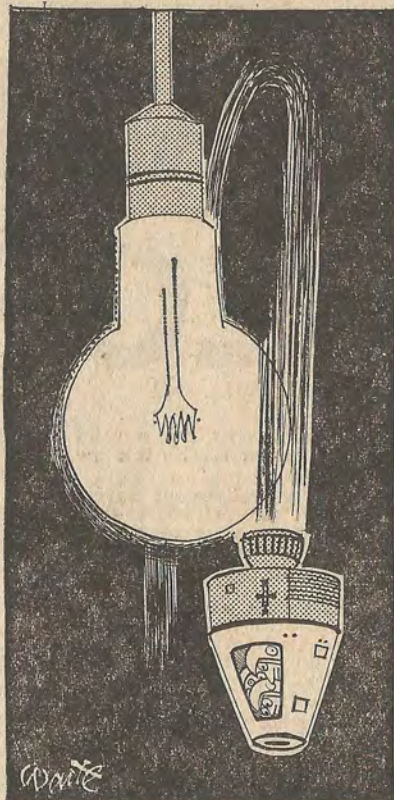
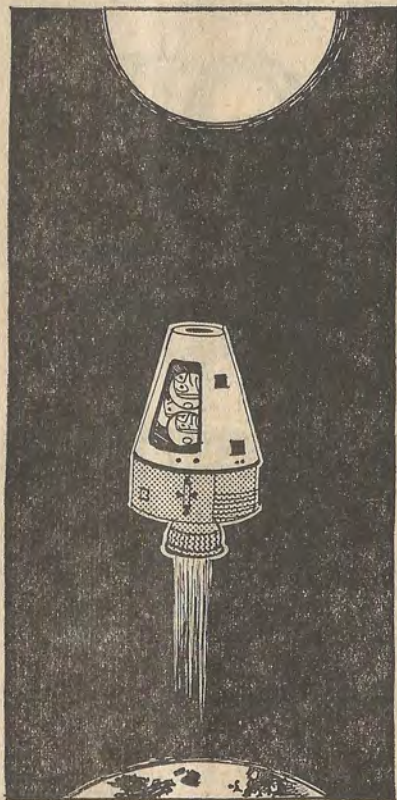
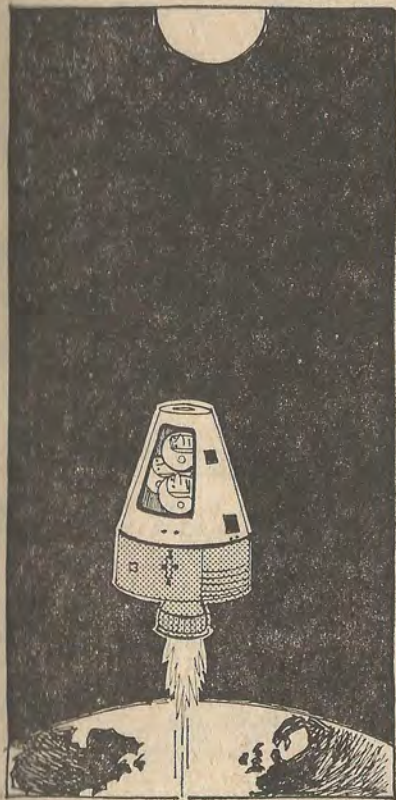


Wants reveals the dark side of the moon



A QUESTION OF TIMING

by Amy Landreth

WOMAN'S EDITOR

THE MEN were all saying what a great thing it is. What a stupendous, magnificent achievement.

And indeed it is, I agreed, watching that blazing spear roar across the TV screen.

But, goodness, this is Christmas. A time for quiet and children and family affections. And can it be as simple as this tomorrow, with this momentous thing going on?

As we fill the stockings and baste the bird, how can we not stop a dozen times and wonder: how are *they* getting on up there?

There was that weekend picture of Major Bill Anders's four-year-old son, Eric, cockily giving the thumbs-up sign. I hope it is going to be thumbs up for Eric.

I hope it will be all right on the night and

that the world's TV holiday spectacular will not turn out to be a TV holocaust.

I am sorry, but I find it hard to forget the dark side of the moon saga.

Men are better at the heroic dimension. We women come in too close, are too personal and mindful of the detail of human tragedy.

When men went out to conquer new worlds, it was accepted that women stayed at home to wait and to weep.

But now we watch the conquest in our own homes. The vigils of war, the violence in the streets are there, too, for women—and children—to see.

This involvement, this full exposure, is possibly a long-term healthy thing. But must it be at Christmas?