

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Holmes

You have heard of schizophrenia, the double personality bit, and of course you have heard of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. But you have never seen anything to equal the difference between plain old Amos Arthur Holmes and Amos Holmes at a cocktail party.

I am usually about as normal as a man can get. I read books, go to church, tend my garden, obey the law, and pride myself on being a fine, stable citizen.

But I sort of change personalities when I go to a cocktail party. Let me relate to you the happenings that took place at a party I attended last night.

When I first arrived at the affair I had a martini. It was very delicious and very cold. I stood watching the people and was quite content with this innocent pastime. The women attending the party were quite dreadful looking. Their faces would scare little children and their figures were almost obscene in their lack of feminine curves. I couldn't understand this because the women of Charles County are usually just beautiful in every way, and so I decided that these women must be from some foreign place like St. Mary's County.

This was going to be a dreadful party.

I decided to have another martini. It didn't help. The people were still standing around in little groups. They were talking about the energy crisis and about the economic disaster about to strike the world. Men were with men and women with women and this festivity had the same liveliness and gayety of a county commissioner's meeting.

I had a scotch and soda.

Someone, probably inadvertently, put on some music and a few couples started dancing. They looked like they were doing a two-step to a funeral dirge. It was ghastly. I wanted desperately to scream, "WHHHOOOOPPPPEEEEEEE" but it probably wouldn't have done any good.

I had two glasses of champagne.

And things started to change. Right before my eyes the women were developing tremendous figures. They were becoming beautiful. The music had changed from a fugue by Bach to a very lively tango. I weaved over to a very heavy matron-type and said, in a voice that was sexy and distinct, "Would you usss likka dense?"

I went swinging around the room in a

mad whirl. I was Fred Astaire and everything graceful. The heavy matron tripped over my flying feet and we both went sailing across the room. I landed pretty good considering the condition I was in...but the heavy matron was propelled into a bookcase. Her wig came off, her false teeth flew out, and she refused to dance with me anymore.

Hot dog! The party was getting better all the time. I winked at this doll over in the corner but she ignored me. She must have been drunk. I grabbed the person next to me and we went swirling around the floor in a mad waltz. My partner kept struggling and through a rather dim haze I saw that my partner was a man and that he wasn't enjoying the dance at all. I left him in the middle of the floor. If he didn't want to dance with me then I sure as hell didn't want to dance with him.

I went over and had a Zombie.

"WHOOOPPPPEEEEEEE" I screamed. Several judges and lawyers looked a little miffed and I wondered who they were miffed at.

By golly, you have never seen such women. Just beautiful. And they were



BY AMOS ARTHUR HOLMES

interested in me. I could tell. They were actually interested in Amos Arthur Holmes. And why not? My stomach was a little big, my nose was a little large, and my head was a little bald...but man...I really had a way with the women. Yes sir...they dug me. I was a cool dude. I was Clark Gable. I was handsome, and strong, and virile, and WHOOOPPPPEEEEEEE.

I don't remember when they put me in the car. I do know that my wife was driving and that she didn't have much to say on the way home. I couldn't remember everything about the party. It was becoming hazy and indistinct. The last thing I remember was riding that chandelier and how much fun it was until it tore away from the ceiling.

When we got home, my wife said, "Well, you sure were a horse's derriere tonight."

I wonder what derriere meant?

Probably some kind of compliment.