83, 187-94, 198-200, 213, 217, 220-1, 229-31, 243; Guiles (1992), pp 163-5, 177-9, 181-2, 185-7, 195, 213-4; Rollyson (1986), pp 40-3, 52-4, 59-65; Monroe (1976), pp 113, 122-4, 133-5, 137-9; Summers (1990), pp 40- 41, 69-72; Rosen (1974), pp 284-7; Miller (1988), pp 366-7, 428-9; Goodman (1961), pp 219-20; Skolsky (1975) pp219-220; Cahn (1951), p50; Dyer (1993), pp 23, 57; Harris (1991).

(38) Information and quotes in this section ("What Marilyn needed. . ." to ". . . licking cream") come from Spoto (1993), pp 172-4, 207, 209-14, 216, 219-20, 224-5; Guiles (1992), pp 132, 142-3, 182, 191, 200; Rollyson (1986), pp xi, 2-3, 25-6, 36-7, 46, 69, 82, 124; Summers (1990), pp 38-9, 72, 80-2, 89-93, 97, 113-4; Monroe (1976), pp 23, 52, 81, 115-6, 125, 131, 141; Goodman (1961), pp 21-9, 46-8, 219, 224, 230; Skolsky (1975) pp42-45, 211-15, 217-19, 222; Dyer (1993), pp 29-31, 35-6, 63-4, Miller (1988), pp 366-7, 369, 398, 415.

(39) Information and quotes in this section ("What Marilyn needed was the 50s. . ." to "while they sizzled") come from Hewlett (1988), pp 181-202, 206-7, 212-16, 218-22, 225; Chafe (1979), pp 174-195, 212-218; Dyer (1991), pp58-9; (1993), pp 19-66; Friedan

(1974), pp28-61, 142-80, 197-223; Rosen (1974), pp 259-82, 291; Haskell (1975), pp 235, 254-58; Rothman (1978), pp 222-31; Baxandall, Gordon, & Reverby (1976), pp 299-312; Spoto (1993), pp 210-11, 213, 229-31; Guiles (1992), pp 213-5; Rollyson (1986), pp 62-8; Miller (1988), pp 366-7, 374, 428-9.

The women who preferred 'one blonde' were of course working-class women. Well "blue collar and upwardly mobile, lower middle class" girls and women to be precise (Rubin, 1976, p8). They were the millions of women who in the aftermath of World War II were being "dumped from the labor force, pressured out of the employment market and into conjugal bliss"; who overnight were trading in their pop riveters and hard hats for corsets, falsies and poodle cuts; the millions of girls who would be "marrying younger than at any previous time during the 20 th century", who suddenly realized that "if a girl didn't catch her man early, she might never own that vine-covered cottage somewhere between Yalta and my blue heaven". They were the millions of girls who knew that *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, girls who dying to figure out *How to Marry a Millionaire*. (all quotes from Rosen, 1974, pp 259-60, 282)

Marilyn's female fans were women who lived lives like the 'Rose Loomis' she played in her "runaway hit" of 1953, *Niagara* . Women who were themselves often "unfulfilled wives attempting to cope with brooding husbands they no longer love". Women, and girls, who fantasized about living the life of 'Lorelei', "sewn into her red-sequined gown" looking like "she would glow in the dark"; Lorelei, lighting up the stage with that "chorus of tuxedoed boys dancing " to match her every step; Lorelei, wide-eyed & "breathless" & singing; singing 'bout diamonds, singing 'bout what every Lorelei, and Rose Loomis, and Norma Jeane soon comes to know -- that "diamonds are a girl's best friend". (quotes from Guiles, 1992, pp 211, 212, 215, 218, 465)

SOURCES

Note: Below I have included enough of the bibliographic reference materials that I used to construct my accounts of the development of Hitchcock, Guthrie, & Norma Jeane / Marilyn so that anyone can compare my descriptions with those provided in the sources I used. I have omitted all of the psychological research references I used to support my analysis of each person's five Key Characteristics. If you want to pursue such an analysis for yourself, no sweat.. just dig up the current relevant psychological research literature.. and you're away. Or you might simply cite the present source as the place you lifted it from...

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