

The Mick

In Memoriam

by James Como (April 2015)

Where imagination goes the rest of us must follow, so our interior landscape matters greatly. Take, for example, a boy (and more than a few girls) aged, say, eight to fourteen, at a time in history (the 'fifties) when football, basketball, and the opposite sex offered no competition: when a boy *played ball*, from early morning until after dark under whatever street-lamp there was. Hardball, softball, stickball (in-the-box and on-the-bounce), stoopball, slapball, catch-a-fly, and variations of these, by himself if necessary.

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