

Eve Babitz Transcript

[Opening Music]

Susan Neville: Hello, and welcome to Naptown. I'm your host, Susan Neville, and our guest for this initial series of interviews is writer Dan Wakefield. Mr. Wakefield is the author of nine non-fiction books, two memoirs, five novels, including the best-selling *Going All the Way*.

Bill Moyers called Dan's memoir, *Returning, A Spiritual Journey*, "One of the most important memoirs of the spirit I've ever read." In his book *Island in the City: The World of Spanish Harlem*, James Baldwin wrote, "Dan Wakefield is a remarkable combination of humility and tough mindedness, it makes these streets and these struggling people come alive."

Over the next few episodes, we'll be talking to Mr. Wakefield about his life, including his deep friendships with writers such as Baldwin, Anne Sexton, Joan Didion, and Kurt Vonnegut, and his interviews as a staff writer for *The Nation*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, the *New York Times*, and other newspapers and magazines, with such luminaries as Bobby Kennedy, C. Wright Mills, Dorothy Day, Adam Clayton Powell, Joan Baez, and Golda Meir, some of whom became good friends.

Again, I'm your host, Susan Neville, welcome Mr. Wakefield back to Naptown.

[Transitional Music]

Susan Neville: Today, we're talking to Dan Wakefield, who is the writer and creator of the TV series *James at 15* and whose books have been made into movies, including *Going All The Way* and *Selling Out*.

Dan Wakefield: And a documentary of New York in the 50's, which is available on Amazon Prime.

Susan Neville: Good to know. It's a great documentary. So today, we're going to be talking about Dan's time in Hollywood. And he's going to be starting off by reading a short essay.

Dan Wakefield: "Hollywood's Eve."

“Men didn't conquer Eve Babitz. She conquered them and wrote about it in seven published books and assorted articles and stories. Not only did Eve repel unwanted advances, sometimes even an unwelcome opinion could evoke her wrath, which could just as well be a kick in the shins, as a withering retort.

One, an electoral friend of mine, refused to go to any party he feared might include Eve, having been withered by her once too often.

A partial list of her conquests includes Steve Martin, Eve was the one who told him to wear a white suit, Edra Shay, Harrison Ford, Marcel Duchamp, Venice Hopper, Jack Nicholson, Walter Hops, Ahmed Perdian, Annie Liebowitz... Women were included. Lloyd Zif, Gaze Two, Fred Bruce, Joseph Keller, Earl McGrath and even me, in my year, at the Chateau Marmont on Sunset Boulevard.

My plush year was thanks to the royalties of my first novel that hit the Time magazine best-seller list, *Going All the Way*, in 1970 and was a double main selection of the Literary Guild, alongside Michael Crichton's *Five Patients*. As Lili Anolik, author of the loving and perceptive new book on Babitz, *Hollywood's Eve*, reports, I was ‘riding high’ when I met Eve.

My first week in Hollywood was blessed by two former neighbors who lived behind me on Ocean Front Walk in Venice when I started writing that novel two years earlier. John and Sandy Gibson were working in publicity for Atlantic Records when I landed at the Marmont, and they fixed me up with Eve. I met her in a bar two blocks from the Chateau and I knew when she smiled that this would be the year I dreamed it would be. She was flagrantly beautiful and proud of it. She wore an outfit that probably could put executives behind bars today if they gaped at it as appreciatively as I did back then. It was simple and direct, a very short skirt and a very tight sweater, displaying a bounteous body.

I called my old friends from our New York days, Joan Didion and John Gregory Dunne, to tell them my good news, which was Eve. Did they know her? The question was naïve. Everyone knew her.

‘She's known,’ said John, ‘as ‘The Dowager Groupie.’’ She famously had Jim Morrison of The Doors, worked her way to and through The Eagles, but never

restricted herself to Rock 'n' Roll. She first gained notoriety by posing nude with a fully clothed Marcel Duchamp as they both played chess for an *Esquire* photo when she was 20. She was a painter. She did brilliant collages for the covers of the *L.A. Times* Sunday magazine and created a gorgeous and insightful collage of Henry James for my birthday (he is looking at a woman whose body is made of sky), I put that on the cover of an issue I edited of the literary magazine, *Ploughshares*. She bought a Brownie box camera and took wonderful pictures of parties and rock groups, adding a sepia tone to make them look old; one became a classic album cover for Buffalo Springfield. She created small 'boxes' I thought were fabulous - like peeking into other worlds, other lives - but she saw the boxes of artist Joseph Cornell, and stopped making her own, deciding his were in a higher league— one she couldn't reach.

I could hardly believe my good fortune, finding a girlfriend my first week in L.A. and discovering she was beautiful, sexy, smart, funny and talented. She lived just a mile or so from the Marmont— a pleasant walk down Sunset Boulevard to Formosa Avenue. That walk became my nightly routine for what became my favorite year, which I affirmed to Lili Anolik when she called to interview me for her piece on Eve in *Vanity Fair*. She asked me about the year I spent with Eve and I told her it was 'my favorite year, but I couldn't have lived through another one.'

Eve didn't limit her knowledge to the joys of sex, the conquest of men or whatever she learned at Hollywood High and a casual year and half at Los Angeles Community College. She was a fount of unexpected information, always teaching the men she captured, making no snobbish distinction between high and low art. I would go to her apartment on Formosa Avenue after my days messing with a screenplay of a novella I'd optioned (*Dump Gull*, by Fanny Howe), and I was likely to be greeted by an unexpected lesson in literature, practical psychology, pop culture, or history (mainly California, mostly the Southern part, primarily LA).

One evening Eve greeted me with a stack of books. She thrust at me with instructions. 'Read these. They're like Proust with recipes.' The books had intriguing titles like *How to Cook a Wolf*, *With Bold Knife and Fork*, *Consider the Oyster*. They were all by M.F.K. Fisher, the greatest writer of all who chose food as a subject for illuminating life.

Eve, like her mother Mae, was a great cook and had wonderful dinner parties with guests sitting on the floor, since there were only two lawn chairs in her apartment. At one of Eve's dinners, her friend Diane brought her boyfriend, Chuck Berry, who spent the whole time photographing everyone with his new video camera. He never said a word, which was evidently not unusual. Diane told Eve that Chuck once drove her from LA to Mexico City, and the only words he said during the trip were, 'When were you born?' Diane told him, and he said, 'That was the year Maybelline came out.' The rest was silence.

One night, I arrived with breathless eagerness after Eve had shut me out for three days. I forget my infraction, but I must have neglected her in some way, probably by flirting with another woman. After being accustomed to spending every night with Eve, the exile was awful. Told I could return, I went back in a mad rush, clutching her to me for dear life when she opened the door. I confessed I had suffered and she nodded her approval, explaining that if a lover offended you— the worst offense being paying more attention to another man or woman— you had to treat the straying lover in a way that would really hurt.

'But when I like someone, I don't want to intentionally hurt them,' I said, with my best Indiana Eagle Scout reasoning.

Eve took her signature stance of emphasis, making her hands into fists and sticking them into her waist, arms akimbo, as she uttered her tried and true behavioral psychology advice:

'Well,' she said, 'you've got to make the effort.'

Eve introduced me to her favorite soap opera, *All My Children* — not just making me watch it but giving me a tutorial on Pine Valley, the fictional setting, and its cast of citizens.

'See that man?' she said, pointing to a dark-haired, middle-aged fellow on the screen. 'That's Nick Davis. Don't trust him. He's a real cad.'

Eve didn't so much introduce me to the show, she indoctrinated me into it, to such an extent that a few years later, I landed an assignment to write a piece about it for *Esquire*, and after meeting the cast and the creator, ABC's afternoon entertainment queen, Agnes Nixon, I wrote an entire book about it, *All Her Children*.

Eve's commentary on whatever TV she was watching was as slyly entertaining as her soap opera tutorials, a tongue-in-cheek appraisal of the media and its poses. One of the most all-pervasive car dealership commercials was from LA's Cal Worthington, whose ads ended with the hammering refrain 'Go see Cal, go see Cal, go see Cal.' As one of these was airing, Eve stopped whatever she was doing, stuck her hands on her hips, and said, as if struck by a sudden insight, 'I don't trust that Cal Worthington...'"

The '60s in Boston was not a big drug decade for me, though I smoked a little pot with hippie friends in my duplex pad on Beacon Hill. Oh, we listened to Fairport Convention until Sandy Danny was coming out of our ears.

When I started going places with Eve, there was always coke offered. And I accepted a snort or two, as did Eve, until finally, I told her we should buy some ourselves, so we weren't always taking advantage of her friends' hospitality. I forget what sum Eve said would be sufficient for our first installment, but I gave it to her gladly. And with thrills with a night or so later, she told me the goods had arrived.

"This is serious stuff," she said. "So we have to follow rules."

"Certainly," I said, "you know all about this. Tell me the rules, so I'll do whatever you say."

"Well," she said, going into her serious stance, hands on hips, "we'll only use it when we really want it." That provoked happy hysteria.

Our use was small time, in Hollywood terms, never till dark, since I was dealing with my screenplay all day at the Marmont. And we would often end evenings by smoking pot, sometimes leading to the most sublime munchies imaginable. Eve's apartment was only four or five blocks from a branch of the House of Pies. And in the grip of munchydom, we'd walk there and pick out a pie a piece, usually something like a chocolate cream and a blueberry. And we'd take them back to her place and wolf down both. Munchy heaven.

"One early morning, I woke on her mattress to hear rumbling sounds, dishes smashing, a TV flying across the room. From a deep sleep, I tried to make sense of what was going on, first trying to orient myself to what city I was in

after an extensive book tour. Okay, it wasn't Boston, not New York, not Cleveland or Chicago. Eve was beside me, so it must be LA. Oh my God, the rumbling beneath me and the flying objects gave more than enough clues to the fact that this was an earthquake. I jumped up and started grabbing my clothes and wrestling them on when Eve raised up and said, 'What are you going to do? Run to Boston?' I realized that was the wrong strategy and got back on the mattress. Eve didn't bother with a bed— a mattress on the floor was quite enough.

That year, John Dunne was working on his book on *Vegas* and asked me to go with him to keep him company (if you aren't into gambling or prostitutes, it's the most boring place in the world). Once, on some minor airline's Vegas to LA hop, our small plane encountered big turbulence— the kind that makes you wonder if you'll ever see home again. John was cursing his luck to 'end it all on a commuter flight to Vegas.' I could only smile and say, 'John, I can die happy. I spent last night in bed with Eve.'

Eve always woke before me and was often on the phone, sometimes talking to girlfriends with uncensored intimacy, never bothering to whisper. She evidently assumed that if my eyes were closed, I was fast asleep. Not always. I was hearing the kind of 'girl talk' I had never been privy to before. It was fascinating and sometimes shocking, once in a way that sat me bolt upright with an angry combination of revelation and resentment. She'd been talking to her pal Diane, who hated my guts, since I'd ridiculed some sappy young hippie guy Diane brought over the night before, who she wanted me to introduce to Kurt Vonnegut, explaining this kid was 'a writer too.'"

Part of my unwanted trashing of Diane's protégé stemmed from having felt put down by Diane in my previous LA incarnation in Venice in '68. I had met her as a music publicist and she made it clear that my clumsy square Boston courtship effort wanting a date was beneath her consideration. She told me she had just come from a really fun orgy, and she wasn't kidding.

"As I lay beside Eve one morning with closed eyes and open ears, I heard her 'defending me' to Diane.

'Well, he's something different,' Eve said.

I was not a rock star— that was okay. Anyway, she said, ‘It doesn't matter. Jim was too big. It hurt.’ Jim Morrison of The Doors? What was too big? What was so big it hurt?

‘Well,’ she said ‘this is nice for a change.’

Nice? I was not asleep anymore.

My most private part— private no more— was now the subject of discussion between two of the most desirable women in the city, of the most desired women in the world. And I was coming off second best. It sounded like a distant second best.

I bolted upright, pulling the sheet around me protectively, and shouted at Eve.

‘For God's sake,’ I said.

‘I have to go now,; she said to Diane and mercifully hung up the phone.

I grabbed at my scattered clothes and started tugging them on.

Unlike her practical advice during the earthquake, it was no use now to ridicule the idea of my ‘running to Boston.’ In my state of shock and embarrassment, it seemed like a good idea. I wanted to hide, or at least, hide my poor part, whose size was now a matter of public discussion and comparison. I went back to the Marmont to sulk, abetted by a splash of morning bourbon followed by a splash in the Marmont pool. I banged out a couple of lines of my screenplay, hoping the effort would make me feel ‘professional.’ There were messages from Eve, apologizing and asking forgiveness for her indiscretion, saying she had talked it all over with her mother and now she understood why I was upset.

Talked it all over with her mother! Now the whole family was in on it.

‘My mother told me men are very sensitive about that,’ Eve explained that night by way of apology. ‘You shouldn't worry,’ she went on, ‘yours is upper middle class.’

Not in the same class as Morrison's, it was clear.

Completely by accident, I met Jim Morrison a month or so later. Eve and I were at the Liquor Locker, next door to the Marmont, buying a bottle of something to take back to her place, when I saw her go up to a young guy who was scanning the labels of an array of wines. She jabbed a finger into his side and said, 'Hi, Jim!' as he jumped a foot off the ground.

'Eve,' he said, looking like he wanted to flee.

'This is Dan Wakefield,' she said, stopping him momentarily in his tracks, and saying to me, 'Jim Morrison.'

I grabbed his hand— it was not especially large— shook it, and he fled.

I was just as glad. I wouldn't have wanted to have one of those scenes like Hemmingway had with Fitzgerald. The only people who tell about those scenes are the winners. You never hear a peep about it out of Fitzgerald. I wouldn't have wanted to be in a song like people said Eve was in 'LA Woman,' or inspired the song or was inspired by the song. I'm glad The Doors never did a song called 'Upper Middle Class.'

Dark clouds were blown away. Eve made her mother's magical Chinese chicken recipe and took us to a picnic in a park after trapping acid. I lay on the grass and looked up at the trees with leaves that glowed. *It doesn't get better than this*, I thought.

She guided us to the best (not the most expensive) the best restaurants. And, of course, we went to the Hollywood classic Musso and Frank for sand dabs, to Ports, the neighborhood restaurant Eve discovered and championed where there was always a table for us (not until reading Anolik's book did I know it became a haven of the biggest stars in the Hollywood firmament); we went to Laguna Beach in order to have dinner at the Victor Hugo, after I had read of its wonders described by M.F.K. Fisher, and of course, it was worth the trip; next was the Hotel del Coronado in San Diego, with its wooden circling porch, which we appreciated more because Henry James had extolled its beauty in his book *The American Scene*."

These wonders seemed endless until one that was truly a wonder appeared. But it was not in my own book of *Girlfriend Wonders*.

“I had made it a law to never be involved with a woman writer, for the very good reason that she might someday make me a thinly veiled character in one of those fictions of the kind that I liked to write about other people. One evening that seemed otherwise promising, she handed me some pages of writing and asked if I would send it to my agent.

‘I thought you were an artist,’ I said, meaning, *You're supposed to stay in your own territory, not come hopping over into mine.*

If I refused to send her story, or essay, or whatever it was to my agent, I knew I would be a cad, like Nick Davis on *All My Children*.

I didn't read what she gave me, fearing it might be bad— or worse, good. I just did my gentlemanly duty and sent it to my agent, Knox Burger, who had discovered and first published Kurt Vonnegut when he was fiction editor of *Collier's*. Being a gentleman and friend, Knox read Eve's story and wrote her a two-page letter with instructions on how she might make it publishable. He sent me a carbon of the letter, which I thought seemed generous and kind. That night when I arrived on Formosa Avenue, I asked Eve what she thought of my agent's letter. She took her stance of defiance, hands on hips, and said, ‘I hope that Knox Burger burns in hell!’

Then she gave the story to our friend Joan Didion, who sent it to Grover Lewis, an editor of *Rolling Stone*. He published it without changing or eliminating a comma, much less a word. I was truly happy for Eve having that piece published, since it was about Hollywood High and had nothing to do with me. I didn't really read it when it was published, fearing it might betray a brilliance that would mean I must live in fear of the time she wrote a story with a character like me. It's a good thing I didn't read her first published work back then. “The Sheik” was indeed brilliant, with sentences that Joan Didion— our greatest stylist— herself might not have been unhappy to have written.”

These are a few excerpts from that essay:

“When the weather gets like this and sometimes when I smell rain, the past appears in all its confusion and doubt and pleasure, and my high school days surface. They come dancing in like a well-rehearsed chorus line, and, unlike most people my age who claim to recall Elvis when they think of high school or think of high school when they hear Elvis, I only see faces, clothes, and hear

the laughter of the girls who went to my school, and the feelings— the aches and pirouettes and joys come not from music, books, fear of finals, hatred of teachers— but from the people who sat next to me or who I saw in the halls during the years I spent in Hollywood High.”

“My ‘favorite year’ was foredoomed or blessed to end at the start of the following year. I’d accepted, before leaving Boston, an invitation to teach the spring semester at the Iowa Writers’ Workshop, beginning in January of ’72. As if in anticipation, my romance with Eve began to fray as our year drew to a close, but our friendship was sturdy enough for me to look forward to seeing her for dinner or lunch whenever I found myself again in her city, LA. It was 1993 when we were having lunch at the Figtree, one of her recommended restaurants on the boardwalk in Venice, when she dropped the bomb.

‘I have a book of stories coming out,’ she said, ‘and the title story is about us.’

The fresh orange juice curdled in my throat.

‘Oh my God,’ I said, in fearful prayer.

‘Don’t worry,’ Eve said brightly, ‘I changed your name to Walter!’

In a gesture of true literary generosity, she gave me a manuscript copy of the story to read. I rushed back to my room at the Venice Beach House. I was more than halfway through when an unexpected reaction hit me. *This is what she thinks happened!* I realized what any fool would know, that any partner in a relationship would see their time together in a whole other universe than their intimate mate.

I did complain about one aspect. ‘You said I broke all your wine glasses,’ I told her. ‘It was only one.’

‘Well,’ she said, ‘it seemed like all of them.’

Back in Boston, I got a call from Eve a few months later to alert me that ‘our’ story would appear before the book publication, *Black Swans*, in an LA magazine called *Buzz*. There was no need to tell me when that issue hit the stands. I got calls that day from three different friends in LA, who were

laughing gleefully as they called me ‘Walter’ and said they had just read ‘my story.’

Our friendship survived that, but I was shocked to hear in 1997 that Eve had narrowly survived a real tragedy. She had lit a cigar and dropped the match on a filmy skirt she was wearing. Third-degree burns covered more than half her body, and the pain was long and tortuous. Anolik tells us that, ‘Whether from shame or pain or plain lack of interest, she stopped going out, turned increasingly inward, increasingly reclusive.’

Reading that, I felt honored the Eve had gone to a birthday party for me in Santa Monica in 2002. She came in her valiant VW bug, wearing a leopard-skin-patterned cat suit that covered her body from neck to hands to ankles. At least, one blessing of the unspeakable burning was that her beautiful face was untouched and as lovely as ever. Her spirit was as buoyant as before. Though, her talk was not of books or music or even good gossip, but her newly found passion for the state of Israel. Nothing else that afternoon seemed to hold any interest for her.

All her books are back in print. The stories, *The Black Swans*, the novels, *Sex and Rage*, *LA Woman*, and the essays, “Slow Days, Fast Company” and “Eve's Hollywood.” This unique and entertaining body of work is now crowned by Lili Anolik's Hollywood's Eve. The only disagreement I have with Anolik's book is her opinion that *Slow Days, Fast Company* is Eve's best. For my own taste, nothing beats some of the essays in that first book, with “The Sheik” and “Daughters of the Wasteland,” which lays waste the comfy East Coast putdowns of Eve's beloved city.

Her father, Sol, was a studio musician and leader of a local Bach violin group, So Eve and her sister, Mirandi (née Miriam), grew up with great musicians and other artists.”

In her essays *Daughters of the Wasteland*, Eve writes:

"Culturally, LA has always been a humid jungle alive with seething LA projects that I guess people from other places just can't see. It takes a certain kind of innocence to like LA., anyway. It requires a certain plain happiness inside to be happy in LA., to choose it and be happy there. When people are

not happy, they fight against LA and say it's a 'wasteland' and other helpful descriptions...

After all, there had to be some adversity in the middle of all that sunshine and money. And people like Stravinsky and Schoenberg and Thomas Mann and those kind of people weren't completely talking to themselves in the bathroom for lack of friends."

"Take that, you East Coast chauvinists!

Eve also lays waste the notion that intelligent, talented women who are also born beautiful need to hide their beauty to be serious artists and writers and musicians. She wrote that 'In most high schools, you learn social things along with the rest of it,' Eve tells us this in *Eve's Hollywood*. 'In mine, I learned irrevocably that beauty is power and the usual bastions of power are powerless when confronted by beauty.'

But you have to be confident to confront, otherwise beauty is just a mirage. You have to know who and what you want and be savvy enough and fearless enough to go after it. You have to believe. Like Eve."

Susan Neville: I went on an Eve Babitz reading. I don't know. I became an Eve Babitz's groupie over the last reading, everything she'd written, which I hadn't before until the book started being republished by the *New York Review of Books*. And she is just, of course, infinitely interesting. To me, the writing is great. And, of course, anyone who is within a foot of Jim Morrison, who, to me, would be like being within a foot of Lord Byron or, you know, Paul McCartney was thrilling.

So I just have to say this, one of the things I thought was interesting about the biography is that the sister, Mirandi, had a clothing shop. And she was the person who made Jim Morrison's first leather pants.

Dan Wakefield: Yes.

Susan Neville: Did you ever meet Mirandi?

Dan Wakefield: Oh, yeah.

Susan Neville: I mean, they spent a lot of time together, obviously.

Dan Wakefield: Mirandi was fine. Mirandi always was and is a faithful sister. And it probably wasn't an easy role to be the younger sister of Eve Babitz. Eve told me that when she was a little kid and her mother brought home her sister from the hospital, Eve took one look at her and said, "Take her back."

Susan Neville: That's funny. From reading the biography too, the writer, Lili Anolik mentions at the end when, I mean, you come into the story fairly soon and then come in again at the end, that she thinks, from talking to Eve, that you were actually the love of her life. And she describes you as having the bluest eyes she'd ever see. That was Eve Babitz. Do you think that was true? Did it feel true?

Dan Wakefield: Oh, I don't know.

Susan Neville: This is so personal to ask on the radio.

Dan Wakefield: Well, I don't know. I know that I was shocked when she said she wanted to get married—

Susan Neville: She did?

Dan Wakefield: —because that was the last thing on my mind. And she kept taking me to houses that she thought I might buy, that were in fact, neither of us drove. And, you know, she would find some realtor to take us to some wonderful house in the mountains or something. And I didn't really raise— well, how would we ever get out of there to the grocery? But—

Susan Neville: Eve did seem kind of fascinated with houses. I mean, that's just an aside in all her work.

Dan Wakefield: Well, I mean, I was lucky— I am lucky to know her. And I treasure that collage. I wish there was some way we could show her collage that she did of Henry James, because it showed that she understood Henry James. It's just amazing to me. I was delighted to see that she's now writing a memoir called *I Used to be Charming*.

Susan Neville: I saw her in a recent panel and she seemed very charming to me. She comes across in her stories and in her nonfiction as very kind and funny.

Dan Wakefield: Yeah. She was not unkind, except those people whose opinions she didn't like. Anybody who put down LA, they were going to get a slashing from Eve and put in their place.

Susan Neville: Can I ask a couple of other Eve stories? In the book, it talked about how she grew up and there were famous musicians around all the time, and that in her high school, you know, everyone was beautiful. She felt that she wasn't because she was there with women and men who became famous actors in film. The thing that interests me about that essay that you just read and that you wrote is how clearly you didn't want to be a thinly veiled character in anyone's fiction, which I think is really interesting because we all... Like, if you're a fiction writer, you're always thinly veiling characters.

Dan Wakefield: Yeah.

Susan Neville: I guess I'd like for you to talk about that a little bit, about how, you know, it feels uncomfortable, and yet, we still, you know, do it. And the other thing is I just like for you to talk about what's accurate about *Black Swans*, besides the throwing glasses. I think it's a wonderful story.

Dan Wakefield: I would have to read it again.

Susan Neville: You would have to read it again.

Dan Wakefield: But I can tell you something that happened with me writing about a thinly veiled character. One of the first stories I ever published, I only published three short stories. I sort of did it to prove that I could write fiction, prove to myself. And then I was free to go ahead and write a novel. But I wrote it.

One of these first stories was called the "Rich Girl." And it was based very thinly disguised on a woman I met when she was at Sarah Lawrence and I was living in the village. And she was from Texas and it was clear that her family had oil money and a lot of it. And in writing about thinly veiled character, you try to veil them with something so that people don't think it's them.

So I made this character. She was, I thought, beautiful. But I made her dumb. I made her sound like a Texan in some of the cliché ways we think about Texas women. And I was really worried she would see the story. But I sent the story

to my agent, and the first place he sent it, took it, and I was thrilled for a lot of reasons because it was Playboy.

First of all, I was thrilled because they paid better than anybody else. Secondly, I was thrilled because I thought, well, this woman is never going to see this story. So the Playboy issue comes out. And about three or four days later, I get a letter. And it's from this woman, like the thinly veiled character. And I thought, *Oh, my God*. You know, I was fearing a lawsuit, or something, or "Why did you make me sound—

Susan Neville: Texan.

Dan Wakefield: "Texan and dumb and blah, blah, blah?" So anyway, she said, "Dear Dan, my husband subscribes to Playboy. And so I saw your story, or should I say, our story." And then I'm trembling. And she says, "I thought it was wonderful. I laughed. What a great story it was."

So I asked a woman friend, who I knew well, and I described the whole situation. And I said, "This woman that I wrote about loved this story. How can that be? How could it be she could write it because I make her out to be dumb, and she wasn't dumb at all? She was very smart and talented."

And my woman friend said, "Well, you idiot, you said she was beautiful. That's all. That's all you had to do."

Susan Neville: So funny.

Dan Wakefield: So I realized that was true. Of course, the other weird experiences I've had were with *Going All the Way* were people who I wasn't even thinking of thought they were this or that character, or that their wives had been this or that woman who had this or that relationship with somebody else and all this stuff. And some of them, I didn't even know. I mean... But who complained bitterly.

Susan Neville: So that... I mean, that happens. I just recommend anyone read that collection of stories, *Black Swans*, because the stories are just so good, I think. And the story that she says is about you, whether it is or not, it—

Dan Wakefield: Oh, it is.

Susan Neville: Oh, it is? Well, the characters are just so... I mean, they're just so fun. And, you know, it's such a very kind of '60s time, too. In a way that you don't read about. It's not the kind of cliché '60s. It's real.

Dan Wakefield: Well, also, it was a revelation to me. I never understood what happened on a particular night where it was really hot in LA. It was really unbearably hot. And she didn't have central air conditioning. She had an air conditioner in the window. And it wasn't that great for this kind of brutal heat. So I said, "Well, listen, to hell with it. Let's just go to the best hotel, go to the Belair Hotel and spend the night, have room service, the whole thing." And so we did.

But it was a very odd night which I couldn't seem to connect with her talking. And I woke up the next morning, and she was gone. I couldn't understand the whole thing. Only when I read the story that I see that she had taken acid.

Susan Neville: She had taken acid and you had been drinking a lot.

Dan Wakefield: Yeah.

Susan Neville: So it's a wonder that you could even have a conversation. Wasn't Harrison Ford or someone down in the restaurant? I can't remember. It seems like there was a table full of people that you—

Dan Wakefield: It was a woman. Yeah. I can't remember. But it was an actress who Eve said overheard us, overheard me being stupid and confessing some terrible things about psychoanalysis and making a fool of myself, which Eve was sitting there enjoying.

Susan Neville: Of course. Of course. She sounds like, you know, that kind of person who would. And in the story, and forgive me for asking this, but it seems like the reason for the breakup is that you were jealous of Eve and asked a friend of hers to go to Haiti. Is that true? Or is that something she added? Or something you don't want to talk about?

Dan Wakefield: Oh, it's nothing... I don't... It was nothing like that that happened.

Susan Neville: This is why it's fiction.

Dan Wakefield: Yeah.

Susan Neville: You have to have an ending to the story.

Dan Wakefield: Yeah, But the real ending was that, which was wonderful in a way, the real ending was that I had signed a contract to teach in Iowa starting in January the following year. So, as it approached, I knew that I was going to be leaving and then things got less... You know, we were nagging at each other and so on. I'm sure I was partying with some friend of hers, but it was just sort of because it was coming to the end and she knew also it was coming. She knew I was going to Iowa.

Boy, was that a joke, going from LA to Iowa City. And I'll never forget, I still had my fashionable LA suede jacket that I was wearing in Iowa City. And I was walking along Main Street, and I was thinking, shit, boy, it's really cold here and I look up. There was one of those big clocks outside of a department store that had the weather and the time. It told the temperature, and then a second later, it told the time and kept doing that. I looked up, and it said minus 2.

So I went into the nearest clothing store and I bought a coat that was with me for many years that I loved. The coat was called the "Zero King." And it had some kind of fake fur on it you could put up around your neck and stuff. It was great.

Susan Neville: When you were talking about going from Hollywood to Iowa City earlier, it occurred to me that just... To the last time we talked, you mentioned going from, you know, the East Coast to Iowa City. And for him, Iowa City was probably the place the wildness kind of, you know, begins the "Oh, when you know, now I'm the famous writer. And I'm getting to enjoy that."

Dan Wakefield: I'm without my family.

Susan Neville: Yeah. And it's like, whoa, this is exciting. And for you, you were coming... Iowa was like coming back to the Midwest, probably.

Dan Wakefield: Yeah. It was like coming down off the LA cloud.

Susan Neville: Yeah. So everything is relative. You were going to talk about how you got to LA to begin with.

Dan Wakefield: I had written a whole issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*. I was commissioned by the editor, Bob Manning, to travel around the country and to write what I could about what was the effect of the Vietnam War on this country. "The idea was," Manning said, "You know, it's impossible for a monthly magazine to deal with the Vietnam War because it's always changing. And there's a new story all the time. So I'd rather just go around the country and try to see how is it affecting this country." And I did that.

And it was called "Supernation at Peace and War." And it came out in March of 1968. And it was the only time *The Atlantic* ever had a whole issue devoted to one piece of writing by one writer. And ironically, Willie Morris, who was the editor of *Harper's*, knew I was doing this and then commissioned Mailer to write the whole issue of *Harper's* for that month, which became "The Steps of the Pentagon," which then was published in a book called the *Armies of the Night*. And then, of course, eclipsed mine in the literary world.

But a little-known fact is that the March 1968 edition of *The Atlantic* outsold *Harper's Magazine* on the newsstand. So that came out in March of '68.

I had a one-semester guest teacher thing at the University of Illinois Journalism School and I have to say, as I loved teaching in Iowa, teaching at University of Illinois at Champaign-Urbana was... It was not fun.

And in that era, this was like the explosion of student revolt and protest, my students were writing about, "Should I go to the fraternity beer blast?" You know, it was like going back to the '50s. I wanted to get out of there.

So, also, because of *Supernation* was going to come out and be published as a book that summer, and I had a small advance for that, but it was enough that I figured I had about six months that if I played it really tight, I could just work on writing a novel. And I had made four or five efforts in the past to write a novel. And I sort of said, "You know, this is it. I have a little bit of time. And I've got to do it."

And so, anyways... So I'm sitting there, Champaign-Urbana, living in the worst place I had ever lived. They had gotten me an apartment in a place called the Hoover Chiropractic Clan.

Susan Neville: Oh, no.

Dan Wakefield: It was made of cement blocks. And my bedroom faced across the street to the Red Wheel Diner. And there was a big red wheel that flashed on and off in the night. It was like in one of those noire crime movies.

Anyway, out of the blue, I got a call from the *New York Times*, saying "I wonder if you'd review a book. It's by this new young woman writer. Her name is Joan Didion."

And I pretended I didn't know Joan Didion from Adams. I mean, they didn't ask. And I just said, "Oh, yeah. I'd be interested in doing that."

So I immediately then got on the phone. "Joan, guess what? I'm reviewing your book for the *Times*." And John got on the phone. And it was great. So then I started saying, "Listen, I've got this little money I had... This is it for me. I've got to write the novel and I don't know where to go."

And John said, "Come out here. We're going to Hawaii for two weeks in June and you could house sit and then when we get back, we'll help you find an apartment in Venice where things are really cheap in that era." I've been very lucky. I've always been in great places when it was cheap to live there.

So I did that. I went out, and they were then renting a house on Franklin Avenue in Hollywood and I stayed there while they went to Hawaii. And during that time, the Watts Riot broke out, and I could go outside and see the sky red over part of LA. It was pretty scary. I mean, how do I defend the house if people come up here?

But, anyway, so they got back. And then John took me out to Venice and knew somebody who had taught at UCLA, was going on a sabbatical. Got me this apartment right on Oceanfront Walk with a big plate glass window looking out at the ocean for \$200 a month.

And at that time, you know, Venice was just a hippie, sort of drug scene, which I was not involved in, but it was very casual. And I loved walking at the Venice Pier and you could ride the best bicycle path in the world from the Venice Pier, the Santa Monica Pier.

I mean, the whole thing, it was like magic. And I just sat there, and I started writing, *Going All the Way*. You know, it took me about a month to write the first page. And then writing maybe a page a day. And then a whole lot of things happened in that January. And I got in a car crash.

And whenever I'm in real trouble, I go back to Boston and I finished writing the book using an office at the *Atlantic Monthly* where I was a contributing editor, which didn't pay anything, but it gave me a free office. So I finished writing the book there.

But the other great thing that happened, and where Joan and John really saved me in another way, when I first arrived there, and they came back from Hawaii, out of the blue, I'd gotten a letter, thank God, forwarded from the Rockefeller Foundation, and it said, "We want to give you a grant to write a book, so write up what kind of book you'd like to do and how much it would cost to live for how long it would take."

So I knew I was getting the grant because of "Supernation." I knew they expected me to write a journalistic book, so they were certainly not going to give me money to write a novel, which I had never written a novel or whatever, so I made up a story that I never intended to do, which I would go to Paris and write about the student rebellion in Paris. And then I made up a budget.

So I showed all this to Joan and John. I remember they... Well, Joan worked in the bedroom and John had a little down basement office. And they would sort of have business meetings down there. And they called me down.

And they said, "Wakefield, you're never going to get this grant."

I said, "Why not?"

He said, "You're not asking for enough money. They won't take you seriously."

"Well, how much should I ask for?"

John just said, "Just double this amount and get it."

And I did. And I got the grant. And I am forever grateful to the Rockefeller Foundation, who never once asked me what I did. I mean, that's the way grants should be: when you feel like you have freedom and do the thing.

Susan Neville: Because you never really know what book you're going to write. You think you do, but you really don't.

Dan Wakefield: Yes. I knew it was going to be a novel.

Susan Neville: Right.

Dan Wakefield: So they were really key people in that whole thing. And also, at that time, it was really a lot of fun. I think they had just bought the house in Malibu and they were having this, at the time, unknown actor named Harrison Ford, who was a good carpenter.

And he was making bookcases for their Malibu house. So I met him. He was having a thing with a woman who was like a secretary for Joan and John. And, gosh... What else was going on at that time?

Well, a lot of stuff. And, I know, it was a great time. There was a writer living in Malibu who I got to know named Robert Gover, who wrote a book, had a real success at the time, called the *Hundred-Dollar Misunderstanding*.

And it was one of those things... It was sort of his one book. And he wrote a couple other things and nothing ever came of it. And he had gotten a lot of money for it. And, like me, he is spending all the money. He had a boat. He had a car, you know, all the stuff.

And that's where I got to know John and Sandy Gibson, who then later introduced me to Eve. They were living in Venice behind Oceanfront Walk. When they went to work for Atlantic Record as publicist, Atlantic sent them to New York. This is later. This is, like, oh, my gosh... After I got back to Boston, after Iowa. So it must have been... I don't know. I can't figure it all out.

But anyway, they call me up and they said, "Listen, you know, we have a great expense account. Would you like to come to New York? We're going to take the Eagles to dinner. And we'll put you up at the Central Park South Hotel and go to this dinner, stay for a couple days. We'll have a good time."

So I did. And it was just amazing. And they ran up the biggest expense account in the history of *Atlantic Records* before they were fired. And later, John... He was an assistant to somebody covering the OJ Simpson trial. And then he got his own show for a while on... I don't know, some... Not the main network, but some network.

And I know he had worked as an assistant for... Who's the guy that Edith Vonnegut was married to briefly?

Susan Neville: Oh. Geraldo Rivera.

Dan Wakefield: Geraldo Rivera. Anyway... And Sandy, whom Vonnegut hated. Yeah. I'll tell you about my meeting with Eve. So, I don't know what finally happened to John Gibson, but Sandy then went on to become the personal assistant to Beth Meddler. And then that—

Susan Neville: This is the People Magazine version.

Dan Wakefield: Yeah. And so everybody was doing something exciting and interesting. And yeah, it was a great time. But I think of 1970, of course, because that's when *Going All the Way* came out. But also, it just seemed like everybody I knew was having their dream come true.

And I always think of the guy who went to Shortridge named Jim Good. And he wrote for *The Shortridge Daily Echo*. He was three or four years older than me. And he wrote for *Life Magazine*. He wrote a book about the making of the movie, "The Misfits," which was Marilyn Monroe and Clark Gable.

Anyway, Jim had been managing editor of *Playboy* and his dream was to have his own magazine. He was a gay man and he got a houseboat in San Francisco. He was living with a man, and he had these two Pekingese dogs.

And he founded *Earth Magazine*. It lasted for one year, but for that year, he had his dream. And when he got *Earth Magazine*, he called up all his writer friends who he liked, said, "What do you want to write about?" And you write about whatever it was.

Susan Neville: That's great.

Dan Wakefield: And I said I want to write about Linda Ronstadt. And he said okay. And then he found out she was going to be at a place, a bar called "The Golden Bear" in Hermosa Beach, California and paid for me to fly out there.

Susan Neville: Oh, my goodness. And you were in—

Dan Wakefield: I was in Boston, yeah.

Susan Neville: —at the time?

Dan Wakefield: And, oh my God, it was so great. I loved her. By the way, one of my great friends who I met through Eve was Tom Nolan, who was called "Little Tommy Nolan," because his French-Canadian parents had taken him to Hollywood when he was a little kid. When he was, like, six or seven years old. And he could dance. And they were going to make a living off him, as many showbiz parents do. And later, he became a writer. A very good writer. And he was interviewed in Rolling Stone as one of the three intellectuals in LA.

Susan Neville: Oh, no. Eve would not like that.

Dan Wakefield: Yeah. No, Eve loved Tom. So that—

Susan Neville: No, I know, but the fact that there are only three.

Dan Wakefield: Yeah. Right. And, yeah, she would have said there were 403. But anyway, when he was interviewed by Rolling Stone, they said, "Well, he was on the first. One of the first TV Western series called *Bucks Scan*. And they gave him the name... He had a real complicated French-Canadian name... So, they gave him the name Little Tommy Nolan.

And the interviewer said, "Well, Tom, how did you feel when you were on the cover of Little Tommy Nolan comic books?"

And Tom said, "I felt it was only right."

Susan Neville: Oh, that's so funny.

Dan Wakefield: Tom since wrote very good biographies of Arty Shaw and, who is the LA detective writer?

Susan Neville: Ross McDonald.

Dan Wakefield: Ross McDonald. And then collaborated with the woman who had written the biography of Eudora Welty for this wonderful book of the correspondence between Welty and McDonald. It was really very, very moving. And anyway, Tom is just... He's a great friend. He's one of those people... He just, he's the one who figured out how I can write about Eve for *LA Review of Books* and knew somebody there and did the whole thing.

Susan Neville: So he's kind of responsible for midwifing the essay we just heard?

Dan Wakefield: Absolutely. And he writes book reviews for the Wall Street Journal a lot. And I'm not sure what book he's writing now, but he's just one of those great people and very funny. And I remember he was the one... I first heard the line... And we were talking about some things of life, some mishaps or whatever.

And he said— turned to me, said, "Well, Dan," he says, "it's been a long strange trip." And I thought he had just thought of that. I didn't realize it was a famous line from the Grateful Dead.

Susan Neville: Oh, that's funny.

Dan Wakefield: And he later gave me a T-shirt that said, "It's been a long strange trip."

Susan Neville: So how was the interview with Linda Ronstadt?

Dan Wakefield: It was glorious.

Susan Neville: Was it?

Dan Wakefield: I mean, I just loved her. And then about a year later, I was in LA and I went to the Troubadour... I went to the Troubadour. It was the great bar world of folksingers. You know, James Sailor. And then Linda Ronstadt was singing at the Troubadour. And at the end of a set, she saw me, she remembered me and she came over and sat down with me.

I was with Tom. Unfortunately, Tom was drunk and he said something really inappropriate. And she got up and left. And ever since then, I always say to Tom, "You know, you ruined my life." That was it. That was my one chance.

Susan Neville: Your one chance with Linda Ronstadt.

Dan Wakefield: And, you know, I'll never forget when I first heard her. I was driving in Champaign-Urbana and everything seemed awful. And I heard her voice, and everything seemed fine. I mean, I just loved— it was different drummer with this stone quality.

Susan Neville: There was something about her voice that was just, it fit the times. I used to listen to her over and over and over again.

Dan Wakefield: And I loved that she had a long affair with Jerry Brown, the governor of California. I thought that was so great. It showed that Jerry Brown had such great taste. And it's just awful that, you know, as of a couple years ago, she lost her voice. She can't sing anymore.

Susan Neville: I remember seeing her being interviewed when she discovered that she could do opera, you know, "Pirates of Penzance," or something.

Dan Wakefield: Another strange thing. When I was in LA, I think it was the year that I was with Eve, you know, Seymour Lawrence's books were distributed, published by Delacorte. So it said "A Seymour Laurence book, Delacorte Press." So one of the big Delacorte executives was down in LA and asked me to have dinner with him. He had to see a woman agent. And that woman agent, thankfully, I've forgotten her name, because I don't want to blacken her name, but she was with an agency that I had just gone with as Hollywood's agents.

And the man was a guy who was really a great guy, Joan/John's agent named Edward Zigler. And anyway, so I had that dinner with Ross and this woman from the agency and Linda Ronstadt had just come out with an album work that shows her sitting like in farmyard with a lot of pigs. I don't know what this was about.

Anyway, so something came up as we were talking, and I guess I had recently seen her at the Troubadour or something, so I mentioned Linda Ronstadt.

And this woman agent said, "She's a pig."

I said, "What? What are you talking about?" And we got into this violent, I mean, not physically violent... But, I mean, I couldn't finish eating. I mean, the whole evening was a disaster. And I went with some other agent, which probably ruined my chances in Hollywood. But yeah, it was awful. I couldn't understand where this woman was coming from, why you would say such a thing.

Susan Neville: Jealousy?

Dan Wakefield: I'm sure. I'm sure.

Susan Neville: Yeah.

Dan Wakefield: I'm sure. Anyway, that's one of those Hollywood stories of the not nice kind.

Susan Neville: This is maybe going back, but when you were living at the Marmont, was that a different time from when you were living in Venice? I mean—

Dan Wakefield: Oh, yeah. Venice was 1968. That was my first time living in California. The Marmont was 1971, a year after *Going All the Way* came out.

Susan Neville: I thought that was the case, but I just wanted to make sure I had the time right.

Dan Wakefield: When I was living at the Marmont, I met a really nice man named Fred Roos. R-O-O-S. He was Francis Coppola's producer. And he was one of these really quiet, unflappable people. And he just somehow took a liking to me and my work. And he wanted to introduce me to Francis.

And Fred Roos, one of the few people who liked my novel called *Home Free*, which I always think of as my hippie novel. And it ends up... LA people start in Boston and they end up in LA. And I was thrilled that he wanted to try to get Francis Coppola to make a film of this.

So we were to have lunch at Ports, the inn restaurant that Eve introduced me to. So, it's me, Fred and Francis. So we sit down, and we order lunch, and then Fred starts telling glowingly about my novel. And Francis says, "I want to hear from him," meaning me.

So I then tell the story of the novel and how it might be a movie and so on, and I finish. And Francis says, and I totally mean that I think of this as my '60s novel. It's really about that era of the 1960s. So I finish, and Coppola says, "I hated the '60s."

And then he goes on his rant about how, "Oh, I owned land North of San Francisco. And these hippies came, and they stayed there, and they set up tents, and they sort of took over the land. And they were awful. And they made me think I was square because I wouldn't go along with all this."

Anyway, all of his unhappiness with the '60s was set up. I wish Fred had asked him first. But, anyway, I always think of it as a very nice time of something Fred Roos was trying to do for me out of the goodness of his heart.

Susan Neville: And it backfired.

Dan Wakefield: Yeah.

Susan Neville: When you were in LA the first time and you knew Joan and John... I just remember watching a documentary recently about Johnny Mitchell and seeing pictures of Johnny Mitchell at Joan's house. I'm thinking, what a time that would have been. Were you there during that particular era?

Dan Wakefield: Yeah. And I was there when they adopted Quintana. And I loved Quintana. When I later was having issues with Joan and John, I felt like Quintana was... Carried the spirit of the good Joan or the Joan I loved. And they loved her.

You know, it's just a great, great thing for them. And they adopted her. They thought... It was one of those things where a doctor called them up one night and out of the blue, because they talked vaguely about maybe they wanted to adopt a child. And he said, "Listen. I've got a child. Needs to be adopted. She was just born. I could bring her over tomorrow. You have to make a decision." And they said yes and did it. And wow.

Well, we haven't gone into Noel E. Parmentel Jr., who was Joan's great love of her life. In every book, there's a guy in a white suit who treats women badly. And that's Noel. But he's the dashing man who gets all the women, et cetera. He would just sometimes appear. And he lived in New York.

He would appear at their house in LA. He would not say he was coming. They'd just wake up, he'd be there.

My image of him... I remember once going... Sort of... He'd get up late and pour himself a drink with a lot of ice. I picture him with his shirt, his underpants and wearing his wingtip shoes and rattling the ice in his glass.

And he happened to be there once on Easter, the night before Easter. And they got up, Joan and John and Quintana got up. And Joan had made these wonderful Easter eggs for Quintana. And Noel had eaten them all—

Susan Neville: Oh, no.

Dan Wakefield: —because he came in that night. And he was, you know, he was drunk. He had eaten dinner. And so he just ate all the Easter eggs.

Susan Neville: That's horrible.

Dan Wakefield: And so Joan explained to Quintana, "Well, I'm afraid Noel ate the Easter eggs." And Quintana started to cry.

Noel patted her on the back and said, "It's all right, baby. It's the thought that counts."

Susan Neville: What did Noel do? I've never heard of him.

Dan Wakefield: Oh, my God. He was a very, very well-known, influential writer of the '50s, '60s, '70s. Here's the deal. He wrote for *The Nation* magazine, ridiculing the right wing. He wrote for *The National Review*, ridiculing the left wing. He wrote for *Esquire* ridiculing everyone. And he was really good. And he always had these projects that never... You know, he was going to make a movie about a Robert Ben Warren novel. And there'd be parties about the movie. It then somehow never happened. He even borrowed money from, for God's sake.

Susan Neville: Oh, my God.

Dan Wakefield: I mean, 10 bucks. But he was very charming. And also, he was very... His whole approach, he was sort of the classic example of the man who gets women by putting them down. And they can't... They just can't stay away from him. And he was a very tall and good-looking guy. He had been on Iwo Jima. He had been in the Marines. He's still around. I mean, God, he must be 90-something now.

And at one point, this was... There was an article about Joan in New York Magazine. And Noel had brought a lawsuit against Joan and John, saying that they were always using him as a character in all their books and that he was suing them for infringing on his privacy or something. And—

Susan Neville: Did he go through with the lawsuit? Did Joan and John have to fight it?

Dan Wakefield: I think it really did go to court. I mean, nothing ever came of it, but it got a lot of publicity. And, so, anyway... So, the writer of the piece on Joan in New York Magazine interviewed Noel and said, "Well, are you still angry at the Dunnes?"

He said, "No." He said, "I just wish they'd get some new friends."

Joan's first novel, which was given a sort of dumb title by the publishers of *Run River*, Noel got it published. He's the one who introduced me to Joan. He said, "This is a really good writer you've got to know."

He went all over New York. He got Ivan Obolensky. There was a publishing house called Obolensky and something... I can't remember... McDowell, Obolensky. And he got them to publish Joan's novel. Nobody knew anything about her, or whatever... And he just... Noel just... He was like the super-agent.

He would go to people and make the case. They have to publish it. But Joan's title for it was *In the Night Season* and that would have been great. But anyway, nobody sort of mentions that novel, but it's set in Sacramento and it's really a fabulous novel.

Susan Neville: I haven't read it in a long time. The novel, of course, of Joan's that people most often mention is *Play it as it Lays*.

Dan Wakefield: I remember when I first went to stay at their house when they went to Hawaii, just looking around the house, and I looked in their bedroom, and that's where she worked. She had her typewriter set up. I remember just... I didn't move anything.

I just looked at what was... The sheet of paper that was in the typewriter, and it was the first paragraph of *Play it as it Lays*.

Susan Neville: That's exciting.

Dan Wakefield: And then it was... We both... It was really fun when *Going All the Way* and *Play it as it Lays* came out almost in the same week. and we were both on the *Time* magazine best-seller list. That was really... That was fun. Those were great times.

Susan Neville: Yeah. It does seem like everyone was getting their dream at exactly the same time.

Dan Wakefield: Yeah, exactly.

Susan Neville: So amazing. So amazing.

[Exiting Music]

Susan Neville: Thanks again to Mr. Wakefield. And thank you to our listeners for listening. Naptown is taped at Butler's University's Irwin Library with the help of Megan Rutlege-Grady. Funding for Naptown was provided by the Ayers Fund, National Endowment for the Humanities and Indiana Humanities. This is a Dominique Weldon/Rory Geshmer Production. Again, this is your host, Susan Neville. See you next time in Naptown.

[Exiting Music Continues]