

The Fearless Spectator

Charles McCabe

Power and Its Uses

DR. HENRY KISSINGER, a Harvard type who swots for President Nixon, is reported as saying, "Power is the ultimate aphrodisiac."

This stupefying pronouncement gives rise to a number of vagaries. For one, it calls up what I call the Gene Tunney Syndrome. This is named after the great fist fighter and booze magnate. You ask Gene who was the greatest fist fighter who ever was, and he answers with great sincerity, Jack Dempsey. Gene goes into some detail about Jack's prowess as a battler, and about his attainments as a gentleman, and he adds that he would be glad to back Jack's note for a million or so any time.



Gene neglects to tell you that he beat Jack twice for the heavyweight title of the world, having taken same from Jack in the first fight. With the simple eloquence of the truly great, Gene has told you who is the greatest fist fighter who ever was.

Doc Kissinger, in his simple, sweeping pronouncement, is telling all of us that he is the second sexiest man in the world, if we are to believe the poop fed us by the correspondents who cover the White House. The sexiest, of course, would be the cat from Whittier. Since the cat is married, and also immersed in a long-standing affair with himself, if you ask me who is the sexiest man in the world, who am I to say?

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THERE is much evidence for this view. Henry, if I may so term him, is the party of the second part

of one of the great love affairs of our time. He has even had a book written about his erogenic qualities. Power, aphrodisia, and all that just about undid a good-looking French lady journalist and film-maker named Danielle Hunnebelle. To the point where Danielle wrote a book about the whole thing called "Dear Henry."

This volume ain't quite Heloise and Abelard; but it has quite a lot going for it. As lovers, the French are pretty original. I have never heard of one, however, who was quite as original as Mlle. Danielle, and who told about it. In her abortive mating flight with dear Henry, she almost Tells All.

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HERE ARE some of the more passionate periods which I'm certain will find their deserved place in the literature of love:

"With his sloping forehead, aquiline nose and heavy skeptical chin, he looked like a libidinous bird . . . Suddenly I realized that Kissinger's skin coloring was yellow, a grayish, ashen kind of Yellow . . . I looked at him tenderly. What a poor lover he must be! Bound hand and foot by complexes, fraught with persecution mania . . . His contradictions make him a species of monster.

" . . . From that moment . . . I began to love him . . . For the few seconds which I held his hand in mine, the fatness of his sausage-like fingers, as the deformation of his face just a little earlier had, surprised me. He's got albuminuria, I thought."

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FOR THOSE unacquainted with the literature of love, albuminuria means the presence in the urine of albumin, the nutrient in the white of eggs and other subjects. You have to be pretty well caught in the grip of passion to note just about everything about the loved one, including albumin retention.

One of the minor tragedies of life is that you have no choice about the people who decide to fall desperately in love with you. In the case of Mlle. Danielle, "decide" is the operative word. She related how dear Henry told her he liked her, like, but wished to avoid a deep emotional rapport because he was doing the Metternich bit for Mr. Nixon, and this involved a bit of gadding about. "From that moment," the lady related, ". . . I decided to love him."

The world's most powerful aphrodisiac is a two-headed sword in the case of men with fat sausage-like fingers and too much albumin in their system, if I may crowd the metaphors a bit.