

Scholars, intellectuals, students came from Harvard and New York by train and tram to the Farm (there was even a tram stop at the end of the lane). Hazel made bloomers for all the young women so that they would not be hampered by their skirts; they wore their hair long and free. They all hayed, chopped wood, and read poetry to one another. Walter Lippmann came to the Farm and eventually married Faye Albertson, Hazel's step-daughter. Yes, it did seem that this utopia might actually be a reality.

But of course these new folk were privileged, wealthy, and young. They were ardent, politically enlightened. But in most cases they ended up back in the lap of their own class, the establishment. Hazel's husband decamped, for greener female pastures, though he always maintained an interest in the Farm. At some point the Farm's economies declined to the point that they had to operate as a bed-and-breakfast, which was, of course, to our great advantage.

Kitty and I have had a creative, nurturing relationship over the past many decades, and I believe that much of this can be attributed to our time at the Farm. We learned about sharing, about the wonders of the land. Our peace-loving and ecological views converge. What greater gift could there be for two sisters than to have bonded through the inspiration of the Farm: Marnie and her cottage in the woods, the old mare Dolly, the books, the earth, the dish-washing assembly-line?

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## JOCELYN WILLIAMS

### Then

When I wear this once scarlet scarf I feel  
your waxed lips and your nose tip  
against the pink of my cheek and am filled  
with age seventeen.

*Jocelyn Williams's poetry appears earlier in this volume.*

## MADELINE SONIK

### Bad news

When I turned thirteen  
my father called  
all my friends  
"bad news"

as if upon their faces  
he could read the headline  
"DISASTER"

like planes exploding into buildings  
and plagues swallowing up vistas of earth  
famine, fascism, fanaticism  
competed with the "F" words rolling  
from their teen-aged tongues

in everything they said and did  
they announced annihilations

and the eye make-up  
and cigarettes  
he examined me for

(a witch-hunter combing  
intimate parts for moles  
and multiple nipples)

all signs of the wicked  
sexuality  
he could neither keep  
for himself  
or prevent me from growing

*Madeline Sonik's poetry appears earlier in this volume.*