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Tunnel of Love

HARMON SMITH

BEFORE HE LEFT THE OFFICE Russell Wheeler knew what he was going to do. He began thinking about it when Myron Selznick was shouting at him on the telephone about some trades that had gone bad. For the rest of the afternoon he continued to sit at his desk making cold calls to prospects about the stocks he sold, but the thought never left his mind.

At five Russell phoned Janice at her studio and told her he'd be late for dinner. He did paper work at his desk until seven-thirty then headed for the subway station at Times Square where he entered the southbound local. At 28th Street Russell got out and walked along the platform, following the train as it pulled away from the station. He had plenty of time. He'd been using this as his starting point for two years, ever since he'd married Janice and moved into her apartment in Chelsea.

Once again Russell felt the familiar sensation of arousal nibbling at his body. It always released a sexual charge in him to know that he had only a few seconds to go until he jumped down onto the tracks four feet below. But he'd learned it was important to suppress that feeling right away. To win the race he had to have all the energy he possessed at his command. He couldn't let anything distract him from that.

When he reached the end of the platform, Russell looked back to be certain no one was lingering in the station. As soon as the last car had pulled away, he leaped down to the tracks and started to run. The lighted window in the door at the back of the train bobbed in front of him for a minute, then disappeared as the last car rounded a curve in the tunnel.

This was an easy run. He should have six minutes at this hour to make it. He probably wouldn't even hear the next train moving up behind him. Still Russell felt cold with fear. That always happened when he was down here in the tunnel, with the dank air filling his lungs. Grime covered the steel pillars paralleling the tracks and

dirty water dripped from the concrete vaulting above his head. The sweat spreading across his face and chest pressed like ice water against his skin. As he cut through the darkness, he tightened the muscles in his jaw, bringing his teeth together like the bars of a vise. He didn't want to trip and fall against the third rail.

By the time Russell let himself into the apartment, he was no longer breathing hard. Janice was in the kitchen preparing a meat loaf for the oven. She had thick wavy black hair brushed out so that it made a striking frame for her face and large brown eyes that seemed to be sending messages he had to work hard to decipher.

Russell put his arms around her waist and pressed his mouth against the back of her neck. The first and second times he'd proposed to Janice she'd said, no, you're too young, I've had it with young men. At forty, Janice was eleven years older than Russell, although she didn't appear to be, and had been divorced from her first husband for almost a decade at the time of their marriage.

"Not now, Russell," she said.

Russell knew he looked like certain models in department store ads for men's clothes. Not handsome, but clean-cut with an open smile and eyes that met you head on. Women had always liked that look, and Janice was no exception. It didn't hurt that he was tall, just over six feet, and hadn't put on any weight yet. Her voice told him that she was only pretending to object.

"We can eat later," he said, turning her toward him. He was afraid that if he let the feeling go, he might lose it.

In the bedroom they kept the lights on and the covers back because Janice liked it that way. Her eyes ate up Russell's body as her lips moved across it, finding interest in every ripple of his flesh. It never bothered him that she wanted to be in charge in the beginning. It made him feel good to have her hair sweeping across his skin as he lay there on his back. He knew the moment would come when he'd take over, and he liked postponing that moment as long as he could. Today, however, it came faster than either of them wanted it to, as it often did when he'd raced the trains. He held her tightly afterwards, angry with himself because it hadn't been as good for her as it had for him.

Russell stayed in bed when Janice got up to finish preparing dinner. A couple of months ago he'd sworn to himself, as he had more than once in the past, that he'd never jump down onto the tracks again. This time he thought he was going to live up to his

Russell had been racing trains since he was fourteen. He had grown up in the Tudor City development on the East Side of Manhattan in a two and a half room apartment. From the windows in the living room he had been able to watch as the old abattoirs along the river were torn down and the United Nations building was put up. He could measure the progress of his childhood by pairing a remembered event with the status of that project, which began in 1947 and wasn't completed until 1951.

When Russell was four years old, his father had disappeared somewhere out west. Not long after that Russell's mother had bought a convertible couch which she slept on in the living room so that Russell could have the bedroom to himself. He liked having a room of his own where he could close the door, but as he grew older, he began to feel guilty about it. His mother was on her feet all day in the linens department at Lord and Taylor, and it didn't seem fair for her not to have her own room. But then everything about his family appeared upside down to him.

When Russell was in the tunnel running as fast as he could, he felt as if nothing existed except the moment he was experiencing. The air streaming across his skin, the adrenaline pumping through his veins, the feeling of power in his legs. There was no mother around to ask questions, no garbage to take out to the service elevator before going to bed, no one to pick on him the way some of the older kids did at school. Just the excitement of competing with the trains.

At first, racing the trains seemed like a normal part of Russell's life. It was just what he did. It had all started one day after school when he'd spotted Sandy Watkins, a sophomore who liked to beat up on him, coming into the station with a couple of kids he hung out with. Russell was standing at the far end of the platform as usual. To keep Sandy from seeing him, he jumped down onto the tracks and started to run.

Since Russell had just missed a train, he had plenty of time to get to the next station. Back in his bedroom, he was so excited about what he had done that he jerked off thinking about it. But the way the scene played out in his mind was different in one important respect from the way it had happened. Running through the tunnel, he'd heard the train moving up behind him, although it had never gotten close. Lying on his bed, he pictured it crashing over him at the moment the semen started pulsing out.

For a long time Russell thought he only raced the trains when he wanted to, and there was nothing more to it. But as he grew older, he began to understand that he didn't actually choose to do it, that the urge lay outside his control, and then he began to struggle against it. Still, he hadn't really gotten serious about stopping until one day the previous spring. He was down in the tunnel having a normal run when his left foot snagged against a wooden tie, and he fell forward.

Scrambling to his feet, he found that the pain in his ankle was so sharp that he could hardly walk. Twice he had to duck into one of the recesses placed at intervals in the wall of the tunnel when trains came roaring past him as he limped to the platform. Hiding this way seemed all wrong to Russell, although he had no choice. He was breaking the rules and was angry with himself for it.

Tears were stinging Russell's eyes when he hailed a cab to take him to the emergency room at St. Vincent's Hospital. A young East Indian doctor x-rayed his ankle then taped it up and sent him home. Russell told Janice he'd tripped on a board while passing a construction site on Twenty-ninth Street, an explanation she accepted without comment although she gave him a questioning look. Janice didn't know that Russell raced the trains, and if it was up to him, she was never going to find out.

For Russell the strangest thing about dropping down onto the tracks was that it occurred in cycles. There were long periods, sometimes two or three months, when it seemed as if someone else had been doing it, as if he were remembering something he'd seen on TV. At those times he believed that he would never do it again. Then something would shake him up, something like Myron Selznick's phone call. And he'd be down there in the dark, his heart pounding.

The next morning Russell arrived at the office a few minutes late carrying coffee and a cheese danish. He had a desk in the bullpen with about twenty other brokers, all of them sitting with telephones held to their ears. The operation was managed by Fred Callahan who worked just inside the door in a cubicle with a large window that opened onto the bull pen. He was a short, thin man with gray hair and a hairline mustache; nice, but tough. If you relaxed for a minute, he was on your back.

As Russell walked in, Fred rapped on the window with his pen and beckoned. He didn't ask him to sit down. "Does the name Esther Selznick mean anything to you, Russell?" Fred said.

"Sure. I've been doing some trading for her," Russell said. He felt the way he had the time he got caught stealing batteries in a hardware store when he was ten.

"Go get her file," Fred said.

The story was simple enough. Selznick's mother was on a list of prospects that Fred had passed on to Russell. The minute she'd picked up the telephone, he'd known he'd made a hit. A retired school teacher in her seventies, lonely, worried about money—a natural. For a while Russell called her every day just to chat. He wouldn't even mention what was happening in the market unless she brought it up. Which she always did, of course. At that time Mrs. Selznick had seventy thousand in her IRA which she took out and paid taxes on so Russell could double it for her in six months. It hadn't exactly worked out that way. Initially he'd put her money into small caps that the company was pushing. That part was okay. But afterwards he'd done a lot of trading, which kept his commissions up but wasn't so easy to explain. Russell was afraid that if Myron Selznick talked to a lawyer, things could get out of hand. His mother had signed the standard agreement which precluded her from suing, but a lawyer would surely carry her complaint to the arbitration board. If it went that far, Russell was depending on Fred to see him through the mess.

While Fred was leafing through the activity reports in Esther Selznick's folder, he glanced up at Russell. "I wonder about you sometimes," he said. He didn't say it in his angry voice, though, which gave Russell some comfort.

There was agreement in the office that Fred had a special feeling for Russell. He was the only salesman there who'd graduated from a school like Columbia, where he'd had a scholarship to study botany. The others had gone to CCNY or to St. John's or Adelphi, most of them at night. Fred himself had gone to Brooklyn College, majoring in accounting. His attitude toward Russell seemed to be one of bemusement, as if he thought it was okay for him to behave a little differently from the others because he had an Ivy League degree.

For the remainder of the day Russell had a difficult time concentrating as he worked the telephone. He tried not to think about racing the trains, but he couldn't keep away from it. He'd find himself considering a new run, heading north from Times Square, perhaps, just to give it a different twist. Each time he felt

himself getting a hard-on, he'd make himself stop. He was not going to give into the impulse. Not two days in a row.

At home after work Russell poured a glass of orange juice for himself and wandered into the bedroom. He and Janice had separate closets, and he opened hers. Although she didn't wear perfume, she carried a scent with her that was a compound of soap, skin lotion, shampoo and deodorant. He nestled his face in her bathrobe and inhaled deeply. Her scent rose up to him, filling his nostrils as if she were there, and that settled him down.

Returning to the kitchen for a second glass of juice, Russell could see Janice's face just as if she were standing beside him at the counter. It was clear to him that she knew about the fix he'd gotten into. He began talking to her in his mind, trying to make her understand that the loss of Esther Selznick's money hadn't been his fault. All he'd wanted to do was build a better retirement fund for a good customer, he insisted. The market had turned against him. It was simply bad luck. But Janice's eyes told him that she didn't believe a word of it. You promised, Russell, he could hear her say. You promised me you'd stay out of trouble.

Two months before their wedding, when Russell had found himself in a similar situation, Janice had almost called everything off. He'd sworn to her then that he'd be more cautious in the future, but when he kept his promise, he saw his commissions drop by twenty-five percent. From the beginning Janice had made more money than he did, but she'd been working longer and Russell thought he'd catch up with her in a year or two. When he began falling behind instead, he started churning his accounts again to get his income back up. For a while as stock prices climbed, Russell made money for his clients as well as himself. Then the market changed direction, and he got caught in a down draft from which he couldn't break loose.

It scared Russell to think about how Janice would react to this new incident. I can't live with that kind of thing, he could hear her say. I just can't, Russell. As she said it, he could see her eyes close down on him. If there was one thing he couldn't stand, it was being shut out by Janice. He dug into his wallet for the slip of paper on which she'd written the telephone number of her motel in Texas City.

"I'm running late," Janice said. "I can't talk."

"Are you going to wear your miniskirt tonight?"

"No, Russell," she said, laughing.

"Okay," he said, laughing along with her, although he thought maybe she was planning to put it on anyway.

Janice got back to New York Thursday afternoon. After work Russell walked downtown to her studio on Fifth Avenue and Eighteenth Street where he found her studying transparencies on the light box. He was unprepared for how hard her body felt when he kissed her, even though it was always this way when she'd just come back from a trip.

"I won't be long," she said.

From the edge of the desk where he stationed himself to wait, he could see the bulletin board where Janice posted proofs. There was a Polaroid pinned up there that he didn't remember, a shot of Janice standing between the photographer she was working with and her client, Gregory Drusak. Gregory's office was located in Buffalo, and he had a lake-front house an hour's drive away where he lived with his wife and two children. Russell had only met him once or twice in passing.

"You look like you're having a good time," he said to Janice.

"I'm just smiling for the camera," she said.

Gregory Drusak's blond hair was combed back neatly and his blue eyes, while narrow, appeared intelligent. But Russell didn't like the look he wore, as if he knew that he was the person in charge in the group and was enjoying it. Russell wasn't happy with the idea that this guy felt in charge of Janice.

"How come he has his arm around you?" Russell asked, pointing to Gregory.

"It's the way we're standing, Russell. His shoulder is behind me. That's all."

"You don't have to lie about it."

"I'm not lying."

"Okay. You're not lying," Russell said, giving a shove to the chair that was standing next to him. It was on rollers and it skidded for a few feet before colliding with a file cabinet.

"That's not going to solve anything," Janice said, turning back to the light box.

"I'm sorry," he said. Janice had told him more than once to control his temper, and when she said that her voice always seemed to be heavy with disappointment. "I had a tough day."

"So did I," she said.

As they walked to La Bilbiana on Fourteenth Street for dinner, Janice talked about the shoot. She and Gregory were aiming for

pictures that had a romantic quality, which wasn't easy when your subject was a chemical plant. Russell tried to listen, but he kept hearing what Janice had said just before they left her studio. What was there to solve? he asked himself. Was she trying to tell me something?

On Saturday afternoon when Russell entered the White Rose on Eighth Avenue a couple of blocks from the office, Fred Callahan was sitting at the bar with a beer in front of him, dressed just as he would have been on a workday. Russell had been surprised to hear Fred's voice on the telephone that morning. Fred had never called him at home before. He lived with his father in Brooklyn and was one of four boys, the only one who had never married.

"Beer?" Fred asked.

"Ginger ale," Russell said.

This was a little routine they played all the time. Fred had lunch alone at the bar of the White Rose each day during the week, and every so often Russell would sit down next to him. None of the other salesmen at the office dared to do that, but Russell knew Fred would be pleased to see him. Usually when he ordered his ginger ale, Fred would rib him about it, but not today.

"I worry about you, Russell," he said.

"I can take care of myself," Russell said.

Fred continued to stare at the bottles standing in a row on the counter behind the bartender. "There's a line, Russell," he said. "Cross it, and you're in the danger zone."

"Everything is under control," Russell said. "Everything's okay."

"Everything's not okay," Fred said.

"I told you, Fred. I explained the deal to Mrs. Selznick, each step of the way. She knew what kind of risk she was taking."

"Cut the crap," Fred said, looking at him. "We're not at the office now." Then he told Russell that word had come in late Friday afternoon that the Selznicks were filing for arbitration. "This is the second time, Russell," he said.

"I can count," Russell said.

Fred took a sip of his beer. "We have an appointment with the company lawyers next week," he said. "They asked me to come along. Not that it's going to make any difference."

Russell didn't want to think about what that might mean. He was remembering all the times he'd sat at this bar with Fred, listening to him talk and laughing on cue. He knew Fred had

broken the rules in coming here, but he'd expected more than that from him. He'd counted on having Fred behind him all the way.

Finally, Fred said he had errands to do and threw a couple of bills onto the bar. As he walked behind Russell's stool, he paused and put his hand on Russell's shoulder. "Maybe you ought to find another line of work," he said.

"Maybe I ought to do a lot of things," Russell said.

Russell remained at the bar for a while with his empty glass in front of him. He knew he should go home and tell Janice what was happening, but that wasn't in the cards.

That evening Russell and Janice went to his mother's for dinner. Whenever he entered the apartment, a faint, acrid odor he'd never noticed as a child assailed him. His mother prepared most of her meals on top of the stove, and little particles of beef fat seemed suspended in the air. Russell wanted to open a window, but that wouldn't be appreciated. Instead he kissed his mother's cheek and handed her a bottle of red wine. He didn't drink wine, but she liked it, and so did Janice.

His mother was a short, thin woman who still colored her hair although she was nearing seventy. She wore a purple woolen dress that fit her well, a necklace made of golden balls strung together and earrings that matched. Russell gave her credit for the way she kept herself up. They had retired her at Lord & Taylor's four years earlier, and she found it hard to fill her days.

"No surprises for me?" she asked Janice. His mother knew the answer, but she always asked anyway.

"Not unless you call a new dress a surprise," Janice said. She had made it clear to Russell before they got married that she didn't intend to have any children. By agreeing, Russell had deprived his mother of the only thing she wanted at this point in her life, a grandchild to care for.

Janice spun around so that Russell's mother could get a look at her dress from all sides. She laughed as the skirt flared out and fell back against her legs.

"You should save it for when you go out," his mother said. "It's too nice to wear over here."

It always surprised Russell that his mother and Janice got along so well. His mother was proud of the fact that her grandparents had come from Scotland in the middle of the nineteenth century, and she blamed all of the city's problems on the waves of

immigrants who had arrived after that. Russell had expected her to be polite but cool to Janice who had been born into an Italian family in Torrington, Connecticut. Instead she had taken to her immediately.

The topic of conversation at dinner was a report Mrs. Wheeler had read in *The Daily News* that the state legislature was threatening to abolish the rent control law. "Where would I go?" she asked. All she had to live on was social security and a small pension.

"Don't worry about it, Mom," Russell said. "They'll never do it."

"I'm not going to move in with Agnes, and that's that," his mother said, referring to her widowed sister who had a house in New Brunswick, New Jersey.

"I don't think Aunt Agnes wants you to live with her," Russell said.

"She'd treat me like a maid. She always did when we were little."

Later, as Russell and Janice walked home, he took her arm, pulling her toward him. "Maybe we should have a family," he said.

"We've been through that, Russell," Janice said, pressing against his side.

"I know. But maybe we'd be better off if we had a kid." It had always bothered Russell that Janice didn't want to have children. Not because he wanted them himself, but because it seemed to him like a sign of uncertainty on her part about their future as a couple.

A red light stopped them at the corner of Madison Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street, and they waited for several cars to pass before crossing.

"Did you mind being an only child?" Janice asked.

"I liked it," he said.

"I didn't," she said.

Russell asked her why, and she said she'd been lonely with both of her parents away at work all the time. He told her he'd liked it best when his mother was at the store, and there was nobody else in the apartment. He never liked to hear her key in the latch at night because that meant he had to pretend to be someone he wasn't. As far as he could tell, his mother thought he was a character straight out of a story in a Boy Scout magazine. She put together the things he said to her and the things that she could see him do and thought that that was all there was to him.

"We're so different," Janice said.

"We can handle it," Russell said, although he wasn't sure they could.

Later, as they were lying in bed, Russell wondered if Janice was sorry she'd married him. She loved the sex, but that couldn't last forever. Once she got tired of that, she'd move on. He ran his hand lightly over the curve of her hip hoping she'd turn toward him. All she did was shift her legs an inch or two away.

On Sunday afternoon Russell followed Janice through the door of their building, carrying her duffel bag. She was on her way to LaGuardia Airport to meet Gregory Drusak who was flying in from Buffalo. Gregory's boss had some problems with a picture they'd brought back from Denver a couple of weeks earlier, and they were going out there to re-shoot it.

"Maybe I'll go to a movie tonight," Russell said as he and Janice waited at the curb for an empty cab to come along. He was sorry as soon as he said it. He knew that Janice didn't like it when he tried to make her feel guilty about being away so much.

"Why don't you read a book for a change," Janice said. "You never read anything."

Monday was a slow day. Russell was pushing a stock in a mining company in Arizona, but nobody seemed interested in buying. He went to bed at eleven but couldn't get to sleep. At twelve-thirty he turned on the light and phoned the motel where Janice was staying. No answer. He tried again half an hour later and several times after that, but still got no answer.

Russell knew where Janice was. After dinner she'd gone back to Gregory Drusak's room, without a word exchanged between them. There wouldn't be any lights on in the room, but Russell could picture what was happening there. Janice would be moving her lips across Gregory's stomach, moving them slowly the way she liked to. Her hair would have fallen forward across her face, hiding her eyes. Gregory would have his eyes closed, and his jaw would be hanging slack. Russell knew he should let go of the picture right then, but he didn't. He continued to replay the scene in his mind for an hour or more. Watching even after Gregory moved Janice under him. Even as they lay there afterwards. It must have been four o'clock when Russell finally let himself fall asleep.

The next morning when he got to the office Russell made out a form changing the beneficiary on his life insurance policy from

Janice to Janice and his mother, splitting it evenly between them. Janice could take care of herself, but his mother was not in a good situation. If anything happened to him, he had to be sure she'd be taken care of. For a while he toyed with the idea of telling Janice what he'd done, then he decided not to.

That evening Russell was in bed watching TV when Janice arrived home from Denver. When she came out of the bathroom in her pajamas, he went in.

"Where were you last night?" he called.

"What do you mean?"

"I must've phoned you ten times. You weren't in your room."

They'd been doing a moonlight shot, Janice told him. It had taken a long time to get what they wanted. "We worked until after three," she said.

"Sure," he said, coming out of the bathroom.

Janice was lying in bed with her arms underneath the covers. She'd be getting the film processed 100% rush in the morning, she said, and would bring the outtakes home if he wanted to see them. As she spoke, her eyes clouded.

Janice's words had done nothing to stem the anger that was mounting inside Russell. He took a step toward the bed.

"Don't do this, Russell," she said.

Russell's fist shot out and smashed though the Sheetrock wall just above Janice's head. He pulled his hand free without thinking about whether he had broken the skin on his knuckles. His eyes were fixed on her face.

Seeing the expression of fear there, Russell slumped down onto his knees and buried his head against her breasts. He started to sob.

"It doesn't matter," Janice said, enfolding his head in her arms. "It doesn't matter."

The next day when Janice got home from work, she placed several color transparencies on the coffee table in front of Russell. Holding one of them up to the window, he saw that a full moon was shining through the piping of the plant, casting a soft light on the rigid metal forms. He put the picture down and picked another one up, aware that Janice was watching him.

Russell kept his eyes on the moon, a perfect circle of light against the black sky. Words weren't going to do him any good with Janice.

The only thing that ever turned her around was a hard dick pressed against her. Thinking of that, he felt himself stir in his pants. Maybe he could get her pregnant. She'd have to stay with him then, wouldn't she? No matter what?

Janice always said that she'd never have an abortion. The last time they hadn't protected themselves, she'd gone crazy until she'd had her period. One night she'd even cried after they went to bed, when she thought he was asleep. He didn't know if she was afraid of having a baby, or what, but the threat of it upset her, that much was clear.

Russell stood up and took a couple of steps toward her. "I love you," he said in a low voice.

"I know," she said.

He waited for her to touch him. There were a couple of seconds when he thought she might not, but then she moved against him and kissed his cheek. He pressed his face against hers but kept his arms at his side. Russell didn't want to give her a signal that would send her into the bedroom for her diaphragm.

"I don't know what to do when you act that way," she said.

The knuckles were still sore on the hand that Russell had hit the wall with. "It won't happen again," he said, meeting her eyes. "I promise." She wanted to believe him, he could see that. For a second Russell thought he should forget about what he was trying to do, but then that feeling slipped away from him.

They were standing next to one of the chairs that matched the couch, and he sat down on an upholstered arm. He could have reached out and pulled Janice toward him but he didn't. He knew he had to wait for her.

"You've promised before," she said.

"I promise to God," he said.

With a quick movement she stepped between his legs and wrapped her arms around his neck. "Oh, Russell, I don't know what we're going to do," she said.

Things happened quickly after that. Russell began kissing her breasts. At the same time he put his left arm around her waist to hold her while with his right hand he unbuckled his belt and opened his fly. Then he reached beneath her skirt for her underpants.

When Janice realized what Russell was doing, she began pushing against his shoulders with both hands to free herself. "Let me go, Russell," she said.

He hadn't expected that. The anger in her voice caught him by surprise. As he was forcing her down on him, he felt himself starting to fade. Jesus Christ, he thought, you can't even do this right.

The lobby of the World Trade Center was crowded as Russell waited for Fred the next morning. Fred arrived wearing a dark blue suit that Russell had never seen before and a white shirt with a striped tie.

The law firm that handled the company's work was located on the fifty-third floor. The way the elevator swayed going up made Russell feel queasy. When he discovered that they were meeting with a young member of the firm who wasn't a partner, Russell knew they'd given up on him. The lawyer's name was Dick Hildt, and he was short with pale skin and eye glasses that he kept adjusting as he spoke. Russell wondered how long he'd been out of law school.

"I've got to be honest with you, Russell," Hildt said after he and Fred exchanged a few words about the weather. "This doesn't look good."

Russell started to tell him the same story he'd told Fred, but Hildt held up his hand. "Save it for the arbitrators," he said. "Maybe they'll buy it. Who knows?"

When Russell heard that he was being put on suspension until after the hearing, he didn't feel anything. Hildt and Fred stood up, and he did also. Hildt told him not to go back to the office. If there was anything there that he wanted, Fred would send it to him by messenger.

Neither man offered to shake hands with Russell, so he left. It was when he was alone in the hallway that the impact of what had happened came home to him. He felt raw inside, as if someone had taken sandpaper to his liver and kidneys and heart.

As Russell walked toward the elevators, he saw a men's room to his left. On an impulse he turned into it. Stepping inside a booth, he hung his raincoat on the door. Then he took off his jacket, tie, shirt and undershirt, folded them neatly and forced them into his attaché case. When he put his raincoat back on, he buttoned it to the top so that no one would see what he had done.

Downstairs Russell walked quickly to the subway entrance under the World Trade Center. He had always wanted to run the segment from there to Canal Street on the express track. He'd never timed

the interval between trains, but he didn't care about that right now. He walked to the far end of the track, then began to unfasten his pants. A minute later when the express came in, all he had to do was let his pants and undershorts fall and step out of his raincoat.

Russell heard shouts when he jumped down onto the tracks. When he saw the lights of the Canal Street Station in front of him, he felt that he had a good chance of making it. By the time he heard the first rumblings of the express behind him, he figured he was no more than five hundred feet from the platform. He could have moved over to the local track, but he wasn't going to cheat. He was going to run a clean, honest race.