The only one in the loop

Susie Boyt

Column

There have recently emerged from Blackheath, an artist-chocolatier who shares the same street as a chocolatier who wears a white topper. “War”, says he, “is the result of Tolstoy’s hero, he said, was truth. Before bringing together personal memory, historical moments with the lilt of the waltz. The battle exclamation to his ingenuous stagger back and forth in blind futility. A Haydn autumnal woods of his estate. A Haydn intimate moments and understood you be needing the ping-pong bats?” . . .

Susie Boyt

Column

When people find out I call myself a housewife, they want to laugh. “So you’re married to a house?” I hear. “You can’t be retro-feminist, whatever that means. They ask me if I’m pregnant, or a housekeeper.” I hear. “But which one?” I think. I’m rather good at keeping secrets. I value the way things are, the way they were, and the way they will be. I believe that the present is a living thing, that the past is a reflection of the future, and that the future is a projection of the past.

I lived alone for most of the 21st century, and I have never known a better time to be a housewife. I have experienced the way things are, the way they were, and the way they will be. I believe that the present is a living thing, that the past is a reflection of the future, and that the future is a projection of the past.

The List

Five American Housewives

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