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*Fragment of a memoir*

This time around I had an attic on Marine. It was fairly capacious, actually, three rooms or four, with a hallway in the front to pile trash in, and a rail around the stairwell. Count Dog was fond of the rail: it gave him something to lean on, when he felt like puking down the stairs on the programmers who inhabited the lower story; thus always, I thought, the relations of Marketing to Engineering. — The light from the west was good, on winter afternoons like this; the ventilation, of course, was better. I had a shower that hadn't quite rusted away, a standard-issue filthy gray couch, home for mice and wayward women, a stove that might have worked, and a lot of corners for papers to stack up in. The floor was tile, faded black-and-white checkerboard, worn down and weathered, scored by the faceless tread of student hiking-boots, caked with the mud of the Flatirons. I'd hung a few posters out, for form's sake: Einstein, Chaplin, Hilbert in granny glasses; and tacked up the residues of a few ill-considered calculations. A portrait of John Donne, the young Donne of the Essex expedition, in floppy hat, affecting melancholy, had gone up on the bathroom door

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