

# MSS

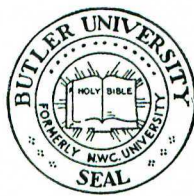
FALL, 1981

...period  
...ext  
...f.  
...cover the  
...nerone about to be tied to the  
and flogged—or worse), but sex  
place in a cook book.  
the immediate subtext in almost  
her's best writing. She could not—  
rate, would not—narrow her focus  
with the winds of propriety. *The*  
*... Me* (1942) makes it unam-  
clear that she left her pleasant  
and for no better reason than  
desperately in love with an-  
in she either did or did not  
lingering death widowed  
...ed with...

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... have undergone  
... they  
... dot Fisher's prose  
... a moment of  
... those wh  
... the trout's rem  
... way.  
... and all is ov  
... ed by Monsieur Paul  
... with one flash of the  
... my trout is glad, truly glad  
... after."  
... "Oh, the trout!" She somder  
... and asked her wit, sincerity, "What  
... trout?" Do you take out its gart  
... mentary problem. I felt quite in-



## *Manuscripts*

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**L** What are the roots that clutch, what branches grow  
Out of this stony rubbish? Son of man,  
You cannot say, or guess, for you know only  
A heap of broken images, where the sun beats,  
And the dead tree gives no shelter, the cricket no relief,  
And the dry stone no sound of water. Only  
There is shadow under this red rock,  
(Come under the shadow of this red rock),  
And I will show you something different from either  
Your shadow at morning striding behind you  
Or your shadow at evening rising to meet you;  
I will show you fear in a handful of dust

--T. S. Eliot, *The Waste Land*

