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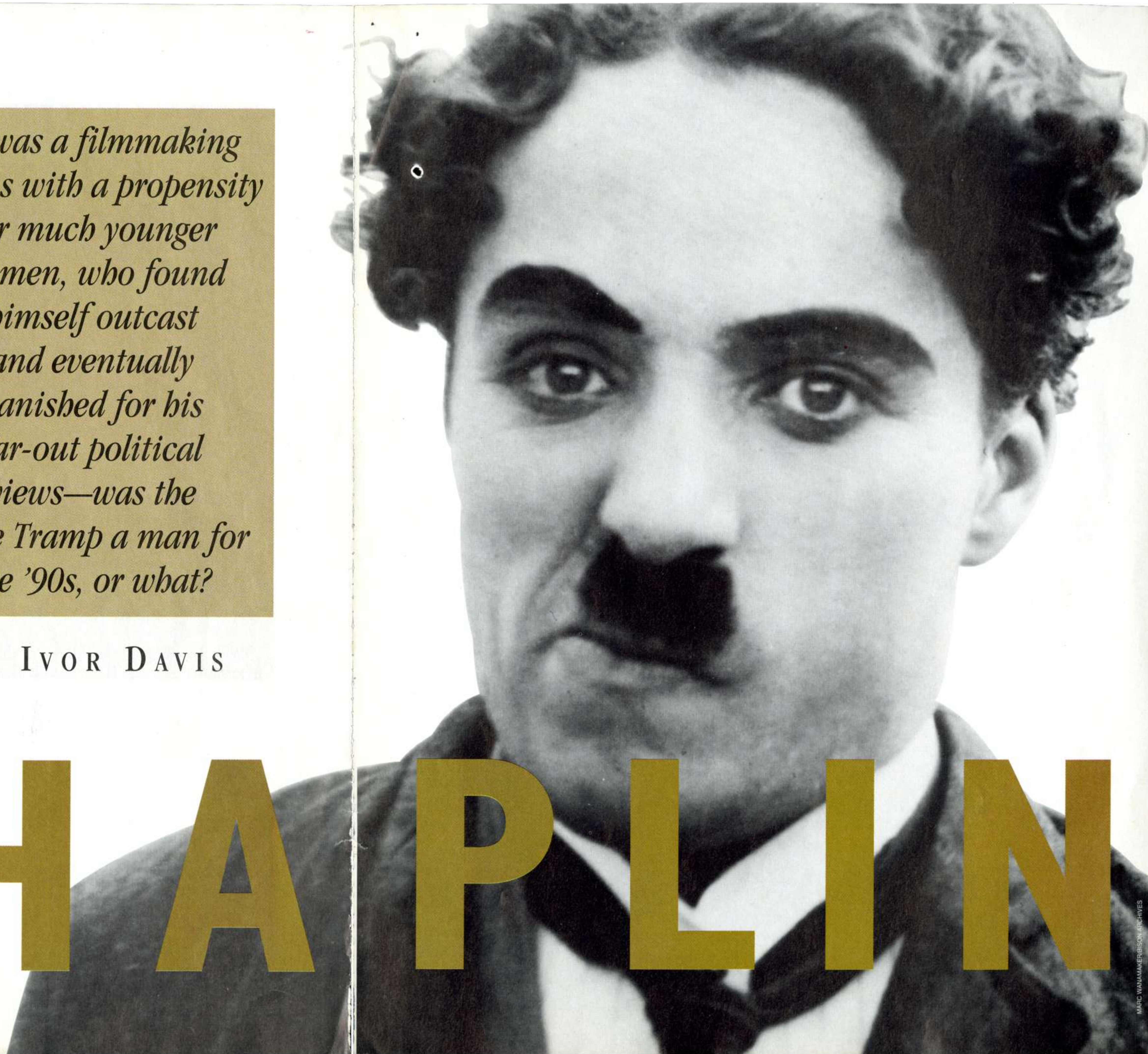


MARC WANAMAKER/BISON ARCHIVES

He was a filmmaking genius with a propensity for much younger women, who found himself outcast and eventually banished for his far-out political views—was the Little Tramp a man for the '90s, or what?

BY IVOR DAVIS

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Late on the afternoon of Monday, April 10, 1972, Emilio Trejo, a waiter at the Beverly Hills Hotel, received an urgent summons to bungalow one. There, for the next hour, he helped a very old gent struggle into his trousers, starched shirt and tuxedo. The old man was frail and carrying too many pounds on a frame as small as a jockey's, and he wasn't very steady on his pins.

Four hours later, the man was wheeled out onto the darkened stage of the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion. The lights went up, and Charlie Chaplin stood and faced the people who had booted him out of town so unceremoniously exactly 20 years earlier.

He was nervous. Would they hate him, as they once had? Would they hiss? Would they throw things?

Why had he come? Not because an Oscar meant beans to him. He'd turned one down years ago. "I don't think it's much of an honor when a small group of people decides I have the best picture," he said at the time. "I want my acclaim from the public."

The group had gotten bigger since then, but Chaplin's views hadn't changed. Sentiment belonged on the screen. His reluctant decision to come back to the country that had humiliated him and sent him into exile was purely a business one. He'd recently sold distribution rights to his films to a New York company for a \$6 million advance against his share of the profits, and making a public appearance in L.A. and New York was good for business. Ever the pragmatist, Chaplin was tickling the golden goose to step up egg production.

As they rose to their feet and stood for minutes cheering, they knew why they were there. It's part of the tradition, the thing Oscar does so well: entice some old movie star or director who's just inches from the grave and hasn't been seen in public for decades to make an appearance, and milk the occasion until there isn't a drop of schmaltz left. But did they really understand that this puffy, pink-faced grandfather, with his watery eyes, snowy hair and quavery voice, had once been a formidable force of nature in this town, the likes of which we'll never see again?

From the stage, you could almost hear Chaplin say, "Hey, not fair. You should have asked me back here when I

"He met Lillita McMurray in a restaurant when she was six. When she was 12, he put the actress under contract and changed her name to Lita Grey. When she was 15 and pregnant, he married her."

still had the strength to take you bastards on. Now that I'm old and feeble—now, you decide to apologize."

They were just evening the odds, Charlie. At your best, it would've been no contest. After all, you were Chaplin, the dynamo who so dominated the movies in your time that you became synonymous with them: the anarchist; the little five-foot-six-inch clown who—we were seriously led to believe—threatened the security of the United States; the seducer of young girls, whose morals, or lack thereof, allegedly sullied the purity of this nation. You were the reprobate who scandalized a generation, the artist whose work has been copied in one way or another by just about every actor since.

In your prime, Charlie, you'd have had them for breakfast.

This Christmas Day—15 years to the day after his death in exile on the shores of Lake Geneva—*Chaplin*, the life story of Charles Spencer Chaplin, directed by Sir Richard Attenborough and starring Robert Downey Jr., opens in L.A., a town that for three crucial decades was joined at the hip with the pioneer filmmaker. Yet this was a story that, even today, studios wanted little to do with.

"Fifteen companies said no," says Attenborough. "Hollywood didn't want to touch the subject, and I don't know why. Perhaps because he was an autocrat, ruthless as far as his work was concerned. As a result, he made a large number of enemies."

More likely, Hollywood's second- and third-generation Perrier-sipping, 25-year-old baby moguls hardly knew who he was, outside of some old guy who made movies you could only see at some art-theater retrospective. What possible relevance could the life of some long-dead silent-screen comic have for the *Melrose Place* crowd?

Well, for starters, he invented the film town that was later to shun him. In 1918, he built his studio in the middle of a citrus field at 1416 N. La Brea, designing a row of half-timbered English cottages that looked about as much at home as a dowager duchess at the Broadway Deli.

He was Ovitz, Spielberg, Silver, Redford, John Williams and Baryshnikov all rolled into one.

He was bedding leading ladies—and

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even marrying some of them—long before Warren Beatty was born. He was turning on 16-year-old starlets before Woody and Roman got their first pair of short pants.

He was providing fodder for the Commies-under-the-bed crowd before Bob Dornan and Pat Buchanan discovered their own toes, before even McCarthy's Red Menace. He was a limousine-liberal before Jane Fonda got her teeth straightened or Brando took off his leather biker jacket.

He was improvising before Robin Williams ever set foot in a comedy club and treating actors like cattle way before Hitchcock. Like Ross Perot, he put his money where his mouth was, financing his own pictures—often to the tune of millions of dollars. He destroyed sets and reshot endings on whims. He told the world he was more popular than Jesus Christ (and he was) years before the Beatles did.

Chaplin had grown up in London, with his music-hall-singer mother, who was in and out of mental homes, and without his entertainer father, who abandoned him and his older half-brother, Sydney, when both were kids. He was brought to Hollywood in 1913, when he was 24, by director Mack Sennett, who had spotted him in English impresario Fred Karno's vaudeville tour of America. Sennett used him in several short movies, but Chaplin decided he wanted to direct and star in his own films. He was an instant smash, soon usurping Sennett as king of the comedy shorts, with films like *The Floorwalker*, *The Fireman*, *The Vagabond* and *Easy Street*. By the end of his second year here, he was earning three quarters of a million dollars (worth 20 times that today). Not bad for a kid with no education and a cockney accent that would make Michael Caine's sound posh.

At 25, he was the most famous man in the world; at 26, a multimillionaire. Yet it took a while for his lifestyle to catch up with his income and reputation. First, he lived in a suite downtown at the Alexandria Hotel, then took up residence at the L.A. Athletic Club. In those days, he still enjoyed hanging out with his crew, heading to Barney Oldfield's saloon after work or to Levy's Cafe for English meat and potatoes or cheese sandwiches.

But his social aspirations began to rise when he met Douglas Fairbanks. After joining Fairbanks, Mary Pickford and D.W. Griffith in the formation of United Artists in 1919, he built an imposing Mediterranean villa on six and a half acres on Summit Drive, above Pickfair and the Harold Lloyd estate. Chaplin called his home California Gothic, and to emphasize the point, he installed a huge pipe organ in the foyer. (He could play it, too.)

The hot ticket became an invitation to tea, crumpets and tennis at Chaplin's place, with greats like Bill Tilden. His old cronies felt cast aside, as Chaplin, the survivor of a poverty-stricken childhood, slowly, inexorably became a Hollywood gent.

And a gent with a bent for the ladies. If you thought Madonna was naughty and Hugh Hefner's mansion a Sodom and Gomorrah, you never visited Chaplin in his villa.

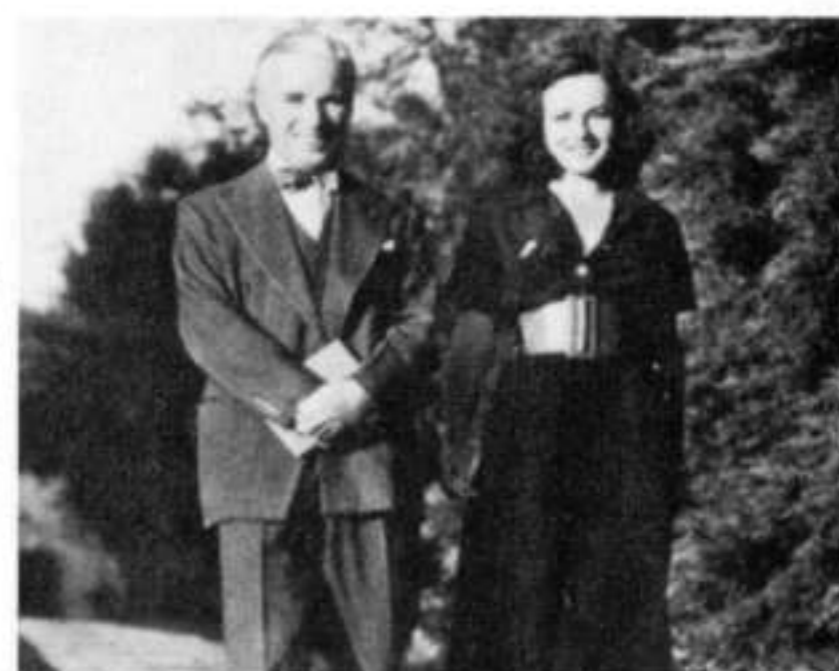
Chaplin biographer David Robinson, on whose book *Chaplin:*

His Life and Art Attenborough's film is partially based, tells of the summer of 1930, when devilish little Spanish surrealist director Luis Buñuel and two of his compatriots came to visit. Chaplin suggested organizing an orgy, presumably as generic an entertainment in Hollywood as the bullfight was where they hailed from. Buñuel said yes, please, so Chaplin had a few glamorous ladies shipped in from Pasadena. The trouble was the orgy never got going, because the ladies got into a cat fight over who would get to bed the handsome host.

But work, not sex, was his real addiction. He was a slave driver. It was rare for him to finish a scene with an actress without her being in floods of tears. And when it came time to get "the Kid," Jackie Coogan, to cry, Chaplin managed it by telling the youngster, "Your



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Chaplin was bedding leading ladies—and even marrying some of them—long before Warren Beatty was born. The Chaplin wives: (Clockwise from top left) Harris, Goddard, O'Neill and Grey.



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parents are leaving, and they'll put you in an orphanage." But he drove himself just as hard. In the book *My Father, Charlie Chaplin*, one of his two sons, Charles Jr.—an alcoholic who died of a heart attack in 1968 at age 42—described him as coming home from the studio so exhausted he often had to be carried into the house.

Everybody wanted a piece of Chaplin. They pushed and shoved and tore and scratched to get close to him. He tried to go see the New York premiere of Fairbanks and Pickford's *The Three Musketeers*, but the crowd manhandled him, tearing off his hat and tie and ripping a chunk from his trousers. Police had to rescue him by passing him over the crowd.

And Chaplin hysteria was not confined to America. On his world tour in 1931 and 1932, following the enormous box-office success of films like *The Gold Rush* (1925), *The Circus* (1927) and

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City Lights (1931), he drew rock star-style crowds. Monarchs, prime ministers, artists—everyone from Gandhi to the Duke and Duchess of York—turned out to sit at his feet.

In this land of opportunity, surely no more complicated an individual ever took the American dream and swallowed it up whole. Charlie could be a monster or a gentleman, an affectionate father or an icy, remote dictator, a concerned humanitarian or an arrogant autocrat. He was a fitness freak who loved his daily tennis but chain-smoked between scenes when he worked. And he could be incredibly cheap.

His second wife, Lita Grey Chaplin, says she virtually had to force him into buying her a wedding ring months after their marriage, complaining she was embarrassed by not having a ring when he took her to Hearst Castle or Pickfair.

Yet he kept his staff on salary between films—something no other studio did—and he supported his first leading lady, Edna Purviance, who was also his mistress, until the end of her days. He saved pencil stubs but didn't turn a hair when his lawyers told him they had settled his tax problems—and he only owed \$1 million.

He was a man of the people, whose accent became grander the richer and older he became. His style was pedantic and pretentious—his autobiography, published in 1966, reads as if it were written by a cross between William F. Buckley and Emily Post.

His Summit Drive home became a cultural watering hole, visited by everyone from H.G. Wells and Orson Welles to Igor Stravinsky, Carl Sandburg and James Barrie, who kept urging him to make a film version of *Peter Pan*. The Ballet Russe danced in his living room, and he danced right along with them.

In the '30s, he began an association with the colony of German intellectuals who had fled Nazism and settled in Santa Monica—Thomas Mann, Bertolt Brecht, Lion Feuchtwanger and other left-wing Europeans. Those associations would later cause him prob-

lems he never dreamed of at the time.

The late Roland "Rollie" Totheroh, his longtime cinematographer, was only one of many who believed Chaplin's intellectual chums were responsible for his giving up the Little Tramp in the '40s and venturing into "significant" films.

"He began to think the Tramp was too lowbrow," recalled Totheroh. "All these clever people were listening to him and admiring his ideas, and now he wanted to be the 'distinguished' Chaplin. He began to lose contact with the man in the street."

He had gone from rags to riches in superswift time, and the resulting culture shock left him ambivalent about wealth and status for most of his life. His models for gracious living were the English rather than the American privileged classes. The rooms on Summit Drive, his sons recall, were always overly warm, the result of big coal fires in every room, and the rug in his suite was threadbare in the English, old-moneyed style.

He dressed in the manner of the Victorian upper classes. He bathed several times a day, dousing himself in Guerlain's *Mitsouko* cologne, which he bought in the jumbo-size bottle at \$500 a pop. That tidy, fastidious little man in his 1947 *Monsieur Verdoux* was who he really was. And he schooled his two young sons in the importance of dignity and manners at all times.

"Life is much more bearable," Charles Jr. recalls him saying, "if we all observe the little amenities."

But it wasn't his manners that got him into trouble. It was his libido—women were his lifelong weakness. There was Pola Negri, to whom he was engaged in the '20s; then there was his relationship with Marion Davies, which later earned him the enmity of his onetime friend, newspaper publisher William Randolph Hearst.

Cameraman Totheroh used to tell the story of a masquerade party on the Hearst yacht, moored in the L.A. Harbor. Chaplin was strolling past Hearst's stateroom, when suddenly the door opened, and Marion pulled him inside and slammed the door.

"Charlie told me they were in there for a while and pretty soon there's a bang on the door, and it's old man Hearst himself. Charlie squeezes out the porthole and stays there hanging on by his fingers like something out of one of his movies."

Totheroh also recalled Chaplin telling him of the time he was invited into the boudoir of evangelist Aimee Semple McPherson while both were in Paris. "She heard he was in town and sent word to him. He went up to her suite, and there she was, ready and waiting in a negligee. He said he was so excited he couldn't perform. 'I've never felt so embarrassed,' Charlie told me."

But when it came to women, Chaplin's preference was jailbait. Most of his lovers weren't old enough to exercise their newly won right to vote. "He was a very sensual, sexual man and crazy about virgins," admits Lita Grey, whom he seduced in the steam room at Summit Drive when she was 15. Now 84, Lita, the only surviving Chaplin wife, says, "He was famous and rich and loved by the entire world, but he had this fetish for unsullied young women."

In 1918, at 29, Chaplin married for the first time. The 17-year-old starlet, Mildred Harris, told him she was pregnant. She wasn't, but they later had a child who lived for only three days. They were divorced in 1920.

He met wife number two, Lillita McMurray, in a Hollywood restaurant when she was just six years old and working as an actress. Six years later he put the 12-year-old under contract and

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changed her name to Lita Grey. When she was 15 and pregnant, he finally married her. The year was 1924, and Chaplin, who at the time was also dallying with Davies and having a secret affair with Thelma Morgan Converse, a sister of Gloria Vanderbilt, found himself dragooned into a shotgun wedding in Guaymas, Mexico, with Lita's attorney uncle wielding the gun.

The teenage bride looked radiant; Chaplin, 35, looked embarrassed. And it was scarcely a love match. Lita recalls: "On our honeymoon, he told me, 'I don't intend to be a husband to you, but marrying you is better than going to the penitentiary.'"

In quick succession, Lita bore two sons: Charles Jr. and Sydney, named after Chaplin's half-brother. But Chaplin had felt trapped into the marriage and made no attempt to make it work.

"When I was pregnant with our second child," says Lita, "I discovered that Charlie had paid off one of the servants and was sleeping with Marion Davies downstairs in his bedroom.

"I have to say he was a destroyer of girls," she adds. "I believe Charlie liked to see a young girl awakened."

Their divorce came in 1927, and it made the Woody and Mia bust-up look like a tiff. The 50-page suit was peddled in paperback to "enquiring minds," and Chaplin was blasted in headlines from coast to coast. Chaplin's lawyer tried to paint Lita—a ninth-generation Californian descended from one of the original land-grant families—as a teenage floozy who'd slept with everybody on the set.

Lita, through her tub-thumping lawyer uncle, alleged that Chaplin had had affairs with "five prominent motion-picture actresses" during the marriage ("Actually, we counted seven," she says, laughing) and that he demanded she gratify his "degenerate sexual desires . . . too revolting, indecent and immoral to set forth in this complaint." Moreover, he had "regularly read her passages from immoral literature, like *Lady Chatterley's Lover*."

"Of course, that was from the perspective of a 16-year-old girl," Lita admits. "And my lawyer got a bit carried away with all that. I feel very differently about it now."

Lita's demands, formulated by her mother and uncle for half of Chaplin's property, added up to a colossal \$16 million. He offered her \$25 a week. By the time the dust settled, she came away with \$625,000 and trust funds of \$100,000 for both boys. Chaplin's legal bill totaled \$1 million, which, by today's standards, beggars the Carson, Lear and Trump settlements by a mile.

His legal woes had held up his film *The Circus* for more than a year, and Chaplin was distraught. The bedroom habits of this intensely proud and emotionally closed-off man were now the stuff of jokes and salacious gossip. His thick black hair turned white overnight. He lapsed into deep melancholia, went without sleep and paraded around his house at night with a shotgun. His Japanese valet, Kono, told Totheroh he'd even prevented his boss from committing suicide when he tried to jump out a window.

But it didn't turn Chaplin off women. Paulette Goddard, a former Ziegfield Girl, kiddingly told him when they first met in 1932: "I'm 21 and much too old for you." She was unusual, too, in the

lexicon of Chaplin women, in that she'd already been married and divorced. But the relationship between the voluptuous actress and Chaplin, then 43, was long—all of six years—maybe even happy by Chaplin's standards. She was the only one of his wives not to try to take him to the cleaners after she became wife number three in Canton, China, in 1936 and appeared in two of his finest movies, *Modern Times* and *The Great Dictator*.



In 1944, Chaplin was indicted for Mann Act violations with Joan Barry. Later, the actress (right, holding her daughter) got him into court again, in a paternity suit; she won, and he ended up paying child support.



By the time he and Goddard were divorced in Mexico in 1942, Chaplin was already involved with a 22-year-old redhead named Joan Barry, another wanna-be. But this one would turn his life into a nightmare.

Coming off of a relationship with future oil billionaire J. Paul Getty, she set her sights on Chaplin. Later diagnosed as schizophrenic, she crashed cars in his driveway and broke into his house late one night, threatening to kill herself.

To get her out of his hair, he gave her \$5,000 so she and her mother could return to New York. Chaplin was at it again, having fallen in love with Oona O'Neill, the 17-year-old daughter of playwright Eugene. But Barry was to have her revenge. On June 4, 1943, she announced she was pregnant—and that Chaplin was the father.

Scoffing at the allegation, Chaplin, in an obviously calculated effort to defuse another explosive scandal, whisked Oona to Santa Barbara just 12 days later and made her wife number four.

Eight months later, the federal government, having talked to Barry, indicted Chaplin for violation of the Mann Act—transporting a woman over state lines for sexual purposes. He was found not guilty. But there was still the paternity suit.

Though blood tests proved conclusively he could not have fathered the child, the California court refused to accept them as evidence, and Chaplin had to endure two lengthy trials.

Even today, Lita, while generally charitable about her ex-husband, believes he may indeed have been the father of the child, a girl. "I know how he operated. He paid off people to alter Charles Jr.'s birth certificate [to make it appear as if he was not conceived out of wedlock], and he was quite capable of having blood tests falsified. I saw that child, and that little girl was a Chaplin." (Others were equally convinced that the real father of the child was J. Paul Getty.)

In court, Barry's lawyer savaged Chaplin mercilessly, calling

him a “little runt of a Svengali,” a “cockney cad” and a “Piccadilly pimp.” In the end, the court ordered him to support the child, Carol Ann, until she reached 21.

Vituperative stories about “the immoral womanizer” were plentiful. *Newsweek* in February 1944 called the case “the biggest public-relations scandal since the Fatty Arbuckle murder trial of 1921” and went on to note that even Hollywood, the town that Chaplin had nurtured from infancy, hated his guts and felt he deserved his comeuppance.

In this poisoned atmosphere, his enemies were building up a case not against Chaplin the degenerate but against Chaplin the red: As early as 1922 (long before the era of J. Edgar Hoover and his notorious files on everyone who was anyone), Chaplin had been monitored by the FBI. Seemingly innocuous activities, such as hosting a reception for top union leaders, began to draw the agency’s suspicions.



In 1972, Chaplin reluctantly returned to Hollywood for the first time in 20 years to accept an Oscar presented to him by the very town that had banished him.

But Chaplin’s problems with the moviegoing public really began in 1936 with *Modern Times*. Made for the then astronomical sum of \$1.5 million, the film was his cri de coeur for the Depression-racked working man in his struggle against the dehumanizing industrial world. Unfortunately, the Russians pounced on the film, lauding it as a sharp satire on the capitalist system. When their remarks hit U.S. newspapers, it did Chaplin irreparable harm.

Then came his brilliant satire on Hitler and Mussolini, *The Great Dictator*, which began filming in 1939 three days after Britain and France declared war on Germany. The film made him Public Enemy no. 1 with the isolationist right wing in America, because it was, arguably, the most effective piece of anti-Nazi propaganda of the period. “I am a clown,” said Chaplin, “and

what can I do that is more effective than to laugh at these fellows who are putting humanity to the goose step?”

Chaplin made the film—the story of a Jewish barber who is mistaken for Adenoid Hinkle, the Nazi dictator—partly out of his feelings for his Jewish girlfriend at the time, Goddard, and partly for his half-brother, whose father was Jewish. Contrary to the opinion of many—including the FBI, which believed he came from a family called Thonstein—Chaplin himself was not a Jew. But after *The Great Dictator*, no one would believe it.

He might have weathered the flak, but then he went one step too far—he began his perhaps too-vocal support for our allies on the Second Front. When the war ended, his words would come back to haunt him. “Communism happens to be what the Russians are fighting for,” he said, “and from the way they are fighting, they must like it pretty well. I am not a Communist, but I feel pretty pro-Communist.”

In May 1942, he addressed a rally for Russian war relief in San Francisco, greeting the audience of about 10,000 with “Dear comrades.”

And in the growing chill following the war, the whispering began in earnest: Chaplin was a “fellow traveler.” Columnist Hedda Hopper, a longtime Chaplin foe, fed handouts by the FBI, sneered that the actor had contributed \$25,000 to the Communist cause and only \$100 to the Red Cross.

Ed Sullivan—pre “really big shew” and at the time a right-wing gossip columnist—charged that the Russian consulate in Los Angeles had a plane standing by to fly Chaplin and Oona to Moscow in the event that he lost his Mann Act trial. Stalin, he said, was a great Chaplin fan, and enticing the movie icon to live in Russia would have added greatly to his prestige.

By the late ’40s, the FBI’s file on Chaplin bulged with 1,900 pages of mostly useless, sometimes ludicrous information. For example, one WWII soldier who was arrested on security charges admitted, “Sure I’m a Communist—so is Charlie Chaplin.” Proof-positive, indeed.

As the anti-Chaplin movement gained strength, Chaplin and Oona became increasingly isolated. “When things began to get hairy in the McCarthy period,” says Diana Hawkins, who produced the upcoming *Chaplin* and did the original treatment for the movie, “people didn’t go to his home. He was ostracized. It was part of the hysteria. He was tainted. It was the AIDS of the time, the naming-names syndrome.”

Finally, it didn’t help that Chaplin had never applied for American citizenship, which, in certain circles, made him suspect even though he had answered his critics reasonably. “If you, as an American, were living in England,” he told one detractor, “earning your living there, even if you lived there for years, would you care to renounce your U.S. citizenship? Well, that’s how I feel about England.”

But it was Chaplin’s mouth—and his movies—that were his greatest enemies. Like many of his countrymen, he had an acerbic tongue and a stubbornness that stopped him from playing a safe PR game. He chose, for instance, to follow his morals trials with his first completely talking picture, *Monsieur Verdoux*,

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about a French bluebeard who romances unsuspecting rich women and then murders them for their money to keep his child and crippled wife in funds.

Audiences began to wonder which one was the real Chaplin. They were expecting the old pratfall Charlie; instead, they got a sophisticated black comedy—years ahead of its time—that tried to moralize that small murders were nothing compared with the larger crimes of the military-industrial complex (long before the term had been coined). They weren't ready for it, and they simply didn't think it was funny.

And when the witch-hunters came after him, Chaplin didn't go meekly. The House Subcommittee on Un-American Activities threatened him with a subpoena, so he invited the entire committee to the Washington premiere of *Monsieur Verdoux*.

"It is against war and the futile slaughter of our youth," he wrote. "I trust you will find its human message distasteful . . ."

The combination of moral and political crimes, real and imagined, solidified Chaplin's fate. Certain congressmen began a concentrated attack on him, one demanding that the attorney general bring deportation proceedings against him, noting, "His very life in Hollywood is detrimental to the moral fabric of America."

The feds didn't dare do so because of his fame around the world, but when he left on a trip to Europe in 1952 to open *Limelight* in London and Paris and took his entire family with him, they saw their chance. In mid-ocean, he got the news: The State Department had revoked his reentry permit. To have it returned, Chaplin would have to submit to questions about his moral and political activities. He told them in effect what they could do with their permit and turned it in to the American embassy in Switzerland.

His 20 years of exile produced eight more children and not much else of artistic merit. The already completed *Limelight*, which tried to introduce a philosophical Chaplin, was maudlin, dripping with sentimentality and downright Victorian. *A King in New York* (1957), made in London, was even worse. And the less said about *The Countess from Hong Kong* (1967), with Marlon Brando and Sophia Loren—from a story Chaplin had originally hoped to make with Paulette Goddard in the '30s—the better.

He may have been content living by his

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Swiss lake, though Charles Jr. said in his book it was so boring at the Manoir de Ban at Corsier that they couldn't bear to visit for more than a few days.

Ironically, once ensconced in Europe, Chaplin eschewed politics. Protection of his assets was his new ideology, and in that he was as sophisticated as any Zurich gnome. The anticapitalist Little Tramp had turned into a conglomerate. His two Swiss-based companies, Roy Export and Bubbles, handled his estate, which at the time of his death was—for public consumption at least—valued very conservatively at \$40 million.

To this day, nothing with the Chaplin name or image escapes their eagle eye—after his death in 1977, Roy Export successfully sued CBS News for using clips from his films in his obituary and charged IBM \$25 million a year for use of the Little Tramp's image.

Little known to his town of admirers, it was the consummate capitalist, the ruler of the bottom line, who returned to the adulation and guilt-purging of the then politicized and socially conscious Hollywood. In her recent book, *Among the Porcupines*, Carol Matthau, a girlhood friend of Oona Chaplin, describes the scene at the Governor's Ball following the 1972 Oscars.

As a Who's Who of Hollywood showed up for a brief audience with Chaplin after the ceremonies—where Jane Fonda and the rest of the radical-chic Hollywood set had fawned over him—Oona sat next to her husband, whispering the names of the supplicants into Charlie's ear so he could smile and acknowledge them. Until they were approached by one man at the end of the line.

"I saw Charlie's face sour," writes Matthau. "He refused to even look at the man."

"It's Jackie Coogan," Oona whispered several times, trying to help Chaplin remember his middle-aged *Kid* costar.

Finally, Chaplin turned imperiously to his wife. He knew perfectly well it was Coogan, but he wasn't about to make a big fuss.

"All he wants is residuals," snapped the Little Tramp. ■

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