

## SE NP (Satch and Evie Not in Portugal)

sunday and monday, 1-2 August

ok, so satch and i find that our tickets to portugal had been canceled by the airline, without any notice to me, when we check-in at the airport. moments of silence, denial, anger, acceptance. let's move on. just had to decide where. ended up with a classic american road trip! destination: somewhere north cause satch has had enough of hot hot summer.

up 270 with the top down, singing and breathing, and kinda exhilarated. past horse-poop smelling fields every 10 miles or so. past gettysburg (we both agree not to stop). get super excited about the possibility of chocolate massages in hershey (such well-placed billboards), only to have our hopes dashed by the lack of appointments. so, hey, we're in amish country. let's go to an amish farm. we end up at a tourist trap-type place near lancaster, but they do have lots of cool animals, worth our while.



**COWS, CHICKENS, PEACOCKS, AND TURKEYS.**



satchie found a super yummy vegetarian restaurant in allentown (the vegan butcher). and while admiring the kitsch decor, we decide to head to a town in the delaware water gap called Delaware Water Gap. didn't know there was an actual town called that, but yeah.



while walking around the tiny town of DWG later that night, a man directs us to an old catering palace of sorts. neato italianate facade. pie place on the edge of town gives satch a happy tummy.



tuesday, 3 august

forgot hats. stop at a trail supply store for those and a small backpack. then a really beautiful hike at Dingman Falls. two large waterfalls within a couple miles hike. and satch actually has a good time. she spies loads of different mushroom species.



crossed the new york state line and think, hey woodstock! stop in town for a bit and see this world record candle. but woodstock is pretty crowded and we have enough quickly. neither of us had been to saratoga springs, so we head north. the airbnb we find is nice enough, but something about the owners puts me on edge. weird vibes. in their review later on, they call satch and me "a nice woman and her friend." huh.

anyway, saratoga springs is pleasant enough. more yummy food, and satch ordered a drink, didn't get carded, and drank that drink. best part



of the place (for me) was this new orleans band busking

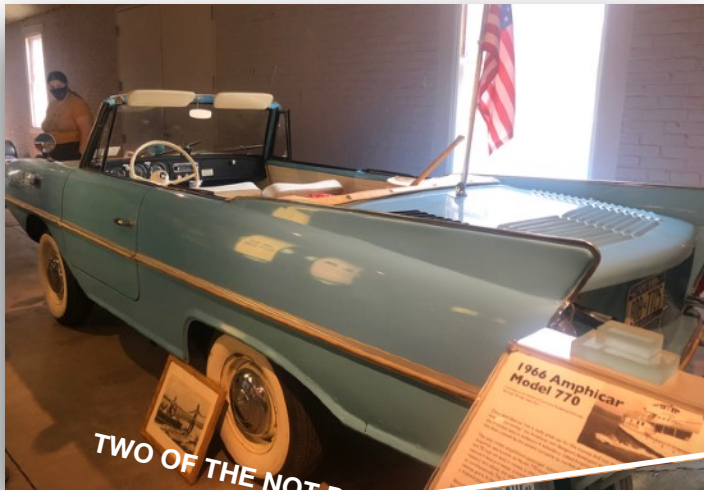
for 45 minutes. they were playing in town later in the week, and needed money to pay for their stay. we watch the entire thing, sitting on the sidewalk, and then drop a nice tip into the guitar case.

best part of the place for satch: Darling Donuts, on the main street.

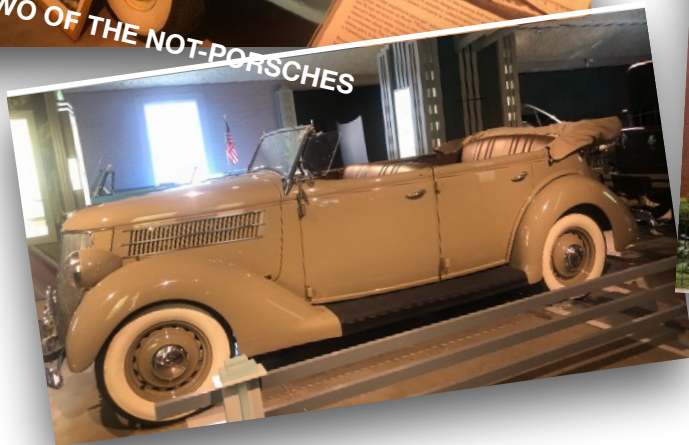


wednesday, 4 august

before leaving saratoga springs, we check out the auto museum (meh. way too many porsches),  
and many tip-top-shape victorian houses.



TWO OF THE NOT-PORSCHEs



pay \$5 to access a public beach (yeow, that hits me wrong) and take a gander at lake george.  
wanted to see what was so special about lake george. you judge.



EXPENSIVE VIEW OF LAKE GEORGE  
(FROM BOLTON)

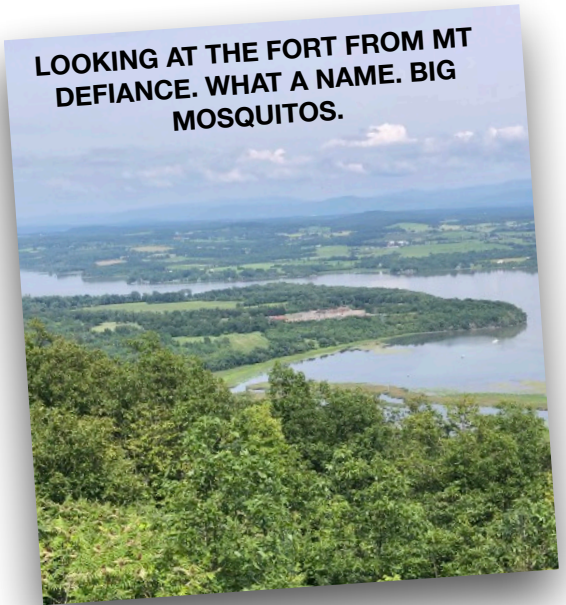
continued north to lake champlain and fort ticonderoga (this fort always represented such an iconic point of the revolutionary war. maybe not to everyone else? maybe it's just the super cool name? anyway, satch hadn't even heard about it. i

**THIS WOMAN COULDN'T PLAY THE DRUM TO SAVE HER LIFE. BUT PROPS FOR WEARING THAT GET-UP IN 90 DEGREES.**



remember going past it when scott and i drove up to canada to bicycle around that summer. maybe 1996?). this time we walk through it and speak to many of the teens role-playing early americans in their jobs. they know their subject matter, for sure. the fort is ok, but the view from up the mountain looking down on it is better.

**LOOKING AT THE FORT FROM MT DEFIANCE. WHAT A NAME. BIG MOSQUITOS.**



cross the lake into middlebury, vermont. cute town, hosting some concert in a couple hours, but we concede to the lure of burlington. discover that, well, burlington's ok. they have this many-block street closure in downtown. but here we have our one bad meal of the trip. not really bad, just not good. and they card satch.

thursday, 5 august

massages still on our minds, and even though we can't get chocolate ones, the rubbing sounds good. so we schedule some at "asian therapy massage" (in a mall) for that afternoon and drive to south hero island, in the middle of lake champlain. very cool little place. first, someone built hundreds of these birdhouses, painted them in bright colors and hung them all over this small forest. but wait! private property — keep out signs everywhere. hell man, why in the world would someone create something so cool (forgot to mention that we saw a couple dinosaurs back there too) and then not allow people to go check it out? sharing art seems like the default here, right?



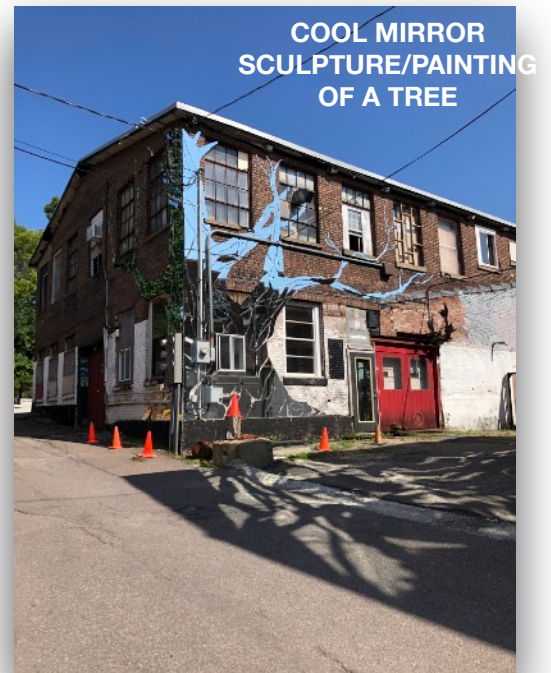
so then there we read about this other artist, a swiss immigrant from the early 1900s, who built little stone castles off public roadways throughout town. creative and neat.



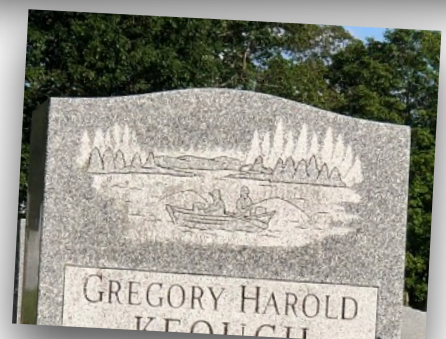
back into burlington for our perfectly good massages at a third the price of hershey, pa. and then we visit south burlington to find this chocolate factory with little leaflets all over town. only to find chocolate, yes; factory, no. someone seems to have forgotten (?) to remove all the leaflets and change their website to note that “the factory had moved five miles away and there were no tours. but please buy some of this chocolate.”

BUT, if we hadn't gone searching for the non-existent chocolate factory, we wouldn't have found the warehouses of artists' studios along the way. yay for art. satch buys a stained/joined glass piece with a bee to hang in her dorm window.

ok, so until now, we hadn't spent any time in bone yards. do shout out “bone yard” each time we pass one, which is often cause we stick almost exclusively to small roads. but now, in vermont-new hampshire granite country, the time is ripe. quarried and sculpted and etched for more than 200 years, especially for graveyards. gotta go to some of the local boneyards to catch the masters' work.



**GREEN MOUNT CEMETERY**





no intent of passing through waterbury without a stop at the ben & jerry's factory, which we already knew wasn't restarting tours until october. but still. there's a flavor graveyard. and i know that b&j are another corporate tool of capitalism, but damn they make tasty ice cream. and they try. and i love that they made a flavor graveyard. satch had a this-site-only-for-a-limited-time maple

walnut caramel thing, and i got whiskey biz (dairy-free cold brewed coffee with sunflower seed butter). yum.



pull into our motel, satch ready to rest. i still have some energy, so a couple miles into stowe, i walk around. talk to a bunch of neat people and then stop at Stowe Cider to listen to a rootsy band and drink some cider. so awesome to just sit there on a nice summer's night listening to music.

friday, 6 august

laundry first thing. been a long time since i've used a laundromat, and i keep screwing up with the tokens and machine, but the lady working is nice and helps a lot.

as satch and i leave town, we see a glass blowing studio. pull over and watch for a while. then we drove the beautiful hilly back roads of vermont to a granite quarry and museum, in barre. love this place! huge warehouse that used to be the factory for the nearby quarry. exhibits of memorials, monuments, sculptures, original tools, and famous locals adding to the granite artisan oeuvre. really neat.





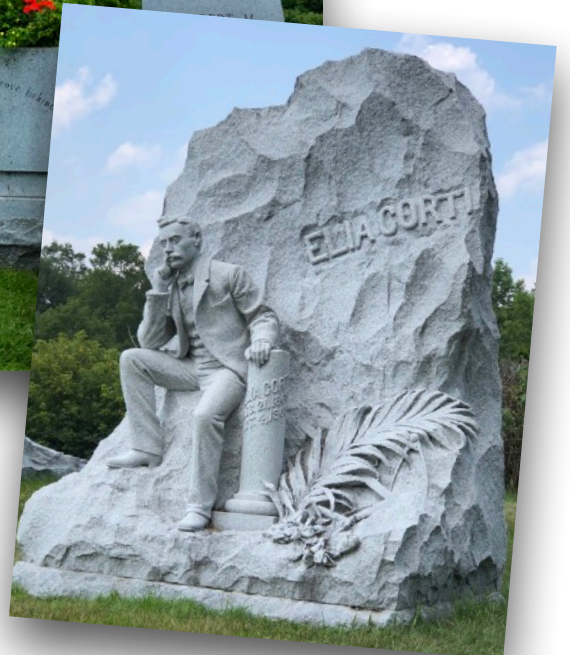
learn that they make columns the same way you would with wood — on a gigantic lathe. best part was that at one point, the executive director of the museum runs out, jumping up and down, whooping. he just received word that the museum won a \$100,000 grant allowing them to start a young artisan program.



thinking hard, i remember a couple other places i think he should contact. his joy is adorable and so sweet.



across barre, another local boneyard. hope cemetery.



**MY DINNER DOODLE: MOUNTAINS AND LAKES**

we hang around montpelier (another state capital to add to the list) for a smoothie bit. happens to be the monthly art walk, but we don't see anything too appealing. and then back to stowe for pizza. second time satch receives alcohol uncarded. good food.



saturday, 7 august

on our way through central vermont, we pull over to just drink in a lake and view. and then, dog mountain! the dog chapel! and a dog party!



ok, background. artist stephen huneck started making dog art, inspired by his black lab Sally. after being in a coma for two months, he had a vision to build a dog chapel, "where people can go to celebrate the spiritual bond they have with their dogs." he considered it an artwork, and it's a beautiful tribute. the adjoining land and barn and studio are all dog friendly, and we happened to



**PEOPLE BRING PIX OF THEIR DOGS AND LEAVE NOTES IN MEMORY OF THOSE NO LONGER ALIVE.**



be there for a huge dog party. soooo many dogs. soooo much fun. it was a completely joyous experience.

from there, we drive north to glover (not quite canada) and the bread and puppet circus. know them from their big headed, larger-than-life puppets at many marches and rallies over the years. this is their home base, and in the same way dog mountain was like dog heaven, this is like hippy heaven. surrealistic and manic, accompanied by a 15 or so person brass band, the circus made fun of capitalism, took us down deep for sober recollections, and acted out silly songs through skits and dances and poetry readings. rain off and on. we sat on the mountain side, watching. visited side shows in the forest, and saw the new grave of a founding member who had died that week. an amazing and lovely afternoon.



dinner in dartmouth, where we find satch's long-lost-love Bolocco (burritos that used to be in bethesda, but closed a few years back). and bubble tea. sleep at one of those nameless hotels. two beds and a/c.

sunday, 8 august

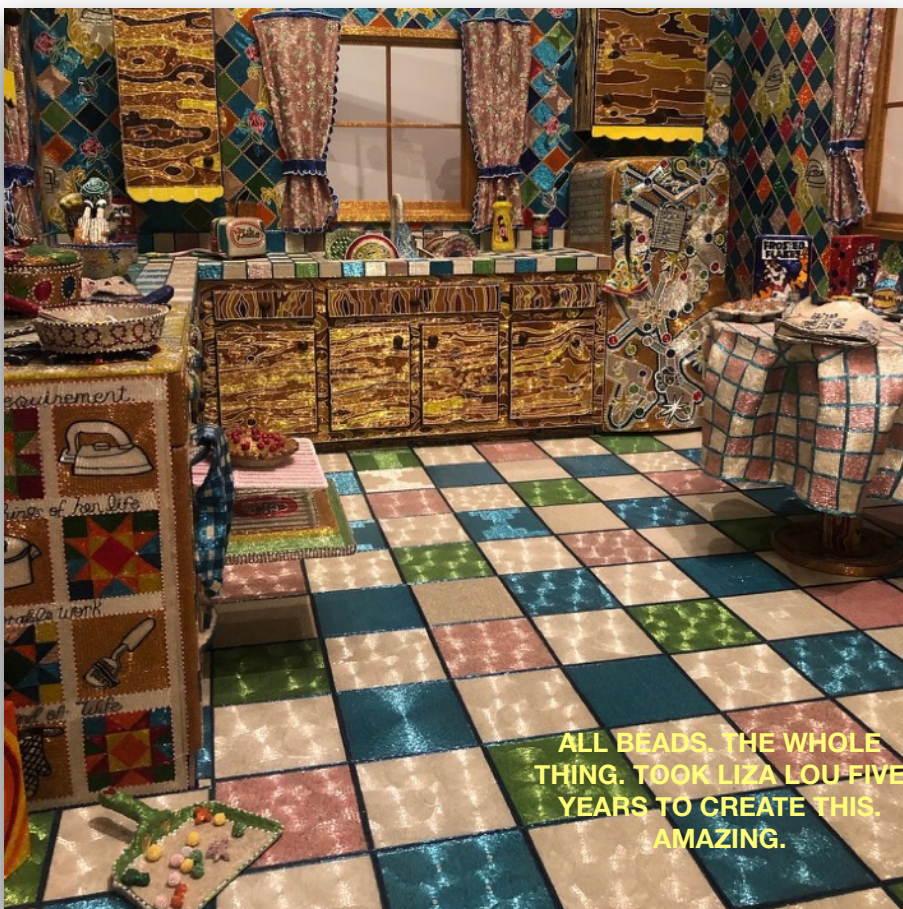
tried another boneyard in downtown hartford, but the bugs and weather and all-around suckiness sent us away after a couple minutes. and then it was drive drive drive to brooklyn. got a reasonably-priced airbnb in bed-stuy, enjoyed a walk through the botanical gardens, and then some super vegan ethiopian food, with great art on the walls. →



monday and tuesday, 9-10 august

so basically, our time in new york is too hot for satch, often rainy, and museum filled. we meet up with old friends, which is really nice. and eat good good food. ready to go home on tuesday night

though, so we head south around 8:30pm. rain clears as we leave new york. great trip with my baby. many good memories.



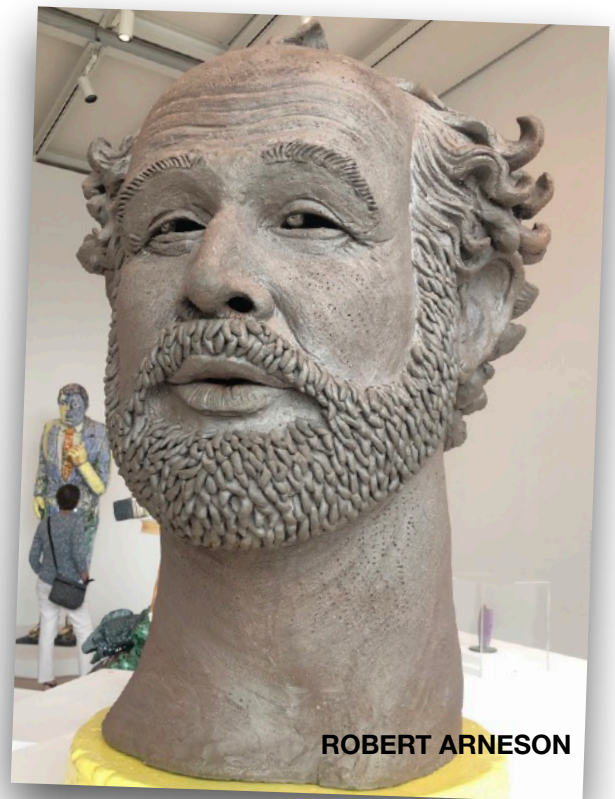
ALL BEADS. THE WHOLE THING. TOOK LIZA LOU FIVE YEARS TO CREATE THIS. AMAZING.



ALWAYS LOVE ME A GOOD RUTH OSAWA



JACOB LAWRENCE



ROBERT ARNESON



ARCH CONNELLY



CHARLES LE DRAY  
(2000 TINY  
SCULPTURES)



THOMAS  
HART  
BENSON