

soda!" the taxi driver commands. The lights go down and again the waiter comes out from the wings and addresses the audience. "The average time required for the making of one human life is, for all I know, probably closer to 67,000 years than to nine months. In view of the incredible amount of time and effort involved, and the astonishing ineffectuality of that which comes into being, the transaction must be regarded as a swindle." He elaborates for some thousand words and concludes: "Now, more than ever, you are wondering, What is this about? I don't blame you. Finding little or no meaning in the world, you

insist upon unmistakable meaning in created things, in things of illusion, of which this is, good or bad, an example. . . . Are you expected to understand any of this? The answer is, courteously, no more than you would be apt to understand anything else. No more, and no less."

After *Don Quixote* and *Ein Heldenleben* even the faith of some of Richard Strauss' most ardent disciples, as James Huneker observed, was rudely shaken. "Either retreat or madness" was the critical cry. In the case of Saroyan we begin to cry much the same thing. Only louder.

## FULL MOON

By WHITFIELD COOK

Now it is not easy for the mind  
 To rule the heart; for surely we're a kind  
 To whom a silver night brings sadness past  
 All reason and a real desire to find  
 An antidote for all the quick and vast  
 Evasions of a world that does not last.  
 We hope, on nights when there are dewy veils  
 Of moonlight on the grass, that all the tales  
 We hear of love are true, that love is fast  
 And love that lovers speak of may be classed  
 With things that never die. With love we'd bind  
 Ourselves against the everblowing blast  
 Of mortal change. The heart would have us blind  
 And soft this silver night, without the mind.

## ORCHIDACEOUS LUCIUS BEEBE

By JOHN RICHMOND



WHILE stout and bustling Elsa Maxwell is the recognized Queen of Café Society, and nobody claims the dubious honor of kingship, Lucius Morris Beebe must be acknowledged as its Prophet. He is not the lad who coined the glamorous phrase. But he has been official chronicler since June 1, 1934, of that hybrid aristocracy which first came out into the open with the weekly appearance of his column "This New York." Published every Saturday in the New York *Herald Tribune* and twelve other newspapers, the column is read by approximately two million people. Only about five hundred of these camp followers belong to this pseudo-select society. Long before this date, of course, Café Society existed, but Beebe first brought it to the public gaze. Thanks to him that screwball segment of Manhattan is as familiar on the main stem of any cow town as on the sidewalks of New York. And thanks to it, the extravagant, bedizened personality of Lucius Beebe — part fable, part tailor's dummy,

part shrewd exhibitionist — has become increasingly familiar.

To the perplexing question how a Boston Beebe managed to get that way, a flip of a few pages of recent history discloses the answer. The plain facts are that as a youth Lucius attended three private schools and was dismissed from two of them; that he is probably the only young man who matriculated at Yale and Harvard and was invited to resign from both (he corralled an A.B. from Harvard in 1927); that at twenty-three he was the youngest man ever to be included in *Who's Who in America*; that his dormitory room at Yale contained a roulette wheel and a revolving bookcase convertible into a bar; that at Yale during Prohibition he impersonated the dean of the Divinity School in a New Haven theatre box from which he tossed an empty liquor bottle; that at Harvard he chartered an airplane and during the New London boat-