



Union Street

A joint zine by Jeanne Gomoll & Scott Custis

The first night Jeanne sent out 200+ email requests for corrections and within 24 hours got 70 responses. I see no reason we can't do a more timely annual update in the future.

© Barb Jensen's Class Paper

[SC] It has been interesting to read the responses to Barb's excellent, thought-provoking paper on class. Everyone seems drawn to describing how class has worked in their own lives and experience. It is a very sensitive thing, this idea of class in the supposedly "classless" society of America. I was sorry to miss the groundbreaking class panels at WisCon the last few years. I have heard that they were controversial and emotionally charged.

I don't feel I am in any position to "critique" the paper. I just want to say that it has got me thinking a lot about my own attitudes and prejudices. Some of the things she wrote about seemed obvious and other things were surprising to me. I think I will be looking back on my own experiences and trying to see how they fit with Barb's analysis. But for now I simply want to say that I am glad **Jae** ran the paper. I have read the whole thing twice and parts of it several more times and I think I will be touching on ideas from this paper in future pieces I do for the APA. Thanks Barb.

© Calvin Powers

[SC] We loved *Chicken Run*, too. I was bowled over by the opening escape montage, which is a terrific take-off on Steve McQueen's *The Great Escape*. There were also a slew of other movie-related jokes and references. Jeanne and I both disliked *The Patriot* for reasons Jeanne outlined last month. Haven't seen *Godzilla*. I don't think I have seen any *Godzilla* movie since I was a kid.

Films that we have seen lately that we liked were *Nurse Betty*, *Almost Famous* and the reissue of *Blood Simple*. We also saw *The Contender*, which has been getting great reviews. I liked most of it, but a scene late in the movie kind of ruined it for us. If you see it, tell us what you think.

© Business

[SC] I enthusiastically second the nomination **Lee Murray** for APA membership. Thanks for franking her in last month **Julie**. Also I want to repeat my second of Julie's other nominee, **Sarah Burton**, to these pages.

© General comments

[SC] This is a mostly "Jeanne-free" issue of *Union Street* this month—at least in terms of mailing comments. You will have to be content with my vague ramblings for once.

I would like to draw everyone's attention to my new email address (see colophone). Until recently, Jeanne and I shared access to the Internet on her computer only. Recently I acquired a new Powerbook with its own modem, so now it is possible for both of us to work on our email at the same time. We still have only one phone line and we share one online account (I just have my own "mailbox"), but taking turns uploading or downloading mail is a lot easier to coordinate than taking turns using one computer. I hope this helps to improve my email responsiveness especially with regards to WisCon, Tip-tree and SF3 business.

On the subject of SF3 business, the new Directory is coming along nicely and we are optimistic for a mid-November completion date. All of you should be included (we will include the members of record in the latest issue of *Turbo*) and will get a free copy. (Please, we ask that anyone on the waitlist reading this who wants to be included in the directory, should contact us asap!) The vast majority of people listed have email accounts which has made updating the Directory much faster and easier.

This issue of *Union Street* is brought to you by Jeanne Gomoll and Scott Custis, who live at 2825 Union Street, Madison, Wisconsin 53704. 608-246-8857. Jeanne's email is ArtBrau@gdinet.com; Scott's email is sec@gdinet.com. This is *Union Street* #121, Obsessive Press #240, Peerless Press #121. *Union Street* was created using a Power Macintosh G3, Pagemaker 6.5 (next time: InDesign!), Illustrator 8.0, Photoshop 5.5, and a Laserwriter Select 360. Display font is Elroy. All contents copyright © 2000 by Scott Custis and Jeanne Gomoll, October 2000 for the *Turbo-Charged Party Animal* #172.

Do you watch Ebert and Roeper at the Movies? We have been regular viewers of Siskel and Ebert for years until Siskel died. We hung with Ebert while he tried out new co-host possibilities, but now that he has settled on Roeper we are about ready to quit watching. The only thing that stops us is that we would miss seeing the film clips. Roeper was a poor choice. He's not even a professional movie critic. It turns out that he is just a columnist with lots of opinions about lots of different things. He strikes me as the choice of a focus group more than anything. It not only irritates me that his opinions lack much thoughtful analysis, but Ebert tends to lecture him as a professor would to a wayward student. I am starting to despise what their relationship is becoming. Anyway, sorry about that rant.

© Vijay Bowen

[SC] Thanks for the update on what you have been up to. Performing in a play you really don't like has got to be tough. At least there are some positive things to get out of the experience. Let us know how it went.

I was impressed by your list of art forms tried. Now what? Pick one you like best or have fun doing them all over again.

© Georgie Schnobrich

[SC] Thanks are in order to you, **Calvin, Jerome,** and **Pat** for Worldcon reports last issue. Our Worldcon experience was very much of a blur. Jeanne and I have not been doing Worldcons much lately, the last one we attended was in San Francisco. Neither of us figured we would care that much for Chicon, but we needed to go to do some Tiptree business if nothing else. We also felt that since it was in Chicago, the minimal travel expenses made it worthwhile. However, to keep expenses under control, we decided to go down on Friday and return home on Sunday (we missed Greg's performance at the Masquerade, unfortunately, glad to hear it went well.)

Back in July at Diversicon in Minneapolis we hatched a plan to promote the Tiptree Award at Worldcon by throwing a room party. Ellen Klages suggested that we could do a little auction as part of the party, too. We had a couple auction items that we thought might sell much better at Worldcon than at WisCon. When we broached this idea to someone on the Worldcon program staff, they set us up with space for a full blown 2 hour Tiptree auction on the regular program in the same room, and immediately following, a Tiptree panel. This was a great development. Chicon was going to host the first Tiptree auction ever held at a Worldcon. And it was all going to happen Friday afternoon. We still decided to do a room party and figured we'd go ahead and do that Friday night.

So Friday morning, car loaded to the roof with luggage, party supplies and Tiptree auction stuff, we cruised down to Chicago. Did I say it has been a long time since we went to a Worldcon? Did I say we forgot how BIG everything is at a U.S. Worldcon? We figured it wouldn't be much of a problem to get to the hotel, check in, unload our stuff in time for Jeanne's Tiptree panel at 2:30 followed by the Tiptree auction. Should we have had our heads examined?

After finally getting our car unloaded in the valet only parking area (where is the big open free parking lot? Oh yeah, it's Chicago), we were left with two carts heaped with stuff. Then it was time to check in. The crowd at check in wasn't so bad, but at 12:30 we suddenly realized our room might not be ready yet. It wasn't. We were left babysitting our stuff until Jeanne's panel was about to start. She had to leave and I was left with all our stuff waiting for our room to become available and hoping I could get in and unload (on the 24th floor of the East Tower) and return downstairs (basement of the West Tower) with the auction stuff in time. Our room finally became available around 3 p.m. I rushed to unload in our room, I reloaded one cart for the auction then headed off. Those of you who went to Worldcon remember what a maze the hotel was. I had only a vague idea of where I was going and no clue how to get there dragging a cartload of boxes. I ended up taking three different elevators and crossing a busy street to get to the right room with my cartload of stuff.

The auction was lightly attended, but we persevered and in the end all the fundraising we did in Chicago brought in about \$2000 which included auction sales, book and t-shirt sales, and a little bakesale we had at our room party. We were tired after the panel and auction, but Jeanne and I headed directly back to our room to get ready for our party later that same night. Spike and Tom went to dinner with us at Harry Carey's restaurant nearby. It was the only dinner out we really had at Chicon. It was good meal and a fine conversation, but the meal ended so close to the start time of our party we had to rush out of the restaurant and flag a cab to get back to the hotel in time. Only to be confronted for the first time with the Hyatt's solution to overloaded elevators.

An enormous line extended all the way from the elevators across the lobby. Hotel staff were directing traffic onto the elevators, waving fans onto an empty elevator and holding it until it was full before sending it on its way. This militaristic system annoyed people in line, but as I watched what was happening it was clear that it was the quickest and smoothest way to move a lot of traffic since the Hyatt was the party hotel and everyone wanted to go upstairs to the parties at night. We waited in line but it really didn't take that long and we reached our

room a little late, but still OK. The party was fun. People came and hung out. We finally met **Calvin Powers**, which was something I was looking forward to.

Saturday was much mellower. We had breakfast at the lovely restaurant in the atrium. We toured the Dealers Room and Fan Lounge and went to a couple of mostly forgettable panels. The convention's paid attendance was more than 5000 fans and it occasionally felt that big. The hotel's layout was confusing, but it also a pretty nice in many ways. I didn't feel the hotel was overloaded except the elevators at night for the party crowd. We had to skip dinner Saturday night to go to the Hugo Awards which was worth it. It was well organized, smoothly run and generally entertaining considering that the Toastmaster was Harry Turtledove, someone who's work fails to interest me and that most of the Hugo winners were unexciting choices. The exceptions to that were Vernor Vinge's win for *Deepness in the Sky* and *Galaxy Quest* for dramatic presentation. I didn't really care which film won for dramatic presentation because I liked all the nominees, but it was fun that *Galaxy Quest* won because the writer and director came to the con and gave a delightful acceptance speech.

We did a few parties Saturday night the highlight of which for me was the Tokyo in 2007 party. We bought pre-supporting memberships. They want to host the Tip-tree Awards if they get the bid. Jeanne and I would have to go if they did that. A trip to Japan in 2007? Oh my.

I had a much better time at Chicon than I expected. It was also a lot more work that I thought it would be. I wish now I could have stayed another day and gone out to dinner again or done a little shopping or gone to see the tall ships **Pat** was raving about.

© Sheila Lightsey

[SC] Wonderful zine. Interesting reflections on turning fifty. I will turn forty-five next Spring so I see myself coming up on a half century way too fast. Where did the time go? Spending the big event with good friends, good food and loud music is a fine plan. Surely that will help get me through as well.

One of my thresholds for good writing is whether a writer can interest me in a subject I normally have no interest in. You and **Maureen** have managed to draw me far more into gardening than I ever thought I'd be willing to go. I admit that your ongoing war with slugs has a certain "ick" factor that amuses me, still I think I'd still be reading along with you even if things were going perfectly smoothly. Good luck with the slugs.

© Jim Nichols

[SC] Good advice, Jim, impromptu parties are often

the best ones.

© Ruth Nichols

[SC] You have been through a lot, but in the end you've come out all right, even contented, even happy.

Amazing revelation about Mia/Steve. I wish her the best in her long and (no doubt) difficult journey.

When I was still working at Mendota Mental Health Institute, we had a peculiar cross gender situation. There were four maximum security wards, one for higher functioning patients, one for lower functioning patients, one for maximum lockdown patients and one ward for admissions. Each ward had room for about 20 patients and its own compliment of staff, a psychologist, a social worker/counselor, nurses and psyche "technicians" (aids). About a year before I left for my current job, the social worker on the higher functioning unit, Larry, announced that he was going to undergo a sex change operation. Before he could do that, he had to live as a woman for six months or a year. He was going to remain on the job during this time, so one day he was going to show up to work as Laura.

By and large the staff were supportive or at least sympathetic to this change (this is Madison after all), but the staff weren't going to be the source of the biggest challenges for Larry/Laura. The unit housed 20 mentally ill or mentally unstable male patients all of whom were in trouble with the law to varying degrees. Larry was their social worker and main connection to the outside world and their families. Asking these guys to accept a sex change operation for a staff member who played so important a role in their mental health treatment was a tough thing to ask. Some of these guys were having a hard time dealing with much more mundane realities than that. The staff held unit meetings to try to prepare the patients.

I was working the night shift at the time so I have no first hand knowledge of how things went the first day. As far as I know, they went as smoothly as could be expected. Larry/Laura remained on the job for a few months, but eventually he/she left Mendota. I always figured the stress with the patients was probably more than he/she could reasonably deal with. As far as I know, she eventually had her operation. I have no idea what she is doing today, but I hope it all turned out well.

© Pat Hario

[SC] Your panel idea sounds interesting. Why not suggest it for WisCon? I don't remember WisCon doing such a panel in recent years and certainly we would give it a very different spin than those guys in Chicago.

Tennis is not as boring to watch on television as golf. Sorry, Pat, but that is the best I can do for support of your tennis fixation.

I'm pretty much in your corner on Bob Knight. I don't get it either, but I really don't think the fans reaction is that unusual. There's lots of brutal stuff the UW-Madison football players get away with because we want to win football games more than we want to uphold standards of behavior. One thing I will say for Bobbie Knight, this zero tolerance thing he was under was a stupid idea. He was already in trouble for some serious aggressive behavior and they almost ousted him when the university president decided to put Knight on zero tolerance rather than fire him. All that did was set up the university president to look like a jackass by forcing him to have to fire Knight over a relatively minor incident. Knight and the fans get to scream unfairness and the president looks like a dope.

© Jerome Van Epps

[SC] As you can see from my comment to **Georgie** above, you weren't the only one struggling to do a party at Worldcon. We decided to limit our party to people we invited (to the extent we could get invites delivered to people between the time we found out what our room number was Friday afternoon to the time the party started Friday night) rather than announce the party to the whole con. We were just doing it in our sleeping room, after all, and there was something about publicly inviting 5000+ people to come up to our room that had me a little concerned. Our party was small, but that suited us fine.

I gotta hand it to you, Jerome, that cow suit thing you guys do is certainly Odd.

© Julie Zachman

[SC] You wrote something in your APA Stuff piece that really caught me. You wrote that you invited your boss's wife to join your "writing club." I like the sound of that. I have traditionally thought of *Turbo* as more of a running conversation that a place for serious writers to submit carefully prepared essays, fiction or articles. *Turbo* has always been so sporadic and haphazard about giving people good feedback (comments) that it is hard to imagine more serious writers sticking with it. Though we have always had a hardcore of serious contributors they have often had to put up with long periods of little feedback for their labors.

That may be changing. Some of our newest members seem to be motivated to do substantial stand alone work and are asking for feedback on it. I am thinking of **Maureen Speller**, **Sheila Lightsey**, **Tami Vining** and now **Lee Murray**. There is even a rumor that Beth Plutchak may finally join our merry band. This could mean that *Turbo* is going to enter a period of more serious

writing and a higher level of feedback for everyone. I tweaked Maureen a few months ago for submitting a 20+ page zine to *Turbo* because such contributions were not appreciated by everyone and rarely drew many responses. In fact, Maureen may be right after all and large zines may become more common and better received as more of our membership sees *Turbo* as a good place to submit work. Let's hope that is the case. And thanks again for bringing in some fine new people.

© Lee Murray

[SC] I can't officially welcome you as a member yet, but I really enjoyed your zine and look forward to having you aboard *Turbo*.

You have already discovered, no doubt, that Madison will not be able to offer a view as striking as your parent's view of harbor, mountains and sky in Tauranga. I checked out the location on our Atlas. On the Bay of Plenty on the North Island between the Kamai mountains and the ocean. Looks wonderful, why again did you leave it to come here?

Jeanne and I missed our chance to go to the Worldcon when it was in Australia, though the trip reports we have heard and read since have made us think that a trip to that part of the world may be getting higher on our list of travel priorities. New Zealand would have to be a part of such an adventure. I have heard such wonderful things about it. Jeanne's sister visited there on her world tour a few years ago and spent much of her time there doing extreme sports, apparently New Zealand is a great place to go if you love to do wild things. I'm not too wild myself, but she also described it as very beautiful. I am always attracted to that. Being from the Midwest I never seem to get enough of mountains and ocean. New Zealand seems perfect.

I found your impressions of living in the U.S. and Madison very amusing. Driving in the U.S. does have its charms as you pointed out. Every fall in Madison we are treated to the break-in period for foreign students who have licenses and nice cars but barely a clue what they are doing. All Madisonians learn to anticipate this time of year with dread and patience. I always can sympathize. I remember my own cluelessness when I tried driving in England once. Getting used to the steering wheel being on the wrong side was not too bad, and since we were away from the city, choosing a side of the road to drive on wasn't too hard either because most the rural roads were so narrow there was really only room for one car at a time anyway. It was those crazy intersection roundabout things that scared the hell out of me. Give me a good old American four way intersection controlled by an ongoing game of "chicken" any day.

 © Karl Hailman

[SC] I haven't watched much Olympic coverage in years for the same reasons you cite. It has only been getting worse. I think the state of coverage in the US is now solely a product of the perceived audience. NBC has determined that the audience for the Olympics these days is mostly women who want coverage focused on Americans, they want lots of features and don't want to sit through a lot of actual competition footage unless it is something like figure skating. So from a traditional sports enthusiast's perspective (and here I mean men and women who like to watch sports), we are getting lousy coverage. From the perspective of someone who really prefers soap operas, the coverage is interesting. Do you know if it is possible to get better foreign coverage via satellite TV?

 © Jae Adams

[SC] Very nice cover once again. I am surprised there haven't been more volunteers for covers lately.

Sunflower Forests — by Jeanne Gomoll

[JG] It's been wonderful this summer, biking to work and back. I started riding sometime in March. We had an early spring. In May, my bike was stranded for two weeks hanging on its rack in the garage because of the monsoon rains flooding the Midwest, but other than that, the biking season has been great. One of the neatest things about my ride to work is the flora, which is an unusual thing for me to focus on, believe me, not being what anyone one would think of as a gardening sort of person. You will notice the absence of any actual technical plant names in the following account.

Most of my route to work traverses a 3-mile stretch of asphalt path poured over an abandoned railroad bed. (Another mile goes over city streets.) One half-mile section of the path is carefully tended on both sides: one side is taken up with 12 community gardens, (on whose waitlist any Madison resident who doesn't have a yard can enroll), and on the other side is a prairie. Both prairie and community garden extend outwards away from the bike path for about a half a city block. I've enjoyed watching the little prairie evolve over the last 6 years. Each year, prairie stewards dig up a 12' x 12' garden somewhere within its boundaries, into which they transplant typical prairie plants. The specially cultivated patch fills with amazing colors and varieties throughout the summer and in the fall its plants release their seed to the winds and propagate downwind across the prairie, which stretches conveniently west-east, which is the direction most winds blow in this part of the country. Each fall, the stewards scramble through the waist- and shoulder-high grasses, digging out non-prairie plants, i.e., weeds. Every few years, on a windless spring day, those same folks burn the prairie in order to remove invading scrub oak and

Regarding your comment to **Georgie**, we also enjoyed our season at American Players Theater. We saw more plays than usual this year (4) and three of them we saw in the span of only four weeks. I thought "The Government Inspector" was mildly amusing but rather lightweight and "Phedre" was compelling but a bit too melodramatic. My favorites by far were "The Devil's Disciple" and "The Winter's Tale." Like you, I was unfamiliar with "The Winter's Tale" and found it an odd play, but APT managed to mount an absorbing version of it anyway.

"Phedre" was the last play we saw this season. We saw it on October 7th, a chilly day if you remember. Highs that day were only in the low 30's and there was occasional spitting snow. As we were huddled in our seats under coats, hats, boots and blankets sipping coffee or hot chocolate, the actors were onstage trying hard not to look cold. That was tough because the women were dressed in light silk outfits with bare shoulders and the men were in very skimpy togas.

aspens, which left to their own devices would transform this little prairie strip into a softwood forest. Buffalo, however, are not grazed in the area, not that I've witnessed anyway. A few weeks after the burn, the ground ripples with green sprouts and flowers. This year, the colors have been riotous, and each morning as I swung onto my bike, I looked forward to seeing how the view changed from the day before. I love those moments when I glide through cool morning breezes along the narrow band of prairie in the middle of a city. It's moments like that that I understand how my childhood images of the Little-House-on-a-Prairie world were pinched, limited visions of a mere un-mowed, lawn. The variety of plants in the real thing is amazing and gorgeous.

The gardens on the other side of the bike path have always been fun to watch too. The contrast between chaotic prairie on the south and carefully plotted and planned gardens on the north keeps me amused. But it's also cool to be able to predict which vegies are about to premiere at the farmers' market by noticing which crops are close to harvest in the gardens. When orangey-pink patches start peeking through the tomato vines, you can be sure that there will be sweet, juicy tomatoes available Saturday morning at the square. The community gardens don't function well as sweet corn barometers, though, since there just isn't enough acreage in a single person's plot to grow anything *except* corn if they're going to do that. And most of these urban farmers prefer to plant several dozen kinds of vegetables and flowers in the space allotted, one crop crowding, intermingling and overlapping the other. It's fun to notice the differences between plots as I roll past and to speculate upon the personalities responsible for the various farming

techniques. The plots all start looking basically alike in the spring; the winter temperatures have killed practically everything, and most of the farmers start with good intentions, and have rototilled their entire plot and seeded carefully. But even in the early part of the year, the subtle differences are visible. Big compost piles tended throughout the winter will give the plants of some plots an early boost. Terraced topography and lovingly built structures for climbing plants suggest that some farmers have big ambitions for their plots. These differences will cause one plot to bloom eventually into a *Garden Beautiful* photo op, while another languishes into a virtual briar patch of weeds (which is of course frowned upon fiercely by the prairie stewards across the path who fear contamination if their prairie).

Sunflowers were more numerous this year in the community gardens than they've ever been before. I've been meaning to ask someone if sunflower seeds have recently enjoyed a surge in popularity that has caused their price to skyrocket. Perhaps these Madison gardeners all read the same gardening newsletter and hope to make a killing in the sunflower seed market this fall. In any case, the sunflower plants — a fairly new varietal which allows several sunflowers to bloom per plant — were rampant this year. In one patch (or possibly two adjacent patches), farmers had chosen sunflowers as their major crop. The flowers seemed to bleed yellow into the air around them. Smaller lower plants squatted beneath the waving, giant flowers, but a biker spinning past this portion of the gardens might be excused for exclaiming one morning, "It's a sunflower forest!" which were my exact words one morning. On the third day, while I was filling my packs getting ready to leave in the morning, I remembered to stick a camera into my gear so I could snap some photos of a scene Van Gogh would have been wild to paint. (Did you know that Wisconsin shares approximately the same plane of latitude as the south of France?)

Some of you asked whether I was back on my bike again. Very much so. The first weeks were weird. The temperature had crept above 40°F by late March, which is usually my cue for checking out my tires and spokes, looking around in the basement for my gear, and thinking about switching transportation modes from bus to bike. This year, for a few days in spite of warming temperatures, I kept procrastinating and invented pretty amazing rationalizations. The day I heard myself say that I'd take the bus one more day so that I could finish reading a novel was the day I realized I was a bit afraid of getting back onto my bike. I realized that I was worried about that first moment when I would have to lift my right leg up and over the seat. I wasn't sure I could do it again, even though the pain that crippled me last year was completely gone. Even so, when I finally beat back my fears with logic and gathered my gear together and went out to the garage, I was still nervous. In fact, I found it impossible to simply get onto my bike in the normal way. I positioned my bike so that I could lean my left side against the house as I raised my right leg up and over the bike. That's the way I did it last year, just before it got too damned painful to put my weight on my left leg and too scary to try

without support. But I didn't have to cheat for long, just a couple days, and I finally convinced myself that my leg wasn't going to ambush my brain with pain. Soon afterward, I was swinging my leg up and over, and a few weeks after that I'd gotten into acceptable aerobic shape so that I could pedal hard and resume my usual habit of attempting to beat bus time to work. ...Slowing down, of course, to enjoy the sunflower forests along the way.

Further west along the bike path, the narrow fields along the bike path are untended by either community gardeners or prairie stewards. The city mows the grasses and weeds in the spring and fall, but mostly it all just grows wild. But even these strips of weeds have grown unusually colorful this summer. One side effect of the community gardens' highly productive sunflower forests has been an unexpected crop of volunteer sunflowers further down the path. Birds, I suspect are the major vector here, since the direction is counter to prevailing winds, and in fact it is not yet the season for unharvested sunflower seeds to actually dry up and blow in any direction. But however the seeds got there, some of them have had enough time to grow to 4 or 5 feet before the fall mowing, and some of them are far enough back from the bike path to avoid the blade altogether. I eagerly anticipate a ride to work, several years in the future, that will take me through several miles of over-arching sunflower forest on both sides of the bike path.

Having assured you that my leg has recovered miraculously and that I am enjoying lovely rides to work and back, I now must add that Scott has been driving me to work these last two days, and that I am currently leaning on a cane to navigate house and office. My bike chain jammed Monday afternoon on my way home and I had a little accident. I was in the middle of an intersection, all cars stopped around me as I crossed when it happened. I was partially standing up to get up to speed quickly when the chain jammed, causing me to lose balance entirely, and to immediately topple over sideways. Whoops. I felt sore afterwards, especially around my left ankle and elbow, but nothing was broken and I was able to stand up just fine. My hip seemed quite firmly attached. I thanked another bicyclist for stopping, waved and smiled ruefully at a concerned motorist, checked my bike over but found nothing wrong. So I remounted and continued home. Unfortunately, at the next street crossing, my chain jammed again, and again I fell over. Same side, same elbow, same ankle. This time I got back onto my bike a little more gingerly. Boy, that ankle is going to be sore later on tonight, I thought. I rode home very, very carefully, in a much higher gear and decided to transport my clearly ailing bicycle by car to the bike shop the next day. Unfortunately however, my prediction of pain was right on target, though a bit understated, and that trip is now scheduled for early next week. My ankle (twisted? sprained?) hurt like hell; I could hardly stand up on it. I stayed home Tuesday and in fact didn't even attempt the stairway down from our bedroom till late in the afternoon. But I'm much better now. I'll hang up my cane tonight and will walk with a romantic limp tomorrow. Next week I'll be talking sternly with the bike geeks at Yellow Jersey.