

Madison foursquare

67



Foliage photos taken
during two visits to UW
Arboretum in May 2022

This issue of *Madison Foursquare* is brought to you by
Scott Custis and Jeanne Gomoll, who live at
2825 Union Street, Madison, WI 53704.

Scott@unionstreetdesign.com
Jeanne@unionstreetdesign.com

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May 2022 for *Turbo-Charged Party Animal #431*.

Covers

[SC] Beautiful photos, Steve. I love the sharpness of the detail, particularly impressive in these scenes.

[JG] Gorgeous photos!

Georgie Schnobrich

[SC] I agree with your observation that conservatives seem more and more to resemble the worst characters in Dickens, Scrooge being an interesting example. My guess is that conservatives don't see Scrooge as giving in to more progressive ideas so much as simply trying to be a better person in whatever way works for him. If Scrooge wants to give away his money to the struggling, poorer people around him, I think conservatives would be fine with that (if perhaps puzzled by it) so long as it was purely his decision to do it. It would be equally fine with them if Scrooge elected to keep his money and just tried to be nicer and more pious. But if Scrooge were to say that it was Parliament's responsibility to lift the vast poor of the nation out of the gutter by taxing those people who could most afford to pay, then I think conservatives would throw the Dickens book out the nearest window.

[JG] I frightened myself a couple years ago when I was one of the judges for the Tiptree Award, and I had to practically force myself to pick up the next book and read it. I really wasn't interested in reading and this second fling as a Tiptree judge wasn't nearly as fun as my first experience. But I got over it...sadly. *after* the judging year. I think the main reason my reading has become less obsessive is my eyesight—extreme prism makes it harder to focus on text, especially at the end of the day when I am more tired. Also, it is much more difficult to read quickly. It's simply a lot more *work* to read these days. I mostly read on screen, where I can enlarge the type. I've begun reading more often since switching to screens. Sadly, it looks like there are many books on my to-read shelves that I may never get to unless I re-order them as ebooks. Nevertheless, I've become grumpier about bad writing; I don't like wasting reading time on bad books. I think the "relentlessly present" points of view in your recently-read novels would irritate me too.





I love the phrase, "writing...that keeps looking in the mirror to check that it is Literature." I used to like that sort of thing when I was a college student. I remember feeling enchanted by a scene in the middle of John Barth's 1972 novel, *Chimera*, when the author suddenly appeared and outlined the novel's themes on a college blackboard. He seemed to be laughing at the reader (me), literally lecturing us readers: you think you've "discovered" themes and symbols, but let me tell you, there's a lot you haven't begun to notice! Now, I think I would roll my eyes and mutter, "get on with it!"

Greg Rihn

[SC] I greatly enjoyed your Sisyphus cartoon. Only a slight exaggeration of what email at work once felt like to me. I was intrigued by two of your movie reviews this month, *Love Among the Ruins* and *Nicholas Nickleby*. Both sound very promising, thanks. Also, the dinosaur exhibit at the Milwaukee Public Museum sounded fun.

[JG] In my case, childhood fire-starting and Barbie-melting led only to adult paranoia about matches: I don't much like lighting them, especially the part where you're supposed to actually touch the active part of the match as you strike it. I can't do that and so frequently ruin matches. Setting Barbie's Lincoln Log cabin afire did not inspire me toward serial killing, not that I've noticed anyway.



Re your comment to **Matthew Powell**, many waitresses have perfected perpetual smiles, but so have a lot of politicians....

After reading your zine, we put a reserve on a library DVD of *Love Among the Ruins*. I was surprised that we couldn't stream the movie anywhere, especially something that had won so many emmys, but am glad to know we will be able to see it anyway. Thanks for the suggestion!

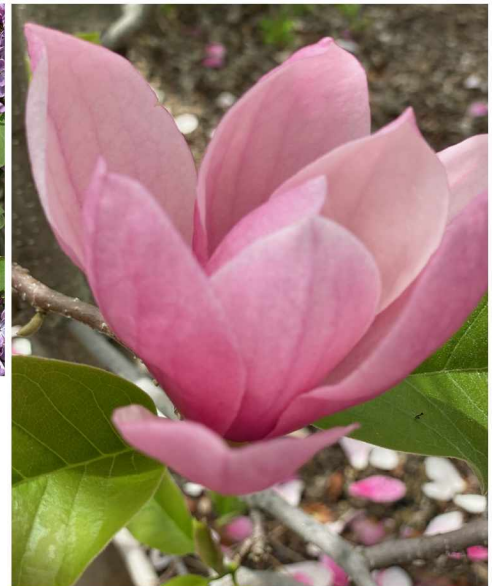
Elizabeth Matson

[SC] Your zine was a delightful read, once again.

I loved your piece on traveling back to Mount Holyoke for your class reunion. I also went to a small, liberal arts college (Coe, in Cedar Rapids) and although my experience was likely less ideal than yours was, it was still an important time in my life. I went back to a couple reunions at Coe, mostly to see a few of my closest friends from that time and visit old haunts. It's so cool that your Dad saved your letters and that you were able to prepare your scrapbooks for donation to the archives.

Regarding your hearing aids, I have to ask, if you were living and working for a library in Canada, would you have had to pay as much for hearing aids? I'm guessing Canada has a more civilized policy.

Regarding your comment to me about the book club, the first thing I have learned so far about co-managing a book club is that selecting books is harder than it looks. I'm cautiously optimistic about our picks for the next six months, but braced for disappointment. I'm finding that I'm spending more time reading about SF and fantasy novels in general



than I ever have before, and, surprisingly after all these years—I have only the foggiest idea what people will like. How did you and Gerald do it so well for so long?

Regarding your comment to **Georgie**, I also am a fan of keeping my (nearly bald) head warm (and protected from sunburn) with hats. In fact I'd far rather have the hats than have the hair back.

[JG] I also had a bad reaction to the second Covid booster shot (Moderna). For the whole day after I got the shot, I felt feverish and achy.

Thank you for recommending *The Last Cuentista* by Donna Barba Higuera. I liked it, especially the idea that storytelling is central to being human and the key to unlocking memories and emotions. I loved the story of the fire snake/comet. I had no problems with the way Higuera described the generation ship. She certainly dealt believably with the issue of how much time it would take a generation ship to reach another star system. (And I was very happy that the goal was a nearby planetary system, not a destination in another galaxy!) The monitor system was an interesting and ominous addition to usual portrayal of generations ships.

I read *The Last Cuentista* immediately after finishing *The Actual Star* by Monica Byrne (the May selection for our book discussion group) and I found some interesting links between the two novels. Both make use of central American mythology. But the thing that really interested me was this: Byrne's novel follows the development of a religion that began with a myth that originated in year 12; we see its evolved form in the years 1012, 2012, and 2012. Just as *The Last Cuentista*'s storyteller (cuentista), Petra, alters stories she learned as a child in order to make sense of a different world from the ones she learned as a child, the spiritual system in *The Actual Star* is also revised over time by its followers to fit their lives. I thought also about how the story of King Arther and the round table keep getting re-told over and over again for each new generation. Thank you for the recommendation.

I'm amused that you and I both employed fantasy maps

to organize our childhood adventures—you and your brother's maps converted your backyard to a wilderness with wild (cat) beasts, while my brother's and my map converted our basement to a space ship zooming through outer space populated with space pirates and aliens.

Lisa Freitag

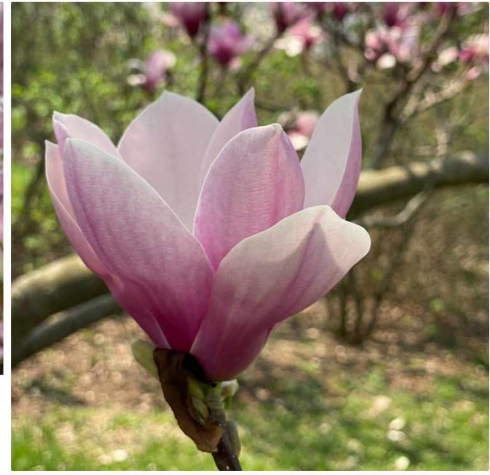
[SC] Regarding attending conventions this year, our respective outlooks are very different. The only convention Jeanne and I were considering attending, Corflu in Vancouver, will not work out for us after all because it lands on the very same October weekend as my grandniece's wedding in Iowa, the biggest social event my family has had in years.

[JG] I hope you give the *Green Bone Saga* series another try eventually. The development of several characters into honorable and heroic people is very satisfying. Even the villains are drawn with understanding and complexity. Kaul Hiloshudon is transformed into a downright Shakespearean character by the end of book three.

Jim Hudson & Diane Martin

[SC] Terrific picture of Ariel and Lucy. Ah, Mexico. Diane certainly has her work cut out for her. Let's hope she's ready in a couple years to do cartwheels and kung fu.

If it's any consolation, I'm not doing "No Mow May" either. I have been holding off raking until it warms up, but otherwise I'm going to try to keep "the lawn" looking minimally presentable as usual.



I have been watching a bit of the latest Worldcon kerfuffle you mentioned (insert slow eye-roll here) and thinking the same thing to myself you did, I'm sure glad I'm not running conventions anymore.

Very sad news about Terry Garey. Thanks for the update.

About the only travel we know we are going to do (or try to do) this year is spend a little time in Door County either this summer or fall. We could consider another modest car trip but we want to pay off our bathroom remodel and, well, covid is not going away.

We have also watched and enjoyed both of the latest seasons of the prim, Jane-Austen-inspired series, *Sanditon* and the shameless, Shonda Rhimes bodice-ripper, *Bridgerton*. If you watch them fairly close together, it's not hard distinguishing them. We just got back from the latest Forward Theater dark comedy, *Russian Troll Farm* which I thought was the best thing Forward has done in a couple years. Jeanne wasn't quite as enthused because it is truly a dark (and a bit depressing) play, but she was also impressed.

I liked your bear story. Perfect context with **Andy's** Red Boggs piece.

[JG] The nearly universal, amazingly bipartisan support for the Ukrainians' side in the war feels sort of refreshing if one doesn't delve too much into our country's part in the abominable geopolitics that preceded the war. And if one doesn't think too much about how much easier it has been to attract western support for a population perceived as being white and "like us." Nevertheless, I must confess that I feel a certain amount of relief to cheer for what clearly seem

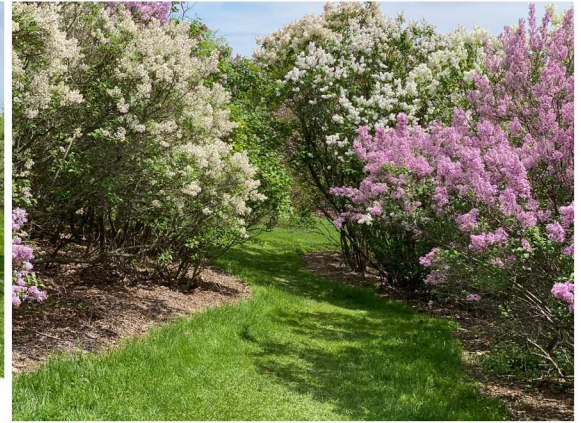
to be the good guys defending themselves. I don't think any war fought during my lifetime has felt so clear-cut.

A cousin who has been doing work on a family tree just let us know that the city where our great-grandfather was born, and from which he emigrated to the United States, was Lviv, which used to be in Austro-Hungary, but is now part of Ukraine.

Recent things we've streamed and enjoyed (or are enjoying): *Death on the Nile* (HBO Max); the final season of *Ozark* (Netflix), which had a perfect and quite horrifying final scene; and the final season of *Better Call Saul* (Netflix), which is as good as *Breaking Bad* (Bob Odenkirk is amazing, but really the whole cast is awesome); and the excellent *We Own This City*, about crime, cops, and corruption in post-Freddie-Gray Baltimore—written by David Simon, creator of *The Wire*.

We've actually *stopped* enjoying and watching a few series, including two *Star Trek* shows (*Discovery* and *Picard*). Nevertheless, we are cautiously hopeful about the newest entry into the franchise, *Star Trek: Strange New Worlds*, whose first two episodes were well-written and lots of fun. All three *Trek* shows air on Paramount+. We also stopped watching season two of *Russian Doll* (Netflix) because the story just didn't grab us, which was quite out of character for me, because it is a *time travel* story and I nearly always find something interesting in fiction belonging to that genre. Even though we loved Natasha Lyonne in *Orange Is the New Black* and the first season of *Russian Doll*, we really disliked her in season two. But we are looking forward to seeing the new Netflix series based on *The Time Traveler's Wife*, so there's hope for a good time travel story in our immediate future.

I watch a couple shows that Scott doesn't, including *Call the Midwife* on PBS, of which I've seen all eleven seasons. I think the writers/directors are doing a remarkable job showing the rapidly changing culture,



politics, religion, and technology around childbirth and women in England, 1950s-1960s. I'm also looking forward to two other shows that I tend to watch without Scott, *Grace and Frankie* (Netflix), and *Better Things* (FX), but I haven't seen any episodes of the current seasons of either show yet. I've got the feeling that I may end up watching *Grace and Frankie* again someday with Scott, as happened recently with *Last Tango in Halifax* (PBS), when it turned out that I should have shared it the first time. One evening Scott said, "Hey, I've read good things about *Last Tango in Halifax*. Would you like to watch it?" And I said, "Oh, I've already seen it. ... But of course I'd love to see it again with you." And so I did. What a great cast that show has! Derek Jacobi, Anne Reid, Nicola Walker, Sarah Lancashire....

I am now listening—mostly in the morning as I get dressed, and nights as I get ready for bed—to Diana Gabaldon's *Outlander* series. I do like bed-time stories. I am on the sixth book now, *A Breath of Snow and Ashes*, in which the American Revolution is just getting started.

We are very sad that Rachel Maddow shows up only one day a week now. I miss her brilliance and insight so much and can't imagine that they will be able to find anyone to adequately fill her shoes, but I hope they try. Nevertheless, I'm looking forward to the projects she's working on—especially the movie based on her podcast, *Bag Man*, about Spiro Agnew.

We don't see nearly as many movies as we used to, pre-pandemic. The biggest reason is the dearth of movies we actually want to see. But I can recommend one. It's a little film, unlikely to still be in

town by the time the apa is distributed, but it would be a fine one to stream at home: *The Duke*. No explosions or violence, but wonderful characters and acting. Jim Broadbent stars as a 60-year-old taxi driver who steals Goya's portrait of the Duke of Wellington from the London Gallery in London. He sends ransom notes saying that he will return the painting if the government invests more in care for the elderly. Helen Mirren co-stars as his wife.

Steven Vincent Johnson

[JG] OK, I award you Official Runner Up in the alien monster cover contest! I actually never saw the movie, *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, so I was quite confident that I hadn't referenced anything from that movie in my artwork. But you are right, a plant part was still a guess in the right direction.

Carrie Root

[SC] Regarding **Andy's** RAEBNC game, congratulations co-winner. We should buy each other a beer next time we are in the same part of the country.

I have the business pages for #120, but not the apa or the covers. If you want me to send you a copy of the business pages, let me know.

I was thinking of you the other day when I scored another little victory at an LFL while out on a walk. I found a very good condition trade paperback copy of John McPhee's Alaska book *Coming into the Country*. I have never read a book by him, but have often seen reverential references to his non-fiction in articles and reviews, and always wanted to tackle one. Dare I hope it will be as wonderful as (if completely different than) my find from last year, Jane Smiley's *Horse Heaven*? I did not bring any kind of bag with me on the walk, so I had to stuff it inside my jacket to carry it home.



[JG] I hope the CBD oil is giving you some relief! As I said in a text message to you, I use CBD oil in capsule, taken internally—not as an external salve, applied topically. And that makes sense to me for neuropathy: the pain isn't really in my leg, it's in my brain.

Now that the work on our bathroom is done and paid for, our attention has turned outdoors, though not toward a gardening project. Last week we had the shingles removed from the flat roof over the addition in the back of our house. The shingles were not the proper covering for that area and have been cracking and becoming damaged from ice and sun. Our roof guy suggested SBS base sheets, which are made of styrene-butadiene-styrene (SBS); i.e., asphalt + synthetic rubber, which makes it a flexible material for flat roofs. That's done now and it looks great. Our next project is to have the garage sided with vinyl to match the house. Our garage desperately needs to be painted, but that work is so overdue and would involve so much work to prep the surface, that it looks like the price of siding won't be much more than painting. The main advantage of siding is that we would not have to worry about painting in the future. Project number three will be the asphalt driveway, which we have never, in all our 33 years living here, repaired. So of course, deep cracks, even a few crevasses, criss-cross its surface. We hope to have a concrete driveway by next year.

Andy Hooper

[SC] I liked very much your essay on SF, "Looking for a Good Ship: Thoughts on Recent Science Fiction." I agreed with many of the points you made about the books reviewed. I have always had a fairly broad taste in books I choose for enjoyment. Before I met Jeanne, I read only an occasional science or speculative fiction novel along with a steady diet of best-sellers, thrillers, historical fiction, classics and non-fiction. It was Jeanne who provided me with a sort of entry-level SF reading list early in our relationship that showed me what sort of stories she most enjoyed. The list was also useful in helping me decide what sorts of SF I liked or disliked. I've

always been at a bit of a disadvantage for having read relatively few of the established SF classics, coupled with the fact that I'm a fairly slow reader. Over the years, the book club has been helpful in keeping me reading SF that is at least in the ballpark of what is current, and further helping me refine my taste in SF and in fantasy.

You pointed out how "dumb" so many of the spaceships were in the space operas you reviewed which prompted me to think of Iain M. Banks' Culture novels and his huge, fabulous ships full of benevolently cared-for humans and run by extremely advanced AIs. Space travel via the Culture might make more sense.

Thanks for publishing the Bag O' Donuts saga. It was fun.

[JG] I thought your essay was wonderful in the way it wove together ideas about a really pretty disparate group of books. I really value your's and **Carrie's** comments and insights and am glad you've joined our book discussion. I hope you will share your essay with the book discussion group too.

I think that many contemporary science fiction writers who set their stories in outer space or scatter their worlds with familiar SF tropes, borrow from other fiction in the same way that some writers of American westerns do. Both outer space and the American West are more archetype than reality to authors whose only knowledge of these settings comes from other fiction (books or screens). What that means is that for this non-science fiction, contemporary scientific discoveries have little or no influence, until and unless the new discoveries are transmuted to archetype by other screenwriters and authors. I imagine that people who were inspired to study science by the science fiction they read during their youth, must feel pretty sad about how much less of a role science has in sparking current fiction. And, as was pointed out by at least one person during our book discussions, it's not just the writers...many reviewers and critics feel quite comfortable with non-science fiction. Both *We Have Always Been Here* and *The Last Watch* received many positive reviews in *Locus*. The reviewers didn't seem to notice any problems.

That Darrah Chavey is the main customer for your sales of my old apazines is hilarious. He and I have been friends for ages. He doesn't live that far from us and could simply ask me if I had any extra copies to give him. Well maybe I will designate him as the heir of the three-ring binders full of all my apazines.

Steve Swartz

[SC] Jeanne and I second your nomination of **Joan Hart** for membership in the apa.

Having not taken any philosophy (or even a logic class) in college, I found your piece on discursive vs. dialectic to be very thought provoking.

When Jeanne and I visited the Normandy region of France as part of our trip to LonCon in 2014, we took most of our meals at the chateau where we stayed with Ellen Klages and her continuously changing gang of guests. We only went out to eat a couple times and once was a lunch in the afternoon while touring a nearby town with a small group. It was just as you described. There was a little group of us. We settled in a small local restaurant and spent a full 3 hours having a lovely, leisurely meal. At first it was disorientating to me how long everything was taking, but everyone who was with us seemed fine with the pace and eventually I relaxed into it. The food was great. It would have been nice to know what to expect beforehand though. Almost eight years later, I don't remember the name of the town we were in or who we were with, but I remember the restaurant.

I liked all your photos. I was impressed with the French tacos and (I assume) French King Cake. "Quantum Entanglement for babies" was hilarious. The pun was bad, of course, and the dongfish just reminds us that things could always be worse.

Regarding your question, Voltaren was helpful for me. (My brother also had success with it before he finally had his knees replaced.) I used it four times a day when my knee was hurting a lot, but now that I'm doing better I have only been using it once or twice a day for maintenance. If riding a bike outside in your area is not good, maybe a stationary bike would work. I have also had good luck with some elliptical machines. Swimming would be great, but I'm not much of a swimmer. I still like to walk, but if I plan to walk more than about 2 miles, I wear a knee support and do a Voltaren treatment afterwards.



Brunch at home—Quiche Lorraine, croissant, salad, fruit salad with blackberries, pineapple, and bananas

[JG] The most enjoyable books for me are ones with many layers. I like the experience of being nudged or even pushed to see the world from the author's point of view. I like weaving in technical, historical, political, and literary references to enrich the experience of reading. And I also like, very much, the experience you describe—of insinuating my own point of view, experiences, and observations into the story. The more ways of enjoying the work, the better, in my opinion.

Thanks for the essay on food in France. I'm glad you were able to adapt to different ingredients and culture while you were living in Paris. I've never had to do anything like that except, briefly, while we were visiting in France (as Scott described) and in Mexico, when Scott, Julie, and I learned to adjust our understanding of dining customs. Our first night in Guanajuato, Mexico, we decided to choose a restaurant for dinner based on the number of people we observed dining in the various restaurants. The more people, the more popular it was, we figured. That didn't work out very well. All of the restaurants seemed to be deserted. No one was eating. But we were hungry and chose a restaurant at random and had a lovely meal. Later in the evening, between 11 pm and midnight, customers began crowding the restaurants leaving hardly any empty tables! We realized that when we had looked for food at 7 pm, it was far too early for dinner for most of Guanajuato's denizens. Our idea of dinner time was not universally shared.

Sorry, I was mistaken about the first Covid WisCon. What can I say? It's a number. The in-person con was canceled and WisCon #44 was conducted virtually—and was called "Wisconline." (You can find the list on the wiscon.net site, under the tab, About/Past WisCons). The 2021 WisCon is listed as "unofficial," and basically did not happen. Some people gathered. There was a Tiptree/Otherwise in-person and on-line fusion auction, but there was no programming, no other events except the auction. The 2022 convention is designated #45.

Yeah, I sometimes wonder if the people having kids now are acting similarly to the people who continue to buy property and build homes on ocean shorelines....

Yes! The movie I was thinking of was *Elizabeth Is Missing*. It's available on Amazon Prime I think.

Well, you may not remember which postcards you send to who, but that postcard of the painter painting a scene he could not actually have been able to see had a huge influence on me. I thought about it for days...well, years, apparently. Belatedly I thank you for it.

Ruth & Jim Nichols

[SC] Ruth, we have had some lovely days lately, but overall it has felt to me like a rather wet, cool spring this year. This morning (4/26) I went for a walk because it was too cold to bike. It was only 35 degrees at 9:30, with a breeze. I was thinking we'd be regularly in the 50's by now. Key lime pie sounds delicious, but you asked something I have always also wondered, what about just plain lime pie?

I have seen some examples of Don Helley's work that he posted on FB, and it is interesting. I hope his marketing is successful.

Jim, I hope you continue to recover so you can resume writing more to us.

[JG] Wow, I really like Don Helley's photo. Very nice! Lots of textures and interesting colors. Where is he showing?

Cathy Gilligan

[SC] I smiled at your comment to **J.J. and Tom** that TV cooking competitions make little sense. I agree with you, but there is also a trade-off. On the one hand, I think it asks a lot of the audience to invest their faith in show-appointed experts to subjectively judge the quality of the food. On the other hand, I've seen enough food competitions to have been very glad I didn't have to taste some of the more disgusting offerings myself.

[JG] There is a nice tavern on Washington Island in Door County that we always visit on the way back from Rock Island. One of the cool/eccentric things about it is that the owners don't keep the TV tuned to sporting events. It's always tuned to the Food network, and customers heckle, cheer, and shout at the on-screen chefs.

I wasn't talking about Wordle. I've never played that game, though I certainly believe I could have misspelled the name of the game I actually like playing: Worldle. WORLD-le not WORD-le. I am so utterly dependent on spellcheck programs that I tend to avoid games that would highlight my bad spelling. I like Worldle, and another geography game, Globle, because they're about shapes and geography.



Was there a third page to your zine that we didn't receive? The last sentence in your comment to **Catie**, at the bottom of page two was a cliff-hanger

Pat Hario

[SC] I hope the surgery proved to be completely successful. What a hassle that you not only had to recover from the break, but also had to recover again from follow-up surgery.

I enjoyed **Karl's** and your reviews of the Gaelic Storm concert at the Barrymore. Not often we get two detailed perspectives of the same show.

Regarding your comment to me, I agree with you that most of the depression kids I've known (like Ron and my dad) had at least some difficulty spending money on themselves. But I think the feature Ron and my dad had most in common was a reluctance to dispose of stuff if it might, in any conceivable sense, become useful to themselves or others, either now or sometime in the future. This included stuff that was simply obsolete and long considered useless by most other people. Both men died with homes full of stuff they never got around to disposing of.

Regarding your comment to **Steve S.**, I biked by your new office building out at Olin Park. I see what you mean about bus access, but I wonder if it will be any better when we switch to the new Bus Rapid Transit system. If all else fails, your building is very convenient to the bike path, just saying. Looks like they've already started doing some fix-up on it in preparation for your move. If your office is in the front, it looks like your view will be of the parking lot, but may also include some of Olin Park, John Nolan Drive and maybe the Coliseum. Not a lake view, but not bad. In my 21 years at DOT,

my various desk assignments were never close to a window.

Jeanne and I watched *All Is True* the other night and quite liked it. We are still puzzled as to how we missed seeing it when it came out. Thanks for writing about it.

[JG] In 1980, when they rolled me into the operating room for my tubal ligation, the doctors and nurses in operating room were joking with one another just before I went under with the anesthetic, explaining that they liked their patients to feel relaxed, I said that I thought it was more important that *they* were relaxed. So, Dr. Anderson suggested that I tell them a joke. And I did. With my feet up in stirrups I faked a Scottish brogue and told them a joke about a woman giving birth. The midwife kept asking the father to hold the lantern closer because, "I think there's another one coming!" And indeed, a second child was born. But then the midwife asked the father to hold the lantern closer again, saying "I think there's another one!" And the father backed away in horror, saying "No, it's the light that's attracting them!" In my position, about to be sterilized, that was quite a weirdly appropriate joke to tell.



Later, in recovery, when Dr. Anderson was making his rounds and came in to check on me, I recalled all the times he warned me that I should consider the procedure to be irreversible, that once done, I would never be able to change my mind. So, when he came in to check on me and asked how I was, I said "fine...but I think I've changed my mind." He looked stunned for only the small amount of time it took me to lose control of my straight face and break out in giggles. That hurt the incisions in my abdomen and I held my stomach, and tried to stop laughing. He walked out shaking his head, muttering that I deserved it. Well, I hope he considered me a pleasant person too.

Refrigerators that don't hold magnets? I am aghast. But if that's the future, magnet art of fridges will go the way of dial phones as puzzles to the youth of the (future) day.

I hope your new office near Olin Park has free parking.

Hope Kiefer & Karl Hailman

[SC] It took me awhile to decide I wanted to see *CODA*. I did not think it would be the sort of story I'd care for, but eventually the glowing reviews convinced me we should check it out. Happy we did.

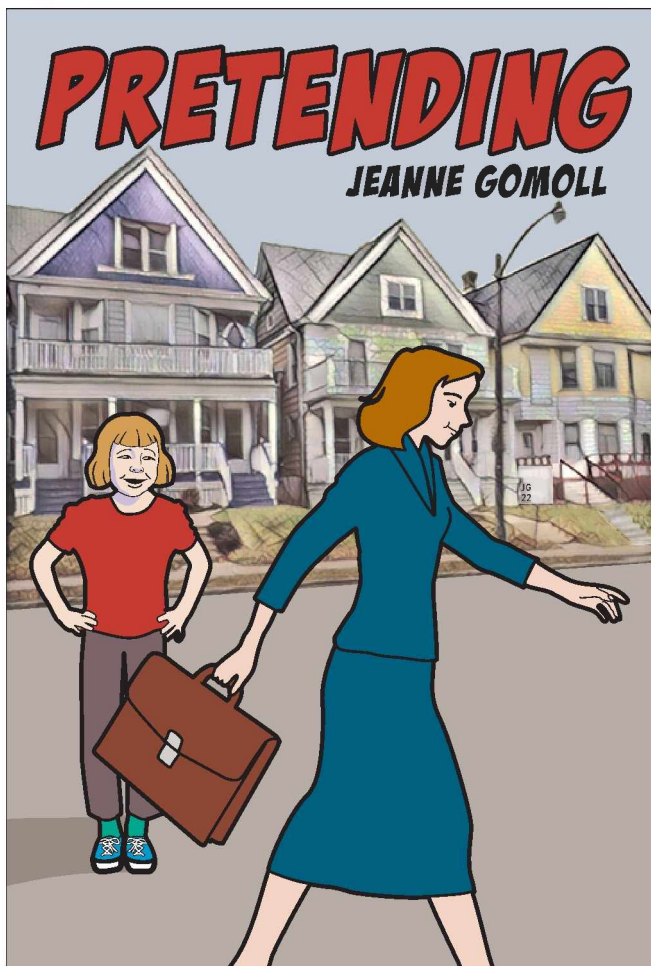
So sorry you both suffered some injuries. We aren't bullet-proof anymore. My bike crash a few years ago did not seem bad enough to me at the time to have resulted in any broken bones, but it was. Remember the roll call send off from Hill Street Blues, "Let's be careful out there".

I vote that you keep your title. Just because you find some sleep from time to time these days does not mean the Quest has to be over. I thought Quest for Relevance was a funny runner-up, though.

[JG] Yeah, keep *Quest for Sleep*. After all, you didn't name it *Hopeless Quest for Sleep*.

What's New

[JG] I am consciously leaving my memoir alone for a while. I've proofread it over and over again. Debbie Notkin did a wonderful job copy-editing it. Timmi Duchamp (Aqueduct Press) hasn't read it yet, but will soon. So, I've been doing art—adding interior illustrations and doing two covers. You will find the current, not-completely-finalized artwork for the first book and the story it depicts on the next page.



I was eight years old and sitting on our front porch in Milwaukee when I noticed a woman walking along 39th Street. Once I saw her, I couldn't keep my eyes off her. Something about her attitude and appearance called out to me. This was something different.

In 1959, the woman's clothing, her expression, and her walking style practically marked her as an alien. She was young, maybe in her early twenties (though I freely admit that my ability to judge the age of adults was not reliable); she wore a dark suit and her short, brown

hair rippled in the breeze of her movement. She carried a briefcase. She swung her arms briskly as she crossed in front of our house. It was her confident and easy manner of walking that most struck me. She strode quickly with a sense of assurance; she was on her way to do something important and in a hurry to get there. After she passed, I ran down the steps of our front porch and stood in the middle of the sidewalk to get a better view of her as she strode away from me down the street.

I thought about her for days. I created stories about her and imagined a confident personality and independent life. I pretended that I was her. I decided that I wanted to grow up to be like that woman—for real, one day.

Through the years, I came up with several answers to the frequent adult question, "What do you want to be when you grow up?" But when I thought of my future, it was the image of that assertive, confident, energetic woman that I envisioned.

One day I was hurrying down State Street with an artist's portfolio swinging from my arm, on my way to an art supply store to pick up some rice paper I needed to complete a project at work. I didn't have much time; I was on break and a deadline loomed. Then I happened to notice myself reflected in a store window.

I bet you've guessed the ending to this little story already. But it took me totally by surprise at the time. I saw my reflected self, striding quickly down the street, dressed in a denim skirt and a corduroy blazer. I was dressed less conservatively than that woman on 39th Street had been. But I moved like the striding woman I remembered. And my first thought was that I'd caught sight of my childhood idol. And then, suddenly, I realized that she was *me*.

It made my day. ☐

