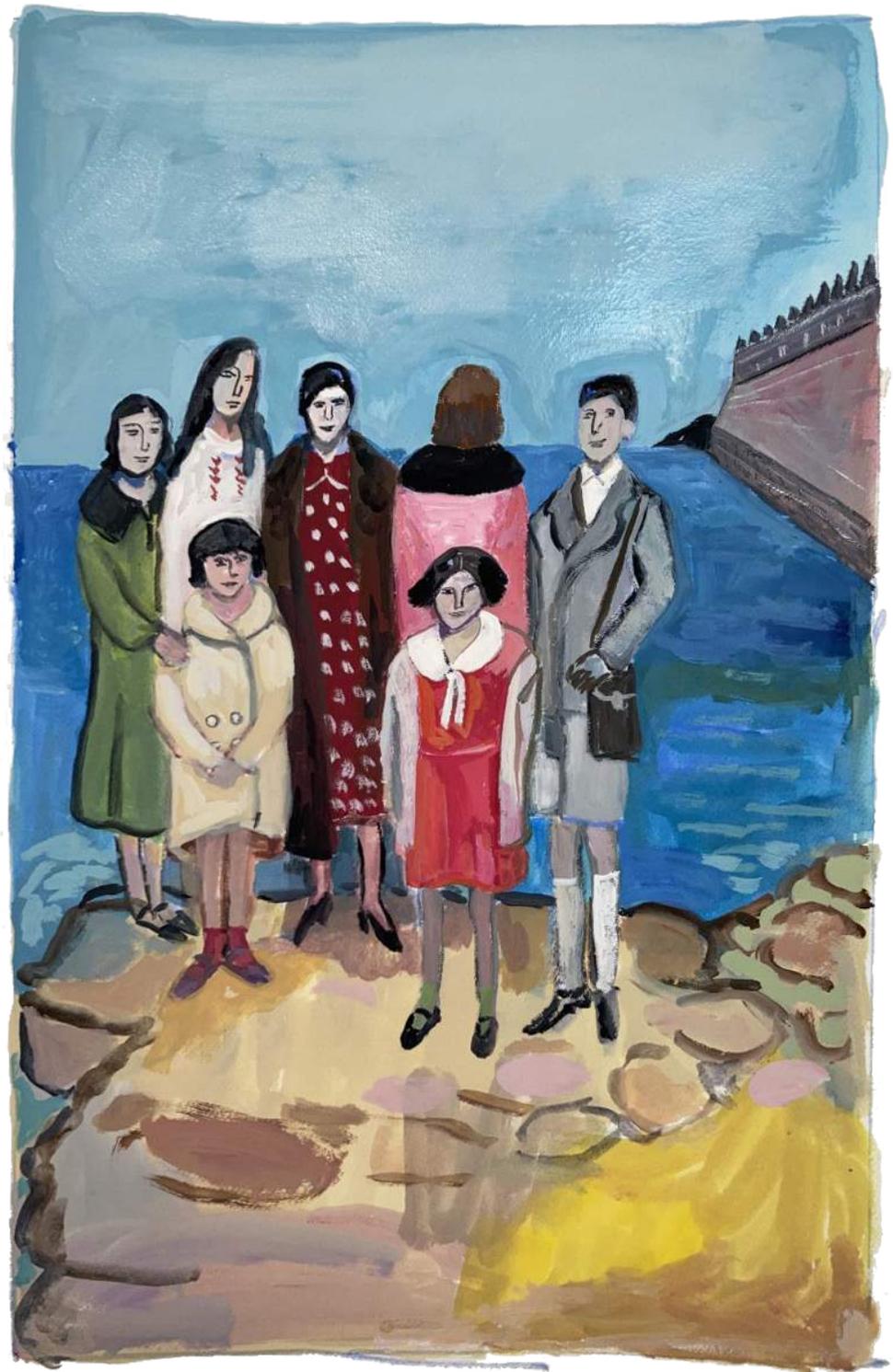


A preview of artwork by Maira Kalman
for *One Hundred Saturdays* by Michael Frank

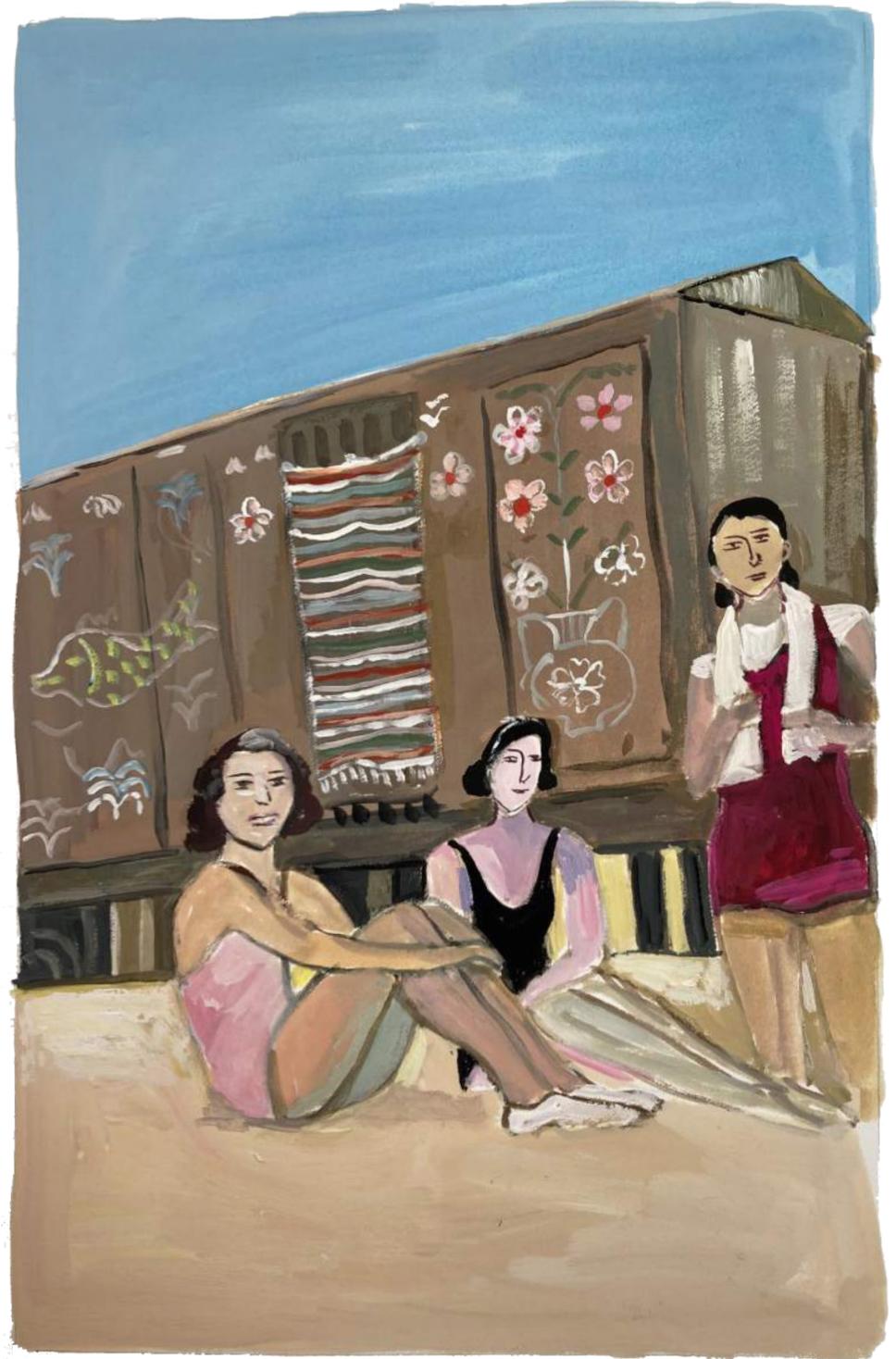
AVID READER PRESS

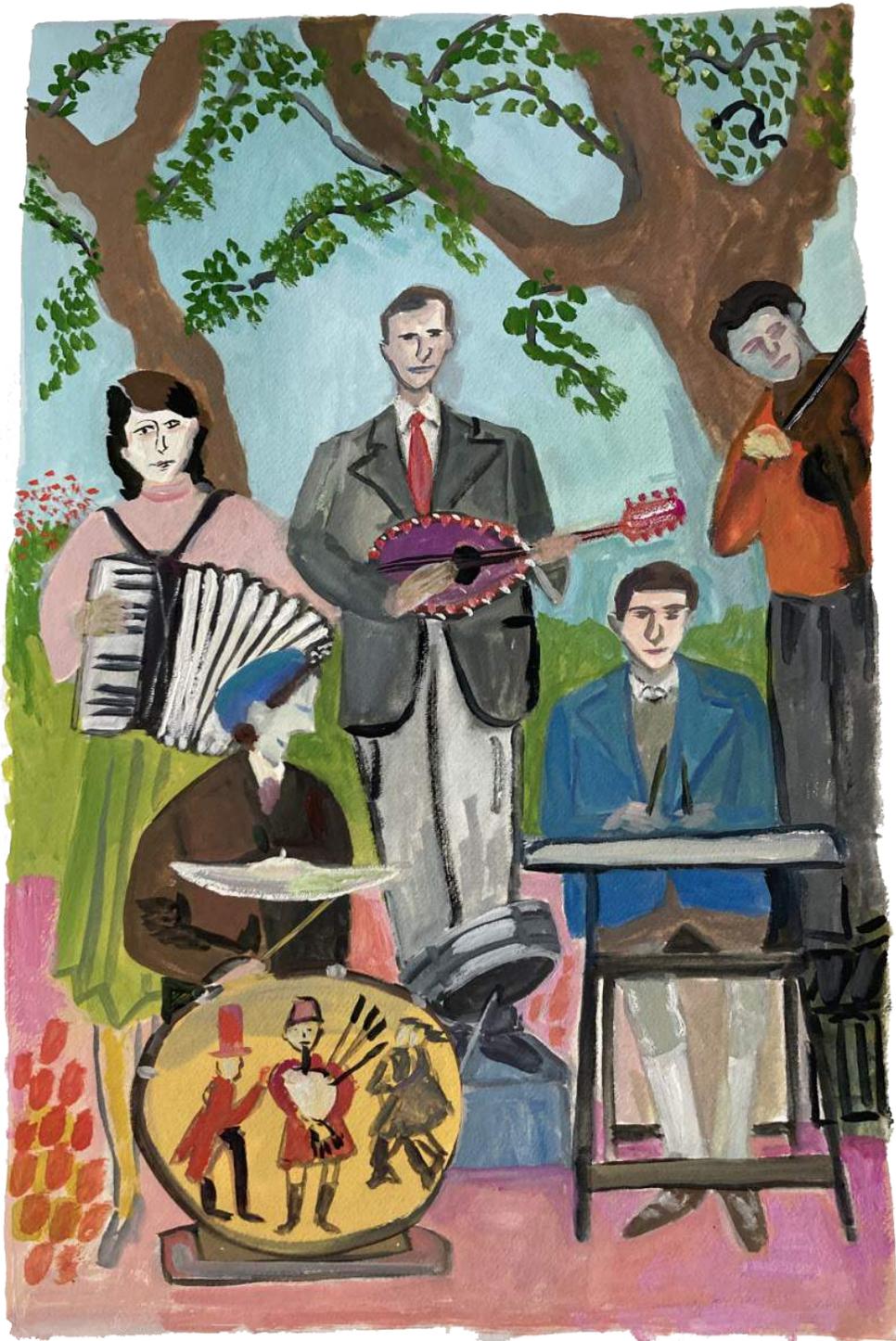
4

She didn't bother to comb her hair. When the family posed for a photograph just outside the medieval walls that enclosed the old city, she alone among the children turned her back to the photographer.



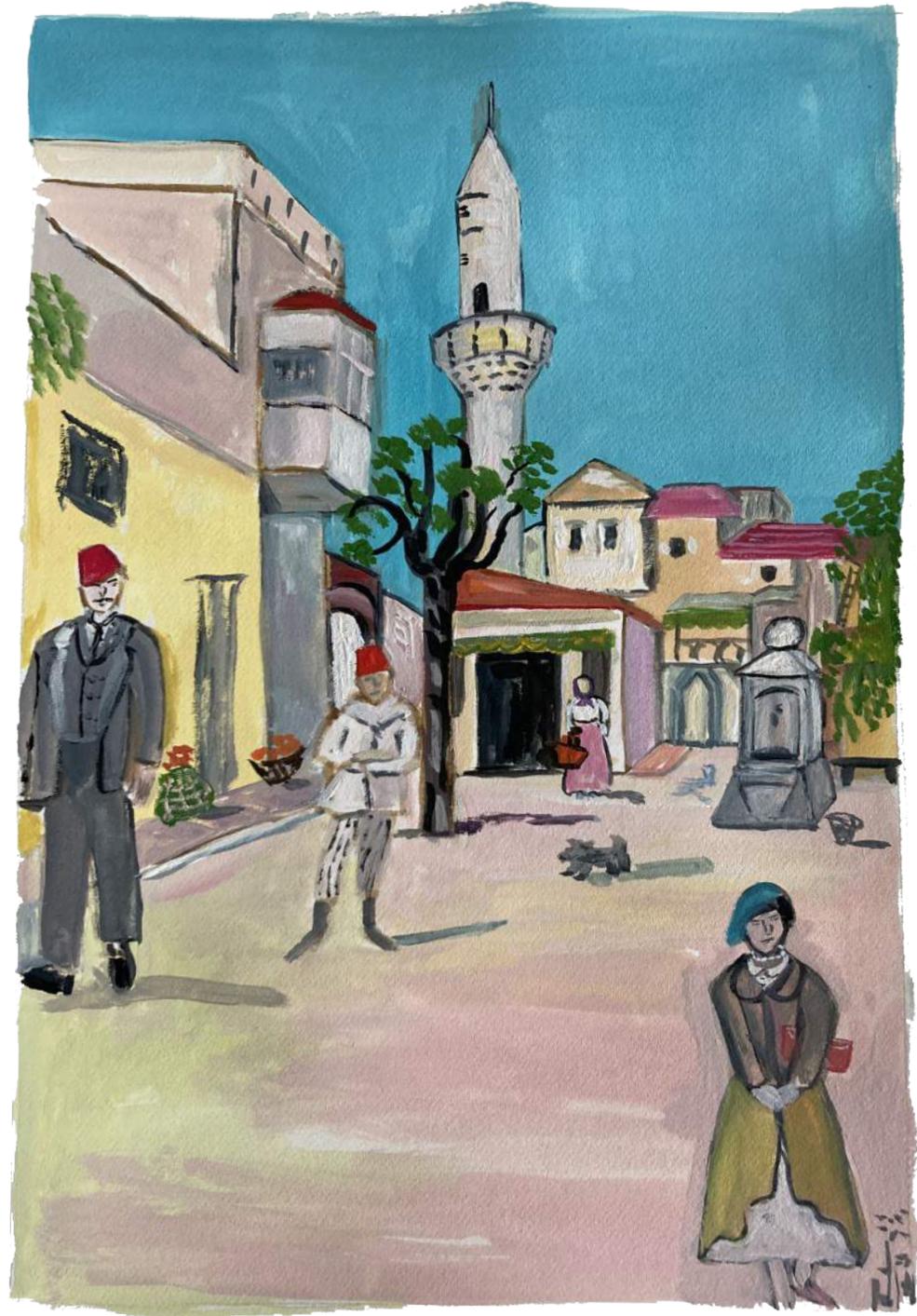
Selma sent Stella an outfit that she put on with excitement whenever it was time to go to or come from the beach. With great pride she told everyone who asked, and anyone who didn't, that her sister had sent it to her from *Ah-merica*. It surprised her that clothes could change the way she thought about her body, and herself.

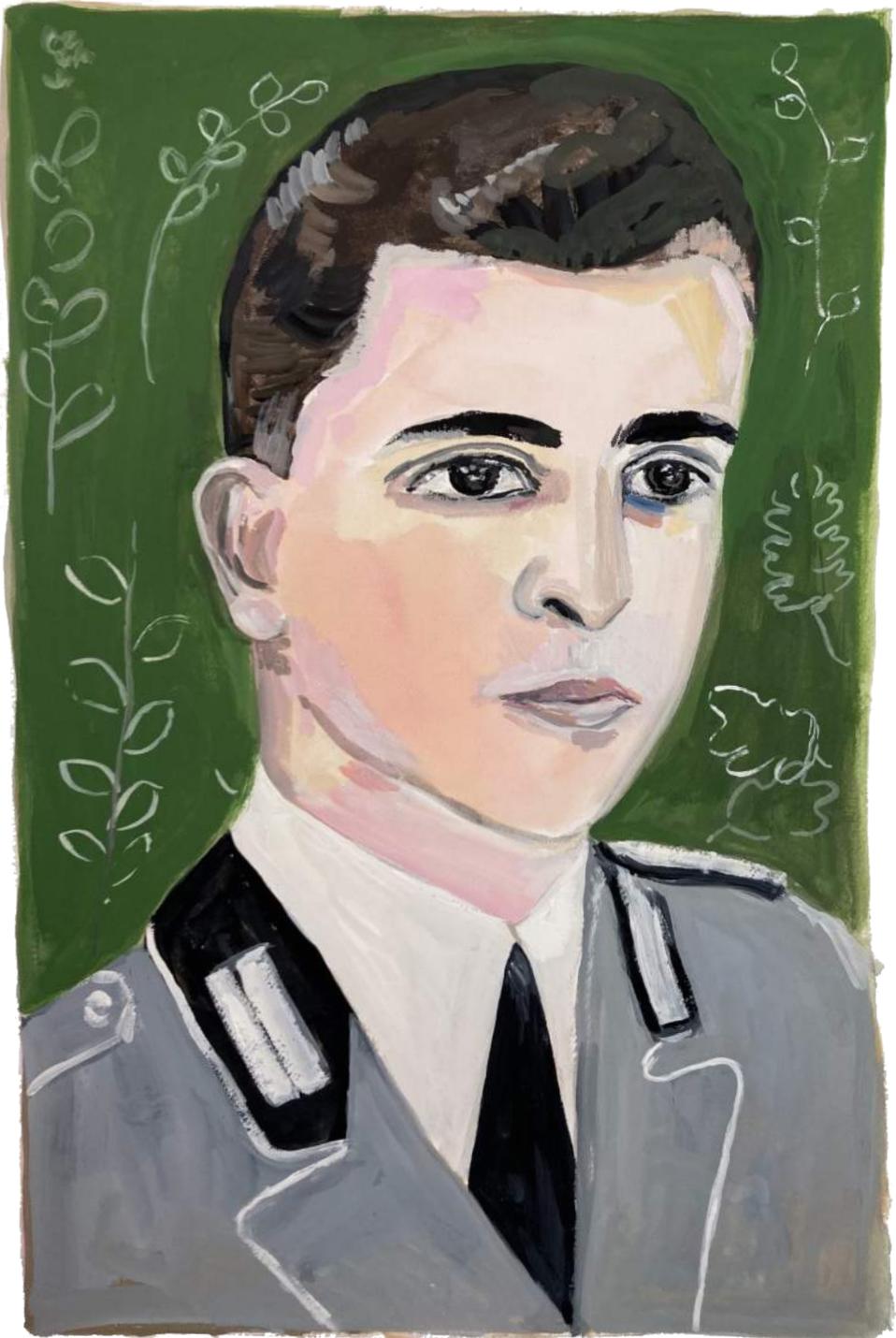




A week or two before the actual day, the bride's *ashugar*, the trousseau that included all those linens she'd spent years embroidering, was delivered to her future husband's house as a little band of Greek musicians assembled with their mandolin and tambourines.

Living *alla turca* meant, if you were a woman of a certain generation like Stella's grandmother Mazaltov, never venturing out of the neighborhood. It meant taking off your shoes before you walked into a room where there were rugs. It meant wearing a fez to work (Stella's father—until his children made him stop). It meant (if you were a woman of a certain age, or sometimes also a man of that age) never bathing in the sea.





41

“Do you think we could make it all the way to Turkey?” he wondered, laughing, giddy—or so it struck her in the moment; now, looking back, Stella revisits this question of Tescione’s and wonders if his laugh wasn’t so much giddy as nervous, whether perhaps he was actually exploring the idea with her, asking, could we, if things turn bad, perhaps save our lives by swimming as far as the Turkish coast?

52

In the dream Stella's grandmother cried out,
"But these are my grandchildren!"





55

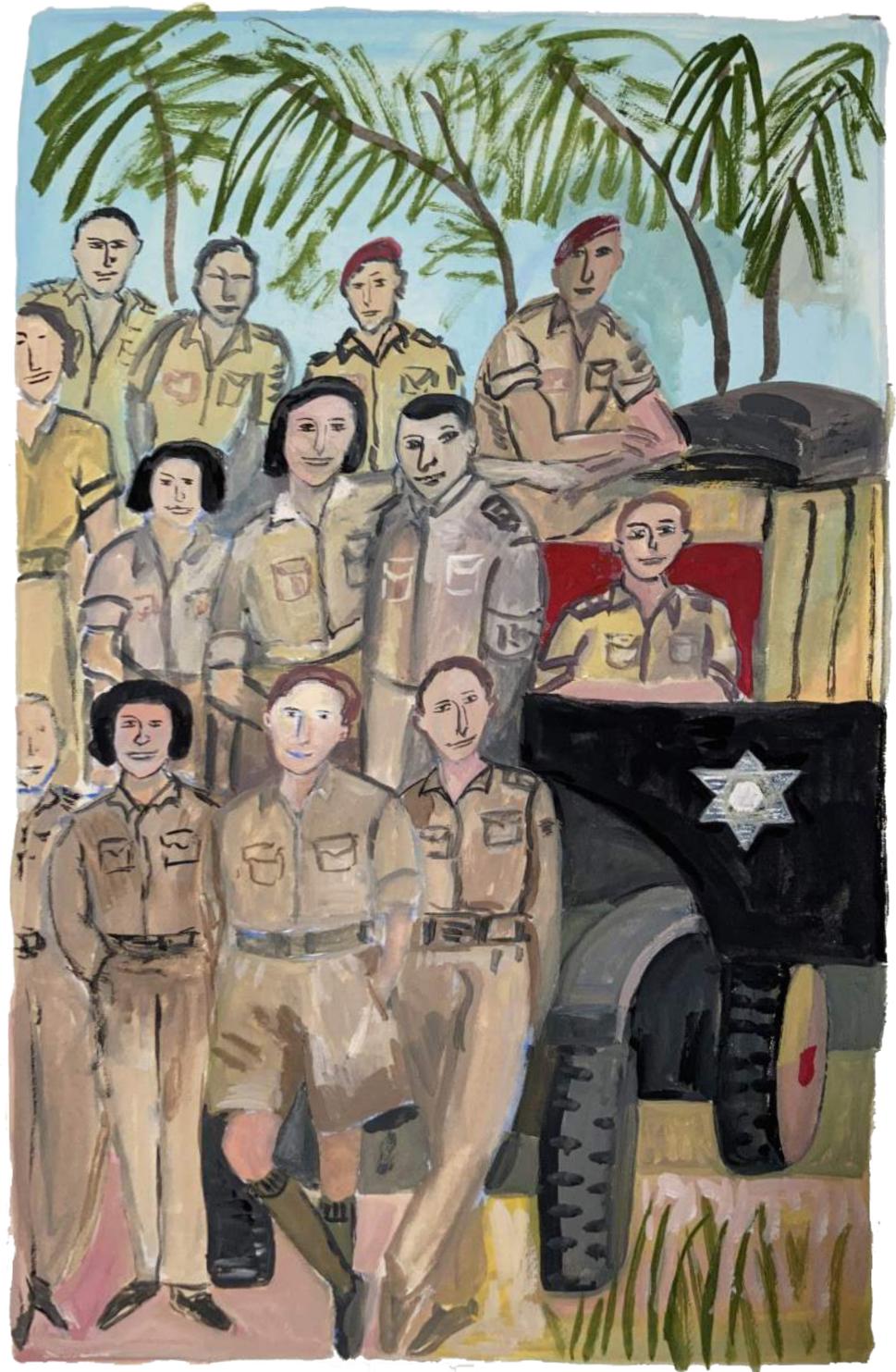
The window was the last thing Stella saw that connected her to the Juderia.



61

Even after their experience of the train they continued to believe they would all be in the camps together, living separately from the old, maybe, or maybe given the task of taking care of them, cooking for them, and so on; or possibly they would be working and the old would stay “home” and clean the barracks and do the cooking.

“Passing through Bologna, I met your sisters last night in the Jewish community building. The girls are most anxious to hear from you and your sister in San Francisco as well as from your brother in Congo. Yours was the only address that they remembered. I promised the girls that I shall write to you immediately; giving in consideration the horrible conditions under which they lived for a year their recovery is indeed remarkable.”





81

Stella and Renée, handsome, glowing, with large orchid corsages pinned to their collars, offer opaque smiles to the camera that are not easy to interpret or, rather, are not easy to separate from everything I know about the long journey that brought these women back into the fold of what remained of their family.



87

“There’s an old adage,” I tell Stella. “I wonder if you’ve heard it. The youngest child is the one who gets to tell the story—the one who gets to have the last word. I think it was Henry James who said something like that once.”

“Having the last word,” she says, “can be very lonely.”

99

“Dreams...dreams are sometimes beyond language.
They tell you where you most deeply belong.”

“And where is that?”

“With the people who call to you.”

