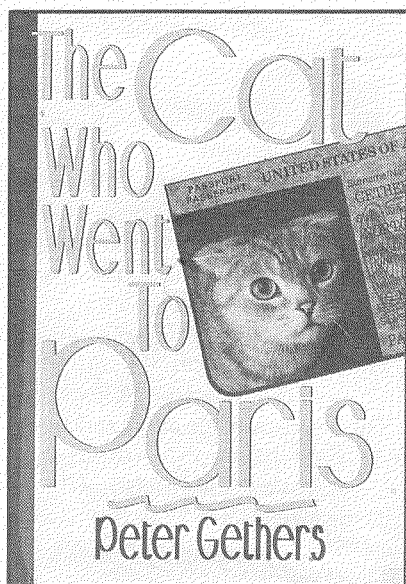


The Cat Who Went to Paris

by Peter Gethers (Crown)

Contrary to the fluff the title suggests, this book is an entertaining look at human, as well as feline, nature. For instance, as Gethers, his girlfriend, and Norton (i.e. the cat who actually did go to Paris, and got into Roman Polanski's bathtub) sat in a car at a stoplight in New York City, a homeless woman approached and asked for money. Both Gethers and his girlfriend looked straight through her. Undaunted, the woman noticed Norton in the back seat, and she asked, "Is that a special breed of cat?" Snobbily—he admits such himself—Gethers forewent explanation of Norton's prestigious pedigree and replied that no, the cat wasn't. Whereupon the woman commented, "Oh, he looks like a Scottish Fold." Then, sighing wistfully, she added, "I used to have seven Siamese myself." It's a small anecdote, agreed, as well as carrying a



note of sadness, unlike the majority of Gethers' recollections, which include summers spent sharing a vacation home with the swinging-single head writer for "Sesame Street," and the grueling combination of trying to date and discovering that you love your cat more than most women you meet. -K.F.