

Kathleen Snodgrass

an excerpt of

*No Place Like Home**

At the close of one of her evocative autobiographical stories, “Time, Gentlemen!” Hortense Calisher encases her childhood home in a lovely and emblematic image of a long-gone world: “I can see it, the old place, lit up bravely as a fish bowl against the dark shadows of eternity, moving slowly while it persuades itself that it stands still—the whole improbable shebang, falling through the clear ether silently, with all its house lights on.” Similarly imaginative retrievals of home are at the heart of the four books under review here—but so, too, is the notion of home as something slippery and chimerical whenever memory and imagination become artful collaborators.