

# MANHATTAN AUTUMN SATURDAY *con'd from page 10*

So it was with those last few moments on that Manhattan Autumn Saturday.

We lay there entwined a little longer.

"Looks like it's going to be a nice day out there," she said.

"Mmm."

A few minutes passed.

"How do you tolerate me?" she said suddenly, looking me straight in the eye.

"What am I supposed to do," I said, "jump up and down screaming and throw a tantrum? Would that make you feel better?"

"I don't know how you keep yourself from hating me."

"Oh, but I do hate you," I said.

"I wouldn't blame you if you did."

"Oh, don't worry about it. Why don't you just go to confession and make everything better?"

"Don't joke about it. It's not funny."

"It might not be funny, but you have to admit, it's pretty absurd."

"I know," she said. "It is, isn't it?"

"Look at the good point though; at least you'll be able to get a

discount on any legal work you want done."

She looked at me, broke down and cried. I held her tighter than I've ever held another human being. And there in my arms, clinging like a scared child she bawled her soul out to me for half an hour. By the time she was finished you could touch the salt on her face. After it was all over she got up, took a shower, got dressed, and put on her make-up as if nothing had ever happened.

As we were leaving and she was putting the sonnets I'd written her in her portfolio she looked me in the eye again.

"You know, I think you should have been a poet instead of an artist. These poems mean more to me than you'll ever know."

"Yeh," I said. "maybe you can read them on your honeymoon if you get bored."

She said nothing.

And that afternoon, at two-thirty, the only woman I ever loved married a Manhattan lawyer named Tom something-or-other. I went to Paris that fall and lost myself. But I never forgot; I never sold that painting; and to this day, I still despise every lawyer I meet.



## YOUR BOYFRIEND'S LEFT YOU. YOU'VE FAILED YOUR STAT'S COURSE.

AND WORST OF ALL:

DADDY'S LATE WITH THE ALIMONY CHECK

SO WHAT'S A POOR LITTLE  
RICH GIRL TO DO?

Bourgeois Productions in association with  
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Presents

a Gustav Heidelberg film  
— of a Gunter Heidelberg novel —

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MAKE-UP PROVIDED BY MERLE AND  
NORMAN “THE MAKE-UP GUYS”  
WARDROBES COURTESY OF THE  
EUROPEAN FASHION COMMUNITY

DON'T MISS THIS DESPONDENT TALE OF ISOLATION,  
DESOLATION, DESPAIR, AND OF COURSE, PSYCHOLOGICAL TRAUMA.

*“This is a film that will touch you, move you, rock you, unbalance you,  
and make you wish you were part of the insensitive, immature,  
unstable, love-starved North York aristocracy.” — Girlsweek.*

### “LET’S GO TO ZURICH”

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Perfect for Rich Ellist Types and Toronto Yuppies

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