DARTMOUTH ALTERNATIVES! SOCIETY



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Amigos y amigas:

I just got finished reading the article on family practice in rural Maine in the most recent issue of the New Yorker. Needless to say, it inspired me of thoughts of chain-saw accidents and oozing, pustulating sores which led me to think of John, which then led me to think about good times at Camp Healy-Bopp. Cam--the article made me appreciate to a much greater degree the extraordinary complexity of your job. I think the rest of us should now stand in a moment of silent awe.

I just wanted to write and tell you all about the amazing transformation in my life. By now, most of you know (except for Rod, who apparently cannot read anything about the Democratic Party for fear of losing his job) that I have been nominated to be the Vice-Presidential candidate for the Democratic Party. I hope you all noticed that I was wearing the dress that John gave me three years ago when I gave my acceptance speech. Needless to say, I hope that none of you will sell that secret to Guccione (if you do, I'll sell the photos of David and Rusty with the sheep). Obviously, I am very excited about the opportunity to serve my country and hope that you all will send in your contributions to my secret fund, "Make Vinnie the Veep", at my home address (no checks or other traceable money, please). The larger the amount, the more favorably I will be disposed to your requests for lucrative government contracts. If you can't send money, then I'll gladly accept any ladies' garments (I'm particularly short on underwear, Jane).

I am also enclosing a copy of the article that I wrote as well as some bibliographies associated with it. I'd be very interested in your comments on it. Perhaps we can do some nuclear theater at the next DA!S brouhaha. Which leads me to wonder: was Rusty ruminating about some palpable wet dream (as is his wont) concerning a reunion over Labor Day, or is this a legitimate, albeit coerced, invitation from those who suffer our inanities? Priscilla, Nate, and I might have some slight problem with the date since we are building a house (or, rather, having a house built for us) and the beginning of September is going to be very hectic for us. Nonetheless, we might be able to work around it if it appeared that the show was going to roll. Also, I might find it a little difficult to work the campaign schedule around that date, but Fritz might be quite accomodating (he has been quite so recently).

There is not much to report around here. I would strongly recommend a reading of Milan Kundera's, The Unbearable Lightness of Being--simply a brilliant book. Also, Gertrude Himmelfarb's, The Idea of Poverty. I did have a little excitement

earlier this summer with a trip to England, France, Belgium, the Netherlands, Germany, and Denmark. I think that we should plan a future reunion at Tivoli Gardens in Copenhagen. It is unquestionably the most civilized and happy place on earth. I was tagging along with a Mount Holyoke alumnae group, giving lectures on the importance of war in the development of European society. It was fun being on a private yacht, but I must confess that the company was not all that stimulating (the youngest person was 67).

I am still in a considerable amount of pain--the disease has not let up at all since the earlier good news. The titer level had declined from 13,000 to about 9,000 and has not changed for several months now. The doctors counsel patience (as if there was anything else I could be). But at least there's no evidence of anything else developing out of it as of yet.

Well, I hope that we can all get together soon. If we can, I have a request to make: Karen, if you could make some of your slurried eel stew, it would warm the cockles of my heart--Martha and I could pour it all over our bodies and run out into the woods and attract badgers in heat. What fun. Almost as much fun as the time Jan and I lit farts in the sauna.

Go in piece,

Geraldine

I forgot: One reason why Kundera's book is so good is that it has a great explication of the meaning of Kitsch, something dear to all our hearts.
Also: Jane, the underwear doesn't have to be cleaned (as long as it's yours).