

Chapter One

Carole Mallory, was born on January 4, 1941. I was born July 19, 1948. I grew up with my wife, Carole, when I saw her beauty and heard her story.

Her mother, Laura, like I forget, was the sister to a family of twelve children from Birmingham, Ala. She was raised with strict Protestant Church beliefs. If Carole's step was showing, her mother would not allow Carole to leave the house. In the early 1950s, the years of the atomic age in the United States, through other means.

SEX, LIES AND HOLLYWOOD

(The Life of Former Supermodel Carole Mallory Gambone)

Carole's father was a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania's Wharton School. His grandfather, Lafayette, who had served, almost lost and all the circumstances of war, when he was here, General Lee Wagner, who led the Battle of Bull Run was a distant relative. Their cousin Robert Emile Wagner was also dead.

Admitted because she did everything right, Carole's sister, Brenda, was four years older than Carole.

While Carole's mother was strict, her father was the opposite. She would tease him and call him "Daddy" because she loved him. He was 6'2" with light blue eyes and a light blue complexion. When he laughed, it was so loud that the whole world heard him. He didn't care.

By Kenneth Gerald Gambone

Chapter One:

Carole Mallory, was born on January 8, 1942. I was born July 19, 1968. I fell in love with my wife, Carole, when I saw her beauty and heard her story.

Her mother, Laura Lulu Lengel, was the eldest in a family of twelve farmers from Shoemakersville, Pa. She was raised with strict Pennsylvania Dutch beliefs. If Carole's slip were showing, her mother would not allow Carole to leave the house. In the early fifties, the years of the sheer nylon blouse, Carole was forbidden to wear one, though other teenagers flaunted them.

Carole's father was a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania's Wharton School. His grandmother, Ludmilla, who had servants, chauffeurs and all the accoutrements of wealth, raised him. Civil War hero, General Lou Wagner, who led the Battle of Bull Run was a distant relative. Distinguished Herbert Emile Wagner was blue blood.

Admired because she did everything right, Carole's sister, Elmira, was four years older than Carole.

While Carole's mother was strict, her father was the opposite. She would tease him and call him "My favorite Daddy." They were a team. He was 6'2" with light blue eyes and a laugh like a foghorn. When he laughed, it was as though the whole world heard him. He didn't care.

However, Carole's mother cared about other people's opinion and though she was only 4'11 tall, she packed a wallop of willpower.

Her father enjoyed provoking her mother and Carole would laugh at her mother, too. Later in life Carole learned to regret this.

"You're nothing but a 'dumbkoff'," Carole's father would say to her mother.

"Dumbkoff" meant dumbhead in Pennsylvania Dutch. Then he would ridicule farmers and what he considered their backward ways. One of his pet peeves was that Carole's mother thought sex was a sin.

One summer on the way to Ocean City, New Jersey, Carole's father drove her mother, her sister and Carole into the parking lot of Camp Sunshine, a nudist colony.

"Ach, Herb, do you want me to file for divorce?" Carole's mother shouted to her father as Carole and her sister giggled in the backseat hidden from the naked bathers walking around wearing only bathing caps.

Ridicule was also familiar to Carole whom the boys called 'Toothpick'. In high school she was so thin she drank pints of heavy cream and wore two pairs of bobby sox to hide her skinny ankles. Though Carole's doctor, Dr. Rodenheiser, had said that Carole had been born with a perfect body, when Carole looked into the mirror, she wondered if she had been switched at birth,

When Carole and her sister visited their grandparent's farmhouse, they would sit on the steps at night while the thunderstorms and the rain were at their best. There wasn't much to do in the country and there were times Carole would hear her father anguish about how he hated his job.

"Why can't I have the good life of a Rockefeller or a celebrity?" he would say.

From then on it stuck with her. "That's it!" Carole thought. "I know what to do."

When Carole was to begin second grade, she developed rheumatic fever. Unable to attend school, she was never taught to write. She would have nightmares that something catastrophic was about to happen to her family. To help her sleep, her mother would pat her on her back each night.

In 1953, when Carole began seventh grade, her father developed a mysterious twitch. He suffered a nervous breakdown and was never able to work again. The Philadelphia National Bank said he was 'a man who never made a mistake'. Now he was unable to write. Over the next two years his twitch worsened. He was like a giant metronome. He had to crawl up stairs on all fours. Weeding became one of the few times he as at peace.

To support the family, Carole's mother at the age of 53 returned to nursing at the Jefferson Hospital.

In 1955, a doctor suggested Carole's father have a lobotomy, an operation that was in vogue. Carole's father wanted it.

"Won't someone take me out of my misery," he would shout.

After the operation the doctors announced that they had discovered that Carole's father had been suffering from Parkinson's disease. The lobotomy was not only needless, but also gave him permanent brain damage. His eyes no longer blinked. He drooled. His shoulders were on a forty-five degree angle to his head.

"Let those butchers try to collect!" Carole's mother would say about the surgeon's bill.

To avoid her father's agony, Carole was seized with a need to go to a college as far away as possible. Her sister became a schoolteacher; Carole would become one, too.

To be able to afford Penn State, four hours from home, Carole worked at Howard Johnson's as a waitress. When her family went there for dinner, the hostess took one look at Carole's deformed father and seated them by the kitchen in the worst booth in the restaurant. With a little make up and a nice dress Carole had learned to look pretty. She would dress up before going to Howard Johnson's. Alone, she confronted the tyrannical hostess while her father waited in the car. Then Carole was given a good table. Now she would bring her mother, her sister and her

father into the restaurant. Carole learned to hide her father's suffering behind her blossoming beauty.

At Penn State, Carole gained twenty pounds and developed a figure. Her senior year she was voted to be a finalist for Miss Penn State. She was given her very own float in the Homecoming Parade.

In front of twenty thousand students the night the winner was chosen, Carole was asked. "What is the single most difficult feat you have had to overcome?"

"My father's needless lobotomy," she answered. "During the operation the doctors discovered he had been suffering from Parkinson's disease,"

Twenty thousand students were silent. Moments later, Carole lost. She felt like a failure. She had let her father down. She was a looser.

However she wasn't a failure with men. In 1961, her Junior Year, she met her first celebrity, Dick Hoak, an All American halfback on Penn State's championship football team. It was lunchtime at the Hetzel Union Building, the student cafeteria. Dick began to stare at Carole who returned his penetrating gaze. He had dark smoldering eyes, black hair, a tight muscular body, beautiful buttocks and was short. Carole felt safe with short men. Soon they were dating. Their attraction was magnetic. Dick Hoak looked like a Greek God to her. He was the first man with whom she had 'gone all the way', as they would say. It happened one sunset on a

blanket under a tree by the Nittany Lion Inn, their books by their side.

Because of this Carole felt she had to marry Dick whom she had difficulty talking to. He majored in history. The arts excited her.

In 1963, the Pittsburgh Steelers drafted Dick Hoak. When he was given \$10,000 a year, a lot at that time, Carole and Dick became engaged. By marrying someone famous and destined to become rich, Carole was going to fulfill her father's wishes. (Dick Hoak became a coach of the Steelers.) Carole recalled feeling sophisticated while sitting in a dimly lit Stauffer's Restaurant in Pittsburgh with its soft green lighting as she stared at her glamorous whiskey sour with its juicy orange slice and bright red maraschino cherry. Her dream had come true. Well, her father's dream. After all Stauffer's was high class next to Howard Johnson's and she was a customer not waitress.

Now Dick introduced Carole to other football stars: Mike Ditka, Terry Bradshaw, Lynn Swan and Big Daddy Lipscomb. She was meeting celebrities. So why wasn't she happy? It wasn't her achievement that was drawing the recognition. She began to feel left out.

After graduating in three years from Penn State—a partial scholarship and working in the student cafeteria helped—she was hired to teach art in Lower Merion Junior High, adjacent to Philadelphia's Main Line. Her attraction for Dick Hoak had waned. There had to be more to life than being married to someone famous. After teaching for one year,

Carole's yearning to run from her father's suffering overwhelmed her.

She needed to get away from it all.

In 1965, Pan American Airlines chose Carole to become a stewardess. She wanted to learn about the world. She wanted adventure.

She wanted to forget. She didn't want to be stuck in suburban

Philadelphia with a washer, a dryer and a two car garage to gloat about.

Like her mother, Carole had a case of Wanderlust. Her mother was admired for traveling to the Mid West in the early 30's when travel was no easy feat and for marrying late in life.

As Carole's mother used to say, "Carole had to sew her wild oats."

Chapter Two

Carole was airsick on her first flight. It was to Bermuda. She was so thrilled to be out Philadelphia, she didn't care that she had become an airsick airline hostess. London, Paris, Rome, Beirut, Bangkok, throwing up all the way. Within a year she lost the twenty pounds she gained at Penn State. And more. Dramamine helped. Time changes were torture. She would buy Nembutals, Seconals, Quaaludes in Bangkok just to sleep. Her handbag looked like a pharmacy.

After flying all night then arriving at a foreign destination at sunrise without sleep, crew members would take the small bottles of alcohol given to first class, stash them in their handbags and drink them in the crew bus driving to the hotel. First class passengers were given alcohol free. She wanted to be like them,. Often the rich and famous had alias and were referred to as Ecors and Idents. This intrigued her.

"Why don't you become a model?" passengers would say to her. "You're much too pretty for a job like this."

"Oh, no," she thought, "Me, a model?"

Then she had an idea! "I am 5'61/2" and 108 lbs, " she thought. "Maybe I can get a medical leave of absence for 3 months due to my weight loss? Keep my job. Buy a ticket to Paris. And try to model." It was a risk, but Carole loved challenge.

In 1964, Carole moved temporarily from Manhattan where she had trained to be a stewardess to the fourth floor of the Hotel du Ministre on the Rue de Sevre in Paris. It had a W.C. (water closet) for a bathroom which all the floor's guests had to share.

In 1965, in an attempt to make up for her abandonment Carole took her 65 year old mother around the world in three weeks. Her father was in further decline. Her sister

had married and was there for her parents which caused a rift between Carole and her sister in later years. Carole had seen the world and no longer could live in Philadelphia.

In Paris Carole didn't have connections to the modeling world, but with her Michelin Guide in hand and her three inch heels to increase her height (she was too short to be a model), she trudged the cobblestone streets looking up addresses of agencies, photographers, magazines. She would put a jeton in the phone, speak in broken French and navigate her way into the world's top fashion industry.

Dorian Leigh was the first agency she visited and she was hired on the spot. Dorian was the sister of the legendary model, Suzy Parker. A former model, Dorian was a major beauty in her own right. With a race car driver as a lover, an exotic body and enormous breasts, she was not intimidated by the sexuality gradually surfacing in Carole's test shots. Dorian encouraged Carole to believe in Carole's growing sensuality and to overcome her shame about her body.

Carole's early bikini test shots showed that though she was bone thin, she had high curving hips almost like handlebars. She had the body of an Italian, not an American. Faux maigre which translated from French meant false thin was the term the French applied to a body like Carole's. To most people's amazement who had seen her in a blouse, when she wore a low neckline because she had a flat rib cage, she had cleavage. (Years later she was dubbed "Cleavage City" by the HOLLYWOOD REPORTER). Though in her childhood Carole had been ridiculed as looking like a toothpick, when she modeled a bikini, it became apparent that Carole had developed that near perfect body that Dr. Rohdenheiser had told her mother she had been born with. Years later she would become one of the top bathing suit models in America.

Sophisticated Dorian wanted Carole Lengel Wagner to use the name "Lengel"
 "Too pretentious," Carole said. In French it was pronounced LanJEL.

Though Carole Wagner was from suburban Philly, she would be known throughout the modeling world for her sensuous European look which COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE would launch on its cover in 1971. She was discovered by Dorian Leigh (and Pan Am).

On one 'go-see' a term referring to an appointment to meet with a photographer Carole remembered meeting Angelica Huston, then a model who was dating Bob Richardson, a maverick photographer known for his intense portraits and hippy lifestyle. Richardson photographed Carole with hair disheveled and a smoldering expression a la French film star Jeanne Moreau. In 1966 Angelica, who watched the photo session was quiet, withdrawn and very different from the open unpretentious actress Carole knew in Hollywood in the mid 1980's when Angelica won her Oscar for Best Actress for PRIZZI'S HONOR. Angelica was finding herself as well.

After the session it was out of Bob Richardson's studio back onto the cobblestone to go see a new photographer, have more photos taken and to do some bookings. A booking was a job. Work. French Francs. Carole's funds were tight, but she was making money, more than she did as a stewardess. But could she work in America? She was sick and tired the affectations of the Parisians.

Within three months Carole was booked by French VOGUE. Guy Bourdin, a top photographer, was to shoot her wearing the Italian Collections. Thrilled, she had accomplished her goal. Being photographed for French VOGUE, the premiere

fashion magazine would guarantee her employment in NY as a model. She could go home! Enough of Paris and their uncomfortable cobblestones.

With her tear sheets in her hand, she returned to Manhattan and met with Eileen Ford who signed her immediately to be a part of the prestigious Ford Modeling Agency.

That was which showed her the commercial possibilities was described by Eileen.

She was smiling when Eileen looked through Carol's modeling portfolio. Carol proudly pointed out her past clients from French VOGUE. With an arched eyebrow Eileen said, "Lovely, darling, but why didn't you stay in Paris?" The photos were of Carol posing in gorgeous gowns. No bikini shots.

Carol didn't feel comfortable with Eileen from the moment on. Nor did Carol feel comfortable with Eileen Ford's notorious jealousy. One of her eyes was constantly watching her husband Jerry who was busy modeling many of Eileen's models. Too did Carol like Eileen meddling in her private life and trying to fit her up with her modeling career. Eileen's concern for her model's career seemed a bit too forward as the way her models lived and if she had any vested interest in making a connection with their eyes. She gave every party in attempt to fit up her models, but Carol never felt comfortable at those social paddling parties either.

In 1952, David Malloy came into Carol's life at a party given by Tibby and Fred Manning. Friends of a fellow attorney. Tibby's skinned Tibby carried a parcel on her shoulder while Fred skinned Fred who was Lebanese and a hell turned man. He represented Adam Khacheg's money as it was named Khacheg's and a lot better to his life. They lived in a lovely neighborhood in Manhattan's East Village and were not

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Chapter 3

Conservative Eileen Ford was very different from Dorian Leigh. She was spinsteresque. The sexuality in Carole's early modeling shots which Dorian Leigh had liked and which showed lucrative commercial possibilities was discredited by Eileen.

On their first meeting when Eileen leafed through Carole's modeling portfolio, Carole proudly pointed out her tear sheets from French VOGUE. With an arched eyebrow Eileen said, "Lovely, darling, but why didn't you stay in Paris." The photos were of Carole posing in gorgeous gowns. No bikini shots.

Carole didn't feel comfortable with Eileen from that moment on, Nor did Carole feel comfortable with Eileen Ford's notorious jealousy. One of her eyes was constantly watching her husband Jerry who was busy watching many of Eileen's models. Nor did Carole like Eileen meddling in her private life and trying to fix her up with her wealthy clients or connections. Eileen's concern for her models' careers seemed a bit too focused on the men her models dated and if she had any vested interests in making a connection with these men. She threw many parties in attempts to fix up her models, but Carole never felt comfortable at these flesh peddling parties either.

In 1967, Ronald Mallory came into Carole's life at a party given by Tibby and Fred Karamen, friends of a fellow stewardess. Porcelin skinned Tibby carried a parrot on her shoulder while dark skinned Fred who was Lebanese had a half burned face. He misrepresented Adnan Khashoggi's money so it was rumored Khashoggi had a hit order on his life. They lived in a lavish townhouse in Manhattan's East Sixties and were art

collectors. Ron Mallory was an artist. He worked with mercury. Kinetic sculptures. His work was in the Museum of Modern Art. Carole was impressed and immediately charmed. And light haired, blue eyed Ron Mallory was short. They began to date and soon were living together to Eileen Ford's chagrin. He could do nothing for her. Certainly not hire her models.

To no surprise Carole's career did not take off at the Ford Agency. A few months after Carole was hired, she was fired.

A new challenge. Carole picked up her portfolio and made an appointment to meet with the top competitor to the Ford Agency which was the Stewart Agency and Barbara Thorban, an attractive middle aged family woman with no overt hang ups. Barbara hired her on the spot and introduced her to Ruth Lehner, who headed the TV department. The walls were adorned with photos of their clients one of whom was Cybil Shepard. Husky voiced, kind-hearted Ruth arranged for Carole to study commercial readings. Carole went on to do over fifty commercials and became known as one of the leading on camera spokeswomen in her industry. In her most famous commercial for English Leather she recited, "All my men wear English Leather or they wear nothing at all." It ran for ten years.

By 1971, Carole had become a supermodel. In March alone she was on the covers of NEWSWEEK, NEW YORK, COSMOPOLITAN. Her NEWSWEEK cover outsold all other issues of NEWSWEEK in the seventies except those dealing with Watergate

In 1974, Bryan Forbes cast Carole as a Stepford Wife in the movie of the same name because of her reputation as being a skilled on camera spokeswoman and a beauty.

Chapter Four

In 1968, marriage to Ron Mallory was fun. While Carole respected his talent as an artist, she soon realized his true talent was social climbing. Ron's mother had taught him, "If you can choose between making a poor friend and a rich one, make a friend of the rich one." With Ron Carole could fulfill her dream.

Andy Warhol, Marc Rothko, Richard Lindner were a few of the artists in attendance at their wedding. Marc Rothko called Carole "Beauty." He could never remember her name. Pauline Trigere designed Carole's wedding dress for which Ron had traded a sculpture. Since Ron didn't have money, he traded for those expensive items he wanted. The wedding was given by a patron of the arts, Jacque Kaplan, in his N.Y. apartment. For the wedding Ron traded Jacques and also for a mink coat for Carole. Carole's mother, father and sister drove to New York for the wedding. Though it was difficult for him to stand still during the ceremony, Carole's father gave her away.

Each summer Carole would model the collections in Paris then they would tour the south of France and settle in St. Tropez in a hotel or in a villa of friends. St. Tropez was raw sex in the sun. Topless beaches were the norm. Carole's Pennsylvania Deutsch puritanical attitudes were erased with suntan lotion. However this guilt lingered beneath the surface and after a bottle of wine her jealousy displayed fits of rage. And Ron Mallory enjoyed provoking Carole, just as her father had enjoyed provoking her mother.

On the beaches, particularly the plage Moorea, there were Roman Polanski, Brigitte Bardot, Racquel Welch (never topless), the King of Spain, Italian designer Nino Cerrutti, Italian actress Elsa Martinelli, French actress Romy Schneider and many directors of the French and American cinema. There were restaurants under the sun with langouste freshly grilled and the aroma of feu du bois. One day a topless teenager with a leather collar around her neck and positioned on all fours was chained proudly to the bar by Italian Count Dado Ruspoli. No one appeared to notice.

At night it was dancing in discotheques along with Brigitte Bardot and Racquel Welch and walking the port. Carole and Ron would study the yachts, would try to figure out their owners and then would scheme how to get on board for a luncheon or a cruise. One night they spotted a 110 foot yacht, the Melahne, belonging to film producer Sam Spiegel who had produced THE AFRICAN QUEEN and LAWRENCE OF ARABIA. It was rumored he was in town to snag Princess Grace for the lead in NICOLAS AND ALEXANDRA which he was about to produce.

The next day on the plage Moorea Sam Spiegel stared at a topless Carole walking out of the water in a black bikini bottom and a gun belt, then the rage. Jewelry and belts were always worn with bikinis, just never the top. Ron saw Sam studying Carole while Sam was chatting with David Newman and Bob Benton then known for their screenplay of BONNIE AND CLYDE. (Bob Benton went on to direct and to win an Oscar for KRAMER VS. KRAMER.)

Then David Newman introduced Ron and Carole to Sam Spiegel who moments later invited them for a cruise the next morning.

"Be on board at 6 AM," Sam said sternly. "Don't be late or we'll leave without you."

Sam was known for his rage. Most people cowered in his presence. His nickname was "Fat Sam". A shoe salesman from Brooklyn this rotund little man had turned himself into a multimillionaire. But he didn't know one thing about protocol. He was the personification of nouveau riche. He learned how to behave from his guests. Which was the reason he was most proud of his guest book, a who's who in the world of celebrity. Carole liked Sam and viewed him a bit as the cowardly lion in the WIZARD OF OZ. Though she didn't like his continually trying to French kiss her on the top deck. Just another dirty old man, she told herself, looking for validation from young flesh. So? She was looking for validation with his celebrity. Was she much better?

With a crew of 20 there was white glove service for each meal. Actress Barbara Parkins was another guest. It was never certain if Barbara and Sam were having an affair until Sam invited Kirk Douglas on board when Sam saw Kirk swimming in the waters outside of Cannes. Kirk knew Sam and the yacht well. A playful Kirk gave a tour of the Melahne and pointed out a two way mirror in Sam's bedroom adjacent to Barbara's. Kirk Douglas was every bit as virile in person as on screen and even more dynamic. Magnetic. His energy was awesome. He was not intimidated by Sam. Kirk accepted the dirty old man aspect of Sam's personality and found it endearing. Nor did Kirk talk down to Carole and Ron or Barbara Parkins. He was a true celebrity. His body

was taut, he was a great swimmer and he had a terrific sense of humor which he enjoyed sharing. Carole had the feeling he enjoyed laughing at his own jokes because he had been able to give pleasure.

Outside Cap Ferrat Ron and Carole met David Niven and his effervescent wife Hjordis whom Sam had invited for lunch. David Niven was not the bon vivant Carole had expected to meet. He was stern. Preoccupied. In retrospect Carole suspects he was suffering from early stages of the debilitating Lou Gerhig's disease which later killed him. He had an air of torment while his wife exuded levity.

After lunch the Melahne sailed for Corsica. Still Sam had not told his guests who would be the next visitor on board. Sam kept his business to himself, true producer style. One morning Carole and Ron awakened to a nervous Sam and jittery crew. Fingers pointed to a small sailboat approaching the anchored Melahne. As the couple approached with two small children in a dingy, the gangplank was lowered. Ron and Carole ran to their cabin to film the oncoming guests. Certainly celebrities. A woman with a battered straw hat, a one piece bathing suit and red rubber thongs stepped off the dingy with a short hefty man rather non-descript. Carole held her binoculars as Ron filmed. IT WAS PRINCESS GRACE AND PRINCE RAINIER! The two children must have been Princess Caroline and Prince Albert! "Wait till I tell Mom and Dad," Carole thought.

Ron and Carole hurried to the top deck to be introduced to the royal family. Princess Grace was now middle aged and still a beauty without makeup. She was natural in

appearance and in personality. No pretense. No jealousy. Carole was in a small white bikini, but Princess Grace did not flinch or show any signs of annoyance like many older women often did. Prince Rainer was extremely handsome closeup. He was simply unphotogenic. When he spoke, he was truly charming. No airs. Down to earth. Aware of other people's feelings. Kind. The children were under foot and restless.

Nervous about protocol Sam did not know how to seat his guests for the luncheon, so Prince Rainier helped him and sat by Carole's side. "Thank God for wine," Carole thought, "Sam isn't the only nervous one here." Wine was poured in abundance.

Princess Grace was intimidated by Sam and was quiet throughout the luncheon. Carole could tell she had no intention of returning to films, and wondered why their sailboat was so small?

"We almost capsized in the storm last night," Prince Rainier said to Sam

"Glad you didn't," Sam said,. 'Have some filet mignon or fresh langouste."

"What sign are you?" Carole asked Prince Rainier.

"Capricorn and you?" he said with a half smile.

"Capricorn, too. AND I'm from Philadelphia," Carole said smiling at Princess Grace who let out a slight chuckle.

"I'm from Philadelphia, too," she said kindly. "What part are you from?"

"Springfield, Delaware County."

"I'm from Lower Merion. Thereabouts."

"I used to teach school there. Art to 7th through 9th graders. Welsh Valley Junior High."

"I know it well," she said. "Sam, it's good to see you have some culture and education on board besides the film industry."

Sam's eyes twinkled. He rarely smiled.

Carole was relieved that Ron and she had pleased their host and celebrated by having more wine. She drank a bottle at lunch. Nerves! And it was the French thing to do. She had to watch what she said. Ron was continually criticizing her.

After lunch they retired to the top deck. Carole who was rather tipsy from the wine lay sunbathing then attempted push ups at Princess Grace's feet. She fell SPLAT on her face. "Je suis mal eleve," Carole said in her broken French which means I am badly raised.

Princess Grace laughed at Carole's bad joke and for a moment Carole felt the love she longed for from a sister.

When the Royal family left the yacht, sadness overcame Melahne. Sam's dark mood returned as their vessel sailed back to St. Tropez. But Carole and Ron would never forget these few hours. When Princess Grace died, Carole wrote Prince Rainier. He wrote her and fondly remembered their cruise.

After two years of provocation and being made to feel sexually inferior by Ron Mallory, Carole and Ron separated. Feeling lost on her own, in the summer of 1970 Carole agreed to a reconciliation in Sardinia. The night before Ron was to arrive she had a date with Phillip Niarchos, the son of the Greek shipping tycoon and in the midst of a sexual interlude changed her mind out of guilt. After all Ron Mallory was arriving the next day. Phillip was angry and refused to speak with her again. Nevermind, she thought. So much for the Greeks.

Ron and Carole had rented an apartment in Sardinia's Porto Rotundo. Their reconciliation consisted of more cruises and dinner parties. One night they were invited with a group of Italians to the Aga Khan's villa in Porto Cervo. The Italians traveled from party to party like cattle. In herds. It was Marisa Berenson, Princess Diane von Furstenburg, Allesandro Onassis, the stream of the jet set. The Aga Khan was rather silent and swatted flies all night. It was hot. Carole had the impression he was bored, had not invited all these people and did not want to talk to them. He was handsome, well-built, dark, but not particularly charming. His wife, a former model, was gracious and eager to please.

Carole remembered the villa as spacious, with arches and having whitewall to wall carpet. After a buffet dinner and the usual abundance of wine, cherry pie was served. Carole accidentally dropped the cherry pie on the white carpet. Horrified, she couldn't call attention to it. So she left the cherry pie on the white carpet and walked into another room. No one noticed.

At summer's end Ron and Carole returned to New York. Carole worked intensely and to her amusement was cast as a Greek airline hostess in the award winning "No Dancing in the Aisles" commercial Olympic Airlines. There were adds for: Winston, De Beers diamonds, Speidel watches, a TIME MAGAZINE bathing suit spread, the cover of ESQUIRE, two covers of NEW YORK MAGAZINE, a commercial and a print campaign for Faberge's Tigress perfume which landed on 60 Minutes because of Carole's breasts which jiggled beneath a crocheted one piece bathing suit. In the 70's jiggling breasts were not permitted on commercials on all the major networks which 60 MINUTES found amusing and turned into a story featuring Carole's commercial directed by Mike Cimino who later directed HEAVEN'S GATE.

In New York parties continued. Diane von Furstenburg invited Carole and Ron to her birthday party at Hippopotamus, a discotheque owned by Cybil Burton, Richard Burton's first wife. Little did Carole know she would fall in love with another man.

While seated on tiny round stools by a cocktail table Carole and Ron watched the dancers, Ron didn't like to dance. Carole thought she was a good dancer when she had had enough to drink. And she was drinking now because she was unhappily married.

Suddenly a short swarthy man with shoulder length black hair, handle bar like side burns, rose leather pants and tight rose t-shirt, extended his hand and said with a smile, "Do you want to dance?"

He was the most handsome man Carole had ever seen. He had dark brown eyes, thick lips and big white teeth that flashed when he smiled.

"I'm Claude Picasso," he said.

"Could he be Pablo Picasso's son?" Carole wondered.

Carole asked Ron if he'd mind. 'No, of course not,' he said. He had heard Claude's last name.

Claude and Carole danced wildly and passionately to Gloria Gaynor's "I Will Survive." He had a tight muscular body and an ample buttocks which Carole focused on throughout their dancing.

After their dance he took her back to her stool and said, "Thanks, I needed that." And he was gone from Carole's life just as quickly as he had entered it. She didn't know how to reach him, but heard that he was a photographer. She asked her agent to send her to him on a go-see, but her agent refused saying, "You're not his type."

It was back to a boring married life until a party at a restaurant in the East 60s one night in 1971. It was March and Carole was on the covers of: NEWSWEEK, wearing red hot pants, a Roumanian shirt and a big smile, COSMOPOLITAN wearing a t-shirt with a big embossed pussycat and logo that said 'Pet me I'll Purr.' and NEW YORK MAGAZINE wearing a lavender bikini being sprayed by an open fire hydrant with the caption 'The Sensuous Summer by X.' Those covers were right there on the newsstand for the world to see and that includes Hollywood.

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Chapter Five

"I'm Warren Beatty. Who are you,?" a male model said to Carole. She had seen him leering at her across the crowded party. She grabbed another shrimp by the hors'douvre table as he talked to her cleavage. "Unwanted advances were so annoying. Why did people think they were a compliment?" Carole wondered.

"You're one of the most beautiful women I've seen outside of Hollywood," he said as though Carole was supposed to be flattered.

Across the table Ron was talking to a short blonde woman. Why it was Julie Christie! This WAS Warren Beatty! "Oh, my God, " Carole thought realizing that famous hum in his voice was the one and only Warren Beatty purr.

"I'm Carole Mallory," Carole said finishing off her white wine.

"I stay at the Carlyle," he said. His penetrating blue eyes now focused on Carole's. She felt mesmerized. Why was he telling her this when he was involved with the great beauty Julie Christie?

"My husband's over there," Carole said. "I'm a married woman."

'Well, if you ever feel unmarried, just call me at the Carlyle,' Warren Beatty said and walked into the crowd. She couldn't forget his thick, cupid-like lips. Carole wondered if her orange backless jumpsuit with its plunging neckline had drawn Warren Beatty to her.

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Moments later Ron appeared. "You'll never guess what just happened," Ron said, "Julie Christie has invited us to a dinner at Pearl's given by the director Sydney Lumet for Warren Beatty."

Carole found the attention of both Julie and Warren curious. Carole, the jealous type, didn't understand why Julie Christie would want her at dinner. Julie was dressed in a blouse with a bowtie for a collar.

Nevertheless Carole and Ron were thrilled to go to the dinner,. Carole would have preferred if Ron hadn't been so keen on the invitation. In fact Ron didn't care that Warren stared at Carole throughout dinner. Sometimes Carole felt Ron was using her to meet celebrities. During dinner Carole studied the red wallpaper with its yellow zebras jumping about while she ate her sesame chicken and drank lots of wine. Julie Christie acted oblivious to Warren's bold advances towards Carole. While Sydney and Gail Lumet chatted away as though they were used to being ignored by Warren Beatty.

After dinner both couples strolled through Rockefeller Center trying to decide how to spend the rest of the night. "What would you like to do, Carole?" Julie asked eager to please. A bit too eager. Years later Carole wondered if they were both trying to seduce Carole and Ron. A visit to Le Club was discussed, but it was decided to retire to the apartment of the Mallory's. Ron would try to sell Warren one of Ron's mercury sculptures. The Mallory apartment was like a mini-museum of op, pop and kinetic art. An art collector, Warren studied every piece of art as well as every piece of furniture.

After nights like this hangovers were in order, nevertheless, Carole had to show up for work. More bookings for MC CALL'S fashions, REDBOOK swimsuits, Revlon, Miss Clairol, Almay Cosmetics. Cosmetic industries liked Carole's eyes. It was difficult to be photographed after drinking the night before. "Thank God for make up," Carole thought. Those puffy bags under her eyes disappeared with an ice cube or two.

After each dinner party (and there were many), Ron would criticize Carole when she said something he didn't approve of. She began to resent his control. When they went to Venice for the Biennale, she had to pay for the Gritti Palace. She was paying their way as the income from the sales from his sculptures was not enough to support them. Tired of supporting a critical husband, Carole wanted a divorce. The final blow was Ron's continual criticism of her sexual performance, particularly oral sex.

In the fall of 1971 after Ron and Carole divorced, Ron announced he had decided to become a homosexual.

Acting classes with Wyn Handman, the director of the American Place Theatre, temporarily helped Carole with her loneliness. She made friends with her classmates: Brad Davis who later achieved celebrity for his performance in MIDNIGHT EXPRESS, Heather Mac Crae who was starring in HAIR on Broadway, Marisa Berenson, and Berry Berenson who was married to Tony Perkins. Heather and Berry became close friends of

Carole's. To Carole's delight, Tony directed Berry playing Stella and Carole playing Blanche in *STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE*. Tony was a good director. Kind, yet critical in a supportive way.

Richard Gere was also a classmate. Wearing leather jackets and being compared to James Dean, Richard gave wiry nervous portrayals of defiant characters. In the early 70s anger seemed to define a defensive Richard who lived with classmate Penney Milford and her brother Kim who were notorious for their performances in *THE ROCKY HORROR SHOW*. Penney was later nominated for an Oscar in *COMING HOME*.

While studying acting, Carole was cast in more on camera spokeswoman commercials: Fresca, Woolite, Pacquin's, Chevrolet, Admiral. Print was flourishing. *COSMOPOLITAN* booked her repeatedly for their lingerie spreads. Carole became the embodiment of the *COSMO* girl. At the same time Carole did ads for the liberated woman. In the Dana perfume ad the man held the woman bent over in his arms by the piano, but Dana photographed Carole holding the man.

In the early 70s on camera Carole recited, "All my men wear English Leather or they wear nothing at all." She won the commercial over Victoria Principal.

In her private life, Carole was far from liberated. Though her appearance was of a sex symbol, Ron Mallory had made her believe she was a sexual failure. She felt like a fraud. In fact she was a lonely woman with little self-esteem.

One afternoon in the fall of 1971, Carole's mother called her to say her father was in the Lankenau Hospital outside of Philadelphia. "Scar tissue's moving on his brain," her mother said. "Those doctors don't know what to do with him." After a train ride to the hospital, Carole saw her helpless father twitching violently in a straightjacket.

"Why is he in that?" Carole asked her mother.

"He rips the catheter out and they don't have enough nurses to watch him," she said.

"Will you take this damn thing off me, Carole," her father asked. "And get me a cup of coffee?" Her father loved coffee, but the hospital wouldn't allow him to have that because it would make him twitch more.

There was nothing Carole could do to help her father.

When she got off the train from Philadelphia, she wanted to forget. In Manhattan she called a man she had met at a party.

Chapter 6

"Warren Beatty, please?" Carole asked the operator of the Carlyle Hotel.

"Who's calling?"

"Carole Mallory."

"To what do I owe the pleasure of this phone call, Mrs. Mallory?" Warren said, his voice dripping in sarcasm.

"Do you want to fuck?" Carole asked.

"I'll be right over," he said sternly.

* * *

Within a half a hour Warren was at her door. As he entered he asked, "Where's the husband?"

"We've filed for divorce."

Warren was silent as he strolled hands behind his hips around the apartment inspecting the furniture. A tall lucite tulip barstool stood in front of the glass terrace. He swiveled it horizontally. Slowly.

"Would you like some wine?" Carole asked.

"No, I thought we'd go right to Elaine's. You'd like that," he said with the air of sarcasm that he used when trying to make a point. Elaine's was a club like restaurant, the favorite of celebrities.

As they walked into Elaine's all eyes focused on them. They were given the best table. Robert Altman, the director, was already seated. Though deferential to Warren, an avuncular Altman was not intimidated by him

Carole was introduced to Altman's companion, the countessa. Wine was served in abundance though Warren didn't drink. He ordered a vegetable plate for dinner. His vanity even surfaced at the dinner table.

"MC CABE got good reviews in Europe,' Altman said to Warren who had just starred in MC CABE AND MRS. MILLER with Julie Christie.

"How's the box office?" Warren asked. Warren studied the returns of his films and was famous for his skills at promotion when a movie ran into problems with the critics or fans.

"Too soon to tell," Altman said.

After dinner Warren asked the cab to drive by Lowe's 86th St. to check out the line. When he was satisfied with its length, he put his arm around Carole and kissed her. Then he lowered her one hand between his legs, unzipped his fly and pulled out his favorite possession.

Carole was shocked by his boldness, but she wanted lessons. Maybe Warren could teach her how to be a good lover.

When Warren paid the driver who turned around to look in the back seat, he saw Warren exposed. Warren didn't care.

Carole's doorman opened the cab's door. "Hello, Mrs. Mallory," he said as Warren stepped out, and zipped his fly.

Once inside the apartment Warren said, "Where's your bathroom?"

When he returned he lit up a joint and offered it to Carole who had never smoked marijuana. She felt light headed. Thoughts of her father faded. She drank more wine and soon they were naked in an embrace. She was surprised that he was not particularly well-endowed and had no buttocks to speak of, but he was a master of dialogue.

"This is what you want, isn't it, Mrs. Mallory," he said caressing her breasts. He seated her in the lucite barstool which came up to his hips. "Touch yourself," he said in a command as he swiveled the barstool horizontally. His voice was deep, no longer a purr. His eyes penetrated hers and freed her of that guilt that had engulfed her. Chained her. Enslaved her. Moments later she heard a scream. It was hers. He was inside her. He let out a sigh. Over.

They fell back onto the brown leather sofa. "I can tell no one has made love to you right," Warren said as he lit up another joint. Warren couldn't have sex without marijuana. Then he went back to the bathroom.

Carole poured more wine.

When Warren returned, he studied the dining room table. It was round white formica.

"Get up here," he said commanding. "On all fours." Warren brought the brass candelabra over to the table and placed it safely so that it could best illuminate his next phase. He rubbed Carole between her legs, then ran his tongue between her buttocks which he spread with his palms. Soon he was in her moving in and out, to and fro, back and forth and more screams were heard. And it was over.

They limped to the sofa. He put on the robe he had gotten in the bathroom and said, "Where do you get these things?" It was a faded light blue terry cloth robe. Warren was used to finer fabrics. Once more sarcasm sounded in his voice. He returned to the bathroom.

Carole was now stoned. Visions blurred. But she felt free. Warren had not put her down as her ex-husband had. In fact during sex he had flattered her and had given her courage.

When Warren returned, he said, "Let's go to the bedroom. I'm getting tired."

He took off the robe, lit another joint and once more was erect. He shoved Carole's mouth on his weapon and moaned. He didn't criticize her or tell her how to do it. His eyes were closed. He was enjoying the moment. Then he rolled on top of Carole and thrust himself inside her forcefully. Violently. She let out screams. He shouted, "Be quiet. YOU'LL WAKE THE NEIGHBORS!" He shoved one of Carole's pillows on her head.

"THEY'RE MY NEIGHBORS!" Carole thought as she kicked and screamed.

"One more controlling man."

It was over.

Warren again went into the bathroom, then the kitchen for water. Carole was holding the front door open. "Please leave," she said fighting back tears.

"WHAT?" he said shocked.

"You got what you came for. Thanks for the fuck," Carole said. She was trying to accept reality. She knew Warren's reputation. He viewed women as objects. And Carole had allowed him to treat her as one.

Quickly he dressed. As he walked out the door, he said harshly, "One day you'll want me to make love you to you."

He was right. The next day Carole called Warren, but he would not see her. He liked to control a woman, but would not allow a woman to control him.

Chapter 7

The director, Bob Rafaelson, was giving a party for his latest film, A SAFE PLACE. Since his last film, FIVE EASY PIECES, was a huge hit, there was much ballyhoo about A SAFE PLACE. The party on Park Avenue should be a good one. Heather Mac Crae had invited Carole, but Carole felt a bit lost as it was a hippy crowd. Tuesday Weld who starred in the film was in one room. Art Garfunkel, in another. Abbie Hoffman was in the kitchen. Drugs abounded. Carole went to the bar in the kitchen for more wine.

Abbie Hoffman was darling. All black curls, smiles, and short. Energy! He approached Carole and after hanging out a bit, asked, "Could I come home with you?"

"I'd like that," Carole said.

Abbie put his arm around Carole and walked out of the party passing his wife, Anita, who shouted, "She's too straight for you, Abbie."

As they were about to step into a cab, the courageous member of the Chicago Seven looked into Carole's eyes, kissed her on her cheek, closed the cab door and walked back into the party.

* * *

In 1983, Carole, now a journalist, met Abbie for an interview on New York's West Side. He had chosen Bernard's Bar and Grill, a regular with the porn crowd. Abbie was in jail and had been given a pass for the day. Worn looking, but still smiling, Abbie said

"I remember you. We met at that party for A SAFE PLACE. Everyone thought I would leave the party with a star, but I chose you." He laughed and squeezed her hand. "Yeah, my wife, Anita, was a ball breaker."

Carole had brought him a poster for TAKE THIS JOB AND SHOVE IT, a film she was in. In the poster she is in a bikini, fist raised, striking. She signed it, "Dear Abbie For the Boys in Cellblock C." He wanted Carole to accompany him back to prison and make up for lost time in the cab. Carole refused. As he left the author of "Steal This Book" rolled up the poster, put it under his jacket and "stole it" from restaurant.

Chapter 8

In the late fall of 1971, Carole was on her way to acting class when she turned the corner by Carnegie Hall and walked into Claude Picasso. His shoulder length black hair, covered in snow. One eye was tearing. Claude always looked sad.

"Hi, I'm Mrs. Ron Mallory," she said, still not accepting of her impending divorce.

"I had heard you were divorcing," Claude said laughing.

"Oh, we are."

"Do you want to have dinner tonight?" Claude asked.

"I'd love that. I've got acting class across the street. It's over at 7."

"Meet me at the Carnegie Deli then," Claude said, kissed Carole on her cheek and walked away.

At dinner Claude gave Carole a bouquet of white daisies. Then they went back to her apartment on East 69h Street and made love. He moved in the next day. His wife, Sara, and he were divorcing as well. His few pieces of furniture were moved into the apartment.

Claude made Carole feel loved. He gave her the emotional support she needed because of the damage done to her by Ron Mallory and because of her father who was still suffering. Claude's fingers were like tiny forces of energy. When they made love, he would open the boutique. When they had fights, they had rummage sales, fire sales and going out of business sales. He called Carole, "Ma petite bebe."

Because of Claude's last name, work was difficult for him, but Picasso was not the name he was born with. His name at birth was Claude Gilot. Claude's mother, Françoise Gilot, an ageless beauty, never married Picasso. Françoise Gilot was one of Pablo Picasso's mistresses since Picasso was unable to obtain a divorce from his first wife, Olga. Claude's mother sued to get Claude the legal right to use Picasso. Claude thought people liked to employ Claude for the name Picasso then fire him.

Richard Avedon, the celebrated fashion photographer, hired Claude to be his assistant. Claude tried to tell Avedon how to light a set. Avedon fired him. "I was only trying to help him," Claude said.

Money was a problem. Picasso gave him no money. Though Claude's mother was from a wealthy Parisian family--the bourgeoisie--she would not support her son. She had married the inventor of the Polio vaccine Dr. Jonas Salk who had children from another marriage. A photographer, Claude would have to earn his own living. Difficult.

As with Ron Mallory, Carole became the financial bedrock of the relationship. Claude would cook and once in awhile have a photography assignment. There was no correspondence with his father, Pablo, who had exiled Claude from his life when Claude was a teenager. Because Picasso refused to see Claude, Claude blamed his stepmother, Jacqueline La Roche, whom he hated. Claude would have nightmares about his how he would be told about his father's death.

Carole recalled Claude saying, "When I was a teenager I liked to rent limos to go to rock concerts. My father didn't like that. " Because of all the stress in his childhood, Claude had a slight stutter.

With little money of his own, Claude began to wear the clothing Ron Mallory had left behind and also some of Carole's blouses. He liked to wear her Romanian peasant shirt she wore on the cover of NEWSWEEK. The unisex look was 'in'. Claude was a creative dresser and had great style. Purple rabbit fur lined his maxi denim coat from art patron, Jacques Kaplan.

Behind Claude's back art dealers ridiculed him. Claude would say, "Just wait. One day I'll show everyone. Those dealers don't think I can get my shit together."

Because Picasso believed in immortality, he thought drawing up a Will would bring on his death. Picasso had no Will.

Claude's mother, a lawyer as well as an artist, had begun a lawsuit against the French government to obtain part of Picasso's estate upon Picasso's death. "She's making a fool of me," Claude would say. "I don't want his money. She'll never win."

Rather than buy a Picasso, people would invite one to dinner. Claude was

invited to many dinner parties, but rarely went. While Ron Mallory was a social climber, Claude Picasso was a recluse. He didn't like parties because he felt used and claimed to resent being asked questions about his father. Yet he appeared to delight in telling the same stories over and over again.

There was the story of the sculpture of the goat in the garden of Notre Dames des Villes. "Picasso pissed on to give it patina," Claude would say with a smile. "Then there was the Russian who came to the door and my father pulled out his gun. The Russian shit in his pants."

Liking fauve colors, Claude painted the bedroom dayglo green. Carole's superintendent tried to evict him thinking he was an illegal alien from Mexico.

"Pic AT zo" was the pronunciation the superintendent gave to Claude's last name.

Busy with modeling Carole continued to do her bookings: the Bahamas, Audi, Sears swimsuits, Pretty Feet (though on film they used her face, they had to replace her feet when viewed close up) covers of MC CALLS, EPICURE. Carole would work hard in the day to come home to a dinner of lapin—French rabbit—cooked by Claude.

The kindest part of Claude was his treatment of Carole's father. When her father became lost at the Bronx Zoo, Claude jumped in a cab to try to find him. A few minutes later, Carole's father stepped out of a cab, twitching away. Carole's father had managed to find his way back to Carole's apartment in Manhattan from the Bronx by showing the cab driver a slip of paper with Carole's address on it. "He's the only father ya got," Claude would say with a smile.

Not long after Claude had moved into Carole's apartment, he said, "I've got to go back to Paris. I want to try to see my father."

Carole was not invited. While Claude was penniless, his grandmother Gilot was wealthy and lived in a carriage house in Neuilly, the bourgeois suburb of Paris. Claude would stay with his grandmother and her retinue of maids.

Claude wrote Carole many letters, but these did not satisfy Carole's loneliness. She felt abandoned.

Chapter 9

The phone began to ring not long after Claude was gone. Girl friends! Heather Mac Crae called to invite Carole to a taping of Saturday Night Live. "The guest host is Dudley Moore. There'll be a party after the show. Come. Don't sit around like a wall flower."

The taping and the party were great fun. Heather introduced Carole to Dudley Moore who was every bit as humorous off camera as on. So often comedians aren't funny people. After the taping Buck Henry, John Belushi, Heather and many of the show's crew went by producer Lorne Michael's apartment in the reputedly haunted Osbourn on West 57th. Also every bit the character he portrayed on camera, John Belushi was outrageous and entertained the group while ingesting cocaine. Dudley Moore, who eyed Carole throughout the party, remained sober as did many of the guests who drank soda or wine instead of doing drugs. Buck Henry, who liked to fix up friends, took Carole's phone number. He made her laugh. She liked his company. He had the appeal of a sidekick. Dudley Moore escorted Carole to a taxi.

A few days later Buck Henry called to invite Carole to dinner with some friends. It would be a group including Mike Nichols. Mike took a fancy to Carole and began asking her out on dates. The Russian Tea Room was one of his favorite haunts. Carole enjoyed Mike's charm and the gracious way he treated her, but there was no romance blossoming. In the early 70s Mike was an extremely

sought after director because of the success of THE GRADUATE.

Claude had been writing letters, but there was no indication when he would be coming home. Going to dinner with a man was not having sexual intercourse. Besides, Claude and Carole were not engaged.

One night the phone rang and it was Mike Nichols. "Would you like to go to the Anniversary Party of Jacqueline Kennedy and Aristotle Onassis?" Mike asked. "It will be at El Morocco."

"Are you kidding? I'd be thrilled," Carole said.

"It's in three days. I'll pick you up at 6. By the way, it's black tie." Mike said.

"What to wear?" Carole thought. "Norma Kamali." Carole threw on her floor length black backless gown and a Mongolian lamb fur. It looked like grey feathers.

As Carole and Mike stepped out of his limousine in front of El Morocco, the paparazzi photographed them repeatedly. Their photo was published in LIFE MAGAZINE.

As they entered the receiving line, Mike said, "Jackie's an old friend. We go way back." Then he introduced Carole to Jacqueline Kennedy. She reminded

Carole of a giant swan. She had a long regal neck and instead of hunching over to hide her height—she was very tall—she seemed to try to stand even taller. She had dignity and grace and murmured in almost a ‘Marilyn Monroe’ whisper. Her eye contact was riveting. Carole felt totally charmed and not one bit dismissed. Jacqueline Kennedy’s every move was slow,, elegant, swanlike.

After she greeted Carole, she talked to Mike a rather long time. Carole had the feeling they had had an intimate relationship and it was still emotionally alive for both of them.

The lavish dinner party was over and it was back into the limousine and off to Mike’s apartment where he was meeting Jack Nicholson for after dinner drinks and whatever. When Jack spoke to Mike, who had just directed him in a CARNEL KNOWLEDGE, Jack thought before he spoke, moved slowly and was calculated. Carole felt Jack was trying to impress Mike and Mike was trying to impress Jack. Carole, an aspiring actress, was trying to impress them both.

When Carole and Mike returned to her apartment, her doorman handed her a cable, then called her aside and said, “Mr. Picasso has arrived.”

Shocked! Carole said goodnight in the lobby to a dumbfounded Mike. It would have been good manners to invite him in for a drink. A frazzled Carole then took the elevator to her apartment and walked into a smiling then

frowning Claude. 'Where've you been?' he asked.

"I was invited to Jackie Kennedy and Aristotle Onassis's Anniversary by Mike Nichols."

"Some relationship we have"

"You run off without inviting me and expect me to work and sit home at night while you're gallivanting around Paris?" Are you ashamed to introduce me to your family? What am I, your hotel while you're in America?"

Claude stormed into the bedroom and didn't speak to Carole for two days. She had made her point. He never left her again without being committed to her.

Chapter 10

It was 1973. Midnight. The phone rang.

Carole answered. "This is the NEW YORK TIMES. Is Claude Picasso there?"

"Claude, it's for you," Carole said. "The TIMES."

Claude's face contorted. He hung up and cried, burying his face in the pillow. "OH, SHIT, SHIT, SHIT! My father's dead."

In the morning they boarded the first plane for Marseilles to stay with Maya, Claude's half sister. Maya's mother, who had hanged herself, was Marie Therese Walter, a woman who had been a mistress of Picasso. Some of Picasso's finest paintings were of Marie Therese.

Fair haired robust Maya Widmeier who did not resemble Picasso lived in a modest apartment above a wharf in Marseilles. She had a small son, Richard, and a husband who was meek when by the side of a demanding Maya. Getting her financial interests out of Picasso's Estate riddled with red tape was Maya's chief concern. Maya, Paloma and Claude were illegitimate children and had no legal right to any portion of Picasso's fortune. Maya was competitive with Paloma and Claude. There were undercurrents of resentment.

Paloma had come down from Paris and was staying in the same small apartment. Striking, with a resemblance to Picasso, Paloma was quiet

and cried more than anyone. While Claude spoke with a slight stutter, Paloma had an occasional lisp. Maya never shed a tear.

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Francoise Gilot did not come to Marseilles. She knew the trip was futile and had accepted Picasso's death when she walked out on him due to his infidelity.

Everyone, except Francoise, thought it wise to drive to the Chateau des Vauvenauges where Picasso had died. The children wanted to say goodbye to their father. Jacqueline La Roche had his corpse. It was either in the Chateau, a medieval castle, or in the surrounding moat which had dried up and was now a cemetery.

It was a long drive to Vauvenauges which was by Aix en Provence. Moonlight shown on the mountains Cezanne had painted. In suburban Philadelphia Carole had taught 7th graders about Cezanne's mountains, especially the Mont St. Victoire which they passed. For Carole it was surreal. She was put on radio duty to listen to the news as to the whereabouts of Picasso's corpse, but Carole's French was not good which added to the absurdity of the journey.

Maya's husband drove. A sobbing Paloma, Claude and sober Maya hide in the back seat of Maya's battered Citroen. Press surrounded the castle. The children could not be photographed being turned away by

Jacqueline La Roche. They did not want the world to know how cruel they were treated by whom they considered the wicked stepmother.

Maya's husband parked the car behind some trees on the mountainside while Carole was to study the castle door for a corpse being removed. French TV was all over the mountainside and though it was night, it appeared to be day because of the cameras' light.

After one hour of this futility Carole suggested to the family, "Why don't you write a letter saying goodbye to your father and put it on an open grave? Surely the grave with the fresh mound of soil will be the one they've dug for Picasso."

To Carole's amazement, the family agreed with her suggestion. Maya's husband drove into Aix and stopped at dry cleaners to pick up a piece of cardboard. On it in crayon they wrote, "To our father whom we have loved and will love forever. Paloma, Maya and Claude."

The family returned to a side of the cemetery far from the press and parked the battered Citroen. Everyone took off their shoes and descended barefoot into the cemetery. Maya, her husband, Paloma, Claude and Carole tiptoed from grave to grave picking up soil by each one. They ran the soil through their fingers.

After a half an hour of this new futility, Carole said, 'Why don't you put your letter by any grave? It really doesn't matter.'

The family again followed Carole's suggestion and held hands while forming a circle around an open grave. They recited the Lord's Prayer. Paloma sobbed.

Then Claude turned to Carole and in the moonlight said, "Will you be my wife."

"But of course, Claude," she said. They kissed and held each other while Carole thought now Claude can begin to live his own life. Claude would never have to wonder if his father would see him. He no longer would have to seek his father's approval which had continually resulted in rejection.

Ironically, Carole would gain her father's approval. He would be proud of her as she had fulfilled his dream. Maybe marriage to Claude would ease her father's suffering. She would not be Mrs. Rockefeller; she would be Madame Picasso.

As the family drove the battered Citroen by the throngs of press standing on the outskirts of the castle, Carole yelled, "Go to the cemetery. You'll see a letter from Picasso's children to their father."

The next day when Carole opened the newspapers, there was no story about Picasso's children trying futilely to say goodbye to their father at the Chateau des Vauvenagues the night after Picasso's death.

5

Jacqueline La Roche buried Picasso on the steps of the Chateau des Vauvenauges and not in the cemetery. It had been rumored Picasso married her to keep Maya, Francoise Gilot, and Paloma and Claude from having any legal claim to his Estate. She became the heir entitled to the largest portion of Picasso's vast fortune. Shortly thereafter Jacqueline La Roche Picasso shot herself to death.

Chapter 11

From Marseilles Carole and Claude drove to a villa outside of Cannes to meet Paulo, the son of Olga and Picasso and only other legal heir. Paulo was going to discuss the settlement of Picasso's Estate.

Grey haired, tall, rugged Paulo had been Picasso's chauffeur. Paulo could never "get his shit together" which was one of Claude's favorite expressions. Paulo was kind though a miser. He had some twenty vintage cars—Rolls, Bentleys, Hispano Suissas. Yet he would take the metro to the garage to pick up one of them,

One afternoon Carole, Claude and Paulo drove to the South of France in one of Paulo's Rolls. When he filled it up with petrol, he bought a bottle of wine at the service station and chugalugged it. Shortly after Paulo gained legal access to his vast fortune, he died of alcoholism.

After visiting with Paulo, Carole and Claude went to Paris to meet the family—Grandmere Gilot, Francois and Jonas Salk.

Grandmere was Carole's favorite. She didn't speak English and would give Carole French lessons over French pastries which Carole would buy at Fauchon. Another miser, Grandmere who was wealthy and owned a four story carriage house in Neuilly with a garden and semi-circular driveway, wore the same purple sweater five days in a row. Her living room was her sanctuary and remained

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covered in plastic. Doors closed at all times. She had been a mountain climber, drove a motor bike and was slightly masculine in appearance with bushy eyebrows and a short stocky appearance. With a childlike sense of humor she would play with Claude's toy poodle, Express, by holding an Evian bottle in the air and challenging him to scratch off the label which he would do as she would swing the bottle to and fro. When toilet paper was bought, she would drop it down three flights but not before she let out a very loud OOOOoooo. OOOOoooo.

Express was Claude's chocolate colored poodle and became the love of Carole's life. He understood verbal French commands. Carole felt unconditional love from Express. In France dogs were permitted in some restaurants. They were the only restaurants Carole and Claude frequented. Express would have his own seat between Carole and Claude, his own dinner plate and sit with deux pates sur la table (two paws on the table).

Dr. Jonas Salk was the personification of the absent minded professor. His mind was always elsewhere. He was kind, considerate, quiet and loved Francoise and her family. There was not one supercilious bone in his body. Despite his glasses and receding hairline, he was an attractive, sensitive man.

3

The elegant beauty was Francoise Gilot. When she spoke in a soft crisp voice, everyone became quiet awaiting her next word. She commanded respect. Not tall, trim and with a perfectly straight spin she attributed yoga to giving her strength to get over her love of Picasso. When Carole asked how her spine became so straight, she said smiling, "I exercise. I imagine a grapfruit between my buttocks and squeeze."

One day in the dining room below her portrait by Picasso Francoise said to Carole, "Here I want you to have these." She gave Carole three pieces of jewelry which were really tiny pieces of sculpture which she documented in her memoir, MY LIFE WITH PICASSO. "Picasso made these and gave them to me. I want you to have them because of all that you've done for Claude. I'm grateful you've given him a home. Now let's get your wedding dress."

Paloma, Francoise and Carole visited Chez Karl Lagerfeld where Francoise picked out a pink beaded ankle length gown. "Bianca Jagger bought the same one," Karl Lagerfeld said.

Carole thought, "I know my father will like this gown. I'll have to get him a new suit for the wedding. That'll be difficult since he never stands still and one arm is shorter than the other. What matters is that he's alive for the wedding."

When they returned to the carriage house, Carole climbed to Claude's bedroom with her gown. In true painterly fashion his bedroom was painted in a scene with white clouds on the ceiling, blue skies on the walls and green grass

jutting up from the baseboard. The bathroom was a royal purple including the painted toilet seat.

While Claude dabbled with painting and Francoise Gilot was an artist in her own right, Paloma inherited Picasso's talent. However in the early seventies the family ridiculed her for her attempts to design jewelry which she began in Greece with Zolatos.

While Claude was a recluse, Paloma was a social butterfly. Her phone book was as thick as the yellow pages. The Café Flore and a gay disco were her hangouts. Andy Warhol was her mentor.

When Carole and Claude's visit with the family was over, it was back to New York and modeling for Carole. Adds for Winston, Kayser Roth, Hanes, Janzten and more commercials. She was doing so well with commercials that the director Bryan Forbes called to meet with her about a film called STEPFORD WIVES.

Because Claude didn't want Carole to act, she didn't tell him about the meeting with Bryan Forbes who did not ask her to read a script. As he leafed through her modeling portfolio, he said, "I've seen a few of your commercials and think you might be right for one of the wives of Stepford. We'll be shooting in a few months. I'll get back to your agent."

Carole dismissed the interview as just another audition.

A few months after Picasso's death Francoise called Claude to say she won her lawsuit against the French government. "I can't believe it," Claude said. He would now be a millionaire.

A lawyer, Francoise had fought a bastion of French lawyers and achieved the almost impossible. She had established jurisprudence and abolished the Neopoleonic Code which stated illegitimate children could not inherit an Estate if there were no Will. Napoleon who had many mistresses and many illegitimate children had been protecting his assets. Francoise Gilot beat Napoleon in battle.

Francoise's fighting spirit came from her father's desire to have a son. The only child, she became a lawyer to please him.

Once again Claude and Carole returned to Paris, but this was for a celebration. Francoise instructed Jonas to bring Charmin from the States as French toilet paper was individual separate sheets. Francoise, Paloma, Grandmere, Claude and Carole decorated the carriage house in streams of toilet paper from the top of the staircase all the way down to the entrance way. Champagne was uncorked. Claude began meeting with lawyers.

"I want a big apartment in Paris and a penthouse in New York," Claude said when planning what to do with the money he would get from the government who was handling the division of the Estate. Since it would take at

least a year for Claude to get any money, Carole lent him \$3,000 for them to live on until the red

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tape was unraveled. Picasso had had seven castles or estates throughout France. All of his art had to be cataloged, then divided between Maya, Paloma, Paolo, ← Jacqueline's daughter, and Claude. There was much work to be done.

In New York, Carole found a two bedroom apartment on the 36th floor in the Sovereign on 58th Street on Sutton Place. It was a new apartment building-marble lobby, doormen with white gloves, and Calvin Klein across the hall. The view was breathtaking. One could look down on the United Nations and the East River.

In Paris, Claude found eleven rooms and 200 square meters on the Left Bank by Rue du Bac on St. Germaine du Pres. Express scampered from room to room making a clickity clack sound with his pawns.

Claude no longer wanted Carole to model or act. A driven person with energy for an army, Carole began to feel without purpose. Their lives were spent a few months in New York and then off to Paris for Claude to meet with lawyers. In Paris Carole studied French again. She was always studying French, but her French was never good enough for the French. When she went into a shop to buy something and wanted it delivered to Claude, once the salesgirl said, "Picasso. Vraiment. (Oh, really)?" Then the salesgirl snickered as though Carole could not be engaged to such a famous person. In France the name

Picasso is considered a national treasure. Carole began to feel shut out. When people heard the name

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Picasso, they didn't see her, they looked through her. She felt as though her identity had been erased. She knew how Claude had felt all of his life.

Carole wanted to act. To have something of her own.

In the spring of 1974, her agent, Ruth Lehner called, "Well, how's it feel to be a STEPFORD WIFE? You got the part, dearie."

"You're kidding," Carole said laughing. Claude was in Paris with lawyers. How would she tell him? She had to do the film. It would only be a few weeks filming.

Francoise would understand. She had painted while she was with Picasso and had her own studio while she was married to Jonas. Besides Francoise was proud of Carole's career and Carole's hardwork which afterall had supported her son. But Carole wasn't marrying Francoise.,

After dinner one night, Carole opened the second bottle of wine and said to Claude, "I've got some good news. I got that part in STEPFORD WIVES."

"What part? Have you been sneaking to auditions behind my back? You know I don't want you to do that film!" Claude said red faced. He had always wanted to direct but never been able to accomplish his goal. His mother was a friend of Gregory and Veronique Peck's and tried to pull strings for Claude, but

even Francoise couldn't win her battle against Hollywood for her son to have a chance to direct a film.

"Claude, I have to do something creative."

"Isn't being my wife enough for you?"

"I'm proud to marry you, but I can't just be Madame Picasso who goes to charity luncheons. I need something that is mine."

"I don't want you to do that film."

"Well, I'm doing it. I begin in two weeks."

"I'll be in Paris then with the lawyers."

"There's nothing for me to do there when you're with the lawyers. You don't include me."

"I can't."

"I'm doing the film."

Claude went to Paris the following week, but their relationship was never the same. He called Carole every few days. Aloofness came over him. Carole began to feel controlled by him like she had with Ron Mallory. If Carole didn't do everything Claude asked, he became angry. He had changed. With the promise of money and no father to compete with Claude had found a new identity. His shoulder length hair was cut short. Suits and monogrammed shirts

replaced t-shirts. Claude was turning into a bourgeois businessman while Carole was becoming an artist.

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Filming on STEPFORD WIVES took place in Westport Connecticut. The cast stayed in a motel. There was constant drama, pressure, excitement. Fun!

One day Bette Davis came to the set and sat several hours in a director's chair to watch the filming. She wore white gloves, red lipstick and a wig. Quiet, she seemed to miss her days behind the camera and was a pleasant addition.

Not so pleasant was Paula Prentiss who got drunk before Carole's big scene.

"I'm sorry," she said to the director, Bryan Forbes.

"Don't apologize to me. Apologize to Carole. It's her scene."

Paula apologized to a nervous Carole who carried the scene between Katherine Ross, Paula and herself. The situation was that Katherine and Paula had come to visit Carole in her kitchen to join the Woman's Consciousness Group in the community of Stepford. Carole who portrayed Kit Sundersen has no interest in woman's issues. When asked if she'll join the group, Carole says, "No, thanks. I know I shouldn't say this, but I just love my brownies." Then Carole takes a bite out of her brownie, rolls her eyes and smiles.

Audiences would laugh at Carole's delivery which was good because she had to carry the scene between a drunken Paula Prentiss and a skittish Katherine Ross who was upset because of Paula's drinking.

Carole's nervousness disappeared because she had to think of other people. She was grateful Paula had gotten drunk because this had caused her to forget herself and truly become the character.

When Carole didn't like her wardrobe, she told Paula who said laughing, "Cut it up! That's what I do when they try to make me wear something I don't like."

Carole didn't cut up her wardrobe, but made the mistake of letting the makeup women do her makeup. Tina Louise didn't make this mistake. Filming took place in various old homes in Westport. Though the cast was told not to go into the bedrooms, Tina moved her makeup into one. She did her own hair and make up in someone's bedroom and looked the best on film. "Never let the make and hair people touch you, Carole," she said, "Do it yourself."

Sex was in the air. Late night visits were made on various cast and crew members and Carole could see why Claude was hesitant for her to go into acting. The cinematographer, Owen Roisman, was continually making passes, but Carole never acquiesced though another actress did.

Katherine Ross married a hostile teamster who had the responsibility of carrying Carole's bags from the train to a cab when Carole arrived.

Chapter 12

11

When filming was over, Carole wanted to return to the open arms of a proud Claude who was unimpressed.

Markham from their production.

"Well, we have a party tonight you'll like. Made for me's. She knows lots of Hollywood types."

"You like them, too. You want to be the director."

"Did. No more. Too busy with lawyers and investigating the Estate."

Made Director, a journalist who had written a terrific expose on Warren Beatty, lived on Manhattan's West Side. As Carole and Claude entered the smallish apartment filled in bookshelves, Carole spotted Francis Ford Coppola in the crowd. Made immediately made the introduction. Bearded, unscratched Francis wore spectacles and resembled a big overweight non-agenet bear.

"You've inherited your father's Estate," Coppola immediately said to Claude.

"Yes," Claude said with a big grin.

"You know, too much money is a bad thing. It'll keep you from accomplishing anything in life. You should give the money away."

Claude and Claude thought Coppola was jealous, but years later Coppola donated his own money to a project and went belly up. After bankruptcy

Chapter 12

"Did your little itsy bitsy Warren Beatty show up on the set of STEPFORD WIVES?" Claude asked when he arrived in to New York.

"Of course not. The set was very professional," Carole said looking out over Manhattan from their penthouse.

"Well, we have a party tonight you'll like. Marie Brenner's. She knows lots of Hollywood types."

"You like them, too. You want to be the director."

"Did. No more. Too busy with lawyers and inventorying the Estate."

Marie Brenner, a journalist who had written a terrific expose on Warren Beatty, lived on Manhattan's West Side. As Carole and Claude entered the candlelit apartment lined in bookshelves, Carole spotted Francis Ford Coppola in the crowd. Marie immediately made the introductions. Bearded, mustached Francis wore spectacles and resembled a big overweight near-sighted bear.

"You've inherited your father's Estate," Coppola immediately said to Claude.

"Yep," Claude said with a big grin.

"You know, too much money is a bad thing. It'll keep you from accomplishing anything in life. You should give the money away."

Carole and Claude thought Coppola was jealous, but years later Coppola invested his own money in a project and went belly up. After bankruptcy

Coppola was able to turn his production company around and make Oscar winning films.

When they returned home, Carole asked Claude, 'Where should we have our wedding?'

"Grandmere's garden in Paris."

"When?"

"Soon. First I want to get you an antique engagement ring. I've been shopping with Francoise." Claude referred to his mother as 'Francoise,' rarely 'mother.'

All Carole's furniture was moved from East 69th St. into their apartment on East 58th in Manhattan. Now the Paris apartment had to be decorated. In winter 1974, it was off to Paris to install a modern navy blue kitchen made in Germany. Claude also wanted to buy a Bentley but settled temporarily for a Fiat sedan. Paloma had bought a vintage white Mercedes convertible with red leather interior.

Paloma, a darling of the fashion world, was inviting Carole and Claude to fashion shows. Claude began eyeing a model who looked like Vivien Leigh and who was a friend of Paloma's. Carole began to feel uncomfortable around Paloma.

All it did in Paris was rain. Depressing. Claude was with lawyers all day. Carole's good friends were in New York. Claude didn't like the few friends she did have in Paris. One was an outrageous French movie producer, Jean Pierre Rassam who was not known for his good looks, but known for producing some of France's good films including LA GRAND BOUFF.

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One night when Claude had gone to Rome for the Estate's business, Jean Pierre invited Carole to dinner with Marcello Mastroianni and Catherine Deneuve. Claude telephoned Carole just as she was about to go out the door. "I forbid you to go to dinner with Jean-Pierre. That's that," Claude said angrily and hung up on Carole.

Carole stayed home and watched French TV which in 1974 had no English speaking channels. It had one American movie on Sunday night. Usually KING KONG.

Loneliness paralyzed Carole. Express was her best friend. She shopped on, but since she could afford anything, she realized shopping was boring. When she did find something she liked, Claude insisted on approving of it before she bought it with her own money. His control was smothering.

Carole would visit the monuments and museums, but now that was lonely. Paris with its homage to the past was like a grand sarcophagus. Carole felt a tomb being sealed around her.

Each day Carole read the Gault & Millaut, a magazine which rated French restaurants. Each night she and Claude would go to a new restaurant and enjoy a bottle and a half or two of a fine wine, a cognac and a fancy aperitif. Carole liked Lilé. It sounded so impressive. After dinner Carole and Claude would have a fight about her wanting to act and the date of the wedding. Then she would pop a Valium to sleep

One evening they went to dinner with Jonas who said to Carole, "You know wine and Valium is a lethal combination. It can put one into a coma."

"He was an expert in children's diseases," Carole thought. "Children suffered from Polio."

After about eight months in Paris with rain almost every day Carole longed for New York. America. Claude kept stalling about setting a wedding date. Her wedding dress was one year old and getting dusty. Where was the engagement ring Claude had bought for her many months ago? What had been a good sexual relationship had faded along with everything else. Claude was no longer the person she had fallen in love with. He was treating Carole as he had seen Picasso treat his mother. Claude was trying to become Picasso. But marrying a Picasso had been fulfilling her father's dream and her own. How could this dream have turned into a nightmare?

One night Carole called her mother who said, "Did you get my letter?"

"No," Carole said.

"Your father tried to commit suicide. He drove the car in the garage and filled it with carbon monoxide."

"Where is he?" Carole asked trembling.

"The Lankenau Hospital."

"Why didn't you call?"

"Too expensive. What was the point?"

"The point is I'll be home tomorrow." Carole asked how her mother was doing then hung up.

A half an hour later Claude returned to the apartment from working all day with the lawyers. Carole was packing and drinking.

"Where are you going?"

"My father tried to commit suicide. He's in the hospital. I'm going home. When are we getting married?"

Claude was silent.

"I asked you a question. When are we getting married?"

Claude was silent.

"I'm taking the first plane tomorrow to Philadelphia and I'm not coming back. I want my \$3,000. If you decide on a wedding date, you can find me in New York. You're doing to me what your father did to your mother."

Claude slammed his fist into the wall. He kicked Express across the room. Carole grabbed Express, then drank the rest of the wine.

They went to dinner. Claude grinned a pasty grin. Carole was teary eyes. They did not talk.

In the morning Carole took Express in the taxi with her belongings. Claude went to the bank and withdrew \$3,000. As he handed it to her, he said, "Here, shove it up you cunt."

Carole turned her back on Claude. She boarded the plane with Express and cried the entire flight.

She would never return to Paris again.

Chapter 13

How would Carole tell her family she had been jilted by Claude? She decided she would say she left Claude. She was proud. She didn't want Claude to humiliate her publicly. Privately he had humiliated her enough. For the past several months he had made her feel that she had to audition to be his wife.

Then again maybe he would call, she thought. He had been so angry that she had left. Could his anger mean he still loved her, but needed time to adjust to his new wealth?

Carole took the train to Philadelphia and saw her father who was even more confused. Carbon monoxide had created further brain damage. It was 1975, twenty years after his lobotomy. Carole's sister was caring for her mother and father.

When Carole returned to New York, she isolated in her bedroom with her Valium and wine. One morning the phone rang. "It's Ruth, your agent, here, dearie. Stop feeling sorry for yourself. Forget that French Frog. I've got an audition for you. It's a movie called THE FAN CLUB. The director, John Huff, wants to meet you."

"Why?" Carole said sipping an alka seltzer.

"I sent him your photo in that crochet bikini. They've seen over 1500 girls across America. Columbia Pictures wants to create a new sex symbol. Racquel Welch, Brigitte Bardot and Sophia Loren were offered the part, but turned it down. There's nudity. No frontal nudity. The producer's Larry Gordon. The executive producer's Peter Guber. It's legit,'

"What's the film about?"

"A retired sex symbol's held hostage by her kidnappers. They chain her naked to a bed in a log cabin. She has to use her wits to survive. Would you do the nudity?"

"Yes," Carole said. She needed her career back.

"If John Huff likes your reading, Columbia will fly you to Hollywood for a screen test."

* * *

Columbia chose Carole to be one of five women out of 1500 to test for THE FAN CLUB.. The other women were: Linda Carter who later became Wonder Woman, Catherine Bach who later starred in The Dukes of Hazzard, Majorie Wallace who was a former Miss America and a beautiful brunette actress who had starred in a Roger Vadim film.

Carole was the only actress flown from New York and booked in the Beverly Hills Hotel. With its pink stucco, towering palms and semi-circular driveway lined in limousines, the Beverly Hills Hotel was impressive. Not at all reminiscent of Paris. A camp kind of elegance.

When she arrived there was a message at the front desk from the director Huff that he would be by the morning. "I need to go over your wardrobe for the screen test," he wrote.

Wearing a Mickey Mouse t-shirt and jeans he came to Carole's room the next day. "Let me see you in all of your bikinis," he said as he sat on the sofa in the sitting room. Carole modeled her bikinis as though she were on a modeling assignment. Then he said in a paternal manner, "Part of the test will be in your boudoir. Please show me your lingerie so that I can select what I think will be best for the character."

Carole placed her lingerie on a coffee table as John Huff fingered each piece and selected a black bra and bikini panty. "This will do," he said, "Here are your sides. Memorize your lines and be at Columbia Studios at 6 A.M. in two days. A limo will pick you up at 5:30. He placed the script on the coffee table and was out the door.

Relieved that part of the 'test' was over, Carole decided to take advantage of being in the Beverly Hills Hotel to call some contacts. She called Zoetrope Studios and asked for Francis Ford Coppola. "I'll be over for lunch. Congratulations on your screen test," he said.

Within a half an hour he was ringing her from the lobby. "Come on up," Carole said. "I'm getting ready for the pool. Do you want to have lunch there or the Polo Lounge?"

"The pool," Coppola said without hesitation.

She threw on her string bikini and put a terry cloth robe on top and answered the door. Coppola came in and sat down without Carole making the suggestion. "Why don't we just go to the pool," she said.

As they walked down into the pool area all eyes were upon them. Coppola was enjoying a huge success for his GODFATHER films. Swen, the plagiarist, gave them two chaise lounges by the edge of the pool. They ordered lunch. Francis did not look directly at Carole in a bikini, but every time she looked away and looked back at him his eyes were focused on her body. She realized she was auditioning for him. Coppola directed conversation through silence and a blank stare. "What is your next project, Francis," Carole asked.

"I want to do a film about war. Vietnam. And make the audience experience war."

"How would you do that?"

"Build special movie theatres across America. Something like 3-D, but not quite. They have the prototype in San Diego at the planetarium. I have to take my team down to see it soon. Maybe you'd like to fly down with us and see what it's like? "

"Sounds like fun," Carole said as they ate their cobb salads.

The only information Coppola offered was about his projects. In fact he pulled out a scrap of paper with a schedule of his projects in the near future. Was he auditioning for her, Carole wondered?

Aware of his obesity, Coppola never changed into a swimsuit. About 2:30 he said goodbye and said, "I'll be in touch. Good luck with the test." Coppola strolled out of the pool as he nodded to a few acquaintances.

Carole was surprised that Coppola could take the time out from his busy schedule to be with her. Now she would study her lines and prepare for that test.

* * *

After four parts of the test were completed, director Huff said to Carole, "We're ready for the bedroom scene. You're the last actress to test. I know this scene is difficult, but won't take long. Wear your robe onto the set. Drop your rope when I tell you, then your arms will be chained to the bed. Your legs will be free. Kick as though you are fighting for your life. The actor Adam Roake will come in from off stage, touch you on your tummy and yell, 'rape!' It will be a closed set."

Carole walked onto the set. A king sized bed. She was trembling.

"Alright, Carole," director Huff said in his paternal manner, "Drop your robe and lie with your back on the bed." The camera was at the foot of the bed.

"But you told my agent no frontal nudity!" Carole said angrily. "The script says that I am to lie with my back on the bed!"

"It's been changed. All the other girls have done it. Linda Carter, Catherine Bach, Majorie Wallace. If you want the part, you have to do it," said director Huff as he walked away from Carole with his hands in his jeans.

Carole needed a new life. "Claude who,?" she thought. She dropped the robe.

Chapter 14

"Sean Connery is in New York for a few days. I wanted to know if you could have dinner with Connie, Sean and me at Le Club tomorrow night?" producer Marty Bregman said to Carole over the phone.

"I'd love to," said Carole who had returned to New York after her screen test. In L.A. she had found an agent who said, "If you want to be an actress, you have to live in Hollywood." Ruth, her New York agent said, 'Don't move there!'"

She was packing most of her belongings for her move to LaLaLand when Marty Bregman called. Sean Connery! "Claude will hear about this," she mused.

Carole met them at Le Club. Sean stood when introduced. He was quite tall. Often actors whom one thinks are tall are short or average height. "Pleased to meet you, Carole," Sean said. "Marty tells me you've just tested for a film."

"Yes, THE FAN CLUB."

"Whose the director?"

"John Huff."

"He's done a Disney film," Marty Bregman said.

Conversation was polite, but Carole had trouble understanding him because of his thick Scottish brogue. A nervous Carole drank a lot of wine. Sean was the perfect gentleman though he was stiff in movement and formal in small talk about Hollywood. When he asked her to dance, she found him to be an awkward dancer. Far from your Mr. Smoothie. Then it was time to go home.

"Do you need a lift?" Sean asked Carole.

"That would be nice," Carole said.

As their party left Le Club, all eyes were upon them.

In the taxi outside of Carole's apartment, she said, "Do you want to come up for a drink?"

"But of course," Sean said with a sly smile. His voice was lower than in the restaurant, but every bit as melodic. He knew how to use it. It was his finest sexual asset.

Moments after they entered her apartment, he looked down at Carole with longing and embraced her. After he kissed her, he said, "Where's the bedroom?" He wasted no time in undressing. He was filled with passion. Carole was eager to be fulfilled by not only Sean Connery, but by James Bond. When she saw him completely naked, she was stunned. He was not well endowed. Sex was also a let down. Every so often he spanked Carole in a failed attempt to be the terrific lover. His orgasm was reminiscent of bagpipes.

The Sean Connery whom Carole saw and heard on screen was more sexual than Sean Connery in person. Fantasies about James Bond were better than reality.

Before an arrogant philandering Sean left, he said, "I'll be coming through Hollywood in a few months to promote THE MAN WHO WOULD BE KING. I'll give you a ring." He didn't ask if Carole wanted to see him again. He assumed she did.

She closed the door and held and kissed Express. She missed Claude.

* * *

Sean Connery called Carole several months after she moved to Hollywood.

"There's a screening of THE MAN WHO WOULD BE KING at the Director's Guild tonight which I'm in town for, but tomorrow I'd love to see you. I'm staying at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Why don't come by and have lunch. I've a business meeting in the morning. I'll be free about 3."

"Could I come to the screening tonight?" Carole asked again annoyed at Sean's complacency.

"There are only 400 seats, GUURRL," Sean said angrily.

"See you tomorrow," Carole said, then hung up on the bully.

The next day Carole put on her prettiest frock and went down to the pool. "I'm a guest of Sean Connery," she said to Sven, the plagist, who laughed in her face. She began to cry. Sidney Beckerman, a producer friend, whisked her away to the tennis court while Sven tried to call Sean Connery at his business meeting to see if Carole was telling the truth.

A half an hour later a red-faced Sven appeared with a margarita in hand. "Come have lunch. I'm deeply sorry for the misunderstanding. Mr. Connery wants you to be his guest." Apparently Sean was quite angry with Sven for interrupting his business meeting and for being indiscreet with Sean's sly matinee.

Carole enjoyed a few more drinks, a wonderful lunch and a nice swim. At 2:30 she left the pool.

Sven said, "You aren't waiting for Mr. Connery?"

"No," Carole said.

Later Sean Connery called Carole and asked with some annoyance, "Why didn't you wait?"

"I have to work on a script."

"Pity. Are you sure you can't come back?"

"Yes, I'm sure," Carole said. "Goodbye, Mr. Bond."

Click!

"Al Pacino, Connie and I are having dinner tomorrow night at Le Club. I'd like to know if you'd like to join us," producer Marty Bregman said to Carole in a phone call not long after her date with Sean Connery. Marty was producing DOG DAY IN THE AFTERNOON in which Pacino starred. The film had just wrapped.

"I'd love to," Carole said eager to meet Al Pacino.

"If you don't mind meet us at Le Club at 8."

When Carole was introduced to Al Pacino, he stood and shook her hand. He was shorter than she expected, but even more handsome and surprisingly a gentleman. Marty now turned to Carole. "When you see this film, you will see one magnificent performance from Al" Marty said with his usual sincerity looking at Al. "You've made me very proud, Al."

"Thanks, Marty. Good script. Good director." Al said. We all held our champagne glasses and toasted the success of DOG DAY.

During dinner Al ignored Carole. When he did make eye contact Carole noticed his eyes were glistening and sad. She studied his slow yet cobra like movements and wondered when he was going to spring. He was the short, silent type which she adored. Cuddly. While Sean Connery had stared at Carole during dinner and tried to engage her in small talk, Al was the opposite. Carole was convinced Al didn't like her. Nevertheless, she was grateful to be at a dinner table with him.

Carole felt she was too talkative for Al and demanded too much attention. Al did not

He pulled back and stared at her as the music changed to "Stayin' Alive" by the Bee Gees. Suddenly he began dancing in a wild frenzy. Carole tried to follow. Marty and Connie watched from their table on the dance floor. The improvisation was working, Carole thought. He's such a good actor. Pity it was all for Marty. Show business. After ten minutes of this passionate display, Al took Carole's hand and walked up to Marty. "We're going. I'm taking Carole home." Connie and Marty did not look surprised.

Al's silence returned as he hailed a cab. He was breathless. He told the cab driver Connie's address, then put his arm around Carole and kissed her. His tongue was in her mouth, in her ear. One hand was on her breast. His other hand was on her garter belt. She held him tightly. They fell to the floor of the taxi bodies intertwined. Sweat poured from Al's forehead. His jacket was off. His shirt unbuttoned. His tie askew. The ride was bumpy. They continued to grope each other oblivious to anything around them.

"We're here," the driver said as he stopped in front of Connie's apartment.

Al held Carole and looked at her with a clarity which she had not seen from him all night. "I don't want to go here," Al said. "I want to go back to your place."

"But Al, you're giving the party. You have to be here. We can go back to my apartment later," Carole said feeling wobbly from the wine and the confusion.

"I don't want to go to this party," Al said and kissed Carole. The doorman held the door open. People walking into the building stared. Al didn't care.

Begrudgingly Al stepped out of the cab, paid the driver, walked through the lobby, stepped into an empty elevator and began to kiss Carole. He pinned her against the wall. Their bodies intertwined slide to the bottom of the elevator. When the door opened, Al stood, tucked in his shirt, straightened his tie, walked into the party and got a beer.

Carole never saw Al Pacino again.

Chapter 16

Slouched in the corner of the elevator with his arms crossed, he looked like a service station attendant. A tam was pulled over one eye to disguise his appearance. But there was no one else in the elevator to hide from except Carole at whom he smiled.

"You staying in the hotel?" he said. The voice belonged to Bobby De Niro. So did the sly smile.

"Yeah," Carole said. Shocked when she realized she was in an elevator with the supertar Bobby De Niro and he was trying to make conversation with her. "I'm on the 4th floor. Just moved here from New York."

"You look like a New Yorker," he said revealing that famous grin. He was smaller than she expected, but had that earthy sex appeal he exuded on screen. "We're a rare breed out here," he said with a chuckle.

"I've noticed," Carole said trying to hide her nervousness. "Do you miss N.Y.?"

"Can't wait to get out of here. I'm on the 4th floor, too. Wanna have a drink later?"

"Sure. I'm going to a screening now."

"I've got to meet with a director. How about if I knock on your door about 11?"

"That would be great," Carole said thinking, 'Wait til Claude hears about this.'

Carole met Bobby on the 4th floor and by the 1st floor had a date for that night at 11.

At 10:30, Carole returned to her room to freshen up. At 10:45 pm there was a tap, tap, tap on the door.

Bobby entered slowly. "My meeting was shorter than expected," he said.

"Do you want a drink?" Carole said.

"No, thanks. Just water." Bobby stood hands in pockets and stared into Carole's eyes.

"What movie are you filming?"

"BOGART SLEPT HERE."

"How's it going?"

"Problems. That's why we had the meeting."

There was only one chair in the room, a coffee table and a bed.

"Mind if I sit down?" He sat on the bed. "These things are terrible, aren't they?" he said laughing as he patted the mattress indicating that Carole sit by his side.

She held her wine glass in her hand hoping to appear sophisticated.

He took the wine glass from her hand, placed it on the coffee table, put his arm around her and kissed her. His lips were sensitive, lingering, promising more. Bobby began to undress Carole while staring into her eyes. During lovemaking he never stopped looking into her eyes. He liked her on top of him. A voyeur. He didn't speak. Carole felt as though she were with a silent film star. Bobby would have made a good Valentino. His body was taut, spry, agile. He was not particularly well-endowed, but nothing to complain about like Sean Connery. Superstar Bobby De Niro has an average penis. His finest assets were his firm body and piercing gaze. He had a butterfly tattoo which Carole later realized matched his flighty spirit. So did the fact that he left his sox on.

For two weeks they continued this relationship. They could see each other's rooms from the window. When Carole's light was on, Bobby would knock on her door. He would go in. They would make love. He

would orgasm loudly. Then he would say, "Really, I've got to go to work on my lines. We're having trouble on the film. Mike Nichols doesn't think I'm funny."

Carole understood because she had her lines to memorize for a TV movie, BRAVE NEW WORLD.

Not only was Bobby's filming doing poorly, but so was his marriage to Diane Abbott. This was not a good time for a philandering Bobby De Niro.

One day without saying goodbye Bobby abruptly moved out of the Chateau Marmot. Carole moved into her new apartment in a Chinese pagoda style apartment on La Cienega Boulevard in West Hollywood. A few weeks later Carole read in the trades that Bobby De Niro had been fired by Mike Nichols who felt Bobby couldn't handle the comedy. Bobby was replaced by Elliot Gould.

Shortly thereafter Sidney Lumet was being given a party for his new hit, NETWORK. After having met Lumet with Warren Beatty and Julie Christie and because Carole had just screen tested for THE FAN CLUB,

she was invited to this 'A' list party. As Carole walked into the star studded crowd, Carole spotted Bobby. She walked up to him to say 'hello', and he walked away.

Devastated, Carole began talking with Ryan O'Neal who was a friend. She explained to Ryan that Bobby was ignoring her when Bobby shouldn't be. Ryan understood the subtext immediately. Dianne Abbott was not at the party, but Bobby had not yet filed for divorce from her.

Ryan decided to have some fun with Bobby's lack of a sense of humor about himself. Bobby was seated on a sofa surrounded by a chair and a cocktail table. Ryan stood in the crowded area talking to Carole while blocking Bobby's exit from the sofa. Bobby was forced to pass by Ryan

and Carole when he stood up and tried to leave. Ryan said to him, "Bobby, have you met Carole Mallory?"

Bobby's face contorted slightly and turned crimson. His lips tightened. He nodded, "Hello," to Carole and walked into the crowd.

Bobby was afraid of where a conversation with Carole might have led with the public within earshot. Like many actors he needs a script. Without a screenwriter, Bobby De Niro is like a puppet without his ventriloquist.

Chapter 17

Sunbathing at the pool of the Beverly Hills reminded Carole of the South of France and of Claude. Yet the sun reinvigorated her spirit. Friends who were visiting from New York would invite her to swim.

One day while sitting in a chaise lounge studying a script for POLICE STORY, she heard her name being paged over the loudspeaker. She always left a forwarding number on her answering machine.

"Miss Carole Mallory. Paging Miss Carole Mallory. There's a call for you."

She walked to the closest telephone behind the diving board. Below the telephone was a sandbox. She was forced to stand in the sandbox as she answered the phone. A small child with a bucket and shovel hacked at the sand and Carole's feet simultaneously. She tried to move away from the child, but the child followed her feet.

Carole picked up the phone. "Hello, this is Carole Mallory."

"This is Jack,," a familiar voice said.

"Jack who?"

"Jack Nicholson."

Carole was stunned. Her favorite actor.

Jack continued in a whisper, "I'm at a pay phone at the Hotel Biltmore in downtown L.A. filming THE LAST TYCOON. Could I come over to your place for tea this afternoon?"

"Jack, we haven't seen each other since that night we met when I was dating Mike Nichols. That was several years ago."

"You're hard to forget." Carole could imagine Jack's mischievous smile. His deep voice, laden with sensuality.

"I'd love to have dinner with you."

"You don't understand." Jack's voice became harsh. "I can't be seen with you." He was in a committed relationship with Angelica Huston.

"But, Jack, you can't just come over for tea."

"Why not?" His voice became seductive. Sneaky.

"I don't really know you."

"Let's get to know each other."

"Really, Jack, I'd love to get to know you over dinner."

"Can't do that."

"Then I can't be tea."

"Please?"

"How'd you get my number?"

"A mutual friend."

"Jack, please take me to dinner."

"Not possible."

"Goodbye, Jack." Carole hung up on Jack Nicholson.

The small child had hacked at her foot throughout the conversation. She scowled at him and stepped out of the sandbox. That's what Jack had wanted her to be—his sandbox.

Chapter 18

Peter Sellers was introduced to Carole by dapper director Stan Dragotti at a party given by producer Marty Ransohoff.

Peter was talking to a short, animated Roman Polanski, the director, who was like a son to Peter. It was a warm, romantic, summer's night.

"Peter and Roman, this is Carole Mallory," Stan said outside in the courtyard.

"How beautiful you are in the moonlight, Miss Mallory. It is Miss, is it not?" Peter said smiling. "What brings you to this event?"

"Probably the same what that brought you."

"Ah, but aren't you being presumptuous?"

"Why, not? I'm wearing pink!"

"Good reason. I see your point. You must be a Capricorn?"

"How did you know?" Carole asked in disbelief.

"My dear, I believe in astrology and the spirits. I'm a Virgo, myself."

"I dominate you."

"I think I'd like that. When?"

90 2 Peter and Carole began to giggle. Roman was having trouble sitting still. He was so happy to be exchanging stories with Peter with whom he had worked in the THE MAGIC CHRISTIAN.

With a thick Polish accent Roman said in a directorial tone, "Later, later, you two. We were in the middle of something. Peter what happened after you bought the fireworks?"

"Yes, yes, well last Fourth of July I was a guest on Sam Spiegel's yacht in the South of France. The 'Malahne' was anchored almost in front of David Niven's home. I dressed in an old German Army officer's uniform and announced in a German accent over the loudspeaker that we were about to torpedo the harbor." Peter chuckled. He stood on a chair and saluted. "WIR IST GOING ZU BOMB ZIZ PORT CAP FERRAT IN ZEHN MINUTEN! DAS IST ALLES...GUTEN TAG, MINE KINDER..."

Peter sat down. He and Roman laughed so hard they were almost in tears. "Well, there were foghorns, sirens, fireworks and a huge smokescreen. Sam had arranged it for the Fourth of July. But the Frogs don't know a bloody thing about that holiday. People were running out of their homes to see what the hell was going on. Ah, it was a sight. Then when we saw the sirens from the squad cars and flashing lights, I got back on the loudspeaker and announced in the

King's English that we would be pleased to accept Mr. Niven's luncheon invitation. We all had a great laugh at lunch, but the police who met us weren't too amused." Peter and Roman reminded Carole of two kids playing hooky. Peter loved pranks and laughing at his own jokes.

Laughter was his favorite orgasm.

Preferring to listen to Peter than be at the party, Roman, Stan, his wife Cheryl Tiegs and Carole went back to Peter's home to listen to his tapes of the early Goon shows of the 60s. Shows in which the Goons climb Mr. Everest from the inside then donate and install the Victoria and Albert Museum on the moon. Peter enjoyed his first success performing on this show, a cult known for its outrageous and bizarre comedy. He was happiest when he didn't care what people were thinking, but he usually had to be performing a character to enjoy these feelings.

In 1975, from this night on, Peter and Carole laughed together for a year.

Unhappy with the films he made during his first years in Hollywood, Peter hated Hollywood. Some people feel he never got an Oscar for BEING THERE because of the tatty things he said about the town. Once he was interviewed by a man who called Peter Sellers 'Mr. Peters'.

Trying to make amends to Hollywood, Peter took an ad out in

VARIETY. He wrote that the only criticism of Hollywood was as a place to work. Other than that he had no criticism.

4 This double talk didn't impress the industry. Hollywood never forgave Peter. He hated working in a town with such lousy values and the lousy scripts he was being offered. Peter felt his best work was created in the films he made in the early 60s like THE LADYKILLERS, I'M ALL RIGHT JACK along with the Goon Show and loved to reminisce about them.

Because he had been accepting unchallenging parts for money and fame, his career took a nose dive in the early seventies. After the first few Pink Panther films, Peter resented them and Blake Edwards.

"THE RETURN OF THE PINK PANTHER will be my very last one," he said sternly as he and Carole drove in his Mercedes convertible to Blake Edwards home in Malibu.

"So why do you do them?" Carole asked.

"I tell them, 'no'! Then they come back with these astounding salaries and I can't refuse. Tonight he's trying to get me to do another one. I know he needs me for the series, but I feel so guilty when I accept and realize I'm getting typecast. I must be careful....This will be my very last one!"

It wasn't.

"Then Blake keeps after me to have a facelift. I don't want one!

What do you think?"

"Peter you don't need one," Carole said. "Tell him absolutely not!"

"But maybe he's right," Peter said. "I don't look fondly at operations. You know, I have a bad heart and surgery is very difficult for me. But Blake keeps harping about my double chins and how bad I look with them on film."

"Peter don't change a thing. I love you as you are. Don't listen to Blake Edwards. He's probably jealous of all the love you get from the public. Who loves Blake Edwards? Isn't he the husband of Julie Andrews? He's just trying to make you feel bad. God, maybe he wants you to look like Julie?"

Peter laughed. "That's kind of you, dear. We'll see. I know I don't want a facelift yet."

When Carole and Peter arrived at Blake's and Julie's they were greeted by two tightly smiling faces. Burt Reynolds and Dinah Shore who were sweet and genial were introduced, but Peter remained silent most of the night. Intimidated by Peter, Burt didn't tell many stories.

Immediately after dinner Peter said, "Julie, I'm sorry to leave so soon, but I have this tremendous headache." Everyone knew Peter was fabricating his discomfort. Peter was getting back at Blake. He knew Blake needed him and wanted to make sure Blake made this the last Panther script. But above all, Peter wanted Blake to think Peter was in control.

A few years later, Peter had the facelift.

Peter and Carole returned to his rented Spanish style home which Express, her toy poodle, had been guarding. Carole never went anywhere without him. He was the baby Claude and Carole never had.

"Would you like to hear some jazz or some early Beatles' records?" Peter asked. Peter's living room seemed to be half-filled with stereo equipment.

"I love the Beatles," Carole said.

"I could have invested in them, but I foolishly backed the film THE MAGIC CHRISTIAN and suffered great loss. Ah, but I do like the soundtrack."

"It's one of my favorite records," Carole said. "Maybe the film was ahead of its time."

"We had fun doing it, but a two million loss somehow made it less funny. Would you like to see the rest of the house? There's a bedroom

with a comfortable king-sized mattress and there's ample room for two. You know, it's a recession and we shouldn't allow space to be wasted."

"Do you think the bed could hold three? Express sleeps with me every night."

"I'm sure we can arrange accommodations to suit his needs. 'Oui, Monsieur Express?' Peter spoke French to Express, too. He loved animals and was always kind to Carole's toy poodle.

After listening to IT'S A HARD DAY'S NIGHT, Peter and Carole retired to his bedroom. It was very masculine looking with heavy dark tones and wooden beams. The maid had pulled back his dark brown sheets. Everything about the room had masculine pretensions. Stereo equipment was everywhere. Peter loved gadgets—anything electrical. Yet, he never knew how to make these appliances work properly.

In this regard, he was like Carole's father.

Carole retired to the ladies. It was two adjoining bathrooms with wall-to-wall mirrors, electric gum massagers, water-piks, electric toothbrushes, a shoe polishing machine, a portable cassette player and mini transistor radio. Peter loved music and never went anywhere without it—even the bathroom. Carole locked Express in the *salle de bain*.

They began to make love. Peter had hair everywhere, even on his back, but he was ashamed of it. He reminded Carole of a big panda bear.

At first Peter wasn't erect, but with some coaxing and more wine, he grew hard. "I want to be inside you," he said. "Oh, Carole, you feel so wonderful. Oh..., " he said moaning and came.

Carole didn't. Oh, well, they needed time, she thought. Besides she was too drunk to feel anything.

"Oh, Carole, what you do to me! I feel so sexual with you. I want to make love to you all night," Peter said sipping his wine. "I love to make love," he said almost bragging. "Tomorrow will be better. Before my heart attacks I could go for hours."

"What happened to you?"

"I've always had a bad heart. My father died from a heart attack. When I met Britt, we had a very active sex life. She was told about my weak heart. But one night she shoved amyl nitrate under my nose without warning me. I had seven heart attacks in a row. Britt knew what she was doing and I've never been able to forgive her. Eklund is a 'golddigger', a lousy actress and a 'professional girlfriend'. She's an amateur at everything else, my dear. Now, I'm not the lover I was then, but I feel I can be with you," Peter said painfully.

"Peter, I love being with you. Things will get better. Let's not worry."

"Darling, I couldn't feel any better than when I'm holding you," he said popping a red sleeping pill. Within seconds he was asleep.

When they awakened, Carole tried to make love again. She rubbed Peter. He turned over. She rubbed his derriere. "Peter, rise and shine. I want you for breakfast. I'm hungry."

He pushed her hands away, pulled her body against his and held her.

"I don't feel like it now, darling. Don't be angry. We need time, remember?"

Carole was confused. Hurt. One morning she realized Peter was unable to get an erection sober. He was too filled with self-loathing which alcohol temporarily masked, freeing him from his demon-like thoughts about himself.

Laughter also freed him, relaxed him and took his mind off his deep feelings of inadequacy. Peter wasn't inadequate; he felt inadequate.

He was happiest trying to be the bad little boy. The supreme compliment to his friends was to play a practical joke on them or to 'take the piss out of them'.

On their first date Carole and Peter played a game invented by Stanley Kubrick and Peter to torment their friends and fellow celebrities. Paul Jasmine, a photographer, invited them to dinner along with the director John Schlesinger and several other friends. Paul had been an actor, and had had a career in voice-overs.

For the game Paul created a voice and biography of a fictitious character, Eunice Harris. Her voice was mimicked by Tony Perkins in PSYCHO during the last few minutes of the film when Tony turns into his mother.

Eunice's voice was grating, raucous, shrill, piercing and punctuated with an obnoxious cackle. Yet there was something endearing about the old broad. Eighty year old Eunice had eight kids and was married to Harry who was an alcoholic and had constant heart-burn.

The game began with all the party guests seated on the floor around Paul who telephoned celebrities using Eunice Harris's voice. The most glamorous stars were chosen from John Schlesinger's big black phone book. Guests who knew any secret about the star told Paul. The telephone was wired to stereo speakers so guests could hear both ends of the conversation.

The first star victim was Racquel Welch. She was a neighbor of Peter's and a friend of John's. Furthermore she was having lunch with

John the next day. Ron Talsky, her current beau, had just sent her red roses. Peter had bumped into Ron at the florist while Ron was ordering them.

Paul dialed directing everyone to be quiet.

"Hello," the service said.

"This is Eunice Harris from San Diego," Paul said screeching.

"Mr. Ron Talsky tol me ta call 'bout tha lunch tomorra."

"Just a minute, Miss Harris."

"Why hello, Eunice, how are you?" Racquel said sweetly.

(Peter was chuckling so loudly he had to hold his handkerchief over his mouth.)

"Why I'm fine, Racquel. But those thar eight kids have been pukin' all o'er tha station wagon. Don't fret we is still comin' to yer wing ding tomorra! We ain't stayin' away jus cause that kids et too many franks and beans!" Eunice said laughing raucously.

"I'm delighted you can make it. Where did you run into Ron?" Racquel asked.

"I was at tha florist yesterday when he got ya those perdy red roses. They sure are sumpthin'."

"They are beautiful. Eunice, you should see my daughter. She turned into such a beauty. You wouldn't recognize her."

(Peter was holding Carole tightly clutching his hand over her mouth.)

"Well, Darlin', ya ain't exactly a barf-bag yerself."

"Why that's kind of you, Eunice. How's your husband?"

"Harry, well he got that trots like always. But tha Doc gave him some white stuff ta swalla fer yer pardy. Otherwise, Racquel, ya woodn' wanna be 'round Harry," Eunice said cackling vulgarly.

(John Schlesinger was on the floor kicking his feet in the air quietly chuckling and crying.)

"Well, I'm happy you'll all be able to make it. You know it starts at one," Racquel said kindly.

"Racquel, Honnie, we're gonna take ya up on Ron's offer ta stay with ya. We'll arrive tomorra at 7 in the AM. Now ya don't worry 'bout a thing. We got tha franks and beans, tha K-O-Pectate an tha Bud. See ya at 7, darlin'."

Everyone enjoyed fifteen minutes of unrepressed laughter then Paul dialed again. He called Carol Channing, June Allyson, Edie Gorme, Ann Miller, Debbie Reynolds, Doris Day, Elizabeth Taylor and Bette Davis who was the only one to hang up on Eunice. Bette Davis said, "Sure."

When Eunice was sexually molested, she called the police. She was watching DEEP THROAT and was groped throughout the film. Her handbag was stolen and she was raped. She said to the police, "It's a good thing I'm eighty years old or I could be pregnant."

There was a click.

Peter also loved playing with his stereo and it's equipment. Another game was an X rated version of Hide UND Seek. He carried a wireless microphone in and out of every room and closet. Dr. Stangelove's and Inspector Clouseau's voices were heard throughout the house challenging Carole to find them. Then it was her turn to hide when she heard Peter say, "Commin sie here mine liebshin. I vant zu rub catsup and mayonaise in your NOOKS AND CRANNIES. I'M COMIN ZU GET YOU!..."

Every good Englishman has a garden and grows his own fresh vegetables. Each day the housekeeper went shopping for food. Peter delighted in telling Carole, "In England, you see, we are civilized. We don't go around eating all this frozen, jumbo-sized, economy-sized or deep-fried junk you Americans subscribe to. How dare you eat this frozen nonsense! Why, it's like eating death. There's no flavor. Artificial color. It all just turns my stomach, I'm afraid."

"But, Peter, we have health food shops where everything is fresh."

"Yes, but they are few and very expensive. In England virtually every grocery store is health food. We wouldn't dream of buying the frozen way of life you Americans do. Let alone eating it! Then you have the homogenized, pasteurized, sterilized and sanitized lot. My dear, labels, labels, labels. It's amazing Americans don't get them all bollixed up! Could I please have a sanitized open-faced milkshake with a pasteurized straw?"

All of Peter's friends had a great sense of humor. It really didn't matter who they were or what they did as long as Peter could laugh with them.

During the time Peter and Carole were together, he was filming MURDER BY DEATH. Alec Guinness who played the role of the butler was also in town for the filming. One sunny Sunday, Alec, Peter and Carole lunched at the Inn of the Four Oaks in Beverly Glen. Alec was frail, thin and there was something grey about his color, but he was very very funny with a wonderful reserve. They drank mimosas—champagne and orange juice—until they were 'pissed out of their heads'. Accents, gestures and characters were shooting back and forth so quickly that Carole thought she was at a Friars Roast toasting their old films.

Then Peter brought up the filming of MURDER BY DEATH and Truman Capote who was a member of the cast. "What are we to do with Truman? You know, Alec, he's ruining our timing and we could have a

very nice flop on our hands if he continues to perform as badly as he's been doing. Who cast him anyway? And why? With all the good actors around—why cast Truman?" He's not one of us. His timing is atrocious. I've talked to David (Niven) about it and he agrees. Should we talk to Ray (Stark, the producer) or do you think we could help the old boy to move a bit more quickly with his cues. He keeps missing them and it's bogging down the timing of the whole film! I'm so annoyed about this, I don't know what to do."

"Well, Peter, we might be able to help 'the writer' out, but you know it's really out of our hands," Alec said. "I'm afraid we just have to do the best we can. I'll have a talk with Truman—if you think that would help."

Peter developed the reputation of being difficult to work with. He was difficult because he was a professional and a perfectionist. He wanted the best for everyone, but he lacked patience with others of lesser talent, however, his genius was there for us all.

For comic relief Peter's good friend was Keith Moon of the WHO. One night Keith escorted Carole and Peter to a party at Hugh Hefner's PLAYBOY mansion.

Keith came bouncing in the door. "Got a surprise fer ya, matie." Keith grinned gold tooth to tooth.

"Well, what is it, old chap?" Peter asked.

"Come on out 'ere an' look what I got fer us 'specially for the nitie nite! We got to go to Hef's Den of Iniquity in style, mate, right?"

Peter walked to the door and opened it. "Well, bollix me, boy!"

There was a gold, stretch Cadillac limousine. Next to the limo posing regally while holding the door was a woman jockey—cap and all.

"Eh, matey, pretty swell for the nitie nite at Hef's, wouldn't ya say?"

Everyone laughed while their chauffeurette remained frozen in her prepaid pose.

By the time they arrived at the mansion they had downed a quart vodka. Hefner's electronic bodyguard gave them a rough time. It required that you announce who's in your car. Then a closed circuit TV camera checked out the inside. Hefner was cautious about the men who visited the mansion. Women were welcome, but men who were not celebrities or personal friends of Hefner were not.

Their entrance was approved and they drove up the circular driveway passing peacocks strolling on the lawn.

"That's some bird, eh, mate?" Keith said. "Like to take 'er home? Let's hit the main joint, shall we?"

"Pleased to be your guest, Mr. Moon," Peter said. "Let's not hang around if this is one of those crowded affairs. I'm not really in the mood for an excessive amount of bunnies."

They walked into the mansion which was like a big fraternity house. An enormous bodyguard stood by the huge wooden door. The foyer was tiny and the staircase to the bedrooms was just past the entrance on the left. It seemed the bodyguard was watching the front door to the mansion as well as the bedrooms. The first room they walked into reminded Carole of a ballroom. It was covered in light brown wood and the carpet was a hunting green. Fresh flowers were on every end table.

Then they entered the dining room and surveyed the gigantic buffet.

There was a queue of guests and bunnies and it reminded Carole of an elegant cafeteria. Silver bain maries were used to keep the food warm. Dinner was available all night for some 300 guests.

Peter sat quietly in a corner. "Darling, I don't think I can take too much more. I feel a bit walled in—if you know what I mean."

"Whatever you want, Peter." Carole lied. She wanted to stay and check out the circumspect action. She was more interested in the bunnies than Keith and Peter. They seemed like nice girls who wore little. There was a Kansas City freshness to most of them and Carole wanted to know how the sex life of the mansion functioned. She never found out. She did

watch the staircase and the bodyguard whom she was told remained all night. There wasn't any action there. It wasn't as simple as people thought.

"Let's get out of 'ere, mate," Keith said to Peter. Keith wasn't interested in the bunnies, either.

"Let's check out tha game room. It's across tha lawn," Keith said.

They walked past the bodyguard, through the big wooden door and across a large lawn straight out of Alice in Wonderland, passing peacocks in the moonlight, to a small cottage.

"This is it, folks. Choose your gam. Moon's me name." Keith said laughing coarsely before he attacked a pinball machine, one of thirty. Lights were flashing and buzzers were going off while Peter sat in the corner by a player piano.

"I'm not much for these games, I'm afraid, Carole, but you play if you like. I'll watch," Peter said.

Carole played one game of electric space bunny and then pool with Keith. Peter joined them. A bevy of bunnies had followed them from the mansion and were asking Keith and Peter to sing on the player piano.

Keith gave them one song. He sat courtly at the upright and pretended enthusiastically to be playing while they all joined the chorus of BYE BYE BLACKBIRD. Peter laughed and sang along. He and Keith

seemed more interested in each other's jokes and performances than the surroundings. Soon Peter tired of the whole thing.

"Shall we go back to San Yusidro and listen to some music? Peter said sighing. "I'm rather tired of all this."

"Whatever your fancy laces desire, matie mate," Keith said. And they went back to Peter's home and listened to more Goon Show recordings, Peter's favorite entertainment.

A year later Keith Moon died from a drug overdose.

"Thanks for taking care of Peter, " Peter's publicist David Steinberg said. Carole resented this. Did he think Peter was an outpatient and she was Florence Nightingale? She had already played that role. When she became sober, she realized the publicist was being kind. She simply didn't know how sick Peter and she were.

Peter was sad a lot of the time. Carole tried to make him smile. That's when he reminded her most of her father. She felt she could make him better, but she couldn't.

While Carole was involved with Peter, her father died. He was buried in the suit custom made for her wedding to Claude. Her mother

wanted her to look at him in the casket. She refused. All that she remembered was his arm jutting out of the coffin.

Like Carole's father, Peter wanted to be someone else. This was why he was so brilliant with imitating and creating characters. He never revealed his feelings to the outside world because he was filled with fear—fear of what people thought of him, fear of being ugly, fear of rejection, fear of sudden death due to his weak heart, fear of starring in a flop, fear of growing old, fear of impotency, fear of being found to have these fears. Most of these fears had nothing to do with fame, talent or money. Peter had plenty of this. But fame, talent and money didn't guarantee happiness.

Like a true alcoholic, Peter took his dislike for himself out on Peter and others by blaming and punishing them. He was misunderstood by so man, even his family.

Peter hated his looks. He thought he was an ugly myopic comedian who had to wear horrible glasses and was covered with disgusting long, black body hair. When he was depressed, he ate to excess. He developed a weight problem which made him look fat and feel uglier. He thought he was a failure sexually with women. And he was very, very lonely. He drank and took pills to feel good. However alcohol and chemicals were no longer working for him. But he couldn't stop using.

The night of Peter's fatal heart attack he drank a bottle of wine, smoked grass and took a sleeping pill. This proved to be lethal for him.

He took this combination practically every night. Peter's alcoholic thinking and behavior is what really killed Peter.

Peter and Carole were just tumbling along life's bumpy road trying to get over each bump with a drink when actually the drink was causing the bumps.

One day by the pool a friend asked Peter if he wanted a hit of cocaine. Peter offered Carole some.

"No, thanks, I don't do it, Peter." This was before Carole discovered cocaine enabled her to drink more. "Do you know it's bad for your heart?"

"No, it isn't. My doctor knows I do it from time to time and he's never warned me about it," Peter said smiling.

"Maybe you should ask him? With all your concern over your heart...I don't understand how you can do it and not worry. "

"I'll call my doctor and see what he has to say about it. But I'm sure you're overreacting."

Five minutes later, red faced and furious, Peter returned. "You were right, " he said. "My doctor told me it WAS bad for me. I don't believe it! This twit knew I was using cocaine. He even gave me some once. You know, I think he's trying to kill me! He was always jealous of

his brother because his brother saved my life and got publicity for it. I'm going to do something about this."

While Carole and Peter were together, he never used cocaine again. But Carole and Peter made up for it with drinking and marijuana. When the hangovers were too painful, they'd go on fasts. His favorite diet was steak and oranges. This lasted a few days, then they'd celebrate their fasting with a good bottle of wine.

When Peter was hung over, he could be nasty. So could Carole. But normally he was a kind and generous man. Express ate steak Chez Sellers!

One day Peter called Carole and said excitedly, "You know I was on a quiz program and won a stereo of my choice. I can't possibly use it. I have so many. Would you please take it?"

"That's very kind of you, Peter. I'd love it. Mine is in New York."

They drove off to the Sound Center in Beverly Hills, Peter's favorite shop for stereo equipment.

"The quiz show suggested the Bang and Olufson system," he said. "It's like the one I have at home."

Carole started laughing. "Peter, I'm really happy to accept your gift. Nobody gives me presents. This is so kind of you. You don't have to pretend to me."

"Well, I didn't want to embarrass or offend you. I know you're a very proud person."

"Not that kind of proud, Peter. I don't think accepting a gift from someone who cares about you is wrong. I'm touched."

Whenever Carole played her stereo, she was reminded of Peter.

If she had trouble with it, she called up Don, her favorite salesman, at the Sound Center. "I was the only one in the shop who took care of him," Don said. "The others had trouble dealing with Peter. They didn't understand him. Peter was a perfectionist. If I was held up, I'd call and tell him I was going to be late---but I had to call. Then it was all right. Sometimes I'd be there five minutes early and I'd stand on the doorstep and wait for the exact time. Whenever he'd order equipment, I only presented pieces that could be dropped down three flights of stairs. Peter didn't have a mechanical mind, though he thought he did. (Just like Carole's father.) Whenever Peter had a problem, it was usually because the 'on' button wasn't 'on' ---just like you do all the time, Carole. You're just like Peter. A lot of times he'd forget how to work the equipment so I'd show him. Then a couple of weeks would go by and I'd get another call and he'd have the same complaint and I'd show him all over again. I loved him. He was a great man."

One morning on the kitchen table I noticed a script called BEING THERE.

"What's this?" I asked.

"That, my dear, is a script I want to do very much. Do you know the writer, Jerzy Kosinski?"

"I've heard of him, but never read him."

"He's a wonderful writer and great friend of mine. I really believe in the project and want to make sure nothing goes wrong with the making of this film."

"What's it about?"

"A very simple man who's a gardener. It's quite a moving story. Hal Ashby's going to direct. And it's very funny. At the same time it makes a very serious statement. I'm so tired of these bloody Pink Panther films. I know BEING THERE will be my finest film. I just have this feeling about it. You know, it's a short book. You should take the time to read it."

Peter died not long after the film had its success. In 1979, he was awarded Best Actor from the National Board of Review. BEING THERE was his goodbye kiss to us all.

While she was seeing Peter, Carole was studying improvisational comedy. She had been doing a lot comedy and asked him to help her with her work. A segment of ARHIE'S PLACE cast her as a pregnant woman who goes accidentally to a veterinarian instead of an obstetrician. She asked Peter to help her with her lines.

"You must always memorize as much as you can. That way you are free to create. I memorize the sound and rhythm I select. But first I experiment with all the possibilities. Once I make a choice, I set it and memorize it exactly. The gestures, sound and emphasis you make with words are very important in comedy. I never leave things to spontaneity. There is enough of that that happens naturally anyway. You must take responsibility for your character. An actor is only as good as his or her choices." Peter sat for hours mumbling aloud the words from his latest script, making gestures, contorted expressions and laughing. Peter liked being an actor.

He liked to rehearse in the kitchen. This was his favorite hangout. It was very sunny with lots of blue and white Spanish tiles and modern chrome appliances. One could see the pool and his beautiful garden from this bright and cheery room. The rest of the house was dark and gloomy. They sat at the kitchen table, a butcher's block, and had their meals when they weren't entertaining. Peter's publicist, his secretary and his chauffeur,

Burt Mortimer, who was also a friend, were always there.

Burt came in laughing one day with a clipping from Nigel Dempster's gossip column in the LONDON DAILY MAIL. "Latest Love of Peter Sellers." Nigel had printed a photo of Carole with Claude and listed all the men she had been with until that moment. Peter read it chuckling. He liked publicity and a good relationship with the press.

One of Peter's less amusing hobbies was photography. For sometime Peter had been photographing his neighbor, supermodel Cheryl Tiegs in transparent peasant blouses at her husband, Stan Dragotti's request. The photos were beautiful and Peter was proud of them.

"Peter, I don't really like my picture taken. I'm sorry but it reminds me of modeling days. You know it was hard, boring work. Besides my features are very uneven and I'm afraid I'll disappoint you. It's difficult to take a bad picture of Cheryl but frightfully easy to take a bad one of me. "

Peter kept hounding Carole. Finally, she reluctantly agreed. Peter and Carole were emotionally very much a like—nervous wrecks. She brought along Express who was also photographed. The polaroids were beautiful and she was glad it was over.

Within two days, the film had been processed. When Peter picked it up from the laboratory, he was ecstatic. "Carole, you must come over right away and look at these. They're marvelous!"

"Peter, I can't. I'm filming FANTASY ISLAND, remember?"

The following day he edited them and anxiously called again. "They're O.K. Carole, but unfortunately not as good as I had expected, I'm sorry to say. I'm afraid we'll have to have a reshoot. Can you come over and go through the slides with me? I must have your opinion."

"Peter, I'm still filming. Tomorrow I'm through. I'll be over then. Don't worry." Carole felt she had let Peter down exactly as she had feared.

By the third day Peter was very depressed. "Could you please come by, Carole, and pick up your photos. I'm really not pleased with them and don't want them around the house. I'm sorry the session was such a failure," Peter said harshly.

Before she went to Peter's, she made a date for dinner that evening with someone she was not attracted to. She was afraid Peter had rejected her. She was sure he didn't want to see her again. To protect her hurt feelings, she would reject him first. She loved Peter. But she didn't feel she was rich, famous, successful or pretty enough for him. She allowed the photo session to confirm these negative thoughts. Carole wanted to hurt Peter for hurting her. Their mutual low self-images had collided.

When Carole walked into the kitchen, Peter looked gloomy and despondent. He showed her the pictures slowly. She was furious.

"Would you have dinner with me this evening?" he asked.

Carole was thrown. She had thought he was through with her.

She couldn't talk about her feelings. She couldn't tell Peter she still loved him. Her pride and ego wouldn't allow her. "I'm sorry, Peter, but I already have a date," she said stammering nervously. For one year she hadn't dated anyone except Peter and he had

dated only her. She knew after this moment their romance had ended. Peter's ego couldn't take rejection and neither could Carole's. She felt she was inadequate and not pretty enough; he felt he was inadequate and his photos weren't good enough. Peter and Carole had no love for themselves so how could they love others? They just didn't know the way.

Carole still has Peter's portrait today and it is as beautiful as it always was.

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Claude called one month after her romance with Peter ended. Someone had shown him the article in the London DAILY MAIL

"That was quite an announcement you two had in the London papers. When are you both making it permanent?" Claude said bitterly.

"Oh, Claude, we're just good friends. How did you hear about the article?"

"A friend brought it over to the apartment."

"Some friends you have."

"He was a friend," Claude said. "I don't talk to him anymore."

Carole was happy to hear Claude's jealousy and happier to hear he still cared. But she was happiest that Peter had been there for her to help her laugh just before her father died.

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In the summer of 1983, eight years after their romance ended Carole visited Optique Boutique on Sunset Boulevard. While waiting for her glasses to be adjusted, she asked Billy, the manager, if he remembered the first visit she'd made to the store.

"Sure, you were with Peter Sellers," Billy said. "He always got his glasses here. I remember. Do you know a few years before he died, he came in here asking for you?"

"What?" Carole said.

"Yeah, he said to me, 'Do you remember the girl I was in here with the last time?' And I asked him 'which girl'? He always had a new girl on his arm. 'That one' Peter said and he pointed to your photo, the one in the crocheted bikini that I had hanging in the shop. Then he asked me, 'Do you happen to have her number, by chance?' 'Yeah, I think so,' I said. Then he asked me, 'Can you dial it for me please, my man?' And I dialed, but there was a recording that your phone was no longer in service," Billy said sadly.

She thanked Billy and went home thinking about Peter and that she had always loved him. Peter Sellers was a pussycat.

Chapter 19

Francoise Gilot had sent a letter asking to take Carole to lunch at Ma Maison, the celebrity hangout. What was going on, Carole wondered?

"Why don't you and Claude stop this? I think you should work it out. I want you to marry my son," Francoise said sincerely. "He's coming here from Japan and wants to see you."

The following week Claude called to say when he would be arriving. Carole and Claude made love as though nothing had ever happened. Their love was renewed. "Here's a kimono I bought for you in Japan," Claude said with his little boy smile. It was cotton. Carole didn't know the Japanese made cotton kimonos. So what if Claude was cheap. Carole still loved him.

"We have to end that lease on the apartment in New York," Claude said. "I'm tired of paying the rent when neither one of us is there. Can you get the furniture out?" Claude held Express tightly.

"I'll take care of it Claude," Carole said careful not to mention anything about a wedding date. "I still love you, Claude," Carole said.

"What happened to us?" Claude said. "That model Vivien Leigh tried to get pregnant and I threw her out. But you know what's weird I've met someone in Paris who reminds me of you only she likes Paris."

Chapter 20

2

Carole drove Claude to the airport with Express in the backseat.

As Claude entered the terminal, he said, "Maybe I'll call you and we'll get married in Vegas, Bebe." He kissed and caressed Carole and boarded the plane.

A few months later Claude married the woman who reminded him of Carole.

"We've met at Alder's," Claude said. "But we've never really talked."

Dick continued in a voice so soft that Carole had to lean forward in the booth to hear him. Claude wondered if he was trying to control and appear modest by speaking in a whisper. His mild manner and passivity made Claude wonder if a temper lurked beneath his olive skin.

"Have you been looking for a movie?" he said.

"THE PAN CAKE. But I don't think they'll make the film."

Chapter 20

Dodi Fayed signaled to Carole from a booth at the Polo Lounge of the Beverly Hills Hotel. A mutual friend had arranged for him to take her to dinner. Carole had met Dodi who was in his early twenties at parties as he was considered the new eligible foreign bachelor in town. His reputation was of a party boy. His father was multi-millionaire Mohammed Fayed who owned Harrod's in London.

When Carole approached the booth, Dodi stood and shook her hand. He was polite. Soft spoken with a thin rather high pitched voice. Tall and lean. His hair was black and curly and appeared to be slicked down. He was wearing a silk shirt and a gold chain around his neck. No drink was in front of him. He had waited for Carole to arrive before he ordered anything.

"We've met at Alana's," Dodi said. "But we've never really talked."

Dodi continued in a voice so soft that Carole had to lean forward in the booth to hear him. Carole wondered if he was trying to control and appear modest by speaking in a whisper. His mild manners and passivity made Carole wonder if a temper lurked beneath his olive skin.

"I hear you've tested for a movie?" he said.

"THE FAN CLUB. But I don't think they'll make the film."

"Why's that?"

"Too much nudity. They'll never get an R rating. Columbia won't release an X rated film."

"Why don't they work on the script?"

"They are. John Huff has been fired. They've hired Nick Roeg to do the rewrite and direct. Nick directed DON'T LOOK NOW and WALKABOUT."

"I know his work. He's quite talented. Are you doing any other acting?" Dodi's gaze was intense. He was a good listener. He did not like talking about himself and made others feel he cared about them.

"This week I'm filming The Tony Randall Show."

"He's funny. I like him. What do you play?"

"A woman who's hit by a trolley car in San Francisco and sues because she claims the accident made her promiscuous."

Dodi laughed. When he let down his guard, he was cute. He was cautious.

Carole continued, "I lose the case because the defendant discovers I was more promiscuous before the trolley hit me."

Dodi chuckled. He was now adorable. Pity he can't feel this relaxed all the time, Carole mused.

"What are you doing Dodi?"

Dodi poured the last of the champagne. "I'm looking at scripts. I want to produce, but I'm taking my time. Do you want to stop by my bungalow after dinner and look at some of the screenplays I've been sent?" Dodi had been in Hollywood only a few months and was finding himself. "I also have a film in preview from Fox we could watch."

Dodi was generous. After they finished a lavish meal, Carole and Dodi walked to his bungalow where they were greeted by his bodyguard, a gigantic muscular Arab. The bungalow had two large sofas facing each other with a large cocktail table with a glass top in between. A small dark handsome man was seated in one of the sofas. He was Iranian.

"Carole, this is Henry Hay," Dodi said.

Henry stood and shook Carole's hand. He was short and cute. Carole was immediately attracted to him.

"Here are those scripts," Dodi said as he placed the screenplays on the cocktail table. "Shall we watch that film from Fox?"

The bodyguard uncorked another bottle of champagne. Three glasses were already on the cocktail table.

Dodi pulled a vial of white powder out of his pocket and tapped some of its contents onto the glass table top. He made lines and began to snort cocaine. He offered some to Henry who took a hit. Then Dodi said to Carole, "Do you want some?"

"No," she said now feeling light headed from all the champagne.

"Come on. Try it. It won't hurt you," Dodi said softly. Fatherly.

"You'll like it."

"I've never done it and really am afraid of it."

"No need to be. I do it all the time. It helps me to perform."

Carole felt safe with Dodi, though she was not attracted to him. He was much younger than Carole. He wouldn't hurt her, she thought. His behavior hadn't changed after he took the cocaine. Besides everyone in Hollywood seemed to be doing coke. Carole felt a bit out of it not doing it. Truth was she didn't know how to do it. Dodi graciously showed her how to take a hit and didn't belittle her for not knowing how to do cocaine. Even the bodyguard took a hit. Maybe it would help her to forget. Peter Sellers doctor had given it to him.

Carole felt nothing. In fact she felt more sober.

"Where are you from in Iran, Henry," Carole asked.

"Teheran. My family who was in banking left when the trouble began."

"I've been there," Carole said. "I was a stewardess with Pan Am. We stayed in the Hilton."

"I know it well," he said smiling.

"I went to the Topkapi Museum, saw the Peacock Throne and visited the markets. It has a lot to see."

"Had. It's changed. When were you there?"

"1965."

"Pity what's happened to it." Henry grew sad.

Carole wanted to comfort him.

"So many people lost so much."

Dodi offered more cocaine. Carole was seated between Dodi and Henry. Dodi excused himself to go to the bathroom and when he returned, Henry Hay was kissing Carole. The combination of the champagne and the cocaine had loosened her inhibitions. The room was spinning. She didn't care about anything. Henry took her hand, walked her into his bedroom. Before he closed the door, Carole saw an angry, raging Dodi

6

throw the champagne glasses into the fireplace. Glass shattered. The bodyguard was passed out on sofa.

Carole and Henry had sex in one of the three bedrooms in the bungalow.

At about 3 AM she awakened feeling nauseous. Guilt ridden. Ashamed. What had she done? She wanted to go home. Everyone was asleep. 'Get me out of here,' she thought. She dressed and walked through the living room stepping over broken glass. The bodyguard fully clothed was snoring on the sofa. Dodi must have been in another bedroom.

Carole got into her yellow Fiat convertible and drove down Sunset Strip. She imagined the curbs attacking her tires. The center line of the highway became wavy. She feared she would not make it home because she could barely see. She drove faster because she felt more nauseous. What was in that cocaine? Or was this how it usually felt?

She squinted her eyes, turned off Sunset onto La Cienega and into her apartment's garage. She held the banister tightly as she tried to climb

6

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She squinted her eyes, turned off Sunset onto La Cienega and into her apartment's garage. She held the banister tightly as she tried to climb

up the stairs. Once inside her apartment she collapsed on her bed in a stupor.

The next morning she awakened with the worst hangover. She had thrown up by her bed. Express was licking her face. How had she driven home without having an accident?

Chapter 20,5

When LOOKING FOR MR. GOODBAR was being cast, Carole was being considered for of the starring roles. Freddie Fields, the producer, brought her in to meet the award-winning Richard Brooks, the director, who directed the films IN COLD BLOOD and ELMER GANTRY.

"We've tried to get your FAN CLUB test from Columbia, but the producers say it was lost at Beacon's storage," director Brooks told Carole.

A few weeks later Tuesday Weld was cast in the role for which Carole was being considered, but Carole was chosen for another part, the role of Marvella. Marvella was a friend of Diane Keaton's who invites Diane into an orgy.

It was a week's work with a lengthy scene with Tuesday Weld and Diane Keaton who won an Oscar for her performance.

Carole was eager to meet and work with Diane Keaton whose image was one of warmth and humor and apprehensive about working with Tuesday Weld whose image was 'the bad girl' and spoiled difficult beauty. Hollywood images are often the fabrication of publicists and studios and far from the truth. Tuesday Weld was the warm generous actress to work with while Diane Keaton was cold and withholding.

Young Picasso's girl Carole



Sellers, 49, and recent friend Picasso

finds a friend in Sellers

THE overworked
brother of Peter Sel-
lers, 49, has propelled
him into yet another
burst of love
during his Califor-
nia sojourn in the
romantic ambience
of Beverly Hills.

After meeting the ex-
otic beauty beside the suc-
cessful pool of the top
model, New York fashion
model Carole Mathews, 28,
he became the ob-
ject of his overwhelm-
ing affections.

They have become in-
separable and Sellers, pay-
ing court only a week ago,
has revealed, to Susan
George and Liza Farringer
has declared: 'She is a
really divine girl.'

Brunette Carole, who is
tempting to establish a
Hollywood career and has
been rewarded by a fling

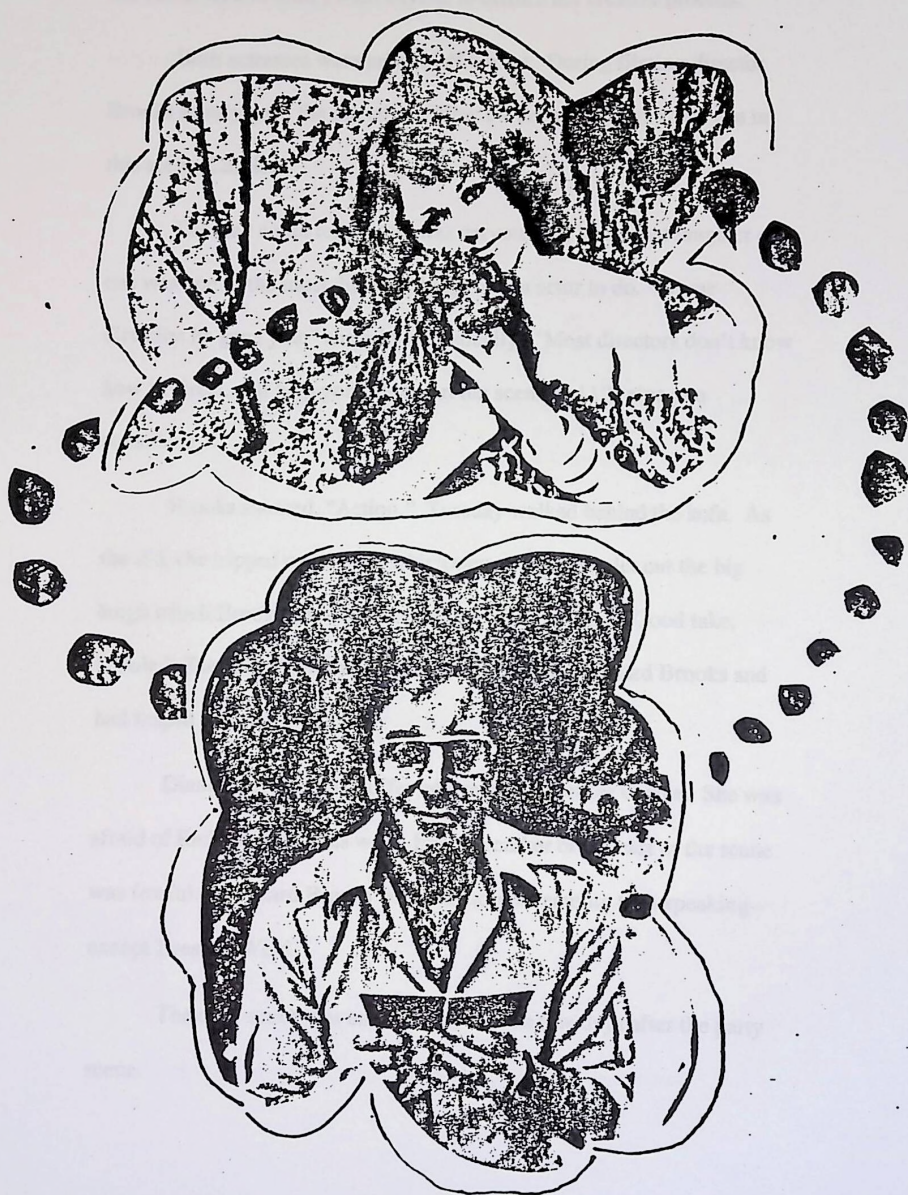


Sellers: 'Really divine'

role in *Funny Lady* has
been short of famous escorts.

Her most recent boy friend
was Claude Picasso, 27, the
illegitimate son of the legen-
dary artist. The French courts
granted him £5 million from
Pablo's fortune last year.

Carole has also been a close
companion of producer By-
ron Haskin of *A Clockwork*



Perhaps Diane was guarded because she was working on the inner life of her character and didn't want anyone to disturb her creative process.

Both actresses were private off the set. During filming director Brooks sternly gave the direction, "Now I want a big laugh from you in this scene, Carole."

Tuesday could tell Carole was nervous and knew that laughter on cue was one of the most difficult things for an actor to do. "Some direction he gave you," she said sarcastically. "Most directors don't know how to direct. I'll help you. Just start the scene and I'll give you something."

Brooks shouted, "Action." Tuesday walked behind the sofa. As she did, she tripped on its edge which caused Carole to let out the big laugh which Brooks had wanted from her. Brooks said, "Good take, Carole." Tuesday Weld had directed the scene, not Richard Brooks and had helped a terrified Carole.

Diane Keaton did not offer advice or support for Carole. She was afraid of Richard Brooks as well. Every member of the cast in the scene was fearful of Richard Brooks who did more screaming than speaking--except Tuesday Weld.

The orgy scene was another closed set a few days after the party scene.

Tuesday and two men are passed out in a bedroom. As Diane opens the door, Carole, who is smoking a cigarette, gestures inviting Diane into the orgy. Diane, who is stunned to see the four naked motionless bodies in her bedroom, rejects Carole's offer and closes the door.

Filming an orgy was long hard work. Boring. All four actors with their private parts face down on the bed could not move. The men's genital areas though not seen on camera were covered with black gaffer's tape. Tuesday wore nude colored panty hose. It took eight hours of lying motionless on a bed which had the actors' bodies almost paralyzed. No one was permitted to talk. Carole was propped on her elbows signaling for Diane Keaton to come into the orgy. Carole's breasts were not visible. It was a long shot of the four bodies in the bedroom. A close up of Carole's face. Diane's reaction.

Because Carole's body was rigid from not being able to move, she had difficulty getting up from the bed when Brooks called a break for lunch. Richard Brooks saw Carole struggling and offered her a massage off camera.

A table covered by a plastic mat was in the corner of the dark set. Director Brooks massaged Carole's body face down on the mat

4

while no one was able to see him. Carole did not feel the authoritative Brooks was coming on to her, but merely helping her frozen body which ached. And since he was her director, she was afraid to say "No!" to him.

He made small talk. He did not flirt. He did not touch Carole in any area which was considered a private part. He massaged her naked body from neck to toe in a business like manner.

Award winning director Richard Brooks used his power to get what he wanted.

Chapter 21

After the filming of 'GOODBAR', Carole ran into Richard Gere on the Paramount lot. They laughed and hugged as Richard invited Carole to lunch.

Richard was beginning his metamorphosis. No longer the bad boy off stage, he was jovial and positive and a gentleman. Richard Gere's insecurity of the late 60s had vanished.

"So here we are in Hollywood. Long way from acting class on West 56th Street above a Chinese laundry. How's tinseltown treating you?" Richard asked.

"They sure hate New Yorkers. But it's great being in a film with you. Pity we don't have any scenes together. How's Brooks?"

"A screamer. Furniture mover."

"Wyn taught us that, remember? How directors move furniture not performances."

"I remember more than that. Like that night we went back to your place."

"No!", "Carole said startled.

"You don't!" Richard said laughing, but annoyed. "Carole we made love."

"Sorry, Richard, so much has gone down with Claude."

"Yeah, what happened between you?"

"He jilted me. Married someone who reminded him of me. Who likes Paris which I hate."

"Go figure. His loss. Look what your doing with your life. He was keeping you down. Probably jealous."

"He always wanted to direct. Now I'm being directed by good directors. Peckinpah cast me in his next film, KILLER ELITE."

"That's great! Brooks's screaming should prepare you for Peckinpah's violence. I hear he's a tyrant on the set."

"Did you know when he was drunk, he jumped into the pool of the Beverly Wilshire Hotel and there was no water in it? And lived!"

Richard laughed and looked like a little boy. All cuddly. And loving. "What's happening with the FAN CLUB?"

"Brooks tried to get a copy of it since I was up for Tuesday Weld's part. The producer, Larry Gordon, said it was lost at Beacon's. He also told me I didn't get the part because, 'You're tits are too small and your too classy'."

"This town is rough on women," Richard said.

"How do you deal with the 'Velvet Underground'?"

"What's that?"

"The gay mafia that really runs this town."

"Oh, they leave me alone," Richard said with a smile. "I think they know I'll blow their cover if they make advances. Did you ever see your FAN CLUB test?"

"Not completely, but apparently all of Hollywood has. It's been passed around the Bel Air circuit."

"How do you know that?" Richard asked.

"I was at one of Alana's parties when Racquel Welch shouted, 'I was at a party at Peter Guber's last night. He ran all the screen tests of those girls who tested for the FAN CLUB. They were completely naked, chained to a bed. What a girl would do to become a star.' Then she laughed."

"That's disgusting," Richard said now angry. "What did you do?"

"Got drunk and left the party."

"The guys in this town don't respect women. Want to get together some evening?" Richard said his eyes glistening.

"When do you finish filming?"

"Don't have to wait for that. Here's my address. Stop by."

That night Carole was alone with Express, her TV and her Robert Mondavi white wine. She finished off the bottle, took a bath, threw on a

yellow terry cloth robe, grabbed another bottle of wine, jumped into her convertible, threw the top down and drove to Richard's.

Richard opened the door. Holding the bottle of wine, Carole stood there in her robe and untied it. Barefoot and naked. "Since I forgot the last time we made love, I wanted to refresh my memory," she said.

Richard laughed, grabbed the wine bottle and carried Carole to his bedroom.

An agile lover, Richard was amply endowed, not the disappointment like Sean Connery. Not into bedroom talk like Warren Beatty. Not sneaky like Bobby De Niro. Richard seemed unable to talk about his feelings as opposed to being unwilling to.

A tender, gentle lover, Richard did not guilt Carole about being drunk though he was completely sober.

Years later when Richard was starring in BENT on Broadway, Carole went backstage to say 'hello'. She told him she had discovered that she was an alcoholic and hadn't had a drink since 1980.

"That explains it!" Richard said smiling. He introduced Carole to his family, warm down-to-earth people from the Midwest.

In 1983 Carole did a poster for the film TAKE THIS JOB AND SHOVE IT, a film she had appeared in. She was swimming at the Chateau Marmont one afternoon and knew he was staying there. At the

lobby, she dropped off a poster for Richard who called her late that afternoon.

"What a great poster. Is this you in the bikini?" Richard asked.

"Yes. And that's a movie I'm in."

"Do you drop this poster off to guys to get them to call you?"

"Don't insult me, Richard."

"I'm only in town a few days and would love to see you now."

"Can't we have dinner?"

"I'm going to a movie with Paul Jasmine, but that's not until 7. It's 4 and I could be over in half an hour."

"Can't do that, Richard," Carole said. "Enjoy the film. 'Bye'."

Chapter 22

Pips was a discotheque which the Hollywood party set would frequent. One night Carole went with Alana Hamilton and a group of her late night cronies. Frank Calcanini who resembled a young Dean Martin without the voice was one of the clique. He wore gold chains and was dapper looking. Where there was any late night action, there was Frank who drank to the point of intoxication. No one talked about what he did for a living. Jeanne Martin, Dean Martin's ex wife, was usually with an arrogant Frank. When Jeannie was not around, he was always hitting on Carole to the point of irritation. This night Frank was alone.

Carole was seated at a booth with this group when a tall handsome man came up to the table, extended his hand and said, "I'm Clint Eastwood. Do you wanna dance? "

Stunned, Carole followed Clint Eastwood to the dance floor. "Who are you?" he asked.

Carole introduced herself as she put her arms around Clint Eastwood who towered above her. She thought she was dreaming. He was being a gentleman and treating her with respect, so rare from superstars. And he was one of her favorite actors. The music was slow and romantic. He held her tight. His voice was soft, sensual and intelligent.

"Where are you from?" he said.

"Suburban Philadelphia," she said.

"Are you an actress?"

"How did you guess?" she said with a smile.

His grip tightened.

"Have you done anything I might know?" he said.

"I've just filmed LOOKING FOR MR. GOODBAR."

"I hear that's gonna be a great film. What's Brooks' like to work with?"

"O.K. when he isn't screaming."

Clint laughed. He was adorable. His teeth were a bright white. His lips filled with promise.

A man tapped on Clint Eastwood's shoulder as he cut in.

Carole became nauseous.

Clint released Carole from his embrace, glared at Frank Calcanini and stormed angrily off the dance floor. His eyes were filled with contempt for Frank. Clint walked briskly to the closest door and left in a huff.

Carole never saw Clint Eastwood again.

Chapter 23

Rod Stewart was introduced to Carole at Shelley Duvall's party in her rented castle in Hollywood's Beechwood Canyon.

While standing in a corner sipping her white wine, Carole saw someone on the other side of the room with long blonde hair wearing what appeared to be a blouse staring at her with bedroom eyes.

Suddenly a man came up to her and said, "Hi, I'm J.J.Jackson. Rod Stewart would like to meet you."

Carole didn't know the difference between the voices of Joe Cocker, Kim Carnes, Al Stewart or Rod Stewart. She was not into Rock n'Roll.

J.J. Jackson, a D.J., led her across the crowded dance floor to Rod Stewart who was standing hunched in a corner with his entourage of mates. Rod wore a white satin shirt with puffy shoulders and white pants with pleats. Rod's sidekick Tony did most of the conversing while Rod stared at Carole and sipped his rum and coke.

Tony Toon was Rod's publicist, house boy and all around mouthpiece. Finally Rod, bored with the party, said to Carole, "Would ya llike ta join us at On the Rox? Boring 'ere."

2 Flattered Carole said, "I'd like that." She was attracted to his sexy cockney accent, raspy voice and great sense of style.

Soon she was following Rod's entourage led by his huge white Excalibur convertible. When she lost Rod on Sunset, he stopped to see what had happened to her tiny yellow Fiat convertible.

At a usually empty On the Rox, Rod was surrounded by a bevy of blond beauties. Carole sat on a sofa as far away from him as possible. She wasn't going to compete. If he wanted to be with her, he would have to come to her.

A few minutes later Rod was sitting on the edge of her chair and "Do ya want ta go back to my place?"

"I've got a toy poodle who's hungry," Carole said.

"Let's fetch doggie then. We're off to pick up the 'ound," Rod said to his entourage.

"Are you both daft?" Tony Toon shouted. "It's two in the bloody morning." Tony and Rod had a relationship based on verbal abuse which was their kind of humor.

Rod's mansion on Carolewood Drive was next to Barbra Streisand's and Gregory Peck's. Gates had to be opened to gain entrance. A black Porsche, a red Lamborghini and two limos were

in the semicircular driveway.

Rod gave Carole a tour of the mansion –it's ballroom and it's bedrooms. Express followed by her side.

"Rod, dearie, doesn't like dogs in 'is bedroom," Tony said.

Carole ignored the warning.

Tony Toon muttered, 'Britt'll 'ave a 'eart attack if she finds out!"

Britt Eklund was a Swedish beauty who had starred in a James Bond film and been married to Peter Sellers. Rod was afraid of Britt because of the California laws giving spouses community property rights. Though they were never married, Britt was litigious. When their affair ended, she sued Rod who settled out of Court.

Express always came into the bedroom after Rod and Carole made love. Rod fed him his favorite dog food and even gave him his own bedroom.

Rod's bedroom was decorated as though it were for a baby boy. Powder blue, white ruffles, eyelit. It looked like a nursery. Britt had done the decorating. There was no sense of Rod's presence. Her photos were all over the mansion. Her make up, feather boas, sashes.

belts, hats, beads, immense opulent wardrobe overpowered any of Rod's personality. It was her bedroom in Rod's house. She controlled Rod. Rod sought strong controlling women, then enjoyed challenging their control. Whenever Britt went out of town, Rod rebelled by having sex with various women in her bedroom. Tony Toon would arrange the dates, call Carole up and put Rod on the phone. Like most superstars, Rod didn't like the phone.

A gentle lover, Rod had a wonderful body while lying flat, but when he stood, he had a terrible hunchback. He was well endowed and had a great sense of humor. Once he put on a chauffeurs cap and made love. A lingerie freak, Rod favored white garter belts over black. He encouraged Carole to dress up in outfits from Fredericks of Hollywood. While fondling her breasts, he became aroused talking to them.

Their affair continue on and off for two years. Britt discovered their love affair when she found Carole's trade papers—VARIETY and THE HOLLYWOOD REPORTER with Carole's address on them under her bed. They were accidentally left there the previous night. Tony

Toon said, "She beat old Rod up over that, dearie. She did." Britt was also upset about Carole because Carole had dated Peter Sellers after he had divorced Britt. This also turned Rod on since her respected Peter Sellers who during his time was the world's greatest comedian. Rod was always impressed with women who dated famous men. His attraction to Alana Hamilton was partially based on her having been married to George Hamilton whom Rod continually put down, but secretly envied. Rod wanted the elegance of a Peter Sellers or a George Hamilton, but Rod remained a bangers and mash man. All the fancy cars and ornate furnishings couldn't change that about Rod.

Each morning Carole would leave after breakfast of bangers and mash which Rod ate in his kitchen alcove. With crude table manners, he had simple taste in food, but not in décor. The mansion was covered in art deco lamps and had a ballroom with furniture upholstered in animal print fabrics.

Although he hung out with his entourage each night, in the day he liked to be alone. He would sit on the veranda and compose songs or look out over his gardens. When he wasn't hanging out with his mates playing soccer or drinking ale in a local pub, Rod sought tranquility.

Also close to his mother and father, he would call them as often as he could. In fact, he was kind to and respected the elderly.

Sometimes band members would come by—Carmine Appice, Phil Chen, Jim Cregan. Band members were always threatening to quit because while Rod lived lavishly, he was known as being cheap.

One afternoon while sitting on the veranda, Rod became sexually aroused. "Eh, what do ya think if we take a look at the garden?" Rod said. "There's a lovely fountain in the valley over there."

Off they went down the hill leaving Tony Toon to do the dishes and Rod's Irish setter, King, to eat his dog food. Soon Rod was leaning on a tree with his bathing suit pulled down to his ankles. They were in the midst of making love when Carole heard barking. Moments later Carole was pushed to the ground when King jumped on her trying to tell her the gardener was on his way.

Rod moaned, "I don't believe it." He held Carole and quickly pulled up his shorts just in time to say to the gardener, "Ello, there. Glad ta see ya taking good care of the grounds. Don't want anything ta happen ta my geraniums."

7 Rod encouraged Carole's fighting spirit. When she became self-righteous, he would say, "You tell 'em, Carole, That's right!" Rod would say. Carole sensed he liked confrontation.

Once they went to Catalina with the band on a very large sailboat rented from a friend in the music business. There were stereo speakers all around the boat. The band played. Rod sang. It was a concert at sea.

Carole wore a thong she had bought in Italy. This was before they were accepted in America. Rod's counter move was to moon every so often which Carole photographed. This seemed to amuse everyone. Sailing to Catalina was rough and Carole got seasick, but sailing back to L.A. was smooth and glorious.

In Catalina Rod and Carole were the only couple to stay in a hotel which was high on a hill overlooking the harbor. The band and their ladies were forced to sleep on board. Catalina was romantic. Buffalos roamed the blossoming mountainside. Rod was a very tender lover this night.

Several months went by without hearing from Rod. Carole began to date Peter Rudge, the tour manager of the Rolling Stones. One night Peter, Rod Wood and Carole ended up at Rod's. It was 4 in the Am . Britt wanted to go to bed and Rod wanted to stay up to continue laughing with his mates. They were drinking champagne. Britt continued to nag him to go to bed as though he were a little boy. Finally he said, "Would

ya go ta bed and leave us alone.” Carole felt sorry for Britt and could see the end of their relationship in the near future.

A few weeks later Peter Rudge left town. Tony Toon called Carole inviting her the house. “Ello, dearie, Rod ‘ere wants to ‘ave a word with

ya. Ya know ‘ow she is, dearie, when she has her period.” Tony would refer to Rod as ‘she’. This was a running gag.

That night Rod and Carole went to Cherokee studios. He was in the midst of a recording session. In the car driving to the studio, Carole asked him, “Why do we have to sneak around? Is it because of Britt. Don’t tell me you’re pussywhipped.”

“Pussywhipped. Pussywhipped!” Rod said shouting. “That’s great! Think I’ll use that in a song.” He laughed. That night he used those lyrics in Hot Legs. which he was recording. “Are ya pussywhipped?” he shouted in one version. Two versions of Hot Legs had to be recorded. One version had to be cut without those lyrics as they were banned on some radio stations.

Carole and Rod’s relationship ended after two years, but she will always be grateful to him for helping her forget Claude.

In 1987, when Carole's novel FLASH was published, Rod gave her a blurb, "This girl writes as good as she looks."

In 2002, when he performed at a concert at the First Union Center, formerly the old Philadelphia Spectrum, he invited Carole and me. In front of 20,000 fans he said, "This song's dedicated to you, Carole." And he sang Maggie May.

Rod and Carole remain friends today.

Chapter 24

In the late seventies on Saturday mornings Julliard graduate Robin Williams would pop into Harvey Lembeck's comedy improvisation classes. Carole and some twenty other students were studying with Harvey Lembeck along with John Ritter and Marylu Henner of TAXI. She would watch Robin do an improvisation and then he would leave. Comedic skills have to be exercised much as the game of tennis or writing. After class sometimes the members would go out to lunch or have dinner together. Carole met Robin at one of these gatherings.

Even though Robin, had just been cast as Mork in MORK & MINDY, it was not certain he would become a star. TV sitcoms were often the burial ground for talent never recognized by the movie industry.

While attending one of his performances at the Comedy Store, Carole went backstage to congratulate Robin who asked if she wanted to have a drink with him.

He was not very tall and thinner in those days. When not performing, Robin was a serious, cautious person. Almost uptight. He was the extreme opposite of John Belushi who let his personality gush forth and didn't care what anyone thought about him.

After Carole and Robin went for a drink, she invited him back to her apartment for a night cap. He pulled out cocaine and they did it together. Then they went to Carole's bedroom. Carole recalls his body being covered with hair. His lips were thin and rigid. He did not speak during sex. Though he was average in size, he was anxious about his performance. Carole couldn't help but notice how difficult it was for Robin not to be on stage.

After sex, Robin asked, "How was I?"

In 1979, Carole accepted that she had a problem with drugs and alcohol and became sober with the help of Gordon Mac Crae.

Chapter 24.5

Berry and Tony Perkins invited Carole frequently to their homes in New York and Hollywood. At one Oscar night party in Hollywood, they were all watching the ceremony when Berry pointed to the television and said, "Isn't he handsome?"

"Who?" Carole asked.

"Matt Dillon."

"Who's he?"

"You don't know Matt Dillon? He's the sexiest young actor..."

Just before midnight Carole and her girlfriend joined Swifty Lazar's Oscar party at Spago. Carole, dressed in a black suit and red silk shirt, went to the bar and ordered a Perrier. Matt Dillon was standing not far away and staring at her. Soon they were exchanging 'hello's. He was young and trying to appear shy, but his eyes were bolts of sexual energy. Conversation was a bit strained so she left his side to talk with Joe Cocker, who had been to her apartment for parties. Joe was sweet and sensitive and funny. "Where can ya get lost in this crowd?" Joe asked.

"I think there's a room upstairs to hang out in. This crowd is a bit 'on', wouldn't you say?"

"Agreed." Joe said as he walked briskly to the staircase.

Matt Dillon's eyes were watching Carole's every move.

Michael Keaton came up to Carole and introduced himself. He seemed dull and conceited. She wasn't interested in him.

Suddenly David Keith grabbed Carole and planted a big smakeroo on her lips. As she pulled away, she saw Matt Dillon's eyes watching.

As the party neared its end, publicist Mike Mazlanski asked Carole to join Matt's group at Susan George's. Michael Keaton who had been flirting with Carole all night asked her for a lift.

As soon as they got into her tiny Fiat, he said smugly, "Let's go back to your place instead."

"But Michael, I've only known you fifteen minutes," Carole said pushing him away as he tried to kiss her.

Carole followed the entourage of limos to Susan George's, parked and walked into her apartment with the rest of the crowd. A rejected and downtrodden Michael Keaton followed.

During the party Matt continued to stare at Carole, but they barely talked to each other. Michael Keaton left and about 3AM when Matt released his chauffeur.

"Matt, would you like me to drop you at your hotel?" Carole asked.

"Thanks," Matt said sipping his Perrier.

Once in Carole's Fiat, she asked, "Would you like to see my art collection?" It was 5:30 in the A.M.

"Sure," he said. "My manager is going to kill me for not leaving with my chauffeur."

Matt's manager had his tentacles in Matt throughout the evening and Carole suspected throughout his career up to this point. Matt wanted to be free of his grasp and his repressive control.

Matt Dillon was 19. Carole was in her early 40s.

Moments after they walked into her apartment, Matt was kissing her passionately. He had trouble getting his pants off and untying his shoelaces, but once he was free of these restraints, he was a capable lover and well-endowed.

After they made love, Matt said, "When I first saw you at the bar, you reminded me of a school teacher."

Carole said, "I was one."

Chapter 25

In 1981, Carole filmed TAKE THIS JOB AND SHOVE IT which starred Robert Hayes who achieved celebrity when he appeared in AIRPLANE. Robert Hayes was known for his wholesome, all American good looks. He had the image of a gentleman.

Carole was chosen to promote the film by posing in a poster dressed in hardhat equipment on top of a stars and stripes bikini bottom. A torn t-shirt symbolized the working class. Her right fist was raised in a protest against her employer just as a worker would raise his fist when quitting a job.

After dancing in a party scene in a bar, Carole planted a big kiss on the thick lips of a tall, handsome Robert Hayes. The director chose her wardrobe which was a low cut, suede dress with a slit up the center. It was a dress Tarzan's Jane might have worn.

The director blocked the scene, called for a rehearsal of the kissing scene and broke for lunch.

"Do you want to have lunch in my trailer," Robert Hayes asked Carole.

She followed him to his trailer. He offered her a seat, then stood spread eagle in front of her face. He unzipped his fly, pulled out his enormous penis and held it in front of her face. "Here's lunch," he said

waving it in front of her mouth.

Carole stood up, pushed him away and said, "I'm not that hungry." She ran out of the trailer.

The close up of the kissing scene was filmed after lunch. Robert Hayes was cold and hostile during the filming. "Loosen up, Robert," the director said sensing Robert's contempt for Carole. Carole had to keep repeating the scene. She had to keep planting a big open mouth kiss on Robert Hayes' lips, then said, "Learned that playing the harmonica." Off stage someone made a sound of a cork being pulled out of a champagne bottle. Pop!

After this film, Carole took her job and shoved it. She quit acting and began planning to leave Hollywood and move back to New York.

Chapter 26

Anthony Hopkins and Carole met in 1979. They were introduced by Gordon Mac Crae, the All American singing star of OKLAHOMA!

In 1983, while visiting New York, Carole ran into Anthony 'Tony' Hopkins after a meeting of a support group they attended.

"What are you doing in New York?" he asked.

"I'm here to work on my writing career," Carole said. "I've quit acting."

"Pity. Where are you staying?"

"Park Avenue and 58th. I've rented a room in a woman's apartment. I want to come back to New York. Hollywood is getting to me."

"I know the feeling," Tony said.

"What're you doing," Carole asked.

"I'm performing in a play downtown off-Broadway."

They were walking out of a building at 55th and 5th Avenue toward 57th Sreet. As Carole turned the corner toward Park Avenue, Tony followed

Carole had always been attracted to Tony Hopkins. She liked his

his intelligence. His skin was more wrinkled in person and he was balding, but this didn't diminish his appeal. He was not as tall she had expected. But he was gentlemanly. His well-placed voice sounded kind and was sexy. So were his eyes and his penetrating gaze.

Tony accompanied Carole to the outside of her apartment on Park Avenue as though he wanted to come up. It was early afternoon.

"Do you want to see my apartment," Carole asked. "It's camp. Very ornate. I'm renting from a woman called Toni Tucci."

"What a name," Tony said. "If you wrote that in a script, no one would believe you."

Tony entered the apartment and studied the gaudy crystal chandeliers and pretentious furniture.

"How long will you be here?" he asked.

"Only a few weeks," she said. "I'm looking at apartments to move back to New York. What time is your play?"

"I don't have to be there until 6," he said putting his arms around Carole and kissing her.

Soon they moved to the bedroom and had sex. Tony was a disappointment. Not a good lover and not well-endowed. He was insecure.

When he put on his jacket to leave, Carole asked, "Are there any tickets available for tonight's performance?"

"I should think they have some at the box office," Tony said embracing Carole moments before he walked out the door.

Carole lost interest in seeing him in the play.

A few years later Tony was Knighted by the Queen of England and became Sir Anthony Hopkins.

Summary

From 1983 to 1991, Carole pursued a writing career and wrote a published novel about Hollywood. In 1991 after a career in journalism, Carole stopped writing to care for her mother.

When Carole became sober, she had to write about her mother and and her father and put all the anger and pain on the page. What was left was respect for her mother's wisdom and character. Her mother had been the driving force throughout her childhood and during her father's illness. She was not the dumbkoff Carole's father made her out to be. Her father was being cruel because he had his own issues he had not dealt with his mother.

Caring for her mother through two strokes and near blindness is the most meaningful thing Carole has done with her life. During this time she came to realize that celebrity is not a healthy goal in itself, but a false, lonely existence if one does not have a sense of meaning in one's life.

In 1998, Carole returned to suburban Philadelphia with her wheelchair bound mother. She wanted her mother to be with her family when her mother went to Heaven.

And Carole wanted to go home for herself. She had 'sewn her wild oats' as her mother would have said and today would rather be in Philadelphia than in Hollywood.

I met her in a support group, heard her story and fell in love with

her. Together we accompanied her mother on her journey to Heaven. Her mother was looking at me as she passed. Unwilling to have her mother die alone in a hospital, Carole and I were able to be there for her in her home.

Carole would not send her mother to a nursing home, but, in fact, became her mother's nurse which gave her great gratitude. Caring for her mother helped Carole to realize how false Carole's values had been.

Carole has been able to fall in love with me for who I am, not what I do. I am a baker, not a celebrity.

And I love Carole as she is.

A top model describes her life among the chic and the famous, her hidden misery—and her self-rescue

MY STORY

IN THE SPRING AND SUMMER OF 1971, I WAS ON THE COVERS OF *COSMOPOLITAN*, *NEWSWEEK*, *ESQUIRE* AND *NEW YORK* MAGAZINES. YET I FELT LIKE A FAILURE. SIXTEEN YEARS LATER, NOT SURE OF THE NEXT MONTH'S RENT, I FEEL TERRIFIC.

For years, I had been carrying around a lot of anger and little self-esteem. To cope with this, and to forget my pain, I sought to escape through sex, alcohol and drugs. Running away never worked.

It isn't easy to repair a life. But I resolved to try. One night seven years ago—crying, screaming inside—I sat down at the typewriter. Instead of trying to avoid the facts of my life, I was determined to examine them. Sort them out. *Write them down.* Finally, I would stop being a stranger, a fiction, to myself and try to find out who I really was. It helped me. Maybe it will help you too. Here is some of what I discovered. *I had been struggling for years with the feeling that I didn't fit in.*

Where did that come from? I remember first feeling that way at the age of 7. Throughout second grade, I was bed-ridden with rheumatic fever. I was advanced to third grade with my classmates, but from then on, I never really felt I belonged. I felt different and, with a damaged heart, I was. Medical care helped the physical problem, but the emotional feeling dogged me into adulthood. I was always desperate for approval and acceptance from others—without them, I had no value. That would remain true until I could accept myself.

Loving a man almost always meant losing him. My first love was my father. He used to tell me I was "good," and that made me feel good about myself. I lost him to illness and to my mother.

Mom was the disciplinarian in the family. She would often say I didn't do things right—and eventually I began to feel "wrong." As a skinny child—I was nicknamed "Toothpick"—I dreamed of being a voluptuous model and a starlet. But Mom said anything sexy was a sin. I felt naughty.

My father, on the other hand, liked sexy things. Once, on the way to the beach, as a joke, he drove into a nudist colony and parked for a few minutes in full view of all the naked swimmers. Mom screamed: "What are you trying



Carole Mallory:
"I was determined to face the facts of my life... Today, I feel terrific."

to do, Herb? Get a divorce?" My sister and I giggled, as we always did when he got Mom's goat.

My father laughed at my jokes too, when Mom didn't. She worried aloud about the neighbors. They might disapprove—of something we'd say, of how we'd look. "You're so messy, Carole," she'd say. "You'll never amount to anything. You're just like your father."

I, however, thought my father amounted to a great deal. Pop was a proud graduate of the Wharton School of Business Administration. Envious of the fame of his great-uncle, Gen. Lou Wagner, who fought in the Battle of Bull Run, Pop wanted to be rich and famous. (Would this cause Mom and others to think he was important after all?) At an early age, I concluded that if I became famous, it would please him *(and my mother, too, I think I "amounted" to something).*

At 13, my body began to change. Mom would inspect me each time I left the house to see if my bra straps were showing (people might be shocked by such shameful things). To hide my tiny breasts, I hunched over as I carried my books.

Around this time, my father developed a mysterious twitch, followed shortly by a nervous breakdown. Every conceivable test and drug was given to him. His condition worsened. He was given shock treatments. Nothing worked.

When I was 14, doctors performed a lobotomy on my father. Only after the operation was it finally determined that he had Parkinson's disease, for which a lobotomy is no help. The twitch never left. But his eyes no longer blinked. He squinted. He drooled. He shuffled his feet. He grunted. He made involuntary funny faces. He walked like an ape, his right arm constantly swinging while his right shoulder pointed downward. Each year he became more deformed. People would stare. All the same, he still laughed at my jokes.

By this time—if I put on makeup just right—I was pretty. I knew, because people looked at me instead of my father. (Boys, in particular!) I reasoned that if I could make myself pretty enough, I could distract their attention from Daddy. I would think, as I stared back into their eyes: "If you look at my father and laugh, you'll have to deal with me."

BY CAROLE WAGNER MALLORY

COVER GIRL

In the 1970s, Mallory appeared on the covers of at least 15 magazines, as well as in a dozen movies. "I looked sexy. I made love to stars. And I drank," she writes. "When I drank, I felt beautiful, young, as beloved as a star."



Later, I used that thought as a weapon when I modeled.

For most of my life, I felt I was a fraud. People might say I looked okay, but what did they know, really? And what if they learned the truth?

I worked my way through college—Pennsylvania State University, four hours from home. I developed a figure. One day, as a candidate for Miss PSU, in front of 22,000 students, I was asked: "What was the most challenging event for you to overcome?" I answered: "My father's lobotomy." People recoiled. I had wanted to win the contest not only for myself but also for my father. But by saying that, to people unprepared to understand, I defeated myself. I had always privately felt like a loser. Now I was a public one. Why should I win? If the truth were known, underneath, almost anyone was better, prettier.

To escape the sadness and anger that resulted from my low self-esteem, I turned to alcohol and other drugs.

After graduation from PSU, I returned home and began teaching school. Some evenings, another teacher and I would go to a piano bar on sophisticated Rittenhouse Square in nearby Philadelphia. A whiskey sour with a pretty orange and a cherry became my first drink. It looked elegant and made me feel elegant. I wanted to be from the Main Line high society of Grace Kelly and Happy Rockefeller, instead of from middle-class Springfield, Delaware County. The more I drank, the more superior I felt—until the next day. When I wasn't drinking, I felt cut off, odd, ashamed of my family. Ashamed of feeling ashamed.

A year passed. I couldn't bear to watch my father anymore. I became a stewardess and tried to fly away from my family, my past. On my first flight, I became airsick and learned to take Dramamine before flying. During flights to the Orient, I developed insomnia and soon became addicted to sleeping pills. Stewardesses weren't allowed to drink on duty, but alcohol was free to first-class passengers. Drinking made me feel more like them, rather than their waitress. I drank and joined the elite. "Success" didn't stop me from feeling like a failure.

Passengers urged me to model and, as I grew up, even Mom said I'd been born with a perfect body. So, I took a leave of absence in Paris with hopes of learning a new profession. Since Parisians



Carole and her mother, Laura Wagner, look through family photos at mother's home in Norristown, Pa.

drank with every meal, so did I. Copiously. Sober, I found the French intimidating. But when I drank, I felt better, funnier than they and—more important—I felt they liked me, that I fit in. After about three months, I was photographed by Guy Bourdin for *Vogue*.

I returned to New York, quit Pan Am and pursued modeling. I met and soon married a struggling sculptor, Ron Mallory. It was 1969; I was 27. Ron had many rich and famous friends. He taught me how to dress, talk, be chic, fit in.

Each June, I'd model in Paris, then join Ron in the French resort of St. Tropez. The topless women there conflicted with the values I'd learned from Mom. After a few glasses of wine, I would become jealous and, on occasion, violent. Some nights, I couldn't stop drinking. And Ron had said I was

bad in bed. Again, it became clear: My outsidings might appear sexy to the world, but we knew I was a fraud.

In 1971, now a successful model and tired of supporting this one-sided relationship with my earnings, I divorced Ron Mallory. I felt I had failed as a wife and as a lover, and I was terrified to live alone. I needed Valium to sleep.

My father had developed epilepsy. I went home to visit. After a seizure, in a hospital, Dad was put in a straitjacket. As I looked at him twitching beneath the straps, he begged: "Please take it off, Carole." But I couldn't. That was just when I was on the covers of *Newsweek*, *Cosmopolitan* and *New York*. I was famous, all right. But it was of no help to my father.

I discovered another escape route—sex.

In the fall of '75, I was flown to Hollywood to test for the starring role in a film about a kidnapped sex symbol. The movie was never made, but my agent said, "If you want to act, you gotta live in L.A." I moved to L.A. Within the movie industry, I became a sex symbol without a film. Stars came to me. I dated them all.

I found more escapes—marijuana and cocaine. And then I faced a fact: I was an alcoholic.

One night, alone with my TV, I saw Betty Ford on the screen. She warned of the lethal combination of Valium and wine. "Look what the Presidency did to that poor woman!" I thought, reaching for my Valium and finishing my wine.

I was in a dozen movies from '75 to '79, and my photograph appeared on 15 magazine covers. I looked sexy. I made love to stars. And I drank. When I drank, I felt beautiful, young and as beloved as a star—except when I drank too much and threw up in chic places.

My father died in '76, and I began using cocaine. My addiction to sex with stars was over. They had all left me. By '78, I was living with a rock 'n' roll clothing designer and his baby son. What did we have in common? Wine, ale, booze, marijuana, cocaine and tiki bowls stolen from Trader Vic's, which I'd throw at him when I was high. More than once, I challenged him to kill me. We had violent brawls.

By now, I was seeing a therapist. "Has anyone ever told you you're an alcoholic?" she asked. My response was quick: "I only drink wine. It's chic." I laughed—the denying laugh of an alcoholic. She didn't laugh. She called the head of the detoxification program at St. John's Hospital in L.A. I answered his questions honestly. He told me I was an alcoholic. I didn't deny it this time.

How my life had fallen apart! I remembered a luncheon aboard a yacht in the Mediterranean with Prince Rainier and Princess Grace. The prince had asked me to sit by his side. Now I lived in a tenement with someone else's 2-year-old child, one set of sheets and no curtains.

I realized I couldn't run anymore. My therapist introduced me to the late Gordon MacRae, who had been the star of *Oklahoma!* and was a recovering alcoholic. Gordon introduced me to people who were doing their best to give up drinking and drugs. They shared their

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MY STORY/continued

stories. They offered helpful suggestions.

One was that I try to believe in a power greater than myself and turn my will over to that higher power. It sounded odd, but I was told this was essential to remaining sober. This "higher power" could be of my own choosing—the universe, coincidence, a pet. I chose the group spirit of others like myself who were trying to recover from alcoholism.

I also followed a suggestion that I write about my past. Facts too painful to talk about, it was said, ought to be put down on paper. I went to the library and researched Parkinson's disease, lobotomies and alcoholism. I read the lengthy medical report on my father's illness, in which doctors gave contradictory diagnoses and treatments. I glimpsed a little of the nightmare my mother had gone through. How hard she had worked at nursing a sick shadow of a husband! We talked, and she confided, "I had started to take Daddy's medicine. I needed something. Someone was taking care of me, I know." Then she cried, and I realized how little I knew about her. I began asking questions.

She was the eldest of 12 children, with a mother who was confined to a wheelchair and a father who was an alcoholic. As a young girl, my mother actually had raised her brothers and sisters. While I was proud of her German accent and her rural childhood, she was

ashamed of both. In fact, she confessed, she had felt painfully inferior all her life. By getting to know Mom, I was able to stop blaming her and to forgive her for what had seemed her harsh judgments of me as a child. As a bonus, I also was able to stop blaming myself for real and imagined flaws. Today, Mom and I are good friends.

In 1981, after being sober for two years, I no longer felt washed-up and old. I was finding peace by facing myself through writing. And I realized I had a choice of what to do with my life. I decided to take a risk—to try to become a writer. Two years earlier, I'd had \$50,000 in the bank and felt poor. Now I was going to risk that money on writing a book about what I'd learned—about a real, not make-believe, woman. I took classes at UCLA and Columbia. Only because of my willingness to come to terms with my present—my alcoholism—was I able to come to terms with my past and to write about it all. And through my writing, I am becoming more and more able to accept myself and others as they really are.

It's a lot of work, this writing—not a 9-to-5 job but one that has driven me, 24 hours a day for six years, toward reality, not away from it. It's the hardest job I've ever tackled. And I love it. **[E]**

Carole Wagner Mallory's novel, "Flash," will be published in 1988 by Simon & Schuster.



Carole with her father, Herbert Wagner, Rusty and family Chevy in Springfield, Pa., 1949.

SUNDAY, JUNE 28, 1987

Sunday  Cape Cod Times

PARADE



"I was on the covers of 'Cosmopolitan,'
'Newsweek' and 'New York'
magazine, yet I felt like a failure.
Sixteen years later, not sure of
the next month's rent, I feel terrific."

My Story

BY CAROLE WAGNER MALLORY

INSIDE: Dinner For Two By The Silver Palate Chefs