



Born in **1947**

by Mary Campbell



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Cover photo: John Campbell, Nancy (Pipi) Campbell, Doug Pillsbury, Mary Campbell, 1952

Born in 1947

About a year ago, I was sitting in church, taking notes on Winston's sermon as usual, so that I can argue with him later, when Winston said something that started me thinking, and I haven't stopped, if you don't count the time I let some police officers into the church at 3 a.m. without asking to see their badges. (I am the church's "caretaker.")

"How did you come to be where you are right now?" he (Winston) asked.

Well, in my case it was just a matter of walking up a few flights of stairs, whereas virtually everyone else had



ANDREAS FJÖRNINGER
"Texas Gas Station on Route 66, 1947"

The **NY** Public Library

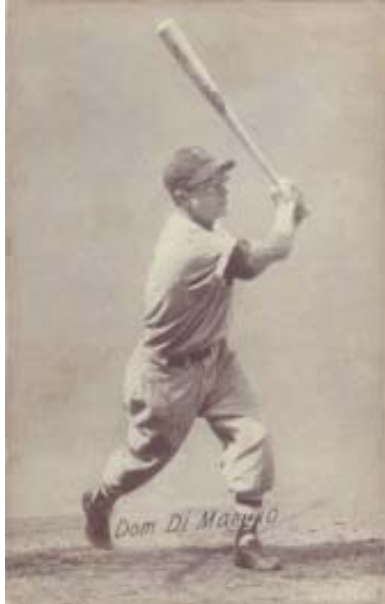


arrived in an automobile. But as to why I was in *this* church, at *that* moment, I really couldn't say. Chance meetings, lucky breaks, a little planning, a lot of going with the flow. Having had the excellent fortune to be born in Omaha in 1947 to Dan and Melba Campbell. Going to Dundee Elementary and Central High schools. Living and working here and there. Marrying *this* person and *that* person and *almost* marrying *those* persons. Being the mom of Marian, Jack, and Eli; sister of John and Pipi; aunt of Paige and Chris. Going to Stanford as a freshman instead of Rocky Mountain College (my original first choice). Majoring in English lit instead of aeronautical engineering (my original seventeenth choice)....

And of course the music I listened to, the books I read, my preference for playing the piano to collecting butterflies or shoplifting... all these things have led in ways I can't even imagine to my being where I am at any given moment.

Even one little choice made differently might have landed me somewhere else. Here's a small example out of dozens I can think of:

In 1975 I was one of several University of Nebraska at Omaha employees who "volunteered" to work at President



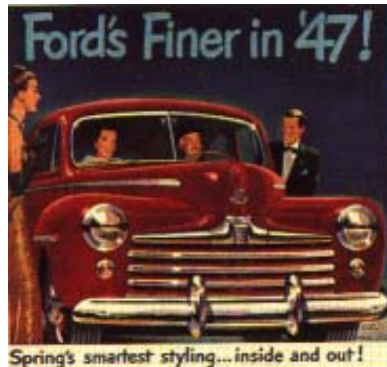
Ford's Town Meeting, which sounds like spontaneous chit-chat but was in fact a microscopically orchestrated production held at what was then the downtown Hilton Hotel. At the event, I was given the choice of "working the floor" or staffing the office on the seventh story. I chose the office, which is where I ran into Cindy Hadsell, whom I had known since grade school and who graduated from Central High School in 1966, in the class behind mine.

I had dinner that evening with Cindy, Jeff Eves (CHS '65, a member of the White House staff), and Jeff's "colleague," Wayne Valis, who had never been in Omaha before. One thing led to another. Within three months, Marian and I had moved to northern Virginia and I had started a job with the Council on Wage and Price Stability, in the *Executive Office of the President*, in Washington, DC. (No, I never *met* the president, but I *was* almost flattened by one of Nelson Rockefeller's bodyguards because I was standing too close to the elevator from which the vice president was alighting.

Going back a little farther... I wouldn't have been working at UNO in the first place if it hadn't been for the sainted Elaine Bly (CHS '65), who had a lovely job there and thought I should have one too.

What Things Cost in 1947

Car: \$1,500
Gasoline: 23 cents/gal
House: \$13,000
Bread: 12 cents/loaf
Milk: 80 cents/gal
Postage Stamp: 3 cents
Stock Market: 181
Average Salary: \$3,500
Minimum Wage: 40 cents/hour



Which brings me to my point. If I think about the course of my life in any kind of reflective way, it occurs to me that the key influencers of that course, outside of my immediately family, have been... other people who were born in 1947! Or close enough not to matter!

So this little book is for you, my treasured, amazing sixty-year-old friends. Some of you I have known since before I can remember. Others became friends in high school or college. But if you are receiving this book it is because you have affected me profoundly and positively. I hope that I have likewise enriched your life in some way, that we will always be friends and never lose touch, that you may have health and happiness... and that if you ever feel utterly alone, as I have from time to time, you will know that the Creator who gave us to each other is still on duty and hasn't stopped giving.

Although He or She will have His or Her little joke from time to time....

With love...

Mary



The Decade of Richard Gere

Too few people, when cleaning house, use their feet to best advantage. Parents — if you have small children and if your carpeting, for whatever reason (probably the Law of Perverse Resilience, according to which an object is durable in inverse proportion to its attractiveness), is a brownish-black shag — here’s a helpful hint: Bare feet are ideal for locating embedded raisins as well as objects that look like raisins but probably are cat detritus. Also bits of Play-Doh after the original colors are all mixed together.¹ These things should have warning labels: “Invisible when deposited on brownish-black shag carpeting; also vacuum-cleaner-resistant.”

Do not attempt to vacuum your cat. I tried this with our first cat, Melba, as a one-step detritus-and-shedding-prevention measure. What with the ensuing tetanus shot and stitches, it would have been more efficient to remove each individual cat hair from furniture and clothing with

¹ Do you think that all those people at the Play-Doh factory are just being pathetically optimistic when they package the yellow Play-Doh in the container with the yellow lid, the blue Play-Doh in the container with the blue lid, and the bubble-gum-pink Play-Doh in the container with the pink lid? Does Play-Doh hire only people who have never had children? Who have never *been* children? How can they possibly *not know* that when a child opens a container of Play-Doh the very first thing he or she does is run it through that little Play-Doh meat-grinder thing with all the other colors so that it comes out a sort of Sludge Gray, ideal if the child is using the Play-Doh to construct a sewer.



tweezers.

* * *

1987 — It was the barefoot-exploratory housekeeping method, a few weeks after my fortieth birthday, that notified me that my arches had fallen — my right arch, to be precise. I was walking barefoot on the living-room carpet and stopped to pull what felt like a small piece of tape off the bottom of my foot. Back then I could still stand on one foot and examine the other one for tape. I did this three or four times — though the patch of skin being scrutinized was the size of a postage stamp — until it dawned on me that what I was feeling was not *tape* but *rug*.

I am positive that when I left the kitchen I still had a lovely little arch, high enough to soar above the shag. Evidently, on my way through the dining room, it (my arch, not the dining room) collapsed like the Bridge on the River Kwai (only with a lot less noise, no orchestra, no carnage, no Alec Guinness, and no one muttering, “Madness. Madness.” That would come later).

* * *

1997 — On a bleak winter afternoon, when I was fifty and one-tenth years old, I was walking down a long flight of

stairs and searching my pockets for crinkling cellophane candy wrappers. It had become a habit: Walk down a flight of stairs, search my person for crinkling candy wrappers. It seemed that every item of clothing I owned had a candy wrapper concealed somewhere. I couldn't recall eating any candy, but I hadn't placed much stock in my memory since the time I spent an hour and two hundred dollars in the supermarket and then couldn't find my car, because it was at home, because I had ridden my bike to the drug store to buy dental floss and had only wandered into the supermarket by accident.

Meanwhile, nobody warns

Chondromalacia patella (runner's knee)



you — as, wantonly, recklessly, without thought for your loved ones, you persist in walking, strolling, humming, blinking, and the like — about the damage you are inflicting on the cartilage in one or the other or both of your knees, until that cartilage, which has never asked for a vacation or even a coffee break, tells you in no uncertain terms, via crackling noises, that its shift is over.



So I have come to think of Important Birthdays² as “seams.” Don’t believe anyone who says that being fifty years old is just one day different from being forty-nine and three hundred and sixty-four three-hundred-and-sixty-fifths. That person is in denial. That person probably still wears eye shadow that matches his or her purse and shoes.

* * *

2007 — I will be sixty years old next month. If experience is any indication, the transition from fifty-nine to sixty will not be seamless. There will be a seam, depend upon it. On this side, you are middle-aged. On the other side, you are elderly. In the middle is the Tsangpo River Gorge.

I think of it (turning sixty, not the Tsangpo River Gorge) as a large, double-reinforced, bumpy seam, like on Levi’s. When you’re wearing Levi’s, the seam is an unequivocal demarcation between the front of you and the back of you. Nobody ever puts their Levi’s on backwards — not just because of the seams, of course. It would require a lot of effort or a blood-alcohol concentration of .35 percent

2 An *important birthday* is one that ends with “-0th.”



(often fatal) to put your Levi's on backwards. You would notice. Levi's are anatomically correct. The back is *your-butt-shaped* and the front has a fly with buttons or a zipper, depending on whether they're 501s or 505s. (We Vanguard Boomer girls grew up wearing boys' Levi's, and we don't intend to change our ways. It's well documented that many psychological problems among the women of my generation were a direct result of their mothers' forcing them to wear "girls' jeans" with elasticized waists and side zippers.)

The only thing wrong, really, with the Levi's seam is that it causes discomfort when you are trying to sleep on your side. By contrast, it's comfortable to sleep in pajamas, which you resort to when all your Levi's are in the laundry or are folded neatly in your drawer, which is as unfamiliar to them as Addis Ababa. Let's face it, laundry and drawers are to Levi's as cages are to skylarks. The natural habitat of Levi's, when not being worn, is the floor.

The thing about washing Levi's is that afterward you have to get reacquainted. Your *New! Improved!* laundry soap has a *Revolutionary!* Anatomical Memory Eraser. When you put on a clean pair of Levi's, you have to remind

See the U.S.A. in your Chevrolet.
America is asking you to call.
Drive your Chevrolet through the U.S.A.
America's the greatest land of all.

On a highway or a road along a levee:
Performance is sweeter, nothing can beat 'er.
Life is completer in a Chevy.
So make a date today to see the U.S.A.,
and see it in your Chevrolet.

Travelin' east or travelin' west,
wherever you go, Chevy service is best.
Southward or north, near place or far, there's
a Chevrolet dealer for your Chevrolet car.

See the U.S.A. in your Chevrolet.
The Rockies way out west are calling you.
Drive your Chevrolet through the U.S.A.,
where waving fields of wheat pass in review.

Whether trav'ling light or
with a load that's heavy:
Performance is sweeter, nothing can beat 'er.
Life is completer in a Chevy.
So make a date today to see the U.S.A.
and see it in your Chevrolet.



"Life is completer in a Chevy"



them, by wiggling around in your characteristic manner until they can no longer pretend not to recognize you, that they are yours, like your dog who's been in the kennel for a month while you were off seeing the USA in your Chevrolet, which is something I fully intend to do, except without the dog and the Chevrolet. I would never put a dog in a kennel.

This time around, birthdaywise, I won't be caught off guard, because I'm taking charge. I plan to sew my own Big-Six-Oh seam, and the first — no, actually, the second — stitch in that seam will be to see the USA on my Harley. The first stitch will be to refuse to wear, ever again, in public, anything except Levi's plus Levi's-compatible attire, such as T-shirts and sandals. When you see a wedding party merrily bubbling out of a church, and the men are wearing tuxedos and the women are wearing frothy gowns except for One woman, who has on Levi's and a frothy T-shirt, that One will be me. Even if I am the bride.



Custom Harley-Davidson bikini
gas cap, \$125

Also compatible with Levi's are bikini tops, especially on a Harley.

Let me put that another way: A bikini top goes well with Levi's if the person wearing it while riding a Harley is someone, almost anyone, other than me. I look great in Levi's. In a bikini top, the Harley is more alluring.

You have to travel light on a Harley: a couple of T-shirts, two pairs of Levi's (one to wear, one to throw on the floor), underwear, toothbrush, compact telecommunication/computing/photographing device *du jour*, bikini top at the ready in case there's Trouble — that should about do it.

Maybe I should take some type of pet so I can write a book about my adventures with a title like *Travels with Charley*. It would have to be a small, low-maintenance pet, and nonallergenic, out of consideration for the friends and relatives I plan to stay with. I actually know two people who own boa constrictors, but I don't think they take them on trips.

Just the other day I interviewed a guy who never goes anywhere without Maxine, his tarantula. We were in his apartment, and Maxine was "resting," he assured me, "in her room." As pets, he told me gravely, "tarantulas aren't



Maxine

for everyone. They're very fragile." He looked at me carefully, as if trying to determine whether I were the type of person who would want to roughhouse with her tarantula. Finally he suggested I purchase some type of rodent. "I think you're a pocket-degu gal," he said. I smiled uncertainly, not sure whether he was paying me a compliment or whether a pocket degu is something that deposits brain-penetrating larvae in your nostrils while you're asleep.

* * *

For the third stitch, I'm thinking of getting an eyelid pierced and making everyone start calling me "Reymundo," or just "Mundo." One name, like "Sting." Or maybe not even an entire syllable. Just "Mmm." Or I could have a note, like B flat. Imagine a hospital paging system if all the doctors had notes instead of names. It would sound like a Charles Ives concert.

I will not be one of those sixty-year-old women who make Drastic Hairstyle Changes. These are women who have looked great, for their age, in a chic strawberry-blond-streaked-with-subtle-gold-nuances chin-length curly do,



and then, when they're sixty years and nine days old, you see them lunching at El Charro and they've got this retro Patti Labelle thing going on that resembles a fountain of lava erupting out of their head, which was perfect for Patti back in 1987, but if you're Patti Labelle you can do anything you want, in my book. (Anyway, the El Charro lunch ladies are, beneath the lava, more Patti Page than Patti Labelle.)

It was Patti Labelle, my hero, my idol, who gave me the idea, in master-planning my sixty-year-transition seam, of drawing on the wisdom of popular music originated by Female Vocalists Who Are Older Than I Am. I don't mean that Patti herself, in person or on the phone, gave me the idea, I should be so lucky.

(My sister, Pipi, knows Patti Labelle. Let me put that another way: My sister *was once mortally embarrassed in the presence of Patti Labelle*. A number of years ago, Pipi and her family, including her mother- and father-in-law, Helen and Dick, were dining in some swank Kansas City hotel when Patti made an entrance. My sister said, quietly, to the assembled family, "Patti Labelle just walked in." Helen, thrilled but not, unfortunately, beyond words, bellowed to Dick, who was hard of hearing, "Look, Dick! It's *Patti O'Dell!*" "Who?"



Dick bellowed back. “*Patti O’Dell!*” Helen screeched, an octave higher and eighty decibels louder, in tones Patti might have envied, were she a lesser person. “PAT-ti O-DELL!”)

No, I got the “wisdom of popular music” idea indirectly, from Patti’s energetic in-your-face song “New Attitude” — not so much the “ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh, oohs,” but the part where she sings, “I’m feelin’ good from my head to my shoes. Know where I’m goin’ and I know what to do. I tidied up my point of view. I got a new attitude.” Which is the whole point: I don’t. That’s what I’m working on, stitch by stitch. Tidying up my point of view.

My research on popular music originated by Female Vocalists Who Are Older Than I Am was fun and fruitful. There’s sturdy material in Bonnie Raitt’s “Let’s Give ‘Em Something to Talk About.” My children would rather I didn’t. They think it’s “outrageous” that I sometimes ride a scooter (the left-leg-powered kind with two wheels that we all had when we were four or five, finding our center of gravity preparatory to riding a bicycle) to the convenience store. My children haven’t forgiven me for showing up at their school “spring holiday” party when I was a room mother, wearing a pink velour sweatsuit with a big cotton ball Velcroed to the butt. I think I actually heard my older



son muttering, “Madness. Madness.”

They can mutter all they want. Now, as then, if my choice is being ridiculous or being inconspicuous, ridiculous wins hands down.

(The category “Female Vocalists Who Are Older Than I Am” doesn’t, technically, include Bonnie Raitt, who was born in 1949, when I was already wearing big-girl under-pants.)

It is important, in research, to stay focused. Every topic is part of a web, and you have to be careful which strands you follow. In college, when I took the Shakespeare class that was required for my major, I was assigned to write ten pages on *Richard III*. My research was so diligent and thorough that I handed in twenty-seven pages on Mary, Queen of Scots.

In much the same way was I beguiled, in my Female-Vocalist research, by the song “Letting Go,” by country singer Suzy Bogguss, who, technically, is nine years younger than I am, which should have been a red flag. Suzy Bogguss has a voice like sweet-clover honey, but every time I hear “Letting Go” I have to pull over (the



radio station makes sure I am going seventy-five miles per hour on the freeway before they play “Letting Go”) and sob.

Superficially this is a beautiful, bittersweet song about a mom whose daughter is leaving home for college (I always assumed she was going to college; she may have been going Up the River or into the nunnery or the Marines), but the subtext, and you can take this to the bank, is that the mother’s life is going to be as much fun as a colonoscopy from here on out. Suzy sings, like a slow river lapping at reeds along marshy banks, about how Mom, in her empty nest, can get some reading and gardening done, and she’ll be sad, but life goes on.

Suzy doesn’t, in so many words, allude to the fact that Mom closes and weatherstrips her absent daughter’s bedroom door and then, because the fragrance of dried prom corsages and hairspray and vintage daughter can apparently penetrate solid oak, she avoids the door altogether, sleeping in the bathtub if necessary.

If she must go past the door — and I can’t imagine why she would unless her remaining children, two very naughty boys, have, let’s say, pulled the garden hose



through the living room, up the stairs, and into the bedroom of the younger boy, from whose window they are using the hose to saturate the neighbors' deck, upon which the neighbors are attempting to host a barbecue — if, as I say, it is impossible for her to completely avoid the daughter's door, she detours around it as if it's emitting little bursts of anthrax, and she will never, ever open the door for any reason, not if George Clooney is naked on the other side, not if Richard Gere, looking just as he did in *The Runaway Bride*, with that wry, quirky, unexpected smile that makes his eyes crinkle.... Oh, dear. Where was I? Seem to be feeling a bit lightheaded. Must be having a hypoglycemic episode. Perhaps a little snack.... Well, what do you know! Looky here! *The Runaway Bride* on DVD!

* * *

Doubling back on the "Letting Go" strand, my investigation led me to singer-songwriter Mary Chapin Carpenter, who is eleven years and one month younger than I am, but the population of female vocalists who are older than I am had shrunk alarmingly since I began my research, and besides, Mary Chapin is wise beyond her years. Her



song “Why Walk When You Can Fly?” is ideal seam material, especially when you consider that flying (in the ethereal sense) is practically synonymous with Levi’s and Levi wearers. Torn, worn, stained, or washed in hot water with brand-new red bath towels, you can *always* fly.

Male Vocalists Who Are Older Than I Am did not, by and large, fit my research pattern. They don’t know a thing about sewing a seam, and they are, for the most part, dead. Male singers tend to die at much higher rates than female singers. Many of them succumbed during what I refer to as the Era of Impossible Food, characterized by bands with names like Strawberry Alarm Clock and Moby Grape, songs with names like “Octopus’s Garden” and “Pigs on the Wing [1 and 2],” and books with names like *In Watermelon Sugar* and *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*. During that era my aesthetic tastes veered sharply north-northeastward, toward books with names like *Kenilworth* and bands with names like the Academy of Saint Martin in the Fields.

I did, however, pick up some useful material from Kingston Trio songs, particularly “Scotch and Soda” and



“With Her Head Tucked Underneath Her Arm.” But any hopes I had for inspiration from Hank Williams were dashed when I discovered that he wore Wranglers. And the Levi’s-wearing men whose music I glanced at tended to be lyric-impaired. You have to go back to Ira Gershwin to find any substance in masculine lyrics, or perhaps I am simply out of touch. I read *In Watermelon Sugar* all the way through, and the only thing I remember is that everything was an odd color, so it might be that I lack the refined sensibilities to perceive subtlety and nuance in songs such as...

- “Layla” (Eric Clapton): “Layla. Layla. Layla. Layla. [indecipherable] Layla. Layla...”
- “Peggy Sue” (Buddy Holly): “Peggy Sue. Peggy Sue. Pret-ty, pret-ty, pret-ty, pret-ty Peggy Sue. Oh, Pe-eg-gy; my Peggy Sue-ooh-ooh, ooh, ooh-ooh-ooh ooh, ooh. Oh, I need you, girl, and I want you, Peggy Sue...”
- “La Bamba” (Ritchie Valens).

I’ll be honest: “La Bamba” is my all-time favorite song — the Ritchie Valens version, *not* the Los Lobos version or the Yum!Yum!ORANGE version. The lyrics have never been a factor, because they are in Spanish and thus, by



definition, exotic. Judging by the lyrics to “Donna,” Ritchie Valens’s other monster hit — released before his short career was cut shorter as a result of dying in the plane crash that also killed Buddy Holly — Valens was no Ira Gershwin: “Oh, Donna. Oh, Donna. Oh, Donna. Oh, Donna. I had a girl. Donna was her name....”

But Ritchie Valens can take neither the credit nor the blame for the “La Bamba” lyrics, it turns out, because “La Bamba” is a three-hundred-year-old Mexican folk song. I wanted to know what a *Bamba* was, but apparently there’s no equivalent in English. The closest Spanish word to *Bamba* is *bambú* (“bamboo”), which, if you substituted it for *Bamba*, would make the song, if anything, *less* silly. Basically, Valens is singing about a dance, the Bamba, which either is a funny dance or is not to be attempted unless you, yourself, are a humorous, practical-joker type, plus you have to have speed and height, which [antecedent unclear] “I’ll be [be what? Speedy? High?] for you. I’m not a sailor. I’m not a sailor. I’m captain. I’m captain. Damn your eyes, I’m captain.”

If you are expecting a rebuttal here — “No, *I’m* captain” — you will be disappointed. The other shoe, in “La Bamba,” never drops. Wikipedia claims that the song’s message has to do with a groom’s promise to be faithful to his bride, fidelity



being (according to Wikipedia) a virtue practiced by captains but not sailors, which shows how much Wikipedia knows about the privileges of rank.

I picked up a few sturdy threads from country singers Garth Brooks (“Friends in Low Places”) and Randy Travis (“A Better Class of Loser”), however. Both had huge hit songs extolling the virtues of broadening one’s social circle to include non-snooty types who not only drink domestic beer but sometimes prefer it. (You offer them Harp or Pilsener Urquell and they say, “You got any KMart? You don’t? Okay, I’ll have a, whadda-ya-callit, Harp. You got any ketchup?”)

* * *

My birthday is five weeks away, and the only seam in evidence is the deepening one across my forehead. The lines on my jowls cannot really be described as seams, unless by *seam* you mean “wrinkle: a depression in the smoothness of a surface,” but that’s a bogus definition made up by someone at Princeton, probably a graduate student doing research on monoclonal T-cell expansions.

Not that I have researched in vain. I have learned that Richard Gere’s eyes are “deep brown,” or not, “depend-



ing on the emotion inside, and sometimes there's a wonderful, excruciatingly tender and often serene smile in those eyes." This according to a blogger who goes by "Myrrh,"³ and she recommends (not to me specifically, but to the world at large), that you "get your hands on *Looking for Mr. Goodbar*, set your VCR counter to 0000, fast forward to about 3520, and watch until about 3760. If you're still able to breathe, fast forward to about 4130 and watch till about 4350."

This is not a mere diversion. There are Life Lessons here:

- *Aging.* "Old" is not necessarily "irrelevant." What if you hadn't kept your VCR?
- *Fitness.* Swimming and bicycling are fine for cardiovascular health, but it's just as important to keep your libido in good working order. You might actually need it someday.
- *History.* Levi Strauss, presciently, invented Levi's for the express purpose of being worn by Richard Gere in *Looking for Mr. Goodbar*.



³ <http://www.milams.com/gererelect.htm#physical>, accessed 9/18/2007



And that's only one movie. The man has made dozens. With these and a couple hundred websites, footnotes, hyperlinks, and actual *books* to peruse, I believe that for the next ten years my dance card is full. If you call me on the phone, you will hear Carl Castle's recorded message on my answering machine: "Mundo is sorry she missed your call. She's in *Chicago*. Please call back in 2017."

My sixties, it seems, are sewn up.

* * *

Author's note — Some of you are no doubt thinking, "Doesn't this woman have a *life*?" You are picturing me chain-smoking in a dingy room lit only by the garish flickering of the television and the red-hot tip of an unfiltered Camel. In your imagination, I have thoroughly memorized *Pretty Woman* and I mutter along with Julia Roberts, or moan, when the situation calls for it, as in the scene by the— no, *on* the piano, in the hotel lobby....

You are making at least three assumptions that do me no justice:

1. That I smoke Camels. Once, and only once, have I smoked a Camel. It left me wondering why people who smoke Camels go to the trouble of buying cigarettes



(a) with Diane Keaton, Looking for Mr. Goodbar (b) with Debra Winger, An Officer and a Gentleman (c) with Julia Roberts, Pretty Woman

when they could more conveniently and satisfyingly apply a blowtorch to their lungs.

2. That I have memorized *every line* of *Pretty Woman*. There's that bit at the polo match, where Julia Roberts is stunning in a brown-and-white polka-dot dress and that darling wide-brimmed hat, and the odious and appalling Jason Alexander finds out who Julia "really is" and crudely propositions her. I can't remember whether he calls her "Honey" right then, or just "Ho'."
3. That any plan I have ever made in my entire life has conformed to the original intent. (Think *Richard III*.) No, a plan is just a starting place, like GO in Monopoly. I mean, you can't just begin any-old-where, like the Water Works. You start at GO, you throw the dice, you follow the rules (the *real* rules plus the ones you make up), and after that it's a huge, delightful, scary adventure. You don't know where you'll end up. Maybe St. James Place. Hey! How'd I land in the Conservatory™? Oh, wow! I'm board-gamehopping! There's Colonel Mustard™, reading the Newspaper™ under the Ficus™. Dear me, he brought the Rope™. And Professor Plum™. Uh-oh, the professor has the S&M Torture Device™.



Richard

Richard Gere would probably just stick his hand out as for a regular, traditional handshake, finding no reason to conform to ephemeral trends. Why should he? He's a movie star.

What a guy....



Me

(Approximately)

(After major cosmetic surgical procedure)

I think it could work....

Why does HE just keep getting better looking and I keep getting replacement teeth? Is this fair?