

PB

P.B. As I grow older I find I don't see things more clearly, I am just more comfortable with the blur. This is how I looked thirty-odd years ago, in nineteen eighty-one. I was just sixteen and fancy free. I was christened Plante Ballantine Davis Coleman. Plante Ballantine would have been a wonderful name if I was going to be Scarlett O'Hara's best friend and the owner of a large Southern plantation. So I am called P.B. for obvious reasons. Outside of my name, I couldn't ask for a better upbringing. And this is the house I was raised in. Oh, how I miss the simple life of the nineteen-eighties. I yearn for the eighties, the sheer joy of knowing so little. The comfort it gave. Back then there was a normalcy in the air. I'm a Republican, so normal is real important to me. I like rules. I learned being liberated only means you are opening a whole new can of worms. Liberation is just another word for confusion. I need orderliness in my life. I am much happier when things are black and white. Grey doesn't suit me. And I can remember precisely when I began to feel that way. The day my life changed. No, it was not the day I lost my virginity. Besides, I didn't lose it. I gave it away. It was today. A late summer day in 1981. Ronald Reagan was the president and America was getting back on track. You could smell hope in the air. Real Hope. And there were values. Real family values. It was a great time to be alive. The number one TV show was *Dallas*. The number one movie was *Raiders of the Lost Ark*. The number one song that year was "Bette Davis Eyes." (*A song like "Bette Davis Eyes" comes up softly and the volume increases as she speaks over it.**) It said nothing at all, but it said it so well. It was sexy but not dirty. Made you want to dance. (*P.B. puts her headphones*