

*World Trade Center Burning*, Peter Morgan, September 11, 2001

"A screaming comes across the sky." This opening sentence of Thomas Pynchon's 1973 novel *Gravity's Rainbow* had for decades impressed readers with the terrors of modern warfare, in which military technologies at the far edge of human inventiveness were turned against people at home. That Pynchon's scene was London, under attack from German V-2 rockets near the end of World War II, may have allayed readers' most personal fears. Yet on September 11, 2001, another such screaming awoke not just the United States but the whole world to the reality that wholesale destruction was an ever-present possibility. After half a century of Cold War rhetoric that had made such catastrophes unthinkable, the

ner's were crashed into the twin towers of New York's nessed within minutes by television viewers all over s collapsed, the whole world was watching. What in ovel or a scene in a movie was now most horribly real.

Screenshot from *The Silent History*, by Eli Horowitz, Kevin Moffett, and Matthew Derby, with app design by Russell Quinn, 2012

*The Silent History*, the first novel built fully into a mobile app, was released in daily installments to subscribers in 2012 and was thereafter sold as a complete novel through the Apple App Store. A paper version was published in 2014. In the original app format, parts of the novel called "Field Reports" are available only in specific geographic locations tracked by a mobile device's GPS. Horowitz's vision was to create a novel you could "explore" in a physical sense, blending the imaginative world of the story with the reader's presence in real-world locations. *The Silent History* demonstrates how formal innovations in contemporary literature arise as

as the novel, migrate into ever-changing electronic

quent desirability of long-term commitments, has been occasioned by the steadily growing importance of complex machinery, in virtually all kinds of operations; as this tendency increases, more and more people will turn, in bewildered inadequacy, to solutions for which the balloon may stand as a prototype, or "rough draft."

I met you under the balloon, on the occasion of your return from Norway; you asked if it was mine; I said it was. The balloon, I said, is a spontaneous autobiographical disclosure, having to do with the unease I felt at your absence, and with sexual deprivation, but now that your visit to Bergen has been terminated, it is no longer necessary or appropriate. Removal of the balloon was easy; trailer trucks carried away the depleted fabric, which is now stored in West Virginia, awaiting some other time of unhappiness, sometime, perhaps, when we are angry with one another.

1968

## TONI MORRISON

b. 1931

The 1993 Nobel Laureate in literature, Toni Morrison is a novelist of great importance in her own right and has been the central figure in putting fiction by and about African American women at the forefront of the late-twentieth-century literary canon. Whereas the legacy of slavery had obscured a usable tradition, and critical stereotypes at times restricted such writers' range, Morrison's fiction serves as a model for reconstructing a culturally empowering past. She joins the great American tradition of self-invention: her example and her editorial work have figured importantly in the careers of other writers, such as Toni Cade Bambara (included in this volume) and Gail Jones.

Morrison was born in Lorain, Ohio, where much of her fiction is set (a departure from earlier African American narratives typically located in the rural South or urban North). Having earned a B.A. from Howard University with a major in English and a minor in classics, and an M.A. from Cornell University (with a thesis on suicide in the novels of Virginia Woolf and William Faulkner), Morrison began a teaching career in 1955 that reached from Texas Southern University back to Howard, where her students included the future activist Stokeley Carmichael and the future critic Houston A. Baker Jr. At this time she married Harold Morrison, a Jamaican architect, with whom she had two children before ending their marriage in 1964. Already writing, she took a job with the publishing firm Random House and eventually settled in New York City, where she worked until 1983. During these same years she held visiting teaching appointments at institutions including Yale University and Bard College.

As a first novel, *The Bluest Eye* (1970) is uncommonly mature for its confident use of various narrative voices. Throughout her career Morrison has been dedicated to constructing a practical cultural identity of a race and a gender whose self-images have been obscured or denied by dominating forces, and in *The Bluest Eye* she already shows that narrative strategy is an important element in such construction. A girl's need to be loved generates the novel's action, action that involves displaced

and alienated affections (and eventually incestuous rape); the family's inability to produce a style of existence in which love can be born and thrive leads to just such a devastating fate for Morrison's protagonist. Love is also denied in *Sula* (1974), in which relationships extend in two directions: between contemporaries (*Sula* and her friend Nel) and with previous generations.

With *Song of Solomon* (1977) Morrison seeks a more positive redemption of her characters. Turning away from his parents' loveless marriage, Milkman Dead makes a physical and mental journey to his ancestral roots. Here he discovers a more useful legacy in communal tales about Grandmother and Great-Grandfather, each long dead but infusing the local culture with emotionally sustaining lore. Milkman uses this lore to learn how the spiritual guidance offered by his aunt Pilate eclipses the material concerns of his parents' world.

Allegory becomes an important strategy in *Tar Baby* (1981), drawing on the strong folk culture of Haiti, where two contrasting persons form a troubled relationship based on their distinct searches for and rejections of a heritage. Yet it is in a rebuilding of history, rather than allegory or myth, that Morrison achieved her great strength as a novelist in *Beloved* (1987), the winner of her first major award, the Pulitzer Prize. Set in the middle 1870s, when race relations in America were at their most crucial juncture (slavery having ended and the course of the South's Reconstruction not yet fully determined), this novel shows a mother (Sethe) being haunted and eventually destroyed by the ghost of a daughter (Beloved) whom she had killed eighteen years earlier rather than allow to be taken by a vicious slavemaster. This novel is central to Morrison's canon because it involves so many important themes and techniques, from love and guilt to history's role in clarifying the past's influence on the present, all told in an experimental style of magical realism that draws upon techniques from both oral storytelling and modernist fiction.

*Paradise* (1988) takes a nineteenth-century utopia and reexamines its ideals in the face of 1970s realities—a reminder of how neither past nor present can be insulated from the other. *Jazz* (1992) finds Morrison modeling her narrative voice on the progression of a jazz solo to demonstrate how improvisation with detail can change the nature of what is expressed. Present and past weave together in her characters' lives as the narrative seeks to understand the jealousies of love and the sometimes macabre manifestations of hatred. *Love* (2003), with its murder, arson, pedophilia, and several rapes punctuating a narrative in which arguments over a legacy dislodge awkward elements of the past, is a reminder of how disturbing Morrison's fiction can be. *A Mercy* (2008) explores the contradictions between American and pastoral ideals, and the realities of Native American extermination and African American slavery. Her most recent novel is *God Help the Child* (2015).

Presently serving as the prestigious Goheen Professor of the Humanities at Princeton University, Morrison has moved easily into the role of spokesperson for literary issues. Together with her Nobel lecture, her essays collected as *Playing in the Dark: Whiteness and the Literary Imagination* (1992) challenge stereotypes in white critical thinking about black literature. Her short story "Recitatif," written for *Confirmation*, the 1983 anthology edited by Amiri and Amina Baraka, directly addresses the issues of individual and family, past and present, and race and its effacements that motivate the larger sense of her work. A "recitatif" is a vocal performance in which a narrative is not stated but sung. In her work Morrison's voice sings proudly of a past that in the artistic nature of its reconstruction puts all Americans in touch with a more positively usable heritage.

The following text is from *Confirmation*.

## Recitatif

My mother danced all night and Roberta's was sick to St. Bonny's. People want to put their arms around you were in a shelter, but it really wasn't bad. No I had three beds like Bellevue.<sup>1</sup> There were four to a room when we came, there was a shortage of state kids, assigned to 406 and could go from bed to bed if we wanted to, too. We changed beds every night and if we were there we never picked one out as our own.

It didn't start out that way. The minute I was introduced us, I got sick to my stomach. It was your own bed early in the morning—it was some strange place with a girl from a whole other mother, she was right. Every now and then she'd come enough to tell me something important and or that they never washed their hair and they's did. Smell funny, I mean. So when the Big B Mrs. Itkin, just like nobody ever said St. Bo "Twyla, this is Roberta. Roberta, this is Twyla." I said, "My mother won't like you putting me in."

"Good," said Bozo. "Maybe then she'll come." How's that for mean? If Roberta had laughed she didn't. She just walked over to the window. "Turn around," said the Bozo. "Don't be rude, you hear a loud buzzer, that's the call for dirt floor. Any fights and no movie." And then, just we would be missing, "*The Wizard of Oz*."<sup>2</sup>

Roberta must have thought I meant that my mother put in the shelter. Not about rooming Bozo left she came over to me and said, "Is your mother?"

"No," I said. "She just likes to dance all night." "Oh," she nodded her head and I liked the fast. So for the moment it didn't matter that I was standing there and that's what the other kids were doing, eight years old and got F's all the time. Me and what I read or what the teacher said. And I didn't read at all and didn't even listen to the teacher except jacks, at which she was a killer: power.

We didn't like each other all that much at first. We didn't play with us because we weren't real orphans. We were dumped. Even the New York upstate Indians ignored us. All kinds of kids were there, ones, even two Koreans. The food was good. Roberta hated it and left whole pieces of thin steak—even jello with fruit cocktail in it, and

1. Bellevue Hospital in New York City is known for its psychiatric ward. St. Bonaventure's offers the services of a youth shelter and school.

2. T. T. Morrison, *Confirmation* (1985).

## Recitatif

ually incestuous rape); the family's inability to love can be born and thrive leads to just such a protagonist. Love is also denied in *Sula* (1974), in directions: between contemporaries (*Sula* and generations).

Morrison seeks a more positive redemption of her parents' loveless marriage, Milkman Dead makes his ancestral roots. Here he discovers a more useful Grandmother and Great-Grandfather, each with emotionally sustaining lore. Milkman's usual guidance offered by his aunt Pilate eclipses his world.

Morrison in *Tar Baby* (1981), drawing on the strong contrasting persons form a troubled relationship and rejections of a heritage. Yet it is in a rebuilding-myth, that Morrison achieved her great strength inner of her first major award, the Pulitzer Prize. Her relations in America were at their most crucial the course of the South's Reconstruction not yet a mother (Sethe) being haunted and eventually murdered (Beloved) whom she had killed eighteen years ago by a vicious slavemaster. This novel is central to so many important themes and techniques, in clarifying the past's influence on the present, of magical realism that draws upon techniques of feminist fiction.

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mation.

My mother danced all night and Roberta's was sick. That's why we were taken to St. Bonny's. People want to put their arms around you when you tell them you were in a shelter, but it really wasn't bad. No big long room with one hundred beds like Bellevue.<sup>1</sup> There were four to a room, and when Roberta and me came, there was a shortage of state kids, so we were the only ones assigned to 406 and could go from bed to bed if we wanted to. And we wanted to, too. We changed beds every night and for the whole four months we were there we never picked one out as our own permanent bed.

It didn't start out that way. The minute I walked in and the Big Bozo introduced us, I got sick to my stomach. It was one thing to be taken out of your own bed early in the morning—it was something else to be stuck in a strange place with a girl from a whole other race. And Mary, that's my mother, she was right. Every now and then she would stop dancing long enough to tell me something important and one of the things she said was that they never washed their hair and they smelled funny. Roberta sure did. Smell funny, I mean. So when the Big Bozo (nobody ever called her Mrs. Itkin, just like nobody ever said St. Bonaventure)—when she said, "Twyla, this is Roberta. Roberta, this is Twyla. Make each other welcome." I said, "My mother won't like you putting me in here."

"Good," said Bozo. "Maybe then she'll come and take you home."

How's that for mean? If Roberta had laughed I would have killed her, but she didn't. She just walked over to the window and stood with her back to us.

"Turn around," said the Bozo. "Don't be rude. Now Twyla. Roberta. When you hear a loud buzzer, that's the call for dinner. Come down to the first floor. Any fights and no movie." And then, just to make sure we knew what we would be missing, "*The Wizard of Oz*."<sup>2</sup>

Roberta must have thought I meant that my mother would be mad about my being put in the shelter. Not about rooming with her, because as soon as Bozo left she came over to me and said, "Is your mother sick too?"

"No," I said. "She just likes to dance all night."

"Oh," she nodded her head and I liked the way she understood things so fast. So for the moment it didn't matter that we looked like salt and pepper standing there and that's what the other kids called us sometimes. We were eight years old and got F's all the time. Me because I couldn't remember what I read or what the teacher said. And Roberta because she couldn't read at all and didn't even listen to the teacher. She wasn't good at anything except jacks, at which she was a killer: pow scoop pow scoop pow scoop.

We didn't like each other all that much at first, but nobody else wanted to play with us because we weren't real orphans with beautiful dead parents in the sky. We were dumped. Even the New York City Puerto Ricans and the upstate Indians ignored us. All kinds of kids were in there, black ones, white ones, even two Koreans. The food was good, though. At least I thought so. Roberta hated it and left whole pieces of things on her plate: Spam, Salisbury steak—even jello with fruit cocktail in it, and she didn't care if I ate what

1. Bellevue Hospital in New York City is known for its psychiatric ward. St. Bonaventure's offers the services of a youth shelter and school.

2. The 1939 film based on the 1900 children's book by the American writer L. Frank Baum (1856–1919).

she wouldn't. Mary's idea of supper was popcorn and a can of Yoo-Hoo.<sup>3</sup> Hot mashed potatoes and two weenies was like Thanksgiving for me.

It really wasn't bad, St. Bonny's. The big girls on the second floor pushed us around now and then. But that was all. They wore lipstick and eyebrow pencil and wobbled their knees while they watched TV. Fifteen, sixteen, even, some of them were. They were put-out girls, scared runaways most of them. Poor little girls who fought their uncles off but looked tough to us, and mean. God did they look mean. The staff tried to keep them separate from the younger children, but sometimes they caught us watching them in the orchard where they played radios and danced with each other. They'd light out after us and pull our hair or twist our arms. We were scared of them, Roberta and me, but neither of us wanted the other one to know it. So we got a good list of dirty names we could shout back when we ran from them through the orchard. I used to dream a lot and almost always the orchard was there. Two acres, four maybe, of these little apple trees. Hundreds of them. Empty and crooked like beggar women when I first came to St. Bonny's but fat with flowers when I left. I don't know why I dreamt about that orchard so much. Nothing really happened there. Nothing all that important, I mean. Just the big girls dancing and playing the radio. Roberta and me watching. Maggie fell down there once. The kitchen woman with legs like parentheses. And the big girls laughed at her. We should have helped her up, I know, but we were scared of those girls with lipstick and eyebrow pencil. Maggie couldn't talk. The kids said she had her tongue cut out, but I think she was just born that way: mute. She was old and sandy-colored and she worked in the kitchen. I don't know if she was nice or not. I just remember her legs like parentheses and how she rocked when she walked. She worked from early in the morning till two o'clock, and if she was late, if she had too much cleaning and didn't get out till two-fifteen or so, she'd cut through the orchard so she wouldn't miss her bus and have to wait another hour. She wore this really stupid little hat—a kid's hat with ear flaps—and she wasn't much taller than we were. A really awful little hat. Even for a mute, it was dumb—dressing like a kid and never saying anything at all.

"But what about if somebody tries to kill her?" I used to wonder about that. "Or what if she wants to cry? Can she cry?"

"Sure," Roberta said. "But just tears. No sounds come out."

"She can't scream?"

"Nope. Nothing."

"Can she hear?"

"I guess."

"Let's call her," I said. And we did.

"Dummy! Dummy!" She never turned her head.

"Bow legs! Bow legs!" Nothing. She just rocked on, the chin straps of her baby-boy hat swaying from side to side. I think we were wrong. I think she could hear and didn't let on. And it shames me even now to think there was somebody in there after all who heard us call her those names and couldn't tell on us.

We got along all right, Roberta and me. Changed beds every night, got F's in civics and communication skills and gym. The Bozo was disappointed in us, she said. Out of 130 of us state cases, 90 were under twelve. Almost

all were real orphans with beautiful dead parents. Only ones dumped and the only ones with no family. So we got along—what with her leaving plate and being nice about not asking questions.

I think it was the day before Maggie fell down. Her parents were coming to visit us on the same Sunday, twenty-eight days (Roberta twenty-eight and me twenty-nine) visit with us. Our mothers would come at ten then lunch with us in the teachers' lounge. I met her sick mother it might be good for her. Her mother would get a big bang out of a dancin' and curled each other's hair. After breakfast Roberta and I went out to the road from the window. Roberta's socks were white and I put them on the radiator to dry. Mine had a yellow crayon rabbit on it. Roberta had eaten the two marshmallow eggs they gave us. Smiling she told us we looked very nice. We were so surprised by the smile we'd never seen before.

"Don't you want to see your mommies?"

I stood up first and spilled the jelly beans. Roberta disappeared while we scrambled to get the beans back in the grass.

She escorted us downstairs to the first floor. We went up to file into the chapel. A bunch of grandmothers mostly. The old biddies who wanted sermons mostly. Almost never anybody young. They scare you in the night. Because if any of them were real orphans, I saw Mary right there. In her slacks I hated and hated even more now because she was going to chapel? And that fur jacket with the buttons she had to pull to get her hands out of them. But she smiled and waved like she was the liars' friend.

I walked slowly, trying not to drop the jelly beans. My handle would hold. I had to use my last C. I finished cutting everything out, all the Elmer's. The scissors never worked for me. It didn't matter. I would have chewed the gum. Mary dropped her basket, the jelly beans, and then she said,

"Twyla, baby. Twyla, baby!"

I could have killed her. Already I heard her next time saying, "Twyyyyyla, baby!" But I didn't. She was smiling and hugging me and smelling good. I wanted to stay buried in her fur all the time.

To tell the truth I forgot about Roberta. She fell into chapel and I was feeling proud of her. Even in those ugly green slacks that mad

3. A chocolate soft drink.

a of supper was popcorn and a can of Yoo-Hoo.<sup>3</sup> I two weenies was like Thanksgiving for me. Bonny's. The big girls on the second floor pushed But that was all. They wore lipstick and eyebrow knees while they watched TV. Fifteen, sixteen, They were put-out girls, scared runaways most of fought their uncles off but looked tough to us, ook mean. The staff tried to keep them separate , but sometimes they caught us watching them in ayed radios and danced with each other. They'd our hair or twist our arms. We were scared if t neither of us wanted the other one to know it ty names we could shout back when we ran from . I used to dream a lot and almost always the es, four maybe, of these little apple trees. Hun- crooked like beggar women when I first came to ers when I left. I don't know why I dreamt about thing really happened there. Nothing all that big girls dancing and playing the radio. Roberta I down there once. The kitchen woman with legs ; girls laughed at her. We should have helped her of those girls with lipstick and eyebrow pencil. ds said she had her tongue cut out, but I think mute. She was old and sandy-colored and she 't know if she was nice or not. I just remember how she rocked when she walked. She worked ll two o'clock, and if she was late, if she had n't get out till two-fifteen or so, she'd cut ouldn't miss her bus and have to wait another pid little hat—a kid's hat with ear flaps—and we were. A really awful little hat. Even for a like a kid and never saying anything at all. y tries to kill her?" I used to wonder about that. an she cry?"

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all were real orphans with beautiful dead parents in the sky. We were the only ones dumped and the only ones with F's in three classes including gym. So we got along—what with her leaving whole pieces of things on her plate and being nice about not asking questions.

I think it was the day before Maggie fell down that we found out our mothers were coming to visit us on the same Sunday. We had been at the shelter twenty-eight days (Roberta twenty-eight and a half) and this was their first visit with us. Our mothers would come at ten o'clock in time for chapel, then lunch with us in the teachers' lounge. I thought if my dancing mother met her sick mother it might be good for her. And Roberta thought her sick mother would get a big bang out of a dancing one. We got excited about it and curled each other's hair. After breakfast we sat on the bed watching the road from the window. Roberta's socks were still wet. She washed them the night before and put them on the radiator to dry. They hadn't, but she put them on anyway because their tops were so pretty—scalloped in pink. Each of us had a purple construction-paper basket that we had made in craft class. Mine had a yellow crayon rabbit on it. Roberta's had eggs with wiggly lines of color. Inside were cellophane grass and just the jelly beans because I'd eaten the two marshmallow eggs they gave us. The Big Bozo came herself to get us. Smiling she told us we looked very nice and to come downstairs. We were so surprised by the smile we'd never seen before, neither of us moved.

"Don't you want to see your mommies?"

I stood up first and spilled the jelly beans all over the floor. Bozo's smile disappeared while we scrambled to get the candy up off the floor and put it back in the grass.

She escorted us downstairs to the first floor, where the other girls were lining up to file into the chapel. A bunch of grown-ups stood to one side. Viewers mostly. The old biddies who wanted servants and the fags who wanted company looking for children they might want to adopt. Once in a while a grandmother. Almost never anybody young or anybody whose face wouldn't scare you in the night. Because if any of the real orphans had young relatives they wouldn't be real orphans. I saw Mary right away. She had on those green slacks I hated and hated even more now because didn't she know we were going to chapel? And that fur jacket with the pocket linings so ripped she had to pull to get her hands out of them. But her face was pretty—like always, and she smiled and waved like she was the little girl looking for her mother—not me.

I walked slowly, trying not to drop the jelly beans and hoping the paper handle would hold. I had to use my last Chiclet because by the time I finished cutting everything out, all the Elmer's was gone. I am left-handed and the scissors never worked for me. It didn't matter, though; I might just as well have chewed the gum. Mary dropped to her knees and grabbed me, mashing the basket, the jelly beans, and the grass into her ratty fur jacket.

"Twyla, baby. Twyla, baby!"

I could have killed her. Already I heard the big girls in the orchard the next time saying, "Twyyyyyyla, baby!" But I couldn't stay mad at Mary while she was smiling and hugging me and smelling of Lady Esther dusting powder. I wanted to stay buried in her fur all day.

To tell the truth I forgot about Roberta. Mary and I got in line for the trapeze into chapel and I was feeling proud because she looked so beautiful even in those ugly green slacks that made her behind stick out. A pretty

mother on earth is better than a beautiful dead one in the sky even if she did leave you all alone to go dancing.

I felt a tap on my shoulder, turned, and saw Roberta smiling. I smiled back, but not too much lest somebody think this visit was the biggest thing that ever happened in my life. Then Roberta said, "Mother, I want you to meet my roommate, Twyla. And that's Twyla's mother."

I looked up it seemed for miles. She was big. Bigger than any man and on her chest was the biggest cross I'd ever seen. I swear it was six inches long each way. And in the crook of her arm was the biggest Bible ever made.

Mary, simple-minded as ever, grinned and tried to yank her hand out of the pocket with the raggedy lining—to shake hands, I guess. Roberta's mother looked down at me and then looked down at Mary too. She didn't say anything, just grabbed Roberta with her Bible-free hand and stepped out of line, walking quickly to the rear of it. Mary was still grinning because she's not too swift when it comes to what's really going on. Then this light bulb goes off in her head and she says "That bitch!" really loud and us almost in the chapel now. Organ music whining; the Bonny Angels singing sweetly. Everybody in the world turned around to look. And Mary would have kept it up—kept calling names if I hadn't squeezed her hand as hard as I could. That helped a little, but she still twitched and crossed and uncrossed her legs all through service. Even groaned a couple of times. Why did I think she would come there and act right? Slacks. No hat like the grandmothers and viewers, and groaning all the while. When we stood for hymns she kept her mouth shut. Wouldn't even look at the words on the page. She actually reached in her purse for a mirror to check her lipstick. All I could think of was that she really needed to be killed. The sermon lasted a year, and I knew the real orphans were looking smug again.

We were supposed to have lunch in the teachers' lounge, but Mary didn't bring anything, so we picked fur and cellophane grass off the mashed jelly beans and ate them. I could have killed her. I sneaked a look at Roberta. Her mother had brought chicken legs and ham sandwiches and oranges and a whole box of chocolate-covered grahams. Roberta drank milk from a thermos while her mother read the Bible to her.

Things are not right. The wrong food is always with the wrong people. Maybe that's why I got into waitress work later—to match up the right people with the right food. Roberta just let those chicken legs sit there, but she did bring a stack of grahams up to me later when the visit was over. I think she was sorry that her mother would not shake my mother's hand. And I liked that and I liked the fact that she didn't say a word about Mary groaning all the way through the service and not bringing any lunch.

Roberta left in May when the apple trees were heavy and white. On her last day we went to the orchard to watch the big girls smoke and dance by the radio. It didn't matter that they said, "Twyyyyyla, baby." We sat on the ground and breathed. Lady Esther. Apple blossoms. I still go soft when I smell one or the other. Roberta was going home. The big cross and the big Bible was coming to get her and she seemed sort of glad and sort of not. I thought I would die in that room of four beds without her and I knew Bozo had plans to move some other dumped kid in there with me. Roberta promised to write every day, which was really sweet of her because she couldn't read a lick so how could she write anybody. I would have drawn pictures and

sent them to her but she never gave me her address. Her wet socks with the pink scalloped top—eyes—that's all I could catch when I tried to

I was working behind the counter at the Highway just before the Kingston exit. Not a bad Newburgh,<sup>4</sup> but okay once I got there. Mine eleven to seven. Very light until a Greyhound around six-thirty. At that hour the sun was behind the restaurant. The place looked better but I loved it when the sun broke in, even if the vinyl and the speckled floor looked dirty no

It was August and a bus crowd was just around a long while: going to the john, and sale machines, reluctant to sit down so soon. the coffee pots and get them all situated on her. She was sitting in a booth smoking a cig in head and facial hair. Her own hair was so her face. But the eyes. I would know them a blue halter and shorts outfit and earrings and lipstick and eyebrow pencil. She made the big get off the counter until seven o'clock, but I they got up to leave before that. My replacement so I counted and stacked my receipts as if I walked over to the booth, smiling and wondering. Or even if she wanted to remember me. Maybe of St. Bonny's or to have anybody know she talked about it to anybody.

I put my hands in my apron pockets and booth facing them.

"Roberta? Roberta Fisk?"

She looked up. "Yeah?"

"Twyla."

She squinted for a second and then said "Remember me?"

"Sure. Hey. Wow."

"It's been a while," I said, and gave a smile.

"Yeah. Wow. You work here?"

"Yeah," I said. "I live in Newburgh."

"Newburgh? No kidding?" She laughed at the guys but only the guys, and they laugh too and wonder why I was standing from under that uniform. Without looking triangle on my head, my hair shapeless in oxfords. Nothing could have been less than this silence that came down right after I lit to fill up. With introductions, maybe, to sit down and have a Coke. Instead she lit

4. A city beside the Hudson River, located eighty miles from Kingston.

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...he Bonny Angels singing sweetly. Everybody in  
...look. And Mary would have kept it up—kept  
...ezed her hand as hard as I could. That helped  
...and crossed and uncrossed her legs all through  
...ple of times. Why did I think she would come  
...o hat like the grandmothers and viewers, and  
...we stood for hymns she kept her mouth shut.  
...ords on the page. She actually reached in her  
...r lipstick. All I could think of was that she really  
...non lasted a year, and I knew the real orphans

...lunch in the teachers' lounge, but Mary didn't  
...fur and cellophane grass off the mashed jelly  
...ave killed her. I sneaked a look at Roberta. Her  
...legs and ham sandwiches and oranges and a  
...red grahams. Roberta drank milk from a ther-  
...he Bible to her.

...wrong food is always with the wrong people.  
...waitress work later—to match up the right  
...oberta just let those chicken legs sit there, but  
...ams up to me later when the visit was over. I  
...r mother would not shake my mother's hand.  
...the fact that she didn't say a word about Mary  
...the service and not bringing any lunch.

...the apple trees were heavy and white. On her  
...ard to watch the big girls smoke and dance by  
...at they said, "Twyyyyyyyla, baby." We sat on the  
...Esther. Apple blossoms. I still go soft when I  
...rta was going home. The big cross and the big  
...and she seemed sort of glad and sort of not. I  
...oom of four beds without her and I knew Bozo  
...r dumped kid in there with me. Roberta prom-  
...h was really sweet of her because she couldn't  
...write anybody. I would have drawn pictures and

sent them to her but she never gave me her address. Little by little she faded.  
Her wet socks with the pink scalloped tops and her big serious-looking  
eyes—that's all I could catch when I tried to bring her to mind.

I was working behind the counter at the Howard Johnson's on the Thru-  
way just before the Kingston exit. Not a bad job. Kind of a long ride from  
Newburgh,<sup>4</sup> but okay once I got there. Mine was the second night shift—  
eleven to seven. Very light until a Greyhound checked in for breakfast  
around six-thirty. At that hour the sun was all the way clear of the hills  
behind the restaurant. The place looked better at night—more like shelter—  
but I loved it when the sun broke in, even if it did show all the cracks in the  
vinyl and the speckled floor looked dirty no matter what the mop boy did.

It was August and a bus crowd was just unloading. They would stand  
around a long while: going to the john, and looking at gifts and junk-for-  
sale machines, reluctant to sit down so soon. Even to eat. I was trying to fill  
the coffee pots and get them all situated on the electric burners when I saw  
her. She was sitting in a booth smoking a cigarette with two guys smothered  
in head and facial hair. Her own hair was so big and wild I could hardly see  
her face. But the eyes. I would know them anywhere. She had on a powder-  
blue halter and shorts outfit and earrings the size of bracelets. Talk about  
lipstick and eyebrow pencil. She made the big girls look like nuns. I couldn't  
get off the counter until seven o'clock, but I kept watching the booth in case  
they got up to leave before that. My replacement was on time for a change,  
so I counted and stacked my receipts as fast as I could and signed off. I  
walked over to the booth, smiling and wondering if she would remember me.  
Or even if she wanted to remember me. Maybe she didn't want to be reminded  
of St. Bonny's or to have anybody know she was ever there. I know I never  
talked about it to anybody.

I put my hands in my apron pockets and leaned against the back of the  
booth facing them.

"Roberta? Roberta Fisk?"

She looked up. "Yeah?"

"Twyla."

She squinted for a second and then said, "Wow."

"Remember me?"

"Sure. Hey. Wow."

"It's been a while," I said, and gave a smile to the two hairy guys.

"Yeah. Wow. You work here?"

"Yeah," I said. "I live in Newburgh."

"Newburgh? No kidding?" She laughed then a private laugh that included  
the guys but only the guys, and they laughed with her. What could I do but  
laugh too and wonder why I was standing there with my knees showing out  
from under that uniform. Without looking I could see the blue and white  
triangle on my head, my hair shapeless in a net, my ankles thick in white  
oxfords. Nothing could have been less sheer than my stockings. There was  
this silence that came down right after I laughed. A silence it was her turn  
to fill up. With introductions, maybe, to her boyfriends or an invitation to  
sit down and have a Coke. Instead she lit a cigarette off the one she'd just

<sup>4</sup> A city beside the Hudson River, located eighty miles north of New York City.



finished and said, "We're on our way to the Coast. He's got an appointment with Hendrix."<sup>5</sup> She gestured casually toward the boy next to her.

"Hendrix? Fantastic," I said. "Really fantastic. What's she doing now?"

Roberta coughed on her cigarette and the two guys rolled their eyes up at the ceiling.

"Hendrix. Jimi Hendrix, asshole. He's only the biggest—Oh, wow. Forget it."

I was dismissed without anyone saying goodbye, so I thought I would do it for her.

"How's your mother?" I asked. Her grin cracked her whole face. She swallowed. "Fine," she said. "How's yours?"

"Pretty as a picture," I said and turned away. The backs of my knees were damp. Howard Johnson's really was a dump in the sunlight.

James is as comfortable as a house slipper. He liked my cooking and I liked his big loud family. They have lived in Newburgh all of their lives and talk about it the way people do who have always known a home. His grandmother is a porch swing older than his father and when they talk about streets and avenues and buildings they call them names they no longer have. They still call the A & P<sup>6</sup> Rico's because it stands on property once a mom and pop store owned by Mr. Rico. And they call the new community college Town Hall because it once was. My mother-in-law puts up jelly and cucumbers and buys butter wrapped in cloth from a dairy. James and his father talk about fishing and baseball and I can see them all together on the Hudson in a raggedy skiff. Half the population of Newburgh is on welfare now, but to my husband's family it was still some upstate paradise of a time long past. A time of ice houses and vegetable wagons, coal furnaces and children weeding gardens. When our son was born my mother-in-law gave me the crib blanket that had been hers.

But the town they remembered had changed. Something quick was in the air. Magnificent old houses, so ruined they had become shelter for squatters and rent risks, were bought and renovated. Smart IBM people<sup>7</sup> moved out of their suburbs back into the city and put shutters up and herb gardens in their backyards. A brochure came in the mail announcing the opening of a Food Emporium. Gourmet food it said—and listed items the rich IBM crowd would want. It was located in a new mall at the edge of town and I drove out to shop there one day—just to see. It was late in June. After the tulips were gone and the Queen Elizabeth roses were open everywhere. I trailed my cart along the aisle tossing in smoked oysters and Robert's sauce and things I knew would sit in my cupboard for years. Only when I found some Klondike ice cream bars did I feel less guilty about spending James's fireman's salary so foolishly. My father-in-law ate them with the same gusto little James did.

Waiting in the check-out line I heard a voice say, "Twyla!"

The classical music piped over the aisles had affected me and the woman leaning toward me was dressed to kill. Diamonds on her hand, a smart white summer dress. "I'm Mrs. Benson," I said.

5. Jimi Hendrix (1942–1970), African American musician and rock star.

6. Supermarket, part of a national chain once called the Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea

Company.

7. High-salaried employees of the International Business Machine Corporation, headquartered in the suburbs north of New York City.

"Ho. Ho. The Big Bozo," she sang.

For a split second I didn't know what she was bunch of asparagus and two cartons of fancy wat

"Roberta!"

"Right."

"For heaven's sake. Roberta."

"You look great," she said.

"So do you. Where are you? Here? In Newburg

"Yes. Over in Annandale."

I was opening my mouth to say more when th tion to her empty counter.

"Meet you outside." Roberta pointed her finger line.

I placed the groceries and kept myself from Roberta's progress. I remembered Howard Johnson to speak only to be greeted with a stingy "wow." and her huge hair was sleek now, smooth around head. Shoes, dress, everything lovely and summ know what happened to her, how she got from J a neighborhood full of doctors and IBM executi thing is so easy for them. They think they own t

"How long," I asked her. "How long have you

"A year. I got married to a man who lives here. right? Benson, you said."

"Yeah. James Benson."

"And is he nice?"

"Oh, is he nice?"

"Well, is he?" Roberta's eyes were steady as t question and wanted an answer.

"He's wonderful, Roberta. Wonderful."

"So you're happy."

"Very."

"That's good," she said and nodded her head happy. Any kids? I know you have kids."

"One. A boy. How about you?"

"Four."

"Four?"

She laughed. "Step kids. He's a widower."

"Oh."

"Got a minute? Let's have a coffee."

I thought about the Klondikes melting and t the way to my car and putting the bags in th buying all that stuff I didn't need. Roberta wa

"Put them in my car. It's right here."

And then I saw the dark blue limousine.

"You married a Chinaman?"

"No," she laughed. "He's the driver."

"Oh, my. If the Big Bozo could see you now,

We both giggled. Really giggled. Suddenly years disappeared and all of it came rushing called gar girls—Roberta's misheard word for



ay to the Coast. He's got an appointment ally toward the boy next to her. really fantastic. What's she doing now?" te and the two guys rolled their eyes up at

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"Ho. Ho. The Big Bozo," she sang.

For a split second I didn't know what she was talking about. She had a bunch of asparagus and two cartons of fancy water.

"Roberta!"

"Right."

"For heaven's sake. Roberta."

"You look great," she said.

"So do you. Where are you? Here? In Newburgh?"

"Yes. Over in Annandale."

I was opening my mouth to say more when the cashier called my atten- tion to her empty counter.

"Meet you outside." Roberta pointed her finger and went into the express line.

I placed the groceries and kept myself from glancing around to check Roberta's progress. I remembered Howard Johnson's and looking for a chance to speak only to be greeted with a stingy "wow." But she was waiting for me and her huge hair was sleek now, smooth around a small, nicely shaped head. Shoes, dress, everything lovely and summery and rich. I was dying to know what happened to her, how she got from Jimi Hendrix to Annandale, a neighborhood full of doctors and IBM executives. Easy, I thought. Every- thing is so easy for them. They think they own the world.

"How long," I asked her. "How long have you been here?"

"A year. I got married to a man who lives here. And you, you're married too, right? Benson, you said."

"Yeah. James Benson."

"And is he nice?"

"Oh, is he nice?"

"Well, is he?" Roberta's eyes were steady as though she really meant the question and wanted an answer.

"He's wonderful, Roberta. Wonderful."

"So you're happy."

"Very."

"That's good," she said and nodded her head. "I always hoped you'd be happy. Any kids? I know you have kids."

"One. A boy. How about you?"

"Four."

"Four?"

She laughed. "Step kids. He's a widower."

"Oh."

"Got a minute? Let's have a coffee."

I thought about the Klondikes melting and the inconvenience of going all the way to my car and putting the bags in the trunk. Served me right for buying all that stuff I didn't need. Roberta was ahead of me.

"Put them in my car. It's right here."

And then I saw the dark blue limousine.

"You married a Chinaman?"

"No," she laughed. "He's the driver."

"Oh, my. If the Big Bozo could see you now."

We both giggled. Really giggled. Suddenly, in just a pulse beat, twenty years disappeared and all of it came rushing back. The big girls (whom we called gar girls—Roberta's misheard word for the evil stone faces described

can Company.  
7. High-salaried employees of the International Business Machine Corporation, headquartered in the suburbs north of New York City.

in a civics class) there dancing in the orchard, the ploppy mashed potatoes, the double weenies, the Spam with pineapple. We went into the coffee shop holding on to one another and I tried to think why we were glad to see each other this time and not before. Once, twelve years ago, we passed like strangers. A black girl and a white girl meeting in a Howard Johnson's on the road and having nothing to say. One in a blue and white triangle waitress hat—the other on her way to see Hendrix. Now we were behaving like sisters separated for much too long. Those four short months were nothing in time. Maybe it was the thing itself. Just being there, together. Two little girls who knew what nobody else in the world knew—how not to ask questions. How to believe what had to be believed. There was politeness in that reluctance and generosity as well. Is your mother sick too? No, she dances all night. Oh—and an understanding nod.

We sat in a booth by the window and fell into recollection like veterans.

"Did you ever learn to read?"

"Watch." She picked up the menu. "Special of the day. Cream of corn soup. Entrées. Two dots and a wiggly line. Quiche. Chef salad, scallops . . ."

I was laughing and applauding when the waitress came up.

"Remember the Easter baskets?"

"And how we tried to *introduce* them?"

"Your mother with that cross like two telephone poles."

"And yours with those tight slacks."

We laughed so loudly heads turned and made the laughter harder to suppress.

"What happened to the Jimi Hendrix date?"

Roberta made a blow-out sound with her lips.

"When he died I thought about you."

"Oh, you heard about him finally?"

"Finally. Come on, I was a small-town country waitress."

"And I was a small-town country dropout. God, were we wild. I still don't know how I got out of there alive."

"But you did."

"I did. I really did. Now I'm Mrs. Kenneth Norton."

"Sounds like a mouthful."

"It is."

"Servants and all?"

Roberta held up two fingers.

"Ow! What does he do?"

"Computers and stuff. What do I know?"

"I don't remember a hell of a lot from those days, but Lord, St. Bonny's is as clear as daylight. Remember Maggie? The day she fell down and those gar girls laughed at her?"

Roberta looked up from her salad and stared at me. "Maggie didn't fall," she said.

"Yes, she did. You remember."

"No, Twyla. They knocked her down. Those girls pushed her down and tore her clothes. In the orchard."

"I don't—that's not what happened."

"Sure it is. In the orchard. Remember how scared we were?"

"Wait a minute. I don't remember any of that."

"And Bozo was fired."

"You're crazy. She was there when I left."

"I went back. You weren't there when the  
"What?"

"Twice. Once for a year when I was abo  
when I was fourteen. That's when I ran aw:

"You ran away from St. Bonny's?"

"I had to. What do you want? Me dancin

"Are you sure about Maggie?"

"Of course I'm sure. You've blocked it,  
had behavior problems, you know."

"Didn't they, though. But why can't I ren

"Believe me. It happened. And we were t

"Who did you room with when you went  
know her. The Maggie thing was troubling

"Creeps. They tickled themselves in the

My ears were itching and I wanted to go

well but she couldn't just comb her hair, v

thing was hunky-dory. After the Howard

Nothing.

"Were you on dope or what that time  
make my voice sound friendlier than I felt

"Maybe, a little. I never did drugs much

"I don't know; you acted sort of like you

"Oh, Twyla, you know how it was in th?  
how everything was."

But I didn't know. I thought it was just  
and whites came into Howard Johnson's

then: students, musicians, lovers, protest  
Howard Johnson's and blacks were very fi

But sitting there with nothing on my pl

wondering about the melting Klondikes

the slight. We went to her car, and with t

into my station wagon.

"We'll keep in touch this time," she sai

"Sure," I said. "Sure. Give me a call."

"I will," she said, and then just as I was s  
into the window. "By the way. Your mother

I shook my head. "No. Never."

Roberta nodded.

"And yours? Did she ever get well?"

She smiled a tiny sad smile. "No. She r

"Okay," I said, but I knew I wouldn't.  
somehow with that business about Maggie

Would I?

Strife came to us that fall. At least that  
Racial strife. The word made me think of  
1,000,000,000 B.C. Flapping its wings  
always bearing down on you. All day it sc

orchard, the ploppy mashed potatoes, ineapple. We went into the coffee shop to think why we were glad to see each other, twelve years ago, we passed like girl meeting in a Howard Johnson's on One in a blue and white triangle waitress Hendrix. Now we were behaving like those four short months were nothing of. Just being there, together. Two little the world knew—how not to ask questioned. There was politeness in that your mother sick too? No, she dances and nod. and fell into recollection like veterans.

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ber how scared we were?”  
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“And Bozo was fired.”

“You're crazy. She was there when I left. You left before me.”

“I went back. You weren't there when they fired Bozo.”

“What?”

“Twice. Once for a year when I was about ten, another for two months when I was fourteen. That's when I ran away.”

“You ran away from St. Bonny's?”

“I had to. What do you want? Me dancing in that orchard?”

“Are you sure about Maggie?”

“Of course I'm sure. You've blocked it, Twyla. It happened. Those girls had behavior problems, you know.”

“Didn't they, though. But why can't I remember the Maggie thing?”

“Believe me. It happened. And we were there.”

“Who did you room with when you went back?” I asked her as if I would know her. The Maggie thing was troubling me.

“Creeps. They tickled themselves in the night.”

My ears were itching and I wanted to go home suddenly. This was all very well but she couldn't just comb her hair, wash her face and pretend everything was hunky-dory. After the Howard Johnson's snub. And no apology. Nothing.

“Were you on dope or what that time at Howard Johnson's?” I tried to make my voice sound friendlier than I felt.

“Maybe, a little. I never did drugs much. Why?”

“I don't know; you acted sort of like you didn't want to know me then.”

“Oh, Twyla, you know how it was in those days: black—white. You know how everything was.”

But I didn't know. I thought it was just the opposite. Busloads of blacks and whites came into Howard Johnson's together. They roamed together then: students, musicians, lovers, protesters. You got to see everything at Howard Johnson's and blacks were very friendly with whites in those days. But sitting there with nothing on my plate but two hard tomato wedges wondering about the melting Klondikes it seemed childish remembering the slight. We went to her car, and with the help of the driver, got my stuff into my station wagon.

“We'll keep in touch this time,” she said.

“Sure,” I said. “Sure. Give me a call.”

“I will,” she said, and then just as I was sliding behind the wheel, she leaned into the window. “By the way. Your mother. Did she ever stop dancing?”

I shook my head. “No. Never.”

Roberta nodded.

“And yours? Did she ever get well?”

She smiled a tiny sad smile. “No. She never did. Look, call me, okay?”

“Okay,” I said, but I knew I wouldn't. Roberta had messed up my past somehow with that business about Maggie. I wouldn't forget a thing like that. Would I?

Strife came to us that fall. At least that's what the paper called it. Strife. Racial strife. The word made me think of a bird—a big shrieking bird out of 1,000,000,000 B.C. Flapping its wings and cawing. Its eye with no lid always bearing down on you. All day it screeched and at night it slept on the

rooftops. It woke you in the morning and from the *Today* show to the eleven o'clock news it kept you an awful company. I couldn't figure it out from one day to the next. I knew I was supposed to feel something strong, but I didn't know what, and James wasn't any help. Joseph was on the list of kids to be transferred from the junior high school to another one at some far-out-of-the-way place and I thought it was a good thing until I heard it was a bad thing. I mean I didn't know. All the schools seemed dumps to me, and the fact that one was nicer looking didn't hold much weight. But the papers were full of it and then the kids began to get jumpy. In August, mind you. Schools weren't even open yet. I thought Joseph might be frightened to go over there, but he didn't seem scared so I forgot about it, until I found myself driving along Hudson Street out there by the school they were trying to integrate and saw a line of women marching. And who do you suppose was in line, big as life, holding a sign in front of her bigger than her mother's cross? *MOTHERS HAVE RIGHTS TOO!* it said.

I drove on, and then changed my mind. I circled the block, slowed down, and honked my horn.

Roberta looked over and when she saw me she waved. I didn't wave back, but I didn't move either. She handed her sign to another woman and came over to where I was parked.

"Hi."

"What are you doing?"

"Picketing. What's it look like?"

"What for?"

"What do you mean 'What for?' They want to take my kids and send them out of the neighborhood. They don't want to go."

"So what if they go to another school? My boy's being bussed too, and I don't mind. Why should you?"

"It's not about us, Twyla. Me and you. It's about our kids."

"What's more *us* than that?"

"Well, it is a free country."

"Not yet, but it will be."

"What the hell does that mean? I'm not doing anything to you."

"You really think that?"

"I know it."

"I wonder what made me think you were different."

"I wonder what made me think you were different."

"Look at them," I said. "Just look. Who do they think they are? Swarming all over the place like they own it. And now they think they can decide where my child goes to school. Look at them, Roberta. They're Bozos."

Roberta turned around and looked at the women. Almost all of them were standing still now, waiting. Some were even edging toward us. Roberta looked at me out of some refrigerator behind her eyes. "No, they're not. They're just mothers."

"And what am I? Swiss cheese?"

"I used to curl your hair."

"I hated your hands in my hair."

The women were moving. Our faces looked mean to them of course and they looked as though they could not wait to throw themselves in front of a police car, or better yet, into my car and drag me away by my ankles. Now

they surrounded my car and gently, gently began and forth like a sideways yo-yo. Automatically I got out of there, and if one of us fell the other picked the other behind. My arm shot out of the car window was there. Roberta was looking at me swayed from her face was still. My purse slid from the car board. The four policemen who had been drinking got the message and strolled over, forcing the Quietly, firmly they spoke. "Okay, ladies. Back

Some of them went away willingly; others had car doors and the hood. Roberta didn't move. me. I was fumbling to turn on the ignition, with the gearshift was still in drive. The seats of the swaying had thrown my grocery coupons all sprawled on the floor.

"Maybe I am different now, Twyla. But you state kid who kicked a poor old black lady ground. You kicked a black lady and you have

The coupons were everywhere and the gut under the dashboard. What was she saying? I

"She wasn't black," I said.

"Like hell she wasn't, and you kicked her. A lady who couldn't even scream."

"Liar!"

"You're the liar! Why don't you just go on home. She turned away and I skidded away from

The next morning I went into the garage and our portable TV had come in. It wasn't nearly had a decent sign: red spray-painted letters on

DO CHILDREN \* \* \* \*. I meant just to go down

somewhere so those cows on the picket line and

when I got there, some ten or so others, had

the cows across the street. Police permits a

we strutted in time on our side while Roberta

That first day we were all dignified, preten

The second day there was name calling and

about all. People changed signs from time

and neither did I. Actually my sign didn't

"And so do children what?" one of the women

rights, I said, as though it was obvious.

Roberta didn't acknowledge my presence

maybe she didn't know I was there. I began

telling people one minute and lagging behind

reach the end of our respective lines at the

moment in our turn when we would face

whether she saw me and knew my sign was

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faces looked mean to them of course and not wait to throw themselves in front of a ar and drag me away by my ankles. Now

they surrounded my car and gently, gently began to rock it. I swayed back and forth like a sideways yo-yo. Automatically I reached for Roberta, like the old days in the orchard when they saw us watching them and we had to get out of there, and if one of us fell the other pulled her up and if one of us was caught the other stayed to kick and scratch, and neither would leave the other behind. My arm shot out of the car window but no receiving hand was there. Roberta was looking at me sway from side to side in the car and her face was still. My purse slid from the car seat down under the dashboard. The four policemen who had been drinking Tab<sup>8</sup> in their car finally got the message and strolled over, forcing their way through the women. Quietly, firmly they spoke. "Okay, ladies. Back in line or off the streets."

Some of them went away willingly; others had to be urged away from the car doors and the hood. Roberta didn't move. She was looking steadily at me. I was fumbling to turn on the ignition, which wouldn't catch because the gearshift was still in drive. The seats of the car were a mess because the swaying had thrown my grocery coupons all over it and my purse was sprawled on the floor.

"Maybe I am different now, Twyla. But you're not. You're the same little state kid who kicked a poor old black lady when she was down on the ground. You kicked a black lady and you have the nerve to call me a bigot."

The coupons were everywhere and the guts of my purse were bunched under the dashboard. What was she saying? Black? Maggie wasn't black.

"She wasn't black," I said.

"Like hell she wasn't, and you kicked her. We both did. You kicked a black lady who couldn't even scream."

"Liar!"

"You're the liar! Why don't you just go on home and leave us alone, huh?" She turned away and I skidded away from the curb.

The next morning I went into the garage and cut the side out of the carton our portable TV had come in. It wasn't nearly big enough, but after a while I had a decent sign: red spray-painted letters on a white background—AND SO DO CHILDREN \* \* \* \*. I meant just to go down to the school and tack it up somewhere so those cows on the picket line across the street could see it, but when I got there, some ten or so others had already assembled—protesting the cows across the street. Police permits and everything. I got in line and we strutted in time on our side while Roberta's group strutted on theirs. That first day we were all dignified, pretending the other side didn't exist. The second day there was name calling and finger gestures. But that was about all. People changed signs from time to time, but Roberta never did and neither did I. Actually my sign didn't make sense without Roberta's. "And so do children what?" one of the women on my side asked me. Have rights, I said, as though it was obvious.

Roberta didn't acknowledge my presence in any way and I got to thinking maybe she didn't know I was there. I began to pace myself in the line, jostling people one minute and lagging behind the next, so Roberta and I could reach the end of our respective lines at the same time and there would be a moment in our turn when we would face each other. Still, I couldn't tell whether she saw me and knew my sign was for her. The next day I went early

8. A diet soda.

before we were scheduled to assemble. I waited until she got there before I exposed my new creation. As soon as she hoisted her MOTHERS HAVE RIGHTS TOO I began to wave my new one, which said, HOW WOULD YOU KNOW? I know she saw that one, but I had gotten addicted now. My signs got crazier each day, and the women on my side decided that I was a kook. They couldn't make heads or tails out of my brilliant screaming posters.

I brought a painted sign in queenly red with huge black letters that said, IS YOUR MOTHER WELL? Roberta took her lunch break and didn't come back for the rest of the day or any day after. Two days later I stopped going too and couldn't have been missed because nobody understood my signs anyway.

It was a nasty six weeks. Classes were suspended and Joseph didn't go to anybody's school until October. The children—everybody's children—soon got bored with that extended vacation they thought was going to be so great. They looked at TV until their eyes flattened. I spent a couple of mornings tutoring my son, as the other mothers said we should. Twice I opened a text from last year that he had never turned in. Twice he yawned in my face. Other mothers organized living room sessions so the kids would keep up. None of the kids could concentrate so they drifted back to *The Price Is Right* and *The Brady Bunch*.<sup>9</sup> When the school finally opened there were fights once or twice and some sirens roared through the streets every once in a while. There were a lot of photographers from Albany. And just when ABC was about to send up a news crew, the kids settled down like nothing in the world had happened. Joseph hung my HOW WOULD YOU KNOW? sign in his bedroom. I don't know what became of AND SO DO CHILDREN \* \* \*. I think my father-in-law cleaned some fish on it. He was always puttering around in our garage. Each of his five children lived in Newburgh and he acted as though he had five extra homes.

I couldn't help looking for Roberta when Joseph graduated from high school, but I didn't see her. It didn't trouble me much what she had said to me in the car. I mean the kicking part. I know I didn't do that, I couldn't do that. But I was puzzled by her telling me Maggie was black. When I thought about it I actually couldn't be certain. She wasn't pitch-black, I knew, or I would have remembered that. What I remember was the kiddie hat, and the semicircle legs. I tried to reassure myself about the race thing for a long time until it dawned on me that the truth was already there, and Roberta knew it. I didn't kick her; I didn't join in with the gar girls and kick that lady, but I sure did want to. We watched and never tried to help her and never called for help. Maggie was my dancing mother. Deaf, I thought, and dumb. Nobody inside. Nobody who would hear you if you cried in the night. Nobody who could tell you anything important that you could use. Rocking, dancing, swaying as she walked. And when the gar girls pushed her down, and started roughhousing, I knew she wouldn't scream, couldn't—just like me—and I was glad about that.

We decided not to have a tree, because Christmas would be at my mother-in-law's house, so why have a tree at both places? Joseph was at SUNY New Paltz<sup>1</sup> and we had to economize, we said. But at the last minute, I changed

9. Popular television programs of the 1970s; respectively, a game show and a situation comedy.

1. A campus in the State University of New York system, located 70 miles north of New York City.

my mind. Nothing could be that bad. So I rushed a tree, something small but wide. By the time it was up and very late. I dawdled like it was the most important thing in the world and the tree man was fed up with me. I was tied onto the trunk of the car. I drove away slowly and the streets were not out yet and the streets could be covered in snowfall. Downtown the streets were wide and a cluster of people coming out of the Newburgh station that wasn't built out of cardboard and Plexiglas huddled in the snow were dressed in tails and things glittered from underneath their coats and hats. Tired, tired, tired. On the next corner a shop had loops of paper bells in the window. I stopped for a cup of coffee and twenty minutes of peace and quiet to try to finish everything before Christmas Eve. "Twyla?"

There she was. In a silvery evening gown another woman was with her, the man fuming with a cigarette machine. The woman was humming with her fingernails. They all looked a little bit like me.

"Well. It's you."

"How are you?"

I shrugged. "Pretty good. Frazzled. Christmas is here."

"Regular?" called the woman from the corner. "Fine," Roberta called back and then, "Well, Twyla. She slipped into the booth beside me."

Twyla. I made up my mind if I ever saw you again. "I'd just as soon not hear anything, Roberta, anyway."

"No," she said. "Not about that."

"Don't be long," said the woman. She came over and man peeled his cigarette pack as they left.

"It's about St. Bonny's and Maggie."

"Oh, please."

"Listen to me. I really did think she was really thought so. But now I can't be sure. And because she couldn't talk—well, she was crazy. She'd been brought up in an institution. I thought I would be too. And you were right. Only them. But, well, I wanted to. I said we did it, too. You and me, but that was to carry that around. It was just that I was wanting to do it."

Her eyes were watery from the drinks she had had with me. One glass of wine and I starved.

"We were kids, Roberta."

"Yeah. Yeah. I know, just kids."

"Eight."

"Eight."

"And lonely."

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my mind. Nothing could be that bad. So I rushed around town looking for a tree, something small but wide. By the time I found a place, it was snowing and very late. I dawdled like it was the most important purchase in the world and the tree man was fed up with me. Finally I chose one and had it tied onto the trunk of the car. I drove away slowly because the sand trucks were not out yet and the streets could be murder at the beginning of a snowfall. Downtown the streets were wide and rather empty except for a cluster of people coming out of the Newburgh Hotel. The one hotel in town that wasn't built out of cardboard and Plexiglas. A party, probably. The men huddled in the snow were dressed in tails and the women had on furs. Shiny things glittered from underneath their coats. It made me tired to look at them. Tired, tired, tired. On the next corner was a small diner with loops and loops of paper bells in the window. I stopped the car and went in. Just for a cup of coffee and twenty minutes of peace before I went home and tried to finish everything before Christmas Eve.

"Twyla?"

There she was. In a silvery evening gown and dark fur coat. A man and another woman were with her, the man fumbling for change to put in the cigarette machine. The woman was humming and tapping on the counter with her fingernails. They all looked a little bit drunk.

"Well. It's you."

"How are you?"

I shrugged. "Pretty good. Frazzled. Christmas and all."

"Regular?" called the woman from the counter.

"Fine," Roberta called back and then, "Wait for me in the car."

She slipped into the booth beside me. "I have to tell you something, Twyla. I made up my mind if I ever saw you again, I'd tell you."

"I'd just as soon not hear anything, Roberta. It doesn't matter now, anyway."

"No," she said. "Not about that."

"Don't be long," said the woman. She carried two regulars to go and the man peeled his cigarette pack as they left.

"It's about St. Bonny's and Maggie."

"Oh, please."

"Listen to me. I really did think she was black. I didn't make that up. I really thought so. But now I can't be sure. I just remember her as old, so old. And because she couldn't talk—well, you know, I thought she was crazy. She'd been brought up in an institution like my mother was and like I thought I would be too. And you were right. We didn't kick her. It was the gar girls. Only them. But, well, I wanted to. I really wanted them to hurt her. I said we did it, too. You and me, but that's not true. And I don't want you to carry that around. It was just that I wanted to do it so bad that day—wanting to is doing it."

Her eyes were watery from the drinks she'd had, I guess. I know it's that way with me. One glass of wine and I start bawling over the littlest thing.

"We were kids, Roberta."

"Yeah. Yeah. I know, just kids."

"Eight."

"Eight."

"And lonely."

1. A campus in the State University of New York system, located 70 miles north of New York City.



