

# BOTERO AND US

## PART ONE BY DAISY FIELDS

Odd...I was on my nth breakup with a woman I had met online just three months ago. Only this time, I believed it to be the last time. As of this writing I still do. Thought this on again off again online obsession was one constant, my best friend and ex, Laurie, who held my hand and withheld judgment until even I agreed the blue eyed beauty from Colorado was troubled and dangerous...

So...in order to distract me and help me with my heartache, we made plans to shoot some risque pictures of Laurie at an exhibition of Botero's sculptures. On a busy street. In Beverly Hills. The day after Thanksgiving...

I told Laurie we needed to have an earlier start. Then maybe we would not have risked arrest. Oops. Getting ahead of my story. Where was I? Oh yeah. Waiting for my best ex girl who was late even this morning. Not too out of character. This woman rarely wakes before the crack of noon.

I offered to drive. She declined my offer then asked why. To get us there a little quicker. I think she smirked, and I dropped the subject.

Arriving at Beverly Gardens, we made a mutual bee line for the restrooms. I due to my diabetes, she to slip into something more comfortable and scanty. Two seashells attached with string- a kind of mermaid bra, thong underwear, sandals and great anticipation...

We began at the opposite end of the exhibit, and to the accompaniment of morning traffic, the occasional honk, whistle and hoot, and the quiet clicks of the camera, we set about our task. Going back to the car to refeed the meter, we discovered her wallet missing. I ran to the bathroom. Nope. Luckily, I found it on the grass beside one of the sculptures. The second of three times our adrenaline was pumping. The first being in actually executing this adventure, the second being the lost wallet...The third was yet to be. Kind of Dickensian, in a way.



Photo by Daisy Fields

On our second roll and on the last leg (so to speak) of our shoot, Laurie flung open her lacy jacket, struck a pose, and just as quickly regained her... uh, composure and panicked. "What?" I asked, my back to the traffic.

Her one word reply: "Cops."

(Actually, there was one other word, but I decline to repeat it.) I turned around and saw the first of two cruisers pull up. I said hello, and that was the last of my involvement with Beverly Hills' finest.

This exceedingly young cop came up to us (Laurie had re-robed by now) and wanted to know what we were doing "dressed like that" in Beverly Hills? Dressed in shorts, a sweatshirt, old sneakers, no socks, I don't think he meant me. Laurie said something to the effect that we were taking pictures for a magazine. Well, said the police officer, you need permits, blah blah blah... and you can't do that here in Beverly Hills... I was reminded of the movie Beverly Hills Cop with Eddie Murphy, where, to each of his suggestions or explanations was the refrain, "Not in BEVERLY HILLS." Huh. Life imitating Art. Or something. They made us wait a little longer, and then we went to have breakfast. As the patrol cars rolled back into traffic and we slunk back to the car, we heard a loud, raucous cheer and applause. The workers of a warehouse across the street had been approving and silent spectators (till then) of our big adventure. I took a bow. Laurie waved. We still have over half a roll to shoot.

Next week: Godiva in Glendale...

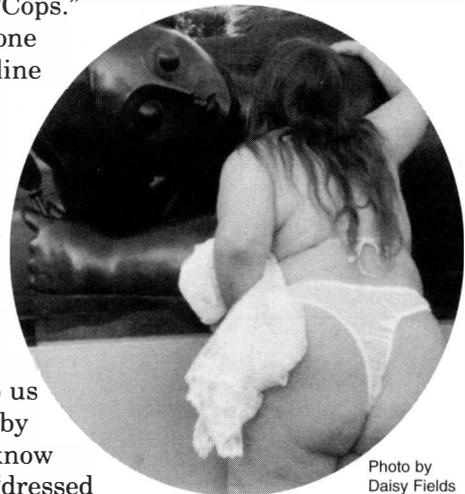


Photo by Daisy Fields

## PART TWO BY LAURIE AVOCADO

Next time I try something like this, I'll bring a lawyer. Was I really doing something illegal? How would I have been treated if I were a thin, young, hard-bodied model? My theory is that a naked (or nearly naked) fat woman is more naked than a naked thin woman. We see the thin, young woman everyday in movies, in magazines, on TV, at the beach, in her bikini, her underwear, or from behind in nothing at all. However scanty her clothing is, she is still wearing her culture, her conformity, and her obedience. She is a good girl. She titillates the viewer but does not over-indulge in pleasures of the flesh. A naked fat woman, without the decency to be ashamed, is a wild, uncontrolled being who threatens the most basic assumptions of our society.