

“And at 3 A.M. I seem to be walking through Grand Central Station,” he wrote in 1956, the year I was thirteen. “And the latch on my suitcase gives, spilling onto the floor the contents of my life and what do we find there? A pint of gin and some contraceptives; the score for Handel’s *Water Music* and a football; the plays of Shakespeare, *The Brothers Karamazov* and *Madame Bovary*; a sweater and a jockstrap and an old madder necktie; but also, to signify times of irresolution and loss about which I know plenty, a daisy for counting and a candle for impotence; but also a hairbrush and a love poem and a photo of happy times on the deck of the tern and a yellow leaf or some such—a stone from the beach to signify times of solid high spirits.”