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Tomorrow's Living Room

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DISAPPEARING ACT

As the milkmaids do it, with aplomb—no ersatz, beyond-the-fray attitude. The less you say concerning my obsession with wax, debutantes, and martinis, the better. How else am I to make an impression? Even Pavlov found his dogs to be a bit exaggerated. Like you: good looking, maybe, but gimpy. A minor balloonist hovers nearby, biding his time. He says rise, but you hear loss; invention, and you strap wings to the projector, jury-rigged with wire and plaster. You say your IQ keeps climbing. You say, let's build a three-legged trap, lift it into place on pulleys and gears, and catch so-and-so making love to the wife. You never sleep past ten. Not a man's at your beck and call but you lose him—ordinary fellows, all, with wingtips and snapped hearts. They scowl, pout, or take up hobbies; most must learn to drink. Quietly, the balloonist descends, his declared raj raining brimstone on the sand, sundering the cacti, stripping oases of shade and water. He wanted too much to begin with; they dared not repeat it. (No one knew anything unusual about anyone else, even with the lights off.) Viewing times are on the even hours. The shutter's in place: Watch for the second entrance, the tousled bed (X-ray detective work on an unhappy public). You've heard, then, the week's forecast? Sub-zero temperatures, no lines at the Cinerama.