

THE
NEW YORKER

THE FOURTH STATE OF MATTER

A week in the author's life when it became impossible to control the course of events.

By Jo Ann Beard June 17, 1996

The collie wakes me up about three times a night, summoning me from a great distance as I row my boat through a dim, complicated dream. She's on the shoreline, barking. Wake up. She's staring at me with her head slightly tipped to the side, long nose, gazing eyes, toenails clenched to get a purchase

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Published in the print edition of the June 24 & July 1, 1996, issue.

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