

between songs, hot from the yellow spotlights, and no air conditioning. A dollar, he offered, and I said no, knowing, no longer a Catholic, a go-go dancer going on 5 years, exactly what he wanted the towel for. Two, he said, tossing another bill on my tiptray, and I said no, and danced to the Stones' "Satisfaction." Five, he said and tossed, and I ignored him and danced to Wilson Pickett's "In The Midnight Hour." Six, seven, eight, he said, just for a keepsake, baby, something for me to wish on. But I'd read Havelock Ellis and Freud and said no. Even when he put a fifty dollar bill on my tiptray I said no, and finally he got up to go, scooped up his money and said, Hell, a skinny-assed dame like you ain't worth fifty bucks! Then he staggered away just as the two navy-blue-suited aerospace execs who'd been talking shop in front of me suddenly took an interest in me, taking me for a lady of the night and ill repute instead of a poor working girl, and eyeing up my fringe and sequins, they began tossing money on my tiptray, and while I danced to that long, long version of the Doors' "Light My Fire," I had fantastic fetishes of my own, my libidinous dream of someday going back to college, becoming an English teacher wearing alligator pumps and flower print dresses and teaching, sincerely and patiently, the direct object of the subjective case.

I NEVER WENT TO BED WITH THE FAMOUS ASTRONAUT

Although the famous astronaut cliched what's a nice girl like you doing in a dump like this, I knew he thought me a tramp just like all the other go-go girls he'd met in all the beer joints he'd been in. He told me the dirtiest jokes I'd ever heard, and kept yanking me down to whisper secrets in my ear and

sometimes stuck in his tongue so far I could feel it on my retina. He said he'd give It to me any way I wanted, but all I wanted was his autograph. I had other things on my mind, like my overdue rent and my ex-husband who was harrassing me. So the famous astronaut told me he'd tell me what it was like in outer space if I had dinner with him and drinks later in his hotel room. I didn't show up, and the next day, while I was on the stage dancing to Lovin Spoonful, he came in, stood with his hands on his hips, glowered at me, and said, just who the hell do you think you are, you little tramp, and then he left, slamming the sunshine and door behind him. The famous astronaut had the right stuff, all right, he'd met the President of the United States, seen Earth from outer space where he'd defied gravity and nausea for Americans like myself. He even had a nice smile. But I had my mean ex-old man and overdue rent on my mind.

WHEN IT WAS FUN, IT WAS VERY VERY FUN

Sometimes it was fun being a go-go girl, usually on a payday, and probably when it was a full moon, some night when everyone was inexplicably happy, even Duke, because the place was packed and he was tripping on some good acid, and Dick the machinist was happy, had brought us girls a 5-pound Whitman's Sampler and made us new tiptrays on his machine, carved our names on them, then painted them fluorescent to glow under the black lights, our names in lights, at last, and Big Dave and Little Jim were happy, having brought their camera to take our pictures when Duke wasn't looking, and Dick Dale's surfer guitar was hanging ten, so hot that the guys and their dates now and then got up to do The Twist and the bouncers didn't make them sit down, and the pool hustlers were winning and tipping for the first time in months. Even