

Los Angeles

by Barry Farrell and Penelope McMillan

transcribed from Playboy Magazine, December 1979

INTRODUCTION

On certain days, in certain light, the sprawl of ruined groves and bulldozed desert called Los Angeles can seem a cancer on the land, a featureless huddle of cities and towns whose tone and flavor merge beyond a veil of poisoned air. But then along comes a crystal morning, and a Raquel Welch look-alike driving by in a Rolls, and in a flash of understanding, a swaying of palms, the lure of Los Angeles becomes clear to you. You know that the promise of pleasure is all that unites this city of beautiful strangers.

L.A. is the place where hedonism works. L.A. is the town whose wheels turn on selling the world its visions of sex and glamour, whose climate and culture persuade us that the body has a wisdom of its own. Nowhere will you find a city more tolerant or less demanding. Nowhere will so much be offered and so little asked. The city that lacks a heart is rich in delightful appendages. In place of a sense of belonging, Los Angeles offers a day at the beach.

If you can find no pleasure in this garden, nowhere are you likely to find it. You can take that as an invitation or you can take it as a threat.

L.A.'s got beautiful bodies, beautiful smiles. L.A.'s got that get-it-on attitude, that long blonde hair. L.A.'s got palm trees, beaches, days made in heaven, jasmine-scented nights. L.A.'s got swingers' clubs, singles bars, *salsa* and disco, X-rated motels. L.A.'s got outcall fantasy fulfillment. L.A.'s got bathhouses, *ben-wa* balls, dungeons, dildos, drag queens, chicken-hawks, kiddie porn, penniless actress-models, Camp Pendleton Marines. Ginseng, cocaine, Quaaludes, you name it. In L.A., it's OK for lesbians to hold hands in department stores or beam like lovers over lunch. Some dress shops in Hollywood feature signs in their windows encouraging the custom of transvestites—a discreet little sign: TVS WELCOME. Men can kiss in the street without causing auto accidents. Fifty cents will get you any of a half-dozen tabloids exclusively devoted to fitting round pegs into round holes. It's hard

to shock in L.A. It's hard not to get laid. Some of us are even in love. L.A.'s got legends to live up to and a talent pool that *will not stop*. Verily, if California women ever learn the Cleopatra Grip, sexual paradise will have been achieved here in Los Angeles.

Already, Los Angeles is about as close as you can get to state of the art without repairing to Bangkok. Planes to Los Angeles are happy and excited planes, lots of talk and drinking. Other teams love coming to town to play the Dodgers, the Lakers, the Rams and the Kings; this is the highlight of road trips. L.A. is the fleshpot of choice for rock stars, the goal of wanderers, a final station of the cross for those too weird to stay home.

The promise of pleasure is not easily abandoned here. It's the dream that persists when all others pale. For where else in the world is there a city so crowded with hopes? And where are the hopes more extravagant, quite so unreal? Girls move out here because folks back home told them they were pretty enough for pictures. People pull up stakes and grab the Greyhound with nothing more in mind than getting on the game shows. Young men give up what they were born to for the sake of some fun in the sun. They come out and find a bungalow in Buena Park or Burbank, an apartment in Studio City. And before long, the sun change comes over them, fading their convictions along with their hopes. They find themselves believing that the best hedge against the random future is the pleasure to be taken from this town.

The sexual energy of Los Angeles consists mainly of searching—of the signals that pass between strangers, the carnal knowledge in a glance. You don't notice young lovers holding hands in cafés. A dozen American cities have more sex for sale in the street. It's not a romantic place or a particularly sinful place, it's an incredibly sexy city.

The real life of the city takes place among good friends. Often enough, they are brand-new best friends, unified by some deal, some questionable success, the arrival of a high-pressure front from Bolivia. You and I get together behind closed doors to reveal to each other just how wild and crazy our libidos are, and nothing in the context of sidewalk or restaurant or disco or singles bar contradicts our impression that there are others—millions of others, many of them handsome, some even beautiful—who share all our weaknesses and can teach us more.

The city is such an oddly Balkanized *pâté* of neighborhoods and communities—covering 460 square miles—that the range of its moods is Continental. The fierce chivalry of the barrios in the East L.A. flats is light years away from the decorative

decadence of Beverly Hills, where polite conversation is carelessly frank and foul. The beach cities have their own casual narcissism, a look unlike the buttoned-up Pasadena. The brazen sexuality of the streets of Hollywood would merit arrest in La Habra. The city is actually a coalition of 20-some-odd communities, strung out, according to one city aide, like a series of “small Midwestern towns.”

Yet the boxed-away currents of the communities permit an anonymity here that is itself part of the sexual opportunity. A ten-minute drive on the freeway will take you from the conventions of the valley to an exit ramp in Hollywood you can really get off on.

SINGLES

Los Angeles is the city that sex built. And it is a testament to the sexual myth that draws men and women still. The myth of voluptuous women, eager, hungry women, and ever-ready, never-frightened men; of shiny cars and overnight success. Sex, the possibility of easy, satisfying sex, is only one part of the lure of Los Angeles, but it is the most easily accessible part. “You look around and see all the wealth, the cars, the Bel Air homes, the drugs, and if you’re into a faithful thing with someone, on top of not having any of that stuff, you just feel totally left out,” says one man.

Success may be elusive here, but sex and sunshine are easily available. The greater metropolitan area has nearly three quarters of a million men and women between 18 and 45, single men and women, many of whom are purposefully sampling the excitement of the city, and the store of sexual partners is inexhaustible even for the most ambitious appetites. The concentration of beautiful, long-legged blondes in sections of the city like Westwood can stop your heart. Sometimes this abundance gives rise to expressions of frustration: The T-shirt message of a Santa Monica woman sighs in exhaustion with the possibilities: SO MANY MEN, SO LITTLE TIME. Sometimes recognition of the abundance shows itself in the need of married men and women, or happily cohabiting couples, to explain their exclusivity: “You might as well take advantage of it while you can; it never lasts long here.” Or in the need to qualify monogamy at the same time they disclose it: “Right now, I’m just having sex with one woman. Primarily.” There’s a kind of embarrassment that accompanies the admission that you’re having sex with just one partner here, unless that partner is a recent acquisition. And the embarrassment stems from anticipating the accusation: With all the luscious women and great-looking men, you must be some kind of sexual dud to stay in just one bed.

Not only is sex readily available in Los Angeles but we imagine it is better here, somehow, freer, more healthy, less menacing. The myth creates its own reality. The power of sex, at first acknowledged by the presence of the myth, is easily denied. Sex is casual; sex is really nothing. "I play racquetball with guys; I have sex with women," explains a Marina del Rey man in his mid-30s. The myth has reached around the world, with television programs and movies transmitting the image of Southern California as a sexual playground, a paradise of sensuous pleasures. And the myth allows the people here to avoid a personal decision to partake of the sexual treasure: "I'm not out there doing what I'm doing just to do it," says a man who sleeps with an average of ten new women every month. "I'm doing it because it just happens.

"The scene is friendly, yes, laid back, but also cool. A guy who comes on too hard, acts like he's got to get laid, is going to be very disappointed. There's something about hunger that turns people off. Women come on to me *at least* as often as I approach them. Actually, women have gotten a lot more aggressive here in the last five years or so. There are certain codes or signals that convey your availability or interest. Not words, though. I think people just put out waves. You can tell instantaneously whether you'll go to bed with them. I guess dope is a signal, in a way. It's sort of a cult to take coke and Quaaludes. Especially in the last 12 months or so, coke just kind of goes with sex. Everybody does a little, and maybe a couple 'Ludes, before hopping into the sack. That's just the way we do it.

"It's surprising what women will suggest the first time. Things like standing on the window seat and fucking from behind, so they can look out at the ocean when they come; being tied up; stuff like that. It's really, well, amazing."

•

Wayne Schoenfeld is director of the Los Angeles Guidance and Counseling Service. He's 30, never married, a handsome man.

"Los Angeles," he says, "is like no other place I've seen in terms of the sexual climate. It's filled with attractive people, more so than anywhere else I know, and the climate allows them to show just how attractive they are. But the whole scene is unstable, volatile, and a good number of people are very insecure. I think this insecurity results in compulsive, really compulsive, behavior among a large segment of the single population.

"Prettiness is the state product here. The facade is important, not the substance. When you drive around in a Corniche, no one cares where or how you got it. The

only thing that counts is that you've got it. People here are playing roles all the time—sexual roles, too. Money, cars and sex are all the same here—they're interchangeable.”

The pressure extends to looks. Here, the cultivation of physical attractiveness is a diversion as well as serious business. A disproportionate number of plastic surgeons offer their artful dodgery to Southern Californians. The city is crowded with slenderizing gyms, yoga studios and health institutes whose business is stimulated by fear of aging, physical inadequacy, ugliness.

Another sign of uncertainty is provided by the activities listed under titles such as “Where Singles Meet” in the local papers. The degree of selectivity possible here is worth noting: weekend retreats for Jewish single partners, “experimental discussions” for nonsmoking singles (presumably of any denomination), a champagne brunch and swim party for single Catholic men and women, ages 35-65. In a place with as many different people as Los Angeles, the market place must be carefully subdivided. Clearly these are not the people for whom sex “just happens.”

When the Playboy Telephone Survey asked the natives of Los Angeles where they would go to meet members of the opposite sex, the results were surprising: Fifteen percent suggested church gatherings; 30 percent said that anywhere in the neighborhood would do—streets, beaches, etc.; 44 percent cited singles bars as the perfect hunting ground; and little wonder, since 36 percent of those reported scoring.

The singles scene moves on different levels. The truly rich or well-connected man might join a private club such as Pips or El Privado, for \$2000 a membership. The more power he has, the less he has to look, for there is always an aide, a fellow club member, a friend or a flunky to make the introductions.

The more sophisticated, professional types, if they didn't meet people through their jobs, would tend to go to Beverly Hills bars such as The Saloon, the Rangoon Racquet Club or The Ginger Man. Women there are more sophisticated, better dressed and probably older than the casual beach types who hang out in Marina Del Rey bars such as Friday's and Donkins.

L.A. has dozens of singles places. The people who live in Malibu tend to drink and hunt in Malibu. The people in Westwood don't have to travel to find action—they have Bergin's and Bergin's West. Santa Monica has Moody's, Osco Disco, The Rainbow Bar and Grill, Tana's. In Valley, there are the Tennessee Gin and Cotton Company, The Point After, My Place, Flanigan's. The Red Onion—wherever you

find one (there are five in L.A.)—is a reliable haunt. Anyplace that serves brunch on weekends is a magnet—but to be successful at either scoring or just meeting someone, it's best if you're *doing* something.

One Marina bachelor, wealthy, divorced, 35, says he never goes to a singles bar, saying he finds them “embarrassing.” But there are tennis courts in his adults-only apartment complex. He owns both a bicycle and roller skates. And he jogs.

“I jog at six A.M.,” he says. “That’s an unearthly hour, but I see a dozen to 20 women jogging when I go out. It’s very easy to start jogging alongside someone. Then there’s bicycling. Single girls are constantly bicycling or roller-skating. And they’ll be alone. It’s not like New York, where girls will be in twos or threes. So it’s easy to start a conversation.”

There are 40 miles of beaches in L.A. County. In one year, the beaches attract over 60,000,000 bodies—most of them bitchin’: “Yeah, I meet a lot of my men at the beach,” says a 28-year-old secretary. “It’s a really sociable scene. Really casual, you know. Usually, we just hang out all day, but we both know what it’s leading up to that night.”

By 6:30, the lounge of The Red Onion in Redondo Beach is filled with men and women, perched around high wooden tables. Groups of men only, drinking fast and talking loud about the Dodgers’ chances to win the series. Groups of women only, chatting animatedly about the day at work, the date the next night. They dress in T-shirts and jeans and suits and ties; students from Dominguez Hills, engineers from TRW, secretaries from nearby companies. The atmosphere is devoid of sexual tension; no one even glances around to check out potential partners.

“The people down here are just B.B.,” says Judy, “basic beach. You know, no phonies, none of the shit you see in L.A. They just like to relax, have fun. Get *down*.”

Nor do they seem to be in any rush to get down. The men and the women are still at separate tables, talking and laughing, two hours later. The switch in mood occurs only when the band begins to play, and the stools around the tables are taken away, two at a time, to make more room and to encourage circulation. By 10:30, even the bartender moves with the spirit of the evening, executing neat pelvic dips as he scoops up ice for two tom collinses. On the dance floor, a short Mexican man in a flowered shirt moves his hips with self-conscious understatement. He needn’t worry—all eyes are on the man next to him, a stunt man for the Incredible Hulk, a stunning-looking man with arms as thick as the Mexican’s thighs and an ounce of gold gleaming on his rippling chest. The dancing makes the men and women warm,

so they drift outside to cool off, to share a joint in their cars, to share a Quaalude, to cop a feel. Some of them come back inside, while others leave for apartments, or a secluded spot on the nearby beach. The transition from idle fun to sexual urgency takes a little longer in the beach towns than in the meeting places of Los Angeles. It takes a little longer, but late at night, being laid back isn't quite as important as being laid.

SWINGING

“Do you want to go to Bob and Donna's hot tub?” The question passes, among certain people only, like a code through the West Los Angeles cocktail party, filled with businessmen, doctors, UCLA professors. It means there will be a swing party at Bob and Donna's that night.

Their Brentwood house is sensuously decorated, with creamy colors, huge cushions in the living room, an enormous water bed in the master bedroom. A big Jacuzzi, too, of course. It's hard to imagine where L.A. swingers would be without their Jacuzzis.

Donna, an attractive, 40ish woman who's kept her figure, says she and Bob, a distinguished-looking professor, have been swinging for ten years—but privately, with their own group, in their own homes.

“There's more to it than just sex. It's a whole different way of relating. At first, the allure is sex without 'S and C,' sneaking and cheating, and it started because couples were seeking some new dimension to their sexuality. But after a while, the whole sexual relationship kind of changes. In our group, it's almost a sense of family.”

Swinging moves on many levels in Los Angeles—from private groups like Bob and Donna's to occasional small-group swappings, from a half-dozen dingy “party houses” for \$15 or \$20 at the door to the new luxurious Plato's Retreat West for \$500 a year. The Playboy Telephone Survey found that six percent of the people interviewed had been to sex parties—that would yield some 410,000 swingers.

There are two private clubs, Elysium Growth Center in Topanga Canyon and Sandstone III in the Valley, that offer opportunities for swinging under the guise of “personal growth” seminars. Elysium offers a “Massage for Couples Only” seminar, for example, and Sandstone one called “Oral Genital Techniques.”

Both places date back to the Sixties, when swinging became known as part of the L.A. sex scene, before it became known as part of the rest of the country's scene.

“L.A. is where it began,” an official at Plato’s Retreat West in Hollywood says expansively. It should be the perfect town for the new club’s two Jacuzzis, 27 private cubicles, the room with wall-to-wall mattresses, the dance floor, he adds. But all are empty. Opening weekend, there were 160 couples, the second weekend, perhaps 100, and now, in the middle of the third week, at midnight, there are eight people walking around, looking uncomfortable.

“It takes a while for things to catch on in L.A.,” the official continues. “People here don’t jump like they do in New York. In New York, they lined up to get in. We’re hiring some PR to attract the right people.” So far, the only people attracted to Plato’s West are policemen—vice cops whose notion of swinging is to burst in, taking flash photographs of the nude patrons. Two raids seem to have chilled the spirit of the swingers’ movement, but there may be another reason. Said one native, “People who go to Plato’s see a tourist attraction. Out here, public admission is for the movies, not sex.”

The atmosphere is somewhat better at the A-Frame, where the couples-only group relaxes in and around the Jacuzzi on a big cedar deck cantilevered over a Hollywood cliff. Like most of the party houses that advertise in the sex tabloids, it’s first names only. By ten P.M., the nonconversations start to become more furtive: It is crucial that everyone be spent, dressed and ready to hit the road by closing time at two.

“My husband and I are sitting with a couple you might enjoy,” Nancy says. “Why don’t you come join us?”

Nancy’s husband, Fred, is an assistant supermarket manager. Nancy herself owns a dress boutique. It gives them special pleasure to imagine what their neighbors would think if they knew about these occasional outings that have become so important to their marriage. Indeed, an earnest belief in the preservation of marriage is an attitude voiced by most swinging couples—it’s the one alternative to cheating and lying that at the same time allows married couples to explore their fantasies and enlarge their awareness, even of each other. “Sometimes Fred and I just make it with each other and nobody else,” Nancy purrs. “It’s a turn-on. It’s beautiful. We’ve been married 12 years.”

The other couple is beginning to stir with impatience. “Hey, we gonna sit here and talk all night, or we gonna get it on?” the husband finally says.

“OK with you, dear?” Nancy asks Fred. Fred eyes the next woman in his life with the eye of an assistant manager who’s worked his way up from the produce

department. "OK, sure, let's do it."

At this, the two women put their heads together, and it takes a minute to realize that their whispered conversation is a laying down of ground rules.

"Anything that's natural and nice," says Nancy.

"OK, but please—don't swallow, OK?"

"OK," says Nancy.

In effect, a victory of sisterhood over swinging, of wives over husbands: delimiting their husbands' pleasure even in the act of getting them laid.

As they leave to join the array of bodies in the double-long bedroom, Nancy consoles the newcomers:

"You'll enjoy it more next time. The first time we came, two years ago, we both had to get totally blasted on vodka before we could even start. Now we both just take a Valium and it's great."

GAYS

It's estimated that ten percent, or 700,000, of Los Angeles County's 7,000,000 population is gay. Among the homosexual men, distinctions are drawn between the leathermen, the *machos*, the nellies, the chicken hawks drawn by the young chickens cruising East Hollywood. The biggest group of all is the traditional businessmen and women who make no attempt to distinguish themselves from the straight community. They don't assert their gayness.

The geographic dispersion of the town, the homogenized nature of this many-celled city, makes it easy to hide. The closet homosexual returning home from work can pull off the freeway to visit a public rest room for a quick and anonymous blow job, only to zip up and return to his straight family life in the Valley, the South Bay, wherever. Given the attitude of the local police, anonymity is understandable.

When the Christopher Street West organization first applied for a parade permit in 1970 to celebrate the first anniversary of the Stonewall Riots in New York with a Gay Pride Parade down Hollywood Boulevard, then-Chief of Police Edward Davis commented that it was like granting a permit for a parade of felons.

In 1968, the Reverend Troy Perry founded the first Metropolitan Community Church in Los Angeles for gay Christians. For those people who were not accepted *openly* in their traditional churches, keeping the faith had not been easy. Two years later, the first Gay Community Services Center opened and, along with it, the first gay V.D. clinic. Both the church and the community center were models for the

country.

The new activists received basic training from the old ones, mainly through organizations such as Christopher Street West, the Stonewall Democratic Club and now a newly formed Gay Rights Chapter of the Southern California A.C.L.U. Shortly after, the first gay elitist group got its very special act together. Known as the Municipal Elections Committee of Los Angeles (MECLA), a group of affluent gays was organizing to raise money to contribute to progay political candidates. Gay power had at last arrived.

With the state's passage of the Consenting Adults Act in 1976, private homosexual activity became legal. And with last year's defeat of the antigay Briggs initiative at the polls, California is considered a safe place to live—and be left alone—if you are gay.

The gay visitor to L.A. can drop into the Unicorn Bookstore on Santa Monica Boulevard and pick up copies of *Bob Damron's Address Book* or the *Gayellow Pages*. A look through the selection of tabloids will introduce him to the variety of places the town has to offer.

Young gays are now enjoying a freer, more permissive lifestyle. As disco fever broke loose, the first gay discos cautiously opened. West Hollywood's renowned Studio One became number one of all L.A.'s discos. It's a well-known secret that management does all it can to keep it gay by making entry for straights a complicated business. The discos are not considered cruise areas, but people are making out in them every night. They have not replaced the "hard-cruise" bars, but they are the first major alternatives.

A gay bathhouse called the 8709 opened, an emporium of unprecedented splendor for a house of pleasure. It is frequented mostly by a younger generation of gays who are devoid of the previous generation's covertness about being seen in yesterday's squalid bathhouses. Its plain-brown-wrapper exterior gives no hint of the activities within. Two new gay bars, the Blue Parrot and Rascals, have opened their doors on West Hollywood's Santa Monica Boulevard, but even more significantly, they've opened their windows wide. Their daytime drinkers are bathed in the California sunshine.

PROSTITUTION

In L.A., prostitution is abundant but subtle. The woman in black silk with the Gucci belt pausing beside you on Rodeo Drive may be a working girl or may not. The

two blondes at the next table in the Polo Lounge may be or may not. They might be for free. You can't tell right off—the hooker who looks like one is rare.

“That’s the beauty of it,” one businessman chuckles. “You might make contact with someone whose husband is out of town for a few days, getting out a little herself. Russian roulette, Polo Lounge style.”

There are an estimated 20,000 hookers working L.A., based on a local perception that five times as many exist as get arrested in the city and county each year. And those are the obvious ones, the streetwalkers, the kinkies, doing dominance, infant parties, golden shower work and the massage-parlor-nude-model types. Nobody knows how many part-timers there are or how many high-class ones with closed books, hard to meet unless you know how.

Only a small percentage work the streets, and, given the geography of the town, that makes sense. In L.A., everything, including sex, is decentralized. Like any other business in L.A., it’s generally dependent on phones and cars.

The most obvious way to pay for sex is through the streetwalkers and massage-parlor girls. Street hookers take to Whore’s Walk, as it’s known, a stretch along the south side of Sunset Boulevard in Hollywood and West Hollywood. Their trade runs mostly to blow jobs or hand jobs for \$15 to \$25. Good-looking white hookers tend to walk west between Fairfax Avenue and Harper, while older white as well as black hookers walk east, into the heart of Hollywood.

There are a few dozen massage parlors, a great many using Asian women. They advertise in the sex tabloids and even the Yellow Pages, with going rates of \$15 to \$25 for a massage with a hand job, not including tip; a blow job would run \$10 to \$30 more.

Roughly a dozen madams operate outcall services, not counting the ones advertising in the sex tabloids as “nude modeling” outcalls. The latter charge about \$35 to \$45 to get the girl to your door. The rest is negotiable and can run an additional \$60.

The madams accept clients by referrals only from men they know. Many of their girls work for two or three at once, depending on who has the most business at any particular time. Price is set by time, usually \$50 a half hour for an average-looking hooker, \$100 and up per half hour for the best-looking.

Pamela, a long-haired blonde in her early 30s, became a madam five years ago, when she bought one book for \$4000 from a girl moving out of town, and another for \$1500 from a bail bondsman who had a client skip out on him but left the book

behind as collateral. Pamela began working the book names, at first with a few friends to help. By word of mouth, other women heard of her. Now she has 15 girls.

The biggest madam in town has about 40. Like many working women in Los Angeles, she began as a free-lancer, working bars. "I started off in the Century Plaza Hotel bar, with a friend who had a full-time technician's job." In L.A., that's not unusual, she adds. "About half my gals have full-time jobs—as a schoolteacher, nurse—and moonlight."

Hookers hang out in bars or restaurants such as Sneaky Pete's on Sunset Boulevard, the Luau or the Swiss Cafe in Beverly Hills. They go to the Polo Lounge at the Beverly Hills Hotel and El Padrino at the Beverly Wilshire, often bribing personnel, they say, to be allowed to stay. But they can also be in less obvious places. One dark, statuesque hooker who dresses very expensively says she window-shops along Rodeo Drive or goes "shopping" for groceries, and meets men that way.

Although prostitution is clearly prevalent, there's a certain amount of snobbery about it in L.A. Men can tick off places where they are, all the while insisting they never buy. "I never pay for a piece of ass," one wealthy businessman insists in a typical line. This is a town where so much is out there free that hiring a hooker, or admitting you do, is like having a chauffeur drive your Porsche. "Of course," the businessman continues, "I'll spend a lot of money on a meal. And I've cosigned loans on cars, lent young actresses money. But that's not the same as paying."

Managers of private clubs such as Pips or El Privado say hookers aren't allowed. "We are very strict," says a representative of El Privado. But the girls smile when they hear that repeated, and he adds, "It's very hard to tell. A girl comes in dressed fairly nicely and decently, and who knows? They don't have a sign. There's not a fine restaurant in Hollywood that doesn't have them."

Pamela, for example, says she goes to Pips a lot, but when she does, she says she's not working. She is someone else. "I have two names," she explains, "two completely different lives." Of course, the madam's part takes most of her time, but when she assumes her other identity, Pips is one of the places where she'll go. "I'll say I work in a doctor's office or something. I go to have a good time, fall in love, whatever."

•

Implicit in its very look—in its palm-lined boulevards, its vague horizons, the pools, the cars, the names of the stars, its sense of illusion in the pale light—is the

message that things had better work out here. This is the last-chance city, the end of the line for every kind of seeker; beyond L.A., there is only turning back.

Maybe dreams come true for the special people; the rest get hurt, fall in love, drop out, move, die, are reborn. And the planes keep landing, the dream persists. A good town for the marginally talented, marginally hung, marginally suicidal. It must be. You're pretty enough for pictures, come on out, the land of perpetual sunshine, you won't have any trouble, take it easy, the check is in the mail, I won't come in your mouth. L.A. would be perfect for someone like you, who likes to have a good time. L.A. is laid back, hip, casual, sunny, full of pussy and full of cock. Take it easy. Have a nice day.