



Our day started at the Beverly Hills Marriott, where I'm happy to say the weather differed in every way from Chicago's. This outdoor hot tub at 7:30am was the right choice.



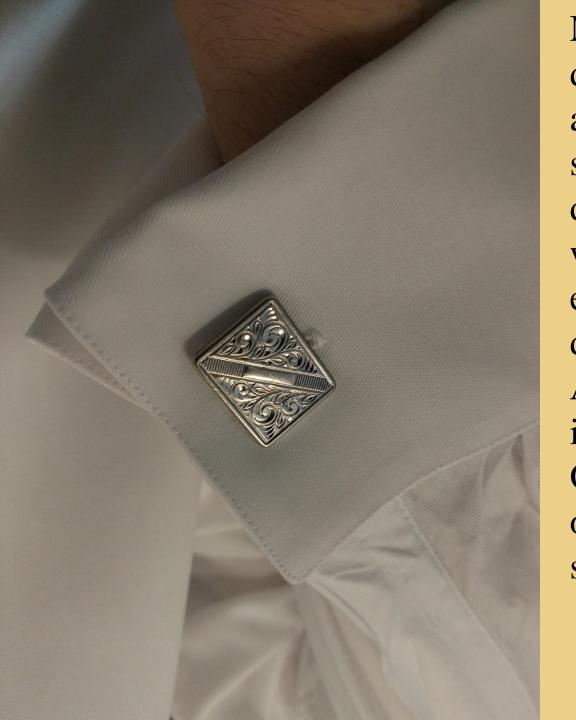
The day before, we saw this fantastic <u>Cuban photography</u> <u>exhibit</u> at the Annenberg Space and had lobster enchiladas at the Pink Taco in West Hollywood. Totally recommend!



But, back to Oscar day: while I was lounging in the pool, gravity was unwrinkling our outfits in the hotel room. People have asked, "When and how did you coordinate your colors?" and the answer is that we didn't! Pure serendipity.



I knew this wouldn't "read" on the red carpet, so I thought I should document that my bowtie was a snazzy houndstooth.



My grandfather (who died when I was 1½) was a tobacco farmer from southern Kentucky who decided in his 20s he wanted to see something else, so he took a job drilling oil wells in Saudi Arabia! He couldn't have imagined going to the Oscars, but I wore a pair of his cufflinks to have some family with me.



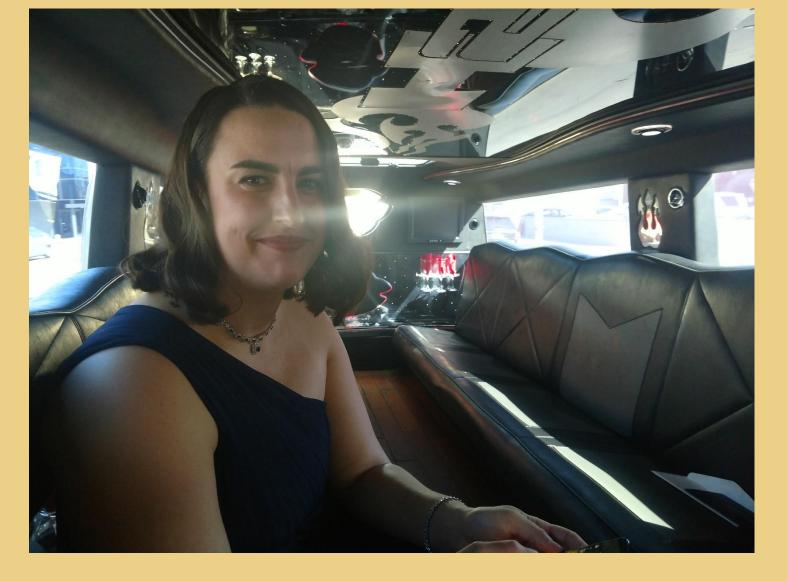
Here's my friend Shelly, who does some financial work for the Academy and was thus awarded two tickets to the show (and whose husband graciously volunteered to step aside when that happened!). We're in the lobby, getting ready to leave at around 1:45pm for a 4:00 show that's only a 20-30 minute drive away!



Our best attempt at Hollywood glamor! While awaiting our ride, I was briefly mistaken for a songwriter from The Greatest Showman (and from La La Land and Dear Evan Hansen) and offered his limo. Who knows how the night would have gone if I had lied? His family showed up soon and were all very nice. Made me sad when he lost!



The company sent a Hummer Limo! Six of us were arriving together, and apparently the agency was out of everything except four-door sedans and this 20-seat extravagance.



Inside the limo, I got a "Have fun tonight!" text from Jordan Horowitz, the *La La Land* producer (the one who handed over his statuette to *Moonlight*). The accountants were impressed.



Every attendee gets dropped off in the same, fully red-carpeted intersection before quickly getting sorted into the famous people and the mortals. Behind me in the white tuxedo jacket and cropped pants is Dee Rees, the nominated writer-director of Mudbound. I also walked up to security alongside Mira Sorvino.



A better look at Dee and her date, and at the whole scene on Hollywood Boulevard as we arrive at the Academy theater. (You'll see how different this all looks at the night's end.)



Here is what you see as you enter. Behind the sign are snaking lines leading you to the metal detectors. The stars essentially have "TSA Priority" and head into their own, distant line.



Any photo you snap at any point on the red carpet is a victory, since there is a small army of headphoned security and traffic-management folks begging you to move as quickly as possible. But Shelly and I swung this selfie upon entering the maze of velvet ropes.



Plus, I had been given one job by an important person, and I wasn't going to mess that up.



My ten scholarship mentees at Northwestern also got a surprise kick out of being "on" the red carpet with me, still leading up to security.



It's a little mysterious what the rush is, with so few people in line, but I know they have a huge crowd to manage once you're past ticket check and the metal detectors. This area is screened above in case of rain. I think the cinema where Jimmy Kimmel brought the stars during the show is across the street.



One more glamor shot of Shelly after we've made it through security. The couple to the left are two more of the accountants in our party. This "hall" leads to the public and famous part of the red carpet. (Hollywood royalty is being screened for security on the other side of that curtain.)



Okay, here we go! The carpet awaits...



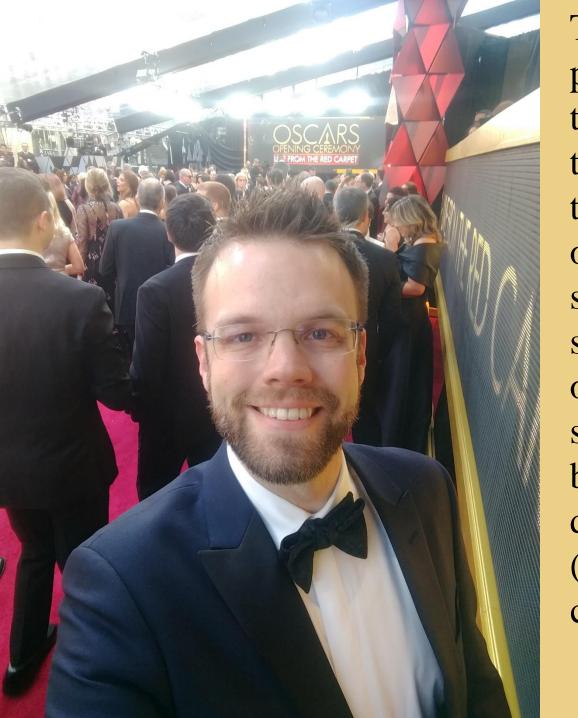
The bottleneck where you enter is the most crowded area. We were in a right-hand "lane" for the non-famous. We could see stars walking in to our left, over the heads of photographers.



Who is this guy, and where is he taking that?



It was sort of poignant how this one guy in the "fan" bleachers was waving, with pure optimism that we might be celebrities.



The actual red carpet is prime hustle-you-along territory by the tuxedoed traffic police, but I snuck this one shot. If you sort of slalom from side to side, instead of walking a straight shot down the open aisle, you can still soak up the excitement a bit longer. Amazingly, I did see Jordan Horowitz (La La) 20 feet away but couldn't get his attention.



At the end of the carpet, you hang right and see the entrance to the theater. It's easy to linger at the turn. That's Michael Strahan with his back to me, doing primetime interviews.



With no more camera people in between, you have an easier view at this point of celebrities filing in or pausing for interviews. Here are Mira Sorvino (with long train) and Ashley Judd (in purple), two leaders in the #MeToo and #TimesUp movements, talking to Vanity Fair.



From that same spot, this was my view of the entrance. Past that big "A" you can see the staircase leading up to the second-floor lobby. (Nominees go directly to the first.)



...but, you know, no need to hustle quickly when Captain Von Trapp, aka nominee Christopher Plummer, is striding right past with his wife!



There must be some other press or photo line for nominees at this point, because they kept being held up and asked to enter one by one. The guy in right profile is Hans Zimmer, who was nominated for the Dunkirk score but also did Rain Man, Driving Miss Daisy, The Lion King (for which he won), The Thin Red Line, and over 100 other scores.



The tall guy with the beard at the center of this shot is Luca Guadagnino, the director of *Call Me by Your Name*. He and I are basically wearing the same tux, which I found flattering.



The white-haired fellow is Martin McDonagh, who wrote and directed *Three Billboards*. The friends in my party kept laughing at how I recognized all these people!



I was glad to spot Roger Ross Williams, who directed Life, Animated, the doc we saw about the autistic teen whose family uses Disney films to coax him back into communicating with them. I caught up with Roger on the stairs and got to quickly introduce myself and thank him for his work. He's the head of the Academy's documentary branch.



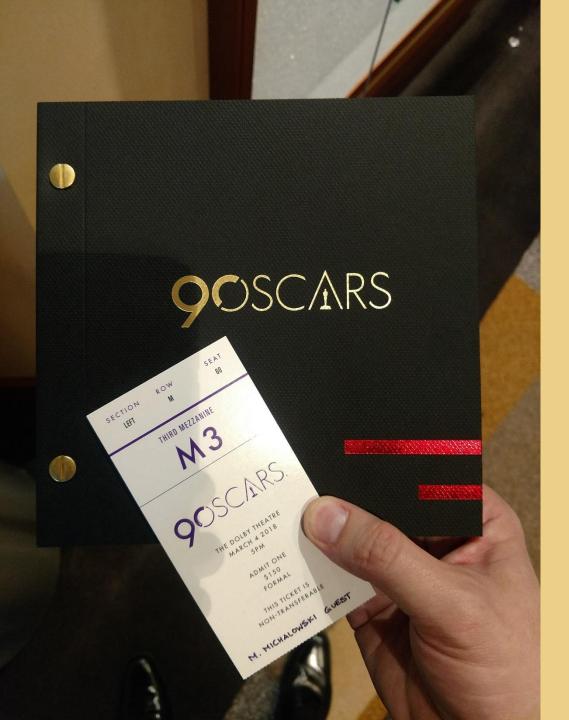
One more shot of Shelly as we prepare to climb the stairs. We were standing near a bunch of kids who were in one of the nominated short films and were hoping to spot their director before he entered. They did, and got a happy group photo after he hopped the velvet rope. Everywhere, the whole mood was upbeat and excited.



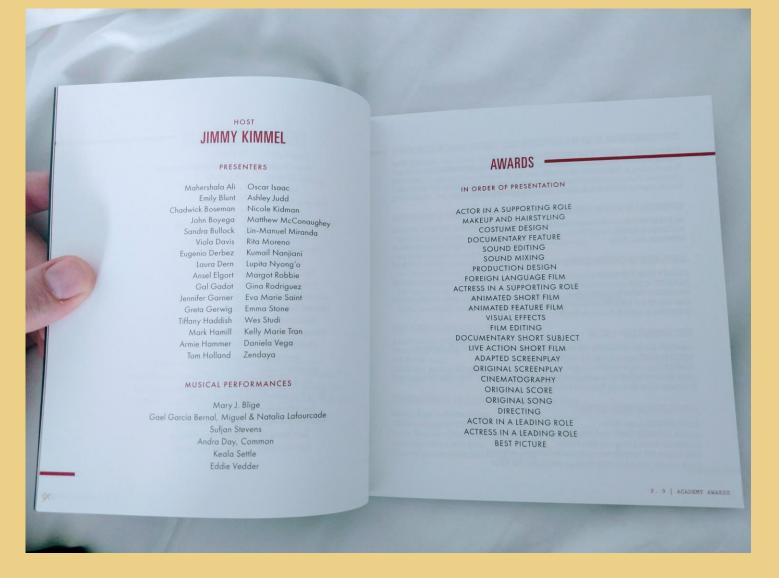
Nearing the stairs (and look at Scarlett O'Hara, in her drapes!). There's a bar on the first floor that's supposed to be for nominees, but rumor has it you can enter during the first 15 minutes of the show before they seal it off. I could have gone and stayed through the show for up-close stargazing, but you know I'm too much of a geek for the actual awards.



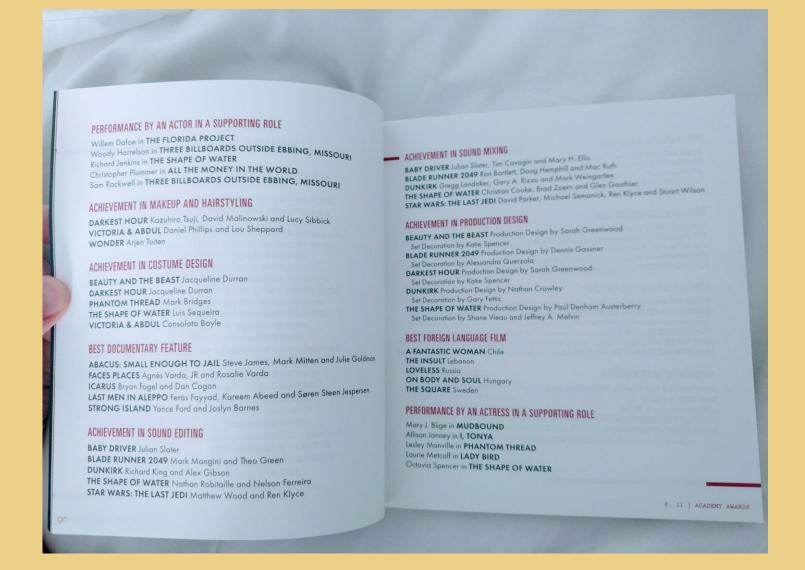
The view from behind as we climb those stairs into the second-floor lobby. You're asked not to snap pics once inside, but on the second floor I met Sandy Martin, the actress who plays Sam Rockwell's oddball mom in Three Billboards and told her how much I liked her performance. I also met Abbie Cornish, who plays Woody H's wife in the same film.



As you enter, they hand you this program book that lists the categories in the order they will be presented, plus a full page glossy photo from each nominated film, a list of presenters and performances, and credits to all the studios and companies who helped support the show.



I barely opened the program until I got back to the hotel, so I'd be surprised by what happened when, but here's an example of what was inside. (Faye and Warren omitted, as surprises!)



Another look inside the program...



...and another!



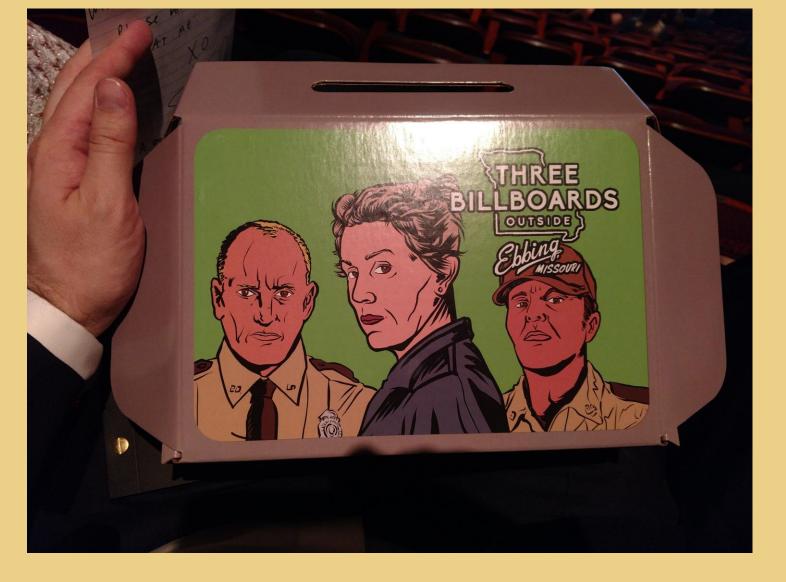
Our seats were on the fifth floor (of five), so we thought we could get away with a couple snaps with Oscar. Most of the folks surrounding us were finance people or others whose work supports the Academy, plus some family members of nominees and people who worked on or appeared in the less famous films, especially the shorts and docs.



I conducted myself with less dignity than Shelly.



We teamed up once before heading inside. In these areas, catering staff is circulating with flutes of champagne, and who were we to say no? We also had little bites of steak tartare and shrimp cocktail, and that was all we expected to eat for the next five hours or so.



A popular surprise this year were these snack boxes tucked under every seat in the auditorium, with artists' cartoon-style renderings of each nominated movie.



Inside each were "fresh" potato chips, a fruit-and-nut bar, Gummi bears, Reese's peanut butter cups, chocolate-covered Oreos, a napkins, and Listerine breath strips! #HealthFood



These notes from Jimmy Kimmel looked completely hand-written, down to the torn edges of the spiral paper. They weren't, but should've been up for Best Visual Effects.



Y'all know *Billboards* wasn't my favorite nominee, and since we were early, I switched with one of the seats behind me. Every box had identical contents—so, no peach in this one.



Also, no communion wafers inside this one.



...and no hard-boiled eggs or fish sticks in this one. At the end of the night, it was amazing how hard people were working to collect all nine nominees, scouring under every seat. eBay?



Most people were still milling and eating hors d'oeuvres in the lobby when we entered, so I got this clear shot (no zoom) from our seats, in the second-to-last row of the whole theater.



You can see a few of the nine TV screens arranged throughout the auditorium. Half of them played exactly what you saw on TV; the others showed the main camera feed from the stage.



We were so high up that you can see the rigging that dropped confetti during the *Coco* performance. We were *higher* than the confetti drop! Still: great sightlines and acoustics!



Once the show started, I only took two pics, since you aren't supposed to take any. You can barely see Viola Davis on stage, presenting Supporting Actor, but in reality I saw her clearly.



Here's Emily Blunt and ...somebody, presenting Adapted Screenplay much later on. This got one of the biggest cheers of the night, as did *Get Out* winning Original Screenplay.



Shelly's shot was clearer. I can't remember what Christopher Walken was presenting. The set changed *so often*, with no noise or fuss and almost zero visible stagehands. Amazing!



My next photo wasn't until the semi-pandemonium of everyone waiting for their limo. I saw Aaron Sorkin standing alone, so I told him how much my students admire his work.



Everyone was hungry, so we decided to test out the local lore that several nominees retire to In-n-Out Burger after the show. Two-dozen people in formalwear inside, but no stars.



My scholarship mentees, who are all from LA and still miss home, were even more excited that I was at In-n-Out than that I was at the Oscars. The hummer limo was waiting outside!



I loved waking up and seeing the Spanish-language paper so happy about del Toro's victory, and Coco's as well. For one day, the DACA crisis got pushed down to the bottom-left corner.



The WSJ cover must be laid out by bitter Oscar queens. I, too, wanted Laurie Metcalf and Willem Dafoe to win, but I doubt the votes for Janney or Rockwell are ripping apart the EU!



You've seen this already, but here is Faye Dunaway in 1977, lounging at her Beverly Hills hotel the morning after she won for *Network*, wondering what it all really means...



...and here's my at my Beverly Hills hotel (not the same one, but close!), at 8am the next morning, gazing at my chocolate Oscar from the Film Group, pretending to wonder what it all means, but actually just knowing I had a terrific time! xox