

## You Are Now Entering the Human Heart

by Janet Frame

I looked at the notice. I wondered if I had time before my train left Philadelphia for Baltimore in one hour. The heart, ceiling high, occupied one corner of the large exhibition hall, and from wherever you stood in the hall, you could hear it beating, *thum-thump-thum-thump*. It was a popular exhibit, and sometimes, when there were too many children about, the entrance had to be roped off, as the children loved to race up and down the blood vessels and match their cries to the heart's beating. I could see that the heart had already been punished for the day—the floor of the blood vessel was worn and dusty, the chamber walls were covered with marks, and the notice “You Are Now Taking the Path of a Blood Cell Through the Human Heart” hung askew. I wanted to see more of the Franklin Institute and the Natural Science Museum across the street, but a journey through the human heart would be fascinating. Did I have time?

Later. First, I would go across the street to the Hall of North America, among the bear and the *bison*, and catch up on American *flora* and *fauna*.

I made my way to the Hall. More children, sitting in rows on canvas chairs. An elementary class from a city school, under the control of an elderly teacher. A museum attendant holding a basket, and all eyes gazing at the basket.

“Oh,” I said, “is this a private lesson? Is it all right for me to be here?”

The attendant was brisk. “Surely. We’re having a lesson in snake handling,” he said. “It’s something new. Get the children young and teach them that every snake they meet is not to be killed. People seem to think that every snake has to be knocked on the head. So we’re getting them young and teaching them.”

“May I watch?” I said.

“Surely. This is a common grass snake. No harm, no harm at all. Teach the children to learn the feel of them to lose their fear.”

He turned to the teacher. “Now, Miss—Mrs.—” he said.

“Miss Aitcheson.”

He lowered his voice. “The best way to get through to the children is to start with the teacher,” he said to Miss Aitcheson. “If they see you’re not afraid, then they won’t be.”

She must be near retiring age, I thought. A city woman. Never handled a snake in her life. Her face was pale. She just managed to drag the fear from her eyes to some place in their depths, where it lurked like a dark stain. Surely the attendant and the children noticed?

“It’s harmless,” the attendant said. He’d worked with snakes for years.

Miss Aitcheson, I thought again. A city woman born and bred. All snakes were creatures to kill, to be protected from alike the rattler, the copperhead, king snake, grass snake—venom and victims. Were there not places in the South where you couldn’t go into the streets for fear of the rattlesnakes?

Her eyes faced the lighted exit. I saw her fear. The exit light blinked, hooded. The children, none of whom had ever touched a live snake, were sitting hushed, waiting for the drama to begin; one or two looked afraid as the attendant withdrew a green snake about three feet long from the basket and with a swift movement, before the teacher could protest, draped it around her neck and stepped back, admiring and satisfied.

“There,” he said to the class. “Your teacher has a snake around her neck and she’s not afraid.”

Miss Aitcheson stood rigid; she seemed to be holding her breath.

“Teacher’s not afraid, are you?” the attendant persisted. He leaned forward, pronouncing judgment on her, while she suddenly jerked her head and lifted her hands in panic to get rid of the snake. Then, seeing the children watching her, she whispered, “No, I’m not afraid. Of course not.” She looked around her.

“Of course not,” she repeated sharply.

I could see her defeat and helplessness. The attendant seemed unaware, as if his perception had grown a reptilian covering. What did she care for the campaign for the preservation and welfare of copperheads and rattlers and common grass snakes? What did she care about someday walking through the woods or the desert and deciding between killing a snake and setting it free, as if there would be time to decide, when her journey to and from school in downtown Philadelphia held enough danger to occupy her? In two years or so, she’d retire and be in that apartment by

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herself and no doorman, and everyone knew what happened then, and how she'd be afraid to answer the door and to walk after dark and carry her pocketbook in the street. There was enough to think about without learning to handle and love the snakes, harmless and otherwise, by having them draped around her neck for everyone, including the children—most of all the children—to witness the outbreak of her fear.

“See, Miss Aitcheson’s touching the snake. She’s not afraid of it at all.”

As everyone watched, she touched the snake. Her fingers recoiled. She touched it again.

“See, she’s not afraid. Miss Aitcheson can stand there with a beautiful snake around her neck and touch it and stroke it and not be afraid.”

The faces of the children were full of admiration for the teacher’s bravery, and yet there was a cruelly persistent tension; they were waiting, waiting.

“We have to learn to love snakes,” the attendant said. “Would someone like to come out and stroke teacher’s snake?”

Silence.

One shamefaced boy came forward. He stood petrified in front of the teacher.

“Touch it,” the attendant urged. “It’s a friendly snake. Teacher’s wearing it around her neck and she’s not afraid.”

The boy darted his hand forward, rested it lightly on the snake, and immediately withdraw his hand. Then he ran to his seat. The children shrieked with glee.

“He’s afraid,” someone said, “He’s afraid of the snake.”

The attendant soothed. “We have to get used to them, you know. Grown-ups are not afraid of them, but we can understand that when you’re small you might be afraid, and that’s why we want you to learn to love them. Isn’t that right, Miss Aitcheson? Isn’t that right? Now who else is going to be brave enough to touch teacher’s snake?”

Two girls came out. They stood hand in hand side by side and stared at the snake and then at

Miss Aitcheson.

I wondered when the torture would end. The two little girls did not touch the snake, but they smiled at it and spoke to it, and Miss Aitcheson smiled at them and whispered how brave they were.

“Just a minute,” the attendant said. “There’s really no need to be brave. It’s not a question of bravery. The snake is absolutely *harmless*. Where’s the bravery when the snake is harmless?”

Suddenly the snake moved around to face Miss Aitcheson and thrust its flat head toward her cheek. She gave a scream, flung up her hands, and tore the snake from her throat and threw it on the floor, and rushing across the room, she collapsed into a chair beside the Bear Cabinet.

I didn’t feel I should watch any longer. Some of the children began to laugh, some to cry. The attendant picked up the snake and nursed it. Miss Aitcheson, recovering, sat helplessly exposed by the small piece of useless torture. It was not her fault she was city-bred, her eyes tried to tell us. She looked at the children, trying in some way to force their admiration and respect; they were shut against her. She was evicted from them and from herself and even from her own fear-infested tomorrow, because she could not promise to love and preserve what she feared. She had nowhere, at that moment, but the small canvas chair by the Bear Cabinet of the Natural Science Museum.

I looked at my watch. If I hurried, I would catch the train from Thirtieth Street. There would be no time to make the journey through the human heart. I hurried out of the museum. It was freezing cold. The icebreakers would be at work on the Delaware and the Susquehanna; the mist would have risen by the time I arrived home. Yes, I would just catch the train from Thirtieth Street. The journey through the human heart would have to wait until some other time.