

MY AFTERNOON WITH MRS. WOODROW WILSON

"WHY DON'T YOU WRITE IT?" KENNEDY ASKED.
"WE'RE NOT IN RUSSIA—THIS IS A FREE COUNTRY!"

ARTICLE BY PIETRO DI DONATO

I had gone to my publisher, Bobbs-Merrill, with my job tools in hand and mortar on my shoes. There was a rich middle-aged woman in the elevator with her secretary and black chauffeur. The operator insultingly ordered me to take the service elevator. He refused to believe that I was an author, so I threatened to break his head with my level, and I told him to go fuck his mother. He said that there was a great lady in the elevator. I said, "Fuck her, too."

When we all got off, I was introduced to Mrs. Woodrow Wilson. Her memoir of her President husband was being brought out at the same time as my own *Christ in Concrete*—in 1939. She was the most womanly woman—designed like the succulent matron models of the early Sears Roebuck winter-underwear ads.

My book was chosen by the Book-of-the-Month Club, and Bobbs-Merrill laid out a nationwide spouting-and-autographing tour for me. I was a 27-year-old handsome stud who didn't smoke, drink or eat crap food. I must briefly document that mature women newspaper and magazine reporters, as well as radio interviewers and the wives of politicians all over the U.S.A., raped and sucked me pale.

Mrs. Wilson's book was

getting nowhere fast, so the publishers beseeched me to give the book a plug—at Mrs. Wilson's side—at the Librarians' Convention on Lake Mohonk.

The meandering gingerbread frame hotel was the summer resort of fashionable patriotic old ladies. It was a McKinley-era treasure of varnished wainscoting, waxed floors, gleaming brass, Tiffany lamps, flower arrangements, herb displays and wide crystalline windows overlooking a winding arcane lake and secret hills.

On a flawless Indian-summer afternoon, I had a good workout in the lake with free style and backstroke. There was a neat dock with boats; I was particularly taken by a fine rowboat, a trim cedar lapstreak as slick as furniture, with shining copper rivets. Before I knew it, Mrs. Wilson and her secretary were standing beside me.

Mrs. Wilson said, "Mr. di Donato, you are a vigorous swimmer. I was enjoying watching you in the water. Do you ever tire? Ah, youth."

With completely innocent intention, I invited them for a boat ride. The secretary said she could not swim and had an uncontrollable dread of

drowning, but she respectfully urged Mrs. Wilson to go.

Rowing out, I plied the oars like a galley slave. I had read somewhere in Maupassant: "The rower exposed the bronzed and knotted muscles of his biceps to the heat of the day." Suddenly I noticed that Mrs. Wilson's legs were apart; above her stockings and garters, I could plainly see her mink bushy cunt.

Now my mind was nothing but a gray-white computer bank of memory associations. Diverse scenes moved in on my mental screen. In confusion, I rowed harder and harder while my prick got harder and bigger, and I saw two dogs fucking on my Hoboken street and the Armenians pointing and laughing; I saw Gussie Pasquale's young mother taking a leak in a lot behind the CHILDREN CRY FOR CASTORIA billboard—I saw her

holding her cunt open and the straw-colored stream braiding wetly down and I remembered wanting to go and kiss her pussy while she was pissing; I saw (Continued on page 115)



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(Continued from page 76) pretty Sister Sebastian walking ahead of me in class and drops of blood coming down from under her habit—I wrote notes about how Sister Sebastian had the monthlies, and there was trouble, and somehow or fucking other I had to apologize for things I never meant to say or do.

I rowed Mrs. Wilson as though possessed; then my prick busted out from my swim trunks like a big livid loutish angry gourd, and there was nothing I could do about it. I could see hysteria, commotion and all sorts of law shit about an Italo-American bricklaying writer known as Pete the Red who had exposed himself to the inviolate widow of the World War One savior.

The juicy Juno, the lovely-fleshed asteroid facing me and resembling the Floradora girl, Lillian Russell, had her eyes grimly fused on my autonomous pride-swollen prick that was about to explode. With a slow inexorable reaching, as if obeying a command from the spirit world, she grasped with both hands. I rushed the boat into a cove. She whispered hoarsely, "John is getting fat in my hands; John will cream."

With simultaneous motions—she pull-

ing and I lunging—I was atop her. Grabbing me hysterically by the ass, wrapping her plump soft legs around me and squirming and guiding me deep into her, she said, "Oh, Mr. di Donato, don't put John in! Don't, please, I beg you, put John in!"

Successive rings of muscle clamped my lesser head, and she took three comes before uncunting.

Rowing back, a radio in the hills blared that Adolf Hitler was invading Poland. Unthinkingly, I burst out with a roaring "That dirty shithead motherfucking comical Nazi cocksucker!"

Mrs. Wilson started. The beatified expression fled. Her face was covered with disgust and fear. I apologized in vain for my shocking language.

Years later, I was the honored guest of President John Fitzgerald Kennedy at the White House. Before drink and festivities, we were very civilized and discussed various nice things. The President said that he and Jackie had enjoyed my book *Immigrant Saint*—and that Jackie would surely have loved to meet me, but she was in Greece on the island of Skorpis and was being en-

thralled by Greek ways.

I wandered about the White House. Up a long lavish stairway wall were portraits of the first ladies, beginning with Martha Washington, but Edith Bolling Galt Wilson surpassed them all with her inimitable Venus beauty.

After trying to keep up drinking two-fisted bourbon "blows for liberty" with the silvery old snake-oil doctor Senator Everett Dirksen, I took President Kennedy aside. He was half high on Scotch now, and I was not only high but spaced out. I said loudly "Jack, would you believe it? You want to know something, Jack? I'm a shirttail relative of the office of the chief executive—a sort of sex-in-law of the White House. Jack! You and I have a lot in common. Jack! We both have screwed President's wives!" And I told him in detail about my afternoon with Mrs. Wilson.

He chuckled, "Great! Have you written it?"

I said, "No."

He said, "Why don't you write it?"

I said, "Do I dare?"

And the President of the United States said, "Why not, Pietro? We're not in Russia—this is a free country!" ■

The blind of America have been ruled out of mainstream economic and social participation. Not by rigidly enforced segregation laws. Not with malice and ill-will. But by lumping. Lumping the blind into a group considered dependent on society's kindness. A segregation of charity. And it's all a result of misinformation and lack of understanding about blindness. But change is underway. "A new lumping is growing in America. The blind have lumped themselves into their own movement through the National Federation of the Blind. Through their individual accomplishments, public education, arbitration, court battles and even public demonstrations, the blind have laid their demand for equal oppor-

tunity and first-class citizenship. The purpose of this collective effort is a stronger America, dependent on the blind for their energy and talent . . . as well as their kindness and charity."

Kenneth Jernigan



Kenneth Jernigan, President
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