

Pages '80

SIDE EFFECTS

by **Woody Allen** As time goes by, Allen the writer gets funnier, in a more serious way.

INGRID BERGMAN: MY STORY

by **Ingrid Bergman and Alan Burgess** In a frank memoir, the actress reveals she was more devoted to her roles than to playing wife or mother.

MUSIC FOR CHAMELEONS

by **Truman Capote** There's a naivety to these short "factions" but also an old pro at work, combining unique imagery and sensibility.

THE GLASS HOUSE

by **Laura Furman** Her tales of bright lonely women make up a first collection of fragile, beautifully conveyed—and important—truths.

MAIDA HEATTER'S BOOK OF GREAT CHOCOLATE DESSERTS

by **Maida Heatter** If ever a book deserved to be banned, it is this compendium of indecently rich and shamefully fattening recipes.

FANNY

by **Erica Jong** The concerns of modern women are foreshadowed in this delightful and audacious "autobiography" of an 18th-century wanton.

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND

by **Jane O'Reilly** Women and work, child care,

and the ERA are among the subjects of bemused essays by today's warmest feminist writer.

PABLO PICASSO, A RETROSPECTIVE

edited by **William Rubin** In a year of celebration of the late artist, the touring exhibit was complemented by this collection of 758 reproductions.

THE FORBIDDEN EXPERIMENT

by **Roger Shattuck** The true story of a 19th-century "wild boy" has a lot to say to civilized moderns.

A CONFEDERACY OF DUNCES

by **John Kennedy Toole** This raw, ripe and wonderful novel, published 11 years after the author's suicide, is about a fat New Orleans man and his mother plus an uproarious supporting cast.

[Handwritten notes in blue ink, including names like 'Erica Jong', 'John Kennedy Toole', and various phrases, are scattered across the page.]

Put your head on my shoulder
I need someone who is older
A rest - from self. glare
There is nothing you can take
To relieve that pleasant ache
You're not sick - you're
Just in love.

I hear singing and ~~the~~ trees
There's ~~all~~ ^{no one} there;

I smell blossoms and the trees
are here;
All day long I ~~walk~~ ^{dream} I ~~dream~~ ^{walk}
I ~~walk~~ ^{dream}

I keep trying in sleep
And what's more lost appetite
Stars that used to touch eyes
Are twink in my eye

You
It is not so surprin
That you feel sorry but nice
Your heart goes pitter-patter
And I know just the matter
Because been there 1 or 2