

"Jody, honey, you've got bats in the belfry,"

said David.



Henry Faulkner

The Real You

*She told David all
the secrets she
had never told anyone
before—and could
never, never tell again.*

By MARNIE ELLINGSON

JODY stretched her feet out behind the protective cover of Mrs. Gordon's coffee table and wriggled her toes. Her new shoes were satisfyingly frivolous, completely incapable of providing warmth or comfort or sturdy arch support. Their only possible excuse for existing would be to lead her into something exciting, something gay—here at tonight's party, maybe.

Jody believed in magic. And the shoes were suddenly magic.

With shining brown hair, forthright smile and really very good ankles, Jody didn't look like a girl who needed the aid of magic. But she'd been in the city six months and all the people she had met in her ceramics and Great Books night classes were female-variety people. She had a home-economics-staff job on *Hearthside Magazine* (she could whip up a Bavarian-cream Charlotte quicker than you could say "almond extract"), and while she loved it, it would be, she thought, much more fun to be home economical in a home of her own. The trouble with working for a family magazine was that it had such a cozy staff—everyone all married and settled and suburban, except Jody.

Mrs. Gordon, a school friend of her mother's, had dutifully "looked Jody up" and invited her over several times. Nothing had happened the other times that could be called exciting. She hadn't the shoes on then.

She wriggled her toes again and felt a shiver of anticipation run through

her. Everyone seemed to be doing a great deal of unorganized milling, when suddenly Jody looked up and saw her hostess herding a man across the room to meet her. He wasn't handsome, but Jody liked his face right away, craggy and not-quite-thirtyish and somehow trustworthy. And there was a comfortable pipe-sized bulge in his coat pocket.

He was so exactly *right* that for the first time in years Jody felt a moment of panic, somewhat akin to stage fright, and she wondered what she could say to keep *him* from milling off too. Then like all good *Hearthside*s, she thought of the personal-charm page and Mrs. Peabody's article in the newest issue.

Mrs. Peabody said: "Don't be a blurred carbon copy of the latest movie queen. Be yourself—The Real You!"

Well, that made sense, Jody thought. She certainly didn't want this nice young man to mistake her for a blurred carbon.

Mrs. Gordon said, "Jody, this is Dr. David Winston; Jody Marsh. Doctor Winston is a psychiatrist," she added significantly and left them.

Jody smiled up at him in the most friendly possible way, which was The Real Jody.

"Have you had anything to eat yet, Doctor Winston?" she asked. "Those alarming-looking little pink sandwiches on the coffee table are really quite good."

He looked startled. "What did you say?"

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ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY FREDMAN



THE REAL YOU

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49

"Do you mind if I sit down beside you for the next four or five hours?" he asked, settling himself next to her on the couch. "I can tell I'm going to like it here."
Jody's eyes widened. She tucked one trim foot up under her and almost reverently touched her slipper. The magic was working already!

"I never made such an impression with 'have a sandwich' before," she said wonderingly. "It seems to work better than om."

"Om?"
"Don't you do crossword puzzles?" she asked. "Whenever it says 'mystic ejaculation' the answer is om."

"I'll try to remember," he said, "but I'm not much of a crossword fan."

"Oh, I'm not a fan," Jody told him. "In fact, I sort of hate them. But I can't seem to read the rest of the paper in peace till I finish the crossword. Those blank squares look so reproachful. Anyway, you learn lots of things—like om, for instance. Not that I know why it's supposed to be so mystic. So far I've never been able to conjure up anything with it."

"Maybe it wards off evil," David suggested. "Maybe," she agreed thoughtfully; and because she was passing up no chances, she added, "Well, om—just for luck." She picked up the plate of sandwiches. "Here, for one who sounded so hungry, you're not eating much."

"I wasn't hungry," he said. "It was just that you're the first person I've met tonight, or most any night for that matter, who has found out I'm a psychiatrist without saying, 'Oh, doctor, I'll be afraid to talk to you for fear you'll read my mind.' It makes a person sort of lonely." His face was almost wistful.

Jody laughed. How could she be afraid while she was wearing enchanted slippers! "You're safe with me. It would never even have occurred to me that after spending all day working out people's problems for twenty dollars an hour you'd want to give it away free during your spare time."

"You're so right—except about the twenty dollars an hour. I'm still in residency training, which is a polite way of saying pauper. Don't get me wrong—I like my work. But eight hours a day of analyzing neuroses is enough. After hours I like to relax with normal, well-adjusted people."

"I know just how you feel," Jody said sympathetically. She hesitated. Well, why shouldn't she confess to him her own secret pet annoyance? The slippers were making her say the things The Real Her felt.

"As a matter of fact," Jody said, plunging in with a rush, "that's exactly the way it is with me. I'm assistant to the assistant food editor of Hearths Magazine. All day I test exotic recipes and make beautiful displays of frosted grape leaves under glazed roast duck for color photographs. So after hours I don't even want to think about food, and if anyone mentions recipes to me I get a wild impulse to brain them with a chafing dish. I guess that's really very ungracious of me, but I can't help it. Every club I've ever been in I get railroaded onto the refreshment committee. Just once I'd like to help with the entertainment, but oh no! I'm always stuck in the kitchen."

"It's criminal," he said, "to put a beautiful girl like you out of sight in the kitchen."
"Me, beautiful?" Jody said. "Why, doctor, you should see a psychiatrist."

It was at that moment the plumpish lady hailed Jody from across the room. "Jody, dear, I haven't had a chance to talk to you all evening, and I do want you to tell me exactly how you did those marinated oysters in the last issue of Hearthside."

Jody sighed inwardly. Then she felt a strong hand under her elbow pulling her to her feet.

"Jody'd love to tell you about the oysters," David was saying, "but the fact is we're just leaving. We have another engagement and we're late already."

They made their good-bys, David whisking her out before she had a chance to think.

On the street they paused and he looked down at the top of her head. "Narrow escape," he said.

"On you that shining armor looks good."
"Never let it be said that David Winston would abandon a damsel in a pot of marinated oysters. Come on. I'll buy you something to eat—something plain," he added hastily.
"I'd like that. Could we go to a drive-in?" Jody asked.

They ordered hamburgers and settled back to wait.

"I'm afraid it's clouded over," David commented, peering up at the sky.

"I noticed," Jody said, "and I'm sorry. It would have been such a lovely night to sit and listen to the stars hum." She looked out anxiously, but the sky was unpromising.

David touched her shoulder. "Did you say 'listen to the stars hum'?"

"Certainly," Jody said. "The music of the spheres. Haven't you ever heard it? It's a sort of blue-green hum." She was startled to hear herself saying it, but tonight she was telling David all sorts of things she had always felt inside but never, never told anyone before.

"Oh," David made a whimsical grimace. "I see. Well, I can't offer you any humming stars tomorrow afternoon, but if you'd settle for

strumming violins, I was going to ask you to go to a concert with me."

Jody said, "I'd love it."

"And Tuesday we could have dinner together. There's a little French movie I couldn't think of anyone to take to, until tonight. And I really should practice up on my French."

"Sunday afternoon and Tuesday?" Jody tried to sound dubious.

"It's not that I'm trying to monopolize you," he said; "it's just that I'm trying to take up all your time."

Jody sighed with happiness.

The rain started before they reached Jody's apartment house. The windshield wipers

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clucked companionably as they drove up. David stopped the car, tilted her face up to his and kissed her gently on the mouth. His hand on her cheek was warm and strong and she thought, *Oh, David, please like that as much as I did.*

She pulled away reluctantly. "I had a lovely time, David."

"You'll get wet," he said. "Put my coat around your shoulders."

"It's my shoes I'm worried about."

"I'll carry you," he offered.

"No, I'll take them off. I love an excuse to wade through puddles barefoot. When I was little that was my favorite sport."

David frowned. "You might catch cold."

"In August? Don't be silly."

"A hot bath, then, the minute you get in?"

"At this hour?" Jody's tone was incredulous. "With Gog and Magog just waiting for me to commit some little indiscretion like waking them up with running bath water so they can have me evicted?"

"Who on earth are Gog and Magog?"

David demanded.

"Two ogres who live in the apartment below me," Jody said. "They pose as retired spinsters

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and call themselves the Misses Cunnicott, but they aren't fooling me. They're monsters, crouched to spring."

"Now, Jody, how could anyone feel that way about you?"

"I detract from the refinement of the establishment," Jody quoted primly. "I used to play the phonograph. The landlady finally gave me the word about my taste in music. I had a record of the Ritual of Fire Dance that particularly sent them into a frenzy. Nice girls, you see, listen to wholesome numbers like To a Wild Rose." She slipped off her shoes.

David shuddered. "Protect me from nice girls. And any time you feel like sending someone into a frenzy, here's my phone number." He ruffled her hair, turned up his collar against the rain and slid out of the car to help her.

Out of breath from skipping all the way up two flights of stairs, Jody leaned against the inside of her door and sighed rapturously. "He likes me! David Winston likes me!"

She danced across the room and put her shoes, her lovely frivolous shoes, on the closet shelf and closed the door. She slipped into a pair of scuffed, flat-heeled moccasins and turned to cross the room, but midway she stopped abruptly as if there were some leaden thing inside her.

"Or does he?" A minute ago she had been so sure. As he left her downstairs David had said her hair shimmered with a million misty raindrops, but now in the mirror it just looked damp.

Whyever had she thought David would like her? She didn't know anything about his

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work; how could she even talk intelligently to him tomorrow?

Then she had an idea. She slipped into a raincoat. Ten minutes later she returned, dripping with summer rain, a book under her arm.

She did the hundred strokes on her hair in double time, propped up both pillows on the side with the bed lamp and hopped into bed. She tore the wrapping off the book and read its title aloud with satisfaction: Psychiatry for Everybody. It was the only book on psychiatry the all-night drug-store around the corner had in stock, but it must be a good one. The author had such a funny name and so many titles.

She opened the book at random and started to read. Three pages later she sat bolt upright in bed.

Persons who believe that others are engaged in a plot to do them wrong are said to be suffering from delusions of persecution.

"Gog and Magog," Jody gasped. "I told David they were plotting to have me evicted."

She read further. Every word confirmed her fear that what she had told David about her neighbors below fitted concisely into a paranoid pattern. Her face felt hot.

Maybe the book told how to overcome it. She read on. On the next page her eyes widened in horror and she groaned.

A compulsion is a senseless act which the subject feels he must perform even though he may wish not to do so.

Those darn crossword puzzles! They were a compulsion. And two minutes after she first laid eyes on David, she had practically told him she ought to be locked up.

In morbid fascination she chose another chapter.

In some cases of advanced psychosis, the patient will hear things which do not actually exist. These imaginary sounds are called hallucinations. "Haven't you ever listened to the stars hum, David?"

Jody rolled over and buried her face in the pillows. All evening, every word she had uttered had shown David she was completely neurotic.

She threw the book on the floor, jumped out of bed and ran to the dresser. She pushed the sweep of brown wavy hair back from her forehead and peered in the mirror. To think that underneath that forehead lay a brain positively teeming with psychotic disturbances! She bent closer and studied her eyes. They were the same color, long-lashed and wide-spaced, but it seemed to her now that they had a certain maniacal gleam she had never noticed before.

"Oh, David, why couldn't I have kept my mouth shut?" she wailed. Of course he couldn't have helped noticing how maladjusted she was. Maybe that was why he had asked to see her again—he thought her too dangerous to be left alone.

Two chances I have, she thought. Two chances to make him forget how neurotic I acted—to make myself into the kind of healthy personality he likes.

Be natural—be The Real You indeed! Wait till she saw Mrs. Peabody! Well, no, that really wasn't fair. How could Mrs. Peabody know about Jody's latent instincts?

As she dressed for the concert the next afternoon Jody looked at her frivolous high-heeled shoes on the closet shelf and blushed. Thank heaven there was at least one secret she had kept from David—that she had believed in enchantment. The shoes now seemed to her to be a symbol of her unbalanced state.

Resolutely she chose another pair—sensible brown pumps with sensible

medium heels—so that whenever she was tempted to say something silly she could look at them and remember.

She greeted David sedately, in honeyed tones. "Good afternoon, David. What a delightful day to be going to a concert! I've truly been looking forward to it."

He gave her an odd look. Well, it did sound soupy, but it was normal and that's what he liked. And Jody Marsh was going to be normal all afternoon if it killed her.

As she locked her door David said, "Do Gog and Magog take afternoon naps, or may I talk out loud in the hallway?"

Jody looked stricken. "The Misses Cunnicott are really very nice little old ladies," she said. "And they do need their sleep. I don't know why I was so rude about them last night."

David's expression changed. He seemed almost—well, rebuffed. Or disappointed?

All afternoon Jody weighed every word before she spoke it. She spent so much time ruminating

that she didn't have much chance to say anything, but at least she wasn't revealing any dark secrets about herself. Her conversation consisted mostly of yeses and noes and I-really-couldn't-says. Pretty soon David stopped talking, too, and the afternoon ended in a rather glum silence.

I'm not doing it right, she thought desperately.

"It's a lovely day, isn't it?" she tried brightly as they walked up the steps of the apartment house.

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Heat oven to 350° (mod.). Grease well and flour 13x9 1/2 x 2" pan. Sift dry ingredients.

Add shortening, milk, vanilla. Beat 2 min., med. speed on mixer or 300 vigorous strokes by hand. Scrape sides and bottom of bowl constantly. Add eggs, cooled chocolate. Beat 2 more min. Stir in nuts. Bake 40 to 50 min. Cool. Serve with ice cream or your favorite icing.

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"David," she said timidly, "what time will you call for me Tuesday?"

"Tuesday?" He seemed discomfited. "Oh, Well, about six-thirty, I guess." And he all but fled.

One more chance, Jody thought as she dressed on Tuesday night. Her hair was brushed satiny and she smelled of summer flowers, but there was a cold scared lump somewhere in the middle of her.

The evening was, if anything, more dismal than Sunday afternoon. And when he left her at the door he seemed relieved. He said nothing about seeing her again.

It was all over. Jody slumped down miserably on her bed. *I muffed it*, she said to herself. *I may as well put him out of my mind.* "And heart," a little voice inside her head whispered. "Yes, and heart," she agreed. There, she was talking to herself—a bad sign if there ever was one, but what difference did it make now?

Suddenly she saw something winking in the darkness of her open closet. There, catching the moonlight from the window, were her shoes—her magic slippers! She went over and ran a wistful finger along the slender straps. Well, why not—why not put them on? She couldn't make the grade as the sensible type anyway. She might as well wear them, and be her old

natural self; neurotic—and happy. She put them on and looked down at her feet. That was when she heard it. A kind of blue-green hum! She ran to the window and looked out at the sky and then at her watch. Exactly midnight—she was just in time.

Scarcely touching the steps, she ran lightly down the front stairs and out into the yard. She chose a flat rock to sit on and tilted her head up to the starry sky.

"One—two—three," she began to count slowly. "Four—five —" She had reached seventeen when she heard a voice at her elbow.

"What, may I ask, do you think you're doing?"

She turned and there, incredibly, was David. "I'm sublimating—and if you want to make something of it go right ahead!"

David's jaw dropped. "You're what?" "Sublimating, sublimating," Jody cried sharply. "You're a psychiatrist. You know all about those things."

"I don't get it." He sounded dazed.

"It just so happens we are in the middle of the Perseid meteor shower," Jody snapped. "It reaches its maximum at midnight tonight and you can see at least one shooting star every minute. It's quite a display!"

He squinted up at the heavens and back. "But what's with this sublimating?"

"I bought a psychiatry book the night I met you. I realize my interest in astronomy is a substitution of interests. I study the stars because I'm frustrated in love."

"Jody, honey"—David shook his head—"you've got bats in the belfry."

"Oh, David," she wailed, "I know it! I'm positively fraught with neuroses!"

And the whole story came tumbling out.

David rocked back and forth beside her, laughing till he choked. Then at the sight of her tear-streaked face, he sobered and gently wiped her eyes.

"Listen to me, dopey child," he said. "Nine years I've been studying to be a psychiatrist. I've got two more years to go before I can

even practice on my own. And you read one book you bought at a drugstore, and right away you start diagnosing yourself."

"But the book said —" she began.

"I don't care what the book said. *Everybody* has all those symptoms in some degree. You would all be normal if you didn't. It's when one symptom becomes so exaggerated that your life starts to revolve around it that it gets serious. Like having those stars stop humming and start telling you you're Cleopatra."

"Oh, David, are you sure?"

"Very sure, Jody. Those funny little ways of yours are what make you different from anyone else in the world. They're why I came back tonight. I got to thinking, you *couldn't* have changed so much overnight. I heard the tower clock striking midnight and decided it wasn't too late to come back and find out what was wrong."

Jody gasped. Midnight! The "bewitching" hour!

"Stop trying to be well adjusted," he was telling her, "and start being you again—the real you! As far as I'm concerned, you're the kind they ought to set the standard by."

Jody clasped her hands. "Do you really mean it?"

"I certainly do. It's normal to be a little crazy. Take me, for instance—I'm crazy about a wacky little girl who prowls around the yard at midnight listening to the stars hum."

He started to laugh again. "Hush, David," Jody cried. "Do you want to wake up Gog and Magog?"

David pulled her into his arms and kissed her, not gently at all this time.

"Eighteen, nineteen, twenty," she said rapidly. "Twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three—four—five—six —"

"Hey, what are you doing?"

"Counting shooting stars," she said. "I never saw so many all at once. Twenty-seven, twenty-eight, twenty-nine, thirty —"

"Jody," he said softly, drawing her tighter to him, "you've got your eyes closed."

oh-h-h!
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LIBERTY AND CONFORMITY IN AMERICA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

Thus underneath the turbulence of American politics and the clash of political ideas, there is a strong instinctive sense, related to personal and national self-preservation which sets limits. One can think and say anything one likes, but always "provided." Provided that one is not aiding or abetting the activities of a "hostile foreign power"; provided that one is not seeking to "overthrow the Constitution," the frame that holds so many disparate elements together, and that, in America, is crown, tradition and "togetherness." Hence, also, the constant patriotic emphasis, the truculence toward any disparagement of America, the worship of certain American heroes, notably the "Founding Fathers."

The "spy scare" is related to another fact about the United States. This nation is an area of continental size with no internal frontiers, within which anyone who once enters and is cleared through his entrance port with an unchallenged visa can move at will. Applicants for visitors' visas are casually screened in the consulates where they apply for them. Although screening of applicants for immigration visas is more thorough, they are not difficult to obtain, if one is in an unfiled quota, and properly outfitted with affidavits. And the creation of these affidavits is a regular industry of organizations wanting to introduce persons into this country for their own purposes. It is far easier and takes a shorter time to become a citizen of America than to naturalize oneself anywhere in Europe.

Once inside the United States, the alien enjoys far more freedom of movement than he does in any European country. Unless he runs afoul of the law, he can move from Maine to California and from the Canadian frontier to the Mexican without ever being asked to show a passport or compelled to register with the police. I have been in and out of England for thirty years; in the London hotel where I usually stay most of the employees recognize me immediately, and I enjoy long-established contacts with influential Britons in all par-

ties. But, like every other alien, I must register with the police every time I change my residence.

Furthermore, the alien who speaks English with an obviously un-British accent is far more likely to attract attention there than here. A witty naturalized citizen once defined an "American" as someone who speaks with a foreign accent and has sinus trouble. Thousands of aliens enter America illegally every year, slipping through the long land frontiers between Canada and Mexico and the U.S.A. Few of these entrants are bent on espionage or subversion, but one can certainly assume that some of them are. I think any country would so assume.

Nor is our Government so naive as to think that spies and subversives can be kept out by requiring them to fill out sworn declarations that they are not this or that. The reason it is done is that we cannot deport anyone because of his ideas, but we can legally deport him for perjury.

Our European friends really do not understand the difficulties of policing an enormous country, a union of forty-eight states, each with its own police system, whose people are not naturally suspicious of those who do not look or speak like "native-born" Americans. The difficulties comprehend far more than tracking down subversives. They include apprehending native and alien criminals, many of whom keep on the move or disappear without ever being caught. And if anyone thinks the FBI is more vigilant than Scotland Yard or the French "Deuxième Bureau," he is mistaken. This country will never be a "police state" as long as its citizens and visitors have freedom to move without perpetual police checks.

Thus America, with its unique problems, moves between liberty and conformity. So far the swing of the pendulum has never been sufficiently wide to create dictatorship or plunge us into subversion and anarchy.