

# the daily friday magazine

Journalists, Writers, Editors, Photographers, and other Journalists

Friday, May 6, 1998



A majestic oak overlooks the vineyard of Sanford Winery, which actively supports organic farming and native tree preservation.

With its great green valleys and soil of plenty, the Central Coast is a bountiful realm for making wine and making public policy. Indeed, many local vintners dip their glasses in both wine barrels and pork barrels, and naturally so — money and politics go together, and the wine industry involves a helluva lot of money.

What's notable about the Santa Barbara blend of grapes and government is the wide spectrum of political leanings that comes down the vine. Rather than a block of conservative fief-holders or liberal farmers, the Central Coast is home to winemakers of all ideologies, and it stands to reason that their different approaches toward public administration could indicate different approaches toward fruity fermentation.

With an open mind and an eager liver, the *daily friday's* Nick Robertson explored the Santa Ynez Valley's most politically active wineries, along with photographer/designated driver Morgan Ball.

**Firestone Vineyard**  
5017 Zaca Stn. Rd., Los Olivos  
(805) 688-3940

#### The Politics:

When he's not in Sacramento, our own 35th District state Assemblyman Brooks Firestone spends his days in the rich soil of his Los Olivos vineyard. His brand of

## POLITICAL Winning

Come along on a tour of Santa Barbara County's most politically active wineries, and find out if their politics create sour grapes

moderate Republicanism is popular amongst his constituents, but not popular enough to give him the federal congressional seat that he coveted earlier this year after Rep. Walter Capps passed away while in office.

During that race, the national GOP leaders chewed Brooks up and spat him out when his pro-choice leanings alienated him from the hardcore North County republicans. Since that race, Firestone has announced that he would not be seeking re-election to his Assembly seat, although rumors abound that he may someday dance again in the political arena.

#### The Wine:

Firestone Vineyard has just released its latest stock of 1997 Chardonnay, which is fruity and bold, but with a slightly bitter aftertaste that should subside as the wine ages in the bottles. Its "Prosperity" series,

a recent addition to the vineyard's repertoire, was produced in response to Gainey Vineyard's "Recession Red" of the early '90s, and both the White and Merlot are very smooth and refreshing. Firestone's 1996 Zinfandel was almost overpowering, with a rich flavor that teases the palate.

#### The Connection?

Firestone's wine and politics go hand in hand. The boldness of Brooks' beverages are only rivaled by his own boldness in taking stances that are often unpopular among his fellow Republicans, and for that he lost the aforementioned congressional race. However, that bitter aftertaste may be a result of his picking the grapes and his political battles too early — to run for Congress, Firestone abandoned an almost surefire race for California Lt. Governor, a position much better suited for our Assemblyman. Still, like the Chardonnay, those sour grapes should subside after time.

**Sanford Winery**  
7250 Santa Rosa Rd., Buellton  
(805) 688-3300

#### The Politics:

The Sanford Vineyard was planted in 1971, and its roots grow deep into the ideals and spirit of the age. An organically maintained winery, the Sanford property is managed as much in tune with the environment as possible.

With its policy of preserving every tree on its lot, it is a utopian example for the Santa Barbara Native Oak Protection Measure. Aiming to protect these oaks from agricultural development, the initiative petition is being circulated now, and Sanford proudly has a stack sitting inside the simple adobe tasting room.



Ronald Reagan tips his glass on the wall of Firestone Vineyard.

#### The Wine:

Sanford's 1997 Sauvignon Blanc is perfect for summer afternoons; a fruity and very light wine which tasted not unlike citrus juice. The 1996 Estate Bottled Chardonnay was of its top line, and was a very lively, bold and strong selection. Its 1996 Pinot Noir shared that potency, but brought in the full richness of the organically grown red grapes.

#### The Connection?

Sanford's wine and ideology certainly share an earthy quality that brings to mind childhood and John Denver songs. Hanging out on the porch with an almost-empty glass and Luna, Sanford Winery's golden retriever, made the tasting experience feel like a nature retreat. Sanford

See WINING, p.3A



Detailed blueprints for Fess Parker's controversial new waterfront resort adorn the wall of his winery.



# the Skinny

by Nick Robertson

Now you can play a role in Isla Vista history.

In an effort to update the cache of local historical records recently found in the I.V. Recreation and Parks District office attic, there is a public call for photos and documents of or about our seaside hamlet. Associated Students Vice President for Local Affairs Leila Salazar is heading up an Isla Vista History Slideshow Pro-

*"...let future generations of Isla Vistans share in the knowledge..."*

ject in her last weeks as a lame duck, and she's seeking new records from 1990 to the present.

Do you have shots of yourself with friends at the 1996 Anisq' Oyo' Park Earth Day Festival? Or an old campaign poster for (either) Measure M? Or just an epic shot you took of sunset over Ellwood Shores? Leila wants 'em!

These records will be borrowed for taking the slides and returned, so nobody will have to sacrifice their cherished "Bill Wallace for Supervisor" poster. If you have any contributions, call Leila at 893-2566, and let future generations of Isla Vistans share in the knowledge of our community.

And while we're discussing the community, there's a certain Community Service Organization officer who is apparently quite peeved by the recent contents of the daily Friday magazine.

Our own A.S. Internal Vice President Kerry Kops, who moonlights as a CSO, didn't approve of a photo I ran in the April 17 issue. The shot was of her, wearing full CSO gear, riding her bike on the sidewalk without a helmet or headlight.

Titling the photo "Kerry Kops: Rogue CSO," I printed the pic in a humorous manner, although I did believe it was journalistically appropriate to display a CSO in an act of unlawful hypocrisy. The Nexus staffers who encountered Kops that night did not induce her in any way to act with such behavior. But from what I understand, the vice president is furious.

I have been told this

See SKINNY, p.3A

Some people don't study books...

## When You Can't Read

fiction by Brian Lubocki

I was still in bed Sunday morning when it started raining; it was an ongoing storm that the news said was a tempest. To me, rain is rain, but either way, I wasn't going back to bed. The phone rang again and I tried not to sound groggy when I answered. If it was my mother, she would no doubt lecture me on "wasting the day away."

It was my sister's voice that answered back, calling just to say hi and to ask how the weekend went. "Fine," I said. "Uneventful. I went to a party Friday night and couldn't get drugs, which is just as well, because it got broken up at midnight by the cops. Yesterday, went to the beach and tried to read. Ended up just watching girls jog by. Uhm ... what else did I do? Watched a movie I'd already seen with some buddies. Went to bed early."

She said her weekend was just as boring, but she had an interesting caller at work. My sister works at a porno line, talking dirty to desperate men over the phone. The caller, she told me, was a banker with wife and kids, as far as she knew. You can never believe what people tell you, or rather, what people tell porno-line workers.

"He told me that his wife was cheating on him and wanted to do the same — payback, I guess. So he asks me, right, if I'll give him ideas. He says, 'Talk dirty to me, talk me through it, tell me what you'd do if I was there right now — no, tell me what I'd do to you if I were there right now. Make it wild. Make it something ... kinky.'"

I asked, "So, what did you say to him — no, never mind. I don't want to know ... wait. Yes I do."

She said, "I told him no. I mean, come on, talking dirty to lonely, horny men is one thing. Getting involved in marital problems is another."

"Maybe you should've suggested he use your ..." I laughed as I said it, "kinky" conversation on his wife. You know, get that old flame rekindled."

"What am I? Dr. Ruth?" my sister screamed. "Anyhow, it was right before my lunch break and



MICHAEL VELASQUEZ / DAILY NEXUS

I was hungry — which reminds me, I gotta go to work. Listen, I'll call you later in the week. Love you. Bye."

I said I loved her too and hung up.

I showered and had some tea. My roommate was gone, no one walked outside my window and there weren't any messages on my voice mail. The calm was rather relaxing, but I had to read and needed some background noise, some background people. I'm funny that way — I don't like being alone: it reminds me of death. I was still tired so I decided to drive to a coffee shop. I drove downtown in the rain — the traffic was slow from car accidents — to the coffee shop that had the fireplace.

When I walked into the place, I was laughing to myself about the telephone conversation, and people looked at me weird. Perhaps it was that I entered soaked and dripping because I forgot my umbrella. The floor was wood and I stood in my own little puddle of rainwater. There was a cashier near the door, who gave me a look, so I told her that the store should have mats for these sorts of things. She didn't answer. I was glad I wore my jacket over my bookbag. I couldn't have cared less about their floor, but a soggy book was unbearable.

I walked straight toward the fireplace to warm my hands. Classical music played and the lights were dimmed enough that you could read comfortably but still feel cozy. My friend Candice was there and I sat next to her. My hands quickly thawed and I opened my book. Once the initial shock of the cold left my body, I remembered that I was tired and went for another cup of tea. I was then, however, too jittery from the caffeine to start reading. I tried and failed, tried and failed. The more I attempted, the more frustrated I became. I took in paragraphs at a time: an uphill trek with little reward; I would barely retain the last sentence I read.

"Where's my damn story?!" I yelled in my head, searching for it in between the empty letters on the page in front of me. The caffeine did nothing for me but wind me up, and I pulled my hair, rubbed my face, grimaced at others around me. I got up and filled my cup back up with bitter caffeine and diluted it with milk and sugar, the brown kind. "Natural, my ass," I murmured. I went back to the chair and closed my eyes but my eyeballs bounced around under their lids. Then they popped back open. I looked over to Candice, but she was engrossed in her book, so I left her alone. There was an empty chair on the other side of me, but there were at least 10 books scattered around it. I looked around, not looking at any-

See READER, p.4A

Greg "Ory" Spangler is a senior aquatic biology major and a TA for Sociology 152A — Human Sexuality. Got a sex problem? Just moan out ...

## Hey Ory!

Hey Ory,

The other night during lovemaking, my boyfriend asked me to lick my finger and stick it in his butt. Is there anything to be worried about?

— Hershey Heather

As far as a finger is concerned, so long as you don't share a giant order of nachos with your girlfriends before washing your hands thoroughly, you should be okay. You may want to use latex gloves if you have a cut, because the bacteria from the rectum could cause an infection or transmit a disease if you work his ass too hard and make him bleed.

Other than that, there shouldn't be a problem, unless you think he's losing his mind because he wants to expand his butt, uh, I mean his sexual repertoire. So men, let's unite and ignite the anal revolution, so we can say that sometimes we need a little ass lovin', and are proud of it.

Hey Ory,

After I orgasm during sex with my girlfriend, I have trouble getting an erection again, even hours later. If I'm lucky, I'll get it up twice a day. Is there any hope for me?

— Fucking Frustrated

Didn't you know that naming a blowup doll Yolanda doesn't qualify her as a girlfriend? The refractory period you are referring to is age-dependent, but can also be genetic. Truthfully, it doesn't matter how many times you can get it up, but how you spend the time when you have the flagpole at full mast. If you make the experience more fulfilling, intense, and fun, you may find that your desire for another trip through the love tunnel has jumped off the train. If your girl is still not satisfied after you give your all, go for a munch down Labia Lane.

If you want to explore your potential, set aside a day with your best friend before you had a girlfriend — no, not Tommy, but your right hand. Find the movie "Bikini Carwash VII" at your local video store and have at it for a day. Choke your chicken like there's no tomorrow. Then try to have one more; put on reruns of "Baywatch" if you have to. How many times you could do it is probably your limit.

Now repeat with girlfriend — no, not Yolanda, but the one with the real vagina. You may find that this is really a pain in the ass (and penis), and



CORY OSBORN / DAILY NEXUS

should soon realize that it's not how many times you get it on in a day that matters, but how well you dance when you have a partner who likes the horizontal Lambada.

Hey Ory,

What's the best way to arouse a male without touching his penis?

— Christine

Well, Christine, I personally like it when a girl shows that she is interested by taking charge — especially when she breathes heavily into the ear and also nibbles around that area, it just makes my pee-pee stand tall and proud. But this is just one of many different preferences, and so I decided to ask our men of UCSB what they thought. Here are some of the responses.

"Flash the tit." — Gabe. "Recycle bong rips." — Eric. "Any time a girl knows my name, that's enough." — Chris. "When a girl gazes into my eyes." — Dave. "It's too early to think about it." (12:23 p.m.) — Isaac. "Without touching my penis?!" — Fish. "Pretend like she's gonna touch it!" — Jeremy. "Have two chicks make out in front of me." — Pat. "Wet Willy!" — Howie. "Stick something up my ass." — Tony.



## Diatribes for the Doomed

We're all swimming in a germ bath and we're all gonna die. So be it. Let Claustrophobia reign supreme. There is no release when we are afflicted. We are stuck in our thinking. Our natural growth and expansion is stunted. The soul grows groggy with sleep. There is no vitality. The pond is still and rotting, stinking like a swamp. There is no rich spring water welling up to gush forth in creativity. It has been choked off.

A tribulation, it seems, but Claustrophobia can't be quite affordable and happily received in certain times. Especially after a severe fit of Vertigo.

Vertigo is when you feel as if you are everywhere at once except in your own body. The familiar fear of falling is really a fear of losing one's skin. The distrust of one's self in high places is the secret longing to experiment with flight. When stricken with Vertigo, I often shudder and come back to myself realizing that in my thoughts I was outside and unconscious of my body. I gasp for breath and pat my heart.

"Almost let him get away that time ..." my body's lips say. There is really nothing terrifying about death, once we have learned to fly. Personally, I fear my novice abilities at this stage are not quite capable of delivering me free from my backward-facing desires. If I were to fall now, I would have to suffer the agony of watching my back be shattered, and endure the confusion of being a grounded ghost in want of incarnation.

I seek flight in waking dreams and when I'm dancing in a trance, when I'm gliding over clear waves and suspended weightless over shining snows. The effortless flow of the soul's nature, harnessed, is the promise made to me each time I get a taste. I look forward to every day that I might learn more of transcending gravity. I look forward to each night for its lessons in flying. I look forward to death to see if all of this jive isn't just my own sad bullshit.

by Gavin Heaney

## The Top 12.5

your favorite overheard snippets!

Two girls near Phelps:

"Friday night we fucking walk down DP and this fucking girl says, 'Looks like the little freshmen are out again.' And I turned around and said, 'Fuck you, you fucking sophomore bitch.' She tells me to fucking shut up. I tell her I'll slap her hoochie ass around. And she fucking backs off."

"Fucking bitch."

"Yeah, she was such a fucking bitch. And I tell her to fucking step up."

"What'd she do?"

"Fucking ran back into her house — told me she's gonna get her fucking boyfriend to kick my ass."

"He come out?"

"Yeah. And I tell him I'll fucking slap his ass around too. I don't take any shit. Where I'm from people are hard."

— Gavin Austin

## WINING

Continued from p.1A

wine was enjoyed by the masses at our own 3rd District Supervisor Gail Marshall's campaign fund-raising concert in 1996, featuring Jackson Browne, Bonnie Raitt and Don Henley at the Santa Barbara County Bowl. Perhaps the potent wine helped sway some concert-goer votes ...

### Fess Parker Winery

6200 Foxen Canyon Rd., Los Olivos  
(805) 688-1545

### The Politics:

Fess Parker played Disney's Davy Crockett for years, and invested his money wisely. Now he's a

multimillionaire vintner and resort proprietor, owning the Santa Barbara waterfront Red Lion Hotel. He is planning to build another resort at Cabrillo and Calle César Chávez, to the ire of anti-development Santa Barbarans.

Environmentalists are also at arms with Parker over the Native Oak Protection issue, as his vineyard is one of the most notorious for clearcutting fields for vines. However, Parker's GOP connections are deep and many, and so he generally perseveres in whatever new frontier he decides to tackle.

### The Wine:

Fess Parker's 1996 Chardonnay is fruity but acidic, producing a strange sensation of initial refreshment followed by a sour aftertaste. Its 1995 Marcella is a crisper, more potent wine, but still

with an acidic flavor. The 1996 Pinot Noir Red is a smoky and full selection, strong but slightly bitter. However, the Muscat Dessert Wine was very fruity and sweet and almost thick, which countered the previous wines on the palate with a strange but satisfying taste.

### The Connection:

Although Parker's buildings and properties are attractive and hospitable, there is an odd feeling about being there, not unlike the odd aftertaste of his wines. This was the only winery visited that charged money for the tasting samples, but you do receive a wine glass with a coonskin cap embossed on the side. Still, the "Manifest Destiny" attitude of Davy Crockett seems to apply to Parker in his winemaking and land use — find a wild frontier, make it yours and you are king.

## SKINNY

Continued from p.2A

through Nexus Staff Writer Ted Andersen, who, on April 20, was interviewing Kops about an unrelated matter. Toward the end of the interview, while she was still on the record, Kops expressed just how angry she was over the daily Friday photo, and what action she wanted me to take. She told Ted to "tell that little fag Nick Robertson to print a retraction!"

After she stated this, Kops told Andersen not to print that — but she should know by now, as an elected public official, that if you want to say something off the record, you have to specify that before saying the comment. Besides, Ted didn't print the quote in his story, he only delivered the message as Kops desired.

Well, Kerry, I'll have to respond by saying, "I don't really know how I can retract a photograph, but I must say that I'm taken aback by your using a term connoting a sexual preference as an insult, especially since you said it right off the heels of UCSB's Queer Pride Awareness Week!"



Be careful — mixing wine and politics can be a sickening combination.

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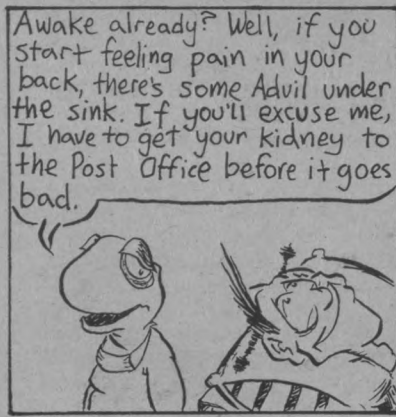
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By Yates



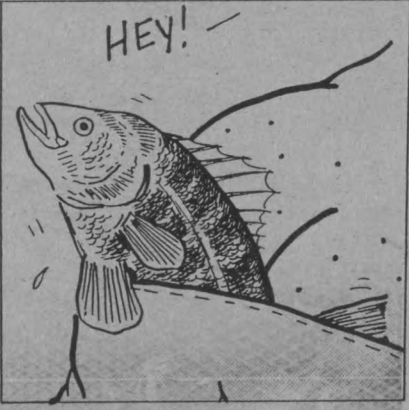
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To get the advantage, check the day's rating: 10 is the easiest day, 0 the most challenging.

- Aries** (March 21-April 19)—Today is a 4—Ignore an upset this evening. It's only a temporary condition. Good times and pleasant dreams are definitely predicted for your place tonight. There may be a couple of hassles along the way, but everything will turn out fine.
  - Taurus** (April 20-May 20)—Today is an 8—You're strong and very capable, and you're learning quickly. Listen attentively to a friend first thing this morning and put his or her advice to use. It seems to be about managing your time the way you manage your money.
  - Gemini** (May 21-June 21)—Today is a 4—Call in all the money everybody else owes you. If your boss promised you a bonus, mention that again, too. He or she should be in a generous mood. You've been producing results pretty well lately. Later, treat yourself to something new.
  - Cancer** (June 22-July 22)—Today is an 8—Your friends are coming to you for advice, and with good reason. You give terrific advice! You're practical, hardworking and compassionate. Besides helping them stay on track financially, you can also help your friends emotionally. That's why so many of them call on you.
  - Leo** (July 23-Aug. 22)—Today is a 4—Have you checked over your insurance policies lately? If not, consult with an expert this morning. There's an indication you could save more and get better coverage at the same time. If you have a date tonight, stay close to home. That way you won't be dismayed if you run into a detour.
  - Virgo** (Aug. 23-Sept. 22)—Today is a 9—You have a friend who's in an enviable position. You may wish a little of that luck would rub off on you. Well, there might be a way to make that happen. Shadow this person and learn valuable skills. You're lucky and smart. This'll be fun.
  - Libra** (Sept. 23-Oct. 23)—Today is a 4—Opportunities are abounding. What is it you'd like to achieve in the next five years? Financial security? A nice home? A happy family? All of the above? Once you know what you want, it'll be a lot easier to make the right choice.
  - Scorpio** (Oct. 24-Nov. 21)—Today is an 8—Give up on the idea of getting away from work early. That's probably not going to happen. The odds are good that you'll have a marvelous time later on, however. If you and your sweetheart can go to a romantic place near water, you could create an experience worth writing home about.
  - Sagittarius** (Nov. 22-Dec. 21)—Today is a 4—This is your formula for success: technical skills combined with the support of a roommate or loved one, plus your own hard work. You also have to pay attention to details, and there don't appear to be any shortcuts. Not today, anyway. Just keep plugging away at it.
  - Capricorn** (Dec. 22-Jan. 19)—Today is an 8—You and your partner are showing everybody else how it should be done. Nearby is a person with experience, compassion, intelligence and intuition. If you team up with somebody like that—and add your perseverance and determination—miracles can happen.
  - Aquarius** (Jan. 20-Feb. 18)—Today is a 4—You need to be political. You have to watch for innuendoes and gestures, to know whether you're winning or losing. You'd rather be dealing with something mechanical. If the thing works, it works. If it doesn't, it doesn't. The game's not that simple today, so pay attention.
  - Pisces** (Feb. 19-March 20)—Today is an 8—Everything goes well for you today, because you're coming from such a beautiful place. It's the emotional state you're in. Others look at you and wish they could be like that. Don't be upset by a lack of money. The most valuable thing is love, and you have plenty of that.
- Today's Birthday** (May 1). Use what you learn this year to achieve greater success than you ever dreamed possible. Set high goals in May. Study in July and start applying what you're learning as quickly as possible. In September, you should get a glimpse of your own future. The good parts are what you want to go for. The fears can be avoided. Do that by taking a detour in December. An older friend is a valuable coach in January. By February, you should have attained the next grade level and may even be student-teaching. Your luck gives you a distinct advantage in March, and so do your friends. Heed idle chatter in April.

SILVER GREENS

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READER

Continued from p.2A  
 thing particular, thinking about nothing particular.

Finally, after the initial rush of the caffeine subsided, I pulled up my book and started to speed read. It took me a few minutes to get into it, but once I did, the world moved like images and I forgot that I was reading. Sweet bliss, short-lived; a man sat next to me and soon after started laughing out loud and looking around. I felt his stare on my moving hands.

"Speed reading, ay?"

I looked up and said with a smile, "Yeah," only to quickly drop back into my page. "I tried that once," he said. I ignored him. The picture book had stopped; they were words again, the words were letters. I looked up to find out what he wanted of me. "What'cha reading?" he asked, and I noticed he had a New York accent. I told him and he said he saw the movie, then told me he was reading books about religion. "Are you at school?" I said, annoyed but curious.

"No, I'm studying to be a priest."

I asked if it was hard work and he said it was hard to deal with the church. "Well, I guess you've got your work cut out for you, then." I thought this would end my conversation and I looked back down into the empty, meaningless letters. My fingers traced the same sentence four times before it started to have meaning again. Then I began to see pictures. And then he interrupted, "It's just that they're so traditional."

Candice laughed, keeping her head in her book.

"Like this, for instance." He pointed at Candice's boots. "If a girl came into the church with those, forget about it, she's a sinner. She's goin' to hell, right? I mean, personally, I think that's very sexy." He took a second to look and think just how sexy those boots really were. "You can't take the Bible literally. These people at the church say women shouldn't wear men's clothing, and one of them is a woman."

I said, "I didn't know God wrote Cosmopolitan." He didn't understand, so I explained that we are all born naked and Jesus probably wore a toga, which is closer to a dress than it is to a pair of slacks. He ignored me and said, "Yeah. I mean, if a woman wants to look good for her husband, then why not? You know?"

I excused myself to go to the bathroom. When I returned, he was staring at Candice's breasts, then at her eyes—which would not look back at him—and then he stared at the breasts again. I turned my chair a little bit away from him and started to read. The man must have been restless because he shuffled through the dozen or so books at his feet and then stretched, yawned, got up, stretched more, and looked ar-

ound; he walked completely around the fireplace, picked up a magazine, flipped through it, looked at Candice, looked around, put the magazine back down, and walked over the counter to buy a coffee and talk to the old man at the register.

I couldn't hear what they said, but they both looked happy to be talking.

Candice giggled and said to me, "What is up with that guy?"

"I don't know, but he obviously didn't come here to read."

"No shit," she said, "I was smart enough to keep my head down. Why does he keep talking to you?"

I said I didn't know and neither of us could figure it out. When I looked back to the counter, the old man was talking to himself. I got up and walked to the bathroom, which was at the end of the store.

Upon my arrival in the back of the store, I saw the same man, the one who was situated next to me by the fire, on the phone. He didn't know I was there, which is why he went on the way he did: "Yeah, baby. I like it. Ooh yeah."

But then he saw me and immediately changed his tone to a more formal, less short-winded voice. And he said goodbye to his conversation and hung up the phone. He smiled at me. "Hey, speed reader."

I said hello back and went straight into the bathroom. There was a knock and his voice got to me through the door. "Hey, guy, don't take too long in there 'cause I gotta go too, if you know what I mean."

I wasn't quite sure if I knew what he meant and did not want to know. I tried to pee but felt his presence outside the door. The stage fright soon subsided, and I took my time washing my hands at the sink. There were no towels so I wiped my hands on my jeans. When I came out, he was waiting anxiously. I said, "There aren't any towels left."

He laughed and said, "Used 'em all up, did ya?"

I didn't answer.

When I got back to my seat by the fire, Candice was shoving her books into a backpack. I asked her why she was leaving and she told me the rain had died down to a drizzle. She wasn't getting much reading done and neither was I, so we left together. She invited me to a movie, but I was broke. "And besides," I said, "I have reading to get done."

I called my sister as soon as I got home. I asked her if that guy had a New York accent. She laughed, saying no, and asked me why. I told her it was a long shot.

"I did have a caller today, though," she said, "with a Brooklyn accent. A real freak, but who of 'em aren't? I think he had a shoe fetish, boots in particular."

I laughed uncontrollably and said I'd let her go eat her dinner. I put the phone down and read my book.