

Příloha – text originálu



upside down and unconscious with yellow eyes

George Lucas held his auditions for *Star Wars* in an office on a lot in Hollywood. It was in one of those faux-Spanish cream-colored buildings from the thirties with dark orange-tiled roofs and black-iron-grated windows, lined with sidewalks in turn lined with trees—pine trees, I think they were, the sort that shed their needles generously onto the street below—and interrupted by parched patches of once-green lawns.

Everything was a little worse for the wear, but good things would happen in these buildings. Lives would be

led, businesses would prosper, and men would attend meetings—hopeful meetings, meetings where big plans were made and ideas were proposed. But of all the meetings that had ever been held in that particular office, none of them could compare in world impact with the casting calls for the *Star Wars* movie.

A plaque could be placed on the outside of this building that states, “On this spot the *Star Wars* films conducted their casting sessions. In this building the actors and actresses entered and exited until only three remained. These three were the actors who ultimately played the lead parts of Han, Luke, and Leia.”

I’ve told the story of getting cast as Princess Leia many times before—in interviews, on horseback, and in cardiac units—so if you’ve previously heard this story before, I apologize for requiring some of your coveted store of patience. I know how closely most of us tend to hold on to whatever cache of patience we’ve managed to amass over a lifetime and I appreciate your squandering some of your cherished stash here.

George gave me the impression of being smaller than he was because he spoke so infrequently. I first encountered his all-but-silent presence at these auditions—the first

of which he held with the director Brian De Palma. Brian was casting his horror film *Carrie*, and they both required an actress between the age of eighteen and twenty-two. I was the right age at the right time, so I read for both George and Brian.

George had directed two other feature films up till then, *THX 1138*, starring Robert Duvall, and *American Graffiti*, starring Ron Howard and Cindy Williams. The roles I met with the two directors for that first day were Princess Leia in *Star Wars* and Carrie in *Carrie*. I thought that last role would be a funny casting coup if I got it: Carrie as Carrie in *Carrie*. I doubt that that was why I never made it to the next level with *Carrie*—but it didn't help as far as I was concerned that there would have to be a goofy film poster advertising a serious horror film.

I sat down before the two directors behind their respective desks. Mr. Lucas was all but mute. He nodded when I entered the room, and Mr. De Palma took over from there. He was a big man, and not merely because he spoke more—or spoke, period. Brian sat on the left and George on the right, both bearded. As if you had two choices in director sizes. Only I didn't have the choice—they did.

Brian cleared his bigger throat of bigger things and said, "So I see here you've been in the film *Shampoo*?"

I knew this, so I simply nodded, my face in a tight white-

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toothed smile. Maybe they would ask me something requiring more than a nod.

"Did you enjoy working with Warren?"

"Yes, I did!" That was easy! I had enjoyed working with him, but Brian's look told me that wasn't enough of an answer. "He was..."

What was he? They needed to know! "He helped me work... a lot. I mean, he and the other screenwriter... they worked with me." Oh my God, this wasn't going well.

Mr. De Palma waited for more, and when more wasn't forthcoming, he attempted to help me. "How did they work with you?"

Oh, that's what they wanted to know! "They had me do the scene over and over, and with food. There was eating in the scene. I had to offer Warren a baked apple and then I ask him if he's making it with my mother—sleeping with her—you know."

George almost smiled; Brian actually did. "Yes, I know what 'making it' means."

I flushed. I considered stopping this interview then and there. But I soldiered on.

"No, no, that's the dialogue. 'Are you making it with my mother?' I asked him that because I hate my mother. Not in real life, I hate my mother in the movie, partly because she is sleeping with Warren—who's the hairdresser. Lee Grant played my mom, but I didn't really have any scenes

with her, which is too bad because she's a great actress. And Warren is a great actor and he also wrote the movie, with Robert Towne, which is why they both worked with me. With food. It sounded a lot more natural when you talk with food in your mouth. Not that you do that in your movies. Maybe in the scary movie, but I don't know the food situation in space." The meeting seemed to be going better.

"What have you done since *Shampoo*?" George asked.

I repressed the urge to say I had written three symphonies and learned how to perform dental surgery on monkeys, and instead told the truth.

"I went to school in England. Drama school. I went to the Central School of Speech and Drama." I was breathless with information. "I mean I didn't just go, I'm still going. I'm home on Christmas vacation."

I stopped abruptly to breathe. Brian was nodding, his eyebrows headed off to his hair in something like surprise. He asked me politely about my experience at school, and I responded politely as George watched impassively. (I would come to discover that George's expression wasn't indifferent or anything like it. It was shy and discerning, among many other things, including intelligent, studious, and—and a word like "darling." Only not that word, because it's too young and androgynous, and besides which, and most important, George would hate it.)

"What do you plan on doing if you get one of these jobs you're meeting on?" continued Brian.

"I mean, it really would depend on the part, but . . . I guess I'd leave. I mean I know I would. Because I mean—"

"I know what you mean," Brian interrupted. The meeting continued but I was no longer fully present—utterly convinced that I'd screwed up by revealing myself to be so disloyal. Leave my school right in the middle for the first job that came along?

Soon after, we were done. I shook each man's hand as I moved to the door, leading off to the gallows of obscurity. George's hand was firm and cool.

I returned to the outer office knowing full well that I would be going back to school. "Miss Fisher," a casting assistant said. I froze, or would have, if we weren't in sunny Los Angeles. "Here are your sides. Two doors down. You'll read on video." My heart pounded everywhere a pulse can get to.

The scene from *Carrie* involved the mother (who would be memorably played by Piper Laurie). A dark scene, where the people are not okay. But the scene in *Star Wars*—there were no mothers there! There was authority and confidence and command in the weird language that was used. Was I like this? Hopefully George would think so, and I could pretend I thought so, too. I could pretend I was a princess whose life went from chaos to crisis without look-

ing down between chaoses to find, to her relief, that her dress wasn't torn.

I have no recollection now of how I felt reading the two scenes. I can only assume I beat myself up loud and long. Did they like me? Did they think I was fat? Did they think I looked like a bowl of oatmeal with features? Four little dark dots in one big flat pale face ("Me pale face—you Tonto"). Did they think I looked pretty enough? Was I likable enough for me to relax at all? Not on your life. Because (a) there was no relaxing anywhere in my general area, and (b) there was no relaxing anywhere in show business.

But George must have thought I did well enough to have me back. They sent me the *Star Wars* script so I could practice it before the last reading. I remember opening the manila envelope it came in very carefully, one edge at a time, before removing its unknown cargo. It didn't look any different from other scripts—cardboard-like paper on each end, protecting the ordinary paper within—covered in ant-like scratches of letters. I don't know why, but I wanted to read this screenplay out loud.

Enter Miguel Ferrer. Miguel wasn't certain that he wanted to be an actor yet—like me. But we were both intrigued enough that we continued exploring. Like me, he came from a show business background. His father was the

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actor José Ferrer and his mother the singer/actress Rosemary Clooney. We were friends, and I called him up and asked him to read this script with me. He arrived at my mother's newer, much smaller house—since her dramatically reduced financial circumstances due to a second failed marriage—and we went to my bedroom on the second floor.

Like every young man wanting to be an actor in Hollywood then, he had also read for the film, so both of us were dimly aware what we were in store for. We sat on my bed and began to read. From the first page—STAR WARS: A SPACE FANTASY—the images and characters jumped off the pages. Not only into our minds, but into the chairs and other furniture that surrounded us. I'm exaggerating (a little) but it could have jumped onto the furniture, eaten all of it, and drank the blood of an Englishman—because it was as epic as any fee-fi-fo-fum rhyme you ever heard.

The images of space opened around us, planets and stars floated by. The character I was reading for, Leia, was kidnapped by the evil Darth Vader—kidnapped and hung upside down when the smuggler pilot Han Solo (who Miguel was reading for) and his giant monkey creature copilot Chewbacca rescued me. I had been (in the script) upside down and unconscious with yellow eyes. I'll never forget that image. Whoever got the part of the princess

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named Leia would get to do this. I would potentially get to do this! Maybe—if I was lucky—I would be rescued by Han and Chewbacca (Chewie!) from the caverns underneath wherever they'd tortured me, and Chewie would carry me, slung over his shoulder through thigh deep water as we made it out of (interplanetary) harm's way.

Unfortunately, none of this imagery was ever realized due to a combination of cost and the fact that Peter Mayhew—who they hired to play Chewie—couldn't do the stunt due to his extreme height of over 7 feet. He had a condition that left him unable to stand up quickly and remain stable; it was impossible for him to lift up weight of any kind. And my weight, as everyone at Lucasland can recall, was, and remains, of the "any kind" variety.

But I can safely say that any girl cast in the part of the feisty Princess Leia would've been of the any kind size—because once Peter was cast, the lifting and being carried through those thigh-high drenched caverns was out. But I also recall hearing that the water-engulfed caverns were quite an expensive set to build, and this was a low-budget film, so they were out for that reason—leaving only Leia's unconsciousness and those yellow eyes. Most of us know how inexpensive unconsciousness is or was to achieve, so that wouldn't have been a budget problem—just inappropriate. But by the time you lose Peter's inability to carry

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any feisty princess and consider the cost-ineffective underground water caverns—it doesn't matter how beautifully you can portray insensibility—it ain't happening anyway.

The Force was put in me (in a non-invasive way) by the script that day with Miguel, and it has remained in me ever since. I ended up reading for the film with a new actor, an actor I'd never seen before, but then he had never seen me, either. I'll bet since that reading with me he's rued the day—if he can get his strong hands on a rue that is—and if anyone could get their hands on a rue or a Woo it was Harrison Ford. We read together in a room in that same building I'd met George and Brian De Palma in. I was so nervous about the reading I don't remember much about Harrison, and given how nervous Harrison would come to make me, that was plenty frightened indeed.

The following week, my agent, a man who'd been my mother's agent, Wilt Melnick, and was now mine, called me.

"Carrie?" he asked.

I knew my name. So I let him know I knew it. "Yeah," I said in a voice very like mine. Mine but hollow, mine but it didn't matter because my stomach had swung into action.

"They called," he said.

Great, 'cause that was really all I wanted to know. If they called, that they called, not what they said—that didn't matter.

"They want you," he continued.

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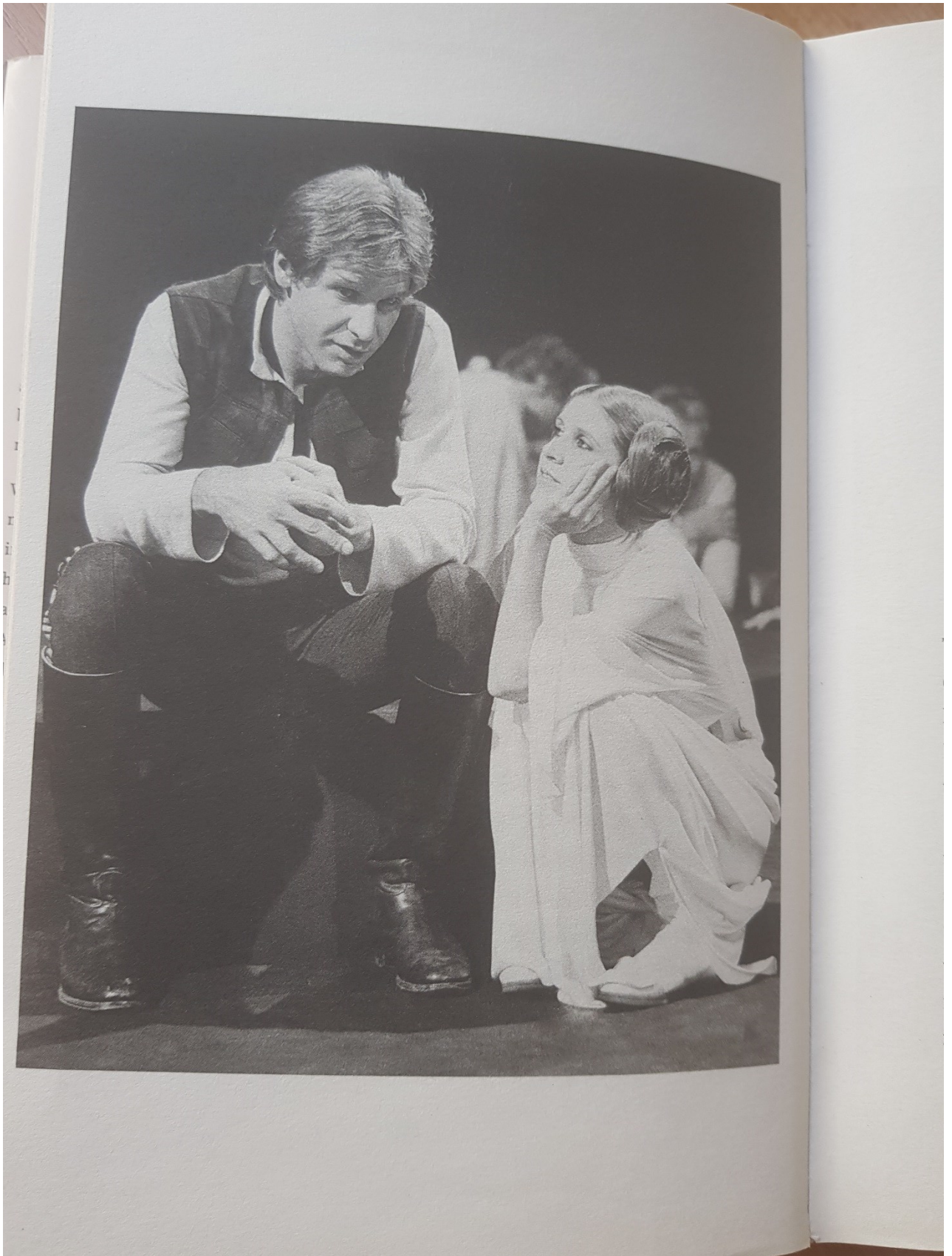
There was a silence.

"They do? I mean they did?"

He laughed, then I laughed and dropped the phone and ran out into the front yard and into the street. It was raining. It didn't rain in L.A. It was raining in L.A. and I was Princess Leia. I had never been Princess Leia before and now I would be her forever. I would never not be Princess Leia. I had no idea how profoundly true that was and how long forever was.

They would pay me nothing and fly me economy—a fact that would haunt my mother for months—but I was Leia and that was all that truly mattered. I'm Leia—I can live in a tree, but you can't take that away from me.

I never dreamt there actually might be a day when I maybe hoped that you could.



the buns of navarone

The movie was being shot in England, so I could drop out of school but wouldn't have to leave the scene of the crime. My friend Riggs let me use his flat in Kensington, behind Barkers department store, and that's where I stayed for the three-month duration of the film.

I remember arriving on the set that first day, attempting to seem as benignly unobtrusive as I possibly could. I showed up at the studio in Borehamwood—about forty-five minutes outside of London—where they fitted me for wardrobe and did hair and makeup tests. (The crew was mostly men. That's how it was and that's pretty much how it still is. It's a man's world and show business is a man's

meal, with women generously sprinkled through it like overqualified spice.)

The hairstyle that was chosen would impact how everyone—every filmgoing human—would envision me for the rest of my life. (And probably even beyond—it's hard to imagine any TV obituary not using a photo of that cute little round-faced girl with goofy buns on either side of her inexperienced head.) My life had started, all right. Here I was crossing its threshold in a long white virginal robe with the hair of a seventeenth-century Dutch school matron.

I was awarded the part in *Star Wars* with the dispiriting caveat that I lose ten pounds, so for me the experience was less like, "*All right! I got a job!*" and more like, "I got a job and I hurt my ankle." The minus 10 percent was an agent's fee, in flesh.

So I went to a fat farm. In Texas. Weren't there any fat farms around Los Angeles? The only answers I can think of are (1) no, because everyone in Los Angeles was already thin, and (2) no, because this was 1976, years before the whole exercising, body-obsessed, fat-farm thing would take hold. The only exercise guru then was Richard Simmons—a flamboyant fuzzy-haired creature who vaguely resembled a gay Bozo the Clown, unless that's redundant, which I, thank God, have no way of knowing, having no, thank God, direct experience with Bozo the Clown.

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My mother recommended the Green Door in Texas, but it was probably called the Golden Door or something else because the only Green Door that anyone had heard of was a porn film, *Behind the Green Door*, which was known for making its star, Marilyn Chambers, if not a household name then a whorehouse-hold name. (I had seen it at fifteen, not having heard the phrase “blow job” before.)

At the Texas fat farm, I met Ann Landers (aka Eppie Lederer), a famous advice columnist, and Lady Bird Johnson, who both took me under their (overweight) wings, which was an uncomfortable place to be. Lady Bird, when I told her the title of *Star Wars*, thought I’d said *Car Wash*, and Ann/Eppie gave me a lot of unsolicited advice over a less-than-filling dinner of a burnt-looking partridge that seemed to have been singed and then torched. It was still more than enough; with a heavy heart and heavier face, I left a week later.

When we started filming, I tried to keep myself well under the radar so that the powers that be wouldn’t notice that I hadn’t lost the weight they’d asked me to. I only weighed 110 pounds to begin with, but I carried about half of them in my face. I think they may have put those buns on me so they might function as bookends, keeping my face right where it was, between my ears and no bigger.

There I would stay, cheeks in check—my face as round as I was short, but no rounder.

We usually finished shooting around six thirty p.m., Monday through Friday. The unluckiest members of the cast—a group that definitely included me—were summoned to the set at around five a.m. I rose before dawn; was picked up at my flat in Kensington by my cheerful driver, Colin; and was spirited through the largely still sleeping London to the rosy dawn hem of its outskirts, arriving some forty-five minutes later at the less-than-stern guardrail of Borehamwood Elstree Studios.

Why was I asked to arrive at this ungodly hour? What monstrous chain of command had selected me apart from many others more deserving, more endowed with tresses thick and wavy tumbling toward their waiting waists?

Perhaps by now the sci-fi aficionados have guessed it. Yes, that god-awfully laughable Leia hairstyle! There were two hairpieces that were practically bolted to each side of my head. First one, then the other, these long brown tresses that, once latched on grimly, were twisted into some oversized-cinnamon-bun shape, which then—with a deftness that never ceased to amaze me—the hairdresser would very slowly and deliberately wind into the now-famous buns of Navarone.

Pat McDermott was the hairdresser assigned to supply me with the hairstyle that I would wear in the movie. Hav-

ing only worn one hairstyle in *Shampoo*, I couldn't see how this could be anything but a straightforward task. Apply a wig, brush some hair, affix some hairpins—voilà, hairstyle. What could be simpler? Well, this straightforward task turned out to be a little more than that when you considered Leia's look would be something worn by children, transvestites, and couples involved in what might be considered a sex fantasy immortalized on the show *Friends*. There might have been more responsibility involved than first met the eye. Of course, there was no way to know this initially. So Pat attempted to deliver what was requested of her, an unusual hairstyle to be worn by a nineteen-year-old girl playing a princess.

Pat was from Ireland and spoke with a lovely Irish brogue—causing (or enabling, depending on the morning) her to refer to a movie as a “fill-um.” She also called me “My lovely” or “My dearest girl”: “Isn't this quite an amazing fill-um, my dearest girl” or “Who is this but my darlin' girl and that crazy hairstyle I put on her each and every day for the new fill-um they're makin'.” I doubt she ever said the latter sentence for me, but she could have, and no one would be any the wiser.

Having arrived oh so early in the a.m., I would invariably fall asleep in the makeup chair, a plain girl with damp scraggly hair—falling just past the shoulder of whatever unprepossessing T-shirt I'd worn that day—and would mi-

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raculously awaken two hours later transformed from "Who the hell is she?" into the magnificently mighty mouthful herself, Princess Leia Organa, formerly of Alderaan and presently of anywhere and everywhere she damn well pleased.

I had endless issues with my appearance in *Star Wars*. Real ones—not ones you bring up so people think you're humble because you secretly find yourself adorable. What I saw in the mirror is not apparently what many teenage boys saw. If I'd known about all the masturbating I would generate—well, that would've been extraordinarily weird from many angles and I'm glad it didn't come up, as it were. But when men—fifty-year-old-plus men down to . . . well, the age goes pretty low for statutory comfort—when men approach me to let me know that I was their first love, let's just say I have mixed feelings. Why did all these men find it so easy to be in love with me then and so complex to be in love with me now?

I had no idea how much time Pat and I would spend together. She was the first person I saw in the morning and the last person I saw at night. But it was the morning bit that was the most intimate. Because the hair took two hours to style, we spent inordinate amounts of time coming up with conversation. The horror is sitting with some-

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one silently. It's the conversational low. Sure, you can turn on music and sit or stand there smiling vaguely, trying to pretend there's nowhere else you'd rather be, but...

The sketches of hairstyles that Pat had been given to use as a guideline were shown to me. I looked at her aghast, with much like the expression I used when shown the sketches of the metal bikini. The one I wore to kill Jabba (my favorite moment in my own personal film history), which I highly recommend your doing: find an equivalent of killing a giant space slug in your head and celebrate that. It works wonders when I'm plagued by dark images of my hairy earphones.

So Pat showed me a variety of exotic looks—from Russian princesses to Swedish maids. I looked at the images, slightly alarmed. There was no Lady Gaga to guide me.

"These are meant to be worn by me?"

Pat smiled sympathetically. "Not all of them. Just one. And I'm sure they won't want you to wear anything you don't like."

I regarded her doubtfully. Those sounded like famous last words.

"You worry too much," Pat laughed, smoothing my hair back.

So image by image, we went through hairstyles that would look best when accompanied by clogs, an apron, and puffy white sleeves. A hairstyle probably sported by an

Aztec Indian chief's daughter on her wedding day. Swirling braids, flowing tresses, and towering wigs. I would sit miserably in front of a mirror and watch while hairstyles did to my face what fun house mirrors do to yours.

"This isn't a hairdo, it's a hair don't."

Pat would politely laugh at what I hoped would pass for wordplay and continue combing, pinning, spraying, teasing. And after each new hairstyle I would stand back at the mirror, gaze at the face, and struggle to make peace with my appearance. Was I round faced and adorable looking? Of course. I see that from this devious distance, but most of us look better at a distance.

Eventually, we arrived at the hairy-earphone configuration. "Well, what do you think of this one, darling? Be honest now. You're goin' to have to wear this hairstyle for a while." She had no idea exactly how long.

"It's okay," I managed. "I mean, I like it better than a lot of the others! I mean—no offense, but—"

"Oh, *pshaw*, darling—no offense taken. I'm just trying to give 'em what they want, though I'm not so sure they know precisely what that is."

"Can't it be something... simpler? I mean, why does the hair have to be... you know, so..."

"It's an outer-space fill-um, my lovely, we can't have you larkin' about wearin' what I think you call a ponytail [and

here she yanked on my very own ponytail!] with a fringe, can we now?"

I was silent. I thought the ponytail, after all the braids and hairpieces, sounded... if not good, preferable.

"No, indeed, so let's you and me give the powers that be another little show, shall we?"

"Okay," I responded briskly, "let's get in there and kick some—" Pat looked at me and I smiled too broadly. "Fuck me twice and cover me with applesauce!"

We strolled onto the set, Pat looking clear-eyed and straight-backed with her silver hair and bright blue eyes, me looking as if all I needed was a dirndl, a goat, and clogs to be ready to take my place in *The Sound of Music*. We arrived at a small troop of traveling minstrels—no, I'm kidding. I wish we'd arrived at a small troop of traveling anything, instead of this group of three: the first assistant director David Tomblin, the producer Gary Kurtz, who might've been smiling under his usual fashion choice, a bearded straight face, and George.

"Well..." George practically said. Dave Tomblin spoke for the entire group when he repeated the same thing he'd said after at least six previous hair don'ts: "I think this one is quite..."

"...Flattering!" Gary finished.

"What do you think of it?" George asked me.

Now, remember, I hadn't lost the requisite ten pounds

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and I thought any minute they'd notice and fire me before the film even started.

So, I replied, "I love it!"

It was also around then that I became uncontrollably enamored of a makeup enhancement that shames me even today: lip gloss. I had so much lip gloss on you might have slid off and broken your own lips if you tried to kiss me. I've never really understood what lip gloss is meant to enhance. Is that how much spit I leave on there when I lick my lips? Even if I was licking my lips in some come-hither way, that still wouldn't account for that slap of sticky shine. No tongue is that wet, or if it was, it would have to be the tongue of a buffalo—or my dog, Gary, who has a tongue the size of two city blocks, enabling him, if he so chooses, to lick his eyes. But if you got all of Gary's horrific long strands of spit slathered onto my—or some other unlucky lass's—lips, I doubt it would provide me with that come-hither look. It would give me more of a come-slather look.

Giving Leia that high-shine look would make Vader afraid he might slip on her lip gloss and fall on his breathing machine. And who wears that much lip gloss into battle? Me, or Leia, of course.

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The late actress Joan Hackett was a much older friend who taught me many of the things my mother wisely or unwisely failed to, including a love for, and thus the philosophy behind, lip gloss. I've since seen Joan in a movie that takes place in the old West, and in it, she is wearing enough gloss to wax a car, and it works on her, mostly—it really does. But in the final analysis I've learned that space battle and lip gloss don't mix.

I don't remember much about things like the order we shot scenes in or who I got to know well first. Nor did anyone mention that one day I would be called upon to remember any of this long-ago experience. That one day soon, and then for all the days after that, information about *Star Wars* would be considered desirable in the extreme. That there would be an insatiable appetite for it, as if it were food in a worldwide famine.

Everywhere I looked, things were new. British crew: new. The way I was treated: new. The feeling that so many things were possible it was difficult to name them, or focus on them, for long: very new.

I read the dialogue and it was impossible. On my first day I had a scene with Peter Cushing, who played Governor Tarkin. This is the scene when I was supposed to say, "I

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thought I recognized your foul stench when I arrived on board." Who talks like that, except maybe a pirate in the seventeenth century? I looked at it and thought it should be said more like, "Hey, Governor Tarkin, I knew I'd see you here. When I got on board this ship I thought, My God! What is that smell? It's gotta be Governor Tarkin. Everyone knows that the guy smells like a wheel of cheese that someone found in their car after seven weeks!" So I did it like that, more sardonic than emotional. Fearless and like an actual human, but not serious. Ironic. Some chick from Long Island who's not scared of you or anyone you might know.

And this was when George gave me the only direction that I ever received from him other than his usual suggestion to make everything you're saying "faster" or "more intense." He took me aside and in a very solemn voice told me, "This is a very big deal for Leia. Huge. I mean, her planet is about to get blown up by these guys. And that means everything that she knows is gonna be gone forever. So you're very upset. *She* is very upset."

I listened carefully because I was the one with most of the earnest lines, and prior to this I didn't know whether I was going to have to deliver them earnestly. When you watch the movie, it turns out that the voice I used when I was upset was vaguely British, and my not-upset voice is less British.

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Because I grimaced each time one of the blanks noisily exited my laser gun, I had to take shooting lessons from the policeman who prepared Robert De Niro for his terrifying, psychotic role in *Taxi Driver*. Actually, it wouldn't become a laser gun until post-production. Thus the expression "We'll fix it in post." (I wanted to be fixed in post, but this wouldn't become possible until the birth of collagen injections in Poland in the early eighties. As far as I know there have been no Polish jokes in conjunction with this important discovery. Perhaps this is because looking younger is no joking matter or because something that expensive generally isn't considered all that amusing unless it's injected into the lips—and then it's so painful, it makes a bikini wax something you reflect upon longingly and with shorter hair. I do know that women have to look younger longer—in part due to the fact that cragginess doesn't enhance most women's overall appearance, and in part because I don't know that many straight men whose goal is to achieve a kind of dewy teenage appearance. But maybe I don't get around enough.)

There was one other woman on the movie besides Pat McDermott and the continuity "girl," and that was Kay

Freeborn. Kay was married to Stuart Freeborn and they had a son, Graham. All of them worked on the movie doing makeup. Stuart had been doing makeup since the silent films, where a lot of makeup was required, since you couldn't hear the dialogue and how you looked was everything. He appeared to me to be about eighty, so he was probably about fifty-five or sixty. He would tell stories while applying your makeup, while the heat of the larger-than-usual lights warmed you. Kay was largely in charge of my makeup, of course, seeing as we were both women—and in an all-male space-fantasy world, we women had to stick together. But Stuart was also known to do mine on occasion.

Stuart seemed to always have a smile on his face (where else would he have a smile?) while he powdered you down and up. "I remember I was doing Vivien Leigh's makeup for *Fire Over England*, which starred herself and her future husband, Laurence Olivier. They had fallen in love while starring in the picture together—but both of them were still married to other people, so they could only really see one another on the sly or they'd get caught, you know. And there was I—a young man myself then—hard to believe now, I know."

I'd interject here, "No! You look incredible!"

He'd laugh gratefully and continue his story. "Well, you're a nice girl," he'd say, smoothing rouge on my cheek with one of his many sponges.

"No! I'm not! I'm not nice! Ask anyone—they'll tell you!"

"So there I'd be, working on Miss Leigh's lipstick for nigh on two hours—for the film was being shot in Technicolor and the lips had to be very red but the skin slightly gray."

I grimaced. "*Gray?!?*"

Stuart laughed as he moved to my other cheek. "'Twas to do with the four-step color process of Technicolor. They don't use it these days—too complicated." My eyebrows were next to receive his cinematic enhancement. "So there I am. It took me all of two hours to do Miss Leigh's lips just right, and don't you know, I'm just about finished and there she is, camera ready, and who comes in but his lordship. Only he wasn't his lordship then, of course, he was just that new actor Larry Olivier. Most called him Larry then—but to strangers or fans he was Laurence Olivier, up-and-coming star-to-be. Whatever you called him, though, he came and swooped down, kissing her then and there. All my work—hours of it, like I told you—out the window, and nothing for it but to start all over again."

He shrugged. "Nothin' to be done about it. They were in love and that's all there was to it. You're only young once, so they tell me. Shame, but there it is."