

family or his professional duties. At the same time, this place will rush no one; the hopelessly deranged and even the very difficult patients will have the best chance in the world to finish their days here as happily and as freely as you or I”.

“One more thing”, he added as an afterthought, “make sure you don’t publish my name in this article. If you do, I’ll want you to print the full list of our more than 2,000 foster families. Remember, *they* are the only irreplaceable, the truly important people around here.”

## OUTLINE FOR A FRIEZE

*Sara Van Alstyne Allen*

Virtue is shown as a flat countenance, a lusterless eye,  
 A figure quiet and purposeful. But vice shapes a new  
 And livelier design. Caparisoned by night, in color of the sun,  
 Trumpeting down the gates, they come, and people stand  
 Uplifted in rejection; each hand protests, and yet  
 The ears receive music wild and beautiful, golden coins  
 Bubbling along sand. The violent eye, the flaming sky,  
 The body twisted on an ivory rack, each plays its part  
 Against the broken gate. The people, vanquished, wait,  
 Naming in rhythmic alphabet anger, avarice, envy, gluttony,  
 Hate, pride, sloth, words made for chanting as a banner soars  
 Above the rusting armor and the bending spears.