

Wednesday, April 8, 1981

11:30 a.m.

Reading  
Josephine Jacobsen  
Winter Theatre  
Dana Fine Arts

2:00 - 2:45 p.m.

Reading  
Theodore Weiss  
Winter Theatre  
Dana Fine Arts

3:00 - 5:00 p.m.

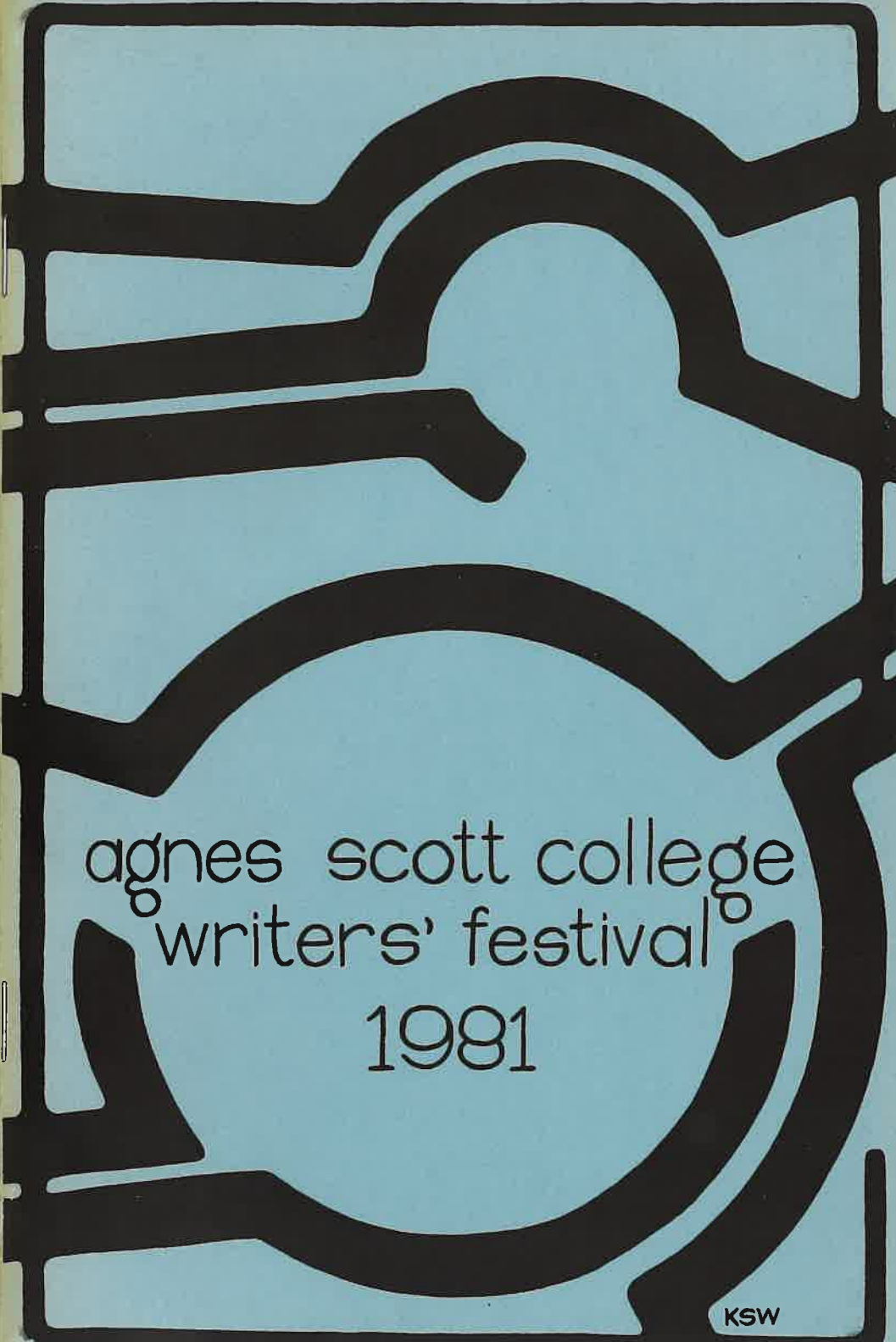
Panel Discussion of Student Work  
Josephine Jacobsen  
James Merrill  
Anne Warner  
Theodore Weiss  
Winter Theatre  
Dana Fine Arts

8:15 p.m.

Presentation of Prizes

Reading  
James Merrill  
Maclean Auditorium  
Presser Hall

The Festival Committee wishes to thank President Marvin B. Perry, Jr., and Eleanor Hutchens for their support.



agnes scott college  
writers' festival  
1981

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**writers' festival**  
**1981**

Spring, 1981

*Editor*  
Bo Ball

*Selection Committee*  
Bo Ball  
David Barton  
Anne Warner  
Linda Woods

*Cover*  
Karen Webster

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Send all correspondence to *Festival*, English Department, Box 975, Agnes Scott College, Decatur, Georgia 30030.

### Does The Train Still Stop In Abbeville?

On a day so clear the sun  
 Made the pine trees glisten  
 I sat alone on the wooden  
 Platform of the train station  
 At Abbeville. Something  
 About being eighteen, alone  
 And free, waiting in the sun,  
 For the train to Atlanta,  
 Made me believe I had a  
 Story to write. So I took  
 Out a pen and paper and wrote  
 Nothing. Because when I was  
 Eighteen, alone and free,  
 Waiting in the sun, for the  
 Train to Atlanta I knew  
 Nothing, except that no one  
 Else knew I wasn't going to  
 Atlanta, except me and the  
 Boy who was meeting me at  
 The train station in Athens.  
 Now you know too, but it's  
 Too late to tell my mother  
 Because I kept it a secret  
 Until I was thirty-six.

— *Barbara Owen*

### The Old Masters

About suffering, the Old Masters  
 saw its imperfect condition;  
 how, if it were pure, we could not  
 even pretend to understand. They knew  
 the ploughman, when his fields gave out,  
 would have his turn and feel it  
 only when he longed for the nodding grain  
 and the joy of the year before.

They knew that everything else  
 is somewhere in between  
 and takes its bearing from touching  
 the two extremes. Otherwise  
 we would not mind if the windows  
 were left unopened. We would stop  
 eating, part way through a meal.

See, just before the wax softened  
 and the feathers came undone,  
 Icarus was free and only a bit too warm.  
 This after so long in a deep maze  
 where the air had been sour and dark  
 against his bare arms. The contrast  
 must have made his flight more wonderful  
 and worth the terrible risk. His forsaken cry  
 affirmed what he had lost; his white legs  
 merely pointed toward the place he had been.

— *Jane Quillman*

## Desertion of a Garden

I turned every spadeful of dirt  
 in that garden.  
 I planted every seed  
 and watched the turnips poke up  
 spent days waiting for a yellow tomato bloom  
 then they were everywhere  
 watched them hard and green, then lighten  
 (none were red, last time I saw)  
 replanted the peanuts three times  
 before they came up.  
 Most evenings I was in that black square  
 of dirt bordered with a brown mound of straw  
 to keep the weeds from growing  
 outside in —  
 watering, hoeing, weeding.  
 I wheeled in load after load  
 of sheep manure  
 in a wheelbarrow  
 to nurse my plants,  
 make them grow strong and big  
 bear abundant fruit

then today  
 they decided we need more rows of okra  
 and filled them in  
 right between my neat, spaced-out ones

I feel like a wild animal mother  
 that will not touch her youngling  
 once it has been tainted by a human hand

if I were destructive,  
 I would chop down the piney pods  
 in their embryo stage  
 but that would leave a scar

I will not go near the garden  
 even though I birthed it:  
 the rows of okra  
 hang so heavy with human scent.

— Janeice Ray

## TONality

It was a comfortable room  
 With salmon walls.  
 A pleasant room, yet rather musty.  
 The woodwork was grand and very detailed,  
 Ancient mahogany door facing,  
 And stucco walls.  
 Not modern imitation,  
 But real stucco.  
 A rather pinkish stucco —  
 genuine all the same.  
 There was a fireplace of carved marble,  
 not pinkish marble.  
 Ivory marble,  
 with grey streaks.  
 Charming marble all the same.  
 The door was locked,  
 The windows, although, were left unlatched.  
 Anything up from a small bird  
 Could have made its way into the room,  
 Yet nothing entered  
 Except dusty rays of sunlight.

— Kelley Vaughn

### Feminine Endings

Cat skinnies through a crevice  
of a backporch door in summer; the heat  
scratches her loins.

I try to keep her sheltered in the house  
to no avail. She wriggles loose,  
saunters toward the hollyhocks  
and the boys.

She is eunich neutered  
but flaunts her body as though she were  
a young-bearer nursing greedy lips.  
This is her claim to the world,  
and she's off in hot pursuit  
responding to nature, forgetting the  
vet's knife, and my intent.

I meant well.  
She'd mothered a batch;  
but the one she spurned —  
the little one,  
misshappen, left to  
mew in his matted fur —  
she gnawed his eye, his paw.  
I wept for hours,  
took vengeance on his mother.  
I had her spayed.

Now, in August's deadly heat  
she wanders in green weeds, brown grass,  
backyard junk claimed as private space  
in her frantic search for  
life forms, creeping things.

Heat elicits the beast.

Steam rises from the pavement after a shower  
and she uncoils her pretty back —  
ah, languishes on the smoking driveway,  
stretching far and loose, long and loose,  
then leaps —

squats in the window sill  
watching me work at the sink  
elbows in water.

She bleets her horney plea for release.

I am helpless.

I cannot return her babies — they are dead.

I cannot replace her womb — it is buried beneath  
rubble.

I can but watch her cry  
and know the pain.

Heat elicits the killer.

I watch her wrestle a squirrel,  
ripping his body to threads of sinew and juice.  
Proud huntress offers him to me —  
dripping from the final stink of struggle,  
he dangles from her jaw.  
Tonight, under the mantle of the moon,  
she'll feed.

— Anicia Lane

**sky-shooter**

'smorning saw the sky  
for the last time  
way I'd seen it always

'cause I jumped out  
in midsky through blue air  
that wasn't 'pose to hold me

no wings, just nylon  
'bove me, holdin' me  
up so god

could see me  
defy his gravity  
almost, but I fell

anyway and wasn't  
a scared of dyin'  
'cause they said

before I jumped  
that no one who  
fell had ever

**II**

so I fell  
rain from clouds  
only not wet

unless you count  
my blood that almost  
burst the skin

at being free  
of everything  
at last or

the heart that tumbled  
out with me and did  
not stop pumping

even when I saw  
the plane clock back  
away from me and the horizon

drop by drop  
grow and people  
the ground still so

far away from these feet  
way up here w' only a  
canopy for a prayer

floatin' over my head and me  
like an angel with a halo  
w' only air for company

## III

s' good to know  
 the ground still feels so fine  
 on feet that have trod the blue

'cause I find sky  
 can't take away love  
 of solid land

but only can swallow  
 up my bones when I'm  
 slippin' through it

or 'till my toes touch  
 and, my chute collapses  
 when it's empty of blue

but I find out soon  
 that I'm still a child  
 naive when it comes to fear

because after all my flesh  
 settled back on bones I  
 realized the ground

that looks so crisp  
 'bove the earth  
 all shrunk with distance

is not as soft  
 as the sky  
 that rumples my shirt

nor as forgiving as clouds  
 when it comes to  
 mistakes made on impact

as I do not comb  
 my wild locks  
 back from my forehead

as a small reminder  
 of the ease of death  
 from winglessness.

— David Denholtz



## A Dog Poem

The dog fetches the wadded poem  
 I just curled up on paper.  
 Hnn, he says.  
 I toss the poem in the corner.  
 The dog runs over,  
 Patting his big paws around it.  
 He lies down,  
 Spreading out the poem  
 Between his feet with his teeth.  
 Hnnn, he says.  
 The dog shreds the poem in three significant pieces  
 And crosses his paws.  
 He blinks at me.

— Theresa Grubbs

## The Habit of Being

To commit suicide over peachickens —  
 In the dream they are already complete,  
 each with a miniature sun, colors settling down.  
 Smothering in the cotton meant to keep  
 their newly hatched fragility warm,  
 they tremble — mostly in fear of goggle-eyed  
 spectators, wishing to watch  
 the morbid beauty of such sunsets.  
 Flannery would appreciate the effort —  
 seeing no point in continuing when  
 such small perfections have so little  
 chance of survival.

— Ginny Herren

## Child's Play

Mrs. Harrison Brookwood Watson, III, could only laugh when "Polly Pleasant" cut through the smoke-filled recreation room in the familiar nasal voice that always heralded Amelia's entrance. Mrs. Watson had known when she put the girl to bed an hour before that there would be no sleep for her daughter until the last guest had gone home. Company excited the child, and now she stood in the doorway to the hall. She was a starkly white creature with grey hollows where her eyes should have been. Four-year-old Amelia Anastasia Watson was wide awake at 3:00 a.m., and her mother, "Mad Madeline," was more than a little drunk at her second annual Labor Day party. Madeline rolled her eyes and echoed the doll's sentence to herself. "In the morning it will be all better." From the mouths of babes, as they said.

Mrs. Watson stirred her gin and tonic and looked over at her husband Harry. He was nearly as fat as she'd remembered before her seventh drink. Something had to be done with the child and she wasn't ready to go through the whole routine again. The quiet little burn of a belch rose in her throat and she touched Harry's shoulder.

"Mealy's up. What do you want to do about it? Dr. Seus and I have had our last inning for awhile." Madeline hated reading those books even more than she hated sleeping with her slob of a husband.

Harry turned to face her and pushed his speckled cheeks into half moons under his eyes. Small black dots from under swollen lids swam in a sea of red. He looked even drunker than she felt. He stared blankly at her. It would take him a while to answer. It always did. Harry was reliably methodical about everything he did. He would be pissed when he found out she'd spent \$243 on the party. He was one of those men who like to impress without spending anything. Tonight's affair was just one more event in a long line of social gatherings designed to get him the chairmanship of the district. Harry's bulbous lips parted to reveal a thick mass of red. Madeline shuddered at the obscenity.

"Well, I suppose she can come back in. Right, fellows?" Mrs. Watson looked at the white-eyed group around her. They'd come for the business publicity, but stayed late to drink. They were the real diehards; their women had left hours ago, "to tend to the children." Life was nothing but babies and buttons and promotions for those bitches.

"That's right, Mamsie." Wilson Ellis winked at Madeline. "Don't be so hard on the rascal. Even kiddies need to cut loose sometime. It wouldn't do their mothers any harm either." Wilson was the only bachelor with the company and was reputed to be quite a swinger.

That Wilson certainly had a lot of gall. "You'd better mind your own business, Mister. If that kid keeps me up all night, you'll have hell to pay." Wilson patted his groin. "I'll keep you up all night, sweetheart."

Madeline drew a quick breath and looked back to the doorway. Amelia should've disappeared by now, but the damn doll was still poking from behind the pink nightgown that mocked the girl's thin frame. Thank God

there would be no more children. A little yellow pill each morning insured that. Harry was ignorant beyond comprehension. He still hadn't caught on.

Mrs. Watson smiled to herself as she wobbled out of the sofa's deep cushions and began to walk towards her daughter. The carpet bit her ankles and pulled her feet first to one side and then to the other. She was even worse off than she'd thought. Amelia's pale gaze cut across the room like a knife and Madeline felt her stomach begin to buckle into the knots. Time hadn't helped as much as the doctor had said it would; she felt nothing but anger for the girl.

"I love you, Mommy," Polly Pleasant whined. Madeline pinched her lips into an empty grin and continued across the carpet.

When she reached the doorway, she leaned against the wall to steady herself. The room moved in time to her breathing. She folded her arms and looked down at her daughter.

"Didn't you promise that you would go to sleep this time? I think that you **did** tell me that." Madeline felt the tremble creep into her tone. It was one of the warning signs that Dr. Holt had helped her notice.

Amelia picked at Polly's eyelashes and stared down at her own bare feet. Without answering her mother, she reached behind the doll's neck and pulled the string again. "I'm a sweet baby."

Mrs. Watson clenched her teeth and took a deep breath. Breathing was very important. Damn that doll! Everytime that nasal whine started, the anger began to boil again. She took Amelia's limp hand and winced at the damp that met her own cool and dry flesh.

"We'll go sit by your father again," she heard herself saying. "Would you like that?"

The little girl nodded. Madeline took off for the sofa with Amelia in tow. The child felt light under her grasp. Were her feet actually touching the floor?

Harry lifted a chubby hand when he saw them approaching the group. He stood up and raised his glass. "Here's to the most beautiful women in my life, gang! How about a toast."

The men mumbled a polite chorus "I'll drink to that," and "cheers." They looked remarkably similar in their suits.

Mrs. Watson collapsed into the sofa, belted the last of her drink and sent Wilson to fix another round. She was busy propping Mealy beside her when George Campbell screamed into her ear, "You two are as pretty as a picture. You're the spitting image of each other."

Madeline cringed at the comparison. George never knew when to shut up. She was still trying to think of a civil way of telling him to go to hell when Polly Pleasant answered him with "Good morning, everybody! What a beautiful day to be alive!"

Laughter boomed out of George like vomit. He slapped his knees and punched the idiot to his left. "She's as cute as a blue-gum nigger!"

Mrs. Watson's ears tingled. She finished the drink Wilson had set beside her: eight down and more to follow. On impulse she sneaked one of her tranquilizers from her pocketbook and washed it down with gin-flavored ice. Amelia sat very still.

After a few minutes the party began to fade in and out like a distant radio station. Madeline felt her nameless rage begin to creep back and she pulled her leg away from Amelia's. She closed her eyes and started her relaxing exercise. Deep breaths, Dr. Holt said, always the deep breaths. And now there will be a saddle block, Mrs. Watson. I'm afraid we'll have to do a caesarean delivery. She breathed deeply and the rank smell of ether filled the room. Her stomach was taunt under the stiff cotton of the hospital gown. She pushed and the red folded around her.

She woke to George Campbell's laugh tagged by a nasal voice. "When I grow up I want to be just like you, Mommy." Polly Pleasant loomed over the sofa. Her plastic smile was red.

"You're the best Mommy in the whole wide world." George held Polly by the scruff of the neck. Madeline giggled. Amelia wouldn't be able to ignore this situation like she did all the others. Polly was the only thing she seemed to care about.

George lifted the doll over his head and began to sing. "The minute you walked in the joint." He unfastened the dress. "I could tell you were a doll of distinction, a real big spender." He pulled the dress off the little body and twirled it in the air. The men cheered.

"Good looking, so refined." He tugged at the bloomers. Amelia inched towards the man. Her forehead wrinkled into a map.

George slid his big hands over the doll and held it to his chest. "Say wouldn't you like to know what's going on in my mind?" The crowd howled like dogs and began slapping each other on the back.

Madeline laughed at their giant faces that floated broad and antimated above the look-alike suits. George's bald head grew larger and larger until it became a blimp that dripped red fluid over his pin stripes.

The blimp continued singing. "I don't pop my cork for every doll I see." Polly hung upside down from his belt and he rotated his hips for emphasis. He was every bit as fat as Harry. He spread his feet and braced himself for the finale. "Hey, big spender, spend a little time with me." As he sang the last line, he wedged Polly's face between his legs, rolled his eyes and formed an O with his lips. Madeline leaned her head back and closed her eyes. "With me" echoed like a football chant and the red pushed around her.

When Mrs. Watson sat up again, Amelia had grown taller and stood by George with her arms lifted. The men weren't laughing anymore. Instead, they shifted on their feet like nervous cattle.

Wilson Ellis whispered to Madeline, "She's gone get him for all that jazzin'. I can tell when a girlie has got her mind made up."

"Baby doll, mind your manners." Harry's voice was tense and cautious. "Mister Campbell is our guest."

Madeline frowned. That Fatso should have gone to bed hours ago. He was drunk. The sorry bastard was stinking drunk.

Amelia reached and took the doll from George. She picked up the checkered bloomers and the dress. Her face was red and her glass eyes were bleeding. Madeline's backbone ached from the pushing. Her scar strained under her dress and began to push towards the surface. Silence roared in the back of her neck and pierced like radar through her eyes.

She blinked hard and fast. Silently, Amelia tucked the doll clothes under her arm and padded out of the room. Madeline waited a moment before rising to follow her.

She walked in a green sea that rolled into higher waves with each step she took. She pushed against the undertow, shoved and contracted. The stairs rocked in rhythm. Behind her the low sounds of male birds blended into red.

Inside the nursery, the bears were crawling on the walls. They raced up and down and waved their pink flower chain like a rattlesnake. The room shrank and expanded into sleep breaths, deep and slow and waiting for the anesthesia. Back and forth the walls moved and the bed was moving too. Madeline squinted around the room for Amelia. Red ran over the bed and the deep pushing was red.

After a moment the red cleared and Madeline saw the little girl seated at her play table. Her face melted into a mob of dancing bears and left a faint glow over the chair. Madeline felt her nose rise and pull her lips into a meaningless grin. She stumbled across the room and stood over her daughter. Red Amelia leered at her mother.

"What are you doing, Mealy?" someone asked. The hollow sound of the voice startled Madeline. The bears tossed the sentence back and forth like a toy.

Amelia was drawing. Her hands moved up and down a beige surface in time to the room's pushing.

Madeline's face burned red. "Amelia," she commanded, "show Mother what you are doing."

The child's hands froze. She turned towards Madeline and parted her lips to reveal teeth as pointed as her father's. She held Polly Pleasant towards Mrs. Watson. Madeline's eyes swam as she noticed the crop of thin blue lines that ran up and down the doll's belly. Polly crashed to the floor.

Amelia cupped her hands around her mouth and whispered. "When I grow up I want to be just like you, Mommy."

— *Melanie Merrifield*

## A Scent of Guilt

"It's time," Fanny said to no one in particular. She glanced at the slightly-crooked Ingersoll that hung over the door of the candy store. She leaned down under the counter and reached for the vinegar bottle and the **shmatte** that rested on top of it. When she straightened up, her tiny frame reunited in slow, uneven jerks, like a marionette on a string. She winced slightly; an unconscious **oy** escaped her dry, pale lips. Fanny caressed her left hip with a wrinkled hand to try to soothe away the ache.

This time she looked at Harry. "**Kum shayn**, Harry, it's almost midnight. This late already, nobody'll come in."

Her husband nodded his head back and forth and raised his hand slightly in a gesture of impatience. He shuffled slowly toward the cash register; his grey felt slippers barely whispered across the white, hexagon-tiled floor. Harry pushed the "No Sale" button on the cash register and the drawer rolled open, groaning its pronouncement of old age. The drawer barely reached Harry's chest, and his elbows stuck out awkwardly from the sides of the register as he removed the few bills from the drawer. He licked his right thumb with his tongue and counted out the thin pile of paper.

"**Dreizuk tuller**," he said. "Not enough for so many hours on the feet." He slipped the money into his sweater pocket and closed the register drawer.

"Enough already," he said to Fanny. She was on her knees in front of the glass-encased penny-candy counter. Her body swayed side to side as she rubbed away the fingerprints left by the daily decision-makers that came into the store. Fanny rose, one leg at a time, to her full height and moved away from the counter.

"I'm coming," she said. Her eyes swept across the glass in approval. She ran both hands down the length of her wool smock and buttoned her long, shapeless sweater neatly across her breast. She waited as Harry took a last look around the store and flipped off the light. She stepped outside and Harry closed the door. He turned the key in the lock, gave the door a last-minute push with his shoulder, and took Fanny's arm. They walked in silence the half-block to their two-room, second-floor apartment.

Fanny trudged slowly up the staircase, followed by Harry. When she reached the landing between the flights, she stopped and leaned against the cold, embossed tin wall. The sound of her breathing echoed through the dim, night-lit hallway. Harry took her arm and gently led her up the last flight of stairs. "A glass of tea," he said. "It will make you feel better."

They entered the apartment and Fanny walked into the kitchen. She reached for the long, silver-colored chain that hung from the ceiling. The room filled with a harsh brightness. Fanny poured water into a kettle and place two glasses on the sink. "Sit, Harry, sit. The water will be ready in a minute," she said.

She walked into the bedroom and quietly opened the second drawer of the double dresser she shared with Harry. She slid her hand between layers of her underwear, removed a crumbled pack of Lucky Strike Greens, and slipped it into her pocket. She walked into the bathroom, closed the door, opened the window a crack, and turned on the faucet. She sat down on the toilet seat, pulled a cigarette from the pack, and tapped it against the rim of the bathtub. Then she lit it. Just as the first wisp of smoke curled from her lips, Harry's voice crept under the door. "The water, it's boiling. Finish with the washing already, Fanny."

She took a last, deep puff, turned off the faucet, and flushed the cigarette down the toilet. She grabbed a towel from the towel rack and waved it vigorously toward the open window. Fanny shoved the Luckies back into her pocket and went into the kitchen to make tea.

They sat opposite each other and sipped the steaming liquid. She felt the warmth of the tea reach up from her throat and spread through her cheeks.

"Already you look better," Harry said. "In the morning you'll sleep maybe a little longer? Nothing to push on **Shabbos**, Fanny. No store to open. A good day to rest. In the afternoon, maybe it's nice, we'll take a little walk on the avenue, have a little supper in the deli."

Fanny smiled at her husband. Nineteen years, she thought. Nineteen years, and only one day out of seven we walk together, eat a meal together. The other days, we take turns to eat. We sit at this table with an empty chair for company.

She got up from her seat, picked up the tea glasses and placed them in the sink. She walked over to Harry and kissed him lightly on the forehead. "Good **Shabbos**," she said. "Come, let's go to bed. We'll talk about tomorrow tomorrow, God willing."

Fanny removed the **Shabbos** candles from the kitchen table and carefully placed them on the porcelain sink. They would flicker after Harry and Fanny were fast asleep.

"Sleep well, my Fanny," Harry said.

"Already I'm sleeping, Harry."

And no dreams chased her in the stillness of the night.

The smell of coffee greeted Fanny when she awoke. The sun, streaming through the white gauze curtains, filled her with a quiet joy. God is good, she thought. He has given us the gift of a beautiful day. She lifted herself carefully from the bed and put on her robe and slippers. She walked into the kitchen.

"Aahh, good morning," Harry greeted her. "Another minute the rolls will be warm. Sit, I'll pour you."

"It's a perfect Saturday," Harry said.

And it flew by quickly.

In the afternoon, they left the apartment and began their four-block walk to the avenue. All but one of the shops along the way were closed. Tucked between Kaminsky's Kosher Butcher and Blatt's Bakery was a small, strange-looking store. It had recently opened for business. Bright, red letters, boldly outlined in black, proclaimed across the window:

LOTUS GARDEN  
CHINESE FOOD TO GO.

Today, beneath the words, was added a long, peculiar-shaped monster. It was painted red, also. Gold leaf splashed from its open mouth. But Fanny knew that shop was there even before she read the words. Even before she could see that recently-added, funny-looking snake. For the past three Saturdays whenever they reached the sidewalk in front of Kaminsky's, a mysterious smell tickled her nostrils. The kind of smell that lingered in Olga Wilenski's kitchen one Sunday morning. Olga had invited Fanny in for coffee. "Before you rush to the store," she said. The two women were comparing grandchildren when suddenly Fanny switched topics. "What did you make to smell so good?" she asked.

"Eggs," Olga replied, "with kielbasa. For breakfast. Not for you, Fanny. Not for your people."

Fanny lowered her eyes in embarrassment, turned the conversation back to their families.

This new smell — that's the kind of smell it is, Fanny thought. And it did not come from the butcher. Nor was it the sweet, yeasty odor from an oven. It came from that strange place. A smell that made her feel ashamed. Came a smell that made her want to taste something **Trefe**, something outside her world. She licked her lips without meaning to. Her face burned. Like when she held it over a steaming kettle to relieve her asthma. She swallowed hard and the warmth subsided.

Fanny's eyes darted guiltily toward the open door. Next week, she decided. Next week, on Monday, she'd walk in that door. She'd see that "Chinese Food To Go."

That night Fanny dreamed of a strange country where the sidewalks were made of glass. Beneath the glass, strange, fearful-looking serpents swam about, spewing fire. But Fanny wasn't frightened. She even woke to Sabbath bells with a smile.

To clean the window, she used the classified section of Sunday's last, unsold New York **Times**. The candy counter sparkled. She put the vinegar bottle back in its usual place. "Finished," she heard Harry say.

They walked home in the silence born of fatigue. They entered their apartment. Fanny drew a deep breath. "Tomorrow I'll go to Blatt's for a rye before lunch. Always it's fresh on Monday. I'll make for you a tuna sandwich and leave it in the icebox."

"Good. That sounds good," Harry said.

Fanny walked into Blatt's at 11:30 Monday morning. She purchased a bread and walked out of the bakery. She hesitated on the sidewalk for a brief moment. If she turned right, she'd be in her own kitchen in a few minutes. She made a left turn and walked into "Lotus Garden."

A neat pile of printed menus lay on the freshly-painted counter. Fanny picked one up and read the first line:

## 1. CHOW MEIN . . . chicken, shrimp, vegetable.

A clean-shaven young man approached her from behind the counter. A spotless apron was tied around his waist. A tall, fluted chef's hat sat squarely on his head.

"Something for you, please?" he asked. His voice was soft, gentle.

"You sell maybe a small portion of number one with the vegetables?" Fanny asked.

"A half-pint. That's all you need for one person," he said. He disappeared behind a flimsy gold and red curtain. She heard the sound of metal scraping metal. The young man returned a moment later. He carried a small, white cardboard container, its top decorated with a red serpent like the one painted on the window. A thin, wire handle was attached to the carton on either side.

"I'll put it in a bag for you," he said. "It's very hot."

"Please," Fanny said, "you have maybe a plastic fork you could throw in?"

The young man smiled at her. "A spoon, too," he said.

She paid him, left the store, made a right turn, and hurried toward home.

She spread a white paper napkin on the kitchen table. She removed the container and the plastic fork from the plain brown paper bag and placed them on the napkin. She sat down, opened the carton, and inhaled the pungent odor that curled up toward her nose. Better than Mrs. Wilenski's kielbasa, she thought. Fanny took her first bite of chow mein. The taste was even better than the smell. Her fork disappeared quickly into the depths of the container.

She leaned back in her chair and pressed her hand against her stomach. "Aahh, a **mechaieh**," she whispered.

A few moments later, she removed the empty carton and the fork from the table, put them back into the paper bag, and threw it into the garbage pail. She washed her hands and made a tuna sandwich for Harry's lunch.

And in the weeks that followed, Harry knew his Monday sandwich would be on fresh rye bread. He was never disappointed.

One Monday after lunch when Harry returned to the store, Fanny greeted him with a broad grin. "Harry, come Saturday, we have a Bar Mitzvah. You forgot? Mr. Kaplan's son. Something nice to look forward to, no?"

And the days that were left in the week rolled one into the other.

On Saturday morning they both rose early. Fanny dressed with special care: the navy crepe dress, the sheer stockings, the new, blue shoes. She daubed her mouth with a soft, pink lipstick. She touched it to her face, and rubbed it across her cheekbones. Just a little color, she thought. Harry waited for her in the kitchen. He was reading **The Forward**. She walked into the room and stood very straight and still. "I'm ready," she said.

Harry looked up. "You look nice, my Fanny. Just like a queen."

They walked out of the apartment building.

"Look at the sky, Fanny," Harry said. "Such a blue I never saw."

"A good day for a **simcha**," she said.

As Fanny lifted her head and breathed deeply of the fresh morning air, she missed the bottom step of the building. She fell to the sidewalk with a

dull thud. One of her new, blue shoes lay on the ground beside her. Harry rushed to her side, his face twisted in fear. "Fanny, Fanny, what happened? Are you all right?" He bent down beside her and brushed the hair from her face. "Can you move?" he asked.

"I think so," she answered.

"Careful, careful, let me help you."

He put his arm around her waist and slowly pulled her to her feet.

"Oh, Harry, the left foot. I can't stand on the left foot."

Harry helped Fanny up from the pavement and gently sat her down on the step. "Don't move," he said. "I'll be back in half a minute."

He ran up the stairs to the apartment. Fanny heard Harry shout into the telephone. "Coney Island Hospital. Hurry, please, it's an emergency. My wife."

He returned to her side a moment later. He held a blanket under his arm. Harry draped the blanket around Fanny and sat down beside her. He put his arm around her shoulders.

"The taxi, it's on its way," he said. "Lean against me, Fanny, try to make yourself a little comfortable."

Every time the taxicab drove over a pothole, Fanny winced with pain.

"It's a broken ankle," the doctor said to Harry. "We'll keep her here a day or two just to make sure there are no complications. It's a pretty bad break."

After her leg was put in a cast, they put Fanny in a bed in the women's ward. Harry sat beside her on the cold, metal hospital chair.

"Go home, Harry, go home. Get something to eat." She reached for Harry's hand across the blanket. "I think I can sleep a little bit now. Later, you'll come back, we'll visit. Go."

Harry bent over the bed and kissed Fanny's cheek. "Harry," she whispered, "maybe the shoe is still on the sidewalk?"

"We'll buy you a new pair, Fanny. Now you rest."

He touched the back of his hand to her cheek. Fanny closed her eyes. She fell into a deep sleep in which nothing squirmed under glass.

When Fanny woke, a crisp-looking young nurse stood at the foot of her bed. She was reading Fanny's chart.

"How do you feel? Do you need anything?" she asked.

"Please," Fanny said, "maybe you can fix my pillow? My husband, he's coming soon. I want he should see me sitting up a little."

The nurse adjusted the bed and propped the pillow for Fanny. "There you go," she said. She moved on to the patient in the next bed.

Fanny smoothed out the creases in the stiff, muslin hospital gown. She tucked a few stray hairs behind her ears and folded her hands across the blanket. She was ready to receive Harry.

She saw him the moment he entered the ward. In one hand he carried a small, canvas suitcase. In his other hand he held a brown paper bag. The smile on his face brought Fanny back forty years. Together under the **chuppa**. The prayers, the vows, the wine. The first moment they looked at each other as man and wife. That same smile.

"You're feeling better?" he asked.

"Fine, Harry, fine. Just a little pain in the leg," she answered.

Harry placed the small suitcase at the foot of the bed. "A few things I brought from the house. A nightgown, a comb, a toothbrush, an extra pair pllasses. So you should be a little more comfortable."

Harry handed Fanny the paper bag. "And here," he said, "a little nourishment. Lox and bagels you won't get here." He sat down on the chair beside her bed. His eyes never left her face.

Fanny opened the bag, reached into it, and closed her fingers around a thin, wire handle. She tugged at it, and pulled out a small, white container. It was still warm. And a little red snake danced on its top.

— Carol Colbe

## Alone

He left them in the dark cold of a winter night. She had insisted that they all go, to be together this last time. He had wanted to take a cab — the roads were so bad, he said, and the children sleepy. He drove cautiously, frequently stopping to scrape ice off the windshield, cursing silently to himself. She huddled quietly in the corner, her cold cheek against the colder window.

The streets were slick and icy, oily black and dangerous. Cars skidded, running over the curbs and up onto the sidewalks, occasionally knocking over fire hydrants and sending the tumbling cascades of water high into the air where they froze into glistening shafts of ice, like giant popsicles to tempt some unknowing warm-weather child. Drivers smiled sheepishly and shrugged their shoulders. They knew this land intimately, all its moods and faces, and more than most people, they were part of the land. They hunted its woods and fished its creeks. Their lives were governed by the growing seasons. They accepted the dank and sweltering heat of summer just as they reveled in the gentle, sweet days of spring, the long, lingering dog days of fall. Patiently, they bore winter but always as a stranger whom one greets but doesn't invite to linger. But this winter had been different than most, frightening in its intensity, the coldest winter in memory. The thermometer dropped to twenty degrees, to eighteen, to an incredible sixteen. Water pipes froze, and old ladies tenderly wrapped camellia bushes in burlap. Those fools landing on the moon were the cause of it, people said, going where they had no business. If God had meant for man to go to the moon he would have put him there.

They had bundled the children up tightly before leaving the house, buttoned their jackets snugly, pulled hoods over cold, brittle ears.

"If this keeps up I'll have to buy them snow suits," she said.

The children stretched mittened hands toward the sky to catch an occasional snow flake, gazing in wonder at the crystal-like bit of perfection before touching it cautiously with small, pink tongues.

Christmas lights shimmered garishly in the streets, their brightness mocking and scornful to the man and woman in the car. Neglected Santas with dirty beards laughed mechanically from store windows. The fascinated children, who only a few days before had stood in front of the windows in wonder, were in bed now, dulled by too much of everything — too many toys, too much food, too many dime store Santas.

"Is this all there is?" the children asked anxiously as they threw aside guns and tanks and soldiers and other toys of war, hope already dying in their bright eyes.

"Is this all there is?" they asked, knowing already the answer, and resigned to it, they shrugged their shoulders and turned back to the guns and tanks, the wooden soldiers and other toys of war.

The little boys in the back seat jumped up and down with excitement, thrilled with the unexpected treat of staying up past bed time, amused still by the decorations.

"This time next year, boys, you'll be getting ready for me to come home, won't you? I'm counting on you to send me some of your very best



Christmas cookies. Don't you guys act like pigs and eat 'em all, and don't let Mommy open my presents. We'll open them when I get back, and that way it'll be like two Christmases for us."

The boys giggled at the thought of the two Christmases to come, the year in between, all the days in between, moving swiftly before their eyes until it was Christmas once again.

"How will I know," she asked, under their chatter, "how will I know, well, if anything happens?"

"Oh, honey, I told you to quit worrying about that. I don't think I'll even be issued a gun for this job, thank God. Probably shoot my damn foot off."

"But what if something does happen?" she persisted.

"If something does happen, which it won't, someone from the base will come to tell you, before it's in the news or something like that. He'll stay with you for as long as you need him. But it won't happen, I promise. Nothing's going to happen to me, except maybe a case of pneumonia," he added ruefully. "It's supposed to be terribly hot and humid. Everything mildews, jungle rot."

She had a sudden, terrifying vision of creeping green mold covering everything — his shoes, his clothes, even the food he ate.

"You know where all my papers are, don't you? We went over everything, the insurance and all that. You have to know this, Ann, it's important that you understand."

"Stop it!" she cried, covering her ears with her hands. "I don't want to talk about this. I told you that. I don't want to talk about this, but you just go on and on!"

The back seat was suddenly quiet, as the boys looked anxiously at their parents.

She took a deep breath. "Who's going to do your laundry?" she asked quietly, careful not to look at him, keeping her face to the window and watching the passing streets, the skeleton trees trembling in the wind as they reached gaunt arms to the dark sky, as if these were the things she needed to remember and not his face, not his hands clutching the wheel so tightly, nor the way his hair grew close to his head, strands of grey shining through the tight, black curls. She wanted suddenly to touch him, to rub her fingers through his hair, but she didn't dare. She knew that if she did all the waves of emotion that she had held back so carefully would come pouring out, frightening the boys, tearing her apart.

"Who's going to do your laundry?" she asked again.

"What? Oh, I don't know. Maids, I suppose."

Warm, brown girls with black hair and innocent eyes, and she felt a sudden piercing bite of jealousy, made more painful by its unexpectedness, begging somewhere in her mouth like a throbbing tooth ache, roaming through her body, encircling, entwining, settling deep in her stomach.

"It's not fair, though," she said quietly to the window. "It's really not fair."

He didn't answer, intent on the road, his driving. Perhaps he hadn't heard.

"It's not even noble, this thing you're doing. You're leaving us, you're leaving me, and everybody says it's not even a real war."

"For Christ's sake, grow!" he hissed at her through clinched teeth. "Whoever said it was? Is any war noble? You're such a child, Ann, a child who always wants things to be fair."

"But the babies, I've seen pictures of the babies. I have nightmares about the bombs killing the babies. Could you do that? You've never even owned a gun!"

"Do you know how many times I've asked myself that? Can I do it? I don't know. I just don't know."

"Don't go," she whispered to herself, to the window, to the black night rushing by. "Stay with me. I'm so afraid."

He reached over and covered her clenched hands with one of his, touched her cheek briefly, anxiously.

The bitter words hung over them, hovered in the car, nagging, doubting words. There was not enough time to say all the things that should have been said earlier, but since they hadn't been said, maybe they weren't really necessary.

And then there was time only for a quick kiss, a fierce hug, and he left them, climbing the steps quickly, his coat flapping open in the chill wind. The plane climbed effortlessly in the still night. They watched until it existed only in their minds, and then the boys turned to her, questions tumbling from their mouths.

"Does a plane reach the clouds, Mama? Will Daddy get to touch the clouds?"

"There's the first star, Mama. Aren't you going to make a wish?"

"Star light, star bright, first star I see tonight. I wish I may, I wish I might, have my wish come true tonight." The boys chanted loudly, holding hands with her, eyes shut tight.

"I wish for Daddy to come home safely," she said, holding the boys firmly by the hands and walking toward the car.

"Mama, you must never tell your wish! It won't come true if you do," Jon said in horrified delight. "But that's ok. I'll tell mine too. I wish for Max to have a baby," he cried loudly.

"Boys can't have babies, stupid," David answered, secure in his six years of wisdom. "Not even boy dogs, can they, Mama?"

"He called me stupid, Mama!"

"Well, you are stupid. Stupid, stupid, stupid!" The older boy began to cry, great heaving gasps that shook his small body. He clutched her legs and mumbled into her lap as she kneeled down to hold him. "Know what I wished, Mama? I wished for the year to be over, for it to be this time next year."

"Don't do this, David, please don't do this. I'll make it a good year for you. I promise. I'll take you fishing, and to the ball games, and I'll get Uncle Bob to help you in football and Cub Scouts . . ." Her voice trailed off. She held him close, automatically smoothing down the hair at the back of his small, neat head.

"Cow licked you there, David," his dad had said.

She pushed back the tumbled curls, so like the man's who had left them, left her to cope with this suffering. She was surprised, ashamed at the resentment that she felt.

"David," she whispered, "David, you've got to be a big boy now. What will Jon think?"

It was this, more than any comfort that she had given, this thought of a scornful, maybe even laughing younger brother, that caused him to stop crying. Rubbing his hands across his eyes, wiping his nose on the sleeve of his jacket, he shook her off. Pushing his hands deep into his pockets, he walked to the car, rejecting her promise with the same disdain that she had earlier rejected another promise.

"If you cry anymore, David," Jon yelled, "your tears are going to freeze, and how would you look, walking around with ice cubes falling down your cheeks?" Laughing shrilly, Jon skipped up to his mother and grabbed her hand. "I wouldn't wish time away, Mama. Heck, that would mean wishing away summer, and I wouldn't ever wish away summer. I'm taking Max to the beach, and I'll throw a stick way out in the water, and Max will fetch. And David and me'll build sand castles, and I'll go barefoot all the time, and I'll run in the waves, and this year I won't be scared, and . . ."

Later she put them to bed and listened to their prayers: "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep, If I should die before I wake, I pray thee, Lord, my soul to take. God bless Mama and Daddy and Grandma and Grandpa, and God bless Max, and God bring our daddy home safely. Amen."

"Night, Mama," mumbled Jon softly, already warm with sleep.

"Night, Mama," David echoed from the top bunk. "Night, Max," he called to the puppy sleeping in a box in the hall.

She got ready for bed, brushed her hair, locked the doors carefully. The dog whimpered in the darkness, and she put a hot water bottle in his box, remembering a time when her father had done this for her Christmas puppy. Soothed by this unreal mother, the puppy wrapped himself around the hot water bottle and went to sleep.

For a long while the house was still, quiet except for an occasional cough, a muttered sigh from a sleeping child. Restlessly she lay in bed, willing herself to be still, longing for sleep. Her bed was close to the window, so near that she lay bathed in light from the window, near enough for her to watch the clouds as first they covered the moon, then moved swiftly away, skimming across the winter sky.

A startling, demanding noise invaded her room, penetrating the deep sleep that she had finally found comfort in. She resented the harsh ringing, the jarringly shrill intrusion, and she resisted the awakening. The sound continued. Willfully she pushed it away only to have it come back. Creeping reluctantly through layers of unconsciousness, pulling her way through cobwebs of time, she reached the surface.

"Hello, hello. Who is this? What do you want?"

"Whoops, sorry, lady. Must have the wrong number," an adolescent voice shrieked in her ear, giggling wildly before slamming down the phone.

Gently she replaced the phone and sat waiting, watching the hands of her bedside clock move slowly, waiting for the phone to ring again. She checked the children, thinking they might be frightened by the unexpected sound. But they slept peacefully. Jon's eyelashes were dark on his cheeks, a baby still, with down on his face, his back. He slept quietly, hardly moving

during the night. David had restlessly twisted his covers, entangling himself in them. She straightened the sheets and covered him carefully. His cheeks looked hot, flushed. Anxiously she put her lips to his forehead. Her husband had always told her to use a thermometer.

"But my mother did it this way," she argued.

David's head felt cool to her colder lips.

She went back to bed. Her sheets were rumpled, her warm nest now cold and strange. She was alert, tense, listening for any strange sound, disturbed from the carefully arranged harmony of the night. Had the furnace come on so loudly before? And the stairs, did they always creak this way? The house was old, and its bones ached in weather like this, ached and loudly complained. Had she locked the doors, all the windows. She padded down the stairs in her bare feet. The Christmas tree loomed tall in a corner of the living room. Needles had fallen from it and lay scattered over the rug. The boys had insisted on putting the tree up so early, making Christmas last as long as possible.

She turned the Christmas tree lights on. Prisms of color floated over the room. Here and there some bulbs had burned out, and it really was too late to change them. Soon it would be New Year's, and the tree would have to be taken down. But she replaced the lights anyway; the tree had given them much happiness. The boys had been so excited, coming in late one afternoon, running, pulling their father by the hand.

"Mama, Mama, we've found it, the perfect tree!"

Her husband had shrugged behind their backs. "They picked it out themselves," he said. "It's just the one they wanted."

The tree stuck out from the back window of the station wagon. It was already old, the needles beginning to fall off. But there were tiny pine cones nestled among the branches and the poignant smell of pine, and she agreed that this was the perfect tree. Her husband cut the bottom branches off and pulled it through the door, and she carefully turned the worst side to the wall. That night they decorated it with hard sugar cookies shaped into stars and diamonds, into animals, cookies that she had made and they had decorated with colored icing.

"Mama, tell Jon that he can't paint the pigs pink. There's no such thing as pink pigs. Boy, is he dumb!"

"Mama . . .!"

The lights that she had replaced burned brighter than they others, red and green and gold. Jon's teddy bear sat lonely under the tree, forgotten in the excitement of a real live puppy, though he had slept with Jon and given comfort for many years. She picked it up and sat down, tucking her feet under her long gown. The room was dark but for the lights from the tree. She rocked quietly, softly whispering lullabies as she cuddled the bear close. A clock chimed twice before she stood up and placed the bear gently under the tree. She walked to the window and pulled the curtains back. Moonlight streamed through. A Christmas tree twinkled across the street. A car drove by, drunken voices calling out, "Merry Christmas, everybody." She drew back behind the curtains, not wanting to be seen but grateful for the fleeting presence of other wakeful people.



A strong gust of wind brushed branches against the window, rattling the leaves in the street, sending them rushing down the gullies. She wanted suddenly to be among them, dancing in her bare feet with the leaves circling and swaying around her as she swirled in their midst. She thought that she might let her hair grow long and maybe go back to school. She was not old, not really. Maybe she could take up dancing, ballet, maybe. She had always wanted to be a dancer, a ballerina.

A child cried aloud in his sleep. She ran to the stairs, then paused, listening. He didn't cry out again. Slowly she crossed the room and closed the curtains, then turned and unplugged the lights on the tree. She climbed the stairs, trailing her fingers along the banister. The dog was making sucking noises in his box. She tucked the water bottle nearer, closer to his stomach, and he nestled against it with a gentle sigh.

"Poor thing," she whispered. "Think it's your mama, don't you?"

She crawled into the cold bed, turned out the light, and lay very still. Sleep eluded her, the desired peace of oblivion. She got up, opened the bottom drawer of the table beside the bed and took out the pajamas her husband had worn that last night.

"Was it only last night? Is this just my first night?"

Crossing the moonlit room, walking through narrow wedges of cold moonlight, she got back in bed and pressed the pajamas tightly between her cheek and the pillow. She twisted her body, curling it, curving it, seeking a long forgotten position, pulling her knees up and tucking her chin under. With a sigh, she fell asleep.

— Gayle H. Miller

## Clippings

Alice's secret vice would have been nothing more than a habit if she had not been a librarian. She clipped articles from magazines, most often from those in the periodicals room where she worked. She sent her mother clippings from *Reader's Digest* with titles like "How to Grow Old and Not Look It" and "Exercise for the Over-Sixty Set." Alice sent her only sister's daughter, Monica, articles from Christian magazines about the importance of chastity. Monica was a college junior. She wrote her aunt frequently, and her letters were always detailed descriptions of whoever she was currently dating — a euphemism, Alice realized — and *Ms.* magazine-inspired defenses of the New Morality. Alice herself had never desired to challenge the old morality. It made life less confusing. One didn't do certain things because they simply weren't done. Alice wished she could explain all this to her niece, but knew the girl would simply look at her with the humorless cruel pity of the young.

Alice's sister once told her Monica had commented that Alice was the only woman she knew who had survived the sixties unscathed. She passed it on as a compliment. Alice, the librarian, understood the subtleties of words. She had survived the sixties untouched, or so Monica would have it.

Alice carried her loneliness as older people carry rheumatism in their bones. She was introspective enough to keep memories of the major decisions of her life, rewinding the thoughts, running them backward and forward like a demented projectionist. She found no specific moment when she had accepted aloneness. There was no rejected marriage proposal, no conscious decision to remain single.

Ten years ago, Alice had almost been raped at a state park. She had gone there alone in early spring to walk along some of the trails and photograph wildflowers. With the oblivion of the most self-effacing of spinsters, she was bent over, tinkering with the light meter, when hands from behind groped for her breasts. She twisted around and stood straight. The man was drunk, grinning at her as he grasped her shoulders and clutched her close to his face, smothering her with beer scent.

"Looks like today's your lucky day," he said, pressing obscenely against her and taking the front of her shirt between his hands as though he was going to tear it.

She took a ragged breath and pulled away again. One of the many carefully clipped proverbs leapt to her mind and she mentally grasped for her most authoritative voice, which tended to sound British. "I have gonorrhoea," she said.

For a moment neither moved, and then her assailant looked over Alice very slowly, up and down, and laughed. He turned back and walked away.

She had never told anyone about the incident. Once when Monica had dutifully come to visit her, she had tried to bring up the subject, but stopped before she had divulged anything and sat still in her armless Danish Modern chair, quietly resenting this girl who expected — what did she expect? Justification, perhaps?

Still, the girl visited her often during breaks. They cooked dinner and drank white wine from crystal, the tenuous web of the conversation connecting them more fragile than the glasses.

"Alice," Monical said one night after a third glass of wine, "are you happy with your job?" The girl had dropped the "Aunt" after her first year in college.

"Certainly," Alice said.

"Well, isn't it kind of sexist?"

"I don't think so," Alice said. "I've never been discriminated against."

"That's not what I mean," Monica said impatiently. "If you could do it over again, would you still want to be a librarian?"

Alice looked at her niece. Monica was an economics major. She wanted to go on and get a law degree, to work as a corporate lawyer, to be assertive and competitive while remaining attractive and desirable. Monica wanted to be the woman in the perfume commercial, Alice thought, and she was so amused by her observation that she forgot the girl's question.

"What?" Alice said, seeing that the girl was waiting.

"Never mind," Monica said, the lowering of her eyelids revealing her belief in her aunt's encroaching senility.

Monica had just lifted the wine glass to her lips when Alice asked, very conversationally, "Who are you living with now, Monica? Still the philosophy major?"

The girl set down her glass, coughing from the sip of wine she had choked on. When she recovered, she looked straight at her aunt.

"Yes," she said, "David and I are still together. We've had some problems lately, but I think they'll work out." She hesitated briefly. "I know they will."

"You've been together for a while, now," Alice said. "Have you thought about getting married?"

"That would be silly," Monica said, with too much indignation. "Neither of us is ready for that. We're both very young and we each have a lot ahead of us. David is going to be doing graduate work and I've got law school."

I should stop, Alice thought, but the words came out anyway. "Really," she said, "and you're both going to go to school together. That's very romantic."

"Well, not exactly," Monica said. She looked down at the table-top and absently traced the wood grain with her finger. "I guess we'll probably be very far apart, especially if I'm accepted at Stanford."

Alice could not remember ever seeing her niece at such a loss for words. She reached for the wine carafe in the middle of the table and filled both their glasses beyond what was proper, almost to the rim.

"I never did tell you about the time I was almost raped," Alice said.

— Nancy L. Nethery

## Participants

Josephine Jacobsen, Honorary Consultant in American Letters, Library of Congress, is the author of five books of poetry — from *For the Unlost* (1946) to *The Shade Seller* (1974). Her latest book is *A Walk with Raschid and Other Stories* (1978). Her poetry is widely anthologized. Among collections containing her fiction are *Best American Short Stories* (1966), *O. Henry Prize Stories* (1967, 1971, 1973, 1976), and *Fifty Years of the American Short Story* (1970).

James Merrill, poet and teacher, is author of *Nights and Days* (1966), which won the National Book Award, *Braving the Elements* (1972), for which he won the Bollingen Prize, and numerous other books of poetry, of which the most recent are *Divine Comedies* (1976), *Mirabell: Books of Number* (1978), and *Scripts for the Pageant* (1980).

Anne Warner is Assistant Professor of English at Agnes Scott College. She took her undergraduate work at Hollins College and the Ph.D. degree in English from Emory University. She has published articles in *John Berryman Studies* and her poems have been published in the *Southern Poetry Review*, *Intro 3*, and *The Hollins Critic*.

Theodore Weiss, poet, editor, and teacher, is Professor of Creative Arts at Princeton University. Together with his wife Rene he founded (1943) and edits the *Quarterly Review of Literature*. He is the author of a number of books of poetry, including *The Last Day and the First*, *The Medium*, and *Outlanders*.