



GHS

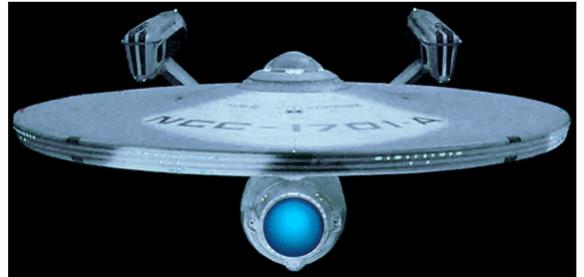
Wreadin' Writin' 'n' Wreminiscin'

From the Editor's Desk

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Bob **McMILLAN** . Scarsdale . NY
bmcmillan@bbbarch.com
bigmac2allbeef@yahoo.com
bobmcmillanghs@netscape.net

Well, here I am on the working on Third Issue of the Newsletter and feeling good about having begun this "Enterprise". Of course Gene Roddenbury might be offended by the comparison. But I like the illustration. And the experience is just a bit "light-headed". So I am kicking off with my own segment, an Op-Ed Page. And my piece called:



Jobs That Were Left Off My Resume

In the *National 'n' International* section, in August, we hear from Jim **NOWLAND** who has emboldened me to write from the heart, about those years just before and after the time that we all went our separate ways. The olden days were not all that "rosy" nor were they all that "good". Back in the times before the "Computer" and programs like FAFSA for student financial aid or PLUS Loans for parents of under-graduates. Most of us, in old affluent Greenwich had to work to get enough money for a car, a bike, a date and other high school incidentals... Then the big one hit... College... Wow ... 600 bucks a semester, not to mention food and lodging.



When I left GHS in 62, I went north to **Central Connecticut State College** in New Britain. After the first year there, I packed my bags and hopped into my Fiat Spyder, headed down the Thruway, past Greenwich, to Brooklyn; where I started **Pratt Institute** with a Basketball Scholarship. I had wanted to become an Industrial Designer and attend Rhode Island School of Design or The Art Center School in California, but they didn't have basketball teams and my father insisted that I forget

about designing cars and look into... something more down to earth... Architecture.

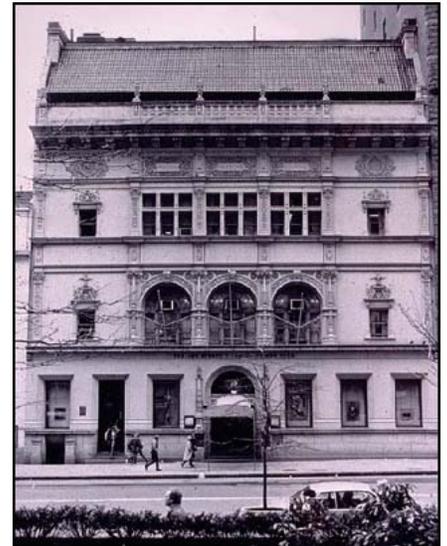


It was 1963, the end of my first year, I had lost interest in playing Round Ball. I kissed the scholarship good bye and started lookin' for part-time work in the Big Apple, just a short ride away (30 minutes and 3 trains) and a lot of walkin'. I was planning on attending school during the day and working the evenings.

I was sent by the school's "placement" office to The **Art Student's League** in Manhattan, where I applied for a job "modeling" three hours each night for art classes. I got 4 bucks an hour and I could take a 5 minute break every half-hour. Not bad for just sitting on your bare butt. Yes, the job required "some nudity". The law required that male models be "covered" so I wasn't totally "naked". I could use what was called a "drape", which lay loosely across my lap.

I worked there for about two weeks before I was asked, by the Art Instructor, "would I consider private sessions?". I checked in with the "placement" office and they suggested that I think "twice", but was free to do what I felt was right. I had been working in the city for only a few weeks, but I was a curious, little kid (6'9" tall) from Brooklyn, upstate Connecticut and Greenwich. I didn't have an ounce of street smarts, but I had just turned 21, which meant, I was legal in NY, I thought "twice"; then fumbled my way into a whole new world. I wasn't completely in the dark, but I wanted to find out what "private sessions" meant. I had been told by the Instructor that they offered an opportunity to broaden my "social horizons".

When I was at GHS, I didn't spend much time at Vahsen's or dating. I had to be driven everywhere by my older brother and I worked weekends at the Clam Box in Cos Cob. My "social horizons"... were "non-existent".



My first "private session" was with the Art Instructor in his "studio" (apartment). He wanted me to have a sense of what to expect from the sessions with the Students in The League. He went on to explain that there was a lot more than "modeling" expected of me. The job at The League, was a cake walk compared to what was to come. I went "duh" and slapped my forehead, but was ready to take on the world.

I was off on the second "private session" the following night. I was scared and clumsy. The "Client" turned out to be a serious Artist and the session was two hours of "modeling" followed by an evening of sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll. It was the mid-60's, the Flower Generation, Vietnam War, Free Love and Hippies. I had hair down to my "butt" and I was "full frontal" in a room with another man. Words like "gay" or "rainbow", were not used to define "Homosexual" and I didn't know much about it, besides the fact that my father would kill me and it would kill my mother if they ever found out.



Most of my clients were serious Artists and Photographers. Some went on to become famous. Others had exhibitions in places like Leslie Lohman Galleries, down the dark stairs to **The Basement** in Soho. I was their model, friend, companion and significant other; yes... it was around this time that I discovered that those many years of celibacy at GHS, were not the result of my being tall and gawky or a lack-luster B-Ball Player.

I was one of... "Them"... the guys that you hid yourself from, when you were showering after gym class. I would go to galleries, attend parties and travel to the Hamptons on the Weekends, only to return to Brooklyn on Monday morning ready for school. The money was good and it paid for my education plus this whole new lifestyle.

I worked for about three years in "private sessions" and my "social horizons" grew exponentially. I had become quite the exhibitionist and circulated among the people in the performing arts. I eventually ended up acting in a Greenwich Village Theater Club called *Dramatis Personae*, putting on one-act Greek Plays (theater in the round). I finished school in 1968 and entered the Profession of Architecture with a resume that included the Clam Box as my last place of employ.