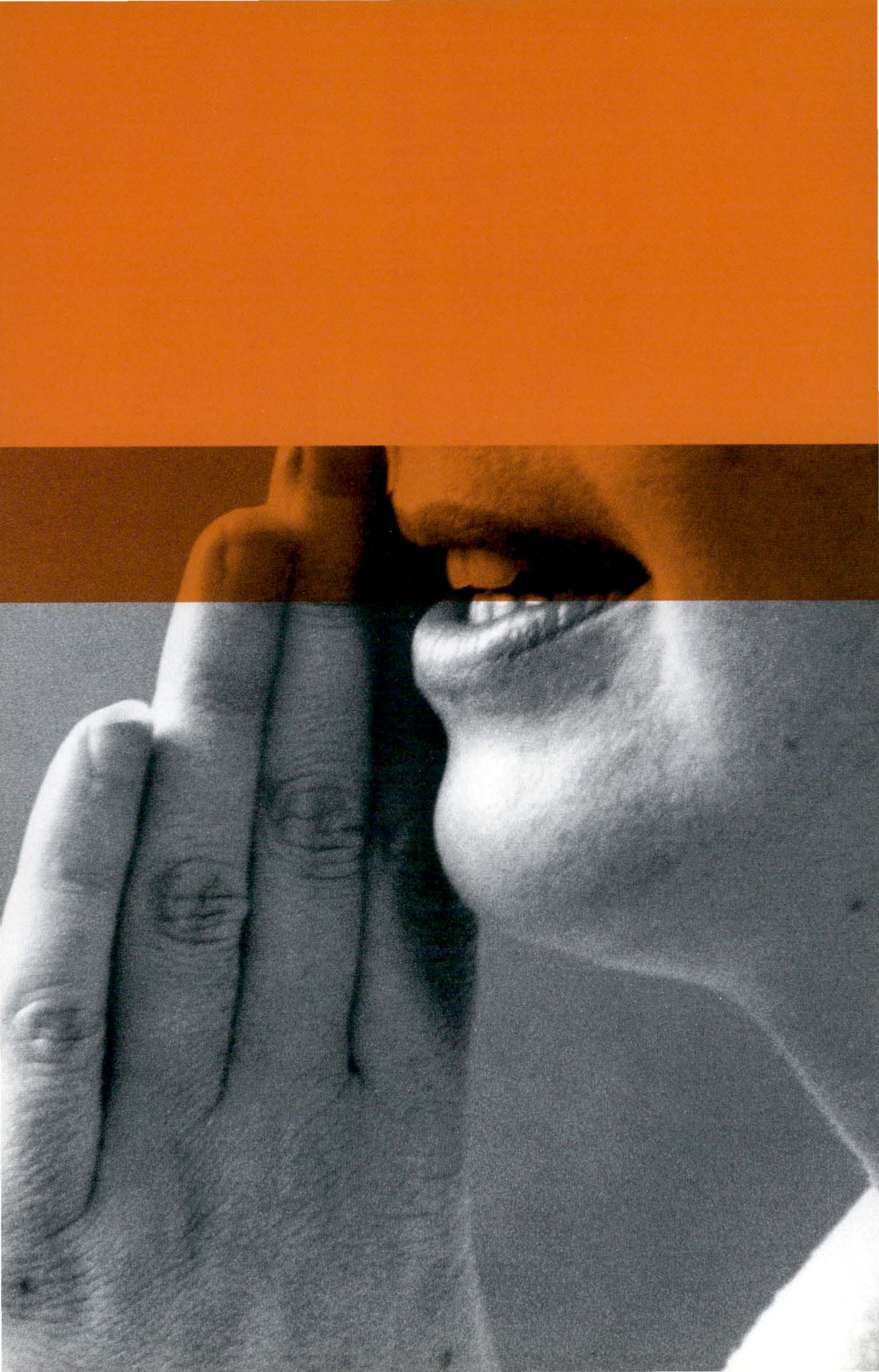




and she told me about waiting for the bus...early in the morning...waiting for the bus...and as she was standing there...men would come up, different men, a different one every time would come up...and say 'Why aren't you smiling? Why don't you smile? Don't you ever smile?'...and sometimes her reply would be 'I do smile and sometimes her reply would be 'It's none of your business and sometimes her reply would be to say nothing at all - not that it made any difference.

had lost his way.

and she told me about waiting for the bus...early in the morning...waiting for the bus...and she was standing there...men would come up, different men, and she told me about the conference...in the conference centre...hundreds of women in the conference hall...close to the beginning of December. The key note speaker was making her address...at the front of the room...and she told me how the speaker lost her composure...how the speaker stopped speaking...how the speaker forgot what she had to say...when a man approached the front of the room...he was playing with his overcoat...he was rifling through his overcoat...and she told me how the panic spread like a wave...some women looking at the man...some women looking at the speaker...some women looking for a hiding place...and she told me how it turned out to be nothing...just some man had lost his way.

and she told me how tired she was...and how guilty she feels...about making the same points in the same meetings...year after year...saying the same words in response to the same words...in the same meetings...year after year. Although sometimes she remembers not having to make the same response...how sometimes her silence in other's presence...evokes the response...and those reciting those same words...respond to themselves. This makes her uncomfortable...to bite those words out of the air between them...to his mouth...to savour them to chew them noisily...to his air...to swallow them smilingly...to his air...

and she told me how tired she was and how guilty she feels about making the
rain stop. She told me about waiting for the bus... standing on the street... waiting for the
bus. And as she was standing there, she would come up, a different man, a
different one every time would come up and say 'Why aren't you smiling? Why
don't you smile? Don't you ever... smile?' and she told me how finally her
response would be to roll her eyes back, knocking her head, to open her
mouth... to bite those words out of the air between them... to chew them
noisily... to savour them to chew them noisily... to swallow them smilingly... to his
horror.

