

The Subway Poster story:

1988 was a difficult year for me, but I came through it with the anticipation of Friday Nights, VHS tapes and the support I found in a Watcher's Group.

Newly-divorced, I had purchased a house of my own, which meant I could decorate it as I liked! There was eventually (too soon) a man, an arty type who proved ultimately unsuitable, but who, nevertheless, came away from a trip to NYC with this poster for me from the subway. He did understand.

The poster moved to my daughter's room when I remarried and moved to the farm. Now, since she's on her own, it once again hangs in MY room, my office/studio, a little faded in color, but not in glory.

- Carole