

**The Queer Public Podcast
The Atlanta Letters
Release Nov. 25, 2019**

This has been an amazing year for QP - from Production with Ariana the first half of the year and then releasing episodes in June until Now. Thank you so much for an incredible year. And a special big thank you to Ariana Martinez. You are my star, my dapper prince and my favorite weirdo collaborator.

We've got two more episodes to leave you with before the year is out. This one, and another that we produced in collaboration with Netflix.

We're excited to keep telling stories. For now we will leave you with this: how do we best honor those who have helped us become who we are. This is The Atlanta Letters.

I'm your host, Erin McGregor.

May 15, 1984

Dear Nita,

Got your letter yesterday. I was having one of those seesawing angry depressed days so bad that I told them I was sick at work and went home before lunch. Never did that before. Anyway when I got home your letter was here and I sat down and had a good cry. It was a good healing cry I think because I was holding something concrete in my hands something that proved I just didn't dream or fantasize what had happened in Atlanta.

[INTERVIEW TAPE]

I was at a place in my life that I was beginning to come out internally. I had written the words I am gay out a piece of paper and I took a match to it. I wasn't even prepared to go any further than that.

The year is 1984. It's May. Diane Giles is 31 years old. She's married with a 7 year old little boy. They live in Kenosha, Wisconsin. Diane gets an opportunity to travel to Atlanta Georgia for a conference. It's her first time away from home without her husband and child.

Diane finds herself in a library looking up a local hotline and shortly after, on a Friday night from the hotel lobby, she calls The Atlanta Gay Helpline.

These hotlines were established as peer listening lines for the gay community in the mid-70's. They were tremendously useful because they connected queers with a listening ear and a community member with which to confide.

So Diane calls the helpline and is connected with a volunteer named Vernita. Diane talks, Vernita Listens. And Diane is playing it cool, asking about local bars, but she doesn't really know what she's supposed to say she just knows she has to say something. She has to say the thing that is burning under her chest.

Diane calls back again to Vernita' work, a gay bar named Tallulah's Saturday night, and on Sunday morning, Diane calls Vernita at home to speak to her one last time. And over the phone, Diane comes out to Vernita. This marked the beginning of an 7 month period of time where the two women wrote letters to one another. What you're hearing is Diane reading some of those letters she wrote to Vernita from May to December 1984.

it was just so much easier to tell someone, a faceless someone, a thousand miles away from home. My husband decided last Friday to go see his mom and family in Miami for Mother's Day and flew down Saturday morning for a three day weekend Sunday night Jimmy is (UH) my 7 year old spent the night at his buddies house and I had the whole place to myself about ten thirty I drove down to the only gay bar in town just outside the city limits. I called last week and the bartender said it definitely was the only place in town. And at that very moment that woman outnumbered the men in the place. I drove in and turned off the engine but that's as far as I got. I just couldn't open that van door.

I went back feeling home feeling even worse. Since my Monday morning blues When I got your letter but it couldn't come at a better time.

I drove over to Carolyn's office and brown bagged it with her and Chris there the two I told you about. I offered to give Chris a ride back to her office after lunch. About 200 feet from her office building down about 200 feet from her office building door. I said If you don't see me for a couple of days check the psycho ward and send flowers. They knew I was real down so Chris said if I needed to talk to someone I could talk to her and she'd listen. We drove over to a nearby county park and walked through the woods and talked. I started out by pulling out the slip of paper in my wallet that I had TuLula's address and phone number and handed it to her and told her the whole story about Atlanta. That she was now officially the second person I ever told in my life. I did it face to face too. You were right about instincts. I picked the right person to tell (thank god) chris and Carolyn have been a couple for about two years. We both cried and I sure damned used a lot of Kleenex yesterday. You'd think I had controlling stock and Kimberly-Clark and just like I felt when I hung up the pay phone after our Sunday morning conversation I was 50 pounds lighter and eight inches taller. I came out of those woods with such a feeling of inner peace.

The two of them came over after supper and we talked until I had to leave to get Dennis at the airport. Gosh it was like coming home again. They're going to take me to Milwaukee to some gay bars real soon if I can swing it.

When I was in high school a good friend bought me a wall hanging with Snoopy and Pig Pen on it and it read a friend to someone who accepts you for what you are. It dawned on me a couple months ago that if it was true then I never really had any friends in my lifetime because no one knew the truth about me. So how could they accept me? Five more shares of Kimberly Clark please. Well if I have three real friends now Chris Carolyn and you. That's a good start. I don't intend to discard my old friends or anything like that. I'm taking it real slow from here on in because I'm not sure about what course I'll steer. If you hadn't taken the time and put up with all my phone calls that weekend don't know what I would have done. I owe you so much and I Never even saw your face. Thank you. You can still write to me here if you want but scene C or getting a post office box and a couple of weeks. And they said I could use it for confidential stuff. That will eliminate the coded letters. I cracked up at the one you sent me. Write if you can.
Diane

Wednesday May 24, 1984.

Good morning. This is really dumb. Starting a letter to you when you haven't had a chance to answer my last one. I don't even know if you want me to keep writing. I'm starting out. I don't even know if you want to keep writing to me. My true pessimistic self is showing but as the song says I've been a fool for lesser things. It's funny but I'm seeing and hearing things from a bird's eye view instead of the worms eye view things I read. People especially woman on the street songs on the radio. Everything is taken on a new meaning. I'm sure my subconscious was picking up on these things because on these things because songs I used to like I thought for the tune have hit me out of the blue for their words. Now I know I always liked Aretha Franklin's Natural woman. I pulled out my old Carole King tapestry album and Chris introduced me to Meg Christian's music including Meg and Chris at Carnegie Hall Album. Another first Carolyn and Chris took me to Milwaukee to a couple of bars last Friday night. The first place Lost and Found was a great dance floor and I wreaked havoc with the lactose in my legs. God I love the dance. I can't remember the name of the second bar. I guess I handled it pretty well considering. Didn't meet anybody though. If Tallulah was as friendly as these two places I would have had to walk back to the downtown Hilton alone. Did you know the taxi fare would have been sixteen dollars roundtrip between Tallulah's and the Atlanta Hilton. That's another reason why I didn't go that weekend. So I'm a cheap gutless wonder.

5.23 11 pm

I pulled in the parking lot of Kenosha is only gay bar tonight for the second time in ten days. Chickened out again. Too many cars. It's supposed to be mostly men but women are welcome as the bartender told me on the phone. Maybe if Chris and Carolyn and go in with me once I could go at it on my own. Why is it that I feel like I'm going through puberty again. God forbid. Is this common or does it have to do with kicking the closet door open too late in life. I know it's never too late. 30 ain't too bad. I wish that I had done it 10 years sooner. How old were you when you asserted your true feelings? For that matter how old are you now? Nosy bitch, ain't I. It seems I'm going at everything with the same desperateness I did before Atlanta. I finally got

the truth out but now I'm charging forward and getting frustrated even more. My search for someone, my writing, my work, everything is heating up. with my luck I'll have a stroke before I get my shit together. The peace of mind I had last week is beginning to waver even. What good is coming out if you don't have anyone to come out to. Well maybe I did this all wrong in the wrong order i mean. Any words of wisdom, oh wise one?

Chris and Carolyn we're supposed to move this weekend. They had a truck reserved for 5:00p.m. yesterday. But the other bimbo hasn't moved out of their new place yet. My mom was planning on watching Jimmy why help them anyway. So the three of us rode to Racine next time in town north to the ground round. Kind of a family eatery with a liquor license and baskets of popcorn on the table. We had a good time and talked a lot and got a little tanked. It's sure good to have someone to talk to about certain issues. It's nice to have someone to write to about them too. I mean, the companionship between Chris and Caroline and me and itself was great before my revelation. I've had a lot of beautiful friendships in my life with women/girls. But this is really special because we can be ourselves. For me that's a first.

3p.m. Sunday June 10th 1984.

This has been quite a day of turmoil so far. the last couple of days I feel like I have a pro wrestling match going on inside of me. No wonder I go for 4am bike rides. We had breakfast in town at this restaurant. I was telling Danny about a dream I had about Carolyn getting married to the owner of this restaurant. Out of the blue Jimmy asked me if they're married. I knew what he was asking and I damn near choked trying not to show my reaction so I said Who? He said oh never mind. That's right. Girls can't marry girls. Hell what could I say but agree with him. Dennis smiles and says to be on the side. Well sometimes they do. I asked him if he cared to explain that phenomenon to Jimmy right now. He declined. It isn't that I don't want him to know about such things. It's just a pretty heavy item and trust with 7 year old. I can see grandmas face now on Jim casually mentions that mom's two girlfriends are married to each other. And I could be saved. Now that's a secret between us that wouldn't work either. For now I try to keep distance between Carolyn and Chris and Dennis. Just in case he does catch on. He would make life miserable for me more miserable than it is now. If you can believe that those two are my lifelines. You too. And I'm not taking any chances.

Monday June 11th, 1984 10:30AM

Another day another battle with my sanity. If I can't talk to Carolyn or Chris today I will call Racine or Milwaukee hotlines. There is a diner here downtown about a block away from where I work. That's run by real nice gay man in his 40s. Just about all his help is gay too. I've been going there a lot in the past year. It's a little hole in the wall that has music people business people. City administrators as regulars. A lot of weirdos too. I might add. It's fun to watch folks there. Carolyn I've had breakfast and or coffee two or three times a week there.

Anyway I couldn't stand any more this morning so I asked John the owner about the key woman's social network in this town. I knew I was more or less giving my hand away but I think I can trust him. He says some woman do go out to the Shack but most of the party hardy types.

There are some professional woman but they avoid that place pretty much overall he stated overall they tend to stay pretty undercover here. Tell me about it. He also got up on your soapbox briefly about excessive drinking. We discussed the need for a coffee house here a place for meeting people as well as intelligent conversation. The shack must be full of airheads. He also told me about the hotlines. But I told him I had all those three numbers in my wallet now. So that makes number four and the door creaks open another inch. It's a good resource for information and I may be able to make some contacts through him and hope he doesn't assume that Carol knows. They're good friends. One step at a time. God grant me grant me patience and I want it right now. There's more I wanted to write about but will keep to the next letter. I know I'll start one again in the next couple of days. I hope this thing reads smoothly. My head isn't in gear for accurate proofreading so pardon the errors. Take care Diane. PS. Thanks for just being there.

8:00a.m. Wednesday June 13th 1984. Notes from the counter Frank Steiner muggy and hot today. Come on John. Turn on the air conditioning.

John told me that some of my friends will notice the change and will ask others will want to know. Sounds like good advice I guess but there's just a couple of friends like Sue and Nan and Carol that I feel an obligation to tell. I'm very close to these and I feel like I'm betraying them by not telling them in the near future. At the same time I'm terrified that they may feel that I've betrayed them somehow. Dammit I'm the same person I was before Atlanta. I don't want people to write me off. I guess I'll find out who my real friends are. But maybe I'm not the same person I was before Atlanta. What do you think? Ha! I wish you knew me before so you could give me an honest evaluation. I told Carolyn to dig me up something good to read from their library so I have something to read Sitting around the pool in Florida. Something appropriate. fiction will do with a nondescript title something I don't have to put in plain brown wrapper around. Nita I swear I'm losing my mind. What am I going to do down there if I fold and there's no one to talk to write a couple dozen manuscripts to you I guess. First thing I'll do is browse the Miami phone book and get a counseling number to keep handy. I know this letter is a downer. I hope you can handle it right now. Believe me I'm really doing better today and yesterday than I was the previous few days. I'm on an upswing I just feel I have to sandbag for the next siege or whatever.

How are you? Bottom section of page three is a hell of a time to ask. I'm sorry I keep rereading your last letter. The pages are getting dog eared and worn. Kind of like Jimmy's old security blanket he had when he was 3. I guess I'm surprised that you let me in on so much of your own personal history. I feel pretty honored. You've seen some hard times too. I hope you can trust your heart and head to someone soon real soon.

How do you spend your time when you're not at Tallulah's or playing footsie on a soccer field. You're gainfully employed? cheerfully unemployed? into jogging? Studying? sans script? nude skydiving? What? the nosy bitch strikes again.

Tuesday, July 3rd. 1984. 11am.

Dear Nita. So we begin again. Chris decided that Ruby Fruit Jungle should be the next thing on my list of educational required reading. I started at breakfast and I'm already halfway through it.

RUBY FRUIT JUNGLE

I've been sitting here on the porch swing for an hour reading it and I swear the neighbors are going to call the white truck for me. I've laughed and howled so much. As Bette Midler says fuck them if they can't take a joke. I've never enjoyed reading a book as much as this one in many ways I can identify with ol' Molly growing up. I wish I identify more with her as she became a young woman.

Thursday July 5th 9:00a.m.

I finished reading Ruby Fruit Jungle yesterday. The ending left me on a downside and didn't really resolve much of her problems. There I go analyzing again. I still like a good book. Yesterday was quite a day emotionally for me. I went from sky high to bottoming out and right back up again. My stomach was playing the bass notes to a prelude from a horror movie all day on Tuesday so I guess I shouldn't have been too surprised. I called Sue late in the morning and asked if she wanted to start the fourth off right and meet me down at the diner for breakfast. I brought Ruby Fruit Jungle with because I know she's always late. Long about her fourth or fifth cup of coffee. I had to use the john. When I got back she was thumbing through the book the bass notes went to crescendo. She said it sounded like a good book and could she read it when I was done. JC a popsicle stick! She had to have read the back cover so she knew it was about I told her I'd check with the owner and she could probably have it on Friday so I left the diner at about 8000 feet and didn't come down till I came home and found Dennis all pissy His bad mood didn't last long even though we didn't make the first showing of Ghostbusters. It was a pretty good movie and there was something about the leading lady that made my blood pressure start to rise. Anyway, on the way home I started winding up tighter and tighter like a clock spring. I couldn't control it. It got beyond trying to daydream. It didn't work. By the time I got home with anyone it touched me I would have thrown the stove at them. I left Dennis to start the charcoal took some might on laid flat on my back on the bed. It felt like someone was pulling my ankles down an endless slide while strangling me and that's no metaphor. I mean if that's what it physically felt like. It was like being possessed. I don't know how else to describe it. Voices in my head, the works. I'm not sure how I pulled myself out of it. Relaxation therapy helped it along. Finally I started to doze and just mentally and physically drained. Then Denny came in and saw the charcoal was ready only a half hour had passed since I hit the bed. It felt like hours. God, I was hungry. I knew that it was a good sign. I only had it toast and ice cream cone all day because I didn't feel like eating before.

Looking back maybe my circuits just got overloaded or something. I have so much opposing input. Up until that time being with Sue and wanting to borrow the book and coming home to a grumpy husband and then him being nice and going to a movie and having to sit there and watch that gorgeous creature on the screen and wishing I was watching it with someone else I actually considered checking myself into the hospital. I thought for sure I was having a nervous

breakdown. Boy am I glad I didn't. Wouldn't look too good on a resume would it? but it looks like I'm gonna have to get in and see that counselor I used to go to. Reverend Larson might be good but maybe is going hand-in-hand with some chemical imbalance in my system. Time for a good physical too.

Sunday, July 15th, 1984.

Party day this is going to be a mega party not because of the number of people who will be here (only 10 or so) or the amount of liquor consumed but because I feel like celebrating. Carol told me to stop in and get my birthday present last night. She said she didn't want to give it to me at the party. Well I guess I understand when I saw it. It was a suede coat! Not just any old suede coat, but a Bulgarian sheep's wool that she had that she had bought from her sisters rummage sale. Her brother in law's parents brought it back from Bulgaria for him but it was too small.

Carol told me I was to wear it as an everyday coat not to save it for special occasions. She said she watched me standing on the bus stop last winter shivering in my ratty Gray polyester ski jacket. And when she saw the suede coat she knew it was me. It's the most beautiful gift I've ever received. What's more it's something Dennis would have never given me. I was so overcome that I started to cry of course. We had a few discussions about our husbands in the last couple of days. We both have had major battles with them since they're our canoe trip. Carol made us both a good stiff drink and in between my tears I told her that there was so much more to my marital breakdown than she knew and then I wish I could tell her. When I left she said that when I wanted to tell her more she'd be there to listen. I went home and talked to myself for another half hour ran my fingers around that fine coat I couldn't go on accepting gifts like this from her unless she knew the truth. It wasn't fair to either one of us. So I called her up and told her to meet me in the backyard. I wanted to talk. I knew that if I didn't tell her now when the opportunity was there I had never had the courage. It'd be a long time before the time was right. I told her just about everything. She said "Is that your deep dark secret. Oh, big deal!" I wanted to give her a big kiss of relief but I restrained myself. She said she was a little surprised but certainly not shocked. We talked for two hours. She made it clear that she was straight but it turns out her husband had accused her of the same thing every time she forms a close friendship with a woman. So, I don't know the whole thing last night was too good. I wonder if she's really not at ease with it. Just put on a show last night. I guess I'll know in the next several days. I'd never do anything to hurt her and I don't want to lose her friendship. I hope we both find this special somebody to fill the empty spots in our lives.

And then In early September, Diane met the woman who would become her first girlfriend. And like women do, Diane and Sid fall in love hard and and they fall in love fast.

Diane is about to file for divorce.

And the letters start tapering off.

Friday September 20th 1984.

Hey woman,

It looks like I'm falling in love again but this time is so different because she can respond to me. All the other times in my life, I've had overwhelming feelings about a particular girl woman I've had to keep my thoughts in my hands to myself. Not so this time and I feel like singing and break dancing. There's no stopping us on the top of Mount Everest. We are so hooked on each other the days apart are spent like junkies on withdrawal. I'm not kidding. All the fears about being out the physical attraction dangers on the homefront the power of a love on me they all just disappeared. Don't get me wrong I'm not getting careless again. She won't let me. Dennis told me last night he intends to watch me like a hawk. So let him, I'm not going to give him any chances believe me. I take the retainer down to the lawyer's office at our first meeting October 2nd no openings with the lawyer till then.

Now for the news you've been waiting for. The gutless wonder ain't gutless no more. Not even semi. This old green being hit the gate at full speed. Mind you, Thursday September 20th 1980 for instance I was. So the next time you hit to the. Raise your beard in a toast to a class of '84. OK? Now that I think of it one of your first letters to me closed with and "may all your fantasies come true" that just about describes it too. If telling Chris and Carolyn last May was like coming home again Thursday afternoon was like the traditional turkey dinner with all the dressings. As always, Diane

Monday October 1st. 12:30pm.

Dear Nita,

Sorry for not writing. Moments to myself or far and few between. Don't feel bad. A lot of things in my life are being squeezed in tighter to make room for Sid. Writing for you has stuck on the backburner. But don't feel crummy because some stuff has gotten shoved off the stove altogether. Last night the two of us went out with Sue and Nan to Taco Bell. Well I can't bring her home to meet Mom and Dad and these two are practically family. Anyway they checked her out like two older sisters would take care of their baby sister and more or less gave their stamp of approval. It was cute. We went back to Sue's Place. They wanted to play Trivial Pursuit. I said OK as long it wasn't too long of the game and gently explained that I Sid I don't get to see each other a lot. Well, this devilish look appears in Sue's eyes and she drags Nan off pretty soon they're grinning from ear to ear and take us to the spare room where they had pulled out the flip sofa and had lit a candle and incense. I just about died. Turned out the gang had done the same thing for Nan and her hubby one night where they were still dating years ago. I guess sometimes I underestimate the strength and sincerity of my close friendships. Obviously many of my friends would never think of doing what they did but it demonstrated their acceptance of me and said in a way no one no other could. God, I love them.

December 17th, 1984.

Yes I'm still alive and relatively well. How about you? Life goes on here and I'm learning all kinds of new things, mostly about survival. You know I'll making ends meet barely, bumming occasional meals at Mom's, worrying about my car, nickel and diming me to death. Last week I

had a flat tire my third and five weeks starter trouble fixable without buying into a starter a blown heater hose which I replaced myself. Pretty butch, huh? I found the radiator forming inside. I still don't know what caused the last one but the way it's been running I could have a real major compression problem i.e. blown head gasket or a crack block etc.

I started going to the Unitarian Universalist Church here in town which has the same minister as the one in Racine. Tony Larson who introduced me to Sid. Anyway I've been going and the people a small group about 25 meet every Sunday and they've gotten to know me a little. Some know I'm getting a divorce. A few eyeballs popped when I walked into the candlelight service with my love last night.

They all know her. She played guitar for the services every Sunday until she started working Sunday mornings last August. I was a little nervous but not really uncomfortable. It felt right. At least now I don't have a frustration that I'm spinning my wheels. I'm controlling my own destiny and sister does that feel good. I've started writing in my diary minus the code I've always written in before. No need to do that anymore. Dennis and I are getting along nicely nicely amazingly enough. He helped put the snow tires on my car two weeks ago. He's seeing someone romantically and I'm happy for him. It means he's healing. I really do wish the best for him.

Her marriage is over and Diane is making plans to move in with Sid.

It's gonna be real rough for a few months. We've got to come up with escrow, installation fees for gas, electric, phone, et cetera et cetera et cetera.

Well this letter has dragged on, huh? Maybe you'll get it for New Year's? Groundhog Day? Whatever. Things have mellowed again. Another oasis in a sea of problems. Ask me tomorrow and everything may have turned upside down again.

It seems our love is the bottom layer of it all that holds our lives together. Other layers get peeled away more piled on top. But we struggle on knowing that this turmoil won't last forever and we can settle down in a place of our own in the near future. There is an end to this craziness.

Right now we're both at Johns living like a couple of bag ladies. Write me at Carolyn and Chris' postbox for now until I figure out where the hell we'll settle. C and C are fine and say hi. So many other things have happened the last couple of months. Things that I used to sit and write up to you about but now there just isn't the time. Know that I still think of you often and have those one sided conversations with you when things scrape bottom around here. How's the soccer season go on. Kicking ass? Sorry, bad pun. Anything new with the lavender jogging shoe crew? More importantly how are you? I wish I had some spare money to sit and talk with you on the phone. Knowing you in understanding and you're writing habits. It could be a while before I hear from you. I just remembered you have a birthday coming up. Gotta get this in the mail tomorrow. No doubt about it

December 29, 1984.

We just put money down an apartment or seen two bedroom, big kitchen three closets praise the lord shower and a skylight in the living room and the skylight the bathroom. And only two hundred and fifty dollars per month including heat. We're in officially January 15th crappy

neighborhood but I guess we can't have everything gonna be real tight money wise for the next six months but we'll make it. I'll let you know the phone number and address, when we get settled okay? Be good to be good especially to yourself, Diane.
And that was the last letter.

Hi my name is Diane Giles. I am. A journalist or a former journalist with the local newspaper The Kenosha News and 65 years old.

I started writing letters and wrote my heart out. I put everything into those letters that I really couldn't put in my journal At that time. I was terrified really that some would find out and I wanted it all in my timeline and I couldn't put that in my journals. What if somebody had picked them up or my husband had seen them. So I poured out all my feelings and everything I had in those letters and worked through things on paper. This was a connection to a lesbian you know another lesbian another person to have contact and bounce ideas off of and kind of tell what was going on in my life and documenting I'm really nutty about documenting things. And I haven't picked up these letters in a long time. And reading them through them all again just put me right back to where I was at that point in my life.

We wrote these letters you know all that for a good major part of that year and she was my lifeline. But we've never met face to face. To this day.

I did contact her to ask her to send me these letters and she did.

And I'm very I'm very glad she did because I'd considered it part of my personal history too. History is my thing. I've been writing a local history column in the newspaper for 30 years. So I'm kind of big on history and this is this was personal history I always felt. I know it was different from what other people's lives are going through. I mean straight peoples. It just it just is. I'd like to be able to to meet her or talk to her. But I almost feel like I'd be intruding again. You know I took how many months of her life in this communications and I know she was going through a lot of stuff and it was hard for her to write but sometimes I really I think I might have been a burden to her. I don't know. I hope not. I hope she's well.

Diane and Sid were together for 7 years. They split up and eventually Diane got together with her current wife, Gayle. They live in their home in Kenosha Wisconsin with their daughter Penny.

Although we had Vernita's letters to Diane, we decided not read them for this story because there were a lot of personal details we didn't feel comfortable sharing without her consent. And then, just as we were finishing this episode:

[Tape VM]

"Hello Erin, I got your letter a few weeks back. I think I'm the Vernita Pinto you're looking for."

And with the help of Netflix and their series “Prism: Tales of Your City” we were able to go meet her. We’ve got that next on the show. Stay tuned, it will be in your feed before you know it.

Please stay in touch on social media. And please please please write us through the website and tell us about what you thought, what we could do better, what you want to hear more of. Email me at erin@queerpublic.org.

Lastly, if you’re moved by anything you heard in the past 6 episodes, tell someone you love about us.

This episode was produced by Erin McGregor and edited and sound designed by Ariana Martinez.

We heard music from Meg Christian and Cris Williamson, Chris Zabriskie, Kai Engle, Linda Bruner, Jill Dawson, Augustus Bro & Gallery Six, Blue Dot Sessions, Monplaisir, Matt Oakley.

Special thanks to Melissa Rucci who insisted we drive to from Philadelphia to Kenosha Wisconsin from Philadelphia and who loaned her voice for the Ruby Fruit Jungle scene. And Special thanks to Gayle and Diane and Penny for opening their home to us for a hot meal after a long day of driving.

I am your host, Erin McGregor. Thanks for listening.