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This is a preliminary edition of stories written over period of several decades — well, not so much written as accumulated. Further stories will be added as they are completed.

These are not “typical” stories, being first of all far too slight in comparison to the standard *New Yorker* product, and, second of all having little or nothing to do with the usual subject of the modern short story, namely, domestic life, dysfunctional families, romance — in short, women’s subjects. Several of the stories arose as a consequence of playing the House Game, in which, on walks through the streets of one’s city, either alone or with another person of similar mind, one makes up stories about the inhabitants of beautiful houses one passes.

“...And the streets of this town had not yet become for me what streets are in the place where one is accustomed to live, simply means of communication between one part and another. The life led by the inhabitants of this unknown world must, it seemed to me, be a marvellous thing, and often the lighted windows of some dwelling-house kept me standing for a long while motionless in the darkness by laying before my eyes the actual and mysterious scenes of an existence into which I might not penetrate.” — Proust, Marcel, *The Guermantes Way*, Part I, tr. C. K. Scott Moncrieff, Modern Library, N.Y., 1925, p. 124.

At the time of publication, the title story had not been written and, as a matter of fact, has been made the subject of a challenge to other writers. See the section, “Literature: Projects”, in the chapter “Art and Literature” in my *Thoughts and Visions*, available online at the web site www.thoughtsandvisions.com.