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P.O. Box 378
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October 29, 1990

Ms. Charlotte Walker
PO Box 123
Wells Bridge, NY 13859

Dear Charlotte;

Enclosed is the latest royalty statement from the Women's Press in London. I have written to advise them that henceforth all royalty statements and payments should be sent directly to you.

Hope you are doing well.

Charlotte Zoé Walker
 P.O. Box 123
 Wells Bridge, NY 13859
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August 30, 1990

Dear Alice and Robert,

I've been meaning to write just to say how pleased I was to see the article in the NYTIMES about the beneficial effect and influence of your new book, Robert. That must be very satisfying! I meant to pass the article on to Stan Lindberg at GEORGIA REVIEW, because he had not known about the book when I mentioned it to him, and was very interested. Unfortunately, that issue of the TIMES slid away from me somehow, so I'll only be able to mention it to him. Here, by the way, is the reason I was talking with Stan Lindberg--my story in the current GR. I hope it may be worth a couple of smiles for you both!

Thanks for your notes and good wishes as you let me know about your decision to cease publication of Wild Trees (only for the time being, I hope!). I think I may have failed to respond when you asked what I had done with a \$13 royalty check that was never cashed. I think I must have lost it in the flurry of getting ready for my surgery last year, etc. Rather than issue me a new one, perhaps you can just make it up in a stray copy or two of CONDOR AND HUMMINGBIRD if any are left lying around? (By the way, if you ever find yourself with another box or two returned from distributors, I would certainly be interested in buying them.)

Now that I will not be receiving royalty statements from Wild Trees any more, can you kindly pass on to me photocopies of any statements which come from The Women's Press, or any other news of the status of our edition with them? Strangely, I never received even a single book review of the Women's Press edition, but assume it is at present still in print there?

I hope you've both had a very fulfilling and creative summer! I am, as I'm sure you are, very sad and angry too about the current developments in the Middle East. Just when a little hope emerges, those war-loving, profit-loving old men seem to find a new excuse to feed the monster! My ^{just-finished} hopeful, happy little book seems like the smallest chickadee (not even a fierce little hummingbird!) next to all these things. But I think of how chickadees were Chief Plenty Coups' totem, and take hope from that, that somehow it was not a waste to write Touching Earth. Anyway, it's finished!--At least for the time being . . .

I'm thinking of you both with such affection and good will, knowing that whatever you are doing, it is going to help things somehow, is going to make a positive difference. May all your efforts and all your being be smiled upon and nourished!

Love,

Charlotte

The Georgia Review

Spring/Summer 1990



William S. Burroughs

Charlotte Zoë Walker

The Very Pineapple

I

“I’M not crazy about having another stroke,” Cory says. Her delicate hand with its knotted veins rests a little shakily on the papers in her lap.

“But you’ve never had a stroke!” her graying stepdaughter responds. Slender and exotic in her pale-orange Indian sari, Mirabai is taking a rare day off from directing a suburban yoga retreat. “Or at least you never told me, you never—”

“In the play, you silly goose! This damned new play I told Kenneth I’d do for him.” Cory looks sharply at her with those liquid, brilliant eyes that were once her claim to ingenue fame.

“Oh!” Mirabai is flustered. She raises the battered mug to her lips and gazes out over the Hudson—or the glints of it that are visible through Cory’s treetops. Since she gets away from the yoga ashram to visit Cory only two or three times a year, it’s always a little baffling—putting together her worldly self again. But her beloved Cory calls it forth each time: Cory, who was always so much more loving than her real mother. Cory, who is so beautiful just now in her anger, her eyes still sparkling with passion and energy as if she were thirty-eight instead of eighty-three.

“Really, Peg—Mira!” (Mirabai has had her Sanskrit name for fifteen years now, but her family still hates to use it. What was wrong with Peg, for goodness sake?) Cory pats her fingers in a little paisley design along the typescript: “Don’t you realize? I’ve spent the last dozen years in a wheelchair, or a rocking chair, looking blankly, or hauntedly, out some damned window or other.”

"But you haven't! Just last year you went to Japan for that festival: 'Our National Treasure,' the American ambassador called you."

"Peggy! I know you are hidden away most of the time in that nunnery, or whatever it is, but you *are* still a child of the theater!"

"All right!" Mirabai laughs. "I just don't see why after all these years, you suddenly identify so much with your characters. You always said you'd take *any* part so long as it had presence of some kind. Murderesses, sneaks, tragic consumptives..."

"Fine! That would be fine, it's just that I'd like a little of that range *now*. What do I get now? Stroke victims, heart-attack victims, guilty dying mothers seeking atonement, misunderstood dying mothers meting out forgiveness, embittered dying spinsters staring out windows... I'm sick of it!"

"Who wouldn't be? I wish you'd come to the ashram and see the performances we've been putting on. They're so full of life and joy, Cory—the way theater used to be for you! A wonderful young director from India is with us, and in a couple of months we're going to put on the *Ramayana*!" Mirabai stops. Her family is always bored when she talks about the ashram.

"Well, that would be nice, dear." Actually Cory feels a spark of interest. What would that kind of theater be like? Not that one could expect much, but... "It might really be fun. But I won't be able to tear myself away from Kenneth's rehearsals—hours and hours in a wheelchair!"

Mirabai looks at Cory tenderly. "Cory, dearest, you don't have to take those parts if you don't want to."

"This time I guess I do. I promised him. He needed my name to get the funding, you know. And it's a good play, for that matter."

"Is it?"

"Well, let's say it's sensitive and tightly knit and unsentimental and truth-seeking—within its limited parameters."

"And what are those?"

"A complete lack of imagination—and a stunning reliance on stereotypes!"

"Then, I don't see why you owe him," Mirabai laughs. "Why build your own prison? If you don't like the roles they give you, don't take them."

Build my own prison. Cory falls into a deep well, a rocking chair at

the bottom—or is it a wheelchair? She sits down there and rocks, or spins her wheels. Like all the characters in the plays, she is just waiting for death, isn't she? Only one difference: she's working. At eighty-three—working!

From the bottom of the well, she speaks the truth, lets it echo up to her dear almost-daughter who has that tempting saintly aura of one who might really be able to help—if only she didn't belong to a cult. "I'm scared not to, Peggy, it's as simple as that. I'm scared there won't be any parts at all if I get choosy. And you know how I love working. It keeps me nasty, the way I should be—keeps me younger than the parts they give me."

Mirabai is silent now. She feels her eyes getting heavy, feels like going into meditation, but Cory couldn't bear that, she knows. "Dear Cory," she says finally, through the dazzling waves, "Listen to your own spirit, what it's—"

"Peg," Cory leans forward. "You know what I'd like? I'd like to play Mrs. Malaprop in *The Rivals* again. An allegory on the banks of the Nile! I'd like to make people laugh. Consoling them with some dying person's quiet courage, et cetera et cetera—that's not what I want. I want those laughs again, Sheridan again, a big lively, sassy cast again. I'm sick of these claustrophobic little two- or three-person dramas for the sake of a low budget."

"Mrs. Malaprop!" laughs Mirabai. She decides not to mention the *Ramayana* again, with its cast of thousands. "That *would* be fun. Do some for me, Cory, won't you? The way you used to for us girls? Remind me . . ." A sweetness steals over her, her eyes flutter with that meditative embrace, and with something else—the old family love that Cory and her father provided: the twice-a-month weekends for herself and Jill, away from their mother's coldness; those saving plunges into theater and laughter.

Cory draws herself up, just as she used to in the great plays, just as she used to in those bedtime entertainments, tucking Jeff's girls in so grandly. Sparks fly from her eyes. "Peg," she says, "you are the very pineapple of politeness!"

"I am," laughs Mirabai, "indeed, I am."

II

Opening night. Act two, scene two. Flannel-robed Cory in wheelchair, center stage. Joshua Edwards and Anita Belmont, who play Cory's

middle-aged, middle-class son and daughter, are doing their level best with a long, long scene in which they relive their sibling rivalries while fighting over Cory's fate: a nursing home or one of their homes. Oh God, how real, Cory thinks. How very real and how very dull. I've avoided that fate for myself—so far. Why should I help people assume it's inevitable?

The lines Cory would put in the play, if she allowed herself, would be very different from this dying old woman's long silences. She would have a magical healing; she would discover her own strength somehow—stand up and say, "The hell with this, I'm taking care of myself!" Then she would fling off her stupid lap robe and walk right over the footlights, down center aisle, and out the door. Now that's drama!

Cheap drama, though. She can't do it.

No, says Mrs. Malaprop scornfully, you can't do it. You're the very pineapple of politeness.

What am I doing? thinks Cory. Where did *she* come from? Hang onto your character, Cory! Don't go letting someone from another play into this one!

Ah, but this play needs me, says Mrs. Malaprop, it needs my perpendiculars!

Start the ancient lessons all over again, then. Sensory memory, spiritual concentration—all the old chestnuts. You're a defeated old woman whose children are deciding your fate. You're a stuffed dummy they put on the stage. You have a semigood line coming up in half an hour, of course, but it's not *that* good. For the time being, you are just supposed to look fiercely at them now and then, show your spirit isn't quite dead.

Her knees twitch. Her feet tingle. Up! Up! We want to dance!

You'll be finished in the theater, her head says. They'll say you're senile, that's all. They won't get the point. Then *you'll* be the one in a nursing home!

Up! Up! say her knees and her heart. You only have to follow through in the right way. Call a press conference. Make a manifesto.

But everyone's dead who would understand. They're all dead—my dear Jeffrey, Henry, Marguerite. Even the younger generation—even Mary who played such a sprightly Lydia Languish to my Mrs. Malaprop—all the best ones are dead. And it would be against all she believes in. It would be against all those years of devotion to her craft. The vision of Stanislavsky, of Ouspenskaya, of those summers with the Group Theatre and then the Actors' Studio—half a century of dedication to the line,

the role, the beautiful interplay of detachment and involvement that makes acting great.

Besides, I can't do it to Kenneth, she reasons, even though he should have imagined better. I took it on; it's my duty to see it through.

She forces her hands to tremble helplessly on the lap robe. Let this be part of the role—this old woman trembling. I am this helpless old woman trembling. I have one good line coming up in about ten minutes. My son and my daughter haggle over me, over how they will betray me. Soon I will have my cliché to say.

Closing Night. Act two, scene two. Flannel-robed Cory in wheelchair, center stage.

Oh, says Mrs. Malaprop, it gives me the hydrostatics to such a degree! There's nothing to be lost by a little display, a little dismay at the end of this display! The stupid thing *deserves* to close after five miserable nights. Yet here you sit so dutifully, as if my particles never made a participle of difference to you!

Down, says Cory under her breath, whacking the back of her left hand with the right. You stay out of this, you old dragon!

Oh fie! It *would* be inelegant in us, wouldn't it? says Mrs. M. We should only participate things!

Suddenly Cory is standing up, flinging her lap robe in the face of Joshua Edwards, her second-act son. Let him recover from that! she thinks. Let's see if he knows how to improvise!

"Fie!" she says. "You are as bad as allegories on the banks of the Nile! Where is your imagination? Where is your author's imagination? We old women are sick of being haggled over. Real hags don't stand for haggling! We dance—" she gets behind the wheelchair and uses it like a ballet barre—"we play—" then gives it a kick so that it goes rolling away to stage left—"and we heal—" she flings her arms to the air and imagines herself in northern woods, walking on pine needles, walking through shafts of sun. Cory smiles at her stage son and daughter. "Oh don't you see?" She says. "I am a medicine woman. Come ask my wisdom. I am Crazy Jane talking to the Bishop. Come hear what I know about desire." She sends Joshua a smoldering glance, then lets it slide to the audience, as she smiles radiantly, mischievously at them. Takes a deep breath and tries to say it: "I am life, not death, you see. And that's why I want us to know the theater again, the real theater—the great, high energy of the stage!"

Because she is so venerable an actress, or so vulnerable an old woman,

or because everyone is so stunned, Cory is allowed to make this long speech before her colleagues recover. They were fumbling for an opening, a place in which to say, "Oh my God, Mother's out of her mind!" But their parts are gone, blown away. Handsome Joshua does the best theatrical thing he can think of: he kneels at Cory's feet and kisses her hand. This infuriates her, but Anita Belmont's action comforts: Anita grabs her other hand and holds it high. And when Cory whispers to her, "Help me off the stage!" she does. Cory manages to get down the center steps without her shaky legs buckling under her. Then she squares her shoulders, shrugs Anita away with a quick "Thanks!" and walks down the aisle at a sweepingly, dancingly dignified pace.

Scattered applause begins, and by the time she reaches the back of the theater, it's loud enough for Sarah Bernhardt—and as thrilling as ever. She wishes she had kept the lap robe to throw over her shoulders like a cape—all she's got is an old woman's bathrobe to wear like a gown of Duse's. I ought to hail a cab and just keep going, she thinks. But she can't, she'd look like an escaped mental patient. Damn this stupid role and its stupid, dreary costuming! Yet she is laughing, shaking with triumph and age mixed together.

Already Jenkins is at her side, wanting to get the story. Then Pearson. Whatever are they here for on closing night? Has someone said it will be Cory Meadows' final bow?

"Tomorrow morning," she says. "I'll hold a press conference tomorrow at 10:00."

"Where?" they ask.

"Why, right here, of course." But she wonders if the doors will be opened for her. She wonders if these journalists will bother to come back.

"Come on, Cory," says Pearson. "Tomorrow's a slow news day. Talk to us now!"

"What I have to say, young man, is not for a slow news day." She pauses—the kind of pause she's famous for—"But . . . you may come to my dressing room in half an hour, if you wish." She gives him, free of charge, her most tantalizing smile.

In her dressing room, Cory leans back on the threadbare gray tapestry chaise that she's had trundled into every dressing room for forty years or so. Trembling, she sinks into the frayed old comfort. Dizzy. Fainting on my fainting couch.

Oh, you've done it now, you old thing. A nice derangement of epitaphs!

Shut up, she says. And closes her eyes to enjoy the sweet dizziness, the whirling and whirling.

"Cory, are you all right?"

She groans when she sees Kenneth's balding head with its worried face, poking through the doorway. No doubt he thinks she's dying. "Kenneth—please come in."

As always, eel-like, he enters the room without opening the door more than a crack. He sits down on the spindly chair by the dressing table. He rests his elbow near dark red, opening-night roses, still almost fresh.

"Cory, what happened?" His voice with that hush of disaster, of horror.

"Oh, Kenneth, I couldn't help myself," she says. "You can't imagine how I tried to suppress it. Ever since opening night, Mrs. Malaprop has been egging me on!"

"Why didn't you tell me? Maybe we could have..."

"Kenneth, dear, there was nothing we could have done. If I had asked out of the play, you would have insisted I stay, and it would have been a standoff. It's my fault—I just can't bear this kind of part any more. Maybe it's getting too close to home, or maybe I just don't have much time left onstage, and I want it to be more... spirited!"

Kenneth slides down in the chair, his chin on his chest. The figure of despondency.

"Kenneth, I'm truly sorry," she says.

He laughs sadly. "The least you could have done, Cory, would have been to make this display on *opening* night! Then I would never have had to read the reviews. I could have blamed you, when we closed, for wrecking my masterpiece! Now—" He laughs again, closes his hand on the delicate old fingers that Cory reaches out to him with her ageless elegance. She laughs too.

"Now you have to listen to Mrs. Malaprop," she says, "before you write your next play. And help me face the reporters."

III

Cory has slept through the morning meditation. She makes a point of it, on principle. She does like the evening meditations, though, with these sweet young people (and some not-so-young ones too) all walking into the quiet, incense-scented room on graceful bare feet, wearing their deli-

cate-colored gauze clothing, sitting down and pulling their shawls around lovely shoulders. The tiny children running in and diving into their parents' laps, whispering eagerly, then falling silent. Cory doesn't like to admit it, but the meditations seem not too different from the concentration exercises she did with Michael Chekhov forty years ago. She almost likes the whole business—except when it starts to sound like religion.

The guru himself causes great mixed feelings in her: he is recovering from a stroke, just like her character in that stupid play. But everything is so different here. As he struggles to speak, as he tries to write notes with his left hand, the frustration that crosses over his face is quickly replaced by love, by laughter. But she cannot countenance the idea of a guru. And she cannot forgive him for luring poor Peg into this strange life, giving up sure success, fame even, for this semiloony bin. It still amazes her that Peg is actually running the place—is actually, it seems, the guru's chosen successor. Her little Peggy, some kind of a swami!

If that doesn't prove life is stranger than art, I don't know what would, Cory thinks.

She has been hiding here ever since the infamous closing night. Unable to face Kenneth again—even though he was so nice in the dressing room just afterward, said it did him good. Still, she is mortified. How could I do something so foolish?

What makes her hardest on herself is that she took the part in the first place—agreed to it. No—even worse is that she *talked* about the great, high energy of theater and didn't make it happen. All she gave them was a lame protest statement and an old woman walking up the aisle!

Still, she listens to Peg and to Mrs. Malaprop, and she watches the excited preparations for the ashram's big production of the Indian epic, the *Ramayana*. The story is being read during the evening programs, so she is picking up bits of it. No wonder they love it so much in India. It has all the drama one could ask for: a ten-headed demon, a monkey god, a handsome godly hero with a trusty sidekick, and a beautiful, endangered heroine. Even an enchanting golden deer!

In the evenings, after dinner, she has been sitting on a blanket on the hillside above the lake, watching the rehearsals. A choreographed demon army doing frenzied sword dances, an exquisite young Sita miming her fascination with the golden deer. And in the midst of it all, Jyoti Akbar, the extraordinary young director from India, who is also a dancer and choreographer. He is utterly beautiful with his curly black hair, those

great dark eyes, and that warm, sweet smile. Yet he is always gently in command of everything that is going on—teaching new gestures, new dance steps, watching all at once the several different rehearsal groups ranged about on the lawn. What brought him here to this odd place? Why didn't he stay in India, where they say he is famous? Cory watches, fascinated, each evening, then attends the lovely, quiet meditations afterward. And in the mornings—like the lifelong actor she is—she sleeps late.

Now Cory, after a leisurely awakening to the sounds of the ashram—the birds, the children, the soft greetings of people beginning to work in the vegetable garden outside her window—is sitting in the tiny kitchen of Mirabai's apartment in a converted chicken coop, while Mirabai, just back from meditation, makes breakfast for them.

"Don't look now," Cory says, "but that very sleazy young man is right outside the window, with his hat pulled down and his legs stretched out on your garden table."

"Do you mind if I invite him to breakfast?" Mirabai asks. "He's my maintenance supervisor, and if he gets any madder at me this week, I'm afraid I'll lose him."

"Lord, Peggy, what a thankless job you have! I still can't believe that you run this whole outfit—or would want to!"

Mirabai smiles and sets a cup of strong-smelling coffee on the deal table in front of Cory, then walks behind her and starts to knead her shoulders. Wonderful massage they do here. Wonderful! My old bones do love it, it's a great seduction. She reaches a hand up to her shoulder to pat Peggy's hand. Mirabai's hand opens to Cory's, and they touch lovingly. "Ask him in, love," Cory says. "These young men are all in love with you, aren't they? They don't even notice you're well into your fifties. You should have stayed in the theater!"

"I *am* in the theater," says Mirabai. "Did you ever see such drama in your life as you find here?" She taps on the window. "Yogi Ram! Want some breakfast with us?"

He slouches in, bearded, scowling, and nods at Cory like a cowpoke to a schoolmarm. Might at least say, "Howdy, ma'am," thinks Cory, as he sits down and takes the proffered mug in a barely civil manner. No pineapple of politeness, he. Most of the young people here are quite clean and attractive in their Indian gauzes and their shining faces. This disgruntled one must be an awfully good worker!

"Got to talk to you about the tents down by the lake," he says. Mirabai, in her pale-orange sari that hangs so gracefully on her tall, slender

frame, sits down to her own coffee, and gives him the attentiveness of her deep-set blue eyes (so much like Jeffrey's!). "We have twelve people signed up to stay in them, and now it looks like they're leaking. And speaking of leaking—" he offers a wry grin—"the shower still leaks all over the floor in the Main House dormitory. Also we haven't got enough lighting equipment for the *Ramayana*. How'm I supposed to get it by Saturday when I can't even find Uma Devi to write out a check for me? You've got to get people to be more reliable."

"Well, young man, I think I can help with the lighting," Cory breaks in. "And you won't need anyone to write a check for it."

He lifts an eyebrow in her direction.

"I have an attic full of old stage equipment," she says. "Left over from the period when my husband and I had our own summer theater."

"Corrry . . ." breathes Mirabai hungrily. "You still have all that stuff?"

"Some of it," says Cory. "I'll trade you some for a bit part in this epic of yours. I've always wanted to be a demon."

"Thank you, Miss Meadows," the young man says with a grace she hadn't thought him capable of. "I am going to find Jyoti right now. He's going to be thrilled."

"About me or the lighting?" Cory asks.

"Both." He flashes a quick smile. He might even be handsome, if he trimmed that beard and combed some of the debris out of it.

"First time I ever had to buy a part," Cory says.

"Don't tease," says Mirabai. "You know we've been *dying* to ask you!"

IV

Opening night. Cory in demon costume, stage right. Rama and Sita, center stage. The stage is actually a lakeside platform, the surrounding lawn and hillside, and the lake. Nothing claustrophobic about this play!

The late August night is chilly. Underneath the red, black, and green demon outfit with its witchy flowing sleeves, Cory is wearing long underwear—too big—that Mirabai has lent her. Still her bones are cold as the epic unfolds slowly under the slowly rising moon. But she is huddled together with loving young people. At one point, as the demons wait for their turn, three little children in monkey costumes—long multicolored feathers for tails—rush up to give her a blanket. Adorably, they do their best to wrap it around her as she laughingly accepts. From his spot in

the center of the lower lawn, where he directs in full sight, like a symphony conductor with a flashlight instead of a baton—Jyoti Akbar sends an endearing smile to her.

An audience of fifty or sixty is sprawled on sleeping bags and blankets on the higher slopes of the lawn, oohing and ahing over special effects like Sita's dance of temptation with the enchanting golden deer—a young woman in gold tights and antlers who moves so delicately and wittily that you forget entirely who she is. And Cory's favorite moment, when the young god Rama and his faithful brother set forth for the island of Lanka to rescue their beloved Sita: this amazing Jyoti Akbar has enlisted the ashram rowboat and the actual lake for them to glide away on, under perfect lighting (from Cory's attic!), over the dark, gleaming waters until they disappear. And such gasps from audience and players alike, at the astonishing moment when Hanuman, the monkey god, sets fire to Lanka. It is done with such cleverness and grace, torches along the lake-side reflecting in the water, that even the actors believe they are seeing a city in flames.

And now!—oh what a rush!—comes the battle between demons and the monkey army, made up so endearingly of little children! Cory lifts her wooden scimitar and rushes into battle with her fellow demons—some of them the real-life mothers and fathers of the monkey-children. Fiercely they battle, but the tiny monkeys vanquish them. Colorful tails waving behind their wiry little bodies, the brave little children seem to her not part of an Indian epic, but of one of the beloved Narnia books that she used to read to Peggy and Jill. One by one, the demons fall, and the happy monkeys gather round their general, the monkey god Hanuman, son of the wind! Cory is blissful as she lies fallen, vanquished in the dewy grass, sharing with her fellow demons the sweet comfort of body-warmth and smothered, joyous little laughs.

v

It was the very pineapple of delightfulness, says Mrs. M. No matter if our bones *do* ache with the rheumatiz now.

Yes it was. I haven't been so warmed, so cuddled and joyed since Jeffrey died.

They are conversing quite spiritedly in the silence of the evening meditation. Occasional coughs and delicate sounds of shifting hips, of fabrics sliding as legs uncross and recross themselves here, there, in this

converted living room of an old mansion that has been a meditation room for twenty years now—since the heyday of such things in the sixties. Cory lifts her eyes to look around the room from her old-person's chair in the corner. Soft blue rug, blue curtains, and Tibetan paintings, pictures of Indian gods, candlelight. A warm and strangely foreign place. The bright-orange figure of the guru facing his students. Peggy swaying in the front row, her deep meditation marked by an odd little frown. Now why that frown if it's all so peaceful? Cory has always wanted to ask, but she likes it. Besides, Peg always had that frown whenever she concentrated, from the earliest childhood days that Cory knew her. Serious little thing with her sweet mouth and that firm little vertical line between her eyes!

The others in the room are no longer strangers, but people Cory has come to love, many of them with Sanskrit names that she finds easier to accept than her own Peggy's name, of course. And some with the names they were born with. Durga of the steady, abundant motherhood, who sits in a white sari, with a thumb-sucking three-year-old leaning on one hip and a one-year-old sprawled in the circle of her crossed legs. Jyoti Akbar in his nimble shining, eyes closed and body still—yet he seems to be dancing even then. He has become her good friend; they talk of theater in the afternoons, and she has ideas of getting him into a house off-Broadway. Among all the delicately balanced straight backs, attentive heads straight up and gazing inward, there is the surly Yogi Ram in jeans and a flannel shirt, bent over a bit as if with heavy responsibility, humming a bit, like—oh, the name escapes her!—like that great cellist she loves like her own brother. All these sweet, attentive minds attuned to—or seeking—something Cory can't quite get. What do they feel? What do they listen to?

Not to the likes of me, I'll wager! says Mrs. Malaprop. Their life is quite delirious, I'm sure, but in the end it's not for us, you know. If we sit so piously one day longer, I think I'll get the hydrostatics!

You old dragon, says Cory. What about all those years in wheelchairs and rocking chairs onstage? Now you can't take a little loving quiet in this gentle place?

Oh, we'll come back, says Mrs. M, of course we'll come back. They'll stir us up and we'll stir them. But now I want to go home. I miss the stage, the lascivious stage!

After the meditation, a big baking tray of dark, healthy-looking cake is brought in, and cups of peppermint tea are poured and passed about the room. Durga's sleeping one-year-old still lies sprawled, rosy-lipped, one

flushed cheek against the blue carpet, his mother's shawl thrown over him. Bare feet step gently around him as people hand out the cake, or greet each other.

The guru—such a tiny, bright-orange figure!—is passing by now, tired from the long evening, yet with a friendly word or a chuckle for everyone he sees along the way. He stops by Cory, gives her a searching look with those brilliant eyes in the dark, strangely transparent, bearded face.

"How long you stay with us?" he says in his awkward, poststroke, Indian-accented English. Still, Cory understands him.

"I'm leaving soon," she says.

"No, stay!" he says. "We need you."

"I'll come back," she says. "I like your theater here. I'd like to work some more with Jyoti Akbar."

"Ah. Good," he says. He rests his warm hand on top of her head a moment, then walks on.

And now Mirabai pulls herself away from the circle of ashram friendliness and ashram problems that surrounds her after each program. She comes smiling to Cory's chair in the corner and folds up childlike at Cory's feet. Usually she stands behind Cory to rub her shoulders for her, knowing just where the bones and muscles ache. But this time she leans her head against Cory's knee confidently and rests there a moment.

"Just like old times," laughs Cory, putting her fingers a bit hesitantly into Mirabai's lovely, soft gray curls.

"Oh yes," says Mirabai. "You can't imagine what a blessing it is to have you here, dear Cory-Deary! I'm so busy mothering this whole place, and then you come along and mother me a little bit, without being the least bit motherly! I mean, there you were—of all things, a demon! How my father would have loved it!"

Cory is in danger of crying—she knows it's quite OK here, yet she'd rather not. But the mountain lakes are filling with spring rain, with melting snows, with— "Wouldn't he?" she says. "Wouldn't he have loved it."

PHOEBE: An Interdisciplinary Journal
of Feminist Scholarship, Theory and Aesthetics

Women's Studies Program
(607) 431-3453

SUNY College at Oneonta
Oneonta, NY 13820

P.O. Box 123
Wells Bridge NY 13859
Nov. 23, 1989

Dear Robert & Alice -

Thanks very much for your letter about your plans to end operations at Wild Trees Press. It's sad, but I do think it's also important to have time for your own writing - both of you. I haven't yet read your new book, Robert, but was excited to read an excellent review of it - & a friend of mine heard you speak at a memorial gathering & was very impressed & moved. Hope both your writing projects thrive & have great radiance & influence on our world.

You mentioned that stocks are depleted for C&H. I'm hoping you do have some copies left, & would like to order some - I'm enclosing a check for \$600 & would appreciate it if you can send me as many copies as that will buy, if you have them on hand. And if I can order more, I'd like to do so in the near future. (over)

Yes, it has been so good to have the chance of getting to know you both a little bit through your giving my book its chance in the world. I'm sorry not to have the chance of knowing you better - I hope our paths will cross again in days to come. You know how deeply I appreciate all that you both do - not just what you did for me, but all you do for humankind & the planet!

Love,

Chautau

P.S. If I want to write to you in future, will P.O. Box 378, Navajo, still be good? Or should I have your SF address? (I don't, at present) -

alice walker
publisher

ROBERT allen
general manager

12/5/89

Dear Charlotte —

Thanks for your letter and
good wishes.

Under separate cover I am
sending you 15 copies of Condo.
Have order from distributor for remaining
copies. So the printing is now sold out.
A successful and satisfying venture for
all!

Best wishes to you and your
family from all of us.

Love,
Robert



ENGLISH DEPARTMENT

State University of New York ♦ College at Oneonta

Oneonta, New York 13820-1361

March 18, 1988

Dear Alice and Robert,

One of my colleagues just showed me this review of CoH which I had missed — & I thought you might also have missed it. It cheered me up a bit in this week of further Reagan madness toward Nicaragua — and I hope it may cheer you a little bit too, as it pits us against Ollie North!

Also, here's a rather nice piece the local newspaper did for their weekly college edition. It felt good that the reporter got across for students some of my cherished beliefs about what literature can do for people.

I hope all's well with both of you! Is your health good? I'm moved to ask, because my own has been in crisis lately (asthma attacks requiring hospital ^{emergency} trips & massive reorganization of life style) — & someone suggested to me that these physical crises, like my daughter's & sister's suicide attempts (in Nov. & Jan.) might be responses to the intensity of change without ^{coming out of} the harmonic convergence. (And so, we ultimately creative and positive, of course...*) Still, I hope that all goes smoothly for you both — & am eagerly looking forward to your new book, Alice — and hope your current writing is deeply blessed!

Love, Charlotte
*and this is how it all feels somewhat — energizing, challenging — & even creative!

Home

The Other Modernism

coming into scholarly use. What these documents—letters, drafts, unpublished works—show is that the women's literary efforts often shaped what we today think of as the primary literature (male) of modernism. Financial support like Bryher's of Contact Press and Beach's of Joyce has long been told: in that supportive role, women have been recognized. But that emphasis has itself been condescending. What these women were doing in their own writing gave impetus to experimentation throughout modernist writing (as William Carlos Williams knew when he wrote about Kay Boyle and Stein). Benstock's exploration of the literature written by these women is the most significant part of her study because we do not know this work. Whether published or unpublished, the work of these women has a minute readership today. It deserves to be published, or republished, brought back into the canon, so that we can understand the entire context of what we so glibly call "modernism." Instead of crediting Ezra Pound with much of the theory of the movement, perhaps we should investigate the influence of Natalie Barney's sixty years of salons at 20 rue Jacob; of Djuna Barnes's fiction, which T. S. Eliot found publishers for and wrote introductions to; and of Anaïs Nin's theories of "new" fiction.

The message is relentless. None of these women writers, editors, or publishers was recognized for her lifetime of work—either within her time or since. *Women of the Left Bank* is a beginning to that crucial study: it suggests hundreds of dissertation topics. The great quantity of new information compiled here will impress even the casual reader, but the book is much more than an encyclopedic treatment of cultural and literary history. Benstock informs her impressive knowledge with an inescapable point of view: that many of these women were extremely productive, just as they were extremely long-lived, because they lived in true communities of women. They were lesbians, living nurturing lives that would have been impossible in the States. Evidence suggests that their lifestyles gave them psychic and emotional health. (The contrast is made with women involved in heterosexual arrangements—Zelda Fitzgerald, Jean Rhys, whose lives were much less productive during certain periods of time.) The usual tactic in literary history is to smother the issue of lesbianism, but Benstock sees it as a way of describing both the productivity and the sometimes disguising style of these women writers.

Broadly philosophical, this book avoids the trap of just recounting facts. Ben-

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Women Talking to Women

Women in Latin America

Lucha

Constance Urdang
Coffee House Press, Box 10870, Minneapolis, MN 55440; 1986; 94 pages; paper, \$9.95

Condor and Hummingbird

Charlotte Méndez
Wild Trees Press, P.O. Box 378, Navarro, CA 95463; 1986; 137 pages; cloth, \$8.95

Charlotte Meyer

These are two novels about Latin America, one set in Mexico, the other in Colombia, both written by women from the United States—and who needs them? Do we really need norteamericanas to describe life in countries where they can have been at best extended visitors? My yes to this question might not be so emphatic had I not been reading these two books exactly at the height of "Ollie-mania," in mid-July, during the Congressional hearings on the Iran-Contra connection.

On the TV screen day after day, men talking to men: bald men, hairy men, serious men, silly men, fat and slim men, bespectacled men, men short and tall, all kinds of men, but every one of them similarly suited-and-tied. So when Ollie North appeared in his tough-guy Marine costume, he outmanned them all.

It is only out of contexts such as these that we get what small public glimpses we do get of Latin America—male glimpses, like Ollie North's: vague, generalized, and fear producing. The abstraction "Evil Communism" may produce an image of a guerrilla creeping along the jungle floor, but it does not produce an image of who the ordinary people are and what they want.

Like Urdang, Méndez argues that a people's past is indelible, that each people has its own invincible and inescapable character

Fuller portraits are of course available. For the last fifteen or twenty years in fact, since "el boom"—the explosion of Latin American fiction on the international scene—we have had excellent translations of writing that paints a complex and varied picture of Latin America. And many of the writers have been women—Elena Poniatowska, Isabel Allende, Marta Traba, among many others. So again, do we need these books?

The answer is still yes, not only be-

cause of their clear literary value but because of the remarkable way their themes overlap the work of their southern sisters. What all these books share is the distinctly feminist insight that the personal is political. Whether political dominance is generated from within by military junta, from without by covert influence, or from the past by received custom, it seeps into every corner of daily life. And what both Urdang and Méndez care about is dailiness: family, the growth of children, women's identity, relations with men, the impact of poverty, the paralyzing fear of violence, the value of education—issues and problems that make the military solutions of Colonel North seem simplistic: a boy's answers to very old and very adult problems. Moreover, the books illustrate that a complex understanding of south by north is altogether possible.

Constance Urdang, a prize-winning poet and novelist who has lived in Mexico, presents in the novella *Lucha* two sisters who grow up in the harsh poverty of the Mexican countryside. One sister, Lucha, struggles her way out, by education and marriage, to an affluent but childless life in the city. The other sister, Julia, embraces her rustic life with its natural cycles of feast and famine, birth and death, but she sends one of her daughters, Nieves, to town to live with Lucha so that she too can escape the natural hardships of the country. Nieves, however, scarcely leaves the sheltering walls of her aunt's home. She bears children by four different men, three of them anonymous drunks, and simply adapts her mother's natural ways to the city. Big change comes slow. At the other extreme from Nieves is Blanche, Lucha's American friend, a designer who works for El Señor, Lucha's prosperous husband, a textile manufacturer. Blanche is twice divorced, rootless, independent, iconoclastic, and, to Lucha, shockingly outspoken. She is a good foil for Lucha, who, despite her money, power, and sophistication, remains deeply attached to her culture and religion, lighting candles, for example, in her church when Nieves first starts her period, then accepting into the family without hesitation Nieves's illegitimate children. After a year in the United States on her husband's business, where she moves in a circle of international sophistication and money, Lucha returns to her quiet walled home in San Luis Potosi. She is greeted warmly by Nieves and her brood at the door and Lucha recognizes with "an uneasy sensation like seasickness or the sudden fear when a car's gears slip" that time has stood still there, everyone making

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can't believe something as profound as the idea of going with a gift of technology was going to fail. With no strings attached, not as a person who wanted to push an ideology or make commercial ventures or conquer, only to bring an easier way of dealing with the planet to people who had it rough. . . . he could not believe that it didn't work. But it didn't." As antibodies rally against invading bacteria, so the native population drives out the imperialist—and for a while we are all very sick.

The African way is revealed through Ester, daughter of a black man who picked up a modicum of medical know-

the engagement she perceives in Ester. "Cured? Repaired? Helped? Seen? Yes, that was it. Seen. Looked at. Words that mocked a doctor's function. Ester, offering miracles, was her conscience, marking how she herself had lost touch. Yes, lost touch. While she looked at patients, Esther touched them. Quite literally, challenging the universe, changing the way things were."

Ester's philosophy of life and of healing is described as a balancing of forces. "The other side of life was death. The other side of health was sickness. Of good, evil. Of light, dark. This was how she would take her strength, in balances

And much more than medicine. Antonia's art cannot "heal" Ester's painful adhesions, much less the psychological aftereffects of Ester's rape. Antonia herself is all too aware of this, of the failures of medical science, and of the violence of what Mary Daly calls "patriarchal scholarship." "In an old book she read an anthropologist's attempts to describe native medicine. He used a detached documentary tone reserved by those determined not to patronize or prejudice. . . . Antonia almost laughed thinking what might have been written in his report had the anthropologist followed her around as she treated

can reach."

Thomas is more than skillful. Her consistent confidence in her story, evident in its narration, results in an elegant and often lyrical prose. It is gratifying to encounter such maturity of vision as appears here, such generous human understanding. The novel has the virtue of being less an analysis of how colonialism fails than a gesture against the cynicism such failure relentlessly entails. *Antonia Saw the Oryx First* may well be the best first novel of 1987. **ABR**

Marilyn Krysl's most recent books are *Diana Lucifera (poetry)* and *Mozart, Westmoreland and Me: Stories*.

Women in Latin America continued from page 13

do exactly as before, "as if nothing were happening anywhere, as if everything were not continually changing everywhere else." But after the accidental death of Nieves's young son Gabriel, Lucha concludes despite herself: "Only two things do not dwindle in importance: birth and death. The quarrels and jealousies of public men . . . are of no more consequence than the twittering of sparrows and the squawking of hens."

What is both disturbing and engaging about this book is its ambivalences. For example, what is Urdang's message in the death of Gabriel? He is bitten by an untagged dog scavenging on the streets. The American Blanche rages because the dog had neither received the vaccination offered free by the city nor been picked up by the police. "Damn it all, what's the point of having a decent public health program if everyone ignores it?" But ironically, what actually kills Gabriel is not the dog's bite but his own allergy to the rabies serum. Might it not be said that progress killed him? A

Page 14 ABR

similar ambivalence: while Julia, the country sister, ages quickly from child-bearing and heavy field work, is she any less content or fulfilled than Lucha? Is her life any less important or significant?

This book is poetic, archetypal, and timeless in its clean, pared-down story line—all in all an excellent narrative stance for the work it sets out for itself, namely, to probe, to pose, but not to resolve, the quandary: what is culture? and what is progress?

Condor and Hummingbird, by New Yorker Charlotte Méndez, is set in Colombia in the early 1960s. It is much more topical and autobiographical in tone than *Lucha*, but it likewise presents the dynamic interplay among women from different cultures and generations. Laura, a North American, travels to Bogotá with her Colombian husband Andrés and their daughter Susan to visit his family. At home she had fallen in love with him because of his revolutionary spirit and speech, but once on his own ground he becomes a stranger to her, embracing again all the customs and beliefs of his people. "How could I

have known that behind the ardent voice telling of revolution would be another voice echoing old denials and repressions?" she asks. "Behind those Spanish phrases of seduction, the old rhetoric of guilt?" She witnesses the evidences of "La Violencia" in cold, damp Bogotá, where memories of the failed revolution are still vivid. She is frequently frightened and alienated by Andrés's strange and violent family. His sister Francisca, tall and mannish, who was once put away in a mental institution, both frightens and attracts her. Fierce, angry and dark—the "condor" of the title—Francisca identifies herself with the poor and ostracized *indios* in the remote mountains. (Méndez includes, as so many tesserae in the mosaic, small segments of Indian myths, as well as legends of her own devising—but based on actual Kogi legends—in order to illuminate the contemporary moment of the novel.) Gradually Laura, despite her fear of Francisca, comes to identify with this half-mad and merely tolerated alien in her own country. The "hummingbird" of the title is Carmen, a girl of about

ten with a growth deficiency, tiny as a toddler, who was picked up off the street and "saved" from prostitution for house service. In a country where children are the saddest victims of poverty, disease, and violence, Laura's greatest achievement is to bring these two isolated "freaks" together: as Laura prepares to depart not only from Colombia but also eventually from Andrés, Francisca prepares to adopt Carmen. Laura, Francisca, and Carmen, mismatched by age, culture, class, education, and even size, find bonds among themselves that liberate each of them.

Charlotte Méndez's style is lyrical, even mythical, and fragmentary. Like Urdang, Méndez argues that a people's past is indelible, that each people has its own invincible and inescapable character, and that in each of us, regardless of our nationality, is a foreigner. If only the lieutenant colonel could find more time to read. **ABR**

Charlotte Meyer teaches English and women's studies at Edgewood College in Madison, Wisconsin, and writes occasional reviews.

Collegian

Printed on Campus of State University College of New York - Oneonta

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News Quiz Page 1
Top Records Page 1
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in Literature

Professor Charlotte Walker, author of "Condor and Hummingbird," holds a copy of her book. Professor Walker recently returned to the State University College at Oneonta after a sabbatical. Page 3.

Observatory needs new quarters

Page 3

All-male student club challenge

Page 6

More students studying outside U.

Page 5

Author: literature aids self-discovery

By DENISE RICHARDSON

Literature can help humans get in touch with others past and present, according to Charlotte Walker, a local novelist and professor at the State University College at Oneonta.

"I think literature really can expand people's spirits," said Professor Walker.

"It can help them to discover wonderful things about themselves and other people that might stay hidden from them otherwise," she said. "I'm not just talking about the stories in the literature or the ideas, but the language itself."

To Professor Walker, reading and writing are "most exciting when I feel as if my imagination is being set free . . . when I feel a sense of surprise or delight or when I feel deeply touched by something."

Fantasy and originality, tempered with time, are among the creative ingredients Professor Walker uses when she writes. Last semester under a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts, she combined those elements as she worked on her second book.

The NEA grant was "a very special thing to receive" and "a wonderful feeling of encouragement," she said.

"Mostly I worked on my novel," she said. "The biggest struggle is to get enough time to concen-

trate wholly on the writing. Whatever you're working on needs time to grow."

The novel is about creativity, among other things, the author said.

"It's partly about the way in which a person can be open to the exuberance of creativity," she said. "It's about the creative spirit."

Now Professor Walker is back at SUCO and teaching again "about the magical power of words."

In the fall, Professor Walker will teach a class on fiction writing, which she likes to schedule in the evening to attract older students.

"Last year, we had a wonderful mix of older and college age students. They helped each other's creativity."

Professor Walker also helps students with creativity. She likes to assume that everyone in her class wants to be a "real" writer — that they have something to say and "have the passion to struggle to get it written."

"I urge people to avoid cliches — not only of language but also of characters and thinking. After they get rid of the cliches, they can find what they as individuals have to say. They can begin to find their own voices."

Professor Walker said her favorite course is

one on English Romantic poetry. She also teaches courses on women in literature.

Her first novel, *Condor and Hummingbird*, was published in 1986 by Wild Trees Press, which was founded by author Alice Walker and her partner, Robert Allen.

Her book subsequently has been published by The Women's Press in England. The novel was written under the name Charlotte Mendez, but the author has returned to writing under her birth name, Charlotte Walker.

Many of her short stories have been published in magazines.

She has been at SUCO since 1970. Previously, Professor Walker has received two SUNY faculty grants, and in 1975, she was given the State University Chancellor's Award for Excellence in Teaching.

Professor Walker earned a bachelor's degree from San Diego State College and master's and doctoral degrees from Syracuse University. Her dissertation was on author Virginia Woolf.

Professor Walker said she was a writer before she was a teacher.

"I've wanted to be a writer since I was nine years old," she said. "I take teaching very seriously. I've learned a lot from my students over the years."

Fate of observatory uncertain

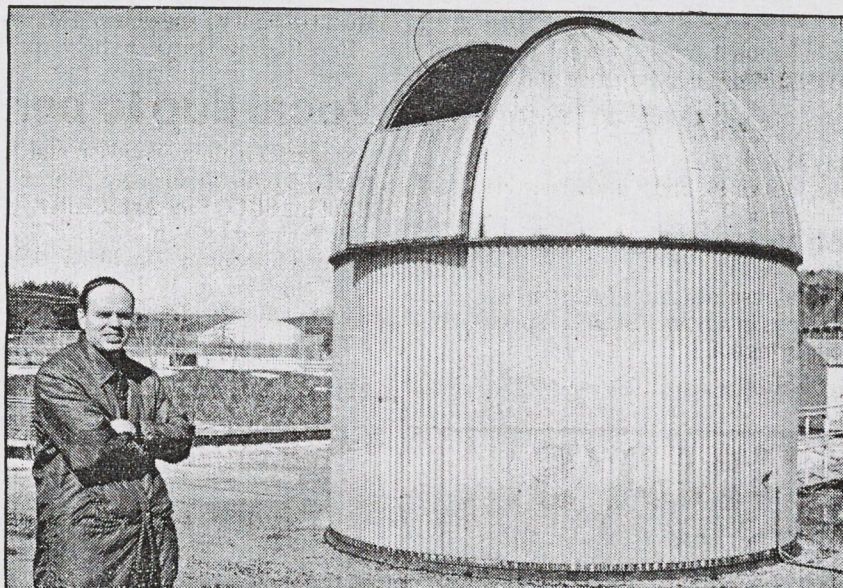
Star gazing may become a dream at the State University College at Oneonta as city and college lights grow brighter and state funding flickers.

The observatory will be taken off the roof of Physical Science Building No. 2 this summer when the roof is repaired, and there are questions about where the telescopes will be put up.

Charles Mazurak, facilities coordinator, said the future of the observatory depends on SUCO's budget next year. The college needs about \$20,000 to house the observatory temporarily and \$300,000 to build a permanent structure, he said.

"We have to come up with the money to do it," Mazurak said.

Michael Merilan, SUCO assistant professor in charge of the observatory, said it takes more than a clear



Festival activities continue

The International Students Organization of SUCO has scheduled a film and performances by professional dancers among continuing activities for "International Festival '88." The festival will continue through the end of the week. Following is a list of activities:

Thursday, March 10

Slide and film presentation, "Man's Imprint from the Past:

P.O. Box 123
Wells Bridge, NY 13859
August 22, 1987

Dear Alice and Robert,

Thank you for the lovely afternoon and walk in the park two weeks ago. It was wonderful to spend that time with you both! I hope you had a feeling of great blessedness at Wild Trees on the 16th and 17th. Both Roland and my daughter Rachel were stuck in Baltimore (she has just begun her graduate program in art there and he is finishing an iron gate with a near deadline before he can make his final move up here), so I was torn between people I love and the nature I love for that weekend. But the loving vibes did reach even to a loft in a city warehouse-- so it was a special experience there too. (I found my first teachers popping strongly into mind, while Roland found himself visiting those sacred sites in the xeroxes you gave me. I laughed when ^{she} he described where he went, ~~and~~ added at the end, ~~of this list~~, "I tried to visit Macchu Picchu, but I couldn't get in." And then there was, as you know so well, simply the wave of love that came very gently.)

I found a copy of the Belle Lettres review this morning, so thought I'd send it off to you in case you haven't received it yet. Am now working happily on the new novel, with a hope, at least, of finishing it before I start teaching again in January.

It was lovely to meet your new additional family, and I hope all is going well for them and you. Many blessings on you all!

Love,

Charlotte

P.O. Box 123
Wells Bridge, NY 13859
July 9, 1987

Dms 7/31

Dear Robert and Alice,

I hope you're both having a lovely summer. Thanks for your last letter encouraging me to let you know when I'll be in the Bay Area. I've settled it all at last, and thought I'd write to let you know that I'll be flying in on Aug. 5 and out again on Aug. 10. Because the visit's so short (I'm mainly escorting my two little grandsons back from 2 weeks at their "summer house," and going to meet Sam, the newest one!), there isn't much hope that my time there will fit with your schedule-- but if you see a chance for us to get together, either at Wild Trees or in SF, I would love to see you. But-- I'm growing ever more aware of how interruptions tear into a writing schedule. Am suffering terribly this summer from too much of that (should have said I was out of town)-- but hope to be strong and firm by the middle of August! Anyway, that by way of saying what you must already know-- that I would suggest a visit only if timing is very fine for you.

Roland and I are also going briefly to the Netherlands and Italy in the early Autumn. I've written to a couple of Netherlands universities to see whether any sort of readings or lectures on women writers might be of interest there. Looking forward to it with great delight!

Have you had any news of reviews of C&H in London? I'm eager to know how well it will do there. You will enjoy knowing that I've almost inadvertently come up with another "bird" title for my short story collection, which I worked on putting together in these first months on the NEA grant. Mary Gordon's new collection of stories "Temporary Shelter" was so close to the title I'd been planning for years--"Temporary Refuge"-- that it was quite uncanny, after my shock a few years ago when her "Of Men and Angels" appeared with a plot that seemed so like the novel I'd been working on then (I put the novel away then, for lack of time, and also with the wind taken out of me a bit.) Anyway, now I'm glad for the loss of that title, because the new one is so much better: THE SWAN'S EYE. The epigraph, which is from the title story, has a nice reverberation for me too: "The eye of the sacred swan is ours." I've just sent the collection off to an agent that a friend of a friend mentioned, but am not sure one needs to give up 15%. Is it worth that, in your opinion?

Well, it's hot here, so I suspect it's even hotter there. But you must get to the ocean often, or maybe it's pretty cool in the shade of the wild trees. Anyway, I hope you are having a refreshing and beautiful summer, and that publication of the new book is looking good. Let me know if it seems to you that we might get together. If I don't hear from you, I'll call when I arrive to see how things look then.

Fondly,

Charlotte

May 24, 1987

Charlotte Mendez
PO Box 123
Wells Bridge, NY 13859

Dear Charlotte,

Enclosed is a check for \$375.00(the exchange rate must have gone up), which represents your half of the remainder of the advance from The Women's Press in London. Glad you were pleased with their edition!

As of the moment, we will not be considering doing a second printing before next Fall. Summer is traditionally a slow period in the book trade, so we think it is best to wait and see how sales do in the Fall before making a decision. It is impossible to say what might happen. If the book has been adopted by classes, sales could take off in the Fall. Let's hope so. In any case the book has gotten some good attention, and it shows that you have a readership you can develop.

It would be wonderful to see you if you come to California this summer. You can reach us at the Press number, or call me at my apartment in Oakland, (415) 893-7914. Drop me a note when you know your travel dates.

Alice sends regards, and her thanks for sending her Carmen's letter.

Sincerely,

P.S. Enclosed is an announcement of our next book.

P.O. Box 123
Wells Bridge, NY 13859
May 2, 1987

Dear Robert,

The English edition is beautiful! I was thrilled to receive it. Thanks so much for making that happen. Yes, it's very nice to have the larger reproduction of Rachel's painting, and the white background is right for that. But I still love Nancy's green cover with its narrow red line and the white-and-yellow letters, too, and the birds' names bigger than mine. It's sort of like having fraternal (sororal?) twins-- and born a year apart! (They are not just ordinary siblings. and yet not identical twins either.) (I keep thinking in maternal images, it seems to get worse with age-- and with new grandchildren-- David and Jan had a little boy named Sam on St. Patrick's day!) (By the way, I will probably go to California to meet Sam sometime this summer-- is there any time during the summer that might be good for a brief visit with you and Alice, either at Wild Trees or in SF? It would be wonderful to see you!)

I hope everything is going very well for you and Alice and Wild Trees. It was a bit of a shock to me to see how much the sales of C&H have fallen off lately. three local lit classes had assigned it for class reading, so I had been happily assuming that such burgeoning of orders must be going on all over! I wonder if you could tell me more about how it's looking to you. I'd been hoping that you would decide to go for a second printing, and this royalty statement makes me worry that you may not have enough encouragement for that. (I assume the check from Women's Press, will be coming through soon, anyway? I forwarded a letter from England to Rachel the other day, and assume it was their payment for use of her painting. She's about to start an MFA program in painting at Maryland Institute of Art, so that will help make a nice transition from waitressing to graduate student life!) Looks like the review in BELLE LETTRES won't come out until the next issue. (I'm in touch with Janet Mullaney, who has asked me to do a book review of someone else's work, so I'm sure she is still planning to get the review in.) Anyway, I'm feeling a little sorry that sales haven't done better, and most of all of course that there haven't been more reviews-- and wonder if you think there is any more that we could do for it to make it worth your while to go ahead with a second printing? Do you see us as waiting for the results of the English ~~edition~~ before deciding what to do? I thought I might write to Women's Press and let them know I'm available for any sort of personal appearances that might be helpful in England-- am trying to think how I might best use my NEA semester off to the advantage of CONDOR AND HUMMINGBIRD as well as for the new writing I'll be doing. I want so much to travel, just travel everywhere I've always wanted to see-- but have been trying to think whether there might be some way I could combine travel with the sort of contacts that might help the book along a little bit. so haven't made any plans yet, and if you at Wild Trees have any suggestions of people I might contact or approaches I might take, please let me know. (I have made a couple of inquiries of women in Latin America, thinking it might be a good thing to follow up on the Latin American concerns in the novel by attending any women's conferences there; I also would be happy to go to the NWSA

*if they
do that
sort of
thing
in England!*

*Long
Valer
another
woman*

meeting, "Weaving Women's Colors," at Spelman College in June, if you have any thought of featuring Wild Trees books there. I've been drawn to going, but so far have said no to myself because of weighing expenses and knowing I can't go all the places I want to go!)

Of course the main thing is to use the free time to write. But if you think of any ideas for promoting C&H that I can contribute to through travel or any other way, ^{could be willing to pay for an ad, for instance} please let me know! And I'd be grateful if you could tell me what you are feeling at present about whether or not you will decide to do a second printing. I'm feeling very hopeful that the book will continue in print, because I have had such beautiful responses from people at all the appearances I've made, at small book groups, library clubs, and so on. When you first published it last May, as Alice knew, I think, when she kept reassuring me that it's a beautiful book, I was really afraid for it-- maybe it wasn't so very good. Maybe I'd somehow betrayed you by allowing you to take under your wings my misshapen child. But the lovely thing about all these appearances is that I've discovered that people really do love it, and it really does say something to them. That is tremendously moving and rewarding. Now, instead of fearing that that book didn't deserve your love, I fear that the next one will not be as good! I guess that's how writing goes! For me, anyway. . . .

Well-- it's Spring at last, and I have just ten more days of teaching and exams before eight months of freedom to write. Can hardly wait! My women in lit class was very moving this Spring, because there was some very intense dialogue among older and younger women and women of color and white women and women from wealthy families and women from poor families, and the two men in the class. I'm going to enclose here for you the letter that Carmen wrote to the class. She is ^{30 years old} a 'welfare mother' who was forced off welfare and off medical assistance because she wanted to finish college, who tried with all her might to get through her last semester of college, tried to stay out of the hospital, but finally collapsed and went in-- was told she had pneumonia and congestive heart failure and should have been in hospital six months before! She had made some of the more sheltered students in the class angry with her "radical" remarks, and so, from the hospital she wrote them this letter-- which I will read to them at our last class, when I've encouraged others to read anything they like of their own writing too. What a great, great person she is!-- I don't know if you can tell from the letter just how special, but I think you probably can ^{and I thought her memory related to the Color Purple would speak to you & Alice especially.} *

I do hope you're having a lovely Springtime! I wonder what it's like in Spring among your wild trees. Here it's all daffodils and tulips, and grass that suddenly got ridiculously high, and tender leaves suddenly, delicately on all the trees.

Love to you both,

Charlotte

*this reminds me that there was another response to the color purple that I had copied to send you - but alas, it's in my office!

Carmen García
30-07 Fairview St.
Oneonta, NY 13820
April 24, 1987 Friday

Dearest Charlotte and fellow classmates,

I'm filled with good intentions, my closet is cramped with unfinished letters, drawings and projects of all kinds. But this letter I'm determined to write, throwing all care to the wind, including good grammar & spelling. Your visit opened up a store of emotions, dear Charlotte, the first of which was self pity. Of that I'm ashamed. But waiting just beyond self pity is pride and gratitude. I'm proud to have been a member of your class and grateful that I touched a few people. Even when it was painful to them, I knew one thing-- that the pain is that of awareness. 1 Growing pains--for you (dear classmates) and me. It hurts to hear the anger and rage of another person, but the pain leads us to another state of awareness-- a new level of consciousness where light clears some unknown corner of thought where we dare not look too long-- for fear of what we'll find.

Each time I take that step-- knowing that all hell will break loose--(and I'll be standing in a storm of emotions-- hurling about me)-- I see and hear your reactions to my "extremes" and in the midst of all confusion, I learn I'm not alone. There are so many of us hurting and afraid to speak. Worst of all, we may not know how to express the sweetest thought because we haven't spit out the sour notes. (that seems to ring louder in our ears.)

(Sometimes I'm afraid all you'll see is the fat that shakes when I open up and scream out thoughts.

Then the sweet pain of awareness cradles me, in reward, when one of you speak out in agreement or in that simple nod of ACKNOWLEDGMENT.)

I thank you a thousand times for hearing me and beg that you too take that painful step--it's a good pain that will glow more beautifully than any make-up program.

You are not alone-- even space aliens have a place where love flourishes.

Be a big mouth-- join the club-- the water's warm.

Carmen

"In response to class assignments" - April 24, 1987 Friday

I'm afraid of an ocean of tears that will wash away the words describing my childhood years. Perhaps writing is the answer because my brush simply repeats the same painful eyes I draw whenever I begin to paint the looks that burn in my memory.

For as long as I could remember, I have been a sex object. I was touched just so carefully-- the finger probing me just so. Sometimes with force, not painful force, but a determined, steady motion that eventually I would give in to-- drowning me in a

wall of sensations that blacked whatever followed. Whatever followed was always to please "him" who trapped me in my chair as I watched TV or as I played with my doll in a corner. Mom's eyes didn't find me until it was over and when they did-- they would narrow in cruel disapproval-- with pinched lips that let out each word like bullets piercing, claiming my future and crushing my self respect-- "I know what you've been doing in there-- you little whore! I know what you'll be doing when you're a woman-- you filthy slut."

She would sweep the floor in great strokes--sometimes away from me and sometimes the dust and specks of the floor would coat my eyes and take my breath away. My stepfather would eventually walk out of the room still straightening out his pants, pretending he hadn't heard a word-- demanding coffee, ignoring me and smacking my mother on her ass.

I was the other woman who was stealing her man and The Color Purple pops in my head, my fists become hard rocks that want to pound the memory away.

April 25, 1987 Saturday

On Baby M-- To Baby M

Your flesh, your blood, your bones were molded by a woman who thought she understood what it meant to separate herself from you, once you became a free being on this planet. Your mother probably felt she could be so generous that what made up and consumed her life for nine months would part easily from her. Not all women can do that. Not all women can cut part of their body out and continue living as if they haven't given more than sweat, more than a blood bank asks for, more than tears can express.

So forgive her confusion, forgive her unsure moves that have affected your first year of life and perhaps your whole future. And love her, dear baby, for daring-- daring everything, daring every act-- and hope you can do as well when you're a woman.

Carmen García

P.O. Box 123
Wells Bridge, NY 13859
607-988-7091
March 9, 1987

Dear Robert and Alice,

Happy almost spring! I wanted to a bit of business (below) and before that also mention to you what wonderful classroom experiences I had with COLOR PURPLE and Alice's video. It was so beautiful just to have the long pauses waiting for the telephone edited out! That took out an hour, believe it or not! And then what was left just worked beautifully. Are you considering distributing such an edited version? The whole program, and all that you say, Alice, is so eloquent. My students, and especially the few young women of color in my classes, were visibly moved. Some of them also wrote some wonderfully creative and spirited responses to my funky exam question, in which I asked what Celie, Mary Wollstonecraft and Jane Eyre might have to say if they got together for a long night's talk. One student placed Mary and Jane outside Celie's door in a rainstorm. Celie gave them some of her pants to wear, which somewhat rigid Jane was not comfortable with, but which politically aware Mary liked so much Celie gave them to her to keep! Another wrote a beautiful letter to Celie, which I hope I may have time to copy for you before I mail this. Another student, became so enamored of the little play she wrote that she insisted on reading it to me aloud the minute she finished writing it (she was last one to finish!) I told her she'd better think about being a writer, since writing something made her so happy!

*Casuals /
even more
than this
time!*

Wanted also to tell you how I had dinner with a friend and her amazing group of feminist cousins-- one of whom told me that she teaches in a reform Jewish religious school-- and uses THE COLOR PURPLE as an example of a nonsexist idea of god. I'm also using it in that way in my "search for self" class, placing it beside SIDDHARTHA and FRANNY & ZOOEY. I long to know if you were ever influenced directly by Eastern philosophy, or if that universality comes more from native American religion, or just from within. Hope I'll get a chance to ask you that in person someday.

My daughter Rebecca told me that Septima's appearance and the combined reading was very moving. It must have been wonderful to be there!

> | Now here is the business part of my letter!-- tried to call you several times past few days but your machine doesn't seem to be hooked up. Perhaps you're traveling somewhere? What I wanted is to ask for another 30--or even 40-- copies of my book. 40 if

you think the next royalty statement would cover the cost. Also wondered if you would consider writing off two of them as promotional. I sent two to Belle Lettres-- the first one the reviewer disappeared with, so they asked for a second-- and will have a review in the next issue. Then I also responded to a request from NER/BLQ for a review copy. Should have referred both to you, but wanted to save time in case it made a difference in getting the reviews done. (Of course I've sent others out promotionally, and figure that's one of my own expenses in trying to get the book reviewed-- but none of those have born fruit so far as I know) Reason I need the copies now is that I will be giving a number of readings this Spring and people may want to buy copies. Also the SUNY writing festival (where I'm only giving a workshop) may be having a sale display, as they did last time-- I don't know if they'll order directly from you or whether I will need to bring copies myself as was the case last time, I believe). Two of the conferences are especially appropriate and I look forward to them: "Feminism and its Translations" at Princeton, and "Making Global Connections," the conference of the NYWomen's Studies Assn. (That's coming up this weekend, but I have five copies left to take to that one.)

Thanks for sending those! (30 or 40, ~~with~~ whichever you prefer)

Hope all is very good in your lives and work. Things are pretty good here.

Fondly,

Charlotte

P.O. Box 123
Wills Bridge, NY 13859

February 26, 1987

Dear Robert and Alice,

Greetings. I hope everyone is well there. It's snowing here, and I'm grateful that February is nearly over. Even though I just taught Coleridge's "Frost at Midnight," in which he tells his child, "therefore ~~shall~~ all seasons *shall* be sweet to thee"--and which made me resolve to try to love February! (Hard job, though!)

Many thanks for your note and the royalty statement. It made me laugh, because I first read it as \$21.05. Oh well, I thought, it's lunch out anyway. Then I looked again and saw it was minus \$21.05! So I guess C&H isn't going to make any of us rich! You must have been a bit disappointed when those copies came back. But two classes in Oneonta are using it again this semester, so I guess that will even it out eventually.

Maybe this is a good time to ask you some practical questions about when the novel will be officially out of print. I've somehow lost all but one page of our contract (I wonder if sometime you could send me a duplicate?) and so I am only going by memory-- but I think there was something in it to the effect that after it had been out of print for six months, I could then ask you for the rights back so that I'd be free to place it elsewhere for a new edition. I've been so honored and happy to have had Wild Trees bring my book out that I feel awkward asking about this-- and yet I do have some feeling that once it has gone out of print at Wild Trees it might be possible to give it a new chance at reviews, etc., if a somewhat larger press were to bring out a new edition. The agency which is interested in taking on my work would feel much more committed to doing so, if they also had that book to try to resell, so that the short story collection would have a better chance as well. (It seems no one wants to take on a short story collection without a companion novel!) So it might help if I knew how you both feel about future plans with C&H, and when you might feel ready to return the rights to me. I am so deeply grateful for all that you've done for me, and for the pleasure and honor of being associated with you both, that I don't want to urge you to do anything hastily. Yet because of my age, and because some success at book sales might enable me to devote more of my time to writing, I do feel I'd like to move forward with an agent's help as soon as possible. (If you knew of and could recommend an agency that would more willingly market the short story volume alone before C&H is out of print, that too might be a direction I could go in.) Anyway, I hope you'll understand my need to get some more clarity about future plans for C&H, and trust you will know that it is in the context of my great appreciation of all that Wild Trees has done for me.

One last thing I have to tell you about is that I've resumed the use of my maiden name, which, like Alice's, is Walker. I hope that won't create any great confusions or awkwardnesses at Wild Trees. It is something I probably should have done long ago, but at the time of my divorce the women's movement hadn't really gotten started, and I was much more concerned to have the same last name as my children-- somehow it seemed it would make life much easier for them-- I don't know why, now! Anyway, recent events-- a deeper and more permanent commitment between Roland and me, but even more particularly, the way my ex-husband behaved after our Rachel's suicide attempt last November-- made me want to dissociate myself and my future publications from his name (I guess I haven't written to you since Rachel's time of crisis. She is doing much better now, and is continuing in art school, but it was, of course, one of the most painful times I can remember going through--feeling so responsible

*to finish and
that karma as
clearly as
possible, for
her sake as
well as
mine, that*

and feeling so much of her pain, yet being able to do ^{very} little.) Anyway, through all that complexity of personal change, comes the resumption of my birth name. I don't think it will make too much difference in relation to publishing, but of course there would be no need for you to change the name on C&H if you decided (as now ^{seems} unlikely, considering the slowing of sales this year) to do a second ~~edition~~ ^{printing}. And I most of all hope that Alice will not mind my becoming a Walker again too. For me, it has been rather exciting getting my own name back after thirty years--as if reclaiming a lost part of myself.

I do hope you are all having good, creative days. Am eager to hear news of the new Wild Trees book, the Indonesian stories, when it comes out. My own writing was slowed in the Fall by Rachel's crisis, and now by teaching. But just this week I realized that my elderly protagonist is going to escape from the old people's home and make it on her own to Tahiti, which she wanted to do all her life! It was a great thing to realize in the cold of February, that she COULD do it!--almost like going to Tahiti with her!

With warmest (Tahitian) wishes!

Charlotte

March 17, 1988

Dear Charlotte —

This is just a brief note to acknowledge receipt of your letter. Things have been very hectic for the past two weeks, and we leave for Bali tomorrow.

There will be no problem with returning the rights to Cordox to you. We still have some copies left so it is not out of print yet. However, all copies will probably be sold by this summer and we could send you a letter restoring all rights to you. If your agent finds another publisher who is interested, that's fine with us.

We were very sorry to learn of Rachel's crisis. We hope she is better now, and that she is continuing with her art. She is really quite a fine artist.

Alie sends regards, and says she is happy to have you back among the walkers! Best wishes,
Robert

WILD TREES PRESS
ROYALTY STATEMENT

PAYEE: Charlotte Walker
P.O. Box 123
Wells Bridge, NY 13859

PERIOD: 1/1/90 - 3/31/90

PUB. DATE: 5/15/86

LIST PRICE: \$8.95

TITLE: Condor and Hummingbird

AUTHOR: C. Mendez

PAID SALES

TYPE OF SALE	QUANTITY	PERCENT	UNIT RATE	AMOUNT
REGULAR:	0	10%	0.895	\$ 0
WHOLESALE:	30	7%	0.627	\$ 18.81
AUTHOR:	0	0	0	
PROMOTIONAL:				
(Given free of charge: 0)				

SALES THIS PERIOD: 30

TOTAL SALES TO DATE: 2,215 CURRENT ROYALTY: \$ 18.81
(exc. promo. copies)

OTHER INCOME --
None

TOTAL OTHER INCOME: 0

CURRENT BALANCE \$ 18.81

NOTE: Final royalty statement; book is now out of print with Wild Trees Press.

WILD TREES PRESS
ROYALTY STATEMENT

PAYEE: Charlotte Walker
P.O. Box 123
Wells Bridge, NY 13859

PERIOD: 10/1/89 - 12/31/89

PUB. DATE: 5/15/86

LIST PRICE: \$8.95

TITLE: Condor and Hummingbird

AUTHOR: C. Mendez

PAID SALES

TYPE OF SALE	QUANTITY	PERCENT	UNIT RATE	AMOUNT
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REGULAR:	0	10%	0.895	\$ 0
WHOLESALE:	21	7%	0.627	\$ 13.17
AUTHOR:	15	0	0	
PROMOTIONAL:				
(Given free of charge: 2)				

SALES THIS PERIOD: 36

TOTAL SALES TO DATE: 2185 CURRENT ROYALTY: \$ 13.17
(exc. promo. copies)

OTHER INCOME --
None

TOTAL OTHER INCOME: 0

CURRENT BALANCE \$ 13.17

WILD TREES PRESS
ROYALTY STATEMENT

PAYEE: Charlotte Walker
P.O. Box 123
Wells Bridge, NY 13859

PERIOD: 7/1/89 - 9/30/89

PUB. DATE: 5/15/86

LIST PRICE: \$8.95

TITLE: Condor and Hummingbird

AUTHOR: C. Mendez

PAID SALES

TYPE OF SALE	QUANTITY	PERCENT	UNIT RATE	AMOUNT
REGULAR:	1	10%	0.895	\$ 0.90
WHOLESALE:	-4	7%	0.627	\$ -2.51
	(returns)			

AUTHOR:

PROMOTIONAL:

(Given free of
charge: 2)

SALES THIS PERIOD: -3

TOTAL SALES TO DATE: 2149
(exc. promo. copies)

CURRENT ROYALTY: \$ -1.61

OTHER INCOME --
None

TOTAL OTHER INCOME: 0

CURRENT BALANCE \$ -1.61
(carried forward)

See over

November 8, 1989

Charlotte Walker
P.O. Box 123
Wells Bridge, NY 13859

Dear Charlotte,

Enclosed are royalty statements from us and the Women's Press. As you can see, sales have tapered off -- and our stock of books is now depleted. The book made a good showing, selling 2,150 copies (plus sales in Great Britain). We were pleased, and we hope that you were, too.

Alice and I are planning to discontinue the Press after this year. We are happy with the books we have published, but both of us want to give more time to our own writing projects. So we are winding things down with the Press, and will not be reprinting any of our present books. We are returning all rights to the authors, which means you are free to seek another publisher if you like. We will also be alert to the possibility of placing your book with another publisher.

We're honored to have published CONDOR AND HUMMINGBIRD, and we enjoyed working with you and getting to know you.

I hope all is going well for you.

Sincerely,

Robert Allen

WILD TREES PRESS
ROYALTY STATEMENT

PAYEE: Charlotte Walker
P.O. Box 123
Wells Bridge, NY 13859

PERIOD: 4/1/89 - 6/30/89

PUB. DATE: 5/15/86

LIST PRICE: \$8.95

TITLE: Condor and Hummingbird

AUTHOR: C. Mendez

PAID SALES

TYPE OF SALE	QUANTITY	PERCENT	UNIT RATE	AMOUNT
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REGULAR:	0	10%	0.895	\$ 0
WHOLESALE:	27	7%	0.627	\$ 16.93

AUTHOR:

PROMOTIONAL:

(Given free of
charge: 2)

SALES THIS PERIOD: 27

TOTAL SALES TO DATE: 2152 CURRENT ROYALTY: \$ 16.93
(exc. promo. copies)

OTHER INCOME --
None

TOTAL OTHER INCOME: 0

CURRENT BALANCE \$ 16.93
(check enclosed)

WILD TREES PRESS
ROYALTY STATEMENT

PAYEE: Charlotte Walker
P.O. Box 123
Wells Bridge, NY 13859

PERIOD: 9/30/88 - 12/31/88

PUB. DATE: 5/15/86

LIST PRICE: \$8.95

TITLE: Condor and Hummingbird

AUTHOR: C. Mendez

PAID SALES

TYPE OF SALE	QUANTITY	PERCENT	UNIT RATE	AMOUNT
REGULAR:	0	10%	0.895	\$ 0
WHOLESALE:	15	7%	0.627	\$ 9.41
AUTHOR:				
PROMOTIONAL:				
(Given free of charge: 1)				

SALES THIS PERIOD: 15

TOTAL SALES TO DATE: 2090
(exc. promo. copies)

CURRENT ROYALTY: \$ 9.41

OTHER INCOME --
None

TOTAL OTHER INCOME: 0

CURRENT BALANCE \$ 9.41
(check enclosed)

WILD TREES PRESS
ROYALTY STATEMENT

PAYEE: Charlotte Walker
P.O. Box 123
Wells Bridge, NY 13859

PERIOD: 7/1/88-9/30/88

PUB. DATE: 5/15/86

LIST PRICE: \$8.95

TITLE: Condor and Hummingbird

AUTHOR: C. Mendez

PAID SALES

TYPE OF SALE	QUANTITY	PERCENT	UNIT RATE	AMOUNT
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REGULAR:	2	10%	0.895	\$ 1.79
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WHOLESALE:	46	7%	0.627	\$ 28.84
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AUTHOR:

PROMOTIONAL:

(Given free of
charge: 1)

SALES THIS PERIOD: 48

TOTAL SALES TO DATE:	2075	CURRENT ROYALTY:	\$ 30.63
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(exc. promo. copies)

OTHER INCOME --

None

TOTAL OTHER INCOME: 0

CURRENT BALANCE \$ 30.63
(check enclosed)

WILD TREES PRESS
ROYALTY STATEMENT

PAYEE: Charlotte Walker
P.O. Box 123
Wells Bridge, NY 13859

PERIOD: 3/31/88-6/30/88

PUB. DATE: 5/15/86

LIST PRICE: \$8.95

TITLE: Condor and Hummingbird

AUTHOR: C. Mendez

PAID SALES

TYPE OF SALE	QUANTITY	PERCENT	UNIT RATE	AMOUNT
REGULAR:	3	10%	0.895	\$ 2.69
WHOLESALE:	84	7%	0.627	\$ 52.67
AUTHOR:				
PROMOTIONAL:				
(Given free of charge: 3)				

SALES THIS PERIOD: 87

TOTAL SALES TO DATE: 2027
(exc. promo. copies)

CURRENT ROYALTY: \$ 55.36

OTHER INCOME --
None

TOTAL OTHER INCOME: 0

PREVIOUS BALANCE (Neg.) \$ -10.57

CURRENT BALANCE
(check enclosed)

\$ 44.79

8/10/88

The Women's Press Ltd

A member of the Namara Group

34 Great Sutton Street
London EC1V 0DX
tel: 01-251 3007
Telex: 919034 NAMARA G

Date 31.3.88

Title CONDOR AND HUMMINGBIRD
Author/s Charlotte Méndez
Statement address/es Wild Tree Press
PO Box 378
Navarro
CA 95463
USA

ROYALTY STATEMENT

for the six months ended 31.12.87

HOME	Published price (UK & Eire)	£8.95	£3.95	£	£	£
		Casebound	Paperback	Paperback	Misc.	Total
EXPORT	9 @ 10 % Published Price	8.05				8.05
	(69) @ 7½ % Published Price		(20.44)			(20.44)
	@ % Published Price					
	31 @ 8 % Published Price	22.19				22.19
	170 @ 6 % Published Price		40.29			40.29
	@ % Published Price					
	@ % Price Received					
Sales earnings during this period						50.09
Amount withheld from previous period						
Other Earnings						
Total Earnings						50.09

Deductions	Advances	
	% Withholding Return Royalty	
	Unearned Balance B/F	408.03
	Book Purchases	
	Rechargeable Items	
TOTAL DEDUCTIONS		£
Net Amount Payable		
VAT @ %		
BALANCE UNEARNED CARRIED FORWARD/CHEQUE ENCLOSED		357.94

WILD TREES PRESS
ROYALTY STATEMENT

PAYEE: Charlotte Walker
P.O. Box 123
Wells Bridge, NY 13859

PERIOD: 1/1/88-3/31/88

PUB. DATE: 5/15/86

LIST PRICE: \$8.95

TITLE: Condor and Hummingbird

AUTHOR: C. Mendez

PAID SALES

TYPE OF SALE	QUANTITY	PERCENT	UNIT RATE	AMOUNT
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REGULAR:	4	10%	0.895	\$ 3.58
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WHOLESALE:	11	7%	0.627	\$ 6.90
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AUTHOR:

PROMOTIONAL:

(Given free of
charge: 1)

SALES THIS PERIOD: 15

TOTAL SALES TO DATE: 1940
(exc. promo. copies)

CURRENT ROYALTY: \$ 10.48

OTHER INCOME --

None

TOTAL OTHER INCOME: 0

PREVIOUS BALANCE (Neg.) \$ -21.05

CURRENT BALANCE \$ -10.57
(Will be charged against future royalties)

WILD TREES PRESS
ROYALTY STATEMENT

10/1/87 - 12/31/87

PAYEE: Charlotte Mendez
P.O. Box 123
Wells Bridge, NY 13859

PERIOD: ~~6/30/87-9/30/87~~

PUB. DATE: 5/15/86

LIST PRICE: \$8.95

TITLE: Condor and Hummingbird

AUTHOR: C. Mendez

PAID SALES

TYPE OF SALE	QUANTITY	PERCENT	UNIT RATE	AMOUNT
REGULAR:	1	10%	0.895	\$0.90
WHOLESALE:	-35	7%	0.627	\$-21.95

(Sales 76 minus returns 111)

AUTHOR:

PROMOTIONAL:

(Given free of
charge: 5)

SALES THIS PERIOD: -34

TOTAL SALES TO DATE: 1925
(exc. promo. copies)

CURRENT ROYALTY: \$ -21.05

OTHER INCOME --
None

TOTAL OTHER INCOME: 0

BALANCE \$ -21.05
(Will be charged against future royalties)

WILD TREES PRESS
ROYALTY STATEMENT

PAYEE: Charlotte Mendez
P.O. Box 123
Wells Bridge, NY 13859

PERIOD: 6/30/87-9/30/87

PUB. DATE: 5/15/86

LIST PRICE: \$8.95

TITLE: Condor and Hummingbird

AUTHOR: C. Mendez

PAID SALES

TYPE OF SALE	QUANTITY	PERCENT	UNIT RATE	AMOUNT
REGULAR:	5	10%	0.895	\$4.48
WHOLESALE:	43	7%	0.627	\$26.96
AUTHOR:				
PROMOTIONAL:				
(Given free of charge: 4)				

SALES THIS PERIOD: 48

TOTAL SALES TO DATE: 1959
(exc. promo. copies)

CURRENT ROYALTY: \$ 31.44

OTHER INCOME --
None

TOTAL OTHER INCOME: 0

TOTAL CURRENT EARNINGS: \$ 31.44

CHARGES -- None

TOTAL CHARGES: 0

EARNED BALANCE: \$ 31.44

CK sent 10/30
781

A member of the Namara Group

34 Great Sutton Street
London EC1V 0DX
tel: 01-251 3007
Telex: 919034 NAMARA G

Date 30.9.1987

Title CONDOR AND HUMMINGBIRD
Author/s CHARLOTTE MENDES
Statement address/es WILD TREE PRESS
PO BOX 378,
NAVARRO,
CA 95463 U.S.A

ROYALTY STATEMENT

for the six months ended _____

		£ 8.95	£ 3.95	£	£	£
Published price (UK & Eire)		Casebound	Paperback	Paperback	Misc.	Total
139	@ 10 % Published Price	124.05				124.05
1197	@ 7½ % Published Price		354.61			354.61
	@ % Published Price					
8	@ 8 % Published Price	5.73				5.73
32	@ 6 % Published Price		7.58			7.58
	@ % Published Price					
	@ % Price Received					
Sales earnings during this period						491.97
Amount withheld from previous period						
Other Earnings						
Total Earnings						491.97

Deductions	Advances	900.00
	% Withholding Return Royalty	
	Unearned Balance B/F	
	Book Purchases	
	Rechargeable Items	
	TOTAL DEDUCTIONS £	900.00
Net Amount Payable		
VAT @ %		
BALANCE UNEARNED CARRIED FORWARD/CHEQUE ENCLOSED		408.03

WILD TREES PRESS
ROYALTY STATEMENT

PAYEE: Charlotte Mendez
P.O. Box 123
Wells Bridge, NY 13859

PERIOD: 4/1/87-6/30/87

PUB. DATE: 5/15/86

LIST PRICE: \$8.95

TITLE: Condor and Hummingbird

AUTHOR: C. Mendez

PAID SALES

TYPE OF SALE	QUANTITY	PERCENT	UNIT RATE	AMOUNT
REGULAR:	22	10%	0.895	22.90
WHOLESALE:	142	7%	0.627	89.03
AUTHOR:				
PROMOTIONAL:				
(Given free of charge: 11)				

SALES THIS PERIOD: 164

TOTAL SALES TO DATE: 1911
(exc. promo. copies)

CURRENT ROYALTY: \$ 111.93

OTHER INCOME --
(\$375 from Women's Press.
Previously Paid)

TOTAL OTHER INCOME:

TOTAL CURRENT EARNINGS: \$ 111.93

CHARGES --

PRIOR UNEARNED BALANCE: \$ 91.26

TOTAL CHARGES: (\$91.26)

EARNED BALANCE: \$ 20.67

SwT

WILD TREES PRESS
ROYALTY STATEMENT

PAYEE: Charlotte Mendez
P.O. Box 123
Wells Bridge, NY 13859

PERIOD: 1/1/87-3/31/87

PUB. DATE: 5/15/86

LIST PRICE: \$8.95

TITLE: Condor and Hummingbird

AUTHOR: C. Mendez

PAID SALES

TYPE OF SALE	QUANTITY	PERCENT	UNIT RATE	AMOUNT
REGULAR:	14	10%	0.895	12.53
WHOLESALE:	98	7%	0.627	61.45
AUTHOR:	40 (See charges below)			
PROMOTIONAL:				
(Given free of charge: 5)				

SALES THIS PERIOD: 152

TOTAL SALES TO DATE: 1747
(exc. promo. copies)

CURRENT ROYALTY: \$ 73.98

OTHER INCOME --

TOTAL OTHER INCOME:

TOTAL CURRENT EARNINGS: \$73.98

CHARGES --

BOOK PURCHASES BY AUTHOR:

40 copies per invoice 1865: \$165.24

PRIOR UNEARNED BALANCE: 0

TOTAL CHARGES: \$165.24

EARNED BALANCE:

UNEARNED BALANCE: \$ -91.26

*additional adv
from woman's press
pd 5/21/87 \$375 cu 487*

WILD TREES PRESS
ROYALTY STATEMENT

PAYEE: Charlotte Mendez

PERIOD: 10/1/86 - 12/31/86

P.O. Box 123
Wells Bridge, NY 13859

PUB. DATE: 5/15/86

LIST PRICE: \$8.95

TITLE: Condor and Hummingbird

AUTHOR: C. Mendez

PAID SALES

TYPE OF SALE	QUANTITY	PERCENT	UNIT RATE	AMOUNT
REGULAR:	11	10%	0.895	9.85
WHOLESALE:	560	7%	0.627	351.12
AUTHOR:	80	0		
PROMOTIONAL:				
(Given free of charge: 15)				

SALES THIS PERIOD: 651

TOTAL SALES TO DATE: 1595
(exc. promo. copies)

CURRENT ROYALTY: \$ 360.97

OTHER INCOME --

FOREIGN RIGHTS:

Advance from the Women's Press: \$315 (your share)

Paid 12/27/86 304.65

Balance due 10.35

TOTAL OTHER INCOME: 10.35

TOTAL CURRENT EARNINGS: \$371.32

CHARGES --

BOOK PURCHASES BY AUTHOR:

OTHER:

PRIOR UNEARNED BALANCE: \$112.25

TOTAL CHARGES: \$112.25

EARNED BALANCE: \$259.07

UNEARNED BALANCE:

rd 1/22/87
ck # 617

WILD TREES PRESS

ROYALTY STATEMENT

PAYEE: Charlotte Mendez
P.O. Box 123
Wells Bridge, NY 13859

PERIOD: 7/1/86-9/30/86

PUB DATE: 5/15/86

LIST PRICE: \$8.95

TITLE: Condor & Hummingbird

AUTHOR: C. Mendez

PAID SALES

TYPE OF SALE	QUANTITY	PERCENT	UNIT RATE	AMOUNT
REGULAR	28	10%	0.895	\$ 25.06
WHOLESALE	702	7%	0.627	440.15
AUTHOR	140	-- See Charges below		
PROMOTIONAL (20)				

SALES THIS PERIOD: 870

TOTAL SALES TO DATE: 944
(exc. promo copies)

CURRENT ROYALTY: \$ 465.21

INCOME FROM RIGHTS --

BOOKCLUB:
FOREIGN:
SERIAL:
OTHER:

TOTAL INCOME FROM RIGHTS:
TOTAL CURRENT EARNINGS: \$ 465.21

CHARGES --

BOOK PURCHASES BY AUTHOR:
5/27/86 80 copies \$328.89
7/23/86 30 copies \$124.36
9/12/86 30 copies \$124.21

TOTAL CHARGES: \$ 577.46

EARNED BALANCE:

UNEARNED BALANCE: \$ 112.25

12/27 \$304.65 sent
has share of first
half of adv from women's
mag

WILD TREES PRESS

ROYALTY STATEMENT

PAYEE: Charlotte Mendez
P.O. Box 123
Wells Bridge, NY 13859
SS# 230-40-3106

PERIOD: 5/15/86-6/30/86

PUB DATE: 5/15/86

LIST PRICE: \$8.95

TITLE: *Cowbird + Hummingbird*

AUTHOR: Charlotte Mendez

PAID SALES

TYPE OF SALE	QUANTITY	PERCENT	UNIT RATE	AMOUNT
REGULAR	23	10%	0.895	\$ 20.59
WHOLESALE	51	7%	0.627	\$ 31.98
AUTHOR	0			
PROMOTIONAL (125)				

SALES THIS PERIOD: 74

TOTAL SALES TO DATE: 74
(exc. promo copies)

CURRENT ROYALTY: \$ 52.57

INCOME FROM RIGHTS:

PAPERBACK
BOOKCLUB
FOREIGN
SERIAL
OTHER

TOTAL INCOME FROM RIGHTS:
TOTAL CURRENT EARNINGS: \$ 52.57

CHARGES:

ADVANCE
AA'S
BOOK PURCHASES
OTHER
PRIOR UNEARNED BALANCE

TOTAL CHARGES:

EARNED BALANCE: \$ 52.57

UNEARNED BALANCE:

*ck 508
7/15/86*

July 15, 1986

Charlotte Mendez
PO Box 123
Wells Bridge, NY 13859

Dear Charlotte,

Enclosed is the first royalty statement for CONDOR AND HUMMINGBIRD. This statement is for PAID sales through 6/30/86. There is usually a lag of 30 to 180 days between orders and payment. For example, in May one of our distributors reported orders for 416 copies of your book; however, we won't receive payment for those until September. This is because a distributor sells to bookstores who then have 30-90 days to pay the distributor. In turn, the distributor doesn't pay us for another 90 days. So far, we have placed over 2,000 copies of your book with bookstores and distributors but we won't receive the income from these orders until late summer and fall. Your next royalty statement (due in October) should reflect greater sales. So all of this is to say don't be upset by the small sales in this statement -- the books are out there and as far as we can tell they are selling well.

As for the statement itself: Regular sales are sales we make directly to individuals, libraries and bookstores. Your royalty on these is 10%. Most sales will be made through distributors, and your royalty on these (per the contract) is 7%. Promotional copies are review copies and others we give away (e.g. at ABA) in order to stimulate interest. I did not charge you yet for the 80 copies you ordered; this will be reflected in the next statement. If there is anything that is not clear about the statement, please feel free to ask.

We are all well. Belvie is back from Texas after a good visit, and we are making plans for Fall mailings. Alice's garden is looking wonderful. Tomorrow she and I are going over to the coast to visit Belvie and go canoeing. Should be fun.

Hope you are enjoying your summer.

Best wishes,

January 22, 1987

Charlotte Mendez
P.O. Box 123
Wells Bridge, NY 13859

Dear Charlotte,

Enclosed is your royalty statement for the fourth quater of 1986. Sales slowed down somewhat, but they appear to be continuing at a steady clip as we begin the new year.

Also enclosed is a copy of the bank transaction with regard to the 450 pound advance from The Women's Press. As you can see the exchange rate was somewhat higher than I expected and therefore we owe you an additional \$10.35 which is included with this payment.

All in all, an auspicious beginning for the new year. Best wishes from all of us!

Sincerely,

Robert Allen



CENTRAL COLLECTION DEPT. • P.O. BOX 6100 • NOVATO, CALIFORNIA 94948

COLLECTION
ITEM
DDA CREDIT

NO. 1871
REF #
DATE 2-29-86

7

PAYER YOU AND COUTTS & CO		ENDORSEER WILD TREE PRESS		DUE DATE 12-22-86	AMOUNT \$450.00
DESCRIPTION CHECK	ACCOUNT 0202064028	THEIR DATE 11-19-86	ITEM DATED 11-19-86	ADJSTMNT OUR FEE THEIR FEE	189.00 -7.00 -2.00
PROCESS DATE 12-29-86	THEIR No.			NET	\$630.00

WILD TREE PRESS
P O BOX 378
NAVARRO CA 95463

COLLECTION ITEM
DDA CREDIT

ACCT 0202064028

$\frac{1}{2}$ 630 = 315 pd mnday 304.65 12/27 owe her \$10.35



WELLS FARGO BANK

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION

INTERNATIONAL COLLECTION DEPT. # 1459
P.O. BOX 63200
SAN FRANCISCO, CA. 94163

SWIFT-WFBIUS6S TELEX 184904 WELLS UT
TELEPHONE: (415) 396-3513

COLLECTION ORDER

DATE:

12/19/86

OUR REFERENCE NUMBER:

SF IC230457

TO:

INTERNATIONAL DEPT. 11

ATTN: MRS. BRITT-MARIE MORRIS

WESTAMERICA BANK N.A.
CENTRAL COLLECTION DEPT.
P.O. BOX 6100
NOVATO, CA 94948
CUSTOMER REF. 01002509

DRAWEE:

ON YOURSELVES DTD. 11/19/86 BY
COUTTS AND CO. F/O WILD TREES PRESS

TENOR	SIGHT
MATURITY DATE	00/00/00
CURRENCY	ENGLISH POUNDS
FACE AMOUNT	450.00
CORRESPONDENT BANK CHARGES	0.00
POSTAGE/CABLE CHARGES	0.00
COMMISSIONS	0.00
ADDL HANDLING CHARGES	0.00
AMOUNT TO BE COLLECTED	450.00

GENTLEMEN:
WE ENCLOSE FOR COLLECTION THE ITEM DESCRIBED BELOW. PLEASE ACKNOWLEDGE THIS COLLECTION DIRECTLY TO US. PLEASE REFER TO REVERSE SIDE FOR STANDING INSTRUCTIONS.

DOCUMENTS:

CHECK	DRAFT	COMM INV	CUST INV	CONS INV	INS CERT
X					
B/L	AWB	WT CERT	INSP CERT	CERT/ORIGIN	P/L

OTHER DOCUMENTS:

CHECK # 620711

COLLECTION INSTRUCTIONS/PROCEEDS TO BE REMITTED WITHOUT LOSS IN EXCHANGE, QUOTING OUR REF NUMBER

DELIVER DOCUMENTS AGAINST PAYMENT

Rec'd payment GBP 450.00
Rate 1.42 USD 639.00
less on cty. USD 2.00
Net proceeds USD 637.00

Do not protest unless otherwise instructed above.

In case of dishonour please advise us by airmail unless otherwise instructed.

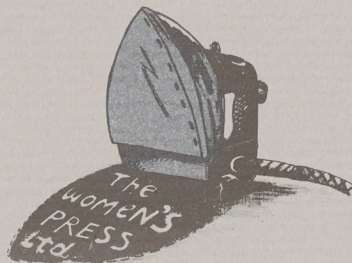
PAYMENT INSTRUCTIONS:

STANDING COLLECTIONS

1. In case of Dishonor, unless otherwise instructed by us.
 - a. Do not protest.
 - b. Notify us promptly, giving reason for dishonor.
2. Hold draft and documents pending further instructions from us in case of non-payment/non-acceptance.
3. Unless otherwise instructed on the reverse side of this collection order, please do not accept payment in currency other than that in which the draft is drawn. Advise us by airmail or cable as you deem advisable, or as instructed in case of dishonor.
4. Please inform us of any delay in acceptance or payment giving date of first presentation and date of expected acceptance or payment.
5. If the attached draft is drawn other than sight or on demand, please advise date of acceptance and maturity date.
6. Please credit or remit to us only after final payment unless otherwise instructed by us.
7. We do not assume any responsibility for the correctness, validity or genuineness of the documents received under this collection, nor for the description, quality, quantity or delivery of the goods purporting to be presented thereby.
8. In receiving items for deposit or collection this bank acts only as depositor's collecting agent, and the rights and obligations of the parties are governed by the banking law of the State of California. This collection order is subject to the "Uniform Rules for Collections" Brochure of the International Chamber of Commerce No. 322.

In addition, the standing instructions listed below are for presenting bank in countries outside the United States:

1. Unless otherwise instructed by us, you are hereby authorized to supply your endorsement, if missing, or to guarantee our endorsement on the herein described item or on any documents attached, if necessary, advising of your action by airmail. If necessary guarantee delivery of the documents listed on the reverse side hereof which have not yet come into your possession.
2. In case of dishonor, unless otherwise instructed by us, if a documentary draft, please *attempt to obtain* the goods and have them stored in bond and insured or take such other steps as you think necessary to protect the interests of our customer and ourselves, advising full particulars by airmail. In carrying out these instructions please do not pay import or other duties. If the facilities of the port will not permit you to store the goods in bond without payment of such duties kindly communicate with us for further instructions.
3. Should exchange restrictions in your country be such that remittance by prime banker's check (or cable transfer) as requested by us cannot be provided in settlement for this collection, please do not accept payment in currency other than that in which the draft is drawn, unless first specifically authorized by us. Write or cable as you deem advisable or as instructed in case of dishonor.
4. Your charges, including stamps, exchange taxes, etc. are for drawee's account unless otherwise instructed.



The Women's Press Ltd

34 Great Sutton Street, London EC1V 0DX Telephone 01-251 3007

Robert Allen,
Wild Trees Press,
Post Office Box 378,
Navarro,
California 95463

10 December 1986

Dear Robert,

Thank you for your letter of 2 December. We did receive the photo of
Charlotte you sent - many thanks.

We hope to publish Condor and Hummingbird in May 1987.

With best wishes

Rachel Pyper
Rachel Pyper

November 22, 1986

Joe Holtzman
New Voices
Quality Paperback Book Club
485 Lexington Ave.
New York, NY 10017

Dear Mr. Holtzman:

I am writing to submit CONDOR AND HUMMINGBIRD, a first novel by Charlotte Mendez, for consideration for the New Voices Award. This book was published in May, and we very very pleased to add it to our list.

Enclosed please find two copies of the book and other information on our Press. If you have any questions feel free to call me at (707) 895-3681.

Sincerely,

Robert Allen

New Voice Award from QPB

\$5,000 to a "particularly distinctive and promising author of fiction or nonfiction who has not yet received the attention he or she deserves." Only publishers may submit books. Deadline: December 31. For information, write or call Mark Chimsy, Managing Editor, Quality Paperback Book Club, 485 Lexington Avenue, New York, NY 10017. (212) 867-4300.

Perkins Prize

P.O. Box 123
Wells Bridge, NY 13859
November 3, 1986

Dear Robert,

18 degrees, said my outdoor thermometer at 7 this morning!
Winter's coming, fast.

Just came across the enclosed notice in my new issue of
CODA. I called the number given, spoke to a very pleasant man
named Joe Holtzman. He says if you would like to submit my book
for consideration, you needn't send for information first. Just
send the book (I can't remember-- did he say two copies?-- not
sure)-- to
New Voices
Quality Paperback Book Club
485 Lexington Ave.
New York, NY 10017

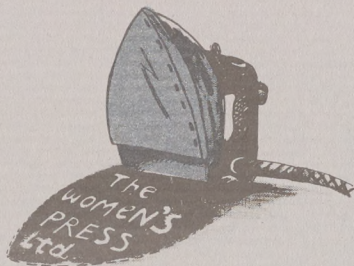
*for any other
Wild Trees book,
of course!*

Although the notice mentions a single \$5,000 prize, Joe says
that is singled out from eight to ten books which they choose to
reprint for the book club each year. I'm not sure whether Wild
Trees would want at this point to sell to a book club, but
thought I might as well let you know about it. He was interested
in Wild Trees when I mentioned you, and wanted to know a little
about the book. He said there are only four of them there, and
all read all the books submitted.

I'll be in the audience at Hartwick College for Alice's
November 5 televised communication with colleges. Sounds
interesting-- and a very brave thing to do! I hope it's a great
success.

All good wishes--

Charlotte



The Women's Press Ltd

34 Great Sutton Street, London EC1V 0DX Telephone 01-251 3007

Robert Allen,
Wild Trees Press,
P.O. Box 378,
Navarro,
California 95463

21 November 1986

Dear Robert,

Would an offset fee of £2.00 a page be acceptable on Condor and Hummingbird ?
Please let me know as soon as possible. Many thanks.

With best wishes

Yours sincerely

Rachel Pyper

Editor

OK

12/2/86

THE UNIVERSITY OF ROCHESTER

COLLEGE OF ARTS AND SCIENCE

RIVER CAMPUS STATION

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK 14627

OFFICE OF SPECIAL PROGRAMS

November 12, 1986

Mr. Robert L. Allen
Wild Trees Press
P.O. Box 378
Navarro, California 95463


Dear Mr. Allen:

Thank you for sending the five copies of CONDOR AND HUMMINGBIRD, which arrived this morning. I will distribute them to the jurors at once.

The decision concerning the prize is usually made at the end of June. After the December 31 deadline, it takes members of the panel several weeks to read the entries; there are generally about fifty.

Professor Mendez is by way of being a neighbor of ours. Oneonta is perhaps an hour and a half's drive from Rochester; it's nice to have "local talent" represented. Thank you also for your catalogue, and all good wishes for success with Wild Trees Press.

Sincerely yours,



Anne Ludlow

Anne Ludlow
for the Kafka Prize Committee

November 10, 1986

Ms. Anne Ludlow
Janet Heidinger Kafka Prize
315 Frederick Douglass Building
University of Rochester
Rochester, NY 14627

Dear Ms. Ludlow:

Enclosed please find five (5) copies of CONDOR AND HUMMINGBIRD, a first novel by Charlotte Mendez, which we are submitting as a candidate for the Kafka Prize. Professor Mendez teaches at the State University of New York College at Oneonta. The book meets the qualifications criteria in that more than one-third of it is previously unpublished.

We are a small press publisher of trade books. For your information I have enclosed a copy of our current catalog.

I look forward to hearing from you when the decisions have been made.

Sincerely,

Robert L. Allen

cc: Charlotte Mendez

The idea for the Kafka Prize came out of the personal grief of the friends and family of a fine young editor who was killed in an automobile accident just as her career was beginning to achieve its promise of excellence. She was 30 years old, and those who knew her believed she would do much to further the causes of literature and women.

Her family, her friends, and her professional associates in the publishing industry created the endowment from which the prize is bestowed each year, in memory of Janet Heidinger Kafka and the literary standards and personal ideals for which she stood.



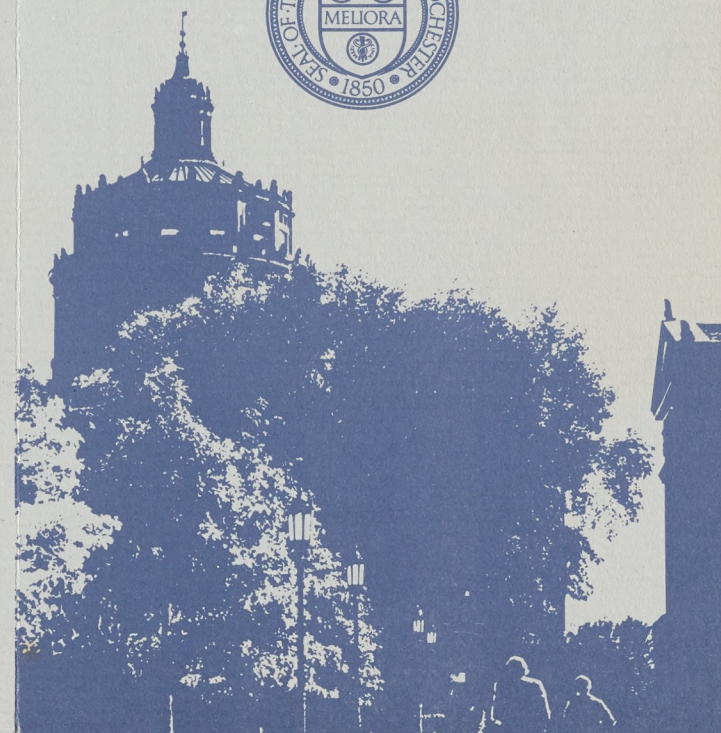
Janet Heidinger Kafka

THE JANET HEIDINGER KAFKA PRIZE

FOR FICTION BY
AN AMERICAN WOMAN

UNIVERSITY
OF ROCHESTER

DEPARTMENT OF
ENGLISH & ANNUAL
WRITERS
WORKSHOP



1976—Jessamyn West
The Massacre at Fall Creek
Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovitch

1977—Judith Guest
Ordinary People
The Viking Press

1978—Toni Morrison
Song of Solomon
Alfred A. Knopf

1979—Mary Gordon
Final Payments
Random House

1980—Barbara Chase-Riboud
Sally Hemings
The Viking Press

1981—Anne Tyler
Morgan's Passing
Alfred A. Knopf

1982—Mary Gordon
The Company of Women
Random House

1983—Mary Lee Settle
The Killing Ground, as the
conclusion to the Beulah Quintet
Farrar Straus Giroux

AWARDED BY
THE UNIVERSITY
OF ROCHESTER
DEPARTMENT OF
ENGLISH & ANNUAL
WRITERS
WORKSHOP

RULES FOR THE KAFKA PRIZE

1.

The prize will be awarded (no more than once a year) to a woman who has written the best recently published book-length work of prose fiction, whether novel, short stories, or experimental writing. Works written primarily for children and publications from private and vanity presses cannot be considered.

2.

Only under the most unusual circumstances will a writer be considered for a subsequent award within a ten-year span.

3.

All entries are submitted by publishers who wish to have the work of their authors considered. Entries must be submitted before December 31 of any given year, and the works must have been assembled for the first time, or at least one-third of the material must be previously unpublished.

4.

Entries will be evaluated by five jurors. Five copies of each entry should be submitted.

5.

Four affirmative votes out of the five jurors will be required to name the winner of the prize.

6.

There will always be five jurors. Jurors will be appointed by the Dean of the College of Arts and Science of the University of Rochester, in consultation with the Chairman of the Department of English. At least one juror will always be a member of the publishing business, a critic, or a writer who is not otherwise associated with the University of Rochester. Terms of jurors generally will be three to five years, and normally one replacement will be made each year by the Dean, in consultation with the Chairman and the jurors.

7.

The money which has been contributed (and which may later be contributed) toward the prize will be deposited with the University of Rochester and will function in its general investment portfolio as a separately identifiable part of the endowment.

8.

The name of each winner, the cash sum of each prize, and the list of jurors functioning each year will be recorded in the archives of the University of Rochester.

Entries should be sent to:

The Janet Heidinger Kafka Prize
315 Frederick Douglass Building
University of Rochester
Rochester, New York 14627
Attention: Mrs. Anne Ludlow

THE UNIVERSITY OF ROCHESTER

COLLEGE OF ARTS AND SCIENCE

RIVER CAMPUS STATION

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK 14627

OFFICE OF SPECIAL PROGRAMS

October 29, 1986

Mr. Robert Allen
Wild Trees Press
P. O. Box 378
Navarro, CA 95463

Dear Mr. Allen:

At the request of Professor Charlotte Méndez I am sending you the enclosed brochure, describing the guidelines for the Janet Heidinger Kafka Prize. As you see, only published works are eligible, and the entries must be submitted by the publisher. Entries are not restricted to first novels.

Our brochure needs updating. In 1984, Joan Chase received the prize for her book DURING THE REIGN OF THE QUEEN OF PERSIA, and last year it went to Rosellen Brown for CIVIL WARS. This year's winner will be announced soon.

I have sent Ms. Méndez a copy of the brochure also. We are grateful for your interest in the Kafka Prize, and are happy to see that it is becoming more widely known.

Sincerely yours,

Anne Ludlow

Anne Ludlow
for the Kafka Prize Committee

P.O. Box 123
Wells Bridge Ny 13857
10/30/86

Dear Robert,

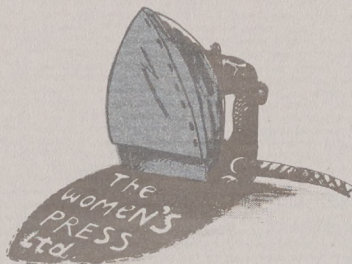
Many thanks for your
letter & the royalty statement.

Things do seem to be going well
I won't order any more books at present - but if
you don't do a 2nd printing, could you please save me some?

I'm enclosing the Kafka
award brochure. I had thought
it was first novels only, but that
doesn't seem to be so. And it looks
as if it hasn't gone to a small
press publication so far. But who
knows? Maybe there's a first time -
Anyway, if you feel like submitting
C+H it might be interesting - &
would at least make more people
aware of it.

I'm watching Village Voice to see
if a review will appear. Kept leaving
messages for Wendy Riss & don't know if
she got them. But last person I talked
to said she thought Wendy no longer needed
to talk with me. Too bad I missed
connecting with her, but maybe the reviews
will come out anyway.

Hope all's thriving there. Things
are fine here - much excitement watching
Roland's little house/smithy ^(he is an iron set smith & craftsman) being built
down the road from me (He very much enjoyed
speaking with you when you last called -)
Many thanks to Alice for saying yes
And loving good wishes to all -
Charlotten



The Women's Press Ltd

34 Great Sutton Street, London EC1V 0DX Telephone 01-251 3007

3 November 1986

Robert Allen
Wild Trees Press
PO Box 378
Navarro
CA 95463
USA

Dear Robert,

Here is a fully signed copy of your agreement with us for CONDOR AND HUMMINGBIRD by Charlotte Mendes and the advance due on signature will follow as soon as it can be arranged.

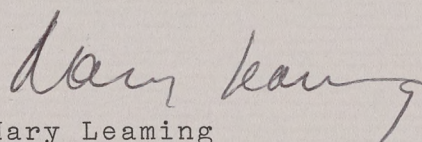
Also enclosed are:

A tax exemption claim form for either you or the author to fill in (I can't find out from our tax office which of you it should be - if in doubt, perhaps both of you should fill one in and we can eliminate the unnecessary one later). Please note that the completed form should be sent to your local tax office, and they should send it direct to the address in the box at bottom left of the form, not to me;

A letter and author's questionnaire from our publicity department - could you forward it to Charlotte Mendes and if possible let us have her address as well;

A catalogue from The Women's Press Bookclub, which I'd be grateful if you would forward as well. The author is entitled to free life membership of the bookclub, so if she would like to join she should send in the application form to the bookclub at this address.

With best wishes,


Mary Leaming
Rights Manager

189

621-0557

Chalk
PO Box 123
Wells Bridge, NY 13859
607 988-7091

THIS AGREEMENT

is made the

22nd

day of

September

19

86

257

Between THE WOMEN'S PRESS LIMITED

A member of the Namara Group

of 1 Gresham Street, London EC2V 7BU

34 Great Sutton Street
London EC1V 0DX

(hereinafter called 'the Publishers' which expression shall where the context so admits include its successors and assigns) of the one part, and Wild Trees Press

of PO Box 378, Navarro, California 95463

(hereinafter called 'the Proprietors' which expression where the context so admits includes its successors and assigns) of the other part.

Licence

1. The Proprietors hereby grant to the Publishers for a period of ^{five} eight years from the date of first publication of ~~CONDOR AND HUMMINGBIRD~~ by ~~Charlotte Mendes~~

(hereinafter called 'the Work') the exclusive licence to publish the Work in ^{volume} paperback form (excluding educational editions as defined in the Publishers Association Circular 44a/1971) in the English language in the territories specified in the Schedule hereto ('the Publishers' exclusive territory') and a non-exclusive licence to publish the work in ^{volume} paperback form throughout the rest of the world including/ excluding the United States of America its Dependencies and the Philippine Islands, hereinafter called the 'open market', (the publication in the English language in the open market to be restricted exclusively to the Publisher and a contracted United States publisher) in each case from a date (except by arrangement)

not earlier than

January 1 1987

and not later than

December 31 1987

unless the Publishers are prevented from doing so before such later date by circumstances beyond their reasonable control, which shall include — but not by way of limitation — strikes, industrial disputes and lockouts.

Open Market
Edition

2. ~~Without prejudice to its rights under Clause 1, the Publishers shall have the right to publish an edition in paperback form for the open market at a date prior to the start of the said period, such date to be agreed with the Proprietors.~~

Royalties and
Advance

3. The Publishers shall pay to the Proprietors the following royalties in respect of the Work:

- a) $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of the published price on all copies sold in the British Isles including the Republic of Ireland.
- b) 6 per cent of the published price on all copies sold for sale in territories outside the British Isles.
- c) £ 900 as an advance on account of the royalties referred to in paragraph 3(a) and (b) to be paid as: half on signature of this Agreement; half on publication
- d) 10% of published price on any hardcover copies sold on the**

4. The Proprietors undertake that during the currency of this Agreement they will not permit or authorise any other publication of the Work in paperback volume form in the Publisher's exclusive territory.

Indemnity

5. The Proprietors warrant and undertake that they have not granted any licence in respect of, nor assigned any rights of publication in paperback form in respect of the Work to any person firm or company whatsoever within the Publishers' exclusive territory; that the Work does not in any way infringe any existing copyright; that the Work contains nothing which is or may be held to be libellous (including criminal libel) or obscene; that all statements contained therein purporting to be facts are true, and that the Proprietors will indemnify the Publishers against any loss injury or damage (including any legal costs or expenses and any compensation costs and disbursements paid by the Publisher on advice of Counsel to compromise or settle any claim) caused to or suffered by the Publishers as a result of the publication of the Work by any breach of the warranties and undertakings contained in this agreement.

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** Home market; 8% of published price on any hardcover copies sold for export.

Obscene Publications
Acts

6. If the Publishers shall at any time consider that publication of the said Work may render them liable to prosecution under the Obscene Publications Acts 1959 to 1964; or any statutory modification or re-enactment thereof for the time being in force, and if the Proprietors or the Author shall refuse the Publishers permission to amend or delete any passage which in the written opinion of Counsel may offend against the provisions of the above Acts the Publishers may by notice in writing to the Proprietors refuse to publish the said Work and the Proprietors shall thereupon forthwith repay to the Publishers any sums which the Publishers may have advanced to the Proprietors in respect of the said Work and this Agreement shall thereupon terminate.

Production
Responsibility

7. The Proprietors shall on their publication deliver free of charge to the Publishers six (6) printed hardback copies of the said Work together with details of all corrections revisions additions and amendments which have been notified to the Proprietors by the Author or Editor of the Work and will keep the Publishers informed of all further amendments or additions which may be proposed from time to time. The paper, printing, binding, cover art work and embellishments and the manner and extent of publication, advertisement, the number and distribution of free copies for the Press or otherwise and the terms of sale of the first and any subsequent editions issued by the Publishers shall be in the sole discretion of the Publishers who shall, as well in this as in all other respects (except only as provided for in Clause 17), have the entire control of the publication of paperback editions of the Work in the Publishers' exclusive territory.

Proprietors'
Copies

8. The Proprietors shall be entitled to receive on publication eight (8) presentation copies of the Work and shall also be entitled to purchase further copies (but not for resale) at the Publishers' usual rate of discount, such copies to be paid for on presentation of the Publishers' invoice.

Free Copies

9. No royalty shall be payable to the Proprietors in respect of any copies of the said Work disposed of under the provisions of Clause 8 hereof nor in respect of any copies distributed for the purpose of review, criticism, advertisement or otherwise in the interests of promotion nor upon any copies lost or destroyed by fire, water or other causes in transit or in any other circumstances.

Statement of
Sales

10. The Publishers shall render to the Proprietors a statement of copies sold made up to 30 June and 31 December in each year to be delivered within three months thereafter and will remit with such statement all royalty payments due for the period covered and shall include a deduction against returns which shall not exceed 20% of earnings at any one accounting period, excluding the advance, and which shall be paid over to the Proprietors at the next accounting date. This deduction

Disposal of
Stock

against returns shall apply only in the first four accounting periods. 11. If at any time in the opinion of the Publishers, the Work shall have ceased to have a remunerative sale, the Publishers shall be at liberty to dispose of any copies in their possession or in the possession of their agents at less than full price (with full discretion as to the price at which they are sold) or to destroy them, provided that the provisions of Clause 10 with regard to payment shall not apply, and in lieu thereof the Publishers shall pay to the Proprietors an amount equal to 5 per cent (5%) of the net amount received by the Publishers except that no sum shall be payable under this clause if the price received is equal to or less than the cost price.

/but not before the
Work has been in
print for 2 years

12. The Publishers may not assign the benefit of this Agreement without the consent in writing of the Proprietors, such consent not to be unreasonably withheld, except that the Publishers may sub-licence its rights hereunder for the purpose of the sale of the Work in accordance with this agreement, the Proprietors' consent in writing having been first obtained.

Other Rights

13. All rights other than those herein specifically granted to the Publishers are reserved by the Proprietors.

Hardback Cheap
Editions and
Remainders

14. The Proprietors shall not before, or within six months of the date of publication of the Publishers' edition, dispose of any copies of their edition of the Work as a remainder or at a reduced price without the agreement of the Publishers, and such agreement shall not be unreasonably withheld; nor shall the Proprietors allow publication of any edition of the Work at a price less than one half of that of the Proprietors' edition before or within twelve months of the date of publication of the Publishers' edition without the agreement of the Publishers, and such agreement shall not be unreasonably withheld.

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Condition of Sale

15. The Publishers undertake to print at some appropriate place in every copy of the Work published for sale by them the following notice:

'This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the Publisher's prior consent in any form of binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser. This book is published at a net price and is supplied subject to the Publishers Association Standard Conditions of Sale registered under the Restrictive Trades Practices Act, 1956'.

It is agreed that no such written consent shall be given by the Publishers without the written permission of the Proprietors.

Illustrated Material

16. (a) The Proprietors shall supply to the Publishers originals or prints suitable for reproduction of any illustrations, charts, maps, diagrams, or other art work which the Proprietors include in their edition of the Work.

(b) The Proprietors hereby grant to the Publishers permission to reproduce such material free of charge and hereby warrant to the Publishers that they (the Proprietors) have full power to grant such permission throughout the territory covered by this Agreement.

(c) The Publishers shall not be responsible either to the Proprietors or to any third party for any loss or damage to such material when the same is in its possession except through negligence on the part of the company or its staff.

17. The Publishers shall not abridge, expand, or otherwise alter the Work without the consent of the Proprietors, such consent not to be unreasonably withheld.

18. In the event of the sale by the Publishers with the consent of the Proprietors of paperback book-club rights within the territory covered by this Agreement, the payment to be made to the Proprietors on copies so sold shall be mutually agreed.

Renewal of Licence
/request

19. If, during the last six (6) months of the term of this Agreement, the Publishers shall sell not less than three hundred (300) copies of the paperback edition of the Work, the Publishers, at their option, but not less than one month before the expiry of the licence require the Proprietors to extend the licence for a further period to be mutually agreed except that no further advance shall be payable, the royalty rate shall be mutually agreed and the option for renewal contained in this Clause shall be omitted.

Reversion of Rights

20. If during the period of this Agreement the Work is out of stock and the Publishers decide not to reprint within three months of receiving a written request to do so, all rights granted under the terms of this Agreement shall revert immediately to the Proprietors. But if within three months of receiving such written request the Publishers agree to reprint, their reprint edition shall be on sale within a further nine months or all rights, on the expiration of such further period of nine months, shall immediately revert to the Proprietors.

21. The Publishers shall include in every copy of their edition a correct and complete copyright notice in accordance with the provisions of the Universal Copyright Convention in a form supplied and approved by the Proprietors.

Option

22. The Proprietors agree to offer to the Publishers on fair and reasonable terms the licence to publish in paperback form the next work by the Author which the Proprietors are entitled to publish in hardback form, before offering the said licence to any other publisher. The Publishers undertake to decide within six weeks of receipt of the Work in typescript proof or bound form whether they will make an offer for its publication. If within a further period of one calendar month no agreement as to terms of publication shall have been reached, then the Proprietors should be at liberty to negotiate for its publication in paperback form elsewhere, provided that the Proprietors shall not subsequently accept from any other publisher terms less favourable than those offered by the Publishers.

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Determination of Agreement

23. Should the Publishers fail to comply with any of the terms or conditions herein set forth within six (6) months after being called upon in writing to remedy such default or should they go into liquidation either voluntary or compulsory (other than for the purpose of amalgamation or reconstruction) the Proprietors may by three months' notice in writing withdraw the licence to publish the Work granted under this Agreement to the Publisher but without prejudice to any licence granted or to all rights and obligations of the Publishers contained in any Agreement properly entered into by them hereunder with any third party.

Arbitration

24. If any difference or dispute shall arise between the Proprietors and the Publishers concerning the meaning of this Agreement or the rights and liabilities of the parties hereto the same shall be referred to a sole arbitrator (to be mutually agreed) for arbitration in accordance with the provisions of the Arbitration Act 1950 or any statutory modification or re-enactment thereof for the time being in force.

25. This Agreement shall be subject to and construed according to the Law of England.

~~26. All payments due under this agreement shall be subject to VAT at the current rate unless the Proprietors inform the Publishers in writing otherwise.~~

27. The Publishers undertake not to distribute the Work in the Republic of South Africa or in Namibia unless specifically given permission in writing to do so by the Proprietors.

28. During the currency of this agreement as specified in clause 1 the Publishers shall pay to the Proprietors the following percentages of all monies ~~xxxxxx~~ received by them in respect of the sale of the following subsidiary rights in the Publishers' territory:

- | | |
|---|-----|
| i) First serial rights | 80% |
| ii) Second serial rights | 50% |
| iii) Bookclub rights | 50% |
| iv) On copies sold through The Women's Press Bookclub a royalty of 10% of the bookclub price shall be paid. | |

AS WITNESS the hands of the parties hereto

FOR AND ON BEHALF OF

Robert Allen
Wild Trees Press
R de Lencastre

SCHEDULE OF EXCLUSIVE TERRITORIES

CONDOR AND HUMMINGBIRD

by Charlotte Mendes

Anguilla	Malta
Antigua and Barbuda	Mauritius
Australia and territories	Montserrat
Bahamas	Namibia
Bangladesh	Native States of India
Barbados	Nauru
Belize	New Hebrides
Bermuda	New Zealand and territories
Botswana	Nigeria
British Antarctic Territory	Pakistan
British Indian Ocean Territory	Papua New Guinea
British Virgin Islands	Pitcairn Islands Group
Brunei	St Christopher-Nevis
Burma	St Helena, Ascension,
Cameroun	. Tristan da Cunha
Canada	St Lucia
Cayman Islands	St Vincent and the Grenadines
Cyprus	Seychelles
Dominica	Sierra Leone
Egypt	Singapore
Falkland Islands and dependencies	Solomon Islands
Fiji	Somali Republic
Gambia	South Africa
Ghana	Sri Lanka
Gibraltar	Sudan
Grenada	Swaziland
Guyana	Tanzania
Hong Kong	Tonga
India	Trinidad and Tobago
Iraq	Turks and Caicos Islands
Irish Republic	Tuvalu
Israel	Uganda
Jamaica	United Kingdom (including
Jordan	Northern Ireland and
Kenya	Channel Islands)
Kiribati	Vanuatu
Lesotho	Western Samoa
Malawi	Yemen PDR
Malaysia	Zambia
Maldives	Zimbabwe

CLAIM BY AN INDIVIDUAL WHO IS A RESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES TO RELIEF FROM UNITED KINGDOM INCOME TAX ON INTEREST, ROYALTIES, CERTAIN PENSIONS, PURCHASED ANNUITIES AND ALIMONY ARISING IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

INSTRUCTIONS

- Complete and sign this form and duplicate.
- Send the form and duplicate to the Internal Revenue Service Center Director with whom your last United States income tax return was filed.
- If repayment is claimed please attach the appropriate original certificates of deduction of tax.
- Full details of the income must be given overleaf. If there is insufficient room attach additional sheets.

INFORMATION		[If you are a married woman, please also answer questions 1 to 4 on behalf of your husband]
1.	Full name (print)	
2.	Residential address (print)	
3.	Have you previously had dealings with any United Kingdom tax office? If so please state i. the tax office and your reference no, or ii. your last address and name and address of your last employer in the United Kingdom.	[This question need only be answered if this is your first claim of this kind]
4.	Have you possessed or kept the use of a place of abode in the United Kingdom during the last 4 years? If so, please give the full address. If it is no longer possessed or used, state on what date it was given up.	
5.	Have you been in the United Kingdom during the past 4 years for as much as i. 3 months a year on average ii. 6 months in any one tax year	[If any answer is "yes" please give brief details]
6.	Have you been absent from the United States for a complete tax year in any of the last 4 years?	
7.	Are you engaged in any trade or business in the United Kingdom or do you perform independent personal services from a fixed base situated therein? If so, please give full particulars.	
8.	If the claim relates to interest, do you bear United States tax on it?	
9.	If, in the declaration below, you claim relief from United Kingdom income tax at source do you expect any change in the above-mentioned circumstances to occur during the next 3 years?	
10.	If enquiries about this claim should be addressed to an agent, please state agent's name and address.	
11.	Please state i. your United States Internal Revenue Account Number, ii. your United States Social Security Number, and iii. the location of the Service Center where your latest tax return was filed and the date on which it was filed.	

DECLARATION

1. I am beneficially entitled to the income derived from the sources specified overleaf.
2. To the best of my knowledge and belief all the particulars given in this form are correctly stated.
3. I claim

*repayment of the appropriate amount of United Kingdom income tax.
*that the said income may be exempted from payment or deduction of United Kingdom income tax.

If you wish repayment to be made to a United Kingdom bank or agent, give the name and address.

Signature

Date

[*Delete whatever is inapplicable]

CERTIFICATION

[To be given by the Service Center Director and the form sent direct to the Inspector of Foreign Dividends, Lynwood Road, Thames Ditton, Surrey, England, KT7 0DP]

I certify that the last United States tax return filed by the claimant was made as a citizen or resident of the United States.

Signature

Date

Designation

Official Stamp

For the use of the United Kingdom Revenue only

Order No

Order issued

Pay: Claimant
Bank etc for claimant
Claimant c/o bank etc

£

Up to

Examined

Countersigned

After payment issue to agent

Full details of the income in respect of which relief from United Kingdom income tax is claimed must be entered below.
If repayment of income tax already deducted is claimed, the appropriate original tax deduction certificates must be attached.

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REF FD 13/

INSTRUCTIONS

- | INFORMATION | | [If you are a married woman, please also answer questions 1 to 4 on behalf of your husband] |
|-------------|--|---|
| 1. | Full name <i>(print)</i> | |
| 2. | Residential address <i>(print)</i> | |
| 3. | Have you previously had dealings with any United Kingdom tax office?
If so please state
i. the tax office and your reference no, or
ii. your last address and name and address of your last employer in the United Kingdom. | [This question need only be answered if this is your first claim of this kind] |
| 4. | Have you possessed or kept the use of a place of abode in the United Kingdom during the last 4 years? If so, please give the full address. If it is no longer possessed or used, state on what date it was given up. | |
| 5. | Have you been in the United Kingdom during the past 4 years for as much as
i. 3 months a year on average
ii. 6 months in any one tax year | [If any answer is "yes" please give brief details] |
| 6. | Have you been absent from the United States for a complete tax year in any of the last 4 years? | |
| 7. | Are you engaged in any trade or business in the United Kingdom or do you perform independent personal services from a fixed base situated therein? If so, please give full particulars. | |
| 8. | If the claim relates to interest, do you bear United States tax on it? | |
| 9. | If, in the declaration below, you claim relief from United Kingdom income tax at source do you expect any change in the above-mentioned circumstances to occur during the next 3 years? | |
| 10. | If enquiries about this claim should be addressed to an agent, please state agent's name and address. | |
| 11. | Please state
i. your United States Internal Revenue Account Number,
ii. your United States Social Security Number, and
iii. the location of the Service Center where your latest tax return was filed and the date on which it was filed. | |

1. I am beneficially entitled to the income derived from the sources specified overleaf.
2. To the best of my knowledge and belief all the particulars given in this form are correctly stated.
3. I claim

*that the said income may be exempted from payment or deduction of United Kingdom income tax.

If you wish repayment to be made to a United Kingdom bank or agent, give the name and address.

Signature _____

Date _____

[*Delete whatever is inapplicable]

[To be given by the Service Center Director and the form sent direct to the Inspector of Foreign Dividends, Lynwood Road, Thames Ditton, Surrey, England, KT7 0DP]

I certify that the last United States tax return filed by the claimant was made as a citizen or resident of the United States.

Signature _____

Date _____

Designation _____

Official Stamp

UNITED KINGDOM INLAND REVENUE

For the use of the United Kingdom Revenue only			
Order No			
Order issued			
Pay: Claimant Bank etc for claimant Claimant c/o bank etc	<table border="1"> <tr> <td>£</td> <td></td> </tr> </table>	£	
£			
Up to			
Examined			
Countersigned			
After payment issue to agent			

Please turn over

SCHEDULE

Full details of the income in respect of which relief from United Kingdom income tax is claimed must be entered below.
If repayment of income tax already deducted is claimed, the appropriate original tax deduction certificates must be attached.

I. INTEREST				Amount of income from each source	Amount of United Kingdom income tax deducted
Full title of security or description of loan and full name and address (in BLOCK letters) of persons by whom interest is paid	Due date of interest	State in this column		£	£
		1. In the case of bonds payable to bearer, the numbers of the bonds from which the coupons were derived.	2. In the case of registered stocks the name or names (in due order and in BLOCK letters) in which the stocks are registered and the reference numbers of the accounts where applicable.		
II. ROYALTIES (other than royalties from natural resources, films, and radio or television tapes)					
Full description of royalties etc and date of contract		Full name and address (in BLOCK letters) of			
		a. the person in the United Kingdom by whom the royalties are paid.			
		b. the agent, if any, in the United Kingdom by or through whom the payments are made.			
III. PENSIONS, PURCHASED ANNUITIES AND ALIMONY					
Full description of income and full name and address (in BLOCK letters) of person by whom paid	Contract number if any	Date or dates on which pension, annuity or alimony is payable			
		Day	Month	Year	
TOTAL AMOUNT OF INCOME					
TOTAL AMOUNT OF UNITED KINGDOM INCOME TAX					

CLAIM BY AN INDIVIDUAL WHO IS A RESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES TO RELIEF FROM UNITED KINGDOM INCOME TAX ON INTEREST, ROYALTIES, CERTAIN PENSIONS, PURCHASED ANNUITIES AND ALIMONY ARISING IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

INSTRUCTIONS

- Complete and sign this form and duplicate.
- Send the form and duplicate to the Internal Revenue Service Center Director with whom your last United States income tax return was filed.
- If repayment is claimed please attach the appropriate original certificates of deduction of tax.
- Full details of the income must be given overleaf. If there is insufficient room attach additional sheets.

INFORMATION		[If you are a married woman, please also answer questions 1 to 4 on behalf of your husband]
1.	Full name (print)	
2.	Residential address (print)	
3.	Have you previously had dealings with any United Kingdom tax office? If so please state i. the tax office and your reference no, or ii. your last address and name and address of your last employer in the United Kingdom.	[This question need only be answered if this is your first claim of this kind]
4.	Have you possessed or kept the use of a place of abode in the United Kingdom during the last 4 years? If so, please give the full address. If it is no longer possessed or used, state on what date it was given up.	
5.	Have you been in the United Kingdom during the past 4 years for as much as i. 3 months a year on average ii. 6 months in any one tax year	[If any answer is "yes" please give brief details]
6.	Have you been absent from the United States for a complete tax year in any of the last 4 years?	
7.	Are you engaged in any trade or business in the United Kingdom or do you perform independent personal services from a fixed base situated therein? If so, please give full particulars.	
8.	If the claim relates to interest, do you bear United States tax on it?	
9.	If, in the declaration below, you claim relief from United Kingdom income tax at source do you expect any change in the above-mentioned circumstances to occur during the next 3 years?	
10.	If enquiries about this claim should be addressed to an agent, please state agent's name and address.	
11.	Please state i. your United States Internal Revenue Account Number, ii. your United States Social Security Number, and iii. the location of the Service Center where your latest tax return was filed and the date on which it was filed.	

DECLARATION

1. I am beneficially entitled to the income derived from the sources specified overleaf.
2. To the best of my knowledge and belief all the particulars given in this form are correctly stated.
3. I claim

*repayment of the appropriate amount of United Kingdom income tax.
*that the said income may be exempted from payment or deduction of United Kingdom income tax.

If you wish repayment to be made to a United Kingdom bank or agent, give the name and address.

Signature

Date

[*Delete whatever is inapplicable]

CERTIFICATION

[To be given by the Service Center Director and the form sent direct to the Inspector of Foreign Dividends, Lynwood Road, Thames Ditton, Surrey, England, KT7 0DP]

I certify that the last United States tax return filed by the claimant was made as a citizen or resident of the United States.

Signature

Date

Designation

Official Stamp

For the use of the United Kingdom Revenue only

Order No

Order issued

Pay: Claimant
Bank etc for claimant
Claimant c/o bank etc

£

Up to

Examined

Countersigned

After payment issue to agent

SCHEDULE

Full details of the income in respect of which relief from United Kingdom income tax is claimed must be entered below.
If repayment of income tax already deducted is claimed, the appropriate original tax deduction certificates must be attached.

I. INTEREST			Amount of income from each source	Amount of United Kingdom income tax deducted
Full title of security or description of loan and full name and address (in BLOCK letters) of persons by whom interest is paid	Due date of interest	State in this column	£	£
		1. In the case of bonds payable to bearer, the numbers of the bonds from which the coupons were derived. 2. In the case of registered stocks the name or names (in due order and in BLOCK letters) in which the stocks are registered and the reference numbers of the accounts where applicable.		
II. ROYALTIES (other than royalties from natural resources, films, and radio or television tapes)				
Full description of royalties etc and date of contract	Full name and address (in BLOCK letters) of			
	a. the person in the United Kingdom by whom the royalties are paid. b. the agent, if any, in the United Kingdom by or through whom the payments are made.			
III. PENSIONS, PURCHASED ANNUITIES AND ALIMONY				
Full description of income and full name and address (in BLOCK letters) of person by whom paid	Contract number if any	Date or dates on which pension, annuity or alimony is payable		
		Day	Month	Year
TOTAL AMOUNT OF INCOME				
TOTAL AMOUNT OF UNITED KINGDOM INCOME TAX				

U.S./INDIVIDUAL

REF FD 13/ /

CLAIM BY AN INDIVIDUAL WHO IS A RESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES TO RELIEF FROM UNITED KINGDOM INCOME TAX ON INTEREST, ROYALTIES, CERTAIN PENSIONS, PURCHASED ANNUITIES AND ALIMONY ARISING IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

INSTRUCTIONS

- Complete and sign this form and duplicate.
- Send the form and duplicate to the Internal Revenue Service Center Director with whom your last United States income tax return was filed.
- If repayment is claimed please attach the appropriate original certificates of deduction of tax.
- Full details of the income must be given overleaf. If there is insufficient room attach additional sheets.

INFORMATION		[If you are a married woman, please also answer questions 1 to 4 on behalf of your husband]
1.	Full name (print)	
2.	Residential address (print)	
3.	Have you previously had dealings with any United Kingdom tax office? If so please state i. the tax office and your reference no, or ii. your last address and name and address of your last employer in the United Kingdom.	[This question need only be answered if this is your first claim of this kind]
4.	Have you possessed or kept the use of a place of abode in the United Kingdom during the last 4 years? If so, please give the full address. If it is no longer possessed or used, state on what date it was given up.	
5.	Have you been in the United Kingdom during the past 4 years for as much as i. 3 months a year on average ii. 6 months in any one tax year	[If any answer is "yes" please give brief details]
6.	Have you been absent from the United States for a complete tax year in any of the last 4 years?	
7.	Are you engaged in any trade or business in the United Kingdom or do you perform independent personal services from a fixed base situated therein? If so, please give full particulars.	
8.	If the claim relates to interest, do you bear United States tax on it?	
9.	If, in the declaration below, you claim relief from United Kingdom income tax at source do you expect any change in the above-mentioned circumstances to occur during the next 3 years?	
10.	If enquiries about this claim should be addressed to an agent, please state agent's name and address.	
11.	Please state i. your United States Internal Revenue Account Number, ii. your United States Social Security Number, and iii. the location of the Service Center where your latest tax return was filed and the date on which it was filed.	

DECLARATION

- I am beneficially entitled to the income derived from the sources specified overleaf.
 - To the best of my knowledge and belief all the particulars given in this form are correctly stated.
 - I claim
- *repayment of the appropriate amount of United Kingdom income tax. If you wish repayment to be made to a United Kingdom bank or agent, give the name and address.
- *that the said income may be exempted from payment or deduction of United Kingdom income tax.
- Signature
- Date
- [*Delete whatever is inapplicable]

CERTIFICATION

[To be given by the Service Center Director and the form sent direct to the Inspector of Foreign Dividends, Lynwood Road, Thames Ditton, Surrey, England, KT7 0DP]

I certify that the last United States tax return filed by the claimant was made as a citizen or resident of the United States.

Signature

Date

Designation

Official Stamp

For the use of the United Kingdom Revenue only

Order No

Order issued

Pay: Claimant
Bank etc for claimant
Claimant c/o bank etc

Up to

Examined

Countersigned

After payment issue to agent

UNITED KINGDOM INLAND REVENUE

Please turn over

SCHEDULE

Full details of the income in respect of which relief from United Kingdom income tax is claimed must be entered below.
If repayment of income tax already deducted is claimed, the appropriate original tax deduction certificates must be attached.

I. INTEREST				Amount of income from each source	Amount of United Kingdom income tax deducted
Full title of security or description of loan and full name and address (in BLOCK letters) of persons by whom interest is paid	Due date of interest	State in this column		£	£
		1. In the case of bonds payable to bearer, the numbers of the bonds from which the coupons were derived.	2. In the case of registered stocks the name or names (in due order and in BLOCK letters) in which the stocks are registered and the reference numbers of the accounts where applicable.		
II. ROYALTIES (other than royalties from natural resources, films, and radio or television tapes)					
Full description of royalties etc and date of contract		Full name and address (in BLOCK letters) of			
		a. the person in the United Kingdom by whom the royalties are paid. b. the agent, if any, in the United Kingdom by or through whom the payments are made.			
III. PENSIONS, PURCHASED ANNUITIES AND ALIMONY					
Full description of income and full name and address (in BLOCK letters) of person by whom paid	Contract number if any	Date or dates on which pension, annuity or alimony is payable			
		Day	Month	Year	
TOTAL AMOUNT OF INCOME					
TOTAL AMOUNT OF UNITED KINGDOM INCOME TAX					

es, and other genre fic-
fantasy still bears the
a of "escapist" fiction.
of it is—and does a
job of it, too. Yet some
rs consider fantasy that
rns itself with serious is-
o be trivializing the ques-
t seeks to explore. Is it
dly to deal with social,
, or technological prob-
n the defused context of
ented world or an alter-
history? The impulse to
fiction at all is only a
removed from telling tall
and those are only half a
om lying. To remove a
m from its surround-
implify it, turn it into
a kind of lie. But it may
e a way to sugar-coat a
nd the medicine doesn't
f the patient won't swal-

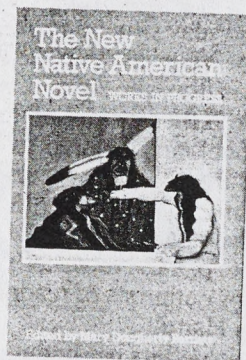
Emma Bull's forthcoming
War for the Oaks (Ace
\$3.50), is a contempo-
rary fantasy set in Minneap-
olis, featuring new wave music and
a courts of Faerie. Will
Bull's most recent novel,
Blood (Ace Books,
\$3.50), applies the voice of the
feminine private eye to
science fantasy. Together,
with the Liavek anthologies
from Dragon Press in
Minneapolis, a small press spe-
cializing in fantasy and comic



SIPRESS

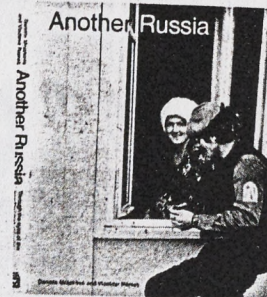
NOTED & NEWSWORTHY

How delightful to bite into the first fresh fruits and vegetables of the season! Less delightful are the origins of our produce, typically picked by migrant laborers from Mexico. Their lives, caught up in American politicking on immigration and agricultural economics, are sensitively sketched in *La Frontera* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, New York, 200 pp., \$29.95) by writer Alan Weisman and photographer Jay Dusard . . . For Mexicans and other Hispanics who stay, life in the U.S. can be a bitter-sweet collision of culture. Denise Chávez tries on a wardrobe of identities while describing her New Mexico childhood in this evocative short story collection, *The Last of the Menu Girls* (Arte Público Press, University of Houston, University Park, Houston, TX 77004, 190 pp., \$8.50) . . . Other peoples in transition—often alien in their native land—are illus-



trated in *The New Native American Novel* (Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, NM 87131, 132 pp., \$9.95). This compelling collection, edited by Mary Dougherty Bartlett, includes works in progress by Louise Erdrich,

Linda Hogan, Michael Dorris, and others . . . America's dealings with "foreigners" is traced in *Keeper of Concentration Camps* (Univ. of California, Berkeley, 339 pp., \$24.95) with Richard Drinnon's profile of Dillon Myer, who headed the round-up of over 110,000 Japanese-Americans during WWII, and later as Commissioner of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, carried out the "termination" policy that relocated thousands of Indians from reservations . . . One problem we can't simply relocate is our steady environmental destruction. Anne and Paul (*The Population Bomb*) Erlich paint the big picture in *Earth* (Franklin Watts, New York, 249 pp., \$19.95), and include some practical ecological remedies . . . Saving the earth, however, assumes we'll have one, and the way Don Carlson and Craig Cornstock see it, we need to find better ways to end the arms race. *Securing Our Planet* (Tarcher, Los Angeles, 368 pp., \$10.95) gathers a range of solutions that go beyond simply opposing military hardware . . . While we're still in the arms race, though, one excellent reference is Tom Gervasi's *The Myth of Soviet Military Supremacy* (Harper & Row, New York, 416 pp., \$24.95) . . . Our perceptions of Russians may be flavored by the requisite newsclips of military parades, but there's more to the story, as Czech photohistorians Daniela Mržková and Vladimir Remeš prove in *Another Russia* (Facts on File, New York, 176 pp., \$35), a disarming portrait of ordinary



Russians at market, play, and home . . . Similarly, Joel Kantor presents a poignant portrayal of Israelis in *In Our Image* (Adama, New York, 132 pp., \$15.95) . . . Create your own visions from these finely drawn small press fiction offerings: Alice Walker's Wild Trees Press brings Charlotte Méndez' richly painted story of three women's search for self in *Condor and Hummingbird* (Navarro, CA 95463, 137 pp., \$8.95). Algonquin Books presents North Carolina Independent editor William Warner's *Knute, and Knute Again* (Box 2225, Chapel Hill, NC 27515, 238 pp., \$13.95), a telling tale of coming of age in post WWII America . . . If you feel you've come of age and still don't have the answers, relax. Dr. Science has the answers, if the questions include: What would happen if you cleaned your self-cleaning oven? Or, how do boneless chickens procreate? Dr. Science (Dan Coffey) and his able assistant Rodney (Merle Kessler, a.k.a. Ian Shoales), members of the Ducks Breath Mystery Theater comedy troupe, tell all in *The Official Dr. Science Big Book of Science* (Contemporary, Chicago, 206 pp., \$6.95).

—Helen Cordes

(The magazine is a nice discovery for me too — do you know it? It's an 'alternative press review'...)

Dear Alice & Robert - Have you seen this? Some friends of mine described it to me. *Charlotte*

Condor and Hummingbird by Charlotte Méndez. Wild Trees Press. 137 pp. Paper \$8.95.

(novel)

Picking Up by Lucy Honig. Dog Ear Press. 203 pp. Cloth \$15.95. Paper \$8.95.

(novel)

In *Condor and the Hummingbird*, Laura, a North American, accompanies her husband to Bogota, Columbia, his native land. There, Laura slowly learns how foreign her husband is both culturally and mentally. Overwhelmed by the coldness and demands of the native Columbians and her isolation from her husband, Laura withdraws into an inner world inhabited only by her own thoughts and her young daughter. She also grows fond of her husband's sister Francisca, who is considered "mad" but is harmless and is friendly toward Laura. These two befriend a child named Carmen who suffers from a strange disease and a life of servitude. These three draw ever closer to one another as they work to free themselves from their particular yet similar lonelinesses and imprisonments.

Concentrating mostly on Laura, the novel traces, as the novelist Alice Walker puts it, "a woman's discovery that the most foreign country is within." Laura is extremely thoughtful and introspective -- sometimes to excess. The regular presenting of her emotions creates an atmosphere of drama and tension which seems exaggerated for certain scenes, as when Laura overreacts in an episode involving Francisca. It is however from such episodes that Laura comes to the realization that she does not really know herself and that her growth in self-awareness is precipitated. This atmosphere is created also by author Méndez's use of the present tense throughout her novel. This technique occasionally leads to poetic interludes which have little bearing with the structure of the novel or the development of the story or its characters. With its dilemmas and psychological material, Méndez's story is interesting; but her narration is plagued with problems of style and character development.

Stories of Charlotte Méndez's have been published in *Ms.*, *North American Review*, and *Woman's World*. She teaches creative writing at SUNY at Oneonta and has been the coordinator of the Women's Studies program there. She is working on a second novel.

In *Picking Up*, already annoyed by her husband's laziness and delusions, when she finds out that he has been having an affair, April Devoe throws him out of the house. She finds that living without him is not as difficult as she had imagined that it would be, even though this means returning to hard work in the potato fields of Maine to earn money, as she has done in earlier years of her life. Lucy Honig's descriptions of April's work in the fields -- of her aching muscles, the frozen ground, the continual toil, the sweat, heat, mud -- are among the most graphic and memorable of the novel. April has three boys to care for as well as a house and a garden which furnishes food for the family. On top of these responsibilities, she is constantly badgered by her mother, a problem drinker and drifter. Under these circumstances, April fantasizes about the local minister and subsequently falls in love with him -- only to find out soon and sorrowfully that he is immature and indifferent.

Things appear alternately desperate and promising to April throughout the novel. Just when she is about to lose her entire tomato harvest to frost, her mother picks and prepares all of the garden's vegetables while April is away at work. In

contrast to this pleasant surprise however, when April feels that the minister is finally beginning to become attracted to her, she is given completely useless and irrelevant advice by him. Having frankness and stamina, April comes to terms with her dreary past and bleak future. Yet despite the uncertainties of her life, she never loses her spunk, and is always resolved to accept help from no one and to do things her own way. There is to April also a starkness and remoteness which is a part of the self-reliance and individualism associated with the people of Maine.

The circumstances are seen mostly from April's point of view. Yet the narration includes also a few chapters in which April's estranged husband gives his perspective, which is completely different. This technique however is not an attempt to reach an impartial conclusion concerning the events and issues of the book, but to cast light on April, whose character and plight are the focus of *Picking Up*.

Both *Condor and Hummingbird* and *Picking Up* follow a woman in the process of becoming free from an unpleasant relationship with her husband and searching for a foundation of her personality and her life which is within herself. Although neither novel explores the full spiritual and social dimensions of this experience common among contemporary women or is remarkable for its literary artistry, both do succeed in focusing and illuminating the experience with which they are concerned.

1) ISBN 0-931125-03-0 dist. by Bookslinger; Inland; SPD

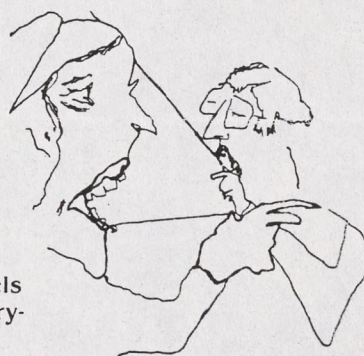
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evaluate them without seeming to judge the life they so boldly project? The debate may go on forever; in the meantime, these two poets are challenging many of our suppositions.

Two lesser-known poets also help us understand the cultural "alien." In **The Halfbreed Chronicles and Other Poems** (West End Press, P.O. Box 291477, Los Angeles, California 90029; \$4.95), Wendy Rose, a Hopi Indian, speaks with the serenity and generosity of one descended from the ancients of the American Southwest. Moving beyond, but without minimizing, her own people's problems, she is able to identify with other so-called freaks of modern society (an Auschwitz survivor, the last of the extinct Tasmanians, a circus's "Ugliest Woman in the World"). In extending the meaning of "halfbreed" to all victims of cultural dislocation and manipulation, she manages to embrace all of us.

Michelle Cliff's **The Land of Look Behind** (Firebrand Books, 141 The Commons, Ithaca, New York 14850; \$6.95) is more autobiographical—a stringent indictment of the postcolonial privileges of light-skinned Jamaicans like herself. Many mulattoes are close relatives to poor blacks; these narratives confirm that the solitary truth-seeking mulatto may find no easy welcome among the rejected blacks.

Self-rejection was the fuel for the long courtship with alcoholism portrayed in Joan Larkin's **The Long Sound** (Granite Press, Box 7, Penobscot, Maine 04476; \$8.95). Alcoholism is often a family disease, and the "Blackout Sonnets" are an effective witness to family betrayal and duplicity. But Larkin's persona is somewhat vague or perhaps less familiar than that of Lorde or Rich; it is hard to determine if all these poems are confessional.

Also from the new trade book line of Granite Press is Grace Paley's first book of poems, **Leaning Forward** (\$8.95). Hers is a lightly humorous, even-tempered voice, sharing with us her family, homes in the city and country, political insights. While these poems will never rival Paley's short stories, her undogmatic generosity of spirit is always welcome.

Like Paley, Ellen Bass has combined her literary endeavors with strong political convictions. In **Our Stunning Harvest** (New Society Publishers, 4722 Baltimore Avenue, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 191143; \$6.95), Bass has certainly done her homework on the medical-industrial complex, nuclear war, even child abuse. Her anti-tech arguments succeed best when coupled with absurdist humor or allegory. But, unwittingly,

the book raises the question: to what degree is Bass's primitivism a serious alternative? Still, her book has many successful moments. My favorite is perhaps unique in feminist literature; in it the poet thanks the unknown mother of her husband, who was given away at birth.

Daughterhood is the major crucible in the latest books by Marge Piercy and Marilyn Hacker (both published by Knopf). Piercy's **My Mother's Body** (\$7.95) is spontaneous free verse while Hacker's **Assumptions** (\$8.95) adapts traditional forms, but both project similar anxieties: how does a daughter cope with what seem to be the failures of her mother's life? Can a daughter's superachievement ever vindicate a mother's self-sacrifice, or is it more often interpreted as a judgment against the parent's shortcomings? While each has chosen a different lifestyle from her mother's, the Mother remains the inexhaustible riddle in these two poets' work.

The riddle of power energizes the most stunning book of poetry in this group, Ai's **Sin** (Houghton Mifflin, \$5.95). Unlike the other poets mentioned so far, Ai rarely, if ever, writes about herself. In each of her three books, she becomes totally absorbed in a fictional character whose personality and life are as riveting as a novella. She proves that a woman poet can push far beyond the boundaries of her own psychic and sexual experience without losing the power of intimacy. The monologues in *Sin* force the reader to enter the conscience of powerful men, their henchmen, and their venal victims: men like the assassinated Kennedys, Joe McCarthy, Robert Oppenheimer. This is political art without polemics; the total immersion is breathtaking.

Another refreshing nonautobiographical book is Carole Oles's **Night Watches: Inventions on the Life of Maria Mitchell** (Alice James Books, 138 Mount Auburn Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02138; \$6.95). Maria Mitchell was the pioneering American astronomer who discovered the great comet of 1847 and spent 19 years as professor of astronomy at Vassar College. Oles depicts her in a variety of situations and moods: as child assistant to her beloved father at the telescope on the roof, as a morally perceptive traveler through the antebellum South, as a wry commentator on sexual politics at the Vatican observatory. Much historical research informs this book; happily, the portrait is believable and endearing.

Still, nonpersonal content is the ex-

ception to the rule among women poets. Most like to write about themselves or their family. Mary Swander's frequent visits home for family funerals provide the context for her **Driving the Body Back** (Knopf, \$14.95), a gallery of rural Midwestern portraits. An obvious homage to her roots, these poems testify to the resurrection of the spirit, if not the body. Saved from maudlin folksiness by gallows humor, they also demystify farming, which has little to do with weekend gardening: a woman farmer must butcher as well as prune; the Grim Reaper is a more fitting emblem than Persephone and Ceres. This family album has the authentic dour stamp of American Gothic—with an occasional, ever so slight, tongue in cheek.

Yvonne is a "Ms." contributing editor and author of "Iwilla/Soil" and "Iwilla/Scourge" (Chameleon Productions, 5800 Arlington Avenue, Bronx, New York 10471).

BOOK ENDS



MORE
Ms.
PICKS

FICTION

Condor and Hummingbird, by Charlotte Méndez (Wild Trees Press, \$8.95 paperback). Written for "the lost children of the world—not just of Colombia," this first novel affectingly entwines the lives of three women (one an American, two Colombian) caught up in a struggle for freedom. Sisterhood—both practical and mystical—is the ideal that sustains them.

The Country Girls Trilogy and Epilogue, by Edna O'Brien (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$18.95). With this reissue of O'Brien's controversial Irish novels of the early

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■ Forecasts

through 12 years wearing the stylish garments suggested for readers to adapt. There are cardigans, pullovers, vests among the sweaters; also a girl's coat and a baby bunting. Charts, diagrams and miniature drawings of each finished project illustrate the detailed directions. Rush includes traditional Aran Fishermen and Fair Isle designs, motifs with a Down East flavor and such kids' favorites as pandas, rabbits, puffins, etc. Some are embellished by embroidery or crocheter or special knit stitches. All are very attractive and more than likely to ensure a warm welcome for this guide. (May)

■ FICTION ORIGINALS

SYNDROME Barbara Pronin. Avon, \$3.50

The premise of this medical thriller is not a new disease but an outbreak of health. At a rundown Los Angeles medical center, there are many spontaneous remissions of viral disease, AIDS and cancer. The phenomenon is covered on the "Good News" spot on local TV and unscrupulous doctors try to make a bundle by claiming a fake cancer cure. Before the scam runs its course, news anchor Nancy Rafferty has been kidnapped, manipulation has been applied to members of Congress and the media and the discoverer of the actual beneficial drug is killed. This plays canily on the popular image of doctors as greedy and self-deifying and moves forward at a rapid clip. Unfortunately, the central casting character lineup limits one's concern, from the pinup newshen who wants to do serious reporting to the nun who falls in love and the various nurses in pursuit of doctors. (May)

CONDOR AND HUMMINGBIRD Charlotte Méndez. Wild Trees Press (P.O. Box 378, Navarro, Calif. 95463) \$8.95 ISBN 0-931125-03-0

Venturing into Joan Didion territory, Méndez sends Laura, her American protagonist, down to the homeland of Andrés, her Colombian husband. Pointedly, it is the summer of 1963, "before the first Kennedy assassination," and the novel is full of portents and omens of destruction and waste. While Laura is paralyzed by fear of the country's still thriving tradition of political violence, her marriage continues to unravel. Shut out by most of Andrés's family, Laura is forced to rely on herself and awakens from her role of dutiful if alienated doll-wife. The bonds she forms in Bogotá are with Francisca, Andrés's mannish, unmarried sister who has a history of men-

tal illness, and with Carmen, one of the country's many abandoned children. The schematic outline and characters are not helped by a clutter of precious animal metaphors, dreams and Indian myths. (May)

BLOOD FUGUE Shirley Eskapa. Academy Chicago, \$4.95 ISBN 0-89733-205-9; hardcover \$14.95 ISBN 0-89733-185-0

Ceza Steele is a dutiful Jewish daughter engaged to a promising medical student. But she lives in South Africa and slowly, unwillingly and all but unawares, events conspire so that she is confronted with the brutal facts of apartheid and with her own unrealized potential. While Ceza's well-to-do friends prepare for their own weddings, she takes notice of the world around her, from university demonstrations to the hushed-up death of her future mother-in-law's black servant (accidentally poisoned by the mother-in-law). Finally she begins an affair with an East Indian student whose revolutionary plans include using Ceza as a pawn. This brief novel intrigues with its intimate portrait of the author's native South Africa, but its slow, seemingly haphazard progress offers few incentives to finish it. (May)

INJUSTICE FOR ALL J. A. Jance. Avon, \$2.95

When murder occurs on an island resort, Seattle police detective J. P. "Beau" Beaumont's vacation quickly turns into a busman's holiday. Beau, who first appeared in *Until Proven Guilty*, is still getting over the death of a lover (who left him a sizable chunk of cash), and he takes this case to heart after falling for Ginger Watkins, the woman who found the body of a friend and fellow parole board member washed up on the beach. When Ginger dies in an auto accident, Beau suspects her politically powerful husband and father-in-law, but is at a loss for a motive even when the case is officially declared solved. With the aid of a sharp lawyer and a limitless supply of cash, he keeps the heat on the case. Beaumont is a tough and amiable cop, but this story never quite hits the hard-boiled stride it aims for. (May)

TIGRELA AND OTHER STORIES Lygia Fagundes Telles, translated by Margaret A. Neves. Avon/Bard, \$3.95 ISBN 0-380-89627-3

Certain of this Brazilian author's 14 stories gathered here are chilling and subtle. Told with a sensitivity to detail and character development, they portray universal fears and desires. For example,

in "The Ants," two terrified students watch as a dwarf's skeleton is reconstructed. In "The Consultation," a servile psychiatric patient assumes his doctor's identity and determines another patient's fate. However, Telles has executed other stories less skillfully. "Yellow Nocturne," in which a woman conjures up events from her youth, suffers from an inadequately explained plot that gets lost in a surfeit of imagery. Telles also tends to overdramatize scenes that are incidental to the story. This is an uneven collection; the better passages effectively illustrate our terror of impending death and our yearning for love and immortality, but overall Telles disappoints. (May)

THE BRANNOCKS Matt Braun. Signet, \$3.50 ISBN 0-451-14344-2

Immediately after the Civil War, the three Brannock brothers separately wend their ways to Denver, a bustling mining center. Earl is a professional gambler whose winnings allow him to open Denver's first honest gambling house. Virgil is a businessman who founds a wildly successful liquor wholesaling company and becomes a friend of the powers of Denver. Clint, who spent much of the war in a Northern prison camp, wants to avenge the murder of his parents at the hands of Union irregulars, and in the meantime becomes Denver's sheriff. Each brother faces tests of will and honesty with aplomb and courage, and each takes up with spicy, good-hearted women. The book leads to a bloody, blazing showdown, involving corrupt Denver politicians, the man responsible for the murder of the Brannocks' parents and stagecoach robbers. Afterwards, the Brannocks must leave Denver, but their honor and Denver's future are assured. Well plotted, this is an entertaining Western. (May)

STORIES OF HAPPY PEOPLE Lars Gustafsson, translated by Yvonne L. Sandstrom and John Weinstock. New Directions, \$7.95 ISBN 0-8112-0978-4; hardcover \$14.95 ISBN 0-8112-0977-6

The "happy people" in these 10 short stories, originally published in Sweden in 1981, include a research engineer who is the only person in the town of Trummelsberg to know the latitude and longitude at which he lives and an elderly woman in a nursing home in Köping who struggles with strong memories and the imminence of death. In "What Does Not Kill Us, Tends to Make Us Stronger," a Swedish professor of literature living in Houston contemplates "what Saint-John Perse had

What does he/she know?!

A Larger Life Through Death

THE LOVER OF HORSES

By Tess Gallagher
Harper & Row; 184 pages; \$16.95

REVIEWED BY JUDY FOOSANER

Ferociously imaginative and beautifully written, Tess Gallagher's "The Lover of Horses" is a strong knit of short stories, forming a collective movement into regions where the specter of death is daily stuff, shaping sorrow, hope and despair. The tone is calm, the setting familiar and the characters just ordinary folk. We enter on the surface of convention and move swiftly into foreign depths where the forces of anarchy labor toward ascendancy.

In "Bad Company," a widow visits the cemetery where her deceased husband lies and sees a

young woman lying next to the grave of her father. The women begin to talk and the younger one tells the widow of her children, of her divorce, of her fears of remarriage. "I been coming here trying to figure things out." She talks of her father's early death by drowning. "But you don't understand things when you're a kid... And you don't understand things later, either."

A month passes and they see each other at the cemetery again. "I've got what I came for," the young woman says. "I've been coming here asking what I'm supposed to do with my life. Well, I'm not for sale. That's what he let me know. I'm free now and I'm going to stay free..." The young woman leaves her father's grave to proceed with her life.

Alone in the cemetery, the widow recalls her existence with her husband — their bitter fights, the silent evenings, his lonely death. "What had she given him? What had she done for him?" She thinks about her visits to his grave. "No comfort, she thought, and she knew she had simply been dutiful toward her husband in death as she had been in life. The thought quickened her steps away from there... For a moment she could not think where it was she was supposed to go next... And this was her reward, that it would not matter to anyone on the face of the



Tess Gallagher

earth what she did."

There is quiet, but no stillness in these pieces — an insistent and continual sense of flux. Characters move in and out of houses, relationships are revisited and ideas of person and place shift under scrutiny.

In "Girls," an elderly woman calls upon an old friend who shared a treasured past, only to discover she is no longer remembered. In "Beneficiaries," a wife overhears her husband designating his two grown children, rather than hers, as heirs. She confronts him; they argue. "What was happening to them was crazy. She didn't know how to be reasonable. They were talking about their deaths, yet they were alive and each of them was sure they were

not going to be the one who died first." Her sense of comfort in their marriage, of her place in his life, begins to dissolve.

Detail is a vehicle, a magic carpet from time to time. An Avon Lady, Mary Leinhart, calls upon a housewife in "Turpentine." She asks for a cup of tea. "She let her tea bag stay at the bottom of her cup a long time, then danced it up and down a couple of times and took it out." Talking, the Avon Lady relates in vivid language her experiences of a psychic sort. "She was not drinking the tea. Just warming her hands on the cup." The narrative continues, expands, intensifies. The housewife begins to enter the psychic world laid out before her. "Mary Leinhart had not taken anything out of her sample case... She was still cradling her teacup in her white fingers."

Rich and evocative, these pieces are often funny and always compassionate. Outstanding among them is the title story in which a girl tells of a great-grandfather with a gypsy strain who leaves his family for seven years, "in all likelihood a man who had been stolen by a horse." There were others, she tells us, who were stolen "by mad ambitions, by musical instruments, by otherwise harmless pursuits..."

The strain surfaces in her father, a cardplayer whose passion was accompanied, "to no one's surprise, by bouts of drinking." The girl is prodded, cautioned, guided and led by her mother and for awhile she willingly enters the realm of the ordinary, an existence "among people of a less volatile nature had begun to appeal to me." A crisis occurs and her moth-

er calls her home "because she knew that once again a member of our family was about to be stolen." The girl nurses her father through a marathon poker game, then watches as he is returned and deposited on the living-room couch, "refusing to sleep in his bed — for fear, my mother claimed, that death would know where to find him."

One night as her father lies dying, the girl walks from the house and begins to break boughs from the cedar tree, not questioning the necessity of what she is doing. She piles them on the ground to form a bed. She thinks of her great-grandfather bathing in the river with his horse and of her father, too weak now to hold a deck of cards in his hands. She hears a crooning "useless and absurd" and understands that she is the author "of those unwieldy sounds." She speaks to the wind in the long darkness of her father's dying, letting him know that he is not forsaken and vowing "to be filled with the first unsavory desire that would have me. To plunge myself into the heart of my life and be ruthlessly lost forever."

Transition is reality, stability an illusion; a strong vision of death is the means to a larger life.

In this debut collection of short stories, poet Tess Gallagher shows herself to be a compelling teller of tales. She has a fine ear, a fine eye and a magician's impeccable timing.

Judy Foosaner is professor of art at the California College of Arts and Crafts, Oakland.

When a Small Revolution Is Needed

CONDOR AND HUMMINGBIRD

By Charlotte Méndez
Wild Trees Press, P.O. Box 378, Navarro
CA 95463; 137 pages; \$8.95

REVIEWED BY ANA CASTILLO

The gringa in "Condor and Hummingbird" by Charlotte Méndez does not set out to acquaint herself with a South American country because of an adventuresome spirit or personal discontent with her own land. She does so with a tacit hope of closing the emotional gap between herself and her Colombian husband. Traveling with him and their infant daughter as a last resort, she hopes that the trip will reveal the missing clue to understanding his foreignness. What the protagonist discovers is that foreignness, as she switches roles with her husband and becomes a foreigner, is a state of mind.

This compact novel, told through the eyes of a hopeful young woman during the Kennedy era (that period when North American youth were just becoming aware of something amiss in the state of affairs of their govern-

ment), is presented in a series of mythical vignettes and her account of Colombia: *de "pelo verde y venas verdes,"* of grass-covered mountains and emerald-filled mines.

By her own admission and her husband's blunt words, she is not a tourist, but his wife. She is not the tourist who comes to purchase the

'The tragic existence of homeless children in Colombia becomes the focus of the novel'

treasures produced from Colombia's mines, and who will never notice *la violencia* that is so much a part of the country's condition. Instead, through her husband, she becomes part of a family whose history and present status have

been directly affected by it.

From the naive but responsive perspective of the outsider, the reader comes to know the harsh, seemingly unforgiving characters of the family. Her aim is not to judge, as the self-conscious relatives sometimes think, but simply to comprehend.

The family is headed by the widowed mother, whose face seemed hard but was surprisingly soft to the new daughter-in-law when she kissed her on the cheek, who works grueling hours to support an invalid sister-in-law, a daughter with a record of madness (believed to be attributed to male hormone shots given to her as a girl to prevent her "abnormal" rate of growth) and the other grown children and their families.

In a country of such blatant poverty, Laura, the North American wife, is appalled at the apparent lack of compassion on the part of the slightly privileged (in this case, her in-laws) for young domestics who are beaten, verbally abused and reminded repeatedly that they have been saved from the streets and sure prostitution or banditry.



FROM "CONDOR AND HUMMINGBIRD"

Colombia, like many other places in the world suffering from economic depression, has long been cited for its multitude of homeless children. The tragic existence of these youngsters becomes the focus of the novel, rather than Laura's desperate quest to save her marriage, which then becomes the subplot.

Laura's half-mad, larger than life sister-in-law Francisca has considered herself to be one of her own country's forgotten waifs

See Page 7

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FROM "PICTURES OF A CHILDHOOD"

RX for Emotional Liberation

PICTURES OF A CHILDHOOD: Sixty-six Watercolors and an Essay

By Alice Miller, translated by Hildegard Hannum
Farrar, Straus & Giroux; 161 pages; \$22.50

REVIEWED BY BERNARD APFELBAUM

Alice Miller, the famed psychologist and author of "Prisoners of Childhood," presents in "Pictures of a Childhood" an effort to free the prisoner through the medium of paint. Although she is a trained painter, the 66 plates that make up most of the book are Miller's efforts at a kind of automatic painting in which she felt moved by "the repressed feeling of my childhood — the fear, despair, and utter loneliness."

Her intent: As readers "view these pictures, they should be able to play with their associations and, influenced by their own history and way of seeing things, make discoveries for themselves." What she and her readers must discover is their lost childhood selves, even their true selves, as contrasted with the false selves created to please parents.

Given this introduction, it is hard to know what to make of what follows: a set of skillfully executed, rather pleasant paintings. The overall mood is low key and sad but unexpectedly cheery as well. Think of Miro and Klee. These essentially nonrepresentational studies are well balanced; nothing shocks or is discordant. There is a scattering of cartoon-like faces of scared and bewildered little girls and an occasional ghostly monster, but they come across as contrived, as too literal for the genre. There is spontaneity here, largely in the color and composition rather than in the images, but it is painterly rather than primitive.

This tells us something about Miller but, as for her stated purpose, there does not seem to be much of an opportunity for readers to make their own discoveries. Since the 30 pages of text only summarize Miller's now-familiar ideas, the demand for this book may be limited to collectors of the Miller oeuvre. However, these pictures cover a much wider canvas. Just the fact of the book itself is likely to have an impact far beyond its sales. "Pictures" represents Miller's prescription for emotional liberation, however limited its application here.

The author's previous three books are full of compelling demonstrations of what appears to be our blind compulsion to repeat past abuse, especially abuse by well-meaning parents. We treat other peo-

ple the way we have been treated as children, and we get ourselves treated by others as we were treated as children. Her argument is wide-ranging, close to the evidence and passionate.

The typical reader has difficulty questioning Miller's analysis, finding enlightenment but also succumbing easily to feeling doomed as a person and guilty as a parent. Miller makes it clear that she is well aware of this possibility and it distresses her; the last thing she wants to be is an abuser. My guess is that this book is, at least in part, an attempt to rescue any casualties of her earlier works. The way out is through some kind of spontaneous production — painting, sculpture, writing — that can allow the expression, and therefore the assimilation, of our reactions to childhood abuse. In a word, the way out is a meditation.

Miller has done a superb job of showing how child behavior, even at its most bizarre, is an attempt to cope with real rather than imagined abuse. This much is liberating, but adults are not similarly spared and this is what can depress the reader. Child behavior is a reaction to actual abuse but adult behavior is not; it is only, Miller says, a reaction to past abuse.

'We treat other people the way we have been treated as children'

"An adult's hatred . . . is usually directed at innocent people."

Hopefully, Miller has cleared the way for an appreciation of the way adult suffering also is justified. What makes us appear to be blindly repeating the past is our blindness to the fact that we treat one another the same way our parents treated us. Parent-child relationships are symptomatic of all our relationships. If there was any more relief in adult relationships Miller might not be advising us to look for liberation in the paintbrush.

Bernard Apfelbaum is a Berkeley psychologist who has contributed to "Contemporary Marriage" and the forthcoming "Disorders of Sexual Desire."

'CONDOR'

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from the time that she was treated so unsympathetically as a child by her own mother to when she attempted to escape to the United States as a grown woman. There she herself became an abused maid and was returned to her country, robbed of her jewels, her sanity and her dignity as a woman.

When visiting friends of the family, Laura comes upon a deformed adolescent domestic, Carmen, who has the opposite physical problem of Francisca. Carmen will never grow. In an effort to save at least one of the nation's ill-fated children, Laura extends her hand to aid Carmen and, together with Francisca, they take her under their wings.

Enough is never known of the husband's internal conflict upon returning to his homeland and seeing it from the new perspective of the foreigner. But the reader is informed in a short passage that he, too, is aware of the destiny he avoided by fleeing to the U.S., as otherwise he could have become one of the delinquents he sees on the streets and fears so much. Suffering from a sense of helplessness, he is aware of his inability to alleviate any of the social calamities he observes, including the personal ones: With the death of his father and continuing financial

hardship, his family has begun to disintegrate.

Wild Trees, the relatively new press founded by Alice Walker and Robert Allen, has published a novel that treats the sociopolitical problems of Latin America without the extravagant imagery and compelling seduction of many of that region's contemporary writers. It is nonetheless sensitive in its North American approach.

Among Laura's revelations during this sojourn is that her own country is not without *la violencia* that is so visible in Colombia. Her own country, she realizes, manages to overlook its neglectful attitude in taking care of its own by directing the attention of its population to such external crises as the Bay of Pigs.

Despite the destitution of her in-laws and of the countless impoverished people in a bewildering place, Laura finds in herself a new determination to overcome the obstacles of these dire circumstances, not by forging the violent revolution that she and her husband once fantasized, but a "small revolution." It would begin with herself, Carmen and Francisca, three women, three sisters, and it would be founded on love.

Ana Castillo is associate editor of *Third Woman*, a journal of creative and critical work by Hispanic women, and an instructor of women's studies at San Francisco State University.

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Mendez, Charlotte

CONDOR AND
HUMMINGBIRD

Wild Trees (P.O. Box 378,
Navarro, CA 95463)

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This debut novel by short-story writer Mendez makes use of symbols, myth and its author's fine spare style to tell a story of female bonding between unlikely "sisters" before the days of women's lib and in the repressive setting of politically volatile Colombia.

Laura Alvarez, an educated young American woman married to a Colombian-born economist, agrees to travel with her husband, Andres, to his homeland to meet her in-laws. Laura is a conscientious liberal who reacts to Kennedy's resumption of nuclear testing with mystic episodes of automatic writing, during which it comes to her that she will die before she returns home. In Bogotá, she finds herself and her two-year-old daughter, Susan, frighteningly isolated in the bosom of the Alvarez family, which includes Andres' dour mother Pilar and his three sisters, Elena, Concha, and Francisca—the last a psychologically unstable woman who spent time in the US serving as housemaid to a doctor who apparently raped her. Nevertheless, as even Andres turns a cold shoulder to Laura, reverting to the sexual chauvinism of his native culture, Laura grows close to Francisca and a growth-stunted servant girl, Carmen. Then, when Andres' mother's brutal murder puts an end to life as all the characters in this novel have known it, Francisca and the servant-girl Carmen join forces and Laura leaves Colombia, sharing with Francisca her realization that her marriage has most likely come to an end.

Polished writing almost covers the fact that several of the characters here lack the development that would make sense of their actions and relationships. Heavy-handed symbolizing—Francisca the condor, Carmen the hummingbird—is called upon to take the place of psychological motivation, but to unsatisfactory effect. And while the lurid ethos of a violent society ("... political violence turned into butchery, banditry as a way of life...") is strongly created, its prefigurement of violence yet to come in American society—with the Kennedy assassinations, the Vietnam War, etc.—isn't integrated into the psychological framework of the book. Mendez is an excellent, imaginative writer; but her first novel seems only an outline for something bigger and better to come.

Kirkus Reviews

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