

Neat

by Ann Bogle

B.E.B. is my sister and studied visual art at Macalester. She acts like a second-generation artist. She is five years younger than I am and eleven years younger than our brother, P.S.B., whose art at five was boss. Later, he had a permit to buy pot in Oakland and moved near Yosemite. His present initiative is to teach audio recording to junior high kids. His audio archive of Bay Area musicians extends along two walls, twenty-five by fifteen feet, in drawers of C.D.s hundreds deep. Where will it go, I asked, permanently. "I'm starting to think about that," he said. I pray that my papers will go to a medical library. What a lousy prayer. I was wistful at B.E.B.'s graduation. Bagpipes played and Kofi Annan spoke. Kids without religion yet steeped in heritage circled plum trees in robes. Presbyterian paneling is there in craft.

