



Union Street

A joint zine by Jeanne Gomoll & Scott Custis

Oops

[JG] This week I discovered that our house fails all tests of accessibility.

I've always known that someone in a wheelchair would have a hard time getting into our house. The front door has steps leading up to it and the side entrance, the one we use most often, confronts one with steps as soon as one is inside the door. What I didn't realize was how inhospitable this house is, in all respects, to a non-able-bodied person. The various rooms on our first floor—living room, kitchen, dining room, office and bathroom—are not smoothly connected by a continuous floor surface. In several cases the thresholds are marked with barriers an inch or more in height. Then, of course, there's the stairway up to the second floor and the bedroom....

I happened to notice all these problems because I've become a temporarily disabled person this week. Most of the time I lie around with my foot elevated, but occasionally I hobble around with crutches, or crawl—one step at a time—up the stairway.

This is what happened: Saturday, December 7, Scott and I went holiday shopping. We went to West Towne, Borders Book Store, State Street and a bunch of other stores. We arrived home exhausted. My foot hurt, but I figured the many miles of walking amid the crowds explained that. I took off my hightop boots, exchanged them for tennies, and we went off to our low-fat dinner club. I slipped into a sweatshirt because I was feeling rather cold.

By the end of the evening my ankle was throbbing and I was shivering. I hadn't connected the two things yet; I thought I had caught the flu. So, Scott and I went home early. I limped up to bed.

The next morning I couldn't put any weight on my foot. I theorized at that point that I had some kind of infection in my leg which was causing my temperature to skyrocket up to 106°. The nurse at Acute Care told me to come in immediately when I told her my story. I hobbled into the clinic leaning heavily on a cane I'd picked up a few years ago after spraining my ankle. It turns out that a bacteria infiltrated into my leg (probably) through a lesion in an area of athlete's foot. Eventually I was filled up with some heavy-duty antibiotics and sent home.

The next morning I screamed when I attempted to lower my foot from the bed to the floor. The pain was absolutely excruciating, as if someone was trying to saw my ankle through with a knife. More antibiotics, a shot, and more tests followed. This time Scott rolled me into the clinic on a wheelchair and we left the clinic with a borrowed pair of crutches.

That's been my main mode of transportation since Monday, that and the phrase, "Scott, will you bring me...." Scott has been a real sweetie through it all. He even took two days off work for me and left work early the third night.

I'm much better now—not off the crutches yet, but not screeching in pain anymore. I am really really hoping that I will be able to get to work on Monday if only for a few hours.

All this came at a bad time. When I would normally be rushing around doing holiday shopping, plus my normal overflow of projects, I've been sidelined by this stupid infection. I know it's important to take care of it because it could have led to something very bad, but still—now that I'm no longer feeling so sleepy all the time, I have been extremely frustrated at that stack of Wis-Con 20 videos, for instance that we picked up on Friday, the day before my ankle declared war on

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 ArtBrau@aol.com
Union Street #81
Obsessive Press (JG) #185
Peerless Press (SC) #83
Union Street was created using a Macintosh Quadra 840av, PageMaker 6.0, Illustrator 5.5 and a Laserwriter Select 360. Display font is Elroy. All contents copyright © 1996 by Scott Custis and Jeanne Gomoll December 1996 for *Turbo-Charged Party Animal* #126.

me. And I've been folding the letters that are supposed to go out to program participants at WisCon 21, but they *should* have been mailed on Monday; now they'll go out a week later. And then there's our holiday card and New Year's invitation. I've had an

idea for those for a couple months, but hadn't gotten around to producing them yet....

So now, here, you get the textual version, the graphics having been unavoidably delayed.

—Jeanne Gomoll, 12/13/96

You are invited to Scott and Jeanne's annual **New Year's Party**, at 8:00 pm Tuesday, December 31, 1996. We will have champagne, beer, hot cider and root beer. If you prefer some other beverage, you are encouraged to bring it along with you. We will also have, as per tradition, Too Much Food. That includes, at this point, snacks and some hot hors d'oeuvres. If you would like to bring something, let us know about it, so we can at least try to keep things under control. ("No, no, no, you can't bring another cheesecake! We already have three.")

And remember, No confetti. As in previous years we encourage (but do not require) all of you to take the opportunity to dress up in your finest garb. What would you all think of making this New Year' Eve **Vest Night**?

See you at our house at the end of the year! It'll be fun!