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Idle AND Disorderly PERSONS

MARY HAZZARD

Risk

The ridges of ice on the sidewalk in front of the draft board were hard as metal under the soles of Phoebe's boots, and her fingers, in spite of sheepskin gloves, felt solid with pain and permanently welded to the handle of the sign that said, to her discomfiture, "War is not healthy for children and other living things." She envied her pediatrician, tramping along in his Henry Higgins hat with his "End the Draft" sign. Perhaps he would be willing to trade. The sentiment she was carrying was not particularly appropriate for him, and he might not be bothered by the wording. In fact, he surely wouldn't; Phoebe had never discovered anyone yet who shared her opinion of the artless tone of the slogan. "Healthy," she found herself muttering inside her head. "War is healthy. It has never been healthier."

At least fifty people were there, not bad for five-thirty in the morning, and most of them were adults. Phoebe was sorry to see a few high-school students in the group, with their antiestablishment costumes and dirty-word signs. It shouldn't be part of their lives to parade around like this or to feel an obligation to go to jail. Although she had deliberately not told Paul about the demonstration, he had heard about it at school and considered for a day and then told her he wasn't coming. He had deep-set eyes like hers, which gave him the same serious expression and made it difficult to tell how much emotion might lie behind anything he said. "You go if you want, Mom. It's your right. I've decided I believe in working within the system." Phoebe hoped he didn't think she was disappointed in him, but she hadn't wanted him to see, either, how relieved she was.

More demonstrators were arriving, waving and making V signs at each other. There were over a hundred people by now. Phoebe recognized two teachers and a librarian. The thirty-seven people who had volunteered to be arrested stood near the curb, stamping their feet on the frozen sidewalk and trying to make friends with the police. "Pity about the riot helmets," someone whispered. "They must feel like fools." The policemen were lined up in the street next to the curb, feet apart, hands clasped behind their backs, staring glumly past the faces of the demonstrators through the plastic shields on their helmets.

The people on the edge of the crowd stopped talking and began to look down the street. The ones near the curb poised themselves for

action, and the police shifted their feet. A bus was approaching—an ordinary green bus with cigarette ads on the sides. It pulled up to the curb and the door opened. Phoebe hadn't expected the bus to look so normal. She felt her eyes stinging.

When the draftees came out of the building behind her, she was surprised again. For some reason she had left them out of the mental picture she had formed in which the only participants were the demonstrators and the police. But of course the demonstration wasn't just symbolic. For any concrete effect it would have on these boys, it might as well be; they would eventually be taken away in the bus, no matter how many people sat down in front of it. But the boys themselves were real. They wore jeans and boots and school jackets like the boys who were picketing, and their faces as they came out of the doorway didn't show much besides an effort not to show anything. She felt like a source of embarrassment to them, as if she were a mother rushing to school at recess with forgotten mittens.

As the boys approached the bus, three of the protesters moved forward and sat down on the curb, blocking the entrance. Two more sat in the street in front of the bus. Phoebe clutched the handle of her sign and held it higher. A murmur went through the crowd as two of the police gingerly picked up a white-haired philosophy professor and carried him to a paddy wagon. Edith Levine was next, a motherly woman with a crown of auburn braids, beaming between peace-symbol earrings. "Where's the press, anyway?" Phoebe heard someone ask. "Channel 5 definitely said they'd be here." But there were plenty of photographers, whether from the newspapers or the FBI, and she could see at least one television camera.

The draftees stood awkwardly, as if they hadn't been told what to do.

Each demonstrator who was carried away was replaced by another, until only two people were sitting in the frozen street—one of the high-school boys and ferocious, heavy Gayle Pierce. Two of the police began to approach Gayle, bracing themselves with a show of resignation, and Phoebe was apprehensive, remembering Gayle's references to police as "pigs" during the planning session.

But Gayle was disposed of without extra excitement and the pony-tailed boy was left sitting alone. The man in charge of the draftees motioned to them, and they started to walk toward the bus.

Phoebe couldn't bear the sight. If she was just going to stand there, she might as well be at home. She took a breath and leaned her sign against the brick wall of the building behind her. Then she walked quickly toward the bus and sat down on the cold cement. The boy who was sitting there looked up, as surprised as she was. She blinked as the flashbulb went off and thought, I've done it again; the album at home was full of pictures of her with her eyes closed.

She didn't have time to wonder what she thought she was doing, before she felt herself being picked up by the elbows. Phoebe had not had

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practice in going limp, and she was sure she was doing it wrong. She was glad when she was finally sitting in the wagon.

Gayle was hunched forward on the seat next to her, squinting at a number written on the inside of her wrist. Ordinarily Gayle wore contact lenses, but the demonstrators had been advised against them. "Can you see what that says?" she asked.

Phoebe read the number to her. "What is it for?"

"Legal assistance. Didn't you write it down?"

"I wasn't expecting to be arrested." Phoebe felt apologetic.

"I can call if somebody has to. You'll want to use your phone call to get hold of your husband." Gayle didn't approve of husbands, it was well known.

Daniel. Phoebe had mentioned the demonstration to him the night before, and she knew she had told him she was planning to picket, though she wasn't sure it had registered; he had been immersed in the *Trojan Women* translation that was his contribution to the antiwar effort. Still, she certainly hadn't warned him that she might do something that would get her arrested. She had, in fact, given him all her customary arguments against doing anything of the sort. What she had said to Daniel last night had amounted to a promise. It fitted into the terms of the unspoken contract that Phoebe considered an essential part of marriage—an agreement that neither of them, except in extreme circumstances, would do anything that might cause unnecessary trouble of pain to the other. The present circumstances could be considered extreme, she supposed, and her reaction had been unpredictable, but she did not feel easy about Daniel.

Phoebe wondered whether her near-sightedness had made her especially daring. She had left her glasses at home, and she wasn't sure now that the precaution had been wise. She was able to see fairly well without them, but the lack of detail gave her a feeling of being removed from events around her—as if she herself had fuzzy edges.

Daniel would be teaching his Ideals of Greek Culture class right now. She imagined herself calling the Classics Department and trying to leave a message the secretary could transmit without decoding. It couldn't be done. But of course there was no need to call him. The phone call was a right, not a requirement. Phoebe might even be home before he was, and it would be easier to talk to him in person. "I don't believe I will," she said, and thought Gayle seemed respectful.

Phoebe was in the kitchen that afternoon when Daniel came in. She was wearing an embroidered apron and stirring a pot of chili with a wooden spoon and singing rounds with Louisa, who was making her first batch of oatmeal bread. They were just finishing "Scotland's Burning" as Daniel came in, and Phoebe was envying Louisa's volume. She might speak up more often in meetings if she had a louder voice. "Daniel, could you come here for a minute?" She left Louisa kneading dough and walked into the living room.

Daniel followed reluctantly, and Phoebe was a little ashamed of having staged such a pretty domestic scene for him. As soon as he appeared in the doorway, she sat on the couch and told him about her morning. She and the other demonstrators had been charged with being idle and disorderly persons. The charge was a graver one than they had anticipated, but it meant that they were unlikely to be convicted. On the advice of their lawyer, they had pleaded innocent. "It's simpler than I thought," Phoebe said. "We go to court in about six weeks, and if we're found guilty, we pay a fine."

"Oh, God," Daniel said, and sat heavily beside her. He began to rub his temple with a circular motion, and Phoebe could see it turning pink.

"I'm at least as surprised about it as you are," she said. "But when I saw those boys walking toward the bus, I couldn't stand it. I'm sorry."

"Are you really?"

"No. I'm glad, actually. If I *hadn't* sat in front of the bus, I would be sorry." She stood up and ran her hands through her hair, making it stick out like the hair of an impulsive, irrational person if nothing worse. "I can pay the fine with my own money."

"Will you sit down, Phoebe?" She couldn't tell how he felt. "I don't mind what you did," he said. "There's no need to apologize."

"It's not you; it's me. It seemed unfair to do something like that without warning you. Besides," she said, "you did mind. You said, 'Oh God.'"

"That was natural. I was surprised."

"So it's all right?"

"Of course. Will you let me pay the fine?"

"You could count it as my birthday present."

He put his arms around her. "Phoebe, I'm proud of you. Okay?"

Idle AND Disorderly PERSONS

A layer of speckled sand on the sidewalks still showed the patterns made by melting snow, and the grass lay in colorless, flattened clumps scored with muddy plow tracks, but the air was soft, and water trickled into the drains. It was the wrong sort of day for a trial, Phoebe thought, and then wondered whether grim, cold weather would have made it any easier for her to go to the courthouse.

"Look how yellow the willow branches are already." She heard herself chattering like a dean's wife at a faculty party. Daniel, in the car beside her, didn't bother to answer, and she didn't blame him. The trouble was that nothing in her life so far had prepared her for the events of the last six weeks. She had even felt furtive about the things she had been doing to make sure the household would run smoothly in case she would have to serve a jail sentence. The lawyer had explained to Phoebe and the others that there was no danger of being unable to go home right

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after the trial. They would almost certainly be found innocent. If by any chance they weren't, they could simply pay their fine and leave. Yet Phoebe had quietly stocked the freezer, made her children's spring dental appointments, returned all the library books, and paid the bills.

Daniel parked the car on a side street and waited while she searched through her bag for money for the meter. "This isn't the day to get a ticket," he said cheerfully. He really was being very forbearing.

As they approached the courthouse, Phoebe could see a crowd of people on the lawn of the church across the street. There was Jenny's face, round and peasantish above a heavy gray sweater. Annette was standing in profile, her poor back looking long and straight as a yardstick. Roslyn Rose slouched like a fashion model in her eye shadow and liner and mascara and base and blusher and frosted hair and her custom-tailored suede suit. The handles of signs had been stuck into the hedge: "End the Draft," "WFP Supports Resisters," "Stop Killing Our Sons." Phoebe held onto Daniel's arm, smiled toward a television camera, and went up the steps.

The judge, a known liberal, had a kind, clever face with wild eyebrows. The defendants, he said, were among the least idle and disorderly members of the community. They had broken the law only to protest a grave injustice. He wished he could have been with them himself. "Why wasn't he, then?" Phoebe heard Gayle mutter.

The judge seemed to be about to find them not guilty. Phoebe realized that she was disappointed. It might be only a question of terms, but surely they were guilty of something. If it was legal to sit in front of a bus, why had they done it?

But she was staring so hard at the judge that she had stopped listening. He was saying now, not that the defendants were innocent, but that they had obstructed a public roadway. The case would be continued, and after the summer all charges would be dropped.

She could feel the relief around her, as the other defendants broke into smiles. "Thank God," a man said to her. "Linda was afraid we wouldn't get to the Cape till August."

"What does 'continued' mean?" Everyone but Phoebe seemed to understand.

"Not a thing. Just that you won't have a record. They'll erase the whole business unless you rob a bank before the end of the summer. Terrific, right?"

"Why won't we have a record?" She looked around, hoping for an explanation.

"A trick. A conspiracy!" Phoebe wasn't the only one after all. Gayle's face blazed. "Are we going to let him get away with this?" She seized her attorney.

There were thirty-eight people in the room who had expected either to be found innocent or to be punished, and now most of them seemed pleased at what appeared to be a weakly reasoned compromise.

Phoebe supposed it was nice of the judge, but how had he been able to find them guilty of something they hadn't been charged with?

"It's all right." Gayle turned from her lawyer, exultant. "We can demand to be sentenced right away. We can go to jail after all."

Twenty dollars or twenty days. Daniel reached for his wallet, but Phoebe put her hand on his. "You're not serious," he said, staring at her.

"Yes. We can't pay it. It wouldn't be right."

She was holding her head so high and her mouth so firm that Daniel was dismayed. "God bless Captain Vere," he said, but couldn't tell whether Phoebe had heard. "Oh, come on," he said in desperation. "You can't go to jail. You wouldn't be able to stand it." The wrong thing to say, he knew, as he saw her clench her teeth. "All right," he said. "I wouldn't be able to."

"I'm sorry," Phoebe said, looking quite ruthless. "You'll just have to be brave."

In the end, three of the women and five of the men chose jail. "Cowards," cried Gayle to the others. "If you're not part of the solution, you're part of the problem!"

The third prisoner was Leslie, a tall young woman that Phoebe almost didn't recognize because she had never seen her before without two children in a stroller and another in a pack on her back. "Thank God for people like you," Gayle said, looking from Leslie to Phoebe. "I'll never trust any of them again." She jerked her chin back over her shoulder.

"I'm not sure how long I can stay," Leslie said. She looked worried, and her nose was pink.

"It isn't fair to blame them," Phoebe said. "We can't know their reasons."

"They made a commitment." Gail stamped along.

Leslie said, "I think I'm coming down with a cold."

The physical exam was what Phoebe was most apprehensive about. She had heard that the matrons might try to humiliate her, and as far as she was concerned, they wouldn't even have to try; the prospect of even the most ordinary check-up with her own doctor was enough to ruin a day. But the exam turned out to be mainly a series of questions. If there was anything wrong with her, they didn't want to find it. Most of the questions were the usual ones, but there were others.

"What drugs do you take, dear?"

She didn't suppose they meant aspirin. "None." But the matron kept her pencil poised. "Nothing at all," Phoebe said.

The matron wrote something, probably a question mark, and went on. "Diseases?" The pencil was ready to check them off.

"Just the usual ones."

"Measles? Mumps? Syphilis? Gonorrhoea?"

"Yes. Yes. No, of course not." She supposed they had their reasons.

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"Did you go to high school, dear?"

"Yes."

The matron looked at her consideringly. "College?"

"Yes." It seemed to Phoebe like an admission.

"Good for you, dear. Any graduate work by any chance?"

"I have an M.A. in biology." Then what are you doing here? she expected to be asked.

But the matron beamed. "Good for you."

Leslie was sniffing when she came out of the examination room. "They took away my antihistamine pills. And my Bible."

"Subversive literature." Gayle was delighted. "What did you want with a Bible anyhow?"

"I thought I might find some quotations."

"Look what they let me keep!" Gayle waved a small red book. *Thoughts of Chairman Mao.*

The prison was old, with real stone walls like a prison in a book. It could have held the Count of Monte Cristo or Hester Prynne. Phoebe was surprised to find that she had a cell of her own, with her own wash basin and toilet. There was a bed too, not a bunk like the ones in jail cartoons. It was on casters which made it possible for her to move it so that the head was against the bars on the front of the cell. By draping a blanket over the end, she was able to create at least the idea of privacy. The mattress was impossible, but that wasn't surprising. Because of Gayle's inquiries among friends who had spent time in jail, Phoebe knew enough to ask for a toothbrush, soap, sheet, and blanket. One thing she hadn't been prepared for was the amount of noise. All the time, day and night, there was competing music from different people's radios.

What bothered Phoebe most of all proved to be something so petty that she was ashamed of herself. If she had been told about the regulations for the dress of short-time prisoners, she would have been able to avoid the problem. As it was, she had chosen her clothes carefully. The navy-blue pants and matching jacket she usually wore for picketing had seemed appropriate, along with a pale blue sweater and a small silver peace symbol on a fine chain. But it hadn't occurred to Phoebe that there were still places where pants on a woman were considered immodest. "You can't wear that," the matron said before conducting her to her cell, and led her to a room which contained nothing but a vast pile of assorted clothes. Looking at them, Phoebe was amazed. Was it possible that this was where everything ended up that failed to sell at clothing exchanges and rummage sales or the Salvation Army and Morgan Memorial?

"See if you can find a dress that will fit," the matron said.

Phoebe began to sort reluctantly through the garments. Most of them were what her mother referred to as house dresses and what

Phoebe had long ago promised herself she would never sink so low as to wear. She associated such dresses with colorlessness and drudgery. Not that the dresses themselves were colorless. Most of them were covered with large, unidentifiable flowers in yellow or red or purple or brown. The others were patterned in tartans which looked as if they belonged to clans that had been forced, like brand-new high schools, to design their uniforms after all the good colors had been used up. The thought of wearing one of these dresses for the next twenty days made Phoebe tremble. Some things simply hadn't been taken into account by the professors and clergymen who prepared people like her for facing jail. For the first time that day, she was afraid she might disgrace herself by shedding tears.

"I haven't got all day," the matron said, and Phoebe reached out blindly to search for something that she could bear to try on. The clothes weren't exactly dirty, but the cloth lacked body and clung to her fingers, and there was a faint smell of mildew. Finally she came to a skirt. If she chose that, she might be allowed to keep her sweater and jacket. She held the skirt against herself and saw that though the waist was probably the right size, it was much too short. Her knees and at least four inches of thigh would show. Prison regulations, if they were at all consistent, should certainly prohibit that. "That's fine. Come on," the matron said, and Phoebe surrendered her pants and put on the skirt, which was patterned in orange and red diagonal rows of flowers on a black background. It was gathered at the waist, where it bunched either under her sweater or over it, depending on whether or not she tried to tuck the sweater in.

Phoebe's morale, she realized, would be lower for the next few days than it might otherwise have been. Had any scholar studied seriously enough the effect on Joan of Arc when she was forced to change her clothes in prison?

The evening meal was served at three-thirty. Phoebe hadn't expected it to be good, and it wasn't. Leslie, whose spirits were wholesomely high in spite of her streaming eyes, made herself unpopular as soon as she sat down at the table. She inspected the enormous underdone potato, gristly ham, and spinach sitting in a pool of green water on her plate and then looked cheerfully around and said, "I don't know how long I can be with you ladies. My daughter has to play in a piano recital tomorrow."

There was a silence. "Fahn-cy that," someone said.

"She's only eight." Leslie still smiled, then wiped her nose.

Gayle was seated too far away to hear. She was trying to radicalize her fellow prisoners, she had said earlier, and she took their resentment as a hopeful sign. "It shows they have some spirit left," she said.

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Leslie was gone the next morning. "Did your friend go home? The one with the musical daughter?" one of the other women asked Phoebe.

"Yes, I think she did." But Phoebe knew she wouldn't have stayed herself if it had been Louisa's recital.

INTRUDERS

Phoebe, looking through back issues of the *Globe* on Veterans' Day of 1971, came to a cartoon showing Nixon as an airplane, with his striped tie hanging down above a series of descending bombs and his arms—sleeves, cufflinks, and all—spread out like wings. The air war was getting fiercer than ever, to make up for the withdrawal of ground troops. She sighed and tore out the cartoon in case Annette wanted to use it in the *Newsletter*.

Phoebe had promised to do something today that she felt foolish about. She hadn't even told Daniel and the children, but she had promised. She heard the honking of a car horn and picked up a bag of brownies, called a general goodbye in the direction of the stairs, and sneaked out, awkward in unaccustomed high heels.

It was a long time since Phoebe had worn a skirt in the daytime, and her legs felt cold and exposed. She got into Margo Carmer's car, after noting the glowing light in front of her patriotic neighbor's house across the street. Porch lights were supposed to stand for support of the Government today. So were car headlights, according to the morning paper. Various secret symbols had begun to appear in everyday life, like mystic signs woven into a medieval tapestry. Even the American flag had new meanings now. Cast in metal as hard as the casing of a bomb, it might glitter from Nixon's lapel all through a televised press conference. Or it could curve to form the body of a dove like the one on a sticker attached to the side window of Margo's car. People were making frantic signs to each other as if everyone had lost the power of speech. Cars, hair styles, and clothes had all become political statements.

Which had something to do with the reason, today, that five women wearing pantyhose and bearing containers of goodies were about to descend on the Veterans' Hospital in West Roxbury. Phoebe could tell that the other women were as uncomfortable as she was. Part of the problem was that their role hadn't been made clear to them. The visit had been arranged by someone named Jerry from the Vietnam Veterans Against the War, but only Annette had even met Jerry.

"Does anybody know what we're supposed to do when we get there?" Margo asked, peering grimly into the windshield. "I mean, I'm perfectly happy to do anything I can to help those poor wounded boys. But if it's *not* going to help."

"I know," Phoebe said. "Quite a few of the cars passing them had their lights on, she noticed. "the trouble is that we don't think they should have been wounded to begin with. That doesn't mean we disapprove of them for going, but they aren't necessarily going to know that."

"They should be on our side," Gayle Pierce said. "They should be more against the war than anybody." She was wearing a long denim skirt. A guitar sat on her lap, next to a bag of wheat germ cookies with carob chips.

Annette leaned toward her. "Gayle, I hope to goodness you're not planning to sing protest songs?"

Gayle didn't answer. June Goodpasture, the Gold Star Mother, was sitting silently in the corner of the car, looking out the window.

"Jerry will meet us at the door," Annette said. "We won't have to do anything but be there to show we support the VVAW. Which we surely do." But even she, with her Southern manners, was unnatural in the role of a Lady Bountiful.

The visit was as unsuccessful as they had feared. Jerry wasn't there to meet them, and it didn't appear that they were expected. A secretary led them, still clutching their bundles, into a recreation room where a few bored-looking men were playing pool. "You from the Red Cross?" one of the men asked. Phoebe saw two women, dressed in Red Cross volunteer uniforms, presiding over a coffee urn at one end of the room and looking at them suspiciously.

"Oh, God," Annette said. "They think we're taking over their territory." She put on her most gracious manner and approached the women. Phoebe couldn't hear the conversation, but the Red Cross women had hostile expressions, and Annette's back looked stiffer than ever by the time she finished talking with them. "We'll just leave our contributions here and go on," she said. She gathered up the cookies and left them next to the coffee pot as she led her group past the table into the hall. "Thank you so much," she said to the two women.

"A competition with the Red Cross," Margo said in the hall. "I can't believe it."

"You can hardly blame them," Annette said. "I'm sure they come here at least once a week, and here we are barging in out of nowhere with heaven knows what kind of propaganda."

Phoebe hoped the Red Cross workers wouldn't throw the cookies away. She and the others made a cautious trip down some of the hallways, consulting nurses about whether it would be wise to visit any of the men in the rooms. It wouldn't, most of the nurses said, and Phoebe was relieved. The thought of approaching a suffering stranger and flaunting her own health appalled her. It wouldn't matter whether he was for or against the war; he had seen it, and Phoebe hadn't.

She was worried again when Gayle took her guitar out of its case, but the guitar was what saved them. "Oh, could you sing to them?" a nurse said. "They love that." So Phoebe, Annette, and Gayle went through several wards, singing "Down in the Valley" and "Sweet Betsy from Pike," and there was no need for conversation.

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"Never again," Annette said in the car on the way home. June was huddled in the corner, crying. She had tried to talk to one of the patients, and a nurse had sent her away. The boy had reminded her of her son.

Phoebe couldn't stop thinking about the long, empty halls of the hospital. The place was too quiet, and the flesh of the wounded men had looked too pink or too brown against the white sheets. She remembered one boy in particular, hurt in some way which wasn't clear but which had certainly ruined his life. She and the others had sung "Barbara Allen" in his room, looking ahead and not meeting his glistening eyes. Just his face showed, and one bare shoulder. His bed was surrounded by pieces of shining metal. Looking at him, Phoebe had been sure that he would never leave that hospital or that bed.

Daniel was out when Phoebe got home. Later that afternoon he called from his office to tell her to go ahead and serve supper without him.

A CIVIL CAMPAIGN

JULIA THACKER

Sex, at first, was not even considered. When they flew him home from Vietnam, the bullet still lodged in his spine, the doctors weren't sure he would live. Then the question was, "Would he walk?" He would not. Then, "Would he have bladder and bowel control?" He would not. Leah was afraid he wouldn't recognize her in his delirium, but before the last operation he opened his eyes, looked at her, and whispered, "On fire." Only since he had become fully conscious did he no longer seem to know her. Beyond polite answers, he seldom spoke. He lay there, a black, hulking mystery, like the god to whom she had tried to pray as a child. As an offering, she watered the philodendron in his ward. She believed the silences between them meant something.

With the disability checks she rented a first-floor apartment near the hospital, overlooking a city park. The resident psychiatrist said Gus should be made to feel useful, so she spread swatches of purple, silk, denim, and white velvet on his bed in a ceremony of color and said, "Choose, choose." The man without hands in the next bed suggested a fake fur sofa for the living room. Gus said, "Whatever you think is fine."

The psychiatrist continued to speak to Gus's stony face about his "adjustment." He said the relationship with Leah would not be easy now, especially since they didn't yet know if Gus's injury resulted in impotence; but there were many ways to express love and affection. He gave Gus a book, *Sex for the Elderly*, with "useful information." In Physical Therapy Gus learned to lift himself from the wheelchair to the car, so Leah only had to fold the chair and put it in the back seat.

"You'll like the apartment," she said.

"I'm sure I will." Gus could not remember if it was Leah or a bar girl who said, "It tickles my nose, like wood burning?" Perhaps it had been a nurse while he was sick. "Do you mind if I smoke?" he asked.

"No, please, go ahead."

That Leah might leave him was a possibility that occurred to neither of them. She had not even the address of her mother, somewhere in the South; Gus, no one else.

Gus knew her walk first. From the picture window of the bar where he was manager, he used to watch her step off the bus in her waitress uniform and disappear around the corner. It was a fast, proud walk with a model's twist, but somehow natural. Sometimes he stood in the doorway and called, "On fire!" She turned and smiled. One day he came out into the street and pulled her into the bar. "Why you late,