

NO BABIES

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When I was 29, I started carrying around a flour-bag baby everywhere I went as an exercise in celibacy. It never works on high school girls, but I thought it might work on me. I didn't draw a face on the bag, although sometimes at home I made the baby wear eyeglasses because little babies wearing eyeglasses is always so alarming. Overall, the exercise was successful. I felt sufficiently discouraged. Also, no one wants to ask out a woman carrying a five-pound bag of flour on her hip like a dusty baby.