

SWEAT – TRACEY MONOLOGUE

My family's been here a long time. Since the twenties. They built the house that I live in. They built this town. My grandfather was German, and he could build anything. Cabinets, fine furniture, anything. He had amazing hands. Sturdy. Meaty. Real firm. You couldn't shake his hand without feeling his presence, feeling his power. And those hands, let me tell you, they were solid, working hands, you know, and they really, really knew how to make things. Beautiful things. I'm not talking about now, how you got these guys that can patch a hole with spackle and think they're the shit. My grandfather was the real thing. A craftsman And I remember when I was a kid, I mean eight or nine, we'd go downtown to Penn with Opa. To walk and look into store windows. Downtown was real nice back then. You'd get dressed up to go shopping. You know, Pomeroy's Whitner's, whatever. I felt really special, because he was this big, strapping man and people gave him room. But what I really loved was that he'd take me to office buildings, banks..you name it, and he'd point out the woodwork. And if you got really, really close, he'd show you some detail that he'd carved for me. An apple blossom. Really. That's what I'm talking about. It was back when you worked with your hands people respected you for it. It was a gift. Now, there's nothing on Penn. You go into the buildings, the walls are covered with sheetrock, the wood painted gray, or some ungodly color, and it just makes me...sad. It makes me... Whatever.