

Chapter 1 : Angels Laundromat by Lucia Berlin

Sunday night at the laundromat. It was a huge inconvenience, especially with Christmas just a few weeks away. But my dryer was on the blink. I'd washed my clothes at home, and then transported them in plastic bags to finish the job here.

His hair white and long, knotted with raspberry yarn at his neck. But not at the same times. Armitage had been different, although she was old too. Suds overflowing onto the floor. I was a young mother then and washed diapers on Thursday mornings. She lived above me, in 4-C. One morning at the laundry she gave me a key and I took it. That was a terrible thing to ask of someone; also then I had to do my laundry on Thursdays. She died on a Monday and I never went back to the San Juan. The super found her. They skidded in the ripped linoleum and the sound hurt your teeth. He used to sit there sipping Jim Beam, looking at my hands. Not directly, but into the mirror across from us, above the Speed Queen washers. But then I began to wonder if he had something about hands. It made me nervous, him watching me smoke and blow my nose, leaf through magazines years old. Lady Bird Johnson going down the rapids. Finally he got me staring at my hands. I saw him almost grin because he caught me staring at my own hands. There was panic in my eyes. I looked into my own eyes and back down at my hands. Horrid age spots, two scars. Un-Indian, nervous, lonely hands. I could see children and men and gardens in my hands. His hands that day the day I noticed mine were on each taut blue thigh. Most of the time they shook badly and he just let them shake in his lap, but that day he was holding them still. The effort to keep them from shaking turned his adobe knuckles white. The only time I had spoken with Mrs. Armitage outside of the laundry was when her toilet had overflowed and was pouring down through the chandelier on my floor of the building. The lights were still burning while the water splashed rainbows through them. He was a Jicarilla Apache from up north. He gave me three dimes. You have to turn the arrow with one hand, put the dime in with the other, push down the plunger, then turn the arrow back for the next dime. He came back later, drunk, just as his clothes were starting to fall limp and dry. My clothes were dry, I was folding. Angel and I got Tony back onto the floor of the pressing room. Angel is responsible for all the AA prayers and mottoes. I know just how you feel. Anybody says he knows just how someone else feels is a fool. Shabby shops and junkyards, secondhand stores with army cots, boxes of one-socks, editions of Good Hygiene. Towels, pink shortie nighties, bikini underpants that say Thursday. Their husbands wear blue overalls with names in script on the pockets. I like to wait and see the names appear in the mirror vision of the dryers. Dirty mattresses, rusty high chairs tied to the roofs of dented old Buicks. Leaky oil pans, leaky canvas water bags. Tony was the only Apache I ever met, at the laundry or anywhere else. I like to sort of cross my eyes and watch the dryers full of Indian clothes blurring the brilliant swirling purples and oranges and reds and pinks. Only a block away is the Campus, air-conditioned, soft rock on the Muzak. Wives of graduate assistants go there and buy their kids Zero bars and Cokes. I liked the Indians and their laundry. The broken Coke machine and the flooded floor reminded me of New York. Puerto Ricans mopping, mopping. Would I have gone to find Mrs. He had just been sitting there, sipping port, looking at my hands. He told me that his wife worked cleaning houses. They had had four sons. The youngest one had committed suicide, the oldest had died in Vietnam. The other two were school bus drivers. I do have red skin, and no, I never had seen a red-skinned Indian. He liked my name, pronounced it in Italian. Sure enough there was a dog tag with his beautiful silver and turquoise necklaces. It had a big dent in it. Once he suggested that we go lie down in his camper and rest together. We both giggled, laughing together on our connected plastic chairs. Then we sat, quiet. No sound but the sloshy water, rhythmic as ocean waves. His Buddha hand held mine. I have a lot of unfounded generalizations about people, like all blacks are bound to like Charlie Parker. Once he was very drunk, mean drunk, got into a fight with some Okies in the parking lot. They busted his Jim Beam bottle. When Tony came out he shoved his dimes into my hand. I put his clothes into a dryer while he struggled with the Jim Beam bottle cap. Before I could sit down he hollered at me. I am a chief of the Apache tribe! It was a horrible thing to say. Maybe I thought he would laugh. Do you believe that? We were very close and then he passed out and I was alone in the mirror. There was a young girl, not in the mirror but sitting by the window. Her hair curled in the mist, wispy Botticelli. I read all the signs. The girl put her clothes into a turquoise basket

and she left. I looked at my hands and eyes in the mirror. I borrowed my first cigarette and asked Prince Aly Khan for a light. I folded my laundry, and when Angel came back I went home.

Chapter 2 : Lucia Berlin (Author of A Manual for Cleaning Women)

A tall old Indian in faded Levi's and a fine Zuni belt. His hair white and long, knotted with raspberry yarn at his neck. The strange thing was that for a year or so we were always at Angel's at the same time.

Additional Information In lieu of an abstract, here is a brief excerpt of the content: Those in the know, though, will have a great time all the way through. Of course, the tallest tale is the Revolution itself. Call it a brag that got backed up, to the surprise of all, especially the braggarts. But there are times to face the music, just as there are times to play it. I could have faked the production figures when we failed to achieve the Ten Million Ton Harvest. I should not have announced to all Cuba that our invasion from Mexico would come in Both times, my top cadre prayed I would choke on my overused tongue. They called me "their gossiping midwife of the Americas. He was right; but so was I. Knowing self and situation as inextricably historical yet open, freedom as the consequence of the knowledge of the multiplicity of social determinations that have shaped us" this broadly marxist understanding of self and world has rarely been seen as the raw material for affirmative comedy. Kirsten Thorup, Baby, translated by Nadia Christensen. Louisiana State University Press, The narrator, Lucia, has driven all over town to find a laundromat which will allow the use of its machines for dyeing. She had given Lucia a key to her apartment, saying that if she failed to show up one day it was because she had died and she wanted Lucia to go find the body. However, Lucia never fulfilled the request, for Mrs. Armitage "died on a Monday. The title of the story and the volume is feUcitous, for it suggests the way Berlin characteristically infuses the miraculous into the most mundane aspects of daily Ufe. No sound by the sloshy water, rhythmic as ocean waves. His Buddha hand held mine. It comes as a comic reUefto see one of the usual prohibitions countermanded. You are not currently authenticated. View freely available titles:

Chapter 3 : Heavenly Angels Laundromat Morris Park Ave, Bronx, NY - calendrierdelascience.com

Berlin began publishing relatively late in life, under the encouragement and sometimes tutelage of poet Ed Dorn. Her first small collection, Angels Laundromat was published in , but her published stories were written as early as

Chapter 4 : Pickup & Delivery Laundry Service in NJ | Wash & Fold

Your laundry will be folded the same way each and every time, socks matched, underwear separated, clothing assorted by size, so it will be easier for you to return laundry to where you want it. After completing the washing and folding process, the packages go into a new, clear plastic bag which goes into the Laundry Angel's bag that has your.

Chapter 5 : Online order form: Wash & Fold laundry service New Jersey

Angels Laundromat in Jackson Heights, reviews by real people. Yelp is a fun and easy way to find, recommend and talk about what's great and not so great in Jackson Heights and beyond.

Chapter 6 : DRAGON: Lucia Berlin / Angel's™s Laundromat

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Chapter 7 : Angel | Laundrapp

Laundry Angels. likes. Picking up and delivering laundry from and to your home is what we do. Place your order on our website or call

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Read a summary at calendrierdelascience.com of Angels Laundromat: Short Stories by the author Lucia Berlin. Buy it from calendrierdelascience.com

Chapter 9 : Five: Angels Laundromat on Vimeo

"Angel's Laundromat" was first published in "The Atlantic Monthly" (), then in the collections "Angel's Laundromat" (Turtle Island Foundation -) and "Homesick" (Black Sparrow Press -). It is out now in the the collection "A Manual for Cleaning Women" (Farrar, Straus.