

## **Clothes**

The big thing at the Empire [Burlesque house] is hats. Down the aisle from me a fellow addict fifty years my senior is dropping his load in his hat. His hat, Doctor! Oy, I'm sick. I want to cry. Not into your hat, you schvantz, you got to put that thing on your head! You've got to put it on now and go back outside and walk around downtown Newark dripping gissum down your forehead. How will you eat lunch in that hat!

**Alexander Portnoy,  
to Dr. Spielvogel, his psychoanalyst,  
in Philip Roth's Portnoy's Complaint**