

to a kind of annulment or anomaly? Like most people who live in other people's houses, I was only allowed to do certain things at certain hours. Most importantly or perhaps least importantly in retrospect, I was only allowed to cook meals for myself before 8:30 pm, and since I was always out at the Old Town or some other bar after work, I rarely made it home in time to cook for myself. I would usually buy a sandwich from a deli nearby or at a store which sold a kind of hoagie called a Blimpie. They were delicious and so large that I could usually get two meals out of a single Blimpie. When I came home late at night I had a small desk where I would eat a leftover Blimpie and write a poem on a blue IBM Selectric that I had used in college. And so I made myself unthinkingly a schedule of drinking, eating out, looking for apartments, and occasionally getting my hair cut and writing a poem if the time saw fit. It is odd but I do not think I ever had a Chinese take-out that first year in New York even though I now think the Chinese food in New York is among the best I have ever eaten, with the possible exception of the restaurants in Taipei. Because I had very little money that year, I bought only two books between September, when I started working at Viking Penguin, and December of 1981. What is that something in a story that keeps waiting to

