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THE MARLON BRANDO STORY

The exasperating "prince of screwballs" to some, "the world's greatest actor" to others, the real Brando has been lost in the shuffle of rumor and columnists' gossip. Now—for the first time—here is a close personal look at this controversial star

BY RICHARD GEHMAN

At thirty-one, the broad-shouldered, heavy-voiced, astonishingly, naturally talented Marlon Brando may very well be, as the distinguished director Elia Kazan flatly states, "the greatest actor in the world today." A whimsical, impulsive kid from the Midwest who went to New York and became a prince among screwballs, Brando may also be one of the foremost eccentrics of all time. There is evidence to support both contentions. The picture of Brando as a combination of genius and nut is by now a familiar one, but it is not altogether an accurate portrait of the man.

For several reasons, chief among them Brando's own skittish, publicity-shy behavior and his reluctance to speak candidly of himself and his work, the real Brando has seldom been exposed to public scrutiny. This is an attempt to present him as he is: as an actor, as a character, and as he appears to those who know him best.

Actors are seldom extravagant in praising other actors—except when Brando is the subject. The profession has placed him on a pedestal. "We're a fan club, people who've worked with Marlon," says Kim Hunter, who played his wife in *A Streetcar Named Desire* on Broadway and in the film. "He's so great," says

Oscar winner Brando, who used to snub Academy Awards, quit bluejeans for trim tux to accept coveted prize.

Karl Malden, who also was in the play, "he makes everybody else look good. He keeps you on your toes, makes you listen, never lets you get used to a certain form or rhythm." Malden currently is appearing on Broadway in *The Desperate Hours*, a smash hit and his biggest role to date. He says, "I'd leave tomorrow for a supporting role with Marlon."

Tennessee Williams, author of *A Streetcar Named Desire*, caps all this with the highest compliment a playwright can bestow. Midway in *Streetcar's* two-year excursion, Brando became restless; he deviated from the script, cut speeches blithely, and put in business of his own. Most playwrights would have insisted on their scripts being followed to the letter. Williams, studying Brando's performance, decided he had brought new dimensions to his part. "Let him play it his way—it's better," he said to the producer, Irene Selznick.

National Legend at Thirty-One

That is Brando, the skilled craftsman. The stories of Brando, the prankster and nonconformist, combined with his old habitual costume of T-shirt and jeans and his fondness for bongo drums and motorcycle, have made Brando, the Bohemian, a living national legend. He no longer dresses as sloppily as he used to, and he has put his 'cycle on blocks; but the stories persist.

One day last year a friend saw him driving hell-bent down Hollywood Boule-

vard in a convertible, his head hanging out the window, mouth open.

"Were you ill?" the friend asked.

"I was drinking in the wind," Brando said.

While appearing in *Streetcar*, he got a bonus and promptly bought a motorcycle. In March, 1949, a cop stopped him in Times Square and asked him for his driver's license and owner's card. Brando had neither. Some unanswered parking summonses fell out of his wallet, and he was hauled to court. The producer sent a lawyer to bail him out.

"Why'd you do that?" Brando asked, disappointedly. "I was having a fine time in there. Met a lot of interesting people. Great experience."

On occasion, Brando, the intransigent, and Brando, the artist, are indistinguishable. Summoned to read for Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, he seemed to have lost his voice.

"Say anything," Lunt said, kindly.

"Hickory-dickory-dock," said Brando, and departed.

Stories of his odd behaviorisms go on and on: how Brando, annoyed by starers in a restaurant, picked up the salt and pepper shakers and used them as binoculars to stare back; how he used to lead a raccoon around Hollywood on a leash; how he showed up for a date with Rita Moreno, who was dressed to kill, in a windbreaker; how he told a reporter that he took a shower by spitting into the air and running under it; how, when answer-

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"I am sick to death of being thought

ing the telephone, he adopts a high female voice and says it's the maid; how he used to be fond of painting mustaches on statues in public parks; how this, how that, etcetera, etcetera, etcetera.

The natural conclusion is that Brando is eccentric, and indeed he is: he has been on and off the analyst's couch for six years. His most recent doctor, Dr. Bela Mittelman of New York—when Brando was making *The Egyptian* for Twentieth Century-Fox in February, 1954—sent the studio a wire saying that Brando was in need of treatment. The studio promptly sued Brando for \$2,000,000, but settled for a smaller amount when he agreed to make *Desirée*. As for *The Egyptian*, Brando had liked the novel and had been looking forward to playing it until he saw the screen play, which was full of camels. "Who," he asked, "could act with 50,000 camels? It was nothing but a camel opera."

"Money Makes or Breaks a Man"

To dismiss Brando as a super-talented bundle of nerves is to miss the point. The key to him, a close friend asserts, lies in his values, which are different from those of most people. He frankly states that he makes movies only for the money, which in turn will enable him to travel, study, and live freely, as he pleases. Also, he has no respect for the symbols and trappings of commercial success, which—he says—stifle a man's essential character.

"Marlon is determined to be himself, and not to go along with the popular notion of what a successful man should be," another intimate says. "It's that simple."

It is not quite that simple, but there is no denying that Brando's behavior has been much magnified by his publicity—what, after all, is so unusual about riding a motorcycle?—and there are aspects of him which never get the attention they deserve.

His humility, for example. In New York he used to hang around Stillman's gym, the boxers' headquarters, now and again having a go with men who were willing. He got friendly with Rocky Graziano, who one day asked him what he did for a living.

"Oh," Brando said, vaguely, "I'm in a play."

"Could you get me tickets?" Graziano asked.

"Sure," Brando said, and brought them to Rocky the next day. Graziano took his

wife to the play, which was *Streetcar*. When Brando came on, Rocky nearly jumped out of his chair.

"That's him! That's the fella gimme the tickets!" he cried. "Naaaaah," said Mrs. Graziano. "It's him, I tellya!" Rocky yelled. "And just think! We almost didn't come—I thought he had only a bit part!"

Brando's modesty is truly unfeigned. He believes he never did justice to the part of Stanley in *Streetcar* (acclaimed by critics everywhere as one of the best performances of our time). "I missed on Stanley's gaiety," he says. "I couldn't get it right." Once, during the filming, he got himself drunk before going to work; he thought that might help because Stanley was half-bagged most of the time. "Didn't help," he says. "Still didn't get it."

Many believe that Brando's portrayal was authoritative because he resembles Stanley offstage. He does not. Stanley was crude, selfish, and brutish. Brando is sensitive, generous, easily hurt and—in the words of a girl who knew him well—tender. The role he hated most was that of the motorcycling delinquent in *The Wild One*—the part of a bitter, half-savage young man, quick to senseless anger.

Brando himself seldom loses his temper, except when goaded by injustice. He and a friend once went to Harlem to see a Negro play some acquaintances were doing. As they were going into the theatre, an old woman asked Brando for a handout. The doorman rudely pushed her away. Brando, who keeps himself in superb trim, whirled and grabbed the man by the lapels, pinning him against the wall. "Don't you ever do that again!" he said through his teeth. When his stand-in in *Waterfront* failed to get paid one week, Brando disrupted a morning's shooting by angrily berating producer Sam Spiegel for the oversight.

Dad Curbs Brando's Generosity

Brando's generosity is unrestrained. He would be flat broke if his father did not manage his money (Brando, Sr., takes it all, invests some of it in the Nebraska cattle ranch his son owns, and gives the willful Brando a weekly allowance—about \$150). Brando's first act upon arriving in New York from the Midwest was to give a shoeshiner his last five dollars as a tip. He was touched by the man's expression. He frequently has to borrow lunch money because of his habit

of emptying his pockets to panhandlers on the way to work. He is also generous with his time. He postponed a date with the reporter Pete Martin for a week to nurse a sick girl friend.

Similarly, he is open-hearted and considerate while working. He has a rare understanding for others' problems. In *Waterfront*, Eva Marie Saint was supposed to change suddenly from a meek, gentle girl to one of real ferocity. "Marlon goaded me until I began screaming and hitting and clawing at him," she says. In *Streetcar*, Karl Malden says, his own part was the smallest. Brando's was four times as long. Brando had begun to "get cute" in the poker game scene—kidding around and stepping on Malden's lines. Malden says, "I said to him, 'Come on—you've got fifty sides and can toss half of them away and still register. If I lose just one of mine, I've got nothing.' He said, 'Karl, I never thought of it that way before.' He understood the situation, and from then on there was no more trouble."

He is also considerate of non-actors. At the Wilbur Theatre in Boston, trying out in the same play, he heard that the wardrobe mistress, a lady of advancing years, was placed in a room high up in the theatre. His own room was much lower. He went to the company manager and demanded that the two rooms be switched—and then begged the manager not to say anything about it.

Hard Work, Faithful Portrayal

Brando takes his work with extreme seriousness. "No more diligent actor exists," his old friend Wally Cox says. John Gielgud, the eminent Shakespearean who played with him in *Julius Caesar*, is always early to work. During the shooting of that picture, Brando beat him to the set every day. When Brando signs for a new role, he immediately goes to a voice coach. While rehearsing for *Guys and Dolls*, his next picture, he is spending hours each day with a dance instructor. Before making *The Men*, his first movie, he checked into a veterans' hospital and lived there for days so he would be able to play a paraplegic more faithfully.

His concentration is so intense that it slows him as he goes into a new part. To some people, his rehearsal behavior is maddening: he barely articulates lines, and seems hopelessly befuddled. His colleagues used to call him "Mumbles" during rehearsal. One explains, "Marlon matures in his parts. He crawls at first—

of as a blue-jeaned slobbermouth ”

but later when he runs, *how he runs!*”

Brando takes his responsibilities as an actor seriously and is assiduous in his preparation for each new role. However, he takes Brando as a person less seriously—he never fails to laugh when the joke is on him.

Just before being signed for *Julius Caesar*, Brando became worried about his hair thinning out. A friend knew of his concern, but waited for the psychologically right moment to rib Brando. His opportunity came the day Brando knew for sure he had the part. The following dialogue ensued:

Brando: “I’m going to be in *Caesar!*”

Friend: “What part?”

Brando: (Proudly) “Mark Antony.”

Friend: “Antony? Are you sure?”

Brando: “Just heard.”

Friend: “That’s a big part. Sure you are getting it?”

Brando: “Yes, I’m—listen, what’s eating you?”

Friend: (A long pause) “Well . . . Mark Antony wasn’t *bold*, was he?”

For days, Brando repeated the dialogue to other friends, laughing as though it were the funniest thing that he had ever heard.

He Didn’t Stumble into Acting

The spectacle of Brando as a consecrated artist is almost unbelievable to his boyhood pals, who remember him as a dreamy, almost-shiffling lad who apparently had no design for his life. He was born in Omaha, Nebraska, on April 23, 1924, third child and only son of Marlon Brando, Sr. (whose family name originally was spelled “Brandeaux”) and the former Dorothy Pennebaker. They also had two daughters, Jocelyn (now Mrs. Eliot Azinov, an actress, of Nyack, New York), and Frances (a painter, now Mrs. Richard Loving of Mundelein, Illinois). Brando, Sr., in the chemical insecticide business, was no ordinary businessman. A cultured, fun-loving man, he has been described by his daughters as a frustrated actor. Brando’s mother, who died nearly two years ago, was an actress with community groups. She directed Henry Fonda in his first thespian venture in Omaha. A volatile, active woman, her acquaintances ranged across the nation, and the Brando home was often full of visiting intellectuals and performers.

Brando biographies generally state that he more or less stumbled into his career. It isn’t true; he was encouraged by his mother from the time he was tiny.

She is described by still-grieving friends as “one of the most wonderful women who ever lived.” Rufus Bastian, art director of Gimbel’s in New York, who knew the family when Marlon was a teen-ager, says, “Mrs. Brando had the most liberal, open mind of anyone I’ve ever known.”

Prankster and “Stray” Adopter

As a boy, Brando was crazy about animals and birds, and was constantly carting home strays. He was not so crazy about school. His family moved from Omaha to two cities in Illinois, first Evanston and then Libertyville, and he contrived to get expelled from two institutions for mischief and inattention. At fifteen his father gave him a set of drums, which Marlon set up in the living room. “Guests were treated to a drum aria,” Rufus Bastian has recalled, “whether they wanted it or not.” Brando’s family called him “Buddy.” He was not spoiled, but neither was he a goody-goody. As a hair-tonic practical joker he had few peers: he would sprinkle it on the floor, usually in the form of a dirty word, and light it. This got him expelled from one school. Finally his father sent him to Shattuck Military Academy, in Minnesota, which the boy loathed so much he finally managed to get expelled from there, too.

Both Brando’s sisters having shown marked talent, the mother took them to New York to study. In the late summer of 1943, Brando joined them. He had wanted to join the Army but had been kept out by a trick knee, a holdover football injury. He was very athletic in school. He took a few odd jobs, then enrolled in the famous Drama Workshop, where such teachers as Stella Adler and Erwin Piscator prophesied a brilliant future. The following summer he went to Sayville. In the fall of 1944 he got his first Broadway part, as a fifteen-year-old in *I Remember Mamma*. The director, Robert Lewis, announced to all who would listen that here was an actor of enormous promise. Brando lived up to his notices in *Truckline Café*, a flop, and was picked to do *Candida* with Katharine Cornell. Earning \$300 a week with her, he threw up the job to join Ben Hecht’s pro-Israel pageant, *A Flag Is Born*, at \$40 a week. He said, “I thought I oughta do something for the cause.”

Mrs. Irene Selznick saw him in *Flag*, but did not consider him for *Streetcar*, which she was casting for the season of

1948. She had in mind either Burt Lancaster or John Garfield. Neither was available, and time was running out. Elia Kazan remembered seeing Brando in *Truckline*, and suggested they read him for the part of Stanley. They were delighted with him and sent him to Tennessee Williams, who was then summering in Provincetown. Brando hitchhiked there from New York and arrived in the middle of a storm that had cut off the power. He got Williams’ lights on and read. Williams was as pleased as Mrs. Selznick and Kazan had been. The part was Brando’s, and so, subsequently, was the world . . . or that part of it which is stagestruck, anyhow.

The legend began to build immediately. Brando has never hired a personal press agent, although his friendship with Eddie Jaffe, who is one, has not done him any harm. Brando knew Jaffe long before *Streetcar*. After it opened, Jaffe began passing stories along to columnists: how, one day, Brando stopped into his office to change his socks and left the dirty ones in a desk drawer; how, in the middle of the second act of a *Streetcar* performance, Brando got a broken nose while sparring backstage with an actor, but finished the show that evening; how, when an agent asked Brando what he really wanted out of life, Brando said, “What do *you* want out of life, anyhow?”

Epic Indifference to Publicity

Brando’s grand, epic indifference to publicity would drive the average press agent berserk. There are members of the Twentieth Century-Fox drumbeating staff who would love to find out whether his nose will break again. Time and again he has shown his contempt for reporters, especially the fan-magazine sob sisters. Once, meeting with a gaggle of them, he laughed uproariously at every question. “They were silly,” he explained. Appearing on Wendy Barrie’s TV show in New York, he fell asleep. Roused by Miss Barrie and asked when his next picture would appear, he said, “I forget.” He frequently has given out false information, listing his birthplace as Mindanao, Bangkok, and, sometimes, Rangoon. In June, 1954, he told a columnist he was engaged to Denise Darcel. She was livid when she heard of it. So was the columnist, who confronted Brando and asked why he had lied.

“Why,” Brando said, “I didn’t expect you’d believe that story—you looked like



The Wild One. Brando despised the motorcycling delinquent, hated this role.



Streetcar Named Desire. Getting drunk during the filming didn't help.



Viva Zapata. One of the few roles Brando thinks he played adequately.

MARLON BRANDO (continued)

such an extremely *intelligent* person."

Of late Brando has become more cooperative; in February he permitted a photographer to shoot him in his house. "Where's the T-shirt?" the man asked.

"That was last year's publicity," Brando said, winking. Yet he still is not entirely comfortable with the press. "Why should I talk to reporters?" he complains. "Let the work speak for me."

Mistaken for "Character"

Despite the blanket coverage thrown over him, Brando has been involved in some incidents overlooked by the papers. During the shooting of *The Wild One*, he took to wearing his costume home, a habit he had developed while playing in *Streetcar*. It consisted of leather jacket and jeans. One night he cycled into East Los Angeles, a tough section, and stopped at a bar where he wasn't recognized. Some cops, making a check on narcotics addicts, collared him and made him roll up his sleeves to prove he bore no needle marks. Then they let him go.

Brando frequents such gamey traps because he despises the elaborate ones where other stars go. Likewise, he prefers unknowns to celebrities. On the *Waterfront* set he made friends with the extras, many of whom were recruited right off the docks. In Hollywood he hangs around with grips and extras, and more often dates struggling dancers or waitresses than he does established actresses. The closest he ever came to escorting a notable film personality was during the period of months when he was going with Movita Castenada, a Mexican actress whose name has yet to become a household word. Movita, however, is a good deal more famous than the rest of Brando's friends.

Known as "The Group" or "The Lettuce Workers" to outsiders, Brando's companions form a close-knit group that includes Sam Gilman, writer, painter, and occasional actor; Phil Rhodes, Brando's makeup man, and his wife, Marie; and Darren Dublin, stand-in and actor, and his wife, Florence.

Of these, the closest friend is Gilman, with whom Brando sometimes shares living quarters and for whom he sometimes gets jobs (Gilman had a small part in *Desirée*). Phil Rhodes is a friend from Brando's early days in New York. A girl Brando knows told him about Rhodes' ability as a makeup man. Brando went to see him one night and stayed a couple of days. Rhodes has made him up ever since, and Brando has hired him for pictures over and above the objections of Hollywood unionists.

Brando's friendship with Darren Dublin confounds all save those who know Brando well. Brando has a keen sense of humor about himself and, according to Cox, "often ridicules himself with complete abandon." Dublin is a master of insult, and goes to extended, diabolical lengths to put Brando in his place—which seems to amuse the star very much.

Brando's friendship with Wally Cox dates from their boyhood days, and has grown stronger over the years. Brando once said seriously to his mother, "I don't know what I'd do if Wally Cox died before I did." Brando admires Cox because he considers him principled, honest, and impatient with what he regards as false values—characteristics also attributed to Brando by his friends.

He Had to Win

They met when Cox was in the fourth grade and Brando in the fifth at Lincoln School in Evanston, Illinois. They did not know each other too well; Brando was bigger, and liked to box, but Cox did not enjoy getting hit. Cox's main recollection of the boy Brando is that he always battled his way home from school, firing a make-believe revolver at imaginary enemies from behind rocks and trees. The two sometimes played chess. Brando always won. "He always tried hard to win at everything," Cox says. Brando's sisters agree. Their home life was a sustained round of contests with their brother to see who could finish dinner fastest, best imitate a train, or hold his

breath longest. "Buddy always won," Frances Loving says.

When Cox moved away from Evanston, he and Brando more or less lost touch until 1944, when Cox was attending industrial arts classes at New York University. He didn't know any girls in New York, and thought he might never get a date. Then, hearing that the Brando sisters were in town, he called them up. When he went to see them, he resumed his friendship with their brother. A little later the young men took an apartment together.

Bongo, Rapiers, and Trains

This storied establishment—two large rooms on West Fifty-seventh Street—was cluttered with Brando's drums and fencing rapiers and with Cox's silversmithing equipment and toy trains, and was uncluttered by much furniture. Roomless friends often slept on the floor. "We made efforts to decorate it," Cox says, meaning that they set out to repaint, finished a wall, and left the cans and brushes on the floor for a year or more. Sometimes they played duets—Brando on the bongos and Cox on the recorder.

Most of their time was spent laughing at each other. Brando would break Cox up by imitating rocks he had seen, seals in the zoo, and a worm he found in a cookie; then Cox would break Brando up with his impressions of juvenile delinquents, men he had known in the Army, and cab drivers. "Marlon's one of the greatest diggers of material alive," Cox has said, "and one of the best comedians. He'll imitate anything. The laughter when you see him is stomach pain."

The menage finally was broken up by Russell, Brando's pet raccoon. Russell became the darling of the gossip columnists, none of whom could understand why a man would keep a raccoon. "Why not?" Brando demanded. "Raccoons make fine pets—lots of people have them." Cox did not share his enthusiasm, particularly after Russell whimsically chewed the seat out of his sole pair of pants. The two men went their separate



Julius Caesar. It opened another possibility: Can Brando play Hamlet?



Waterfront. This role gave him top prize, Oscar for year's best actor.



Desirée. To the Brando fans, a great performance. Brando does not agree.

Photos by Culter and I.N.P.

ways, but still are devoted to each other.

Another Brando crony of celebrity stature is Harry Belafonte, star of *Carmen Jones*. Brando liked Belafonte when he met him some years ago because the latter, singing in night clubs, preferred folk ballads to commercial tunes and refused to compromise.

Belafonte came as close as any of Brando's friends to summing up the real Brando. He says, "Of all the artists I've known, he's basically the most honest in his search for a way of life. He's found a certain truth, but he still needs to find a simplicity which will enable him to retain his individuality. Rebellion is constantly setting in. He doesn't want to be like everybody else and so his utter simplicity is blown up by the press as eccentricity. Then he rebels some more, because he's bugged. He's like a child who's reprimanded and then goes out and burns off his arm."

Advises on Screwballism

Although highly selective about most of his friends, Brando now and again develops sudden attachments for total strangers. Marc Brandel, the writer, returned from Hollywood in 1952 and told a friend that while he, his wife, and Brando were in a Hollywood restaurant, Brando expressed a desire to meet a bus boy whose rugged face seemed full of rare character. Yet, Brandel said, Brando was too shy to strike up an acquaintance. Today he is less reserved. In late January of this year Ella Logan, the singer, gave a party at her Brentwood home for Sammy Davis, Jr. Brando turned up (in a business suit) and fell into a talk with James Dean, the latest movie sensation. He had known Dean only slightly in New York. Young Dean is a kind of junior-model Brando; he wears sloppy clothes, rides a motorbike, and allegedly plays the bongos. During the conversation, a listener noted, Brando seemed to be giving Dean advice on screwballism, and in particular warning the younger man that an accident on the 'cycle might ruin his face, an actor's prime asset.

This was typical of Brando. He has, as much as any ham, the actor's concern for his physical equipment—but it is not so much vanity as investment-protection. It accounts for his refusal to wear glasses in public, although he is hopelessly near-sighted. He is trying to strengthen his eyes. It also explains his maniacal dedication to health foods, yoga exercises, and sports. He refuses to get heavy, and he chides his actor friends when he sees them putting on pounds. ("First thing he does when he sees me is give me a fat check," Wally Cox says.)

Catching Up with Own Ability

Brando has grown up a good deal in the past two years, according to a psychiatrist who has treated him. He is more willing to take on responsibilities. His living habits have changed. He now lives, not in a dingy, rundown apartment, but in Hollywood, in a house off Crescent Heights Drive, overlooking Sunset strip, next door to that of Richard Denning and his wife, Evelyn Ankers. The house has two bedrooms and a den, and is larger than Brando would prefer. He pays \$450 a month for it, and is sharing it with Sam Gilman.

Whether or not Brando is planning to share the house, or another one, with Josanne Mariana-Berenger—the fisherman's step-daughter whose parents announced their engagement in Bandol, France, last summer—is, as this is written, still up in the air. Brando will not discuss it. He will neither confirm nor deny that it is a publicity stunt, as has been hinted. Josanne was in New York and Hollywood with him for a time, but at presstime, she was in New York studying and Brando was in Hollywood dating Rita Moreno.

Those who have known Brando over the past decade say they have never seen him so at ease with a girl as he is with Josanne. He was engaged before, in 1948, to Cecelia D'Artuniaga, a fashion publicist. He went for a time in New York with a dancer named Tony Parker. In Hollywood, the romance with Movita

lasted a long time—for Brando. "He was always a one-date man," a friend says. "He'd take a girl out once, and then she would sit around and wait for him to call again. He never did."

Josanne, however, appeared to be different. One who knows both of them has said, "Most women seem desperate around Brando—they apparently try to get closest to whatever it is inside him that generates his talent. That is something they can't touch. It drives them nuts. Josanne—well, she doesn't seem frantic that way. She isn't subservient, she's got a mind of her own; but she doesn't seem after him all the time."

Brando's career plans are a little more definite, but not much. *Guys and Dolls* is a role vastly different from any he's ever had before. After it is in the can, he will probably loaf, traveling. In the fall he may do a play, possibly one by Tennessee Williams. He has often expressed an interest in returning to the stage. His agent, Jay Cantor, says there is nothing committed yet for television.

South-Sea-Island Bound?

Just before he left for Hollywood in the winter, Brando told his old friend Eddie Jaffe that he was seriously considering moving to Tahiti or some other South Sea Island, returning to this country only to do one picture a year. He has spoken of getting away from it all many times. He says he wants to extend his education. Another friend has put it this way:

"Brando is just coming into his own. Don't forget, when he was barely twenty-one, he had a natural talent that most people never acquire even if they spend decades in training. His chronological age just couldn't keep up with the talent or the situations into which it threw him. Consequently, he did a lot of crazy things. Now that he's past thirty, he's beginning to catch up to his own ability. The analysis has helped settle him down. But on the other hand, he might just throw everything up and go off to some island. How can you tell, with Marlon?" THE END