

GEENA DAVIS

# DYING of POLITENESS



**HarperOne**

*An Imprint of HarperCollinsPublishers*

The credits on page 17 constitute a continuation of this copyright page.

Some names have been changed to protect people's privacy.

DYING OF POLITENESS. Copyright © 2022 by Geena Davis. All rights reserved. Printed in the United States of America. No part of this book may be used or reproduced in any manner whatsoever without written permission except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical articles and reviews. For information, address HarperCollins Publishers, 195 Broadway, New York, NY 10007.

HarperCollins books may be purchased for educational, business, or sales promotional use. For information, please email the Special Markets Department at [SPsales@harpercollins.com](mailto:SPsales@harpercollins.com).

FIRST EDITION

*Designed by Bonni Leon-Berman*

*Illustrations by Geena Davis*

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data is available upon request.

ISBN 978-0-06-311913-0

22 23 24 25 26 LSC 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1



Baby me, evidently telling a joke.



Dressed-up Dan and me, who always insisted on having a hat, purse, and gloves for every occasion.



Dan and me with our grandparents, Pappy and Gam, behind their house in Vermont.

My best friend  
Lucyann and me,  
inseparable.



Holding the gun that I got from Santa to my head.







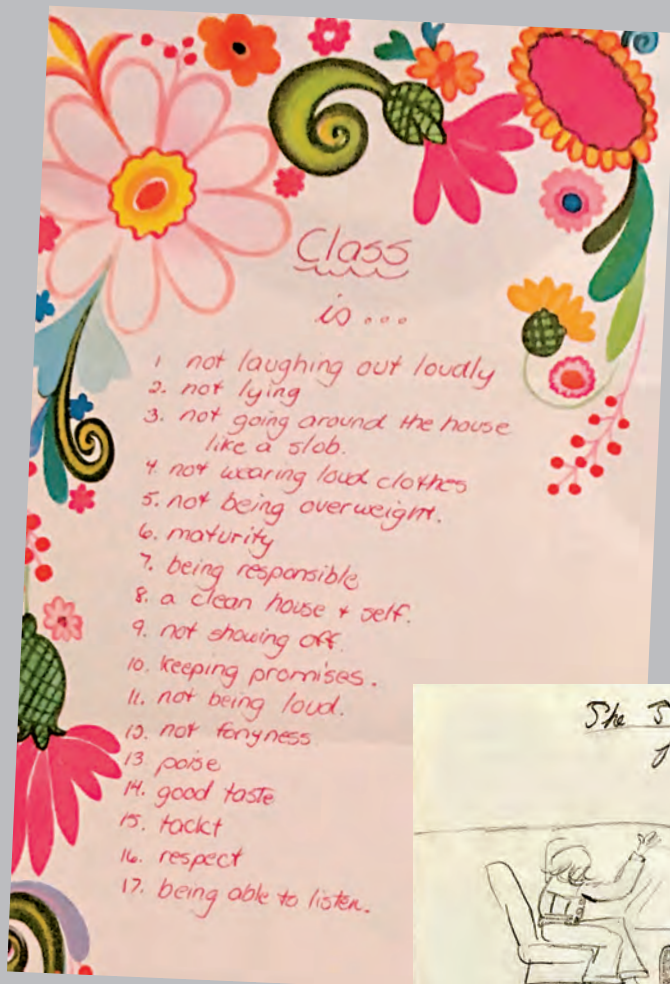
Mom, Dad, and me with the homemade trailer Dad built.  
Evidently we dressed up to go camping.



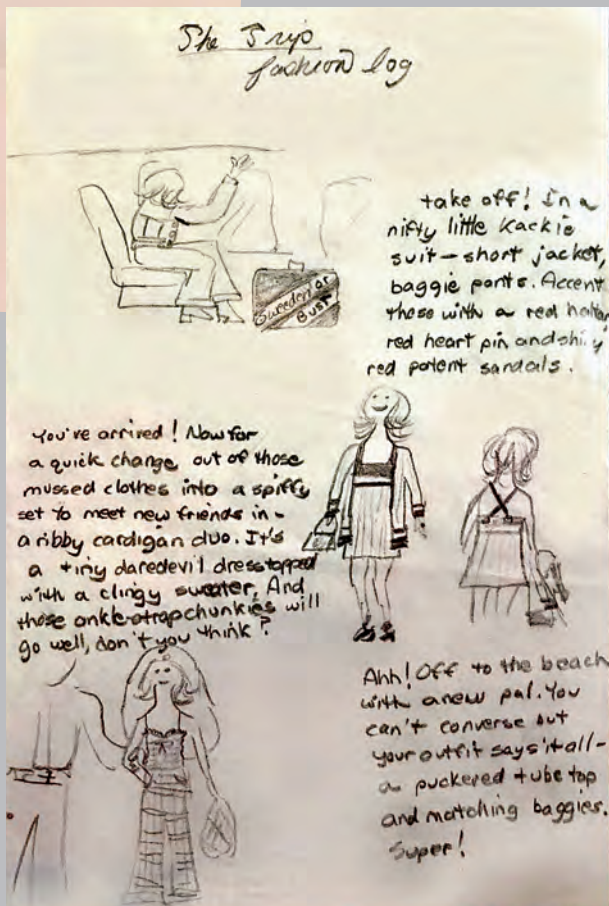
Queen of the Ball at a sixth-grade dance.



My glamorous Aunt Gloria,  
wearing a kimono.



This stationery (and list) is from when I was around fifteen years old—clearly very fixated on not being loud when laughing, in dress, and in general.



My fantasy wardrobe for going to Sweden, with captions styled after fashion magazine articles: “You can’t converse, but your outfit says it all.”

My first “model” shot,  
taken while still at BU—in  
anticipation of the modeling  
career I was banking on.



Stepping out of my  
hometown church with  
my new husband, Richard  
Emmolo, and best man,  
Tommy Southern.







One of the Victoria's Secret catalog shots that helped me land the part in *Tootsie*.



First day of work with Dustin Hoffman on *Tootsie*.



Jeff and me—  
two peas in a pod.



Trying to hide Melanie Griffith's kiss imprint at the 1989 Oscars.



My mom imitating my Oscars speech when she won "Best Supporting Mother" the next day from the other faculty at her school.



My mom's "Oscar," mine for the Jean Hersholt Humanitarian Award, and the one for *The Accidental Tourist*, worse for wear.



Parade marshal for Wareham's semiquincentennial anniversary.



My ride or die, Susan Sarandon.





One of my favorite photos, because of the way Ridley is looking at me, with Michael Madsen and Susan on the left.



Chris McDonald and me, clowning around at the New York premiere of *Thelma & Louise*.





Tom Hanks and me chatting between takes.



In *Vanity Fair*, thirty years ago—and I still look exactly like this.



At a surprise birthday party I threw for my boyfriend Gavin de Becker.



Renny Harlin and me, a couple of blonds, arriving in Helsinki.





Pony giving Donkey Hody the side-eye.



Competing at the archery Olympic trials, August 1999, in Bloomfield, New Jersey.



Not only have Nina Tassler and I been best friends for forty-seven years, but we are also a sight gag.

I'm not really so tall—this is me in a normal-size chair.





The height of my  
pumpkin-carving  
obsession.



This is how presidents  
greet each other—Martin  
Sheen of *The West Wing*  
and me at the Screen  
Actors Guild Awards.





My mom, Lucille Davis . . . but even my kids think this is a photo of me.



My handsome dad served in World War II.



The Bourne Bridge, which my dad used to walk across the top of periodically to check the paint.



Dad jumping a ravine at Berea College.





My parents posing on their newly chosen grave plot.



The folks hamming it up at church on their golden wedding anniversary.

Dad at ninety-three with his 1939 Cadillac, in his old hippie look.



# CREDITS AND PERMISSIONS

All photos courtesy of Davis family except when other noted. Every effort has been made to obtain permissions for photographs in this work. If any required acknowledgments have been omitted, or any rights overlooked, it is unintentional. Please notify the publishers of any omission, and it will be rectified in future editions:

Insert page 6 (*top left*): Victoria's Secret

Insert page 6 (*top right*): United Archives GmbH / Alamy

Insert page 6 (*bottom*): Ron Galella / Getty Images

Insert page 7 (*bottom left*): Leo Paduzzi

Insert page 8: Jerry de Wilde

Insert page 9 (*top*): Fotos International / Getty Images

Insert page 9 (*bottom*): Robin Platzer / Getty Images

Insert page 10 (*top*): Columbia Pictures / Photofest

Insert page 10 (*bottom*): Michael Comte / Vanity Fair (September 1992)

Insert page 11 (*bottom*): Heikki Kotilainen

Insert page 12 (*bottom*): Matt Campbell / Getty Images

Insert page 13 (*top*): Joh Shearer / Getty Images

Insert page 14 (*top*): Robert Hallowell

Insert page 14 (*bottom*): Vince Bucci / Getty Images

Insert page 15 (*center*): Ken Wiedemann / Getty Images