

Script

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PARIS TODAY, TOMORROW, HOME

IT IS COLD in Paris now. There are chill winds blowing down those wide streets. The fuel shortage is serious, and will probably continue to be so as transportation is not yet what it should be.

In many of the apartments there is a fire in but one room, and that often enough is supplied from a slender gathering of black market wood. It will take another year for much to be done about this lack of fuel.

Rome is a city to be seen, London to be visited, but Paris is to be lived in. No city in the world has more charming vistas, no city can offer so much to the memory, so much to the living, as Paris. It hasn't been itself since the liberation or during the occupation. Slowly, it is recovering, but the glitter isn't there, and the gaiety is still more of an attempt than a reality. Yet whatever else it may be, it is a city for love, for leisure, for art and imagination.

Vivid with historical background, the city somehow remains modern. It has kept step with the world without losing its beauty or its patina. And it is so easy to forget that Paris has a history. Easy enough when riding along the Rue St. Antoine to forget that where the jeeps and command cars roll now, there were once Roman chariots. A history of the Rue St. Antoine is almost a history of Paris, and yet it is sedate and unhurried now. If there are ghosts there at night they are typically Parisian ghosts, and merely looking for a likely café, and if they go in, instead of frightening the habitués, would probably merely watch the floor show, and enjoy apéritifs.

If that blonde with the nice legs thinks of anything, it is marketing, and she isn't giving a thought to the fact that she walks in the footsteps of Madame de Sevigné. Or that Racine, Molière and Corneille knew the Rue St. Antoine as well as she. Yet, being Parisian, she might remember that.

No corner of Paris is without its memories. No doubt even the stones of the Rue St. Honoré recall that it was in a millinery shop just off that street that a certain blonde and lovely salesgirl named Jeanne Becu became Madame Dubarry, mistress of a King and finally a victim of the guillotine.

Paris hasn't yet learned the art of the strip tease. Over there it is definitely strip, but without the tease. The girls are shapely enough, but there isn't a Margie Hart among them.

To see "A Thousand and One Nights" and have seldom heard a more appreciative G.I. audience. Of course,

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with the girls, it was no wonder, but the kidding by Phil Silver, ending with his little masterpiece on "Frankie Boy" Sinatra, was definitely in the groove. All over Europe one hears the same criticism of American films, that the girls are all alike. And there is truth in it. Very lovely, yes, but too much glamour in many cases, and not enough real ability. And many of those who have real ability don't have a chance to show it. Again and again in speaking of the best American films, they hark back to Garbo in "Anna Christie."

There were underground showings of Chaplin's "The Great Dictator" in Paris during the war, some say with Nazi connivance. Some were willing to go to any lengths to make money before the end came . . . the G.I. crowd in Paris thinning out . . . trouble between civilians and soldiers is exaggerated . . . the little is largely with the waterfront toughs of Marseille, Le Havre, and other ports . . . and of course, most G.I.'s are on edge, eager to get home . . . the present restrictions in sending money home will do much to curb the black market, but is hitting the lads hard who gambled and won.

Howe's excellent study of the Chinese woman on a SCRIPT cover last October was commented on by a number of people here . . . DeGaulle still stands head and shoulders above all the others in popularity and second is Georges Bidault . . . prices are still very high . . . an evening gown by a good shop might come to \$2,500 and an afternoon dress of the sort one might find in New York for \$60.00 sells for around \$300. Little wool to be had, and warm clothing is very scarce. Fuel is the principal lack . . . food also, but so far it can be had. Those Americans who got inside French homes mostly found homes for themselves. Certainly, no people could be more hospitable than the French.

—*Lt. Louis L'Amour*

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PHILOSOPHY

THOUGH MY true love wander
I shall not complain.
Let the heart grow fonder—
He'll come home again.

Happen that he doesn't—
Then I won't be sad,
I'll know that he wasn't
The right kind of lad.

—*Dorothy Quick*