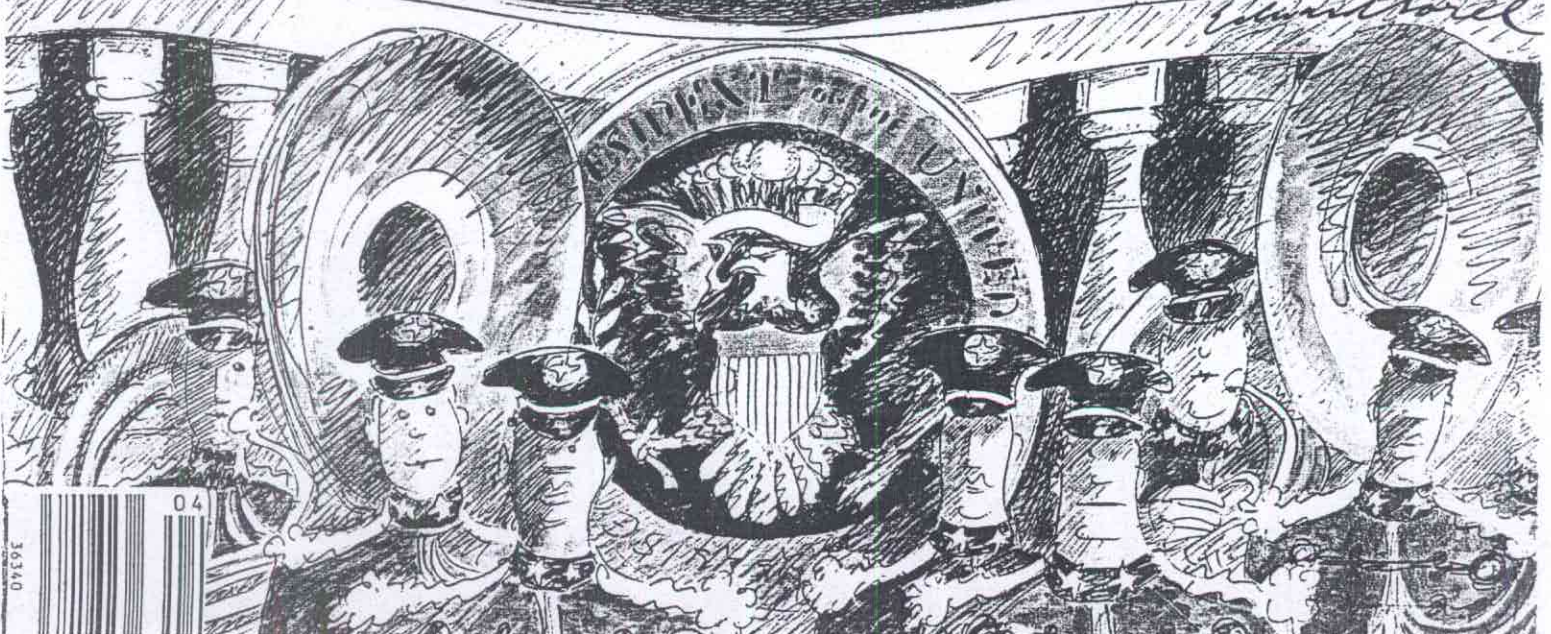
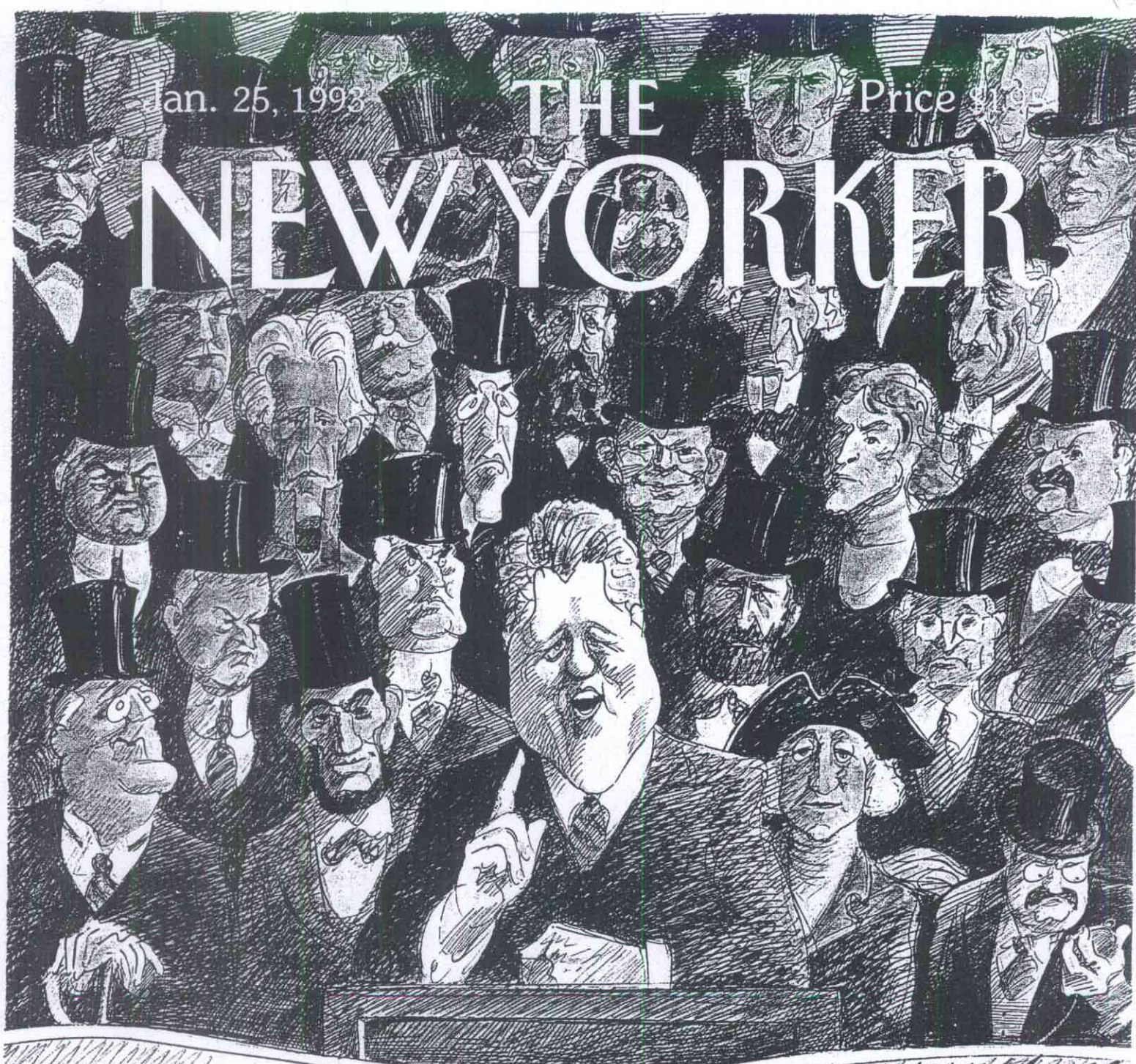


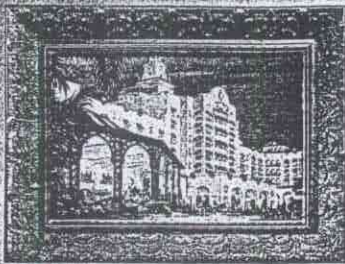
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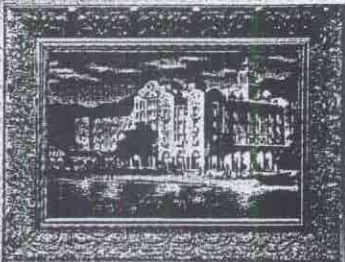
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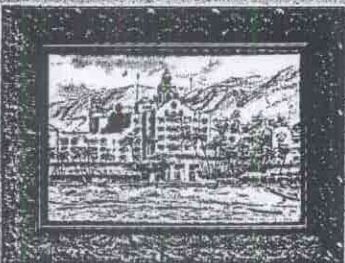




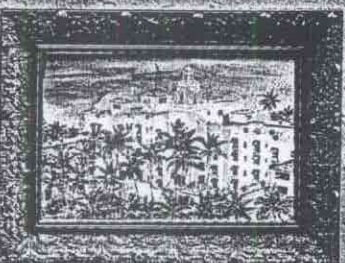
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FRIEND OF THE FAMILY

BY KATHARINE WEBER

July 9

WELL, Benedict, a trout with its tail in its mouth. On a plate. Before me. It's called Truite au Bleu, and Victor insisted that I have it, that it was my obligation as a visitor to Geneva to have it, and so I did, but disconcerting as that was—do you know they boil them alive?—it paled beside the disconcertingness of attempting to dine in public with Anne and Victor.

Since I got here, three days ago, I've been feeling that I must have missed the first act. Where is the Anne Gordon with whom I lived in New York, happily, for more than a year in those two rooms on Eighth Street? Her letters didn't prepare me for this transformation. Her rhapsodies about the glories of Victor didn't prepare me for a balding Hungarian refugee more than twice her age. A married one, with three children. In just six months Our Lady of the Perpetual Milk Crate has evolved into I don't quite know what: a chic, jaded mistress person. Anne of Cleavage.

She has a very grownup modern flat, and this Victor about whom I have heard so much (and about whom I now realize I knew nothing) turns out to be, creepily, Anne's boss at U.G.P. (That solves the mystery of how Anne, working in the back room at the Shippen Gallery on Madison Avenue, was recruited by a Swiss oil broker, or whatever it is that U.G.P. is and does.) Victor is a "friend of the family," and has known Anne since she was little. Anne has reminded me that I did once meet him, when he came to pick her up at Eighth Street for dinner. I guess I vaguely recall some guy in a blazer, one of dozens of people from Eastern Europe who constitute a large group known to Anne as "friends of the family," standing in our hallway, winded after three flights of stairs. It didn't occur to me to notice him. It didn't occur to me in all these months that *that* was Victor. He even *looks* like "Daddy" (a dour Austrian baker with a flour allergy who lives alone

with his bitter memories in deepest New Jersey), whose life Victor is credited with saving in a children's barracks (where they shared a bunk) at Auschwitz. Something about a potato.

To get to dinner, Anne and I took a bus to the outskirts of Geneva, and then walked for nearly a mile along a somewhat barren avenue where, believe me, nobody ordinarily walks. Anne had to walk in front of me because the traffic was so alarmingly close that walking together would have been dangerous. As it was, I thought it was dangerous. We picked our way along the shoulder of this road that was like a suburban Riverside Drive. Cars would rush past us, and I would feel the force of air pushing me, pulling me. Anne's skirt would swirl up. She has great legs. Walking a few paces behind her afforded me the same view that strangers in passing cars were getting.

There was something oddly seductive about her; she has a new walk that somehow exaggerates her femaleness in an almost cartoonish way. Is this how a mistress walks? She has very high-heeled strappy sandals. She walks very fast. I felt as though, compared to her, I was a sexless companion, like a dog or an old nanny, lumbering along faithfully behind her, steady as she goes. And I was wearing the blue sundress you like, which you always say looks so good with a bit of a tan. And let me tell you, I have quite a lot more tan than I meant to, because of yesterday's bizarre lake adventure.

YESTERDAY: Victor turned up unexpectedly, as Sundays are usually his family day, when Anne does things like bleach her mustache and (very painfully) wax her thighs. Anne had, in fact, spoken of such activities, but was, luckily, languishing over a piece of toast when the downstairs buzzer sounded with Victor's specially coded three shorts and one long. (Mrs. Beethoven: "What, Ludwig, me inspire you? Ha Ha Ha Haaa!")

Victor had been set free, he explained after an awfully long, silent greeting at the door; I kept my gaze tactfully averted

while he and Anne did whatever it is that they do, with more passion than anyone else has ever experienced in the history of humankind. Victor's wife, Annamarie, had taken the children—who are called Lucien, Otto, and Minerva, if you can believe it—to the beach. As everyone apparently knows, Victor does not like going to the beach, for reasons that will be revealed presently.

Anne, who can be maddeningly passive in her dealings with Victor (how can this be Anne, the least accommodating person I have ever known; just try to argue with her about the pronunciation of *forte* or *banal*, just try to get her to go in the main entrance of the Metropolitan instead of her beloved Eighty-first Street side entrance for the cognoscenti), surprised me when she began to pout about how *she* never gets to go to the beach, how she should have rung up Annamarie (she has dinner there from time to time, and has baby-sat for them on three occasions) and finagled an invitation to join them if she had only known. (What beach, you might well ask. Some lakeside resort or other, with sandy beaches.)

I think she surprised Victor, too. He thought, perhaps, that he was calling her bluff when he said, "Oh, very well then, we go to the beach. Get your things. A towel. I cannot swim, though, because I have no swimming costume."

He sat at Anne's table with his hands placed palms up before him, as though he were old and weary and unable to do anything but acquiesce.

"We can buy you a suit at the chemist's on the corner—I've seen them there," Anne said. Victor looked helplessly at me. I didn't know what he wanted me to say. I remember when Anne patronized mere drugstores.

"You two should go," I began.

"No!" they chorused.

"I take so much of Anne's time from you, and you are her closest friend—it wouldn't be right to keep her for the whole Sunday," Victor said.

"There isn't much privacy at a beach

anyway," Anne pointed out, as if this were a practical observation. (They weren't going to fuck anyway? Something about this remark highlighted the illicit point of this whole alliance. It felt loaded with some sort of beyond obvious sexual *je ne sais quoi* I haven't grasped yet.)

So Victor's swim togs were acquired, and we were all heading off in his white Citroën toward some beach. What if we were to run into Victor's family, I inquired mildly from the back seat. I never know if it's O.K. to bring them up or not.

"We go to France," Victor says over his shoulder as he drives too fast down an access ramp and onto a highway without pausing, which causes the BMW closing in behind us in the near lane to swerve around the Citroën with a blaring horn and an obscene gesture from the driver.

"Nazi!" hisses Victor, who speeds up.

Anne puts her hand on his arm, and we drop back. "He had Stuttgart plates," she explains to me, turning her head so she can see me. I feel as though I'm out with somebody's parents.

I didn't have my passport with me, but Victor assured me that no one would check at the border, and he was right; we were waved through, Victor's white Citroën looking like an ambulance racing toward the scene of an accident. I'm in another country, I thought. I'm in France.

The lake was near the border, and we were there in minutes. For someone who doesn't swim, Victor seemed surprisingly well-informed about the whereabouts of this beach, where the parking lot was situated, where to change, and where the cold-drinks stand was.

We changed in a wooden shack. Victor went in after we came out (I feeling particularly thigh-conscious in my old black bathing suit; Anne looking terrific in a black bikini I would never have known her to wear in her former life), and emerged wearing his new swim trunks, his office-y white button-down shirt open. The swim trunks were an imitation-Hawaiian print that was like canned laughter. He was wearing his dark socks and thick-soled leather shoes. His legs were somehow pathetic and birdlike. The rest of him seemed more commanding and intense. I felt embarrassed for him when I glanced at his hairless shins.

We aligned ourselves on the sand with Anne between us. Victor took off

his shoes and socks, and his shirt, which he folded into a fussy square for a pillow. Victor and Anne lay face down on their towels, with fingers linked. They both turned their heads away from me. I think their eyes were closed. I had the feeling that all the other people there knew what they wanted to do. I felt alone. I missed you, I wanted to have someone with me, too, so I wouldn't be the third wheel, and I hadn't brought a book. Damn. I sat up on my towel.

Nobody was swimming. It wasn't very hot. There were only a few other people around; no children at all. A woman several yards from us was sunbathing with the top of her suit pulled down to her waist. The woman sat very upright, partially facing in our direction in order to catch every ray of the sun, with her legs straight out in front of her. The posture emphasized her potbelly, and her nipples were like a second pair of eyes looking at me. I regretted the decision to leave my camera in the flat. I felt her glaring at me and realized I had been staring. I was glad I had left my camera in the flat.

I began to dig in the dry sand with one hand. I scabbled out a rather large ditch that described the arc my arm could swing through freely without my changing position. I felt something under my fingers. It was a white plastic tampon applicator.

"A beach whistle," I observed to Anne,

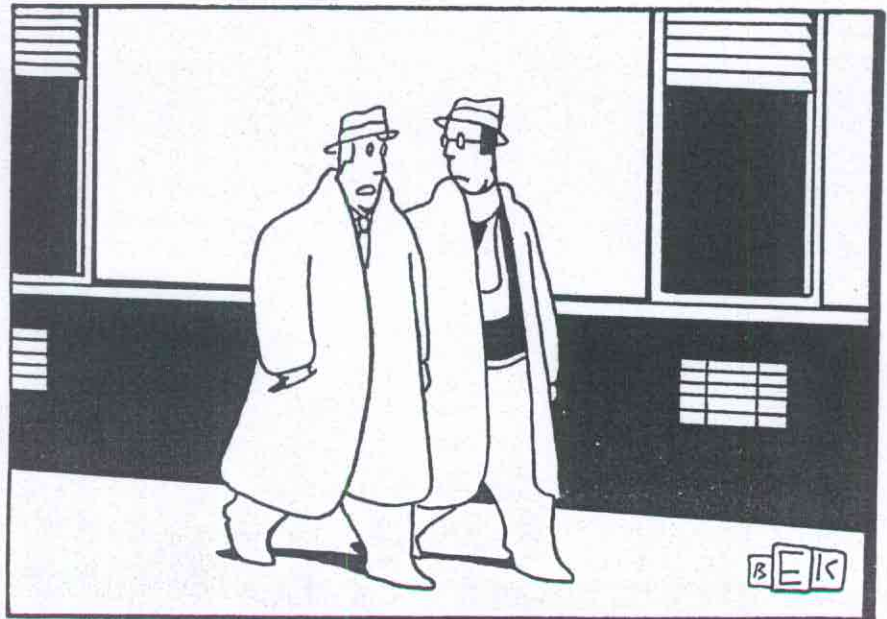
who had turned her head my way. She wrinkled her nose in distaste. I buried it near my feet, where I wouldn't disturb it again. Either these beachgoers were unusually tidy or the French comb this beach regularly, because there was very little interesting detritus. I would have expected to find Gauloise butts galore. I felt the edge of a shell as I was reinserting the tampon applicator in the sand. I examined the shell. It was nearly flat, somewhat oval, a thin yellow bit of translucency. It reminded me of the sort I used to find on the beach the summer I was six, when I spent two months with my mother and grandmother in Cornwall; it's a kind of shell I haven't seen since.

"Toenail, anyone?" I said, offering my find to Anne.

"Shut up, will you?" she said to me with surprising intensity. Was this a No Talking beach? I had no idea what the problem was.

"Yes, please, I would like a toenail," came Victor's voice. I had thought he was asleep. His head was still turned away. "Hello. I ordered the toenail. Make that ten. Could you deliver them right away?" This wasn't Victor's style, that I knew of. Maybe he kidded around much more with Anne when I wasn't there. I was momentarily confused.

"Here's one," I said, holding the shell out to him over Anne's head. She had lain back down on her towel and was squeezing her eyes tight shut. Nobody



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moved. My arm was still extended over Anne. Her back heaved, and I realized she was suppressing sobs. Victor's head was still turned away. His voice was weirdly disembodied.

"Don't you have them ready for me?" he said languidly. I still didn't get it.

He rolled over and sat up.

"Anne is now upset with both of us," he announced. "She is upset with you for bringing up a bad subject. You did not know. She is upset with me for playing my little game with you. Isn't that right?"

Victor patted the top of Anne's head and stroked her shoulders. Something about her tears seemed to please him. He was now sitting up in the same doll-like position as the topless woman on my right. I saw his feet.

Benedict, I know human flesh cannot melt, but what I saw looked like the melted stubs of feet. Victor has no toes. They froze off at Auschwitz. The Allied doctors wanted to amputate his feet, but he wouldn't let them. (Anne told me all this when Victor went to get us cold drinks a little while later.)

The Pobble grinned at me. He saw me seeing his feet. I did not like his delight in my discomfort, in Anne's anguish.

"I'm sorry," I said, meeting his gaze.

"Of course you are," he said, rather nastily, I thought.

"Of course you wouldn't like to swim," sobbed Anne. "I didn't think."

"Of course you didn't, my pet," said Victor, smiling a cold smile.

WE had been at the lake for about an hour, and we stayed there, more or less in silence, for another hour. It felt necessary to sit there so it wouldn't have been the upsetting discussion that made us leave, even though I doubt that I was the only one who felt like bolting for the Citroën. While Victor fetched Perriers with straws, and the Belgian mocha biscuits that he considers superior to all other forms of cookie life, Anne told me the story of Victor's toes, gazing out at the lake the whole time. I found myself imagining their sex life being somehow profoundly affected by this absence. What does he have her do to make up for it? As Victor struggled across the sand carrying the mineral water and the biscuits, I had to avoid studying his gait.

He had put on his shoes and socks for the short walk. I wondered if his shoes had special toe weights that helped him walk. Even the sight of his fingers gripping the necks of the Perrier bottles was mildly surprising. I wondered if his toes had looked like his fingers. I curled and uncurled my own toes uncontrollably.

The drive back to Geneva was mostly silent. We all three of us had terrible sunburns.

"Merde," muttered Anne when she was through studying herself in Victor's rearview mirror. (I was relieved when she was finished, as I thought he might want to have the use of it on the highway.) "In the office tomorrow, how do we explain matching sunburns?"

"I went to the beach with my family, and you went to a different beach with your visiting friend," Victor answered.

"Thousands of people went to the beach today. Why worry about the coincidence of it?"

What a shit, I thought. A charming shit. With a sunburn. And no toes.

I'm sorry, Benedict, how did we get here? Right: Anne and I were walking along the side of the road on our way to the trout restaurant, she with her skirt flying and her sexy legs, I with my sunburn and in the blue dress you like. Anne had just reported over her shoulder that we were nearly there when a car skidded onto the gravel in front of us, giving me a serious scare. It was Victor's white Citroën.

"Would you like a ride?"

Anne played it as if he were a stranger. "No, thanks anyway. *Merci, non.*"

Victor waggled his eyebrows at me. I shrugged.

"Very well, ladies. *Ciao.*" He drove off. I could see his tail-light flash about a quarter mile up the road, and then the Citroën turned right and was lost from sight.

"It's better to arrive separately, in case anyone's there," she said over her shoulder.

"Anyone?"

"Any friend of Annamarie's. Any friend of the family."

"You're a friend of the family."

"Don't be dense," she said reprovingly. "It would be a disaster." She lingered over the word "disaster" the way some people savor the words "foie gras."

Although the Citroën had been in



the parking lot for ten minutes by the time we approached the maître d's pulpit, Victor was nowhere in evidence.

"We have a reservation for three?" Anne said in French. "The name is Goldfarb."

We were shown to a table in an elegant garden courtyard. It was early by Swiss standards, and we were the first customers of the evening. There were only five or six tables, all covered to the ground with snowy tablecloths, and very widely spaced across the white gravel courtyard. The tables were all big enough to seat eight or ten people. Ours had three place settings, at noon, four, and eight.

Anne and I picked up two wine-glasses and moved together in the direction of the third. We sat down, leaving a place for Victor between us. This might seem like a small thing, but moments like that are what our friendship thrives on, has thriven on, that in-synch, "two thoughts with but a single mind" kind of instant, commonplace when we were roommates in New York but so rare since I've been here that I made a mental note of it.

A flurry of Bemelmans waiters rushed to rearrange the place settings. (What we had done was very naughty.) There was a stream running by, only a few feet from us, and the noise of it meant that we had to raise our voices slightly to converse, even after our rearrangement.

"So typical," said Anne. "So Swiss to seat us that way—so we use the table completely—with no thought to conversational distances."

"Or something. Maybe they don't like the idea of private conversations," I suggested. "And who is Goldfarb?"

"I thought you knew."

"Do I?" Did I?

"It was my father's father's name. Daddy changed it."

"Why?"

"Anti-Semitism, I suppose."

I thought of an imperious dowager of Scottish ancestry (and proud of it) called Peggy Gordon. I once heard her say to my grandmother, Gay, that she thought half the Gordons in New York were Jews who had changed their names from Goldfarb, Goldstein, and so on. "Why can't they just change it to Gold?" Peggy had asked plaintively. "It's shorter and neater, but you can still tell. I would

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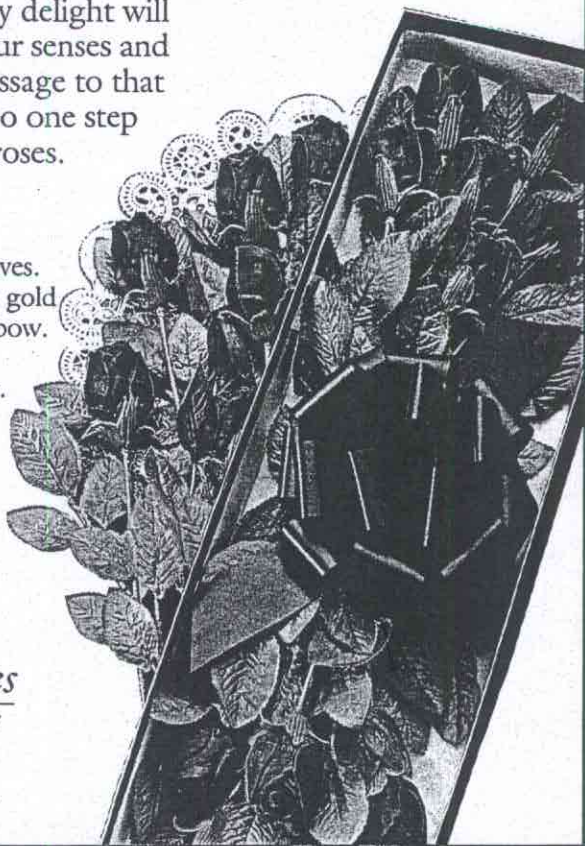
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rather expect them to like a nice, glittering name like Gold."

Gay had laughed and offered her more to drink. I thought, from my vantage point in Gay's bedroom, where I was sorting out all her jewelry on her bedspread—I must have been about ten—that her laugh was not so much with Peggy as at her. There was also my own parentage to consider. I was not only Gay Gibson's granddaughter, I was Simon Rose's daughter. I wonder now whether Peggy Gordon ever considered for one second that her words could hurt me, could hurt my feelings. Doubtful. It probably didn't occur to her that I thought of myself as Jewish. She always fussed over me because I looked so much like a Gibson. I had "the Gibson upper lip."

Gay was fond of her because they went back a long way, and had travelled to Reno together for their first divorces. By the time I was six I knew that the Truckee River ran through Reno, where you went for a divorce. You stood on a bridge and threw your now meaningless wedding ring into that river.

Once, when I was little, the people next door, the Antlers, had a terrible argument, and Mrs. Antler ran out the front door and threw her wedding ring into the bushes in front of their house. I saw her do it. That night I watched from my bedroom window as Mr. and Mrs. Antler together hunted through those bushes, on their knees, with flashlights, for hours.

So, Benedict, where I come from there were a lot of wedding rings tossed around. Me, when I have a wedding ring, I don't intend to take it off. Ever. Just so you know.

Victor sidled into the courtyard just when the waiter was presenting us with menus as big as the bonnet of a small car. Victor joined us, and the waiter nearly knocked off Victor's reading glasses as he flourished another menu under his nose. We were each hidden from sight behind this menu flotilla. Everything about this place was slightly oversized. Perhaps that signifies luxury. I imagine that we looked, from above, like three giant moths poised for flight.

THE voice of Victor insisted that I order the Truite au Bleu, the specialty of the place. He ordered gray sole for Anne, who contributed no thoughts of

her own about what she would like to eat.

"I will take the steak," he said to the waiter—rather imperiously, I thought. Why did it bother me so? "I will take the steak." I have no toes, so I will not merely have, as others do, but I will take. I survived childhood at Auschwitz, so I can cheat on my wife and I will take the steak.

The waiter plucked away the menus. I cannot begin to enumerate all the ways that I do not like this man. I do not like what Anne has become, is becoming, will become. A spinster with a special feeling for a certain flower stall. (Victor bought her flowers there once; she has taken me to see the particular shade of roses this vender sells, and I was made to admire them as if the very shade of pink signals the deep significance of it all.) A childless woman alone on holidays. A woman with a gray soul.

Why did I expect that Anne would pay for this meal? In fact, in the end she did pick up the check, but not because Victor managed the simple maneuver of looking the other way. No, by the time the check came it was much more complicated than that.

Our starters had been served, consumed, and cleared (duck-liver pâté and vegetable terrine, quite good, actually, though Victor had been unpleasant with the waiter's suggestion that he might like soup—thoughtless of the waiter not to realize that, having lived on ghastly soup in a concentration camp, Victor is greatly pained when soup possibilities arise in his present life) when another group was seated across from us.

At this point Anne was seated between Victor and me; when Victor was shown to our table, Anne had moved over nearer to me, either despite or in response to Victor's murmured, "Ah, I shall be a thorn between two roses." So we had got ourselves into the same configuration as at the beach. I thought I saw Victor looking uncomfortable, but I didn't think it was in response to anything said, as our conversation at that juncture was pointless and desultory, mostly about the food. The next time I turned my head Victor had disappeared.

He had simply vanished. Anne looked quite disturbed.

"What happened to Victor?" I felt, for a brief moment, on the edge of hysteria, like Ingrid Bergman in "Gaslight." I also had an absurd sense that Anne was about to launch into a complete

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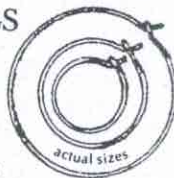
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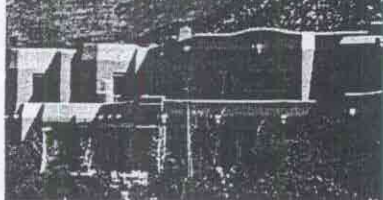
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summary of What Happened to Victor, up to and including the Allied doctors wanting to amputate those hideous feet. Was Victor a demon? A golem? I wished I had taken his picture.

"Victor is right here—he's under the table," Anne murmured, looking straight ahead, her lips barely moving. Her tension was almost comical. I half expected her to say, "Just act natural."

"May I ask why?"

"A woman who plays tennis with Annamarie is at that table."

"Ah. An F. of the F."

"Don't—this is serious," Anne ground out at me through clenched teeth. There was a muffled gasp from under our table. In an attempt to kick me, she had kicked Victor.

Our main courses arrived, borne out to the courtyard by three waiters in a procession. Each carried a tray on which was a plate under a silver dome. The domed plates were placed before us. Victor's was set down at his place. The three waiters looked confused.

"Monsieur?" one murmured.

"Monsieur had to leave," Anne replied, in English, so indistinctly that the waiter almost couldn't hear her over the rushing of the stream. He cupped his hand behind one ear and bent down over her shoulder.

"Is everything all right, Mademoiselle?" he asked, also switching to English.

"Oui," she answered, cutting off any further discussion.

"You can leave the steak," I said, figuring that Victor might still want to eat it somehow. Also, we were going to have to pay for it. Hell, I would take it home and eat it.

The waiters glumly went through their ritual of simultaneous revelation, whisking all three silver domes high into the air after a wordless count of three. Victor's absence had spoiled it for them.

Now what?

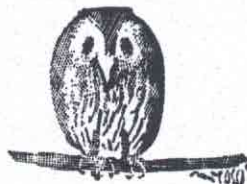
Anne and I ate dinner in total silence. One of her hands was in her lap all through the meal; I realized that she must be stroking Victor's head or something.

"Look, does this happen a lot?"

She shook her head, giving me reason to believe that it did and that discussion about it was unwelcome at this time. I didn't know whether to hurry or linger

over the food. How were we going to get Victor out of there unseen? I poked at my trout, which stared me down. I ate my potatoes and my courgette matchsticks done up in a bundle and tied with a string of chive.

My few days in Geneva with Anne had seemed beyond ordinary experience from the start, but this evening was now taking on aspects of a de Chirico. The waiters, the artificial outdoor setting, the imitation of gracious service, the contrived arrangements of food, the deception of Anne's true love lurking under the tablecloth—nothing seemed real. The food had no taste in my mouth. The wine, a Gewürz, tasted like glass.



Across from us, the waiter was erecting menus in front of the people at the table with Annamarie's tennis friend, and, when he had worked his way around, their view in our

direction was completely obscured. Victor must have been on the lookout for this opportunity; he flung the tablecloth up and bolted straight out like a sprinter crouched at the starting block when the gun goes off.

Anne and I sat very still, as if we had agreed in advance to ignore this moment. Without turning my head I saw the edge of Victor's jacket go by, and I could hear for an instant the crunching of Victor's shoes on gravel; perhaps I only thought I could hear the Citroën engine turn over. The escape from Stalag 17 was a complete success.

The people at the next table ordered very fussily and precisely, with much mutual consulting, and their menus were folded away one by one until the waiter bustled off with news of their choices for the kitchen.

I asked our waiter for Victor's untouched steak to be wrapped so we could take it home. The waiter sneered and ordered a busboy to do it. Anne declined salad, cheese, a sweet, and coffee, and I didn't argue, although I would have liked coffee. The waiter shrugged and deposited the already totalled check on our table, showing that he had expected as much.

Anne paid. I had credit cards and cash, which I offered, but she didn't want to talk about it. The busboy returned with the steak wrapped in foil that had been fashioned sarcastically into

the shape of a swan, with the neck forming a sort of handle.

We got up to leave. I said, "What about—" and Anne shushed me so furiously that I felt slapped, humiliated. We left the courtyard. As we turned out of the restaurant entrance, and Anne stalked past the empty spot where the Citroën had been parked, I realized we were taking the bus back. Damn. I had been looking forward to the comfort of a car ride after dinner.

We filed along in uncompanionable silence, which was disturbed now and again by the rush of passing cars. It was even weirder to be traipsing along this road at night. Cars sometimes slowed in an alarming way. I felt eyes appraising us. I was following Anne, as before, and could not decipher those shoulders, that stride. I felt like a child, with my party-favor swan. I thought of Victor, driving alone in his Citroën. I ought to feel something like sympathy for him, but I don't. I try to see him through Anne's eyes, but I can't.

The bus stop was lit by a solitary street lamp. It felt futile to wait there, long after any bus might come along, but Anne assured me that they ran hourly.

"What do you suppose Victor is going to do about dinner?" I finally asked, wanting to say something, not that Victor's alimentary requirements were high on my list of concerns.

"That's his Axminster, don't you think?"

"Do you think the woman recognized you?"

"I don't see how she could have, as she's never seen me."

"Where do you suppose Annamarie thinks Victor is tonight?"

"I haven't the foggiest. I never think about that."

"Don't you think you ought to, from time to time?"

There was the longest, most uncomfortable silence. Like a mirage, our bus came into view.

O H, Benedict. Is this what love is, what love makes people do? On the one hand: would you hide under a table for me? On the other hand: why the hell would you need to? Maybe I'm just smug because I've got you, and, compared to this, ours is a simple life. Sometimes, for

admittedly brief interludes, I persuade myself that it's all romantic, and European, and I'm a gauche American with naïve ideas about how the world is.

But no. This is awful. I could leave before my two weeks are up, but Anne wants me here; she's made several cryptic remarks about how important this visit is to her. Maybe I'm supposed to bear witness to this glorious erotic connection. Maybe I'm supposed to pass judgment. (Ignatz Mouse *wanted* to go to jail, remember. Am I here to see the flung brick and play Offissa Pup?)

And then there's you, whom I miss very much. How is life at the most uncompetitive tennis camp in New England? I picture you surrounded by rich children in tennis whites scarfing down hot dogs while you sweat over the grill. Luckies. They are sunburned and demanding. You are sunburned and patient. There is red clay staining your sneakers and the left pocket of your shorts. You wish you could have a beer. A camper with a bee sting cries. Smoke gets in your eyes.

If you think I sound confused about Anne and Victor, you're right. I don't know which I fear more: feeling I might have to do something, or feeling I can't do anything. And which would be worse? Do I just want to punish Victor? Could Annamarie possibly be grateful for a note, a telephone call, or would that be a betrayal of Anne, despite its being for the best? And would it be for the best?

I've got to go, but one more thing. When I was seven, I was standing on the corner at Second Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street with my grandmother—we were on our way to Central Park—when a little boy darted into the street in front of us. Gay let go my hand and lifted him up onto the sidewalk with a quick underarm hoist, and then he turned around in a fury, no little boy at all but a middle-aged dwarf, with acne scars and a Don Ameche mustache. He was about my height.

"Fuck you, lady!" he said—a reasonable response, I suppose, to being rescued when you don't need to be rescued at all. But maybe he was in danger. I've never thought of that possibility until right now. Maybe she did the right thing. What do you think?

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