

Mr. MacAFEE

...I have tried to run this house on a democratic basis. I have extended the privilege of self-determination to both the woman I have married, and the children I have sired....No vote has been denied for reason of age, sex, or political affiliations. There has been no taxation without representation, and open covenants have been openly arrived at!

(With mounting anger)

Last night I gave up my room to a guest who repeatedly referred to me as "Fats". Telephone calls were made on my phone to New York, Chicago, Fairbanks, Alaska, and Hong Kong. I slept in a camp cot with my feet in the fireplace and my head in an ashtray. Outside my window three harpies shrieked *We Love You Conrad* four thousand seven hundred and twenty-three times! I have just lost two fried eggs.

(In ringing tones)

...Gentlemen, the democracy is over! Parliament has been dissolved; the Magna Carta is revoked, and Nero is back in town! And you don't offer an emperor a warm Seven-Up!!

Mrs. Peterson.

So it's come at last! My sonny boy doesn't need me anymore. Well, what are you waiting for? Put me out with the garbage! Just throw me out with the used grapefruits and the empty cans from the Bumble-Bee salmon. Never mind putting a lid on. Leave it open so a hundred thousand pussycats can walk all over a mother. And by the way, sweetheart darling, I got some good news for you. I got the report from the hospital. It's absolutely definite. I got a condition. Never mind what kind of condition - a condition. And the one thing doctors can't cure is a condition. I don't want you to worry though. Fancy funerals are for rich people. I don't want you to spend a cent. Just wait till Mothers's Day, wrap me in a flag, and dump me in the river.