



HARVEY by Mary Chase

ELWOOD: One night, several years ago, I was walking early in the evening, alone. Fairfax Street—between 18th and 19th. I had just helped Ed Hickey into a taxi. Ed had been mixing his rye with his gin, and I felt he needed some help getting home. I started to walk down the street when I heard a voice saying, “Good evening, Mr. Dowd.” I turned and there was this great white rabbit leaning against a lamp post. Well, I thought nothing of that because when you live in a town as long as I have lived in this one, you get used to the fact that everybody knows your name. Naturally I went over to chat with him. He said to me, “Ed Hickey was a little spiffed this evening, or could I be mistaken?” Well, of course he was not mistaken. I think the world and all of Ed, but he *was* spiffed. So we stood there and talked and finally I said, “You have the advantage of me. You know my name, but I don’t know yours.” Right back at me he said, “What name do you like?” Well, I didn’t even have to think a minute. Harvey has always been my favorite name. So I said, “Harvey”—and this is the interesting part of the whole thing. He said, “What a coincidence. My name happens to be Harvey!”