

'Kid! What's your vote on House Bill 644960?'

Representative Snip Swinnerton and his small friend Morton Beichman rolled up to The Hill together in the congressman's battered Nova.

Morton was so far ahead of his class at Georgetown Way School that he found it necessary to drop in only occasionally, say hello to a few teachers, suggest curriculum changes, and then be off to Snip's office, where he had initiated a review of office routine. Snip's bevy of secretaries had grown to admire the little man after recovering from the shock of taking suggestions from a 9-year-old behind a bow tie.

Even Snip could tell his mail was being answered faster and with greater frequency and Morton had even made one call to the Veterans Administration which had resulted in the hospitalization of an Eastern Shore oysterman who had returned from service in Panama with a fear of crowds.

AFTER BRIEFING SNIP on pending legislation and checking to see that the staff had enough to do before lunch, Morton had taken to roaming the Halls of Congress and acquainting himself with the legislative process.

On patrol, snooping here and there, Morton spotted Speaker O'Neill ambling along alone in the tunnel to the House. Morton slipped up beside the big man.

"Mr. Speaker," he said, "Beichman here. I'm with Swinnerton. I think Jaworski's dragging his feet on the Tongsun

Park affair. He should be off to Korea to interview the man immediately. Until that is done, this so-called investigation remains as lifeless as a painted ship upon a painted ocean."

The Speaker thought he was

FEDERAL TRIANGLE

A Soap Opera

By Hardee Mumms

hearing voices until he noticed the small figure at his waist.

"Young man," he said after a moment of examination, "I believe the investigation is proceeding in an acceptable manner. Mr. Jaworski is a distinguished public servant."

"As the Bert Lance revelations fade into obscurity," said Morton, "you will experience increasing pressure to settle the Tongsun business. This is the House's business."

"I know, I know," groaned the Speaker, getting underway again. "By the way, may I ask your age?"

"Chronologically," said Morton, "I'm 9. Despite that, I seem to have a certain grasp of the march of events. My mind is fresh and not as yet swirling with inconsequential material."

"Good Lord," said the Speaker softly. "Good Lord."

THE TWO MARCHED along in silence.

Moving into his suite of offices, the Speaker, who by then had taken Morton by the hand, stopped at a secretary's desk.

"Give this young man a letter of introduction to Jaworski," he told a young woman from Cambridge. "Drop around any time," he said, looking down at Beichman. "In the afternoon. Late. We can have a long talk."

"This country, Mr. Speaker," said Morton, "is critically in need of leadership. I feel you have certain qualities which you seem hesitant to exercise. Cast off your inhibitions. You are no longer a congressman from Boston. You are Speaker of the House of Representatives."

"Good Lord," said Tip O'Neill, slipping into his office. Just as he closed the door, he noticed the small figure walk briskly off with his Jaworski letter.

The Speaker sat stunned. Finally, a smile played about his weathered face as he pictured the little boy lecturing Jaworski. He laughed out loud.

Collecting himself, the Speaker told an assistant, "Get Congressman Swinnerton on the phone and see if he has some little bright guy in his office who has a lot of brass. Maybe we can save him before he turns Republican."

Tomorrow: Where There's Smoke, There's Roger!

GAME

Continued from C-1

the Metropolitan Club, the Dancing Crab, Ray's Dolly, the Three Pigs Bar-B-Que, the Greenbelt V.F.W. 136...

The people who board these buses are classified in the genus: *fans*. They sprout new autumn colors of burgundy red and gold in wool caps that they wear on the backs of their heads. They are ready to be easily excited by the slightest drop (or catch) of a football.

When something bad happens you can tell because they will throw their arms up in the air, but they sometimes do this when something good happens, too.

They meet at crucial places where it all comes together and the crucial day of happiness or the crucial day of sadness is to be written in their crucial Sunday destinies. If the home team wins, it can mean 150 extra dinners to places like Duke Zeibert's where the main, post-game attraction is George Allen *IN PERSON* dining in the front dining room with his family and friends.

But it means the same thing to all the gin mills in the great Metro area that the Redskins serve. The bus is the tie that binds; the umbilical cord that returns them from whence they came and back to the bar where they argue great, crucial points on into the night. "A last-minute win is crucial to a good night's business," says one saloon keeper. "But a loss means we're dead, the Redskins are dead, and the customers go home."



"A loss means we're dead, and the customers go home."

AT THE STADIUM this Sunday there are a few surprises in store: 6,500 new aluminum seats in the upper decks and 3,000 new plastic contour seats in the bleachers. Also, the restaurant has been re-modeled.

There are no additional restrooms.

In Edward Bennett Williams' private box, which seats about a dozen people, look for the usual EBW Groupies: the large Williams family, the John Daleys, the Wyatt Dickersons (who will be back). They lunch in his private stadium offices before the game. It is very nice there, they say.

Nearby will be Ethel Kennedy, Ted Kennedy, maybe Henry the K if he's in town, people like that. Duke sits in the end-zone mezzanine, the best place to see the team spread out on the field.

Another surprise would be, say, Allen's starting Joseph Theismann, the Virginia restaurateur-turned-football player, at quarterback. This crucial move might shake up the fans more than the new contour seats. It could be a crucial move on Allen's part and either make or break his dinner at Duke's, a place which, by the way, does not have to traffic in the game bus business.

There are hundreds of other offerings for little package plans to take you to and from the football game. But here are a few random selections. They all take off around Noon:

- HYATT REGENCY**, Washington — Champagne Buffet Brunch (\$7.95 each) that includes bus ride and free champagne to and from the stadium along with a spread of omelettes, Nova Scotia salmon and crepes and Viennese pastry. Also watch for a

pep rally with cheerleaders and bands. In the Atrium Park Lobby.

- MATT KANE'S Bit of Ireland** — If Kane is on the level, it's a good deal. For \$16 you get a bus ride and a ticket to the game. Matty, who has an honest face and says he doesn't believe in "scalpelizing tickets," says he has 100 ducats, and has four left for Sunday. No food; no booze on board. Trust in Matt. The bus has been blessed.
- MADISON HOTEL** — Go in class, which is how the Madison tries it. Bus? Who bus? Rent a Madison Lincoln Continental limousine for \$25 an hour. The uniformed chauffeur knows the words to "Hail to the Redskins," and will or will not sing for you. He will wait, too. There is a well-stocked bar on board and a color TV set. Go at half-time if you want. Pick up a friend at Thomas Circle.
- BEOWULF** — For \$6 each you get a seat on the bus and a ride to and from the stadium. The \$3.50 brunch lasts from 10:30 to 12:30 and you can have all the beer and wine you can drink. Swingers and would-be jocks only, please. This is a Fun Place, even when the Redskins don't win.
- MARKET INN** — Since 1960 they have been running buses to the home games and are proud of it, boy. For \$3 each you get tubs of free bottled beer on the bus and leave the driving to us. Drink fast. They're very close to R.F.K. Once home, the party settles down to Truly-Serious Drinking. Seatbelts must be fastened.

- CLYDE'S** — For \$6 apiece you get a bus ride and a chance to mingle with the Truly Beautiful M-Street Crowd. You can have as many Bloody Marys, screwdrivers and as much beer as your beautiful stomach can hold in the Plain Bus. Omelettes are for sale inside. No ugly people allowed.
- JOE THEISMANN'S** (5912 Leesburg Pike, Baileys Cross Roads, Va.) — Game transportation at \$5 per includes free beer and Coke with no time limit. An all-u-can-eat brunch is available, for a price. After the game, old No. 7 will show up and tell you how he holds the ball for extra points and how his headset works.
- JENKINS HILL/HAWK 'N' DOVE** — For \$3 a head you get your bus and free beer to and fro, but no brunch. That is \$3.50 extra. But wait! There is free champagne. Once back at the longest bar in town you can mingle with anyone you want to. Look for ex-Redskins at the Hawk and ex-Senators (not baseball) at Jenkins.
- ROMA** — Bobby Abbo runs a pair of London double-decker buses stocked with free beer for \$3.50 a head. After the game, however, comes the annual reunion party for Gonzaga/St. John's High School alumni. Lots of school songs you thought (or hoped) you forgot. Stand-up singing in the outdoor garden. A Truly Local Event.

Have fun. "Fight for Old D.C." Me, I'd rather be in Baltimore.

COUNTRY: The Van Zandt Uproar Remains Unexplained.

By Charlie McCollum
Washington Star Staff Writer

Townes Van Zandt is hardly a name one is likely to hear when great singer-songwriters are discussed by the general public. Yet, Van Zandt is one of the handful of performers whose albums and live shows are highly prized and much praised by other artists within the pop-rock world. He is a cult item, but the cult happens to include a goodly portion of those musicians whose albums turn up in the Top 10.

Last night at the Chiilde Harold — where he will be playing through Saturday — Van Zandt hardly pulled in turn-away crowds.

THE PROBLEMS THAT Van Zandt must face were perfectly evident from his performance last night. Van Zandt is a fine songwriter. A number of his tunes — "Pancho and Lefty," "Mr. Mudd & Mr. Gold," "If I Needed You" — are superb bits of storytelling in song. As fine as these pieces are, however, much of his original material is uninspired and predictable. It seems as if there are almost two Van Zandts — the one whose quirky vision of the world generates some beautiful lyrical passages; the other who is a third-rate copy of other Texas songwriters like Guy Clark.

To complicate matters, Van Zandt is hardly a performer who is likely to send anyone away cheering. His on-stage presence is appealing, but the tall stories and bad jokes become a bit much after a while. His guitar picking is acceptable, but only barely

risers above the pedestrian. Vocally, his delivery is choppy and periodically off-pitch.

There will be those who find this charming and appealing despite all the flaws. Most, however, will wonder what all the uproar is about.

JAZZ: 'Hip Ensemble' Deserves its Name

By Bill Bennett
Special to The Washington Star

Drummer Roy Haynes calls his band the Hip Ensemble; last night, the proof of Haynes' claim was broadcast live over WFW-FM (89.3), from Harold's Rogue and Jar, where the quartet will be appearing tonight and tomorrow night.

Haynes, whose credentials include sessions with most of the post-War giants of the idiom, is a percussive extrovert with a very sure sense of swing — which was immediately apparent in last night's opener, John Coltrane's "Equinox." Saxophonist John Stubblefield quickly took "Trane's stark blues in stride, working with bassist Dave Jackson as Haynes and guitarist Marcus Fio-rello dropped out momentarily.

"VENUS EYES," PENNED by the

saxophonist, followed in a funky vein. The author's soprano sax, supported by Fio-rello's filigree, spoke in terms of the warm, spare eloquence of Wayne Shorter, preceding fine solos from the guitarist and Haynes. Fio-rello's command of the contemporary guitar lexicon was the focus of "Autumn in New York," his lengthy rubato introduced a relaxed, sinuous reading of the tune's delicate melody, giving the listener a sense of vocal flexibility.

Mallets, temple blocks, gongs and thunder all went into Haynes' percussive prelude to another Coltrane blues, "Mr. P.C." Stubblefield, again on soprano, reached inspirational levels in his solo, cueing a fleet Fio-rello solo, sadly cut short by electrical problems. Despite such technical bogies, the Roy Haynes Hip Ensemble more than lived up to its name.

ROSSNER

Continued from C-1

Rossner "never talks about her private life." But if you want to know about her, read her books. They are about her, she says. "Attachments" — the story of two women friends who marry Siamese twins — is her autobiography. "You won't recognize me by my actions," she says. "It's an autobiography, slightly fleshed-out, of my fantasies and mind. And it took something very freakish to make me feel safe doing it."

It's also another dramatization, and the salvo, of her theme of themes: how much people need love and companionship and how much they sacrifice to get either or both. She admits that the deeper theme, the on-going attempt to separate ourselves from our mothers, will be with her for awhile.

"MOST OF THE EXPERIENCES I write about I have not had," says Rossner. "But I've always been interested in the way people act and why they act the way they do."

Prior to "Attachments," she read about real Siamese twins who married sisters and had 21 children. "But then the couples separated because the women didn't get along. The twins spent three days in one house and three days in another."

Rossner protests that "Attachments" is not about "freaks. . . It is about love and friendship and marriage."

BEYOND THE INITIAL story of any of her books, there is — Rossner insists — no attempt to simulate the truth. "The book I'm working on now began with a story I heard. When I researched it to check it out I was relieved to find out it wasn't true. Now I can do with it what I want. I take the story and I let it develop my way. It's evil for me to decide what the truth is. I don't want to harangue the readers or force it down their throats. If there's a truth, it will tell itself.

"I value fiction more than factual, advice books. Those are easily forgotten. Facts are less illuminating than what you make up. What can you tell about the facts of David Berkowitz? That there are psychopaths in the world. But the similar experience shared by someone else out there, told in fiction, is more memorable."

During a difficult period in the five-year writing of "Attachments," Rossner received a letter from a woman in Glen, Mont. It now hangs over her desk.

"This woman had read 'Mr. Goodbar' and then gone back and read my other novels," says Rossner. "She wrote to me to say that she had been living with feelings she was ashamed of and that she didn't know anyone else felt the way she did. After reading my books, she felt less alone. It's such a joke to look behind the meaning of fiction. Everyone wants to write and writing is always an impulse to overcome the space between people, the lonely feeling. You don't get that relief from fact. You get it from fiction."

"I have a general bias in favor of knowing realities. If all the guys in the Pentagon know they want to kill instead of just thinking the other side does, it might help. They sense their own warlike impulses and see them everywhere they go or don't go. Sometimes the other side is mounting an attack, but if they realized they were causing some of it, some of it would stop. When we deny these feelings we either suppress them or let them out and blame them on someone else. We should stop and say, is that in me?"

"Attachments" speaks to the beasts in us. We often fail to account for that. I think we have to."

L. Frank

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