Art

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MUDDY greens and a dry, dispassionate beige were the only colors in the small, rectangular living room. The furniture's square lines were arranged along the outer edges of the room. The dark green carpet and drab curtains stifled the street noises that were trying in vain to permeate the house. In the center of the floor a small boy lay on his stomach, alone, playing quietly with coat hangers that he had bent into doll-shapes. Now and then he stopped to listen to his father raging in the kitchen. Although he could not hear his mother's feeble answers, he knew she was there.

"- - Margaret, you are far too lenient with Theodore! If you had backed me when this nonsense first began, the problem would never have developed! I don't care what Dr. Johnston says, I tell you it is NOT normal behavior for a boy of eight to play with imaginary people—you and your Dr. Johnston, telling me that the behavior would pass with time if we were patient and understanding; well, you have been patient and understanding. Margaret, and where has it gotten us? —deeper and deeper into this nonsense, that's where! And I have come to my limit; I am putting an end- - -"