

Union St

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SCOTT FREE

Jeanne didn't work as speedily as she did last month, and kept the apa for longer than usual. In fact she didn't finish reading the apa until a week before the deadline, and so for reasons well within our control but devastating nonetheless, this issue of *Union Street* is brought to you Scott-free. All mailing comments are by Jeanne. You may, however find bits of Scott's writing within our trip report: Jeanne cobbled together parts of several letters (one of which was a letter from Scott to his cousin, Spike Parsons). Those bits are carefully labeled with Scott's initials and typed in his distinctive serif typestyle.

KAREN BABICH

Congratulations on surviving the wisdom tooth extraction. I had mine out in two stages. The upper ones were extracted with no fuss, but the lower ones were impacted and the procedure involved anaesthetic, pain, and drugs, like your's did. The notable part of my experience had to do with the fact that I am rather exquisitely sensitive to some drugs. Once, for instance, I took a codeine for a toothache and lost an entire weekend: whether I was unconscious in a deep sleep or what, I'll never know, but a phone ringing a foot away from my head failed to wake me up. Anyway, when it came to my wisdom tooth extraction, I told them about my history, but they put me under and assured me that I'd be coming out of it near the end of the procedure and that they would only need to help me walk to the recovery room and that I would out of the clinic soon after that. Well I didn't wake up even a little bit during the procedure, and in fact I apparently kept the dentist and hygienicist at the clinic well past their usual quitting time. I woke up on this cot and saw Anne (my friend who was going to drive me home) on one side of me, and the dentist and hygienicist on the other side. The hygienicist was sitting on a cot, dressed in her coat, clutching her purse on her lap. Both she and the dentist looked nervous.

I used ice too, but I looked like a trumpet-playing chipmunk for several days. Maybe the fact that I was too blitzed out on pain drugs which prevented me from being a conscientious ice-holder made it worse.

VELMA BOWEN

Your comments on how the appearance of your hair has such a drastic effect on your self image, ring very personally to me...

Some people in this apa know something about this thing I've been working out; most people don't yet, mainly because I haven't written about it. I haven't been shy about talking about it when it comes out, but this is the first time I've had the courage to write about it. I have a scalp condition, a disease, called Alopecia Areata, which basically means baldness in patches. It's a virus (non-transmittable, except genetically) which basically convinces one's hair follicles to shut down temporarily or permanently. Most people get over it after some years, but I've had it for 8 or 9 years already. Up to last December, the bald spots were hideable (though some people noticed them, Diane for one) and small. But around last Christmas I lost a ghastly amount of hair and I had to consider a wig, which I've been wearing now since January 1990. When I first found the first bald patch I panicked, convinced that I had some awful disease, but the doctor I saw poo-pooed my reaction, pretty well convincing me that I was wasting his time. Apparently it's an ailment that affects several thousands of people in the US, mostly women, and the reason you probably haven't heard of it is that most women who get it, hide it fairly well, as I do.

But after that first shocking discovery, and before I found a more sympathetic doctor who started working with me and trying out some treatments, the worst thing I had to deal with was how tangled was my self image and the way my face + hair looked. I kept telling myself (especially during my brother Rick's long fight with AIDS) that I should be glad that this health problem was so harmless, that it really wasn't a health problem at all but more a cosmetic problem. What I was avoiding during that rationalization, however, was the acknowledgement of how important my self image was in measuring my self-esteem.

I gradually separated the aspect of how I looked with a full head of hair from my conception of myself, and once I was finally able to do that, I was then able to make jokes about my situation and to tell people fairly easily that no this isn't my hair when they complimented me on it.

Just recently I've joined the Alopecia Foundation, which puts me in touch with information on treatments (so far there are no known cures), but I've given up on the treatments I'd been having for the last few years because it just doesn't seem to be working. The treatments involved 20-30 injections of cortisone in my scalp every month. The problem was that these injections would encourage some regrowth, but finally was outstripped by losses in other areas. Also, I began to feel that the side-effects (weight gain, specifically) just weren't worth it. My doctor finally wanted to try massive internal doses of cortisone, and I said no, I don't think so. Now she wants to try some new treatment involving a cream that badly irritates the scalp (Constantly. For many months.) and I don't think I'm going to take her up on it. It's not a proven treatment and I don't care to go through what looks like torture to me, as a guinea pig. And I seem to be handling the fact that I wear a wig now. Scott has been wonderful about it all and is the most supportive friend I can imagine. So I think I'll wait for the cure to be tested on somebody else.

BILL DYER

Sorry to hear that you too are involved in marital disintegration. I find it embarrassing to note that I must have missed your previous mentions of your marital status. Anyway, I hope it's not too painful.

PAT HARIO

Now I want to go to Portland and stay at the Sylvia Beach Hotel.

Parenting must be a scary thing, knowing that there will be events that you won't think twice about, and will in fact forget after a few days, but which your child will carry with them for years and years and will bring up again after decades have passed and tell you that they were warped for life by that event you can't even recall. I know I've done that to my parents on several occasions. Well, I don't think I used the word warped. But it doesn't seem to have bothered my parents much. They just claim I'm wrong, no that never happened. You imagined the whole thing. And I mumble that no, no, I did not imagine it; it really happened, damnit. On the other hand, I'm now seeing it from the other perspective as I watch my brother and his wife raise their two children, and I can see that the parents must also have lots of memories that the children will never recall or know with the intensity of the parents. So we all live in different worlds dependant on who we are at the moment.

Amazing. Your way of dealing with college was a lot like the way I did it. You combined English/Journalism and math/science, balancing art with the absolutes of science. I took 48 credits of post-1900 Brit and American literature (avoiding the breadth that would have given me an English minor, but really getting to know the modern English-writing authors, you bet), which acquainted me with a lot of unanchored morality and uncertainty. At the same time, I was majoring in Geography in which everything can be named, labeled, quantized and pinned down in space and time. At times it was very reassuring to go back and forth between the two worlds, retreating from relativity when I needed it; retreating from a world too organized when I needed that. Several Epiphanies re-

sulted, the most striking I recall being when I was writing a paper on *Catch-22* and discovered the geographical discontinuity Heller had planted in that novel (along with all the temporal, character discontinuities that most critics have identified). If anyone remembers the novel in enough detail and is interested, ask me and I'll tell you about the bizarre thing Heller did with the island, Pianosa.

BILL HOFFMAN

English-speakers seem to have homogenized quite a few foreign place names. Take Peiking, really Beijing, for example.

Wonderful trip report. We all mourn the fact that you weren't able to write as you traveled, but your account turned out well anyway, don't you think?

ANDREW HOOPER

It was a great and wonderful story about your early baseball experiences. I loved it. This deserves wider fannish or general publication.

Also, congratulations on your third place award in the *SF Chronicle* Reader Awards!

BILL HUMPHRIES

Spiffy graphs. I like the look of your zine, Bill, though I am not very enthusiastic about footers at the expense of headers. (I find footers without headers give the text a feeling of floating away upward, unteathered. It is perhaps the virgo in me that likes the text firmly held in place by an anti-gravity header and would rather the bottom boundary be allowed to roam free, up and down, whenever the thought finishes.)

I share your love of *Local Hero*. It gives credence to the survival of a kind of magic that exists in spite of everything.

STEVEN JOHNSON

I have already written a comment to **Ross Pavlac**, but because of the organization of this zine which copies the order of the OE's table of contents, it's printed toward the end of the mailing comments. Nevertheless, this is a sort of follow-up comment, a clarification of my attitude toward your speculations in view of Ross's comments. I'm pretty comfortable with your speculations: you make assumptions and base your speculations on leaps of faith that I won't make, but you seem perfectly aware that there *are* assumptions and leaps of faith involved that not everyone may make for their own good reasons. You accept skepticism and disagreement, indeed you expect and value it. Which I think is a pretty healthy attitude.

When I said that I felt my cynicism has value in protecting me from my desires, I meant that I distrust a conclusion that seems to rest more on desire for a certain truth than real, hard evidence for it. Once, people needed to believe that humanity was literally central in the universe. The arguments made against Galileo were based primarily on the passionate need for a certain interpretation of the universe to be true. Another example: Every war that I have ever read about, inspires many of the combatants to claim that god has chosen sides, and moreover that god

is on their side. War is horrible, much too terrible to fight for shallow reasons, and once a war begins and continues through any amount of time, the reasons for that war become inflated and sanctified by those involved in it, because—I think—it would be even more terrible to risk one's life or the lives of others without a reason that transcends the value of life. It is, I think a human reaction, to create reasons for tragedy, to construct frameworks for lives, because we cannot stand to believe that only chance and accident account for things we value or suffer from above all else.

So when I find myself leaning toward an interpretation of certain unexplained phenomenon, and when that interpretation compliments bits of my own fears or desires about how the world works, my cynicism kicks in, and I say to myself: You really want to believe this thing but, in fact, that desire is the main thing that would cement your faith in it. And that should not be enough, it is in fact the alarm for probable self-delusion.

LUCY NASH

I didn't guess any of the details of part 2 of the ST:TNG cliffhanger episode. But I guess I was expecting a little more attention to what—in my opinion—was the most interesting element of part 1. I figured that Picard would somehow, somehow be rescued, and I think they did it in a satisfying, exciting way. But the part of the plot that most intrigued me was the difficult position they put Riker into. Effectively, he now must leave the *Enterprise* or trash his career. Scott and I have both really enjoyed the subplots in so many of last year's episodes which dealt with the psychology of command. (What are the characteristics of an effective, powerful leader?, How does a good team function?... Odd how that jibes with the conversation some of us have been having here in the apa about workplace organization.) And so this dilemma of Riker's vs the demands of a hit-TV show which requires the characters of Riker and Picard to remain aboard, captured my imagination. Part 2 largely skipped around that dangling subplot, I thought. Obviously now, until the Federation builds up its fleet, Riker's got to stay with the *Enterprise* for another year.

I don't know yet if I'm imagining it, but it seems to me that Melinda Snodgrass' absence is having a rather profound effect on the character depth, and in fact, on plot depth of ST:TNG in general. The last few shows have seemed curiously thin, and lacking in any new understanding of the characters. Picard's return to his home in France began with an intriguing note, but was concluded simplistically. The fake Data episode seemed not much more than a reworking of past episodes. What do you think?

RICHARD RUSSELL

Great letter, Dick. From the situation you describe in your letter, I am fully on your side and of course consider your boss to be an ass. Which sentiment I made sure to mention to you in person, because it seems to me that you can't be doing much egoscanning and will not have noticed this comment to you. I sure wish that you'd catch up on your apa-reading. I'm still waiting for a reaction to

that long-ago essay I wrote to you about the stifling effect of a hierarchical workplace. Perhaps now, after this experience of your's at work, we would find ourselves more in agreement than we might of if you had responded directly after its publication.

I made a photocopy of the article, "Something was lost in the translation," and posted it outside my cubical. It is being widely appreciated.

KATHI SCHELLER

I am sympathetic to the women at the topless sunbathing demonstration. I think it's incredibly ironic that at the moment American men and women soldiers are out there in the Gulf, many people are upset and talking about the awful Moslem society that treats women as possessions and denies them human rights: "Why, women can't even wear slacks! They're supposed to cover up their faces! ...In that *heat!* How ridiculous!" I don't see much difference between the western impulse which claims that women's breasts are taboo in public and the mideastern impulse which reacts the same way to women's legs and neck. Both are equally indefensible. Both are based on the idea that what arouses men sexually actually *belongs* to the man who has legal sexual access to that woman, and should be hidden from any man who does not have legal access to those organs/skin areas. It's a little strange to consider that when a man exposes his penis in public the reaction has little to do with virtue or decency, but rather has to do with his gesture as one that physically *threatens* women: penis as weapon.

KIM WINZ

We've had a modem almost as long as we've had our Mac SE, but we've never hooked it up. We should have waited before we shelled out for it, and it wouldn't have taken too long before we realized that computer bulletin boards weren't really going to interest us. I imagine that at some point I'll hook it up for some very utilitarian reason, but right now the risks of viruses and more, the added phone bill expenses keep me from considering it very often.

PETE WINZ

Wow, you did it Kim! What a massive zine! Very good, very satisfying. Thanks.

You're right about your guess that my essay went right past Dick. I asked him the other day, and he says he's a bit behind. He hadn't read it yet. By the way, in connection with that dwindling conversation on hierarchy and the possible differences between women's and men's groups, here are a few interesting quotations from Suzette Haden Elgin's *The Lonesome Node*. The first is from a review of Sonia Johnson's *Wildfire: Igniting the she/volution*, and is a quotation directly from the book: "Lever found that disagreements over rules do not succeed in making boys quit the game. On the contrary, boys learn to enjoy the legal wrangles about rules as much as they enjoy playing. When disagreements arise in girls' games, however, they disband."

Here is the second quotation, from Mary C. Dunlap in the *Buffalo Law Review*: "The most priceless thing I

have done lately is play soccer with women. Very few of us have ever played before; thank goodness we have a female coach who did. We differ all the time about whether the purpose of the team is to win or to get to play.' Here is Carol J. Gilligan on page 85, telling us about small girls, whose strategy for gameplaying she summarizes as 'Instead of my losing and your winning, let's invent a new game.'"

Yes, Scott and I worry constantly about being too cute. It requires unceasing vigilance. And we are rarely totally successful in eliminating all cuteness from our public performances. *sigh* it's a curse, I guess.

So you say you like Lawyer jokes? How about this:

A lawyer schemed and plotted for months to get tickets to *Les Miserables* on Broadway. Finally, finally he managed to purchase good seats to this always sold-out show. And finally after many months more waiting, the night of his performance came. He was ushered into his seat and as he sat down, a woman in the seat in front of him glanced back and noticed the empty seat next to him. "Is that your seat?" she asked. "Yes, but my wife couldn't make it," he answered. "Oh, that's too bad! But why didn't you invite a friend or relative along? This show is so difficult to see, I'm sure there must have been many people who would have accompanied you!" "No," the lawyer said. "Everyone else decided to go to my wife's funeral."

TRACY SHANNON

You are right, it was *Thoroughly Modern Millie* that had the lament of the big-breasted woman with which I identified so much.

Scott and I went to see American Players' *Macbeth*, too and loved it. We were standing around for a while before showtime and watched the players do some quick rehearsals of some of the swordplay scenes, and were impressed at how carefully they had to choreograph these scenes. I howled at the moment (in the rehearsal) when one of the actors was ambushed with a net and dragged away by two other players: As they pulled him off stage, one of them patted his ass. When we saw that scene for real, in the context of the play, I had to suppress a giggle even though the kidnappers were more circumspect this time.

KATHRYN BETH WILLIG

Welcome and thanks for the detailed peek at what it's like to be a beta tester. Fascinating information, as I always wondered about and envied the people who got access to programs before general release. I wondered about how one got to be a beta tester and I wondered about just what a beta tester did... And lately the wondering has gotten a bit more to point because a friend, Ole Kvern (who wrote and designed the Pagemaker documentation for Aldus), told me that he could get me on the beta list for Aldus products. Since I currently know Pagemaker slightly better than not a few of my much neglected friends, this offer thrilled me. But your description has actually caused me to feel somewhat hesitant about getting back to Ole and saying that yes I'd like to get my name down for Pagemaker and Freehand upgrade testing. This is because

I realize that in the past I have envied beta testers for their opportunities to use (not play with) the new programs. I would hear the rumors of what the upgraded program could do and I would begin to feel dissatisfied with the more limited capabilities of the current version. Why do *they* get to build borders into the style sheet when I still have to put them in manually, I complained when I heard about the new Pagemaker. And now I am saying, why can't I justify text within an illustration created in Illustrator '88; why can't I use the Illustrator 3.0?

But after reading your description about the lot of a beta tester, I realize that my temperament may not be suited for the role: I might be even more frustrated when the program didn't work correctly than I am by not getting my hands on the new program. I would probably not feel thrilled by discovering bugs, only impatience that there are bugs in the first place, and would seek to avoid them rather than track them down.

I'm on the computer at least 8-10 hours a day as it is, doing work that must be done as fast as possible. Not the best sort of situation for testing out a new program. And I probably simply wouldn't have the time or energy to go home and test run a new program for the additional hours necessary to do the job of beta testing justice. I guess I didn't realize how time-intensive it was.

You've given me some insights into why we heard so much about Aldus' Pagemaker 4.0, and next to nothing about the new Adobe Illustrator 3.0. Obviously the two corporations have vastly different approaches to marketing, with Aldus dropping hints and approving media coverage way before the program is ready for release. Adobe must be really really strict about it's beta testing non-disclosure agreements, because I didn't even hear a whisper about the new program or its very major changes until only a few weeks before they announced its release.

ROSS PAVLAC

Welcome, Ross.

Well I guess I'm with Ted Turner on this one. (You said, "Ted Turner said that the reason he didn't like organized religion in general and Christians in particular was that they felt they had an exclusive lock on religious truth. Of course! Firstly if you don't think Christianity is true, then why be a Christian?") I suppose one could be a Christian because one *suspects* it to be true, or because one would *like* it to be true, or because its teachings jives with one's moral sensibility about the universe. I accept (and expect) people to choose interpretations about life that will sometimes agree and sometimes differ from my own. Any and all metaphysical beliefs are based on assumptions of one sort or another: that there is a god, that there is no god; that the universe is real, that it is not; that humans have "souls," etc... I feel most comfortable speculating on metaphysical matters with people who are up front about what their assumptions are, and as Ted Turner may feel, I don't like conversational or political pressure from groups who want to enforce their assumptions about life on those around them. My metaphysical speculations, for instance, are prefaced by a purely subjective and unprovable conviction that the concept of god is a fictional creation of human beings who need to feel that they have been created for some purpose.

EASTERN LETTERS

(SC) Jeanne and I arrived home from our vacation trip out East on September 17. We were gone 10 days on a train trip to New York City with a stop in Pittsburgh on the way out and Princeton on the return. We had a very good time. We were overdue for an excursion. Jeanne and I travel very well together and I felt this trip was a much needed shot-in-the-arm for us. Weariness and frustration with my job, never ending house demands and a lousy schedule were starting to depress me regularly. I came home feeling invigorated.

Our first day out was grim. We planned to take Greyhound to Chicago to catch our train East. (We both thought the bus strike was over and did not discover otherwise until we got home.) Our train was leaving in the evening, so we thought we had all day to get to the station. At the bus station, however, we found out our bus was going to be at least 3 hours late (no reason given) so we decided to find another way to get to Chicago. We took a chance on the Alco bus to O'Hare, arrived at O'Hare at rush hour (the El—Elevated mass transit—was running 45 minutes late) and were forced to take an expensive airport limo to Union Station. We got there in time, but the limo, cab fares and extra bus tickets drained us of some of our cash.

Our only brush with crime occurred in Union Station. We decided we had enough time to get some dinner before the train left. As I checked our bags into storage, Jeanne went to the bathroom. A lady came up the luggage check-in to try to retrieve her bags without a ticket because, as she told me, she had just been ripped off at the snack bar across the station. Meanwhile, in the bathroom, Jeanne witnessed a tug-of-war between a lady in a stall next to her and a thief trying to pull her bag under the partition. Paranoia set in.

The final hassle of the day came as we boarded our train to discover we had been put in a commuter car. This leg of our trip was overnight out of Chicago to arrive in Pittsburgh in the morning. We had to sleep on the train. The car we were stuck in, however, was not designed for that. Usually the seats are spacious with footrests, pillows and generous seat adjustments. This car had airplane seats with little room, dividers between the seats, no footrests, pillows or the complementary blankets we'd been given on our last train trip. We were upset, but it would have done no good to complain. The conductor was already getting verbally trashed by passengers stuck in the car after transferring from trains from the West Coast. They had become accustomed to very comfortable accommodations and were naturally mad as hell.

Things went much more smoothly after that. In Pittsburgh, we stayed over the weekend with Jeanne's brother Steve, Betsy and their two kids. That was pleasant, but we didn't get much sightseeing done because hauling around a 3 year old and a six month old can be a real production. We managed to get to dinner out and a comedy show one night, a trip to the Strip (outdoor market) and a dinosaur exhibit at the museum. (This last turned out to be rather scary for 3-year old Sara as the dinos moved and made noise. It's next to impossible to explain to a very young child the concept of "extinct.")

(JG) We did find out, eventually, why we never saw any of the huge, double-decker trains with bubble observation cars. Apparently, they can't be used east of the Mississippi because the tracks in that part of the country are too old. Most importantly, the tunnels can't accommodate the bigger cars. So that's why those poor people

traveling from the west coast got transferred onto our smaller train.

New York City was fantastic. When we arrived that first evening at the train depot and carried our luggage out to the taxi stand, we had a stereotypical tourist-in-NYC experience. We were "taken." The guy calling cabs came up to Scott and asked a question, Scott replied that we would like a cab. Communication seemed a little difficult, the guy spoke only broken English (maybe, maybe not, but I should think that considering his job, he probably knew what the word cab meant), but finally he said "It'll be expensive, \$20.00." Scott said again we just needed a cab, but neither of us was sure what the correct fare should have been; we didn't really know where we were in relation to our hotel. In any case, moments later, this guy had all our luggage and was packing it into the trunk of a huge, stretch limo. We shrugged and got in, but I said, "You know, Scott, I kind of thought that the first time I rode around in one of these I would be wearing something other than a T-shirt."

Well it turned out that our hotel was only about 10 blocks away from the train depot, and we probably shouldn't have paid \$20 for the ride, but it was fun, and the limo driver carried our luggage right into the hotel to the registration desk, and it played nicely into the next episode, which was that our hotel room turned out to be a huge suite. There were three rooms—four if you count the foyer, two tv's, a gigantic bed, and more closets than we've got in our entire house. I think they must have run out of single rooms and we got "bumped" up. Well we didn't spend much time there, but it was nice to come home to.

The highlight of the trip was *Les Miserables*. I must have cried four or five times during the course of the play; it was quite a tear-jerker. (That's a compliment.) And the music was just incredibly beautiful: it reminded me of Puccini's operas because of how the melodies evoked pure emotion. I may not be a very sophisticated connoisseur of opera, but I'm enthusiastic. I remember an opera we saw here in Madison a couple years ago—*Sweeney Todd*, another English-spoken opera, and therefore not called an opera because Americans get scared by the word. It was beautiful too, and funny and gorgeous. The lead singer, who played Sweeney was just magnificent. His voice stood out from everyone else's. And everyone else was very good. But *Les Miserables* had a dozen or so major characters and they were *all* magnificent, all extraordinary. I was bowled over. The stagecraft too was incredible. (Sorry about all these superlatives, but count yourself lucky that you don't also have to sit through the accompanying wild arm motions.) There is one scene in which a character commits suicide by jumping from a bridge into the Seine, which they do by moving the scenery up away from him as he screams, his arms lifted above his head. Then when he "hits" the water, the lighting swirls over and around him, so that you swear he's under water, and the rotating stage beneath him moves him as if the current is dragging him away. Wow! Anyway...if you get a chance see it, it's wonderful.

We were so thrilled by that show, that we decided to try for a moderate dinner the next night (which in Midtown Manhattan is an unlikely thing), and to get tickets for

another Broadway show. We'd been spoiled by the seats we got for *Les Mis* because a friend of a friend had gotten us house tickets which turned out to be fourth row almost-center. We went to *City of Angels* the next night and bought half-price tickets in Time Square which turned out to be located one row from the back...in the balcony. But still it was great fun, another musical, but this time a comedy, a farce on film noir detective stories. The main characters were the writer (of the detective story) and the detective (the fictional character of the story) who interacted in one another's lives. Again, the stagecraft amazed us both. We still don't know where they put all the sets!

We also took a boat trip around Manhattan for which the weather cooperated and gave us a balmy, lovely afternoon. We walked down Madison Avenue for a ways (on which we spied all sorts of famous clothing stores which you had to be "admitted" to; you just couldn't walk in, you know), we walked through part of Central Park and watched (from a distance) while Micheal Keaten made a movie, witnessed a drug deal in progress, and spent most of a day at the Museum of Modern Art. Did you know that Monet's *Water Lilies* takes up an entire room? They're absolutely gigantic paintings, even bigger than the bed in our hotel room! One of them is made up of three panels, each of which is at least 6 feet high and 12 wide. Van Gogh's *Starry, Starry, Night*, on the other hand is much smaller than I thought it would be. Really I didn't go around the museum with a measuring tape, but I did have a good time. This had been the main thing I wanted to be sure to do in NYC.

One thing we did that I had not been planning on doing was to buy a couple new wigs for me. The one I've been wearing for the past few months is one that I picked out from a catalog. There aren't stores in the Midwest where you can find good quality wigs to try on; they have to be ordered through catalogs. And one thing I noticed when I bought that first wig was that all the catalogs had New York addresses. And indeed, when I checked in the yellow pages, there were zillions of wig outlets, some only a few blocks away from our hotel. (The hotel turned out to be remarkably well situated for everything we did in fact. We were only a few blocks away from the *Les Mis* theater and we were able to walk to MoMA and the dock.) We went to one store (intending to go to several, and maybe buy one wig) and I ended up buying two. I think I found something a lot more complimentary than my old one. It's shorter—so I won't get hair in my mouth when I bend over my desk at work, and it looks nicer on me than the old style.

So I felt pretty good about buying those wigs, even though it seemed that we were spending entirely too much money the way it was. We never got away with less than \$25 for breakfast for the two of us, even though I was only eating fruit and toast and tea. There seemed to be never-ending opportunities for tipping people, even in the bathroom once, a woman handed me a paper towel after I'd washed my hands and waited with a tray in her hand for a tip. (I did, and it even got automatic after a couple days). For all the luxury of our hotel room, there was no telephone book in the room and I had to call down for one. When the guy came up with the yellow pages, he stood there waiting for a tip and I had to scramble to find a dollar to give him.

It was a good thing we only stayed in the city for a few days. Any longer and we'd have run out of travelers checks.

Philadelphia was much calmer. It was great to catch up on things with Anne Steel who I knew from my college days when she still lived in Madison. And since she took off Friday, we were able to do sightseeing all three days. Friday we went to the old DuPont gardens (Longview Gardens), which is very impressive for a family garden. Apparently these are the largest gardens in the world. I can imagine spending a whole day there with a book, strolling around, sitting down beside a pleasant fountain, or beneath some trees for a while reading, and then getting up and finding a new place. There are several buildings making up the Conservatory around a large courtyard in which mutant lily pads (pods) are grown in large pools. They grow to 6-12 feet in diameter with three-inch lips and we spent some time photographing one another against the weird background. While we were doing that, there was a big dinner being prepared in several of the conservatory buildings. Anne said that it was probably one of the \$1000/plate dinners that are frequently done at this place (after it closes to the public at 5 pm). There were two bands setting up and as we strolled back to the car through one of the buildings, we found a box of program books. Apparently the evening was being sponsored by the "Last Wish" program, and the main speaker would be the organization's honorary chair, Bill Cosby. Well we left before he arrived, but we got to listen to a few (tuning up) songs by one of the bands which would be providing dance music after dinner... The Beach Boys! You could have fooled me if you told me they were performing; it sure didn't sound like tuning up to me. Anne and I wanted to go up and say hi, but Scott convinced us that maybe it wouldn't be fun to be thrown out of the place.

That night we picked a place in Philadelphia out of Anne's guidebook, The White Dog Restaurant, on the campus, near the river. We thought it was great, very unusual food. The decor was wild (dogs absolutely everywhere, and later in the evening an actual live white dog, very well behaved, wandered through the restaurant). Right next door was this neat gift shop called The Black Cat. Anne (who is a banker) said she was going to bring some clients there soon. Saturday, we went on a tour of Princeton and then back home to Anne's for a barbecue. Sunday, we went to the amazing all-Rodin museum in Philadelphia (which had a casting of the monumental *The Gates of Hell* and *The Burghers of Calais* and many dozens of other pieces), and we walked around the downtown a bit. Both Scott and I were surprised at how clean and pretty a city it was...at least in the parts we were walking around in. Then it was back to Chicago, a night's sleep in the train, a greyhound bus trip up to Madison, and an enormous stack of mail to page through.

That's all for now folks. We've got things to do, people to see, and pies to eat.

Jeanne & Scott