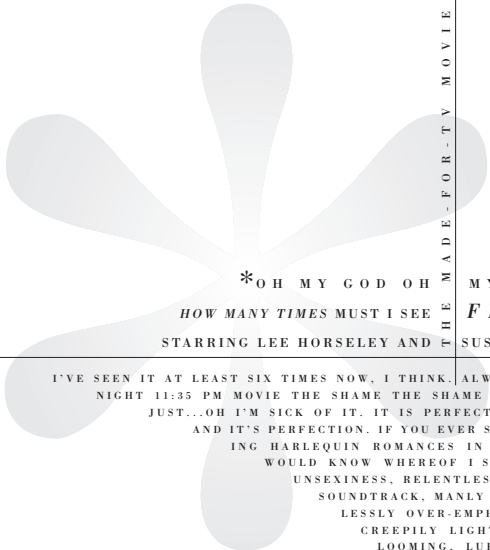


THE MADE FOR TV-MOVIE

THE MADE-FOR-TV MOVIE



*OH MY GOD OH MY GOD OH MY GOD
 HOW MANY TIMES MUST I SEE *FRENCH SILK?*
 STARRING LEE HORSELEY AND SUSAN LUCCI? HOW MANY?!

I'VE SEEN IT AT LEAST SIX TIMES NOW, I THINK. ALWAYS ON THE ABC7 SUNDAY NIGHT 11:35 PM MOVIE THE SHAME THE SHAME WELL NOT REALLY SHAME JUST...OH I'M SICK OF IT. IT IS PERFECTION, THOUGH. I HATE IT, AND IT'S PERFECTION. IF YOU EVER SPENT SERIOUS TIME READING HARLEQUIN ROMANCES IN YOUR YOUTH, THEN YOU WOULD KNOW WHEREOF I SPEAK. FOR IN ITS EXACT UNSEXINESS, RELENTLESS TOOTLING MOODY JAZZ™ SOUNDTRACK, MANLY MUSTACHIOED HERO, ENDLESSLY OVER-EMPHASIZED SENSE OF PLACE, CREEPILY LIGHTLY-BORNE TRAGEDY AND LOOMING, LURKING PAST THAT'S PAST WITH A CAPITAL P, MARRIAGE-MINDED ENDING, SOFT-SPOKEN HEROINE AND A THOUSAND OTHER THINGS, *FRENCH SILK* IS AN ASTONISHING EXAMPLE OF MID-/LATE-TWENTIETH CENTURY ROMANCE NOVEL SPRUNG TO LIFE. IT'S PRETTY HARD TO WATCH. BUT I MUST. LONG LIVE *FRENCH SILK*. I'VE PASSED THROUGH PHASES OF IRONIC AMUSED INTEREST, EXASPERATION AND BOREDOM. FINALLY TO A FATALISTIC ADMIRATION.

