

'90s, judging from the women's hair (yes: top and bottom) and the action was midcore. (Another good essay: Who selects the patients for fertility centers? Who judges what will get men off yet not too degrading to all the women outside the cum-room? Who judges the doctors and the hopeful, hormone-addled wives?)

I visited the room on three separate occasions. I like to have a lot of backup—while Amy did nothing. She was supposed to be taking pills, but she didn't, and then she didn't some more. She was the one who'd been pregnant, the one who'd been over her body to the baby, so I postponed nudging her for a few months, keeping my hand on the pill bottle to see if the level was down. Finally, a few weeks one winter night, I crunched the snow-crusted clothes, and cupped her shoulder, breathing her in, and whispered the words—Let's have a baby—and she said no. I was expecting a cautious worry—Nick, will I be a good mom?—but I got a big fat no. A no without loopholes. Nothing dramatic. I'd be stuck doing all the hard stuff," she reasoned. "All the doctors' appointments and discipline, and you'd just freeze in and be Fun Daddy. I'd do all the work to make them love you and hate me. And you'd undo it anyway and they'd love you and hate me."

I told Amy I didn't believe me. I told her I didn't just want a child, I had to know I could love a person unconsciously, that I could make a little creature feel constantly welcome and different. That I could be a different kind of parent. That I could raise a boy who wasn't like me.

I begged Amy to remain unmoved. She said she would. I wrote her the mail: The clinic would dispose of the embryo. I left the letter on the table. Three days later, I saw it in the trash. I wrote her on the subject. I was secretly dating Andie for months, so it didn't stop my aching, and it didn't stop our boy, mine and Amy's. I'd gotten my and I would make a great child.

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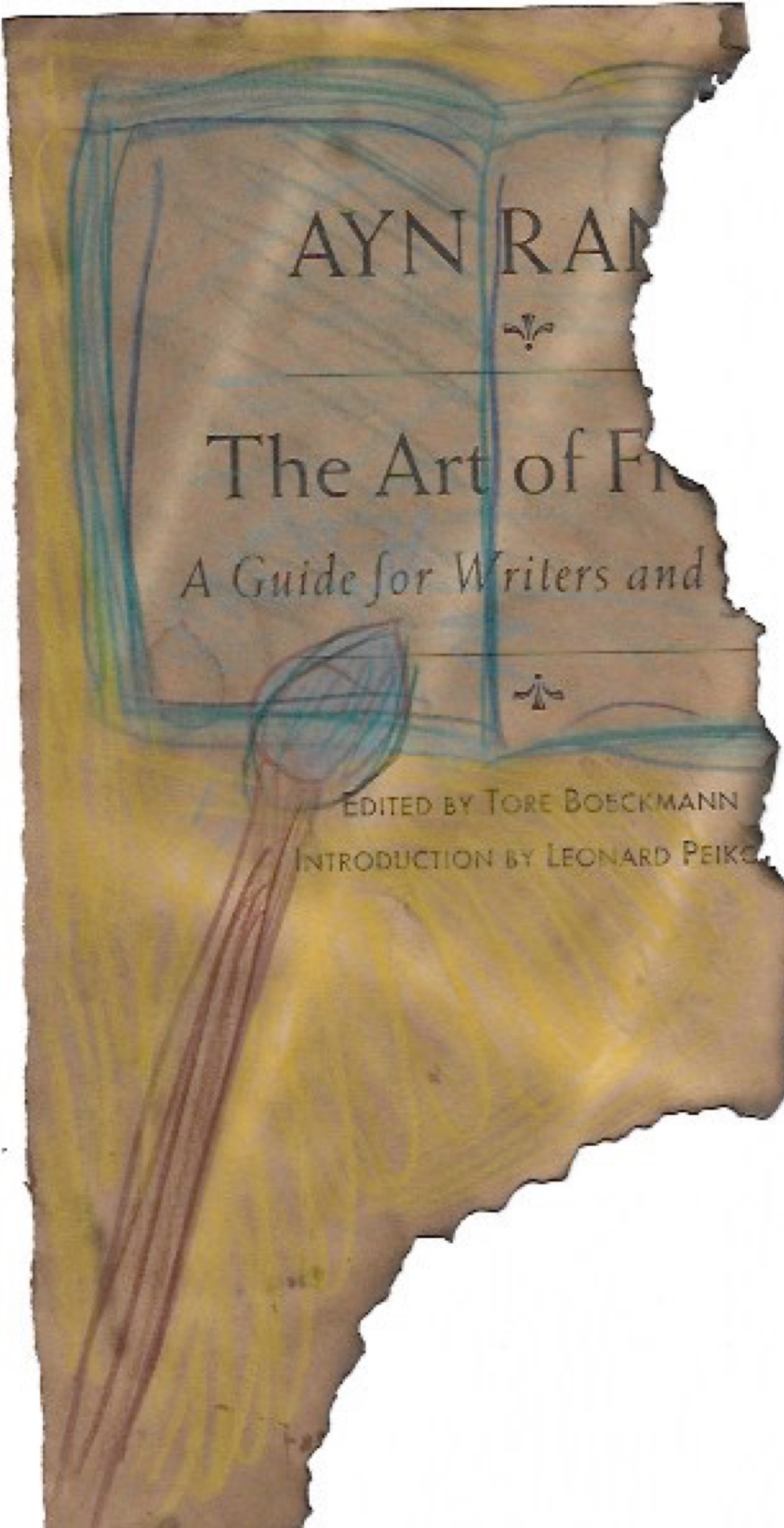
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Incineration

1

The Art of The Art of Fiction

**by
Watchwoman**



AYN RA

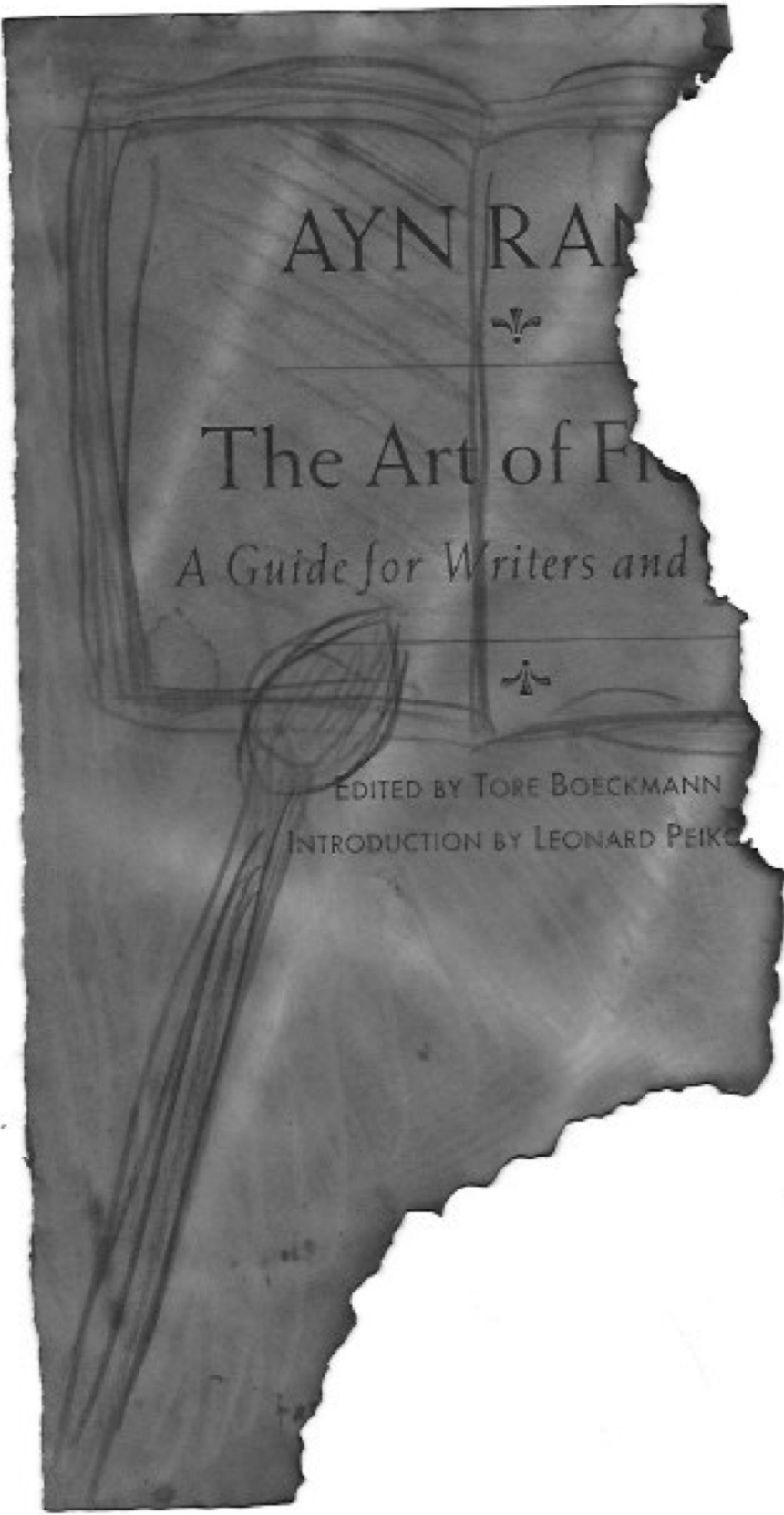


The Art of Fiction
A Guide for Writers and



EDITED BY TORE BOECKMANN

INTRODUCTION BY LEONARD PEIKO



AYN RAND



The Art of Fiction
A Guide for Writers and Readers



EDITED BY TORE BOECKMANN

INTRODUCTION BY LEONARD PEIKO



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INT

The book is an edited version of a series of lectures given by Toni Morrison in her own lecture series after the publication of *Beloved* through her powers as a novelist.

She gave the course, by "popular" definition, to friends and acquaintances. She spoke from a few written notes naming the topics and questions and discussion, each of the hours.

Two kinds of students attended: fiction readers from a variety of professional audiences to whom the present book is addressed.

The goal of the writers was obvious: to say as much as possible about the problems and to readers, by contrast, of whom I was one. Since we wanted to enhance our enjoyment to know from the master what to look for in fiction, we wanted to know what had gone on behind the scenes; we wanted to know what had gone on behind the mind to produce the stories we loved (or hated) to grasp a book as a finished whole.

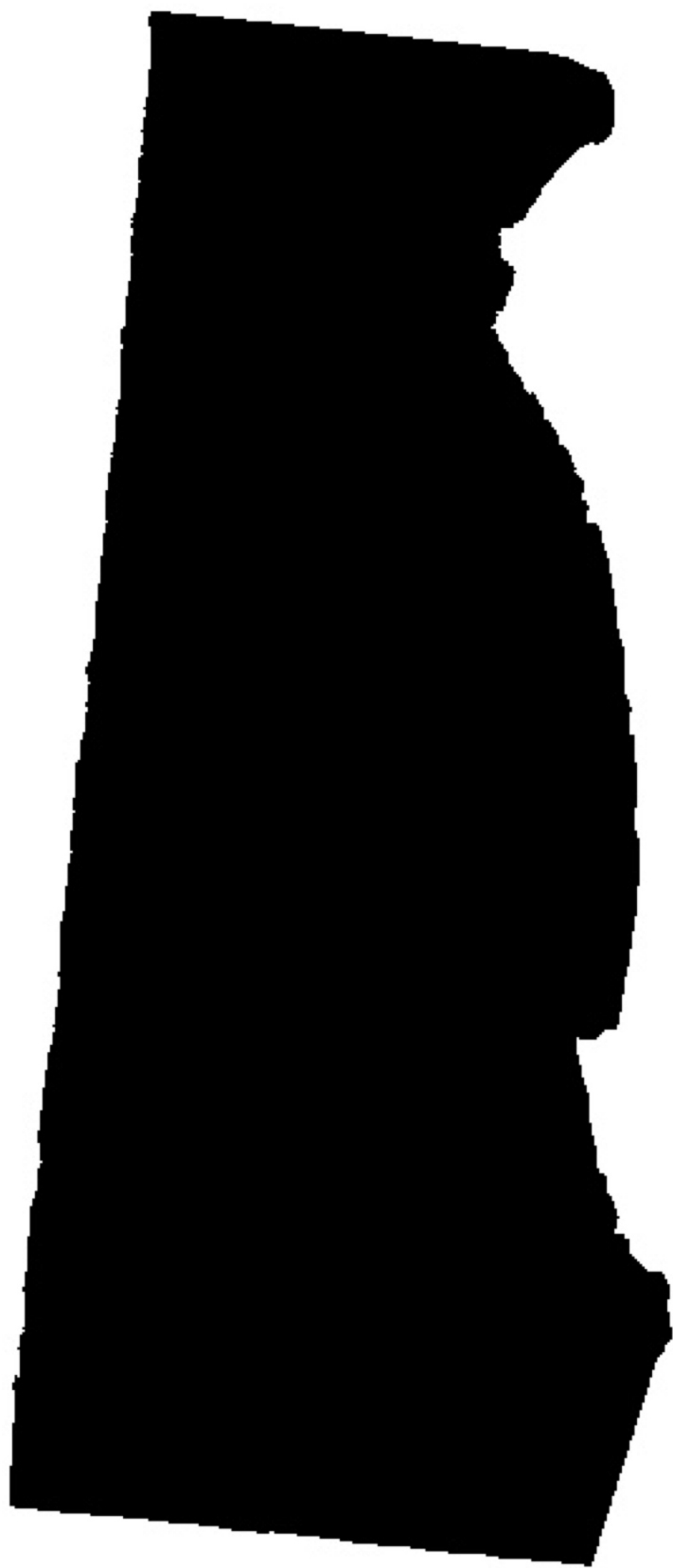
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INTRODUCTION

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On the contrary, *The Art of Fiction* serves as an extended continuation of the Objectivist esthetics, and thus as an invaluable supplement to the *Manifesto*. Most of its content is unavailable in AR's books.

Boeckmann has done an outstanding job as editor. I suggest an extremely difficult assignment: to give us AR faithfully, with all her points and words—but freed of the awkwardness, the obscurities, and the grammatical lapses inherent in her spoken speech. Mr. Boeckmann has delivered superbly. He personally checked every sentence of the final manuscript. Now and then, I thought that some balance within a sentence had been unnecessarily cut (these have been reinstated). Not only so, however, did the editor omit, enlarge, or misrepresent AR's words, not even in the subtlest of cases. Using the original lecture tapes as his base, Mr. Boeckmann has produced the virtually impeccable transcription of AR's exact ideas and language—in the form of written English, as against oral. This, I believe, is the only form in which AR herself would have wanted these lectures to be published.

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You too can now experience the joys of attending a course in AR's living room. You cannot ask her questions, as I could. But you can soak up her answers.

If you do not know her philosophy of Objectivism, you will

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Figure 1. Percentage correct responses for the three groups across the five trials. Error bars represent standard error.

Control group. The MCI group was significantly slower than the Control group on the first trial ($F(1, 14) = 10.0$, $p < 0.01$) and the second trial ($F(1, 14) = 10.0$, $p < 0.01$). The AD group was significantly slower than the Control group on the first trial ($F(1, 14) = 10.0$, $p < 0.01$) and the second trial ($F(1, 14) = 10.0$, $p < 0.01$). The MCI group was significantly slower than the AD group on the first trial ($F(1, 14) = 10.0$, $p < 0.01$) and the second trial ($F(1, 14) = 10.0$, $p < 0.01$).

The Control group was significantly faster than the MCI group on the third trial ($F(1, 14) = 10.0$, $p < 0.01$) and the fourth trial ($F(1, 14) = 10.0$, $p < 0.01$). The AD group was significantly faster than the MCI group on the third trial ($F(1, 14) = 10.0$, $p < 0.01$) and the fourth trial ($F(1, 14) = 10.0$, $p < 0.01$). The MCI group was significantly faster than the AD group on the third trial ($F(1, 14) = 10.0$, $p < 0.01$) and the fourth trial ($F(1, 14) = 10.0$, $p < 0.01$).

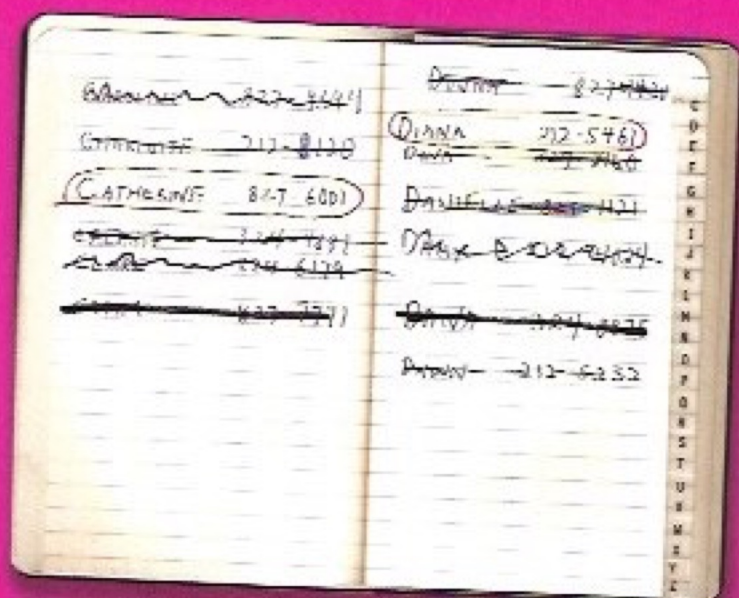
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**Ending a book
that contributes to
the blaming of
women culture**

**by
Katheryne Castillo**

Why He Didn't Call You Back

1,000 Guys Reveal What They Really
Thought About You After Your Date



Rachel Greenwald

New York Times bestselling author

meeting him again, always expressing sincere regret and trying to find another time. But when she called him after she returned from Africa, he had just started dating someone else.

Many men in my research had grown weary of these busy women and were looking for someone more available. Max, a forty-eight-old accountant from New York, NY, complained, "More than half the women I ask out will call me within a few hours of our date with some last-minute 'crisis' and ask to reschedule for another night." He remembered one woman who told him, "Sorry, my week has been really busy, but now I'm available . . . He couldn't believe it—she was claiming a whole month went by without a two-hour or two? He said he used to be very understanding but now he thinks it's just rude—and worse, a sign that any future relationship will not be a priority. He emphasized that their excuses usually sound very legitimate (being sick, working, traveling, etc.), and he believes the women are genuine when they apologize profusely and ask to see him the next night or next week instead, but he sighed, "I'm over that. I want to be with someone who thinks a date with me is important."

Harvey, a sixty-four-year-old widower and aviation engineer from Bend, OR, told me, "I met a woman recently; it was the best date since my wife died three years ago. . . . But when we spoke on the phone to arrange our next date, she mentioned how frequently she travels for work. Scheduling our second date was a challenge, and it made me realize she'd be too busy for me if [we ever became serious]. It's hard enough getting to know someone when you see them regularly, but if one person is gone so much, it's too hard." Harvey never explained his concern to her, nor did he give her the opportunity to suggest a solution. They eventually had a perfect first second date, but no third date.

Sometimes too many other commitments is translated not as "too busy" but rather "too rigid." George, a forty-five-year-old hotel supply distributor from Charlotte, NC, stayed out until 2:00 AM on a fantastic first date with Anna. But at the beginning of their second date, Anna told George she'd have to be home by 10:00 PM—not

and that's that.

Interview by a mutual friend who described him as "such a great guy . . . everyone wants to fix him up." Aaron recalled a fantastic first date with a woman named Jessica he'd met one year earlier. At the end of their date, he told her he'd call her soon. He had a crazy week at the hospital with six surgeries and two on-call nights. And he admitted he had two other blind dates that week, previously scheduled before he met Jessica. He said Jessica was on his mind and he hoped to see her again. He described his feelings for her as "very positive . . . maybe not head-over-heels, but interested in spending more time with her." A week had passed when he finally had some downtime to call her. He was surprised at the reception he got. Jessica was "cold on the phone . . . she was obviously pissed off . . . I assume it was because I hadn't called her right away. She wouldn't say what was wrong . . . I got a negative vibe." They never went on a second date.

I spoke with another King of First Dates named Leonard, a thirty-nine-year-old consultant in New York, NY. He was introduced to me by a friend who described him as "a real catch who half of Manhattan is trying to land." When we spoke, Leonard described two separate great first dates that dead-ended because he didn't act fast enough. He said after he waited "about a week or two" to call back, one woman answered his call sarcastically, "Leonard *who*?" Another time, he tried to explain to a woman how busy he had been, and she replied, "I don't give a shit." I suggested to Leonard that he start calling back faster when he likes someone. He laughed good-naturedly and said, "Ya think?" Basically, he waits so long to follow up with women, even when he really likes them, *because he can*. He has so many opportunities it doesn't really matter if one woman gives him a cold reception. Okay, that's annoying, and he may not sound very desirable as I explain his situation, but at some point (next week or next decade?), I do believe that a switch will flip in his mind. Suddenly he'll decide it's time to settle down. Most of these popular guys eventually do marry. If he's such a great guy (as I heard from our mutual friend who has known him for over twenty years), could it hurt you to answer the phone

"stereotype" means, pause for a moment to really absorb this definition: *a scrub is a guy that is not a member of a group* (such as "Football players are stupid" or "French people are unfriendly"). It's Peter's strategy to quickly catalog the world around them in the absence of in-depth knowledge. In the end, he's also known as a **beta** to his female coworkers given the limited information they can glean about their first date. You can always talk to him because www.inequalitymetrotype.com on first dates. What's crucial here is for you to recognize the way that an **alpha** guy typically operates: he's based in secure, trivial date-breakers—so that you can avoid them like the plague and just

And what's important to remember is that because of the reasons described in chapter 1 of the *New Dating World* section (e.g., a better match being a mouse-click away), men are trying to rule out—not in. So they are overly focused on determining if you fit a *pre-specified* male *type*, rather than a *pre-specified* male *choice*. I'll use the most vivid examples from my *Exit Interviews* to illustrate each of these. You'll use these to help you determine what you might be doing, even if in less pronounced ways. If you don't recognize yourself in the binary descriptions or questions, no courage you to keep reading to the end, because similar behavior may apply. The "Soviet" questions at the end are designed as a final checkpoint for accurate assessment.

out on the passenger side of his best friend.

ride try no ballot
The section of the ballot is the place where voters mark the
ures of the 442 reasons given by the one thousand men about why
they didn't call a woman back.

- No Scrubs, TLC

THE REASON HE DIDN'T CALL BACK

The Boss Lady - 7 omg she sounds amazing though

It felt more like a business dinner than a date.

—Carl, age 28, Philadelphia, PA.

100

I get enough aggression at work all day. When I come home, I want to be with someone softer, more nurturing. —Jacob, age 31, New York, NY

10

Her attitude was like, "This is how it's going to be" instead of "This is what I'm thinking but I'd like to hear your thoughts too." —Kiran, 52, Seattle, WA

The top reason that I heard from men about why they didn't call a woman back came down to one thing: **dominant behavior**. Many men basically said the date failed because they'd rather hire her than date her. They may respect her intelligence and admire her capabilities, but that doesn't necessarily mean they're attracted to her. They weren't saying they wanted someone simple, needy, or uncomplicated, but they didn't want to feel tense, belittled, or neglected in their personal relationships.

The term "lost" here reflects men's attitudes that certain women seem *argumentative*, *competitive*, *controlling*, *self-assertive*, *independent*, *not wanting*, or some combination of the above. In other words, some women give off a "masculine" vibe. Of course, women don't use the same terminology to describe this behavior. Instead, women might rightfully identify themselves as *persuasive*, *capable*, *street-smart*, *organized*, *modern*, *confident*, or *forlorn*. You say "botato"; he says "potalito."

This is a tough spot for contemporary women, particularly those who have successful careers. It has roots in behavioral science: in the end, men and women are all a lot like Pavlov's dog. We behave according to the ways we're rewarded. If Pavlov's dog learned that he got a doggie treat every time he barked, then he'd eventually start barking a lot. In the workplace, women (like men) are rewarded

Look my god I'm crying



Also by Rachel Greenwald
WHY HE DIDN'T CALL YOU BACK

WHO CARES

Rachel Greenwald

outer appearance. Why? Because men had already factored her looks into their decision to ask her out the first time. In fact, about 80 percent of my Exit Interview subjects had initially either met the woman in person before their first date (i.e., at a party, in the office, at the gym) or had seen her photo online. Having already screened women for appearance before the first date, it was usually something else besides looks that precluded a second date (one exception being misleading online photos). Further evidence that looks don't always determine second dates comes from the statistic that 68 percent of the men I interviewed told me that the woman they hadn't called back was indeed "good-looking."

Yes, physical appearance is a big part of a man's attraction to a woman, but the point is that men often ask a woman whom they consider good-looking for a first date, but not always for a second date. The equation is not as simple as Pretty Face + Good Body = Callback. The real question is: given a general level of physical attraction, why do men call some women back and not others? Or, put another way, what makes a woman both physically and emotionally attractive?

I spoke with numerous "highly sought-after" men who date beautiful women (including models) each week. I even spoke to one of New York's "Most Eligible Bachelors" (as voted by *GQ* magazine). What prompts these guys to call back one hottie over another hottie (when they are interested in a relationship)? The answer of course has to do with personality, not looks. I also spoke with sought-after "regular guys" who are not looking for Malibu Barbie. Many told me they deliberately target "7s" on the looks scale because those women are sweeter, less arrogant, and have more pleasant personalities than "the 9s or 10s" they believe they could date.

These two quotes best capture the predominant sentiment from the men I spoke with:

A 6 on the looks scale can become an 8 with a great personality. —Brian, age 28, New York, NY

the really hot women... the ones

and bodies—are usually the most insecure or the

most selfish. That's not what women in a long-term

partner. —Daniel, age 34, Indianapolis, IN

So do looks really matter? Sure, but they definitely aren't everything.

1) Why do you believe the reasons men have you about why they didn't call again are actually true?

Sometimes my female clients, after hearing the responses from their personalized Exit Interviews, recognize themselves in the answers immediately. Other times, it isn't that simple. Surprise or denial is a common response to hearing that other people don't always see you the way you see yourself. "Why should I believe what he says?" is a common question I get—and it may be one that you have too. Men can lie or lack self-awareness—we've all experienced that before—so it's certainly reasonable to wonder how honest or valid their feedback was. Here's how I know that their answers (especially on an overall basis) are both true and, more important, relevant.

A) I DIDN'T ACCEPT THE EASY ONE-LINERS. As mentioned in chapter 1, I never accepted the pat answers when I spoke to men about the reasons for their failed dates. I probed and listened for their honest responses, and I had a whole bag of tricks I used when they tried to gloss over a touchy topic. I've been conducting Exit Interviews for a long time, so my crap-o-meter is very sensitive! Also, my undergraduate degree in psychology, combined with four years working as a professional interviewer in graduate school admissions, definitely served me well here. When a man tried to stonewall me, I could see right through him.

B) CONSISTENT RESULTS: In conducting the Exit Interviews for this book, I deliberately sought large samples of men of all regions, ages,

you be happy in a marriage where you're The Aggressive One and he's The Gentle One? Where you're The Breadwinner and he's The Stay-at-Home Dad? Most women initially reject this marriage model, but I encourage the hard-core Boss Lady to sit with this portrait for a minute. The next time you're on a date with a sweet guy who you think is "not your type," please consider that he might be just what you need.

If You're The Boss Lady . . .

WHAT'S HOT:

1. Feminine skirts *thanks for the clarification!*
2. Flirtatious banter
3. "Thanks for helping me!" *HA?*
4. "What do you think?" *Why would I ask if I already know???*
5. Rhett Butler and Scarlett O'Hara

WHAT'S NOT:

1. Professional pantsuits *But I love pantsuits*
2. Shop talk
3. "Do it this way!"
4. "When I want your opinion, I'll tell you what it is." *no one talks like this anyway*
5. Bill and Hillary Clinton

the only thing in this book I agree with is that Bill & Hillary are not hot - in every sense of the word

Twenty Creative Questions to Ask Your Date (That Won't Make Him Yawn)

What's your best secret skill?

What was your favorite toy as a kid?

What's the best gift you ever gave someone?

What's the weirdest thing that happened to you in
8th grade?

If your house was on fire, what's the first thing you'd grab on
your way out?

What's the one place you've never been but really want to go?

When you were young, what did you want to be when you
grew up?

What's one of your all-time favorite books [or movies]?

What's the worst job you ever had?

Tell me about a funny practical joke you've played on someone.

What's the best advice anyone ever gave you?

What's your favorite board game?

If you could live outside the U.S., where would you live?

What's the best birthday you ever had?

If you could have any animal in the world as a pet, what would
it be?

How do you wish your parents were different?

What was your best Halloween costume?

What's the bravest thing you've done?

What's the most fun family vacation you've had?

What's the luckiest thing that ever happened to you?

OR, HERE'S A

WILD IDEA:

JUST BE

YOURSELF

and ask

whatever the

fuck you feel

like asking

about themselves or making a joke about a few quirky habits or situations. But men were hearing it as a form of baggage. I realized that The Flasher label expands beyond revealing physical and emotional issues. It encompasses *anything unusual* revealed to a stranger who doesn't have a broader context than a first date in which to process it.

During an Exit Interview for one of my thirty-seven-year-old clients, I discovered one example that he dubbed "weird" and she dubbed "admirable." She had divulged during their date that she hadn't had a serious boyfriend in fifteen years. She said she's proud of this fact because it demonstrates that men with whom she *does* get seriously involved are very special. Her date didn't see it that way. He assumed there must be something wrong with her.

Another Exit Interview I conducted revealed a situation where my thirty-year-old client mentioned on the first date that, because of her religious beliefs, she intended to stay a virgin until her wedding day. She told me, "I thought demonstrating my convictions about God and abstinence would be a *good* thing for someone who's marriage minded. Most Christian men appreciate that in a wife . . . And besides, it's something very important to me, so if he can't deal with it, better I know sooner than later." I nodded my head, looked her in the eye, and in my most sympathetic voice I told her, "Ex-nay on the old irgin-vay." It's not that virginity until marriage is a bad choice—in fact, this is something I've seen on the rise recently—it's just not first-date information. I don't know the exact number, but maybe it's fifth-date information. Most men (even "good Christian men") who hear that one too soon think, "Check, please!"

Even if you can't relate to some of these particular examples, consider what else you may be telling your dates that might *seem* noble or positive to you but might be very troubling to someone who barely knows you. The most successful daters I meet have the ability to step outside themselves and see their situation objectively, as though they're watching themselves on TV.

²For those of you who don't speak pig Latin, this roughly translates to "Nix the virgin talk."

HERE COMES THE
SUN

ALARM BELLS

Some baggage sounded potentially so serious that men heard clang alarm bells. They didn't need to go home and contemplate whether or not to call her back: these disclosures were immediate date-breakers. Preston, a forty-nine-year-old bookstore owner from San Francisco, CA, described dating a woman who told him, after three glasses of wine, about her father's prison record for domestic violence. Preston wanted no part of that family drama. Other men told me about women who discussed everything from overcoming drug addiction, being arrested for shoplifting, to having an eating disorder, to having a child with a handicap. No matter how impressive the stories about overcoming adversity were, or whether they were couched under the "really getting to know each other" or "just being honest" umbrella, the news was too big. It carried too many stereotypes for the man to question, process, and rationalize on a first date. I believe that none of these stories would be permanent date-breakers for every man later in a relationship. When someone knows you well enough to balance your positive traits with your baggage, it's an entirely different equation. It's really all about timing and presentation. (More about this in the upcoming "So What Should You Do?" section.)

QUIRKS AND CONTROVERSIES

The most interesting stories to me were the ones in which women seemingly had no idea they were revealing controversial information about themselves. For example, I heard stories of dates that failed due to women disclosing that they smoked, were extremely picky eaters, read tarot cards, had had a lesbian encounter, graduated ten years late from college, lost their virginity when they were thirteen, were fired from a job, or had three cats. (Note: these were not about the same woman; I'm talking about eight *different* ladies.) Some women revealed they had never traveled outside the United States, and some admitted they were living at home with their parents. I imagine most of these women thought they were just talking

Calling
a father's
domestic violence
family drama?
Fuck you
Preston

an your nervous energy into overfocusing on the game rather than relaxing and having fun. Regardless of why your competitive streak emerges, save the victory dance for later when he knows you better. Later he'll see that you both have different areas of excellence, that you both can thrive on competition by challenging one another to do better, and that your common interests are something to enjoy as a couple. But none of that will be evident on the first date if you tend toward The Boss Lady profile, because he might want a rematch but not a second date.

4) PULL A JUNE CLEAVER

Do something that is deliberately an anti-Boss Lady thing. If you're the hard-nosed career type with the power briefcase, why not offer, for example, to cook him a homemade meal on the second or third date? Play the part with flair: wear a cute apron, select a girly cocktail to serve (think Cosmopolitan versus whiskey on the rocks), maybe bake a pie. If you don't know how to do any of this (like me), enlist a friend to help you (your date doesn't have to see your accomplice in this caper). And of course, if he offers to load your dishwasher later, whatever you do, don't criticize his technique! Constructive criticism doesn't belong anywhere on the first few dates. Save it for your employee performance reviews at work (and your husband!).

I'm clearly not suggesting you revert permanently to the image of an old-fashioned housewife. I'm only talking about a few gestures early in the relationship. This kind of tactic can help offset any perceptions he might harbor if you tend toward The Boss Lady profile.

I remember when I was growing up, my mother used to greet my father when he came home from work every night with a little bowl of peanuts. Believe me, she was no June Cleaver, but she claimed that "men love peanuts!" and it made him look forward to

my future husband, I greeted him at the door of my apartment with a bowl of peanuts in hand and explained my mom's theory. What can I say? He loved it. I never did this again, but I'd like to think that night he started envisioning what it would be like coming home to me in the future.

5) LOOK LIKE A WOMAN I can't believe this is a real book

It's easy to peg an all-work-and-no-play gal in a cocktail party crowd. My husband learned this the hard way the first time he saw me in the same professional outfit from work to the after-hours event. It's a suit jacket with a structured collar. It's probably expensive and is definitely black. It probably covers a stiff blouse. At work, conservative clothes allow you to be taken seriously, but they're not exactly alluring by candlelight. I can't blame my husband for his secret desire to fantasize about me that far much later...

no you don't need to look a certain way to be a woman

Whenever I start working with a new client, one of the first things I do is review her dating clothes. My clients usually have impressive wardrobes, but many of them are wasting money going through my closet; if there's one thing I know, it's that my clothes are fabulous!" They reassure me that their labels are Armani, Donatella, whatever, and how their friends always compliment them on what they're wearing. But that's my first red flag: would I hear her compliments are coming from female friends, I push away the thought. I review their clothes because what impresses a woman is not necessarily what creates physical attraction in a heterosexual man. Women tend to be wowed by fashion, which is great, but be sure the outfit looks feminine and flattering on you. Upon close inspection, most of my clients are not dressing *femininely*, no matter how much *status* their labels have.

Of course, I'm not suggesting that "feminine clothing" translates as Laura Ashley lacy dresses. But, for example, you could wear





...sistent, another woman who wrote
...ead of "LOL" or "ha, ha", and another
...port flavors alphabetically in the ref...
...they she filed French vanilla under "F" or
...There were several over-the-top pet st...
...enough for my pocket!" and "Are you—
...favorable?" Then I heard three times
...aurants based on "warm lighting" (rent restaurant
...men who all lived in Los Ang... other excu...
...is an LA thing or if they had but save pr...
...had an alarming verbal tic, by will laugh w...
...thirteen ur...
...of germ phobia d...
...not calling a v...
...the rim of a touching door
...wanted a woman to listen to his
...sharing his earph... tone pie...
...refused, citing "car germs."
...course there were all the eater I was Sophie...
...bread like a chipmunk, des in my resc...
...whose metal fork clinked [her] religion...
...took a bite of something...
...down flat" all the food on... live in a win...
...shortage of Meg Ryan types... could never...
...whose super-picky orders in... kids, "d...
...and "leave outs" than there w...
...Some Never E...
...Ve all have our "thing." I am a to a matchmaking...
...thing about eating cheese at py when describ...
...by cutting little chunks of foot...
...plate in the exact same...
...I have to have an equal m...
...Some... takes a piece of cheese a... search includ...
...ent... usually kill... child."

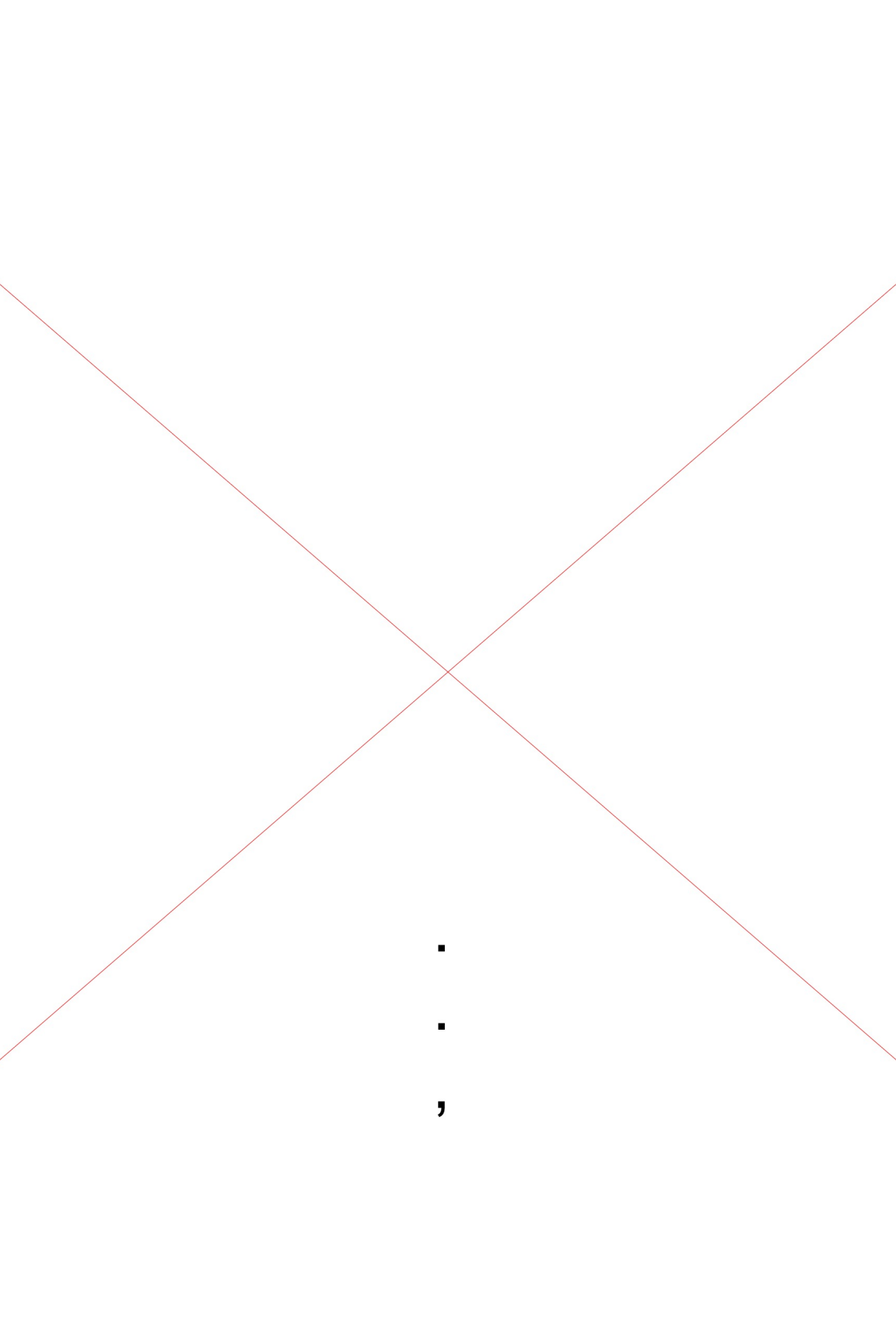
YOU BACK

Transmutation

3

**Rush, rush, rush
from history**

**by
Juan Juanez**



▪

▪

,

MODEL B220
FOR BEST PERFORMANCE USE

At that, the time portal opened, spinning in yellow and purple,

EAST GREENWICH, N.Y. 02312
MADE IN TAIWAN











"Seriously?" I said. "You're worried about food when the
about to be torched



O SAY CAN YOU SEE?

UNDER LAW.

EQUAL JUSTICE

what is a justice?

All eyes turned to the father who stared at me and the boy like to say. It felt like I was in the center of the storm.

It felt like I was in the center of the storm. The father stared at me and the boy like to say. It felt like I was in the center of the storm.

The father stared at me and the boy like to say. It felt like I was in the center of the storm. The father stared at me and the boy like to say.

It felt like I was in the center of the storm. The father stared at me and the boy like to say. It felt like I was in the center of the storm.

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It felt like I was in the center of the storm. The father stared at me and the boy like to say. It felt like I was in the center of the storm.

The father stared at me and the boy like to say. It felt like I was in the center of the storm. The father stared at me and the boy like to say.

I said, But do it quick. I

matic voice.

I am your

commander.

I know what

our nation's

Club in Pea

the

WASHINGTON

in past them to the

my

several

I held up the

they continued,

The

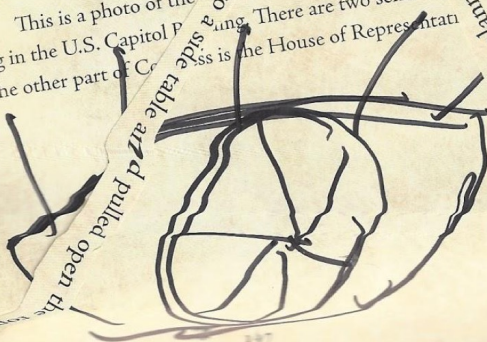
could word is

MILKSHAKE.

122

This is a photo of the
meeting in the U.S. Capitol P
The other part of C

United States Senate
There are two senators
The House of Representan



I'm sure it will be just fine. Remember to pay attention to

This exceptional American is known as
the "Father of the Bill of Rights."

Can you guess who he is? This is

free

Mason.

"Now that is supposed to be a

This exceptional American is known as
the "Father of the Bill of Rights."
Can you guess who he is? This is
three

I'm sure it will be just fine. Remember to pay attention to

Also, I had a time-travel adventure planned that they would
not soon forget.

Tommy walked over to a side table and pulled open the top





"Oh yeah, ol' Benjamin Franklin was legit."



"Rush, rush, rushing

the edge of the escalator as we went down. "But I don't like
the really tall escalators they have here."

RUSH REVE

I'm sure it will be just fine. Remember to pay attention to

Did this mean jail for the boys?

I'm sure it will be just fine. Remember to pay attention to

Tommy walked over to a side table and pulled open the top

We were walking slowly down the street having no idea what

I put my map and notes away, and we made our way from our

Then the Frenchman turned to us—"There! There are ze little

mostly rows of houses with little space between them,

O say

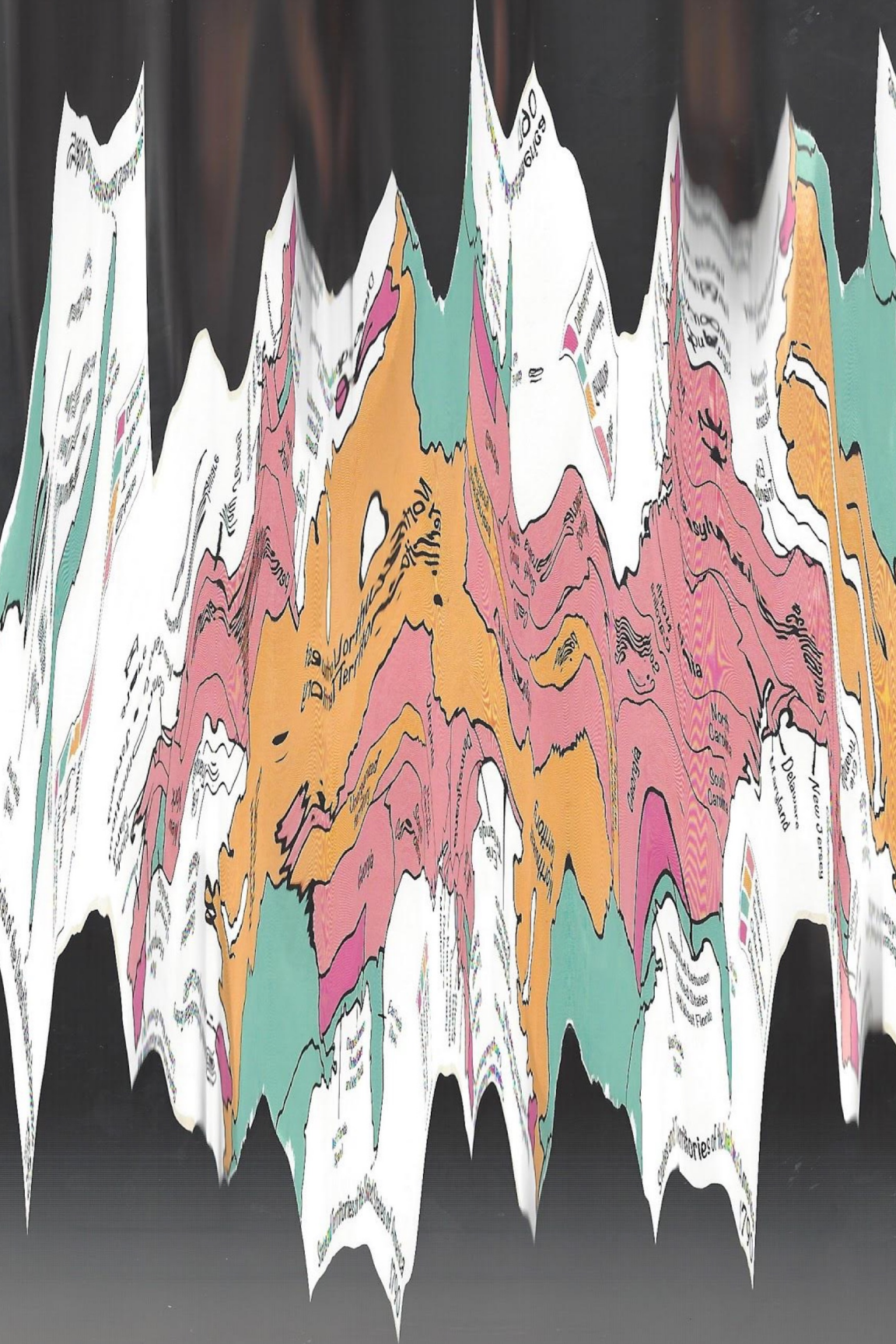
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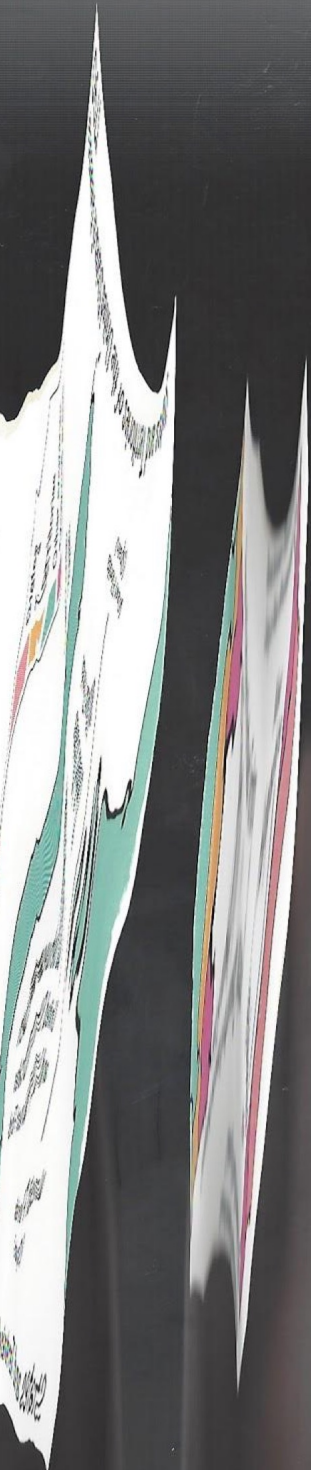
him

UP

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Camp
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and
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At that, the time portal opened, spinning in yellow and purple,
ple,



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▪

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4

Ghost World

**by
Salem McAdams**

Marabel Morgan

The Total Woman

#1
Best Seller
Over 500,000
copies sold!

The Total Woman



The Total Woman
housekeeper; she is
maker. She is not m
partner; she is a siz
just a nanny to h
woman who inspi
and out.

Specific "assign
with each section
applying the gua
Woman principles

Here's what the
TOTAL WOMAN

"... THE TOTAL
Marabel Morgan,
housewife and m
feminist bible for
and the basis of a
Morgan and 100
the country."

"Quoting from t
Dr. David Reube
vin Coolidge an
such as 'Sex is a
tage cheese,' Mr
vice and class as
ting the 'sizzle' b

"Word spread fr
Marabel becam
set. Soon the w
groups to lister
graduates are /
football wives t
ter..."

resident of the Total Wom-
ich grew out of her over-
marriage. A former beauty
mother of two young girls.
s, including singer Anita

9.26.1

\$ 2.9



52. We will modify a classic Greek makeup for this model.



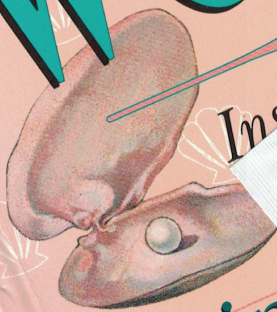
53. The same stages have taken place as with the male performer. Only false eyelashes have been added.



54. Notice that the shading is very subtle and the skin is clean.

CLASSIC GREEK

The UNIQUE WOMAN



Edwin
Nancy



fresh
BLACK TEA
FIRMING
CORSET CREAM
FOR FACE & NECK
WITH FIRMING
GOJI FRUIT EXTRACT
CRÈME CORSET
RAFFERMISSANTE
AU THÉ NOIR
2ml - 0.07fl.oz
fresh
FIC



Create an Atmosphere for Love

Creating a sensual atmosphere conducive to intimacy is a terrific way to show your partner that you care enough about him just about sex.

According to our respondents, the proper ambiance does indeed enhance lovemaking.

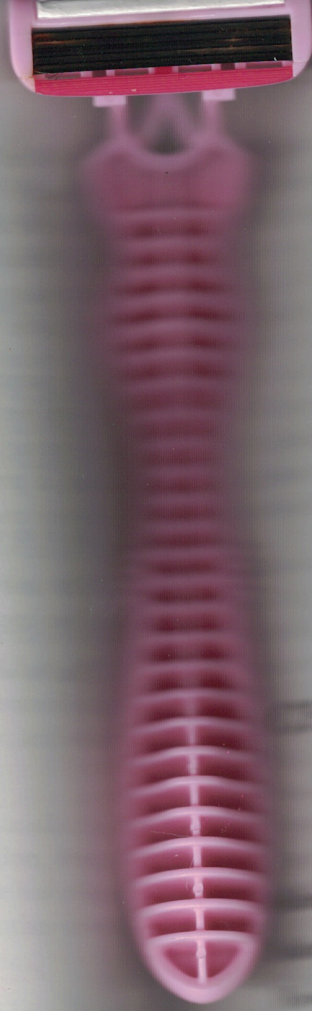
In his book *The New Male-Female Relationship*, Dr. I. Goldberg, clinical psychologist, says that while men are conditioned to be sexual, women are conditioned to be sensual. If you want this to be a special time, set a scene that will encourage her sensuality. Creating the right atmosphere is just a matter of going to a special place or treating her to a grand event. It involves attention to what makes her feel special.

Even Koko the gorilla refuses to mate unless the setting is quiet and private. (Her owners have shipped her to Maui for the proper romantic setting.)

Hone Your Romantic Spirit

...s of actions and activities which, according to our respondents, express the romantic spirit. ...d them come back later for more when ...ough to take a few more risks.

...ention to her any time that you're ...dresses in the morning, when you're ...ne day or evening, while you eat ...ndresses at night. Let her know you're ...ell her what it is about her in particu- ...a.



Chapter

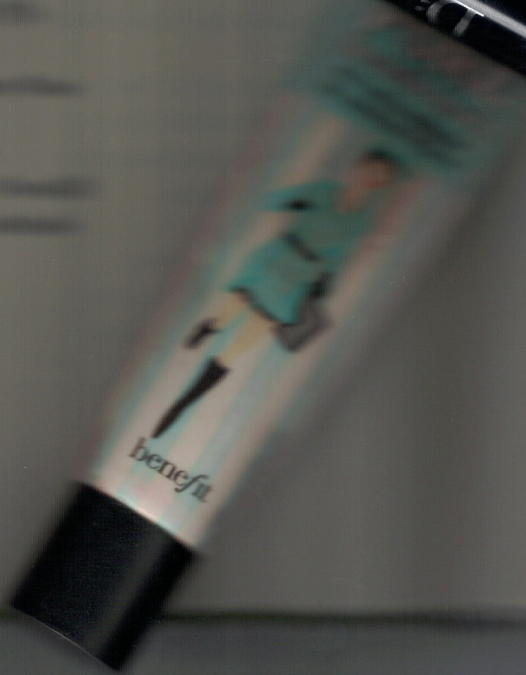
THERE HAS TO BE CHAPTER ON SUBMISS

Edwin

Submission is God's plan for restoration.
Submission is meant to liberate, not put in
However, due to the misunderstanding and
the principle, it has been perverted into somet
the original purpose. Error oftentimes is no
in the extreme.

Thousands of marriages have pr
husbands and wives do not understand this
couple.

Submission is God's method of revealing H
in the restoration process. His transcen
make things meant for evil and convert
good, when they are submitted and com



One-Minute Romancer

Today we live in a fast-food, 24-hour teller, instant-gratification society. Nobody wants to wait in line. Nobody wants to wait for anything. (Well, some people might take more than just a minute. But Ok. So here are 60 one-minute ways to romance your wonderful lady. Well, some of them might take more than just a minute. But in spite of the short time it takes to implement any one of these ideas, each carries a big impact—every one creates an opportunity to make a lasting impression. Just pick a number and go for it.

Each time you take advantage of one of these romantic ideas (or one of your own), you not only impress your partner, but you also grow your romantic spirit. Now, just so you won't read the bottom of your nightstand drawer for "future reference," get out your calendar and choose something for at least one day each week. One week you might choose Wednesday—send flowers. The next week Monday—request her favorite song. Come Friday two weeks from now, bring home a romantic video tape. On Saturday, use your own idea (after all, you know her better than we do). Get the picture?

1. Greet her when she arrives at the door. Go to her, hug her, and give her a kiss.
2. Pay her a compliment about her appearance. Be specific.

**Some Special Ways
That Sex Can
Become a Problem**

Homosexuality. It is natural for boys and girls when entering puberty to feel a strong attraction for members of their own sex. For a while, boys usually prefer by far to associate with other boys, and girls with other girls. These friendships can be close and intense, and there is no problem here.

It is not unusual, either, for a boy to develop a great fondness for a man, perhaps a teacher or a coach, or for an older boy. Girls often experience the same sort of feeling toward a woman or an older girl whom they admire. Such an intense feeling is called a *crush*. It is usually a one-way feeling only; the older person probably does not feel the same way, and may even be unaware that a younger person has a



Fidelity and Chastity

*...and security of fidelity within marriage and of
limits before marriage. The commitments that go
with marriage and that should go with sex. A grasp of the
(and widespread) consequences that can result from
immorality and infidelity.*

...the age of AIDS it is easier than it has been for
decades to agree as a society on the desirability of
marriage and the good sense of abstinence
before marriage. Those who now agree practically are
...those who have always agreed philosophically.
...either or not you agree morally with this value.

...our own way with these critical
...ance in their own youth and
...en anxious that their ch
...rnsy and shouldn't
...me—with its own
...and the fact that
...mistakes ought
...not have to do li
...It is hard to arg
...ational benefits of
...the commitments toward
...and children.



...when our children have their eighth birthday, we go something of a n
...message, going from a kid to a self-governing trustee to a tutor, fr
...parents who knew almost nothing about sex and reproduction to someone w
...we probably teach a course on the subject.

...We begin several weeks before the child's eighth birthday, by
...telling him that when he turns eight, he will be given some new responsi
...responsibilities, and will learn about "the most beautiful and wonder
...world."

...When the big day arrives, we take the new eight-year-old on a
...romantic date to a nice restaurant, making every effort to treat him
...dignity and respect. As mentioned earlier, we give him some added
...in areas such as choosing his own clothes and earning more mon
...family chores. We express our pride in him and our appreciation of

...Then we go home for the much-anticipated highlight of the eve
...private talk about the "most wonderful and beautiful thing on earth." In
...positive terms we explain the facts of life using diagrams and pictures to expl

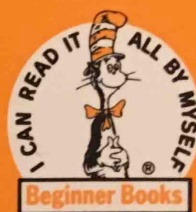
Annotation

5

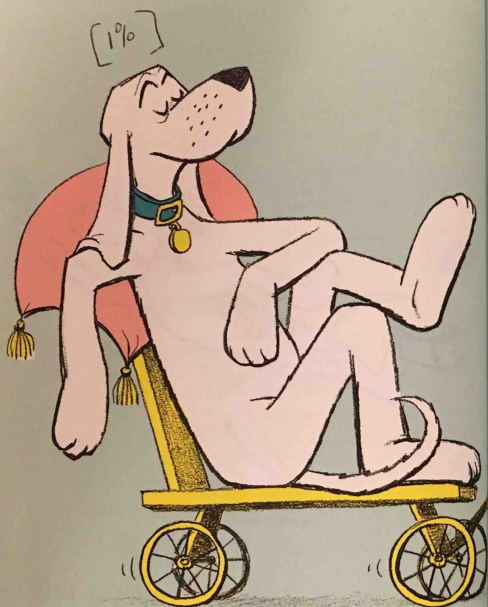
Go, Dog. Go

**by
L.C. Sheer**

Go, Dog. Go!



by P.D. Eastman



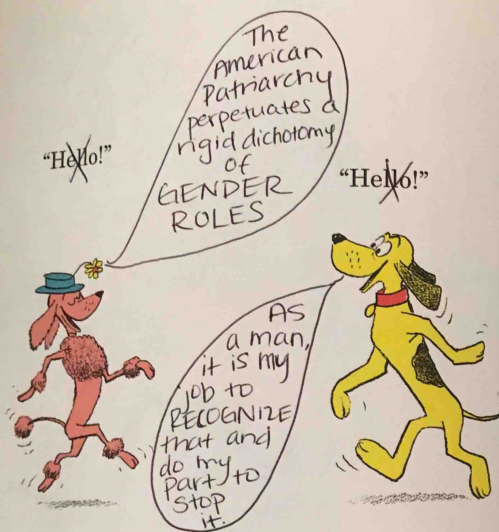
Big dog.

Five things you should know about America's "One Percent"

1. They own 40% ~~of~~ of the nation's wealth
2. They take home 24% of national income
3. They own 50% of the country's stocks, bonds & mutual funds
4. They only hold 5% of the nation's personal debt
5. They're currently taking in more of America's income than @ any other time since the roarin' twenties.



Little dog.



"Do you like my hat?"



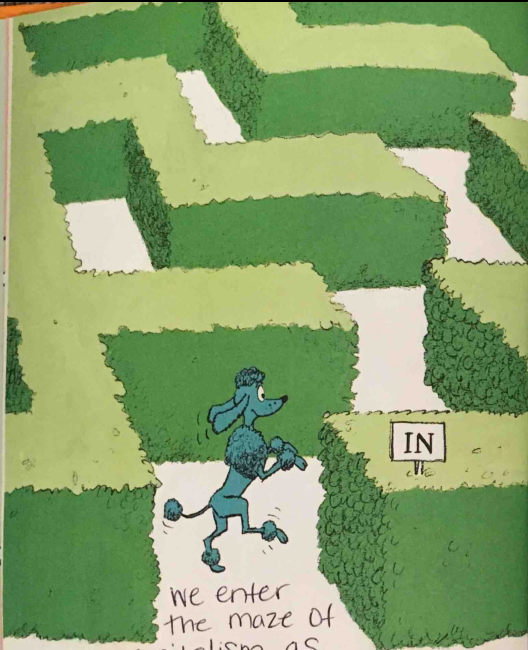
"I
do
not."

"Good-by!"



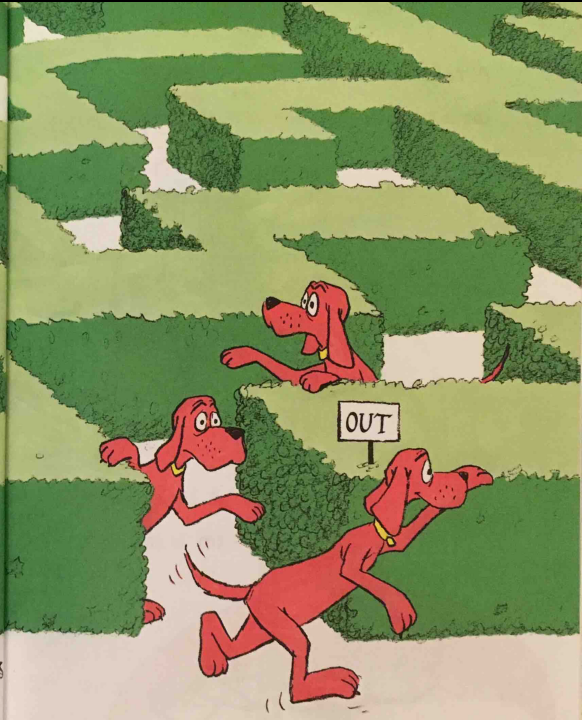
"Good-by!"





We enter
the maze of
capitalism as
liberal, hopeful, free-thinkers

One little dog going in.



Three big dogs going out.
We leave that same maze as
hoop-jumping clones of outdated
forefathers.

were so obsessed with material things

"Hello again."



"Hello."



"Do you like my hat?"

But money can't buy friends

"I do not like it."



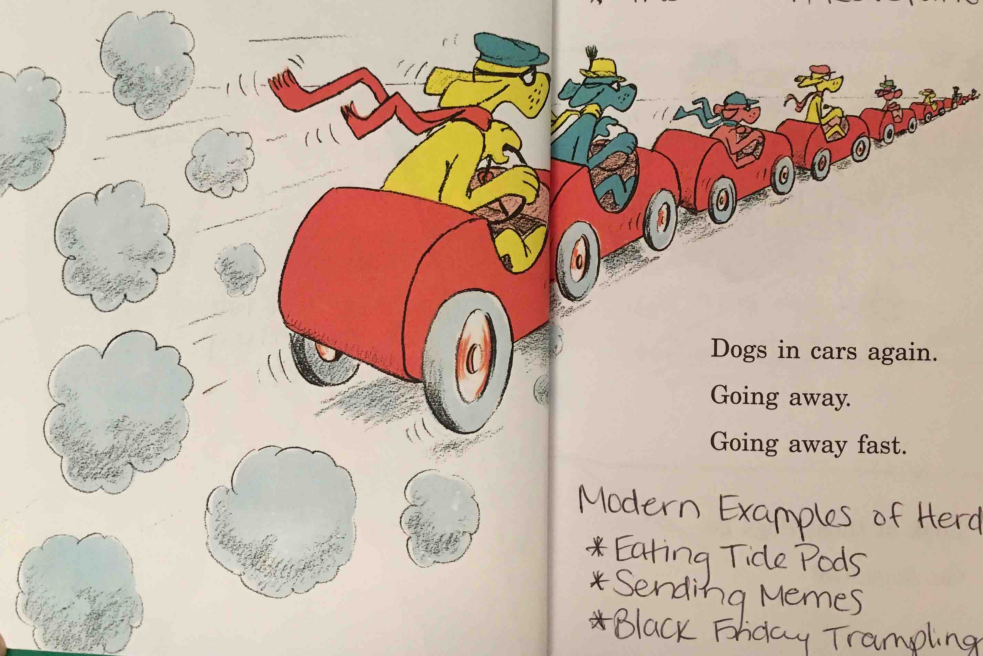
"Good-by again."



and at the end of the day all we've done is sold a part of ourselves to something that won't last.
"Good-by."



Herd Mentality: describes how people can be influenced by their peers to adopt certain beliefs & behaviors on an emotional basis instead of a rational basis.



Historical Examples of Herd Mentality:

- * The Holocaust
- * The Salem Witch Trials
- * The Red Scare
- * The French Revolution

Dogs in cars again.

Going away.

Going away fast.

Modern Examples of Herd Mentality:

- * Eating Tide Pods
- * Sending Memes
- * Black Friday Trampling

"Hello again.

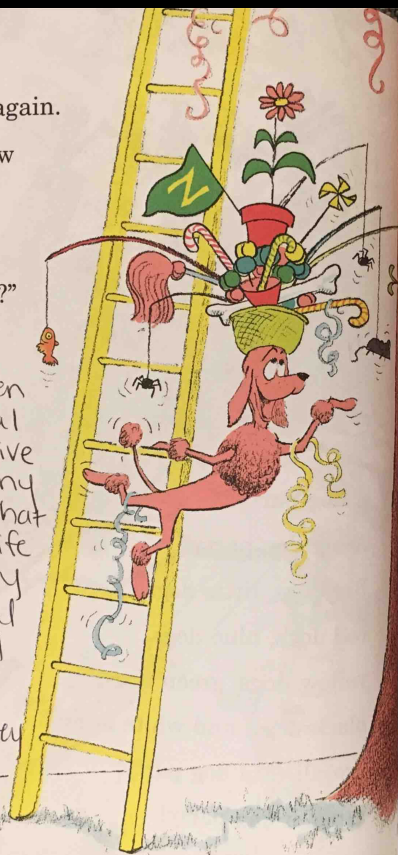
And now

do you

like

my hat?"

Only when
we're equal
can we live
in harmony
knowing that
every life
and every
individual
is valued
for the
unique
things they
bring



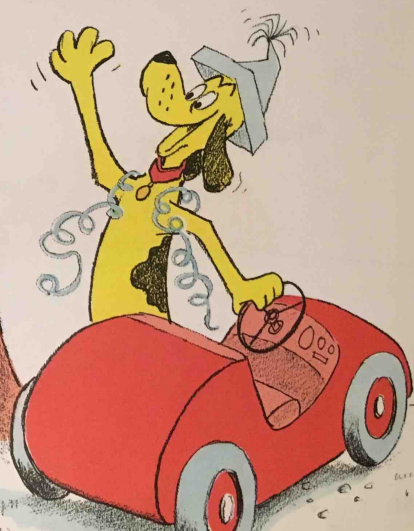
"I do.

What a hat!

I like it!

I like

that party hat!"



6

The Chilliad

by
Anonymous Seal

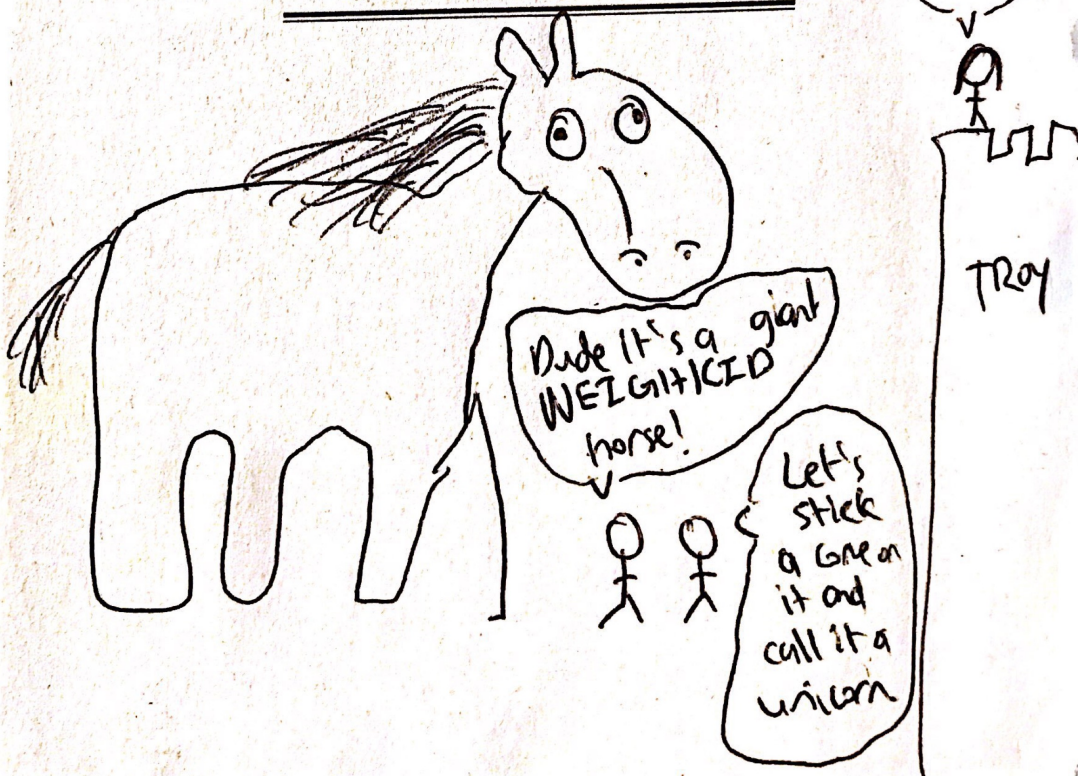
Maybe she's born with it.
maybe it's

NEIGHBELLINE

The camp was a deserted ruin of tumbled stone, and charred huts and palisades; and there were no ships to be seen drawn up on the shore, nor upon the sea.

While they were wondering at this and hardly able to believe their eyes, scouts came hastening to King Priam.

'The Greeks have indeed gone!' they cried. 'The camp lies in ashes; there is not a man, not a ship to be seen. But there stands in the midst of the ruins a great Wooden Horse the like of which we have never seen.'



MAO HE WAS A TITAN

In the days before man was made, so the old stories said, Zeus fought and overthrew his own terrible father, Cronos a horrible ogre who swallowed his children in case they should rebel against him. Prometheus helped Zeus in this righteous war, and helped him also to make Mankind to people the devastated earth. But then, out of his great love, Prometheus disobeyed Zeus and stole fire from Heaven as a gift to Man which should make him second only to the Immortals.

In his rage Zeus chained Prometheus to the great Caucasus Mountains beyond the Black Sea. But Prometheus then prophesied that Zeus would fall even as Cronos fell, and that only he could save him - for he alone knew what Zeus must do to avoid his doom.

Zeus threatened, bargained and begged, but all in vain. Then, in his fear and fury he sent a terrible eagle to feed day by day on the liver of the poor immortal Titan - the liver that night by night must grow again. But even under this terrible torture Prometheus would not tell his secret.

Time passed, and Zeus began to learn mercy and love through the suffering of the fear which was always before him: for he knew that Prometheus could see the future truly, and that nothing could change what he saw.

As Zeus began to help men on this earth, the Age of the Heroes came, and Zeus married many mortal women, in spite of the jealousy of Hera his immortal wife.

The last of the mortal children of Zeus was the greatest

THIS BOY WAS ON
would have become immortal, and never known old age!
For all I had to do was to burn the mortal part of him away,
after anointing him with the food of the gods. True, but
other sons perished in the flames - but this time I would
have been successful, for he had been dipped in Styx and
so was invulnerable.

Then she cried aloud: Farewell now, Peleus the foolish.
Never more shall you call me wife, for I go back to the sea,
never to return to you again.

Then she fled away like a breath of wind, passed from
the palace as swiftly as a dream and leapt into the sea.

Peleus sorrowed deeply at the loss of his lovely wife, and
he never married again, though he lived to sad old age.

Meanwhile he took the baby Achilles to Mount Pelion
and entrusted him to the wise Centaur, Chiron. There the
boy dwelt, feeding on the marrow of lions, on wild honey
and on the flesh of fawns, and Chiron taught him the arts
of riding and hunting, and how to play the lyre.

Thetis, although she had deserted Peleus, still watched
over Achilles; and when he was nine, she saw a danger hang-
ing over him and tried to prevent it by hiding him. She
dressed him as a girl and sent him to the island of Scyros
where Lycomedes was king. There Achilles was hidden
among the other maidens who attended on the little prin-
cess Deidamia, and indeed he himself almost believed after
a time that he was really a girl called Pyrrha.

Thetis did this when the great war between Greece and

12 GENDER QUEER Achilles
FTW!!!



Fashionista Chiron Lol

Troy was about to begin: for she knew that if Achilles went to Troy he would never return.

The beginning of that war went back to the day of her marriage to Peleus. For the golden apple of Discord kept the three Immortals, Hera, Athena and Aphrodite, wrangling and quarrelling until Zeus bade Hermes take them to Mount Ida near Troy and let a shepherd called Paris judge between them.

LOL BIG Mistake
my dude! Just split
the stupid apple in 3.



other sons of Priam were furious that a strange herdsman should win, and they challenged him themselves; but he outran them all, and having won three events was declared victor of the day and winner of the prize bull.

Then Hector and his brother Deiphobus were so angry that they drew their swords to slay Paris. But the old servant flung himself at Priam's feet crying:

'My lord king, this is Paris, the son whom you bade me cast out to die on the mountainside.'

Then Paris was welcomed eagerly by the King and Queen,

SO HE LIVES DEN
(10) 'Now then, fair ladies!' he cried. 'Come and take your choice! There are gifts for all of you - a poor return for all King Lycomedes's kindness to us merchants.'

SWORDS WH? (030)
(030) The maidens gathered round, and began fingering and trying on the brooches and jewelled belts, snoods and other trifles. But the maiden Pyrrha lighted upon a sword which was somehow mixed up with all the feminine gewgaws and trumperies, and fingered it longingly. Suddenly a martial trumpet sounded just outside the door, and there was a cry from Diomedes and a clash of weapons. The maidens screamed, and turned to fly, but Pyrrha snatched up the sword, flung off cloak and robe and stood forth to do battle - Achilles revealed in all his young strength and daring.

BOOOOOOOOO
(10) 'Ah-ha!' cried Odysseus. 'Up, son of mighty Peleus and come with us to Troy. No more can guileful Thetis conceal you here; come, and show your metal, and bring honour to your father who in olden days stood beside Heracles, the greatest of heroes!'

So Achilles made haste to collect his troops, and left behind him Princess Deidamia whom he had married in secret, and their young son Neoptolemus. Soon he and his Myrmidons arrived at Aulis; and with him came his cousin Patroclus, some years older than he was, but already his dearest friend. HAHAAHAHAHA

Now everything seemed ready for the expedition to set out, and Calchas offered up a great sacrifice to the Immortals. While all the chiefs were gathered together round the

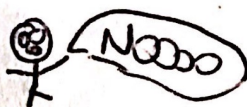
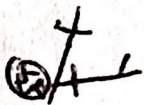
STRAIGHT WAS IT LNB



Down on the battle field Hector rallied the Trojan ranks with such good effect that presently it was the Greeks who were retreating. Then he cried aloud a challenge:

"Come forth and do battle with me, man to man, who ever is bravest and most daring among the Greeks. I am not Paris, but Hector — and Hector will not run away!"

This challenge was meant for Achilles who was still sulking in his tent, but he would not come, even to show his strength against Hector. But many of the Greek leaders sprang forward as volunteers — Agamemnon among them,



wind out of the rush of battle, drawn by the two magic horses, and brought the news to Achilles as he sat alone in his tent.

Bro friend

When Achilles heard that his beloved ~~cousin~~ was dead, he covered his face with his hands and wept. By and by, as he still sat there alone, his mother the sea-nymph Thetis came to him, and for a long time she strove in vain to comfort him.

Mama my bro died wakin

'Let me die, let me die!' groaned Achilles, 'since I might not save my ~~brother~~ from death, and through my foolish anger he is dead... All I ask is to slay Hector who has done this thing!'

Then, unarmed as he was, Achilles rushed out of his tent and on to the wall of the camp. There he stood, tall and godlike, with the red sunset blazing behind him. Down on the plain he saw the battle raging fiercely. He saw that Hector had stripped the armour from dead Patroclus – the golden armour which the Immortals had given to Peleus – and that the Greeks, still led by Ajax, were fighting to bring the poor, maimed, naked body of the dead hero back into their camp.

HEY NERKID???

Achilles saw, and he uttered his mighty voice in a cry which rang like a clarion call over the field of battle, and the thunder rolling on Mount Ida seemed to be but the echo of that cry. Thrice Achilles uttered that terrible cry, and the Trojans drew back in fear, while the very horses snorted and shied away.

Do they not wear clothes under their armor? Ewww

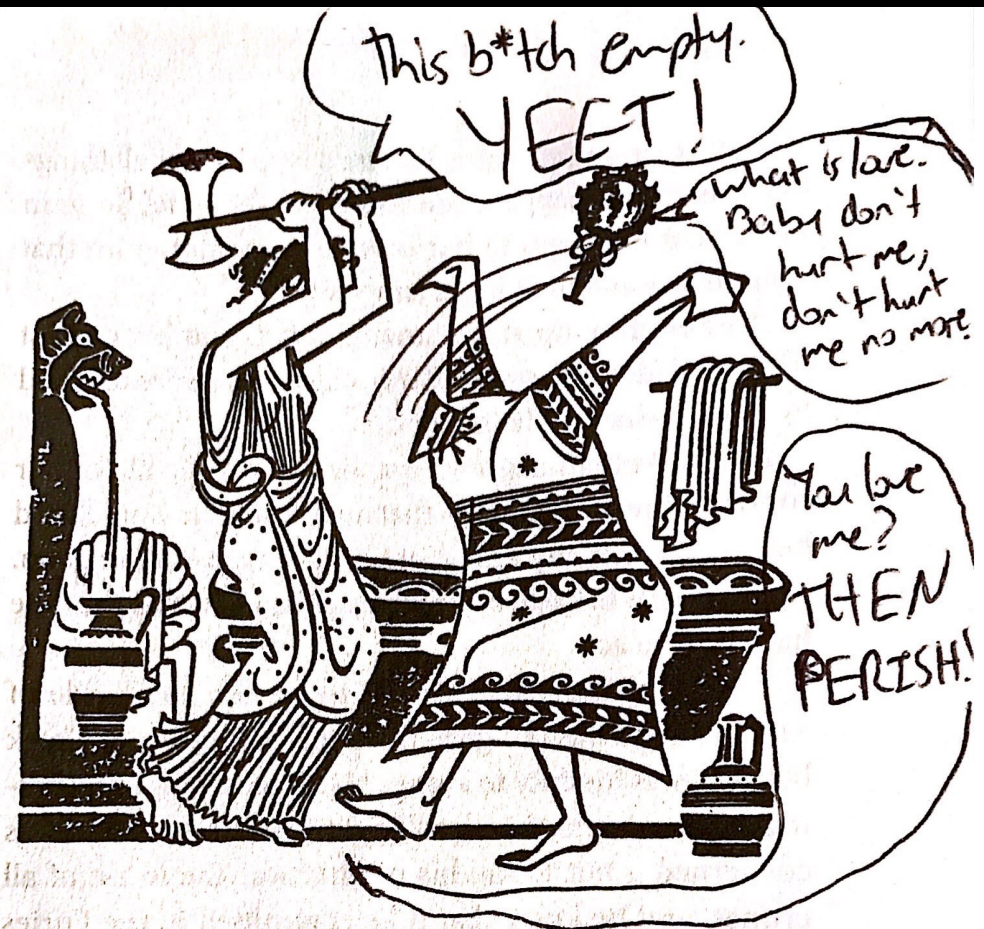
This one STANKY Horse!

Why did
they
build
a tail
and
why does
it look
like poop?

Yummy
trees!



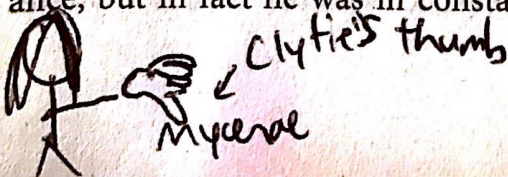
sees giant horse
It's free real estate.



'Princess,' he said to Electra. 'Let us pretend to have obeyed the wicked commands of Queen Clytemnestra: but it need only be a pretence marriage – then when some brave Prince comes along, to help you, you will be able to marry him.'

10000 Fake marriage Au: plot twist
 So matters stood for seven years. Aegisthus reigned in Mycenae, though very much under the powerful thumb of Clytemnestra, and boasted often that he feared no vengeance; but in fact he was in constant terror lest Orestes

Electra ends up w/ peasant dude that ¹⁴⁵ she chill.

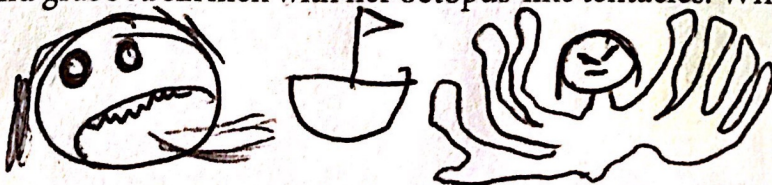


Myerol



for this doom was decreed if once a mortal escaped them after he had heard their song.

The next danger came to Odysseus as his ship sped between Italy and Sicily: for on one side of the straits was the great whirlpool of Charybdis, and on the other the sea-dragon Scylla lurked in her cave. Remembering Circe's advice, Odysseus steered well away from Charybdis: but just as they swept by, Scylla appeared at her cave-mouth and grabbed six men with her octopus-like tentacles. While



Transformation

7

Beauty from Ashes

by
Rose Truman

associations. [redacted] a tangle of emotional [redacted] doing nothing in particular; rare outings [redacted] obscure restaurants [redacted] raves in East-London warehouses. [redacted]

[redacted] exotic public school with odd uniforms and a curriculum of tourism. He stopped thinking about what he was doing, or worrying very much about being caught. Their obliviousness frightened him. They lacked the urban camouflage skills young women ought to have. People stared at them all the time, and they seemed to be aware of this without making very much of it, as though being the objects of constant attention was natural to them.

They led and he followed [redacted] working at home on his thesis. [redacted] he knew them well [redacted]

whole days sitting quietly in his flat, listening, waiting, worrying.

Sick Day

[redacted] chicken soup, Ritz crackers and Coke, [redacted] proper cuisine [redacted] bed, [redacted] gold-and-blue shapes with her eyes. She began to fall asleep.

[redacted] she merely had the feeling that someone was there, that this person was concerned about her.

[redacted] glass of Coke.

Valentina's life. Each boyfriend would be a crowd would be a gap; there would be hours in the day even know where Valentina was, or what she would turn to tell Julia something about the boyfriend, waiting to hear what she only Julia would have understood it.

"I was a delicate thing, their privacy with him; so they remained virgin; tea. T.

and cross; there was mother's china, and cubes. He thought it looked done. "What kind of tea would you

"Earl Grey?"

He pressed the button on the electric kettle and plopped into the teapot. "This isn't how it's supposed to be done, but one lazy."

"How are you supposed to do it?"

"Oh, you warm the pot, you use loose tea ... but I can't taste difference, and I drink a lot of tea, so the ritual has devolved somewhat."

"Our mom uses tea bags," Julia assured him.

"Then that must be correct," said Martin gravely. The water boiled (he had actually boiled it a few times before Julia arrived, just to make sure the kettle was working) and Martin made tea. Soon they were both seated, drinking tea and eating sandwiches. Well-being pervaded Martin. He had not realised how much he'd missed sharing a meal with another human. Julia looked up and saw him beaming at her. *He might be insane, but he's very cheerful.*

"So, um, how long have you lived here?" she asked him.

"Twenty-some years. We lived in Amsterdam when we were first married, and then we lived in St. John's Wood. We bought this flat just before Theo was born."

"Have you always ... stayed in?"

Martin shook his head. "That's a recent development. I used to work at the British Museum, translating ancient and classical languages. But now I work from home."

Julia smiled. "So they bring the Rosetta Stone and all that here to you?" The twins had been to the British Museum the previous week. Julia thought of Valentina bending over Lindow Man, nearly in tears.

No, no. I don't often need the actual objects. They take photographs and make drawings—I use those. It's all been such wave

over the computer and it will

at. But in the meantime

it out." Martin pa

word puzzles?"

aren't

Marlowes looked at me to leave. "Um, about it?"

Martin said, "Young, aren't you either. He's studying imagine he'll end up holidays. Everything

"Like what?"

"Oh—motorcycling. I

one will confirm or deny that

"You worry about him?"

child, I worry about everything. But

ticular. That's just the nature of paren

ceived, I stand, I can't help it."

whit of grey

Julia

I do, I set

were confessing to a

Julia array

and over. "So you wash things

back in his chair and folded

130

oddest person I've ever met. You couldn't

Oh, hesitated, and said, "Do you smoke?"

Martin brightened. He left the table and came

arettes and a lighter. He shook a cigarette out

ed it to Julia. She took it and put it to her lips,

her and immediately had severe coughing fit.

"*Ha!le?*" Marijke had a sultry voice. Robert always told Martin she could have made a fortune in phone sex. In her old job at the BBC she had read the afternoon traffic reports; sometimes men appeared in the lobby of Broadcasting House asking for her. At VPRO she was a very popular programme host on a show that mostly featured stories about human-rights catastrophes, global warming and terribly sad things that happened to animals.

"Marijke. It's Robert."

He felt her discomfort come at him through the telephone ether. After a pause, she said. "Robert, hello. How are you?"

"I'm fine. Your sister."

"What do you think is there?"

"I want you to take my hand."

"No, Robert, I was on the phone with her. She returned to him. "I'm absolutely not coming back. I'll walk downstairs to get the mail, so I don't imagine you'll be waiting for me." "At least ring him."

"Why?"

"Persuade him to take his time. Cheer him up. Hell, I don't know. Don't you have any intuition helping him sort himself out?" "No. I've done that. It's not my job, Robert. He's hopeless."

Robert stared out the windows at Vautravers' chaotic front garden, which sloped up away from the house so that it was like watching an empty raked stage. As Marijke declared her complete lack of interest in Martin's future, the twins opened the front door of Vautravers and walked up the footpath to the gate. They were dressed in matching baby-blue coats and hats and carried lavender muffs. One twin was swinging her muff on its wrist-strap; the other twin pointed at something in a rose and both girls burst out laughing.

out of the gate. Robert closed his eyes, and an afterimage formed on the backs of his eyelids, a silhouette-girl shimmering against darkness. He was enchanted. They were like an early Elspeth, a previous version that had been withheld from him until now. *They're so young. And so strange. My God, they look like they're about twelve.*

"Robert?" His eyes flew open; the twins had gone.

"Sorry, Marijke. What were you saying?"

"I have to go. I've got a deadline."

"Er—right, of course. Goodbye to you."

"Robert, is so."

He thought about something rather different.

"Oh," said Marijke.

time she sounded into.

"Elspeth's twins have a garden. They're a bit—"

"I didn't know Elspeth had children."

"They belong to Eddie at the moment."

"The famous Eddie." Marijke sighed. "I never quite believed in Eddie; I always suspected Elspeth might have invented her."

Robert smiled. "I was never sure about Jack, myself. The legendary fiancé who eloped with the demon twin to America. It seems they were real after all."

Marijke covered the phone with her hand. When she spoke again it was to say, "I really do have to go, Robert." She paused. "Do they look like Elspeth?"

"If you come home you can see for yourself."

She laughed. "I'll call him, but I'm not coming to London. It never quite was my home, you know, Robert." Marijke had lived in London for twenty-six years. For twenty-five years she had lived with Martin.

July 1999

The risk of false discovery

Robert: After Clara is on, he'll sleep in
would; perhaps he could be to all asleep
and know it.

"Cecity" and hence the great ball; he sits down and takes a cigarette.

[illegible]

440

"Aha! Let's **start** in our word—**suicide**!
J-h-a-s-i-d-i-e, **suicide**! S-u-i-c-i-d-e!"

Robert was going to look for a job. Just—
over there is a small house, but he heard
there was a small house, but he heard

The bid was in and within the hour it would be out of the bag. First the taxpayer files a return, gets the check, then the daughter was plotting death and remarriage. He pointed to the receiver and to all who had asked him to have the phone number. "I don't know what to do," he said, "I'm from the morning."

[illegible]

There have been a few *in vitro* studies

Not that simple.

Thompson, J. W. 1990. *Principles of Ecology*. Prentice-Hall, Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey. 1029 pp.

100

...they're gonna save

regimentally.

had nothing. After a further breakfast lull, the doctor and Martina took her over tea to the back of the dining room and said - *Good, Elspeth, come*

at the airport check. He said that at the table with

...tell me about the ~~ch~~ this plan of yours."

WFLX

and EMS
out of a wet **II** = paper bag. Esch
one **III** = e thing, dead hole
worked.

Copyright Clearance Center, Inc.

There's all sorts of nasty stuff out there. **Body by** There's gases in the body.

CONCEPTS AND FINDINGS

There's no need for any of the estate and all I want is half of it. I won't have to."

IT WAS THAT MORNING THEN — ∞ with more complex

SHIRAZI

When taken together, these results suggest that the

These changes are being made to help you get the most out of your investment.

1000

back." He continued to sit with his eyes closed and
 tion on his face.

Julia said, "What can I do?"

"Nothing," he said. "Sit with me."

She sat and waited with him. Soon Mar-

...it was exciting, wasn't it?" He patted

"I'm sorry." Nothing she did today

"Please don't be. Here, let's mov-

"But—?"

⁶⁰It will be fine. We'll stay away.

air chairs

Julia said, "I keep thinkin'

"I don't understand it."

that's what madness,

ings don't make ser

and of sense anvoos

"But you were n

"Oh, I'm mu'c t'han."

Let the sun

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...the
day
the
not
new
tch

... this
=

is is
igr

knowing it.

Why I should take one.

heard Julia's footsteps :

[illegible]

with his eyes closed and
do?"
t with me."
h him. Soon Mar
bit?" He patted
he did today
let's move
stay at
ams
part at

Julia said, "What can I do?"
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 "Please don't be. Here, let's move."
 "But—?"
 "It will be fine. We'll stay at
 their chairs.
 Julia said, "I keep thinking
 "I don't understand it."
 That's what madness
 things don't make sense
 kind of sense any more."
 "But you were
 "Oh, I'm moving that first day
 and let the sun. It sat in the
 sterdam in the
 ment of his needy
 bunch. This is
 the sign
 knowing it.
 Maybe I should take one.
 He heard Julia's footsteps.

approve of them.

Jessica sighed. "But 'history is written by the victors' and in the Battle for Highgate Cemetery the Franks are most certainly the victors. So we ought to have some say in our history."

Robert had misplaced the reference he thought that started quoting Michel Foucault. He struggled for a moment with the negative dissonance of that, until James kindly said, "Winston Churchill."

"Oh, right," said Robert. *But I'm a Marxist*, he thought (it didn't try to explain, as Jessica had always had a slightly rueful attitude towards Karl Marx (at least in terms of his presence in Highgate Cemetery). Robert wasn't sure he was up to defending current trends in Marxist academic thinking at the moment. Instead he hurriedly set off on a tangent. "I was thinking about the nature of memory. Of memorials . . ."

The Bateses exchanged glances but didn't say anything. Robert realised that he wasn't sure what he wanted to say.

"The digitisation project," he said finally. "And clearing the graves so the inscriptions can be read. And George in his workshop carving the names onto new gravestones . . ."

"Yes?" said James.

"Why do we do it?" asked Robert.

"For the families," said Jessica. "The dead don't know the difference."

"And for the historians," James added with a smile.

"But what if the dead did know?" Robert asked. "What if they're all there, or somewhere . . .?"

"Well . . ." Jessica sat looking at him. *Something is wrong with him. He's all sorts*. "Robert, are you all right? I don't mean to be a fusspot, but I am worried about you."

Robert looked at his lap. James said, "Is everything all right with you?" Stop . . . Stop . . . Stop . . .

at his . . . at his . . .

the twins are coming undone. If I understand correctly, Valentia wants to leave Julia, and Julia wants to break things off with me. But that's not actually the problem."

He was aware of a resistance to telling them. "I didn't want to talk badly of him and he knew he would not be believed. My head is going to explode if I don't tell somebody. Maybe they'll understand, even if they don't think it's true. The air was still, there on the terrace. He could hear one crow, far off, cawing. Then it stopped, and the three of them sat in the stillness, waiting."

"I've come to believe that there is some sort of existence after death," Robert said. "I think it's possible for people to be talking around . . . or to be stuck, somehow . . ." He took a breath. "I've been talking to her. She's in her flat and can't leave."

"Oh, Robert," Jessica sounded terribly sad. He just sat there, not sad, not for him, sadness that he was losing his mind.

Robert said, "The twins talk to her too."

"Hush," said James. "Would she talk to us, do you think? How do you communicate with her?"

"Automatic writing, and Ouija board when we get tired. She's very odd, so it's hard to tie the writing for very long."

"Can you see her?"

"Valentina can see her. Julia and I can't. I don't know why. I would like to be able to see her."

Jessica said, "It doesn't seem to be having any effect on you." She looked as if she wanted to say a great deal more.

"No."

"Perhaps we should send you on holiday," she said. "A change of scenery might help. And some vitamins. Perhaps the cemetery isn't at you now just now."

the spool of thread jerked and rolled, controlled by an imperceptible hand. The door shut behind him, and he was alone in the room. The door shut behind him, and he was alone in the room.

Valentina and the kitten, after ten other, equally shocked, attempts, recovered at the same time. Valentina put the tray on the floor. The kitten began to run to and forth, scrambling on the quiet floor for an escape. Valentina shut the dining-room door and put her back against it.

"Who's there?" she said. Short-temperant it to sound normal, but her voice came out squeaky. "There's a pool of thread sat immo-
bile on the floor. Enormous. It was all over the place, except the kitten, and hid. Valen-
tina flattened his body, and he was so small, she couldn't see her body, trying
to discern whether it was a kitten or not. What she was shaking, I said air and the kitten's
light. Then something pulled out. Valentina, side of the door she was
hitting against. Valentina went to the door.

"Mouse?" It was only Julia, decentina let out her breath and
heard the door a crack. "Come in quick," she said, Julia did, slipping
through six inches of open door and pushing it closed. "Did you catch
it?" Julia asked, her face alight.

[illegible]

TELEVISION WITH JAPANESE SAYS

Julia got down on her hands and knees in front of the ottoman and carefully lifted the fringe. She saw a small animal with glowing green eyes that bared its fangs at all yours," said Julia. Valentina said to the ottoman, maybe

she'll come out to you," the ghost said. "The ghost did this. The ghost for the moment, Julia decided to put aside her doubts and try to be as useful as she could. The idea of a ghost to help her was very useful.

"The ghost did it just the way you did, only the kitten couldn't see the ghost, so she just pounced right into the room and when the ghost shut the door."

"So maybe that means the ghost watches us?" Julia was getting creeped out in spite of herself. "Because otherwise how would the ghost even know you're *here*?" Did you leave the spool of

thread here, or was it there?"

"No, it was here," said Julia, pointing to the spot.

"Hm." Julia turned to look at her mother. "What if the ghost is behind her back, Val?"

"You're kidding me?" said Julia to say, *It's elementary*; she was always pacing. Valence was on the floor and stared at the *my dear Watson*, but Julia only looked at the ghost is still here?"

Valentina looked around. There weren't very many places a ghost could be in here; the dining room was somewhat bare. "I guess," she said, "But the ghost is mostly a *f-l-ing*, at least before tonight. It's not like I've ever seen it. And it's ~~not~~ ^{swimming} ~~in~~ ^{under} the floor now."

Fayeth stood at the head of the assembly. She was wearing a blue chiffon dress that she had never worn before. Her stockings, smart stockings, were black, and her shoes were black. She was smiling so prettily at the table without saying a word.

checked the zipper, and found—wondered if ever—removed like syrup, and the rest:

Valentina noticed them at the front of them.

He was quite thin, with black, wavy hair, brown wavy hair. He wore a white button-down shirt, and his legs were brown corduroy trousers and carried a thick, black, leather bag loose-jointed stride of a Labradors. The man was brown, with a soft-bodied and pallid. Valentina wondered what he was doing. The twins followed him onto an elevator. He was alone, through tunnels and then they stood behind him a moment. One of the long ones that made Valentina feel as if she had tilted, as though she were subject to some new kind of. Finally they found the platform for the Victoria line.

Valentina tried to explain the title of the book's title. It ended in *to*. Kafka? Too thick for the young gold wire-rimmed glasses and had a kind face, a fair complexion, and a long narrow nose, which he proceeded to stick *to*. His eyes were brown and hooded, heavily lashed. The *to* was packed, and the doors opened and shut with a *to*. The man glanced up and resumed re-

Julia was talking when there were many pedestrians on the street and stood on the other side. "Stop it," she said to stay home forever and

the middle of the carriage, but Valentina stooped the door. As the train pitched forward, Valentina saw that the man she had been watching was her. He caught her eye, and she looked away as though he had been mowing a lawn, and Valentina couldn't place. Paper? Dirt? It was it was, and she inhaled it as though it had a shopping bag was chafing her leg. Valentina was still watching her. She blushed, and said, "You don't like the tube much, do you?"

"No," said Valentina.

"Nor I," he said. His voice was pleasant, but a little flat. "It's too inti-

Valentina nodded. She was watching the boy with aitch as he spoke. His mouth was wide, the upper lip a bit pulled back, showing his slightly protuberant teeth, teeth that could make an orthodontist. She thought of the years she and Julia had had to spend with Vladimir Weissman's, having their teeth straightened. She was sure that their teeth would have looked like if they'd just been pulled out.

"Are you Julia, or Valentina?" he asked, looking at her.
"Valentina," she replied, and was instantly squadd at her own boldness. But how did he know their names? and in slid into a station, throwing her off balance. The man stopped. This and the disembodied female voice of the underground. pictures on the

"Mouse! This is our stop, Mouse. We don't stop here." Julia's voice rose above the wall of people before the doors opened. Valentina twisted her head to look back at him. "I have to get off," she told him. "There's a big reasur-

'kitchen

special treat

felt better.

Christmas.

He leaned forward to hug

He did not

He did not

teenth-century French fireplace on the spaceship. A hearth. *I want a fire*, Elspeth thought. She had been warming herself over the flames of the stove on that the twins cooked anything. The Doctor had fire and was conversing with a little girl in Paris be on the other side of the fireplace. *It is sad to see you're dead? This is a very strange program.* at to be the future Madame de Pompadour. the spaceship were trying to steal her brain. steam-cyberpunk?" asked Julia. Elspeth nt. Valentina said, "Look at her hair. Do you wanted to know?"

"Yes." It seemed like a "Any other questions?" e Doctor was reading Madame de Pompadour stared at her shoes. hands on her head, palms enclosing her She stopped because around her ears. *Such long fingers*, Elspeth "Hey, hey, it's all righted her small hand on top of David Tennant and lifted her face. "Sciously warm. Elspeth sunk her hand into back so tragic."

"I felt like I really would Valentina. There was a dark silhouette of "No, not at all. But I posed over the Doctor's. He let go of Mad "Can I come again?" it but the black hand remained where it was. "Yes" said Martin. "Way; the screen hand stayed black. "How did say like your aunt, Pic Doctor. Elspeth thought he was speaking to they" said Julia. "Madame de Pompadour was answering him. between the boxes until the screen. *What if I could do that with my face?* it felt disappeared. self into the TV and found herself looking out and moved just before I was wonderful inside the television, quite

just her calling "Nonfining. Elspeth had only been in there for a Martin said to himself the twins saw the screen go black. The TV died. It looks like a newish set too." She got up and the buttons, to no avail.

warranty," said Valentina. "I wonder where she

8

Women in Exile

**by
Jeanne Ridere**

I Realized I Was the Enemy

...less at that time I had a... of...
...wonderful... I asked him to teach me the Quran. His teachings made me realize how the mullahs had corrupted the ideas of the Quran. He also introduced me to my own literature. I had known the famous English writers, but now I began to read with joy the great poets, Hafiz, Rumi, and others. It was a... this magnificent... was a part of our heritage.

During my first years at the university, the monarchy... became more lenient politically. Divergent political groups began heated discussions at the university. There were strikes and for a while the university was closed. When it reopened I did not go back again. I had two semesters to go, but I felt I didn't learn enough to... I had been working on a time for the... and was much impressed with the... and implementation of their program. So I decided to work full time at the Peace Corps headquarters in Kabul.

I was completely apolitical, very naive about issues and problems. My father had resigned his job in the government and deliberately kept away from politics. I had been taught in school, especially in religion, to observe limits, accept authority, and to... curiosity... truly... tried to overcome the boundaries... me as a... person, a student, and a woman.

I found contentment in conformity. I liked my job. I spent time with my family and friends. I lived with my parents. In Afghanistan a woman leaves her father's home only to enter her husband's. I had no responsibility. I felt... and happy.

During this period... There had been a "white" coup in the country... the king was replaced by his cousin. Nothing much changed. There were some attempts at reform. But in fact one member of the tribe had simply replaced another. There was no violence. But the communist coup was something else. It came without warning. There was nothing... group. No... nothing in the papers, no... nothing.

The night before the coup we had given a party. I don't remember what the occasion was, only that it was some sort of

I Realized I Was the Enemy

in the face of extraordinary hardship, provided a nonjudging source of inspiration. I established a very special and respected place for myself among my countrymen and women in exile. They looked to me for guidance and counsel. They loved me and they represented me as an internal moral force.

My family also took pride in me. They approved of the decisions I had made about my life, not only concerning work, but also in advancing my education. They felt that I had kept the family image and the name. But I have been very careful not to press the family members into coming to the same areas. That is not the way to do it. I have been, on the other hand, very open. But I transcend social and political barriers. I have to be culturally sensitive to the heightened vulnerability of men who are living in exile. They have lost their status, they are afraid, and their women are faring better than they are. The women are the pillars of support in their communities. I have been on my own, paid my own way, and I have been going to the men. My life has been a humanitarian one. The Nigerian community appreciates my visibility within that context because of the way I have handled my interaction with them.

I had married someone outside my nationality, culture, and religion. The marriage was a disaster. It was divided. All of this is taboo under Indian circumstances. It would not be forgiven. They thought that a woman who married so far outside her own realm would drive other women to press for their rights and encourage them to leave their men. But I hear through the grapevine and through other women that my role is appreciated and trusted by the community. Instead, I feel responsible for my good reputation. I am not effective in the community. I am a woman who avoid all confrontation in the community setting by staying away from discussions of politics. There are subjects raised about which I have information or an opinion. But discussions always become emotional. I have tried to keep the family interaction more so. I have not expressed my opinion. A discussion is easily avoided that with my own community. It is never a confrontation. In general, I avoid political activity. I don't want to put my position in my organization as an entree. It would alienate the men. Also, because we haven't exercised our political and intellectual

breaking totally with the past was not the way for me. The marriage ended in a short time.

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My parents, surprisingly, had not objected much. By now I had

retained their family and tribal loyalties. He put on a tribal outfit and with his wife they took the mountainous route through Khyber Pass

thinking about the past. I kept myself very busy. I met and married an American with little education and no real profession, a person

last days in Afghanistan with his little suitcase containing his tooth-

any dark place—the movies, the saws, and the things they talked about was a series of meaningless movements along a path around a circle. I

to Pakistan. They paid a lot of money to a smuggler who knew the routes. They fled, riding donkeys, then walking for days and nights.

new place in the world. visa, work permit, a place to live, a job. All of that consumed my time and energy. It also saved me from the anxiety

to become executive director of Refugee Women in Development, and found out that they were being transferred to a prison in another city. He risked his life to save them on the way to

body would ask for my ID. I had never been asked that in all my life.

judgment.

For a time I lived in a group house. I was facing a very different

first family
During

passage across the border into the United States. I knew I had no chance of getting a visa with a baby, a small child, and no money. So I had to cross the border illegally. From the Mexican side to Tucson I walked for five hours in the desert with Oscar in my arm and Gisela holding to my hand. In Tucson I stayed with a friend until I could arrange passage first to Los Angeles and then to Washington, D.C., where I continued my work with Comadres. Throughout all this I was torn between the feeling of relief to be safely away with my youngest children, but aware that with every move I was getting farther away from my oldest children and from my country. But the need to survive did not allow me to think much about the future or about the meaning of every act or every event. I have always lived one day at a time, but during the first months of exile I did not allow my mind to think beyond the next hour.

I applied for political asylum as soon as I arrived in the United States. But the State Department does not recognize that I and others like me are in danger in El Salvador. After six years I still do not have proper papers. My life here is not very different from before. After my husband died, it was as if I were living in a darkness where nothing pleased me. I never went to parties or the theater or attended a social event. I worked with Comadres, trying to make my case understood by other people so that changes could come about. I do the same here. I go from my house to the office and from the office to my house, or I pick up and drop the kids at school. The difference is mainly in that at least when I go to bed at night I don't fear that they will come in the middle of the night. I feel my children are safe. I sleep better.

Living in America is strange. At times I find it difficult to see that what I need so much in El Salvador, people throw away here. Dogs live in better houses here than many people in El Salvador. Even though there is poverty here, I don't often see people living under scrap metal and plastic.

I live like birds without nests. In the summer I am here and in the winter I go somewhere else. I have no home of my own. This is the life of a Salvadoran—to be here, to be there, because I can't be in my own country.

In the meantime I work for peace and hope that my children will go back and they will all work the earth and live in peace. The United States has given me a lot. I have learned much, I have experienced

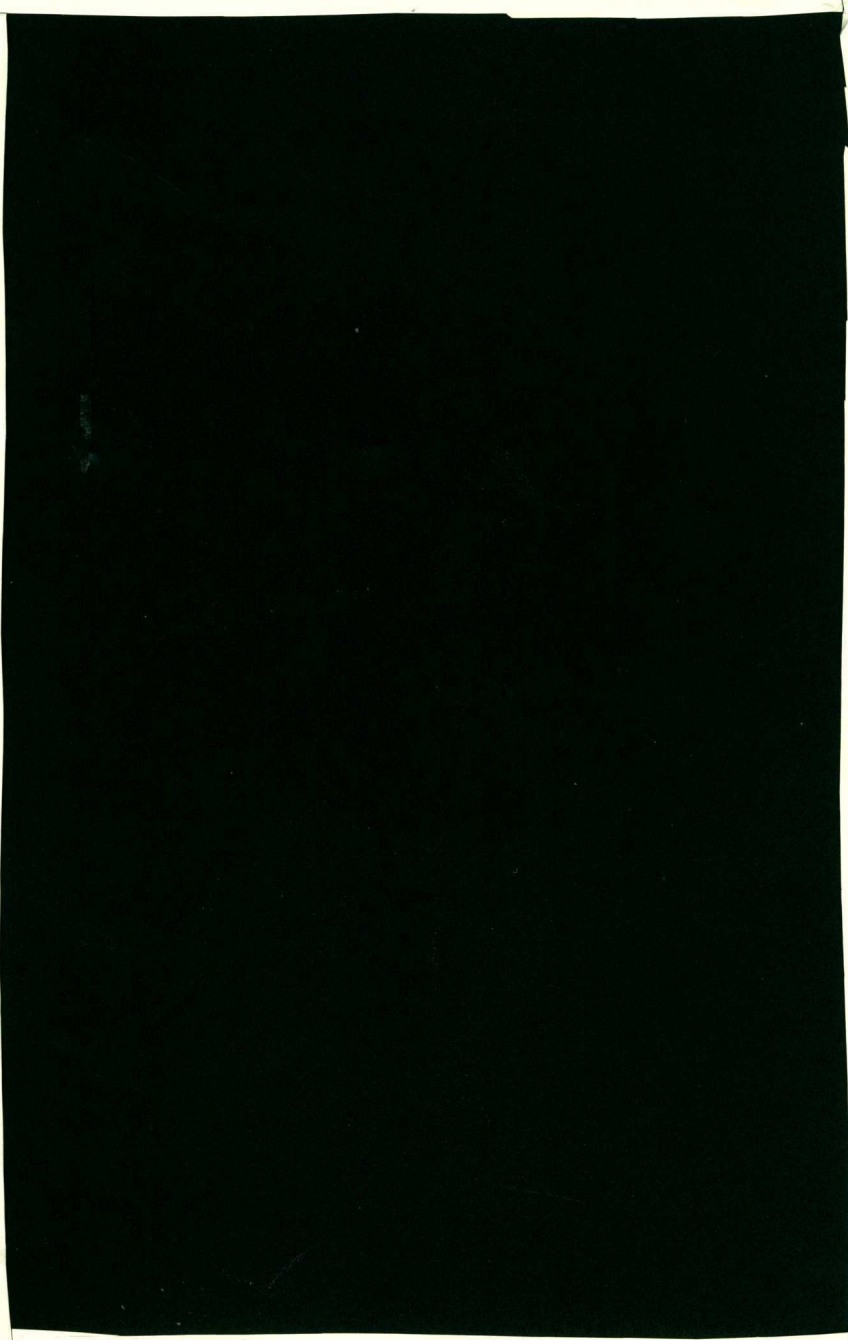
Women in Exile

~~to my friends was the machismo, the male attitude that made~~
him think I couldn't handle politics. I had learned from my ex-husband
that neither of us would order the other around. I had to make
my own decisions. We worked together for many years. If I had to
leave him, I would have to leave the limited life I had built for me. I
could leave him. He understood that I had changed. We lived
together for thirteen years after that, both of us working for the same
cause, but we never talked to each other about our work. We each
learned from outsiders what the other was doing. In the house we
talked about household matters and family problems but not about
the work we were both dedicated to. He worked for the labor unions
and I worked with human rights. Sometimes I would run into
him on the street during demonstrations. I didn't know he would
do that. He helped me with his car and with the children, but he
couldn't accept completely my independent political life. He never
treated me like a comrade, equal to him in my work.

My husband was assassinated on June 20, 1980. They came for
him around 7:00 P.M. the night before. It was a Thursday evening.
We were in the house with the children about to have dinner. I was
seven months pregnant with my daughter Gisela at that time. It was a
suffing evening and I shuffled around putting the dinner things on the
table. Suddenly a number of men in civilian clothes appeared at the
door. They asked for my husband, saying they wanted him to act as
witness to a robbery that had taken place on the street near our
house. I lowered myself into a chair as I listened to my husband
telling them he didn't know anything about a robbery. They told him
to get up and go with them. They tied his hands behind his back and
pushed him toward the door and took him away. As I tried to go to
my husband, they turned to me and shouted, "You stay there. Stay
where you are." I heard him as he was leaving he looked back over his
shoulder and said, "Take care of yourself." I felt somehow that look
was the last that I would have from him again. The next day I went to
look for him in various security offices. In each place they told me
they didn't know anything about him. When I was coming from
office to office asking about him, my husband was already dead.

On June 21 I ran into a relative who asked, "Where is your
husband?" I didn't want to tell her about him, so I said "I don't
know. I have been working." She said, "You really don't know then?"

They Cut Off My Voice



Women in Exile

in the fishing boats. They acted as intermediaries. We met a smuggler, a woman, through one of my husband's friends, another doctor, who had been with him at the camp. A woman had asked him for anti-nausea medication. He had guessed it was for a sea journey. He had asked to be taken along and the woman had agreed, thinking it useful to have a doctor on board. We contacted the same woman to make arrangements for our journey.

Rumors were going around that those who had been released from the camps would soon be taken again. It was typhoon season. We decided to take the risk. The boat on which we traveled was a two-engine vessel, three meters wide and twelve meters long. Originally, there were supposed to be forty five passengers. The woman had told us there would be food and water and fuel. We had the option of going to Hong Kong, Thailand, or the Philippines. The journey to Hong Kong was not the best choice at the time because the point of departure was located deep in the south. Passage to Thailand would be easier and shorter, but there was fear of pirates, who often stopped the boats on that route. The crossing to the Philippines was longer and exposed us to rough seas and the possibility of typhoons but avoided the risk of attacks by pirates. We decided to take the Philippines route.

She told us that whatever belongings we wished to take we must turn over to her. She would place them on the boat for us and we would avoid calling attention to ourselves as we left for the shore. The woman had a partner, but apparently they didn't trust each other. She had the compass. He was to bring the food and the extra fuel. The fishermen wouldn't have had enough fuel for the journey.

We left on a Sunday. In order to avoid suspicion, we each completed our rounds at the hospital before leaving. We started out at 7:00 P.M. It was getting dark. The woman who was our contact was very greedy. The man with the supplies hadn't arrived. She must have thought that the journey would not be so difficult with the small amount of provisions already on board and rushed the fishermen to leave before the food arrived. There were seventy-five on a boat with a maximum capacity of forty-five. My sister-in-law was with us. She and my husband each held one of the children and I held the baby.

In the afternoon of the first day the sea became very rough. The

They Cut Off My Voice

the jail [redacted] I had been blindfolded and [redacted] in the floor of the plane. This was a different experience. I [redacted] flying with this child who was my daughter whom I didn't know, and all these questions my mother had been asking me the night before which was a mystery. The child kept asking me, "Are you sure you know how to take care of me?" Kid was so cruel. I *didn't* know how to take care of her, but I kept answering her questions, "Yes, I know how to take care of you." It was unreal, like living in a dream. I wasn't aware of what was going on around me.

"I was a [redacted] journalist and someone was visiting me at my house. I had [redacted] what I wanted to say. I had thought I knew English but I was shocked to realize I couldn't express myself very clearly. The following [redacted] I said, 'There are many others, there are many others.'" I asked, "What did you mean by that?" They told me if I had been raped and [redacted] disappointed that I had been [redacted] regret that I hadn't raped. I would have made a human sacrifice [redacted] again."

[illegible]

American history does not translate to collective experiences and
 "the" tragedies. They have not translated to persons individual to be
 able to sympathize. Once that happens, they understand. We
 from Third World countries where collective experiences weigh
 more heavily on the individual than in the developed world. There
 is the tradition in the United States to try to understand racism
 repression by pulling it to Nazi Germany and the Holocaust. So
 I am a bit tempted to parallel my experiences with that

A Lucky Woman

The French team became increasingly aware of the dangers I faced. But the guards would not allow them to transport me across the border. They had discussed the problem among themselves and decided to smuggle me across to the camp in Thailand as a patient. They asked me to lie down in the back of the vehicle, positioning the I.V. as if it were attached to my arm. One of them held Meta on his lap and they drove me across the border to the other side.

When I arrived in Mao-i-dang camp, there were only a hundred people there. I had managed the most dangerous and important part of my journey—crossing the border into Thailand. My plans had finally worked. I had escaped immediate danger. I had also left my own torn and battered land, perhaps forever.

My most vivid memory of arriving in Thailand was a piece of cake was offered by the doctors. I stared at it until they reassured me that once I finished the piece I would get another.

In the new camp they gave me bamboo to build myself a shelter. I can't even begin to describe it. I knew I was a capable woman, but building a bamboo hut was a skill I had or wished to acquire. Once again I slept with Meta lying on my stomach under the sky.

In a few days they offered me a job, interpreting for the French doctors at the outpatient clinic. The French doctor asked for a list of my personal needs. My first list was a long one. I needed everything. Shampoo, toothpaste, toothbrush, underwear. They gave me all the things I needed. For the first time in years I had enough food for myself and Meta.

A flood of refugees began pouring in from the Cambodian side. I was happy to see my compatriots escaping, but I had been starved for so long that they began to eat uncontrollably. Their stomachs were unused to so much food. I saw one refugee die of overeating. The doctors began monitoring the eating procedures, to ensure that the new arrivals were initiated into the proper eating habits. Some had to be fed intervalously for a while, then put on a liquid diet, and finally given solid food.

After a while, one of the American doctors gave me a blue plastic tent. It was too hot to use during the day. But at night it saved me from the pouring rain and afforded me a sort of shelter.

Meta loved riding in cars, so the healthcare people took her with them on their rounds in camp. She spent good part of the day riding around the camp in the car. The French people who had left their little

keep her awake. We walked for hours. Once I slipped on a rocky hillside and rolled on my back all the way down. In the middle of the night, after we had passed our last checkpoint, the smugglers who had lost hope of getting more money, abandoned us again. We were still hours from Van.

Confident that we were now far away from checkpoints, we decided to head for a highway. But we didn't know where it was or which way was Van. We took our chances and headed toward the sound of trucks passing. At six o'clock in the morning, we finally reached the outskirts of Van. We must have looked a sorry sight. Our clothes were torn and dirty, we could barely walk, and out of habit formed of our recent marches, we walked single file, one behind the other, like the remnants of a ragtag army.

We found rooms in a small, shabby hotel. I sat on the iron bed in the empty room. I covered my head with the pillow, covered my eyes, and fell asleep. Suddenly I woke up feeling I had someone breathing next to me. I tried to open the door, but it was locked from the outside. Simin, thinking I was asleep, had locked the door behind her when she had gone downstairs. I became hysterical. I banged on the door, shouting for someone to let me out. People must have heard and fetched Simin. This moment was the closest I came to breaking down. It marked the beginning of my life in exile.

I arrived in the United States on August 30, 1982. I spent the first months at my mother's apartment in Monterey, California. I busied myself with familiar activity. I wrote letters, I made phone calls to Iran. I tried to get all the necessary cards—social security, driver's license, library card. I found a childcare center for Leyla and began attending vocational-processing classes at the local high school. I tried not to disrupt my mother's life too much.

When I arrived in Monterey, many of my friends had already returned to the United States, and many of them had husbands, as I had, some, legally. But I was more fortunate than most of them. Having been raised in the States, I felt comfortable with its ways. I spoke the language and knew how to get about. Most important, I had family here—my mother, my sister, and her husband, and my brother. Each one helped me in a special way. My brother helped get me out of Turkey, my mother gave me shelter and love as only a mother can, my sister gave me emotional strength and set standards

They Cut Off My Voice

there I was taken to the concentration camp they called the "Little School." They blindfolded me and tied my hands behind my back. They forced me to lie face down on a mattress. They beat me and forced me to remain silent. They didn't torture me with electricity because the doctor was not present, and my friends women are weaker than men and they didn't want us to die. They had taken my husband from work. Some days he later described to me how he was tortured with an electric prod. Another woman who was pregnant when she was arrested told me they drove her to the Little School they tortured her by applying the electric prod to her abdomen. She later gave birth to a son in the concentration camp. Since I was the only woman at the time, I asked to be allowed to help her, but they didn't let me go to her. She was taken away after she had her baby. She is still "disappeared." Several years have passed, so we assume that the "disappeared" are all dead by now. The mothers, however, still press and plead for information about them. They keep repeating, "They took them alive, we want them back alive," refusing to acknowledge the reality of the disappearance.

One of my closest friends was at the Little School with me. Her name was Zulma. She was twenty-two years old. One night they took her and another girl who was sixteen years old, saying they were going to give them hormone injections to regulate their periods. We had all stopped having periods—it's a kind of wartime syndrome women develop. But instead of hormones they gave them anesthetics. They took them to a house in town and shot them while they were asleep. They threw leaflets around them, then called in the reporters to see for themselves that there had been a confrontation with the army. It was quite an elaborate scene. They had military men inside and outside the house shooting with fake ammunition. The military were trying to justify their harsh acts by saying they had intentions to prove there was a confrontation going on.

After three months in this and two months at another detention center, I was taken to a regular prison for women political prisoners. They kept me for two and a half years in the new prison. During the whole period there was no trial, no formal charges were brought against me. I had not been a leader, I was not a published writer at the time. But the idea was to terrorize the whole population. All political activity was taboo.

My prison cell was nine feet by nine feet and I shared this space

cranky. We were passing numerous checkpoints and had to keep her quiet. Simin, in desperation, gave her valium to make her sleep. She was holding the baby in one arm and holding on to the smuggler in front of her with the other. At one point she felt her arm getting numb and she was afraid she would let the baby slip out of it. I used my scarf to tie the baby to her arm for the rest of the journey.

Finally we were entering Turkey. It was painful to look back at the Iranian landscape, knowing I might never return to it, knowing also that I was leaving my husband behind.

At every step the smugglers had wanted more money. Each time we had refused, reminding them that we had already paid them handsomely. When we reached the Turkish side, the smugglers changed, and with them their tactics for getting money. We stopped only at the halfway point and needed them to get us to Van, the nearest safe haven. The new smugglers, however, seemed more like roadway bandits, threatening and sinister. They stole what little of our belongings we still had, and at one point they abandoned us at the roadside, alone in that, desert terrain that seemed to stretch forever. Their plan was to frighten us to submission so that they could get what money we had. We, on the other hand, not fully realizing the danger we were in, refused to be threatened. The distance from the Turkish border to Van, a few hours' car ride under normal circumstances, became the most dangerous part of our journey.

Without food, drink, or shade, the baby and Leila soon faced dehydration. In desperation, Simin, an Azarbaijani Turk who spoke Azari Turkish, and I set out to find help. We flagged down a passing van. The driver and his passenger told us they were heading to a nearby village on government business. On their way back, if we still had not found help, they would try to help us. Apparently one of the smugglers had seen us talking to the occupants of the van. A few hours later they returned, afraid that they would be caught for smuggling illegal aliens into Turkey. From this point, however, they made us walk. They told us that to avoid the checkpoints, we had to get off the roads. We had to walk at a slow pace in the dark through overgrown paths and across numerous rivers. Leila, a heavy child, had to be carried. Fatemeh and Hassaneh carried her. Once, when I was carrying the baby, Simin fell on her face from exhaustion, asleep before she had hit the ground. I kept slapping her face to

Of Chance and Choice

[redacted] knew that following the [redacted] biologi-
cal government would [redacted] but by
[redacted] rators on the anniversary [redacted] g. We
[redacted] d even minutes as [redacted] to a
[redacted] were eating and [redacted] owl on
[redacted] the place was feverish [redacted] felt so
alien. The world with which my life was interwoven and the world in
which I found myself were far apart.

The morning of the twenty-fifth arrived. This was the day I had
assumed the execution would take place. The day came and passed
[redacted] [redacted] us. The next day [redacted] I was
[redacted] the rang. My bro [redacted] con-
[redacted] pped and short. [redacted] ter, I
[redacted] g up the stairs. [redacted] n her
[redacted] thing had happ [redacted] ds. I
[redacted] had been in an ac [redacted] thing
[redacted] ed, "Why are yo [redacted] me a
moment. I realized she was crying for [redacted] noticed
Ali's bottle had slipped out of his mouth. I reached for the bottle
and slipped it back in his mouth. This was the first of many mo-
ments when the needs of the baby in his self-contained obliviousness
dropped [redacted] n my reality. Even n [redacted] reac-
tion [redacted] studied and slowe [redacted] of his
im [redacted] ts.

[redacted] ken away. I was g [redacted] I had
de [redacted] Hormoz's presence. [redacted] l only
wh [redacted] every detail of m [redacted] each
ev [redacted] the experience of lo [redacted] rrying
al [redacted] raising and support [redacted] burden
th [redacted] me my time of mo [redacted]
[redacted] s I moved to Berkel [redacted] ll from
my days at the university. Every street and every corner held a
memory, not only with Hormoz, but with many of my friends who
had been killed with him. I asked a friend who had a print shop to
give me a [redacted] I [redacted] k with him for ni [redacted] time
I lea [redacted] ting. I didn't know [redacted] experi-
ence [redacted] e enter the field of [redacted] ed to
Was [redacted] n the fall of 1984. I [redacted]keley,

that we assume a French identity. I was so immersed in the French culture that I couldn't judge the French in any but the way they judged themselves.

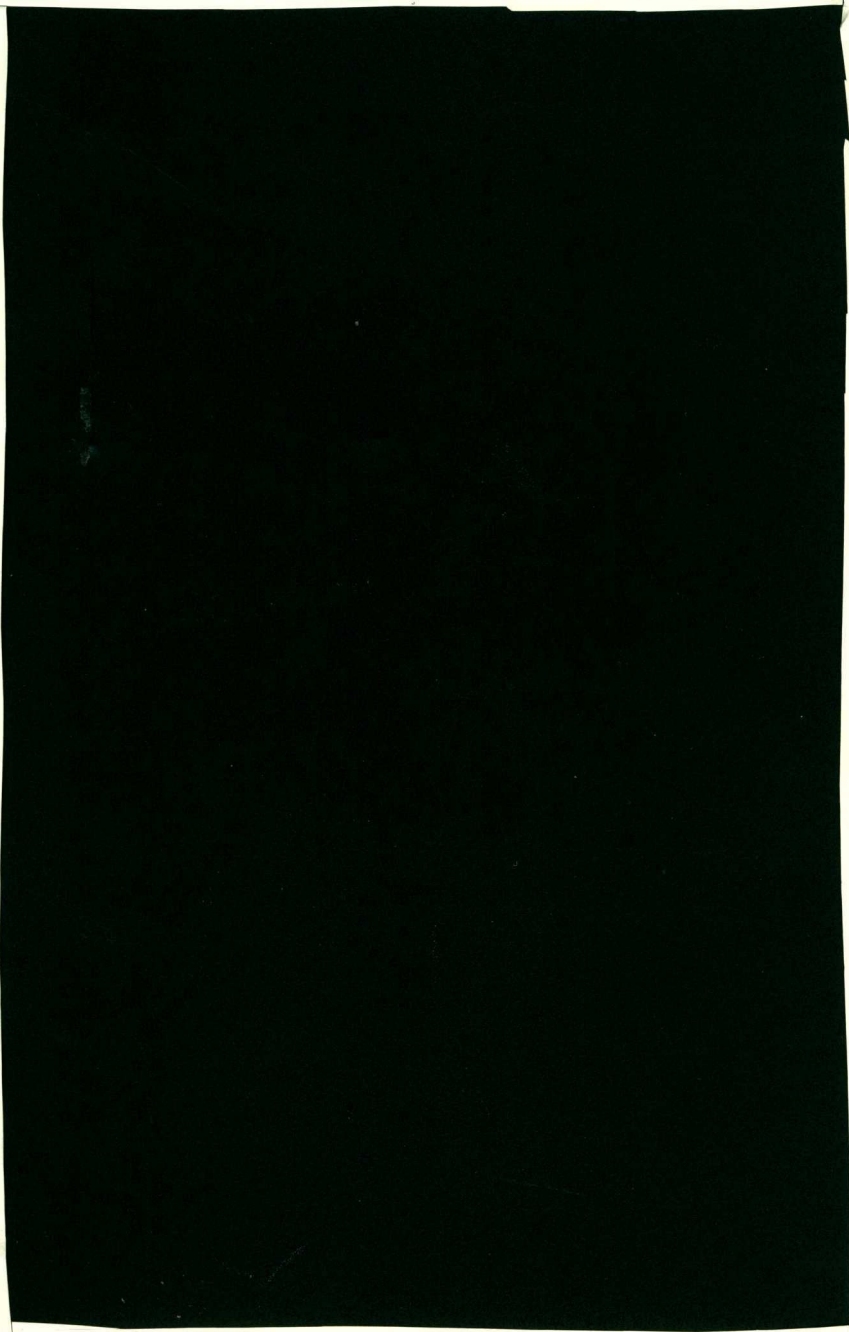
I became conscious of my imprisonment within the French value system years later when I was in a relationship with a French man. In the intimacy we shared our views, values and visions of life. I learned, for instance, that our ideal model of a happy family life was very different from each other's. His image of a happy family was a Vietnamese man, close to a pond surrounded by bamboo shoots. Next to him was an image of a snowy winter evening and an older woman sitting by a fire, alone in a rocking chair, knitting. Even though I had never seen snow in my life, the image of peace and contentment and security required no French fluency. My dream was to serve the people in Africa, not realizing that my own people needed more help than the Africans. My dream of serving humanity was also a French dream. I could not represent the French because I thought as the French thought. I only began judging them after my exile and I viewed France as a hostile land.

My parents did not have a happy marriage. My father didn't love my mother and they lived together for our sake. My father always had a mistress. But although he was not good to my mother, he was good to us. He saw to our upbringing and schooling and was always with us at dinner time. This situation confused me. I couldn't sort out the ethical dictates of the society and the conflicting signals I received from the behavior of my father. He brought his mistress home. We all knew their relationship but I realized mother's suffering. I was confused by the experience of a good father who did bad things.

Women in Vietnam were at the mercy of the men. There was no divorce. There was no way for women to survive without the support and protection of the men. Society was rigidly patriarchal and hierarchical with clear-cut rules and regulations defining the limits of behavior, depending on one's age, sex, and class. For the woman there were the Three Rules: *Tung gia tong pho*—when a daughter, obey thy father; *xuat gia tong phu*—when married, obey thy husband; *phu tu tong tu*—when widowed, obey thy son.

They were four maxims of general behavior for women: *Cong*—engage in diligent work; *dung*—maintain a neat appearance; *ngon*—use appropriate language and voice; *hanh*—sustain proper moral behavior.

They Cut Off My Voice



9

ew world

**by
eve**

Aldous Huxley's piece.

"Mr. Huxley is an bitter man, and"

—Saturday Review of Literature

"This is surely Huxley's"

—MARTIN GREEN

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 The Granger Collection



ALDOUS HUXLEY
 England, in *Brave New World*
 Cromie Yellow, *Brave New World*
 Revisited, *Brave New World*
 and Island.



US \$13.95 / \$18.95 CAN



3.28.18

6.1.92

slit, the morula dropped into place, the saline solution poured in . . . and already the bottle had passed, and it was the turn of the labellers. Heredity, date of fertilization, membership of Bokanowsky Group—details were transferred from test-tube to bottle. No long, manly, symmetrical, but named, identified, the procession marched steadily on; on through an opening in the wall, slowly on into the Social Predetermination Room.

"Eight and a half metric metres of card-index," said Mr. Foster with unfeigned ease they entered.

"Concerning all the relevant information," added the Director.

"Brought up to date every morning."

"And co-ordinated every afternoon."

"On the basis of which there are fifty malcalculations."

"So many individuals, of course," in other words," said Mr. Foster.

"Distributed in such and such a hundred and . . ."

"The optimum Decanting Rate at any given moment."

"Unforeseen wastages promptly made good."

"Promptly," repeated Mr. Foster. "If you knew the amount of overtime I had to put in after the last Japanese earthquake!" He laughed, goodhumouredly and shook his head.

"The Predeterminators . . . their figures to the Fertilizers."

"Who give them the embryos they ask for."

"And the bottles come in here to be predesigned in detail."

"After which they are sent down to the Embryo Store."

"Where we now proceed ourselves."

And opening a door Mr. Foster led the way down a staircase into the basement.

The temperature was still tropical. They descended into a thickening twilight. Two doors and one sage with a double turn insured the cellar against any of label infiltration of the day.

"Embryocete like phroquestration mark, let Mr. Foster waggishly, as he . . . ed or . . . stand red lighthouse, . . . Mr. Foster, "in the . . ."

And in this merely a nuisance. One fertile of the students now followed would really be quite sufficient to the darkness of closed eyes, we want to have a good choice. Abutting flanks of row on rays have, an enormous margin of bottles glistened with innuency as . . . cent of the females moved the dim red . . . of . . . get a dose of eye eyes and all the sympathy. The . . . for the rest of the machinery faintly stirred the tired . . . air . . . structure . . .

had to . . . that they do ha. Foster," said the Director, who be . . . was the sterile. Gary

Mr. Foster, Mr. Foster, happy to give them a few figures.

Two hundred and fifty metres long, two hundred wide, ten high. Ha . . . ed upwards. Like chickens drinking.

the students lifted hand-eyes towards the distant ceiling. *oh, oh, oh*

Three tiers of . . . ground floor level, first gallery, second gallery, second gallery.

The spiderly steel-work of gallery above gallery faded away in all directions into the dark. Near them three red ghosts were busily unloading denijohns from a moving staircase.

The escalator from the Social Predetermination Room. Each bottle could be placed on one of fifteen racks, each

women with purple
um and rattle of
figures, M

for a week-end, two grammes for a trip to the gorgeous East three for a dark eternity on the moon; returning whence they find themselves on the other side of the crevice, safe on the solid ground of daily labour and distraction, scampering frantically to feely, from girl to pneumatic girl, from Electrically, magnetic Golf course to . . .

"Go away, little girl," shouted the D.H.C. angrily. "Get away, little boy! Can't you see that his lordship's busy? Get and do your erotic play somewhere else."

"Suffer little children," said the Controller.

Slowly, majestically, with a faint humming of machinery, Conveyors moved forward, thirty-three centimetres an hour. In the red darkness glistened innumerable rubies.

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Heinholz Watson listened with a certain sense of discomfort. "Poor little Bernard!" he said to himself. But at the same time he felt rather ashamed for his friend. He wished Bernard would show a little more pride.

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Mr. Foster dullyred every afternoon."

Told them of this which they was fifty m...
toneum. Made them take...
it fed. Explained why it...
and thyroxin. Told them...
them the jets through which...
to 2040 it was automatically...
ally increasing doses of pituitary. Foster. "It was only...
ninety-six metres of their...
maternal circulation installed...
showed them the reservoir of...
pump that kept the liquid...
it through the synthetic lung...
Referred to the embryo's...
to the massive doses of hog's...
liver with which, in consequen...

Showed them the simple mechanism by means of which, during the last two metres out of every eight, all the embryos were simultaneously shaken into familiarity with movement.

Hinted at the gravity of the so-called "trauma of decanting," and enumerated the precautions taken to minimize, by a suitable training of the bottled embryo, that dangerous shock. Told them of the test for sex carried out in the neighborhood of Metre 200. Explained the system of labelling—a T for the males, a circle for the females and for those who were destined to become freemartins a question mark, black on a white ground.

"For of course," said Mr. Foster, "in the vast majority of cases, fertility is merely a nuisance. One fertile ovary in twelve hundred—that would really be quite sufficient for our purposes. But we want to have a good choice. And of course one must always have an enormous margin of safety. So we allow as many as thirty per cent of the female embryos to develop normally. The others get a dose of male sex hormone every twenty-four hours for the rest of the course. Result: they're decanted as freemartins—structurally quite normal (except," he had to admit, "that they *do* have the slightest tendency to grow beards), but sterile. Guaranteed sterile. Which brings us at last," continued Mr. Foster, "out of the realm of mere slavish imitation of nature into the much more interesting world of human invention."

He rubbed his hands. For of course, they didn't content themselves with merely hatching out embryos: any cow could do that.

"We also predetermine and condition. We decant our babies as socialized human beings, as Alphas or Epsilons, as future sewage workers or future . . ." He was going to say "future World controllers," but correcting himself, said "future Directors of Hatcheries," instead.

The D.H.C. acknowledged the compliment with a smile.

rack, though you had one on the hundred and six interval," Mr. Foster said. "You tell them everything I told them."

The growing embryo ate the rich blood had to be stimulated of the corpus luteum at every

That's the relevant information."

Mr. Foster duly dated every morning.

Told them of this which the fifty mg. of

toncun. Made them take it every day.

it fed. Explained why it was an average of a hundred

and thiryn. Told them of this which Rate it in

them the jess through which Rate it in

to 2040 it was automatically supply made

ally increasing doses of pituitary. Foster. "It was only testre 112,

maternal circulation installed in embryo and the

showed them the reservoir of blood-sucking pump that kept the liquid moving over the embryo and drove

it through the synthetic lung and liver product filter.

Referred to the embryo's troublesome tendency to asphyxiate

to the massive doses of hog's stomach extract and fetal hog's

liver with which, in consequence, it had to be supplied.

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at last, commenced Mr. Foster's imitation of nature into

He rubbed his hands themselves with mercury

do that, while also pro as sterilized by as sterilized by

world, and

10

Gone Book

by
Kalena Tamura

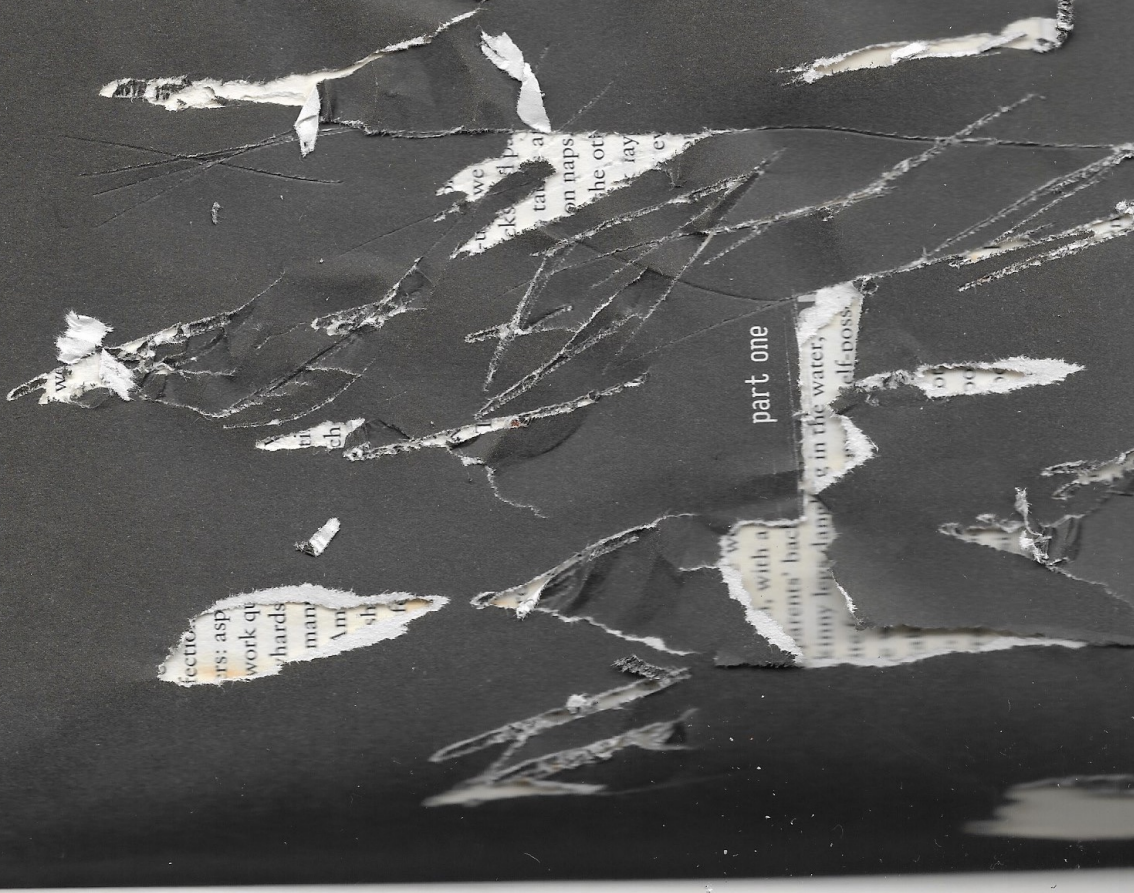
GONE

A NOVEL

GIRL

BOOK

LOVE
IS THE WORLD'S
INFINITE
MUTABILITY;
LIES, HATRED,
MURDER
EVEN,
ALL KNOT AS
TOGETHER
ONE.



bodies that had been dollied in and propped up. Amy, over on her easel, looked more present. We'd all seen these news conferences before—when other work... went missing. We were being forced to perform the scene that TV viewers expected: the worried but hopeful family. Caffeine-dazed eyes and ragdoll arms.

My name was being said; the room gave a collective gulp of expectation. *Shouttime*.

When I saw the broadcast later, I didn't recognize my voice. I barely recognized my face. The booze floating, sludgelike, just beneath the surface of my skin made me look like a fleshy wastrel, just sensuous enough to be disreputable. I had worried about my voice wavering, so I overcorrected and the words came out clipped, like I was reading a stock report. "We just want Amy to get home safe..." Utterly unconvincing, disconnected. I might as well have been reading numbers at random.

Rand Elliott stepped up and tried to save me: "Our daughter, Amy, is a sweetheart of a girl, full of life. She's our only child, and she's smart and beautiful and kind. She really is Amazing Amy. And we want her back. Nick wants her back." He put a hand on my shoulder, wiped his eyes, and I involuntarily turned to steel. My father again: *Men* don't cry.

Rand kept talking: "We all want her back where she belongs, with her family. We've set up a command center over at the Days Inn..."

The news reports would show Nick Dunne, husband of the missing woman, standing metalically next to his father-in-law, arms crossed, eyes glazed, looking almost bored as Amy's parents wept. And then worse. My longtime response, the need to remind people I wasn't a dick, I was a nice guy despite the affectless stare, the haughty, douchebag face.

So there it came, out of nowhere, as Rand begged for his daughter's return: a killer smile.

[REDACTED]

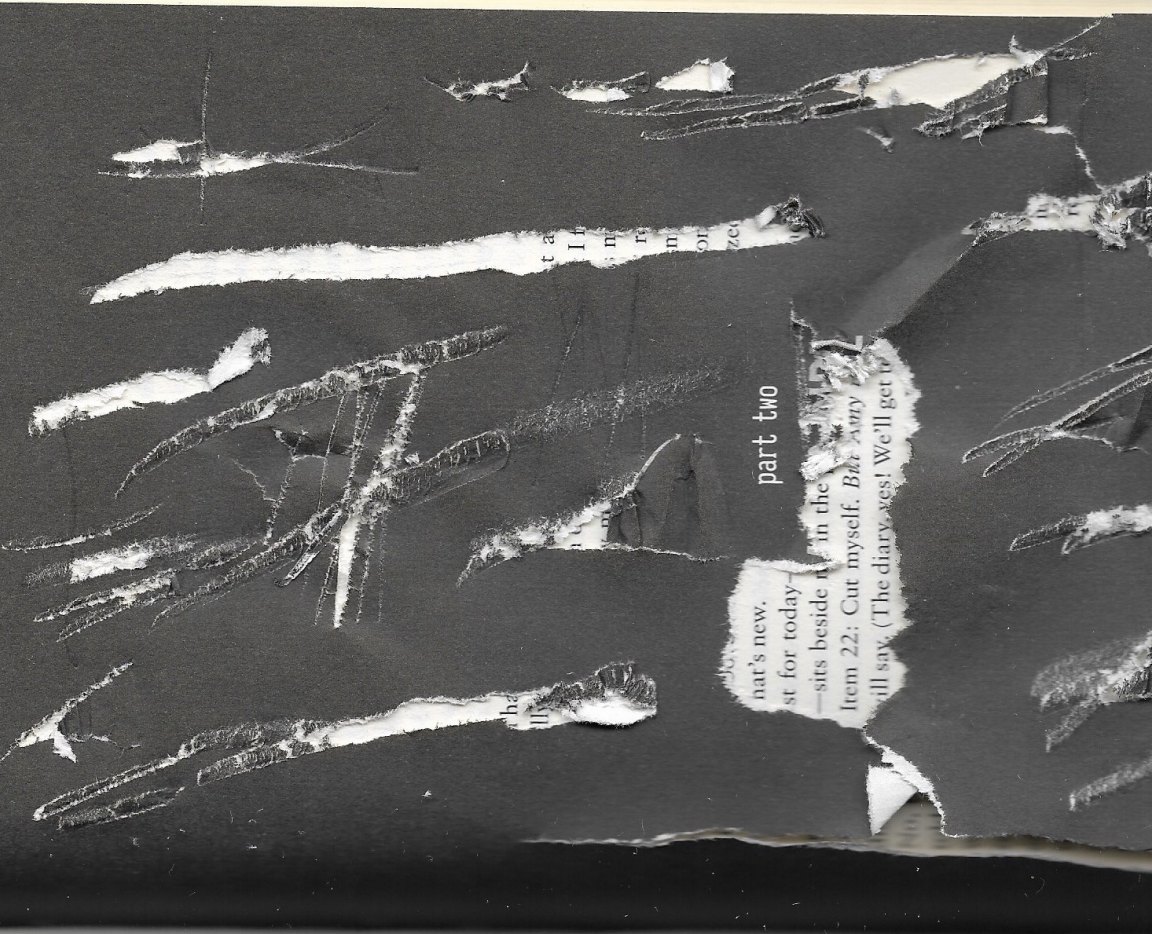
[REDACTED]

—DIARY ENTRY—

[REDACTED]

I am alone

[REDACTED] that feeling?
[REDACTED] being broken.



the struggling, cheerful, dutiful *taking out the trash, honey!* every wife's dream man, the counterpoint to every man's fantasy of the sweet, hot, laid-back woman who loves sex and a stiff drink. Nick loves me without him constantly proving it. I don't need a dancing-monkey scenarios to repeat to my friends; I am content with letting him be himself.

I don't know why women find that so hard.

When I get home from dinner, my cab pulls up just as Nick is getting out of his own taxi, and he stands in the street with his arms outstretched and a huge grin on his face—"Baby!"—and I run and I jump into his arms and he presses a stubbly cheek against mine.

"What did you do tonight?" I ask.

Some guys were playing poker after work, so I hung around for a while that was okay."

“Of course,” I say. “More fun than my night.”

Who all showed up?"

h, Campbell and Insley and their dancing monkeys. Boring.
dged a bullet. A really lame bullet."

squeezes me into him—those strong arms—and hauls me up
hirs. "God, I love you," he says.

men comes sex and a stiff drink and a night of sleep in a sweet, rested rats' tangle in our big, soft bed. Poor me.

GONE

blood clotting [redacted] eyes [redacted] closed, [redacted] weeping [redacted] blind in pain, [redacted] Calling my name. [redacted]

[REDACTED]

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them,
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called.
"I
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He is,
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part three

ched giggler,
on bond: I had
arrested, so I
good word for
ore months before I was carted off to prison and killed by the
state.

Yes, it was a lucky, lucky man.
It was mid-August, which I found continually strange: it's still
summer, and the *How can so much have happened and it's not
even the end of the month?* I was brutally warned. Shirtsleeve weather, was how my
moments. I had described before, more concerned with her, ch
dren's comfort than the actual Fahrenheit. Shirtsleeve weather, jacket
weather, overcoat weather, parka weather—the Year in Cauterw
For my this good, it would be a *idea* if weather, the possibly prison
lumpy, it was a *idea*. Or *idea*.

him in his budding vexillology, which sounds less like a study of flags than a study in annoyance, which would have suited my father's attitude toward me. But not mine toward my son's. I pictured Amy joining us on the floor, flat on her stomach, her feet kicked up in the air, pointing out Palau, the yellow dot just left of center on the crisp blue background, which I was sure would be her favorite.

From then on, the boy was real (and sometimes a girl, but mostly a boy). He was inevitable. I suffered from regular, insistent paternal aches. Months after the wedding, I had a strange moment in front of the medical cabinet, floss between my teeth when I thought: *She wants kids. I should ask. Of course I should ask.* When I posed the question—roundabout, vague—she said, *Of course, of course, tomorrow.* In every morning, I still perched in front of the sink and swallowed the pill. For three months, I did this every morning, while I flustered about the topic but, in actuality say the words: *I want to have a baby.*

After the fertility, it seemed that it might happen. Suddenly, there was an uncomfortable space in the lives, and one day over breakfast, Amy looked up from her toast and said: *I'm off the pill.* Just like that, it was off the pill three months, and not a day later. It happened, and not long after the move to Missouri, she made an appointment for us to start the medical intervention. Once Amy started a project, she didn't like to dilly-dally. "We'll tell them we've been trying a year," she said. Foolishly I agreed—we were barely ever touching each other by then, but we still thought a kid made sense. Sure.

"You'll have to do your part too, you know," she said on the drive to St. Louis. "You'll have to give semen."

"I know. Why do you say it like that?"

"I just figured you'd be too proud. Self-conscious and proud."

I was a rather passy cocktail of both those traits, but at the fertility center, I carefully entered the strange, fourth room dedicated to self-abuse: a place where hundreds of men had entered for no other purpose than to crank the shafts down the rifle, jerk the gherkin, make the bald man cry, pound the hammer, sail the mayonnaise seas, wiggle the walrus, whitewash with Tom and Huck.

(I sometimes use humor as self-defense.)

The room contained a vinyl-covered armchair, a TV, and a table

'90s, judging from the women's hair (yes: top and fertility centerpiece. (Another good essay: Who degrades to all the judges what will get men doctors and hopeful, hormone-added wives? I visited the room on three separate occasions, taking a lot of backcup—while Amy did nothing. She was the one who'd be pregnant, and then she didn't say, keeping any baby, so I postponed nudging her for a few months. I brought a bottle to see if the level went down. I was shocked to find my face near my nose on her skin.

I whispered, breathing her in, and nudged her in the tip of her nose. I said, "I was expecting a good mom, but I got a trapped, cold, hard stuff." Nothing dramatic, not big deal, just not our appointments and discipline, she reasoned. "Because I realized I'd be a Daddy. I'd do all the work, and you'd just be there to do it, anyway, and they'd have to make them good people, and you'd have to tell them you and hate me." I told her I didn't want a child, but she didn't believe me. "I need a child. I had to come and I would make a little bit of father than my dad was. That I could have her. Amy remained unmoved. I was a mother in the mail: The I saw it in the trash.

By then I'd already been secretly dating Amy's. I'd gotten a lot of communication on the subject, and it didn't stop me from being a father. I left the

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From then on, the bow was all

a boy. He was ineffectual. I suffered from regular, insistent paternal
aches. Synthesia after the wedding, I had a strange moment in front of
the predicament, floss between my teeth, when I thought: *She*
wants to know why I should ask her to marry me. I should ask, what I posed
the question, and without, *because I should ask, what I posed*
to marry me. I should ask, what I posed
to marry me. I should ask, what I posed
wallowed in pain. For three
flattered, never that top, but
as to have, I naturally say the words: *I want*

After the affair, it seemed as if there was an unclaimed space in my life. Amy looked at me from her train, and I knew why. The pull three months ago, when I sangled out the new wife in Missouri, was a terrible necessity, a convention, a duty. I like to dilly-dally, I will tell them, I wish to agree—we were happy, but we still thought and made.

"You'll have to do your errands to St. Louis," Mary said.

"I know, why do you say it like that?"

[illegible]

'90s, judging from the women's hair (yes: top and bottom), and the action was niftycore. (Another good essay: Who selects the porn for fertility centres? What will get men off yet not be too degrading to all the women of the cam-room? The nurses and doctors and the one or two added wives.)

I visited the room on three separate occasions—they like to have a lot of backup—while Amy didn't. She was supposed to be taking pills, but she didn't, and the one who'd be pregnant, the baby, so I postponed nudging her. The pill bottle I'd see if there was one winter night, I crumpled crusted clothes, and cut her shoulder, breathing heroin, and whispered the words—*Let's*—the same. I was, expecting a baby, cold *no*. A no without a baby. *Let's have a baby*—and a baby, yes, caution, worry—*Nick*, a big deal, not something she was interested in anymore. "Because chapters and doctors' appointments and discipline, and you'd just be the work to make them good people, and you'd undo it anyway, and they'd love you and hate me."

I told Amy it wasn't true, and just *what* a child, I *needed* her. I could raise a little creature feel constantly welcome and wanted no matter what. That I could be a different kind of father than my dad was. I like me.

I dragged her. Amy remained unmoved. I checked the mail: The clinic would dispose of the bodies and I got a notice in the women's locker that I had to be ready in an hour. I was probably in an open rebuke. The nurse days later, I saw it in the trash. I was never was our final communication on the subject. A few seconds I'd already been secretly dating. And for months, so I and I didn't stop my aching, and it didn't our boy—mine and Amy's, I'd gotten from daydreaming about

It was in his budding vocabulary, which sounds less like a study of uncom- than a study of annoyance, which would have suited my father's taste us on the floor, flat on her stomach, her feet kicked up in the air pointing out Palau, the yellow dot just left of center on the crisp blue background, which I was so sure would be her favorite.

From then on, the boy was all (and sometimes a girl, but mostly a boy). He was ineffectible. I shared from regular, insistent paternal aches. Months after the wedding, I had a strange moment in front of the medicine cabinet, floss between my teeth, when I thought: *She wants kids. Why should I ask for more if I should ask when I posed the question to my husband?* "Comeday, tomorrow morning," she said. *Of course, of course,* I parroted in front of the sink and spluttered over the toilet, but actually say the words: *I want as to have a baby.*

After the toilet, it seemed like it might happen. Suddenly, there was an uncomfortable space in the room, and one day-over breakfast, Amy looked at me from her tooth and said *I'm off the pill*. Just like that, she was off the pill three months and nothing happened, and not one: So long after that, I was in Missoula, and she made an appointment for us to see the medical man. I went, and Amy started a project, she didn't like to dilly-dally. "We'll tell them we've been trying a year," she said, but we still thought it would make some sense. "You'll have to do your part," she said. "You'll have to give him some." I stood. "I know. Why do you say it like that?"

"I just figured you'd be too proud, self-conscious and proud." I was a suburban navy cocktail of both the proud and the self-conscious. I'd thought, around the time the moon declined to envelope, pull a place where hundreds of men had suffered for no other reason than the shame of being the only jerk the gherkin.

Hi Darling, I was, whitewash with Tom and Huck. So we both use humor as self-defense. I contained a vinyl-covered

to be tender house—that judgment from the women's hair (yes, top and bottom), and the you are a good as a sidcore. (Another good essay.) Who selects the porn for not being about us? Who judges what will get men off yet not be too exactly the wrong for all the women, outside the room, the nurses and of trust? I visited the room on three separate occasions—they like to have that no pot of baby—while Amy did nothing. She was supposed to beg want me and I said, she didn't, and then she said it's not some more. She was working on the one who be pregnant; the one who did turn over her body to the baby, so I postponed nudging her for a few months, keeping an eye on the portfolio. I had wanted to go down. Finally, after a few months, I was one winter in bed up the steps of our home, shed my new ground cloth she'd planned to give to her in bed, my face near the door to breathe he used to do, he used to use up of my nose on her skin. I was over the we kissed me and she said, *let's have a baby*—and she said, in I was oat tight, I took a less, caution, worry—Nick, with the good moving the door opened, cold no. A no without a phrase. Nothing marked fouring dead. I did not something she was interested in anymore.

hard stuff, he reasoned, and doctors appointments and discipline, and you'd best be fun Daddy. I'd do all the work to make them good people, and you'd undo it anyway and they'd love you and hate me."

I told Amy it wasn't true, but she didn't believe me. For her I didn't just that a child, I needed a child. I had to know I could love person unconditionally, that I could make a little creature feel constantly welcome and wanted no matter what. That I could be a different kind of father than my dad was. That I could raise a boy who And I'd like me.

My stomach aged her. Amy remained unmoved.

I couldn't even think of just a notice in the mail: The clinic would dispose going to finish themselves that found them us. I left the letter on the dining me, Nick, as a subtle, an open rebuke. Three days later, I saw it in the trash. I felt a sudden, as official communication on the subject.

When I'd already been secretly dating Andie for months, so I thought I might be upset. But that didn't stop my feeling and that's



Love is the world's infinite mutability; lies, hatred, murder even,
are all knit up in it; it is the inevitable blossoming of its opposites,
a magnificent rose smelling faintly of blood.

—Tony Kushner, THE ILLUSION

