

The Complete Lady Tannenbaum

The Complete Lady Tannenbaum

M.B. Goffstein



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To Katy Steger

With love

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Lady Tannenbaum and Myself

If the Lorraines hadn't moved to Hollywood, I probably wouldn't exist.

My parents met because my father wanted to star Jane Lorraine in a movie.

I read this in *The Lorraines in Hollywood*, a novel that quotes my childhood diaries.

The author said she bought them at a rummage sale in Westchester, New York.

As she neared the end of the book she made her selections and typed them in.

When I rang her, she was excited. I heard her say, "It's Birdie Hirsh!"

"I'm sorry. Who?"

Her husband didn't remember me, though Brooke says it is her best book.

M.B. Goffstein

She had reached her ideal, a rough and tumble art, very spare and simple.

Jane Lorraine embodies that ideal.

The author read me a poem by Po Chü-i, translated by Arthur Waley:

THE SILVER SPOON

To distant service my heart is well accustomed;
When I left home, it wasn't that which was difficult
But because I had to leave Miss Kuei at home—
For this it was that tears filled my eyes.
Little girls ought to be daintily fed:
Mrs. Ts'ao, please see to this!
That's why I've packed and sent a silver spoon;
You will think of me and eat up your food nicely!

Lady Tannenbaum and Myself

It expressed Cesar Lorraine's feelings on leaving Jane when he joined the Marines.

The first thing Miss Goffstein wanted to know was whether I was a rabbi.

You should have heard her laugh when I said I was Lady Tannenbaum.

"Did Frieda marry a lord?"

"She's Orthodox and has six children."

"What!" she shouted. "Are they cute?"

"They're in their twenties."

"Their twenties!"

She certainly loves to talk.

•

I heard Miss Goffstein paging through her book. "Have you heard from Lady Penny?"

M.B. Goffstein

I debated whether to say she'd been eaten by a tiger and hear her scream.

I think her husband, who seems very quiet, was pleased she had a phone pal.

"I'll put Brooke on the wire," he would say, after we'd said hello.

•

Brooke said she thought Cesar Lorraine looked like General Russell Honoré.

I Googled him and his picture came up.

Russell Honoré is Creole, not Cajun, but there is a real resemblance.

"I would like him to be president," she was saying. "I think he would win."

She said she had a *Photoplay* interview with Cesar that wasn't in the book.

Later that day she emailed it to me.

Lady Tannenbaum and Myself

A Visit with Cesar Lorraine

“Come in,” he said, opening the door of his bungalow. Sit down and have some iced tea and cookies my son, Faidoh, made.”

He wore a gray sweater with service fatigues and boots.

He came by them honestly. He was a Marine for eleven years.

He said, “I was proud to be a sergeant. I served in the Pacific and on Okinawa.

“That was where I developed my love of Asian artifacts.”

The bungalow showed no sign of them, and he doesn't have a wife I could ask.

M.B. Goffstein

“I would encourage any young man to join the Marines if he thinks he is up to the challenge.

“Many men lead soft lives and have never been put to the test.”

Cesar doesn't have a wife who could tell me the things readers want to know.

He lives with his daughter, top model Jane Lorraine, who I hear is even prettier in person.

He apologized for the dog fur on the rattan sofa, saying Jane's dog is well trained and never gets on the furniture.

I have seen worse in other stars' homes, and no one has ever apologized.

His son Faidoh, a private investigator who lives next door, was out solving a case.

Lady Tannenbaum and Myself

Getting to the heart of the mystery surrounding Cesar Lorraine, I said his fans want to know about his background.

He said, “Please tell your readers I was reborn as a Marine.”

His dignity is such that you would be ashamed to probe further.

“It’s good training for the studio,” he said. “Don’t question the brass.

“When the picture comes out, you see they know what they are doing.”

•

Brooke likes scholarly books about the stars. Her favorite is *Being Rita Hayworth, Labor, Identity, and Hollywood Stardom*, by Adrienne L. McLean.

M.B. Goffstein

She likes it so much, she bought the hardcover as well as the paperback.

She read me a quote:

Generally, most women stars are given core values like integrity and honesty and kindness by fan-magazine writers and publicists in the 1940s and 1950s, and all women stars want domestic happiness and children whether “now” or “eventually.” But beyond this basic feature of what John Ellis has named the star paradox—that stars are at once always ordinary as well as always unique and specially talented—the discourse on stars has to distinguish them from one another (Janet Staiger thus defines a star economically as “a monopoly on a personality,” his or her “unique qualities” deployed as a “means to differentiate product”).

Lady Tannenbaum and Myself

She said this quote knocked her over. She had read movie magazines as a girl and realized that this was how she formed her personality.

I immediately thought of Abraham Joshua Heschel and mentioned him to her.

Yes, yes, she had read Heschel.

In fact, she recently told David she wondered how much of her was Heschel.

I read her a quote from *Man is Not Alone*:

What in my voice has originated in me and what is the resonance of transsubjective reality? In saying “I,” my intention is to differentiate myself from other people and other things. But what is the direct, positive content of the

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“I”: the blooming of consciousness upon the impenetrable soil of the subconscious?

I read her one more:

Upon the normal level of consciousness I find myself wrapt in self-consciousness and claim that my acts and states originate in and belong to myself. But in penetrating and exposing the self, I realize that the self did not originate in itself, that the essence of the self is in its being a non-self, that ultimately man is not a subject but an *object*.

While she exclaimed, I went online and bought *Being Rita Hayworth*.

•

Lady Tannenbaum and Myself

When Brooke said she found my old diaries written in blank books called Record books at a church rummage sale, I wondered if I had hidden them in a desk or bureau that my mother gave away.

It reminded me of *The Chest with a Secret* by Yvonne de Bremond d' Ars.

I mentally walked through my parents' home on the beach in Santa Monica.

Then I called my mother.

"Of course I remember them, darling. I put them in a carton and mailed them to you.

"Didn't you get them?"

•

I appear at the end of *The Lorraines in Hollywood* because Brooke likes young artists.

M.B. Goffstein

Now I feel I have to fulfill my early promise (and all the writing tips Brooke has been giving me) so I am taking notes for a book called *Conversations with an Author*.

•

You might think I had enough on my plate trying to keep up the repairs on Coverly.

You have seen the owners of old English estates on the HG channel.

The husband collects old slate to repair the roof, the wife washes windows, and their sons ride bicycles through the drawing room and entrance hall.

My husband got his baronetcy by making scads of money, so don't look for me in a tea room or gift shop.

In fact, stay off our grounds unless you are a friend of ours or work here.

•

Lady Tannenbaum and Myself

You may like to know more about Coverly.

When anything breaks, we replace it with something new and special.

We have attics filled with old furniture, some from the days of Sir Roger de Coverly.

Labels tied to them have diagrams showing where they were situated.

It is quite different from my brother, Hugh's, place, which looks as it did in our grandfather's day.

Though if our grandmother can be believed, my brother *is* our grandfather.

In those days, Grandison had not changed in over two hundred years.

No fear my brother will read this. He loves his library but doesn't read.

•

M.B. Goffstein

To return to a happier subject, we order from the Design Within Reach catalog.

The item is sent to one of Morrie's offices, and someone flies it here.

The pieces, which come from Europe, have to go to the States and come back.

You can't get more wonderful furniture, and there is nothing snob about it.

Have you ever spent a night sleeping on a Sonno mattress? It's just great!

Perhaps Design Within Reach will put my book in their catalog if I keep it short so this stands out.

•

Brooke said when she got the Design Within Reach catalog, she felt honored.

Lady Tannenbaum and Myself

She thought they sent it because she taught at Parsons School of Design.

Her first purchase was the George Nelson bench, which we have, too.

Ours is in the entrance hall, perfect for setting things down on and dealing with boots.

The catalog cover showed an artist sitting on the bench, looking at one of his paintings, or so Brooke thought.

•

“Do you know how your mother and Jane Lorraine met?” she asked.

She kept discarded sections of *The Lorraines in Hollywood* on her computer.

After locating it, she read:

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Jane had been asked to speak to the Home Economics class at Hollywood High.

The girls were excused from class and went to the auditorium.

Boys weren't allowed in.

The topic was Girl Talk.

The girls clustered around Jane: the pretty and popular girls, the studious girls, and the poor girls.

Jane was so pretty and simple. She said, "You have what it takes to be you."

"How did you become a model?" she was asked in the question and answer period.

She said, "After we moved to Los Angeles, my mother left us.

"Dad had been a Marine, so he got a job as a night watchman."

Lady Tannenbaum and Myself

“He gave me forty dollars to buy clothes for high school, and I was in a department store when I saw a tall blond girl.

“I said, ‘You’re the prettiest girl I ever saw!’

“‘Thank you. I’m a model. I have a Go See in five minutes. Come with me.’”

Carole’s blond hair lifted in the sunny breeze as they went to the building next door.

Jane’s hair didn’t move.

But they took test pictures of Jane and chose her to be a model.

The girls asked about Jane’s father.

“Oh, he’s going to quit when his contract is up,” she said carelessly.

One girl cried.

M.B. Goffstein

Later that girl wrote in a paper for Home Ec: “The only time we act like a family and all get along is when a Cesar Lorraine show comes to the Grandview.”

•

Brooke wanted to know if I am pretty. I had to say no, but that is not what I think.

Jake says I look like his mother, for whom I am named, so I think I am beautiful.

•

I think I’ve been talking to Brooke too much.

This morning I went out for a long walk with the dogs after breakfast.

When I returned to the breakfast room I saw a man putting my silver teapot in a bag.

I picked up a heavy silver salver from the sideboard and went toward him.

Lady Tannenbaum and Myself

He must have seen himself coming, wearing a look of horror, as I hit him.

I dragged him from the breakfast room, through the hall, and out the door.

I saw the Reverend's car coming up the drive, so I went in and rang for tea, handing the maid the teapot and salver.

Then I looked for scuff marks on the marble floor but didn't see any.

I had thrown the bag outside.

I tidied the carpet, sliding my feet along the ridges made by the burglar's heels, to smooth them.

•

When Mr. Beach arrived, he discovered the body and called the police.

While we waited we had tea, and when the policeman came I handed him a cup.

M.B. Goffstein

I think it will be all right, but I know how it feels to have to take something out of a book you are writing—because of course I can't use this!

•

Someone is cleaning the entrance hall. The policeman's shoes must have scuffed it.

I hope they shine the salver. I don't think I should tell them to, in case there's an inquest.

Yes, your lordship. Lady Tannenbaum arst me to do a specially good job wiv it.

If I had hit him with the top, he might have my mother's armorial on his forehead.

I hit him with the bottom.

Silver marks can be deep and are randomly stamped in a unique pattern.

•

Lady Tannenbaum and Myself

Last night I told Morrie what I had done. Of course he knew about the body.

I assured him the hall floor had been polished and that I had smoothed the carpet.

“How did he get in?” he asked.

As I say, no one is allowed in the park, and the house has a good protection system.

“Had you seen him before?”

“Never.”

“What did Mr. Beach want?”

“Another jumble. Horrors.”

Reverend Beach takes advantage of our position to extract money and favors.

•

The teapot the burglar was after had been written up in *Country Life*.

M.B. Goffstein

My twin brother, Hugh, said he would like to have it as part of his heritage.

He never offers me anything from Grandison, which is part of my heritage.

•

“Why don’t you tell the inspector you conked him with the salver?” Morrie asked.

“I’ll end up in the dock!”

I wondered if that was what he wanted, so he could marry a younger woman.

“Are you nuts?” Morrie said when I asked him. “Who said anything about the dock?”

•

“Did you write about any of the servants at Coverly?” I asked Brooke.

Lady Tannenbaum and Myself

“Once,” she said, and I heard the melody on her computer as she started it.

“It was when Carole called Archie.”

“At the stables?”

“Is he really there?” she cried.

“When was that?”

“Carole had started to recall her past. Has she ever talked to you about it?”

“No, I read it in your book.

You were so jolly about it, but it must have been very traumatic losing her father!”

“We all lost fathers in World War Two, one way or another,” Brooke said.

“I’ll read you what I wrote.”

“Hallo, is this Grandison?”

M.B. Goffstein

“Yes.”

“May I speak to the stables?”

“This is the stables.”

“Is this Archie?”

“Yes, who is it, please?”

“It’s Carole.”

“May I say it’s good to hear your voice, Lady Carole.

Your pony, Edwina, is still here.”

“I’m five foot nine.”

“We can get you a taller mount.”

•

I thought it was so cute the way Brooke was eager to tell what she knew.

When I’m her age, I expect I’ll be the same, should anyone who is writing a biography of my father, Jake Hirsh, or a history of Coverly seek me out.

Lady Tannenbaum and Myself

There will be a great many books on Cesar Lorraine, though I can't say I know him.

I used to see him when I went to Frieda's, but he never said much to me.

He taught us how to count to ten in Chinese, and to say How are you?

Nii hao ma? Hao, bu hao?

If you are well, you say, Hao. Wo hao. If you are not, say, Bu hao. Wo bu hao.

The Oxford English Dictionary would say if that is where "Boo hoo" comes from.

•

I told Brooke about the murder.

"Who is the equivalent of Mrs. Eustace at Coverly?" I heard her ask while being distracted by a scream.

•

M.B. Goffstein

I found my mother-in-law sitting at one end of a table, polishing the tea pot and salver.

She is a little pixie and you never know where she will turn up.

“I used to think of our silver in the death camp,” she was telling the Inspector.

His eyes were round with sympathy.

Our cook, Lesley Anderson, apologized for the scream, saying she thought she had cut herself.

•

Brooke said, “I’m running out of notebooks. I had a lot of one kind, the way you had Record books.

“My notebooks are spiral-bound and have a beautiful dachshund on the cover.

“I bought eleven of them.

“I’ve almost finished the tenth. It’s bad to be old and out of notebooks.”

Lady Tannenbaum and Myself

•

Carole and Jake are coming for the jumble. They are bringing Jane Lorraine.

They are stopping in Germany to pick up Jane's German shepherd, Chü-wu.

My father gave her Chü-i. He was followed by Chü-ar, Chü-san, and Chü-syh.

Her sixth will be Chü-lio.

I doubt she'll have Chü-ba, Chü-jio, and Chü-shir, if I've got the spellings right.

•

"Do you remember I said I was running out of notebooks?" Brooke asked.

"David found them for me on the Internet, but they have a cat on the cover.

"I hope it's a rex."

M.B. Goffstein

•

Mummy,” I asked Carole, “Do you think Jane would open the jumble?”

“Of course, darling.”

“That will be great. It will make the villagers forget about the burglar.

“Please explain about going to all the booths and buying lots of things.”

“She’ll be adorable,” Carole said.

“Why don’t you ask everyone to give their old china dogs to the jumble?”

Mummy and I speak several times a day, and now I have Brooke, I’m lucky to get off the phone.

•

“How are Margie and Faidoh?” asked Brooke.

“You tell me.”

Lady Tannenbaum and Myself

“I think they take care of Cesar and board Jane’s dog when she’s on location.”

“Margie goes to Tel Aviv once a year to see Frieda and the grandkids.”

“Faidoh doesn’t go?”

•

We hung up, and Carole called to say that Margie and Faidoh were coming.

So now I have three guest rooms to get ready; four, if Hugh and Pamela come.

Five, if Elaine comes with them.

Of course she will come to see Jane Lorraine, I thought, going out to the garden carrying secateurs and a flower basket.

•

“Did you know Margie lost a child?” asked Brooke.

“No!”

M.B. Goffstein

“Frieda was their second child. When I condensed *The Lorraines in Hollywood*, I took out the first one.”

She read me some scraps she had moved to the file called The Cutting Room Floor:

The doorbell rang.

“Hello little boy,” said Margie’s father, Mr. Gainer.

“What’s your name?”

“Yehudi.”

“Was he born with a little violin?” Mrs. Gainer asked Margie.

“Would they like to hear me read?” Yehudi asked his mother.

•

Jake and Carole’s twin’s first word was Yehudi.

They thought he was a god.

Lady Tannenbaum and Myself

He could read when he was two-and-a half. The babies listened to his book about a cat.

Birdie, who was the reincarnation of Jake's mother, had never heard a child read English.

Hugh *was* English. He thought Yehudi sounded like a Yank.

"Do you remember Detective Works?"

"I remember him from your book. I never met him," I reminded Brooke.

She read,

Works checked his weapon and went out to find the killer.

Ten minutes later, he was sitting at Faidoh's kitchen table.

M.B. Goffstein

“Please don’t discuss crime in front of Yehudi,” Faidoh said.

Works felt frustrated because Faidoh used to inspire him.

•

Margie said, “Yehudi can sit up by himself. He says Da, Ma, Jay, and Choy.

“By the time Jane and Faidoh’s cousin Bobby leaves, I bet he’ll say Bah.”

•

“Hide the silver,” I told Morrie. I had seen Hugh’s car coming up the drive.

I kissed Pam, and she sank down on a sofa saying, “This is so luxurious!”

It was our new Vega sofa, quite low and firm, but the back cushions are soft, and it’s very comfortable.

Lady Tannenbaum and Myself

It was just funny to see her.

“What’s this?” asked Hugh.

My latest purchase from Design Within Reach was called a Primary
Pouf.

It can be used indoors or out.

Hugh bounced, looking ecstatic.

“It’s foam!” I cried.

My mother-in-law loved the Vega Collection. (We had the
ottoman as well, and I was getting her the chaise longue.)

They reminded her of the Bauhaus in her beloved Germany.

•

Jane’s young dog was allowed out of his crate and into the country.

As she praised him and held him to her side on a short lead, he thought,

She is good to me.

When I grow up, I will be her brain.

•

M.B. Goffstein

The main question put to Jane by reporters was, “Why didn’t you marry Lazlo Molnar?”

She said, “I didn’t marry any of my boyfriends. They were all wonderful.

“One is a general, one is a flamenco guitarist, and one is an orthopedic surgeon.”

“Have you all got your pictures?” asked Jake. “Thank you for coming.”

•

Eventually we made our way back to Coverly and a delicious late supper.

“How are Cesar and Ada?” I asked, though I often speak to my grandmother.

•

“Are Cesar and Ada married?” Brooke shouted through the phone.
“When did that happen?”

Lady Tannenbaum and Myself

“I bet she got a Chinese garden and had a covered veranda added to her house.

“I can see them sitting there, he reading a poem by Po Chü-i, she describing a weird configuration of cards in the Solitaire game she just played.

“The first volume of Howard S. Levy’s *Translations from the Collected Works of Po Chü-i* was published in 1968. The fourth volume came out in 1978.

“David Hinton published *The Selected Poems of Po Chü-i* in 1999, and Burton Watson published *Selections from Po Chü-i* in 2000.

“I was so relieved Cesar would know about the stones from Lake Tung-t’ing, and opening the cranes’ cage and being in the presence of ‘these gentlemen.’”

“Sorry to burst your bubble, but I don’t think they’ve met.”

“Where does Cesar live?”

M.B. Goffstein

“He owns several houses on their old street. It’s quite upscale now.”

Brooke wanted to read me something about the old neighborhood:

Janice Lasagna was getting married.

You should hear this, Chewy said as Jane brushed his coat.

“Margie gave me her wedding gown,” Janice was saying. “It’s not my taste, and it’s too short.

“My aunt Emanuela is taking fabric from the skirt and adding it to the hem.

“She’s taking in the waist and changing the neckline.”

“Chewy, heel!”

He picked up his brush and they went inside so Jane could call Carole.

•

Lady Tannenbaum and Myself

“Miss Jane is on the line,” said the maid.

Goody, thought Carole, who was lonely in her big house.

“Margie gave away the Norman Norell wedding gown we gave her!”

“*Harper’s Bazaar* paid for it.”

“It was our idea!”

Chewy put his head down on his paws and dozed off.

“Remember when Faidoh was trying out wedding cakes, and Margie ate them every night?

“They had yam cake, honey cake, spice cake, and pecan cake.”

“That’s why they had to keep letting out the seams,” Jane said.

“When she put on the gown, she said it felt strange. She didn’t know the muslin was a toile!”

M.B. Goffstein

“She’s always been different. That’s why we love her,”
said Carole.

•

“I remember when you and Frieda were little,” Faidoh said, as I
took him to the kitchen.

“You were always up to something!

I remembered the time we tried copying the Bible into tiny
booklets we had made.

And I remembered making hollyhock dolls and floating them in the
pool.

“I know you all don’t keep kosher. It wouldn’t matter if you did,” he
said, “because I’m vegetarian.

“I want Frieda and her husband and kids to eat at our house when
they come.

“Do you have butter, sugar, salt, water, flour, vanilla, eggs, oil for
frying, and confectioner’s sugar?”

Lady Tannenbaum and Myself

I told him we did.

He had offered to make beignets at the fair and wanted to try our ingredients.

The Inspector was with Lesley Anderson.

Just as we walked in she confessed, “I was married to Stephen Simon.

“He used to talk about Coverly.

“I left him and went to cookery school. When I got my certificate, I applied here.

“You didn’t tell me he was dead. I was afraid he had found me!”

•

Faidoh sifted the flour while heating butter, sugar, salt, and water to boiling.

Then he took the pan off the heat and added the flour, stirring like mad.

M.B. Goffstein

The dough formed a ball and he added vanilla. He added one egg at a time.

The oil had heated in its pan. He dropped in three heaping teaspoons of dough.

They puffed up and turned golden brown.

He took them out, put them on paper towels, and dusted them with confectioner's sugar.

When they had cooled he gave one to me, one to Lesley Anderson, and one to the Inspector.

•

Weighing an extra five pounds, I went upstairs to check the guest rooms.

As I passed my brother's room, I heard my mother say, "You have the life you always wanted."

"Birdie and Morrie have more money."

"Darling, you don't work."

Lady Tannenbaum and Myself

“I do repairs and help Pam with the tearoom and gift shop.”

“I know it’s hard for you and Pam. Maybe you’d be better off without it.”

“What! Better off without Grandison?

“If anything were to happen to Birdie, Morrie wouldn’t inherit Coverly, would he?”

•

The next day was the jumble.

Jane left the puppy sleeping in her room and accepted a bouquet from a child.

Wearing a chiffon dress and an amusing hat, she gave a charming speech Jake had written.

They went to every booth and bought homemade jams, cakes, and dish cloths.

The women working in the booths blushed and bobbed little curtsies.

M.B. Goffstein

•

I went through the jumble, squeezing pockets and putting my arm inside umbrella stands, feeling for a notebook or packet of papers to put in my book.

I recalled something Heschel said in my beloved Chapter Six of *Man is Not Alone*:

The self comprises no less unknown, subconscious, than known, conscious reality. This means that the self can be distinctly separated only at its branches; namely, from other individuals and other things but not at its roots.

Also,

I am endowed with a will, but the will is not mine; I am endowed with freedom, but it is a freedom imposed on the

Lady Tannenbaum and Myself

will. Life is something that visits my body, a transcendent loan; I have neither initiated nor conceived its worth and meaning. The essence of what I am is not mine. *I am what is not mine.* I am that I am not.

•

As I felt inside a commode, I heard a little girl say, “Mummy, look at this dog!”

“You can’t have that,” the woman in charge of the antiques booth said.

“Why not?” demanded the girl’s mother.

“It’s for Miss Lorraine.”

•

Frieda and I had worshipped Jane.

We cut out pictures of her from *Harper’s Bazaar* and pasted them in scrapbooks.

M.B. Goffstein

We had been told she didn't like children because of her own unhappy childhood.

I went around the table to look at the dog, an old Staffordshire "fairing."

It was a pitcher made in the shape of a King Charles spaniel wearing a yellow and green tricorne hat.

He was white with red ears and spots, and he was sitting up, begging.

He wore a gold collar with a padlock and had orange staring eyes.

What I liked best was his muzzle, sort of a peach color peppered with black dots.

His whiskers, which were long on one side and short on the other, went on a slant.

•

I felt my cell phone vibrate. "I think you should make your book 128 pages," Brooke said.

Lady Tannenbaum and Myself

“The pages of a book have to be divisible by eight. My first two novels were 128 pages.

“You only have to write 120, because there will be six or eight pages of front matter.”

She listed them.

“You have over a third.

“Be sure you see a scene and hear the words before you write it. Don’t make it up.

“For writing’s a pleasure and rewriting is grief, but a false-hearted sentence is worse than a thief,” she sang to the tune of “On Top of Old Smoky.”

We were getting to be quite good friends. She said, “I’ve had the best life!

“When my father was in the Aleutians in World War II, Sir Thomas Beecham used to wait near the elevators and carry me around the hotel lobby in Seattle.

M.B. Goffstein

“In grade school the girls said my father was as handsome as a movie star.

“My first husband was a student of Mme. Lhevinne. I attended her master classes.

“‘Come to me, come to me,’ she would say, her hands stroking the keys.

“She meant don’t play *on* the piano, play *from* the piano. I have followed her advice in drawing and writing.

“Mme. Freschl played trios with Albert Einstein and the King of Norway.

“She said, Einshtein, count!

“I wish he could have met you, he would have *loffed* you, she told me.

“Those are blessings, aren’t they?”

“Yes!”

Lady Tannenbaum and Myself

“When I signed posters for *Natural History*, on Fifth Avenue, at New York is Book Country, I had the longest line there.

“A man asked me to sign a poster to Greta Garbo. He said she collected my books.

“There’s a popular song in Japan called “Brookie and Her Lamb.” I corresponded with the A&R man from Sony.

“That was fun!

“A coffee wagon in a suburb of Tokyo is called *Brookie and Her Lamb*.

“I’m extremely grateful people like my books, but I never bought into it.

“I even changed my name once. That was a mistake.

“I love writing novels. It isn’t as scary as drawing, and you are never lonely.

•

M.B. Goffstein

I thought, A hundred and twenty pages? I killed a man, and I don't have a plot!

•

Pam had figuratively rolled up her sleeves and was working at a booth.

“Here,” I said to one of the women. “I’m taking Lady Pamela to tea.”

Pam and Elaine were wearing her mother, the late Duchess of Fundy’s, clothes.

That hadn’t stopped them from buying bags of clothes at the jumble.

We got our tea and cakes and sat down. I said, “Pam, do you know a man named Stephen Simon?”

“Do you mean the nursery rhyme?”

•

“I’m stumped,” Brooke admitted. “Are you sure that’s his name?”

Lady Tannenbaum and Myself

“Sometimes when you get a person’s name wrong, you can’t get the character.”

I said, “I don’t feel I’m doing justice to Jane, and she’s your favorite character.”

“You are, too,” Brooke said.

“Why don’t you write more about your brother? He has interesting problems.

“And why did Lady Alice, a.k.a Ada Camell, escape from your grandfather?”

“Don’t you know?”

“No.”

“I don’t either.”

“I thought he had picked up some unpleasant habit at boarding school,” she said.

“You could make it 96 pages. That’s a good length, and you’ve done more than half.

M.B. Goffstein

“Now you should read it and add the things you thought were there.

“You’ll still have missing pages, but that’s good. It means you have to think of things.”

•

“Why aren’t you in movies?” asked the girls and women surrounding Faidoh.

“There was something wrong with my appearance on film.”

“That’s daft!”

At 72, he was still terribly attractive.

The aroma of beignets and coffee in the open air was quite intoxicating.

I ordered two beignets.

“You have great powers!” I heard the fortune teller say to him. “I’m just an amateur,” she confessed.

“You have to make a living.”

Lady Tannenbaum and Myself

“Bless you. I do it for the church.”

•

“My dear Lady Tannenbaum,” said the Inspector, “I’m not like your Columbo.

“I don’t notice some small thing that’s out of place that bothers me intellectually.”

He didn’t notice he was getting sugar on his tie and jacket.

“The burglar was at your grand front entrance, lying with his feet toward the door, his arms at his sides, and an empty pillowcase on his chest.”

“At least he didn’t get in,” I said.

“You must not have examined his pockets. He had four Charles II silver trefid spoons. The backs of the terminals are engraved with your crest.”

•

M.B. Goffstein

When I escaped from him, I saw Margie and walked around with her.

“Look at those big hats!”

“They’re tea cozies,” I said.

She chose the most hideous one, and I imagined Jane and Carole’s reaction.

“What did the fortune teller say?”

“A little boy named Yehudi is watching over us.”

•

My mother-in-law stopped Jane to say, “You looked so sweet in your bed!”

She hadn’t crept down the corridor and opened Jane’s door. She was thinking of the last scene in *Jenny*.

•

I went to see the fortune teller. I knew her, as she lived in the village.

Lady Tannenbaum and Myself

She told me not to worry.

Mummy went in after me.

“Lady Carole,” I heard, “do you remember me? I am Ann, your old nurse.

“I retired here six years ago, hoping to see you.

“I pushed you in your pram, and we fed the ducks. Later, I took you to school.

“Your father was what they call an abuser. In those days, they called it having a temper.

“He was like his father, I’m afraid.

“After your mother took you to America, I went to work for the Windsors.

“It was a come-down, as I no longer had the prettiest child.

“Is Lady Alice well?”

Listening outside the tent, I realized my grandmother was an illegal alien in the U.S.

M.B. Goffstein

“Come and visit,” said Carole. “We have room for you on the plane.”

“It’s kind of you to offer, but I’m afraid I’d feel shy around movie stars.”

“You made Jane happy by saying dog spirits are guarding her.”

“I’m sure it’s true. I read movie magazines. Lady Alice always liked them.

“Later, she sent me a mental suggestion to look at fashion magazines.

“That was how I knew you were a model and married Mr. Hirsh. I hope you’ve been happy.”

“I would be perfectly happy if my son were happy, too,” Carole said.

“He has a lovely family—I don’t know if you’ve seen Pam and Elaine.”

•

Lady Tannenbaum and Myself

California air and sunshine and fresh fruit and vegetables keep my parents slim and strong.

At 80, Jake is the image of a Hollywood producer married to a tall elegant blonde.

He is fifteen years older than Carole but doesn't look it.

I had no ambition and was glad to marry their friend Morrie, who is Carole's age.

•

Hugh's problem is that the English aristocracy no longer has meaning.

Socialism made us redundant.

When anyone cares that Hugh is a lord, he basks in their admiration for awhile.

Then he says if they think Grandison is something, they should see his sister's place.

I hope he didn't say it to the burglar.

M.B. Goffstein

•

Brooke says when you finish a book your real work starts. Every revision makes it clearer.

Listen for the words. The book is complete somewhere in space, word for word!

Dig into it again and again—even if you think you will have a nervous breakdown.

•

Hugh and I grew up believing our grandfather had been killed in World War II.

He had returned and remarried.

When our great grandfather died, our grandfather became the fourteenth Lord Corgi.

Then he died, and his widow, on a trip to California, ran into Alice and Carole.

The Corgi's had no children. That is why we got Grandison.

Lady Tannenbaum and Myself

Jake paid the taxes, made necessary repairs, and kept the servants on.

Grandmother doesn't like Hugh. She thinks he is the reincarnation of her husband.

I reckon that's what hurt him and makes him think he is being cheated.

You can't go back and change the past, but I do wish I could help him.

•

The fair ended and all the rubbish was removed from our field at our expense.

Carole and I drove Margie and Faidoh to London.

We stood outside the gate and watched the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace.

Then we went to Kensington Park and saw Carole's childhood home, Kensington Palace.

M.B. Goffstein

We ate lunch at an Indian restaurant and went in to some souvenir shops.

Margie chose two commemorative cups, one for Queen Elizabeth and one for Princess Diana.

Jane had stayed home to train her puppy, so we bought her a china corgi.

•

Jake brought a DVD of Jane's new film, *Little Lady Eat No Candy* with Ray Ng.

Unlike most new releases, the continuity was flawless and the plot was great fun.

John Travolta kept trying to kill Jane to prevent her from revealing his past.

She didn't know him from Adam, and Ray Ng had to protect her.

Lady Tannenbaum and Myself

Having read Travolta's thoughts on dancing with the Princess at the White House, in *The Diana Chronicles* by Tina Brown, I wondered what he was like to work with.

Jane has never tried to look young (she is 70) and has never stopped working.

Aside from her beauty, she has a kinetic quality like that of Buster Keaton.

She doesn't act but lets the part come through her, as Brooke described.

I stole glances at Hugh. He was eating popcorn and enjoying the show.

I don't know why I have never given him more thought or realized he wants to be happy.

•

M.B. Goffstein

Hugh used to ask our grandmother about Grandison, the kind of information one can find in *The House, A Portrait of Chatsworth*, by The Duchess of Devonshire.

I shall quote two things from the book that stole my heart:

The chest of drawers is stuffed with ties belonging to the organizations Andrew is interested in. As he is colour-blind he has to be inspected before going out, as he once went to the Game Fair (who gave him their tie the day before) wearing that of the Conservative Friends of Israel.

And:

The last room of the tour of the house has been turned into a monument to my passion for commerce. It is a shop run on the lines recommended forcefully in Beatrix

Lady Tannenbaum and Myself

Potter's *Ginger and Pickles*, a cautionary tale of a village shop, and surely the best book on retailing ever written.

Living in a great English house is a life of privilege—the privilege of work.

Grandmother felt nothing but scorn, and Hugh's great interest fed her dislike for him.

Coverly is another story as it belonged to her family, but she can't or won't see it again.

•

Brooke thought Grandmother would marry Cesar Lorraine.

But it is too late for Hugh to have grown up knowing Cesar and Faidoh.

He isn't close to Jake, though he did learn from him to respect his wife and daughter.

It is his saving grace.

M.B. Goffstein

Elaine is a sweet girl who adores him, and it is nice seeing them together.

•

“Can it be 64 pages?” I asked Brooke.

She laughed and pointed out I hadn’t described coming into the kitchen and finding my mother-in-law polishing silver, so I went back and put that in.

I got immersed and put in things and took them out and am now on page 66.

I will aim for 80 pages.

I’ll lose some as I delete boring scenes and gain them as I add new ones.

Brooke uses the Widows and orphans function as a discipline, cutting it close.

Lines leap from a page. You take out one and an entire page vanishes.

Lady Tannenbaum and Myself

The great thing is to have too many pages and hunt for things to remove.

•

Brooke thinks I should say Jake brought me a diamond brooch, but he always does that.

He brought brooches for Morrie's mother and Pamela, and a necklace for Elaine.

•

Faidoh hadn't gone to Israel because he didn't want to leave his father.

He might have liked France, and must wonder what he is doing here.

He and Margie do enjoy Indian food and are taking home jars of chutney.

•

"The cat notebook came."

M.B. Goffstein

“Do you like it?”

“That cat could never help me write.”

•

At one time it seemed to us that Cesar would marry Linda Van Islip.

It was when he made *The Journey to Washington*, beginning with the Farewell Address at Springfield, Illinois:

My friends— No one, not in my situation, can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting. To this place, and the kindness of these people, I owe every thing. Here I have lived a quarter of a century, and have passed from a young to an old man. Here my children have been born, and one is buried. I now leave, not knowing when, or whether ever, I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of

Lady Tannenbaum and Myself

that Divine Being, who ever attended him, I cannot succeed. With that assistance I cannot fail. Trusting in Him, who can go with me, and remain with you and be every where for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To his care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

Paramount made the film to try to win him back, but it was his last film.

Linda had sent him *Herndon's Lincoln*. Earlier, her mother left him a mountain.

Government was considered an art in ancient China, and Po Chü-i was a censor.

“If your Majesty’s political measures should be at variance with The Way, would Your Majesty not be eager to know about it?” he wrote in one of his memorials.

M.B. Goffstein

It was a logical move to Lincoln.

•

In the end, the Scotland Yard Inspector blurted out the truth to
Faidoh:

“I’m afraid I must be leaving. It’s been delightful meeting you and
Margie.

“I got two neckties at the jumble and shall always remember your
beignets.

“The Crown wishes me to say the cause of death is unknown.

“I got to meet Jane Lorraine and get a personally signed picture of
her.

“I also look forward to receiving by post a personally signed picture
of Cesar Lorraine.”

Lady Tannenbaum and Myself

My friends— No one, not in my situation, can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting. To this place, and the kindness of these people, I owe every thing.

“It’s apt, isn’t it? I can say the whole thing, but I’m only going to London.

“It was odd seeing him without his mustache, but I soon got over that.

“He has always been my hero.”

“Darling, what is that pin you’re wearing? I don’t think I’ve seen it before.”

Carole is the jewelry police.

The small mother-of-pearl disk had a gold color cat sitting on a tourmaline crystal, next to a crystal ball of yarn. The tail was made of tiny dark crystals.

It was prettier in sunlight.

M.B. Goffstein

I also bought a chipped Willow pattern cup with a mismatched Willow pattern saucer at the jumble.

I wanted to hear what Faidoh and the inspector were saying.

“Meeting you has been the high point of our trip.”

“My pleasure. By the bye, is Loretta Lorraine your mother?”

“Yes, but we’re not close.”

“Why don’t you and Margie come to London? I can show you around New Scotland Yard.”

“That would be great!”

•

I went upstairs to my sitting room and played Solitaire on my computer.

When I win, I know my brain is working, but I lost four games in a row.

I got a call from Anat Berger. “Anat!” I cried. “Is everyone all right?”

“Yes, of course.”

Lady Tannenbaum and Myself

“Where are you now?”

“Oxford.”

“What are you studying?”

“I already have a doctorate. Look, could I speak to my grandparents?”

“Come for dinner! Stay as long as you like!”

I opened the drawer in the telephone table and found the train schedule.

Just then a taxi drove up and Penelope Airdale got out. I recognized her from photos she had left here.

I went to the kitchen and told Lesley Anderson we were having two more guests.

“Put minced salad on the breakfast buffet,” I said, remembering our trips to Israel.

I called the housekeeper and we went upstairs.

M.B. Goffstein

Coverly has fourteen visitor's bedrooms, so we still had nine to choose from.

I looked in the occupied rooms and saw Jane's dog pitcher on her mantel.

I washed it and was going to fill it with flowers, but a jet of water shot out of a crack.

Morrie came and said that James Bland, who is a movie producer here in England and a friend of my father, was coming to stay, so we got three rooms ready.

He offered to tell Lesley Anderson that James would arrive before dinner.

This is Coverly's *raison d'être*.

Like a novel, it must be populated, and I do wish the burglar had come at another time.

There are usually guests in the breakfast room from seven till eleven.

Lady Tannenbaum and Myself

I had envied Brooke her life of dedication, but mine is equally dedicated, down to making sure there are clean bowls of water for the dogs.

•

I drove to the station. Anat's hair is a darker blond than Frieda's, and straight, not curly.

I was so glad to see her that I told the station master she was my oldest friend's daughter.

•

When I got back with Anat, two gay couples I had invited to make up the numbers were there, so I went to check the table set for twenty-four.

You may wonder if we dress for dinner.

Coverly is quite warm, but our neighbors wore long skirts as did Pam and Elaine.

M.B. Goffstein

They smelled like their dogs, and Chu-wu thought they were interesting.

Carole had told Margie to bring a long dress, but she didn't, so we didn't dress.

•

Brooke can be ruthless, taking out a toddler who could read at two-and-a-half.

When we went in to dinner, I wrested Anat from her family and put her on my brother's right.

She had done active duty in the Israeli Defense Forces and was now a reservist.

"If they call me, I'll drop what I'm doing and go," I heard her tell Hugh.

"What do you do in the army," he asked, "besides give the soldiers something nice to look at?"

"Don't be stupid," she said. "I'm a sniper."

Lady Tannenbaum and Myself

•

“After a year on Hua, I wanted to smoke, so I started down,” Penny was saying.

“Very steep and harrowing.

“I made the cigarette sign and bought one, but my God, it was terrible.

“Then I couldn’t find Hua Mountain.

“Huashan? I asked.

“A Chinese farmer pointed west.

“Huashan?

“This went on and on, and I ended up in Afghanistan.”

“You are such a nut,” Carole said, looking goofy with love for her cousin.

I was lucky to have Frieda, but when she became Orthodox I lost her.

•

M.B. Goffstein

This little book wasn't meant to be sad, it was meant to be a confection.

But as DWR says on its brown packing tape, "The details are not details. They make the product. Charles Eames."

This is just an exercise, but I do feel I have gained some understanding of how a novel gets written.

Lady Tannenbaum Takes Off

On page 91 of *Intimate Strangers, The Culture of Celebrity in America*, by Richard Schickel, I read:

It is conventional not to waste too much sympathy on producers, and it is a convention that is always easy to honor, though it ought to be recorded that among these vulgar buccaneers there were men of shrewdness, energy and, in their way, vision.

I felt I could no longer wait for someone to write my father, Jake Hirsh's biography.

I would do it myself.

•

I called the author of *The Lorraines in Hollywood*.

M.B. Goffstein

She had taken in hand the book I wrote about her called *Conversations with an Author*, and re-titled it *Lady Tannenbaum and Myself*.

I wanted to know what she knew about my father that wasn't in those books.

•

“Hi,” I said. “It’s Birdie.”

She was happy to hear from me, listened to my complaint, and put me right by saying no one can judge the value of an artist before his death.

The personality obscures the work. She had written about Van Gogh:

but was his misery like dust,
purposely kicked up
to keep all jealous eyes
from his brushstrokes of whirling beauty?

And this about Boudin:

Lady Tannenbaum Takes Off

But what of the poor color spotted soul,
the painter,
dead one hundred years?
Don't feel sorry for him.
He had all the fun.

“Are you saying Jake is an artist?”

“Of course,” she said. “He starred Jane Lorraine in *Love and Dust*.
He invited Lazlo Molnar to Hollywood.

“Lazlo did nothing for years. Then suddenly he wrote and directed
Jenny.

“Jake is an artist and people are his medium.

M.B. Goffstein

“His actors, directors, and cinematographer remind me of my book *Artists’ Helpers Enjoy the Evenings*.

“The artists’ helpers are pastel sticks who wear berets. I wrote it for David [her husband].

“Unfortunately, when they eat at Gris’ house, I forgot to give them silverware.

“I can’t remember what the crayons are called. I’m in the attic looking for them . . .

“Oh, here are all these unused sketchbooks for *Artists’ Helpers Visit New York*.

“Wait.” I heard her go back downstairs.

“Maybe it’s on the book flap.

“The first time Brooke Goffstein saw these famous artists crayons neatly packed in small, smooth plastic boxes, they struck her as personalities.’

Lady Tannenbaum Takes Off

“I didn’t want to ask permission to use the name,” she said. “That’s what it was.

“Your father’s life is the opposite of miserable, but it keeps people away.

“His beautiful suits and shoes make them feel ashamed.”

I wondered if that was how she felt about me, as I am rich and have a title.

My clothes don’t look beautiful. My married name says it all, regarding my figure.

•

I went in to London thinking I would have a look in some of the galleries.

As I walked along the street I saw a man leave a shop carrying a table lamp.

He was walking very fast and looking straight ahead.

M.B. Goffstein

“Stop him!” I shouted. Two young men tackled him, breaking the lamp.

The shop owner came outside.

“We shall need your name,” a bobby told me.

“I am Lady Tannenbaum.”

“Tom Selby.” The victim introduced himself.

“Come for dinner,” I cried.

He dusted himself off and we got in my car and started driving to Coverly.

•

“One would have thought the shop owner would have stood in the doorway,” I said as my cell phone rang.

I pulled off the road. My family and Brooke were the only ones who had the number.

It was my mother. “Darling, would you come home? Miss List is asking for you.”

Lady Tannenbaum Takes Off

“I’ve got a dinner guest,” I told Carole, “the interior designer Tom Selby.”

“Bring him along,” she said.

“And speaking of interior design, would you bring me those two little gilt chairs?”

In my first book, I said my husband got his baronetcy from the Queen.

Coverly belonged to my family. It is not open to the public nor do we have a gift shop.

But my grandmother, Lady Alice, grew up there, so my mother sees it differently.

We have had great fun exploring over a hundred and seventy rooms.

To make some of them habitable, I removed tons of things, designating more rooms for storage.

M.B. Goffstein

As I said in my first book, we buy new furniture from Design Within Reach.

We have it sent to one of Morrie's offices in the States, and someone flies it here.

•

Getting back to Tom Selby in my passenger seat, I told him my father's head secretary was asking for me.

"Miss List is beset by physical ailments," I said, "and she is like family."

Tom had his passport and he wanted to attend an auction of Art Deco in Los Angeles.

He seemed rather young to have become a well known interior designer, but I put it down to his being homosexual and having lots of beauty tips.

•

Lady Tannenbaum Takes Off

He seemed quite shy when, just before I turned on to the drive, the house came into view.

In the drawing room he was confronted with five centuries of furnishings.

I left him to look around.

I found a first edition of *The Winning of Barbara Worth*, one of the first M-G-M talkies, starring Ronald Coleman, Vilma Banky, and Gary Cooper.

I had read it in paperback. A company called Pelican keeps Harold Bell Wright's books in print.

I confess I have not yet read *That Printer of Udell's*, *The Shepherd of the Hills*, or *The Calling of Dan Matthews*.

•

I knew my husband, Morrie, would say I was trying to get Brooke's attention.

My cell phone rang.

M.B. Goffstein

“Did your cousin Penny bring back the black cat figurine?” Brooke asked.

I said I didn’t know.

I had sort of hovered in her doorway but not seen anything.

•

“Penny,” I said at tea, “tell us about your trip home from China through Afghanistan.”

I thought Tom would be interested, as the Afghanis made beautiful rugs.

“As you know, I went down Hua mountain to get cigarettes and couldn’t find my way back.

“Huashan? I asked the farmers.

“They kept pointing west.

“After I had walked a very long time, the people started to look different.

Lady Tannenbaum Takes Off

“A tribal leader showed me a picture of Abraham Lincoln, and I tapped my chest.

“They thought I meant I was related to him, and they treated me with great kindness.

“I gave them a little keepsake from home, and they escorted me to Kabul.

“It was filled with English and American soldiers.

They wanted me out of there, and I didn’t have to use my Barclay’s card.”

“She was gone for forty years,” I told Tom.

“I was lucky I had a shawl I wore over my head because it was so damn cold,” Penny said.

•

“Aren’t those Grinling Gibbons?” Tom asked about the chairs.

By then he must have seen his chipped front tooth which gave him a rakish air.

M.B. Goffstein

While looking for a gift for Miss List I had wondered if I should give him something.

But I needed to talk to Morrie, who was in Spain where I couldn't reach him.

•

The pilot called to say our plane was ready.

I said goodbye to Penny and my dear little mother-in-law, and we left.

•

We had great fun talking about *Sister*, the Life of Legendary American Interior Decorator Mrs. Henry Parish II, by Apple Parish Bartlett and Susan Bartlett Crater.

A client wouldn't allow Mrs. Parish to bring along her dog, a Pekinese named Ricky.

Every time the client's phone rang, Mrs. Parish said, "It's Ricky."

Lady Tannenbaum Takes Off

She wore earrings by Kenneth Jay Lane, which had lost several stones.

He had new ones made for her, but “the practically bald originals appeared again and again.”

Another thing I loved was a sofa in one of the photos, “one of those huge Aitken sofas,” her daughter said.

•

The next day was the auction. Miss List couldn't see me until later, so I decided to go.

I bid on Lot 24, Hagenauer sculptures, three black cats.

A man was bidding against me, so I got them for four times the estimate.

He gave me his card in case I wanted to sell them. He was Marcus Billings, from Montana.

He said I reminded him of someone who turned out to be Cousin Penny.

M.B. Goffstein

She had been his seatmate on a flight to Hawaii, and had taken a black cat by Hagenauer out of her bag.

A friend of hers asked her to sit with him, and she got up and changed seats.

He had tried to speak to her in the airport, but her friend wouldn't let him near her, so he went to his hotel, hoping she would be staying there.

I said, "She gave it to a tribal leader in Afghanistan."

"What tribe?" he asked, taking out a pen and opening his auction catalog.

I was sure Penny didn't know, as they had communicated in sign language.

"Very attractive woman," he said.

How lovely, I thought, if I were to take home a husband for her.

•

Lady Tannenbaum Takes Off

I had been reading the Design Within Reach Christmas gift catalog last November.

“Morrie,” I had said, “I’m going to collect these Bosse brass figures, circa 1950.”

“Sounds good,” he murmured.

“I shall start with the rabbit.”

“Excellent.”

“I shall put it on the mantel.”

•

When we got back from the auction, my father was talking on three phones as Miss List took notes.

The first edition of *The Winning of Barbara Worth* lay open on a coffee table.

Jake wanted to produce a sequel starring his favorite actor, Jane Lorraine.

M.B. Goffstein

In front of the large window looking out on the ocean, Mummy was moving the two gilt chairs around.

“I’ll have the seats recovered in white-and-blue striped silk, darling. What do you think?”

“Sounds good,” I said.

The little plastic bag containing the three cats was in my handbag as we went out to the pool where a table was set for lunch under an umbrella.

In the middle of lunch my father got up and said he would take Tom shopping.

•

Penny’s father, Lord Airdale, had remarried after her mother was killed in the Blitz. He was an MP and soon had a new young family at Blenders.

When Penny turned eighteen, she went to live on her own at Coverly.

Lady Tannenbaum Takes Off

She was en route to China when she stopped in L.A. and gave Coverly to my grandmother.

•

My father and Tom returned, Tom looking smashing in his new clothes.

Jake had killed time by buying diamond brooches for Carole and me.

I told Mummy my plans for Marcus Billings. I had Googled him; he owned Montana.

“I should think Penny would have had enough of mountains,” Carole said.

“Remember Heidi? She was miserable in town. She longed for the mountains!

“What is it with Miss List? I thought she was supposed to be at death’s door.”

M.B. Goffstein

I expected she wanted to tell me important things about my father for the biography I was no longer interested in writing, before she passed on.

•

I did not have to entice Marcus Billings to England. He went the next day.

He had learned Penny's name from the passenger manifest and been searching for her.

He recently gave up and fired his private detectives.

None had kept up with the case and learned that Penny returned to Coverly.

•

Jake was back on the phones, manhandling the first edition of *The Winning of Barbara Worth*.

He repeatedly cracked the spine and bent down the corners of pages.

Lady Tannenbaum Takes Off

I said, “The so-called reclamation started in 1901. Barbara would have been Jane’s age in the seventies.”

(I was wrong; she would have been in her eighties.)

“She would wonder why she had been so eager to ruin her beloved desert.”

Jake wrote this down, using the book as a notebook.

Oh well, I told myself. My father is more important than a first edition.

“She would be filled with regret.”

I hadn’t seen *The Winning of Barbara Worth*, but the book was wonderful:

When they arrived at Barbara’s home, they found the Seer himself. The fifteen years had made no perceptible change in the general appearance of the engineer. His form was still strongly erect and vigorous, but his hair was a little

M.B. Goffstein

gray, and to a close observer, his face in repose revealed a touch of sadness—that indescribable look of one who is beginning to feel less sure of himself, or rather who, from many disappointments, is beginning to question whether he will live to see his most cherished plans carried to completion—not because he has less faith in his visions, but because he has less hope that he will be able to make them clear to others.

Also,

The young man did not think it necessary to add that the death of his father had left him penniless and that his father's friend, who had never married, had reared and educated the child of his old classmate as his own son. Neither did he explain that his rapid advancement in his

Lady Tannenbaum Takes Off

profession was due largely to the powerful influence of the capitalist and those associated with him, together with the strength of the proud social position to which he was born, rather than to hard work and experience. Probably Willard Holmes himself did not realize how much these things had added to his own native ability and technical training. He had never known anything else but these things and he accepted them as unconsciously as his voice was colored with the accent of the cultured East.

•

Penny, Marcus, and Morrie's mother arrived in Los Angeles.

There is something splendid about being married for the first time at seventy.

You miss the entire stage of accusing each other and getting divorced.

M.B. Goffstein

Carole gave a reception for them in a beautiful white tent on the lawn.

I had heard Tom Selby giving her terrible advice in his light tenor voice.

It made me wonder what the homes he designed actually looked like.

Carole told him she had to use her own decorator, so there was no problem.

•

I have to admit I don't know the new stars and can't tell one from another.

I saw why Brooke compared them to artists' materials.

Some were pretty, as colors are pretty when you open a new box of paints.

Despite their having power as well as money and celebrity, some were smushed and dirty.

Lady Tannenbaum Takes Off

A sort of hush fell on the party.

To my surprise, I was excited to see Jane Lorraine and Cesar Lorraine.

We stood back in awe and respect.

At last Cesar and my grandmother would meet, I thought.

But she was chatting with her sister, Pepita, who had been killed in the Blitz.

Jane had been a guest at Coverly, but that didn't mean she would know me.

Her brother, Faidoh, and his wife, Margie, were visiting Frieda in Israel.

For a moment I felt sad thinking of Frieda, lost to me now because she is orthodox.

•

Jane had met Penny at Coverly. She seemed delighted to see her again.

M.B. Goffstein

“Penny, this is my father, Cesar Lorraine. Dad, this is Lady Penelope Airdale.”

“Pleased to meet you,” said Penny.

“Penny lived in a cave on a mountain in China and likes books about Lincoln.

“Dad played Abraham Lincoln in the movie *The Journey to Washington.*”

“How do you do,” Cesar said, in his uninflected slightly southern voice.

I wished Penny hadn't married Marcus. She and Cesar had more in common.

•

Jake raised his flute to toast the couple, but Carole put her hand on his arm.

I heard her say they hadn't been married at a registry office as we all thought.

Lady Tannenbaum Takes Off

Penny had agreed to come and see Marcus' ranch and get to know him.

•

The next time I saw Cesar, he was talking to my dear little mother-in-law.

Perhaps he missed the bayou or his mountain hut as she missed Berlin.

He was reciting a poem by Po Chü-i in a translation by Arthur Waley:

DREAMING THAT I WENT WITH LU AND YU TO VISIT YÜAN
CHÊN.

[Written in Exile]

At night I dreamt I was back in Ch'ang-an;

I saw again the faces of old friends.

And in my dreams, under an April sky,

M.B. Goffstein

They led me by the hand to wander in the spring winds.

Together we came to the village of Peace and Quiet;

Yüan Chên was sitting all alone;

When he saw me coming, a smile came to his face.

He pointed back at the flowers in the western court;

Then opened wine in the northern summer-house.

He seemed to be saying that neither of us had changed;

He seemed to be regretting that joy will not stay;

That our souls had met only for a little while,

To part again with hardly time for greeting.

I woke up and thought him still at my side;

I put out my hand; there was nothing there at all.

When we went back to the house with Marcus and Penny, the little
gilt chairs were gone.

Lady Tannenbaum Takes Off

The diamond brooches Jake had given me and Carole were gone as well.

We hadn't had time to put them in the bank, and we never wear them.

•

I put in a call to Tom Selby's studio.

"Good afternoon, Lady Tannenbaum," he said in a deep baritone, as I gazed at the moon reflected in the swimming pool, "How can I help you?"

"You aren't around five foot eight, with brown hair, brown eyes, and a chipped front tooth, are you?"

"No, that's my assistant, Tom Snelling."

•

"Jane and I had such fun as young models," Carole said.

"She liked to act out the character of the dress, as if she weren't wearing it.

M.B. Goffstein

“That was what Jake saw when he decided to star her in *Love and Dust*.

“I wish you and Frieda had a third friend. I’m so lucky I have Margie.”

•

I unwrapped the black cats on our flight back to England, and my mother-in-law’s eyes lit up.

“Choose one,” I said.

“You go first.”

I wanted the one with one blue eye that was stamped *Rena, Made in Austria*.

She chose the one standing up singing.

I stood mine on the table and moved it toward her. “What are you singing?”

She put hers down and it told mine, “I am singing ‘Unter den Linden.’”

Lady Tannenbaum Takes Off

“Isn’t that rock ’n roll?”

“Why not?”

Mine said, “I’m too shy to sing.”

“Er.”

“Yes?” I asked the steward.

“Dinner will be served shortly.”

“Thank you.”

“The young man who came out with you didn’t look kosher. We had him followed.”

•

My mother-in-law was wearing one of her diamond brooches, so when the steward returned mine, I pinned it to my shirt and felt very happy.

Her cat was stamped *WHW* inside a circle, as well as *Hagen, Made in Austria*.

M.B. Goffstein

The third black cat, stamped *WHW, Made in Austria*, was the least stylized of the three.

When we finished eating, I had it prowl around the table, looking for scraps.

•

As soon as we landed, Brooke phoned and said, “I got a Space Ranger pin!

“It’s big enough to be a brooch!”

Carole called and said, “Jake loved your treatment for *Barbara Worth*.

“He wants you to write the script!”

•

Barbara Worth enters a boutique on Rodeo Drive. She is shocked by the clothes and the young men and women wearing them.

They look dreadful.

Lady Tannenbaum Takes Off

She leaves, but can't remember where her horse is tethered or if she came by buckboard.

The long bright colored cars on the street seem surreal.

Her chauffeur appears at her side and escorts her to her limousine.

Riding on the freeway makes her think they are being chased by bandits.

When she gets home, her husband, Willard Holmes, has a surprise for her.

It is her old friend Abe Lee.

Tears fill her eyes. She wonders if Abe is as upset as she is.

I turned to a new page on my pad and began writing the dialog.

M.B. Goffstein

BARBARA: Abe! I'm so glad to see you! What have we done!" she whispered.

Her husband, narrowly watching, thinks she wishes she had married Abe.

For years, Holmes has kept Abe out of town, surveying.

Holmes wants to kill Abe, and Abe wants to save Holmes.

Barbara is revered by young engineers who would risk their careers to flood the valley for her.

She says, "We made it possible for too many people to live here. They're degenerate!"

"One thing I learned in my travels," Abe says, "is that life is change. Do you remember the colors of the desert when night was falling?"

Lady Tannenbaum Takes Off

This further upsets Barbara, for in the great work of bringing water to the desert, they wrecked it.

•

I enjoyed copying the scenes from the book I wanted to flash back to:

“How interesting!” gasped a tailor-made woman tourist to her escort. “Look, George, she is wearing a divided skirt and riding a man’s saddle! And look! quick! where’s your camera? She has a revolver!”

But the tailored woman tourist did not need to urge George to look. There was something about the girl on the quick-stepping, spirited horse that challenged attention.

At the Pioneer Bank the girl checked her horse and, swinging lightly to the ground, threw the reins over the animal’s head, thus tying him in western fashion.

M.B. Goffstein

I wanted Jane to be in the flashbacks. A filter would make her look young.

As long as they were doing that, I wanted Mummy in the scene with Jane.

“Oh, Barbara, how could you—how *could* you miss last Thursday afternoon at Miss Colson’s?

This type of filter would make the scenes look as young as the characters.

All along the arcade people were smiling in greeting, the men lifting their hats. Two cowboys in high-heeled boots and “chaps” paused in passing. “That new hawss of yours is

Lady Tannenbaum Takes Off

sure some hawss, Miss Barbara,” one said admiringly,
sombbrero in hand.

I wanted Faidoh Lorraine to play Abe Lee.

I had heard he had a halo, but digital technology would take care of
that.

I wanted Cesar Lorraine to play Barbara’s father, the banker
Jefferson Worth.

•

I was sitting at the breakfast table surrounded by yellow pads when
Morrie came home.

I ran to hug him, saying, “I’m writing a script for my father, and it’s
made me homesick!”

“Do you want to move to L.A.?”

His company had offices there, and the climate was good for his
mother.

M.B. Goffstein

“Mummy will find us a house,” I cried. “We won’t care what it looks like.”

“I’m sure it will be very nice,” Morrie said.

But I didn’t want Carole to find us a house, because my heart was set on the kind of small bungalow Brooke describes in *The Lorraines in Hollywood*.

When I was a child, my best friend, Frieda, and her family lived in one of them.

Her grandfather, Cesar Lorraine, and our aunt Jane lived in another next door.

Everyone except Frieda was still there.

•

“Carole,” I asked, “could you give me the name of an estate agent?”

“Of course, darling.”

I contacted the woman directly, and she sent me emails of three bungalows.

Lady Tannenbaum Takes Off

I loved them all, but one had been modernized and it looked like a good job.

•

“Morrie, look at this little house. What would you think of our living there?”

“I think it would be great,” he said. “Let’s buy it.”

“I shall cancel our guests for the next six months and reschedule them.

“We can’t take the dogs, but I shall take my cats and give one to Carole.”

•

Scene opens in a fashionable California living room of the seventies. The large window looks out on the ocean. The furnishings are white with touches of blue.

M.B. Goffstein

WILLARD HOLMES: Why don't you go out and get a new gown for tonight?

BARBARA: All right, darling.

Scene is a trendy seventies boutique.

SALESGIRL: Can I help you?

BARBARA: No, thank you.

She is shocked by the clothes and the people. She gets confused, thinking her horse is tethered outside.

Scene is the same street fifty years earlier.

Lady Tannenbaum Takes Off

CAROLE: Oh, Barbara, how could you—how *could* you miss last Thursday afternoon at Miss Colson's? We had a perfectly lovely time!

MARGIE: Yes indeed, young lady; explanations are in order. Miss Colson didn't like it a bit. She had an exquisite luncheon, and you know how people depend upon your appreciation of good things to eat!

BARBARA: Well, you see, (turning to pat her horse's neck) Pilot and I were out on the Mesa and he said he didn't want to come back. Pilot doesn't care at all for afternoon parties, so what could I do? I didn't like to hurt Miss Colson's feelings, of course, but I didn't like to hurt Pilot's feelings either; and the day was so perfect and Pilot was feeling so good and we were having such fun together!

M.B. Goffstein

CAROLE: could anything on earth induce you to give up your horse and your desert, Barbara?

Barbara's chauffeur sees her standing on the street and escorts her to her limousine.

Scene: the HOLMSES' living room.

HOLMES: I have a surprise for you.

BARBARA: Abe! She grasps his hand. "Oh, Abe, what have we done!"

HOLMES, narrowly watching, thinks she wishes she had married Abe.

Lady Tannenbaum Takes Off

BARBARA: “We made it possible for too many people to live here. They’re degenerate!”

She gestures, taking in the beautiful seventies room

ABE: One thing I learned in my travels is life is change. Do you remember the colors of the desert when night was falling?

Holmes is dying. He wants Abe there to take care of Barbara.

This meant Faidoh couldn’t play Abe, because he was Jane’s brother.

M.B. Goffstein

But I still wanted Cesar to play Barbara's banker father, Jefferson Worth.

•

Jake was directing. He would shoot the Colorado scenes at Marcus Billings' ranch in Montana.

We went to look at it, and it was great fun to see Penny in that environment.

The drawing room was long and roughhewn, furnished with large chairs and sofas.

Antlers hung on the walls and Navaho rugs lay on the floor.

No one announced me. I found Penny wearing a tweed suit and walking shoes, sitting on a sofa, reading.

The "help" loved having her at the ranch house and hoped she would stay.

"It's like being in a book," one of them said as she brought in a tea tray.

Lady Tannenbaum Takes Off

“The cakes are very good, aren’t they?” Penny said, watching me eat them.

Jake went with some ranch hands to find the canyon where Abe and Willard are ambushed.

I saw a large display case of Hagenauer metal figures Marcus had collected.

•

Abe’s voice was hard. “I’m not going to take any fool chances. This may be a plain ordinary case of hold-up or it may be a job framed up by the Company simply to delay me. It’s all the same to me, but this money goes to Republic tonight. Sabe that?”

The other would have spoken but Abe interrupted.

“We’ve palavered long enough, Mr. Holmes. The horses have finished their feed and it’s time to start.”

M.B. Goffstein

When they were mounted the surveyor said shortly:
“Now, sir, you just ride ahead and you ride slow until I give the word—then you go like hell. If you lift a hand to signal or make any mistakes like stopping to fix your saddle girth or checking up to speak to that bunch or turning ‘round, I get you first and you can’t afford to have any hazy notions about my not wanting to kill you because you’re from New York.

•

“You don’t need my help,” Brooke said. “I’m thrilled she’s going to be with Abe.

“Why did she marry Holmes? It was Isabel Archer and Gilbert Osmond all over again. The other flaw is Jefferson Worth’s personality. Can you fix that?”

•

I reread parts of the book and found I could exclude Barbara’s father.

Lady Tannenbaum Takes Off

I would have Cesar play the seer in the flashbacks, and Faidoh would play Tex.

TEX: This here cayuse must have been tied somewheres 'cause the reins are busted. The canteen is gone. Jefferson Worth is too old a hand on the desert to leave it on the horse. He likely tied the pony to a bush and went to climb a hill or something. Mr. Hawss breaks loose and pulls for home. It happened a good way out, 'cause the pony's pretty well tired, which he wouldn't a-been, travelin' light, if Mr. Worth hadn't ridden some distance before it happened. An' if he was nearer the pony would have been in earlier. He'll likely show us a smoke in the morning and even if he don't it'll be easy to trail him, 'cause there ain't no wind.

M.B. Goffstein

HOLMES: Do I understand, sir, that you propose to do nothing until morning?

SEER: There is nothing to do, Mr. Holmes.

HOLMES: Nothing to do? Why don't you arouse the men and send them in every direction to search? Why man, don't you realize the situation? Mr. Worth may be hurt. He may even be dying alone out there! I protest! It's monstrous! It's cowardly, inhuman to do nothing!

ABE LEE rolls another cigarette.

SEER: But Mr. Holmes, we could accomplish nothing by such a search as you suggest. The territory is too large to cover with a hundred times the number of men we have in camp.

Lady Tannenbaum Takes Off

At daylight, when they can follow his trail, Abe and Tex will ride to him as fast as their horses can go.

HOLMES: But I protest, sir. You should make the attempt. I will not submit to idly doing nothing while a life is in danger—particularly that of a man like Mr. Worth. I shall go alone if no one will help me, and I shall report this to Mr. Greenfield and the men interested with him in this work.”

SEER: Report me? You! Report and be damned, sir. I was old at this work when you were a sucking babe. These men were learning the desert when you were attending a fashionable dancing school. Why you damned lily fingered tenderfoot, you couldn't find your way five hundred yards in this country without a guide or a compass. Now, sir, I'm running this outfit and if you have any protests against my

M.B. Goffstein

cowardly inhumanity I advise you to smother them in your manly breast, or by hell! I'll ship you out on the first wagon tomorrow morning.

Two hours later:

TEX wakes ABE: There's a light bobbin' off into nowhere and the lad's blankets are empty.

Fifteen minutes later:

ABE, three feet from HOLMES: Shall I go with you, sir?

HOLMES jumps like a nervous woman.

HOLMES: I couldn't sleep. I thought I would follow the tracks a little way out at least. He may not be so far away as you think.

Lady Tannenbaum Takes Off

ABE rolls a cigarette.

ABE: Mr. Worth rode a horse.

HOLMES: I understand that. I saw him go this morning and I saw the horse tonight. This is the track.

ABE: This is a mule's track, Mr. Holmes.

•

I knew I had to show Holmes saving the water system and winning Barbara Worth, but those flashbacks were such fun.

•

BARBARA: But Willard, you can't give me to Abe, as if I were a—vase!

M.B. Goffstein

HOLMES: I won you unfairly. You felt sorry for me because I am not a man like Abe.

BARBARA: Abe is my brother.

HOLMES: That's not how Abe feels, is it, Abe?

ABE no longer smokes, and can't roll a cigarette.

BARBARA: Willard, please! You say you are dying! I didn't love you for your judgment, which is worse than ever. I'll say this in front of Abe because you give me no choice. I loved you from the moment I saw you at the hotel in Rubio City. As you know, Jefferson Worth found me in the desert when

Lady Tannenbaum Takes Off

I was four years old. I didn't know my family came from the East. I saw something in you, heard something in your voice that reminded me of my own people.

•

“Bravo!” cried Brooke. “You're a real writer! Now I see why she married Holmes!”

•

I never had any ambition, and now I am a member of the Screenwriters Guild.

My next script will be *Sister*.

Her family may not permit it. The book didn't come out in paperback.

They probably don't like movies.

I could see a Broadway musical with songs about painting the floor of the farmhouse and using mattress ticking for curtains!

M.B. Goffstein

In Act Two, she decorates the family rooms at the White House, possibly kicks Caroline Kennedy, and becomes partners with Albert Hadley.

I realized Tom Selby's assistant hadn't read the book. I had done all the talking.

•

From the internet I learned that Rena Rosenfeld had a shop at 485 Madison Avenue at 52nd Street.

Her shop was in the Waldorf in the forties and fifties.

She sold sculptures by Hagenauer, Baller and Bosse, some of which she might have designed.

RENA is in her shop opening an order, even though she has customers.

Lady Tannenbaum Takes Off

MRS. PRESTON lives at the Waldorf. She buys herself things from Rena and has them wrapped and sent to her room.

She has her hair done in the hotel, buys her clothes there, orders dinner in her suite, and opens her purchases, imitating Rena.

She rips off the paper and admires what she has bought, but she can't sleep.

Putting her mink on over her nightgown, she goes down to the lobby.

Standing in front of Rena's shuttered shop, she sings:

Where does Rena go at night

To a box in the Bronx with a sick aunt

Or a lovely apartment on Park Avenue

With nicer things than she shows me and you

M.B. Goffstein

THE SUAREZES come in the Lexington Avenue entrance, wearing evening clothes.

They are sympathetic and good-naturedly try their English:

What does Rena do at night

Her shop is empty

The little objects are undisciplined

They do things they shouldn't

A MAN enters from Lexington, walking a DACHSHUND.

It is unclear if he and his dog live at the Waldorf or if they buy the evening paper there as part of their evening walk.

Lady Tannenbaum Takes Off

The MAN learns the song from MRS. PRESTON and MR. AND MRS. SUAREZ and dances with them, holding his little DOG.

He sings:

What does Rena do at night
In her apartment on Lex
She gives dinners for friends
Who bring her flowers

A bell boy sings:

I think Rena is kept by a man
He wants her to keep busy

M.B. Goffstein

While he is with his family

So he financed the shop

The five new friends say goodnight.

MRS. PRESTON, looking happy, takes the elevator to her suite.

The SUAREZES go to the bar for a nightcap, and the MAN AND DACHSHUND go to the newsstand.

•

As MAIDS and BELL BOYS clean the lobby, emptying ashtrays and stamping designs in the white sand, RENA opens her shop.

The bookshop, the beauty shop, the jewelry shop, and the clothes shop on the Lexington Avenue side come to life as RENA sings:

Lady Tannenbaum Takes Off

There is always something going on

In my shop

Look at these rhinoceroses

carved from Mushakashula wood.

A person who looks rich

May spend a dollar

Someone who looks poor

May spend hundreds

MRS. PRESTON steps off the elevator and sees the SUAREZES, who ask how she slept.

MRS. PRESTON: I had a wonderful dream. I dreamed I had a shop called Just a Few Little Things.

•

M.B. Goffstein

I was so excited, I called Brooke. “They just appeared!” I said.

“That’s wonderful!”

“I even know what they look like!”

“Take it easy,” she cautioned. “Don’t write a lot of junk you’ll have to take out.”

She quoted from her book, *A Writer*,

. . . a writer always studies, looks, and listens.

Thoughts that grow strongly

in her heart

and weather every mood and change of mind

she will care for.

She had taught writing and illustrating at Parsons School of Design for eleven years.

Lady Tannenbaum Takes Off

She loved it. She saw her students as works of art and cared that they were authentic.

She could tell when their work was false and help them find their real work.

“Isn’t writing wonderful?” she cried. “You solve all kinds of mysteries.

“I can’t explain it—not that anyone cares. I have to go,” she said, imitating her friends on the phone.

She would be sixty-seven the next day. “This is the best present I could have,” she said.

I thought she was a little over the top.

“No,” she said. “Mrs. Preston was floating in space and you found her!

“Now you are telling her story, repairing the world, making things right.”

•

M.B. Goffstein

“Hi,” I said. “Happy Birthday. Are you having a nice birthday?”

“It’s all right. I bought a lead policeman from the thirties.”

•

“Hello, darling. Have you heard from Penny? I was quite helpful to her at the ranch.

“I said, for heaven’s sake, let’s go out and get you some proper clothes.

“We went to an outlet and got her jeans, flannel shirts, a parka, and boots.

“She said she wished she had had them in China.

“Jane had a riding lesson.

“I told Penny she must start riding again, so we drove to the corral and got two horses.

“I hadn’t ridden since I was six. Neither of us could sit a trot, so we posted.”

“How did Jane’s lesson go?” I asked.

Lady Tannenbaum Takes Off

“She does everything well.”

“Can she dismount lightly and throw the reins over the horse’s head?”

“I told you how she modeled clothes. She’s the same with the horse.”

“Mummy, writing is a marvelous experience. It’s like being out in space!

“You have these insights—”

“Talk to you later, darling.”

•

I told Jake about *Rena’s Shop at the Waldorf* and showed him what I had written.

He said it needed more dancers, so I added a policeman who comes inside to get warm.

Then I added a bank robber who comes through carrying a sack of money.

M.B. Goffstein

He sees the policeman and joins in.

At the end of the dance the policeman arrests him. I suppose I will have to get rid of them, as Brooke warned.

•

Jake has been thinking about *Rena*. He wants to know, where's the love interest?

I think it's in owning a shop.

Rena is an artist, instinctively choosing her wares and putting them on display.

She makes things right by giving people the chance to buy things they love.

If not for her, some of these people would be going around in disrepair.

She is decisive.

•

Lady Tannenbaum Takes Off

“I don’t have a plot,” I told Brooke. “So far, it’s only a series of sketches.”

“You have to work,” she said.

It was then I most missed our dogs. I couldn’t take a walk without them.

But I couldn’t bear the thought of them being quarantined when we returned to England.

“I wish we could stay here forever,” I said. “The food is so good and the weather’s so fine.

“And,” I continued, “there are so many houses, and they’re all so interesting.”

“Shall we give Coverly to the National Trust and stay here?” Morrie asked.

“I’d love to!”

“We can get an apartment in London.”

M.B. Goffstein

I threw my arms around him and he staggered as if a Christmas tree had fallen on him.

His mother, who had been my grandmother, Birdie's, best friend, loved L.A.

She sent Morrie to England with Jake when there was still time to get out of Berlin.

Jake worked at a movie studio on the outskirts of London, whose name I can't recall though I see it in books, and Morrie, who was much younger, went to school.

•

Jake got some of Marcus' hired hands to play Tex, Abe, and the Seer.

He asked them to read the lines and say them in their own words while the cameramen set up.

"Ignore the so-called Western dialect," he said before they started filming.

Lady Tannenbaum Takes Off

“That crap was written in 1911.”

•

The man who played Abe came to Hollywood to do the modern scenes with Paul Newman and Jane.

He was completely out of his element, which was fine because Abe was supposed to be uncomfortable.

The girls in the flashbacks with Jane were played by Marcus' cook and a ranch hand's mother.

I told Jake I wanted to use Carole and Margie, and he yelled that I was crazy.

•

The shooting went well until the final scene. Willard said he wasn't really dying!

“After all these years, I wanted to see if you really loved me,” he confessed.

He clutched at his heart.

M.B. Goffstein

I sprang to my feet, knocking my chair over.

“Cut,” Jake yelled. “Thanks for ruining the shot, Birdie. I’ll bar you from the set.”

“He’s having a heart attack!”

“That’s right,” he agreed as Paul Newman began to prepare for Take Two.

“That’s not in the script!”

“Oh, yeah?”

He shoved it in my face.

I hadn’t been up at the crack of dawn when Miss List handed out new sides.

“What kind of nut would enjoy the cockamamie scene you wrote?” he yelled.

“You could have discussed it with me,” I said, shocked by this side of his character.

Lady Tannenbaum Takes Off

“Why?” he shouted. “You don’t know the first thing about scriptwriting!”

•

“Don’t feel bad,” Jane said going to her dressing room. “He just likes to yell.

“I can’t bring my dog to the set because she doesn’t understand him.”

Paul Newman was also very kind, giving me a package of Fig Newmans.

Later he sent us a bag of dog food.

Brooke said her father was like Jake.

•

Jake gave me an enormous brooch that said BARBARA WORTH in diamonds and emeralds.

M.B. Goffstein

I had spent twenty dollars on a charm for Jane that had a cowgirl riding a pinto pony on one side, and a cowgirl riding a black horse on the other.

On the pinto pony side it said “Ya Hoo,” and on the other side it said “Giddy Up.”

•

We started shooting the last scene.

HOLMES: You don't regret bringing water to the desert, do you darling?

BARBARA: Of course not. People are far more important. They must have places to live, and a great many jobs were created.

Lady Tannenbaum Takes Off

I was going to tell Jake to take my name off the credits, when Jane spoke up.

“I won’t say this.”

“What’s wrong with it?”

“Everything.”

“Try it,” he coaxed.

“No.”

He immediately backed down. “You’re right. And when you’re right, you’re right!”

“Will you forgive me, Janie? Everyone, please go back to the white sides.”

•

“Darling,” Carole said, “your bungalow is adorable, but you need more rooms and you must have a cook.”

•

M.B. Goffstein

“The façade needs work,” the house agent said, which was an understatement.

The inside also needed work, but it was like a beautiful seashell that had been banged around in the ocean.

•

“We bought an Art Moderne,” I told Brooke. “I hope you aren’t disappointed.”

“Why?”

“You’re a proponent of small homes.”

“I also care about preserving beautiful old architecture,” Brooke said.

“This house was designed by Cedric Gibbons, the head designer at M-G-M. He married Delores Del Rio. He won twelve Oscars and designed the statuette.”

She said, “I think I have a picture of it!”

Lady Tannenbaum Takes Off

It isn't the one in *The Dream Come True*, Great Houses of Los Angeles, by Brendan Gill and Derry Moore.

•

On the night of the awards I wore a black coat dress and the outrageous brooch Jake had given me.

My mother-in-law, wearing a gray silk gown and pearls, waited in a thirties lounge chair I had bought.

She left with the Lorraines.

Then our car came and Morrie and I left.

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Mummy looked beautiful in a navy blue gown and sapphire and diamond necklace.

In the seats next to her and Jake were Marcus Billings and Cousin Penny.

Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward were on the aisle a few rows down.

M.B. Goffstein

The speeches were over and I turned to the stage, but someone was singing.

Finally the first presenters came on and the program moved more quickly.

Our cameraman, Martin Killman, won for Best Cinematography.

Jane, looking stunning in a vintage gown, escorted her old friend to the stage.

She wore a spectacular diamond and ruby horseshoe that said
BREAK A LEG.

Hollywood is so quixotic. I heard my name and felt like a fool lumbering up there.

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When Jane was called, she got up without a fuss and went to the stage.

Maybe *she* should marry Marcus Billings and live on his ranch, I thought.

Lady Tannenbaum Takes Off

She was a beautiful rider.

If Cesar Lorraine married Morrie's mother, who would Penny marry?

As we rose clapping for Jane as we had for Paul Newman, I looked around.

"Dr. Killman was an eye-surgeon in Germany. He taught me how to act," Jane began.

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"Where's the musical you were writing?" Jake asked, hitting me with his Oscar.

When we got to the party, I looked for Penny so I could see her brooch.

In giving Coverly to the National Trust, Morrie and I did not make her homeless.

She is rich.

M.B. Goffstein

What crazy brooch would Jake think up next? The numbers tattooed on my mother-in-law's arm?

It was the way he showed love because he was shy.

Penny's was pinned to a ball gown that had been worn by her mother, Pepita.

It said WELCOME HOME.