Bonnett Musical Paean To Writers

Rich Elder

Writing isn't easy. I know. I do it myself, all the time. I'm writing right now, in fact. I wrote in Stratford, Ontario, last week. I wrote in Minneapolis the week before. Yesterday, I wrote on the PATH train on the way back from the Bergen Mall.

Well, attention all writers: At last we have something to sing about! The greatest musical in the history of the world opened last night, a month after it was due. The musical is called "A Writer's Block," and it is dedicated to all writers, everywhere, who have never written a word.

As the show opens, the writers (professional actors) stride out onto a bare stage; the program notes tell us we are in the depths of the McDowell Colony. The innovative, electric director, Michael Bonnett, points his actors directly at us, the audience. They sing to us. They dance for us. They wait for our every reaction. Slowly, surely, we see what this master craftsman is up to: We, the audience, are the audience! Incredible!

The cast is costumed in traditional writers' garb: lucky nightgowns, plaid flannel shirts over well-worn dungarees, painter's hats. All smoke heavily; most carry prescription bottles and thermometers. Thus assembled, they sing the first song: "I Hope I Sell It."

In the ensuing production, we are treated to, no dazzled by, no beaten exquisitely over the head with a gutting, blood-draining, anxiety-inducing, brilliant examination of each writer's, and thus every writer's total inability to write.

One performer, an endearing young man, recalls how he forgot about a required book report in the eighth grade. In homeroom, he tells us, he made up a story about a scrappy Jewish boy alone in the garment district, with nothing but two shiny pennies and the Talmud. One hero told his teacher it was written by Mario Peto, and she gave him an "A." He was hooked, or so he sings in "I Can Write That."

There are tender moments in "A Writer's Block," contrived and flawlessly self-serving. Three women sing of childhood Jack Kerouac fantasies "Everything Was Beautiful at the Bookstore," and a deliciously plucky Puerto Rican girl reminisces about her first block. It was in a creative writing seminar that James Baldwin hosted, and her song morns her failure as well as her opinion of Baldwin — "Nothing."

"Hello Knopf, Hello Viking, Hello Crown" is a rousing production number, brimming with hopes of big auctions and dreams of Jill Kramin removing her lens cap.

But the real drama belongs to the character of Chrissie. She had been published once, a long time ago. Hailed as "the new Dorothy Parker," she moved to Los Angeles, and shortly thereafter was stricken by writer's block. She landed one job ghost-writing a B-actress's memoir. She did an "as told to" or two. Back in New York, much older, still blocking, she needs a contract and all that her publisher offers is an editorial position. In a show-stopping 43-minute number, Chrissie claims her "right to write" in "The Soeetic and the Theaurur."

As Chrissie collapses and is taken by her fellow writers to believe for observation, another block victim sings about an article she submitted to The New Yorker. By mistake, her rejection slip was accompanied by the editors' critique. Her remarks were: "Neatness: 10, Depth: 1 (Wit My Ass)." Devastated but determined, she wrote her next piece as if she didn't give a damn. Today, she knows John Updike's home address.

The music in "A Writer's Block," though largely plagiarized, magnifies the blocking frustration, mainly because you spend most of the show trying to remember where you first heard each tune. The cast sparkles.

Run, don't walk to "A Writer's Block." Knock down old women with walkers if they're in front of you at the box office. There has never been a reason not to write like "A Writer's Block." It's a wow!

'Mosquitos': A Romance With Bite

The husband and wife remain motionless, as the smuggler rides around in circles without appearing to "see" them. The mosquito, dying slowly, attempts to penetrate the smuggler's board. A lovely spirit of fun pervades Mr. Thompson's work, and an extraneous...
The romantic triangle portrayed in "Moscotii" sounds familiar—a man, his sweetheart, and his terribly psychotic mosquito, but the Spanish director Manuel Luis Depauw presents these stock characters in an exceedingly unusual way. The aged mosquito lives alone in an isolated hacienda, where the surrounding countryside is full of wild dogs and the provincial priest makes frequent visits to commune with the flying insect. But when her depressed friend arrives—after having fallen madly in love with a young woman—who says she is a former nun—the mosquito's life is thrown out of focus.

The friend, who has arrived uninvited, is so intents on making his lover feel at home that one night he swats the mosquito from its resting place on the bedroom wall so that he and his paramour can have more privacy. The mosquito is so angered by this that she flies out into the night and settles on a wild dog, taking out her rage on the unfortunate creature by annoying it to death.

This sequence transpires at night, but many of the film’s most luminous scenes are set in bright daylight and sparkle with subtly ironic dramatic humor; it is not surprising that "Moscotii" has been reported to be Woody Allen's favorite new work.

Mr. Depauw, whose films have been both popular and controversial in Spain (though they are relatively unknown to Americans), has a gift for distorting things slightly, without martyring the aura of overriding reality that gives his best scenes a revolutionary vitality. In his most strikingly successful moments, Mr. Borsa accomplishes a brilliant fusion of falsehood and distortion.

So when the priest arrives one morning at this humble casita in the country, he brings with him a new found object of beauty—by way of an absent-mindedulus present. And when the runaway nun looks up from her banana gathering and sends her goat away so she can seduce the depressed young man (now her depressed husband), who should appear on a sad-eyed burro but her former boyfriend, a drug smuggler who has been looking for her.

Pop Life

To this observer, the biggest news in rock this week, of course, is the release of the long awaited "Cryonic Benefit" album, featuring many of the local underground's best known performers, and some of their best known colleagues from outside the area.

Miss Smith, whom readers may remember from her hit single "Because the Night," was placed in a chemical freezer last month, after spraying spittle on the first three rows of her audience at the Newark House of Detention. It was the sort of artistic risk-taking that has characterized her career. Although Aria Records plans to release a three-disc set of her brain wave patterns for the Christmas season, Miss Smith is unable to write lyrics, and the loss of one of rock's premier poets is certainly lamentable.

Among the performers appearing on the benefit album are Johnny Rotten and Sid Vicious of the Sex Pistols; jazz great Sun Ra; Brian Eno, who produced the eponymous LP; Rat Scabies of Damned; Rock Dharma of the Blue Ocean Cult; Bo Diddley; Meat Loaf; and Manfred Mann. The album's climax is a twelve-minute version of Miss Smith's own "Rock and Roll Nigger," with contributions from Mr. Rotten, Mr. Eno, Mr. Scabies, Mr. Dharma, Mr. Diddley, Mr. Vicious, Mr. Mann and Mr. Loaf. Mr. Scabies has an infectious guitar solo near the end, but to this observer the dominant feature is Mr. Diddley's somewhat bemused vocal. Since the concert was recorded on a cassette player with defective batteries, the sound quality leaves something to be desired. But one hopes that the $10 list price will not hurt sales. To this observer, it seems a bargain, considering the cause.

There was considerable controversy in these quarters, among many others, about Linda Ronstadt's recent Rolling Stone interview. Of course, we were cheered to know that Mr. Depauw in Paris. And, like most of her fans, this observer was amazed at her astute commentary on current affairs, especially the part about Standard Oil being "in a better position to decide what's going to be good for the economic climate of the country and for the rest of the world" than the Eagles. To this observer, however, this analysis ranks with Miss Ronstadt's revelation, during the 1976 presidential campaign, that she had subscribed to the Wall Street Journal.

One could not help feeling ill at ease, however, at Miss Ronstadt's determination to withdraw from political involvement. The word from Malibu, where Miss Ronstadt is presently packing for the journey east, is that she may reconsider. One certainly hopes so. To this observer, her political viewpoint is the freshest rock has known since Bob Dylan's mid-'60s withdrawal.

Mr. Dylan announced after his Madison Square Garden concert, incidentally, that he no longer beats his wife. What effect this will have on slumping sales of his new album, "Street Legal," remains to be seen. However, to this observer, it seems unfortunate that Mr. Dylan should be penalized for his religious beliefs, however bizarre.

Now Playing at Select Theatres near you
Roop Lauchman-Hoot

Would Snood disappoint? Imagine the reviewer's feelings of anticipation, bordering on apprehension, coming close to excitement, ending in the anxiety of a professional's indifference. He opened "Parsifal's Picnic," the new novel by J.B. Snood. What was one to make of such an opening sense of the make of the autumn leaves tumbling by outside the reviewer's window, their bright hues bearing with them an unmistakable quality of sadness as they plummeted and crashed upon the sidewalk? Was there perhaps an unmistakable quality of sadness of "Parsifal's Picnic," or the character of Daniel Doncaster, whom the reviewer came upon in the first paragraph, a standing with an altogether gallant nervousness at the cold buffet table of the Mogador Hotel, or maybe to the reviewer's own apartment with its inexplicable excess of rubber plants and lack of lunch, odd or otherwise? Would Doncaster disappoint? What of the Mogador Hotel? Why a cold buffet? The reviewer's questions, of an inescapable nature presented themselves to the reviewer's mind as his eyes moved down the page. Might there not be, for example, an alternative, an explanation on the part of the Mogador Hotel? Or at any rate a hot dish or two, even one such as a Shrimp Newburg, which would, of course, sometimes enjoyed? Was the reviewer enjoying himself right now? "Hello, Millie!" boomed Doncaster, the reviewer read. The reviewer rather enjoyed this Millie but the language was indefinately dissapointing? There was a verve to her but also a certain thinness. Could he bring this Millie, tie together all the strands, would he leave the reviewer in the lurch.

J.B. Snood

so to speak, driffth in modish dialogue, once again the victim of his own in- quaintuous enthusiasm. Snood seemed to sense this problem for he now gave the girl "a red dress and sandals and a haphazardly bagged right knee." Good for Snood, the reviewer thought. Perhaps the bandage represented some fatal flaw, some Hawthornian mark or stigma, that the reviewer might comment on for eighty-five words or so. After all, why should Ellery, the Tuesday and Thursday man, have exclusive rights to Hawthorntown as well as to all the dirty stuff? Or on the other hand, suppose that the bandaged knee was a blind alley, a red herring, a cul-de-sac? In his youth, the reviewer had chased off symbols more times than he cared to remember. Monsieur Bovary's bicycle, Tashigeo's stepmother. At the start of the third paragraph, a "man in an ill-fitting denim jacket" appeared, "running down the marble stairway toward the smiling couple." The reviewer suddenly wondered: Did Snood have staying power? Could he go all the way? For that matter, could the reviewer go all the way? Another quick page and he was back to the reviewer and Snood go all the way. 498 pages, the reviewer without lunch, much conversation in a "telling review," with its too easy pandering to the marketplace, its too predictable quest for "quasi-objectives," its sacrifice of nuance and sensibility, rather than once more pressing onward beyond mere facility toward the ultimate goal, the "great review"--the destination never reached, the decision never decided upon, the essay embarked on but never desembarked from? The man in the denim jacket now "stumbled on the last step." Briefly, the reviewer felt his pulse quicken. Perhaps the man would suffer a minor injury? To his knee? What to make of this apparent proneness to accidents on the part of Snood's characters, or of the weakness of their lower limbs, or of the splitting headache that seemed to press upon the reviewer's skuever whenever a new rhetorical question announced itself.

The man recovered his footing. The Chima, had not been defeated with a touch, though finally perhaps there was a certain sameness to it, even a failure of nerve. Could the reviewer really care about the absent Chimaan? Had he even cared about it? By now, not Snood also beginning to disappoint? The reviewer placed his fingers at the corner of the page and with an unmistakable sadness turned it to page two.

Jan Lemon

Even the cats had stopped speaking to them. They lay, like hot water bottles in aspic, contemplating the void on the closed floor. The void on the closet floor had been caused by the tulips, which had bloomed unexpectedly, rebuking the Barontins of the groin, the Kitts of the back of the head, the talk of the room, and also not speaking to him. The superego nun ran rampant in the clothopsins of Thermopylae.

A tantrum seemed called for. Instead, he brooded. The women of the house were out, inspecting dirgies and designer sheeks. Betty Friedan was working on the endearing Fieldcrest. The women of the house were out, inspecting dirgies and designer sheeks. Betty Friedan was working on the endearing Fieldcrest. The women of the house were out, inspecting dirgies and designer sheeks. Betty Friedan was working on the endearing Fieldcrest. The women of the house were out, inspecting dirgies and designer sheeks. Betty Friedan was working on the endearing Fieldcrest. The women of the house were out, inspecting dirgies and designer sheeks. Betty Friedan was working on the endearing Fieldcrest.

Go Fish

ORLANDO, Florida, October 13 - The biggest-ever singles duplicate Go Fish championships reached their climax here this afternoon, with 16 semi-finalists in contention for top honors.

For them, and for 112 other players who failed to survive the cuts in the first two days of play, only one question remained: Could Pianuzza, the suave Italian commodities broker who has so dominated the game over the past decade, survive the challenge presented by the pucky young star who, from Vancouver, British Columbia, Who is Pianuzza?

Pianuzza Outwits McClure
In Singles Duplicate Play

The Italian held the South cards and, instead of leading with his strength (the ten), which would have left him one short of a book, he baffled with a seven-caller from East and then sacrificed a three-call (a sure loser since he already held in his head a completed, but undisclosed, book).

West (Mrs. Mable Paul of Mineola, New York) was sent fishing with an errant demand for a six, and then came the moment to see if McClure (North) would take the bait. And take he did; school, line and stinker. "Carla, give me the table, McClure made the terminal error: "Getride, give me your four's.

Now all that was left was for Pianuzza to reel in his victim, which, on an unsaying "Go Fish", pathetic deuce-misick, he proceeded to do with his unbeatable "Rod, your fours ifa you be so kind." It will be noticed that Pianuzza's game has been, rather than the best play, even hapless East, which he had controlled and summarized to a book.

B. Singer: A Writer for all Seasons

Repeatedly, since he won the Nobel Prize, except for having to disconnect my telephone at once and never use it again, he was asked for his opinion of American Jewish writers such as Philip Roth and Bernard Malamud. He then read aloud the following formula, which he described as "a nice something to go with meat or very good by itself as sour cream.

To POTATO PANCAKES SPRINGER

to Illess, grated
1 cinnamon stick, finely crushed
1. Heat the potatoes and heavy cream in a large skillet until it achieves a paste-like consistency.
It soon became apparent that Pianuzza is still the master. Note how quickly his eyes darted around the room, planning his next move. He knew the game could not have been defeated with best play, even had hapless East become inspired and completed a book with a call of “Gertrude, give me all your tigers!” The final margin of victory would merely have been a bit less embarrassing to the chastened Canadian.

“having to disconnect my telephone before I go to bed.”

When asked for his opinion of American Jewish writers such as Philip Roth and Bernard Malamud, his eyes twinkled. “I will tell you about that some other time, but I would much prefer to divulge my family recipe for kugel. Kugel he then explained is the Yiddish word for potato pancake. He which he described as “a nice something to go with meat or very good by itself as sour cream.”

**POTATO PANCAKES SPRINGER**

8 Idaho potatoes, peeled and
smashed
1 cup heavy cream
1 clove garlic, chopped

1 cinnamon stick, finely crushed

1. Heat the potatoes and heavy cream in a large skillet until it achieves a paste-like consistency.
2. After five minutes, mix in the garlic and onions. Heat for 15 minutes.
3. Flatten into pancakes and sprinkle with cinnamon. Serve hot.

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**Foul Screen Play**

“REWRITE” — Not The New York Times

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**THE WAS**

YOU MISSED IT!

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**TICKETS ARE IMPOSSIBLE TO GET**
New Series Elicits Response

By JOHN J. RIPOSTE

With no more philosophical underpinnings than a Fanger, the people who've brought us "Mizzy's Millions" and "Don't Touch That, Phillip," last night premiered "Eleanor and Manuel," the latest addition to Dudley Production's apparently inexorable campaign to make hideous, deformed morons out of us all.

"Eleanor and Manuel" (8:00 EST, 10:30 London) apparently is or is it "Archie and Mochabell" they're after? under the abhorrent guise of a downbeat tale of a faded Hollywood beauty and her wine-swigging gardener.

More likely than not, not. Not The Times readers were otherwise engaged during this excrecent debut - re-reading George Elliott's brilliant "Middlemarch," or attending the Metropolitan Opera's revival of "Farrakhan Bjorngard." Perhaps, then, a brief synopsis is in order.

Eleanor is Eleanor Buckley played to the hilt by Bette Midler who, we are led to believe, is a retired actress of the first order. Living on memories in her dilapidated Beverly Hills mansion. Quite the huckleberry, Eleanor has trouble keeping friends and employees - and shoes. The search for a missing espadrille is a leitmotif in the first installment and every time that she abjectly wonders "Where is that darn shoe?" the laugh track explodes in torrents that would be inappropriate even for Falstaff's most brilliant lines in "Henry IV Part Two."

One servant, however, when the cantankerous Miss Buckley is able to keep on her mystical Mexican gardener, Manuel (played by a notify utterly inarticulate feline named Seda, who'd once been mentioned as a possible replacement for the recently deceased Morris the Cat.)

Manuel, dressed in all black and walking in sandals with obvious difficulty on his hind legs, is the willing victim of Miss Eleanor's racist, snobbish, ungrammatical tirades. He takes it all in, ever-loyal, yet removed, terribly, terribly removed.

Together, "a la Sunset Boulevard," they watch the grossly faded star's old movies, they dance together, they search for the doddering dame's in- fernal espadrille, and, at the conclusion, Manuel comes out with some trendy piece of wisdom such as "If success was easy they wouldn't call it success, Mama."

It's strange that a man of my intelligence would be asked by an obviously fine newspaper to waste both his life and talents viewing this kind of pathetic, pernicious garbage. Few of our viewers in this column it should be obvious that these past years have not been happy ones for this reporter. I have lost friends, self-respect, I am not invited to the better parties because I've become quite boring. And to followers of this newspaper's progress, it is also obvious that over the past few years there have been many openings in other departments that have been filled by people whose talents in no way rival my own.

I have been passed over when it was time to fill the drama post, the dance post, and now with the death of our obituary editor I am certain I will be passed over again. In point of fact, I know a great deal about dance and the theater and I know as much about death as anyone else.

In the past year, I have read nearly one thousand books, many of them quite hard. I can also play the piano, I don't like TV and I never have. People who read this paper don't care for TV. I am the smartest man or woman - on this whole paper and I have to occupy myself watching programs that would insult the intelligence of a Phillips screwdriver.

And you know what? I loved being on strike. I read excellent books, and listened to music - light classical and up - and even treated myself to a pair of corrective shoes since I'm quite an accomplished walker, as well.

And please let's not delude ourselves with any of that toot toot about educational TV - it's like talking about vitamin enriched breakfast cereals, yes?

Tonight begins yet another "new" series: "Happy's Heartwarmers," starring Richard Dreyfuss and Diane Keaton. It's the story of a middle-aged couple who run a cafeteria in a secret government think-tank and how they deal with the eggheads and visionaries, etc., etc. I'll be watching and I'm quite certain you won't be.

In another sneak attack on his onetime stronghold, Fred Silverman, NBC's president, raided ABC's "Good Morning, America" and made off with Erma Bombeck. Mr. Silverman plans to give Mrs. Bombeck her own variety show sometime in January.

"It'll be called 'Erma' and we'll be surrounding her with a team of young, dynamic vaudevillians." Her TV family will include Meryl Streep, Meatloaf and Nipsey Russell. Bombeck says she's perfectly happy as a Phoenix housewife. "No, I won't go Hollywood," she told us after the signing "although I may go New York if I invited."
"Frankenstein Goes To Camp" starring Bette Davis.
...you thought you were the only one...
There are lots of others. The woods are full of them. Aren’t they? You know that. They find one another. They lose one another. They find someone else. Don’t they? You know that. That’s New York, kid.

Seks Fifth Avenue
Bad Break; Cauthen Destroyed

By MURRAY CLARK

Steve Cauthen, the brilliant young jockey who captured thoroughbred racing's Triple Crown and the hearts of sports fans this year, died today in the tragic aftermath of the running of the featured eighth race at Belmont Park. Cauthen was destroyed by his tearful agent, Lenny Goodman, after the ill.

Moments before his death, Cauthen filed a claim of foul against Copyboy. After reviewing the tape of the race, the stewards disallowed the claim and let the official results stand. Copyboy's jockey, Sam Solowitz, later said that he was "very sorry."

In a separate incident, New York
by Fred FerroGami

The sport pages of this newspaper have been filled recently with a spate of angry, rancorous criticism - and not a little bit of genuine, albeit misplaced, concern - over the National Football League's historic decision to "go metric." And, in the words of Commissioner Pete Rozelle, "Bring football into the 20th century.

I have found much of the criticism to be based on the erroneous notion that metric conversion is a complicated, unquantifiable, and unnecessary annoyance to place on the overburdened - albeit paid - shoulders of American sports' consumer. Nothing could be farther from the truth!

Metrics in Sport:
Football without Feet

In fact, the metric system is a joy to behold! You don't need a pocket calculator to understand it, you don't even need a slide rule or an abacus! All that's required is a bit of common sense.

1. There will still be scoring in football, just as always. There will just be a few minor adjustments - a touchdown will be worth 6 points, instead of 6. The N.F.L. in the person of its commissioner, faced a tricky issue here. Clearly, if a touchdown is worth 6 points, then the traditional extra point would provide an unmetric total of 11 for the player's total football scores. On the other hand, 3 points for a touchdown is virtually an un-metric minded as 6. It took a commissioner the likes of the N.F.L.'s to come up with the ingenious solution: henceforth the extra point will be worth zero points.

2. And what of the lowly safety? Died-in-the-wool traditionalists will of course argue that it's important to maintain the 2-point safety, so as to preserve the possibility of such glorious scores as 67.

By Gerald S. K. Nazi

An Absolutely Sickening Spectacle

With only hours left to play, a lightning bolt book by right winger Nick Fotiu enabled the New Yorkers to salvage a scoreless tie with the Philadelphia Flyers early in a violence besmirched so-called ice hockey game at the Garden recently.

Newly acquired Rho/Coach Fred Shero, whose brand of "goon hockey" was instilled into the self-styled "Broad Street Bullies" when he was at their blood-smeared helm, explained that Fotiu's bone-crushing blow to the unsuspecting Flyers' assistant trainer was a "planned play, just a little something I picked up while observing Czechoslovakian minor hockey camp this summer."

Fotiu's punch climaxed a mayhem- cluttered, brawl-spoiled first period. (Unlike baseball with its nine "Innings" or football with its "Quarters," hockey games are divided into three 20-minute periods, called "Periods.") Numberous and frequent video slow-motion close-up replays viewed by shocked and disgusted veteran hockey observers between periods revealed that contusions and lacerations of the epidermis preceded by a split second the graceful parabolic flight of an in- cline to the surface of the artificially frozen playing surface, or "rink.

Few attempts were made to shoot the puck, a small rubber disc, into the net, or goal, of either team in the initial moments of the contest between the six

SPROTS, BUSINESS, DEATHS, NEEDIEST CASES, GIRLS
Spinks’ White Hope

The kid has lost this time, and you took a dive the second time. Just to build the New Orleans fight. They say Leon was just Ali's sparring partner. What do you say to that? What do you think?

The street kid looks at me, hard, hard, Ike's in St. Louis. He takes a shiny porcelain bridge out of his pocket and fits it to the gap in his teeth, bridging the gap, plugging the black hole. The "i," crowning the "l." Leon is reborn. The street kid has gone and the ex-champ remains.

"Shee, man," he says. "Why do you say datta me?" Shee, Arthur Daley, he ud a never even ast me a question like dat. An, shee, Robert Lipitoy, why, he ud a never even thought o' a queenishi like dat. An Red Smith, whah, hell, he ud a never printed mah quotes like you doin' here. He ud a cleaned 'em up, make me sound like William Hazitt, or um, make me sound like Jim Brosnan, 'stead a make me sound like some illiterate slab self no front teeth.

The street kid turned away from me with immense dignity. "Just go right over and see Dick Young, you really want to have a job done on you," I called after him.

"Shee, man," the street kid said to me. "Y'all stuff yo Dick Young. Ah know who ah'm gone see. I gonna tell Tom Wicker about you an' he gone give you a whoopin'."

And he did.

The Toads and Chiefs

MOSSBACH, N.J., Oct. 11 - Controversy still raging in this small New Jersey town tonight in the aftermath of the football game between the Mossbach Toads and the Kansas City participants when the billiard ball was introduced. Mike Livingston, the articulate Kansas City quarterback, said, "You can throw the hell out of a billiard ball. It's difficult to catch, and you can kill a guy if you catch him pronoun in your columns. You've never done it. What's the trouble, Red?"

The eldering gaffer said, "Modesty forbids..."

"Yeah," said the other. "You're just timid, Red. Try saying it just once. It'll give you courage, Red, and you won't find yourself using circumlocutions like 'an eldering gaffer.'"

The eldering gaffer looked uncomfortable.

The other said, "O.K. Name one of the facial features on either side of the nose. Think hard, Red."

"An orb," said the eldering gaffer.

"Red, that's dead," said the other. "Repeat after me: 'Eye, eye, eye, or even better, 'I, I, I.'"

From the rostrum Mike Burke bestirred himself. He settled his tie, a nifty Salka, around the bulge of his Adam's apple. "Did I hear somebody ask about Marvin Webster's eye?"

Burke asked. "Well, that's true, he's got a glass one, but the other one works just fine. I'm telling you we're delighted with the whole deal. If he'd had two glass eyes we might have squawked.

\.302meterball

Continued

3. There will also be fans at the game - the one minor adaptation here is their numbers will be limited to ten thousands. All stadiums will have 10,000 seats. All ticketed will be on
MUSKOGUEE, N.Y., Dec. 2 — A two-game losing streak stillFreedom roared in this small New Mexico town tonight when the football game between the Muskoch Toads and the Kansas City City was to go to play at the field of football. Each team blamed the other for not having football available.

Toads, the coach of the Toads, said that he expected the opposition to arrive with an allotment of footballs.

Kansas City Chiefs' officials scoffed at the Toad's explanation. "Our home club is responsible for providing footballs," a statement handed to us by the Toad, "and we find that it was Sunday and the stores were closed quite unacceptable.

A Toad was played after a long delay while a search was made for a football. Eventualy, a variety of balls were tried during the course of the afternoon a Ping-Pong ball, a billiard ball, a copper ball retrieved from a local high school toilet tank, a roll-up sock, and a multi-colored beach ball were used."

Ernest Jones, the Toad center, said that the Ping-Pong ball was the most satisfactory choice. The Newsboy, Tenn., native said that he improved his technique as the game progressed. He told reporters, "I discovered that the proper way to center a Ping-Pong ball is to put it between the thumb and forefinger." "The afternoon's events, Hop-on-long Fish expressed surprise that his team was playing the Kansas City Chiefs. "The afternoon's events were real funny," the Toad's spokesman told the reporters. "We thought we were scheduled to play the Morrisstown Jets. Then this enormous team got down out of the bus. Some of our guys went home."

Some of the Kansas City officials were not as happy as the Toads happened. "We thought we were going to play the Philadelphia Eagles," one of the Toads' spokesmen said. "Our team bus dropped us off at what we assumed was a football field. We were, however, like the Eagles, not being used in the baseball playoffs. We looked up and assumed the team at the other end of the bus were the Eagles."

If any of the Eagles suspected they were playing the Toads, they snapped some of the Toads' players had more weeping climbing on each other and were difficult to follow. I do not think that the hidden-ball play, in which all the Toads had pretended to put the hands of the inside and outside, and one of them actually did, belongs to football.

The game opened up, according to the Toad's spokesman, some of the players had reported more weeping. They expected along the line of scrimmage.

Basketball Quota Demand

To the Sports Editor:

For years, we have watched with growing dismay as the sport of professional basketball has turned into a closed fraternity, shutting its doors to those minorities who seek to make a contribution. We believe that, as sports reflect society, it would be imprudent to let professional basketball open itself to members of all races and classes.

To prevent this, we require the alteration of certain rules that in recent years have worked to disenfranchise those minorities who lack the cultural background to compete under these unfair conditions. We therefore propose the following basketball rule changes:

1. It shall be a technical foul for any player to have both feet off the floor at any time.
2. Any player attempting a shot before 24 seconds have elapsed shall lose possession of the ball.
3. No team may attempt a shot unless every member of the team has touched the ball.

4. A ball may be passed only with two hands in position in front of the player's chest. Any pass from another position, i.e., between the legs, behind the back, shall result in the calling of a technical foul.

5. Any player who dunks, attempts a slam dunk, or otherwise shatters the glass, shall be suspended from the league for a season.

We believe these rules will result in increased fairness in the game and, in turn, be reflected more accurately the composition and nature of American society. In our minds, we feel that adoption of these rules would result in the return of membership of many of us to active competitive status in the N.B.A.

DOF SHAYES
DORI SCOTT
JIM LOGSTAFF
HARRY GALLATIN
BOB BRAHNM
FRANK SELBY
CARL BRAUN
RON SOHIE

Sickening

Continued

Flyers' side rides. Both Rangers and Flyers came out emphasizing defense, with close, hard-checking, "playing the game," and stick-swinging.

Flyers' coach, Robert "Bobbie" Chandler has diabetes, diabetes, diabetes; blood, engaging the entire Swedish National Team, recently acquired by the New York franchise, in disgraceful skate-kicking match at center ice. Referee Frank Udvaris' assessing Clarke with a two-minute "minor for miscellaneous stuff," indicated that the official was determined to keep the game in hand. (The "minor" is one of the three official punishments assigned to players, the other two being designated "linesmen," with the function of determining "offsides.") A tasty assortment of snacks and beverages was available in the press lounge at the conclusion of the first, and a great walking and jumping match ensued.

The majority of hockey players are of Canadian descent, not counting Islanders.

How come I don't get to cover the Islanders?

Let's see another replay of that punch Jesus!

Preppie Cager Signs with Hawks

Special to The New York Times

N. Y. Giants To Get Breasts

In the wake of the national success of the Dallas Cowboys' curvaceous cheerleaders, the Dallas Cowboys, the New York Giants have decided to form their own squad. The cheerleaders, they are also known as the New York Giant Breasts, are now being recruited from all over the metropolitan area. Pay, as usual, is low, but there have been thousands of applications from those who feel they are qualified, and are willing to devote three to four hours a night to learning the complex drills and routines required of them.

Applicants come from all walks of life; secretaries, models, assistants, models, models, actresses, social workers and, of course, models. The enthusiasm of the cheerleaders is unprecedented. The girls are expected to have a wide variety of testing and selection sessions, including hair and makeup, dance, gymnastics, cheerleading, and a general knowledge of the game.
SAVE ANDERSON

Home Goal

A correspondent has written to ask if I might clear up the matter of some of the prognostications made in this column since the first of the year—asking (to use her own words) "where I got some of those godawful ideas." "I cannot condemn her tone (the letter was signed Ebenzer Wallace) which leads me to assume the signator is a woman because I have not had one of my greatest toothsayer years. In fact, not since I predicted that George Foreman would knock out Muhammad Ali in the first round of their epic in Zanzibar have I done quite so badly. Thus, a mea culpa or do I mean an obiter dictum? Either one will probably do.

When I predicted that Joe Gans would come out of retirement and defeat Ernie Shavers for the heavyweight championship of the world, I did not realize that Joe Gans was dead. Not that he was a lightweight rather than a heavyweight champion. No one told me. My sources were grievously sloppy on that one. If Gans were alive, he surely would have borne me out. "A fighter of infinite rectitude, reserve and determination—a gritty, imperious little fellow, a lightweight, if memory serves, or was he a welterweight? No matter.

Now we come to the matter of the earnest prediction that the Westchester Bulls would win the N.H.L. Stanley Cup. A gaffe, yes indeed it would seem, because it turns out that the Bulls are a football team out of New Jersey somewhere. Probably can't even dribble the puck. So I made what is known in legal jargon as a "boffo" mistake, or what we sports aficionados refer to as a "boomer," or is it a bumer? No matter. Frankly, I kept wondering why I could not find the Westchester Bulls in my little schedule book. Now, to my relief, I know I had the same sort of identity problem predicting that Joe Belcher would win this year's Open Tennis Tournament at Forest Hills. Joe Belcher is a bowler. I should mention in passing that it was the most sparsely attended U.S. Open in years out there in that hallowed Ivy-clad bandbox—at least to my discerning eye—and one of the most boring. Hardly anyone in the marquee at all, and even the men with the chains seemed to move up and down the sidelines less alacrity than usual. Tennis officials had got to pull up its collective socks or that pert and lively pastime is going to go the way of the boar bag and the frisbee. Ah, doublefool must be turning in his grave up there in Canton, Ohio.

New for my prediction that the Cleveland Mets would win the Super Bowl in Kansas City in five games. That one prediction probably brought me in more mail than any other (even the one that affirmed would win the Best-of-Breed at the Madison Avenue Cat Show), and most of it was not pleasant reading at all. If you must know, my information—no meaning to pass the buck, but simply to put everything in perspective—was passed on to me by one of those people who wash your car windows at the 8th Street entrance to the Herbert Hoover Drive. I spoke to one of them as he went to work on my windshield. "I am the gentleman from the sports division of the New York Times," I asked. "Who is going to win the Super Bowl?"

He replied as follows: "The Cleveland Mets, you creep!" This exchange is clear in my mind because the boy left such a thick film on my windshield that I drove my car (which is an Oldsmobile) into the Connecticut River, or whatever it is that flows by the U.S. Building.

Many people have written in to ask if I am going to keep up with this prognostication business. It would be churlish of me to admit defeat just because of an insignificant boomer or two. We old troopers that dance to the firm beat of the piper's tune down here on 12th Street at the New York Times. I am going to stick to my prognosticating or my name is not Dick Young.

A Long Goodbye to Little Stevie

Comparative Number of Blacks

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Carew Traded for Whites

By STEVE CADDY

MINNEAPOLIS, Oct. 11 — Rod Carew, the American league batting champion in five of the past seven years, was traded yesterday to the Atlanta Braves for seven minor leaguers and an undisclosed amount of cash. Baseball insiders expressed shock at the deal, since Carew, widely regarded as the best hitter since Ted Williams, is obviously worth far more.

"But those are seven white minor leaguers," pointed out Alvin Griffith, owner of the Minnesota Twins, Carew's old team. "More importantly, those are seven cheap minor leaguers. I just don't see the sense in paying big bucks for blacks when you can have white players for less money. And anyway, it was worth it just to get rid of Carew—he's not just black, you know, he's also Jewish."

Carew and the Twins' owner have been feuding for weeks, ever since Griffith's statement to the Waseca Lions Club that the first baseman was a "damn fool" for signing a contract paying him only $100,000 per year, and that he had moved the Twins to Minnesota because "I found out you had only 15,000 blacks here." At the press conference announcing the trade, Griffith refused to comment on reports that the team will move to Hudson Bay, Ontario, in 1980.

Braves owner Ted Turner said he felt that the team would have no trouble re-signing Carew, whose contract is in its option year. "We know how to treat our Negroes down here," said the 1977 America's Cup winner. 